

FREE VENICE

BEACHHEAD

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November 2007

#313

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5 Rose Ave. tenants wonder:

Do you have to be rich to live by the sea?

By Jim Smith

The big white-brick building on Rose Avenue, smack up against the beach, is a historic reminder of Venice a hundred years ago. It's also a symbol of an affordable Venice and a developer's fantasy of an unrecognizable and gentrified Venice to come.

Until a few years ago, a faded sign high up on the building still advertised long-gone rooms for \$1.50 a night. While the sign is gone, 5 Rose remains a home for many with low incomes where they can smell – and hear – the surf, and breath fresh air.

But now, 5 Rose is in danger of becoming Lincoln Place-by-the-sea where more and more apartments are vacated and remain empty.

Disabled and seniors with Section 8 vouchers still occupy 25 of the 60 mostly-single units, but 16 more are now standing vacant, their residents having decided to move on, or have been paid to leave. Tenants under the federal Section 8 program pay 30 percent of their income in rent. The program supplements this with as much as an additional \$500 a month. At 5 Rose, the landlord receives a total of about \$850 per month. The remaining apartments are market rate and rent for as much as \$1,100-1,250 per month. Presumably, when their occupants move out, they will not be re-rented.

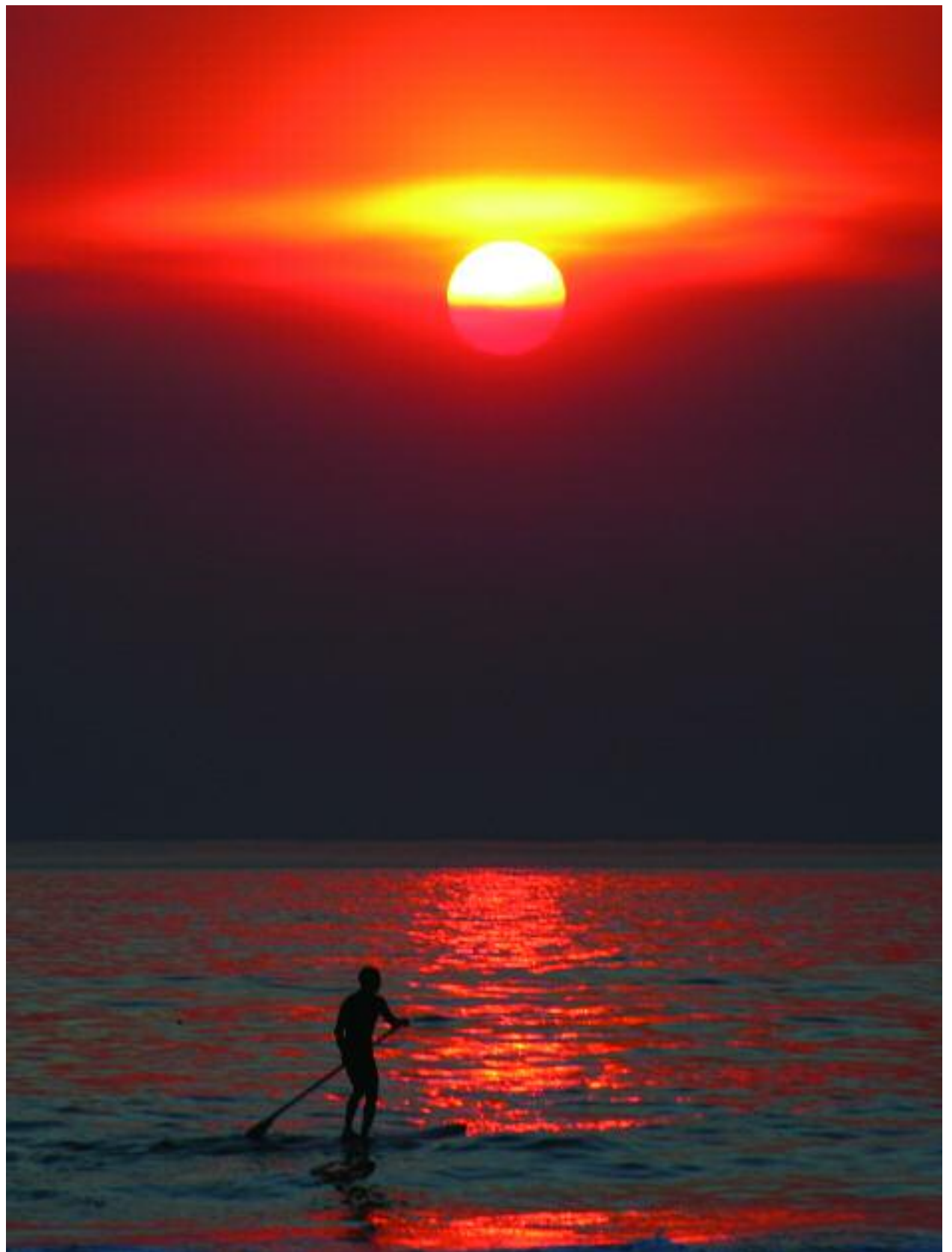
The building was sold last April. The previous owner, MacLaurin Ocean View Properties, offered some helpful hints to the buyer on how to gentrify the building: 1) put a bar in the basement; 2) turn the ground floor apartments into retail spaces; 3) put a patio on the roof; 4) investigate kicking out the Section 8 tenants.

John MacLaurin, a professional landlord and yachting enthusiast, reportedly bought 5 Rose in 1975 for \$250,000. However, he borrowed nearly \$3 million on the property in 1997-98 and stopped accepting new Section 8 tenants. He then put the building up for sale.

To facilitate the sale, a real estate broker had a 32-page brochure prepared that waxes eloquently about the building and the neighborhood: "Venice Beach has now become a desired tourist destination for travelers the world over. Unlike any other place on earth, it's as well known for its artists & musicians (Dennis Hopper, Rip Cronk and The Doors), as it is for its picturesque coastline and miles of sandy beaches. A walk along the Venice Boardwalk instantly makes you aware of the city's free spirit and creative atmosphere..."

A property consortium in Calabasas decided this was a hot property and plunked down \$10,800,000 for the 95-year-old apartment building. Unfortunately for them – and perhaps for the tenants – Zillow.com, the property appraisal website, estimates 5 Rose as being worth only \$4,106,885.

–continued on page 4



Wildfire devastation last month produced spectacular sunsets. This one on Oct. 22.

Photo: Frank Cappello

R O A R

it's a blast furnace, I tell ya
there's a roar going on
continuously
in the morning when I wake
thunderous ramparts explode
off-shore
light brigades battling
the ever-defensive shoreline
pounding
crashing
igniting memories of sulfuric incandescences
revolutionary battling
pipers in a row
and that's just from the west
jeez
the pre-dawn roar is already
there, come eastward
the industrial-age rumble
turned 21st century

ubiquitous sirens – thank God
they're there – yeah so
the buses, carrying their crops
to keep this city growing
the incessant orange glow
so refining, so enervating, so diminishing
of a spark, an ember, a conflagration
the constant movement of equipment
the continual heat
that continual roar
commerce being served
jets blasting off subserviently southward
newschoppers everywhere
the freeway whine
all heating up an internal core
there's a roar going on
continuously

– paul tanck

CASUALTIES IN IRAQ

U.S. 3,844 Dead – 37 this month
U.S. Wounded 28,385 – 376 this month
Iraqi Dead: 1,099,372
Sources: antiwar.com • justforeignpolicy.org
Cost: \$465+ Billion Source: costofwar.com



BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:

Karl Abrams, Rex Butters, Carol Fondiller, Della Franco, Don Geagan, Hillary Kaye, Yolanda Miranda, Jim Smith, Erica Snowlake, Judith Martin-Straw, Alice Stek

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

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

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

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The Venice Boot!

Dear Beachhead,
I suppose I'm especially sensitive to eviction stories, because it almost happened to us.
But I frequently wish there were more details in these reports because so often I talk to people who are unaware of the rights provided to them by the Rent Stabilization Ordinance.
To help remedy this, I've put up a website, a forum, where people can find links to City Gov't. info concerning Rent Control, and also tell their own stories and seek (non-legal) advice from fellow Venetians.

If you've got a story, an ongoing issue, know of a good resource, or are looking for good links to pertinent facts, please drop by www.VeniceBoot.com

Best, *John Humphrey*

Venice Specific Plan – Another View

Dear Beachhead,
The Venice Specific Plan was designed, we are told, to keep Venice looking and feeling like Venice and avoid the Santa Monica/ Marina-fication of our community. As strictly enforced, however, the plan has the paradoxical effect of maintaining the veneer of Venice while destroying the community that is Venice's heart and soul.

Venice isn't Venice because of its building height, Venice isn't Venice because of its tiny lots and small houses. Venice is Venice because of its diverse community, and what we need is a land use policy that puts the community first, not one that declares that limiting height and density are more important than people.

Thanks in no small part to the Specific Plan, Venice seems destined to follow the path of Greenwich Village, where the community that made the Village a beacon to the world has been replaced by wealthy celebrities and the current president's daughter, all drawn by the desire to live somewhere "bohemian" but safe, surrounded by people just like them.

Chris Plourde

Santa Monica Pier Savior

Dear Beachhead,
I'm writing in response to you letter writer Panos Douvos. I was ecstatic to find this letter in your paper. Picking it up was the best part of my day.

By coincidence, we are in the process of organizing the 100th Anniversary Celebration for the Pier, and are trying hard to locate the people who worked so hard to save the Pier in 1973. Unfortunately, those people have been hard to find. For some reason, very few of those old records have survived... We would love to find Diana Cherman and anyone else whose lives were dedicated to making our celebration possible.

Thanks, and best regards, *Jim Harris*

Immigration

Dear Beachhead,
The anti-immigration movement is a shrill chorus of self-righteous white xenophobics (people afraid of foreigners) who have been sucked into a divisive nationalist agenda.

The immigration debate about brown-skinned Mexicans and Latinos is no different than the social unrest over blacks in the 50's. Racism has just spiraled around again and taken on a new shape.

An example of what most Americans are not seeing as they ride in the comfort of their SUV. I ride public transportation and many of the passengers are Mexican. They don't wear signs saying I am a legal or illegal immigrant. They are hard working and courteous fellow passengers. But, there are others who ride the same buses who have an agenda; white, rude, belligerent, and obnoxious anti-immigrationists who spew out obscenities on Mexican men, women and children. The police have had to be called on occasion.

So, who would you rather sit next to, be with? A respectful immigrant or one of these white hatemongers? This is not an extreme and isolated case.

Ron Lowe

LNG Terminal for SM Bay

Dear Beachhead,

This is regarding the proposed Australian Gas Corporation, Woodside's LNG Floating Terminal proposed for Santa Monica Bay. Located in the bay 27 miles from LAX, 21 miles from Pt.Dume, 18 miles from Catalina, the pipeline surfacing at Dockweiler beach, to extending along LAX to storage just north east of LAX at Westchester Parkway and Arbor Vitae street.

You can Google articles about LNG Terminal, FERC, Public Citizen, Wikipedia, Pacific Environment, RACE (Ratepayers for a Clean Environment), Tim Riley Law, there are many articles describing this proposal, the issues surrounding LNG, the overall FERC plans and the efforts to oppose the LNG Industry by citizen groups.

Last spring, there were over 2,000 people assembled to defeat a similar LNG proposal in Oxnard. For this proposal in our Bay.... on Sept. 26 at the public hearing at LAX Marriott Hotel... there were only about 120 people...many of those industry proponents/shills/lobbyists. We cannot stop something we don't know about.

Please know that we must mobilize our communities against this horror or we will get stuck with this dangerous, polluting, environmental disaster. Become informed, organize meetings, contact the groups fighting this for speaker forums. Involve your congressperson, city councils and local activist circles.

Maureen Cruise

Abbot Kinney Festival

Dear Beachhead:

I was impressed by the content, quality and heightening of our social awareness in especially the top set of photos on your Oct. first page ... when what I saw at the Abbot Kinney Festival was much too much commercial stuff and some crafts. The emphasis here was on helping us notice that at least some vendors cared about more than making sales by having clever signs, and relevant mdse. Instead of just more of that "Buy, Buy, Buy, here!" These pix of the scenes were uplifting.

But who is "Alex"? No name or other information about this guy was visible to know who had the guts to show us what we may have personally missed in the crowded arenas of more & more stuff, for sale. The social conscience always needs to be awoken. and "Venice Unchained" with adjacent grinning fruity loops made me smile [on p.6 photos].

Good issue, especially for those of us who couldn't take much of the heat, the crowds, the elbowing, and the prices beyond our working means. Thanks for the good photos.

From *Mary Jahn*, an elder Venetian who hates to miss anything in our neighborhood.

From the Beachhead Collective: Thanks for the compliments on the photos. They were shot by Alexandria, who coincidentally has an advertisement for her photography work at the bottom of this page.

Kudos

I really like your website and newspaper, and I was happy to talk to some of you on the beach this last summer when I was there.

Keep up the good work! I have added you as a link on my websites, www.cosmichealth.org and www.wageslave.bz

I'll send you some free wage slave t-shirts!

Dawn Pisturino



Wage Slave

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No Overnight Parking on Venice Streets?

Many Venice residents may be unaware of an effort to turn all of Venice into a permit parking zone.

A small group of residents of the Oxford Triangle district, south of Washington Blvd., incensed about recreational vehicles (RVs) parking on their streets, have gained the ear of Councilmember Bill Rosendahl in a scheme to make everyone in Venice, who has a car, pay for the privilege of parking it in front of their house or apartment.



Annual permits would initially cost \$15. They would be purchased in Van Nuys or downtown L.A. during business hours. A resident could also buy two visitor permits, per dwelling unit, for \$10 each. They would be good for only four months. Up to 10 one-day permits could also be purchased. Vehicles not exhibiting one of the permits would be subject to ticketing if parked on a street between 2 - 6 am.

The regulation has already been passed by the city council, but is subject to approval by the coastal commission.

The ordinance states that the restricted parking is necessary because of "overnight parking of commercial vehicles and abandonment of vehicles on the streets of this area by non-residents." The real reason - driving out those who are forced to sleep in their vehicles - is nowhere mentioned.

A Rosendahl staff member says that around \$70,000 has been appropriated from the Venice Surplus Property Fund to pay for expenses related to having the plan approved by the Coastal Commission. The Neighborhood Council that previously voted that the Surplus Property Fund, that is, money obtained by the sale of city-owned lots in Venice, should only be used for capital improvements in the community.

The Coastal Commission has previously vetoed parking permits on the grounds that it restricts access to the beach. In their view, the beach is open 24 hours per day.

In any case, the issue probably won't be resolved for one to two years.

Opponents have told the Beachhead that they object to the plan because it does not provide alternatives for people who have been forced from their homes and are sleeping in their cars; the cost and inconvenience of obtaining permits; the misuse of the Surplus Property Fund; and the further regimentation and gentrification of the Venice area.

A Cellular Tower in your neighborhood?

Nearly 200 Venetians have signed a petition against a battery of T-Mobile cell towers planned for 658 Venice Blvd.

The neighbors are concerned about health hazards connected with the tower radiation, yet the telecommunications corporations are so powerful that they have passed a federal law that cities cannot deny cell tower installation for health reasons.

Saam Gabbay has spearheaded the quick campaign against the towers. He states that in conversations with the city council office, the following has come to light:

1) If a company obtains approval to build cell towers, then all other cell providers can build towers on that same building without further approval or public notice.

2) The federal courts have ruled that local cities may not consider health risks or impacts when building towers. Even if at a later date the laws change, current laws prohibit cities from considering health as an issue in these matters.

3) Unless we find a new and unique tactic, the only legitimate ways to fight the tower are to find out if it is breaking building codes, is unsightly (which t-mobile can modify), is damaging wildlife, or is unnecessary (meaning, there is no service gap in that area).

4) Councilmember Bill Rosendahl feels the same way as the community in that the true impact of cell towers is in question, but the law prohibits health discussions by the city. A deputy from his office says that they very rarely win against the cell companies, about one or two cases in 60.

5) T-Mobile has not presented its plans to the council office but staff thinks that it's 6-10 poles scattered on the roof in a grid.

6) Council staff said they did not have access to the state law that regulates cell towers, especially in the case of "adequate coverage."

7) Gabbay was told that "towers are everywhere." That many towers are included in new constructions and that when there is a public notice for new construction, towers are bundled without the knowledge of residents.

8) The city does not have a map of tower locations.

On The Road with Kerouac and Cassidy

For 14 hours during Oct. 20, more than 100 people who had gathered at Beyond Baroque took to the never-ending road with Jack Kerouac and his pal, Neal Cassidy, as they madly careened through the post-World War night in search of "It."

The occasion was, perhaps, the first complete live reading in the world of Kerouac's original manuscript for *On The Road*. About 70 readers participated in the marathon event. Kerouac's originally typed the book on a long scroll so he wouldn't have to break his train of thought to add paper.

That version was too raw, too stream of consciousness for 1950s book publishers. The book that many of us read over the years was a refined and edited version. But even that version was enough of a break with the past to create a new literary style, and a new way of living, which became the Beat Generation. Venice was a center of this new consciousness which spawned a creative outburst of poetry, painting and lifestyle.

The scroll - with real names like Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and others replacing the fictionalized ones - was only published this year, about 57 years after it was written. Whether the original scroll stimulates a new upsurge in excitement and non-conformity remains to be seen.

During the reading, *Food not Bombs* activists posted flyers on the outside bulletin board at Beyond Baroque, which pointed out that if Jack Kerouac, and others living his lifestyle, would be banned from Venice if they intended to sleep in their vehicle because of an effort to outlaw overnight parking in Venice.

For that matter, Jesus and his friends would not be able to sleep in the Garden of Gethsemane, if it happened to be in Venice.

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What's wrong with these pictures?

By Cary Shulman
and Hillary Kaye

Nothing, except the City of Santa Monica is going to replace trees like the one on the left with trees like the one on the right. Suppose you need a tree in this era of global warming to absorb CO2 and pollution. This tree should also provide canopy shade to relieve the heat produced by urban concrete, cool in the summer, keep rainfall from the drains in winter and give a sense of neighborhood. Which tree would you choose? The big one? Not Santa Monica.



Kathleen Rawson of The Bay District Corporation, the consulting firm set up by the City of Santa Monica to aid in downtown planning, has said it plain. She would like to see 2nd and 4th streets become another 3rd Street Promenade, and that doesn't include Ficus trees. To be fair, the Bay District Board originally split on the

issue of removing the trees.

To give you some idea of what this "promenading" of downtown Santa Monica means there's this quote from the Los Angeles Business Journal of January 8, 2001.

"Santa Monica's Third Street Promenade is undergoing a change of character as independent restaurants, increasingly falling victim to escalating rents, are driven to cheaper space on less trafficked streets.

Operating on narrow margins and unable to compete with their national retailer neighbors (corporate chains), independent restaurants have seen the popularity of the trendy retail strip, once their life blood, turn against them. In a matter of years, local real estate and retail observers said, the Promenade might resemble an indoor mall of chain stores within a halo of restaurants on Second, Fourth, Broadway and Wilshire."

So in effect this plan will not only destroy 54 mature Ficus trees and 21 Palm trees, but also the "halo" of small businesses on 2nd and 4th streets with them. All vestiges of what made Santa Monica unique will soon be gone. In its place a clone of urban malls everywhere. Just how many Tommy Hilfiger stores does a country need?

What we are dealing with here is not just gentrification but corporatization. Who else can pay the soaring rents charged by real estate speculators. And since the downtown area will be just a corporate clone, it will have to compete with the other look-alikes for attendance. And so the spiral of development and overdevelopment will be everlasting. The escalating cost of real estate per square foot will

inevitably send building skyward.

So what does the public say about preserving the trees and Santa Monica. Plenty, only the City Council isn't listening. Shortly after the plan was introduced in 2005, business owners on 4th street organized a petition that was signed by more than 1,600 tree supporters. After the removal notices were put up on Sept. 21 of this year, the issue really heated up.

The following day the Treesavers, a group started by activist Jerry Rubin, green ribboned every tree along 2nd and 4th streets with the words "Save the Trees." By 6 am the next morning the city of Santa Monica had seen to it that their signs were taken down to silence their voices of protest to try to limit public awareness. The fact that the trees could be removed at any moment swelled the Treesaver ranks. They now included John Quigly, the environmentalist who tree sat for a year to save a 400-year-old Pico Oak Tree in Santa Clarita that came to be called "Old Glory."

The internet and newspapers took up the Santa Monica Ficus story and the public which had largely been uninformed about the pending destruction now added their voices to the protests. In a manner more suited to Cornelius Vanderbilt than an elected body, the City Council has ignored all this, in effect saying, "The public be damned."

The "damned" public meanwhile have filed for Landmark status for the trees. This latest development essentially stalls any work on the trees until the Landmarks Commission brings the matter up during one of its scheduled meetings anytime within the next 65 days. The commission probably won't hear the matter until its December meeting.

It remains to be seen whether Santa Monica's reputation as a "green city" refers to its environmentalism or just refers to the color of all the money it makes its developers.

For more information on the trees and to sign their petition: www.thetreesavers.org and treesavers.blogspot.com.



On Sept. 21 of this year, Santa Monica posted notices on 54 mature Ficus trees and 21 Palm trees on 2nd and 4th streets between Wilshire and Colorado announcing they were to be removed. You might ask what are the reasons offered for this ecological insanity that will cost million of dollars? Well they vary depending on whether they are being challenged or not.

At first, Santa Monica said they were removing 21 of the trees because they were diseased. When that was challenged, the reasons expanded to include internal decay, extensive root pruning, poor canopy structure, damaged canopies from oversized vehicles, design factors and too large for relocation.

A short walk to see the trees along 2nd and 4th street will reveal the truth. Healthy, mature trees with a lifespan of 150 years, bringing much needed tree canopy coverage to the downtown area. As for the ginkgo replacement trees, Knoxville's Street Tree Master Plan said: "Rows of ginkgo trees are not recommended as street trees because of their slow growth and spindly appearance for many years."

So what is up with all this? Removing Ficus trees that the Center for Urban Forest Research says is the second most beneficial tree in Santa Monica and has yearly netted the city \$1 million over management costs because of it numerous benefits. Well the key phrase is "design" factors. It's part of a \$8 million redevelopment plan for 2nd and 4th streets.

5 Rose Avenue

—continued from page one

How can the suits from Calabasas recoup their investment? They could join the crowd and convert to condos. But that would require extensive remodeling and there's a big problem — there's no parking at the building. In the face of determined tenant resistance, the city might be hard pressed to approve a condo conversion without any place to park.

Another option would be to turn the building into a boutique or an extended stay hotel. There have been several such conversions at smaller buildings in the North Beach area.

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What would happen to the tenants if they had to move? There are few options for a large low-income migration in Venice. At Lincoln Place, some tenants had to go as far as San Bernardino and Escondido to find affordable housing. If they are forced out, younger renters would receive \$8,500 to move, according to the city ordinance. Seniors and disabled tenants would get \$17,000 to move. But after paying first and last months rent to move in, and a much higher rent every month, the money would probably be used up within a year.

5 Rose Avenue — Photo by Alexandria



Venice Non-Profit Goes to Rwanda

By Wyatt Valentine

Jessica McCall, a Venice resident since 1962, founded Jessie's Place, a non-profit organization in Venice in 1990, where it originally provided a sober living environment for people living in recovery.

Jessie's Place also has provided community centers with outreach programs, advocacy for families and at-risk youths in the greater Los Angeles area, the Pico Union District and in the Venice area.

Through the years, Jessie's Place has provided assistance to an orphanage and a community center in Mexico. McCall also went to Guatemala, where she assisted a mobile medical clinic.

In 2005, McCall visited Gisenyi Rwanda where she met two extraordinary people, Frederick Ndabaramiye (who had both arms cut off during the genocide) and Zachary Deusingimana (who teaches English at the Imbabazi orphanage). They decided to open a community center called Ubumwe, which means unity or togetherness.

The Ubumwe center provides services for handicapped genocide survivors, people with birth defects, street children and classes for deaf children.

Our main goals are to:

- Reduce the number of beggars
- To teach skills to the handicapped
- Reduce illiteracy
- Create jobs for handicapped
- Making a place where all handicapped and disadvantaged in Gisenyi can share and discuss their problems



Jesse McCall and friends

- To show other people that the handicapped can do many things in our society and that they can help others to find a way they can support themselves.

Since 2005 the center has grown and serves approximately 50 people a day where they have classes in English, sewing, card making, and indigenous crafts, which are then sold to help feed their families and eliminates the need for begging. The Ubumwe Center provides an environment of loving acceptance and nurtures self-esteem through a sense of community and empowerment through education, hope and healing.

Leaving again for Rwanda Africa in November, Jessica will be bringing greetings, supplies, and hope from. We wish her a safe and wonderful trip.

If you would care to learn more about the Ubumwe Center and the work Jessie's Place is doing please visit jessiesplace.org.

THE LAST TENT CITY AT LINCOLN PLACE

By C.V. Beck

On October 27, 2007, we residents of Lincoln Place had our final (we hope) Tent City at the

southwest corner of California and Frederick Streets.

The purpose of this assembly was to create a sociable, open air free speech area where anyone could show up, sit down, chat and have some snax and beverage. We generally did talk about the political situation in Venice, in Los Angeles and worldwide. Sometimes, we just told jokes.

Anyway, we had a goodly assortment of residents, former residents and well-wishers, a boardwalk person, passersby and dogs. Two women, Doris and Laura, both of whom I had gotten to know as "Mo-Ho" residents around Lincoln Place, came to wish us well and hang out with their charming small dogs on the leash, Snoopy and Puffy, a Volpino and a Pomeranian, respectively.

We had a bottle of extra dry champagne on hand, noisemakers, and some Tango Lime, chips and salsa, malted milk balls, gummy candy and pop. Bill Rosendahl

and Mark Antonio Grant arrived to help us celebrate, as did Mindy Meyers of the Venice Neighborhood Council's Neighborhoods Committee.

Bill and Mark recapped our latest victory and emphasized that the City had decoupled itself from the appeal with AIMCO, that this was the

City Council taking back its power and what a good thing that was going to be.

A man, walking two small dogs, off the leash, came around my vicinity and we had a chat. He said he'd grown up in Venice and Santa Monica, (I thought at first he'd said he'd thrown up in Venice and Santa Monica). He talked about Lincoln Place and what a great place it had always been, with the beautiful buildings and the common areas. He said his dog liked to chase dirt clods. As he was moving on with his significant other and her dog, he said Lincoln Place "had been architected perfect"...I agreed with him and was so pleased to hear this wisdom.

We are anticipating that AIMCO will be appealing the Court of Appeals decision up to the Supreme Court and await this news as we close up Tent City for the winter. Hopefully, there will not be a need for us to resume in the spring but if need be, we will be there again.

Thank you all for your support, encouragement and donations.

Lincoln Place News

The Courts

BREAKING NEWS – The Supreme Court of California, on Oct. 31, summarily rejected corporate landlord, AIMCO's petition for review and request for depublication in the case Marlin v AIMCO. As a result, the 2nd District Court of Appeal's decision remains intact, providing an important precedent for tenants statewide.

Lincoln Place tenants won another ruling in the Court of Appeals on Sept. 19, that AIMCO, illegally evicted hundreds of tenants (see the October Beachhead). That victory became even sweeter on Oct. 4 when the L.A. City Council – at Councilmember Bill Rosendahl's request – declined to join AIMCO in appealing the decision. Before the 11-1 vote against appealing the pro-tenant decision, Rosendahl told his colleagues: "The question before us this morning is not that complicated. We either stand with the tenants, embrace our new power, and let this decision stand. Or we stand with AIMCO, we shirk this power, and we seek to revise or overturn the decision."

On Oct. 29, AIMCO appealed the case to the California Supreme Court. The Supreme Court usually takes about 60 days to decide whether it will review a ruling.

Meanwhile, 50 individual tenant cases currently in other courts will be on hold until the Supreme Court accepts or denies AIMCO's petition. If the Supreme Court denies AIMCO's petition, then the Court of Appeals decision in the case will be final.

The Website

Webmaster Tracey Creech has updated the Lincoln Place website - www.LincolnPlace.net.

The Video

www.youtube.com/watch?v=UngEHGXIHb0

The Donation

The tenants' mostly successful courtroom battles cost money. The Lincoln Place Tenants Association is asking for contributions from the Venice community. Make your tax deductible donation payable to: LPTA, PO Box 1312, Venice, CA 90294.

Whole Foods, Starbucks and Trader Joes – Oh No!

If you've been to Rose and Lincoln lately, you may have noticed that Big Lots is gone. That's because Whole Foods is moving in to their store, and the adjoining one now occupied by CVS drug store. CVS will be moving to the old shoe store, next door, but Big Lots is gone. The nearest Big Lots is in Culver City at 5587 Sepulveda Blvd.

Some Venetians will be very happy to have a Whole Foods in Venice, while others will find it unaffordable (hence the nickname, Whole Pay-check). Likewise, for Trader Joe's which is rumored to finally be coming to Venice, at the site of the old Wells Fargo bank on Washington Blvd. Some will undoubtedly call it the Marina (including TJ), but it's really Venice.

Less welcome will be the first Starbucks in the heart of Venice. It's reported to be a tenant in the building now under construction at Abbot Kinney Blvd. and Venice Blvd., an area already well served by coffee establishments.

All three new arrivals certainly qualify as chain stores, a development that many Venetians have been trying to prevent. Whole Foods had 186 stores in 2006 and 88 more (including Venice) in development. The latest annual report by the Texas-based grocer lists \$5.6 billion in sales, up 19 percent from the previous year.

Starbucks pours tall, grande and venti coffee at 13,168 stores worldwide. Sales last year at \$7.8 billion were only a couple of billion - give or take - more than Whole Foods. But Starbucks has grand (or venti) plans. It wants to be the "third place" you go after home and work.

Joe Coulombe is no longer part of the grocery chain. It's now owned by a German billionaire, Theo Albrecht. TJs has been spreading out from Southern California and now has 288 stores. It managed to rake in \$5 billion in 2006.

Both Whole Foods and Starbucks have had well publicized battles with workers attempting to organize a union. Michael Besancon, the Whole Foods president for its southern pacific region told the Venice Neighborhood Council, Oct. 17, that if his workers wanted a union, he would "feel that he had failed in his job." The store is expecting to open next June.

Recently in Oakland, the city's Planning Commission refused to grant a new Trader Joe's store an alcohol permit until it has met with labor representatives.



Artist's rendition of new Whole Foods market at Rose Ave. and Lincoln Blvd.

Cityhood for East Los, but not for Venice

The unincorporated community of East Los Angeles has been trying to become a city nearly as long as Venice has been trying to regain its cityhood.

Now, a new report that was commissioned by cityhood backers has concluded that "East Los" has the financial resources to support itself as a city. The report says that the new city would pay much less for the same level of law enforcement, and more for trash pickup.

Venice, however, has a much higher property valuation that East L.A. This is one of the main sources of revenue for a city.

Cityhood for East Los Angeles is supported by State Senator Gloria Romero, who represents the area.

A Beachhead survey two years ago revealed that no state or city officials representing Venice supported reestablishing its cityhood.

Halloween on Rialto Avenue

Elaborate Halloween sets and hoards of ghosts, goblins and vampires have become a tradition on Rialto Avenue – a two-block-long street in central Venice – during the past few years. This year was no exception. Photos by Alexandria



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More Dead than Alive – More U.S. soldiers have died in Iraq than turned out to protest an unpopular war in an urban area of 17 million.



Photos by Jim Smith

The family that protests together...

Only about 2,000 people turned out on Oct. 27 in downtown Los Angeles to protest the war and occupation that has killed nearly 4,000 U.S. soldiers and more than one million Iraqis (see box on front page for latest figures).

Despite organizers claim to the contrary, the march was the smallest "major mobilization" in Los Angeles yet.

Some activists have argued that other tactics to express opposition to the war should be used instead. But no one has come up with one that will force a determined president and a back-boneless congress to give it up.

The War Goes On

Meanwhile, more atrocities by the mercenary firm, Blackwater, are emerging with little prospect that those responsible for wanton killings will be brought to justice. Blackwater has won highly profitable no-bid contracts in Iraq. Erik Prince, the company's owner is a major contributor to Republican and right-wing causes.

In Washington, the Senate appears ready to confirm Michael Mukasey as attorney general, despite his refusal to condemn waterboarding as torture.

Bush defended his nominee, saying, "It doesn't make any sense to tell an enemy what we're doing."

According to Wikipedia, "Waterboarding is a form of torture that consists of immobilizing an individual on his or her back, with the head inclined downward, and pouring water over the face to force the inhalation of water and induce the sensation of drowning."



On the Rose Avenue storm drain. Photo by RBarton

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A Local Hero — and the Rest of Us

By Jim Smith

When Paul Banke got on the bus in Venice on the morning of Oct. 3, he wasn't thinking of acting heroically. He was just setting out to find some day labor on a construction project.

But at a bus stop on Pico Blvd., Paul noticed a big thug get on the bus. At six feet tall with bulging muscles, he was nearly twice as big as either Paul or the bus driver. He would have been a heavyweight had he been a boxer. He was still wearing his bracelet from county jail.

The big man didn't take a seat, but began arguing with the bus driver, then he began slapping the driver. This wasn't a private dispute. The bus was full of people who were depending on the bus driver.

Paul acted without thinking. He walked to the front of the bus and decked the attacker with one punch. Paul dragged the gangster out of the bus and on to the sidewalk where he sat watching birds and stars circle his head.

When Paul climbed back on the bus, he was applauded by everyone. The elderly ladies got up to hug and kiss him. The border brothers (undocumented workers) in the back of the bus smiled but kept their seats, always afraid an immigration officer would notice them.

It wasn't the first heroic act for Paul Banke. In the early 90s, Paul won the World Super Bantamweight boxing title (under 122 pounds). In his boxing days, Paul was called The Real Paul Banke because of his courage. In the face of a barrage of punches from his opponent, Paul would just keep on coming, until he wore the other fighter down.

In 1995, Paul began a lifelong battle with a far more dangerous opponent, AIDS. Yet, even against this deadly virus, Paul fought courageously. As new, more effective, drug "cocktails" were developed, Paul was again able to work, as he did on that October day.

Paul's courage against the thug stands in stark contrast to the sheep-like behavior that too many of us exhibits. In today's America Paul Banke's heroism seems to be as rare as hen's teeth.

There is the strange case of Andrew Meyer, a University of Florida student, who had the temerity to ask Sen. John Kerry a question at a campus forum on Sept. 17.

Kerry took Meyer's rambling question about fake elections, impeachment and Iraq in stride, and was in the midst of answering it when police came up behind Meyer, pulled him away from the microphone, wrestled him down the aisle and shot him with a Taser gun. Everyone in the hall, except apparently Kerry who droned on, was aware of what was happening. Meyer's terror was quite apparent as he screamed, "Help me! Help! What are you doing! Get off of me! Don't Taser me, bro! Oh my God! Oh my God!"

All in a day's work for U of F's finest, who were reportedly incensed about some of Meyer's questions to Kerry: "Though Sen. Kerry directed that Meyer be allowed to ask his question, police reported that Meyer did not ask any specific question and instead "badgered" the senator, and at one point said something about President

Clinton being impeached over a sexual act. At that point, police reported that University of Florida administrator, Max Tyroler, turned off Meyer's microphone and asked police to escort him out of the auditorium, saying, "He had said enough," according to Officer Mallo's report.

What should be troubling about this incident is not Kerry's obliviousness (we know him too well to be bothered by that), but the reaction of the audience of university students. There was no reaction (see photo). In the video of the incident, not one spectator can be seen speaking out or rising in their seats to protest the gestapo tactics of the police, let alone going to his assistance (as Paul Banke probably would have done). Instead, they seem to be anesthetized.

Coincidentally, on the victim's website - theandrewmeyer.com - is an essay entitled: A disorganized diatribe involving the desensitization of the American people and the irresponsibility of the American press. Did Meyer have a premonition that his "sensitization" would bring him to the attention of the police?

Meyer's essay is about America's desensitization to the massive body count in Iraq. A point well taken when considering the poor turnout of national and local protests over the illegal invasion and occupation. On Oct. 27, barely 2,000 people turned out for what was billed as a major anti-war march and rally in downtown L.A.

Even in Venice, where opposition to the war is nearly unanimous it is hard to get more than a handful of Venetians to turn out to protest. When pressed, people may say that "it doesn't do any good to protest," or "I'm too busy doing _____" (fill in the blank). But both of these and other rationalizations are more evidence of mass desensitization.

Protesting the war is not the only time we have the opportunity to have a full human existence. Have you ever seen an act of violence - or even an act of harassment - and done nothing? Sure, speaking up can be dangerous, as Andrew Meyer found out. But isn't the alternative - doing nothing - even more dangerous, both personally and socially, in the long run? What would you have done if you had been in that Florida audience when Meyer was attacked? What would you do tomorrow if you saw a defenseless person being attacked? Would you have helped the bus driver who was confronted by a thug? Your response might well determine what kind of person you really are down deep - under the dark glasses and designer clothes.

How have we all become so desensitized? It might make an interesting seminar at the University of Florida, or the University of Venice. The answer is no doubt important. Is it mindless TV viewing, video games, spectator sports, sensory overload, work-related stress, some additive in our food, or in the air? This list is endless.

Whatever the reason, the mass desensitization of the population is arguably more dangerous to the future of the country than a passel of Bushes. Any tyrant can be opposed, and ultimately brought down, by an aroused citizenry. But if the body public is infected with a generalized anesthesia, then we are, indeed, in trouble.



Paul Banke



Are they all on Prozac? University of Florida student Andrew Meyer is beaten while the audience sits idly by with smiles on their faces.

Photo: Jarrett Baker

THANKSGIVING THE FIRST

by John Haag

The Indians, as we called them, were always ready for a party anyway, so Thanksgiving suited them as well as any other giving. Besides, they thought maybe we'd come finally with our pigtailed loose. Fat chance! The elders would see to our decorum; but any feast is good for the belly, and surely doesn't hurt the disposition any. Even the elders might crack a smile.

So we communicated with our savage-looking brothers (in our own King's English, you may be sure) generously embroidered with the native pantomime.

On the day appointed the whole tribe came dolled up in such finery as we'd never seen before: eagle feathers, bead and bone breast-plates and brightly painted robes and tunics whose colors were new to us.

The chiefs led a glorious procession followed by braves with longbows and multi-colored arrows. Of course, the women carried the goodies and shepherded the children, shy as deer, with sudden, sweet smiles and decked out as lavishly as their elders.

Our own elders in their black frock coats and plain black hats stood still as graven images as the procession neared. I wondered if their excessive stiffness were not a touch of shock, either at the magnificence of the display or maybe the irrefutable dignity of our savages.

Their war chief stalked directly to our leader and without words broke a decorated war arrow, tossed the pieces with disdain upon the ground, then held up crossed forearms in their sign of friendship. He then made the gestures meaning, "Welcome to this land! We have waited for your coming, to enrich our lives. May your children and ours live together in the arms of the Great Spirit."

Our elders later found all kinds of fault with these heathen sentiments, but at the time I noticed eyes glistening with more than the brisk weather, and that evening under the harvest moon there were joinings between them and us that were not spoken of afterward.

Happy Thanksgiving!
Nov. 22



**Help the Homeless
Venice's New "Indians"**

Among Them
By Hillary Kaye

among them
 among the joyful
 among the heartaches
 among the blistering sun
 among the cool stars
 among the remains of ruin
 among the young buoyed by hope
 among the old at peace
 among those losing their way
 among musicians and songs
 among poets and painters
 among them
 liars and thieves
 among them
 the polite and the passionate
 the rich
 the poor
 the with it
 and without it
 among them
 all knowingly or unknowingly
 sitting on the broken bodies
 carrying on to a chorus of screams

Shady Characters

by Laura Hemmer
 (re: The trees on 2nd and 4th streets in Santa Monica)

Chop them down
 chop them down Now
 They are thugs and gangsters.
 It's shameful how they hang out
 on the street day and night.
 You can't even be downtown
 without seeing them everywhere.
 A lot of them have tattoos
 The birds sit in their branches
 just waiting to poop on the
 heads of citizens and visitors.
 It is high time the city cleared
 out this major blight.

A CANNIBAL IN VENICE

They came like locusts
 Devouring our homes, our hopes and our
 dreams...
 They never stopped
 To see our tears
 or hear our screams.
 The cannibals came without warning...
 at Christmastime,
 destroying our sacred sanctuaries
 where we had lived
 and loved
 for many years.
 corporate greed
 was the seed!

- Sharon Shapiro Snow

American Griots
 (with substantial history)

By Rebecca LaRue
 God Bless Alleys
 Peaks and Valleys
 Everything I know
 And everything that got me there.
 That is America's potential.
 To remember the past
 And look to the future
 And not deem anyone
 More important than the other
 Yet still
 Make them both
 Worthwhile
 Special
 Sacred.

Beyond the Boundaries

By Rebecca M. Frey

I was impressed
 by a young friend yesterday
 She told me
 she wants to be
 an astro-physicist
 she's very pretty
 not the kind
 one would think
 would use her
 brain so big
 for such noble things.

I saw a child today
 wearing skulls on his shoes.
 It was sad to see
 how society had
 already shaped him.
 Too early to look towards death.

We met a couple
 pregnant and ready
 to bring a pure new soul
 into this intense world.
 They were giddy with elation,
 brave, no fear.
 Of man's creation
 or the grave times we're in.

As artists, we see
 beyond the boundaries
 there are no colors
 but the rainbow.
 The music we play
 is for all ears,
 the tears we cry
 are for all the sisters and brothers,
 and the fears we have
 do to all apply.

An old woman
 came and asked for help.
 She brought her son
 to translate her need.
 Though their language
 was different from mine,
 their hearts were good,
 they seemed kind.

Some poor homeless folks
 asked for some change.
 I wish I could give them
 the kind they really need,
 the kind of change
 that abolishes greed.

I heard a white-washed snob
 spouting off some blasphemy,
 prejudiced against her
 own global family,
 and I have to wonder,
 how long will it be
 before people see clearly
 that there are no
 real boundaries.

The Great Adventure

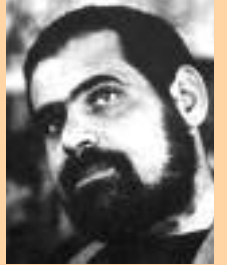
By Jim Smith

Someday soon
 I'll be off on the Great Adventure.
 It'll probably be over before it starts
 But just imagine that
 one-in-a-million chance
 that we can slip out of
 this mortal coil.
 and sail across the universe
 in the wink of an eye.
 I'll drop in on the purple people
 on Alpha Leon for a muscatel.
 And sit in the center of a sun
 to warm up on a cold winter day.
 I'll come back to Venice, sure enough
 and relive it's history in real time.
 And after that, and just for fun,
 I'll do handstands on the back
 of a brontosaurus

The Venice Beat Poets – The Great River Outside the Mainstream

By Hillary Kaye

Shortly before she died, Philomene Long and Jim Smith planned that Philomene would do an ongoing series of articles, celebrating the work of the beat generation of Venice poets.



Stewart Perkoff

In her memory we've decided to go ahead with that plan. We do this to call attention to their work for new generations and to highlight the idea that most of what is significant, creatively, politically and socially is unfortunately invisible, lying outside the standard historical narratives. This narrow view of "history" serves to locate power in the establishment and justify its privileged position. The power, creatively, politically and socially is with the people.

There was no Horace Greeley to urge these poets to "Go Venice West Young Man." They came because in Gertrude Stein's words "there was no there there." She was talking about Oakland but it was more accurately about Venice.

They wanted to be outside of the establishment, outside of an established literary scene like North Beach or the Village. And there was none of that in Venice, just the decaying shell of Abbot Kinney's abandoned dream. It was like living inside a poem.

So while they faced the conformist 50s and hassling politicians and the LAPD trying to put America into a social straightjacket, they were free from the weight of tradition. Free to drop those establishment values of ambition and fame and follow their muse and create. And so they did.

This series begins with Stuart Perkoff, a close friend to Philomene and one who shared her view that their being poets was a calling. Perkoff grew up in St. Louis. He moved to Venice in the early 50s and founded the Venice West Café in 1958 as a meeting place for local artists. One of those artists, Wally Berman had come up with a line that summed up so well what Stuart believed, so Stuart wrote it on the wall of the café in huge letters. "Art is love is God."

A SUGGESTION TO MY FELLOW CITIZENS

By Stuart Perkoff

imagine revolutions have occurred! yes! why not?
 & revelations! more! love! more! communal joy!
 forget the rules, the rulers, the restrictions
 which limit every action, every flight
 of grace & wing. create
 instantly yr ideal
 city! its market places stocked
 with fulfilled desires wrapped in images
 unknown, but known to be
 lovely as yr selves. extend yr arms & dreams
 & see how interlaced a web
 is structured by yr separate human needs.



**Venice West
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 A Reading by Beachhead
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**Celebrating the 39th Anniversary
 of the Free Venice Beachhead**



A 'Disposable Workforce' in New Orleans After Katrina

By James Parks

Robert "Tiger" Hammond is not an emotional man. But when he talks about how little has been done to rebuild his hometown of New Orleans two years after Hurricane Katrina, he is moved to tears.

Hammond, president of the Greater New Orleans AFL-CIO, told a convention of union workers in the Big Easy, last month: "Parts of this town look like a nuclear bomb hit two days ago, not like it was two years ago."

Hammond says the bottom line is that reactionary ideologues from the Bush administration, and some business and civic leaders in New Orleans, took the damage and dislocation caused by the hurricane as an opportunity to conduct a mass experiment in privatization and union busting.

Tracie Washington, of the Louisiana Justice Institute, a civil rights law group, says that after Katrina, "there was an absolute assault on civil rights and social justice guarantees that we thought we had. There was a blatant assault on workers' rights."

In quick succession, she says, the working people—mainly African Americans—who were making a decent living were the first to go: All

4,900 teachers and thousands of bus drivers were laid off. That was followed by a decision not to rebuild much of the public housing destroyed by the storm and the slow reopening of the schools and the decimation of the public transportation system.

Joe Prieur, a transit union president said more than 500 members of his union lost their jobs right after Katrina. And management has refused to upgrade or increase the number of workers or to buy any new buses to replace the ones destroyed by the flood.

Brenda Mitchell, of the New Orleans teachers union, told the ILCA convention that even though many of the public schools were shut down, teachers have begun rebuilding.

Washington says the systematic elimination of jobs and the support system of public housing, schools and transportation services is something that could happen anywhere. Despite the glitz of Bourbon Street and Harrah's Casino in downtown, she says, the people of New Orleans are suffering.

"We residents of New Orleans are the canaries in the coal mine. And the canaries are dropping off. Don't think closing schools and cutting transportation is something that can't happen somewhere else. The same people who

built our jacked-up levees are the same ones who built your bridges and roads."

The assault on workers can best be seen in the way immigrant workers and local workers are being manipulated in a race to the bottom, said Saket Soni, of the New Orleans Worker Center for Racial Justice.

Hundreds of thousands of immigrant workers were brought to New Orleans to work at the same time that hundreds of thousands of African American workers were being displaced and fired.

Soni says the immigrant workers are being exploited by employers. For example, he says contractors hire immigrant construction day workers and require that they work long hours. But on pay day, they call the immigration service to deport the workers.

Soni said: "They have created a completely disposable workforce. They have locked one group out and locked another group in. The reality of New Orleans is that the storm gave the opportunity to a lot of people to push through a social experiment they wouldn't dare try anywhere else in such a short time. You find the cheapest, most exploitable workers, pay them little or nothing, and if they complain, fire them or deport them."

New Orleans, Old Story

By Margot Pepper

I.
They came shackled, scarred, half-drowned on Yemayá's back:
queen mother of the sea;
children like limbs, severed,
settled by Oshun, the Mississippi river;
clandestine gods and shells stowed behind catholic crosses:
vadu, voodoo, santería.
Where once sweat lodge smoke smudged the view
an auction block now stood.

And so, the great city rose up, multiplied—
cries of birth pains muffled in traffic,
throaty blues and hypnotic jazz,
generations layering bones of the dead—
Natchez, Atakapa, Chitimachan, Tunican, Houma bones.
Ten thousand years
'til 1519 came Panfilo de Navarez
trading small pox-infected blankets for gold;
came German peasants; Spanish-French creoles;
came British-fleeing Cajuns with Jambalya and gumbo feasts,
turtle sauce piquante, andouille sausage, crawfish etouffee
rich as the medley of arriving cultures.

II.
Behind impressive desks for amassing armies, parting nations,
pale suited men clucked at cracks in a levy trickling coins
from the overdue jackpot of taxpayer money.

Came the rains, came torrents;
cyclonic winds of a planet spinning out of balance.
Greed's weight crumbling levees.
Snatching up treasures and flesh,
Oshun grew black and thick as blood;
a foul smelling stew harboring drowned infant dreams,
futures now floating corpses.

An old man's ebony hand gripping his life-long companion's
like a captain holding his line to the main sail in a fierce storm,
"You can't hold me. Nothing can. Take good care of the kids!" she cried,
as the current, Oshun, claimed his new bride.

Each day, the Jefferson Parish emergency management man
Phoned his mother trapped in St. Bernard nursing home.
"You coming, son? Is somebody coming?"
"Yeah, Mama, somebody's coming to get you Tuesday."
"Mama, somebody's coming to get you Wednesday."
"Mama, Thursday."
Friday night she was dead.

At last, having arrived at the government's promised Superdome land,
somebody's great-grandfather, uncle, husband and son
died in his lawn chair awaiting help.

Guards locked down jails and fled.
Prisoners, including un-convicted,
stood on cots shoulder-deep in sewage.
On the outside, free citizens stood on rooftops,
waving unshackled arms at TV cameras.

Still, came no cavalry,
came no helicopter fleets,
no campaigns air-dropped food
despite world-envied abundance;
only INS raids.

For how did the great nation amass such riches?
Was it pride which denied
1,600 doctors and 80 tons of medical supplies
from Cuba
more from Venezuela, Germany and France?
as pyramid scheme on dollar's shadow-side,
--built on now-shattered Third World backbones--
bottoms out,
requiring new columns.

III.
They came:
Homeland Security contracts
to evacuate holdouts.
DynCorp, Blackwater, Wackenhut:
with resumes in faraway ethnic cleansing, money laundering and sex slave traf-
ficking;
congregated in St. James and Bourbon bar,
scattering to the streets mattresses, dresses, photos,
a fluffy white play bunny,
draped an American flag from the balcony.
And so without the trouble of eviction notices,
the dwellers of the coveted real estate--
mardi gras, bayou, crickets and cicada symphonies—
abandoned the city built by their ancestors,

As mud lines marked the water's descent on sides of buildings and cars,
Bodyguard and Tactical Security boasted about killing
African American males on a Ninth Ward overpass.
"This is a trend," spat a Blackwater mercenary.
"You're going to see a lot more guys like us."

They came:
buses tearing hundreds of sobbing, voiceless little ones from parents
without labeling,
triggering grandparent flashbacks of slave-holder kidnappings
the previous century or
Australian welfare officer kidnappings of Aboriginal children
the previous decade.
Over 5,000 missing infant and children claims;
6,000 more missing persons.
At a hearing, a senator commands Granny
to stop calling the government's feces-turfed Superdome a concentration camp.
"Why? We were tortured. Many of my family members were killed!"

At long last, they came,
White House representatives and FEMA guests:
the vice president's Halliburton corp and Disney
gathering all the fractured dream shards and ruptured promises
for burial under the shiny machinery of a New Orleans theme park.

Oh, great Sea Yemayá and River Oshun,
take pity on those innocent of the cancer in your waters.
They are but indentured servants to those melting polar icecaps.
The ones you would punish own
the SUV's patrolling the city with full blast air-conditioning.

"But we are not punishing anyone," they respond.
"We are, simply, that is all.
Our ebb and flow brings death, as well as life;
chaos, calamity and rejoicing.
Afterall,
was it not your economic system which caused this tragedy?"

VISION OF A NEW REALITY

By Ron Lowe

The vision of a world in which all people will live together in peace and in brotherhood may be far from realization, but remains the noblest of ideals for human existence.

We are co-creators with God, altering the future of the world, year by year, hour by hour.

Waking up in the morning and spending the first 20-30 minutes with few or no thoughts in your mind is a good thing.

We are inside spirit and cannot get outside of it.

Breathe, breathe in the air, don't be afraid to care.

Fix the problem; do it right the first time; no whining, no excuses, be the one who's responsible;

make it sing; let 'er rip, next problem.

Spiritual growth is now replacing survival as the central objective of the human experience.

The light streaming from a lamp proves the existence of electricity. The light that streams into the mind in exalted moments proves the existence of the soul.

Our inner goals and strivings create a sort of magnet which attracts the outer possibilities.

CATCH THE MOMENT.

Work like you don't need the money. Love like you've never been hurt.

Dance like no one is watching.

If you can keep your head while all those about you are losing theirs, perhaps you've misjudged the situation.

Love is friendship set on fire.

Never underestimate the power of stupid people in large groups.

The energy that flows into us is always pure and wholesome; what happens to it after the ego/personality gets hold of it is another matter.

Expect perfection and abundance and so create it. Feel this truth vibrate within you until it becomes part of you.

Why would anyone in America not want universal health care?

A word spoken creates a dog, a rabbit, a person - It fixes their nature before our eyes. Henceforth their shapes are, in a sense, our own creation.

In times of profound change, the learners inherit the earth, while the learned find themselves beautifully equipped to deal with a world that no longer exists.

Keep a subject or problem constantly in front of you and little by little the answer comes to light.

Diversity proceeds from unity.

You @ here.now.

Raise your sail one foot and you get ten feet of wind - Chinese proverb.

Every person has free choice. Our choice determines the consequences. Nobody ever did or ever will, escape the consequences of their choice.

Enlightenment is an attainment, a process of flowering into a higher state of consciousness and being.

We are in the process of becoming conscious - always growing, developing, evolving to higher and higher states, that ever more beautifully express the perfection of existence.

Love is not something that comes into us from someone else; it is an extension of our own heart and mind reverberating back into us.

This is not the end of the story - there's something coming after us, but we may never be able to comprehend it, any more than a caterpillar can comprehend turning into a butterfly.

For all that has been: Thanks! For all that will be: Yes!

Om, sweet Om.

Sacred cows make great hamburgers.

Our old world of solid objects is now dissolved into a world of wave-like patterns of interconnections. The whole universe appears as a dynamic web of inseparable energy patterns.

Anti-homeless group tries to close St. Josephs

An appeal of the St. Joseph Center's building and safety permit was held Oct. 18 in West Los Angeles. At press time, the decision was still pending. The appeal was filed by members of a group called Venice Sonic which consists of some of the neighbors of the center at 404 Lincoln Blvd., an owner of the California Chicken restaurant on Lincoln and others who have previously been involved in opposition to homeless services in Venice.

At the hearing, supporters of St. Joseph's far outnumbered those in opposition.

The Center, which provides counseling and referral services to the homeless has been operating since last April at its current location. Before that, it provided the same services for several years at the corner of Rose Avenue and 4th Street. Some of the same opponents in the present appeal reportedly put pressure on the landlord at 4th and Rose to get rid of the center.

According to the Los Angeles County's Homeless Headcount, last year, nearly 1,000 Venetians are homeless. Of these, about 150 are more than 60 years of age.

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

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35 Year Ago in Venice

- from the Beachhead archives (Nov. 1972 #35)

DUCK POWER

by Carol Fondiller

For four years, the ducks on the Venice Canals have been under threat of extinction by the Monster Master's Plan dreamed up by the City Planners whose idea of solving poverty is to move out poor people.

With the help of Neighborhood Legal Aid, the Hughes Tool Co., and Venice residents the ducks won, if not permanent residency at least a respite from motorboats slicking up their feathers.

The monster, called the Canal Assessment District, which would have created a private yacht club for the privileged few, paid for by all of the taxpayers of Los Angeles, was dealt a severe if not a fatal blow.

The thorn in the monster's side is the Environmental Impact Act which was passed in 1970 to prevent further rampages perpetrated by private land developers on what remains of California. A study of the environment was not done by our all-knowing City Planners, who feel uncomfortable if there is an inch of land without a parking lot or freeway on it. As a matter of fact, our sensitive Mayor, Suitcase Sam Yorty, threatened to fill in the canals if the Canal Assessment Act failed to pass.

Judge Pacht of Los Angeles Superior Court turned down the City's appeal because the City had failed to do a study of the consequences of "improving" the Canals. Under the Planners' aegis, the Canals would have been improved to the extent that even the algae and the clams would have died from oil slick, noise, and boredom from the plastic Marina surroundings.

Judge Pacht's verdict leaves the ducks alone and, hopefully, gives a measure of self-determination for the welfare recipients, students, artists, winos, and elderly people who presently comprise most of the Canal population.

"This enables us to implement our own plan for the people who live here," one resident declared.

A celebration for the ducks and a burial for the planners and land speculators was held on Howland Canal on October 8th. A plastic flower-covered coffin, bearing the remains of the Canal Assessment Act, and the names of the City Planners and land developers was placed, semi-reverently, on a garbage skow known to the Canal residents as the "Royal Barge" and was towed by the "Urchins of Venice" and was dumped into a watery, scummy grave. Canal residents cheered as streams of smoke erupted from the coffin.

The vacant lot where the simple ceremony was held was swept clean, and proposals were made to turn it into a park for the people. After some very short speeches by Alan Emkin of Neighborhood Legal Aid and Ken Norwood, Advocate City Planner, the party began. Music was provided by the Lizzy Tisch Band. It was good, strong vibrant, mellow music. People danced, drank wine, and quacked along with the ducks. It was turned into People's Park by fiat.

But this is only one skirmish in the war of people versus property. For, while the celebration went on at the Canal it was learned that the land developers are scurrying to get building permits before anyone can object to build high-rise, high-rent apartment complexes on the Ocean Front Walk. This means that rents will be driven up even higher, thus insuring "Urban Removal".

So the battle of the powerless against the powerful goes on. But as more people become aware of the effects of indiscriminate development or, more accurately, earth rape, has on their lives, the struggle will be at least evenly matched.

Free Venice from the power-hungry, money-hungry speculators and their City Planner lackeys! Free Venetians to plan their own community of, by, and for the people! Free the people and feed the ducks at People's Park on Howland Canal and Dell Avenue!

Saturday, Nov. 3

- 7:30pm – **Les Figues Press** – presents a reading of their recently published writers, with Danielle Adair, Alta Ifland, Stephanie Taylor, and Christine Werthiem. Beyond Baroque.
- 8pm – 3rd annual **Dancing in the Margins Festival** – presents choreography from West Africa, China, India, Indonesia, the Philippines, and Spain. Electric Lodge. \$16, some discounts.

Sunday Nov. 4

- 2am – **Pacific Standard Time** begins – Turn your clock back one hour.
- 3-7pm - **Candidate Public Forum** - KPFFK-FM Radio, Listener Station Board - Unitarian Church, 1260 18th St., Santa Monica - 818-985-2711 - www.kpffk.org click on LSB elections
- 5pm – **Open Reading** with Shahe Mankerian, Angel Perales, and Annette Sugden. Hosted by Marie Lecrivain. Sign up 4:45, 2 poem limit. Beyond Baroque. FREE.
- 7pm – **Dancing in the Margins Fest** continues (see Nov. 3).

Monday, Nov 5

- 6pm – **Finnegan's Wake** reading group – Abbot Kinney Library.

Tuesday, Nov. 6

- 4-5pm – **Computer Comfort** class for beginners – Abbot Kinney Library.

Wednesday, Nov. 7

- 6pm – **Sunset Strip** – Cultural historian Domenic Priore will screen rare films and discuss his new book *Riot on Sunset Strip: Rock 'n' Roll's Last Stand in Hollywood*. Live music - 6pm: electronic funk w/ Sol of Love. 6:30pm: Lucas Gonze plays the pre-history of folk, 7pm: The Backboners. Sponto. free.

- 6:30pm – **Land Use and Planning Committee** of the Venice Neighborhood Council – Westminster School Auditorium, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. <http://grvnc.org/LUPC>

Thursday, Nov. 8

- 4pm – **Teen Council** meets – Abbot Kinney Library.

Friday, Nov. 9

- 7:30pm Fernando Castro, Lucia Lemieux, and Brandon Cesmat-the educator/activist/poets read from their works. Beyond Baroque.

Saturday, Nov. 10

- 11am-1pm – **Westside Winter Group** – Abbot Kinney Library.

Sunday, Nov. 11

- 7pm – **Don't Touch That Dial: L.A. Alt Radio History** – Gerry Fialka hosts a panel discussion with Rev. Dan of Music For Nimrods, Stray Pop's Stella and Martin Perlich probing the effects of Los Angeles Radio in countercultural developments. Beyond Baroque.

Monday, Nov 12

- 8pm – **John Fugelsang Live** – Sneak preview of John's new one man show. Sponto. free.

Tuesday, Nov 13

- 5-8pm – **Venice Historical Society** – "Remembering When," a panel of early Venice residents reminisce about their favorite Venice memories.

CommUnity Events – by the numbers



- 6pm – **First Annual Beat Festival** – reception sponsored by Voice of the Canals, 7pm: rare Beat film clips of Kerouac, Lord Buckley and more, at 8pm a reading of the play *A Night With The Holy Barbarians* by Grace Godlin and live poetry: MC Ford & more.

Wednesday, Nov. 14

- 6pm – **Don McGlynn Jazz Films** – with Director McGlynn in person. Included are Horace Parlan By Horace Parlan, The Legend of Teddy Edwards, Dexter Gordon: More Than You Know, and Art Pepper: Notes From a Jazz Survivor. Sponto.

Friday, Nov. 16

- 7:30pm – **Poets** Terry Wolverton, Cecilia Woloch, and Stephanie Hemphill – read from their works. Beyond Baroque.

Saturday, Nov 17

- 7 & 9pm – **PXL This 17** – celebrates the 20th anniversary of the Fisher Price PXL video camera and the havoc it creates as seen through the eyes of a wide variety of artists. Sponto.

Sunday, Nov. 18

- 6:30pm – **Joke Artist Live** – subversive performances - produced by Paul "The Aristocrats" Provenza & Brian Baldinger. Live music - Paul Litteral, master trumpeter.
- 7pm – **Poets Beyond the Half Shell** – features hosts and founders Carlye Archibeque and Richard Modiano. Beyond Baroque.

Tuesday, Nov. 20

- 7pm – **Venice Neighborhood Council Board** meeting – Westminster School Auditorium, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. <http://grvnc.org/LUPC>

Thursday, Nov. 22

- All day – **Happy Thanksgiving** – Please help those who are in need!

Tuesday, Nov. 27

- 8:30 & 9:30pm – **Suzy Williams** and the Solid Senders – Temple Bar. 1026 Wilshire Blvd. S.M. 306-7330 \$10.

Wednesday, Nov. 28

- 6:30pm – **Bubble Mania** – the science and fun of bubbles. Abbot Kinney Library.
- 6:30pm – **Land Use and Planning Committee** of the Venice Neighborhood Council – Westminster School Auditorium, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. <http://grvnc.org/LUPC>

Friday, Nov. 30

- 4-5pm – **Beginners Internet Class** – Abbot

Kinney Library.

- 6-10pm – **Oh 7 Art Show** - Art opening Closing party Dec 14. Featuring new paintings, photography and assemblages by Theresa Hulme, MX Farina, Gerry Fialka, Hillary Kaye, Frank Lane, Doran Marold, Bruce Meade, Paul Orso, Roberto Palazzo, Gina Terzino, Ned Sloane, Sponto and Andrea Wittenberg.
- 7:30pm – **Poets Bill Berkson and Allen Ruppberg** – read from their works. Beyond Baroque.

Location Guide

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

Ongoing Events

- Nov. 3-25 – **Kafka's Dick** - Thursday-Saturday 8pm, Sun 3pm, Sunday Nov. 18 7pm - The Co-op of Pacific Resident Theatre - 323 460-2508
- Nov. 13 & 27 7pm – **Family Pajama Story Time** – Abbot Kinney Library.
- Every Saturday 10 pm – DJ/Producer and Engineer, **Quickie Mart** comes from the top of the New Orleans Hip-Hop scene. Air Conditioned Supper Club, 625 Lincoln Blvd. 230-5343
- **The Hasty Heart** at Pacific Resident Theatre - Running 8 pm Thursdays through Saturdays and 3 pm on Sundays, thru Nov. 28 - 703 Venice Blvd. Tickets: \$20-\$25- call 822-8392

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