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October 2009
 #336

Venice 'Out Front' Skatepark Opens on the Beach

By Amy V. Dewhurst

After 9 months of building, 10 years of lobbying, and 30 years of Skateboard History, Venice's "Out Front" is finally being immortalized with it's own park. This Saturday, October 3, 2009, The Dennis 'Polar Bear' Agnew Skatepark will open.

The much anticipated 2.5 million dollar renovation was made possible with funds secured by Councilman Bill Rosendahl, including; from Damson Oil Facility Restoration Funds, Venice Area Surplus Real Property Trust Funds and The Quimby Fund (amongst others). RRM Design Groups, Wormhoudt, Inc and The VSA designed and constructed this iconic esplanade which includes a bowl, 5 mini-bowls with hips,

snake run, combi-pool and street course (handrails and funboxes).

The fate of the 1500 square feet west of Windward has long been disputed. Local residents, city officials, multi-national corporations and even the LA Kings have struggled for control of 'The Pit' since the Venice Pavilion was destroyed in 2000. The completion of the first sand-built Skatepark on American Soil (which will forever change the silhouette of a Venice Beach Sunset) is a true testament to the



power of intention. For the past decade the Venice Surf and Skate Alliance (with the help of Heidi Lemon/Skateparks USA) has worked tirelessly, lobbying, organizing, acting as city-planner and working with the

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Fight Crime: Read the Beachhead Stolen Bicycle Recovered After Last Month's Article



Left to right: Alan, Peter Anston, CJ Gronner, Nancy D'Aquino with a slightly bedraggled Delores in the foreground.

By CJ Gronner

The hills are alive ... with the sound of bike bells! Everybody! You are not going to BELIEVE this! So ... pretty much everyone knows I had my bike stolen last month and that it was very sad for me. Really. I'd never had a bike stolen, not even as a kid, so I didn't know how bad it felt, especially for someone who is constantly on hers. I would like to apologize now to anyone who ever told me their bike had been stolen that maybe I didn't give deep enough sympathy to. It sucks.

So then I got mad, and thought, I'm telling everyone about this and I'm getting that bike back. I don't know if I really thought I would, but I was sure going to try. I wrote an article about my loss and the state of crime affairs in Venice (see below) and the Free Venice Beachhead put it on the front page of that beloved local paper.

Walking down the streets, people would yell, "Sorry about your bike!" or "I've got my boys looking out for your bike, if she's in Venice, you'll get her back." A friend in Minnesota even wrote me to say he'd looked on LA's Craig's List to see if anything matching her description came up (Thanks, dear John Evans!). It was nice to know that people even

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**CASUALTIES IN AFGHANISTAN:
 853 U.S. Dead - 43 this month**

**IRAQ:
 4,345 U.S. Dead - 8 this month
 31,513 U.S. Wounded
 Iraqi Dead: 1,339,771**

**Cost of wars: \$915+ Billion
 Sources: costofwar.com • antiwar.com
 icasualties.org**



Beachhead Collective Staff: Karl Abrams, Greta Cobar, Amy Dewhurst, Carol Fondiller, Don Geagan, Peggy Lee Kennedy, Ian Lovett, Lydia Poncé, Krista Schwimmer, Jim Smith, 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, sustainers and donations. The articles, poetry and art work express the opinions of the individual contributors and are not necessarily the views of the Beachhead Collective.

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

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Free Speech on Ocean Front Walk?

Dear Beachhead,

I am a free expressionist on Venice Boardwalk. I was in my van today resting and I heard boo's. I looked out the van window and saw a number of LAPD on the west side of the boardwalk across from the Venice Bistro (corner of Dudley Avenue) with a sign that had been put up about the lottery. The yellow sign was about 6 feet in length and it said to call Bill Rosendahl with complaints about the lottery. It mentioned LA City Park and Rec, LAPD, and others that refuse to protect Free Speech by allowing commercial vending on Venice Boardwalk.

I witnessed about 6 LAPD standing together confiscating this sign. They looked dumbfounded at the moment, I suppose because the person who usually gets harassed in that area wasn't around at that moment.

The most absurd part of this event was watching an officer rip a smaller sign that stated "Free Speech is Right Not a Lottery Prize" off the tree.

As I walked up they were leaving and I asked, "Why are you removing the signs?" An officer said, "It's a City tree, and it's in an ordinance." I thought, that's not an answer. Then I replied, isn't it the people's tree?

So as the LAPD passed a commercial vendor with the signs reflecting Free Speech, I looked at them and wondered? What does that say for the LAPD officers that work Venice Beach? It makes me wonder why my father ever became a police officer. He's much too smart and much to caring to have ever been a police officer but he was raised by a brutal, hateful man so I guess it was his way of policing the "bad dad" in his head. Unfortunately, I would suspect that didn't mean people were given their First Amendment right to Free Speech??

Lisa Green

Venice 'Out Front' Skatepark Opens on the Beach

– continued from page 1

(sometimes ignorant) demands of The City of Los Angeles Department of Recreation and Parks.

In Masao Miyashiro and Ian Congdon's documentary "1500 Sq Feet" (slated to premiere 2010), viewers are lead through a series of interviews outlining the Skatepark's history from conception to birth. Among the culturally defining interviewees are Zephyr Team co-founders Jeff Ho and Skip Englebloom; Original Z-Boy and Horizons West Savior Nathan Pratt; Curator of the sub-culture and Z-Boy, Ray Flores; Famed photojournalist and Dogtown historian Craig Stecyk; Legendary skateboarder Jay Adams; Local icon and co-owner of Venice Originals Cesario 'Block' Montañó; Dogtown Skates Owner and Original Zephyr Team Shredder Jim Muir; Venice Cruiser's Thomas Dugan; Thrasher Magazine Photographer Chuck Katz; and Professional Skaters including Pat Gnoho (Santa Monica Airlines) and Christian Hasoi. A recurring sentiment amongst these pillars of Skate culture is one of gratitude. Gratitude to the two men who, against all odds (bureaucratic, financial and logistical) are responsible for the Skatepark's assemblance, Geri Lewis and Jesse Martinez.

Life-long Venice Residents (and skaters) Lewis and Martinez formed the VSA in 1999 in an effort to bring a park back home (to

Angry about Oakwood Article

Dear Beachhead,

Apparently the message of love in your last issue (*Say What You Will: We Live It Everyday In Oakwood* by Lydia Ponce, Jataun Valentine and Laddie Williams) didn't include the white community.

Racism is present in any community, but I don't see how it can be fought in Oakwood by making ridiculous misstatements of facts.

Those kids hanging around the Oakwood Park entrance are all good kids harassed by the evil police:

I suppose the Hispanic male who told me he was pulled off his bicycle by a group of kids, who went through his pockets and stole his money, must have imagined it.

The police raids of two years ago drove innocent families from their homes on trumped up charges:

I've heard all the ridiculous denials made by the drug dealers' families. I must have imagined seeing those gangbangers selling drugs at the crackhouse right across from the Oakwood Center.

The Venice drug ring just busted by the cops didn't include Venice residents, but gangbangers from Los Angeles and Inglewood:

I guess the Shoreline Crips are not based in Venice and those members busted just came into Venice to go to church.

The kids breaking into homes are from Inglewood, not Venice, and it's not their fault anyway. The kids are very desperate for their own reasons:

Could one of the reasons be they're just bad kids?

Ninety-one-per-cent of the VNC is white:

So what a shame one of the black members hardly ever attends meetings. Isn't that the waste of a seat that the black community could use to get something done?

Full credit to Liska Mendoza and her staff for cleaning out the center. They're doing a great job. But they're doing it by working hard and facing reality, not just sitting around and blaming all the ills of the community on racism.

Jimmy Riddle

Venice, where it belongs!). Ten years has a tidy ring to it. However, in practice that's 3,650 days of "Bringing the park to what a consulting firm would charge hundreds of thousands of dollars for. Campaigning, lobbying, planning, to reviewing designs, in conjunction with architects, to getting community input, inspiring the kids to having our hands in the construction, hands literally in the concrete. Establishing a safety patrol, around the clock, someone to deter vandalism, graffiti" says Lewis. It is the hope of the VSA that the skatepark will serve the community, "not only by creating jobs and programming, but by giving local youth a sense of ownership, a sense of pride."

This Saturday, when that ribbon is cut, not only will America's premiere Skatepark open it's doors to skaters worldwide, but if you are lucky enough, you can watch as two people (with unparalleled commitment to this culture and this community) have their dream come true...

Infinite Thanks to Geri and Jesse. Love, Venice.

For more info on the VSA go to; venicesurfandskateboardassociation.blogspot.com. For more info on 1500 Sq Feet Check out; www.cell-lessproductions.com.

For more info on the Skate Park Stop by Venice Originals! 1525 Pacific @ Windward.

City, Neighborhood Council Apparently Give Up On Saving Postal Annex

"We give up" is something rarely heard around Venice, but it seems to be what has happened to the "fight" to save the publicly-owned postal annex at 313 Grand Blvd., also known as the old Safeway store.

As reported in last month's Beachhead, the Postal Department is moving ahead with plans to sell the 1.78 acre site to a private developer. Do we need more condos?

Apparently the neighborhood council, our councilmember and our congressional representative don't care.

People in the neighborhood have suggested multiple uses for the property if it remains public, including parking, social services, affordable housing, and a park. But lack of action by public officials, and wannabee public officials may eliminate such sensible ideas from becoming reality.

Here's what's been done so far. After the Beachhead broke the story that the post office was going to move mail processing out of Venice, Councilmember Bill Rosendahl wrote a letter to Congresswoman Jane Harman asking her help in keeping the property in the public domain.

There is no record of Harman ever having responded to the letter, or of her doing anything to save the property.

The Neighborhood Council's Land Use Committee (LUPC) got into the act last month by putting the item on its agenda. When no one showed up at the meeting, the LUPC and the VNC ran up a white flag of surrender. "There's nothing we can do to stop a sale to a developer," one Board member told the Beachhead. So much for the public option.

Venetians' best hope may be that the economy has sunk to a level low enough to prevent bids on this prime property. But if someone does come up with the \$20 million the USPS is asking for the property, get ready for something very big and very expensive in the middle of our town.

-Jim Smith

Tsunami Alert for Venice

A giant earthquake, measuring 8.0 and four Tsunamis rumbled through Samoa, Sept. 29, killing at least 200 people.

Venice, and the rest of the California coast was put on alert after the quake. In Samoa, the Tsunami generated 20 foot waves but in Venice, it was reduced to crashing surf.

The Beachhead had been instrumental in pushing the city to put up Tsunami warning signs. But as usual they screwed it up by not posting any signs on Ocean Front Walk where most of our clueless tourists hang out. Even though they take up most of our parking places, beach visitors deserve to survive a Tsunami. As it stands, they don't know which way to run.

Only 6,013 Years Old!

Happy BEarthday. Bishop Ussher of Ireland in the 17th Century declared that the earth was created on October 23, 4,004 B.C.E.

The return of Ali Katz

Out of the Litter Box

By Ali Katz

This cat's been mewing about strange human happenings - Seems the Venice Historical Society, aided by former resident of Venice Ray Bradbury, the cat's meow of speculative fiction, has started a drive to restore the columns that used to line Windward Avenue. The V.H.S. and Mr. Bradbury deserve a pat of the paw for their efforts.

But this ol' feline's fur is up. Robert Graham, dead you know, was the creator of the Torsos that grace the entrance to the Olympic Colliseum. This kitty wonders why, headless, legless, armless statues were chosen to represent the 1984 Olympics. This cat always thought that athletes needed brains as well as limbs to function in Olympic sports. Guess he had a few statues left over, and with the collusion of former unelected Councilwoman Miscikowski and some prestige hungry, great art lovers, dumped one of his surplus seconds in the middle of the traffic circle on Windward Ave., thus creating the illusion of art patronage along with a healthy tax break. Prior to this, great artist Mr. Graham ripped out and off two of the original columns that used to form the colonades on Windward Ave.

When questioned about this destruction/abduction of City Property, which by the way was done without permits, knowledge, or permission of the City of Los Angeles, he said he would replace them with a contemporary version of the stolen columns.

Instead, he built a windowless concrete above-ground bunker complete with overhang (MORE code violations?) right over Windward Ave, for his surveillance cameras. When questioned about the location of the pillaged columns, Mr. Graham consistently avoided answering the question, and at one meeting was reported to have said that it would be an engineering impossibility to restore them. According to the Venice Historical Society, the cost of replacing the columns would be \$7,000 a piece. Surely, the relict of artist Robert Graham could dig around in the property and return the stolen artifacts, or at least cough up enough money to replace them.

As far this cat knows, the City has not acted on the many violations that Mr. Graham committed. Now, Ali has many 2-legged friends who would be cited if they built a flower box on their window sills without a permit.

This pussy is sooo pissed-according to a PBS newscast, there are more medical marijuana dispensaries than Starbucks in the City if LA. According to the report, there are 180 dispensaries to 160 Starbucks outlets. Ali has always thought that a Latte and a splif was a great way to keep bipeds (including humans) alert and mellow. It certainly has benefitted Ali when a human under the influence has stroked this cat's irresistible fur. The petting is so smooth and...ahh bliss for the kitty. There is a move afoot to close down the dispensaries in Venice,



particularly one on The Ocean Front Walk.

Kitty's informant, Bram Toker says that the establishment is very conspicuous and people are handing out leaflets as they loudly proclaim "The Doctor Is In! The Hash Bar Is Open!"

The City council is hastening to use this egregious example as an excuse to stam-pede an ordinance that would outlaw all dispensaries within Los Angeles City Limits. A hock of a hair ball to these folks. When there is a bar that is non-compliant with the laws that have been laid down, the city disciplines that one bar-the city does not close all the bars in LA, because one bar is breaking the law.

As a matter of fact, the city hands out permits for on-sale liquor as if they were Mardi Gras necklaces. When people complain about 4 or 5 bars, called restaurants, in a one block area, they are told that the establishments haven't reached the saturation point. The city has been lax in enforcing the already existing laws on the books, regarding hours, noise, under-age drinking etc, but you can bet a lid of catnip that the cops will be wrapping up those dispensaries tighter than a tuna sushi roll, while the adjacent bars continue with noise, illegal parking, if any parking at all, so-called valet parking, the bars and "fine dining" establishments continue to proliferate in so-called residential zones, despite objections from the neighboring residents. Hold the bars, saloons, cafes, "gourmet" dining establishments to the same standards that are going to be enforced on the dispensaries; if one bar is designated as an attractive nuisance, close 'em all down.

Prohibition for all! A purr of contentment for the return of Delores. That's all for Meeow.

Military-Industrial Complex Now Official

Forty-eight years after the term was coined by a retiring President Dwight Eisenhower, the military and industry have tied the knot in El Segundo.

According to the Torrance Daily Breeze, The Aerospace Corp., a private company, and the Los Angeles Air Force base, celebrated the completion of a connecting pedestrian bridge, Sept. 29.

Jane Harman was there, cheering them on. "Soaring 17 feet above El Segundo Boulevard, the passageway will allow workers from each facility to safely shuffle to and fro across the busy thoroughfare," said the Breeze. It is not open to the public.

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ON THE BOARDWALK - TREASURE HUNTING

By Ian Lovett

On his hat, his green baseball cap, is a pin: it reads, "Prospector," spelled out in gold. He found some gold wire on the beach and asked a friend to make him a pin with his name on it—let him keep whatever gold was left over. He introduced himself to me as Dan, but this is his name: Prospector.

At 7:45am, just before we set out from the lot, someone stops by to show Prospector a painting. "Number 13 of 100," he says, pointing to the label on the back of the frame. "Someone threw it out, man. It's a lithograph. I found it in the alleys. It's numbered set, man, should be worth something. Only from 1980 but still."

When we reach Brooks, Prospector locks his bike to a palm and turns on his machine—a long metal wand, with a doughnut-shaped sensor at one end and a screen at the other. He waves it back and forth in front of him in time with his stride, always keeping it just an inch or two above the ground, which is harder than it sounds, given the uneven surface of the sand.

Prospector talks constantly, as though calling play-by-play on his own treasure hunt. "Hanging a right turn now. OK." I'm not sure how much this running commentary has to do with my tagging along. He keeps up a similar stream when he's playing chess, analyzing potential moves out loud. And on the mirror in his van he's written, "Shut up Dan" in green marker.

While I stay mostly silent, the metal detector keeps up the other end of the conversation, responding with a surprisingly emotive array of beeps—the different frequencies connoting different kind of metal, the volume their proximity. The screen, too, maps out what the machine senses under the sand, so, usually, Prospector knows what he might find before he even looks. "Oooh, quarter," he'll say. Then he leans down, hacking away at the sand with his homemade scoop—a handle fastened to the open top of a can, across which he's fixed a wire filter. Once he's scooped, the sand falls though back to the ground, while any metal stays inside. And if he comes up empty, he

runs the machine over the spot again, trying to find the highest pitch, so he knows where to scoop next.

Some of these hunts go on for four, five, six scoops. It is backbreaking work, like sowing a field, always leaning forward, hacking away, then standing up to pocket maybe a few cents before moving onto the next. But his body is used to it—soles of the feet calloused over, skin seared to a deep brown, and his right arm, despite the scars of an old motorcycle accident, veined and lean from years of swinging the machine. Not many 56-year-olds could do this for hours every day.

When I ask Prospector what's he looking for, he sticks out his hands. His fingers are decked with rings—gold, silver, turquoise-studded, svelte and gaudy: he's found them all with his metal detector, on this beach. "A ring?" he says at one point, reaching for something in the sand that the machine hasn't even beeped at, sounding excited. "Ahh, trash." It's only the discarded top to a 40 oz.

That is, today, mostly what we find. Bottle caps and pull tabs. He tosses them off to the side, back into the sand, where they might fool him again next week. He's as much a janitor as a gold-panner—when we find bottles, he stands them up in the sand, so no one steps on them; and when he finds a woman's wallet, emptied of all bills, he holds onto it. He pockets the change as a tip, but he'll send the rest back to the address on her ID. And he leaves his card at all the lifeguard towers. When someone loses something of value—a watch, or a cell phone, or keys—he'll come help them find it, hoping only for a tip in return.

Even though the trucks have already dragged the area smooth, you get a remarkably clear picture of what went the night before—the bolts and screws, the 40's and the cigarette butts, the empty dime bags: the drum circle in all its glory. Right at the crack of dawn, before the trucks come by, "sand worms," as he calls them, will comb the area looking for the dime bags, in hopes of finding a little bit left over inside. And near the trashcans, we find body-length imprints. People sleep there, near these obstacles, so the trucks won't run them over in the morning, he says. We continue back and forth over the area, our path a mixture of method and intuitiveness. Prospector stays near the edge of the line the truck has dragged, where the most stuff gets pushed to. But, suddenly, he'll declare, "I'm turning here," and change direction. "Sometimes you just see a butt print that looks promising," he says. "And you go with that."



For two and a half hours we continue like this, zigzagging back and forth just like the seagull footprints, Prospector and his machine making conversation with each other. We find about \$5 in change—mostly in bunches, where someone sat down, or decided to bury a friend in the sand—plus a couple sets of keys. "Drop money, not keys, you idiots," he says. When we finish, he hangs the keys from a nearby tree branch, using the Jaegermeister lanyard attached to one set, hoping their owners might see them there.

As he turns back towards his bike, someone calls out to him. "You don't want that?" The guy's already fingering the lanyard we just hung there.

"No," Prospector says. "I was hoping maybe the owner would see it there. I don't know."

"Well, if you don't want it, I'll take it."

Ocean Front Walk Task Force

At 9:30am on Wednesday of the first full week of every month, the Ocean Front Walk Task Force convenes at James Beach restaurant.

The meetings are convened by Arturo Piña, Field Deputy to City Councilman Bill Rosendahl, and include representatives from County Beaches and Harbors, Recreations and Parks, the LAPD, and the City Attorney, as well as local merchants, artists, business owners and residents.

At the September meeting, topics of discussion included the opening of the skate park on October 3, and the Recreation and Parks Department's intention to continue the P-Zone lottery throughout the year. Local artists, objecting to commercial vending on the boardwalk, passed out copies the ordinance that governs vending on Ocean Front Walk, while City Attorney Gita O'Neill did her best to explain what it means in layman's terms.

According to Piña, the task force began in the '90's, and Rosendahl brought it back when he became Councilman for the district. The next meeting will be held on October 7. It is free, and open to anyone interested in Ocean Front Walk.

—Ian Lovett

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Don Geagan and Amy Dewhurst having too much fun at the Beachhead booth.

Despite being perhaps the least organized event in 25 years (no clue for exhibitors where their booths would be, phone calls and emails returned sporadically, no press releases before or after) the Abbot Kinney Festival was a success. There were no shootings this year.

The crowd seemed less than last year and some vendors said sales were off.

The festival benefited from pleasant weather and good vibrations. Unfortunately, it seems to be less a local event every year. But we'll be back anyway.



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The Irish Vampire Comes To Venice

By Jim Smith

Vampire films are in vogue again. As politics and the economy get weirder and weirder, and daily life often seems unreal, anything that is otherworldly or bizarre becomes more popular.

Most of these films are routine and predictable. Not so, *The Irish Vampire Goes West*, by Pegarty Long. This film reminds one of some of the writers and filmmakers that Pegarty Long admires.

They include James Joyce, Federico Fellini, Ingmar Bergman and Alain Resnais. Says Long, "I was not actually influenced by these filmmakers as much as I liked and connected with their films. I saw them while I was first making films.

"But, when I began making films it was the constriction of the Super 8mm format to tell the story visually with voice-over verses onscreen intertitles, as in silent films, that led me to make films in the style that I do. Basically, they just came out of me that way. And then I saw how closely that particular experience on the screen was to the experience of the power of a dream and I liked that."

Although it was filmed on location in Ireland, Venice, Topanga and downtown Los Angeles, it was, like the t-shirt says, Hecho in Venice. Several well-known Venice characters - as in character actors - have featured roles. It stars Philomene Long, Venice's late poet laureate, as Manananaan (a feminized name of the Irish God of the sea). Vincent Coppola who plays the mad scientist, Dr. O'Nosital, was a regular on Ocean Front Walk for years where he walked his beautiful English Sheep dogs every evening at sunset. Buddha, one of Coppola's dogs has a barking part in the film. Venetian stage actress Lisa Robbins has a pivotal, but too short role, as well. The Associate Producer, Peter McCarthy, was a long time resident of Venice and shot his film *Floundering* in Venice. The second unit set decorator, Fawn Walenski, is a long-time Venice resident.

Others in the cast include Chris Payne Gilbert as the vampire, Vanquo. Gilbert is a well-known TV star who has appeared in *CSI*, *Friends* and *Sex and the City*. He's completed two films since *Irish Vampire* including *Refuge: The Movie* and *Murder World*, also known as *Pearblossom*.

Long says she began writing the screenplay for *The Irish Vampire Goes West* in UCLA film school 35 years ago. Shooting began in December 2004 and was finally completed in 2009. The film received acclaim at a standing room only audience of film industry types and critics at a screening in August at the DeMille Theater on the Culver Studios lot. The Venice screening will be the first for a general audience.

Long laments the loss of theaters for art and independent films during the past few years. "We've lost the NuWilshire, Mayfair, the Fine Arts, a couple of venues in Westwood, and more," says Long. The Fox Venice, which would have been an ideal location for the film has become a swap meet.

The Irish action takes place in County Cork. Some of the scenes are filmed in the Long ancestral farm, which is still in the family. The scene at the farm's Georgian-style mansion features Pegarty and Philomene's aunt, Mary Coghlan. Several other Irish cousins have parts or worked in the film, including Bride and James Coughlan and Conor, Cecily and Natia Coghlan. (The cousins dispute the proper spelling of their last name.)

Two next generation cousins in Ireland, includes identical twin girls, Eimear and Daire Kie-ly, who play Little Girl Faeries.

The film score, by Vincent Gillioz, won the Best Film

Score Award at last year's Moondance Film Festival. The film also includes songs by Ken O'Malley, a well-known Irish folk-singer who lives in Los Angeles. He sings *Raglan Road* and *Finnegan's Wake*.

Long says this is the first Irish vampire film and is the second vampire film produced in Venice after Roger Corman's 1966 film, *Blood Bath*.

Fans of Philomene Long's poetry should get to the screening early. Her only poem is read in an opening scene. It's appropriately named "Ireland."

A trailer can be seen
www.theirishvampiregoeswest.com

Venice Premiere
The Irish Vampire Goes West
7:30pm on Nov. 1 (All Saints Day)
Beyond Baroque (Old City Hall),
681 Venice Blvd. Admission \$7

Butterflies and Boulders at Coeur d'Alene

By Renata Robins and Lisa Robins

Coeur d'Alene Elementary School is proud to present its Campus Greening Project, *Butterflies and Boulders*!

The goal of our project is to transform our public school into an aesthetically pleasing, environmentally sustainable campus that provides its students with opportunities to connect with nature.

We will be hosting two major planting days in October.

October 23 is the school event with our students, teachers, our new principal, Andrew Jenkins, Tree People and parent volunteers planting 28 trees.

On October 24, our students, Jenkins, some hard working parents, Tree People and our community will all come together to help accomplish the planting of native shrubs such as manzanita, lilac, sage, yarrow and currant.

We will have removed 8,000 square feet of asphalt and will be replacing it with beautiful native drought tolerant plants allowing the annual rainfall to percolate into the soil rather than flood the school. The garden and its integrated curriculum will teach lasting lessons of conservation and promote awareness of the local watersheds.

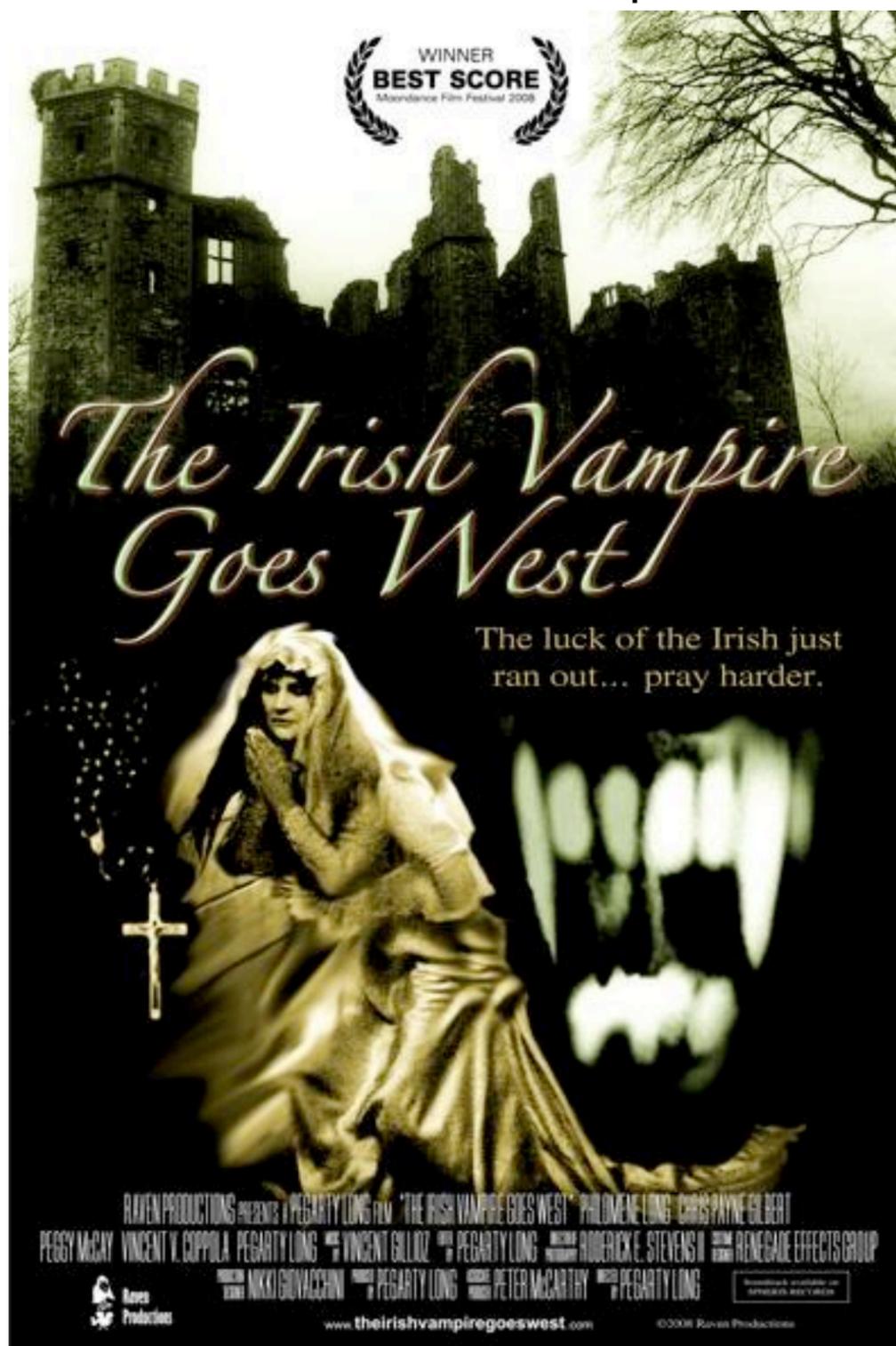
Coeur d'Alene began this journey

when Amy Syrett, one of the many involved parents at the school, decided to create a committee to promote environmental awareness. She called it the Green Team. Tragically, Amy died of lung cancer in 2006. But that wasn't the end of Amy's Green Team. The value of her idea was recognized, and interested parents and teachers kept the Green Team thriving.

Then we had the idea to include students, creating a Jr. Green Team. Four years later, both kids and adults continue to learn to "reduce, reuse, recycle"! Coeur d'Alene invites you to participate in *Butterflies and Boulders*. We need your help!

Please join us on October 24 from 9-12 at 810 Coeur d'Alene. Snacks and a party will follow the planting. For further information and to RSVP contact Julia Morgan at julia.jules@yahoo.com Bring gloves and a smile ...See you there!

Renata Robins is a student at Coeur d'Alene.



Going to the Beach

By Robert Watts

Going to the beach with Jim
we'll pack our bikes
and drive to the beach.
It's a sunny summer day
just right for a ride.
Along the concrete pathway
that runs thru the sand
and look at all the funny characters
and listen to a band.
They're playing on the peer
for all to hear
A Jamaican reggae party
in the western hemisphere
Venice Beach is the place to be
Greta's place is a sight to see
just a few blocks from the deep blue sea
she'll keep us company
Her place is like a museum
Her bike is a masterpiece
A rolling piece of art-work
To catch eyes on the boardwalk
The crowd is all there
Don't be a square
Down there, is where
it's at.
The palm trees blowing
in the breeze
The homeless people
with caked dirt
and wild-eyed looks
tattered clothes,
they're free at last.
The fresh pure air
from across the sea
the stands selling tourist junk
and fresh lemonade
The wondering crowd
is a sight to sea
A cross-section of
humanity.

Skipping Stones

By Mark Lipman

Sitting along the Venice canals,
concrete opulence stands upon the foundations
of long ago hippie cottages
a crane strolls by carefully
imitating the long-legged strides of Fred Astair
past the no trespassing signs
and the wind blows in my hair.

Ducks search longingly,
their heads beneath the watery surface,
their tails up in the air,
for the scattered fragments of your love.

I understand what they're going through.

Paradise in the orchid's bloom
does not seem to be what it used to,
with a chainsaw rattling in your ear.

Gone the soft whispers of yesterday.
At least the bushes of sage
are not affected by the flip-flops of the mind.
They take everything in stride,
waiting patiently for you
to come full circle
back into my arms.

There I wait beneath the palms
at the crossroads of twilight and dawn
skipping stones along the water's edge,
humming a song.

Until I Die

By Jim Smith

I'm tired of sittin around
in my gloom and doom

I'm tired of watchin that clock tell me
when I can have some fun

I'm bustin out
I'm runnin wild

I'm goin down to the Boardwalk
and agitate all day

I'm gonna swim in the sea
with the sharks and barracudas

I'm gonna stay out late
and party all night

I'm gonna sing and dance
and go into a trance

I'm gonna love that woman,
and that one too!

I'm gonna stand up to bullies
and take my lumps

I'm gonna learn all I can
about this big old world

I'm gonna roam around
and get to know you all

I'm gonna do things I never done
Maybe even write a poem

Then I'm gonna blow up that clock
And let us all go free

So let's put away the weary blues
and Jump Up into the light!

Yes, I'm gonna live
until I die

Lobster Time

She wanted to take a closer look
At the lobsters in the tank
Critters unwittingly waiting to cook
Roll the dice, roll your eyes, draw a blank.

Their large claws secured with rubber
bands
She really can see no escape
When time runs out like the hourglass
sands
Your remains will be served in a crepe.

—Hal Bogotch

My Neighbor Goes to the Zoo

By Majid Naficy

My neighbor is going to the zoo
With her three grandchildren:
Mussa, who was born in Haifa
Of a Palestinian father and an Israeli mother,
Sees himself as the never-grown-up Peter
Pan-
Sailing from the island of Neverland
With one eye green, one eye blue:
Gemini, a twin, who was born in America
And named after his father's lost friend,
Has a moonlight face and a red robe
And sees himself as Casper, the friendly
ghost
Returning from the land of martyrs;
And Zahra, who is one minute younger than
her brother,
Has soft, golden hair
And sees herself as Alice from Wonderland
Looking for her lost rabbit everywhere.

They are going to the zoo
To visit the crocodiles of the Nile river
Who, everyday after lunch
Lay back on the pebbly shores
And leave their mouths open for hours
So their companion birds can clean
Their sharp teeth and gums,
And when they want to return to the water
The crocodiles gently close their mouths
Lest surprise
Their tooth-brushing plovers.

Having no faith in earthly paradise
And being accustomed to war and bloodshed
I panic from so much co-existence in nature
And unwillingly shout:
My neighbor! My fanciful neighbor!
Keep your grandchildren around your skirt
Lest the warring crocodiles
Roll their armored tanks
And the Iron-winged birds
Drop clusters of bombs
Over their heads.

Untitled #1

On Overlook Mountain

By krista schwimmer

After 17 years of mourning
i finally realize
your death was utterly meaningless.
There is no place to go from here
but down.
The well of my grief
is dank & dirty & full of vengeance.
And i am a demon awoken
wild & frenzied & hungry for blood.

This Paper Is A Poem

Delores the Bike saved from kidnappers

—continued from page 1

still cared about such things, to be honest. But Delores was still gone.

Well ... Blogtown is now THRILLED to report that we have our first neighborhood victory, and that our faith in humanity is RESTORED!!! OK ... so last Saturday I came home and checked my email quick for an address to a party I was attending. At the top of my inbox was a message from Jim Smith with a subject line saying "DELORES ALERT!" WHAT?! I got chills before I even clicked it open. Inside, it said, "A reader called to say he thinks he knows where your bike is. Call Peter at #310.....". I let out a scream with a pitch that drew dogs, and dialed Peter immediately.

A guy answered and I explained who I was and that I'd written the article in the Beachhead and understood he might have info on my stolen bike. He said that about a month ago, a guy came riding up to him and asked if he wanted to buy the bike he was riding for \$40 (um ... Delores would hate to know how cheaply she'd been sold for, so let's keep that to ourselves). Peter asked if it was stolen, as he had a feeling it was, but the guy said of COURSE not. Peter and his girlfriend, Nancy, had both recently had THEIR bikes stolen, and were in need, so he bought ol' Delores for the 40 bones. He said the guy was Caucasian, mid to late 30's, salt and peppery hair that was kinda curly, decently/cleanly dressed, and a little jittery, "like he parties a lot". I don't think I know the guy, but look out for him and LOCK your bikes, or better yet, bring them inside. Peter thought he might steal a bike in the Marina, ride it to Venice, sell it to someone there, steal a Venice one and ride it to the Marina, try to sell it to someone he'd just stolen one from, and repeat. Supply and Demand. Quite a racket. Thief.

Then the plot thickened. Peter said he had Delores for a few weeks ("She rides great". I know.), and then this OTHER guy came up and said, "Hey, that's my bike. It got stolen a few weeks ago." LIAR!! But Peter didn't know that, so he said he'd bought her from some guy for \$40, and sorry about that. The guy said he'd give him \$20 to get her back. When Peter hedged about that, the guy shrugged and had the nerve to say, "Karma"! So they each were out \$20, but the bike was back where she belonged. Or so Peter and Nancy thought.

Cut to: Last weekend, Peter and Nancy are enjoying breakfast aboard the boat they live on in the Marina, reading the friendly neighborhood paper, The Beachhead. The title Jim put on "Help! My Bike Has Been Kidnapped!" caught their attention and they read the article. Peter said to Nancy, "I think that was this girl's bike". He noted the stickers, etc ... and was practically sure, so he TOOK THE TIME to track down a number for The Beachhead, where someone passed him on to Jim, who emailed me, who called Peter and jumped around and screamed like a Jonas Brothers fan-girl. I described every detail to him, and he'd been waiting for me to tell him about the seat, which is pretty distinctive, with inlaid black flame etching on it, and when I said that, he said, "It's your bike". There was just one problem ... he hadn't seen the guy who took her in a few days. We talked a bit more, he laughed at my total and absolute glee, took my number and said he'd call

as soon as he saw the guy again. We hung up and I called my Mom, who said I sounded exactly like I did when I was excited about something at the age of 5. That whole night I told the story of the almost-return of sweet Delores.

Then three days went by. I left messages for Peter, un-returned. I started to get a sinking feeling, like, "Oh, NO. PLEASE don't let this be a person who was messing with me, because that would be really, really dark." I did not want to believe that would even be possible. Finally, I couldn't take the not knowing anymore, so had my dear friend Nathan call up so it would be a different number calling. Peter answered and explained to Nath that he hadn't seen the guy since we'd spoken and was feeling kind of nervous about it, and having gotten me all excited, but would call the minute he saw him again. I started to feel nervous too, like so close, but no Delores cigar-ette (both her namesakes were red-headed smokers, by the by. No nonsense broads).

Only about an hour or two passed, and my sweet friend Erinn came by to go to lunch with me. As we were getting up to leave, Nathan's phone rang. It was Peter, saying he saw the guy RIGHT NOW, and to come right away. One look at Erinn, who said, "I'm not missing this, I'll drive!" So Nathan, Erinn and I piled into her car and sped to the Marina. Peter said to turn down Mindanao, so we took the right and rolled by slow, like gangstas. All of a sudden, I said, "Oh my gosh, I think that's Delores!" It was like (um, kind of) when you hear of kidnapped kids being returned and they're not sure it's them at first, they look different, but you just KNOW. She was parked next to a scary rusty red van, looking naked and vulnerable. We then saw a guy in one of those sun-hats with the drawstring, waving his arms over his head. We pulled in and pulled up to him, and I said out the window, "Are you Peter?" He was, and he said, "She's right over there", pointing to the van and who I correctly thought was Delores. I had chills all over again. I jumped out and hugged him and his sweet girlfriend, who were all smiles, and could not have been nicer. They didn't want any money, they just wanted to see a little justice, and make someone's day, as they knew how it felt to get a bike stolen themselves. AHHH, the HUMANITY!!! In a good way.

A slightly different story was unfolding on the other side of the van. Nathan is a pretty straightforward fellow, and he walked directly over there and said to the guy standing there, "Mate,

this is my friend's bike, and I'm taking it now." The guy was not having it and said he was owed \$20 and she wasn't going anywhere until he got it. Nathan said, "It's not your bike, it's hers standing right over there, and there's an article in the paper to prove it." Basically, SEE YA.

He walked Delores over to me, and sure enough, it was her. Her basket was gone, her lock was gone, her bell was gone, her stickers had been scraped off, except for partial Heal The Bay, and the Obama one was still there, cool and collected, like the Man himself. Oh, and he'd also added some gross pigeon feathers or something to the front, which were immediately stripped away. After a good scrub, new basket, new bell, and lots of love, I am confident she will recover from her traumatic DOUBLE-theft experience.

I was seriously over-joyed, insisting that we get our photo together, and as they wouldn't accept any money, Peter Anston and Nancy D'Aquino will soon be the recipients of one of my Key Lime Pies, which we will eat on their boat and talk about the GOOD in people over. Alan, the one who said it was his bike, will not be getting any pie, but by the end of it all, he wanted in on a photo too. Hilarious. When he came over to keep complaining about his \$20, Peter said, "So we both paid \$20 to do the right thing", and then turned the tables on ol' Alan, shrugged, and said, "Karma". INDEED.

I hugged Peter and Nancy hard, and said, "You have made a lot of peoples' days with this". But they did more than that ... they helped me to REALLY know that there is still GOOD out there. That lots of people still want to do the right thing. That a sense of COMMUNITY really IS alive and well out here ... and that we truly are all in it together. And that feels so, so great.

I gotta go now ... there is about to be a One Bike (DELORES!!!) Parade, up and down the Venice Boardwalk, smiling and waving to announce her return. Honestly, if this can happen in Venice, ANYTHING can!! ONE LOVE!

*Deep and heartfelt THANKS to Jim Smith & The Free Venice Beachhead, and the wonderfully darling Peter Anston and Nancy D'Aquino!!! Surface and begrudging thanks to that dude Alan.



Political cartoon by Khalil Bendib

30 Years Ago in Venice

From the Beachhead Archives, October 1979:
A new statue on the Circle.

VENICE GETS A PIECE (OF ART)

by Carol Fondiller

"Wade, we waited for your 6 AM erection and you didn't even come."

-- note by Lance Diskan

The be truthful, I got to the traffic circle at 6:35 AM, just as the smog was rising in the East. I met Olga Palo and Sue Baker who'd been waiting since 6.

We waited on the watch for a "dump truck carrying a 15-foot turquoise statue."

Someone should be there to be a welcoming committee for Wade Hampton Cornell and his statue. I missed the Town Council meeting when slides of the statue were shown, and I'd never seen a statue put in place before.

Waiting around for a statue isn't the most entertaining way to spend the early morning, even if the police did circle around and around. We examined the sub-base. Someone had inscribed V-13 in the cement. We watched the police watch us. Luckily we were waiting at the very hub of the hub of the universe, as Vogue Magazine would have us believe, and in Venice there are a lot of things happening on a 6 AM Friday. We watched the City employees water the lawn. We watched them cultivate the Myrtle Wilson Memorial Tree. An hour later we watched more City employees mow the lawn.

At 6:45, after arguing who told us about being at the traffic circle at a ridiculous hour, it was decided by consensus to call Lance Diskan. He came at 7:15 and wrote, "Wade, we waited for your 6 AM etc. etc. etc." and left it on the sub-base. Oh, and I forgot to tell you, Olga and I posed on the sub-base, just in case THE STATUE might not come, and we would print those pictures in the Beachhead. Wouldn't that have been fun!

Lance, Olga, Sue and I went for coffee. Am I boring you? I hope so. I want you to have the full flavor of that day.

bom d and grumpy, left to cover more meaningful and punctual news.

Wade Cornell, his helpers, and the statue arrived, asking if the media was there. "The statue of limitations done run out," I snickered.

I would have preferred a realistic rendition of the artist to his statue any time. Sun-bronzed blonde, a big wide smile, and a personality blend of charm and earnestness.

As a connoisseur of boredom, I rate the installation of a statue an 8 1/2 on a scale of 10.



The shooting of movies and T. V. shows rate a 9. There, now you have a point of reference.

The installation required a lot of sliding and pushing, stopping and measuring of millimeters.

It must have been about 3 PM because kids started showing up. They looked at the blue and green statue as it lounged on the dump truck. "What is it?" "When is he gonna finish it?"

Someone was tooting on a flute. I was handed a joint. I bogarted it.

The statue had a wingspread of 10 feet. My head throbbed. My sweatstains had dirtstains. "It's the first day of Fall. That's a pretty good omen for installation of a statue," said a passerby. I had to go to the bathroom, but the statue was nearly upright; I did a few Kegel exercises. I'd been at the traffic circle since 6:35 -- I wasn't going to miss the final outcome.

Tenderly, gingerly, the statue was settled in place. The flue players, 4 big-eyed children with blue crescent plastic flutes and John Curtis on his big bamboo, hit the tremelo. The crowd had swelled to 25. Spontaneous applause broke out. A skater throwing a frisbee nearly obscured photographer Sue Baker's shot. He was told to move. Baker got her shot. Venice got its statue.

A few people said they thought it was great. Someone suggested that Christo's sheet be put over it. "It reminds me of something that used to be at P. O. P.," said one resident. "Yeah, there was a dolphin that looked like that -- it's the same color." "We could make miniatures and sell them on the Ocean Front Walk."

Do I like it? I don't know. But it is a part of Venice. After all, underneath the statue, out of sight, that V-13 is etched permanently on the sub-base. And I like that. <~



5

Photo by Gerry Goldstein

"To The Spirit of Freedom in all People"

Dear People of Venice:

It's with great joy and much thanks to many of you that this sculpture is being placed. I especially appreciate your support considering the barrage of outside influences which have invaded your community and threaten its existence. Although not a member of Venice your struggles are shared by myself, and it is my sincerest hope that this sculpture can become a focal point or touch stone to your cause.

This piece although not titled has a dedication which in your circumstance couldn't be more fitting: "To the spirit of Freedom in all people". That spirit lives in Venice and is its main attraction to those who seek a place to be. Unfortunately it is also the selling point for the hucksters who would push you all into the Pacific. Your dilemma then is one of trying not to loose ground (which will take tremendous organization) and in the process not become that which you fight. Accept this piece then and let it be your symbol of that spirit. As its creator I can envision no higher goal and no better place than Venice. My love and hopes are with you,

Wade Hampton Cornell

HELP!

We're pitching at the Beachhead. We need donations, sustainers, subscribers to continue publishing.

The economic depression has caught us just as it has the corporate press. We don't have the option to declare bankruptcy, eliminate our union contracts and have massive layoffs. If we don't pay our printer every month, we don't have a paper.

The article on this page shows one important function of the Beachhead -- it is the collective institutional memory of Venice.

If you've been a Venetian for less than 30 years, you probably wouldn't know about this part of Venice history without the Beachhead.

We're at a critical point right now. We need donations and sustainers if we are to survive. If you can give \$5, \$10, or become a sustainer for \$100, you can help freedom of the press survive in Venice. If you already are a sustainer, please don't make us beg you to renew. We're all in this together!



We went back to the traffic circle, finally we left. I called the person who was doing P. R. work for Wade Cornell. I quoted from Lance. The Service told the P. R. person that they would get turned into the F. C. C. and P. U. C. if they ever got any off-color references to sex. I responded that an erection does not necessarily mean sex.

I rode back. I had sweat stains down to my knees.

A man from the National Geographic was there. He was photographing "all the spectacular events in Venice." Like the unique McPeak walk across Windward. I couldn't see anything spectacular about that. I walk on Windward all the time. Right down there on the ground with the roller skaters, more times than McPeak has crossed above the hazards of mingling with groundlings. And I too live to tell the tale.

A man on a bike accompanied by an Australian Sheepdog came by. He'd seen the statue downtown.

Jeff Gillenkirk, one of the people who was instrumental in getting the statue, who shortly after making arrangements for it went to live in San Francisco, came by suggesting that since Cornell had snuck the 3-ton statue downtown, he might be turned off by facing the throng of at least 13 people who were waiting. Channel 2 put in a call over C. B. to be on the lookout for a 15-foot blue statue. The media,

CommUnity Events - day by day

Friday, October 2

Evening - **First Friday** on Abbot Kinney Blvd. - Shops open late - Drinks, snacks and entertainment.

Saturday, October 3

Noon - 8pm - **Oil is History** at L. A. Marler Studio and Gallery (hangar), 3000-B Airport Avenue, Santa Monica, (310) 449-4477.

Tuesday, October 6

6:30pm - What To Do About the Swine Flu - Dr. Hans Gruenn will discuss the Swine Flu. Topics include: Who is at risk? Which natural strategies and nutrients will help? What can you do to strengthen your immune system? Abbot Kinney Library.

Thursday, October 15

Various times - thru Sunday, Oct. 18 - **The Other Venice Film Festival** - Tickets: othervenicefilmfestival.com - at SPARC and Beyond Baroque (see below).

Saturday, October 17

6:30pm - 20th Anniversary Celebration of the Center for the Study of Political Graphics. This Venice-originated Center will hold its annual fund raiser at Union Station, 800 N. Alameda. Music, Buffet and silent auction.

Sunday, October 18

9:30am - **A Walking Tour of Venice Movie Locations** - Meet at Rose Ave. & Hampton; led by historian Harry Medved, this tour focuses on the days of Charlie Caplin & Aimee Semple McPherson to the Firehouse (Speed), On the Waterfront Cafe (Million Dollar Baby), St. Mark's Hotel (Orson Welles' Touch of Evil) and others. Members \$8/ non-members \$19. Venice Historical Society, info@veniceofamerica.org

The Other Venice Film Festival -Enough To Base A Movie On?

By Amy V. Dewhurst

This year marks the 6th Annual 'Other Venice Film Festival'. Helmed by Venice local (and Venice lover) Reuben De La Casa, the 2009 incarnation boasts the Venice debut of Venetian Lori Petty's "Pokerhouse, Cirque De Solie's Whooza Kooza Crew and the presentation of the 'Local Maverick Abbot' Award to Oliver Stone for his contribution to Venice Cinema.

Most specifically, celebrating the 18th annual anniversary screening of 'The Doors' chronicling Jim Morrison's rise from the Venice Beach Boardwalk to internationally celebrated pop icon (Local legend suggests Morrison wrote *People Are Strange* while sitting atop the Waldorf Apartments at 5 Westminster Avenue.

Present-day Venice band 'Sugarbitch' rocks out Friday while cocktail parties flank screenings all weekend long (Oct. 15-18). Screenings are \$10-\$20 (all contributions go towards next year's festival, without you there is no fest!).

For more on The Other Venice Film Festival check out www.othervenicefilmfestival.com

Many Thanks Ruby De La Casas, Michael D. Vann, Arnie Clomera, Angel Aviles-McClinton, C. Rafael Parish, Rico McClinton and the OVFF Volunteers!

Monday, October 19

8pm - **Black Panther films** - Includes *Repression* (8pm) 11 minute film on L.A. Black Panther Party made by Newsreel in Venice.

Tuesday, October 20

7pm - **Venice Neighborhood Council Board** - meets at Westminster School Auditorium.

Friday, October 23

9am-Noon - **Coeur d'Alene Elementary School, Campus Greening Project** - Butterflies and Boulders - see article on page 8.

Saturday, October 24

7:30 - 10 p.m. - **Planet Siqueiros Pena** - SPARC.

Sunday October 25

2-4:30pm - Resistance then, **RESIST NOW!** Presented by Ashgrove Music - A generational dialogue on war, recruitment, poverty, and opportunities lost. Plus Ron Kovic (former Venice VVAW) - Location: North side of Santa Monica Pier.

Wednesday October 28

6:30pm - **The Magic of Tony Daniels** - Come to the library to enjoy the mysteries of magic. Abbot Kinney Library.

Saturday, October 31

Halloween Festival @ Oakwood Park sponsored by Venice Neighborhood Council: It's a Monster Mash: Scream Contest, Cake Walk, Haunted House, Community Booths, and Mad Science Show. 7th & California Ave.

Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Burton Chace Park, 13650 Mindanao Way, Marina del Rey. marinadelrey.lacounty.gov
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, max10@electriclodge.org
- The Good Hurt, 12249 Venice Blvd, www.goodhurt.com
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Oakwood Recreation Center, 757 California Avenue.
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 1/2 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - www.pacificresidenttheatre.com
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. 822-9560 x15.
- Talking Stick Coffee Lounge, 1411c Lincoln Blvd. 450-6052 www.thetalkingstick.net
- United Methodist Church and Auditorium, 2210 Lincoln Blvd. (at Victoria).
- Unurban Coffee House, 3301 Pico Blvd Santa Monica.
- Vera Davis Center, 610 California Avenue.(310) 305-1865. Fax 305-0146.
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave.) 606-2015

The Beachhead Calendar is a public service to the community of Venice. Our goal is to list free events within Venice. If you charge for your event, please consider taking out a \$25 or large advertisement.

