

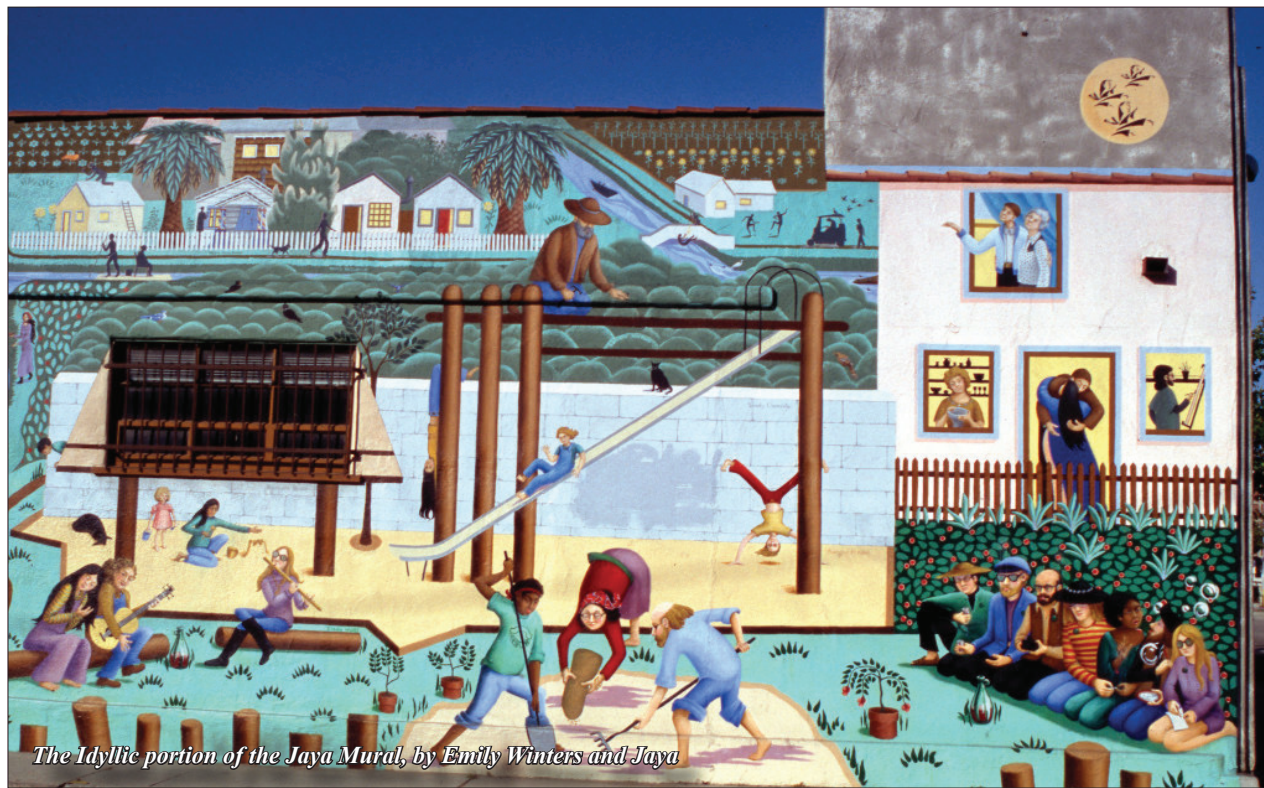
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The Idyllic portion of the Jaya Mural, by Emily Winters and Jaya

## A Bridge Home Update

Venice's A Bridge Home, which since February 2020 has offered unhoused residents interim housing and case management, is closing as of December 31, 2024. Although the groundbreaking for permanent housing on the Metro-owned former bus yard at Sunset and Main is still two years away, the City of Los Angeles has declined to renew its lease and keep Venice's only shelter in operation. Intakes have been shut down since July 1, 2024.

PATH (People Assisting the Homeless), the non-profit operator of A Bridge Home, says that in "four years of operations, Venice A Bridge Home site has served more than 772 individuals and connected 211 to permanent housing opportunities (this includes both PATH and SPY participants)." Final figures as well as the number of residents still inhabiting A Bridge Home are unavailable.

Housing and human rights activists had been told that "affordable" housing (rents not to exceed 30% of moderate and low monthly household income) would replace the interim shelter. Apparently, CD11 priorities have changed in the last couple of years.

The Metro's Joint Development Program (MJDP) has now chosen a developer: MVAC (Metro Venice Art Collective) whose plan is to build 341 rental units (lofts, town homes, and apartments), 75% of which will be at market value. (The structure will also include 30,000 sq ft of commercial space.) At the March 18, 2024 "Venice Division 6 Community Meeting and Project Update" meeting at which two finalist developers presented proposals, MVAC defined its 86 "affordable" units as serving households making 80% of the Area Median Income (AMI).

The AMI for Venice is \$124, 232 (according to the 2022 census and online realtor point2homes.com). 80% AMI means that "affordable" rent will be calculated on the basis of \$99,200 annual or \$8266 monthly gross income. 30% of \$8266 is \$2783 monthly rent. Even an established teacher or police officer might need a working partner to be able to afford that, since according to salary.com, the average teacher's salary in Los Angeles is \$65, 580. A service worker in a hotel, shop, or restaurant would not find such a apartment affordable at all (according to salary.com, the average hotel worker's salary is \$31, 126).

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## Emily Winters - PRESENTÉ

It is with a heavy heart that I share the news that our dear friend and longtime compadre in art and politics Emily Winters left us this morning to be with the ancestors.

She was on the Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council and received the most votes in 2004. This is such a sad loss not only for me but for the community. We founded the Venice Arts Council together 20 years ago and founding members of the Venice Japanese American Memorial Monument Committee over 10 years ago.

From several years ago here is channel 4 news coverage of her mural restoration projects. Her murals are in desperate need of repair. We are still waiting to hear from the City of LA to restore her Endangered Species Mural, damage caused by their construction crew.

<https://youtu.be/AhloKd8xqdA>  
[https://youtu.be/vqJE\\_zhiA7c](https://youtu.be/vqJE_zhiA7c)  
<https://youtu.be/rndBxFmJWp8>

The last link is the Venice Heritage Museum's Interview with Emily Winters

Below is an edited transcript of the video, Edited because transcripts are messy.

My name is Emily Winters. I was born in Quincy, Illinois, in 1936. I first heard about Venice from my then-husband. He had been stationed in San Diego while in the Navy and really liked California.

After we were married, we partnered with another couple to move to California, to San Francisco, in 1963. I was pregnant with our first child at the time, and he was unable to find work in San Francisco. We decided to go to Venice because he had friends there.

We stayed with them until he found work. I really felt Venice was like a gold mine because I felt a strong sense of community. There was a lot of diversity, which I came to appreciate more over time.

As the years went on, and the canals became a central place for activism and artists, I, being new to California and especially Southern California, was struck by the fact that there was a blue sky every day. We were in the middle of a Santa Ana heatwave, and the temperature reached 105 degrees. I was very impressed that the heat didn't bother me as much as it did in humid Illinois.

continued on page 9

## California Coastal Commission

and the

### Venice Dell Community Project

#### ...some thoughts

by Eric Ahlberg and mostly Lydia Ponce

I asked a contractor friend what he thought about the California Coastal Commission, CCC, and had him tell it to Gemini AI, google's chat ap, then asked for a summary.:

*The California Coastal Commission, like building departments, operates on subjective interpretations of variable "dogma" rather than fixed rules, creating uncertainty for applicants as there are precedents for breaking almost every rule, and their power comes from defining the standards after the fact, influenced by political lobbying and conflicting interests, making the process frustrating and unpredictable.*

Lydia Ponce went to the CCC meeting and wrote down her thoughts while listening to what was said.

.....  
 by Lydia Ponce

GENERAL PUBLIC COMMENT:

We have a failed experiment 500 plus years

Both the English and American English languages are truth twister.

Say what you mean, mean what you say and spell it as it sounds.

Venice Black and Brown including Japanese relatives suffer oppression as the "applicable laws" have supported gentrification and support the various wars, specific class racial settler wars that never ended. These governing laws support land theft, Indigenous, Black, Brown and yes we witnessed the Japanese inhumane treatment, including the farm theft, here on the Westside.

Reparations are never agreed upon are never made into law or settlement for anyone.

I ask whose definition of morality? The definitions utilized in common American English language are trickery.

When will we collectively agree to offer any emphasis on healing for a so called 'civil society?'

Not so civil when laws were used to make Venice Black & Brown youth lift their shirts to show they didn't have tattoos, who were forced to answer sweeping questions by police, the minor youth without their parents present - Cops demanding answers, asked, "Last name? Who are your parents? Where do you live?" Collecting photos of Venice Youth, while coming to or from school in Venice. These youth are the generational descendants of Ancestors who built Venice.

Venice - Westside gentrifiers, the appellants, sure have benefitted from the 99.99 percent favorable market rate plunder and blunder of land, water, and the scenic California coast.

It's a favorably leaning of equitability when white speaks it for profit. It's 500 plus years of colonial settler profits for the minority in white population.

We will never strike a balance of equity because today it's comfortable politics as a fair weathered occasional pretend allies or fair weathered friends.

Isn't that convenient amnesia of sorts? Not to remember the violence that capitalism pours over

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**Beachhead Collective Staff:**

Eric Ahlberg, Alice Stek, Suzy Williams, Lisa Robins, Marty Liboff, Jon Wolff, Enyaj Pitchford, Lydia Ponce(again!), Laddie Williams

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published 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.

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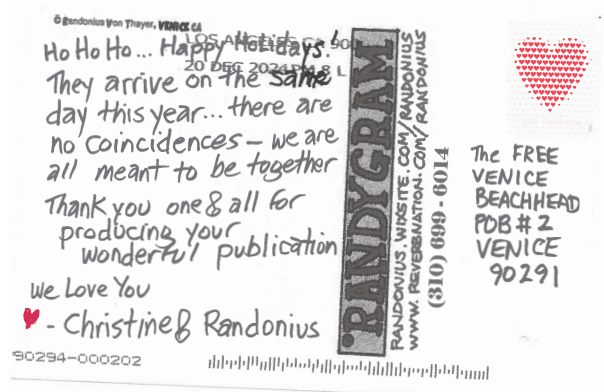
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**LETTERS**

This letter is written in regards of the Friendship Baptist Church located at 606 Broadway Avenue in Venice, California. It was organized in 1952 by my father, the late Reverend L.C. Clayton in Santa Monica, California. In 1964, the church was located in Venice, California where we are today. The church has been closed for about two years, and it was done without the consent of the congregation. We would like for the church to be open so we may continue to serve God and the community. It's a non-profit organization, and we would like it to remain as a historical monument in the community.

Rosie Lodge

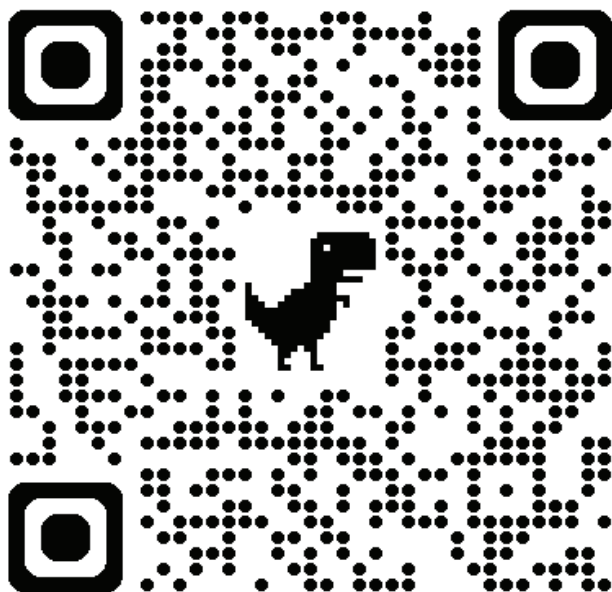


Just wanted to take a moment to say how much I enjoyed reading the article "Venice Fruit Tramps," by Michael McMuffin. Movingly evocative of the most worthy idealistic spirit of kindness and community that characterized Venice in the early 70s.

With deep appreciation,  
Joanne Altschuler

**Ten Overused Terms and Phrases to Avoid in the New Year:**

1. air quotes
2. down the rabbit hole
3. flip the script
4. literally
5. on the planet
6. the quiet part out loud
7. trifecta
8. under the bus
9. Whack-a-Mole
10. You can't make this stuff up.



**Updates on Vera Davis McClendon Center:**

To date there are no scheduled meetings. Her name remains on the side of the sacred revered community space, thank Creator.

Perhaps it was the meeting held on 10/15/24 at Reese Tabor Oakwood Family Park: when the Venice community showed up and there was standing room only. Venice Community had great questions and alas - truth be told: The City of Los Angeles decided to attempt to change the name of the building as it was in the file and recorded as the "Venice Library..." There was zero record of Vera Davis McClendon historical relevance and her name dedication.

Vera Davis McClendon's well protected legacy was present as were her children, grandchildren and generations yet to arrive... the future holds bright when we get together in a good way.

Traci Park - as most do in government offices - she bends at the will of her white constituents.

She is running for a second term. #OneTermPark

Now if only we can get it together and heal before 1/20/25... Inauguration of the new resident of the White House.

- Lydia Ponce

Hey Venice my name is Sarah Mahir and I'm running for the community interest position in our VNC elections. I'm stopping by one of our last true local publications to introduce myself those of you in the community who may not know me. As a venetian born and raised I'm deeply passionate about all things we as a neighborhood value. I'm one of the activists who spent the past seven years fighting to preserve, protect and honor the First Baptist Church of Venice to become a cultural and historic monument. There are many more culturally significant places that I am currently defending such as the Vera Davis center, Pagodas and the Venice life-guard station. The work in Venice is never ending. I have been a champion for our unhoused for the past twenty years, advocated for swift, equitable accessible services and housing. I am an active member of grassroots circles and many committees in our community. I will continue to show up strong and advocate to move our goals in all areas forward and improve the lives of all community members. I look forward to meeting all of you in the future and working together to rekindle the quintessential soul of Venice that everyone fell in love with.



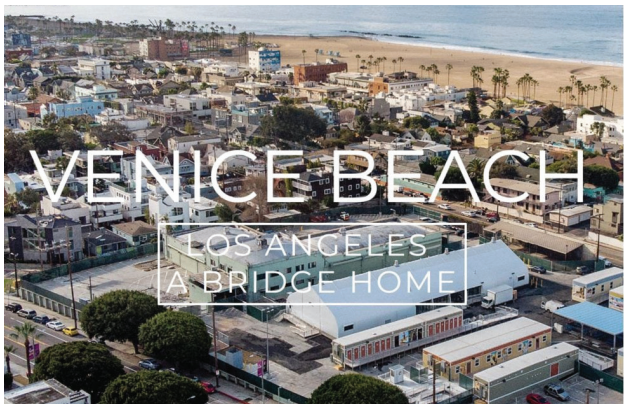
Sarah Mahir

- Vote By Mail (VBM) ballot application
- Submit your request for a VBM ballot beginning 1/17/25
- Last date to request VBM ballot is 3/9/25



**2025 ELECTIONS**

Go to: [clerk.lacity.org/ncelections](http://clerk.lacity.org/ncelections) for all accurate election info!  
Mail your ballot asap!  
Must be postmarked by 3/18/25 or drop your ballot off @ Venice Library's secure ballot box



Venice Bridge Home. – continued from page 1

While the proposal that was not chosen by Metro would have built slightly fewer “affordable” units (75, same 25% of the whole), their definition of “affordable” was closer to that of MJDP Project Manager Carey Jenkins, that is, households making 60-30% of AMI (see zoom video 1:53-1:59 for discussion of what affordable means to Metro and the developers,

We don’t know exactly why Metro chose MVAC’s proposal over the other one. But as the Westside Current has reported, “Rather than using government subsidies, MVAC’s plan is funded by the AFL-CIO’s Housing Trust, which gives the developer more flexibility in determining the nature of the project’s income-restricted housing component.” (Angela McGregor Westside Current Jun 21, 2024).

Many believe that 25% “affordable” units at 80% of AMI is not acceptable for a public private partnership and that the affordable housing on this site should emphasize or at least include units in the 60%-30% of AMI affordability range. Fortunately, there is still time to push for changes since Project Manager Casey Jenkins has requested community input over the next 12-18 months while the project is still being developed. CD11 housing rights activists can contact him at Jenkinsca@metro.net

Katherine C. King

Coastal Commission. – continued from page 1

Indigenous, Black and Brown Communities? Beyond privilege, it’s criminal and so-called civil society gifts impunity, every single time. Justice is extremely rare on stolen Indigenous land.

Land, water, and air has been poisoned, polluted, dishonored not protected. The environment not defended to any Indigenous tribal cultural calling. Indigenous responsibility, as Indigenous Sovereignty is a whisper into the universe as a daily prayer.

I’m here to say - 2025 is for everyone! The following are comments submitted to the Coastal Commission, by Lydia Ponce. They are her reactions to the discussions for agenda items 11A, 12A, and all agenda items related to The Dell Project

Indigenous responsibility doesn’t rest.

It is forever ongoing 500 years plus and counting and counting and ...

The first mistake pilgrim settlers made was taking Indigenous kindness for weakness.

Most of what I’ve read on the appeal is white noise - while clutching pearls of fear, it’s straight up land- racism, it’s classism.

Flooding? Sea level rise won’t discriminate with isms and for the record that Abbott Kinney Hotel will flood too. So build nothing ever - again moratorium on all of Venice.

Come to Venice to visit Monday thru Friday. Everyday there is an awesome gathering of Indigenous- Latina Women caring for children at local Venice parks for extensive hours of the day, all day.

The Nannies are good enough to care for children, good enough to clean houses and do the laundry, but not worth advocating for their affordable Venice housing.

Housing racism reached a new level with this appeal, seems the preferred developers are Lambert, Reed, Thibadeau ... Sant Vanguard, Black Rock, Gates, and Black Stone.

Approx 20 plus offsite units were promised by said developers, since they ‘couldn’t afford’ to replace proven Mello units- in Venice. It was written into their approved permits as a condition to provide off site units. Where are the off site units? Pie in the Sky homes.

Developers, architects, investors - Liars cheaters and thieves oh my!

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30 years of Parking variances and in lieu parking fees- where’s the parking? It’s just like where’s the beef?

Land Use Planning Committee, LUPC: 20 years of sitting members were Architects, Investors and Developers, yet no conflict of interests? They used parking regulations as an excuse to not build affordable housing. Quite a popular excuse for 20 years plus, in the wimpiest voice, “If it wasn’t for parking regs - we could build affordable housing...” whiny ass liars.

We can get so creative for parking - when it comes to market rate housing- no cars 2025 plans, now what? Calling the bluff, snake oil salesmen developers! Add lobbyists to this public comment, they’re paid to show up.

The Dell Affordable Housing project has all the parking required and building more parking in it. If appellants repeat a lie enough, it becomes the truth.

To all the opponents attempting to maintain classists status quo, I quote some of you, “If poor people can’t afford to live here then they shouldn’t” we have heard so very often at LUPC Meetings, City Planning, etc.

My response is, “MELLO - MELLO MELLO!!! I curse you all with MELLO truth!”

Our friends, our neighbors appealed this project. The appellants who are gate keeping the public space, gate keeping the beach on their terms. Un-fkbelievable!

I must ask are the appellants in right relations with local tribal people? All four directions or any one direction?

They’re claiming tribal issues in their document....

A few days before the California Coastal Commission, Original Save Venice were asked very last minute to take a call or jump on a zoom last week about this project....Either we do not matter as much to the ones requesting to speak with us or we are not important enough to have collaborated early on months ago. The white folks get along, it’s their language of chosen words filled with comfortable isms.

Nothing can say to sway or change my mind because my heart is broken. To see their YIMBY and NIMBY white division. They still benefit from their games played with Indigenous Black and Brown peoples lives, generationally speaking of course.

Only white supreme can be as selective to apply their kinship with Black and Brown people; it’s the white choice always.

Their discomfort comes from us not going along - getting along - not bending or flexing to their fears.

Venice Community Character is not white money only. It is not white only.

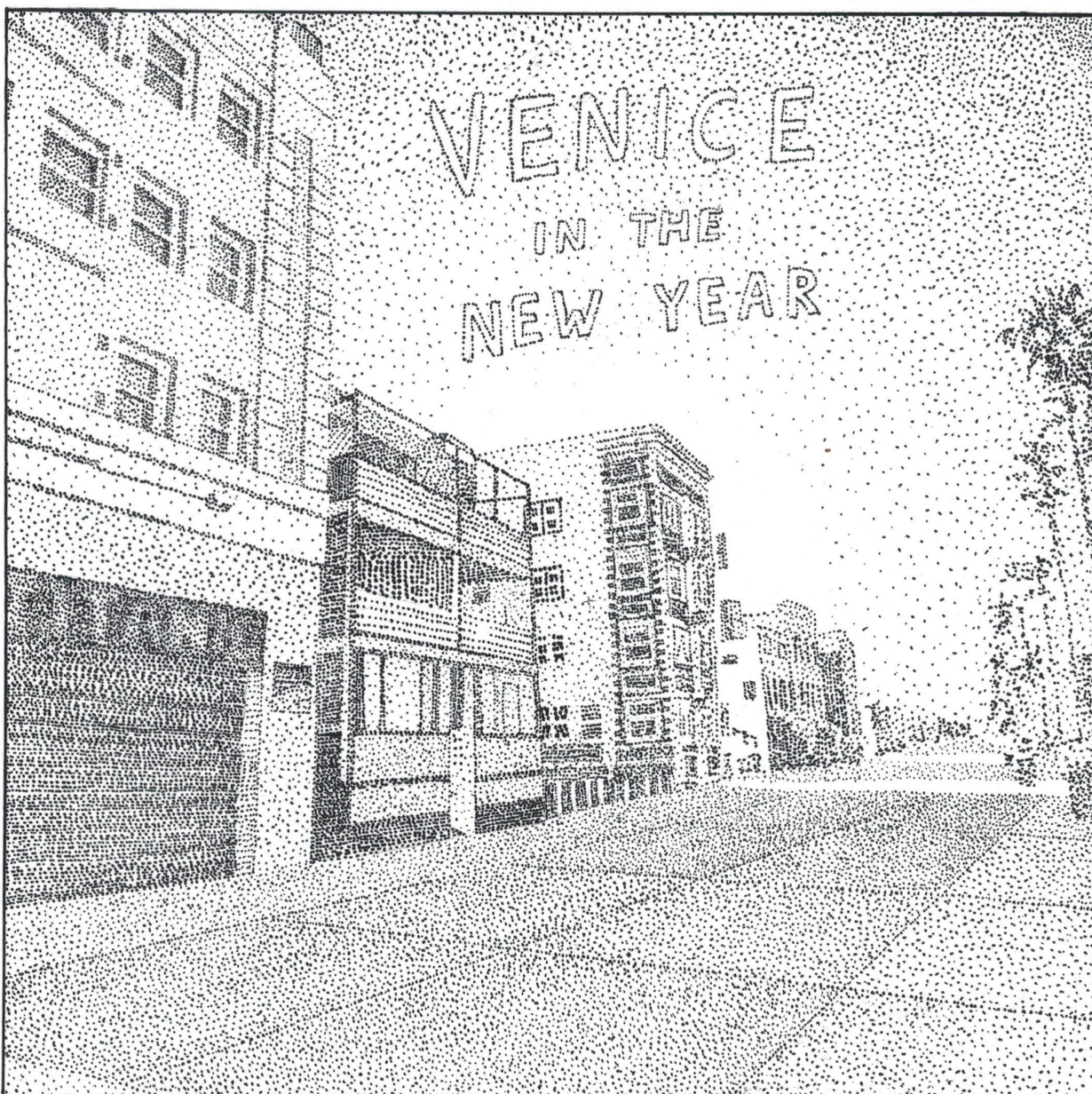
Look up allship with Indigenous Black and Brown, here: <https://search.app/f3ZVdKdDiKvMc-QgQ9>

So here we are Venice, here we are painted in a corner with laws - ordinances and policies that aren’t so civil, but uphold the failed experiment everywhere on Turtle Island.

We have two choices, to uphold white as in white power supreme or it is white population of friends and neighbors who are allies with potential to be a good relatives as accomplices. That is the healing social ingredient, the best definition of humanity.

Asking for Support CCC staff recommendations: bring our Elders, families and very low income back to their Venice community.

Many have great and factual key testimony and the CCC voted unanimously to support and approve - 120 affordable housing- low income homes, the Dell Project! See you at LA City Hall!!!



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## Why ask questions? by Gerry Fialka

Ruth Gallanter responded to the question: "What is your favorite form of information?" She said, "Asking questions." I pursue the quest for new questions. In my podcast interviews ("I'm probably wrong about everything" on YouTube live), I query "what question remains unresolved for you?" I called on google for the most important question that James Joyce asked. It responded by adding a question mark to this line: "In Ulysses, James Joyce wrote, **'The supreme question about a work of art is out of how deep a life does it spring?'**"



My friend and preeminent Joyce scholar, Roy Benjamin wrote: "You need to be careful ascribing things said by characters in Ulysses to Joyce. The quote about art is said by the theosophist A.E. (aka Aeon). Stephen, the Aristotelian, disagrees with the aesthetic theories of the A.E., the Platonist. What makes it tricky is the question of irony and how ironic Joyce is being. Stephen in chapter 9 of Ulysses does not like A.E.'s romantic, Platonic, theosophical idea of art. Being an Aristotelian, he recoils from the phrase 'formless spiritual essences' (U 9.49). He comes up with his own theory using the 'dagger definitions' and acknowledging the here and now of space and time. So was Joyce a Platonist or an Aristotelian? More of an Aristotelian, but the fact that the chapter is titled 'Scylla and Charybdis' suggests that he didn't entirely identify with either side. In any case, since computers have no sense of irony, AI misinterprets the text much like Deasy who ascribes to Shakespeare Iago's advice to 'Put but money in thy purse' (U 2.239). Joyce liked to outsmart his readers and, in this case, he outsmarts AI."

Roy's 2023 book "Beating the Bounds: Excess and Restraint in Joyce's Later Works" examines the role of boundaries and limits in Joyce's later works, primarily Finnegans Wake, but also Ulysses. Roy explains and reconciles Joyce's contrary tendencies to establish and transgress limits and shows the Wake's relevance to many different fields of thought, including philosophy, geometry, and aesthetics.

Roy wrote, "**The most important question I ponder is 'To be or not to be.'** As for Joyce, there's a picture taken of him by (I think) Vincent Cosgrave in which he has a very serious and profound expression. Someone asked him what he was thinking and he said, **'I was wondering if I could get him to lend me five pounds.'**"



Maybe Joyce's most important question was to his wife early in their relationship, "Do you want to take a walk?" This led to Joyce writing the enchanting Molly Bloom passage, "yes I said yes I will Yes." Our own Lisa Robins performed this passage at Bloomsday Psychedelia in 2024 and got major praise in the James Joyce Quarterly. See it on Beyond Baroque's YouTube channel. And back to FINNEGANS WAKE, Joyce asked, "Is that answers?" (FW page 512) and **"Were you or were you not? Ask yourself the answer, I'm not giving you a short question"** (FW page 515).

Ulysses is considered one of humanity's greatest books. It explores the patterns of human thought, celebrates the strength of spirit needed to endure everyday life, and encourages an appreciation for differences between people. Sounds like pure uncut Venice to me: Tribal Commonality & Intercosmic Community. All who wander are not lost . . .

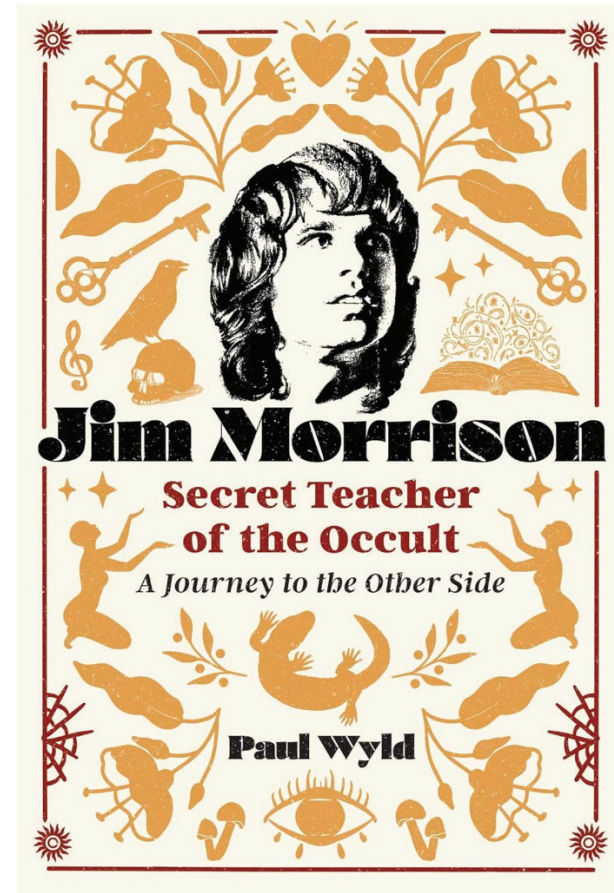
Wander and wonder? I recommend probing two new Joyce books:

**Philosophical Allusions in James Joyce's Finnegans Wake by Robert Baines** is the first study to offer comprehensive explanations to some of most profound metaphysical references in Joyce's avant-garde masterpiece.

**Gabriel Carey's James Joyce: A Life** reveals her deep, lifelong interest in Joyce and her fascination for Irish literature. Oddly, Edna O'Brien, herself one of Ireland's great writers, also published a book by the same name James Joyce: A Life in 1999. Both are exciting reads. Edna passed on July 27, 2024. The new engaging documentary entitled Blue Road: The Edna O'Brien Story, covers her bold and vital life. With R.D. Laing, O'Brien experimented with psychoanalysis and LSD, which loosened up her language. Edna O'Brien's most important recurring question seemed to be "what does it mean to be a woman in a restrictive society, particularly within the confines of the Catholic Church in Ireland?"

How do humans really gauge the importance of book and printed word? "Literature is the question minus the answer" wrote Roland Barthes. Jorge Luis Borges nailed it: **"I have always imagined Paradise as a kind of library."**

That's what I feel every time I go to Angel City Book & Records 218 Pier Ave. Rocco and Tim open up their pearly gates of books and music to provide a community space for learning, love and laughter. Their support for writers and readers is never-ending and generous. I am grateful, and so is Paul Wyld. Check out his new book on our own Rock poet. I highly recommended: Jim Morrison, Secret Teacher of the Occult: A Journey to the Otherside by Paul Wyld.



Morrison asked a timely question many years ago: "How can I set free anyone who doesn't have the guts to stand up alone and declare his own freedom?" Those seven letters (f-r-e-e-d-o-m) evoke

the essence of Venice. Local author/musician Wyld delves deep into Morrison's search for freedom, and his exploration of the Occult and Hermetic mysteries, music and drugs. He probes Jim's cosmic connections in Venice. Paul quotes Christina and Stanislav Grof, who wrote in The Stormy Search for the Self: "There are certain situations in life that are particularly conducive to peak experiences. This often happens in extraordinary natural settings." Wyld continues the flow, "Venice became this locale for Jim." We nurture these epiphanies in everydayness all the time in Venice. Just by asking questions, one may attain enlightenment, or just have fun being serious about not being serious.

**"Since new media are new environments that reprocess psyche and society in successive ways, why not bypass instruction in fragmented subjects meant for fragmented sections of the society and reprogram the environment itself?"** -another key question from McLuhan, in The Nation Magazine, 1964 "Notes on Burroughs."

My comrade Keith Nighthenheler writes: "Consider Montaigne's motto in the form of a question, 'Que sais-je?' ['What do I know?'] but note that this French verb for 'know' includes in its range 'know how' and 'be able,' and thus even 'be possible,' making a simple translation tough]. I don't know the answer to the question which the paragraph I am now writing raises in me (which is, **"how common in Europe around Montaigne's time was it for a motto to be in the form of a question?"**), but I'd like to learn more." **So Venice stand up for your rights to learn more.**

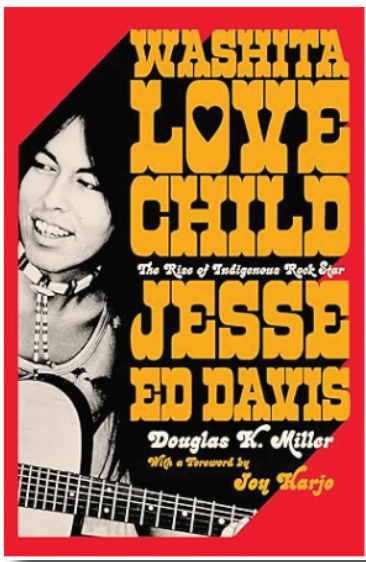


Bob Marley (celebrate his birthday Feb 6) was a fan of Curtis Mayfield, who wrote the hit "People Get Ready" for his band The Impressions in 1965. Marley's ska tune "One Love" quoted its lines, and questioned them, too. Mayfield declared there to be "no room" on his train for the "hopeless sinner", so Marley pondered whether they might be forgiven: "Is there a place for the hopeless sinner?"

James Joyce wrote in FINNEGANS WAKE: "Mr. Trickpat, if you don't mind, that is, aside from sings and mush, answering to my straight question?" (FW page 487). In 2009 Bob Dylan and Robert Hunter co-wrote the song "I Feel A Change Coming On." Bob sings "I'm reading James Joyce, Some people they tell me, I got the blood of the land in my voice." In the new movie A COMPLETE UNKNOWN, get a load of this exchange: Joan Baez: "Well you finally got it." Bob Dylan: "Got what?" Joan: "Freedom from us and all our shit. Isn't that what you wanted?" Bob doesn't answer and rides away. Jokerman?

Here's a joke question: **What's the difference between a bum and a hobo? A bum asks for a spare cigarette. A hobo inquires, "Smoking alone?"**

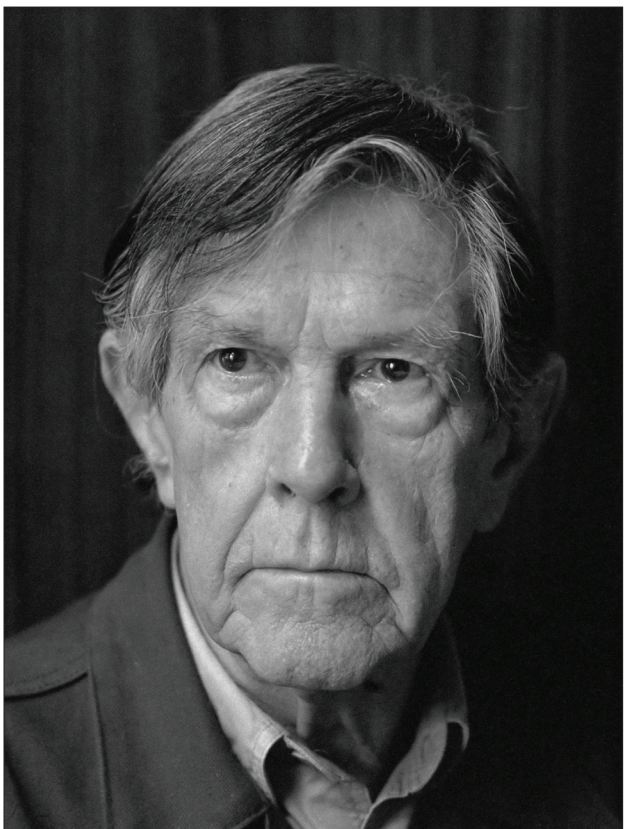
Does humor belong in the BeachHead? Frank (Does Humor Belong in Music?) Zappa wrote: "Some scientists claim that hydrogen, because it is so plentiful, is the 'basic building block of the universe.' I dispute that. I say there is more stupidity than hydrogen, and that is the 'basic building block of the universe.'" Elizabeth Hull and Ken Jackson declared, "The only stupid question is the one that is not asked." in their 2005 book, Requirements Engineering.



And, how about our own Rock Guitar God, Jesse Ed Davis? He was homeless in Venice in the early 80's. He played guitar with everyone: Bob Dylan, John Lennon, George Harrison, Jackson Browne, Albert King, Johnny Cash, Harry Nilsson and many more. "Why don't we know more

about Jesse Ed Davis? I see his name all the time. I'm an avid reader of rock music books and jazz and blues and country and I never see anyone discuss him meaningfully," asked Professor Douglas K. Miller. Good question! Well, Doug dug in and wrote his outstanding new book: Washita Love Child: The Rise of Indigenous Rock Star Jesse Ed Davis.

Let's plunge deeper into metaphysical waters, and include one more McLuhan question. To the line, "A book is the death of a tree," McLuhan replied, "What is a TV program the death of? I like the question considered by Chuang-Tzu: "Am I a butterfly having the dream of being a human? Or a human having the feeling that I am a butterfly?" Consider what film critic Amy Nicholson asked in her review of the new Joshua Oppenheimer film THE END in the LA Times: "You leave thinking about the question the characters never bring themselves to ask or sing: 'What's the difference between being alive and living?'"



John Cage, whose first concert was at the Santa Monica Bay Woman's Club in 1932, quipped, "That's a very good question, I would not want to ruin it with an answer." Rebecca Solnit wrote, "But just because the question can be answered doesn't mean that I ought to answer it, or that it ought to be asked."

Personally, I will surrender to the pen of the genius writer Clarice Lispector: "I only achieve simplicity with enormous effort. So long as I have questions to which there are no answers, I shall go on writing."

The most important question a butterfly would ask is likely "Where is the best source of nectar to feed on?" Easy, the Venice Heritage Museum every third Thursday at 3pm, free. We do live oral history of Venice culture – fun, engaging conversation. Tune in, drop by and ask some questions. What is the next question please?

Addendum: RIP: the master of all Venice historians, Jeffrey Stanton. A true blue character and outstanding contributor to my annual Venice Film Fest. He writes in his essential book VENICE CALIFORNIA 'CONEY ISLAND OF THE PACIF-

IC' – "Venice must have been the most wonderful place to grow up in during the years 1910-1940. I'm sorry I missed it. I only wish we could be allowed to rebuild the amusement piers and restore Venice to what it was during its peak popularity." Through his books, research, and discoveries, future generations will continue to explore and grow. Dear Jeffrey, we will miss you. You helped make Venice the most wonderful place. RIP: Emily Winters = GEM (Geo Earth Mother) whose wonderful art graces Venice murals. Her creations are rooted in community and vital involvement in neighborhood. Thank you Emily, We love you.

At recent gatherings I have asked, "What is the most important, most impactful question starting with the letter W in one word?" "Is it who, when, why, where or what?" So what W word resonates strongest for you? Ruth said "why." Yeah, why did I leave out "whose" and "which"? "One never knows, does one?" - Fats Waller. I wrote in chalk on a local bulletin board "Why ask questions?" Somebody added the word "not" so it read "Why not ask questions?" Is this co-creating regenerative graffiti art? "Talent alone won't make you a success. Neither will being in the right place at the right time, unless you are ready. The most important question is: 'Are you ready?'" contributed Johnny Carson. So Venice, are you ready? . . . to join in . . .



Upcoming Laughtears.com events rsvp Gerry Fialka pfsuzy@aol.com for info

\*\*\* Sun, Jan 26, 2025 — Suzy Williams & Marky Lennon at Venice West 1717 Lincoln Blvd



\*\*\*Feb 13 - Suzy Williams & Steve Weisberg VALENTINES DAY CONCERT at UnUrban, 7pm

\*\*\*Sun, Feb 16, 2025-22nd Annual VENICE FILM FEST at Beyond Baroque 681 Venice Blvd, 6pm: Award-winning feature documentary THE SOUND OF PAINT by Joshua Enoch Williams - colorful and engaging portrait of Vincent Digaetano, painter and musician on Ocean Front Walk for over 20 years - the struggles and triumphs of this Venice houseless artist. <https://venicebeachhead.org/2024/09/20/the-sound-of-paint-joshua-films-vinny/> PLUS MORE short films (including "Sponto Beats") & killer live music. Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/events/948840926767303>

\*\*\* Sun, March 16, 2025 at Beyond Baroque 681 Venice Blvd, 6pm - **FREAK OUT HOT SPOTS!** Celebrate Frank Zappa with Domenic Priore & Dan Konoske who delve deep into the cultural signif-

5 • January-February 2025 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD icance of Frank Zappa's 1966 "Freak Out! Hot Spots!" map. Plus LIVE MUSIC at 6pm - Sabbagh Rockin' Teenage Combo - 15-year-old guitar hero Kylan Sabbagh leads his parents Kahlil Sabbagh & Ginger Smith in 6 killer Zappa songs. The FREAK OUT HOT SPOTS map, produced as bonus material companion to the Mothers of Invention's debut album "Freak Out!", offered a satirical depiction of Los Angeles' cultural landscape, highlighting nightclubs, record stores, and other countercultural venues. This map mocked LA's mainstream glitz and celebrated the underground scene that Zappa was a part of. His criticism of authority, shaped by the Watts riots and his own personal encounters with the police—including a notable arrest in 1965 where he was set up by undercover officers—left Zappa distrustful of law enforcement and fueled the anti-authoritarian views often expressed in his music.

+++ Join in JAMES JOYCE, Marshall McLuhan and CARL JUNG Reading Groups. Carl Jung believed the metaphorical language of alchemy could give us insight into human experience. Learn to understand Jung's concepts and relates alchemical processes to passages from literature, works of art, case studies and dreams, many of which can be directly related to themes in Finnegans Wake. Our weekly online discussions every Monday, Tuesday & Wed, at 1:30pm (pacific, for 40 minutes). Occasional Saturdays we go from 1 to 2:30pm. LZS (Laughtears Zoomin' Salons) probes the hidden psychic effects of human inventions and how they shape behaviour. Arts, literature, film, activism, new media, poetry, funk, jazz, avant-garde, new media, performance art, politics, coding, tales, cosmic wisdom, jokes and more.

+++ Tune in Gerry's podcast interviews on the YouTube channel LIVE <https://www.youtube.com/@improbablywrongabouteverything6781/streams> "I'm Probably Wrong About Everything"

...Really? "There are many questions in life worth asking, but perhaps if we're wise we can understand that not every question needs an answer." - Rebecca Solnit.



## AMERICA'S NEW TOP DOG

Wee-wee are in the Best of Show times and the Worst of Show times. America's new top dog is a doggone, dogmatic, rabid, fat, pit bull. He is worse than fleas! He belongs in the dog pound. He hates the Democatic Paw-ty. He goes catatonic about Democats and growls that they are all Commiememowists. He thinks he nose everything. He barks he will call out the dog catchers on his enemies and sic police dogs on them. Instead of democracy and freedom we will have democrazy and fleadom. He will chew up the Constitution. The leash we can do is hound him with pee-mails since we have a bone to pick with that pile of dog poop.

If you think times are ruff now just wait until that bad dog goes for a walk- all over us. It is not far-fetched that we soon won't be able to afford putting a woof over our dog house. The Repuglickans want to cut Peticare so vet bills will jump. He promises to lower the prices on kibble and to deport unlicensed chihuahuas back to Mexico. Girl pooches have no rights and must have puppies. He wants a huge tariff on dog food that will raise prices. LGBTQ doggy rights will be cur-tailed, paw-sed and not allowed to go fur-ther. Repuglickans like Canines but hate Gaynines. He is just a crooked barker, mutt-ering nonsense doggerel and dumb dogma.

He is the oldest Top Dog ever elected and when he wakes up he needs a nap. They say you can't teach old dogs new tricks. This dog is so old that he can't remember any tricks but dirty tricks. Old age may have slowed him down but not his big mouth. Sometimes this old dog is not dumb and stupid, that's when he's asleep. His sex life all Depends. But the years have been good to him. It is his days that are the problem.

Dogald Dump was born very rich with a golden doggy dish and never had to work yet he barks that he is for the working dogs. He makes millions but pays no dog treat taxes. Venice is called Dog Town and we frown because to liberal Venice he's a menace. All he does is tell lies and tall tails. Groucho once said, "He may look like an idiot and sound like an idiot, but don't be fooled, he really is an idiot!" They say dogs have a great sense of smell and this one certainly smells. He stinks up the whole world!

He loves hot dogs in heat but worse of all he loves cat houses. That's where the expression hot diggity dog comes from. That cheating dog humps any sexy poodle bitch. He loves to play with his balls and chase balls. He's a nuts case. That dirty old dog even paid off hump hush treats to a young porno pooch so she wouldn't howl. He's a crooked and corny curmudgeon. So he is an old, worn, porn, horn corn dog. He should be fixed.

He does all kinds of doggy tricks like politricks. He drinks gin and toilet water and then takes a whiz on trees and the public. His rich owners don't even carry baggies to pick up his shit. He runs with a pack of mangy mutts. He fills the White Dog House with mad dogs and hungry wolves. Everyone is worried what he is going to doo-doo! He will piddle and piss away our tax money. Someone should put a muzzle on him because he barks and howls and bites everyone.

Urine trouble if you don't obey him. He wants us all on leashes and collars and he wants us to sit and Heil, I mean heel. We will have to kneel and bow - wow on our paws. If we don't sit when commanded and roll over and wag our tails in approval and then lick his butt he'll send us to the pound to be put to sleep. Doggone it we've become a country of butt sniffers and butt lickers!

My fellow doggys, ear ye, ear ye, lend me a paw. In the next election let's lick, rub and scratch these flea bags out. In every dog race some are hair today and gone tomorrow. Paw-lease fur-get this bonehead and next time vote for a good dog like Lassie, Rin Tin Tin, Pluto, Clifford or Snoopy.

Dog (God backwards) Bless America!

-Perro Muttell

**Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power. -Abraham Lincoln**



### TRUMPS TOTALITARIAN TAKE-OVER

Part One: The Anti-Christ Devil in Disguise.

Part Two: The Root of All Kinds of Evil

Written and conceived by Jingles (jingles-vegan22@gmail.com) (1/3/25)

### TRUMPS TOTALITARIAN TAKE-OVER

Part One: The Anti-Christ Devil in Disguise.

Trumps totalitarian take-over has begun and this two-page poetic work goes out to everyone of all colors, creeds, and races throughout America and all over the world. The battle is on, and it's that time again to non-violently protest, resist, and push back against Trump's second time around, extreme autocracy regime, which includes a bunch of right-wing rabid racist Republican conservatives, criminals, and arch villains, all of whom, and I am not kidding, will be doin the bidding for this deranged, devilish con-artist and January 6th insurrectionist, who sad to say, was elected for a second term. And this, my friend, should be of grave concern, cos we are up against a corporate clown fascist billionaire bullyboy who won the White House for another four years.

That is really something to worry about and fear and oh, what a horrific thought that is, and even harder to cope with and bare. One can only imagine, how much death, destruction and damage to the economy, the environment, and our civil rights is going to be done by this many times indicted felon, pathological liar, who is a cruel and heartless narcissistic beast.

And friends, that fact alone is enough to make your skin crawl. To think this Make America Great Again inconsiderate fool has been given another chance to rule with an iron fist over the people and once again propagandize and spread his Truth-Social hate filled fear mongering rhetoric rants, full of threats and lies, comin out of the big mouth of this Jim Jones like cult leader and Hitlerian dictator on the rise. Who to no one's great surprise, appointed to his new cabinet, a mean-spirited vicious band of filthy rich robber barons, opportunistic Maga-loving thieves, liars, crooks, womanizers, and climate denying rowdy men and women. All of whom are



brainwashed loyalist slaves and religious zealots, ready willing and able to disregard and trash the Constitution. They will even sacrifice and martyr themselves for their beloved Maga-Mob Boss who's anointed himself, at all costs, to be ruler and God-father King, who sits on top of the White House purple velvet throne.

**AND ALL THAT YOU'VE JUST READ MY FRIENDS, MOST DEFINITELY APPLIES TO DONALD J. TRUMP, WHO IS BEYOND ANY SHADOW-OF-A-DOUBT,**

**THE ANTI-CHRIST DEVIL IN DISGUISE.**

**Part Two: The Root of All Kinds of Evil**

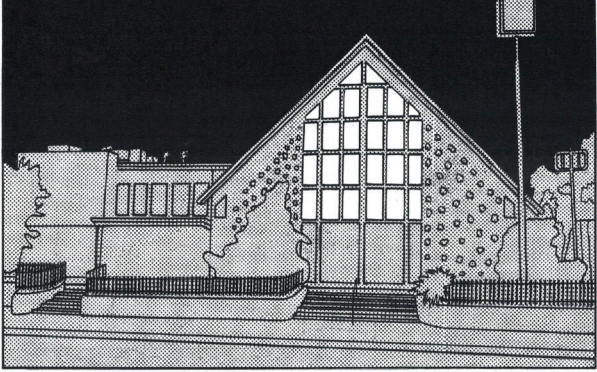
The love of money and power is the root of all kinds of evil. And, that biblical quote certainly applies to Donald J. Trump. A most dangerous and corrupt menace to society who I might add, is for sure one hell-of-a bumbling buffoon idiot, and sick and twisted sex offender creep, who made a promise to be a world leader, dictator on day one. No doubt he will seek retribution and revenge against his so-called enemies of the Deep State. I kid you not folks, the man millions of people despise, fear and hate, is far more than a laughingstock and joke. He has to be the most incorrigible, and cruel fiend America and the world has ever seen. Time and time again, he's threatened to go after all those who oppose and criticize him. And, he's stated they will be hunted down and swiftly disposed of, with the help of the lily-white supremacist, Klan of his, the likes of Steve Bannon, J.D. Vance, Mike Johnson, Marjorie Taylor Greene, Matt Gaetz, Border Czar Tom Homan, Pete Hegseth, Kash Patel, Elon Musk, Vivek Ramaswamy, Steve Miller, Robert F. Kennedy, Jr., and all the rest of Trump's filthy rich, alpha male advisors, and hanger on associates who have become body and soul ass-kissers to the maniacal Mar-a-Lago Maga King shit on high.

One thing is for sure, and this, we cannot accept, ignore, or deny. Donald J. Trump uses and manipulates people for his own devilish devices. And yes, he could care less about his Maga disciple supporters, instant Karma, God, or the power of Peace and Love. He only cares about his own greedy ridden self and his enormous wealth. The truth of the matter is, he's totally obsessed with the love of money and the love of power which in the end, like all brutal dictators throughout history have proven, time and time again. Donald J. Trump and his totalitarian death machine regime will too meet the same end and self-destruct, fall and crumble into tiny, fragmented pieces. So let it be said, for all that you've just read, know this, George Orwell's nightmarish 1984 vision of the future is here and much alive. That is why we must crush and defeat the evil Maga Empires Project 2025.

But fear not my friends, we will survive, cos the tide will soon be turning in our favor. It's time again to take it to the streets and rise-up in a nonviolent action against Donald J. Trump's totalitarian takeover powers that be. For the children and their children's future, and for the sake of all people on earth who believe in and value Peace, Democracy, Freedom, Liberty, and Justice for all, we must never ever forget, **EVEN WHEN OUR BACKS ARE UP AGAINST A BRICK WALL, UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.**



# VENICE ENDURES



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## THE ENDURING VENICE CHURCH

By Jon Wolff

The First Baptist Church of Venice sits on the corner of Westminster Avenue and 7th Avenue in Venice. This intersection is named after Pastor E.L. Holmes who was the pastor of the church from 1956 to 1999. The First Baptist Church of Venice has served as the spiritual center of the Venice Black community for generations.

The first congregation of the church met in the early 1900s in a barn on San Juan Avenue and 4th Avenue. The founders of the church were African Americans who had migrated from the South to build a life, free of the racism and Jim Crow laws of the southern states.

Arthur Reese and his cousin, Irvin Tabor were early Black Venetians who worked for Abbot Kinney. Mr. Reese became Venice's artistic director. Many of the attractions seen in photographs from turn-of-the-century Venice were creations of Arthur Reese. Mr. Tabor became Kinney's personal chauffeur. Although, at first, he didn't know how to drive, he learned quickly. Arthur Reese and Irvin Tabor helped other Black pioneers to come and settle in Venice. Much of the look and feel of the Venice that we know today can be attributed to these two men.

In 1928, architect Paul R. Williams designed the second church building for the First Baptist Church of Venice. Arthur Reese chaired the building committee. The Venice Black community grew and established businesses throughout the area. And the church stood at the heart of the community.

The church building on Westminster and 7th was designed by George Williams (no relation to Paul Williams). Pastor E.L. Holmes and the congregation moved into this new home in 1967. The church continued as the firm foundation for African American Venetians for decades until Pastor Holmes' passing in 1999.

Different pastors occupied the pulpit for a few years before one Horace Allen took over as pastor of the church. His record as pastor was stained by corruption, and many of the congregants stopped attending his services. Allen's financial irresponsibility resulted in the sale of this sacred space in 2017 to a White billionaire who planned to gut it and re-purpose it into his personal mega-mansion.

The Original Save Venice group fought for six years to win historical designation by the City of Los Angeles for the First Baptist Church of Venice.

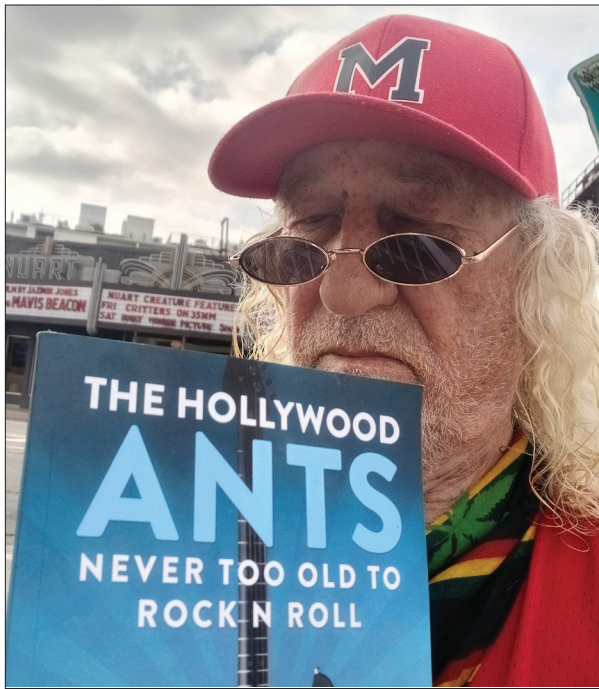
In 2022, Community Corporation of Santa Monica (CCSM) bought the property. CCSM is currently working to fund and build low-income and very low-income housing on the parking lots next to the church. But the church building itself will need different funding to return it to its original stature and purpose.

Original Save Venice's mission is to preserve the physical history of Venice. Their goal is to raise the necessary funds to Renovate, Restore, and Re-open the First Baptist Church of Venice.

The building needs repairs to renovate the structure. It needs materials and equipment to restore it to its role as a church building. It needs to re-open as a functioning, vital church institution in the community.

The First Baptist Church of Venice has endured over a century of change in Venice. It will, once again, be the beacon of light in Venice in these uncertain times. And Original Save Venice has come a long way since the time in 2017 when the church doors were shut.

Expect better days very soon.



## THE HOLLYWOOD ANTS -marty liboff

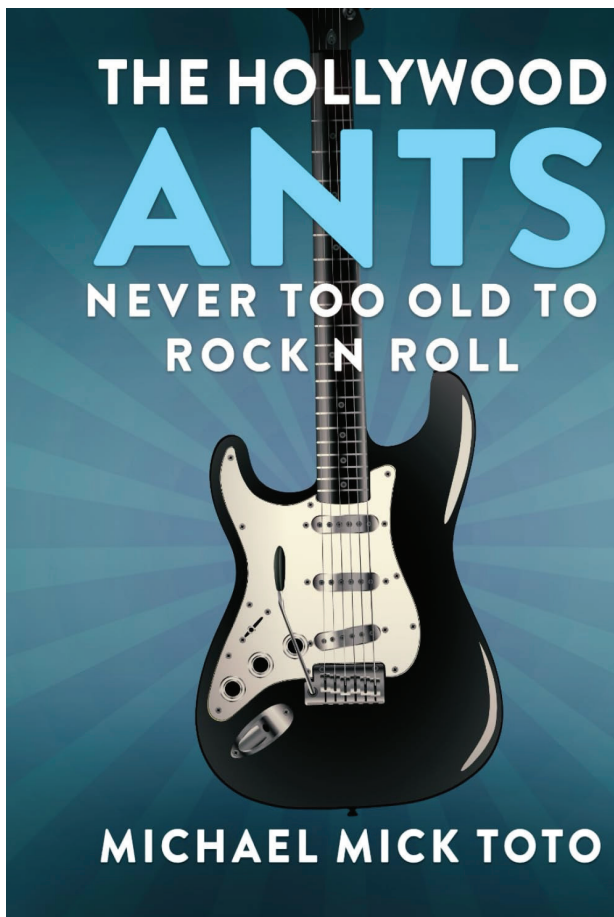
Local Venice musician, Michael Mick Toto has come out with his autobiography called the Hollywood Ants- Never Too Old To Rock and Roll. The Hollywood Ants was one of many bands Mick played with in his long musical career.

Mick's story of his life and journeys in rock & roll begins in the 1960s and continues today. For many years he played on the road in many towns and venues. Mick wrote songs, sang, played guitar and drums. His early bands, the Decades and the Checkmates played around southern California. He played with a family band called the Roman Brothers in Ohio. Then back to California with the bands the Things and then the Hollywood Ants.

In 2001 Mick began serenading us on Venice Beach. He was known as the Music Man. He likes to refer to himself as a Toto Man. While busking here he was also recording in the studio and came out with a CD that he sold at the beach.

Mick's book takes us around the country through his years of sex, drugs and rock & roll. He got to meet many famous people and had a great time. He is still very active today writing and playing music on YouTube. Mick is a regular on the Ocean Front Walk. He likes to talk to tourists and vendors there. He would someday like to open a rock & roll club in Venice. Mick is a testament that you are never too old to rock & roll.

His book is available at AMAZON or buy it from him at Venice Beach. You can watch him on YouTube at Michael aka Mick Toto.



Jeffrey Solomon

## LIKE IT HAD EYES -marty liboff

If you go by the north border of Venice Beach you will see a new cement bench with a brass plaque dedicated to Jeffrey Solomon. Sit your tochihs down and smoke a joint in memory of one of our beach legends. I knew Jeffrey from talking to him and other beach regulars and homeless characters he hung out with. Later I often saw him and his lovely wife Fran at the Levin Senior Center (now called the BAR Center). The BAR is just south of Jeffrey's new memorial bench. Jeffrey is now playing basketball with the angels, but before he left us he wrote a book about his life called, 'Like It Had Eyes'.

When I began reading his book I thought you think you know somebody and it turns out you know nothing about them! WOW, oh my, oy gavault what a story! He counted 29 times he almost died. Throughout his life Jeffrey talks to his long dead mother who guides him on to surviving his trials and near death experiences. We join him in both a tortured and charmed life. He had wild rides on motorcycles, basketball, women, crime, gambling, shock treatments, jail, lost in a forest, women, madness, homelessness, mansions, poverty, riches and did I mention women? We go from unbelievable highs to extreme lows. Some chapters were fun and exciting and some were so disturbing and depressing I had a hard time reading them. He changed everyone's names in his book to protect them but he said it is all true.

Born close by in Westchester, Jeff always loved Venice Beach and came here often. Throughout his crazy and lucky life he always seemed to find his way back here. He was always kind and helped our houseless and people with mental problems since he had experienced it himself. He loved our ocean and beach and of course the women.

Then he met the real love of his life Fran. They married and settled down by the Ocean Front Walk in 1978. Fran still lives here and is now a member of the Venice Neighborhood Council. Jeffrey's life is one of hope, dreams, and survival. With all the terrible things he went through he hung on to finally come out happy and content living with Fran at Venice Beach.

\*To order copies of, 'Like It Had Eyes', visit:  
www.venaissance.net  
www.jeffreyallensolomon.com  
also available from AMAZON





Emily Winters and Councilwoman Ruth Galanter



Emily Winters and Mayor Antonio Villaragosa

Below: Emily Winters Artwork for the Beachhead





Emily Winters – continued from page 1

When my children were babies, I would walk them to the ocean. We lived just a few blocks away. There was a booth there where people would exchange fresh Bonita, caught off the Washington Street pier, for smoked Bonita. I was impressed by that kind of community exchange. People were very friendly, and it was a very poor community with many empty lots.

After a few years, more artists and activists moved in because of the low rent. One of the things that made me feel comfortable when I first arrived in Venice was the feeling of community. The people we stayed with lived in what they called a townhouse—a two-story building with four units. Next door was a Scottish family whose son used to practice his bagpipes, often going over to the marina when it was still a prairie. I loved that. They also held baby showers where the men were included and alcohol was served, which astounded me. Nobody ever did that in Quincy.

At that time, gentrification was just beginning. We were all feeling the rents going up, and people were being evicted. This started in the late 60s and early 70s, and that's where I got my political education. I was living on Cabrio, before I lived on the canals. We rented a house there, and I met my neighbors who were activists. I had always hated politics; my parents always listened to news programs during dinner, and I just blocked it out. But I got my political education there, fighting the gentrification of the canals.

There was a group called The Venice and Marina Women's Chamber of Commerce (about three women and a couple of their husbands) who wanted to gentrify the canals and turn it into a gated community. We fought that, and I learned how to fight City Hall. My neighbor was very experienced with this, having done it in New York. We got very involved and really felt the crunch of gentrification, but we won, partly by delaying it and making it too expensive, and also because the canals are public



Emily Winters and Suzanne Thompson and Regina Barton

land and cannot be turned into a private community.

Then we started the Canal Festival. It was a one-day event, generally on a Sunday. Everyone who could would bring food—usually hot dogs, beans, and maybe potato salad. No money was exchanged. We'd walk around and see each other's yards. I did some face painting. It was a lot of camaraderie, and everyone contributed. There was an old barge on the canals that the city used to remove algae. Sometimes, on weekends, people would use the barge for music. It was all very fun. Everyone in LA heard about it. It got so crowded that the police and fire department couldn't get in. There was an incident of violence, a knifing, so we felt we had to discontinue it.

We had a Canal Festival funeral. Someone made a big papier-mâché duck (we had a lot of ducks in the canals) crying. Someone else recited a beautiful poem. We then walked to where Spark is now, where they gave us candles in paper bags. We wrote the names of deceased loved ones on the candles, lit them, and had a small parade back to the canals where we put them in. It was very beautiful.

I got my bachelor's degree at the Chicago Art Institute, as did my husband. I just sort of did things on my own. I met a group of artists through other people, and we would hire a model and paint figures. That was my first real experience with a group of artists. I still have the painting I did of Carol Fier.

I joined a women's artist collective called GA (Sanskrit for peace). Judy Baca from the Citywide Mural Project approached them about doing a mural in Venice. I volunteered. I had always wanted to

do murals. I also did another mural on Ocean Front Walk at Park Avenue about a bulldozer destroying our life and atmosphere, called "Endangered Species."

We also worked with Beyond Baroque and joined forces as an ad hoc committee for a Japanese American Memorial monument on the corner of Lincoln and Venice. After 9/11, when there was talk of interning Muslims, a 15-year-old student at Venice High School read an article about it and asked his Japanese American teacher about it. She told him about the history of Japanese American internment. He and other students wrote letters to Bill Rosendahl, our council person at the time. He was very moved by the letters, and The Beachhead newspaper published them. Phyllis put an ad in The Beachhead saying she wanted to put a plaque on that corner to commemorate the internment, as there was an old photo of people lined up in front of a brick building waiting to be taken away.

She called a meeting, and many people from different Japanese American groups showed up. We got very involved, and it took us about six or seven years to accomplish. The monument is a black granite obelisk, 9 feet high with a 3-foot square base and white letters. The front states the mission of the monument: to remind people we don't imprison people because of their race, religion, or sex. There are also quotes from five internees who were part of our organization about the camps. Phyllis Hayashi was kind of our leader. I went to see the monument being made near Bakersfield and followed the truck when it was delivered.

I'm proud to be part of this community. The people I've known were so passionate and involved, and still are.



Emily Winters with the Japanese American Memorial Monument Committee

## The Sage Plant at Gloria's House

By Rosalind Jones, March 2024

It was always, and will always be, about the land. I knew this when I set foot on Grandma Gloria's property for the first time. Gloria had to struggle to keep her garden exactly the way it was. Her tales of the battles with El Monte City Council rang in my ears as my footsteps crunched against thickets of brush. The city had wanted her to clear the front yard completely. They had complained about the overgrowth and the aesthetics of the space. Gloria outright refused. She ceded no ground to the El Monte city officials that pestered her year after year. In the end, she prevailed. Now the garden is a force to be reckoned with, its inhabitants reaching never-seen-before heights and depths. It expands as if preparing to envelop the entire house, returning the favor to Gloria by infusing her dwellings with all the sweetness of the earth's medicine. The plants slither to blanket the entire fenced-in area. Sturdy agave cacti, swirls of fragrant lavender, and snaggles of sweetgrass abscond the ground from my vision. All herbaceous roads lead to the crown jewel of the garden: the grandmother sage plant.

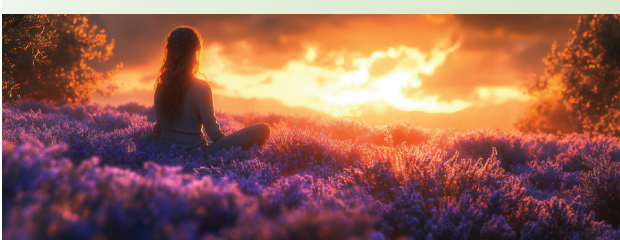


AI Illustration by Eric Ahlberg

Like Gloria, white sage is indigenous to the Southern California area. It is a powerful medicine, used in both ceremony and everyday life to cleanse, protect, and rid the body and spirit from harmful entities. Today, white sage is an endangered species due to over-harvesting by non-indigenous people who have commodified and commercialized this ancient gift. To find a white sage the size of a garden shed is not only a rarity, but also implies profound responsibility. For whoever finds the plant, they must ensure its survival. There are very few left of this magnitude.

As I take in the sage plant, I am reminded of the originators of circularity. In Western culture, the wheel is constantly being reinvented under different brand names and trademarks. Elaborate models and theories are pumped out to explain the best way to manage our surroundings when in actuality, they are not necessary. The teachers we need have always existed and are everywhere around us, and Gloria understood that. They live in the land, tucked in the dirt with the roots of our oldest plants. It wasn't just about winning a political argument when she took on the El Monte city council in defense of her garden. It was about ensuring against the rupture of the world that bloomed within her fences.

The mid-afternoon light seeps through the lavender flower stalks that stretch around me like slender, hungry arms towards the sun. I sit cross-legged in front of the grandmother sage. She is rooted next to the west-facing fence, and she occupies the whole length from the house to the barrier on the street side. There are no blossoms right now, as it is early spring and the plant is reviving itself from months of rain and clouds. The leaves cluster at the bottom around the stems that sprout straight from the ground. They are fireworks of growth, rising and spiraling around their hosts in defiant springs. I kneel to touch the leaves closest to my feet. I rub them between my forefinger and thumb. As I lift my hand to my nose and inhale, the scent pulls on my heart. The scent of the land's spirit. The scent of a victory that Gloria ensured she, and all who came into the garden, could share.



**Jeffrey Stanton** Our foremost Venice historian. Jeffrey Stanton is starting a new book on the history of Heaven. He passed into Venice history in December. I knew my pal Jeffrey for a long time. I sometimes write local history articles for the Beachhead and if I didn't know the answer he was the go to guy for answers.

Jeffrey loved movies, books, stamps and amusement parks. We both shared our love of collecting old postcards from Venice and California. I had worked at Pacific Ocean Park (P.O.P.) the amusement pier that had started at the north border of the Venice, Ocean Front Walk. He got me to make drawings of the rides and then we both helped on a book about P.O.P. He made a P.O.P. website featuring me. He has other websites on other local history.



As a kid he loved amusement parks. He knew all about almost every amusement park in America, but especially the ones that were in Venice, Santa Monica and Coney Island. He was still like a big kid and every month he would make a pilgrimage to Disneyland.

He especially loved the roller coasters. He always regretted moving here after our local amusement piers had closed. He often asked me about the old wood roller coasters that I remember at P.O.P. and the one at Nu Pike in Long Beach. The old Venice pier was closed when I was born. He also wrote about another old Venice amusement park I had been to as a kid called Hoppyland. Hoppyland was a western themed amusement park in the early 1950s started by the cowboy star William Boyd or Hopalong Cassidy. He never got to see these amusement parks but he had read and knew everything about them. He collected old photos, postcards, maps and videos of them.

He worked as a computer programmer and designer for many years and had a book out early in the computer world. He bought his home nearby and began filling it with his collections. His house was overflowing with books. Even his kitchen cabinets were filled with books.

He wrote several editions of his Venice of America book and another on the Santa Monica pier but he was always interested in finding out more. He would take his Venice book down to the Venice, Ocean Front Walk to sell it every weekend along with his reprinted postcards of Venice until the cops told him to leave. He made most of his money selling other books there and the cops told him he could only sell

## Venice of America 'Coney Island of the Pacific'



by Jeffrey Stanton



above: Jeffery Stanton in PBS's *Ralph Story* – "Things that Aren't Here Anymore Pacific Ocean Park", <https://www.pbssocal.org/shows/things-arent-here-anymore/clip/pacific-ocean-park>

the book he wrote and the postcards he had made. He sold his postcards for a ridiculously low 25 cents and he would say he spent the whole day and made a buck so he stopped going to the beach. He continued trying to sell his book at book shows and food fairs or anywhere he thought maybe someone might want a Venice history book. He often complained that young people don't read paper books anymore and only read on their I phones.

Over the years he also collected a wonderful collection of photos and postcards of Coney Island in N.Y. He began writing a detailed book on the history of Coney Island similar to his great one on Venice. He finished it not long ago and was looking for a publisher. He said a couple publishers wanted to print his book but wanted to delete most of the text. He spent years writing and studying Coney Island but the publishers just wanted a picture book for dummies. As far as I know he was still searching for a publisher for his entire book when he passed into history.

This is a personal sad loss for me. Jeffrey would often call me to share our lives and our mutual love of local history and postcard collecting. It is a terrible loss for our community because so much of our history that was not in his books was in the vast library in his head. We will never have another one like him..

- Marty Liboff.



## Throwback Thursday Tales Wild Bill Crawford

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Uncle Bill Crawford had a thick country accent which originated in North Carolina. His poor grammar had been inherited from kinfolk who were deprived of proper educations.

There was a permanently set upward curl to the corners of his mouth as he undulated words in the upper range of human vocal chord capacity. We loved his effusive Southern charm and kind heart; a true friend ready to assist, support and even step into the line of fire for you.

During World War II Uncle Bill served in the Army. During his hitch they handed him a temporary assignment to guard the President. He claimed to have served in the Secret Service, which was not quite true. No Afro-American had done that until the 1960s. The White House creditial he had been given remained in his custody for the rest of his life. When he flashed it people tended to back off.

A Danish tourist named Anna Lisa got in trouble with me for drinking at the beach. I called "my Uncle" from Venice jail. Bill flashed his laminated White House clearance card and informed the night captain that the Secret Service needed the two of us.

"See hear, don't ask no questions, just lets 'em loose."

With a sincere apology we were released in minutes. The Dane wrote her family,

"I am dating a wonderful man. He has big connections in the government!"

Upon completing his last stretch in the army Bill opened an auto repair shop in Beverly Hills. The sign over the door read:

Mister Crawford Owner and Proprietor.

He'd finished working on his last repair and was starting to close up when a man armed with a knife appeared.

"Give me that money box or I'll gut you like a fish Kingfish." [ Kingfish was a character on a radio ,& TV series, Amos and Andy which the NAACP had gotten banned].

It did not have much in it, so Mister Crawford said,

"Takes it."

The robber took the box, then for no reason, took the sight away from Bill's right eye. The hospital stay was long enough to insure Mister Crawford's Auto Repair never reopened. After the incident Uncle Bill became a force to reckon with. The Marvelettes 1965 hit, Don't Mess With Bill, could have been written in his honor.

Those expired credentials assisted in obtaining a special permit for his 9 millimeter gun with exploding ordinance. He was a peaceful man, but unafraid to face violence against himself or others. With love in his heart and a finger on the trigger there was never another quite like him.

World Gas station was on the corner of Rose and Lincoln Avenues. Rose was the outer border of the Venice hood, which had been christened Ghost Town because you walked in live and left a ghost. When I moved to Venice in 1969 two ice cream truck drivers had been shot there in broad daylight. The company replaced their dead with live drivers but didn't bother telling them what happened to their predecessors.

World was the cheapest full service gas station in L.A before it switched to self-service late in 1976. I once drove my Ford Counrty Squire station wagon in there with my crew and quipped,

"A quarter of the good stuff, check the oil, tires, radiator, power steering and brake fluid before washing the windows."

It was a joke, but the gas jockey did it without complaint. What was in the tank got us to Hollywood.

Uncle Bill took the graveyard shift at the station



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sometime in the late 50s or early 60's

That shift was well named, since it had been a prime target of armed robberies. Wild Bill Crawford was the right man for the job. He protected that station like it was the President.

Despite the high body count after Bill took the post, gang members, drug addicts , and other predators kept trying. All they saw was an old Black man in a jump suit that made the place look like a peice of cake. None of the holdup men Uncle Bill silenced lived long enough to tell who iced their cake.

He shunned publicity and even allowed officers to shine their badges on his take-downs; Cops get paid time off after a shoot and promotions when their actions are ruled righteous by Internal affairs investigators.

On the coldest winter night Venice had seen in a long time a suspicious sedan pulled in. There were no other cars at the station, which was exactly what the men inside wanted. They had no clue Venice's version of Dirty Harry observed them pass by three times while previous customers were being served.

Bill was in the attendant's hut watching when the rusty Dodge Coronet stopped by a pump.

Mister Crawford stepped out and sized things up. He saw the driver observing him in the sideview mirror and the head of another man sitting in the center of the rear seat.

Putting the pieces together he deduced the one in the back had a long barreled weapon, most likely a shotgun. The driver, because he was sitting next to a door would undoubtedly make the first move.

There were two ways the attack could come down: the wheel man would either jump out with a pistol or cover Bill through the window when he asked how much gas to put in. Wild Bill walked towards the robber's car. He pretended his hands were cold by rubbing them together, blowing into his cupped palms and then plunging both deep into his jumpsuit pockets. His right reached down deeper than the left. There was a hole in the right overall pocket which accessed the Mauser tucked in his waistband.

By watching the driver's eyes in the rearview, he could tell the hoodlum had decided to hit from outside the car as soon a Bill got close. Sure enough the door whipped open but Mister Crawford was not about to repeat the mistakes of Beverly Hills. It was awkward for the driver because to face Bill meant pushing the door open with his right arm. That was the hand that held his gun. Wild Bill lept forward and pushed the pistol packing arm downward, as the Mauser in his other hand butted up against the stickup artist's temple.

"Drops it."

By the time the stunned accomplice readied his pump gun, it was too late. Mister Crawford had made his amingo a human sheild.

" Listin here, ' fore you can lifts that hogleg, this Mauser's explodin' bullets will turns yahz to five kines a ugly."

After a bit more maneuvering, both holdup men were helpless.

"Takes all yahz rags off "

As they stripped down, the night air bit their flesh

"Can we keep our coats "

"Yahz should a askin',kin we keeps ar lives. Git down 'n faces Lincoln" They couldn't see his face, however the sound of a shotgun cocking is a universal call to terror. Gripping the driver's confiscated weapon, Bill got in the car and turned the key. Its gas gauge was nearly in the red.

He got back out,

"Stays down or yahz moms won't knows who ya is at tha fune'l parhla "

A beatnik drove in and saw two bad guys in their birthday suits eating the asphalt at gunpoint. Bill shouted over to him in a friendly tone,

"I'll beez with ya inna minute."

Mister Crawford reached under the Coronet's chassis and either punched a hole in the tank or loosened the gas line. Whatever it was gasoline streamed out.

"I gots customers 'n fillin' out them obitchary papahs takeses a long time. Yahz kin goes "

They tried to retrieve their clothing but wound up leaving bare assed in a big hurry.

Mister Crawford filled his bearded customer's car and washed its filthy windshield. Then went into his attendants hut and dialed the police dispatch number. Two squad cars followed a "bread crumb" trail of gasoline to an oxidized sedan that wasn't going anywhere. Inside were a pair of shivering naked men. They were almost glad to get into the warm patrol car.

.....  
In the late 70's, I saw a man in a Venice Ocean Front Walk parking lot try to pull a gun on Bill because he threatened to tow him for nonpayment. Out of nowhere came the Mauser and down he went. It would have been cheaper to just pay the five dollars and have his car guarded by the baddest man on the beach.

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FIRE BURNING (marty liboff)

Fire. fire, fire burning high  
 a world war and we all die.  
 Fires burn across our planet  
 death is what we get.  
 Fires burn, burn, burn  
 soon it will be our turn.  
 Bullets, bombs, rockets kill, kill, kill  
 everywhere blood & guts spill.  
 Bombs fall from the sky  
 and women and babies die, die, die.  
 Death, murder, genocide  
 there's nowhere to hide.  
 No love and understanding  
 only closed minded hating.  
 Bigots yell foreigners are bad  
 hate drives the people violent and mad.  
 Wars and destruction everywhere  
 it's more than humanity can bear.  
 The rich think they will survive  
 few if any will be alive.  
 Wars and an ecological mess  
 what will be is any one's guess.  
 I am right and you are wrong  
 instead let's all sing a peace song.  
 War mongers are evil and dumb  
 let's stand up for peace & freedom.  
 Fighting over race, religion & nationality  
 when we're all one race and family.  
 We are all in this together  
 we're all sister and brother.  
 Give Love a chance  
 kindness, sharing and romance.  
 Let us all pray  
 we can stop wars today.  
 The future is now  
 we can change, we know how.

**City Phone Numbers**

Police: Non-Emergency 877-275-5273  
 Police: TDD Service 800-660-4026  
 City Park Emergencies 323-913-7390  
 Water & Power / Report a Problem (no immediate danger)\* 800-342-5397  
 Natural Gas Service 800-427-2200  
 Traffic Signal Outage 213-485-4184  
 Street Light Repair 3-1-1 (or 213-473-3231)  
 American Red Cross 310-445-9900  
 Animal Services - 888-452-7381  
 Building Inspection Request 888-524-2845  
 Refuse collection 800-773-2489  
 Sewer & Storm Drain Issues - 3-1-1 (or 213-473-3231)  
 Fallen Street Trees / Debris - 3-1-1 (or 213-473-3231)  
 For assistance with most other City services, dial 3-1-1 within City limits; or call 213-473-3231 -- from anywhere. Weekday hours: 7:00 am to 7:00 pm; Weekends and holidays: 8:00 am to 4:45 pm.  
 Or, visit MyLA 311.  
 For information about emergency preparedness programs in the City of Los Angeles, contact:  
 LA City Emergency Management Department (EMD)  
 Phone: 213-484-4800  
 E-mail: emd.emdweb@lacity.org

THE LIGHT (a song- marty liboff)

And God said,  
 Let there be Light-  
 shows us wrong from right.  
 Blazing fire in your heart  
 Living is an Art.  
 Fire in your Soul  
 let love be your goal.  
 Let the fire dry our tears  
 let the Light remove our fears.  
 The Light uncovers our shadows  
 where Light shines our pain goes.  
 Let your Light glow bright  
 it will give us clear sight.  
 Light makes the roses grow  
 it creates the Life we know.  
 Shine your Love  
 shining from above.  
 Love burning deep inside  
 God is by your side.  
 Love is yours & mine  
 shine, shine, shine  
 Love is yours & mine  
 shine, shine, shine  
 shine, shine, shine...

**The Angel of Death -marty liboff**  
**The Angel of Death descends from the sky**  
**deciding who will live or die.**  
**Politicians all lie**  
**and atomic missiles fly.**  
**We'll all cry**  
**as we fry.**  
**Rich men think safety they buy**  
**they'll just be another dead guy.**  
**The Eagle and Bear vie**  
**they want the entire world pie.**  
**They sabotage, undermine & spy**  
**they want the other to go bye bye.**  
**Wars everywhere make us sigh**  
**as the world becomes a pig sty.**  
**The good people ask why**  
**instead have a helpful tie?**  
**Let's have some beer & whiskey rye**  
**& smoke a joint & get high**  
**before we go to the great by and by.**  
**Let's make love you & I**  
**and give world peace a try.**

WHERE ARE THEY NOW -marty liboff

The Tongva, Gabrielino & Chumash  
 where are they now  
 dead from murder, rape, sickness that's how.  
 Now just a handful of dust  
 blowing away in a windy gust.  
 They lived here for thousands of years  
 Europeans came and then only fears & tears.  
 Forced to bow to the Catholic Church and cry  
 most would get sick and die.  
 Europeans stole their land  
 left them only worthless sand.  
 Survivors forced to adopt White man's ways  
 in sadness until the end of their days.  
 We walk on their bones and graves  
 those poor dead Indian braves.  
 We Americans are taught we are good & right  
 but our right came from military might.  
 A graveyard haunts this place  
 from hatred to another culture & race.  
 Remember all the Indians lives lost  
 we live here at their terrible cost.

Lydia Ponce

**Landing**  
**Ever so softly**  
**White or gray**  
**not**  
**red brown or black**  
**I felt you on my face**  
**Gently on eyelashes**  
**and I breathed you in**  
**no ceremony**  
**for your arrival**  
**no reception**  
**to welcome you**  
**Cars drove by**  
**you blew**  
**You flew**  
**Closer to tires**  
**Closer to the curb**  
**Windshields**  
**Car tops**  
**Car hoods**  
**Trees plants**  
**bird baths**  
**Steps**  
**to my home**  
**standing**  
**not under threat**  
**of a fire**  
**that made**  
**your memories**  
**ash...**  
**I wanted**  
**to have you**  
**land**  
**on my tongue**  
**like a snowflake**  
**taste**  
**the colonial poison**  
**and continue**  
**to survive**  
**your past**  
**to build**  
**a better future,**  
**with grace**  
**and compassion.**

The smoke is gone, I can't see the fire line,  
 and it is cool.  
 There are ashes everywhere.  
 Walk on water.  
 Joanna Silva 17Jan2025

Do ya Get It Yet?  
 ...(Message from SuperSmart Inc)  
 "Yep  
 We're at it again,  
 Yep we were  
 just bidding our time.  
 We let you have  
 Christmas, Hanukkah,  
 New year.  
 Let you have one  
 last Ol Lang syne.  
 This one's red hot.  
 unforgettable  
 Hollyweird,  
 like Maui.  
 N. Carolina,  
 Paradise  
 Etc etc.  
 Do ya get it yet?  
 We're Super Smart.  
 Smart bombs, Smart cars,  
 Smart wind?  
 Smart flood? Smart quake?  
 Smart fire? Smart arsonist?  
 Yep  
 We're versed in  
 the art of deception,  
 coercion,  
 the art of war,  
 the art of weather.  
 If you don't want  
 us doing what we wanna do  
 In your town  
 we're gonna burn you out,  
 flood you out,  
 shake you out.  
 Do ya get it yet?  
 Burn the wealthy,  
 burn the poor,  
 build our  
 AI generated,  
 mass surveillance,  
 mass control,  
 mass reset.  
 So what are you gonna do?  
 We're gonna build our  
 Technocracy  
 Any way we have to.  
 F..k you.  
 Yep  
 We can do too.  
 Do ya get it yet?"  
 We create chaos  
 blame it on nature,  
 climate change,  
 Orange man  
 and then save  
 you  
 and you're indebted  
 to us,  
 bow down to us.  
 We's gonna have

our Super world,  
 Super surveillance,  
 Super power,  
 our drones,  
 our camps,  
 our medical  
 mandates,  
 transdates,  
 bi-dates,  
 Vax dates,  
 food factories,  
 mass numb  
 compliant,  
 robo freaks.  
 Do ya get it yet?  
 Forget culture,  
 Forget country,  
 Individuality,  
 tradition,  
 Forget family,  
 Forget God.  
 Forget critical thinking  
 We own your brain,  
 We own your info,  
 We own you.  
 Do ya get it yet?  
 Yep  
 It's our party  
 And we'll  
 throw a tantrum,  
 destroy you  
 if we want to.  
 You'll own nothing  
 And  
 You'll be happy  
 And  
 have a nice day  
 you dumb ass,  
 compliant numerals.  
 Do ya get it yet?"  
 January 2025.  
 Tara Liz Driscoll

**She's Committed!** 13 • January-February 2025 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

by Suzy Williams & Friends

Not long ago, I experienced a most remarkable, memorable and wonderful performance by the fine actress and writer (and the Venice Beachhead collective member), Lisa Robins. The one-woman play is called "Committed?," and deals with (among other things) Lisa's reaction to her brother's suicide. This show is full of pieces-within-the-piece surprises that showcase her dramatic focus, her lithe dancing body moves, and a judicious use of a few props and stage levels. It's lively, tragic and elevating. I gathered some comments of friends I saw at Hollywood's Matrix Theatre - and present them here:

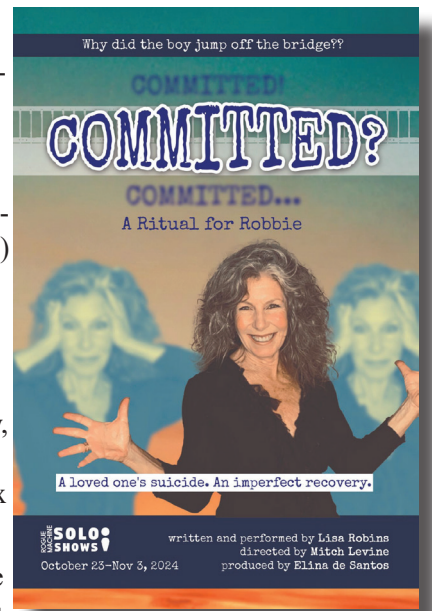
Regan Kibbee & Jason Saville: "While one might expect the topic to be heavy or depressing, we found the play hit many notes. It was uplifting, eloquent, thoughtful, honest, funny, entertaining, healing and inspirational - a tour de force!"

Mitch Leigh: "An intimate journey through her relationship with her family, her brother and her practice of Judaism before and after the tragic loss of her dear younger brother to suicide. The play dramatically underscores the impact of suicide on those close to the loved ones. It is refreshing how it seeks to address and go beyond getting buried in remorse and regret trying to figure out what we or anyone should have seen and could have done. While there is the religious/cultural proscription to sit Shiva for a week, and other such prescribed behaviours, the play helped underline that grieving for a loved one never truly ends. One hopes that the love and the grief help shape and guide our hearts, minds and souls to find greater meaning, purpose and appreciation for the love we shared and the life we have before us. The play touches on the tropes of suicide being selfish, it also noted that they were just that and do little to help any survivor such as myself to move forward in a meaningful way. We all have our own private dances with our own demons, and some of us are driven to the abyss by this. Those of us who live on with these memories; many live with regrets and sorrows. Lisa's brother had a history of alcohol and substance abuse and attended AA meetings. It seems fitting to be mindful of the messages and lessons for those in Al-Anon; that by and large, though we may strive to be present and helpful, we cannot control others."

Shep Stern: "A tour de force of acting prowess and power. We all know Lisa, but few of us have ever seen her running at full throttle artistic mastery like this. She lived this play and worked and reworked it to a fine point. A stellar example of the true artist's work ethic at its apex. When she seems to quit, to want to walk out "get stoned and see the good band playing tonight at Canter's," she looked right at Andrea and me and I bought it 100%. I thought she was walking out, and turned to her close friends in the room to walk with her. It was a truly sobering moment. We talked about it for hours after the show, which was complete with a spot-on, deep insight perfectly nailed review by our guru, Rabbi Naomi Levy. Lisa has always been a goddess, and tonight she set the universe aglow with a profound depiction of the search for answers to the ultimate human questions. Brava! I could go on and on..."

(Suzy: I had the same experience...I felt that Lisa looked at ME and decided the whole thing should be dropped then and there! I think she managed to make everyone feel an intimate connection with her at that moment.)

Lisa Robins recent interview by Gerry Fialka - search on Youtube with quotes = "I'm Probably Wrong About Everything Lisa Robins" <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DZzmE8IcZ0c>



**Tears in the City of Angels**



Michelle Castillo is with Gloria Arellanes. 16m · 🌐

With a heavy heart, we are announcing the passing of our mother, Gloria Arellanes. She was an amazing mother, grandmother, auntie, sister, and friend. Forever a fighter, she loved the underdog, she could not stand injustice, and was the person you wanted in your corner when things needed to be done. Her story is one that many know, and our ask is that you remember her actions, her kindness, her fire, and her love. We plan to have a celebration of her life in the near future, and will announce that at a future time.  
Sincerely,  
The Arellanes Family and Friends



*Gloria Arellanes*

Lydia Ponce

Gloria is so many things to so very many people... it is fitting that we print, with permission, from each Relative. There is no shortage of memories, photos, historic relevant contributions, shared delicious yumminess, and our prayers that never end.

Here are a few offerings written to honor Grandma Gloria, Tongva & Chicana Elder.

In loving memory of my beautiful teacher, elder, grandmother, sister & friend. I know this ... I am not the same person I was before you made your transition. You have changed me in so many ways. All for the better. I dream of you everyday. Forever grateful to you grandma ♥ Till we meet again, I will always miss you #gloriaarellanes #myshero #restinpeace #444

Michelle Castillo

Rest In Power profound community warrior, Gloria Arellanes! Her profound wisdom, fierce leadership and dedicated community activism will continue to inspire others in the struggle against injustices. With heartfelt respect and honor my sincere prayers and condolences to her family, community family & all who loved her. GLORIA ARELLANES PRESENTE!!!

Helen Vargas

It has been eight days since Grandma Gloria Arellanes passed away, and it has been very difficult to write this post. Grandma Gloria Arellanes was an inspiration to many in the community. Thank you, Grandma Gloria, for your love, our conversations, the stories, the laughter, your mentorship, your advice, and for sharing your divine knowledge with me. You will always hold a special place in my heart. I look forward to the day we meet again—you know what I mean; we made a promise. ♥♥♥ Emilio Reyes

Rays of light, extending from one golden human, on to touch so many. Thankful for these moments where multiple generations of women came together and represented our potential as humans... beautiful memories to be carried on through many lifetimes. ♥ Gloria Arellanes

Amy Smith

Very sad news had reached me less than a week ago, that Gloria Arellanes has pass on to the spirit world. Gloria is a Tongva/Chicana Elder, known for her involvement as the Brown Beret Minister of Correspondence, including her involvement



Gloria Arellanes (left, second row) marches in a Robert Kennedy Requiem Memorial Procession the day after he was killed, from Belvedere Park to East Los Angeles College Stadium for a Catholic Mass. Brown Berets were security. (George Rodriguez)

with the Chicano Moratorium Committee during the height of the Chicano Movement in Los Angeles.

Over the years she participated in two of the Chicano Movement Symposium Series lectures, one was based on the Chicano participation in the Poor People's Campaign in 1968 and another lecture on the history of the Chicano Moratorium. She had valuable insight about her experiences and leadership helped shaped the Chicano Movement as our movement for social change gained national momentum.

I can hear her kind and soft spoken voice as she nurtured many of us who are activists today, she inspired us, walked, marched with us as we fought to secure our indigenous identity, culture and our way of life. She was a very loving individual that I will always keep in my heart knowing that she is no longer here with us. I will miss her so much and honored that we remained friends and a great mentor.

We talked about a month before she had passed on, she advised me to gather all the symposiums we had and compile it into a book. Her mental facilities were very sharp and knowledgeable and spoke with wisdom. My condolences to the people who knew Gloria, friend's and relatives. I'm reminded of the word's of Chief Seattle, "There is no death, only a change of worlds."

Anthony Ortega

I was a kid during the days of the Chicano Moratorium and the unrest after Ruben Salazar was murdered. My Dad was at the Moratorium as was Grandma Gloria Arellanes, and Rosalio. My Nana lived around the corner from the Silver Dollar Bar where Salazar was murdered. I used to watch the protests from across the street in front of Sounds of Music. Rosalio became the voice on TV for the Chicano Community as the the sham investigation took place on nightly TV. Rosalio, and Grandma Gloria remained friends, all of these decades. ♥

Yolie Chavez

Mama Gloria ♥ This will take a lifetime to process.

A woman who significantly contributed to challenging white-patriarchal dominant narratives so that communities can claim "Chicano, Chicana, Chicana" - so that the next generations can continue to connect with their indigeneity.

You adopted me as your ceremonial son and you gave me protection. Because it can be a very toxic and disheartening journey trying to heal our roots. Many spaces, many traumas, and many conflicts.

More importantly, you gave me a deep sense of clarity and responsibility to push forward while honoring the strides previous generations have

made. And with that, a reminder to always "dream big"! although you have returned to the Great Spirit with all of our ancestors, I know we can always call on you for guidance and protection♥☀

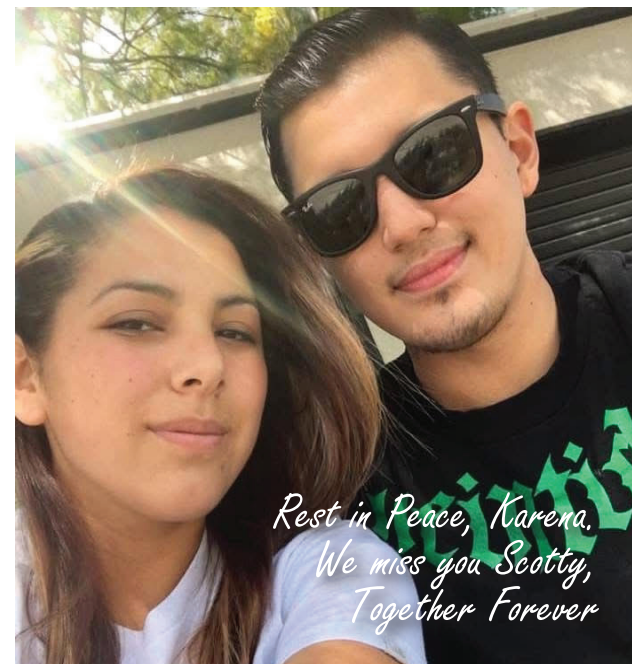
**Karena Presilla Ayala**  
(October 24, 1992 – January 13, 2025)

Karena Presilla Ayala, affectionately known as "Karma" to her friends and family, was known throughout the community of Venice, California, as a kindhearted and compassionate individual who was deeply loved and admired by all who knew her. She leaves behind two beloved children and a loving family who will forever cherish her memory.

A proud graduate of Venice High School, Karena was an accomplished athlete who played varsity softball, showcasing her talent, dedication, and team spirit. Her connection to her hometown of Venice remained an integral part of her identity throughout her life.

Karena went on to serve as a dedicated healthcare professional, working as a phlebotomist at Cedars-Sinai in the Los Angeles Metropolitan Area for four years, from August 2015 to July 2019. During her tenure, she excelled as a Medical Laboratory Assistant and Phlebotomist, earning a reputation for her exceptional patient care and meticulous laboratory work. To pursue her passion for healthcare, Karena attended UCLA Extension, earning her certification as a Certified Phlebotomy Technician (CPT) in 2015 after completing her training. She also held a Certified Phlebotomy Technician license issued by the State of California in 2013.

Karena's compassion, professionalism, and dedication made a lasting impact in both her community and the medical field. Her contributions and the love she shared will remain an enduring legacy.



*Rest in Peace, Karena.  
We miss you Scotty,  
Together Forever*



# Beyond Baroque

Gallery and Bookstore now open  
 Tuesday - Thursday, 2:00-6:00 by appointment  
 Friday - Saturday, 12:00 - 6:00 open

[beyondbaroque.org](http://beyondbaroque.org)

L.A. Book Launch: LABOR: The Testimony of Ted Gall  
 by Cecilia Woloch

January 30 8:00 PM PT

In Person at Beyond Baroque & Live on YouTube

Join us for Cecilia Woloch's book launch, Labor: The Testimony of Ted Gall, an extended poem in the voice of coal miner and activist Ted Gall, weaving one man's personal story into the history of work and justice in America, featuring readings by Cecilia Woloch and Harry Northup presenting an immersive multimedia performance that includes archival images and musical interludes.

Nancy Miller Gomez, Lynda V.E. Crawford, & Lynne Thompson

Friday, January 24 8:00 PM PT

In Person at Beyond Baroque & Live on YouTube

Authors Nancy Miller Gomez (Inconsolable Objects), Lynne V.E. Crawford (Washing Water), and Lynne Thompson (Blue on a Blue Palette) are celebrating newly published collections and will be reading from their latest books at Beyond Baroque.

Mobile Data Mag: A Reading With L.A. Authors

Saturday, January 25 2:00 PM PT

In Person at Beyond Baroque & Live on YouTube

Mobile Data Mag is a digital literary journal exclusively on Substack housing a collection of poetry and prose, particularly from authors who are born and raised in California. Hosted by founding editor and author Jesse Tovar, this IRL reading features five poets from all corners of Los Angeles County, with Pam Concepcion, Daryl Gussin, Jennifer "Miss B" Baptiste, Mauricio "Soul on Fire" Moreno, and Laura Sermeño.

Gunpowder Press: 10 Years and Counting of Dynamite Poetry

Saturday, February 1, 2:00 PM PT

In Person at Beyond Baroque & Live on YouTube

Gunpowder Press celebrates its 10th anniversary at Beyond Baroque! Published poets by Gunpowder Press read from new and selected work. Featuring Catherine Hodges, Nan Cohen, Nicholas Reiner, Crystal AC Salas, Amelia Rodriguez, and Susan Kelly-DeWitt. Co-editors David Starkey and Chrissy Yost are interviewed by George Yatchisin about the press's origins, its mission, and accomplishments in the literary community it has fostered in its first decade.

Phantom Histories: Transborder Poetics in Video Ar

Saturday, February 1, 7:00 PM PT

In Person at Beyond Baroque & Live on YouTube

Curated by poet and Chicana/o/x Studies Professor at Cal. State Northridge, Ramón García, a screening of various short films by Chicana/o/x and Mexican multidisciplinary artists: Harry Gamboa Jr., Rita Gonzalez, Raul Baltazar, Berta Jottar and Victoria Delgadillo. Calling into question the stability of cultural iconographies and the significance of geographical location, the films reimagine history as the key to a liberatory future. Following the screenings, the artists will be in conversation, moderated by Joshua Javier Guzmán, Vice Chair in the Department of Gender Studies at University of California, Los Angeles.

**This Paper is a Poem**

## Are You Hungry?

### Free Food At Venice Beach

(Times and places occasionally change)

\***You Matter-** Marc's picnic with friends. Tue. & Thur. around 11 am. North border of Venice on the Ocean Front Walk near Ozone Ave.

\***Free Food with Dan and pals-** various groceries, bread, fruit, vegetables. Sat. & Sun. around 8am. Ocean Front Walk by Ozone Ave.

\***Venice Equity Alliance-** Bread, vegetables, fruit, & . Every other Wed. 11am. 132 Brooks Ave.

\***St. Joseph Center-** their clients, to-gomeals. Mon. 10-11:50, Tues. & Thurs. 12-2:50. 204 Hampton Dr.. Also weekly food if you register at (310)396-6468 ext.313

\***St. Mark Church Free Food Pantry**  
 Every Saturday from 11am to 1pm  
 940 Coeur d'Alene Ave, Venice 90291 (entrance Garfield Av) Vegetables, fruits and other food items. No registration needed. Drive-thru and walk-in options. Call St. Mark Parish at 310-821-5058 or email us at [loavesandfishes@stmarkvenice.com](mailto:loavesandfishes@stmarkvenice.com)

\***Venice Family Clinic** - Free bag of fruits and vegetables. Every 3rd Wed. of the month. 10 AM to 12 PM. 589 Rose Ct.

\* **Community Corp Veggie Giveaway Weekly**  
 3pm to 5pm on Wednesday 2033 Virginia Ave, Santa Monica, CA 90404, USA

## \* BAR Center at the Beach \*

201 Ocean Front Walk

### Senior Schedule

LUNCH for seniors (60+years)

Monday thru Friday-12 PM

- FREE SENIOR CLASSES -

#### Mondays

10 AM Dance class with Zhanna

11 AM Virtual Travel Tours

1:45 PM Arthritis Exercise with Kathrin

#### Tuesdays

1:15 PM Tai Chi with Anton

#### Wednesdays

10 AM Shakti Naam Yoga with Allyn

12:40 PM BINGO!

1:30 PM Arthritis Exercise with Shifra

#### Fridays

10 AM Fit & Fun in Motion with Shifra

11:15 Shabbat Celebration with Shifra

\* Every 1st Friday of the month at 12:00 PM- Klezmer music with Gustavo, Freddy and Marty.

Marty's Movie Matinee once a month.

Arts and Culture Club with Sheryl- alternate Mondays.

+ Plus Special Events and Parties Every Month!

• Additional classes available on ZOOM...

## Live Music

### The Trip Bar

2101 Lincoln Blvd, Santa Monica

<https://www.tripsantamonica.com/calendar>

### Unurban Cafe

3301 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica

Open Mic Fridays 7:00

The Sunless Sea Poetry and Spoken Word Open Mic Show Tuesdays 7:30

Often A Sunday Afternoon Show with

Brad Kay and a number of lovely chanteuses

### Venice West

[www.thevenicewest.com](http://www.thevenicewest.com)



formerly well baby center

Well Family Marian Place, formerly known as Well Baby Center, has been a leader in early childhood and maternal mental health services since 2008. We offer affordable counseling, parent-child groups, and parenting classes/coaching in person or virtually.

12316 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, CA, United States, California

(310) 402-2229

[services@wellfamilymp.org](mailto:services@wellfamilymp.org)

<https://wellfamilymp.org/>



## FREE LEGAL HOUSING CLINIC

CALL

**323-951-1041**

The California Women's Law Center is helping tenants answer their legal questions. Attorneys are available to discuss your legal housing needs, including questions about emergency measures related to COVID-19.

To receive free legal assistance please contact [cwlc@cwlc.org](mailto:cwlc@cwlc.org) or (323) 951-1041 to schedule your reservation.

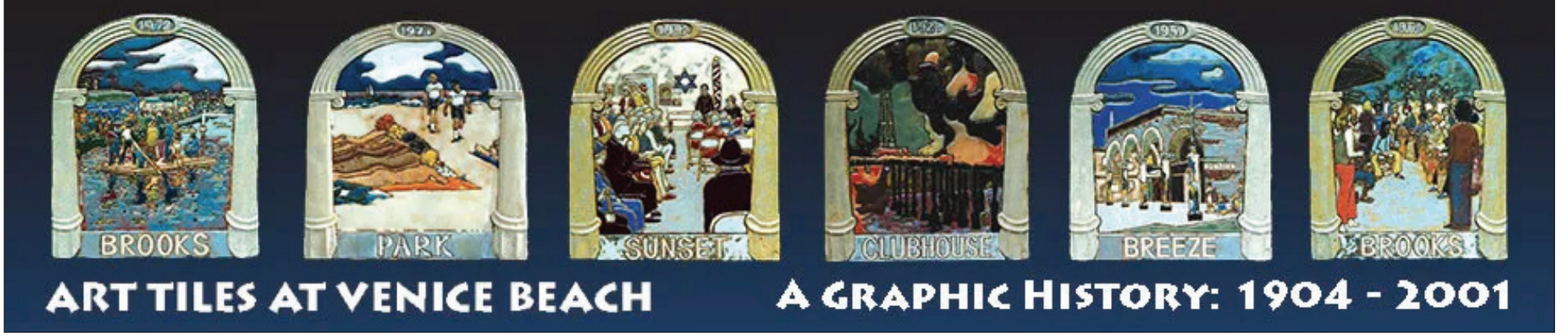


Los Angeles Tenants Union  
 West Side Local Meetings  
 1st and 3rd Wednesday; 7-8:30pm  
 Oakwood Recreation Center  
 767 California Ave., Venice, CA 90291

Sindicato de Inquilinos de Los Ángeles  
 Reuniones de la Sección Oeste  
 1er y 3er miércoles; 7-8:30pm  
[westsidelocal.latu@gmail.com](mailto:westsidelocal.latu@gmail.com)  
 424-272-1618  
 Casework de cases: 213-986-8266



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