

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

FREE

Inside

Homeless.....	Page 3
Bits 'n' Pieces.....	4
St. Joe's.....	4
'87 Review.....	5
XMAS.....	4
Community Events.....	7

Watch out for

Flying Reindeer!

December, 1987, No. 216, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294, ISSN-0884-9641, Circulation 10,000, (213) 823-5092

Not another lump of coal!

Venice sketch #19

"Que Dios la Bendiga"

By Beth Miller

On my way to the Beyond Baroque, an arts center in Venice City Hall, I am nervous and distracted, late for a date. I drive up and down Venice Boulevard three times trying to end up on the proper side of the median. Finally, I go west along Venice, overshoot the building by half a block and park on the angled street next to a grocery store. I see a large painted sign on top of the building announcing in purple and yellow: CARNITAS. On one side there is a bull and on the other a smiling pig. A Barnum & Bailey sign underneath reads Zamora Brothers' Meat Market.

I decide to buy a Diet Coke because my mouth is dry. I enter Zamora's hurriedly, rush around the large, deserted store. My heels click on the tiled floor. Searching for the Diet Coke, I hurry through aisles of rough wooden shelves partially empty, like the store shelves in Nicaragua, past a blur of bottles of red, orange, and green salsas, colorful Mexican canned goods, rows of sugary Mexican-style sweet rolls. I spy a cache of Mundet Sidral, carbonated soda made of apple cider. I remember the taste, the delicious apple fragrance. I enjoy the sharp memory of drinking Sidral in summers past in the afternoon heat of the town of Toluca. I take a carafe down from the shelf. It promises Pasteurizado y Saludable. I carry the amber potion against my breast to the slender gray-haired señor behind the meat counter, the only other person in the store.

He continues counting change with calm deliberation, does not raise his gaze. I take a second stroll, in Mexican tempo, up the neat aisles of the spacious market, inhale the aroma of fresh corn tortillas, see the melons and grapes and chile peppers, walk past mounds of crisp pork skins and white country cheese. All the signs here are in Spanish. The only newspaper for sale is *La Opinión*. I feel like I am in Latin America. This store is scarcely different from hundreds where I've purchased small things over the years.

I return to the meat counter and wait patiently. Eventually the dark man looks up and says not a word. Now we are both suspended in what seems like slow motion. A handsome man with deep lines in his gentle face. He looks carefully into my blue eyes with his black ones. I inquire in Spanish how much do I owe. I cannot understand his answer. It sounds like a quarter. What language is he speaking? I hand him a coin. We move without haste like inhabitants of some tranquil town under the volcano in Morelos. He sadly shakes his head from side to side, softly mouths what sounds again like quarter. I ask him why he doesn't speak in his native tongue--¿Por qué no me habla usted en español? His features ease into a resplendent smile. He asks wistfully if I am from Mexico. I nod yes to avoid discussing my past. Or because I have often wished I were. He proffers apologetically, un dólar. I reply tut-tut, how expensive, as though bargaining in some open-air mercado. In the same

"Bendiga" continued to Page 3

Roundup on the Pacific Rim



NOT IN MY MANGER, JOSEPH AND MARY

by Carol Fondiller

Since those dratted tents have proliferated on the beach this summer, we've all noticed how property values have plummeted in Venice. Perhaps the influx of people without homes is part of a deep and sinister plot of a real estate combine who really knows the art of blackbusting. Long time Venice residents, hereinafter known as LTVRs, have also noted a sharp decline in the tourist invasion since the homeless have become a visible part of the community. LTVRs can tell you to within a decimal point how many fewer tourists are here than in previous years because of the overpowering presence of the Homeless. Tiffany Van Der Yup, LTVR of two and a half weeks, owner of Over the Edge, has noted a sharp decline in customers for her hand-knotted penwipers. "Since the Homeless have moved onto the beach, my business has declined five hundred percent." Salome Chevrolet, homeowners, has adapted to the Homeless: "They've provided me with a cottage industry." She claims even as a little child she could detect differences between the defecatory extrusions of a pit bull, a cocker spaniel, and excretions of mixed breeds. (They're coarser-grained and have a ranker scent than those of purebreds.) "I realized I had a talent that I could turn into a marketable asset," she said. She can tell the difference between human feces and canine feces and with a flare of her left nostril whether the human is homeless or just an elderly Iranian who's unused to bagels. Sometimes the weather puts a crimp on her olfactory machinery. She identified in court a doodoo as belonging to a person of no fixed address when it turned out to have been manufactured by a loose-bowled Valley Girl who'd ingested a large order of pineapple pizza. "That was pretty embarrassing!" she laughs. "But it was the foggy weather. I've written to my Councilwoman to outlaw fog on the beach, because it interferes with my business." Joseph Greasy,

non-writer, who has been on more talk shows than Jessica Hahn without writing a book, has organized his neighbors and is passing around a petition. "We have proved through the scientific method of asking each other, what can be done to keep the homeless from coming to Venice. The solution is to blacktop the sand and build a sixty-foot wall to block out the view of the ocean. That would deter people from coming here. We're on the phone to the Coastal Commission every day agitating for this." Local land baron William Shark has been spotted on the Ocean Front Walk wearing a sandwich board that says: "PLEASE, RENT MY APARTMENTS. NO FIRST, LAST OR SECURITY NEEDED! WE WILL PAY ANY TENANT TO RUN A CHECK ON US TO SEE HOW FAST WE RESPOND TO YOUR REQUEST IN REGARDS TO LEAKS, BROKEN WINDOWS, PLUMBING, ETC." It is reported business on the OFW is so bad that people are reconverting their illegally converted retail spaces back to living units. And all little girls and boys have chimneys so that

DR. PATRICIA GREENFIELD arrested while observing trash enforcement on beach

photo by

ARLEEN HENDLER

Santa can slide down them and deliver Christmas presents. Welcome to Wonderland. The best fantasies contain some truths. No, I won't call them The Homeless. As one LTVR has said, Venice is our home. We just don't have houses. We're not homeless; we're houseless." The tents that dot the beach landscape are the visible - and to some people irritating and frightening - reminder of "There but for the Grace of God, etc., etc." Some segments of the Venice community have been trying to get the authorities to remove the tents from the beach. Mind you, they're not concerned with where these people go, nor are they concerned with the people who sleep in dumpsters, alcoves or in places that are far from the beach. Just NIMBY. The move by this segment of the community is to remove the houseless from sight. A purely cosmetic solution. Tommy Wasserberg, LTVR, houseless person, was shot. A local businessperson has implied that he was in the middle of a dope deal. Other people say - including Tommy - that he was looking for food in a dumpster. Someone shot him in the back

from an apartment window. The bullet is still in him. Yet still the whinnies of fear about violence from the Homeless - excuse me, houseless - reverberate from the investment sector of the Beach. Like a dog biting its own tail, people are frantically attacking the symptoms and not the disease. The City and the County offer the temporary palliatives of services, i.e. vouchers for shelter, and channeling to various welfare agencies. After a scant six weeks the services are going. Recommendations from some residents are to ship people off to Saugus. The residents of Saugus have yet to be heard from. The long-term providers of services like St. Joseph's are harrassed, their property firebombed, and anonymous threats are made when they want to move into a vacant restaurant so that they can provide hot food and food service training. Too many services for the poor in one area, complain some residents. You're turning Rose Ave. into Skid Rose Ave. Skid Rose Ave. - I kind of like the sound of that. I live on Skid Rose Ave. Skid Rose Ave. is one of the main conduits for tourists to go to the beach. For years it's also been a light industrial area mixed with low-income housing that is fast being gentrified. The residents of some of the little motor court-type bungalows will be displaced to make way for more clothing stores, trendoid restaurants, condos and of course more cars. Some of the displaced will find housing at rents twice what they were paying. Some who've lived on that street for years will become houseless. Venice is their home, so they're not homeless. Penny B. is an LTVR. She hasn't had stationary four walls for years. She lives in Venice. Her van is her pad. On November 14 the police were dumping "trash" into garbage cans and County dump-trucks. She pointed to a pile of objects. "That's my friend's - I'll take it for him." Sgt. Mitch Grobeson replied: "If you take it, I'll get you for theft." "You could put that stuff in the trash, but if I take it it's theft," said Penny. We had watched Grobeson

"Round-Up" continued on Page 7.



Feliz Navidad y Nuevo Ano

Editor:

An opinion piece "The Sellout Begins" written under the pseudonym "Memphis Slim" in the October 1987 edition of the Free Venice Beachhead attributes the following quote to me: "Before the election she (Galanter) screwed us (the press)." This quote is false; I did not say that.

As a reporter, I take great pains to quote individuals accurately. I am dismayed that the same professional standards do not apply to the writer of that article.

Rick Cziment

Venice

On Sept. 23, 1987 Rick Cziment and I were on a local cable TV show, "Westside Beat!" He and I had a casual conversation in which I mentioned some of my criticisms of the Galanter Administration. He told me he had been a Venice resident (in Millwood) for 16 years and that he was a regular reader of the Beachhead and that he knew who I was. Something that he said about where I live, I live on Calif. Ave., didn't sit too well with me so I used his quote. He had no idea his thoughts would end up in the paper. I don't blame him for being mad. However, he said what I said he said. My journalistic standards might not be too high but I don't make up quotes.

memphis slim

Dear Editor, One mockery of a Democracy... After the Reichsmark lost all value, in the 20's, many wealthy people built "fortress-estates" in difficult-to-get-to areas. They were heavily-guarded. Some almost as fierce as the legendary Berchtesgaden retreat fancied by Hitler. One expected such remoteness, from a King. But the "retreatants" were not all royalty. Not that it is new to read ads. for fine residences, that stress; "getting away from it all". I often wonder who among us would bat an eye, if some day wer revert to a Monarchy! It is a latent wish, even 211 years after our founding as a Nation. Or, does anyone care about that, at all? Jefferson did. And warned about it, again and again...Sincerely, Joseph P. Krengel Santa Monica, Ca.

Goodbye Airion

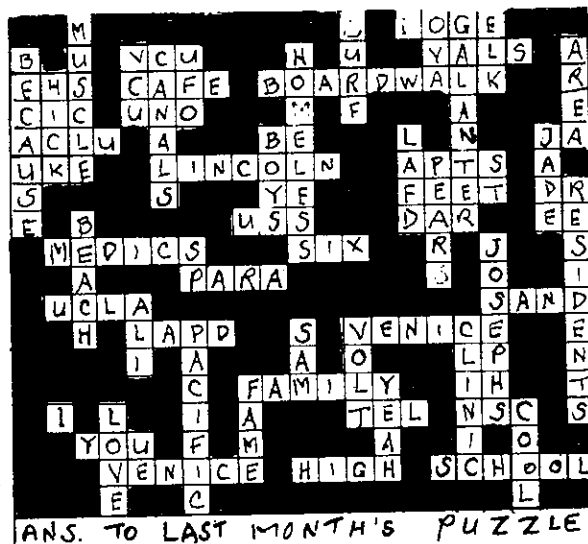
According to her friends, the week before Halloween, Airian was excited and anxiously awaiting with anticipation the getting together and dressing-up for Halloween. At the young age of 18, Halloween was still a big deal. She just couldn't wait!

The next day she was dead! A tragic car accident between her car and a tree...she had been on her way to wash clothes and was killed a block away from her apartment.

On Halloween, the eve of All Saints Day, her family and friends buried her..Airian Mary Shilling at Holy Cross Cemetery.

Airion would have been proud. We all dressed in black, it was raining, the clouds crying in unison with the gathering. It was a huge get-together all in her honor.. We mourned and celebrated Airian's passing into another unknown realm...Good Bye Airian, we miss you!

K. Sullivan



ANS. TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



Diane Nickerson, Patrick McCartney, Kathleen Alvarez, Carol Fondiller, Kathy Sullivan, Kelly Ball, Memphis Slim, Malcolm Tent, Victor Wightman, Sara Omari and Beth Miller.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. We welcome and take responsibility for publishing contributions exactly as the contributors submit them, although the opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Collective staff. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice community. We ask that writing be limited to 1200-1500 words. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name & phone no. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

In the October issue of the Beachhead, Lance Diskan is identified as a paid employee of the 6TH District Councilwoman. We have been informed that Mr. Diskan's letter was written a few weeks prior to the date that he began feeding at the public trough. We're also sorry we misspelled his name.

The Free Venice Beachhead Collective

Volunteers Make the Best Slaves. Wanna Volunteer?

VENICE TOWN COUNCIL-Please! A mistake has been made which is halting I LOVE JUICY from opening up their new restaurant. After going through all proper channels to obtain permits for construction I LOVE JUICY received Coastal Commission exemption from the City on March 18, 1987. In Oct. 1987 after completing construction pursuant to all city regulations, a complaint was made by A.R. Springer saying that exemption from the Coastal Plan had been improperly issued. Without any prior notice The City then notified I LOVE JUICY about hearing on Nov. 30th on this matter. For the good of the Venice Community please support I LOVE JUICY's plight and hardship to be able to open its door so it's staff can continue to educate and provide natural health and nutrition to all people. Michael G. Mandel, President

The Beachhead welcomes community comment on this issue. Please write us.

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Hope for Homeless... Hope for All

by JOHN HAAG

In an October press conference, reported in the Outlook, Councilwoman Ruth Galanter urged the Venice Area Chamber of Commerce to find jobs for the homeless and urged churches to "adopt" homeless families. She asked Venice landlords to amortize first and last - months rent payments to enable the working homeless to move in.

Then on November 3rd she called for a new ordinance to prohibit overnight camping or even sleeping on the beach. Worse, for the homeless, the ordinance has an urgency clause that allows immediate enforcement when passed, rather than the usual 30-day period of notice. This invites a police sweep as soon as the ordinance has passed, when the victims have not been violating the law previously, because there was no law.

We can't do much to change the national economic conditions that are producing homelessness, but with so many creative and resourceful people in Venice, and so many vigorous organizations, I can easily imagine our community coming up with some solutions that would help the homeless, uplift our community spirit and even serve as a model for other communities.

Some say we have more than "our share" of homeless, as though that were a reason to throw up our hands and do nothing constructive. If we have more than "our share", that just means we have more of a challenge to face, so we'd better get to it.

"Bendiga" continued from Page 1.

spirit he commiserates. We share a genuine alarm at the rising cost of living, voice a mutual lament for the fall of the peso and the decline of the dollar.

"We share a genuine alarm at the rising cost of living, voice a mutual lament for the fall of the peso and the decline of the dollar."

I return the failed quarter to my purse, commence the search for a dollar bill. I find the dollar after a while and extend the paper ceremoniously. He delicately takes the money from my hand like a priest in a pristine Toltec rite. He looks for a moment at the bill as though holding strange foreign currency. Moments pass. You have beautiful eyes, he says. Gracias, I reply, no longer aware of the commercial transaction. Then he utters with emotion: "Que Dios la bendiga" (May God bless you.) Blushing with surprise, I thank him once again and take my leave. I glide toward the door, bearing my refreshment and my gift.

I emerge from the clean well-lighted store. In the winter sunshine, the air feels clear, the light transparent. Now I notice the children playing on Zamora's patio, hear their laughter mingling with mariachi music from a distant radio. The watching mothers in gaily-printed cotton dresses sit and chat nearby. They look at me with open curiosity, as though I were a tourist. In my own city! The place where I belong! I take my time, prepare to resume my journey. I greet them in Spanish. They answer courteously and wave.

I saunter toward City Hall, carrying the Sidral and the blessing like souvenirs from a trip to a far-off land. (Do they return the empties to Tijuana?)

PEACE IN SPACE!



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This action comes at the beginning of winter weather. A tent may be poor protection, but it's better than none, and once those tents come down, they will not go up anywhere else. If there is an urgency, it is to find decent shelter for the homeless, not deprive them of what little they have by police action.

Three Venice residents (one a recent arrival with Justiceville) testified against the urgency clause before the Recreation and Parks Commission. The Commission voted unanimously to advise delaying enforcement until April 1st, which would get us through the winter and allow time for viable alternatives to be developed. We will urge the City Council to show as much compassion as the Commission.

As to how we are to solve the homelessness problem, I refer to Councilwoman Galanter's suggestions cited above. She has called on non-government groups to take the initiative and I think we should take that advice to heart.

No government agency or combination of them is going to solve the problem of homelessness or they would already have done so. With constituent support, government may allow or even at times assist solutions, but the solutions and the vision for solutions must come from outside the government, from us.

Homeless people in Venice are Venice residents. They must be included in any of the plans we make, or we will find ourselves making plans convenient to ourselves but not appropriate for them.

We could identify property that could be used for temporary housing, design the housing, try to get contributions of materials and labor for construction. We could form a non-profit corporation, or several, to undertake these projects and to seek funding from foundations and other private sources as well as from various levels of government. When our plans are fully developed, then we can go to the City for permits, variances and so on.

One of the most vicious impediments to constructive action is the claim that anything that helps the homeless will attract more of them. That has been used at all levels of government as well as in our own community to oppose doing anything at all to help. Even if the claim is valid, we have to go ahead and do what we can. If it turns out that our programs do attract more homeless, they will still serve to decrease the homeless, and also prove their value as examples of what can be done in other places.

Solutions to the homelessness problem must start somewhere. If not here, where? *



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Bits 'n' Pieces

by Geriatric JACK

THE MORE YOU POLLUTE
THE BIGGER YOUR REWARD

The Los Angeles Basin was supposed to meet certain pollution standards this year. Things like reducing ozone levels and carbon monoxide. Obviously we did not even come close. So what does the U.S. Environmental PROTECTION Agency propose? Give us another 20-25 years to get the job done. The bigger the crime, the greater the reward. If the dollar was still worth anything I'd plan a really BIG robbery.

And now down to the sewers. You folks are just going to have to stop going to the toilet so much. You're making the sewers overflow and polluting the beaches and the bay. And what's being done? Various other levels of government levy fines against L.A.-- taking money from one pocket and putting it in another. In the meantime, the sewers don't get built and the health hazards abound.

If the City Council would declare a moratorium on new hookups to its sewer system you'd be amazed at how fast additional sewers and storm drains would be built, and waste treatment facilities would appear overnight.

It worked when the Federal government told cities on the Mississippi that, unless the cities built adequate sewage treatment facilities, they could not drain into the river and that no more sewer hookups would be permitted. IT WORKED!

DEAR SENATOR ROBBINS

Why do you want to ruin our neighborhood with your Admiralty Place development project? Do we really need three more department stores? Do we really need 40-50,000 additional car trips a day and the pollution and congestion they will bring?

Do we really need another barrier to public access to the beach? How about the additional load on an already inadequate sewer system and waste processing facility-- both presently under court order.

I'm sure your constituents in the Valley have needs that demand your attention instead of trying to despoil our area.

\$1.9 TRILLION +
\$1.8 TRILLION =

\$3.7 TRILLION

If I were to pick the single largest factor that has caused our economic troubles, the top figure is it. That's what Reagan-Weinberger (and Congress) have spent on the military since Reagan was elected. The second figure is what is proposed to be spent by 1992.

What did all that money buy? The Pentagon rigged its testing to conceal the fact that some of its high tech weapons systems do not work. Over-priced toilet seats and \$6000 coffee pots are peanuts alongside the failure of the Army's \$1.8 billion program to develop a radar-controlled anti-aircraft gun.

Retired Admirals and Generals who write for "The Center For Defense Information" claim that we can buy a better bang for the buck and spend \$30-40 billion less.

Our sewer systems are overflowing, our waste treatment plants are inadequate, the air pollution is NOT getting any better, AIDS is underfunded, housing is in short supply, the number of homeless is increasing, education has hit the bottom, we have plenty of hungry people, we are neglecting battered children and women, etc., etc., etc.,.

WE'RE PISSING AWAY OUR MONEY ON faulty guidance systems that have as much chance of dropping a nuke on you as on an enemy. All that hardware they bought hasn't made me feel a bit more secure since it's being operated by a lot of people with drug and alcohol problems. Thanks a lot Mr. Weinberger. You sure left us holding the bag. ★

Stocking Stuffers

KWANZA

by Sara Omari

KWANZA is an Afrikan holiday and is an event based on traditional Afrikan harvest celebrations. It is celebrated from December 26th to January 1st.

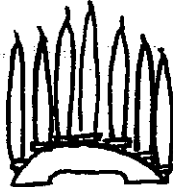
Although I know of many ways to celebrate the winter recess (I am the resident piranha at the local library) and know of the Mexican celebration of the "Posadas" and the "3 reyes magos" and the aguinaldos and something about Chanukah, I found out I knew nothing about my black friends' celebration of KWANZA. Sooo, I tried to get as much info as I could and now would like to share with you.

The KWANZA celebration started about 9 or more years ago. Afrikan-Americans here get together to reinforce beliefs in the unity of the Black people

and to reaffirm the beliefs that elders should be respected (my students - take note and underline above sentence)!

During KWANZA, the celebrants dedicate themselves to the 7 principles (NGUZO SABA) of the Black Value System. NGUZO SABA include:

- UMOJA: Unity in family, community, nation and race
- KUJICHAGULIA: self-determination
- UJIMA: collective work/responsibility
- UJAMAA: co-operative economics
- NIA: return to traditional greatness
- KUUMBA: Creativity to benefit self and nation
- IMANI: faith in self and in the righteousness of victory



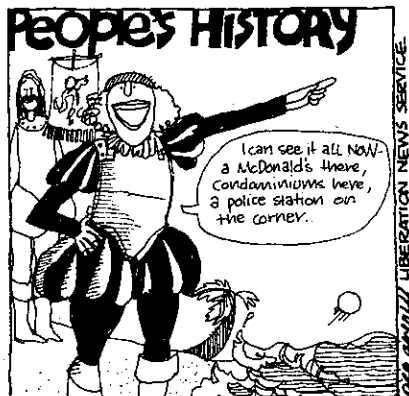
Emphasis is on natural things. Colors are red for the blood shed by the ancestors; black for the skin color and collective beauty and green for fertility.

During KWANZA, the phrase HABARI GANI (What's the news of the day?) is used as a greeting. On the 1st day, the reply is UMOJA (unity) and on subsequent days, the response is KUJICHAGULIA (self determination).

At the end of the festivities, the elder (a grandmother or grandfather) will give blessings and gifts to the relatives who leave to return to their homes.

We are so lucky, here in America. We get to choose our own Winter Recess rite.

May all of you get what you wish for and those of you who wish to share, please call the Venice Pavillion EDD and hire a homeless and pay cash. ★



October 12, 1492: Columbus begins the European conquest of the Americas.

Xmas Past

by Sara Omari



It was 1973; I was 8 years old. I attended St. Monica's and after school, the YMCA bus picked me up. When my mom got off of work, she would come for me and then we would walk home. One evening, just around Christmas time, I was bursting with some news that I just had to share with her. I told her that I wanted to wait until we got home.

I told her that it was a very important piece of news and that I wanted her to sit down and pay special attention to me. I also remember telling her that I did not want her to be sad; "There is no Santa Claus" I said. She sat very still. Who told you?" she asked. "Some of the kids at school. Also, I checked with some of the kids at the 'Y' and found out it is true."

My mom put her head on the kitchen table and cried and cried. I patted her shoulder a little bit. After what seemed a long time, she stopped crying and dried her eyes.

Then I told her how sorry I was to be the one who gave her the bad news. She said it was OK and she was sure she could go on from there. But still, she said, it was a kind of a shock.

Many years passed before I remembered and asked her why she had cried like that. She said, "I cried because it was, welll, it was the beginning of the loss of innocence." ★

Saints of St. Joe

by Sara Omari



His fingers tiptoe through the tulips of sandwich beds as he bags the lunches. He is working rapidly, since the line of the unsheltered is moving at a steady pace. The volunteer (a youth in his mid-twenties) smiles and says good morning and hands the food bag to the hungry one.

The personage who dispenses milk or fruit juice trades badinage with the thirsty; he is a dynamo who plays those cans of juice and bottles of milk as if he were the resident pianist on KKKO. He seems easy-going, but, like all the St. Joseph's Center volunteers, is a pillar of cement. (Look for that cleft chin).

Then there is the blue-eyed twinkler who hands out coffee. He seems to like the color blue; even his tennis are the color blue. This volunteer is extremely low-key. Sometimes I even wonder if he is on the same wave length as the volatile me.

The winsome, good-looking lady with the paper/pen/pencil is the director. Always helpful, she has a myriad of referrals and can recite names and telephone numbers at the drop of an Enola Gay.

There is also the substitute volunteer from South America. Always helpful he is ready to step in if any of the other volunteers are missing.

Lastly, to "Doc" - AAAh, Doc! (as in "open your mouth and say "ah" - although said gem is a retired MD). Cheerfully mean, alternately disciplined, you just know he is a big softy who gets up super early to go and get the food for "the line".

The above describes SOME of the people who donate their time (and sometimes their \$\$) so that the homeless and hungry LINE is staffed.

Mustn't forget Red. Although not strictly a volunteer, Red also serves. It is the resident pit bull and feigns indifference when petted.

Here's hoping some of the nice things you volunteers do for the LINE will come back, to you, many fold. ★

The Year That Was

Coal in my stocking again?

BY DIANE NICKERSON

Well, boys and girls, here we go again! Sittin' here in my old hometown, Venice of California, thinkin' about the shape of things; past, present and yet to come. What a year it's been, both locally and globally. 1987 has given us the fall of Pat Russell and the rise of Ruth Galanter, presumably indicating the decline of out-of-control big-buck development and a return to a more pragmatic, environmentally sound agenda. Well, here's hoping. However, Summa Corp., Oxy Oil, et al have proven to us over and over again, that as powers that be, they are not exactly gentle giants.

Meanwhile, let's take a trip down Lincoln Blvd. away from the Playa Vista site and head west to the sleepy little community of Venice. Oops, wrong! I should have said the once sleepy little community, for lately it has taken on the appearance and feeling of a local battle-ground. And dig this: a war of sorts is raging, and over what? Well, part of it is whether you live indoors or out, with the indoor people all pissed off because those nasty outdoor people are such an inconvenience. I mean with all those transients rummaging through the elite's trash, culling some gourmet garbage for their daily meal (I say meal, singular, because more and more lately that's as good as it gets for many), and living in those plush canvas homes propped up al fresco on the beach, what's the world coming to? No contest, baby. Look around and you'll see that it's not "coming to" anything; it's here and it's spelled HELL, as in war is hell, and we've got both, complete with shootings, destruction and rampant violence. Whatever happened to compassion, kindness and understanding? What about the Golden Rule and the Brother/Sisterhood



of man, woman and child? The self-righteous, landed gentry had better wake up and smell their espresso, for as long as the Heartless vs. the Homeless feel inherently superior to all (as they apparently do), there but for the grace of whoever go they.

We must stop this madness and at least try working together, because short of reworking our national economic problems that resulted in the homeless "problem" in the first place, we are all in for a long haul. I hope that by this time, next year, police sweeps, anti-camping ordinances, etc. will be history, and a loving, higher consciousness will take their place.

Three months ago, September 1, to be exact, an "incident" occurred that introduced us to S. Brian Willson, a man who refers to himself as a "peace warrior"(now how's that for an oxymoron?). He was trying to stop a train he believed was loaded with ordnance bound for the Nicaraguan Contras. He was struck by that train and dragged 25 feet after having sat on the train tracks to protest the Reagan Administration policy

in Nicaragua. Moved by his conscience and faith in the supposedly inherent good-will of mankind, coupled with a commitment to peace, the man sat on the tracks, sacrificed his legs and nearly his life, and became a hero to many! To some it was because of what he did. To many, it was the way he handled what happened to him. The man not only survived, he lives again, reborn, if you will, a stronger, more determined person than ever. I find this a very uneasy coupling, invoking feelings of both sadness and hope. Here's to the power that's within us all.

Well, shucks! So much to say and so little space (attention potential Beachhead advertisers!). I'd wanted to touch on lots of the events that made 1987 what it was but didn't quite make it. That is until now...

How about:

The Presidential race-- what is this?? The Year of the Skeletons?? (Donna Rice, Jackson's true birthdate, Biden's plagiarism, and on and on).

Nancy Reagan's breast surgery. Necessary or no? Hasty decision or good move? For hundreds, probably thousands, of women, answers to such questions can be crucial. This is the time for responsibility.

The ongoing AIDS crises and the need for action and support: Research, clinics, counseling being some of the obvious. Love, compassion and understanding; nurtured, not abandoned (not necessarily so obvious), replacing ignorance, fear and hatred.

Now I really am about out of space, with just enough room left to wish you all well. Peace and love, really. Hang in there. Peace will prevail.★

* tony moffeit *

james dean

you move like a leopard
in the shadows jimmy
the glint in your eyes
the fire of the flint
rain-slickened streets
open for your feet
because the metal and
glass of the race
will wait for a drink
you stalk the alleys
and bars for something
more always something
more and grin as you
disappear into the
delirious dark



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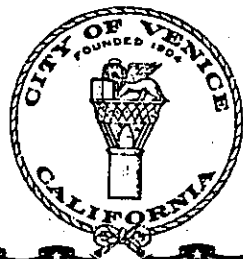


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Venice Town Council

HOLIDAY ELECTION MEETING

Thursday, December 10
Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Blvd.

AGENDA

1. Ten members are standing for seven board of director positions. Real competition! Nominations from the floor accepted. Bios in your Town Council newsletter.
2. COMMITTEE REPORTS
 - Planning & Devlp. (305-7149)
 - Homeless (392-8037)
 - Board of Directors (392-2872)
 - Boardwalk Task Force (396-1585)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

arrest Dr. Patricia Greenfield twice on the same day. Dr. Greenfield had been observing the police action. Patricia was taken into custody twice, not booked, and let go each time. Grobeson asserted Dr. Greenfield (Ph.D.) was "harrassing the homeless." Penny had been distressed and depressed for several days. I noticed Pierre Denerome, owner of Land's End Restaurant, standing in the Skid Rose Ave. parking lot with a smile on his face and a wineglass in his hand. He'd been all over the television and print media blaming the homeless for his lack of business. Two trendy new celebrity restaurants have opened in the same area. They couldn't possibly have had any effect on his business. In past years, several businesspeople have removed - illegally - the OFW benches from in front of their businesses in order to discourage the "undesirable element" that chased away their timorous clientele. That did not discourage the undesirable element from coming to Venice. Subtext: People who can't afford shoddy merchandise at boutique prices. I left Penny in the parking lot. A few days later I heard she'd driven her van and rammed it through the Land's End patio. Pierre claims that \$30,000 worth of damage was done to his restaurant. Comments were made by job-hungry locals that if Pierre would give them \$6,000 they'd re-build his patio, make a 100% profit and let Pierre keep the balance. Either that or those little windowpanes were beveled Waterford crystal. Some Venice locals have renamed Land's End "Pierre's Drive-Through Restaurant." The next morning at 5:30 a.m. I was awakened by a car horn honking and someone yelling. I couldn't understand what was being yelled. I saw a grey car being driven back and forth through the Skid Rose Ave. parking lot. Later people told me it was Pierre driving through, yelling at the vans, telling people to get to work. Later that evening, Pierre complained that there was too much noise emanating from the Dudley Ave. pagoda. Free food is served to people there every night. The police told the people to disperse. Land's

End plays Barbra Streisand and Sinatra records loud enough to hear the lyrics a block away. The villains in all of this are not the homeless or even the homeowners. And don't talk to me of drugs, prostitution, etc. That goes on in houses as well as tents and restaurants. Vigilantism against the housless is favored in letters to The Times and The Outlook. Threats of shooting homeless people and destroying any building that might even temporarily house them have been voiced at meetings. The police have been present at those meetings, and have made no effort to ameliorate the situation. They could say "Hey, if anything like that happens, expect a visit from us." People who provide services have had to leave meetings of "respectable people" - i.e. artpreneurs, architects, contractors, and property owners - under escort because of verbal threats and verbal abuse. Yet it is the homeless that get blamed for violence, and get treated like criminals even though statistics show that they are the recipients of violence rather than the perpetrators. The City and the County are being forced to take up the slack that the Feds used to provide. No low-income or affordable housing has trickled down from the Feds in years. It's estimated that by the year 2000 there will be nineteen million people without permanent housing. I think this is a situation that makes us eligible for disaster funds. Meanwhile, I hope more homeless people show up in this here anarchate of Venice. If the property values keep going down the way people say they are, my mom says she'll buy me a house.★

Community Events

7

The Beachhead welcomes notices of public meetings and entertainment for publication on the Community Events page. To have your event publicized, please mail your press release to us at P.O. Box 504, Venice 90294 by the third Sunday of the month. Late additions can be called in at 823-5092 no later than the following Wednesday.



VENICE BRANCH LIBRARY PROGRAMS

HOLIDAY CONCERT

The "Four Winds" will perform a program of classical and jazz music at the Venice Library on Saturday, December 5 at 1:00 p.m. Four Winds is a group of professional musicians led by Ira Schulman, which features woodwind instruments and saxophone.

The Library is located at 610 California Avenue in Venice. There is no admission charge for this program. The Friends of Venice Library will provide refreshments. For more information, call 821-1769.

Venice Branch Library is located in the sixth Council District of Councilwoman Ruth Galanter.

BEAUTY WORKSHOP

Venice Branch Library, 610 California Avenue will present a Beauty Workshop on Hair Care on December 5, 1987 at 11:00 a.m. The workshop includes a demonstration haircut, style and blow dry by a professional hair stylist. All girls ages 10 - 16 are invited to this free program. For further information, contact the Children's Librarian or Young Adult Librarian at (213) 821-1769.

WRITER'S COFFEE HOUR

Venice Branch Library is hosting a coffee hour for writers on Monday, December 7 at 6:30 p.m. Venice Writers is an informal group which meets to share ideas and information. Join us at the Library at 610 California Avenue in Venice. Bring a piece of your work to share. For more information, call 821-1769.

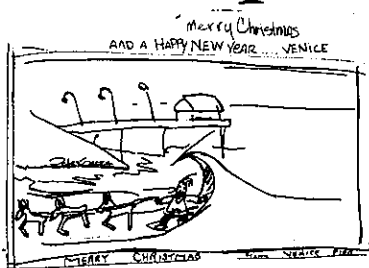
COMMUNITY HOLIDAY PARTY

You're invited to a Community Holiday Party at Venice Branch Library on Monday, December 14 at 6:00 p.m. There will be music, refreshments, and a visit from Santa Claus so bring the whole family.

The Library is at 610 California Avenue in Venice. For more information, call 821-1769.



SMCC Dance Dept. presents:
TRACES by Synapse Dance Theatre
choreographed & Directed by
Linda Gold Dec. 4-13
Ticket info.: (213) 450-5150, ext. 9590



California State University: Exhibit of 49 unique "art books" that is books as works of art; one is made of rye crisp. through Dec. 11 at 400 Golden Shore, Long Beach. Merv Jacka 213 590-5738

Information

Angel's Flight-Crisis Intervention Program
For runaway and homeless youth: 413-2311

JAMES HAHN talks at DEMO CLUB
Wed, Dec. 16, 7:30pm. Los Angeles City Attorney JAMES HAHN will speak at Club's December meeting. Public Welcome. Free. Location unset. Please call 397-9876. President, Dave Weisman, but election for officers next month.

Alcoholism Center for Women:
One day seminars;

The Holiday Survival Kit - Especially designed for adult daughters of alcoholics, incest and battering survivors, women under chronic stress. Pre-registration is necessary December 12 Saturday 10 to 3pm at 1147 S. Alvarado St. in LA.

County sponsored Laws Program to help needy seniors.
A legal team will visit the Culver City Senior Citizens Center, 4153 Overland Ave. Nov. 24th for free legal advice for seniors. Call Jacob Edelman (213) 9390506

Boucher & Associates
Bright Center for Progressive Therapies
Reichian Therapy group for Men and Women now forming.
Ongoing support group for Women every Monday night.
Info: Bond Wright (213) 393-2779

Santa Monica Democratic Club:
Dec. 1st. 7:30pm "Local and Long Distance Telephone Rate Regulation" hearing by Senate Committee on Public Utilities at Santa Monica City Hall
Dec. 17. Annual Holiday Party 829-9829

Amnesty International
Memorial service for missing Chilean citizens: Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill Santa Monica; 2:30 to 4:00, Sun. Nov. 29
Jim Timmerman (818) 577-1029, Lillian Wintroub (213) 472-8136 Stan Lieberman (213) 654-4289 Lyndon Stambler (213) 829 7317

Venice Skills Center: Word Processing Class. Counseling Center open from 8 to 1 on weekdays and 8 to 1 on Sat. Ask for Mrs. Mullen or Ms. Prijatelj 213 392 3973 611 Fifth Ave. Venice

California Chamber of Commerce: Workshop for Small Businesses on Complying with Toxic Laws; Dec. 10th Hyatt Hotel City of Commerce \$75 800 331 8877

ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN: The Holiday Survival Kit: a one-day workshop on Saturday, Dec. 12 from 10:00-3:00 at 1147 South Alvarado St., L.A. Especially designed for adult daughters of alcoholics, incest victims and battering survivors, women under chronic stress \$15.00 pre-registration is needed.

***** STOP NUCLEAR TESTING *****
Sunday, December 13, 1987, at the Nevada Test Site (Nye County, Nevada) ----- contact your local SANE/FREEZE chapter for possible bus transportation or car pools.

Comedy Store: Thanksgiving Celebration
Sun. Nov. 29 8433 Sunset Blvd. \$15
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