

'ESTABLISHED FACTS'

by Rick Davidson

Remember a few years ago when strange, wild, colorful and unique tents dotted North Beach? Small tents scattered around two large army-green tents; tents small and large filled with urban nomads of the 20th century, where home was an empty spot without harassment—a spot where police or neighbors wouldn't arrest or hassle. Those tents and their occupants survived on the beach for a while because when responsibility for beach maintenance transferred from L.A. County back to L.A. City someone forgot to write a city ordinance (law) prohibiting people from sleeping on the beach. So LA's nomads had a few weeks grace before our new councilwoman, Ruth Galanter, drafted and had approved an anti-people ordinance against sleeping on the Venice Beach. I say anti-people because she didn't draft a companion ordinance providing shelter or even a place (like on some city-owned nearby land) for the new nomads to move to.

With the new ordinance, the nomads were forced to "fold their tents" and disappear into the urban shadows from whence they came. For almost everyone, from the radicals in the community organization, Venice Neighbor to Neighbor, to the Venice Town Council, once out of sight the problem no longer existed.

Some activists, abstracting the statistics of bureaucratic reality, identified the problem as the lack of "affordable" housing. Starting in the early 1980's, the Reagan administration cut 80% of the federal funds for "affordable" housing; redevelopment of the "skidrows" of downtown areas removed thousands of low-income rental units; in California, required earthquake repairs causing evictions from, and destruction of "unsafe" affordable housing stock...without replacement plans. Armed with these facts, community activists went to work creating not-for-profit housing corporations to design and build the much needed "affordable" housing.

Other community activists moved on, or back to, fighting irresponsible and uncontrolled developers.

As a member of the former group and as an architect involved in creating schematics for "affordable" housing projects on city owned property in Venice for the Venice Community Housing Corporation, I feel the need to state that the problem is not an architectural or planning problem; any architect, designer or 4th year architectural student could design housing for these citizens in need of shelter. No, it's a political problem. Unfortunately, our society, symbolized by our elected officials,

Continued to Pg 3

December 1989 #239 P.O. Box 504 Venice CA. 90294

Next Meeting December 3rd at 442 Lincoln Blvd. at 11 AM.

Inside:

Bad Bob Dylan Entries
Letters
Book Review



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Potpourri*

By Diane Nickerson

Someone once said you have to have faith in free will, but to have free will you have to have faith. I feel free will equals control, but that's another story...

Or as Spaulding Gray asked, "haven't you ever had a meaningful hallucination??"

★

BERLIN

East Berliners, be careful what you wish for, you just might get it. Life in the USA looks like so much fun. Beware. That's what they want you to think. After all, it's easier to control you when you're on the fun-mode. East Berliners who'd never been over the wall are realizing the West is not such a fun place without any MONEY. Remember, freedom is the operative word, and it's a heady aphrodisiac.

CALIFORNIA

Meanwhile, while walls go down in Germany, police (guarded Gates) walls go up in Southern California neighborhoods, ostensibly to "protect" our residents and keep out dope dealers. Remember, however, the people that live in the underprivileged guarded communities are precisely the ones the wealthy are afraid of. Reminds me of "pass-books" for Blacks in South Africa. Check-point Charlie, anyone?

SPEED

Do you know that the same government experts that recommend Vivarin are the same guys that are

Service With A Smile Mar Vista Market

by Sara Omari

Party Animals at the MAR VISTA MARKET. Got your attention, didn't it? Well, it's true. The ARE party animals, AFTER WORK!!!

I shop there because their food is, I think, fresher. And because I get courteous service!

Last Sunday night, I went to the Mar Vista Market about 9:00 to get milk for the morning's coffee. Lo!, I met the nicest and most educated customer at the check-out stand. We talked for about an hour or until we were told to leave, because the store was now closing. My newly-found interest and I adjourned to the door.

Then, we were told to go outside since the store was now "closed" and so we "walked" a few more feet and soon found ourselves "outside" the store door. There, we continued our talk (mostly re: Germany pre-WW2). The nice person, until his illness, was (so he said) Professor of Scandinavian Languages at a local school.

How was I to know that due to an illness the Prof couldn't walk any too well. After all our standing around, he could not move his legs.

He struggled to walk, but only moved a few feet.

By then, the employees of the Mar Vista Market were preparing to leave; they had their cars revved and ready to go. One of them came over and asked if they could help. While I thought it was a grand idea, I was somewhat leery. Mar Vista Market employees are so very young. I find it unusual for a young person to be so helpful. I have found the young, many times, to be indifferent.

Well, 2 of the Mar Vista Market party animals helped the prof into their car. I also got an invite, which I accepted. We then drove to the prof's apartment, on Venice Boulevard. It took several minutes to help the prof from the car. The 2 P.A. helped the prof up the few steps and to the front door of his apartment building.

Did I mention that the P.A. drove the car up on the sidewalk in order to get closer to the door? Then they dropped me off at my door.

I wanted to ballyhoo this because there are not that many helping people around. True, we were customers. But, somehow, I think that these Fiesta Beasts, named ENRIQUE and JEFF would have helped... They are that kind of nice.

You are a credit to the community, guys!

7.3 Million Pimps* and pimpette



I won't claim I work at LA's Int'l airport. So I won't claim I truly understand the news. But it APPEARS corruption, selling-out and the putrid stench of the Reagan-aka-Bradley ~~reversion~~ strikes again

Venice/LA's metropolitan airfields to the south have again been pitted with front page headlines tracking high-flight dollars. (As with cocaine shippers and/or non-documented 'travelers', LA Times reporter—researchers have attempted spotlighting public monies that land in strange and faraway places.)

More specifically: "A Los Angeles Airport Dept. program to help minorities and women develop business skills has instead helped a small group with political connections reap \$7.3 million in profits for little or no work, according to a city report Friday." This was the opening paragraph to a "LA Times" Saturday Nov. 18, 1989 story.

18 persons, mostly described as doing nothing at LAX took in 7.3 million since '86 for supposedly assisting 2 airport companies develop "minority and female business skills". What they DO do is get to know Tom Bradley, get to know LA city councilpersons, or in the case of Betty Dixon...get to know her husband, U.S. congressman Julian Dixon.

Now it would appear that if one actually WORKED at any of these facilities, (and no matter the race or gender one didn't choose at birth), chances of participating in such "management training opportunities" dropped significantly. Living in Wash. D.C., already being on the Mayor of LA's payroll, or as previously reported "marrying the proper official AND living in Wash. D.C." qualified first for slices to millions.

According to the 'Times', the "push" for greater minority participation came from "THE CITY" (of Los Angeles). The money "pushed" comes ostensibly through profit receipts registered by Duty Free Shops and Host International (a subsidiary of the Marriott Hotel Corp.). These companies contracted with "city authorities" who then technically oversee commercial food & beverage, gift-shop and tenant leases on the lucrative LAX and Ontario airport (city) properties.

However, the pockets and purses "pushed into" (with cash, stock options or whatever) appear as dispersed as the airplanes flying in and out of both fields. The most eye-catching recipient (again according to an LA Times article dated June 14, 1989) is Betty Dixon...wife of Julian Dixon, congressman from Venice's next-door-district. For a nominal \$15,000 "investment", Mrs. Dixon was reported receiving about half a million dollars while operating out of Wash. D.C.

Other airport winners included John Mack, described as a "longtime Bradley supporter" and president of the LA Urban League, H.H. Brookins who "helped launch Bradley's career" and is an African Methodist Episcopal Bishop, Evelyn Martinez-Zapata, described as a former Bradley aide and a Gloria Molina (city councilwoman) fundraiser, the Comacho brothers Andy and Ernest, with liaisons to Richard Alatorre (city councilman and former state representative), Ernest Gales Jr., Treva Metoyer and Louis Valenzuela (another Molina fundraiser).

Dixon and Brookins have been residing in Wash. D.C. while 3 of Dixon's principal partners contracted to Duty Free Shops base themselves in Atlanta (all according to LA Times research). None qualify as "socially or economically disadvantaged".

Yet has it been noticed lately as to just WHO DOES? do the work around these airline-retail-services? Latina, black, asian and other women, women, women. And latino men. With the emphasis on Mexico. The Hotel and Restaurant Employees International Union legally representing Host's nearly 1,000 employees just negotiated a 4 year contract with raises near 4% per year. Most workers' pay ranges from \$4.25 to \$7 per hour.

The cost to "Host" for paying this workforce the 4% (approximately 2 million over 4 years) adds to considerably less than the 7.3 million tossed these 18 "city friends" (over a 3 year period). The union members' negotiators appear to have been in the wrong part of the restaurants. While Mayor Tom was seen dining in the upper stratosphere of Host's caterpillar-like THEME ROOM, (situated high in the center of LAX), Victor Valenzuela and Patti Merritt, the union's president and secretary-treasurer must have been eating too much of the company's cafeteria food located downstairs and underneath for employees.

The suddenly-rich 18 promoters have to thank such forgiving (Christian?) leadership for the juicy, upstairs plate. For downstairs, union bargainers had been informed months earlier of these "managerial giveaways". Prior to their own settled labor contract. If dollars slipped downstairs, below union officials' tables, they fell quietly. No lawsuits on behalf of the union's members have been reported filed challenging the criminally-akin activity.

!!!NEWS FLASH!!! TO H.R.E.I.U. NEGOTIATORS:

The individuals whom you need to confront don't eat in the basement.

Alas, the more LA politics don't change, the more the smell remains the same. Michael Woo...who wrist-slapped James Hahn for failing to discover any criminal violations pertinent to Mr. Bradley's banking activities...heads the committee to investigate these airport shenanigans.

Ruth Galanter, a member of this same committee has been reported downplaying further investigation. Gloria Molina, subject of a portion of the investigation herself, likewise sits on Woo's committee. Chances of these high-rollers flattening their own wheels appear meager. City council hearings were scheduled to continue however in December.

Insofar as 7.3 million went to "minorities and females" who then turned obediently to follow the old anglo management strategy of "take the money and run", the strategy has been a profitable success for 18 people. That these same Host and Duty Free Shops Elite have thereby distanced themselves economically and physically, further from a subordinate and substandardly-paid workforce is even more clear. Effective passageways for an improved economic livelihood, for the large majority of involved men and women on the job have thus closed. Whether or not anyone plans on doing anything about that remains an

R.E. Scriver

*rotten pot

2 Letters... Housing Hurdles

Free Venice Beachhead December 89

Venice Renaissance ?

Twenty-five minutes after I mailed five certified letters off to bid for probably precedental LA County expedited relocation allowances for homeless person, (because counties can't now be recipients under the new Federal Homeless Assistance Act) an interesting Act of God created a new option! Now I can relocate to either Venice, of LA City, or to any one of the seven California counties federally declared as disaster areas, and thence proceed to finally get onto making the #1 prototype of my Emergency Sheltering System design!!

Well in advance of creation of said new Federal Act, I asked Governor Deukmijian to declare Los Angeles county a disaster area, as to pervasive homelessness. He didn't, and consequently E.S.S. units otherwise deployable to Puerto Rico and Charleston, South Carolina, and San Francisco don't exist! (My E.S.S. design is for both disaster victims and the homeless).

Noting Congress voted 1.1 billion to the F.E.M.A. for So. Carolina, and would have voted more but for budgetary constraints, my query is whether or not another 1.1 billion will be appropriated to meet needs of California? Such is improbable. The situation parallels the claims against the Congressionally created insurance fund in the wake of Three Mile Island, exceeding the fund...

Given these realities, I should perhaps seriously consider relocating to So. Carolina, hmmm...??

Your responses, or lack of responses, to this letter, will be the determining factor as to whether I stay to benefit Californians or depart. Favorable response includes publishing this letter, if you will be so kind.

Sincerely,
Jon Hildale

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WHOOOPS! The date of the Ruth Galanter quote opposing "more trendy boutiques and offices" in Venice cited in last month's "Builder's Emporium" was wrong--it was May 26th 1988 not 1989. Apparently, subversive forces were at work in my typewriter.

Meanwhile, I disagree with Carol Berman's contention that the monstrosity known as the Venice Renaissance (the block-long 56 foot tall 4-story at Rose and Main St.) is a benefit to the community, one that Pat Russell could have let be just as big with none of the Senior citizen units now included. Moreover, the LA Times blatantly lied about the Renaissance in the November 19th Real estate section. They said that to get an exemption to Proposition U in 1987, developer Harlan Lee agreed to convert some artist-in-residence units into the Sr. Units. Bullshit! The whole project was negotiated under Pat Russell's rules, which Galanter changed not one bit. The Sr. units were part of the deal Russell approved. What the Times says is utter fabrication. Besides, Prop. U was approved by over 70% of the voters in Venice, as in the rest of L.A.--Galanter could have cut the size of the Renaissance, listening to the voters, but instead chose to give the project an upsoning. What worries me is that Galanter may allow "Renaissance's" to be built throughout Venice--completing the Marina-ization of Venice.

Rex Frankel

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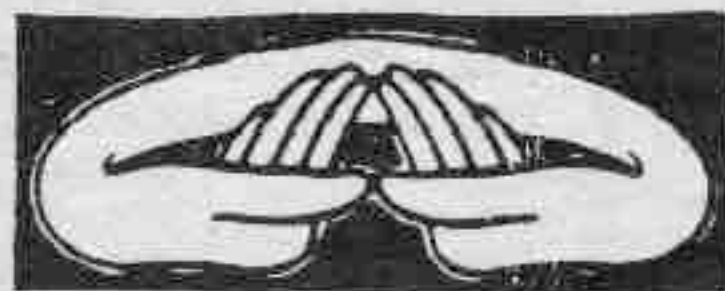
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3 2-5 PM FLAVIA Brazilian jazz 8:00 PM JOHN EZMIRLIAN	4 closed	5 SCENES FROM THE	6 singer/ songwriter ALFRED JOHNSON	7 KRISTINA OLSON & THE LOOSE STRINGS BAND	8 pianist/ composer MILCHO LEVIEV & RAY PIZZI	9 ALAN BROADBENT TRIO
10 2-5 PM Brazilian jazz singer THAMIA SANCHEZ 8:00 PM POETRY READING	11 closed	12 VENICE BOARDWALK hosted by:	13 jazz singer CHAR WELLS	14 MORE LOVE NOW New Age vocals	15 bassist CHARLIE HADEN	16 JIMMY ROWLES
17 TAQUINHO Brazilian jazz 8:00 PM RICHARD KASTLE	18 closed	19 harpist SHERRY at 9:00	20 singer/ songwriter JOHN WESTER	21 KRISTINA OLSON JOYCE WOODSON TERESA TUDURY	22 "ALIVE IN VENICE" MILCHO LEVIEV DANARA (of Arco Iris)	23 HUAYUCALTLA Latin music
24/31 closed	25 HAPPY HOLIDAYS	26 and songwriter PETER DEMIAN at 10:00	27 RAY PIZZI'S WOODWIND SYNDICATE	28 CLAY JENKINS TRIO	29 pianist MILCHO LEVIEV KAREN BRIGGS -jazz violin-	30 END OF THE YEAR PARTY ELZA SOARES ANTONIO ADOLFO

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...BAD BOB.....

Here are some outstanding entries in our Bad Bob Dylan Contest, but we know you could do worse. Send your submissions to P.O. Box 504, Venice, CA 90294. So plug up your sinuses and sing along!

Ohh, They - CHOPPED Down the JASMINE!
And, They PLANTED 'sawed-off' POLES!
They - CHOPPED Down the Sweetest Smelling Shade
That Heaven knows...

They - DRIVE ACROSS THE BOARD WALK
They call it: "Valet Parking"
They say that: "Money Talks"
Hey! LAND'S END'S MONEY'S BARKING!
(Heaven Help Us, Venice - Heaven Help Yourself!)

Ohh, They "barrel down" The Board Walk,
Anytime - Of Day or Night!
"The King of Beers", The Dairy That Cares?"
L.A. LAW - In Black and White!

They post: VEHICLES PROHIBITED
A Law - No One Enforces!
They say: NO DOGS ALLOWED
(Only Pigs? and Horses?)
(Heaven Help Us, Venice - Heaven Help Yourself!)

Help! Save 'THE CIRCLE', from the "circle jerks" in town!
Help Save 'THE CIRCLE' - Keep it Simple, Keep it Round!
Stand next to THEE STATUE! Circle slowly, Head held high!
Feel - 'The Spirit, that is Venice' - While you still can see the sky!

Ohh, They Build Those Mighty Condos,
On Those Tiny Cottage Lots!
They make more walls, of money,
Between - The "haves" and the "have nots"!

They wake the Sleeping Homeless -
NO MORE SLEEPING - Day or Night!
They "make beds" for new flowers.
They paint the palm trees white!
(Heaven Help Us, Venice - Heaven Help Yourself!)

Ohh, They padlock The Pavillion,
And They CLOSED The Venice Pier!
They keep - Giving "drunks" those tickets,
As THEE LANDMARKS disappear!

They "folded" (down) THEE CARD ROOM,
While the Restrooms 'Go To Pot'!
Now, Thee Oil Wells stand empty,
As THE GRANDE PAGODAS ROT..
(Heaven Help Us, Venice - Venice Help Yourself!)

Help! Save "The Pagodas" - Sweet Green Temples by the Sea!
Save "Our Pagodas" - a Home away - For You? and Me?
Blessed Shade and Shelter: Sharing Soup and Breaking Bread
Save the past, that can be saved, Before ALL Color's Dead...

Ohh, Help! Save The People, Save The Pier, and Save The Walk!
Save The Small Green Shelters, Where God's Creatures come to talk..
Where, The Weary Traveller, finds a "way" away from home..
Where, The Venice Spirits, Free and Restless come to roam..
(Heaven Help Us, Venice - Venice Help Your Own!)

-Tina Corcoran

Established Facts **Continued from Page One**

including our liberal and progressive ones, isn't concerned about those citizens who are too poor, too sick, too far-out to have a form of shelter to call home. These people who have been pushed through society's cracks of concern are not faring too well from any of us. To those of us who are still aware that the problem didn't fade away with the vanishing tents, it's time to return to the political arena leaving the bureaucratic game-playing to those who believe in the political rhetoric that makes up campaign speeches and committee reports on the problems of "homelessness".

With so many movements around the world for peace, justice and democracy, I am left with the question: why is it that people from South Africa, El Salvador, Eastern Europe can rise up against their leaders with so much more strength than we in the US of A? Has our anger been so socialized that it's now acceptable at the cocktail hour?

I will be told after printing this article that "It's not the 60's anymore, Rick. You are living in the past. This is 1989." I am never sure what that means. The issues haven't changed; taken a different form perhaps, but they're still with us. So what's different? The War in Vietnam? We're still fighting that country, and with its withdrawal from Kampuchea, we're in the process of supporting the return of Pol Pot to history; our Contras are still in business in Central America as we support the right wing death squads throughout the region. Poverty is growing everywhere with "homelessness" but its most recent symbol.

1960s vs the 1980s--where's the difference? The major difference is in our style of descent. We've matured, we're straight, orderly respectable, sane...sane? I don't think so; we're coopted. We need to re-coup. Hopefully not the end, but a beginning!

Ain't Workin' on Georgie's Farm
No More

By Kelly Ball

I saw a place the priests had made
Who held a fiery cross that some obeyed.
For those that stopped and stood
and stared
Were captured by its molten glare,
And turned to porcelain figurines
so small
And placed upon a shelf up on the wall.

I saw a priest, the three crowned one
Shake hands with a visiting king.
He said "Oh king, what did you bring?
Come now tell me talk."
"Oh priest!" replied the king at once.
"I bring you calumny,
And the death of little ones, members of
your flock.
For in the wake of my ascension
to the Holy Roman Crown
It has come to my attention
That others near me often drown."
And produced a photo on the spot
With fond memories (I'm sure) of Lot,
Of the babies' coffins neatly lined
To show the priest where he'd
last dined.

For the Willie Hortons
that he'd released
Certain warlords were appeased.
Though many many were deceased
And the nation was diseased.
"Oh that's alright, don't think twice,
You seem so really very nice,"
replied the shepherd priest.

And though it seemed a contradiction
That he gave no interdiction
That ways of thugs and drugs and guns
Weren't good for anyone
and were often slippery.

Gave instead this benediction:
"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
We all know that death's a must
Besides what can little brown ones
offer us?"

We'll call them martyrs to a
holy cause.
And quickly sprinkled water holy blessed
It had always worked before:
For this conspiracy of whores,
And staked their wooden future
on the bet.

That realtors and the people were
sleeping yet
And those that noticed would soon forget
The murder of these children.

No I ain't workin' on Georgie's Farm
no more.
Not one bead of sweat
for these whores of war.

Book Review
Boogie

Best American Short Stories 1989
Ed. Margaret Atwood and Shannon Ravenel
Houghton Mifflin, Publishers
by Judith L. Martin

Someone in the Great Publishing House in the sky must have read my last book review, because not ten days later, I had in my hands a copy of "The Best American Short Stories of 1989", this edition edited by Margaret Atwood, one of my heros. Anyone who has read Surfacing or Lady Oracle or A Handmaiden's Tale can understand my delight. One of the gems of the volume is her introduction, and as any seasoned reader can attest, the only thing harder to breathe life into than an introduction is Frankenstein's Monster. Atwood does a beautiful job.

This volume is even more enjoyable than last year's edition, although I had a pang over the absence of Raymond Carver, one of the best short story writers ever to hold a pen. He left us last year, but he left us some real powerful tales, and they will still be with us for a long time.

My favorite stories start with the first one, "Tenstad's Mother". It is a charming story, a series of scenes about an academic Christian bachelor whose vivacious communist mother comes to sit in on his classes. All the way to the end of the book, one terrific tale after another, closing with "The Letter Writer" by M.T. Charif. Charif spins a ridiculously plausible yarn about the far-flung effect of the Iranian Revolution on the country folk, and the strange ways that prophecies can be fulfilled.

In fact, the only story in the whole collection that I didn't like was "The Concert Party" by Mavis Gallant. I found it to be unpleasantly like the event it was supposedly satirizing, a long dull concert party, where no matter what you say, you have just said the wrong thing. In the category of Most Enjoyable: "The Black Hand Girl" by Blanche McCrary Boyd about a very

Venice Town Council



TOWN COUNCIL MEETING
7:30 PM, Thursday December 14
Beyond Baroque Center
(AKA Old Venice City Hall)
681 N. Venice Blvd.

Agenda

1. Commercial Moratorium
2. Cityhood

COMMITTEE REPORTS

- Moratorium
- Planning & Development--

At the the November meeting of the Town Council, Larry Sullivan was elected President for a 1-year term and Marty Novell was elected Executive Vice-President.

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Community Events

CHANNUKKAH-CHRISTMAS SERVICE at the 1st Unitarian Church of LA--starts at 7 PM on Sunday December 24th with Carols, Choirs and Candles. 2936 W. 8th Street--L.A.--call 389-1356 fomoinfo.

Christmas Sale at the Clare Foundation Wednesday December 6th from 10 AM to 1 PM, 909 Pico Blvd. 2nd floor, in Santa Monica.--Mugs, keychains, jewelry, T-shirts, specialty items, CLARE appointment books, 1990 Entertainment books, Greeting Cards and more.

SIERRA CLUB MEETS
Monday, December 18th at 7 PM in the Community Bldg. at Chace Park at the end of Mindanao Way in Marina del Rey. Holiday Potluck--BYO? CALL 398-6350 for info.

oddly talented college girl, "Aunt Moon's Young Man" by Linda Hogan which focuses life on a reservation with respect for the old religion, and "Meneseteung" by Alice Munro, possibly one of the most perfect and subtle stories of this decade, a simple commentary on a woman's life.

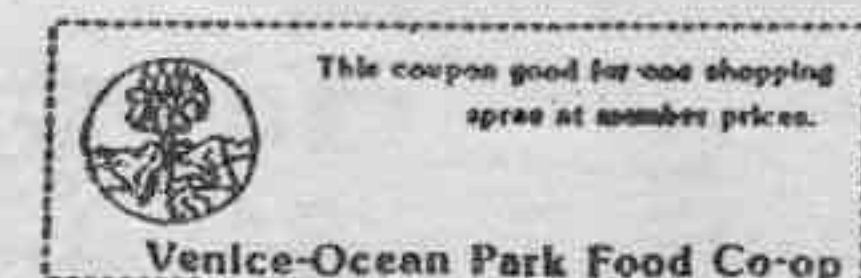
My top pick of the set is a tie; "Why I Decide To Kill Myself And Other Jokes" by Douglas Glover is an intimate and ironic confession, and one of the best male-writing-in-female-persona that I've read in a long time. But "The Flowers of Boredom" by Rick DeMarinis is remarkable for taking one of the most mundane and unlitary situations on the planet, working in a defense plant, and showing the real inner workings of the machine - Human Nature.

If you have not read 'Short Stories '88', you are getting behind on your fun-reading. But put '89 on your list of must-haves. It is one collection you'll be enjoying into the next century.

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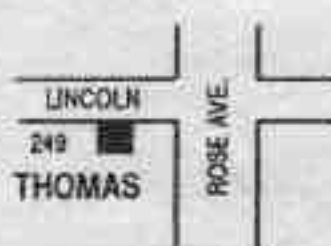
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Thomas' HAMBURGERS

DOUBLE DOUBLE	2.15	CHILI	
CHEESEBURGER	1.40	DOUBLE CHEESE	2.45
HAMBURGER	1.20	CHILI	
FRIES	.80	CHEESEBURGER	1.90
HOT DOG	1.50	CHILI BURGER	1.60
CHICKEN SAND.	2.25	CHILI DOG	1.60
FISH SAND.	2.15	CHILI FRIES	1.60
TAQUITOS	1.20		

Thomas' SPECIAL ★

DOUBLE DOUBLE
DOUBLE MEAT

DOUBLE CHEESE

LARGE FRIES
AND MED. DRINK

2.96

108 Washington Street, Marina del Rey
249 Lincoln Blvd. at Rose Ave., Venice