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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

FREE!

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

VAC/VTC on Homeless

BY CAROL FONDILLER

The scene could have been a set in any bi-coastal, liberal director's concept of a small southern town — you know the sort of flick I'm thinking of — the mythic coke machine, the mythic fly frantically buzzing stuck on the mythic fly-paper, the mythic fat, corrupt sheriff, the mythic judge who has inherited his position because he's a Beauregard Davis descended from you-know-who in THE WAR, but mostly the scene is the heat. The sweat. The absence of the breeze that usually came from the Savannah or the Gulf.

Usually the ingenue, who all unknowingly arouses the local youth as she sucks on her Coke bottle and fans away the sweat that sluices down between her pert young breasts, speaks in what I can only call Broadway/Geraldine Page/Tennessee Williams/Actors' Studio Southern accents that have never been heard west of 42nd Street (or east of Rodeo Drive).

Of course, because the movie is usually an over-blown adaptation of a Carson McCullers short story, or a Faulkner novel pared down to the essentials, sex'n'sweat'n'lynching, with murky digressions into miscegenation and incest, it's as authentic a depiction of the South as "Beach Blanket Bingo" is of Southern California.

But, in the case of the August meeting of the Venice Town Council, the atmosphere hung as dank and heavy with hate and bigotry as well as humidity, as Spanish moss in a Stanley Kramer flick. One hundred and fifty people crammed and jammed into the small, black-painted room of the Old Venice City Hall. At least as many people were near the open windows and in the foyer to hear what the VTC Homeless Task Force was going to recommend. The homeless on Venice Beach had been turned into a six-day wonder by television and the newspapers as they recorded the reactions of one resident who was horrified at the influx of the homeless. The media treated the story in a biased and superficial manner, shuddering along with her. Meanwhile, the same media treated the story of a woman who was forced to move from her house because she had 11 children in a two-bedroom house, and trailers in the backyard for her extended family, with teary, Tiny Tim mawkishness.

The crux of the meeting was the proposal of use of the Pavilion for shelter and/or social service outreach programs to deal with the problems of homelessness.

Signs blossomed like strange fruit on a magnolia tree: "No Skid Row in Venice!", "No Homeless in the Pavilion!" etc. My friends and I felt outflanked. We hastily wrote signs, "Homelessness is not a crime!" "Affordable Housing!" etc.

People yelled about crime, pollution, and how the tents are obstructing their view of the ocean. They didn't like the fact that the homeless had an unobstructed view of the ocean. They worked hard to buy their houses, and they wanted a nice place to live.

"Move 'em out," seemed to be the sentiment of the day. There were several people who were homeless who were on several committees. They must have been having as much fun as a Jew at a Nazi Bund meeting, or a Black at a Klan meeting.

It occurred to me that there were two main points of view at this meeting — those that viewed The Homeless as the problem, and those that viewed homelessness as the problem. I belong in the latter category.

'VAC/VTC' continued on page 9

Luis Valdez--an interview

"El Hombre" behind "La Bamba"

by PATRICK MCCARTNEY

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA--This little town of 1,500, nestled in the verdant foothills of the Gabilan Mountains has been off the beaten path ever since Highway 101 bypassed it in favor of other Salinas Valley towns like Gilroy and Morgan Hill. The economy squeaks by on a trickle of tourists who visit the mission of San Juan Bautista--the largest of the California missions along El Camino Real--and on the earnings of local farms.

Since 1971, the town has been home to a former migrant worker, a man who has been a driving force in Chicano theatre and is screenwriter and director of this year's hit "La Bamba." Luis Valdez and his Teatro Campesino--Peasant Theater--have created an industry in San Juan Bautista where wages are determined not by the United Farm Workers but by Actors Equity.



"La Bamba" continues the rich vein of ethnic art that Valdez has specialized in, from his earliest work when he staged plays by migrant workers in the fields during the Delano grape strike of 1965 to his recent plays "Corridos" and "I Don't Have To Show You No Stinking Badges." Along the way, Valdez has served on the California Arts Commission, earned an Obie award, and toured Europe repeatedly.

Patrick McCartney spent three spring days in San Juan Bautista visiting Valdez. Teatro Campesino was between productions, and Valdez and a small staff worked to keep alive the numerous projects of America's foremost Latino theater company.

by PATRICK MCCARTNEY

It's a good thing that it was a balmy summer evening when the Venice Town Council met last month to listen to the findings of a Homeless Task Force. For when I arrived--on time--every seat in the old City Hall was taken, additional scores of Venetians jammed the foyer, and others stood five-to-ten deep completely around the building to listen to the proposals the Task Force had hammered out.

An atmosphere of crisis had developed over the increased presence of the homeless in Venice. Residents near Rose Avenue had petitioned to demand more law enforcement and a solution to the tent city growing on the beach surrounding a feeding program conducted daily in the Rose Avenue parking lot.

At a forum sponsored by the Town Council the previous month, emotions ran raw as the experts and politicians outlined the problem while offering little to mollify the angry residents. A Task Force was formed to study and report back in a month. Two mental health professionals--Mary Ann Hutchison and Barbara Palivos--served as co-chairs of the Task Force, which met weekly as a group and more often in committees.

"The first quality one notices of Luis Valdez," McCartney reports, "is his deep, theatrical voice, and then his writer's tendency to speak in polished sentences. The Valdez family has followed Luis to San Juan Bautista. His relatives serve on the local school board, and he cannot walk about town without running into admiring nieces and nephews. Valdez and Teatro Campesino have left the migrant life and have settled."

THE TEATRO STARTED AS A POLITICAL MOVEMENT, STAGING "ACTOS" IN THE FIELDS WITH THE GRAPE STRIKERS. HAVE YOU BECOME LESS POLITICAL WITH TIME?

My interests have not changed. My interests are still political and cultural, and it's very difficult to try to capture it all in just one work. But culture is political. The survival of the Mexican culture in the Southwest has

"You can't work in the fields as I did without becoming aware of the possibility of injustice."

always been a political event whether you are talking about tacos or music or dances. We don't spout as much rhetoric as we used to--but who does? I hope we have gotten more subtle.

AFTER GRADUATING FROM SAN JOSE STATE, YOU WORKED FIRST FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE, AND THEN JOINED CESAR CHAVEZ IN THE FIELDS DURING HIS ORGANIZATION OF THE UNITED FARM WORKERS. WHY?

'El Hombre' continued on page 8

Task Force Offers Homeless Solutions

At the start especially there was conflict between the different interests who participated in the Task Force--irate residents who'd managed to create the emergency atmosphere, the homeless themselves, and others who were either sympathetic or hostile to any aid for the Venice homeless.

Hard feelings spilled over. One committee leader received threats and was harassed. "Bullies are harming the cause of the homeless," the committee chair told the Task Force as she resigned. The second week's meeting was the roughest, with several individuals venting anger in different directions, like the factions in the Lite beer commercials who shout out "Tastes great!" or "Less filling!"

Tempers cooled by the third work, although disagreements continued. Research by the dozen committees was compiled. The outline of the problem, its depth, and the inadequacy of existing services were easily documented and discussed. Members of the Task Force who were themselves homeless surveyed the several hundred others on the beach and found that some were drunks, most were jobless, many were well-educated and trained, some blamed others and some blamed themselves.

'Homeless' continued on page 10

Education

Sovereign Down

Your sad news entitled, "Righteous indignation" Aug. 87 regarding new owners permitting Cadillac Hotel to deteriorate is outrageous. We have all read some times as many as over 100 violations of health and building citations on some property owners building. Why is not something done about these owners immediately by city and county officials?

Your readers may think that Santa Monica tenants are somewhat protected because of the Rent Control law voted in by the citizens. However, the same deplorable conditions exist in some buildings there also.

In reading the tragic plight of all tenants and, of course, especially the Senior Citizens in Venice, I believe you will find it important to know that this seems to be the trend--a general plan.

I recently spent a few days at the Sovereign Apartment and Hotel at 205 Wash. Ave. in Santa Monica and discovered that all tourists are being charged exorbitant and illegal rent fees for rooms purchased by new owners about three years ago. The S.M. Rent Control designated 3 units which could legally be rented on a daily and weekly basis until half of the 86 units were vacated of long time tenants. The following then occurred so that they could become a hotel:

1. Some units telephone service cutoffs
2. Over 2 years without heat
3. No hot water many times
4. Some exposed hall lighting wires. Some wires painted over.
5. Unsafe balconies on outside where tourists children have been seen playing on and glancing over. Dark tap water which is made into coffee service each morning to unsuspecting
6. tourists. Part of once lovely lobby changed into breakfast nook for tourists where orange juice, coffee, and rolls are sold to them for another \$2.50 (with or without roaches.)
7. Stinky trash pails on each of 5 floors which are usually overflowing from empty bottles and food leftover from tourists.
8. Another new manager who, although gracious to the tourists assumes the role of Warden to the tenants they are attempting to

"pitch fork" out. He, I must say seems more comfortable in the latter role.

With all of this, these tenants are forced to pay all of the legal increases each year and watch these increases being used to purchase new furniture, TV's, carpeting, etc. plus, will you believe, maid service...all for the tourists.

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Kelly Ball, Memphis Slim, Kathy Sullivan, Carol Fondiller, Diane Nickerson, Patrick McCartney, Victor Wightman and Malcolm Tent. With Thanks to Cheri and Kirk

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.

The repairs that are made are done with a "Look, we are trying attitude" by management who from past experience knows they are only temporary repairs. Their staff workers try very hard but experienced attention is necessary and management knows this but ignores it. Some of the tenants have been told by building personnel, "If you don't like it-leave..".

Is this what all of us or our parents are facing in every city-soon? The silent stomping on the weak who no longer can defend themselves either physically, mentally or financially? Each time the Rent Control was contacted about having to pay another increase under these conditions- tenants were told, "Pay it." This is illegal rent and they tell them to pay it? Some tenants contacted attorneys and discovered cases may not be heard for over two years all of which time they continue to pay illegal rent.

Also there is small claims court where the amount awarded does not cover expenses for medical, time-off work for younger tenants due to being ill from lack of heat and filthy for lack of hot water nor for business calls not being completed because of telephone difficulty or cut offs nor emotional stress and skin rashes from a continuous feeling of insecurity by never knowing who that was in the hall way a tourist, a new furniture delivery man, or another member of management staff who only grins when you inform him of needed repairs.

Enclosed is a room rate schedule which is mailed out and one would think that all hotels would be interested in the shady reflection this casts on all hotels. Business people complain that sales are down..well-much of my dollar went for Hotel rates which I believe could and should be refunded to the tourists who were victims.

The legal rates are about \$350-\$650 per month. If officials are encouraging this by inaction-it must be stopped; if the Health Inspectors or Department is indifferent, they must be replaced and put into positions where lives are not put into jeopardy. Our society must stop this stomping on the frightened, elderly, or working people who have done nothing wrong but survived.

The sacrifices have been many and must stop if for no other reason than tomorrow you may turn toward your apartment home and see the huge new sign "HOTEL--Rooms for rent and the face of a "buck-happy" new owner-LAUGHING.

Owners of Sovereign-Jett Mora & Co. 9394 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 210 Beverly Hills, Ca. 10210

Owners of at least 42 other buildings:

The Embassy, 3rd and Wash, S.M.

The Princess across street from Embassy

The Cal Mar 3rd and Calif.

All shoved a number of tenants out, also.

by request name withheld

Iranamok

Venice Beachhead:

It seems that President Reagan is counting on the fact that the majority of the peoples' I.Q. is well below average.

It is quite plainly obvious that when Shultz, Don Regan, and Weinburger were aware that they were deliberately shut out on top secret detailed information pertaining to the U.S. arms to Iran deal-- it was ordered by President Reagan because these three opposed the deal.

And the most illuminating and disgusting fact is that these three men have reputations as being strong and unyielding to their convictions and to protect American policies that the majority of the American people believe in and what the president has told the people--namely no arms will be sold to Iran--and that has been our foreign policy which we have informed other countries.

Green How^ is my Party?

Dear John Haag,

Your "Greening of America," an otherwise fine account, raised several significant issues. Green values and principles are inspiring. Most Democratic Socialists, myself included, subscribe to them.

However, your paragraph seven discourses about "The American Left," but with no differentiation. At another point--"The PFP would be green now if it were not for the antics of the Marxist left." If you are talking about the Centralists (a destructive but hopefully diminishing force) then why not say so? I am at a loss to understand why you suddenly (or isn't it sudden?) choose to abdicate (or at best neglect) your usual political acumen and experience about the numerous groupings and varying views of the "Left."

You criticize the "Left" for not "projecting a clear vision of what its future society would be like" and then proceed to explain that Green Politics "can't fill in every detail... because people will decide those things for themselves and we can't predict their decisions any more than we can predict the future course of evolution." That is precisely why the Socialist Party doesn't want to project any finite societal blue-print. Both Greens and Socialists are projecting values and conceivable models. There is a contradiction in your judgement.

Given your really vast political experience, I am intrigued that you do not touch on a profound difference between the Greens and the Socialists...the former emphasizing symptoms and the latter causation. You refer to nuclear and environmental disaster, looting of countries and attrition of their peoples by economic and military systems (shall we go on with pollution, poverty etc.), to list only some of the atrocities. These atrocities are part of the Profit Mode of Production. These outrages are endemic to a Capitalist Economy, and as such must be contended with by contending also with the System.

Sheila Garden

"And also, we shall not negotiate with Terrorists!"

And so these supposedly strong men, Shultz, Regan, and Wienburger sold the American people out by becoming wimps-- they let an actor hoodwink them and thus made American policies untrustworthy and the laughing stock throughout the world.

The lost and wasted time that President Reagan spent playing basement war games with Ollie -- of which ended in complete disgrace -- would have been better spent working on the deficit and to leave our foreign policy with professionals (non-actors).

Yours Truly,
Warren Carroll

P.S. Also remember President Reagan's most famous words: "Waht's a mine-sweeper!?"

That's true Ron, you don't have any mine-sweepers; but what you need is a mind-sweeper!

Epilogue

And so they tried to establish good faith and trust with moderate Iranian politicians. This was done by selling them obsolete missiles--If they want 3,000, we will ship them 1,000 and charge them 3 times more than market value.

And so the 4 Horsemen of the apocalyptic white house Iranian foreign policy -- secretly charged on through many months -- until the rug merchants realized they were ripped off and blew the whistle.

The 4 Horsemen's mighty steeds began to quiver and shake and started to slowly sink in their own quagmire of deceit.

And so the 4 Horsemen--Reagan, Casey, Poindexter, and North -- shall never be so thusly enshrined as conquerers of a San Juan Hill. Nor as conquerers of peace with moderate terrorists -- they will never be so thusly enshrined on some Iranian sand-dune.

Beware of the wounded Tiger!

BOOMERANG ~~~~~ condensed version

The question is: HOW DID HE FIND SUCH A FERTILE FIELD IN IRAN?

1921-Military coup by Shah Reza Pahlavi who was favorable to western ways. This means that Britain and others are allowed to exploit Iran. Keep oil in mind. \$\$\$\$\$

1941-Britain and USSR bounce the Shah because he looked to Nazi Germany as a counterweight. Third World countries try to play one biggie against another so they can get a better deal for themselves. More money to put into Swiss bank account

1953-Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh got bounced by the west in favor of the Shah's son 'cause Mossadegh was going to nationalize the oil industry. Seems that smaller nations eventually get tired of getting ripped off of the profits from their natural resources. Yes, the U.S.A. participated in this muscle operation. Actually we were the heavy.

1961-The Shah pushed "modernization" and "repression". The Mullahs got upset when he seized their property for land distribution. Some people got a piece of the new goodies but most of them didn't. You reap what you sow.

1970-The U.S. takes over "the white man's burden" when Britain withdraws. U.S. "strategists" considered the Iranian Army crucial to the stability of the region. We, and other imperialists, never seem to learn that supporting muscle only works in the short run. We disregarded the hostility caused by the repression committed by the U.S. trained Iranian secret police against human beings, the mullahs, etc. While we were selling the hell out of armaments to Iran and building airfields they were raising the price of oil to pay for all the stuff and there by disrupting the economies of the world.

Surprise! Surprise! The Shah gets bounced and a whirling dervish (actually too old to whirl but not so old that he can't keep us in a whirl) takes charge. The U.S. now finds itself planning actions against airfields we built in Iran, the warplanes we sold Iran, the Hawk missiles Rambo and Ollie sold Iran. Oops, I almost forgot the mines our Navy left off the checksheet. BOOMERANG!

In the late 1930's Mexico nationalized its oil industry. We blew our top. Mexico paid off in long term bonds. The world did not come to an end. It was only 25 years later that we stopped Mossadegh from nationalizing Iran's oil. Iran had to sell oil to the rest of the world so even a nationalized oil industry would have given profit to the west. The oil industry was just too greedy. They want it all. I say "Fuck them."

P.S. AND NOW FOR THE BIG PICTURE

Our stated purposes for putting warships in the Persian Gulf were to keep the Russians out, cool down the Iran-Iraq War and keep the oil flowing. We have ended up protecting Iran's major source of income for the war, oil shipped in tankers. In addition, The Iranians are now talking deals with the Russians.

TEACH 'EM WHILE THEY'RE YOUNG ~~~~~

A student in a Capitol Heights, Md. middle school announces to her teachers that \$33 is missing from her purse. The teachers quickly consult with a school administrator, then order a class of 60 eighth grade girls to strip down to their panties so teachers can conduct a search for the missing money. (Beginning to sound like the McMartin child molestation case.) They don't find anything.

Whatever inspired teachers in Elyria, Ohio, to strip-search their junior high school students for \$30? And what inspired teachers in Wilmington, Ohio, to strip search 30 fifth graders for a missing \$16.50?

In Richmond, Va. the principal of the middle school (and the mayor of the city) finds a magic marker missing. He searches every student in the school.

In Brandon, Vt. the sixth graders are at recess when the school's principal gets word that a group of 12-year-olds have been seen lifting beer bottles to their lips. The principal calls in the local police who proceed to conduct a breathalyzer test on every child who has been on the playground. No one tests positive.

While children sit in their classroom learning about the Constitution Pres. Rambo is urging mandatory drug tests for federal employees and Ed Meese implied that only people who are arrested are guilty. Just when did America become the land of presumed guilt? Who decreed that the search of innocents would be the rule of the school?

Happy anniversary, Constitution! It may be your last.

USE THE FIRST AMENDMENT IT HELPS THE ECONOMY ~~~~~

Japanese companies view complaining customers not as an annoyance but as valued informants about their products.

ATTENTION WAR LOVERS ~~~~~TIPS FOR SMALL WARS

When the Libyans attacked the Chadians with Russian T-55 tanks the Chadians had nothing to match the tanks. The Chadians devised a tactic of having two Toyota pickups race toward a Libyan tank from opposite directions firing missiles. The Libyan crew couldn't move the tank turret fast enough to track both trucks.

Henry Ford must be turning over in his grave over the commercial advantage this gives Toyota.

TIPS FOR A BIG WAR ~~~~~

It would appear that the guidance systems for the MX missiles made by Northrop seem to be defective. Think about the MX missile with a nuclear warhead or warheads becoming "friendly fire" (that means you hit your own people instead of the "enemy") and boomeranging right back at you.

In case you've forgotten Pres. Rambo calls the MX "The Peacekeeper" and the contras are his "Freedom Fighters".

Don't count on technology. Try peace and disarmament.

I GOT SUCKERED AGAIN ~~~~~

Nixon went to China and Sadat went to Israel so why not Reagan the peacemaker in Central America? I really ought to swear off reading the daily papers and listening to the news.

The Rambo crowd came up with a public relations peace plan they knew was a Catch 22 for Nicaragua and would not be accepted. It is actually the plan of Pres. Arias of Costa Rica that is getting some response from the 5 independent nations of Central America.

I keep wondering if every time either Nicaragua or communist is mentioned in Reagan's presence he doesn't start salivating?

FLYING IS FOR THE BIRDS ~~~~~

Warning labels about ingredients are required for consumer products ranging from cigarettes to cleaning supplies. You can get statistics on the number of airline accidents involving injury, but try and get data on mechanical or maintenance violations. If two or more airlines are going your way you should at least get to choose the one with the cleanest record and hopefully give yourself a better chance of reaching your destination.

WRITING FOR SATISFACTION AND NO PROFIT ~~~~~

I am not a member of the Beachhead collective which is the oldest no pay no profit (except to benefit society and frustrated writers) of its type in the U.S.A. and maybe the world. The Beachhead would welcome other contributors.

Any rank and file Yuppie or ordinary citizen is welcome to submit articles or to join the collective. See the masthead for details. No bloodtest is required. Even a speculator/developer might come up with a constructive idea—although statistically that is a limited possibility.

It is very worthwhile to realize that a group of gadflies, neurotics, squares, etc. can work very effectively to produce a monthly publication.

MEETING OF THE MINDS ~~~~~

I'm pissed when they piss on my steps. I'm upset when they shit in my garage. Do we have a pooper scooper law for humans?

They came from the four corners of Venice with their signs and their hostility. Not all of us were hostile. I didn't see anyone with a rope. I guess that's progress. I told my actress neighbor to come if she wanted to see really live theatre. One reporter was so desperate he even asked me for a quote. Have I become a cultural gatekeeper? Sarva was dispensing cookies. Maybe he thought it would sweeten them down.

The crowd was so large that I never got inside. My hope was that the report and exchange would temper things and then we could get on to some constructive solutions.

Outside one robust and irate male was decrying what the Town Council had done to him. Since he outweighed me I decided not to tell him that since he hadn't stated specifics, shouting wouldn't make his case. Better a live coward than a dead hero is my motto. Judge Wapner and Rusty—where were you?

Based on the messages on their signs I would suggest to my Orthodox neighbors that they reread the Talmud. In the depths of the 30's depression my Orthodox Grandmother would give the last penny in the house—or if no money in the house—a slice of bread to anyone who came to our door for a handout.

When your ox is being gored may be the thing that gets democratic activity going and the healthy interchange. Out of that may come some solutions. Hope springs eternal.

Heavy Ring

Dear Editor, a closer look at Hell.

If only for a moment, naive surprise would not enter...we could quickly see that mindless violence has been around for a long time. (The usual surfacing of the chaotic was when someone escaped an asylum.) Whatever led to the permissiveness of now, is not someone else's fault. We're all in the bathtub. Hence, the heavy ring.

Joseph P. Krengel

Hell Liberty!

HEADACHE

My neighbor down the hall says he's moving out this Fall; He's had enough of roaches, rats and landlords, most of all. The traffic from the mall, and the skyscrapers so tall. Never quiets 'til midnight, then wakes us up before it's light.

I've got a pounding headache and I don't know what to do. "If you don't like it—" says the landlord—"Pack your things and move!" There's a rich guy from downtown who'll put up condos on this spot. So hurry, Hurry, HURRY—MOVE!—before your nerves are shot!"

The cops broke in last night, said someone was selling drugs. They didn't find any, but it let them act like thugs.

They need some place to go so they can work off all that crap. That they gobble from the donut shop next to the radar trap.

There's choppers buzzin' overhead—cops and businessmen. Mapping out their strategies to finally fence us in. And when we seek the aid of our well-paid City Hall, We find that they're the ones who've always been behind it all.

I've got a pounding headache and I don't know what to do. "If you don't like it—" says the landlord—"Pack your things and move!" There's a rich guy from downtown who'll put tall buildings on this spot. So hurry, Hurry, HURRY—MOVE!—before your nerves are shot!"

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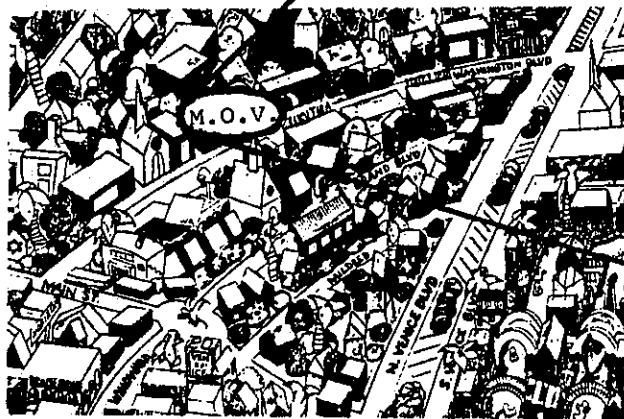
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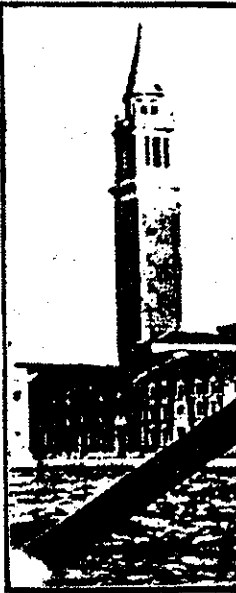


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ENTERTAINMENT MONTHLY: "Possibly The Best Restaurant On The Westside"

6 "Riding Shotgun"

RUTH UPDATE

Arnold Springer

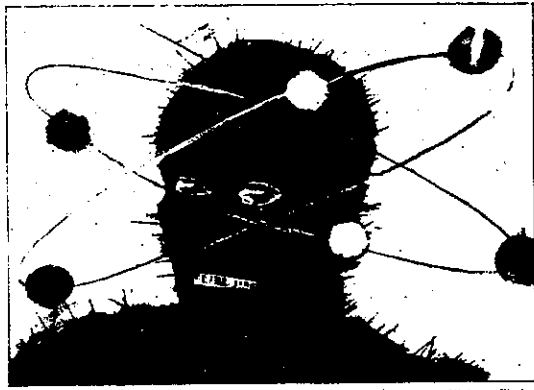
by LYNN BRONSTEIN

"If I had a shiny gun
I could have a world of fun
Putting bullets through the brains
Of the folks who give me pains."

Dorothy Parker wrote those lines, in the late 1920s, when only Prohibition gangsters tended to use their guns in that particular fashion. The roar that was the Twenties was generally conceded to be one of blissful approval of the prosperous times. You only roared with rage if you were a gangster, a Communist, an immigrant of the last wave, or a defrocked remnant of the Harding Administration. Still, the flappers and sheiks had their moments of rage and to this day, most of us who think ourselves normal folks have those moments when we too would like to be licensed to shoot that nuisance who probably doesn't have brains anyway.

Now, in the late Eighties (oh how this era-consciousness gives me a pain) there are more gangsters (in and out of the government, it seems), more immigrants, more people who are called Communists by others, and more normal folks who get easily ticked off. But somehow, there are also more guns in the hands of normal ticked-off angry folks. A few months ago, someone in L.A. equipped with a gun while driving on a freeway, decided to act out the lines quoted above because some other driver wouldn't yield to this gun-toter's whim of the moment. Day by day, more guns appeared in the hands of drivers, more shots were fired to express the disapproval of someone else's driving mannerisms formerly articulated by exchanges of Anglo-Saxonisms about the other driver's mother. Suddenly, it was no longer enough to verbalize anger at the convoluted congestion of the Los Angeles freeways. Suddenly this anger was turned against other victims caught in the same struggle to move. Suddenly some people seemed to have discovered that there is a world of fun to be had shooting at other people just to express rage at life. Okay, these drivers seemed to be rationalizing, we don't want to waste anybody, we just want to move faster than anybody else and we hate this crowded city living. How else to say it than with bullets? But bullets, even if aimed in thoughtless rage, can wound and kill. At the very least, flying bullets or even the fear of being shot at can cause cars to swerve, ram, jam, turn over, crash. Unresolved anger and a single gun (even loaded with blanks) has the potential to kill and injure hundreds of people at maximum rush-hour time. What a world of fun.

Guns and spur-of-the-moment angry incidents



Vivienne Fisher

are not alone as symptoms of a malaise or violence that sometimes comes in such waves that I don't know where to feel safe. During the month of May of this year, amidst the excitement of spring, I felt the horror of the news of Ruth Galanter's being attacked in her home. I saw the results of a motorcycle accident on Sunset Blvd.--a body lying on the sidewalk under a rapidly-reddening sheet, an image I kept seeing in front of my eyes all through the concert I went to. I also heard of a shooting incident--the brother of a co-worker of mine was shot by an unknown driver of a passing car as he waited for a bus in Long Beach. Like Galanter, he luckily survived. I prayed it was just one of these cycles, that it would go away. I went to Jamaica for a vacation and despite rumors I'd heard of purse-snatchings and machete fights and ganja-crazed (?) insurgents and bandits holding up airport buses, I had an enjoyable time unmarred by even vicarious experiences of violence. I came back to LA and heard there had been more shooting incidents--on freeways and on the streets, including the girl who was shot walking on Santa Monica's Ocean Avenue late at night.

What with the rage that is always seething submerged beneath the rational behavior of us "normal folks," and what with the world offering so few ways for normal folks to non-violently expel that anger, I am often surprised that each of us does not suddenly lunge at our nearest neighbors and tear them to microbits. How amazing (and how hopeful a sign of what is best about us humans) that most of us, most of the time, are capable of getting over our anger,

realizing that we are angry at situations more than at that person whom we blame the situation on, that we can forgive and even learn from the experience. Trouble is, we humans have yet to realize that anger is a very strong, very persuasive force at all times, and especially when projected in physical form. And when combined with a weapon that can be used at an impersonal distance (like a gun--or a nuclear bomb), personal anger, knowing no limitations of physical projection, can be at its most dangerous.

Question: Where is this particular anger, the anger that inspires motorists to shoot each other, coming from? Where do we go to work on the problem? Various solutions suggest themselves. Some will call for gun control, some

for stiffer penalties for being caught driving with a firearm, some for more lanes, better traffic control, recentering of work and lifestyles, some for curfews and police, some for suspension of civil rights. But beyond all this, there is that dilemma of solving something puzzling in the human psyche, that drive to

physically express our problems, to gain power through the use of destructive energy. There are solutions at hand for this too. One can go to a non-violent anger-releasing workshop and hit the floor with padded sticks or one can shout at the Raiders messing up on a televised game or one can send a telegram to the White House or write a letter to the Times--or the Beachhead.

You say some of those solutions sound dinky, wimpy, not much fun, not macho enough? But lately, even the most rough-and-tough beer-drinking good ol' boys are wary of freeway shootings. Nobody wants to get shot at, especially by a stranger for no reason. Nobody wants to find themselves, like David Horowitz at the point of a gun (even if only a toy), the victim of someone else's frustration. And no one really wants to be the victim of that ultimate

gogoofest of expressed anger known to Pentagon officials (seriously) as the "wargasm."

Humans, you've got your choice of how to blow off steam. Hope you choose well.

"But I have no lethal weapon
Thus does Fate our pleasure step on!
So they still are quick and well
Who should be, by rights, in hell."

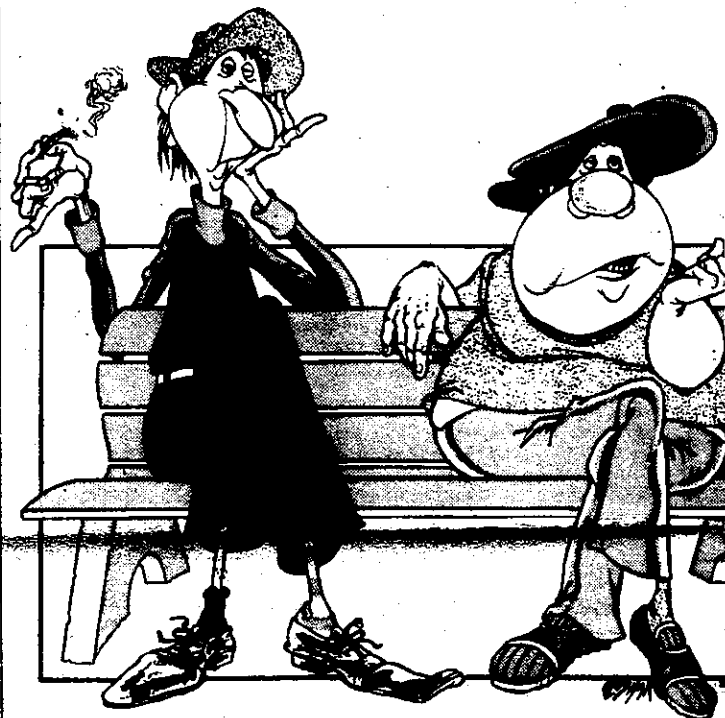
W.A.R.M. Welcome

W.A.R.M. WELCOME

A group of Venice West Washington Boulevard Artists, Residents and Merchants have formed a new Association on West Washington Boulevard. This Association is a non-profit organization whose purpose is to improve and enhance the character and quality of West Washington Boulevard as a diversified and unique cultural and commercial center of activity and residence in the Venice community. The association is chartered to represent its constituents and their interests in matters which affect quality of life and common pursuit of benefits from working or residing on West Washington Boulevard. Toward this objective an interim Board of Directors has been formed among volunteers who will conduct Necessary organizational activities to implement the formal permanent Association, including the election of officers and approval of By-Laws by members. Activities will be conducted toward installation of officers during January 1988.

Presently, the Association is conducting a membership drive including distribution of a questionnaire regarding problems and concerns of the Boulevard to all potential constituents. The next general meeting of concerned persons will be held at the Comeback Inn at 1633 West Washington Boulevard, at 7:30 P.M. on Thursday, September 17, 1987. At this time, the results of the survey will be presented, and status of activities by the Board will be discussed. All persons concerned with West Washington Boulevard are invited to attend. If there are questions, please contact the interim Chairwoman, Marjorie Alatorre, at 396-0266 or John Kertisz at 399-8188. ■

HOMELESS: Beginning in the first week of September homeless living on Venice beach will be warned off by authorities, given vouchers for hotels in the West Hollywood area and offered transported there. Those who subsequently refuse relocation assistance and who insist on overnight beach encampment will be subject to arrest. No tents or makeshift shelters will be permitted overnight on the Venice beach. Homeless will be put in touch with County welfare services so they can begin receiving all the County aid (vouchers, welfare, food stamps, health care) that they are entitled by law to receive. Homeless will not be asked to move until the County guarantees to provide homeless - welfare services in the western part of Los Angeles. No plans to house homeless in downtown hotels. Police will continue a close monitoring of drug and alcohol use on the beach. The aim of this police activity is to discourage semi permanent concentration of homeless in the Venice Beach area.



"This country is run on faith, hope and disparity."

Will hold a special meeting of the City Council Public Health, Human Resources, and Seniors Committee at the Venice High School Auditorium on Thursday, Sept 17, at 7 pm. Councilmembers Galanter, Yaroslavsky, Farrell will be present along with reps from County Health, Veteran's Administration, etc. This meeting will have an all L.A. focus. Public comment, complaint, and suggestion period.

Is not inclined to use the Pavilion to house homeless but is intent on situating a Venice homeless facility. Where has not yet been decided, but may be within the next month.

HEALTH. She is now attending two of the three weekly City Council meetings and all Planning Committee meetings. She continues to regain her strength, is working a 30 hour week, and is meeting less with constituents at home. She has regained her weight and is no longer on a high calorie diet. Her voice remains weak as her injured vocal cord is healing slowly. She is having physical therapy to strengthen the cord.

GANGS: LAPD has announced that it plans to conduct intense anti gang action in Venice under cover of enforcing a 10 o'clock curfew law for juveniles.

PUBLIC RELATIONS: A huge backlog of complaints and action requests continues to inundate the new staff. These requests are intense District wide, from Crenshaw, Westchester, and all over. The staff is working as fast as it can, and for the most part it is not experienced in bureaucratic work so it is learning as it goes along. Please be patient, don't allow yourself to feel alienated, just keep after the staff. Phones: Downtown- 485-3357; Venice -641-4717. □

City of the Angels

Alice Cramden

Welcome to L.A., the City of the Angels, mecca of the fast buck, fast food and fast car--the demolition derby capital of the world.

You say you're from out-of-town, you got a few dreams and a few schemes, you want to try your hand at the big game--you want to be an angel.

Well...I say...we've got a futon that folds into a bed...a small room that's not too bad except when the blue bus blasts by...you say a "fu-what?" "Futon", I say...nevermind.

I know you've got high apple pie in the sky hopes...you want to see Holly-weird and Dizzyland and all them angels you've been hearing so much about...and hey, I don't want to burst your bubble but...

Let me tell ya a little about the Lost Angeles I know, the City of the lost and fallen angels, the last pit stop on the edge of the continent before the final murky plunge into the sewer sea of disillusionment and broken dreams...

No...I won't be negative...you see to be an angel, you want to have alot of good vibes and positive energy, so forget I said that ...okay?

I just don't want your heart to be broken...you see most of us angels have hearts of titanium...we know what the score is, or we'd like to think we do.

If you still want to be an angel, for protection, don't forget your crystal. Of if you don't believe in crystals then your M-16 or P-38 should do.

Now you see this is a pretty hip town, you've got to have a dream to live here, I mean it's not just any town that's called the City of Angels. Of course most of our dreams are rather shallow...we want to be models, actors, writers, directors, producers, lawyers, fashion designers or just plain rich. Actually, I think we just plain want to be loved.

While we're busy dreaming, we're usually busy waiting on tables, typing correspondence, answering phones, parking cars, making movies, dealing drugs, using drugs...we're forever trotting down the proverbial yellow

brick road and well...if the end of the rainbow isn't here in L.A., then it's just not anywhere.

Sometimes our dreams get a little tarnished, sometimes we get depressed (yes, even angels get the blues), and we see our dreams cracking and melting, celluloid dreams dripping with red and white confectionous sugar, the candy cane of the mind, melting, surrendering to the ten deadly's.

But not to worry!

After all we are the City of the Angels...and we do have a certain spirituality here..we're not fanatics or Jesus jumpers like middle America, but we do have a sorta...high tech spirituality.

Actually, we're pretty advanced spiritually and pretty vain too. But we are angels after all...none of this "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" stuff for us...hell no! In this City you have to want and want and want--otherwise how could one ever afford the \$300 it costs to channel with Shirley. Surely you must want!

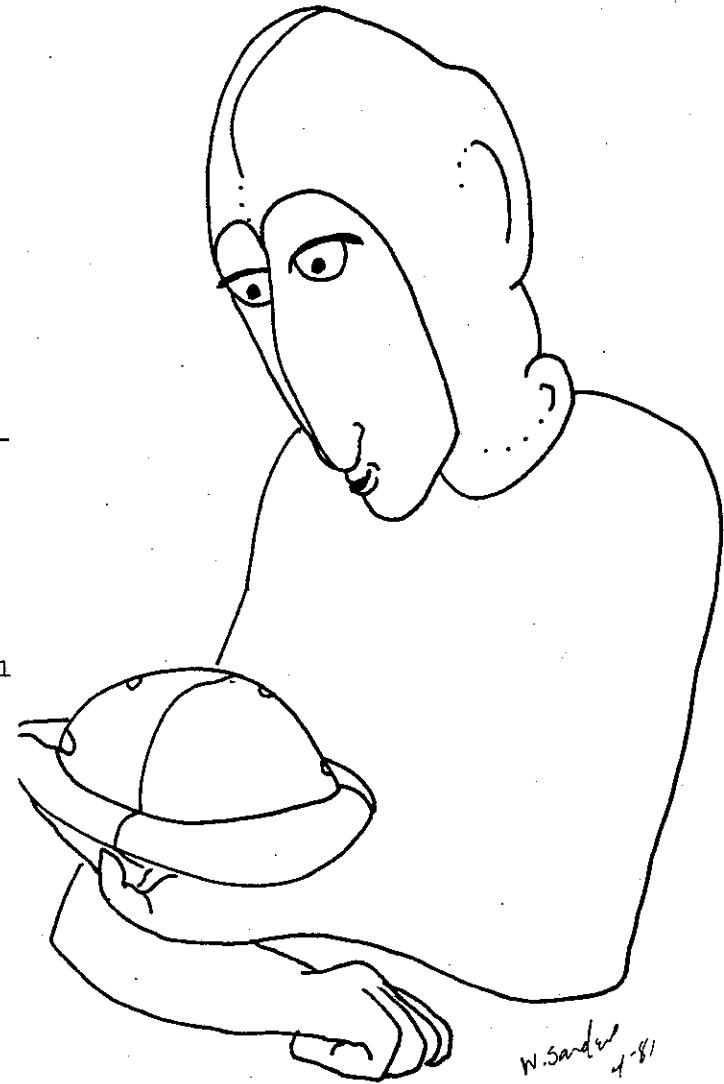
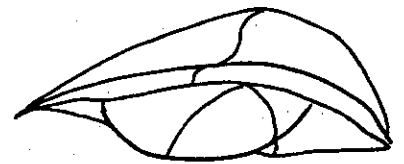
Here in L.A., you can be rich and spiritual too! Here nobody ever heard the bible story about the camel who couldn't get through the eye of the needle. Here, everyone just drives their Mercedes through...it's the special effects you know. Almost no one here would even think about giving up their worldly riches to enter the kingdom of heaven...not when you can pack them up and put them in your Winnebago.

We like stories about Buddha, Krishna and Jesus and some of us try to emulate them. We go to yoga classes, we eat vegetarian and we love our neighbors even if we don't know them.

We don't pray alot...we do something called convergence. We pack up our 501 jeans, jump on a jet plane (hope to hell the air controllers aren't coked up that day) and fly to Stonehenge, Machu Picchu or Taos and converge with the alien star fleets.

And you'd better believe these aren't illegal aliens either, we're talking close encounters of the UFO kind. Many of us angels here in L.A. have already been contacted by you know, the aliens from outer space or maybe inner space...no kidding.

We'd like to think we're spiritual and we do try. But we just don't know



W. Sanders 4-81

quite how how to do it. We try holding hands alot. Maybe that is a start. Who knows!?

other place on earth, we have angels of light, angels of darkness, burrito angels, fried chicken angels and spring roll angels...all kinds of angels all living in the same City. And while we all may be angels, there is a little of the devil in all of us, otherwise we wouldn't be human. ■

Run, Grunion, Gone

VENICE SKETCH #7 Beth Miller

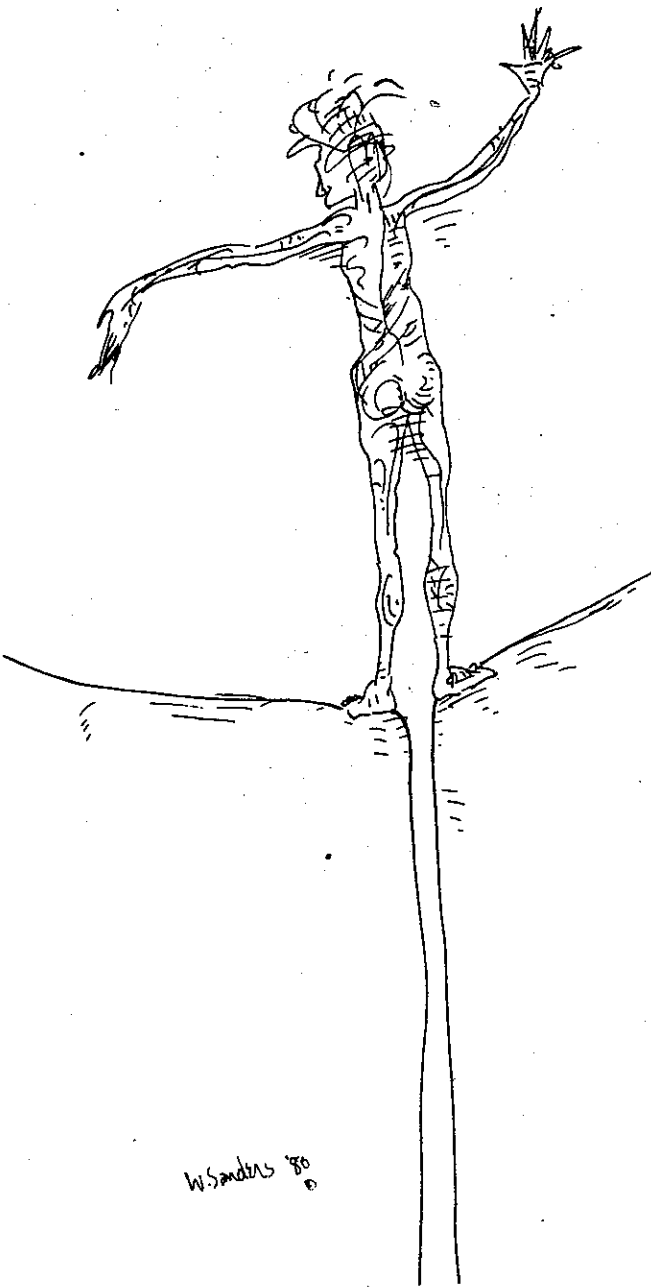
It all started with the grunion. Yesterday a friend who lives across the street on Navy gave me a little pamphlet produced for "The Fisherman And Outdoorsman", basically tide tables, and on the back, a chart of expected grunion runs. Since I wanted to write a letter to a Spanish-speaking friend in Europe, I looked up the word grunion in my dictionaries but could not find the Spanish translation. Neither could a former student I called. In fact, we discovered the word grunion was not even in the Webster's Unabridged.

According to the information about the grunion runs, last night was supposed to have been the best run this time, since it was the second night of a four-night period. The spawning was supposed to be most visible during the second hour, that is, when the women grunion have to run to the beach to lay their eggs and then run back in the water before they die, and the men have to run to the beach to fertilize the eggs and return to the water before they die. That was at least how I tried to explain it later to someone who doesn't believe that grunion exist.

This morning I awoke early to take a long walk back along the hiking-jogging path instead of the beach and look at the people. Solitary runners in shorts, walkers in sweatsuits, aging women riding bicycles in a stately fashion which somehow made me proud, solitary people of all colors and classes and sizes. A vagrant, as my mother calls them, sitting in the sun next to his shopping cart. Another quite enterprising bum making himself a hamburger on the grill by the new picnic tables on the Santa Monica part of the beach. Excellent young skaters glide by, looking very professional. (Today is Thursday, a day when at 8:00 A.M. you see mainly locals.)

And so, although I really searched along the water's edge, I am very sure I never saw a grunion egg. But I did see a great many birds, more than usual so close to the water, perhaps eating up the grunion eggs. I felt like I belonged there, in my solitary research on Venice beach, among the solitary people each doing his/her own thing: riding or skating, walking or jogging, reading or dreaming or collecting shells.

We're all Southern Californians enjoying the beach, largely oblivious to the life-and-death struggle of the grunion to keep their species going. ▲



W. Sanders '80



'El Hombre' continued from page 1.

First, like Richie Valens, there was a period when I too tried to avoid being Mexican. After writing the play "The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa" as an undergraduate in 1964, Brandeis University made me a great offer. All I had to do was direct the play I'd already written and I would receive a Master's Degree.

At the same time I heard about the grape strike at Delano led by Cesar Chavez. I knew I would find a source to feed me if I went there. And indeed I regained my heart. I found a source of creativity. I have to tell my story. Did Tennessee Williams write about anything other than Southerners?

You can't work in the fields as I did without becoming aware of the possibility of injustice. I came from a family that was active in strikes in the 30s and 40s, so it was always there.

Cesar Chavez is one of the few people that I ever followed in my life. I said to myself, "I'm going to follow this guy." He became my leader and I one of his followers. I still have great respect for what he's done and continues to do, more than ever for his tenacity and endurance. There is no question in my mind that I admire what he does more than I admire what we do.

HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED OPPOSITION TO YOUR WORK?

When I started out twenty-five years ago fancying myself as a playwright, I found out there was no real theater that could produce my stuff. I found out that I had to attach myself with other people to get them interested.

Opposition to Hispanic theater has worked against the recognition of the great Spanish playwright Lope de Vega. Because of the Anglo-Hispanic competition of his day, a giant like Lope de Vega, a monster of nature in terms of his output of hundreds of plays, was overlooked.

"One of the evils of colonization is that it turned other people into something less than human. What you lose is your humanity. You become a sort of subclass of mankind, you are a minority group, an ethnic person."

WAS THE HISPANIC EXPERIENCE IN THE NEW WORLD DIFFERENT THAN THE ANGLOS?

Absolutely. There's been integration in South America. Consequently, I think there's a better suggestion of what the future is like in certain parts of Latin America.

The Mayans believed that there were four roads--the white road, the black road, the red road and the yellow road. These roads all lead to the center of the universe and the belly-button of the world. That is the point where you cross from the underworld into the upper-world, so it's a cosmogonic symbol, and it can be interpreted in a number of ways.

One of the ways is in terms of people--white people, black people, yellow people, red people--and they all have something to give and represent complementary and contradictory forces that work together in nature. We all share because we are all human; we all share the same skills but we have a special skill that is given to us as peoples and as cultures, and that's the easiest thing to lose sight of.

The black-white crux, symbolically speaking, is a contradiction of the difference between matter and spirit. White people may have a greater control of material expression, material acquisition, material control of nature. But black people have a spirituality. I'm not talking about just negro spiritualists, I'm talking about the essence of black people. Black culture is a spiritual connection that is not entirely comprehensible to white people. A lot of Americans do understand that blacks have soul.

Then the red road is the Asian. The way that I interpret it is that the Asian has the capacity to deal with the infinitesimal, and has the capacity to deal with the small, the minutia, with detail. That will make them masters in the electronic age when you're talking about microelectronics.

If the Asian deals with the microcosm, the other side is that the Indian deals with the macrocosm. We deal in gigantic structures, we deal in terms of eons. We're looking at each other through different lenses. The sensibility

is different. The Mayans calculated to infinity and their prophecy goes 350 thousand years into the future.

Unless you've got a different orientation in time, then you don't understand what a people's contributions are. After all, the American experience is only five hundred years old. That's nothing. I'd give it another five hundred years before we begin to see the terrain for what it really is. This is only mythological symbolism. But without an orientation we perceive only what is before us.

SINCE YOU'RE LOCATED IN A TOWN OUTSIDE THE MAJOR THEATER CITIES OF NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES, YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME THINGS TO SAY ABOUT THEM. HOW DO YOU VIEW LOS ANGELES?

A lot of the theater in Los Angeles is "show-case" theater, a way to display actors in an Equity-waiver situation. That is both good and bad. You can't have a lot of experimentation, or even a lot of performers, and still pay Equity wages.

"...the American experience is only five hundred years old. That's nothing. I'd give it another five hundred years before we begin to see the terrain for what it really is."



savaged by all the major critics with a fury that surprised seasoned theater-goers. New York has to reassess itself, the country is shifting into the Southwest. Eventually it will move into second place because of its own deadweight.

San Francisco is an opera town. Maybe that's why they liked our musical "Corridos" so much. San Francisco is still experimental, is still vital and vigorous, but in a different way than in Los Angeles. It's wilder in some ways than it is in Los Angeles, but it doesn't connect quite as often as some pieces in Los Angeles.

IS IT EASIER BEING A THEATER OF THE "CAMPESINO" IN SAN JUAN BAUTISTA THAN IN LOS ANGELES? TO BE IN THE AGRICULTURAL HEART OF CALIFORNIA?

We need it less now than we used to. When we first moved here we maintained an active relationship with the farmworkers. The summer of 1973, when Peter Brook was here, was the bloodiest summer the union ever had. We took Peter Brook and his company into the fields and performed agitprop in different places.

That has since changed. The farmworker struggles that go on now are more protracted and less spectacular. Our own trek over the years has also taken us into other areas. The Campesino thing is much more culturally based.

WHAT DIRECTION DO YOU WANT TO TAKE IN YOUR WORK?

The formula that I work on is to define human nature, a task that will not be answered in one lifetime. I want to express it in a way that it includes as many people that have been excluded as possible. One of the evils of colonization is that it turned other people into something less than human. What you lose is your humanity. You become a sort of subclass of mankind, you are a minority group, an ethnic person.

So I struggle to redefine the American experience so as to include others. I consider myself to be an American, in both a national and international sense. My people are all over the Americas and these borders that separate us are specious as far as I'm concerned.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA IS A BEAUTIFUL TOWN.

Yes, it is a lovely little community, and it has its quirks and its problems, but it continues to survive. When we first moved here in 1971, people thought we were communist, but now the Chamber of Commerce brags about us.

WHAT WAS THIS BUILDING BEFORE TEATRO CAMPESINO BOUGHT IT?

A packing shed for spinach and tomatoes.

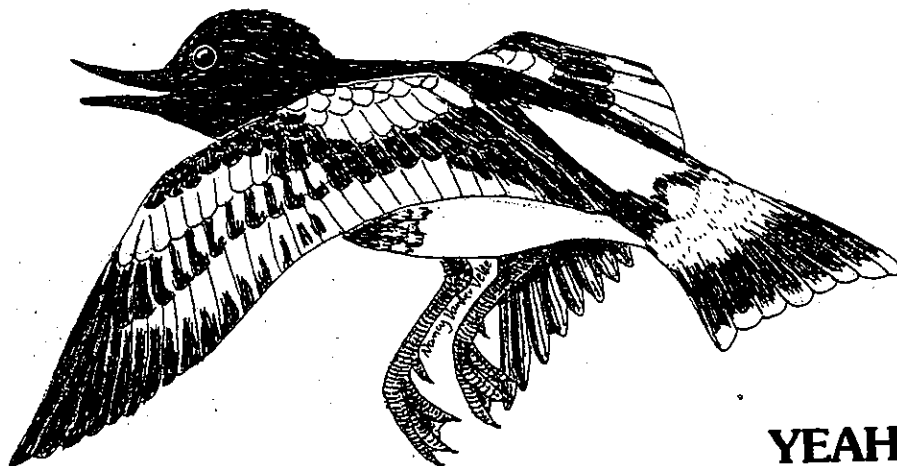
IS THAT APPROPRIATE THAT YOU SHOULD WORK IN A PACKING SHED?

It's more than appropriate. It's poetic.

Use a Gun

Matthew 20:1-16

KID!



YEAH!

IT WON'T GET DONE

Boss Phil Says So

Free Venice Beachhead 'VAC/VTC' continued from page 1.

The people who view The Homeless as a problem seem to have an extremely narrow view of success. It doesn't matter to them how hard you try, or what your goals are, the only thing that makes you a success in their eyes is Moolah. Green. Bucks. Whether the money is from art or armaments it's the money that counts, and if you can't afford a house or the rent that these interlopers have set for an apartment, you do not qualify as a full human being.

I come from a long line of renters. We paid our rent and we lived in neighborhoods of our choice. We voted, and participated in community business. When I came to Venice, I thought of buying a house but the banks would not lend money for property in Venice then - it was an "economically unstable area." So I continued to pay my landlord's taxes, mortgages, etc. through my rent. I continued to live in this, according to the real estate developers, "undeveloped area." I lived through being called an "undesirable", and a "commie" because as a renter I had the unmitigated gall to demand a right to participate in the direction of the community of my choice. I was an ungrateful tenant.



But for the most part the artrepeneurs, the Afflu-hips, avoided Venice. Their houses that had to make architectural statements were being built in Huntington Beach or Malibu. Venice was avoided because of the small lots and the scuzzy people myths. Now, these people who can't afford Malibu or Bel Air, and who want the City and State to maintain their front yards, the beach and the canals, and let them slide through with little or no parking, want to continue making Venice an exclusive area. Their view of the homeless is that they are unsightly. When the Pavilion area was suggested as a place where meals could be served and showers could be had there were screams of outrage and threats of setting fire to the Pavilion. Their final solution to the homeless problem was to ship 'em to Saugus Newhall, or the site of the newly rejected Lancer Project.

In the recent councilmanic campaign, I didn't just work hard to dump the incumbent, I worked hard for Ruth Galanter. After talking to her, I felt she, too, wanted to preserve neighborhoods. Imagine my surprise then when at a subsequent meeting Galanter's aide, Joan Cory, read a statement from Galanter in which affordable housing was not mentioned, and "humane" transportation and vouchers to downtown hotels were mentioned.

Ruth was against the Pavilion being used because it was meant for "recreation." That damn grey, bloated, flying saucer hasn't been used in at least six years - when it was used for concerts there were shootings - and no one has had any success, financial or otherwise, in putting on theatre there.

The Pavilion, in the past, has been the site of day care for children, feeding and other services for the elderly, and has been used by a church group for holiday dinners for poor people.

The solution for the homeless is not to ship them Somewhere Else. Somewhere Else doesn't want them either. The people who are homeless are not the problem; the fact that they are homeless is the problem that must be faced.

The homeless have not threatened to vandalize City property (the Pavilion) if it is used for services; some business people and some of the homeowners have threatened that. Yes they have, and I heard one such threat.

The reason the feeding program is taking place at the Rose Avenue parking lot is because some vigilantes fire-bombed St. Joe's feeding centre (which was away from the beach).

When we speak of The Homeless, we must remember that they are American citizens who are victims of Reaganomics and Prop. 13. On August 28th at about 4 a.m., I was awakened by helicopters. I peeked out my window and saw the chopper whirring above the tents. The downdraft from the propellers scattered tents and belongings. I wondered whether they were showing off the tricks they'd learned in 'Nam, or whether they were practising on American citizens to prepare for action in Central America or the Persian Gulf. One of the vets who sleeps on the beach said, "Luckily, I knew enough not to stand up, or I could have been sucked up into the downdraft."

If the homeless people are offered jobs, they won't be offered jobs as corporate lawyers or movie stars. They still won't be able to afford first and last month's rent anywhere in Los Angeles. Affordable housing is nil. People talk about "our fair share of homeless", and the "influx" of homeless, but what about the "influx" of 8,000 square foot houses and three-car families that displace low-income people? What about the "transients" who raze little cottages and put up fancy condos then make their bucks and move on? Shouldn't they be made to put money into a fund for replacing the low-income housing they've destroyed? And shouldn't that low-income housing be kept in this area, to keep a neighborhood a neighborhood?

What about the use of City-owned lots for building affordable housing?

On Friday, August 29, at 6:30 p.m., the police put up signs giving people one week to move off the beach. Does this mean they'll get to sleep in doorways?

The Venice Action Committee was addressing the question of whether or not to have birdbaths and drinking fountains on the Ocean Front Walk designed by Frank Ghery, when the VACers heard of using the Pavilion for services for homeless people. They didn't want that. What pricey, exclusive plans, what hidden agenda, does VAC have for the Pavilion? Brie'n'Brut Nights? Screenings of "Down and Out on Venice Beach", with some engaging characters? Cunning little bistros? A checkpoint?

A woman from the Los Angeles Union of the Homeless told us that we're nearer to being homeless than we think. In our own self-interest, those of us who are "homed" should make every effort to see that people without homes are treated fairly and humanely.

Gregg Missive

Dear Beachhead,

A reminder on what elections are for.

"There are 200 people sleeping on the beach, and there are 200 available beds. What is so difficult about getting people off the beach and into bed?"

"What would you do if you lived and worked in Venice and the beds were downtown?"

"Is that rhetorical, or am I supposed to answer? I suppose if it were raining I'd head downtown."

The defense of necessity doesn't wash. The police don't pass out hotel vouchers and the welfare bureaucracy appears to work days only. The breakdown is there: a clear political intransigence.

Skimming off the able-bodied with information seems a good start. Business groups and associations could likely find members willing to employ people willing to enroll in LA City night schools. Bilingual field office staff could be mailed appropriate skill-level openings. In the event of displacements, a simple phone call or two could solve the problem.

Active street-level intervention might be applied to gang-related intervention for kids. Not much additional funding seems required. The Pavilion and the beach remain open to recreational access. Children have a place to play. Everyone goes back to sleep.

And that's what elections are for. Philip W. Gregg

I've lived here since the "Beats" were blamed for lowering property values and stopping "progress." Unfortunately, it was not true of the Beats and it's not true of the homeless; the rents go on and up.

NOTICE OF

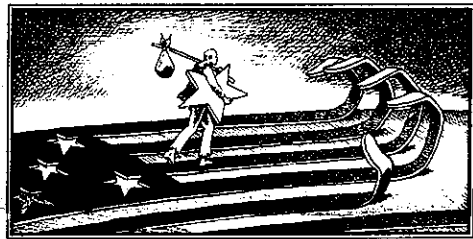


ENFORCEMENT

VIOLATORS SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE ARREST

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that Los Angeles Municipal Code Section 41.18(d) prohibits sitting, lying, or sleeping on a public street, sidewalk, or other public way, and that Section 56.11 prohibits leaving any merchandise, baggage or personal property on a public sidewalk AND 647(1) PROHIBITS LODGING ON PUBLIC BEACHES. The Los Angeles Police Department will begin vigorous, ongoing enforcement of the above sections and all other applicable laws on SEPT. 3 (Friday), 1987 at 6 AM. ANY PERSON IN VIOLATION OF THESE AND OTHER APPLICABLE LAWS IS SUBJECT TO IMMEDIATE ARREST. Any property left at or near this location on or after the above day is subject to disposal by the City of Los Angeles.

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Nueva Cancion, New Song

By Kirk Downey

Nueva Cancion, at its point of origin in Chile prior to Allende's election, was a grassroots reaction to imported music supplanting an indigenous aesthetic. Young Rock-and-Rollers, succumbing to electric sirens from Europe and North America were embarrassed by their parent's humble music: an organic pentatonic, peasant sound from the rural Andean regions far removed from the shimmering modernism of the new urban culture. Radio stations in the cities promoted another Western European aesthetic that looked down on the Andean rusticism of traditional culture. Violeta Parra, a poet and singer who collected Chile's traditional instruments, erected cloth canopies, called friends together to listen to music played in traditional fashion with lyrics that spoke to contemporary dilemmas. With her Nueva Cancion, new song, she began to re-legitimize an indigenous aesthetic. Parra's gatherings, known as a Pena, became community focal points.

Nueva Cancion germinated, flourished and the Pena began to travel from Chile until 1973 when Pinochet seized power. Pinochet saw the Charango, a ten stringed guitar like object with wooden sounding board and Armadillo shell back, as an instrument of Communism. He outlawed its use and destroyed what musicians he laid hands on. Musicians on tour became exiles and refugees flowed from Chile as a diaspora choosing exile over cruelty.

A community of exiles formed in Los Angeles beginning a new, local germination. Though Angelinos might have heard and admired Nueva Cancion, they had small exposure before 1973. The Pena, observed across Latin America by '73, was celebrated at The Haymarket near McArthur Park. And over the past fourteen years Los Angeles has become a regular stop for touring Nueva Cancion bands and the home to many exile, immigrant and native students of the movement. In 1979 several LA groups tried to establish a permanent venue for the Pena but distances in LA proved a problem. Other distances intervened, Cesar Torres, Bass Player for Umbral, an LA band, traveled yearly to Mexico City to find instruments. He did finally discover a Tijuana guitar maker who could reproduce traditional instruments.

As a de-territorialized art form Nueva Cancion is forced to peer across barbed wire to see its origins while still speaking to the present. Consequently, as its original artists root in strange soil and as it gains practitioners from different musical traditions a creative tension arises between original purity and localized variation. When Los Huicholos, a group of Chicanos played electrified instruments people reminded them of the original conflict that spawned the art. Inti-illimani, a Chilean group touring Italy in September '73 and continuing exile there has been rapped for sounding too Italian. But artistic differences are only points of discussion for the community of Nueva Cancion artists who are firmly bound together by the web of barbed wire stretched between the peoples of Latin America.

Nueva Cancion artists strive to dissolve borders and build bridges over the fences separating peoples. Sabia, the only Nueva Cancion band in LA able to devote full time to music, called their first album *Formando un Puente--- Building Bridges*, on Redwood Records. Sabia traveled under the auspices of the United Nations Commission on Refugees in 1983 to Salvadorean refugee camps in Honduras. From that trip they published a collection of lyrics and poetry gathered in the camps. They recently pressed another album on Flying Fish Records, *Porta Voz*, literally translated as voice carrier or megaphone. Sabia is an important group to Nueva Cancion in LA, many members have gone on from Sabia to other bands seeking their own niche and expanding the movement.

Reyes Rodriguez, Cesar Torres and Jesus "chuy" Perez left Sabia to form Umbral. Umbral's sound is quite untraditional in Nueva Cancion. Reyes describes their music as "rhythm and politics ... socially conscious and danceable." Their sound, markedly contemporary, beats from a drum set, percussions, acoustic and electric guitars, bass and saxophone. Cesar explained that the frustrations of aspiring to a music whose original and



formative forces were separated from LA by great distances combined with the difficulty of even acquiring instruments and the feeling that they weren't doing it right "forced us out of the Folklorico, so we went to our own devices." Umbral, it could be said, is an LA child of Nueva Cancion.

"Probably the only band in LA still mainly featuring the original folk instruments is Huayucaltia," said Cesar. Huayucaltia, pronounced Y-U-Cal-Tia and which translates from Nahuatl, the Aztec language, to mean unity or brotherhood, is perhaps the LA band that most sounds like the original Andean-South American Indian tradition that engendered Nueva Cancion.

Ciro Hurtado, the guitarist for Huayucaltia, mentioned that he and most of the group, except Hernan who learned woodwinds in Colombia, only began to play traditional music after coming to North America. "Its a ridiculous paradox, but playing traditional music wasn't up-to-date when I was growing up. I played the blues when I was in Peru ... and here Latin Jazz, Blues - B B King, but it was not my music. It wasn't my reality, so I went home to relearn. Therefore our work isn't really traditional music; it is a music, influenced by a variety of genres, created in Los Angeles and done by immigrants and North Americans."

Huayucaltia, Umbral and Sabia, a good cross section of Nueva Cancion in Los Angeles, will be playing together at a Pena sponsored by Friends of El Rescate on September 17, 7:30 PM at the Flaming Colossus, 850 South Bonnie Brae (9th St. near Alvarado). The Pena is in conjunction with the FRINGE Festival and will feature music, food and an exhibition of art by Reyes Rodriguez. Proceeds from the event will benefit El Rescate. Advance tickets are available at El Rescate, Midnight Special Books in Santa Monica, Bread and Roses in Studio City, Sisterhood Bookstore in Westwood, Chatterton's Books in Hollywood and at The Folk Tree in Pasadena. For further information call El Rescate, (213) 387-3284. •



New Age Honky Tonk

by BECKY BISHOP

STREET MUSIC RETURNS TO THE L.A. CLUB SCENE

What happens when people become inundated with music that is technically advanced beyond human need and are presented with typically bogus and outrageous appearances by the artists? The result is too often, common boredom. Audiences become overstimulated to the point of having enough and are therefore in need of something that is different and more personal in a basic, yet heartfelt way.

Perhaps this is the reason why folks are flocking to clubs like Raji's, Club Lingerie, The Palomino and The Music Machine to hear a few select groups that all have something in common. They are playing basic rock n' roll that is hybridized with elements of country, folk, pop and blues, but each with a unique approach in style, concept and presentation.

So what's so new about country and roots rock? It's the edge and the attitude. Great bands like Dave Alvin and the Allnighters, Candye Kane, Tin Star, Richard Ferreira, The Walking Wounded, Danny Tate, Snakefarm, Lucinda Williams, The Mustangs, The Homefront and Rusty Vail all present roots-styled, original music that is fat with aggressive rhythm sections and consisting of predominately up-tempo and driving material. No boredom here ... just good basic roots influenced rock and roll that is played from the heart with real muscle, but with the added benefit of matured musicians in control. The result is polish with an edge.

What is also interesting is the fact that each above-mentioned group is playing to large former punk-underground audiences who have over a period of time become quite low profile in their dress and attitude. Perhaps this is a direct result of simple music, style of dress and casual manner displayed by the musicians themselves thus causing an evolution of punk counter-culture.

It was a real treat attending a recent hot, sweaty and sold-out performance at Raji's and noticing now un-imagined the bands and scenesters alike were. It's almost as if it's cool to have no image, or perhaps it's a non-trendy trend, or best of all, a new state of no-bullshit conscienceness. If anything I'd like to see this great music and attitude come out of the underground and reach the masses. I think we're ready for it. •

'Homeless' continued from page 1.

By the fourth meeting, the Task Force was ready to establish proposals for the group to report back to the Town Council. Most of the committee recommendations (listed below) were met with assent. Tougher policing of the homeless who break liquor laws and other nuisance crimes. Better access to voucher hotels, despite the general relief-voucher hotel system being described as a "cycle of failure." The realization had come early in the meetings that Venice had more homeless than its share of homeless services. Additional services were called for, in the absence of deeper solutions like more jobs and affordable housing.

The only proposal to spark real disagreement was the motion to recommend the use of the Pavilion as an emergency shelter for the homeless. Although the motion passed 17-5 and was included in the body of Task Force proposals, those who dissented were adamant in their opposition to the use of the Pavilion since it's in a tourist area.

One of those in attendance spoke of his inability to understand an approach to the homeless problem that housed and fed them. "I don't see the connection."

But the report was completed. The Task Force pulled the committee reports together, and had the material typeset and prepared for distribution at the Venice Town Council monthly meeting.

The media had already picked up on the growing crisis and publicized the meeting. Members of the Task Force unhappy with the proposal to use the Pavilion rallied others in the community who felt likewise. More than 200 Venice residents flooded the public meeting, which, thanks to the warm weather, spilled outside and became a mass, town hall meeting.

'HOMELESS' continued to next Page.

ODDS & ENDS

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Slide show and workshop with Bill Roley, Director of Sprout Acres, an integrated residential energy bank which he designed and created on a bluff overlooking the ocean in Laguna Beach. Roley is the Program Chair of Environmental studies at Saddleback College in Mission Viejo.

Sprout Acres' multi-use design plan sets up a continuous web of pathways that take agriculture, biology and ecology and interconnect them with engineering and architecture. The emphasis is on intensive organization rather than extensive manipulation of the environment.

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ANTI-NUKE



Public meeting--Thursday October 1st at Pearson Hall, St. Augustine's Church, 1227 Fourth St. Santa Monica, 7:30-9:30 P.M. Jolene DeLisa, Gerda Lawrence and Fred Segal will give accounts of their participation in this Summer's historic Soviet-American Peace Walk from Leningrad to Moscow. Admission is free. For more info, call 395-4123

homeless----from page 10

At the packed Town Council meeting that ni Galanter Chief Deputy repeated the Councilwoman's call for a hearing in September (Sept. 17 at Venice High, 7pm), and a promise to seek added services including police and health screening.

A vocal and aroused resident faction bitterly opposed use of the Pavilion. At the Venice Action Committee's meeting later the idea of using the Pavilion was called "the folly of all time." Another Action Committee member told me the night of the Task Force report that there could be no cooperation as long as the Task Force supported use of the Pavilion.

Two weeks later, at the next Task Force meeting, four aides to Galanter spoke to the community. Before the Sept. 17 hearings, they would initiate action. First, they would move to create transportation to bus the homeless to voucher hotels outside of Venice. Second, they would beef up police coverage, and work on reducing sale of alcoholic beverages near the Ocean Front Walk.

Missing was any talk of services in Venice. The emphasis was on exporting the homeless, and

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Community Events

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.

SANTA MONICA and MARINA MASTERS SWIM CLUB

Adult swimming club workouts scheduled for every skill level. Held at Venice and Santa Monica High Schools and Santa Monica College. Call 391-0094 for more info.

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Client Services/Education/Hotline & Volunteer Services
7362 Santa Monica Boulevard, West Hollywood, California 90046 (213) 876-8951

HOTLINE: 1-800-922-AIDS

WOMEN

ADULT DAUGHTERS OF ALCOHOLICS

A structured workshop series for women in families affected by alcoholism or other chemical dependency will be offered on six Mondays beginning October 19. Sponsored by Prevention Services of the Alcoholism Center for Women, the series will be held at 1147 Alvarado Street, in Downtown L.A.

The series is designed to be a safe, nurturing experience. Cost for the workshop is \$40. Pre-registration is required. For more info, or to register, call 381-7805.

The Alcoholism Center for Women is a non-profit organization funded in part by the L.A. County Alcoholism Budget.

some of those present, when they caught the drift, expressed anger. No mention of the relocation of the disputed feeding program was mentioned.

Within a few days notices went up on the boardwalk informing those camped out that there would be a sweep starting Friday, Sept. 4. So the pieces are finally in place for the City-led program, working hand-in-hand with the County. Where Galanter had given the homeless hope and angered the residents two weeks earlier, she bit the bullet and promised the residents what they wanted.

Personally, I think waiting five weeks to hold hearings was not response enough initially. (An aide to Deane Dana chortled when she heard that Galanter's response was to study the problem.) To then initiate forced bus rides out of town, and to foreclose the use of the Pavilion before the hearings, was giving away more than the Councilwoman had to, or should have.

Most who came didn't want to hear about programs and services for the homeless. Most came to express their grievance over being fearful and offended by the growing numbers of transients and semi-permanent homeless in their front yards, their benches, and Ocean Front Walk.

Newly-elected Councilwoman Ruth Galanter met with Task Force representatives in the morning and held a press conference in the Rose Avenue parking lot where the feeding program attracts a long line every morning. The homeless joined the dozens of media reps listening to Galanter speak.

Galanter responded to questions with great sociology, but with no great sensitivity to the anger of the residents. "The answer to the homeless does not involve exporting them to some other place," Galanter told the reporters.

Residents interested in the work of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Homeless are encouraged to contact co-chairs Barbara Palivos (396-1169), and Louis Kent, (822-5536).

POLITICS

LABOR DAY 1987 will be the subject of a speech by Louis Weinstock, a union activist before World War 2--now President of the Los Angeles United Senior Citizens Club. Admission free. The 1st Unitarian Church of Los Angeles 2936 W. 8th Street--11 a.m. September 6.

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Sunday, Sept. 6--Open reading series. 8 P.M. Admission free to all.

Sunday, Sept. 13--Writer Ann Beattie will read from her work at 7 P.M. Admission \$3-\$5

Friday, Sept. 18--Artist John Baldessari will show slides of his latest work at 8:30 P.M. Admission \$3-\$5



VENICE
TOWN
COUNCIL

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING
7:30pm Thur., Sept. 10
Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Blvd.

AGENDA

1. Another report from the Ad Hoc Committee on the Homeless. Ballots will be issued and tallied to determine Venice Town Council position on Ad Hoc Committee proposals, in anticipation of Sept. 17 hearings on homeless at Venice High.
2. Reports from Planning and Development (305-7149), Santa Monica Airport Task Force (396-6774), and Board of Directors (392-2872).
3. A discussion of police crackdown on non-profit solicitors on Ocean Front Walk, and against body healers and other boardwalk vendors.

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