THE BREWING BATTLE OVER VENICE BEACH’S HOMELESS CRISIS

Erin Rondi
The homeless crisis in Venice Beach is a growing issue. The members of the community need to come together to help get the homeless off the streets and back into the workforce. The article highlights what it is like for the artist Reed Segovia living on the streets in Venice.

In response to this I created a three–part design solution as a call to action in hopes that it will get the members of the community involved.

- Created the article spread to bring awareness to the issue.
- Designed environmental graphics to communicate directly with helpers and clients on the street. The plan was to organize a pop–up shop event that would give the homeless access to the resources they need in order to get a job.
- Made posters that were to be distributed to local shop windows.
Rondi: Brewing Battle over Venice Beach Homeless Crisis

LENTICULAR PRINTING

Using a software program, the designer slices the image into strips and "inflates" the image together in a repeating pattern. The width of the strips that the designer slices them into is determined by the lenticular lens that will be used, as well as the printing device's resolution.

POP UP SHOP EVENT

View 1
In one of the hippest (and priciest) places in America, homeless shelters are overcapacity and tent cities are on the rise. While many residents are eager to sweep the streets clean, one homeless artist sees a chance to build community.
AT TEN O’CLOCK ON A CHILLY TUESDAY MORNING, the Venice
beachside is beginning to life. A Mark of its mild-morning sunlight casts
the shadow of the historic buildings on the seafront sidewalk like a
latticework in the distance. Suave skate and tattoo studios awaken
every ten, from between their many metal bars to whale artists and skin
performers united their respective personalities along the boardwalk’s
opposites poles. They are the eclectic fringes that counterNotifications
 Venice’s genteel middle-class. The area is a quiet, modestly urban, five-eight-between-innate
and corporate internets.

Cattleya’s, the former headquarters at the upscale beach-
front-view-inspired Shoshone. Three-year-old Sayegh stands barefoot
behind a wooden table not much larger than a high-school classroom
desk. Red, blue, and gold skirts of wood repurposed as mahogany cursive depict
a mosaic of geometric scene portraits, stacked in a semi-circle formation
like a playground. Family games. There’s a canvas against which the baby
configuration, his latest, security postion at the center of all of them. The
wood is hand-drawn in a disjointed style of yellow with the words “Mack Snaphat.
Out of Venice” scrawled across its surface in black letters.

A man peeks by the table wearing a deep, electric-blue patterned hoodie with the
ARMA logo printed across the chest. Sayegh’s smile stretches across his
face like a謝謝.

“HELLO, MR. ORTIZ,” he calls out. “Nice weather.”

The man turns to Sayegh, surprised, and slows down. His words are
continued in his way. “Thank you.”

Sayegh, visibly pleased, pulls a thick notebook out of his pocket
drawer and flips through it. Comic book-style sketches of places, faces
and battle scenes parade trippingly, silent and shadow, over the pages.

“For a while I was like, my art has this no-spaces theme,” he says, then
looks up, wide-eyed. “Hey, just need to dress like an astronaut.”

Sayegh, who originally hail from a small town on the San Fernando Valley,
has been living in Los Angeles since 2005, with a few brief intermitted stints in
North Dakota, Texas and New Mexico—meeting his current girlfriend by a
social media app. The two fitted perfectly to each other. “I never had one
again,” Sayegh says with a sigh. “Somebody’s a disappointment left.”

Now, Sayegh balances approximately 1,000,000 indigent individuals
living on and around the Venice Beach, a motorcycle with
parables a steadily climbing rates in
homelessness throughout Los Angeles
and while the City of L.A. is in the
process of posting a $12 million bond
in permanent supportive housing for
its chronically homeless over the next
calendar year, the Venice is in the
debt of the city, for the time being—largely left to
their own devices.

These times-inadequate, a burgeoning
city takes shape beneath the looming
cast shadow of a public storage facility
that sprang an entire block. At the
opposite end, with the present “homestead
problem”—what the scene has
beneath the rise of a up-and-coming
storage facility, a baseball cap
with the words “Mack Snaphat
Out of Venice” scrawled across its
a

A building, further something New York
notices with a penchant for old-school
rock music, Hawkins has been a Venice
resident and small-business owner since
1980. Though Hawkins’ appeal, floral
button-up and distressed-jean flannel
an L.A.-land of at ease, the mixed
mood of some who works like a
quest for New York accent (his), East
Coast roots. Several minutes earlier, he’d proposed a “tour” of the neighborhood’s
homeless “environment.”

“Let’s take a walk,” he says, and that the strolling serves as a temporary home
in a recent influx of about 50 people.

Press dayghts against the storage facility’s tan-fortal fence, a sea of overflowing
shopping carts is a constant stop, despite this waves of tents and blankets, the idea of
which house a diverse constellation of people—men and women, ranging from what
looks like tattoo:AIDS to early children—lying, sleeping, rolling around.

In 2006, Los Angeles County’s homeless count approached 42,000, a number
that the city has now only grown during the past year. That, coupled with the
city’s growing lack of incentives, captured Los Angeles to number one on the
county’s list of regions containing the highest density of “unsheltered”
individuals—people who are clearly sleeping on the streets, in cars, in
stores, but 50 percent of all the homeless population. With
about A, thousands of unsheltered people living on streets, Venice has certainly
seen the brunt of this squatter.

And, according to Hawkins, Venice residents (his property-owning neighbors; 
anyway) are “pissed.”

Hawkins rolls his tires into the street gutter, using left hand to loosely guide the
arbitrary “TELLING TO KEEP YOU SAFE, GETTING KNOCKED,” he says.

The Venice community’s recording news of dispute, fear or frustration—
seems some combination of the threats—its homeless neighbors does not
get unnoticed by Hawkins. He feels the atmospheres like a massive electric force 
encouraging him to a sort of calculated world on the sidelines of Flashcrowd. For
Sayegh, this kind of isolation cuts deeper than standard deviance. It’s a
persecution, demonstrating trigger.
of the problems.

You can't solve any of the problems if you don't have all four keys. You don't have another door, and if you don't have another door to get a key into, then it's like, you need a key to open a door!
In 2001, Sagano was living in L.A., struggling to pursue his art in a way that felt satisfying to him. He drew a burning inability to connect with the people around him as the primary reason for this sense of stagnation.

"The first studio I rented in this place was really nice," Sagano says, picking up a half-smoked cigarette. "I played the Services between his teeth, silently lights matches and cigarettes. The smell smokes, but it's not until after becoming a business that I think I was thinking more then. Whatever the consequence, I lost friends.

He passed, the cigarette has already almost burned down to his filter. He claims to be able to work on the legs of his story. "And you know," he says, taking a final drip of the cigarette, then, "the financial issue.

But, while Sagano hopes for some sense of correspondence with his community, Heawes believes that Venice is already serving too much to facilitate the continued spread of homelessness throughout the neighborhood. Heawes, who is currently a resident of Venice, a temporary initiative sponsored by the Venice based non-profit organization that serves homeless communities.

"As we move into the future, the fear is spreading away from homelessness, and they lost their jobs. Their lives are facing a new era," he explains, his crystalline eyes wide on the first time. "That's why people let us do to help. They are the people who truly need services.

In order to do that, Heawes says, the need for "enforcement," to weed out those whose precursors might be less overtly clear.

"You were the ones I call the 'melodramatic ones', the professional homeless," Heawes says, "I want to make the choice for the person, and this is our home.

The homeless population has a median rate of HIV prevalence at least three times higher than the general population. This is a heavily challenged by the fact that people living with HIV/AIDS are at higher risk of dying than their non-HIV/AIDS counterparts. A Los Angeles study found that fifty percent of people living with HIV/AIDS who are at high risk for becoming homeless.

Heawes laughs dryly. "So you take a shower, you get a condom, you leave. Just walk your way down the street. But Venice, like the city of L.A., is scrambling for more permanent remedies. "People are flooded with people and different in small spaces to meet the astronomical need. Illustrated, Heawes struggles to grasp with a promised solution to mitigating homelessness.

"There's so many layers to this. It gets a little overwhelming," he says, walking through a particularly emptiness patch of sidewalks. Bikes and cars are stuffed to bursting points, and overflowing trash bags tied in plastic are seen in the pavement. "You start talking about one thing, and you think, how do we find a solution to this? Like, you need a 10-step plan to get a key into the door, and if you don't have all four keys, you can't solve any of the problem.

But, at last for the time being, he says, services must focus on the segment of the homeless population that Heawes calls the "true unsheltered.

"The people that are one paycheck away from being homeless, and they lost their jobs. Their lives are facing a new era," he explains, his crystalline eyes wide on the first time. "That's why people are willing to help. They are the people who truly need services.

"You're the ones who are stealing services," he continues. "They're the ones who are the real criminals. They're the ones who are back on the streets that LAPD needs to crack down on. That's the drug dealers, the drug buyers. It's drugs. The skin beneath the fabric.
At the base of a neighboring palm tree, a group of Japanese friends chow down in the sand. Nestled around a sea of sticks is a tiny house. One of them, a spry man named his landmark, sported a matted beard and dined on the framework of his sticks like a seated warrior. Laying only covers on them was fabric. In his hands, he played the song on his harp. His high-pitched laugh echoed along the sterile tan.

Beside him, a younger man sprung up. He had not enough of cigarettes hanging on the aloe vera plant with the small house. He was following his own path, thumbing through his pockets to find change that was lost.

"You need anything?" he said. "Socks?" Segovia wiggles his toes, "Bring the socks!"

The man leaves, setting off down the gravel of the brown.

"Like these guys," Segovia says, "each one has this kind of light that they shine. We all just emerge to each other's experience of just being here. It's a different understanding."

The man leaves through the door of the brown.

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View 1

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Transition

https://digitalcommons.sacredheart.edu/acadfest/2021/all/137
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View 2

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Sides of Street Board

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JOIN US APRIL 23-25 FOR OUR POP-UP SHOP EVENT TO HELP THE HOMELESS GET BACK IN THE WORKFORCE.

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In one of the hippest (and priciest) places in America, homeless surfers are overcapacity and tent cities are on the rise. While many residents are eager to sweep the streets clean, one homeless artist sees a chance to build community.
START MY LIFE ALL OVER AGAIN

Even in High School, I wanted to make art. But then after college, I was stuck with the thought of "What am I going to do?"

I felt exhausted from this place and L.A. I think I was drinking more than whatever the circumstances I was fried.

This isn't humane for people to live like this.

Each one has this kind of light that they shine. We experience.

Oh, you can't do this. You can't do that.
WORKS CITED


