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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

CHEE WAH-WAH

FREE

OCTOBER 1982 ISSUE NO. 154 P. O. BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291 823-5092

“Barbara Avedon, Clare Falkenstein”

“WOMEN OF THE YEAR”

BY ARNOLD SPRINGER

Two Venice women, screenwriter Barbara Avedon and sculptor Claire Falkenstein, were among 16 Californians honored as 'Women of the Year' by the non-partisan political action group Women For. Among the others honored were Ramona Ripston of the Civil Liberties Union, Chief Justice Rose Bird, bi-lateral nuclear freeze co-author Jo Seidita, Mimi West of the L. A. Free Clinic, Jane Fonda and Dinah Shore.

All were honored for exceptional achievement in their respective fields of endeavor and for their contribution to the advancement of the status of women.

Barbara Avedon is a long-time Venice resident and screenwriter whose most recent success was the original screenplay for Cagney and Lacy, a script singled out by Ms. Magazine for its successful creation of positive-realistic women characters in non-stereotyped roles. Singled out by Ms. was the fact that the two women characters were central to the story and were portrayed as friends and buddies and not as sex objects. CBS and the production company Filmways subsequently fired Barbara and broke her contract to write for the show. The race for ratings led them to diminish the positive and powerful women characters which she

created. Barbara sued and won, but she no longer writes for the series.

It is a constant struggle, she says, to create strong women characters in television and on the screen when men dominate both fields.

Barbara has been a successful screen writer since 1951. She won an Oscar in 1954 for "When Magoo Flew" (best animated short). One of her favorite successes was a Bewitched episode in 1969 called "Sisters at Heart," the story of two schoolgirls, one black, one white, who want to be sisters. What was especially gratifying about it was that she co-wrote it with a 10th grade class at Jefferson High in Los Angeles. It was a class which had a 4th grade reading level. Subsequently a good number of the students successfully completed college and one is on the way to becoming a TV writer.

Other credits include episodes for Fish, Donna Reed, Trapper John, Medical Center, and Executive Suite. She is presently writing a CBS Movie of the Week called "Return of the Rhinestone Cowgirls."

Barbara's social and political consciousness is invariably reflected in her writing.

Continued on page 13



Barbara Avedon



"SHOCK VALUE" SERIES PROTESTERS demonstrated on Sept 17th and 24th in front of the Fox Venice Theatre. The series featured films which contained a great deal of violence and brutality aimed at women. The L.A. Weekly withdrew its sponsorship of the series but the Fox did not.

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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. 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.

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"Tax Assistance"

(From a press release from the office of Senator Alan Sieroty)

Application forms for Senior Citizen and Disabled Homeowners and Renters Tax Assistance are still available, according to State Senator Alan Sieroty (D-West Los Angeles, San Fernando Valley).

To qualify, individuals must be California residents and have been 62 years or older or disabled or blind as of December 31, 1981. Annual total household income must be \$12,000 or less.

Assistance payments range from \$10 to \$240 for renters. Homeowners will receive from 4% to 96% of their property taxes paid on the first \$34,000 assessed fair market value of their home. Assistance payments have been averaging \$146 to renters and \$93 to homeowners.

Claim forms are available by calling the office of Senator Alan Sieroty at 479-4244. Additional information and claim forms may also be obtained by calling the State Franchise Tax Board's toll-free number 1-800-857-5711 or by writing to Franchise Tax Board, P.O. Box 1588, Sacramento, CA 95807.

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Letters

Editor, Beachhead:

The Fox Venice program uses the same words to describe the "shock value" movies (which L.A. Weekly is sponsoring), that I think of in connection with abusive behavior I've been seeing so much.

I broke up with my last boyfriend because it seemed to give him pleasure to make me feel badly by telling gross jokes. I see more and more of that unkind, arrogant attitude bordering on viciousness. I can't go out without being pawed at by men and insulted with lockerroom-type behavior. Two men followed me home once and threatened to shoot me if I didn't allow them to rape me. It was so obvious that they were doing it just for something to do.

In his book Cult Movies, Danny Peary wrote:

"I think John Walters is funny... but there is something scary about equating shock with hip humor. In Pink Flamingos, Divine says 'Killing and blood make me come.' This fascist attitude is meant to be outrageous, but it's not funny. In a time when violence for kicks is on the upswing...much of the cinema of John Walters is irresponsible."

I am disappointed with people since most go along with everything (apparently because it's the easiest thing to do) instead of standing up to the exploiters. I was relieved to read in the September issue of "Psychology Today" that someone else noticed this, namely Wilhelm Reich:

"By mid-career, in Listen, Little Man!, Reich's trust in ordinary people had vanished. He damned the ordinary people he had wanted to help: 'Little man, you're always on the side of persecutors.'"

I've often felt that things like Hitler happen because no one stands up to it. Reich felt the same way.

When I was 21, my friend Harvey said, "Ya gotta do what works." It sounded real profound (but then, everything sounded profound when I was 21).

It may sound obvious to do what works, but is the media doing what "works" when the news glorifies crime and movies glorify shock value? (Hint: "I killed John Lennon so I could be famous." End of hint.) You may say "You can't prove it leads to crime," but what in hell proof are you waiting for? John Lennon is dead! Also, I predicted that someone connected with Animal House would die, because their anything-goes attitude goes a little too far. As you know, John Belushi went a little too far.

Are you on the side of the exploiters? (such as the Fox Venice).

A guest speaker (the head of the L.A. County Hospital child abuse ward) at a psychology class I took said "Child abusers follow role models such as their own abusive parents or news stories of child abuse." I started to notice that this actually happened. One week after a baby drowned by falling head first into his mother's bucket of cleaning water, another baby died in exactly the same way. (Maybe the news could be presented in a way that creates value in people's lives, instead of in a way that boosts ratings.)

Similarly, I heard news stories describing all the gory details of how a girl was mutilated and left for dead (although she survived and her attacker was caught). I thought "Don't they know it will just happen again if they go on and on about it?" (Like Simon & Garfunkel said, all the news I need is in the weather report.) I was horrified to think it would happen again and made a silent promise to the next victim that I would avenge what happened to her. I pictured finding her afterwards and whispering to her that I would avenge what happened to her, but now with more

hate: I would write a letter to a newspaper about the causes of crime and see if they would print it. I predicted it would happen about 3 weeks after the first one, and in the same manner. And it did. The only thing I didn't count on was that the second woman died.

(Her attacker was also caught.) She was the mother of 2 small children. Obviously, I didn't get to tell her of my promise, but I decided to keep it anyway. What would you do?

I feel the Beachhead should take a stand against the type of exploitation in the "shock value" movies at the Fox Venice.

I would appreciate it if you would print this letter, with my address (a P.O. Box). I would feel I was doing something about my promise.

Very truly yours,
Patricia Wolfe
Box 483
L.A. 90064

Dear Editor:

In regard to the protest of the Shock Value Festival at the Fox Venice Theater, I completely understand the disdain for these films. They represent the seamier side of the American mind (and the desire to make money by filming this violence is only a part of this sickness) but I think the intentions of the festival as stated on the calendar are pretty explicit regarding the theater's recognition of this garbage as what it really is. But what I find most amazing is the sexist tactic used to promote this protest - - cheesecake. What is this? Is the way to a woman's mind through her stomach? Are the dissident protesters going to trade recipes after the social struggle? Are women not intelligent enough to discern the important issues without "something from the oven"? It all seems as ludicrous as the films. After all, no one is making you pay money to see these films in the first place -- that is unless you're expecting dessert afterwards.

Sincerely,
Gordon Hooper

Free Venice Beachhead,

Would there be some way that an indigent prisoner with no one to write to could find a Free Venice Beachhead to share with over one thousand prisoners here?

When a lonely prisoner can find a little piece of the real world out there to share, it travels carefully from hand to hand.

I am here for carrying firearms across the state line. My income tax violation in 1970 made the firearms a federal violation.

Whatever you could do to share a little of your life with us would be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
Don L. Hart 00431-081
Box 1500
El Reno, Oklahoma 73036

Dear Comrades,

I am a prisoner and can not afford the cost of ordering your paper. However, I would like to be placed on your mailing list. Thank you.

Yours in the struggle,
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P.S. Please add my name to your personal section as I am interested in corresponding.

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"WASHINGTON SQUARES"

"Radford's Erection"

by CAROL FONDILLER

"I was eating lunch at one of those five stool coffeee shops in Long Beach. I think it was called Della's or the High pot," said a friend of mine, "The kind of place where the same waitresses have worked for years, they wear their hair in hair nets, and pin flowered kandkerchiefs on their white uniforms, and the counter is covered with white formica that has little blue and gold asterisks splattered all over it. The place is never full, but there's always a pair of elderly transplanted midwesterners _____"

"Yeah, yeah. I know. I know. I used to live in Long Beach. It's like one of my home towns." I said. "Long Beach. Iowa by the Sea. All of those old IOWANS, man! I mean, stringy old dudes or they have littl beer bellies, and they call one another 'Chip' or 'Sonny' and they act as if they are auditioning for old geezer parts, I bet the two that were sitting at the Hi Spot or Della's were IOWANS! You know they had an annual IOWA picnic at Bixby Park and half the town showed up just like New York for the Jewish Holidays! Did urban renewize Acres of Books out of existence yet? Do they still have the porno shops on Ocean Ave? Do the Vice Cops still chase the Hookers and transvestites out of Long Beach before they run the Grand Prix? They used to do that before the Miss Universe Contest. Wow! Those Long Beach cops! Once they caught me and a guy-no, that was on Signal Hill, way up there with those oil derricks pumping away-those were Signal Hill cops! 'I missed mah thryull on Si-i-signal Hill' boy those cops! Just havin' fun. Well, I didn't lose what I came up there to lose that night. The poor guy was _____"

"You're interrupting"

"Sorry, go ahead on"

"I forgot what I was saying"

"Oh. Yes. These two midwesterners were talking about the economy, and one of them said 'I voted for Proposition 13 to cut all the frills in State government, and my landlord raised my rent and I fell into a pothole. I voted for Reagan to get all the bums off welfare, and now I can't get my crutches.'"

And now that I'm wondering through the what goes around comes around department in my memory section, how's this?

polar bear

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How many of you remeber the first largest erection on Washington Street? Raise your hands. How many of you even know what I'm talking about? Hmm. Well I guess not many of you know about the trailer park then, either. I wonder how many people were displaced for your car port or cathedral ceiling. Hey no sweat-you didn't know, just get your white wine spritzer and get comfy.

You know Washington Square don't you?

That big block building on Washington Street by Grand Canal? The one that blocks out those cute little multi-leveled jail house type buildings that are High Rent apartment houses? Maybe they've turned them into comdos. Anyway, there's this blocky big mass of a building that has on ramps, and it says Washington Square in big red letters. It advertises restaurants and shops, parking etc. And there seems to be no way for you to get into the place from Washington St. Right. That one. And there is no way for you to get in from Washington St. You have to drive your car around and down into a subterranean parking lot, and then walk up to the first level.

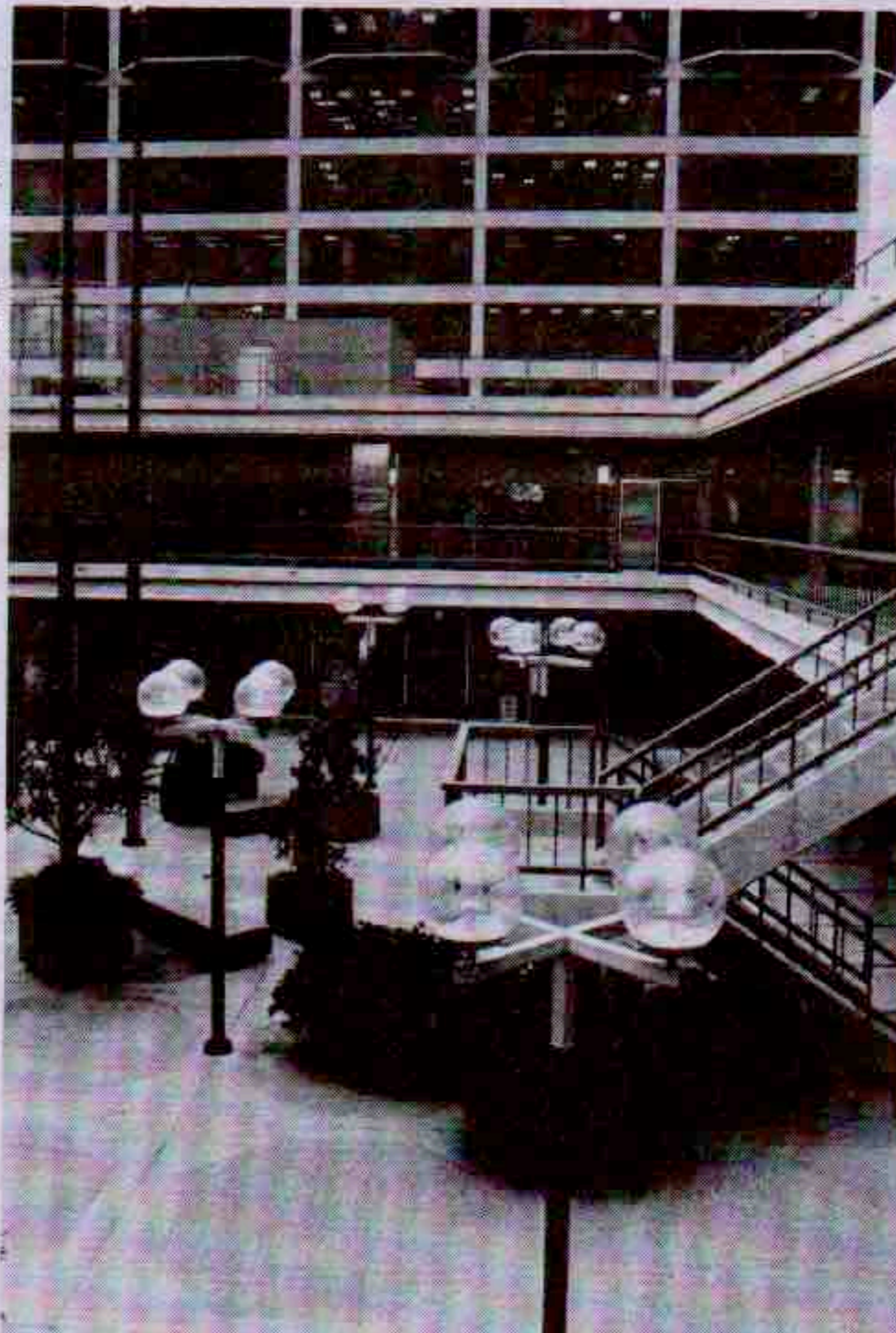


photo by Johanna

About ten years ago, that used to be a community. It was a trailer park. I don't mean the Super Duper tract home trailers of today. I mean those little teardrop jobs that were made for hard traveling and traveling light. Little trailers that would fit into one of today's R.V.'s. Retired military personnel lived there. I don't mean officers and gentlemen, I mean 20 year men-Seargents, mess officers and their families. Old people living on Social Security lived there. Hard drinking mechanics, waiters, waitresses. Divorcees with their kids used to live there. You didn't need a car to get to work, and the kids played on Grand Canal and went to school at Nightingale Elementary, which was subsequently known as Anchorage, which closed down because the Marina and the Peninsula were sterile. The school has recently become the new home of the hither-to homeless Alternative school Area "D".

The trailer park was where one could stay until they got their bearings, or stay because there was a community life. If the parents were sick or busy or working or indulging in various habits, there

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Appealus Interruptus

by MOE STAVNEZER

Obviously anticipating defeat, the owners and residents of the Kingswood Apartments in the Marina have withdrawn an appeal against the 183-unit senior building. That action now allows the Coastal Commission to rule on the development at its next meeting early in October, thus speeding up the entire permit process.

The development was approved, in glowing terms, by James Crisp (an L.A. City hearing examiner) in mid-August. Kingswood appealed the ruling on grounds so skimpy that the real prejudice against the low income elderly people who will live in the building was transparent. That appeal also forced the matter off a Coastal Commission September agenda and, if pursued, could have held up the project for many months. According to a commission staff member, there are few problems for the commission in approving the badly needed senior housing in Venice. Staff will recommend such approval to the commission which will hold a public hearing on the permit on October 13 in San Francisco. The project will be built at 3404 Via Dolce, just behind the Washington Square building.

Even though few problems are now anticipated, strong community support for the senior housing is important. You are urged to show that support by either phoning the South Coast District office or, better, writing to the commission. The phone number is (213) 590-5071. The address is Calif. Coastal Commission, South Coast District, 666 E. Ocean Bl. Long Beach, CA 90801. Please refer to permit # 5-82-479 (Stern et al).

DELI-DALLYING

Just down the street from Washington Square is Barry's Deli, newly opened by Barry Levine. Not content with the amount of space in the deli, Mr. Levine demolished 2 buildings next door to make room for a patio expansion for the deli. Seems, however, that Levine overlooked obtaining a permit for the demolition and lacks a mere 20 parking spaces for the seating on the patio. As if there were not enough parking problems on that block of Washington (between Pacific and Speedway).

Mr. Levine then applied for a permit for the new patio which did not mention his illegal actions and ignored the parking requirements for the restaurant. On August 24th a hearing examiner for the City denied Levine's permit noting in the findings that the applicant had "knowingly and willingly violated" his previous permit to open the deli. We'll keep you informed about the hanky-panky at Barry's Deli.

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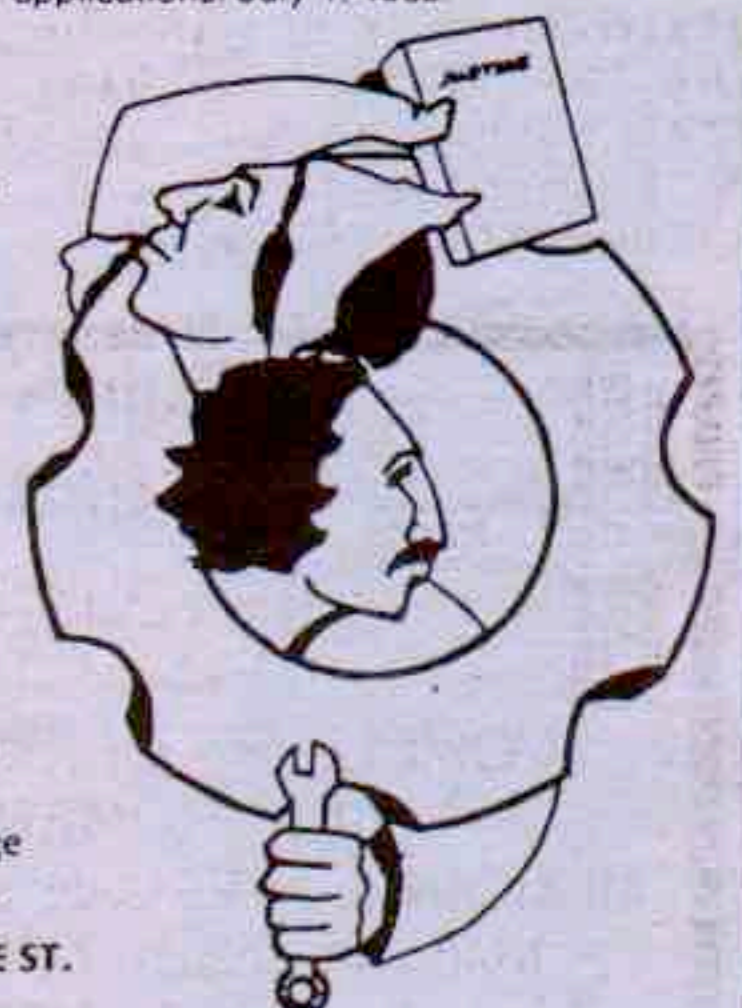
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On October 3, 1977 Rosie Jimenez died from an illegal, back-alley abortion



Rosie was a 27 year old single mother who hoped her university studies would be her and her daughter's way out of a cycle of poverty and underemployment. But, she needed an abortion. Her \$700 scholarship check had to go for school, and the Hyde Amendment had cut all Medicaid funds for abortion. She went to an illegal abortionist. Infection caused by unsterilized instruments sent her to the hospital the next day. Within a week she was dead.

Rosie was only the first of many victims of the Hyde Amendment cut-off. Untold numbers of women, especially poor and women of color, have suffered and died from illegal abortions because they did not have access to legal ones. Many women who already have children are facing inadequate childcare, costly medical care and underemployment. Those who wish to limit the size of their families are often forced to choose between illegal abortion and unwanted sterilization. These choices are cruel.

Look at what's happening around us. The Senate Judiciary Committee has approved the Hatch Amendment, which would outlaw all abortions. Cutbacks in all social programs are closing down childcare, pre-natal and other health services. Battered women's shelters and rape crisis centers are folding; civil rights of gays and lesbians are under attack. We are horrified that many of our politicians are attempting to pass legislation which will harass women, teenagers, and people who live non-traditional lifestyles.
WE MUST TELL THEM NO!

CARASA (Committee for Abortion Rights and Against Sterilization Abuse) is a multi-issue reproductive rights organization. CARASA holds teach-ins, demonstrations, and other public events supporting abortion rights, childcare, health services and women's sexuality. We have to do more - all of us.

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"Home Grown Violence"

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE HITS CLOSE TO HOME is the theme of Domestic Violence Awareness Week to be held Oct. 9 - 16 1982. The Week will be coordinated by the Southern California Coalition on Battered Women and will include activities by domestic violence programs in 8 Southern Calif. counties.

Domestic violence, the battering of women and its impact on their children, is one of this country's most serious problems. It is also one of our most frequently committed crimes. 25% of all murders nationwide result from domestic violence and one of every three women killed is murdered by a husband or partner. The literature on child abuse presents strong evidence that the abused child grows up to become the abused or abusive adult. And studies of marital violence suggest that it, too, is transmitted from one generation to another.

Featured during the Week will be training for county personnel; a 72 hour domestic violence crime watch; community education presentations, and a joint program with synagogues and churches. City Councils and Boards of Supervisors will go on record in support of Domestic Violence Awareness Week via proclamations and resolutions.

The Week will culminate in a National Day of Unity Oct. 16. A Walkathon and Rally will be held in Douglas Park, 1155 Chelsea Ave., at Wilshire in Santa Monica, as a fundraiser for the 32 battered women shelters currently in financial peril. The Rally will include a Battered Women's Speakout, a unique sharing experience. Isolation and a societal taboo have perpetuated the problem of domestic violence in our culture. This program is a special occasion for courageous women to break the silence and reach out to others still imprisoned by it.

The success of this Week and the corresponding attention paid to battered women and their children will serve to ensure community recognition of this problem. The support of local businesses and organizations is actively solicited as a vital contribution to outreach planned in many communities.

Information and materials is available from Southern Calif. Coalition on Battered Women, P.O. BOX 5036, Santa Monica 90405 or call 392-9874

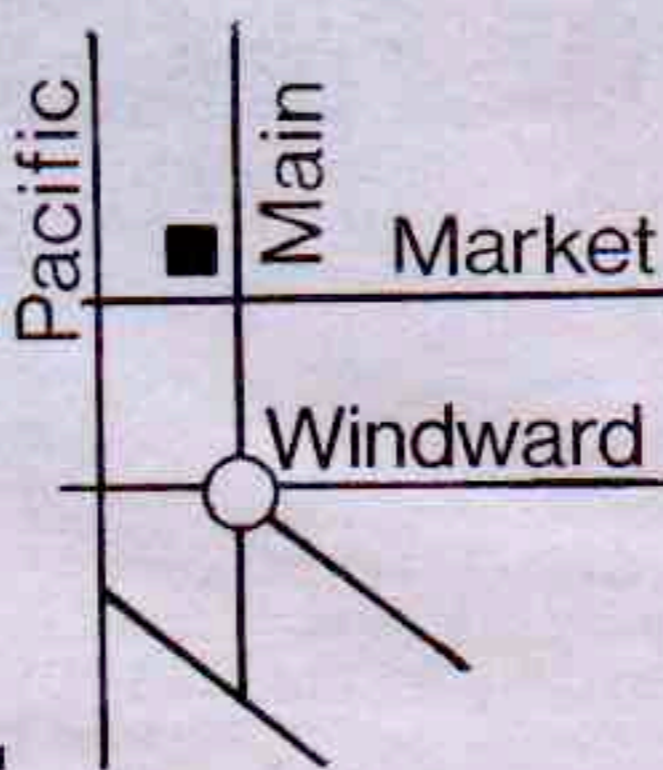
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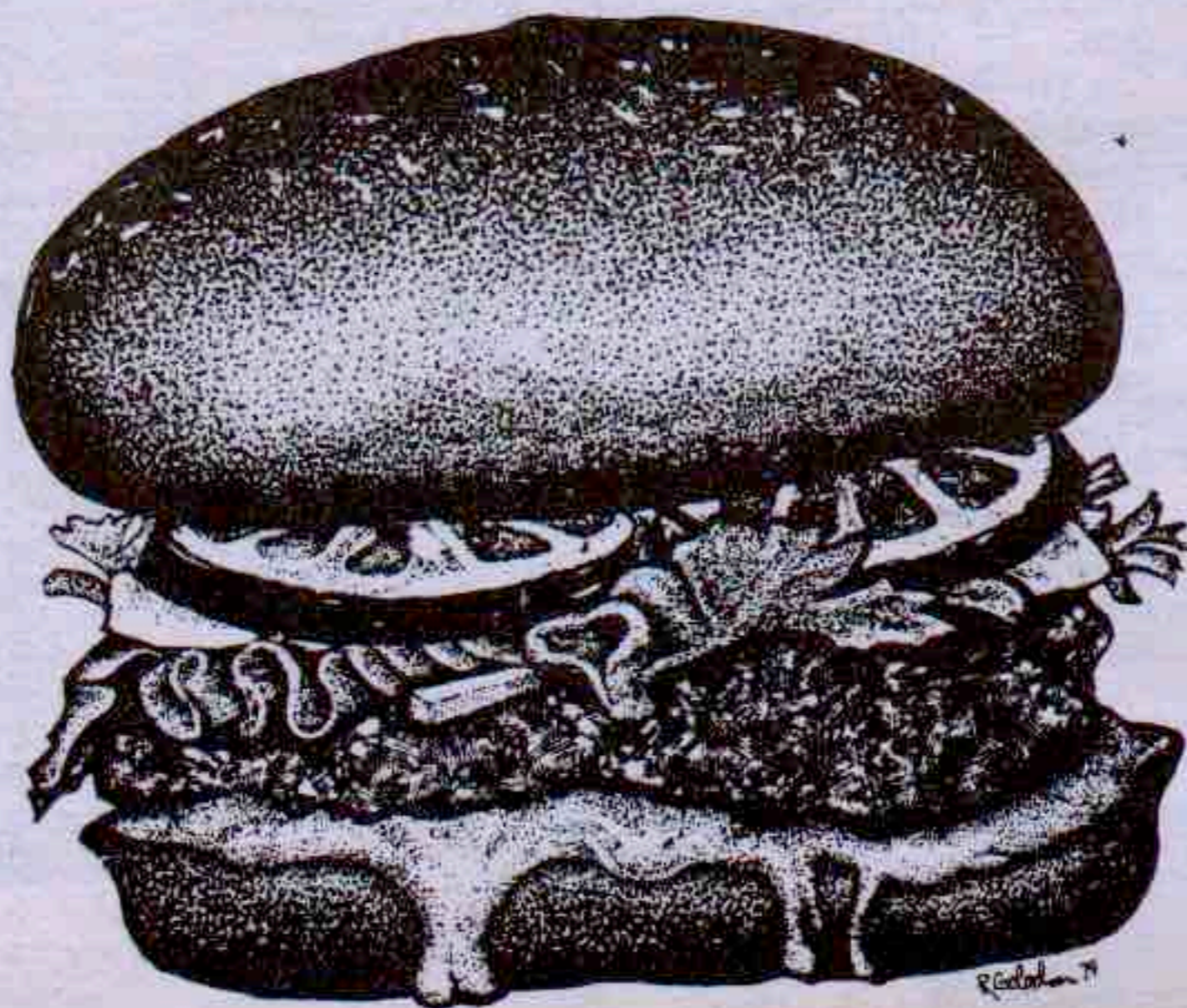
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"BANKERS BREAK PESO"

by SHARON KARCHER

For weeks the press has been full of reports on the crisis of the Mexican peso and the semi-collapse of the Mexican economy. The disaster in Mexico, like most disasters in Latin America, is the direct result of the historic continuous looting of Latin economies by foreign, mainly U.S., imperialism. This country is neither a spectator nor a "big brother"; it is an international thief, and it will not be immune from the results of its global misconduct. The U.S. is largely responsible for the misery and now for the crisis wracking Mexico; the coming social explosion will not stop south of the present border, but will carry revolutionary struggle up inside the current United States. Our organization, the New Movement in Solidarity With the Mexican & Puerto Rican Revolutions, is built on the proposition that we North Americans must struggle to understand these forces at work, and take part on the side of revolution.

The current crisis of the peso is the result of decades of vampirization of the Mexican economy by U.S. imperialism, with the collaboration of the ruling Mexican governmental party, the P.R.I. It is estimated that since World War II, 40 percent of the wealth created by Mexico each year has gone directly to the U.S. in the form of profits, interest, royalties, and gifts. Much of the remainder has gone into private Mexican pockets. With the wealth created by Mexican resources and Mexican labor skimmed off the top, the country has had to find the capital it needs for investment by renting money on the international credit market. At 80 to 85 billion dollars, Mexico has the highest foreign debt of any country in the world. More than 70 percent of this is owed to U.S. lenders.

Basically what has happened in recent months is that the Mexican peso has gone from an exchange rate of 26.5 to the dollar in February (making each peso worth roughly four cents), to an actual floating rate of 100-to-1 or more this fall (making each peso worth less than a penny). With the shock of the money crisis the Mexican economy has gone into a state of semi-collapse, with no apparent prospects for improvement.

The immediate source of the disaster is ironically the "magic potion" that was supposed to have solved all of Mexico's problems -- oil. When the Lopez Portillo administration took office in 1977 it decided to open up production in Mexico's southern oil fields. This fed directly into the U.S. strategy of driving international petroleum prices down by flooding the world with oil, but it did provide Mexico with several years of false prosperity. Between 1977 and 1980 Mexican revenues from crude oil exports rose from \$988 million to \$9.3 billion, a growth approaching 1000 percent. The P.R.I. government also borrowed wildly against future oil income, and when that wasn't enough it simply printed more pesos than had ever before been in circulation. Corruption flourished, and inflation blossomed to soak up the new currency.

In mid 1981 the world oil glut had its intended effect, and the bottom dropped out of world petroleum prices. But the managers of Mexico's economy continued to borrow billions from foreign (mainly U.S.) banks as though nothing had changed, and peso inflation kept ballooning even though the foundation of oil income was gone. The P.R.I. government finally acted this year, attempting a controlled devaluation of the peso to cut back on inflation. But panic set in and the devaluation went out of control.

Foreign creditors facing massive defaults on loans are now forcing Mexico to borrow from the International Monetary Fund (IMF). The IMF, an arm of U.S. imperialism funded with public money, is negotiating a \$4 billion loan with the P.R.I. government, which will guarantee that the bankers get their payments at the expense

of Mexico's working class and poor peasants.

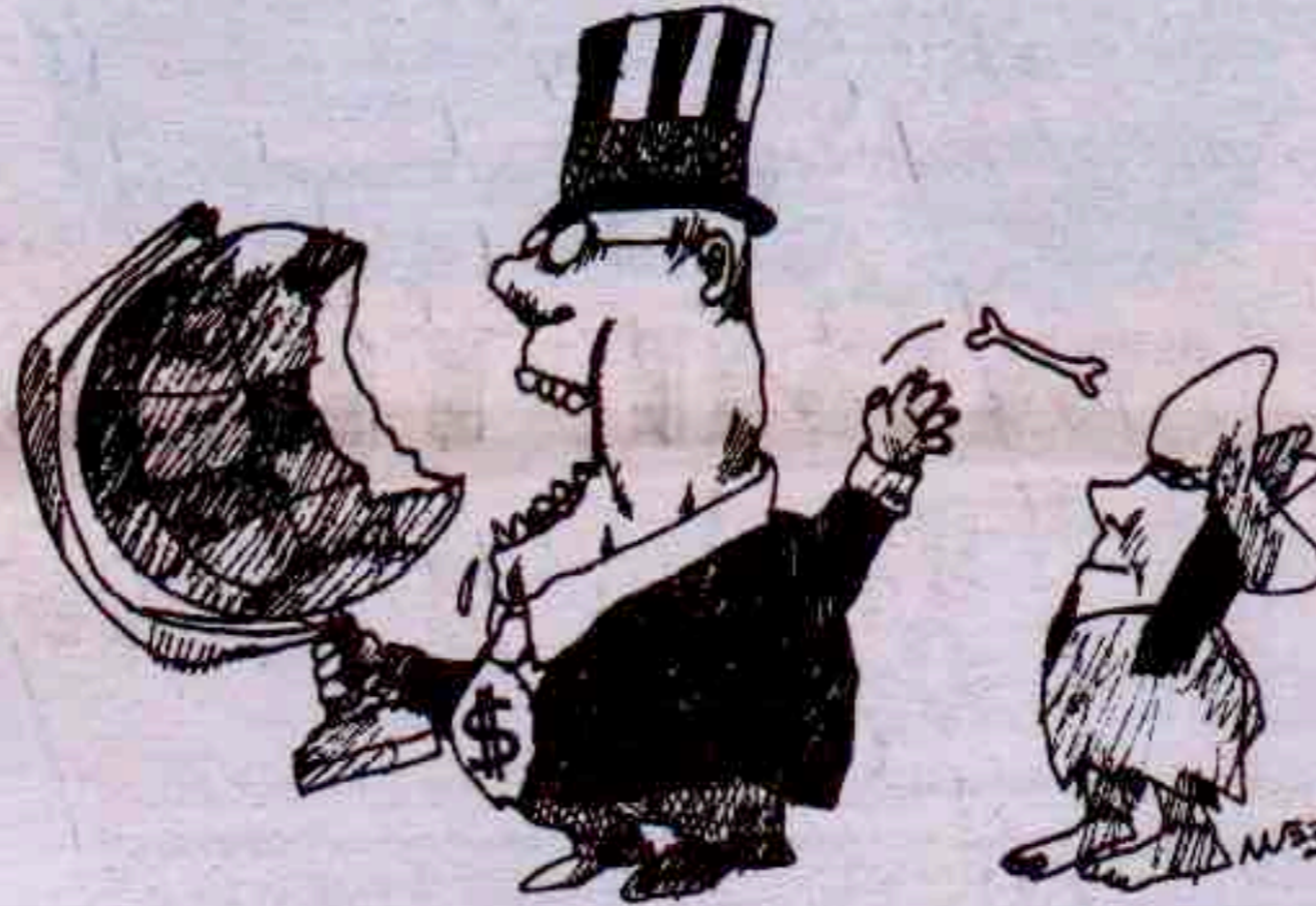
Though negotiations are still going on Mexican Treasury Secretary Jesus Silva Herzog has already said the IMF conditions will mean that "businesses will close and there will be greater unemployment." This is in a country where nearly half

the work force is already permanently unemployed, where half of the workers who do have jobs are only semi-employed, where even those with full-time jobs often earn less than bare subsistence. As a result of the peso crisis, the construction industry has ground to a halt and 500,000 construction workers have already been laid off, along with more than 100,000 in other industries.

The crisis in employment will result in a much heavier flow of Mexican workers north of the current border. The U.S. cannot, and doesn't want to, stop that flow, but it is preparing legislation -- the Simpson-Mazzoli Bill which has passed the Senate -- to step up policing along the border and to create a bracero-type program where the government would tightly control the work of Mexicanos, their income and benefits, their residence, their activities, and how long they stayed. All this will mean even more control and more terror and repression directed against ChicanoMexicano people in the U.S. by the Migra and the police.

In Mexico the P.R.I. government, well aware that harsh new realities will provoke militant and revolutionary struggle from the people, moved in advance to try to divert the coming unrest into controllable channels. In 1982, for the first time, it opened the presidential elections to certain selected left parties. There are always opportunists who will rise to poisoned bait, and the Mexican Communist Party (PSUM) and the Trotskyist Revolutionary Workers Party entered the elections, giving a cover of left respectability to the P.R.I.

But the prospects for opportunism in



FIVE CHICANO-MEXICANO & PUERTO RICAN
ARRESTED BY F.B.I. IN NATIONWIDE SWEEP

FIVE CHICANO-MEXICANOS AND PUERTO RICANS
ARRESTED BY F.B.I. IN NATIONWIDE SWEEP

On Friday, Sept. 24, in a coordinated nationwide effort, the FBI arrested Steven Guerra, Maria Cueto, Julio Rosado, Andres Rosado and Ricardo Romero, all activists in the Puerto Rican liberation movement and in the unity it is building with the Mexican revolutionary movement. They are being charged with criminal contempt because they have refused to collaborate in any way with a Federal grand jury set up in New York last January as part of a desperate attempt by the U.S. government to harass and silence public support for the growing armed clandestine national liberation movement in Puerto Rico and in the U.S. (On Monday, Sept. 20, the FALN carried out a bombing in New York City in support of the Palestinian people.) The arrests of the five were answered with militant demonstrations in a number of U.S. cities, and in Ciudad Juarez and Chihuahua, Mexico. Show your support for those arrested and call us: 466-7126, New Movement in Solidarity With the Mexican & Puerto Rican Revolutions.

Mexico are even dimmer than prospects for the peso and the economy. The Mexican people have one of the most vigorous revolutionary traditions in Latin America. The past year has seen takeovers of vast tracts of agricultural land and whole city neighborhoods by self-governing colonias of landless peasants and workers, nationwide strikes by insurgent teachers, bloody clashes between Indians and the army. In response to growing mass activity, the P.R.I. is moving to increase its repressive capability. They have tooled up their military with jet attack bombers and counterinsurgency helicopters, with secret prisons and American-trained torturers, and a whole new military/political police has been created since the 1968 Tlatelolco massacre, when over 600 demonstrators were assassinated by the Mexican army.

However, the revolutionary struggle for socialism in Mexico cannot be stopped by this repression, nor can it be confined by the illegitimate border imposed by U.S. imperialism when it seized the northern half of Mexico in 1848. The 20 million ChicanoMexicano people who reside in the occupied territories (the present U.S. southwest) are a powerful counterforce to the inevitable U.S. intervention in Mexico. From behind enemy lines ChicanoMexicanos will join with the revolution in the south to destroy the imposed border and reunify their nation.

For more information on Mexico and U.S. imperialism, and to join in helping build support for the socialist reunification of Mexico, contact the New Movement in Solidarity With the Mexican & Puerto Rican Revolutions, P.O. Box 60925, Los Angeles 90060, or phone (213) 466-7126 (MESSAGE).

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Feminism

by Lynne Bronstein

Yes, it may have seemed an impossible task, but "The World According To Garp" has been made into a movie. John Irving's notorious and often gross saga of a novelist-house-husband and his feminist-cult-heroine mother has been rendered with agreeable subtlety and a fast, yet relaxed pace by veteran director George Roy Hill. Robin Williams plays Garp with nary a hint of his more familiar outer-space persona, while an ensemble of hitherto-unknown actors give performances ranging from credible to remarkable. In fact, Williams, Glenn Close (as Garp's mother Jenny Fields), Mary Beth Hurt (as his wife Helen), Swoosie Kurtz (as a prostitute), and John Lithgow (as a transsexual), are among the most likable, loveable, you-just-want-to-hug-and-kiss-them, people you're likely to see on the devalued silver screen these days.

But are they "real" people? In Irving's book, they were almost impossible to identify with. While the movie makes them more sympathetic (largely on the strength of the acting), they are still puppets manipulated through a story that is basically a grim fairy tale, a sweet, homey inversion of the American Dream wrapped around some chilling observation on sexuality and death. And just as fairy tale glosses over the actual horrors of life in the Dark Ages, "Garp" glosses over the issues of its time period (the 1940s through the 1970s) while attempting to console the audience with its affectionate tribute to family life.

"Garp" has been called "a man's reaction to the feminist movement," but it really isn't so much a reaction as a revisionist satire on what seems to have happened. As the old journalistic axiom goes: "What people think is so important than what is so."

In "Garp" the movement is the accidental result of the life and work of Jenny Fields. Having conceived Garp as the result of an act of role-reversed rape (copulating with a dying, brain-damaged soldier she'd been nursing during World War II), having lived her life since that time without men or sex of any kind (though

not without funds--she works as school nurse at a boys' prep school), she retires from nursing to write a naive, overblown autobiography entitled "Sexual Suspect." Its publication triggers a wild series of responses from women who do everything from walking out on

If you've never seen the San Francisco Mime Troupe before, on your Marx--here they come, bringing their new production "AMERICANS, or Last Tango in Huahuatenco" to the Fox Venice Theatre October 23rd and 24th as benefit performances for Medical Aid for El Salvador and CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador).

The San Francisco Mime Troupe is America's oldest political theatre, formed in 1959 as part of the San Francisco Actor's Workshop. Over the years they've developed into a polished ensemble of artists, invincible onstage. They've won the coveted Obie Award (for their production "Dragon Lady" in 1973) and this past spring won the San Francisco Critics Circle Award for "Factwino Meets the Moral Majority". If you missed "Factwino" earlier this year at the Fox Venice, you can make it up to yourself by catching "Last Tango" this time.

"AMERICANS, or Last Tango in Huahuatenco" is a musical farce about a Central American country caught between revolution and a right-wing coup. As are all the Mime Troupe's productions, this one is hilarious, rousing, clever, and... didactic. El Salvador? Yes, and laughter gives us the distance to understand. The purpose of the Troupe is "to keep ideas alive and to keep up the spirits of the Left", explains Dan Chumley, a member of the Troupe since 1968. Criticized for being cheerleaders for the Left, Chumley defends the Troupe: "That's like criticizing people for breathing. It's something they need. The American Left is floundering, without strong leadership or party platform. We're trying to fill that vacuum"

And try they do. They write, rehearse and perform a new play every year. They began getting famous in the 60's with "The Minstrel Show, or Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel", attacking racial oppression in Watts. Later they attacked the Vietnam War, most notably in "L'Amant Militaire", attacked the draft in "Meat", attacked air pollution in "Eco-Man", attacked the CIA in "The Dragon Lady's Revenge" and attacked urban renewal in

According

their husbands to cutting off their tongues in solidarity with mutilated rape victim Ellen James.

Women flock to Jenny's home to stay under her protection. Some of them adopt her habit of always wearing a nurse's uniform. A one-time football player finds inspiration in Jenny's example and becomes loving, strong, romantic Roberta Muldoon. In the meantime, Garp writes, does the housework and child-rearing, and ponders this phenomenon his mother has sparked.

In real life there was a book that changed the lives of many women. It was Betty Friedan's "The Feminine Mystique." Published in 1963 (which seems to be the time period in which Jenny's book is published in the film), it was a well-researched documentation of sex roles and a manifesto urging wider choices for women. It was not naive nor an autobiography. Its impact on women and on men led to among other things, the founding of NOW, the campaign for the Equal Rights Amendment, and many small to large organizations fighting on fronts ranging from women's body rights to equity in hiring standards.

But none of these issues are mentioned or even hinted at in "The World According To Garp." It is a Thurber-cartoon world in which women already seem to be dominating. Jenny Fields may feel she has to write a defense of her life to be accepted by the world, but the world she lives in (from the prep school where she is hired with no questions about her state of single motherhood--to the publisher who takes on her manuscript after only a few flicks of the eyebrows) seems willing to accept her anyway. Let's not forget, she's also sole heir to her parents' wealth. Garp falls into his role as the family homemaker without any prodding from either his wife or a men's c.r. group. Except for the mysterious, sexless assassin who shoots Jenny and one loudmouthed male chauvinist who invades the women's retreat, women are not visibly threatened. We get a brief glimpse of a female politician, a few speechmaking emcees, and a few women doing carpentry and such around

To 'Garp'

Jenny's house, but otherwise we see no truly constructive actions by women, and certainly no constructive group actions. The only group activists in the movie are the fanatical, tongueless Ellen Jamesians. They expel Garp from his mother's funeral because he's a man, are hurt when Ellen James herself repudiates them, and in the end, one of their number, the gawky, unloved sister of Garp's childhood flame, assassinates him.

Why are the actual achievements of the American feminist movement ignored in favor of

portraying its members as mutilated mutants? Well, why not? Two hours of the historical background of what is being discussed here would either bore or infuriate audiences who much prefer the thrills of space operas and the sniggering humor of sick comedies. Besides we all know how feminists are bra-burners and man-haters and Commies and bad mommies. Why, hasn't "Garp" merely given us an exaggeration of the truth, a bit of Post-Modernist satire? It makes the movement, like Garp himself, seem to be merely the bastard child of an apolitical free spirit. And because it's so sad and funny and lovable, we'll get caught up in its mood and sidestep its implications.

Ironically there are moments when "Garp" gives us glimpses of a more progressive viewpoint--always on a strictly personal level. The character of Roberta Muldoon is the least grotesque, most intelligent portrayal of a transgender individual I can remember seeing in a mainstream movie. And the handling of Helen's extramarital affair is, apart from its gruesome denouement, a serious study of responsibility in male-female relationships.

But what we get mostly is a diverting entertainment that diverts attention from the political meat of its subject only too well. We've been told so often: people don't like polemics; give them something to enjoy. You can enjoy "Garp" like you may have enjoyed the old fairy tales. Yet even the fairy tales obscured more political allegory amidst the glass slippers and broomsticks than "Garp" which ultimately obscures the fact that not all of today's women have lost their tongues.

"MIME TROOP *HANDS* TANGOS AGAIN"



INSURGENTS & PEASANTS IN STRIFE-TORN SAN MARTIN TAKE A WELL-DESERVED BREAK IN 3-PART HARMONY IN THE SAN FRANCISCO MIME TROUPE'S HIGH-SPIRITED MUSICAL THRILLER, AMERICANS OR LAST TANGO IN HUAHUATENANGO PLAYING OCTOBER 23RD & 24TH AT THE FOX VENICE THEATRE, PHOTO BY MICHAEL BRY.

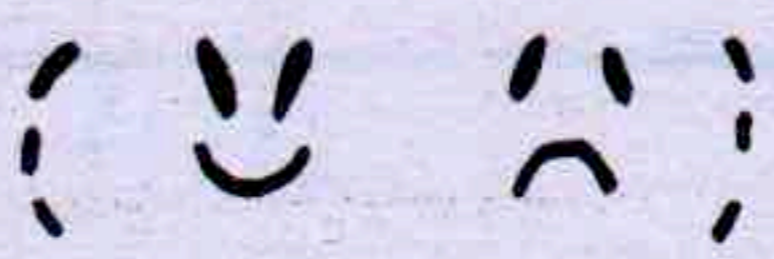
"High Rises".

The company became a collective in the 70's and produced "The Independent Female", about male chauvinism. They also decided to commit to racial balance in the company, a decision which necessitated a freeze on hiring white actors. They didn't want "a lot of white males as role models for the world". They cannot, however, be accused of tokenism, as it is obvious they hire for talent.

"AMERICANS, or Last Tango in Huahuatenco" takes place in the fictitious Central American country called San Martin. The U.S. ambassador is caught between the revolutionaries and the military junta, headed by a tough general who is afraid to go out at night. "The world has never been nice, nor will it ever be", says the general, and stages a massacre of peasants to prove the point. The guerillas, meanwhile, capture a "Me Generation" reporter from "Experience Magazine", believing her to be U.S. envoy to San Martin. There is also the legendary "Luisa", young peasant leader of the insurgents, the "five families" who rule the country, a gun-running Yankee mercenary posing as a benevolent doctor, and the most clever and hilarious dialogue you've heard in a long, long time. The two-hour show features songs in English and in Spanish and excellent sets and costumes.

The San Francisco Mime Troupe at the Fox Venice Theatre on Saturday, October 23rd at 8 PM and Sunday, October 24th at 2 PM and 8 PM. Tickets are \$6.50, \$7.00 and \$9.00. Remember that the proceeds will go to Medical Aid for El Salvador and to keep CISPES going. In the words of Troupe member Lonnie Ford: "We don't exist on money from Rockefeller, Ford or any other form of organized crime".

BY ALISA BEATON



Poetry

just one more war

i'll not die again.
no more,
i've had it:
wars, wars, wars,
and more wars
have cost me too much.
shit,
what's it for?

to win a bit of land:
a dollar more
for what?
to place my name on a list
that's too damn long
in the first place?

win - ha, die you mean.
die dead
for god, mother and country....
flags of all the nation states
don't fly high enough
to try for, to die for, even to live for.

and of soul,
shall i go once more to the cliff,
jump over the edge
to death below
to be resurrected when,
always when,
you need me for
just one more war?

"hell no, we won't go"
youth sang through the sixties.

won't go,
no way....class my ass.....
it's power struck everyone -
everyone except the dead.
yes, hiroshima's come and gone
and we haven't learned a thing,
not a goddamn thing.

"just one more war"
is the call.

the brave stand still - silent
as the fearful
set out
to kill us all.

"just one more war"
is all it will take.
...

rick davidson

"There shall be no gods before me"
Jesus said;

The boy recited as his stomach
bled

Bled on the flag he was
dying for
He' killed man; he'd become
a whore.

Bow to the flag, his momma
had said

Praise Lord Jesus,
fight 'til you're dead.

Fighting he'd done
maybe more than the rest
when it came to killing
he was the best.

Momma'd be proud, he'd say
to his friends -
let me do it,
I'll stay 'til the end.

Bow to the flag, his momma
had said

Praise Lord Jesus,
fight 'til you're dead.

c 1980 Andrew Von Sonn

The Mystery of the Antique Shop
(or Cochab)

There, reflecting dully in the glaze
Of vases basked by sunlight
Sat an image of a discarded God,
He snarls in his ceremonial stance
Clasping a sunflower between his legs.

The top was sealed with copper
And wax which bore runes
That when touched burned
Like acid,
The delivery men left it
In a corner without saying much
For they seemed to be in a hurry.

After hours when the streets
Started flashing yellow,
The oddly shaped porcelain vase
Began to shake as if something
Craved release,
It fell, Shattering the 18th century exterior
Revealing to the night, a vessel of brass.

Later when Fred got off
From Pioneer Bakery,
He was greeted by
A dense drifting
Bluish mist
Obscuring Pico Blvd.
And most everywhere
In general.

Fred shook as he saw
The mist condense
And turning into liquid,
Fred's feet were enfulfed
As the gutters ran red.

Fred saw a 1977 white nova
With two cherries on top
Hurtle into the mist
At high speeds,
Fred heard a metallic thud
And watched in openeyed
Amazement as the front end
Of the police car
Went sailing over his head
Into the Pacific Ocean.

Then as the street was drowning
Fred saw the outline of hellfire
Igniting and rising fountain like,
Just like in Century City.

Shapes danced within the flames
Chanted as their circle grew
With every step and sound,
The asphalt they crossed
Transforms into burning quagmire,
Thus sank City Hall.

Fred, in the meantime
Had run away from
The raging inferno
That had been
Main street.

He ran to sea
Stopping only after
He reached watery refuge,
The coast line was ablaze,
Spewing black smoke into
A pillar masking the sky.

Then a monster
Four hundred feet tall
With horns and scales
And other accessories,
Strode forth from behind
The curtain of darkness,
He looked at his lands
Beneath him.

He saw Fred, the only living object
Within where the demons had passed
And Fred, driven past his breaking point
Cried out from under a wave where he was hiding,
"Why have you done this?"
"Frankly," said the Demon
"I just don't like Santa Monica."

Wiley Carter... 1978



MY WAITRESS

"I'm a waitress" she said to me.
"Coffee to go, cream, no sugar" she writes in her pad.
"I can't believe how sexist men are!" her eyes look into mine.
"I hear that" I responded.
"They put their hands all over me"
"Like I belonged to them"
"I work hard. On my feet all day."
"For beans... and I get pawed, and leered at."
Waitress.
She's a worker, sharing greivance.
... On my bike ride over here for the union
Coming to record
Where and How
Like so many have come.
To learn of today's working conditions.
And it's not O.K. with me
Not all right with me.
I can believe how sexist men are.

Israel I. Halpern

Would you give your life for a cause?
Would you give your life for a loved one?
Would you give your life to save that television
show from being canceled?

Do you care about the children in Cambodia?
Do you care about the children in Harlem?
Do you care about anyone except the children
in that situation comedy?

Can you do me a big favor?
Can you do yourself a big favor?
Can you reach over and turn off the television set
so we can talk?

-John W. Hinckley-
(Exhibit 620C)

submitted by Lance Diskan





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"SEWERS, STRIPS AND LAUNDRY"

"Unclogging Ozone"

A private contractor hired by the City of Los Angeles is hard at work replacing sewer lines on Navy St., Ozone Ave. and Court, and between Navy and Ozone along Ocean Front Walk. Contracts Division of Sewer Maintenance Department expects the work to be completed in about 60 days.

New 8 inch vitrified pipe is being laid to replace the old 6 inch pipe which was reported to have been clogged with sand and roots. The 8 inch pipe is now minimum standard diameter for sewer feeder lines in Los Angeles. The lines are also being placed deeper in the ground than previously to keep them away from dangerous roots and to allow for subterranean or semi-subterranean construction in the future.

When completed the new sewers will have about double the capacity of the older system, but only in part because of the greater capacity. Workers report that the sewer line on Ozone Court was almost totally clogged and that this had caused some problems at The Castaneda Apartments on Navy. The Castaneda was the only structure, on Navy or on Ozone, to have its sewage flow thru the Ozone Ct. line. With the new lines in, new structures will be able to tap in either thru their front or rear yards, thus making it possible to dramatically increase the allowable population density in the area.

The sewer lines being replaced were installed when Venice was still an independent city, that is prior to 1925. Officials believe that this must have been the case since the storm drains on Speedway flow directly into the sewer line and this has not been permitted in Los Angeles because it would have overtaxed the sewer treatment plant at Hyperion.

City engineers apparently flagged this section of sewer lines for replacement when a permit for a large condominium project, probably the Safran project at Navy and Ocean Front, passed over their desks. Lack of funds has slowed sewer renovations all over the City and officials now enforce new construction standards when new and large developments are proposed in a specific area. Presumably the developer pays part of the cost. The updating of sewer lines is not now being scheduled for any other part of North Venice, officials report.

Laundry Cleans Up Act

BY ARNOLD SPRINGER

Down on Main Street near the traffic circle, Venice's lone laundromat is being cleaned up and renovated. It's the work of John Stanton. He called the Beachhead and said: "Listen, I want to publicly thank all the friends and neighbors who pitched in and volunteered to help me transform this place from a dirty and disreputable heap into a safe, clean and sanitary community asset."

John was born and raised in Venice, a home boy who attended Beethoven, Mark Twain and Venice High. He recently bought the laundromat with the double intent of using it to support himself and his recently widowed mother and to clean it up so it could be used by the community. He mortgaged his home and spent his last savings to do it.

When he took over, 8 of the 12 dryers were fritzed, 11 out of the 32 washing machines were zeroed. Local residents donated their labor to help John with his project. They painted, hung doors and built folding tables, pulled an entire dumpster of hair, rags, paper and junk out of the broken washing machines.

The place is now open for business and it has changed. Every washer and dryer has been completely overhauled. An employee (usually John himself) is always on the premises. The machines are cleaned and disinfected after each use, the floors are swept several times a day, and washed and disinfected each night.

Gone are the vagrants and transients who were wont to use the laundromat as a sort of warm waiting room and pissoir. Now 10,000 watts of light, inside and out, add to the security of the establishment and the block surrounding it.

John wants the laundromat to be a neighborhood place, secure and friendly. It was an eyesore and dangerous, he said, and his effort has been as much a social issue as a pursuit of profit. "When I see all the neighbors coming back," he says, "it makes me happy."

The hours for the Venice Laundromat are 6:30-10 p.m., with the last wash allowed at 9:15. Coffee is served for patrons on Sunday mornings.

"Parking Repulsed"

If you're coming from Los Angeles by Car you're going to have to wait till next year for the promised increased parking along the Venice median strip.

In an effort to alleviate the parking crunch in North Venice and to increase opportunities for public access to the beach, Pat Russeel and two city agencies tried and failed last month to get a temporary parking lot built west of Del Ave.

Local residents led by a Mr. Colman opposed the temporary parking lot, claiming that it would become a haven for overnight transients, not to speak of the dust, the noise, and the traffic hazard with cars dragging on the median strip and zooming out onto Venice Blvd.

Those opponents got Superior Court Judge Rittenbaum to agree with them that the City had not gone thru all legally established procedures in order to build the lot. He issued a temporary restraining order, and that means that there will be no increased public access parking until next year.

Meanwhile the City, complying with the Judge's order, has forbidden parking on the strip and begun scheduling the legally required hearings.

IN MEMORIAM
KEVIN A. BOWERS
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Smilin' faces of lovin' friend!
Like silent movies; flash through my
brain.
Wishes and memories, fuel for my soul,
To make another day slip quietly by...

Kenny Snake

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"Arnold Eats a Cookie"

THREE HELD IN OPIUM RAID.

Woman and Two Men Caught Up in Police Ruse

A successful raid was made last night on an opium den located right in the heart of the business district of Ocean Park by the Santa Monica police, headed by Chief Ferguson and Assistant Chief Holt. The place was the Jap restaurant on Trolleyway just north of Pier avenue.

C.J. Phillips, the proprietor; Josephine Goodrich, pseudo waitress, and S. Takeda, a supposed go-between, were taken into custody and are now in the Santa Monica jail awaiting the action of the authorities.

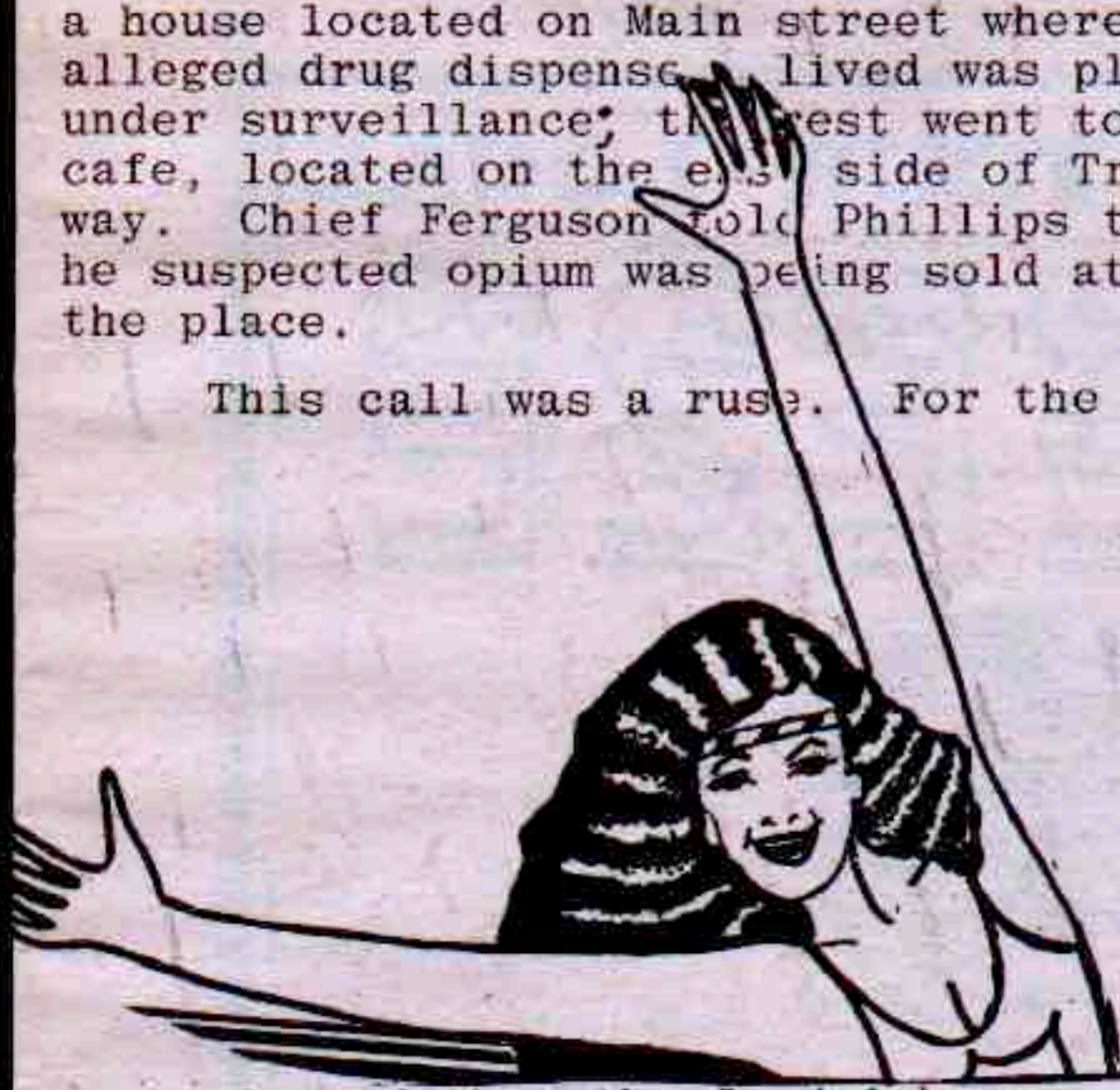
For some time Chief Ferguson has been getting reports concerning the chop suey cafe and many suspicious circumstances connected with the proprietor and the frequenters of the place. It was believed to be a distributing point for opium and other drugs. The officers thought the drugs were brought to the cafe from the Japanese village.

Men and women who showed by their faces and actions that they were drug habitues, were seen loitering about the corner of Pier avenue and Trolleyway. The Goodrich woman had been seen to meet men at the street intersection and slip packages into their hands. Automobiles containing revelers from Los Angeles had been seen stopping near the joint at late hours of the night.

For several weeks Officer Ben Carrillo had been watching the place and today Chief Ferguson stated that this officer had used great judgement and skill in getting information concerning the three under arrest and their movements.

The police went to the cafe about 10 o'clock last night. In the party were the chief and assistant chief, Harry Middleton, the mayor's secretary; Detective Jack Annin and Special Officer Bob Gillis. While two of the party watched, a house located on Main street where the alleged drug dispenser lived was placed under surveillance; the rest went to the cafe, located on the east side of Trolleyway. Chief Ferguson told Phillips that he suspected opium was being sold at the place.

This call was a ruse. For the chief



anticipated that the Goodrich woman would try to escape with all damaging evidence as soon as she realized the place was raided. She did as was anticipated and slipped out of a back door with a leather bag. She was seen to enter the house on Main street. Later the officers entered the house and secured the evidence without trouble.

They got an opium smoking layout consisting of a pipe, opium and lamp. Besides this, they secured vials of morphine and other drugs. Some vile pictures, alone sufficient to sent the possessors to jail, were also found.

When searched at the Santa Monica jail, the Goodrich woman, a prepossessing blonde of about 23, begged that she be allowed to take all the blame and she implored the officers to let Phillips go.

Today Chief Ferguson says they not only have overwhelming evidence against the three in custody but expect to expose another underground passage for the sale and distribution of drugs in this vicinity.

(Venice Vanguard 1916; Sept.)

"YASSER, THAT'S MY HAYDEN"

By Douglas Appel

O Germany--
Hearing the speeches that ring from your house, one laughs.
But whoever sees you, reaches for his knife.

How ironic that Brecht's words are now so applicable to Germany's best publicized victims. The apologetics issued over the last two months by American Jewish officialdom for Israel's actions would be laughable if they weren't so distressing. The sight of Begin and Sharon is enough to make anyone reach for any available weapon.

The same tragic irony must be directed towards our local "progressive" politicians who fell all over themselves to show their friendship for Israel (and desire for Westside Jewish support) in the midst of the current murderous adventure in Lebanon. First we saw Tom Hayden observing with approval the work of the Israeli invasion force. He no doubt found "economic democracy" in the egalitarian rubble left by Israeli Phantoms and Kefirs. Next the Santa Monica City Council added its voice to the chorus condoning the assault on the PLO and unarmed citizens of Lebanon. I'm afraid these folks must be held responsible for complicity in the massacre in the Palestinian refugee camps. Without U.S. dollars and U.S. support during the first two months of the invasion, the slaughter of September would not have been possible.

There are others in the Westside progressive community who have come close to tacitly endorsing the Israeli terror state's actions. The Democratic Socialists of America (DSA), supporters of Hayden in the 44th district Assembly race and formal opponents of the Israeli invasion almost chose power politics over principle this month.

The Westside chapter of DSA had scheduled a discussion of the Middle East for September 12th featuring three speakers--Susan Ben-Chorin, Osama Hamed and Dorothy Healey. Ms Healey is a member of DSA but Susan and Osama are from the Committee in Support of the Palestinian People (CSPP). On August 20th, the CSPP began leaf-letting for a picket line outside Hayden headquarters. The next day, the two CSPP members were notified that the forum had been postponed--until after the November elections. The caller indicated she was not acting on her own initiative but at the behest of others in DSA.

The westside branch of the Democratic Socialists of America met on Sunday September 26, after the Beachhead had gone to press, to discuss rescheduling their forum on the Middle East for the month of October. Beachhead readers who want to know the results of that discussion can call 392-7690 or 396-7279.

The "others" turned out to include Dorothy Healey. Dorothy confirmed that she had initiated the process whereby the forum was postponed. As she is a longtime political activist and supporter of the Palestinian cause (having spoken at CSPP rallies), there is no seeming political antagonism between the CSPP and herself. Dorothy's stated reason for wishing to postpone the event is the presence of two members of the CSPP. Dorothy said she would oppose sponsoring any event which included two members of the same organization, any organization, where organizational affiliations were listed in advance publicity.

While this may be sound organizational reasoning, it seems an unlikely rationale for cancelling an event which has been publicized through a 2000 piece mailing. Conversations with other DSA members uncovered at least two other reasons which moved DSA to postpone the forum.

There are several people within DSA who are unwilling to risk alienating the CED and other Hayden allies for any reason. The possibility that a DSA sponsored event would be associated with the CSPP and its vocal and public criticism of Hayden was anathematic to these folks. Furthermore, the prospect of the forum becoming a platform for anti-Hayden attacks led to an assessment of strategic priorities. Should DSA support Hayden at all costs or should it stand up for its own politics and



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IN AUSTRALIA

HOME ON THE RANGE

risk being scapegoated by its liberal allies as responsible for a Hayden defeat?

The DSA is now reconsidering its action and is attempting to make amends. They are publishing a criticism of Hayden's Mideast stance in their next newsletter and are considering rescheduling the forum for some time in October. We should applaud the DSA's who are unwilling to sacrifice their principles for a chance to cozy up to Hayden et al. As for the rest of them--we'll be watching you.



JOANS

GREEKIAN

COLUMNS



Metsovon, Greece —

Metsovon is an isolated village nestled high in the Pindus Mountains of central Greece in Epirus, a region where Greeks have lived for centuries, their culture and spirit surviving 500 years of Turkish rule. Many are shepherds whose livelihood comes from selling wool and goat's milk cheese. Ice-cold mountain water flows continuously from the village wells.

I am camped on a hill just above the village. The town's 4 or 5 hotels are all full because it is a holiday, August 15, the day of Assumption and a time when relatives from all the larger towns and cities return to their villages for the big "Panegiri," or festival.

I awaken to a pale blue and orange sky, the crescent moon now low on the horizon, and I can see the morning star. Soon the sun will be up. I've been awakened by the clap of hooves and the clanking of bells on a train of donkeys being led single file up to the pine forests.

"Kalimera."

"Kalimera," answers the man as he passes my campsite. (Good morning.) Later, he will return with large bundles of wood for the cold mountain winter.

I have come to this remote village for the Panegiri, but the following evening the Communist Youth Organization has planned a rally. The Communist Party is legal in Greece and presently holds 17 seats out of 300 in the Greek Parliament. But it is an uphill fight for power here, where Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu and his PASOK socialist regime has recently come to power and is enjoying a wave of popularity.

The rally is what you might call real grass roots organizing. Before the rally begins, a young man walks through the main street announcing the rally on a loudspeaker. But, though the CP youth organization was clever enough to stage the rally on the day after the Panegiri when spirits are high, most townspeople are drawn instead to a children's program across from the town plaza in a school playground, where later a band plays folk music and the people dance with abandon.

About 100 people show up for the rally in the plaza. Greek people are not moved by words as they are by music, and so when a young man begins singing resistance songs, the rally crowd suddenly swells to 200 or more. Between songs, several young men shout, "Peace, no more guns." The faces of the young teenage girls, who wear red scarves bearing the hammer and sickle party symbol, seem hopeful, enthusiastic, and completely innocent. As one young man sings another resistance song in a pure and noble voice, the youths raise clenched fists, appropriately with their left arms.

I spoke with one of the organizers (who spoke fluent English), who practically insisted that I buy a ticket to a future rally. When I declined, he became irate and dogmatic. Whatever the party's symbol may mean to Communists, it's clear to me that the hammer is used to beat people over the head with their ideals.

This particular young man believes Communism would bring benefits, such as free housing and education to the working people. But like most idealist youths, he fails to face the pragmatic side of the economics of such a system. If he were to travel about 100 miles to the North to Yugoslavia and live there for a month as I did, he might lose some of his idealism.

The contrast between the two countries is remarkable. To travel from Yugoslavia to Greece is like going from the 19th to the 20th century. Although parts of Greece still have some remnants of 19th century ways of life, the standard of living is higher (as are the toilets!)

In Yugoslavia, every business is owned by the government. Medical care is free to everyone, but housing is not provided by the government. A young couple usually must live in the same house with the man's parents.

American dollars go far in both countries. A waiter I met in Yugoslavia earns a monthly salary of 6,000 dinars, about \$125. Tipping does not exist there, so he must live on \$125 a month. Because he lives in the family house, he pays no rent. Very few Yugoslavian people could afford to pay rent.

All Yugoslav citizens must carry an internal passport, an identification card which, if not in a person's possession, can result in his arrest and jailing.

All the while I was in Yugoslavia, I had the feeling I was being watched. This was true, of course. Yugoslav men rarely took their eyes off me since I was often alone (a rarity). I now know how it must feel to be a celebrity in public. Eventually, you just want to go into hiding.

But I had a rather ominous experience there that showed me it was not just the men who were watching me.

In Bitola, I was staying in the only hotel in town and was not happy with the place, partly because a maintenance man insisted on following me to my room and "promised" to come by later to visit me, despite my rude refusal. Since he had a key to my room, I felt very insecure there.

In the meantime, I found a room in a private home. After checking out and moving, I left a note with the hotel for a friend who was coming the next day. It had my new location and a rough map so that my friend would be able to find me.

Very early the next morning, two policemen barged into my room without knocking and demanded my passport. After I swore at them in English, which they fortunately didn't understand, they became very pleasant, but asked me several questions. "No problem," they assured me in Macedonian.

Later I went back to the hotel and threw a minor tantrum with the desk clerks, but they looked at me with complete innocence.

In my anger, I thought of reporting the incident to the American Embassy so that they could warn travellers to boycott this hotel, but then I realized that the hotel is owned by the government. Boycotting is a tactic that works best in a Capitalist system.

In the meantime, while the American establishment worries over Greece's PASOK socialist government and pressure from the Communist Party in Greece for the U.S. to withdraw its military base here and to withdraw from NATO, the Communist Party seems to have only a weak voice here.

On walls, I've seen Communist Party graffiti, but often it has been crossed out, whitewashed, or the word "Malaka," Greek for bullshit, scribbled across it.

The Communist Party has probably gained some prestige from the fact that Greece's renowned composer, Mikis Theodorakis (Never on Sunday), and its most popular singer today, Georgos Dalaris, are Communists—their songs make the message very appealing. But then, just because Bob Dylan is a born-again Christian has not made his fans go to church on Sunday.

I have the feeling that the way of life here in Metsovon will go on as it always has, no matter which regime is in power in Athens.

As the rally goes on, the same old men who sit on the same park bench every morning and every evening are all in their places. Perhaps they talk about the sky. It looks like it might rain.

One old man stands gazing blankly at the rally, his black silhouette in traditional baggy wool pants an unconscious statement against change. His hands, behind his back, play absently with his worry beads. But he doesn't look worried.

by Joan Friedberg

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"WOMEN OF THE YEAR"

On October 4 she will receive an award from the Alliance of Gay Artists (AGA) for her script "Straight and Narrow," a Trapper John episode. It is a story about a gay cop, the first openly homosexual policeman in San Francisco who gets shot by a homophobic cop. She co-authored this piece with screenwriter Christopher Haun.

Avedon has been a political activist as well. She founded Another Mother for Peace in 1967, an organization which operates to this day. Barbara is presently preparing to issue a newsletter for the organization directed at parents of draft age men. In it she will have news of the draft resistance movement and suggestions for counseling them in relating to it. People interested in the newsletter should write to Another Mother for Peace, 407 N. Maple Dr., Beverly Hills 90210. Barbara was also very active for a time in the Venice Town Council, in the anti-war movement, and in community politics.



Clare Falkenstein

Claire Falkenstein was the first of the now successful group of Venice artists to make their homes here. She came in 1963 when Venice was red-lined by the banks, when a City code enforcement program had depressed property values, when old time residents were selling out cheap and real estate operatives were stockpiling the properties that would make them rich ten years later.

She found a place on the Ocean Front near Park, an old wooden beach house. Eventually she tore it down and slowly accumulated the funds to build a house, studio, and tiny little sculpture garden on it. She remembers how she was harrassed then--by neighbors (they were alarmed at her 'parties', she was an artist and that meant she was suspect, perhaps even a radical!) and by the building authorities who pronounced that because she used an acetylene torch, cranes, saws and hammers, that in fact she was engaged in light manufacturing--and that was verboten in the C-2 zone!

Claire Falkenstein is, in fact, one of the world's most celebrated woman sculptors. And she is still in love with Venice. An acknowledgment by the late Peggy Guggenheim in a book about the museum in Venice, Italy, which bears her name, reads: "To Claire--in her other wonderful Venice."

In the world of art Claire is celebrated, sought after, and much honored. In Venice, she is practically unknown. She is sometimes to be seen on her front porch

having dinner with several friends, practically cheek to jowl with the Boardwalk and the sea. But this past summer, 1200 local lovers of art trooped through her studio and home, heard her speak about her art, as part of the program put on annually by Venice artists to support the Venice Free Clinic. It was in part for such activities that she received her award.

Claire was born in Coos Bay, Oregon, graduated from U. C. Berkeley in Art, Anthropology and Philosophy. She went to Paris in the early 50s, stayed for some years and made a name for herself. She maintains a studio in Paris to this day.

Previous awards include: Honored Woman Artist (National Women's Caucus for Art: San Francisco 1981); Women of the Year (Los Angeles Times 1969). She has taught at Berkeley, Mills, San Francisco Art Institute, Cal Poly Pomona, and U. C. Davis.

The historical injustice suffered by native Americans represents a continuing concern for her. Early on she says she came to believe that genocide was practiced against them. One of her most memorable experiences was working with native American students at Sepulveda Junior High in Los Angeles, helping them to create a sculpture to accompany her work, 'Homage to Tecumseh' (1975 private collection).

The Beachhead hopes to publish an in-depth, exclusive interview with Claire Falkenstein in the near future.

"Savings Splits"

FIRST FEDERAL SAVINGS TO MOVE OUT OF VENICE

The Venice branch of First Federal Savings of Santa Monica will close its doors not later than December of this year, employees report. The bank moved into its Venice location on Windward Ave. about 8 years ago after the Bank of America had announced its relocation out of central Venice to Lincoln Blvd.

First Federal has not said why it decided on the move but the failure of Venice to 'take-off' as real estate speculation here collapsed over the last few years and the generally unclean and dishevelled appearance of Windward Ave. could be among the reasons.

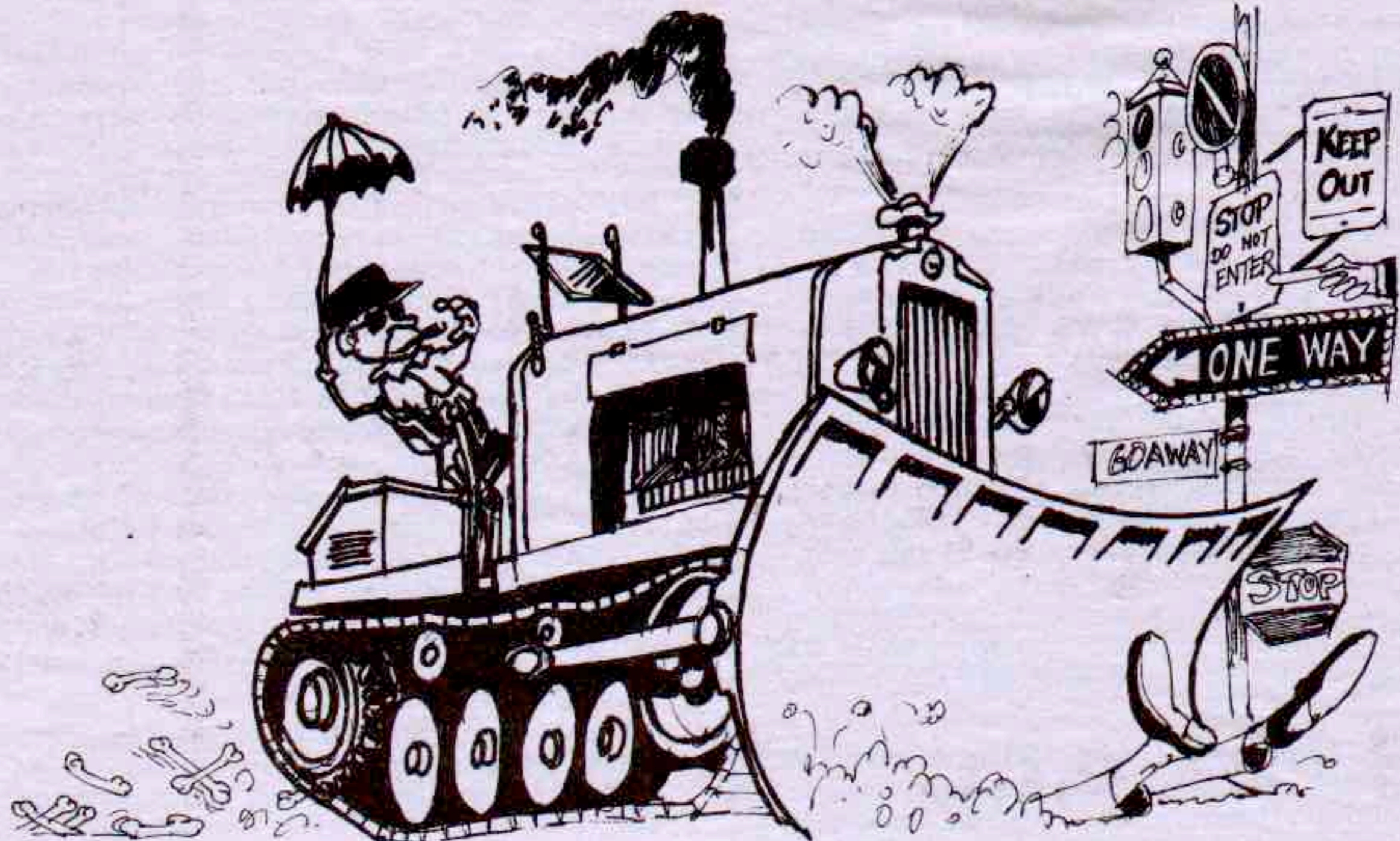
The savings and loan, headquartered in Santa Monica, will move to a refurbished location in Ocean Park, at the corner of Main St. and Ashland. All Venice residents with accounts at Windward will be notified by mail of the impending move. Safety deposit box holders at the Windward branch will not be able to get boxes at the new Ocean Park site but will be given preference for a box at the main Santa Monica branch.



"The Last Supper" a portable mural by Juan Fuentes and Regina Mouton. Content depicts the extremes of wealth and poverty on Latin American countries today.

PORTABLE MURAL EXHIBIT AT SPARC: Oct. 6th thru Nov. 6th, 685 No. Venice Bl., Wed.--Sat., 11AM to 5PM. Free.

Unique paintings by 16 San Francisco, Sacramento and L.A. artists. In keeping with the concept of the "In Progress" exhibition, SPARC has commissioned Arnold Ramirez to create a new mural in the gallery during the exhibition. An opening reception, with special entertainment, will be held Wed. Oct. 6th at 7-10PM. "La Condicion Femenina" a play by Maria Elena Gaitan and Marisela Norte will be performed at 9:00PM. For more info call Mary-Linn Hughes, 822-9560.



"Radford's Erection"

were always other folks around to watch out for the kids, and they could always get hamburger at Hinanos. The rents were cheap at the trailer park, and the plumbing worked enough so that you could go to the bathroom anytime, and even get a shower a couple of times a week. Trousdale Estates it wasn't, but it was a long way away from a farm workers camp.

A sensitive young speculator and EST member J. Alan Radford brought the property.

He had a dream. After a bitter fight where a bulldozer was trashed, J. Allan succeeded in destroying a healthy, thriving Venice sun-community. He built his big shiny dream that extruded cement barriers on Washington St. He put a park for children right by the canal next to a soon to be opened Super Market. The Children's park was, I think, the only concession that was gotten by the community from the sensitive speculator. At one of the meetings with the community J. Allan Radford said as he looked towards the ocean his eyes filled with Ayn Rand dreams, "I get what you're saying, but water and poor people don't mix." J. Allan's dream building had levels lit by lamps that simulated flickering candles. Cement was mixed with pebbles here and there to create the illusion of "natural" unevenness. Elevators were installed that had huge blow-ups of Venice's old days. Oh. No, No, No! Not pictures of the trailer park, but QUIANT Venice--Ladies with parasols, men with high collars and boaterhats, horseless carriages. The sort of pictures one sees in mass produced ferny ambience of some of the Main St. Quiche and Omlet restaurants.

You can see what I mean if you stop in First Federal Loans on Windward Avenue.

One of their big pictures is phony, however. It shows a present day entrepreneur trying to look like Warren Beatty.

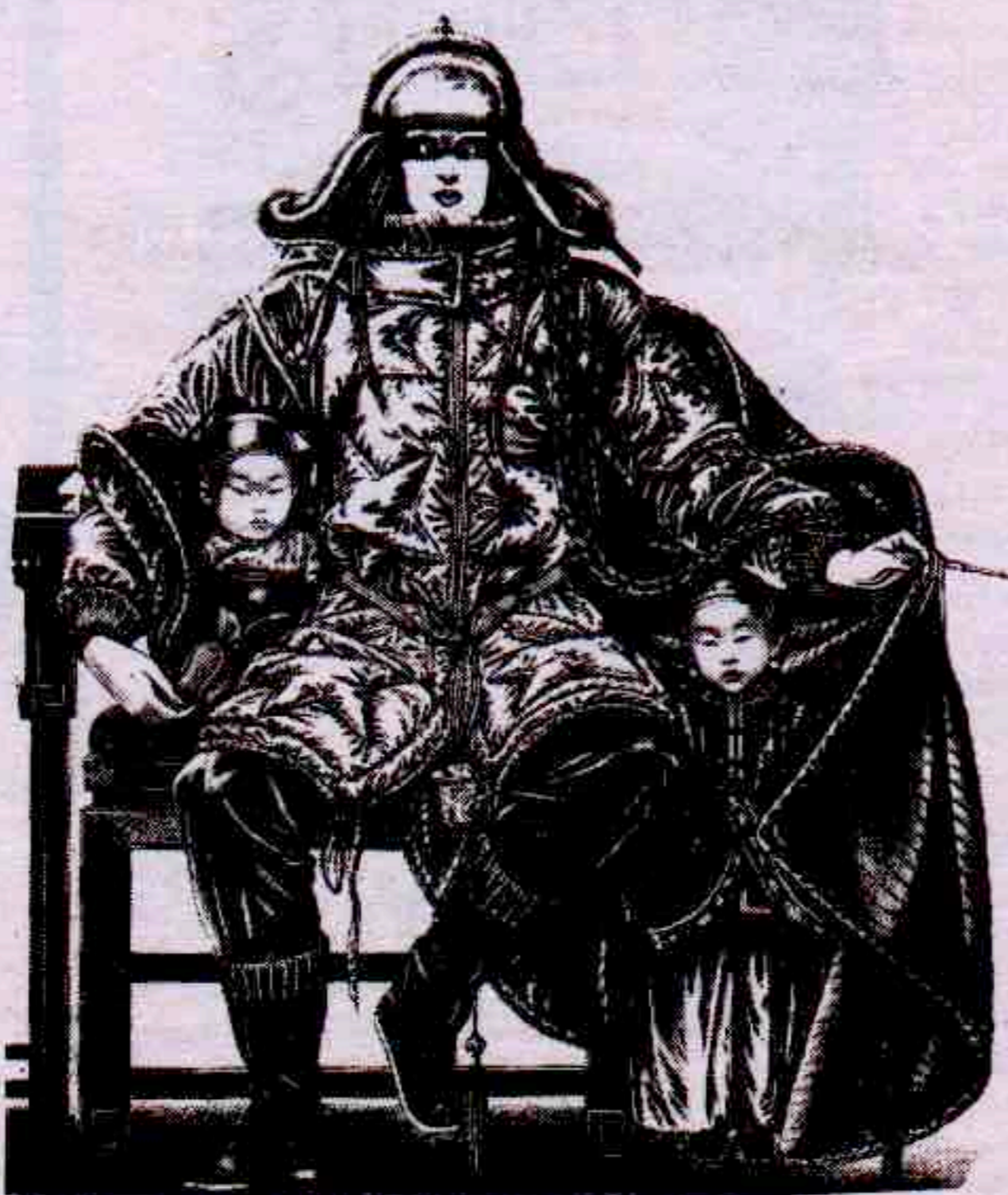
L. Allan Radford planned for scads of charming little shops that sold "gourmet" cheeses, "gourmet" candies, imported dresses, designer optometrists, a J. Magnin's. The Safeway Market that used to be on the traffic circle in back of the Post Office closed down and moved to Washington Square. Not a great loss said some of the residents,

it was the only place in town where the meat was green and the veggies were brown. A Safeway employee told me that they moved from Venice to the Peninsula because of theft. After nearly a year of operation in its new Marina-oriented location it closed, one of the cashiers told me, because of theft and bad checks. The old new quaint one of a kind specialty shops and fancy fast food take out places opened. No matter that the Marina already had two shopping centers, one at Maxella and one on Bali Way, this was going to be for the single awingers who were moving into the no children allowed-jacuzzi apartment complexes. Washington Square was going to be a vertical Rodeo Drive where the anticipated influx of young upwardly mobile inwardly insecure chic seekers needed to have the goodlife defined for them in terms of mirrored glasses, espadrilles, fraudulent Bordeaux from France. They would have money to burn on anything Home Magazine or Cosmo defined as "in." The new inhabitants were all going to like those architects rendering of people 8 heads long, open collars creased casual trousers deck shoes. And one could keep one's smooth bland figure by jogging even if one did it a bit too much with Wisconsin Brie.

The shops closed one by one, replaced by others, then none at all. J. Allan Radford, and the Marina Weekly newspaper the Argonaut tried to erase the raffish Hamburger Square image--old residents called Washington St. from Pacific to Speedway "Hamburger Square" because of the many hamburger places. They had to clean up the Square, clean out the bums campaign. One of the restaurants whose clientele consisted of motorcyclists and their girl friends closed down and reopened as a place that served escargots--it lasted 3 months and it closed again and it welcomed back its old and steady clientele.

J. Allan tried publicity stunts like a 500 pound cherry pie served on Washington's birthday. Washington Square Washington's birthday, get it? The Jockey Club, a private disco oriented club no casual

attire tank tops or tee shirts allowed opened.



J. Allan declared bankruptcy. Now I don't know about you, but when I say I'm broke, that means I can't find two pennies at the bottom of my purse, and I've already turned in all the coke bottles I can find. When people like J. Allan say they're broke, they mean that they're down to their last 75 Thou. So, taking responsibility for his own actions in true EST touchy feely fashion, he packed up his few meager belongings in his bandanna, and trudged up the coast in search of other communities to exploit.

Have you been to Washington Square lately? Several companies have bought and sold Washington Square since J. Allan took off with his assets and left us with his cement excretia on Washington St.

I hadn't been in the place for several years. It's a very easy place not to go into if you're walking, and Washington St. is still a place for walking.

"I'll take you there" said Mary Lou, "it's quite an experience."

At late afternoon, the sun was still out.

After parking the car in the subterranean garage, we wended the convoluted way up several flights of stairs to one of the levels. The shops were empty. Vacant. For rent/lease signs sprouted whitely at window after window of vacant storefronts. J. Magnin's was gone. Vanished was Wild Women a dress shop where the cheapest dress was \$200.00.

We saw a figure in one storefront that was turned into an office. On closer inspection it turned out to be a stuffed figure of a cleaning woman. Cute. The houseplant boutique where the owner didn't an African Violet from a diffenbachia was gone. The Puffy Pillow furniture shop was gone. The Hungrey Tiger was still open. We stopped in the Genji for some sushi. After we finished it was dark.

The little phony candle light lamps still flickered on automatically. The shrubbery was well tended. What was the children's park was fenced in and made into a private garden for the vacant looking office cubicles that were carved out of the failed Safeway.

The elevator still went up and down, its walls still covered with poster sized prints of the "Quiant" era of Venice. How long will it be before my time becomes quaint to someone? It was still. It was as if Washington Square had been hit by a microbe that Reagan has given permission to start manufacturing again--no people. In a way maybe the Reagan bug did at least give the Coup-de-Grace. A piece of disco music whimpered thinly above us. I looked up. From the looks of the drunks holding on to the railings above me, the Jockey Club has relaxed its dress code somewhat. Tank tops, bare chests, halters and sandals were allowed.

"Thank you Mary Lou, that was a very edifying experience.

"I'm so glad you liked it," she said. "I guess Karma will get you if you don't watch out."

"It would make a terrific mixed use

low income family housing center," I said "or an underground trailer park."

We spoke in low tones, so as not to alarm the ghosts, but to let them know we were still there.

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October 1st, Friday, 8PM: The poetry of Jean Genet read by poet/translator Paul Mariah. \$2.00 donation

October 3rd, Sunday, 8PM: Open reading, Free.

October 8th, Friday, 8PM: Holly Prado will read from her work. \$2.00 donation.

October 15th, Friday, 8PM: Poetry reading by New York poets Brad Gooch and Staven Hall. \$2.00 donation.

New Poetry Contest: A \$1,000 grand prize will be awarded in the upcoming poetry competition sponsored by World of Poetry, a quarterly newsletter for poets. Poems of all styles on any subject are eligible to compete.

For rules and official entry forms write: World of Poetry, 2431 Stockton Bl. Sacramento, CA 95817.

ART

L.A.P.A.D. Gallery at the Socialist Community School. Unemployed Auto Workers Experiences. Paintings by unemployed auto worker and artist Catherine Doll capture the plight of the unemployed and the experience of working amongst huge machinery. 2936 W. 8th St. For more info call Bonnie Lambert, 250-0254 after 6pm.

Target LA: The Art of Survival, Major photography exhibit opens: INFO/TOGRAPH, Oct. 17-20th, 606 E. 8th St. L.A. with opening reception Oct. 17th 3-6PM. Work of 6 artists which deals with information gathering and dissemination, and how information is presented in the media by the government & other institutions. For more info call Theresa Chavez at 995-8417 or 657-6995.

SILK SCREEN WORKSHOP & POLITICAL POSTER STUDY GROUP. Saturdays, Oct. 2--Dec. 11, 1982, 9:00am to 12:00 noon. Lecture demonstrations & silk screen techniques. The instructor is Sheila Pinkel. SPARC, 681 Venice Blvd., \$10.00 enrollment fee. For more info call Ms. Pinkel at 396-0518.

MEN, WOMEN

DOMESTIC VIOLENCE AWARENESS WEEK: Oct 9--Oct. 16th, 1982. Unity Day Walkathon and Rally October 16th (Saturday). For more info please call Southern California Coalition on Battered Women, 392-9874.

SINGLETARIANS presentations at Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona, Santa Monica (behind the Unitarian Church). Donation \$3.00 394-4318. All at 8:00PM.

Oct. 3--Jack Kimbrough, investigative reporter "The illegal alien & the conspiracy to "bust" the unions"

Oct. 10--Alan Switzer & Vicki Switzer "Energy for action: skills for personal motivation"

Oct. 17--"Dancing Together" Dick Senseman teaches dancing.

Oct. 24--"Music that Helps" presented by An Panofsky.

Oct. 31--"Halloween Dance Party" Party night with goodies.

ENERGY

Recycling Centers in Santa Monica Venetians interested in recycling paper, bottles and cans need no longer travel great distances to do so. The City of Santa Monica has two locations nearby, one is on Third St. (between Marine and Ashland) the other at the S.M. Civic Ctr. Please separate items before going to either location. Newspaper does not need to be bundled or tied.

VOP-COOP Yard Sale. Oct. 2, 9a.m. to At the Coop, on Brooks 50 ft. West of Lincoln. 399-5623

"Lennon's Birthday"

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9TH

John Lennon's 42nd birthday will be commemorated with a series of events evoking peace, non-violence, active involvement and celebration. On this special day the Alliance for Survival will hold a "Birthday-Candlelight Peace Vigil" at Santa Monica Beach, just south of Ocean Park Blvd. People will gather at 5:00pm to share the sunset, at 6:00 a program of poetry, music and speakers will begin.

At 7:30PM a "Walk for Life" will begin arriving at the Church in Ocean Park at about 8:00PM (235 Hill St. S.M.) where there will be a benefit dance and peace celebration. Reggae and freedom music will be performed by UNITY, a group from Belize, Central America. Donation \$5.00. "Give Peace a Chance" was one of John Lennon's political messages to the world and a fitting theme for this event. For more info call 399-1000.

THEATER

S.T.O.P. (Street Theatre of Protest) a subgroup of L.A. Artists for Survival is sponsoring a series of workshops about guerilla theater. The group is mainly involved in anti-nuke work. For more info call 396-5798 or 382-7723.

WOMEN

SELF-DEFENSE WORKSHOPS FOR WOMEN will be held at six locations throughout Los Angeles, including one at Antioch Univ. 300 Rose Ave in Venice. The workshops, sponsored by the Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against Women, are free and are taught to women by women. For more information please call 651-3147.

Alcoholism Center for Women, Training Series: Psychotherapy and the Alcoholism Syndrome begins on October 22, 1982. A repeat of a 7 part therapist training series. For information on series and single session registration, contact the Alcoholism Center for Women, 1147 South Alvarado St., L.A. CA 90006, 381-7805.

healthline

MEDI-CAL REPRIEVE GRANTED BY COURT

In the Sept. Beachhead a story on Medi-Cal prescriptions indicated that there would be a severe cut in the number and types of drugs available through Medi-Cal. Those cutbacks have been, at least temporarily, stopped by a court ordered injunction pending a full hearing. Judge Leon Savitch granted the injunction and ordered a public hearing on Nov. 18th. If you were affected by the cutback reported last month, you should notify your physician and pharmacist of this ruling.

Clare Foundation: Pot Luck & Rap Session 11313 Washington Bl. Mar Vista, 450-5123, 12 noon on Wednesdays, for Women. Free.

Oct 6--"Drugs, Alcohol and Family"
Oct 13--"Lady Beware"
Oct 27--"Incest and Rape Victims"

Jewish Family Service of Santa Monica, Fall Group program, begins the week of Oct. 18th. Subjects range from Weight control to parent support groups. Call 393-0732 for more info.

Atheists United invites the public to a meeting on Sunday, October 24th, 1:00PM, Chace Park, Marina del Rey. The erudite Dr. Peter Peel will speak on "Early Christianity" Phone 254-4914

DANCE

DANCE YOUR -- OFF! with A BAND CALLED SAM! Fri., Oct. 8, 9 p.m. until closing, at the Taurus Tavern, 1616 W. Washington, Venice. Cover \$3. Benefit for Florence McDonald, peace candidate for state Controller. 396-3555 or 397-3940 for more info.

COUNTRY JOE MC DONALD returns to Santa Monica! Friday, Oct. 15, 8 p.m., at the Church in Ocean Park, 230 Hill St., S.M. \$5 donation. Benefit concert for Florence McDonald, peace candidate for state Controller. 396-3555 or 397-3940 for more info.

POLITICS

Angela Davis, Keynote speaker at the 26th annual Banquet for the PEOPLE'S WORLD, Sunday 1 PM October 24, 1982 at the Hollywood Paladium (6215 Sunset Blvd., near Sunset & Vine). Rev. Philip Zwerling will be Master of Ceremony. Donation \$20.00 (Youth or unemployed \$10.00). For more info & rides call 399-4229.

FIRST ANNUAL GRIZZLY BEAR AWARD and Garden Party will be held on October 23rd in Brentwood. The "Grizzly Bear" Award will be presented to Gov. Jerry Brown by the League of Conservation Voters in recognition of his outstanding environmental record. Cost is \$25/one person or \$35/2 people. Proceeds to benefit LCV. Call 826-8812.

HELP WANTED! Volunteers to help elect "peace with jobs" candidate Florence McDonald for state Controller. All kinds of help welcome. Contact Lucy Fried, So Cal Coordinator, at 397-3940 or at Peace & Freedom Party office, 1354 W. Washington, 396-3555.

Activist Hotline: Information on demonstrations, teach-ins, fundraisers and other activities. Call 399-1000.

Stop Registration and the Draft, Candlelight vigil and picketline in support of draft resister David Wayte: Monday Oct. 11 7-9PM 312 N Spring St (Federal Courthouse) Tuesday Oct 12th pack the courthouse 9 to 5 AM. for more info call 381-6144.

CANDLELIGHT VIGIL. 10/24 at the W.L.A. Federal Bldg. 5 PM. Support for the California Bilateral Nuclear Weapons Freeze Initiative. Sponsored by the Alliance for Survival. Info: 462-6243.

Support the BILATERAL NUCLEAR WEAPONS FREEZE. Join L.A.'s longest vigil along the entire length of Wilshire Bl. Saturday, October 30th from 1:00-3:00PM. Call 399-1000 or 399-8155 for more info.

& CHILDREN

YOUTH DAY - '82. L.A. YOUTH: MAKING IT HAPPEN, Sat. 10/23 L.A. City Hall. Bringing together young people to exchange ideas on education, current events & issues of specific interest to young people. Free bus transportation available. Info: 485-3821.

RADICAL THERAPY FORUM. Lectures and discussions on psychology for the people - a socio-political perspective. Speaker: BOND WRIGHT, therapist.

OCTOBER 3 - The theory and practice of feminist Radical Therapy
OCTOBER 17 - The theory and practice of Reichian Therapy

NETWORKING for participants. 1946 - 14th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90404, \$5 Donation. For information, 393-3779, Elena Halpert, 7:00 to 10:00.



**WAYNE JOHNSON-LIVE AT THE COMEBACK INN!
AND ON KPFK 90.7 SATURDAY, OCT. 23, 7:30-9:00p.m. LIVE CONCERT!**

Wayne Johnson brings his Improvisational Chamber Music to the Comeback Inn, Saturday, Oct. 30, at 9:00 p.m. Wayne's music beautifully interweaves jazz, classical, and rock styles with an enlivening result. As a special preview, you may hear or see Wayne live in concert on KPFK, on Oct. 23, when Will Raabe will conduct a live interview for radio. Expect to hear the most dynamic, new sounds in contemporary music. Wayne is also lead guitarist for the sensational vocal group, The Manhattan Transfer. Now working on his second album, (the first was Arrowhead, on Inner City Records) Wayne integrates hightech instrumentation with lyrical melodies and stimulating, progressive rhythms.

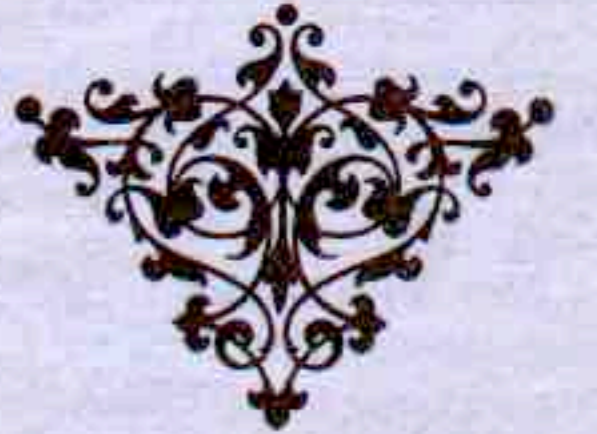
Choose life.
Support the Nuclear Weapons Freeze.

**SUNDAY OCT. 31
HALLOWEEN**

**MASK
&
COSTUME PARTY**

**BENEFIT FOR
Nuclear Freeze!**

2pm-12pm



NOV. 7
GARDEN CONCERT

**ARCO
IRIS
JUBILEE**

**4th
Ann.**



**DUSAN
BOGDANOVIC**

in concert: **SUN. OCT. 17**

with guest artist
MILCHO LEVIEV

Dusan BOGDANOVIC was born in Belgrade, Yugoslavia in 1955, where he began his studies at the Belgrade Conservatoire. He completed his studies at the Geneva Conservatoire in Switzerland in the Virtuoso Class of M.L. Sao Marcos, where he afterwards held the post of professor while still in his early twenties.

While still a student, Dusan BOGDANOVIC received a medal for orchestration in 1976. In the same year, his Toccata was performed in London, where it was reviewed as "brilliant" in Guitar Magazine. At this time his compositions are being performed all over Europe, and are currently published by "BERBEN" editions in Italy.

Mr. BOGDANOVIC's earlier compositions reflected the influences, in turn, of folklore, twelve-tone and total series oriented composers. In the end of 1978 he abandoned atonal and serial music, while exploring other musical languages, such as jazz, the polyphonic music of African Pygmies, and minimal music.

Today, the style of Dusan BOGDANOVIC presents a very personal cohesion of these diverse musical influences, and is mostly modal-pentatonic oriented, with a free irregular rhythmic flow and a self-emanating form.



**REGGAE
GARDEN CONCERTS
SATURDAYS 2PM**

HEALTHY and HEARTY FOOD				LIVE MUSIC * OCT. 1982			
SUNDAYS OPEN DAILY FOR DELICIOUS DINNERS IN OUR DELIGHTFUL GARDEN! M-F 6:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. SAT 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 a.m. SUN 11:30 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.				THE COMEBACK INN			
2 p.m. 3 BUCK CLARKE <i>Afro-Latin Fusion</i> 7 p.m. BERNIE PEARL <i>Blues Guitarist</i>	4 Closed for Remodeling	5 every Tues. 9 p.m. ARCO IRIS	6 CATHY SEGAL-GARCIA <i>Jazz-Pop Vocalist</i>	7 every Thur. 9 p.m. JOHN BEASLEY and "THE KILLER BEAZ"	8 MARGIE EVANS and BERNIE PEARL <i>BLUES BAND</i>	9 SONS OF JAH DJ Ron Miller 9 p.m. APPOLLONICON	
2 p.m. 10 FREE FLIGHT <i>Classical-Jazz</i> 7 p.m. AKEMI IWASE	11 Closed for Remodeling	12 	13 STEPHANIE BENNETT QUINTET <i>Jazz Harp</i>	14 THE GARY DENTON PROJECT	15 THE GARY DENTON PROJECT	16 2 p.m. PLANET 10 DJ Ron Miller 9 p.m. PASTORIA ELLEN DEMOS	
2 p.m. 17 EMBRA SAMBA <i>Brazilian Carnival!</i> 7 p.m. DUSAN BOGDANOVIC <i>Guitar Virtuoso</i>	18 9 p.m. BOB RAMEY and JIMMY SMACK	19 AN EXCITING MUSIC JOURNEY THROUGH PERU, EQUADOR, BOLIVIA, ARGENTINA, AND BRAZIL	20 CATHY SEGAL-GARCIA	21 BRAZILIAN JAZZ FUSION,	22 CAT CITY JEFF RICHMAN guitar	23 JAH MOON 2 p.m. - 6 p.m. 9 p.m. THE APPOLLONICON NEW WORLD FUSION	
2 p.m. 24 MOACIR SANTOS <i>Brazilian Soul Magic</i> 7 p.m. GURUMANDE SINGH	25 9 p.m. DANIEL SOFER <i>Solo-Synthesist</i>	26 JULIE TAYLOR <i>Guitar & Vocals</i> and ROBIN LORENTZ <i>Violin & Vocals</i>	27 JULIE TAYLOR <i>Guitar & Vocals</i> and ROBIN LORENTZ <i>Violin & Vocals</i>	28 EXOTIC HIGH-ENERGY RHYTHMS!	29 THE GARY DENTON PROJECT	30 2 p.m. ITAL ROOTS 9 p.m. WAYNE JOHNSON TRIO	
2pm-12pm 31 HALLOWEEN!! MASK BENEFIT FOR Nuclear Freeze!	ARCO IRIS' JUBILEE SUN. NOV. 7 2-6pm 4th Ann. Celebration!! 1/2 block North of North Venice Bl.						
GARDEN PATIO DINING				OPEN 7 DAYS 396-7255			
				1633 W. WASHINGTON BL., VENICE, CA 90291			