FREE VENICE
SINCE 1968
BEACHHEAD
CHEE WAH-WAH
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JANUARY, 1976 No. 73 P.O.BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291 396-9325 396-1941

Venice Renters League general meeting, Mon. night Jan. 12 at Israel Levin Center. Agenda includes questions of supporting a statewide renters initiative, and new leadership for the renters league. Eviction scoreboard--the Venice Renters League (392-3030) has received 38 calls from tenants including 7 now being evicted, with at least 3 cases being taken by Venice Legal Aid.

S-1: BLUEPRINT FOR FASCISM

Daniel Ellsberg, the Chicago Seven, and other victims of political prosecution accuitted in past years would likely have been convicted under provisions of Senate Bill 1. Under S-1, if you warn a person that he or she is being sought for arrest you could be imprisoned for up to seven years and fined $100,000. If you are convicted of murder or certain crimes relating to "national security" you could be executed.

These are some of the implications of the Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975 now waiting on the docket in Congress.

Attacked as virtually unamendable by groups ranging from the United Steel Workers to the National Lawyers Guild, the scope of the 753 page bill is vast. Its purpose is to "modernize" the entire U.S. Criminal Code, which since it was last revised in 1909 has become archaic and overly cumbersome, and has been whittled away in certain key areas by Supreme Court decisions. The old criminal code is now considered inadequate by the Government, especially in light of the large-scale protests that occurred in the 1960's.

The history of the bill goes back to 1966, when a National Commission of Reform of Criminal Law was appointed by Lyndon Johnson. The muscle in the present bill came thanks to Richard Nixon and his "law and order" program.

Attorney General John Mitchell, and later Richard Kleindienst, were assigned to give teeth to a Senate version of the judicial reform bill, and in late 1974 the Senate version and Nixon Administration versions were combined. With minor amendments it was introduced into the Senate on January 15, 1975 as Senate Bill 1 (S-1), with the sponsorship of both the Democratic and Republican leadership in the Senate.

What S-1 Would Do

In practice, S-1 would provide the legal basis for political repression extending beyond what occurred during the McCarthy period in the 1950's. Constitutional guarantees relating to the Bill of Rights won in Supreme Court decisions would be nullified or circumvented. S-1 contains sweeping provisions, ranging from a new law against possession of marijuana to new difinitions of "sabotage" against the state.

The bill would circumvent the Supreme Court's Miranda ruling, which prohibits the use in court of statements made by a defendant before she or he is advised of the right to remain silent and to have a lawyer. S-1 would make the failure to warn defendants of their rights a "circumstance" to be considered by a court in deciding whether or not a statement was "voluntary" and there fore admissible.

Defendants could be convicted for committing crimes they were induced to commit by police agents. The burden would be on the defendant to prove he or she was not "predisposed."

The bill resurrects the 1940 Smith Act on sedition (inciting discontent against the government) voided by a 1957 Supreme Court decision. Section 1103 of S-1 allows the government to charge an individual with inciting a "person to engage in imminent lawless conduct that would facilitate" the destruction of the federal or any state government conviction would bring up to fifteen years imprisonment and/or a $100,000 fine

New laws would be instituted against leaking "national security information" to the press - such as the Pentagon papers - and conviction would mean up to life imprisonment or the death penalty It would be illegal to print such information, also.

Under the section on "Impairing Military Effectiveness by Issuing a False Statement," a journalist could be imprisoned for up to seven years for writing a story that contradicts the official military version.

Just some of the other provisions would extend government authority for wiretaps, limit demonstrations at courthouses and around the President expand the obscenity law, make probation and parole more difficult to obtain, and reinstitute the death penalty for certain crimes.

At present, S-1 is sitting in the Senate Judiciary Committee, scheduled for discussion and amendments beginning in January, 1976. In that committee, certain provisions, particularly regarding national security information and the press are likely to be partially revised, according to a spokesperson for the Washington office of the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation (NCARL).

After the Judiciary Committee, S-1 will probably reach the Senate floor for general debate in March. If approved by the Senate, the bill will follow a

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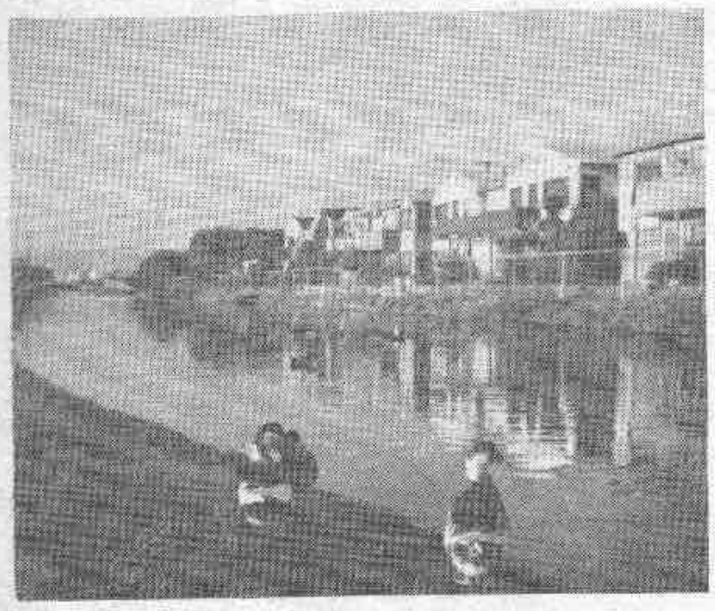

Beachhead photo by Joan Friedberg

Ducks add color to Grand Canal, but their stay here is threatened by Myrtle Wilson's move to remove them. Ms. Wilson claims the ducks are a health hazard, but canal residents have observed that the ducks actually keep the canals clean.

Sen. Robbins Welcomed

TOWN COUNCIL HEARS TAX INFO

At the December Venice Town Council meeting, state senator Alan Robbins (D-S.F. Valley) got a friendly response as he detailed charges that Los Angeles taxpayers don't need to give away as much as several billion dollars to downtown property owners. $4.6 billion is the amount that city council member Ernani Bernardi has estimated it will cost everyone else in the county, if a council-approved redevelopment project freezes property taxes for the next 35 years on most of the entire downtown Los Angeles area. The plan was quietly passed in July, 1975, while public attention was distracted by news of big property tax increases in local neighborhoods.

Senator Robbins is calling for the state legislature to approve his bill (SB 1291), requiring a public referendum in 1976, before the downtown plan can actually go through. The bill has already been passed by the senate (27-1). Early this month in Sacramento, it will be the subject of hearings in the assembly Housing and Community Development committee. Senator Robbins' 7-point fact sheet on the downtown "Central Business District Redevelopment Project" follows below.

The Venice Town Council also greeted neighborhood groups from Oakwood and Penmar (east Venice). The January council meeting will include discussion of cancer causing asbestos-concrete pipe being put through Dell Ave. in the canals by the DWP. Also, congressional candidate Bob Kholos is expected to appear. (J.S.)

* * *

IT'S OFFICIAL!--Downtown Arco Towers is called "blight" along with dozens of other high rise buildings in CRA preferential tax freeze scheme.

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DOWNTOWN REDEVELOPMENT FACTS:

1. The Mayor and Council of Los Angeles have designated all of downtown LA (Hollywood Freeway to Santa Monica Freeway, Harbor Freeway to Alameda) as a "blighted" area, thus qualifying the property within the area, including the ARCO

continued on back page

Red Tide Rolls Up Victory

from The Peoples Justice

The California District Court of Appeals recently came through with a favorable decision in the case of "The Red Tide" (Susannah Bright V. Los Angeles Unified School District, et al). The opinion invalidates the prior review censorship procedures used University High in West Los Angeles and establishes students' rights to publish "underground" newspapers and to distribute them on their campuses.

The case arose out of an incident involving the Summer, 1974 issue of "The Red Tide", a paper begun in 1971 by Uni High students. In June of 1974, the students took their paper to a vice principal for approval for distribution on campus. When the official noted an article entitled "Students Fight Rules at Locke" with the subheading "Principal Lies", he decided the article was possibly libelous. The Uni High principal checked with a Locke High School official about the truth of the article's assertions and concluded the article was libelous and therefore could not be distributed on campus.

The plaintiff was represented by Leon Letwin and Dick Wasserstrom, UCLA-Law School professors, and Fred Okrand of the ACLU....The Court's decision struck down the prior censorship procedures, and emphasized that such restraint of speech was particularly unjustifiable when applied against "libelous" material. The opinion also acknowledged the newspaper's qualified privilege.

A positive aspect of this success is that the decision follows cases such as Tinker v. Des Moines in clearly basing its decision on the student's own free speech/press rights rather than seeing young people as having rights only as derived from their parents, thus implicitly recognizing young people's rights to political expression and political participation. If this decision stands, perhaps lower courts will intervene more readily to restrain blatantly unlawful censorship practices in the schools. Perhaps public schools will be less able to protect their status as special preserves in which the exercise of constitutional rights is allowed only by permission.

However, given the comparatively low level of mass political activity in the last few years, any trend of this sort may merely be demonstrating the time-honored tendency of those in power to legitimize their control during "peacetime" through concessions to the democratic ideal. At any rate, Bright and students like her no doubt realize even more clearly than before that to exercise rights they are theoretically assured of requires long months of expensive litigation and/or exposing themselves to administrative/judicial retaliation. Had Bright retained a team of traditional lawyers, the suit might have cost her $10,000 to $20,000 to complete. Resolution of the case has now taken 17 months, and may yet pass the two year mark if the defendants are granted a re-hearing or appeal to the California Supreme Court. The Court refused to strike down the ban on on-campus sale of papers like "The Red Tide", a serious constraint which hardly encourages students from low-income and working class families to start their own papers. Even where such students are able to pull together an alternative paper, they will probably be faced in the future with increasingly sophisticated and subtle forms of censorship and restraint on expression of theirviews.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published once a month by the Beachhead Collective as a community information service. It is distributed free, but if you wish to be placed on the mailing list for a year, please make a contribution of $5.00 or more. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make decisions collectively on material published and is independent of all political and community organizations. The printing is financed by the ad donations. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, artwork, short fiction, or other contributions of interest to the Venice community (send them to P.O. Box 504, Free Venice, California 90291). If return of the material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelop must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead collective subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS). For information on deadlines, call TANK-YUK, 396-9325, 396-1941.

NATIVE AMERICAN Update

By Red Bird

Bob Buckout, a psychologist at a New York university studied four separate jury actions in current South Dakota trials against Native-Americans. He found flagrant prejudice present against the Native Americans in the white man's courts and he came to South Dakota to say so quite boldly. Brave man, he came to the pretrial for Jim Robideau, one of the Indian men to stand trial for shooting the two FBI's and already convicted and sentenced to from two to five years for his Custer protest where a white man went scot free after he killed Wesley Bad Heart Bull.

The psychologist was threatened with arrest. How dare he insinuate...The State Attorney General William Janklow wanted Bob Buckout arrested but the judge said, well, it wouldn't look right. What had Bob Buckout said that was so dangerously incendiary? He said that the juries in the Custer cases were selected from that part of the population which was very much prejudiced against Native-Americans and he had four very impressive surveys from the area to prove it.

At the trial of Russell Means in Sioux Falls, the charges of assault were dismissed after the State's efforts for weeks to find a fair and unprejudiced jury. But it will not go so lightly for Russell in his next trial at Bismarck, North Dakota where the racists make the ones at Sious Falls look like cooing doves. In another of Russell's trials in St. Paul, he described to the jury the military might used by law enforcement at the Wounded Knee occupation, the extraordinary number of flares, firebombing and personnel carriers as used in full scale warfare. It has been learned since through the documents presented before the Senate Committee investigating the FBI that during Wounded Knee, the FBI called in the army and gave instructions to shoot to kill, not frighten or wound the Indians, but KILL. How different is this from the tactics used on the Vietnamese in the war? The Freedom of Information Act has shed the light on this depressing fact.

In continuation of the government policy of prejudice and discrimination, a Washington, D.C. official ordered the Lincoln, Nebraska Food Stamp office not to sell food stamps to the workers at the Wounded Knee Legal Defense Office who work without pay, endless hours a day and get only one meal. Is food used by the government as a weapon or not?

Well, the war and the trials go on despite the blockade of silence in the press. Four men standing trial for the deaths of the two FBI's. Several new arrests of people who were supposedly aiding fugitives. More Grand Jury indictments of Pine Ridge warriors. And with each passing day that the struggle gets tougher, there are fewer and fewer hands since many of them are locked up in prisons or underground. YOU CAN HELP TO TURN THE TELEPHONE ON IN RAPID CITY. Send funds to: Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee, Box 2307, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57701

what it's like to be a sex object on a wednesday afternoon in venice

S.Scott

It was a sunny day so I wore shorts. Well, that was my first mistake. It was just too much exposed flesh for the male populace of Venice. A woman alone should not wear shorts. I learned that in stuffier London, but since I was on home base, I thought it was o.k. My second mistake was to ride my bike in an ambling way, looking about to see people, instead of plunging full speed ahead. But this I found out later from a learned friend.

I rode somewhat peacefully to the beach, looking carefully for a spot to rest and sun where I wouldn't be disturbed for a couple hours. When I did stop to rest, a man in bermuda shorts and 20 fast 'n easy lines came over, sat real close, and asked if I came here often. For some reason that sounded all too familiar, so before he could get a chance to become so, I asked him to leave. He did. Then a man nearby started slurping loudly on his beer and making other sundry peacock noises, to let me know he was there I guess. So I faked sleep-the old tried and true turn-off trick, and it worked. He left a few beer-can-crunchings later.

Riding back, it's hard to recall all the flattering cat calls that came my way. But as I sped by the Meatless--because by this time I was tiring of my restful day on the beach, so I hurried--a man with two children yelled out to ask me if I was busy that night. I guess just one look did it for him--to know he wanted to spend time with me. Anyway, I whizzed by and made it to the stop light at Wagners before I made my third mistake --I stopped and walked across the street. This gave the guy on the sidewalk time to let me, and everyone within 20 yards, know how much he appreciated my legs. And I wonder now what it would be like to be endowed with not only legs, but large breasts as well. It doesn't seem that if you were so fortunate, you'd be comfortable walking out of your house.

Needless to say I lived to tell my story. And it is funny in retrospect, but sad too. Because men are continuing to alienate women and lots of women it seems are allowing it to happen, accepting such "normal" reactions as compliments. I wonder do they really enjoy being sex objects? If so, wouldn't it be an interesting addition to the age old 36-24-36 type counting--to request men to wear their penis size on a chain so we could pick and choose according to our preference. Which number would you choose?

Drawing from Seer's Catalogue/CPF.

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AQUI IN VENICE (CHAPTER 233)

By John F. Gleeson

or some 3 dot journalism
& vicarious shitlings
roaming ghost-town for
the last page & the blood
you spilt at Indiana & 4th.

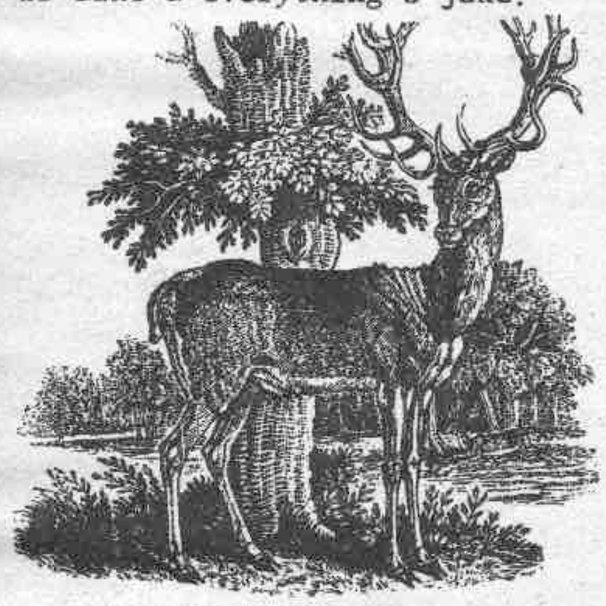
jon jester got 30 days,
3 yrs, summary pro
& fined 500 skins
with a week already served
& washing dishes to cut
it down to two
(pearl-diving it's called
in the new jersey county
calaboose) singing
have you ever heard a violin
spider crying in the night?

then jimmy the maze attacked
in his garage
by a tire-iron swinging nutcase
(somehow involved with that
crazed woman he allowed in).
james disarmed him,
gave him two choices (not three):
death or departure; then
he gave the iron back.
who said battles are won in the day
but history is made at night?

i somehow got on his shitlest
as he said he was going
to hit me in the mouth
for japping him out of JJ.
Huh? I only played pool
with her at Brandelli's Brigg
i am having a 6 p.m. showdown
at the sundown saloon -
water pistols filled
with steam-beer on tap
at the usual 50 paces.
(subtitle:
true paranoid needs
no rear-view mirror.

well, one thing
i got going is
nobody ever shows
& i get to listen to
dooley wilson sing
the theme from Casablanca,
or "maristophanes
had a lot of enemies."
i mean, how can you get
jealous when someone
kisses your late wife?
("to bed, to bed,
sweet helen is dead")

so it's the jester & me
in contrapuntal duet:
all is cake & everything's jake.



by Carol Taub

Billy and Cookie Harris of the Azz Izz Jazz Quintet. Quintet plays week nights 9 p.m. till ? at Azz Izz Cultural Center on W. Washington Blvd. The Center is looking for extra musical instruments for a Saturday morning childrens' workshop.

THE FAVORITE THINGS OF TOMMY BODIE'S TRIP WEST

By John F. Gleeson

I wish I had that cell
from Alcatraz where they
close the door on you
in total darkness
in my apartment
in Elmhurst.
Some go in and never come out.
Some never go in.
Some go in and out.
I just stayed there
until Billy opened the foodhatch
and told me, "Hey, Tommy. Let's go.
The tour's moving on."

I liked sitting on stage
at the Dr. John concert
on the edge of the unused piano.
The audience didn't see me
but I looked at them
and the backstage manager, Ace,
who winked at me.

Then that Japanese massage
with this girl almost naked
walking on my back.
The baths were first,
then they called my number
and gave me a pair of nylon shorts.
Billy and Steve sat in front
of the Coke machine and watched.

But I died in a shower in Venice.
That's when I got away with murder
and laughed about it.

WOMAN

By John Keskulla

Men, you said,
get turned off if you
come on too strong.
Bullshit, i said, but you
never really heard.
When you came to dinner i cringed
for fear of some condescending comment about
men who like to cook.
I showed you how to
change the oil in your car.
You haven't touched it since, and the
gas station man still checks it,
no doubt.
You were always so tired, and
did i mind driving
this time.
Most of all, the little games you played
to subtly hint
you were horny.
(You always came fastest
in the missionary.)
Sometimes i found myself still
holding back my orgasm till
(Ladies first!) you had yours.

She leads women's groups
i'd tell my friends,
proudly showing off
the latest Liberated styles
the Pedestal comes in
these days.
Everytime i cried
(which was often, really) you said
it was so nice that men can be
Gentle and
Sensitive and
Vulnerable....
I feared any moment you'd run off with
a Hercules. (Did you?)

You were right,
men can't be Feminists.
Faggots, but not Feminists, as
only my typewriter bears offspring.
What home for the wombless
wanderer?
Men
with flowing hair.
Men
with smooth hairless bodies.
Men
with soft subtle fingers.
With closed eyes i feel their caresses,
an expatriate reminiscing.

A fantasy i have sometimes
(silly me, always daydreaming!)
meeting you after
what seems like years.
Your muscles grown hard from
karate class or such,
your fingernails slightly dirty
from working on your car,
a heavy stride, almost a swagger
in your walk,
your eyes smiling at the world,
unafraid.
You want to know if i'm the one
to wrap your strong arms around.
You want to know if i've the strength
to let you be yourself.
And do i have the cour-
age to cry when i hurt?
Yes, i dare to dream of a new kind of life
where neither has to look up,
and neither gets to look down.
Yes, i dare to dream of a new kind of life
the Ocean between us dissolving into
a new Togetherness.

A CHILDRENS PLACE

Many people in the Venice-Oceanpark community know what the financial crises in this country is really about--survival. The Children's Place, a day care center in Oceanpark, is in a financial crises'. We are not a shiny commercial center nor are we even meagerly funded by any gov't agencies. Unemployment among people in this community has cut sharply into our enrollment. Also, because we feel that the status of the day care worker must be changed to correspond to the tremendous responbilities in caring for children, our staff is paid $3.00 an hour. This is in contrast to other centers which manage financially by paying an average of 2.25 an hour.

Right now, the Children's Place is in a state of flux which is very positive. The parents are becoming more actively involved in the decision making of the school and give extra support to the center by pitching in on work days, fund raising and recruitment.

The staff and director are working to create a place where parents of our community can feel secure leaving their children while they work. This means that the staff encourages children to make decisions about how they want to spend their time. Non authoritarian problem-solving is emphasized. Children express their feelings freely and are given support and space to work them out. Ostracism based on sex and race are problems which come from our society, our community, right through the doors of the center and we are working through these with the kids.

We try to encourage a non-competitive, cooperative attitude, respect for themselves and for others. We explore the neighborhood with the children, so that they come to understand the roles and importance of each community member.

We know that talking abstractly about values and principles is meaningless. But last Monday when the kids came in and saw the big room carpeted and rearranged by staff, parents and community friends, they understood a little about the results of cooperative work. On December 16th, when the farmworkers come to have lunch in the Church and ten of their children will spend the day with us, we will see something of their struggle and culture. The children will be part of the sharing process of opening up our school for some other children who need a place for the day.

The Children's Place is not going to let its program suffer during this financial crunch, but we need some help. We need volunteers to spend time with the children, to share skills or to give some badly needed individual attention. We need equipment, art supplies, wood for building shelves and partitions. We need labor to fix up our play yard and improve our indoor environment. Most of all, we have spaces available for 2, 3, and 4 year old children for full day care and half day programs.

So if you'd like to get involved or you have a child and want a unique day care situation, come around or give us a call.

The Children's Place
235 Hill Street
399-6405

(conclusion)

EVERY ONE IN

by Carol Fondiller © 1975

"O.K., Deborah, so swearing 'Death before Deception' in the sacred name of Pandora, Eve psyche and all of Blue Beard's ladies you took your Vorpal sword in hand and proceeded to the Drop Inn," said Sheilah. It was dark, and Deborah had turned on the lamp, made fresh coffee and laid out a platter of sliced chicken, apples, and cheeses, in an arrangement worthy of a Japanese restaurant, and put it on the straight back chair. Clawswits the Cat supervised the proceedings from his perch on top of the book case. A low whine of a small engine zipped by on Speedway. Deborah turned and looked out the window down the darkned streets. It wasn't a 350 motorcycle. The windows on the darkened streets glowed as people sat down to dinner. Deborah thought of all the solitary single people eating T.V. dinners or milk and cookies as they stood, because it wasn't worth the trouble to set the table for one, or gulped a peanut butter sandwich while reading a romantic novel. Anything to distract them from the fact that they were eating alone. All those people who came to Venice to find themselves. And they did. They found themselves, eating alone. Terrific. "Yeah," said Deborah as she turned from the window, "only it wasn't a Vorpal sword. It was my handy Labrys. The moon shaped double headed Cretan axe. The weapon sacred to the Goddess. A double edged weapon to deal with double dealing." She smiled. She went over to the desk and found the half smoked joints and lit one and inhaled. Sheilah sighed in satisfaction as she attacked the platter of food. "Oh God, that's good!" "Oh yes! Blood sugar! Just what's needed!"

Deborah sandwiched a slice of chicken between two apple slices. Her face took an expression of baby-like satisfaction as she tasted the dry delicate chicken flesh between the two juicy tart green apple slices.

"You know," she said as she chewed, "I made those eight blocks from Kevin's to the Drop Inn in two minutes flat. With churning stomach and beating heart. I wanted to turn around. But into the foggy cigarette haze I stepped. A Beserker lusting after the facts. I pushed past the pool players and the juke box loungers, and scanned the scarred orange vinyl coffee shop booths." Sheilah took the joint from Deborah's gesticulating hand and inhaled. "Heaven's Woman," she said holding her breath. "You sound like Marshall Dillon."

"Right. Wide angle shot of bar. I saw people in there that I knew. I guess they could sense by my face that I wasn't there to be pleasant. People who knew about me and Kevin Barry Mulcahy lowered their eyes. Pan to back booth known as Lover's Lane. Tight shot of Kevin and Ronnie seated next to one another. He on the outside, holding Ronnie - the - Pooh's hand gazing into her eyes, and she of course gazing into his, smiling sweetly as they kissed. That burned me. He was kissing her with his teeth held on by the dental adhesive that I'd bought. He sure as hell was showing no signs of pain. I slid in next to Kevin. Keep that J. I'll finish the other one." Deborah drank some coffee and lit a half smoked joint. She drew a deep breath on the joint. "Kevin didn't notice me. As I said, he has fantastic powers of concentration. He was completely absorbed in seeing how far his tongue would go down her throat. Shit. Then I said very softly, 'Hello, Kevin'. Man, he jumped as if I'd goosed him with an ice cube. He was so startled he nearly knocked over his beer. For Kevin that's panic. 'I'd like a glass of wine, Kevin', I said. I stood up to let him get it. I stood there staring at Ronnie. She lowered her eyes, then looked up at me, head down. She hunched herself into the back corner of the booth. If I'd had a newspaper, I'd have slapped her with it saying naughty no! no! bad! She smiled at me, her jaw quivering. She finally looked away from me. Kevin came back with my wine and a beer for him. He started to sit next to Ronnie. But I pulled on his jacket and forced him to sit next to me, opposite Ronnie. 'What the fuck is going on here?' I asked. I couldn't control my voice. It came out very low. My hand was trembling as I held the wine. The juke box was blaring. The bass reverberating in the booth and in my head. People were making out, talking, and shooting pool. 'Let's talk lovingly and gently,' said Kevin in a low soothing voice. 'I do not feel loving or gentle, Kevin. Don't play rational with me.' Ronnie reached across the table and held his hand and looked at him as I spoke. 'I want to know, Kevin, let me in on this. I have a right to know.' Kevin turned his attention to me at last. 'What do you want, Deborah?' I grabbed his hand away from her. Tears started running down my face. I was shaking. I held on to him tightly. 'I want to sleep with you tonight. I want to feel you next to me. I don't want to sleep with her damn dog again. Please, Kevin. Please. Please.'

Someone came by that I knew and said hello. I said hello back. Jesus, Sheilah, it was grotesque! It was like a British drawing room drama, where the hostess keeps pouring tea and asking 'one lump or two?' After she's found out her husband's given the family jewels to the maid. One must uphold the social amenities. Kevin held me. I could feel his warmth through his leather jacket. 'Alright Deborah,' he said, stroking my neck, 'I'll sleep with you tonight.' He was humoring me. 'I'll ride Ronnie home and I'll be back.' 'Let the bitch take a fuckin' bus home. I'm tired of being the one that's always waiting.'

Then Ronnie-the-Pooh opened her sweet mouth. 'You must have been around a lot,' she said softly, looking at Kevin. 'Everyone's been around after the first three times after you've popped your cherry,' I snapped, 'so don't pull that.' Ronnie sighed a we-must-humor-this-crazy-declassee-lady sigh. 'You bet I've been around.' But they weren't listening to me. They were gazing into each other's eyes. Kevin turned away from her and said, 'I love this lady. We spent two years together. She wasn't just another broad I fucked.' 'Oh, and I was just another broad you fucked.'

Ronnie turned to me and said earnestly, protesting too much, 'oh no! No. No. Oh no, Debbie that's not so!'

Kevin said reassuringly, 'no Deborah, that's not so. I love you---' 'Yes! He does!' interrupted Ronnie. 'He really does! He told me!' 'I love you'. He bent his head on my throat. 'But each morning she'd wake me with a sweet sensual kiss'. I pulled away from him and snickered. 'Well gollee, Kevin, I thought you liked it when I woke you every morning by jumping on your chest with my golf cleats!' No one laughed.

Kevin was jabbing his finger at me. 'Do you understand? I must proceed. I can go back to the garage without all this emotional garbage.' 'Let's talk sanely, Deborah,' said Ronnie in her soft voice, smiling at me as she stroked Kevin's arm. I let go of Kevin's other arm and watched her. He leaned towards her and blew a kiss at her.

Thank you,' he murmured. I couldn't believe 12 hours ago it was him and me together. A couple. Exclusivity. Insane." Deborah relit the joint.

"You don't have to go yet do you Sheila?" "A Dear Friend is coming over at 11:30 to relieve my bodily tensions. It is now 8 p.m. Besides, this is interesting." "Glad to spread a little joy, who is it, the P.H.D. bartender?" asked Deborah. "No it's Santa Cruz Sam. He finished his business in L.A. and I'm giving him a going away present. On with the story."

"I mean it was surreal! There we were, two women, one man, the two women all but saying, "dump her, take me." Cushioning every emotion for this man, so the results of his actions wouldn't hurt him. And I was playing the scene! I was saying things like oh yes, Kevin I understand, just love me, oh yes, Kevin go on with your ART! Terrific. I was selling my soul and no one was bidding. Then Ronnie looked at me deeply--you know, the "this -is-going-to-hurt-me-more-than-it-is-you" look. Infuriating. Tears of sympathy unshed of course, so much more appealing. Ronnie said 'Kevin, tell her we're going to be married.' Kevin looked down at his beer. ' Tell her, Kevin!' pressed Ronnie urgently.

'I--I--' He said nothing else. But he nodded his head avoiding my glance. He spoke. 'But now, Deborah, it doesn't change the feelings I have for you. I love you...' Things began to come apart before my eyes. Everything became disjointed and super clear with hard edges. Peoples' faces floated by disconnected from their bodies. The air became thick, heavy and still. It smelt hot and sour. Voices were distorted as if a 33 R.P.M. record were being played at 45 R.P.M.

The click of the billiard balls sounded like thunder claps. I felt lighter than air. I jumped up on the table--" Deborah did a classic Errol Flynn leap from the bed. "Drew out my trusty Cretan axe from my bag and said in a voice louder than my usual ' IN THE NAME OF THE GODDESS, STOP THE BULLSHIT! Do not give that male who is cowering behind his mug a modicum of comfort! In the name of HER who goes about at night alone along the Urban Wilds and hears the wails of her lost and lonely daughters, in the name of her who sees the despairing daughters in the bars! Take my Sacred Weapon.

In the name of Her-Who-Can-Change-her-mind, use the flat of the blade and spank him with it, in the name of the mother--freak out, Daughter!" A long high whistle came from my lips, and all the men who didn't cover their ears immediately started cornholing one another with pool cues, pipes, wrenches and other phallic do-dads. The others hid under the tables and covered their genitals. The nodding smiling women in the place got out golden lariats from hidden places and lassoed the crazy bucks and paraphrasing the Red Queen, they shouted 'Up with their heads!' Then lo, the juke box played 'ain't no way to treat a lady' with a martial beat--plenty of hot clear brass and heavy drums. It played 'Put a Spell on You' and 'Big Daddy you got a lot to learn'. Sung by Mae West, Lotte Lenya and Nina Simone." Sheila raised her eyes and said, "Geez I miss all the fun. Did you spank him hard?"

"No, my dear," said Deborah in a fair imitation of W.C. Fields, "I tripped on my Labrys.

So I did the next best thing. I whimpered. 'Kevin I'm wearing your clothes. I don't have a thing on me that belongs to myself.

(continued on page 5)

VENICE KNOWS

I feel so naked. Kevin I love you. I'm not creative. I know that.I'm not deep, I'm shallow--I can only have an idea for a short time before it dies of loneliness-the only thought I have right now is that I love you...' Ronnie looked straight at me, an historical event in itself. 'You have quite a mouth, you know that? Do you think you're better for him?" she shrilled. I didn't know what she was talking about. Better for him than what? Than who? According to who's program? I came, I saw, I bested, I was bested, busted, beat. I knew that I was better for no one.Better bitter beat.

I took another sip of wine. I had no answer. I just loved him. I whimpered and carried on some more. Ronnie suffered nobly through it, being supportive of Kevin's delicate emotions, stroking him. I finally asked him to take me home. I didn't specify my place or his, or as he put it, ours.

Kevin and I left, leaving Ronnie-the-Pooh smiling sadly. We stood by his motorcycle underneath a relentless cold street light--the urban moon. He looked haggard. I was still crying. Kevin I love you. I know every line in that face of yours. I see through that mask you wear and I see your bare and shining bones. You carry your ivory magician's tower within you. I see the white and shining skeleton of your soul.'

Sheilah shook her head. "You broke rule #22-A. Telling a man you love him."

Deborah sighed, "I know, but I'd do it again." She shrugged her shoulders and looked shamefaced. Sheilah took a hit of a joint and gave it to Deborah. "When we turned off West Washington Blvd., my heart sang. We were going to his-our place! My island. We went inside. He parked the bike outside. He switched on the light and turned on the giant antique electric heater shaped like a sunflower on a stalk. He held me. 'The wheel turns,lady, be patient.' 'Look' I said, 'you're going to marry Ronnie--'"The wheel turns. It won't happen for at least a month.' I stumbled back. I looked at him. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Honey, I don't know, I'm so confused. Be patient.' 'You're going to decide who to award the apple to, is that it?' He took me in his arms and held me close. I could feel his heart beating. Oh yes, to be held like that--but painful thoughts splintered through my brain like broken

glass. I murmured into his red turtle-neck sweater, 'you love me now, Kevin, does that mean you'll love me for a whole month? Till you marry her?' 'Yes,' he replied holding me tightly swaying back and forth and kissing my hair. I peeked up at him. He was looking down at me adoringly. My irony seemed to have escaped him. 'After the month, what? Shall I gather up my stuff? Is this an eviction notice?' I held him close to me inhaling the scent of him. Leah the dog was whining for a pet. 'No, Deborah, I love you. Stay.' And he went on about the absurdity of monogamy. Then I said, 'maybe we could have two garages, and you could travel between them. Ronnie-cins and I could draw up a chart--' 'Stop it lady, I have to decide. Help me.' 'I can't Kevin--I don't know what I'm doing, I feel as if I'm competing in a game that I didn't know I was in. I don't know the rules and I don't want to play. The stakes might be too high.' 'Deborah, I love you, I want to stay here with you--' I returned to reality. 'Kevin, I said holding his face in my hands, 'Take Ronnie home. Don't let her wait at the bar. Then come back here to me soon.' It was 9 p.m. He started on his bike. He looked at me. 'I'll be back in an hour - in less than an hour. Oh, lady, lady, I love you lady.' He revved up his motorcycle. 'That's what you say now, but what will you say when you're with her,' I murmured. "What did you say, love?' He asked. "I love you too, dude.' He smiled, kissed me and chugged off. I slammed the garage door shut. It was heavy quiet - Leah the beery-brown and foam-white dog nuzzled me. I petted her. 'Well, here we are again, kiddo.' I wandered around the garage. Images like flash cards flipped before my eyes. Kevin asleep in the early morning, free from the lines that time had clawed into his face, getting us coffee on that hot plate. 'Coffee in bed,' I said as I sat up for it. 'Now that's rich. Kevin, you make me feel so opulent.' His cheerfulness. The Morning Kevin as one of his friends expressed it. I picked up the cigarette butts that littered the urine yellow carpet. While he was painting Kevin would aim at the various ash trays. Sometimes he'd miss. I picked up the butts one by one. I'm not creative, so I couldn't concentrate on reading - every few minutes I'd think I'd hear the fart-fart-whine of his engine. I turned on the TV. The picture snowed. I could have gotten interested in Barretta except for the sea rich feeling the flip flops gave me. It was 9:15 by the digital clock on the wall. I was surprised. I felt as if I'd spent all year at the Drop Inn. Only an hour? I rumpled through my stuff for sewing. I'd brought needles but no thread. Grand." Sheilah shook her head. "I'm surprised that you didn't crawl after him clutching at his pantsleg." "I didn't think of that."

The sound of a small engine whined by. Deborah looked out the window. Sheilah laughed. Deborah shrugged and smiled. "Gonna be a hard habit to kick." Clawswits jumped into Sheilah's lap and bumped her hands with his hard round head. Sheilah stroked him. Deborah sighed. "The digital clock was ticking away...slowly. 9:45. I lay down on our bed. One time he said to me, 'let me worship at your shrine where all life comes from...'"

"What?" said Sheilah. "Worship at my shrine." "Oh." "Yeah," said Deborah. "You don't like that?" Deborah looked straight ahead, not seeing. "I do. But I didn't want to lose myself. He took out his teeth." "Oh God," groaned Sheilah. "Don't knock it till you've tried it." she sighed. Oh yes. I remember lying there trying to hold on to my self. I would not merge. I concentrated on the cigarette butts on the floor, the empty beer cans, on my pimples and flab. Then his lips gentle as flower petals falling from a great distance onto my stomach, my thighs, his tongue gently along my cunt and thrusting deep in me. His hands forcing my pelvis to him as if I were a great cup from which he drank--merge. You bet I merged. I melted. Then he put his lips to my mouth and I tasted me on him and that penis seeking my shelter in me. I was a Beethoven symphony, an atom. Waiting to be split. Floating free.

Deborah came out of her memories and smiled at Sheilah. Sheilah laughed. "Well I always say, never trust a man who doesn't eat pussy--and never trust a man who does--only for different reasons."

Deborah lay back on the bed.

"Love should be a difficult word to pronounce when you're straight and impossible when your stoned."

I love Kevin Blarney Malarkey

Because he paints the people around here in Venice with all the respect, reverence and technique that the old masters used to paint tyrants, popes, kings and mistresses. I mean he doesn't indulge with the picturesque old wino, junkies, making them quaint. He paints people. He spends himself on them the way he squeezes paint out of the tube. Extravagantly. Rich, deep. Hours and hours painting someone who no one knows. But they're special. They're human. They matter. Shit. Anyway it was 10 o'clock. No Kevin. Well I thought, he always had a bad sense of time--no, that's not so, when he wants to be, he's punctual. I'd wait one more hour. I would smoke no grass." Here she lit another joint,inhaled and smoked her cigarette. "I only had a quarter of a glass of wine. I would not get stoned. I wanted to be straight for the alternatives. I took off his clothes and folded them neatly and put them away. I put on my baggy pants--don't you dare say anything about the obvious symbolism of baggy pants, Sheilah. That damm digital clock kept clicking. Fate's tongue sucking time through her teeth." She handed the joint to Sheilah. "Click 10:15 click. 10:30 click. 10:31 click. I put on my turtleneck sweater. I was very cold. A voice in me was shouting. 'O.K. Eve's daughter, you have 23 minutes to leave Eden.' Then my other voice--the stillsmall

"You carry quite a crowd in you, don't you?" queried Sheilah.

"I ain't a borderline schizo for nothin'" said Deborah proudly. "I gathered all my stuff that was lying around, underwear, face cream, and put them into the shopping bags. I put on another heavy sweater. I wrote a note. '11 p.m. Kevin my darling, as I said I cannot sleep with her dog again. Thanks for helping me to experience a new peak in masochism. I couldn't have done it without your help. I'll be back for the rest of my stuff. Leah needs more dog food. I'm unplugging the heater. If you replug it, turn it off before you go to bed. I love you. I love you. Deborah.'

10:56. I put on my cape, stuffed odds and ends into my bag, apologized to Leah for not dancing with her, and turned off the light. That old heater on its Art Nouveau-Deco stalk glowed like some crazy red sun that just lit up its immediate area. The garage receded into browny darkness. The skylight looked like a loony oblong-shaped aluminum-colored moon. It was like an other world under world scape. His paintings glowed and shimmered in the lights like strange jewels. 10:58. Click. I left the note on a painting of a child he was working on. Serious child. Clear solemn eyes. I unplugged the heater, hoisted up the garage door. I stood there, hoping he would ride up. 11 p.m. Click. I slammed the garage door shut. I walked out, I turned and walked back every time I heard or thought I heard a motocycle. I gave that up and marched down West Washington Boulevard, chin trembling but up. Eyes swollen but tearless. Nose reddenned but dripless. I walked erect. No Pitiful Pearl act for me. I know I did the right thing. I could have stayed and waited, but I know I did the right thing. Why do I feel so awful? Anyway as you can see here I am--psychically shook but safe." Deborah squished out her cigarette somewhere on the desk.

"Jesus, Deborah didn't you do anything like spray paint his garage with 'This is offensive to women'?" "No, I can't hurt him." "Don't you--aren't you thinking of anything? Like giving ol' Leah some ExLax?" "Ain't the dog's fault, that would be like taking your hostility out on someone's kid." "Nothing?" said Sheilah thrusting her head forward her eyes skeptical behind her granny glasses.

"Well...something," smirked Deborah. "What? You put a time bomb on his six-packs. Pop top pow!" Deborah sniggered nastily." I took the goddam dental adhesive that I paid for!" she shouted. "Let him hurt his fuckin' sensitive gums on her chapped lips. Let her ante up for her pleasure! Oh I can see it now. 'Oh Ronnie-kins my succulent little succubus let me kiss you--whoops'" Deborah pulled her lips over her teeth. She looked like an old granny. "Oh well, nebber mind my dear, I'll hum you and bum you and blow you away"

"Hey, you're a good friend. I know I'll live. That's what's so awful."

Sheilah patted Deborah on the cheek. "Look kiddo, I'm counting on you." She ran down the stairs. Deborah watched her from the window. She heard the low whining sound of a small motor. She leaned forward. No, right cycle--wrong driver. Damm! It was going to be a hard habit to kick.

*****

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SUNRISE, SUNSET, MOONRISE

Los Angeles time (approx.). San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino about 4 minutes earlier. City of Imperial about 11 minutes earlier. Bakersfield about 3 minutes later and Fresno about 6 minutes later. San Francisco about 17 minutes later.

Sunrise, sunset, moonrise and moon's phases hours based on 12-hour day. Light type, A.M., heavy type, P.M.

	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise
1	6 59	4 54	6 30
2	6 59	4 54	7 35
3	6 59	4 55	8 13
4	6 59	4 56	8 51
5	6 59	4 56	9 24
6	7 00	4 57	9 55
7	7 00	4 58	10 23
8	7 00	4 59	10 50
9	7 00	5 00	11 27
10	7 00	5 01	12 01
11	7 00	5 02	12 39
12	7 00	5 03	1 22
13	7 00	5 04	2 09
14	7 00	5 05	3 03
15	7 00	5 05	4 02
16	6 59	5 06	5 05
17	6 59	5 07	6 10
18	6 59	5 08	7 17
19	6 58	5 09	8 24
20	6 58	5 10	9 31
21	6 57	5 11	10 37
22	6 57	5 12	11 44
23	6 57	5 13	.....
24	6 56	5 14	0 49
25	6 56	5 15	1 53
26	6 55	5 16	2 56
27	6 55	5 17	3 51
28	6 54	5 18	4 43
29	6 53	5 19	5 30
30	6 53	5 20	6 12
31	6 52	5 21	6 49

TIDE TABLES

Correct at Los Angeles (Outer Harbor). Balboa to Santa Barbara high tides and low tides approximately the same as at Los Angeles. San Diego area north to San Clemente generally a few minutes later than at Los Angeles; high tides generally slightly higher and low tides slightly lower. San Francisco (Golden Gate) approximately 30 minutes earlier to 59 minutes later than at Los Angeles; high tides generally slightly lower and low tides slightly higher. (For exact figures for the San Diego and San Francisco areas, please consult local newspapers.)

SPECIAL NOTE: Tide hours appearing on this calendar are based on a 24-hour day. Hours between 0 and 12 are A.M.; hours greater than 12 are P.M. Use the following table to convert the usual 12-hour clock to 24 hours. (Example: 22 14 is 10:14 p.m.) l low tide; h high tide.

CONVERSION TABLE	Mid-night					A.M.							Noon					P.M.						
12-HOUR DAY —	12	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
24-HOUR DAY —	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23

1 Th.	2 F.	3 Sa.	4 Su.	5 M.	6 Tu.	7 W.	8 Th.
l 2 11	l 2 51	l 3 33	l 4 16	l 5 04	h 0 34	h 1 18	h 2 11
h 8 22	h 9 00	h 9 39	h 10 17	h 10 53	l 5 55	l 7 00	l 8 37
l 15 31	l 16 07	l 16 49	l 17 15	l 17 49	h 11 36	h 12 24	h 13 30
h 21 38	h 22 33	h 23 13	h 23 57		l 18 24	l 19 01	l 19 43

9 F.	10 Sa.	11 Su.	12 M.	13 Tu.	14 W.	15 Th.	16 F.
h 3 04	h 3 59	h 4 49	h 5 32	h 6 11	l 0 27	l 1 07	l 1 50
l 10 24	l 11 33	l 12 20	l 12 50	l 13 31	h 6 47	h 7 24	h 8 02
h 15 34	h 17 27	h 18 37	h 19 23	h 19 58	l 14 04	l 14 36	l 15 09
l 20 40	l 21 46	l 22 49	l 23 42		h 20 30	h 21 02	h 21 32

17 Sa.	18 Su.	19 M.	20 Tu.	21 W.	22 Th.	23 F.	24 Sa.
l 2 32	l 3 15	l 4 04	l 4 58	h 0 08	h 0 50	h 1 56	h 3 04
h 8 41	h 9 24	h 10 06	h 10 54	l 6 00	l 7 20	l 8 56	l 10 29
l 15 43	l 16 17	l 16 56	l 17 33	h 11 50	h 13 02	h 14 38	h 16 36
h 22 06	h 22 44	h 23 23	.....	l 18 16	l 19 04	l 20 03	l 21 19

25 Su.	26 M.	27 Tu.	28 W.	29 Th.	30 F.	31 Sa.
h 4 12	h 5 14	h 6 07	l 0 43	l 1 26	l 2 07	l 2 47
l 11 41	l 12 38	l 13 22	h 6 55	h 7 37	h 8 13	h 8 48
h 18 07	h 19 07	h 19 51	l 14 03	l 14 38	l 15 11	l 15 39
l 22 38	l 23 48	.....	h 20 29	h 21 02	h 21 33	h 22 03

MOON'S PHASES

New Moon	1st	6 40
First Quarter	9th	4 40
Full Moon	16th	8 47
Last Quarter	23rd	3 04
New Moon	30th	10 20

HIGH TIDES—1st, 6.6 ft.; 2nd, 6.4 ft.; 3rd, 6.0 ft.; 15th, 6.2 ft.; 16th, 6.4 ft.; 17th, 6.4 ft.; 18th, 6.2 ft.; 27th, 6.0 ft.; 28th, 6.2 ft.; 29th, 6.2 ft.; 30th, 6.2 ft.; 31st, 6.0 ft.

LOW TIDES—1st, −1.2 ft.; 2nd, −1.0 ft.; 3rd, −0.7 ft.; 14th, −0.6 ft.; 15th, −0.9 ft.; 16th, −1.1 ft.; 17th, −1.2 ft.; 18th, −1.0 ft.; 19th, −0.7 ft.; 27th, −0.8 ft.; 28th, −1.0 ft.; 29th, −1.0 ft.; 30th, −0.9 ft.; 31st, −0.7 ft.

Thursday, January 1 New Year's Day

Tuesday, January 6 Epiphany (Sunday, January 4 Observance)

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the CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK
235 Hill Street/
Santa Monica/90405 399-1631

CONTINUING CLASSES

Improvisational Theater Workshop-
Mondays/8 $2 with directors and players of PUBLIC WORKS
Modern Dance with Liz Oberstein
Tuesdays/8 $5/4 sessions
Women's Self-Defense with Ed Pearl
T/Th 5:30-7; Sun 10 a.m. no cost
Marxism: theory/history by IISM
T/Th at 8 call 392-7412 no cost
Yoga by Integral Yoga Institute
Wednesdays/6-8 donation
Touch for Health, acupressure methods with Rubin Branfman (396-0405)
Thurs/8-10; Sat 10-12 cost
Kundalini Yoga by 3 HO
Mon/Fri 6-7:30
TAI CHI--beginning and advanced by Inner Research Institute of SF;
Sat/9-12 Call Joe Roth 396-7060
Intermediate level Belly Dance with Raksat Shira troupe
Sun/8:30-11 a.m. 60¢
Also: drum instruction cost
Tai Chi Chuan with William Wirth
Sun/noon cost
Men's Gay Rap Sessions
Tues./ 7:30

TOWN COUNCIL

The full TOWN COUNCIL includes all areas and meets the 1st Wed. at Venice City Hall, 681 N. Venice Bl. 7:30 -

VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS

Area I: South Beach-West of Pacific, South of Venice Blvd. Meets every last Weds, Anchorage School, 7:30 - 392-2113 or 392-1594

Area II: North Beach - West of Main, Venice Bl. to Santa Monica, Meets every 1st Monday at Levin Center 201 Ocean Front Wk, 7:30 - 396-0167

Area III: Canals - South of Venice Bl. East of Pacific, west of Washington Bl. Meets every 1st & 3rd Tuesday at Anchorage school, 8:00 - 821-5931 or 923-1753

Area IV: Oakwood - North of California, West of Lincoln, to Washington Bl. Meets every 3rd Wed, at Broadway school bungalow 7:00 - 396-2801

Area V: East Venice - So. of California, W. of Lincoln to Washington Bl. meets every 4th Wed. at Couer D'Alene School, 7:30 - 821-1430

Area VI: Central - No. of Venice Bl. east of Main, west of Washington Bl. meets every 2nd Thursday 328 Market St. 7:30, 821-1774 or 821-5438

Area VII east of Lincoln Bl. No. of Venice Bl. meets every 3d Wed. at Penmar Recreation Center, 1341 Lake St., 7:30
391-6471 or 396-8160.

THE SOCIALIST COMMUNITY SCHOOL

Members of the New American Movement, a nationwide socialist organization, have organized the Socialist Community School in Los Angeles. Our goal is to provide political and educational skills for people to better understand their position in American society and how to change it. Classes in the SCS are open to everyone. Our aim is to develop teaching methods that will increase group participation in learning. Classes will be offered by NAM members and others who share NAM's socialist perspective.

OPEN HOUSE--Come to register, meet teachers and members of School Committee, examine class outlines, and so on: Sunday, Feb. 1, 2:00-5:00 at the Haymarket, 715 S. Parkview, L.A. 90057
FIRST CLASS--Monday, Feb. 2, 7:30
REGISTRATION FEE--$10, or SUSTAINER $20 (Sustainers will receive a card admitting them free to all school events in the Spring term.)

CHILDCARE WILL BE PROVIDED

Beyond Baroque

FOUR WALLS OF HAGIOGRAMS: an exhibit of "sacred writings" - synthesized abstractions of written sources. Enchanted Hours: conceptual performance using sound and image by Stefan Weisser.
Gallery exhibition, January 4th to January 31st, 1976: hours 12 to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Performances Sundays January 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 6 to 8 p.m. Admission is free.

MASTERS CLASS IN FICTION WRITING: by Joe Hansen, novelist and NEA Fellow in - Creative writing. Six consecutive Tuesdays, starting February 17, 1976. FEE.

Beyond Baroque Center
1639 W. Washington Blvd.
Venice, Calif. 90291

ANTIQUES PLANTS

THE WAY IT WAS
NOSTALGIA AND GREAT OLD CLOTHES
1301 MAIN ST., STUDIO 1
VENICE, CA 90291
392-1084
OPEN EVERYDAY
NOON 'TIL 6 P.M.
ANA & ROY KINSLOW

WOMAN JUDGE BARRED FROM FURTHER PROSTITUTION CASES

A woman judge in San Francisco, who had dismissed charges against 37 prostitutes on the grounds that their male customers went free, has been barred from hearing any more prostituion cases by a superior court judge.

Municipal Court Judge Ollie Marie Victoire asserted in her rulings that police had made the women targets of an "intentional, purposeful, selective enforcement policy" of arresting female prostitutes but not their male customers. "Most of the customers," the judge added, "are white, married, middle-class affluent males." Judge Marie Victoire says she plans to appeal the higher court's ban on her hearing further prostitution cases. --LNS

"Every joint sucked is a blow for freedom..." And a Harpy New Year to all of you B'Head readers. Remember pot possession is a misdemeanor-one can be fined up to $100 for possession of one ounce or less. No jail for those over 18--you can be detained while they notify your parents or guardian.

Happy Birthday to Thomas Paine, Great Pamphleteer and writer for the American Revolution. Some of our founding fathers thought some of Thomas Paine's utterances too radical for them. Paine was born on Jan. 29th. All right class, what sign was he? This is the year of the U.S.A. Bicentennial--of course the Harpy is miffed because she wasn't chosen as the national bird. After all, the Harpy was dropping in on the action since Spartacus.

The Venice Town Council was going to enter a float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses. It was alleged that there was going to be a bulldozer made of yellow mums scooping up a house made of white roses, or a scene of a huge brown dog made of stained grass. The Venice Town Council vehemently denies this.

The Harpy recommends Voices of the American Revolution, put out by the Peoples Bicentennial. It costs 1.95 and is pubished by Ballantine. It has a fine section of biographies of people involved in the American Revolution, good graphics from the period and quotes of the movers and shakers of that era. If you can't get it at any of the book stores, you can order it from: Peoples Bicentennial Commission, Room 1010, 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W. Washington D.C. 20036

DON'T BLAME US

A leading medical researcher says that "beyond a shadow of a doubt" there is life after death.

This is the opinion of Doctor Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, who has spent six years interviewing and counseling hundreds of patients whose hearts have stopped beating temporarily, and who have been clinically dead for up to two hours.

Doctor Kubler-Ross says that virtually all of the people who die for a short while and then come back to life report the same beautiful experience.

According to Kubler-Ross, most people first report having a light, pleasant sensation upon leaving their bodies; next they are rushed through a dark tunnel where they hear a buzzing sound and then the voices of people they knew who are now dead.

Finally, there is an eerie, powerful vision of an exhilerating light that seems to encompass the entire universe. Kubler-Ross states she was at first reluctant to report about the pleasantness of death, fearing that it might stimulate suicides. --ZNS

Photo courtesy of United Artists Records

DUCKY--The Baron and friend at canal ducks benefit. It was "standing room only" at the St. Charles Dec. 21 as The Baron, supporting Venice musicians, custom bubbles and Ducknation jar brightened our holidays.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Beginning with driver's licenses and identification cards issued after July 1, 1976, the Department of Motor Vehicles will provide a sticker which may be affixed to the back of the license or the identification card indicating the willingness and intent of the licensee or cardholder to make an anatomical gift under the provisions of SB 542 by Sen. Dennis Carpenter (R-Newport Beach). In order to be effective, the gift statement must be signed by the donor in the presence of two witnesses, who must also sign in the donor's presence. -- So. Cal Auto Club News.

ROCKY TRIPS

Magazine editor and columnist Paul Krassner says that Nelson Rockefeller once took LSD-with Timothy Leary as a guide-in ghe mid-1960's.

Krassner says his source for this story is not only Leary, but New York socialite Van Wolf, in whose apartment the episode occurred.

Wolf died of cancer five years ago, but Krassner says that Wolf confirmed the details of Rockereller's "acid trip" during a hospital conversation shortly before his death.

As Krassner tells it, Leary acted as guide for many leading establishment figures in the mid-60's, including the then-governor of New York. Krassner says "Rocky was so deep into his dynasty game that acid only served to help him conceptualize new path to power."

Krassner also quotes Leary as saying that Rockefeller was "one of my failures." --ZNS

S-1-- continued from page 1

similar route in the House of Representatives, although it may be stalled there until after the summer recess.

Opposition to the bill has come from many quarters. The American Civil Liberties Union, with the support of several Senators, has introduced amendments into the Senate Judiciary Committee against the most repressive aspects of the bill. Editorials have appeared in 200 newspapers, including the New York Times, the Washington Post, and the Wall Street Journal opposing certain aspects of the bill, out of fear that the newspapers' power will be weakened.

The National Committee Against Repressive Legislation has been conducting an educational campaign demanding that S-1 be totally blocked. NCARL opposes any attempt to amend S-1 in Congress, maintaining that 2600 amendments would be necessary to make the bill conform to the Bill of Rights. "In practice only 25 to 50 amendments are possible to bills in Congress," argues NCARL executive director Frank Wilkinson, and legislative compromise would inevitable mean that many repressive aspects of the bill would be passed.

Labor unions have been among those who have spoken out against S-1, attacking it as an infringement on civil rights which would threaten their ability to organize. The United Steelworkers say the bill is "unamendable - it needs to be killed." The Amalgamated Meatcutters, the United Electrical Workers the American Newspaper Guild, and the Colorado Federation of Labor have also spoken out against S-1.

There have also been public demonstrations against S-1. In Albuquerque, New Mexico, on October 29, four hundred people gathered outside the Western Energy Conference, where Gerald Ford was scheduled to speak. Ford failed to appear at the Energy Conference, but outside, speakers hit the bill as a threat to the civil rights of Americans.

For more information on S-1, contact the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, 1250 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 501, Los Angeles, California, 10017. Phone: (213) 481-2435. --(LNS)

DOWNTOWN REDEVELOPMENT--continued from pg. 1

Towers, the Times-Mirror Building, the Broadway Plaza, and other hi-rise buildings, for preferential tax treatment at the expense of the remaining Los Angeles taxpayers.

2. When this was presented to the Council for approval, the amount of the revenue loss to local government, through tax increment financing, was estimated at $44 million. As a result of major errors admitted subsequent to the date of approval, the estimate has been revised upward. The Mayor now proposes an initial "ceiling" of $750 million and the best available estimate, from Councilman Bernardi, is that $4.6 billion of tax preference will accrue to the benefit of the downtown property owners as a result of inflationary increase in value over the next 35 years. (The original estimate used the wrong base multiplier, the wrong time period, the wrong annual inflationary assumption and presumed no increase in annual tax rate).

3. The L.A. County Assessor has estimated that property owners in the remainder of the city will have their taxes increased by 10% to make up the loss. L.A. Unified School District taxes will go up 10%, and the county tax rate, for all county taxpayers, will go up 5%. This means that the annual tax bill for a typical LA homeowner will be up by $100 to $200; rent on a typical apartment unit will go up $5-$10 a month.

4. The justification given for the preferential tax treatment is that downtown property owners need the "advantage" to compete with developments elsewhere in the city and county. Opponents object to requiring the taxpayers in non-downtown areas to foot the bill. Many construction industry experts are concerned that the increased tax rate outside the downtown area will bring construction in those areas to a halt.

5. Plan opponents question the wisdom of forcing more development into the downtown area with the resultant increase in congestion, traffic, and air pollution. The size of the potential public debt, over $4,600,000,000 is the largest in the history of California and comparable to the total indebtedness of New York City. The concept of freezing downtown assessments is not new, it has been used for years in New York, where almost every major hi-rise development in Downtown Manhattan has a partial or complete tax exemption. Tax-increment redevelopment was at one time known as the "New York Plan".

6. Based on current legal interpretations, the designation of a redevelopment project by a city is the only action which can be taken by the state or by local government which is not subject to the referendum procedure. SB 1291 establishes a referendum procedure on the designation of redevelopment projects over $1 billion; the taxpayers who are going to pay the bill should have the right to approve or disapprove the plan.

7. To avoid delay on any implementation of the downtown plan, SB 1291 is being amended to provide that the referendum election can be held in conjunction with the June, 1976 primary election. The California senate passed the bill in August by a vote of 27-1. Assembly committee action has been delayed until January at the request of the Mayor.