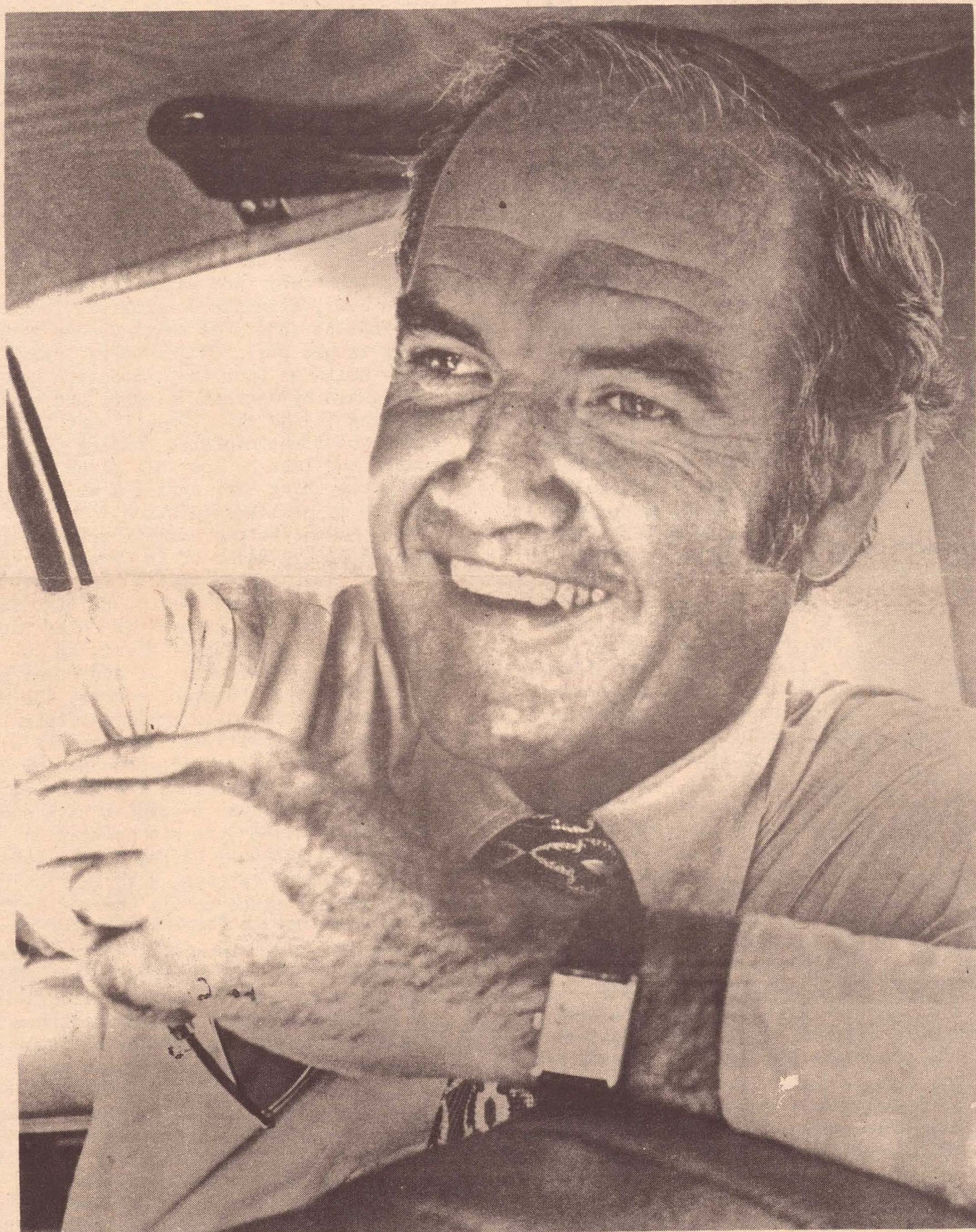


THE PAPER

NINTH ISSUE

FIRST PART OF OCTOBER

PRICE: FREE



WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR
FROM THIS MAN?

WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THIS MAN?

It was the best of times, it turned out to be the worst of times. Let me tell you what happened at 4 ayem on Saturday, January 20th., 1973. I was working the night watch out of genocide. How I wish my partner was Tuesday Weld! My name is Blue Monday. I'm a cop-out.

It was cold and snowing in Washington and giant floodlights played back and forth over the speakers platform erected in front of the Capitol building and bathed the great multitude assembled (most of them could have used another kind of bath) in an eerie glow. The multitude had just finished a repast of loaves (to placate the baker's union) and kippered herring (to lock up the Jewish vote). The multitude was swaying to the tunes "Bourbon-on-the-rocks" and "Scotch-and-soda" played by a rocky band better described as raunchy. Seated on the platform were various and assorted (by age, grade and horsepower) dignitaries nervously fingering their notes and each other.

The newly sworn-in Prez, Geo. McGivern was discovered center stage front by an Italian-American from the Bronx, named Vasco de Gamble -who vigorously denied Mafia connections. When asked to explain his convictions on running dope, guns, dames, bootleg booze and a bookie joint, he gave a simple and casual answer hailed by the Party hierarchy for its originality. "I wuz framed", said de Gamble. After an explorer's Badge was pinned on de Gamble by a Big Brother of the FBM (Fraternal Brotherhood of the Mafia), the new Prez strode purposefully to the lectern, flanked on either side by Larry Obreon and Jean Westwind. Prez McGivern was wearing an old plaid bathrobe which, like his campaign speeches, revealed absolutely nothing.

Holding up his hands for quiet like a quarterback with the ball on the 5-yard line and goal to go, he cleared his throat and declaimed: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen...Obreon edged over and jabbed a finger at the Prez's notes on the lectern. "Oh, I'm sorry", said the Prez, "I used to be a college professor, and that's my favorite speech. I'll begin again" (Applause) "Scribes, Pharisees and Publicans - if there are any present - and fellow demagogues..." "No, no," Mr. Prez, whispered Jean hoarsely, NOT demagogues." Oh, I'm sorry", said Mr. Prez, "I must have been thinking of all our campaign speeches and stuff. I better change that last remark to "fellow Democrats."

(cheers) "Before I go on I want to present to you a guy and a doll who don't need any introduction, so I'll introduce them. On my right is Larry Obreon who is Cheer-man of the Right of Central Democratic Committee, and on my left is Jean Westwind who is Char-Woman of the Left of Central Democratic Central Committee. They will occupy their respectable positions during my glorious administration (I said that right didn I?)"

"From time to time they will both stand either on my right or on my left, depending on how the wind is blowing, and what Harris and Gallup come up with."

They all then held up both arms with their index fingers pointing straight up. They weren't about to copy Ex-Prez Noxin's V-sign. Personally, I think the middle fingers pointed straight up would have been more appropriate and in keeping with what

the people of America could expect. But I won't write that here because sure as shooting my City Editor would pencil it out. He's a Wallace man and a Southern Baptist.

"Now then," said Prez McGivern, "since I once studied for the ministry, I will give the invocation: Now I lay me down to sleep....."

"Hey there," screamed an athiest-libber in the front row of the multitude, "you're mixing up Church and State and I protest!"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said the Prez, "how would - one for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and four to go, strike you?"

"Well now," said the athiest-libber, mollified, "that's better. And watch it from now on."

The Prez, slightly bewildered, looked around to see what he should do next. Obreon growled something in his ear. "Oh I'm sorry," said the Prez, Larry tells me that the invocation has already been givrn by apriest, a Rabbi and a minister, all invoking at the same time. I want to sort of apologize about the minister holding things up. Along toward the last he lost his place and had to read the whole thing over again. I will watch out for that in my next inauguration."

"Now I want to pay special tribute to the Hon. Richard Doily, Mayor of Indianapolis in the great state of Kentucky -- what's that Larry? Oh, I'm sorry, let me change that to Chicago in the great state of Illinois. He and his delagation got shut out of our convention in Miami, as you remember, because the horses were off and running when they got to the window and, of course, the mutuel ticket windows were closed...(speak a little louder, Jean; was that the wat it was?) Friends it seems I was thinking of my plans to crack down on sinful horse racing in that statement. The fact is, Mayor Doily was shut out because he didn't have enough ladies (make that "women") in his delagation and he was pretty much put out, Ha Ha, no pun intended.

But I want to tell you all, and let the word go out from this place to all the world, that Mayor Doily came through for the Party of the People, On election day, since all the voting machines had been carted away by thieves the same thieves that broke into the Watergate Democratic offices, our good Mayor installed slot machines for the fine folks in Chicago. He posted signs saying that whenever three lemons came up it was a vote for McGivern. Since everybody on the Democratic ticket got nothing but lemons that day, the Mayor will have to appoint some lemons favorable to our great Party of the People. Mr. Mayor, take a bow." (The Mayor bowed amidst thunderous cheers).

"Now friends", said Prez McGivern, "I want you to meet my new Veep, General Shrivle. He ran as a common,ordinary sergeant, but soon as we made it I promoted him to General. Come on over here, boy, and meet our people." General Shrivle, in his shirt sleeves despite the cold so as to look more like a worker, and still chewing on some kippers and left-over tamales, ran to the lectern, waved both arms and shouted: "Now that we're in let me tell you that \$25 each from 1 million donators was a bunch of malarkey. The real thing is that 25 of us millionaires threw in \$1 million dollars apiece and



let me tell you further, we aim to get paid off" His happy smile faded when McGivern growled: "You hush up and go back and set down boy, or I'll bust you clean down to corporal, you hear?" The General went and sat down and muttered: "You SoDak clown. Just wait 'til '76 when my other brother-in-law gets to be Prez. We'll throw you back to the coyotes."

"Well, well," said the Prez, "General Shrivle must have his little joke. That's why we all love and respect him, isn't it?" (Cheers with a scattering of boos). "Now we have on our dignified platform, some also-rans as they say Ha Ha at Hollywood Park. You may not recognize our late Prez Noxin because he's sitting with his back to the multitude, makes him nervous to face the American people, and no wonder. You can see that Pet is sitting on his lap to keep him warm. He lost his overcoat last night trying to fill an inside straight, I must say that had he filled it, it would have been the only straightforward thing he's ever done Ha, Ha. I'll tell you why I call him the "late" Prez. If he belonged to the People's Party we'd just say he was usually a day late and a dollar short. But since he hangs out with the high muckety-mucks we say he's 4 years late and \$4 million over. I'm right sorry that the ex-Veep Spiral Ag'emom is not with us. When he ran out of the money in the election he departed for Greece where they made him a colonel. He made some snide remarks about the news media over there and found out too late that the news media was owned lock stock and barrel by some other old Greek colonels and now he's in the pokey. I hear that Aristotle Onasty is going to bail him out!"

"Now my fellow admirers", said Prez McGivern. Flashing his famous victory smile, "it's time to congratulate partly you but mostly me on my smashing victory of 1,140,000 votes last November 11th...." (aside) What's that Larry? Well, damnit, you don't have to growl so loud in my ear. Well, okay I'll straighten it out. Squaring his shoulders, the Prez again cleared his throat -- "Ha Ha friends, Cheer-man Obreon tells me that we didn't win by 1,140,000 votes; it was 114,000 and it wasn't last November 11th, it was November 7th. I'm sorry about that." (Aside) "I'm leaning down as far as I can, Jean. You sound like you've got laryngitis. I keep telling you not to drink bourbon straight; you need a big glass of water chaser. Well okay I'll straighten it out." Straightening up and flashing his winningest smile, the Prez a little throatily because he forgot to clear his throat: "Ha Ha, my friends, Char-woman Westwind tells me that we didn't win by 114,000 votes; it was 114 votes. These fine women-folks have to get everything right on the button, don't they?"

But that's what we love about them. Anyway we won and that's what politics is all about. The end justifies the means, as the poet says." (Some cheers and some grumbling)

"Now comes the big surprise you've all been waiting for. You wonder why I'm wearing this old bathrobe here at 4 ayem. Well, now I'll tell you. We gave our glorious acceptance speech at our terrific convention in Miami at 4 ayem while our California bretheren were deep in the arms of Bacchus. (aside) What's that? Now don't both of you whisper to me at once. Well, Okay, I'll straighten that out. Heh Heh, my friends, both my trusty Chair-people say I should change that to 'the arms of Morpheus'...I'm sorry about that little slip; if it was a slip. So from now on I'm going to do the most important things at 4 ayem (to himself - the little woman isn't going to be too happy about that). Why am I wearing this old bathrobe? Well, I'll tell you. What do the faithful members of the People's Party wear to the

bathroom when they get up for obvious reasons at 4 ayem. An old plaid bathrobe, that's what." Holding up his hands in a fatherly gesture of restraint, the Prez said: "Hold it, hold it. You can't go here. There's a time and place for everything, to coin a phrase." (Much squirming and giggling by the multitude).

"Now", said the Prez, "I'm going to show you the real Geo. McGivern." He threw off the bathrobe and stepped forth clad in full length, magenta colored long-handles. "I had this garment specially selected for me during the campaign to show that old Meany that I was proud to wear a union suit. You will note that the back flap is sewed up tightly. Oh, don't worry about that. During the campaign I was scared you-know-whatless that we wouldn't win, so I had no use for back flaps. The color is to match my eyes on the morning after the night before." (Thunderous sounds of clapping hands and stamping feet to keep warm) A chance TV shot showed the late Prez Noxin holding his arms up with his fingers in his used-to-be-famous V-sign. The fingers are froze stiff. Pet is hanging on for dear life.

"I wish now to make a clean breast (if you'll pardon the expression) of our great Democratic platform we ran on and the different one we will stand on. First: Amnesty for deserters and draft dodgers demonstrating their allegiance in the Haight-Ashbury and on various campuses can now return to our Great Party. But they'll have to bring their own pot, ours is full. I have a job for them. When I bring all the boys and girls home from Viet-Nam the Viet Cong will play whaley with the folks in South Viet Nam. So here's what I aim to do. I'm going to move all those lousy Texans who voted unanimously for Noxin over to South Viet Nam and bring the South Vietnamese to Texas. Pretty soon those wheeling -- dealing Texans will rook all the South East Asians out of everything they own. I want the amnesty boys to go over and watch them so they don't wind up with China too. In return for a little campaign help, I've authorized Mayflower and Allied Van Lines to start moving the Texans day after tomorrow. While I'm on Viet Nam. You all know I signed the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Well, I was thinking it was intended for the Gulf of Mexico, and I wanted to stop those Mexicans from bringing in all that lettuce. Lettuce makes me burp something awful.

Now for busing of school kids. What I'll do is just bus them every other day. That way everybody will be happy. I've been thinking of busing all the Congressmen who vote against my proposals to Baltimore. Sort of one-way trip.

Now for Welfare: The declaration of Independence says we got to promote the general welfare. So I will. I will promote all the beurocrats who handle welfare to the rank of General. Then I'll cut half the recipients in half and increase payments to the other half by 50% and that way it won't cost one dime more for general welfare. On second thought, I just might turn all of welfare over to the Dole pineapple people. That's what the British did, I'm told.

Now for taxes: (here a great gust of wind and driven snow blew away Prez McGivern's notes. He reached for a manila envelope clearly marked: "What to do if I Lose" but it was covered with snow and he didn't read it right)

Pulling out a sheet of paper the Prez shouted: Now I want to show you this spotless '63 Volkswagen with only 125,000 careful miles on it. It was owned by an elderly bookie in Ridgcrest who drove it only once a day to pick up bets in local pool-rooms, bars and filling stations. Look at that rubber (better make that 'look at those tires' doesn't sound quite so sexy)"

At that moment the TV director, responding to a cue arranged for months before, barked into his little microphone. The band swung into the William Tell Overture, and a huge screen bearing the picture of Candidate McGivern sitting in a car, or a plane,

or on the toilet, or on something or other, wearing his famous saber-tooth smile. Under the picture in foot-high letters were the words: WOULD YOU BUY A USED CAR FROM THIS MAN?

The multitude gasped, and a deafening roar of NO...!NO...!NO...! rolled over the platform and so did the multitude. They picked up the late Prez Noxin, with Pet still on his lap and eddied in a great wave across the plaza and down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the backdoor of the White House.

The People of the People's Party had, obviously, spoken and a white and shaken Prez McGivern looked around on the platform. They were all gone; all but one. The lone supporter was Sammy Davis, JR., who, at the last moment, had switched back to the Democrats after he had learned that Prez Noxin had planned to make him the permanent host on the Tonight Show. He walked over and patted the now sobbing McGivern on the shoulder.

"Man", he said, "you really blew it. Those cats didn't mind one bit making you Prez. But buy a used car from you? NO WAY. That's like a really important decision, Man." Sammy put his arm across McGivern's shoulder: "Don't you worry though. I think I can get you some guest spots with Johnny Carson. Hell, man, he'll interview just about anybody."

From a distance came the voice of Prez Noxin: "I want to make it perfectly clear that I have a plan to end the war. But just let me say that I need 4 more years."

I don't know what happened after that. I went out and got drunk...

EWJCTUS

UEWOC

FARMWORKERS FUND-RAISING DANCE

West Jeffry Labor Hall

OCTOBER 14

We invite you to come meet and talk to farmworkers, learn about the fight to stop Proposition 22 and to help promote rights for farmworkers.

Paul Goodman? Not Present

Those who still think of September as "back-to-school" month and summer as a rest from the educational process may never have been introduced to Paul Goodman. For others who shared his ideals, death from a heart attack has taken from us a prophet, a friend, and one of education's pioneer innovators.

Paul would have been 61 on September 9th, one of the few people over thirty who was not only trusted but consistently quoted by radicals around the nation.

"The father-figure of the New Left," one of his biographers called him, "a communitarian, anarchist-pacifist of protean intellect and prolific pen."

He remained an underground hero with a limited following until

1960 when his status and fortune suddenly rose with the publication of *Growing Up Absurd: Problems of Youth in the Organized System*.

Our abundant society, he charged, "...twists aptitude, creates stupidity...corrupts the fine arts...shackles science...dampens animal ardor...discourages religious convictions...has no Honor. It has no Community."

Dissenting youth eagerly claimed him as an articulate voice which clarified their feelings.

In *Compulsory Mis-Education* (Horizon Press, 1964), Goodman described students as "the major exploited class" and suggested dropping-out as a sound alternative to society's brainwashing.

He believed in experimental schools: the city as school, farm

schools, practical apprenticeships, guided travel, work camps, little theater groups, independent newspapers, and community service—or, as a realistic alternative, no school at all. He proposed voluntary attendance at all levels of education.

He always refused to accept society's arbitrary edicts. His marriage was common-law be-

cause it was "absurd for society to license sex," though he had no objection to religious ceremony. He believed that man is naturally creative, loving, and communal, but loses all this when institutions become more important than the individuals who comprise them.

Goodman's own education began with thorough religious training in a Hebrew school. He graduated with highest honors from high school and then from the College of the City of New York. Then while he supported himself by reading MGM scripts at home for ten dollars a week, he continued his education by walking into any university classes he liked, without registering. Eventually he did earn a Ph.D. when the University of Chicago Press published his doctoral thesis, *The Structure of Literature* (1954).

Paul Goodman has been called everything from sage to screwball. He has been labeled a romantic, a dreamer, an anti-intellectual. He was known as "the roving prophet of the Free University Movement."

Richard Kostelanetz observed in the *New York Times* in 1966,

"...what particularly impresses the young (and perhaps disturbs the old) is Goodman's personal integrity. He has always lived by his ideals, defying whatever bureaucratic systems he touched..." Furthermore, he could never be tempted by money, nor swayed by flattery.

Paul Goodman should never be forgotten as the father of radical education, whatever else he contributed. Instead of a regimented back-to-school march this fall, we see a proliferation of open classrooms, alternative schools, and free universities.

He left a lot of unfinished business, but he started the ball rolling. The rest of us can carry on. — Elinor Houldson/AFS

NICE PEOPLE GET VD TOO

The symptoms may be a sore throat, a slight discharge, a small sore on or in the mouth or genitals, pain during urination, or there may be no discernible symptoms at all. Play it safe. The Kern County Health Department operates a free V.D. clinic Mondays and Thursdays from 8:00 A.M. to 12:00 A.M. Minors can be treated without parental consent, and all information is kept strictly confidential.



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are
women
equal
under
the
law?

"When men and women are prevented from recognizing one another's essential humanity by sexual prejudices, nourished by legal as well as social institutions, society as a whole remains less than it could otherwise become."

-- Leo Kanowitz,

"Women and the Law, The Unfinished Revolution"

First part of a series, "Are Women Equal Under The Law?"

In basic CIVIL AND POLITICAL RIGHTS?

1. Are men and women TREATED EQUALLY under the law?

In several states, the punishments for some crimes are not only different, but of greater or lesser degree, depending on the sex of the criminal. Until as recently as 1968, the laws of two states, (Pennsylvania and Connecticut) decreed that any woman convicted of a crime must be given the maximum penalty.

A prostitute is treated as a far worse criminal than the man caught consorting with her. He is, in fact, charged with a lesser crime and receives a lighter punishment for participating equally in the same illegal act.

(cont. on page 6)

PROP. 19:

MARIJUANA: YES!

This proposition removes criminal penalties for the adult personal use, possession of marijuana. It DOES NOT LEGALIZE sale or encourage the use of marijuana. The proposition recognizes the responsibility of government to maintain criminal penalties for activities under the influence of marijuana which may endanger others. It permits cultivation to provide a legitimate source for personal use so that people need not purchase marijuana illegally.

After the most complete study ever made of social and medical evidence concerning marijuana, as well as by the Los Angeles County Grand Jury, the National Institute of Mental Health and the American Medical Association Drug Committee have recommended decriminalization.

These conservative authorities all agree that marijuana is not addictive, does not lead to other drugs, does not damage the body, does not produce mental illness, crime or violence, and has no lethal dose. While no drug - including aspirin, alcohol and tobacco - is harmless, the vast majority of people who use marijuana do so without harm to themselves or society.

The central public policy question is what to do with people who engage in personal behavior that some may consider undesirable? What approach is likely to change their behavior without destroying them in the name of saving them? Decriminalization is the answer.

A YES vote on Proposition 19 will save California taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars each year currently wasted on the needless arrest, prosecution, and jailing of otherwise innocent and law-abiding citizens. The present laws divert police and prosecutors from action against serious crimes, overcrowd our courts and jails, and undermine respect for law and order.

Distortion of the dangers of marijuana leads young people to disbelieve the truth about heroin, amphetamines and other dangerous drugs. A rational stand on marijuana is necessary to curb drug abuse and help restore the credibility to our drug education programs.

Marijuana is not as harmful as our two most popular drugs -- alcohol and tobacco -- and there is no justification for making criminals out of people who use any of these. The present laws are expensive, destructive, and unsuccessful: soft on drugs and hard on people.

It's time to return to traditional American values and stop making criminals of normal people for personal behavior. Merely reducing penalties to a misdemeanor is no solution. That still leaves thousands of Californians faced with arrest records and harsh fines or jail terms without reduction in enforcement costs or decrease in drug abuse.

Proposition 19 is the only alternative to legalization, or to the present system which is plagued by corruption, hypocrisy, destruction of hundreds of thousands of innocent lives, and the waste of human and financial resources.

Help restore respect for the law, the police, and most of all, for the American ideal of the right of all citizens to be free from unwarranted governmental interference in their personal lives. Please vote YES on Proposition 19 to decriminalize marijuana use by those over 18.

CALIFORNIA MARIJUANA INITIATIVE
2221 Filbert Street
San Francisco, CA 94123
(415) 922-6273

Tonight a troubled artist,
the moon fixes each of us
in crouched and isolating
postures, carving caverns
in every face.

And we, humble,
protest no deformity
as we sit immobile
beneath the one
bright aching eye.

Years piled on top of one another
An infinite number of experiences
Amounting to nothing.

Intruded upon accidentally
Foreigner

I am so far from my soul
That it hurts to remember my innocence.
Innocence lost in indifference
Passion or anger is worth it
But insensitivity cannot be explained away.

Gloria Dumler

Terry Loucks

Solid Rock

All too often the youth of Bakersfield can be heard to mutter: "there's nothing for Christian young people to do in this town on a Friday or Saturday night." All this is now changed because of the efforts of two young men with a lot of drive and vision. Gary Jones and Bruce Klassen (with a lot of help from their friends) have put it all together in the building and foundation of the Solid Rock Foundation Coffee House on 21st Street.

Taking their Christian faith firmly in hand and an old Chinese grocery store by lease, they went to work to convert the premises into a gathering place for Christian young people.

Upon entering, I was struck first by two things: The cozy and warm atmosphere of the house itself, and, too, the warmth and friendliness of the manager, Bruce Klassen. I am not a Christian, and was not converted by my visit, but the people who are into this trip, namely Klassen, have a certain glow of happiness that certainly isn't evident in a lot of other individuals or groups. Klassen says that it is the acceptance of Jesus Christ that has made his life full of happiness and has made the Solid Rock Foundation the success that it clearly is. I don't know if that's the reason or not, but they certainly have found something.

The initial impetus for the founding of the coffee house was Gary Jones. Gary is a local boy who has gone through the whole course of drugs and the seamier side of life. He states that he found Christ and it

changed his life. Jones attends Southern California College in Los Angeles, and while at school he founded another Christian coffee house in the Los Angeles area. After the success of this venture, he returned to Bakersfield and made this idea a reality for the youth of this city.

Klassen is from Porterville where he was raised on a small ranch. First attending a three-room school in Terra Bella, he later attended Porterville High School. After spending a year in Oregon, he came home and then migrated to Bakersfield. With the advent of the Solid Rock Foundation, he now has his hands overflowing with responsibility.

The purpose of the coffee house is to provide fellowship and a meeting place for Bakersfield area Christians as well as to give others who might want to find their way to the Christian life an idea of what it's all about. While the house is open normally on Friday and Saturday nights from 7:30 until very late, there are occasionally special events on other nights. Gospel groups and Christian folk singers are usually present on the week-end sessions.

If you're out cruising around this week-end and have nothing to do, put the Solid Rock Foundation Coffee house on the list of things to do. If you're a Christian, you'll probably find a regular place to be.

Congratulations to Gary Jones and Bruce Klassen on a job well done.

R.J.F.

Foundation

(continued from page 5)

In Texas, where the "unwritten law" still applies, a husband who murders his wife's lover can claim justification for his "crime of passion"--but a wife who kills her husband's mistress has no similar defence.

2. Do men and women have the same ACCESS TO HOUSING and freedom to use PUBLIC PLACES?

There are no federal--and few state or municipal--laws forbidding discrimination against women in housing. Women are routinely barred from renting apartments or buying houses on the whim of landlords, real estate agents, and bankers who refuse women home loans.

In places of public accommodation, many restaurants, clubs, and cocktail lounges refuse to serve women, or restrict them to certain rooms and times, or require their being escorted by a male. Golf courses and other recreational facilities have "men only" days and hours.

Businesswomen are often at a disadvantage because they are unable to obtain hotel accommodations when traveling, or because they are excluded from men's luncheon clubs where business is discussed and transacted. Airlines encourage wives to accompany husbands on business trips by offering a reduced rate for the wife....but a husband is not allowed to travel at bargain fare on his wife's business trip ticket.

Compiled and published, May, 1970. by: Gene Boyer

Revised, June, 1971

Primary Sources: Publications of the Women's Bureau, 1963, 1969, 1970, U.S. Dept. of Labor

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324 - 3302

leaders' apathy

On Monday night, September 18th, the Bakersfield City Council voted 4-3 to grant salary increases to several department heads in the City of Bakersfield.

The City Clerk, City Attorney and Fire Chief received a 2½% pay hike, while the Auditorium and Recreation Manager received a 5% raise and the Police Chief was boosted by another 7½%.

My question is this: why are these people receiving pay raises when nothing is being done to combat drug abuse in the Bakersfield area through a funding channel. I certainly don't see the City Council researching and acting on the substantial drug problem facing this community. I don't see any money being allocated for recreation for young people who cruise Chester for lack of anything constructive to do.

The money being spent on pay raises would go a long way in the fight against drug abuse. Bakersfield's private drug fighting organizations; Winners' Circle, A.D.E.P., Teen Challenge, Just People, and the Crisis Center operate on private donations. They struggle for every dime that comes in. The City claims that there are no funds available in the budget. Well, where the hell is the money coming from to pay the "raise" in salary for the Police Chief, Auditorium and Recreation Manager, City Clerk, City Attorney and Fire Chief? This is your money and it's my money. It's tax money, which we pay to operate the city. How much longer can we stand to watch addicts who need help, suffer because an agency hasn't the facilities or equipment, while certain city officials, through a political machine, reap pay boosts?

This is certainly not to say that these individuals aren't doing a good job in the city. For the time being, that's practically irrelevant. What I am drawing attention to is the apathy that comes from certain community leaders who turn their heads on some of the real and pressing problems facing this community. Problems that we have to live with.

FAR-OUT FREAKY FOTOS

CAN YOU DIG A PORTRAIT THAT'S DIFFERENT

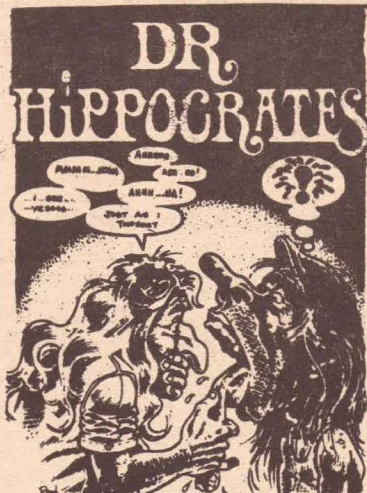
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Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I'm expecting my first child in about six weeks. I know that these days medical opinion no longer frowns on sexual intercourse during these last weeks, as long as the bag of waters hasn't broken. But after delivery? What exactly is unsafe? And for what reasons?

ANSWER: More and more obstetricians are allowing normal sexual activities for their patients, it's true. But intercourse in the first weeks after delivery may be dangerous. The cervix is still somewhat open and the uterus has not yet recovered its full muscular tone. Infectious agents may enter the uterus, causing an infection in the internal reproductive organs or other parts of the body.

During pregnancy and the first few weeks afterwards, a woman is also highly susceptible to air entering the uterine blood vessels, with catastrophic results — like death. Satisfaction is possible without intercourse if you both take care.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

While trying to terminate a six week pregnancy, I have consumed 8-10 ounces of an antiseptic, 5 ounces of mineral oil, and tried 5-10 antiseptic douches. I have also done strenuous exercises, rather infrequently.

These remedies have yielded no positive results (a period). What are my chances of having a healthy 9 month baby?

W.P.

ANSWER: Fortunately, if you've decided to have the baby, chances are no harm has been done. But you should decide quickly what you really want to do. Call your local health department and ask for referral to a counseling agency.

Los Angeles Free Press/UT

page
7

fragile and wild
sparrow-boned beneath catskin
my love is delicate
she cuts with tender claws

and flies

do you remember the day
the sun rose too fast
and blood rained colorless
on the schoolyard?

gloria dumler

And Now, Here's SHRIVER!

Recently, an indeterminate number of of folks were regaled with the solemn and earth-shattering pronouncement, by George McGovern, that he had selected as his running mate one Sargent Shriver. Another indeterminate segment wondered how come McGovern picks an Army Non-Com to run for Vice-President?

"Sargent Shriver", said McGovern, "is a man who has served with great distinction as the first director of the Peace Corps, the first director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and as Ambassador to France

..."

Though the "great distinction" bit is patently debatable, it will not be questioned here. What does come to mind, however, is the fact that heretofore Mr. Shriver has not been chosen by the people of the United States to serve them in any capacity, at any time, anywhere. There are among us pessimists who fear that he will not be so chosen next November. There are, as well, a great many optimists who cheerfully agree that such fears are well-grounded.

Were they still in our midst this whole tragio-comic operetta might well have been written by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. In addition to an almost unbelievable script, there have been casting problems. First off Kennedy of Massachusetts turned down the supporting role both before and after it was offered. Then Eagleton was tapped for the part, but he was cut from the cast to settle (?) a debate among the producers. Then for a variety of reasons (most likely because they feared the production would enjoy a comparatively short, 90-day, run) Ribbikoff of Connecticut, Askew of Florida, Church of Idaho, Muskie of Maine, and Humphrey of Minnesota declined the honor. Finally Shriver of Kennedy landed the part of spear-carrier. A job he doubtless accepted with alacrity since he's presently between engagements.

The rumor that both Bob Hope and Jack Benny were secretly auditioned for the second spot in this extravaganza cannot be verified at this time.

All of this grand finale selection before the show goes on the road is suggestive of the mildly salacious story of the chance meeting of two old friends, Tom and George:

"Hello there", said Tom, "how's your wife?"

"Well," said George grimly, "she's better than nothing."

T.D.R.

EXILE ON MAIN STREET



(Rolling Stones Records)

LISTEN

Get your stuff together and take a couple of tokes, lean back and dig on almost an hour of pure funk. The Rolling Stones have just proceeded to emerge from a phantasmagoria transition in their latest album, "Exile on Main Street." The Stones have always been low down and gritty-grindy in the past, but now Mick Jagger, et al, have gotten right to the heart of the matter and knocked the rest of Rock Musicdom right upon its collective ass.

Even the album cover is a departure from the practice of having a slick, professional air. Instead, Mick's company, "Rolling Stones Records" has put the collage of visual Stones on the outside, much as the gut wrenching sound on the inside is rammed, crammed and stuffed over, under, around and through your consciousness.

One might think, after listening to the first few cuts, that there's no possible way that there could be two whole LP discs of the same power and ache in the groin Liverpool intestinal flu. You can't possibly just sit and listen to the Stones, so you might as well kick back and get into the feeling that reaches out of the grooves to grab you and pull you in.

The quickest way to get your head straight for the rest of the trip is to listen to Side 2 first. If "Sweet Virginia" doesn't get you off, you might as well make reservations at the old folks home - you ain't never going to get your head right. It's dirty, funky, raucous and, perhaps most of all, it's all straight out of Mick Jagger's mouth, hands and hips. You just got to feel it to believe it.

The rest of the album takes hold of your solar plexus and drags you to simultaneous depths and heights that you never before believed possible. With the possible exception of the two choices for the "Top Forty" survey - "Tumbling Dice" and "Black Angel", the entire experience is new (as is each new Stones record) and innovative and could even be conservatively assessed as not less than great.

I really wish I could have gotten tickets to the Stone's concert in LA, but with the two pieces of black plastic that come with the cover, I do a hell of a job of pretending. It's like - you don't see them but you know that they're there.

R.J.F.

HONKY CHATEAU

(MCA Records, Inc.)

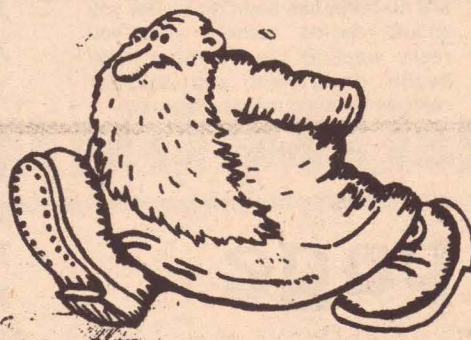
It seems that every now and again, an album is cut only for the purpose of gilding the coffers of the musician or record company which has deemed itself the arbiter of public taste. "Honky Chateau" is just such an offering.

The album is built around two songs - "Honky Cat" and "Rocket Man." These cuts are new and fresh, but usually when one turns loose of four or five dollars for an album, he deserves more than a long single with fillers. Elton John is a real artist, to be sure, but this in itself is no excuse for the shallowness of the album as a work of musical art. The poetry evidenced in most current music is very limited, and the stream of real music is missing.

If you're a real connoisseur of Elton John, you'll dig it, but if you're looking for a fresh Elton, forget it. Buy the single and enjoy the only good cuts on the album.

R.J.F.

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READ:

"A CLOCKWORK ORANGE"

by Anthony Burgess

"A Clockwork Orange" is a fascinating and disturbing book about a grim future society with frighteningly obvious parallels to our own time.

We see a rigidly socialist England through the eyes of 15 year old Alex, the precocious leader of a teenage gang. Alex and his gang, speaking a colorful mixture of Russian and modern English rhyming slang, called "nadsat", live only for the thrill of wanton violence, the more purposeless the better, as they wait out the short time before they must become the useful cogs and wheels the State makes of all its adult citizens.

Eventually arrested for murder, Alex is thrown into prison where he becomes the first victim of the "Ludovico Technique", a form of aversion therapy used to remake Alex into a model citizen - he becomes literally sick when contemplating the violence he still longs to enjoy.

Thus reconditioned, Alex is released from prison where he quickly falls into the hands of opponents of the Government, concerned humanists who attempt to force Alex to commit suicide in order to dramatize the inhumanity of the treatment.

Alex is finally cured of his cure, only to be left right where he started, reaching orgasms to the sound of classical music and the visions of imagined rape and murder. Never making any real attempt to understand himself or his world, he cannot learn from his experience, and remains more an absurd machine than a human being, incapable, even unconditioned, of real choice, the appropriate inhabitant of an absurd society.

R.J.F.

THE EXORCIST

by William Peter Blatty

I wasn't even going to read this book, figuring that there couldn't be anything especially original in still another horrifying tale of modern day witchcraft, ect., but one evening I was looking at the paperbacks in my supermarket, and everything else looked pretty bad, and I was tired of television....

It's good. I was really surprised, but it's good. The author knows his demonology, and even better, he knows that merely modernizing it isn't enough any more. This is more than a story about demonic possession, it's the story of the struggle between faith and doubt in the mind of the very human, very believable Jesuit priest who cannot save the devil-inhabited child until he exorcises the disbelief that threatens his own soul.

R.J.F.

Two wheels
Spinning, whirling, rolling
down
the yellow dashed black asphalt
a big mother thumping vee twin
rumbles and grumbles
between
my knees

Cold white moon sheds
icy reflections of loneliness
but togetherness
off
five hundred pounds of
chrome chopped hog.

We flash between
the canyon walls
accompanied
by a freight train
of noise and
echoes
of metal and fiery power
and smooth speed.

I hear the crash and crunch
and the screams
of the machine and myself
as our vitals
are torn and broken
against
the big hunking Buick dude
and his automatic
killing cruiser.

The wind still whistles and
the moon sheds her
pale light
on
the asphalt snake
now
with adornments
of
Blood
and
Chrome.

John Rutledge



THE PAPER is your voice in the affairs of your community and your college. This is the ninth issue that we've brought to you at no cost to you whatsoever. In order to accommodate all the material that was submitted to us, it was necessary to increase the size of THE PAPER from four to twelve pages. With this increase in size also came an increase in costs of printing. We are not in the paper business for profit or credit - we only feel that there are things that people have to say that won't get said in any other media and things that you as free citizens need to know.

THE PAPER, as stated several times before, will not fold, even if we must defray all costs out of our own poverty-riddled pockets. We ask you now, if you feel that THE PAPER has been a good thing, to dig into your conscience and your pockets and help us if you can. Whatever you can spare will be most gratefully used to keep it alive. If you can't spare any change, then read THE PAPER with our compliments. We hope you can benefit in some small way from it.

Any donations or articles can be sent to:

THE PAPER, PO BOX 5241 OILDALE, CA. 93308

- THE STAFF



Clean and clear
the night comes on
dusk is dawn
in murky disguise
just as winter
is summer in pain

a rock erodes
and people layed under
nothing persists -
not even me.

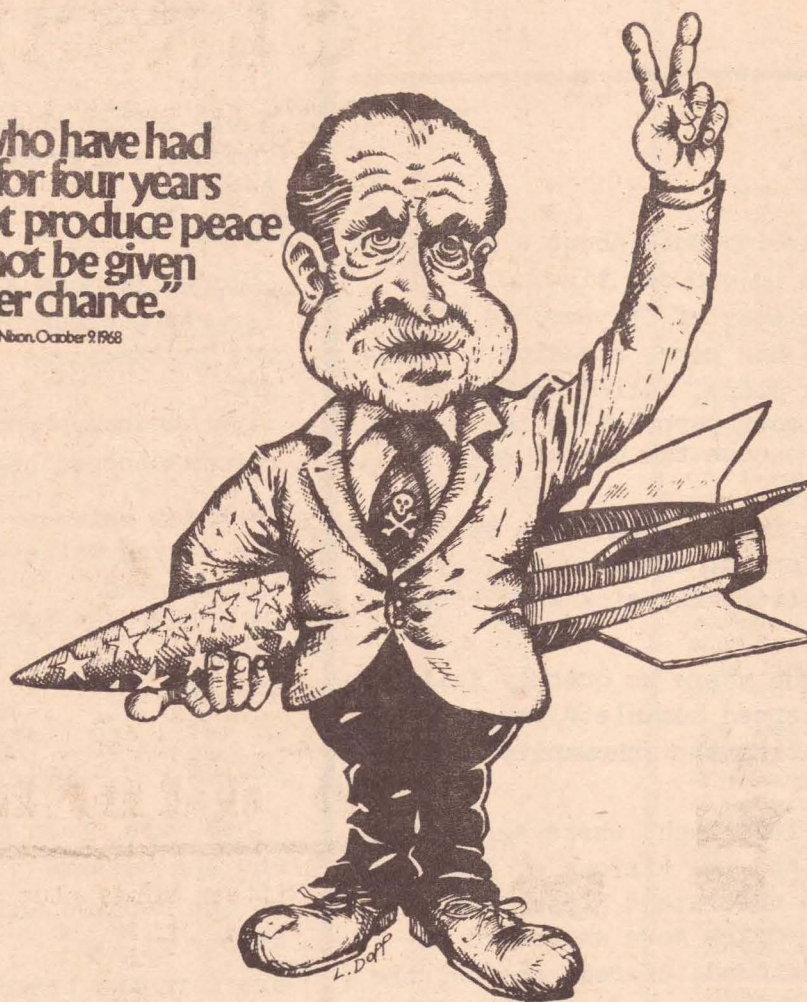
Terry Loucks

As she sleeps
I come in from school
and she smiles
and
mistakes me
for another

John Rutledge

"Those who have had
a chance for four years
and could not produce peace
should not be given
another chance."

Richard M. Nixon, October 9, 1968



Courtesy L.A. Free Press, Underground Press Syndicate

PROP 22 FRAUD SUIT

The United Farmworkers are optimistic that State Secretary of State Edmund G. Brown Jr. will strike Proposition 22 from the ballot on grounds that fraud was involved in the securing of signatures for the measure.

FLASH!

Sect. of State Brown filed suit vs. Prop. 22 at presstime Thurs.

Numerous statements have already been taken from voters in Alameda, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Kern Counties who contend they signed the petition to put the measure on the ballot under false pretenses.

The initiative, which would make it virtually impossible for farm workers to have any say in their wages or working conditions, was started by farm owners and growers, who, according to the United Farm Workers, paid people 30 to 50 cents per signature.

Singers now contend that some of these signature-gatherers consciously lied in describing the nature of the initiative.

It now appears that many people who signed did so believing the petition was designed to benefit farm workers, rather than the opposite.

"Many people were told that the initiative was aimed at helping the farm workers and that it would lower food prices," a UFW spokesman told BARB. "The intention of the initiative was misrepresented to them."

The initiative calls for an automatic 60-day restraining order against striking by farm workers, makes both primary and secondary boycotts illegal, makes it impossible for farmworkers to vote in union elections, and gives them no say in the use of pesticides.

It would mean that anybody advocating a boycott of any produce without specifying the particular company name in each case would face a year of jail and a \$5000 fine.

"Not only would this measure cut back any future gains for the farm workers, but it would wipe out any gains we have made up until now," the UFW spokesman told BARB.

He said that in addition to getting signed statements charging fraud, the UFW is doing a heavy voter registration drive. He said "we are registering about 7-to-1 Democrats over Republicans, and this we think will help us in our campaign to defeat Proposition 22."

Meanwhile, he said, the lettuce boycott continues.

By permission -

The Berkeley Barb/UP Syndicate

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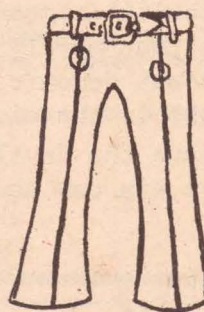
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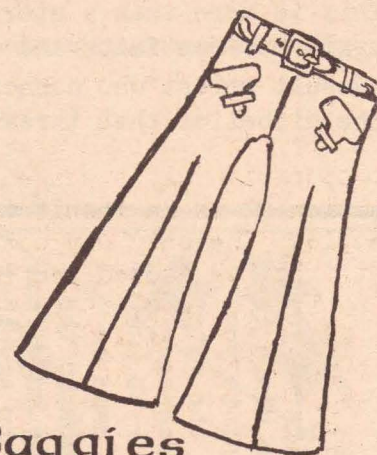
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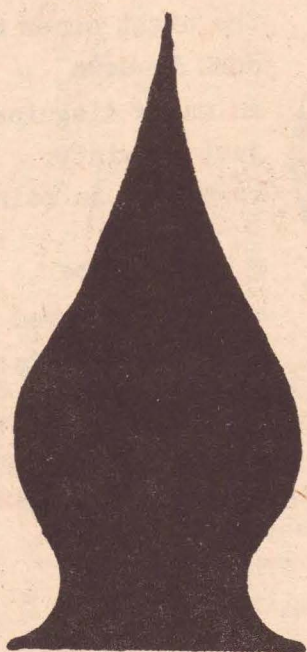


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Our technology takes us out into the deep unknown of outer-space while our human engineering boots without scruples or human feeling dare to smash the feeble voice of the farmworker, a class of people that have yet to be recognized as real honest-to-God human beings.

The American people are being buffaloeed into believing that "proposition 22" holds the answer to the grower-farmlabor dispute. Proposition 22 is Pandora's Box to the farmworker! It will turn loose the evil, real and mythical, spirits that have hounded the farmworker since the "grapes of wrath" and many years of hardship before that time.

Proposition 22 gives all the power to the fat cats and contractors that lick the fat cats boots. Proposition 22 does give the farmworkers a chance. A chance to chose his own weapon or method of committing suicide.

Would you like to jump off a cliff into the Grand Canyon or would you rather jump out of a jet with a moth eaten parachute?

The fact of the matter is that proposition 22 has a bad smell about it and it has been detected by the American public. The people will not be fooled into believing that fat-cats have not made pay-offs to ardent spokesmen who support proposition 22.

There are some things that bring us together as human beings,,especially if it is a call for Justice. Proposition 22 is a rude awakening to the American people regardless of their affiliations that our country is headed towards the sewers if proposition 22 is passed.

Proposition 22 is an insult to the American people. The only way out of this embarassment that has caused people to be sick in their stomachs, is to get proposition 22 off the ballot, or to strike it down and vote NO, if it remains as a foul-smelling eyesore indication of how closely we are to being barbarians in a modern space age.

A FARMWORKER

PAGE

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