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May The Long Time Sun Shine Upon You
Fear & Loathing at CSCSB

by NORM CAOUETTE
Appearances and Disguises
This is addressed to the dudes
at the Mountaineer Night Club in Rim Forest
who knew me and ignored me
because I wasn’t wearing a halter top
and have gained six pounds
We are all on display.
Products in a Safeway store.
A new cereal comes out each
week with its well written
chest of promises.
We eat a television commercial
and suffer from early morning
let down.
The blues at 10 a.m.
Hypoglycemia of the mind.
We live like advertisements
and learn to love men who
wear mustaches.
The Robert Redfords
we have imagined into truth.
I am attracted to
good looking men.
Dudes who belong on television
but not in my living room,
like the mountain man,
my recurring symbol in blue jeans,
the perfect face Sundance Kid
who’s like the movie star
I can’t touch.
He’s got the marketing features
every woman wants to marry;
quickness:
a box of Wheaties
that guarantees strength
yet leaves me weak
and sickly
I want what looks good
on the counter,
the newest brand in
the grocery store.
the shag hair cut
under a cowboy hat
at the bar.
A cereal with all the gimmics.
I’m the woman
who buys Trix, Alphabetos,
Post Toasties and Sugar Puffs
because they have
a superficial beauty,
because I am attracted
by physical appearance
and have denied this flaw
in myself
until tonight when you
ignored me
the handsome, popular packages
of Trix
disguised as dudes
in cowboy shirts
with perfect faces
the mountain man
with the mustache
that is a gimmick
a trademark I can identify
in my search for
handsome men
that can be packaged
and sold like cereal.
Hydrolycemia - low blood sugar; aggravated
by high intake of carbohydrates.
miscia mvdoon

Night-time,
Conflict between our souls.
Kisses betray my secrets.
Your touch concealed behind love
that has no reply.
You bombard me with mere bullshit!
Mary Doran

There was no curtains, but the blinds were closed, and
the morning sunlight gave the room a golden brown
light. The steam heater was shut off, and its
cooled accordion metal was cold. He was on the
sofa, and he followed the carpet’s maroon floral
design with his eyes. He followed it to the wall,
where one stick of pure sunlight had escaped the
yellow blinds, then he got up, and went outside.
He looked at the house, then he looked at his shoes.
He did not have a long way to go.
He watched his shoes move to the sidewalk, and there was
sidewalk in sunlight, sidewalk in shade. It was
old sidewalk, and there mounds of wet leaves
in the gutter.
There was no one walking yet, and the beauty shop in the
house on the corner was still closed.
He watched his shoes move across the faded blacktop of the
street, the usual markings were there. There was no
walk on the other side, and he watched his shoes goes
over the path that had been worn in the grass.
He was almost there.
He walked across the parking lot, and the white parking
lines were broken. He took in the morning aroma of i
the doughnut shop, and sat down in the sunlight, on die
green park bench in front of the supermarket. Then he
removed the letter from his suit pocket, and began
reading.
He read very slowly, and after he finished, he read it
again. A clerk from the post office passed, he
called the clerk sir, and asked him for the time.
Then he found his place in the letter.
A friend came. He carefully folded the letter up, and
they sat and talked. He watched the people walk by,
and after a while, he friend had to go. He unfolded
the letter, and smoothed the creases out, then
he looked down at his shoes.
He did not have a long way to go.
Daniel Lewis

Am I?
I’m not sure.
Are you?
Please let me know.
I’m afraid
of myself, you.
I can’t seem to touch on anything.
You’ve been hiding almost as well.
Come out, take me to the place
where all is free.
I know it’s just another game.
But maybe together we’ll find the truth.
Mary Doran
Poor Good-looking Young Men
(at the pubs in Big Bear)

The thought of money addict me
to Yellow Porche's
and moves me to tell you
the perfect-faced ski instructor
with the V.W. van, that it's
late and my cabin is too small.

Guilt:

After I sent you away
on Saturday
I re-evaluated my motives
for rejecting your generous offer
I wondered if you hadn't mentioned that
the beer at Bogarts was too
expensive, if I would have slept
with you on the floor
even though I'm allergic to dust?

The notion of someone having
enough money to buy drinks all
evening without asking the price
sparks my monitory lust.

The question arises of whether or
not I would allow a man,
who owned a yellow Porche and
could afford costly liquor
share my body as well as my bed?

I am more turned on by money than
sex or love. Knowing this about myself
I shouldn't have sat with you at the
bar, wearing Michele's white sweater
without a bra
(which I would have worn if I had had
the bread two weeks ago)

If I were the sort of person
I am always hoping to meet:
honest.
I would have explained my
fascination with wealthy middle-age
lawyers.

instead of using
the size of my house
as a way to abandon
you.

Even though
it was late
and Michele was in
a rotten mood
I can't help thinking
I would have let you un-roll
the sleeping bags
if you had ordered
Blue Nun wine at Bogarts
instead of complaining
about the price of Coors.

Does the love of money
overshadow human emotion?
Why is a woman who takes
money for sex a slut
and a man a swinging single?
Can I love someone
and settle for grubby
V.W. cans without
door handles?

After awhile a person wants tangible
objects to hold onto
when the illusive ones are taken
away.

P.S.:

"Those were the bad old days.
I am sure glad;
or...did they?"

Dr. Amer El-A

Marcia Muldoon
"The Student's Life", the poem was written in 1968 by a graduate student at the U.C.L.A School of Public Health.

Poems come out of Gesthemane, the garden where saviors go.

The fertile faces of men in touch with them, show the cool orchards rising from the afternoon path, that is crossed with the shadows of olive trees, and there is a wall.

The fertile faces of men in touch with men, show the cemeteries of New Mexico, placed in the churchyards of picket fences, where yellow weeds stalk the wooden crosses, and there is a marker.

The fertile faces of men in touch with them, show the earth uncovering catacombs of neurons, that touche one common existence: The one that unites the faces of all men suffering, and buries deep in the hours of blood sweat, seeding all pain with new dimensions, cutting, opening wounds; to rescue an old image of wax, where black shawls light candles, kneel, and call out a name, in the stained glass fire of Gesthamane.

Daniel E. Lewis
Vinyl Shortage

by John Woodhouse

The Pawprint, Tuesday/March 4, 1975

VInyl Shortage

The Pawprint, Tuesday/ March

Business Report.

focus of the best of contemporary
everywhere el^ views it as gar­
why America and Britain are the
is immediately grabbed and
luck to emerge into the footlights,
would answer this. Can it be then
repackaged for this market.
big by playing the American cir­
cuits. Here and to a lesser extent in
is bourgeois there and that's that).
For a little sortie through the
of rock music, a few groups are
which is not a pale," disguised
on diis side is generally speedy and
‘Intercity Water Rat,' Elliott being
sound, however, which full orchestral classical
playing assorted keyboards, 4
tracks on this side, add more
musical weight to this image of
tracks of the album
'1999^ even builds to an amazing
of their contention, the music they
increased moment and it's very
man made carnage. Feelings of
one, falls into this mold with Elliott
's' 'settihg-
Don't worry” (RCA) is
recently, besides a
'rendering of ^e bright lights is
don't worry” (RCA) is
Recent remakes of Expanded rock and
metal bands in England hasn't


This page contains a mix of text and images, seemingly discussing various topics. The text appears to be a mix of English and other languages, with some sections in what looks like a different script or typography. The content seems to be a collection of short articles or notices, possibly from a newspaper or a collection of flyers. The overall theme appears to be related to music and cultural events, with mentions of rock bands, music festivals, and other entertainment-related topics. The layout is a single-column format, with text arranged in paragraphs and sections separated by horizontal lines. The quality of the text is varied, with some parts being clearer and more legible than others. The text is not uniformly translated or formatted, indicating a possible amalgamation of different sources or documents. Despite the varied quality, the content provides a glimpse into a specific period's cultural and musical landscape.
Sidney kept raving about how the Airman had bushwhacked him and Mabel felt it best to let Sidney think that. The next day the story was that Sidney had been bushwhacked by the cowardly Airman. Sidney let it be known that he carried a gun for the Airman. When the tape and bandage came off Sidney's lip it was permanently puffy and swollen with a little tip shaped piece of meat protruding directly from the center.

At first people, called Big Lipped Sidney behind his back but as time wore on he was proud to be called that to his face. The story got twisted so that Sidney had been a hero and carried a gun. He was not be messed with. If Sidney had been loudmouthed and a bully before he was twice that after the incident.

One good thing came out of the whole mess. What the Airman put on Mabel's mind came true and the tit on Big Lipped Sidney's lip made it even better for Mabel who never strayed from Sidney again.

In the end, Big Lipped Sidney was the best bushwhacker of all.

"BUSHWHACKER"

BY

Dean T. Jackson
A Black Folk Tale

Everybody is hip to everybody else in a small town so it's impossible to live a lie, the way people in big cities do. Big Lipped Sidney was the exception. This dude broke the rule he went for "bad" and got away with the pretense, even though it's common knowledge "the only bad dude is a dead one!"

Sidney had always been loudmouthed, boastful, and noted for selling wolf tickets, but the reasons which brought about his "bad" reputation were, Chance, Luck, and plain old Saturday Night foolishness.

It happened just after Sidney and Mabel had trusted up in the days when he was known as just plain old Sidney. They'd been shackling for years and split up as many times. Not that they didn't love each other, but a situation where two people can't get along with each other or without each other. Sidney and Mabel lived regularly and their fighting, both public and private, was legend in town.

Anyway, Mabel was a forty little button, bodacious as hell and very fast. She loved night life so it was Sidney pimped in. Now Mabel and Sidney boxed regularly for years and split two people can't get along with. Mabel had busted up in the days which brought out his "bad" reputation were, Chance, Luck, and plain old Saturday Night foolishness.

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The San Bernardino City School's Adult Education Program is expanding their Parent Participation Nursery Class at Hillside School (located at Mayfield & 6th Streets, near Electric Street and North Park) so that California State College, San Bernardino parents may enroll. The College is joining the Child Care Center equipment bought from Revenue Sharing Funds from the city of San Bernardino, to the city schools district for the Hillside program. This program is a cooperative nursery class for children 3, 4, and 5 years old and their parents. Children cannot be accepted unless, the parent, is enrolled as a student with the Adult Education Program.

There are two sessions: Monday, 5 days a week from 8:45 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. and afternoon Tuesday - Friday, 12:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m. The Adult Education class is held Monday evenings for three hours at Hillside School. Parents are required to participate in the nursery program 3 hours a week and attend the class Monday evenings.

The ASB has supplied funds to hire a student assistant to open the class early and run until 3:00 p.m. The registration fee is $2.00 plus $3.00 for insurance. There will be a monthly supply fee of $10.00. Each parent enrolling a child in the nursery program must sign up with the teacher, June Franko, Hillside School, 4-C, prior to Spring Quarter.

Parents are required to participate in the nursery class for 3 hours a week and attend the class Monday evenings. Each parent enrolling a child in the nursery program must agree to work three hours, one day a week in the nursery class. The parent will also be required to attend one evening parent meeting a week. This course gives the parent the opportunity to learn how small children relate to each other and how the parent can help the child's intellectual and social development.

There is also a possibility of including 3-5 year olds if there are a sufficient number of children in that age group. Students having questions can contact Deam Gaye Perry, in the Student Services Building, Room 114 or telephone 887-6311, extension 393 for further information.

Forensics Team Plans Tournament

The Cal-State Forensics Team, directed by John Caputo of the Drama Department, is preparing for its first tournament March 5 & 6 at Rio Hondo College. Participants will include students from throughout the Pacfic and Southwestern states. Two debate teams and an additional seven individual students are entered in the competition.

The students who will be competing in the Rio Hondo Tournament are: Nina Williamson, Andy Sencak, Clint Rees, Gary DeLeon, Alex Lujan, Becky McGarr, and Education Howard Peterson. John Caputo feels that the Forensics Team has had a very exciting beginning and he hopes to enter the team in one-in-state and one-out-of-state tournament this Spring Quarter.

The Forensics Team has just received state funding for the spring quarter and these funds pay for the expenses of the team when they travel to a tournament. All of the students presently in the Forensics Practicum plan on continuing in the Spring, but there is room for additional interested students.

Any students interested should contact John Caputo, Drama Dept. or sign up for Drama 325, "Forensics Practicum for the Spring Quarter."