

opinion

New bill directed against activists

Political activists should take note of S1722, the Criminal Code Reform Act.

Under this bill, many activities now legal would become federal crimes. Some of those activities include picketing at an induction center, counseling a conscientious objector to resist draft registration, or signing a petition opposing an undeclared war. Also outlawed would be any civilian speech or publication opposing a war.

This bill was introduced by Ted Kennedy (watch out Teddy supporters), and will be voted on in the senate soon.

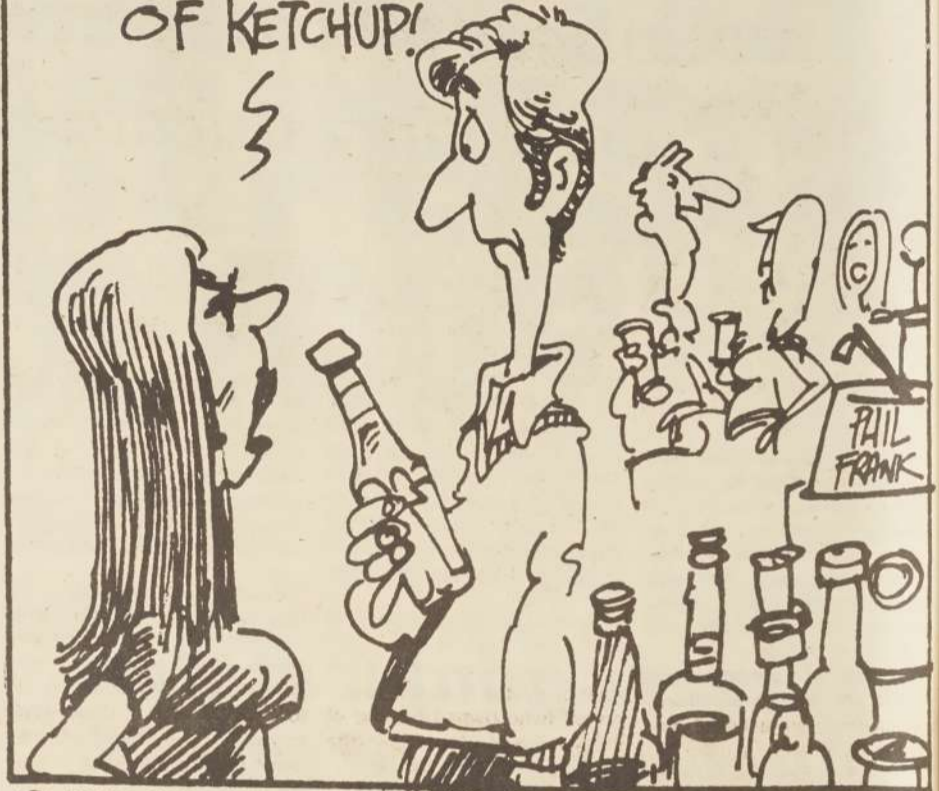
According to a spokesman from Senator Bob Packwood's office, the bill has not been "pulled out of the air." According to the spokesman, the Criminal Code Reform Act started in 1966. "At the present time the bill is overstated," he said.

Packwood is currently going over the bill with lawyers and members of the public to get the best answer to curing this sore spot.

With existing laws, it is illegal in some states, for anyone to counsel a conscientious objector in a time of war. The spokesman said the bill would be a revision of existing laws which would make people aware of what is and what is not permissible in a time of peace or war. If the bill passes, which the spokesman feels is unlikely in its present form, we will see an infringement of our rights to the freedom of speech and petition.

If there are any political activists out there or if you are just a concerned American, write Senators Packwood and Hatfield and tell them you are for the First Amendment to our Constitution.

I'LL SAY THIS MUCH FOR YOU..
YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY I KNOW
WHO'D COME TO A B.K.O.B.
PARTY AND BRING A BOTTLE
OF KETCHUP!



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Partying not always great American pastime

By **Tod Bassham**
Of **The Print**

Parties. I hate parties. Here we are, the greatest industrial nation in the world, and we have nothing better to do at night than to huddle together in a small room like cows, ingesting various drugs to brighten up the meaningless drizzle of our existence. Well, still, I might as well go. Who knows? Maybe the world will end tomorrow and won't have to face my hangover.

Yep, it's just as bad as I thought it would be. People running all over the place, giggling like idiots, having fun and completely ignoring the fact that all the world is miserable. It's terrible, really, how happy most people are. No one today truly understands anymore the ancient art of melancholy. Who feels now the solemn, intellectual despair of the existentialists? Where are those few, graced with bitter-sweet melancholy, who once blessed our planet?

Today if anyone gets depressed, does he lie back and savor the feeling, content to be a martyr in his Vale of Tears? Noooooo, he goes to a shrink and gets cured. O, what evil times!

Just think what a better world this would be if everyone were depressed. There would be no more wars, no inflation, no murders on the street. If everyone just quit striving after this Ghost of Happiness, then they would stop all this dog-eat-dog exploitation jazz. Who wants to make money, or kill his neighbor, if he's depressed?

Wishful thinking, I guess. Meanwhile, I'm still here at this silly party. Listen! In the kitchen they're talking typical party talk: "Jeez, I was so sick, I threw up 58 times all over the car."

"Oh, yeah? I can beat that. I once drank a quart of vodka in 10 seconds, and I was so sick....."

No wonder Khomeini doesn't like us. I think I'll try to establish a rapport with someone in the living room.

"Hey," I say to a likely looking person. "Do you want to talk about the starving people of Cambodia?"

"What about them?"

"Well.....they're starving."

"Far out. Say, I got the munchies. See you later."

The Cambodians are starving and he's got the munchies. Oh, what a cruel, cruel world! Depressed, I go into a corner of the room and stare

into my beer bottle, thinking of how much the bubbles remind me of the faces of friends who have betrayed me.

Unfortunately, this looks really weird, and is sure to bring some friend over to ask why you are staring into your beer bottle. It never does any good to tell them the real reason.

"Hey, man, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," I sigh. "I was just thinking of a scene from a play."

"What's that?"

"You know, the one where Jacques sees the Fool in the forest sitting talking to himself saying:

Hour by hour we ripe and ripe/And hour by hour we rot and rot./And thereby hangs a tale."

What poetry! But does anyone understand?

"What's it mean?" my friend asks. I look at him. A convert, maybe?

"Well, like, life is this big rot cycle. We're born, we live, we die, and out of this meaningless, pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey is spun the fiction of our days and ways; the sad,

sweet tale that keeps us going when everything else has failed."

"Oh.."
Can't win them all, I suppose. Gee, I'm depressed.

the print

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