

Is marijuana appropriate for medical use? "YES"

PAUL ARMENTANO, *Publications Director*, National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, Abridged from "Making the Case for Medicinal Marijuana," *NORML REPORTS*, October 1996

The best established medical use of smoked marijuana is as an anti-nauseant for cancer chemotherapy. During the 1980's, smoked marijuana was shown to be an effective anti-emetic in six state-sponsored clinical studies. Currently, many oncologists are recommending marijuana to their patients despite its prohibition.

There exists evidence—both scientific and anecdotal—that marijuana is a valuable aid in reducing pain and

suffering for patients with a variety of other serious ailments, and that it is less toxic and costly than the conventional medicines for which it may be substituted. For example, marijuana alleviates the nausea, vomiting, and loss of appetite caused by AIDS wasting syndrome and by treatment with AZT and other drugs, without accelerating the rate at which HIV-positive individuals develop clinical AIDS or other illnesses.

It is generally accepted—by the National Academy of Sciences and others—that marijuana reduces intraocular pressure (IOP) in patients suffering from glaucoma, the leading cause of blindness in the United States. There also exists historical evidence that marijuana is effective in treating a variety of spastic conditions such as multiple sclerosis, paraplegia, epilepsy, and quadriplegia.

Is marijuana appropriate for medical use?

"NO"

DAN QUAYLE, Vice President of the United States, 1989-1993, Abridged from "Liberal Drug Measures are Unsafe Medicine," The Arizona Republic, Nov. 29, 1996

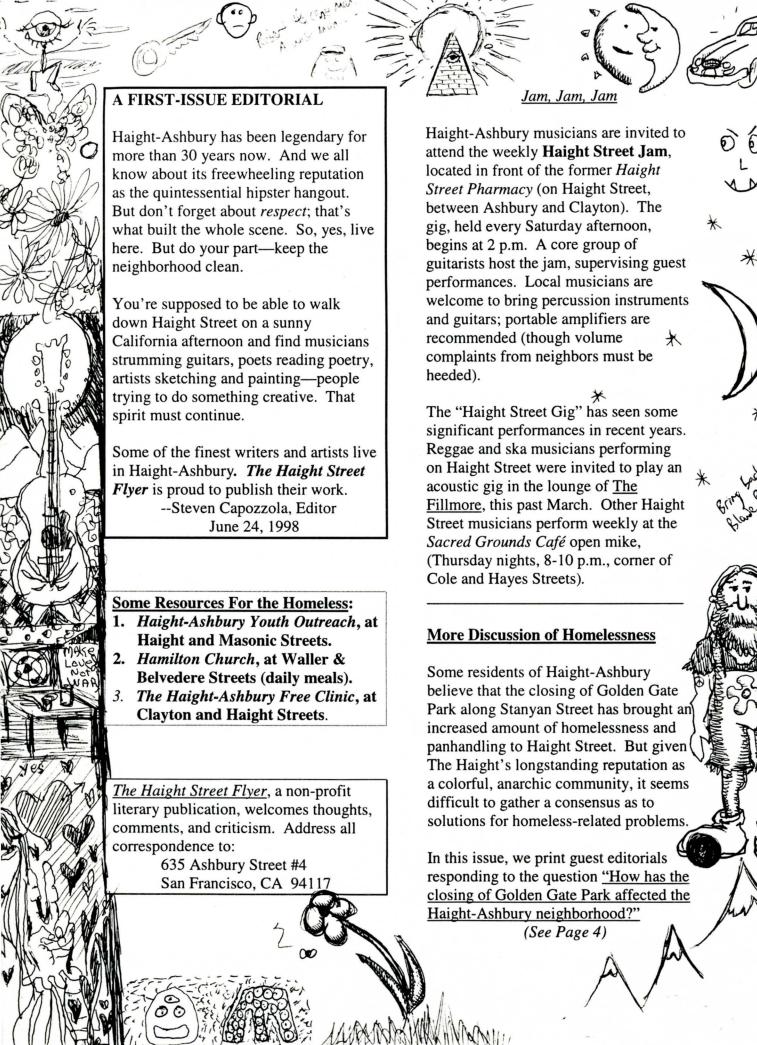
Several years ago, when then Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders suggested that we consider legalizing drugs, she was widely (and properly) criticized. While most of the country continued to talk about the importance of fighting drugs, proponents of drug legalization were busy developing a strategy to accomplish their goal. Their first step: legalizing marijuana for medical use.

On Nov.5, when voters in California approved Proposition 215 and those in Arizona gave their nod to Proposition 200, supporters of drug legalization won two important battles. On the surface, these initiatives seem to make sense. They were presented to voters as an act of compassion for those suffering from diseases such as cancer, AIDS, glaucoma, and multiple sclerosis. Pretty straightforward, right? A simple act of compassion? Well, not exactly.

California's Proposition 215, which passed 55 percent to 45 percent and is now state law, legalized the use of marijuana for medicinal purposes. But the measure was so poorly written (perhaps intentionally) that it is riddled with loopholes and essentially legalized the use of marijuana in California.

There is no scientific evidence that marijuana or any other Schedule1 drug is safe or effective.





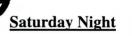


RAJNIER ALE - \$ 2.10

Don't Drink and Vote

It takes an asshole to wanna be in charge. If everyone wanted to be President, no one would vote. The world's full of assholes unfortunately not enough. Confusing? Don't drink and vote. Stay out of the mess. Beat a wall, not a cop. Blow your brains out. Don't drink and vote. Satisfied? Don't.

--Farmboy



The shine on that black denim as she plays with her pussycat, on all fours—I could be right under her, on the floor-but the drink (my favorite excuse) has me sitting upright—well, slouched, but raised enough to keep from spilling beer down my shirt. Now she's on the laptop— I remain slouched. She's in law school and typing away. I'm still slouched and drinking away. It's Saturday night—the volume's low, the heat is bearable, the drink is cold. This is night 5, maybe 6. Whatever night it is, this is my climax.

--Farmboy

Fingers

The face made it pedophilic. Soft, red, and tight. The lips duplicate mine. Nothing else jumped at me but the hands. The sixth or seventh time in bed they trigger something. With her on top,

more awkward than movies. we try to act professional and lock fingers. Tiny, weak, brittle they trigger associations and turn her into a special effect. I close my eyes to breathe. Open my eyes and see the thirty two-year-old housewife, short blond hair, probably dyed, tucked behind the ears. The body sags from the first child. I look at the face, a hint of a wrinkle, something off. The mind works quick an adjustment is made back to a tight face and body motionless from experience. A forty-year-old beauty queen drying her nails. I grab the fingers in anger. I feel tiny, weak, brittle fingers. The effect stops.

-- Jed Shahar

AN EDITOR'S NOTE:

This space is reserved for Daniel Kegel, age 20, who has lived on Haight Street for more than two years. Daniel's prose should have appeared here, but before he could submit his finished work, he was arrested for allegedly selling an eighth of an ounce of marijuana to an undercover police officer. Hopefully Daniel's writing will appear in a future issue of The Haight Street Flyer.

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