

THE ALTERNATIVE

Volume 2 Issue 1

"An Independent Student Publication"

Tuesday, September 23, 1986

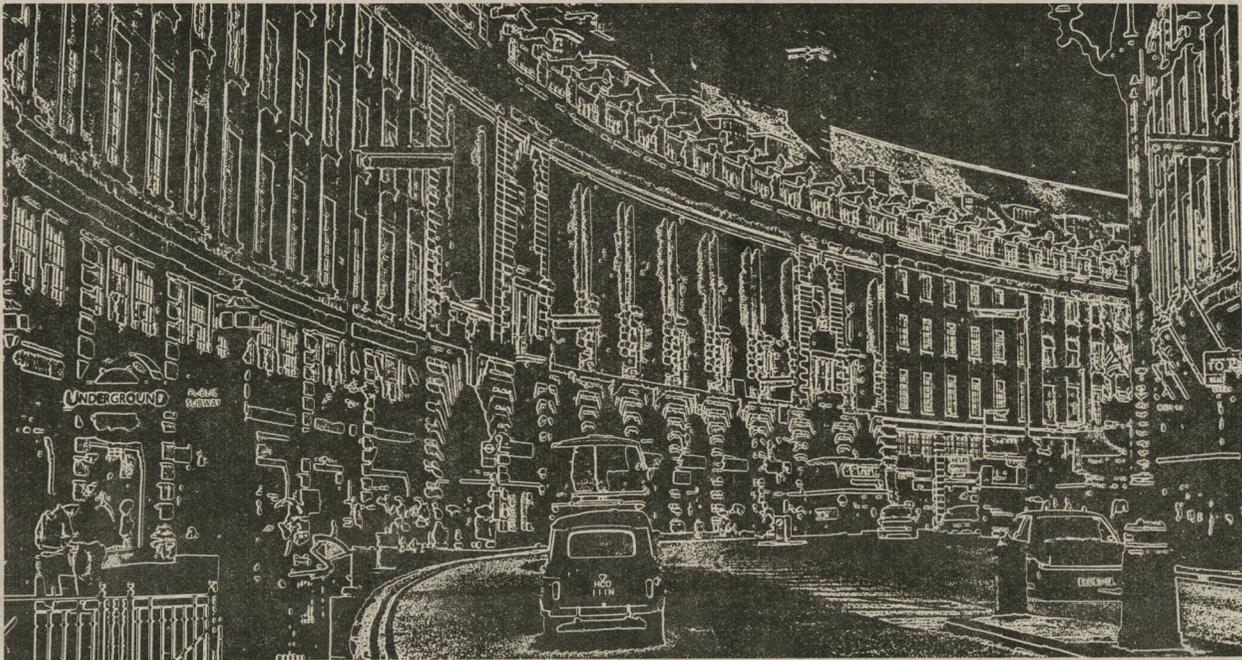


Photo by Rich Davis

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

FROSH BEWARE!

Welcome to Cal Poly, new kids! You've got a lot to learn. For starters:

Girls: Don't wear high heels to school unless you're used to walking laps on your toes.

If you have to buy your books the first week of school, TAKE A SNACK. You'll be there a LONG TIME.

IF YOU CAN'T AFFORD A PARKING PASS:

You can get a daily pass for a quarter in the machine in the Visitor Parking Lot next to the Admin. Building.

If you miss the Monterey Offramp coming up the freeway your next exit is in Santa Margarita.

On the other hand, that's

only as far as it is from Downtown SF to Daly City.

Or San Jose to San Jose.

Or from Downtown Los Osos to Foothill and Los Osos Valley Road.

Cuesta Grade can be a thrill, though, especially if you're lucky enough to get a truck in front of you, a truck in back of you, and a truck on your left.

If that's enough to make you decide to walk, you can walk from the dorms to downtown SLO, but not in high heels. And the bus is still free, so take it.

If you live out of town, remember that it's always 20 degrees colder in Morro Bay than it is in SLO, and 20 degrees hotter in Atascadero.

Oldtimers! You got any more suggestions we should pass along to these puppies? Send them to

THE ALTERNATIVE

P.O. BOX 382

SLO CA 93406

And new kids -- you just might have something to tell us too, like, what's it like for you? This paper is for you to write. It's made up of your opinions, feelings, poetry, arguments, whatever. Don't worry that it's not good enough. We obviously don't let that stop us. Send it to

THE ALTERNATIVE

P.O. BOX 382

SLO CA 93406

Thanks! Without you, we're nothing!

Linda Black
Associate Editor



Disclaimer:

The Alternative is an independent student publication. It, its advertisers and Cal Poly do not necessarily endorse any of the views contained herein. Letters and articles are the opinion of those who write them.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Joke Forum	Page 2
Bomb Shelter Discs	Page 3
"Stand By Me" Reviewed	Page 3
Poetry	Page 4
"Head Slam".	Page 4
Forum.	Page 6
Men & Women of Cal Poly Art Nudes.	Page 12

BOMB SHELTER DISCS

By Andrew Darrow

Hello Everyone, welcome back to a brand new year at Cal Poly! And with the beginning of a new school year there are always thoughts of a fresh start and promises of trying new things in the upcoming 12 months.

As Entertainment Editor of *The Alternative*, I am always looking for students and faculty who would like to expose the new things they have either tried, seen, heard, or eaten. In other words, I am looking for freelance writers who would like to talk about something new in San Luis Obispo. I don't care if you like it or hate it, just tell me and the rest of Cal Poly your critical opinion about something new. And, by the way, nowhere is it written that a critic must be an English or Journalism major.

In addition to articles, I am also looking for more Bomb Shelter Discs and Suicide Discs. If you don't know already, Bomb Shelter Discs are those ten favorite albums you would take into a bomb shelter with you in the event of a nuclear holocaust. A suicide disc is that one album that would kill you to hear more than once.

So send in your critical essays and BSD's to *The Alternative* today.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor:

Here is my list of **Bomb Shelter Discs**:

1. *Workingman's Dead* (1970), The Grateful Dead;
2. *Kind of Blue* (1960), Miles Davis;
3. *Giant Steps* (1979), John Coltrane;
4. *Sargent Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967), The Beatles;
5. *Electric Ladyland* (1971), The Jimi Hendrix Experience;
6. *The David Grisman Quintet* (1976), The David Grisman Quintet;
7. *Innervisions* (1974), Stevie Wonder;
8. *Moondance* (1970), Van Morrison;
9. *Hallelujah, I Love Her So* (1962), Ray Charles;
10. *Deja Vu'* (1970), Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

Suicide Disk: ANYTHING by Van Halen.Thanks, and keep up the good work,Robert Van Sickle
(Poli. Sci.)

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Dear Editor:

Great way to start. Well, you have asked the students and faculty of Cal Poly to submit "stuff."

Well, here I am. submitting "stuff."

Bomb Shelter Disk List:

1. *The Unforgettable Fire*, U2;
2. *Lament*, Ultravox;
3. *Changes Two*, Bowie;
4. *Some Great Reward*, Depeche Mode;
5. *The Ghost in the Machine*, The Police;
6. *Talk, Talk, Talk*, The Psychadelic Furs;
7. *Dark Side of the Moon*, Pink Floyd;
8. *Peter Gabriel Live*, Peter Gabriel;
9. *Kings of the Wild Frontier*, Adam and the Ants;
10. *The Ring Cycle*, Wagner.

Suicide Disk: Thriller, Michael Jackson.

Well, That's what I have to say. I might write more, so don't go under.

Lee Benson

**MOVIE REVIEW**By Holly Peterson
and Harold Kraemer

Stand By Me is a fabulous adaptation of Stephen King's novel *The Body*. Richard Dreyfus (who only appears in the last few minutes of the film) is a writer telling of a childhood adventure he had at the age of 12. The tale concerns four boys who spend two days walking through the woods in search of the body of a missing boy. During their adventure, the personalities of the characters are developed as they deal with the frustrations of being twelve. They are learning that they must face a society that neither understands them nor has any desire to see them for themselves.

The audience is invited to live in the world of a young boy, with all of the inherent features of the twelve-year-old view of reality coming into play. One example of this is the story told of the so-called "Barf-O-Rama." Here, an extremely overweight kid executes revenge upon the town that has tormented him. By consuming raw eggs and castor oil before he competes in the pie eating contest, he sets the scene for havoc on the stage. Once the contest starts, he starts cramming pies until they, combined with the eggs and oil, create a rumbling that stops the contest. As everyone's attention is drawn, he vomits onto the nearest competitor. This sets off a chair reaction until everyone is puking on everyone else. Thus, a youngster's need for justice is played out through the minds of school kids.

The young actors do a fantastic job, with Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Corey Feldman and Terry O'Connell.

Stand By Me is now playing at Festival Cinema in Arroyo Grande.

THE DARK ROOMNext Door To The Fremont Theater
1037 Monterey Street

San Luis Obispo

Minors Welcome Until 8 P.M.

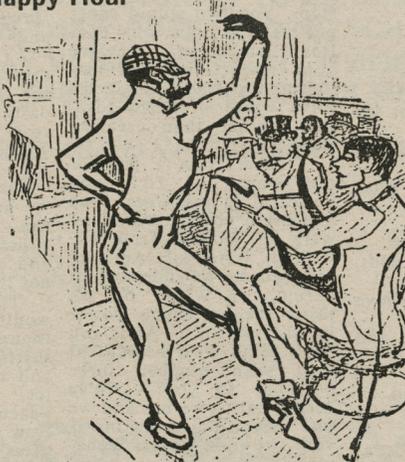
Great Music!

Great Burgers and Sandwiches!

Bud and Coors Pitchers \$2.50 - Happy Hour

Tues. Sept. 23: Friar Duck & The Rain Dogs
Wed. Sept. 24: Pegasus
Thurs. Sept. 25: Secret Service
Fri. Sept. 26: Dynamo Rye
Sat. Sept. 27: Guy Budd Band

Wed. Oct. 1: Pegasus
Thurs. Oct. 2: Search For Food
Fri. Oct. 3: Twinkie Defense
Sat. Oct. 4: Yellow Pages

**\$1.00 OFF!**

ANY GOURMET HAMBURGER

Limit 1 Coupon per Burger

Expires October 11, 1986

The Alternative

2 FREE SOFT DRINKS

W/Purchase Any Burger

Limit 1 coupon per Burger

Expires October 11, 1986

The Alternative

Head Slam
By Matt Nathanson

"I saw the bread crumbs in the butter and I didn't say anything about that!" I said, pointing to the ceiling defiantly.

I was irritable, there's no doubt about that. I even began to realize it myself. I was no longer the easy going Skip Parker. I had become a virtual madman, snarling at everything in my path. I wasn't exercising enough and I was at least fifteen pounds overweight. My five-ten frame doesn't hold extra weight well. My gut was hanging over the top of my pants, so I would sneak up on the mirror and suck it in before I really noticed. My face was looking bad too. I wasn't supposed to have all these lines on my forehead yet. Well none of my friends had wrinkles as bad anyway. And my hair line was receding and it made my nose look bigger. I just knew that any day people were going to start calling me Carl Malden. As

I stood gazing in the mirror I said, "I'm only twenty-five, God, give me a break."

Saturday mornings were always tough for me. I didn't drink to get drunk, I drank to become unconscious. This particular Saturday morning was really nothing new. A king size hangover for myself and discomfort for anyone who should come into contact with yours truly, *jerkasaurus erectus*. As I walked about the messy apartment, I suddenly remembered talking to that girl at the bar last night. Something about her made me feel special again, a feeling I had almost forgotten. I reached into my pants pocket to find her phone number and once I did I tried to recall the night's events.

Brad walked in my room and said, "You're a mess dude! You are a mess. I hope you realize that I put each bread crumb in the butter one at a time, just to piss you off. I know how you hate it, but that's why I did it." He stood there in

the doorway of my room staring at me and shaking his head.

I realized that I had angered Brad, but somehow I enjoyed the fact. For the past few weeks I had vented my anxieties through all Brad's innocent actions. A strange notion crossed my mind as I sat there on my bed looking at that almost mysterious phone number in my hand. I suddenly realized that I might be capable of some degree of charm. I just needed to work on my attitude problem. I looked up at Brad and said, "I'm going to quit griping, Brad. Give me a little while to snap out of this hangover and I'll try to get my act together."

Brad usually puts up with my crap pretty well when he knows I'm going through a lot of stress. He never had to endure the academic pressure that I am constantly going through. He never really concerns himself with his future. Brad sticks closely to his hedonistic regime, dealing with life day to day. My

biggest problem is that I envy the hell out of him.

Every time Brad and I go out on the town, the women practically drool on him, grabbing his muscular arms, and giggling at every stupid thing he says. So I just sit back in the shadows and tell myself that goodlooking people have problems too. I never convince myself though. How the hell does a guy that's tall, dark, and handsome have a tough life? Brad lives a damn god's life. He's six-two and thin. He can get a tan in a day. One thing hard to believe is that a dark complected guy like him has aqua-blue eyes. He said his great-grandfather on his mother's side was an Indian chief, and somewhere down the line he got some German and Italian. Brad's geneology gives credence to the melting pot theory, but luckily, he got a good combination of genes. He's a natural athlete. Muscular and all. He could have been playing football if he would have kept up his

grades in college.

Brad came into my room and turned the chair around from my desk. He sat down facing me and said, "I don't really mind your bitching once in a while, but every day for the last week you've been a rag. This shit has gotta go, dude!"

"I met a girl last night," I said, hoping to change the subject as fast as possible.

"Yea! What did she look like?" said Brad.

I squinted my eyes a little and rubbed my forehead, then I said, "I don't really remember what she looked like. She was cute. She had dark hair. She was real nice to me. When I talked to her she brought her face up close to mine as though everything I said was important to her. Her facial features are hard for me to recollect, but I have this pleasant overall image of her in my mind."

Brad began to grin and he slapped me on the

Continued Page 5

Young Poets

See the funny little men,
Those young poets,
Traipsing through life as if

They were the center of its whirlpool.
And only yesterday,
Their shit walked with them in cotton panties.

Oh the funny little men,
Whose knees won't bend,
Showing signs that have
Nothing

to say.
Hiding away in closets
To live blindness.

And then
making rhymes of
these things.

Mother, can you see your child
Even though he is near?
Can you read the mockery
In the rhyming words?

Oh, us funny little men,
Forever with a pen.
Writing what is too rude to
say.

Spitting out words
Like a hissing snake.
Leaping, striking,
But never biting in.

Subordination will whip a fool.

We mustn't fall prey to such.

Our hearts open, our minds unshaded,

We will kiss our coffins and smile at death.

P. Pura

Traveler

Sojourner, walk the night.
And, though you cannot see the light,
Your heart shall go past mere men's sight
To ache and teach of what is right.

Sojourner, walk the dark.
Walk through the fields, bare and stark,
Where hopes and dreams have left no mark,
Where leeches creep, and feel no spark.

Sojourner, walk the land,
For pain exists in sun and sand,
Where no relief can be at hand
For few will give, but all demand.

Stacey Fetters

**ADDRESS BEFORE
THE GENERAL
ASSEMBLY TO
THE REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE U.S.
AND THE U.S.S.R.**

Sandra Cabassi

Ladies and gentlemen, I have come before you to deliver a warning. The senseless weapons build-up that threatens the very survival of the world must stop. You two stupid super powers must cease your endless bickering, resolve your respective fears and differences, and begin to solve world problems together, rather than creating them.

I come from a part of the world so rich and powerful in resources, food and brain power, that if we were to succeed from the United States of America and become an independent nation, we would be the third largest super power in the world. And you don't think we'd be content long with number three position, do you? We've been a nation before and we just might do it again, if you two don't start behaving.

If we ever decide to unleash the full force of our considerable influence and totally dominate the world, just let me describe

some of the horrors that would invade the lives of people everywhere:

Enforced surfing lessons for everyone within a ten mile distance of a coast anywhere.

Daily brain-washing in hot tubs for everyone under the age of 21.

Food as the world knows it would cease to exist. Everyone would be forced to eat a diet of alfalfa sprouts, granola, unflavored yogurt, avocados and whole wheat bread.

Vodka and Coke would disappear from the face of the earth, replaced by daily rations of white and rose' "house wines" from you-know-where, supplemented by bottled sparkling water in lime, lemon, cherry and plain flavors. I can hear your stomachs churning already, ladies and gentlemen, and this is not the worst of it.

The required uniforms would be Levis, beach thongs, and cotton tee shirts, with appropriate and approved official motos, such as "Life is a Beach" and "I'm a Libra, How About You?" Such a dress code could cause unimaginable suffering in Siberia, not to mention Minnesota and Maine.

Jane Fonda would be in charge of the required daily aerobics workouts.

No one would escape unless hospitalized. Anyone not obedient to the will of the government would be rounded up by a secret police force dressed as punk rockers and dragged to the official government "Psychic-Est and Primal Mantra Scream Reflection Center" in a redesigned Paramount sound stage, where they will be strapped into theater seats and tortured with endless replays of "Beach Blanket Bingo" and "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" until their frontal brain lobes disintegrate.

"The Beach Boy's Greatest Hits" would replace Muzak in every elevator and supermarket. The most hideous consequence of all is that everyone would be required to repeat endlessly all day long to everyone else they meet, the official state greeting, "Have A Nice Day." Ladies and gentlemen, can you imagine this, hour after hour, day after day, year after year?

If you think these threats are too inhuman for any nation to carry out, you are fools. We are capable of anything. We gave you Reagan, didn't we? And we still have Nixon, don't we? And we can even bring back Jerry Brown if we want to. You two super powers have been warned. Shape up!

side of the head, "How did you meet her, stud?"

"I remember parts of our conversation. I walked up to her and asked her if her name was Jayma. She turned around startled and said, 'who?' Then I said, 'Is your name Jayma?' Then she looked disappointed and said, 'My name is Andrea.' Then I said, 'I'm looking for the girl who fits that name.' She laughed and said, 'I've never heard that line before.'"

"So did you score, or what's the deal?"

"Well, I got her phone number after we talked for about an hour," I said, showing Brad the paper in my hand.

Brad grabbed my Garfield phone off my desk and handed it to me. He held Andrea's number right in front of my eyes and demandingly said, "Call her!"

I pulled the paper from his hand and studied it intently. I had my other hand reluctantly on the phone. I looked up at Brad, who rose from his

seat, pointing to the phone in an authoritative fashion. I fumbled with the phone a moment, then said, "Ah, she gave me this number because she probably felt sorry for me!"

"Call her!"
"This probably isn't even her phone number. She probably felt guilty since I bought her a couple of drinks. She probably felt that the least she could do was to give me her number when I asked for it."

"Wrong, dog breath! Now, you're going to call little miss Andrea, or I'm gonna give you a head slam," said Brad, squeezing the top of my head with his hand.

I knocked away his arm and put my hand on the phone. "O.K., O.K., I'll call her up, but what do I say? Do I say 'Hi Andrea, I'm the drunk you were talking to last night! By the way, can you tell me what I said to you?'"

"Be yourself, dude! You don't have to be wasted to talk to girls. Tell

her what you told me. Tell her you'd like to meet her again sometime. Tell her that you have a pleasant image of her, just like you said to me."

I picked up the phone and dialed the first three numbers, then I hung up. I looked up at Brad again and he hit me on the forehead with the palm of his hand saying, "That's one head slam."

I looked for a way out. I said, "What if I start something with this girl. It will screw up my weekends. She might get me all confused or something and I'll end up dropping out of school. She might--"

"She might be what you need to get your head out of your ass!"

"Do you realize I'm leaving myself wide open here, Brad?"

"C'mon shmohead, it's just simply one phone call!"

"I could end the whole thing right now, before it gets started."

"Listen to yourself dude. You sound like

everything has gotta be planned out for all eternity. Forget about this lifetime crap and think about two weeks into the future. Call this girl and let things happen."

"What if she does like me? What if I like her? What will I do if she drops me like Julie did?"

"I knew that was on your mind. It's time to forget about Julie. Julie was a bitch! You can't live in some protective shell forever just because you've been hurt by an inconsiderate bitch who uses every guy she goes out with."

"True."

Brad started to hum the theme song from the movie "Rocky." He stood in front of me squatting to eye level, then reaching out both hands, he grabbed my shoulders squeezing down hard, jolting me. Then he said, "Be a man, Skip. Dial-that-number!"

"Yeah, you're right," I said, "I have put myself into a protective shell since Julie broke things off. It's

time to flex my wings again and get on with my life. I'm glad we've had a talk this morning Brad. I've been holding in a lot of my emotions these last three weeks and the drinking merely postpones the realization of losing Julie. I need to face up to the fact that Julie is history. I was too good for that slut anyway. What a bitch she was. Thanks for helping me out Brad, I owe you one."

"Neoooo problem dude! I can't have my buddy Skip Parker moping around here forever. What are buddies for? They're around for the fun, but they're also there when you really need them. I merely applied my expertise where it was needed. I calculated the differentiation in your mood swings, taking a proportion of your prevailing attitude, then voila', I carefully applied the Brad Johnson head slap treatment. The perfect therapy for the man who has it all, but can't find it!

See Back Page

CONGRATULATIONS POLY WHEELMEN

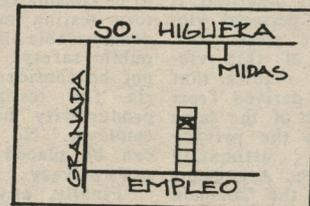
THE 1986 WESTERN REGIONAL COLLEGIATE CYCLING CHAMPIONS

WE WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO CONGRATULATE THE CAL POLY WHEELMEN CYCLING TEAM ON THEIR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENTS FOR THE 1986 SEASON. POLY GENUINELY WORKED AS A TEAM AND THE CLOSENESS AND UNSELFISHNESS SHOWN WAS THE REASON FOR THEIR SUCCESS.

WE WISH THEM CONTINUED VICTORIES FOR THE 1987 SEASON.

3576 Empleo #4
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401
(805) 541-3600

HOURS
11-7 TUES-FRI
11-5 SAT
12-5 SUN



PRO SPOKE CYCLERY

Dear Editor:

Representative Leon E. Panetta (D-Monterey, CA) introduced legislation Wednesday which would require the Environmental Protection Agency to initiate federal efforts to reduce pollution of the world's oceans and seas by plastic refuse.

The bill, the Plastic Waste Reduction Act of 1986, would require EPA to review the problem and make specific recommendations for solutions. It also would require EPA to mandate that plastic objects which contribute to the problem be manufactured, if possible, from biodegradable plastic, which disintegrates after several months of exposure to sunlight.

Senator John Chafee (R-RI), who chairs the Senate Subcommittee on Environmental Pollution, has introduced an identical bill in the Senate.

"Plastics pollution is killing millions of fish, sea birds, whales, seals, and sea turtles every year," Panetta said. "Many plastic objects will survive for hundreds of years. It is clear that there must be a strong national and international effort to deal effectively with this plague which threatens the world's marine life."

Panetta asserted that more than 12,500 tons of plastic refuse is dumped or

lost in the world's oceans and seas each year. An EPA-sponsored study estimated earlier this year that the United States may be the source of as much as one-third of this litter.

Some one million to two million sea birds and more than 100,000 sea mammals, including whales, dolphins, seals and manatee, die each year after becoming entangled in plastic refuse or eating bits of floating, discarded plastic.

Among the contributors to the problem are beverage six-pack holders, styrofoam containers, bottle caps, and strapping materials. The materials generally are lost or dumped from merchant ships, passenger vessels, the military, oil drilling rigs and platforms, and municipal waste dumping.

California and several other states already have banned the use of nonbiodegradable plastic beverage six-pack holders.

The 1973 International Convention for the Prevention of Pollution from Ships, also known as the MARPOL treaty, contains regulations prohibiting "the disposal of all plastics" from all ships at sea except under certain situations. But the provision is optional, and it has not been ratified or enforced by the United States.

Barry Toiv
Office of Rep. Panetta

Dear Editor:

This is in response to an ignorant opinion voiced in the August 5 issue.

Who's In Charge Here?

In February of 1986 the students of Cal Poly were asked to make an informed decision, just as voting on a public proposition. Information, which was deemed unbiased by the University Union Advisory Board (a student chaired and student majority board) was disclosed to all students of the University. This information was distributed throughout the university and published by the Mustang Daily.

The Foundation plays no role in the \$10.1 million dollar project. The only entities involved are the students of the university and the State of California. This was clarified in the information distributed, along with the fact that the facility would be paid for in part by the state.

As for the fees, the majority of the voting student population (the largest voter turnout in Cal Poly History) said yes, they could afford the required \$28 fee increase to fund a recreation facility.

The second story which you address is that of the fitness center. This issue has been long debated by Student Senate and the University Union Advisory Board.

In 1985 the students were asked to attend open forums and voice their opinions of what the future

of the bowling alley in the University Union should be. The overwhelming response was a need for a recreation facility.

Numerous surveys were conducted by marketing classes, Student Senate and the University Union, all of which concluded that there was a need for this, a new recreation facility.

The horror stories you speak of are in your mind. The existing facility is a bowling alley. What do you think those floors are made of? At this point in time, we have made contact with several contractors who could and will pour the foundation.

Water leakage has not shown to be a problem with the bowling alley. Why would it now?

As a point of information, no technical work is being done in house. The University Union has asked the Schools of Architecture and Construction Management to do work as part of a Student Work Program. For university class credit. All technical work is being contracted to outside agencies.

The budget for this project is a fixed \$200,000. It can not go over this amount or it will go back to the students for re-consideration.

If you have any further questions talk to the University Union Chair or a Student Senator. You elected them, now you should use them. They are in the University Union with the answers you want.

An Informed Student

Dear Editor:

Once again we are starting a new quarter of learning, partying, and fun. In a couple of weeks, we will be engulfed in the "10 week race." Unfortunately, this race is the cause of a lot of stress due to the fast pace that is necessary to try to condense a complete survey of a subject and the necessary tests into ten weeks. Since this is usually an impossible task, the student will not get the full benefit of the class.

My solution to this problem is to initiate a semester program. I realize that it would be difficult to implement this change. However, I believe that it is worth the effort. In the semester system, there would be less pressure and more opportunity for learning. I invite others who agree or disagree to voice your thoughts. Thank you.

Looking For A Solution



Dear Editor:

THE TEST OF POWER

Recently, there has arisen in the U.S. an increased recognition of the detrimental effects of drug abuse on every level of our society. However meritorious this recognition (and I believe it to be so), it must not be allowed to propagate a greater evil than that which it proposes to supplant. This "greater evil" is indiscriminate drug testing.

Drug testing, as it is most commonly practiced, is a direct and personal violation of the worst sort. Justification of this violation should require that any benefits derived from the testing be of the same magnitude as the privacy the testing ultimately seeks to negate. Arguments that refer to the "common good" of society as a rationalization of testing must be judged against the common damage to privacy that common testing implies. Additionally, there are other methods of mitigating the influence of drugs in society which are

not so extreme as widespread drug testing.

Drug testing, if it is to be considered at all, must be considered on a case by case basis. Firstly, accurate testing must be available for those who wish it voluntarily. However, in those occupations for which testing is not considered vital, employers should not be able to accept the results of any voluntary testing. This would preclude discrimination against those who do not wish to be voluntarily tested.

Second, any occupation to be considered for mandatory testing must have a demonstrable impact on the public safety. What must not be considered as criteria for testing is any productivity needs of an employer. No dollar value can be placed on a citizen's privacy.

Finally, any testing to be done should be corroborated by an independent source. Further, test results should be non-transferable, and preferably stored in a non electronic, and hence safe, manner.

Laine Johnson

Dear Editor: ON FIGHTING PORNOGRAPHY

We of the Santa Barbara chapter of the SOCIALIST PARTY U.S.A. believe that the attempt to suppress pornographic theaters and bookstores is a very shortsighted and counter-productive tactic for feminists for the following reasons:

1. It is a dangerous encroachment upon civil liberties;

2. It reinforces the religious right wing whose hidden agenda supports all other aspects of patriarchy (including suppression of sex education, homosexuality, reproductive rights, etc.);

3. Fighting sexism by suppressing "pornography" is similar to fighting crime with more police, penalties, and prisons. We need to do more than treat symptoms.

American society is very sick; it is racked with class, racist, and sexist oppression. In the resultant unnatural and unhealthy environment of strife

and insecurity, loving human relationships and, in particular, sexuality, get distorted to reflect and serve the needs of the capitalist-patriarchal system.

Part of the underlying belief system which embodies this society is called "sexual repression," which separates body and spirit and views nudity and sex as "dirty," and which fears any deviation or relaxation of traditional patriarchal values. More generally, "sexual repression" can be viewed as a suppression of feelings and bodily needs. Indicative of this, in our society, men are not supposed to cry, women are not supposed to show anger, and adults (especially men) are not supposed to show physical affection, etc.

Under these conditions, then, is it any wonder that "sex" becomes so distressful? Instead of being a natural, beautiful, physical-spiritual encounter, "sex" becomes mixed up with

guilt, fear, violence, and domination. In such a context, it is not surprising that people may turn to pornography as a possible outlet for unfulfilled emotional needs. Sex thus becomes a commodity, and the result is that people, particularly women, become objectified.

Sexist oppression permeates all aspects of our lives, both in our institutions and beliefs. As such, the fight against it needs a well thought out strategy. Knee-jerk reactions against its separate evils, such as pornography, will not suffice.

The purpose of this is not to condemn those fighting the degradation and exploitation of women, but to raise some questions on how best to conduct the struggle, and to point out that "pornography" is intertwined and interconnected with all the other problems of our society.

Santa Barbara Chapter
Socialist Party

Dear Editor:

Boy! Brent Murdock's article about church/state separation carried so much rhetoric about Marxism, liberalism, feminism, secular humanism, other secular religions, and university professors that his point almost got lost in all that garbage. Tone down your rhetoric and increase your facts and arguments, Brent. I'm sure you have a legitimate point to make.

The separation of church and state is such a fundamental part of our constitution. When the most minor offenses occur, we see groups rally behind the constitution so that the offenses don't spread to larger ones. This is the reason why we see Christians like myself and most of our lawmakers denouncing the agenda of the fundamentalist groups who are gaining power in our legislative and judicial bodies.

We are fortunate that only a very small percentage of our laws are moral ones. Almost all of them have to do with land use, transportation, business, education, etc... "Any legal system, secular or otherwise, must develop a religious foundation of law," was Brent's point. Since when does planting a stop sign on Foothill Blvd. require a religious foundation of law? 99% of our laws are questions such as those. Only a small 1% or so are laws dealing with

abortion, murder, prayer in school, etc... Of that small percent, which ones are actually 100% moral questions? Laws on murder could be moral as well as civic laws. Civic laws would be the ones that protect us as citizens from other people who intend to harm us, or that tend to discriminate.

No, Brent, all that we Christians and church/state separationists want to see is no group (Christian, Jewish, Muslim, Islamic, Buddhist) try to make their religion the law of the land. This therefore means that we can't support any law that has religious overtones. This makes us look like liberals, feminists, humanists (whatever rhetoric you want to use) but does not necessarily mean that we are.

Your brand of Christianity is for you, for sure. But not every person believes in the same principles and values as you. We have to protect everybody's right to his religion without the government's heavy hand telling us what we can or can't do.

Eric Steinbroner



Dear Editor:

Wrong again, Mr. Murdock. The weakness of your logic astounds me, but then Christian logic always does. You've done a horrific job of confusing morals, ethics, and religion. They are not interchangeable, Mr. Murdock. I'll explain.

Morals are the distinction between right and wrong. Ethics are the accepted rules of conduct in a society. Religion is a system of faith in and worship of a deity. (Definitions from Webster's Dictionary.)

Your religion may dictate your morals but they are not necessarily ethical. The laws of America are ethical, not moral, considerations based on the Constitution and Bill of Rights. We do not have a religious basis of law, nor do we need one. It is not by accident that the Constitution mentions no god. The division between church and state is not an "arbitrary division."

Fortunately for all of us the Constitution is based on rational logic, not religious myth and superstition. You, being a Christian, were taught to have blind faith and not seriously question what was told to you by the church. It's alright to have faith in what you've been fed. But do try to realize that the strength of this socie-

ty lies on ethical grounds based in logic and reason, not religious intolerance and ignorance.

In the words of a great patriot: "All national institutions of churches, whether Jewish, Christian or Turkish, appear to me no other than human inventions, set up to terrify and enslave mankind, and monopolize power and profit."

Thomas Paine
Age of Reason
Or, in the words of your

spiritual leader: "The idea that religion and politics don't mix was invented by the devil to keep Christians from running their own country."

Jerry Falwell
New York Times, May 82
I am sure you agree with Rev. Falwell, just as I agree with Thomas Paine. As long as our society is based on rational thinking you will be subject to the tyranny of logic. Sorry, Mr. Murdock. Rationally yours,
Ricco Speuer



University Union Craft Center

CRAFT CLASSES SIGN UP NIGHT

Wednesday, October 1
7:00 P.M.
In the University Union Crafts Center

COMMUNICATIONS PROFESSIONAL TYPING SERVICE

LINDA BLACK
(805) 541-3883

2747 Chandler, San Luis Obispo, California 93401

AMERICAN MEDICINE: IT'S SICK

The United States needs desperately to change its health care system. As in so many other areas, we lack any legislation or program that even resembles a clear and reasonable policy. Our current actions come much closer to that of applying small Band-Aids to a man dying of a thousand tiny cuts. According to Harvard professor Paul Starr, "to achieve the economics that are possible and necessary requires substantial institutional change in our medical system."

Let's first look at three paradigms already in existence. The U.S. system, the Swedish system, and the Canadian system. In the United States we have a private medical system consisting of physicians in private practice, and both profit and non-profit hospitals. The cost of this system is borne by private health insurance companies, Medicare, and out of pocket payments. If an individual does not have insurance, which is an estimated 20 to 30 million

Americans, they have to pay out of pocket, and if they don't have the cash they don't receive medical care. So much for the Hippocratic oath. In Sweden the state owns all the medical facilities which it operates on a non-profit basis. The doctors are paid an appropriate salary. All medical care is provided free of charge, without regard to one's economic standing. In Canada the doctors are private practitioners as in the United States. The hospitals can be either privately or publicly held, but they must be operated on a non-profit basis. The crucial difference between the Canadian System and ours, however, is that all medical care is free in Canada. They have a comprehensive national health insurance system. The doctors and hospitals are fully reimbursed according to a mutually agreed upon fee schedule for all services rendered. Furthermore, each individual chooses their own doctor. Just like police or fire protection here, medical and hospital care is considered a right. Quality medical care is not a luxury like a

Sony VCR or a new Alpha Romeo, it is a necessity, and it should be a right in the U.S. Can you imagine if our public safety services operated like our medical system. "Yes, Sir, he stole your car and shot your daughter but according to our computer you don't have police protection insurance and I don't think you can afford to pay for an investigation; there's nothing I can do about it."

In the United States the cost of health care has on the average gone from \$142/person in 1960 to \$1,225/person in 1981. Our national health bill has gone from 7.2% of our GNP to 10.5%. Our system is both over priced and inefficient. An appendectomy under Canada's system cost the government about \$139. This is in contrast to an average cost of \$890 in the U.S., according to the California Medical Association. Or, how about a single coronary artery bypass? In the U.S., \$3,000; in Canada, \$535.

There are between 20 to 30 million people without health insurance in the U.S. That's over 10% of our population. With our

system, the equivalent of every person in California is denied medical treatment, simply because they cannot afford it. Is that right? Should every Californian be denied medical care? I don't think so.

Now that we have examined the cost of the service, let's look at the quality of service being provided. Any way you look at it, the quality of medical care provided falls far behind that of the nations with socialized programs. The index of physicians per capita is considered to be a good general indicator of national medical and health care. So how do we compare? The U.S. has one doctor for every 595 citizens. This ranks 24th in the world, even behind the Soviet Union. Sweden, for instance, has one physician for every 512 citizens. How about medical facilities? Sweden and Norway have one hospital bed for every 67 people; the U.S. has one for every 159 people. That's 59% fewer beds per capita. What about life expectancy, what about infant mortality rates? The average life expectancy in the U.S. is

now 70.8 for a male; in Sweden it's 73.05. A full two years more. The infant mortality rate, which is even more alarming, is 10.9 in the U.S., that is 10.9 infant deaths in the first year for every 1000 babies. In Sweden it is only 7.0, quite a difference.

We are denying over 20 million Americans adequate medical care, and the cost of this service is soaring. We can not afford not to change. Is it right to deny the equivalent of every Californian adequate care? The British don't think so, the Canadians don't think so, the Swedes don't think so, the Soviets don't even think so. Do You Think So? Let's take a lesson from our neighbors from the north, let's push for a comprehensive national health insurance.

Thomas M. Edwards



THE ALTERNATIVE

I think I'll open a clinic for distraught lovers."

I was happy that Brad talked things out with me, but I couldn't help but wonder how a phone number of some girl I barely met changed things for me. I hadn't even called the girl and she had already done wonders for me. I didn't even feel like calling now, but I knew that Brad would give me another serious head slam if I didn't. My stomach began to tingle as I picked up the receiver of the phone. I sat there on my bed with the phone on my lap and slowly punched out the numbers. Brad stood crouched over me with his hands on his knees supervising. Her phone rang once and I began to get a lump in my throat. Then it rang again and the blood rushed to my head, mixing with the leftover alcohol in my system, causing the room to spin. Finally a voice on the other end said, "Hello."

I felt queezy, but I answered, "A . . . yes, may I speak to Andrea please."

"Yes, let me get her."

I was relieved that she didn't ask me my name. Brad lowered his brow and cocked his head back to inquire what was going on. My eyes were wide open in anticipation. I cupped the receiver and whispered to Brad, "Somebody answered and they went to get her."

I could hear some clattering, then, "Hello."

Her voice was soft, as if she had just been awakened from a deep sleep. I felt more like Dracula than prince charming, so I cleared my throat over the phone and said, "A . . . yea, Andrea--"

"Yes this is Andrea, who's this?"

"Hi, I was wondering . . . no. Um . . . you probably don't remember me, but I'm the guy who talked to you."

"What about?"

"Oh yea. I mean when you were at Crystal Springs last night talking to a heavy-set guy--"

"Skip Parker. This must be you!"

I was smiling really big and I let out a sigh of relief. Brad recognized my elation, slapping me on the back and nearly knocking the breath out of me. "Yea, this is Skip," I said, in a confident tone. "And I wanted to call and tell you I really enjoyed talking to you last night."

I could hear Andrea giggle a little on the other end of the line, then she said, "Oh God! You were so funny last night. I haven't laughed so hard in years. When you spit that ice cube in the air, and it bounced off the cocktail waitresses head, I almost died."

"Ha ha, yea that was funny," I said, not remembering anything of the sort.

"You're up early. It's only ten o'clock. You couldn't have gotten to bed any earlier than two-thirty."

"Oh I don't need much sleep. I'm feeling pretty good today actually. As long as I don't drink that hard liquor I'm alright."

"You must not feel too well then, because you had at least four of those . . . those Kamikaze's, that's what they were. Not all at once. We danced in between."

I really didn't care to hear the details of the dance floor scene, but of course I said, "I really love to dance."

Andrea was quick to respond to that one. Her sporadic laughter almost made it impossible to articulate, but she went on, saying, Oh my God! That last drink you had really messed you up. You started to break dance, or at least that's what you called it. When you tried to do a cartwheel you fell back into a cocktail table knocking it over and breaking about four glasses that were on it. The bouncer made you sit down. Then you said, 'O.K. Gene Kelley, you just try and take the dance floor from Fred Astaire, but don't touch Ginger.' The bouncer laughed and told me not to let you have any more drinks."

I didn't remember any of these events, so I said, "Andrea, I was in rare form last night. I don't do that all the time."

"I know. You told me about Gooly. I figured it was an old girlfriend. We talked for about a half hour before you left and you said, 'I lub'd at bich. Gooly sa bich. Gooly sa bich.' Then you were hunched over the table fighting to keep your eyes open staring at me. You kept telling me I was great. Then you offered me ten dollars for my phone number, but you looked in your wallet and didn't find any money."

"Oh God! Do you know how I got home?"

"Your Japanese friend Stan Okada guided you to his car. I guess he took you home."

I really felt stupid and embarrassed so I said, "I didn't mean to act like a jerk last night Andrea. I had a lot on my mind and I tried to pickle my brain and forget about it."

Andrea surprised me saying, "Don't worry about insulting me. You never did that. Whoever that Gooly girl is . . . well, she's at a loss. I'm sure you're just as funny sober as you are drunk -- you've gotta be a better dancer!"

I really felt comfortable talking to Andrea. I didn't have anything to lose so I told her, "I'd really like to take you out and get to know you better. Would you like to have lunch next week?"

"Love to. I'm free on Sundays."

"How about tomorrow at two. We can go to the Cafe Louis, on State Street."

"Great! I can meet you there."

I hung up the phone and stood up. I sat the phone back on my desk. Brad was dying to know what was going on. He grabbed my arm and said, "C'mon dude, what's the news?"

"I'm in there," I said, and with the palm of my hand I gave Brad the hardest head slam ever, right on his forehead. He loved it too.

WOODSTOCK'S PIZZA PARLOR

THE BEST IN TOWN & WE DELIVER



\$1.00 off
any
Woodstocks
Pizza

541-4420

one coupon per pizza

The Alternative

Woodstocks Pizza
541-4420
1015 Court Street
San Luis Obispo Ca.
We Deliver

(across from Osos Street Subs)

2 Free
Softdrinks
with any
Woodstocks
Pizza

541-4420

one coupon per pizza