

ALTERNATIVE

MEN AND WOMEN

"Open this one next," a vaguely familiar woman said, as she shoved the brightly colored package in my direction.

"It's from Bob and I," she said smugly as if it were the best damned wedding present I was ever going to get. I quickly tore it open, letting the ribbon and shards of paper fall into the folds of my dress.

"Coffee cups!" I said. "How thoughtful." I set them down next to the other gifts.

I looked over my shoulder at my husband. He was half asleep. His cummerbund was dangling off his waist, his buttonniere slumped, crushed against his chest. He still had that frozen "I can't believe I got married" smile on his face. I knew how he felt. I thought my cheeks were going to fall right off. Yes, they will fall right off and land in those coffee cups -- then they'll be sorry they made us open all these presents before the honeymoon, I fantasized. I gave him a nudge with my shoulder. He smiled and reached to rub my neck. It had been a long wonderful day.

In less than two weeks, we would both be back at college. No longer would we be "living together." We were going to be husband and wife from then on. Not that it made that much of a difference. You see, most people thought we were married anyway.

I a couple of years later we spent an evening with five other couples, some of whom were new to us. Jay called me his wife, and one of the women, in genuine surprise, blurted out,

"You guys are married? But you're so nice to each other." She clapped her hand over her mouth in embarrassment. It was funny, but she had also made quite a point.

There are, I have noticed, an amazing amount of negative stereotypes thrust upon matrimony and the relationships between men and women. How are married people supposed to act? how are single people supposed to act? What about those somewhere in between?

In fact, any kind of relationship in this decade is fraught with social perils: pressure to get married; pressure not to; pressure to find yourself and the overwhelming desire to lose yourself altogether. How can one assess issues like abortion? I find myself in a moral limbo, not knowing if I have a right to feel one way or another until it has affected my life. I wonder if I'll be through with college soon enough to have a career and children. To be honest, I wonder if I really want kids at all. When I voiced this particular opinion, I receive looks like I'm not a real woman.

The main issues shouldn't be how much of, or what type of a man or woman you are, but the way you perceive yourself. That is what colors the world around you and molds the relationships in your life.

Inside This Issue

Insight	2
Opus	3
Relax!	4
Forum	6
Great Deals	8



The Beach

Bronzed summer skin, the firm breast, and muscular forearm
gather in sandy pastures
witness the joyful youthfilled like
dance, spring dance my fine girl, dance in pretty lore
skies of blue cry even more
paint, shadow paint my boyhood sire
sing to the tune of the ancient lyre
Breathe the tide to and fro
spitting, clawing, belching
sway of the undertow
The picket fence and lifeguard tower
left alone on days gone sour
Sun's painfall glow from horizon
sand turning cold underfoot
I wish to stay here until dawn
waves wash to shore in programmed spawn
To look over my left shoulder
keeping an eye on the new light
Time has no meaning to the sun
yet the beach claims mercy from everyone
Chris Sauer

In Praise of a Memory

A fleeting thought of days gone by,
Happiness that once was
I reminisce with a sigh.
The time that we shared
Was reality way back then,
But the memory will never leave me
It haunts me now and again.
To think that those times are no more
Causes me such frustration.
Their taunting is so cruel,
What is their justification?
When we were together
Everything seemed so very clear,
But now just this empty feeling
Oh God how I wish you were here.
Louis T. Ellis

DAYS IN THE SUN

Four petals came together
to form but one precious blossom
one small, perfect flower

Then came the winds of change
The harsh reality of quickly passing time
And the sunlight began to fade
And the flower began to die

Each petal falling from the blossom
One by one

Two petals fell to the soil
And there they remained side by side
in a vast, forboding world
The other two petals took to the winds
And were carried away to distant lands

All of them separate, free
But, always remembering that one tiny blossom
And days in the sun.

Tammy.

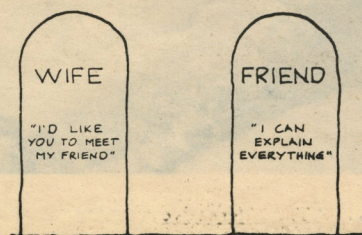
November

thrice on the threshold perched
you cast twilight shadows
deep in hidden chambers

three time you turned away--
left cobwebbed silhouettes
clinging to naked walls

echoes, resisting death,
whisper still your name
while in another's arms i lie.

dianna calleson



Lament for Psyche

For a long, long time I did not
believe in love.

I did not believe that I could love
or that I deserved to be loved.

I suppose, this is how I offended
Venus, as Psyche did long ago.

Like Psyche, my sisters have married
while I remained alone, bitter towards men.

But then I took a leap of faith
He said:

"All I ask of you is love."

He was dark and mysterious, playfully distant.
He commanded, demanded my attention.

He would hold me gently as I played
with his soft curls.

An ethereal lover, appearing late at
night to take me from my bed

Fiery embraces

Liquid kisses

Caressing his lean shoulders and careening
into the darkness of seductive eyes--

But passion is a play of extremes.

He would never call
Some nights I would wake alone,

gasping in emptiness
weak for his attention

He said:

"All I ask of you is love."

And for a time it was enough, but
Soaring dizzily from a careless kiss,

I began to wonder.

I searched his face, weighing his
words, I held Psyche's candle to his

life.

I thought:

"He is beautiful, I can give him
my love."

I reached out with all my heart,
And he was gone.

I knew too much, too well.

He, like Eros flew away.

Eros told Psyche:

"If you need to know, you
do not love."

Karla Jane Kent

Tormented Feelings

A certain feeling that can't be expressed.
A certain feeling that's hard to suppress.

It's the feeling I get when you are near;
The thoughts that it cause

Is what I really fear.

I've tried to change

Oh God how I've tried.

But my emotions have been stirred,
It's getting difficult to hide.

I've lied to myself for so very long
While I ignore it, deny it

Still this feeling grows strong.

To call you a friend

Really meant alot

But now I've changed, and it seems that you've not.
Friends stand by you, they don't run away

But what I might tell you would scare you away.
This must be love this feeling I feel,

And with you I'd like to share it

That would mean a great deal.

But now I'm condemned for the rest of my days;
In my thought I'll remain

As we go our separate ways.

Louis T. Ellis

Trespass of Desire

Beware of Spiders in the
night;

when there is no light,
that's when They crawl,

but that's not all,
They like to bite!

E.M. Gibberfish

BOMB SHELTER DISCS

Sacred Editor,

These albums are the quality sounds that I couldn't do without if Mr. President decided to make peace with his "peace-keeper" against those God-less, communist liars and spies:

1. "New Chataqua" - Pat Metheny
2. "Europe '72" - The Grateful Dead
3. "Remain in Light" - The Talking Heads
4. "December" - George Winston
5. "Uncle Meat" - The Mothers of Invention
6. "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" - Bob Dylan
7. "Couldn't Stand the Weather" - Stevie Ray Vaughn
8. "Umma Gumma" - Pink Floyd
9. "Dreams and All That Stuff" - Leo Kottke
10. "Four-Way Street" - Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young
11. "Colours" - The Resurrection Band

Suicide Disc: Anything played on KCPR regular format (Beastie Boys, The Cure, Sting, The Smiths, etc.) Take a lesson from KOTR.... Thanks for being the Alternative, Jeff Smith

Dear Editor,

It was so hard to pick ten Bomb Shelter Discs but, for four of my selections, I chose double albums for longer listening pleasure. Now who wouldn't want to hear a double dose of the Dead or Led Zeppelin?

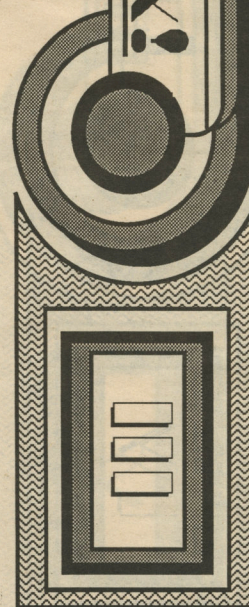
1. "Teaser and the Firecat" - Cat Stevens
2. "Eat a Peach" - The Allman Brothers
3. "Terrapin Station" - The Grateful Dead
4. "Wish You Were Here" - Pink Floyd
5. "The Band" - The Band
6. "Something/Anything" - Todd Rundgren
7. "Physical Graffiti" - Led Zeppelin
8. "Are You Experienced?" - Jimi Hendrix
9. "Mr. Fantasy" - Traffic
10. "The White Album" - The Beatles

Suicidal Disc: "Control" - Janet Jackson

Gratefully Dedicated,
Debbie Berman

Number 19
June 1987

Relax!



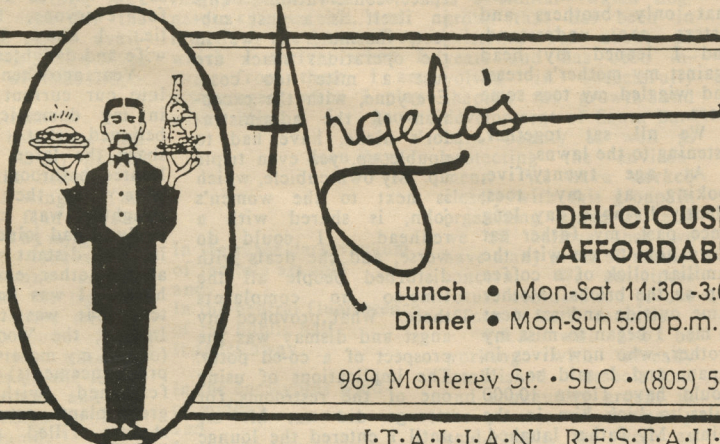
Angelo's-Good Eats
by Becky Anning

Upon arriving at Angelo's, I noticed the enticing atmosphere, like that of a side street cafe. This atmosphere is what most people I've talked to like best about Angelo's. The decor is of course a good Italian green and red.

More important, the food...Main courses are served with soup or salad and garlic bread. The salad was the best I've had in a long time. The garlic bread is fairly average but not bad. I had the fettuccini with pesto which was somewhere between good and excellent. Pasta dishes make up most of the menu and come in an appropriate serving size.

Employees were friendly and courteous. Food is fairly priced. Dinners are generally \$5-7 and lunches range from \$3-\$5.

I'd give Angelo's a four star rating (out of five). It's a nice quiet, homey place with good food and friendly service. Angelo's is located at 969 Monterey, here in San Luis.



DELICIOUSLY AFFORDABLE

Lunch • Mon-Sat 11:30 -3:00 p.m.
Dinner • Mon-Sun 5:00 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.

969 Monterey St. • SLO • (805) 544-5888

I-T-A-L-I-A-N R-E-S-T-A-U-R-A-N-T

The Staff

Founder	Laine Johnson
Publisher	Linda Black
Editor	Mary Ahearn
Graphics	Kirsten Peters
Typist	Sabrina Osslander
Typist	Elyse Goin
Merchandising	Becky Anning
Columnist/Distribution	Andrew Darrow
Writer/Quality Control	Rick Elstner
Writer/Advertising	Seth Beltran
Writer/Merchandising	Kirsten Clark-Hackett
Advertising Manager	Jay Hammond
Writer/Cartoonist	Place Your Name Here
Photographer/Poet	Ditto
Sales Team	All Of The Above

To get your name on this list, show up at the meeting Monday night at 6:00, at 385 "A" North Chorro.

WRITERS - PHOTOGRAPHERS - ARTISTS

SEND A COPY OF YOUR WORK TO

THE ALTERNATIVE BOOSTER CLUB

BOX 354

STUDENT LIFE AND ACTIVITIES

CAL POLY, SLO, 39407

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

The money we generate for The Alternative goes back into The Alternative. Distribution priorities are as follows:

1. Biweekly 8-page issues.
2. Increase circulation.
3. Nest Egg: save up enough to pay for two months' issues ahead.
4. Profit:
 - 25% to The People's Kitchen.
 - 75% to Research & Development.

No salaries or commissions will be paid or taken.

It is our objective to have The Alternative be self-perpetuating, so we agree to replace ourselves when we leave staff, with people who will do at least as good a job as we have.

The Staff
The Alternative



HISSING SUMMER LAWN

To Jon, who bore the bruises bravely.

I would like to speak of two summer evenings; one in 1985 and the other in 1966.

Sacramento, California, in the summer, has always been reminiscent of Dante's Inferno; replete with burning embers and tortured souls. Purgatory began in early June and lasted 'till mid-October; at which time the leaves fell off the trees in one swift autumnal motion.

In August, the evenings were hot and dry. It was on such an evening in my 25th year that I sat on the front stoop of my parents' home.

The sky had turned purple and the lawns were hissing. The lawns hissed in relief when watered; sounding like thousands of tiny June Bugs.

As I stretched out my legs, surveying the sunburn I had acquired while swimming that afternoon, I heard a lawnmower start and smelled the faint, sweet smell of cut grass. Perhaps it was the combination of sound, smell and color that transported me back to an evening in 1966.

Six years old and tan with the warmth of a child's summer day, I sat in front of my parents' house; watching the street. My father started the lawnmower, which was always an education in the finer nuances of speech. The mower never started until it and its ancestry had been thoroughly questioned. The air turned blue in a cloud of imaginative expletives as he pulled the rope start over and over.

The neighbors were all greenthumb gardeners, with lawns that rivalled the covers of "Better Homes and Gardens." My father, on the other hand, was not blessed with the gift of growing things. He had a brown thumb. The only vegetation that grew was the crabgrass, and that was only to spite him.

Needless to say, due to the colorful aspect of my father and his gardening vocabulary, I tried to be present at all lawnmowing events. Many a neighborhood friend would stop by to share in the fun. Some took notes. The presence of a goggled-eyed, pitcher-eared audience usually sent my father into some amateurish theatrics; which usually sent the crowd off screaming and giggling in mock fear and genuine delight.

After the lawn was mowed, and subsequently put in its place; Mr. Hershman, the greenest thumb on the block, would saunter over; eyeing the lumpy brown yard in a gloating fashion. He would ask what kind of fertilizer daddy used, obviously thrilled with father's unfortunate lawn. This usually led into lawn-talk, and usually sent me looking for mother to find out what she was doing.

This particular evening, she stood over a huge aluminum pot, cooking rhubarb my brother had picked that afternoon. My brother, eight years my senior, maintained that the only reason he had been born was to pick vegetables and weed the levee. Slave status notwithstanding; he had never been slighted in the matters of food. He had already eaten half the fragrant pink rhubarb that was destined for cobbler. Seeing this, I kicked him swiftly in the shins (something that little sisters do best), and I ran outside to Dad.

Once again outside in the warm purple evening, I sat down next to Daddy;

saying nothing, just wiggling my toes and thinking about pygmies and elephants and toejam. I heard the click a coffee cup makes when set on brick. I heard my father breathing in the summer smells between long puffs of his Pall Mall cigarette.

The lawns were still hissing; fainter now, and the sweet smell of crabgrass hung in the air. As the periwinkle sky turned velvet black, my mother came outside and sat next to me. The rich smell of cobbler clung to her summer dress. She was followed by my brother, who quietly plucked a single strand of hair from my head. I shot him a look that only brothers and sisters can understand, and I leaned my head against my mother's breast and wiggled my toes some more.

We all sat together, listening to the lawns.

At age twenty-five, looking at my toes; silently living a day long since past, my father sat down next to me with the familiar click of a coffee cup on the bricks. Mother came outside and sat next to me. I began to miss my brother, who now lives in Japan, and I said so. I would have flown 10,000 miles to kick him in the shins. My father laughed. Mother pulled me to her breast and we sat there; in the hot sweet twilight. Listening to the hissing of summer lawns.

KirstenClark-Hackett
Hammond

ODD MAN OUT

It was a slow take-a-bit like turning up the volume from a weak station and then getting blasted with too much sound. Yes, it took awhile to realize that I had joined the ranks of the minorities. Being slightly WASPish most of my life I had been secure in my "middleness", not too dark, not too light, not too left, not too right, and so on. Now, no more middle of the road, no more blending into the crowd...I am doomed.

There has been talk at my place of servitude of space conservation. This in itself is a just subject, inasmuch as we in the operations shack are just a mite too cosy. Everyone, with the exception of the administrator's niche, have had to double up, yea even triple up. My own cubicle, which is next to the women's john, is shared with a redhead. I could do worse, and she deals with disturbed people all the time-so no complaints there. What provoked my angst and dismay was the prospect of a co-ed potty. The implications of using one of the restrooms for storage did not hit me until I entered the lounge one day recently. As I entered I was greeted with raucous laughter. Immediately I checked my fly, then looked behind me hoping that the cause of the hilarity was following me. It was not. It was me.

Those women, and I won't name names, were laughing and slapping their knees because of me! What the hell? True at times I have indulged in a bit of buffoonery but these gals weren't laughing on cue. Being the butt of some unknown just caused me to stutter, "wha-wha-what's up?", I blurted, getting red in the face. "The toilet seats!!", they shouted in unison and dissolved in another fit of giggles. All I wanted was a goddam cup of coffee and instead I was getting hoots and catcalls. I was torn between retreating back to my cell or staying there to find out what the hell was going on. What I really feared was that they somehow had found out about some of my eccentricities at a certain party.

But no, this was only about shutting down one of the johns. Relieved that it was nothing more serious I jauntily tossed a few bon mots to the crowd and left. Ha-ha-ha-a co-ed potty.

A CO-ED POTTY!! Now their cackling took on a new ring. I was the only male in this place! There are, on occasion, more than nine women in this building which means on cold and rainy days I'd never make it. Up to now being surrounded by that much femininity had been hog heaven, but this turn of events put me at the end of the line. Oh, they say it will be a restroom for everyone, but they lie. I know, I have a wife and daughter.

Years ago when we moved into our current house I, in my domestic naivety believed that I would share the large, centrally located bathroom with my wife. By the time my daughter was eleven or twelve I had joined my son in the distant half-bath at the other end of the house. I was never evicted, that was too crass. Instead, the "boom room" (one of my more whimsical pronouncements) became festooned with sickly green plants, counters and shelves filled up with lotions, potions, degreasers, essences, brushes spatulas, tweezers, powders and crystals. And my service area diminished inch by inch. More than once I spritzed the pits with hairspray, tried to shave with hand lotion, and the razors well, lets not go into gory details. My towels disappeared, no longer his and hers, it was "theirs" on the rack and I knew defeat. What little I had, I packed into a shoe box and retreated to the hinterland.

If it was no lo contedere when the odds were even...what chance do I have, nine to one? Oh, it will be a sorry day when rumor becomes reality. No more leisurely relief times, contemplating my shoelaces, reading the sports page, sneaking a cigarette. I'll have to monitor my coffee intake, improve my timing and become heartless, not giving up my turn for some maiden in distress. And how long do you think I'll last? They'll change the locks and forget to give my a new key. Paradise lost, is what I call it.

Jere L. Clark-Hackett

WIFE

"LET'S STILL BE FRIENDS"

HUSBAND

"THIS IS JUST A TRIAL SEPARATION"

BUTTERFLY

Sometimes I think I liken to a butterfly, fluttering from one situation to another. It seems I inhabit all the qualities of one, light, gay, quick, natural, colorful and fascinating to children. I can be found gliding leisurely along valleys and deep wooded ravines, near cold streams.

I have a tremendous time encouraging fallen spirits to climb out of the deep ravines, out from the darkness of the caverns. In the light they can see the reflections on my wings, they smile and reach for the next jutting ledge available, pulling themselves up and out of their hopelessness.

In contrast it is I who have a hard time with the weight of my human body and the delicacy of my spiritual wings. This is when I find myself trodden down by misgivings and ill-fate, looking up to the distant crevice which reveals the light of the sky far above me. In the cavern, however, is nature; a tiny trickling stream wakes up the sensations in my toes and the coolness brings wonder back to my mind.

There is a little grove of mushrooms in a mossbed, and I rest my head while I discriminate the different types. The sun finds a way down to my spot and I can see dew sparkling in a beautifully intricate web; its maker is centered on it, a beautiful blue and red spider, as still as can be, waiting for breakfast to arrive.

A bat flies in and frightens me, but it alights on a root and I can see that she carries a child on her back. I smile. No longer afraid, but moved enough to begin an effort to ascend into the upper world, which awaits. It amazes me that my body has become light again; by distraction, the burdens of a weighty torso are lifted; the travesty, whatever it was, forgotten (or at least relieved).

People are interesting, but it is sometimes difficult to forgive them for their cruelty, however innocently it is delivered, wherever it is received. I don't always agree with them. Though conflict is stimulating it can also be tiring and even defeating. That is where nature comes in: it

is passive to the observer and demands acceptance unconditionally. It just is. That consistency is reassuring in the complicated human chaos alternative. If we kill nature we kill ourselves, because it is the counterpart to our progress.

Nature is our connection to each other, even though, ironically, it will have little to do with us. Perhaps it is our will to destroy ourselves that leads us to harm nature; perhaps we like to abuse that which we cannot control. Accepting people as they are, nature as it unfolds, and myself, is the power from which I thrive; when I stray from these, I am discouraged; when I play with them I grow.

Jan Ray

In the razor dark vacuum
of the bite ass cold
and
In the neutral fluorescence
of the public hall
It fades away

In the eucalyptus wind
of midday
and
In the dead roar
of the midnight caffeine
It fades away

It fades away
slips out of the socket
and down the hole
without a sound
forever.

M. Christopher Held
12-9-86

addiction

in time
I could accustom myself
to searing fires
and sickly rot;
to noxious clouds of
mustard gas;
to poisons of the body
which I know
do not belong.

and
in time
I would eat them
(because they were my heart)
and
I would learn to
like them.

they would be
my blood, my life,
my being.

M. Christopher Held
1-21-87

Dear Editor:

The Citizen's Planning Association of San Luis Obispo County is a newly formed non-profit organization of concerned citizens from throughout the entire county who will be committed to promoting greater citizen participation in land use, environmental and resource planning issues. This group supports orderly, well planned development, which is sensitive to overall community needs, and which enhances our unique quality of life in both the rural and urban areas of the county.

In Santa Barbara there is a similar "watch dog" group that has been in existence for about 25 years and has been involved in successfully shaping the growth and development of Santa Barbara County as well as protecting the environment. We have worked closely with this group in organizing ourselves and we all believe that we have many areas of mutual concern. We anticipate future coordination of our efforts in both counties.

C.P.A. will also be working with already established associations and community groups in the pursuit of commonly held goals, as well as providing an organized means to assist other groups and public officials in accomplishing our purposes.

To join or for further information, contact me at P.O. Box 15247, SLO 93406, or call 772-1659.

Randy Ruff

Dear Editor

Ronald Reagan has made a recent habit of branding some of his most questionable appointees "patriotic Americans." Patriotism seems to be the latest all-American, hip, chic fad these days. yet, the value of patriotism in modern society is not above question.

Those who unconditionally advocate patriotism are quick to point out its strength as a "unifier" of nations, the "glue" to hold together an individualistic country such as ours. This is clearly true, as many nations in the past have used patriotism as just such a device: Nazi Germany, white South Africa, Stalinist Russia, the Roman Empire, etc. In fact, it seems that the more barbaric a society is, the

more heavily it relies on patriotism to provide a sense of unity and purpose. In our own country, patriotism seems to embody few attributes that any rational person could think of as morally positive. Rather, our brand of patriotism preaches intolerance and arrogance, best illustrated by "love it or leave it," and "Rambo." Rather than being admired for their caring and thoughtfulness, Americans are hated abroad for their selfish pride. To this end, patriotism seems to have little to offer.

Pride in our country and ourselves has unmistakable value and importance, yet patriotism seems to be no help here, either. The patriot is taught to ignore all national wrongdoings and shortcomings, to concentrate on the pure goodness of American democratic political ideology, and to rejoice in that goodness. Reagan is popular because no matter how stupidly he behaves, he has an uncanny ability to "bedtime-story our blues away." Meanwhile, our international prestige, foreign debt, and failure to support free market capitalism have brought us to an all-time diplomatic low. By bullying nations on the basis of idle threats and an over-dramatized terror scare, we have lost the respect of virtually every Western nation. Patriotism ignores these problems as if they were not of any consequence.

There was a time (1776?) when patriotism was associated with integrity and wisdom. Apparently that time has come to an end. By sending up the flags and firing the cannons for those who betray us, Reagan has brought an entirely new meaning to the word patriotism. By using such a term to describe Ollie North and his gang of idiots, Reagan simultaneously insults himself (for believing it's true) and the rest of the world (for expecting us to). He has come to rely on patriotism for popular support of failed policies, and his success is terrifying.

In the nuclear era, the need for global unity is clear and it is here that patriotism has its most visible failing. Patriotism, in any nation, asserts the superiority of that nation's values over

all others, and makes enemies of any other nation which dares to argue that "fact." Patriotism is like a fence which keeps even the possibility of unity at (nuclear) arms' length. Rather than being a tool for healing the world's ills, patriotism dares to compound them. The conclusion I am forced to reach is that without significant modification, patriotism has outlived its purpose.

How much more proud could we be of our patriots if they were caring, tolerant, and conscientious? Wouldn't our pride be more justified in acknowledging goodness rather than ignoring stupidity? Until we put patriotism back in the hands of those who truly care about the responsibility that comes along with our respect, it shall continue to be as Mark Twain once put it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel."

Chris C. Cory
Graduating Senior
Mechanical Engineering

Number 19
June 1987

Forum





Number 19
June 1987

Abortion

There seems to be a contradiction going on. Let me get this straight...

We don't want a pregnant woman to smoke, drink, or take drugs because it might hurt her baby, OK. If she does, and the baby is born, say with a cocaine dependency, she can be charged with child abuse. Sounds reasonable, nobody likes child abuse. But, if the gal wants to, she can have the baby aborted and that's OK, women's rights and all. So, we don't want her to smoke and abuse the baby with bad oxygen, but she can have it cut to pieces or poisoned by a physician, just as long as it's "her choice."

So it must come down to whether or not the baby is wanted. Let's see, if a "wanted" unborn baby is killed by a drunk driver he will be charged with 2nd degree murder or manslaughter, and the grieving family will bury their beloved child in a small casket graced with flowers. Meanwhile, in a nearby hospital, an "unwanted" unborn baby is tossed out with the day's

trash; same size as the other, looks the same (except for the burns from the saline abortion), only difference is it's not wanted, inconvenient and all.

Ah, but across the street at the adoption agency, an infertile couple is told they may never get a child, not too many gals choose adoption these days, women being in control of their bodies and all.

If abortion is the same caliber operation as a tonsillectomy or having an appendix removed (as they claim), how come so much opposition? I've never seen a group of anti-appendectomy picketers. And how come abortionists are so afraid to give out all the facts to the woman, like the possible physical, mental and emotional problems associated with abortion? (They do for any other surgery.) How come so many women feel exploited, traumatized, raped and abused after an abortion? No one mourns the loss of an unwanted tonsil.

Funny thing too, when you want your baby, they call it "baby" right from

the start. Eight weeks along, "Let's listen to the baby's heartbeat!" Eighteen weeks along, "Is the baby kicking?" It's always "baby" this or that. But if it's not wanted it's "fetus." "The fetus is 12 weeks now," etc. I've yet to see a woman pat her enlarged tummy and exclaim, "Oooh! My fetus just kicked!"

Who says "unplanned" children are so bad anyway? I was "unplanned," weren't a lot of us? Were you?

I'm still confused. Why is it we thought abortion was OK?

Brenda Mulligan

Pro-choice Groups Fight Back

In recent years, pro-life groups have picketed and bombed abortion clinics. Their latest tactic has been to set up fictitious "family planning centers" to lure females who are seeking an abortion. But instead of providing abortion information, these women are subjected to a pro-life brainwashing.

Many "clients" are upset because they feel they have been psychologically tortured by this obviously misleading advertising.

Pro-choice groups are launching a campaign to fight back. They recently opened a "pre-natal care clinic." Once inside, prospective mothers are shown the movie, The Extremely Loud Scream. This film starts off with actual footage of a mother giving birth to a 17-pound baby including merciless closeups of the mother's face. Then there is one scene after another with babies screaming in mothers' ears.

Next comes the reenactment of a half dozen children fighting in the back seat of a station wagon while a large dog continuously barks. One child in the front seat tugs at Mommy's clothes and persists in vocally trying to get her attention as Mommy tries to deal with freeway traffic. The front seat child then gives up to throwing a temper tantrum. Mommy does not look like she is having a very good time.

One child in the back seat decides to humor Mommy by placing his too-slowly-eaten ice cream cone on Mommy's head. Mommy calmly pulls the car over, gets out, and has a

nervous breakdown.

The last scenario takes place at an elegant dinner party. Suddenly, a wild drunken teenager appears at the door. The narrator explains why the teenager's ears are missing. Apparently, anthropologists have predicted that cutting one's ears off will be the rage for young people at the turn of the century. The rest is too shocking for words to describe.

Stumbling in and slurring obscenities, the creature vomits in the hors d'oeuvres, and terminates his journey by falling unconscious face first into the vastly exposed, well endowed bosom-pillow of a young lady seated on the couch.

The camera pans across the room and stops with a freeze frame of the hostess mother's face captured in a horrified contortion. The hysterical scream continues on the soundtrack.

After the film, the trembling once-prospective mothers are forced to smell ripe baby shit as well as view three years worth of orthodontist's bills.

Pro-lifers are up in arms about this practice, but so far, not one woman "treated" has complained.

Pro-choicers have no plans at this time, however, of picketing or bombing children's day care centers.

Akamai Elstner

HOSPITAL BOYCOTTED OVER ABORTION POLICY

A local pro-life group has announced a boycott of Sierra Vista Regional Medical Center because the Hospital has not changed its pro-abortion policy. The Life Education Council and Pastors of eighteen churches requested that the Hospital establish a policy that would prevent abortions from occurring at Sierra Vista. The request was made during a mass rally of pro-life marchers last October outside the Hospital.

According to boycott organizer David Foote, the Hospital was sent petitions signed by several hundred persons who expressed intentions to boycott the Hospital. "Insofar as the pastors speak for their congregations, the request is also backed by as many as 5000 potential boycotters county wide," he said.

MINOR'S ACCESS TO CONFIDENTIAL ABORTION SERVICES

A triple threat to minor's ability to obtain confidential abortion services looms in the State Legislature this year. Two bills, SB 11 Montoya and AB 77 Wyman, would require all unemancipated minors to have parental consent for an abortion or else go before a judge to determine if they are mature enough to make their own decision, or that it is in their best interest to have an abortion. AB 67 Isenberg would use Child Welfare Services in place of the courts for the hearing procedure.

Experience in other states with such laws has shown that they place enormous burdens on pregnant adolescents and have no beneficial outcomes. They do not foster parent/child communication. They over burden already crowded courts or agencies. They cause tremendous hardship on young women who are often faced with long distances to travel to obtain a hearing and with daunting procedures. This causes delays in obtaining abortions

with consequent increased medical risks and financial costs. In Minnesota there was a 26.5% increase in second trimester abortions to teens following implementation of a parental consent law.

POINTS TO MAKE

1. Family communication is important and should be encouraged but it cannot be mandated by law. The majority of teens, including 75% of those under 15, do involve their parents when faced with an unintended pregnancy. But for a substantial minority, this is simply not possible.

2. In other states which have consent laws, teens must often travel far to find a judge who will hear their case; or they will travel to other states that do not require consent to obtain an abortion.

3. These laws cause delays which significantly increase the number of second trimester abortions with consequently greater medical and psychological risks and financial costs.

Because of the risks, the California Medical Association supports confidential services to teens.

4. The California Judicial Council, chaired by Chief Justice Lucas, is unanimously opposed to AB 77 (and SB 11, a similar bill in the Assembly) because, among other reasons, of the heavy demands it would make on an already overloaded court system, forcing judges to make hurried and uninformed decisions on a complex issue.

5. In sum, parental consent laws serve no positive purpose for the minor, the family, or the state.

Reprinted from Alert, published by Planned Parenthood of Santa Barbara, Ventura and San Luis Obispo Counties, May 1, 1987.

WE NEED MORE THAN A FEW GOOD WOMEN

(Reprinted with permission from Women's Press, published by the Women's Resource Center of San Luis Obispo, April 1967.)

In light of the very recent Supreme Court decision which supports a woman's equal place in the work force, the Women's Press felt it important to present some facts and ideas on the topic of women in male traditional work fields.

The Association of American Colleges released a report from its Project on the Status and Education of Women in January, 1987, entitled "Looking for More Than a Few Good Women in Traditionally Male Fields." The Report is 24 pages long, so what follows is only a small proportion of the content. The list of resources provided in the report would be a valuable resource tool for anyone searching for information on wage discrimination based on gender.

Occupational Segregation

Although many occupational barriers have fallen, the U.S. work force is still almost entirely sex-segregated; most occupations are either predominantly female or predominantly male in composition. Women are clustered primarily in low-status and low-paying clerical, retail sales, and service jobs often termed the "pink-collar ghetto." Women are 96.9 percent of domestic workers, 95.6 percent of nurses, 80.7 percent of clerical workers and 70 percent of retail sales clerks (1984).

Women are severely under represented at the other end of the occupation spectrum. At least 75 percent of the jobs in the higher-paying professions are held by men. Although the 50 million working women in the U.S. represented 44 percent of the total labor force in 1984, they accounted for 5.7 percent of engineers, 15.4 percent of lawyers and judges, 14.6 percent of physicians and dentists, and 28 percent of managers and administrators (1984).

Most women work outside the home and will continue to do so for most of their lives, even if they marry or have preschool or school-age children. In

1984, 60 percent of all women aged 20 to 65 were employed.

Yet, whether they are college educated or not, a large number of these women will work in jobs characterized by low salaries and little chance for advancement. While no one would deny the value of the jobs that women traditionally hold or the importance of these jobs to the economy, the channeling of women into a limited number of lower-paying fields has turned many of these occupations into female job ghettos that put a cap on women's earning power, limit women's opportunities to pursue their own talents, and may limit women's chances to contribute to society's goals.

The underutilization of women occurs in several areas. By failing to encourage women as well as men, the country wastes a substantial portion of its talent and severely limits women's potential contributions. Obviously the issue of women's participation in fields such as science, law, medicine, computer science, and engineering has important implications not only for women themselves but for the whole of society and the shape of the future.

Critical Filters

What happens to girls in elementary and secondary school and at home can help explain why too many young women entering college are not as well prepared for advanced mathematics and science course work as their male peers, and why they are not as likely to be interested in traditionally male careers.

Women in Traditionally Male Fields

Women in these fields may be subject to a variety of pressures not generally experienced by their male counterparts. For instance, when their numbers are small, women may be overly visible within their departments and may, as a result, be subject to greater scrutiny. Consequently, women may feel increased pressure to succeed, less confident of their abilities, less willing to take risks, and less able to negotiate for their needs. Women may believe that they must prove themselves worthy before being accepted or

taken seriously, or that they must perform better than men in order to be considered equal, and to some extent they are right.

Such pressure on women can lead them to develop extraordinarily high standards for themselves as a prerequisite for staying in the field, so that women with competencies equal to those of their male peers may nevertheless be disappointed in themselves and end up dropping out or changing fields.

Because men more frequently have access to information about what is going on, both in the institution and in the field, and because men share information and advice with each other, women are at a distinct disadvantage. This "old boys network" may be more firmly entrenched in fields where women have been relatively absent and result in women's status as "outsiders" being considered the norm.

Additionally, because women have fewer other women with whom they can relate and share experiences, they may feel particularly lonely and susceptible to the idea that they do not "belong."

Some of the subtle and more overt behaviors and attitudes that can affect women students in traditionally male fields include:

- ** disparaging women in general, women's intellectual abilities, or women's professional potential;
- ** focusing attention on women's appearance or personal life as opposed to their performance;
- ** using sexist humor;
- ** advising women to lower their academic and career goals;
- ** suggesting that "penis envy" motivates a woman to achieve or strive;
- ** making disparaging comments about lesbians, or using lesbianism as a label by which to accuse or threaten women;
- ** giving women less time and attention than men in advising, and in work groups;
- ** treating women in an overly protective or patronizing manner which implies that women are not competent to cope on their own;
- ** addressing women as "honey," "baby," or referring to them as "girls." Such unprofessional language makes women uncom-

fortable by focusing on their sexual role and also equates them with children.

** viewing marriage and family as negatives for women, but as positives -- a stabilizing factor and symbol of maturity -- for men.

Recommendations

This report makes 6 pages of worthy recommendations to improve the status of women, most particularly in academic institutions. However, these recommendations begin with the following which should be adopted everywhere women live, learn, and work.

1. Issue a policy statement that emphasizes the importance of an equitable climate for women. Distribute the statement to all members of the corporate or campus community.

2. Ensure that all efforts to improve the climate for women recognize the special concerns of minority women, older women, disabled women, and low-income women.

3. Issue a policy statement which makes it clear that overtly biased comments, use of sexist humor, and related behavior are not appropriate.

4. Appoint a high level administrator to evaluate and improve the climate for women and minorities.

This would be just a start.

For a full copy of this study, send \$5 to: Project on the Status and Education of Women, Association of American Colleges, 1818 R St., NW, Washington DC 20009.

Number 19
June 1987

ASX-8



BREAKFAST • LUNCH *FE* EVENINGS

Linnaleas

CAFE

A European style coffee house
1110 Garden St., Phone: 541-5888

Finis...

Number 19
June 1987

Wells Sportswear
Prices less than whole-
sale. Tights \$9 Women's
Swim Suits \$7; Polypro
Tights \$13; Free pair of
shorts with a \$20 pur-
chase! Th, Fr, Sat, Sun,
12:00-5:30
245 Tank Farm Road



TREE OF LIFE

A Crisis Pregnancy Center

- 24 Hour Hotline 461-3405 / 543-6000
- FREE PREGNANCY TESTS
- Audio Visual Presentations On Preg-
nancy, Abortion and Alternatives, Fetal Development • Open Inde-
pendent Adoption • Sheltering Homes • Ongoing Counseling And
Friendship • Assistance With Medical And Legal Needs

461-3405 or 543-6000

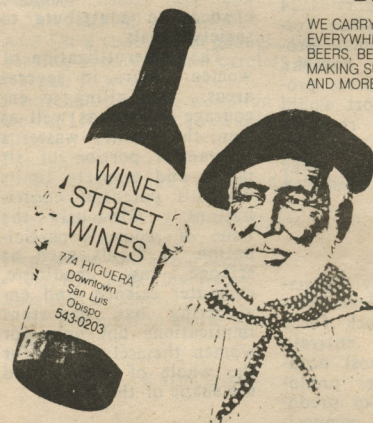
COMMUNICATIONS PROFESSIONAL TYPING SERVICE

LINDA BLACK
(805) 541-3883

2747 Chandler, San Luis Obispo, California 93401

FOR THE
BEST...

WE CARRY WINES FROM
EVERYWHERE, IMPORTED
BEERS, BEER & WINE-
MAKING SUPPLIES
AND MORE...



THE DARK ROOM

Next Door To The Fremont Theater

1037 Monterey Street

San Luis Obispo

Minors Welcome Until 8 P.M.

Great Music
Great Hamburgers
Bud and Coors Pitchers
\$2.50 during Happy Hour



Now Playing at The Dark Room

June 2, Crucial DVC
June 3, Secret Service
June 4, Dermot
June 5, Doug (Happy Hour), Yellow Pages (9:00)
June 6, Daralax Veiv
June 7, Blue Rockers
June 10, Fryer Duck
June 11, Johnny Wool
June 12, Abner Malady (happy hour),
Twinky Defence (9:00)
The Darkroom will be closed June 13 through
June 23 for vacation.

STUDENT HEALTH SERVICES

*Sneak
PREVIEW*

Coming in the Fall

\$20 HEALTH CARD

Gives you lots of extras!

Good for all 3 quarters (Fall, Wtr., Spr.)

For more information, contact the Health Center at 548-1211.