

Number 18
May 1987

ALTERNATIVE

First Words

THE ALTERNATIVE

Independent Student Publication

Opus

A KCFR Insight
Fanzine

relative shall
nd with your help shall
prosper.

Since our last issue I
have recieved some
criticism on the policies
concerning what The
Alternative is willing to
print. The criticism was
aired at our open policy,
that is we try to print what
as the s...

Forum

Re

lax!

Runner
by Seth Beltran

Dearest Hozimeen,
What shakes? Is there
quake and heartache?
Yesterday, riding home
from school I was sure I
was going to heaven and
all that shit. God, at home
there was food and all
that stuff, love and shit I
was so much
...ing.

Sweat

the Alternative... it's P...
amazing phenomenon; it's really P...
magic. Th... are but the idea why w...
nothing here... free exchange of tainly
that the... is important; abou...
opinion... the people have some- mic...
that... the worth telling to d...
each other.
You send in the poetry,
stories. Bomb Shelter
Disks or whatever, we sell
ads and type the stuff and
arrange it on big sheets
in a paper and give them and
money to

number 7
BOMB SHELTER DISCS

Finis...

ASX-8

Genesis

FIRST WORDS

I got interested in *The Alternative* with the first issue, May 20, 1986. I read it non-stop, cover to cover. On Page 1 Leon Panetta wrote about state supported terrorism in Libya and Iran, right next to an article on the same subject from the latest issue of *Socialist*. On the inside, though, there was an article on gun control (pro-gun) and one on abortion (anti).

What was going on here? Was this thing conservative or liberal? I rea-

lized, my heart pounding, that this might actually be a forum for ideas that DO NOT AGREE!

I immediately called Laine Johnson and worked out a deal to type the paper in exchange for advertising. (Later, that developed into an agreement whereby I paid for my own advertising and volunteers type the paper.)

Laine went home to Washington State last summer and Robert Frick took over, and then Robert went to Paris and I inherited the job of Publisher. Even though there have

been changes in staff and format, in the past year we've managed to get out 18 issues, counting this one. It does not feel like one year to me; it feels more like about a year an issue.

It has been very exciting to be involved with this paper. I plan to grow up to be a Rich Great Artist and Writer, and this is exactly the kind of experience I need! I mean, there's nothing that can compare to the thrill you get when you see your own Significant Work published, and then

see some guy in your Speech class grind it under his chair with his feet for an hour. I have learned not only about writing, but also about letting go of what I've written. I haven't learned to do it, but I have learned a lot about it.

I want to grab this opportunity to say thanks to Laine Johnson for really knocking himself out to get this paper started, and to Robert Frick for shouldering the responsibility and the finances for so long.

And thanks to all the

people who have sent in stories and poems; photographs and cartoons and art work. Thanks to the people who have sold ads and bought ads and typed and laid out and proof-read and distributed and picked up and read and saved and been angered by and then written in... thanks to you all. Thanks for getting involved and for giving me such a fantastic game to play in.

Linda Black
4th Year English

If I could be a letter
I'd be the letter "V"
It opens to the sky
letting light descend on me
The light comes to a central point
Touching solid ground
It then floats up along straight lines
That send it heaven bound

Lisa E. Van Muijen

Tumbling and floating through timeful sea
He found her, mistaking her for a rock;
Attached to her was he, but big grew she
And about her leaving they did not talk.
The limpet clings for his life to her shell,
Clings to the home that his friend left behind.
Tempests of honesty toss him to hell
But polish her into a treasured find.
So ardently loves he Oneness in two
But the Tempests veer him into depression
While for her they are always far too few
These Elements of harsh, true expression.

Lisa E. Van Muijen

I gotta write a poem
and I don't know how
So I guess I'll do it later
'cause dinner's ready now.

Buddy



LATERAL FORCES...

CAR: The Demigod

"It was a black, thunderous storm that night when 'Kar' came marching down to our village. He raised his arms high and caused a lightning bolt to strike before his feet. He was mighty, he was powerful, he was now in control."

Shao-ping Lee
12th Century Historian

This was an excerpt from a forgotten book that I had stumbled across by chance--fate--in the dark of the university library, called Addler Chan and the History of Asian Rock and Roll. I picked up the book and began to read it. I was amazed at the secrets it revealed. It spoke of an evil, very old and powerful, and it's relation to this very university.

"CAR," as we know it, was derived from the name "Kar." Kar was the common-tongue name for the demigod, Karua-Bataemuun. This 11th century icon was worshipped by the god-fearing township of Taomen, in the Shiekoon province in China. The little village was taken over by this invading demon and was forced to erect a temple for his pleasure. The people brought offerings of jasmine and incense to ease the beast. Their submis-

sion to this evil was wise for the weak townspeople, but they waited and prayed for an escape, a rescue.

Then one day, sent by the gods who heard their cries and prayers, a prince from the "Winter Mountains High" rode down to the Taomen village. He rode on the back of silvery-grey mare, with its mane waving about very long and free. He had come to save the little town from this demon.

The prince rode up to the temple, where Karua-Bataemuun was lying asleep on many pillows, and knocked heavily on the doors with his long staff. Karua-Bataemuun rose slowly from his lair in anger, and changed his form from a giant to a dragon. The villagers stood back, and were in awe at his magical powers, for they had never seen him do so before. The prince stood firm and fought the dragon with his staff.

Thrusts, roars, and crashes were heard for miles around as the two mighty powers exchanged blows. When the battle was over, both the prince and Karua-Bataemuun walked out of the temple. The villagers were on their knees.

The prince raised his arms high, with his long, yellow staff in one hand

and a large hourglass in the other;

Karua-Bataemuun's head hung low. The people stood around in confusion, in wonder about what was happening. The prince then explained to the village of Taomen that Karua-Bataemuun would stay with them, but would not continue his evil wrath upon them. The prince commanded that the villagers could come to Kar and bring their disputes to him to solve. "Just ask and wait, my brothers. Have Patience," he told them. Then the prince leapt up on the back of his mare and rode back to his home. The prince's name was remembered as Aude Rahp, "Prince of Patience."

The villagers were happy and celebrated with a festival, but it took a month for them to realize that Kar was still bad. This time he was slow, too slow. He became very apathetic in response to the villager's needs and began to ignore their interests. He gave to some, that which he took from others. The villagers became very displeased with him and he with them, so he disappeared one day, never to return.

This book also explained how Karua-Bataemuun had ventured across

the world and how he had found haven in this very region many years ago. It was also noted how there was a rumor that he existed here on campus. My friends, I have found him--ALIVE.

This beast now takes the form of a number-crunching computer that devours zeros and ones. He feeds off of #2 pencil lead, in the shape of circular dots. I have found him harbored in the basement of the old Clock Tower, behind the sign that reads

"FURNACE:
AUTHORIZED
PERSONNEL
ONLY."

The crackling of fire and distant screams of horror can be heard if you press your ear to the warm door.

I have already disclosed too much information about CAR, and am endangered at this very moment. After reading this article, the CAR will be ruthless and unmerciful to my future here at Poly--if I survive. Please, say a prayer for me, brothers. I am doomed.

SOLE IMPEDIMENTS

BOMB SHELTER DISCS

Andrew Darrow

In the previous issue of the Alternative I showed you the albums and singles that the people here at Cal Poly would leave outside of a bomb shelter to be transformed into liquid vinyl. These are known as Suicide Discs.

Now that the Alternative is one year old, I am proud to present you with Cal Poly's favorite albums of the past year. I will continue to keep track of people's favorite albums, so keep sending in your BSD lists.

THE FIRST ANNUAL ANTHOLOGY OF

BOMB SHELTER DISCS

1. "Dark Side of the Moon" (1973), Pink Floyd
2. "Peter Gabriel" (1977), Peter Gabriel
3. "The Name of This Band is Talking Heads" (1982), Talking Heads
4. "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" (1973), Elton John
5. "Brothers in Arms" (1985), Dire Straits
6. "1967-1970" (1973), The Beatles
7. "The Wall" (1979), Pink Floyd
8. "Back in Black" (1980), AC/DC
9. "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" (1967), The Beatles
10. "Deja Vu" (1970), Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young
11. "The Unforgettable Fire" (1985), U2
12. "Some Great Reward" (1984), Depeche Mode
13. "The Ghost in the Machine" (1982), The Police
14. "Talk, Talk, Talk" (1981), Psychadelic Furs
15. "Plays Live" (1983), Peter Gabriel
16. "Raising Hell" (1986), Run DMC
17. "Upstairs at Eric's" (1985), Yaz
18. "Standing on a Beach" (1986), The Cure
19. "Wild Gift" (1980), X
20. "Kaleidoscope" (1980), Siouxsie and the Banshees

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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.

BOMB SHELTER DISCS

Tim Hurley (Arch. 3rd year)

1. Crosby, Stills, and Nash - "Crosby, Stills, and Nash." For the words and the music and the meaning. For remembrance of spring times past, and the impossibility of more. "Stare as all human feelings die."
2. Beethoven - Symphony #9, "Ode to Joy." The joy of arising into a radiated world. The joy of bodies burned and torn to pieces. The joy of insufficient food, supplies, power, ability. The joy of disease. The joy of slow death. Joy.
3. Janet Jackson - "Control." I once "hated" this music and all like it. But what are our petty hatreds and dislikes in the face of such evil? Why not turn the energy of these insignificant condemnations toward the condemnation of the truly absurd.
4. U2 - All five albums. To remember the warning, and cry over our deafness. "The wind will crack in wintertime, A bomb-blast lightning waltz, No spoken words just a scream!"
5. John Lennon - "Shayed Fish." 'Imagine', 'Give Peace a Chance', 'Happy Christmas'. Why don't we hear?
6. Vivaldi - Opus 8, "The Four Seasons." The play of seasons is over, never to delight and fulfill us again. Wintertime has come, and mankind hibernates. Yet, only to the earth is this new, for man has long been asleep.
7. Simon and Garfunkel - "The Sounds of Silence." After the screams of pain, then those of accusation, will some silence. "I am a rock, I am an island." Don't you forget it!
8. Moody Blues - "To Our Childrens' Childrens' Children." Like our fathers, and theirs, our legacy remains.
9. One Jazz Album. Some say jazz has no meaning, and hence little social relevance. But, when have we ever let artistic commentary affect us?
10. Handel, "The Messiah" "For the Lord omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah!" Hallelujah, I go to Him now.

Suicide Disc

"The Victor's March" Ronald Reagan and the Survivability Singers.



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Relax!

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.

For the benefit of those who are in search of the perfect photograph, please include any technical information (camera, lens, f-stop, etc.) when submitting your work.

Poetry, short stories (less than 600 words), or other art work are also welcome.

Please submit all articles, opinions, work, etc., by 12:00 midnight the Friday before the issue in which you would like the work published.

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

WHY DID YOU DO IT? (GET INVOLVED WITH THE ALTERNATIVE)

Well, it's time for a First Year Anniversary. A time to look back on what's happened in the past year, question why it's happened and... stop it from ever happening again... (no, just kidding founding fathers); and to make sure that it continues on into the future.

As to the question of why I joined the Alternative, from what I can remember, the story goes like this: I was walking through the University Union one fine Thursday, when these two young gentlemen (now I know them as Harold and Andy), bound and gagged me and forced me to go to an Alternative meeting. After a bit of brain-washing I became a typist and proofreader, and now the Editor of the Alternative. I have since forgiven Harold and Andy (our Managing Editor and our Entertainment Editor, respectively) because they introduced me to this great establishment.

But, on a more serious note, the Alternative caught my attention with their (now our) candor and policy of printing any works (photos, poems, short stories, letters to the editor, etc.) given to us by the General Public (not the Ska band).

If there is ONE point that I want to express from all this rambling, it's that the Alternative is you. Without contributors, the staff members would have nothing to do...

Mary Ahearn
3rd Year Architecture

Really, why does anyone do anything for free? Usually, because of the people they are doing it with. The people involved with the Alternative are people who make you feel comfortable about your ideas and as if you are really achieving something you believe in.

After the people, who make me feel I am part of a conscious crowd, comes my desire to learn the business of doing business. This has caused my wife and me to join the organization and help push it to success; she as a staff writer and I as a businessman. Here practicality and creativity have come together as a unity of contribution.

Jeremy D. Hammond
Industrial Engineer, 1987

I had fun working on a student magazine in high school so, when I saw the Alternative I thought I'd give it a try.

I've stuck with it because I like the people and the structure. Since it's a small student group there is freedom to work on various aspects of the paper and the students involved are really motivated. It's great to work with a group that believes this much in their paper.

Becky Anning
3rd Year Recreation Admin.

Because I can say that I despise Ronald Reagan's facade as a respectable United States President and not have a gun pointed at my nose when I wake the next morning. Because I can say that ripping the fetus out of a woman's womb is acceptable in an overcrowded world where I am inundated by "help the children of this impoverished country" ads when I want to watch my comparatively affluent television set. So that I can gripe about anything at all with or without seeing results of my griping. So that I can commend those who THINK and DO, whether it be participating in a club, or going to class and actually trying to understand what your caring professor is feeding into your mind.

All in all, freedom of speech is a philosophy, but when it is ACTUALLY practiced, it's a dream.

Sabrina Ossiander
2nd Year Microbiology

My nimble fingers were paralyzed when I wrote this...

Sabrina for
the invaluable Elyse Goin
3rd, Dietics & Food Admin.

I joined the Alternative so that I could meet chicks and because they axed me to.

Seth Beltran
4th Year Architecture

I joined The Alternative because Linda Black, The Publisher, is a good looking, friendly, humorous, intelligent, industrious, wonderful woman whom I respect greatly, and I wish she would print more of the mounds of material I submit to her.

Akamai Elstner
3rd Yr. Construction Mgmt.

I have always wanted to write; even before my sticky little fingers could hold a crayon I made up stories. O.K., Mom called them something else, and I spent a lot of time grounded in my room because of them, but that only gave me time to think up bigger and better ones.

Before I knew about the Alternative, that's where most of my stories stayed - in my room. When Linda Black told me that other people might read my stuff in the paper it was quite a concept for me. All those years I spent studying that damn shag rug on my bedroom floor hadn't gone to waste after all.

Kirsten Clark-Hackett
4th Year Social Sciences

When Laine Johnson first told me that he wanted to create a student newspaper, I saw an opportunity to fulfill my desire to perform restaurant reviews. However, as he went on, Laine's burning desire and enthusiasm for a student forum motivated me to do more than just write. I soon found myself sharing his vision of an avenue for the average student to express an opinion or display a work of art.

With a goal of getting just one issue out, a small group of us got started. After that first objective somehow materialized, we set a second goal of getting two more issues out. Then, we tried to make it through the summer. Each of these issues gave us a little more confidence that perhaps it would be a success.

Next thing you know, it's Spring again, and The Alternative is one year old. Now we have new dreams and visions. With your help, we can continue to improve and be the forum that we dream of.

Harold Kraemer
3rd, Electrical Engineering

Why the hell am I doing this? I don't know, I guess I just love writing for a publication that believes in freedom of speech and opinion.

I've been with The Alternative since its first issue, in which I wrote a record review for Joe Jackson's Big World. With each following issue I became more and more involved with the paper and its goal of being an open forum for anyone to express their opinions.

In addition, since last summer I have been the Entertainment Editor and the founder and proprietor of the popular Bomb Shelter Discs.

Being involved with The Alternative during its first year has been a thrill for me, and I plan on continuing to work with the paper to make it even better.

Oh, and by the way, don't forget to relax.

Andrew Darrow
Senior, Civil Engineering

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



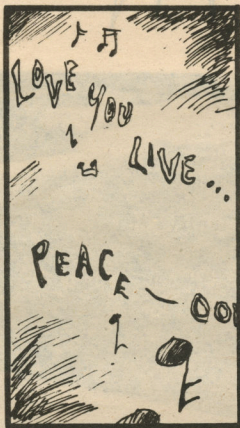
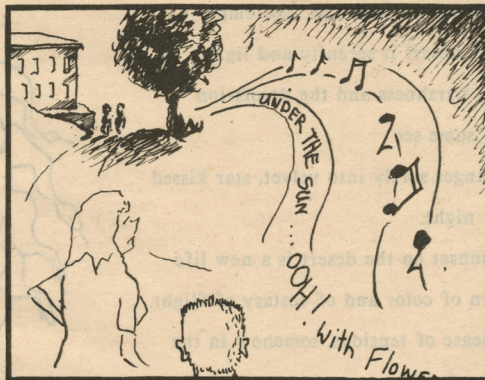
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Forum

im four years old! i cant read yet, i dont even go to school! so why did daddy ask me to write first words? i was thinking that there might be some five year olds that could do this but my daddy said no, i was the only one that you would listen to. my daddy told me that i should tell you about when he was my age his mommy carried him across police baracades in peace demonstrations and his daddy wouldnt go to war. my mommy says things arent the same any more and that nobody cares about me except her and daddy and that the world is going to be a scary place for me when i go to school. my daddy gets real mad when he watches the news and says that ill never see peace. ...sometimes he cries... i think i understand. he tells me that theyre making big bombs that will kill everything and nobody cares. ... why would any body want to kill everything... i told my friends that my mommy and daddy didnt like the big bombs and thats why i was staying with them for a while

because mommy and daddy were going on a long trip. i asked if i could go but my daddy just laghed and said i couldnt walk that far. when he came to get me yesterday my friends mommy asked him if he thought that it was worth losing his job and if it accomplished anything. he picked me up and gave me a hug and a kiss and told me he missed me. he didnt put me down, he just held me real close and said that anything was worth saving the children.

... why would any body want to kill everything....

kay kay

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M. Christopher Held
21-87

RETURNING TO SCHOOL

The first time I was in college was at a large university during the height of the 60's Movement, and now I have returned to school pursuing a second degree here at Cal Poly in the 80's Whatever.

When I first arrived here at Cal Poly, I realized I was going to live the opportunity that most people only dream. The fantasy is usually phrased, "If I only knew then what I know now." That thought was quickly replaced when I took Physics 131, with "If I could only recall now what I knew then."

We didn't have the CAR system the first time I went to school, so registration took a whole day standing in lines in a huge auditorium. I'm sure we all appreciate the benefits that 20 years of technology has given us. Now it takes two weeks of running around the entire campus to straighten everything out.

The most striking difference between these two eras has been in sexual relations. The 1960's brought us the

Sexual Revolution. Now we seem to be in the middle of the Sexual Civil War.

But I guess there are some good reasons for this phenomenon. The other day I was in the Student Health Center. I overheard a young student praying, "Gee, I hope it's only syphilis!"

Another reason might be the Women's Movement. Prior to sexual equalization, it was customary for the man to take the woman out. Women's Liberation has changed all that. Now the woman demands that the man take her out.

In the 60's, everybody was into awareness. Now, the Sony Walkman has allowed students to be "wired for apathy."

This really makes me feel like an old fart, but I don't understand today's music. "Boom pah! Boom pah! Boom pah!" Good grief, it sounds like being inside a factory. I don't get it. But, hey, I'm not going to complain. You go right ahead and listen to that crap.

Another thing I've noticed is an overwhelming

attitude about money as a goal, and not very much talk about the great efforts that are going to make society want to part with all that money. This concerns me greatly. I think you should concentrate on what you're going to DO to deserve all that money and then let the money be the reward. I just wanted to get that in there. I don't have anything funny to say on this one.

Here's something else I've noticed: How come nobody sits down on their bicycle seat anymore? Would somebody please explain this to me?

Some things will never change though. Students still haven't learned how to blow their noses.

Akamai Elstner

I was bored in class one night--
Two lines flashed into my head.

"You had it all
You just didn't know it."

I imagined that was what God would say to someone who committed suicide.

So I wrote about it.
I like it.

George

The Fire*

Had it all.
Didn't know it.
What were you thinking?
Afraid to blow it?

Son, now you know--
that what you want
is what you get--
if you reach a little
higher
but you,
you didn't look,
you put out your fire.

They say what we fear
is our deepest desire...

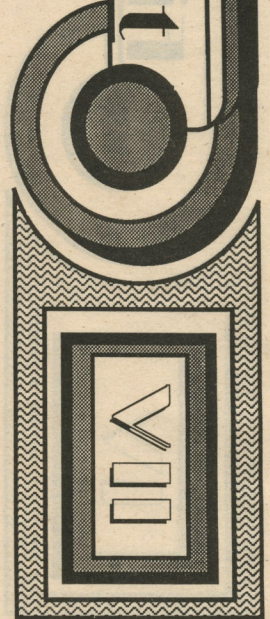
You just couldn't wait
Now you know--
But it's too damn late.

*Respectfully dedicated to
those who have gone...
Written for those who
haven't.

G. W. Patterson
2/10/87

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Sweat



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Thurs. May 21: Archie Johnson

Fri. May 22: (Happy Hour) Spanky and Birdman
(9:00) Yellow Dages

Sat. May 23: Redfish Blue

Weds. May 27: Critic Eyes

Thurs. May 28: Search for Food

Fri. May 29: (Happy Hour) Robert Aguilar
(9:00) Twinkie Defense

Sat. May 30: Fryer Duck



Get into it!

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Letters, Articles, Poems, Artwork,
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CLASSIFIED AD

VW Bug, 1969. Newly rebuilt engine, xint body, needs trans. work! \$650. 549-8562



AGGIE'S MISSION: TO MAKE THE WORLD A SAFER PLACE!

DEAR AGGIE

Famous novelist Aggie Bo Vine has graciously agreed to take time from her busy schedule to answer your most personal and intimate questions, whatever they may be. In fact, you may send in not only the question, but the answer as well, if you have one.

Dear Aunt Aggie,

I have a terrible problem! Awhile ago I met a sweet talking guy. Well, we hit it off from the start; he promised the moon. He told me lots of things and I believed them all. He told me he had an 'operation' and that it was safe. But Aggie, he steered me wrong. What a lot of BULL. When I told him I was 'in the whey' he snorted and called me a cow. I was utterly crushed. Now my black hearted Angus has gone on to greener pastures. Can you help a single moother to be?

Signed, Troubled Tilly

Dear Troubled,

It may help to know that you're not the only star struck heifer to be led down the garden path. Remember; the field of life is strewn with meadow muffins. Understandably you are regretting your roll in the hay with the Bold Bovine but rest assured, help is at hand. You can contact the Holsteins without Hubbies hotline and there are many support groups and cow pools available in your area. Let me know how things turn out for you.

Aunt Aggie

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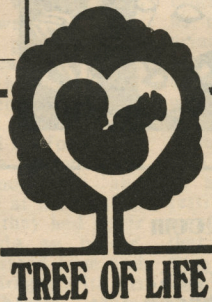
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Ditto
All Of The Above

To get your name on this list, show up at the meeting Monday night at 6:00, in Architecture 203.



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 Independent Adoption • Sheltering Homes • Ongoing Counseling And Friendship • Assistance With Medical And Legal Needs • Post Abortion Counseling

461-3405 or 543-6000