

ALTERNATIVE

First Words

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



Kay Kay

My Big Saturday Night

By Rick Elstner

The last time I went out with a woman was October of 1982. Well, except for one date I had a couple of years ago; -- but except for that, I've been pretty happy.

Occasionally, however, a well meaning person that has fallen in dumb puts his hand around my shoulder, takes me into a corner and says something like, "Hey, Rick, you're a good looking, young, successful, intelligent, kind and humorous guy. You should have women crawling all over you." Usually I laugh at this -- one of those psychotic laughs. But for some reason, this week I listened. "Yes, it would be nice to have a woman's love in my life," Cupid's drug flowed into my weakened brain.

So this week I asked some women out. They all said no.

This afternoon a called my well meaning friend back and explained that I give up. There is no way a woman would actually go out with me.

Now my idea of a delightful evening is relaxing with a good book while listening to the radio, but my friend encouraged me to go out into San Luis Obispo with a positive attitude. So here I am at the end of my big Saturday night, willing to tell all the juicy details.

First I thought I would go to Woodstock's Pizza. I've never been there before, but I heard it was a fun place. I ventured in and, standing in line just ahead of me was a stunning blonde in a tight black turtleneck sweater, wearing a symbol which easily invited small talk to

break the ice.

"So, tell me all about your swastika," I inquired.

"We are on a mission to communicate our cause to the world, but I don't want to talk about it!" she said, as she turned away. I wasn't hungry for pizza anyway.

As I passed the Assembly Line, I happened to see a friend of mine.

"Hey, Rick, I am meeting two women for dinner. Would you like to join us?"

This is more like it, I thought. Unfortunately, one of the girls had the bad manners to bring her husband along.

Onward I optimistically propelled myself. As I walked past Brubeck's, five gorgeous women in the display window watched me walk past. I smiled back. They all gave me the "What in the fuck are you looking at" look. Have you ever been hit with five simultaneous "what in the fuck are you looking at" looks?

Hey, you just have to shed it off! I repeated to myself, as I wiped my tears.

My final destination was Koyoto Restaurant. I mean first class, right? My beautiful waitress was overly nice to me, I dreamed. When she brought me my fortune cookie, I waited until she came back to inquire if everything was okay, then I hit her with my big line.

"I'm sure the fortune in my cookie is just one of those typical, bland fortunes. Could you please take it out and put in your own creative, personal message?" Giving today's liberated woman an opportunity.

"Yes," she smiled. Oh, God, Dean Martin would have been proud of me! She brought my fortune cookie back, and I smugly opened it. The message

looked like the same characters on the menu in front of the eel soup.

"Oh Dean, oooooohhhhoooooo Dean, whoooooah Dean!" (Jerry Lewis voice.)

That's when the evening started getting interesting. At the table next to me were two couples. The two girls had a very lively discussion going. It would go from loud; to swearing; to shh!, shh!, shh!; to shut up, shut up, shut up; to whispering; to crying. This routine recycled several times, growing in intensity each time, while the two male assistants were pleading with the two females to cease. Finally the two male valets paid the bill like nice little gentlemen and convinced the two raging warlords that perhaps the time to depart had arrived. As the vortex swept past the front window, the two male pages were desperately trying to keep the two gladiators from ripping each other's eyeballs out.

So that's what it's like to have a date! After all these years, I almost forgot. Well, I'm cured.

But of course, I said that back in 1982.

About the author:

Richard Elstner was a bugler during the Sexual Revolution until somebody broke his bugle. He has decided not to participate in the current Sexual Civil War.

生活幸福 万事如意

Destiny

by Kathy Brescia

A circle, quite large,
divided in two -
Black and white, halfway
through.

And I on a string,
suspended above
About to be dropped to
the section I love.
Here my life is decided
for me.

Here my mind will, at last,
be set free.

I close my eyes as I take
the plunge;
I let go the string, and
after I lunge
I open my eyes to see
where I fell.

(White is the good; the
black side, Hell.)

But forever it seems in
the middle I sit -
I landed where the circle
in two parts is split.

* * *

Sculpted Memories

by Dianna Callesen

we evolved, one
then separated into our
own realities
... like amoebae.

in the magic of twilight
i picked faded roses
and breathed deep
their fragrance of
summers past.

so this is it --
lying in the darkness --
almost awake ...
reciting verses chisled in
my memory.

* * *

Song to Hotch

from Lindy

When I think of love
I think of you

And the way you hold me
with your smile.

When I think of what
I thought I knew...

You help me forget it
for a while

Love consists of many
different things

Some are soaring
heights and some are
pain

When I think of spending
time with you

Then I think I've learned
to love again.

Linda Black

An Alternative Interview with Mojo Nixon

In the realm of rock music today, there is no one more prolific than Mojo Nixon. On stage he is John Lee Hooker meets the Tazmanian Devil combined with a whole slew of social statements he uses as lyrics. In person he is no different.

I met Mojo for dinner at Hudson's Grill before his first show at The Darkroom on Sunday, November 16. I was joined by Harold Kraemer and Theo Devine, and the four of us rapped over burgers and nachos about Mojo's past experiences and future plans. The "interview" begins as we enter Hudson's Grill.

ALT: If you would like to say anything off the record you're welcome to turn off the tape recorder.

MN: I can't think of anything I'd want to say off the record... What kind of things do people say off the record? 'Well, off the record, all other bands suck!'

(The hostess sat us in a booth near the bar.)
(Waitress walks up.)

WAITRESS: Hello, how are you guys doing?

MN: We're doing great!

WAITRESS: I'm not quite sure how long you've been here, but can I get you something to drink while you're deciding if you haven't already.

MN: Oh, we've already decided, I think. We haven't been here that long. It's not like we're prisoners in here.

WAITRESS: Okay. What can I get for you?

(We order food.)

MN: Do you all have fish n' chips still cookin'?

WAITRESS: Uh, huh.

MN: Okay, let me get the fish n' chips, and -uh, some coffee, and a coke, and some water. I need a lot of liquids.

(Waitress checks I.D. after alcohol order.)

ALT: As you can see they're really strict in this town about checking I.D.'s.

MN: Yeah, well I've got this thing on this...I've got a new E.P. that's just out-should be in the stores next week (Nov.23). It's got this new song on it called "Burn Down the Malls". What it is it's just this tirade, essentially, which is strung together by me screaming 'burn down the malls' in the middle, you know. But, um, I talk about the 21 drinking age jive, you know, trying to go nationwide. In fact, they have pretty much, I think, except for Florida and Louisiana...21 drinking age, you know... You think Reagan gets involved in a war, you think they're going to draft 21 year olds, hell no! You can go down to Nicaragua, kill a bunch of people you don't even know, but you can't buy a beer, man. You can get married and screw yourself up real good, but you can't buy a beer. You can buy Lee press-on nails, you can get a Master Charge, you can drive a car which is, you know, got to be more dangerous than... than buying a beer. All that jive is just crazy. And all this war on drugs junk, man... I got a quote here, maybe I'll put this right across the front (of the Alternative). Mojo Nixon says: "The only jar that he's going to pee in is the one Nancy

Reagan's gonna drink out of." (laughs)

ALT: Did you hear what Edward Meese said the other day about monitoring workers at work and even at the tavern down the street?

MN: Yeah, I think ol' Ed Meese, you know. Oh, I didn't tell you about these, uh, marketing ideas. You know how most bands sell shirts and what not. Me and Skid are going to sell Ed Meese inflatable blow-up dolls. You all didn't hear about these? Oh man, it's going to be big, man! You got to picture, you know, ol' chubby republican Ed sitting there, man, you know he's kind of blown up. You know what you can use these inflatable love dolls for if you don't want to use them for sexual perversity? You can put them next to you in the car so you can get in the carpool lane, see, you know, see you put a couple of them, you know you got Ed- he's sitting there all chubby and republican looking and he's got that love doll look on his lips, you know, aaaaah (imitates Ed). But, um, man all that stuff is just getting me... But anyway this song "Burn Down the Malls" I just strung together all these things I've been saying live. Things like that that aren't, you know, that didn't make it on the second record (Frenzy). I just strung it together by talking about shopping malls and lowest common denominator commercialism and how marketing strategies and all that kind of jive's takin' over America. I mean it's been takin' over for years.

ALT: So what albums would you choose as your Bomb Shelter Discs?

MN: Well, these Bomb Shelter Discs, let me see. I think I'd have Bob Limeboys from Mississippi featuring the Reverend Archie Brownily. There'd definitely be, uh, probably a John Lee Hooker album in there. There'd definitely be a Howlin' Wolf album in there. Uh, there'd probably be a Bob Dylan album in there.

Especially one that would include, uh, "Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again". Uh, there'd probably be some kind of Springsteen album in there. There'd definitely have to be some kind of 60's soul thing in there. Some kind of Atlantic history of rhythm and blues. Probably, oh, all of them, you know. Just a box set. (laughs) Count that as one, you know. And, uh, there'd be a lot of things in there like that, you know. That's not ten but, heck.

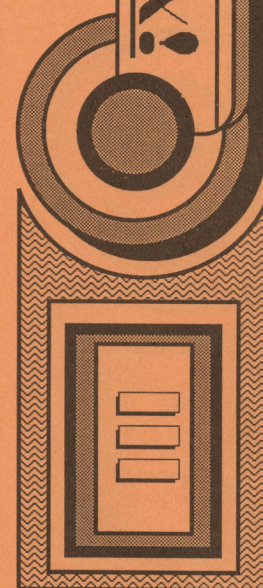
(Waitress brings drinks)

ALT: Have you got any response from MTV regarding "Stuffin' Martha's Muffin"?

MN: Well, actually, there's, uh, no actual response from Martha. This guy in New York told me, though, who was this real Mojo nut at the show. I mean, one of these guys, just, really glassy-eyed, both eyes are going every-which-way, he's sweating the whole time he's there, man. He's obviously, like, frying out of his mind. Or he's, like, some kind of psychopathic killer-on-the-loose. He's standing right up front just hollering at the top of his lungs- his teeth are about to come out, you know. Anyway, he told me that he saw, uh, Steve Baters, and, uh, Martha Quinn at some,

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Relax!



uh, sushi bar. They came walking out. Him and his buddy stand there and they start yellin' at the top of their lungs, "Stuffin' Martha's Muffin! Stuffin' Martha's Muffin!" They both like turn green and run. (laughs) But, you know, we were on the Cutting Edge on MTV, you know, that show, that I.R.S. that's on Sunday nights. And we recorded "Stuffin' Martha's Muffin" for that, and they wouldn't air it. (laughs) So then, we were, uh, this 120 minutes called up, you know, which is another Sunday night show. Supposed to be the new happening thing, you know. And that's obviously us: the new happening thing (laughs). So, uh, this woman calls up the record company and goes, "Yeah, we want (see "Mojo" page 7)

On Censorship

On June 2, 1986, lead singer of the band the "Dead Kennedys", Jello Biafra and four others were charged with "distribution of harmful matter to minors." These charges originated from a mother's complaint against a poster reproduction of a painting inserted in the Dead Kennedys' recent album "Frankenchrist". On the cover of the album was a sticker which read: "WARNING: The fold-out to this album contains a work of art by H. R. Giger that some may find shocking, repulsive or offensive. Life can sometimes be that way." H.R. Giger is a well respected Swiss surrealist artist. His works have appeared on books and prestigious galleries throughout the world. He is best known for his Academy Award winning set designs for the movie

"Alien".

But the hype about the poster is misleading, for the issue is not really about whether or not the poster is pornographic. The issue is one of politics — should a few right wing people who have the power, be allowed to make public policy? Do they really speak for off of the American public? Censoring Rock music (which will then lead to other forms of art — like the poster) is the goal. Jello Biafra and the others are assumed to be the pigeons.

Other secondary issues tend to overwhelm the real issues. Take for instance the Dead Kennedys live performances. They are usually sought after with local resistance and police hostility. Why? The Dead Kennedys are targeted by religious organizations, not because the crowds "bunch of unruly punks"

but because they are a political band.

Where does this put us now? Well, the organizations from the far right (PMRC, Morality in Media, the Meese Commission, etc.) have already dealt the cards that result in what we are seeing, reading, hearing — thinking. At the moment, two public radio stations in California are being reviewed by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission) for airing "obscene or indecent" programming. The University of California's KCSB in Santa Barbara was accused of broadcasting obscene song lyrics and KPFC in Los Angeles has been nailed for airing what is said to be an "indecent" homosexual play. The people in the dangerous right wing are setting themselves up as spokespeople for

America, and they are holding many of the aces.

It's a sad thing to think that other people are being allowed to think for us. I was reading the other day where a man from Oregon attacked "Rock and Roll" and successfully cut all music from some tiny town. Now, I'm sorry, I may not like hearing "The Pork Dukes" or "Do You Know the Way to San Jose?", but I reserve the right that someone may like it. I can always choose to turn it off. I reserve the right to think freely. It is in our Constitution.

On December 8th, KCPR is presenting Jello Biafra in a spoken word performance in Chumash Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Tickets are \$4.00 for students and \$6.00 for the general public. Only those who are fully informed can make the proper and responsible decisions.

Josh Waterman

Editor:

So, Ricco, you want me to prove the existence of God? I'd be happy to and I will, just as soon as you tell me how to stuff an infinite quantity into a finite space.

No, I do not claim to be able to prove God's existence — deductively. This I hold on the grounds that it is logically impossible. To prove something requires first an ability to comprehend it. Since both scientific data and logical systems are finite in nature they cannot comprehend an infinite subject. However, their lack of ability to prove the existence of the infinite balance by their inability to disprove it. A bathroom scale cannot read your temperature, yet your temperature exists nonetheless. The central argument of Christianity is that man is not able to come to a knowledge of

God through his own devices. The initiative lies on God's part to make the first move.

To respond to your contentions, first of all I strongly disagree that the sciences define reality. They examine and collect information about reality, but it is the interpretation, by the way, itself begins with an assumption, a given, which in your case is atheism and mine christianity. In the end, it is the primary assumption a that determines what definition will be.

Secondly, the sciences and christianity (I am not defending "religion") are not in opposition. Primarily, this is because they make the same assumptions about the nature of the universe; that it is constant, predictable and rigidly follows a system of natural laws. Also, they focus on entirely different subjects.

Science takes the assumed causal system and examines it for content and operation, while christianity and all other primary assumptions take the assumed causal system as a given and explain it in terms

of origin and purpose. It is, and always has been, a christian principle that facts and logical systems are objectively definable and verifiable. If it weren't, there would be no basis for the evidence of the life and testimony

of Jesus Christ, and the doctrine of miracles.

Although I've already offered one set of reasons why the existence of God cannot be proven on factual basis here's another, since you (see "God" page 7)

<p>BREAKFAST • LUNCH <i>FEVENINGS</i></p> <p>Linnaea's</p> <p>CAFE</p> <p>A European style coffee house 1110 Garden St., Phone: 541-5888</p>		
Dec 6	Sous La Terri Brass Quintet Classical	8:30 Free
Dec. 10	Mark Nelson SLO Folk Society Dulcimer	7:30 \$5.00
Dec. 12	Carol Lowell Singer / Guitarist Cal Poly Prof.	8:30 Free
Dec. 13	Earl Robinson Singer / Songwriter Composed "Workers Revolutionary" song "Joe Hill"	8:30 \$3.00

From The Hill

Panetta Responds to President's Speech on Iran

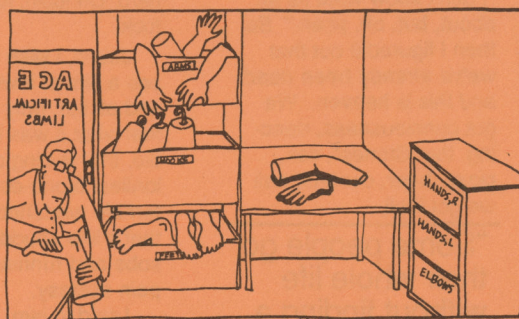
"The President's decision to secretly provide weapons to Iran represents a major shift in our stated policy of refusing to negotiate with terrorists. We simply cannot ignore the fact that the hostages in Lebanon are at least partially under the influence of Iran.

"This change in policy was made without the knowledge of Congress. Only now, after the fact, are the relevant Members of Congress being informed. This decision-making in secret further undermines the Administration's credibility and skirts laws governing arms shipments.

"Regardless of the motives of this change in

policy, the clear impression is that we traded arms for hostages. That may not have been the intention of this policy, but that is the message that has been sent to terrorists around the world. And for that reason, this is not the kind of policy that is in the best security interest of this nation or the world."

Leon Panetta



HANSEN & BLACK

Willard can't figure out why there's so much fuss over Reagan sending arms to Iran.

91.3 KCPR
FM STEREO CAL POLY RADIO

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Forum

Dear Editor:

"Religion without science is blind, but science without religion is stale." - Fr. M.C. S.J.

I imagine that I am one of the few people to respond who can actually understand your viewpoint; I too have had my periods of doubt and disbelief in religion. Like you, I demanded irrefutable evidence that God does exist. When no proof existed, I became even more critical of religion. But I realized something that destroyed my headstrong resistance to religion... to demand proof of God's existence is, in itself, a hypocrisy. Indeed, all of the scientific "facts" in this world are no more than theory.

The point being that it requires "faith" to believe in science just as it does to believe in a diety.

So, before insulting the beliefs of at least 70% of all college students by saying that those beliefs have no logical backing, remember that almost every law of physics that we have developed to date (from $F=ma$ to the Maxwell equations and beyond) depend on the idea that the proton does not decay. Researchers are now searching for decaying protons that have been mathematically predicted to occur. If they find them, who will have been standing on bad faith then? Call those researchers iconoclasts, if you will.

Therefore, there are no absolutes. And since we see that neither the hypothesis of sciences nor the precepts of religion are irrefutably true, we must draw a covenant. In fact, true to the quote

Now, the critical response to this argument is that there seems to be a great deal of difference in the order of magnitude of faith that it takes to believe in a religious claim over what it takes to accept a scientific "fact." But remember, the difficulty involved in believing in something is a matter of perspective. There are people who will never be able to look themselves in the mirror and believe that they have evolved, at some point, from a segmented worm just in the same way as there are those who will never believe that the descendents of Adam and Eve could have multiplied over six continents into such diverse ethnicities in only 6000 years. (Never mind the genetic consequences of inbreeding during the early generations.)

mentioned at the beginning of this rebuttal, we must, as rational minds, accept both the scientific and theological viewpoints as having their own validities. Science gives us new ways of interpreting religion and religion gives us the way to acquaint life and God with science. The union of the two is greater than the sum of the individual parts.

May God and science be with you,

Matt Lopez and
Mike Brokowski



Runner

by Seth Beltran

Dearest Hozimeen,

What shakes? Is there quakage 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 filled with so much love that I was thinking, "Soon I hope there will be love coming out of the end of my dick!" So this morning in the

"Daily" they'd asked students about the after-life. They all said, "Oh, yeah, I believe." and, "I don't know what its all about, but, oh, yeah." So then I figured it out that we've already been dead and this is heaven. We got consciousness, dancing, the "Stones", sex, pizza, beer, oceans, hell we got it all.

"Some people go their whole life without finding a dead guy."

So, today, when I was running out the tracks at school, I found this old dead guy. I was running in between the rails and watching my footfalls when all of a sudden there's this half leg, cut off at the knee, lying between the rails. It was bare with a shoe on and at first I thought it was a prosthesis or something. I stopped and there was the rest of the guy lying down in the ditch. He was an old bum walking guy, and, his backpack was still on.

I can't help but try to imagine his dying death. There was a wide trail of blood down the bank so I figure he was alive for a bit. I imagine, god, that whole lonesome shit feeling loud thunder hell train and my fuckin' god I'm gonna die and I'm breathin' hard and there's no one else in the world but me and I'm dying alone and fuck I'm

crying man! I can't feel nothing that trains so loud and I can smell exhaust and I'm breathing so hard. Oh fuck!, fuck!, fuck!, fuck!

Jesus, I wish I could see a film of it with sound and all but, only if could feel what it was like to die, that feeling of the lonliest alone-est most terrible wretched feeling that's like shuddering sobs and running hard pain ecstasy.

I said to him, "You're dead buddy." I was more scared the time a snake came up to me. I hopped a fence and called the cops from the rodeo arena at school. They just took my name when we got there so I continued on out the tracks.

I hope I don't dream about it.

Some poeple live their whole life without finding a dead guy.

My most horrible awake thought dream, that makes me feel like some one put their cold touch on my back is that guy's got me pinned down and he's trying to shove that chopped off leg down my mouth bloody end first.

(I think this is a song).

* * *

CALIFORNIA BREWERY NEWS

(second in a series)

Anchor Steam Brewing Co.

Any series on California breweries should begin with San Fransisco's Anchor Brewing Co. - the last of the old brewing community (30 breweries at one time in San Fransisco alone), and in some ways, the first of the new breweries (now numbering 14 in Northern California).

The rescue of the Anchor Brewery (founded in 1896) by college student Fritz Maytag in the 1960's, and the demonstration that loyalty to traditional brewing ingredients and methods could be combined with modern quality control standards, proved that small breweries were a commercially viable proposition and paved the way for the new microbreweries.

On December 17th, Spike's will be wishing its customers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with Anchor's annual Special Ale. Tastings of these classsic brown ales from four different vintages will be available.

While we're at it, we figure the time has come to dip into the legendary "Old Foghorn" barleywine ale from the Summer of 1985, which is just now getting good.

If you're leaving town during break, then Merry Christmas! and we'll see you January 16th when we introduce Santa Rosa's new brewery.

Christmas Ale
Night

THE ORIGINAL
SPIKE'S
SAN LUIS OBISPO

Wednesday
December 17th



("Mojo" from page 3)
Mojo, we want Mojo." I said, okay, we're going to be in New York in a couple of weeks so why don't we film something then. Then they call back and go (imitates MTV) , "Well, you have this song that's a, you know, direct personal attack on Martha." (laughs) And I said, "No, what are talking about, man, it's a personal attack on MTV, on your inability to play anything but, you know, complete and other mindless crap." You know, but um, I said, "What I have here is a love poem for Martha. I don't say anything bad about Martha, man, I just say I want to get in her pants, that's all". (laughs) There's nothing bad about that, I'm just being up front and honest, you know.
ALT: So, what are the groups that you don't like today? What would be a Suicide Disc for you?

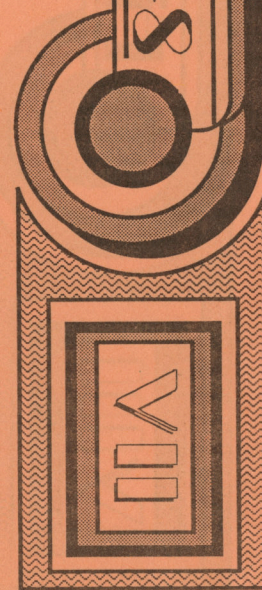
MN: Well, it would be kind of a toss up between your American-pop-metal things, you know, like Bon Jovi and Loverboy and Starship. Those kind of dinosaur bands that all look the same and sound the same. You can't tell one song from the other, you know. They just barely have enough hook to get on the radio. And the other bands would be these English, whining, I'm depressed, bad disco, synthesizer bands. Those bands like Duran Duran, and Tears for Fears, and what's that one?.... Depeche Modie. All those kind of bands. And this new one, Gene loves Jezebel, man. I thought the two of them were girls, they turned out to be guys. I was going to ask them out on a date... and once you realize they're guys you figure they're ugly guys, too. I just don't like anything that doesn't

doesn't have any get-up-and-go, no spunk, no funk, no soul, no rock n' roll!
ALT: So, you think music is pretty dead today?
MN: I don't think it's really deader than any other time. You know, pop pablum stuff, just...I mean, Doris Day was a huge seller in her time. At the same time right next to Elvis was all these kind of crooner kind of cats. It's always been this way. Even if you look at the charts in '66, which I kind of count as one of the high points of civilization. Right next to Count Five, Psychotic Reaction, or the Beatles or the Stones you have Petula Clarks's third hit which was hideous, or Sammy Davis Jr. or "Which way you going, Billy?", or "Billy don't be a Hero" and all that kind of junk...I think the biggest problem is rock n' roll is turning more and more

into business. It was an outlawed thing in the 50's and the 60's. In the 70's they learned how to make money off of it. And so now everything revolves around that idea, making money. So people who work at record companies think the way to make money is to sound like bands that made money. They don't think being good, having good songwriting, good singing and all that stuff...
(Waitress interrupts)
WAITRESS: Are you guys doing okay here?
MN: I need another Coke!...yeah, they think the way to make money is to be like Loverboy. No one wants to take a chance, no wants to say, 'Yeah, this is good, this is cool, let's give this a try!' Everybody's afraid of their job, you know.

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ASX-8



The Alternative

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The Alternative
P.O. Box 382
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("God" from page 4)

brought up the point. As any child can tell you, a row of dominoes cannot set themselves in motion. A primary motive of force is required which cannot be part of the system. That row of dominoes is a simple causal system, and the natural universe is no more than a quantitatively more complex one. Now, if this aspect of the analogy is true, then something outside this cause and effect universe must exist, though it cannot be experimentally verifiable. An examination of how a row dominoes tumble into each other cannot tell you anything about the nature of the primary mover, it only leads to the assumption that it indeed exists and that it had sufficient motive force to initiate causal action. Since God, being the

prime mover of the natural universe, must exist outside the chain of cause and effect, science cannot examine Him at all because it is dependent upon the system.

My cheif aim in all this is to make an important stance clear; I do not rationally believe that God's existence can be proven, at least not in deductive sense. However I do not think that much evidence exists for inductive arguments. Since factual evidence relies upon systems of interpretation, I think we would do better at this point to examine them for rationality before we start throwing facts around. I have given you rationale for my assumptions in order that they can be tested. I would appreciate the same courtesy.

"According to the various courses open to you, you must take the trouble to search for truth, for if you die without worshipping the true principle, you are lost. But to say, if He had wanted me to worship it, He would have given me signs of His will. And so he has; but you neglect them. So seek them; it is well worth it"

—Blaine Pascal

Also rationally,
Marc R. Horney

The Alternative will return next quarter for more sex, drugs and rock & roll. We look forward to hearing from you.
Have a **Merry Christmas** and a **Happy and Safe New Year**

—from all of us at
the Alternative

• Happy Holidays •

Finis...

Number 3
December 1986



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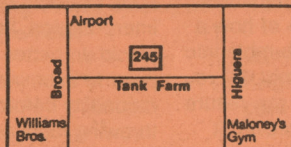
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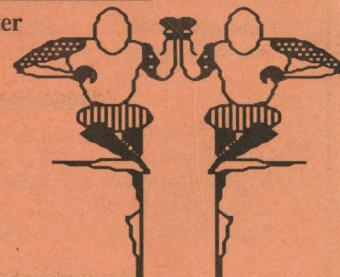
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