It was just a short while ago that I was truckin' through the downtown area, passing by the distant blaze of rock from the building's intercom when I passed the stereo shop and received a shock. Walking cold in my tracks as if someone had slammed a door in my face, I spied another new sign in the shop window. But this one was different from the others. plastered to the glass door, it announced: WE'RE MOVING! CONTACT US AT OUR DOWNTOWN OFFICE. A darkened, empty store loomed in the background. My jaw dropped—the shop had disintegrated altogether.

Pacific Stereo, owned by Pacific Electronics, which in turn is owned by CBS broadcasting network, is the No. 1 dealer in high-fidelity enterprise, but most felt basically discontent about the action. Students had mixed reactions to Pacific Stereo's housecleaning announcement, "Both the decision to add and to take away the records were made at the executive level, before any individual stores had a chance to react."

"Pacific Stereo was hit by the economic crunch just like everybody else," Fagerburg went on, scratching his beard while emphasizing. "we're promoting a writing and photography contest with lots of prizes. There are professional judges and everyone is invited to enter. But we had better hurry because the deadline is February 1. Come into the Journalism Office the evening first week—long engagement Saturday night at the Troubadour."

Fagerburg clarified the sudden disappearance of the Cal Poly store as he switched on different pairs of speakers for interested listeners. "he governing executives realized that the Union shop just couldn't hold its own financially. It was obvious that we weren't going to experience a $600 sale from a student every afternoon, so to speak. Without the records it was a hopeless cause."

Students had mixed reactions to Pacific Stereo's housecleaning announcement. Some were upset, but most felt basically discontent about the action. Junior Chuck DeGarmo, an ornamental horticulture and landscape architecture major, remarked, "It was nice having records so near, but Pacific was too small a shop to have a good selection."

Although DeGarmo enjoyed Pacific Stereo's competitive prices, freshman Don Kubler, an agricultural business major, waited too long to even get his chance at a bargain. "The one time I decided to buy an album there, I ran down and the records had disappeared," mused Kubler, looking up from an application form and setting aside his pair of headphones out of which a chorus of high school rock echoed. "I had to go downtown to get it and it was really inconvenient."

Reflections like these have come from the mouths of many students. "We're trying to react," Fagerburg explained, "If you've heard rumors around and wondered how much truth there was to them Outpost does a lot of wondering too, and we decided to do something about it. We did some investigating and checking and found some interesting answers to the disappearance of Pacific Stereo.

The answers are in this week's column. And other future columns will deal with the topics of computer registration hassles and possibly the parking problem. Any other subjects? Leave us a note in the Polygraff box on the Outpost desk."

Also, don't forget to check out our new music column—Audio Delights. We keep you up to the latest in the music world.

You won't want to miss upcoming issues. If you have trouble finding one around town, stop by the Journalism Office at 4:40-7:40 and I'll dig one up for you.

Ellen Panisky, editor
Brad closed his engineering book and started off to his bathroom to join Sheila on her bath. He lazily left his studies on the deck and headed for his nightly duties in the bathroom. Sheila placed her book on the shelf. She disrobed and eased her fatigued body between the sheets on the tranquil water bed. Brad urged the bed a roll and sway as he slipped in beside Sheila.

The warm, flexible bed enhanced their sexual desires. The water looked as sex in my mother's hair and Brad touched upon their every erotic fantasy. The rocking motion slowed as they relaxed from their efforts.

The water bed is the latest rage in bed and lovemaking comfort. The sleep experts claim you gain perfect support from a water bed. It contours to the exact shape of your body, whether sleeping or making love.

A water bed is simply a plastic bag filled with water and encased in a frame of wood. The bag costs about $60. A tightly filled water bag is hard, unyielding, and does not lend to the feeling of floating on water. If the bag is slack, a hammock effect is created, the mid-body, which is the heaviest, sinks, with the head and feet rising to higher points.

If you sleep on a water bed that is colder than the body, there is a marked chilling effect. An overheating effect is created if the bed's temperature is above that of the body.

To regulate the temperature, a heater is advisable for about $80. One of the water bed's disadvantages is that if the electrically fails or the heater gets turned off, icicles may form on your body before morning. It takes the heater at least two days to warm the bed to a comfortable sleeping temperature.

Lynn Burrell, a recent convert to a water bed, said, "I fall asleep faster, wake up more refreshed and actually need less sleep. One of the best things," she continued, "is that my arm don't fall asleep during the night." Water beds prevent the concentration of pressure against the bony prominences of the body by evenly distributing the occupant's weight.

Physical therapist Kit Stamp explains, "Quadriceps use water beds to reduce ulcer pressure. Ulcer is an external sore caused by a lack of circulation that patients have when lying in bed for extended periods of time. If you have a low back problem it would not be good if you slept on your stomach," cautioned Kit. The body's midsection sinks more on a water bed and this tends to increase the curvature of the low back area when lying on your stomach.

Furry bedspreads and water beds with fancy leather-bound frames are offered at the House of Water Beds at 1499 Monterey St. Beds there are priced from $229 to $419, including frames. The water beds come in twin, double, queen and king sizes. Just like regular beds, most students find it more feasible to make their own frames.

Before water beds were the lovemaking rage, brass beds held many newlyweds. Brass beds were manufactured between 1890 and 1910. They were decorative and also hygienic. The bed bugs couldn't live in the brass fittings like they could in the wooden bed frames.

Brass beds now cost between $300 and $400. The price depends upon the condition, age, ornateness of the frame. The brass bed is now a sought after antique.

If you can't find an antique and a waterbed is too expensive, try a used mattress. Peter Carvel's Used Furniture and Antiques at 1302 Ocean St. has used mattresses costing from $25 to $45. Headboard and frame prices vary.

To test a second-hand mattress for fit, mess Carvel suggested standing the mattress on one end, then stretching out your arms and pressing in the middle. Carvel said, "Your hands shouldn't touch the material. Most people don't know how to buy a second hand bed. They end up with a snappy bed!"
"The buyer should be sure the springs on the box springs aren't broken, especially the boards on the underside," emphasizes Canvel. A second-hand mattress must be sterilized before you buy it. A yellow tag means the mattress has been sterilized. And who knows, you may find someone's forgotten treasure tucked away inside.

The Nearly New Furniture Store at 1301 Broad St. offers a variety of new and used beds. The innovation chest or captain's bed has five drawers under the mattress in which to store your prized possessions. It's almost as good as having your valuables under your pillow.

If you want to be on top of your studies, even while you sleep, here's the bed for you; the bunk is on the top and underneath there is a desk. There are shelves located between the bunk and desk. The price is $45 at the Nearly New Furniture Store. The store also offers a new and used mattresses beginning at $14.90.

Today's beds are a great improvement over the ancient Roman mattresses stuffed with reed, hay, wool, or feathers, Roy Platt, manager at Baker Brothers Furniture Store in downtown San Luis Obispo said. "The cost of a bed is determined by the quality of construction." This includes ticking, which is the outside covering, and the thickness of the foam over the springs. "The bottom mattress is for support. If you get your comfort there," said Platt.

Prices range as high as $600 for a bed with a 20-year guarantee. Platt explained that most students come in for the new twin or regular bed which costs about $100.

So you can invest in a bed like the Beautyrest that offers the overnight vacation, or take your overnight vacation in the boudoir under the stars in a sleeping bag. Some brands of sleeping bags are even designed to be zipped together for even more comfort.

Better yet, forget the sleeping bags and do as the ancient Germans did. Lie on the ground on beds of leaves covered with skins or in a shallow chest filled with leaves and moss.

Whatever your desires for a new or used bed and however limited by your pocketbook take heed, relax, and get into bed.
STEVE AND JIM

The ring on Jim's left hand was special. He took great care to wear it all the time. It was a symbol of affection given to him by his lover—Steve.

"After all, everyone is looking for a lover!"

For Steve and Jim are just two of the estimated 100 gay students here on campus. It is quite sure just how many there are because most of them still stay hidden in the closet; afraid to come out. Only a few are able to stand up and admit what they are. It isn't easy, especially on this campus, their organization, the Gay Students Union (GSU), has been battling for years simply to be recognized by the administration.

The members see their club as a chance to raise consciousness and gain self-confidence and to help express themselves as the human beings they are.

Unfortunately, others on campus see the group members as propagandists trying to persuade "fence-sitters" to join their style of living. Even the community has trouble accepting them for there are no gay bars or hangouts in town, a fact which GSU member Steve finds displeasing.

"After all, everyone is looking for a lover," he admits candidly, "and for us, gay bars are almost the only places where we can meet.

So, the gay students have resorted to other ways of meeting each other and forming relationships. The most popular alternative are permanent one-to-one homosexual relationships. And according to Steve, there is a great number of them in this area.

"It's called doing a thing together," explains Steve, "and when other gays think there is a thing starting—it's hands off. No one will talk to the new couple because they don't want everything to work so much. They want these relationships to form; there is no jealousy."
Steve remembers the first time he was with Jim. "I thought the other guys hated me, but it was just because they wanted things to work out so much for both of us," he added. And so far it has. "I love Steve," states Jim flatly, "I want to always be near him."

For most of us in socially acceptable heterosexual relationships, Jim's feelings are touching. Isn't love wonderful? It's simple and meaningful. But it's not that simple or wonderful for Steve and Jim and others like them. Their relationship undermines long history of experimentation and even a marriage for Steve was never quite sure what he wanted either.

"If they look you in the eyes they're either gay, have a lot of self-confidence, or are Jesus Freaks." When he was younger, he said he always liked girls, but he found he just couldn't play their games. He expected total honesty in a relationship and couldn't find it with women. He did, however, find it in his relationships with men. Relationships that began when he was in the sixth grade.

"But the first time I ever really fell in love was when I was in the Navy," related Jim. By that time he was somewhat aware of my desires and I found myself totally in love with this particular man. I told him how I felt. He was straight and admitted that he liked me as a friend but didn't want any lover-type relationship. I called and wrote him and never got any answer... it was a long time before I got over him."

Later Jim enrolled at Cal Poly and joined the GSB looking for someone else to fall in love with. But like other homosexual brothers, Jim had trouble accepting himself. "I knew I was interested in men," says Jim, "but I didn't want to be one of those faggots. I'm the type of people who dressed up and acted weird, which is the kind of people I thought I found at the GSB meetings. I stayed away probably swolllness and desperation helped Jim join the QSU looking for me and confess and six months later he attended the QSU. He didn't find what he was looking for. He found he could accept these people if he could accept himself.

Jim explains it this way now if people call me a faggot I accept what I am. I accept my emotions and perceptions. Jim continued his search for himself recently, when he and Steve...

There are more members of the school of Agriculture in the GSU than in any other school.

"Of course, I still like girls, but not like like guys," he explains. I've learned a lot about sexual identity within the last year. I didn't like playing little games with girls. I didn't like trying to talk someone into going to bed with me. I had to be perfectly honest.

And he has been. In the past year, Jim has told all of his friends where he is. "We cannot say, 'now that they all know, I can have sex of different relationships and still feel comfortable and admit myself,'" he says. "Some of my friends were really surprised and others were surprised and said they already knew. Others have told me that the list of teachers were surprised. And my parents? They accepted Jim, but they pray that God will guide me the right way. I hope all of these people will come to see me as myself."

There's what the GSU is all about - helping people understand. Most students see gays stereotyped as effeminate, soft-spoken, and feminine, and think that's a sure sign of a fag. But that's not true. Some people have that part, others will know them as a fag.

"But," explains Jim, "it's easy to tell a gay guy. It's in the eyes. Straight people usually look away from you when they talk."

"If they look you in the eyes," continues Steve, "they're either gay, have a lot of self-confidence, or are Jesus Freaks."

These are facts that most students don't know and don't take the trouble to find out.

"Some," says Steve, "especially the aggies, don't want to accept the gays - they don't try to understand us. They say they're not like that and more should."

"Yet," he pointed out the aggies would be surprised to know there were really only two students in the school of Agriculture in the GSU than any other school.

It still comes back to the concept of understanding and acceptance. Steve and Jim have been told by many teachers themselves, they just need a little understanding from us. All they're saying is, "please accept me, I'm a friend." But what do this mean at this time we did...

STEVE AND JIM

by Ellen Pinsky

photo by Kesha Kessler
by Sue Hagan
Illustration by Scott Bimplin

Michael fought back a yawn, ran a hand through his tousled black hair and tried to focus on the drawing in front of him. As the clock ticked away the minutes past eight a.m., the weary graphic communications major struggled over his design project, trying desperately to finish it before it would be called for in his eight o'clock class.

At dawn, the fingers of a bright sun drew themselves around Michael's drawing table, where he was just adding his name to the finished project. He glanced at the clock and noted that he had just enough time to shower, gulp down a few cups of coffee and throw his disheveled Volkswagen to school in time for his eight o'clock class.

Michael has been pulling all-nighters through college for six years and he's not out yet. After spending two years at San Mateo Junior College, another at San Francisco State University (S.F. State) and coming to Poly in the spring of 1972, Michael will have the rest of this year and another full year of college ahead of him. Seven years—that's a lot what they tell you in the high school counselling offices. But then, they never give you the whole picture anyway.

Michael's seven-year stint in college has been brought about by many factors. After completing four years of study in psychology, he decided to change majors. Because the graphic communications major has a rigorous three-year design project, he has had to tack another major onto the four already put behind him. The change of majors and schools, and what Michael considers ". . . the guidance and counseling at S.F. State are what cost him the extra time in school.

One wonders how many of us have come to college believing it would be a four-year trek, only to find the institution a permanent residence for some five to ten years. I think the heart-rending cases of lovers who vow to marry as soon as they've finished college, and then have to be married to the affair in which they're adjusting their hearing aids all the way up the aisle.

And then there's the parental pressure. Those parents who are preparing for their "child's" education expect it to be a four-year investment. After all, it's a general assumption that college is a four-year study program. This is a four-year college, isn't it? Who ever heard of a six-year college? Or a nine-and-a-half-year college?

Well, the folks down here who are looking at the greenback sheet that Junior must attend school for a few extra quarters, they are, as expected, disgruntled. Junior is immediately laced a slothful, lazy, no-good college hippie. He doesn't work, he doesn't study. He doesn't even try. Mom smiles nervously when her friends in the beauty shop inquire about him, she tells them he's doing some "special research."

Dad wears his sunglasses around town, hoping none of the fellows will point out and say: "There goes Fred. His son has to repeat college."

And little Gary tells and tells and tells his friends that big brother flunked.

Evelyn admires frankly that she is embarrassed by her son's five-year college cycle. She understands that her son, Ron, has no academic problems—he sports a 3.9 grade point average. But Evelyn has trouble explaining for her "child" to her friends. Her son has been in college over five years. Shouldn't he have graduated by now?

Evelyn and her husband are disgruntled with the wasted time and embarrassment, but they don't blame their son. Ron claims he had poor guidance and counseling last year at Texas university.

Janet, an English major running her last lap toward graduation, is dismayed by a lack of understanding. She will be ten units short of graduation this June, so she must finish her education this summer.

To her parents, this is tragic. But Janet feels she is lucky to need only one extra quarter to finish her four-year college plan.

Sue's parents are more un- derstanding. Their son has drifted away from a junior standing. Mom and Dad have already told her to enjoy school and to take the classes she wants to take, as well as those that her major requires. She is not to worry about how long it takes her to earn her degree.

Their "you-only-go-to-college oncetime" attitude has put Sue in a relaxed, yet enthusiastically, situation. Sue is a business major, she combats the boredom of secretarial classes by pulling an occasional art, music or journalism class, never worrying about whether or not they satisfy a requirement in her major. Sue plans to get all she can get out of college, learning a little about a lot of things.

It's an established fact that college is NOT the basic four-year extension of high school that many people believe it to be. There are many reasons for added quarters and years. True, in a few cases the reasons may be laziness and lack of motivation, but that is only the main factor at all. "Students forget to live while they're students," maintains Dr. George Mulder, Director of Counseling and Testing at Cal Poly. This is the flunk out. Those parents who are counseling staff encounters each year. "Because students are so much closer to get out of school and build for the future, they become too wrapped up in the future. Hence they fail to weigh their present right now, and to see how important their lives are at this point."

"The students exert many of their pressures," states Mulder. "A student chooses his own schedule, his own load, his working hours and activities. Then the pressures as become so enormous that they absorb into a lack of concentration, the "blame or or things to do on weekends." Due to college, he often results in his dropping out of school for a quarter or two in order to calm down. Upon return, he will feel pressured to "catch up," and the same thing will happen to him again.

Hardly. Because they tend to be inferior stones; often not worth the discount price. That's a "bargain" you can't afford. Instead, come in and see our collection of quality gems, fairly priced.}

by Sue Hagan
Illustration by Scott Bimplin

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Another problem that may be a big one to many students is poor guidance within the school system. This is where Michael and Ron were snared. Although some students feel that counseling has ruined their plans, many others have made it through school without the advice they sought from their guidance counselors.

Joe is still at Poly after beginning school here in 1967. Although he graduated in December of 1973 with a liberal arts communications degree, he had to return to raise his GPA in order to qualify for the student teaching program.

During the quarter break after his graduation, Joe was approached by a staff member of the counseling center to begin his student teaching. Joe arranged to do so in Lompoc during the next quarter. Shortly after his job was in full swing, he was called back to Poly because of his GPA.

Joe is furious with the counseling staff here, claiming he was mislead. Not only did he waste his time by beginning his student teaching while he was unknowingly ineligible, but he also upset the school in Lompoc. He is here now, nailed on a technicality, arriving for a few more A's. His GPA was only .4 of a grade point deficient.

Anyone who doesn't know Joe's story, or Michael's, or Ron's, or Sue's, might consider them "professional" students, clinging to college to avoid having to make career decisions in real life. But most of these students in their positions are here for a purpose. School is a launching pad, not a secret hideaway. They need to walk away from the big cruel world in pseudocareer.

The students who DO make it out of here in four years or less deserve to be highly commended for their ability to pleasingly and jump pellucida. I will even go a degree in natural resource management this spring, spend four uneventful academic years in college. His reasons for success? He stuck with one major, one school, full unit loads and took only the courses outlined in his curriculum. It may have been a dull four years, but he's going to make it.

It may be comforting for all concerned to know that only 15 percent of full time college students earn their degree through a four-year endeavor, according to Tom Dunsting, director of institutional research here. May be you're the one out of every three students who chooses his major like Michael or Ron. Maybe your junior college until you didn't apply to your field of study. Maybe you're carrying light unit loads in order to keep a job, or you can't get the classes you need. Whatever the case, you're not alone.

So if you've got it figured that your diploma is at the end of the ten-year plan, accept the fact. At least you'll get that degree in child development in time to rear your grandchildren.
Amplifiers
Fender-Vega-Acoustic
Randall-EMC
GMT
Complete sales
Service
Rentals
Authorized Repair
Station
Full Line of Special
Effects devices
Premier Music
986 Monterey SLO

KCPH PRESENTS:

THE
ELTON JOHN
STORY

Includes all of Elton’s Music
through Caribou, plus interviews with
Elton himself, Bernie Taupin, producers,
managers, and others who helped Elton John’s
rise to stardom.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26
6:00-10:00 P.M.

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