AN WALKED CAREFULLY on the white sand road that glittered faintly in the moonlight. She reached the barn and slipped quietly through the small door. Inside, she waited for a moment, leaning back on the rough boards, for her eyes to adjust to the warm darkness. The fruity smell of alfalfa and oats and manure and horse folded around her. She felt its comfort and reassurance. Jan leaned against the wall, the textured skin of the barn, waiting for the darkness to take on blocked shades of meaning, patterned shades of itself.

It was a California barn, built of redwood that had silvered outside, but kept its dark rich color inside, away from the hot sun. It looked rickety and thin from a distance, with a certain collapsed grace because of its sagging roof and leaning walls, but up close, once touched and walked through, it had sturdiness and strength.

It was divided inside by a half wall of mangers. On Jan's right was a series of stalls. On the other side of the dividing mangers, where she waited, was one huge open space, open to the highest peak of the roof ridge. At the front of the barn was the small door she had used, then large sliding doors on tracks. The only other opening was a small square one with a door high up in the front wall. When the hay bales were stacked up high inside, she could climb up there and throw open the small door, and hang over the edge, looking out over the hills to the ocean.

The moon was three-quarters full tonight and high overhead. It found its way inside in little glittering bars of light through the larger cracks in the roof and walls of the barn. Her eyes could make out the blocky stacks of alfalfa bales now, and moving forward slowly and using the moonlight threads for further guides, she waded through the straw.

Under her boots, the floor was springy and soft. There was no bottom to it. Once, a few years back, she had wondered what was under the old hay, what the actual floor might be made of, wood or packed earth, and she had dug down, raking aside heaps of soft, dusty chaff. But after fifty years of continuous use, the barn floor had too many layers, and she had given it up, left it secret.

She reached the stacked bales and climbed up carefully to the top. She liked the barn best when it was full like this. It held over three tons of baled alfalfa that had been delivered a few weeks ago. At the top of the bales, not long after they had been delivered, she had made a little nest for herself. She

Continued on page 6
'PUNKIN'" My husband nudged me. I'd been asleep and was already deep in my REM cycle when he woke me up. "Punkin'?" He'd broken some thing or spilled something; he always used a stupid nickname when he was being contrite.

"What?" I didn't open my eyes.

"Punkin? I just talked to Mary. She wants to come visit and bring down her new main man." Hans lay down next to me and scratched my face with his beard. I was really getting annoyed. "She wants to come this weekend."

"Well, I hope you told her no. Silence. "You didn’t tell her no. Shit, I can’t believe it."

We'd both been working late the past several weeks. Hans in the workshop every night making furniture for our new apartment, me at work during the day then taking classes at night; then we'd traveled the past five weekends in a row — one family or business obligation or another. I was tired, behind in everything, grouchy, and nearing a nervous or physical breakdown. All week long I had been thinking that a weekend was just around the corner, just a few days away. I would catch up on my studies, clean the apartment, wash some clothes, get eight hours of sleep on two consecutive nights, and enjoy being at home. I'd walk around naked; I'd even do my aerobics and have my favorite food and wash over her face. I sincerely regretted having said. So as Hans opened the hospitability door, my visions of "nesting in the raw" went out, and I thought about the change in my upcoming weekend.

"Punkin? Don’t be mad," he said. He wiggled in an exaggerated "I’m snuggling up to the pal I love best" way and kissed and bit my ear. "It won’t be that bad. I told Mary you’re really busy and probably won’t be able to spend very much time with us. You can go to the library all day if you want. You don't mind, do you?"

"Do I have much choice?" I felt nasty and mean. "I don’t suppose you could have consulted me about this, could you?"

Then I went on with a lecture about consideration and marriage being a partnership and how my home is an intimate place and about the violation of having strangers come into it and a bunch of other stuff that I suppose is true but that I later regretted having said. So as Hans opened the hospitality door, my visions of "nesting in the raw" flew out, and I thought about the change in my upcoming weekend.

I am not a tolerant person. I know this and Hans is always reminding me. A stupid, ill-timed joke, slurping of tea or soup, or Mozart pronounced with a fuzzy "z" wipe a person from my graces, and afterwards I passivity and gracious smiling and turning my face to the other simply did not work for me. It was like wearing shoes that are too small: it wasn’t normal; it didn’t make sense.

All of the times I tried being someone else, I’d smile in what I thought was a kind, gentle, glowing way like the way a pregnant woman does when peace and radiance are washed over her face. I sincerely regretted having said. Today I’ll be Ruth, I would say in the morning, and once my husband had left for work this was fairly easy. But things always fell apart once I got around people.

Driving to work was a particular challenge. People can be such idiots on the road, you know, and it was hard not to yell. "You fucking moron! What the hell kind of maneuver is that?"

My emulation was put to the real test once at the office of a very small company — there are about thirty employees in all, and except for the president and four vice presidents who have their own mahogany and leather offices, we are all in one great big room. That means that I hear every sniffle, snort, and pop of gum that thirty people can perform in eight hours. It is hell. The glow, then the smile, drop from my face: I am my old Mr. Hyde self once again.

Hans took off his jeans and got under the covers with me, and I turned toward him in my habitual way, raising my head so that he could put his arms under my neck. He flexed that arm and, as if I had received my cue, I said, "Oooh, what a big, strong muscle you have. My name’s Bunny. What’s yours?"

"I am Hans the Fjord Conqueror," he said in a deep, deep voice. We’d had this exchange hundreds of times. He was always "Hans the Fjord Conqueror," but I changed my name from Bambi to Bunny to Kitten, knowing that my incredible creativity would take me. The nonsense and Hans’ warmth rested and calmed me. I forgave him for inviting weekend guests; I apologized for being nasty. We talked quietly about Mary and what she was doing, where she’d met her boyfriend Calvin, when they were arriving, what we could possibly do with them for two days. Mary and Hans had gone to college together, through the same major. They’d been good "buddies," as Hans would say, but I had always boiled up suspicions of romantic intentions nestled in one or both of them. Letters from Hans during his college years were full of "Mary and I did," "Mary and I went," "Mary said." She was Italian, and I knew Hans fantasized about Italian women. He thinks they’re beautiful, all of them; he speaks with awed, enthusiastic male virility and infatuation. And did she have any romantic interest in my husband? Hans was the most wonderful, handsome, caring man in the world, and every day this woman who screams "You fucking moron" out her car window mumbles a humble, sincere prayer of thanks for this man. How could Mary not be, or not have been, in love with a man like that?

I was determined to be good, kind, generous. I thought immediately of being Joan of Arc for the weekend.

I went to work on Friday, afterward hustling to the university for three hours of lecture. I was really tired when I finally drove up to our apartment complex and as I walked slowly up the twenty-two stairs, I thought that this is what writers mean when they say, "She wearily dragged herself up the staircase, willing each foot to move forward." I heard the vacuum cleaner as I neared our apartment, and entering, I found Hans, clean and wet-haired from his shower, pushing the old blue Hoover around. He was handsome like that — tall, smooth-skinned, shirtless, blue-eyed.

"Hi, honey, I’m home," I said. Continued on page 8
Now my belly’s full of fancy food and wine
Oh, but in the morning there’ll be hell to pay
Somewhere along the line ...

The song ran through her head as she stared at the
paragraph about the first thing that comes into your
mind’s nose. I did not trippingly walk from one monument to the next; I
would have made him happy.

"Moi, Claude, Empereur" was being shown on the
television, the story of Claudius. Every night I watched.
I had a mad crush on Claudius; even now I have a
weak spot for the disadvantaged underdog. This
guy stammered and limped; what few close friends he
had were knocked off, he was mercilessly mocked by
his nearest and dearest, but he was so brilliant and
sensitive. He married this girl, Messalina, who at first
seemed wonderful but who ended up being a traitorous, faithless,
power-hungry witch. I hated her brother. I also wrote in my journal.

"Sure. It’s on the dresser. Where were you at dinner?"
She sprang up and went over to the dresser. "Oh, I
wasn’t hungry. I had a Tab. Thanks for the book."
She left. I sighed and turned back to my paper.

Well, it’s a rainy night in Paris
and I’m sitting by the Seine
It’s a pleasure to be soaking in the
European rain

can’t find mine."
"Sure. It’s on the dresser. Where were you at dinner?"

The guard in the doorway turned and stared. I
stepped back. He stepped into the next room; he was de trop
and knew it.

I visited Claudius every time I went to the Louvre. I often spoke to
him, telling him about what I had seen that day and how I felt about it.
Every time I thought about Messalina’s cruelty to him I became
more certain that, had I been
named Carmen; she wore aprons and had appendages
of children. The apartment had two French windows
that opened onto a tiny balcony, and you could sit there and peer through the iron railing and watch the street, or read, which I often did in the evenings when I couldn’t go out by myself. I read I, Claudius and drank Indian Tonic and watched the shadows and the cars and the people and was careful not to annoy my brother. I also wrote in my journal.

"I read your story," I told him. "I think I’m in love
with you.

Continued on page 7
Miss America 1986

Too middle class to suicide,
I stretch out in the back yard
Sauteed in cocoa butter
And cat hairs.
On a forever diet
Of coffee and albacore.
Two months later, I rehearse.
Mumbling my answers
Into a brown suede loincloth:
"My favorite hobbies are aerobics
And writing poems to spit
Into the dim faces of over-achievers
At a pseudo-European cafe
On Sunday nights."

Lady Catherine

Destined high priestess
Of the catering cult
And hostess of the year
To the Esprit set,
You'll have your babies
Fashionably late
And streak your hair
At sixty bucks a shot.
You wear your money on your wrist.
And on forgotten price tags
Hanging from sleeves of silk blouses.
It doesn't matter that
You had to pin a tie on a man
In your mind's eye
To determine his moldability —
Now the tie is real.
Now the knot is tight.

Swan Sculpture
Sans Wings

He sunk my swan in sand
(Cool bothersome grains,
Brushed from a skirt, jeans, socks
And shook from shoes.)
He packed it close around
The brittle form
And poured in bronze
That filled its breast with flames
But cooled before it reached
The outstretched wings.

La Purisima

Father, I have been dreaming
Of adobe missions,
Their prickly pears and
Rose gardens.
The romance in red velvet mustiness,
Stained glass and
Candellit altars,
Never fails to enchant me.
But I'm far too logical
To be religious.
I'm a poet without a purpose
Who longs for one.
Embrace me, Father!
Your words echo in my mind
Like church bells.
And I cannot silence them.

Ex-Convert

Churchgoers in black don't appeal to me.
I can't appreciate their
Drip-dry maternity frocks,
Tupperware and
Careful underclothes.
They say I have a past,
Laugh too easily and
Love too often.
I admit,
Absence never occurred to me.
Perhaps I could believe
In God
If I wasn't required
to have faith in rhythm.

At the Getty

Violet ladies,
Alma and Lily,
Tuck handkerchiefs into
The sleeves of their sweaters
And stare up at the ceiling:
"The dog in the corner
Is the artist's self-portrait,
And if you look a certain way — ah!"
He is a pirate.
His teeth are bared.
His eyes
("you can see them there, in the dog's ear")
laugh down.
At pushed-up bosoms
Of painted ladies
Hanging beneath him,
The old women smile
And move on to lunch,
Swallowing their secret
In a crustless sandwich.

In Response to Ferlinghetti Discussion

I've never felt oppressed.
Or cared enough
To criticize a sexist poem.
But I can't run in Perfume Canyon alone —
They'd find me, naked,
Lying in the fern,
An open mouth admitting
Foolish girl.

Hopeless Romantic

I gave you my wittiest self —
My poems, my black and white.
You only afforded me
Flimsy Grey philosophies.
I would thank you.
If I weren't so embarrassed —
You didn't leave me anything so tangible
To moon over.
I can't even picture your face.

The Rebel

The White Shirts said
You must wear white.
Good, I said.
I have white pants...
No.
A white dress.
Well, all right.
But underneath
Black lace panties.
No bra.
To the Seller of Oranges in Mazatlan

Old man posed patiently by the sea,
Waiting for the end of time perhaps,
Hand in hand,
What do you see?
The sweet, tart taste of your fruit,
Like your life,
Lies bright in the basket.
Do you remember me?
You stand in sandals on the dirty, cracked heels
Of poverty,
Posed patiently by the hot sand steel sea,
Waiting for the sign, the sign
That seals your life to mine.

Summer

The sharp, sweet smell of summer
Rises from the just-mowed grass
Where a barefoot boy plays a harmonica,
And the sound curls around the ears
Of strolling lovers licking ice cream cones,
Which melt in the Malibu sun
That blazes down on a bed of willful petunias
Sprawling out on the curved brick path,
Winding its way through the just-mowed grass.

California Barn

Standing sway-backed on the grassy hill,
Bleached gray by many thousand suns,
The old barn offers sheltered comfort still.
The pickled bones of graying board,
And sagging eaves of over-hanging roof,
Shelter nests of mud, where swallows dip and soar.
Inside, the great cool cave of dark
Is broken by the bands of sparkling sun,
Where dust motes rise to dance and lark.
And underfoot, the tiny mice scamper out and play
In scraps of burlap, heaps of dirt, and old
Forgotten piles of once fragrant hay.
The busy days of farming have all passed,
But for the hundreds who still shelter here,
The old barn has a duty 'til the last.

Me Too

Most people have a moment,
A single episode of time.
Marble pillar of support,
Strengthening emotion.
Enlightening thought;
A wind which passes through
The branches of personality.
Cleans off dead leaves of past errors.
Such a thing came to me once.
A wish that thundered
In my sporadic childhood
Fulfilled; when as a young adult,
Broken by the foolish heat
Of anger, frustration, fear —
I heard my father say, "I love you."
Me too, Dad, me too.

Tongue Lashing

The silence of your tears
Has filled my room.
Floods of sorrow
Washed their way
Across my shoulders.
Every salty drop
Burned itself
Into my memory.
And I curse
The wayward tongue
Whose brutal lashings
Have been the undoing
Of your smile.
This strung tight tool
Thunders angrily
To cover all the fear
Hidden by its ferocity.
I would spit out
This horrid muscle
If that could erase
The wrinkles on your forehead
And the pain behind your eyes.

In Memorium

Sadly farewell, ancient forefathers.
Senility holds your aged crust together.
Though once with reverence you were held,
We now stare in embarrassment
At dim eyes, saliva stained lips.
Our patriotism has turned to whining indifference.
Spoiled child tantrums echo in the hallways
Once shaken by righteous indignation.
Request in pace, seedy patrons of our glorious past.
Broken off mid-sentence to find a fitful sleep.
Death specters pierce your anguished dreams.
As disillusioned soldiers march past your silent eyes,
We seat you in your marble chairs
Beside the tattered thrones of dusty aristocracies.

Night Hope

In the darkness I feel your arm
Stretch itself across my shoulder.
And we pass the night tangled
Like the vines which pull the hillside
Back from the meandering creek.
On sleep's silk-soft pillows
We breath songs to the wandering moon.
When sunlight pierces the curtains,
We will unravel our shared warmth,
But all the day is filled
With the unconscious memories
Of slumbering nights
That are yet to come.
had broken up one of the bales on top, and scattered it over the others, made a nest on the ground between, and pulled off her boots, and placed them carefully side by side. She pulled off her socks and stuffed them into the boots. Then she stood up and walked over to the front wall and undid the screen square loft door and opened it.

She stood up on tiptoe to peer through the square window. She could see the whitest stretch of dirt road leading back to the barn, with a hillside and, then, an open field. Beyond that field, the silhouette of the neighbors' tall square house, and more fields and soft hills. There were a few dots of light scattered over the hills from porch lights, and beyond that field, the silhouette of the town, and how to follow the fence line back inside the house.

She had treated her with an almost tentative courtesy, buying popcorn and soft drinks and talking to her quietly before the show began. He was from a small town in Washington, a suburb of Seattle. She told him of her parents, his brother, his high school. He asked her about her family, her school and friends. During most of the show, he had only talked to her.

It was only toward the end, when he was almost over, that he had grown interested in what she was doing, humming along on the back of the song, and his hand had brushed through her shoulder, and his hand through her hair. She had turned her head and looked at him until he kissed her slowly and softly, and felt his hand stroke down her arm and his arm had quickened. His excitement caused a quick hot surge of desire in her, but he relaxed his arm and did not kiss her again.

She had thought to herself, I think he's the one, the right one. She felt her desire for him and she also sensed her power over him. His gratitude to her and his gentleness gave her strength and control. She had relaxed her arm and did not kiss him again.

But always, year around, the one who had brought Band-Aids and salve from the dimestore, or sturdier homemade varieties, was the leader of her horse, Jan forgot about the boys for awhile. They walked around her, dancing, and she rode alone. But eventually, the proper order of her life returned. She gave each boy a chance to be king and queen, to ride up her room without fights or arguments or tears.

When she was eleven, her parents had bought her a horse for her birthday. Her father led her, blinded, outside, to a young filly with a big red bow and ribbon tied around her neck. In the excitement of being offered her horse, Jan forgot about the boys for awhile. She was still the leader of her neighborhood. She was the oldest by age, and years, and strength, of them all, and she was faster and stronger than the boys.

They had played games in their seasons. There was a time for marbles, circle drawn in the dust of the road or chalked in the floor of the front porch. There was a time for kites, thin flimsy ones from the dimestore, or sturdier homemade varieties. They had down the stick grass of the hillside on pieces of cardboard, a time for building forts and pelting each other with soft clods of grass and dirt, a time for damming up the creek and swimming, jumping in the water from a rope tied on a tree limb. There was a time for playing "hide-n-seek" in the tall rows of corn that grew in the fields nearby, and there was a time in the long soft summer nights for "kick-the-can." But always, year around, the one game they played over and over, inside the barn, was "king of the mountain."

It was simple. One person stood on the steps, or the roof, or the beam, or the ladder, and another person, or they else tried to pull him off and become "knight." There were few rules: no pinching or scratching or pulling hair or kicking. Jan almost always won. Sometimes she let someone else win, but they were all conscious that she had willed it. She lost no power from this, but it gained control, for the others sensed her fairness.

Once after a fierce battle that had gone on for hours and hours, Jan had win over the others, and the other children werevexhausted around her feet, floated up underneath the barn. Jan under stood, "I'm the king, the king," she had chanted, trying to tease them back to battle. The oldest boy had jumped to his feet, his face still red and flushed, his eyes shining. "No you're not, Jan," he had shouted, laughing. "You're the queen, the queen of the mountain."

And she had laughed back; they had all laughed. It was almost over. One of the other boys had almost landed on a pitfall, and a part of his hair had fallen over his face. She had made rules. Before they played, the pitfall had to be located and placed safely on the far side of the barn. Cut pieces of wire had to be bundled up and thrown out so they could not snub anyone's eye. And she had them carefully bend in the sharp ends of the wires that tied the bales. She had even brought Band-Aids and salve from the house, so she could minister to their small cuts and scratches.

"You're so good with the boys, Jan," her parents told her. "They always turn to you and have asked her help with her little brother. She could get him to bar and approach the other kids in the neighborhood like a magnet. There were not many children around. Just the two boys next door, and another boy from down the road.

It had bothered her more than that there were no girls, and she had asked them to invite their sisters, their brothers, their cousins, nieces, nephews, to come play with her. And she had always ended up miserable and lonely. She had left off playing the rough games, and finally her mother had brought her up. Jan did not need these girls for she was the leader of their neighbor hood. She was the oldest by age, and years, and strength, and they, all of them, and she was stronger and faster than the boys.

"I'm Janneee, Janneee," he would call to her. "Come play with me." He drew out her name in a ritual chant, and she would move restlessly from one side of the house to the other, and so she stayed around the house near the barn. He had bought her a horse for her birthday, and her father led her, blinded, outside, to a young filly with a big red bow and ribbon tied around her neck. In the excitement of being offered her horse, Jan had forgotten about the boys for awhile. She was still the leader of her neighborhood. She was the oldest by age, and years, and strength, and she rode alone. But eventually, the proper order of her life returned. She gave each boy a chance to be king and queen, to ride up her room without fights or arguments or tears.

She had been treated with a perfect gentleman on their date, picking her up promptly. He stepped out of his car at the door and hurried him away quickly, before he had time to do more than nod and wave politely at her parents, and promise to have her in early. Her parents had assumed he was a local boy from her high school, and she did not want them to know how much older he was.

He had treated her with an almost tentative courtesy, buying popcorn and soft drinks and talking to her quietly before the show began. He was from a small town in Washington, a suburb of Seattle. He told her of his parents, his brother, his high school. She asked her about her family, her school and friends. During most of the show, he had only talked to her.

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From page 3
around, he would have been blissfully happy. She had been only 16, and he was sure that he had been much too young for him. (The fact that I was not yet sixteen myself did not occur to me.) Sometimes I would just sit and watch his face as the light from the window glanced and faded with the passing clouds. The Roman sculpture (or had it been an imported Greek sculpture?) seemed shockingly realistic. This was one emperor who would never have been mistaken for Jove, the nimbly jumping panther boy. With a noble brow was called for, his was squat; where there should have been aristocratic cheekbones was rounded flesh, and his nose was — well, at least he had one.

No one knew of my passion, except maybe my guard who was on duty; and he was the very soul of discretion. I often wrote poetry in my journal. One day I was thinking on for about a week, I read Claudius a poem of which I was particularly proud. "What do you think of that?" I asked him.

"I think it's very interesting," I turned to stare down the intruder. My face responded with its Meg Adams patrician wrinkle. "Do you often write poetry?"

He walked toward me, this fellow with a British accent.

"Not very often," I said.

"It shows. You need heaps of practice."

"Well who are you? You've got a lot of nerve," Gene was the uncivil adolescent who had flled the Monoprix in ab­ ject terror. After various parts of my anatomy had been pinched and prod­ ded in crowded Metro cars, I had stumped a few feet, slapped a face, and kicked two grosains, was thoroughly sick of men whose brains were in their pants. He laughed. "Your American is showing."

I hardly knew which side to protect. "Oops," I remembered what Green had said. "You have more nerve than I do. Look who's chatting with statues."

I was bewildered. I started to stalk past him.

"Oh, don't be mad. I used to do the same thing with Venus de Milo. Ex­ cept I never cared if she said any­ thing."

I had to laugh. "Do you want to take a walk?"

He grinned.

His accent and his crooked teeth were cute, I thought. I was curious but wary. "I think I would like to find Michelangelo's Slaves," I said. "Come along like you if you like."

"Oh, she's playing by her rules."

"I'm not playing."

I turned to get my purse and saw Claudius. Oh, no. I turned instead to the mirror. "What's your name?"

I turned around. "Meg Adams."

"Meg, I'm Charles Kinnell," I of­ fered him my hand and he shook it. His palm was warm and dry. As we walked out of the Salle d'Auguste I felt like a traitor. But I also understood Messalina a little better. Claudius really had been too old for her.

"Hey Meg!" Someone was shouting outside my door.

"Come in," I shouted back.

Cass opened the door. She was car­ ry­ing parcels wrapped in white paper. "I got hungry so I went to the deli."

"At one o'clock in the morning?"

"Yeah. I had a mad craving for salami and onions. I got half a turkey on rye for you."

"Well, I'm trying to finish a story. I don't think the boys are going to inspire me."

"Come on, girl!" I shrugged and handed her what had been completed.

"I never knew you were in love with a statue. Isn't that kind of perverted?"

"Don't assume anything, dear." I bit into my sandwich. Some people just don't understand.

Song lyrics by Billy Joel

I wrote VOID

at the top of page one and tossed it behind me.

This is, I admit, an affectation; it makes me feel like a real writer. I stared at the next sheet of Stuart Hall College Rule and the black Papermate pen.
When Hans commented on them the two looked at each other and giggled. Not only did they actually giggle, but they kept it up. I was thinking simultaneously how disgusted I was and how glad I was that I had made myself a drink.

Calvin and Mary were really "in love." They had scores of private jokes, never spoke crossly with each other, and giggled incessantly. While the four of us talked, they sat, holding hands, as close to each other as possible on our eight-foot coach -- the size of coach that makes most normal people want to spread out and get comfortable. But no, they were joined at the hip and all of that room went to waste.

Feeling unusually inspired, I asked, "How was the drive down?" and "How was your day at the office, dear?"

"It's a fucking jungle out there." Calvin's said, "I'm all hers." Hans exclaimed, "I'm the kind of guy who just can't go getting without my coffee -- I raise the level of the coffee half an inch with sugar!" He and Mary chortled their morning song together.

Hans joined us, and as the four of us sat in the kitchen and drank our coffee, I got angry. I was angry at Hans and being more assertive, dodging their self-invitation, angry at them for being so stupid, and angry at the circumstances -- the societal codes and obligations that had put me in this spot. I ran through my "defense of my valuable time."

Whenever I allow Hans to coerce me into doing something that is a waste of my time. I tell him that "activity X is a waste of my time. If I'm lucky I'll live for seventy years. About one third of that time will be spent sleeping, and another will be spent working. Whatever time remains is valuable -- I need to use it to its best potential; somehow, it should edify my soul." It sounds incredibly elitist, but I don't think it's possible and I'm ceasing to care.

So I left for campus. I spent the entire night in the library and when closed, I went to the market. I didn't need anything, but I didn't want to go back to the apartment. I've been isolated, I thought. My house is overrun with morons, intruders. My privacy is gone. When I couldn't think of where else to go, I headed for home.

I arrived to a beautiful dinner that was some amazing ground; they were both scuba divers.

"Is it good diving up by you?" Hans asked.

"If you're into fifty-degree water and rough currents, it's a great place for us in and Mary cracked up over that one. God, it was so funny, I couldn't blame them.

That night, lying in bed with Hans, the apartment quiet, we did not play our Kitten-Fjord-Conqueror game. Hans groaned. "This is going to be a long weekend," he said, and it was.

The next morning I woke to find the living room in disorder. Our guests were sleeping in their make-shift bed, their heads close together on their matching red and white heart-shaped pillows. I made coffee and my binging and rattleting in the kitchen woke them. I offered them coffee.

"You bet. I'm the kind of guy who just can't go getting without my coffee -- and I raise the level of the coffee half an inch with sugar!" He and Mary chortled their morning song together.

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A royal tradition

Once a livestock show, Poly Royal has matured into one of the largest and most successful open houses in the country.

Poly Royal queen Debbie Francis

A royal tradition

Q: WHO ARE all these people, and where did they come from?
A: It's Poly Royal weekend.
Q: So what does that mean?
A: Means you can eat shish kebab and learn where the meat on it came from while you flip your student-made metal yo-yo and learn about earthquakes.
Q: Oh ... oh, OK, you mean something like an Amazonian rites of passage ritual?
A: Zactly like it.
Q: Well whose crazy idea was that anyway?
A: I was afraid you'd ask.
Q: Why?
A: It's a long story and you kind of had to be there — but, since you ask, I might as well tell ya. Take a seat and have a strawberry daiquiri...

Poly Royal had a modest beginning as a preliminary agricultural show for students in preparation for the Interstate Junior Livestock Show in San Francisco. Its primary purpose was to improve students' showmanship techniques. But that was long ago.

Now, in the quaint rest stop on the coast halfway between the Golden Gate and Malibu, hotels, motels and homes swell to near bursting point once a year. Restaurants from Arroyo Grande to Cambria cook for thousands, and faint traces of smog churn into the air from cars that touch and go, bumper to bumper. Who would have ever thought that a small livestock show would lead to such madness?

The evolution of Poly Royal has indeed been impressive. The weekend event now encompasses Cal Poly's seven schools and 45 departments, plus student organizations and clubs. More than 100,000 alumni, visitors and prospective students descend on the campus to see the sights, smell the smells and devour the food.

If anyone is to get the credit for this time of academic recognition and countywide economic abundance, it's Carl "Gus" Beck, who came to Cal Poly as a faculty member of the farm management department. Beck is recognized as the father of Poly Royal. Upon his arrival, the agriculture staff organized the California Polytechnic chapter of the Future Farmers of America, which started the livestock show on campus for the purpose of displaying to the public the facilities at the school. Also, it gave the students a chance to show off projects done throughout the year. The event also pushed into the public the school's unique educational opportunities and the "learn by doing" theory for all of California to see. Beck was the first faculty adviser for the show.

On March 31, 1933, the first Poly Royal was held as a "country fair on a college campus." It was a one-day event and included an agriculture judging contest, a barbecue with a band concert, a parade, a baseball game and a dance. More than 600 people attended.

Because of the success of the first Poly Royal, the celebration was extended to two days. The all-male school also got a queen to reign over the affair. The queen, who was selected in a contest held at the local high school, took on the role of a public relations person to publicize the fair throughout the state. Queens were selected from the local high school until 1940. Then, college fair invitations were sent to other state colleges, inviting each school's queen and students. Invited colleges selected a queen for Cal Poly to borrow for the Poly Royal weekend. In 1957, Cal Poly became coeducational and the first campus queen was placed on the Poly Royal throne.

This year's Poly Royal queen, animal science major Debbie Francis, says the role of the queen hasn't changed during the years. "My main job, as queen, is to promote Poly Royal," says Francis. "I'll be traveling around to different high schools and colleges in California telling people about Poly Royal." Francis says the main point she stresses is that Poly Royal is for everyone. "Cal Poly is such a diverse school, I think everyone can find a place here," she says.

By 1937, the celebration became collegiate-wide when engineering students decided to add their technical creative talents. This was the first year a theme was selected for the fair, "Follow Poly's Progress."

The themes for Poly Royal changed little for the first 30 years of the fair. Most of the themes reverted back to the original "country fair on a college campus." Later, most themes aimed...
POLY ROYAL

Continued

at a new angle — Cal Poly as a for-ward-moving, progressive school. The 1961 theme was "Expanding college, expanding knowledge," and in 1976 it was "Looking ahead, building our heritage." This year, "Invite the challenge" incorporates the idea of student life and the spirit of working toward goals.

The posters for Poly Royal have frequently displayed the agricultural aspect of Cal Poly and downplayed the other schools on campus. Also, posters have been male-dominated. And understandably so. Cal Poly had always been a male ag school.

This year's poster shows the change in the university and the attitude of the 1987 student. It's brightly colored and simple in design. Director of Publicity for the Poly Royal Executive Board, Pam Oleson, says this year's poster is a simple view of the Cal Poly student, juggling all types of challenges involved with college life.

"There is no gender or race to the student in the poster, and no particular school of interest represented," says Oleson. "The poster is like a mirror image. Students who look at the poster see their own self represented. The triangles are the individual's own challenges." Oleson says the poster shows the change and diversify in the university and the times.

One Cal Poly instructor knows exactly how much the university has changed with the times. Loren Nicholson came to Cal Poly in 1956 as a journalism professor. He says that as a new faculty member he was overwhelmed by the impact of Poly Royal and the amount of school spirit shown by the faculty and students.

"All the exhibits displayed the fantas-tic education the students were getting at Cal Poly," he says, adding that there were only 3,800 students on campus back then. Innovative technology was also sparse back then. "All of the exhibits were more hand-made displays, which seemed to re-quire more time and creative effort," says Nicholson.

He says the attitudes of students and faculty have changed since the 1950s. "Faculty and administrators exercised more authority over the students back then. This has gradu-ally changed to students learning to handle things themselves and becom-ing more independent thinkers," he says. "Poly Royal reflects this atti-tude change."

Vicki Brennan, vice superintendent for the Poly Royal Executive Board, says she expects to see more emphasis on displays and exhibits this year. "The departments and organizations are seeing what a boost Poly Royal can be for student activity," says Brennan. She says the clubs have relied on the event as a fund-raiser by just having concession stands. "Poly Royal wasn't intended to be a money-making event. The original in-tent was to showcase student and faculty achievements. In fact, this in-tent is a part of the Poly Royal bylaws."

Brennan is amazed at the changes in Poly Royal. "It's gone from a small agriculture school fair with about 100 people attending to one of the largest open house events in the western United States," she says. "And the whole event is entirely student-run."

Stenner Glen...

a good reason to leave home

AS YOU MAKE THE MOVE TO COLLEGE, MANY THINGS ARE GOING THROUGH YOUR MIND. ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF WHICH IS SOMEWHERE TO CALL HOME. THAT'S WHERE STENNER GLEN COMES IN. WE RUN STENNER GLEN FOR YOU, THE COLLEGE STUDENT. TO US THE PEOPLE ARE IMPORTANT.

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MANAGEMENT:
MOST IMPORTANTLY WE HAVE CONCERNED MANAGEMENT WHO THINK YOU ARE IMPORTANT AND TREAT YOU AS AN ADULT. WE RUN STENNER GLEN FOR YOU AND SOLICIT YOUR Inputs INTO THE RUNNING OF THE COMPLEX. WE HAVE FAITH IN OUR RESIDENTS AND THEY HAVE FAITH IN US. STENNER GLEN IS THE KIND OF PLACE THAT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL RIGHT AT HOME.

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raised," says Lee. "I don't see any problem in reaching our $30 million goal. This government funds and corporate donations already received provide a springboard cost over $8 million.''

Industry and academia both understand that the difference between adequate and much," he says. "They know that the value of their degree goes up or down single item it has purchased is this engineering building (behind the library), which looks like we're leveling off to number one again.''

Stan Halpern, director of Development, says state funds have been much tighter since the passage of Proposition 13, defining the need for private fund-raising efforts within Cal Poly.

"The School of Engineering seemed to set this local trend to raise funds," says Allen, who deals with larger donations from corporations. "Their particular needs have been assessed at more than $70 million. Other schools, like Agriculture, will be taking on similar campaigns in the near future."

The money game

Schools at Cal Poly have found they need to get outside funds to make ends meet

These companies, says Walters, are the ones that most often recruit Cal Poly graduates, and therefore want to help the school. They are Hewlett-Packard, Pacific Bell, Carnation, Cheyron, Proctor and Gamble, Uarco, and Lockheed.

"These businesses have pledged to donate at least $2,000 annually," says Melody DeMerit, editor of Cal Poly Business magazine. "Hewlett-Packard alone has contributed close to a quarter of a million dollars. Other companies give in-kind gifts (non-cash) — like Arco, who donated reams of computer paper, which is something we always need."

The Clock Tower Club is an alumni association. Membership has grown from just 53 in March 1986 to the current membership of 250. The association is made up of "chairmen," who donates $1,000 or more annually, and executives and sponsors, who give up to $250 annually.

DeMerit adds that the club has a goal of $100,000, and so far it has raised $46,000 of that. Walters says a new trend among donors involves recent graduates giving up to $250 annually.

The goals of both are to improve the quality of our programs through fund-raising. Currently, seven companies from the big business world sponsor us."

School of Agricultural Engineering

Sponsors program, which was followed by the Clock Tower Club last year," says Walters. "The goals of both are to improve the quality of our programs through fund-raising. Currently, seven companies from the big business world sponsor us."

The Dean's Advisory Council of the School of Engineering and the University Relations staff both have active roles in the campaign, says Lee.

School of Business

The School of Business is in hot pursuit, according to Dean Ken Walters.

"In the fall of 1985, we began our corporate sponsors program, which was followed by the Clock Tower Club last year," says Walters. "The goals of both are to improve the quality of our programs through fund-raising. Currently, seven companies from the big business world sponsor us."

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School of Agricultural Engineering

The School of Agricultural Engineering, despite a continuing decrease in applications since

Continued
FUNDS
Continued
1979, is planning a $25 to $40 million capital campaign to be under way in the next year, says Dean Lark Carter. "There has been a national trend of substantial reduction in ag schools for eight years, and although Cal Poly is not experiencing it to the extent many other schools are, it will probably never reach the level it did in 1978," says Carter. "The new Agricultural Sciences Building under construction now is one of the initial steps in improving our school. We hope to receive a lot of state support toward meeting our goal, plus substantial help from private sources, like the Milk Advisory Board."

A major gift was recently received by the School of Agriculture from alumnus Al Smith, who leased his Santa Cruz ranch and more than $1 million worth of stock to Cal Poly.

"Our individual departments conduct phone-a-thons to solicit support from alumni and parents," says Carter. "Several corporations and large businesses in agricultural production, or who serve the agricultural community, are also willing to provide support over and above what the tax dollars provide. We're beginning this concerted effort to cultivate support in order to continue a strong academic program."

Preliminary plans are the construction of a dairy, a new poultry unit, and a dairy production technical center. The dairy is currently being considered by the state legislature.

School of Architecture and Environmental Design
Day Ding, dean of the School of Architecture and Environmental Design, has plans to begin a major fund-raising effort in the summer.

"We are currently formalizing a gift of property from the Lucichman Design Institute, a Los Angeles architecture firm," says Ding. "We will begin our major effort when that is taken care of, probably this summer. The plan is halfway implemented, and we have preliminary approval."

The proposal will be a vehicle to attract alumni and corporations to give to the specific educational mission of Architecture and Environmental Design, according to Ding. "We are one of the strongest architecture schools in the nation," he says. "Hopefully that excellence will attract donors."

School of Professional Studies and Education
The School of Professional Studies and Education does not have a unified fund-raising effort, but, says Associate Dean Dennis Nulman, the individual departments have efforts.

"With so many diverse majors, it's hard to have a united element," says Nulman. "Industrial technology has nothing to do with child development. We encourage the departments to initiate their own fund-raisers."

Nulman says the school has a joint program with IBM, which donated about $100,000 in computers.

"Universities have to rely more and more on private sources since the state budget can't provide sufficient funds," he says. "We get the same amount as everyone else, but if you want to be better than the others you need money."

According to Nulman, the graphic communication department has been the most successful fund-raiser in Professional Studies. Harvey Levenson, graphic communication department head, says others ask him advice on fund-raising.

"The key to successful, developmental growth is to make sure the prospective donor sees something substantial in it for him, too," says Levenson. "This is a showplace as well as an educational institution. We have several professional faculty members, who came directly from the field. They have a lot of industry contacts as friends, who are sensitive to our needs."

Leverson says about $3 million in equipment has been donated to the department in the past three years. Gifts have included a $500,000 printing press from Rockwell, a $750,000 Heidelberg press and several computerized cameras.

"About a year-and-a-half ago we began a cash fund-raising campaign, with a goal of $1 million," he says. "We're up to $200,000 this year."

Five years ago, fund-raising was never thought about, Nulman says. "Our individual departments are out asking for help like never before," he says. "Everything we do costs money. It's easier for schools like Engineering to pursue support, because the need is more apparent. But psychologists and home economists need support just as much as engineers."

School of Liberal Arts
Jon Ericson, dean of the School of Liberal Arts, says he relies heavily on Halpern's office for fund-raising.

A $1.5 million trust fund was donated to the journalism department by Cal Poly alumnus Jim Brock. The trust established the Brock Center for Agricultural Communication, a joint effort of the School of Agriculture and the School of Liberal Arts.

Ericson says that although Liberal Arts needs money just like Engineering, the need is not the magnitude of tens of millions of dollars that Engineering requires.

"A campaign like the Benchmark takes a great deal of effort, and I salute that," he says.

But he readily acknowledges that the need for more money is there.

"Our equipment needs are expanding with the computer age," he says. "However, funding to support the arts is usually not equipment. The Center for the Arts is a big step, but it takes an enormous amount of money to provide cultural events for the campus."

School of Science and Mathematics
The School of Science and Mathematics has had a more difficult effort raising funds, according to Pam Parsons, the dean's secretary.

"We depend on Annual Giving for most of our contributions," she says. "A lot of companies also come to us and offer equipment. But since many of our graduates go on to masters' programs, we usually don't see them after graduation."

Halpern acknowledges a disparity between the schools, but says the same disparity would exist at any high-tech school.

"As far as alumni are concerned, an engineering graduate has the capability of making upwards of $30,000 a year, and has great potential to donate to his or her alma mater," he says. "It's unfortunate that the disparity in fund-raising exists between the schools, but it's hard to avoid. For example, the history department doesn't need hundreds of thousands of dollars in computers."
Leaps and bounds

New business and population growth blends with rustic charm to make San Luis Obispo a mecca for both the young and the elderly


San Luis Obispo — the city is a paradox, a curious mixture of the past and the future.

Growth is a controversial issue here. But the secret of the city is slowly reaching the rest of the country. And San Luis Obispo grows, whether people like it or not.

In the past 10 years, the number of residents in the city has increased by 23 percent. In 1987, more than 38,000 people lived in the 10.5 square miles of San Luis Obispo, as compared with only 31,000 in 1977.

And with the added people come more homes, more businesses and heavier traffic.

Ten years ago the southern portion of San Luis Obispo was sparsely populated and infrequently traveled. Today the Madonna Road and Laguna Lake areas have become dense residential neighborhoods, as well as the location of more than 100 retail stores and service centers.

Although the shopping center was constructed in 1967, Madonna Road has already been widened to accommodate the hundreds of vehicles that use it every day.

And still the growth continues.

In the past decade, retail sales in San Luis Obispo have more than doubled. More than $400 million was spent in the city in 1985, the most recent year for which figures are available.

But city officials are trying to preserve the small-town character of San Luis Obispo, no matter how large the city grows.

"San Luis Obispo is different from everywhere else," says Mayor Ron Dunin. "We're trying to preserve a rural atmosphere and yet we grow."

Dunin believes that although many people in San Luis Obispo may miss the conveniences of living in a larger city, the intimacy of San Luis Obispo is what draws many people in the first place.

"We must either hold growth and suffer the consequences or go and build urban sprawl — which we don't want," he says. "Most people, even Cal Poly students, don't want San Luis Obispo to grow and yet they are the main growth factor. The small-town atmosphere and clean air are reasons that many of the students came here in the first place."

Glen Matteson is an associate planner in the city's Community Development Department. He has lived in San Luis Obispo nearly 20 years and is a 1973 graduate of Cal Poly. Matteson says San Luis Obispo's rural character is the key to its success.

"My feeling is that you can't really have both ways," he says. "You either have to preserve the small-town atmosphere or have the conveniences of having huge department stores and being able to drive everywhere. But you can't have both."

Matteson says that although he prefers the former, not everyone is willing to give up one for the other.

"If I could do anything, it would be to put San Luis Obispo back to the way it was in the 1950s," he said. "It's just getting too big and too crowded. Even air pollution is starting to be a problem."

But people continue to come to San Luis Obispo, and the city continues to settle here.

Alex Gough has lived in San Luis Obispo for 40 years. He has been a licensed real estate agent for 10 years. Gough says one of the primary contributors to the population growth of San Luis Obispo is the increasing number of people who retire here.

"As the baby boomers work their way through life and society as a whole gets older, so will San Luis Obispo," he says. "Elderly people can't always afford to retire in Santa Barbara or on the Monterey Peninsula. And if you compare San Luis Obispo to either one of those places, we're still a bargain."

Evidence of this aging trend, says Gough, is a recent conversion of a student housing complex, Tropicana Village, into a retirement center.

In fact, the aging trend is already visible in San Luis Obispo. In 1970 the median age in the city was 24.5 years. By 1980 that age rose to 29.9 years.

"Cal Poly and the young population of Cal Poly will always be important to San Luis Obispo," says Gough. "But as that bulge in the population gets older, this city will see its own population aging as well."

In addition to the increase in the average age of the population, the next 10 years in San Luis Obispo will bring decreased growth, higher housing costs and a more beautiful city, says Dunin.

"Because of increased water use and the lack of rain over the past few years, San Luis Obispo is slowly heading toward a water shortage," says Dunin. "The growth has already slowed down in the past two to three years, and I think because of the water problem, it will decrease even more."

As a result of a possible long-term water shortage, the City Council has acted toward limiting the annual growth rate in San Luis Obispo to 1
GROWTH

Continued percent.
And as the water shortage tempers new construction, the scarcity in housing will result in higher prices, says Dunin. Gough agrees that housing prices will definitely increase as a result of the limit the city has placed on growth.

"There are going to be fewer rental units and less breathing room for the residents," he says.

an Luis Obispo is different from everywhere else. We're trying to preserve a rural atmosphere and yet we grow," — Mayor Ron Dunin

"People are basically going to have less choice about where they want to live. And the choices they have are going to be more expensive." In addition to keeping a close watch on growth, the City Council is determined to maintain the beauty of the city, says Dunin. "San Luis Obispo is becoming more pleasant to live in because of the trees, flowers and planter boxes that are being installed on the main streets. The city is developing more and more character in its appearance. We're encouraging historical preservation of the homes and buildings in town. As the next 10 years progress, the historical value of San Luis Obispo will be more and more visible."

But the biggest change San Luis Obispo will see in the next 10 years, says Dunin, will be the establishment of a performing arts facility in the city. "With this facility, we will come to be known as a cultural center of California," he says. "We want to encourage all kinds of performing artists to come to San Luis Obispo to show their work. This is a perfect location."

Although a site has not been selected for the performing arts facility, the City Council is considering several locations. Among them are the Fremont Theatre on Monterey Street and the Veteran's Memorial Building on Grand Avenue. Although it is impossible to say for sure what the future holds for San Luis Obispo, Mattheson believes the city will eventually look like a small version of Santa Barbara. "San Luis Obispo's economic base is a lot like Santa Barbara's," he says. "The main employers in both cities are retail, government and services, and both cities draw people in from other cities during the day. In Santa Barbara, people come in to work from Goleta and Montecito. In San Luis Obispo, they come in from Paso Robles, Pismo Beach and Atascadero." □
But do they wear togas?

A comeback to traditional values and conservatism spawns new growth of Greek organizations at Cal Poly

A bout the time of World War II there were pleated slacks, bobby socks and pearl necklaces. Then came the age of big collars, bell bottoms and polyester—the Jimi Hendrix and Beatles generation, where big business and big government were generally frowned upon. Things have changed. But not really.

The pearl necklace and pleat style is back, though graced with touches of modern taste, and the strong loathing of authority has flip-flopped. Now it seems as though leadership and management are the ultimate goal of future decision makers: college and university students. For many of those future leaders, fraternities and sororities play a key role in shaping their lives, attitudes and careers.

Fraternal organizations have been at Cal Poly for more than 30 years. Throughout this time, the Greek system has experienced fluctuations—both in growth and attitude—that have been reflections of prevailing attitudes in society.

Generally, the country’s attitudes and perceptions of fraternities and sororities, two traditional organizations, are linked to the dominant mode of thinking in the world around universities. This is apparent at Cal Poly, and according to National Intrafraternity Council Executive Director Jon Brant, fraternities and sororities have gained in popularity nationwide.

Brant believes the resurgence of the Greek system in the United States has to do primarily with the trend toward conservatism the nation has experienced since the early 1980s. As more students seek jobs and think about providing for a family, they think about different ways to get ahead and learn communication skills that will be important later in their careers. Fraternities and sororities can help build these skills, he says.

Brant says that during the anti-establishment days of the “me generation” in the late 1960s and 1970s, fraternal organizations and the number of men per chapter decreased or experienced no growth. However, in the past three years there has been a rise of between 7 and 10 percent in Greek growth, and the number of men per chapter has increased, he says.

Nationally, the average fraternity membership reached its high in 1965, at 50 men per chapter. The average dropped in 1972 to 34 men per chapter and rose again to 50 men per chapter in 1986, says Brant. This rise in the number of chapters as well as the number of men per chapter, he says, “is exceptional considering that there are over 100 chapters per year that are being organized.”

There has been similar Greek growth at Cal Poly and throughout the state.

Walt Lambert, Greek Affairs coordinator, says the conservative environment at Cal Poly, coupled with students who are more career-minded than ever, may explain why there is substantial Greek growth at the university.

“It’s a swing with conservatism,” says Richard Shaffer, a Cal Poly social sciences professor. “Conservatism is tied to traditionalism in educational institutions, and fraternities and sororities are traditional structures.”

“However, I’m surprised it’s lasted this long ... it (conservatism) actually peaked about three years ago and now we actually have a shift away from the staunch conservatism. Generally though, college campuses are a beat behind the rest of the country,” he says.

Leisl Hoby, Panhellenic president and a Kappa Delta sorority member, says sorority rush records indicate a slight but constant increase in sorority pledges for most of the eight houses.

Jeff Tolle, Intrafraternity Council president and a member of Delta Tau, says there has been a change in attitude among students at Cal Poly concerning the Greek system.

“Fraternities are a lot more acceptable now. Students are learning that there is so much to gain from it,” Tolle explains. “It’s great for business, networking later in your career, and it can act as a catalyst for meeting people and easing new students into their first year of school.”

Still, some students choose to remain more independent, and say that the Greek system is not for them. Other schools that have experienced Greek community growth include: San Diego State, Fresno State, Sacramento State and UC Santa Barbara.

Doug Case, San Diego State’s Greek adviser, says, “There has been an upward trend at our school since 1976, and in these conservative years, the Greek system does its best.”

“In 1974, a high point in the anti-establishment period, we had a low of 5 percent Greeks total at the university. Now it’s at 12 percent.”

Nada Houston, coordinator for Greek Affairs at San Jose State, says the university’s Greek community has grown rapidly, and that most students there use the Greek system as a vehicle for strengthening job skills.

“In the late ‘60s with the free speech movement (membership) dropped all of a sudden. No one wanted to be Greek then,” she says. “I think we’re going back to old values that the system offers, and it has a lot to do with the conservative attitudes of students.”

The expansion of the Greek system at Cal Poly is not without its problems, however.

Housing and the disproportionate number of fraternity members to sororities are two of the issues that have caused some Greek members to be concerned.

“There are only three fraternities who have a solid house,” says Lambert. The other 10 fraternities are either without a house, are in the process of being evicted, or may be evicted soon due to problems with neighbors and zoning regulations by the city, he says. Without a house, says Lambert, it’s hard to recruit new members. retaining cohesiveness in the group is also a challenge.

Different sites have been proposed for a Greek row that would group most of the Greek houses in one area near the university. However, the city’s zoning ordinances, policies for use of university land and opposition from Greeks who don’t like locations chosen for a proposed site are factors stalling the project.

Continued

by carmela herron
Meanwhile, Greeks are trying to maintain a balance of Greek men to Greek women on campus. Tolle says that the small number of sororities compared to fraternities has caused some problems. "It affects things like Greek week, sports, exchanges and philanthropies," he says. "What are the men going to do? They've got to have girls if they want to make it interesting!"

Both the Intrafraternity Council and the Panhellenic Board regulate how many fraternities and sororities are recognized within campus guidelines. Hobdy says the Panhellenic is "more strict" than the IFC, and that in order to allow a sorority to start a chapter on campus there are many guidelines and quotas to be considered.

"Sorority expansion is nil," says Tolle. "I'm afraid that in a few years there will be 21 fraternities to only eight sororities."

Other problems experienced by one sorority member, who wished to remain anonymous, were the high cost and the constant responsibility associated with her membership. "It wasn't what I'd expected," she says. "There was a lot of responsibility. You had to make your sorority number one always, and I realized what a tight group I was becoming part of so I just dropped out and started meeting different people and doing my own thing."

About 9 to 9.5 percent of Cal Poly students are in fraternities and sororities, Lambert estimates. At present, there are more than 12 sororities and 10 fraternities which want to start separate chapters on campus, says Lambert. This surge in the Greek system sharply contrasts with the mid-60s era when there were only five or six fraternities and virtually no sororities here.

Already, Cal Poly has 13 fraternities and 10 sororities recognized by the Panhellenic Board. Lorraine Howard, associate dean of Student Affairs, was responsible for organizing the first sorority at Cal Poly in the early 1970s. She says that although sororities are on the upswing today and are "well accepted," the late 1960s and 1970s had a decrease in sorority growth.

Sororities provide an alternative for developing personal and leadership skills, she says, as opposed to joining an academic club. "I don't know if it's for everyone," says Howard, "but many students can use the system to learn important leadership skills."

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In full force

Female students were banished from Cal Poly in 1929 for almost 30 years. Today women are still working toward educational equity.

by monica fiscalini
Continued

Marjory Martinson was brought in by Cal Poly President Julian A. McPhee to re-establish the home economics program. While waiting for the coeds to arrive, Martinson taught family psychology to more than 300 men. She says she had three strikes against her. First, she was a woman; second, she was teaching a required course; and third, she said she was an "old maid."

Before the women arrived in fall 1956, Martinson told El Mustang, "Lack of social life is quite a problem for many of the men," and coeds would "make college a more interesting and worthwhile experience."

Martinson had to make the curriculum, figure out the budget, buy all the equipment and teach. A new building was in the works and Martinson was given only 13 days to submit a plan for it. She did not get much sleep those two weeks and she got hives from stress, but in 1960 the current Mathematics and Home Economics Building was ready for use.

After the women arrived, Martinson says she noticed a change in the men at Cal Poly. Their appearance changed, she says, and they had less manner on their feet. In October 1956 El Mustang reported, "Almost all the men are now wearing shoes, an improvement over last year."

Some of the townspople were skeptical about women attending Cal Poly. One wife of a student, Barbara Crewes, told Martinson that Cal Poly would be a likely "happy hunting ground for female wolves."

Martinson says some townspople were very much against women attending college here; they were afraid the women would be rough and crude. She says one reason residents might have felt this way was because Cal Poly was known as an agriculture school. "We had to be very, very careful," she says. She didn't allow her students to wear pants to class and told them, "You have to be a lady."

Almost all the men are now wearing shoes, an improvement over last year."

1956 El Mustang

Connie Breazeale was one of Martinson's first students and has been teaching home economics at Cal Poly since her graduation from the school. She says women did not seem to come in search of a husband. The women were career-oriented and most of the first graduates in home economics became teachers. Breazeale says it wasn't long before women began majoring in areas other than home economics. Animal science and elementary school teaching were popular fields. She says she has gradually seen women become more independent and aware of their career potential. Their interests have diversified and they want a career and a family life, she says.

Home economics has changed in the past 30 years as much as women have. There are far more options than cooking, sewing and teaching. The department now has such specialized, business-oriented options as textile merchandising and interior design.

And Cal Poly has changed a lot since Julian A. McPhee wrote about the entrance requirements in 1939. McPhee stated that the applicant be "a clean, respected young man in his community." Today, clean, respected women make up 43 percent of the school's population.

In her 1975 paper, "Options in Undergraduate Degree Programs for Women in P.E.," Evelyn I. Pellaton says, "The professional preparation program for women in P.E. at the California Polytechnic State University began in 1956 with the purpose of preparing young women for teaching home economics school teaching. Pellaton made recommendations for changes in the women's P.E. program. She discovered that other California state colleges and universities were offering other options, such as graduate work, dance and leadership. She concluded that a need existed for programs in athletic training and coaching. In the 1979-1981 catalog options in athletic coaching, health education and teaching were available. Currently, commercial/corporate fitness is offered in addition to teaching and health education.

Women have been taught in enrollment in each of the seven schools except for Engineering, where women account for 18 percent, and Architecture and Environmental Design, where women make up 24 percent. Women account for about 50 percent of the majors in Agriculture, Business, Liberal Arts and Science and Mathematics. Seventy-one percent of those in the School of Professional Studies and Education are women.

Even though women have been attending Cal Poly for decades now, the school remains the only CSU campus without a program centering on the study of women. But some campus groups have been pouring their efforts into the void to create an awareness of women here.

For a week in February, activities, lectures and seminars were held as part of Women's Week 1987. Women's Week, with the theme "Freedom of Choice: A Feminist Goal/A Human Right," was geared to educate students and the community about women's lives and choices in society.

Also, the Cal Poly Women's Studies Coalition and the School of Liberal Arts ad hoc committee on a women's studies minor have sent a proposal to the School of Liberal Arts for a minor in women's studies. Members of the two groups hope that a minor program will be put in place by the time the next Cal Poly catalogue is issued. Still, some groundwork has already been laid for a minor program, as several courses have been offered which focus on women's issues.

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Where the action is

The Central Coast offers myriad activities — from melodrama to nature walks — to entertain students and parents alike.

O THE PARENTS have come to visit during Poly Royal. That may pose some interesting problems for students. There is no appropriate answer to a parent who says, "Johnny, show us where you go on Friday night." Mom’s Florsheim’s would probably clash with the booths at Bull’s anyway.

Actually, there are quite a few places in San Luis Obispo that would probably appeal to both students and parents:

□ The Great American Melodrama in Oceano specializes in good old-fashioned family fun by providing top-notch melodramas, as well as great hot dogs and beer. It’s about a 30-minute drive from San Luis Obispo. The show during Poly Royal is "The Saga of Roaring Gulch." Tickets cost $8.75 to $9.75, depending on the day and time of show, but it may be difficult to get seats at this late a date. Call the Melodrama for more information at 489-2499.

□ A place a little closer to home that provides a load of belly laughs is Bob Zany’s Comedy Outlet at Wm. Randolph’s Restaurant on Monterey Street. The Comedy Outlet hosts a variety of comedians every weekend, but be warned that some routines contain blue language. Because San Luis Obispo is located half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, comedians stop here on their way to one
A Morro Bay sea otter enjoys the sun on its belly. Photo by Shirley Thompson

Continued

For those who like historical landmarks, a visit to Hearst Castle is in order. The variety of tours offers an opportunity to see the castle from a new perspective, even for those who may have already visited it. Tour One is a basic overview of the castle and grounds and is recommended for first-timers. Tour Two goes through the upper level of the castle, several guest rooms and Hearst's personal Gothic suite. Tour Three goes through the guest wing with 36 bedrooms, bathrooms, and living rooms. And Tour Four, the newest tour, focuses on the gardens and architectural styling of the castle.

Hearst was a collector of Medieval, Renaissance, Eastern and Roman art. Among other things, he collected carved ceilings and numerous varieties of rose bushes.

Tickets are $8 for adults and $4 for children between ages 6 and 12. Reservations can be made at the Discovery Inn in San Luis Obispo or by calling (800)446-7275. Like many tourist spots in this area, early reservations are essential.

There's perhaps no better way of getting in touch with nature and away from the crowds than taking a hike or a nature walk, and the Central Coast affords many beautiful views.

Hiking to the top of Bishop's Peak is a favorite pastime of locals. Hikers need to watch out for poison oak and plan for the three-hour trip by bringing food and a canteen. It is also wise to begin early in the day. Although watching the sunset from the peak may be a spectacular sight, the price you'll pay by coming back down in the dark probably won't be worth it.

For those who aren't quite up to hiking Bishop's Peak, a leisurely walk to the Cal Poly "P" is enjoyable. The view from the "P," although not as good as from the peak, still ranks as one of the best and most easily accessible.

The Morro Bay State Park Museum of Natural History offers guided nature walks each weekend. A phone call is needed to check the walks being offered on any particular weekend, but some of the more frequent ones include: a walk through the Pygmy Oaks in Los Osos, a tour of the tide pools at Montana de Oro, a hike on the sandspit, or a hike to the waterfall in the mountains behind Montana de Oro. The lengths of the walks vary but they are all free. For more information call the museum at 772-2694. If the weather is nice, there isn't a more beautiful way to get to know the area.

Deep-sea fishing for rock cod is also available in Morro Bay. Virg's Fish'n offers all-day fishing trips for about $35, including a pole, a license, a space on the boat, and bait and tackle. The all-day trip starts at 7 a.m. weekdays. There are also half-day and twilight trips on weekends at 9 a.m. and 1:30 p.m.; each costs $25 for the entire setup.

The Embaradero is also a great way to spend an afternoon. The quaint shops along the waterfront in Morro Bay are always inviting. The Central Coast is a popular place among artists, and the galleries in Morro Bay have a variety of works on display.

And Morro Bay has some of the best seafood restaurants around.

After looking at the scenery and shops, it's nice to take a look at the Museum of Natural History, just south of Morro Bay. The museum has a variety of daily nature films as well as a special collection featuring the endangered peregrine falcon. There are also other bird displays and a whale exhibit. The entrance fee is $1.

Another local museum is the San Luis Obispo County Historical Society Museum at 600 Monterey St. This museum houses several historical documents that were important during the early years of San Luis Obispo, and has many relics including clothing and household furnishings of early residents.

Originally built as the Carnegie Library in 1905, the building became a museum in 1956. The museum is open Wednesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

A trip to San Luis Obispo would not be complete without a visit to the world-renowned Madonna Inn just off Highway 101. The white and pink gingerbread exterior of this sprawling inn hints at the opulent and garish interior that lies behind. There are also many relics including clothing and household furnishings of early residents.

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For those with a bit of the adventurous spirit in them, a scenic plane ride above San Luis Obispo might be the answer. A one-hour plane ride over the area costs $72 for three people. Reservations three days in advance are recommended. For more information call the San Luis Obispo Airport or Air San Luis at 541-1038.

Another great way to see the countryside is to visit the wineries along Highways 46 and 41 between Paso Robles and Morro Bay. All winery locations are listed in the Tourist Guide available at the San Luis Obispo Chamber of Commerce at 1039 Chorro St.

Bargain hunters and collectors can take a few hours to look at the goods at the Sunset Drive-in Swap Meet in San Luis Obispo every Sunday morning. A small entrance fee opens up a world of all kinds of junk and treasures.

After spending all day walking around campus, tired toes can get a relaxing soak at two natural mineral springs in Avila Beach: Avila Hot Springs Spa and Sycamore Mineral Springs Resort. A one-hour soak at Sycamore Mineral Springs Resort costs $7.50. Overnight accommodations are also available, with 27 hotel rooms, each with a private jacuzzi on the balcony. At Avila Hot Springs, the price is $6 per hour for a private room with bath or $5 per hour in one of the outdoor hot tubs. In addition, Avila Hot Springs shows movies above the hot tubs every night.

To end Poly Royal on a high note, enjoy Sunday brunch at one of the area's restaurants. The San Luis Bay Inn in Avila Beach has a champagne brunch buffet for $12 per person. McLintock's Saloon in Pismo Beach offers a ranch breakfast for about $9 per person. The Park Suite Hotel has a morning buffet served from 6:30-11 a.m. for $6 per person. Tiger's Face in Morro Bay offers a combination Sunday brunch/harbor cruise for $13 per person at 10 a.m. and noon. Reservations are required. Harbor cruises are also available. Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. for $6 per person.

by arlene wieser
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  - Cannelloni

- **SALADS**
  - Pasta
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  - Frittatas
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