

CROSS CURRENTS

Mustang Daily Literary Supplement



FIRST PLACE FICTION

QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Sandra Cabassi

JAN 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

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SECOND PLACE FICTION

LOVELY LIE

By Julie Carol Thompson

'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 something or spilled something; he always used a stupid sappy 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 hard 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 naked and vacuum naked. I just wanted to be away from people, in my little nest. And Hans had invited guests — strangers — to stay with us for the weekend.

"Punkin? Don't be mad," he said. He wiggled in an exaggerated "I'm snuggling up to the gal 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 can think of him or her with only disgust, annoyance, and a curled lip. Of course, I have friends — several in fact, and they are truly good, kind, sensitive, intelligent people. They are not, as you may think, "losers" who are desperate for a friend. I mean, my friends aren't perfect. Sometimes they really irritate me, but I am always quick to forgive and forget (honestly), even knowing that their offenses — improperly cooking the pasta, using good knives on a tile counter — are too insignificant to warrant even my attention.

No, I am not tolerant. I am not like our old friend Ruth who, after forty years of waitressing, still likes people. I mean, she really enjoys everyone, and their quirks and obnoxious behavior she finds amusing. I have tried emulating, in turn, Ruth, my maternal grandmother, and Saint Teresa. But all of that passivity and gracious smiling and turning my face

from one cheek 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 — something like the way a pregnant woman does, when peace and radiance are washed over her face. I sincerely tried. 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. It's a fairly 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, going wherever 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.

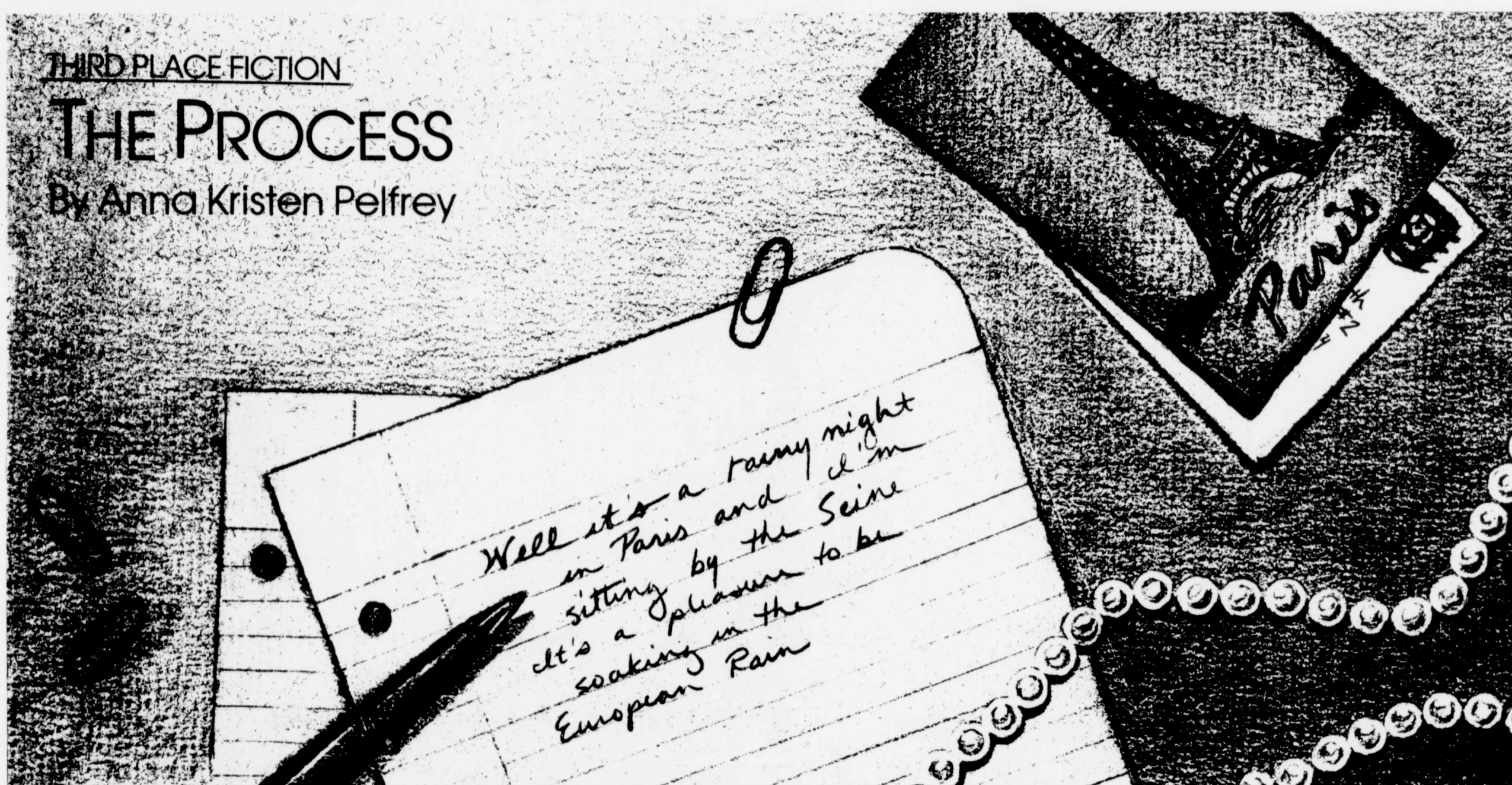
"Hi, honey, I'm home," I said.

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THIRD PLACE FICTION

THE PROCESS

By Anna Kristen Pelfrey



W

ELL 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

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 pigeon droppings melting in the rain on the cafe tabletop. It was a clammy sort of rain, the kind that gets you damp enough to be uncomfortable and makes your all-natural fiber jacket smell like a wet dog. It was the kind of rain that happened only in Paris ...

Damn.

Maybe I could make a Hallmark slogan out of this. No, not even Hallmark; maybe American Greetings. Or I could finish the story, adding a few more significant ... and sell it to Silhouette Romances; it has that certain "je ne sais quoi" that Ricardo Montalban could appreciate. How can I write on an empty stomach? 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. They stared back, waiting for me to make the next move. Wait — that's an affectation, too. They didn't stare back, they didn't wait for me; a pad of paper and a pen are inanimate objects. I'm supposed to control them. What I'm trying to say is that there is a piece of blank paper and a pen on my desk and I have a story due next Friday and absolutely nothing is happening. Where's my Muse?

There was a knock on the door. "Come in," I shouted. Cass poked her head around the door.

"Hi. Am I interrupting anything?"

"No. I wish you were. Come on in."

She flopped on the bed and wiggled her feet in the air. "Was there anything edible at dinner?"

"Depends on your definition of edible. I had salad, an orange, and cottage cheese slapped between two pieces of Roman Meal."

Her feet stopped wiggling. "That is really disgusting."

"Yeah, well, it was that or a mystery patty with tomato paste."

"Gross. Look, can I borrow your philosophy book? I can't find mine."

"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.

She was sitting on the bench, surrounded by parcels, wishing she had some bread for the pigeons, when he approached her and started talking. She was frightened, but he did have nice eyes. They weren't, she decided, the eyes of a pervert. She had gone to Paris with dreams of a Great Adventure, and she was determined to have it.

I rubbed my eyes. This mysterious "she" was turning out to be a witless sap. No, that's being kind. The brainwaves of a cow would be more intellectually thrilling. I shouldn't be writing about something I know nothing about. VOID. I chewed on my pen. Lesson 1a: How to get rid of Writer's Block. Write a paragraph about the first thing that comes into your head.

Cheryl Beth stared unenthusiastically at the mound of steaming beans-n-franks on her Smurf plate. "This looks yucky, Mommy." Madge sighed. "Just eat it, honey."

Dumb kid. Eat it or I'll make Madge do unspeakable things to your food. Have some horseradish with your beans-n-franks, Cheryl Beth. I looked at the clock; it was 10:00. I wondered if I could go to bed, having virtuously spent three hours at my desk, but I decided that my sleep would be the restless sleep of the spineless who succumb to Writer's Block. Maybe it isn't Writer's Block after all. Maybe I just need a new approach.

When my family went to Paris for the summer, I was at a point in my life where my biggest fear was wondering whether or not the quantities of Pepsi I had consumed during the time my braces were on would leave little brown marks all over my teeth that would be exposed when the braces finally got removed. My favorite book was *I, Claudius* and my favorite movie was "The Wizard of Oz." I didn't return from the trip speaking fluent French, but I remember its music. I never could pin down the smell of Paris (and probably wouldn't want to know its exact breakdown), but from time to time its essence appears in my mind's nose. I did not trip mindlessly from one monument to the next; I was absorbed by the city, its parks and churches and streets as well as its museums and monuments and cathedrals.

We had a four-room apartment near Montmartre. Our concierge was

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.

"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 and mourned for Claudius. I wished myself back in time; I would have made him happy.

We had been in Paris for a week. I thought about how my friends had teased me about having affairs with French men. So far the only encounter I'd had was in the Monoprix, when I was buying milk. The clerk who was pricing the butter smiled at me, probably rupturing a few very painful looking boils in the process, and invited me into the back room. I fled. You would have thought that I feared he would rape me as he casually gunned tags on the dairy products. It looked as though the prospects for a summer romance in Paris were pretty grim.

I went to the Louvre almost every day. I prowled through seemingly forgotten rooms; I found everything from the royal china to prehistoric fertility goddesses, delighting in everything. I met him in the Salle d'Auguste. The older man. He was over six feet tall; he had a slight double chin and a slightly receding hairline. His name was Claudius Drusus Nero Germanicus and he was very nearly 2,000 years old. I saw him, tucked behind a bust of Caligula; a stool was next to the pillar across from him.

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

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

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1st place poetry

ANGELA FREIRE

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 psuedo-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 moldibility —
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
Candlelit 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,
Abstinence 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 Perfumo 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.

2nd place poetry

SANDRA CABASSI

To the Seller of
Oranges in Mazatlan

Old man posed patiently by the sea,
Waiting for the end of time perhaps,
Waiting while the tourists stroll through hot sand
Hand in hand,
What do you see?
The sweet, tart taste of your fruit,
Like your life,
Lies bright in the basket.
I have seen you before across the worlds
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 'till the last.



3rd place poetry

MICHAEL McCLARNEY

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.

Requiem 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 so 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.



QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

From page 1

had broken up one of the bales on top, and scattered it over the others, making a soft bed. She sat down there now and pulled off her boots, and placed them carefully side by side. She pulled off her socks too, and stuffed them inside the boots. Then she stood up and walked over to the front wall and unlatched the square little loft door and opened it.

She stood up on tiptoe to peer out through the opening. She could see the whiter stretch of dirt road leading back to the house, and beyond the house a hedge, 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 the hills was the Pacific. She could not see the ocean now, but the far, wet, salty smell came to her, carried on little puffs of breeze.

She went back to the soft pile of hay and stretched out in an unconsciously sacrificial pose, her arms out, palms up, on either side of her and her legs straight together, her toes pointed. She stretched all her muscles for a moment and then folded her arms under her head, her fingers locked. The square of moonlight from the loft window fell across her face and torso and across the dark brown wings of hair that fanned out behind her head.

She had a little over half-an-hour to wait. "Midnight," she had whispered to him a few hours before. "Meet me just at midnight in the barn." Midnight had seemed the right time to her, half-way from light, half-way to light.

She had showed him where to park his car across the road and out of sight, and how to follow the fence line to the barn. And then she had kissed him strongly and swiftly and left him standing on the porch, while she went back inside the house.

She had met him only today, but that did not bother her. They had met on the light brown sands of the beach. The football he had been tossing to his two friends further down the shore, had landed next to her. He had run up to retrieve it where she lay on a bright beach towel beside her girlfriend. She sat up and smiled at him as he ran up, and he smiled back and dropped to his knees beside her. His friends yelled impatiently at him for the ball, but he had only turned and tossed it back to them, and stayed beside her to talk.

"My name is John Casey Martin," he said, "but all my friends call me Case. What's your name?" he asked her.

"I'm Jan, Jan Tulley," she said.

He was nineteen and in the Navy and stationed in San Diego. He and his friends were on leave.

"How old are you?" he had asked her, and she had lied and said seventeen and a half, tacking two and a half years onto her fifteen. Her girlfriend lying beside her had giggled, but kept silent. They were used to each other's lies.

She had been physically attracted to Case because he had resembled a boy she had once desired fiercely. He had the same dark curly hair that fell over his forehead, the same kind of dark brown flashing eyes and smooth dark skin. But as he talked, she saw how gentle he was. He had been eager and friendly and shy all at the same time. He had talked to her all afternoon, bought her and her girlfriend snowcones, and splashed about in the icy green surf with them, laughing

and teasing. He had asked her to go to a movie that evening, and when she had accepted quickly, he had been humbly grateful.

He had been a perfect gentleman on their date, picking her up promptly. She had met him at the door herself, 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. He asked her about her family, her school and friends. During most of the show, he had only held her hand.

It was only toward the end, when the movie was almost over, that he grew bolder. His arm, lying on the back of the seat, tightened about her shoulder, and his hand brushed through her hair. She had turned her head and leaned against him until he kissed her slowly and softly. She felt his hand stroke down her arm and his breathing had quickened. His excitement caused a quick hot surge of desire in her, but he had relaxed his arm and did not kiss her again.

Yes, 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 gratefulness to her and his gentleness gave her strength and control.

He had driven her straight home after the show. She had sat close beside him, and smiled at him as they talked of the movie. He asked her if he could take her out again tomorrow afternoon and she had agreed. He had parked in her driveway, and had hurried around to open and hold the car door for her, and then he escorted her back to the bottom of the porch steps.

He had smiled at her. "You're very beautiful," he had said. She had wound a white scarf around her head when they left the movie, and he touched it lightly. "You look like a madonna," he told her.

With a quick movement of her hands, she loosened the scarf back on her shoulders and shook out her dark hair. Then she had reached up to him and pressed her body against his and kissed him passionately, kissed him again and again, until she felt his heartbeat hammering under her fingertips. It was then she had stepped back and whispered, "Midnight, meet me just at midnight in the barn."

"Yes, yes," he had whispered back, as she gave him directions, and then she had kissed him one more time, quickly, before she ran inside.

Now she lay waiting for him, for

midnight. She felt he was the right one. The time was right too, and certainly this place was right, this barn that was hers. It was her territory; it belonged to her and she listened to it in the darkness. She heard the stamp and snort of her horse outside in the corral, the creaking of the old boards, the faint rustlings of the tiny field mice in the straw, and the shrill cricket songs outside. She was at home here, had always, almost always, been in control here.

When she was eight and her younger brother five, they had moved to the small farm. The big barn became the center, the focal point for all their play. It drew them and the other kids in the neighborhood like a magnet. There were not many children around. Just the two boys next door in the tall square house, and another boy from down the road.

It had bothered her mother that there were no girls, and she had recruited candidates, daughters of her friends, and invited them over, one by one, to play with Jan. But they had always ended up miserable and lonely, left out of the rough games, and finally her mother had given up. Jan did not need these girls for she was the leader of their neighborhood. She was the oldest, by six months, of them all, and she was stronger and faster than the boys.

They had played games in their seasons. There was a time for marbles, circles 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 versions. There was a time for sliding down the slick 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 highest bale of hay, and everyone else tried to pull him off and become "king." 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 willed it. She lost no power from this, but gained control, for the others sensed her fairness.

Once after a fierce battle that had gone on for over an hour, she stood alone in victory with the others exhausted around her feet, flopped on the soft floor of the barn.

"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. You're our queen."

And she had laughed back; they had all laughed, for it was true. She was the queen. The barn was her castle and they were her subjects.

She directed and dominated and watched over them. Once her little brother had almost landed on a pitchfork, its prongs carelessly turned up. And once, one of the other boys had scratched his ankle on a piece of wire from a bale. So she had made rules. Before they played, the pitchfork 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 stab 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 listen to you." And they often requested her help with her little brother. She could get him to bathe and brush his teeth and pick up his 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, blindfolded, outside to a young mare with a big red bow and ribbon tied around her neck. In the excitement and newness of her horse, Jan forgot about the boys for awhile. They sulked around the yard, directionless and lost while she rode alone. But eventually, the proper order of her life returned. She gave each of them turns on the horse, taught them to ride too, and rejoined their games. She structured her time to include them and to still have time for school and riding her horse alone.

At the end of her twelfth year, a neighborhood woman died, and her husband rented out their small stucco house and went off to his married daughter's to live. A new family moved in, and there in the middle of their lives, in the middle of their games one day, was the panther boy.

He was tall and older than Jan by two years. He had blue-black curly hair, deep dark eyes with golden flecks in them and smooth brown skin, and from the first he stalked her. He had little interest in the younger boys except as witnesses to his power. It was Jan he wanted.

He challenged her and circled her, walking around on his light cat feet with a sensuous grace and fixing her with his black eyes, a small knowing smile on his face.

"Jannee, Jannee," he would call to her. "Come play with me." He drew out her name in a ritual chant, and she was both attracted and repelled by him. For once, she did not know what to do, and the other boys wondered at her, at her helplessness.

She saw his strength, his greater knowledge of the world, and she knew she could not master him, so at first she pretended to be too busy to play. She saddled the horse and rode alone, or she stayed around the house near her mother, moving restlessly from room to room. Her mother wondered at her and thought at first she was sick, but after a few days of always having Jan underfoot and in her way, she ordered her outside.

The boys were in the barn playing "king of the mountain" as usual, but

Continued on page 7

*Yes,
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 gratefulness to
her and his gentleness
gave her strength
and control*

THE PROCESS

From page 3

around, he would have been blissfully happy. She had been only 16, and he was almost 50; she 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 glowed and faded with the passing clouds. The Roman sculpture (or had it been an imported Greek sculpture?) had been brutally realistic. This was one emperor who would never have been mistaken for Jove, that's for sure. Where 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 the guard who was on duty, and he was the very soul of discretion. I often wrote poetry in my journal. One day, after this affair had been going 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.

"That's very interesting." I turned to stare down the intruder. My face responded with its Meg Adams patented Beaconlight flush.

"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." Gone was the meek adolescent who had fled the Monoprix in abject terror. After various parts of my anatomy had been pinched and prodded in crowded Metro cars, I had stomped a few feet, slapped a face, and kneed two groins. I was thoroughly sick of men whose brains were in their pants.

He laughed. "Your American is showing."

I hardly knew which side to protect. "Of course it is."

"You have more nerve than I do. Look who's chatting with statues."

I was wordless. I started to stalk past him.

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

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 if you like."

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.

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

"I'm not playing." I turned to get my purse and saw Claudius. Oh, no. I hesitated.

"What's your name?"

I turned around. "Meg Adams."

"Meg, I'm Charles Kinnell." I offered 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."

"Cass, I'm trying to finish a story. I don't think the smell of onions is going to inspire me."

"Can I read it?" 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

QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

From page 6

it was the panther boy who stood on top. His real name was Sammy, but she could only think of him as the panther boy. She moved away from them, as though she planned on going outside to the corral to catch the horse, but the panther boy held out his arms and began his chant.

"Jannee, come play, come play with me," he called. And the others took up the chant, too.

"Are you afraid, Jan?" her little brother called to her. "Are you afraid?"

She was filled with a sudden anger and she turned back and ran toward them. She jumped swiftly to the top where the panther boy waited and she lunged with a fast swipe of her arms at his legs, hoping to take him by surprise and knock him off balance. But he jumped skillfully away.

He taunted her again. "Come on Jannee, come on and get me," he called.

She yelled back to the other boys behind her. "Come up here. Come up here and help me." But they hung back and waited.

She jumped clear to the top where he stood and lowered her head a little and charged him, trying again to knock him off balance. But he sidestepped her and grabbed her arms from behind, and with a quick twist, he forced her down and lay on top of her, pinning her arms and legs with his.

"I'll tell, I'll tell on you," she yelled in his face.

But he only grinned. "Tell what?" he said loudly for the other boys to hear. "We're only playing, aren't we?"

The other boys still hung back. (They felt a strange new tension from the two struggling figures on top.)

The panther boy's weight pressed down against Jan, and she felt her heartbeat racing against his chest. He smiled at her and whispered so that only she could hear. "I've got a new

game for us to play," he said softly against her ear.

Then he moved his mouth over hers and kissed her. She felt his tongue flicker inside her mouth, and he let go of one of her arms and with his hand he caressed her breast. She felt a great wave of desire sweep through her body, and for one instant she surrendered completely to the feeling and to him. But in the next instant, she saw in her mind a picture of the two of them together, wrestling in the hay, and a new feeling of disgust followed and gave her strength. She rolled away from under him and broke free, and jumped down the bales and ran to the door. She stopped for a moment and looked back. He was sitting up, laughing and holding out his arms to her.

"Come back again Jannee and play," he called.

In the days that followed, Jan found new ways to avoid the boys. "They're babies," she told her mother. "I'm too old to play with them anymore." But she could not tell her mother of the panther boy or what had happened. She took long walks alone from wherever the boys were, and she stayed in her room much of the time.

It was during those months that she started getting up late at night when everyone else was sleeping, and sneaking out of the house. She reclaimed her kingdom of the barn, but only in the middle of the night when it was safe. She would saddle up her horse in the dark and ride quietly away down the country roads and fields in the moonlight. The mare was sure-footed and Jan felt a great comfort and relief riding alone in the dark and empty hills.

After a few months, the panther boy and his parents moved on again, and someone new rented the little stucco house. But things were never the same again for Jan. The boys would no longer listen to her. They brushed her away and went off by themselves.

"You're only a girl," they told her. "You can't tell us what to do."

A few months after her thirteenth birthday, Jan got her period. Her mother hugged her and said, "Aren't you happy? You're a grown-up woman now." But Jan saw nothing to be happy about. Her period was embarrassing and messy and sometimes uncomfortable. She resented her body now, the fact of her womanhood.

She cried a lot, and lashed out at her little brother and at her mother. She brooded alone in her room and would not go out at all. Her father tried to talk to her. "What's the matter with you?" he asked her. "Why do you act like this? You've got everything a girl can want. Why can't you be happy?"

But she only turned away. "You don't understand," she cried. "None of you understand."

"Let her alone," her mother had said. "In time she'll feel better."

At the end of her fourteenth year, she graduated from her small country school into the much larger high school. And in the excitement of meeting so many new people, she did feel a little better. Still there were too many things she did not understand. All the other girls seemed to have a knowledge she could not grasp.

There were new games to play and master now, games not of her choosing, and the rules were not clear. She spent half her time trying hard to understand what the others seemed already to know, and half her time wishing she was ten or eleven again, a time when she had known who she was, and her world had been firm and straight.

She was a very pretty girl with thick dark brown hair, wide-set blue eyes and fair clear skin. She was tall and graceful, but inside she felt clumsy. She spent too much time thinking of her body (she thought), what clothes to put on, what perfumes or lotions to use, how to wear her hair, what to do with her feet and hands,

and how she looked compared to others. Even as she played the games and observed the rituals, she resented them.

She made friends with other girls and their lives seemed to revolve around boys. They spent nearly all their time trying to be pretty and popular to attract the boys they wanted, and Jan joined in their talk, and went to the parties and dances and clustered in little giggling groups with them, but part of her stood back and wondered at them and wondered that she could be one of them.

Slowly she had come to the idea that the way to be at peace with herself again, was to experience fully all there was to know about boys and sex and the strange new feelings in her body. She had simply to make love to a boy, to "go all the way" like the other girls said, in order to solve the mystery. Once she had played the game, learned the rules, she would know all the answers and be in control again, a "Queen of the Mountain" once more.

She told no one of her decision, not even her closest girlfriends, for she trusted none of them enough. She began secretly to study each boy she saw, but none of them seemed right. The older boys at school were arrogant and tough and crude, and the younger boys were silly or gawky with braces and large hands and feet like fumbling puppies.

No boy had seemed just right until she had met Case on the beach that afternoon. Now she lay waiting for him, for midnight. She stretched again, for her muscles had grown stiff in the time that had passed. Then she stood up and brushed the hay from her hair and clothes and went back to the loft window. The fresh cool air caressed her face. Far off on the white sand road she saw him moving slowly towards the barn in the moonlight. Jan smiled to herself in the warm darkness. She was comforted that soon she would know all she needed to know, and that she would win the game at last. □

From page 2

"How was your day at the office, dear?"

"It's a fucking jungle out there." I kissed him. "Heard from Mary yet?"

"No, but she said they might not get here until eleven or twelve."

I put my purse, coat, and books down and went into the kitchen. I made two martinis — one with a twist

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

Calvin some questions. He found some common 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." Calvin 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 banging and rattling in the kitchen woke them. I offered them coffee.

"You bet. I'm the kind of guy who just can't get going without my coffee — and 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 for not being more assertive and 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 and every time I recite this, Hans says, "You're a snob." I suppose that's true. I'd like to devise a way of getting that exact point across without the snobbishness element, but I don't think it's possible and I'm ceasing to care.

So I left for campus. I spent the entire day at the library and when it 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 violated, 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

Hans and Mary were making. Calvin was snoring on the couch. Mary and Hans were talking and although I'd received my welcoming kiss from my husband, as their conversation continued I felt superfluous, nudged aside. The smell of the olive oil made me sick. I went into my bedroom and shut the door. I have to be more tolerant, I thought.

Mary called me when dinner was ready, and I dragged my martyred body to the stake of social and marital responsibility. Dinner smelt of gasoline, and as the inane conversation began, I was fantasizing about being bound to a rough-hewn stake, the wind howling around me and throwing my hair about and across my face, storm clouds rushing to the dark sky above me, dry, crisp tinder beneath my feet. I thought that I should be screaming and pulling at my bindings until my arms and wrists and ankles bled, but my imprisoned body limply slouched against the stake, watching with dreadful curiosity, praying that some power would send rain or that someone would come to rescue me. I was limp, leaning.

I was disgusted with myself. You're spineless, I thought to myself. I just sat there and played that absurd social game, being polite and asking them the expected questions that showed I was interested, that I cared. And I didn't — not one bit.

"I have a headache," I announced quietly. Hans looked at me in surprise; I never get headaches. "I think I'll go make some tea and lie down." I felt some remorse about my lie, but I rationalized it by convincing myself that if I'd sat there any longer I would have a headache, so my lie was actually preventative medicine. I went into the kitchen, poured a healthy amount of cognac into a crystal snifter, and went into my bedroom. I straightened everything — hung clothes, put my shoes in the closet, put all of my work in the drawers of the desk. I put on a flannel nightgown. I looked out the window, feeling really good and free.

I stood at the window for a long time, sipping my cognac, thinking about myself. Hans came in to see how I was doing. "I'm okay. Just tired." I didn't apologize for leaving him out there alone. Maybe I should have, but I didn't want to.

He smiled at me and there was humor in his eyes. "Get some rest, Punkin. And don't burn your tongue on that tea." □



*I'd
walk around naked;
I'd even do my aerobics
naked and vacuum
naked. I just wanted
to be away from people,
in my little nest.
And Hans had invited
guests -strangers-
to stay with us
for the weekend.*

for me, one with four olives for Hans. As I walked back into the living room and Hans wheeled the vacuum cleaner into the closet, we heard a very long, rhythmic knock and opened the door to Mary and Calvin.

They were certainly a pair. Mary was an Italian girl with long, coarse black hair (which I was still vacuuming up three weeks after their visit) and a dimpled round face. She came in holding Calvin's hand. He was skinny, really skinny, and his face was pointed everywhere. His nose was long and pointed, his eye teeth were unusually pointed, his chin was pointed, his eyebrows had points in them, like little A-frame roofs over his eyes. Like I said, they were a pair. They both wore blue jeans and white tennis shoes and white hooded sweat-shirts. On the left breast of Mary's sweatshirt was printed, in red, "I'm all his." Calvin's said, "I'm all hers."

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 couch — the size of couch 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 braced myself for a fit of giggling, which followed as I had expected, smothering any response they made. I looked at Hans and smiled a tight little smile, mentally running through my repertoire of polite questions. I couldn't ask them how work was; I didn't even know what they did. Weather? Too obvious. I sat and smiled and thought of Joan of Arc.

Hans was great. He talked of people that he and Mary had gone to school with, told some stories, and asked

CROSS CURRENTS

Cross Currents 1987 is produced entirely by the editorial staff of Mustang Daily:

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For the sixth year, the winning entries of the Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest have been published as a supplement to the Poly Royal edition of Mustang Daily.

The English department began the annual contest in the spring of 1971 in an effort to encourage creative writing across the campus. The contest is open to all Cal Poly students and this year there were approximately 100 entries from students in 30 different majors.

There are two divisions in the contest: a short story division and a poetry division. Each division has cash prizes of \$100 for first place, \$75 for second place and \$50 for third place. Honorable mentions are also given.

Students use a pseudonym when entering the contest, and it is not until the judges have reached their final decision that the names of the winning writers are revealed.

There are three judges for each division of the contest. Each judge reads all the manuscripts and then all three judges meet to make their final decisions.

The contest would not be possible without the support of many people. Gratitude must go to the anonymous donors whose con-

tributions make the cash awards possible. Thanks is given to Mona Rosenman, head of the English department, and Jon Ericson, dean of the School of Liberal Arts.

Also, thanks is due to the judges for devoting their time to the contest: Katherine Gittes, Linda Halisky, Mary Kay Harrington, Peggy Lant, Nancy Lucas and Martin Luschei.

Finally, thanks to the English department secretaries: Connie Davis, Tina Bojorquez and Greg Parras.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Fiction
Douglas Binns
Francis Mooney
Donald G. Wallace

Poetry
Ann-Marie Dull
Toni Harkins
Susan Marsala
L.L. Miller
Ann Kristen Pelfrey
Leila Trapp

A royal tradition

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

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 half way 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



Photo by Shirley Thompson

A larger-than-life smurf befriends a child during last year's Poly Royal festivities.

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 open 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 collegewide 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

Continued



Photo by Shirley Thompson

Poly Royal queen Debbie Francis

by jennifer manor

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Jake's
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POLY ROYAL

Continued

at a new angle — Cal Poly as a forward-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 or 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 diversity 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 fantastic 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 require 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 gradually changed to students learning to handle things themselves and becoming more independent thinkers," he says. "Poly Royal reflects this attitude 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 intent was to showcase student and faculty achievements. In fact, this intent 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."

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oney — everybody wants it but getting it is another story, particularly at a state school such as Cal Poly.

But led by the School of Engineering's five-year, \$30 million benchmark campaign, Cal Poly's seven schools have joined the recent fund-raising trend in an attempt to improve their academic programs.

Since taking office in 1979, Cal Poly President Warren Baker has organized the University Relations office, which is professionally committed to fund-raising.

"Fund-raising is important because it enhances academic programs and helps them maintain the margin of excellence Cal Poly is famous for," says Baker. "Mrs. Baker and I host several programs for major donors, which I think nicely complements University Relations."

Jim Strom, vice president of University Relations, says his office serves as a catalyst to assist school deans in academic fund-raising.

"With the introduction of this office and Annual Giving in 1980, there has been an increased emphasis on fund-raising to enhance the programs offered here at Cal Poly," says Strom. "These offices create an environment conducive to fund-raising, all of which is coordinated through us."

Strom says an important service his office offers is suggesting fund-raising projects to the deans and working with them to implement the ideas.

According to Chuck Allen, director of development, 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."

Stan Halpern, director of Annual Giving, deals with the smaller campaigns of Cal Poly's schools, focusing on donations from alumni and parents.

"Compared to other CSU schools, we are one of the tops in fund-raising," says Halpern. "We were number one the year before last and number two last year, behind San Diego State. Our total alumni donations are still tops, though. And it looks like we're leveling off to number one again."

School of Engineering

Peter Lee, who recently took over as interim dean of the School of Engineering, says the Benchmark for Excellence in Undergraduate Education Campaign, begun in 1984, will benefit undergraduate programs in great need of financial help.

"So far, about \$25 to \$26 million has been raised, and we have two years to spare," says Lee, who replaced former dean Duane Bruley March 2. "The largest single item it has purchased is this engineering building (behind the library), which cost over \$8 million."

According to a report describing the Benchmark for Excellence campaign, "The government funds and corporate donations already received provide a springboard for the Benchmark Campaign's current effort to seek additional private support. Industry and academia both understand that the difference between adequate and excellent in a state university is support from the private sector."

"State and federal donations have constituted the largest amount of the funds raised," says Lee. "I don't see any problem in reaching our \$30 million goal. This

isn't just a one-shot deal; it's just the beginning. The success of this campaign will be a momentum for its continuance."

Lee responded to why the School of Engineering was the first to undertake such an extensive fund-raising campaign.

"Although every Cal Poly school needs money, Engineering is the largest (with 3,720 students) and has specific needs for high-tech equipment," he says. "That's precisely what will maintain our excellence in the nation."

Chairman of the campaign is Alton Brann, a group executive of Litton Industries whom Lee calls a "dynamic and enthusiastic leader." Brann was in Korea at press time and unavailable for comment but he is quoted in the prepared report:

"Cal Poly has been providing many top-flight engineers for several years," said Brann in the report.

"But because of the rapid changes in technology, the university has a substantial need for capital to expand its facilities, modernize its laboratory equipment and acquire computers."

Corporations making cash donations or gifts in-kind of \$250,000 or more will be entitled to have a laboratory or other instructional space named for them, according to the report. People who donate at least \$1,000 will become members of the Cal Poly 1901 Society, which recognizes major donors.

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."

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, Chevron, Proctor and Gamble, Uarco, and Lockheed.

"These businesses have pledged to donate at least \$2,000 annually," says Melody DeMeritt, 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 donate \$1,000 or more annually, and executives and sponsors, who give up to \$250 annually.

DeMeritt 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.

"It delights me that new alumni want to help the school that helped them so much," he says. "They know that the value of their degree goes up or down depending on the reputation that the School of Business upholds."

School of Agriculture

The School of Agriculture, despite a continuing decrease in applications since

Continued



The money game

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

by donna taylor

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 Luchman 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."

Levenson 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." □

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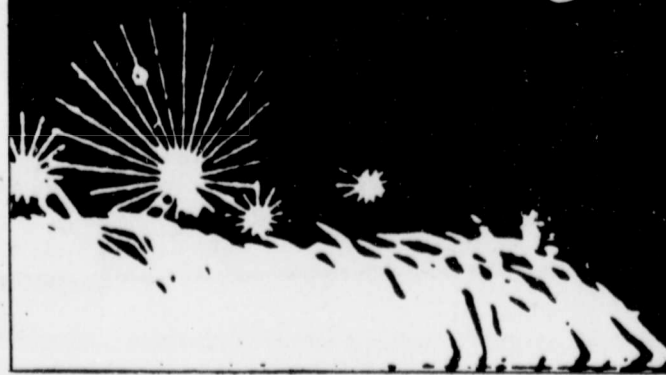
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Leaps and bounds

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



Photo by Daryl Shoptaugh



SAN LUIS OBISPO: a medium-sized city halfway between Los Angeles and San Francisco. A town where Highway 101 traverses acres of fertile grazing land. A community where two of the busiest streets stretch near a Catholic mission founded in 1772.

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 here 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 it 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 they continue 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

Continued

**ROAD
CONSTRUCTION
AHEAD**

by stacey myers

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.



San 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, Matteson 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."

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But do they wear togas?

G. SHAFER



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

About 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. "Conser-

vatism 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 Hobdy, 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 fraternities 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 —

GREEKS

Continued

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 recognized on campus by the Intrafraternity Council and eight sororities recognized by the Panhellenic Board.

Lorraine Howard, associate dean of Student Affairs, was responsible for organizing the first sororities 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.

"There was a time when the Greek system went through a slump nationwide," she says. "At Cal Poly we had lots of clubs, but women hadn't been around for long in the 1960s so there weren't a lot of opportunities for leadership growth for women." The ratio of women to men back then was about one to four, she estimates. "Later, as more women came on campus, (the initiation of sororities) provided them with tremendous leadership and growth potential," says Howard.

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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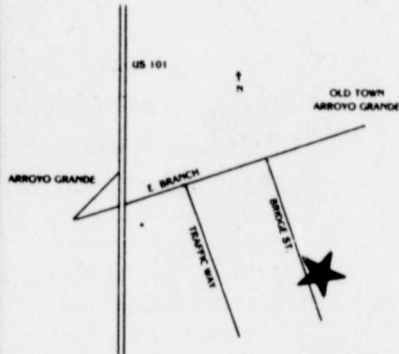
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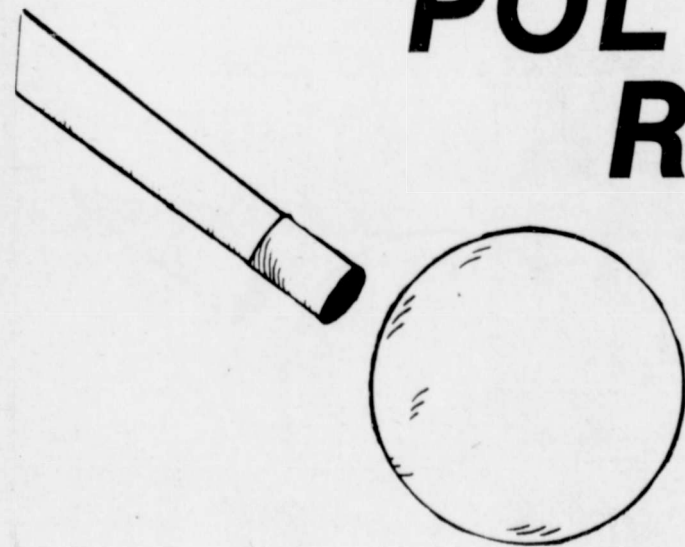
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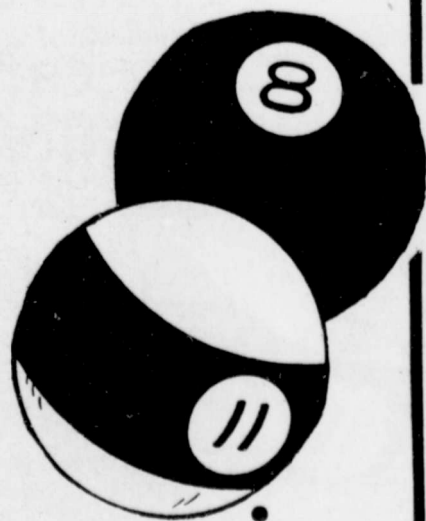


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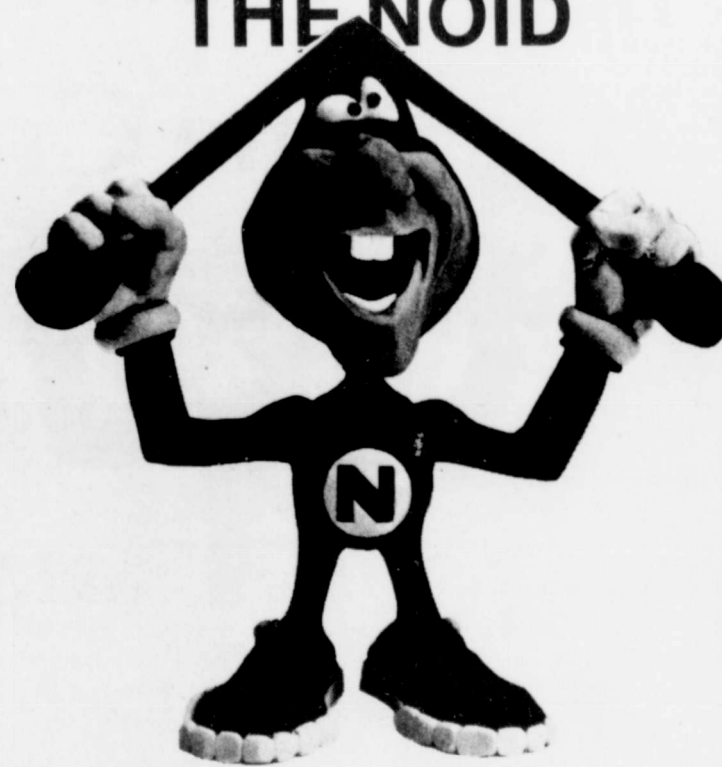
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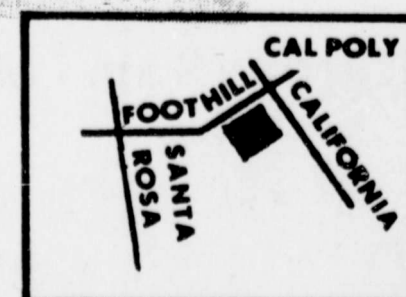
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W

HAT IF Cal Poly President Warren Baker announced at a school gathering that women would gradually be phased out of Cal Poly? What if the men cheered?

This scenario is similar to what happened in 1929 when university President Benjamin Crandall was greeted with applause after he announced that there would be no more women admitted to Cal Poly. After the announcement, an editorial in the student newspaper, then called *Polygram*, said, "Acting on the spur of the moment, the boys evidently did not stop to consider that the girls' feelings might be hurt. It appeared that the girls were not wanted around. Those same persons who applauded so vigorously have been heard to bemoan the fact that there are not more girls attending school here and express hope that more girls would come."

Cal Poly was founded in 1903, with a student body of 18 men and four women. Eleven domestic science courses were offered to the women,

which included cooking, sewing, bookkeeping, house furnishing and serving. The women seemed to be accepted. They had their own basketball team and participated in the student body association.

But by 1912, it appeared that the women were losing ground. A section of the women's dorm was converted into mechanical drawing rooms for the men and the Administration could no longer provide campus housing for all women who wanted it. The 1913 catalog assured that female faculty members would help the incoming women find housing with suitable families in San Luis Obispo.

In 1927, the School of Home Arts offered 16 major courses. Democracy and economy were reasons cited for requiring each female student to wear a "white middie with blue detachable collar and a navy blue box-pleated skirt."

The California

Legislature soon passed a bill barring women from attending Cal Poly. Several reasons were given for the decision: there were comparatively fewer women attending Cal Poly; the need to offer home economics courses had declined with 40 public California high schools enrolling 1,000 girls in home economics. It was also thought to be too expensive to maintain the household arts department, and there was a lack of dorms and a need to expand facilities for the rapidly growing number of male students.

All the women had graduated by 1930. Within two years, the San Luis Obispo PTA and the county and city superintendents of schools asked the Legislature to allow women to return, but their suggestions were not heeded.

The change to an all-male school went smoothly. In a 1930 *Polygram* article titled "Where are the girls?" a new student pointed out that not having women wasn't so bad. "That is an insignificant fault when all the good features are considered," he said. The "good features" included the studious atmosphere, good fellowship and good faculty.

El Mustang, then the name of the student newspaper, brought news of change in early 1956. "Coed curricula in new brochure" lit up the front page. "Activities are underway to attract the fairer sex to Cal Poly," said the article. All existing majors would be open to women. Not everyone was happy with the news. Mary Maw, an English teacher, told *El Mustang* she would rather teach men because many women would just be "marking time."

In March 1956 it was reported that \$129,000 would be spent to remodel dorms and add restrooms in preparation for coeds. A home economics department would also be set up for the women.

Continued



1924 — a Cal Poly home economics class.

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

WOMEN

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 manure 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 townspeople were skeptical about women attending Cal Poly. One wife of a student, Barbara Crews, told *El Mustang* that Cal Poly would be a likely "happy hunting ground for female wolves."

Martinson says some townspeople were very much against women at-

tending 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

 Almost all the men
are now wearing
shoes, an
improvement
over last year.
1956 *El Mustang*

ladies."

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 to Cal Poly in 1956 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 secondary 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 of-

fered in addition to teaching and health education.

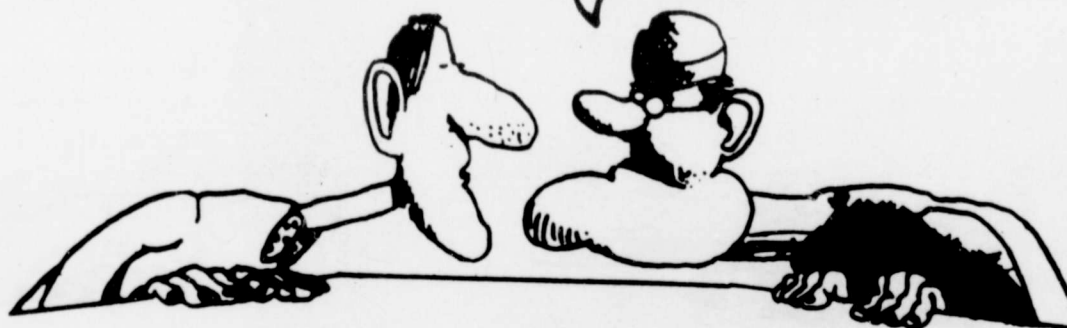
Women have caught up to men in enrollment in each of the seven schools except for Engineering, where women account for 18 percent, and Architecture and Environmental Design, where women make up 24 percent. Women account for about 50 percent of the majors in Agriculture, Business, Liberal Arts and Science 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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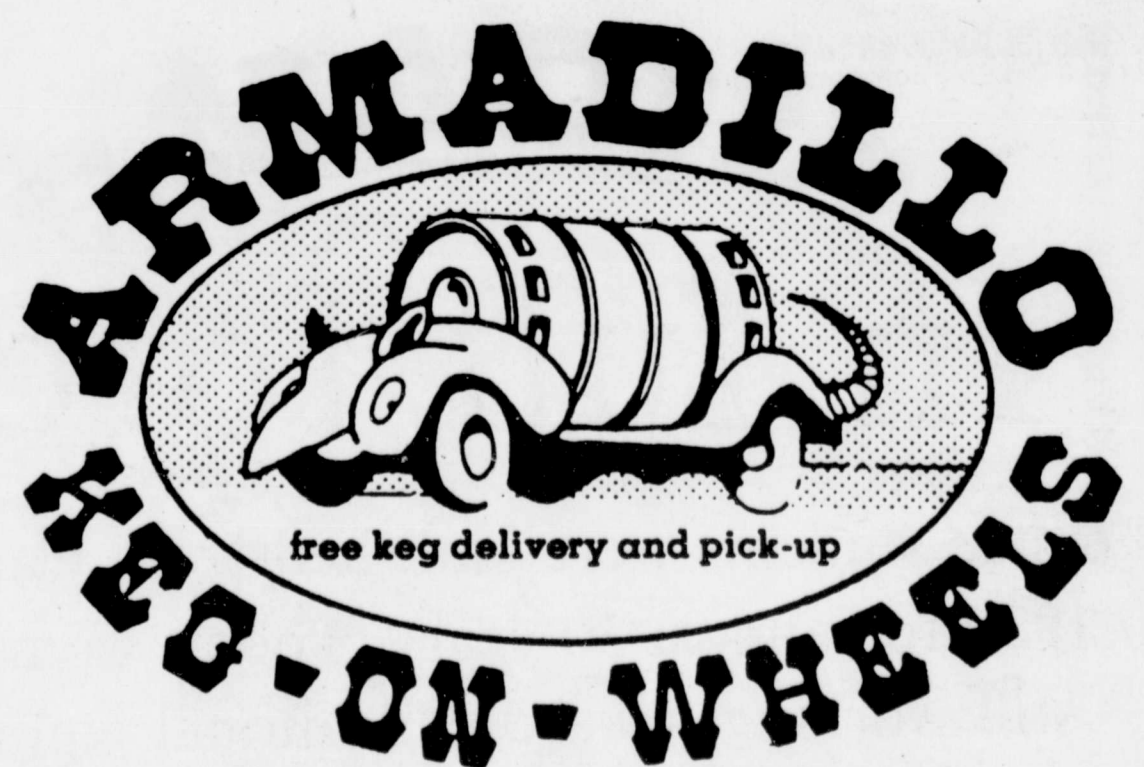
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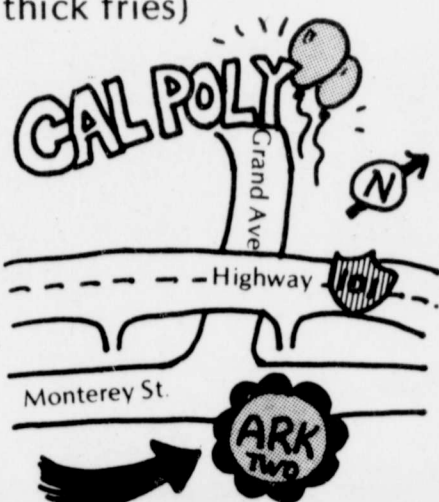


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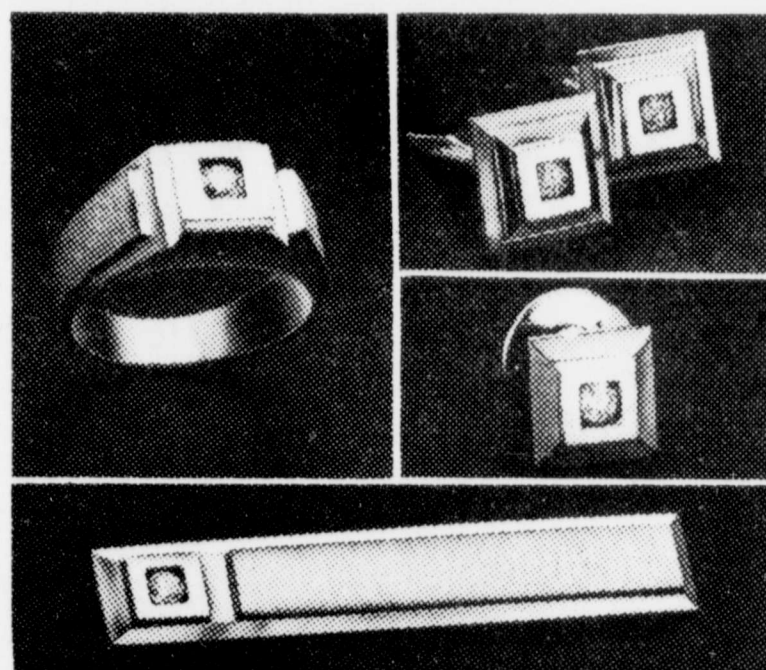
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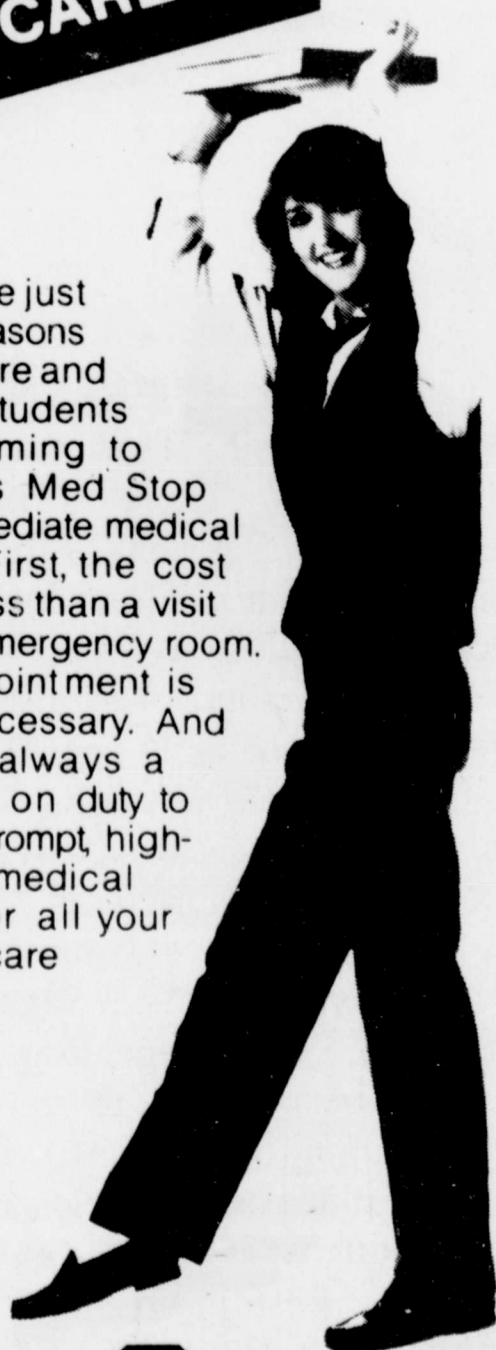
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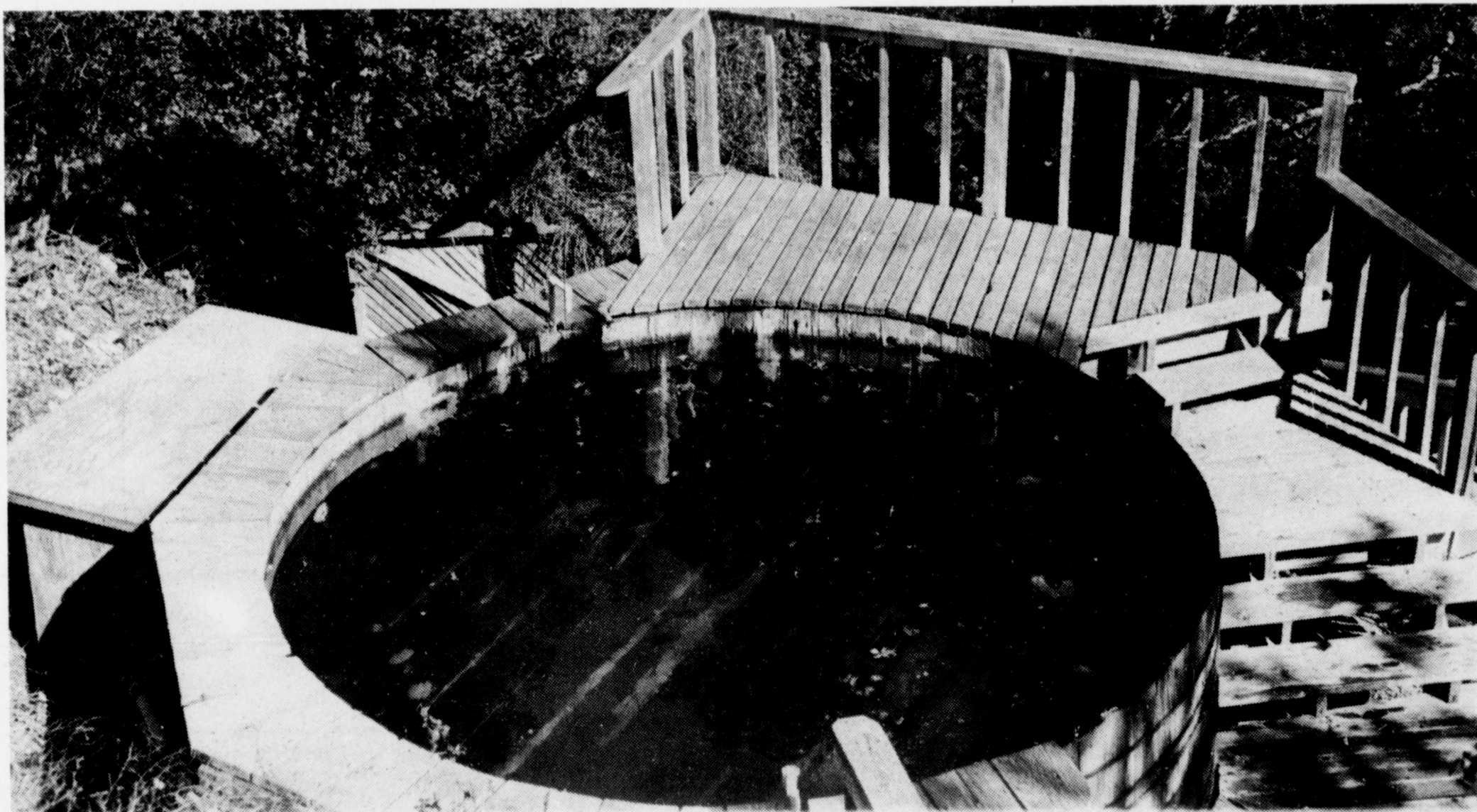
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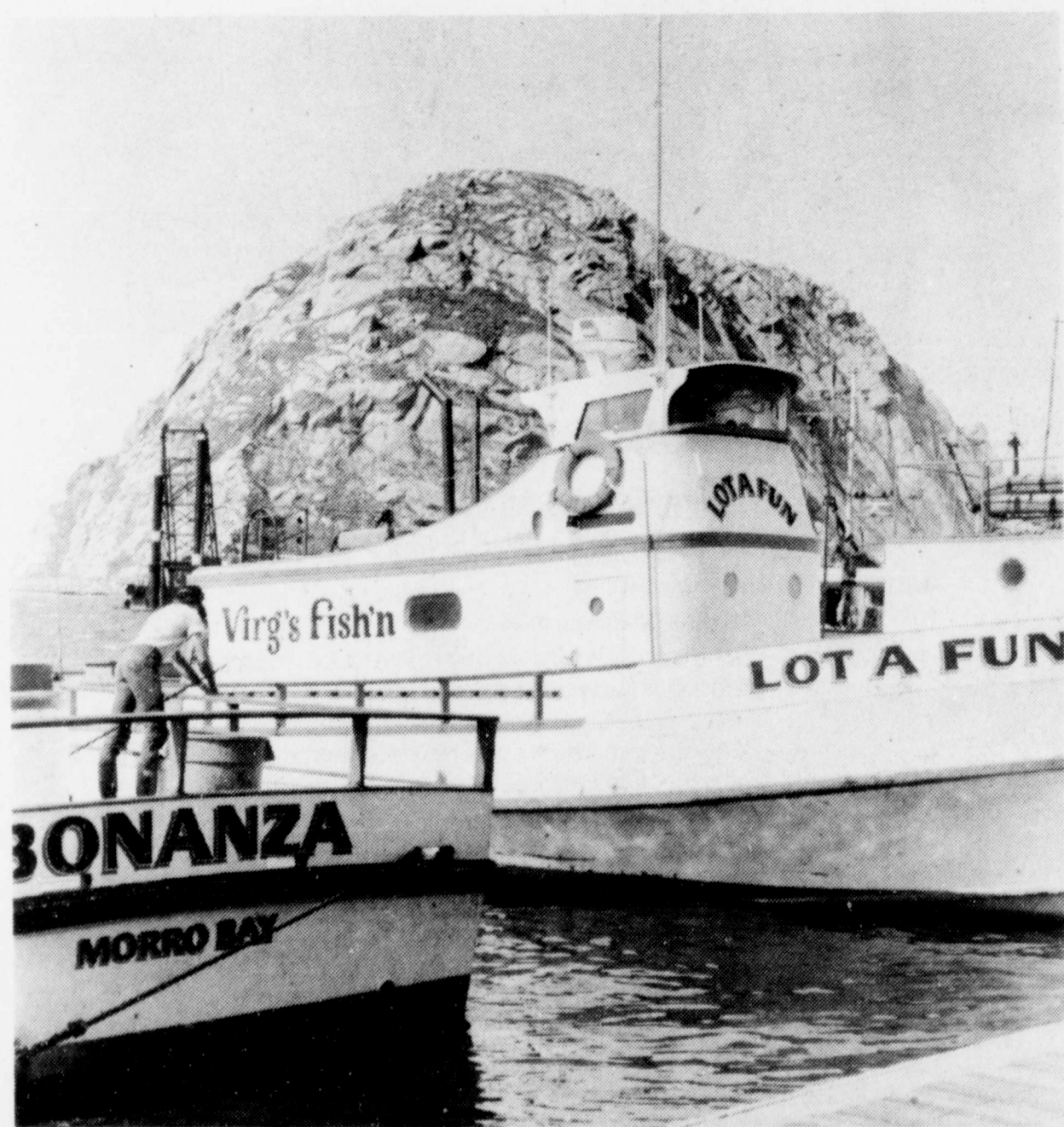
Where the action is

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



A hot tub is prepared for someone to relax in the natural hot springs at Avila Beach.

Photo by Matt Weiser



A group sets off in search of rock cod on a Virg's Fish'n expedition.

Photo by Matt Weiser



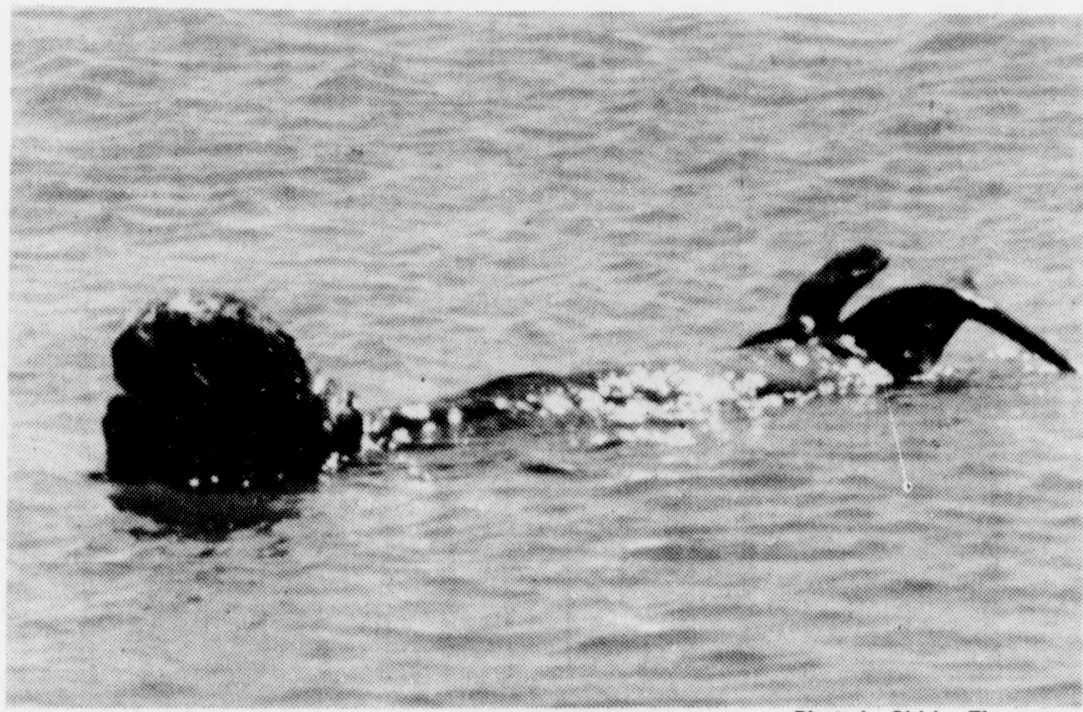
SO THE PARENTS have come to visit during Poly Royal. That may pose some interesting problems for students. There is no appropriate answer to a parent who says, "Johnny, show us where you go on Friday night." Mom's Florsheim's would probably clash with the booths at Bull's anyway.

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

Continued



A Morro Bay sea otter enjoys the sun on its belly.

Photo by Shirley Thompson

Continued

location or the other. Tickets are \$6 at the door but those who come for dinner at Wm. Randolph's can see the show for free. Shows begin at 9 p.m. Thursday and 8 and 10 p.m. Friday and Saturday. For reservations call 543-3333.

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, 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 what walks are 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 **Embarcadero** 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 hint at the opulent and garish designs featured in every room. From the cupids swinging above diners in the main restaurant to the plastic grapes to the men's public restroom — equipped with its own waterfall — the inn is a unique mish-mash of extravagance and unabashed bad taste.

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



Exhibits at the Museum of Natural History.

Photo by Shirley Thompson

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 Folly** 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 scheduled Saturday and Sunday at 2 p.m. for \$6 per person.

by arlene wieser

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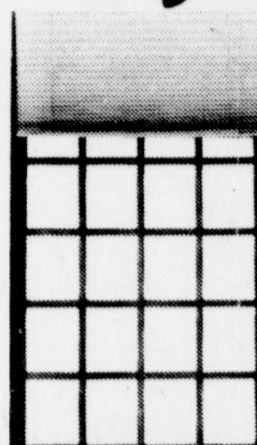
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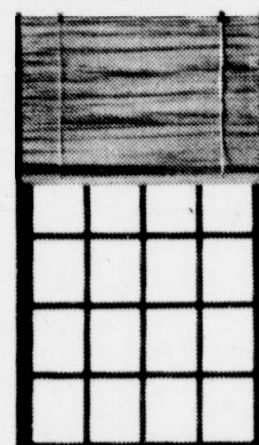


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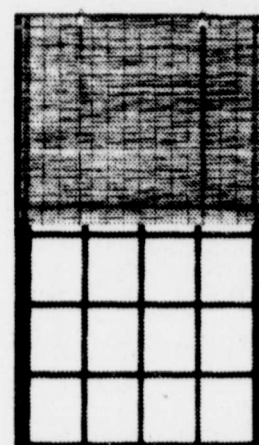
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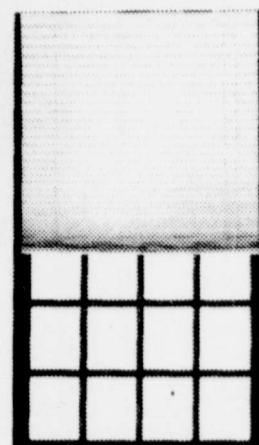
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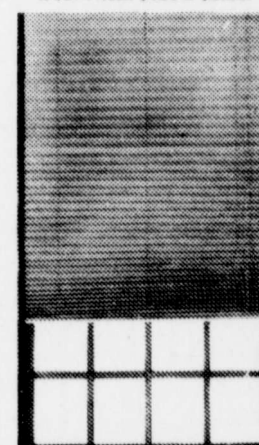
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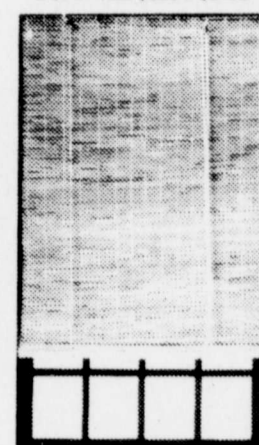
Apricot Accordeon Blinds,
3% of Reg. \$11.99, Sale \$8.88



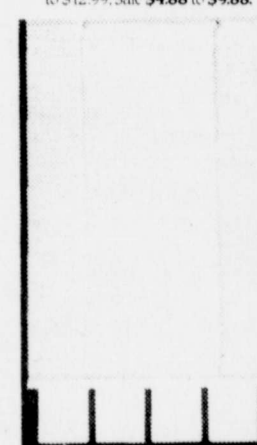
White Accordeon Blinds, Reg. \$6.99
to \$12.99, Sale \$4.88 to \$9.88



Fuchsia Accordeon Blind, Reg. \$7.99
to \$15.99, Sale \$5.88 to \$11.88



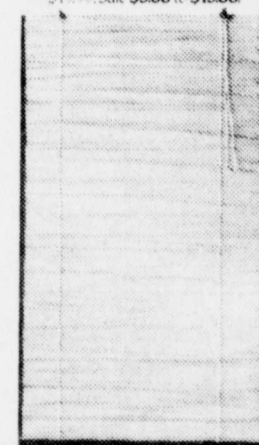
Matchstick Blinds, Reg. \$4.99 to
\$10.99, Sale \$3.88 to \$15.88



White Rice Paper Blinds, Reg. \$10.99
to \$24.99, Sale \$7.88 to \$19.88



Mini-Slat Bamboo Blinds, Reg.
\$6.99 to \$19.99, Sale \$4.88 to \$15.88



Blue Rice Paper Blinds, Reg. \$12.99
to \$27.99, Sale \$9.88 to \$21.88

Every year, at about this time, Pier 1 lowers every blind in the store. This year we've lowered them by 20%. There's an assortment of blinds made of cotton, rice paper and bamboo. In sizes that easily fit most standard windows. In colors, shades and designs that will complement any decor. Note however, the sale lasts this week only; we simply can't lower our blinds any longer.

**Pier 1
imports**

A Place To Discover.

848 Monterey St., SLO 546-9766 Hours: 10-6, 'til 9pm Thurs, 11-5 Sun
These sale prices are good for one week only.

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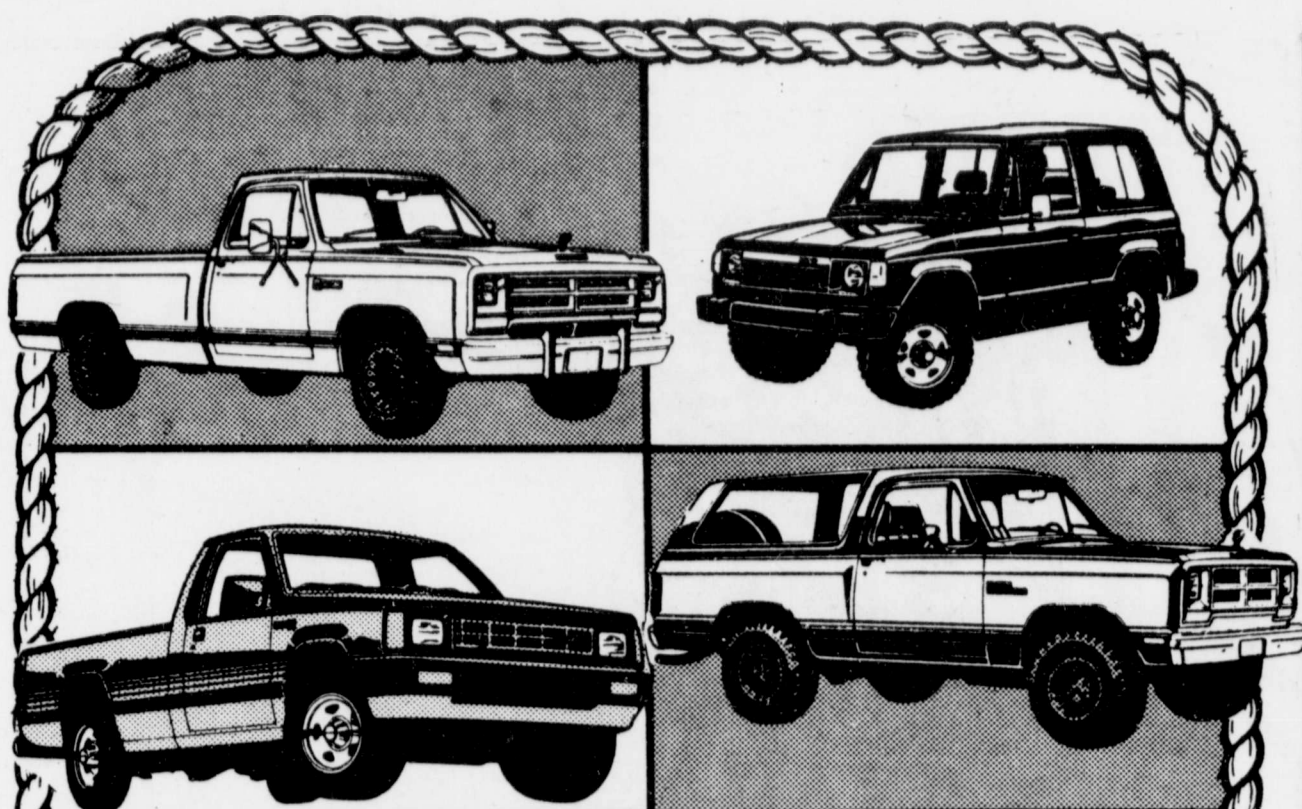
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Furnished Condominiums...

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HOT TUBS AND BALCONY

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VOLLEYBALL COURTS

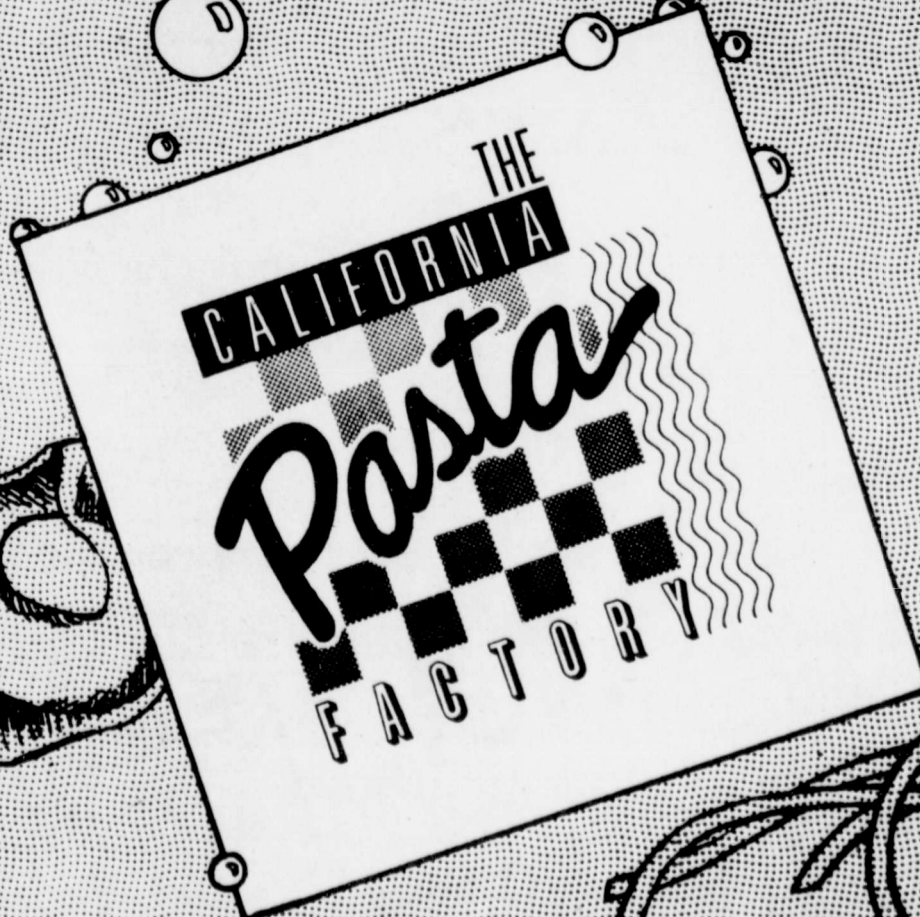
OPEN 24 HOURS

549-7302
1215 AVILA BEACH DRIVE, S.L.O.

TAKE THE PASTA PLUNGE !

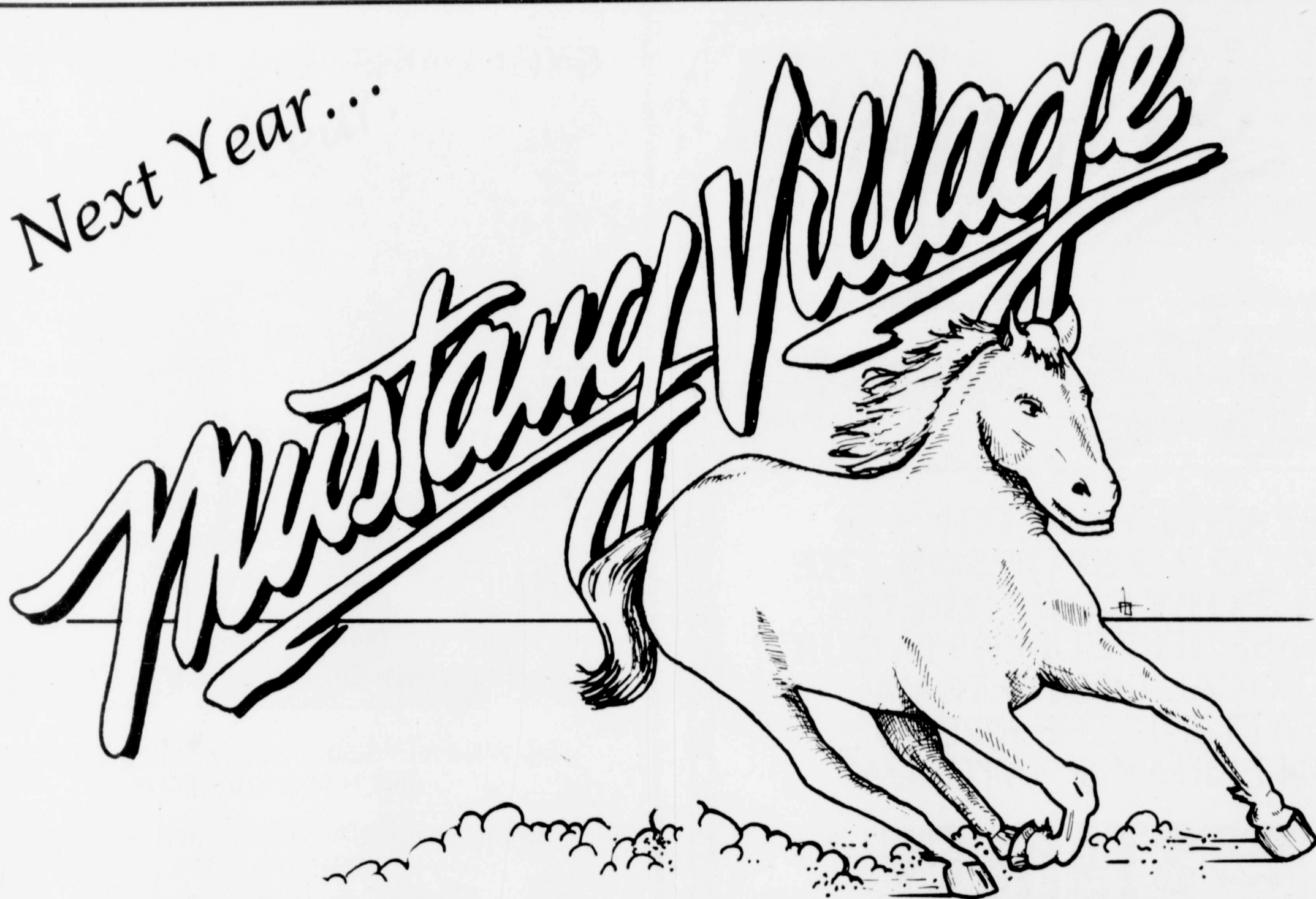
The choice is yours at our PASTA BAR
where our fresh pastas, sauces and
specialty dishes are prepared before you.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ■ FRESH PASTA
Spaghetti ■ Rigatoni
Mastaccoli ■ Linguini
Fettucini | ■ BREAKFAST
Frittatas ■ Pastries
Fresh Juices |
| ■ FRESH SAUCES
Bolognese ■ Marinara
Clam ■ Alfredo
Pesto ■ Mushroom
Meat ■ Cheese | ■ BEVERAGES
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Draft Beers ■ Soft Drinks |
| ■ DAILY SPECIALS
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Manicotti ■ Tortellini
Cannelloni | ■ COFFEES
Espresso ■ Cappuccino
Cafe Mocha ■ Cafe Orange
French Mint ■ Cinnamon |
| ■ SALADS
Pasta ■ Antipasto
Garden ■ Factory Special | ■ DESSERTS
Chocolate Mousse Cake ■
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*12 month discounted lease rate in parenthesis

OPEN THURS, FRI, SAT of
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HEY DORM RESIDENTS!

Tour Mustang
Village this spring
& receive a FREE
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Village Shirt!!

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SAN LUIS OBISPO
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Enjoy homestyle food in an atmosphere of country Victorian charm. Watch apple dumplings and cinnamon rolls being made in our antique bakery. Feast on American favorites like chicken & dumplings, turkey & dressing, and prime rib. For those with a lighter appetite, the lunch menu which includes homemade soups, chili and salad bar, is served all evening. Experience the natural beauty of the coastal mountains from our gazebo patio. Our collection of handmade quilts, original apple crate labels and tiffany lamps celebrates our American heritage.

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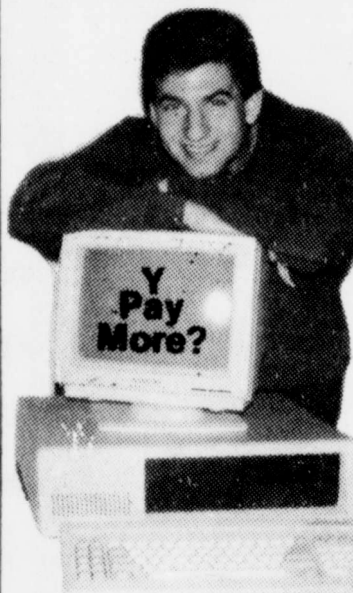


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SCAN • 15 PRE-SETS • SEP. BASS/
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• CLOCK • FADER • METAL TAPE

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4" DUAL CONE SPEAKERS
40 WATTS
FITS MOST ALL CARS

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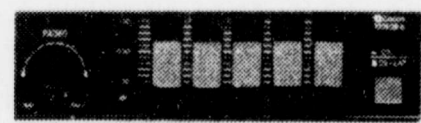


**PIONEER
TS-1602**

6" COAXIAL
60 WATTS

REG. \$69.95

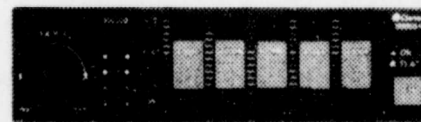
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100EQB**

50 WATTS 5-BAND

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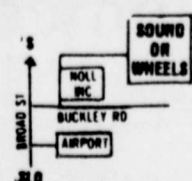
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500 EQUALIZER**

50 WATTS
BOOSTER/AMP
5-BAND SQ
LIGHT METER

REG. \$129.95 NOW **\$92⁹⁵**

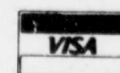
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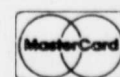


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390 BUCKLEY RD. (BUILDING F) SAN LUIS OBISPO



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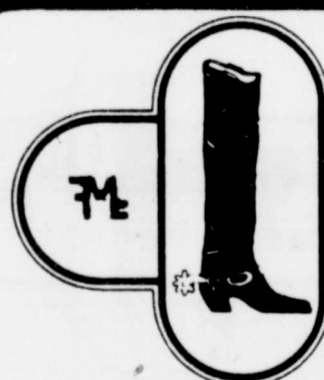
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Banquet Space • Children's Menu
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Lunch reservations accepted Monday through Saturday
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SALOON & DINING HOUSE



MONDAY - FRIDAY

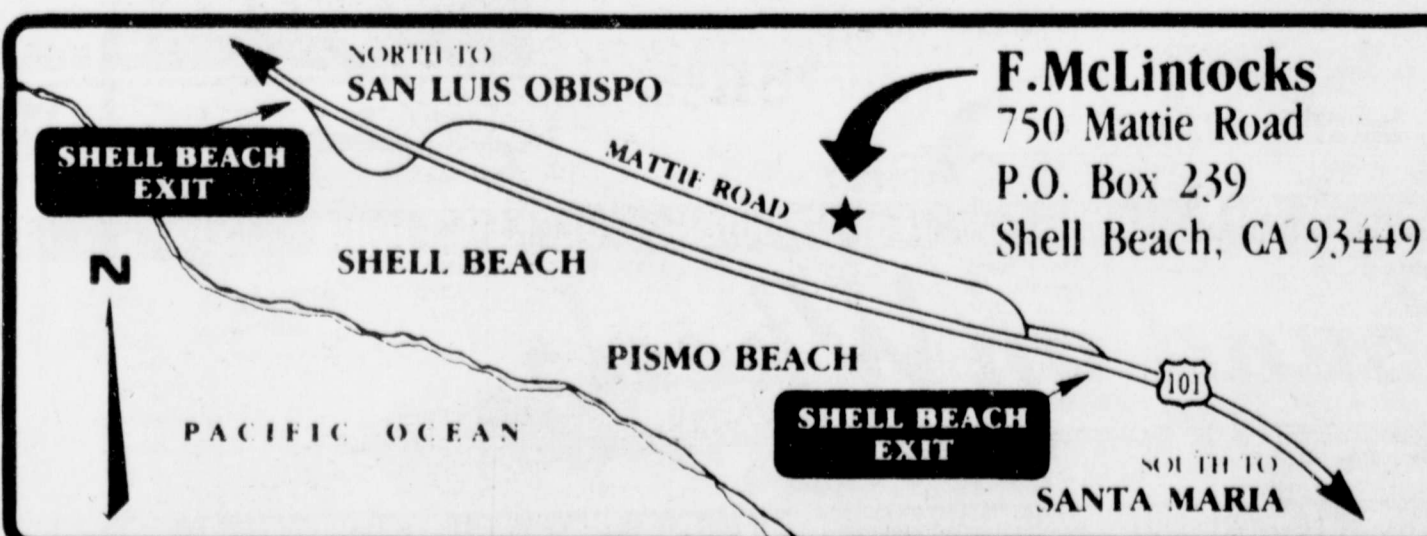
Lunch 11:30 - 3:00
Lite Dinner 3:00 - 5:30
Dinner 3:00 - 10:30

SATURDAY

Breakfast 8:00 - 11:30
Lunch 11:30 - 2:00
Lite Dinner 2:00 - 4:00
Dinner 2:00 - 10:30

SUNDAY

Ranch Breakfast 9:00 - 1:30
Lite Dinner 2:00 - 4:00
Dinner 2:00 - 9:30



SAN LUIS OBISPO

SALOON

Breakfast
Lunch
Dinner

MONDAY - SATURDAY

Sunday Ranch
Breakfast

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16 TO CHOOSE FROM

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Jalapenos, Canadian Bacon, Almonds, Salami
Artichoke Hearts

541-4420

1015 Court Street, SLO

Across From Osos St. Subs

CRUSTS

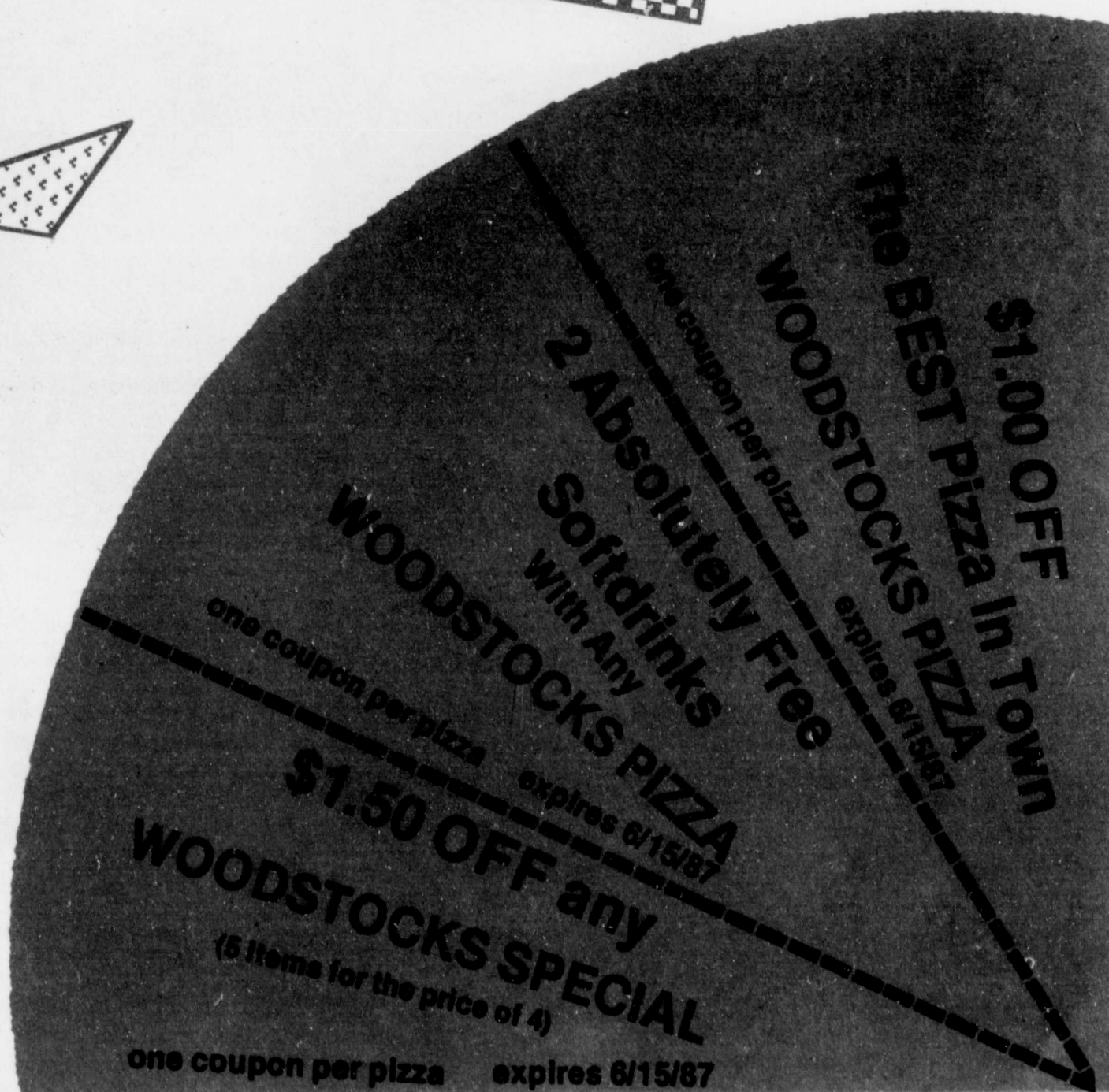
Whole Wheat
White

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ON TAP: WATNEY'S, COORS, COORS LIGHT
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