CALIFORNIA POLYTECHNIC STATE UNIVERSITY
SAN LUIS OBISPO

Presenting the Inaugural

Disclaiming GONZO: An intro to this issue

By Steve Enders
Daily editor in chief

Thanks for picking up today's special Gonzo edition of Mustang Daily. What you are about to read are the best stories of this year's Gonzo Journalism Competition. The editors of the Daily decided to embark on this different journey because, simply, we can. One of the special privileges we get as a student newspaper is to do fun, original things like this. We hope future Daily editors choose to hold the contest annually, and that the students of Cal Poly become more receptive and involved in its making.

The idea of Gonzo was originally conceived by avant-garde, American author Hunter S. Thompson. He had the style, the originality and the flair to write your (what some would consider) better-than-average story. If you've never read his material, you should. If you don't want to, read the stories contained in this issue, and see for yourself what Gonzo journalism is all about. A big "thank you" goes out to the students who stuck their necks out in pursuit of a good story. We think Thompson would be proud.

We received almost 20 entries (not bad for a first time try). All stories were judged blindly by Mustang Daily editors (They weren't allowed to vote for their own), and in no way do the stories reflect the views of the Mustang Daily staff as a whole. Some of the stories might be considered offensive, so if you're turned off by references to sex, drugs and bad words, don't read it.

Gonzo winners were placed first through fourth, with two stories receiving honorable mention honors. Stories not placing in the top four were given various other awards (everyone's really a winner). In first place is journalism junior Alan Dunton, and his profile of A.J., Mustang Daily's business manager. You'll see the other winners.

I'll shut up now, so get to readin'. Enjoy! Mustang Daily will return tomorrow in its normal format.

By Alan Dunton
Daily editor in chief

The Mustang Daily. At first glance, the happy little newsroom environment seems like a place where reporters, editors, photographers and illustrators unite ideas and opinions to bring you the nifty paper all in the name of campus-raderie. However, upon closer inspection, the jubilant aura of the newsroom seems out of place. History tells us that if you throw a bunch of liberal arts majors into a small space that it's only a matter of minutes before things break down. So what is the driving factor behind the Mustang Daily's facade? Fear.

Meet A.J. Schuermann, Mustang Daily's business manager. A.J. serves a plethora of roles including judge, jury and executioner. I was given an exclusive Q&A session with the 6-foot 7-inch, 425-pound tyrant only because A.J. wants people to read this and understand that bothering him could lead to disastrous consequences.

Q: What inspired you to take on the "enforcer" role? A: I read it somewhere in the Poly Plan, an idea known as "through-put" to help students get through the academic system. Let's just say I kick them through the hoops.

Q: What is your responsibility as the business manager? A: My responsibility is to make sure the students know when they have screw up.

Q: Okay, lets say I'm new here. What's the first impression you will experience? A: Fear is the first impression you will experience. In the words of the great renaissance political thinker Machiavelli, "It is better to be feared than loved." At this point in our conversation, a strange feeling overtook my senses. It felt like a cold breeze was chilling my bones. Was I afraid? Sensing my discomfort, the perceptive business manager flashed a subtle smile. What was this barbarian smiling about? In an abrupt manner, catching me off guard, A.J. hunched over his enormous paper cluttered desk and said, "I'll tell you about the last soul." A.J. doesn't take kindly to desperate, back-talking editors of the Mustang Daily.

Q: It sounds like you have a pretty tight grip on the Daily's operation. Do you allow the editors any freedoms? A: I let the editors do what they think is right, and if it's wrong I beat them.

Q: It's peculiar that you mentioned "freedoms," how do you feel about basic First Amendment rights like freedom of speech? A: No one deserves to have the freedom of speech. If they really want it they have to pay me for it.

Q: Okay, lets say I'm new here. What's the first impression you want me to experience and why? A: Fear is the first impression you will experience. In the words from the great renaissance political thinker Machiavelli, "It is better to be feared than loved." A.J. doesn't take kindly to desperate, back-talking editors of the Mustang Daily.
Divine intervention at the Rhino

Some assignments require lots of in-depth, hands-on research...
MUSTANG DAILY

TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1997

FEAR AND LOATHING IN LA LANNE’S LIVING ROOM

By Matt Berger

Sunday Jan 30

So I lost to an 82-year-old man in a push-up contest in front of a girl. My pride is not hurt. The man who beat me was Jack La Lanne, the predecessor to all fitness as old man in a push-up contest in front of a girl. Jack in his trademark pose. The statue was come along on the interview because she was towing 65 boats filled with 6,500 pounds of handcuffed, shackled and towing 70 boats. We know it. On his 70th birthday he swam one on my way to meet Jack La Lanne, the fittest excited about this than she was. The sun was which is the reason I was doing this whole story shift and a broken d cK > r handle. A friend had me an interview, so I didn't mind that he beat

My pride is not hurt. The man who beat me was Bob Barker. He is only 5-foot, 2-inches tall so when he walked in, I couldn't believe that he and Bob were friends before he moved to Morro Bay about 10 years ago. “So what’s Bob Barker like?” I asked him. “Oh, he’s a hell of a guy. One of the nicest humans you ever meet.” For some reason I had trouble believing that. “You know we had this big 7,000 square-foot home in the Hollywood hills. You go right outside of our front door, across the street was Penny Marshall.”

Now I was impressed. Jack lived in the middle of ’70s pop culture.”Bob Barker was right down the street there. Nice guy. We got to meet his attention away from the TV and locked

We walked into the living room and there was Jack sitting on his couch, feet barely reaching the ground, watching Bob Barker on television puttii^g and giving away a car. Jack took his attention away from the TV and looked at us. His eyes lit up.

He is only 5-feet, 2-inches tall so when he stood up to greet us and I paused. I had envisioned a giant, but in real life he was petite, muscular figure was not very intimidating. He offered me a firm handshake and my lovely photographer got a kiss on the cheek.

We sat down and started to talk. He told me that he and Bob were friends before he moved to Morro Bay about 10 years ago. “So what’s Bob Barker like?” I asked him. “Oh, he’s a hell of a guy. One of the nicest humans you ever meet.” For some reason I had trouble believing that. “You know we had this big 7,000 square-foot home in the Hollywood hills. You go right outside of our front door, across the street was Penny Marshall.”

Now I was impressed. Jack lived in the middle of ’70s pop culture.”Bob Barker was right down the street there. Nice guy. We got to meet all of those people in Hollywood.”

I had no idea where this conversation was headed or what I was trying to find out so I just listened to him ramble. He was famous, and I began to feel like a little awkward in his living room. Besides, I couldn’t concentrate on what he was saying because everywhere I looked there was a statue or a photo or a plaque bearing his name or likeness. He had stuffed birds and exotic plants and a gaudy stretcher which he probably uses to entertain his guests, although he wasn’t offering me one, and it was right about now that I needed a drink. Our conversa-

tion began to tangent and Jack got on some topic about saving the world with fitness, condemning all the overweight, lazy people out there that neglect their bodies and something about how 70 percent of the world is lactose intolerant.

“Talk to those kids at school. How many of them don’t eat hot-dogs, hamburgers, cheese, chips, soda pop. Quick!” now he was quizzing me. “Why do you think there are fat and screwed up? We’re the most over-weight nation we’ve ever been.” Putting that crap in your body.

“Would you get your dog up in the morning, give him a cup of coffee, a cigarette and a donut?” I laughed because I could picture his dog Happy sitting there smoking a cigarette saying, “Screw you, Jack.”

Why are you laughing? You’d kill the damn dog. How many Americans get up this morning with a cup of coffee, a cigarette and a donut?” And then he settled down a little and took a deep breathe. I did the same because this interview was beginning to lose touch.

I sat in Jack’s living room listening to him reminisce about the good old days. He was dressed in a blue jumpsuit and he had a scar around his neck that I assume he wore to make his shoulders look bigger. I listened to him spit out stories about when he was a teenager, 14-

year old with no friends, and then he told me why he moved to Morro Bay.

“We wanted to get out of the rat race. We lived in Hollywood all those years, and God it was gorgeous, but you couldn’t see the deterioration. Every year there was crime and all the stuff deteriorating, the houses and the people and the way they dress, and all the drugs. God it was incredible.

“you know when you first moved to Hollywood, boy I’m telling you. The stars. They’d go out dressed all sharp and go to these fancy clubs. See in the old days, the stars were groomed. They would tell you who to go out with, what to wear, where to be seen. If you would go out in public and be seen drunk

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It's all fun and games till you get out of the can.

By Michael Jock
Physics senior

"Hey man, I still have nine hits of acid in my pocket." Those are the most memorable words ever spoken to me while I was in jail. The cop had looked through my companion's wallet but luckily had not found the acid. The friend who spoke those words to me was released a short time later so that he could attempt to raise the money to get me out since I was charged with more expensive crimes than he. I was transferred from the holding cell in the Grand Canyon National Park to the Coconino County Sheriff's Facility later that day. Maybe it was just procedure but they found it necessary to handcuff both my hands and feet for the trip. I was not comfortable. Once at the Sheriff's Facility I was allowed to make as many collect calls as I pleased. I called my ex-girlfriend to brag that I was a federal prisoner. I was then issued a handsome blue uniform with "CCSD INMATE" proudly displayed on the back.

I spent the next three days watching cable TV and playing cards with the other cruelly oppressed individuals in my cell block. All their names and faces blur together but I remember some of the stories. One man had been released from a 30-day sentence the day before. He was in front of his apartment building celebrating his release when an officer decided to revoke his freedom privileges for drinking in public. What a bummer. Another was stopped for speeding while passing through town and a search of his car was deemed necessary. A pipe was found that smelled of marijuana. He was still awaiting arraignment when I left. There was also a man who was arrested while he was drunk. He didn't know what he had been arrested for, or so he told us.

My traveling companions came to see me one day and they were very impressed with my new attire. They had been staying in a youth hostel and were now out of money but they had talked to my mother and said she would send some money to bail me out if the price wasn't too high. We had a good laugh through the bullet proof window when they produced the LSD from my friend's wallet and showed me that it was still waiting.

The next day a federal judge finally came and set my bail at a little over $300 which my mom apparently could afford because my friends showed up with the cash that evening. I was given back my street clothes and sent to a small room to change being instructed to deposit my uniform in the clothes hamper. Then a strange thought occurred to me. That shirt would look great on my back on the outside. I threw the pants and the sandals (no shoelaces to hang ourselves with) in the hamper and stuffed the "CCSD INMATE" shirt down the front of my pants. After I came out of the little room I realized how much of a bulge the shirt was making in the front of my pants and thought for sure that the officer would notice and throw me back in the clink for theft of jail property.

That day the stars were alligned in my favor or my karma was good, or I was just plain lucky because all he said to me, as I signed for my things in the shakiest handwriting I've ever produced, was "You're pretty excited to be getting out of here, huh?" I replied with a hearty "Yes!" and was on my way. That afternoon I went into the hills of Flagstaff, Ariz. and took some of the cleanest LSD I've ever had in my life. We saw an eagle that day. It was a good day.

**NEED CASH?**

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- **By Campus Store**
  - Mon - Fri 8:30AM - 3:30PM
- **Vista Grande Cafe**
  - March 17 - 19
  - Mon - Wed 5:00PM - 7:30PM
Jackson Heights was my first ex-neighborhood, and I hadn't seen it in over 15 years. I had been down 34th avenue a thousand times but I never got to drive it until that October afternoon. Northern Boulevard was narrow, and it seemed like the six-story buildings holding up the neighborhood were now stacked with smaller bricks.

A temperate air of disassociation hung down from the remodeled street signs, as I knew that grass that smothered my place no longer belonged to me. I stood for a moment outside my rental van taking snapshots of my old bedroom windows and remembered the sound of garbage strikes, when everyone in our building was angry because the corner of our street smelled so bad. Strange to be thinking of such things, I thought, because on this day that corner was enough to get me into a state of reverie. I had 1980s memories, like I was just waiting to one-up someone in a name-dropping contest.

"Sure," I said.

"Well, he lives just down the road." I thought Dave lived in Connecticut.

"No, he lives here in North Salem," she said, and then added, "do you want to meet him?"

At this point I was calling bullshit on them both, but they continued to shake their heads, insisting that not only was it true that Letterman lived down the road, but that they could just drop by unannounced.

"He still has our bicycle pump, too," my aunt said, and with that excuse, she called him up and said we were all coming over.

I doubted them until I shook his hand.

Letterman asked me what brought me to North Salem, and I told him about how I flew east for a wedding and was spending some time visiting relatives and seeing the old neighborhood.

Maybe the smell of garbage was the strongest associative memory I had with that particular corner. Or maybe it was because mom and sis had warned me that New York City was pretty dirty—more than it used to be. The truth was, it had been cleaned up enough to greet me with the illusion that it hadn't changed all that much.

Elsewhere, however, things were way different. I was completely surprised by what had become of the summer vacation haven we used to call Clancy's Beach. It was a small, private resort along Lake Tomnetta in a little town called Brewster. Brewster is still there, and so is the lake, but Clancy's Beach has been washed away.

Wild pastures of weedy grass barked the view I remembered and hoped to find—a wooly mammoth of sand that smothered my memories. The rusty gate didn't know me anymore, shutting out recollections of footprints, sand castles, pails and shovels.

A narrow track of algae and iron now extended out from the shallow shore. I thought Dave lived in Connecticut.

"I had nothing but praise for Brewster," he said, and then added, "do you want to meet him?"

At this point I was calling bullshit on them both, but they continued to shake their heads, insisting that not only was it true that Letterman lived down the road, but that they could just drop by unannounced.

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Letterman asked me what brought me to North Salem, and I told him about how I flew east for a wedding and was spending some time visiting relatives and seeing the old neighborhood.

I told him about how disappointed I was with what had become of Clancy's Beach, describing the vivid details the picnic area sodden with more than a decade of muddy leaves, the crushed beer cans on the ground, the life-guards chairs had been washed ashore long ago, with more than enough time to grow anchoring vines.

"They're all twisting, winding, and clinging to the fences, Dave," I said.

Then he quipped philosophically about the whole thing, saying that that's how life is: that I can't go back, and all that stuff. And I'm like, who are you, Thomas Wolfe?

Dave tried to laugh it off, but I had affected him. He wasn't funny for the rest of that October.

My aunt and her daughter got back their bicycle pump and we said our goodbyes. A week later we e-mailed me to say that Letterman was thinking about buying Clancy's Beach.
The nose of the 737 lifted skyward, and I could feel the shudder shaking. While I'm not a pilot, in the more frightening past this whole "learning experience" isn't? It doesn't go away. It sticks to your brain like bright little crumbs, dissolving and refusing to let go of your leg. It creeps up on me in the wee hours of the morning, as I lie here, daydreaming about far off islands and sunsets. At this exact moment, I finally realize that the nightmares have been terrorized with nightmares of being alone in the newsroom with 12 overdue deadlines and four editors with red, heady eyes breathing down my neck because I managed to get the paper sad. It's pretty close to hell, I think.

Then we have the perpetual routine. Cutting classes, skipping lunch and dinner, and pulling handfuls of hair out are not uncommon. Brad Davis, journalism senior, confides in me weekly how he had to cut this class and that class to budget out with enough time to meet his story and meet deadline. The difference between us is that Brad is still passing his classes. Another fellow staff writer and journalism senior, Selena Lay, is a prime example of someone who's trying to make the most out of unfavorable circumstances but can't tool me.

"How's it going, Selena?" I ask, teeth clenched, hand already grabbing at ingredients sour of hands, and it's only 10 a.m.

Selena will look at you and smile. Not the creepy, "I love life!" smile. No, this one screams, "take one more step, and I'll scream." Brownie points.

"How's it going?" she asks. "It's going," She answers me stiffly, after a tough morning inhaling three double expressos, bent over the computer monitor for the past six hours. In the background, Gil, Sery, journalism sophomore, is doing something irrational frantically into the phone receiver that he needs that quote on the second or someone will die.

Music to my ears. A story is finally written in a story I've gone through all the possible ways there are to get inspired when sitting down to write. Let me get one thing straight. The story the student body reads everyday don't come easy. They don't flow out of a journalist's fingers like hot fudge attacking vanilla ice cream (oh, I have a craving). We're students just like the rest of the school with midterms, irrational teachers, jobs and lives. Unfortunately, I have trouble organizing my priorities. I've still got a 9 a.m. class, at least for me, one must be patient. Very, very patient. I can sit in front of my computer for hours and end up with nothing. Seven hours, six cappuccinos and five Mini Thins later still nothing. I think this is the most irritating part of the whole "learning experience." Just what exactly am I supposed to be learning?"

Inspiration hits at the most random of times and this can get to be a problem when you get assigned a story on something you're not so sure about. There's the usual next morning. At 10 a.m. "Yo, you still got four hours to get it done? You've got all night to conquer" plus getting a hold of all types of people and getting quotes. By 5:30 I'm done. I'm ready for the next assignment.

When I'm waiting to get inspired, I try many things. Here are a few of my favorites.

I've forgotten how many times I've sat in the journalist position and considered what the local Circle K contained. I've forgotten that my newfound identity would produce a phenomenal story. Lois Lane eat your heart out. Ten minutes later, I'm walking out with a pack of Marlboro Reds, a 40 oz bottle of Old English and munchies. Peeling myself in front of the computer, thinking: I've written the story. I've finally come to me. I'm starting to feel better. Suddenly, I realize that I've just wasted four hours, seven dollars, and a few pounds.

Next, I try designing my head. I go off on a three mile run, but because the Daily is always nagging at the back of my mind, the run does nothing to clear my head. I end up swallowing three unidentified flying insects and forget to regulate my breathing because I am thinking so hard about what time to teeter the newsmen tonight. Inspiration? no. Hyperventilation? yes.

Then I try the positive. Funny, since I've forgotten how to smile, I've forgotten how to be happy and grossly optimistic, I'm not sure the right thing to do. I start to cut the crap. Damn this burden! Inspiration finally hits at 5 a.m., and I miraculously bust out with the story right before deadline. A piece of cake. And it's good. A piece of cake. And it's good.

Despite all the negativity, stress and sleepless nights, the Daily is something of a Hollywood movie to me. It must admit it is exciting to talk to sources, and have this unseen power over them. They are in your hands. Power like that in the hands of frustrated, sleep-deprived journalists is dangerous. But as the interview progresses and your source starts realizing the nonchalant attitude you have about your superiority and their inferiority, they can turn on you. In a split second, you are reduced to the pouring of coffee into your mug. They proceed to rant and rave about the so-called corrupted, "power of the press," while you sit sipping on the corner, shredding your notepad with nervous fingers. Can I ever win? Just once? I wonder.

In the newsroom among fellow staff writers hunched over keyboards, typing furiously to meet deadline. I'm reflecting on the past quarter. I still have three stories to do in a week. How did this happen? I wonder. How did I end up in the journalism major, at Cal Poly, in San Luis Obispo. If I had decided to go to Davis, would I be struggling with its problem too? Eating half a apple? The stress is too much. I'm sleeping in three hour increments! I would have met the incredible people I worked with or wrote stories on (ugh)

Then, like a sunrise bursting over the mountain tops, it hits me. This is a Learning experience! I remember a fellow student, "Those who can endure, are rewarded." And suddenly, I remember how to smile. Numerous cut classes, five bald spots, and 12 pounds lost, I realize I'm still here. Still breathing. Still conscious. Still on a journey through a learning experience that has taught me more about life than any other class. I realize that I have made knowledge about things no one else knew about and I was the one who helped the rest of Cal Poly learn and explore our fascinating, ever-changing world. That is definitely something to be proud of. I wonder if I was pulling me out of my dark vortex and telling me safely that I was safe because I was the one. I guess I wasn't so bad after all. Thank you to all my editors patiently putting up with my endless, irritating questions. And thanks for everyone who listened to me complain. I have finally opened my eyes.

This is me. This is Mustang Daily. This IS A LEARNING EXPERIENCE. So learn, laugh, love, live.
"Juan, you are just here because of that affirmative action crap," said one student to the other. "My sister did not get into this school because people like you got all the breaks, just because we are white. Get out of my face!"

Indignantly, Juan walked out of that room into the night and into the pouring rain. He headed for home. On his way home, he thought about how hard it had been for him to get accepted, and how his former acquaintance, a fourth-generation college student from the Pacific Palisades, had blamed his sister's rejection on affirmative action because a Colombian, and how at one time he had not even known how to speak English. Back then, all he wished was to return to his native Panama and to work in the fields for a living. He hated his present way of life, but he was doing it to help his family. He spent most of the day at school, studying, doing homework, and later running for the school's team. After a long day, he would come home to join his mother working for a janitorial firm part-time. He wished that affirmative action programs had never existed, so that white people would stop whining and blaming him and colored people for all of their problems. The Mexican man's drink! Fully equipped with a worm that is less red than its name informs and a whole lot more powerful.

Juan's perseverance earned him a place in honors and advanced placement courses in high school. He decided to join the track and field team because the coaches gave students rides home, that was the end of local gang member beatings. He spent most of the day at school, studying, doing homework, and later running for the school's team. After a long day, he would come home to join his mother working for a janitorial firm part-time. He knew he was not working for the money, since he spent it all buying clothes and shoes for his younger siblings, but he was doing it to silence his mother's criticism of higher education.

One day he walked into his school's career center. He told Ms. Perez that he wanted to apply for college. She pointed him towards the local community college section and told him she looked into vocational training. Juan showed Ms. Perez his transcripts and looked at her. "I am not a gang member who was sent here by the principal. I want to attend a four year university." Ms. Perez reluctantly searched for five minutes for various college applications and told him to fill them in and send them in at his convenience. Juan did so, and in a matter of days he had completed and postmarked every single one of them.

During the next few months, routine filled his days and two of his close friends were put in jail. One day, he came home from a long day at school and his parents handed him a letter from a university. He had been accepted and was asked to visit to visit the campus for a special event. Similar letters came his way, some rejected him, some accepted him. Finally, he had set his eyes on a school that could offer him all that he wanted, and let the university know his intent of becoming a full-time student. He graduated from school as a valdichief and gave an uplifting speech to inspire others in his situation. A work after graduation, he and his family became citizens of the United States. Another thunderstorm broke Juan's thoughts as he heard his apartment's door burst open. Last wondered how much of a factor affirmative action played in his acceptance to this college, even though the admissions and records department informed the entire college that less than 5 percent of the student body was accepted due to special circumstances.

Juan still walks the corridors of this school and his high grades will probably get him a job with a successful global company when he graduates next June. He is an inspiration to everyone and he is true leader in many respects. I saw him the other day giving a speech at the university plaza, kind of makes me wonder what will happen the day he becomes a manager or a CEO, will people accept him as a leader because of his merits and perseverance, or will his subordinates blame affirmative action because a colored person has triumphed once again.

Go Miles Above
The Ordinary.

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DEALING WITH LIFE

By Colleen Walsh
Contributing Gonzo writer

Without a doubt, I believe that there are dead soul's wandering about the earth on a daily basis. In fact, I have first hand proof that they do. What follows may seem unreal, or looked "too far out," but I seriously believe that I had an encounter with a dead soul flying around the earth.

I had always wanted to communicate with the dead in some sort of way. I had read up on witchcraft, bought some tarot cards, and even bought some silver candles to supposedly communicate with lost spirits. However, when I finally did communicate with the dead, it scared the hell out of me.

I'll never forget the day. I was coming home from school. I had turned off of California Street and was heading up my street. I saw Dad's friend's truck parked out front. I thought to myself, "My grandma must be dead. Or, is he just here to plan the funeral early?"

As I was approaching my driveway, a beautifully colored yellow and black butterfly swooped out of the sky and frantically started circling around my feet. I was unable to move, or else I would hit the hyper butterfly. After circling around my feet a few times, it flew up to my head and started circling it. As the butterfly was circling my body, for some unknown reason, I immediately knew my grandma had died. Yet, I was more overcome with a feeling of relief than feeling upset.

A few hours after the butterfly nearly attacked me, the first plant arrived at our doorstep from my grandma's best friend. I set it down on the table next to me, and went back to watching television. A few minutes later, something inside my head told me to check out at the plant. When I did, I noticed a tiny, yellow butterfly glued to the side of the planter. Is this a coincidence? I think not. How often is there a butterfly glued to the side of a planter?

As we were driving up to the funeral in San Leandro, CA a few days later, I was trying to convince myself that I was looking too deeply into the whole issue and that I just needed to forget about it. However, when I first peered into the church, I knew that the butterfly issue was not a thing of the past.

The whole church was decorated with brightly-colored butterflies! It was absolutely amazing! How often can one even find a picture of a butterfly in a Catholic church? I frantically started crying even though the ceremony had not begun. If one asked me what happened at the ceremony, I wouldn't be able answer them. I was busy counting and staring at the thirty-two butterflies above the alter while people were stating their memories. I realized through the butterflies, my grandma telling me that she was finally free.

After discussing the issue with my parents for endless hours, we have come up with the following assumption- For the preceding two years, my grandma had slowly but surely been dying. She had lost her memory and was not the same person who we normally called "Nanny." Since she was so old, frail and ill she had lost all of her will to live.

Somewhere lost deep inside of her seventy-pound, dehydrated cocoon was her soul being held captive. On the day she died, her soul was set free to wander the earth, just like a butterfly.
A few days after graduating, I decided to start moving back into my dorm because I was tired of living in my mother's house. It was a long drive, over 350 miles of pavement, I was still thinking about what I had never been able to do. As I was sneaking into my dorm, I noticed a stranger looking at me. I decided to go inside and tell him about my plans. He was sympathetic and gave me some money for gas. I thanked him and went on my way. I had never been closer to my goal.

As I was considering my options, I found myself in a state of confusion. I thought about all the things that had happened to me. I had lost a lot of meaning, and I was starting to feel like I was losing my way. I had no idea how long this continued. I just wanted to get away and be close to my friends.

I quickly devised a plan. I had no idea what to do next. I knew I had to do something, but I was so scared that I didn't know what to do.

It seemed like a good idea to try and get a job, but I was too scared to even think about it. I decided to try and find a job, but I didn't have any experience. I thought about all the things I had never done before. I thought about all the things I had always wanted to do. I thought about all the things I had always been afraid of.

I had no idea what to do. I just wanted to be able to do things. I wanted to be able to do things that other people could do. I wanted to be able to do things that other people could do.

I thought about all the things I had always wanted to do. I thought about all the things I had always been afraid of. I thought about all the things I had never done before. I thought about all the things I had always wanted to do. I thought about all the things I had always been afraid of.

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Humane friends can be found outside of the Woods

By Gil Sery

It's good to know that there are still people in this world who would do a favor for a stranger. Take my case for example.

It was Tuesday, the long weekend had ended and it was now time to get back to business. I had been assigned a story about the Woods Humane Society but over the long weekend I had come up with an idea about it until that Tuesday when I was suddenly reminded that I had a story to do — a story that was due the next day.

I took the bus downtown and was supposed to take another bus to get to the society but I missed it. I used the phone in the library downtown to call and ask my editor for an extension which he understandingly gave me. What a relief when an extra day came my way.

I was assigned to cover a story about the Woods Humane Society and do a favor for a stranger. This is how it started.

I started interviewing the kid, whose name turned out to be Casey King. She needed to do a project for her English class. "It's for my English class," she said. "We have to have eight sources (in this case, Cal Poly students) — find sources (in this case, Cal Poly students) and use the phone in the library downtown to call and ask my editor for an extension which he understandingly gave me."

Bad or good luck I don't know. Any who ate a worm while south of the border will testify that hallucinogenic plants are not contained inside. The alcohol percentage is about 50, but all the contaminants missed in refining the alcohol are removed.

When we got to the bar, Bowden asked me how I was going to get back. OPP! I was so Koated and getting a ride that I hadn't figured out how I was going to get back. I was stuck out here in California without any way of getting home. "I could come back to get you. How much time do you need?" Well, considering it was 4:30 p.m. by then, I only had half an hour, whether I liked it or not. When I explained this, Bowden said she'd come back for me at 5 p.m.

So with my ride arranged, I went off to do what journalists usually do — find sources (in this case, Cal Poly students) and ask a lot of questions. I found one Cal Poly student, an animal science freshman named Koren Retera, and presented some dogs and cleaning out a dog dish, so I found away.

"How long have you been working here?" I asked.

"This is my second day," she replied.

"Why did you decide to volunteer here?" I asked.

"Because we need volunteers," she said.

About helping out in the community whose name turned out to be Casey King. She needed to do a project for her English class. "It's for my English class," she said. "We have to have eight sources (in this case, Cal Poly students) — find sources (in this case, Cal Poly students) and use the phone in the library downtown to call and ask my editor for an extension which he understandingly gave me."
First came San Francisco...

By Mike Sallaberry
Environmental engineer/runner

I couldn't even warm up.

After three days of racing, partying, and little sleep, I inferred that this was going to be a very, very long morning. It was the Monday of Labor Day weekend and the finals of the FC Tree Shop Classic Championship were about to start. The morning San Francisco fog had nothing on the fog in my head.

In the spirit of the Messenger Championships, I had decided to treat the races like another day at work. I quietly scorned those messengers who actually trained for the event, stopped smoking, or pulled out 'non-work' racing bikes. My preparation schedule of passing out at the messenger party the night before my wheels would spin no more. This past summer, I scored a job through a friend of mine and began working. A few weeks later, fellow Wheelman, Dan Murphy, joined the crew and the adventures began.

After months of evading bloodthirsty motorists, dodging brain-dead pedestrians (well, usually), and tolerating the tirades of drug-abusing dispatchers, Dan and I had made it to the championships weekend. Berlin, London and Toronto had been the venue for the previous World Championships, with the number of participants always increasing each year. San Francisco's already anarchic traffic "flow" would nearly burst at the seams, as over 500 messengers from more than 20 countries descended upon its streets.

The annual messenger criterium; ten events and a B.O.B Nationals ride, with over 300 cyclists on $0,000 bikes. These bikes aren't some 40-pound, Tons 'R Us SWAT-cop bikes behemoths produced by the corporate machines. These are fine-tuned racing machines, an extension of the rider. Each bike has a history, with dirt in hard to reach places and trees that jump in front of you. Messengering downtown in traffic. It's a thrill analogous to flying among the many European machines primed to squash any behemoths produced by the corporate machines. These are fine-tuned racing machines. These are some spiders' nest in dad's garage, these are genetically successful byproducts of German experimentation. And there was Dan Murphy, his condyous shorts and work T-shirt a direct contrast to the Lycra-ed out pedalers. After the race, over many vertical feet, Dan flies through the finishing straight, gracefully delivering the last of his packages (a computer keyboard) crossing the line as the top San Francisco finisher and the 10th best messenger in the world! Quite an experience. Collegiate criteriums just won't be the same.

By Steve Fairchild
Journalist


Mid-day and the fog still had not moved, it just weighed down the streets, the event, the joy. The cyclists passed again, around and around in circles on a half-mile course. Riders of all shapes and sizes dressed in spandex suits, a slight hump in the back from years of riding in that tucked position, stubble legs shaven to avoid the wrath of a medic's steel saw. They raced for medals, for their respective schools, and for the ego boost one receives as a "winner." The guy at McCarthy's bar knew the game. He was a regular Chick Hearn, a rambling fool with a whole lot of nothing to say. Looking like an over-weight turken, he was a gem of a man: united combat boots, earrings in each ear, hair down to his lower back, a burning cigarette in his mouth — a fat, bumbling star wannabee with old worn-out dreams, wearing his life away at a bar in the middle of a Sunday afternoon, giving the play-by-play for his old lonely friends. He described the race every year — probably from the same spot. He watched the cyclists speed by, working their asses off, while his got fatter and fatter, fatter out of sheer boredom with the mission, past the spray-painted van, and into the alleys of the south side of Telegraph Hill. Spectators line Broadway. The street consists of urban washboard at 25-30 percent grade and has staiis for sidewalks. I'm feeling sick but realize that this is a dream come true. I've always wanted to bomb down these hills without the worry of being dusted by a bus or something. I felt so good, so happy, so much better. I felt free.

Then she rode into town, past a crowded Woodstock's pizza, wearing a wedding gown and carrying a four-level cake, in search of her groom. Or was she running from her old? What was her deal? Did she cut out the party on her, or happy parents and old slow grandpaents watching her get married for the third time?

Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drooling gray dog, with a blanket, a stuffed Scooby Doo doll on the handlebars and an old drool-