WE TAKE NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS INSENSITIVE ISSUE!

By Steve Sanders

Each quarter, Mustang Daily has provided its readers with valuable insight, provocative stories, and information on campus events and issues that this campus publishes.

Also each quarter, we've done a special issue, to break away from the monotony of the "normal" daily paper. Now, we give you the obvious, No-Shame Issue.

To further break away from the norm, the editorial staff decided to be as rude as possible. We are holding no punches. All year, there have been times in the newsroom where we had to make real-life decisions that sometimes had been called "unsafe," and even "unethical."

Well, now we're sucking it up and dishing it out...no holds barred -- an issue full of spine and spit.

"Now we're sucking it up and dishing it out...no holds barred -- an issue full of spine and spit."

You all just don't know how it is to spend eight hours a day in a small, cramped, hot, noisy room. That, and we attend 16 units of classes at the same time. This is the hardest job on campus.

We're not looking for sympathy. No, we know what we were getting ourselves into before we applied for our jobs. This isn't about our pain.

But we think it's vindication time. For all the crap we've taken, we're giving it back, in one small issue. We know it's trite. We know it's ridiculous and childish. Frankly, we don't care.

In this issue, you'll find fun puzzles to keep you occupied this summer, humor, not-so-humorous cheap shots, and an obituary, and even some self-humiliation.

We hope you all enjoy our last issue. Have a good summer, and good luck to next year's editorial staff. Lord knows they've got it coming.

God help us -- a special In-Depth, Trendy Story

Daily Staff Report

They're big, they're bad, and they're everywhere.

Everyone has one, yet some are afraid of them. Some are even afraid of their own. That's right. We're talking about butts.

Not cigarette butts, or butt-ends of board sticks, but human butts.

Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular -- butts are back (no pun intended).

It's amazing to think of the longevity and everlasting appeal of butts. They've been around as long as humans have walked the earth. In fact, they've been around long before that, if you count the animal kingdom.

The butt has received very little attention, from the majority of that time, people think about them less and less. Now think of all the yucky things that come out of the butt. Some people even choose to put things in their butts. Even People, are in unanimous opinion of why the butt has been hidden from the American public: controversy.

It's just something you don't talk about. Yet with scientific proof that butts are growing exponentially over the years, and a future generation destined to spend more time on their skin cushions, the topic cannot be passed over.

Even local and national surveys show the trend bubbling over: In a recent poll of employed Americans, more than 78 percent claim they have spent time on their butt within the past 20 hours. Every 10 seconds, someone scratches his or her butt.

Locally, 82 percent of students at Cal Poly who use the Rec Center more than twice a week, stated "the butt" as one of the top five areas they'd like to improve when working out.

Even employment is handing the direction of the "bootie." Proctology is one of the top employment factors. People prefer that it was just a couple of years ago that the infamous " Butt Sniffer" of Robert E. Kennedy Library stalked unsuspecting females in search of that quick smell.

Although he got caught, he was sure he wasn't the only one that chose to partake in such a weird pastime.

Besides sniffing them, people can do a lot with butts:

• Tone 'em up
• Squeeze 'em
• Pinch 'em
• Shave 'em

In this issue, you'll find fun puzzles to keep you occupied this summer, humor, not-so-humorous cheap shots, and an obituary, and even some self-humiliation.

We hope you all enjoy our last issue. Have a good summer, and good luck to next year's editorial staff. Lord knows they've got it coming.

God help us -- a special In-Depth, Trendy Story
What they say and what they really mean

Franco Castaldini, Former Sports Editor

What he says: "Axe the football program."
What he really means: "Get rid of those football players so I can have a better chance to get more chicks."

Warren Baker, Cal Poly President

What he says: "We want to form a partnership with the community."
What he really means: "We want alcohol in the PAC."

Steve Enders, Mustang Daily Editor in Chief

What he says: "Uh, yeah, we should probably look into that."
What he really means: "You'll get your correction when we feel like running it, you jerk."

Steve McShane, ASI President

What he says: "My platform is based on four specific points."
What he really means: "Beer, beer, beer and beer."

Cindy Entzi, ASI President Elect

What she says: "I want to work with Mustang Daily."
What she really means: "Doesn't ASI run Mustang Daily?"

Jeff Schneider, Men's Basketball Coach

What he says: "I want to build something special."
What he really means: "Build me a phat arena or I'm outta here."

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It's been a year of pain and anguish, but we don't really care anymore

T W M D, 1996-97

By Steve Eakes
Editor in Chief

1. Taking the cake for the biggest screw up of the year: Crime in SLO, a report on crime in 1996 in San Luis Obispo. Nevermind that all the pretty graphics and neat statistics weren't accurate. Who cares if we were giving information, citing it as crime totals for the entire year, even though they were really only totals through October? What we thought was cool was the neat brick wall, spray painted to look like graffiti. Hey, the idea was cool. What wasn't cool was San Luis Obispo Police Chief Jim Gardner calling yours truly at 9 a.m. on the next morning wondering how we screwed it up. "Sorry, Chief."

2. Thursday, May 16, 1997: Hey, interesting story on Pedro Arroyo about a Mexican music group somehow, between all those editorial reads to output on QuarkXPress, was printed in what looked like an alien language. We could explain how this happened, but you wouldn't understand.

3. The Gonzo Issue: Neat idea, neat blank spot at the top of page 1. White space is a journalist's tool for expression and breaking up all that grey text on a page. But when an entire headline is missing, it just stinks.

4. All those Associated Press stories, day after day; that just seem to cut themselves off in mid-sentence.

5. Photographs of the Avila Beach benefit concert for the Democratic Party (Chairman Haley Barbour) and the Republican Party (Chairman Haley Barbour). Hey! Don't forget to wipe your butt daily.

6. All the little missing things: About once a week, Mustang Daily either: A. forgets to put things in their paper; B. forgets to put a reporter's story in the paper; C. allows University Graphics Systems to misplace things on our pages; D. reprints things from the previous day's paper. To all of this, we say, "Oops!"

7. Arts Weekly, fall quarter: A story submitted by Pedro Arroyo about a Mexican rock en español group somehow, between all those editorial reads to output on QuarkXPress, was printed in what looked like an alien language. We could explain how this happened, but you wouldn't understand.

8. The return to school issue from Winter Break. Yes, the first issue of 1997 was a complete flub. Headlining that day's paper was a horrible headline that read, "1996 - Out like a bad bump." The following story was even worse, as misinformation, inaccurate non-facts, and stupid mistakes got through the writing of two editors and three editorial reads. Our Mustang Daily class ripped the story apart, and to that, we said, "Oops!"

9. Photographs of the Avila Beach benefit concert for the Democratic Party (Chairman Haley Barbour) and the Republican Party (Chairman Haley Barbour). Hey! Don't forget to wipe your butt daily.

Hey! Don't forget to wipe your butt daily.
"O, Captain, my Captain," was written by Walt Whitman after the great Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Now, it is Jonny Vandal who fell prey to an assassin's evil hands.

Vandal's body is nowhere to be found, but it is rumored that his tattered corpse lies somewhere in one of those Utilidor holes underneath Cal Poly's campus. Likewise, the details of his demise are sketchy, at best.

Rumors shuffling around Mustang Daily say that he was tracked down and beaten by a group of conformists who didn't buy into Vandal's questioning of the norm. The rumor says that Vandal was walking down the street minding his own business when a group of people on the left side of the street recognized him when he made a witty remark about all the damn parking meters downtown. Then, a group on the right side of the street heard him say something about not legislating morals.

According to witnesses (who wish to remain anonymous in case of any retribution) a small gathering of ousted KIDS Incorporated members then heard him say something about how he was glad that "the stupid-ass Poly Plan thing failed."

Out of nowhere all three groups converged on Jonny with rolled up Mustang Daily's in hand and mob rule took over. After the melee was dispersed, Vandal was nowhere to be found; all that remained was a torn up notepad and some blood on the pavement. Fifteen members off the mob were said to have been knocked unconscious, and several had to be taken to the hospital and given rabies shots after they reportedly were bitten by Vandal. A few stragglers came around, but they just sat around eating ice cream and blocking traffic.

There are other rumors, however. One states that he actually died in the middle of a demonstration against Marilyn Manson. He was waiting to see the band in concert when a group of right-wingers began preaching about hell and saying Manson is a devil worshiper. Vandal lost his restraint and let his tongue loose. When it was all over, Vandal was gone.

Vandal's life was one of mystery and the public was only provided a brief glimpse of his twisted sense of dry humor in his weekly column. A lot of angry letters toward Vandal were generated; a good friend even got some not-so-nice email from some members of ASI during the year, but Vandal also had his supporters who saw a need for Vandal's voice.

Vandal took his inspiration from the famous Shredder -- although he often admitted his wit wilted next to that of the Great Shredder.

Now that all is said and done, it's pretty clear that Vandal doesn't really care what people thought of him. But one thing is sure, he wanted everyone to at least spell his name right. It's Jonny Vandal - not Johnny or Joanie or even Johny.

A casket was buried with no body, just his old spike wristbands and some ball point pens. He is survived by no one. On his tombstone the immortal words of Vandal himself are fittingly spray painted: "Fight the Power, Fuck Authority and Question the Majority."

The unofficial Mustang Daily quotes of the year:

"Let the madness begin."
"I can admit when I'm wrong, it just doesn't happen very often."
"It's Ronny Simons!"
"Someone accused me of being a journalism major the other day, I was pissed."
"Wear that skirt and no panties to the PAC tonight."
"He's a smart ass and he doesn't even know it."
"Hey, maybe we could put my ass on the front page again."
"I'm so sick of this damned place that my hair is turning grey."
"Lush? I've been called better."
"Frank's got the clap??!
"Steve gets loaded before he writes anything."
"I can't believe someone took a dump in my darkroom."
"Let the madness end."
Final Exam Question #2
The Collect Call

What’s the only number to use for all your collect calls that could instantly win you cool stuff (like hip Planet Hollywood jackets and packs of 24 free movie passes) every hour, every day?

a) d
b) d
c) d
d) 1-800 CALL ATT
e) HELLO- d

1-800 call ATT

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**FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1997**

Goings once, going twice, sold!

*KCPR DJ pays his way to stardom during annual auction week*

Dale Tilly reports

The price tag of fame for one Cal Poly student may sound steep for most people. But for Rob Gaitan it was $100 he spent for this article was well worth the price of stardom. Gaitan, a business sophomore, donated a prize package to the highest bidder which included a feature article on the buyer.

May was auction month for Cal Poly's radio station KCPR. As part of the four-day fund-raising auction of art and memorabilia, listeners, Mustang Daily donated a prize package to the highest bidder which included a feature article on the buyer.

"It thought it would just be so wonderful that I could do on my resume of sort that there was an article written about me," Gaitan, 20, said. "It's like a self-centered attitude because astrology
does.

"I really don't know what to think about astrology because I don't even study, I can't see myself from somebody else's eye so I can't really tell," he said.

Mustang Daily asked Gaitan's friends and acquaintances how they saw him from their eyes to see if his astrological traits had any validity. Popular opinion showed that you should read your horoscope as often as possible.

But Gaitan and his music interests have made quite a impact on KCPR, where he is a DJ. Most of his listeners remember him from the initials "Rob Knot" story. When asked about the "Rob Knot" story, most people responded with a laugh. Nancy, a KCPR DJ and executive was one of the few who could contain herself enough to tell the story. Through a compilation of remnants, the story goes something like this:

"Rob (Kloeb) was inside the station alone one night, and all the lights were off and the front door was closed. He was trying to leave and he navigated his way to the exit in the dark and attempted to push the door open. After a few attempts to push the door open he began to push back on the phone.

He made a late-night, emergency call to Program Director Dave Welch, an English senior: "Dave, I'm locked in the station can someone come let me out?"

Dave went downstairs. It was most likely because the door to KCPR locks from the inside. I really can't explain my premise. "Rob, did you try turning the knob?" It finally made his way out of the station.

In all seriousness, Gaitan is a student and a DJ. He was born and raised in the San Jose and Santa Clara area in 1977, and graduated in 1993 from Santa Clara High School. He has been shaped mainly by the music he grew up to because he has little experiences outside of that.

He comes from a Mexican-American background in a family of two and one sister.

He spent most of his life close to home except to visit Disney World in Florida when he was 8 years-old, and a trip to Canada for World Exposition in 1986.

"I remember one incident where my parents were taking pictures of me and they were really far away, and I was just baring around for a minute and I looked up and they were gone," Gaitan said. "I didn't know where they were and all these people that were around all of a sudden saw this frightened little boy crying and running around." Gaitan has aged since his trip and now you can often find him lost in the KCPR studio.

He plays mainly jungle, drum and bass music during his shows on KCPR. Jungle is characterized by heavily syncopated drum beats and very low bass," said Gaitan, who goes under the pseudonym Rob Knob. "I've released a mixed tape and it's on sale at Boo Boo Records, but you can buy it from me — since I'm a DJ, I may negotiate my price. I won't go any lower than $3 though.

"I'm a very moody person and rather moody person and when he isn't listening to his jungle music through a pair of yrf.

"I was thinking about the idea of doing my own music, so I mixed that with the tape that he made," Raphiki explained.

"There are two things in the world of music that I cannot go without — and this goes beyond movies — Pep's and Ben and Jerry's chocolate monkey dough ice cream," said.

His music, well, he says the same thing, as they are often left without freezer space because Gaitan's ice cream collection fills the refrigerator shelves.

This summer Gaitan will stay in SLO. Obispo due to the constraints of his 12-month lease and work for his keep. If you would like to hear more about Gaitan, look for the Summer Krispy airs for this cliffhanger.

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**KCPR DJ pays his way to stardom during annual auction week**

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How to make a paper hat:

**Step 1.** Grab a copy of Mustang Daily.

**Step 2.** Turn paper upside down and shake inside pages out so you only have front/back page in your hands.

**Step 3.** Hold paper at a horizontal to your face and make sure fold line is at the top. Crease paper along fold line and then fold down corners to the center line as shown in illustration below (a.)

**Step 4.** Separate the 1 1/2-inch edges remaining at the bottom and fold up to each side.

**Step 5.** Open hat up and place on head. Don’t forget to grab a beer and be ready to be a media whore in your new hat all night long.

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