The case of the Toilet Peeper

By Matt Berger

MORRO BAY — A Santa Barbara man was arrested Sunday after park rangers allegedly found him hiding under a women's outhouse in Montana de Oro State Park, The Telegram-Tribune reported today.

The suspect apparently arrived on his motorcycle and climbed into the toilet at about 5 a.m. He was planning on staying all day, officials said. Rangers hosed off the suspect and took him to County Jail. He was booked for investigation of entering "below" public rest rooms.

By Patrick Stone

A mid the vast twilight twinkle of desert-city lights exists an underground society within which high-energy dance rhythms flourish, boasting a definite style of their own...clubs, drugs and image offer counter-cultural adolescents and young adults a mundane salvation from a barrage of cultural mis-mixtures. It's a place where fashion plays a junior role to attitude, and attitude plays a junior role to free-form physical expression. The city blends dark, mysterious but ever elusive beauty. In a raw world such as this, only the strong survive, or possibly escape, the echoing synergistic pressures of life in Albuquerque, NM.

* * *

The trauma in my new friend's eyes confirmed, me. There was a real story here, about a man and his fetish, and no one wanted to remember it enough to tell. So that's why I was here, talking outside an outhouse. It was my job to tell the untold story. Piece it together with the people who were here that foggy Sunday morning when Peeping Tom first popped his head out from the toilet rim.

Darkness had long fallen over the foggy coastline, and waves crashed against the rocky shores just below the ranger station at Spooner's Cove. It was quiet except for the sounds of the world and a few roaring cars passing in and out of the park. A distant putting of a motorcycle approaching the moonlit outhouses broke the silence. The revving engine grew louder, and a man roared into the dirt parking lot, shooting dust and sand in all directions, then stepped yards away from the lone bathrooms.

The moon revealed a passage from the rider's parking spot to the door of the women's outhouse; the man, still alive from his ride, followed the path to its end. Just in front of the outhouse the man stood empowered in the wild, open night. Unimaginable thoughts were whizzing through his head.

He opened the door to a dark, desolate box, peeking from the stench of so many days of collection, and walked in.

"He took the bolts out that attached the toilet to the floor and went through the opening," the ranger said in a timid voice. We were both inside the potty now and he was pointing at the floor. He was starting to open up to me. "He was sitting on a milk crate in a pair of shorts and tennis shoes, other than that he wasn't wearing anything."

No shit, shorts and tennis shoes? I kept hearing wet suit and scuba gear, or plastic wrap, but shorts?
Amazing Disgrace

By HASHEM "SHE-RA" HERLEY
THIRD PLACE

Going to the Forum on any night is a trip unto itself. The name, which seems to indicate that something important should converge inside, means nothing associated with the Lakers nor Ancient Greece. No, this downtown meeting place is nothing of the sort.

That evening I sauntered into the one-room reception hall on Marsh Street. It dazzled with red ribbons and the smell of catered food. Miss America had stepped-off in our peaceful town as part of her whirlwind national tour to save us all from the cruel and misunderstood life-taker called AIDS.

Like she knows what it's like to suffer.

All my stereotypical notions of beauty pageant entrants and their diamond banners sanctifying all that is holy in this country were proven true on that gloomy day, once and for all. Before the show, the San Luis Obispo High School choir sang and danced with as much soul as their little hearts could pour out to a surprisingly tame troop of Junior Girl Scouts and a handful of AIDS Support Network cronies donning their own red ribbons, so excited to hear the beauty queen support their noble cause.

The story began. Miss America was late, really late. But when she arrived, everyone, including myself, blew off her disregard for precious time and was won over as soon as her pearly white teeth gleamed in the light.

As she spoke of her adventures around the country spreading AIDS awareness, I listened to every other word, snapping photos of her receiving the key to the city and adjusting my aperture off her bright white suit. She stressed the importance of chastity and abstinence to the innocent, young blossoming girls who watched her with awe. But what about all those stories I'd heard of contestants sleeping with pageant judges?

One little scout asked Miss America how she could enter the pageant. Miss America's eyes became thin black slits, and as she answered the question her tongue became forked and serpent-like inside her ruby red mouth and I swore I saw some small horn-like protrusions swelling out of her tidy hair.

Her mission — accomplished — to extend the world of wholesome wholesomeness to the little-uns. Straight from the heart of Atlantic City, amongst rolling slot machines, crumpled-up ATM transaction sheets registering a zero balance and couples learning about the birds and the bees under the boardwalk, she came.

My mission — underway — to get a soundbite and photo of this six-foot crusader of decadence and queen of congeniality. Across the room the smell from the pile of hot pizza and grilled cheese sandwiches wafted into my nose. I resisted temptation to plan my strategy.

The Girl Scouts became my first target. "So," I asked a cute little scout with two long braids touching either shoulder, "What do you think of Miss America?"

"She's really pretty," was the answer I got. My smile masked my disappointment. "Did you like her talk?" I asked. "Yes," she replied shyly. Yeah, I bet she really liked that preaching about chastity.

OK. I've never been one to get good quotes from kids. I moved on to my next target, one spokesperson who was excited to have Miss America in town. If she didn't give me a good quote I'd have to go the devil herself. Good God, I thought, give me a quote! After introducing myself, I asked her what it was like having Miss America, a celebrity, come to town, grace us with her tacky white suit trimmed with gold and a plastic smile, in support of AIDS awareness.

I looked up at this woman leaning over me from the small stage. Now it's been said that a mustache can be sexy — on the right man. Hers was... well, in urgent need of electrolysis.

Her words, seemingly muffled by the mass of hair, began to emerge in answer of my question. But her mumbled words weren't as important as the foul stench which seeped out of her mouth. Hoping my face wasn't squirming as my insides were, I smiled and nodded, wanting to fumble through my pockets for a spare breath mint.) Like a good reporter for five solid minutes. Rebuffed, I hastily fled the toxic fumes and, with a heavy heart, confronted my fate.

...There she was, an ear-to-ear smile, as

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Go ing Go nzo

Editor's note: Thanks for picking up Mustang Daily's second-annual Gonzo journalism issue. Gonzo is a genre of journalism that's originated by Hunter Thompson.

Herman Reyes wrote in "The Dealers" Reporters are supposed to be biased, invent facts or tune in their articles without a lot of revision, but that is exactly what made Hunter S. Thompson a famous journalist and the originator of the Gonzo journalism.

The reporter, rather than being "impartial," is the center of Gonzo journalism. The reporter's sensory experiences are the story.

Thompson has published several compilations of his Gonzo stories and columns.

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

tributes to "Rolling Stone" and other publications. A movie version of his 1971 Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: A voyage of the American Dream is currently playing on the big screen.

Our writers, following Thompson's pattern, created works that, after reading, will make you sit back and ponder whether you see what is invented material and biased commentary. Happy reading, and pondering.

"That was a LONG time ago..."

After a drink or two, and a spent bowl, Eddy called into work sick while B-B and I sprawled out about the apartment and drifted off to sleep. It seemed like it'd only been about two seconds since I'd fallen unconscious at some equilibrium on the floor called.

Eddy tip-toed into the living room to warn me of potential danger. "Pat, Patrick, look through the peep hole and tell me what you see.

I struggled as quietly as I could to the floor, stumbling over the peep hole and peered through the hole. The bubbled images of two straight-standing male figures, wearing white-collar shirts, black pants and sunglasses, peered right back at me. They looked like federal agents, or Men in Black.

I whispered back to Eddy, "It's them."

They were missionaries hired by Eddy's mom when he moved down here from Seattle. Their mission: to convert Eddy not only back to the Church of Jesus Christ and Latter Day Saints, but also back to heterosexuality.

"Patrick, step away from the door, Eddy ordered, still in a whisper. "Come quietly into the bedroom and don't look back."

I did as he'd asked, B-B sat up quietly, still under bed covers, and asked what we were to do about the missionaries. My first idea involved Eddy and I answering the door naked, arms draped around one another, lit cigarettes dancing from our lips. Then the idea of frost nipping at the crotch forced me to just close the bedroom door and lock it.

"The last time they stopped by, they waited at my door for over an hour. It's like they knew I was home," Eddy explained. "We just can't answer the door or make any noise. I already made that mistake once without knowing what I was doing. They came by at seven-in-the-fucking morning the day after I moved in. Of course I had no idea who'd be stopping by at that hour.

"Right, you probably thought it was your neighbor Howard just getting off work, hoping to do the same with you," I remarked.

"Anyway," Eddy continued with a glare, "they stood in the doorway, letting all the cold air in, and rambled on about how a man shall not lay with another man, and about how I'd find salvation through the church.

The three of us remained in hiding for more than an hour, prisoners in Eddy's apartment, trying in vain to hold back our laughter about the situation.

Night fell quickly, as we spent most of the day in bed, chatting about this, 'that or the other.'

Later, we ventured down to Central Avenue, the trendy heart of Albuquerque, and got a cup of coffee at the Double Rainbow (a "family" [i.e. owned cafe] and did some thrifting. We were trying to find the perfect attire for our night out at what was suitably known as Pulse, a selective dance outfit with retro, rock-wall/red-booted interior and music which could put practically any L.A. or S.F. club jockey to shame. On nights like the one on which we first went, Wednesdays, Pulse has a particularly interesting venue known locally as SPACE... trance and ambien...
It was around Saturday midnight. We're walking down the creek. Passing benches left and right. We finally hit the last one by the huge rock and then looking out of a fairy-tale-looking tree right next to it. Under the bridge, across from Rhythm Cafe. It's dark enough that the drunk freshmen (I can tell by their immatura dialogue) passing by at the top can't see us. She kisses me. A tiny suggestive kiss. A kiss that set the stage for what would've happened had what was about to happen not happened. But it did and it tore a permanent scar in the fabric of our relationship and perhaps our lives.

I kiss back, careful (an act of caring, if you run your hands up and down her arms, she feels protected and warm.) Suddenly some- thing taps me on the shoulder. I jump up and look back. It was like a rock or something. She noticed it too, but whatever it was disappeared into the darkness. I dismiss it as something someone had kicked down the river while drunk. No big deal, this is no reason to stop. I get back to my business. BANG. There's another one. Misses my head by about four inches. What the hell is this? I look around, we see no one. She's a bit scared, but is keeping herself and me calm with bad jokes. "Bird dropping!" I ask. Whatever it was, it was getting annoying and was obviously more than a coinci- dence. When the third one hit my head, I was sure it was a sign of intelligent life. Still I did- n't want it to ruin the mood. We get up and slowly walk down the creek in each other's arms. Who are they? I ask in my mind. What do they want from me? We stop and look at each other under the moonlight. The mood is once again perfect and we close in on each other. "OK, for another kiss." BANG! Once again something missed my back by a couple of inches. It's obvious it's either someone behind the bushes outside of the stores across the creek, or it's a testosterone-sensing robot shooting device carefully hidden in the rocks somewhere. I HAVE heard that the retread population of the city is not too fond of college students and their "activities." Could they have hired ex-soviet espionage specialists to build a machine that makes sure no one makes out by the creek? I look around real cautiously (this time putting my glasses on). I yell out "is there anybody out there?" No response. I look over the rock behind me. There it was in front of that rock. Whatever it was thrown at me. It looks like a small dark reddish cylinder. I pick it up. It's a sliced piece of carrot. How strange! If I were to construct a robot according to specifications mentioned above, I would probably want it to have a renewable supply of ammunition too, so... BANG... Another one hits me in the knee. "Hey..." I ask. Whatever it was, it was getting annoying and was obviously more than a coinci- dence. When the third one hit my head, I was sure it was a sign of intelligent life. Still I didn't want it to ruin the mood. We get up and slowly walk down the creek in each other's arms. Who are they? I ask in my mind. What do they want from me? We stop and look at each other under the moonlight. The mood is once again perfect and we close in on each other. "OK, for another kiss." BANG! Once again something missed my back by a couple of inches. It's obvious it's either someone behind the bushes outside of the stores across the creek, or it's a testosterone-sensing robot shooting device carefully hidden in the rocks somewhere. I HAVE heard that the retread population of the city is not too fond of college students and their "activities." Could they have hired ex-soviet espionage specialists to build a machine that makes sure no one makes out by the creek? I look around real cautiously (this time putting my glasses on). I yell out "is there anybody out there?" No response. I look over the rock behind me. There it was in front of that rock. Whatever it was thrown at me. It looks like a small dark reddish cylinder. I pick it up. It's a sliced piece of carrot. How strange! If I were to construct a robot according to specifications mentioned above, I would probably want it to have a renewable supply of ammunition too, so... BANG... Another one hits me in the knee. "I saw something move!" She looks at me, seriously scared. She points to a bush up in the opposite side of the creek. There it was in front of where Cisco's sandwiches has tables. "Was that it?" I think so... it was something white, I think it was his shirt. "I am certain it was either a man or an estranged mutant rabbit."

I feel brave, hold her hand and walk up the stairs and across the bridge to where she saw the activity. At this point, my safety and even hers is not as important as making sure whoever ruined this evening for me pays. We're walking along the top shore of the creek, behind the bushes where she saw the thing move. There's noth- ing. Maybe she was hallucinating. We walk across the bridge. Stop in the middle and look down, talk some more. Maybe this night will be special after all. We're both looking down to the passing water pondering thoughts about the future. Once again, a piece of carrot is thrown at us, this time fol- lowed by foot step noises from the side of the bridge. We can both tell there is a person hid- ing behind the bushes. I step forward. She tries to stop me. She holds my hand. "Let's just get out of here." I look back at her, she's frightened like a cat. Never missing the opportunity to be dramatic, I hold her hand and say, "It's OK, I'll be right back." I hear more foot noises and by the time I turn around to face my enemy, a dark, naked figure is running away toward the mission. I try to pursue, but she stops me. My blood was boiling. I felt like running and tackling down the short, slightly overweight man who had taken off his white shirt and left it by the bushes to throw us off. I was mad. I felt like stopping him and saying "My name is xxx. You've killed my erection. Prepare to DIE!" But some- how the only thing that comes out of my mouth is "Hey..." It takes a minute for the sheer terror of the situation to reach my head. We both run out of the other side as fast as we can, all the way downtown toward the park- ing structure.

Something still bothered me far after we were safely away. Maybe it was the sheer indifference of the cop we tried talking to later. Or maybe it was the fact that the fall of our relationship had been foreshad- owed so symbolically. I never saw that man again. (never really saw him the first time.) Of course I never went down to the creek late at night either.

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Restless nights

By Gil Sery

This is a test of the Emergency Bitching System. If you’d rather not read through some sorry dude’s long battle for peace, quiet and the pursuit of a good night’s sleep, and all the anxiety and injustices that came with it, QUICK, change the channel! Oh that’s right, this is a newspaper. Well, read on if you’re interested.

There are two things I can’t stand: immature brats that are impossible to reason with and hypersensitive people who were probably in the line reserved for dogs when sense of hearing was parcelled out at the Pearly Gates. Since September, I have met both. Aahah, the joys of student housing. It all began when I moved in with an immature party animal who had no respect for me or my things. He also pranced around the apartment singing “Face Nelson Mandela” at midnight at the top of his voice, when the dude had not only been released for several years but was already heading up a country.

Worst month of my life I tell ya.

So right before I go away on this important business trip, The Powers That Be at Mistake Village tell me that I’ve complained too much and they’re moving me whether I like it or not.

So I spend a whole weekend — and then some — moving my stuff from one end of the complex to the other. I finally settle in and get adjusted to my new surroundings when, two months after I move in, my neighbor starts banging on the wall at 2 o’clock in the morning, yelling at me that my bed squeaks when I toss and turn.

(Hmmmm...that’s interesting...what happened for the first two months I was there?)

There’s just one problem: how do you stop something that’s in someone’s imagination? Either that or she has such hypersensitive hearing that she’s the only one who can hear anything.

So, trying to be a good, accommodating neighbor, I decide to see if I can do something about it. I try turning over mattresses. BANG, BANG, BANG, goes the wall. I try another mattress. BANG, BANG, BANG. I even get my folks to drive five hours to see me and bring my mattress from home with them. BANG, BANG, BANG.

In the meantime, the manager of the complex quits (I never did find out what really happened to her, but maybe she just couldn’t take the heat) and someone else steps in to take her place. At this point, I’ve gone to the office so many times to report these incidents that everyone there knows me by name. There’s a promise made that the two of us will get together for negotiations, but like the Mideast Peace Talks, this never goes anywhere.

One day I see my neighbor walking around the complex and she gives me this intensely evil stare and says “If you could let me get a decent night’s sleep tonight I would REALLY appreciate it.” Meow!! Kind of catty, I think.

A few weeks later, it’s Spring Break and I think to myself, I have to endure another quarter like that of constant pounding on my wall, that would be cruel and unusual punishment. And the punishment certainly does NOT fit whatever “crime” this woman thinks I’ve committed.

Eventually, this quarter, this new customer service dude decides that enough is enough. He comes over to my room, totally rearranges it and then goes and does the same thing with this woman’s room. Finally, I have my first peaceful night’s sleep in months. Everything was going well until recently, when what do I hear? BANG, BANG, BANG. Sigh. The saga continues...

That concludes this broadcast of the Emergency Bitching System. We now return you to your regular, daily lives.

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June 8 - 12

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El Corral Bookstore
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above the round-tables. I began to
apipeared to move on a much higher
dancing forest, I began
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You couldn't've."

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A whik* later the three of us had
or Eddy were obviously
feeling ptt'n'  gtxKl themselvi*s...

"I mearv should I try establish­
"No, that's ridiculous. We re 23
"Lh-aw e"

"I can't"
TOILET from page 2

and tennis shoes, that was a different story.

Into the morning he sat, peering out the oval frame of the toilet seat. His feet sloshed and stuck to the pile built up around him. He reviled in its chocolatey texture. He couldn't see the day begin, or the sun rise over the hillside. Instead he was interested in catching a glimpse of the moons that would shine above him.

Day broke and the cove became alive with happy faces and visitors, kids with beach toys and moms with lunch bags. A woman headed to the bathroom, and after her another. Underneath, catching the stale air through the stalls, a man, unknown to the women relieving themselves. Finally, a man standing outside the stalls saw movement through the airspace between the box and the septic tank below, bringing an end to the peeper's tyranny.

"We got the call that a man had seen someone in there, so we went to pull him out," the ranger said. "We told him to come out and he said without hesitation. Then he laid down on the ground. There was no water in the area so we had to bring out the water truck to hose him off. He wasn't clean at any point before they took him off to county jail."

The problem I had with this shitty experience was the trust these women seemed to have in their state's outhouses. I have to look down before I hop on. Not to enjoy the sceneries, but to make sure there are no spiders or snakes or creepy crawlies waiting to climb up my ass. . . .

Peeping Tom was a registered nurse at the time of his petty-peeping incident. According to his court file, he was suspended from his position and investigated by the nursing board.

His bathroom habits passed by fairly unpublicized after his outhouse incident caught many by surprise. After the story made small-point headlines for two days in the Telegram-Tribune, the case was flushed through the courts. The People of the State of California vs. Peeping Tom went as following: eight pleas of no contest to misdemeanor counts including loitering in and around public toilets, engaging in lewd conduct in a public place and in public view, three counts of molestation for annoying a child and three counts of depraving, lewd, immoral and vicious habits and practices in the presence of a child.

He was given three years probation and 60 days in custody. He was also ordered by the court to "not be in or around Montana de Oro State Park or any public rest room."

Ten years later, a lot has changed including the toilets in Spooner's cove. The new cans have a few improvements, lock a little more difficult to penetrate, but maintain the same rustic, poopy look that their predecessors were known for.

Many of the faces around the park have changed too, along with the addresses and phone numbers of several of the participants involved in the weird tale. I was unable to track down the real peeper, although I did manage to pin off a few men who shared his name.

Like any story, there was a moral, and the man who pointed, wiped his head and took deep breaths while trying to explain it to me knew it best.

"We're OK," the ranger said reassuringly, probably directing more at himself than at me. "After this happened people began to think I'm OK, you know? 'You're OK. We are all OK'."

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Seung received the highest MCAT score in the county on the Spring 1993 administration: Biological Sciences 15, Verbal Reasoning 15, Physical Sciences 14, Writing Sample 7.

Now updated daily!
Peeping at loud and lewd neighbors

**By Sam Negley**

The clock just passed midnight, and I was sitting in front of my television, sipping white wine and eating cheese and crackers. The curtain to my second-story balcony had been left open from earlier that evening when I was watching the sunset over the ocean; the waves were crashing against the pier and the water was glistening...what a gorgeous sight.

Just then, I realized I was being watched.

It was the girl next door — that blonde who lives in the slums below me; those one-story apartments that look like they're just about ready to be torn down.

I looked down at the girl, who can’t be a day over 25, and she looked away. I could barely see her since she was only silhouetted by her dim front porch light. Suddenly, she squatted down in front of her porch, pulled her pants down and proceeded to take a piss.

Was I really seeing this? Or was it the wine that, suddenly, I didn’t feel like finishing?

Sure, even I have been guilty of peeing in an empty parking lot, late nights after the bars have closed and I just can’t wait to get to the bathroom, shielded only by my car door while my friend leaves the motor running.

But right in front of her own doorstep?

Since I moved into my cozy apartment in Pismo Beach, “Blondie” has been the topic of many discussions between my roommate and I.

Blondie, with her wavy, bleached blonde hair and her sunken-in blue eyes, stands about 5 feet 5 inches and weighs about 130 pounds. Not a bad figure for a mom with two kids, or anyone for that matter.

She hardly ever wears shoes, which is amazing in light of her bathroom habits, and neither do her children.

Fast food seems to be the predominant meal around the Blondie household; just what every growing child needs.

On top of all her assets, Blondie is also lucky enough to have a boyfriend.

When Blondie’s boyfriend, “Asshole” rolls in at about 3 in the afternoon, the girls immediately run over to his Barney-colored Chevy truck to see what he’s been doing all day.

Later that night, or at about 3 the next morning, Asshole usually decides to let the entire neighborhood know what he’s been doing all day — drinking.

Do you know what it’s like to go to bed with the sound of the ocean swaying peacefully in the distance, and wake up to the sounds of shouting from your next-door neighbors, night after night?

“FUCK YOU!”

“FUCK YOU,” Blondie replies.

“I’LL F***IND YOUR CAR, **Asshole**!” Blondie says. (Oh, so that is his name.)

This is a change from the usual banter in the daytime:

“Don’t you know good food?” Blondie asks Asshole.

“I know I do,” she says, without waiting for a reply.

But it’s night time, now. The children are no doubt awake. I hear the sound of a truck peeling out, suddenly hitting something. And someone is yelling.

“OUCH! GOODAMMIT! YOU RAN OVER MY FOOT, YOU BASTARD!” (I thought his name was Asshole.) It’s not Blondie. It’s someone else who likes to shout out obscenities in the middle of the night.

My roommate’s boyfriend, who is sleeping over (as usual), goes outside to make sure that his car hasn’t been hit. It’s fine. He goes back to bed.

The police are well-acquainted with the Blondie residence.

“We got a call about a noise complaint.”

“Blondie residence?”

“10-4.”

Today, everything is back to normal. Blondie is yelling at her daughters, who often play in my front yard. They could be about 6 or 7 years old. They could be twins.

They are young and beautiful, both blonde with blue eyes, and smiles as wide as the ocean. They have been quarreling over something or another, as girls do.

“YOU TWO KNOW I HATE WHEN YOU DO THAT,” Blondie yells.

**See NEIGHBORS page 11**

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**June 8 - 12**

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**June 8 - 12**
**By Ben Ross**

The other night I had a dream. It was a scary dream. I was hanging out with 16,000 other Cal Poly students in a pit. While President Baker was giving a speech, a bird came up to me and asked if I wanted a ride. Not being a man of many questions, I said, "sure." I grabbed one of the bird's legs, and off we went.

We flew right over President Baker's house. First thing I noticed was the beautiful flowers, green grass, and the department secretaries working hard. Musta gotten that pay raise. Now President Baker was in a lounge chair in the yard, sippin' on a Sapphire G & T, mumbling in a half-asleep state, "alcohol is allowed at the PAC because outside groups wanted alcohol to be available in this controlled setting."

Whoa! I woke up from this weird dream, took a deep breath, drank a few sips of 7-Up, and went back to sleep.

Well, when I fell asleep, I started having that crazy dream again. This time the bird started asking me questions. The bird asked me if I liked Cal Poly.

"Yeah, but it could be better," I replied.

"Oh yeah," the bird said.

"Uh huh," I started, "I'm having trouble getting classes."

This time the bird gave me some wise advice: "You need to give more money to President Baker in order to get what you want. Look at the outside folks who helped build the PAC, and help pay for athletics."

I retorted, "I already give Cal Poly all my money! What's left over is taken by the banks for all those damn ATM fees. I got holes in my shoes, my clothes are old, even my cat complains it needs more money."

Then the bird asked how I planned on getting down. I told the bird to drop me off at my car, the one with out-of-state plates.

"Oh," the bird said, "the car with three parking tickets, parked in the staff spot because they closed the general lot for the PAC?"

"Yep, that's the one," I replied. The bird snorted back, "if you ain't got no money, I gotta let you go.

"Well," I said, "California is the land of hard knocks."

I suppose I shoulda asked more questions. I thanked the bird for the great trip. The bird let go of me in mid-air, and as it flew off, the bird just said, "good luck!" and defecated on a Pepsi machine. But, right before I hit the ground, I awoke. I was alone, this bird had flown.

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**We’ll be back...**

Mustang Daily will return to its traditional form tomorrow. Hope you liked Gonzo.

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**91 News**

Every Friday at 4 p.m. & Sat at 10 a.m.

...it's all the news you need, and then some!
DISGRACE from page 3
she placed her crown on the aston­
ishing, innocent little head one­by­one.
I watched Miss America from across the room. She moved from camera lens to camera lens. In­
between flashes, she automatically
threw up. Her hair, and her body hung in the most presti­
gious and moral beauty pageant in
the world?

Did I know the only one who wasn’t impressed with this charade? Was I the only one not taking mental notes to enroll my future children, nieces, granddaughters,
girlfriends and moral beauty in the
world?

No. I couldn’t see the utter
hybridity of this beauty? I won­
dered how many evening gowns
she sabotaged to win the contest.

"OK. But you’ve got a long trip
home. I’m going to look at; raven black hair,
it’s black, it’s purple, it’s red and
wholesale. I’ve seen it well up in her eyes. My hands were
stained now: brown, purple red and
white. And that makeup came off
her eyes, off her face. Her eyes were
pink. Where the makeup came off
my fingers and I could see the tears
in her eye told more stories of
wholesomeness was o­ver.

I stared at the girls continue speak­ing
between themselves, almost
embraced by stripes of pink blush. She
-eyed and a thick coating of black mas­
thought that the girls continued to
were sick with the
disease and as she held his quiver­
ning between the three steeps and out
the end of the stage as she made her
progress on the stage. The girls prcKeeded to rip out its innards.

She prcKeeded to rip out its innards.

**NEIGHBORS from page 9**

The children continue argu­
ning between themselves, almost
at each other. It wasiscopal and moral
incredibly frustrating to listen to another.
As public concern rises,
someone decides it’s time to
step in. Finally, I’ve had
enough. I go to my balcony
and say:

"HEY, BLONDIE!? Quit
yelling at your boyfriend and quit
yelling at your boyfriend in the
middle of the night, and tell
him to quit yelling at you, and
quit yelling at your boyfriend.
And, quit acting like you just
walked off the set of the Jerry
Springer Show, goddammit!"

Then I wake up... to the
sound of shouting in the middle
of the night. It’s Blondie and her
boyfriend. They’ve been drink­ing.

There are only four more
Mustang Dailies left for the quarter.

Get your letter in one­of­em.

E-mail: mbordes@polymail.calpoly.edu.
By ACE ROCK-OLA

Plains fall into gear. Ironically, this trip requires no plans. We make the decision, by fate or chance (which one is responsible is irrelevant to go), leaving behind a world of superficially uniformed clones who live predictable lives. I, too, sadly I must say, have fallen victim to the trends set by the unknown face behind the wall, and I need an escape. It will however, be a short trip. If one dares to remain in the foreign land too long, one runs the risk of sacrificing it all, never to return to the warm and occasionally suffocating blanket of beautiful San Luis Obispo.

Strange symbolism erupts as the giant screen comes to life, spewing colors, sounds and the unknown face behind the wall, and I need an escape. It will however, be a short trip. If one dares to remain in the foreign land too long, one runs the risk of sacrificing it all, never to return to the warm and occasionally suffocating blanket of beautiful San Luis Obispo.

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