It was just the third of us in the middle of small villages and towns, covering what the foreign news office in New York called "the rural vote." Without realizing it, we were walking right into the day-to-day lives of rural citizens of Mexico's history in decades.

Mexico City slept. The "dry law" had pacified the population by prohibiting the sale of alcohol a day prior to elections.

Juan was sitting outside the office, camera and sound equipment in hand. He wore his white button-down shirt, jeans, indigenous leather sandals and a blue sweater tied over his shoulders. He was the epitome of a city boy turned native.

"Let's go kids. It's gonna be a long day," Sebastian jumped into the van and made himself comfortable on the back seat, placing his camera next to me. The air, sliding in from an open window, was cold and unnaturally crisp for Mexico City.

I swerved closer to the curb. Juan was happy in "ASI-election land" until she could be a member of the Progressive Student Alliance on campus.

As Hacker calmly explained that the "vote" outside the office meant to get the attention of the press and make Hacker looked bad in front of his campaigners. As Hacker approached Vann to shake his hand, she uttered the words "And we're off" — my favorite quote of the election. At this point, I was determined that we were probably going to be changed by University Graphics Systems for being late to turn in our pages, and for what?

The two children to the left were photographed by Slutzki while covering the "rural vote" outside Mexico City for NBC News, left, peasants wait in line to cast their votes. Center, most walls around the city looked new because candidates used them to bring in votes. Right, a woman complains about events that took place during the last presidential election.

There may not have been any hangover, but there was plenty of scandal. Who would have thought that something as מורכב and complex as a race for Associated Students Inc. president would have become the soap opera of Cal Poly politics? The first official event was the cantrip of 2001.

As soon as I heard, I immediately tried to call Vann and the appropriate people for the story. While talking to Vann, I felt really bad for him. I was shocked that someone would do that in a college presidential campaign. As I wrote the story, I realized that this election would be quite interesting.

The next official event was the candidate forum. Dan Gonzales, one of our photographers, met me in front of the Science, where we watched as campaign posters to accounts of social alliances at a heated showdown in the ASI office. The forum of 2001 was unforgettable to all those involved, including me.

When my story was asked at the beginning of the quarter if I was free. Wednesday night from 5 to 7 p.m., I hesitantly answered yes. They needed someone to cover the notorious ASI beat, and I agreed.

Looking back, it seems ironic that my first story to preview the election focused on the new election rules, which clarified policy about campaign violations. At that point, I had no idea just how important the subject of campaign violations would be to the elections.

My next story. "Candidates race for ASI titles," was just fine. Everything was happy in "ASI-election land" until a few days later, though, when the first of many scandals rocked the election. Someone had tampered with Vann's campaign signs. The culprit(s) had taken down his posters and scrawled new words and phrases on them, including changing Vann's last name to "Burg."
MEXICO
continued from page 1
the electoral campaign. It was all about who made the other look worse. We drove on empty highways, the city shrinking through the windows. It was a vast valley of pavement and cement, a labyrinthe of poverty, crime, Atte blood and American products.

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**Democratico**
(Devolution mi balo)
The image of a young student, yelling in a protest against Fox the day before, flashed in my mind. The last thing Latin America needs is another leader who will pros­ per his city by taxing the funds of Yankee corporations** the** young stu­ dent had said.

Most people I had met in Mexico had a deep dislike for America, yet continued to becharmed by its cars, products, fans and images. As I interviewed the young student, after the protest had died down, the rage in his dark eyes had made me feel uncomfortable. He was the leader of the student alliance that was anti-Fox, anti-corporation and pro-peasant. He had a sharp mind, but his anger had blinded him to the point that anything of European descent became his target.

As the highway climbed away from the city, the valley started shrinking below us. The van neared the edge of the precipice with every curve, and each time, I would catch a glimpse of Mexico City, surrounded by flattened hills and flatland, and active volcanoes. The morning fog still covered the basin, disguising the city's modern existence and creating a mystical scene.

We arrived at an adobe building, simple and desolate. Escuela Benito Juarez was written in blue, curvy let­ terns over the top. The school's large entrance was open, displaying a cen­ tral patio bare of decorations. Inside, a group of peasants were standing in line, while some teachers organized the voting procedures.

For the first time in decades, the entire nation had been mobilized to ensure the elections were carried out without any incidents. It was as if, after 71 years of dominant nationalism, the spirit of Popocatepetl, the most famous Aztec volcano, had erupted in its people a desire for change.

Sebastian and Juan started roaming amongst the crowd, capturing images on film. We would send them to New York via satellite that some afternoons, and I knew most of what we saw would be lost. The producers wouldn't care. I stayed farther away, taking pic­ tures with my own camera. The rest of us were in the process of tallying the votes.

There was a second to the motion, and the announcer was going to say, “In this corner, with a stack much higher time to come, carrying the equipment. "Have a good day, sir!" Sebastian nodded toward the entrance. "This place is starting to get a little too hot."

Once in the van, on our way back to the office with half-smoked ciga­ rettes in our hands, I rewind the film. The sun had melted the mist, leaving the city's gray smog covered the valley with its heavy, parasitic nature. Later that evening, it was announced that Fox had won the elections. The PRI had won the 51 governorships; and the KPR had almost every governorship; and the PRI had won the elections. By and large, it was a wad of pesos, tightly packed. The Capataz was placing it into the man's shirt pocket.

---

The memory of a military officer, giving his gun directly at my chest, paralyzing me. "I couldn't see what it was. I held my camera away from the man as if I was trying to capture their aged souls as they both looked into the camera, void of emotion."

The Capataz's voice reached me again. He was embracing a worker by the shoulders and said, "The FBI was here today. They wanted to take pictures and walked toward my photos."

---

I pressed the trigger. Laughter emanated from the Capataz's throat. He was at peace and being poured into the black bag, into his weapon. He took off the film. ---

Sonia Schlutzi is Mustang Daily editor in chief.

**FILE PHOTO**

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ELECTION
continued from page 1
remove all his campaign posters by 5 p.m. as a penalty. Then at 5:30 p.m. in get­ ting gcxxl, I missed it all. My editors the election was still on, and was there­ meeting was the place to be! I sat in my Wednesday election take place in case when would the contro­ the last thing Latin America needs is another leader who will pros­ per his city by taxing the funds of Yankee corporations** the** young stu­ dent had said.

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Sponsored by: The Ultimate Beverage Battle

The World Cup is scheduled for June 10, 2002. A variety of dog meat dishes will be offered at 102 World Cup stadiums. More than 150 restaurants will be participating.

Campaigners for animal rights want the consumption of dog meat to be banned and say the practice is becoming less taboo.

The restaurant group released a statement saying "Our campaign is aimed at educating our traditional food to foreigners to dispel their prejudices about our food culture." For perspective, they said that other countries traditionally eat horse meat, snails or pigeons.

There are an estimated 10,000 dog meat restaurants worldwide. About 3 million of South Korea's 47 million people are believed to eat dog meat.

The World Cup is scheduled for May 31 to June 30 and is being co-hosted by South Korea and Japan.

Ananova

National and International Briefs

United Nations

Hundreds of people all over the world died today due to acts of violence and terrorism between ethnic, political or religious groups. There were also some who died due to the lack of reasoning on the part of stupid, vengeful people. Here are the current totals:

Colombia: At least 40,000 people have died in warfare between rebel guerrilla groups and the government during the last decade. In March alone, 1,115 Palestinians and 458 Israelis have been killed since September 2002.

Afghanistan: At least 25 were killed and 70 were injured during fighting between angry warlords in eastern Afghanistan this weekend.

India/Pakistan: Eleven were killed in the Indian state of Kashmir in attacks by the Pakistani separatist rebels and the Islamic/Muslim majority in the region. During the 12-year rebellion, authorities estimate 33,000 people have died in the conflict. Separatists believe the number to be closer to 80,000.

Germany: 18 died in a high-speed car crash by an angry man who also shot and killed himself.

Reuters

Asia

SEOUL, South Korea — In an effort by South Korean restaurateurs to dispel Western attitudes toward their cuisine, soccer fans at this year's World Cup will be offered a variety of dog meat dishes for free. The complimentary dog soup, dog sandwiches and dog burgers will be offered at all 10 World Cup stadiums. More than 150 restaurants will be participating.

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Driving Down Your Cost of Driving!
"Baby Kitty," as she is affectionately called, is the only remaining feline at the shelter. All the other cats have mysteriously disappeared.

Reports of a really big kitty cat with red glowing eyes and the ability to shoot a green acid-like substance from its nostrils are totally exaggerated, according to University Police. Reports of the cat stalking the campus late at night are the fodder of frustrated teenage minds, probably wasted on Red Bull, said a member of University Police.

But the police are still taking precautions and handed out flyers yesterday describing in detail what students should do if they come in contact with the feline.

"If you do see the 'imaginary' kitty, do not approach or taunt it," said Police Officer Collin Alfaks. "And definitely don't spray him with a water bottle -- cats hate that -- and don'tdle a piece of yarn in front of it. Call the Cal Poly Public Affairs office immediately."

Police said they checked the campus cat shelter and found nothing.

Leonard Nimoy, the shelter manager, said he didn't notice anything suspicious at the shelter that once housed 15 kittens, but now is home to one dog-sized staring feline.

"Over there is 'Baby Kitty,'" Nimoy said. "Boy, he's grown a lot since he first got here. He must have scared the other kittens off. He's a little big for his age. The removed cats is supposed to be dog-sized. I'd say Baby is more the size of a Peruvian Tapir or a European wild boar."

Nimoy became concerned with the cat's health when its postnasal drip began dissolving into liquid courage and braced himself for the raucous crowd reaction to my voice, I wondered. Brian urged me not to worry too much. Brian handed me a song that I knew I'd be singing on my way over to Brian. "You were a star," I thought. Sadly, the song came to an end, but the entire bar crowd cheered as I accepted high-fives from random people on my way over to Brian. "You were awesome!" he exclaimed.

"Nice choice," he said as he looked at my song sheet. After a few more people had their turns, the DJ called out my name. This is it, I thought, and grabbed the mic. I looked to Brian for an encouraging glance. Instead he mouthed, "You'll be fine." As soon as the music started, my whole body changed from tense to relaxed as the bar crowd rose to their feet and danced dancing. My nerves began to dissolve into liquid courage that raced through my veins as I gripped the mic and braced myself for the lyrics that gracefully appeared on the TV screen in front of me.

"When I was a young girl," I belt, "put away those young girl ways." By now, everybody knew what song I was singing, and they sang along when I got to the chorus.

"That was cathartic," said Brian. "Yeah, you know. It was a release. Everyone should do it at least once." I asked as I motioned to the next performer who was squawking her way through "I Love Rock and Roll."

"Maybe you're right."

"How can there be anything bad about karaoke? I used to worry I wouldn't have anything controversial to report about in my story. 'That was cathartic.'"

As weeks went by, karaoke became my obsession. My editors began demanding to read my story. Instead, I kept pushing my deadline, telling them I hadn't quite gotten the true essence of karaoke yet. I needed more time. Truth is, there were just so many more songs I had yet to sing, and I couldn't bear the thought of giving up my weekly routine of hanging out at karaoke bars.

"Kumquat is lame anyway," one of my editors said.

Well, I think they just don't understand.

Jennifer Hansen is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily staff writer.
**Frustrated sports reporter explains why some sports don't get coverage**

I never thought that getting players to talk to the press would be such a difficult task. I mean, doesn't everyone want to get his or her name in the paper? Unfortunately, I realized this wasn't the case as I tried to cover an away game for the Mustang Daily.

I reported for a few players to call me after they had just played two doubleheaders. They didn't call me when the games were over. I asked them to get quotes about the away series as soon as possible. That's right, no one.

So while I may not have received story credit in my class for that article because it was too late, I just might get credit for this.

Leslie Edwards is a journalism senior and Mustang Daily staff writer.

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**Letters to the editor**

**Our sport deserves coverage**

Editor,

My name is Bawnda Helga Lou Kamu, and I'm president of the Samoon Women's Hog Wrestling team, which is an internationally-renowned sport. I just want to complain about how our team never makes it into the sports page. I mean, just because we haven't had a home match in the last seven years and there's only three people in our fan club doesn't mean that the baseball team can be in the paper all the time. It's not fair that we never have our team on the sports schedule, and I'm not being the excuse that if you put every sport at Cal Poly in the Daily, the schedule wouldn't fit on the page.

After all, we deserve recognition - just think of the one who stocks the locker room and the other person on the team who work very hard raising money to go to our Hog Wrestling match in Bakersfield every year.

So, I expect to see some coverage really soon.

Bawnda Helga Lou Kamu is a seventh-year rec administration sophomore.

---

**Is naked toothbrushing fair?**

Editor,

I am a problem with my roommate. I was just wondering if I was exaggerating the situation in my mind or if it really is a problem. Here's the thing: He brushes his teeth in the nude.

Now, everyone has his or her own habits and strange idiosyncrasies, but this is really inappropriate behavior when you live in a house with three to four other roommates. I've talked to some of my other friends about this, and they all agree that this is uncalled for. However, most of my friends who said this are children of hippie parents and probably grew up perfectly content to walk around the house naked, unoccupied about "superficial" material possessions like clothing.

I need an objective opinion about this. Is it just me, or is it unfair to subject me to the sight of my roommate's skinny butt dancing to the rhythm of the toothbrush as I walk down the hallway just past the open bathroom door?

Chuck Mel is a statistics junior.

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**Letter policy**

Mustang Daily reserves the right to edit letters for grammar, proficiency and length. Please limit length to 250 words. Letters should include the writer's full name, phone number, major and class standing.

By mail: Letters to the Editor, Mustang Daily, Building 26, Room 226, Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, CA 93407

By fax: (805) 756-6784

By e-mail: mustangdaily@hotmail.com

Letters must be hand-delivered to an editor.

By fax: (805) 756-6784

By e-mail: mustangdaily@hotmail.com

Letters must be in correct format.
**Distinguished Lecturer Award Nominations**

The Cal Poly chapter of the California Faculty Association (CFA) is seeking nominations for the "Distinguished Lecturer Award." The Cal State system is making fewer and fewer permanent tenure-track hires and replacing those positions with "temporary" lecturers. Though categorized as "temporary," many lecturers have taught at Cal Poly for ten years or more. Lecturers are important, and most teaching awards go to professors. Nonetheless, some of Cal Poly's best teachers are lecturers. We encourage students and faculty to nominate a lecturer they think is deserving of special recognition. This is your chance to make your voice heard. Three $500 awards will be presented at CFA’s end-of-the-year banquet in June.

Below is a list of lecturers at Cal Poly. Please take a moment to peruse the list to see if there is someone you’d like to nominate (if you’re a student; it may be that your favorite instructor is a lecturer and you didn’t know it). Then write or e-mail the nominee’s name and reasons supporting your nomination to the address below. The CFA Lecturer Award criteria may include teaching, scholarship, service, and leadership. Thank you.

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Please submit your nomination NO LATER THAN TUESDAY, MAY 3 to: Distinguished Lecturer Award Committee/84181-3841-00001 your responses to Distinguished Lecturer Award Committee/84181-3841-00001

Include: 1. Name of Educator Nominee, 2. Reasons supporting your nomination (a minimum of 50 words should be considered), 3. Your name, and 4. Your e-mail address.
headlined for the Baggett on my RMX, I just crossed Perimeter when a flaming meteorite struck the pavement, causing a mini-earthquake, I eased the car into a perfect parking spot right under a pine-looking tree. Ahh, the majestic "Deliverance." I'm not squealing country boys I'd ever seen, kicking dirt, just in time to see Price dragging the kid was going to he riding. I had won.

I woke up pretty damn tight. "Big time, babe," he cackled. "Atta girl." "Coach, where is he?" I gasped. "He's considering the president of the Athenian Baseball League for the job. As I rolled into the parking lot of Baggett Stadium around 12:45 — just in time to memorialize the game with the windows down and my stereo blasting some Unwritten Law — I used the walkie-talkie into a perfect parking spot right under a pine-looking tree. Ahh, the majestic "Unwritten Law" — I eased the car into a perfect parking spot right under a pine-looking tree. Ahh, the majestic "Deliverance." I'm not squealing country boys I'd ever seen, kicking dirt, just in time to see Price dragging the kid was going to he riding. I had won.

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Rumors had been circulating around campus for some time, but I'd chalked it up to Open House hysteria. The story started when Warren Baker's goons in the Foundation ran a late-night screw up that tarnished the tuition ledgers. I figured they needed a good dose of publicity to meet next year's sports budget.

Apparently, the baseball team had a hot recruit in town, somebody who made the Natural look like Nucky. I had received the news from journalism junkie Rion McCormack, who had been documenting the information as he ran around campus for some time, but I cringed, holding my ear, and dove for the cover off the ball every time!

"Get a grip, you crazy loon," I shouted, and slapped him upside the head. "Cal Poly would never support such nonsense." He cringed, holding his ear, and dove into the bushes to escape.

But later in the day, I received an anonymous fax, on Jason Sullivan's private stationary nonetheless. It said that the kid, one Theo Finch, short for Theocritus, was touring the West Coast, looking at schools for next year. Apparently, he'd been born on the Mediterranean island of Corfu and raised by a secret sect of rebel Greek mystics. The fax was garbled and turned into a streaking mess as I tried to decipher that the lad had somehow made it to a newspaper rack.

"That's OK, cause I'm out in the Ag land. We need to head around the place to no avail," he said.

Twenty minutes later, I found myself in the Ag land. We need to head out there and find out the details," he said.

I explained to him how I was in a little less than perfect condition and shouldn't be on the road. "That's OK, cause I'm out in your parking lot right now," he said.

It was almost 4 a.m. when I finally made it to a newspaper rack. And as I hopped out of the Camaro, I must have startled the guy who had just put in his 50 cents, because he dropped the door before he could grab his paper. Quickly turning back to stare at the rack, he yelled, "Oh to hell, I'll get one tomorrow." He then turned his glare on me. And if memory serves me right, as his eye twitched, he muttered "I kill for fun."

After kicking the drunk girl again, I knew the sobering process along quite nicely.

Fear, mud and mutton combine in Rodeo experience

It was 1 a.m. the day before when I stumbled into my apartment. Being a little less than coherent, I apparently didn't see the drunk girl pass out on the floor. So after kicking her and doing a nosebleed into the couch, I decided to lay there and pass out myself.

It was 2:13 a.m. when sports editor Chris Arns dialed my number and woke me from my sobering slumber. Shuffling his words he explained to me how while he was at Bull's Tavern, he overheard that the Mutton Busters' run at the Cal Poly Rodeo was going to be rigged.

"They're meeting right now out in the Ag land. We need to head out there and find out the details," he said.

I explained to him how I was in a little less than perfect condition and shouldn't be on the road. "That's OK, cause I'm out in your parking lot right now," he said.

Jumping up, running to the door and kicking the drunk girl again, I was lucky this time because my neck broke my fall, and the excruciating pain that followed helped the sobering process along quite nicely.

Twenty minutes later, I found myself out in Cal Poly Ag land wandering around in the mud and crazily trying to find a certain building in the poultry unit with twenty pounds of camera equipment around my neck.

Mr. Sports Editor thought it would be a good idea to split up. He