Thanks for picking up today’s special Gonzo edition of Mustang Daily. What you are about to read are the best 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. 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.

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.

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Divine intervention at the Rhino

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

By Mark Armstrong

Pornography on the Central Coast is not a thriving industry. I, however, had to figure this one out on my own. What male apartment could pass up an ersatz female favorite for picketers and protestors? This adult cabaret had to get a glance.

We pulled up to the club. I tingled with anticipation. The outside of the place looked like it used to be a dentist's office or maybe a family-owned donut shop. The inside was about as big as my living room — remodeled with plush, leather restaurant booths and mirrors covering the walls.

We showed up just in time for the last lady to finish up her performance. She rubbed her body up and down the brass pole in the middle of the tiny stage. After she finished, the guys at the counter said private lap dances will finish out the evening. No more public performances.

My reporter's notebook sat on the seat of the booth next to me — but my hands weren't free.

I used to work at the club in Santa Barbara, but I got transferred up here. I'm sort of the club mother. Club mother, eh! I got to talk to the overworked, the Cal Ripkens of the stripping world. "Is that all?" she asked.

"What is it called? I forget — the Doublemint Hippo? The Cinnamon Gorilla? That's not important. I jumped in my buddy's Volkswagen and cruised the 101 to the site of that missing Cal Poly student. Damn, what a new Tittytown, USA, a.k.a. Santa Maria."

"How much do you make now?"

"Well, just let's say I used to work at Club Med in Cancun. Maybe she's working as a bartender at some strip club mother, eh? I got to talk to the sea
down like I was about to get X-rays. Chin up, hold still, smile pretty. This will only take a second...."

"OK here's the deal. Hands behind your back, no touching," she said, like the roller coaster operator at Magic Mountain. "Keep your legs spread and feet under the seat or I'll step on 'em."

How erotic. I was waiting for her to say the same thing in Spanish. "And thank you for riding the Lap Dance Adventure at Magic Mountain!"

She was wearing a nice, red, conservative sequin bikini outfit that had previously been emplummed on the tiny stage.

I stopped her before she started.

"What's your name?" I asked, hands pinned back.

"Divine," she replied, about to start up again.

I stopped her again.

"OK here's the deal, mind if I interview you while you're doing this?"

"Uh, OK," she stopped, knowing I would let her begin the giving.

"Chin up, hold still, smile pretty. This will only take a second...."

"I had nowhere else to go. The finances were hurting."

"How much do you make now?"

"I wouldn't want my parents to find out. I don't want them to know what I'm doing."

"Uh, why?"

"Sometimes I wish I was a little more of a girl."

"I don't know how to do lap dances."

"I had nowhere else to go."

"How's it going. I'm with a student newspaper in San Luis Obispo and I'm doing a story on this place. Any chance I could speak to a stripper?"

The slick-kicking fellow at the counter referred me to another slick-kicking fellow. He told me I'd have to wait to speak to the general manager. He would be in the next day. No

We fired away. She started again, pushing her chest an inch from my face. She stopped again.

"I'm doing this to be seen anywhere else?" she asked.

"I don't want my parents to find out. I don't want them to know what I'm doing."

"What if the missing girl just ran away?"

"I prefer to think that's what happened."}

3 for a $1(9-11 p.m.)

lost Coast Brewing Company of Eureka

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I drove to his house in Morro Bay about 10 years ago. I had trouble believing that. "You know we had no idea where this conversation was going. We talked for almost an hour. My photojournalism training had run out of film, and I ran out of questions. But anyhow, that's life."

Times are changing. I thought to myself. In Jack's day he was a hero. He had huge muscles, "My pride is not hurt. The man who beat me was Jack La Lanne, the fittest human being you ever met." 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 him an interview, so I didn't mind that he beat me."

We reached the end of his driveway and we were greeted by a more than life-size statue of his image in a tight blue suit seated on his couch, feet barely reaching the ground, watching Bob Barker on television. "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 damn dog. How many Americans got up this morning, gave him a cigarette and a donut? "Why are you laughing? You'd kill the 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 breath. 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 scarf around his neck that I assume he wore to make his appearance more genteel."

He is only 5-foot, 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 and I now understood the potential of his strength. He told me a firm handshake and my lovely photographer got a kiss on the cheek. "I couldn't do one of Jack's crazy push-ups. I only try 5-foot, 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 and I now understood the potential of his strength."

He offered me a firm handshake and my lovely photographer got a kiss on the cheek. "Why do you think these people are so fat and screwed up? We're the most overweight 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 do you laugh? You'd kill the dog. How many Americans get up this morning with a cup of coffee, a cigarette and a donut?"

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We walked into the living room and there was Jack sitting on his couch, feet barely reaching the ground, watching Bob Barker on television. "You know now. Just think of all this electronic stuff and the all the other stuff that's going on. They know when you have your organs, when you go to the bathroom and who you're sleeping with. We're going to have practically no privacy you know that. They know more about you and me. The income tax people alone: there ain't no more private stuff anymore. But anyway, that's life."

The stars dressed like bums, and that's why, remember Rock Hudson, you know he was gay and they made him get married. They do that a lot. But I mean it was just all these changes you see.

"Well anyway life goes on. We're living in a day of enlightenment, boy, I mean the things that we know now. Just think of all this electronic stuff and the all the other stuff that's going on. They know when you have your organs, when you go to the bathroom and who you're sleeping with. We're going to have practically no privacy you know that. They know more about you and me. The income tax people alone: there ain't no more private stuff anymore. But anyway, that's life."

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The only way to fail this test is not to take it.

Knowledge is power, especially when it comes to your health. And the truth is, you can't get treated for HIV if you don't know you have it. So don't put it off. Get tested. With Home Access Express,™ the HIV-1 test you can take in the privacy and comfort of your own home.

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Trained, caring professionals will answer your questions and ease your mind—24 hours a day, seven days a week—with complete confidentiality.

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1-800-HIV-TEST
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 shoes 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 aligned 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.

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NEED CASH?

TEXTBOOK BUYBACK

MARCH 17 - 21

4 LOCATIONS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

Cal Poly ID Required for Buyback

In front of El Corral
Mon - Thurs 8:00am - 6:00pm
Fri 8:00am - 4:00pm

University Square
Next to McMahans
Mon - Thurs 9:00am - 6:00pm
Fri 9:00am - 4:00pm

By Campus Store
Mon - Fri 8:30am - 3:30pm

Vista Grande Cafe
March 17 - 19
Mon - Wed 5:00pm - 7:30pm

El Corral Bookstore
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. I had been down 34th Avenue a thousand times and it had been pretty strong associative memory I had, because on this day that corner was the strongest associative memory I had. Or maybe it was because of Clancy’s Beach. It was a small, private resort along Lake Tonnetta in a little town called the summer vacation haven we used to call Brewster. Brewster is still there, and so is the beach. They’ll have to put a memory out of its misery. And if fate has its way, that someone will remember the smell of fried shrimp, sand castles, pails and shovels. The rusty gate didn’t know me anymore, shutting out recollections of childhood memories. The wooly mammoth of grass that smothered my prints, the picnic area describing the vivid details; the picnic area, now turned into a preserved state of muddy negligence. That’s terrible, ” said Letterman. He winced when I described how the life-guard chairs had been washed ashore long ago, with more than enough time to grow anchoring vines. ‘They’re all twisting, winding, and cling- ing to the fences, Dave,’ I said. Then he quipped philosophically about the whole thing, saying that it’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. Yeah, I’m thinking about buying Clancy’s Beach. 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 next to a lone green picnic table rotted out and turned into a preserved state of muddy negligence. ‘That’s terrible,’ ” said Letterman. He winced when I described how the life-guard chairs had been washed ashore long ago, with more than enough time to grow anchoring vines. ‘They’re all twisting, winding, and cling-ing to the fences, Dave,’ I said. Then he quipped philosophically about the whole thing, saying that it’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. Yeah, I’m thinking about buying Clancy’s Beach.
The noise of the 737 lifted skyward, and I could feel the land shaking. While I'm not the shyest guy in the world, I felt like it next to this man.

All I could think about was the pit sweat that this fato must've been emitting.

What I needed to be thinking about was my story. It wasn't due till Monday, but I was feeling inspired, up till now, but the only thing I saw flowing were Budweisers into this man's round, bearded face. I was a good looking fat guy. Not that I was attracted to him, but that he was one of those fat types of people in the world. Those that are completely disgusting, and those that aren't. I don't know what parameters there are on these two stereotypes, but I know it when I see it.

This guy was OK.

Then my CD ended. He instantly popped up on this and began to talk constantly. He informed me that he was a golf club salesman, and that he was working on some big contract in D.C. and got to play all these next courses.

I was impressed, but, being the focused one I was supposed to be, thought I should've been the important one sitting on this plane. Without arguing on the relevance of my job, I staked my case.

"My editor is back over there. And that's my photog," I said equivocally.

"Oh, God. My photographer."

We had all spent the last six nights in the basement of a house which belonged to a friend of my newspaper adviser. They had spent over 20 years in Africa working for the U.S. Embassy, and had the artifacts to prove it. There was an elephant hide over my head on the ceiling, and the gun which shot it on the right-hand wall.

One night, while listening to music and pretending to read the wonderful world of scowling I did in the 80s, she could indirectly help me get inspired. Six hours later, I'm on the air for the first day of class and it's due the next morning at 10 am. You've still got four hours of class and work to conquer, plus getting a hold of any sources I've ever gotten, and ready for the next assignment.

When I'm waiting to get inspired, I try many things. Here are a few of my favorites. One night, while listening to music and pretending to read the wonderful world of scowling I did in the 80s, she could indirectly help me get inspired. Six hours later, I'm on the air for the first day of class and it's due the next morning at 10 am. You've still got four hours of class and work to conquer, plus getting a hold of any sources I've ever gotten, and ready for the next assignment.

Next, I try cranking my head. I try 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 rehydrate my breathing because I am thinking so hard about what time to teepre the newsroom tonight. Inspiration? No. Hyperventilation? Yes.

Then I try to be positive. Funny, since I've forgotten how to smile, I've forgotten how to be happy and not gnawing, and tired.

"How's it going?" she asks. "It's going," She answers me stiffly, fatigued after a tough morning inhaling through three double espresso, bent over the computer monitor for the past six hours. In the background, Gil, serum, journalism senior, is套餐 an urgent shouting fractionally into the phone receiver that he needs that quote on the second or someone will die.

Music to my ears.
By Ramon Hermida III
Computer Engineering junior

"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 racial differences. For once, Juan wished that affirmative action programs had never existed, so that he never knew how to speak English. Back then, all he wished was to return to his native Panama and grow old and happy along with his extended family. He hated and blaming him and colored people for all of their problems. The Mexican, and how at one time he almost every day because he started to become more acquainted with his surroundings. He was beaten up by local gang members almost every day because he refused to be a part of them. He had been shot two times on drive-by shootings on his way to school, and he had been stabbed once in a school fight. His mother kept telling him that school was no place for a Latino boy, and that he should have 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 valedictorian and gave an uplifting speech to inspire others in his situation. A week after graduation, he and his family became citizens of the United States. Another thunderstorm broke Juan's thoughts as he heared his apartment's door. 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 school 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 a 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.

TRW Space & Electronics Group

Go Miles Above

The Ordinary.

TRW will be conducting an On-campus Info Session Wednesday, March 12th, 7 pm - 9 pm Staff Dining Room B

Scheduled interviews will be held on March 13th Career Center, 8:30am-4:30pm

TRW in San Diego and Redondo Beach understands the importance of balancing career and leisure time. We've created flexible schedules and technical challenges developing highly sophisticated, integrated avionics, space craft, and communication systems. Enjoy the best of both worlds by joining TRW.

We have positions available in all areas for the following and related disciplines:
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- Math
- Physics

Equal Opportunity Employer. Applicants selected may be subject to a security investigation. U.S. Citizenship may be required for some positions.

Vaya con tequila

The Mexican man's drink! Fully equipped with a worm that is less red than its name informs and a whole lot more powerful.

The competition remains strong for the one who eats the most of those critters while we're here. The lead is often exchanged and I once held, however the battle is raging and I have fallen out of the running. It would be too much. To this point I just tied the record for the most Big Ben ever consumed by a human and I'm talking about too much.

Big Ben, a drink made of four light lagers, four dark lagers, and whatever really is inside that plastic jug kept under the bar. They tell us it's Tequila.

What is ASI?

What a difference.

Speak with the ASI President, Steve McShane during his Open Office Hours:
- Monday 10am - 11am
- Tuesdays 11am - Noon
- Thursdays 11am - Noon

Call us! We'll visit your club!

Stop by UU217A or call 1291
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. Just 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 peeked 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.
Aft er a pleasant six-hour drive spent male-bonding with my father, and more than 300 miles of pavement, I finally returned to campus. It was Sunday, two days prior to the beginning of winter quarter. School started in two days and I wasn't supposed to move back into my room for another 24 hours, but as with the other petty rules pertaining to dorm life, this hadn't concerned me much. As I was unloading my stuff, I encountered my resident adviser, the pleasantly reminded me of the no move-in rule, in such a way as to implicitly demand thing, he explained. As he filled out some official look-

sweatshirt. The officer was in a hotel room where he indicated.

for three hours before sneaking back into my room. I quickly devised a plan, which seemed ingenious to me. I would munch a couple of the dark green pot brownies my mom made me just before I left, then spend the evening wandering around Poly Canyon, and slip back into my room around midnight.

As I moved, still floating (the effects of marijuana can last six or seven hours when ingested), I felt a sharp pain in my calf I had walked more and more effort. I stumbled through the blackness, on top of some unknown hill, struggling to exist. This is fun, I told myself, you can do this. The next time I do this, I might not be so tired when I get back. Occasionally I would feel my head, which had grown completely numb, to make sure it was still there. Or how long this continued I did not know. Some- times I had lost all meaning, and I became progressively lost as I r a b b i t trails for f o o t paths. In the dim

recesses of my mind I still retained a memory of the basic direction of the campus, with the func-
tioning mental capacity left to me I formulated a plan. As long as I headed down hill I would move closer to my destina-
tion; finding a path was hopeless and probably not necessary. This thought brought me more comfort than any I had had, since the sudden onset of those deadly brownies.

As I moved, still floating (the effects of marijuana can last six or seven hours when ingested), I felt a sharp pain in my calf I had walked one of the many, many

causes. I attempted to move through, hop over and go around this dense forest of two feet trees. Nothing worked. I was hopelessly impaired, repeatedly. Over an hour ( I think) was required to move 300 yards. As to what hap-
pened after this I'm not really sure. All I can remember is a lot of darkness, fear, and some

praying. I crawled into bed, tired, sore, fully clothed, but feeling victori-

ous. For three hours I enjoyed the most blissful sleep I have ever experienced. That is until I was awoken by the friendly police officer shining his flashlight in my eyes. I stum-

bled out of bed and mumbled something about needing to find a sweatshirt. The officer in a good mood, probably because he had finally found something to do. As he filled out some official look-

king document thing, he explained his ingenious method for catching me. It seems he had noticed that some magazines had been moved from my door front and used this evidence to enter my room, find me, and kick me out. He looked at me with a lot more eagerness wait-

ing to have me the cholstered ingesting truck dri-

vers ( a grave insult to a nutrition major). In one last flash of genius I decided to buy a couple lottery tick-

ets, you can guess what happened. At ten in the morning I smoke a h e a t h i t into bed, and collapsed in bed. And that's about as exciting as my life has gotten in a town aptly named SLO.

Graduating Seniors 
Class of '97

Please visit our both from 11-1 in U.U. plaza today, and the 12th, and 13th.

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In a round-about sort of way
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Space Available in C.3 Class!

Humans X410 is a new 3 unit class which satisfies GEII area C.3 and meets Spring 1997 quarter MWF from 9 to 10am. Values, Media, and Culture is concerned with the relationship between great books and popular entertainments, Friends and Much Ado About Nothing, Senfeld and Restoration Comedy, Cosmopolitan and Jane Austen, Playboy and Plato. Call 333-1772. Come by and visit class this quarter. MWF 9-10, 3-2-31, and talk to current students.

Additional information: Raimon@cap, or extension 2475.

Opportunities at Sony's Advanced Development Center

Imagine the resources. Imagine the legacy and commitment to quality. That's what you expect when you come to Sony, a worldwide technological leader and innovator.

At Sony's Advanced Development Center in San Jose, we attract the most talented, original thinkers because we advocate the exchange of ideas and the risk of new perspective. Come join this innovative team and make a difference in the future direction of visual communications while designing state-of-the-art hardware and software systems for the Broadcast Video industry. Come set a new standard for your future, in one of the following opportunities:

Hardware Engineer

As a part of a dynamic and creative hardware team you will help define, design and implement equipment and learn techniques for FPGA and ASIC design, all in the process of creating products for Audio and Video Editing, High-Performance Disk systems and Hi-speed Digital Networks that connects all this equipment together.

Software Engineer - Real time system

It is a well known fact that professional audio and video pushes the real-time requirements of any system to the max. Using your strong software design and analysis skills you will help the team design and implement the software that drives state-of-the-art hardware developed by Sony. You will have the opportunity to gain in-depth knowledge of the Broadcast Video market while working on products ranging from Audio and Video Editing System, High-Performance Disk system and Hi-speed Digital Networks that connect all this equipment together.

Software Engineer - Applications

As a member of a team of engineers, you will help define and create the application for the Audio and Video methodologies to implement a non-linear editing application. You will have the opportunity to gain in-depth knowledge of the Broadcast Video market while working on products ranging from Audio and Video Editing System, High-Performance Disk system and Hi-speed Digital Networks that connect all this equipment together.

March 10th
at Price Center
in the Santa Barbara / Los Angeles room at 7pm

March 11th
Interviewing on campus

Breakfast-Lunch-Dinner
Served Seven Days a Week
Tuesday 1/2 BBQ Chicken with all the fixin's $5.50
Wednesday Night
Spaghetti Feed $5.95
6th Avenue St.
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MALE EXOTIC DANCERS for LADIES - 1st & 3rd Monday of Every Month!!
The Leader in Adult Cabarets.
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Humane friends can be found outside of the Woods

By Gil Seré
Journalism senior

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 completely forgotten 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 and was supposed to take another bus to get to the society but I missed it. So I used the phone in the library downtown to call and ask my editor for an extension which he understandingly gave me. Why? At least another day now, I thought. "Excuse me," a voice said behind me. I turned around to see a middle-aged woman and a teenage kid. I couldn't help overhearing that you needed a ride to Woods Humane Society and that you were willing to pay. I said, "She then told me that her daughter, the kid that was with her, had worked for the society designing a pamphlet for them and that she would be happy to give me a ride there. Wow! What a wonderful surprise. I was elated. I may not need to cross paths. I continued interviewing King and her mother all the way to the society.

When we got there, Bowden asked me how I was getting back. OOPS! I was so elated at getting a ride that I hadn't figured out how I was going to get back. I was stuck out here in Camarillo without any way of getting home. "I could come back to get you. How much time do you need?" Considering this 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 Kerri Lichman, who promised 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?" was my next question.

"It's for my English (114) class," she said. "We have to have eight hours of community service and I love animals and so I decided to work here," she said.

I followed her around for a while to see what she did clean out dishes and did various other duties.

My half an hour was about up so I headed for the exit while the receptionist closed up.

I waited for about 10 minutes after five and wondering how I was going to get home when King and her mother pulled up and away we drove into the sunset back to Cal Poly. So there is it. Some people in this world still do favors for strangers — and it's a good thing too or I might have missed even my extended deadline.

TEQUILA from page 3

moonshine. Mexican Moonshine.

It starts with an innocent question and ends with, well, Big Bertha and a long walk.

The King's Head, and a simple
desire to knock the strongest drink
in the house leads to a full intruxixl
I'm not mlieving myself of mom than
find me somewhem along the way and
back to business. 1  had been assigned
a story abirut the VVcxxls Humane
day! had completely forgotten about it
to the bottom of the elevator
rather, so the bottom of the elevator
where we are interrupted by secu­
ity who don't agree with the idea of
them taking me six floors up.


How do I manage to push the button and
walk to the end of the hall, unlock the
and find a mattress? The Big Ten.
The gusano rojo. Those worms continued to get
eaten and he who won was Noah. By a
quarter of a worm. Cutting worms into
segments by way of sheer luck.

The grenades, as we call them, are probably the most commonly dmnk-
aged. The atomic bomb, the grenades' big
brother, is next. Both are bottles that can't be seen and so the worm is always a
surprise.

We all shoot a couple of the suber-
ranter crawlers by way of sheet back.

Bad or good luck I don't know.

Any who ate a worm while south
of the border will testify that hallucino-
genic must be contained inside. TIie
contaminants missed in refining
now. I've been worn down in the past
half an hour, whether I liked it or not.

Metropolitan Community Church
"This is my second day," she said.

"How long have you been work­
ning now, I thought. "I could come back to get you. How much time do you need?"

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By Mike Ballaberry

Environmental engineering senior

I couldn't even warm up. After three days of racing, partying, and little sleep, I realized that this was going to be a very, very long morning. It was the Monday of Labor Day weekend and the finals of the America's Messenger Championship was 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 quickly scored those messenger who actually trained for the event, stopped smoking, or pulled out "non-work" racing bikes. My preparation schedule of passing out at the mt'ssenger party the night before, sleeping a solid two hours, and arriving at the start without my java pick-up seemed a bit foolish as I trudged and began working. A few weeks later, fellow Wheelman, Dan Murphy, joined the crew and the adventures began.

After months of evading thirstyness and very little sleep, I realized that this was going to be a very, very long morning — probably from more than 20 countries descended upon the streets, to let cars have the road again, until the Palm Theater. I grabbed some empty Budweiser boxes. Those damn crabby McCarthy's guys thought it was illegal to give me empty beer cans, screw their cargo — it was time to race. I had prepared for this, I could handle it. It would be slow, fun ride perhaps: waving to fans, checking out the throngs of bundled up SLO-betties along the mission, past the spray-painted van, and through the alleys of the south side of Telegraph Hill. Spectators line the course, esptxriing an amazing performance by Dan. The front of the race was mostly hand-core Europeans, including the genetically successful hydropod of German experimentation. And there was Dan Murphy, his condor sushi and work T-shirt a direct contrast to the Lyrcad-out peddlers. After the first two miles, vertical feet, Dan flies through the finishing straight, gracefully delivering the last of his packages (a computer keyboard) and 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

Journalism senior


Mid-day and the fog still had not moved, I 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 shaven to avoid the wrath of a medics steel brush on ripe red road rush after a dance with the sandpaper streets.

The annual downtown criterium; ten events and a B.O.B Nationals ride, over with 300 bicyclists on 3,000 bikes. These bikes aren't some 40-pound, Toss U'ssweat shop 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 hanging on like toe jam. Not just any bike, just some spiders' nest in dad's garage, these are hanging on like toe jam. Not just some toy, not machines, an extension of the rider. Each bike is a sprocket jockey's who's who. The Wheelmen, Dan Murphy, joined the crew and the adventures began.

After months of evading thirstyness and very little sleep, I realized that this was going to be a very, very long morning — probably from more than 20 countries descended upon the bicycles. C 1 guy tries to hurdle my bike, trips and ends up tangled in my frame. I finally get rid of him, straighten my brake lever and handlebars, and exit the plaza 101.

The course is a four-mile loop over the walls and through the alleys of the south side of Telegraph Hill. Spectators line most of the course, especially the near freeway drop above Broadway. The street consists of urbanو urban streets, 25-30 percent grade and has stairs for sidewalks. I'm tentative at first but realize that this is a dream come true. I've always wanted to bomb down these hills without the worry of being chased by a bus or running a red light. I like to go fast, I want to see 45 mph on the speedometer, as far from too much cheap beer and pretzels.

Then she rode into town, past a crowded McCarthy's pizz.a, wearing a wedding gown and carrying a four-level cake, in search of her friend, the "Margarita Man" with strawberry margaritas toting a small generator cranking out the throngs of bundled up SLO-betties along the mission, past the spray-painted van, and through the alleys of the south side of Telegraph Hill. Spectators line the course, experiencing an amazing performance by Dan. The front of the race was mostly hand-core Europeans, including the genetically successful hydropod of German experimentation. And there was Dan Murphy, his condor sushi and work T-shirt a direct contrast to the Lyrcad-out peddlers. After the first two miles, vertical feet, Dan flies through the finishing straight, gracefully delivering the last of his packages (a computer keyboard) and 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.

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