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

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

Not cigarette butts, or butt-ends of broom sticks, but human butts. Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular. Not cigarette butts, or butt-ends of broom sticks, but human butts. Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular. Not cigarette butts, or butt-ends of broom sticks, but human butts. Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular.

The butt has received very little media attention in the past, and for good reason. The conservative mainstream is scared to touch butts. They don't know how to cover them properly.

Editors of trendy weekly magazines such as Newweek, Time, and even People, are in unanimous opinion of why the butt has been hidden from the American public: controversy. It's just something you don't talk about.

Yet with scientific proof that butts are growing exponentially over the years, and a future generation destined to spend more time on their skin cushions, the topic cannot be passed over.

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

Locally, 82 percent of students at Cal Poly who use the Rec Center have applied for our jobs. This isn't about our pain. It's probably the most neglected and least thought about part of the human anatomy. Who really takes the time to properly wash their butt? Sure, there are some true butt-lovers out there, but who really appreciates a good butt?

If you think about it, butts aren't attractive at all. Ponder the butt with us for a moment. You sit on it all day, it's the first part to get sweaty. You could be hiding any number of blemishes or marks on your butt and nobody would ever know.

Without us, they couldn't go "No. 2." nor could we stand upright or even walk properly without a butt to support us up there.

Think of all the material goods you own. Who in their right mind would sit on anything they own, all day, seven days a week, from the day they're born until the day they die? Of course, you get older, one logs in more and more butt-time.

According to the official butt Web site, it is estimated that the average human spends about 500,000 hours sitting on their butts in their lifetime.

What else could you possibly sit on for that long and have it still be comfortable, day after day? They just keep getting better with time, and for the majority of that time, people think about them less and less. Now think of all the yucky things that come out of the butt. Some people even choose to put things in their butts. Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular. Not cigarette butts, or butt-ends of broom sticks, but human butts. Big, skinny, round, flat, small, muscular.

There is estimated to be as rude as possible. We are holding no punches. All year, there have been times in the newsroom where we had to make real-life decisions that sometimes had been called "unsual," and even "unethical."

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

"Now we're sucking it up and dishing it out...no holds barred -- an issue full of spine and spit."
What they say and what they really mean

Franco Castaldini,
Former Sports Editor

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

Warren Baker,
Cal Poly President

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

Steve Enders,
Mustang Daily Editor in Chief

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

Steve McShane,
ASI President

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

Cindy Entzi,
ASI President Elect

What she says: “I want to work with Mustang Daily.”
What she really means: “Doesn’t ASI run Mustang Daily?”

Jeff Schneider,
Men’s Basketball Coach

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

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

By Steve Enders
Editor in Chief

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

2. Thursday, May 16, 1997: Hey, interesting story on the censorship. You're reading along, wanting to find out what's next, you flip the page to get the rest of the story, and...what's this? It starts over again! Hmmmm...go back to page 1 and start reading the next story on the page. Hey, neat story. Flip to inside to get the rest of it, and...what's this? It starts over again! Hmmm...go back to page 1 and start reading the next story on the page. Hey, neat story. Flip to inside to get the rest of it, and...what's this? It starts over again? Hmmm....

3. The Gonzo Issue: Neat idea, neat blank spot at the top of page 1. White space is a journalist's tool for expression and breaking up all that grey text on a page. But when an entire headline is missing, it just sucks. And...what's this? It starts over again? Hmmm...I didn't know that about Planned Parenthood.

"I didn't know that about Planned Parenthood."

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Hey! Don't forget to wipe your butt daily.

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"O, Captain, my Captain," was written by Walt Whitman after the great Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Now, it is Jonny Vandal who fell prey to an assassin's evil hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BUTTS - from page 1
• Wax 'em
• Sit on 'em
• Kiss 'em
• Stare at 'em
• Bump 'em

Butts are so versatile, in fact, August 25 was declared "International Butt Day" by the United Nations' special butt-cus in 1949. The event came after Winston Churchill decided to escape the vigors of politics and involve himself in international butt advocacy.

Scholars and historians choose to forget that Churchill related himself with the great cause of the butt, but documents recently uncovered by Mustang Daily prove the fact. Churchill wrote in his last memoirs that he enjoyed the butt, and wanted the people of the world to share in its joy.

He wrote; "Butts can end wars, begin friendships and, most importantly, bring love to all the peoples of the world."

Although calendars don't mark the day as one of international celebration, people of all cultures all over the world are known to celebrate the day by barbecuing rump roasts, pig bottoms and drinking red wine and other indigenous drinks.

Churchill wasn't the only one to explore the joys of the butt, however. According to a recent Sex Team column in this newspaper, acclaimed gynecologist Ernst Grafenberg discovered the so-called "G-Spot" back in the 50s. Although it usually pertains to female genitalia, men also have a G-Spot. And guess where it is - in the butt!

Simply by inserting a finger, the column says, a man can have a greatly intense orgasm during sex.

According to recent sex polls, nearly 65 percent of all women are thought to have inserted a finger at least once in their lifetimes. Of course, this figure is skewed, as it does not reflect the homosexual population. If those estimates were added, the percentage shoots up to a whopping 73 percent.

For this article, nobody was willing to admit they did it, but with national figures like those mentioned above, we suspect most people are doing it.

FROM THE BUTT
What do you think about China's reacquisition of Hong Kong?

Harry R. Tzke, engineering senior
"I think it's a crack."

Phillip McCrevice, English freshman
"I think China should butt out."

Warren Moon, Houston Soilers
"I don't know what all the stink's about."

Pierre MeTouche, French tourist
"Wipe Hong Kong outta here!"

FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1997

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FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1997

Most people think of a radio DJ as a cool, laid-back person who spends much of his time behind a console. But for Rob Gaitan, 20, the job is far from the usual image. For him, being a DJ means doing much more than sitting at a desk and playing music.

Gaitan, a junior at Cal Poly, is one of the station's most popular DJs. He's been a regular on the air for two years and is known for his energetic and enthusiastic personality.

"I think people listen to the radio when they're feeling down or they just want something to listen to," Gaitan said. "I like to bring people up and keep them going."

Gaitan's approach to his job is to be himself. He's not afraid to be funny or to say what's on his mind.

"I try to be as natural as possible," he said. "I don't want to sound like a robot."
How to make a paper hat:

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

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

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

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

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

![Fold line illustration](http://family.starwave.com/funstuff/activity/tv226.html)