GONZO

ISSUE
The case of the Toilet Peeper

**By Matt Berger**

**FIRST PLACE**

**MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1997:**

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 housed off the suspect and took him to County jail. He was booked for investigation of loitering "below" public rest rooms.

**MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1997:**

MORRO BAY — I was standing outside the outhouse with my notebook and a park ranger who pulled Peeping Tom out of the shit pit 10 years ago. He was real quiet. Almost too hard to hear him talk with the waves crashing against the rocks and little kids with sand buckets and dirty feet screaming nearby. He pointed to the box. The door was open enough to see the toilet inside.

"He was down there," the ranger said looking away as he gestured toward the collection tank.

How do you sit inside an outhouse without parking your insides out? I can't even use one without wrapping the seat in inches of toilet paper. Or just squat, flex your quadriceps and hold your breath: but this guy was inside.

The trauma in my new friend's eyes convinced 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 stopped 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, reeking 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 outhouse, 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.

See TOILET page 8

~ Desert city lust ~

**By Patrick Stone**

**SECOND PLACE**

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-culture adolescents and young adults a mundane salvation from a barrage of cultural mis-matches. 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 a 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. God only knows what brought me to this place, four times, under entirely different sets of circumstances.

I first passed through Albuquerque in the beginning of December '95 while moving my mother from Houston to Seattle — forever our place of asylum — marking the tragic end of a 32-year marriage.

Chance took me back again last summer, once more from Houston, in an Explorer I picked up from Pops. The third visit to this "Land of Enchantment" was on account of my best friend (since high school) Eddy, who'd transferred here from Seattle via the telecommunications industry. We'd both decided my Thanksgiving break from Cal Poly would be the perfect opportunity to spend some time together in this peculiar place. My roommate B-B made the pilgrimage with me, this time from San Luis Obispo.

We pulled into Eddy's parking lot at 8 a.m. Nov. 26, 1997. In front of his gray building, under a soft, gray sky, sat two empty Albuquerque police cars. All of this was backdropped by the grandeur of the Sandia Mountains. As we pushed our ice-coated doors open, rattle-erecting air began biting at us with fervor. Even wool and layered clothing couldn't keep this presence from hitting the bone.

Shivers engulled our beings, forcing us...
Amazing Disgrace

**By HADISH "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 tusars 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 her 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 charity 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 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-ones. 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 charity." 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 to 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 mutterings 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 mask like a good reporter for five solid minutes. Repulsed, I hastily fled the toxic fumes and, with a heavy heart, confronted my fate.

_There she was, an ear-to-ear smile, as_
DESERT
from page 2

into straight-jacket poses. Convulsing with cold, we tottered up to the front door, earlier than anticipated, on this frosty autumn morning, still stoned from our stop in Gallup.

It took about five minutes for the sleep-eyed Eddy to cautiously dismiss his door. To his surprise, he found on his step two California fashion refuges — myself standing in jeans, a white V-neck T-shirt, a yellow (with black bars) wool ranch jacket, a matching leopard scarf Holh’wixxl-tied in jeans, a white V-neck T-shirt, a pimp black leather jacket and sunglasses, all of which adored B-B, also wearing a scarf — a pink one tied gracefully around her head.

“Well hellooo, sweet-darlings!” Eddy exclaimed as he rubbed the sand from his tired eyes. “Patrick, you’re looking as thin and gorgeous as ever before! And B-B — I didn’t think you guys were gonna get here until later on this afternoon! I’m supposed to go into work today.

“You are thin and gorgeous, sweetie! We were actually planning on resting up today after our thousand-mile trek.” I responded as we hugged, giving one another a few firm slaps on the back. “You got any rum? And can we come in and get warm?”

“Okay. Come on in,” Eddy ordered, still in a whisper. “Come quietly into the bedroom and don’t look back.” I did as he’d asked, B-B set up quietly, still under bed covers, and asked what we were to do about the missionaries.

“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.

“Anyways,” Eddy continued with a glare, “we 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, got a cup of coffee at the Double Rainbow (a family, ‘gay’ owned cafe) and did some thrifting. We were trying to find the perfect attire for our night out at what was suitably named Pulse, a selective dance outfit with retro, rock-wall/real-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 ambients

tah 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 when repeated pounding on the door called.

Eddy tip-toed into the living room, wetting me of potential danger. “Put, Patrick, look through the peep hole and tell me what you see.”

I struggled as quickly as I could to my feet, stumbled over to the door and peered through the hole. The bugged 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.


Eddy called into work sick while B-B and I

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Jeanne Boras, topopolycal.edu

Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

E-mail: jboras@polymail.caПoly.edu

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Advertising: (805) 756-1143

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Carrot Man the clandestine anti-lover super-hero of 
San Luis Obispo

**BY FOADA KHOSMOOD**

HONORABLE MENTION

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 the looking-out-of-a-fairytale-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 immature 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 her back, cargar with love (an act of caring, if you run your hands up and down her arms, she feels protected and warm.) Suddenly someone 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. Messes my head by about four inches. What the hell is this? I look around, we're 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 coincidence. 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 her. "Hello. Nice to meet you. We're walking along the top shore of the creek, behind the bushes where you saw the thing move. There's no thing 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 retched 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 someone 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. It was around where Coca's sandwiches has tables. "Was it a person?"

"Yes 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 enough to 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 nothing. Maybe she was hallucinating. We walk across the bridge. Stop in the middle and lock 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 followed by foot step noises from the side of the bridge. We can both tell there is a person hiding 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 somehow the only thing that came 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 parking 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 foreshadowed 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 text 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 antics 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. Aaah, 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. (Hmm... that's interesting... what happened for the first two months I was there?)

Then'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 silk silk silk silk... 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 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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bitch said with quick emphasis, a reference to my most-recent ex at the time. "OK, one pasty word for you: Taylor... Now there's one ugly something." "My Taygels?" "Yup." "I don't believe you just said that."

"It's true. I mean, I'm sure he's nice!"

"You dirty bitch. You don't mean that?"

"No, of course not. It's just that the attitude's got me to. I don't think Taylor's ugly. I didn't think that at the time, obviously; because I'd never even met him before. I just wanted to get a rise out of Eddy and he was sated with what I told him. My vague statement was an overstatement of how I actually thought he is! I found various different men attractive. That seemed to be working.

After we resolved our differences, he noticed that the guy was now looking at me. "Of course he's looking, along with everyone else who stepped to turn and watch you yell at each other," I said.

"But, he's really looking at you!"

"Really? I mean, really not interested in being sleazy."

"Turning your head in his gener­al direction isn't sleazy — it just means you're interested in his appearance."

As I turned my head back in Eddy's direction. "What? I wasn't looking at him. I thought I saw B-B down there."

"Um-hum, sure. I actually think — I mean if you want to of course — I think you should pursue this," he said, as he leaned into my ear. "Besides, sweetly, he's looking at you again — and you're a long way from California."

"Eddy, darling, friend, confident... I am someone going."

"That's all right. Because Taylor is either in Seattle or traveling tosomewhere."

As I observed the scene, B-B and Eddy were intersecting. "I'm going to go ask him to dance, and you get over there."

"Lh-aw e"

"Patrick, I — dare ya."

"That's just the right number, bro."

"So Patrick, how many eye contacts have you counted?"

"OK, six — nope, seven."

"That's just the right number, sweetly... go for it.

"Tears?"

"What do you mean you can't?"

"No."

"Patrick, I — dare ya."

"You won't even go on a triple-date?"

"That's ridiculous. We're 23 years old.

"OK, look. I have a plan. If you go over and try to dance, and you're rejected, just keep walking until you exit the club. I'll grab B-B and we'll find you outside. Besides, it's getting late anyway.

"If you shut up, I actually might be happy to pursue this."

"OK."

"With that I mustered up enough nerve to ask him to the dance floor. I pulled a half-smoked, tightly-rolled joint from my silver cigarette case and lit it with my accompanying World War II silver trench lighter. After a good swift puff, I walked casually over to the guy. He turned from his friends and we caught eyes as I smeared. I stepped well back before he could react, but not too close, interrupted and asked him if he'd like to join me out on the floor. He accepted with a "Yes, uh, yes I would." He smiled and my rapidly-pulsing, blood-pumping organ, which had fallen to the pit of my stomach, finally moved back up into my chest cavity where it belongs.

Upon accepting my proposition, he introduced himself to me as Adrienne, a bit ambiguous, but it's a good Hispanic name, or is it French I can't remember.

After having danced a while he admitted, "You know, I was actually this close (a gesture he made by pinching together his pointer and thumb) to asking you to dance... you know, when you were over there," he said and pointed to the spot where I'd first noticed him.

I thought to myself. "Nice," and broke a tooth-bearing smile. The next day after Thanksgiving lunch at Eddy's xorta-roommate's boyfriend's parent's house, and a 23-round game of telephone at the table following the meal, with the whole family damn of course, we gave them our offerings of thanks for "da tokya in Albuquerque".

We rushed back to Eddy's at my bidding to check his voice-mail messages. Adrienne and I exchanged numbers on matchbooks, and he was to call regarding a possible first date for the evening.

Sure enough 'be called... as did my passionate friend from California.

I returned the first message first, which just so happened to be from Adrienne, but he wasn't home so I just left a few words in his box. Then I called my passionate friend. It was good to hear his voice, but I was reluctant to hear what it had to say. "It's been raining here since the day you left," he said.

"Then "BOO!" I was getting another call... it was Adrienne.

"Hey, whatcha up to?" he asked. "Uh, nada mucho... Figg'ng it'd sound bad to say, 'Uh, let me get off the line with my passionate friend,' I just told him I'd call him back in a minute or two.

Meanwhile, B-B and Eddy were peaking through the cracked door, acknowledging the fact that I'd been sparked by Karma.

"Who's on the phone, Patrick?"

"Eddy called cupping his mouth with both hand just to extra annoying. "Is Mr. Patrick? Or is it Adrienne? Or is it —" "Eddy! Shut the fuck up and get the fuck out!"

To make a much longer story a little shorter, I left Albuquerque Nov. 30, 1997, very enriched by my new acquaintance. Actually it was because I returned the fourth time — we just longed to see one another again. All I can remember about being back for New Year's was an abundance of color, passion, ecstasy and love. Whatever it was loss of interest or gift, I'm just trying to piece it all back together.

Regardless, things have worked out for them the way they ought.
**TOILET** from page 2

and tennis shoes, that was a differ­
ent story.

Into the morning he sat, peer­
ing out the oval frame of the toilet
seat. His feet sloshed and stuck to
the tile built up around him. He
revelled in its chocolatey texture.
He couldn't see the day begin, or
the sun rise over the hillside.
Instead he was interested in catch­
ing 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
fall was a man, unbeknownst to
the women relieving themselves.
Finally, a man standing outside the
stairs 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, we went
out and investigated by the
nursing board.

His bathroom habits passed by
fairly unpublicized after his out­
house 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
follows: eight pleas of no contest
to misdemeanor counts including
listening in and around public toi­
lets, engaging in lewd conduct in a
public place and in public view,
three counts of molestation for
annoying a child and three counts
degrading, lewd, immoral and
vicious habits and practices in the
presence of a child.

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

Ten years later, a lot has
changed including the toilets in
Sponser's cove. The new cans have
a few improvements, look 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 sordid tale. I was
unable to track down the real
peeper, although I did manage to
pin down a few men who shared his
name.

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

"We're OK," the ranger said
reassuringly, probably directc^l
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.'"
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 friends leave 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 fucking kill you!" "Go...head and try, Asshole!" Blondie says. "Oh, so that is his name.

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

"Don't I look good today?" 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! DAMN IT, YOU KID!" (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
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. I said, “yeah, but it could be better.” “Oh yeah,” replied the bird. “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?”

“Yes, 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.

**By Ben Ross**

Ever thought about being a teacher?

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MUSTANG DAILY

GRACE DISGRACE from page 3
she placed her crown on the unsuspecting, innocent little head one-by-one.
I watched Miss America from across the room. She moved from camera lens to camera lens. In between flashes, she automatically sabotaged to win the contest. She sneered when she saw my father's brother was sick with the disease and as she held his quiverhand, slowly losing the warmth of life, she realized this hit close to home.

But her face was more interesting to look at: raven black hair slicked back and tied in a twist on her head, large green eyes accentuated by brown and purple eyeshadow and a thick coating of black mascara, blushing-white skin colored by stripes of pink blush. She looked like a wax figure come alive, telling me her year's mission was a noble cause—but really, the glint in her eye told more stories of deception. The interviewink who preach-eth chastity to nine- and ten-year-olds must have some seedy issues buried deep in her chest.

I shoved my tape recorder in her face, ended up being some cliché about how it feels...or what it feels like. I paid no attention to her answer before she mumbled something about the reason she decided to choose AIDS awareness as her philanthropy because her father's brother was sick with the disease and as she held his quiverhand, slowly losing the warmth of life, she realized this hit close to home.

But her face was more interesting to look at: raven black hair slicked back and tied in a twist on her head, large green eyes accentuated by brown and purple eyeshadow and a thick coating of black mascara, blushing-white skin colored by stripes of pink blush. She looked like a wax figure come alive, telling me her year's mission was a noble cause—but really, the glint in her eye told more stories of deception. The interviewink who preach-eth chastity to nine- and ten-year-olds must have some seedy issues buried deep in her chest.

So I got the quote, though I don't know what she said and made my way toward the exit of the Forum. Just by my luck, the press mission had ended. I felt my tape recorder being torn from my hand. I whipped around and saw Shoshana Hebshi, Miss America hysterically fumbling to get my cassette out of the machine.

My mouth dropped to my shoes. "My publicists said I can't be published in this context." I stared at her in disbelief—it was like physiological, my tape recorder, touched by the unachievable. I reached for her hand holding her unraveled tape, but she jerked away and instead my hand grazed her face. I smeared my makeup with my fingers, and she turned her face, the only one not taking mental notes, well up in her eyes. My hands were stained with purple, red and pink. Where the makeup came off she showed her true colors, green and scaly from underneath. She exploded in a sprint in the opposite direction, leaving me dumbfounded, staring at my tape recorder, broken in large pieces on the paisley carpet. My visit with the empress of roadways was over. My stomach growled, and I realized I should've eaten that pizza. Habits! "She's a rebel" is Shoshana Hebshi, a journalism senior and Mustang Daily Morning News editor who secretly flies bi-monthly to Atlantic City to fringe on sex, gambling and cheap make-up products.

The children continue arguing between themselves, almost as if they were not aware of the public's eye — the press, my boyfriend. "Why are you both so STUPID and UGLY?" Blondie condescendingly said.

The girls continue speaking over her. "No, all of your voices are indistinguishable from each other."

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 sister! Quit yelling at your boyfriend in the middle of the night, and tell him to quit yelling at you, and quit arguing! Just turn the damn music off, and quit acting like you just walked off the set of the Jerry Springer Show, goddamn!"

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 again.

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

Get your letter in one of em.
e-mail jborasiepolymall.calpoly.edu.

You're going to need it in the next few weeks. Pay attention to the next few pages of this paper, and any other paper, for current listings. Sirens? Jameson Ranch Camp seeks counselors who can be role models and teach programs like waterpark, horses, theater, crafts, etc at private, self-sufficient children's camp. Rm, bd, plus $2000/summer. Call 603-696-9207 for an application. email: jmswhitmore076@jamesonranchcamp.com or visit us at www.jamesonranchcamp.com

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"Hey, Blondie! Quit yelling at your sister! Quit yelling at your boyfriend in the middle of the night, and tell him to quit yelling at you, and quit arguing! Just turn the damn music off, and quit acting like you just walked off the set of the Jerry Springer Show, goddamn!"

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Get your letter in one of em.
e-mail jborasiepolymall.calpoly.edu.

You're going to need it in the next few weeks. Pay attention to the next few pages of this paper, and any other paper, for current listings. Sirens? Jameson Ranch Camp seeks counselors who can be role models and teach programs like waterpark, horses, theater, crafts, etc at private, self-sufficient children's camp. Rm, bd, plus $2000/summer. Call 603-696-9207 for an application. email: jmswhitmore076@jamesonranchcamp.com or visit us at www.jamesonranchcamp.com

Need a place to stay? We have just opened a new section in the classifieds. Check it out!
Fear and Loathing in Santa Barbara: The road leading down brings one up

By ACE ROCK-OLA

Plans 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 information. An inaudible announcer dissects our hero's life. His goal becomes clear. Scurry can be a distorting state, one detrimental to realistic perception. This problem will be easily remedied in the land of sandaled bicycle riders. The journey is slow, void of entertainment and thought. Brightly lit mountains dot the horizon as the blue machine bounces along. At the wheel is a man. A man who is trapped in the rock 'n' roll world of high treble and low bass. He wants to break free, but finds himself pulled back into it. It is strangely fortunate, however, that the environment is bleak. For little can impede the mission.

Keeping us on the brink of sanity is the pounding sound of a rock band, rumored to be working on a new album. We will get there. Lip-biting and knee-slapping ends as the sign welcomes us to our location. Descending from the long and straight spiral, we instantly travel to a locals-only spot to recharge ourselves. Surprisingly, in a room where everyone has traveled to distant lands, and returned for what seems like commercial reasons, we are alone. I am told that I will need my stub.

The starting off point is just as I left it. A ramshackle joint amidst a slowly decaying environment beckons us to enter. Despite the desperate conditions, this land's inhabitants seem jubilant enough, drinking from shiny mugs and passing around a baked potato. Upon entry into this world, myself and my compadres are quickly condemned for our attire. Apparently, there is a dress code, if you can call it that, calling for insiders and outsiders alike to start a war on their skins, a battle that has plagued this country for many decades. Once the transformation takes place, I am at ease in my temporary surroundings. I am told by the tall skinny one to fetch him the nectar of the land, and while I'm at it, to grab myself one. Stories fling back and forth with a quickening tempo. Slowly, but as sure as grass grows, thoughts fly away from the confines of unobtainable possibilities and control. The crowd moves on physically, to another chasm filled with uncertainty and potential. Her name is unpronounceable, at least we are not capable, but I quickly sense the subtle glances and smiles sent towards me. There is a situation developing here. The tall skinny one averts my attention, who's determined to show me off like a trophy to all of his worshippers. They gawk at me in disbelieve, but with his consistency they eventually concur, arguing about who came first. The happy guy, who stands near the microwave, replaces the soft and bubbly without comment. The more I take, the better I perceive my chances are with the tan one who is clad solely in the night. She gets a barrage of questions in my direction, some hit and some missed, arguing about who is the icon. The tall skinny one averts my attention, who's determined to show me off like a trophy to all of his worshippers. There is a situation developing here. The night moves forward, pushing daylight closer. The town finally falls into a deep, cataclysmic slumber. Bodies lie where they fall. Looking for refuge on the tall skinny one's floor proves almost as useful as a screen door on a submarine. This must be a hint, or divine intervention or something. I know what I must do, but the path is skewed, its direction confusing. With sheer luck and perseverance, I find my way back to the location of the tan one. The place looks odd, the music off, the room void of bodies. They take me in, making what will be a short stay as comfortable as possible. She wants to watch the sunrise. I assume she wants company. Unfortunately for her, my mind began wandering off, unable to stay focused. My physical body was not far behind. With my eyes nearly shut, and heavy as hell, I got a glimpse of the rising sun through a crack in the shades.

Ace Rock-Ola is really Alan Paul Dunton, last year's Gonzo journalism winner and Mustang Daily Arts and Entertainment editor.

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Mustang Daily Classified Advertising Order Form

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<th>Rate per line (Total Due)</th>
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<tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pick one</th>
<th>Summer Quarter</th>
<th>Fall Quarter</th>
<th>Winter Quarter</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30</td>
<td>August 6, 13, 20, 27</td>
<td>November 20, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Campus Clubs</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Announcements</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Persons</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Greek News</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Events</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10 Entertainment</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 Lost &amp; Found</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13 Wanted</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 Services</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Word Proesng</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 Missed Announcements</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21 Travel</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 Ride Share</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Opportunities</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 Employment</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28 Campus Interviews</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29 For Sale</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31 Stereo Equipment</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 Mopeds &amp; Cycles</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35 Bicycles</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37 Automobiles</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39 Roommates</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41 Rental Housing</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43 Houses for Sale</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45 Land for Sale</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47 Religious</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>5</td>
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