

## Bush lays claim to final frontier



**CHRISTIAN MCPHATE**  
STAFF REPORTER

On Jan. 23, the Chinese government confirmed the successful completion of a new antisatellite weapon. The confirmation came after the yellow star country put to use a medium-range ballistic missile to annihilate a weather satellite rotating 535 miles above the earth 12 days prior.

According to most military experts, this was the first triumphant obliteration of a satellite in over 20 years.

The other semi-super powers (Japan, Britain, Australia and several other countries) and the main super-power (America) concurred in an agreement of dissatisfaction (basically, a "Hey, we're upset over here") with the success of the destruction and the unwillingness of the Communist government to let the watchdog of the world know of the testing.

Officials from Japan and America went on to complain to media outlets that the yellow star country had not released information until the conjoining governments made "formal diplomatic inquiries," and then whined that it took the Communists four days for the reply. The State Department stated in a

recent article in *The New York Times* that Christopher R. Hill, assistant secretary of state, reported that the land behind the Great Wall was not using the antisatellite system as a threat against any country.

"What needs to be stressed is that China has always advocated the peaceful use of space, opposes the weaponization of space and an arms race in space," Liu Jianchao, China's foreign ministry spokesman said in the article. "China has never participated and will never participate in any arms race in outer space."

Anyone paying attention to current events knows that the Chinese military has been searching long and hard for an operational antisatellite system since the Reagan era.

The military masterminds of the United States rely on the system of floating eyes for guidance in missile attacks, course-plotting and communications.

So if the metallic orbs winked out, then the armed forces' overseas actions and excursions would be blinded by the development of the technologically advanced eye poker.

Experts concluded that China has long lived under the shadow of distrust that America would interfere if a conflict arose between the Communist party and Taiwan. Furthermore, these so-called experts believe the yellow star government developed the antiweapon system to give the overpopulated country the power to attack the Taiwanese

while swatting off the forces of democracy.

And yet, underneath this cloud of warmongering speculation, a few rational-minded individuals believe that the yellow star's initiation of the antisatellite test was "more diplomatic in nature," intending to put ample weight on the scales of democracy to negotiate a treaty to ban space weapons.

Former superpower Russia and growing superpower China are pressing for an international treaty that would limit the use of space for military purposes.

Sounds like a good idea. The Republican administration did not think so and declined to participate in the talks, adhering to its secretive agenda.

The *Times* article reported that over the summer, President Bush authorized a new space policy that seeks to preserve "freedom of action" in space.

This coming from a man who denies the freedom of millions of Americans phone calls, the right of common sense and the Allah-given right for the Sunnis and the Shiites to genocide one another.

Furthermore, Bush stated that the United States reserved the right to use capitalistic force or democratic force (as soon as our troops are freed from the chains of conforming Iraq) toward countries that have the balls to poke the eyes out of American satellites.

Amen for freedom and democracy, Mr. President.

## Campus Voices

### Q: Who do you think will win Super Bowl XLI?



"The Bears will win because defense wins championships."

— Junior Green, 22, exercise physiology major

"The Colts will win. Peyton Manning has never been to a Super Bowl before, and he's the greatest out there. He deserves it."

— William Gambill, 21, junior, criminal justice major



## Guilty pleasures, TV inspiration



**KONNIE SEWELL**  
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There are things in life we know for sure (cats beat dogs, every time).

There are also things in life we're pretty sure we know, but not for 100 percent (we're alone in the universe — right?).

There are also things in life we know for sure we don't know (when the apocalypse will come, but I'm sure Paris Hilton will have secret, backward messages on her next CD, so sleep tight).

There are also things in life that, despite all we don't know and in spite of everything we do know, make absolutely no sense whatsoever (a human will criticize what makes another obscenely happy).

It's this last one that's the most demoralizing. I guess some humans today just can't get a break.

Well, not if they don't have credentials.

And not just any credentials! As most of my friends can attest, I've got more nerd credentials than I know what to do with. Maybe I should be a humanitarian and give some away. But I've spent my whole life accumulating them, and I'm *hoarding them all!*

Nobody wants nerd credentials.

I don't see why not, but that's not for me to decide. I actually don't know who decides these kinds of things. It would be awesome if it were like a scene from *Dr. Strangelove*: "Gentlemen, you can't fight in here! This is the War Room!" Instead of Slim Pickens riding an H-bomb at the end, it's a PS3.

The funny thing is, we've all got nerd credentials.

We've all got things that make us happy and make other people scratch their heads, then complain. Loudly.

Or ridicule.

Loudly.

In other words, everyone has a "guilty pleasure" they never share.

The whole point of these cretins' abuse is so that we can hear them and, somehow, we're supposed to realize that we're part of the Nerd Herd and feel badly, or something.

And then change who we are and what we like, what makes us happy at the expense of other peoples' haute couture equilibriums.

But I say screw that bitch!

I say it's Geek Chic.

I say there are things I like and there are things you like.

See? We're all guilty.

But it appears to be a dirty sub-

ject of sorts.

There was never, in the history of humanity, any one undeniably brave soul who risked everything to openly admit to not being cool.

Or, at least, not cool enough.

Until now. I'm taking one for the team. So here's an excerpt from my official list of guilty pleasures — though I don't really think of them as such because when I really love something, I don't hide it. I don't see any reason to.

Why hide it when you really love something, and it makes you happy?

But I can't do this alone.

Always two there are, a master and an apprentice: I hope this will inspire *someone* to share his or hers.

Gentle reader, you are indeed the chosen one. Only your new powers can save us now. You're my only hope.

And I hope it will inspire some to just shut up already.

Don't you understand, darlings? Auf Wiedersehen! I've been tuning you out my whole life. *You're out* and I'm the one making it work. Making it work *like the bills are due today*. And I'll keep making it work.

I'm going to keep being uncool and tasteless for as long as I can foresee. Because it makes me happy, and that should be enough — in this life, we're either laughin' or dyin'.

**Britney Spears, Backstreet Boys, Simple Plan.**

Yes, gentle reader, I know.

One is the Whore of Babylon; there's archeological evidence the other two are Sodom and Gomorrah.

But, Lord? Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

Their music is like candy — it rots your brain but it's so sugary and so good. It's *designed* to be bad for you.

Let's be real about this: No one's trying to be the next Puccini here. So why not take the ball they're throwing and make a homerun with it?

Besides, it's hard to dance to smart music. The hips don't lie.

**The Time Traveler's Wife.**

I used to think the saddest novel I ever read was *The Scarlet Letter*.

No, wait — maybe it's *The Kite Runner*.

Or probably *Ethan Frome*. If only dude had the courage to leave his wife.

Or! Could it possibly be *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*?

No, I don't think so, after all. *Tess* is more tragic than sad; there's a subtle difference between the two.

Or it could possibly be that I should get on with it, yes?

Well, it's obvious that I love

books. I didn't want to love *The Time Traveler's Wife*, though. I wanted to dislike it. I don't know why. Maybe in part because a friend I really respect hated it. But I've come to realize he's full of oatmeal and that Audrey Niffenegger's novel is amazing.

It's true that it's not the best-written novel ever — the narrative goes back and forth between time-traveling Henry and his artist-wife Clare, though neither has a distinct voice. There are some scenes that don't adhere to the logic of the rest of the novel.

But this story has so much heart and emotion, and not that annoying or cutesy fake kind, either. I couldn't help but get sucked in, and I certainly couldn't help bawling at the very end. Clare literally waits for Henry her whole life — first as a child, when he visits her from the future, and then *during* the future, when he's away making visits to her past.

If it's wrong to get lost in the idea of true love for at least a few nights ... well. Whose side are you *on*, anyway?

**The complete cultural wasteland that is MTV.**

To be honest, I don't watch a lot of television, but when I do, it has to make me laugh. I don't do most of what I've been told are the better series on TV today (*Lost*, *The Sopranos*, *Heroes*).

I do watch *The Class*, though. I love that show because the characters are all so charming.

They speak and gesture the way my friends and I often speak and gesture, so yes, I find much humor in their silly banters and ridiculous lack of seriousness.

The characters are also all a bit immature for their age.

And, well ... has anyone ever seen me and my friends before?

We're a bunch of giggling banshees, even the guys. We're goofy and can be quite stupid.

It really sucks knowing, however, that life is not an eternal party.

It's not an epic poem where the heroes come out unscathed.

What's even worse is that all the suck in our lives is completely unscripted and unchoreographed.

So let us have some fun.

And let us watch our damn *Laguna Beach* and our damn *My Super Sweet Sixteen*, and the cultural cornerstone that is the ridiculous *Wild 'N Out*.

Let us (or maybe just me) pretend that at least for the next 30 minutes, everything is going to be okay.

It all just depends on who'll go home with the floozy on *Next* and who'll have the better date on *Parental Control*.

Save your inner teenager, save the world.



"The Colts, because they have Peyton Manning. My son's named after him. All the Bears have Rex Grossman, and that's bad. The Colt's offense is much more powerful as well."

— Chris Chapman, 31, senior, accounting major

"The Colts, because they deserve to win. They haven't been to a Super Bowl in how many years?"

— Brittney Young, 18, freshman, general business major



"The Colts. They have a better offense than the Bears. They're more organized and overall, the team is more unified."

— Rolando Harris, 20, freshman, business major

"I hope the Bears will win just because I like where they're from."

— Twanisha Payton, 19, sophomore, nursing major

