SIDESTEPPING THE DOMESTIC AIDS ISSUE

EACH PETTY REMARK and unresponsive answer in the presidential debates has clogged up pages in leading news sources for the past month. New York Times editorialists in recent weeks were devoted to topics of great importance in the lives of African American women—women who account for 67 percent of AIDS cases among women in the United States. In 2002 even though blacks only make up 13 percent of the population. Black women are fourteen times as likely as their white female counterparts to be HIV positive. The epidemic is more prevalent in the Northeast and rural South than in other parts of the country.

The question that follows is obvious. What are the causes for such a disparity, and what can be done to stop the continuation of this trend? The answer is proving to be more difficult to reach. Last year, the New York Times published an article which claimed black gay or bisexual men are more likely to keep their sexuality a secret and therefore are a major proportion of the infection in black women. This explanation, called the down-low phenomenon, is almost impossible to quantify because of the lack of factual evidence. Statistics indicate that men who keep their sexuality a secret are less likely to use protective measures. However, no reliable data exists to quantify how many men are actually on the down-low. Additional studies have observed higher rates of other STDS in the African American community, which in turn, increases vulnerability to infection with AIDS. One AIDS expert, Phil Wilson, has argued that imprisonment is the single largest

A REAL TEXAS HOEDOWN

BY JULIE GREMILLION

A COUPLE WEEKS AGO I had the unfortunate pleasure of traveling down to Texas for my cousin's wedding in College Station. Family get-togethers are stressful enough, but throwing a wedding into the mix adds a whole new dimension of comparison between family members and their respective life achievements. Who's married, who's not married, who has a kid, who's next in line. Not to mention the requisite putting on how long the marriage would actually last. The last one was nine months, so expectations weren't that high.

I started on the plane ride down there. I have flown all over the east coast and a little out west but I have never seen a plane of passengers or crew more orderly than when I fly to Texas or Louisiana. Even the people in the cheap seats in the back were—Aangianflap, the Bud Light—women and men alike. The problem with all this drinking of soda, coffee and beer on a three and a half hour direct flight is that they all have to use the restroom. Among my companions, however, is no one else all under the assumption they could lean over the passengers in the rows and crowd their space. While they don't mind encroaching on you, they don't seem to have any reservations about using an inordinate amount of overhead compartment space for their cowboy hats. I'm not kidding.

Flying into Houston isn't bad, but driving to College Station—in the complete middle of nowhere—isn't pleasant. Any city unable to be reached by interstate has issues, specifically when those highways are populated by signs saying "Hey Terrorists, Don't Mess with Texas!" I have seen that the creators of South Park for inclusion in their movie Team America: World Police. As the home of Texas A&M University and nothing else, College Station is the living setting of those movies where Texas football fans are fanatical. My sister and I arrived at the church, which was literally on the service road of the highway, where we were bombarded by family members we hadn't seen in over a year telling us we didn't dress up enough. My sister and I really look bad and trying to remember what city I lived in. I got D.C., Pittsburgh, and then just Pennsylvania followed by my being a freshman, junior and having graduated two years ago. My sister and I quickly tried to sit down in the church to avoid any more questions.

The church was nice, and the ceremony really was a beautiful one.

THE LEISURE TIME

ON THE THIRD WEEKEND of September, America's favorite misfit band, Panic Boutique. Reveals the secret behind Manic Panic Boutique. Unveils their newly created line of hair color. Myself and Locust Walk Herder's internal battle for punctuality, and walking parity.

Continued on PAGE 7.

JESUS DOESN'T LOVE YOU...

AND YOU'RE GOING TO DIE

BY MARILAN LEE

THE LEISURE TIME afforded me by Fall Break provided as part of its welcome relief the first opportunity I've had in a long while to sit down and watch television. However, instead of my stalwart friends in adult cartoons and unjustifiably gory movies, I found TV was also an outlet for one of my many arch nemeses: evangelical Christianity. More specifically, I watched for the first time the weekly program Huckabee, an unrelentingly positive and upbeat religious talk show. While I wasn't watching the entire episode, I noticed a recurring motif that was present throughout the show. At the end of virtually every segment, a group of approximately six to ten individuals would gather on the stage and hold hands while singing a song. The song would be "Jesus Loves You ... and you're going to die.

Continued on PAGE 7.
Last Thursday, Eliot Sherman wrote an article in the DP revealing “The truth about on campus recruiting”: “It really isn’t so bad, and all those Whartonites and some stray Econ majors should stop complaining.” Let me point out that Sherman has a somewhat skewed perspective since he isn’t actually going through the process himself. On the contrary, Sherman, OCR actually is that bad!

The complaints with respect to OCR that Sherman discounts—“interviews are hard,” “companies ask difficult personal questions,” and students forced to “compete against their friends” for jobs—are valid but nevertheless are not among the most common or serious complaints.

Contrary to Sherman’s assertion, interviews are not easy for most of the people going through the process. Plus, if one post insightfully noted in response to the article, most people don’t even make it that far; getting the interview itself is a very competitive and disheartening step for potential recruits. Sherman uses the example of the case interview, which he claims is simplistic. Except that it requires quite a bit of preparation. The “fit” portion of the interview isn’t necessarily any easier. Try discussing creative solutions you’ve developed for interviews runs 24-hour a day. Sign-ups come up at 1:10 a.m., at which point if you’re not awake to sign up, you better have a very flexible schedule because you’ll have few choices in the morning. If you’re selected as an alternate to interview, you have no choice but to stay up. Evenings are often consumed by company presentations, night-before receptions, and interview prep. Interviews fall during school-days, and if you’re lucky to progress, you may be hopping about the country chasing your hopes, with little or no sympathy from professors, particularly the non-Wharton ones. It becomes impossible to try to keep routines (sleep, classes, a social life) intact in the face of the one all-consuming, overriding routine: on-campus recruiting. For most, it is an exhausting process. Plus, as one post insightfully noted in response to the article, most people don’t even make it that far through the process himself. On the contrary, Sherman, OCR actually is that bad! I was fortunate enough to get the sample released because it will be a major hit. Take Stone on her new album "Love Will Come Through" is another absolute gem. After a 2 year hiatus, Travis released 12 Memories in 2003, which soon hit #1 on the UK charts. The album didn’t get great reviews compared to their past records because lead singer Fran Healy’s lyrics are all over the map, but since when did a record have to be all on one subject? I appreciate diversity on an album in a world where every song seems to be about the same thing. "Love Will Come Through" is another moderate-paced ballad about asking a girl to recognize and accept the love he is offering. It’s fairly similar to my other two Travis favorites, but that’s why I love it. If you like this track, I also recommend investigating fellow British band Stereophonics, particularly "Hurry and Wait".

JULIE GREMILLION | SOUND ADVICE

Julie presents the old, the new and the diehard favorites.

RE-TWO WIND

Tommy James
“Drugging the Line”

Tommy James and The Shondells are one of the icon groups of the 60s with such amazing popular hits as “Hanky Panky”, “Crimson and Clover”, and “I Think We’re Alone Now”. After Tommy James and his band The Shondells decided to part ways, Tommy worked as a solo artist and on albums for other people. “Drugging the Line” is off his 2nd solo album titled Christian of the World from 1971, and the song became a successful chart single. It has a classic 60s feel with verses that It has a classic 60s feel with verses that It has a classic 60s feel with verses that are about as susceptible to covers as many other Tommy James songs were, and REM put in a short updated spin on the track, which was featured on the Austin Powers—The Spy Who Shagged Me soundtrack. The song is one of those 2 and a half minutes that are just fun and do so remarkably so of the 60s, so... indulge yourself in a flashback.

If you are at all a fan of interesting voices, you will appreciate if not love Anthony Hamilton. He is finally something different in the honey-dripping crooning that is R. Kelly’s Right Now—not that I dislike R. Kelly. But Hamilton so obviously invests so much in the writing of his songs, and “Charlene” is not only a perfect example of his passion but also my favorite track off his 2003 album Comin’ From Where I’m From. You can actually feel the man’s pain as he sings about his wife leaving him because she hates that he’s always traveling for his music career and never at home, and you can hear the sincerity and the hurt in his voice each time he asks her to come home during the refrain. In my humble opinion, Hamilton represents a return to the legendary soul we enjoyed in the days of Al Green, Marvin Gaye and Otis Redding. Some of his newer collaborations include a song with Angie Stone on her new album Stone Love, and I was fortunate enough to get the sample CD early this summer. Be on the lookout for “Stay for a While” when the single is released because it will be a major hit. Take this opportunity to be ahead of the curve...
I drive slowly, and I always have. My personal safety is my biggest concern—and it should be yours, as well.

But Locust Walk is another matter. I admit that the Shoe Leather Express is typically running late, so I’m always in a hurry—

Move, you morons! Get out of my way!

I hate heading to class at 6 a.m. I’m not an issue: I’m taller than most girls and shorter than most guys, so there’s no

risk of breaking my nose on someone’s fat noggin. Therefore I walk fast, and that’s where

the problem begins. Because I walk fast.

Listen: if you’re a moron who can’t kit his ripped glutes from the fruit house to the gym in under an hour, and if your late are so humongous that you can’t properly hold your

arms at your sides, it’s time to drop the weights and start running in a low. The show might not make you cool.

If you’re lob-toting across campus in heels you can’t handle—and, no, I don’t care that

much of freedom, even sidewalks—it’s time to lace up your tennis shoes and walk

normally. Being three inches taller won’t get you a husband any faster.

If you’re an iPod-person who can’t walk and listen to music at the same time, it’s time to

take the headphones off and transfer to another school. Your thoughts are so dull that

you need to drown them out, so you’ve obviously got nothing to say to me.

Yes, I’ve become disillusioned with Penn this year. I’m getting old, and in a summer

in fast-moving Manhattan has disillusioned me. After meeting young people who

can operate a cell phone without becoming roadblocks, how can I return to Pennsylvanian sluggishness?

We’re not yet wholly doomed. Once, I thought I was unique here—I’m impatient, I’m in

shape, and I never take the elevators—down—but I’ve met the rare student who, intellec-
tually as well as kinetically, can’t keep up with me. It’s true. Quick feet advertise a quick mind. If you want to meet the crème de la Penn, look for the dodgers and weavers on Locust Walk. A speedy voyage is an art, especially during rush hour. An aggressive brain can spot the gap between the moron gossip girls and the moron hung-over guy, while duller heads get stuck behind a pack.

There’s a pace-based continuum at work. On the one extreme are the local beggars, who walk like they have no place to go and thus stand out in a crowd. On the other

extreme are members of the fast-moving elite, recognizable both by their locomotive urgency and their dashing good looks. In the middle is the great mass of shuffling doo-

doo—those helplessly wandering, the moron gossip girls and the moron hung-over guy, while duller heads get stuck behind a pack.

CONTRARY TO WHAT the horror stories your Warnont friends may relate about their Economies or business class-
es, it doesn’t take a class in McNeil to understand the busi-

ness cycle or a class in product management to know that

nothing stays popular forever. Okay, both of those might

help, but the basic concept is prevalent in every aspect of life. Fashion changes at least four times a year. Fashion changes at least four times a year. Latino music came and went. Even Jennifer Lopez got tired of the same things as the rest of us.

Where is the evidence of the continuity, the constancy?

It may be hard to believe, but it’s been less than five

years since Survivor caused a revolution that was televised. Before May 31, 2000, Real-

ity TV was largely confined to the Bravo channel and the 

trivial pursuit of TV networks. All of a sudden, American audiences at large—yes, even the old folks who watch CBS—found themselves a new addiction. Let’s see what intrigued, disgusting thing real people would like to watch. That’s how Survivor started. Since then, Survivor has been around for a long time; usually, in the form of talent contests. But now it was for one million dollars and involved the somewhat sadistic pleasure of watching sixteen people waste away due to starvation. And, somehow, the Dark Burnett tried to teach America an interpersonal relations psy-

chology lesson. Awesome!

Let’s look at the ratings. The first airing of Survivor was watched by almost sixteen million people. The finale of the first season had an audience of 40 million people. If Survivor is a common issue in television. People lose interest over time especially because the format of the show gener-
ally is the same from season to season, though late-timers “have” been added to spice the show up—and stars from each season are often invited back. Compared to most reality shows, Survivor is still the stalwart ratings champ and the model by which others are judged because it seems to have longevity.

Lately, 80% of the broadcast networks have had their own distinct franchises and formats, capable of continuing season-to-season: CBS has Survivor, Big Brother, and The Amazing Race; FOX has American Idol; ABC has Desperate Housewives and The Bachelor; NBC has Fear

anzo—regardless of that. These programs have hit their peak. When it’s only the few shows with slight redeeming qualities that mix with scripted shows—many of which can be mediocre or worse, lost you get the impression I exalt all scripted fare—I’ll be happy.

Also forgivable are the young West Philadelphia locals who frequently speed around cam-

pus on heclevs. Though their velocity is dangerous and goodness knows how often they’ve barely missed killing me, their pace is understandable. For all we know, the owners of those bikes might be chastising them on foot.

I cannot forgive, however, those students who are particularly lazy. Yes, I call them lazy: they

may walk faster than anyone else but only because they failed to leave the house on time. It’s

rashment, not pride. These students think they’re special as if they’re the only ones who can

It’s exactly this kind of arrogance that’s made me so disgruntled with Penn this year.

If you’re tottering across campus in shoes you can’t handle—and, no, I don’t care that

you’re just getting used to them; don’t expect to do your own thing—when I’m heading to class. Safety is not an issue: I’m

But Locust Walk is another matter. I admit that the Shoe


tears.

This year.

And let’s all thank the product life cycle for taking the pain of Reality TV away, or at least

renounced all scripted fare—I’ll be happy.

While the more successful franchises experience the television equivalent of the woes of age, the new shows experience something "worse". They never achieve ratings highs, or their second season is markedly less popular than the first—witness the collapse of Joe Mill-

ionaire after about fifty million viewers watched the first season finale but barely 8 million showed up for the second season premiere. I say "worse" because, frankly, I’m glad reality has hit its peak. When it’s only the few shows with slight redeeming qualities that mix with scripted shows—many of which can be mediocre or worse, lost you get the impression I exalt all scripted fare—I’ll be happy.

When is the best time to honor those who have come before us? Now? As good a time as any. Wit-

ness Desperate Housewives and Lost, two of the three biggest new shows of the year—really

two the biggest because the third is the overwhelming CSI franchise. What went wrong with The Apprentice? For me, when the first season aired, it was simultaneously dramatic and funny—at the right time—with Reality TV on the decline, the industry was ready for something new and—exciting and—right with the market—

Desperate Housewives’ catchphrase “everyone has a little dirty laundry” is voyeuristic and
ticing, while the show itself relates to suburban. The panoramic, stranded, dangerous images of the Lost campgave the show a more of a motion-picture feel than most televisi-

on. making the show into an event rather than the same weekly drivel. At least the show—

enjoyed by the viewers—without the show’s going to the pot. Desperate Housewives, the
t blinds—plots that carry for weeks at a time. When they’re not on TV, the characters—

The other part of Arrevedent Development’s ratings failure was FOX’s marketing. It didn’t get enough people to sample the show, and didn’t let people know what the show was about—regardless of the fact that they loved it—Wonderful had a similar problem last spring. UPN is experiencing the same problem with Veronica Mars. They spent all their marketing money on Kevin Hill, so few people even knew about Veronica, much less

said, "now the story of a wealthy family who lost everything and the one son who had no choice but to keep them all together" but you had to tune in to get it. Whups. Until someone figures out how to get the power of the Warning out of the stars, we’ll just have to watch—trust me, people do want to laugh—I suggest getting your kicks with Lost and Desperate Housewives. And let’s all thank the product life cycle for taking the pain of Reality TV away, at least lessening its pervasiveness.
Oh, the catharsis of hearing good guitar playing on a megahit record without also having to endure a Michelle Branch cameo or be informed that my body is a wonderland. Los Lonely Boys frontman Henry Garcia is the real deal in a long time—not quite the next SRV or Santana, but close enough to remind us of the halcyon years when practising an instrument was actually an aid to make it big. With a Willie Nelson endorsement in one hand and a top ten debut album in the other, the three brothers (Henry, bassist JoJo, and drummer Ringo) are poised to begin living the whole greater than the sum of its parts.

Comparisons to just about every major Latino crossover artist are inevitable for Los Lonely Boys, and at least a few are accurate. The most immediately recognizable are the rich, accessible rock songwriting of Los Lobos and the jazz-tinted blues lines of, yeah, Santana. The brothers make a gigantic sound for a trio, and their voices magically harmonize into a whole greater than the sum of its parts.

My fingers can count the Spanish words I know—never too early to hope. That his legacy is untainted by artistic ambiguity—Smith's internal dialogue. "King's Crossing" expresses his vocational disenchantment: "The method acting that pays my bills / Keeps the fat man feeding in Beverly Hills" after 85 years, is seedy and a little rushed. Manic Panic appropriately comes in a shiny silver bottle to boot. As the ingredients of their hair dye claim to be completely "organic"—whatever that means—"he can be specifically insulting my mother, and I'd still love it. It may be too early to hope.

De-virginizing hair is as fun and easy as it sounds with the aid of Manic Panic's flash-bleaching kit, which appropriately comes in a shiny silver bottle to boot.
THE GENERATIONAL GAP everyone talks about couldn’t be any clearer than at live performances aimed at different age groups. For example, I went to the Pat McGee/Roots concert the week President Gustmann was inaugurated. The same week, I also attended an on-stage performance at the Morgans Cabaret at the Prince. Both shows had music and lights, but the action couldn’t be any more different.

Alex Heartwarming: Andrea Mcarrocio and Andrea Singing, Anything was everything The Roots concert was not: it was quiet and poised, with martinis and fresh fruit, and it was definitely not free. It clearly was not aimed toward my age group; just by being there, my friend and I must have lowered the median age by at least twenty years. Instead of impromptu co-eds in Urban Outfitter boots and dangling earrings, the “grown-ups” wore satin pumps and modest pearls, waiting patiently for the show to begin. It didn’t seem to matter how long the show took after everyone had stood up — the dim candle-lit room and the velvet curtains at Morgans Cabaret had a stillness, a certain timeliness.

Andrea’s stage was much smaller than the set-up at Hill Field. She shared the tiny space with a baby-grand piano, a stand-up bass, and a voluminous feather skirt that I thought only existed in period costume shops. As the show progressed, however, I realized that Andrea’s stage wasn’t the physical platform on which she stood, but the audience members’ collective memories (as for the younger audience members, their imagination). As implied by the name of the show, her performance was a tribute to Fred Astaire, a classic variety hour filled with satirical wit, anecdotes about Astaire’s life story, and songs from old movies that he made. It helped create the feeling of being in a different era, when musicals and dancing were all the rage, when “gee whiz!” and “are shucks” were still used in everyday conversation.

Before she started to sing her last set of songs, a series of hits for which Astaire was best-known, Andrea changed into an honest-to-goodness, 1940s-style tuxedo, bowtie and all. I was astonished to see it; I had never seen real tails before (at least at my high school prom didn’t count), but I was the only one who was surprised. All around me, there were murmurs of appreciation and sighs of nostalgia. All of us left the 21st century behind glad at that point and imagined ourselves living in the 1930s, the 1940s, or even the 1950s. We imagined ourselves in a time when Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers were just starting to make house-hold names out of themselves, when Gershwin, Berlin, and Porter were still writing new love songs for the radio. That night, I got the sense that the past 40 years had gotten tired of living in the present — it was time to enjoy the memories that they had already made and remember the stars who livened up the stages of the past, the way the Roots live up the stages for us now.

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It occurred to me then that maybe the concert was deafening because there was too much space to fill with our presence. After all, we were making ourselves known to the city.

The concert performer of Andrea Marrocio and Andrea Singing, Anything was everything The Roots concert was not: it was quiet and poised, with martinis and fresh fruit, and it was definitely not free. It clearly was not aimed toward my age group; just by being there, my friend and I must have lowered the median age by at least twenty years. Instead of impromptu co-eds in Urban Outfitter boots and dangling earrings, the “grown-ups” wore satin pumps and modest pearls, waiting patiently for the show to begin. It didn’t seem to matter how long the show took after everyone had stood up — the dim candle-lit room and the velvet curtains at Morgans Cabaret had a stillness, a certain timeliness.

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SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, I underwent an “I’m screwed for medical school” crisis and expressed my distress to my roommates. The next day, one of them forwarded me an e-mail advertising a medical school fair. It was a lovely gesture, and I was certain that attending the event would be a perfect way to figure out whether my concerns were legitimate or unfounded. I walked to the first booth and received quite a shock.

After several minutes of conversation with a representative of the school, I was told I had a GPA and MCAT scores. Without hesitating for even a moment, the representative threw out the number 21 (out of 45). “Excuse me?” I asked, in complete disbelief—after all, I had been told for years that I really needed to break 30 in order to have a good shot at getting medical schools’ attention. “Oh, I’m sorry,” replied the woman. “I thought she was apologizing because she really meant to say the average MCAT score was a 21.” Instead, she said, “actually, what I meant is that you should get at least a 7 (out of 15) on each of the sections.”

This was the second shock of the day, since I always was told one needed to have double-digits on each of the three sections to be a competitive candidate.

As I tried to conceal my confusion, I skimmed through the school’s booklet until I reached the admissions section, and I was even more surprised to see that the school’s average MCAT score for accepted students was indeed a 21.

And then it hit me—these numbers were meant for minority students. Now, I can’t say that I was surprised by the different criteria applied for minority admissions. In fact, I can’t even say this difference is unjustified. Plenty of people have the motivation, abilities, and intelligence to pursue higher education, but they lack the opportunities. After all, while I was preparing for the MCATs this summer, I took a course and only worked part-time, which gave me the resources and time to prepare for the exam. However, some students need to spend their summers working much longer and cannot afford to take a course. Plus, even if the undergraduate university setting provides far more equality to all students, four years may not sufficiently close the educational gap between students initially coming from rigorous, expensive private schools and those arriving from inner-city public schools. Undoubtedly the gap becomes far narrower, but the latter group of students may still be at an academic disadvantage.

Therefore, in order to truly break the cycle of poverty and poor education, it is important for our society to distinguish between the backgrounds of applicants not only in undergraduate admissions, but also in admissions to graduate institutions. Such actions will allow underprivileged students to maximize their education with professional degrees, which will promise great employment opportunities. This higher education will allow people to break out of the lower classes and provide the next generation with the environment and education that will make any kind of special consideration unnecessary. However, I also believe everything needs to be done in moderation. The reason I was so taken aback by my conversation with the representative of that medical school was not because of the discrepancy in average MCAT scores. Rather, it was the size of the discrepancy that shocked me.

A difference of 10 points on an exam that is worth only 45 points is absolutely preposterous. For one thing, it is insulting to the minorities who do apply to medical school. These students are intelligent and motivated, and setting the standards so low doubts their abilities. The pre-med track intrinsically weeds out those who are not as dedicated to a medical career. Therefore, most of the applicants are strong academically. While circumstances may preclude underprivileged applicants from doing as well in their classes and on the MCATs as someone who came from a more privileged background, this does not warrant a 10-point difference.

Also, creating such large distinctions between admissions criteria for minorities and non-minorities can lead to students not working up to their potential. The low stats may discourage students from putting forth their best efforts, as well as admit students who are just not qualified to be at certain institutions. This phenomenon can lead to the degradation of the quality of the matriculants as medical and other professional schools, producing professionals who are not as competent as they ought to be. For these reasons, it is essential to devote more effort to establish precisely how different the admissions criteria for minorities and non-minorities ought to be. It appears at this time that the disparity is far greater than it needs to be. The ultimate goal should not be meeting quotas, but instead to ensure that at every stage of education, accepted students truly deserve to be there, and the only way to accomplish that objective involves accurately taking into account differences in socioeconomic backgrounds.

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for the most part. The bridesmaids' dresses were tasteful and flattering for once. My only real problems with the ceremony were the vows and prayers. For one thing, the priest mentioned "Sex"

AIDS EPIDEMIC

Continued from PAGE 1

of Dr. Jack Van Impe Presents.

Before I had time even to wonder precisely what the hell a "telescript" is as opposed to normal, same television, the show began with an ominous list:

Face Transplants...

Billy Graham's Warning about the Final World Government

The New EU Constitution Wants God Removed. What and Who Is Behind this Act?

Welcome, my friends, to the wide and wonderful world of eschatology, the branch of theology concerned with such open-hearted and inspiring doctrines as the final judgment of God and the possibility of world peace. I'm Dr. Jack Van Impe, and I present to you another telecast. You're watching "Dr. Jack Van Impe Presents." I've never been one to pull punches, Dr. Jack. I'm Jack Van Impe, and I present to you another telecast. You're watching "Dr. Jack Van Impe Presents."

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Welcome, my friends, to the wide and wonderful world of eschatology, the branch of theology concerned with such open-hearted and inspiring doctrines as the final judgment of God and the possibility of world peace. I'm Dr. Jack Van Impe, and I present to you another telecast. You're watching "Dr. Jack Van Impe Presents." I've never been one to pull punches, Dr. Jack. I'm Jack Van Impe, and I present to you another telecast. You're watching "Dr. Jack Van Impe Presents."
TMORROW, VOTERS, at this school will be casting one of the most important votes since before the Cold War. Regardless of your politics, this is an irrevocable decision. On the one hand, the option will be for the President to stay in office because of our support of using military might to spread American structures of democracy and governance around the world that do not hate it. The other option will be for a Senator and his policies of international consensus building, as opposed to enacting a constitutional amendment, seeking to classify one class of American citizens exempt from the rights enjoyed by all others.

In the course of just a couple of years, Bush changed his stance on a plethora of issues, ranging from whether there were WMDs in Iraq, support for free trade, to even supporting a summit on the Palestinian - Israeli conflict. Perhaps his most important change of position was with regard to nation-building. In 2000, then-Governor Bush stated unequivocally his opposition to nation-building. "If we're not extending our troops to those places where we're not helping people to begin a new life, then we're going to have a serious problem coming down the road." [President Bush, 1/12/01] The fact is, President Bush has frequently faulted the Clinton administration for engaging in the 'evil' of nation-building, particularly in the Kosovo war in the NLF to begin with, and he has been caught changing the regime of Iraq, for the good of the Iraqi people. [President Bush, 3/6/03]

First, Bush sought an increased role for the federal government in the education system. This was truly remarkable, given that only ten years before it was a popular stance amongst the GOP to do away with the Education Department altogether and delegate those responsibilities to the state level. President Bush, on the other hand, through his No Child Left Behind legislation worked to increase funding to schools around the country and hold underperforming schools accountable.

Unfortunately, he under-funded No Child Left Behind by billions of dollars. During the 2000 presidential debates, President Bush and running mate Dick Cheney stated their position on same-sex marriage: in their view, this question ought to be decided at the state level. President Bush, on the other hand, through his No Child Left Behind legislation worked to increase funding to schools around the country and hold underperforming schools accountable.

In February of this year, President Bush became the first president of the United States to acknowledge that a President who gains the respect of not only the citizenry of the United States but also the cooperation of the international community.

This case respect back to the U.S. Vote John Kerry for President.

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