The terrors of alcohol

by Alisher Bozorov

The autumn of 1990 was a pleasant one in Tursunzade, Tajikistan. I was eleven years old and played soccer, badminton and volleyball. The older men were playing a card game, names Duraka, and a competition where the person with the most cards at the end of the game is durak, meaning stupid. The women were doing their daily chores. National music played, filling our souls with happiness. Some men were cooking food, cutting the meat and vegetables, preparing to make osh, which was my favorite dish. I sat in the grass, playing little games and talking with my sisters, Nargis and Nigina. The evening came fast because we were having so much fun and not keeping track of the time. I remember my mother calling us in for dinner; "Alisher hoharota giro bieye xona akht sure." My sisters and I raced for the door, hoping that the worst was over. The voice on the phone wasn't true, but knowing that it was. She was carrying a big continued on page 4

Northwestern U. athletic department mourns three of its own

by Mark Lazerus

Daily Northwestern (Northwestern U.)

09/17/99

(NU-WIRE) EVANSTON, Ill.—Lisa Juscik fell asleep during a phone call from Hurlbut, the Northwestern University’s Assistant Athletic Department. It was a somber and broken voice, carrying a simple yet earth-shattering message. "Ricky’s been killed." Former Northwestern basketball head coach Ricky Byrdsong was shot seven times in the back the night before as he walked through the streets of Skokie with his children, the victim of a vicious hate crime.

"Brad called me because he didn’t want me to hear from anywhere else," Juscik said. "I just cried a lot. I couldn’t understand how it could happen. I just kept asking why. How could someone do this to someone who put so much good into the world?"

Through Juscik no longer works at NU, she spent most of her summer with her sister Juscik and acquaintances from the NU athletic department. Together, they helped each other through the most difficult summer of their professional and, for many, their personal lives.

In three months, three members of NU’s athletic community died prematurely. Late in the spring, former football player, Robert Russ was shot by police in a roadside incident that was eventually deemed "unjustified" by police officials. Then Byrdsong fell victim to white supremacist Benjamin Nathaniel Smith’s Midwest rampage during the July 4 weekend.

Less than two months later, former NU fullback Matt Hartl, who had been an inspiration to so many people as he battled Hodgkin’s disease for the past three years, finally succumbed to the illness, passing away August 30.

"We haven’t handled it really well," NU Athletic Director Rick Taylor said. "The emotions are still very raw. We don’t want to forget them, we want to remember them, and it makes it hard to move on. I don’t think life gives you any choice, but it’s hard. They say it’s good to bring things to closure, but I don’t want closure. I want to remember Bobby, Ricky, and Matt.”

Taylor heard about Russ’ death much the same way Juscik learned of Byrdsong’s. A phone call from Hurlbut woke him with the news. "You can’t describe it," Taylor said. "You’re thinking, 'Why did this happen?' and there’s no answer."
Think about it! by Cindy Kansoer

The letter written to the editor (page 4) has prompted some serious reflections by me on the field of journalism and the people who participate in this field. A term used was "advertising-free" press. I find that this is a fading term.

Unfortunately, 'money talks.' Everyone is subject to succumbing to this perspective, including the press. We have lost sight of simple things and strive for bigger and better possessions so that we can out-do our neighbor or family. We judge our success by what and how much we own. It is little wonder that in many ways we are oppressed. It should be of little wonder that the 'all-mighty buck' also drives our news media (all forms).

Back when the earth was new (as my kids would say), the survival of newspapers was contingent on how many subscribers a publication had. Obviously there was a cover price for the newspapers. I am not sure whether it was discovered by the publications that they could offer free subscriptions to the public—and not starve—or if the public would not pay the increased cover prices due to increase in production costs, but it remains a fact that advertising was a method to produce the publication while generating funds that allowed the staff and management to make a comfortable living.

The press has always been the target of politicians or aspiring politicians. Up until general advertising, there was little leverage to be had except to jail an executive member, or simply make a journalist disappear. As early as the 1860's, newspaper staff suffered at the hands of some politicians. The editor-in-chief of what was Chicago's major publication was secreted off in the middle of the night and jailed in Camp Douglas simply because a general in the military was aspiring to secure a political position and the editor opposed the general's policies. Once advertising secured a place in the media, both businesses and politicians had an opening to 'edit' what was being printed. The premise is simple: if you print this, we won't advertise. Sometimes it is necessary to decide if you would rather print something and go hungry or if you would rather kill the story and pay the rent.

When television came into being, it was the sponsors that provided the capital for a station to exist. Again, the sponsor or sponsors were (and still are) large corporations. They are also the means for the staff to make a living. Even the news is driven by large corporates. These are very simple concepts, but we have a tendency to forget who is paying the bills for the programs that we watch.

Recently with the Kosovo crisis, articles and pictures from the foreign correspondents would appear on the wireservices for a very short time and then disappear without a trace. If a person pushed the issue of the disappear-ance, the response was something to the effect that the article was damaging to the government's objectives. In other words, the government wanted their side of the story told but not the entire story or they would have no reason to make war and, thereby, would not be able to generate money.

The solution to the deficiencies in the media may seem to eradicate advertising. There have been some media that have attempted this and have done so successfully. However, this has not been a guarantee that the media will not be gagged. Recently, in Berkeley, California, a private, listener supported radio station has come under attack by the government. Apparently, someone did not appreciate the content of some of the programming. Let me assure you that the station did not commit any act of libel or other infractions of the Federal Communications Commission rules. Yet, they are threatened with their license being revoked which will shut them down.

This all makes me wonder if there is or ever will again be a Free Press. As far as I can see, the Washington Post comes the closest to publishing without concern for their survival, but even they are limited in who or what they will antagonize. A college newspaper is usually free to print what they feel is appropriate. The INNOVATOR has come under attack from readers that are disgruntled with an article, but as far as I know, the paper has never been approached to squeal a story or gagged in any way. However, it must be pointed out that though we do advertise, we are not subject at this time to rely on the revenue generated to grant us the ability to go to press. When a publication becomes reliant on advertising is when the publication sells off a piece of its right to the freedom of speech.

The staff is also not dependent on their positions to make a living; the staff, though they may receive awards, are not paid employees. All of the positions are strictly volunteer and are not paid. Therefore, we operate in a type of virtual reality. That means that the only censoring of any articles is for libel or other ethical (ethic, religious, etc.) and the content remains intact. This also makes the CSU community fortunate; regardless of whether the community utilizes the paper or not, it remains available with the First Amendment intact for anyone who does wish to use it.

It's not wise to take anything for granted. The old adage remains true that says: "You don't miss something until you no longer have it." Think about it!

Comming Soon!

The College of Arts & Sciences presents

Mellennium Conference "Globalization: Opportunities and Challenges"

Saturday
October 30, 1999
The Roving Curmudgeon
Josh Dipert

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls. Children of ALL ages, the greatest show on earth is about to begin! That's right — Campaign 2000 has begun. Step right up, and see the amazing boy-man known only as "W" as he tames the vicious media! Watch the amazing acrobatics of Ms. Dole as she dodges question after question while maintaining a healthy smile! Be entered into the myst- 

tical powers of Steve "Steve" Forbes and his hypnotic eyes! And cower before the terrifying beast called "Pat"... IF YOU DARE!!!

Don't you wish they announced the Iowa straw poll more like that? I know I do. Oops - I got ahead of myself - maybe I should start over. Howdy!

My name is Josh Dipert, and since I believe everything I read, I appar- ently work here at the Innovator. I was sitting on my porch the other day, reading the paper, when I began to talk to myself.

"Hey," I said to myself. I ignored me. I don't usually have much of value to say. Fortunately, I'm very persistent.

"Hey," I said again, more insistently. "What?" I replied.

"Isn't it strange that the Iowa Poll has the power to make or break candi- dates, when less than 1% of the Iowaan GOP voters turn out for it?" I said smugly. "Shut up - people are watching me from across the street." This ended the conversation rather quickly. Neither one of me likes to be stared at. This did get me thinking, however. The Iowa SP is treated like a coronation - if you win, you must already be president! Isn't that wonderful? Meanwhile, if you lose, its time to pack it in, since only your family showed up to vote for you. And that lazy uncle of yours didn't even do that. Makes you feel loved; almost as beloved as Bill Gates.

I met him once in an airport, in 1996. I don't know where he was going, or why he was going, or where he was coming from, but I saw him, and I recognized him, and I went over to talk to him. I discussed the 1992 election with him, I talked about his image in the media. He spoke about how much he loved his family, and with equal enthusiasm, how much he loved America. I asked him if he thought he would ever run for office again, and he told me he didn't know. I could see in his eyes, though, that he wanted to serve his country, not for selfish reasons, and not for glory, but because he belonged to a generation older than his own; one that believed that service to one's country was the highest of callings, and that it was a duty as well. I looked at my watch, and saw that I had to go to my gate. I excused myself, and apologized for having to cut our conversation short. Mr. Quayle, the former Vice-President of the United States of America said that it was alright, and reached to shake my hand. I reciprocated the gesture, and with that handshake, he said goodbye, and wished me luck. I wished him the same, and walked to my gate.

Dan Quayle is in the unfortunate position of being the new Jimmy Carter; selfless, honest, and genuine, he has little polish when it comes to political matters. He says what he means, and means what he says. Sadly, he has already been beset by a fool, something that didn't happen to Carter until 2 years after he was elected. Every gaffe Quayle made was leapt upon by the media, and he was made to make a fool of himself.

And this is unfair, and had the same standards been applied to Gore at various points in the past four years, he would never have dared run.

My favorite example is from a couple of years ago, when Mr. Gore was caught taking campaign contributions from a fundraiser at a Buddhist temple in California. When confronted with the fact that this was illegal, unethical, and a really, really bad idea, Mr. Gore countered with the statement that he was unaware that it was a Buddhist temple. On the surface, I can accept this explanation — after all, haven't we all walked into a banquet hall, eaten some food, had a little wine, and taken some money from a plate that everyone passed around only to find out later that we were in a Catholic church during mass? I know that's happened to me!

But then some evidence appeared that blew my faith in Mr. Gore right out the window. There was a picture! It showed Al at the fundraiser, standing in front of a massive statue of Buddha! Surrounded by, of all things - Buddhist Monks! How could he NOT have known? If he is so unaware of his surroundings as to be unable to spot a 30' tall statue of Buddha, notice that he is surrounded by Buddhist monks, and not realize they were giving him money - WHAT RIGHT DOES HE HAVE TO BE PRESIDENT? Having said that, I am now vested. Have a nice day!
The INNOVATOR is committed to protecting and maintaining the First Amendment, the right of free speech. The INNOVATOR has an advantage over the large publications in that it is not dependent on advertisers, nor is it our managers and executive personnel subject to pressure by politics and economics to silence the journalists attached to the paper.

Keeping in mind, the INNOVATOR staff strives to keep Governors State University's community informed of campus, local, state, national, and international events and policies and strive to promote thought regarding their effects on our lives.

The staff work exceedingly hard; appreciates the recognition, and relies on the feedback.

Dear Editor:

Thank you for such a thought-producing issue (B30) to start off the trimester! I was especially gratified to see Geoffrey de laFaucarde's Global Village piece, helping put the country of my government's claims that recent wars waged in the Gulf and Kosovo are justifiable (despite the latter violating both our NATO and UN commitments) on humanitarian grounds. As he rightly points out, if this were a consistent policy, we would have been involved in stopping Russia's oppression of Chechnyans and Turkey's continued ethnic cleansing against their Kurdish minority. Unfortunately, our business-oriented press doesn't seem "free" to criticize policies supported by our huge defense and armament and oil business. So we must depend on campus advertising-free press to help us discern the real patterns behind our policies.

The October "Millennium Conference" here at GSU will include an editor for one of the most discerning papers on these issues, *In These Times*, as well as a winner of the UNESCO human rights essay award, Bertrand Aristide. I encourage members of our community, staff, students, and faculty, to pursue an understanding of these issues at that conference, "Globalization: Opportunities and Challenges," on Saturday, October 30. And I hope the INNOVATOR will continue to provide what the campus news media avoid.

Sincerely,
David R. Matteson, Ph.D.
Psychology & Counseling

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**Terrors**

continued from front page

spoon, running toward the scene with her housedress on and an apron. When she saw the body of her son, she dropped the spoon and started to run towards her child. The men caught her and she started to scream at everyone to go and get help and let her go.

We the people knew what really happened to the little boy, except that his head was smashed and his soul left the earth. Everyone was asking around to see if someone saw anything. After all, it was a nice fall day; everyone was outside enjoying the weather. Then all the attention turned onto one woman in the crowd. She claimed that she saw a big, eighteen-wheeler truck run over the boy, that his head was crushed to the ground and his brains splattered everywhere by one of the wheels. She was terrified along with the little boy's mother; after all, she did see the most horrifying scene of death. When the truck stopped however, the truck driver ran away, not caring what had occurred. He flew by us, but we all knew he was going to call an ambulance. After awhile we realized he was actually running away.

The men from the community caught the murderer. The entire group knew what he looked like. He had a dirty, old shirt on, with a jean-jacket over it, shabby shoes and worn jeans. Angry citizens who caught him brought him back to the scene and beat him until he was bleeding. They only stopped when the police intervened. Bloody and shaken was the culprit, yet I had no remorse for him. He seemed drunk and high.

The death was hard for me to picture because the little boy was so innocent. He was in the same kindergarten class with my sister, Nigina. My sister took forever to calm down. It's hard to imagine a four-year-old already thinking of death.

Two days later the funeral was held. Everyone from the community followed the truck in black attire. A large picture of the victim was on the back of the truck. Musicians following the truck were playing the traditional funeral song. A cotton cloth covered the little boy's face and he was laid out in a wooden casket. His mother couldn't stop crying and everyone grieved the boy.

After the funeral procession, many of the neighbors brought over customary food to show support to the family. Everyone sympathized with the family, and women stayed with the mother to keep her company.

My father wouldn't let his sisters out of the house in the evenings anymore, unless I was there to watch over them. Two large blocks of cement also shut down the street so that no more trucks could come through the area. When the factory finally shut down, Russia after the civil war began, it was hard for them to say good-bye, knowing that their son's body was still in Tajikistan soil.

My only question is, when will all the torture end? This episode of my life has scarred my memories forever, no matter how much I have tried to forget. It scares me that this scene is also in the memories of my sisters, beautiful Nargis and Nigina. Regardless of how many times my parents and I have asked them to forget about it, we know they cannot, and this memory will live forever in their heads. I am glad the little boy wasn't one of my sisters, but I'm also sad that a little boy who could have become a world leader, died without a chance in the world. There are thousands of children out playing in the streets without fear and knowledge of how to deal with them if a drunk driver suddenly pulled into their street.

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**SFB ISO SBM**

**Thoughts from another single gal**

by Stefanie Coleman

In case you're not up on the lingo, the title means single black female in search of single black male. That's my status these days, and a full-time graduate student in the College of Business and Public Administration. I am not sure how I ended up in this predicament, but I'm here. Well that's not true. My boyfriend had "emotional baggage." Any woman knows that means trouble. Somehow or another the past catches up with you and says, "It's time to deal with me." Well, for my ex, the time was January 1999. Giving him the benefit of the doubt, he tried to make the relationship work. However, by the middle of summer, and having my support refused, I had to walk away and let him have his pity party. After giving myself a few months to "regroup," I'm at the stage where I don't want to look for Mister Right, I want him to find me. My question is, will he find me at Governors State? Let's be realistic, the status for eligible black men isn't good. A friend told me the last place to look for someone special is at a college campus. I'm making her last place to look for a good single black male on a college campus. I'm here at GSU. I'm not, I'm doomed to admit S.O.S. Wish me luck—I'll let you know the outcome.

Sincerely,
Stefanie Coleman

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Approaching the Millennium

If you don’t remember ever hearing about East Timor, the Kopassus militias or Xanana Gusmao, you are not alone. You can’t be blamed. I mentioned Timor in an Innovator column when the NATO bombing of Serbia began. As long as I can remember having opinions on international affairs, I have cautiously dreamed of the day when Indonesia would be held accountable for the suffering it has inflicted on this former Portuguese East Asian colony of 800,000 people. But I realize that impassioned, academically-inclined idealists like me have too much time on their hands. In the real world, a third of a century has passed without the issue ever reaching the fore of public debate. Most people in the United States, even those who keep adrift of the news, can justly claim to have been kept in the dark.

The century is about to end on the note of genocide, and the dirty laundry of our recent history as a world power may, after all, be laid out for all of the world to see.

If you care at all about your country, and feel a compulsion for righteousness, I need you to bear with me here for an unpleasant moment. I have nothing redeeming to say. Find Timor on a map, and get ready to give public officials a piece of your mind next time they ask for your vote of confidence.

When in December 1975, Indonesia invaded the 300 kilometre-long archipelago, the Cold War was still raging. The sudden liberation Portuguese colonies in Africa and Asia could have been celebrated worldwide as the final swan song of fascism and colonialism in this century. Instead, the U.S.-backed Indonesian dictatorship, a bastion of anti-communism in that part of the world, got away with an illegal invasion – condemned from the outset by the United Nations – and the wholesale massacre of 200,000 Timorese citizens (one-third of its population at the time). By 1978, this U.S.-authorized slaughter had reached near-genocidal levels. Denunciations by the Catholic church and human rights organizations were ignored by Western governments and media. These killing fronts and the illegal annexation of East Timor by Indonesia, are part of the history of every U.S. citizen. There were greater battles to be fought. Suharto, the Indonesian dictator, was a friend of the free world.

At the time, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan was the American ambassador to the United Nations. In his memoirs, he acknowledges that his efforts to make Indonesia’s crimes were met publicly and downplayed in diplomatic circles. According to Moynihan, casualties in East Timor were proportionately as daunting as those suffered by the Soviet Union during the world war against Nazi Germany. Politically, however, things turned out as the United States hoped they would. This bloody regime in a mineral-rich nation of 200 million people remained in charge until May 1998. Arguably, it was one of the most steadfast allies of the West in its protracted war against communism. That war, we are told, was dutifully won.

The United Nations had never condemned the Indonesian occupation of East Timor. It has no more basis in international law that the belated Iraqi invasion of Kuwait that triggered the Gulf War. In 1992, the leader of the Timorese independence movement, Xanana Gusmao – heralded around the world as an East Asian "Nelson Mandela" - was imprisoned by the dictatorship. He remained a political prisoner until September 7 of this year. Today, he is free, but his father has been murdered, along with thousands of his compatriots, in a carefully planned campaign of ethnic cleansing that makes Serb attempts to retain Kosovo though paramilitary terror seem like a mild campaign of intimidation.

Timor should have hit our television screens in January at the very latest, when Indonesia’s security forces began arming and organizing dozens of murderous paramilitary “militias” that were already famous for countless atrocities against suspected sympathizers of the independence movement. Among the most dreaded of these are the infamous Kopassus units, modeled on the American Green Berets and originally trained by U.S. and Australian forces their tactics of rape, murder and gangsterism recall those employed by the U.S. Phoenix program in South Vietnam and the CIA-trained Contras in Nicaragua. The aim of these military-supported terrorists was to prevent the advent of independence for East Timor following the “democratization” of Indonesia, the world’s fourth most populous nation and a profitable target of foreign investment as well as IMF aid.

The U.N., a third of a century after the annexation of the archipelago by the Suharto dictatorship, resolved to act responsibly; for a brief moment the efforts of the militia seemed destined to fail. Just weeks ago, on August 30, a referendum was held in which the Timorese people were asked to vote on a status of autonomy within Indonesia. In the event of a victory for the "no", East Timor was to be declared independent. I remember cheerfully mentioning to my wife five days later that no less than 78.5% had bravely thwarted threats and intimidation and voted for sovereignty.

It was clear by then, however, that the nightmare would not end so soon. Two days after the referendum a paramilitary militia assassinated three members of the United Nations mission in the capital city of Dili. Another two died on September 2, in the southwestern district of Maliana. Suddenly, the U.N. announced that it was withdrawing from Maliana and Xanana Gusmao, from his prison cell, warned the world that another carefully planned genocide would occur if the results of the referendum were not backed by an international peacekeeping force. Dili was then abandoned to the murderous militias by the Indonesian military. Had you heard of East Timor by then? On September 6 the terrorists attacked the residence of Monsignor Carlos Felippe Belo, archbishop of Dili and a Nobel Peace Prize laureate, where thousands of refugees were forced to evacuate its personnel to Australia on September 10. An estimated 200,000 Timorese – one quarter of the population – had been forcefully displaced from their homes in a period of less than two weeks.

General Wiranto effectively masterminded the entire operation in a calculated attempt both to preempt Timorese independence, and to gain political leverage for the military within president Yudoy Habibí’s government. He and his paramilitary cronies are responsible, according to credible church sources, for 3 to 5,000 reported deaths in the year 1999 alone. This, as Noam Chomsky points out his numerous lectures, is a figure always unreported, madly published and downplayed in the mirror of history. Will be able to say, next week, that we didn’t know?

To entrust Wiranto and the Indonesian military with the mission of “restoring order”. National Security advisor Sandy Berger emphatically told reporters that having bombed Serbia during the Kosovo crisis in no way obligated the United States to interfere in this “internal Indonesian matter”.

And the U.N.? Nobel Peace Prize laureate Jose Ramos Horta has warned that it will not survive this crisis unless its members agree to let it enforce its mandate. The international community has been forced to heed his advice. The United States and its allies, “horrified” by the extent of the massacres and the threats of a “new Rwanda”, are in the planning stages of joint exercises to form a peacekeeping operation... and negotiating with the Indonesian authorities to determine who will be allowed to participate.

What has happened since 1975 in east Timor is tantamount, in my mind, to a crime against humanity; and our governments have been more than just accomplices in its unfolding. Today, everyone is acting surprised. As I write these words, there are no observers left in East Timor to report on just how desolate that small martyred country has become. Whatever happens next really depends on whether or not we face ourselves, as citizens of privilege, in the mirror of history. Will be able to say, next week, that we didn’t know?

I beg you, find a little time, and get interested. This is how our century ends.

Geoffroy de Lafarcade

Useful links:
• East Timor Action Network http://www.etan.org
• Znet http://www.zmag.org/webuser.htm
• The Jakarta Post http://thejakartapost.com;8890/rappler_reader?menu_name=frontpage
• Democracy Now http://www.pacifica.org
The Department of Public Safety recently acquired a new police vehicle; a Ford Expedition. It had become an accustomed sight to the Governors State University community. Then one day, as I was approaching the entrance by DPS, a strange sight ap-
peared and parked near the entrance. The once white Expedition police car now sported a new look.

I found the vehicle very patriotic and it certainly captured your attention, but where did the scrolls and swirls come from and what did other people think about it?

Chief of Police Albert Chesser initiated the design of the police vehicle in honor of the coming new millennium. The red and blue decals on the white body is very striking and the swirls soften the the entire effect. Here is what some people think about the new and very visible DPS Expedition.

From the back, it definitely is identifiable as a police vehicle. "...the words and numbers are nice and large" and "It's friendly looking..."

Felicia Pace, College of Business and Public Administration
"I like the type of car and the color."

Derrick Durrah, College of Education
"It's not too flashy but it does catch your attention."

Dave O'Donnell, professor in the College of Health Professionals
"I like the selection of the sports utility and color scheme because it's friendly and sporty."

Glenda Williams, College of Education
"I like the way it's designed."

James Doljanin, College of Education
"I like it because it's a late model and the decals are sharp and bright."

Do you have a question?
Do you want to know what others think about an issue?
Contact the INNOVATOR at extension 4517 or drop us a line in room A2134
Roses are red and violets are blue
You will never truly know my love
Just how very much I love you!
When times are good and when times are bad.
When times are happy and when times are sad.
I always think about you, every night and every day.
You are my first thought in the morning
And my last thought of the night.
You are in my dreams and in my thoughts throughout the day.
You are in the clouds, in the sun, and in the moon.
You are in a flower, in a blade of grass, you are in the lagoon.
You are in the birds, in the flame of a candle, in the breeze of the trees.
You are in a song, on a show, and you are with me wherever I go.
Your eyes, your voice, your smile, your touch are always with me.
You are a part of me, in my life, in my mind, in my heart, and in my soul.
So how, how? I ask. How can I ever let you go?

By: Margaret Rodgers

My love for you overwhelms me. It possesses all of my strength and energy.
It controls me. Oh but how alone I am,
even though you are with me, you are really not.
You are miles away and probably have forgotten all about me.
But I cannot. I don't know how. My head is pounding,
my eyes are filled with tears.
My chest aches, my stomach is in knots. My spirit has been crushed.
My life, my dreams, my one and only true love has gone to be with me no more.
Shall I lay down to sleep or shall I hope for a new day,
when my love returns to me.
I know my God is with me, for I shall go on. I will wait and I will live and my
tomorrow will be well.
For I have faith, and I do have love. I love myself today. I am not alone!!! I shall
be restored. To cry, to dream, to wish, to want, to suffer no more. I will fly as an
eagle free in this world to be with my creator who does love me.

By: Margaret Rodgers

Outlet for your creativity

Reflections is an integral part of the INNOVATOR newspaper. The paper is published every two weeks and
contains two supplements; Reflections and Encore.

Submissions are always welcomed and count as any
story or article that is submitted.

If you have a desire to submit your work to the INNO-
VATOR, please contact the literary editor, April
Campbell at extension 4517 or drop your creative work
off at the newsroom, A2134.

Submissions may also be sent via intercampus mail,
email at cyndil@worldnet.att.net, or snail mail (U.S.
Post Office).
**Movie Review**

**Detroit Rock City**

Four high school guys

by Tom Kummerer

The movie "Detroit Rock City," was a movie about four teenager high school guys going off to Detroit, Michigan to see their favorite rock band KISS. In my opinion I thought that it was a great movie. It was in a way a documentary of what any fan would do to get to see their all-time favorite band. The whole idea of making this film from the fans perspective and not the bands made it great. In most respects it was a way of saying thank you to the fans.

I really liked the fact that parent and religious figures hated the band with a passion. Knights in Satan's service, is the name that the religious folks and parents would call them. In many scenes the mom of one of the four boys went ballistic anytime she saw or heard something related to KISS. The mom took him out of public school, as punishment for listening to KISS, and put him into a private school with priests and nuns. She even went as far as to burning his ticket to the concert, along with his friends tickets. Throwing out his records of KISS. Also the mom had literally put her son on lock down. Want to find out more of this outstanding movie, well you will have to go to a theater that is playing it.

**Eddie Furlong**

Back and better than ever

by Melissa Marin

Eddie Furlong is back and better than ever. The star of "Terminator 2" plays an avid KISS fan with one goal to see his idols in concert.

The movie starts out with one of Furlong's friends taking their tickets home. Then his overly strict mother finds and burns the tickets. Now Furlong and his friends have one day to get tickets to the sold out show.

They run in to many obstacles along the way. So, do they finally get to see the show? I'll leave that one for you to find out for yourself.

I thought it was good how this movie focused on the fans and what they will go through for their favorite bands. After all, fans are what keeps the bands alive. And so often fans are not given the credit they deserve. This is a movie anyone who has ever loved a band can relate to. As a Backstreet Boys fan, I know that it's like to do anything to get to a show. Of course, KISS fans will get on added bonus at the end of the movie. So go see Detroit Rock City. Tickets aren't sold out yet.

**Splash**

from front page
Bush answering a question on the campaign trail.

Crossword 101

By Ed Canty

ACROSS
1 Pacific island country
5 Taoping time
10 Army specialty
14 Adjoin
15 Amazing quality
16 Songwriter Porter
17 Roosters' chiks
18 Level 3
20 M minus XID
21 Doodle
22 Ashed partner
23 Excessively fat
25 Spruce up the room
27 Be concerned
29 Hit-or-miss
31 Amazing quality
33 Log leftover
34 Philharmonic needs
35 TeMis term
36 Greek letters
37 Author Goodwin
38 Strauss, 1881
39 Nell, Abram's
40 Window treatment
41 Circus lion's partner
42 Buttenders
45 Barnyard Dads
46 Broadway org.
51 C.S.A. soldiers
52 Restaurant bill
55 Level 4
58 Speleologists' concern
59 Gallery
60 Graham & Preminger
61 Topic
62 German car
63 Wonder years
64 Polar explorer

DOWN
1 Saudi Arabia king
2 Wild goat
3 Level 2
4 Belonging to a thing

5 Turkish rulers
6 TV special time
7 Fury
8 *_ bin ein Berliner*
9 Mary Ford's partner
10 Structure for education
11 Robin's friend
12 Medicinal herb
13 Display cards in Pinochle
14 Secret messages
15 Kennedy and Roosevelt
20 Window treatment
21 Quilting parties
24 Slumber parties
26 Time periods
27 "It's a Wonderful Life"
29 Remedies
30 Level 1
31 Lucky roll
32 Agitators
34 Broadway awards
37 2 x
38 Buddha monk
39 Window treatment
40 Pitchers
43 Comes before agent or alarm
44 Comes before Hall
45 Chasm
46 Motor vehicle
49 Center a football
50 Quote
51 Religious ceremony
52 Affirm
53 Jewelry
54 Leader of a football
55 Joan Arc
56 Decay
57 Coach of a football
58 Hack

Quotable Quote

"In three words I can sum up everything I've learned about life: It goes on."
... Robert Frost

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Polygon Puzzles
by Dennis Lee Thom

Hello everyone. Today's puzzles will be about Mr. Liszt, Mr. Chopin, apples, and pianos.

1. Mr. Liszt has 12 apples in a box. How can he divide them equally between 12 of his fellow musicians in such a way that one apple is left in the box? (No fractions are allowed)

2. Mr. Liszt has more pianos than Mr. Chopin. If Mr. Liszt was to give Mr. Chopin one piano, then they would have the same number of pianos. However, if Mr. Chopin was to give Mr. Liszt one piano, then Mr. Liszt would have twice as many pianos as Mr. Chopin. How many pianos did each of the great piano players have?

answers

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CHESS
(Syndicated by the U.S. Chess Federation)

C.J.S. Purdy called today’s position “perhaps the most daring sacrifice ever made in a world championship match, for the consequences were certainly not fully calculable —.certified spectators became so noisy that the umpire turned the players out of the hall!” As might be expected, the perpetrator was none other than Mikhail Tal in his victorious match against Botvinnik in 1960.


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