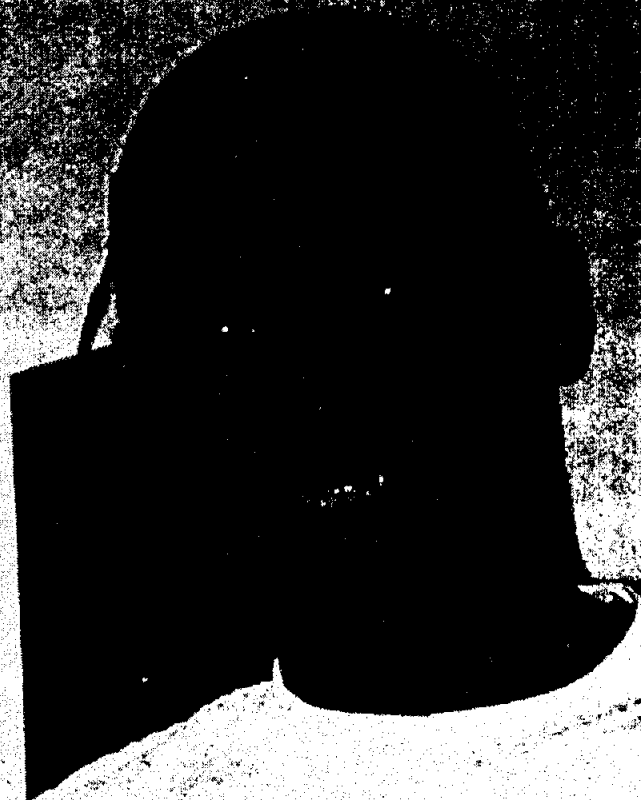


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Cappuccino is on us. *Student Center 3rd Fl.*

Realizing Profits



WPU's Online
Adult Production
Entrepreneur p. 26

ADDENDUM

TO OWNER'S MANUAL
FOR THE HUMAN BRAIN

OWNERS
MANUAL
FOR THE
HUMAN
BRAIN

It has been discovered that some of
us are roughly one in ten will experience
a disruption of normal brain activity during its
lifetime. Typically, this ailment will adversely
affect the entire life experience: FUNCTIONALLY,
STRUCTURALLY, even PERCEPTUALLY. Since you have a
brain, you are susceptible to this very serious
condition, commonly known as depression. Prolonged or
severe depression can result in suicide. It is important
that you take this serious threat and always
take care of your

Willy D's Calendar of Events

Employment Interview
3:00PM Rm.103 720-2440
Musical
"Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah!"
8PM Shea \$ 720-2371
Native American Culture Day!
Learn Lenape culture in a variety of
ways. See & Hear the
Yellow Eagle Dancers!
12PM-2PM SC BR
720-2915
Feminist Collective Weekly Mtgs.
SC Rm. 304
7pm-8:15pm
Monday Nights
All are welcome
njg@gti.net

MEISA Weekly Meetings
HH Rm. 129
Every Tues. CH
Joanne (973) 720-2524
Java & Jazz
CH SC Cafe 720-2271
Job Hunting/Networking Strategies
CH Morrison Rm.103 720-2440
Musical
"Hello Muddah, Hello Faddah!"
8PM Shea \$ 720-2371
Creating a Resume That Works!
5PM Morrison Rm.102 720-2440
Film: "What Women Want"
8PM SC BR 720-2271
Take Back the Night Rally & March
7pm Zanfino Plaza Violence Against
Women 720-2946

CCM
Holy Thursday Mass
7:30pm Tv Show 5pm
SGA Executive Board Meeting
3:30PM SC Rm.326 720-2157
**Job Hunting/Networking
Strategies**
3PM Morrison Rm.103 720-2440
Spotlight Series: 6PM SC Cafe
720-227

"Good Friday"
Happy Easter & Passover
From The Beacon
University Closed

Campus Calendar submissions are
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first come, first printed.

Submissions for calendar due Fridays by
5 PM for following Monday's publication.
Fax: 720-2093
Email: beacon@student.wpunj.edu
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Sue Vargas

The Beacon

NEWSPAPER

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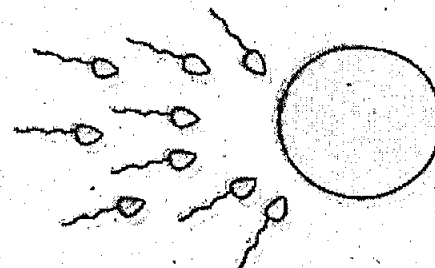
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WPU Remembers the Holocaust

BY AARON WERSCHULZ
THE BEACON

"Aaron Horowitz"

It wasn't the last name that struck me; it was the first. And that wasn't the only one I read with that first name.

I was on duty as a member of Hillel and as a Jewish student of William Paterson University on April 3, 2001. From ten in the morning until five in the evening, we were to read from a list of Jews who were slaughtered by the Nazis during the Holocaust era. A funny thing about Jews, we all differ in degrees of observance of the Torah, but it when it comes to the Holocaust we all step up and show our support in remembering the awful tragedy that took place during the second World War.

"Aaron Scheilstein"

It was a lovely day weather wise. All of us signed up for at least a half-hour shift of reading these names in front of the John Victor Machuga Student Center. At least two people would split a shift to make sure that nobody would feel overwhelmed. During my shift (2pm-3pm), I had the chance to read a time-line of events during the Holocaust as well as shaking hands with some of the other volunteers when I was not reading names. The volunteers ranged from faculty to student and from Jewish to non-Jewish. It was nice to see that other people seem to care as well.

"Aaron Heller"

I think I can count on one hand how many other Aaron's I know. I am sure I have met about a dozen or so, but I can only remember a few. It is not as a common name as say, "John" or "Joe" in the U.S. I think that on this day I met more Aaron's than I ever met beforehand. I just kept reading it over and over. They were sparsely

spread out, but it seemed to jump out at me more and more each time I read that name. It reinforced something to me.

"Aaron Wexelbaum"

I remember one night watching on television an African American talking about how all African Americans should take the Amadou Diallo situation personally.

Sure. That makes sense. Police, in retaliation of his merely taking out his identification, shoot an African American to death. Not only was he shot to death, but also the policemen used what some could consider overkill. Immediately afterward, New York City's finest get a slap on the wrist. Every time I read an "Aaron" from the list I took the Holocaust that much more personally. I started finding Holocaust

jokes and

Hitler jokes less funny. My "friends" now have to wait for me to leave the room before they can spew a Holocaust joke or two. Sorry guys, I just do not see the humor in the mass murder of millions of people who all shared a common bond with me and were killed because of that very bond.

Before I move on, I'd like to make a confession. The last names that were attached to the Aaron's, I cannot honestly remember. I am just making them up. But the last names are not the point. In fact, it's really not the

names that count at all. It's the idea that the 6 million that died are not thought of as a statistic anymore. When I first started reading the names I tried to think of all the memories these people had, good, bad or indifferent. Each of these people had a mother and a father. Most of them had siblings and some of them even had spouses and children. Saying that 6 million died is too abstract of a concept to really grasp what has happened. I guess the only way one could truly grasp the Holocaust is to think about one's best friend (or a parent, or a significant other, or an offspring), and then picture him missing. Then do it again 5,999,999 times.

"It is sad that in a university that supposedly promotes diversity and tolerance, we can't find ways to respect views that are not our own."



While I was reading the time-line, a dark skinned young man approached the table with his hand extended towards me. "I just wanted to let you know that though I'm not Jewish, I appreciate what you are doing." I did not get his name, but he did receive my sincerest gratitude. It's nice to know that the message is getting across.

Later that evening, Holocaust Awareness Day closed with Bea Karp, a Holocaust survivor. She shared her experiences with us about how her and her sister survived the holocaust with much help of O.S.E., an international organization that sheltered refugee children in southern France. I'm not going to reiterate her story (after all it's her story and I am very sure I would be doing it an injustice by retelling it), but I will say one thing that stuck out in my mind. She was asked why she goes around and speaks in front of audiences about something very emotionally scarring. Her answer was that there are people out there denying that the Holocaust existed. She wants to make sure that people don't forget what happened or blink it out of existence.

One more thing: on *The Beacon's* display case in the Student Center, somebody thought that it would be funny to tape up a fake *Beacon* application putting Adolph Hitler's name on the application. Myself, Jake (Insider Editor) and Matt (Insider Assistant Editor) saw this as we left from Bea Karp's presentation. Bad timing, friend. Somebody obviously has confused free speech, excellent articles, and brilliant design for genocide and attempted world domination. I want to make clear that there is a world of difference between the two. It is sad that in a university that supposedly promotes diversity and tolerance, we can't find ways to respect views that are not our own.

Compassion on Campus

"It's such a sin to throw food away," were the words of Clint Osgood, night supervisor of the commuter café at William Paterson University. Rather than discard unsold food at the end of the night, Clint offers the food at a reduced price, or gives it away to hungry students or members of his staff. My co-staff-member at *The Beacon*, Susan Ashworth and I can attest to his generosity. Late Sunday night as Susan and I walked through the Student Center kitchen in order to access the freight elevator, we were greeted by Clint. He asked if we, or anyone at *The Beacon* would like some free bagels, or muffins. He then proceeded to explain why we were being given this offer.

"The food was perfectly edible," said Clint. "It just had failed to sell that day." "Since there wasn't anything wrong with it," added Clint, "I wasn't about to throw good food away."

Without hesitation, we accepted his kind offer. After all it was Sunday, production night, which meant we had a full house of hungry editors and writers. *The Beacon's* staff consists of 28 members, 61% of whom live on campus; 100% of whom get the late-night munchies. His generous offer came at precisely the right time.

"My favorite thing is helping people and making people



smile; it motivates me. If I can put a smile on a student's face, I contribute to their day in a positive way," said an upbeat Clint.

Sue Vargas
The Beacon

After working for 25 years in the food service industry, Clint is as enthralled with his job now as he was on his first day. Employed with Sodexo Marriot Food Services, Incorporated since October 2000, Clint has also helped manage Wayne Hall.

When asked at which location he prefers working, Clint diplomatically responded, "Both have positives and negatives. The negative is that this (Student Center) is open later. The positive is that it is more active here. I have a host of responsibilities here, there's a lot more going on, special events and such."

Besides working with Sodexo Marriot, Incorporated and commuting 50 minutes every day from Rockland County, Clint is also employed by Primerica as a personal financial analyst. In his capacity as an analyst, Clint helps guide families into financial security. "If I can only help one family it would be the greatest thing," stated a humble Clint.

In addition to working two jobs, Clint enjoys film, particularly his favorites, which are comedies. "But I'm not a Jim Carrey fan," Clint said adamantly.

Clint dispels the "Every man for himself" mentality that one so often encounters in managerial positions today.

Everyone should learn from Clint Osgood's benevolence.



Calling All Seniors

It's Not Too Late!

Dinner Dance Tickets are still only available to seniors

April 1st Don't Miss Out

Ticket sales will open to everyone

The Dinner Dance will be held aboard The Spirit Of New York
Thursday, April 19th at 7:30pm

Buses are available, and will depart lot 5 at 5:00pm

William Paterson Students \$30.00

Non-William Paterson Guests \$40.00

Tickets can be purchased in the SC Room 332

Horror Stories from the Shoebox

"Mealtime Musings"

It was just another day in Wayne Hall when I sat down to my usual variety of dining, not knowing that I was about to partake in an unprecedented phenomenon. I took a tentative bite of my "cooked carrots" and realized that there was something very peculiar about them: they were actually hot. (Of course, by the time I had finished scribbling the beginning of this article onto a 52-times-recycled napkin, the aforementioned phenomenon was no longer true.) And wait...just what was that green spot, anyway? So much for miracles.

Accompanying my "cooked carrots" on my winter sled- I mean, uh - tray, was some sort of vague attempt at a "chicken" substance. Realizing quickly that just about everything tastes better with ketchup, I went and retrieved a small bowl of a ketchup-like substance to test out this theory. But instead of it being in a large metal dispenser labeled, "Ketchup" as usual, it was in large unlabeled buckets and had to be ladled out.

"I think this is ketchup," I said doubtfully to the friend I was having dinner with, "...or congealed cow blood." I explained that I wasn't exactly sure, because there were no labels that day, and that even though we knew it wasn't real ketchup anyway, the labels made it easier to hold onto my illusions. At that point my friend whipped out a pen, grabbed a recycled napkin, wrote KETCHUP on it, and propped it in front of my small bowl of red slime, and smiled innocently at me.

Jennifer Sinclair
The Beacon

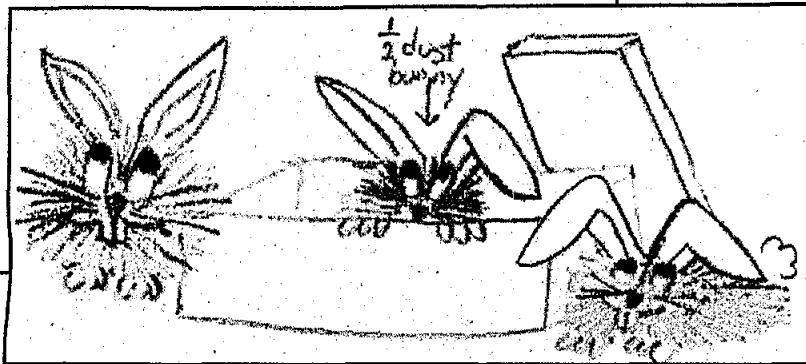
Giving up on my ketchup theory after the first nauseating bite, I pondered aloud, "Maybe just the skin will be good, or..." (pausing here to attempt cutting the "chicken") "...not MALLEABLE! Whichever comes first. I'm not eating that, I'm scared of it. Is there any meat in here? Wait - maybe I found a piece...no, there IS no meat in here, it's just bones! One bone, (stabbing with fork) two bones!"

After that incident, my last resort was, "The pretzels are good. And the bread. The bread is good too." My friend was then kind enough to point out that both of these things came in bags. So much for optimism.

Like I said, just another day at Wayne

Hall...

(Written by Jennifer Sinclair, her colleague Satan's Little Helper, and a hardworking staff of 47 and a half dust bunnies).



corrupted them to convert the populace, people celebrated the Spring Solstice, the day when light and dark were in balance. Spring was a time of birth, as Nature and Her creatures began to emerge from their Winter sleep and reproduce, glad for the returning warmth. The ceremony was often known as Ostara,

Stupidity Reports

pg. 7

and it was marked by worship of the fertility goddess Eostre. In some areas the ceremony bore the same name as the goddess. When the Church began its crusade to convert the 'heathens,' it realized that a combination of the old ways and the new would work best. Hence Eostre became Easter, and was placed on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the equinox.

Eostre has a part in another Easter tradition: the Easter bunny. Every deity throughout history has been associated with physical totems, often animal, and Eostre had several. The primary symbol, the hare, is a sensible icon for a fertility goddess. Rabbits mate often and reproduce prolifically and

Jessica Lynn
The Beacon

indeed are stereotyped as creatures that multiply. The Easter rabbit is given the task of delivering one of the best-known, and best-loved, traditional symbols: Easter eggs.

The Spring rites were intended to ensure fertility in the growing season, and eggs are obvious symbols of fertility. Nearly every creature on earth comes from an egg in some form. During the old rites, eggs were colored scarlet for fertility and gold as offerings to the Sun God. Now eggs are usually colored simply for fun and decoration, though in the Ukrainian style the decorations still tell stories and deliver prayers.

We at The Beacon do not approve of plagiarism, of course. If you want to borrow ideas, fine. They are fun, of course. But please, give credit where credit is due, especially on such a large scale.

An Easter Tale

Today everyone knows Easter as a Christian holiday. But where did this tradition come from? Why do we color eggs every year, where did that silly rabbit come from? In fact, why do we call it, "Easter"? Did the name just come down as divine inspiration? I don't think so.

Once upon a time, before the Church stole the old ways and

Carolyn:

What do I say to my good friend when she tells me, "R says I'm the best lover he's ever had," knowing that I was once R's lover years ago? I'm not too bothered that R said this to her--what he and I had is all pretty hazy and distant--BUT I am bothered that she tells me about it. I feel like this introduces an ugly, competitive flavor to our friendship. What can I say to her to make her realize this is un-sisterly and bad for our friendship, but not to appear jealous?

Background: They met through me. R and I are not hot for each other. I go out of my way not to mention what R and I had.

--Between a Rock and an Ugly Place

The issue here isn't the way to phrase your response, it's how hard to guffaw. If she's really so insecure that she needs to report to you--or to anyone--on her mattress-worthiness, then fighting back seems almost cruel.

Besides, there's no competition if you refuse to play. Skip straight to pity and let her pretend that she won. "Oh, I'm sure, you tigress you," pat pat.

Dear Carolyn:

I chose my college major essentially on a whim, because I took a class in it that I enjoyed and I wanted to decide on a major quickly. I plugged along in the field, mostly

because it was the path of least resistance to keep studying, and eventually earned a Ph.D. Now that I'm done, I find myself growing weary of my field and wistfully thinking that I've cheated myself of some happiness by not planning my life out more carefully.

I'd like to forge a career for myself in something I'm more interested in. How do I decide upon a career to pursue--and more generally, what to do with the rest of my life--when I don't feel as though I've ever had a solid platform to start from?

--Finally Stopping to Wonder

Don't dismiss unhappiness, misdirection and fatigue when you're

TELL ME ABOUT IT

Advice for the Under-30 Crowd

hunting around for your platform. There's a lot of useful self-knowledge in there.

You're thorough, for one--why merely choose the wrong career path when you can go all the way through with a Ph.D.! And you're smart, I'm guessing, and I think we can stipulate to your being well educated. Not bad as personal foundations go.

You'd also rather put a bag on your head

and pretend you're working than face down the meaning of life. That's as much a part of your platform as anything else, if not more. Why the big rush for a major? Why so risk-averse ever since?

Instead of ditching one life box for another, I'd find these answers first. Find out what it is in your nature that told you it was a good idea to devote nearly a decade to an unchallenged bad decision--and whether that nature is subject to change.

Or, if you're in a slightly more radical mood, you can just go change it. There are all kinds of programs that can put your mind to charitable use and, more important, defer your student loans while you ponder your place in the cosmos. AmeriCorps

(www.americorps.org),

Peace Corps

(www.peacecorps.gov) and

each for America

(www.teachforamerica.org)

are three that come to mind,

and you can search others

based on your field--or the farthest thing from it--at www.idealists.org. Round up your doubts and fears and questions and your predisposition to plod, take them out back and shoot them.

Carolyn:

I am a 29-year-old woman with a master's degree, great job and am considered very attractive. My problem is the boyfriend.

He is my age, works as a hospital orderly and is incredibly handsome. We have been together for two years. At his best, he is funny, charming and passionate. Most of the time, he is cold, self-centered and distant. He is uncomfortable talking about feelings, and can't cry or say, "I love you." He has not acknowledged my birthday or Christmas for two years. On four previous occasions, I have confronted him because acquaintances of mine told me he was flirting with them, even taking their phone numbers. He denies or minimizes this. Upon the fifth such report, I ended the relationship. He accused me of overreacting, denied the rumor and was indignant that I would believe others over him. He admits he has trouble with feelings, but is now saying he loves me. I know he's no good for me, but am weakening. I think a big part of this is his good looks. Help!

--Barbara

Please. If that's what you value, Miss 29-Advanced-Degree-Very-Attractive, that's what you get.

Write to "Tell Me About It," c/o The Washington Post, Style Plus, 1150 15th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20071 or e-mail: tellme@washpost.com. Chat online with Carolyn each Friday at noon and Monday at 3 p.m., both Eastern time, at www.washingtonpost.com.

BUSH'S BASEBALL TAX FETISH

What is it with some Republican leaders and baseball? When it comes to America's national pastime, the party of lower taxes and less government leaves its principles in the dust.

The lead GOP pitcher for sports pork is President Bush, who launched a federally sponsored initiative last week to "revitalize" baseball. He will host kiddie T-ball games on the White House lawn, recruit Cabinet officials to help promote the sport, and throw out the first pitch at the Milwaukee Brewers' new ballpark.

What's wrong with Bush's baseball fetish? Many of his supporters will argue that there's no harm in embracing athletic nostalgia and patriotic symbolism.

But there's nothing romantic about raiding the public purse, which is what modern baseball increasingly is all about. I hate to be a sportsperson, but the president's latest crusade is a foul play that undermines the credibility of serious fiscal conservatism.

Take Miller Park, the \$400 million stadium in Milwaukee where Bush will join baseball commissioner Bud Selig (the Brewers' former president) this Friday. The Brewers paid for less than one-fourth of the cost of stadium construction, and much of that came from subsidized government loans. Taxpayers voted overwhelmingly against public funding for the Brewers' new home. But they were forced to pick up the rest of the tab through a sales-tax hike, totaling \$300 million, which was imposed upon them in 1995 by the state legislature.

Who championed that tax increase? Former Wisconsin Gov. Tommy Thompson, the Republican welfare reformer who now heads Bush's Department

of Health and Human Services. Thompson played hardball with local lawmakers, including state Sen. George Petak -- a Republican who cast the deciding vote that passed the stadium sales-tax hike. Soon after, Petak's district held an anti-tax revolt. They punished Petak by making him the first and only Wisconsin legislator ever recalled.

Prominent Republican officials from New York Mayor Rudy Giuliani to Pennsylvania Sen. Rick Santorum to Massachusetts Gov. Paul Cellucci to Florida Gov. Jeb Bush have joined tax-happy Democrats in drumming up public money to pay for new sports stadiums at nosebleed prices. Economist

Raymond J. Keating of the Washington, D.C.-based Small Business Survival Committee estimates the total costs of building big league ballparks at \$11.5 billion, with taxpayers picking up about 81 percent of the tab, or \$9.3 billion.

It wasn't always

this way. Keating writes: "Ballparks were once privately financed. Like other businesses, team owners bought the land and erected their own facilities. Before 1953, only one Major League Baseball club played in a government-funded stadium, and 75 percent of funding for ballparks came from private sources." Since then, only one big league ballpark has been built without taxpayer money, while 19 baseball stadiums were 100 percent taxpayer-funded. "Given current efforts," Keating predicts, "another \$5 billion to \$6 billion could be spent in the next few years on big league ballparks, with taxpayers easily on the hook for at least \$3.5 billion to \$4 billion."

On the Right



Michelle Malkin

Writer for the Washington Post Writer's Group

The Stupidity Report by Larry Clow

This week, I received perhaps the greatest compliment ever. Well, let me restate that: one of the greatest compliments ever. I had hoped my column two weeks ago, which briefly addressed the garbage issue on campus, would've provoked some more discussion; alas, I only received two letters in regard to that. One of those letters was cogently written and made a few good points. The other letter, however, was not. The second letter seemed like it was written on a cocktail napkin in a bar on a really bad night, then transferred to an email and sent to me. While the first letter had some good points, the second letter made a few blind accusations and rambled for a bit; however, it was one of the funniest things I've ever read. So, let's get right to the first letter.

"Just when I thought your attacks on WPU couldn't get any more ridiculous, the March 26th issue of the Beacon arrived. Don't you think you spewed your venom in the wrong direction? Do you think the faculty and staff are responsible for the garbage strewn all over? For a moment, I thought you had come to your senses by asking that the students collect it, but bringing it to Dr. Speert was certainly not appropriate. Why didn't you suggest that the students become more responsible by placing their trash in the receptacles instead of just dropping it wherever they happen to be? If WPU were to hire more people just to pick up the garbage, wouldn't it then follow that your tuition rates would have to rise to cover the cost? You would be doing everyone a favor if you started a 'Let's Clean Up After Ourselves' campaign.

Regarding having to stand on line for ten whole minutes to get your food, poor baby!! Are you so above the ways of the world that you deserve instant service wherever you go? It sounds to me that three people behind the counter should be sufficient when you consider that the number of patrons fluctuates from minute to minute. If Food Service were to hire additional servers, just what do you think that would do to the cost of the

meal plan?

Through the Beacon, you have an opportunity to suggest and bring about change. Your method, however, is totally negative, which is not the best way to approach a problem.

Finally, if you are so dissatisfied with EVERYTHING, why are you a student here? Shouldn't you have your applications in to colleges who will pamper you and cater to your every whim? WPU is by no means perfect, but anyone who puts his/her mind to it can get a good education here, and be a positive force in the real world."

And so, that's that. As far as the garbage issue is concerned, I've heard from both sides on that: those who think I was out of line and those who totally agree with me. The comment about Dr. Speert wasn't so much a suggestion as a means to make a point: something needs to be done. I thought that my comments would spur some people into writing to me or maybe even spur them into action. Yes, it is primarily the students' responsibility to clean up after themselves; however, isn't there a bit of responsibility on the grounds crew to pick up some of the garbage? I saw someone empty a garbage can by the Towers the other day. He took the garbage bag out, put a new one in, and walked off; meanwhile, there was a pile of trash two feet away from the can that the guy didn't pick up. In that case, whose responsibility is it? In any case, maybe the above anonymous reader would like to collaborate with me in sponsoring a "Clean Up After Yourself" campaign. So, anonymous reader, reveal thyself and get in touch with me. We'll see what we can do.

My point with the standing-in-line issue wasn't that I had to stand around for 10 minutes (it was more like 15, but I digress.) The point was that there were only four people in the whole place! Two were at Burger King, one was at Sbarro and one was manning Chix Ahoy or Manchu Wok. BK and Sbarro were pretty crowded too, so that meant that it was going to be a long while before I could get food from Chix

Ahoy. As someone that has classes grouped relatively closed together, it is kind of inconvenient to have to wait for dinner all because the eating facilities are understaffed. The anonymous reader brings up the meal plan, and how having more staff will affect it. Well, figure this one out: I can go use my meal plan for dinner at Wayne Hall and it's equal to \$6.95; however, if I go to the Student Center, dinner there equals \$2.19 for BK and some other fluctuating prices for Sbarro, Manchu Wok, etc..

Why are the values not equal? Why is it that you can only get one slice of pizza at Sbarro, but go to Wayne Hall and eat eight slices? There must be some reason for this, and if you happen to get anything that isn't clearly marked at the Student Center, you'd better be prepared to open up all the packages just to show the cashier what you have, because apparently there are a lot of people out there trying to steal that gourmet Student Center food! If I get nuggets from BK, I have to open up the box and let the cashier see if I have five nuggets for the meal plan; if I don't, the cashier will act like her job is on the line if she doesn't count each piece of chicken. For the love of God, it's BURGER KING CHICKEN! It probably costs Burger King a total of 30 cents to make the chicken so I don't think that losing a nugget here or there is going to matter. If anything, the Student Center should allow more on the meal plan. One slice of pizza or five nuggets doesn't cut it at all.

That is all I really have to say about this criticism. As I said, the letter made a point and was written by someone who had a knowledge of how to construct thoughts and put them on to paper, which is more than I can say for the second letter, which will be printed in next week's Stupidity Report. As always, I encourage you to send me mail, directing it either to the Beacon office (Student Center room 310), or my email address, "stupidityreport@hotmail.com" stupidityreport@hotmail.com.

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When a Sexual Attack Goes Ignored

As a woman I can honestly say that not once in my life have I encountered a gross display of sexism. I haven't by any means been living in a bubble, but I've felt nothing but equality in my entire life. The closest thing to sexism I've felt is a fight with my dad because I couldn't buy a 70 Chevelle because the engine was too big and he thought I couldn't handle it. I got over it.

It actually sickens me that my first encounter with sexism was at college. Not just a comment either, I was attacked by a disgustingly drunk resident of the Towers, and as I look at my

Alli Chavanon
Diversity Editor

watch right now I realize that 3 weeks have gone by, and even after filing a police report with campus police an hour after the attack, nothing has been done about it.

I'll start at the beginning and hopefully someone else will be as upset with the University as I am about this.

Three weeks ago all of my days and nights were mostly occupied, and needless to say I was hardly ever in my room. I came in on Friday, April 9th at around 3AM and I can't tell you how happy I was to be in my room. I was extremely tired and after a long night it felt awesome to be in a room with a couple of my friends. My two best friends were there, and a kid that I had met in our hallway once but didn't know that well. Everyone was talking and having an ok time, talking about bands and whatever. I threw a sweatshirt on and I told them that I was going to park my car, which was still in 15-minute parking at the time. The kid that I didn't know that well said that he would go with me, and I was happy for the company; walking from the pits of Lot 5 is never a pleasurable experience so I said ok. ("The Kid" will remain nameless for this article; the last thing I need is a lawsuit). So the kid and I walk to my car and I drive it to the second row of Lot 5, and we started walking back to Towers. From the moment that I shut the door to my car until I got into Towers the kid was basically on top of me. He's approximately 6'2 and I'm 5'6, and those extra inches never seemed to be so huge to me until that night. I felt like he was towering over me and he put his arm around me, and with the smell of disgusting cheap liquor on his breath he started kissing me. Throughout my life I've never been a person that likes conflict, so I backed away and said "I'm sorry but kisses are special to me, I barely know you", and I turned my head away and started walk-

ing faster. He responded by saying something like "You know you want me to kiss you right now, I would have done this the night I met you but other people were around."

I can't speak for women as a whole, but I have never felt so cheap and disrespected then when he said that. This drunken asshole was all over me, kissing me when I didn't want to be kissed, and he had the nerve to tell me that I wanted it!

As I was walking faster he kept his pace with me and tried kissing me again. Nothing is as disgusting as having a guy full of liquor when I was completely sober kissing me and holding me to him so I couldn't get away. At this point I was really really scared.

We finally walked into Towers and at the desk was one of my sorority sisters' boyfriends, and all I wanted to do was scream at him to help me, and to get the kid away from me, but my mentality at the time was just to get away. I was near tears and all I could think about was getting away from the kid and finding someone to help me. I live on the D floor so I didn't have far to go, but the kid kept his pace right next to me and as I was starting to feel relief because the door to my hallway was basically in front of my face, he grabbed me by both my arms and shoved me into the elevator. At this point I was scared shitless. I have never been in a situation where I have felt more helpless and defenseless because I was obviously overpowered.

In the elevator he kept repeating that we were going to his room and as he was babbling to himself I was trying to regain my composure. I knew that the last thing I was doing was going to his room so I was racking my brain, thinking of excuses to tell the kid. I knew that a simple "no" wouldn't work, so as the door opened to his hall and as he started to pull me out I blurted out "You don't understand! My sorority sisters are going to call me in my room, I should be there!" There wasn't very much truth to this statement but for some reason it made him let me go. As the elevator doors were closing he mumbled something about coming up to my room.

I ran to my room and my two best friends were still there. At this point I was so hysterical my mascara was running down my face and I was crying at a screaming level. I felt so used and disgusting. I slammed the door to

my bathroom and just fell on the floor crying. My friends and my suitemate tried to console me but I couldn't listen to any of it. Needless to say, 10 minutes later there was a knock on my door. After a minute of deciding what to do my room mate and I went into my suitemate's room, and my suitemate answered my door. Outside was the kid with an empty bottle of Goldschlager liquor in his hand. She wouldn't let him in the room, but he said he left his wallet on one of the beds, and after trying to search for it herself, she let him in to come get it, warning him that he had to leave right away. The kid came into the room and asked my friend if he wanted to take a shot. When my suitemate tried to kick him out of the room, because obviously the dick (I mean, The Kid) lied about his wallet, he pushed her into one of our walls and walked out.

At that moment I was so hysterical and so enraged that I ran out into the hallway and screamed at him, but he just kept walking. My suitemate ran down our hallway to the RA on duty about a minute later and immediately things went into action. The police were called, we all filed reports, etc. I stayed awake all

night long talking to various police officers and counselors. The next day the residence life office promised me that The Kid was kicked out of all of the dorms, and that he was on their "dangerous people" list.

For a while I actually felt good about how things were being handled. As a woman I felt disrespected but in my mind, if I didn't have to worry about running into The Kid in the middle of the night anymore, I was ok.

Like I said in the beginning of this article, 3 weeks have gone by and it seems to me that my situation isn't as important to residence life anymore. One of the residence directors came into my room a couple of days ago and said that The Kid was having a hard time getting to classes and he was being allowed to live in Matelson Hall. I think it's amazing that not only is Residence Life going back on their word to me, they let the kid move into a building where people that are PRIVILEGED are allowed to live. People have to work hard on their GPA's to live in Matelson and my attacker is currently residing there. If you are a woman and you are reading this, please let every girl you know where this asshole is living and to

watch out.

I've yet to receive a trial for the incident, and not only was a disrespected by a drunk piece of trash, I was disrespected by the University to whom I pay money to attend.

On a personal level, I can honestly say that I feel like less of a woman because this happened. What was it about me that looked like I should be attacked? Was it the way I was dressed? I wasn't flirting with him in any way. I just hope that The Kid is reading this, and if you are, I want you to thank me. I want you to say a silent thanks in your head that I didn't include your name or your picture, both of which I have, in this article. Thank me because I kept the five guys that were honestly ready to kill you away from you.

I hope you're happy, because you took away a lot of the self-respect that have I built up over my life. You made me feel cheap and made me cry. Think about that when you have a daughter, or when you have a wife, and turn the situation around in your pathetic head.



Ecstasy use by a diabetic

I am currently 29 years old. I am also a well-controlled and healthy type 1 (insulin dependent, shot-taking) diabetic since age thirteen. When I was about 23 or 24 I was heavily into the local club scene and at the time at least, Ecstasy happened to be popular, high quality and plentiful. Dealers were seemingly everywhere, as well as the people on it and it wasn't hard to tell they were all enjoying themselves a lot.

I had never taken a "hard drug" in my life, not cocaine, speed, LSD or anything other than alcohol or pot, mainly out of fear of addiction as well as my paranoia of seeing things that just aren't there, but I started to consider taking "E" after hearing about its fascinating effects. I spent a good week or two talking to those who were experienced in the matter and discussed in great detail the onset, apogee and come-down times, as well as the after effects, possible side effects and psychological and physical ramifications in all their possibilities. After all of that I deemed that as long as I was careful about my diabetes when tripping, everything would be fine. I started making careful preparations for the big night.

My first concern would be that when on any drug such as E, which can alter one's perception of one's own bodily state, I might not be able to feel a hypoglycemic (low blood sugar) episode coming on. That was possibly dangerous, since these usually require the drinking of a 12-ounce soda about eight minutes after it is first noticed. Let it go any further and passing out is a real risk. Usually the feeling of nervousness or disorientation particular to hypoglycemia is enough to let me know I need that soda, but on E, I thought, that feeling may have been masked. So my first and virtually only concern was the avoidance of hypoglycemia. Once again, I prepared for this eventuality in advance.

When "zero night" came, everything was set to my satisfaction. My car was parked not too far from the club where I was to take it. In the car was a stock of three 12 oz. soda cans, my portable glucose meter and plenty of strips to use with it. I intended testing every half hour during the hardest part of the trip and then every 45 minutes as I came down. I knew most of the people at the club by name and any of them would help me if I should have requested. I also made it well known to them that I was a first timer with E. I had a few closer friends there to help with the diabetic details. I told them about all of my concerns and preparation plans, I made sure they were staying straight that night so they'd be able to assist if I needed it and most importantly I showed them how to use my blood meter and even where to find its miniature instruction card. The meter was basically foolproof anyway, but just to make sure, I had them do everything from pricking my finger to assessing the results so there was no doubt whatsoever. That also put my mind to rest. I wanted to enjoy this trip and not be paranoid while on the journey. My friends were instructed, in the event of my impaired judgment, to get me a soda and make me drink it immediately if my blood sugar

fell to 70 or less. They were also instructed to escort me to the car for a test and soda every half hour or whenever I felt like it. Their support made this possible.

Even earlier that night I took less than the usual amount of insulin after dinner so my blood sugar would be more stable and even a bit higher afterwards, but nowhere near dangerous levels. I bought a hit from a known dealer on Friday night and waited until Saturday when I went out to get everyone's reaction about the batch he'd been selling and its safety. No one had a bad trip so it was a go. I took only half a tab, which is all I strongly recommend for first-time users. After taking it I set my watch to count down to the

45-minute onset time. After much anticipation and even fear, it kicked in and was a great trip.... hard rolling, muscle tension, ecstasy, openness and an energy coursing through my body that was pure Zen. It was better than I could pos-

Anonymous

sibly have imagined.

I walked a lot, which I knew was going to lower my blood sugar so the testing came in handy, all right. Naturally the sugar did go down to about 70 but I was at all times coherent enough to test my own blood (I was supervised anyway) and to judge when I needed that soda. Eating some food after-

wards would have been ideal but since E killed my appetite so badly, I only consumed the soda. I lusted for water and I didn't have an appetite for the soda since it wasn't going to quench my thirst but it wasn't too hard to force it down in a minute or two. I recovered just fine in the usual three post consumption minutes; no difference there. As the testing and the trip progressed I noticed no wild fluctuations in blood sugar and nothing that wasn't commensurate with my activity level and other factors normally influencing blood sugar in a diabetic.

At the end of the trip, or at least when I felt okay about stopping the half hourly testing, my blood sugar was an ideal 150. I took a small

shot of insulin and went to get something to eat, since I'd been left ravenous by the experience. I believe that tripping for those who have diabetes isn't inherently dangerous. But all trips, for those with diabetes, have to include the usual common sense measures (moderation, plenty of water, etc.) as well as fail-safe measures for getting your blood sugar tested and responded to. With experience I learned that I could test by myself but I always let people who knew I was diabetic and who would be around know that I was X'ing when I did it.

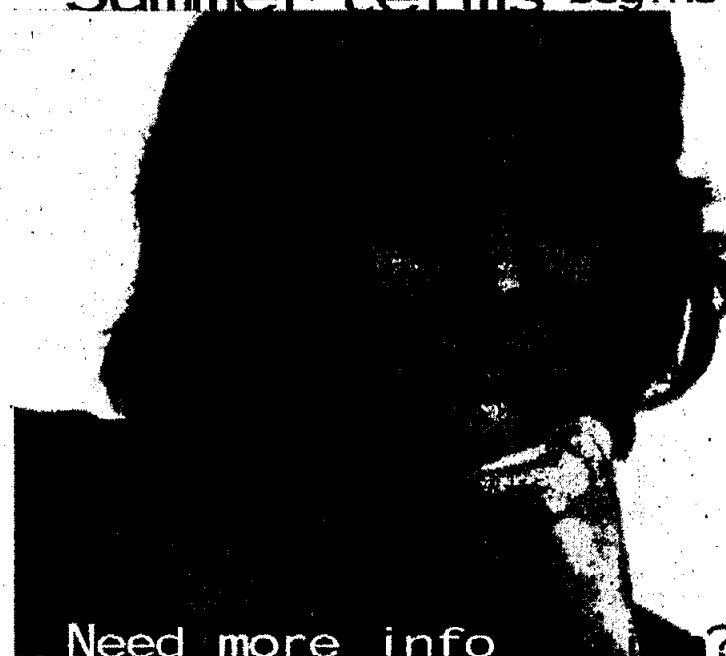
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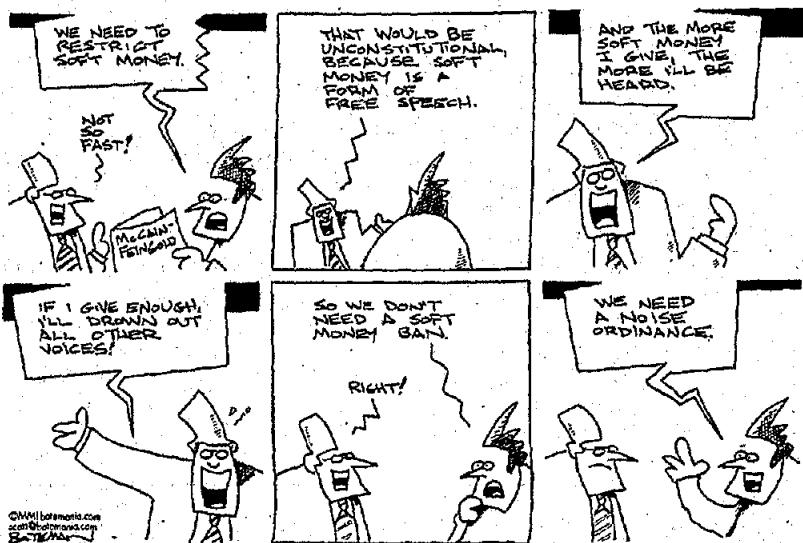
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A federal judge has now ruled that "diversity" is, in itself, an academic value, and therefore race may be taken into account in university admissions. This interesting argument was handed down in a case involving the University of Michigan, in which the plaintiff argued that black applicants with much lower qualifications had been admitted while she was turned down. The university did not -- could not -- deny that black applicants were put on a separate "track,"

which, in effect, meant that, yes, they could get in with lesser qualifications. But it argued that "diversity" is good for education and for the institution.

The judge bought this proposition. Undoubtedly, the issue will go to the Supreme Court.

Interestingly, the "diversity" argument has not, historically, been used to benefit other ethnic groups. As everyone knows, Jews were discriminated against by elite schools during the 1930s. The "diversity" argument was not heard then. Harvard never

scratched its head and worried about Italians being underrepresented.

Remarkable, isn't it, that all of a sudden "diversity" has been discovered, just in time to evade the results of negative referenda and negative court decisions regarding quotas and affirmative

action.

And "diversity" really means more blacks, with a bit of a nod toward Hispanics.

When you begin to look closely at the "diversity" category, it tends to disappear into the mist. In a courageous new book, Professor John H. McWhorter, who is black and teaches linguistics at

Berkeley, demolishes a few prevalent myths. The beneficiaries of racial preferences are not applicants from poverty backgrounds, individuals

struggling upward from the bottom. No, says McWhorter, most come from families with incomes above \$40,000 per year.

Why, asks McWhorter, do advocates of racial preferences "see no problem whatsoever in the black child of a municipal lawyer and a high-

"The tree of life is full of limbs." So say the teachings of the First Church of the Last Laugh, purportedly -- at least by Bishop Joey and Cassiel Cardinal McAvity -- the world's largest church of the world's oldest religion. And you may already be a member.

This church is, of course, no church at all -- no donations, no services, just a Web site, one festival day and a lot of good humor. The festival lands perhaps appropriately on April Fool's Day and has been celebrated for 22 documented years. It honors St. Stupid.

You'll find the Web site that hosts this not-so-holy religion at www.saintstupid.com. It is entirely a tongue-in-cheek poke at the seriousness of religious holidays and a tribute to the lack of nationally recognized days of wackiness. After passing a biting disclaimer by Bishop Joey, on site you will find such goodies as The Sayings of Stupid, The Pledge of Stupid and Church Pre-History. Also, if you are longing for the dogma of an established religion, you will find Do-It-Yourself Rituals.

A parade highlights the St. Stupid Day festival in San Francisco. Actually it is described as "part parade, part comedy church service." This includes a meandering group of brightly dressed disciples and begins promptly at noon at the Transamerica Pyramid. From there, the festivities include art cars, a talent competition, satire-rock music from the S.T.U.P.E.D.S. (Society to Undertake the Preservation of Dumb Songs) and plenty more.

What if you can't make it to the parade? Take their advice straight from the Web site:

Stop whatever you're doing at noon on April 1. Hold your hand, palm turned up facing your face, and say "that's the way he would have wanted it." Slap your forehead with your palm, and finish, "had he thought about it."

For more information on the St. Stupid Day Parade and festivities check out the Web site at www.saintstupid.com or call (510) 841-1898.

By Samantha Weaver and Amy Anderson

YOUR America

The Diversity Fraud

school principal in San Diego being admitted to Berkeley with lower grades and scores than the white child of an insurance executive and a travel agency manager?

The only "diversity" here is skin color.

In fact, there is likely to be more "diversity" between a white violinist and a white fullback than between two middle-class blacks.

McWhorter answers his question about his two hypothetical applicants by indicting an attitude prevalent among black thinkers and spokesmen: Too many of these, he writes, "are comfortable portraying their own people as the weakest, least resilient human beings in the history of the species." That is the rationale for making preferences for blacks a permanent part of our educational landscape. Strikingly, McWhorter's book is entitled "Losing the Race: Self-Sabotage in Black America."

What some people are really saying is that blacks need the crutch of racial preferences forever. McWhorter says no, in thunder. Racial preferences, and the perpetual victim assumptions that undergird them, are bad for blacks.

Ltr to Editor

Editor:

I am so pissed off about the meal plans on campus and the time restrictions. I was so excited when block meal plan came into existence, it gave me the power to use all of my meals that I normally never got to use if I slept in or went home for a weekend. But at the end of last semester I ended up having 50 meals left during the last week of school. This was largely due to the fact that I could not use my block meal plan after 8PM at the student center.

The student center hours have been extended yet students with meal plans are still restricted. There are many nights that I come back from work or class or other reasons and have to use my Pioneer Points or cash to fill my belly full of the crap they serve at the student center. It's hard enough to try to eat healthy at college especially when your only healthy alternative at the student center is browned vegetables, spongy salad, and sugary fruit smoothies.

The solution seems painfully obvious; match the meal plan hours to the hours that food is available. Is it so hard to find vendors that serve pre-made salads or vegetarian dishes. When I am forced to spend cash at the Student Center I feel sorry for the staff that have nothing to do because most students refrain from spending cash when they have already dropped a couple of G's on a meal plan.

Sean Rosenberg a.k.a. S-Dog a.k.a. Big Fat Dick in yo mouth a.k.a. the fussy ghost

C'est La Vie

by Don Flood

Tell no one about this column

The U.S. government, Americans were recently surprised and delighted to learn, is the proud owner of a secret spy tunnel that goes underneath the Russian Embassy in Washington, D.C.

The announcement was especially good news for Washingtonians, who until recently assumed their city was filled with potholes.

It is now understood that these "potholes" are, in fact, high-tech listening posts, conveniently located throughout the city.

Unfortunately though, there is some bad news. The FBI is charging alleged spy Robert Hanssen with having "compromised" the whole program -- meaning he may have told the Russians.

My fellow Americans, this tunnel cost hundreds of millions of dollars! Until we know for sure that the Russians know about it, we must try to keep it a secret from them!

Congress has vowed to do its part, promising to televise hearings only on C-SPAN.

You can help, too. If you suspect a neighbor might be a Russian spy -- perhaps someone who listens a little too eagerly to public radio--do not mention the secret tunnel.

But even if we are successful in keeping this mum, the episode brings up disturbing issues concerning our relationship with Russia.

At the same time that Americans were basking in the knowledge of our technical triumph, the Russians were denying a relationship with the alleged spy. "Russia simply does not have that kind of money," a former Russian chief of security said.

Excuse me? They don't have the money to pay one lousy spy? Here we are, in good faith, spending hundreds of million of dollars on a tunnel underneath their embassy--sparing no expense--and what are they doing in return?

Frankly, not enough. "Oh, we don't have the money," they say.

Well, I don't see how we can expect to develop realistic spy novels and movies with that kind of attitude.

I mean, either they're in the game or they're out.

And that's not all. Pretty soon the other embassies will hear about this and they're going to wonder, "Hey, where's our secret tunnel? They spent hundreds of millions of dollars on a lousy Russkie

tunnel. What'd they spend on us?" Think how peeved the French will be when they find out they don't rate a tunnel--that all the CIA has for their embassy is a paper boy who claims to lip-read French. Which brings up another issue--funding.

Because of the tremendous expense, it's time the federal government begins thinking about the privatization of spy tunnels.

I would imagine, for instance, that the CIA has a sign at the entrance that says "Top Secret Russian Embassy Tunnel." Simply by allowing a name change to, say, "The Pizza Hut Russian Embassy Tunnel," the federal government could pick up a nice piece of change.

Pizza Hut would be thrilled to be associated with a patriotic cause, and later -- after the secret tunnel was no longer secret--they could use for pizza deliveries.

It's what the government likes to call a "win-win situation."

And remember, after you read this column, eat it so that it doesn't fall into the hands of the Russians.

A friend's sister--I'll call her Jane--relocated to Ireland when her company opened a new branch of its operations and put her in charge. She and her husband (who took a leave of absence from his teaching job to be with her) had just learned that she was pregnant when they began packing for the move. But they agreed that it was an opportunity she shouldn't pass up. When the baby was due, they'd come back to the United States where my friend's obstetrician would deliver her child, and then return to Ireland.

But Jane has since changed her mind. She met the midwife who delivered the babies of two of her colleagues, and decided that she wants this woman to bring her child into the world.

What persuaded her to make this decision?

According to my friend, Jane was

impressed by the midwife's knowledge and experience. She also knew that medical help was close at hand if needed.

"But most of all," my friend said, "Jane was impressed by the woman's overall view of her (Jane) as a person, and not as a womb surrounded by a body." For example, Jane's comfort--both physical and psychological--was

always accommodated during examinations. Jane was also encouraged to ask questions, and always given a full answer. And, unlike the practice in most American hospitals where nursing tech-

niques are taught after the baby's birth, Jane's midwife prepared her months before her due date for what many first-time mothers find a daunting experience. In recent years, an increasing number of American women have chosen midwives to take charge of their deliveries. If you had a midwife deliver your child or children, tell us whether you would do so again--and why. Or, if not, why not.

On Another Note: April 16 is the deadline for filing your taxes and your first-quarter estimates. Remember: Uncle Sam will be on high alert this year to catch the folks who don't file either on time or ever. Don't be one of them.

Write to Tamara Jones in care of King Features

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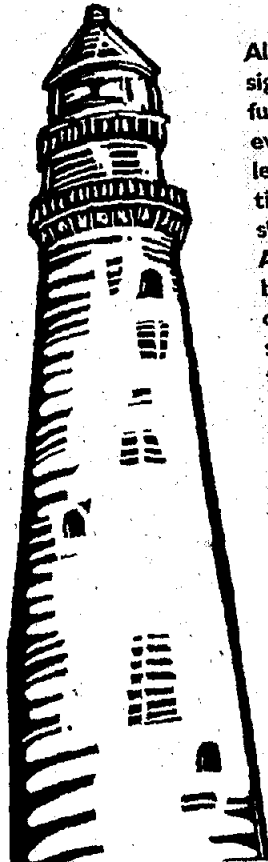
IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

by Tamara Jones



always accommodated during examinations. Jane was also encouraged to ask questions, and always given a full answer. And, unlike the practice in most American hospitals where nursing tech-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



All letters to the editor must be signed and contain the author's full name and daytime and evening telephone numbers. All letters will be verified for authenticity prior to publication. Letters should not exceed 500 words. Anonymous letters will promptly be filed in the shredder; if we put our names on the stuff we write, so should you. The best medium for sending a letter to the editor is through email. Since we are understaffed like most organizations, we do not have time to retype a zillion letters. Since the volume of mail may exceed the space available for printing, the editor may literally pick letters for publication out of a top hat. (Ryan Calazzo really does have a black top hat in his office). The Beacon does not censor content (see our mission statement) and will print any signed and verified letter that is not libelous otherwise prohibited by law.

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HOROSCOPES

Salome's
Stars

ARIES (March 21-April 19)

This week offers new opportunities for adventurous Sheep, both personally and professionally. Single Sheep could find romance with a Taurus or a Scorpio.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20) Your big break is about to happen in the workplace. Expect to hear more about it within a few days.

Meanwhile, enjoy some much-needed fun time.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20) Your past tendency for breaking promises could be catching up with you. You need to reassure that certain someone in your life that this time you'll keep your word. Good luck.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22) Watch your tendency to be overcautious in your personal relationships. Give people a chance to show who they are, not who you assume them to be.

LEO (July 23 to August 22) Aspects favor closer attention to family matters, espe-

cially where it concerns older relatives who might need special care. A co-worker has information that can help.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22) A workplace change causes a temporary delay in your plans.

Continue working on your project so you'll be ready when it's time to start up again.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22) Stick with your plans, despite some recent disappointments.

Persistence will pay off. A family member's health takes a happy turn for the better.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21) Your gift for seeing through to the heart of a matter (or the heart of a person) impresses someone who is in a position to make you a very interesting offer.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21) Your colleagues believe in your leadership abilities because

you believe in yourself. Your strength inspires others to follow your example.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19) A sensitive situation needs sensitive handling. Show more patience than you usually do. This will allow everyone time for some really hard thinking.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18) You are determined to take charge of a difficult situation and turn it around. Good for you.

Accept much-needed help and advice from a Libra.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20) You are able to help people by sensing their deepest pain, but be careful not to let your own emotions get injured. Try to maintain a safe balance.

BORN THIS WEEK: Yours is the most emotional sign of the zodiac. You are empathetic and have a deep spiritual core that gives you your great strength.

Picture Peek Win! Win! Win!



Can you guess what this picture is? I'll give you a hint: it's on the William Paterson University Campus.

Win 2 Movie Tickets.

If you get the answer right, you'll be entered in a drawing in which your name might possibly be chosen

to win 2 movie tickets. Just fill out the form below and return to The Beacon Office at Student Center Room 310. The drawing will be on Friday and we'll contact you as soon as you win.

The Beacon Picture Puzzle for April 9, 2001

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What Is It? _____



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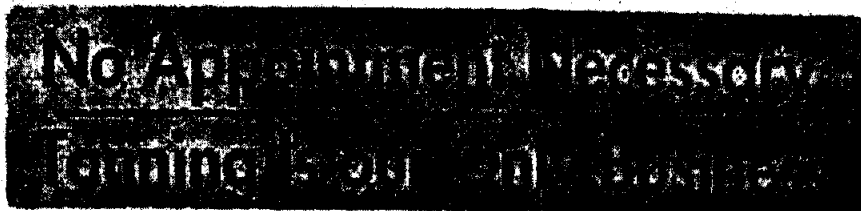


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INSIDER

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That Darn Punk Good Movie, Great Soundtrack



AVC
Editor

That Darn Punk, a new movie from those crazy pop-punkers over at Kung Fu Records and Films, is the tale of a punk rocker (**Vandals** bassist/Kung Fu records guy Joe) who makes a couple mistakes (like cheating on a girl numerous times) and ends up being lost in a journey of some of the strangest characters to the big screen. This movie was shot on film, but available on video direct from kungecords.com. And for under \$20, it is well worth it. It should be made clear that if you are not a fan, a lot of the fun stuff about the movie might go over your head. For example, the clever trick used during the end credits can only be appreciated by a punk rock fan. That trick is, you will have to find out on your

own that trick and some live footage of the band **Guttermouth**, the movie doesn't allow it's roots to interfere with the storyline. With an abundance of cameo parts, it's actually a shame that That Darn Punk was made for only \$20. A figure that would be laughed at by Hollywood (and the rest of the world). That Darn Punk also produces some memes, which will provide you with a quick laugh to others that see it. I must admit that my room-

friend Matt, and I, had a few laughs out of it. "Even an old fart can laugh at two times a day, that's an old joke." On top of that, one of the funnier parts of the movie is a scene where a big-band leader who played in the 1950s, except of course, he's wearing pants. What a joke. And how the scene is just a couple of lines that you will have to find out. In the movie, Kung Fu Records spent a lot of money putting together a great soundtrack. In fact, the producer is so proud of the soundtrack that he decided to put together a soundtrack. Yes, when I asked the producer, "Hey Joe, you don't have to worry about

any soundtrack competition from me anytime soon. I will give in and admit that yours is great.

To illustrate my point of just how good this soundtrack is, let me break it down track by track.

Nerf Herder - "Siegfried and Roy" - This song is a funny, yet a bit repetitive, play on the hilarious part of the movie which features a couple of dysfunctional/gay hitmen. It's also Nerf Herder, who you have to admit you love, even though they haven't been in the rock star light for quite a few years now.

Bigwig - "Still" - If you are a fan of Bigwig, you will like this song. I'm not a fan of the band, and even I can tolerate the song. That's actually one great thing about soundtracks/compilations: When a song/band that you do not like comes on, you can just hit the skip button and get an entirely new band altogether.

Lagwagon - "After you my Friend" - A great Lagwagon song, a classic off of their *Let's Talk About Feelings* record.

The Vandals - "Right on Q" - A brand new, previously unreleased track from the Vandals. This should be reason enough to buy this soundtrack.

You must own everything the Vandals have ever put out. Wait, maybe not everyone has been listening to the Vandals since they were 10. Sorry.

Ozma - "Domino Effect" - Wow! This is a great pop song from a brand new band. After hearing this song throughout the movie, I can't wait until Ozma puts out a record.

Pennywise - "Alien" - A classic Pennywise song off of their *Straight Ahead* record. Yes, they sound like **Bad Religion**, but they do it so well. And Brett doesn't seem to mind either.

The Ataris - "Ben Lee" - Perhaps the highlight of the soundtrack. The Ataris' Kris Roe whines about his hatred for Australian pop guy **Ben Lee**. The real reason he hates Lee is that Lee goes out with Claire Danes, a woman who Roe is obviously obsessed with. To say that this song might just turn me into an Ataris fan would be an understatement.

AFI - "Dream of Waking" - Never before released on CD, "Dream of Waking" is a classic AFI song, complete with Davey Havok's intense singing and all the hardcore breakdowns we all know and love. Let's make this simple: Anything AFI does is great.

Antifreeze - "The Ides" - Antifreeze are another new Kung Fu band, who by the sound of "The Ides" have a bright future ahead of them. Pop-punk with some catchy, dance, sensibilities.



ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
FEATURING SONGS FROM:
THE ATARIS, NERF HERDER, NO MOTIV, BIGWIG, LAGWAGON, THE VANDALS, OZMA, PENNYWISE, AFI, ANTIFREEZE, M16, RANCID, ASSORTED JELLY BEANS, SLOPPY SECONDS, SWINGIN' UTTERS, & JOSH FREESE

No Motiv - "Only You" - Veterans of New Jersey's Bombshelter scene (I don't know if that's something to be proud of), No Motiv end up sounding like **Blink-182** meets **Lifetime** on "Only You."

M16 - "Jabberjaw" - "Jabberjaw" is either **NoFx** without the crack-head mentality, or a thirteen year-old skate punker's wet dream. You decide.

Rancid - "GGF" - The last track off of their most recent self-titled album, Rancid's "GGF" finds a comfortable home on the That Darn Punk soundtrack. It's actually not that good of a song, but it's Rancid, and if I was Joe, I'd take a Rancid song if I could get one too.

AJB - "Doodis" - I don't know if Assorted Jelly Beans are changing their sound for good, or just on this song, but "Doodis" is their most promising effort since "Braindead."

Sloppy Seconds - "Queen of Outer Space" - Do you like your punk rock dirty?

Swingin' Utters - "The Lonely" - Many years ago, I think I saw the singer for this band throw up right on stage and keep singing. I'm not sure if it was really Swingin' Utters, but if it was I like the song. If not, it sounds like just another wannabe NoFx.

Josh Freese - "Why Won't Left Eye Get With me?" - This song wins the award for funniest song title. Plus Josh Freese is the coolest drummer ever. Do you know anyone

else who has been a member of The Vandals, Guns-N-Roses, Devo, and A Perfect Circle. I didn't think so.

The Vandals w/ Katalina - "My Heart Will Go On" - Yes, that's right. A punk rock version of the Titanic song, complete with Warren covering the high strings on guitar. I'm not sure what to think about this, but it doesn't sound half bad as a punk song. **The Vandals** - "Theme from That Darn Punk" - It's a fucking theme song. How much more punk rock do you get? I'm not sure, but we could ask the tuba player with no pants.

Matt H
Ass't Inside

I'd rather ta
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Exhibiti
William
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East Bay Area's For Stars

Editor

Many bands have come out of the Bay Area. A lot of those bands have contributed to the punk scene such as Operation Ivy and AFI to name a few. I could go on about the punk scene over there but I'll talk about the latest release from For Stars. After a full length, the quintet collects all their previous releases and incorporates them into their newest LP. The album is a collection of their best work, featuring slower, softer songs, as well as some of their more aggressive live songs. The album is a great collection of their best work.

Although I am not familiar with their previous releases, For Stars' latest LP is a full sound with minimal instrumentation. Their songs seem to be crafted in a careful manner, hoping to lose any emotion cap-



Photo: Jonathan Sprague

...the album is looking for the right balance between the two. This is a great album, well as the false hope of a new sound. The album is just happy that For Stars is a band that can do it. The album is a great collection of their best work.

...the album is looking for the right balance between the two. This is a great album, well as the false hope of a new sound. The album is just happy that For Stars is a band that can do it. The album is a great collection of their best work.

Student Printmaking Featured at WPU

Fourth Student Printmaking exhibition can be viewed at Paterson University through April 13th. The show, in the Power Art Center Gallery, features color, image on film etching, silkscreen, print, monotype and plate etching.

Professor Zhiyuan Cong, a painter and William, an assistant professor, invited his students and the show. Works of art are presented in a Paterson University's gallery space. "This is important because it shows the wide range of what can be produced in printmaking. Our printmaking classes offer opportunities in more than five mediums,"

Cong says. "Printmaking students are encouraged to explore all areas of their art study, from abstract realism to classical and from Eastern art to Western art, and to use this background to stir their imagination."

A reception, free and open to the public, to celebrate this event will take place at the Power Art Center Gallery on Thursday, April 12th from 4:00 to 5:00 p.m. The gallery is located on the William Paterson University campus at 25 Power Avenue in Wayne. For directions or further information, please call the Gallery at 973.720.654.

Are you into music, movies, theatre, t.v., or the internet? Probably. Do you think you have some writing skills? Most likely. Well, the Insider is searching for a few good people to help expand our coverage, so if your interests are not currently being written about, come make a change. What good are you going to do by sitting around and complaining? Come on down and see what we're about!

Student Center 310

theinsider@corporatedirtbag.com

(973) 720-2568

Ask for Jake or Matt for a good time.

CBGB'S-STILL HARDCORE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS



Pete Markowicz
The Insider

caught on fire and totally delayed my arrival and convention coverage. Among other things going wrong that weekend, I needed to have some fun, so I ventured out to the legendary CBGBs, once again. I wasn't too into all the bands playing that night, but I wasn't going to sit around and slit my wrists due to boredom. I kind of like Bane, anyways. So I went solo because everyone was being a pussy, and showed up near the end of **Over My Dead Body**. They were hard and their lyrics spoke of straight edge pride. The usual pile ons were seen and dancing in the pit was kept to a minimum. It didn't seem that many people knew of them being the band isn't local.

I heard the name **Inhuman** mentioned a lot and the guitarist looked familiar. They're from Brooklyn

Let's start off by saying my weekend totally sucked. I tried to go to the Philly Tattoo Convention, but a God damn tractor trailer

and I'm pretty sure they're friends with **Shutdown**. The first couple of songs were all instrumental. The songs were hard with a touch of old school and metal. Many people were gone by the time they started playing, and it appeared as only the band's friends were dancing. The lead singer's voice sounded muffled and the mic went out at one point. He was rocking a sweat band on his arm with his shirt tucked into his pants. His style of dress went perfectly with his body motions and lyrical screaming. The guys with the long hair in the band, were the metal part. They were walling out hard flowing sounds that made some people do cartwheels of the stage. The band also borrowed another bands' drummer.

New Jersey took over CBs when **Ensign** made the stage theirs. I never liked Ensign, but tonight made me think for the better. As soon as they hit the first chord, the Jersey kids ruled the floor. They were kicking, stomping and swinging with Jersey pride. Ensign talked about touring with **Kill Your Idols**, and said how underrated they are. They also gave a shout out to their friend that was there from California.

Supposedly all these California kids were there but they weren't showing any heart by not dancing. At one point a lot of kids toppled on each other and made a huge human hill. Something about an upcoming final **Madball** show was announced, which made me happy. The muscle jokes were flying as the lead singer cracked on his bassist throughout the set. They have a lot of energy on stage and exempt hard breakdowns at times.



For some odd reason, there were a lot of cute girls everywhere which somewhat brightened my weekend. The straight edge band Bane was headlining the show, and the wait came to an end. The lead singer more or less says, at time screams, the words that all the X wearing kids seemed to know. Bane is a band that hails from Massachusetts, I think. They started with nothing and have sprung into high-speed recently. It seems they are like the Howard Stern of bands. You either hate them or love them. They have some really mean breakdowns and the dancing

got intense. One of the guitarists was complaining how his video camera got stolen at a New Jersey show the day before. The lead singer seems to always sport a backwards fitted hat and gets into the lyrics he yells. A lot of broads were dancing, which made me lust over their courage. Bane has a lot of hidden potential. They made me think twice and one of their albums ended up



all photos by Pete Markowicz



in my hands and then my ears. Listen to them more than once and just like me, you will be listening to the sounds of Bane for many more days to come.

This week in the Indie Pile-On:
The Inflatable Men-Machine Age Romance

Imagine if you will: The eighties new wave aesthetic never ended. The world is slowly starting to resemble **A Clockwork Orange**. You love your computer. In fact, your computer is as viable a musical instrument as a guitar or a turntable.

Got that in your head? Now enter the **Inflatable Men**. Along with them come **Bis**, **The Faint**, and **Winterbrief**. How do the **Inflatable Men** stand out? Well, get rid of the sexual inadequacy obsession of the

Jacob Cavetoux
Insider Editor

Faint, take Manda Rin out of **Bis**, and make **Winterbrief** a little better. There you have it. The perfect formula for the new wave-pop genius of The **Inflatable**

Men. Featuring a member of underground hip-hop act **Incognegro**, and with the potential to get a rock or dance club on its feet, it's not a surprise that the **Inflatable Men** are so rarely heard of. It seems that all the great music in the world is never heard, while **Limp Bizkit**, **Kid Rock**, **N'Sync**, and **Jay-Z** are always in our faces.

If it was up to me, I would take those artists and the other ones that sound just like them and lock them in a cage, not feed them and see who eats who first. My bet is that **Fred Durst's** fat ass would last a long time, feeding on all the anorexic pop stars like **Christina Aguilera**

and **Britney Spears**.

But hey, Fred, watch out for all the silicon. I think it's poisonous.

After doing away with those people, I would shoot most of the major record company heads and

have money for a veggie burger, and I would feel complete. I would then organize a tour, follow **Fugazi's** lead and never charge more than five bucks a show, and encourage fans to follow the tour around, ala **Grateful Dead** (I don't care whether you like them or not), and I would supplement all the fans job incomes during the tour so they could take off of work without worry about bills.

The **Inflatable Men** would come on the tour. They would rock all night long. Millions of people would dance together, without any problems. Water would be free at all the shows. And after the tour was over, I would have the guys in the **Inflatable Men** DJ my kid's bar-mitzvah. They would play **Depeche Mode**, **Kid 606**, **Joy Division**, **the Locust**, and **Bernard Butler**.

I wish it was a perfect world. For now, I'll just dance around my room listening to the **Inflatable Men's Machine Age Romance**.

Indie
Pile-On



Machine Age Romance

appoint

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myself the universal CEO of all the ex-companies. I would sign all of the great bands, rappers, DJ's, and performance artists and sell their music for just above cost. The artists would make money, the fans would still

88.7fm WPSC DJ Profiles

Marissa Crecca "Blue"
Music Director
Communications/Radio Broadcasting/Audio Production

Show Name: Shades of Blue
Show Times: Monday and Wednesday 12-3pm
Music Genre: alternative rock, hi-hop, electronica, bluegrass, classic rock, jazz, blues, funk, soul, hardcore, punk, ska, reggae, trance, lance-----whatever sounds good

Top 5 Favorite songs and bands:
it is not possible for me to answer these questions.....there is too much music to narrow it down to only 5

Interests:
Doing funny or active things, hanging out with funny people laughing, skateboarding, surfing, traveling, being in the sunshine, playing soccer, running, eating food from India, going to other countries, islands, listening to an awesome album in my room alone and either dancing or pretending I'm the singer or going to sleep with candles and good LIGHT intense!

Why College Radio?
I love radio because it is a medium to get important information to the people and to help someone's day go really well or match a listener's mood. I think music is one of the most powerful forms of therapy---it's amazing---so enjoy what you have -enjoy the day and night -love yourself and people and remember to always rock and roll

Favorite words this month.....
pumper, snatchasouras rex, blumping, nizzle, drixel



Wrathell Gause "Brother Love"
African American Music Major

Show Name: IN the Mix
Show time: Fridays 12-3pm
Music Genre: Classic soul and R&B

Top 5 favorite songs:
I feel good - James Brown
try a little tenderness - Otis Redding
a change is gonna come - Sam Cooke
hold on I'm coming - Sam and Dave
I wanna rock with you - Michael Jackson

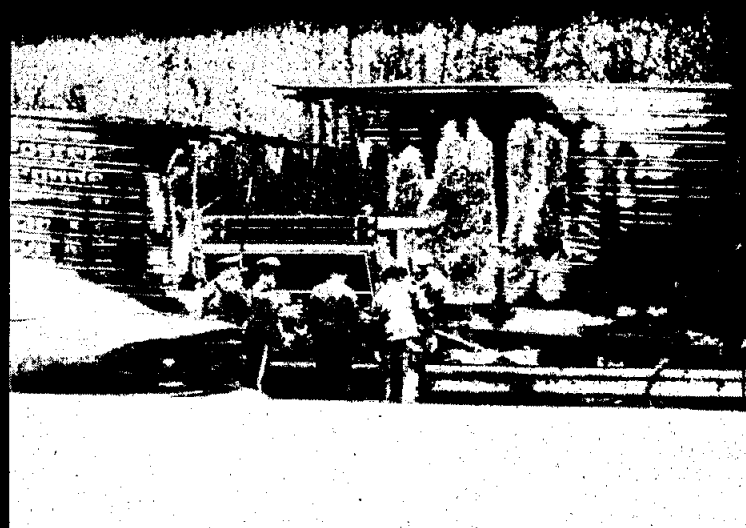
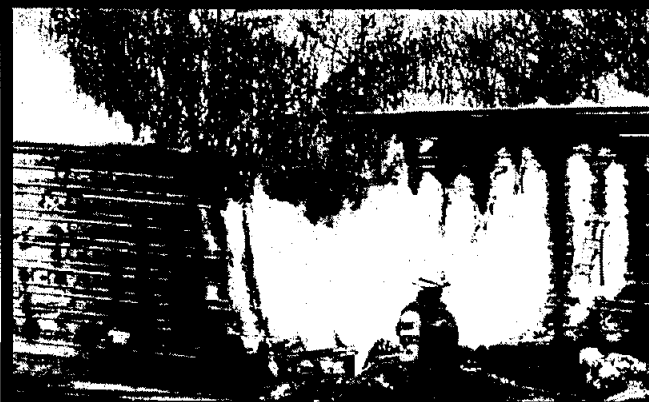
Top 5 favorite bands:
the Gap Band
Atlantic Star
The JB's
Clarence Carter Band
Roy C

Interests:
I love reading, going to movies, playing the piano, and singing "In the Mix"---on WPSC 88.7, the station that rocks the NATION"---Brother Love

Check Out These WPSC Give-Aways
4/10 - Frank Black - 2 pairs Don't give out this just yet!
It is okay to mention though.
4/13 - Dark Star Orchestra - 2 pairs
4/17 - The Orb - 2 pairs
4/18 - Gary Numan - 4 pairs
4/20 & 4/21 - SOULIVE - 3 pairs per show!
4/25 - Eating Out - 2 pairs (I am going to check to see if this is the Janeane Garofalo and friends show?)
4/27 - Granddaddy - 2 pairs
4/28 - Melvins Hardcore/Punk/Folk Implosion/Skeleton Key 1 pair

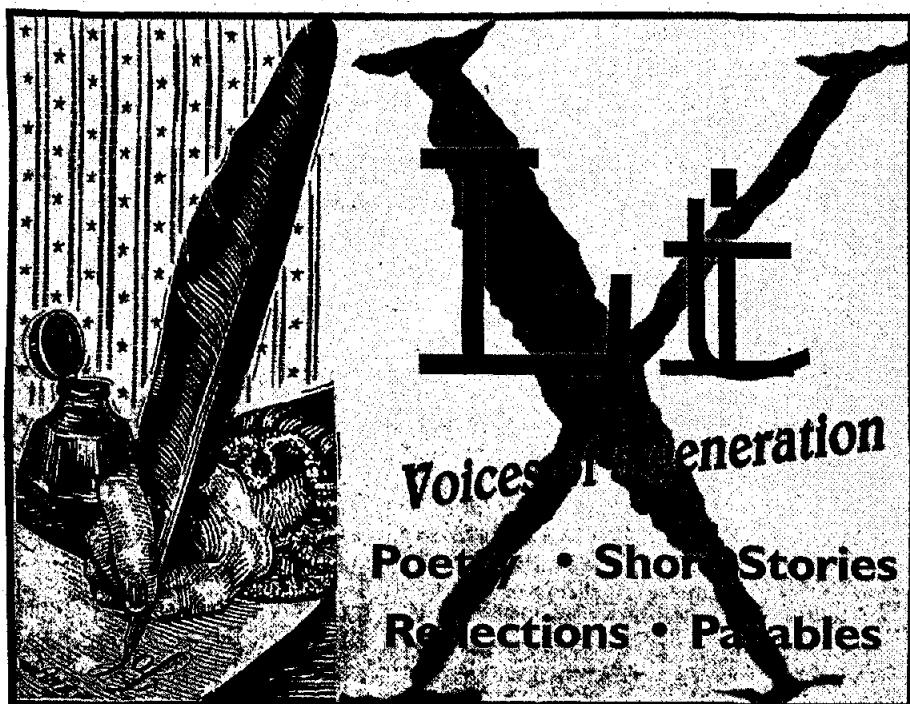
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OR
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"ALONG CAME A SPIDER" (R) 11:00, 12:15, 1:25, 2:40, 3:45, 5:05, 6:05, 7:30, 8:35, 10:00
"BLOW" (R) 11:25, 2:05, 4:50, 7:45, 10:35
"JUST VISITING" (PG13) 11:05, 1:15, 3:25, 5:40, 8:00, 10:10
"POKEMON 3" (G) 11:40, 2:00, 4:30, 7:00
"SOMEONE LIKE YOU" (PG13) 12:20, 2:50, 5:20, 7:55, 10:15
"TOMCATS" (R) 11:10, 1:20, 3:40, 6:05, 8:25, 10:35
"SPY KIDS" (PG) 11:15, 1:40, 4:00, 6:20, 8:45
"THE BROTHERS" (R) 11:20, 1:45, 4:05, 6:30, 9:00
"HEARTBREAKERS" (PG13) 1:00, 4:10, 6:50, 9:35
"EXIT WOUNDS" (R) 11:30, 1:50, 4:15, 6:40, 9:10
"ENEMY AT THE GATES" (R) 12:40, 3:35, 7:15, 10:20
"15 MINUTES" (R) 9:15
"THE MEXICAN" (R) 11:35
"CROUCHING TIGER" (PG13) 2:15, 4:55, 7:40, 10:30
"TRAFFIC" (R) 12:00, 3:05, 6:25, 9:40



Important Announcement!

The Pioneer Players/Alpha Psi Omega are looking for Poets and Artists to display their work! Poets are needed to read their work in between short plays at the Hunziker Black Box Theater on April 19th and 20th. Artists can have their work displayed in the lobby.

Please send all submissions to
brutallyhonest@hotmail.com or
Attn: Jen Keeler/Wendy DeMarco
in the Pioneer Players/Alpha Psi Omega SGA
Mailbox.

All submissions must be in by April 16th.

2100

I cradle the cubes in my right hand.
Twitch, the smell of wild turkey in my veins,
Lapping the M.G.B. from my glass
With my left hand over the plastic buttons
Paving a highway to the cocked grin cut onto my face.
Darting ears I hear the octagon maneuvering on the
floor.
It's abdomen moving like a leaf in the ocean.
A deft flick of it's spinnerets and
It's gone. It was never there.
Relax my fingers and tighten my arm
The 9 flies for the edge of the table
Deposited in the web, waiting for the weaver to sup.
My glass feels heavy, my cup empty.
My vessels run with poison.
Relax my shoulders and walk through the tramps
Pulling buttons off as perspiration gathers on upper lip.
I smell anxiety, salty and falling-
Cold.
Broken hands will become broken hands
Cradling the sextet, 11 bars with no resolution.

—geo

Dusk: The Riddle of Two Frogs in Ancient Japan

{{(the rice patties on tiered steps bring us to elevated plane)
+ (the sonorous waves sooth even the coarsest disposi-
tion)}}

unblinking spheres affixing itself to unknown

to he ocean

to he city

the city caught in rice paper,
flame behind changing bending refracting
ink, long dried and dark, projecting forward, illumination

Edo, refreshed and bustling
the centre
concentric rich in variety, cherry blossom

Osaka, painted brown and aquamarine
foxes seducing monks
ships hauling long dead monsters

forlorn their eyes not satisfied quest for variance,
romance
Edo to Osaka to Edo

{{(the connective tissue binding them, the road is a koi's
dance ever darting amongst rock and gravel) +
(the city behind and voices flutter elapsd ears)}}

—they meet—

unbeknownst to them the foo laughs
they fall in love.

Curiosity even fervent, they question the other
"what is Edo like? I wish to go for I have never seen her."
"what is Osaka like? I want to hear the ink come to life and
carry me where dragons imbibe the oceans."
"since we are so close to the ground, let us embrace and
stand tall to gain better vantage."

Lets

Behind the grass an orchestra watches
For the cue
They wait in full poise to strike.
Silk weeps and tears the bout.

Eyes posited on the backs of skulls
Vantage is nullset.

"ah, Osaka is as Edo."
"ah, Edo is much as Osaka."

The anxiety is quelled
As the water drops begins to fall.

--they part--

the koi swims
the dragon sails
the fox seduces

the ink is still reflected.

—geo

Fired up in a

Brother Ignatius, covered in kerosene
pleads

"Lord help me!"

The wind whistles at vesper
and the abbot
laughs haughtily.

"No!" cries Brother Ignatius
the candle flickering in the
dark stairwell.

The Lord's Prayer echoes
through the cavernous mind
While she lays,
in rags and lies, smoking
turkish cigarettes.

"Why?" he asks,

"why must you burn us?"

The abbot laughs again
as chicken feathers tickle
his Uncle Felds nose.

"It is simple, of course"

I reply, snapping the candle into
a shimmering puddle of combustibles.

"I am a liar"

Embers cool as

the sun rises

There is a rest

for a mark consumed
by flame of faith.

—Joe Mocker

Editor's Note: This week we are proud to present the work of Joe Mocker. Joe is the editor of a small newspaper in upstate Vermont. Born in 1968 in a small town in the midwest, Joe received a prestigious scholarship to Harvard. However, the school didn't agree with him and he dropped out, opting instead to attend a community college in Vermont. After receiving his degree in sociology, Joe ventured to Los Angeles, where he toiled for five years as a screenwriter. Joe wrote the pilots for such shows as "Police Officers Go Wild," "The Butternut Family" (A sitcom starring squirrels), "Militant Priests Fight Back!" and "Suzy with the Lazy Eye," a PBS documentary on Susan B. Anthony. Unfortunately, Joe's pilots were never produced, and after his disenchantment with Hollywood he returned to Vermont where he now lives in a remodeled farm house with his dog Poughkeepsie and a parakeet who wishes to be known as "Checkers." Joe happened to pick up a copy of The Beauty while on a recent business trip in Paterson and sent us some of his writing. If you'd like to get in touch with Joe, email him at: JoeMockerLives@hotmail.com, or contact us at The Beacon ~Ed.

The Beauty of Death

A smile on a dead pallor covered by autumn leaves.

Dewdrops absorbed by rays of sun.

The motionless waves.

A flower whose petals are gone by the wind.

A fish that has taken the bait.

A lightning whose electric discharge

Gradually dries forests and trees.

A volcano that awakes by the aging time.

A desert ground cracking of thirst.

The frenzied rush of panic stricken animals.

The mutism of silence.

An echo repeated through sound waves.

A falcon flapping its wings wildly

As it descends steeply

And exerts a baneful into its victim.

The moonbeams drawing silhouettes on a dry river.

The Beauty of Death in itself

when you look into my eyes,

And cannot perceived the reflection

Of your face expressing goodbye.

—Sandra Morales

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Hippity hoppity...

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Issue 2001

Student Center Lounge
April 18th
8-11 pm

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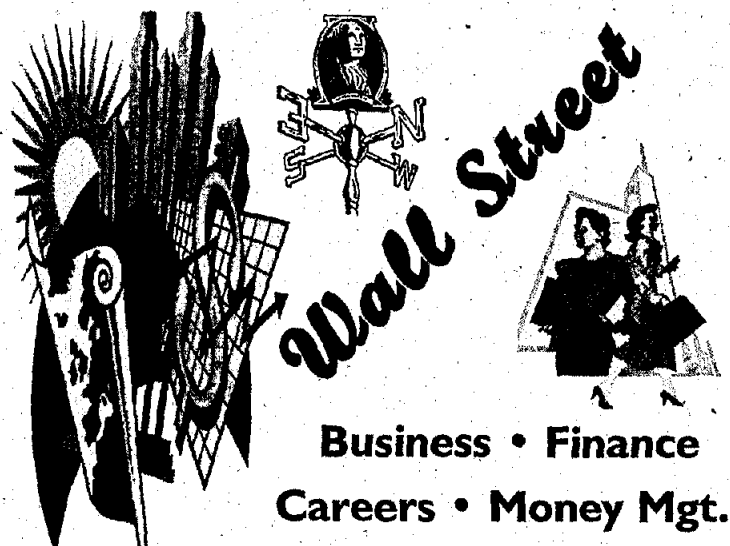
Open Mic for Reading

Live Music by Robert Matarazzo

Food and Drinks

All students and guests are welcome

(Essence is an SGA funded organization)



The Business of Pleasure

Imagine graduating from high school just two years ago. Then imagine aspiring to own a successful Internet company. Now imagine accomplishing this goal before even being able to purchase alcohol. That's the story of William Paterson University student John Di Domenico and his Internet company Pleasurevibez.com.

John, a third-year communications major and 1998 graduate of Morris Knolls High School in Denville, New Jersey, John is a bona fide entrepreneur. An extremely responsible young adult, he attends college part-time, while assuming all positions in his company, from CEO to administrative assistant. Launching his site in January 2001, John says, "it has been time consuming." Working fervently since October 2000, it took John a surprisingly short two months to officially open his adult web site. When asked what made him want to begin an Internet site John replied, "In October I thought, what can I do to have money once I graduate? I was looking into what I can sell. People need to eat, die and have sex." Five months later, John no longer reflects on what to do for income. Pleasurevibez.com

has erased those worries. During our hour-long interview, John stated, "There is no nudity on the website; it's classy," a claim few others in the adult on-line industry can make. Being the savvy businessman that he is, John knows the importance of having a secure web site. His company accepts American Express, Discover, Visa and MasterCard. Customers can feel confident about purchases with SSL (Security Socket Layer) encrypted security. "Shopping on-line is safer than going to a restaurant to eat, because a waiter has your credit card in his hand," says the young esquire with a growing clientele of over 150 customers. With a vast array of over 400



items, Pleasurevibez.com has a product for everyone's budget, beginning from just \$5.00. If your purchase total is over \$100 shipping is free; otherwise Pleasurevibez.com ships purchases under \$100 via priority mail for \$5.00. Confidentiality is a main focus of this customer service-driven company, discreetly packaging all of

your shipments. Some of the items offered on this confidential and secure website are: lotions, massage oils, gag gifts, lingerie, adult games, toys and videos. In addition to on-line shopping, Pleasurevibez.com offers unique in-home parties similar to the kitchenware parties of the past, and like the parties of yesterday, shopping at a Pleasurevibez.com party offers convenience as well as

offering valuable door prizes. If you're looking for a couple of extra dollars over summer break, why not become a party host, asks John. Hosts earn points towards free merchandise and gifts. If monetary compensation is what your empty college pockets are looking for, one can also become a party representative. Representatives earn a generous commission from each sale. For more information contact: 973-686-1242, or visit Pleasurevibez.com on the web at www.pleasurevibez.com. Whether you visit Pleasurevibez on-line, conduct or host a party, one thing is for sure, John Di Domenico may be the next Ian Ziering (star of, "Beverly Hills 90210" and WPU alumnus) of William Paterson University.

Sue Vargas
The Beacon

Lunch with a Mentor

Recently Dr. Ekmenkjian of the Economics/Finance Department put together a trip to the National Association of Securities Professionals (NASP) Fourth Annual Mentors Luncheon. In attendance for this event were Maurice Durosdean, Maria DeJesus, Charmaine Spence, Jity Joy, Marc Taylor, Viviana Torres, Bharat Rana, Angel Erazo, and Kevin Smith all William Paterson University Students.

The National Association of Securities Professionals (NASP), which was founded in 1985, is a nonprofit association of professionals in the securities industry. NASP brings together the nation's minorities and women who have achieved recognition in the industry as brokers, asset managers, public finance consultants, investment bankers, bond counsel commercial bank underwriters, investors, plan sponsors and other finance professionals. Membership is open to any individual or organization regularly engaged in a



(L-R) Maurice Durosdean, Viviana Torres, Jity Joy, Dr. Ekmenkjian, Marc Taylor, Charmaine Spence, Maria DeJesus, Angel Erazo, and Bharat Rana

responsible function in the securities industry. The task of enhancing the career and professional development of their members remains their paramount objective.

The event was designed to allow NASP members an opportunity to interact with the academic community by providing mentoring to college students pursuing a career in the financial services industry. It was made possible by companies such as Salomon Smith Barney, Inc., Goldman Sachs & Co., Paradigm Asset Mgmt. Co., The Williams Capital Group, and Utendahl Capital Partners.

I strongly recommend that anyone with an interest in being on Wall Street attend a Mentor Luncheon sometime in the future. For information on attending the 5th annual Mentor

by Kevin Smith
The Beacon

Luncheon go to nasphq.com, email: nasphq@aol.com or write to NASP National Association of Securities Professionals 1212 New York

Avenue, NW-Suite 210 Washington, DC 20005, or call (202) 371-5535. If you want to know when the next trip from WPU to a luncheon will be, contact Kevin Smith at the Beacon Office at 973.720.2568 on Tuesdays from 12pm 'til 2pm or email me at smithk6@student.wpunj.edu.

Doing your Stock Homework

Most people tend to look for the perfect stock to get them rich quick when in fact there is no such thing, because stocks are not magical. Even though you can accumulate wealth and lose it in the blink of an eye, stocks are not get-rich-quick games.

In order to find a good or a very good stock you can roll with for a while, you'll need to narrow your choices. It's good to focus on a manageable number of stocks. You can go on the Internet or to the library to research all of the companies that are of interest to you. To start yourself off, go on the web and search for about 100, 50, or 25 stocks that you've been thinking about. You can go to www.wsj.com or just search at www.yahoo.com for the stocks. Use companies that make the stuff that you buy and see how they are doing. I am not saying that you should invest in a hundred companies, but you should look at a hundred companies at a time and filter out what's not suitable for you.

Of course, you will be working with companies that you understand. It's very important for more people to understand what the companies do. Even *how they do* what they do should be considered. If for some reason a company is cutting down trees in the rain forest it's not going to be a good idea to invest in something that you know that environmentalists are against. Once you get enough people or a law that stops them from doing what they do, then you know that the company's value is going to go down, so check out your choices very closely.

The Internet is a good place to find current information but books and newspapers might have more background on a company. Such newspapers as the Wall Street Journal, Barron's weekly stock market newspaper, Investor's Business Daily, or Forbes can get you the info that you need. Once you've found your companies, check them out a little bit more at Hoover's Online Stock Screener (www.stocksscreener.com). Bottom line, my friend, is that there is no limit to your research. This is just a start to



find out all the companies that you like. Once you're ready to start investing you must now think about how much

money you have with which to do it. Think about if you can pay for stocks and still have money for the bills. You might

want to clear up some debts before you start investing. Once you have no outstanding expenses you'll need to decide a strategy for investing. You might want to start with a company that has capital in a certain range. Companies that make the big bucks could be the ones to get you your big return. Looking for companies that have stable earnings or better yet, a continuous rise in capital could be the thing for you. Pay attention to

Kevin Smith
The Beacon

Editor's Stock Picks

Company	Symbol	High	Low
AOL Time Warner Inc.	AOL	39.66	37.5
AT&T CP	T	21.01	20.25
Microsoft Corporation	MSFT	57.18	55.06
Compaq Computer Corp	CPQ	17.35	16.01
Verizon Communications	VZ	49.63	47.25
Viacom Inc.	VIA	45.74	42.5
Intel Corporation	INTC	25.23	23
McDonalds Corporation	MCD	26.25	25.75
Pepsico Inc.	PEP	43.75	42
Dell Computer Corporation	DELL	26.37	24.25
Apple Computer Inc.	AAPL	21.04	19.9
Outback Steakhouse	OSI	25.34	24.58
Cisco Systems Inc.	CSCO	14.87	13.37

the Dow Jones industrials, utilities, and transportation companies. Investing in these companies works well for most, but it's not for all. Remember, nothing in the stock market is perfect; don't count on one thing alone to work for you. This is not the end of your financial journey, just the beginning, so stay tuned for the next article that will over how to get a broker and other valuable information.

The Traditional Stock Market

Wall Street is the home of the two major U.S. exchanges, NYSE & AMEX, which makes it the financial center of the world.

In 1790 Philadelphia had the first organized stock exchange in America.

By 1817 New York became the center of the market with its New York Stock Exchange on Wall Street.

Wall Street got its name from the stockade built by early settlers to protect New York from attacks from the north. Now it lend its name to the financial markets in general though lost of traders never set foot on it.

In 1842 The New York Curb Exchange was founded as a rival to the NYSE. Most of the trading was done on actual curbs of streets until about 1921. In 1953 it was renamed the American Stock Exchange.

There are other stock exchanges that also came about and stocks listed on NYSE or AMEX can also be found on these regional exchanges located in other cities. These smaller exchanges, including the Pacific in Los Angeles, the Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston

and Philadelphia, are linked with the two in New York but trading is faster and cheaper. Trading results for stocks listed on both the NYSE and regional exchanges are combined at the end of every business day, into the NYSE Composite Trading columns. Some small regional companies, like Canton Corporation, however, are listed only on one of the smaller regional exchanges. The most actively traded are listed in U.S. Regional Markets.

Roll of the SEC
In the wake of the Great Depression and the stock-trading scandals that it exposed, the U.S. government created the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) in 1934. Its mis-

sion is to regulate the activities of stock traders.

The President appoints its five members, who oversee a staff of attorneys, accountants and investigators who ensure that the securities markets operate honestly and fairly. When necessary, the SEC enforces securities law with various sanctions, from fines to prosecution.

Simply put, the SEC's role is twofold:

to see that investors are fully informed about securities being offered for sale

to prevent misrepresentations, deceit and other types of fraud in securities transactions.

INSIDER TRADING
The Sec also monitors insider trading, which

occurs when corporate officers buy or sell stock in their own company. Their trading decisions are influenced by what they know about the company's inner workings and it's prospects for the future.

It is perfectly legal for corporate officials to buy and sell their company's stock as long as they follow certain rules

and report their trading activity. In fact, tracking legitimate insider trading can be a valuable indicator of which way a stock price is heading.

But corporate officers--or their legal or financial advisors involved in a merger or acquisition--can be aware of potential problems or events that could affect the price of the company's stock. If they manipulate trading to profit from the information before it is released to the investing public, that trading is illegal. So are efforts to hide trading by having a third party--such as a relative--buy or sell for them, or failing to report trading to the SEC.



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Eco Lounge

Photo by Kelwin Nieves/The Beacon

Rainforest Cafe: Welcome to the Jungle

The Rain Forest Cafe incorporates world-

Forest Cafe is the first national restaurant chain to serve certified shade grown organic coffee. These shaded

Joelle Caputa
Eco Lounge Editor

cafe's web site.

The cafe is the closest way to experience being in a rain forest without actually venturing into one. Every half hour, a simulated tropical thunderstorm occurs. There is also a fiber-optic starscape, where if you

purchase a memento. One item for sale is the Rain Forest Preservation Kit. The purchase of the \$10 kit saves 30 square feet of rain forest land.

This is made possible through the Sierra Nevada Santa Maria Adopt-an-Acre Program.

Groups can also take a 40-45 minute tour while they visit the cafe. During the tour, information on the environment, conservation, endangered species and rain forests is provided. The tours, which are free of charge, also teach how one can become an active supporter of the environment, as well as about the people of the forests. Also discussed is the creation of the cafe. Here are cafe locations worldwide. I sit-

ed the Menlo Park all location in Edison. To make reservations there, call (732) 452-0011 and let your adventure begin.

and endangered species to give guests a wild night of dining. The adventure begins upon entering the building and lasts for your entire stay.

Around the entrance is a Wishing Pond. Each 25-cent donation thrown into the water saves 177 square feet of rain forest land. This is in part with the Rain Forest Cafe Funds of the Future Foundation. The fund supports environmental causes. This includes nature conservancy to reclaim forest acreage.

Inside, guests walk under a giant aquarium

class chefs



watch closely, you'll catch a shooting star. Also overhead, is a jungle canopy. Of course, a rain forest wouldn't be complete without animals. Animated wildlife, including monkeys, snakes and elephants, surround the walls. In one area, there's even a realistic waterfall that spritzes mist.

As for the menu, there is a dish to please all taste buds. The Culinary Advisory Council, made up of Chefs Larry Forgione, Mario Batali and Kerry Simon, spent two years in test kitchens develop-

ing the entrees. Foods from Mexico, Asia and the Caribbean are featured.

When exiting the establishment, be sure to browse in the gift shop and

The Wishing Pond tallies the amount of land saved after each donation.

to their tables. Each table top has a unique print, such as tigers, whales or fish. If drinks are more your

plantations play an important role in the conservation of migratory birds and help maintain the rain forest eco-

system, as is noted on the

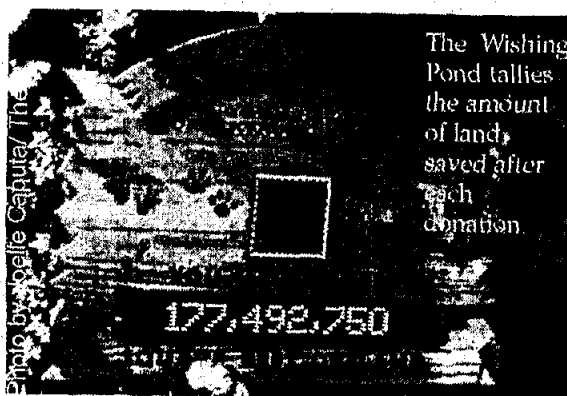


Photo by Joelle Caputa/The Beacon

Just hanging around inside the cafe are replicas of animals, such as this parrot.

ECOSYSTEMS OF THE WORLD MEET IN MONTREAL BIODOME

Five ecosystems meet in the center of Montreal, Canada at the Biodome. This life house, which opened to the public on June 19, 1992, has since drawn over eight million visitors. For a \$10 adult admission fee, tourists can spectate over the four environments of North and South America that are represented inside. Next to each other are contrasting climates

plentiful and include fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals. Visitors can get up close and personal with golden lion tamarins, piranhas, poison arrow frogs and anacondas. There's also parrots, capybara and yacare caiman. Two animals here are under conservation programs. There is the Golden Lion Tamarin program and the Hyacinth Macaw

program for the parrots.

The Laurentian forest designed from a forest of the same name in Quebec, covers 1,518 m². Sugar Maple and American Beech are two of the hardwood trees here. There's also conifers, including the fir and White Spruce. In this forest, the vegetation changes colors to coincide with the change in seasons. Fish, amphibians, reptiles and birds

60 types of alcid, such as Atlantic puffins. Murres and black guillemots are two types of birds here.

The temperature drops to subantarctic levels of 2 to 5 degrees Celsius in the Antarctic area. The shore here is like that of a volcanic island. Once again, there isn't any vegetation. But, there are four species of penguins. These members of the Spheniscidae family are the Macaroni, Rockhopper, Gentoo and King penguins.

The landscape in each ecosystem is made from concrete. There are three reasons behind this: structural, conceptual and technical. The site wouldn't be able to support the weight of real rocks, therefore,

six giant trees in the forest. They support the glass ceiling, which emits warm air with a "clean vapor." This maintains humidity inside and also mists the foliage. The concrete in each area resembles the rocks in each individual environment. There is "limestone" in the Tropical forest and "gneiss" in the Laurentian. The St. Lawrence Marine shows "granite." "Basalt" is in the Antarctic and "shist" is neighboring in the Arctic.

There are interpretation panels along each area for self-guided tours, in the handicap accessible building. The Biodome is open every day from 9 AM to 5 PM and until 7 PM in the summer. If you venture to the Biodome, you just may see a new species of acarid that was discovered there.

Joelle Caputa
Eco Lounge Editor



Tamarin monkeys around the Tropical Forest

species and scenery designed for education, discovery and viewing pleasure.

Thousands of plant and animal species call the Biodome home. A field staff research the environments. They also participate in programs, both nationally and internationally, to promote the reproduction of endangered species and to help safeguard fragile natural habitats.

One such fragile environment is the rain forest. Although they only cover seven percent of the world's surface, about two-thirds of plant and animal species reside in rain forests. The problem is that they are quickly declining.

In the Biodome, two types of forests are represented. The largest ecosystem in the Biodome is the Tropical forest. Covering 2,600 m², this is a re-creation of the forests in South America. Species here are

can be found here. Among them are beavers, porcupines, otters and lynx.

Nearby from this is St. Lawrence Marine Eco System. Spanning 1,620 m², it holds 2.5 million liters of "sea water." It was developed based on cold oceans, such as the Gulf. Swimming in this sea are 20 species of fish. They include cod, striped bass, halibut and salmon. Of the invertebrates, sea anemones, starfish, sea cucumbers, limpets, sea urchins and crabs are here. Kittiwakes, eiders and American green winged teals are among the flying residents.

The Polar World has a representation of the Arctic, in North America and the Antarctic in South America. The Arctic has subarctic temperatures between 12 and 15 degrees Celsius. There is no natural vegetation to be found. However, there are

fake ones were used. This strategy also allowed for a more creative design and helps hide behind-the-scenes things. On the Biodome's web site it describes how all the eco systems are "Honeycombed with technical infrastructures discreetly hidden in the 'rocks' and connected to the basement of the building. "Also used" are

Otherwise, you can watch things as the happen, on the Internet. The Montreal Cam changes images of the Biodome every 20 seconds at

Montrealcam.com/en-biodome.html.

Essex County Sierra Club Benefit: Award winning documentary, "Rising Waters"- Global Warming and the Fate of the Pacific Islands. Produced by Andrea Torrice. At Clearview's Screening Zone theater (544 Bloomfield Ave. in Montclair) on April 12, 2001. Show times are 7:00 pm, 8:30 pm and 9:45 pm. Tickets are \$10 each. For further information call (973) 325-8575.

In 1999, on the shore of Kenya's Lake Turkana, a team supported by the National Geographic Society discovered a skull 3.5 million years old. The skull is the fossil remains of *Kanjanthropus platyops* and has been raising new questions about humankind's family tree. This information was only just released in the March 22 issue of *Nature*. The finding suggests a completely new genus and species of early human ancestors.

Wendy DeMarco
The Beacon

Africa was at one time the home of two species of hominid, the predecessors of modern humans. Since the 1970's anthropologists have been investigating the idea that humans did not come from one previous species. This new finding suggests that numerous species existed and each one adapted to their different environments. Though they were of the same species they could have coexisted and looked quite different.

According to Meave Leakey, the man who headed the team, "Finding *Kanjanthropus platyops* was unexpected. If you look at the evolution of any other mammal, there's usually a radiation of species and just a few species survive. It didn't seem right that there was only one line of evolution (for

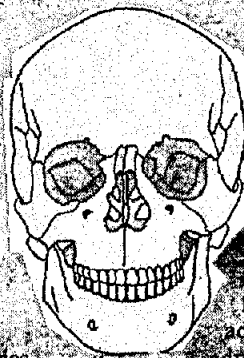
this time period). There should have been other species around."

"Platyops means 'flat face,'" said Leakey. The skull's small molar teeth and tall flat face differentiate this face from other skulls found in the area. Tooth size and shape are indicators of diet because of the way a species chews. Before this finding most scientists believed that hominids about 2 million years ago. This fossil points to the idea that the adaptation was diet-driven to take advantage of a changing food source. Two forms of hominids, such as *Kanjanthropus platyops* and *Australopithecus africanus*, which is better known as "Lucy", could have existed at the same time.

With this new information humans can better understand their past and hope to learn more.

Science is always giving us new ideas to induce curiosity and we should try to learn

as much as we can about ourselves. "We had a long and complex past," said Leakey. "And we are the only surviving species. Our existence is not secure. Just like everything else, we can be extinct too."



3.5 Million Year Old Skull Says Much About Human Kind



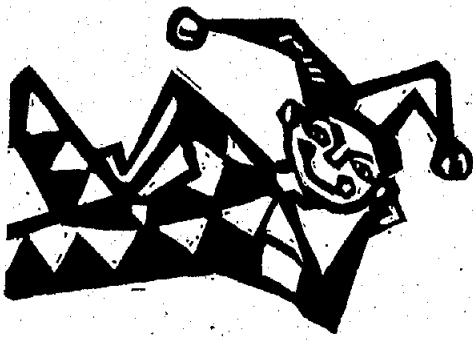
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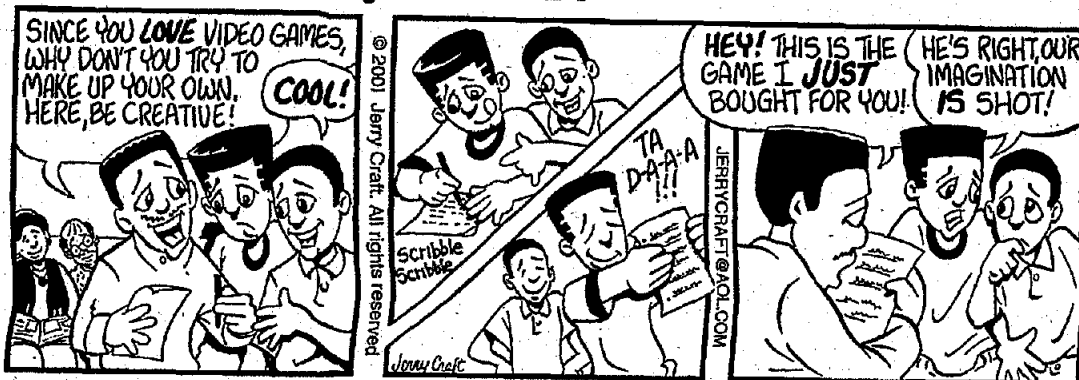
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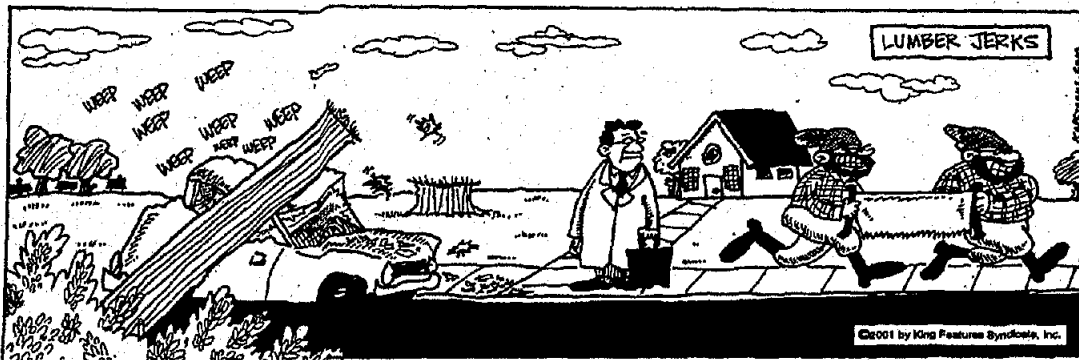
MAMA'S BOYZ BY JERRY CRAFT



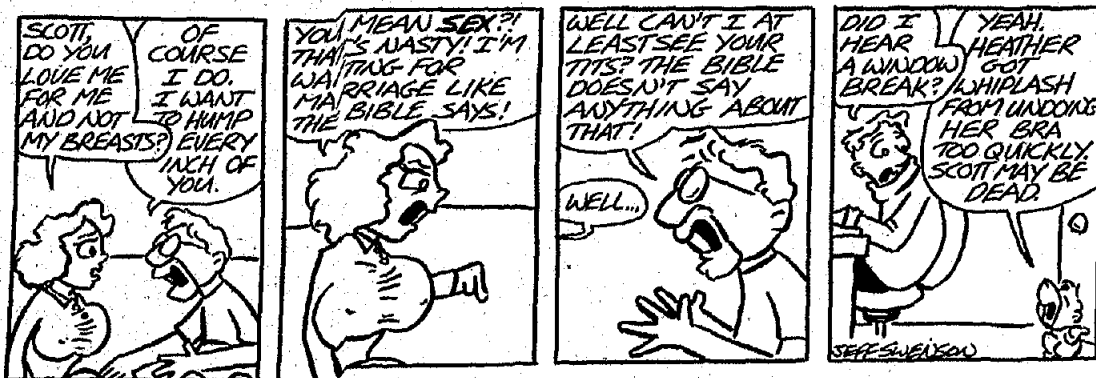
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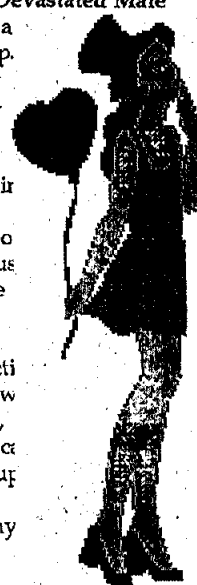
Personals



Emotionally Devastated Male

25 y/o white, a
ic, blue eyed, p-
filled male
enjoys roman-
tic weekend
get-aways,
shopping, dinin
out,
indoor/outdoo
activities, or jus
spending time
together.

Seeking attracti
female 21-26, w
open-minded,
spontaneous, a
honest, and sup
to be the
sunshine in my
Russ
Email:
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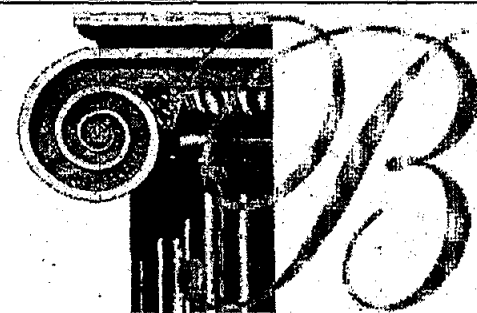


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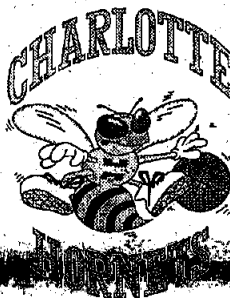
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VS.



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GIVE-AWAY**



VS.



Friday • April 13 • 7:30pm



VS.



**FAN
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NIGHT**

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