

The Bacon



Y E A R L Y

MONDAY, MAY 06, 2002

William Paterson University • Volume 68 No. 25

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William Paterson University Named "Top US School" in Time Magazine Listing

By Dan Rather
The Beacon

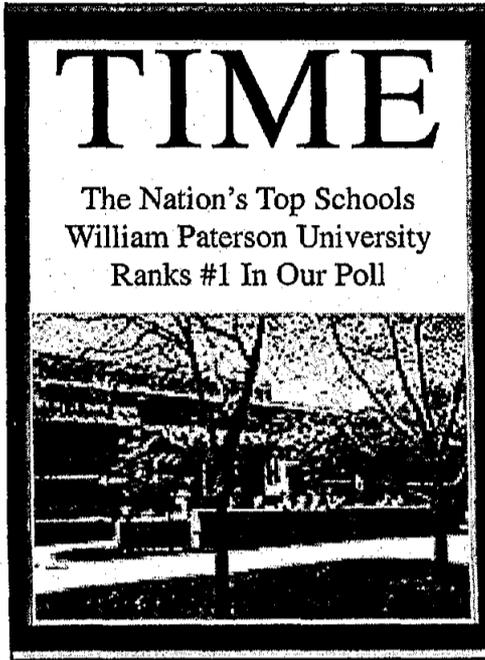
William Paterson University was named the "Top School in the United States" in *Time Magazine's* annual listing of colleges and universities. Citing the "sparkling clean campus, savory food, ample parking, sumptuous residence halls, and caring, intelligent students," the magazine gave top honors to WPU, declaring, "A trip to William Paterson is a trip to heaven."

For the last six months, writers for the magazine have traversed America and visited numerous college campuses in an effort to find the best school in the nation. Jeremy Chambers, senior editor for *Time*, said, "We went to almost every college you can think of, from Harvard to the University of New Hampshire, from Yale to 'Uncle Lou's Home-Plumbing College.' But in the end, WPU was on top."

Arnold Speert, President of WPU, had this to say about the honor of being the best school in the nation, "It's been a long, hard road to get here. The recent budget cuts set us back, but our sale of University buildings to various corporations gave us a lot of money to play with. Now, we've finally cleaned up the campus, started serving good food, and solved that damn parking problem."

Rashad Davis, President of the Student Government Association [SGA], disagreed with Speert's statements. "To say that this [WPU] is the best school in the country is a lie. President Speert used the money he made from selling the University to AOL-Time Warner to bribe *Time* into listing us at number one. There's no way we're that great." Davis then excused himself, explaining that his car was about to be towed due to new parking restrictions.

Speert responded to the allega-



Time Magazine Profiles WPU

tions of bribery with this statement: "There is no connection between the fact that the AOL-Time Warner corporation owns half of the campus and *Time's* naming us as the best school.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to my 'Man of the Year' photo shoot."

Professor Joe Van Putten, a faculty member of the Art Department, was shocked to hear that WPU was number one. "Are you serious? *Time Magazine*? You're sure it's not *High Times* magazine or something? Jesus. I'm going to have to cancel my subscription now," Van Putten said, shaking his head ruefully.

The award from *Time Magazine* followed the recent fame the University garnered when *The Beacon* won the Pulitzer Prize. *Beacon* Editor-in-Chief Larry Clow had this to say about the two awards: "Ha! You

bastards! I showed all of you! You can't stop me! Today *The Beacon*, tomorrow the world! The moon landing was a fake and JFK lives with my mother! You can't stop me!" Clow then proceeded smear peanut-butter on his face and rave inarticulately.

Because of the recognition, the University plans on even more improvements to the campus, in an effort to lure more students into the evil clutches of the University. "I look forward to the opening of the WPU Space Port in 2010," said Speert. "Also, be on the lookout for when we host 'Celebrity Boxing part 2' in October. Adam West is going to fight William Shatner. Finally, America will see which crappy actor will reign supreme."

A special reception celebrating the release of the magazine will be held in the AOL-TimeWarner Ballroom in the E-campus.com Student Center.

The Beacon Wins Pulitzer Prize

By Joseph Mocker
The Beacon

In a surprising announcement on Sunday, *The Beacon*, William Paterson University's independent student newspaper, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. Editor-in-chief Larry Clow accepted the award on behalf of the staff. "I always knew we were great; this just proves it," he said during his acceptance speech.

In a touching ceremony, Clow, inebriated far beyond human limits, thanked his mother and Elvis for the award, going on to say, "The Beacon is better than Jesus. And when I say this, I mean that we are a better newspaper than Jesus, because he was not made of paper at all."

Despite the fact that the Pulitzer awards are not even

being handed out now, the committee members who give the awards decided a special case should be made for *The Beacon*. Alan Smithee, chair of the awards committee, had this to say about *The Beacon*: "Their journalistic integrity is astounding. The committee was especially impressed by the article on the different types of people that lift weights. When we realized that they didn't have a Pulitzer, we decided that they should get one immediately."

Many students on campus were pleased to hear that *The Beacon* won the award, but some were skeptical. "I can't believe they have access to that kind of recognition. First they won that award from [The] Columbia [School of Journalism], and now this," said Mike McShane, a sophomore.

Arafat and Sharon Declare Peace During Late-Night Poker Game

Compiled From AP Wire Reports

A milestone was reached in the Middle-East peace process late last week when Yasser Arafat and Ariel Sharon reached a peace accord during a late-night poker game.

Reports indicate that the poker game was a last ditch attempt to bring some kind of settlement between Israel and Palestine. Israeli troops recently ended their siege of Arafat's compound, and tensions between the two nations subsided. Using the siege's end to open up lines of communication, Arafat reportedly contacted Sharon and asked if "they could get together, have a few beers and sort this whole mess out." Sharon readily agreed and said this to reporters: "I don't know why we didn't do this all along. What kind of men are we if we can't settle our differences over a

nice game of cards and a bowl of pretzels?"

Sharon arrived at Arafat's ruined compound at approximately 6:00 p.m. on May 4th. Upon entering the compound, Sharon was heard to remark, "Hey Yasser, sorry about those tanks. If I can help clean up, let me know." Arafat smiled broadly and welcomed Sharon into his compound.

According to insiders close to Arafat, the poker game lasted until the wee hours of the morning, until Sharon's straight flush beat Arafat's three of a kind. During the course of the game, Arafat and Sharon worked out a peace agreement.

"If we can play poker together," said Arafat, "I don't see why we can't work together and end this fighting."

Sharon expressed similar interests, saying, "Peace will only

come if we cooperate. And, of course, if we refrain from killing each other. But, I think with the decisions that Yasser and I reached, Israel and Palestine are on their way to becoming best buds."

UN Secretary General Kofi Annan was pleased to hear that peace had been reached, but was upset that he wasn't invited to the game. "I've been looking for a reason to get out of the house for weeks; it would've been nice if they asked me to come over. But hey, I'm sure glad they're done with that war-thing they had going on."

President George Bush had this to say about the peace agreement: "Well, this is certainly good news, but now we don't have an excuse to meddle in the affairs of the Middle East. And, of course, I'd have like to have gone to the poker game, too."

Interview with
Frederick Durst of
Limped Biscuits

Pages 12 & 13



We Remember a
Great American
Artist, Bob Ross

Page 16



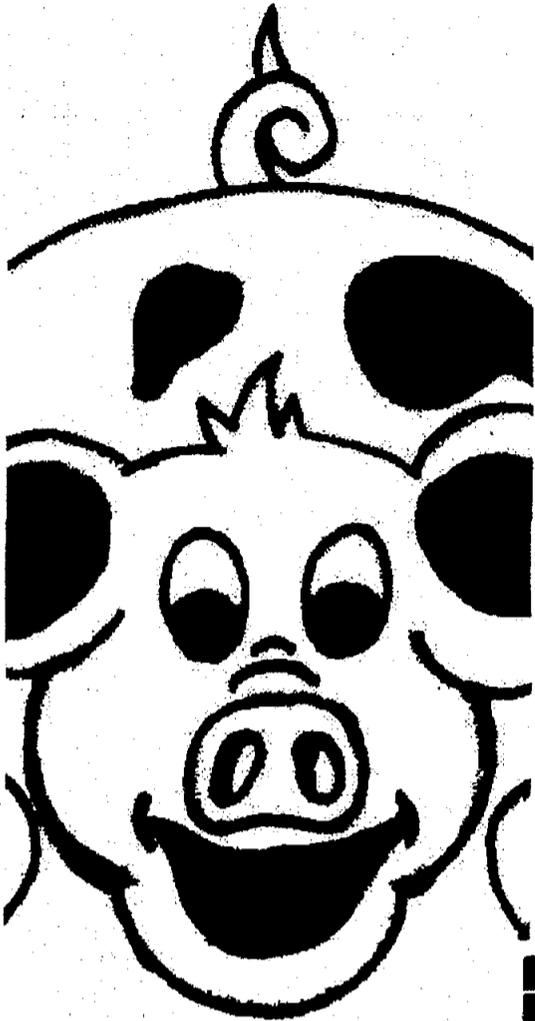
Sex Sells Rock &
Roll (Includes 4
more sexy pictures
of Fred Durst!!)

Page 21



The Bacon

YEARLY



Insane Asylum

Dr. Claw
 Crappy Editor and Chef
 Czar Jimski - Blues Editor
 Bilbo - Ass't Blues Editor
 Heathen - Diversity Editor
 JEM (Holograms) - Diversity Editor²
 Unwritten Law - Co-Insider Editor
 Guy Incognito - Co-Insider Editor
 Junk-Food John - Lit Editor
 Bodice Ripper - Ass't Lit Editor
 Finch - Cartoon Editor/Prod Ass't
 Used Highlighter - Sports Editor
 Rip yer head off Moses - Asscracks Editor

Jawbreaker - Production Mgr
 False Redhead - Production Assistant
 Village Idiot - Advertising Director
 S.W.M. - Business Manager
 Sexy Bitch - Executive Assistant
 Mountain Man - Content Advisor
 SGA Godfather - Financial Advisor
 Skinhead Brain - Executive Bacon Tool

Staff Monkeys

?, ? Part 2, Mommy,

Jen's Bitch, Voiceless One, Tony Bennett,
 Mother Angelica, Other Guy Incognito,
 Gilbert Grape, Sexmaster D,
 Lord Farquaad, Illustrated Man, Mini Me

Member



0	Campus Calendar
-4	Blues/Creatures
60	pinion /Editorial
13	Diversity
11-14	Fred Durst Mania
(.)(.)	Tit
(x)	Asscracks
	a Cartoons
20	drow-X
21	Eco Lounge
Classifieds	(23(56/34)+3)
25	Sports

The *Beacon* is the independent, student-run newspaper serving the community of William Paterson University and outlying areas. The *Beacon* is published and distributed on Monday. The *Beacon* does not receive any funding from WPU, the Student Government Association or any university affiliate, and raises all its operations revenues from the sale of paid advertisements. The *Beacon* is registered with the County of Passaic, NJ.

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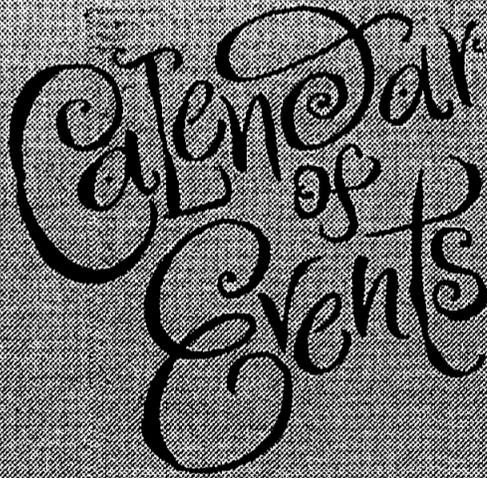
Printed on recycled—and recyclable—newspaper.



The *Beacon* office is wheelchair accessible and friendly.



Produced on



Monday 05•06

NOTICE:
 EVENTS ON THIS
 CALENDAR ARE REAL!

SGA: Club Presidents mtg.
 3:30-5:30pm
 SC203-4-5

Tuesday 05•07

SGA: Legislature mtg.
 3:30-7:00pm
 SC203-4-5

Faculty Senate mtg.
 CH SC203 x2157

Athletics Senior Awards
 6:30-8:30pm BR x2754

Wednesday 05•08

Automated External
 Defibrillation Training
 6-10pm Rec Center x2777

Thursday 05•09

SGA: Executive Board mtg.
 3:30-6:00pm
 SC326

French Club Luncheon
 Machuga Ballroom
 12:00-2:30pm

WPUNJ Wind Ensemble
 & Concert Band
 8pm Shea
 x2371

Friday 05•10

Exam period

Baseball vs. York
 Time TBA
 x2547

Saturday 05•11

Baseball vs Ithaca
 3pm
 x2547

Campus Calendar submissions are taken on a space-available basis: first come, first printed.

Submissions for calendar due
 Fridays by NOON for following
 Monday's publication.
 Fax: 973-720-2093
 Email:
beacon@student.wpunj.edu

Sunday 05•12

Hiking 11am
 meet at Atrium
 x2488

Baseball vs. Bridgewater
 Time TBA

Come up and check
 out The *Bacon* in the
 Student Center, room
 310

*WARNING

The Bacon contains dangerous satire and parody that may be hazardous to your health. Unless otherwise noted, all of the articles contained in The Bacon are FAKE, like Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and Gilbert Godfried. Articles in The Bacon should not be taken seriously; if you do take them seriously, you should be exiled to some horrible island full of man-eating gorillas. The Bacon is known to contain high amounts of sodium, MSG, uranium, and silicon. The Bacon is not recommended for people with back pain, neck pain, epilepsy, male pattern baldness, and skin cancer. The Bacon may cause complications in pregnancies; pregnant women are urged to contact their physicians before reading The Bacon. HOWEVER: The advertisements in the Bacon ARE real, like puppy dogs, your grandmother and Nicole Kidman. Please, patronize our advertisers, because, gosh darn it, they're nice folks. Remember: "Everything is fair game for comedy, whether we agree with the joke or not." Warren Ellis said that and you should listen to him because he's written more books than you.

Gerry Brennan SGA Attorney

Available
Every Wednesday in SC
326 from 2-8pm

University Gives All Students Guns to End Security Problem

By Tom Brokaw
The Beacon

Security problems at William Paterson University were solved last Friday when school administrators decided to issue out to all students. "The lack of security here at WPU has been an issue for many years now. However, I'm confident that order will be restored once all students have received their own firearms," said Sophomore Class President Jason Richardson.

Administrators met with members of the Student Government Association on Friday afternoon in order to finally devise a solution to the problem of keeping order on campus. Representatives from Campus Police, the Office of Public Safety, and the National Rifle Association were present at the meeting when it was decided that all students should be given guns in order to maintain security. "The best campus is an armed campus," said SGA President Rashad Davis. NRA President Charlton Heston remarked, "When colleges neglect to give students firearms, they neglect to give students freedom."

However, the decision was protested by numerous groups on campus. A representative from the Christian Fellowship said, "Why do we need guns? Jesus didn't need guns. Why can't we maintain security through peace and love? Why?" Chester von Heinekin, a German exchange student, also objected: "You Americans should take a lesson from the Germans. We're a peace loving people that have never

resorted to violence in any way." Senator Hillary Clinton (D-NY) ventured to WPU to weigh in on the decision. "Of course guns kill people. Much in the same way that violent movies, violent music, black trench coats, and Bugs Bunny cartoons kill people, guns are dangerous. Universities are a place for students to learn and become overly-sensitive to things that aren't really offensive; they are certainly not places for guns."

University President Arnold Speert fully endorsed the decision. "Guns will help create a peaceful, non-violent campus. Students will also have added educational opportunities, as they engage in Darwinin-competitions in order to determine who gets to learn." President Speert also outlined some of the changes that guns will bring to campus, including the conversion of the Towers into a para-military training ground, and the renaming of Wightman Gym into the "Running Man Arena".

While arming students will be a complex process, a schedule has been made up so that students may obtain their guns at designated times. Sophomores are schedule to receive their guns on Wednesday, May 8; Juniors on Thursday, May 9; Seniors on Friday, May 10; and commuter students can pick up their guns at any time from Tuesday, May 7 until Friday, May 10. Students can choose from the following weapons: .357 Magnum, Desert Eagle .50, AR-41, and, everyone's favorite, the AK-47. Incoming freshman will receive their firearms during Freshman Orientation this summer.

SGA Uses Guns provided by University to begin Civil War

By Hunter S. Thompson
The Bacon

"Oops," said University President Arnold Speert as the first shots of the SGA Civil War were fired from the Student Center.

After a highly controversial election drew a close with allegations of impropriety hanging over all executive candidates, the situation abruptly flared into violence as the first weapons were distributed as part of the University's new "War is Peace" program, covered in this issue by Tom Brokaw.

"This is obviously not what we had in mind," commented Campus Police Chief Horvath as one of his patrol cars was over-run by an SAPB Sponsored M1 Tank. Campus Police officers have made numerous attempts to end the violence between the opposing student groups, beginning with their disastrous frontal assault that ended in dozens of deaths and the occupation of the Hooters Dining hall (formerly known as Wayne Hall) by forced support of Commuter Representative-elect Steve Degennaro. Chief Horvath has already requested that New Jersey Governor McGreevy send in National Guard Units to establish order.

In defense of the guns-to-students program, which came under sharp criticism as the body count began rising, NRA President Charlton Heston began to re-iterate his stance that "Guns don't kill people," but was interrupted by a wounded student being evacuated by the Student Nurses Association who replied that "it's just the bullets ripping through people's bodies [that kill people]."

SGA President Rashad Davis has made repeated calls for an end to the violence. After he realized that he was being ignored, however, he travelled to New York where he addressed the UN General Assembly. "We cannot allow the fighting on my campus to continue," said Davis during his address to the General Assembly.

UN Secretary General Kofi Annan agreed with Davis, calling for the General Assembly to approve the assignment of peacekeeping forces to the bomb-riddled University. Other delegates disagreed, however. "I really don't know what all the fuss is about," commented the Canadian Ambassador. "This is an American affair, and they should deal with it on their own."

The Ambassador from the Duchy of Grand Fenwick agreed, stating in his address that if "the bloody wankers [WPU Students] wanted to kill each other, let them." The debate still rages in the UN.

When President Bush was asked for comment on the crisis, his advisors spent approximately twenty minutes helping him locate New Jersey on a map after his first disastrous attempt to do so nearly resulted in the bombing of Yemen.

On campus, the Bacon had the opportunity to interview several students to get their responses to the battles. "I really hadn't noticed," said Brian Myre, a member of one of the fraternities on campus. He then waded, unharmed, right through a pitched battle to get to a case of Rolling Rock he had left on the other side.

The civil war, which began as a two-sided battle between SGA President-Elect Tyhia Henderson and her election opponent, Andrew Malko, has since degenerated into a war between upwards of 20 factions, including Steve DeGennaro's National Socialist William Paterson Workers Party, the notorious Laurent Clow Society of Evil, the Chrisan

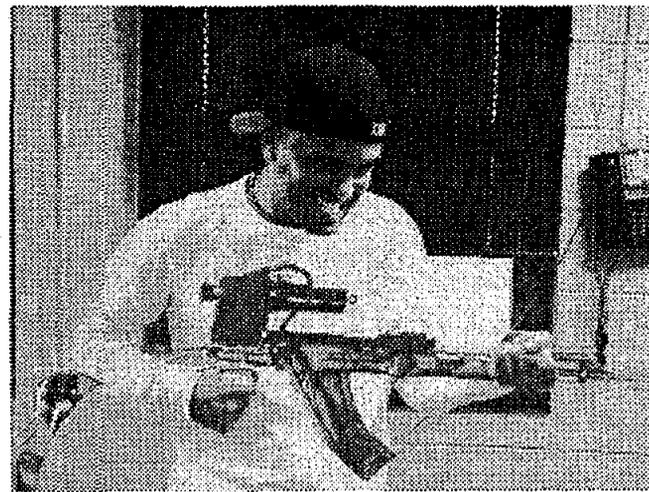
Fellowship "Guns for Jesus" program and the Feminist Collective's "Take Back Everything" march.

"Why should we just take back the night?" asked Feminist Collective General Lori Perlmutter. "If we have enough guns, we can take back the day, the afternoon, the evening, and the sunrise!"

"I don't know how it happened," said SGA Elections Chairperson Jenna-Lyn Rounsaville from her hiding place in a cave north of the Rec Center. "One minute, I was investigating the 6,984,510 alleged improprieties in this election. The next thing I knew, [CJR Chair] Mauricio [Mattos] burst in wearing a camo suit and shouted 'Hands in the air, mother-fucker!' and tried to arrest me. That's when [Treasurer-Elect] Lauren [Smith] walked in, and they started shooting at each other. One thing led to another, and I fled to this cave." Rounsaville said that it was her intention to live off rats and snakes until the fighting died down and it was safe for her to reappear.

The Pioneer Times, unfortunately, learned the hard way that the rules of war do not apply to journalists. Several of their correspondents have been found riddled with bullets after attempting to get "behind-the-lines" interviews with the combatants. However, the Bacon reporters have suffered as well; militant factions of both Hillel and the Muslim Student Association have captured several of our reporters, crucifying them in front of the Student Center. The two groups have merged into the B'Nai Brith Muslim Foundation. "We have finally found common ground in our hatred of the Bacon," said foundation advisor Stacy Berger.

University Provost Chernoh Sesay was directing the Administration Forces from his [secret] bunker under the Atrium Building. "We expect to see an end to this unfortunate incident within the week," he commented, indicating a set of maps that included plans for an air strike that would wipe the head-



General Cis Moses, leader of the Art Power League

Photo by A. Dobe

quarters of most of the factions from the face of the earth. "No students can stand against my awesome power." He then proceeded to laugh maniacally, drawing a machete and heading to the surface with a platoon of Campus Police Officers armed with bazookas.

Czar Jimski Schofield, leader of La Resistance, had a different view. "I expect the fighting to continue well into next year. Hopefully, when the ground freezes this winter, the forces of the Catholic Campus Inquisition and the South Tower Confederacy will become bogged down so La Resistance can sweep in and clean house."

Despite the extreme danger to ourselves and our reporters (and the fact that no two of our editors are in the same faction), the Bacon will continue to bring you reports direct from the front line in this conflict.

Sober Students Attend "How To Abuse Alcohol" Program

By TS Eliot
The Bacon

Faced with the alarming number of sober students that attend Musicfest every year, University officials are now forcing sober students to attend a "How To Abuse Alcohol" program. Provost Chernoh Sesay said, "Every year, we are forced to clean up after sober students during Musicfest. This year, we've decided to show those students the harmful effects of abusing sobriety in a program entitled 'Sober and Sad.' The course will be taught by Robert Downey Jr. and the exhumed corpse of Ernest Hemingway."

Sobriety during Musicfest has been a common problem in past years, with gangs of students roving around campus making rational, informed decisions and engaging in discriminate, monogamous sexual activity. "This is disgraceful," said one professor. "During Musicfest, I expect my students to attend class clutching a bottle of Jack Daniels. Sober students cannot be expected to learn effectively."

Campus police were dispatched to Musicfest and proceeded to round up all students with a low blood-alcohol content. The students were then taken to the Hooters Dining Hall, where Downey and Hemingway instructed them on the best ways to abuse alcohol.

"Alcohol has changed my life," said Downey, sipping from a silver flask. "I did ninety percent of my acting jobs while drunk, especially when I was on 'Ally McBeal.'" Hemingway agreed with Downey by vigorously nodding. Hemingway was unable to speak, due to the fact that his jaw fully decomposed in 1989.

Students were treated to assorted lectures by Downey and Hemingway, including such topics as "Beer and your Brain," "Taking Tests while Tanked," and "How to Drink 'Till S/he's Cute."

After the seminar, the formerly sober students were given a 12-pack of Schlitz beer and a box of Trojan condoms, as well as this message from Downey: "Let this be a lesson to you: Never spend another day sober. Alcohol will enrich your lives in countless ways; don't think, drink."

One sober student had this to say: "I always thought my decision not to drink was a good idea—was I ever wrong! Robert Downey and that dead guy taught me that drunken revelry is the way to go." Another student said, "Now I know the healing powers of Jim Beam. Thanks, WPU!"

Many drunk students were shocked to hear that so many sober students were found on campus. "Fuck you, buddy, okay? I like my red hat," said a freshman passed out in front of the Student Center. Francois Eisenstien, a sophomore, stated, "Hey baby, want to go back to my room and make a video?"

Francisco Diaz, Director of Campus Activities, said that this year's Musicfest was an overwhelming success, despite the large number of sober students. "We thought that moving the event to the soccer field would discourage sobriety. Apparently, some people don't learn—that's why we had Robert Downey come here. I certainly hope a successful alcoholic like him can point the way to our students."

Bacon Editor Resorts to Alcoholism "It's all I have left," says Claw

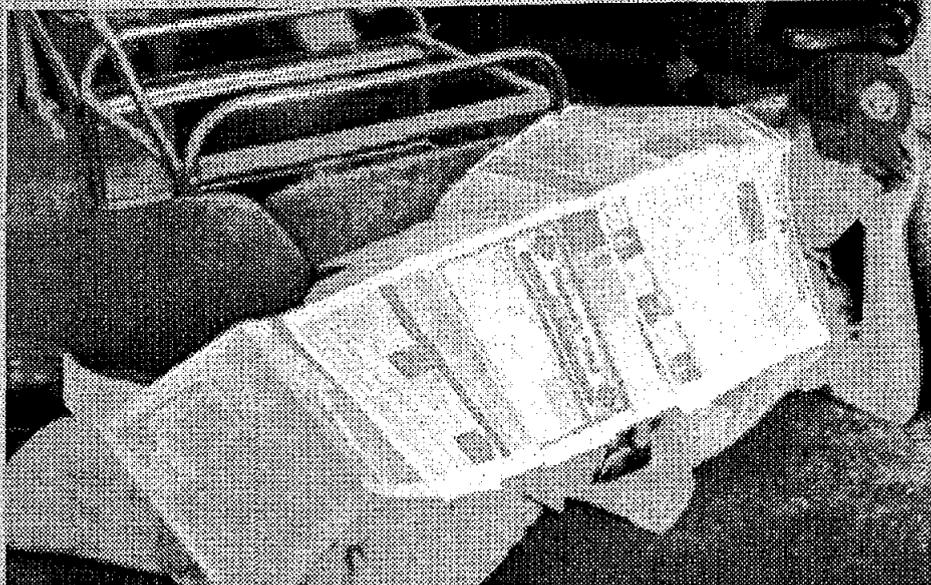
By Spider Jerusalem
The Bacon

Bacon Editor Dr. Claw was found inebriated on Wednesday. When asked why he began drinking, he said, "Beraus I waaan blaf a, F-the bleafin!" After the questioning, Claw passed out with a deafening release of human exhaust. A student who walked passed Claw exclaimed, "What a foul smell! Why do they let these destitute people live here?"

Several faculty members commented on Claw's condition. One said, "I can't believe how he had access to that amount of alcohol." Another student had this to say: "They will definitely receive more advertising from alcohol companies."

Claw, who later sobered up enough to accept the Pulitzer Prize for The Bacon, didn't think his inebriated state was that bad. "You know, I've been drunk before. Back in '62, I drank a crate of Jack Daniels and passed out in Frank Sinatra's pool. Lately, it's been tough, though. Being editor of the Bacon is a stressful job, and like Robert Downey Jr, I've discovered that the best way to deal with stress is alcoholism. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to hit on that house plant over there." Claw then proceeded to pass out on a couch, using a pile of newspapers as a blanket.

Staff members of The Bacon were reluc-



Claw asleep in a pile of papers

photo by Helmut Newton

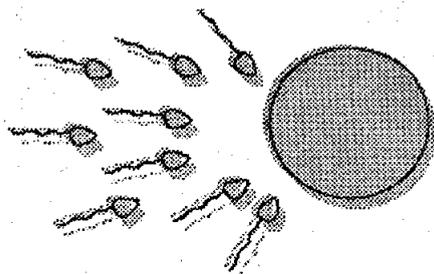
tant to comment on Claw's drunkenness, however, Czar Jimski Schofield, leader of the "La Resistance" faction in the SGA Civil War, did say this: "I've worked with Claw in many military campaigns. Some of you may recall the Battle of Hunziker Hall last week, where Claw and I soundly defeated the forces of the Art Power League. Claw's alcoholism has never been a problem that I've seen, except for the scores of illegitimate children he's fathered in the last two months."

Claw is expected to consume at least 20 more gallons of alcohol this week. The Jack

Daniels Distillery in Lynchburg, TN, is considering naming a section of it's brewing plant after Claw. "He's done great things for us," said Arthur Coventry, a manager at the plant. "Claw saved us from bankruptcy last year when he bought a tanker truck full of Jack Daniels. There is no limit to his alcoholism. He's an American hero."

When asked about the possibility of having a part of the Jack Daniel's plant named after him, Claw grumbled inarticulately, thrust his middle finger in the air and screamed "Whitesnake rules!" He then rolled over and went back to sleep.

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Meet the Remnants of your SGA: Pt. I

Name- Larry Clow
 Nickname- Dr. Claw
 Class- All of them
 Age- 3000
 Birthdate- Smarch 19th



Major- Double Major in Evil and Communism
 Minor- Basket Weaving

Career Intentions- World Domination and a Sno-Cone

Offices- Dictator-in-Chief of the Bacon

Clubs- Club Sandwich

Interests/Hobbies- Your Mother

Favorite Historical Figure- Alex Trebeck

Goals for the SGA- I wish to secretly turn the SGA into a puppet regime run by myself and a penguin named Cecil.

Intentions for Next Year- Be sure to vote for me in the 2004 presidential election.

Personal Quote- "Onward, poultry soldiers!" -Frank Simini III

Name- Jim V. Schofield
 Nickname- Czar Jimski
 Class- None
 Hometown- Philadelphia, PA
 Age- Old, but not as old as Larry
 Birthdate- July 4, 1776



Major- Italian, Italian American and Mediterranean Studies (IIMS)
 Minor- Transgender Studies

Career Intentions- First WPU, then the WORLD!

Offices- Bacon Blues Editor, Head of la Resistance

Clubs- The Bacon, Lettuce and Tomato

Interests/Hobbies- Sex, drugs, fast cars, sex, explosions, alcohol, sex, embroidery

Favorite Historical Figure- Anybody but Jesus. Everybody always says Jesus. I FUCKING HATE THAT!!

Goals for the SGA- To increase the efficiency of our nuclear armaments.

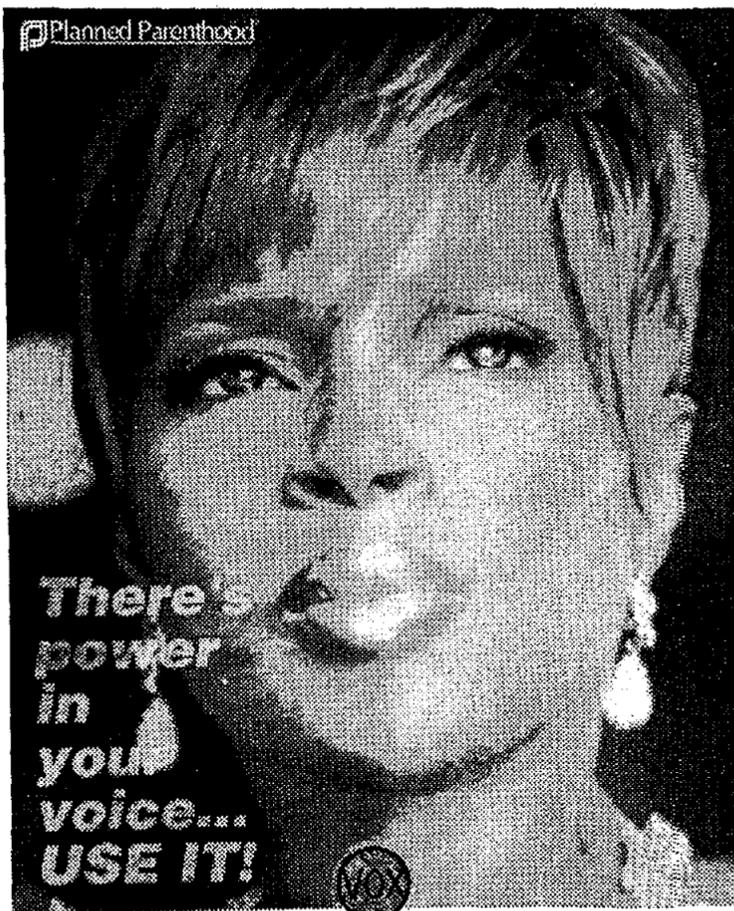
Intentions for Next Year- Making numerous unprofessional attacks against organizations of the color purple.

Personal Quote- "I'm going to stop complaining, do what I have to do, get this section done and eat my pizza when it gets here." -The Wise and All-Knowing Jake

DO NOT WRITE FOR THE BACON!! WE DO NOT WANT YOU HERE!!

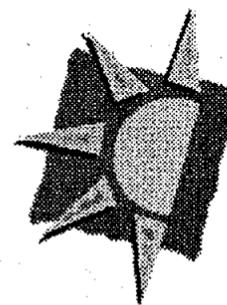
Do you have any idea how much crap gets submitted to us each week?

I'm practically swimming in it. FUCK OFF!! Go write for the Pioneer Times.



Our voices are powerful. Our voices can tell Congress who we are and what we believe. The threats to our sexual and reproductive freedom are real. Now is the time to use the power of our voices. Be a part of Vox.: Voices for Planned Parenthood. Send your voice straight to Congress. It's fast. It's easy. And it works.

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University Sells Buildings to Battle Budget Cuts

"Study at the Amazon.Com Library" Says Speert

By Sexmaster D.
The Bacon

The recent budget cuts have affected William Paterson University in more ways than one. Tuition has gone up and funding has gone down. However, the administration of WPU have come up with a way bring down our tuition, as well as increase the money available on campus. William Paterson University has begun selling the names of its buildings and facilities to various corporations, with prices ranging anywhere from \$500,000 to \$5,000,000 a year. With the new funding, many new changes will be coming to campus. New dorms will be built, old dorms will be renovated, and many other projects are being started, including the building of a NASA-sponsored Space Port.



"Some would accuse the University of selling out; however, that is simply not the case," said University President Arnold Speert. "I'm sure that all students will enjoy studying in the Amazon.com Library and dining at the exquisite Hooters Hall."

Because of the increased revenue on campus, students will be provided with laptops. A wireless internet connection will be set up on-campus, so students can access the Internet from anywhere they choose. There will also be new

tables and chairs for all dining halls, and all lounges, as well as new parking lots.

"This is great! Now William Paterson is a real school!" said one student. He chose to remain nameless, due to the fact that AOL/Time-Warner now holds the copyright to his name.

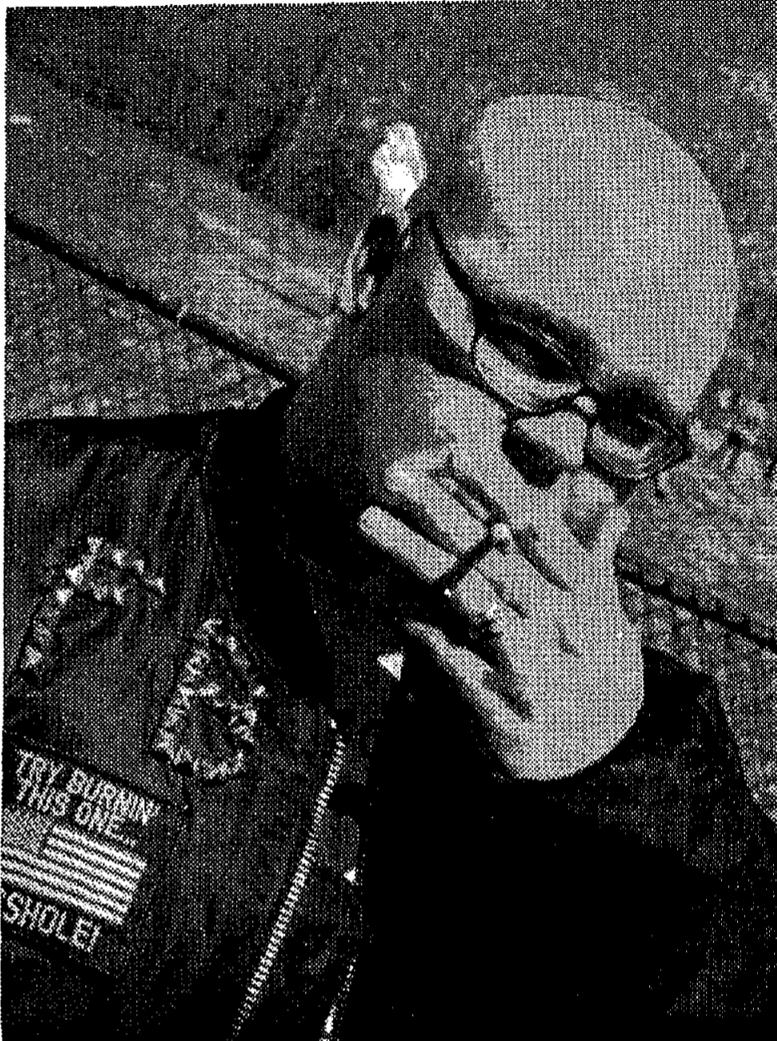
Other students disagree. "We've sold out to the man! I won't go to the Sony Music Center (formerly Shea Center), I won't stay in Hugh Hefner Hall (formerly Pioneer Hall), and I won't bow down your global government! Anarchy forever!"

Some professors have questioned the ethics behind the corporate sponsorship. "How can we teach, when our every move is dictated by soulless corporations bent on world domination?" remarked on professor. "And what will Microsoft do when they find out I'm using a pirated copy of Word 2000? Will they lock me out of the Atrium [now Microsoft Computer Lab]? I sure hope not."

The corporate "branding" of all buildings will take place over the summer, culminating in the placement of Mickey-Mouse ears on the WPU Water Tower.

*Editor's Note—
Hey kids! Cut out the handy map below so you can find your way around our corporate campus!*
—Dr. Claw

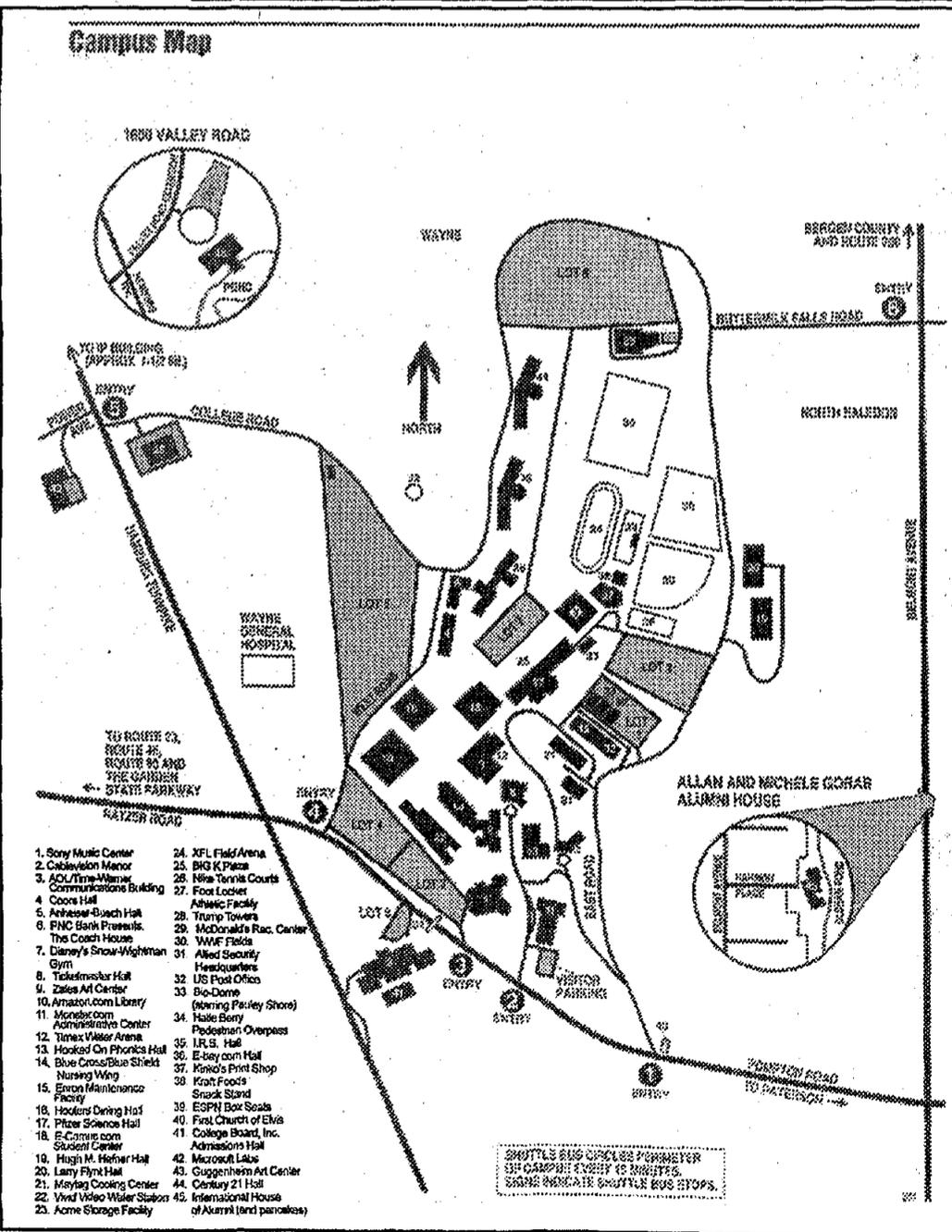
Jimmy Hoffa Found on Campus! Ex-Union Boss Now Exiled-member of Popular "Blue Man Group"



Want to know what corporations bought what buildings? Consult the chart below!

- Before:
1. Shea Center for Performing Arts
 2. Hobart Manor
 3. Hobart Hall
 4. Matelson Hall
 5. White Hall
 6. Coach House
 7. Wightman Gym
 8. Hunziger Hall
 9. Ben Shahn Center for Visual Art
 10. David and Lorraine Cheng Library
 11. Morrison Hall
 12. Pool
 13. Raubinger Hall
 14. Hunziger Wing
 15. Heating Plant & Cent. Maint. Facility
 16. Wayne Hall
 17. Science Hall
 18. Manchuga Student Center
 19. Pioneer Hall
 20. Heritage Hall
 21. Central Chiller Plant
 22. Water Tower & Pumping Station
 23. Warehouse
 24. Wightman Field Complex
 25. Caldwell Plaza
 26. Tennis Courts
 27. Athletic Locker Facility
 28. The Towers
 29. Rec. Center
 30. Athletic Fields
 31. Campus Police Building
 32. Mail Room
 33. Greenhouse
 34. Pedestrian Overpass
 35. College Hall
 36. Hillside Hall
 37. Print Shop
 38. Concession Stand
 39. Bleachers & Press Box
 40. Campus Catholic Ministry
 41. Admissions Hall
 42. Atrium
 43. Power Art Center
 44. Century hall
 45. Allan and Michele Gorab Alumni House

- After:
1. Sony Music Center
 2. Cablevision Manor
 3. AOL/Time Warner Comm. Building
 4. Coors Hall
 5. Anheiser Busch Hall
 6. PNC Bank presents: The Coach House
 7. Disney's Snow-Wightman Gym
 8. Ticketmaster Hall
 9. Zales Art Center
 10. Amazon.com Library
 11. Monster.com Administrative
 12. Timex Water Arena
 13. Hooked On Phonics Hall
 14. Blue Cross and Blue Shield Nursing Wing
 15. Enron Maintenance Facility
 16. Hooters Dining Hall
 17. Pfizer Science Facility
 18. E-Campus.com Center
 19. Hugh M. Hefner Hall
 20. Larry Flint Memorial Hall
 21. Maytag Refrigeration Center
 22. Vivid Video Water Station
 23. Acme Storage Facility
 24. XFL Field Arena
 25. Big K Plaza
 26. Nike Tennis Courts
 27. Foot Locker Athletic Facility
 28. Trump Towers
 29. McDonald's Rec. Center
 30. WWF Athletic Field
 31. Sloman's Shield Security Headquarters
 32. US Postal Service
 33. Bio-Dome (Starring Pauley Shore)
 34. Halle Berry Pedestrian Overpass
 35. IRS Hall
 36. Ebay.com Hall
 37. Kinko's Copy Center
 38. Kraft Food's Snack Stand
 39. ESPN Box Seats
 40. First Church of Elvis
 41. College Board Inc. Admissions Hall
 42. Microsoft Labs
 43. Guggenheim Art Complex
 44. Century 21 Hall
 45. International House of Alumni and Pancakes



Looking for sophisticated fun? Man, you came to the wrong place.

Write for The Bacon.

Come to Room 310 in The Student Center and engage in some debauchery

Dear Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to express my undying love for The Bacon. I sleep with a copy of the Bacon every night, and sometimes I fashion old issues of the Bacon into underwear. The Bacon covers my naughty places very well. The articles are well written, and the recent addition of Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, and the zombified corpse of TS Eliot to your staff has only added to your journalistic integrity.

However, I do have one problem with the newspaper. There is not enough nudity in it. Every time I open up the paper, I expect to see some form of breasts, or at least a bare behind. I will even settle for some graphic pictures of cows being milked.

Aside from that small fact, I am quite happy with The Bacon. The newspaper is never offensive, and always exercises the utmost sensitivity about every topic. For instance, I have never seen anything in the newspaper that can be interpreted as anti-Jewish, anti-Palestinian, or anti-anything for that matter. I also enjoy the positive light that The Bacon presents the maintenance staff of WPU in. The Bacon loves everyone, and because I love The Bacon, I love everyone too.

Now, let's go have some cookies.

Sincerely,
Steve DeGennaro

Dear Bacon-

I am writing in response to Gerry Pugliese's articles describing weight room personalities and the intelligence of professional athletes. I found the articles to be inspiring pieces of literature, espousing the closely held beliefs of a great many people with a tact and flair that the other Bacon writers would do well to emulate. Indeed, I have added clippings of the articles to my scrapbook so that I can read them whenever I like.

Mr. Pugliese, you are truly a legend in your own time. The monthly Pugliese Newsletter sent out by your fan club gives me so much information, I feel like I have known you all my life. As I join the dozens of other enthusiastic readers that are already stalking you, going through your garbage and spying through your windows, I can only feel a sense of pride that I have the ability to understand the full depth of your writings and all the wisdom contained within.

You will also be happy to hear that I have been ordained a Minister within the Gerry Pugliese Church of Recent Day Saints. I am so thankful for having received Your articles. By spreading Your Holy Word across the earth, my fellow ministers and I are truly during Your (and, by extension, God's) work. Only in the radiance of Your Divine Will, through the blessings of Jesus, can we all be saved. Rejoice.

In any case, I hope that you continue to write for the Bacon. Your intelligent discourse has truly shown me the way. I know now that I was a sinner before, living in the darkness that exists whenever Gerry Pugliese is not present. Imagine my stupidity, giving people the benefit of the doubt and not automatically assigning stereotypes to athletic individuals. I was surely a sinner, and a great fool; fortunately, I have been saved through the articles of Gerry Pugliese.

His will be done.

The Rev. John Doe, Gerry Pugliese Church of Recent Day Saints
G.P. Fan Club Member #150,374,923

Dear Bacon-

Wow. You guys are fantastic. Your covering of campus issues is superb, especially your in depth stories about the SGA Civil War. And the way that the Insider wrote so much about Fred Durst, my favorite musician... honestly, the Bacon is my most beloved newspaper. I cannot get through the day without it. I re-read every article 27 times throughout the week.

I want to write for the Bacon. Really, I hate writing for the Pioneer Times; it sucks over here. Dr. Leshar has been bribing me to stay with good grades, but it isn't working anymore. I want to defect. The Bacon has such journalistic integrity and excellence in writing that I no longer believe that the Pioneer Times can hold a candle to you. Indeed, Dr. Claw has more ability in his pinky finger than the entire Comm Department put together, despite his alcoholism. All this without mentioning the Pulitzer Prize that you won; the Pioneer Times never even came close to one of those.

Please let me write for the Bacon. I promise to be good. I'll write anything you tell me to, just get me out of the Pioneer Times' closet in Hobart Hall!

Robin Kavanagh



Mountain Man, our content advisor hard at work

The Bacon: 29% More Offensive

By Dr. Claw
Editor-in-Chief

If you've made it this far into The Bacon and you're not horribly offended yet, then I commend you. The ability to take a joke seems to have diminished in recent years. The idea of being "sensitive" to every single person on the planet has over-taken our pitiful, human brains, and so we have become a society of whining, humorless pansies. I'm actually being serious here, although I was kidding about everyone being "pansies". Despite the fact that none of the articles in The Bacon are real, I know that I'll have people lined up outside of my office on Tuesday morning, looking to cru-

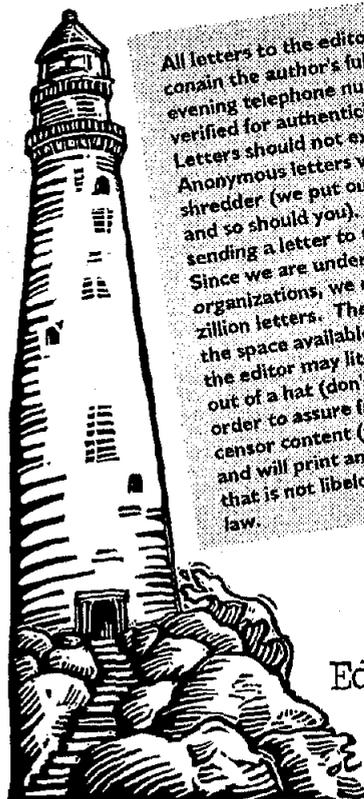
cify me for offending this group or that person. Before that happens, however, I'd like to clarify a couple things regarding this issue.

To anyone that happens to be offended by this issue of the Bacon, I have one simple message: lighten up. Humor is a coping mechanism, a tool that we use to make it through life. If we can't laugh at ourselves, then there's no hope. I could throw some pithy quotes about humor by Kurt Vonnegut and Goethe at you, but I'll save the time and just give you this bit of advice: there's something funny about everything. If you take anything in life too seriously, you're in trouble. So, while you're reading The Bacon, just have this thought

running through your head: "They're only kidding." We're not out to offend any one group; in fact, you'll see that The Beacon staff is making fun of themselves more than anyone else. As was stated in the warning on page three, *everything is fair game for comedy, and that includes us.*

I know this is falling on deaf ears, but I've at least tried. I look forward to seeing everyone that can't take a joke this Tuesday. The Beacon office is on the third floor of the student center; you'll know it by the long line of people standing outside the door, clutching pitchforks and torches, screaming for my head on a plate. See you there.

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 (we put our names on what we write, and so should you). The best medium is 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. The volume of mail may exceed the space available for printing. In that case, the editor may literally pick letters for printing out of a hat (don't worry, it's a nice hat) in order to assure fairness. The Beacon does not censor content (see our mission statement) and will print any signed and verified letter that is not libelous or otherwise prohibited by law.

Larry Clow
Editor-in-Chief

Next week, The Beacon returns to its regularly-scheduled programming. Until then, enjoy The Bacon and have a laugh or two.

CONTACT US



The
Beacon
WEEKLY

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The Path to Love

Throughout history, religions have preached love and peace, but few have ever delivered. Many even contradict each other. Well, no more, because the Sacred Order of the Four Screens has the ultimate plan for world peace: love everyone, hug a lot, and frolic.

True, this theorem appears in other dogma, but nowhere else is it so prevalent. The four prophets of this new movement have already transcended hate and distrust. They scorn the commercial and technical, living among nature and cheer. Their environment has not been sullied by mere humans, and they can converse with the wild creatures with no fear, for fear has also been eradicated.

A spokesperson for the prophets had this to say: "They are pure and holy, following not the desires of flesh but only the voice from above. They are diverse and yet whole, living among simple pleasures. To follow them is to know calm."

One of the prophets deigned to speak to me. In awe, I managed to inquire, "How may we be like you?" His reply was spoken in the holy tongue, which I am not fit to translate. Thus, it can be assumed that to follow, one must begin with imitation, until one becomes pure enough to comprehend the sheer greatness of the prophets.

To date, the following of these great ones is small. Several adherents, who gave their names as Happiness, Rainbow, and Sunshine, spoke to me

about their pleasure in discovering these prophets. "We've always believed in hugs and smiles, and it's a pleasure to see that others do too. For too long, religions have divided the people of the world—now it brings them together with joy and sunshine."

The prophets have already made clear their symbols. Fuzzy rabbits, small puppies, kittens, and chicks are all representative.

It was later revealed to me that these prophets follow as well the Sun, which they believe to represent youth and birth.

In pursuance of the purity of the prophets, I joined hundreds of others in viewing their teachings. While mere unpure humans are never permitted in the enclosure of the prophets, they have consented to send taped messages to their adherents. During these messages, the Voice speaks to all, and the prophets teach via the sacred Screens. Knowing how undeserving we are, and being full of compassion, the prophets repeat their lessons, so that we may better learn. During these

broadcasts, the prophets also show us how they live, that we may imitate and learn.



JEM (Holograms)
Diversity Editor²

DISH WITH DIVA N' DUDE

Dear Diva and Dude,

I'm a male prostitute and I'm having trouble finding work on campus. Any suggestions?
—*Stuck between a rock and a hard place*

Dear Stuck,

You should try propositioning guys instead of girls. Girls are sitting on a pot of gold. They can get whatever they want whenever they want and don't have to pay for sex. Besides, if there are any sleezy

girls left that would actually pay for sex, Dude is already on top of it, or should I say on top of them. Sorry bud, but Dude has taken all your business.
—*Diva*

Hey Stuck,

I took all the business already. Sorry dude. I'd spread the wealth, but the money is helping. It's not a lot at a time, but it builds into a nice amount.
—*Dude*



We're Great
pg 10

empowering women

to make an informed decision....

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Editor's Note—

The following article has been censored by the NSA due to issues of national security. Thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, The Beacon was able to obtain a semi-censored version for publication. Notations indicate where large amounts of text were deleted.

—LC

You ██████ think the following ██████ is completely negative; this is far from the truth. This story is one of inspiration, hope, and joy. ██████ is also one of conversion. People, I have seen the light and have been chosen to guide you to the promise land.

The other morning, ██████ Philosophy, decided to head over to Wayne Hall. ██████ going on very little sleep so I walked there with my eyes half shut. ██████ I fumbled ██████ my wallet to look ██████. The lady grabbed my ██████ and I was on my way.

I ██████ grabbed ██████ round tables, ██████ books down and started to walk away when I heard Creed in my head. ██████ began to ██████ around to see what I had to "Say". It was coming from one of the ██████. So

Three lines of text deleted

where Scott Staps ██████ in a canoe and pulls himself out of the water. ██████ there I am starting in front of the TV, screaming at the top of my lungs, "Damn you Barack! How dare you pull yourself out of the water! I hope you die!" ██████ other people trying to eat breakfast were just looking at me with ██████. I calmed down, turned around and went about getting my breakfast.

█████ grabbed a ██████ and set up to the Main Event place. ██████ toast-bricks, ██████ congealed fat, ██████ and yellow egg-like things. I wasn't a ██████ griddle place. ██████ was working behind the griddle at the time. ██████ her ██████ chocolate chip pancakes. ██████ walked ██████. By the time I came back, my pancakes were done. "You look like a ██████ mood so ██████ chips and made a smiley face for you. ██████ she really ██████ smiley face pancakes. ██████ at her and walked away.

So ██████ back to my table and sat down. I just ██████ the plate and ██████ smiley face ██████ looking at me. It ██████ my face; hell ██████. ██████ smiley faces ██████ "Have a Nice Day" T-Shirts. ██████.

Five lines of text deleted

inside me and ██████ will be good. ██████ lower my fork to the pancake. ██████ a moan. What ██████? I figured lack of sleep was screwing around ██████. I ██████. I go to cut the pan-

cake ██████, "stop". What the hell is going on? ██████ smiley-face ██████. As soon ██████ sn. I fly ██████ on the floor shock. The six people ██████. They figure I'm on some of ██████ substance.

I crawled back into ██████ at the pancake. ██████ around the room a ██████. Out of the corner ██████. I whip ██████. "█████ the pancake. At that point, I was speechless.

█████ myself started to speak to the pancake. "█████ but I really don't have eyes. I mean all I can eat is ██████ not like there are a million ██████ places ampus I can chose from. ██████ the pancake a bit (I think it was trying to shake its ██████ that is). ██████ appeared ██████ of the eyes. "Are you crying?" I asked the ██████ you son-of-a-bitch! You babbled in the eye." ██████. Just looked at the pancake and started to feint with the hell as going to do. ██████ ydered sugar and sprinkle it on my eye. ██████ otherwise ██████. I ran back to the ██████, grabbed the ██████ ran back and grabbed the ██████. Horray... ██████. So ██████ here for a while longer pon-

Four lines of text deleted

Hospitality Services. ██████ to lead a monumental blution. ██████ Wayne Hall forever. Are you up ██████? Damn, tough decision. ██████ Philosophy? ██████ evolutionary.

█████ "I do, pake?" ██████. When I close enough, he whispered in my ear, ██████. You are to bring them back to ██████ sion. "How the hell ato do this?" I said to myself. "█████ you're going to do thisaid the pancake. ██████, he's a ██████ nifty

Nine Lines of Deleted

█████ with ██████. Believe it or not, there worse characters ██████. **How Fjler**

Diversity

Horror Stories from the Shoebox: How the Girl Stole Springfest

Every kid down in Drunkville liked Springfest a lot, but the Girl who lived just North of Drunkville, did not. The Girl hated Springfest, the whole Springfest season. Now please don't ask why, no one quite knows the reason. It could be perhaps that her morals were right, it could be, perhaps, that she was simply too bright. But I think that the most likely reason of all, was that her brain, unlike theirs, wasn't so small. But whatever the reason, her morals or knowledge, she stood there on Springfest Eve hating the college. Staring down from Hillside with a sour (but sober) frown, at the light-headed drunk ones below in the town. For she knew, every student down in Drunkville beneath, was busy now, rotting their brains and their teeth. "And they're blasting their music!" she snarled with a sneer, "Tomorrow is Springfest, it's practically here!" Then she growled, with her fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST find some way to stop Springfest from coming!" For tomorrow she knew, all those drunk kids, those finks, would wake bright and early. They'd rush for their drinks! And then! Oh the noise! Oh the noise! Oh the noise noise noise noise! That's one thing she hated. The noise noise noise noise!

Then the students, young and old, would sit down and drink. And they'd drink! And they'd drink! And they'd drink drink drink drink. They would drink till the sun rose, from the west to the east, they'd drink till those students couldn't stand up in the least! And then they'd do something she liked least of all. Every kid down in Drunkville, the tall and the small, would stand close together, with boom boxes ringing, they'd stand cigarettes in hand, and those kids would start singing! They'd dance! And they'd vomit! And they'd sing sing sing sing! And the more the Girl thought of this damn Drunkenfest sing, the more the Girl thought, "I must stop this whole thing! Why for two seasons in a row, I've put up with it now. I MUST stop Springfest from coming, but HOW?

Then she got an idea! An awesome idea! The Girl got a wonderful, AWESOME idea! "I know just what to do!" The Girl laughed in her throat. And she made a quick policeman hat and a coat. Then she chuckled and clucked, "What a fabulous plot, with this coat and this hat, I'll look just like a cop. All I need is a sidekick..." The Girl looked around, but, since minions are scarce, there were none to be found. But did that stop the young girl? No! The Girl simply said, "If I can't find a sidekick, I'll MAKE ONE instead!"

So she called to her roommate, and she picked up some thread, and she tied a police cap to the top of her head. THEN, they loaded some bags, some in each hand, ready to go, the girl looked at her friend. Then the Girl said, "Let's Move!" and the two started down toward the Student Center, while the kids lay a-snooze in their town. All the windows were dark, no hip hop filled the air, all the kids were all dreaming sweet dreams without care, when she came to the building in the center of the square. "This is stop number one!" The two sober girls hissed and they climbed to the roof, empty bags in their fists.

They snuck into the building, humming "Missio Impossible," they prayed to get through this with no trips to the hospital. They were delayed only once, for a moment or two, because the sidekick, as always, had to re-tie her shoe. The CDs and speakers were all stacked in a row "This music," they swore, "is

the first thing to go! Then they slithered and slunk, past every speaker and song, around the whole building, till the bad music was gone! Rap music, Pop music, Disco alike! They took it all, speakers and mics! They stuffed them in bags, and the Girl, quite content, flung all the bags down, off the roof they all went!

Then they slunk to the food stash, they took their whole supply! They took the bread for the sandwiches, white, wheat and rye! They cleaned out the food stash as quick as a flash. Why, those Girls even took the last of the 'special' brownie hash. Then they tossed all the food up to the roof with great pleasure. "This is great!" said the Girls, "What could b better?"

And the girls gathered their stuff, preparing to run, when they heard a small sound, a mumbling hum. They turned around fast, and saw a drunk human, plastered enough not to know WHAT they was doing. He staggered on by, the confused young drunkard, mumbling as he past, "That cop looks like my uncle!" The Girls could have been caught by this drunk one, who surely had stayed awake all night, to begin Drunkfest early.

He stared at the girls and slurred out, "Hey chicks, where, where can I get me some more alcohol, WHERE?!" But you know, those two Girls were so smart and so slick they thought up a lie, and they thought it up quick! "Why right over here," the fake police women stalled, "There's a room full of drinks, right down this hall. We'll show you the way, don't you worry a bit, follow us please, we promise, you'll find it." So they led the drunk to a supply-storage closet, and un-slid the bolt, so as to unlock it. They locked the drunk in the closet with care, then the Girls got their loot and got the hell out of there!

It was a quarter past dawn...all the kids still asleep, all the kids still a-snooze when the Girls left with their bags. Left with all of their music! Their cigarettes! Their precious beverages! Their junk food and their fake IDs! Those girls took everything! They ran back to Hillside, to hide and to hover, hoping the drunk kid would not blow their cover. "Haha to the drunks!" They were happily humming, "They're finding out now that NO Springfest is coming! They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do! Their mouths will hang open a minute or two, then those drunks at the Student Center will all cry, 'Boo-Hoo!'"

"That's a noise," said the Girls, "that we simply MUST hear!" So they paused, and the Girls put a hand to one ear. And they did hear a noise rising out of the night, "But wait!" they both said, "This can't be right!" This sound wasn't sad, this sound sounded merry! It couldn't be so! But it WAS merry! VERY! They stared at the Student Center, not believing their eyes, what they saw, what they heard, was a shocking surprise!

Every kid down in Drunkville, the tall and the small, was singing, without any stereos at all! They HADN'T stopped Springfest from coming! IT CAME! Somehow or other, it came just the same. And the Girls, with their hearts feeling broken and low, stood puzzling and puzzling, "How could it be so? It came without music! It came without food! Everyone's still in a drunken, festive mood! They puzzled awhile, then wiped away their tears, "Those drunks haven't won yet, there's always next year!"

Jen Sinclair
Diversity Editor

Tired of not knowing whether to call it a pizza roll or pocket?

Then call it a... Beacon

PIZZAWHATTHEFLUCKS



(ad desigby Allan Ringler)
NOTEAL! DUH

We're Great!!!

"Everything is different now." So says the immortal Don Henley and also describes my new outlook on life. It came suddenly, like a priest at a boy-scout convention, my new view on the world is well, fluffy! Yes, fluffy like a cloud or like the bush on a European woman. I woke up the other morning, took my morning shit, and as I was sitting there (thumbing through last month's Penthouse) I decided that there is really a lot more beauty in this world than ugliness. Perhaps my generally negative view on human-behavior was skewed and that I was missing exactly how great of a species we are. All you got to do is look at all the wonderful things we contributed to this little green and blue ball we call earth. I mean, shit, without us the world would be deprived of very necessary things like reusable paper plates, cinnamon dental floss, sneakers with blinking lights, and my personal favorite rubber dog-shit. Honestly, where would the world be if you had to actually throw-out a disposal plate or if you were forced to used actual canine feces to gross-out your friends. Contributions like this make it very hard to understand why the planet took millions of years to evolve us.

It isn't only our inventorial spirit that makes us vital to the world, but our social organization is an impressive item as well. Who would possibly object to our wisely structured system of supporting the rich, subduing the poor, and anally raping the middle class with a big rubber dildo wrapped in red tape? As a proud member of the middle class I whole-heartedly welcome the additional hardship of not only trying to secure my own future, but also struggling to indirectly carry numerous members of the poorer community as well. All the while fat cat businessmen sit around blowing cigar smoke up each other's asses, playing the ever so riveting game of golf, and trying to claim that banging their immigrant house cleaner is an acceptable form of charity, hence another tax write off. It really does make sense that we would strive to give those with a little hardship less inconvenience because after all it would be impolite to ask those well-manicured hands to help out from time-to-time. Seriously, we wouldn't want to impose social responsibility on the rich because that would take away from their time spent counting their money

and placating the middle class. It's a good thing we go easy on the wealthy people because they already have it hard, I mean bending the will of workingmen and women is quite taxing, pun intended.

Another element of our

wonderful existence that truly makes me appreciate exactly how great we are is how people protest those individuals who take full advantage of his or her right to freedom of speech. Sure being able to speak your mind is very important, but if

people were allowed to do this without scrutiny they might say or write something that might offend somebody and that would be horrible. It is our civic duty to ensure everyone has the same tunnel vision and are allowed to only see what has been deemed appropriate.

Can you even imagine what would happen if a person started touting off about topics that might piss off even one person? We certainly couldn't have a person talk about the various types of misfits one could find in a gym and it would be very inappropriate to have an article point out exactly how ridiculous many professional athletes verbalization skills are. I can only blush with embarrassment when I think about how proud I am to be part of a culture that endorses individuality and then loudly blows the whistle on those that try to take advantage of it.

I love us, don't you? Sure I only mentioned a few of our greater achievements and things to be proud of, but these should be more than enough to illustrate

just how fantastic we are. Even still I did leave out some things that really enforce our greatness; like our fixation with constructing weapons of mass destruction that not only kill the enemy, but also destroy the environment and cause fallout that diversely affects the attacker. What better way to bring a conflict to end by completely blowing-up the living shit out of all parties involved. With ideas and theories like the ones I have mentioned it is easy to understand why evolution chose to promote a fun-seeking bunch like us. If by some unjust act of fate mankind were to be eliminated from the globe I think I have come up with a perfect epitaph. "Humans, the people that brought the world nukes and rubber shit." We are truly a species to admire, but it still puzzles me that extraterrestrials have seemingly been hesitant to contact such a happy go lucky gup like us. Okay then, catch on later!

Oh yeah, there's one more delightful item humans are responsible for, sarcasm!

Gerry Puliese
Diversity



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The Insider

Pop • Fred Durst Fan Club • Sex • Drama



DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY READ IN THIS ISSUE, NO ROCK STARS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THE INSIDER. WELL, EXCEPT FOR COURTNEY LOVE. WAIT, SHE'S NO ROCK STAR.

NO MORE BELLY SHIRTS FOR BRITNEY- SHE'S ENTERING A CONVENT! SHOCKING NEWS!

PAGE 14

Subliminal Message: The Bacon stinks like dick. Especially Moses and Asscracks. And News bitches and Diversity whiners and Sports losers and Lit nerds.

Two Tough Guys Interviewed: Fred Durst and Ja Rule



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After close to a year of searching for a replacement for West Bortland, **Limped Bizkits** frontman Fatty-Fred Curst has finally come up with a solution. In an exclusive interview with the Insider, Fat-Fuck Fred laid out his plans for the future of the "Bizkit," discussed his prison sentence, and then proceeded to puke and pass out on the Beacon's couch after a long day of MusicFest partying. (Editor's note: He is still passed out in our office and he is starting to stink up the place. If anyone is interested in owning their very own Lick Bizkits frontman, come on up to SC310 to pick him up. But be sure to bring an extra strong wheelbarrow.) He also hinted at the fact that due to his excellent time at Springfest, he planned on signing some of the performing bands to his Flawlessly Tubby label, an off-shoot of Internscoper records. "I really enjoyed that band, the one whose name sounds like Radiohead, and that other band that covered all my favorite Grunge tunes, 999 Circles."

In anticipation of the Fred Worst exclusive interview, I placed a call to ex-Bizkit guitarist Bortland to get some of his thoughts regarding his departure from the band and the future of the "Bizkit" without him. "I had to leave those idiots. I know it took me too many years but I finally realized that I was the

only mildly talented member of the band." He added, "Without me, those stupid fuckers will never make it. I don't care who they get to replace me, he'll never be as good as me." When I inquired as to his future, Bortland said, "Big Dumb Village Idiot Head will go platinum on our next record. You mark my words, we will be the new Ned's Atomic Dustbin." I informed him that Dustbin never quite made it big and he responded with "Oh. Then I meant the Rembrandts. I always thought that their combination of the Friends theme song along with the reference to toothpaste in their name was a formula for success." He continued, "You know, I'm a crazy fucker, right? Well, I am. I mean, did you see me on stage with all that makeup on? I was so different. Nobody has been as original as me. Ever. Well, if you don't count Ozzy, Alice Cooper and Marilyn Manson. But, you know what, I was still the most original thing to ever happen to rock guitarists because..." At this point, I hung up on the rambling idiot. Good luck, West. You're gonna need it.

Now, on to the highly anticipated Fatmaster Freddy D interview, which you know you have all been waiting for: Insider- So, first off. What's the deal with the guitarist search?

Finger Fucking Fred- Well, let me set the record straight for one thing. When we were auditioning all those guitar players at Guitar Centers all over the country, we were not actually looking for a new guitarist. I mean, just think about it. We are the biggest thing to happen to music since the "Thong Song," do you actually believe we were gonna hire some stupid hick from Wichita? The answer is no, buckos. The last thing I need is some hotshot kid stealing all my Playboy gash. As it is, I can barely get a piece anymore, since my prison incident. I- Wait, hold up. What prison incident?

FD- Uh, I guess I haven't told too many people about that yet. Well, the Bizkit had just finished rocking the West Lake Outhouse in Meade, West Virginia and we went back to our

Guy Incognito
Co-Insider Editor

tour bus for a little dick-suck'n. And all of a sudden, we heard someone knock on the door. We told them to enter and I took our drummer Dong Otto's dick out of my mouth. We were really surprised to find out that it was the local fuzz. To

make a long story short, they arrested us for "lewd conduct" and said that they would throw us in jail for the light, just to make us realize that they don't tolerate that kind of behavior south of the Mason-Dixon. We tried to argue but they called us "little shit-eating yankees" and kicked us in our already swollen testicles.

I-Wow, this is quite a story. Go on.

FD- Well, after that, they dragged our sorry asses to the local prison. They locked us in our cell and at first we didn't notice



Durst and Co. in their underground lair

anything too strange, but after a minute of looking around it occurred to us that we were the only males in the joint. When we questioned the guards about it, they said that we were women and we deserved to be locked up with our own kind. Fuck it, we all said, let's just get through the night. We didn't realize that these women don't fuck around. They crept up on us, and let's just say that what happened next was not pleasant. These 400 pound Bertha's rocked our worlds, but it was the scariest event of our lives. I didn't think I could ever sleep with a woman again. Ever since then, it's been really hard for me to get it up with women, although I've had no problem getting it going for the guys. It's just something about a man's hairy, nude, ass that makes me all hot and bothered.

I-Whoa, dood. Hold back a second. The readers don't really need that much information.

FD- Naw, first of all, you don't get it. My fans deserve to know about all of my life. And first of all, I've always been completely honest with my fans. And first of all, I'm not really gay, I just enjoy the company of men. Yeah, and first of all...

I-Stop saying first of all, you drunk bastard.

FD- Fine, but first of all, I'm only drunk cuz you crazy Willy P kids got me wrecked at your Musicfest. Man, those bands were amazing, and all of the girls looked so good. Did I mention that Flubber Freddy Dirts loves me some barbecue?

I-No, you hadn't mentioned that. Let's move on with the interview. Now, back to the guitarist replacement...

FD- (Pukes all over the Beacon floor) Gimme a paper towel, dude. I'm such a lightweight, man. I only had three beers, but my head is spinning all over the place.

I-You pussy. Handle your liquor, fucko. Now answer the question. What are you dummies going to do to replace West Bortlander?

FD- Okay, First of a...

I-Don't say it.

FD- Oh, ok. Let me be honest with you here. We stole all of

the riffs that those kids played for us and we made a whole new record, with me and the other guys just playing along to the samples that we ripped off of the kids.

I-Wow, isn't that illegal or something.

FD- No, they signed waivers. We just took all the sessions and compiled them into one 50 minute album. We will definitely go platinum and the best part is that those kids won't see any of the cash cuz we didn't give them songwriting credit. It's great to be fat, lazy, and rich.

I-This whole thing sounds pretty unethical, but then what should the public expect from a guy who wrote such groundbreaking lyrics as "I did it all for the nookie, so you could take that cookie, and stick it up your a\$\$." Now, we understand what you are doing as far as the next album, but what about touring and any other albums? Who will play guitar for you then?

FD- Well, we actually spent almost all of our money on an experimental new process of DNA extraction which could splice different guitar player's genes together to create a new super guitarist. What they did was mix genes from living and dead guitarists like Eric Clapton, Stevie Ray Vaughan, BB King, and Jimi Hendrix. We also wanted more street cred, a commodity we tried to chase with our collaboration with Method Man, but we were never able to get. I mean, honestly, do you know any black people who like our music? Me neither. But we figured we could solve that problem by splicing genes from Eddie Murphy, Tupac, and Bryant Gumble into our new guitarist...

I-Wait, Bryant Gumble? Are you sure that he is the appropriate guy to get you guys some street cred? Don't a lot of people consider him to be pretty far removed from the streets.

FD- What? Really? He's the only black guy I'm down with. He keeps it real, though, yo. I've tried to be friends with other minorities but they typically just spit on me and kick me in the genitals.

I-Okay, well, it sounds like a pretty complex arrangement.

How are they going to make this new guitar player, exactly?

FD- Dude, I don't know anything about math. I couldn't tell you how they're gonna do it. I overheard them talking about it, though. They were using words that I don't really understand like "swindle," "victimize," and "conning." They said some wierd stuff, like they would take me and my money right to the bank, and then leave for the Bahamas, but I didn't really know what they were talking about.

I-Dude, it sounds like you are getting royally screwed. Man, you are a total idiot.

FD- What do you mean? We are gonna be the sickest band ever once we get our super guitar player. We think we're gonna call him "Wes Bortland."

I-What the hell? That's the name of your old guitarist, kid. What's wrong with you? Do you have a large piece of metal lodged in your cerebellum?

FD- Um, I told you that I'm not gay, man. Don't come at with that gay shit.

I-Speaking of gay, supposedly you wouldn't wear a headband that said gay on it for the "What's Going On" video. Is that true.

FD- Yo, man, I just deal on the level, yo. Me and my boy Justin Timberlake both decided that we don't get down with that gay shit, and then we started touching each other's genitals. That fat drummer from the Roots walked in on us. He got really pissed and beat the hell out of us. You see, what I said is true. Every black guy I've ever met beats me up and calls me a punk. Except my boy Bryant.

I-Um, alright, whatever. My next question is about you and some of your past issues with other musicians, namely people like Eminem and Scotty "Jeebus" Stapped (Creed).

FD- Well, as far as me and Em go, it's all love. Basically I know better than to fuck with him. He'd beat the heck out of me, and if he didn't, then Dre certainly would. Plus, everyone knows that I can't rap for shit if my life depended on it, so I'm not about to challenge him. I like his new song, though.

I-He makes fun of you in that song, you know.

FD- Yeah, but anything he says about me is probably true. You know I really look up to that motherfucker. I wish I was as good of a silly, white rapper as he is.

I-Well, two out of three ain't bad. You are white and silly.

FD- Thanks, man. You know, you really understand me. You can relate to my struggles, my pain, my...

I-Shut the fuck up. I don't understand you. You annoy me. I was making fun of you, you little idiotic donkey turd.

Drop Dead Fred Dirt

Interview Continued

FD-Wow, thanks. You Insider peeps really are the best. I just love you and...
I-Whatever, man. Tell me about that hizzy you had with that dude from Creed. Were you hating on his Jeebus speech or what?
FD-Naw, man. I love Jeebus. I mean, if that's what sells, then count me in. We were just fighting over the last burrito at an after party and it all got blown out of proportion. It's like, I love burritos, but not enough to go to blows over them.
I-Didn't he want to box you in a charity match and you got scared and turned down the offer.
FD-Not quite. I mean, if it was anyone else, I would have done it. But man, he's got God on his side. You can't fuck around with that. After I got done beating him up, God would have come down and put a whooping on me. I'm afraid of God cuz I heard he hits hard. You know, like Mike Tyson hard.
I-Who would win in a bare knuckle boxing match: Iron Mike or

God?
FD-Yo, that'd be crazy. My money would have to be on Iron Mike, cuz he'll bite ya. I bet God fights fair.
I-Interesting.
 Well, I'm gonna go hang out with some of my friends, so I guess it was nice meeting you. Peace, stay gay.
FD-Can I come with you?
I-No.
FD-Please?
I-Don't make me bitchslap you.



I'm not in the band anymore... hahaha!

Fred-you so sexy in-yo Kangol.

BAND FROM HELL!

Bilbo Baggins
Ins't Blues Editor

Satan informed me of a new band that is forming in the



Recently deceased
 Joey Ramone

realms of Hell. The name of the group's name is **Post No Bills**, "this way it will already be advertised all around NYC," says the Dark Lord. On lead guitar is **Jimi Hendrix**; other guitarists are **Kurt Cobain**, **Randy Rhoads**, **Stevie Ray Vaughan**, and **Jerry Garcia**; bass is **Cliff Burton** while **Sid Vicious** plays in the background, too, "**Pigpen**" **McKernan** on keyboards, and on drums are **John Bonham** and **Keith Moon** are on drums.

So many people auditioned for vocals; well since it was an overwhelming competition the dark one picked all of them. Lead vocals consist of **Janis Joplin**, **Jim Morrison**, **Shannon Hoon**, **Brad Nowell**, **Joey Ramone**, and **John Lennon**.
 Songwriters are **Lennon**, **George Harrison**, **Bob Marley**,

Legendary musician
 Kurt Cobain

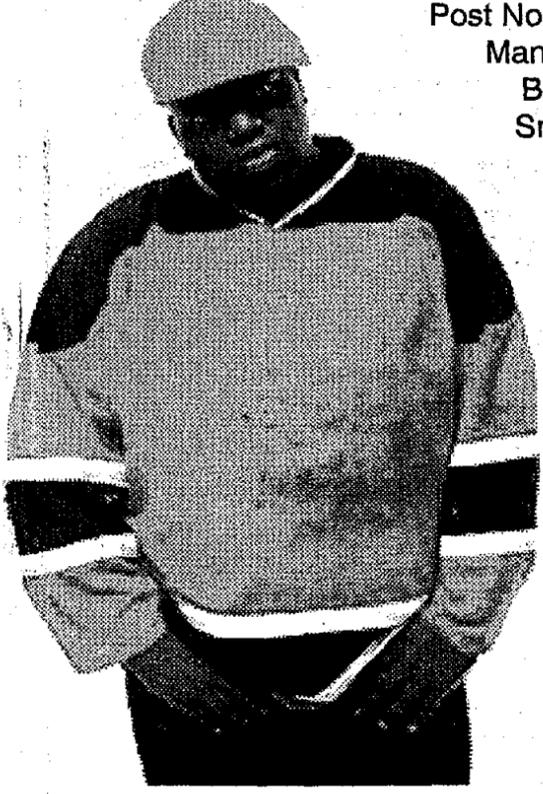


Edgar Allan Poe, and everyone else in the group. "It will be interesting to see Poe get Lennon into some Opium, while John will get Poe into Marijuana and the results might be amazing," says **Biggie Smalls**, **Post No Bills** manager.

The band's newcomer, **Layne Staley**, had this to say about his induction to the group, "I hope we rock this mutha fucka, since my music on Earth didn't get any respect. Even my death was overlooked because **Left Eye** died the same time as me. I mean come on, **Alice In Chains** was so much better than **Nirvana**! At least we got to release a box set for our fans!"

now," says **Biggie**. **Post No Bills** will be performing at the **Filmore** in **San Francisco** as the start of their "Take over the World" tour for the summer of '02. "Keep on rockin' in the free world!"

Post No Bills
 Manager
Biggie Smalls



The dark lord told me of a new jazz band forming, too. Members consist of **Billie Holiday**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, **John Coltrane**, **Miles Davis**, and **Louis Armstrong**. **Biggie** is also the manager to this band, which has no name yet.

Some musicians on the waiting list for either band are **Johnny Cash**, **Ozzy Osbourne**, **James Brown**, **Keith Ritchards**, **Bob Dylan**, and **John Entwistle**. "Tupac will not be allowed to join the band because he is living in Cuba right

ATTENTION ALL POTENTIAL INSIDER WRITERS: FORGET EVERY OTHER AD WE'VE EVER PRINTED. WE DON'T WANT YOU TO WRITE FOR US. WE TAKE IT ALL BACK. LEAVE US ALONE. GO WRITE FOR THE PIONEER TIMES.

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Durst and Co. in
their underground
lair

Insert
New
Guitar
player
here

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I-No, you hadn't mentioned that. Let's move on with the interview. Now, back to the guitarist replacement...

FD-(Pukes all over the Beacon floor) Gimme a paper towel, dude. I'm such a lightweight, man. I only had three beers, but my head is spinning all over the place.

I-You pussy. Handle your liquor, fucko. Now answer the question. What are you dummies going to do to replace West Portlander?

FD-Okay, First of a...

I-Don't say it.

FD-Oh, ok. Let me be honest with you here. We stole all of

Drop Dead Fred Dirt Interview Continued

FD-Wow, thanks. You insider peeps really are the best. I just love you and...

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FD-Can I come with you?

I-No.

FD-Please?

I-Don't make me bitchslap you.



I'm not in the band anymore... hahaha!

Fred you so sexy in yo Kangol.

BAND FROM HELL!

Bilbo Baggins
Ass't Blues Editor

Satan informed me of a new band that is forming in the

realms of Hell. The name of the group's name is **Post No Bills**, "this way it will already be advertised all around NYC," says the Dark Lord. On lead guitar is **Jimmi Hendrix**; other guitarists are **Kurt Cobain**, **Randy Rhoads**, **Stevie Ray Vaughan**, and **Jerry Garcia**; bass is **Cliff Burton** while **Sid Vicious** plays in the background, too, "**Pigpen**" **McKernan** on keyboards, and on drums are **John Bonham** and **Keith Moon** are on drums.

So many people auditioned for vocals; well since it was an overwhelming competition the dark one picked all of them. Lead vocals consist of **Janis Joplin**, **Jim Morrison**, **Shannon Hoon**, **Brad Nowell**, **Joey Ramone**, and **John Lennon**.

Songwriters are **Lennon**, **George Harrison**, **Bob Marley**,



Recently deceased **Joey Ramone**



Legenda musician **Kurt Cobain**

Post No Bills
Manager **Biggie Smalls**



Edgar Allan Poe, and everyone else in the group. "It will be interesting to see Poe get Lennon into some Opium, while John will get Poe into Marijuana and the results might be amazing," says **Biggie Smalls**, Post No Bills manager.

The band's newcomer, **Layne Staley**, had this to say about his induction to the group, "I hope we rock this mutha fucka, since my music on Earth didn't get any respect. Even my death was overlooked because **Left Eye** died the same time as me. I mean come on, **Alice in Chains** was so much better than **Nirvana**! At least we got to release a box set for our fans!"

The dark lord told me of a new jazz band forming, too. Members consist of **Billie Holiday**, **Ella Fitzgerald**, **John**

Coltrane, **Miles Davis**, and **Louis Armstrong**. **Biggie** is also the manager to this band, which has no name yet.

Some musicians on the waiting list for either band are **Johnny Cash**, **Ozzy Osbourne**, **James Brown**, **Keith Ritchards**, **Bob Dylan**, and **John Entwistle**. "Tupac will not be allowed to join the band because he is living in Cuba right

now," says Bigst No Bills will be performing at the **Filmore** in San isco as the start of their "Take over the World" tour for immer of '02. "Keep on rockin' in the free world!"

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THE PIONEER TIMES.

NOT A GIRL, NOT YET A NUN: BRITNEY SPEARS TRADES MUSIC FOR GOD

"It's a decision I thought long and hard about precisely five days," declared teen queen Britney Spears on Sunday. The sex kitten of pop walked into a Manhattan Church, followed by a camera crew, and interrupted that morning's mass to make the official announcement that she is going to enter a convent after her current tour wraps up in July.



She started to make the change from sexy icon to loyal Catholic school girl on the spot. As she entered the church, Spears wore a skin tight black mini skirt and silver tube top. She strutted her stuff down the aisle, with her Yorkshire Terrier named Baby in purse. With each step, she ripped up a different picture of her ex-boyfriend, 'N Sync's Justin Timberlake and threw it down the aisle, as if they were flower petals. Those sitting on the end seats of the pews claim to have seen tears in her eyes.

Once she made it to the altar, Spears tore the uniform off a nearby nun (police charges are pending) and put it on herself. The nun ran out the back doors in shame and threw holy water on her face as Spears picked up the Bible and kissed it with her red lips. Then, she moved over to the microphone and made the announcement that will forever change the world.

Unwritten Law
Co-Insider
Editor

"Sorry to interrupt this holy occasion. I was at the beauty shop getting hair extensions, when I had a revelation. I know that Justin broke up with me because I wanted to remain a virgin until marriage. I could have saved our relationship if I just put out. But I didn't for a reason. That's when it occurred



to me that I didn't want to have sex with him ever or anyone else, for that matter. I don't want anyone to see me naked. That's why I always dress half naked on stage. I figure that if the guys see me half naked they won't ever want to see me totally naked, because they will know what to expect."

At this point, a priest had a heart attack and had to be carried out on a stretcher. A few worshippers left the church, while others laughed. However, Spears continued with her speech.

"The only way for me to avoid having sex is to become a nun. I think I should live that way of life anyway. Mamma tells me I am a sinner because I sing about being a slave for men and tell them to hit me one more time. She says I am never gonna go to heaven that



way. I want to go to heaven. So I need to become a nun. That is the only way I can avoid future sins. I will maybe even consider singing in the choir."

Live records had no comment at press time, however, Timberlake did.

He released the following statement to MTV:

Former boyfriend Justin Timberlake reportedly flipped out when he heard the news.

"I don't think Britney will last in a nunnery because she can't wear nail polish there. She bites her nails when there is no polish on them... After her first week there, she will have no fingernails left, just stubs. She should just save her nails and have sex with me!"

Ja Rule Speaks Up

Other Guy Incognito
Insider Writer

Recently, The Beacon caught up with Ja Rule while he was farting around in his native Hollis, Queens.

He was gracious enough to stop ass burping for a few and let us cross-examine his ass.

Insider: Ja Rule, you have been in many collaborations with some very famous people, including J-Lo, Jay-Z, DMX...
Ja Rule: Thas my dog right there.

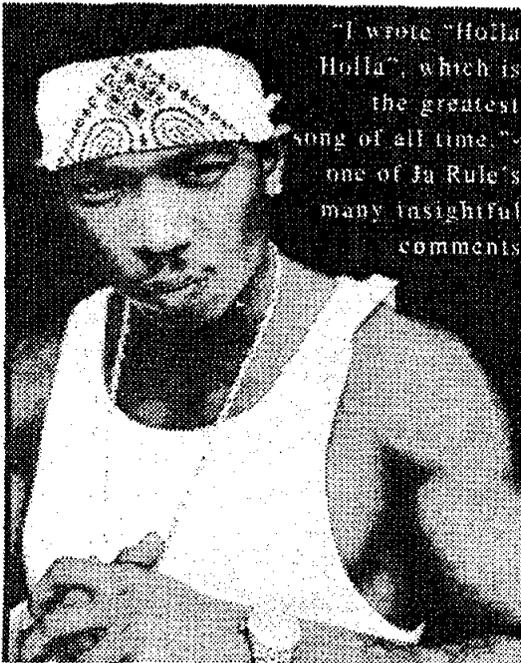
I: ... Right.

Anyways, the question that is on my mind and everyone else's is: why do you have this unearthly conception that you can sing?

J: Okay, it's like this: when I was young, my man and I were in this group called "The Cash Money Click". We was signed but got nowhere fast, but then he got hired as an A and R rep. So I was signed to Def Jam.

I: (Long pause)
J: You haven't answered my question...
J: Yeah so then I became real big after I started rappin wif Jigga and DMX. Like I said, man he my dog. They came out and helped me out and blessed my album with a guest appearance.

I: (Sighs)
J: So then all I could think of was how can I get my named etched on to the world? Then I thought it out. I wrote 'Holla Holla', which is the greatest song of all time.
I: Better then "Let's get it on"?



"I wrote 'Holla Holla', which is the greatest song of all time." - one of Ja Rule's many insightful comments

J: Shit yeah.

I: Better then "Say it Loud I'm Black and I'm Proud"?

J: Most definitely

I: Wow.

J: You said it. J-Lo done left P-Diddy's ass. He

spent a lot of money on that gold-diggin bitch, and she wont even give him no booty call. He assed out.

I: That's rough.

J: Man fuck that bitch. Next time I see her I'ma tell her too.

I: Good for you man. Now back to my original question-

J: Suge had nothin to do with that Left Eye business, so stop hatin!

I: What?

J: Stop frontin man, I know you think he was pullin the strings!

I: (Sighs) Why the fuck do you think you can sing?!

J: R Kelly? Man I ain't got nothin to say about that shit.

Whatever a mothafucka do behind a closed door is they own business.

I: Why the fuck do you think you can sing?!

J: I want the whole world to know that I'ma be there for the fans, knamean?

I: Why the fuck do you think you can sing?!

J: I love my moms. She my heart.

I: Listen to me man. You can't sing but you do it a couple of times. It doesn't work, yet you keep doing it. Why?

J: Shit you should have just asked me that in the first place. Goddamn. No I wouldn't mind working with X-zibit again at all.

I: Mother of God.

J: Man this was fun. Look I gotta go man. Holla back at me if you need me.

I: Later.

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Lit

voices of a generation

Poetry • Short Stories
Reflections • Parables

In this space I was originally going to run a satirical review pointing out the absurdity of events in the Middle East. However, I have realized that you don't need me to see how absurd it is. Just turn on the TV (better yet, read a book). So in its place, I offer lite humor, courtesy of myself.

- John,
Lit Editor

Ode To Registering For College Classes

I was looking through the booklet
For a class I hadn't took yet
When a little tiny something caught my eye

An introduction to some function
Of a junction I lacked the gumption
To ever fully understand or try

"Oh never, ever! (being clever)"
Said I in a frightful tremor
"Will I ever sign up for a class like this!"

But oh surprise! Because before me
All the classes closed like doors, see?
With available the only one I tried to miss!

So now I'm sitting in this classroom
And the mid-term spells certain doom
Not just for me but for the entire class

So now I'm sorry that I waited
And registered so damn belated
Because there's not a chance in hell I'll pass

Call Me Lola

by Alex Trebeck

Double Jeopardy Books

Call me slack-jawed! Trebeck, in his first literary outing since *Potpourri of Love*, manages to impress. His poems are elegant, his prose graceful and subdued. Even the passages in French were outstanding, and I don't even speak the damn language. Also shocking is Trebeck's use of Latin. Leave it to him to show us that Latin can be used for more than seducing young altar-boys.

Charles Van Wilshire
The Bacon

I'm glad Alex decided on including some daily meditations; I know they help me get through the day. All in all, if I didn't receive this book for free, I'd have stolen it. Or taken out of the library and just never returned it.

Call Me Lola



"... Funny and musing..."
- Bergenfield Gazette
"... no one comes close to Trebeck. No one."
- South Plainfield Sunday Ledger

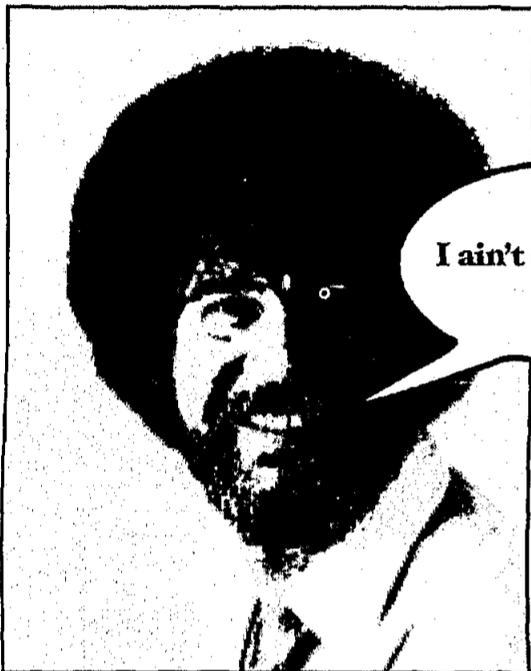
Alex Trebeck

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Asscracks

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Bob Ross, teaching your wife how to paint since 1967

We remember a great American Artist,
Bob Ross

R.Y.F.H.O Moses
Asscracks Editor

Ah, yes. Time to remember Bob Ross. I remember the warm days I used to have as a youngster looking at the work of Ross. His happy demeanor, those calming images, that bangin fro! Bob Ross and his art gave sunshine to my most gloomy days. "A modern American master and an influen-

I ain't dead sucka.

tial instructor." says Alejandro Anreus, a Professor of Art History at WPU. "A figure that must be

studied with delicate care and refinement", he added. The originator of the "Happy" style, Ross brought his revolutionary technique to the masses with his instructional show on PBS "The Joy of Painting", with it Ross changed the art world forever... During its run on PBS, Ross's show dominated the airwaves like no other; out grossing other popular shows like the *Tonight Show* with Jay Leno and the *Henry Kissinger Comedy Hour* on the WB.

Ross's art is one of transcendence and originality. Who had seen slick paintings of mountains and trees done before? Every image is executed in exquisite fashion, with mindness given to composition and freshness. Ross's images never get stale and repetitive and in these modern

times it is hard to find the genre represented in Ross's manner. "You just can't go out on the street in Times Square and buy the kind of imaginary mountains that he painted," continued Anreus.

Ross's simple (but complex) way of painting has been inspiration to unnumbered low self-esteem talent less warabe painters, house wives, and potheads. I liked it when he made the happy clouds, dude!" says Clyde, a pothead attending his 8th year at WPU. "Ross made me want to paint and be an artist", says Lillian Prince, a WPU art instructor. "If only I could reach his level of security as an artist", Prince continued.

Through all of his influences on artists young and old, this man was only human. His unstoppable drive and passion to create such a unique "uncrat like" art drove him to sickness. Sadly in 1995, Ross was reported to have died from cancer. Or so the establishment should have us believe... But guess what kiddos; Ross isn't dead. He lives on as a vigilante guerilla artist! Yes, this is true. Dedicated to eliminating the wackness is

he. Ross blindly pursues his holy mission of art purification, no more experimentation! No more primal expressions! HAPPY TREES AND CLOUDS! ALL THE TIME! A tale of Ross's exploits goes as such, "I was creating a great abstraction", says Jenny Baum, another art major at WPU, "Then Bob Ross swooped in, crashing through the window, bitch slapped me to the floor, spray painted 'MUST BE HAPPY' on my canvas, and then vanished into the night like a ninja cackling like a Hyena! It was surreal!"

There have been many other reports similar to this tale. Its reassuring that he's out there, making sure the future of painting is bright and prosperous. In a rare talk with the revived vigilante, he had only these words said in passion. "Whenever there is wackness, I'll be there. Whenever there is a happy little creature lost in the night with out a paintbrush. I'll be there. Whenever there is a confused five foot- ten one hundred-ten pound 18 year old blonde in her dorm room that doesn't know true painting, I'll be there".

10 REASONS ASSCRACKS IS SUPERIOR TO THE INSIDER

Since Asscracks began it's notorious run here at the Bacon network, there has been one thing standing in the way of complete domination of your brainwaves. The infernal Insider is the name of this confused calamity of counter-culture wanna be 's. They think there all "cool". What's cooler than a great pastel by Symbolist master Odilon Redon? HUH? Not any crappy Unwritten Law album I'll tell you that much. Yes that's right; Asscracks is your only pure center for culture entertainment. Moses will break it down like dis...

Reasons!

- 1): We don't be "edgy" by saying the word "fuck" in every sentence. We maintain refinement.
- 2): Who the hell are most of the people they talk about! At least we know who Picasso is.
- 3): Co-Insider Editor Guy Incognito has a pungent "Dick-like" stench about him. I smell nice.
- 4): Co-Editors! HA! Moses is in full command of his ship.
- 5): Knowing about art will get you laid. If you tell someone how encompassed and overrun with emotion you were when you read about the Jacob Lawrence painting, its on. If you tell her about that And You Will Know Us by the Trail of the Dead Album, you're getting slapped.
- 6): Unlike Insider Asscracks makes grammar errors constantly; that means we're more like you! We there dawg!
- 7): Im better looking than Editors Unwritten Law and Guy Incognito, which means i must be smarter! JEBUS! THATS REASON ALONE!!
- 8): We don't embrace Satan here at Asscracks. We love Jebus.
- 9): You will still enjoy the things you read like Picasso and Matisse in Asscracks 50 years from now. 50 years from now, if you listen to any of the music you've read about in Insider, you'll die.
- 10): We never even MENTION Fred Durst.



Insider Editors- "We're ready for Asscracks to take over" "Its only a matter of time"

Asscracks time machine ventures back to meet master artist Norman Rockwell



Norman Rockwell, creating his Jackassery

Buried beneath Jimmy Hoffa and rotting old copies of the Bacon in the office morgue is Bacon Time Machine. Usually, this device is used by Bacon staffers for sexual debauchery with 1950's movie stars, but this time used for a noble purpose; a talk with master of puppets Norman Rockwell. Rockwell, of course, is considered by some to be maybe the most vile influence the artworld has ever seen. But I was skeptical and curious. So I get in and travel back, ...WHOOOOSH! ... and arrive in Rockwell's studio in 1954. There he was, creating one of his ingenious pop-culture images celebrating 1950's conformity, segregation, and tupperware. I approached the master artists for a few questions and this was the happy result.

Moses: Sooooo..... your work is intresting, tell me about it

Norman Rockwell: Well i like to paint things from the everyday life of clean-cut, hard working Americans. I'll throw some token black people in there every once in a while. And, as well, what I like to do is.....

M: Okay! That's enough. I think I have it all.

NR: What! Don't leave; I want to tell tales of my grand career!

M: No. Shut up. I'll send back a graphic designer. They like you.



"Only by reading Asscracks will you learn my terrible secret." "Arrrrg...." -layout Patty

Write for Asscracks and learn Bacon Layout Nazi Patty's awful secret!! You'll wanna slap her!!!

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AM 7:30 - 7:40	8:05 - 8:15	8:15 - 8:20	
8:30 - 8:40	9:05 - 9:15	9:15 - 9:20	
9:30 - 9:40	10:05 - 10:15	10:15 - 10:20	
10:30 - 10:40	11:05 - 11:15	11:15 - 11:20	
11:30 - 11:40	12:05 - 12:15	12:15 - 12:20	
PM 12:30 - 12:40	1:05 - 1:15	1:15 - 1:20	
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	10:20 - 10:30	10:30 - 10:40	10:40 10:50
10:50 - 11:00			

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 Lot 3 - Atrium
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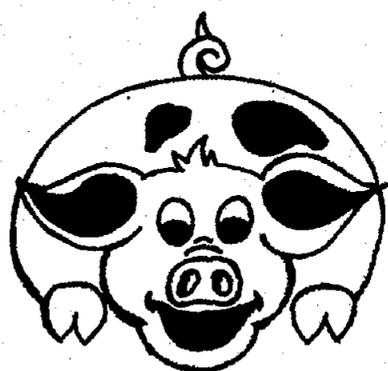
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 Preakness Shopping Center/Shop-Rite
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 5:25-5:55

WHEN UTILIZING THE UNIVERSITY SHUTTLE SERVICE, STUDENTS ARE REMINDED TO ALLOW AN APPROPRIATE AMOUNT OF TRAVEL TIME.





THE BACON FUNNIES

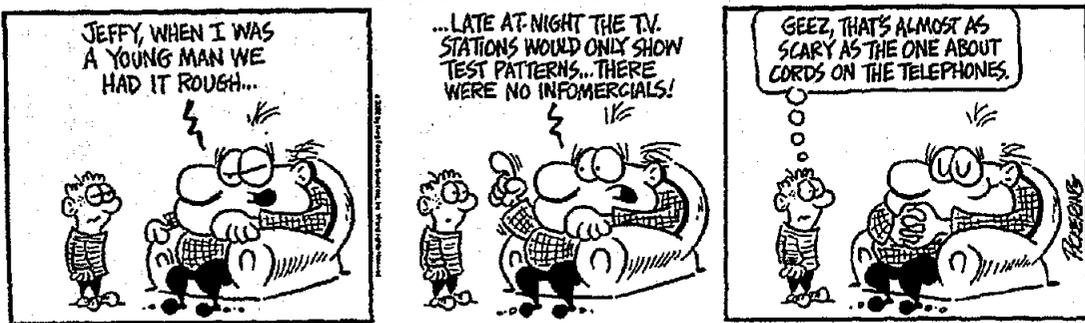
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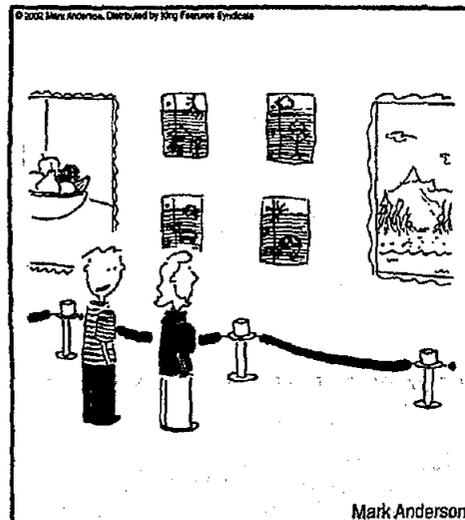
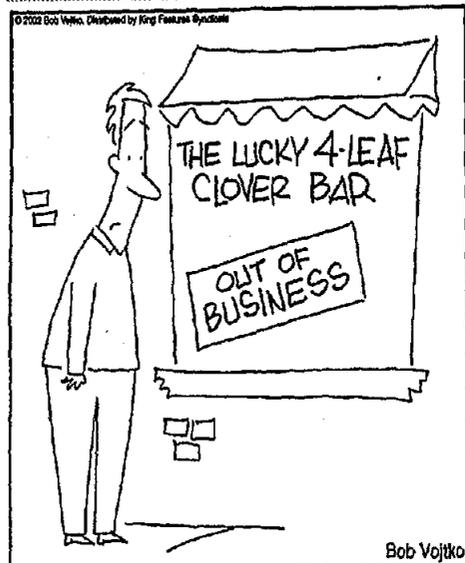
OUT ON A LIMB BY GARY KOPERVAS



THE CYNIC



NEW BREED



"It's a little sideline I've got going!"



After popular demand, here are the answers from the other week's crossword puzzle.

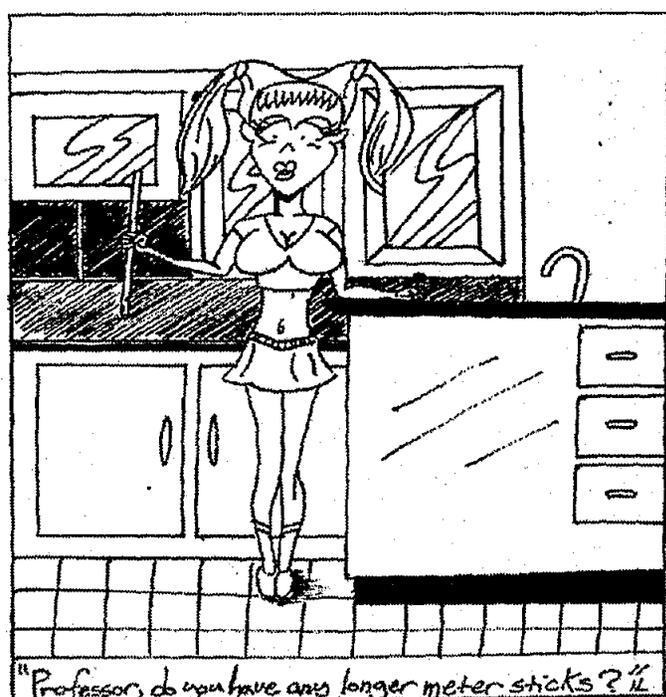
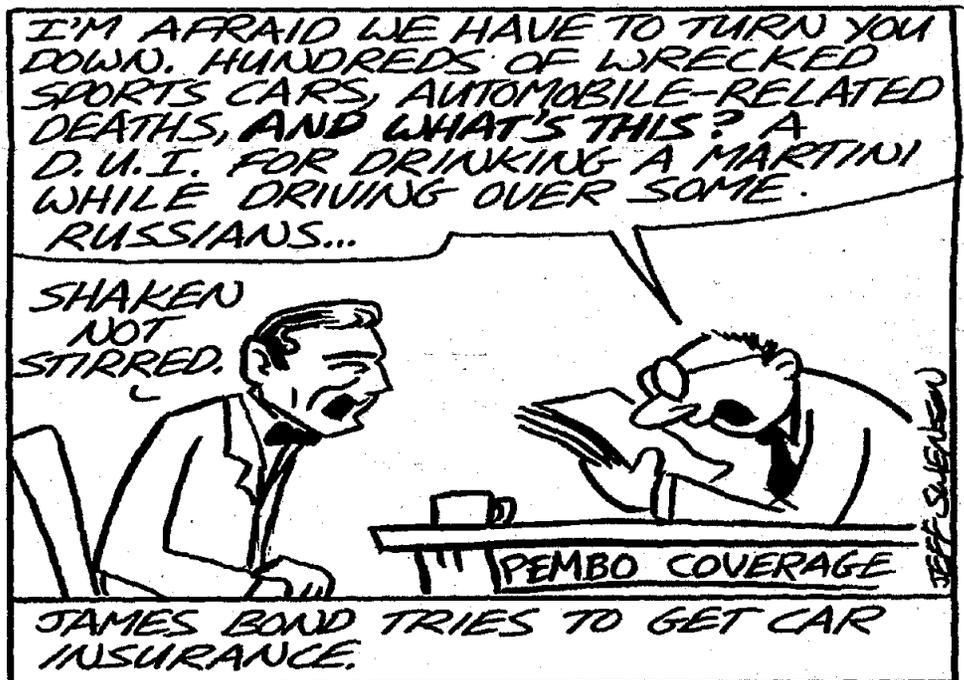
HOCUS-FOCUS BY HENRY BOLTINOFF



Find at least six differences in details between panels.



Differences: 1. Hat is black. 2. Bricks are different. 3. Dog's leg is hidden. 4. Bushes added near house. 5. Tree is wider. 6. Leash is longer.





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Why did you even bother turning to this page? It's not like anyone on this campus actually cares about the environment! If they did, then they would be writing for Eco Lounge! So I guess you turned here because you were hoping there would be one more page to the Insider section...Well, you're right. It seems more people at WPU care about music, sex and Fred Durst then they do about Global Warming or California falling off the face of the earth! So here you go...

Sex Sells Rock 'N ROLL

Sex and rock 'n roll go hand in hand. We listen to music that is appealing to us. However, the appealing factor is not in the sound or style of the music, it's in the music makers themselves. Nobody is a fan of the Rolling Stones because they are rock legends. Get real! Everybody who bought any of their albums did so because Keith Richards and Mick Jagger are sexy as hell. OK, so they are not as fuckable and Lyle Lovett, but they are pretty high up there on the list of sexy rock stars.



FRED DURST IS SO SEXY THAT WE HAD TO PUT FOUR PICTURES OF HIM IN THIS STORY!

The same thing goes for females. We all know Madonna sucks, especially now that she thinks she's British. Yet, we all buy her albums and contribute to making her one of the most successful female solo artists of all time. Why? Because we want to have

sex with her. Even straight women want a taste of the Material Girl.

Of course, male or female, no

breathing human can say they love Limp Bizkit or their music. Limp Bizkit is the most original, grass-roots band out there, but that's

not why we love them. We love them because a).

Wes Borland is sexy as hell and b). we all love imagining him having sex with Fred Durst.

No one can deny this! We all listen to Limp Bizkit



24/7 and picture Borland getting some nookie from Durst. That is why the band is so successful. They create the dirtiest thoughts in our minds.

America is the dirtiest country in the world when it comes to thinking about sex. We have choreographed more sexual positions than Britain, Italy and yes, even France. The French may have taught America's rock royalty how to kiss, but we took over from there. Rumor has it that Jay Z (OK, so he's technically not a ROCK star) is the best French kisser in the world. Apparently, he met some mod-

els in Paris a few years ago and they gave him some lessons. He took what he learned back to the states and tried it out on some record executives. The next thing the rapper knew, he had a record deal! He wasn't signed because of his talent. It was because he's a master at big pimpin'!

The whole reason Pink turned to rock music is because of Jay Z. He french kissed her and she threw up. She said he was too much of a

man for her to handle and it made her sick. In efforts to avoid him, she decided to make her new album rock oriented. This way, she could avoid seeing him at ghetto gigs and award shows. Now we all can buy Pink's new rock CD and imagine her throwing up every time we listen to it! What is more sexy than that?

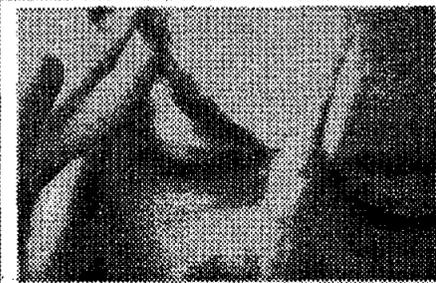
Nothing but Kid Rock. His greasy hair is

what turns women on. They want to hear what such a well groomed man has to say, therefore they buy his albums. This is another example of how sex sells rock music. Kid Rock may bang Pamela Anderson and get sexually transmitted diseases in his spare time, but that's only more of a turn on! We all want to get the STD's that Anderson has acquired from former Motley Crue drummer Tommy Lee and Polson frontman Brett Michaels. Therefore, we will all dream about having unprotected intercourse with Kid Rock every night. Until that dream comes true, we will just have to settle on listening to his album and buying all his future endeavors the day they are released. Then maybe he will beat out Lyle Lovett on the sexy scale. Maybe.



LYLE LOVETT:
Voted "Sexiest Man in Music" by the Bacon Staff.

"Jay Z wanted a piece of me!"
-Pink



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MIGRAINE HEADACHES

Neurology Group of Bergen County is currently conducting a clinical research trial designed to test the safety and effectiveness of an investigational medication with an FDA approved medication as compared to the FDA medication alone, and placebo (sugar pill) in treating a single, moderate to severe migraine headache.

If you have...

- suffered from migraines for at least 1 year,
- experienced 1-6 migraines per month for the past 6 months, and
- are 18 years of age and older,

... please call us for more information.

Qualified participants will receive study-related medical exams, and study medication at no cost.

Student Government Association
Elections Committee

For Immediate Release:

The Spring 2002 Elections for positions to take effect 2002-2003, were completed on Thursday, April 2 at 8:00 AM. The ballots were counted by the Elections Committee at 8:00 AM that evening with the following results:

SGA President - Tyeshia Henderson
SGA Executive Vice President - Olivia
SGA Vice President - Takeisha McCoy
SGA Treasurer - Lauren Smith

Board of Trustees Representative - James Butler

Senior Class President - Mary Antoine
Senior Class Vice President - Angela Rodriguez
Senior Class Treasurer - Jennifer L. Ward

Junior Class President - Alain Martin
Junior Class Treasurer - Karen Johan Martinez

Sophomore Class President - Adrian A.J. Willis
Sophomore Class Vice President - Monica Taylor
Sophomore Class Treasurer - Cassie Joseph

Commuter Student Representatives -
Lori Perlmutter
Steve DeGennaro

College of Humanities & Social Science Representative -
Carlos Pena

Approximately 450 students voted in the election.

The new SGA Officers and Representatives will take office at the Legislature Meeting on June 1st 2002.

-Jenna-Lyn Rounsaville
SGA Elections Chairperson

Bacon Classifieds

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Books For Sale



ARE YOU READING THIS? OTHER WPU STUDENTS ARE. BE SURE TO GET YOUR AD IN THE BEACON! CALL 720-2571.

Employment



Babysitter Wanted.

Saturday evenings in Wayne. Must have infant experience and references. Contact Lisa 973-696-3587.

Childcare Staff

Boys & Girls Club of Wayne seeking responsible college students to care for children in our Summer Day Camp beginning in June. Hours are 9am-5:30pm Monday through Friday. Must be 18 or older and have valid driver's license.

For more information please call Kris, Carol or Michaela at (973) 956-0033.

Childcare Staff

Boys and Girls Club of Wayne seeking responsible college students to care for children Monday through Friday beginning September. Days and hours flexible according to school schedule. Hiring NOW for September. For more information please call Carol or Michaela at (973) 956-0033, M-F, 9am-5pm.

Day Camp "Shadow" - for adorable, chatty seven year old girl. You will be an "extra" counselor in camp and help with socialization and attending skills when needed. Must be available from July 1st-August 17th. Wayne location. Call 973-305-4884 or lshatz@optonline.net.

Summer jobs for college/grad students/teachers. Work with special needs children. Make a difference; gain internship/field work hours. Earn great salary. Arts and Crafts Specialists, Aquatics Director, Lifeguards, Group Counselors, Sports, Call 973-669-0800; Fax resume 973-669-3246; email info@harborhaven.com.

"Tone Physically Fit"

Males wanted by photo-artist for exotic physique journal. Reply: with name, phone, stats and photo. To: Exotic; P.O. Box; Maywood, NJ 07607.

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SUMMER JOBS

Children's summer day camp is looking for college students to work as counselors. Great for all majors especially Educ, Phys. Ed, Psych, Soc. Gain valuable field experience for your resume while working outdoors in a fun environment. Camper ages 3 to 12. Located Bergen/Rockland border. Also swim, horseback, rockclimb avail. Call Brian/Paul 201-444-7144 or Ramapocamp@aol.com.

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The YWCA is currently seeking enthusiastic camp counselors for "SUMMER 2002" for our day/resident camp in Harriman State Park, NY and our day camps in Bergen County. Experience working with children a must. Room and board or transportation available. Call Lisa (201)444-5600 ext. 346 EOE.

The YWCA is currently seeking experienced instructors in the areas of: sports, drama/music, arts & crafts, storytelling, nature/science, kayaking, and swimming for our summer camp in Harriman State Park, NY and our day camps in Bergen County. Experience working with children a must. Room and board or transportation available. Call Lisa (201)444-5600 ext. 346. EOE

Summer Day Camp Counselor Group Counselors, lifeguards/swim instructors, activity instructors. Spend an active summer outdoors! Warren Township (Somerset Co.) 908-647-0664, ryrbnd1@aol.com. Apply online at www.campriverbend.bunk1.com.



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WEEKLY

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WPU Creates "Dance Dance Revolution" Team

The Used Highlighter Sports Editor

In order to add diversity to its Athletic Department, administrators at William Paterson University have recently voted to add a "Dance Dance Revolution" team to the school's athletic line up. Art "Big Guy" Eason, Director of the Athletic Department at

WPU, said, "The addition of the Dance Dance Revolution Team to the [Athletic] Department will get everyone involved in sports. Finally, addled, video-game addicted kids can participate in organized sports."

Dance Dance Revolution, also known as "DDR" is a video game where participants perform dance moves in sync with a character on

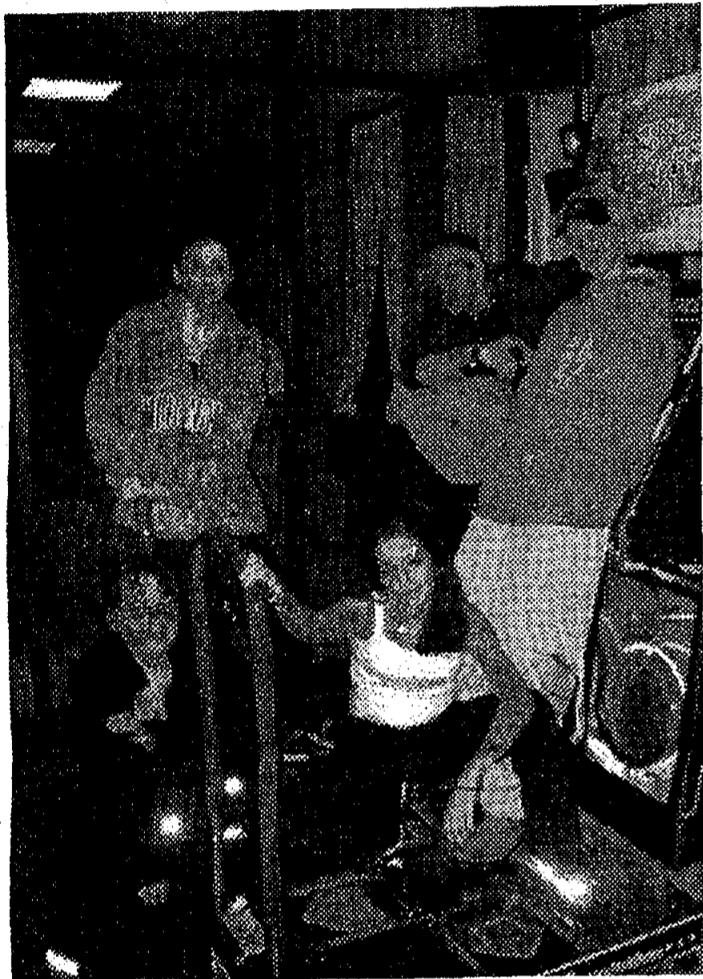
the screen. The game requires extreme amounts of physical exertion. "This game, it is highly physical. You burn many calories playing; why it is not a sport, I don't know," said Dr. Gregor Ness. "DDR Players are just as involved and devoted as your average professional basketball or football player, but without the

traditionally non-sport activities into recognized sports. "Our record in competitive basket weaving is bar-none," said Eason. "And our 'Pac-man' team just won the regional championships," he noted.

However, many on campus have objected to the creation of the team. "A video-game team?

arcade/arena is being built next to the McDonald's Rec. Center and students have been training non-stop, all for coveted spots on the team.

Try-outs for the DDR team were held on Friday, May 3 in the Student Center arcade. Students lined up outside the door, all waiting for a chance to get on the high-



Proud Members of the WPU DDR Team

photo by Hugh Hefner



Fierce Competition at the DDR Tryouts

photo by Anne Geddes

problem of illegitimate children." The decision has been hailed by DDR fans on campus. "Now, my time has come!" shouted sophomore Matt DeFranza. "Making DDR a recognized sport is a dream come true. I'll finally get the recognition I deserve." DeFranza then proceeded to load a rifle and skip happily down the sidewalk.

WPU has joined other colleges across the nation that have made

Huh? Why not make a comic book team, or a showering team? Come to think of it, I'd like to see a showering team, but only if it were guys," said a drunken Fred Durst. Georgette Silva, a senior, said, "A DDR undermines our school's credibility. I don't want people to think of video games when they think of WPU. I want them to think of our high academic standards and the championship teams, not our video game skills. I do, however, think a showering team would be a good idea. It's hard to shower."

ly selective team. "I've been practicing for weeks!" said junior Eric Sita. "Now I'm gonna show them my DDR-Face! Wool I'm a DDR masterpiece!" Sita went on to ramble incoherently, often gesticulating wildly.

Coaches of the DDR team are still in the process of selecting the team, but the popular opinion around campus is that Sita will be selected as team captain. "He's a good guy—he's got heart," said Coach Ben Riley. "And his DDR skills are amazing. I once saw him fly over the bar and drop kick someone in the head. Breathtaking."

The DDR team is expected to be formed and ready to go by the fall semester, when they are scheduled to participate in the New Jersey Regional DDR Championships.

Despite the objections, plans for the DDR team are well underway. A special

Athletic Department Reveals Future Plans

By Howie Long
The Bacon

The Bacon was able to catch up with Athletic Director Art Eason as he was leaving a Big and Tall Clothing Store for Men. Putting aside the obvious questions this engendered, Eason consented to tell The Bacon some of the plans for the Athletics Department in these upcoming years.

After former Seton Hall Star and WPU Basketball Coach Jose Rumbinas recently came out in condemnation of usage of profanity by other coaches and members of the athletic staff, the Athletics Department has created an award for cool, professional and courteous demeanor by a coach on the field. Eason has informed the Bacon that the first recipient of this award will be Men's Soccer Coach Brian Wood.

Eason has also forwarded to the NCAA a proposal, originating in a petition from the WPU Field Hockey Team. This proposal calls for a radical change in the rules of the sport, requiring that the women beat each other brutally with their sticks. The game would be decided when the last player standing manages to hurl the ball through the net. An OCA Field Hockey Club has already begun using the new rules system to prove to the NCAA that the system works. Unfortunately, the high rate of attrition involved remains uncontro-

vincing. The Bacon attempted to solicit com-



The Calazzo Memorial Crapper

ment on this plan from various coaches on campus. Unfortunately, only Asst. Basketball Coach "Kid Dynamite" was available before Press Time. He thought that the plan was "great."

According to Eason, the football team is also going to attempt several changes within their own internal structure to attempt to raise morale. While some of

these are understandably being kept secret until the next season, Eason did reveal that the football team was getting new uniforms made up in black and blue instead of the traditional school colors of orange and black. The Bacon also discovered through an independent source that the team mascot was being changed from the "William Paterson Pioneer" to the "William Paterson Road-kill."

The Bacon was also able to catch up with Associate Athletic Director Sabrina Grant as she returned from her job moonlighting as singer of the National Anthem for WWP events. She referred to us as a yet unconfirmed rumor that three individuals, who for their own safety wished to remain unidentified, witnessed Asst. Coach Vanessa Lenore smiling yesterday. The Bacon is putting all of our considerable investigative expertise to bear on this matter; if Coach Lenore did indeed smile, we will soon know about it.

Grant has also informed the Bacon of a plan that has the softball team doing cartwheels of joy. With the proceeds from the sale of the Rec Center to McDonalds Corp, the University has finally decided to purchase porta-potties for the softball field. The Ryan Calazzo Memorial Crapper will be fully operational in time for the 2006 season.

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