FRE

Window Shopping for

in Amsterdam

# Beacon WEATHER



MONDAY

Partly Cloudy High: 79 Low: 54



TUESDAY Partly Cloudy

High: 80 Low: 60



Rain / T-storms High: 77 Low: 63



THURSDAY

Rain / T-storms High: 75 Low: 60



FRIDAY **SATURDAY** 

**Isolated Showers** High: 75 Low: 55



Partly Cloudy High: 77 Low: 57



Partly Chudy High: 80 Iow: 59

#### Tanning Index Today

This is the estimated tanning index for today at solar noon. The sun signifies what the tanning index will be.



**UV Index Scale** 

1-2: Minimal Exposure 3-4: Low Exposure

5-6: Moderate Exposure

7-9: High Exposure

10+: Very High Exposure

#### Monday's Regional Forecast



#### Local Almanac Last Week

The state of the s					
Day Sat Sun Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri	87 80	Low 63 68 67 70 65 60 59	Normals 80/62 79/62 79/62 79/61 79/61 78/61 78/60	Precip* Trace 0.00" 0.00" 0.00" 0.53" Trace 0.73"	Rainfall for the week

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#### Weather History

Sept. 21. 1989 - Hurricane Hugo slammed into the South Carolina coast about 11 p.m. The storm was responsible for 13 deaths and damage estimates of eight billion dollars. Winds as high as 138 mph were reported near Folly Beach, S.C. A storm surge of 20.2 feet was reported at Seewee Bay.

#### **National Weather Summary**

OHurricane Gordon will be quite the nuisance along the Gulf Coast as we begin the week. Anywhere from Florida to Louisiana has a threat for

heavy rainfall and major flooding along with gusty winds. A cold front will move into the eastern United States by the middle of the week and will bring more hefty rainfall amounts to the Ohio River Valley states.

#### Sun/Moon Chart This Week

6:47 a.m. 6:50 p.m. 2:47 a.m. 5:23 p.m.



New

Tuesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday

**Day** 

Monday

**Sunrise** Sunset Moonrise Moonset 6;41 a.m. 7:00 p.m. 10:04 p.m. 11:32 a.m. 6:42 a.m. 6:58 p.m. 10:46 p.m. 12:40 p.m. Wednesday 6:43 a.m. 6:57 p.m. 11:35 p.m. 1:47 p.m. 6:44 a.m. 6:55 p.m. 6:45 a.m. 6:53 p.m. 12:33 a.m. 3:48 p.m.

2:50 p.m. 6:46 a.m. 6:52 p.m. 1:37 a.m. 4:39 p.m.



10/13

New14
Remodeled
Lounge



Starting September 23rd 9:30pm - 1:30am

KARAOKE

with "Geryoke"

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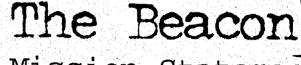
# The Beacon

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Jacob Claveloux
Insider Editor
Voula Papadopoulos
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Mission Statemen

•The Beacon's mission is to acknowledge the importance of the collegiate environment as the ideal forum to provide readers with content that encourages the free exchange of intellectually diverse viewpoints.

•The Beacon's mission is to promote active discussion of published content in an educational environment that allows readers to accept, reject, deny or dispute such published content in order to better understand the world and the people in it.

- \*The Beacon's mission is to stimulate critical thinking, encourage discussion and debate, increase awareness of self encourage discussion and debate, increase awareness of self encourage discussion and encourage awareness of self encourage discussions, promote familiarity with politically and socially diverse views, present new, traditional and extreme ideas, challenge existing norms, and present diverse perspectives on a plethora of ideas so as to reinforce the educational and intellectual purpose of the institution.

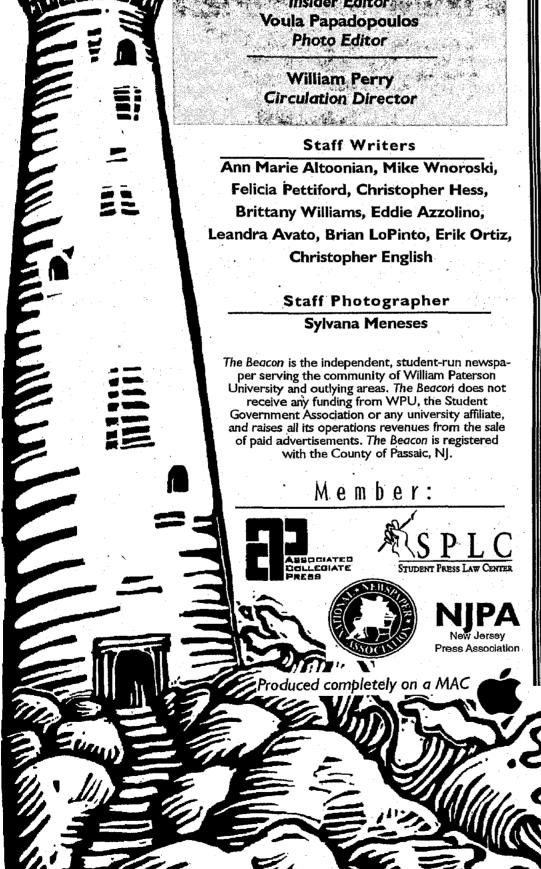
\*The Beacon's mission is to provide a microcosm of ideas, talent, interests, life experiences, and knowledge in an open forum within which all members of the community have access to read, respond, and publish.

\*The Beacon's mission is to be a vehicle for members of the William Paterson University community and society at large to publish content spanning an infinitely diverse array of ideologies, opinions, and convictions in a manner that seeks to allocate space for both minority and majority schools of thought.

The Beacon's mission is to mirror the Mission Statement of the University, valuing diversity and equity as essential to educational excellence, with an obligation by everyone in the University community to create and maintain a climate in which respect and tolerance are recognized as part of the institution's commitment to educational quality." The Beacon's mission is to provide diversity through its writers, editorials, advertisements and other content, and promotes the tolerance of such diverse viewpoints to support the educational mission of the University.

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\*The Beacon's mission is to further acknowledge the Mission Statement of the University for "distinguished teachers, scholars, and professionals actively challenge students to high levels of intellectual and professional accomplishment and personal growth for careers, advanced studies, and productive citizenship in an increasingly global economy and technological word," The Beacon's mission is to complement the challenges that may or may not be communicated in the classroom, and to provide an arena for social discussion outside the classroom.



# A War's Hidden Tragedy

#### Revisiting Kosovar Albanian women raped during the war

Donatella Lorch & Preston Mendenhall

Newsweek Newsservice CENTRAL KOSOVO— These days Drita rarely enters her former home, destroyed by Serbs dur-

ing the Kosovo war. Only one and a half walls still stand; slabs of scorched concrete cast shadows across a floor littered with broken red bricks. Drita, 29, comes here to be alone, to escape the inquisitive eyes and ears of her extended family.

YET BEING ALONE-or, in this case, accompanied by a foreign reporter she got to know last year-also makes her nervous. She squats on a pile of bricks, her hands clasped tightly in front of her, and stares straight ahead toward rolling green hills.

The real damage, she seems to be saying, is not the debris around her; it's the ruin within.

Drita recalls wartime memories with as much overt emotion as she'd muster to read a grocery list. A Serb policeman dragged her away from her children, out of a room in a private house where she and other women and children were being held. He taunted her and ordered her to strip. When she screamed, he laughed and clamped a hand over her mouth. Then he pinned her arms behind her and raped her. Another man stood by, waiting his turn.

As she tells her story, Drita's eyes constantly dart over her shoulder. She is worried that someone in the family will hear. Children are playing in the ruins of another house 20 feet away, and the rest of the family is sitting and talking under a nearby apple tree. She have not told anybody about it," she admits. "I can't. No one here talks about what happened to the women."

The Kosovo war ended in June last year when, after a 78-day pounding by NATO bombers, Serb strongman Slobodan Milosevic withdrew his forces. As correspondents covering the war, we came to know some of the women quoted in this article, including Drita. (The women's names have been changed at their request.) They told us last year in a refugee camp, in hushed tones, about the abuses they had suffered. Recently, in a joint reporting project by NEWSWEEK and MSNBC, we returned to their isolated village in Central Kosovo to find out what had become of them. What we found was a mostly wrecked place, where even the closest relationships are plagued by fear, suspicion and shame.

Since the war's end, the ethnic Albanians who make up the vast majority of Kosovo's population have been picking up the pieces with help from Western countries. Justice, though, remains elusive, particularly in cases of sexual abuse. A study issued in March by Human Rights Watch reported 96 documented cases of rape against Kosovar Albanians; the organization believes the actual number of rapes committed by Serbs during the NATO bombing was much higher.

The majority of the documented rapes, the report says, were committed by Serb paramilitaries "who wore various uniforms and often had bandannas, long knives, long hair and beards." Other sexual assaults were committed by uniformed police and soldiers. "Rapes were not rare and isolated acts committed by individual Serbian or Yugoslav forces," Human Rights Watch concluded, "but rather were used deliberately as an instrument to terrorize the civilian population, extort money from families and push people to flee their homes."

Drita's village, miles from the nearest paved road, sits on a ridge overlooking forests and other hamlets. Brick houses with intricately carved wooden gates are connected by narrow dirt paths. Haystacks crowd the backyards and chickens scamper underfoot. In all, the village is home to 300 people. Most of them have known Drita for many years, and most would ostraoize her if they knew her secret.

Yet in private, several women told us the same basic story. On April 21 last year, Serb police and Army units marched into the village and herded women and children into three houses. For two days and nights they pulled out

women one by one and sexually assaulted them. At least 10 women were raped here and human-rights investigators believe the number is much higher.

In Kosovo generally, women fear speaking about sexual assault, terrified that they will be biamed for what happened to them. A married woman risks being expelled from her husband's family and forced to give up her children. An unmarried victim will probably never find a husband. "The stigma of rape is so deep that it is often stated that a "good" woman would rather kill herself than continue to live after having been raped," states a report by the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe (OSCE). Drita once considered telling her husband the truth. "I did not want to tell him directly so I asked him 'what would happen to us if I were to be raped?'" she recalls, staring at the ground. "And he answered: "I would never keep you'."

So silence became a barrier against further disaster.

Drita's mother-in-law repeatedly reminds visitors that Drita only "served coffee" to the Serbs and never did anything "wrong." Other women may have, she says, but definitely

not the ones in her family. "All the girls here are good girls," she says. "Nothing happened to them." Drita says she still screams in her sleep.

Investigation of war crimes now lies in the hands of the International Criminal Tribunal at The Hague. Patricia Sellers, legal adviser for gender-based crimes at the Tribunal, says the aim is not to prosecute individual cases of rape but rather to build a case against the top commanders and leaders who gave the orders. But to do that,

investigators need witnesses who can identify the rapists by their uniforms and units. This information will help the Tribunal track Yugoslav troop movements and lead them to those in charge. It's a huge task, and the women in Drita's village say tribunal investigators have yet to talk to them (although other human-rights researchers have come). Individual prosecutions are being left to local courts. But the victims aren't likely to find justice. For more than a decade, the Serb govemment in beigrade controlled the courts in Kosovo and Albanians rarely used them. The war left a judicial vacuum. Now the United Nations civilian administration has just begun the process of rebuilding a legal system. But even then, finding and identifying the men who committed assaults is nearly Impossible. Serb forces have long ago withdrawn from

A handful of foreign-funded grass-roots organizations run programs to help women in Kosovo. But none of these efforts have reached Drita's village, where the war contin-

ues to cast a pall on everyday life. The village no longer has its own water source, for instance: when Serb forces entered the area, they executed 11 men and dumped their bodies in the village well. "It's impossible to forget what happened because everything we do, everywhere we go, we are reminded of it," says Sheriffe, one of the villagers who witnessed the abductions of women.

Drita's extended family, which includes 30 people, lives in three rooms. Almost all of the adult men are gone, working menial jobs in Western Europe and only occasionally sending money home. With no phones in the village and no working postal system, contact is sporadic. One husband left seven years ago. It is a struggle for his wife to persuade him to send money for his nine children. Still, the family proudly displays pictures of the men working in Germany. In one snapshot, two men stand ramrod straight, visibly proud of the tuxedoes they wear. In the village, their children's toes poke through tattered sneakers.

The women say they are racked by anxiety, stress and depression. Symptoms include sleeplessness, chronic

backaches, headaches and paipitations. One woman said she refrained from talking about the war at all so as not to upset her children, "You are forced not to remember and yet not to forget," she said.

Because the Serbs in this village raped women out of public view, people can only suspect who the victims are. One rape victim, Esma, points to other women and stresses that what happened to her was not unique. Women and children were packed into rooms, she says. The Serbs came with flashlights to pick out the prettiest. The women had covered their faces with dirt and hair to appear unkempt and pinched their children to force them to ory and distract their

of the room where the women were being held and repeatedly assaulted. When she fainted, Esma told a human-rights investigator, one of her tormentors cartied her back to the other women and handed her an aspirin before leaving.

Even within families, the wall of silence is firm. Arjeta, 28, is one of at least two women in one family who were raped, but neither woman acknowledges what happened to the other. For her, the bitter memonies of war began long before that April. Several times that winter, scared of Serb patrols, the villagers had escaped into the nearby forests. Arjeta gave birth to her youngest child in the woods. Later, while a captive

In her village, she was twice raped by the Serbs. Now she battles constant and severe headaches. "Every two or three nights I have the same nightmare," Arjeta says. "Someone is coming into my tent to eat me." She suffers in silence, her anxieties seemingly without end.

### ATTENTION POLITICAL SCIENCE

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# Death-Row Debate

New evidence

raises questions

about whether

Texas mom Darlie

Routier really

killed her two

young children

Daniel Pedersen & Ellise Pierce

Newsweek NEWS SERVICE ago, Darlie Routier had platinum hair, fake nails and artificially enlarged breasts. Those

Four years

bad-girl looks helped convict the 27-year-old suburban housewife of murdering her two small children.

THESE DAYS, AS ONE OF EIGHT WOMEN on

death row in Texas—a state that holds executions regularly—the brunette with waist-length hair spends less time in front of the mirror than she does pursuing her appeal. "I want justice," she told NEWSWEEK in an exclusive interview.

Now, new evidence has surfaced that might help corroborate her story: previously overlooked finger-prints of one of her murdered sons. The prints, says a former New York Police Department examiner hired by Routier's attorneys, don't match a muchdebated bloody fingerprint found on a coffee table at the murder scene. The jury had dismissed the bloody

smear at trial partly on the assumption that it likely came from one of the murdered boys.

The new evidence could help bolster Routier's already improving chances of a retrial. Could the bloody fingerprint be that of the real killer? All along, Routier has maintained that an unknown intruder repeatedly stabbed her sons Devon, 6, and Damon, 5, after she fell asleep beside them watching TV in the family room of their home in suburban Dallas. "I saw him walk out of the utility room, but I cannot remember his face," Routier told NEWSWEEK.

Investigators doubted that account from the beginning. For one thing, they found little evidence of forced entry and no bloodstains around the garage window through which the killer allegedly fled as Routier's husband Darin and eight-month-old baby Drake slept upstairs. More importantly, the murder weapon bore Darlie's prints-a point she felt compelled to explain away even in her 911 call in the early morning hours of June 7, 1996. "I already picked it up," she said. "We could have gotten the prints maybe." Suspicious prosecutors depicted Routier as a pampered wife living beyond her means, suffering from post-partum depression and angry about her husband's declining computer business. The fact that she claimed to remember so little of the night's events did not help her credibility, even though her own throat had been slashed within two millimeters of her carotid artery.

The jury in Kerrville, Tex., to which the proceedings were moved amid oceans of pre-trial publicity in Dallas, took only 10 hours to return a conviction and four more to recommend the death penalty. Since then, though, one of the jurors, Charlie Samford, has told reporters he now believes Routier is innocent. Why? Photographs he can't remember seeing during the trial, but entered in evidence, show black and blue marks on her arms that convince him she put up a struggle. Then there's the twist added by Waco millionaire Brian Pardo. He entered the case in 1998 at the request of Darlie's husband Darin and funded a reinvestigation that included a polygraph of Darin himself. The Pardo team's shocking conclusion: Darin wielded the knife, motivated by a \$250,000 life insurance policy on his wife.

In the beginning, Darin and Darlie were both suspects even though a bloody fingerprint on the coffee table suggested another person might have been at the murder scene that night. James Cron, the fingerprint expert who helped conduct the original investigation, testified at trial that the print appeared to be that of a child but was too unclear to identify. That testimony has now been challenged on two counts. Last spring, Robert C. Lohnes Sr., the ex-NYPD examiner, said he had identified up to nine points of comparison-the fine

details that make a print unique-on the coffee table print. And on Sept. 1, Routier's attorneys announced they've now found previously unknown prints of Devon, 6, who died near the much-debated piece of evidence. His paternal grandmother says she discovered the prints this summer as she looked through Devon's schoolrelated memorabilia. Lohnes' conclusion: Devon's prints don't match the one on the coffee table.

Greg Davis, Routier's prosecutor, dismisses the latest development. The physical crime scene, he said, always led him to

believe the other son, Damon, left the print: "We know that he moved through the room after he was attacked," Davis told NEWSWEEK. "I think there's an ongoing attempt to mislead the public concerning the strength of the case we presented at trial." The prosecutor acknowledges, however, that investigators failed to fingerprint either of the murdered boys. "It was an oversight on the part of the medical examiner," Davis says.

The case against Routier has other post-trial weaknesses. The original transcript, for instance, contained 33,000 errors, leading to the revocation of the first court reporter's license and reconstruction by a new court reporter, using stenographic notes and audio tapes. Many of the errors are typographical but others are more significant. When a detective was asked about moving evidence at the crime scene, the answer is "yes" in one version and "no" in another. As for a knife found in a neighbor's backyard, an officer testifies there was "flesh" on it in one transcript but "fresh mud" in the other.

Defense attorney Stephen Cooper argues that the new evidence adds another layer of doubt to the state's case. According to the prosecution's theory, Routier stabbed the boys first, planted a bloody sock in the alley to make it look like an intruder had done the deed, then returned to the house to cut her own throat and stab her arm. Cooper contends the print in question was left in Darlie's blood. By that time in the state's scenario, he says, both boys would have been too incapacitated to move.

Routier's future now depends on the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals, where the decision to grant a new trial ultimately rests. Her death sentence was unusual even if you believe in her guilt. Women who kill their children are generally seen as beset by mental troubles, not as habitual criminals. In perhaps the nation's most publicized killing of children by their mother, the Susan Smith case in South Carolina, jurors rejected the prosecution's call in 1995 that she be put to death for leaving her young children in a car that she caused to plunge into a lake. If only because of Texas' habit of executing those it has found guilty of murder, no one thinks Darlie Routier is done making news.

# 'Survivor' Champion in Presidential Bid

**Andy Borowitz** 

Newsweek newsservice "The tightening race for the Presidency received an unexpected curveball today as "Survivor" champion Richard Hatch announced his candidacy for the White House,

Hatch, dressed only in a thong

and surrounded by flaming tiki torches, told reporters in Washington that he would forgo matching funds and instead use his "Survivor" winnings to finance what he called "the most negative, manipulative, back-stabbing political campaign in history."

"I will prevail," Hatch bluntly predicted.

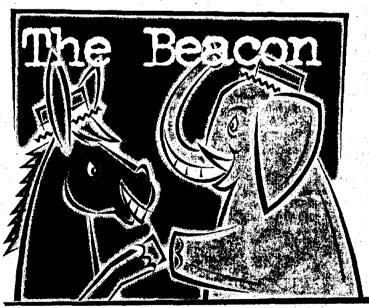
It was not immediately known what Hatch planned to do about a running mate, but sources close to the frequently naked candidate said that he had already put together a short list of vice-presidential possibilities, both of whom he met on the "Survivor" island: aspiring actor Gervase and former Navy Seal, Rudy.

Gervase, when asked about his potential candidacy, said he would accept the nomination "if it would lead to more auditions." The perennially ornery Rudy would not speculate on his chances of his being chosen, but did tell a reporter, "I sure as hell hope it's not me; that Richard guy gives me the damn willies."

The two major party candidates remained upbeat in the face of the "Survivor" challenge, despite polls showing Hatch soundly defeating both of them. "Frankly, I didn't even see the show this summer," said Vice President Al Gore. "I was too busy kissing my wife."

Texas Governor George W. Bush brushed off Hatch's challenge in a speech to supporters in Houston. "I'm going to continue to bring my positive message to the American people," said Bush, biting the head off a roasted rat.

# CAMPAIGN 2000





Stay tuned to The Beacon for Political Coverage.



#### What will the politicians say next?

AUSTIN, Texas—A hearty round of congratulations to all concerned in this year's presidential race for three weeks of politics at their finest.

First, we had the great debate over whether the vice president smooched his wife for too long at the Democratic National Convention -- a matter of burning moment to the republic -- complete with exegesis of the smacker as to whether or not he frenched her.. Comparison of the candidates' economic plans was shelved for that week.

Then we had the Debate on Debates, a subject grip-

ping the nation and affecting the very lives of all who dwell herein, with the referees in solid concert that W. Bush's ploy to make Al Gore look slippery was too cute by half and only succeeded in underlining Bush's gutlessness. Consideration of global warming was post-





Next we had a reprise of that old favorite, the Open Mike Gotcha, with Bush calling a New York Times reporter a major-league casserole. Although it can be argued that Bush's failure to apologize was major-league tacky, the matter necessitated shelving all questions related to economic globalization.

Then we spent several days on the grave question of whether a Bush ad deliberately held the word "RATS" on screen — a matter further complicated by Bush's repeated references to the technique as "subliminable," raising the even more weighty question of whether the man suffers from dyslexia or just the consequences of growing up with a father who is not fluent in English. Discussion of the income gap was necessarily moved aside, although the median housing wage is now \$11.08 an hour to afford a two-bedroom unit — more than twice the minimum wage in 29 states.

We spent a few days on who sent whom whose debate preparation tapes, with appropriate speculation on scenarios of which John LeCarre would be proud. Minor attention to Dick Cheney's failure to vote 14 out of 16 times in Dallas also pre-empted consideration of what to do about the 44 million Americans who have no health insurance.

We would then have paid serious attention to how to improve the public schools, except that we had to pause to report the percentage decline in the number of jokes about Gore's switch to earth tones by late-night television comedians.

The media are now engaged in a round of mourning

over the incurable frivolity of the American public, which is apparently planning to spend the next two weeks watching the Sydney Olympics under the impression that not much of importance is being discussed in the presidential campaign. And may I say that it is darn difficult to be part of a serious effort to educate and inform the people when we in the media are stuck with such a piffleheaded public.

Far be it from me to imply that your alert watchdogs of the press are missing anything, but you might want to know about a couple of recent events in Portland, Ore.

Gov. G.W. Bush held a public rally there attended by 2,300 citizens and a huge media pack, which gave said rally the national coverage that it so fully deserved.

Two days later, the Green Party rented a coliseum that seats 10,000 people and charged them \$7 a head to hear

Ralph Nader, with droves of people being turned away for lack of room. This event received no coverage whatever beyond Portland, despite the fact that the crowd was so enthusiastic that the normally reserved Nader gave a speech that had the crowd standing and screaming while the pumped his arms like a champ. (One local paper specified "his spindly arms.")

As anyone in the media will explain to you, the reason

As anyone in the media will explain to you, the reason we do not give more coverage to Nader is because he is not Moving in the Polls. The reason he is not Moving in the Polls is because he gets no media coverage. Do you want the chicken or the egg?

I know that this textbook campaign so splendidly illustrating the beauties of democracy (and by George, if we're not a role model for the rest of the world, who is?) makes us all proud to be part of a nation where tens of millions of dollars in corporate special-interest contributions decides the outcome of elections. But has it ever occurred to you that we might be missing something here?

I realize that this is nothing compared to the importance of the flap over the phone call that Gore did not make in 1995, and certainly not to Dubya's latest gaffe, but ... could it be that part of what we're missing is ... an apportunity?

And if this exercise is as puerile and sterile as it appears, what can we do? Bad enough that our political system is corrupt -- must it also be this vapid? We could try to change the campaign finance laws or to find a Nader speech on C-SPAN. But maybe the Olympics will be good.

Dear Carolun:

I have been dating a wonderful girl for a year and a half, whom I am so in love with. Last September I had to move away because of a job. I came to visit her twice a month and sometimes even more. Everything is going very well, but I can't stand not being with her. I have quit

my job and was ready to move back. She, on the other hand, has gotten in the best master's program in the country for her field. She is the most talented human I have ever met. I am so

human I have ever met. I am so proud of her and I don't think she realizes her talents.

So, I turned down jobs in her area and I got a job in the city where the school is. I thought that it would be a no-brainer. Now, she doesn't know if she is going to go. I always thought that a relationship was a give-and-take kind of thing, and I am trying to be accommodating but I feel that there is no giving back here.

-Hanging In There

Dude, you're scaring me – I can only imagine how your girlfriend feels.

And you can only imagine because you apparently forgot to ask her. Before you quit your job, did you talk to her about it? About moving back? About not moving back and following her to grad school instead? About turning away

jobs in one place and accepting a job in the other? About packing her off for her master's before she'd made up her mind? About putting your life on a truck and

idling at her front door?

TELL ME ABOUT IT ®

Advice for the Under-30 Crowd

The way you tell it, you've been "giving" unilaterally and assuming your girlfriend will take it. What you're giving, though, is your own answers to her major life decisions. Whoopsie. Even if she'd been dying to go to this grad school, she might not want to go any more-because now it'll be hard to tell: Is she fulfilling her own dream, or the one you've been dreaming for her?

the one you've been dreaming for her?
What you need to ask is why you've presumed her entire future for her. Are you new at this? Controlling?

Submit articles to

\*\*DIVERSITY\*\* Email

The Beacon:
beacon@student.wpunj.edu

Obsessed?

If she were writing to me, she'd get a two-word answer. ('`Witness protection.") You get the long version because you need to grasp that her psyche ain't big enough for the both of you. Back off. Once she decides on her future, then you can ask—as in, the thing that ends in a question mark?—if there's room in that future for you.

Hi Carolyn:

I have a good friend who can be obnoxious and annoying at times, and never has a girlfriend for more than a few weeks. Every now and then he laments that he's going to be single forever, he wants to have kids but afraid he'll never meet the right woman, etc. etc., and I never know what to see to him. Don't be such as and maybe you'll meet someone nice"? Do I give him some self-improvement pointers, or leave him to wallow?

Or, "Don't worry, men can be fertile till death"?

A moot point, of course, if he keeps being an ass--which brings you back to the question of whether you should be the self-awareness messenger.

It's easy to see why not. There's the ugliness of what you have to say, for one thing, and the potential ugliness he might volley back in your face. Painful.

he might volley back in your face. Painful.

But there's also the robust possibility that speaking up won't even help. A man who suffers chronic female flight and continues to blame the females is a man not eager to process bad news—from his girlfriends, his instincts or you.

Painful, meet Pointless.

Still, you've got a friend who's clueless and suffering for it, so there's your reason to give education a try. Subtle education: Say, "When I hit a dry spell, I asked myself, "Would I go out with me?" I gave introspection a try."

Okay, so "subtle" is a bit overstated. It's still a gently made point.

Dear Carolyn:

Six months ago, my girlfriend of three and half years broke up with me. I was deeply and passionately in love with her and losing her devastated me. Just recently, I met and had a great conversation with a woman. We talked for a while and there was some serious flirting from both of us. Later, I realized that I felt guilty. Even later, I realized I felt guilty because I felt as if I had cheated on my ex-girlfriend. I can't decide if this means I am not ready to start dating again, or that it is a good time to start.

-R.P.

I can't decide either, so go out with this woman and see. If you're sitting at dinner and you hear yourself holding a three-course discourse on whether you've regained the emotional vigor necessary to re-enter the dating scene, then you'll know you weren't ready to start. But it's been six months and you're flirting, so I suspect you are.

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

# New York: Land of Medical Pork Olympic Fever

Hillary Clinton and Rick Lazio agree on one thing: New York deserves medical pork.

The two U.S. Senate candidates debated this week, both eager to highlight what the first lady called their "big differences." But on the issue of restoring public subsidies for one of the state's most powerful special interests -- teaching hospitals --Hillary and Rick are bosom buddies.

Under Medicare, the federal government covers both the direct and indirect costs of educating future medical doctors. Taxpayers funding of graduate medical education totals \$7 billion a year. Roughly one-third of that goes directly to medical school teachers, classroom overhead, and residents'

salaries. Teaching hospitals receive up to \$100,000 per year for each resident trained, and after paying their salaries (an estimated \$50,000 per resident), hospitals can pocket the rest of the federal funds.



Nichelle Ma.lkins

W riter for the Washington Post Writer & Group

New York has more teaching hospitals -- 57 -than any other state. Fifteen percent of the nation's doctors are trained there. The average Medicare payment for each trainee is reportedly more than four times as much at some New York hospitals as compared to teaching hospitals in other large cities.

Why should the rest of the nation's workers pay for graduate medical education and residents salaries? Hospital lobbyists argue that the subsidies help offset the costs of enhanced care. But when an independent panel set out to verify that claim, it learned that no study or survey existed that had ever quantified the cost or value of enhanced care at teaching hospitals. One health care lobbyist told Modern Healthcare magazine last fall that architects of the medical training subsidy program picked numbers "out of the sky."

The doctors' lobby argues that the profession provides a vital public good that deserves federal support. Funny how this "public" good reaps such huge private rewards for M.D.s. The education subsidy is a fancy way of getting taxpayers to foot the tuition bills for supposedly impoverished graduate medical students -- who then go on to make median incomes of \$170,000 a year.

Other medical professionals who provide vital ealth

care services for much lower salaries -- from emergency medical technicians and midwives to biotech researchers -- don't receive public funding for their education and post-graduate training.

Both Mrs. Clinton and Rep. Lazio claim to advocate fiscal discipline. In perhaps the most laughable moment of this week's debate, the first lady declared herself a "New Democrat who supports a balanced budget." But neither she nor Rep. Lazio criticized Congress for reneging on the 1997 Balanced Budget Act and restoring \$15 billion in Medicare cuts to whining teaching hospitals that couldn't survive in the marketplace without the sub-

> It's bad enough that teaching hospitals and medical schools get hefty helpings from the public trough to train doctors. But can you believe that Congress and the White House also agreed to pay teaching hospitals

around the country hundreds of millions of dollars not to train doctors? The program, also part of the 1997 Balanced Budget Act, was intended to reduce a purported glut of doctors by offering financial incentives to reduce residency slots by up to 25 percent over six years. The Balanced Budget Act earmarked \$400 million in Medicare funds for New York teaching hospitals that participated in the project.

Mrs. Clinton, who in her former life as health care reform czarina proposed to cut the supply of doctors and specialists by 25 percent and 50 percent respectively, now calls teaching hospitals the "crown jewels" of New York's health care system. She ledges to do all she can for the Empire State to keep the money coming. At the same time, Mrs. Clinton yammers endlessly about preserving Medicare. But she ignores the questions of why Medicare continues to funnel billions to pay for training doctors' salaries -- with no proof that it actually benefits Medicare recipients -- and at the same time, pays hospitals not to train doctors.

The choice for New Yorkers is clear: a native son who has always been honest about his desire to bring home the bacon or a forked-tongued carpetbagger willing to hustle for hospital dollars in her monomaniacal quest for power.

#### Carina Gunder "Gosh! The Beacon

Has it

been

four years already?" If this is what you have to say when you realized that the Games of the XXVII Olympiad began on September 15 in Sydney, Australia, you have not caught Olympic Fever. Those individuals who are afflicted with this disease, like myself, show more marked symptoms. They inform their family and friends not to bother them between September 15 and October 1. They tell anyone who will stand still long enough all about Michael Johnson, Marion Jones, and Jenny Thompson. And they frequently say something along the lines of: "I've been waiting four years for this!"

Why? It's understandable that sports fans await the arrival of the Olympics with bated breath, although the Olympics don't showcase sports often watched avidly by sports fans, such as football, baseball, and basketball. Olympic coverage focuses more on events in track & field, swimming, and gymnastics. True fans of sport, however, will enjoy athletics of any kind. What about people who don't even know what channel ESPN is or who would rather visit a museum than a sporting event? What is the allure of the Olympics for them? As one of those people who does not

consider herself a "sports fan," I will try to shed some light on this.

The Olympics have history; they have prestige. What about the World Championships, you say? Pshaw! They happen every year! They are ordinary! The Olympics are anticipated, they are unique. What other event can captivate people across the entire planet?

Over the years, the Olympics have received more and more coverage. Except for lacking the thrill of being in the crowd, it's probably better to watch the events on television. There is great depth to the coverage you can see nearly everything. Not only can you see the events themselves, but you can hear the stories behind the athletes and the circumstances leading up to the competitions. You can also learn about the country in which the athletes are competing. There's always something to be said for the grandeur of an Olympic city. So, sports fans, the Olympics are not even just about sport! They are an entire experience! Go ahead, just watch for one night, and you will be hooked! Turn your television to NBC and see what all the fuss is about. But don't miss out, because it won't happen again for four years! (Don't worry though, if you become desperate, the Winter Olympics will be held in 2002!)

#### Diane Linne Conklyn The Beacon

September '79, cruising down route 208 in a baby blue Sunbird, the vinyl bucket seat is cold but the coffee is hot and light with two sweet'n lows. The AM radio offers a choice of three stations, news, disco, or country. I pick

country thinking it will be the least painful to listen to at 8:00 am.

Glancing over the stack of books piled on the passenger seat, I can't believe they cost me \$127.55. Man, what a rip off! Well at least I've got a fresh pack of Newports and three bucks

for lunch. Pulling into the W.P.C. parking lot to the painful strains of "Elvira" thumping out of cheap speakers, my panic is rising. What am I doing here? I only know one person on this entire campus! Maybe I should have gotten a full time job at the nursing home in town instead. Just because everyone else is going to college... jeez, and if they're all jumping off of bridges I should do that to?! What's my major again? God help me, please. September 2000, cruising out on 208,

the Windstar is silver, the interior plush, and I've got a CD player. It is now one career, one marriage, five kids and one divorce later. Eric Clapton and B.B. King are helping to calm my jittering nerves as I pull into the W.P.U. parking lot. The coffee is a Coolatta and the books cost about thee hundred bucks (still, what a rip off!). This time I want to be here, and I know why I'm here. So

# Flashback / Fast forward

what am I so damn nervous about? Perhaps it's the uneasy fear of being the oldest person in every single one of my classes. Or maybe its the overwhelming thought of trying to find time for reading, and doing papers and projects in-between ALL the other 36 hours worth of stuff I have to fit into a 24 hour day? Yeah, I know...have faith, be strong, forge ahead, rise to the occa-

I can do this. Besides, I'm not the only "non-traditional student" (who the

hell ever came up with that title?) here on the W.P.U. campus. We're everywhere! Heck, you might even have one or two of us in one of YOUR classes. But don't be afraid. We may look like your Aunt or your old H.S. gym teacher, but we have a lot more in common than you might think.

Certainly I can't assume to speak as some sort of collective voice for all of

the older students (at this time), but as for myself I know that by the end of classes on Thursday, I can't think of anything else but SLEEP! To say I get a bit impatient waiting on line thirty minutes for a smoothie is an understatement.

Or worse, standing in lines for four hours at in person registration (just shoot me)! I am amazed at the distance between my parking space and my classes, at last check I believe it was something like forty million paces. It feels good to sit outside in the sun when I have a break, and it feels good when someone recognizes me from class and says "hi".

And yet at times, on a campus of over 10,000 students, I feel alone.



# Fire the Incompetent 'Managers' in Wayne Hall

am one of the few students on this campus who rarely complains about Wayne Hall. I really haven't had a problem with the selecion or quality of food thus far. But the management of the cafeteria has proven to be horrendous.

On Friday morning, I scanned into Wayne Hall around 9:52 a.m. (Food service can verify the exact time). Naturally, I wanted breakfast at that hour. As I approached the only open station (french toast), I politely asked for a piece. The server told me she could no longer serve me because it was "after hours." I asked her why, with two dozen pieces of french toast still on the grill, could she not give me one. She developed an instant persnickity attitude and yelled that it was only continental breakfast from this point on. Great. Lucky Charms again.

It was at this point that I could understand Michael Douglas in the movie Falling Down when he took a gun and blew a fast food establishment to pieces after management refused to serve him breakfast. I was frustrated beyond belief. How ascinine, I thought. I left the cafeteria angry and hungry. On my way down the steps to the exit, I asked the cashier where I could find a manager. She said she didn't know. Typical at WPU.

In my wallet there is a card from Hospitality Services that lists the times for all meals at Wayne Hall. Breakfast, according to the card, is from 7:00 a.m. to 11:15 a.m. At 9:52 a.m., why is breakfast stopped? There is no asterisk following the breakfast time that states after 9:52 a.m. there is ONLY continental breakfast. Why are students left with shoddy service? You can only eat so much cereal, and insect-laden fruit does not fancy my pallette.

To add insult to injury, I went to Wayne Hall for dinner saturday night. The time was 6:55 p.m. The only station open was the grill. While I was in line to get a hot dog, a supervisor-type person emerged from the kitchen, turned off the lights over the counter and declared that the station was closed. The server said that he wa

out food, but with a grill that had enough chow for 30 people. I got my hot dog, but the five students behind me did not get served. This is a classic reason why William Paterson has the negative student-perpetuated reputation that it does. If President Speert or the Provost or any administrator who has control over Wayne Hall real-

ly cared, food service wouldn't be marked by incompetent stupidty. It would be managed like a real food establishment.

It is unacceptable to shut down a food station with students in line and food waiting to be served. It is unacceptable that the administration allows this type of nonsense to perpetuate. Under no circumstance is there an excuse to deny service to paying clients.

Under no corcumstance is there an excuse to have illogical policies.

If the administration were savvy, it would ensure that food service (a MAJOR topic of discussion between current WPU students and prospective students) is customer-friendly and even so good that students brag about it, not despise it. It is ironic that the administration wants students to promote the institution, but fails to provide common-sense management in such areas as its food service that would substantiate positive student commentary.

The management of the food service, as well as the administration, needs to enroll in TQM courses. They probably do not even know what the acronym stands for, so I will divulge this information: Total Quality Management. In a nutshell, it means thinking like a customer at every level of management, and implementing effective mechanisms to ensure that employees and customers have

the best, most effective experience possible.

W. Edwards Deming is considered the father of TQM. His principles revolve around a focus on the customer. According to Deming, managers should ask, "What can I do to exceed the expectation of the customer?" Or, in the case of WPU, what can managers do to at least meet the expectations of the client? (Students in Wayne Hall are clients, not customers, because of their continued relationship with the university and its food service). Everyone wins with TQM, but it doesn't exist ANYWHERE on this campus except in the textbooks of management students.

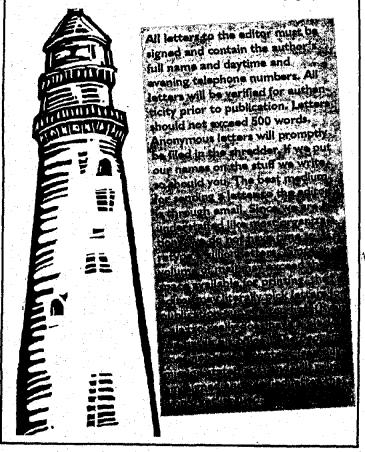
The book In Search of Excellence (1982, Peters and Waterman) discusses a fundamental principle; managers should stay close to the customer, know what his/her needs are, and, most importantly, satisfy those needs. Although the quality of the food in Wayne Hall is decent, the service is ludicrous. The product is the combination of the meal and the service, and if either is lacking, management is not meeting its goals or the expectations of its cleints. If Wayne Hall's management were successful, you would not be reading this editori-

WPU is making a difference. It is needlessly preventing students from having a positive experience in Wayne Hall. Just because WPU is successful academically does not mean students are satisfied. The administration fails to realize that students judge a university not just by its academics, but by "important" college issues such as food

WPU pays more attention to publishing full-color recruitment and revenue-seeking propoganda than it does to the student body who has the most influence on whether students will choose William Paterson over universities who know how to play the management game so that everyone wins. Fire the managers in Wayne Hall and bring in some business majors who know how to take the helm.

# con@student.

#### Letters to the editor



#### Editors Note:

You are lucky to be reading The Beacon this week-it almost didn't make the press. The Beacon suffered a major network crash this past week. As a result, we lost two of our fastest G3 MACs for layout, and had unimaginable problems with peripheral equipment as we attempted to use our slower back-up CPUs. Because of these technical impairments, some sections are missing this week, such as Biz, Fit and Eat. We expect to resume normal layout of these sections next week as our

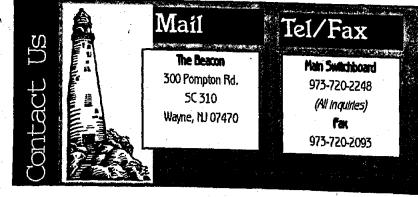
technical problems are repaired. -RC

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# The Jeffrey Hart Column

THE MEANINGS OF THE KURSK

"I hear enlistments are down in the Russian navy," quipped the bartender.

There was laughter and it was funny, for a moment. But the destruction of the Russian submarine Kursk last month was a disaster of the first magnitude and has implications that go far beyond the losses of the 118 men aboard and a mighty ship.

In the U.S. Navy, we were made to understand that officers legitimately might expect loyalty from their enlisted men, but also that the reverse is true.

That is why Russian behavior from President Vladimir Putin on down through his admirals and spokesmen produced feelings of the darkest nausea in all who understand military tradition and the traditions of the sea.

When the Norwegian divers finally arrived at the site, it took them 24 hours to pry open a hatch and enter the Kursk. We do not know if any Russian sailors survived the explosion that doomed the Kursk, but if any did, they probably could have been rescued if such expert help had been requested immediately.

The Kursk sank to the bottom of the sea on Saturday, Aug. 12, the explosion moni-



tored by the Norwegians. Not until Monday, Aug. 14, did Russian authorities announce that a "malfunction" had occurred on the ship, but they gave the date as Sunday, Aug. 13. Outside help, had it been asked for, could have been on hand over that weekend.

As day after day went by and the Russian rescue efforts came to nothing, the Russian authorities finally checked with the British and Norwegians. But the Russian authorities would not permit the rescuers to operate from Murmansk, the Russian port closest to the scene. Instead, the equipment and divers had to operate out of Norway. Again, time was wasted — maybe three days.

maybe three days.

In the old days of the Cold
War, of course, the naval
base at Murmansk was topsecret territory. But does
anybody really think the

dilapidated Russian navy has advanced technological secrets that would be discovered by the Norwegians and the British?

I have been told that only three Russian nuclear-powered submarines are now operational — and now it's down to two, as we scratch off the Kursk.

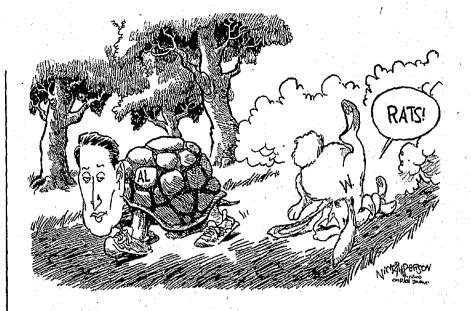
So why was the Russian northern fleet conducting maneuvers in the Barents Sea?

Russia's only conceivable opponent would be the United States, which operates its submarines regularly under the polar icecap. But the notion of a military collision anytime soon between Russia and the United States is preposterous.

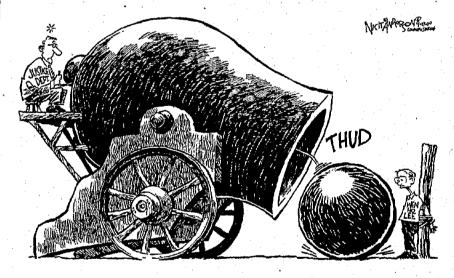
The good news in all this is that public opinion matters in Russia. The outrage has been enormous, because there is a free press. Admirals are offering to resign. Putin talks about his responsibility and guilt. An investigation has been promised, but that remains to be seen.

There is no doubt that all Russians know that this submarine was named for the great battle of Kursk in July 1943, the largest tank battle of all time, which turned the tide of the war on the Russian front and began the two-year march to Berlin.

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# HOMECOMING

IN

HOLLY WOOD
"Spend The Week In Tinsel Town"

#### HOMECOMING

IN

#### HOLLYWOOD

"Spend The Week In Tinsel Town"

#### Sunday, September 17

• Banner Making 8pm Student Center Ballroom, Greek Senate

#### Monday, September 18

• Premier Party PUB NIGHT 9pm, Billy Pats Pub, Junior Class

#### Tuesday, September 19

- Homecoming Court Elections 10am 8pm, Student Center Lobby, SGA, Campus Activities
- Movie: Romeo Must Die 8pm, Student Center Cafe, SAPB

#### Wednesday, September 20

- Homecoming Court Elections 10am 8pm, Student Center Lobby, SGA, Campus Activities
- Electionfest 2000 Concert (Local bands will play and help raise awareness of elections 2000)
   12pm 5pm, Zanfino Plaza, Political Science Club

#### Thursday, September 21

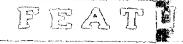
- Community Fair 12pm 2pm Zanfino Plaza (Games, Contests, Free Photos, Prizes, and more) Homecoming Committee
- Hollywood Squares 7pm, Student Center Lobby, SAPB

#### Friday, September 22

- Float Building 4pm, Lot #6, SGA, Greek Senate, Campus Activities, and Alumni
- Picnic Under the Stars 8pm, Lot #6, Greek Senate
- Pep Rally & Bonfire 9pm, Lot #6 (Presentation of the Homecoming Court and Athletes)

#### Saturday, September 23

- Float Building 8am, Lot #6, SGA, Greek Senate, Campus Activities, and Alumni
- Volleybali vs. USMMA, Vassar 12pm
- Hollywood Homecoming Parade 1pm, SGA, Campus Activities, and Alumni
- Football vs. Western Connecticut 2pm, Wightman Field
- Party 9pm 1pm sponsored by SAPB & UHHCO
- Alumni Events
  - Kick Off Breakfast and Student Alumni Council Art Show
  - Alumni Association Executive Council Annual Meeting
  - Homecoming Cookout
  - Alumni Classic 5K Run
  - After Game Pub Party



We spend the rest of the night walking

Prostitution is legal in Amsterdam, and city its economic heartbeat. From a simple

time is spent waiting while others in the g

economic point of view, Amsterdam is a t

looking to see - and buy- what everyone

Tourists are willing to pay for sex, and wo

it's on to the next street for more,

We spend the first few hours getting acquainted with what the district has to offer. The guys scour the city, taking in all the female sites. Most in the group are creating mental maps of where the hot girls are. They will return later to solicit these women after they see the selection in its entire glory. The process reminds me of car shopping: this one has this, but that one has that. How much am I willing to pay for the one I really want?

While the rest of the group waits outside (you never want to go anywhere alone in Amsterdam), a prostitute in the window next door emerges and grabs Adam. "Come," she says in a Jamaican accent, "I know what you want." Then they, too, disappear down a long, narrow corridor.

"Oh my god!," says Chris, "Did you see that?! That's awesome!"

"Wow," I think to myself, "I hope Adam is ready for that." Four minutes later Adam returns. It didn't go as he

expected. The prostitute wanted more money than he was willing to offer, and he didn't even want to screw her.

Some prostitutes are more pushy than others. If you stand around long enough, you might get pulled in. Most guys are too embarrassed to refuse an ambitious woman. And the prostitutes know that, especially with groups of guys where the peer pressure is as strong as the torrents of testosterone pumping through their bodies.

Twenty minutes later Nathan returns from his blissful adventure. He smiles as he rejoins the group, recounting the hows and whats of the previous 20 minutes. He seems proud of his actions. To the group he is a hero. He says he is ready for more. After all, "how often do I get to come here?" he reasons. Everyone concurs.

As the night progresses, some of the guys can't seem to get enough. With only one night in the land of milk and honey, they want to make the best of it. So they spend all their guilders on a good time. Even as the Dutch money becomes depleted, the availability of ATMs in town is a safety net for those who can't seem to get enough of a grand, cheap time.

As we move on, some prostitutes tap with their knuckles on the glass doors, attempting to gain the attention of prospective patrons. Sometimes their tactics work. But mostly not.

are willing to spread for bread. Everywhere you look there are red lights. What, most The district derives its nickname from these bulbs that signify working hookers in rented rooms. The women work from behind glass doors in blocks of rowhouses that face the streets. As dusk begins to fall (around 10 p.m.) on the main streets of the Red Light district, the crowds begin to swell. The main drags in the Red Light District are amassed with spectators-mostly men - not admiring the beautiful architecture, but rather on the hunt for women. But it's not just men who come to window shop here. Women - mothers, wives, grandparents - can be seen looking, gaucking in amazement at their peers who are, quite literally, selling themselves. The only sport in Amsterdam is outdoor window shopping. I'm not talking Macy's on 34th street in NYC. I'm talking about men looking for cheap - but attractive - hookers. Some just want to be sucked off. Others are looking for a great half-hour (or more if they have the cash) of uninterrupted coitus. Still other men desire bondage and kink. And they can find it all in Amsterdam. Cheap. After a short while, it is time for some of the stags in my pack to shed their socialized prescription for decorum: they want to get laid, and they are in the right place. The only equarings of the distillac ash + huge selection of hookers = good time. As the first "customer" in our group (Nathan) finds the courage to "go for it," he approaches the glass door of a girl he is interested in. She gives him her rate: "Hundred guilder fuck and suck," she says. That's about He accepts her price and the two disappear down a long, narrow corridor to a room. The door closes. The rest of the cluster is left outside, excited for their chum who isn't exactly going in for a check-up.

> I wonder how these girls feel as hundre each night stare at their bodies, scrutinizin deciding if that is the girl they want to buy

The girls are like pieces of meat being a ettes. The selection is like a butcher's markgirls, short girls, dark girls, pasty girls, blongirls, Asian girls, African girls, Canadian gir diversity in Amsterdam's hookers' guild mi William Paterson: it is a myriad of cultures spanning the globe.

I return to Amsterdam two weekends liview prostitutes, to find out why they sell they do and how they got into it. I wanted

At 15 minutes to 10 p.m. it is still light of cobblestone streets. The air is filled with the from little restaurants on the outskirts of the smell pot everywhere. Shady looking busing sketchy establishments with huge neon signattempting to lure tourists in for a night of 50 guilders customers can watch as many

Red fluorescent, incandescent and neon canal water on Oude Zijds Achterburgwal drags in the Red Light District, a pricier pregalore.

I begin my quest for interviewing prostit prostitute who looks bored sitting in her v As she opens it a crack, I ask, "how much

EYOND THE WINDMILLS AND TULIP GARDENS OF THE PICTURESQUE DUTCH COUNTRYSIDE LIES A MODERN DAY SODOM AND GOMORRAH- A PLACE WHERE LECHERY, LIVE SEX SHOWS AND UBIQUITOUS DRUG USE ARE AS MUCH A PART OF THE LOCAL FLAVOR AS APPLE PIE IS TO THOSE IN THE STATES.

It's the land of milk and honey—an adult Disneyland for men of all ages. But there are no roller coasters in Amsterdam, just the ups and downs of a city that never sleeps, a region famous for its cheeses and historic architecture. And prostitutes.

Sure, most of us have heard stories about Amsterdam and the legalized prostitution there. But few have had the opportunity-pleasurable or not-to witness what all the hype is about.

On my first night in Holland's main city, I tag along with some friends as they anxiously explore their divine destination—the Red Light District. At first it was just odd to see half-naked women sitting on stools behind glass doors—for sale. But after a while I got used to it, and so did everyone else. Prostitutes in Amsterdam are like corn in Iowa. After a while you don't even think about them.

They're just there.

But unlike corn in lowa, the scene in Amsterdam is fast-paced and wild. Bars are hopping. Clubs are crazy. Coffeehouses are crowded. The locale is an out of control zoo where most of the rules are suspended.

13

watching, observing. Much oup are being serviced. Then

dare say it's what gives the

ourist trap for travellers abroad at the office talks about.

men would inquire, could be better than that?

sex." "Hundred guilder," she responds.

"One hundred guilders!," I reply, "I'm not asking to bang you. I want to talk to you."

"Still hundred guilders," she responds. I decline her offer and search for a cheaper woman. After all, I am on official assignment for The Beacon, and I can't spend a fortune on this story.

Five minutes later I decide to try it again with another woman. Her rate was also 100 guilders. I figure that I am going to have to shell out that money for any prostitute, so I do.

Her name is Joyce Johnson (or so she said), and she is from Jamaica. She had a hard time understanding that I was just there to talk--not to have sex. She agreed to divulge her life on the record for the cash.

As I entered her room, I became very uncomfortable. It was very dark. It smelled musty. There was a bed and a sink, and some stuffed animals. The garbage can next to the bed had several used condoms in it. She had been busy so far that night.

For Sale

ory and photos Ryan Cajazzo, The Beacon

Is – if not thousands – of men every fine detail-or flaw-and for the next half hour. Ivertised under red silhouet: skinny girls, fat girls, tall le girls, brunette girls, Dutch i – the list is endless. The rors the student population of languages, and ethnicities

ter with a set mission to interheir bodies, why they do what to hear it all.

st. Crowds are forming on the e smells of food emanating in Red Light District. I can essmen stand in front of its advertising live sex shows, unadulterated voyeurism. For ex acts as they can stomach, ights glimmer off the polluted Centrum, one of the main estitute section with sex shops

ites at 10:20 p.m. I stop by a indow. I approach the door. or 10 minutes of talking? No

She told me to sit down on the bed. I did. She sat next to me, giggling and asking me why I didn't want to have sex with her. I tell her I am a writer. She seems to understand more now.

I begin with some basics: why are you a prostitute?; do you like it?; how did you get into it?; do you practice safer sex?

She tells me she was a medical student but dropped out of college because she could not afford it. "It's just a condition," she says about her job, "I just do it for the money. I don't like it."

joyce tells me she comes from a poor family. At 21-years old, she came to Amsterdam just one month ago. She plans on leaving in a few months after she makes money to go back to school. Joyce admits that an average night for her grosses between 500 and 2000 guilders (approximately \$250-\$1000).

Speaking with me dressed only in briefs with a cow imprint, loyce says her job is scary. "I worry about men coming to harm me or take my money. I don't let anyone in who looks like they will harm me, or who is drunk. One time I did and he took my money. He said he didn't want any problems and to give it to him. So I did," she said.

I ask Joyce about sexually-transmitted diseases. "Sometimes [the men] ask me not to use a condom, but I tell them no, everyone must where one," she replies.

I pick up a wrapped condom on her nightstand. "Glider" is the name

Then I inquired about Joyce's future. "You won't see me here next year," she states, "I want to go back to school, and I will."

At 10 minutes to 11 p.m. the crowd is picking up quite heavily. The Polite (Dutch police) are out in full force, dealing with the rowdy faction

in the street and assisting tourists with directions and other information. But mostly standing around watching.

At 11:05 p.m. I pass the Queens Head Bar. A collection of

Ken Barbies is displayed in the window. I enter the establishment

looking to get some food since I have been walking around all night. I ask the bartender if they are still serving food. He replied, "No, just men."

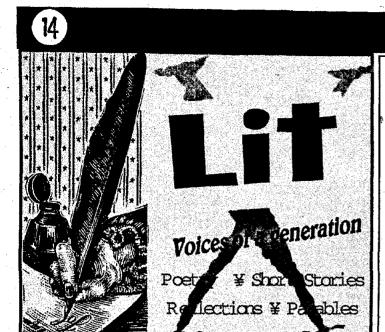
While Amsterdam is a straight man's paradise, the city does have its share of gay bars, clubs and cafes, such as the Cock Ring, a notoriously butch gay club that offers the ideal scene for the gay leather community.

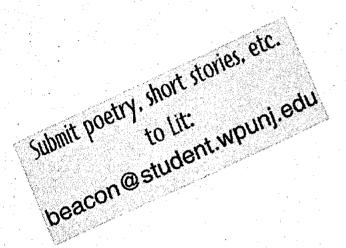
At 11:20 p.m, drunk, rowdy men sing in a small cafe, their voices echoing into the summer air on a street that had no name. I am still hungry, so I stop to eat at a small hole-in-the-wall grill. At 11:45, people are peering into the windows of restaurants on a side street, hoping that they will be able to grab a byte to eat. But it is too late at most food places. In Amsterdam, eateries close up around 11 p.m. The travel guide warned me about that, but I figured that a tourist spot had to have eateries that are open late. The only items to ingest after 11 p.m. are alcoholic or psychedelic.

At midnight, the tolling of church bells in the center of the Red Light District is an erie reminder of the irony that engulfs the canal-lined city. Is Amsterdam a state of anomie? Is it a moral sewer? Or are the prostitution and drugs a valued way of life that I am just not used to?

As I walk aimlessly through the dark allies around 1:30 a.m., the moon provides scant light against the brick rowhouses. Three times tonight I have been accosted by ecstacy dealers. It's so easy for people to buy drugs. I decline their offers.

At 1:40 a.m. I enter the High Coffeeshop adjacent to some sex shops. When I asked for a menu, I didn't get the typical Starbucks list





# The SNOW

One summer all I dreamt about was snow.
I imagined me wearing my leather boots with the rubber souls, marching through a foot of snow and hearing the repeated crunch beneath my feet as I walked.

Then I would look into the distance at the trees enveloped with white and become happy, because to me, they looked so perfect.

In my dreams I saw myself making snow angels with my mother and then throwing snow balls at my father.

Finally we would all gather our own piles of snow until we had replicated our own Frosty the Snowman.

By then, our veins flowed with the cold air and our shoes were filled with damp water.

Mom would say,

"Let's all go inside and I'll make some hot soup."

We laughed at ourselves because we couldn't stop shaking.
It was perfect.

I woke up one summer morning and couldn't believe my eyes. As I faced the window I saw a sheet of snow covering the frame. I rubbed my face with my hands and looked around my empty home.

I thought it was snow, but it was just the white shade pulled down.

Erik Ortiz

#### Linger

YOU SOAK MY MOUTH
IN YOUR TASTE
SO THAT FOR DAYS AHEAD
EVERYTIME I PASS
MY TONGUE ACROSS MY LIPS
I'LL CATCH YOUR LINGER
STILL UPON ME
AS A CONSTANT REMINDER.

Jessica ocasio

#### Perfect Earth

Ocean of Melted Glass was Broken down by the sun As it's firery tears fell from the sky.

Slowly they dissolve the secret Sanctuary of life that Silently existed below.

Harmonious creatures were bestowed life and Oxygen introduced water to land As the waves kissed the sand.

The sky sang songs with the birds During the celebration of creation In an innocent world ignorant to the future.

Joelle Caputa

Separate Ways

The petals fall From the flowers In her room.

Tears slide silently Down the cheeks Of her face.

Her lips smile, Trying to hide Her broken soul.

Inside she aches
For the love
She once knew.

Her memory cries Remembering his kisses, So tenderly true.

Together no more She wonders what He is thinking.

If a new Love is even Worth searching for.

Joelle Caputa

KISSED AFTER YOU TOOK A DRAG FROM MY CIGARETTE I PRESSED IT BETWEEN MY TREMBLING LIPS TO SEE IF I COULD STILL TASTE YOU AND I COULD SO IN MY MIND IT WAS AS IF IHAD KISSED YOU.

JESSICA OCASIO

#### The Flaws You Put Upon Me

A BLISTER ON THE TONGUE

WHICH SPOKE TO YOU OF DREAM...

MINE,

ABRASIONS ON THE HANDS

THAT CARESSED YOUR FLESH...

MINE,

CRACKED SKIN ON THE LIPS

THAT KISSED YOU PASSIONATELY...

MINE

A CAVITY IN THE HEART

THAT YOU DESTROYED ...

MINE,

Jessica Ocasio

#### Nine to Five

A slave to the grind eight hours a day, five days a week
Working in a place you can't stand to be at with people who could
care less about you

Busting your ass for minimum wage in poor working conditions with no benefits

Taking crap from a boss who gets pleasure out of pushing his employees around

Always staying overtime just to pay the bills

You keep saying to yourself "this is only temporary until something better comes along"

Constantly daydreaming about your relief, the weekend, wishing it was here already and that it was more than just two days

Your only comfort from this madness is when it's time to go home

So tired that all you have energy for is food, some television and sleep

Dreading the next morning when the alarm clock screams"It's time to get up and do it all over again"

You could have sworn you just went to bed

You hit the snooze button "Just five more minutes"

As you crawl into work you ask yourself "why do I torture myself like this"

Eddy Azzolino

# Rob, The University, and His Favor to Explain Things

#### Part One

Okay, I've just been asked by a friend to jot down my thoughts. I don't really want to do this, but I'm going to anyway. Ysee, I owe the dude. He watched my back once, so you get the picture, right?

Anyhow, here I am, a new student up at the big campus with the whole semester in front of me. Everything around me is foreign. All the voices are strange. Every corner I turn in the hallway is weird cause I've never turned that corner before in my life. It's a whole new setting for me -a whole new adventure -a whole new mystery.

I've come to William Paterson because my girlfriend talked me into it last winter. Problem is, she's not my girlfriend anymore. She's just a friend. A friend I haven't spoken with since five weeks ago when I saw her on a pier at Long Beach Island. I haven't seen her on campus yet, and I don't really want to. She dumped me y'see, and the split was hard, at least on me it was. But then, you have to make yourself get over things, right? So I try not to think of her, at least in pleasant terms. I will tell you this though, I think I still like her a little bit; but just a little bit mind ya. I even sorta miss her.

But that's my own personal business.

In fact, I think I'm getting too personal.

It's time to get back to basics here. It's time to start talking about just me, the university, my classes, and the grades I hope to achieve.

Well, things so far, haven't been going very good for me.

As usual. I missed the first day of classes, all four of them. I thought the semester began on a Thursday, not on a Wednesday. I mean whoever came up with starting a college semester on a Wednesday, you know? Seems kind of weird to me.

Secondly, I've been informed by the Financial Aid Department that none of my forms have been filled out correctly, and if I don't get some very pertinent information to them soon. I might be kissing William Paterson University good bye-like all together.

Put on top of that, the fact that I can't really study for crap, and I'm not quite what you'd call 'collage material' and I think we've got the makings for a real disaster here.

Am I right? I think any egg head would agree with me on that point.

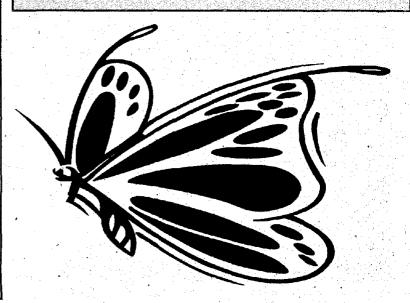
But you know what, I'm going to stick it out, and see if I can do it. I think I owe it to myself.

Who knows, maybe I'll run into my ex on campus soon, and get to rub a little dirt on her nose for a change. I'll tell her I'm getting all A's and wait for her reaction. Then I'll tell her to hit the road, cuz me and this college and some girl I met down in the lounge have more important things to do and who do you think you are anyway for holding me up for so long?

By the way, my name's Rob - Rob, with a warped pen and crinkled sheet of paper to jot things down on.

Just remember, I'm only doing this cause I owe a friend, and need to make things square between us.

Christian Mark Weich



#### Greg Osby - Joe Lovano Quintet

Where: Iridium,

When: Thursday, September 7th, 2000 Who: Greg Osby- alto saxophone Joe Lovanotenor saxophone Jason Moran- piano Cameron Brown- bass Idris Muhammad- drums

Whether the pairing of Joe Lovano and Greg Osby was an idea generated by the big wigs at Blue Note Records (Osby and Lovano's shared record label), or one conceived by the two artists themselves, it seems to have been quite successful. The two first came together to make a record for Blue Note which was released in June 1999. Entitled "Friendly Fire," it has sold well enough to warrant this five-day-**Andrew Shantz** stand at Manhattan's up-scale Iridium Club (over a year after its release), as well as a The Beacon date later this fall in Orvieto, Italy.

In a sense, the meeting of these two jazz figureheads could be seen as the collision of opposite spectral extremes. Although both are strong forward thinkers, Lovano and his regular group members, Cameron Brown and Idris Muhammad, have based their sound, for the most part, on a straight swing feel. They have also kept their melodic phrasing fairly balanced with regard to the bar line and form of the song, - an approach perhaps more palatable to less-then-die-hard jazz fans. Osby and his regular cohorts (only one of the last five albums he recorded since 1997 has not included Jason Moran at the piano) - although equally mindful of the bar line - have sought to arrange their improvisations around it. This more off-kilter sound is often referred to as "Angular," suggesting that the strong and weak beats of the measure are approached from unconventional "angles."

This blend of paradoxically incompatible ideas is perhaps the foundation for this group's success. Lovano has developed a following among not only dedicated jazz fans, but also more casual listeners, or perhaps those who recognize him from his years with the Saturday Night Live Band. Osby is a musician who, although less well known outside serious jazz circles, has earned a highly esteemed reputation amongmore astute listeners, with a career-long commitment to innovation and originality. When these two sax men get together, their music fuses together to create a sound that ranges from inside to out and can

be straight ahead and angular in the same moment.

In their set of four selections from the earlier mentioned "Friendly Fire," the group covered a wide range of tempo and feel. The set began with the Lovano original entitled "Alexander the Great." An up-tempo, be-bopish head, it lent itself well to extended melodic rifts which flowed with great facility from the frontmen's instruments over the solid swing groove layed down by the Brown-Muhammad rhythm team. Geo J Lo, composed by Osby, was the next tune. Its medium tempo and relaxed feel gave the improvisers lots of room to work their way around and through each measure. Osby, Moran and Lovano

all took full advantage of this and produced extended, very dense solos. The only selection of the four that was not an original was

"Monk's Mood," written by (as you may have guessed) Thelonious Monk. The arrangement began with an ethereal tenor sax-piano duet in a rubato feel, in which Lovano stated the melody and from which he proceeded to the solo section. Again, the soloists this time including Cameron Brown - took full advantage of the space afforded them by a slower tempo, and could be found dissecting the harmony and time with great precision. The set finished with another original by Lovano, entitled "Wild East." A fitting selection to end the set with, it had an undulating, uptempo groove that emphasized the strong beats of the measure. The melody was constructed of a series of phrases that began alternating first on the downbeat and then the offbeat, accentuating the groove nicely. The solo section moved into a driving swing feel with high velocity solos from both saxophones and piano. The group then traded eights with drummer Idris Muhammad before going back to the melody.

This varied choice of tunes - executed in top-notch fashion - made for a very interesting, even recommended set. The Iridium club is also a pleasant listening space with good sight lines to the stage from almost every table. Not to mention a wide drink seleced the Osby-Lovano quintet will have finished their stay at Iridium, but it's safe to say that any future meeting of this group is worth checking out - whatever your taste in jazz may be.

The Vandals Keep Punk Alive



The Vandais Look What I Almost Stepped In... Nitro Records

The Vandals are back with another release of the hilarious style of punk rock that they pioneered close to twenty years ago. Look What I Almost Stepped In ... features the same lineup that the Vandals have had since 1991's Fear of a Punk Planet, consisting of Dave Quackenbush on vocals, Warren Fitzgerald on guitar,

on drums, and Joe Escalante on bass.(One interesting little fact about the Vandals is that the only original member from their 1982 debut, Peace Through Vandalism, is Joe Escalante, and Escalante played -

Josh Freese

The songs on Look In... take over right where 1998's Hitler Bad, Vandals Good, left off. That album was the first of what will eventually be

drums at that time).

called The Vandals "Adult" period. And this statement is not meant as an insult, but rather, as a compliment. In a period of time where "Punk" and "Pop-Punk" bands are losing older fans to more technically savvy forms of Indie Rock, the Vandals last two albums prove that Punk Rock does not have to destroy itself by some predetermined age, and can instead grow old gracefully. The Vandals also remind the Punk Rock community that you can be "punk" and still know how to play your

# Braid Fans Have Hope



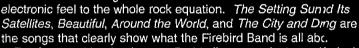
The Firebird Band - The Setting Sun and Its Satellites Thylintaka Conspiracy & Hey Mercedes - EP Polyvinyl Records

Matthew Harabin The Beacon

Last year saw the break-up of Ilbis' own Braid. Frame & Canvas, Braid's third full length, helped to ake a niche for them among the "indie rock" scene. While many ere disappointed about their untimely end, others were hoping thaney would get back together. A year later Braid is still broken-ubut two new bands have emerged from their ashes.

The Firebird Band first started as a side project by Chris bach

(formerly of Braid) and Todd Finkel (formerly of Back of Dave). Once Braid disbanded, The Firebird Band found two members to complete the outfit. In early summer their debut LP release, The Setting Sun and Its Satellites, was released on the Mintaka Conspiracy record label. Chris separates himself from his past accomplishments in this debut full length. While also performs most of it whether he is using a keyboard or drum machine. The music maintains the uneven structure while adding an



For those waiting for the next Braid album, you just may tin luck. Hey Mercedes picked up right where Braid left off. On theirst EP being released by Polyvinyl Records, Hey Mercedes shows that we have something to fill the void that was left when Braid bke up. Robert, Damon, Todd and newcomer Mark Dawursk write fo songs that still use the same jagged guitar riffs and rely on the dru and bass to fuel the fire. Each song has a different feel, yet all a similar. For those who cannot wait for their LP debut, just hit rept and you have an 8-song CD.

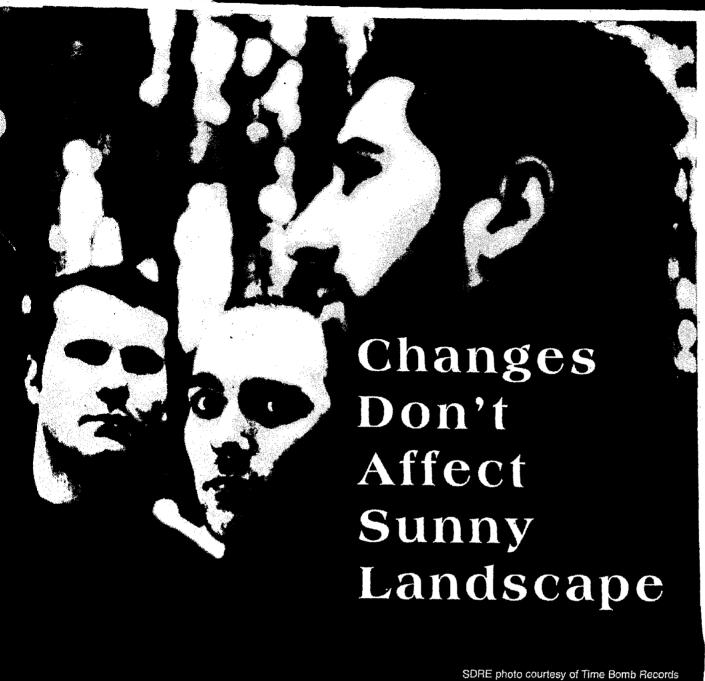
Its time for the mourning to stop and for all who loved Brato embrace these two bands. The Firebird Band steps away fro the Braid formula to create something unique while Hey Merced picks up the smoking ashes only to rekindle the flame. Both CDs a must-own for Braid fans. Anyone looking for something newho likes rock but is tired of the same old bands should pick eithor both up. He/she will not be disappointed!

> instruments. This point is evidenced by Warrer Fitzgerald's incredible guitar solos a Josh Freese's fun, poppy, beats, and fills.

Jacob Claveloux Insider Editor

While the Vandals are exceptal musicians, they do not let that stand the way of their joke-telling and offending of the potally

correct side of music listeners. They certainly Iven't let a long career dry out their wit and cynicism, rich they showcase wonderfully on songs like "Behirthe Music," "Flowers are Pretty," "Get a Room," "Coled and Blind," and "Fourteen." Another incredible ck on Look What I Almost Stepped In... is "Kick It," with comes off like a pseudo-new wave Punk Rock le song. The remainder of Look What I Almost Stoed In... is full of the fun, catchy choruses, and blisting ballads that the Vandals are known for. The Vaals' Look What I Almost Stepped In... is an album thboth invites new listeners into the Vandals realm, andso extends an invitation to ex-punkers looking to me their way back intelligently. In either case, it wol be a wise decision to pick this LP up immediately.



Sunny Day Real Estate The Rising Tide Time Bomb Records

Jacob Claveloux Insider Editor & Matthew Harabin The Beacon

Sunny Day Real Estate's *The Rising Tide* finds the Washington trio on a new record label.

Time Bomb, after a departure from Sub Pop Records, who released SDRE's last four records, including 2000's Live-In Concert CD. Along with the label change, Sunny Day has also gone through a little remodeling, seeing bassist J. Palmer move on, a phenomenon which is not new to the band (drummer William Goldsmith and bassist Nate Mendel left to join the Foo Fighters in 1996, with Goldsmith returning shortly after). All the changes that SDRE have gone through of late have not affected their songwriting ability.

The Rising Tide fits in perfectly with its previous reign as kings of the underground "indie rock" scene. Frontman Jeremy Enigk's melodies are wonderfully stirring, as many fans have come to expect, and the music composition swaying and intricate, while at the same time minimal and straightforward.

The Rising Tide serves as a great description for an album that flows like a wave, starting out rough, then crescendos and crashes on the shore, and is finally pulled back into the ocean to start the cycle again. Individually, some standout songs are: Killed by an Angel, Rain Song, Snibe, The Ocean, and The Rising Tide. But The Rising Tide is an album that achieves its greatest effect when listened to straight through, as an entity. SDRE's The Rising Tide is a worthy purchase for both past Sunny Day Real Estate fans, as it lives up to and exceeds expectations, and for fans of great music looking for something different.

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#### The Girl On The Bridge

Christopher English
The Beacon

"Wherever we go you'll always find a few knives to throw at me." In Patrice Leconte's The Girl on the Bridge, those are words of acceptance and love. Adele (Vanessa Paradis) is a young woman ready to throw herself off a footbridge near the Eiffel Tower after years of moving from one disappointing man to another. "I never pick the lucky number" is how she sums up her life. Enter Gabor (Daniel Auteuil), a professional knife thrower searching for a target. He instinctively knows that Adele is the perfect partner for his show. After talking Adele off the bridge and a brief trial run that has her spread against a wooden door while his knives land around her, Gabor whisks her off to the French Riviera, where Adele is coiffed, dressed and properly made up for her stage debut. Gabor talks his way onto the bill of a circus by promising to throw "blind," meaning that Adele is masked with a sheet while he hurls eleven knives around her. Gabor pulls off the feat and gives Adele some cash to bet on the first number she can think of at the roulette wheel. She wins repeatedly, confirming Gabor's instincts about her good fortune.

If none of this seems particularly believable, it may be because Leconte is more interested in depicting the inner dynamics of a strange relationship between two desperate people in a beautiful black and white film rather than giving the audience a scenario it can relate to. Gabor and Adele often communicate telepathically over distances that range from twenty feet to hundreds of miles, and while their relationship remains platonic, the knife throwing scenes are erotically charged. Auteuil has a face that suggests a past as an unsuccessful boxing trainee, and his wandering nose and sunken eyes are well suited to the extra level of knowledge and experience (Gabor is at least twice Adele's age) Gabor possesses. The combination of Adele's luck and Gabor's skill seems to assure a lucrative future, and the pair

repeat their triumph on stage and in a casino in Italy. Trouble comes when they take work on a cruise ship. Adele falls for a newlywed Greek fisherman on his wedding day, and jumps with him into a lifeboat to escape his crying wife. Gabor tries to continue his act by using the jilted bride for a target, but he throws a knife into her thigh.

Separation lowers both halves of the team.
Gabor is reduced to missing throws at a cardboard target on an Istanbul street while Adele's wandering newlywed leaves her for a female Greek air force officer after the couple is rescued from their lifeboat. Gabor sinks low enough to climb over the railing of a bridge and start leaning out when Adele finds him and gets to repay Gabor for saving her life.

The Girl on the Bridge's plot provides plenty of scenery for Jean-Marie Dreuou's cinematography and the images presented - like Adele's lifeboat adrift in a vast sea or Gabor's knives shining in their case - are the strength of the film. The problems arise from the hole of Gabor's past. Biographical information about him is sketchy at best. Auteuil does a fine job of looking alternately haunted and wired, but we never learn how he came to his odd profession or how he feels about it. Supporting characters are almost nonexistent in The Girl on the Bridge, making an incomplete character a crucial fault that frustrates the audience by putting Gabor against gorgeous backgrounds without explaining exactly who he is and why he's there. Director Leconte gives us some uncomfortably close peeks at the backstage life of a circus and traveling life that can make his film seem like an uneasy mixture of Fellini's La Strada and any number of Wim Wenders' road movies. The images shimmer with heat and dust, but the motivations for the characters' actions are missing too often to make The Girl on the Bridge fully formed or

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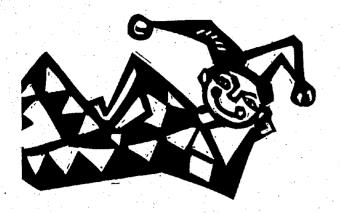
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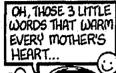
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"Bob and I rekindled our marriage with a date last week. It was just like old times.

The next day he didn't call."



"C'mon, you guys — It was Beepo's last wish and, dang it, we're gonna make it fit!!"



"Have you been into my exercise tapes again?"



Whatever happened to that Krazy Giue guy ...?



A group of men peer in on a prostitute in Amsterdam's Red Light District.

photo by Ryan Calazzo/The Beacon

#### continued from page 13

of import Ales. Although I don't usually drink coffee, I opted for a regular cup of joe. It, like the donuts in Amsterdam, was incredible.

At 2:00 a.m. I observe more and more men emerging from prostitutes' doors in a disheveled state. Most are still zipping their zippers as they re-enter the street, either satisfied or looking for more pleasure.

At 2:10 a.m., a group of college-age men gleefully smile and cheer as their fellow buck crony emerges from a well-spent investment. The group extends high fives to their buddy, who begins to recount the vivid details of the previous 20 or so minutes. Indeed Amsterdam is a treat for them, a get away where they can return to the origins of male piggish behavior—and escape imminent criticism. It's guys' night out tonight, and the quad is bonding amid dripping testosterone that constitutes the essence of male sexual behavior. It occurs to me that somehow I understand the true

nature of males better than ever, that sex is a powerful and necessary elixir, that sex is what these men crave instinctively. And I wonder about the evolution of humans in general. I reflect upon the basics of human life: the need to procreate, the need for men to stick it in and the need for women to take it in (penis OR money). Such a primitive species most of us are.

At 2:30 a.m. the Polite are walking side by side down the dimly lit sidestreets looking for problems, but ignoring the usual sites that have become commonplace to them: prostitutes, public drunkenness, drug peddlers.

Prostitution is an acceptable part of life in Amsterdam. It's the norm, their culture. It's the economic anchor.

At 2:45 a.m., one girl is of particular interest on the main drag. She is causing a pedestrian jam on the centrum. She appears to be Dutch – tall, blonde hair, blue eyes and a great figure.

A couple of doors down two prostitutes (twin sisters) sit under a black light, their white shirts glowing. A man

approaches their door. One of the girls opens it a crack. The guy sticks his head through to talk to her. After about 20 seconds, the door closes and the guy remains on the stoop. He shouts to his buddies, "the bitch wants 300 guilders, 500 for both together! Let's go get some cheaper ass."

At close to 3 a.m., the people are getting drunker, the clubs and cafes are getting busier, the sites are getting better. Anyone who likes to watch people would have a field day on the streets of Amsterdam.

The Polite are sitting on a railing overlooking the canal, maintaining a keen watch over the intoxicated and blunted fourists who are out for a night on the town. I stop by to ask some questions. One officer tells me that soft drugs are legal in Amsterdam because it is a permissible region in Holland. The officer says he loves his job and the people. He plans on making many arrests: drunks, pick-pockets and robbers. "The Americans are most respectful," he declares. He tells me that there is no "last call" in Amsterdam, that alcohol flows freely at most hours. Some clubs, he says, may stop serving at 3 a.m., but there are always alternatives to those places.

"It's time for another prostitute," I say to myself.
On Bloedstraat Centrum, a less traveled street, I pay.
75 guilders to talk to a woman dressed in a leather dominatrix costume.

"She should be a real hoot," I tell myself.
She leads me down a spiral staircase to the basement (read: dungeon). It is very dark and gothic. She puts on a CD that is painfully loud. I sit on her bed.
There are black, leather restraints on all four corners.
There are whips and leather masks and huge sex toys as big as power tools strewn on the floor. I admit I am

very nervous now.

Her name is Kim. She tells me she's from
Switzerland, and she has been living in Amsterdam for
eight years. She claims she is a mistress, not a prostitute.

I ask her about her job.

"Sometimes I make a lot of money," she says, "it depends on the night. It could be 400 guilders. It could 1000 guilders."

Kim tells me she loves her job. "I like domination. People come in here and want bondage –they want me to tie them up and have sex. They pay for it. But I don't do it for the money. I love sex," she says.

At one point Kim says she has seen me before in her room. She says she has tied me up and wants to do it again. She grabs my wrists, but I withdraw, and she jumps on top of me on the bed. Now I am worried.

I tell her "no," but she continues, so I slickly maneuver myself off the bed. "No one's going to believe this," I tell myself.

I escape her abode and return to the street. It's now well after 3 a.m., but the later it gets in Amsterdam the busier it gets.

As late as 5 a.m. people are still out and about. Police sirens can be heard in the distance, their annoying hi-low tones pierce through the early-morning air. Prostitutes are still peddling their bodies to weary customers. Bars, clubs and coffeehouses are in full swing: chaos. There is plenty of activity going on that is illegal in America, but par for the course in Amsterdam. And that's exactly why people come to the Dutch wonder land: for lechery, for drugs, for the never ending party scene.

Like most popular travel destinations, the locals know how to con tourists into emptying their pockets into busy cash registers. Amsterdam is no different. There are plenty of ATMs on the streets in the main part of town where tourists wait on long lines at night to access their funds from overseas. ATM receipts fall like snow onto the dirty sidewalks as customers en masse withdraw funds for a fun-filled evening on the town. There is no line.

The culture in Amsterdam is like nowhere else; it's a piecemeal society comprised mainly of tourists. Most of the population here is tourists. The natives just provide the facilities and services to accommodate their guests' passions for fun.



# Young Yanks Win Championship

Some say that older siblings set the example for younger ones to follow. That adage proved positive for the Staten Island Yankees. The short-season single A affiliate of the New York Yankees won the 2000 New York/Penn League crown by beating the Mahoning Valley Scrappers two games to one in the best of threegame series.

"I haven't been on a championship team since I was in high school," said Staten Island

Yankees ace pitcher Andy Beal. "This is something I played for all my life. This is one stepping stone closer to the Major Leagues, this is what I'm playing for and (I) want to win that ring."

The Baby Bombers walloped a 9-0 victory over Mahoning Valley in game one. Oklahoma State product Matt Smith pitched five and a third solid innings. Pedro Santana hit the first post-season home run in franchise history with a two run blast in the home half of the fourth inning.

With the series shifting to Niles, Ohio, the Scrappers were seeking vengeance and found it thanks to the extra inning heroics of Henry Pichardo. Pichardo, who had all of five at bats the entire season, belted a walk off home run off of right-hander Jason Willis to give Mahoning Valley a 9-8 victory tying up the series and sending the championship to a third and deciding game.

With the league supremacy resting on the outcome of one game, Staten Island manager Joe Arnold gave the nod to southpaw David Martinez while Brandon Matheny, who led the team in strikeouts with 63, took the hill for the Scrappers.

The Young Yanks, much like their big brother in the Bronx, wasted no time. In the first inning of the deciding game, Staten Island came out swinging. RBI and Home Run leader Mitch Jones ignited the Yankees with a two-run triple, Jones went 5 for 14 with three RBIs in the Series. In the third inning, Santana hit his second round-tripper of the Series giving Staten Island a 4-2 lead as well as the title.

"It means a great deal, not only to my self, but all of our coaches," said Yankees manager Joe Arnold. "We worked very hard this summer. We've all been away from home, away from our families all summer long. That's been a goal of ours." Like their Major League brethren, Staten Island's, team are the best team in the league. Also like Joe Torre's Yankees, Arnold's squad had some bumpy rides during the campaign.

"We've had ups and downs throughout the year," said Arnold reflecting back on the summer of 2000. "We came through some tough times where we didn't score many runs for a couple

of days in a row and we came

through that. The lesson learned is 'it'll come back.' You don't get too low, you don't get too high."

"I think there was a point where we had lost four or five straight games and we had been front runners most of the season and we fell out of first place by a game and a half," said Josh Getzler, Chief Operating Officer of the Staten Island Yankees. "The team sort of took a collective deep breath and ran off six in a row. That was the point where we knew that the team had guts and they weren't going to fold up their tent and they were going to win."

Even though these ball players are young bucks, many fresh out of the college ranks, they maintained a sense of maturity that is not normally seen at this level. One of the elements in the team's coming of age is due to their affiliation with arguably the most storied franchise in all of sports—the New York Yankees, not to mention coercion from The Boss.

"At the beginning of the New York Yankees season, we went to (Yankee) Stadium and we had a conversation with Mr. (George)
Steinbrenner00," said Getzler. "He said, 'You're going to have a great team this year' and we said, 'Well, we had a terrific team last year...' and he said, 'That's not good enough, they have to win,' "Getzler continued. "I think the manager and the coaches and the players all feel that there is a lot that they have to live up to-being in the Yankee organization."

Throughout his reign in the Bronx, Steinbrenner has ruled with an iron fist. His mandate for excellence on all levels within the organization will result in the hoisting of the 2000 New York/Penn League Championship Flag-be assured he will expect better results from Torre's boy's when October rolls around.

## Darryl Poisonberry

Disheveled Slugger Continues His Fall From Graces

Brian LoPinto The Beacon There are two words that can sum up the life of Darryl Strawberry: American Tragedy.

He had it all; fame, fortune and most of all, a God given talent to make applesauce out of Major League pitching. Instead of adding numbers to his career home run totals, last week Strawberry made an entry into an already extensive rap sheet.

Tampa, Florida Police charged the hard luck slugger with driving while impaired and leaving the scene of an accident. Judge Florence Foster sentenced Strawberry to two years of house arrest.

"This was the best way to get him out of jail immediately and to let him start on the road to recovery," said Strawberry's lawyer Joseph Ficarrotta in a Daily News article.

What his lawyer failed to mention is that Strawberry had many roads to recovery, in fact, his long 'road to recovery' has not only been laced with pot holes, it has taken many detours. The most recent digression occurred in July when the former New York Mets and Yankees star bailed on a rehab stint in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Strawberry's latest faux pas adds to a series of dilemmas which includes banishment from baseball and a bout with colon cancer. Times are not as they were during his glory days with the 1986 World Champion Mets. Instead of making the back pages of New York tabloids, Strawberry is front page news-- a place reserved for pertinent information.

At the time of last week's accident, the eight-time All Star admitted to taking a potent anti-insomnia pill as well as two types of painkillers. In the wake of recuperating from a procedure in which doctors removed a tumor in his left kidney, it is no wonder that Strawberry is having difficulty sleeping.

Underneath his deteriorating athletic prowess lies a vulnerable man who had to battle drug and alcohol addiction, spousal abuse, and a potential life threatening disease.

There was a time when opposing managers feared Strawberry's ability to affect the outcome of a game with one swing of the bat. Now, the chance that he will paint the sky with baseballs are extremely bleak

P.S. If anyone wants to see a falling star, look in the direction of a Mr. Darryl Strawberry.



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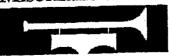
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# Personals

#### "Warehouse Girl"

First Wednesday, 10:45 A.M. Green Chair, cafe downstairs. Our eyesalmost met; wordless questions, almost asked; I almost answered: "Yes" - But you walked away. Same Chair, Same Day, Same Time.

#### Congradulations Sisters

of Theta Alpha for exceling in all you do, keep up the good work. Lillian Sp'98







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