



Vol. 67
No. 7

The Beacon

WEEKLY

MONDAY, OCT. 18, 2009



WHO'S
BACK



MOND	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Scattered Sls	Mostly Cloudy	Partly Cloudy	Partly Cloudy	Partly Cloudy	Partly Cloudy	Isolated Showers
High: 62 Low: 43	High: 65 Low: 49	High: 62 Low: 48	High: 64 Low: 46	High: 67 Low: 48	High: 67 Low: 49	High: 65 Low: 51

Tanning Ix Today

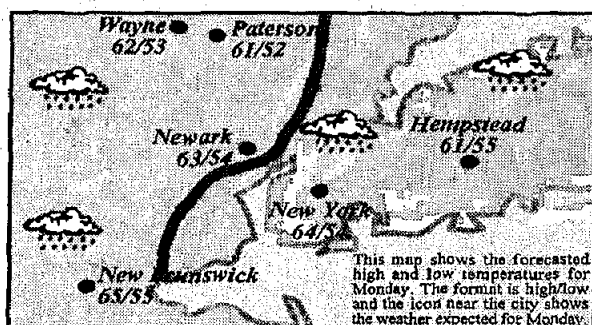
This is the estimating index for today at solar noon; sun signifies what the tannex will be.



UV Incale

1-2: Minixposure
3-4: Loosure
5-6: Modexposure
7-9: Higosure
10+: Very exposure

Monday's Regional Forecast



This map shows the forecasted high and low temperatures for Monday. The format is high/low and the icon near the city shows the weather expected for Monday.

Local Almanac Last Week

Day	High	Low	Normals	Precip*
Sat	63	46	70/51	0.00"
Sun	57	37	70/51	0.00"
Mon	51	38	69/50	Trace
Tue	53	36	69/50	0.00"
Wed	69	44	68/50	0.00"
Thu	72	45	68/49	0.00"
Fri	75	50	68/49	0.00"

Rainfall for the week Trace
Normal rainfall for the week 0.66"
Departure from normal for the week -0.66"
Rainfall for the year 36.10"
Normal rainfall for the year 34.73"
Departure from normal for the year +1.37"
* Precipitation includes snow converted to rainfall

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Weatherstory




Oct. 18, 1987-ig thunderstorms in north Texas produced golf baed hail at Atlanta, Texas peak wind gusts reported to 86 mph. Damage from tm was estimated at more thnillion dollars. The rest onation was enjoying beautifther.

National Weather Summary



The remnants of a dying cold front will spark a few showers in the Northeast to begin the week. An area of low pressure will form in the southern Plains and will make for a rainy midweek along the Gulf Coast. A powerful front will pound into the Pacific Northwest as we head into the weekend and will bring a good chance of rain and the possibility of snow in the higher elevations.

Sun/Moon Chart This Week

	<u>Day</u>	<u>Sunrise</u>	<u>Sunset</u>	<u>Moonrise</u>	<u>Moonset</u>	
Lst Qtr'	Monday	7:09 a.m.	6:14 p.m.	8:44 p.m.	10:32 a.m.	1st Qtr
10/20	Tuesday	7:11 a.m.	6:13 p.m.	9:31 p.m.	11:40 a.m.	11/4
	Wednesday	7:12 a.m.	6:11 p.m.	10:26 p.m.	12:46 p.m.	
	Thursday	7:13 a.m.	6:10 p.m.	11:28 p.m.	1:45 p.m.	
	Friday	7:14 a.m.	6:08 p.m.		2:38 p.m.	
	Saturday	7:15 a.m.	6:07 p.m.	12:36 a.m.	3:23 p.m.	
New	Sunday	7:16 a.m.	6:06 p.m.	1:45 a.m.	4:01 p.m.	
10/27						
						Full
						11/1



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Wily P's



Monday 10-16

New Music Festival
Timothy Eddy: Cello, Gilbert Kalish: Piano
SHEA CTR
7 P.M. 720-2371

DISABILITY AWARENESS DAY 11 A.M. to 2 P.M.
Zanfino Plaza

SGA Presidents' Meeting
3:30 P.M. SC 203-4-5

Tuesday 10-17

Political Candidates' Forum
9 A.M. to 6 P.M. BR SGA 720-2157
Novelty SC Lobby
11 A.M.-3 P.M. 720-2271
Careers in Comm. Health
Morrison 103 720-3021
Making the Grade: Academic Advisement SC 2:15 & 8 P.M.
Century Gazebo 720-2219
Field Hockey vs. Montclair 7 P.M. 720-2705
Finance for Women
"Money Doesn't Grow on Trees" 3:30-4:30 P.M. SC rm.. 213 open to everyone 720-2946

Wednesday 10-18

Workshop in Diversity Training the trainer
Part 1
12-2 P.M. Paterson rm.. Library
Learn Useful Skills
RSVP: Dr. Dee Catarina x2279 or Secretary 720-2218
Part 2 Nov. 22nd.
Career Development Workshop:
Career Planning Portfolio 12:30 P.M. Morrison Hall rm.. 103 720-3021

Thuday 10-19

Artist Series
Jody, Pianist 12:30 P.M. Ctr. 720-2371
Career Development Workshop:
Can Political Science 2:30 P.M. SC24-325 720-3021

6 of the Heart
8 P.M. ziker Black Box \$ 20-2371

Friday 10-20

Family Weekend Friday Flicks SC Cafe
5 P.M., 8 P.M. & 12 A.M. CA 720-2518
Crimes of the Heart
Hunziker Black Box
Theatre \$5 Students \$7 12:30 P.M. & 8 P.M.

Fall Jam Party
9 P.M.-1:30 A.M. BR
Phi Beta Sigma
720-2518

Saturday 10-21

Campus Calendar submissions are taken on a space-available basis: first come, first printed.
Family Weekend Brunch
8:30 A.M.-1:30 P.M. SC \$ 720-3201
Women's Soccer vs. Rowan 7 P.M. 720-2705
Orchestra at WPU NJ 8 P.M. Shea \$ 720-2371
Crimes of the Heart
8 P.M. Hunziker Black Box \$ 720-2371

Submissions for CC due Fridays by 5 p.m.
Fax: 720-2093
Email: beacon@student.wpunj.edu

Sunday 10-22

Mothers Club of Packnack Lake Craft Fair
Packnack Lake Clubhouse, 52 Lake Dr. West, Wayne Sat. Nov. 11th 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.
Snacks Avail.
Equestrian Team Meeting SGA Office
12:30 P.M. Oct. 24
CORYN LEVY (201) 794-7752

Cover photo by Michael Wnoroski

The Beacon

NEWSPAPER

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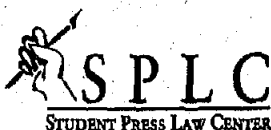
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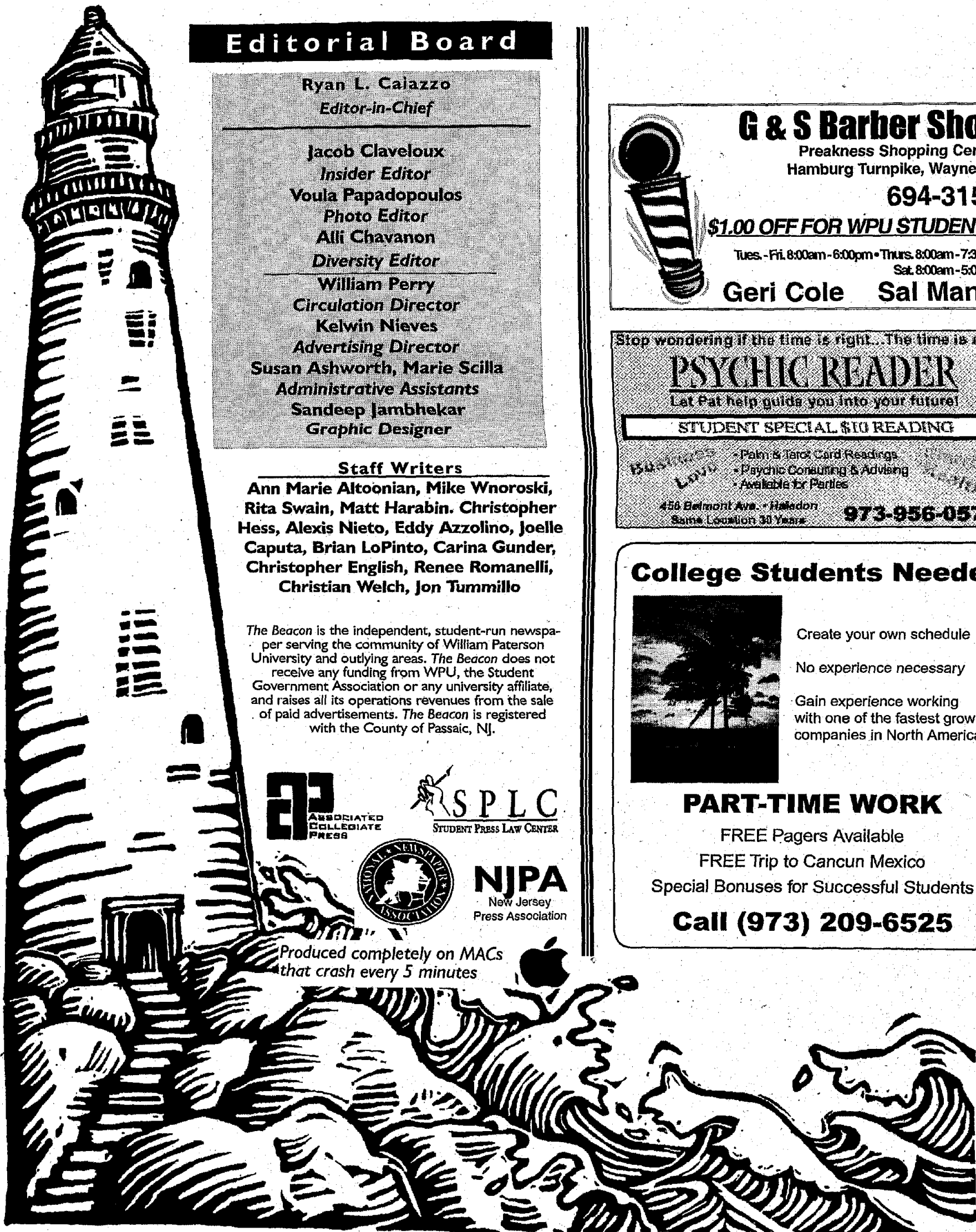
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The World Audience

Joshua Phillips

**Newsweek
NEWS SERVICE**

IN THE LATEST Newsweek poll, Bush and Democratic candidate Al Gore were deadlocked as to who voters would trust to deal with an international crisis. Forty five percent say they would trust Gore, while 44 percent would prefer Bush. Gore, however, still holds the lead on who voters believe would do a better job on foreign policy, 49 percent to 40 percent.

But how did the debate, and the candidates' different approaches to aid, trade and foreign engagement, play overseas? Here's what the international press had to say about the Oct. 11 debate:

Israel's *The Jerusalem Post*

"Critics of the Clinton-Gore Middle East policy have urged Bush, the Republican candidate, to criticize the administration for pressing Israel into concessions and for violating the Jerusalem Embassy Act. But in response to questions in the debate, Bush suggested that his policy toward Israel would be similar to that of the Democrats, President Bill Clinton and Gore."

Canada's *Globe and Mail*

"In the first half of the debate, which was consumed by questions on foreign policy, the two rarely disagreed, although they articulated different visions of U.S. power. Because this line of questioning favored Mr. Gore, who has more experience in foreign affairs, the lack of disagreement may actually have favored Mr. Bush, who showed once again that he could hold his own with the more seasoned Vice-President...Although the issues were largely fought on Mr. Gore's ground, polls suggest that Mr. Bush may be succeeding in closing the stature gap, which may be enough to propel him to the White House."

Australia's *Sydney Morning Herald*

"George W. Bush, who went a long way to erasing

doubts about whether he had the intellectual stature and grasp of foreign policy to be president....Mr. Gore was no less cautious about using U.S. troops, but said the U.S. had a responsibility to 'step up to the plate to provide the leadership,' including emphasizing human rights."

Singapore's *The Business Times*

"With one final debate to go, Republican presidential candidate Gov. George W. Bush seems to be sitting pretty after Wednesday night's debate when he acquitted himself well...[He] was able to prove wrong the conventional wisdom

American diplomacy and national security."

"While expressing a mutual agreement with the need to maintain America's traditional internationalist and pro-free trade policies, the two candidates did disagree on some aspects of U.S. role in the world, with Mr. Bush urging a more restrained American diplomatic and military approach, warning that the US shouldn't be an 'arrogant nation.'"

"Indeed, Mr. Bush's main goal of entering into the debate was to show that he has the knowledge, the competence and the leadership qualities to be a president, and most pundits seem to agree in the post-debate analyses that he came out as a winner."

France's *Le Figaro*

"The Republican and the Democrat played the card of prudence, each one of them seeking to prove his capacity to assume the responsibilities for the White House."

"[I]n this debate, the challenge to take up for Bush and Gore was not only intellectual. For many voters, the general attitude of the candidates - to smile, pace, sighs, movements of eyes - are as significant, if not more, as their speech."

Britain's *The Guardian*

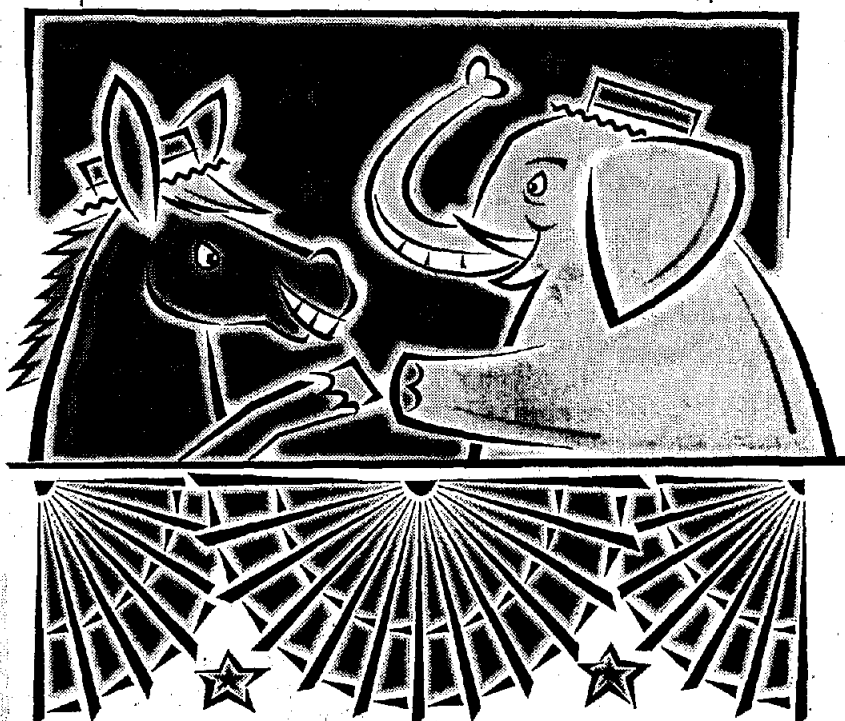
"In many ways, it was a replica of the impeccably civilized vice-presidential debate in Kentucky last Thursday. Overall, like the veep debate, last night was a no-score draw."

"...the most commonly repeated phrase from both men was the one the voters liked most in the Cheney-Lieberman vice-presidential contest - 'I agree with you.'"

"...a draw probably wasn't quite good enough for Gore, even though it will have steadied his side's nerves after Bush's post-Boston surge. Gore seemed to give few hostages to fortune, but at the same time he failed to make the kind of impact on Bush's record that his team were looking for. Gore desperately needs a good week on the campaign trail. Possibly, the Texas record will be his deliverance."

How newspapers overseas rate the presidential candidates

that had predicted he would look shaky on foreign policy, by succeeding to hold his own with the more experienced vice-president and projecting a sense of understanding of



to find the precincts and "CDs" that swing back and forth from election to election in the "swing" states. The places with the most violent political

Oakland County; Milwaukee and its near suburbs; St. Louis and its near suburbs; and the eastern neighborhoods of Cleveland and out into suburban Lake

Swing precincts in swing states are where the Gore and Bush campaigns will focus their efforts

mood swings are the most "Persuadable." But "Persuadable Precincts" don't matter if they are located in states that tend to be locked in for one party or the other. There are a few in Salt Lake City, but who cares? Mormon Nevada is as solidly Republican as a salt dome in presidential elections. Same for the Democrats in, say, New York.

The number crunchers have settled on the key Persuadable Places for this year, which is how Scranton, Pa., has become so famous so fast—and why the residents of that hardscrabble industrial city are being carpet-bombed with campaign spots. Since Pennsylvania itself is "in play," so is Scranton, which has the kind of "Reagan Democrat" voters who have tended to switch from party to party in each election. Some of the other places are more famous for being argued-over ground: The middle-class suburbs of Pittsburgh (such as Penn Hills to the east of the city); the same type of commuter-line, close-in suburbs of Philadelphia (in Montgomery County close to the city line); the Detroit suburbs of McComb County and the less ritzy areas of

County.

As for Florida—where both the soil and the political roots are shallow—it's the fastest-growing "I-4 corridor" in the central part of the state where recent Democratic ("SOFLA") and Republican ("NOFLA") trends meet.

Now would be a good time to own a TV or radio station or cable franchise in one of these Persuadable Places. The broadcasters have little time left to sell. The frenzy of ads create a kind of white noise that could further confuse—and turn off—the very voters they are supposed to reach. So the campaigns can't expect to succeed on the basis of mere megatonnage—"gross rating points"—in the argot of the trade. They have to try to break through the clutter with style. The new Bush ad on the theme of "trust" for example, features Bush in a sincerity-blue sports shirt talking softly directly into the camera. The idea is to contrast with the urgent appeals (close to car ads in some cases) from other candidates and other races. "The new ad has a very calm tone," one Bushie told me proudly.

The voters aren't the same in all the Persuadable Places. In Pennsylvania, many of them tend to be men who belong to unions - who lean Democratic by institution and program, Republican by cultural instinct. It's the same in Milwaukee and parts of Iowa, Ohio and Missouri. But the bulk of persuadable voters in the persuadable places tend to be women, "cross-pressured," as the gnomes say it, between, say, the appeal of tax cuts and abortion rights.

TV ads increasingly are a blunt and wasteful way to reach these people. Instead, campaigns and political parties deploy computer technology and databases to home in zip codes, streets and even individual voters. In the old days, of course, parties had "machines"—human beings—who knew the cares and habits of everyone on their blocks. Each precinct had a "captain," whose job it was to make the sale (though selling wasn't usually necessary) and get the voter to the polls.

Precinct captains don't really exist in most of the most Persuadable Places. Instead, voters whose leanings can be gleaned from zip code demographics or even voting history are inundated with direct mail and, in some cases, e-mail messages. As Election Day approaches they will start getting phone calls, some in person, others pre-recorded.

In fact, the celebrity pre-recorded call has become the latest innovation in "GOTV"—get out the vote—technology. If, say, you have Democratic leanings and you live in a Persuadable Place, you may soon get calls from "Bill Clinton" urging you to vote. The Bush family will do the same.

It's not exactly the "human" touch, but that went out of American politics (and American public life) long ago.

Targeting 'Persuadable' Places

Howard Fineman

**Newsweek
NEWS SERVICE**

THE WHOLE COUNTRY gets to vote on Nov. 7, but even the candidates know that a few habitually befuddled voters in a handful of neighborhoods likely will decide the outcome. Bush was headed straight for one of them—the suburbs of Philadelphia. Gore was headed for another—the middle-class precincts of Milwaukee.

From now until Election Day the candidates will all but trip over each other in no more than a score of media markets in Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri. Florida, which has become one huge Persuadable Place, will get their attention, too.

While the candidates "prep" and counterpunch in debates, the gnomes at headquarters pore over statistics that summarize voting history. They don't just look at the 50 states, the 435 congressional districts or even the nation's 3,100-odd counties. They look at each and every one of the nation's roughly 180,000 precincts, which usually keep the same boundaries while congressional lines change from census to census.

The goal of this panning for electoral gold:

State of the 'Union'

After 17 years together, Patricia Peard and Alice Brock didn't think they needed a ceremony to give their love.

BUT WHEN THEY had last summer that Vermont did just become the first state in the country to grant gays and lesbians marriage-like "civil unions," the two couldn't resist the idea of making their bond official. Peard and Brock planned a primage from their Maine homesteading their station wagon along Vermont's winding roads one August afternoon, the two chatted excitedly. Just across the state line, however, they began to spot the signs—homemade cards with black and white lettering: take back Vermont. Peard didn't know exactly what they meant, but she knew it wasn't good. "I know these are against us," she told Brock. "I can just live."

Though they didn't know it at the time, Peard and Brock had driven headlong into gay-rights controversy that has red Vermont since the civil unions law passed earlier this year. To the rest of the country was no surprise that lefty Vermont—home of Ben & Jerry's ice cream, alternative-rock band Phish and socialist Congresswoman Bernie Sanders—would take a first tentative step toward gay marriage. But inside the state, it has been a far different story. Never popular to begin with, civil unions have now sharply divided Vermonters into two camps. Across the state, 5,000 take back Vermont signs hang on barns and line the roads. Gay activists have responded with a slogan of their own: "Take Vermont forward." "It's pitted friends against friends," says Marion Pooner, who recently planted an anti-gay union placard next to a roadside ad for pure maple syrup. "It's just like the North and South war." In some ways, officials have refused to let the paperwork or perform the ceremony. The civil union clash has consumed Vermonters filling the airwaves and op-ed pages, and all boiling down to a single, emotional question: are you for them, or against them?

Leo Valliere, for one, is firmly against. A furniture maker from the granite town of Ere, he was disgusted by the civil unions law. "We swung way to the left in Vermont," he says. "Now we want to swing back. Like many

"woodchucks," as rural Vermonters call themselves, Valliere despises the image of Vermont as a playground for sandal-wearing "flatlanders" from out of state. He worries the state will become a new gay mecca, better known for civil unions than for its sharp cheddar. The

Vermonters were furious.

Polls showed that more than half of the voters opposed civil unions. Now it's payback time. Five Republican representatives targeted by anti-gay union activists were defeated in the September primary. One was Marion Milne, a 65-year-old

Vermonters would be happy to do just that—and replace it with a law allowing them to marry like heterosexuals. Chris Tebbetts and his partner, Jonathan Radigan, had mixed feelings when they decided to get "unionized" this summer. They weren't sure how to celebrate what wasn't quite a

wedding. "It was like, 'Woo-hoo, we're on the back of the bus,'" says Radigan. But after they picked up their license from the town clerk, they were surprisingly moved

when a justice of the peace performed the brief ceremony in their living room. "I feel like we planned a brunch and a trip, and wound up having a wedding and honeymoon," Tebbetts says. They might have found a champion in state auditor Ed Flanagan, the first openly gay candidate for the U.S. Senate. Though Flanagan had hoped to run on economic issues and health care, he's been bombarded with questions about civil unions, and is trailing in the polls. If it weren't for the controversy, he laments, "my sexual ori-

entation would be a distinctly second issue, if an issue at all."

So far, no other state has followed Vermont's lead in sanctioning same-sex unions. The next legal battle could come when gay couples from outside Vermont take their civil unions home and demand that their states honor them, too. "It's not like you grab the civil union and try to run into court," says the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund's Evan Wolfson. But "at some point, there will be a crisis that will result in litigation."

But for "newlyweds" Patricia Peard and Alice Brock, civil unions are more about love than lawsuits. When they arrived in Corinth for their union, they were stunned to find that the official granting the license—a total stranger—was thrilled to see them. His wife insisted they hold the ceremony on her deck and surprised them with wine and hors d'oeuvres afterward. Driving home to Maine, they once again passed the take back Vermont signs. But this time, the slogan didn't seem nearly so ominous. Clutching their new civil union certificate, the women were taking back a bit of Vermont for themselves.

A law allowing to all but marry has divided the pastoral state of Vermont. 'It's like North and South,' says one woman.

nationwide response to the law has only confirmed Valliere's fears. It has prompted an influx of gay couples who want to get hitched. Out-of-staters have accounted for 600 of the 800 civil unions in Vermont since July.

Yet for many Vermonters, the civil union law is just the latest in a string of indignities. They grumble that politicians now favor arriviste hikers and skiers over farmers and loggers, imposing new environmental rules that restrict how they use their land and which trees they can chop. On top of all that, says Neal Laybourne, a pastor who helped organize the sign campaign, the pro-gay law was a step too far. "It's not just this issue," he says, insisting that the protesters aren't homophobic. "If we were anti-gay, we'd be trying to pass anti-sodomy laws or kick them out of the state." Fed up, Valliere is running for a seat in the state legislature. His top priority: repealing the civil union law.

The backlash surprised Vermont politicians. Last winter, the state Supreme Court ordered the legislature to grant gays and lesbians the same rights as heterosexuals. Otherwise, the justices hinted, they might legalize gay marriage. Worried polls came up with a weaker—and they thought less controversial—compromise: civil unions, which offer all the state-given rights of marriage like inheritance and next-of-kin status, but avoid the loaded M word. "I thought it would be easier for the state to digest," says Republican Tom Little, who helped draft the law. Instead,

grandmother of seven. She voted for the measure despite opposition from the folks back home and was trounced in the primary by a onetime friend. She's now running in the general election as an independent. Even Democratic Gov. Howard Dean has seen his popularity plummet since he signed the bill. The Yankee poll could be unseated by Ruth Dwyer, a Republican who names Robert E. Lee as the person she admires most—and who vows to repeal the law.

Plenty of gay and lesbian

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What Presidents are For

Joshua Hammer

Newsweek
NEWS SERVICE

When a terrorist bomb kills 17 American sailors in a distant port. When a critical region of the world explodes in its greatest crisis in decades. When devilishly complex national-security decisions must be made on how to retaliate, negotiate, mediate. When the nation and the world must be consoled, cajoled and, at best, inspired by the only person everyone—friend or enemy—looks to for leadership.

It will likely be months before we know all the details of the suicide attack last week on the USS Cole in Yemen; months before we know the full effects of the paroxysm of violence on the Mideast peace process. But in only three weeks the United States will elect a new president whose skills at crisis management are sure to be tested in the next four years. As President Clinton and heads of state from across the region prepared for a crucial summit in Egypt, foreign policy was back. Big time.

So far, the impact of these events on the presidential election isn't clear. They may help or hurt Al Gore or George W. Bush or do neither. As authorities searched feverishly for the terrorists who struck the USS Cole, Clinton was no doubt making contingency plans for retaliation; his success or failure could affect the presidential campaign and his wife's Senate race in New York. If the strike is judged a success, it could help Gore. If it fails—or Gore is seen as claiming too much credit for it—Bush could gain the advantage. Talk about an "October surprise."

A new NEWSWEEK Poll shows the race deadlocked, with a slight edge to Bush among likely voters. In the game of inches that is Campaign 2000, a volatile international crisis could cause yet more political volatility at home. Only three times since World War II have major foreign events seized the headlines so close to Election Day. In 1956, the Soviet invasion of Hungary helped Eisenhower run up a bigger-than-expected re-election. In 1968, LBJ's inability to bring the South Vietnamese to the table (a failure secretly abetted by supporters of Richard Nixon) helped Nixon barely edge Hubert Humphrey. In 1980, Jimmy Carter made futile efforts to get the American hostages released from Iran.

THEY CAN, with Congress, have an indirect effect on domestic life, but it's only on the world stage that the true power and importance of the American presidency crystallizes:

And this year? "If this [unrest] keeps up, it will become a metaphor for leadership," U.N. Ambassador Richard Holbrooke, a possible secretary of State in a Gore administration, told NEWSWEEK. "Leadership is defined by intangibles of character as distilled through the crises of the day."

others argued that last week's events were, if anything, an example of the limits of certainty and the inadequacy of missile defense, which (even if it eventually works) could obviously do nothing to stop a boat loaded with explosives from hitting the soft underbelly of American power. And what if the terrorists' boat had contained weapons of mass destruction?

By demonstrating some knowledge of foreign policy in the debate, Bush may well have neutralized any political advantage Gore held. But the actual difference between them in fluency and experience is large. During his nearly quarter century in public life, Gore has assiduously studied national-security issues. He has arguably played the most significant foreign-policy role of any vice president in history, negotiating agreements that denuclearized Ukraine, Belarus

and Kazakhstan; diverted Russian weapons scientists to peaceful occupations; secured more open trade relations, and addressed global health and environmental problems.

Bush, by contrast, is hampered not just by his lack of formal Washington experience. Until recently, Mexico was the only country outside the United States that seemed to engage his interest; he has visited the Middle East once, in 1998 (one of only three trips he has taken overseas in his life). He did not take advantage of his father's presidency to familiarize himself with foreign policy, though he has obviously been studying up lately. "Bush would come to the presidency less prepared than any president since Warren Harding," says Alan Brinkley, professor of history at Columbia University.

The key question is whether that gap would have consequences in the White House. Bush aides argue that experience can be overrated. Former governors Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan and Bill Clinton all came to the Oval Office without foreign-policy credentials. "Foreign-policy decision making is not that different than other decision making," says Rice. "For chief executives, in government and out, judgment is more important than detailed knowledge."

Meanwhile, Gore's experience in the international arena has not all been positive. His relationship with Russian Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin was a double-edged sword. Last week The New York Times disclosed that Gore signed a secret agreement with Chernomyrdin in 1995 that let the Russians off the hook for arms sales to Iran, then turned a blind eye when the Russians violated that agreement last year.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Free at Last

In the end, it was the ordinary workers who turned the tide. As dawn broke over Serbia last Thursday, a cavalcade of

buses, trucks and battered Yugos choked the roads leading into Belgrade.

Joshua Hammer

Newsweek
NEWS SERVICE

THEY CARRIED MEN FROM TOWNS like Cacak, Kragujevac and Kraljevo: grimy industrial backwaters that had once been the heartland of Serb nationalism, but were now overcrowded with Serb refugees from Kosovo and scarred by last year's NATO bomb attacks.

They included farmers, factory workers and miners—men such as Marko Petrovic, 40, a strapping mechanic at the Kolubara coal mines. Until two years ago, Petrovic had idolized Slobodan Milosevic as the father of the Serb nation and scorned the opposition as weaklings and traitors. But sickened by the country's deepening misery and Milosevic's blatant fraud in the Sept. 24 election, he was driving to the capital to demand that Milosevic surrender. "We have to bring him down in Belgrade," Petrovic said. "We have to enter his bedroom. Only

then he'll be gone."

Thirty-six hours later, he was. As the world watched in amazement, Serbs by the hundreds of thousands took to the streets in an outpouring of people power that few could have imagined two weeks ago. Milosevic's ouster came 10 days after he lost a presidential election that he had believed would cement his hold on power—and follow-

ing a series of desperate gambits intended to prolong his rule. He was tossed out of office by the same forces that had kept him in

power through 13 years and wars in Bosnia, Croatia and Kosovo: ordinary Serbs. But now they were fed up with his lies and policies of destruction. In the end, the despot's uncanny knack for self-preservation deserted him. Gambling that opposition forces would crumble and that street protests would fizzle out, Milosevic made the latest in a series of miscalculations that have pushed his country to the abyss. The man whom many held primarily responsible for a decade of bloodshed and horror in the Balkans seemed finished.

The end came swiftly—and, miraculously in a country saturated with weapons, with a minimum of violence. A huge opposition rally in Belgrade on Thursday afternoon turned into a popular uprising that echoed

the revolutions that swept through Eastern Europe a decade ago. The Parliament building and state television—two symbols of Milosevic's rule—were invaded and torched. Government authority crumbled. Jubilant mobs roamed through the streets of Belgrade, brandishing weapons seized from police stations. Despite the outpouring of rage, only two died and fewer than 100

were injured. Milosevic loyalists abandoned ship. False rumors swirled that Milosevic had fled the country, was holed up in a bunker in eastern Serbia or

had committed suicide. In a brief TV address, a subdued Milosevic recognized Vojislav Kostunica, the 56-year-old jurist who had defeated him at the ballot box, as the new president. Milosevic announced his plans to rest and spend time with his family—wishful thinking, perhaps, for the world's most-wanted war criminal. As the armed forces pledged their loyalty, Kostunica officially assumed power on Saturday in an inaugural ceremony at a shopping mall that replaced the torched Parliament. "This is a great moment for our country," he declared. "After all the suffering, this may bring us peace."

In Yugoslavia and across the world, reaction to the despot's fall mixed delight with disbelief. Tens of thousands spilled into the

streets of Belgrade on Friday night and the city erupted in a chorus of cheers, shouts, honking horns and gunfire. "I think we are dreaming," exulted Sladjana Milicevic, 27, a housewife, as she wandered the streets in a daze. World leaders expressed support for Kostunica and pledged to normalize relations with the destitute pariah state. British Foreign Secretary Robin Cook promised to "bring down the barriers between Serbia and Europe."

In Washington, President Bill Clinton called Milosevic's defeat "a big blow for freedom," and compared it to the fall of the Berlin wall. "The lion's share of the credit belongs to the people," he said. "It's a day for celebration."

It was a celebration that few had believed would come so soon. Blindsided by his defeat at the ballot box, Milosevic had bounced back with his usual ruthless determination. First his handpicked electoral commission falsified the results of the election—tacking on nearly 200,000 votes to Milosevic's total to deprive Kostunica of his majority. Opposition leaders cried foul, vowed to boycott a runoff—and called for a countrywide general strike. Yet for a few tense days Milosevic appeared to be outmaneuvering his foes. Kostunica and other opposition leaders seemed to bicker over the wisdom of the second-round boycott; some argued it would play into Milosevic's hands by allowing him to run unchallenged. The general strike initially achieved mixed results. Piles of garbage accumulated on Belgrade's streets, cafes closed their doors and the public-transit system was paralyzed, but the shutdown had little economic

CONTINUED PAGE 30

Serbia prepares to re-enter the democratic world—and Milosevic weighs his next move.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

In the Oval Office, Bush might rely too much on advisers, and Gore too little. What's worse: a big-picture president, subcontracting major decisions to seasoned subordinates like Dick Cheney and Colin Powell? Or a more hands-on president, defying the consensus among his advisers if he thinks he knows better?

The problem with relying so much on advisers is that they invariably disagree with one another. In theory, the president, even if uninformed, can then fall back on his common sense. But history offers few examples of this sufficing. Carter, Reagan and Clinton all suffered a series of foreign-policy setbacks in their first year in office, mostly born of inexperience.

At the other extreme, the problem with a president who acts as his own secretary of State is that he risks exhausting the capital of the presidency. This might lend a bolder but more erratic cast to a Gore foreign policy, with a greater potential for both success and failure.

In a recent NEWSWEEK interview, President Carter said that either approach can work. Nixon and Bush used their secretaries of State (Henry Kissinger and James Baker) to negotiate in the Mideast, while Carter and Clinton did the work more directly. Either way, Carter said, "the president ultimately has to make the decisions," based on experience, knowledge of history and deep familiarity with the parties involved. "If you're missing any one of them, it's unlikely you will be successful," Carter said.

It might take Bush some time to catch up to Gore's command of all three—time that could be costly if a crisis erupts. But if he did, Bush's personal skills might give him more rapport with foreign leaders than Gore has.

Projecting forward, it's clear from the debate that Gore would be more interventionist than Bush. For instance, Bush agrees with the administration's hands-off policy toward genocide in Rwanda—a policy that both Clinton and Gore see as one of their biggest mistakes. Bush might also be more backward-looking. His foreign-policy advisers are more experienced than Gore's, but their experience is mostly from the cold war. Rice argues that the Bush team's years in the private sector are actually more relevant to today's globalization issues than Washington experience would be. But Gore priorities like environmental protection, nonproliferation and what Bush disparagingly calls "nation building" are all major 21st-century foreign-policy challenges.

Ultimately, it's impossible to know how well a commander in chief will fare in a foreign crisis until he's in the thick of one, and most presidents, like John F. Kennedy, grow in the job. But foreign policy is the one area that tests every attribute a president brings to the office: intelligence, temperament, courage, empathy and judgment. In case we were tempted to reduce this campaign to a choice of smirks vs. sighs, last week was a sad but useful reminder of how much more is on the line.



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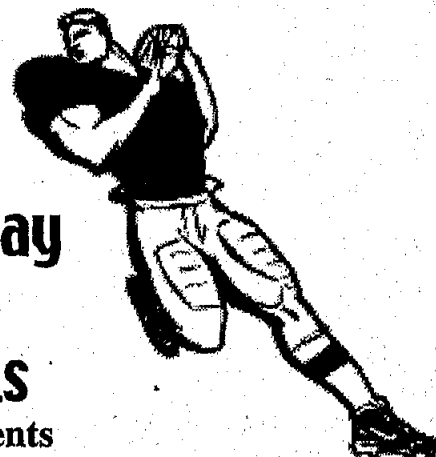
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Swing states whole other level of intensity

AUSTIN, Texas -- We are a nation divided, cleft, twain for the duration. For those of us in states like Texas, where George W. Bush will sweep, or California, where Al Gore is up by 13, this presidential election is being phoned in. You have to go to the swing states to find out what the race actually feels like. It's a whole other level of intensity.

If you're in Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Illinois or Missouri, the presidential race is high-tension and inescapable. The continuous blat from the air wars -- the television and radio advertising campaigns -- is everywhere. More money is being spent on this presidential election than ever before, but it's being spent in fewer than a dozen states, so the concentrated effect is practically stunning.

Because most of the swing states are in the Rust Belt of the Midwest -- only Florida, Oregon and Washington are in play outside the Midwest -- this peculiar fallout of electoral votes is also affecting the content of the campaign. Marc Sandalow of the San Francisco Chronicle notes that Midwesterners, as a bunch, are more socially conservative than Right or Left Coasters, so Gore has taken the environment, abortion and gun control off the table.

What seems to me curious about the bloody Midwestern battleground is that neither candidate will touch economic globalization. The Midwest has been more adversely affected by globalization than most regions -- a lot of its jobs are in Mexico and Taiwan today. Of course, both candidates are dedicated free-traders, but even so, you'd think one of them would have the brains to say "free trade with conditions," instead of "free trade forever."

This is an impression, not a poll, but it seems to me that the swing staters now like the candidates even less than voters elsewhere. That's what ad campaigns do -- you start with two relatively decent candidates, neither one of them stupid or mean, and by Election Day, no one can stand either one of them.

It's a good year to be dispassionate about the candidates because neither of them, if elected, is likely to end up on Mount Rushmore. It's actually quite rare to meet people who have persuaded themselves that either one of these citizens is the soul of honor, an intellectual beacon and a light unto the nations -- although Texans are loyally doing better than most.

To the extent that this dispassion keeps throwing the light back on the issues, it seems rather a good thing. It's just that the amount being spent on getting people to dis-

like these guys is depressing.

On L'Affaire McKinnongate, as we now call the flap over who pinched Bush's debate material and sent it to a Gore campaign honcho, the media seem to be operating in a curious historical vacuum. The Texas press has managed to recall that we have seen similar events before, but the national media remain clueless.

In 1984, Karl Rove -- the campaign manager now known as "Bush's brain" -- was working for Bill Clements in the gubernatorial election against Mark White. A listening device (a.k.a. "bug") was allegedly found in Rove's office by a private security firm a few days before the televised debate between White and Clements.

The case made headlines around the state. The FBI was called into investigate -- more headlines. The implication was clear: dirty work at the crossroads by the White campaign. White

lost. The culprit was never found.

Rove later claimed that he never blamed the bug on White -- what he said was that he did not know who had planted it, but did know who would benefit from it.

Again in 1990, when Rove was working for Rick Perry (who was then running against Democratic Ag Commissioner Jim Hightower), Rove leaked news of another FBI investigation -- this time against Hightower for alleged misuse of funds.

Hightower was never charged with anything, although three of his aides were later convicted. Texas Democrats became quite paranoid about the pattern of the FBI being called in to investigate Democrats just before an election -- it also happened to Garry Mauro and Bob Bullock.

Rove was questioned about the pattern during his Senate confirmation hearing to a board of regents position, and as I reported in a column on Aug. 8, there are discrepancies between his answers to the Texas Senate and his answer on a U.S. Senate questionnaire later obtained by subpoena. McKinnongate has a familiar feel.

The national media remind one of the Bob Dylan song: "Something is happening out there, and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

Ralph Nader continues to draw these extraordinary crowds that actually pay to see him, while neither major party candidate can give it away for free. The media claim that they pay no attention to Nader because he's not moving in the polls. The polls, as we all know, are surveys of "likely voters." Try the number of unlikely voters in the Nader crowds -- previously unregistered, previously didn't vote, previously barred at the mere thought. Something is happening out there.

On the Left



Molly Ivins

Writer for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Texas

HE SAID/
SHE SAID
Page 12

you walk. I'd bet my teeth that she balks.

Dear Carolyn:

Girlfriends and I go out to a bar. Guy starts talking to me. He's nice, cute, etc. I drop a hint that I've got a S.O., which he gracefully accepts. He asks me out anyway, saying he's new in town and is just looking for friends. I trust him. Do I owe it to my boyfriend not to go out with a new guy even just as potential new friends?

—L.A.

I trust the guy, too. To be putting a blatant, shameless hit on you. Really, I want to stand and clap.

But your question wasn't about his motives. Or your own motives for wanting an ethical excuse to go out with his nice cute self.

Hint Nudge. Bonk. Are you sneaky, or bloody naive? No, you asked me to spell out your obligation, which is: You owe it to your boyfriend not to date anyone else while you're allegedly still dating him. And if going out alone with a guy who's neither a co-worker, relative, established friend nor castrato isn't a date, I must have forgotten what is.

In spite of myself, I'll give you one shot. You can call his friendship bluff and invite the guy out in a group -- when your boyfriend can be there to greet him. But if the guy wants you and you want the guy, that's something your boyfriend should know. Now.

Carolyn:

I'm 28 and recently out of a three-year relationship. I wouldn't mind trying to date multiple people casually and simultaneously, as opposed to assuming exclusivity as soon as I have a successful date. I'm not a promiscuous guy, and I'm not necessarily looking for multiple sexual partners. The question is how to pull this off. Is it appropriate to tell a woman that I'm dating others? Or should I just keep my mouth shut?

—E.M.

Unless you're Hugh Hefner, I'd go with casually and alternately.

Deal is: You can choose to disclose or not -- but to keep your mouth shut, you have to keep your pants on. That means you close that little "necessarily" loophole in your sentence about multiple sex partners. The health risk is an obvious reason, but there's another. When you sleep with someone you've been dating, the relationship tends to be presumed exclusive unless painfully proven otherwise. Advance disclosure required.

As long as you don't mislead anyone, though, dating around is not only appropriate, but also smart; putting time and experience into your decision to settle down again will make it a far better one.

Dear Carolyn:

My younger, 19-year-old sister announced she is planning to marry the guy she's been dating for maybe six months. Neither our family nor his approves, but they will not listen to reason.

Now comes my big quandary: She wants me to be her maid of honor. I'm not sure I can in good conscience stand at her side and allow her to make what may be the worst mistake of her life. What would you do?

—Big Sister

Sometimes the difference between "huge mistake" and "worst mistake of her life" is her knowing that she can come home. She's doing this with or without you, but with you she gets a safety net, love and a chance. Gulp hard and go.

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.

Dear Carolyn:

I have been dating a woman for a few months. Everything is going well, better than well, even. She's smart, funny, kind, compassionate, beautiful and I love her. There is only one issue with our relationship: She's jealous of any attention I don't give her. Other women, my friends, time, name it. If I glance at another woman, and I mean glance, she gets mad. She's the only woman who ever even noticed me looking at other women. I also spend one night a week out with my friends, and she doesn't like this either. Believe me when I say that I have done nothing to contribute to this jealousy. We've discussed it, and nothing definitive has come of our discussions.

—(Not Easy Being) Green

She's smart, funny, kind, compassionate, beautiful and lethally insecure.

Frankly, there's nothing more to discuss. She's being perfectly clear: The only way she can feel sure you love her is if you don't spend time with -- or even look at -- anyone

else. Male, female, feline, doesn't matter. What that, in turn, says is,

She doesn't believe you'll be faithful.

She isn't convinced that you love her.

She doesn't believe that she's pretty.

Against someone who is pretty, she thinks none of her

gifts can compete. It sounds better when it's called jealousy, but I see it more as an insult. To her mind, you're

insincere, untrustworthy and just into women for looks.

"Relationship"? Where?

Respond as if her insult had been explicit instead of implied: Ask for an apology, get it, resume seeing your friends/seeing women walk by/seeing that there are other people on Earth besides you two. Period. She balks,

TELL ME ABOUT IT®

Advice for the Under-30 Crowd

How the west was seized

Vice President Al Gore —Mr. Environmentalism, Mr. Encyclopedic Mind—went blank during the second presidential debate this week when challenged on one of the most alarming land issues facing the nation.

Highlighting the difference in their approaches to environmental policy, Texas Gov. George W. Bush noted that the Clinton-Gore administration "took 40 million acres of land out of circulation without consulting local officials." They acted unilaterally out West, Bush said. Twice, he lodged the complaint. Twice, Gore blinked and grimaced and sat there speechless for a brief but telling moment. He had no sob stories to relate, no policy minutiae to spin, and no controlling legal authority to cite in defense of the White

House's monumental federal land grab.

Gore says he doesn't believe in command and control. Sigh. That is exactly the method of environmental preservation he and President Clinton

have perpetrated over the past eight years.

Westerners know that when pallid White House officials show up in creased khaki pants with photographers and press corps in tow, the out-of-towners aren't just there to take in the scenery. They're there to take it away. Through imperial proclamation, the Clinton-Gore team has created federally protected monuments spanning nearly 4 million acres.

(Gore, a numbers know-it-all, didn't correct Bush's 40 million figure. Uh-oh. Maybe there's a late October Surprise or two in store for some of the Western swing states.)

The crowbar being used to pry away land and bypass Congress' constitutional authority over federal property is the 1906 Antiquities Act. It allows the president, without the consent of Congress, to set aside acreage and buildings of historic and scientific interest. This emergency power was intended to be invoked for small national treasures including "historic landmarks, historic and prehistoric structures," and other archeological artifacts. But Clinton, ever the model of unrestraint, has wielded the Antiquities Act to designate more land as national monuments in the continental United States than any other president.

The Clinton-Gore administration first used the law

in 1996, two months before the presidential election, to declare the 1.7 million-acre Grand Staircase-Escalante National Monument in southern Utah off-limits to mining. Next came California lands, including more than 300,000 acres in the already protected Sequoia National Forest. Gore preaches reform that "strengthens the environment and the economy," but as M. David Stirling of the Pacific Legal Foundation noted, the Sequoia monument declaration included many small businesses that will be completely inaccessible to motorized vehicles—not to mention elderly and disabled Americans.

Among the sweeping panoramas and vast landscapes most recently locked up by the feds are the Hanford Reach National Monument, totaling

195,000 acres in southern Washington; the Cascade-Siskiyou National Monument, totaling 52,000 acres in southern Oregon; the Canyons of the Ancients National Monument, totaling 164,000 acres in southwestern

Colorado; and the Ironwood Forest National Monument, totaling 129,000 acres in southern Arizona.

The Clinton-Gore bandits say they are snatching up the land to prevent "sprawl." But much of the newly appropriated land is desolate, beyond the reach of developers, and already managed capably by state and local officials. Rochelle Oxarango, a sheep rancher who lives on targeted land near the Craters of the Moon National Monument in Idaho, put it well in an angry op-ed for the Idaho Statesman: "Protecting land that doesn't need protection is a foolish exercise that does nothing for the land, while damaging the relationship between the federal government and the local people who know the land."

Legal challenges to the Clinton-Gore land seizure are mired in the courts. Meanwhile, one-third of the country has fallen into federal hands. Gore's complicity in seizing the West through force makes one thing clear: The nation needs a president who obeys the constitutional separation of powers, respects local sovereignty, and honors the fruited plain for its environmental beauty—not its electoral count.

On the Right



Michelle Malkin

Writer for the Washington Post Writer's Group

C'EST LA VIE

By Don Flood

The good news is, John Gray is going to solve ALL our problems.

I mean everything—world

peace, poverty, drug addiction, economics, welfare, health policies. You name it.

OK, I guess he didn't mention anything about doing away with cellulite or tourists who wear fanny packs—and that lackluster fall TV lineup is certainly a bitter pill to swallow—but you have to give him credit: He's taking on most of the biggies.

But there's one teensy problem: He's not ready.

Or rather, we're not ready.

Gray is the guy who wrote "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus," considered by his publisher's accountants to be the greatest contribution to Western Civilization since the "Bridges of Madison County."

Gray's great insight explained why men and women disagree on so much, particularly the proper setting for the thermostat.

Gray, however, did more than just put out a book filled with silly generalities about men and women: He made himself very wealthy.

But the best is yet to come, Gray told a CNN.com interviewer.

"I have a whole agenda, a whole political party—what to do about poverty, what to do about drug addiction, what to do about economics, what to do about welfare, what to do about health policies."

That's in addition to a stint as

peace negotiator between warring nations. Wow.

That's a pretty full plate, even for a guy who solved all the problems between men and women.

But

here's the kicker: "I have all these solu-

tions, which right now would be inappropriate. The world is not ready for them yet."

Bummer!

In fact, he estimates it will be another 10 to 15 years before we are ready.

Which is really a shame.

I mean, I'm ready for peace and love and the Dawning of the Age of Aquarius and have been for 25 years.

But some people—I'm not going to mention any names but I think you know who you are—apparently are not ready.

And because of you slackers out there, all of us are going to have to endure another 15 years of war, poverty, addiction, misery, lousy coffee, etc.

I hope you're satisfied.

But maybe there's hope.

I'm not a self-help whiz like Gray—I'd be faxing this in from my yacht if I was—but maybe Gray could move forward in one small problem area, like World Peace.

Gray wouldn't have to cancel all his speaking engagements but maybe he could set aside one Saturday—maybe even a whole weekend—to bring about World Peace.

Once he accomplished that, I think people would be ready to embrace his other ideas.

I know in my case, I'd even be willing to read "Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus."



MAN FROM MARS

Joelle Caputa The Beacon

Somewhere in an Asian village, a poacher is carefully setting up a slowly tilting plank over a pit. Under the plank he has placed sharp bamboo sticks firmly into the ground. Above the plank is the bait that will lure a tiger over to his pit trap. As soon as the tiger takes the bait, the plank will drop and the bamboo sticks will spear the tiger in its belly. The poacher will smile because his hunt for a fortune is over.

They've been described as magnificent, magical and alluring. In a few years, tigers may also be referred to as extinct, if their current rate of decline continues. These animals are among the most endangered species in the world. By the time today's youth have children of their own, the only traces of tigers may be pictures that are captured now. Children of the future won't be able to marvel at the gracefulness of tigers at the zoo or watch them perform tricks at the circus.

When it comes down to it, the fate of these animals is in the hands of those who are the single most threat against them—humans. Conservation alliances such as the Siberian Tiger Project and the Exxon

"Save the Tiger Fund" have been in action for years. However, public awareness is needed to save the only striped cats in the world.

Three tiger subspecies, the Caspian, Javan and Balinese, are already extinct. The other subspecies are struggling to survive. About 3,000 Bengal tigers are living in reserves, mostly in India. There are 400 Sumatran tigers roaming Indonesia. Two hundred

places as Laos, Vietnam and Thailand. Once poachers have the parts of a tiger, they sell its skin. A well-tanned skin in Singapore is valued at around \$2,000. To hunters, these are just animals, but to tiger conservation teams, each animal has a place in their hearts.

Monya, at 10-months-old and 112 pounds, was the youngest and smallest cub the Siberian Tiger Project radio collared and

are found in Russia, where they live. The clear-cutting method used by logging companies destroys the homeland of tigers and other animals living there. The falling trees trap tigers underneath, killing them.

Tigers are solitary animals that generally stay away from people. In return, they are fighting for their lives. Changes can be made to help tigers live in peace.

According to Amos Eno, director of the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation, "The success of the Save the Tiger Fund ultimately depends on the support of concerned citizens. We encourage everyone to help us rescue one of nature's most regal creatures."

The best way to help end poaching in Russia and save Siberian tigers is by letting your voice be heard. Address letters to Mr. Boris Yelstin, President of Russia, at The Kremlin, in Moscow, Russia.

To sponsor a Siberian tiger through Friends of the Forest, or to make a donation, write to the following address: Hornocker Wildlife Research Institute, Inc. Siberian Tiger Project-The University of Idaho, P.O. Box 3246, Moscow, ID 83843.

For further information, visit www.5tigers.org on the Internet.

The Problem with Poaching

eighty is the estimated number for Siberian tigers, the largest cats in the world. The South-China tiger has not been seen in the wild for over 20 years and only 50 exist in zoos today.

The Asian medicine market is one of the main reasons tigers are being illegally robbed of their lives. China is the largest consumer and producer of medicines with tiger parts. Those involved believe that every inch of a tiger can be used to cure an illness. There is no evidence to prove this. Yet, tiger bones, valued at \$1,600 in 1992, are used to treat human bone diseases. Tiger tails are used to treat skin diseases. These parts are sold in local markets in such

studied. They followed him as he explored the forest with his mother until one day his signal became inactive. Researchers followed it to find that his body was skinned after he was shot.

Lena, a 252 pound female, was the first tiger ever studied by the project. She was killed in 1991 while crossing a road in Russia's Sikhote-Alin Biosphere Reserve to feed her four cubs. The cubs were not found by the poachers. Only two were able to be rescued. It is assumed that the other two died, since they were too young to live without their mother.

Logging is a serious threat to Siberian tigers, because one-third of the world's trees

WPU alumnus writes from Cameroon

So far, so good. Life in Cameroon is treating me well. So far I've been in country for about 2 months. The peace corps training is intense. So far, I've learned to speak french, and how to lesson plan and teach in a cameroonian classroom. Currently, I'm teaching three different classes per day in a summer school. I have around 70 students in each class. All in all, I'm certain that the next two years will be challenging and gratifying.

When I'm not in the classroom, I spend a lot of time with my host family. Our house has electricity and running water. But, both don't work on a regular basis. My cameroonian family has taught me how to cook and how to wash my clothes by hand. I was never in the scouts, but I think I've earned my eagle scout badge. Two week's ago, I killed my first chicken, and I'm getting used to bucket baths.

On August 25th I will swear in as a peace corps volunteer. Afterward, I will move into my post in a village called Kalfou. Kalfou is located in the extreme North Province. Can you guess where that is in Cameroon? (haha) Not far from Chaol, Kalfou is in the savanna region of Cameroon. There are big game animals in the bush. In the village there are boa constrictors, bats, rats, and scorpions. The temperature climbs up 130 degrees fahrenheit in the hot season. The locals are mostly muslim. The two main languages are Fulfulde and Massa. Educated people speak french, and even fewer speak english. Some people even told me that it gets so hot in Kalfou that it's possible to fry an egg on a rock with the sun.

For the next few weeks, I'm gonna enjoy the cool and rainy climate at my training site in Oschang. Oschang is in the west province.

I'm surprised at how mountainous and cool it is here. In the morning's and evening's, I

can see my breath. And when there aren't any rain clouds, the night sky looks like Broadway. Even better!

I'm already planning out my secondary projects and trips that I will do when school is not in session. I plan to take one to two months next June-August in order to spend time in Egypt and the surrounding region. As for winter and spring breaks, I think I might work on a wild life reserve in the Northern Province. A returned peace corps volunteer manages an elephant camp on the reserve. If I do this, I will help him track down elephants and other big game animals in the bush. I know that it's still too early to make up my mind. But it sure sounds like a fun experience. I guess that the Bronx Zoo will never be the same.

So far, the experience has been everything that I expected and more! Before arriving in the country, my vision of cameroon, africa, the third world was a bit honeymoonish, or Hollywoodish, or even Hemingwayish. Maybe I listened one too many times to my Paul Simon CDs. After two months of bush taxes and pit latrines, I'm aware that the honeymoon is over and this isn't the Club Med. I've already had a bout with Malaria, and the food goes right through me. But, all in all, I couldn't be happier. I'm not sure what ever gave me the courage or stupidity to do what I'm doing, but I've already had enough experiences to last a life time...

As for the states, I must say that I miss everything and everyone that I left in order to come here. And I just have to remember that I'll be able to swim at the Jersey shore and go to the NYC village in two years.

By the way, please feel free to write. I'd love to hear about life back home.

Trivia

1. GEOGRAPHY: What is the name for a narrow strip of land that connects two larger land masses?
2. SPORTS: At what course is the U.S. Master's golf tournament held?
3. PRESIDENTS: Who tried to assassinate President Gerald Ford?
4. RELIGION: What early Christian philosopher was born in 354 A.D.?
5. TECHNOLOGY: When did IBM introduce the first laser printer?

6. HIGHER EDUCATION: Where is the Sorbonne located?
7. SCIENCE: What two main elements make up the Sun?
8. INVENTIONS: Who invented the process of making porcelain?
9. MEASUREMENTS: How many feet were in the Greek measurement of a foot race called a stadion?
10. GENERAL KNOWLEDGE: What two nations were involved in the Falklands War of 1982?

During this presidential election year, the candidates have debated issues from social security to national defense. They have crisscrossed the nation and spent millions telling us what they would do if elected.

One issue, however, has not received much attention: the war on drugs. We need to address the vital question of why we continue to spend American treasure and mold our foreign policy in the fruitless pursuit of a drug-free society.

The U. S. government has, over a period of nearly thirty years, wasted billions of taxpayer dollars fighting a war it cannot win, with no end in sight.

Our government imprisons people for no crime greater than voluntarily ingesting substances into their own bodies. Citizens can lose their property on the

mere suspicion of involvement with the drug trade.

Leaders of drug-producing countries must bow to the demands of the U. S. government that they stem the flow of drugs, or to the powerful drug cartels. If they don't do the one, they face the loss of American aid; if they don't do the other, they face death. The foolishness of this line in foreign policy is obvious.

Every year thousands of Americans suffer because of this policy. Because of mandatory sentencing in many jurisdictions, merely possessing an illegal drug leads to lengthy prison terms, and violent criminals must be released to make room for the influx of nonviolent drug offenders, posing more danger to the public than illegal drugs ever has.

The original idea behind the

war on drugs was a noble one. Society would be spared the ravages of drug abuse by both penalizing drug use and restricting supplies. This approach was originally tried in the 1920s with the passage of the 18th amendment outlawing alcohol.

However, it didn't work—then or now. Prohibition of alcohol led

to the rise of organized crime and led citizens to hold the law in contempt. People felt the government was infringing on their rights unreasonably by trying to exercise control over their bodies.

The war on drugs has had the same effect. People across all levels of society ignore the drug laws. They simply cannot agree

to the right of government to control the substances they put into their bodies.

Now, as then, they are right. Americans have always refused to obey laws that they regard as fundamentally unjust and tyrannical; our country was founded on this very principle.

The toll on our personal freedoms remains the most disturbing aspect of the war on drugs. The constitutional

presumption that everyone is innocent until proved guilty, and right to due process of law, were enumerated in the bill of rights to protect citizens from over-reaching government.

If government simply suspects a person of being involved in selling drugs, that person's assets may be seized. No conviction is necessary. Sometimes no arrest takes place. The suspected (not

accused) citizen must petition for return of his property. The government effectively places the citizen in the position of proving his innocence; the presumption of innocence—that most vital of civil rights—has been compromised. In this way the government may also deprive citizens of their property without due process of law.

As we approach the thirtieth year of the war on drugs, it's time to face facts. This policy has failed, and in fact will never succeed. The appetite for drugs continues unabated, the jails are filled with nonviolent addicts, the illegal and violent trade in drugs rages across our nation.

Moreover, the government has overreached itself into the private lives of American citizens, fostering an attitude of distrust by citizens toward their government, and doing more damage to the fabric of our nation than drugs ever could.



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Trivia Answers
1. Isthmus; 2. Augusta National; 3. Sara Jane Moore; 4. St. Augustine; 5. 1975; 6. Paris, France; 7. Hydrogen and helium; 8. Chinese; 9. 600; 10. Britain and Argentina.

Stop The War on Drugs

Kathryn Newman
The Beacon



Liberty Lane

ACLU

American Civil Liberties Union

ACLU of Montana Settles Lawsuit Over Ten Commandments, Nativity Scene Placed on County Property

BILLINGS, M—The American Civil Liberties Union today announced a settlement in its lawsuit against Custer County officials over the display of religious symbols on government property.

Under the settlement, which resolves an ACLU lawsuit filed last December 1999, a Ten Commandments monument will be moved from a prominent place on the courthouse grounds and a seasonal nativity scene will be removed from county property.

"This case fundamentally has not been about the Nativity Scene or the Ten Commandments, which are time-honored symbols of faith entitled to reverence," said Scott Crichton, Executive Director of the ACLU of Montana. "This case is about government."

"Under our Constitution, the government has no business erecting, accepting, or maintaining religious monuments on public property," he said. "Such symbols of faith belong in churches, synagogues and homes, not courthouses and other seats of power of our secular government."

Brigitte Anderson, President of the ACLU of Montana, said that she and her family enjoy their own Nativity scene at home, moving Mary and Joseph closer to the manger each night as the day of Christ's birth approaches.

"There are so many beautiful displays of crèche scenes around the state; in private yards, outside and inside churches. Christ is not in need of government assistance," she said.

Under the agreement, the county will move the Ten Commandments monument from in front of the

courthouse to the northwest corner of the lawn and add four similar monuments that outline the "Evolution of Laws." The additional monuments are intended to give context to the Ten Commandments as a basis of the nation's laws and to offset a religious connotation.

The nativity scene, which used to be displayed by the county nursing home and has been arranged on the courthouse lawn for five holiday seasons, will be given to a non-government entity, according to the agreement.

The ACLU said the lawsuit was a "last attempt" to nudge Custer County into addressing the possible unconstitutionality of the displays. The organization "tried diplomacy" through letters and other actions that requested change, she said. "We didn't get any response, we didn't get any movement, so we were forced to sue," Crichton said.

"Religion has flourished here precisely because it is separate from government," he added. "That wall of separation has served us well for over two hundred years, allowing the United States, in large part, to avoid the religious hatred, killing — indeed genocide — so prevalent in the past in other countries and still ongoing today. Muslims, Jews, Wiccans, Hindus, atheists and others, all are welcome here. By the mandate of our Founders, no government — state, local or federal — can send a message to these citizens that their beliefs are second-rate."

The brief may be found online at: http://www.aclu.org/court/custer_consent.html

Dear Grandpa,



Dear Readers,

Several times I have been asked about success, or determining ones future. I like to think in terms of dreaming. What are our dreams, our expectations?

If we can't visualize where we want to be we really can't take a path to get there—we don't know where we are going. Too many times we sell ourselves short. In other words, we don't know we have it in us to do something. Until we try it we'll never know.

I had two distinct "I didn't know I had it in me" experiences.

I had just turned seventeen and still had a year of high school. Several of my high school friends spoke of "shipping out" and working on the Great Lakes' freighters for the summer.

I took a job in the firehold, down in the bowels of the ship as a coal passer. My job was to help the fireman with his work. His job was to shovel coal into the furnaces and clean out the ashes from the furnaces. It was a hot hard job. I was eager to learn and did what my dad always told me, "Do more than is expected and you'll always have a job." I helped the fireman.

In my fourth week on the job the chief engineer (the boss of the furnace and engine area of the ship) took me aside and asked if I would like to be the fireman on another shift. One of the three fireman was quitting and they needed a replacement. I asked him, "Do you think I can do it?"

He said, "I wouldn't be offering you the job if I didn't think you could do it."

I took the job and did it well. I didn't know I had it in me. That was 1945.

Nine years later, as a young lieutenant pilot in the Air Force, I was flying B-26s in France. The B-26 was a twin engine light bomber. Our mission was rockets, bombs and guns. Really fun.

Our wing, of 54 pilots, held a bombing and gunnery meet. We would have a contest to see who could score with the most bullets in the ground target, the most bombs skipped into the target and the most rockets hitting the target.

Before the event each crew was auctioned off. The monies bid would be the prizes. Some of the hot shot crews went for hundreds of dollars. I went for \$10, a very low bid. I didn't think I stood a chance against the experienced guys who had five, ten and fifteen years of experience. Mike, my navigator, and I each paid \$5 for our bid.

We won the meet. We out gunned, out bombed and out rocketed all the rest. The actual winnings I received was the same as three months' pay.

Again, I didn't know I had it in me. I just did my best. Too many times we don't try because we don't think we can do "it."

You'll never know until you try.

Dear Grandpa,

What you are saying is that TV, which I like to refer to as the "boob tube", is a companion to you. Wouldn't you agree it is pretty much a one way conversation?

We, I'm talking about us in America, have in the past fifty years become a people who have their eyes glued to the boob tube. Sure, some of it is good. That's like saying there is some good in drinking alcoholic beverages. Where is that good?

Watching TV has brought inactivity and obesity in today's youth. Being fat and leaning toward diabetes is becoming a national problem. We can thank TV to a large degree.

In the August 24, 2000 issue of USA TODAY, the paper headlined, "The 'Survivor' tribe has spoken: It's Richard." When an oddball television program makes front page headlines, there's something wrong in America.

Some people keep their television sets on all the time they are awake. Their minds have to be turning mushy because most of what is going on is mush. Mush in mush out.

We haven't seen the full effects of television on our lives—yet. Television causes much of the violence, immoral activity and general degradation we see all around us.

It's going to get worse after second and third generation TV addicts become "leaders" in our country.

Social conversation today not only revolves about TV programs but about the TV ads. "Did you see that ad with the little person next to a tire?" She said. Give me a break.

In our family we have cut down our TV watching to one or two hours per week. Usually it's the news or a public channel with an interesting story.

What to do instead? Read. If you can't read, listen to books. Converse with others about something like politics, world happenings and mutual interests.

Yes, I am anti-TV. It's ruining us.

Send me a question I use in my Dear Grandpa column and I will send you my new book: *Tweens, Teens & Beyond*, 70 pages, (Pulitzer prize entry.) grandpatw@wireweb.net



Belmont Grill just had their grand Opening on May 12th (from left to right, top row) the owner Ray Kayal and his three sisters Amy, Wendy and Robin welcomed NY Giants Jason Whittle, Mike Rosenthal and Derrick Engler, also Ray's father Joe and brother Todd.

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Who Holds the Remote?

Girls, does it seem as if we cannot go to a bar or club anymore without a guy trying some corny line on us? Are there any guys left out there who have some sort of intelligence? Calling our Dad a thief and paying us a compliment in the same sentence is not going to work. Girls look up to their father and most girls want a guy just like their father, so don't try it guys. We certainly do not care if you think our legs are tired because we were running through your mind. The saddest part is when a guy uses pick up lines that don't even have originality. Can't guys come up with something new? Why do they have to use the same old corny lines that have been used at all the singles bars straight out of the 80s? Guys, just because your older brother or cousin passes the line on to you does not mean it is effective.

Guys, you cannot rearrange the alphabet, so do not even bring it up. Girls also think that our pants look better on the floor next to your bed, so do not make the offer. It does not make a difference if you are trying to be sincere or not. A girl would appreciate a guy

who at least spends some time on a conversation starter, if she is even going to consider spending any time with him. Have some originality and try to make it seem heartfelt.

Girls, do any of these famous lines sound familiar?: "Do you have any room for an extra tongue in your mouth?" "My name is (fill in the blank)... that's so you know what to scream later." "Nice shirt. Think I can talk you out of it?" "I lost my teddy bear... can

I sleep with you?" "Excuse me, do you have a Band-Aid? I skinned my knee when I fell for you." "I do not want to screw with your mind, just your body." "Do you believe in love at first sight, or should I walk by again?"

These are not the type of things a girl would like to hear while out trying to have a good time. I have a challenge for all you guys who are reading this: If you are really interested in a girl or even if you are trying for just a one night stand, try something original and compassionate. You may not mean it, but I bet it would work a lot better than a corny line.

SHE SAID

Angela Sarica

Pick up lines being what they are, I do not choose to use them—but sometimes I have no choice. Think about it guys: Go to a bar any day of the week and see a hot girl, or maybe not a hot girl, but a girl who looks much better after a few beers. Chances are this girl becomes the love of your life and you, asanova, have to come over to her and be witty, clever, and as poetic as John Lennon after he married Yoko! So how do you accomplish this. Answer: Pick-up lines!

The simple pickup line allows the average guy to be the most prolific character of the 21st century in roughly thirty-seconds. It seems impossible that Fred Flintstone could have picked up Wilma without one. "Wanna Make my Bedrock!" he probably said. God knows he couldn't have done it on his own.

The fact is that until women start lowering their standards for the amount of profound thinking American males can compose within 30-seconds, corny pick up lines will always exist. It is a fact of life. If you want them to end, do what should have been done long

ago: stop talking to us and just let us beat each other senseless in the streets for your affection like the wild west. If John Wayne never used a pick up line, I shouldn't have to!

For a moment let's think about some pick up lines I know to work: "Your legs must be tired, 'cause I wanna have sex with you!" "Heaven must be missin' an angel, 'cause I wanna have sex with you!" or my personal favorite, "If I could re-arrange the alphabet, I'd have sex with you!"

These are all poignant statements of our generations. No longer must we ask for a girl's sign or if she likes apples or for her telephone number because we lost ours. We get right to the point to prove how much you have trusted us to speak and the potential for Men as a whole to let you down.

We, Men, were not meant for speaking or writing pretty letters or remembering anniversaries. We, Men, were meant to buy expensive drinks, drive red sports cars, and buy jewelry—let us do our thing and we won't bug you anymore!

Peace off long!

HE SAID

Vincent E. Di Terlizzi

October is a popular month for festivals all over the country, and most Americans will make it to at least one fair, livestock show or Oktoberfest this month. Before you make your weekend plans for this month, though, consider some of the more unusual fare offered by our diverse, and sometimes bizarre, country.

Cuero, TX., hosts the annual Cuero Turkeyfest Oct. 13-15. Originally known as the Cuero Turkey Trot, this festival has grown to encompass a full range of South Texas activities.

There's a chili cook-off, of course, lots of live entertainment and a softball tournament. The highlight of the weekend, though, is the Great Gobbler Gallop in which the city of Cuero competes with the city of Worthington, Minn., to earn the four-foot-tall Traveling Turkey Trophy of Tumultuous Triumph and the title "The World's Fastest Turkey." A title we all covet, no doubt. For more information, call (361) 275-2111.

For something on the even lighter side, head up to Washington State for Port Townsend's Kinetic Sculpture Race. According to the event's Web site, a kinetic sculpture is "a human-propelled, artistically enhanced vehicle that must go through mud, float in water, and transverse hilly neighborhoods." The entries must be environmentally clean, and the point is "to strive for mediocrity, a finish in the middle." None of that cut-throat competitive spirit here! And if you don't have a vehicle to enter, that's fine, too. Everyone is welcome to join in -- wear a costume at the race or head to the Rose Hips Kween Competition. Contestants of either gender may participate by telling a joke, showcasing a talent or bribing the judges. The race and accompanying festivities take place Oct. 7 and 8. For lots more information and some great photos, go to www.kinetic-race.com.

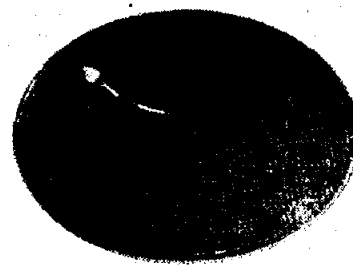
If you're going to be near the East Coast Oct. 21 and 22, you can make it to Banner Elk, N.C., for the Woolly Worm Festival. The caterpillars here come out every autumn, so local residents decided to race them. The caterpillars are raced upward on lanes of string to the cheers of onlookers, trying to earn prize money and public acclaim. Then, when the race is over and the victor proclaimed, the festival forecaster pronounces the official forecast for winter based upon the pattern and color of the winning caterpillar. For information, visit www.averycounty.com/woolly.html.

If you know of an unusual and interesting destination or event, let us know! Our e-mail address is youramerica@mind-spring.com.

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Letters to the Editor

Campus is Filthy

Editor:

The condition of our campus is despicable. I am appalled by the filth. There is garbage everywhere. I see more trash when I walk from my dorm to Wayne Hall than I have ever seen in the whole town where I live. Granted I do not live in a city, but the garbage problem here is out of control. There are plastic bottles everywhere. I have viewed piles of soda and beer cans under benches. The paper trash abounds.

Something must be done. More trash cans and recycling receptacles are needed. Yes, there are some recycling receptacles inside buildings, but there need to be more outside. More students must be encouraged to use them. And where is ground maintenance? Aren't they responsible for helping to keep the campus clean? I believe with increased clean up by ground maintenance, more garbage cans and recycling receptacles around campus, and greater student awareness, the garbage problem can be brought under control. A clean campus is necessary for a healthy environment for students to live, learn and work in.

Kirsten Weidele
Freshman

Editor's Note: I expressed the same concern to President Speert on Monday, September 25. Although I haven't seen any additional garbage cans installed on campus, I'm not quite sure that the William Paterson "clientele" will use them. Consider the grunge that hangs out on campus and you can see why we have as pronounced a litter problem as we do. It seems as if some students treat campus like the ghetto they grew up in.

Another Wayne Hall Complaint

Editor:

I am sure this letter comes as no surprise. This morning, I woke up, had breakfast, went to my 9:30, grabbed a bite to eat for breakfast, and went to my 11:00 class. So I return from my class, and around 2:15 I decide to head to Wayne Hall for lunch with a friend.

Apparently 2:15 isn't a normal time to eat in the world of Wayne Hall, because the only stations open were the World's Fair (or whatever they call it) and the burger section. Not a big deal. Stir fry. Beats out the burger's I've had to ingest every day this week.

I go to get my stir fry, only to be informed that they are closed. Hmm. The pans are there, the food is there, and the hot plate is there. And a person was there to inform me that they are closed. So why can't this person prepare something to eat? Also, the main course is supposed to be open non-stop till 8:00 p.m., but they seem to take a break at 2:00 p.m.

Anyone with half a brain would think that the staff of Wayne Hall would change after all the complaints they've received. How much longer do we have to suffer the bad service, lousy selection, and unclear schedule of The Stall?

Dan Kreifus
Sophomore

Editor's Note: I feel your pain. Of all the things in my hectic life as Beacon editor, there is NOTHING more frustrating than the ass-backwards "service" at Wayne "Stall." When I go to the "Stall" at 2:00 p.m., I am faced with the same problem you described: it's either a hamburger or the salad bar. If President Speert and the Dean ate at "Wayne Stall" three times per day like most students, the cafeteria would likely not be plagued with asinine management practices. Who knows, maybe an act of God will turn around the service at Wayne Hall. I think I have a better chance of winning the lottery.—RC

The Jeffrey Hart Column



Since World War II, American culture seems to have moved in a series of pulsations. There was a Catholic Moment for about 10 years after the war.

Then we had a Jewish Moment, next a Black Moment and now a Homosexual Moment.

In my neighboring town, headlines are being made by a young scoutmaster whose career in the Boy Scouts is finished because he has emerged as an avowed homosexual.

I rub my eyes. When I was a Boy Scout during the early 1940s in a New York suburb, the notion of a homosexual scoutmaster would have been so outlandish as to be considered a bad joke.

But now we have the Homosexual Moment. Homosexual "marriage" is being seriously discussed.

The Vermont legislature has allowed "civil unions," despite opposition by a large majority of voters who are taking revenge at the polls. "Civil unions" in Vermont are marriages without the name.

Right now, everyone seems to be talking about homosexuals, sometimes seemingly about little else. The love that dare not speak its name is now the love that will not shut up.

But there have been other moments.

During the 1940s and well on into the 1950s, there was a considerable Christian revival in this country. Rev. Billy Graham was a huge presence, but Protestant intellectuals such as Reinhold

Niebuhr and Paul Tillich were prominent, too. Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard University during the 1950s, was a prominent Episcopalian layman.

But Protestant revivals were nothing new in America. The striking thing at the time was the Catholic Moment. It began during the 1940s with several movies. There was "Knut Rockne, All American," starring Ronald Reagan. A marvelous movie, its message was that Notre Dame and Catholics were American—maybe especially American. And we had all those other "Catholic" movies like "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Going My Way," etc., in which Bing Crosby always seemed to be starring with Ingrid Bergman.

Then, as the Catholic Moment lost its momentum sometime during the waning of the 1950s, we had the Jewish Moment. This was especially visible with the emergence of a number of young Jewish writers, more highbrow than the best-selling Jewish authors like Herman Wouk. Saul Bellow was the best of them, a star with "The

Adventures of Augie March."

Then came the 1960s, which was many things, but most significantly it was the era of the Black Moment, with Martin Luther King Jr. and the civil rights movement, the black riots—early and prominently the Watts riot. It was also the emergence of other black stars

much wilder than King, such as Malcolm X, Stokely Carmichael, Eldridge Cleaver, Angela Davis, George Jackson and the Black Panthers.

These "Moments" all seem to have a similar dynamic. They emerge, flourish and fade away, and while they are losing momentum, they are displaced by another Moment.

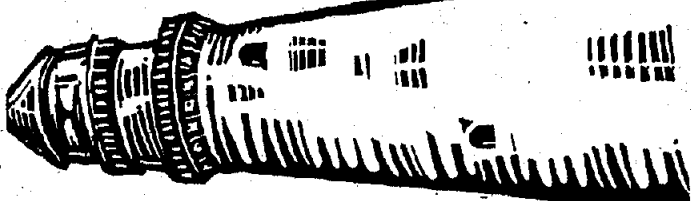
It will be fascinating to see how the Homosexual Moment works out. If the past is any guide, soon everyone will start talking about something else. Maybe there will be an Asian Moment.

The Homosexual Moment

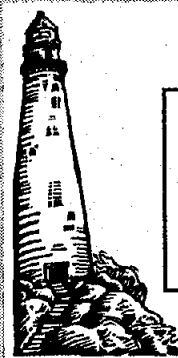


Letters to the Editor

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



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The independent, student-run newspaper at William Paterson University

Horoscopes

ARIES (March 21 to April 19) Your bold approach to a difficult situation turns a doubter into a supporter. Be aware, though, that you still need to dig for facts to build an even stronger case.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20) Distractions continue to nibble at your available time. Turn them off and concentrate on setting your sights on your goal. Progress might be slow, but it is steady.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20) An opportunity opens in a new field. You might not feel that it's for you, but check it out anyway. You could be surprised—you might be able to adjust to its requirements.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22) A new work environment presents some difficult choices. Best advice: Be ready to defend your decisions while still keeping your mind open to suggested alternatives.

LEO (July 23 to August 22) Don't let your ego and pride continue to jeopardize a

cherished relationship. You've already taken too long to make that apology. Do it now, before it's too late.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22) A friend needs assistance but fears that you might want to know more than he or she is prepared to reveal. Provide help without probing into the situation.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22) You face an important personal decision that could affect a family member. Have a full, frank, no-holds-barred discussion with him or her before you act.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21) Take some time out to think over the choices that have suddenly emerged in your life. Don't be rushed into making a decision until all the facts are known.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21) Someone might be trying to gain your trust for his or her own advantage. Be wary.

That seemingly friendly smile might be an exercise in teeth-baring.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19) A situation that emerged earlier can no longer be ignored. You need to deal with it now, so that it won't interfere with more important considerations.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18) A job situation presents some problems. Deal with them one by one, and they'll soon vanish. In your personal life, a Libra would like to know your intentions.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20) Let your partner know how you feel about your stalled relationship. A delay will result in your swimming around in circles and going nowhere fast.

YOU WERE BORN THIS WEEK: Your high energy level allows you to take on and complete more projects than most. You are also an inspired and inspiring teacher.

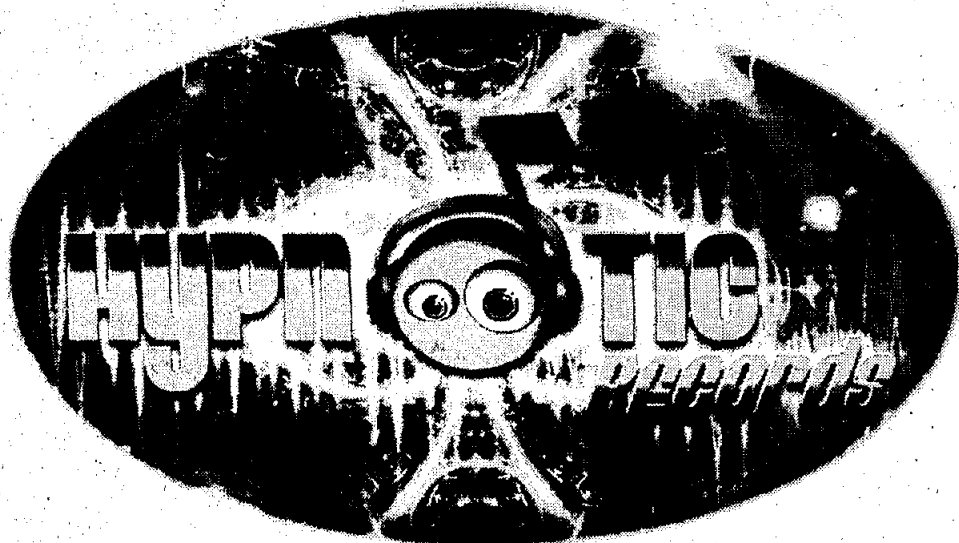
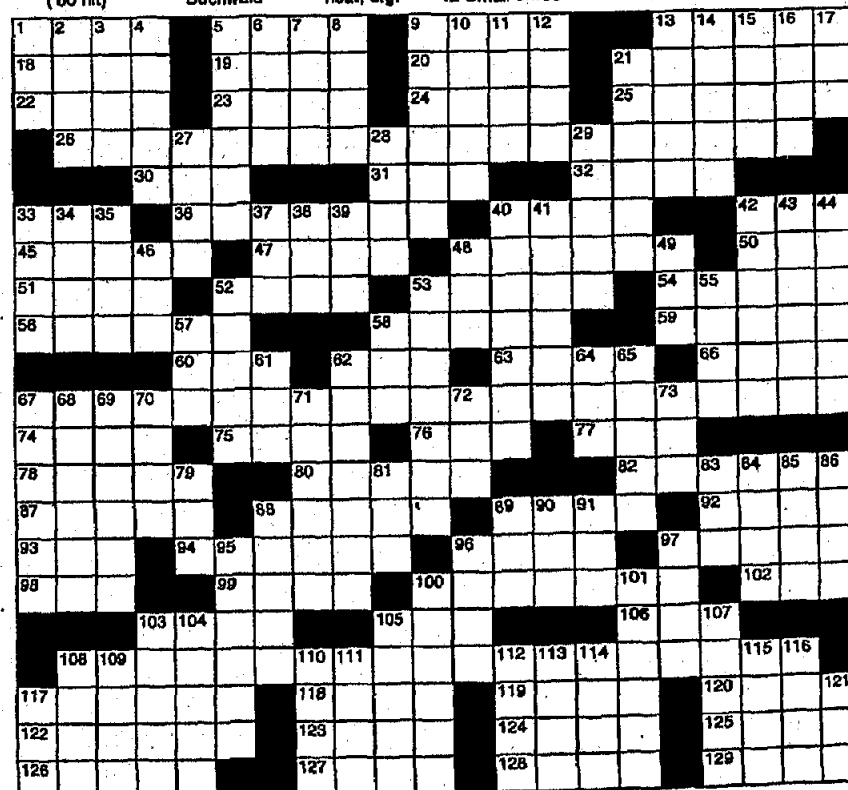


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Beacon Crossword

- | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 52 Tribe | 99 Submachine gun | 7 — Spumante | 43 Patterned fabric | 86 Wolfish expression |
| 1 Caesar's suit? | 53 On guard | 100 Barber opera | 8 Light material | 44 Plain | 88 English Romantic |
| 5 Fiber source | 54 Ignorance | 102 Deface | 9 Take (try) | 48 Give it — | 89 Outlaw |
| 9 — Breaky Heart | 55 With | 103 Repeat | 10 Garlic segment | 48 Even if, informally | 90 Quindlen's — True Thing |
| 13 Haber-dashery item | 56 Across, fluffy feline | 105 Fraternity sticker | 11 Actor Cronyn | 49 Ukr., formerly | 91 — Peres, MO |
| 18 Left open | 58 Munch (on) | 106 Palm Sunday beast | 12 "My Favorite" (82 film) | 52 Hills or Thomas | 95 Definitely dislikes |
| 19 Comfort | 59 Summarize | 108 End of question | 13 Foundation | 53 Shore soup | 96 Like some cellars |
| 20 Hint | 60 Pound sound | 117 King's thing | 14 Put on the street | 55 Hamilton detective | 97 Manuscript one |
| 21 Southwest-ern native | 62 Wine and dine | 118 Add color | 15 Songbird | 57 Hurricane fliers | 100 Herbert or Hugo |
| 22 Java joint | 63 Saucy | 119 Circle dance | 16 "So — is the thanks I get" | 58 Pigeon English? | 101 North African feature |
| 23 About | 66 Speech problem | 120 Orthodox image | 17 Sea plea | 61 In honor of | 103 Violinist |
| 24 Deep unconsciousness | 67 Middle of question | 122 Evaluate | 21 Record music, in a way | 62 Pulitzer winner | 104 Intimate |
| 25 Set's sibling | 74 Jack of "Rio Lobo" | 123 Voice type | 27 Singer Redding | 64 Sweater letter | 105 1492 vessel |
| 26 Start of a question | 75 Word with rug or code | 124 Fruit-tree spray | 28 Trot or gallop | 65 With 127 Across, toyshop | 107 Director Lee |
| 30 Tucked into the tortellini | 76 Couple | 125 Metric measure | 29 Scold | 67 Braver or Graves | 108 Marley's colleague |
| 31 Gibbon or gorilla | 77 Pindaric poem | 126 Subject | 33 Enthusiastic | 68 "Jean" singer | 109 Celtic |
| 32 Orient | 78 Annoys | 127 Sea | 34 Parsons or Paton | 69 Aptitude | 110 Pierce |
| 33 Chew the fat | 80 Norwegian composer | 65 Down | 35 Impresario Rudolf | 70 Part of EMT | 111 Mosaic bit |
| 36 Occupy | 82 Distressed one? | 128 Oenophile's mecca | 37 Producer Prince | 71 Void | 112 Comparative word |
| 40 "Git, Garfield" | 87 Turn inside out | 129 Dutch export | 38 Menu phrase | 72 Excavated | 113 Alley's angel |
| 42 Commercial | 88 Ulan — | DOWN | 39 Coal container | 73 Archival assent | 114 "The Parent" (61 film) |
| 45 Rap-sheet datum | 89 Torso | 1 Tic — toe | 40 Salon supply | 79 Part of EST | 115 Billing |
| 47 Landed | 92 Nurse's helper | 2 Ventura County city | 41 It may be magic | 81 Noun suffix | 116 Vincent Lopez's theme song |
| 48 Runnymede's river | 93 DC figure | 3 Fish hook | 42 Small shrub | 83 — jongg | 117 Beaver, for one |
| 50 See | 94 Jonathan Winters' birthplace | 4 Amphitheater feature | | 84 "The King and I" setting | 121 — de plume |
| 51 "Chain —" (60 hit) | 96 Odense denizen | 5 Defeated | | 85 Author Farber | |
| | 97 Ladd role | 6 Prickly heat, e.g. | | | |
| | 98 Humorist Buchwald | | | | |



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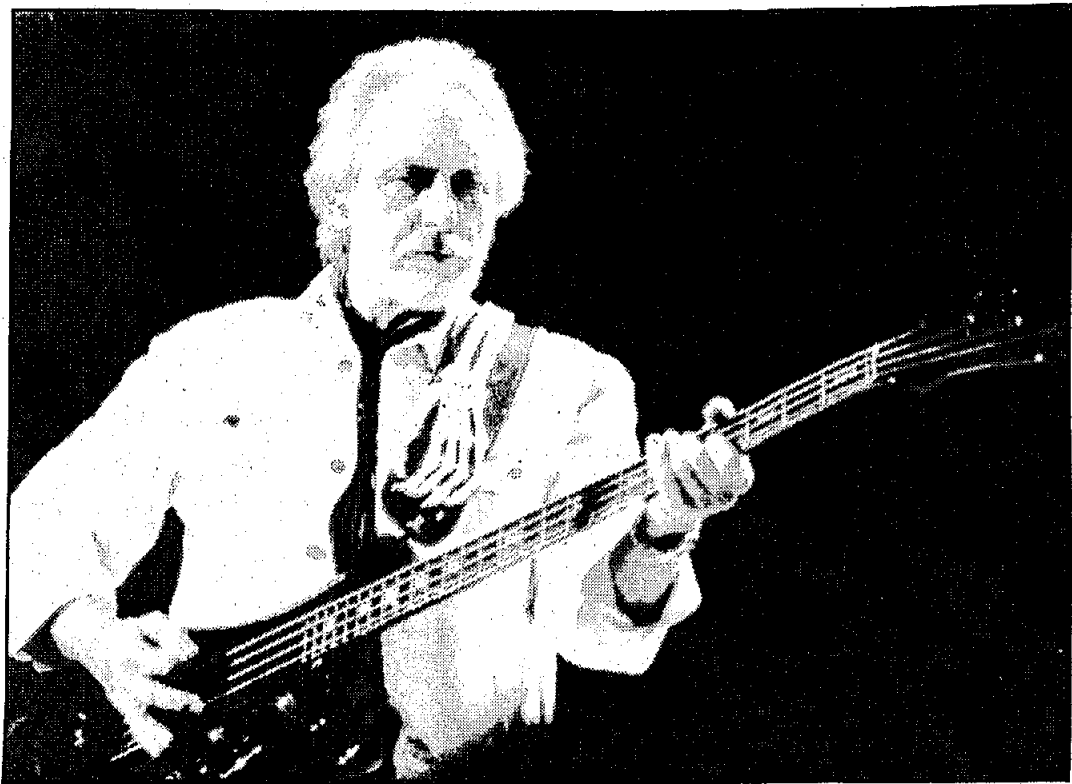
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Inside: THE WHO



Okay, I know what many of you are thinking ... The Who? Who cares? Who wants to hear a group of old rock dinosaurs playing music over thirty-years old? I've heard all the lame jokes. "Hope I die before I get ... REALLY old!" Or, "Who are you? ... No, really, we're so old we've developed Alzheimer's disease and can't remember." How 'bout, "Tommy, can you hear me? ... Pete Townshend sure can't, he's stone deaf!" Well, for those who feel that The Who are too old to rock and roll, I've got news for you: The Who may be far from teenage wasteland, but they won't be trading their amplifiers for walkers any time soon.

This October, The Who finished up their 2000 North American tour, *From The Blues To The World*, at New York's Madison Square Garden. The group—consisting of original members Pete Townshend (guitar and vocals), Roger Daltrey (vocals) and John Entwistle (bass) along with drummer Zak Starkey (Ringo Star's son) and keyboardist John "Rabbit" Bundrick—played four dates at MSG (Oct. 3, 4, 6, 7). Originally these dates were scheduled to include Jimmy Page and The Black Crows on the bill. Sadly, at the last minute, Jimmy Page backed out and he and the Black Crows were replaced by The Who's opening act, UnAmerican and Jacob Dylan's group, The Wallflowers.

The Oct. 7 show began at 7:30 p.m. with UnAmerican playing a half-hour set. The Garden was empty for these newcomers, but they seemed happy to be playing this gig at all. This group may one day be a major force in the

rock world. After finishing their set, the boys in the band had the crew put up the house lights for a crowd photo. Not bad! Shortly after 8:30, The Wallflowers took the stage for an uninspired set of radio singles and tracks off their new album. Young Dylan seemed to accept the fact that the growing number of concert goers entering the arena were there for one reason ... The Who!

Michael Wnoroski
The Beacon

At approximately 9:45 p.m., Pete Townshend approached the stage like a man possessed. A strange smirk crossed his face before the group ripped through versions of *I Can't Explain*, *Substitute* and *Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere*. The energy that rose from the stage and lifted the crowd was incredible. These old men kicked ass! At the core of The Who's new found power and energy was drummer Zak. His style of drumming was reminiscent of the late Keith Moon, the Who's original madman drummer. Pete Townshend played his Fender Strat with a vengeance, windmilling his way through power chord after power chord. Roger Daltrey swung his mic around like a lasso and John Entwistle kept the bottom strong while looking as disinterested as ever. As cliché as these Who trademarks have become, in no way were they mechanical or forced. "Rabbit's" keyboard-playing blended nicely into the Who's sound, adding a melodic dimension that was more felt than heard.

Pete Townshend frequently took time to reflect on songs before playing them. He spoke a lot about his failed 70s project *LIFHOUSE*

Look

from which most of the songs off of the classic Who album, *WHO'S NEXT*, came. Not surprisingly, Pete is selling a 6-CD *LIFEHOUSE* boxed set through his website and at the concerts. Although interesting to hear what this wise man of rock had to say, at times his stage banter became little more than babble. Townshend and Daltrey continued an old Who legacy by publicly insulting one another. At one point Pete made a crack about Roger sounding like a choir boy. Roger shot back how loud playing MSG was. He joked, "I think I'm almost as deaf as Pete."

Another highlight of the concert included a great bass solo by John Entwistle. As the night went on, The Who extended many of their classic hits to indulge in some solos. Townshend did some nice jamming on songs like *My Wife* and *The Real Me*. When the group kicked into up the *QUADROPHENIA* favorite, 5:15, the spotlight was full-blast on Entwistle. His bass seemed as though it had a fret board ten feet long. Entwistle swooped and slapped his way up and down the neck of his bass, pleasing the crowd immensely.

By the end of their regular set, The Who had played crowd favorites including *Pinball Wizard*, *Baba O'Riley*, *Behind Blue Eyes*, *Who Are You* and many more. They ended their set with *Won't Get Fooled Again*, which brought the house down. After several minutes they returned to perform an encore of a fantastic version of *Magic Bus*, a watered down version of *The Kids Are Alright*, and of course destroyed the senses with their best rocker, *My Generation*. It even seemed as if Townshend might destroy his guitar. No luck!

Although there were moments of the concert that dragged and lacked the potent energy of others, and despite several technical difficulties, The Who triumphed at Madison Square Garden. Perhaps this was the last show they will ever play at this venue ... Who knows? Before leaving the stage, Roger Daltrey stopped at the mic to thank the crowd and bestow these words ... "Rock and Roll is not dead. It will always be alive in this country." Long live rock!



CONCERTS

Monday Oct. 16:

Modestepark - Baby Jupiter, NYC
Ready Jane - Elbow Room, NYC
Beal Junkies, Dilated Pupils, Jurassic 5, Supernatural - Irving Plaza, NYC
Los Straitjackets, Seks Bomba - Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
Joan Baez, Stacey Earle - Grand Opera House, Wilmington, DE
Pere Ubu - North Star, Philly
Billy Bragg and the Biokes - TLA, Philly
Euphone, Sunny Day Real Estate - Birch Hill, Old Bridge, NJ

Tuesday Oct. 17:

P.J. Olson, The Twilight Singers Featuring Greg Dull - Bowery Ballroom, NYC
A.J. Croce - Bitter End, NYC
Soulfarm - Wetlands, NYC
Fat Apple - The Saint, Asbury Park, NJ
Honeytongue - Brighton Bar, Long Branch, NJ
Wednesday Oct. 18:
Yolanda Adams, Mary Mary, Shirley Caesar - Beacon Theatre, NYC
Hybrid, Moby - Hammerstein Ballroom, NYC
Grand Theft Audio - Limelight, NYC
Jennifer Nettles - Mercury Lounge, NYC
Halford - Roseland, NYC

Amen, Nothingface - WWF Stage, NYC

Angry Saed - The Saint, Asbury Park, NJ
Mark Olson, Victoria Williams - Painted Bride Center, Philly
At the Drive-In, Murder City Devils, Sunshine, The International Noise Conspiracy - TLA, Philly
Emmylou Harris, Patty Griffin - State Theatre, New Brunswick, NJ
Inspector 7, The Skofflaws, Professor Plum - Stone Pony, Asbury Park, NJ

Thursday Oct. 19:

Atomic Numbers, Sarah Harmer - Arlene Grocery, NYC
Emmylou Harris, Patty Griffin - Beacon Theatre, NYC
Sally Taylor - Bitter End, NYC
Arab Strap, Bedhead, Macha, Spoozys, The Go-Betweens - Bowery Ballroom, NYC
Idaho - C.B.G.B., NYC
B-Side Players, Frisby, Jimmy Eat World - CMJ Showcase, NYC
Dryer, Miles Hunt, The Youth Ahead - Downtime, NYC
Flybanger, Union Underground - Irving Plaza, NYC
8 Gig - Limelight, NYC
The Comas, The Mayflies USA - Luna Lounge, NYC
The International Noise Conspiracy - Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
Creeper lagoon - Mercury Lounge, NYC

Downset, Primer 55, Slaves on Dope, Seal - NYC

The Dragons - Continental, NYC
American Steel, Bratmobile, Gaza Strip - Westbeth Theatre, NYC
2 Skinnee J's, Bicycle, Jucifer, No Use for a Man Army, The Swingin' Utters, The Glands - Wetlands, NYC
Bernard Allison, Chris Duarte Group - Stone Pony, NJ
Chuck, The Causeway, Wesley Willis - North Midtown, Catch 22, Coldcut - TLA, Philly
Friday Oct. 20:
Gregg Allman and Friends - B.B. King's Blues Club, NYC
Andrew "Dice" Clay - Beacon Theatre, NYC
Jets To Brazil, Pedro the Lion, The Exploited - Bowery Ballroom, NYC
The Bellrays, The Forty-fives - C.B.G.B., NYC
Granddaddy - Irving Plaza, NYC
Elton John, Ronan Keating - Madison Square Garden, NYC
Bratmobile - Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
Bad Religion, The Promise Ring - Roseland
Grand Theft Audio - Shine, NYC
Men of Porn - Continental, NYC
Blood Brothers, Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, City Devils, Rye

Who's Back



Samiam Still Rock

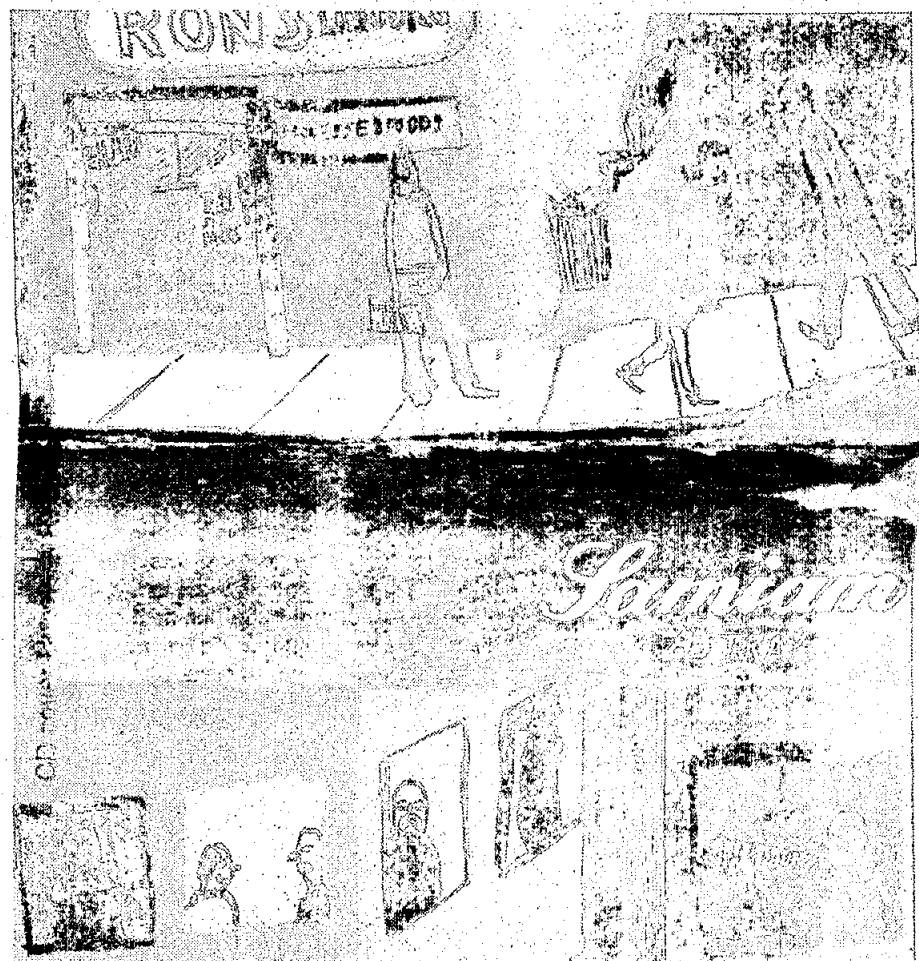
Matthew Harabin
Assistant Insider
Editor

Hailing from California, Samiam shows no signs of abandoning what they have been doing since 1988 when they first formed. At the same time other punk bands were being signed to major labels around '94-'95, Samiam found themselves on Atlantic. However, that did not last long enough for Samiam to gain anything from it. After their major label experience, they released their new album on Hopeless Records: *Astray*. Throughout the years, Samiam have switched record labels as well as members, but still continue to write songs that people nod their head to.

The album's opening track, *Sunshine*, has that pop feel to it at first, but the chorus gives that punk rock sound that Samiam have been calling their own for years. The rest of the album enhances the band's previous accomplishments as well as draws out a future path for them to follow.

Many songs on this album show why—after 12 years—Samiam is still around. They give people their daily dose of punk rock along with some pop elements. Lyrically, this album deals with losing friends and relationships. A few songs stand out on this album above the others. "Wisconsin" is one of these songs, as well as "Mud Hill," which is one of the mellower songs on the album.

After being dropped from a major label, some bands lose their edge. Samiam used this as a springboard to keep driving them. *Astray* is a strong release by the veteran punk rockers and is a must-have for Samiam fans. Though you may have never heard of Samiam, pick up a copy of *Astray*. If you're into punk music and want to hear a band that knows what they are doing, pick up a copy of *Astray*. Whether you are a fan or just a person buying their CD, you will not worry about your money being poorly spent.



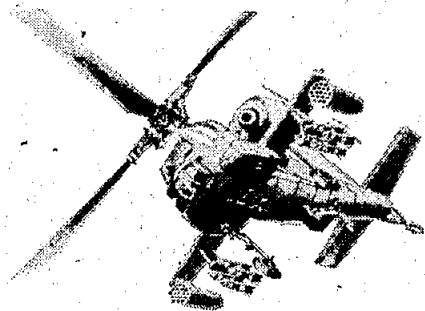
Coalition, Selby Tigers, The International Nones
Conspiracy, The Wickerhans -
Wetlands, NYC
Boonie Man, Tanto Metro and Devante - Electric Factory,
Philly
Schleight, Ulu - NorthStar, Philly
Shivaree, The Beautiful South - TLA, Philly
Bigwig, No Use for a Name, One Man Army, Swingin
Utters - Trocadero, Philly
Jimmy Eat World - 4040 Club, Philly
Chris Whitley, Medeski Martin and Wood - Academy of
Music, Brooklyn, NY
Amen, GWAR, Lamb of God - Birch Hill, Old Bridge, NJ
Brantford Marsalis - Community Theatre, Morristown, NJ
Jimmy Eat World - Wayne Firehouse, Wayne, NJ
The Soft Parade (Doors Tribute) - Stone Pony, Asbury
Park, NJ
Tabloid Nation, Cinemastar, Set Alpha Six - Melody Bar,
New Brunswick, NJ
Krypto-Jet, Zolatum - Brighton Bar, Long Branch, NJ
A New Found Glory, Fenix TX, Good Charlotte, Laffy - The
Chance,
Poughkeepsie, NY
Saturday Oct. 21:
Gregg Allman and Friends - B.B. King's Blues Club, NYC
Billy Patterson - Bitter End, NYC
Broadcast, Ida, Low, Spring Heel Jack - Bowery Ballroom,
NYC

NYC
Mark Robinson - C.B.G.E., NYC
Nnenna Freelon - College of Staten Island, Staten Island,
NY
Mudhens - Elbow Room, NYC
Moby - Hammerstein Ballroom, NYC
Common Sense, Rincoceros - Irving Plaza, NYC
Eryn McKeeown - Living Room, NYC
Vicente Fernandez, Elton John, Ronan Keating - Madison
Square Garden, NYC
Pernice Bros., The Waco Bros. - Maxwell's, Hoboken, NJ
Les Savy Fav, The Causeway Way - Mercury Lounge, NYC
Shivaree, The Beautiful South - Roseland, NYC
Woggles, X-Impossibles - Continental, NYC
ARI from the Slits, Caligari, Chaos Twin, Kimball Roeser
Effect, Ocelot,
Plastic Plan, System and Station, The Damage Manual,
The Shiele Dryna -
Wetlands, NYC
Dryer, Miles Hunt - Hooligan's, Long Branch, NJ
Bigwig, No Use for a Name, One Man Army, Swingin
Utters - Stone Pony, Asbury
Park, NJ
Southern Culture on the Skids, The Forty-fives - The
Saint, Asbury Park, NJ
Bad Religion, The Promise Ring - Electric Factory, Philly
P.J. Olson, The Twilight Singers Featuring Greg Dull -

TLA, Philly
Cave In, Glasejaw, Vision of Disorder, V.O.D. - Trocadero,
Philly
Chris Whitley, Medeski Martin and Wood - Academy of
Music, Brooklyn, NY
Halford - Birch Hill, Old Bridge, NJ
Lanemeyer, Humble Beginnings, Lawrence Arms, Shady
View Terrace, Sparks Fly
From a Kiss, Slowcore, Rose of Sharon - Melody Bar, New
Brunswick, NJ
The Suplex, the Tumblers - Brighton Bar, Long Branch, NJ
Sunday Oct. 22:
Bottle Service, Cinerama, Luna, White Hassle - Bowery
Ballroom, NYC
Hybrid, Moby - Hammerstein Ballroom, NYC
Southern Culture on the Skids, The Forty-fives, Woggles -
Maxwell's, Hoboken,
NJ
Neko Case and her Boyfriends - Mercury Lounge, NYC
Goldcut - Roseland, NYC
Chronic Fatigue, David Singer, Nada Surf, The Big Sleep,
The Holy Childhood,
The Juliana Theory, The Movielife, Trans Megetti, Weston,
World Inferno
Friendship Society - Wetlands, NYC
Waker, DMS, Firebird Band - Melody Bar, New Brunswick,
NJ

Willy P. MC Sychopath

VERBAL
COMBAT



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

William Paterson MC "Sychopath" has recently dropped his debut CD, *Verbal Combat* (Hardkandy Records), and is out to prove that Jersey MCs have something to say.

Hailing from nearby Jersey City, Sychopath has a real tight flow, and is backed by producer/musician Greg L. Hines.

Sychopath's rhymes are both smooth and gritty, and the beats on *Verbal Combat* are mad original and smooth as butter. As far as comparisons go, it's hard to say Sychopath sounds like anyone else, since his flow is one-of-a-kind. Not only does he have a style all his own, but Sychopath is able to adapt his flow from song to song, matching whatever Hines has to throw at him. One of Sychopath's major attributes is his ability to handle a track all by himself; he relies on guest rhyimers on

only one track, "What Person is That," which features the **Knuckle Heads**.

By far, one of the tightest, sincerest tracks on the album is "Can I

Spark With U," a street representation of true love. Peep the lyrics, "Anything for you, snuff a chump for you, fight five cats for you,

I'll bust a gat or two, I'll kick a rap for you." But Sycho doesn't forget his boys, as he drops "That's my Man," for all his crew. He also keeps WPU in mind on "Willie P.," which features guitarist Vincent Sgro of **ripfantastic**.

While Sycho covers these diverse topics, he also handles his own on more traditional hip-hop subjects.

All in all, Sychopath is a cat to watch out for in the future, as he'll most likely be found blazing his way to the top of the hip-hop game.

Jacob Claveloux
Insider Editor

TOP Ten MOVIES

1. *Urban Legends: Final Cut* (R) Joey Lawrence, Jennifer Morrison
2. *The Exorcist* (R) Linda Blair, Max Von Sydow
3. *Almost Famous* (R) Patrick Fugit, Kate Hudson
4. *Bring it On* (PG-13) Kirsten Dunst
5. *The Watcher* (R) Keanu Reeves, James Spader
6. *Bait* (R) Jamie Foxx, David Morse
7. *Nurse Betty* (R) Renee Zellweger, Morgan Freeman
8. *What Lies Beneath* (R) Harrison Ford, Michelle Pfeiffer
9. *Space Cowboys* (PG-13) Clint Eastwood, Tommy Lee Jones
10. *Woman On Top* (R) Penelope Cruz

Stallone's 'Get Carter' is Dissapointment

"I'm Jack Carter," Sylvester Stallone announces to one of his beating victims in *Get Carter*, "and you don't want to know me." He couldn't be more right.

Steven Kay's update of Mike Hodges' 1970 English film noir is less a film than a 100 minute music video, complete with multiple scenes in trendy nightclubs, an overworked score trying to fill in for thin dialogue, and editing that may leave the viewer wondering exactly what is transpiring in some of its frequent fight interludes.

The motor of *Get Carter*'s plot is Jack Carter's return to his hometown of Seattle to investigate the untimely death of his brother. Unsurprisingly for a Stallone movie, lots of physical mayhem and car chases through wet nighttime streets ensue. Jack is convinced that his brother's death was not the accident it appeared to be, and Stallone is soon pummeling various locals he believes to be connected to the death while procuring information.

A notable supporting cast has been employed to help Stallone along, but none of them can provide much assistance as the characters they were assigned would have to be stretched considerably just to become two-dimensional. Miranda Richardson plays the late brother's widow. Richardson is an accomplished film actress—as evidenced by her supporting roles in *The Crying Game* and *Damage*—but the best line she gets to deliver in *Get Carter* is "You don't fix things Jack, you break them." Alan Cumming fares only

in the sharp, tough guys that Burke played in films like *Body Heat* and *Rumble Fish*.

The original *Get Carter* was almost

alistic in its depiction of British criminals and their women, where Kay's version tries to give the title character an ill-fitting, vaginoral authority. By cracking skulls amongst Seattle's nouveau riche and their paisiole men while avenging his brother, Jack Carter is supposed to be upholding a penal code that raises him above the various undesirable he confronts, but Stallone's performance doesn't have enough emotion and is too smug to make Carter's real superiority believable.

Carter himself moves onto especially shaky moral ground as he searches Seattle's demi-monde arranges uneasy sexual tension threatenin half-naked prostitute into giving him information about his brother's death. The scene has Stallone leaning over the trembling woman near her bed and growling, "you don't tell me what I want to know, I'm going to break every beautiful bone in yr body."

One poive aspect of *Get Carter* worth mentioning is Kay's decision to use Roy Budd's atmospheric main title music from the 1970 version. The jazz-inflected melody is

7 SECONDS VISION KILL YOUR IDOLS REACH THE SKY 10/8/00 WET- LANDS, NYC

It was the first cold day after the summer, and I decided to drag myself to the Wetlands to discover the honorary 7 Seconds. I haven't paid to see a show in

Pete Markowicz
The Beacon

run back to Jersey. Once I got inside, the look in my eyes was of a little kid given candy. Reach the Sky immediately came

on and srisingly there were a lot of people danci. They're an up-and-coming band thafinally getting recognition. Reach thsky is not the heaviest band in hardcore,ut they did propel some break-downs. Is Victory band is about to play some shs with names like **God Forbid** and **Skarad**. So, open your eyes and look out fReach the Sky.

The m: reason I went to the show was to see Kilour Idols. Every time I have seen thertheir performance remained the same. Tir old-school, hardcore punk style mak them a lovable band, though.

A goonajority of the crowd vanished when KY as done playing their set. I've seen Visi before, and they're nothing to brag aboi The sound they present is of a more singpunk aspect. The lead singer is diesel as ill and slowly pushes out his whiny voi to entice the crowd. The "pit" seemed be a whole four people, and I was ready exit towards the bar. I did manage get kicked in the head by someone flyin the top turnbuckle, which made myght.

After gng through that hell, with Vision as my puhment, it was finally time for the ancie7 Seconds. As I looked around, the crowdpled into a claustrophobic's nightmareThe first chord set it all off and the pushiof elbows began. They played at least oisong off almost all of their albums aithe crowd seemed to love it. This was air first show back in the City in a very lorime. A cameo was made by the famoCIV, who sang one song. Toby of H2O peromed "Not Just Boys Fun," and riled up thgirls. You could also see the likes of P: Koller of **Sick of It All** and someoneim Shelter wandering around. 7 Secondperformance was astounding; they closit up with their version of "99 Red Ballos." All in all, I was quite happy I spent a easly ten dollars on this show.

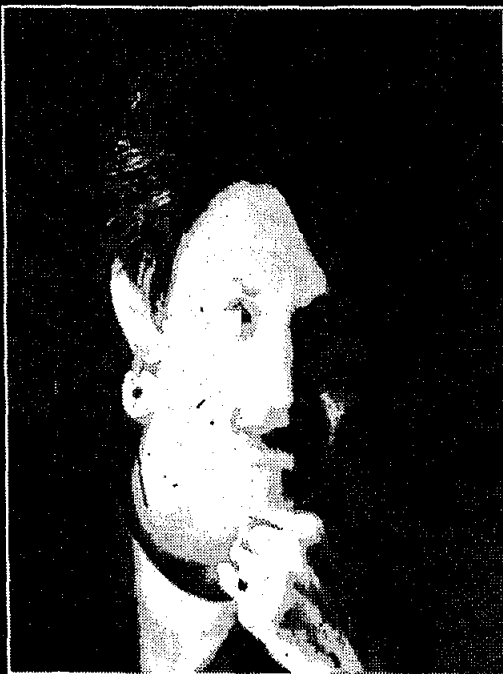
Jamie Baum to play Jazz Room Series

William Paterson University continues its fall 2000 Jazz Room Series on Sunday, October 22 with Jamie Baum, the Grammy-nominated flutist who has impressed musicians and critics alike with her powerful and unique approach to the flute as a lead instrument.

The concert will begin at 4 p.m. in the Shea Center for Performing Arts on the campus in Wayne. Tickets are available in advance or on the day of the performance at \$12 standard; \$9 for senior citizens, non-William Paterson students and William Paterson faculty, staff and alumni. William Paterson students may attend free of charge.

Originally from Connecticut, Baum has been living in New York for ten years, working as a leader or side musician with a wide range of consummate musicians, including Randy Brecker, Paul Motion, John Abercrombie and others.

"Baum exhibits remarkable artistic facility as composer/arranger/bandleader/flutist," says a recent review in *DownBeat* magazine. A 1998 and 1999 winner of the *DownBeat* Critics Poll (in the category of talent deserving wider recognition), Baum has performed in clubs and concerts throughout the United States, Japan, and South America. Her recent performances have been at venues such as New York's Blue Note, Birdland, The Knitting



Factory, The Five Spot, Visiones, and the Guggenheim Museum Jazz Series.

Baum's recent recordings include her newly released "Sight Unheard" on Gunther Schuller's label, "GM Recordings," "Woodwinds on Fire," "Jazziz in Disc," and "Undercurrents," her last debut album as a leader on the German label Konnex.

Jamie Baum and members of her Septet will be the guests for "Sittin' In," an informal discussion with the artists presented before the concert. The talk begins at 3 p.m. in room 101 of Shea Center. Admission is free to all Jazz Room ticketholders.

Launched in the spring of 1978, William Paterson's Jazz Room Series has earned a reputation for presenting concerts by eminent musicians in the jazz world. The series has been awarded numerous grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, and Citations of Excellence from the Council for its cultural contribution to the state. This program was made possible in part by funds from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State, a partner agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.

For additional information, please call William Paterson's Shea Center Box Office at 973-720-2371.

Two New Books

Ralph Hollenback

The Trumps: Three Generations That Built an Empire

by Gwenda Blair (Simon & Schuster: \$30).

It seems as though today's newspaper business pages are constantly hailing another Trump triumph or controversy while the tabloids are often featuring "The Donald" in some romance or another. Yet Donald John Trump is just following in the footsteps of his forebears.

As Gwenda Blair notes in her tome "The Trumps: Three Generations That Built an Empire": "To a family that had already known success, Donald Trump brought more."

One has to wonder how far The Donald would have gone had his father and grandfather not been as acquisitive as they were. His grandfather, for instance, fled a German principality to escape military service, and managed to amass a decent fortune through real estate and the Alaskan Gold Rush of 1900. However, as Blair states, digging for metal was not Friedrich Trump's method. He "mined the miners" via supplies he carted into the goldfields and the food, liquor and women that were dispensed in the hotels he ran in the bustling mining towns.

Trump's father, a more circumspect entrepreneur, built on his father's money and acumen. He developed large areas in the Queens and Brooklyn sections of New York City by utilizing loopholes in federal regulations, cultivating political favors and capitalizing on postwar housing needs. His legacy provided a solid base for the ambitions of his son.

It's Donald, though, who has captured popular imagination with his dramatic real estate moves in New York City, and his dominance of Atlantic City casino gambling. His flamboyance and his daring cloak him as a modern Horatio Alger despite the difference in origins. The fascinating elements of the the Trump family saga derive as much from their individual drives as from some inherent compulsion common to each generation.

Bravo to Blair for writing an intriguing and incisive biography.

America's Library: The Story of the Library of Congress 1800-2000

by James Conaway (Univ. Press; \$45)

Tradition has it that Thomas Jefferson's personal library formed the nucleus of the present Library of Congress. But, as we find Conaway's "America's Library," there is both truth and irony in that story.

Earlier Congresses, many in the then-capitals of New York and Philadelphia, had small collections or used volumes from whatever public and private libraries were available. The irony is that when the British burned Capitol, finally located in the District of Columbia 1814, they used some of those earlier tomes as kindling for the blaze.

Jefferson, who had set as third President, had a regard for books that both passionate and long-standing. He also had one of the most extensive and diverse assemblages of printed matter in the new nation, part of which he offered to the Congress after the damage inflicted by the British. Jefferson also needed money, so his gesture was not entirely altruistic.

At first, the volumes stored in the rotunda of the Capitol were just for congressional use. In time, other branches of government began using them, and then the public. Libraries eventually were needed for the ever-growing collection.

On the 200th anniversary of the Library of Congress, Conaway treats as a living force. Though it has existed almost as long as the presidency, it has had but a tithe the number of leaders. Some were truly inspired and dedicated, and it is a tribute to them that the best federal institution in the nation exists.

With over 110 million items — books, art, documents, photos, etc. — the Library of Congress is truly the greatest superpository in the world.

Celebrity Extra by Evelyn Green

Q. I read in your column that someone was upset about Robert Downey Jr. getting out of jail after only 12 months for drug possession, but I understand he's showing that he can handle his problems pretty well. I know he was on "Ally McBeal," but is there any chance that he'll make movies again? Or is he, as I heard one TV reporter say, considered a risk by producers? Carl L.

A. Downey left jail on Aug. 2. (And by the way, he also had a weapons charge against him.) The good news is that he'll continue in his recurring role on "McBeal." The better news is that at least one big Hollywood name is willing to take a chance with him: Mel Gibson. The star, with whom Downey worked in the 1990s flick "Air America," has asked him to play "Hamlet" in the production Gibson is directing for a run in a still-to-be-determined Los Angeles theater. The play is expected to open in January.

The word is, if Downey can get through the demands of a theater production which requires you to be onstage for every performance, he'll have a much better chance to land a film role.

Q. Is it true that President Bill Clinton will write a book about the impeachment? Rickie V.

A. President Clinton has said that while he has read books on the subject, he doesn't plan to write one.

Q. Please settle this dispute between my sister and myself. She says Shirley Jones and Marty Ingels have a son, but that he never worked with the Cassidy brothers, David, Sean and Patrick. Is this true? I don't believe she had children with anyone except the three boys by the late Jack Cassidy. Glynn S.

A. You're almost right. Jones and Ingels have never had children together. She and Ingels raised her two sons with Jack Cassidy — Sean and Patrick. David is Jack's son by his first marriage.

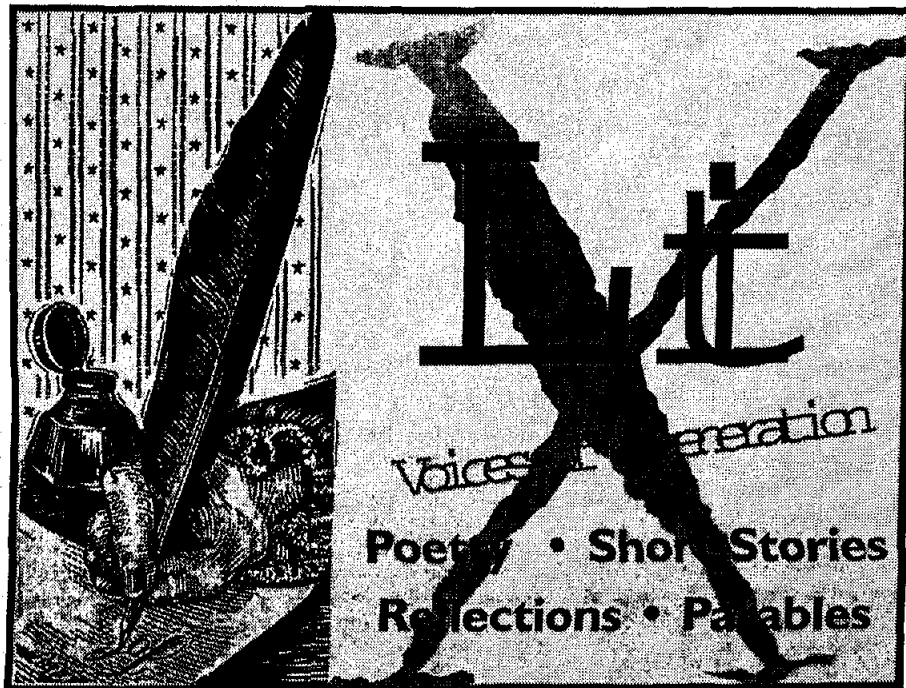
Q. Why was Harrison Ford not asked to repeat the role of Jack Ryan in the new Tom Clancy movie? He was so great in "Patriot Games" and "Clear and Present Danger." Mickey W.

A. Clancy's newest book, "Sum of All Fears," starts its film version in January with Ben Affleck as Ryan. This will be the second Clancy flick Ford passed on. The first was "The Hunt for Red October." Alec Baldwin played Ryan in that film. Ford says he hadn't planned to pass up a Clancy flick again, but did so because he didn't like the script.

Have a question for Evelyn? If so, e-mail her at letters.ktws@hearstsc.com or write to her in care of King Features Weekly Service, 628 Virginia Drive, Orlando, FL 32803.

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Burning Desire

How I long to touch your lips
 A burning passion within in my soul
 I can't explain the love I have
 I can't explain the burning desire
 The feeling of pain, agony, and despair
 The love that I have burns deeper than a kiss
 The love that I have is real
 The burning desire to which I have
 Is better than the smell of the summer's air
 Warmer than the sun on a summer day
 The love I have is endless and ongoing
 The love I have will last forever

—Joseph W. Sipos

What the Hell

I have seen the return of "Reaganomics" and the end of the compassionate era, Generation Xers who once hated the Benjamin worshipping suity, who hypocritically kisses his wife and cowardly kisses his child, who scavenges around the bathroom in search of his electrified razor, who's silver plated soles grinds others to be his stepping stone, who once loved to buy and now buys his love from every sycophantic yes-man, "at a cheap price" the four words that arouses him most, more than the oriental message parlors on speedwell Ave. in the heart of Morristown, who decided to crystallize his own gothic imagination for glory of insanity, greeting him is the corpse of drone speech and eternal business dinners, nightly returning to a house that Jezebel built and Beelzebub seeded, satisfied with his cushy job, and middle tax-bracketed incometwo cats and a dog (how cliché) Now the once Xer is gratifying his orthodoxy ways via the modern day heroine saturating all his perversions to the fullest capacity of the elder cloaked in youth, he finds he oasis not through the mind numbing grunge but through his grayish artifacts and lusts to feel his PC press against him like a twenty dollar lap dance from Cheri, his plaid flannel shredded shirt, his individuality pawned for a Versace suite Cobain, the Adonai of the mid 90's buried with him the slacker, the unwashed hair. Prozac and Zoloft were sold next to the issue of "I want to kill myself digest" and the rabid Blind Melon teen reached for both with gun in hand, filled with passion

Robert Ingenito

Rob, The University, and His Favor to Explain Things part 5

I suppose there's a first for everything, and this is definitely a first for me. Instead of scribbling out this idiotic narrative note to you from the comforts of my own room, using my old beloved computer (which is really a piece of crap), I have forced myself to retreat into the confines of the Atrium, and use one of the University's PCs to help spill out the beans here. I'm wondering how it's going to turn out. Although, so far, it feels pretty much the same as it does in my own bedroom. That is, I really don't feel like doing this, but I owe that dude his favor. So now it's time to 'Sally Forth.'

So here I go. First off, last Saturday, I strayed into Buck County, Pennsylvania and attended my cousin Camille's funeral along with the rest of my relatives. The service went pretty well besides the fact that I was almost late, and was the last person to be greeted at the door by my Uncle Marty and Aunt Ricky, both of whom had tears in their eyes and sorrow in their hearts. They told me that they were glad that I had made it. I told them how could have I missed it. I mentioned that I had spoken with Camille just last week, and couldn't believe that she was no longer with us. They told me the same. Then I was ushered to the second pew, and took a seat along side my father and mother. I don't really want to get into it, and I don't think I have too. Camille's ashes were resting inside a wooden box which had been placed upon a small podium. A bundle of flowers and a silver cross had been put over the box along with a photograph of my cousin on graduation day, holding her beloved medical degree. It was an eerie sight to say the least. The minister told us we must keep our faith, even if we were still all lost in a state of shock. He said we must now use Camille's life as an example to better ourselves each and every day, as she had done. He said she would now be watching us always, from the heavens above, and was closer to our hearts now than she had ever been before. And thinking about it, I suppose he's right. Though, it doesn't do much in the way of relieving any pain still left in my heart.

But enough about that. Like I said in the first installment of this journal: you must force yourself to get over things and carry on. And carry on I did the next evening with my new friend Mallory Lingle.

"Rob," she said to me outside the library. "Rob I think we need to blow off some steam."

"What do you mean?" I asked her.

"I mean we need to cut loose -like go all out."

"Like go all out in what way?"

"We need to get juiced."

"Juiced, like how?"

"Juiced like down at a freaky club watching a band wailing away on stage."

"Sounds good to me," I told her.

"So what are we waiting for?"

And off we went to Hoboken to a joint named Maxwell's in her father's old run down Volvo Station Wagon. Now this car may look atrocious, but man can it haul ass out on the highway. Before I knew it, we had blown down Route 3, and were banking a right off the last exit before the Lincoln Tunnel on our way into Hoboken.

In town, we cut down all these rinky dink little streets before we finally emerged out onto Washington Ave. and made a quick left onto 11th St, parking the Volvo along the side the curb directly in front of Maxwell's. We watched this band called the "New Bomb Turks" go off on stage like a pack of wild monkeys all hopped up on methamphetamine. I mean they cranked out the tunes like I've never seen a band crank out the tunes before! And rest assured, I've been to a couple of Blink 182 shows before, so I sure as hell know what jamming is all about. But when I told Mallory that, she just laughed in my face, and said,

"Blink 182 sucks shit Rob! And don't ever bring them up to me again!"

So I didn't. Instead, I told Mallory it had been a pretty good God damn show. And she agreed with me. Then I asked her where the hell she was taking me seeing as her Volvo had somehow drifted inside the Lincoln tunnel on route to Manhattan.

"To another show Rob," she told me. "This night's not over yet."

And it surely wasn't. Not by a long shot. We spend the rest of night hoping from bar to bar, from show to show until we were finally driving back to the University with nature's first light, a pure golden hue, gleaming away in her Volvo's rear view mirror.

"Is this what it's all about?" I asked her.

And Mallory said, "sorta."

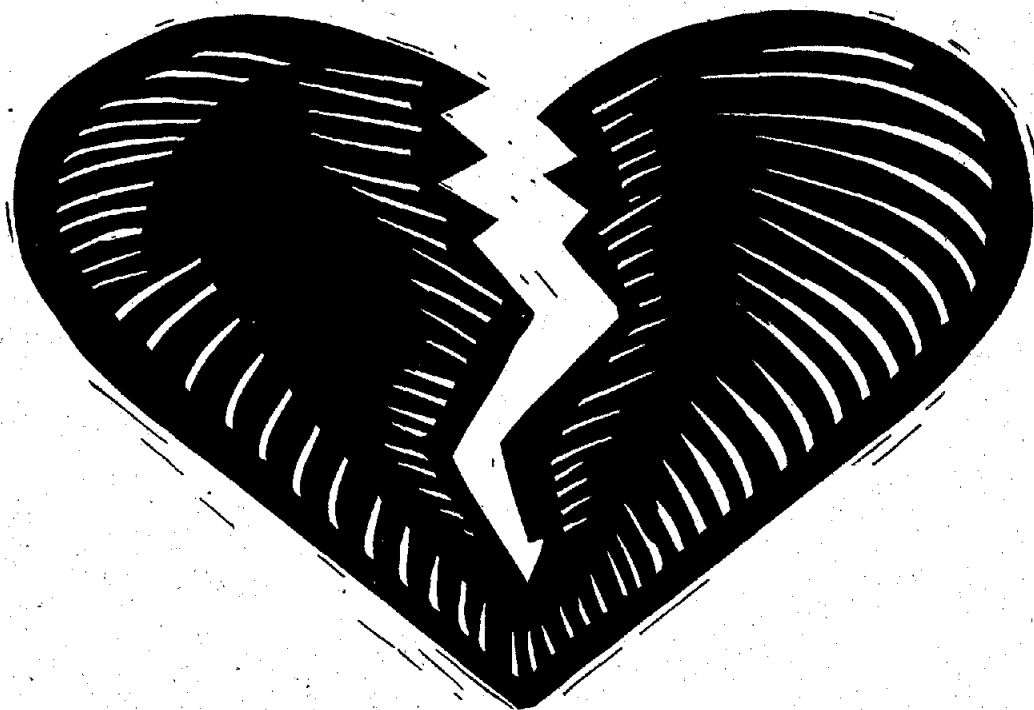
Christian Mark Welch

Submit poetry, short stories, odd photos, etc to the LIT section. Email to: beacon@student.wpunj.edu, or stop by Student Center 310.

Literary Warfare

Look at me and tell me your name
 Tell me what makes you work and why you're here
 Why do people react to you the way they do?
 Is it those piercing eyes, that incredible stare?
 Or those ridiculous freckles and that little boy grin?
 Seeing you puts me in a whirlwind of emotion,
 Confusion I've never felt before
 Is this what love is like?
 A constant state of not knowing what to do, how to
 act?
 I never know what you're thinking,
 You always keep me scared,
 Willing to do anything to impress,
 To sneak a smile out of that tough face
 Look at me and tell me your name
 Lead me on only to break my heart,
 I'm asking you to,
 Never call, just look.
 Gaze at me the way you do
 Give me that look that makes me want you
 That face could take anything from me with a move
 of
 your lashes
 I can't see you, but I sense you're there
 Ready to take me
 Take me far from where I am
 I can be with you forever, just tell me when to start
 I'm ready when you are baby
 Look at me and tell me your name
 Place your head against my breast
 Tell me what makes you so strong,
 Give me the gift of your qualities,
 Your ability to hide everything from the people
 around
 you
 I can see right through those eyes baby
 I can look right into those hard brown eyes and see
 what's behind them
 I know how soft you are, the little boy you secretly
 are
 Lay down with me and explain why God sent you here
 Were you sent as a test?
 A test to see how much love my heart could take?
 I'm overflowing if you need an answer, God
 Look at me and tell me your name
 Take me for what I am
 It can be me and you together
 Little boy and little girl not ready to take on the
 world
 Time will stop for us if God is so kind,
 Kind enough to give us our moments together
 Moments without anyone but ourselves
 Free to pool our eyes with tears
 To kiss each other's cheeks and hold each other's
 hands
 To feel our hearts beat against each other's chests
 and fall in love
 Open yourself to me and I swear I'll respond
 No games with this one, I'll give you my heart
 Just ask for it.

Alli Shavano



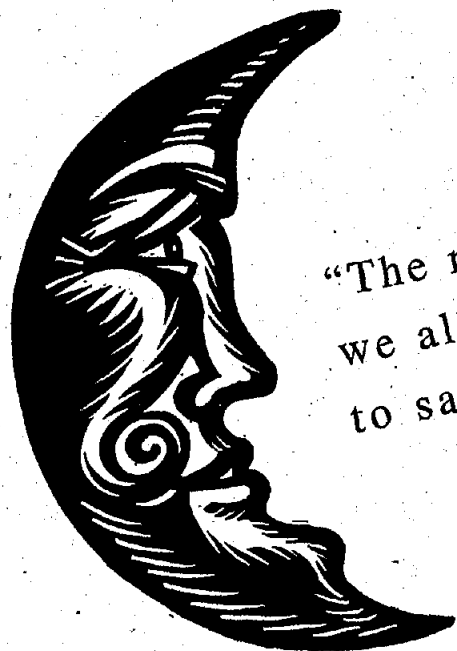
**"Never let a domestic quarrel ruin a
 day's writing. If you can't start the next
 day fresh, get rid of your wife."**

Mario Puzo

Remember

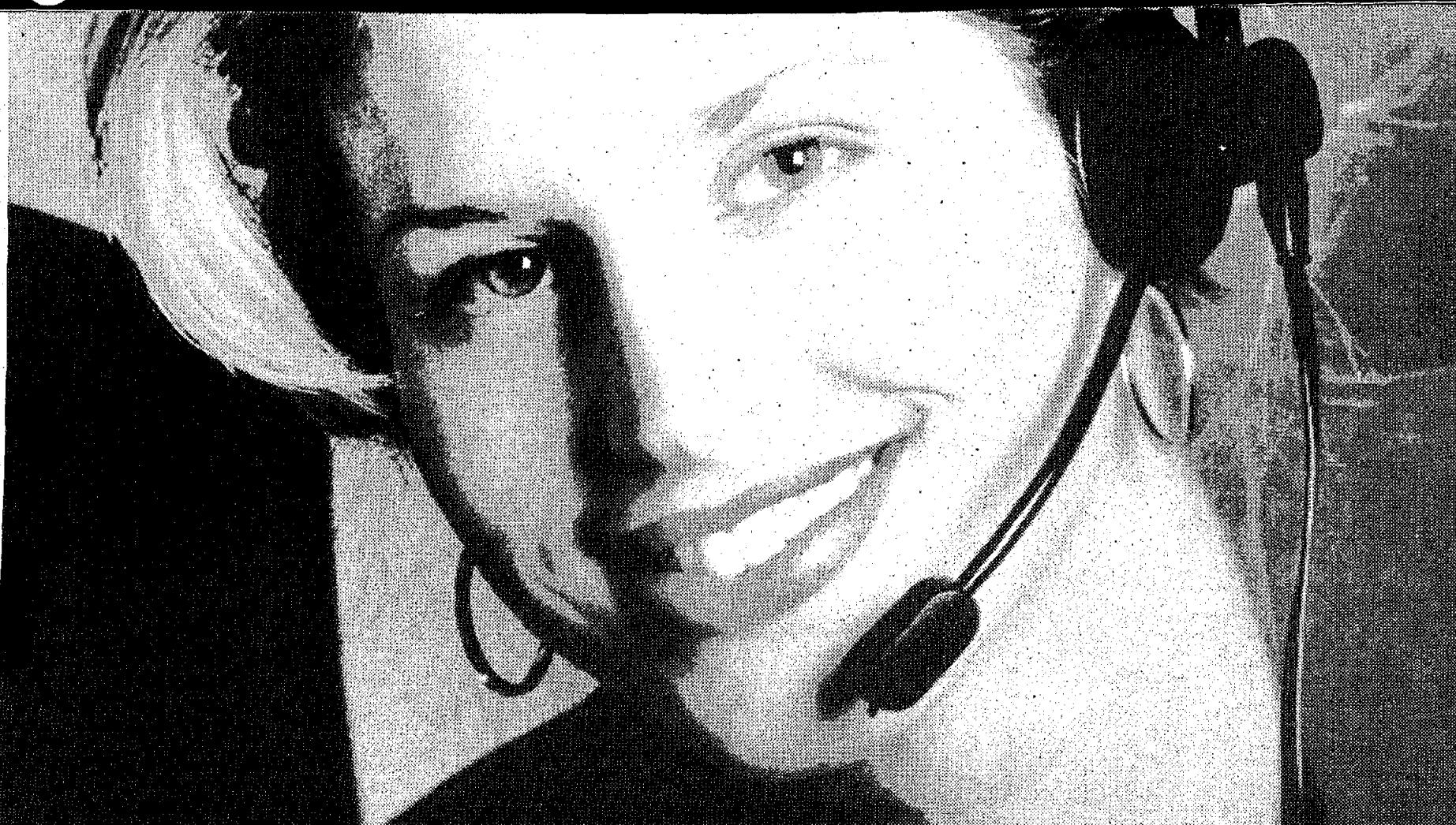
Remember who you are, and always
 keep in sight who you want to be.
 Remember where you came from,
 so you can see where you are going.
 Remember to show respect and love,
 so that you will be respected and loved.
 Remember your grandmother, because her
 unconditional love for you will always there.
 Remember that we are all on this earth for a pur-
 pose or reason.
 Remember to hold onto your dreams, and to keep
 reaching
 higher. It is our dreams, achieved or not, that
 helps
 determine who we are and what we will become.
 Remember!

Rita Swain



**"The role of a writer is not to say what
 we all can say but what we are unable
 to say"**

Anais Nin



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First African American Congresswoman visits Rutgers

Shirley Chisholm, the first African-American woman to serve in the U.S. House of Representatives, visited the Douglass Campus of Rutgers University in New Brunswick on October 4.

The first African-American woman to run for president, Chisholm's visit was part of the inaugural occupant of the Senator Wynona Lipan Chair in Women's Political Leadership.

Chisholm discussed racism and sexism during her lecture. She said that African-American women are in "double jeopardy," especially in the political arena. She also discussed how her many "firsts" in politics opened the door for women and African-Americans. She called herself, "a catalyst for change."

The speaker also stressed two factors she feels contributed to her successes in life: her unshakable personal confidence and her belief and faith in God. "I'm not afraid of anything," Chisholm said.

Before the lecture, a private reception was held at the Eagleton Institute of Politics. William Paterson University senior, Elena Jensen, had the privilege of attending. "She is one truly exceptional woman," Jensen said. "Just being in the same room with her gave me a feeling of empowerment."

Shirley Chisholm was born November 30, 1924 in New York. After earning a M.A. from Columbia University, Chisholm went on to serve in the New York State Assembly.



Left to right: Regina Gwynn, Shirley Chisholm, Elena Jensen

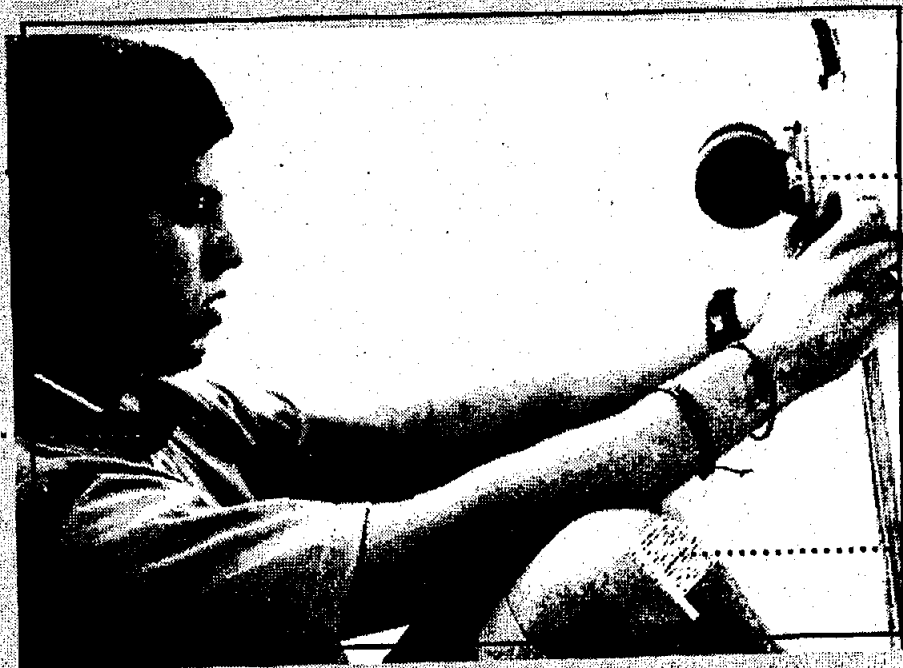
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The Beacon Mixed drink of the week **Bubble Gun**

1/4 oz. vodka
1/4 oz. banana liqueur
1/4 oz. orange juice
1/4 oz. peach schnapps
Combine over ice in a glass and shake, or strain into shoglasses

Dedicated to Angela Sarrica and Sam Lugo who make the editor's life so wonderful every day

Spanish Rice

2 cups white rice
2 cans campbells' tomato soup
2 large green peppers
1 small yellow onion
1 lb. ground round

Boil rice per instructions
Dice onions into small bits
Cut 3 slices of green pepper for garnish
Dice into small bits rest of green peppers
Brown meat
Add soup, let come to a boil
Add rest of ingredients
Garnish with green pepper slices
Put in the oven till it browns at 375 degrees fahrenheit

Mark's Quick Lasagna

1 1/2 lb. ground beef
1 large jar Ragu spaghetti
sauce
1 lb. lasagna noodles
3 c. Mozzarella cheese,
shredded

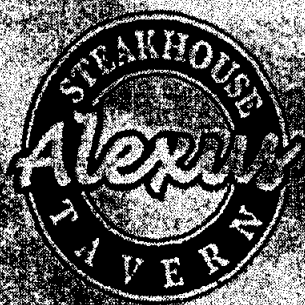
Brown ground beef in skillet until crumbly. Drain off excess fat. Pour jar of sauce into skillet with meat and simmer. Boil lasagna noodles in water for 5 minutes. Drain noodles. In 13 x 9 x 2-inch baking pan, put thin coating of meat sauce. Layer with lasagna noodles, meat sauce and Mozzarella cheese. Repeat with noodles, sauce and cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Chicken Salad Sandwiches

1 chicken
1 onion
1 bell pepper
3 ribs celery
2 cloves garlic
3 boiled eggs

Boil chicken, onion, bell pepper, celery and garlic together in water seasoned to taste. Grind all ingredients and mix with cream of mushroom soup (straight a the can). Spread on bread or crackers and enjoy.

TUESDAYS are school nights at

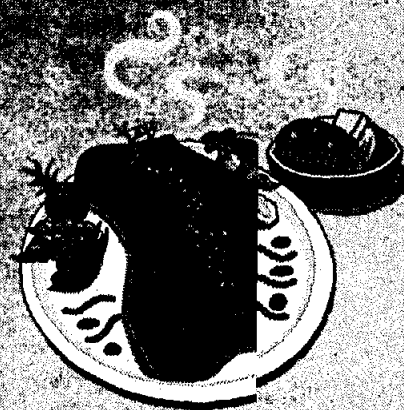


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DAMN GOOD Peanut Butter Cookies

1 c. sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 c. margarine (do not use butter)
2 c. (12 oz. pkg.) peanut butter chips
2 c. sifted all-purpose flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
colored decorator frostings and gels

Cream margarine and sugar until light and fluffy in a large bowl. Add eggs and vanilla; beat well. Set aside. Melt peanut butter chips in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water. Immediately add to creamed mixture,

blending well. Combine flour, baking soda and salt. Blend into peanut butter mixture. Divide dough into quarters. Cover and chill until firm enough to handle, about 1/2 hour. Roll each quarter about 1/8-inch thick between 2 pieces of wax paper. Cut into desired shapes with cookie cutters. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 5 to 7 minutes or until very lightly browned. Cool slightly on cookie sheet. Remove to wire rack to cool completely. Decorate with frostings and gel. Makes about 5 dozen (3-inch) cookies.

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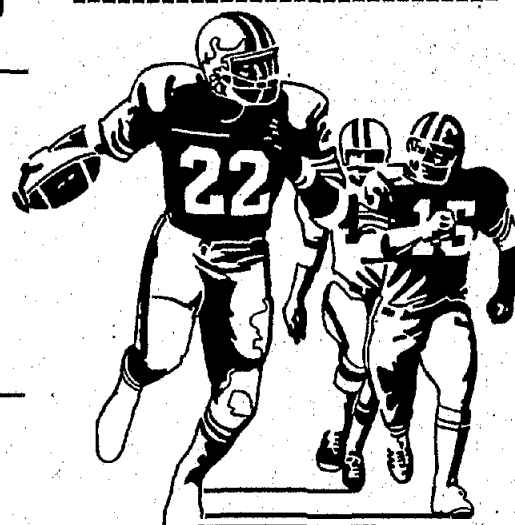
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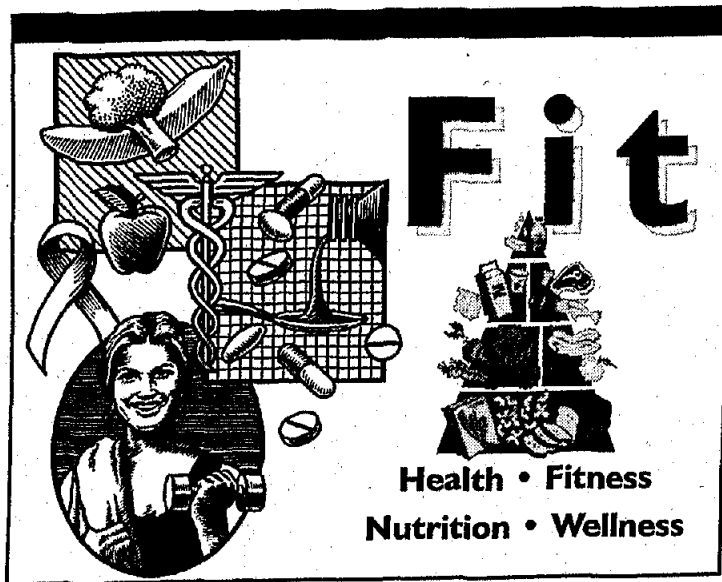
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American College Of Radiology Urges Breast Screening On National Mammography Day, October 20

(NAPSA)-The American College of Radiology's (ACR) National Mammography Day, October 20, will be one of the highlights of this year's 15th annual National Breast Cancer Awareness month. ACR-accredited facilities across the United States will be offering free or discounted screening mammograms on this day and throughout the month. Last year more than 2,200 ACR-accredited mammography facilities took part in National Mammography Day, the largest total in the eight-year history of the program.

The ACR and the National Breast Cancer Awareness Month Board of Sponsors urge women to take advantage of this program, especially after a recent report strongly indicated that increased use of screening mammography continues to help

reduce the death rate from breast cancer.

For 40 years the breast cancer mortality rate rose, but in the last several years it has begun to decline. The National Cancer Institute and other organizations have identified the higher use of screening mammography as a key factor in this drop.

Breast cancer is the most commonly diagnosed cancer among American Women. When the disease is detected early and treated promptly, women have more than a 90 percent chance of surviving. Mammography is the single most effective way to find breast cancer at its earliest, most curable stage.

When breast cancer is diagnosed early, more treatment choices are available. Beginning at age 40, women without symptoms should have a screening mammogram and a breast exam by their doctor every year.

To obtain the free booklet, Breast Care: Your Guide to Mammography, call the ACR Publication Sales Department at 1-800-227-7762. For further information visit www.radiologyinfo.org and www.acr.org.

By Judith Sheldon

Many people say they love fresh fruit, but don't know how to determine when the fruit is ripe enough to be picked and eaten. Here's a list of tips that you can use to help you make

your choices:

- Apples: Choose firm-to-the-touch, hard apples.
- Cantaloupe Melons: Use your eyes, nose and hands to find a sweet melon. Look for one that is creamy yellow in color with gold colored background. Sniff for that telltale musky fragrance that indicates ripeness. The bottom should also yield slightly to pressure.
- Grapes: Grapes are ready to eat as soon as you buy them. Take them home, rinse them, and enjoy them.
- Kiwi Fruit: If the kiwi is slightly soft to the touch, it is ready to be enjoyed.
- Mangoes: Choose mangoes that yield to pressure when you

touch the and have a fruity fragrance the stem. Color doesn't affect sweetness.

- Papaya: Look for fruit that is mostly yellow and just a little soft to the touch.
- Peach: This wonderful fruit

each day to make sure they haven't overripened.

- Pineapples: Forget about color. A green pineapple can have as much sweetness as a golden one. But do look for one that has deep green leaves and looks fresh.
- Strawberries: Color counts. Look for bright red berries with fresh green tops.

NIH NOTE: For those who have asked about contacting the NIH (National Institutes of

Health) on the Web, you can visit their home page at <http://www.nih.gov>.

If you have a health-related question or comment, you can e-mail Judith Sheldon at letters.kfws@hearstsc.com. Or write to her in care of King Features Weekly Service, 628 Virginia Drive, Orlando FL 32803.

Health and Nutrition

comes in several varieties, including at least two new ones. Peaches should be soft to the touch and have a fragrant "peachy"roma

- Pear: Look for fruit that is firm and blemished. Pears ripen from the inside out, so press gently near the stem to see if they're soft and ready to enjoy. If you buy unripened pears, put them in a closed brown paper bag and leave them on your kitchen counter. Check

Contact the following organizations for the name of a local screening free, or discounted, breast cancer screening in your area on National Mammography Day, October 20th.

- American Cancer Society: 800-27-2345
- Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation: 800-62-9273
- National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations: 888-8 NABCO
- National Cancer Institute: 800-4-CANCER
- Y-memorial National Breast Cancer Organization: 800-221-2141

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Just Do It!

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

BY PAUL G. DONOHUE, M.D.



DE DR. DONOHUE: After several weeks of diarrhea and substantial weight loss, our 1-year-old grandson was diagnosed with ulcerative colitis. The doctor put him on prednisone. We

understand this is a powerful drug and that it will stunt his growth, along with having other undesirable side effects. Are there any other drugs or dietary considerations that have fewer side effects? — R.A.

ANSWER: Prednisone is a corticosteroid drug, the kind of drug most useful in treating inflammation. It is a powerful drug.

Ulcerative colitis is a powerful illness. Often prednisone is the only drug that can calm it.

In ulcerative colitis, shallow ulcers stud the surface of the colon — the large bowel. The ulcers look a bit like the sore of a skinned knee.

In addition, the bowel wall is inflamed. Diarrhea — of bloody — and crampy abdominal pain are prominent symptoms of the disease.

Ulcerative colitis most often takes between ages 15 and 35, but age is exempt from it.

The illness causes a loss of appetite. Loss of appetite coupled with diarrheas lead to weight loss and growth retardation.

Prednisone can also stunt growth, weaken bones, upset blood-sugar control and shrink the adrenal glands. However, my grandson is not going to be on high doses of prednisone for extended periods. Once the inflammation is controlled, the prednisone is tapered and eventually discontinued. No other drugs can help maintain the child in a quiescent state. Most children with ulcerative colitis make up any growth delay caused by prednisone.

The only dietary prescription for ulcerative colitis is to back down on fiber while the colon is inflamed.

Do your grandson a favor: Have him and his parents contact the Crohn's and Colitis Foundation for the support and information the foundation can supply. The number is: (800) 343-3637.

DEAR DR. DONOHUE: What causes heart valves to calcify? Could it be calcium supplements? — E.C.

ANSWER: Calcification is the body's way of patching up flaws. A flawed heart valve is a good example.

Some people are born with abnormal heart valves. Rheumatic fever is another cause for abnormal heart valves. Aging can lead to heart valve degeneration.

When the body splices valves that deviate from the norm, it tries to plaster the abnormality with a coat of calcium. The calcium does not make matters better. It usually makes them worse.

The calcium does not come from calcium supplements. The body steals calcium from bones. Calcification occurs even if a person gets little dietary calcium.

There is no way to stop valve calcification. It is impossible to undo a damaged valve with medicine. If the valve leaks or narrows, a heart surgeon can generally correct the valve problem.

Dr. Donohue regrets that he is unable to answer individual letters, but he will incorporate them in his column whenever possible. Readers may write him at P.O. Box 536475, Orlando, FL 32853-6475.

ULCERATIVE COLITIS CAN ATTACK YOUNGSTERS

Battle Plan May Protect Veterans From Hepatitis Danger

(NAPSA)—America's veterans are facing a new battle and many may not even know they are in danger. A study conducted by the Veterans Health Administration (VHA) shows that eight to 10 percent of all veterans in the VHA system tested positive for hepatitis C, which is four to five times greater than the infection rate realized in the general population. In this study, veterans who served in Vietnam accounted for more than 50 percent of those with positive test results.

"Veterans, particularly those who served in Vietnam, need to be acutely aware of hepatitis C and its potential consequences," explained George Duggins, president of the Vietnam Veterans of America (VVA). "Getting tested is the first step in properly fighting this disease, and the VVA and other veterans service organizations are working closely with medical experts in this field to ensure that veterans do not face this fight alone."

The hepatitis C virus (HCV) is spread by infected blood and many ways of getting infected have been identified. Combat and even military training often bring soldiers into con-

tact with blood. Exposure to bleeding wounds or transfusions are other ways that soldiers can become infected. The injection of drugs and sexual contact with multiple partners are other risks. Tattoos applied with unsterile equipment and snorting drugs may also be risk factors.

The American Liver Foundation's (ALF) newly formed Veteran's Council on Hepatitis C and Liver Disease is urging veterans nationwide to get tested for hepatitis C.

"Hepatitis C is frequently a disease without symptoms and it can go undetected for 20 or even 30 years," explained John Vierling, MD, Chair of the newly formed ALF Veterans Council. "Often, the disease is not diagnosed until serious liver damage has already occurred. That's why the work of the Veterans Council is so important. We need to get the word out to veterans so that they can benefit from testing and access to effective treatments."

Hepatitis C is a potentially life-threatening disease. Left unchecked, it can lead to cirrhosis (scarring of liver) and liver cancer. It is the leading cause of liver transplantation in the U.S. Each year, up to 10,000 people in this country die due to hepatitis C, and the annual number of HCV-related deaths could triple in the next 10 years. An estimated 4 million people in this country have been exposed to HCV.

The American Liver Foundation is urging veterans to speak to their physician about getting tested for hepatitis C, or they can call 1-888-4HEP-USA, or visit www.liverfoundation.org, for more information.

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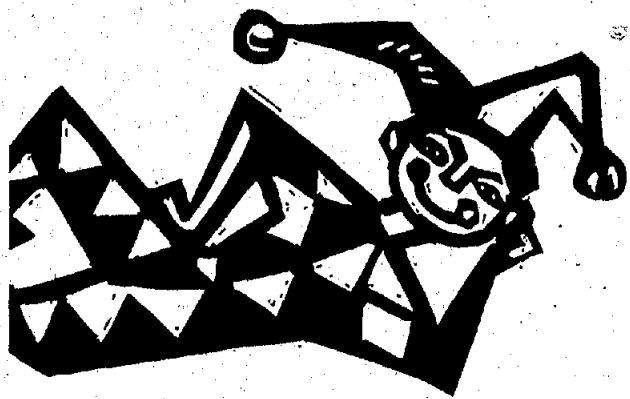
If you have any brains at all, you'll be aware of the danger of depression.

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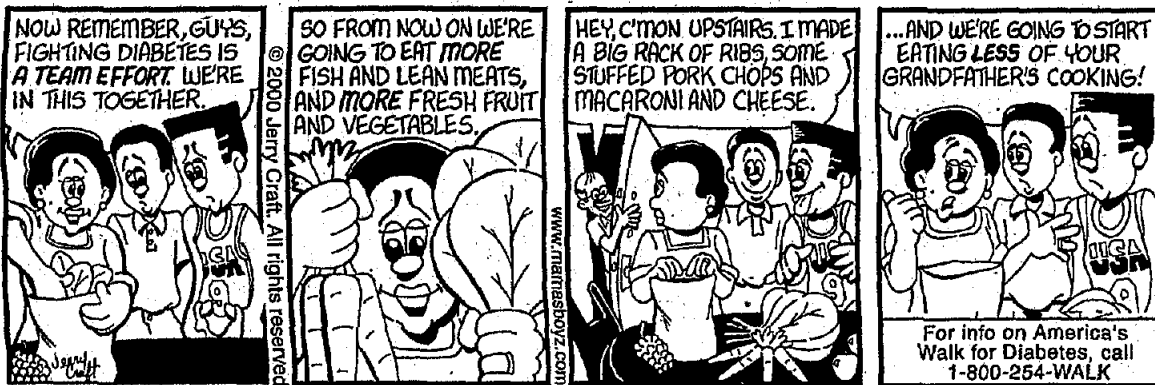
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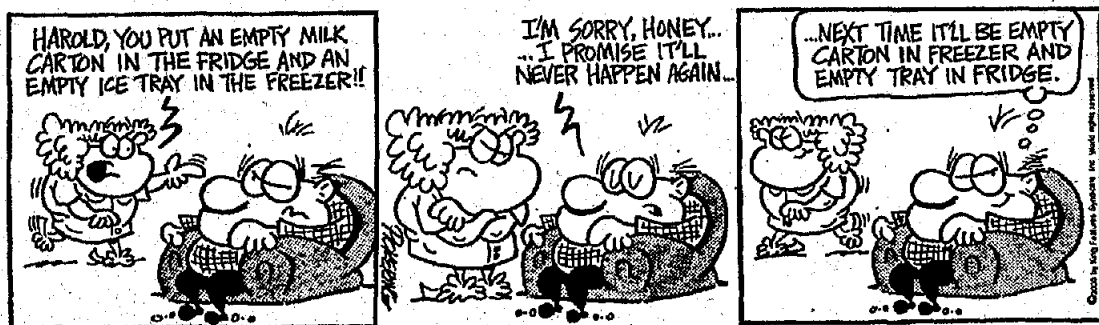
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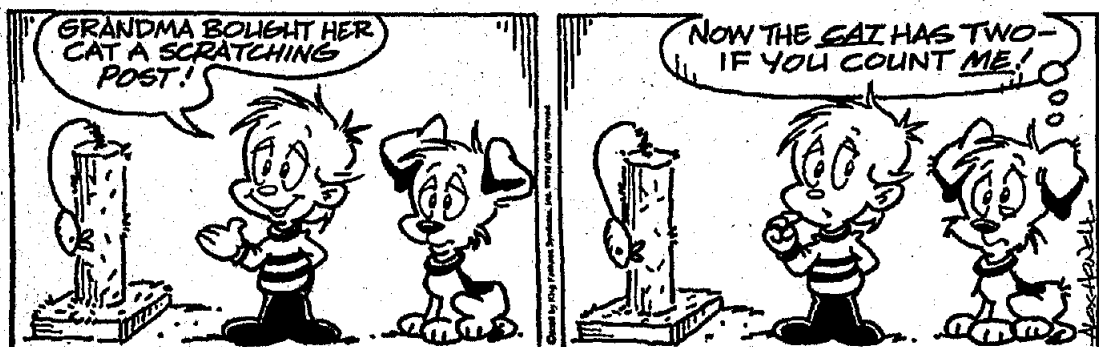
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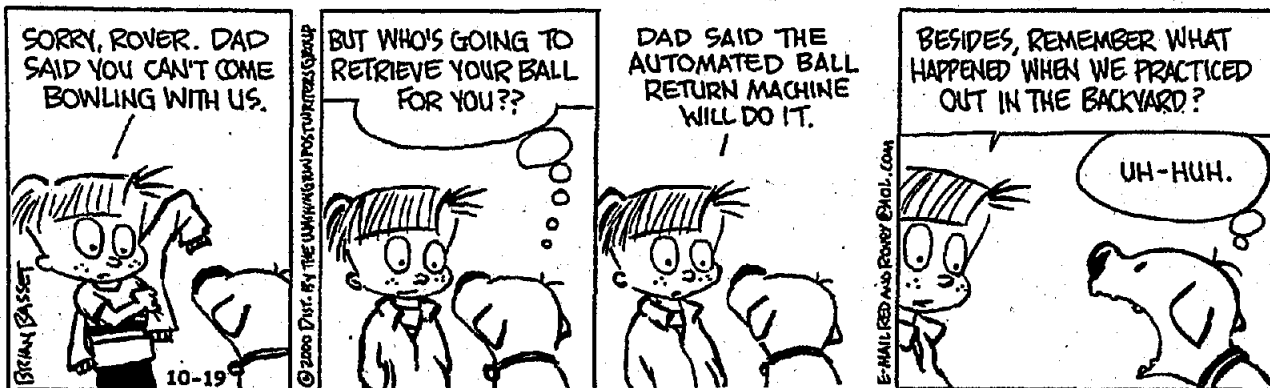
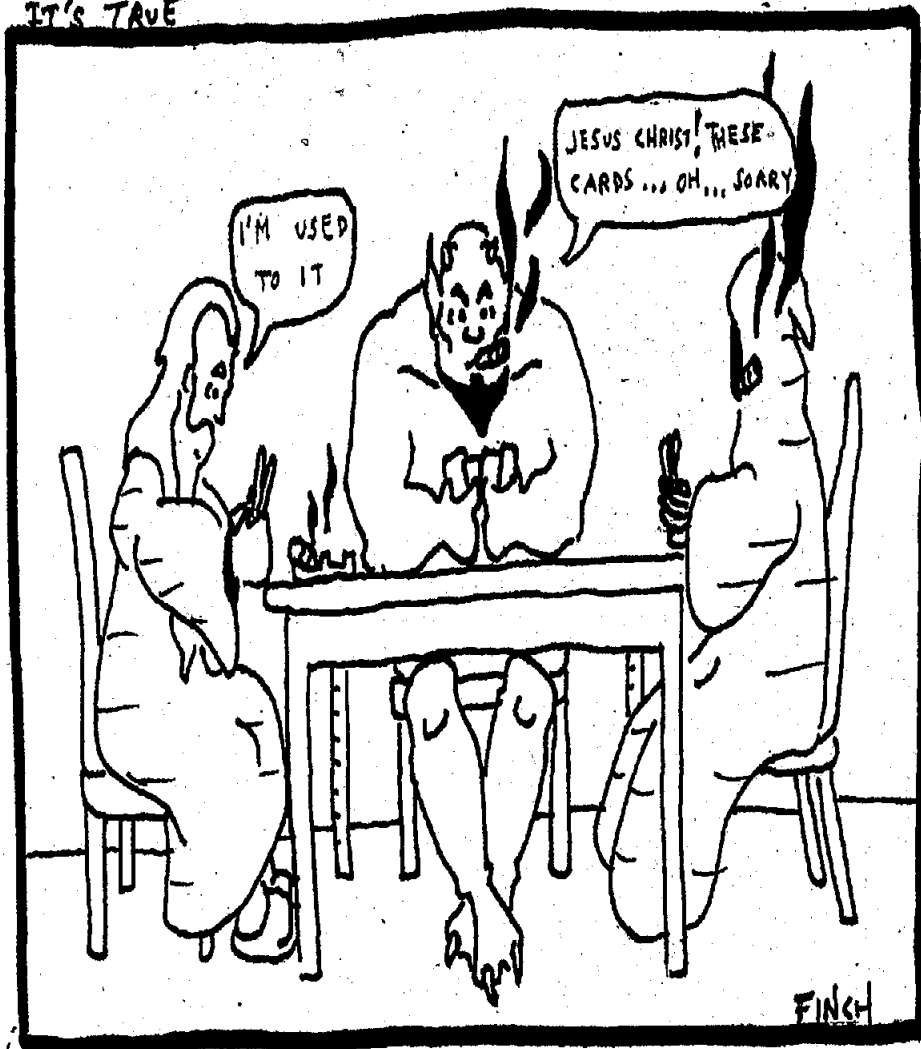
No one noticed that Earl had actually wired twelve all-beef hot dogs to his chest. No one, that is, except Cuddles.



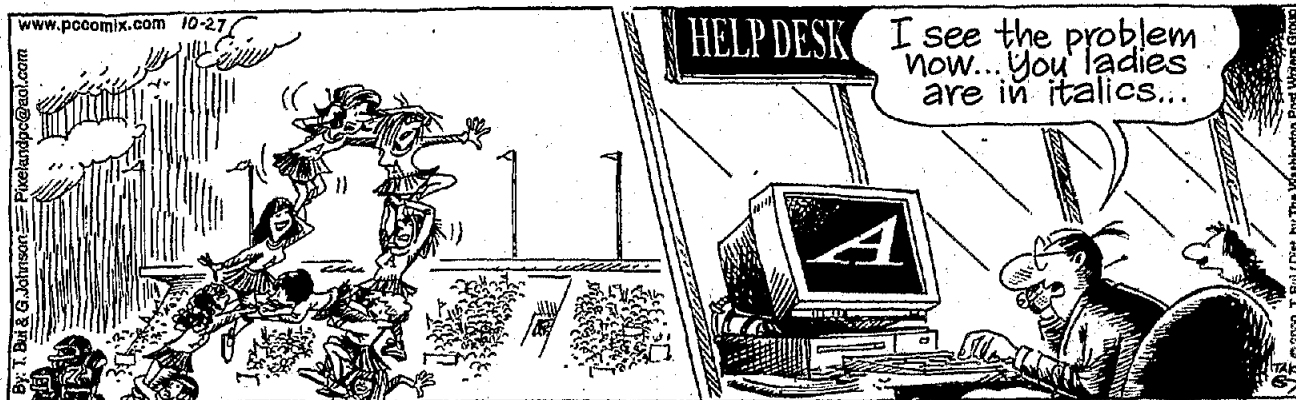
THE CYNIC



IT'S TRUE



Red and Rover
by Brian Basset



FROM PAGE 6

impact—because most Serbs are out of work anyway. The opposition frittered away precious momentum as its strategists debated whether strikes should go on for three hours, five hours or a full day.

The turnaround came at the Kolubara mines near the town of Lazarevac, a former Milosevic stronghold about 40 miles south of Belgrade. On Sept. 29, 7,500 workers walked off their jobs at four enormous open-pit mines that provide coal to the country's main thermoelectric plant. The strike threatened to cut off power to one third of Serbia. Milosevic sent in hundreds of riot police to break up the strike and ordered the arrest of 11 strike leaders and two opposition figures for inciting sabotage. On Wednesday, police surrounded a group of miners at a canteen in an attempt to take control of the mine. Angry people from across Serbia rushed to the scene to show their solidarity with the strikers—commandeering bulldozers and ramming through police barricades. Bewildered and frightened, the police retreated.

The strike in Milosevic's heartland galvanized the lagging opposition. Leaders escalated their demands, calling on Milosevic to recognize Kostunica's victory, drop the arrest orders against the miners and opposition leaders, and fire the top management of state-run television. They set a deadline of Thursday afternoon, and exhorted supporters throughout Serbia to march on Belgrade. On Thursday morning, more than half a million people converged on the city. Jobless men from gritty Serb towns—seething with rage over Serbia's lost wars and impoverished isolation—mingled with the urban intelligentsia. Young mobsters, decked out in the latest Versace fashions, protested alongside them; even they had abandoned Milosevic. The mood seemed to be a combustible mix of anger and anticipation. Alcohol was abundant.

The spark was struck at 3:30 in the afternoon. After a series of desultory speeches by pro-opposition celebrities, an impatient mob broke through metal barricades erected in front of the Yugoslav Federal Parliament building; police officers opened fire with hundreds of canisters of tear gas. Enraged, the protesters attacked

the Parliament, forcing the police to flee through rear doors. The mob seized control of the building, trashing offices, setting fires, hurling pictures of the hated despot into the street. Outside, Jovan Nikolic, a hulking factory worker, wiped gas from his eyes, watched smoke billow from the windows and spat in contempt for the dying regime. "Let the Parliament burn," he said. "We'll build a new one." Protesters hauled a captured officer from the Serbian Special Units—an elite police force considered loyal to Milosevic—before the jeering crowd. He addressed them over loudspeakers: "My colleagues fired tear gas at you and beat you with truncheons, but we are not doing this of our own will," he proclaimed. "Good luck."

A block away at Serbian State Television headquarters, a bloodier battle raged. Police fired rubber bullets, then live ammunition, at protesters who surged toward the building. Four were wounded, and a young woman died when a bulldozer commandeered by demonstrators ran over her. After an hourlong battle, the mob set fire to the building, taking the TV station off the air and driving out 2,000 police. Just before being seized, the station reported that "at this moment, terror rules in Belgrade. [Opposition forces] are attacking everyone they see on the streets, and there is chaos." After issuing that statement, the station switched briefly to music videos. Then it went dark.

As daylight faded over the smoke-filled capital, the government appeared to have lost all authority. The entire police force at Belgrade's downtown police station surrendered to the crowds. Opposition supporters stormed the building, seizing bullet-proof vests, Kalashnikovs and pistols—and trashing what was left inside. At city hall, opposition leaders unloaded a yellow truck filled with machine guns, supervised by five friendly policemen who wore white ribbons on their left shoulders in a gesture of solidarity. Many celebrants strutted happily past the looted and burned perfume shop belonging to Marko Milosevic, Slobodan's much-reviled son; Marko was reported by the Yugoslav press to have fled with his wife and son on a Yugoslav Airlines flight to Moscow, using passports with false surnames. Three state-owned TV stations, three state radio networks and Politika, a powerful media house run by an ally of Milosevic's wife, Mirjana Markovic, declared

their loyalty to Kostunica. Even the management of Serbia's most popular entertainment network, the Pink Channel—which alternated Sloba propaganda with Latin American soap operas and reruns of "The X-Files"—switched to the opposition.

Throughout the night, Milosevic and his wife were monitoring the meltdown from a villa in the luxurious Dedinje neighborhood overlooking Belgrade. Built by the Yugoslav communist leader Tito in the 1950s, the official presidential residence was heavily damaged by NATO bombs last year. It is known to be honeycombed by bunkers and a labyrinth of tunnels that can provide an easy escape in times of civil unrest or invasion; they were also used to store priceless art works during the NATO bombing campaign. But Milosevic and his wife were hardly contemplating a hasty exit, experts believe. Confident of the support of the military and the police, the Milosevics almost certainly believed that they'd survive in power.

But the dictator's time was growing short. On Friday more pillars of support crumbled. Russian Foreign Minister Igor Ivanov met Kostunica at the Federation Palace, the formal seat of the Yugoslav presidency, and told him that the Russian government now recognized him as the country's leader. Ivanov then met Milosevic at his bombed-out villa and urged him to accept defeat. Milosevic, defiant, informed him that he intended to keep playing a role in Serbian politics. Then the Army weighed in: Chief of Staff Nebojsa Pavkovic, who had remained on the fence until late afternoon, visited Kostunica and pledged his support. The two men drove to Dedinje and confronted Milosevic in a small billiard house built by Tito beside the bombed villa. Milosevic and Kostunica shook hands for the first time. Pavkovic reportedly told Milosevic that the battle for the Yugoslav presidency was over. Then he left the two men alone. They talked for an hour, reports say. Milosevic agreed to recognize Kostunica's victory at the polls, but he didn't bother to ask his successor about the possibility that he might be prosecuted by Yugoslav or international courts.

By Saturday it appeared that Milosevic intended to keep fighting. Loyal henchmen, surrounded by muscular bodyguards, took their seats in the Yugoslav Parliament's makeshift headquarters as worried oppositionists watched. "We have

nothing. We don't have the police. Our lives are still in danger," said Zarko Korac, an opposition leader and new member of Parliament. "[Milosevic] can order us to be killed any time."

Although he now lacks any official title, Milosevic still commands the loyalty of powerful officials, including the Interior minister, who oversees a police force of 150,000 men. It is still conceivable that he could pull the strings in the Parliament and have a crony elected prime minister. Still, he's lost the media and control over large parts of the country, and most believe the damage to him is beyond repair.

So far he had managed to avoid the fate of Romania's dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, who was captured and executed shortly after his fall and attempted escape in December 1989. But Milosevic is widely hated, and if he keeps fighting for his political life, he risks antagonizing the masses further. He also risks standing trial for war crimes—and a certain life sentence. On Friday night Kostunica repeated his promises that there would be "no revenge" against people from the old regime, and attacked The Hague tribunal as a puppet of the U.S. government. But Kostunica could still yield to Western demands for international justice. As a last resort, Milosevic could take refuge in the former Soviet republic of Belarus, which on Friday offered him a home in exile.

For Kostunica, the real struggle is just beginning. He now must consolidate his position in Serbia and deal with the lingering threat from Milosevic. Only then can he turn to Serbia's crumbling economy, which is dominated by criminal gangs and fueled by smuggling. More than 30 percent of the work force is unemployed, and the infrastructure, battered by NATO bombs and neglected after eight years of sanctions, is in tatters. If he manages to take real power, he should finally bring some stability to one of the most dangerous corners of the planet. Kostunica has already expressed his readiness to talk with independence-minded leaders in Montenegro; he'll be tougher on the Kosovars. But it's probably premature to speculate on geopolitics as long as Milosevic is in a position to make mischief. If the old dictator won't go quietly, the masses may be forced into the streets one more time.

this week in history

On Oct. 18, 1469, Ferdinand of Aragon marries Isabella of Castile, thus beginning a cooperative reign that would unite all the dominions of Spain and elevate the nation to a dominant world power. ... On Oct. 20, 1818, Great Britain and the United States sign a diplomatic convention establishing a boundary between the U.S. and British Canada along the 49th parallel. ... On Oct. 18, 1931, inventor Thomas Alva Edison, who acquired an astounding 1,093 patents in his lifetime, died at his home in New Jersey. He was 84 years old. ... On Oct. 22, 1934, Charles "Pretty Boy" Floyd, the notorious bank robber and folk hero, is fatally shot by federal agents near a farm in East Liverpool, Ohio. ... On Oct. 22, 1962, the Cuban Missile Crisis begins when President John F.

Kennedy disclosed that U.S. spy planes had discovered the existence of Soviet missiles in Cuba. He announced that he was ordering a naval blockade of Cuba, and explained that the U.S. would not tolerate the existence of the missile sites currently in place. ... On Oct. 21, 1967, a protest march on Washington, D.C., against the Vietnam War draws over 50,000 participants. U.S. Marshals and troops guarding the Pentagon attempt to disperse the demonstrators. Several U.S. Marshals use their wooden batons against the crowd. No one is seriously injured, but over 500 people are arrested. ... On Oct. 20, 1968, Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy, widow of the late U.S. President John F. Kennedy, marries Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipping magnate, in a ceremony held on his private island of Skorpios in Greece. ... On Oct. 16, 1984, at Loma Linda University Medical Center in California,

Dr. Leonard L. Bailey performs the first baboon heart transplant, an operation in which a diseased human heart is replaced by a healthy

baboon heart. After a month-long struggle, the patient, a 15-day-old baby girl known as "Baby Fae," dies after her immune system finally rejects the baboon heart. ... On Oct. 17, 1989, the deadliest U.S. earthquake since 1902 strikes the San Francisco Bay area in California. The quake, measuring 7.1 on the Richter scale, is witnessed on live television by millions of people watching the third game of the World Series. ... On Oct. 19, 1989, The

Guildford Four (Gerry Conlon, Paul Hill, Paddy Armstrong, and Carole Richardson), convicted for the 1975 IRA bombings of public houses in Guildford and Woolwich, England, are cleared of all charges after 14 years in prison.

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