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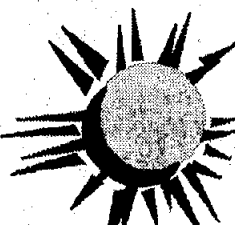
PRINCE PAUL



Wayne's 7-Day Local Forecast



MONDAY
Wintry Mix
High: 51 Low: 39



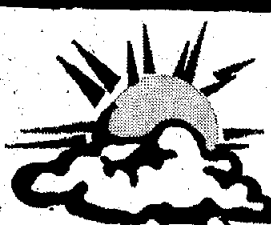
TUESDAY
Sunny and Breezy
High: 47 Low: 30



WEDNESDAY
Rain / Snow Mix
High: 41 Low: 33



THUDAY
Partly Cloudy
High: 40 Low: 24



FRIDAY
Partly Cloudy
High: 42 Low: 27

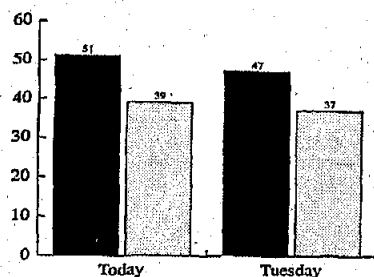


SATURDAY
Partly Cloudy
High: 44 Low: 27



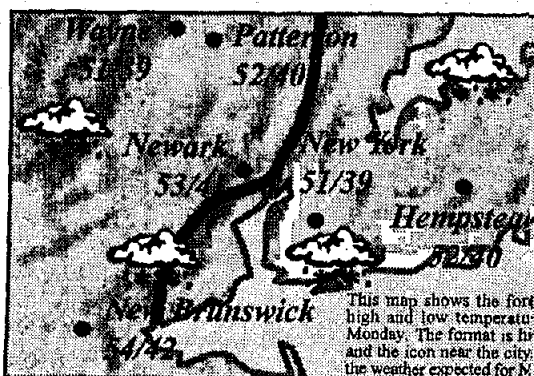
SUNDAY
Partly Cloudy
High: 45 Low: 30

Wind Chill Index



The chart above shows the forecasted average wind chill temperature for today and tomorrow. The black bar indicates the forecasted temperature. The gray bar indicates the average wind chill temperature projected.

Monday's Regional Forecas



Local Almanac Last Week

Day	High	Low	Normals	Precip*
Sat	39	21	41/26	0.01"
Sun	34	18	41/26	0.00"
Mon	44	21	41/26	0.00"
Tue	57	36	42/26	Trace
Wed	50	20	42/27	0.00"
Thu	25	17	42/27	0.23"
Fri	39	20	43/27	0.01"

Rainfall for the week 0.25"
Normal rainfall for the week 0.77"
Departure from normal for the week .. -0.52"
Rainfall for the year 3.52"
Normal rainfall for the year 5.88"
Departure from normal for the year .. -2.36"

* Precipitation includes snow converted to rainfall

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Weather History

Feb. 28, 1900 - A massive storm spread record snowfall totals from Kansas into New York state. Up to 17.5 inches of snow fell in Springfield, Ill. Rochester, N.Y. received a total of 43 inches. The Adirondack Mountains in New York state got a grand total of 60 inches of snow due to the storm.

National Weather Summary



A strong area of low pressure will be exiting the Northeast in the next part of the week. Windy conditions from the mid-Atlantic states through New England will subside by Wednesday. A new area of low pressure will develop over the Northeast Wednesday bringing heavy rain and thunderstorms to the Southeast through the end of the week.

Sun/Moon Chart This Week



Day	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset
Monday	6:35 a.m.	5:45 p.m.	8:28 a.m.	9:03 p.m.
Tuesday	6:34 a.m.	5:46 p.m.	8:54 a.m.	10:05 p.m.
Wednesday	6:32 a.m.	5:47 p.m.	9:22 a.m.	11:09 p.m.
Thursday	6:31 a.m.	5:48 p.m.	9:54 a.m.	
Friday	6:29 a.m.	5:49 p.m.	10:30 a.m.	12:15 a.m.
Saturday	6:27 a.m.	5:50 p.m.	11:14 a.m.	1:21 a.m.
Sunday	6:26 a.m.	5:52 p.m.	12:06 p.m.	2:27 a.m.



Monday 2-26

SABLE
Movie Night
Towers Lobby @ 8PM
The Orchestra at WPU
YAC Preliminary Round
10AM Shea 720-2371
Freshman Orientation Group
Interviews Noon-2PM & 5:30PM-7:30PM SC
Rms. 213, 324-6
Campus Activities 720-2271
New Music Festival
7pm Shea 720-2371
Feminist Collective Mtg.
SC Rm. 304 7PM-8:15PM
contact njg@gti.net

Tuesday 2-27

2nd Chapel
Art Exhibit "Liturgical Art"
Music & Refreshments
12PM-6PM Then 10AM-6PM till 3/7
720-3524
Premium Night
Towers Lobby
SABLE \$5/Plate @ 8PM
Student Speak-Out
CH SC BR
Speak About: Parking Problems,
Campus Security, Shuttle Bus Issues, Academic
Concerns etc.
MEISA MTG.
CH
Record Label, Concerts, Music Industry Events
Joanne 720-2524
Careers in Art
CH Ben Shahn B20 720-2440
Java & Jazz
CH SC Cafe
Campus Activities SAPB/Jazz Studies
720-2271
SGA Leg. Mtg.
3:30PM SC Rm. 324-6
720-2157

Wednesday 2-28

Ash Wed. Masses
9AM, CH, 3PM & 5PM CCM Chapel
720-3524
Career Planning a Portfolio
11:30AM Morrison Rm. 103 720-2440
Creating A Resume That Works!
3:30PM Morrison 720-2440
French Club/History Club
Spring Break @ Montreal
Leave 7AM March 10th-14th
Cesar 720-5442

Thursday 3-1

Majors & Minors Day
11:30AM-2PM BR
Advisement Ctr. 720-2730
Job Hunting/Networking Strategies
11AM Morrison Rm. 720-2440
Internet Job Search
11AM-CH Morrison Rm. 103 720-2440
Freshman Orientation
Group Interviews Noon-2PM
SC Rms. 203-4, 324-5, 326
Campus Activities 720-2271
Midday Artist Series: Jazz Concert
Shea CH \$ 720-2371
SGA Exec. Board Mtg.
3:30PM SC Rm. 326 720-2157
Spotlight Series: 6PM Cafe
Campus Activities 720-2271
Caribbean Party
8PM BR Caribea 720-2518
Stations Cross & Benediction will be performed
7:30PM
Lenten Bible Study
1PM CCM 720-3524

Friday 3-2

Stations of Cross & Benediction
CH CCM 720-3524
Rob Ariosto & the Sonic Arts Bar
\$3 Students \$Faculty/Staff /Other
SC BR 8PM-11PM
Benefits Wpu's Scholarship Fun
Survival in the Classroom 8:30-4PM
CEDL 720-3804
"An Evening With Janis Ian"
8PM Shea \$ 720-2371
Band Night Concert
8PM-11PM BR
Campus Activities 720-2271

Saturday 3-3

Sister to Sister Conference
"Empowerment by Respecting Self &
Others: Embracing
Womanism & Feminism."
SC 8:30AM-3:30PM
Continental Breakfast & Lunch Buffet
Free & Open to All
720-3254/2612
Job Fair Prep
3PM-4PM Morrison Rm. 103 720-2518
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due Fridays by 5 P.M. for fol-
lowing Monday's publication.
Fax: 720-2093
Email: beacon@e247.com

Sunday 3-4

Outdoors Club
Tripod Rock Hiking
Meet outside SC 10AM
Fredrick Doot 720-5093
http://euphrates.wpunj.edu/outdoorsclub
Earth-Quake Relief
The Indian Student Assoc. is sponsoring a
fundraiser for earthquake
relief that occurred between India &
Pakistan. We are having a raffle as well
as accepting donations. We would appre-
ciate any help
wpuisa@egroups.com

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The Beacon

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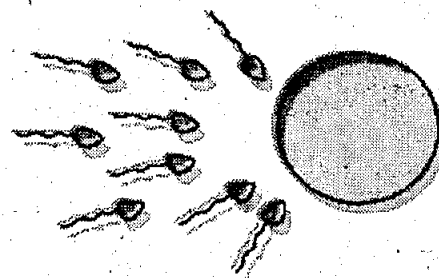
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A Spy's Secret World

TO HIS NEIGHBORS, ROBERT HANSSEN WAS A DEVOUT DAD. TO HIS FBI COLLEAGUES, HE COULD BE CONTROLLING AND MORALISTIC. TO THE RUSSIANS, HE WAS 'B' AND 'RAMON'—A LONG-TERM MOLE IN THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. HIS MIND AND MOTIVES.

In his long fight against the forces of evil, FBI Director Louis Freeh has always drawn on his deep faith. The director is regarded in the bureau as pure and relentlessly upright. Under the glass on Freeh's desktop, along with snapshots of his wife and six kids, is a photo of the late Cardinal John O'Connor. At least one of Freeh's children attends The Heights, a small, all-male school in Potomac, Md., affiliated with a powerful and secretive Roman Catholic order, Opus Dei. So imagine Freeh's discomfort last fall when he showed up to give a speech at his son's school and was greeted by another school parent and fellow FBI agent, Robert Hanssen, who was at that moment under surveillance for turning traitor as a Russian spy. When Freeh returned to his office the next day, he wearily told a colleague how difficult it had been to give a speech on ethics and morality, all the while knowing that Hanssen—a 27-year bureau veteran, father of six and member of the righteous and anti-communist Opus Dei—had betrayed everything that Freeh held dear.

The director is trying to put a brave face on the spy scandal, the worst since CIA turncoat Aldrich Ames was caught working for the Russians in 1993. Last week Freeh claimed that arresting Hanssen on charges of espionage was a "counterintelligence coup." From some kind of unidentified "sources" U.S. intelligence obtained what seemed to be virtually the KGB's entire file on Hanssen's case. Sources tell Newsweek the bureau was able to identify the turncoat—who used code names like "B" and "Ramon"—from his fingerprints on the packages he allegedly sent to his Russian handlers. "It was a eureka moment," said a top bureau official. Nonetheless, this week Freeh will have the difficult task of explaining to the Senate Intelligence Committee how such a mole could have gone undetected by the FBI for 15 years.

In some ways, Hanssen, who is expected to plead not guilty, is a throwback to the cold-war game of spy vs. spy, when the FBI and CIA and their Soviet rivals in the KGB (now renamed the SVR) busily tried to recruit each other's agents. Clearly, the game still goes on: Hanssen was arrested in a Vienna, Va., park a mile from his home as he dropped off classified documents, wrapped in a plastic garbage bag, for his Russian handlers. And the gumshoe's high-tech methods are harbingers of the spy game of the future. A computer whiz, Hanssen was allegedly able to steal secrets from the U.S. intelligence community by hacking into its secret databases. In one correspondence with his Russian handlers, Hanssen proposed that, rather than bother with risky rendezvous in the muddy woods, he just send Moscow encrypted stolen documents via his Palm pilot (he wanted to upgrade from a Palm III to a Palm VII).

The damage done will take months, if not more, to sort out. Over the years the FBI mole delivered to Moscow 6,000 pages of documents and 26 computer disks detailing the bureau's "sources and methods," including its latest techniques for electronic eavesdropping. As a counterintelligence expert at the FBI, he had unusually broad

access to the bureau's files. But the most elusive and intriguing question about Hanssen is his motivation: why would a God-fearing family man who ardently and even tediously denounced "godless communism" secretly sell out to the Kremlin?

Evan Thomas

**Newsweek
NEWS SERVICE**

Greed may be only part of the answer. True, he may have worried about tuition payments for his six Catholic-school-educated children, but, unlike other alleged traitors, he did not throw money around on booze or women. According to the FBI's affidavit, the Russians paid Hanssen more than \$600,000 in cash and diamonds, plus the promise of \$800,000 more awaiting him in Moscow for his "retirement." Still, Hanssen lived the life of a frugal family man in the Virginia suburbs, driving a '97 Ford Taurus.

Some of Hanssen's colleagues surmise that he simply liked to tempt fate. "He wanted to touch the wire," said David Major, a section chief in the bureau's intelligence division who worked across the hall from Hanssen. "It was like he was wondering, 'Can I do it?'" A quirky, quietly brilliant man whose career never quite lived up to his own expectations, Hanssen may have been led into temptation partly by the boring, deadening work of spying in the real world, which involves far more waiting and paper shuffling than sleuthing in dark alleys.

The forces driving Hanssen were likely complex and possibly unknowable. He seems to have been on some kind of strange quest, lurching between religions and ideologies and careers without finding relief, except perhaps in the thrill of spying. Still, it is possible, from the 100-page affidavit released by the FBI and interviews with his friends and colleagues, to begin to piece together clues to the puzzle, to gain the first insights into the twisted mind of a spy. He is described by those who knew him—who readily acknowledge that he was hard to truly know—as a brooding, controlling figure, fascinated by secrecy and obsessed by purity. He was, for much of his 56 years, a seeker of black-and-white certainty and higher truth who nonetheless plunged into the gray, morally compromised world of espionage. He is, in a perverse way, Louis Freeh's doppelganger, a would-be scourge of evil who ended up collaborating with the very demon he was trying to exorcise.

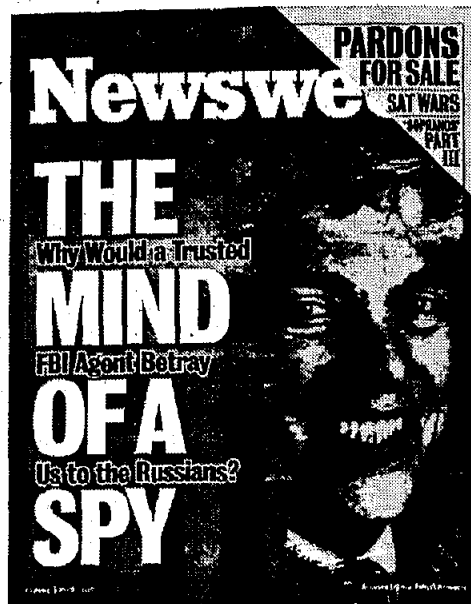
Hanssen's own explanation to his Moscow handlers for his secret life, laid out in the bureau affidavit, was at once cryptic and grandiose: "I am either insanely brave or quite insane. I'd answer neither. I'd say, insanely loyal. Take your pick. There is insanity in all the answers," he wrote the SVR in 1999. In the same rambling letter, Hanssen went on, "I decided on this course when I was 14 years old. I'd read Philby's book. Now that is insane, eh!"

H.A.R. (Kim) Philby is an interesting and provocative role model. Himself the son of a spy who turned traitor, Philby was an arrogant, self-loathing aristocrat recruited by the Soviets at Cambridge University in the early 1930s. Philby wanted to overthrow what he saw as the corrupt, class-ridden establishment and replace it with a Marxist utopia. Rising to head the Soviet division in the British spy service in the early days of the cold war, he led the molehunters on a merry chase until he fled to Moscow in 1963.

Philby did not publish his memoir, "My Silent War," until 1968, when Hanssen was 24, not 14. Hanssen may just have been flattering his handlers—or

himself—by dropping the name of Moscow Center's greatest catch. But Hanssen's sense of intrigue—and his fascination with spying as a moral battleground—started young. With FBI colleagues, Hanssen would boast that his father had been a Red hunter, a member of the Chicago police force's Red Squad, which tried to track down subversives in the 1950s and '60s. An only child, regarded as a loner and something of a cipher in high school and college (where he studied Russian), Hanssen as a 21-year-old nurtured an ambition to join the supersecret National Security Agency and become a code breaker. He also imagined going to med school and becoming a psychiatrist.

He ended up at dental school. His class



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mates there remember him as quiet, imperturbable, almost invisible—always neatly dressed in a coat and tie—yet odd. He worked on the weekends at a state mental facility and enjoyed interviewing the patients, as if he were a real psychiatrist. Occasionally, he would invite a friend out to the hospital to watch him perform. "He loved showing people the control he had over the patients, who were mostly bonkers. He liked to show off for his friends, putting these people through their paces. He wasn't mean to the inmates; he just quietly interrogated them," said John Sullivan, a classmate. Hanssen had another quirk, said Sullivan: he repeatedly described a dream, in which he was sitting on a throne, "like Emperor Ming in 'Flash Gordon,'" passing final judgment on his enemies. "Guard!" Hanssen would imagine himself commanding. "Take them away!" Hanssen could laugh, a deep rumble, but he never opened up about his own family. A dutiful son, he regularly visited his mother.

Yet he was searching for—or escaping from—something deep within himself. Bored with dentistry, he dropped out, got a degree in accounting and became, like his father, a policeman. But not just any cop: he volunteered for an elite squad that investigated other cops suspected of corruption. The C5 unit was despised by most Chicago police officers, who viewed the undercover cops as traitors. "It didn't seem to bother him at all," said his supervisor, John Clarke. Hanssen arrived full of insinuating questions about the regime of Mayor Richard Daley, Chicago's all-powerful boss. Indeed, Hanssen started asking so many questions that Clarke began to secretly suspect that the rookie was actually working undercover for the federal government. "He looked like an altar boy," said Clarke. "But I was always very suspicious of him."

Before long, Hanssen was openly working for the Feds—as an FBI agent. Joining the bureau in 1976, Hanssen showed little interest in the normal duties of a junior G-man, standing in the cold writing down the license-plate numbers of suspected mobsters. He volunteered to be a spycatcher, to enter the arcane world of counterintelligence operations against the KGB, which was working hard to penetrate the U.S. government and steal military, political and industrial secrets. In the late '70s and early '80s, with the cold war deepening again after a period of detente, he could easily imagine the struggle against the "Evil Empire" as a grand stage worthy of his intellectual powers and zeal.

The spy-vs.-spy game that swirled around the United Nations in New York had been described as a "war" by its veterans, but it could be a dreary, deadening pastime for an FBI agent trying to support a large and growing family in the city's pricey environs. Agents in the New York office of the FBI at the time complained of low pay and lower morale. After a while the duties of a counterintelligence officer—such as reviewing the expense accounts of businessmen who traveled to Moscow—may have seemed as dull as dental school to Hanssen. He may also have been going through some personal crisis at the time. According to family friends, his wife, Bonnie, was having periodic miscarriages between giving birth to their six children. The real cause of Hanssen's deep disquiet may never be known. But in October 1985, a month before the Geneva summit between Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev signaled the beginning of the end of the cold war, Hanssen took a step from which—as he well knew—there is no turning back. According to the FBI affidavit, he offered his services to the Kremlin, in a letter sent through the regular mail to the Virginia home of a KGB agent stationed in the Soviet Embassy in

Washington.

As a kind of down payment, Hanssen handed over the names of three KGB agents who were secretly working for the Americans. It was a deadly gift. Two of the agents—Valery Martynov and Sergei Motorin—were later executed in Moscow, while the third, Boris Yuzhin, was sent to prison. (These double agents were doubly unlucky: they were earlier betrayed by the CIA mole, Aldrich Ames.) Hanssen may also have been protecting himself by eliminating sources who might finger him to the CIA. The counterintelligence expert took the usual precautions. The FBI affidavit reads like a how-to manual of good "tradecraft." He communicated with the KGB through "dead drops." In order to avoid surveillance, he never met directly with the Soviets. Rather, he would post a signal—a piece of tape on a tree—alerting his handlers that he was leaving a package at a predetermined site. They would leave behind further marching orders in the same spot—and a reward. Hanssen was careful not to ask for too much. In one of his first messages, on Nov. 8, 1985, he wrote Moscow, "As far as funds are concerned, I have little need or utility for more than the 100,000 (dollars). It merely provides a difficulty since I can not spend it, store it, or invest it easily without tripping (sic) 'drug money' warning bells. Perhaps some diamonds as security to my children and some good will so that when the time comes, you will accept by (sic) senior services as a guest lecturer. Eventually, I would appreciate an escape plan. (Nothing lasts forever.)"

Hanssen may have been thinking of his model, the master spy Philby, who ended his days as a Hero of the State (though a depressed drunk), lecturing fledgling KGB officers in Moscow. Shrewdly, Hanssen never revealed his true identity to the KGB, using code names instead. He repeatedly refused requests to meet a Moscow agent at home or overseas. "Neither of us are children about these things," he chided his KGB handler at one point. "Over time, I can cut your losses rather than become one."

As the chief of a counterintelligence unit in New York, then as a fairly high-ranking analyst of Soviet spying back at FBI headquarters in Washington, Hanssen was in a position to know a great deal about the FBI's spycatching operations. Intelligence experts say that Hanssen probably told the Russians how, where and when U.S. intelligence agencies, like the eavesdroppers at the NSA, were listening in on Russian communications.

The true cost to national security is hard to determine. During the 15 years when Hanssen was operating as a mole, the crumbling Soviet Union and its chaotic successor, the Russian Republic, was not much of a real threat to the United States. Oleg

Gordievsky, a Soviet spy who defected to Britain in 1985, suggests that the Russians might have given or sold information turned over by Hanssen to scarier enemies—rogue states like Iraq and Libya, or terrorist groups in the Middle East. But a senior FBI official interviewed by Newsweek was doubtful. He observed that Moscow's paranoid and clannish SVR has always been reluctant to share secrets even with its Russian military counterpart, the GRU.

Hanssen seems to have been satisfied by his secret life for a time. According to the affidavit, his handlers cleverly nurtured him with cash and stroking and even snatches of poetry. His correspondence with the KGB is full of salutations to "dear friends." The chairman of the KGB himself, Vladimir Kryuchkov, sent along his personal congratulations. But by the end of that year, Hanssen had gone to ground. His next contact with the Russians, it appears, was not for seven years.

Hanssen may have felt a need to lie low. Aldrich Ames was exposed as a Soviet agent in 1993, and the mole-hunters were busily searching for other turncoats. Some serious security lapses could not be explained by Ames's perfidy. FBI and CIA officials wondered why some of the intelligence community's listening devices were going deaf. And they still couldn't explain how the Russians had been able in 1989 to tip off a State Department official, Felix Bloch, who was under surveillance for spy-

ing. (According to the FBI affidavit, it was Hanssen who warned the Russians that the noose was tightening around Bloch. "Bloch was such a shnook," Hanssen wrote his handlers, "I almost hated protecting him.") In the mid-'90s, the spycatchers did snare a couple of lesser moles, the CIA's Harold Nicholson and the FBI's Earl Pitts. But they remained suspicious. When Hanssen was arrested on Feb. 18, as many as half a dozen American intelligence officials were under close scrutiny at the time. Their fates remain uncertain.

There were complaints last week that longtime FBI agents had been exempted from taking lie-detector tests, unlike CIA officials, who—especially in the wake of Ames case—were routinely "fluttered." But even if Hanssen had been strapped to a polygraph machine, that might not have incriminated him. Investigating his home life would not have revealed a hint of wrongdoing. According to neighbors, he got home every night at 5:30; the kids were doing their homework and dinner was on the table within a few minutes. Wife Bonnie is described as a "cute, pixie, Doris Day-like person," her home "as neat as a pin." The dog's name is Sunday, as in church. The Hanssens are devoutly religious. Although Hanssen rarely mentioned religion while growing up (he was at least nominally a Lutheran), he became an ardent Catholic, like his wife, in the mid-1970s.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

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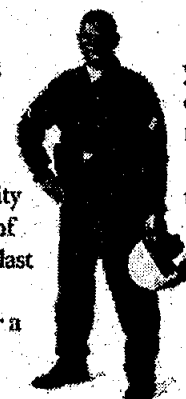
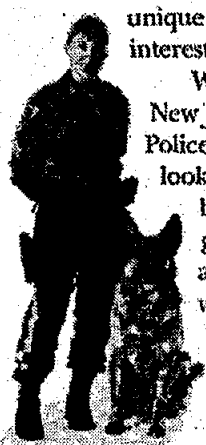
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His attachment to Opus Dei stands in stark and perplexing contrast to his work for the Kremlin. Officials of the order hotly dispute descriptions of Opus Dei (Work of God) as a secret sect. Its followers are supposed to live a godly life while here on earth, but fellow Catholics sometimes find Opus Dei members to be a little spooky and holier-than-thou. Hanssen's colleagues regarded him as a moralizer. He refused to attend a going-away party at a girlie bar near FBI headquarters, calling the party "an occasion of sin." Riding home one night with another FBI official, he bridled when an NPR commentator remarked that "the implied social contract is the basis for morality." Turning off the radio in disgust, Hanssen muttered, "The basis of morality is God's law."

At bureau headquarters, Hanssen was known for dressing in black and for a somewhat lugubrious manner, which some compared to that of an undertaker. To investigative journalist James Bamford, he handed windy assessments of the evils of communism, long after communism had collapsed. He was called, behind his back, Dr. Death. Speaking in low tones, smiling little, he had few real friends.

He may have missed his Russian handlers. "A spy is one of the loneliest people in the world," says Dr. David Charney, a psychiatrist who has spent 20 hours interviewing Earl Pitts about his career as a spy. "He is completely dependent on his handler." In late 1999, Hanssen allegedly renewed con-

tact with Russian intelligence, which was gearing up again under President Vladimir Putin, an old KGB hand who is eager to revive some the Soviet Empire's glory days. "Dear friend: welcome!" began a letter to Hanssen from the SVR on Oct. 6. "We express our sincere joy on the occasion of resumption of contact with you." Yet there was a new, panicky note on Hanssen's end. "I have come about as close as I ever want to come to sacrificing myself to help you, and I get silence," he petulantly wrote the SVR in March of last year. "I hate silence ... I hate uncertainty. So far I have judged the edge correctly. Give me credit for that." He seemed to know that the end was coming near. "Please," he begs his handler, "at least say goodbye. It's been a long time my dear friends, a long and lonely time." Then, more sardonically, "Want me to lecture in your 101 course in my old age?"

He was worried that he faced the death penalty if he got caught by the mole-hunters, but he didn't really believe that a welcome suite awaited him in Moscow if he bolted. As for the \$800,000 supposedly set aside for his retirement, he scoffed, "we do both know that money is not really 'put away for you' except in some vague accounting sense. Never patronize me at this level," he warned. "It offends me, but then you are easily forgiven. But perhaps I shouldn't tease you. It just gets me in trouble."

Big trouble was just around the corner. In October, after receiving the case file of the

SVR agent known as "B," the FBI had little trouble zeroing in on Hanssen. A senior FBI official said the top brass was stunned when the fingerprints on the packaging materials turned out to belong to one of their own. Hanssen was immediately put under round-the-clock surveillance. Perhaps sensing the dogs circling, he was beginning to talk to his FBI bosses about retirement. He was offered instead a nice big office at headquarters, Newsweek has learned. When he went over for a look, the FBI bugged his old office.

The gumshoes were waiting when Hanssen went to a northern Virginia park to visit a dead drop in the gloom of a February late afternoon. He walked into the woods and placed an inch-thick package under a footbridge. As he turned to go to his car, agents yelled, "Freeze! FBI!" The long wait was over.

Hanssen did not resist or even say anything. His brokenhearted wife hired one of the best criminal-defense lawyers in Washington, Plato Cacheris, who said the government's case may not be as solid as it seems. If history is a guide, Hanssen will cut a deal. To avoid the death penalty, he will have to help the FBI figure out just how much damage he did. Repairing the harm done his family may be harder. Hanssen's children are assuming the allegations against their father are true, said Hanssen's sister-in-law Liz Rahimi. "They just think there was something wrong with their dad, and they didn't know," she said.

Hanssen's mother-in-law, Fran Wauck, told Newsweek, "The family is devastated. We don't even know who he is." It's not clear that anyone ever really knew Bob Hanssen, perhaps not even himself.

With Eleanor Clift, Michael Isikoff, Mark Hosenball and Donatella Lorch in Washington, Dirk Johnson, Flynn McRoberts and Karen Springen in Chicago and Christian Caryl in Moscow

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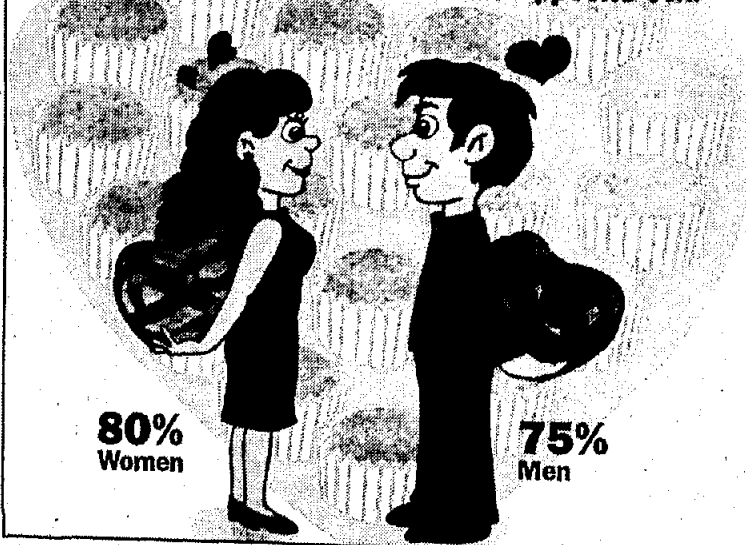
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Billiard Clu Members Rack 'Em Up!

Janice Davidson
The Beacon

On Saturday February 17, 2001, an NJ Regional 9-ball Billiards Tournament was held at NJIT in Newark, NJ. William Paterson sent four students to compete in this tournament. This is an annual event which determines the best players in the region and sends them to the National Tournament. Jayson DiMaria, Tim Sse, Janice Davidson and Tina Giannella all billiards club members, participated in this double elimination tournament. The tournament was separated into two divisions: men's and women's. There were a total of 23 participants from all over the region. The region consists of New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania.

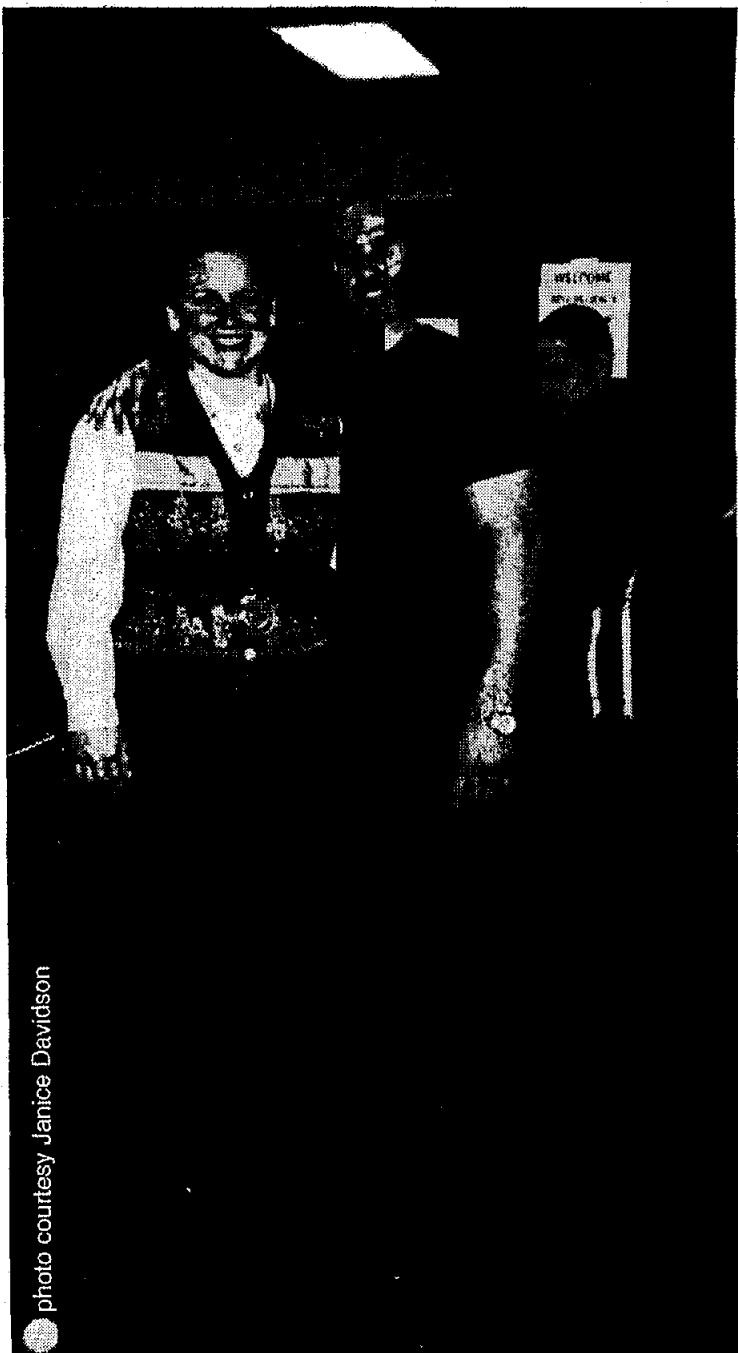
Willy P's sharks did not come home empty handed. For the women, Tina Giannella finished in third place after a tough loss to an Essex Community College player. Janice Davidson took first place after a long-fought championship match to defend her crown as regional champion. The men's division was very competitive this year. Tim Strouse gave a good fight for Willy P, winning two matches and losing two matches. Jayson DiMaria fought hard in this competition. His match started at 11 am and finally finished at 7 pm. After playing for over 8 hours, Jon

was crowned Region 3 Champion.

This was the second straight year that William Paterson had placed first place in both men's and women's 9-ball. This truly is a great win for these individuals and a great win for William Paterson. The fun doesn't stop there for these champions. They have earned the right to compete at the ACUI National 9-Ball Tournament. This year Jayson and Janice will be going to Los Angeles, California. They are asking for donations to go to the Nationals. Donations should be sent or dropped off at the SGA office in the care of Janice Davidson. The Billiards Club wishes to thank Don Phelps of Campus Activities and Tony Covatto of Hospitality Services for their help and support.



The WPU Billiards Club



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The lowdown on Texas politics

AUSTIN, Texas — Let's talk Texas politics. At this point, the Democratic Party's Great Brown Hope is Tony Sanchez Jr., of whom you may never have heard. No reason why you should have. He hasn't done much and doesn't stand for much.

So why is Sanchez the all-but-anointed gubernatorial candidate for 2002? To be blunt about it, because his last name ends with "z" and because he has money. Texas Democrats do not have real high standards at this point.

Sanchez is a South Texas oil and banking magnate who has never run for anything. He has been a major Democratic donor, but he is also a big-time George W. Bush backer. He

gave enough to Bush to get appointed to the UT System Board of Regents, and that means major money.

Sanchez appears to be intelligent and can actually make a decent speech, which puts him several leagues ahead of Gov. Rick Perry, who has good hair.

The problem here, if you will bear with my metaphor, is that the Republicans in Texas have built a party that is like one of those big restaurant toasters that hold eight slices at time. They just pop candidates into their machine—doesn't matter who the candidates are—and bingo, they get flipped out into public office.

The Democrats, on the other hand, have a system where every candidate has to build his own toaster and it only holds one slice. Next election, everybody has to build his own new toaster.

Because the D's, as a party, have no money, each candidate has to go raise enough for a statewide race on his or her own. This is difficult, tedious and hard on everybody.

Texas D's are not so stupid that they haven't noticed this is not working. But they don't know what to do about it.

The long-term answer has always been demographics—time is on our side. Texas becomes majority-minority in 2008, and those are our voters.

The R's under Karl Rove were shrewd enough to have gone to work on the Hispanic vote, with not much effect so far. The D's would have to work pretty hard to throw away that vote, although they are, of course, capable of it.

The D's are simply ecstatic over the prospect of Sanchez on the ticket, apparently undeterred by the fact that he appears to be at least as much of a Republican as he is a Democrat. Hey, this is Texas—we're bipartisan.

At least he made his own money—about \$600 million.

He's already scared the R's enough so that Gov. Goodhair has started clucking about South Texas. To everyone's astonishment, during his State of the State address the governor burst into a declaration of his great passion to save and improve South Texas.

The reason that this came as a surprise is because the only known thing that Perry has ever done about South Texas was to reverse every policy initiated by Jim Hightower to help farm workers after Perry took over as agriculture commissioner.

Every D political operative I know is excited about the Sanchez candidacy. But may I suggest that, long-term, running D's who are indistinguishable from R's is not in our best interests?

Texas D's are so cowed at this point that Sanchez looks like a savior. But I'll tell you something about Texas voters: Offered a choice of an ersatz Republican and the genuine article, they'll take the real Republican every time. The only way to get out our vote

is to get it out—hard, dirty, brick-by-brick labor.

Because of the unfortunate consequences of the 36-Day War, what actually happened in this country on Election Day has been largely ignored. The D's won the ground war, and consequently the election, despite the unfortunate ruling by the Supreme Court.

Thanks largely to efforts of organized labor (brilliantly marshalled by John Sweeney, who cannot be praised enough) backed by NAACP get-out-the-vote efforts, there was a truly amazing turnout—and some terrifically exciting skirmishing in several key states.

Sorry to sound like a political fundamentalist, but the air war (that's TV advertising) is overrated. And may I point out that most political consultants get 15 percent of what they book on the air ad campaign, giving them a considerable incentive to overdo that and neglect the ground war.

Unfortunately, Texas labor is in a sad state. Essentially, we don't have many troops here (with all apologies to the troops we do have who work their tails off every election).

D's can win elections in Texas if enough people vote. But we have to work harder to get to our people, and television is not the answer. Why should a tired single mom with two kids drag herself to the polls after a long day at work to choose between a Republican and Democrat who sounds exactly like a Republican?

Every assault on the social safety net affects her life first and worst, but all she knows is that the system is not working for her, so why bother? The more that D candidates resemble R candidates, the less reason there is to vote.

If Texas D's are too gutless to stand for anything, why should anyone vote for them?

On the Left



Molly Ivins

Read
The Beacon

that you really must fight him on that?

Carolyn:

I've been dating this great girl for the past five months, but I can't help but think of my ex. I don't see her, but we ended rather abruptly because of religious differences. I feel like things ended too fast and I find myself missing her sometimes. Is this wrong? What should I do?

—Confused

Don't end relationships because of religious differences, that's what.

Are you both good people? Do you love each other? Do you work from the same set of values? My bias is showing, but tough—I have a hard time believing that God or Buddha or whoever cares as much as we do about the particular trappings of faith. It's respect for each other that counts.

If you believed—and still believe—you were right to end things with the ex, whatever the reason, then the abruptness is the back-seat issue. There's a lot to be said for the calming effect of a proper goodbye, and if you feel you need to see her again to put things to rest, do it. But it's the leaving itself that's driving the whole sadness bus. You miss her. That's OK. That's normal. That's... sad.

That's also not a great sign for the new chick. In fact, abruptness might be to blame here after all: You don't say when the old love crashed, but did you boot up the new one too soon? This "great girl" could be poetry made flesh; if she isn't the girl you're in love with, she doesn't stand a chance.

Carolyn:

My girlfriend (in the working world) and I (graduate student) are now at the point where neither one of us is asking the other out on dates, it's just "what are we doing tonight/this weekend?" Problem is that, as a student, I'm... well... poor. Is there a tactful way to let her understand that I can't afford to go out to dinner every other night (even if we're splitting the bill)?

—A tonta

Instead of "What are we doing this weekend?" which is pretty tired stuff anyway if you ask me, try the much more swashbuckling, "Hey, this weekend, why don't we (10-cent date here)." If she counters with an expensive restaurant idea, that's your invitation to suggest ever so gently that YOU ARE A STUDENT. At some point, the truth must come out.

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 am having trouble with my dad. He won't let me play video games Monday thru Thursday. I am a seventh-grader and I have the highest grades in most of my classes. He won't let me play games in my free time because he feels that I should read books. Isn't doing homework for 2 1/2 hours enough? I know how he feels because he came here from Vietnam. All of his life he never got a great job. My uncle read books when he was small and now has a good job and makes a good amount of money. My dad wants me to grow up and be like my uncle. I know how important my schoolwork is to my future but can I have some fun in my free time? Once he asked my teacher if he should limit my playing games. My teacher replied

that I was doing great and he shouldn't worry. Still he ignored that. I think he is doing this because I do play games a lot.

—I.P.

TELL ME ABOUT IT

Advice for the Under-30 Crowd

There should be a seven-day ban on video games until you learn to spell "through."

There. I just had fun and I'm at least two suburban lawns away from the nearest video game.

self to do. I have to believe it's yother's point too, because who would knetter what riches this planet has to offnd how important

it is to appreciate them—someone for whom thoes were just out of reach.

I'm trying to make understand so you can your father you understand scan possibly ease up the pre. But these are all just nice thoughts. TI a truth here that over-rides everythse: He's the father, you're the seventtler and he just wants to bring you up. It also sounds like you're loved. Is a half-week of video games sooo irant

Freedom and "the freak"

How do I say this without sounding like an old fuddy-duddy? The "freak" is downright obscene.

For those of you without kids or MTV, it's the most popular form of dirty dancing these days with the under-30 crowd. No written description can really do the freak (also known as the "nasty") justice. You've got to see it to believe it. Teen-age and pre-teen girls on their hands and knees, sandwiched between gyrating boys positioned at their backs and faces. Boys behind girls, girls on top of girls.

We're not just talking Elvis-type bumping or Lambada-style grinding. We're talking hardcore, pelvis-to-pelvis contact and X-rated, front-to-back thrusting. The freak is simply simulated intercourse without even the pretense of dance.

This cultural phenomenon has been making headlines across the country, pitting school administrators in an age-old battle against crusading youngsters who fashion themselves heroes for free expression and personal liberty.

— In Puyallup, Wa., last week, teens held a renegade dance event to protest their high school's ban on freaking. Students complained about being pulled apart by chaperones or kicked out of the gym for dancing too close and too provocatively. Puyallup High School had designed guidelines last year for appropriate behavior at official dances. But the policy wasn't imposed by authoritarian jackboots. It was passed with student input and approval. The completely reasonable rules included: no simulated sex acts; no inappropriate groping; and no grabbing your own ankles while dancing. "It becomes inappropriate when you bend down more than 45 degrees and there's someone dancing behind you," student body president Josh Folk told the Tacoma News Tribune.

Fellow student Doug Guinn objected, and organized a private dance party at the Liberty Theater that drew 300 students away from his school's fund-raising Valentine's Day dance. The Liberty's TV screens projected "Footloose," the 1980s dance movie. National news media descended on the event. "I'm having a lot of fun from getting all this attention," Guinn told the News Tribune.

— "The teachers say that we're too close, (but) it's just dancing," high school

senior Tequia Lee told Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch youth correspondent Sarah Gintout last week in a report on freaking. "We're not harming anyone at all," Becky Whitlock, a freshman at Christopher Newport University in Newport News, Va., also was non-plussed. "It happens," she said. It's "not a big, earth-shattering deal."

— And in Anchorage, Alaska, a clampdown on freaking inflamed debate among local high school students. Freshmen Kathryn Petros and Emily Parker-Gasper complained to the Anchorage Daily News: "Freak dancing is not a problem, and we

think detractors are just overreacting. To us, this form of dancing is just a way of expressing yourself and letting loose energy that you have to keep to yourself most of the time. Freak dancing is like a natural high, a pure adrenaline

rush that you get when doing something you enjoy."

Russell Moore, a high school senior, explained that "anonymity" on the dance floor "encourages students to enjoy themselves without fear of judgment ... What freak dancing provides is an opportunity for young people to get used to the fact that they are sexual beings."

Tara Gaudin, a junior assigned to photograph freakers at a local dance said "they looked horrible. They slammed their bodies together in over-exaggerated pelvic thrusts and groped each other in a way that is apparently supposed to be erotic. Not only was I disgusted at this, but I also feared for my safety because they had a habit of attaching themselves to anyone passing by and would then 'dance' with them, no matter the unsuspecting victim's gender."

It's a short trip from freaking to wilding, from sex-driven "dancing" to anonymous group groping like the kind that resulted in violence at New York's Central Park last summer. Kids need to be taught that liberty without self-restraint is corrosive. License and licentiousness are not the same thing. Not all impulses are meant to be indulged — at least, not on the dance floor between 12-year-olds.

Saying no is prudish. Public decorum is unhip. Modesty is old-fashioned. But it's time more parents got tuned in and freaked out about our vulgar culture's effects on the young.

On the Right



Michelle Markins

Writer for the Washington Post Writer's Group

neither of reader for "The Beacon" noticed. The point is that I had pointed them out, I would've corrected or more on this subject, next letter).

As for the flyers being in wasn't addressing the flyers at all. I was ad; the fact that the poster spelled, and that's a irony in the fact that a pr a lecture on not procrast contained a major misspelled that time was not takrrect it, and I though amusing to point out. Not attend the lecture—Iwork that evening. But, as afore—the lecture was neta- get in to Nation.com Week, by personso- ply. I lues

with thex and sexuality are dean this country, and I was trying to point out the fact the most part, sex is mad be a sci- gerous our so

Fina title of umn i: Stupic Report such, likely on situ WPU et can be ered int or goo

Personave a lot of issues with thins are run on campus the column as a way tony concerns, along with thms of other students I

So thmy response to that letwewer, days later, I found ad received another piece this one dealing with the mentioned misspel my own column, as welaptitude of the title of "Thilty Report." Let the fir.

Perhare familiar with the old sayople who live in glass houses t throw stones". Well, rbe your theme from now on

Afteng a lot of time and ink ma point that Valentine's was spng on a Towers bulletin ba might want to take the timk your own literary effort t [week of Feb. 12]. I went oStupidity Report (whichway, is a great name for suc, and I found some things haps passed your discerning! I'm sure there are other bin the article, but I gave uchecking the whole thing.

The mistake is the black bubble 6 which advertises The StReport is on pg. 8. Seems at if you check on the placemur column, it's on page 7

So bu start throwing darts

at others, you should look at your copy first. If you are planning to blame it on anyone else who typed it, I would suggest that you proofread it before it goes to press.

A kinder thing for you to do would be to contact the person who put up the poster or the office in the Towers to let them know about the "slip of the pen".

Regarding the Overnight Guest Form, why didn't you just point it out to the secretary who would have been glad to make the change on future forms?

A little kindness and compassion go a long way!

This letter also brought joy to my heart, because not only did the kind reader recognize that I

have a "discerning nose," but also pointed out that my title for the column was very apt. No, I did not catch all the errors, and, as I

said above, neither did the proof-reader for the paper. It's a big paper, it takes a long time to complete, and sometimes you don't catch everything.

As for the error on the black bubble, that was due to the fact that before the paper went to press, a few pages were removed because of a lack of content—thus, the pagination was messed up and a few errors slip by. The heart of the matter of

both these letters,

though, is that since I make mistakes on my own, I am not qualified to judge others. In that case, no one can judge anyone ever again.

We might as well just close up shop here at the Beacon, and it won't be too long before we have to shut the courts down too. Yes, I'm exaggerating now, but my point is this—you have to have criticism in life. You can't stand idly by and just tell people they're doing a good job when you know for damn sure they're not—to do so is a disservice to both you and them. And yes, I realize that

what's really in question here is the way I doled out the criticism, but I will not apologize for that at all. It's not my fault that certain people out in the world cannot take a criticism or a joke. I happily take both, which was why I was so glad to get these letters. Obviously, I'm doing some things wrong (at least in the opinions of two people), but what am I doing right? I can see that I have rambled on long enough this week, but I want to hear what the rest of you think. Are these harsh condemnations of my column justified, or are they completely wrong and out of line. I want to hear what the rest of you think. Send all comments—good, bad, whatever—love letters and ransom notes to: StupidityReport@hotmail.com.

THE STUPIDITY REPORT

It is always exciting to return from a vacation and find that you have lots of mail. I took an extended vacation last week so that I could go home and spend some time with some friends, and upon my return, I found that I had two—yes, two—pieces of mail. What made it even better was that both pieces of mail were hate mail! Seriously, though... nothing makes me feel better than to know that somewhere, people are mad at me. For all the mail I get from people telling me they like my column, nothing compares to the mail I get from people that are just angry with me for some reason or another. Maybe I'm weird—in fact, I know I'm weird, but I really do like all this disgruntled mail. And, because I'm such a nice guy, I want to share my hate mail with you, my friendly neighborhood readers. So, without further ado, here's

the first letter:

In respnse[sic] to the stupidity report on the incorrect spellings from 2 weeks ago, I would just like to say this...

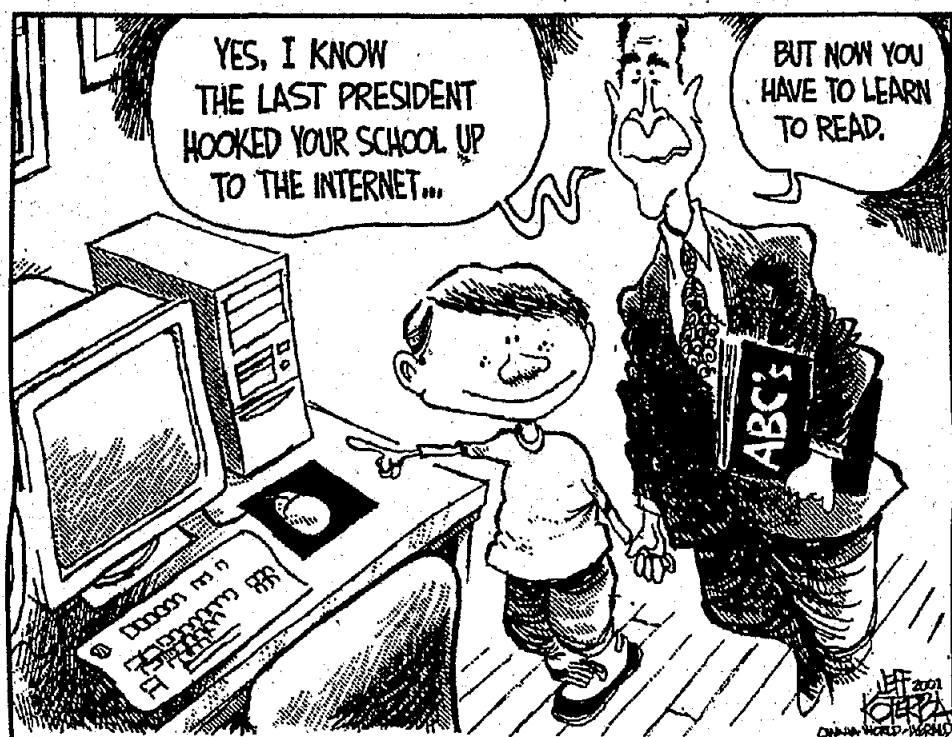
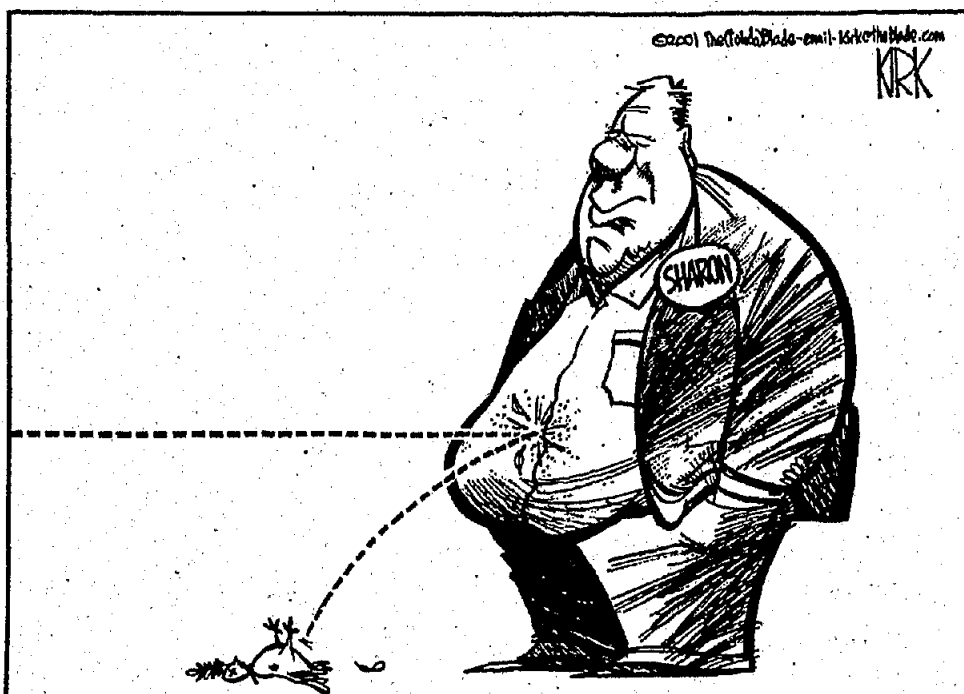
First of all, it is most likely that people who make up flyers for certain events are very busy since they are juggling schoolwork, jobs, programs and so forth. We're all human and we make mistakes. Big deal. In addition, whoever spends this much time dwelling on the fact that a flyer wasn't spelled correctly and was depicting the type of word that was misspelled[sic] obviously has too much time on their hands and needs to find a hobby.

Second...the entire point of the flyer was missed. All these programs are comprised for the residents and the students here on this campus to participate in and utilize. Did you attend the program? Did you participate in National Condom Week at all? So enough focusing all this time

and energy on the materialistic aspect and focus on the point...how WPU works so hard in providing the best for the students.

This was the first letter I got concerning the last column I wrote. As for the spellings, I don't believe that one column could be considered "dwelling" on them (Though maybe this column will constitute "dwelling on them"). What bothered me most about the misspelling is that numerous people in the Towers noticed them and nothing was really done about that (A quick note here. To my pleasant surprise, the signs were fixed and put back up again last week. So, kudos to those responsible for the fix-up).

Sure, a misspelling may be no big deal, but it can leave a bad impression on visitors, and I know for sure that it leaves a bad impression on students. I understand people make mistakes too—if you noticed in last week's column, I had a few spelling errors of my own that



Welcome to the month of March! The promise of spring is in the air, and my grandmother will be one year happier -- Happy Birthday Betty! There is a wealth of opportunity for festival-going this cog month, from cheery cherry blossoms to the celebration (grasshopper-dispelling saint. You can go fly a kite, or get crive with cardboard. Take a look at what March holds in e for you:

• Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Festival kicks off on March 24 on the National Mall. There you can survey the cutting edge of kite design, watch the ad-winning troupe "Chicago Fire" make a large kite dance to music, or join in a competition. The National Cherry Blossom Festival runs from March 26 through April 8. It celebrates the gift of 3,000 cherry trees given to the United States by Tokyo some 88 years ago. On March 31, the annual Cherry Parade rolls down Constitution Avenue featuring Cherry Queen and her 50-plus court of princesses. Following the parade will be the Sakura Matsuri, a Japanese street festival. For more information on the Kite Festival call (202) 33030 or visit www.si.edu/tsa/rap/kitefest.htm; for e on the Cherry Festival visit www.gwjapan.com/chelossom.

• Hood River, Ore.: Legend has it that Urho drove the grape-destroying grasshoppers out of inland. On March 16, Hood River honors this dubious sairith one of the most outlandish festivals to date. Headed by founder Felix Tomlinson in a vintage green polyester suit, the parade features the Iron Maidens (Viking dams with horned helmets), and the Finnish Women's Drilling Te (wielding Black & Deckers). The best part is the crowd participation -- you get to shower the paraders with grapes. For more information call (541) 386-5785.

• Wakarusa, Ind.: This small town Indiana packs a one-two punch of sweet stuff that has even I. Butterworth drooling. Their yearly Maple Syrup Festival, on March 23-24, features demonstrations on syrup-making, sheep-shearing and blacksmithing. Also, you'll find a bece, antique tractors and a parade. Call (800) 860-5957 or go on to www.wakarusachamber.com for det.

• Red Lodge, Mont.: The Cardboard Classic has contestants create crafts from cardboard; they then race their creations downhill. All part of Red Lodge's W/ Carnival, this event kicks off on March 2 and runs through the 4th. For more info on the carnival see www.redlodge.c or call (406) 446-2610. If you know of an unusual and interng destination or event, let us know! Our e-mail address is youramerica@mindspring.com or wto us in care of King Features Weekly Service, 628 Virgil Drive, Orlando, FL 32803.

By Samantha Weaver and Amy Arson

Read The Beacon



In our nation's capital, three of the four monuments representing the 20th century are now complete. They represent President Franklin Roosevelt, the Korean War and the Vietnam War. The monument to World War II, long delayed, has been the subject of controversy; construction is scheduled to begin in the spring, and there is little reason to be optimistic about its success as a design. The Vietnam Veterans Memorial, built in

1981-82, is an unqualified success, drawing a large number of visitors and evoking almost unanimous critical acclaim. It is the only one of the four monuments to possess a convincing style, while the other three strike the visitor as themes in search of a style.

It consists of nothing more than a V-shaped retaining wall that is partly buried in the earth. Constructed of polished black granite, the arms of the V are spread at a 125-degree angle. The

names of those who died in the war are chiseled on the black stone in the chronological order in which they died. The names of the dead exhibit no principle of order other than chronology, perhaps a comment on the lack of "shape" in the war itself. Yet the whole thing has power and even majesty.

The Korean War Veterans Memorial consists of a platoon of 19 bronze soldiers wearing ponchos and trudging impassively up a hill. Visitors can stroll among these figures and wonder what statement is being made, besides

that war is tiring drudgery. The Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial is a mess. Roosevelt himself is buried at Hyde Park. He had asked that his only monument in Washington be the block of white granite, the size of his desk, that stands beside Pennsylvania Avenue. It has considerable dignity, bearing his name and dates. Perhaps we should have quit while we were ahead. Yet the impulse to say something larger about this major figure was understandably irresistible. The new FDR Memorial is a sort of theme

Our Doubtful Monuments

park. Visitors wander through four outdoor rooms representing four terms, and these are full of sculptures, some free-standing, some relief, as well ascriptions representing different aspects of his presidency. It is much too cluttered take an overall statement, and the force of political correctness is a constant irritant.

FDR deserved better than this Disney World miscellany. He guided a nation through two disasters of global scale: the Great Depression, our worst since the Civil War, and World War II. His administration certainly did not cure the depression. He feared that he might go down not only America's worst president, but as the worst president, even during the worst days, by his buoyancy of spirit.

This larger-than-life figure deserved something much simpler than the trif-a-brac we now see, something sweeping grand.

Student concerned about SGA critics

Editor:

I am becoming extremely concerned with the negativity that is being focused at the SGA. As legislature and executive board members, everyone involved with the Student Government Association does their best to do what is right for the student body as a whole. It seems as though the students are more concerned with the negative things about the SGA rather than the positive.

I could sit here and list all of the wonderful things that this years executive board has accomplished, but I do not feel the need to justify anyone else's actions, nor my own. To read in the Beacon that the executive board has not done anything is a complete understatement, and it is obvious this person did not take the time to get their facts straight before making such a statement. To see stickers hanging up claiming that certain members of the board need replacements, is a disgrace.

The person[s] who put up these stickers should step forward instead of cowering behind an idea. I feel the students of the William Paterson community have very little interest in getting involved. (Don't get me wrong, I don't mean everyone.) There are ongoing complaints about what the SGA is not doing right. These people

should step up and help to make the change. This is what I am asking.

Instead of complaining about things, do something about it. Launching personal attacks is not going to make a difference. It's the actions, not the words, that will. For these people who think the SGA has done nothing, I would like to see what you have done. I wouldn't be so quick to throw stones if you live in a glass house. There are plenty of committees to join that deal with almost any concern you have at this University. Students are suppose to be enjoying their time here while getting an education, and this is what the SGA seeks to do.

Its time to be professional—positive suggestions will lead to a change. I hope if you would like to see something change, you take the initiative. The Student Government office is located in the Student Center, Room 326. The door is always open for suggestions. Every legislative member has a mailbox that you can leave a message in with your concern. I can only hope that certain people will start acting the age they are, and others will come forward with their ideas.

Stacy Biss

Editor's Note:

It is with **GREAT REGRET** that the weekly column *Management for Monkeys* has been **TEMPORARILY** placed on hold due to the advice of our attorneys. There are three installments waiting to be printed, but due to pending legal difficulties we have been strongly cautioned not to print them **AT THIS TIME**. I will keep you posted. **THANK YOU** to those who have emailed and called in support of this column. Please feel free to send letters to the editor in response to the column. Ed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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



On March 2, CBS will air the 49th Annual Miss USA Pageant. It also marks the day Lynnette Cole, Miss USA 2000, hands her crown to her successor and begins to devote more time to the work she's been doing on behalf of children who need adoptive homes.

"I was a foster child," Cole says. "But I was one of the lucky ones in foster care. I was adopted and was able to go from life in a foster home to living in a real home with parents who love me as if I was their biological child and whom I love as if they were my biological mom and dad. I decided early in my life to devote myself to helping children find homes in which they can feel loved and secure and not worry about when they'll be moved -- sometimes as much as 20 times -- from one foster home to another.

"I believe," Cole continues, "that we can do better about adoptions. People who want to adopt shouldn't have to go to the extremes we've read about recently where a birth mother advertised for people to take her children for a price. Also, while

Note: My late friend and writing colleague, Dr. Dian Dincin Buchman, introduced me to the work of Dr. Judah Folkman, a pioneer in the research that led to the development of endostatin and other therapies that fight cancerous tumors by cutting off their blood supply. On Feb. 27 (check local listings) PBS's NOVA series airs "Cancer Warrior," which tells the story of Folkman and his revolutionary cancer strategy. This is must viewing for everyone who has been touched, one way or another, by cancer.

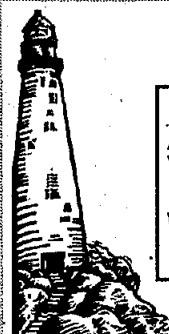
Write to Tamara Jones in care of King Features Weekly Service, 628 Virginia Drive, Orlando, FL 32803, or send an e-mail to letters.kfws@hearstsc.com

IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD

by Tamara Jones

I'm happy that children (adopted) from other countries can grow up in America, I would like to see more Americans adopt children in our country who are waiting for homes." Cole, who holds a credential as a substitute teacher, plans to study law and practice as a children's advocate.

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The Independent, student-run newspaper at William Paterson University

All calls to and from The Beacon are subject to electronic recording in compliance with the laws of the State of New Jersey and Federal Communications Commission

HOROSCOPES

Salome's Stars

ARIES (March 21 to April 19) Put that restless surge to good use this week by preparing your winter-weary home for spring. Also, be more flexible about accepting a workplace change.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20) Your well-known ability to be patient is challenged as you wait for more news about a promising opportunity that could lead you to a new career path.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20) A setback in your travel plans could prove to be a blessing in disguise. Use this extra time to help close a growing gap between you and a family member.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22) Don't let a sudden sense of separation between you and your spouse or partner go unchallenged. It's important to make a strong effort to clear things up.

LEO (July 23 to August 22) Use the information you recently received to make

some long-deferred changes regarding a personal situation. Continue to exercise financial restraint.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22) That new responsibility you're now considering could lead to many opportunities. But be sure you have all the facts before you agree to take it on.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22) A friend might try to advise you against a potentially risky move. Ultimately, the decision is yours, but hear him or her out before you decide.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21) You might feel justified in demanding an apology, but it might be wiser to settle things so that today's adversary doesn't become tomorrow's enemy.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21) Good news: Expect a more positive aspect to dominate your personal and professional lives. Someone close to you

seeks your counsel.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19) A disappointment can turn into a learning experience. Now, at least, you know what not to do. Meanwhile, expect more options to open up.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18) What goes around comes around, as a friend from the past returns a favor. Don't be timid about accepting it with good grace. You deserve it.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20) Your spiritual strength helps you deal with a family member's problem. Expect some difficulties, but stay with it until it's ultimately resolved.

YOU WERE BORN THIS WEEK: You can observe people and situations with absolute honesty. You'd be a fine social worker, psychoanalyst or member of the clergy.



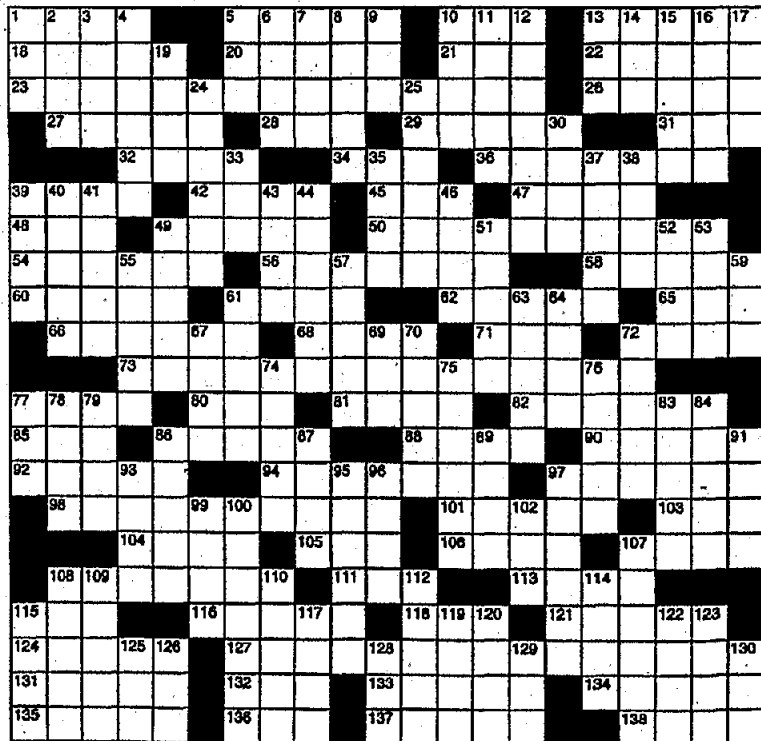
Candie's had to clean up its new print ad featuring Mark McGrath and Jodi Lyn O'Keefe for teen magazines. The ad was rejected by teen magazine newcomer, Teen Vogue, for being too provocative and for the display of condoms, while Seventeen Magazine accepted the ad after McGrath's towel was raised a few inches and the condoms were removed. The TV version that was rejected by MTV will debut Wednesday, Feb. 21, 2001, on CBS during the Grammy Awards telecast. (Wagner International Photo via FPS)

Last week's crossword puzzle answer

R	A	S	P	A	S	C	A	P	M	A	R	S	H	M	A	M	A	
A	L	A	I	P	A	U	L	A	A	G	A	T	E	O	M	A	R	
M	O	R	E	O	R	L	E	S	S	P	O	S	E	R	N	A	N	A
P	E	A	R	L	D	O	T	S	H	E	M	S	N	O	B			
		C	A	A	N	O	A	F	S	R	A	P	T	O	R			
L	I	V	E	F	R	E	E	O	R	D	I	E	N	E	E	R		
O	D	E	T	A	L	C	R	A	T	S	C	R	A	B				
B	A	T	E	S	P	I	T	O	N	S	H	E	C	K	M	R	S	
		Y	E	A	S	A	D	A	T	U	R	I	S	O	U	T		
P	A	T	E	R	N	O	G	O	T	O	M	I	T	U	T	A		
E	R	R	F	I	S	H	O	R	C	U	T	B	A	I	T	S	U	
A	M	I	M	I	E	N	H	R	H	L	E	A	N	E	S	T		
C	I	C	S	A	R	I	B	E	S	E	T	S	U	E				
E	E	K	O	L	I	N	A	Z	A	L	E	A	T	E	N	O	R	
		S	O	F	A	S	E	A	L	L	A	U	D	C	R	Y		
		R	A	V	E	T	O	B	E	O	R	N	O	T	T	O	B	
S	T	R	E	A	M	M	O	O	D	T	O	S	H					
D	I	R	E	S	O	W	Z	I	T	I	A	I	S	L	E			
I	D	E	A	T	O	R	A	H	S	I	N	K	O	R	S	W	I	
A	L	A	S	O	S	A	K	A	O	T	T	E	R	B	A	L	I	
L	E	T	T	N	E	P	A	L	N	O	O	N	E	E	T	A	L	

Beacon Crossword

- ACROSS**
- Thieves
 - Dress down
 - Accomplished
 - English explorer
 - French spa
 - Home on high
 - A mean Amin
 - "Pygmalion" role
 - Start of a remark by Gene Perret
 - On the up and up
 - Director Sergio
 - Grazing ground
 - Overact
 - Have a mortgage
 - Become engaged?
 - EMT's skill
 - "La Bohème" girl
 - Depravity
 - Heavy metal instrument?
 - Mellow
 - Rajasthani rhythm
 - Coach
 - Paragon
 - Kayak commander
 - Part 2 of remark
 - Verbal explosion
 - Pittsburgh player
 - Skirt feature
 - Tangle
 - "May I interrupt?"
 - Vision
 - Cookbook phrase
 - Impressive lobby
 - Catches cod
 - Runner Sebastian
 - Karras or Haley
 - Part 3 of remark
 - Suggestive
 - Na Na
 - Beloved
 - Type of aircraft
 - Maestro de Weert
 - Fuallade
 - Khartoum's river
 - Hopeless case
 - Jeeves or
 - Pass-partout
 - Focused
 - Watchful city?
 - Part 4 of remark
 - Perfect
 - One of the Marches
 - Anesthetize
 - Fitting
 - Manuscript
 - Gooey Gomer
 - Field event
 - "the fields we go to"
 - Ballet movement
 - Ovenwhelm
 - Recruit
 - personnel
 - Good times
 - Sari site
 - Rent
 - End of remark
 - Party present
 - Myriad of moons
 - "Midnight at the"
 - (74 hit)
 - "Gay"
 - Flight site
 - Room for relaxing
 - Marine leader?
 - Hardware item
 - 1 Sports official
 - 2 Face shape
 - Ill temper
 - She knew how to get a head
 - Droop
 - Do
 - overhead plastering
 - Sarah — Jewett
 - Pale purple
 - "violent"
 - "Carpe"
 - Turn of phrase
 - Bother
 - "Fantasia" frame
 - Flash-and-chips accompaniment
 - Chauvinist
 - Conductor
 - Selji
 - Yarn
 - Muse count
 - Snuggle up
 - The
 - Aeneid
 - author
 - Jacob's twin
 - Tint
 - "Rider"
 - (85 film)
 - Neighbor of Libya
 - Kits part
 - Places to dye
 - One of "The Three Sisters"
 - Jeweler's weight
 - 41st or 43rd President
 - Be there
 - Gels by, with "out"
 - Improptu
 - Author Jong
 - Patricia of
 - "Hud"
 - Wild wind
 - Deck out
 - Edit a text
 - Duty
 - Menotti title character
 - Have thirds and fourths?
 - Cure
 - Minor
 - Peg for Palmer
 - Footballer Lynn
 - Option
 - Maritime abbr.
 - Turning point
 - Actor Bruce
 - Part of IRS
 - Elliot's
 - Fountain order
 - Foe
 - Party hearty
 - Walk like a rooster
 - Recruit-to-be
 - Helen of Troy's mom
 - Wrath
 - Cubist
 - Rubik?
 - Warning
 - Tivoli's Villa d'
 - Ancient tongue
 - Little devils
 - Bordered on
 - Kremlin's letters
 - Know-it-all
 - Vow
 - Throw forcefully
 - Resort lake
 - Bucolic
 - Memo start
 - Romeo
 - Actress Sherilyn
 - "Yo!" at the library
 - Move a bit
 - "Blame — the Bossa Nova"
 - (63 hit)
 - Bill of Rights grp.
 - Every guy is one
 - Cy Young stat
 - Debtor's letters
 - Govt. agency
 - Beaver or bar





MC Paul
Barman &
Dalek at
Maxwell's

PRINCE PUL, MC PAUL BARMAN, AND DALEK-
P.14-15, TITTO'S AND PIERCINGS-P.16, TURBO
A.C.'S, TH LINK, PUFFY'S GOING TO JAIL-P.17

PRINCE PAUL, MC PAUL BARMAN, DJ

DJ Still on the one's and two's



What a difference seven months can make. Just this past summer, I ventured to Maxwell's in Hoboken to see the funniest, white, Jewish MC since the **Beastie Boys**, **MC Paul Barman**. He was opening for the ex-lead singer of **Soul Coughing** **M. Doughty**, who the packed crowd was obviously there to see. When MC Paul Barman took the stage, the crowd seemed stunned and dazed, and certainly not into it. With the exception of the four people who came with me, it was obvious that no one at that show knew who MC Paul Barman was. The crowd wasn't mean or close-minded, though. They watched my friends and me rap along with Paul as he ripped through most of the songs on his *It's Very Stimulating* EP, which was produced by **Prince Paul**, as well as some other great tunes, including his popular track, "Enter Pan-man"

(the first song that Prince Paul heard when he decided to sign him) and a new tune, "Bundle of Sticks" (a folktale about the first "gay" rapper, who it turns out, is not actually gay). Suffice to say, MC Paul Barman gave the crowd his all and made the evening enjoyable for at least a few of us.

This past Wednesday night, MC Paul Barman ventured back to Maxwell's for a very different show. He joined his mentor and producer **Prince Paul** and experimental hip-hop kings, **Dalek** for what would no doubt be a night to remember.

Jacob Claveloux
Insider Editor

Dalek, the independent, underground, hip-hop/noise group hailing from nearby Newark, NJ, and who, by the way, went to William Paterson University, took the stage first. **DJ Still**, **Octopus** (the man behind the stack of samplers), and lyricist **Dalek** got the night started the right way, with a powerful rendition of their track "Who You Pray To?" and continued that high level of energy throughout their strong set. **Dalek**, long known for playing shows with indie rock bands, and releasing records on indie rock labels (Gern Blandsten, Matador, which actually isn't really an indie rock label anymore), actually seemed at home, finally sharing the stage with other hip-hop acts. The group played songs off of their *Negro, Negro*, *Negros* EP, including "Swollen Tongue Bums," and "Three Rocks Blessed." Along with these joints, **Dalek** also played a few other tracks that showcased their creativity and originality.

The highlight of **Dalek's** set was, as always, their free-form noise manipulation, which was led by **Still**, who ripped his turntables apart, and **Octopus**, while **Dalek** dropped sparse, spoken word on the crowd. The great thing about this night's performance was the balance the band achieved. A typical **Dalek** show can be a bit jarring, and cause headaches in even the biggest fans. But this performance seemed to be different, with the group managing to experiment with notes and frequencies, while still maintaining the eardrums of the crowd. The only down-

Dalek and Octopus



MC Paul Barman, Rapper, Artist?



side to the band's incredible set was the lack of stage theatrics which usually accompany **DJ Still**. At a performance in Boston's Middle East this summer, he climbed on top of his turntables, smashed records, and caused all-around havoc with guest guitarist, **Ted Leo**. Perhaps the lack of theatrics was a response to playing with hip-hop acts, rather than rock bands, whose fans are more into that type of thing.

After **Dalek** left the stage, the crowd continued to pour in and it wasn't long before **MC Paul Barman** ascended the platform to begin his set. He was accompanied by his friend/collaborator **DJ Avey**. **Barman** started his set off

quickly, after a short introduction and a few jokes, with "Senioritis," an anti-high school anthem off of *It's Very Stimulating*. After finishing "Senioritis," he asked the crowd if any of us were of high school age. After finding out that the majority of the crowd was college age or older, he explained that he recently found out that high school works on a requirement basis, much like college, so that if a student worked out his/her schedule correctly, he/she could graduate in three years and take a year off before considering college. All this anti-school anger seems a bit odd from a Brown University graduate, but it's obvious that Paul is sincere in his opinions. And he

PAUL, AND COMPANY HIT HOBOKEN

as obviously not afraid to be candid with his opinions, as he blasted away at fast "filthy" metal bands like Crazy Town, explaining to the crowd that there was a difference between a white person who plays hip-hop music and white entrepreneurs who are interested in latching onto whatever the flavor of the month is.

The rest of MC Barman's set was stellar, with the rapper playing some of the early songs that he had played all these years ago at the same location. But this night was different, and only was the crowd into Barman, but the majority of them were there to see Prince Paul and Alek. Unlike the rest of the crowd at this Maxwell's show, Prince Paul stayed along with Paul and Alek, and during his crowd pleasing routine, he played "Your World," for example, and the entire crowd screamed the lines "The DJ is Paul, the MC is Paul Barman" loud and clear.

Another major difference between Paul's last show at Maxwell's and this one was the bag of tricks he would pull out of his sleeve at Wednesday night's show. The first thing that he did was call out for a female to join him on stage. When he chose one, she ascended the stage and Barman explained that he would draw her portrait on a large canvas board, with a sharpie marker, while performing "I'm Fricking Awesome." And that is just

recently the release of *Psychoanalysis-What is it?*, *A Prince Among Thieves*, and *Handsome Boy Modeling School*. To state that on this evening the Hoboken crowd was among hip-hop royalty would be a vast understatement.

After his introduction, Paul settled in behind the turntables and explained that he would be spinning an eclectic mix of hip-hop, which would begin in the mid-60s and end at present. He began with House of Pain's "Jump Around" remix and bounced through a close to two hour DJ set, which highlighted hip-hop's evolution for the crowd. People danced and rapped along with the records that Prince Paul spun and his set provided a wonderful end to an already incredible evening of music.

An (almost) complete list of the records Prince Paul played follows: "Jump Around"-House of Pain "Chill"-EPMD "It Takes Two"-Rob Base and DJ

All hail Prince Paul



Oops, I forgot the words-MC Paul Barman



that he did. He never missed a word while still managing to draw the young lady's portrait for the crowd to see. The drawing wasn't exactly a masterpiece, but the stunt was still amusing. The other crowd interaction portion of the show consisted of Barman inviting a young man (he couldn't have been older than 15) onto the stage to hold cards while he performed a new song. The young man obliged and the end result looked like the old Bob Dylan video or the more recent INXS take-off. All in all, Barman's set was fun and entertaining and it was clear how he had built such a loyal following in such a short amount of time.

The moment that I had been waiting for was finally happening next, as Prince Paul took the stage and began to introduce himself. For those who were unaware of his history, he shared his hip-hop past, which includes being a member of pioneering hip-hop act *Stetsasonic*, producing the first three *De La Soul* albums, starting the *Gravediggaz* with *Rza* of the *Wu-Tang Clan*, and more

Dance -*Digital Underground* "Children's Story"-*Slick Rick* "Dwyck"-*Gangstarr ft. Nice N Smooth* "I Get Around"-*2 Pac* "Scenario"-*Tribe Called Quest ft. Leaders of the New School* "Passin' Me By"-*Pharcyde* "Come Clean"-*Jeru the Damaja* "The Choice is Yours"-*Black Sheep* "Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down"-*Brand Nubian* "Tonight's the Night"-*Redman* "Who Got Da Props"-*Black Moon* "Buddy"-*De La Soul* "Protect Your Neck"-*Wu Tang Clan* "Wu Tang Ain't Nothing to Fuck Wit"-*Wu Tang Clan*

Ez-Rock

"Cold Chillin"-*Milk*
"Little W. Scott's Intro"
"Biz"-*Biz Markie*
"Slam"-*Onyx*
"Fight the Power"-*Public Enemy*
"Mama Said Knock You Out"-*LL Cool J*
"Me, Myself, and I"-*De La Soul*
"Rock the Bells"-*LL Cool J*
"The Humpty

"Liquid Swords"-*Genius/GZA*

"Bring the Pain"-*Method Man*
"Incarcerated Scarfaces"-*Raekwon*
"East 21st Street"-*LL Cool J*
"Shook Ones"-*Mobb Deep*
"One More Chance"-*BIG*
"Put Ya Hands Where My Eyes Could See"-*Busta Rhymes*
"Simon Says"-*Pharoahe Monch*
"Ooh"-*De La Soul ft. Redman*
"Oh No"-*Mos Def, Pharoahe Monch, Nate Dogg*
"Next Episode"-*Dr. Dre*
"The Light"-*Common*

All photos by
Matt Harabin

Prince Paul-A Del Fan?



BODY MODIFICATION-INTERVIEW AND SELF PERSPECTIVE

I woke up on Thursday morning and a den burst of inspiration entered my mind. I should start my own. "Body Modifications" umm. So this is the start of what I hope may become life's calling. My very good friend Erik, has a number of tattoos that I decided to expose. I arrived at his home where a very relaxed (hint hint), Mr. Alvarez remained. The interview shortly went along the lines of

PM: So, what's the deal with the giant octopus on your arm?

EA: Well, when I was a kid I went to the aquarium a lot down in Florida. I liked all the fishes and sea creatures. I have a chance to go to the aquarium anymore, so getting these tattoos are a way of living memories of my youth.

PM: How much did you spend on the octopus so far and where did you get it done?

EA: I spent about \$450 in like four sittings. We're almost done with it. I can't wait. One more sitting and we're done. My artist's name is CJ and he works out of Daredevil Tattoo Shop on Ludlow St. in Manhattan. He's a really nice guy because he is hooking me up with a good price. It is a quarter sleeve and there's a lot of color, anywhere else would charge an arm and a leg. If he wasn't hooking me up, I would not be getting this because I'm a broke-ass.

PM: What about that small ink on your wrist?

EA: Well, it's a logo that represents "At The Drive In." They're a really good band that I have admired for a long time and freedom to me.

PM: What other tattoos do you have and what do they mean to you?

EA: I have a horrible tattoo, on the back of my left arm. It's a really small tribal design and is scarred to shit. I got it one night when I was piss drunk, and my ex-girlfriend (aka stupid bitch) was all like, "Why don't you get a tattoo

Pete Markowicz
Insider Writer

(says this in a midget voice). So, I got one and now I'm planning on getting it covered up eventually. I also have a Chinese character on my lower back that stands for balance. We always used to go out and skateboard, so you get the picture. My last tattoo consists of a sun on my calf. I like sunny days; they make me happy. That's about it for my ink.

PM: What are your future plans for tattoos?

EA: Sleeves, sleeves, sleeves! I don't know. I'm planning on covering my other arm, completely. Getting two portraits done on my back, hopefully. My bum tattooed heavily. My legs sleeved. A Betty Page portrait, astro boy, maybe a star or circle behind the ATDI logo. That's about it.

PM: Are you planning to enter your ink into any convention contests?

EA: Yes, as a matter of fact, blang, blang. I'm entering my octopus in the Meadowlands convention this summer. Hopefully, I'll come back with a glistening trophy that relaxes the back.

PM: Slow up! Slow up! You mean to tell me that your dumb sea creature is going to

bring home the bacon!

EA: Shut up! Octopuses are wicked. [We start kickboxing with flying fists of Juddah]. After kicking Erik's ass, I threaten him into continuing the interview.

PM: What's the point of stretching your ears?

EA: I like how it feels and it think it looks attractive.

PM: So, you look in the mirror and masturbate?

EA: No, shut your yap!

Rebellion in an art form, you can say. Who would think that a colorful picture on skin can bring out a person's individuality, courage and glory. I don't want to expose all the secrets about and mysteries that lie upon the skin. Though, you become one with the needle and the artist. Looking at a freshly punctured part of your body is a really mind-boggling experience.

I have six tattoos, that are all fairly large and colorful. Most of them were done at Kryptonite Tattoo Shop in Wharton, New Jersey. My friend Lara is the artist and she makes me feel very comfortable, while administering the colorful scars. My tattoos consist of two graffiti pieces, which say, "RESPECT" and, "BISCUITS." I got the word, "Respect" done because of the general concept and meaning. "Biscuits" is my nickname since high school and was derived from the old school band, "Gorilla Biscuits." I have a Chinese zodiac sign on my left forearm which looks like half of the "Hot Water Music" sign. A oriental band lays on my right forearm with a symbol representing power and strength. A skinny chi-

nese dragon lays inside the solid black lines. My evil-looking flame head is a skateboard logo. It's a company called, "Spitfire" and brings back so many memories for me. Some of the best times of my life. It's fire engine red and took like three hours. Last summer, I got psyched on pin-up girls and decided to make this lovely lady a part of my right calf. It takes up my whole leg and is very reminiscent of the late Betty Page.

There's so much more I can tell you about tattoos and how they are very special to me. My future plans are to sleeve both arms and legs. A giant old school skullflly is being placed on my back, and I'm sure there will be more to come.

I also have my labret pierced, which I decided on a year ago. My ears are slowly being stretched which are at a 6ga right now. I have plans for horizontal nipple piercings and maybe my penis, ha ha, just kidding. That concludes my little voyage into the world of body modification. Oh, if you do plan on a body mod, I advise you to think thoroughly about it. And don't get one when you're drunk [Erik!]

My name is Pete Markowicz, and I started collecting tattoos at the legal age of 18. They have become a part of my life. Most things in life disappear or fade away. Tattoos do fade, but you can fix that. However, tattoos are with you 'til the grave. My tattoos show who I am and where I've been. What I've grown up doing and what I represent. I always ask myself if tattoos really make people outcast to society. Tattoos definitely do and that's one of the reasons that I like them.

all photos by Pete Markowicz and Erik Alvarez

HEY YOU DIRTY KERS! I'M BACK. AND YOU'RE STILL AS GOD-DAMN IGNORANT AS YOU WERE BEFORE. HUH? GOING TO SNEAK INTO ALL OF YOUR BEDROOMS AND SLIT YOUR FUCKING THROATS. AND IF YOU HANSTERS, YOU BETTER WATCH OUT. I'M OUT FOR SEX AND BLOOD, BITCHES. BY THE WAY, WHEN YOU DONE SUCKING MY DICK, WRITE FOR THE INSIDER.

Got something to write for Satan or the Insider
Email TheBea.beacon@e247.com

YOURS IN GOD,
BOOLZEBUB (SATAN, ASSHOLES)

By PEG TYRE—Newsweek

photo by Alexander Thompson

A black and white photograph of a band performing live. A drummer is in the foreground, and a guitarist is behind him. The image is grainy and high-contrast.



HOLY CRAP!!!

Those fine fellows at LIT are having a contest! Go see what all the hoopla is all about on the bottom of page 21! A good time will be had by all, OR ELSE!



Students

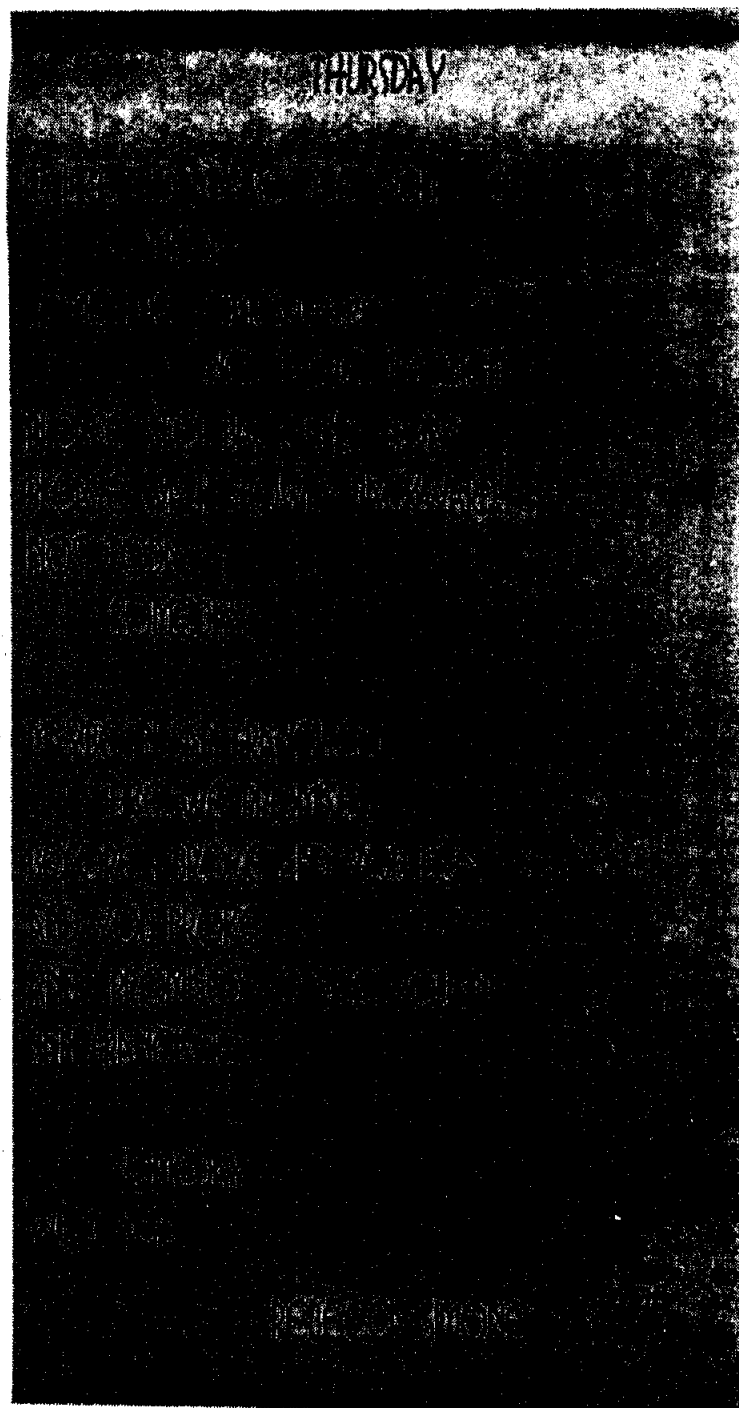
Walking on the sidewalks
I see students
lifeless, bleak, stressed
cigarettes dangling
cell phones attached
I bite into an apple
and wonder why

— James Butler

Can I live without...

Can I live without seeing garbage on this campus?
Can I live without hearing people scream while I am trying to sleep?
Can I live without people thinking I am weird just because I am energetic?
Can I live without being in the constant presence of alcohol, tobacco, and marijuana?
Furthermore, can I breathe clean and fresh air?
Can I live without being bombarded by contemporary rap and r&b at high volume while I eat?
Can I live without the nuisance of elevators?
Can I live without broken washers and dryers?
Can I live without hearing people say that they are tired, sick, or having a really bad day?
Do I ever hear someone say they aren't tired?
Can I live without people getting angry with me just because I am trying to do my job?
Can I live without eating cold french fries from Burger King?
Can I live without having to deal with bureaucratic red tape at every level of processing?
Can I live without hearing ethnic, racial, and sexist slurs every day?
Can I live without hearing or seeing obscenities?
Overall, can I live without negative energy?
As a student at William Paterson University, the answer is no. All I can do about this is try to set an example by living my life positively and successfully.
I will try.

— James Butler



BEN'S VELOCITY

BY LARRY CLOW

"Well," said the cartoonishly tall man standing by the punch bowl, "I guess it wasn't a good idea to shoot Ben out of that cannon. I don't think any of us thought this would happen. It was just an innocent party game, like last week when we switched Nigel's Jaguar with a Lincoln." Amused by his past prank, the tall man laughed haughtily.

The party had been going on all night and had stumbled languidly into the early morning hours. By then, everyone had gotten quite drunk and quite silly, and it was decided a scavenger hunt should begin. Ben, host of the party and drunkest of the lot, drew up a list of items to find on his sprawling estate. The inebriated revelers divided up into teams and began the hunt. It all went well—as well as drunken scavenger hunts can go—until

Tim Hathaway's team found the old circus cannon in Ben's boat house. It took 20 guys to roll the thing up to the house, and upon seeing it, everyone cheered, though no one quite knew why. Being drunk, Ben climbed in the cannon and requested to be shot out. The rest of the party-goers agreed, and soon Ben was wedged into the barrel of the cannon, crash helmet in place, eager to be launched into the air. A match was struck, the fuse lit, and there was a fantastic boom. Everyone applauded, at first. Unfortunately, no one had thought of Ben's velocity.

Ben's velocity was so great that when he hit the wall, he splattered like an orange hit with a sledgehammer. At the moment of impact, Ben's remains shot up into the air, a rain of flesh, bone, and muscle pouring over the festivities. The rest of the partygoers in the room turned towards the pristine white wall and stared at a hypnotic crimson spot that now commanded the room. A kidney slid down the wall and fell on the floor with an authoritative splatt. A splashing sound was heard when an eyeball landed in the punch bowl.

"It's an awful shame he hit the wall," replied the woman in the hideous green dress standing next to the tall man. "I think we all imagined that he would've broken right through; look what happens when you buy those sturdy Japanese walls. I only buy American walls, thank you very much." She tittered lightly, mildly astounded by her own wit.

"He was a nice guy, that Ben," the tall man said with a sigh. "It's sad to see him go. I went to college with him, you know. We used to have a great time, drinking, skipping class, chasing women; you know, the full college experience. I think he had a degree in business, but I don't remember. Oh, it's not important. What is important is that all that's left of his memory are the shoes stuck in that cannon and the red spot on the wall. And his fortune of twenty billion dollars."

"I wonder who he left it to," the woman said. "All that money and

look what happened. I guess it's true what they say: money doesn't buy happiness."

"Yeah, that Ben...he had always been a daredevil. I remember this one time when he drove his brand-new Porsche right into a tree. He tried to cover it up, saying he was intoxicated and all, but I knew he did it on purpose, just to cheat death," the man said. "In fact, he said to me once: 'Jerry, you're the best friend a guy could have. I could trust you with my life.'"

"That was awfully sweet of him," the woman said.

"Yes," said the tall man. "Unfortunately, my name's not Jerry. But I didn't let Ben know that. It would've crushed him. He was a good man."

"He was a true hero," the woman agreed. "I never met him personally or even talked to him. In fact, I wasn't even sure what his name was until you mentioned it just now. I caught a glimpse of him as he climbed into the cannon, but that's about it. It was nice of him to invite me to this party though. I think everyone here will agree that we lost a great friend." Suddenly, a roaring cheer came from somewhere in the house, followed by a squeaky voiced Englishman shouting, "Oh great! How am I supposed to get the duck out now?" Laughter

and more applause followed.

"Indeed," the man agreed amicably. "Say...would you like some punch?"

"Why, yes," she said, smiling. "Punch would be very nice."

The man turned and dipped the ladle into the punch bowl. He

the blood red punch. It was disconcerting, seeing the eye looking at him as he looked at it. The man wondered if the eye was looking at him or if he was looking at the eye, or, better yet, if the punch was using the eye to watch him. He quickly decided the prospect of thinking of something that complex wasn't worth the effort. He handed the woman a cup, and, drinks in hand, they began walking to the door.

"I wonder who has to clean this place up?" the woman said.

"Whoever it is, they're going to have to get an awfully strong stain remover. I think a little Lysol would do the trick. At least, that's what my maid tells me."

"You know...you remind me of a girl I once dated," the man said.

"Really?" the woman asked.

"Yes, really. She was quite beautiful," he responded.

The woman smiled. Arm in arm, they walked out of the party.

The red spot on the white wall was never quite washed off.

HOT, NAKED WOMEN STRIP FOR YOU!

Now that we have your attention...LIT is having a contest. Out of the frozen Arctic, this penguin has appeared. What does he want? What are his intentions? Is he planning on taking over the world? Is he some sort of cyborg? Or is he a man-penguin hybrid? What is he reading? Why? We, the highly intelligent and wise editors of LIT, want you to tell us about this penguin. Tell us his story—how did he get on this page? Who did he have to assassinate to make it here? Who does he love? Who does he want to beat senseless with a shoe? The writer with the most creative submission will receive a \$10 gift card to Barnes and Noble, in order to expand your literary horizons. So, let us know about this penguin; send all submissions to:

beacon@e247.com

attn: LIT editor



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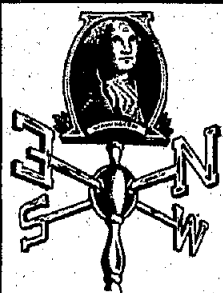
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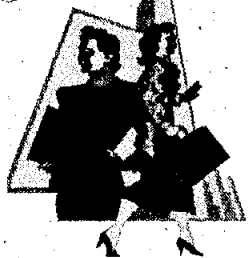
QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"DEMOCRACY? NO THANKS, I LIKE IT HERE."

—FOUND SCRIBBLED IN A BATHROOM STALL AT A BARNES AND NOBLE



WALL STREET



Business • Finance
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You Get What You Pay For

We've all heard about Priceline.com. If you have used this site in the past you're familiar with the restrictions, specifically those pertaining to airline tickets. As an unknowing consumer you think their policies aren't much different than buying directly from an airline. No cancellations, no refunds. "No problem", you naively say to yourself. After all, this is a major company and its policies are clearly posted on their web-site. So you buy your ticket. You've done your research, you feel confident. Until...

You're scheduled to leave from LaGuardia to Las Vegas. Your flight is cancelled due to inclement weather. You **WOULD** have been able to leave on the next available airline, but Priceline won't allow it. Instead you are asked to kindly wait nine hours for the next available flight to your destination. No, not at the airport to which you have become resigned to call, "home" for what's left of the

day, but at NEWARK. Keep in mind that you are at LaGuardia, and you are being asked to kindly mosey on back to New Jersey, in the inclement weather, that has just cancelled your flight. Thankfully, you make it back in one piece. But this isn't the end of your

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You realize the next morning in your jet lag stupor, that because of Priceline's "accommodating" ways you have now lost an entire

day's worth of vacation to travel. You call your airline to discuss a later return, but to no avail. Priceline won't allow ANY changes whatsoever to your itinerary, regardless of mandated airport clos-

ings or cancellations. Now you're at the mercy of a faceless Priceline representative who is "only doing his job".

My advice to those that are looking to save a couple of dollars on airfare this break: Buy through your chosen airline early. Still too pricey for you? Amtrak it. Still not what your looking to pay? Get on the bus, Gus. (Greyhound all the way - student fares for break are \$99.00 roundtrip anywhere in the U.S.). If what you're looking for is stress-free, hassle-free travel - run, don't walk, from Priceline.



JUST DO A FEW THINGS RIGHT

Kathleen Lynn, financial writer for The Record of Hackensack, was the luncheon speaker at Rutgers Cooperative Extension's sixth semi-annual Money 2000 conference. In her speech Ms. Lynn encouraged conference participants to follow just a few simple steps to ensure financial success. Below is a summary of her comments:

1. Spend less than you earn. Shop around for bargains, and ask yourself whether you really need something before you buy it.

2. Save at least 10 percent of your income. Do it automatically. I have money taken out of every paycheck for retirement, and money taken out of my checking account every month and invested in mutual funds. I never miss the money, and I'm a lot more secure about my future because of it.

3. Invest for the long term. Don't trade too much -- you'll just outsmart yourself. If you don't have the time or energy to research individual stocks, just keep it simple --

invest through no-load mutual funds. NEVER invest with people who cold-call you. Be very skeptical of any investment that sounds like a guaranteed winner. Stick with reputable companies.

4. Don't run up your credit cards. Going deep into debt to buy nice clothes or restaurant meals will not impress your friends. Instead, impress them with your kindness and sense of humor.

5. Set your goals. What are you saving for? A nice house? A comfortable retirement? College education for your children? Keep your eye on the goal, and it's easier to make some sacrifices to get there.

6. Don't buy more insurance than you need -- such as extended warranties on washing machines or low deductibles on car insurance. And don't buy investments from insurance companies. They tend to have very high expenses. But be sure you have enough disability insurance.

and term life insurance to protect your family if you can't bring home a paycheck.

7. Congratulate yourself for what you're doing right. If you hear that you need, say, \$500,000 to retire in comfort, you might just feel too depressed to even try. Instead, celebrate paying off your credit card debt, or saving even \$1,000. You have a lot to be proud of as long as you're headed in the right direction.

Employment Tips

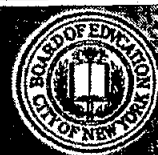
Are you contemplating a career fair as an option for your first or next job? Here are some tips on how to make the most of your time.

Find out what companies are going to be present. Research businesses prior to the job fair. Dress appropriately. Warm-up with companies you're not particularly interested in. Pick and choose wisely.



RINGING IN A NEW ERA — Brooks, the E*TRADE Chimp made famous in the Super Bowl XXXV TV commercial, places a buy-order on E*TRADE stock on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange Thursday, Feb. 15, 2001, after E*TRADE began trading on the NYSE. With Brooks, from left, are NYSE Chairman Richard Grasso, E*TRADE Chairman of the Board and CEO Christos M. Cotsakos, and E*TRADE founder William Porter. (Feature Photo Service)

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RAISING A LEMON

THE TRAGICOMIC TALE OF KOREA'S STRUGGLE FOR RESPECT IN THE TOUGH AMERICAN CAR MARKET.

By ADAM PIORE NEWSWEEK

It was out of embarrassment that Hyundai decided to launch "Operation Dave or Bust." The year was 1998 and the South Korean carmaker was in big trouble. Its U.S. sales had fallen 65 percent from their peak 10 years earlier, and Hyundais had become a favorite target of America's popular late-night TV comedians. Jay Leno equated the Hyundai with the Olympic luge, "a three-foot-long vehicle that has to be pushed to get started and only goes downhill." But when David Letterman compared Hyundai to Russia's breakdown-prone Mir space station, a young Hyundai salesman from Montana decided he'd taken enough. He headed for New York in a Hyundai Tiburon Coupe, planning to challenge Letterman to a test drive. Hyundai assigned a PR team to Operation Dave, and cheering staffers greeted the hero at dealerships across the United States. "It was time to fight back," says Hyundai spokesman Mike Anson. Unfortunately, Operation Dave crashed without impact. Letterman ignored it.

For Hyundai and Korea's other surviving carmakers, Daewoo and Kia, winning a bigger share of the largest of all car markets is only part of the challenge. They also want to prove that their cars and their country are world-class—above all as good as anything in Japan, the hated rival that once ruled Korea. There was joy in Seoul when Hyundai entered the United States in the mid-'80s and broke the 28-year-old sales records for a new import. But soon its cars began to fall apart, leaving a reputation for shoddiness rivaled only by Yugoslavia's ill-fated Yugo. Now it's crunch time: all three Korean carmakers are facing troubles at home (Daewoo is close to bankruptcy, while Hyundai Motors and Kia are carrying heavy debt). Yet all are charging ahead with a risky American offensive, offering huge discounts and sweeping guarantees to gain market share.

On its face, the campaign appears to be paying off. Korean car sales in the United States have risen 170 percent in the past two years. But some industry experts are skeptical of reported profits, pointing to the notoriously tangled accounting procedures of Korean conglomerates and hidden long-term costs. And analysts are projecting a decline in U.S. auto sales for 2001. Even Hyundai, despite sterling reviews for its 2001 Elantra compact, is still in an uphill battle for respect. As the hosts of the popular "Car Talk" radio show put it, many still view Hyundai "as a car that flies around the corner with a Domino's pizza bucket on the antenna."

For a time, Korean cars were no joke. Back in the early 1980s



U.S. automakers were getting pounded by an invasion of better, cheaper Japanese imports like the Honda Civic. Hoping to copy those Japanese victories, Hyundai and Daewoo would each invest close to \$1 billion to prepare their own invasion. Hyundai struck first, introducing the \$4,995 Hyundai Excel in 1986, and within two years it was the fifth-best-selling model in the U.S. market. The honeymoon lasted about as long as the cars. "When Hyundai came to the United States there was no brand definition so the public implied Japanese quality," says Finbarr O'Neill, president and CEO of Hyundai Motor America. "It became apparent the company was not up to the implied standards."

Hyundai had "poisoned the waters for the Korean brand," says Kia's executive VP for marketing, Richard Macedo. So when Kia entered the U.S. market in 1994, it based its marketing strategy on avoiding any identification with Hyundai. Even after Hyundai purchased a 51 percent stake in Kia in 1998, Kia continued to avoid dealers who had sold them and tried to develop a "very different" image. "Unfortunately, there's still quite a bit of work to be done," says Macedo.

Daewoo arrived in the United States only two years ago and has distanced itself from Korea entirely. It describes its cars as Italian designed and German engineered, and rarely mentions the home country. Its U.S. ad budget is nearly doubling to \$100 million this year, but mostly the car is sold by "word-of-mouth," says Jim Thomas, Daewoo's U.S. spokesman. "A neighbor will say, 'What the hell is that?' That will lead to the customer defending it, talking about value, quality, and that leads to more sales."

That may be wishful thinking: Daewoo is the Korean car company most likely to fail. Californian car dealer Joe Cardinale was persuaded to sell Daewoos only after the company agreed

to pay for \$80,000 worth of signs and to cut him a profit of \$1,500 per car—about four times the norm. For a while, Daewoos were "selling fabulous," says Cardinale. Not now—amid reports that Daewoo's founder is on the lam from bankruptcy investigators, and that its workers are rioting against a possible American takeover. Daewoo has not given up. "Our company has long yearned for chances to export to the U.S.," says Daewoo spokesman Kim Sung Soo. "You are not really an automaker until you sell cars in the U.S."

While all car companies are racing to go global, the imperative has been stronger in Korea since the 1997 Asian financial crisis. Growth in the Korean market is expected to slow to just 5 percent a year, with little prospect of recovery. Now it seems to rivals that the Koreans will try almost anything to make it in the United States. Hyundai and Kia even extend warranties out to 10 years. "They've undercut everybody on pricing and for the life of us, we can't figure out how they're going to pay for that warranty," says an executive at one of America's Big Three. "Who knows if Daewoo and Hyundai will be around in 10 years?"

Hyundai has the best chance of survival. The company has steadily improved the quality of its cars and many former critics have been converted. Slowly, it seems, customers, too, are catching on. A U.S. watchdog group, Consumers Union, compares the ride of the 2001 Elantra to the Volkswagen Jetta—high praise indeed—yet stops short of recommending the Hyundai until its reliability is proved. Such are the lingering doubts about Korean cars. A current survey of 95,000 "Car Talk" fans gives the Korean vehicles three of the top four spots on its list of the worst cars in America. No. 1 went to Kia, a fate once reserved for the notorious Yugo. Last year the revived republic of Yugoslavia decided to bring back the Yugo—but a new round of Yugo jokes has yet to start circulating. For now Korean is still America's favorite synonym for lemon.

With B. J. Lee in Seoul

Editors Stock Picks

Company	Symbol	High	Low
American Online Inc.	AOL	44.1199	41.52
AT&T CP	T	21.2999	20.20
Microsoft Corporation	MSFT	57.50	54.3125
Compaq computer Corp	CPQ	22.2999	21.11
Verizon Communications	VZ	49.3699	46.88
Viacom Inc.	VIA	51.73	50.2999
Intel Corporation	INTC	30.75	28.50
McDonalds Corporation	MCD	30.49	29.95
PepsiCo Inc.	PEP	47.0099	45.40
Dell Computer Corporation	DELL	23.25	21.1875
Apple Computer Inc.	AAPL	18.875	18.25
Outback Steakhouse	OSI	26.9699	26.16
Cisco Systems Inc.	CSCO	27.00	25.00

THE KNOWLEDGE TO ACCUMULATE WEALTH

During the past year, the TV game show, "Who Wants to Be A Millionaire?" has drawn large audiences. It seems that many people enjoy the show's format and/or are excited by the possibility of instantly winning a million dollars. In reality, though, a number of research studies have shown that most millionaires grow rich slowly over time. It often takes them two or three decades. In the spirit of this popular show, here are some questions about investing and compound interest.

1. Where should you put your money to earn the greatest return over time?

- A. Bonds
- B. Certificates of Deposit (CDs)
- C. Stocks
- D. Mattress

The correct answer is C. Stocks have had an 11.3% average annual return since 1926, compared to 5.1% for long-term government bonds and 3.8% for U.S. Treasury bills, a proxy for cash assets.

2. To double your money in eight years requires what investment return?

- A. 8%

- B. 9%
- C. 10%
- D. 12%

The correct answer is B. Use the "Rule of 72" and divide the time frame (8 years) into 72. The result (9) is the interest rate (9%) that it will take to double a sum of money in 8 years.



3. For every decade that a person delays investing, the required investment needed to accumulate a certain amount of money (e.g., a million dollars) in the future is

- A. Doubles (2x)
- B. Triples (3x)
- C. Quadruples (4x)
- D. Quintuples (5x)

The correct answer is B. You'll need to triple the amount saved for each decade you delay. Research shows that millionaires start investing early in life and benefit from compound interest.

4. Investing a regular amount (e.g., \$50) at a regular time interval (e.g., monthly) is called

- A. Automated investing
- B. 401 (k) plan
- C. Debit account
- D. Dollar-cost averaging

The correct answer is D. Research shows that millionaires use this strategy. An example of Dollar Cost Averaging is contributing money each pay period to an employer's 401(k) plan.

5. Research about millionaires indicates the following common key to success

- A. They buy expensive houses and sell them at a profit
 - B. They spend less than they earn
 - C. They hold advanced degrees
 - D. They won a state lottery or other large contest prize
- The correct answer is B. Most millionaires live below their means and invest the difference.

The above information was provided by the Rutgers Cooperative Extension of Passaic County - New Jersey Experiment Station.

Looking for additional information about investing for your future and possibly becoming a millionaire? Some helpful reference books about accumulating wealth are: Eight Steps to Seven Figures (2000) by Charles Carlson Getting Rich in America (1999) by Dwight R. Lee and Richard B. McKenzie The Millionaire Across the Street (1999) by Bettina Flores & Jennifer Sander

Demystifying the Dow Jones Industrial Average

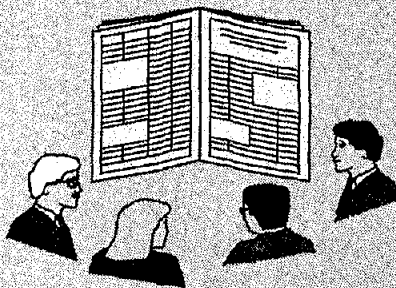
Each night on the news we hear that the "market" is up or down by so many points. Many stock investors assume their portfolio is rising or dropping at the same level as the Dow Jones Industrial Average, or "the Dow" as it is more commonly referred to. Most of these people think the Dow represents the entire stock market when, in reality, it reflects only a small fraction of the stocks traded each day. Though diversified over many industries, it is reflective of only the largest companies traded on U.S. exchanges.

Are you wondering why your portfolio doesn't act like the Dow? Here are some reasons why. Currently there are over 9,000 stocks actively traded on U.S. exchanges each trading day. This may seem like a lot; however, the U.S. makes up only one of over thirty capitalist markets around the world and represents approximately 50% of the world's stock capitalization. The U.S. has one of the most stable economies and stock markets in the world. This gives us a bit more confidence even though stock market investing in and of itself is risky.

The Dow Jones Industrial Average consists of thirty stocks. This microcosm of publicly traded companies is watched closer than any other index in the world. Why you might ask? Even financial professionals don't seem to be able to

come up with a good answer.

Perhaps it's because the Dow has been consistently reported longer than any of the other indexes. The Standard and Poor's 500 is an index of 500 of the largest U.S. stocks and the



Wilshire 5000 includes large, medium and small companies. The latter represents the whole U.S. stock market, but the Wilshire 5000 index, even though it is a truer picture of the "market", is not reported on a regular basis.

If you feel your portfolio is not performing up to par, or in this case up to the Dow, you may want to look at the stocks in your portfolio. Do you have excellent companies like Kimberly-Clark, Ingersoll-Rand, Harley-Davidson,

Arneritech, and Chubb? None of the stocks are in the Dow. They have all performed well over various time periods, but they may not perform like the Dow. At times they will outperform it at times they will underperform.

Most financial professionals advocate diversifying a portfolio beyond the Dow 30. However, if your focus is the Dow, the S&P 500, or the Wilshire 5000, there are ways to generate returns similar to these indexes.

If you would like to replicate the indexes, try dex funds. They are available from mutual fund companies such as Vanguard, Fidelity, Charles Schwab, or T. Roy Price, etc.

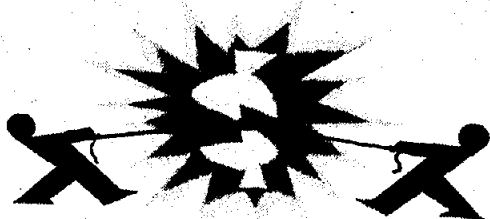
Be forewarned that the index funds will never equal their respective indexes in performance. Each of the funds has their own internal expenses which will reduce the fund's performance from that of the index they are trying to equal. Look for index funds with a low expense ratio. Some have expenses less than one-fifth of one percent of assets. So, be sure to compare the costs.

This MONEY 2000 TM message is sponsored by Rutgers Cooperative Extension. MONEY 2000 TM is a program designed to increase the financial well-being of New Jersey residents through increased household savings and reduced household debt. For further information about MONEY 2000 TM and other educational programs, contact your local Rutgers Cooperative Extension office.

Bringing "Money Talk" Out of the Closet

If you are someone who grew up in the 60s, you'll remember a prevailing attitude that drugs were okay, sexual freedom was encouraged, and that money was scarce. Boy, have things changed! Now drugs and unprotected sex are deadly dangerous, and with a booming (in some areas), but volatile, stock market, it almost feels that money is free.

their adult children and grandchildren will "spoil" them, taking away their incentive to be financially inde-



pendent. In such a way, it isn't a gift, but becomes a manipulative tool. There should be no strings attached to a gift.

There is no better way to reduce gift anxiety than with communication. A family meeting where the family's financial and estate plan is explained can be an extremely helpful tool. This is particularly true when there is a family business or farm involved.

First, it lays out the technical aspects of the plan. But it also provides an excellent opportunity for the parents to communicate their wishes and strategies to their children. Anyway, most of the time it is an unfounded worry that the kids are going to be greedy and selfish.

Use a holiday, anniversary or other family gathering to discuss these issues. Put everything out on the table. With open communication, much of the anxiety can disappear.

Remember, it worked with sex and drugs. Now talk about money with your kids.

For the past 20 years, parents have done a great job of talking to their children about dangerous drugs and safe sex. Virtually every child has heard these things again and again.

At the same time, there hasn't been much in the way of communication about money, financial planning, and building financial independence. For many people, it's easier to talk with adult children about the facts of life than it is to talk about saving and growing your net worth.

It is frequently reported that there is a relationship between wealth and charity. Some research shows that the richer a person becomes, the more charitable he or she is likely to be. Still other studies reveal that rich people give less as a percentage of income to charity than the less affluent. In any case, this does require some financial planning and the process is an art -balancing the growth of assets while reducing taxes at the same time.

One of the many good ways to reduce your potential estate taxes is to give your money away. Charity does begin at home, and a good financial plan involves passing assets

accumulated by one generation on to the next with as little tax burden as possible. Many retirees, however, are concerned that substantial gifts to

pendent.

Evel Kneivel once said, "If God has meant for you to hang on to your money, he would have put handles on it." Many parents would like to give money to the family, e.g., children and grandchildren, but they want big handles on it. When distrib-

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Valentine's Day and the Mythology of Love

Dr. Paul Chao
William Paterson University

On a festive occasion, such as Valentine's Day, people think, more than ever, of their sweethearts. It is more than idyllic, I feel, to bring to light the story of Cupid and Psyche told by Apulius. We can, at the start, discuss the ideas regarding love. When a man falls in love with a woman, ancient Greek and Roman mythology would say: "Venus or Aphrodite touched this man's heart," or Eros (amor in Latin), would say, "an arrow was shot into his heart." It is apparent, to all intents and purposes, that such a love we are here considering is wholly conceived by a mythology of gods and goddesses of love, such as Zeus, Apollo, Jupiter, Venus, Aphrodite, Eros, Mercury, Cupid and Psyche. The story of Cupid and Psyche is given its classical form by Apulius' work "Metamorphosis." (4.28-24).

Cupid is depicted as a chubby and mischievous little darling with wings and a bow and a quiver full of arrows. Although the wounds Cupid inflicted could inspire a passion which was serious, more often than not he became the cute and frivolous deus ex machina of Romantic love. Cupid is the god of love, and son of Mercury and Venus, known as follows: Zeus=Mala

Mercury=Venus Cupid=Psyche Pleasure
Cupid was not, we should note, a native Roman deity, but had been introduced from the mythology of the Greeks by poets. The

Roman Cupid stands for "desire of love," viz., "a desire of union in love." The word "Psyche" which means originally the "soul" came afterwards to mean also "butterfly", becoming a butterfly, Psyche was metamorphosed on earth, rose on wings, and wafted in the light.

The Episode of Cupid and Psyche In the late age of Hellenistic and Roman poetry occurred the impressive or telling story of Psyche- a personification thought to have been fraught with the passion of love and depicted in the form of a small winged maiden or a butterfly. Once upon a time, a king and queen had three daughters, of whom Psyche was the youngest and most startlingly beautiful; the fame of Psyche's beauty inevitably awoke the jealousy of the goddess Venus, she then charged her son Cupid to visit Psyche, he was so enthralled by her beauty that he felt loathe to obey his mother's command; instead, Cupid, in his confusion, wounded himself with his own arrow.

Later, Venus discovered that her son Cupid had fallen in love with Psyche; she cried angrily: "My son has a mistress. it is Psyche who has bewitched my beauty and is the rival of a goddess." In fact, Psyche, a mortal maide, was beloved by Cupid; he conveyed her to a lonely place where every night he came to her bed, but he remained invisible; at the same time, he ordered Psyche not to attempt to see him, yet when overcome by love and curiosity she broke the command, he left her. She wandered



Cupid and Psyche

about the world seeking Cupid and enduring many hardships, until at last Jupiter, the supreme deity of ancient Rome, corresponding to the Greek Zeus, made her immortal. At the same time, seeing that Cupid had stopped roving and settled down with Psyche, Venus felt it would be no disgrace for herself so she sent Mercury, the Roman god presiding over commerce, and gave her a cup of nectar to make her immortal. Jupiter ordered a wedding banquet for Cupid and Psyche in which the muses chanted and sang marriage hymns and Apollo thrummed his own lyre. Even Venus performed a lively and mirthful dance. Cupid and Psyche were married and their child was a daughter called "Pleasure".

Now one cannot help posing a question: As Psyche is symbolized as a soul, there are three stages of soul: 1) its pre-existence in an Elysian stage, 2) its existence on earth with trials and anguish or suffering, and 3) its future stage of happy immortality. Now, how to interpret the story of Cupid and Psyche in the form of allegory? The story of Apulius is interpreted as symbolic of the human soul's quest for love. It appears that on Christian sarcophagi, Cupid has his soul of future life.

It is quite amusing to ask a girl whether she has a boyfriend. Instead of replying, "I have not yet encountered a boy," she may euphemistically retort, Cupid's arrow has and wistfully not yet shot me."

This paper is far from being of

exhaustive research; needless to say, however, many more intriguing points may as well be interpolated.

References

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Psyche at the couch of Cupid

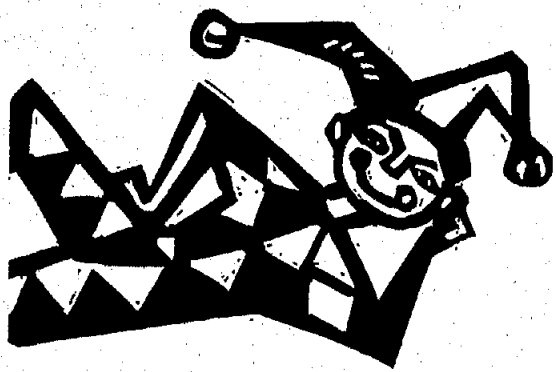
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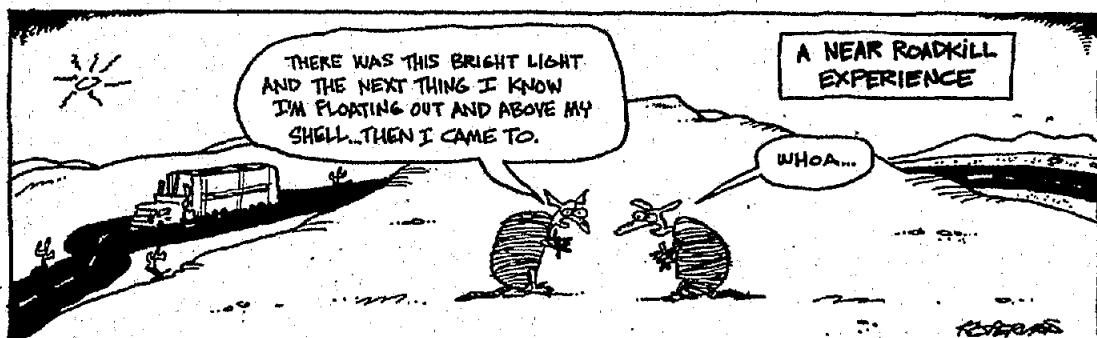
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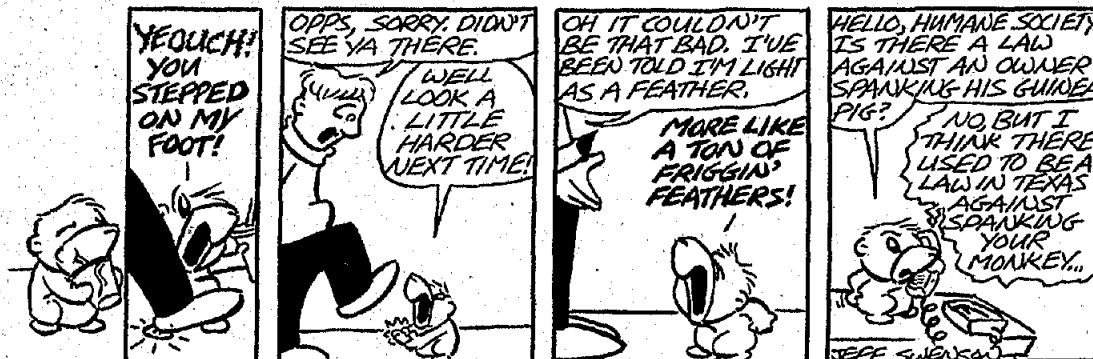
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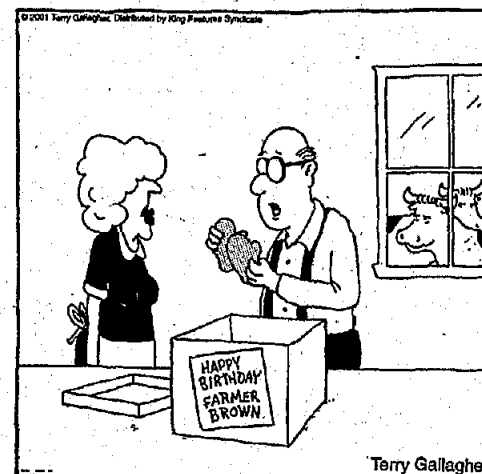
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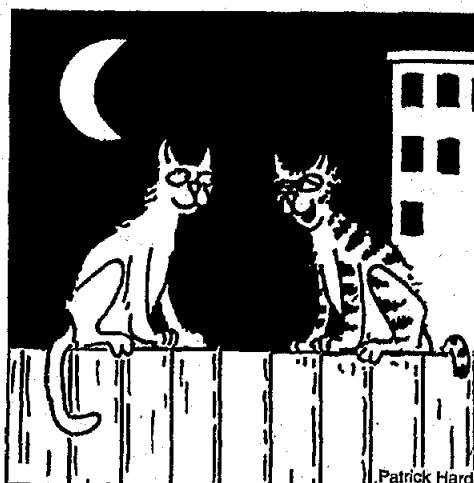
NEW BREED



"It's a pair of mittens ... from the cows."



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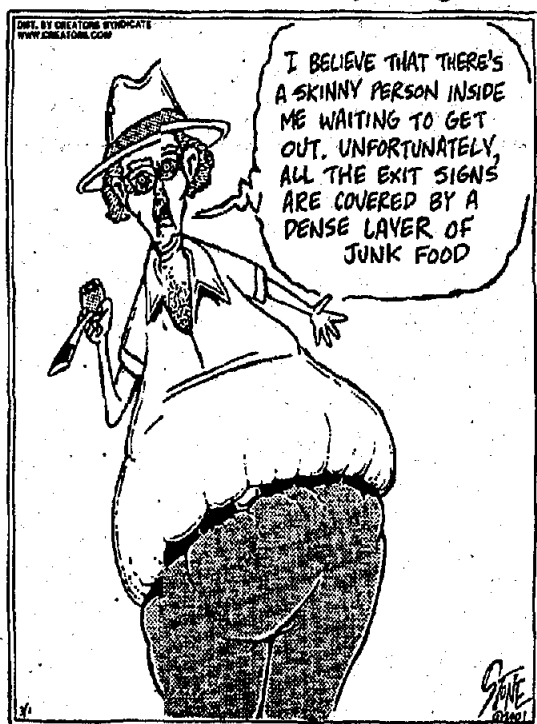


"Every dog has his day — but the nights belong to us."

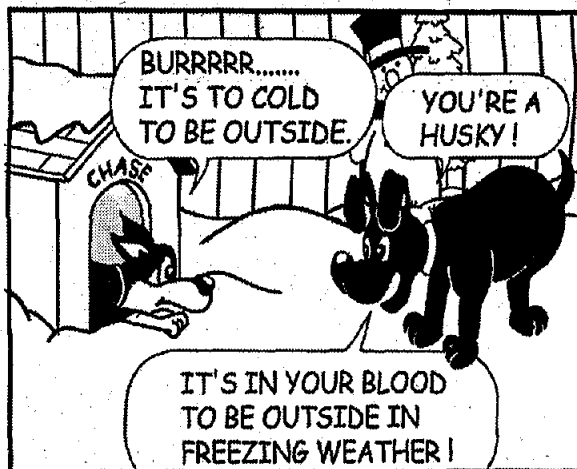
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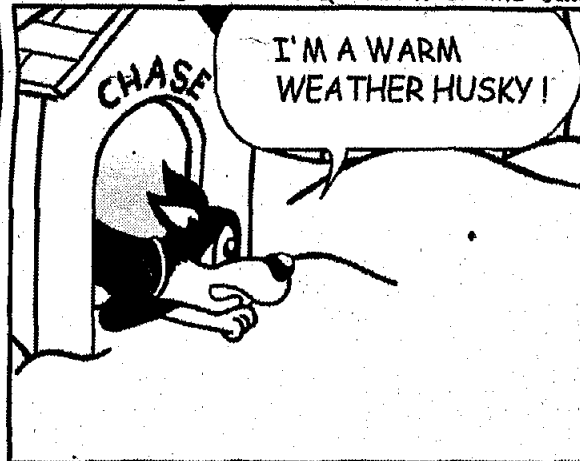
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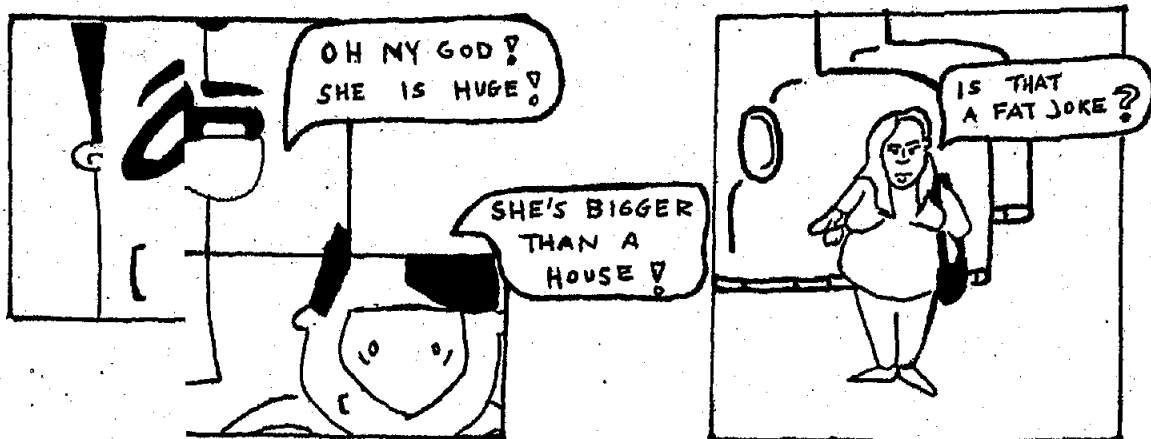
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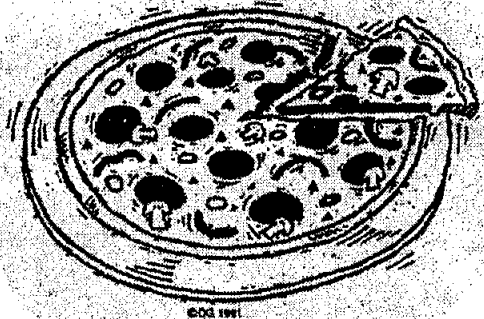


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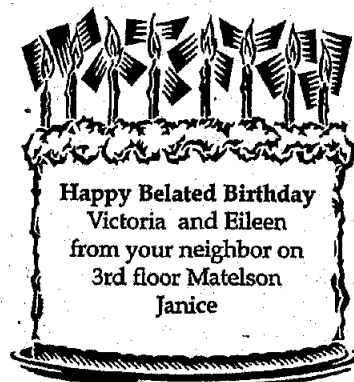
Yalitza (Ast Associates)

You picked an awesome Big!
Make our family tree proud.
Love,
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To my little Amanda (Ast Associate)

Your doing awesome! Continue to
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Love your Big-Joanna

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Danielle, Veronica, Christine, Liz,
Tara, Cheryl, Irene, Shaina,
Congratulations and good luck.
Keep your chins up!
Love The Angels



To My little Christine - (BZI)
Congratulations on your Bid! You
are making me so proud!
Love You Big Sister Brianne

To My Little Liz, (BZI)
Congratulations and Welcome
to my family tree !!! You are doing
a great job! Make me proud!!!
Love, Your Big Sister Tracey

My Little Angela, ASI Associate,
Best friends make the best littles!
Count on me to be there always!

I love you! Your big, Blanca.

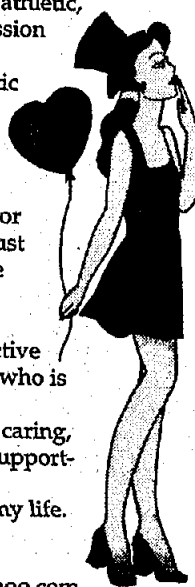
My little Dziobek, Ast Associate,
It's about time! can call you that!
Good luck! I love you and
I'm here for you always.
Your Big, Blanca

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I know you can do this.
Make me Proud!
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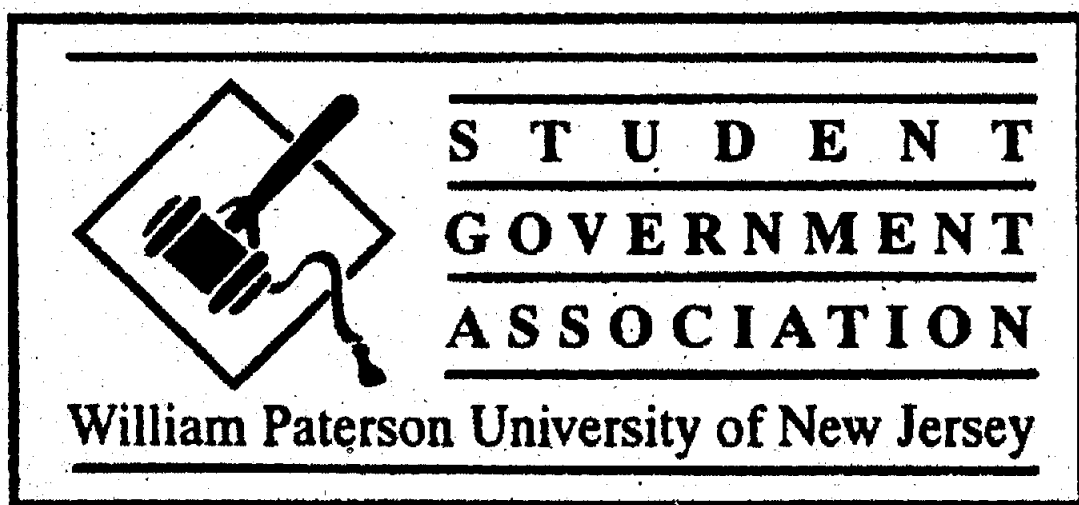
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