

Vol. 67
No. 22

The
Beacon
WEEKLY

MONDAY, MAR 26, 2001

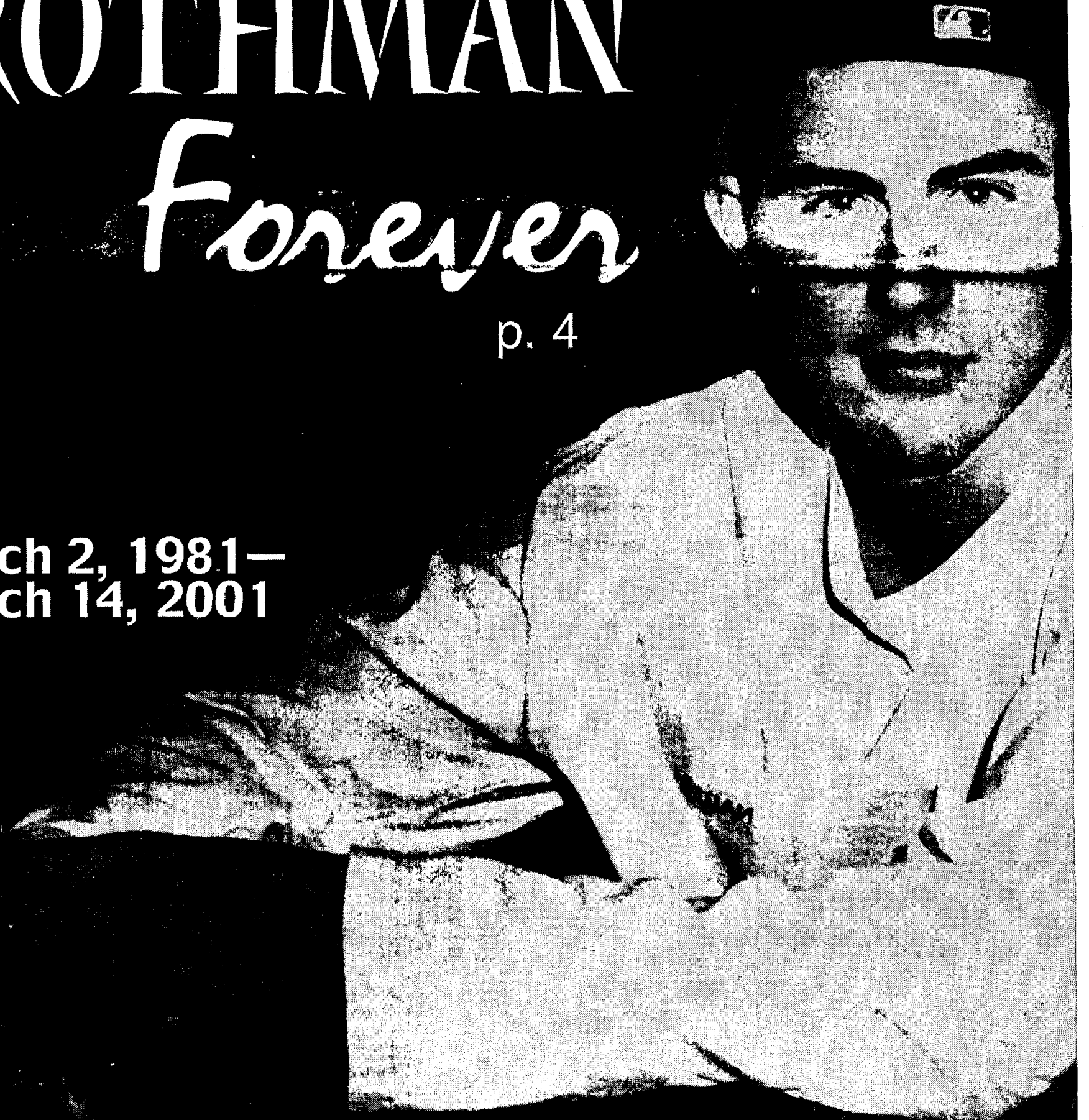
FREE

A William Paterson Tragedy

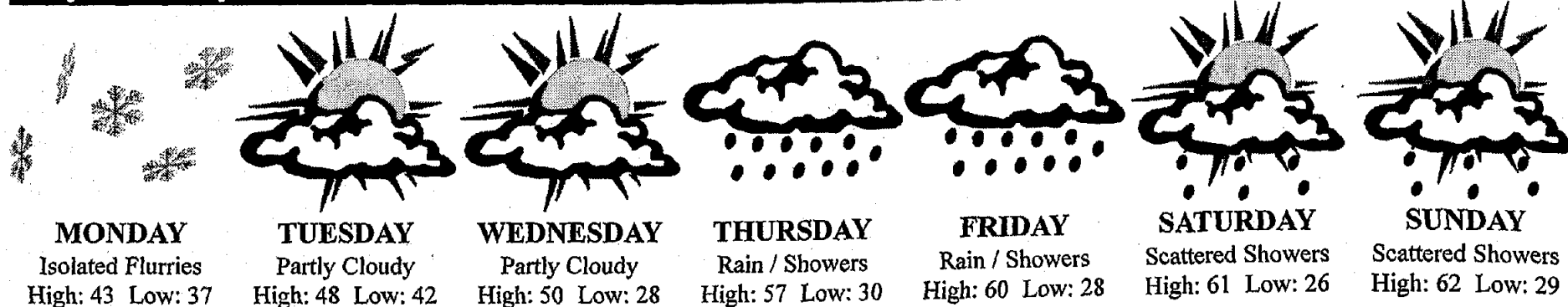
ROTHMAN *Forever*

p. 4

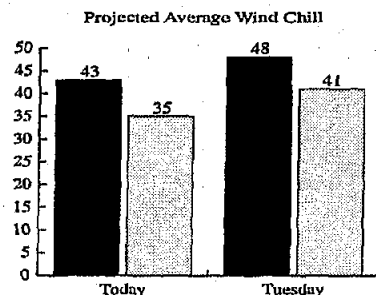
March 2, 1981—
March 14, 2001



Wayne's 7-Day Local Forecast

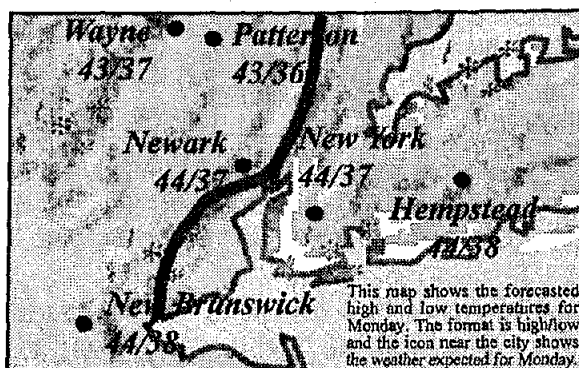


Wind Chill Index



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

Monday's Regional Forecast



Local Almanac Last Week

Day	High	Low	Normals	Precip*
Sat	45	37	51/34	0.15"
Sun	47	36	52/34	0.00"
Mon	54	33	52/34	0.00"
Tue	53	32	52/35	0.00"
Wed	45	41	53/35	0.87"
Thu	45	39	53/35	1.23"
Fri	59	39	54/35	0.00"

Rainfall for the week 2.25"
 Normal rainfall for the week 0.91"
 Departure from normal for the week . +1.34"
 Rainfall for the year 9.02"
 Normal rainfall for the year 9.26"
 Departure from normal for the year . -0.24"

* Precipitation includes snow converted to rainfall

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Weather History

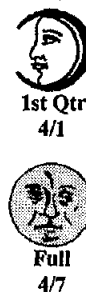
March 28, 1984 - A violent outbreak of tornadoes hit the Carolinas. Twenty-two tornadoes occurred during the late afternoon and evening hours killing 57 people and injuring 1,248 others. A tornado near Tatum, S.C. was estimated at having a width of 2.5 miles during its trek.

National Weather Summary

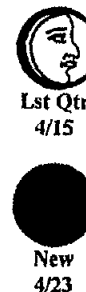


A cold front will slowly develop across the southern Plains to begin the week. An area of low pressure along the front will trigger showers and thunderstorms and minor flooding will be possible. This low will make its way into the Southeast by mid-week bringing copious rainfall along the Gulf Coast states. A cold front will move into the Pacific Northwest later this week dropping rain and snow.

Sun/Moon Chart This Week



Day	Sunrise	Sunset	Moonrise	Moonset
Monday	5:50 a.m.	6:15 p.m.	6:58 a.m.	7:58 p.m.
Tuesday	5:48 a.m.	6:16 p.m.	7:25 a.m.	9:03 p.m.
Wednesday	5:47 a.m.	6:17 p.m.	7:56 a.m.	10:08 p.m.
Thursday	5:45 a.m.	6:19 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	11:15 p.m.
Friday	5:43 a.m.	6:20 p.m.	9:11 a.m.	
Saturday	5:42 a.m.	6:21 p.m.	9:59 a.m.	12:20 a.m.
Sunday	6:40 a.m.	7:22 p.m.	11:56 a.m.	2:23 p.m.



Willy P's Calendar of Events

Monday 3-26

Freshman Orientation
 Individual Interviews
 9AM-2PM Rm. SC326 C A 720-2271
CAREER'S IN WOMEN'S STUDIES
 Day Session 11AM-12:15PM ASKEW
 LIBRARY AUDITORIUM
 Evening Session 7PM-9PM
 SC Rm. 203 720-2946
CCM 12:30PM
 Mass Annunciation of our Lord
 720-3524

Tuesday 3-27

Java "N" Jazz
 SC Cafe CH
 720-2271
Freshman Orientation
 Individual Interviews
 9AM-5PM SC Rm.326 720-2271
Career in Economics/ Finance
 2pm SC 324720-2440
Resume' Express
 CDS 9AM-NOON
 MH Rm.103 720-2440

Wednesday 3-28

Resume' Express
 CDS 1PM-4PM
 MH Rm.103 720-2440
Job Fair Preparation
 4PM MH Rm.103 720-2440
Freshman Orientation
 Individual Interviews
 9AM-5PM SC Rm.326 720-2271
Careers in History
 CH SC Rm.324 720-2440

Thursday 3-29

Careers in Biology/Biotech
 CH Science
 Rm.319 720-2440
Job Fair Preparatory
 CH MH Rm103
 720-2440
Spotlight Series
 SC Cafe 6PM 720-2271
Freshman Orientation
 Individual Interviews
 9AM-5PM SC Rm.326 720-2271
Resume' Express
 9AM-NOON Rm.103 720-2440
Outdoors Club
 SC CH Rm.215 720-5093
A Celebration of Women
 CH-2PM SC Rm.203 720-2946
Family & Friends
 7PM-10PM SC BR
 Sable SGA Funded
Teaching About Race, Class, Gender, Sexuality:
What Works & What Doesn't Work
 An Open Discussion
 3:30PM Paterson Rm. Library

Friday 3-30

Saturday 3-31

Outdoors Club
Mountain Biking
 10AM Meet at SC Cafe
 http://euphrates.wpunj.edu/
 outdoorsclub
Americorps: NJ Community
Water Watch "Streamwalk Day"
 10am-2pm 720-4954

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

Submissions for calendar due Fridays by 5 P.M. for following Monday's publication.
 Fax: 720-2093
 Email: beacon@e247.com

Sunday 4-1

Cover photo courtesy Brian Russo

The Beacon

NEWSPAPER

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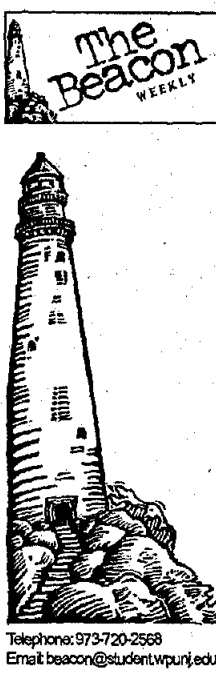
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NEWS

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IN LOVING MEMORY

By Brian Russo

For spring break, the brothers of Zeta Beta Tau planned to vacation together in Tarpon Springs Florida. Brothers John Ozgapoyan, Glenn Felson, Mike O'Hare, Brian Russo and Jaimie Hopkins awaited the rest of the crew Wednesday March 14th when they received the tragic phone call from Jeff's girlfriend, Maria Petrou. Jeff Rothman drove with brothers Andre Catarino, Paul Severino, and Pete Marino. The four stopped at Myrtle Beach along the way to Florida. Jeff had gotten a speeding ticket along the way and they decided to stay at Myrtle Beach because Jeff didn't want to risk driving to Florida.

Jeff and his crew had been partying at the Happy Holiday Hotel. Jeff went to get some food at about 7:30 p.m. At 8 p.m. the police came to the room because of loud music and arrested the guys for under-aged drinking. Jeff had made calls to the police station, to Maria and to the jail cell itself. Jeff wanted to get his friends out of jail but they were not to be released till the following morning. Jeff ended up on a pier that he had noticed earlier and said it would be a "phat place to go chill." He was either going for an innocent swim or was in a dangerous situation and had no choice but to jump 25 feet off the pier into the ocean. The water was freezing and he drowned. What happened is a mystery but we accept that the outcome is the same.

Growing up in Toms River, Jeff was the only child of loving parents David and Susan Rothman. Jeff had a very good relationship with his parents. They talked about everything. His father would do anything for Jeff. In elementary school, Jeff's soccer team needed a coach, and David took the job although he didn't know much about soccer. He went to the library and took out books and videos in order to coach the team. David later went to all his son's hockey games no matter if they were a four-hour drive each way.

Jeff's friends in high school say that he was a leader. He was always making plans to get everybody together. He was always helping people and making them laugh. He was a superstar on the hockey rink as well as the center of attention at parties. He played for Toms River East and graduated in 1999.

Bobby Carnathan, assistant coach of the William Paterson Pioneers and alumni of Zeta Beta Tau Fraternity first met Jeff when he was recruited to the University. "He was more than just a good player, he was a good person. You could tell right away," Bobby said. Rothman promised Carnathan that the team would win a Metropolitan Collegiate Hockey Conference championship before he graduated. Jeff's #12 jersey will be retired at a ceremony next season.

Robert Alfieri, hockey player and Zeta Beta Tau brother, first introduced me to Jeff. Jeff was very enthusiastic about joining the fraternity and was captain of his pledge class. Everyone argued about who would pick Jeff as their little brother, but because of Rob's relationship with Jeff and his father, Rob was the most suitable pick. Jeff

Jeff Rothman



Brothers of Zeta Beta Tau fraternity at William Paterson University and friends raise money to benefit a memorial scholarship fund for Jeffrey Rothman, a WPU student tragically killed during spring break.

photo by Joelle Caputa/The Beacon

was a brother to us all. He wanted to get all the Greek organizations tighter together, and he did. He told me that he was going to save the fraternity and next semester we were going to "rule the school." Jeff is the "2001 Brother of the Year."

Hockey was his passion. He was a fan of the Pittsburgh Penguins and idolized Mario Lemieux. His favorite possession is his signed Mario Lemieux rookie card. He was a

"star wars freak" and has many of the action figures unopened in boxes in his room. He has posters hanging up and battle scene set ups on his dressers. Jeff told me he must have watched the Star Wars Trilogy over a hundred times.

Tupac was Rothman's favorite rapper. He would listen to each song over and over until he knew the words and the meaning of the songs. Jeff would argue with anyone who tried to say

that Biggie is better. Jeff also listened to Wu-Tang Clan, Nas, DMX, Mobb Deep and C&N.

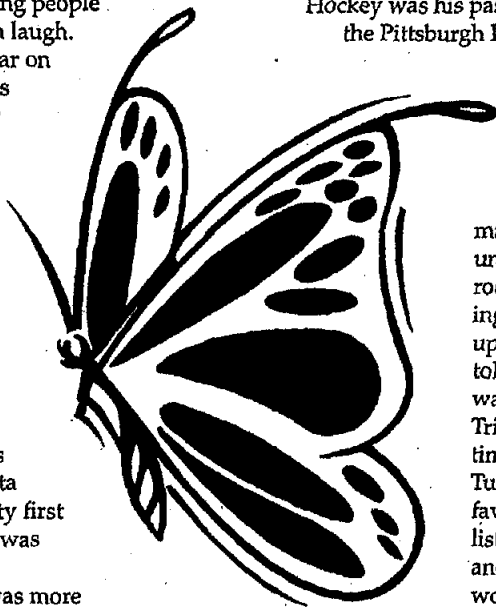
Jeff wanted to know everything about life. He was always asking questions and having deep philosophical conversations with us. He said, "Pledging is the ultimate thing. You go through so much and become close with everyone until finally you become a brother and it is the best feeling. Life is like pledging, you go through so much in life until finally you make it to heaven." He also compared Darth Vader to Tupac. He said,

"They were both good when they were young, but through the evil of the world they turned evil, but they both found peace and were good people in the end." Rothman had a different way of looking at the world than anyone I know. He wanted to live life to the fullest and experience everything for himself. He wanted to help as many people as he possibly could and would sacrifice anything to benefit his friends. He was a communications major but wanted to be a professional hockey player. He said that if that didn't work out he wanted just to help people. His goal in life was to marry and have a family of his own.

Jeff had touched a lot of people in his short life. Over 1500 people attended his wake on Sunday, March 18th. He was

buried the following day at Toms River Memorial Park. Jeff will live on forever in all the people he has touched. We do not look at him as an only child. He is a child, a god and a brother to us all. His family has set up a scholarship fund in his name so that he may continue to help people. Zeta Beta Tau fraternity sat outside the student center all day to raise money for this fund. All the greek organizations on campus helped out especially AST, ASA, Angels, APD, and TKE.

Any donations can be made to:
Jeffrey Rothman Memorial Scholarship Fund
167 Rutledge Court North
Matawan, N.J. 07747



Tim Sobanko (L) and Jeff Rothman (R) pose for a photo.

Amadou Diallo's mom speaks at WPU

BY SUE VARGAS
THE BEACON

"Someone in this family will bear a child the world will talk about," was the legend Kadiatou Diallo's father once told her as a young girl. Sadly on February 4, 1999 this legend became reality when Diallo's son Amadou Diallo was murdered. On March 21, 2001 at 12:30 pm in the John Victor Machuga Student Center, Mrs. Kadiatou Diallo, mother of the late Amadou Diallo, graced the William Paterson University campus with the powerful story of her son's legacy. Mrs. Diallo, an articulate and powerful woman of 5' 6", addressed a full audience in the student center ballroom. Mrs. Diallo didn't want, "Amadou's life to be in vain, I call for change in America so that racial stereotyping can end, and I can finally have peace."

Amadou Diallo was described by his mother as a quiet, shy, devout Muslim man who prayed five times a day and was an avid reader. He loved sports and enjoyed traveling.

His love of travel had taken him to such locations as Thailand, Malaysia and Singapore. Fluent in five languages, including French, Spanish, English, Thai and Guineese, he knew the value of an education, and so in September 1996 he left Guinea for the United States in pursuit of his aspirations. On January 31, 1999 his dreams were quickly becoming reality when he enrolled at a local college. This day was also the last time Kadiatou Diallo heard her son's voice. Traveling in an unmarked vehicle on February 3, 1999 four Caucasian police officers, without identifying themselves, approached an unarmed Diallo, who was standing in the doorway of his Bronx apartment. Each officer was over six feet tall, each over two hundred pounds, each carrying a nine millimeter semi-automatic weapon. Amadou Diallo, 5' 6" and weighing 150 pounds, retreated into the vestibule of his building with only a wallet, beeper and a set of keys on his person "I think in my heart Amadou thought he was going to be robbed,"

said a heart-broken mother. Diallo was shot at forty-one times with a total of nineteen bullets piercing his young body. The lives of the Diallo family would be changed forever but the nightmare didn't conclude here for this already devastated family. On February 25, 1999 the four indicted New York City police officers were found "not guilty" of the murder of Amadou Diallo. The "not guilty" verdict was repeated a total of twenty-four times to a stunned family and nation.

After much soul-searching and discussions with her family, Kadiatou Diallo decided to stay in the United States and began "The Amadou Diallo Foundation," which claims as its mission "To promote racial healing through activities, including programs in the public schools that seek to diminish prejudice and racial conflict and for scholarship support for African college or graduate students who want to study in the United States and American students who want to study in Africa. A secondary purpose of the

Foundation is to fund programs seeking to enhance police-community relations. I hope that through this foundation named for my son, Amadou's short life and legacy will endure," said Kadiatou Diallo. When asked if she thought racial profiling will ever come to an end in this country, Kadiatou Diallo responded, "Yes I think racial profiling will end, because it's something that effects everyone, the black community is not the only one outraged by my son's murder it has touched all races; Asian, Hispanic, Caucasian, all races." If you would like to support the Amadou Diallo Foundation please contact:

The Amadou Diallo Foundation, Inc.
GPO Box 6656
Yorkville Station
New York, NY 10128
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Coalition for America's Children

President Bush's Funny Politics

AUSTIN, Texas— Not, all in all, a good week for government or business. As the stock market continued to tank, we got three primo examples out of Washington of how not to govern.

The indefensible Git Tuff on Bankruptcy bill slid through the Senate, 83-15, with only Paul Wellstone of Minnesota putting up much of a fight. If you want to know just how cynical this bill is, the fact is that most people in bankruptcy are there because of medical bills (usually for a catastrophic illness), divorce or job loss. The credit companies' big argument is that rich people, like film star Burt Reynolds, take advantage of bankruptcy laws by sheltering huge sums in expensive homes. How true—and we always like to hear bankers being populist. Gosh, this must be the only law anywhere on the books that gives rich folks a special edge.

So the Senate was shamed into

putting a \$125,000 limit on the value of a home that can be protected under the new law. Now watch closely as that limit goes through the conference committee process and see if you can still find it at the other end. The equally craven cave on new ergonomic rules to protect workers from carpal tunnel or repetitive stress syndrome offers a gruesome example of how business' knee-jerk anti-regulatory stance often works against its own interests.

Just as predictably as the entire restaurant industry claims it will inevitably go broke if we ever pass another increase in the minimum wage, business can be counted upon to threaten to shut down or move to Taiwan if forced to do anything to protect workers' health or safety. But remember the key question: "How much does it cost not to do it?" The labor unions were claiming that repetitive stress costs up to \$9 billion a year. So, as Jonathan Alter reported in Newsweek, the Republicans commissioned a study to refute this absurd claim from the prestigious National Academy of Sciences. The NAS report came out in January, and it says that repetitive stress costs \$50 billion a year in lost wages and productivity. So it costs significantly more to deal with the consequences of a preventable workplace injury than it does to fix it. Not to mention (and who would?) the human misery involved. But the business community decided to call in its campaign contribution chips to kill the measure anyway. Go figure.

On the Left



Molly Ivins

Writer for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, Texas

President G.W. Bush's flip-flop on carbon dioxide emissions was sad but sort of funny, too. Those who ever bothered to convince themselves that Bush is a friend of the environment just never looked at his record.

True, coal-fired power plants are notorious polluters. And true, Bush did promise during the campaign that he would impose mandatory emission controls not only on carbon dioxide but also on three other dangerous pollutants.

But now there's an energy crisis in California, which has nothing to do with emissions controls, even according to the power industry. But a president who could use

the same crisis to justify drilling for oil in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (even though California gets none of its electric power from oil-fired plants) is not going to be discouraged by a detail like that. The funny part of the story is the Cabinet meeting at which Bush was persuaded to change his mind. The

beauty of having three Texas oilmen in one Cabinet must be apparent to all. Not to mention the wall-to-wall diversity in the rest of the Cabinet, consisting as it does of what some rude people call "corporate stooges." Think of the input he got from that group. Veep Dick Cheney, they said, was a big player in the decision. Spencer Abraham, energy secretary and devoted servant of the auto industry, was another. Commerce Secretary Don Evans, who at least was a successful Texas oilman, doubtless offered disinterested advice. So we are to spend another four years pretending that global warming is not happening. Derek Jackson, the British physicist, once observed that if you read a French history, it is sympathetic to France; if you read a British history, it is sympathetic to Britain; but no one ever wrote a chemistry book that favors zinc over copper.

Of course, in this country we are still debating whether we are any kin to the apes, the existence of Bigfoot, if Elvis lives, UFOs and the flat earth theory.

It is not, of course, sufficient to simply dismiss those who are still arguing that there is no such thing as global warming. It is pertinent, however, to point out how much of their funding comes from the energy industry, an oft-documented phenomenon.

Ever looking on that famous sunny side, one must admit that it's a great set-up for this week's debate on the McCain-Feingold bill.

Dear Carolyn:

My BF of 2.5 years told me last week that he had to entertain a friend's friend from out of town. The visiting gal is single, his age. My BF first said it was not a date, and that his guy friend just asked him to do a favor since she doesn't know anyone here. I said OK, but I was a little disappointed that he didn't even invite me. He said he thought about it, but that his friend said it would make the woman feel like a third wheel.

I pressed the issue a little further, and my BF finally admitted that his friend suggested he meet this gal because my BF has been wishy-washy about our relationship. He doesn't know if we're getting married, doesn't know what to do, etc.

I'm furious! He knows I'm mad, and he called me right after their

dinner and repeatedly assured me there was no romantic element. Do I have a right to be mad and disappointed?

—Very Mad

No, you should be happy for him that he's dating again.

Of course you have a bloody right to be angry. And hurt, and confused,

TELL ME ABOUT IT
Advice for the Under-30 Crowd

and stunned, and damned impressed with his chutzpah. I am.

I'm also a little freaked out by you. Do you have any discernible role in your own life? You're waiting for BF to marry you, you're waiting to be

date? We call it Googling. Specifically, I used Google and DejaNews to see what I could find about my fiance when we first started dating. While I didn't learn anything about him that I didn't already know, I did learn a few juicy details about his ex-girlfriend.

I feel that if you post information on the Internet, you do so knowing that the entire world has access to it. He feels there is some expectation of respectful privacy (i.e., she didn't post that information for me to see so I shouldn't go looking for it).

—J.B.

Does the fact that I've trolled for data on myself, my husband, my dog (no hits), my parents, my siblings, most of my friends, some guy I was

invited out, you're waiting at home while he dates—after you busted him in a lie, you're asking permission to feel things. And you're inspiring waves of great wishy-washiness in your companion? Imagine.

Here's your new, unsolicited to-do list: Feel what you damn well please. Dig. Howl. Examine. Formulate a conviction. Run. Fall. Hard. Tell a joke, blow the punch line and be the only one who laughs. Make an outrageous demand. Flirt. Donate. Wing it. Act. Register a convincing facsimile of a pulse. Watch your should-be-ex-BF go into shock.

Carolyn:

My fiance and I are having an ethical disagreement. What do you think about using the Internet to investigate a person you are just starting to

awful to in college and a high school ex-sort-of-boyfriend disqualify me from answering?

I'm siding with you, obviously, but not because your reasoning is any good. It works OK if you're talking about conscious decisions to post stuff, but what if someone uploads something chewy about you without your knowledge? Are you responsible because you let your life overlap with this other person's?

If it helps, your fiance's logic is worse. I'd like to see the system he proposes for determining which information was made public for whom.

Here's my brilliant argument: Search-engine snooping gets an ethical pass because I can't think of a good reason not to give it one.

Before there was an Internet, no one would have told a teen-age girl she couldn't look some guy up in the phone book and take a late-night drive by his house, right? Part of all of our lives occurs in plain sight; people can and will take a gander, and daters probably should. The Internet just adds to their options.

With all of them, though, Golden Rule (TM) decency applies. Don't do any digging you wouldn't later admit to over dinner with the person, and don't give the Net the last word. Unless that last word is preceded by the words "registered sex offender" or "self-published volume of poetry."

Carolyn:

What responsibility do I have to this girl? We're friends, have hooked up a few times, have no official status for our "relationship." We kiss (peck) on the lips and hug goodbye but rarely do more than that physically.

On St. Patty's Day, drunken debauchery in a bar with another random girl, nothing more than kissing. Do I owe it to the first girl to tell her or what?

—Somewhere

Nope, you aren't "official," no need to report it. Honesty should serve a purpose, and I don't see one here.

But your guilt might prove useful. Could it be telling you that, amid all the unofficial hooking up, you've actually started to care?

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.

Stupidity Report
Page 7

Humorless at Harvard

A young Harvard undergrad enraged the campus emperors of political correctness this week when he tried to tickle their funny bones. Justin Fong, a writer for the Harvard Crimson student newspaper, quickly discovered that the emperors have no clothes, no spine, and absolutely no sense of humor.

Fong, a 19-year-old sophomore from Foster City, Calif., poked fun at himself and his peers in a satirical Sunday essay titled "The Invasion." The very serious, underlying topic: Self-segregation by Asian-Americans at Harvard. The typical Asian-American student, Fong observed with cheeky annoyance, "hangs out only with Asians; walks to class with

Asians; plays a stringed instrument in addition to the piano; eats dinner at a table full of Asians; talks on his or her cell phone (made in Asia), in an Asian language with Asians; has Asian parents;

eats Asian food preferably in Asian restaurants in Asian districts of Asian Boston; (and) complains that General Wong's Chicken is not sufficiently 'authentic' ... Some of these folks just blend and mold together to the point that I can't even tell them apart."

A sixth-generation American of Chinese and Japanese descent, Fong wondered: "(W)hat makes these people cluster together so exclusively? Is there some common sense of persecution or victimization? ... I would contend that Asians in America are among the most educated and the wealthiest. I would not argue, however, that they are among the most paranoid. ... They talk about Wen Ho Lee as if he was a figurehead for all of Asia in America—and that when he was 'wrongly accused' it meant that there was some return of yellow peril. Whenever an Asian is murdered in America, everyone gets paranoid. I think they need to slow their roll and get a grip."

Fong is sick of overzealous ethnic politics at Harvard. "We have to realize that we have a lot in common," he told me this week. "That's something a lot of Asian-Americans on campus fail to recognize. We're in America now. I'm an American. That's my culture." Checking off racial identification boxes, he adds, is "unfair." Fong, who calls himself moderately liberal, acknowledges historical injustices against Asians, "but there's so much about America that we

can enjoy."

Fong anticipated that he would be branded a racist for speaking his mind and bucking the victimology trend. He was right. A swarm of about 100 clustered in protest outside the Crimson's offices on Tuesday. "It's like Ku Klux Klan propaganda; newspapers wouldn't print that," Alice Wong, 19, a Harvard freshman, told the Boston Globe. Jeff Sheng, 20, told the Globe that Fong's article was "the most outrageous thing" he had read in his three years on campus.

"People are too sensitive," Fong told me, chuckling at protesters who demanded the piece be censored -- and then turned around and e-mailed it to Asian-

American activists across the country. "They need to take a breath and relax." What Fong didn't expect was the quivering reaction of some of his editors, who tucked their tails between their legs and ditched the First Amendment under

pressure from the humor-challenged mob. (Even more damning, in my view: Not one professor or administrator at the Ivy League bastion of liberal-mindedness has called to show support for Fong's views or his right to express them.)

The paper ran an editorial expressing regret that Fong's "piece was not edited more judiciously." Crimson president C. Matthew MacInnis apologized a second time "for publishing a piece that did not adhere to its standards." Fong told me that a dozen people reviewed the piece before it was published, including another staffer of Asian descent (presumably to provide racial sensitivity vetting). Not one person said at the time that it failed to meet the Crimson's standards.

"I was disappointed by the apologies," Fong said. Welcome to the craven and politically expedient world of 21st century journalism, kid. It's a place where truth takes a back seat to "tolerance," non-conformists are neutered, and editors have turned into community handkerchief-bearers whose primary mission is to pacify the cheerless ranks of the perpetually aggrieved.

To find out more about Michelle Malkin and read features by other Creators Syndicate columnists and cartoonists, visit the Creators Syndicate web page at www.creators.com. Michelle Malkin's e-mail address is malkin1@ix.netcom.com.

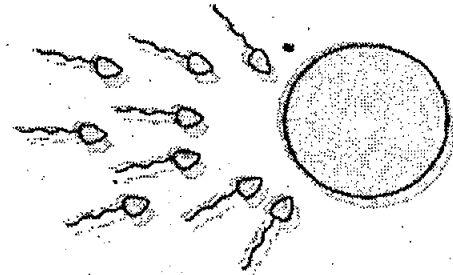
On the Right



Michelle Malkin

Writer for the Washington Post Writer's Group

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The Stupidity Report

BY LARRY CLOW
THE BEACON

This past week was one of the few weeks where there was nothing that I found to be so incredibly stupid that I could rant about for a whole column. I know; I couldn't believe it myself. Perhaps I've just been too busy to pay attention; I'm not really sure. But, lots of little stuff did get me pretty angry - it is, after all, the little things that kill, right? It sure wasn't a picnic during the power outage on last Thursday afternoon. Well, it wasn't that bad, but judging by the reactions of some of the people in my building, you would have thought that the end of the world was coming. There were two kinds of people that day: those who had no idea how to deal without electricity, and those who were perhaps a little over-zealous about the whole thing. Once the power was out, I saw people on my floor come out of their rooms—people I have otherwise never seen before—and they just started roaming the halls, without purpose or aim. It was as if the power was their lifeline to the world and without it, they could only wander around in a stupor. The other people—the over-zealous ones—were pretty funny too. The minute the electricity started to flicker and fade, they started in "Holy crap, we don't have power!" "Maybe classes are canceled!" "Maybe we'll

have to sleep in the Rec. Center!" "What if we sleep in the Rec. Center?" "I want to go home!" "What if we're sleeping in the Rec. Center and people get caught having sex? Imagine that!" I just found the two different reactions to be pretty funny—if the power ever fails again, I'm not sure that any of us could handle it. Another thing that's been annoying me lately is the food service in the Student Center. Yes,

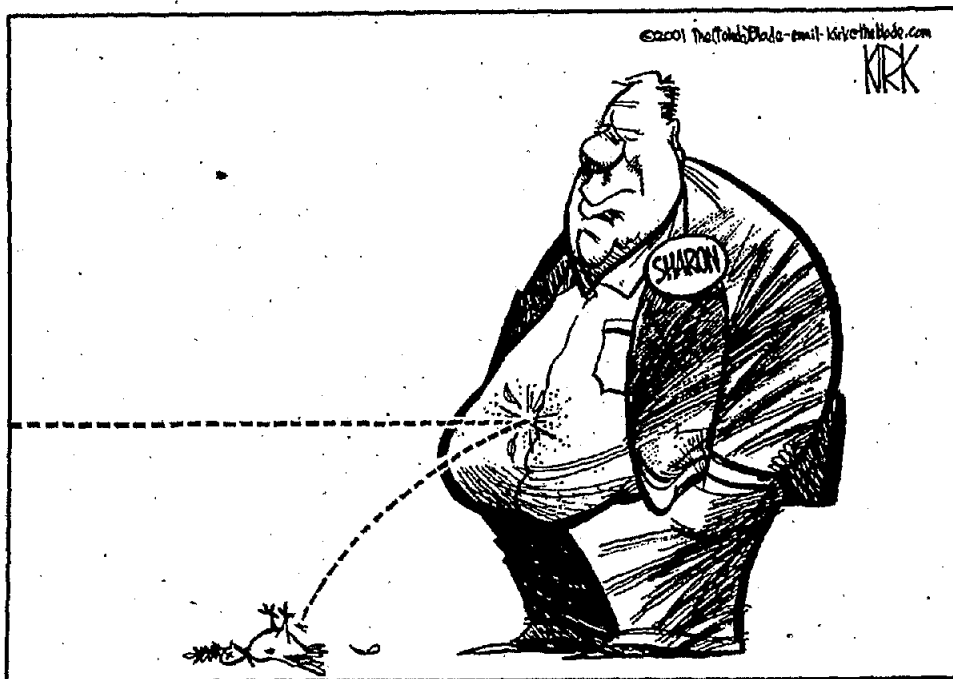
I've complained about this den of iniquity before, but lately it seems to be getting worse. Sure, sometimes I can go in there at an odd hour in the day and get my food and get out, but if I want food at a time when other people want food, forget it. I went in one night around 5 o'clock after a class and waited for 10 minutes at Chix-Ahoy. Apparently, there were only 3 people—3 people—working at the time. Three people to deal with the group of 25 or so students waiting for food. There I was, standing around all by myself over at Chix-Ahoy, looking like a lost tourist, waiting for someone to come over. When I

styrofoam? I didn't think so. Of course, they don't bother to put bottled drinks on the meal plan, even though that would make sense. Then again, I have to remember where I am, and realize that at William Paterson, you have to throw sense and intelligence right out the window. The other night, after having gotten pretty angry over one thing or another, I went on

makes us angry, or annoys us, we don't want to say anything for fear of making waves or causing trouble. Lots of people have been writing to the paper lately about the garbage problem on campus. Well, that's good, we know we have a problem, but what are we doing to fix it? More importantly, what is the school - who we pay thousands of dollars every year, just for stuff like this—doing to fix it? Are you mad about the garbage? Well, get a group of friends and go out and pick up some trash and put it in a bag. Then, take it over to Hobart Manor and ask to see President Speert. When his secretary tells you that he's not available (which she surely will), take the bag of garbage and leave it for him. Tell the secretary, "We found this outside and thought President Speert might like it—maybe he knows what to do with it." Then just walk away. I'm not encouraging illegal activities here—if you want to break the law, that's your own decision—but what I am encouraging is a little civil and maybe even un-civil disobedience. I think that many of us have acknowledged that the way things are run here at Willy P are dumb, and that's good, but now that we know it's stupid, let's do something about it. Individually, no one's going to make a difference—that is just wishful thinking, but with a large enough group of people that give a damn, maybe the school as a whole will be forced to smarten up. Remember, send all comments, hate mail, love letters, money orders and naked photos of sexy, sexy men and women to: stupidityreport@hotmail.com

*When Power Failsures
bring out the Stupidity*

a 15 minute rant about everything that's made me mad lately. When I got done, my friend told me, "Man, you need to calm down and just accept stuff. Just let things slide." So that got me thinking about my propensity for getting perturbed over simple, dumb things. Am I a bit too harsh, I thought to myself, or do I have a right to be mad at the stupidity of others? The answer I came up with is this—I think that we, as a whole society, are just becoming too goddamned complacent. If stuff



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 coming month, from cheery cherry blossoms to the celebration of a grasshopper-dispelling saint. You can go fly a kite, or get creative with cardboard. Take a look at what March holds in store for you:

- Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Kite Festival kicks off on March 24 on the National Mall. There you can survey the cutting edge of kite design, watch the award-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 the Cherry Queen and her 50-plus court of princesses. Following the parade will be the Sakura Matsuri, a Japanese street fest. For more information on the Kite Festival call (202) 357-3030 or visit www.si.edu/tsa/rap/kite-fest.htm; for more on the Cherry Festival visit www.gwjapan.com/cherryblossom.

- Hood River, Ore.: Legend has it that St. Urho drove the grape-destroying grasshoppers out of Finland. On March 16, Hood River honors this dubious saint with one of the most outlandish festivals to date. Headed up by founder Felix Tomlinson in a vintage green polyester suit, the parade features the Iron Maidens (Viking damsels with horned helmets), and the Finnish Women's Drilling Team (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 in Indiana packs a one-two punch of sweet stuff that has even Mrs. Butterworth drooling. Their yearly Maple Syrup Festival, held on March 23-24, features demonstrations on syrup-making, sheep-shearing and blacksmithing. Also, you'll find a bed race, antique tractors and a parade. Call (800) 860-5957 or log on to www.wakarusachamber.com for details.

- Red Lodge, Mont.: The Cardboard Classic has contestants create crafts from cardboard; they then race their creations downhill. All part of Red Lodge's Winter Carnival, this event kicks off on March 2 and runs through the 4th. For more info on the carnival see www.redlodge.com or call (406) 446-2610.

If you know of an unusual and interesting destination or event, let us know! Our e-mail address is youramerica@mindspring.com or write to us in care of King Features Weekly Service, 628 Virginia Drive, Orlando, FL 32803.

By Samantha Weaver and Amy Anderson

Next Week: The COLOSSAL issue



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 suc-

cess 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 fig-

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

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

This larger-than-life man deserved something much simpler than the bric-a-brac we now see, something sweeping and grand.

Our Doubtful Monuments

Eco Lounge needs local content

Editor:

I was extremely pleased to hear that *The Beacon* was going to have an environmental section. I first read the environmental section in the colossal issue of *The Beacon* and then the environmental section of the next issue after that I didn't see an environmental section.

I found some of the articles interesting and informative but others were lacking a point. The main interest of the section, as I saw it, seemed to be to praise (an artist, a peace group, etc.) and to bring awareness to other people's views (hunters, vegetarians, etc.). I feel that the environmental section should address the local issues and encourage action.

The pollution of local towns, towns that our students come from, should be brought to our attention. Even the issue of pollution on the William Paterson campus has yet to be addressed.

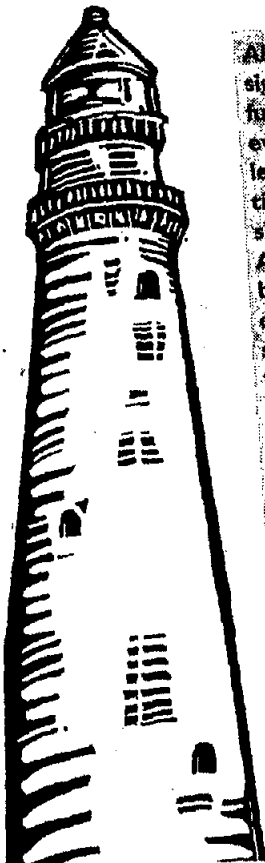
The litter on this campus was, in my opinion, at its worst before the snow fell early February and nothing was done. The snow is almost all gone and as I walk across campus I am disgusted to see last month's trash along with all the trash since then piled where the snow heaps used to be.

I understand that finding reliable writers for *The Beacon* is not an easy task. I really would not like to see the Eco Lounge disappear from our paper. I did notice that all of the articles in the environmental section were written by Joelle Caputa. She was doing a fine job but I can understand not wanting to run the entire section on her own. I believe that the Eco Lounge can do a great deal of good if you do not give up on it. Thank you for your time and please put some consideration in what I have written.

Wendy DeMarco

Editor's Response: Thank you for the feedback, Joelle. Like everyone at *The Beacon*, we're reverently to produce her section. Unfortunately, she does not have a staff and currently writes all of the content for her section. Every week *The Beacon* advertises for writers, but the response is often poor. *The Beacon* has formed a special recruitment task force that will be launching a campaign in two weeks to augment our current staff. I welcome you to contribute your writing, your time and your talent to *The Beacon* family, especially to cover local issues of concern to our diverse readership. Please call me at 720-3264 or stop by *The Beacon* office on the 3rd floor of the Student Center to get involved. It is only our human resources that make us the best alternative college newspaper. Anyone can make the time to get involved with the paper. I hope to hear from you!—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.

C'est La Vie

by Don Flood

When I was a child, the world was filled with wonder—the endless waves lapping against the shore, the brilliant night sky brimming with countless stars, the secret blend of 11 herbs and spices that Colonel Sanders used to make his tasty fried chicken.

It just astounded me.

How had the colonel managed to produce the perfect blend of 11 herbs and spices?

(Just what he was a colonel of always seemed a little vague, but I always assumed he had commanded a regiment of various chicken parts.) The colonel has since passed on to that Big Eatery in the sky, but recently a couple bought a house that formerly belonged to Colonel Sanders and they found THE SECRET RECIPE! Yes, that recipe—the Holy Grail of southern fried chicken recipes, just like something out of an Indiana Jones movie.

This being America, they decided to sell it and make some money—first checking with KFC to verify this really was the secret blend of herbs and spices.

This being America, KFC sued them,

saying that the paper belonged to the company.

I'm not sure how this worked out, but if I were them I would have held out for at least three big tubs of original recipe fried chicken—all white meat—before I handed over that recipe.

a sandwich that included "two all beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions and a sesame seed bun." But without a recipe for the Special Sauce, the scientists were left with nothing more than Einstein's annoying little jingle ringing in their ears.

After repeated failures, the scientists finally brought in a renowned mayonnaise expert, who began experimenting with various salad dressings and

Mysteries of Life

(Also in recent chicken news, you may have seen the story about the woman who said she had received a chicken head in her box of chicken nuggets. To prevent this from happening to you, always remember to say, "I'll have a box of nuggets, please—hold the heads.") Another deep childhood mystery was the exact ingredients of the Special Sauce that McDonald's used for its Big Mac.

After World War II, many of the Manhattan Project scientists immediately switched over to develop a new and sometimes controversial sandwich that included a Top Secret Special Sauce.

Einstein, in one of his more obscure writings, had predicted the existence of

ketchups.

Soon after, the Special Sauce was perfected and America was able to successfully launch its first Big Mac Attack. But the greatest of all mysteries was the recipe for Coca Cola, which as kids we believed to be more closely guarded than the plans for the atom bomb, only Coke officials were more likely to execute suspected spies—usually by forcing them to drink Tab.

Later, Coke changed its super-secret recipe and came out with New Coke. But if New Coke was better, what was so great about the Old Coke formula? I hope Colonel Sanders never changes his recipe.

"Dot-coms Dead? Good, Let's do Business!"

By Bob Vogel

1999 was definitely the year of the Internet's meteoric boom. In 2000, the only story that eclipsed the rise of the Internet was the story of its sobering fall back to reality.

It had to happen. Every so-called "old economy" corporate dinosaur had to spend untold amounts just to keep up with the cash-heavy upstarts who thought they were the pioneers who would replace the old economy.

Everyone—present company included—theorized that silicon would replace paper; that the only pulp to speak of would be in the juice we drink. Of course, the operative word here is "replace." It turns out that the new economy isn't replacing anything. Now that the sea of investment capital has dried up and the multitude of dime-a-dozen dot-coms have fallen like

flies, old economy businesses are no longer feeling threatened.

Now that the din has died down, the dinosaurs can now go about their business.

Experts agree that in almost every aspect—hiring the best talent, attracting a larger share of advertising, attract partnering deals—the Web was making it difficult for traditional

on their own timetable, since many of the "new economy upstarts" are now "no economy downfinishes." It seems that the big cha-ching is just around the corner for many, and some are there already.

For instance, according to Editor & Publisher magazine, the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette's Web site, post-gazette.com, is actually turning a prof-

it, although "not hugely," according to its director of new media Debra Alward. Other newspaper Web sites that are profitable—and there aren't many of them—tell a similar story. They either

couldn't or wouldn't invest millions in capital. They don't have a huge staff. They don't go for flashy toys. But hey, they aren't canning a chunk of their workforce, either.

They do, however, expect revenue growth this year.

Bravo, Mr. Tortoise. Bravo.

INFOLINK

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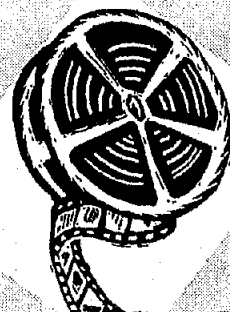
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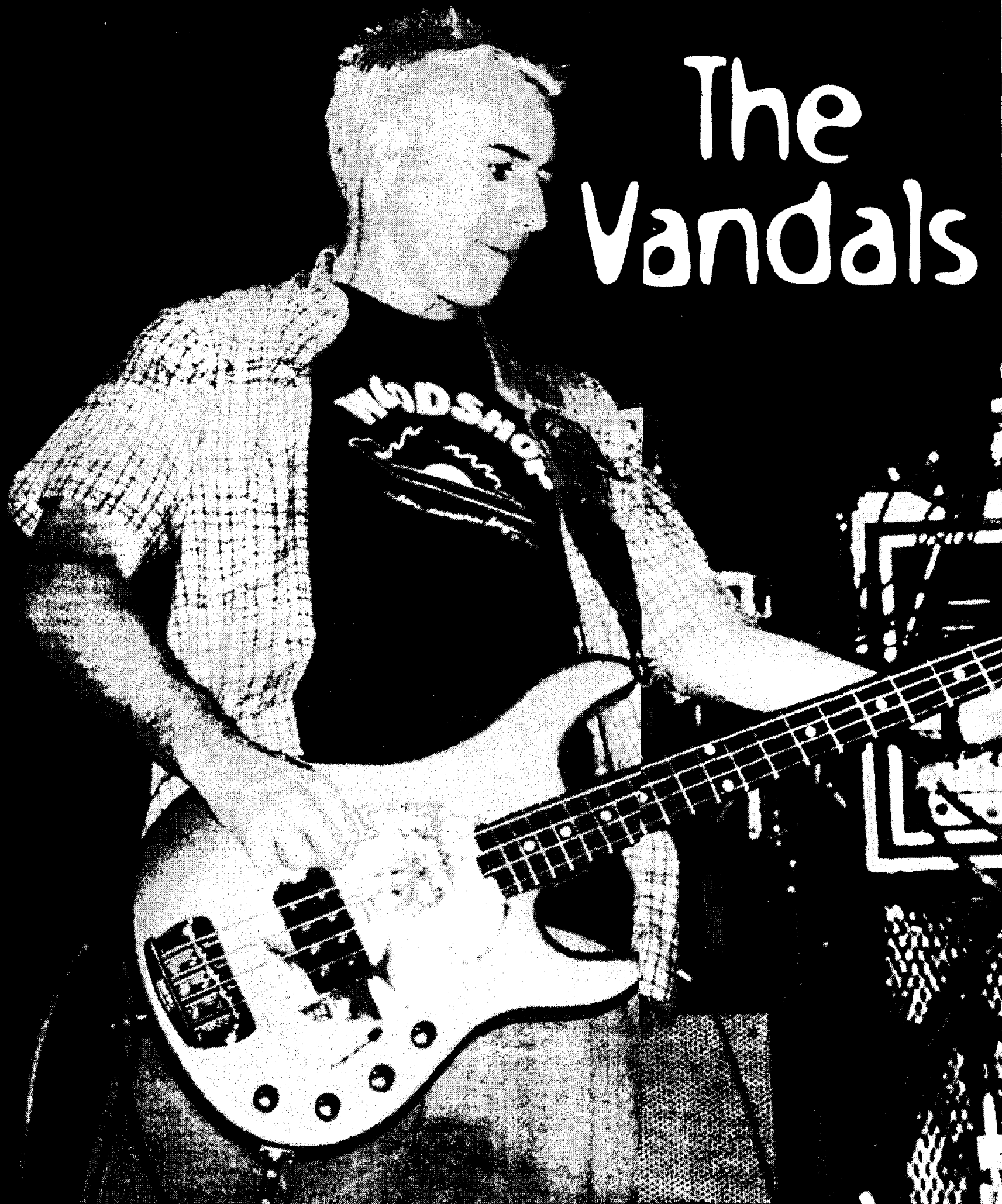
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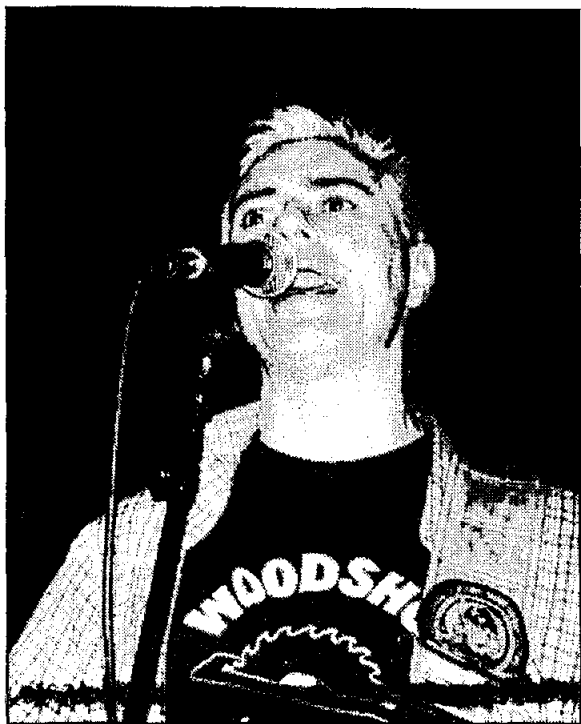
The
Vandals



Jacob Cleveland
Insider Editor

Last Monday night the legendary California Punk Gods, the **Vandals**, played to a sold out crowd at New York City's Irving Plaza. They were joined by young pop-punkers **The Ataris**, as well as Fat Wreck Chord's own **Lagwagon**. The entire evening was a blast with all three bands playing extremely energetic, tight, sets. Before the show, I got to sit down with Joe Escalante, bassist and only original member of the Vandals, and ask him a couple questions. The interview was the second in a series of joint interviews, featuring the Insider and Rachel from Paranoia fanzine.

I/P—Insider/Paranoia
J—Joe Escalante



I/P— How has the tour been so far? How many shows have you played so far?

J— We have played five shows and we're gonna play four more, I think. Then Lagwagon's going to continue on with the Ataris, and we're gonna leave and go to Japan. With the **Offspring**. You may have heard of them.

I/P— The Vandals haven't been in New York or New Jersey, aside from the Warped Tour, in at least five years? Not since the Pipeline and Coney Island High in 95–96? Why?

J— Those shows were not so good. We think we're not very popular on the East Coast, so we only come out here during times like this. We're just not big enough out here, so we want to play in front of more people, and we go out with Lagwagon and The Ataris, and 'Whoa, so weird, our shows are sold out.' And then Warped Tour, 'Look, Oh My god, there's thousands of people here.'

I/P— Does that bother you or piss you off?

J— Well, what are you going to do, some places you're big, some places you're not. When we play back home, the shows are much bigger, because, that's just the way it goes. Even when we go to England or Italy, it's also much bigger.

I/P— You guys play often with your friends bands, like **Offspring** or **No Doubt**. And a lot of your fans still consider themselves to be part of the underground Punk scene, and call bands like No Doubt sellouts? How do you feel with your fans calling your friends bands sellouts?

J— Everyone has different kinds of friends. I have friends, some are sellouts, some are african-americans, many different kinds of friends. A good friend of mine is Mark McGrath from **Sugar Ray**, have you heard of him? He has a quote, he says 'Corporate rock sucks, but it's been really good to Sugar

Ray.' So, what are you going to do? And we haven't toured with Sugar Ray yet, but we probably will someday.

I/P— How did it come to be that No Doubt covered your song, "Oi to the World?"

J— We were on the road with them, and the Special Olympics people asked them to record a Christmas song for that thing (A Very Special Christmas 3). And they were sitting around saying, 'What are we going to do? We can't write a Christmas song right now.' And then they all said, this is exactly what they said,

'Why should we even write a Christmas song, when we'll never write one as good as the ones on the Vandals Christmas CD.' We thought they were just joking and being flattering, and then they just said 'Why don't we record one of those?' We said "Yes Please, do it, do it." and so they did. Then they even made a video for it. That was a pretty good deal, and I only wrote one song on that record and that was the one they did. I was fishing for that one. Now I even have a gold record from it. I hear it played on MTV Cribs and other MTV shows all the time, and they never get permission, so I always have to call them (MTV) up and they have to deal with me.

I/P— I saw Warren (Vandals guitarist) on MTV cribs naked? Did **Adrian (No Doubt's drummer)** plan to have a lot of people over for the shoot?

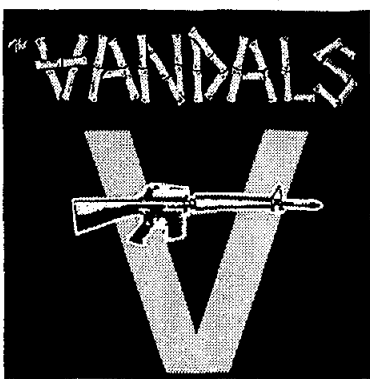
J— He invited all of his friends who had nothing to do to come over and hang out all day, until the film crew comes and not leave until they're done.

I/P— What I found funny about the show was that I knew that it was it was Warren, but that most other people just thought it was 'some naked guy.'

J— That's the bond we have. We know who it is. The other world, those other people, they'll never understand us.

I/P— How has the reception been for the newest record, *Look What I Almost Stepped In?* As compared with the popularity of your last one, *Hitler Bad, Vandals Good*, or the classic *Live Fast...Diarrhea*?

J— It sells a tiny bit more than the last one, which is good, because we're not freefalling or plummeting in popularity. Our ticket sales are up, but our record sales kind of evened off. But once you have nine albums, there's very little urgency for you fans to go out and buy the ninth one. If they've got six albums, they don't really need to rush to get a seventh one, they



know it will sit in the record store forever. But when you come to town, they all show up to your shows, cause they have six albums, they're not going to miss your show. So the ticket sales are doing really well, but the record sales, they're just a little better than the last one. Our new record is on pace to pass **Hitler Bad**, **Vandals Good** as our best selling record. Before that, *Live Fast...Diarrhea* was the best

selling, but you know, people love the word Hitler. No, not really, people don't like Hitler.

I/P— Could you tell us a little bit about *That Darn Punk* (a new movie that Joe is starring in, which features a great Punk Rock soundtrack, which includes **Rancid**, **Lagwagon**, **AFI**, **Nerf Herder**, **Pennywise**, and the Vandals of course)?

J— It's about a guy who's in a band, and cheats on his girlfriend, and then he gets kidnapped and all this bad karma that he's built up comes back to him while he is stuck in the desert trying to get home. The end. I don't want to give away the ending. But there's a lot of good music in it. I defy you to come up with a better soundtrack. A lot of soundtracks are filled with favors, like putting the director's brother's band on it. There's none of that on this one. The director of this movie had no say in the soundtrack, he didn't get to choose anything. He needs to stick to directing films. I came up with the soundtrack entirely on my own.

I/P— We hear **Bigwig** (who released their last record on Joe's label, **Kung Fu Records**) is going back to **Fearless** for their next record.

J— Yeah, what's up with that? No, it's true, it's true. They're also changing their name to **Stupid-wig**. No, they're a great band, but they're name shouldn't be **Bigwig**, it should be **Stupid-wig**. Some bands do things that aren't in their best interest. It's a long story and it makes some people look bad. And the people that it makes look bad, is not me of course because it's my version, and it's not **Bigwig**. They're nice people, and they are just very loyal to old friends. But, I'm just totally puzzled. Scratching my head. But at the same time, we have other bands that are not so stubborn.

I/P— Tell us about bull-fighting? What's your record? Where do you do it? Where did you learn? etc...

J— 3–0. You don't really win a bullfight,

you just perform and they judge you and you get an award based on how well the judge thought you did. It's illegal to do it in America, so I am forced by the oppressive government to travel to a foreign nation to pursue my hobby, my passions. Kind of like pot smokers who have to go to the Netherlands. But someday they'll be so many Mexicans in the US, that we'll just change the laws. But for right now I have to go to Mexico. We'll take over the whole country, I think. I learned in San Diego, but some animal rights organization were always trying to shut them down, saying it should be illegal to teach it. It didn't really fly, they're allowed to teach bull-fighting, just don't kill a bull. So, I've killed three bulls in Mexico. If you're vegetarian or vegan or something, this might seem weird



to you, but people kill bulls, steers and cows, everyday. Millions of them. But very few people actually go out and do it themselves. They just want it killed and cooked first with a bun covering it. But I actually go and kill it. And I don't usually eat the bull myself, but the butcher always comes and cuts it up and sells it. The myths that they throw it away because it's too tough are not true. They don't throw anything in those countries.

I/P— Does the bull always die?

J— 99% of the time it does, but if he keeps going and refuses to give up, the audience insists that they set him free. And it's called an indulto. And he goes out to pasture and they dress his wounds and he becomes a legend. It's very rare, and that bull becomes a seed bull for future generations. I've only seen it twice. Once in Colombia and once in Tijuana.

I/P— Are you guys headlining Warped Tour this year? Are you still playing with **Me First and the Gimme Gimmes**?

J— We're playing the whole tour, but I don't think I'd say headlining. I'm not, but Warren will be.

I/P— What music have you been listening to lately?

J— **Ozma**, **Lagwagon**, **NoFx**, **Bad Religion**, **Social Distortion**, bands like that. It's hard to say with the rest of the guys. Dave (the singer) just bought **Kid 606**, an electronic record.

I/P— Do the Vandals play old songs?

J— Rarely. Because the people that come and demand those songs are the people that we're trying to drive out of the audience anyway. They should go back and just forget about it. They don't buy our new stuff, they don't know who the Ataris are, or even who Lagwagon is. They just come and scream "Play Pat Brown!" Most of the other kids are just bored, because it's not as good as our newer music.



THURSDAY: ON THE BRINK OF SUCCESS

Pete Markowicz
The Insider

It seems that all of the freshest new bands have been budding from the famous Garden State. Thursday started three years ago, but in this time they have been catapulted into the limelight and are being hailed as one of the brightest new artists out there. They are an innovative young band that is helping to inspire and motivate a new generation of music listeners. These New Brunswick, NJ natives have been making waves since the very start and will continue to turn heads and awaken new ideas in the scene today and for years to come. They started out playing shows in basements and garages for anyone who would listen.

Very early in their career they were able to play with illustrious bands such as, *At the Drive In*, *Boy Sets Fire*, and *Hot Water Music*. Their debut release, *Waiting* on New York based eyeball Records brought about the attention of Victory Records. Instantly, Victory had the insight to realize the potential this band held. Thursday was quickly signed and put in the studio to record their Victory debut, *Full Collapse*.

On the new album, they create a sound that is unparalleled and unequivocally their own. Although still a young band, they write with the sincerity and insight of a band twice their age.

Their music is a cathartic whirlwind of rhythmic melodies and heart stopping time changes that are unified amongst lulling vocal harmonies and besieging walls.

The second song on the album is amazing as it refers to a car crash. The song "Concealer" is about someone who was getting physically abused, and had to wear make-up to cover up the bruises. The bridge on the fourth song is amazing and should've been repeated. However, the bridge is played towards the end, which was a good spot for it, because you can feel the emotions flow heavily. "Cross Out the Eyes" has really good hard breakdowns that split ears. The song "Paris In Flames" has been played at shows before and is amazing in its construction. "I Am the Killer," is a song you can't touch or fathom. It's brutal, real, and raw. The rest of the album gets slower, except for "Wind-Up", which lets out rhythms of repetition. The last song is different, as is the last song on "Waiting". It

THURSDAY

FULL COLLAPSE



gets sad and trippy.

This album is a beautiful movement of art and music. The listener is easily lulled into submission by the soothing guitars and hushed, supple vocals. All of these turbulent twists and turns leave their listeners breathless and begging for more. This album not only moves people on a musical level, but it conjures up feelings and emotions that can be only be captured through sincere music that comes from the outpouring of a dismal heart.

Thursday is charging ahead, full-force, ready to tour non-stop until the end of 2001 and beyond in support of *Full Collapse*. With the release of this record and a video debut on the horizon for them, the road ahead looks promising; the possibilities are endless. Words alone can not express the power and impact of this album; you must experience it for yourself.

Aeros: The Illusion of Flight

NJPAC • NJPAC • NJPAC • NJPAC • NJPAC

Kevin Neves
The Insider

The New Jersey Center for Performing Arts is an impressive theater built in 1997. The NJPAC adds life to a once dying Newark, NJ. In fact, in recent

years large amounts of money have been pouring in to help revitalize a city that has fallen from its glory days. I feel that the NJPAC is a step in the right direction and is just what Newark needs to boost it and make the city a success.

Recently I had the opportunity, courtesy of Shelly Roberts director of press relations, to attend a performance entitled "Aeros: The Illusion of Flight". Getting to NJPAC is fairly easy because it is located only a few blocks from the NJ Transit line. If driving, just call the center for detailed directions via their automated telephone line. I drove up to the center and parked my car in their lot which cost about \$12.00 for the performance. I thought this was a bit much for a parking spot. When I was leaving I saw other parking lots that were more reasonably priced, so look around first.

I walked in and picked up the tickets that were reserved for me. The employees who work there are friendly, courteous, and willing to assist if you have any questions. We made it just in time for the opening number. Aeros is a well-rehearsed show that takes choreography to its limit with perfectly executed moves all set to rhythmic musical beats. The cast of 15 are all Romanian world champions in gymnastics. They seem to defy the laws of nature while making it seem so effortless. The Los Angeles Times says, "The flying, vaulting, flipping, cartwheeling maneuvers are indeed awesome." I have to agree—I was thoroughly impressed. The performance lasted almost two hours, with a 15 minute intermission.

If you have not gone to the NJPAC I recommend that you make the time to do so. They even have discounted student tickets. Check their web site for more details on upcoming shows and pricing. Their web site is www.njpac.org. In there you will find more than enough information.

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4. People.

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6. Find out that all perfectly planned classes are full.

7. Spend another week planning a second, slightly less than perfect schedule.

8. Engage in another phone session with scary monotone phone people.

9. Discover that a hold has been put on your registration "due to complications in billing."

10. Call scary monotone operator for number to the Bursar's.

11. Wonder, "Was that a live person?"

12. Call Bursar's.

13. Be transferred to an answering machine.

14. Attempt to leave message, only to hear another scary monotone voice telling you that "Answering machine is full."

15. Call main number to Bursar's office again, slightly irked.

16. Be transferred to a second answering machine.

17. Hear a familiar monotone voice saying happily (and you think somewhat smugly), "Answering machine is full."

18. Repeat steps fifteen, sixteen and seventeen enough times to induce mental breakdown.

19. Call up mommy, wailing in

20. Make the thirty-mile hike to the Bursar's office during a blizzard, flood, tornado, earthquake, or whatever natural disaster happens to strike this time.

21. Enter Bursar's office.

22. Pitch tent in back of line, crawl inside, open War and Peace, and begin reading.

23. Emerge a week later, hungry and smelly (from lack of food and

24. Find out that the person you need to speak with is "out to lunch."

25. Crawl back in tent for another week.

26. One week later, emerge again, and threaten to cause grievous bodily harm via said copy of War and Peace unless you get some answers, damn it!

27. Smile sweetly at the trembling worker who dares approach and inquire about your billing status.

28. Jump through a few small hoops, walk a few thin wires, leap a few tall buildings, climb Mount Rushmore and juggle thirty-seven fire-engulfed "Master Schedules," and receive your answer.

29. Put your full-length novel away, shoulder your backpack, collapse your tent, and make the hike back to civilization.

30. Call scary monotone people and spend another three days on the phone, achieving a schedule that is exactly the opposite of everything you wanted.

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

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strings and lends his voice to the lyrics he pens. Brian Nolan of **Figdish** takes over the drums, while Dave Parsons (**Tracy Bonham**) is on bass and Jamie Arentzen (Boston's **Sky Heroes**) plays guitar.

AHF introduced themselves to the world with the single, "Flavor of the Weak," last year. However, the tune didn't have listener's singing along until recently. This may have something to

do with the song's video, which tributes the 15 minute film, "Heavy Metal Parking Lot," with a return to the 80's.

"Flavor of the Weak" was all I could associate AHF with when I saw them perform live last June. They opened Bon Jovi's Asbury Park benefit concert with a bang. The band, with Parsons in a **Bon Jovi** tee-shirt, played for 45 minutes. That put me in suspense for their debut album



explained, "When I was writing these songs, it was a pretty messed up time in my life. I had a pretty chill existence until that year. Some really crazy stuff went on in the break up of that band. It definitely inspired some of the lyrics and moods on the album."

Even when the lyrics are reflective of this, they remain catchy and the music upbeat. The track that caught me is "I'm a Fool." It's about a guy who's intimidated by the girl of his dreams, who he's trying to get with. But don't take my word on this being a standout song. Or on what a worthy purchase this is. Find out for yourself and form your own opinion when you listen to it. Here's some listening advice from "Hi-Fi Killer," track six. "Go left of the dial to really rock."

—all photos by Joelle Caputa

Joelle Caputa The Insider

American Hi-Fi may be a name you just added to your band vocabulary, but it's mem-

bers are far from newcomers to the music scene. The Boston, Massachusetts based pop-punk foursome all have prominent musical backgrounds. The devastating break up of the original **Veruca Salt** led to the formation of AHF. Stacy Jones, who played drums for **Letters to Cleo** and **Aimee Mann**, as well as **Veruca Salt**, decided to form a band with a few long-time friends. Except, in AHF, Jones trades his drumsticks for guitar



to be released. At the end of their energetic set, AHF announced that their debut CD was scheduled to be released in October. Then they moved their own equipment off stage and went into the audience to watch fellow label mates rock the house.

The release date of their CD being set back to February 27, 2001, proved to be worth the wait. It's a sing-along worthy CD to listen to, so I have to admit that the band met their goal, when Jones said, "From the beginning it's been really organic and about having a good time and bringing the fun back to rock."

The tracks were recorded in Maui with producer Bob Rock, who has worked with **Aerosmith**, **Motley Crue**, **Metallica** and the **Cult**. The band and Rock came together while Jones was drumming for ex-Salt singer, Nina Gordon, on her solo debut that Rock produced. Most of the songs on AHF's CD were inspired by the break up of **Veruca Salt**. Jones



Wes Borland Makes a Big Dumb Face



Nobody likes being disappointed. Which is why many people who consider themselves music lovers hate **Limp Bizkit**. They started out as a band who had some very original elements thrown into their sound.

Their first album, *Three dollar bill yall*, had some very powerful songs on it ("Sour", "Counterfeit", etc.). If you remember at all (if you can't, blow the dust off the CD and give it a listen), some of the guitar riffs were pretty original and even impressive at some points. When they played a New Year's Eve gig for MTV, you could see Wes Borland jumping around and dressed as a monkey?

Aaron Werschulz The Insider

Let's face it, the boy ain't right. When asked what his influences were, he listed Disney albums. He has a variety of costumes including a monkey, a zombie, a skeleton, and a few other weird ones that really don't have an identity. He refers to himself as the "Tongue of Colicab". If that weren't enough, he likes to wear those contacts that make his eyes look really big.

Unfortunately, **Limp Bizkit** started to demand less of Borland's talents. Their new album consists of nothing but power chords and really bad "lyrics" that have pissed off real MCs to the point of forcing one of them to start his own rock and roll band in an effort to right what has been wronged. Thanks **Mos Def**, society will be forever in your debt.

So where does this lead attention hungry and artistically unsatisfied Wes? He does what any neglected child does; he starts drawing twisted art and writes silly-as-hell death metal songs to that art. *Duke Lion Fights the Terror* has no central plot. Lyrically, the songs have nothing to do with each other. Most of them have death-metal guitar riffs in them, while the other songs have a bluegrass-funky feel. I'm not

going to lie to you. This album definitely will not make it into my top ten list of all time. However, it won't find itself situated next to some rotten bananas in my garbage can. Aside from the album's expected silliness and the overuse of the marian vocal effect, the album is cool, in an interesting weird **Primus's** *Pork Soda* kind of way. "Duke Lion" is a track that combines interesting harmonies with a

heroic chant. "Organ Splitter" is a sick-as-fuck death metal song about a creature that manifests as it feeds off the meek. The last two tracks would almost be poppy classics if it weren't for the weird marian vocal effect.

So if **Mr. Bungle** isn't weird enough for you, and you miss the **Slayer** era of rock and roll, you may want to give this album a shot. Or not, whatever!

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- "SAY IT ISN'T SO" (R) 12:00, 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, 9:05
- "HEARTBREAKERS" (PG13) 2:20, 5:00, 7:50, 10:35
- "EXIT WOUNDS" (R) 12:05, 2:30, 4:50, (6:05), 7:15, (8:30), 9:45
- "ENEMY AT THE" (R) 12:15, (1:20), 3:20, (4:35), 6:20, (7:35), 9:15, (10:30)
- "15 MINUTES" (R) 2:25, 5:05, 7:45, 10:20
- "THE MEXICAN" (R) 1:00, 4:15, 7:10, 10:00
- "HANNIBAL" (R) 9:55
- "CROUCHING TIGER" (PG13) 2:10, 4:55, 7:40, 10:25
- "DOWN TO EARTH" (PG13) 1:55, 4:05, 6:15, 8:45
- "TRAFFIC" (R) 12:30, 3:40, 7:05, 10:15
- "SEE SPOT RUN" (PG) 2:35, 5:10, 7:25

Weezer: Still Alive and Kicking!

There was nothing I disliked more in high school than one of those corny dances. I hated the whole idea of hanging out in a gym with a bunch of people dancing around like morons. That is why I never wanted to go to one and throughout my 4 years of high school, I never did. But as soon as my friends and I walked into the GYMNASIUM of the Bender Arena at Washington, D.C.'s American University, I felt like I was transported back in time to a high school dance. People were everywhere, just like at any show but a lot of them looked like typical college kids who probably only went to this show because it was on campus and they had nothing better to do on a Friday night. The first stop my friends and I made was at the merch stand to see if there was anything new. To our surprise, everything was ridiculously overpriced. A Get Up Kids t-shirt that I had gotten the last time they played in the city for 12 bucks was 25 at this place. They were even selling a Weezer hoodie for close to 50 bucks. It was ridiculous. I always thought the whole point of going to a show like this was to get stuff for prices you can't really get anywhere else. It was supposed to be cheap so kids didn't have to pay an arm and a leg for a t-shirt or cd. You may as well go to someplace like Hot Topic in the mall to spend that much. Disappointed and pissed off, we walked away from that area to find a place to stand. We weren't in a big rush because we already thought by the looks of the place, the show was probably going to be pretty lame.

Suddenly the lights went dim and a familiar tune came over the microphone and echoed off the walls... "Forgive me...for running off to find...the one thing I have to do..." Yes, it was the opening chorus to the ever popular, crowd pleasing "Don't Hate Me," by The Get Up Kids. That definitely made our eyes bright with excitement and we ran to find the best place we could to see them from the bleachers. From where we were standing, The Get Up Kids looked like midgets and the crowd didn't seem like they were too into them. I was really happy to see them but it was almost like watching them on TV. Matt Pryor, the lead singer, didn't seem like his usual self during the set. They would just play the song they had to play and didn't BS like any other time I had seen them before. It's almost like they just really wanted to get offstage. I have a feeling that if they were playing in the city, they would've had a better time. Even still, they played a rocking set. They played a lot of songs everyone knew from their 1999 release, *Something to Write Home About*, such as "Holiday," "Action & Action," and "Red Letter Day." They even played the first song off their very 1st EP, *Woodson*. The high point of the set was when they played a beautiful version of "Mass Pike" where Matt told everyone to put their hands together and clap along as they played. I think that was the most interaction I had seen the audience do throughout their entire set. Time went by really fast and before I knew it, Matt was saying, "Thanks. We're The Get Up Kids and

Melissa Mintz
The Insider



here's our last song." They broke into another one off *Something to Write Home About* called "Ten Minutes." It seemed at this point the crowd was kind of getting into it and for once, it wasn't just the first 2 rows in the "pit" dancing around. It's too bad it wasn't like that during their whole set because maybe they would've played longer than only half an hour.

After The Get Up Kids were done, my friends and I sat around feeling like we were stuck in that scene of *Sixteen Candles* where Molly Ringwald and her friend were sitting around on the bleachers at the school dance. We were just waiting for Anthony Michael Hall's geeky character to approach one of us and say, "Hey Babe...remember me?" and ask us later on if he could borrow one of our underpants to show off to his freshmen buds in the bathroom. Two of my friends were fiending for cigarettes as we sat around listening to horrible music and pointing out all the "That Guy" or "That Girl" walking around wearing the shirt of band they had come to see. We were unbelievably bored and every time it seemed like Weezer was going to come on, another horrible song came on instead and some more dumb people would dance. The only escape I had was when my friend and I went to the bathroom. It is a good thing she did because the next we heard, a Yahoo! rep came onstage trying to get the crowd riled up for Weezer who were making their appearance in only a few short moments.

So after 45 minutes of waiting around, the whole gym became very dark with two spotlights shining on the band that people came from everywhere to see...WEEZER. Now this is a band I have loved ever since 9th grade when I saw "Undone--the Sweater Song" on MTV. I remember sitting there thinking, "Who the hell are these guys?" From then on, I fell in love. I thought the video was genius and from that point on, my friends and I thought they were indie rock gods. They have always had such an original sound that not many bands have been able to imitate. The whole

their 1996 release, *Pinkerton*, such as "Tired of Sex," "Why Bother?," "The Good Life," and "El Scorcho." They even played, "You Gave Your Love to Me Softly" off of the Angus soundtrack. At one point, the band prepared the crowd for a few new songs. The new songs were pretty different than what a lot of the hardcore Weezer fans are used to. They were similar to the opening song, acoustic, very mellow and sweet. The crowd was silent and many people had their lighters out swaying them back and forth. Another new song they played caught many people off



guard. It had a heavier sound and it almost seemed like they were trying to do some real old-school punk rock. A lot of the crowd didn't seem as though they were into any of the new stuff they had played. I noticed that many people sat down which I thought was kind of rude. It didn't seem like many of them were paying attention. That didn't last long. They ended their hour long set with some more familiar tunes, put down their instruments, waved to the crowd and walked off stage. The crowd just stood around confused. No way were we letting them off that easy. In a matter of seconds, the entire gym was stomping their feet so loudly that some people had to cover their ears because it was deafening. People had the traditional W in the air chanting "Weezer! Weezer!" The next thing we knew, that same Yahoo! rep came out screaming, "Is that the best you guys can do?" before Weezer came out to do an encore which caused the entire room to go even more crazy than when they first began. The mellow sound to "Only in Dreams" echoed throughout the whole crowd and we really thought that was going to be it until they went into a fast version of "Surf Wax America." What a rad way to end a show. The almighty W in the back-

ground went nuts flashing all sorts of different colors as did the many different strobe lights around the entire stage. I wish I could describe every detail to how that show ended. Words can't really describe it unless you were actually there to witness it. But I do have to say this, this was the first time in history that I have rushed out of a Weezer show because of the venue. This show wasn't what my friends and I expected it to be at all. If it wasn't for the crazy people of E-BAY selling tix for 125 a pair since every show around here was sold out, we would not have travelled the 4 hours to D.C. Yes, we are dedicated Weezer fans. Thank God for E-BAY.

All photos from weezer.net and getupkids.net.



room fell completely silent as everyone watched Rivers Cuomo, the lead singer, sit in a chair playing a brand new beautiful acoustic song with lyrics that no words can describe. My friends and I stood there in awe watching the band we had worshipped forever. The silence didn't last long though as that song ended and Weezer exploded into their usual opener, "My name Is Jonas." The crowd went insane as they always did to this awesome song. Throughout their energetic set, they played songs off their 1994 self titled blue album, such as the ever popular, "Buddy Holly," "Undone--the Sweater Song," "In the Garage" and my personal favorite, "Say It Ain't So." They also had the crowd bouncing off the walls with songs from

ground went nuts flashing all sorts of different colors as did the many different strobe lights around the entire stage. I wish I could describe every detail to how that show ended. Words can't really describe it unless you were actually there to witness it. But I do have to say this, this was the first time in history that I have rushed out of a Weezer show because of the venue. This show wasn't what my friends and I expected it to be at all. If it wasn't for the crazy people of E-BAY selling tix for 125 a pair since every show around here was sold out, we would not have travelled the 4 hours to D.C. Yes, we are dedicated Weezer fans. Thank God for E-BAY.

Reach the Sky Take Center Stage

Pete Marcowicz
The Insider

There are plenty of ways to presume a show is going good or bad.

First, if the show is on a weekday, as are, the place will be empty. Secondly, the playing must be legends or just creative, amazing musicians. That usually means the place will be packed to the fullest. That could be a good thing or a bad thing, depending on if you are a social person or a pit dancer.



Dancing sucks, when the place is crowded! Read my last article on *Sick Of It All*, and you'll hear me complaining. Finally, it comes down to venue where the show is being held. If the stage, or location of the place is terrible, you're destined to become a pissed off human being.

Anyways, this show was on a Wea, I didn't really like the bands and the stage, the distance to get there was tiresome. So, I basically this show one middle finger up. By the looks of the parking lot, you would think the place was jammed. In the contrary, the place resembled a library at night. The show was put in this little room, me stupid

reason. *Movielife* was up to bat, and I used to hear a lot of good things about them. Those visions in my head were squashed, as their emo style made me puke on the floor. They tried to get hard, but I've seen kids in *Saves The Day* that are harder. Their was actual movement in the so-called pit. I was so scared (laughing while I put an emo kid in a headlock). I think *Reach the Sky* was next, or was it *Vision*, I don't remember. I didn't recognize *Reach the Sky* as they took the stage. This band from Boston, was the best part of the night. The room erupted with energy as people began swimming on top of heads. A real pit was actually happening, which brought life to the room of boredom. Their old school hardcore anthems of living for what you believe in makes you feel a sense of positive unity. They played songs off their new album, "Friends, Lies, and the End of the World." I caught myself singing along and I was the only one, due to an early promo copy I received. They are very active on stage and the lead vocals constantly demanded participation on the mic. All in all, they delivered.

I don't even want to talk about *Vision*. They have been around forever, have one good song about hardcore kids, and should retire.

The one band that I guess you can call legends or a showcase band is *Ignite*. The vocals are very eccentric and a bit high-pitched. Many people that were sitting down, got off their chairs and sprinted to either sing along or do some windmills. The drummer was backwards and rocking out hard. There were cameos there by *Agnostic Front* and *Ensign* members. A cover song was done, which turned out well. They were the headlining band, but I don't have much to say concerning them. Sometimes even the biggest bands lose their touch.



All photos by Pete Marcowicz/The Beacon

Southern Jersey DJ Making A Name

Melissa Mintz
The Insider

I'm always up fong about new things so when I hear the issue coming out was going on Philly, I had the best idea: interview a good friend of mine and an aspiring DJ, Nick is from Blackwood, New Jersey which is right Philly and this summer I had the pleasure of meeting him. I was always so fascinated by his passion for spinning and he definitely lit my mind to his world. I figured that by doing this interview I could learn more about why he does what he does. So I got on the phone and gave him a call as is what I got.

Melissa: First things first, how did it start DJing/spinmog records?

Nick: Well, when I was a sophomore in school, I got heavy into playing drums and really big into jazz bands. There weren't that many that wanted to do what I was doing so I figured I'd be a one man band. It basically all started when I was 6 and my mom bought me *License to Ill* by *Beastie Boys*. I thought DJ Hurricane was awesome. He was a big inspiration to me. It was because of him that I wanted to be a scratch DJ. So I started saving paychecks and after a month I bought my first turntable. That didn't happen till senior year though. I really had no idea what I was doing. I had to get a turntable which was like 150 bucks and I had the money so I started messing around. That was like my senior year. It was really only a hobby that didn't cross my mind at that point for it to be a...something I'd want to do for the rest of my life. I didn't really expect to be doing turntables. I got a lot from DJ Q-bert...he's legendary...seriously light me SO much. So within a year and like 4 months I had a table. I didn't even go to parties at that point I knew was

that I wanted to do scratch DJing and compete in tournaments.

Melissa: What made you really want to do this?

Nick: Hmm...there was a whole combination of things. First of all, the whole aspect of music because I love it...it's my life. Second, it was easy to adapt to. Also I just left the navy and this was something I knew I was good at. I knew that once I got my skills up, I just wanted to spin. I realized that I didn't want to be the one dancing in the crowd. I wanted to be the one making the people dance. I got a lot of encouragement from people who actually saw me spin. They'd tell me I played phat shit. That's what I wanted to hear. I was interested in what people had to say about me. I wanted people to leave the place and say I was good. All I gotta' say is if you took this away from me, I'd have not a damn thing. I would seriously die if I couldn't spin and/or produce. I LOVE the stuff. When I discovered jungle music and drum & bass, it was just as good as losing my virginity. And you can quote me on that!

Melissa: How would you compare the party scene with other scenes (punk scene mainly)?

Nick: Well, both scenes are very similar. Everyone comes up with their own shit. DJs and punk kids in bands. For me and the population, we're small and close knit. Everyone knows everyone. Everyone knows everyone else's shit. There are actually some punk kids who are party kids too. I was real surprised to find out that they took a liking to jungle and drum & bass.

Melissa: Who are some of your influences?

Nick: Like I said earlier, I'm big into jazz and drummers. I listened to *Buddy Rich* and *Gene Krupa* big

time. Oh and Peshay, he was my BIGGEST jazz influence. As for DJs, *Diesel Boy*, *J. Smooth*, *Capital J*...DJ Q-bert (I mentioned him before). Hip hop influences are still the *Beastie Boys*, *Bob Marley*, *Wu-Tang Clan*. Those are about it. These are my main influences.

Melissa: What do you get out of DJing?

Nick: Hey, it's fun. The fact is I know the money I'm going to be getting makes it better. And I know I'm going to get it eventually. But right now (quoting Bob Marley)... "Everyone goes through the struggle."

Melissa: What type of music do you usually spin?

Nick: Usually I spin tech/step. Of course drum & bass... I spin 2 out of the 4 kinds of drum & bass which are hard jazz and liquid funk. It's awesome.

Melissa: How many other kinds of DJs are there?

Nick: Wow...there's like millions of DJs out there. They spin everything...drum & bass, house, trance...every kind of music. I wouldn't be surprised if there were some DJs out there who spin soul and country western.

Melissa: Where do you see yourself in the future? Even like 5-10 years from now?

Nick: No doubt... I want to be a touring successful DJ/producer. I want to be known internationally as well as all over the U.S. Nothing else.

Melissa: Well, that's about it...got any famous last words?

Nick: Last words? Let's see...Be consistent. And respect constructive criticism...not rudeness.

Janis Ian Rocks Shea



Janis Ian, a Jersey born, lit up the ample-sized Shea Center auditorium Friday night and left the mostly middle-aged, wonder bread, hippie, crowd smoking. The mild winter weather attracted a couple hundred people to the William Paterson University campus for the concert with the Grammy award winning singer-songwriter put on in conjunction with Fordham radio station WFUV 90.7 fm. A WFUV radio personality introduced Ian to the enthusiastic crowd. The lights dimmed on the auditorium and Ian came out to a real bluesy jazz funk tune. In the pamphlet for the concert series Ian is described as "one of the most prolific, powerful, outspoken, and inspiring singer-songwriters of the 20th century. She could really hold her own on stage captivating the audience with exceptional guitar mastery filling in all the rhythmic gaps with her striking voice and

drumming her guitar body like the true American folk entertainer she is. In between songs she would tell stories of what she was up to while revealing background information about the songs she was performing. In a funny story about a duet she did with Willie Nelson for her 17th album *god and the fbi*, she told the audience about how she almost turned down smoking "dope" with Willie. He

whipped out this fatty before they were going to lay down vocal tracks in a studio in Texas and she was not going to smoke because she said "I lived in New York for most of the 60's... I'm saturated already... I did enough dope in that period of my life I basically could have a flashback at will... so I'm just about to explain this to Willie... when this bell goes off in my head and its going 'hello its Willie Nelson, its Willie Nelson's dope... you will be smoking dope with Willie Nelson this could go on your résumé... Accomplishments: smoked dope with Willie Nelson'."

She played two powerful sets and left the audience begging for more which she relinquished in a two song encore that she finished while walking out the back of the auditorium. With just a few effect pedals, her new signature model acoustic/electric guitar, and her powerfully haunting melodic

voice, she engulfed the audience like a soft summer breeze. Her third song was her controversial hit "Society's Child" a song about interracial love, which she penned and arranged at age 15. The song created a surge of discussion and controversy that swept nationwide. Toward the end of her second set she also played her Grammy winning hit "At seventeen." The sound of the first chord really sent the audience into a fury (well they pretty much just hooted and clapped real loud which is pretty nutty for the LL Bean crowd).

She played about 16 songs throughout the evening and each one left any fan of musical talent in awe. She also discussed her feelings about the whole Napster ruling and her thoughts on file sharing which were simple. The music companies main argument is that Napster takes money out of artists pockets, well so do record companies. I still owe MGM money (laughing). She said that Napster only hurts the bigger bands, the bands that are already making millions but "how many cars can you drive at once." Janis also shared her feelings about Jersey and how it was good that Jersey had such a bad rap with

the rest of the country "it keeps them awayhe also spoke of the trials of relocating to the south. She now lives in Tenree, and related how southerners make of us Yankees. She filled the concourse auditorium with wondrous sounds and manifestations of an American folk spirit lives on today in the style of artists Ani DiFranco, Dan Bern, and a host of other folk artists. Poetic stories of lives lived put forth in a way that almost anyone can relate to. Folk anthems of love, rock and roll, and everything in between. I thank you Janis Ian for a wonderful evening.

All photos by Matt Mitchell



Unwind with Oleander's Litest



U usually when I first listen to a CD, one song above all the rest, will catch my ear and become my most played. However this time, when I listened to Oleander's

new CD, I was drawn into the lyrics of each song. "Back Home Years Ago" takes listeners into the story of a time in a guy's life when he thought he was in a relationship that would last forever. This is just one of the songs that fans may be able to relate to on the album.

Then there's the softer songs like "Halo," which is acoustic and backed by a string quartet. "That's the one song on the album I keep gravitating to," said vocalist Thomas Flowers. Bassist Doug Eldridge added, "Halo, to me, is a timeless kind of tune. Tom wrote that song a long time ago, when we were doing demos for the first record.

"(Hardly Son)." I remember hearing that song and thinking that's an amazing tune. When I heard the chorus for the first time, I was blown away.

Another song that will blow your mind is the title track, "Unwind." The song has been described by the band as, "The whole thing can be compared to a little sister who grows up overnight, and one day you look up at her and wonder how she got so headstrong."

Unwind lives up to its title. It's a CD for all occasions. It starts off with the driven "Come to Stay" and "Yours if You Like" - songs that are said to stylistically resemble those of Sacramento, California based band's previous album. As with the current single, "Are You There?", you'll want to go for a drive, playing it with windows down and the volume up. The closing song, "Champion," can be used when you just feel like relaxing to some quality music.

One stand-out song particular is "Benign." It could be the next track release. Then again, "She's Up, She's Down," also has that catchy chorus quality. Each song has its own unique sound so you don't get bored listening to it. In fact, when the CD ends, I'm tempted to replay it again.

"We just decided that we were going to make the most sincere effort to really explore what we wanted to music sound like. I think we really hit the mark this time," said Flowers.

Unwind was mixed by producer Andy Wallace, who has worked with Nirvana and Rage Against the Machine. To support the album release, the band is on the three band tour that Fuel should be headlining. Instead of newcomers, 3 Doors Down, Eldridge has said, "I think we still just want to be a rock band that puts on a heavy-hitting, hard rocking live show. With Unwind, it will be a

Joelle Caputo
The Insider

Brit Punk Rockers, Fruit Cocktail

When I first heard that a band from England would be playing at the 60 Central gig, I started a countdown to their arrival to America. I couldn't wait to meet them and hear the accent that I love so much. My friend asked me how I would understand what they were saying. My response, "No problem, I've watched East Enders (a highly rated UK soap opera) for years." Well, I didn't get a chance to prove myself because the first thing I noticed when I spoke to James Michelson (drummer/keyboards) was that he had no accent. Neither did their vocalist, Zain Hirji. "What was up with this?" I wondered somewhat disappointed.

Then I met the guitarist, Daniel Michelson. "Did they ask you why you're from England and don't have an accent?" he asked the younger brother. He had an accent.

It turns out there was some truth to the whole England story, which I found out when I sat down with Fruit Cocktail for an interview before their set. The band came together in 1994 when they were "young lads." Daniel was 15, James and Zain were 12 years old. All three were living in Dhaka, Bangladesh. The Michelsons had been there for eight years, while Zain had been born there.

They formed Fruit Cocktail and gained notoriety for their live rock shows, which were known for being chaotic and often violent. This was because Dhaka didn't have many shows. In fact, the first ever proper concert in Bangladesh was arranged by Fruit Cocktail in August of 1994. They called it Shitstock and headlined the event.

That September, Daniel and James moved back to London, England. Soon after, Zain relocated to Ottawa, Canada. Now I bet you're wondering how a band can stay together while its members reside in different countries. FC's solution is to come together every summer to record.

The band's first CD, *Fruit and Veg*, was released while they were in Bangladesh, on their own label, We Don't Have Records Now We Have CD's Records. It was mostly improvised.

A year later, they recorded their second CD, 33, named for the number of songs on the 90 minute disk. Next came *In the House of Disco Duck* in 1996, followed by *Fiasco* in 1998.

This is where things may seem rather skeptical at first. The album is filled chock-full of guest appearances. They include Tim Armstrong (Rancid), Ben Kweller (Radish), King Buzz (Melvins), Apollo 9

(Rocket From the Crypt), Stephen Jackson (Pietasters) and Art Alexis (Everclear). This was put out on Practice Amp Records, which is owned by Kweller. Right away, I asked how this was possible.

Luck was definitely on James' side the night he met Armstrong backstage when Rancid played in London. James told Armstrong about a project he was working on that needed fill-ins. Armstrong, as it turned out, thought it sounded really cool and agreed to record it that night. "He's a supernice guy. Really quiet," James told me. This song, titled "Play 50," features Jackson, who is on Armstrong's label, as well as Apollo on saxophone. Besides being on *Fiasco*, the song is also available on the Disaster Records release *Old Scars and Up Starts 2* compilation, along with five other FC songs.

Alexis is on the song "Pages." Similarly, James met him while Everclear was in London performing. He explained that US bands are not as popular in England, so they are easier to meet them.

FC explained that bands like Travis and Coldplay, that are storming up the charts in America, are not seen as all that back home. This is partly because so many bands have emerged imitating them. Does this remind you of a certain boy-band phenomenon in America?

Right now in England, a lot of new US bands are getting popular. It's the return of rock. The music press has gone weekly. This brings hype to bands really soon. The result is a month later the craze is over, which FC thinks is one reason why bands in the UK don't really build an audience.

The BBC owns Radio 1, which airs everywhere in Great Britain. This makes it extremely influential in which bands it makes or breaks. FC filled me in on how there are no separate stations for each genre of music in the UK, as there are in the US. Only London has the alternative station, XFM.

Thus, if a band doesn't get played on Radio 1, they don't have too much of a chance of becoming

successful.

"In England, you can't have any regional success 'cause there's no regional radio stations. So the only way any band is gonna get popular is coming up to London to play," clarified Daniel. His band has been played on the radio.

In their songs, FC do not like to get too personal. They say their songs are "Emotional, but not deep." Daniel writes

the lyrics after the music is composed.

Their seventh record, to be titled *Performance Art*, is in the process of being mixed. In fact, the guys almost missed their flight to the US because they were working on it. FC see themselves as almost a totally different band with this release. Production took two years. They feel it showcases their best performances and singing. They believe it has all the elements of a good record. The first being the tunes. The music is memorable and catchy. The vocal melodies are thought through and original. The record has charisma and brains behind it.

Celebrities are plentiful on this CD as well. Mike from Faith No More, is one of

them. FC met him through a mutual friend who has a side project with Mike - Buzz from the Melvins. They gave him a copy of the record and he apparently loved it so much that he wrote to them. "It turned out great. We had a lot of fun doing it," said James. Vin from the Slackers plays organ on one of the songs, also.

Tony Scaldo, the bass player from Fastball can be heard on the "Patience-esque" opening whistle on the song "Thank You Girls." Originally, Scaldo sang on the track, but he spontaneously started to whistle and the song changed.

Guns 'N Roses, ironically, is an inspiration for FC. As for other bands, James named the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Morphine and the Misfits. The Gamma Kids, from New Jersey, "Are Awesome." James loves them. The members of FC enjoy all bands, whether they are mainstream or not.

When they were in New York shopping the day before this interview, they filled me in on their splurges. For Daniel it was two Johnny Cash CD's, three from Abba and one from Otis Redding. James picked up one from Juvenile. "As long as it's catchy, we like it. It's all about melodic music," he said.

This trip marked their first time playing in the US. The night before the gig at 60 Central, they played at the Continental in NYC with the Huns. In England, there isn't a basement show circuit, but they had always heard about it here and were eager to participate. Says Daniel, "London is such a major city it's hard to land venues. Especially as a young band." While they've played many shows in England and Canada, Daniel said, "We've had a much better reaction in America than we had in England."

I asked Zane how he felt about playing

on this side of the pond. "Last night I was very nervous 'cause it was the first show that we played together in a really long time. I hadn't even seen the guitarist in eight months and we hadn't practiced at all or anything. I was really nervous about coming to NY. Now, we played the songs together so many times and we know them so well, so I'm not really worried about how they're gonna sound or anything. But, we do worry about how the crowds gonna

react, 'cause that's what we feed off. If the crowd is happy, that makes us happy and that's what makes us really get into it," he revealed.

When I quickly listened to a rough mix of "Performance Art" that night, I really didn't mind it. The rifts on the first track, "Electro Body Poppin," had striking opening rifts that caught my attention. When they

took the floor to play live, it took me a while to get into their sound. I gathered it was because I wasn't used to it, because going back and watching the tape of their performance, it grew on me.

"We're a hot sound for girls and kids," said James. Besides FC, their main concern, they produce a hip hop band called Red Light Massive. That band appears on Much Music and Rap City in the UK.

After the gig that night, the band went back to the Holiday Inn of Hasborough Heights, in room 116, to prepare for a show in Roselle the following day. Then it was back to England to find a distributor for *Performance Art*, and focus on improving their web site (www.geocities.com/f_cocktail). James will go back to the London Institute, where he is studying photography. Zain will return to Ottawa University, where he is studying law. (Daniel is a psychology graduate of Cambridge University.) Perhaps you will see them in another e-zine or back in America on another one of their self-funded excursions.

"Some people spend their money on clothes, some people spend their money on drugs. We spend ours on the band," said James.

Now I know you're wondering what kind of band names themselves after a canned fruit. Fruit Cocktail had their name before they were even a band. They grew up listening to Kiss and other glam bands and "...saw the joke there." Inspired, they "...wanted to come up with the most over the top name."

Back in England, James sent me an e-mail that said the following. "The show in Roselle at the Cove was actually the best show we played in the US. The kids were totally up for it, so we were really happy. The judging system was really weird, but we saw about 200 faces and rocked them



Hey all you die hard Get Up Kids fans! Once again Matt Pryor has amazed all the cute emo kids with his crisp vocals and beautiful lyrics with the 2000 release of the 1st album of his side project, *The New Amsterdams*. If you haven't heard this yet, you don't know what you're missing.

McKenzie
The Insider

This is a change from what a lot of you kids are used to by the frontman of the GUK but if you

appreciate good music, you won't be disappointed. The first time I heard the band existed was when my friend called me up one night and told me I should check out one of the songs off the Fadeaway Records compilation that we had bought earlier that week. She said that since I loved the Get Up Kids that I'd love the one song on the CD, "Proceed With Caution." I'd just bought the comp so I was mainly listening to bands that I was familiar with so I always skipped over

The New Amsterdams

this particular song.

I sat on my bedroom floor as Matt's voice echoed off my walls and I

became completely engulfed by the entire song. "Proceed With Caution" blew me away. It was solely acoustic with drums accompanying it towards the middle of the song. After a couple months of just hearing that song, I finally got my hands on the whole CD, *Never You Mind*. Talk about a great album! I discovered that the whole album consisted of 11 mainly acoustic songs each one just as intriguing as the next. Any of you who have experienced heartache or have been depressed about anything will be

able to relate to at least one song on this album. A lot of the songs are pretty, slow and mellow. Every emotion is apparent in each song whether it's the pain of letting someone go, like in the song "Goodbye," or feeling like no one is listening as in the song, "Idaho."

I could probably go on forever raving about how great this album is but I won't. If this CD isn't already a part of your collection, I strongly suggest you go out and buy it. Just don't expect another GUK album or you may be disappointed. The only similarities of this album as compared to the GUK are Matt's melodic voice and the heartfelt lyrics. Some side projects fail miserably but I don't see that happening to this one. It is a rare occasion to see The New Amsterdams play so if you ever get the opportunity, don't hesitate to check them out.

88.7fm WPSC DJ Profiles

Beth Mohan
Communication Major

show name: Phonic Euphoria
show times: Tuesday and Thursday 6-9 pm
music genre: trip hop, electronica, new age, and dance

top 5 favorite songs:
jairoquai—alright
portishead—glory box
poe—that day
massive attack—angel
the verve—sonnet

top 5 favorite bands:
jairoquai
radiohead
morceeba
bt
bjork

why College Radio?

Music is such a vital part of life. it has the ability to dictate your mood and change your outlook. it can soothe your nerves, relax your mind, seduce your soul, or shake your ass. being part of wpsc has given me the opportunity to share a blend of music that would never make it outside the underground. keeping in touch with the international music scene, i've tried to bring in music that wouldn't otherwise be played on american pop radio. it's all worth while when someone says they've been turned on to a new band that they heard on my show. to help people find new music to alter their moods, this is why i do radio.

Angi Brzycki
The Insider



The "Bad luck kid" Rich Sornicola
Communication Major

show name: Fortune Hour
times of show: 6am-9am Friday Morning Rush
music you play: Psychedelic, and different forms of music that contain psychedelic

top 5 Favorite Songs:
Great gig in the Sky—Pink Floyd
How to Disappear Completely—Radio Head
Playground Love—Air
Blue Skied and Clear—Slowdive
Feeling Yourself Disintegrate—Flaming Lips

top 5 Favorite Bands
Pink Floyd
Radio Head
Tool
Beatles
The Verve

interests:
Playing and writing songs
writing and directing screenplays
smoking cigarettes and finding new beaches to go to

why College Radio?

...because as a musician it is my duty to touch people with the music i write. As a DJ, you can open people's ears to something they don't hear everyday. If one person likes a song that i played on my show, i've succeeded, especially if that was the 1st time they heard that song. Other than that giglet, i'm single, but when i come home to my guitars, my keyboard, my boss, and my drums, i suddenly find myself horny and in love.

The Corrs Perform at Radio City

Joelle Caputo
The Insider

Flashing spotlights and Irish rhythms hushed the sold out audience in Radio City Music hall on March 16. Blue lights above provided the atmosphere as the stage curtain opened to reveal a barefoot Andrea Corr, center stage behind a microphone. To her right was her sister, Sharon, on violin and her brother Jim, on guitar, was to her left. Behind them was their sister, Caroline, on the drums. The opening riffs to their hit, "Only When I Sleep," started off the show. When Andrea sang the first line, "I haven't slept at all in days," she added, "It's true."

It was no wonder considering the whirlwind of promotions the Celtic-pop band, **The Corrs**, did during their only east-coast area appearances, in New York City. To promote their most recent album, *In Blue*, the Corrs performed two songs on NBC's "Today Show," where Sharon announced she will be the first sibling to get married. They also stopped by the "Rosie O'Donnell Show" for an interview after they performed the single that brought them American acclaim: "Breathless," and were slated to make an appearance at the City's St. Patrick's Day parade the following day.

With 20 million albums sold world wide, it is only recently that these twice Grammy nominated Irish superstars grabbed the attention of the US. *In Blue* has already been certified Gold in America, having sold almost one million copies. Worldwide, the album has gone to number one in 18 countries. Last year, the Corrs won the "Best

Kept Secret" category at the My VH1 Music Awards.

Today, they are hardly this long time fan's little secret. For the band's first ever show at Radio City, fans traveled from miles away to see their very humble hosts, who thanked the crowd for their applause after every song. "We're ecstatic to be here. We love the city," Andrea told the



crowd, continuing, "Let's have a ball." She encouraged the audience to let go of all inhibitions for the evening, because it only makes her more self-conscious. "Get up, dance, holler, propose marriage Jim's available," she told the crowd to do whatever they liked.

Through out the show, Andrea certainly let go of all her inhibitions, as in a one shoulder strapped black dress, she became one with the stage. She freely moved around, performing such songs as

"Give Me a Reason" and "Irresistible." But the spotlight was not on the front woman the entire night. Sharon was spotlighted alone on stage for a violin solo so powerful and smooth, even she said, "Wow," when it was over. That led into the instrumental jam, "Paddy McCarthy." The entire audience was brought to their feet. Caroline had a drum solo. However, the real spotlight on her was when a birthday cake was brought out for the St. Patrick's Day baby's and her sisters sang to her.

It was also interesting to see the drummer out from behind her drum set for some songs. During "Runaway," the three sisters sat on stools in front of the stage. Also, on various songs, Jim turned from keyboards to the piano, where he took turns with Caroline. The piano is one instrument the Corrs were taught to play by their father. Both of their parents were musicians. Therefore, they feel it is only natural for them to be ones as

well. In most bands, the singer also plays the guitar. The Corrs are unique in that their singer plays the tin whistle on stage. The stage set up was simple, but the background screen was eye catching. Simple images such as water and rain drops in a filter-like design appeared.

During the closer, "Breathless," clouds floated across the screen. For "Queen of Hollywood," the title track to their '99 album, *Talk on Corners*, the video screen turned black and white, in old movie style. "All the Love in the World" brought

images of shooting stars. "Runaway" had a thunder sound effect.

Before the encore, the band did one phenomenal cover song by a fellow Irishman, the past single "What Can I Do to Make You Love Me," "Dreams," "I Never Loved You Anyway," "Radio," "Forgiven Not Forgotten," "Love to Love You" and "No More Cry."

"This has been really special to us. This isn't America at all, this is Ireland," Andrea told the crowd that called the band back onto stage. Then, the Corrs performed "I'll Be at Your Side" and the fan favorite, "So Young." The show ended on an energetic note—one entirely instrumental—before Andrea introduced the band, including two tour musicians. The siblings all came together and joined hands for a final bow. Before leaving the stage, Jim spoke into the microphone, "Goodnight. We hope to see you again." The feeling was mutual.

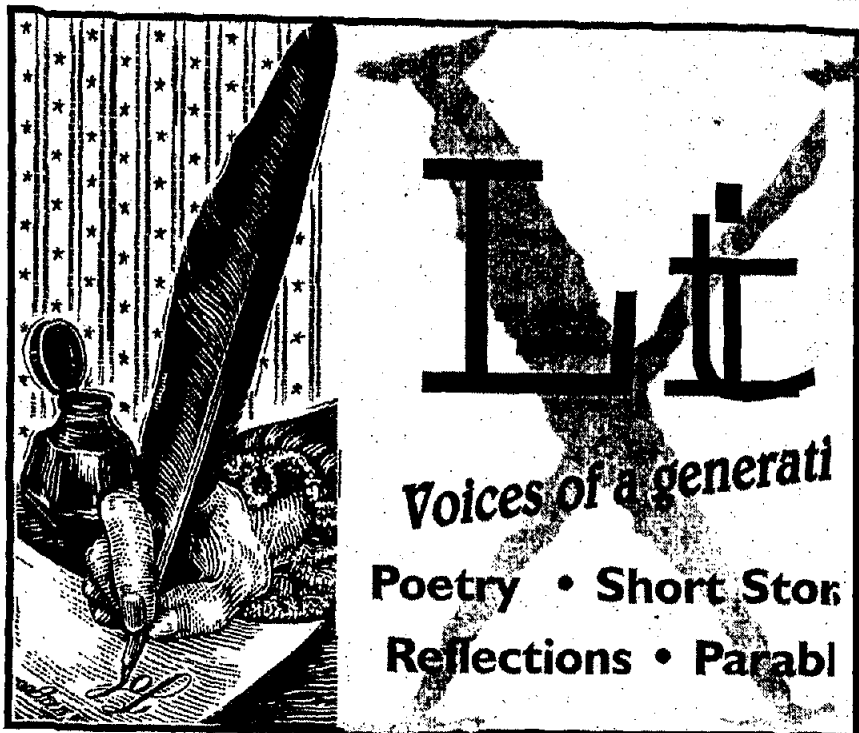
Side note: (Brian Kennedy of Broadway's Riverdance wowed the audience when he opened the show.)

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IT USED TO TEAR ME UP INSIDE,
JUST TO SEE YOU WITH HER,
BUT NOW IT'S JUST ANOTHER THING TO
FORGIVE.
SILLY ME TO THINK ABOUT YOU,
EVEN AFTER YOU'VE GONE
AND SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS.
NOW I'VE GOT
VARIETY, INSANITY,
ADDED COMPLICATIONS
THAT MAKE ME FORGET ABOUT YOU,
I'M STARTING TO FORGET ABOUT YOU,
BUT NEVER SO MUCH SO THAT I'D ABAN-
DON YOU,
SO WHY MISPLACE ME?
I GUESS YOU'RE CONSUMED IN YOUR
HAPPY SPHERE
(I RESENT NOT HAVING YOU, NOT YOU
YOURSELF)
PREOCCUPIED WITH NEEDING HER,
BUT DON'T YOU NEED ANYONE ELSE?
EVEN IF "ALL IT IS" IS FRIENDSHIP,
EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I'M
THE WRONG FACE, THE WRONG WARM
BODY...
I'M TRYING SO HARD NOT TO BOTHER YOU
SO JUST LET ME KNOW
WHEN YOU CAN SPARE SOME TIME.
I'LL BE WAITING.

—Spike

A QUESTION OF ASHES

by Larry Clow

"It is well, when judging a friend, to remember that he is judging you with the same godlike and superior impartiality."

— Arnold Bennett

"What if," my friend said, sitting across from me, "I told you that right now, being normal meant duct-taping mackerels to your nipples? What would you do then?"

I looked at him incredulously. Our discussion on the fundamentals of being considered normal had now careened into avenues I wasn't ready to explore. I looked down at my plate of half-eaten spaghetti and sighed.

"Look, Langdon," I said while yawning, "I don't really care anymore. If I had to tape mackerels to my nipples in order to be considered normal, well, I guess I'd do it. Frankly, at this point, I don't give a damn. We've been discussing this for over an hour, and I want to go home. I have a wife and family, you know, and they want to see me sometimes."

Langdon wiped his mouth with the burgundy napkin and threw it on the table with a disgusted flair. He reached into his coat pocket and pulled out a fat cigar, lighting it as he put it in his mouth. Soon enough, he was directing fat rings of smoke at me. I wondered again how someone so obnoxious could be my friend.

"Oh, sure, end the conversation when it's just getting interesting." He ran his hand through his thinning brown hair, signifying his annoyance. When we were kids, I had always told him that if he ran his hands through his hair whenever he got annoyed, he'd lose his hair before the age of forty. I could see I was right. "The fact is, Jerry, you can't face the simple truth: you'd do anything to be normal. I've known you for a long time, and you're one of my best friends, but I have to admit it: you're a slave to society. Look at you, with your Armani suit and Rolex watch, drinking imported European bottled water while you cruise up and down the highway in your brand new Lexus. You're pop culture's bitch—sad but true."

I stared indignantly at Langdon. "You should be one to talk. You, with your nice cushy job at Sonic Software and the Godzilla collection you keep in your basement."

"I'm an iconoclast!" he shouted.

"You're just a slave of a different kind! I lay out a wad of cash for a suit; you lay out a wad cash for the latest Pentium chip. I buy European water; you buy Japanese Godzilla toys. We're not so different, you and I, and I for one know that you'd be first person to duct tape mackerels to your nipples. Case closed. You want to split the bill?"

"Sure," he said, reaching and pulling out his wallet, "But let me tell you where you and I are different. Sure, I'm a computer geek and a Godzilla junkie, but at least... I've evolved to a higher level."

"Oh you have?" I said, raising an eyebrow and smirking. After pulling out my Discover card and setting it on the table, I sat back in my chair and listened to him.

"Yeah, I have. Your problem is, you don't question anything. Authority, society, your own existence—you just sit back and accept everything at face value. I, on the other hand, am comfortable with asking the difficult questions," he finished, puffing on his cigar.

"Like what? Asking how much the newest Godzilla toy is on eBay? You amuse me Langdon," I said.

"No, not like that!" he cried. "I mean, like, do I even exist at all? Or am I a hallucination? You know, it's a proven fact that if the brain is deprived of sensory input, it creates its own—maybe we're the fantasy of some guy in one of the sensory deprivation tanks. Or, what if we've been following the wrong religion all along—what if God is really the devil and he's tricking us? We'd be screwed if that happened. You see...you have to question stuff like that. That's the important stuff in life, and most people don't even think about it."

I reached over and took my credit card off the table. I closed my eyes and tried to look thoughtful. Langdon wasn't prepared for what I said next.

"What if I told you that I've been sleeping with your wife for the past year?" I asked.

"You what? You're joking, Jerry," he said, laughing. But I kept looking at him, straight in the eyes, not flinching, not blinking. His laugh slowly faded to a chuckle, and the chuckle became a confused grunt. He stared at me, mouth agape, the cigar teetering on the edge of his lips. A snowfall of ashes drifted onto his coat.

"Am I?" I said. I looked him right in the eye. "Now you have to ask yourself—am I serious, or am I joking? Or...is it all just a dream? Sometimes," I said, getting up from the table, "it's best not to question at all." I smiled at him and walked off.

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i never knew
 your opaque
 could be clear,
 i spent so much time
 trying to make
 you believ-
 able.
 what was i thinking
 when i tried to
 change you?
 i found out from them
 that it's part
 of the game.
 they told me today
 it's the way
 that they play,
 and to think
 i kept trying to
 make you
 believable.
 funny how things work:
 you're much more
 believable.
 and though it's much
 easier to find you translucent,
 at least now i know
 we're okay in the dark,
 at least i can see your

For Iyla

Oh my dear Iyla
 you rained down on me for
 one thousand days
 and i sat across the room
 in a wooden chair
 underneath a cracked window
 where i climbed in when you
 locked yourself out and we
 would toss the cigarettes
 it was chipped by the rocks
 i threw after midnight
 when i would drive slowly
 and hope you would come out
 with a drink and a t-shirt
 and your hair tied back
 climbing into my passenger seat
 speeding away from the daybreak
 towards nightfalls in the distance
 true, we act like children
 and dare ourselves to become
 adults, we never pretended
 we acted out in harmony and melody

—William P. Caldwell

PRINCESS FOR MY SISTERS

I saw the beautiful women of
 today, sisters by our common
 ancestor Vagina,
 raped of their pride, dignity,
 and home down there,

whose chubby hands dressed up Barbie's plastic D cup and size zero waist,

who embrace the toilet's cold porcelain mouth everyday to retch chips and
 cookies and pickles into the shit stained throat,

who at fifteen drank one Bud in the basement with the horny basketball
 team
 and like a cat in heat humped those brainless dicks because "I love you"
 whispered in ear,

who laboriously fight five hours hunting for the Barbie leg jeans,

whose daddy's cracked splintering palm burned his day's hell onto her
 freckled cheek because his crusty breakfast bowl still lay unwashed,

who in Afghanistan had their clitorises scissored out by the patriarchal
 tyrants to be nailed like clouds onto the Sun's cross,

who sat on Sam's bed buzzing, terrified he would smell the virgin vagina
 pulsing as his coaxing words and rose petal kisses, a hypnotizing
 question, how many licks does it take to get to the center of his
 Tootsie Roll Pop? squirted nail polish remover into the Catholic girl's
 mouth,

who lay under florescent lights at tanning salons in Weehawken and Everett
 roasting to an orange shade,

who never face the sun without cover up, eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner,
 lipstick, lip-liner, and blush because the trees might keel over at the
 sight of the real Venus,

who drive growling vacuums one handed across carpets flooded with Mattel
 toys for triplets,

whose wrinkled ninety-three year old fingers stroked her dewy marshland
 until the leaves the buds then the blossoms bloomed, Bloomed! for the
 first time,

whose righteous vulvas, seven years young enslaved in rat infested huts
 where thorny stems cleave the salmon chambers fifty times while her ruby
 red slippers click and click even though home is already burned down,

whose black leather miniskirts, Endless Love, and grand canyon can sell the
 company's ads while Princeton's student loans are still being paid off--
 so Sisters, our cunts do smell like pussy, powerful like pockets full of
 hand grenades coated in mayonnaise--

who stand in purple sweats as the first Gentleman sits with the kids to
 hear her address the Nation,

who bear four gold medals across her sweating bosom,

who fly as dragons do in diamond speckled skies over grounded beer-bellied
 Adams lost in his vine tangled garden,

who cradle this Bic #2 pencil in Wallkill, New York constructing a yellow
 brick road to an African village where the clouds hide in dark closets
 and the dogs lunch on blue tulips and the pockets need white silk to sew
 the ruptures before they wrench the steel ring.

—Kerriann O'Connor, February 22, 2001



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Loophole...

Lets Higher-Income Families Claim Hope and Lifetime Credits

An IRS regulation provides a way for higher-income families to take advantage of the tuition credits, even though Congress restricted the benefits to middle-income taxpayers. IRS regulations governing the Hope Scholarship and Lifetime Learning credits contain a loophole that allows the credits to be claimed by higher-income families - even though Congress restricted the benefit to middle-income taxpayers.

Under the Taxpayer Relief Act of 1997, the benefit of the new credits are phased out for higher-income taxpayers. (The credits are reduced for couples with "adjusted gross incomes" above \$80,000 on a joint return and are completely unavailable for couples with adjusted incomes above \$100,000. For single filers, the credits are phased out for incomes between \$40,000 and \$50,000.) But IRS regulations governing the credits provide a way for households with incomes above the thresholds to still partake of the credits.

In essence, if the parents can't claim a credit for the college expenses of a dependent child because their income is too

high, the IRS regulations will allow the credit to be claimed on the tax return of the child, whose income is likely to be well below the eligibility limits. In exchange, parents will be required to forego claiming a dependency exemption for the child on their tax return. In most cases, the tax savings to the family from being able to claim the education credit on the child's tax return will more than make up for the loss of the dependency exemption.

Prior to the January 1999 release of the proposed IRS regulations, tax practitioners had assumed that children weren't eligible to claim the credit on their own tax return if they were eligible to be claimed as a dependent on their parents' tax return. Tax experts didn't think the statutory language of the 1997 tax act permitted the credit to be claimed by the student just because the parents elected not to claim the dependency exemption on their return. But the IRS regulations specifically address the issue and allow the credit to be claimed by the child in cases where the parent is "eligible to, but does not, claim the student as a dependent." What's more, the regulations allow the child to claim the credit even if the parent pays the tuition bill.

The IRS' liberal interpretation of the law is a godsend for many households that wouldn't otherwise be eligible for the credit because the parents' income is above the income-eligibility limits. In many cases, the loophole could mean hundreds of dollars in tax savings.

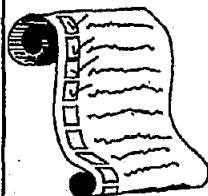
Not all higher-income families will benefit, cautions David Rhine, national director of family wealth planning at the accounting firm of BDO Seidman in New York. Before taking advantage of the loophole, he says, parents should be sure that the child would receive enough tax savings from the education credit to offset the loss of the dependency exemption on the parents' return. For instance, if your child doesn't have much taxable income, the education credit won't provide much tax savings since the credit can only be used to offset taxes owed.

But most college students do work part-time during the school year and during the summer. So most dependent students should have enough taxable income of their own to benefit from the credit on their tax return. Also calculate how much of a credit your child would be eligible to claim. (For students in their first two years of college, the Hope credit covers 100 percent of the first \$1,000 in tuition and fees, and 50

percent of the next \$1,000 in expenses. For other students, the Lifetime credit is equal to 20 percent of the first \$5,000 in tuition and fees.) If your child is eligible for only a partial credit, the tax savings may not be enough to offset the loss of the personal exemption on your return. But if the child is able to take maximum advantage of the credit, the tax savings from the credit on the child's return should more than make up for the loss of the dependency exemption on your return. The Hope credit can provide tax savings of as much as \$1,500 and the Lifetime credit up to \$1,000. By contrast, the personal exemption is \$2,800 on 2000 returns, which will save \$784 in taxes for a parent in the 28 percent tax bracket and \$868 in the 31 percent bracket. For the most affluent parents, the dependency exemption may provide even less tax savings since personal exemptions are phased out for higher-income taxpayers.

Although the guidelines are only "proposed" regulations, the IRS says that taxpayers can rely on the guidance until final regulations are issued. If the final regulations are more restrictive than the proposed regulations, the IRS says the restrictions won't be made retroactive.

Check W-2s, 1099s for Errors



If you find an error, contact the issuer and ask for a corrected form. As your W-2s, 1099s and other year-end tax statements arrive in the mail, don't just set them aside. Check to make sure the figures are accurate. Errors show up often enough to make these statements

worth reviewing. Reviewing the statements needs to be done long before you're ready to file your return. If a statement contains an error in the amount of income you received or deductible expenses you paid, you'll need to contact the issuer and have them send you a corrected version before you file your return. Don't just go ahead and report on your tax return whatever figure you believe to be right without getting a corrected W-2 or 1099. The reason is that the IRS gets a copy of these third-party information reports, and it uses them to cross-check amounts reported on your return. If the figure that you report doesn't match the figure reported by your employer or financial institution, the IRS will automatically send you a query.

STATES ARGUE FOR TAXING INTERNET TRANSACTIONS

The Senate Commerce Committee, chaired by Sen. John McCain, Republican from Arizona, heard opposing views on the prospect of states and localities eventually being able to collect taxes on sales transactions conducted over the Internet.

The existing moratorium on Internet taxation, implemented as part of the 1998 Internet Tax Freedom Act, expires in October. The House and Senate must consider whether to reauthorize the moratorium or open up the burgeoning world of electronic commerce to local taxation, yielding perhaps millions of dollars in revenues to states and local governments. McCain said he would prefer to see the moratorium continued. "I believe that Congress will and must act before then to renew its objections to multiple and discriminatory taxes on the Internet, as well as to taxes that inhibit Internet access," McCain said, citing the cloud of financial uncertainty now perched over the once-booming technology sector. McCain said, however, that he has been inundated by requests from local government officials to help devise a system that will allow states and localities to collect sales taxes from remote transactions.

Sales taxes must be collected, some have argued, because some states do not levy income taxes on their residents - meaning sales taxes are a principal source of income. The standing block on Internet taxation, many argue, is denying states funds for the provision of vital services such as education and health care. The shifting dynamic in commerce is leading many consumers to stay home and order their goods with the personal computers, they say, rather than patronize local business, upon whom local governments depend for tax collection.

A QUESTION OF FAIRNESS

Many owners of small establishments have also protested the tax-pass given to establishments that conduct their business over the Web, saying if the trend is allowed to continue, they may be driven out of business. "The 'Main Street' retailers have a legitimate fairness argument when they see customers come to the store to locate items they want to purchase, only to leave and order the items over the Internet just to escape the sales tax," McCain said. "This is a problem that needs to be negotiated," McCain suggested, adding that the states should come up with a regime that solves it. "All interested parties must be willing to make significant sacrifices," McCain

said. "The states and localities in particular must be able to make some tough decisions now to advance true sales tax simplification, before Congress will consider subjecting remote sellers to the reach of more than 7,000 taxing jurisdictions in the United States. I do not think that is too much to ask," he said.

Wyoming Gov. Jim Geringer, a Republican, speaking in part as an emissary from the National Governors' Association, asked the committee for cooperation and partnership, saying—as an example—that a state such as his own suffers immeasurably from the loss of potential revenue. "This is not about whether Congress should allow, but Congress should enable collection of such taxes, and the answer is, 'Yes,'" Geringer said. "The question is what happens to state revenue sources that depend on sales taxes as they shift [from conventional to electronic commerce]," he said. "How much will be shifted away from education, from health care? How much will be shifted away from providing these vital services?"

Much of the early portion of the hearing was devoted to a back-and-forth exchange between committee members and witnesses over what exactly was being discussed.

CONSIDERING THE CONSEQUENCES

While most of the people in the room agreed that access to the Internet should not be taxed - the original intent of the Internet Tax Freedom Act - some witnesses could not agree on the consequences of Internet sales taxation. Massachusetts Lt. Gov. Jane Swift, a Republican, beseeched McCain and the committee to refrain from allowing the imposition of any form of tax on electronic transactions.

"I am deeply concerned that a tax on the Internet will hinder growth in an important sector as a time when it can least afford it," Swift said.

"It would be a grave mistake on our part to start taxing Internet commerce before it has a chance to establish itself."

Swift compared Geringer's call for some sort of uniform tax to prospect of a Massachusetts resident buying an item in a Jackson, Hole, Wyoming, store, and placing the onus of collecting Massachusetts state tax on the Wyoming proprietor. Geringer took exception, saying business were migrating much of their sales efforts to the Web to



avoid paying any kind of tax, and that is why a tax regime upon which the states and Congress can agree must be worked out. "It's like coming here to Washington and not paying tax for your hotel room because you paid for it over the Web," he said. Republican Sen. Kay Bailey Hutchison agreed with Geringer's assessment, saying 40 percent of Texas' state revenue comes from sales taxes.

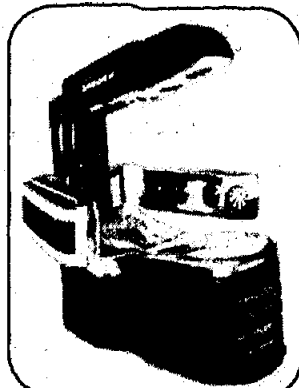
"We want fair and level playing field for our 'Main St.' Businesses," she said. Congress will have to further define the issue before the moratorium expires this fall. Sen. Ron Wyden, D-Oregon, has introduced a bill that would extend the tax moratorium through 2006, while "encouraging" states to simplify their sales and use taxes.

Another bill, introduced by Sen. Byron Dorgan, D-North Dakota, would also extend the moratorium, while calling for equal taxation for transactions conducted over the Internet, the telephone, or through the mail.

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MARKET CYCLES

Stock market ups and downs can't be predicted accurately, but they often can be explained logically, most of the time in hindsight.

The market goes up when investors put their money into stocks. It falls when investment activity is down. A number of factors influence whether people buy or sell stocks-as well as when and why they do so.

Changing market direction doesn't always mirror the state of the economy. The crash of 1987 occurred in a period of economic growth, and the bull market of the early 1990s kept rising despite a stubborn recession. But most of the time the strength or weakness of the stock market is directly related to economic and political forces.

MOVING WITH THE CYCLE

INFLUENCES ON INVESTMENT	
Economic, social and political factors affect investment. Some factors encourage it and others make investors unwilling to take the risk.	
Positive factors	Negative factors
Ample money supply	Tight money, Increased taxes
Tax cuts	High interest rates offering better return in less risky investments
Low interest rates	Political unrest, turmoil
Political stability or Domestic expectation of stability	International conflicts
High employment	Pending elections

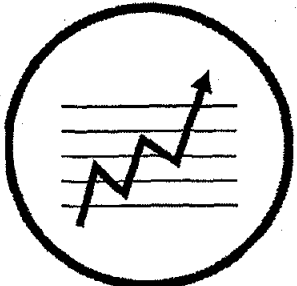
While pinpointing the bottom of a slow market or the top of a hot one is almost impossible —until after it's happened. Investors who buy stocks in companies that do well in growing economies, and buy them at the right time, can profit from their wise decisions (or their good luck).

One characteristic of expanding companies is their products and services grows. Rising prices mean more profits for the company and increased dividends and higher stock prices for the investor, but since no economic cycle repeats earlier ones exactly, it's impossible to predict with precision that what happened in one growth or recovery period will happen in another. And while some types of companies do poorly in a slump, it's hard to be certain which ones will take the biggest hits or find it hardest to recover. The strength of the underlying com-

Editor's Stock Picks

Company	Symbol	High	Low
AOL Time Warner Inc.	AOL	39.95	37.55
AT&T CP	T	22	21
Microsoft Corporation	MSFT	57	54.38
Compaq Computer Corp	CPQ	20.9	19.7
Verizon Communications	VZ	46.95	43.8
Viacom Inc.	VIA	42.6	40.85
Intel Corporation	INTC	29.75	27.68
McDonalds Corporation	MCD	25.34	24.75
Pepsico Inc.	PEP	44.04	41.5
Dell Computer Corporation	DELL	27.87	26.42
Apple Computer Inc.	AAPL	23.56	22
Outback Steakhouse	OSI	24.46	23.58
Cisco Systems Inc.	CSCO	20.5	18.45

pany is probably as important to its performance as the state of the economy.



happen quickly while rises tend to take a long time. It's much like the law of the gravity: it takes a lot longer to climb 1,000 feet than it takes to fall that distance.

BULL AND BEAR MARKETS

The stock market moves up and down in recurring cycles, gaining ground for a period popularly known as a bull market. Then it reverses and falls for a time before heading up again. A falling market is called a bear market. Generally, the market has to fall 15% before it's considered a bear. Sometimes market trends last a long time, even years. Overall, bull markets usually last longer than bear markets.

That doesn't mean, though, that markets usually rise farther than they fall. It just means that drops in the market tend to

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CRASH!

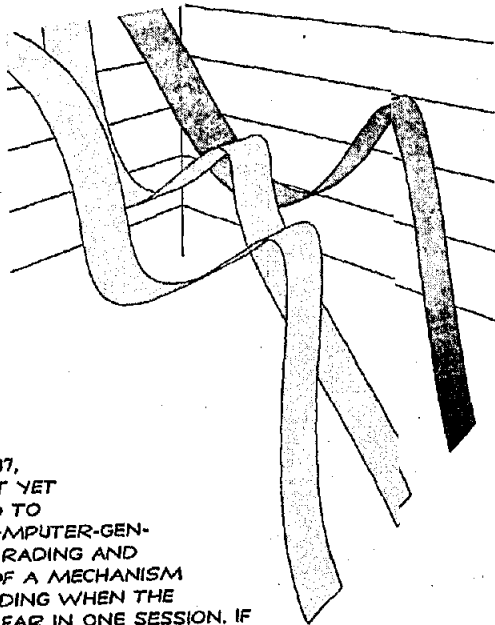
TO BE THE CRUELEST MONTH OF THE AMERICAN STOCK MARKETS. THE TWO GREAT MARKET CRASHES OF THE 20TH CENTURY TOOK PLACE IN 1929 AND ALMOST 60 YEARS LATER IN 1987 BOTH IN OCTOBER.

THE CRASHES, OR SUDDEN COLLAPSES IN THE VALUE OF STOCKS WHICH SENT THE DOW JONES INDUSTRIALS AVERAGE INTO A TAIL-SPIN, WERE TRIGGERED BY TOO-HIGH (OR OVERVALUED) STOCK PRICES AND PROBLEMS IN THE ECONOMY. AFRAID OF LOSING EVERYTHING, INVESTORS RUSHED TO SELL, COMPOUNDING THE PROBLEM BY DRIVING THE PRICES LOWER AND LOWER. IN 1987 THE CRASH WAS INTENSIFIED BY THE SELL ORDERS RESULTING FROM COMPUTERIZED PROGRAM TRADING.

LEARNING FROM THE PAST

IN 1987, IN PART BECAUSE OF GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS AND TRADING LIMITATIONS THAT HAD BEEN PUT IN PLACE AFTER 1929, THE MARKET RECOVERED MUCH MORE QUICKLY AND THE LONG-TERM EFFECT ON THE ECONOMY WAS MODEST IN COMPARISON TO THE WORLDWIDE DEPRESSION OF THE 1930S.

IN THE WAKE OF '87, EFFORTS TO PREVENT YET ANOTHER CRASH LED TO RESTRICTIONS ON COMPUTER-GENERATED PROGRAM TRADING AND THE INTRODUCTION OF A MECHANISM TO SHUT DOWN TRADING WHEN THE MARKET FALLS TOO FAR IN ONE SESSION. IF THE DJIA FALLS 250 POINTS, THE NYSE CLOSES FOR AN HOUR. IF THE DROP HITS 400 POINTS WHEN TRADING RESUMES, IT SHUTS DOWN FOR TWO HOURS. THE FINANCIAL FUTURES MARKET CLOSE DOWN WHEN STOCKS DROP ABOUT 160 POINTS. THAT MEANS A CRASH WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY BE DRAWN OUT OVER SEVERAL DAYS SINCE INVESTORS PANIC MAKE ANY CRASH WORSE, SLOWING DOWN THE PACE OF THE FALL SHOULD HELP TO DETER HASTY SELL DESIGNS.



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Sell ad space in The Beacon and earn money while working with COOL people in a FUN atmosphere and modern office. Call Ryan at 973-720-3264. No experience is necessary, just a positive attitude, smile and the desire to do a good job.

Models

Women 18 and older for outdoor test shoot. Tasteful Nudity. Will exchange pictures for modeling. No experience necessary. Call 973-365-4054

Office Assistant

For a book publishing sales, marketing & consulting firm. Ridgewood only 12 min. from campus. P/T Flexible Hrs. Wed. a must Morning are desirable. Duties will incl. telephone inquiries, filing, data entry, use of MS Office, MS Excel, & Customer Service. Call 201-652-9770 between 9-5 or e-mail ryenre@bellatlantic.net

Need Money?

Tired Of Begging At Home? Part Time Cashiers And Cellular Rats Needed! Learn Beer, Whiskey, and Wine 101! Flexible Hours! We understand Midterms, Finals and important parties! Extra Hours Available For Holidays and Summer! Mornings, afternoons, Nights, Weekends! Please Call Rob or Agim @ 973-684-2349

Great Opportunity

To work part-time in an Optometrist office in Wayne. Willing to train a quick learner with a pleasant personality. starting at \$7.00 per hour. If interested call 973-256-2228

Activist: Start Now!

Work Part-Time now to secure Full-Time Positions and Internships for the summer with the states largest environmental group. Summer travel opportunities. \$400-\$450 Wk. 2PM-10pm M-F. 973-259-15

Careers Available

Enthusiastic, creative people to work with youth 6-18. Life guards, Computer majors, Arts, Phys. ED., Psychology, Sociology all needed 973-279-3055

Summer 2001! Day camp

counselors: WSI/Lifeguards, groups, instructors for soccer, arts & crafts, woodworking, camping skills, canoeing, archery, nature, rollerblade, drama/music, challenge course, newspaper, karate, tennis. Watchung area. 908-580-camp or RVRBND1@aol.com

\$20 will be given of pairs of black/white friends interviewed for a book on interracial friendships. Contact Dr. Korgen at 973-720-3563 or email korgenk@wpunj.edu

Personals



To the Brothers of ZBT, our deepest condolences during these rough times. Jeff will be in our hearts always. He's our little angel! Love the Sisters of Beta Zeta Phi

Angel Liz (BZT)

Congratulations and welcome to sisterhood! You make me so proud!! You have definitely earned your wings! Love Your, Big Tracy

To the Beta's. Thanks for putting up with us over the last few weeks. We appreciate it! Love the Angels

Congratulations to our new little Angels! We are so proud of you! Sarah, Liz, Tara, Cheryl, Christine, & Danielle. Congratulations on earning your wings! Love, Your Angel Sisters

Emotionally Devastated Male

25 y/o white, athletic, blue eyed, passion filled male enjoys romantic weekend get-aways, shopping, dining out, indoor/outdoor activities, or just spending time together.

Seeking attractive female 21-26, who is open-minded, spontaneous, caring, honest, and supportive, to be the sunshine in my life. Russ Email: digity23@yahoo.com

Jeff, We will miss you! We'll be drinking one for you tonight. The brothers of AIE

Mana, Stay strong. We love you! Love, Carolyn

Jeff, You will be missed and loved always. Love the sisters of AEA

Congratulations Angel Sarah! I'm so proud of you! Love Vicki

Paul, Come get yo' shit or it be tossed.

Congratulations Angel Danielle. I'm so proud of you! Love your Big, Amanda

Congratulations Angel Tara! I'm so proud of you! Love Your Secret, Angel

Attention Clubs, Greeks, & Organizations!

Sign up Now for your Yearbook pictures, otherwise you will not be featured in the 2001 Book!!! Must sign up outside the Yearbook Office: SC 313!!!

Laura




Positions Available Immediately for Mad Scientists.

Mad Science of North Central New Jersey is currently looking for students to work 1-4 hours a week teaching science classes to kids. Excellent pay-including training!!

Do You:

★ Love Working with children?
★ Have full-time access to a car?
★ Have an outgoing personality?

If you answered yes to these questions, give us a call at (973) 244-1880



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