

Vol. 68
No. 11

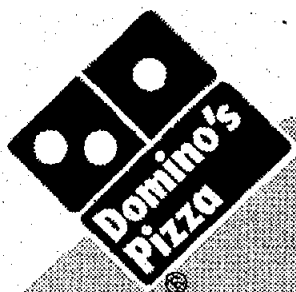
The Beacon

WEEKLY

MONDAY, DEC. 10, 2001

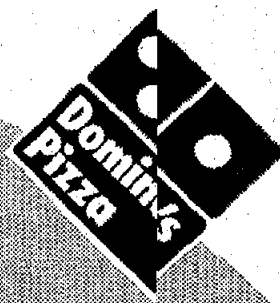
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Calendar of Events

Monday 12•10

SGA: Club President Meeting

3:30 SC 203 X2157

SGA: A Real Look at SGA 8pm

Towers Pavilion

Annual Kwanzaa Celebration:

4:30-7pm BR

Minority Education x3100

Shea: New Music Festival

7pm x2371

Spring 2002 Registration

Window 2

Tuesday 12•11

Women's Basketball Team vs.

USMMA 7pm Rec. Center x2360

Faculty Senate Meeting CH

SC203 X2136

Java & Jazz: 12:30 SC Cafe'

"Battle of the Sexes" Blood Drive

SC 11am-4pm

Spring 2002 Registration

Window 2

Wednesday 12•12

SAPB: Meeting 5-7p SC203
X2271

Beacon Movie Light

Women's Studies: "Teorism, the

War, and Alternatives to

Violence" Paper & Lunch

Discussion SC215 130 x3405

Honors Recruitment Day

10am-3pm E

Community First Aid & Safety

6-9:30pm Rec. \$2777

Spring 2002 Registration

Window 2

Thursday 12•13

SGA: Exec. Board Meeting 3:30

SC326 X2157

Toy Drive: CH Science Hall

Lobby Sociology Club x2518

Thursday Spotlight 6pm

SC Cafe' x2271

Vendor Flea Market 9am-5pm BR

Hospitality Services x3243

Spring 2002 Registration

Window 2

Friday 12•14

Exams
Good Luck

Saturday 12•15

Exams

Good Luck

SCROOGE- THE MUSICAL

7:30pm Shea x2371

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: 973-720-2093

Email:

beacon@student.wpunj.edu

Sunday 12•16

Exams
Good Luck

Cover photo by
Daren Smh

The Beacon

WEEKLY

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Pete Markowicz • Ass't Insider Editor
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ALL CALLS TO OR FROM *The Beacon* ARE SUBJECT
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Who's the Boss?

Jim Schofield The Beacon

Who's the Boss?
The Student Government Association?

The University Administration? These are the two parts of William Paterson University that have the most impact on the students. The Administration controls University Policy in general. The SGA is the representative body of the Students. Who has the power? Who has the responsibilities? Who should have them? These questions entered my mind at the SGA Town Meeting, when a student came in to complain about the Administration in general. Since that point, I have spent my week interviewing SGA Executive Officers, Faculty Advisors and Administrators to try to satisfy myself and you with the answers to these questions.

"Not always forthcoming with the students for a variety of reasons" said SGA President Rashad Davis about the Administration during my interview with him. President Davis believes that, as the elected representatives of the Students, the SGA should have a strong role in determining University policy. "We should be in on the decision making process everywhere," he said on this subject. Having students involved allows the Administration to make informed decisions. When asked if he thought the administration was favorable to the students and the SGA, President Davis answered, "Only when they want to be." He feels that the Administration often considers issues in terms of how to keep the students in line, where it should be, "How do we devel-

op them into better individuals?"

"I believe that the Administration and Students in many ways are married at the hip because we function interdependently," said Francisco Diaz, Director of Campus Activities and advisor to the Court of Judicial Review of the SGA. However, he also says that "there will always be an overlying responsibility by the Administration and faculty where legal issues are involved." There needs to be some type of intervention, based in part on how much the students want the Administrators involved. "We need to work together to decide the parameters" clarifies Director Diaz.

"They do have to provide some oversight," said SGA Financial Manager Nicholas DiMinni, who feels that students should have the opportunity to be part of discussions and have their concerns taken into consideration. Ultimately, however, he says that the University is held accountable for everything. DiMinni thinks that the SGA is equal parts learning experience and useful self-governance for the students. According to DiMinni, students should provide feedback and information, but have no place in the final decision making processes of University Policy. He also thinks that they should be, and usually are, represented on most University Committees. Regarding the idea that the Administration takes too large a role in the SGA's Operations, Manager DiMinni says that "...my experience has been that they don't wish to interfere."

"We have our own lawyer, our own Financial Manager, and our own secretaries, whose salaries are paid for by the Student Government Association," remarked SGA Executive Vice President Daren Smith when asked how independent he thought the SGA was. Smith feels that the SGA has the right to administer its own internal affairs without any interference from the Administration. By internal affairs, Smith refers to the running of the University's many clubs and organizations, all of which are a part of the SGA, and all of which get their funds from the SGA (except for The Beacon, which generates money from advertising revenues). Smith also commented that he thinks things are OK between the Administration and the SGA at

The SGA, the Administration, and their impact on Students

the moment.

"I think they are trying to do the best job that they can, and I think that they're doing it," said Robert Ariosto, Dean of Students, in reference to the SGA. He feels that the SGA should be a representative body for the students to provide an arena for leadership to be practiced. He also thinks that they can and should make their own decisions about clubs,

bare minimum of involvement.

There is also a search committee for a new Director of Campus Security. Smith is the student representative on that committee. Earlier this week, they began interviewing the remaining candidates for the position, allotting an hour for each candidate with the students for them to ask questions. The first day, there were plenty of students present for

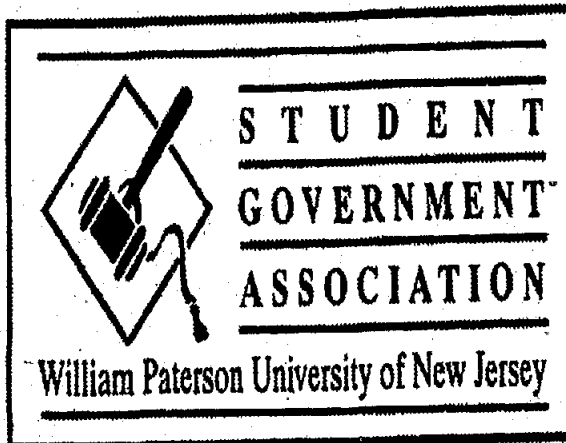
the interview. At the second interview, however, only one student showed up. This student, the most junior member of the SGA

Legislature, was the only representative of the entire student body at the meeting. Executive Vice President Smith asserted that it was because the second interview was in Hobart Manor, as opposed to the first which was in the Student Center, and that he had not been informed in time. The student who did go, however, stated that he had known from the start that it was in Hobart Manor.

Campus security, however, has probably been the issue that is raised most often to the SGA. One of the

major issues involved in this was the Internal Crowd Monitors, or ICM. To summarize in brief, ICM was an organization dedicated to keeping the peace at parties through verbal intervention. They were not authorized to physically get involved and stop fights, but were present to contact the Campus Police should one break out. However, the Board of Trustees decided that they were a liability issue because the University would be held ultimately responsible if they were to get hurt. This, however, occurred after the Board of Trustees voted to deny a request by ICM for more funds to purchase radios, which would have significantly lessened if not eliminated the liability issue. The SGA's position, as decided by the Executive Board and the legislature, was to support ICM. "I personally think that ICM was one of the greatest things that happened to this campus," said Smith. The SGA Legislature approved a resolution allowing President Davis to draft a letter to send to the Provost, detailing an offered compromise. The Board of Trustees and the Provost rejected this compromise, upholding their opinion that ICM was to be removed. Several students saw this as another matter in which the SGA had no say in the matter or was ignored. However, administrators pointed out that it was a liability issue for the University (the arguments for and against this claim are, regrettably, too lengthy to state here) and that students were involved in the decision, in the form of the 2 Student Representatives to the Board of Trustees.

So, who is the boss? After spending the better part of a week researching the matter, speaking with administrators, student leaders, professors and several random students, I can only conclude that no one has any clear idea who the boss is. Perhaps the administration wields autocratic power over the University, handing out decrees that affect the students without any meaningful input from them. Perhaps the SGA has more power than they should, with students in too many places of power and doing things that adults should be responsible for. More likely, though, it is neither of these two extremes. More likely, it is a "shared governance" as President Speert put it, the administration and the SGA, both parts of the University Community, exercising power over different areas and in different ways. To answer the question that first set me down on the path to this article, you must look at your own interactions with the University and decide for yourself.



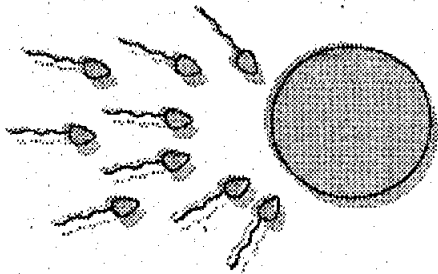
with advice from the faculty, and that they have been exercising this power. Ariosto also says that the SGA is primarily a learning experience. He emphasizes that the SGA is a part of the university community, though they have many important roles including student organizations, being a government body representatives for students to speak to the administration and an "investment bank" for the Student Activity Fee. He has strong support for the student leaders, citing their difficult jobs and the myriad complex issues and personalities they deal with. He believes that people should be more supporting towards them. Dean Ariosto is currently completing his last year at the university, and a search committee is looking for a replacement.

"As student governments go, I think this one's pretty good," said Dr. Arnold Speert, President of the University. President Speert feels that it is the general responsibility of the administration to see that the SGA conducts business in an honest, forthcoming, legal manner. "I think shared governance works," he said. President Speert pointed to the fact that there are students on almost all major University committees, and to the fact that there are two student representatives to the Board of Trustees, which is the state-mandated board for oversight of the University. He also feels that the Dean of Students should be the administration's first line, the person who students should go to with concerns. President Speert feels that it is the administration's responsibility to maintain a campus where student activities and student life will flourish, and that to do so the students have a right to choose their own leaders to be entrusted with funds from student fees.

The Provost was unavailable for comment on this article.

As mentioned previously, Dean Ariosto is leaving the University for various reasons. Because of this and other personal concerns, he has not been very active with the SGA this year ("He's just invisible" said Davis). The search committee for a new Dean of Students currently includes SGA President Davis and a representative from the Greek Senate. Dr. Stuart Lisbe from the community health department is the Chair of the committee. "I'm concerned about if this person is going to work with students," commented Davis, when asked what he was looking for in the candidates. Administrators have cited this as an example of the administration allowing students representation within the administration. Student Government officials have pointed out that this can be considered the

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A Look at the SGA

The First Amendment to the SGA Constitution is currently three quarters of the way through the approval process. The First Amendment will change the text of Article VIII of the

Constitution, which deals with compensation of the officers. This Amendment is being passed following discussions between SGA President Rashad Davis and SGA Lawyer Gerald Brennan, esq. The Amendment, which was formulated by CJR Chair Mauricio Mattos and the rest of the Court, was passed through the SGA Legislature at their Dec. 4 meeting. If passed by a 2/3 majority the second time it is brought to the Legislature at their Dec. 18 meeting, it will be incorporated into the Constitution. It essentially changes the semantics of the Article, substituting in the word Stipend to bring the document in line with state and federal tax statutes. The proposed amendment has been posted by SGA Public Relations Chair Lauren Smith

and is available in the SGA Office for any who wishes to see it.

Sophomore Class President Passion Sewell has resigned from her position for various personal reasons.



Children at the SGA holiday party

Photo by Daren Smith

Sophomore Class Vice President Jason Richardson has moved up to take her role, while Sophomore Class Secretary Michelle Caggiano has moved into his.

SGA President Rashad Davis appointed Adrian Willis to the post of Freshman Class Secretary. He was confirmed by the Legislature at their Dec. 4 meeting with only two abstentions.

The SGA Holiday party was a great success. 50 children attended, all of them from Paterson Elementary School

#6. It "couldn't have been better" said SGA Executive Vice President Daren Smith, who was the chair of the Holiday Party Committee. The Education Club, led by Club Co-President Jennifer Sarria, ran the face painting table at the event. Larry Clow, the Editor-in-Chief of the Beacon who portrayed Santa Claus at the party, was quoted as saying "Ho ho ho" several dozen times over the course of the event. All the children went home happy, some needing bags to carry all the presents they received.

The Spanish Club, Capoeira Club and Graduate Student Organization were all passed by the SGA Legislature at their Dec. 4 meeting. They are now official SGA Chartered Organizations. Those interested in joining can contact them through the SGA Office.

The Finance Committee has passed the finances for the Freshman Class Ski Trip. Tickets are on sale now, though numbers are limited. See any freshman Class Officer for more information.

The Freshman Class and Friends will be holding a Lecture Series on Monday night at 8 in the Towers Pavilion. It is entitled "What the SGA is and How You can Help." Speaking will be the Freshman Class Officers, Court of Judicial Review Chair Mauricio Mattos, College of

Business Representative Andrew Malko, SAPB Representative Valerie Gross, the Beacon Representative and any other SGA Officers and Legislators who are able to attend.

Junior Class Secretary Jennifer Ward was chosen as Legislator of the Month for November by the Executive Board at their Dec. 6 Meeting. She was so honored because of her high visibility at many SGA Events and all the help that she has been giving.

The Student Art Association is being removed from the Suspension List by Executive Vice President Smith. They have complied with all his requests and are returning to normal club functions. The Equestrian Team was put on the Suspension list erroneously. Since their club was deactivated last year, they cannot be suspended this year. However, they are currently working through the process of becoming an active SGA Club again.

SGA President Davis is considering appointing a special Ad Hoc Committee, which he calls the Res Life Task Force. The duty of this committee will be to facilitate contact between the SGA and the Residence Life Department. He is currently considering appointments to the committee, and all interested residents should apply to the SGA Office.

Jim Schofield
The Beacon

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Images from Ground Zero

Matt DeFranza
The Beacon

*Editor's Note—
The following is
a personal essay
written by*

Matt DeFranza. DeFranza's other photos of Ground Zero appeared in the Dec. 3rd issue of The Beacon, but due to computer errors, this article could not accompany the photos.

September 11 was more of a reality for some people than others. Some lost family and friends, while others were devastated by the shock of the event in itself. It was a definitely a day to remember, and in order to preserve the memories of those who were lost, William Paterson University held Unity Week during the week of November 12. Unity week culminated with a trip to Ground Zero, and served as a way for people to both mourn and conquer their fears.

On November 16, about 40 students set off on a voyage to the Big Apple. The students had the option to go down to Ground Zero if they wanted, but the trip in itself was mainly a way to get people back into the city.

Prior to going to November 16, a group of resident assistants came up with the idea to create a poster dedicated to those affected by this tragedy. It was named "The Wall of Remembrance." Many stu-

dents signed it before the trip, and some signed it upon arriving to the site. The poster was placed at one of the many memorial walls nearby Ground Zero.

Just seeing how many people signed posters, left flowers, and lit candles for the victims was just unimaginable. While not everyone was affected directly, they all still showed they cared. There were posters and dedications from all over the world, as well as the nation. There were a few posters from Sweden, England, Canada, and Ireland, not to mention the numerous dedications from around the United States.

For me personally, I went to see the site



for other reasons. I felt bad for the peo-

ple that had lost family and friends, and I feel very fortunate that my father was not at the building that day. But the main reason I went was to drill this tragedy into my head. I never want to forget what happened, and I felt that if I saw the site with my own eyes, I wouldn't. Possibly because I was still in denial.

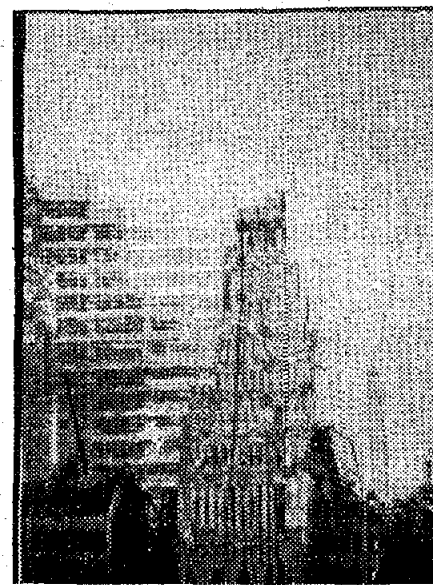
I was definitely in for a shock when I got there. The first words out of my mouth when I saw everything were "Holy Shit". To see the sight of charred and twisted metal, smoke still pouring from the ground, tears forming in people's eyes, all of it just made my heart stop. I didn't know what to say or do

except start taking pictures.

I didn't take pictures as a tourist, because to exploit this tragedy as a tourist attraction is just sick. Rather I took pictures as a reporter sent to do a job, a difficult one at that. I managed to get some unique angles that most people were unable to see. I climbed scaffolding, stood on

barriers, and even took blind shots through fences, all to see the true effects of the devastation.

The people I was with were as shocked as I, and I think anyone who sees the site



in person will act the same way. As my personal contribution, I left a poem at the site, in hopes that people will read it and be inspired by the meaning behind it. "We will live in fear no more!"

Photos by Matt DeFranza

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Ramadan Mubarak

Everyone's hungry around dinnertime. Hey, if there's good food, anyone's hungry. What could be better than a mix of Turkish, Arabic, and Iranian cuisine? Yet, on the evening of December 3rd, there were some people in the Student Center Ballroom that were more than just hungry. Many people know that Muslims around the world are observing fast during the holy month of Ramadan.

However, many do not know what fasting for Muslims truly is about. The Muslim Students Association of William Paterson University along with the Turkish Students Association put together a dinner open to everyone in order that they learn about the Islamic beliefs and traditions during Ramadan.

A main goal for the MSA is to create a bond between Muslims and non-Muslims through social, cultural, and religious activities. The Iftar, the time to break fast, was successful in that several people outside of the MSA attended. The first event of the evening was the Maghrib prayer. The Muslims performed their prayer while the others either watched or read the brochures placed on the tables explaining

Islamic beliefs on certain issues such as racism and sexism. Afterwards, the table of food grew and windled across the floor. Imus, gyro, chicken, rice, keb, eggplant, baklava, and a "happy Ramadan" cake were more than enough to satisfy everyone's appetite. After the dinner and dessert, Dr. Mojiba Noursalehi

spoke on the topic of Islam and Ramadan. Her informative lecture taught both the Muslims and non-Muslims about

Islamic views on the meaning of Ramadan.

Fasting, the third "pillar" upon which Islam stands, is a means of learning self-control. From sunrise to sundown Muslims do not spend time satisfying their desires to eat or drink. Included in the fast is abstaining from sinful deeds. With 15 time spent on such activities Muslims are able to work harder on their spiritual lives. The month is important in that time spent on extra prayer, reading the Quran, giving charity and performing good deeds. "Ramadan is not merely a holiday, but an opportunity to gain by giving up to prosper by going without, and to grow stronger by ending weakness."

Tahira Rehman
The Beacon

Help Wanted: SGA Special Elections

Due to various reasons, several positions within the hierarchy of the Student Government Association have recently become vacant. Combined with the positions left open from the beginning of the year, there are 13 positions open on the SGA Legislature. To fill these, the Executive Board has decided to hold a round of Special Elections when we come back in the spring. The actual dates for the opening and closing of nominations and the vote have not yet been determined. What follows is a list of the positions that are open, the duties they entail and the qualifications to hold them. All students who are interested are asked to come up to the SGA Office on the third floor of the Student Center for additional information.

The Sophomore Class is in need of a Secretary. The candidate must be a member of the Sophomore Class. The duties would include distributing the agenda and recording the minutes of class meetings, serving on the Public Safety, Public Relations and Code of Conduct Committees, attending all Legislature meetings and maintaining at least one office hour per week.

The Junior Class Treasurer position is vacant. Again, the candidate must be a member of the Junior Class. The Treasurer's duties include being responsible for all class financial records, serving on the Food and Finance Committees, submitting a semesterly report on class finances to the SGA Treasurer, attending all Legislature meetings and maintaining at least one office hour per week.

Two Club "B" Representatives and two

Club "C" Representatives are needed. The candidate must be a member of a club "B" or "C." Please stop in the SGA Office or ask one of your club officers to find out if your club or organization qualifies. Club Representatives are responsible for informing Club Presidents of current legislative matters, attending Club Presidents' Meetings, serving on at least one committee, attending all Legislature Meetings and maintaining at least one weekly office hour. Club "C" Representatives are also required to attend finance meetings to represent the Club "C's".

Jim Schofield
The Beacon

One College of Humanities & Social Sciences Representative, two College of Arts and Communications Representatives, two College

of Education Representatives and two College of Science and Health Representatives are needed. College Representatives are required to have a declared major in that college (for example, a History Major could represent the College of Humanities, but not the College of Education). They are responsible for maintaining a line of communication between the college and its students, calling monthly meetings among their constituents, meeting with their respective Deans and/or Associate Deans once per month, serving on at least one committee, attending all Legislature Meetings and maintaining at least one weekly office hour. These positions represent a great way to get to know the Dean of your respective College.

All of these positions also require a minimum GPA of 2.5 throughout their term.

Meet Your SGA, Part Two



Name- Takeisha McCoy
Class- Freshman
Hometown- Newark, NJ
Age- 18
Birthdate- 12-24-82
Major- Political Science
Career Intentions- Lawyer, and someday to run for Mayor of the City of Newark
Office- Freshman Class President
Clubs- BFA (Brothers for Awareness), S.A.B.L.E. (Sisters for Awareness Black Leadership and Equality)
Interests/Hobbies- Reading, Young Women's Christian Council, Purity Class, Bible Study, Chilling with my Daddy
Favorite Historical Figure- Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Is for the SGA- To make students more involved, get the University President and Provost become more involved with the students and helped reconstruct the Student Government Association so that we can become stronger as a body.

Intentions for Next Year- To run for a higher office with a strong team that will change the so that the University will be recognized as an institution that cares about what goes on in the community and students.

Personal Quote- "Never despise small beginnings."

Name- Olivia Amanfor
Class- Sophomore
Hometown- Newark, NJ (Brick City)
Age- 20
Birthdate- 10/19/81
Major- Biology
Minor- Sociology
Career Intentions- Optometrist
Office- SGA Vice President, SAPB Entertainment Chair
Previous Offices- Freshman Class Vice President
Clubs- SAPB.

Interests/Hobbies- I like to listen to music, watch movies, bowling and work out. I also like going to New York City to chill and window shop. Most of all, spending time with my family.

Favorite Historical Figure- Rosa Parks, an ordinary person who did extraordinary things.

Is for the SGA- SGA has been a learning experience for me. I plan to make a difference in other people's lives by reaching out to them and being an advocate for them when no one is willing to listen. I feel that some of my goals for SGA have been accomplished because people are willing to work with me.

Intentions for Next Year- My intentions for next year are to continue to be a part of SGA and on making a difference in student's lives.

Personal Quotes- "Having a dream isn't stupid, Norm. It's not having a dream that's stupid." Cliff Clavin, "Cheers"



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Canon in "D"

Author's note: I wrote this essay a few months ago for a class. I am submitting in hopes it would help someone/anyone in coping with the pains experienced since Sept. 11th. Knowing it helped just one person will make the essay worthy of submission.

Every morning, I wake to Pachabel's "Canon in D" on my stereo's alarm. It's a song I adore, but have grown to resent. After all, it is my transfer from an occasional nirvanian dream to a certain nightmare — real life — every morning. Even so, I do not know what waking to a nightmare is. I've woken in a panic to the thought of wolves surrounding my ice-fishing hut, and to countless falls down a rocky cliff, but I do not know what waking to a nightmare is. Nor do I hope I ever will.

There are twenty-three year olds in this world who wake to the sound of bombs erupting next door, and realize it's not a dream, and children who dream of starvation, to wake up to the realization he/she has not had a meal in months. I could continue with this rant, and I would not be wrong, but I digress.

Since September 11th, many lives have changed, and many people I'm sure have written about his/her changes. I cannot claim to offer any words not already expressed, but I will offer you this — my perspective on life has changed; it's changed a lot.

I think of my friend. His life was not dissimilar to my own. He awoke every morning to an alarm clock, and proceeded every day to his daily tasks and chores. Nothing more than formalities of life, I presume, like my own. School and work — occasional "play" in between, to keep ones' life sane. Again, I presume, life for him was decent. On that Tuesday morning however, both our lives changed — and in much different ways. Specifics are not worth explaining, but I will say that my friend is no longer with us.

I am not a religious man, so I cannot offer any justifications for his subsequent absence to this world, nor do I claim any profound truths about his departure. I can, however, reflect on life. Life. I live it, you live it, everyone living in this world lives it. To some, it's sacred. To others, it's nothing more than a boundry before heaven. To some, it's worth keeping. To others, it's something to take. For me, since September 11th, it's something worth not taking for granted. I have always taken my life for granted. As such, I have always taken my friends, family, and peers' lives for granted. Today however, with Anthrax popping up around the nation, and the threat of more attacks on America prelevant, it has become something to cherish.

As an avid and regular hiker, I can say that I have explored most of the woods in Northern New Jersey. I generally go for exercise, and to "get away from it all". Now, however, I must say that I am much more observative. I will sit beneath a waterfall, and admire the rainbow that appears through the mist, or I'll gaze at the hawks flawlessly soaring overhead. The delicate hiss of fluttering leaves now makes an impact on me, unlike before. And

the colors of nature now leaves me in a state of awe.

Life for me has changed. I have lost a dear friend, but I have gained an appreciation of life. It was not worth the sacrifice. The sacrifice was one I was not given an option about; it was a sacrifice (can I even call it a 'sacrifice'?) I would sacrifice in an instant, for the return of my friend.

Although I may appear the same, I have changed. Everything around me has changed as well. Life for me may be a bit more bitter, but the "Canon in D" sounds a bit sweeter now each morning, and memories of my friend appear a bit brighter. I only wish there were more memories to be experienced with him.

Fred Doot
Contributor

Comments are welcome -- dootf@student.wpunj.edu

What's Up With the Weather?

pg. 10

Sports

I am a woman who does not like sports. I am not the typical woman with pink nails and a pink bow in my hair, afraid to get messy. And it's not some feminist issue about how sports are too macho, either. Actually, I don't like sports because I am an English major with a dirty mind. Every single American sport (and some non-american ones) are made up of nothing but phallic symbols. Don't believe me? I offer you, here, a basic idea and definition for various well-known, primarily male-oriented sports activities.

Baseball: Men playing with their sticks and chasing each other for their balls.

Soccer: Men chasing each other and kicking their balls back and forth.

Football: Men jumping on top of each other to get to their balls.

Hockey: Men beating their balls with sticks.

Golf: Men trying to get their balls into the hole.

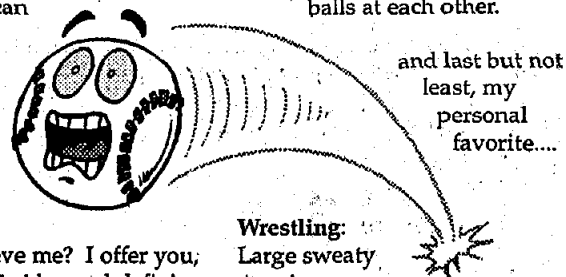
Basketball: Men running around and fighting over control of their balls.

Tennis: Men whacking their balls at each other.

Wrestling: Large sweaty men in neon colored spandex underwear jumping on top of each other for NO EVIDENT REASON.

And there you have it. Yes, you can all call me a pervert now. But before you do, ask yourself one question: Can you tell me that any of it isn't true? Well? I didn't think so.

Jennifer Sinclair
Diversity



DISH WITH THE DIVA AND DUDE

Dear Diva and Dude

I am in a certain organization on campus of which I do not wish to name. The guys in this organization tease me to no end. What can I do to make things even without decreasing the amount of fun I have with them?

—Stumped in the Student Center, 3rd floor

Hey Stumped

We both know how people are. In groups one way, one on one, another. Find the member you are closest too, and talk to them aside from everyone. If they start to slow with the teasing, then others may. Also, they could stop others from doing it as well.

—Dude

Dear Stumped,

Playing along usually works well because they won't be

able to tell whether you're serious or not

Or you could always be really quick with come backs. If you don't know any, you could always resort to the grab, twist and pull method.

—Diva

Dear Diva & Dude,

Lately, I've been starting to second guess my sexuality. I don't think I'm gay, but the thought has crossed my mind, and has been hanging there longer and longer. How do I get myself straight, or unstraight?

—Confused in South Tower

Dear Confused,

It seems like you have two things to do. First, ask yourself how far you are willing to go to find out whether you're straight, gay or bi? Once you've established that, my advice is experiment. Here's an example, our parents

always try to save us from our mistakes without realizing that the only way for us to know what is right for us is that we do what's wrong first. That said, only by experiencing different things will you know what feels right for you. (Please do not apply this to drugs!)

—Diva

Confused...

Glad to see that your open to the idea, and not shutting the idea out of your head. Maybe you could contact some gay people you know, or find people who ran COLGAF last year. Talk to them. There are also forums on the internet for you to search. You never know what you will discover.

—Dude

Send questions to BeaconAdvice@yahoo.com

AMERICA THE CONFUSED

Before I start, I would like to say: THIS IS AN OPINION. THIS HAS NO RESEARCH INVOLVED, AND IS NOT THE IDEA OF ANYONE BUT ME AS FAR AS I KNOW. Thank you.

That said, I would like to ask: Where did all this patriotism come from? Before New York blew up, you could drive for miles and the only places you'd see an American flag would be in front of a bank. Or maybe by a library. But now, you can't pass a car without seeing a flag. They're

everywhere. In some cases, there's more than one per car.

It strikes me as amusing that it takes a giant tragedy to make people patriotic. Any time a war shows up, we commemorate the blowing up of random people with yellow ribbons and red white and blue. Any unsuspecting person would think that this country was founded on violence and the celebration thereof.

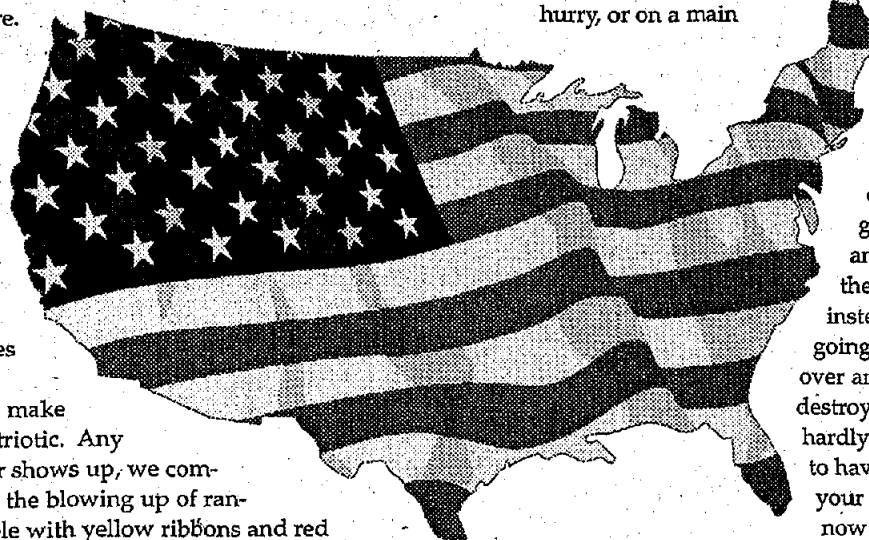
Well, they're wrong. Obviously, America was founded on capitalism. And before you get all defensive, let me make a good example. On September 10th, people were able to walk into any random store that sells flags and purchase an American flag for about five dollars. Then September 11th came about, way too many people died, and those same flags were being sold for twenty bucks. Of course, let's all go out and capitalize on the tragedy.

Now it's almost Christmas time, and the stores are, of course, packed with shoppers—millions and millions of people. So let's carry over our 'patriotism' into the holiday season. You can go out and buy ornaments packaged to look like the American flag: blue balls with stars, and red and white balls in stripes. I mean, come on,

where was your patriotism before the city collapsed?

Alright, let's assume that you actually are patriotic. You've been a closet patriot for years, and never had the time to purchase a flag. Fine, if you want to believe that, go on. But let's assume you now have a flag on your car. You drive around parading your national pride to everyone. But then one day the flag releases itself from your antenna/window/wherever. You're in a hurry, or on a main

road, or just don't notice. You're not exactly going to stop and pick up the flag. No, instead it's going to be run over and generally destroyed. That's hardly a good way to have pride in your country, now is it?



So yay, America.

The United States of Money. Where patriotism is a direct result of catastrophe. Huzzah.

So now cities are blowing up, and planes are blowing up, and so Americans are now paranoid. I'm not belittling the deaths of all the victims of the attacks, but come on, people.

I don't want to fly anymore. Not that I'm afraid. I don't really care about flying itself. If my plane's going to go down in flames, then so be it. No, I'm just too annoyed with the ridiculous amounts of security being implemented at the airports. Flying is not worth the amount of effort involved. I will not fly again unless I have no

choice, just because by the time I can get onto the plane, I could be three states closer to wherever I was going.

So welcome to post-explosion U.S. Plant your butt somewhere, duck and cover, and expect to explode at any point. Seems like the game plan.

Jessica Suiter
Ass't Diversity Editor

Horror Stories from the Shoebox:

Fiber-Optic Fiasco or Closet Catastrophe

So, I went out this morning to get some last minute holiday shopping done, and when I went to go use my debit card, I found it was denied. I frantically flew to the nearest ATM to discover that my balance, which according to my calculations, should have been about eighty dollars, was actually only ten dollars. At which point I came back to my shoebox and called up my mommy, screaming in fury. You see, we have a joint account, so whenever money shows up missing, it's usually because she borrowed some to lend to my great aunt's grandmother's second-cousin's roommate's sister's pet cow Bertha. This time, however, she had no idea why my money was missing. Since my bank is nearer to her than it is to shoebox land, I asked her if she would go raise hell, get a bank transaction list, and blow the place up. She said yes.

She then proceeded to inform me that she was in the process of perming her own hair, and had half her hair up in curling rods. She told me that she was going to go to the bank and scream and yell and interrogate until her hair was still half-rolled. I agreed, figuring they would be too intimidated by this madwoman in curlers to do anything but smile, nod, and accommodate. We agreed that this was the true definition of unconditional love.

While my mom and I were laughing at the image of her in curlers screaming at some refined lady in a bank outfit, I happened to look across my room for a second and saw an even more hyster-

ical image than this live and in person.

My roommate was on the floor on her back, with a ruler and one of those cheap fiber-optic light toys that you buy for too much money at circuses, digging around between our two closets. When I recounted this tale to my mother,

she said "Well, she must have lost something."

"Yea, her mind," I responded. I continued the conversation with my mother, ignoring the fiasco in the corner of my room. Then I hung up the phone and glanced over to that end of my shoebox, and what do you think I saw? One of the closets had shimmied its way away from the wall, and was smack in the middle of the room. (Elephant in the living room, much?)

"What the hell are you doing?!" I asked.

"I can't find my earring!" The closet whined. "Oh."

So, although I wish I could have been around with a camera to see my mom driving around half in rollers and singing at the top of her lungs to Foreigner on the way to the bank, I got to see something almost as amusing without ever leaving the comfort of my own shoebox. I think I'm gonna start charging fifty cents a ticket for people to come stand in our doorway and laugh at how amusing my roommate and I are. Hey! We can even give out party favors, like that cute little fiber-optics toy over in the corner....

The fiber-optic toy

favors,

like that cute little fiber-optics toy over in the corner....

Jennifer Sinclair
Diversity Editor

The Stupidity Report

Now close your eyes for a minute and picture the following. Men and women of all ethnic backgrounds walking and sitting everywhere and anywhere. Strange music is being played in the background (if it were any louder, it would be annoying). Some middle aged man with a beard is in a one piece purple and green nylon jumpsuit. People chat and laugh. This isn't a yoga class, a doctors office or a health club. This is the usually wonderful "All-You-Can-Eat Chinese Buffet".

The other night, I went to one of these wonderful "All-You-Can-Eat Chinese Buffets" with my grandmother and her friends. My grandmother and I arrived a few minutes before they did. So we were seated and ordered drinks. Then we went on our merry way.

I got up and walked around to see what they had to eat. There was just about all you could possibly want. Chinese Food,

American Food, Sushi, Mongolian BBQ, French Food, it was all good. So I got some food and sit down to eat.

I sit down and my grandmothers friend and her husband just arrived. We talk for a while then they go up and get food. I start to eat the stuff that's on my plate. A few minutes later the three of them come back and sit down. (Warning, the meal now goes downhill)

The three of them sit down and stare at each others plates. "Oh that looks good." "Oh, let me try some of that." "This is good, have some of this." Before I know it, forks are flying all over the table and everyone is eating off of everyone else's plate. Before I know it, my grandmothers friends fork is heading towards my plate. "This looks good Allan. Let me try a little bit." I just give her this look which basically translated into, "Bitch, you touch my plate with that fork

and I'll bite your arm off." She looks at me and slowly backed away.



So I went back up to get more food. I see this little old lady walking around taking her sweet ass time looking at everything. She looked like a 6 or 7 year old crossed with a raisin. She was just the right height that her face was under the sneeze guard. Anyways, she kept getting in my way. I found something that

looked good to eat. I was just about to grab the spoon and take some when the miniature child crossed with a raisin snail super pain in the ass decided to cough and sneeze all over a fresh container full of food.

Now I was getting pissed off. The food that I was planning on taking has old lady germs and who knows what else in it. So now I'm still hungry so I go over to the Mongolian BBQ. I put all the stuff I want cooked onto the plate and walked up to the place where they cook the food. The

only guy behind the counter is some guy who can barely speak English. He says something along the line of, "Someone will be here in a minute." So I wait, and wait. I look down to see a doorbell pasted on this slab of granite with a little sign "Push for cook." So I push the button and wait some more. A good 10 or 15 minutes later, some guy finally comes out. By this time, my eye

is twitching and I'm ready to snap. He cooks my food and I go back to the table.

So I go back to the table and sit down to try to eat my great Mongolian BBQ. My eye just stopped twitching when I hear my grandmothers friend bitching about some insignificant thing (I think it was some restaurant). She basically said something along the lines of the food sucked. Well I'm just sitting there saying to myself, "The food sucked because you suck. Suckyness just follows you."

So after more bitching and complaining, I talk my grandmother into leaving. I left ready to bite someone's head off and a bad case of heartburn. There's nothing like an all you can buffet is there?

Eric Revilla
Diversity

Random Ramblings

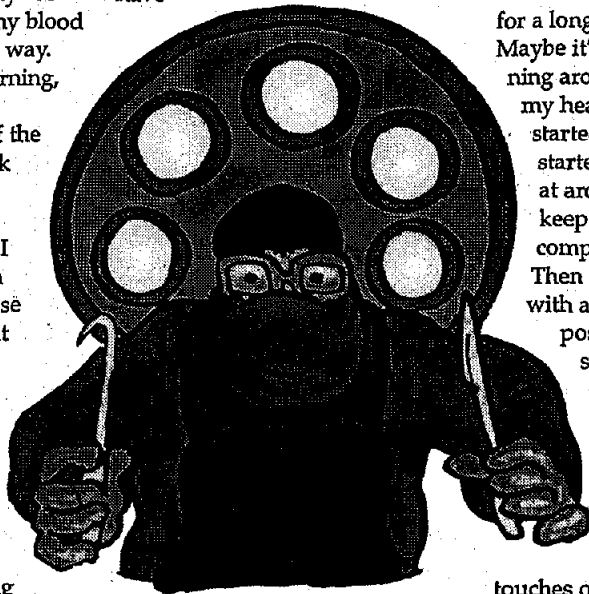
I was like watching television the other day and I saw like the coolest video game ever. It was Mary-Kate & Ashley's Magical Mystery Mall. The thing you had to like do in the game is to play all these games inside the perfect "mall". It's like, the harder you try, the cuter the guy. I think I'm going to get this game. There is nothing I love more than playing a pair of sisters who walk through a mall and try to pick up guys. It's absolutely moronic. The only way I'll ever play this game is that if a guy rejects my "character", I can punch him in the heart and rip his heart out while it's still beating. That would be cool. Imagine the twin sister's mystery mall meets Mortal Kombat. Now that would be a cool game. Mary-Kate's fatality would be the hair-spray of doom and Ashley's fatality would be the kiss of death. Speaking of death, I think I'm dying. I haven't felt that great for a few weeks. So I was in World Regional Geography a week and a half ago. I had an itch on the left side of my neck. So I go to scratch it and I almost jump up in the air. I have this gigantic lump on the left side of my neck. It's bigger than a golf ball and pretty

Allan Ringler
Diversity

hard. What the hell is this thing?

I went to the doctor last Monday and he said that I might have mono. So he said that I'll need some blood work done and he'll let me know by Wednesday. So the nurse came in, drew my blood and sent me on my merry way. So I woke up Tuesday morning, walked into the computer room, sat down in front of the computer and went to pick up the phone. As I did, I looked at my arm and almost jumped up again. I had this bruise on my arm that looked like one of those round cartoon bubbles that you see in a comic strip. After gazing at it for a while in awe, I finally made the call to my doctor. After hearing, "If you know your parties extension, enter it now otherwise listen to the following menu" and listening for options one through nine, I was only left with contacting the operator. So the operator picks up and I tell her I need blood work results. So she takes my info and sends me on my merry way. All day I'm waiting for a phone call. Finally it's time to go to school. So I call my mother

and have her call them back. I go to school feeling like shit. After my class, I call mom and she says that my mono test came back negative. I breathe a sigh of relief. I then ask her what I do have. She says, "The doctor said that you have



some sort of viral infection. That's why the thing on your neck is the way it is." All I could say to myself was, "No Shit!" If everything was fine with me, I wouldn't have an alien trying to pop out of my neck and I wouldn't feel the way I do. So now as I sit here typing this, I

think I have another gland by my arm pit swelling up. It hurts to move my arm too much. I don't feel as shitty all the time but still do most of the time. You know how they say that time heals all wounds. Well lately, I don't believe in that. I've felt like this for a long time and I'm fed up. Maybe it's because I've been running around like a chicken with my head cut off since school started. The other night, I started to do this math project at around 10:00. I had to keep running upstairs to the computer to print stuff out. Then for hours, I cut stuff with a razor blade, glued it to poster board and drew stuff. By the time I got done (I worked straight through until 5:15 in the morning), I was ready to pass out. So I went to sleep, woke up around 11, ran around and put the finishing touches on the project and barely made it to school. All that work was no big deal because I got an A+ and found out that there is no math final and that math class was our last for the semester. May I say that I love my math professor. You know what I love, I love thumb tacks. As I'm sitting here writing this, there is this

clear plastic cup full with them to the left of me. Jen Sinclair took the liberty of punching a nice pattern of holes into the cup. If you connect the dots, it's a pattern of triangles (which can relate back to my project). After she had her fun, it was my turn. I took one thumb tack out. I stuck it in the bottom of the cup and tried to get the cup to stand on one thumb tack. I was sitting there for a good fifteen minutes trying to get this thing to work. The part of the thumb tack that I was trying to balance the cup on was flat. It just didn't want to work. The weight was unevenly distributed and the thing kept tipping to the side. I finally realized that I had to stop quick. I was punching one big hole in the bottom of the cup and if I didn't stop, the thumb tacks might fall out. That wouldn't be a good thing. Imagine walking along and stepping on a thumb tack. If you plan on coming up to the office, make sure you are up to date with all of your shots especially a tetanus shot. Well so far, the three ramblings that I have done have been nothing but stuff from within my brain. I hope you guys keep reading next semester. I promise to provide you with more random stuff. In the meantime, have a happy and safe holiday.

What's Up With The Weather?

This just in for the people who live under rocks. According to the Environmental Inquirer (EI), Mother Nature and Father Time are getting divorced. The cause and/or effect: the recent trend in the weather.

In recent years, there have been small signs of Mother Nature's discontent with her relationship with Father Time. For the past few months, these signs have been increasing. There have been near freezing temperatures in October and now 70 degree weather in December.

In the interview given in last week's Environmental Inquirer, the fictional publication that looks into these things, Mother Nature said she was fed up with Father Time's authoritarian ways. "He's always got to have a schedule. Must be cold in December and January. Must be warm in May. Must be sweltering in June. The whole cycle must repeat. I'm sick of it. We're doing things the way I want to."

The EI contacted Father Time for comment. In response to his wife's accusations he said, "She's always been temperamental. Everyone knows that. She never did like to cooperate and now is just the last straw. It's sad that she doesn't realize how she's confusing our children.

The trees have all dropped their leaves in preparation for the winter and now it's not coming. How unkind is that—to leave your children hanging that way."

Mother Nature returned with her own comments on that issue, contending that "My children are stronger than that. They get it from me of course. They're flexible enough to deal with things

I throw at them. Furthermore, it's his fault they got so accustomed to such a schedule. He should never have let them get that way."

Sadly, the outcome of the divorce proceedings has yet to be reached. We

can only hope that Mother Nature and Father Time can work out their differences and learn to cooperate.

(I'd like to thank Diversity Editors Jenn and Jess, and my friend Tina for bringing the issue to my attention so I could write about it.)

Liria Areche
The Beacon



STAND UP OR SHUT UP

Picture George Washington back before the Declaration of Independence. What if he just said "Yes, England is treating us unfairly"? What if Thomas Jefferson decided he could let someone else write the Declaration? Nothing probably would have happened. Think back to history and when the American Colonies were upset by taxation, no representation, and all the other injustices we were facing. Everyone just kept muttering their frustrations. Then the Congress stepped up and put their necks in the noose. They knew that if they lost their rebellion, they would all hang in a noose.

It's sad, but these days people who will actually stand up for their beliefs and opinions are few and far in between. I bring to example, a teacher I have. I will avoid names, cause my grade still hasn't been decided. But I have talked to many students in this class, and students who have the same teacher. They all voice the same complaints. She (for arguments sake, let's just say she) grades too hard. She is unfair, and doesn't listen to students. Etc, etc, etc. I understand students get frustrated with teachers, but when year after year, the same complaints are heard, something should be done.

But what happens? Not a thing. Once in a while a student will go to the department chair, or the Dean of that College. But with only one complaint heard every so often, nothing gets done. Would Britain have even acknowledged our Declaration if Thomas Jefferson wrote on his own to the king? Not a chance. But when the representatives of all the colonies banded together, something happened. Win or lose, the United States was born.

So this is my challenge to everyone. If you have a VALID (I emphasize valid) complaint with a teacher, professor, staff member, or ANYONE, do something. Cause I promise that sitting around the water cooler and just complaining to fellow students or co-workers will accomplish nothing.

But, with everything in life, there are consequences. You have to be able to risk or you will not win. It's a risk I am taking. When I am done with this editorial, I plan on heading to the Dean of the College, because my complaint is with the chairperson. But before I do that, I am gathering voices to join me. I won't go fighting alone, but I won't back down either.

Ok. So you've decided that you have picked your fight. You know your battle. Time to get prepared. Don't march into a firefight with a match. Bring evidence, or a witness, or support for your cause. Bring examples of tests, or students that agree. Bring a paper that a teacher has graded, and a different teacher has thought otherwise. Start a petition.

We are the students that pay to go here. We have every damn right to be heard, and our opinions to be considered. So if you decide that you are tired of being treated like you don't matter in the dictatorship of the classroom, step up. Gather your peers, and like Mel Gibson said in The Patriot "TO ARMS." Fight your fight, and good luck to you. That's how we can Make A Difference in something besides our wallets. And if you don't plan on fighting, shut up.

David Elmwood
Contributor



Music • Film • Art • Drama • Books

pete. Burn Up CBGB During Homecoming Show

CBGB's was alive with energy on Wednesday, November 28, as a packed house eyed the candle lit stage in anticipation for the heavy melodic sounds of **pete.** to bleed through their ear drums. One by one, members Scott Anderson (drums), Rich Andruska (guitar) and Lars Alverson (bass) stepped upon the legendary stage to their respective instruments and ripped into the opening notes of their breakthrough song, "Burn." But, the sound wasn't complete until vocalist David Terrana pounced onto the stage and poured his heart into the opening lines, "I looked right thru your face/I saw too much it's like I'll never again/Waiting out for days you get so mean/You get so mean that you can't breathe/So much that I could say/So much that I could burn."

In no time, the crowd themselves were burning to hear more. What they got was the Tool influenced, "Awake," and the guitar driven "Coldcocked." Then there was the catchy "Sweet Daze" and the anti-ballad "All Love Is A Lie." While they didn't play every song off their CD, they did perform the song that, once it gets to mainstream radio nationwide, will be played so much, it'll be stuck in your head and you'll be loving every minute of it. I'm talking about "Untied." The band ended their roughly 45 minute set with the fast paced "Drugstore Alibi."

I've seen the band live three times and I have to say that this was perhaps one of their best shows. They sounded tight and looked at home on the

stage. A few times, Terrana leapt onto the chairs in the center of the floor during songs and never once missed a note. They brought life to the songs that have been played for months on my CD player and never once had a dull

moment. Silences between songs were filled with commentary from the frontman, who mentioned the Sept. 11 tragedy, which happened while the band was touring the West coast. He said that with the towers down, the skyline looks like

Minnesota.

Minnesota and it's surrounding states are where **pete.** have been touring for the past few months, in support of their self-titled debut. Most of the shows, they had the opening slot for **Days of the New**.

However, on one occasion they revved up a crowd for **Megadeth**.

Audiences are catching on quickly to these New Jersey natives. A few radio stations have taken playing "Untied" into their own hands and have been bombarded by phone calls from listeners requesting the song. Online at **radio4radio.com**, have been one of the top

three bands for the past 15 weeks and have held the coveted number one spot for five weeks now. "Sweet Daze" is featured on compilation disks for **Ozzfest** and **CMJ Music Monthly**, among others. So there's a pretty good chance you may have heard them and not even realized it.

All this success hasn't even gone to their heads. After their set, the guys mingled with fans outside, posing for pictures and signing autographs. They are still as down to earth and friendly as they were when I met them over the summer. **pete.** are rock star quality, minus the attitudes—any label's dream.

The best way, though, to experience **pete.** is live. When I heard about the CBGB show, I knew I had to be there, so I convinced Insider editor, Pete (not the band) to accompany me. This was interesting, because as our

loyal readers of the Insider probably have noticed by now, Pete and I have pretty different tastes in music. But, after seeing the band perform, Pete commented that they are "even better live" than when he watched them on **Reverb** on HBO. So let that complement be a source of inspiration for you to haul ass to a **pete.** show next time they're around. In between writing songs for their new album, they'll be playing some clubs in Jersey, so check out their website (www.petendise.com) for all updates. While you're there, check out their songs, too, especially if you dig straight up rock music. If you love getting into new bands before they break into the big time, then I suggest you check out **pete.** because by this time next year they may not be so easy to get to see.



Photos by Joëlle Caputa/The Beacon

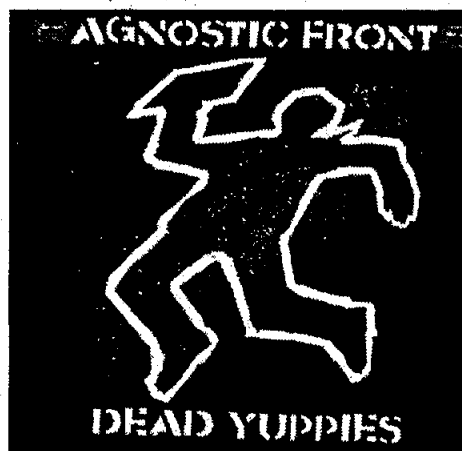
The Godfathers of HARDCORE: Still Alive and Stronger Than Ever

It was in 1982 when the Zoo Crew emerged and eventually evolved into what is known as the legendary hardcore band from NYC, **Agnostic Front**. AF is Vinny Stigma, the founder and guitarist, Roger Miret, the lead vocalist, James Collette, the drummer, and Mike Gallo, the bassist. Right there, you have an explosion of incredible talent in NY hardcore. This band has been around forever and are still making records! Insane! It's their tenth fucking album. Most bands drop out by now; but AF has

Pete Markowicz
Asst. Insider Editor

the integrity and perseverance to outcome the rest.

The new album is entitled *Dead Yuppies*, and it's basically about social politics. It's about walking around your neighborhood and witnessing all the fucked up shit, that we have to deal with on a day-to-day basis. The issues that get tackled on this record deal with stupid club girls that get taken advantage of,



taxes, politicians, child molesters, and looking out for yourself. There are no sweet lyrics on this one. They're all about life, death, and all the bullshit in between.

All the rhythms of machine guns and garbage

trucks, that will make your fist shake and chant along to, are still there. The lyrics are deep and dark. There is a message involved in this whole assembly of lyrical poems. It runs along the lines of "think, before you strike." Roger pours out his heart and soul on this album, which makes the listener more aware of the mature sound. No one is born with tattoos or hardcore, it's something that sets in slowly and takes over your soul, forever. Or at least for the true believers, it does. AF is the existing proof that "hardcore for life" isn't a fading slogan or musical stop. AF is the hardcore independence that is here to stay forever.

Flogging Molly and The Bouncing Souls Host a Body Slamm'n' Good Time

"Another night and we got somewhere to go, going out meeting up at the punk rock show, where the air is hot and the music is loud, my kind of place this is my kind of crowd!"

Hi again, I'm Danny and I just got back from seeing one hell of a show. Jersey's finest, the **Bouncing Souls** headlined a great night with supporting acts **Flogging Molly**, **One Man Army**, and **MadCap** at the wonderful, sold out, Irving Plaza in NYC. Now just to clue you all in on my rating system when it comes to shows, I usually judge how good a show is by the way I feel the next morning. Here it is the next morning and I can hardly move! My legs are sore all the way down to my toes, I can hardly talk from singing and screaming along to all the great songs that were played throughout the night, and I just basically feel like I just had the crap kicked out of me. This means last night's show was fucking incredible!

I got there a tad late because I'm lazy and plus I wanted to eat before I got to the show. Unfortunately this meant I missed all of MadCap's set and most of One Man Army's set. Oh well. From what I did catch of One Man Army they weren't too bad. Gritty street punk would be the best way for me to describe them, with their lead guitarist and vocalist looking a lot like Sid Vicious. They had some catchy songs with some nice sing along lyrics that I would love to have gotten into if only I'd known the words. A lot of the crowd seemed to enjoy them and I wouldn't mind seeing them again, myself.

From there, the Los Angeles based, heavily Irish influenced band **Flogging Molly**, took the stage and just shook the whole building! If you have never heard of them, their sound is best summed up by, lead vocalist and guitarist Dave King, who told me after the show, "If you take away the guitars and drums this would be a nice little Irish band... take away the fiddle, mandolin, and accordion and **Flogging Molly** would be one hardcore punk band!" Now don't get me wrong, I love **The Bouncing Souls**, but **Flogging Molly** was the main reason I was there that night and they did not disappoint in the least. If you're Irish, like Irish music, like Guinness, or just basically like anything having to do with Ireland you would love these guys. They opened with "The Likes of You Again," a song dedicated to his deceased father, off their first CD, *Swagger*. That set the tone for the rest of the set. Everyone in that building was jumping up and down, singing, dancing, jiggling, and just having a hell of a time. They performed a couple of

songs off their upcoming album *Drunken Lullabies*, which will appropriately be released next St. Patrick's Day. Their set was fast and furious, pausing for only moments so members of the band could take a quick swig of their Guinness or Whiskey. They played a wide range of songs that would have you sobbing in your beer one minute and doing and jig the next.

Danny
Insider Writer

ed favorites such as "Rebels of a Sacred Heart," "Selfish Man," "Salty Dog," and "Devils Dance Floor," including a whole bunch of others. Everyone there seemed to really enjoy them and I thought they were just fucking amazing! I was singing and dancing my ass off.

By the time **Flogging Molly** left the stage I didn't think I could handle a set by the **Bouncing Souls**. As soon as the first chord was hit though I was out there and on the move again. The Jersey boys were in fine form and played a good mix of old and new. The crowd loved every second and I was having the time of my life. Every song got a sing-along response from the rabid crowd and every chord caused more and more to run around and slam their bodies into another. "Kid," "Hopeless Romantic," "Gone," "K8 is Great," and "The Ballad of Johnny X" were all done in fine form and got a huge response from the New York City crowd. The Souls also indulged in some cover songs from bands the likes of **The Cure** and **Cock Sparrer**. There was no resting and no escaping the Souls on this night. Greg's voice rang throughout the entire building only being drowned out by the hundreds of kids singing along with him and "Papillon" was thrashing away on his bass and adding his own screaming vocals to the fray. The crowd was moving, singing, screaming. The band was jumping, and singing, and sending the same amount of energy right back into the crowd. The high point of the night was definitely "Lamar Vannoy!" The place just exploded with this last song! The pits opened up and everyone was in their dancing, swinging their arms and legs, stomping, and just going completely off. You couldn't even hear the band, they were drowned out by every screaming kid there. Every fist pumped with every "Oi" screamed out! All in all I have to say that it was an amazing show and the bruises on my body and loss of my voice is proof of that. Well, that's all I have to say for now. I'm sure I'll be talking to you soon. Have fun and be safe kids!

The Beatles Broken Again... George Harrison RIP 2001

At about 1:30 in the afternoon, on November 30, 2001, a very emotional event occurred- the death of **George Harrison**. Born on February 25, 1943, Harrison changed our lives with his song writing, performing, and inspiring for just about 58 years. Having a not so prosperous childhood with a life that consisted of not much more than an outhouse, until his senior year of high school, he got accepted into the Liverpool Institute where he then met **Paul McCartney** (who later became a fellow member of the **Beatles**).

He carried out his passion for rock and roll music at age 14, buying an £3 guitar, and mastering all there was to know about its chords. After playing in many British clubs, when the year 1962 came along, the **Beatles** was formed. Featuring... **Ringo Starr** on drums, **John Lennon**, **Paul McCartney**, and of course **Harrison** as lead guitarist. This band began to pave the way for life and times of the 60's and 70's.

Whatever the **Beatles** wore, everyone had to wear... from bell-bottoms and bell sleeves to flowers and long hair. Their trends were the top of their time. Lines for concerts went around corners and wherever the **Beatles** were, that is where people were sure to follow. Ticket sales skyrocketed. There was never a concert packed without the utmost amount of people, or a stage left "un-rocked."

At age 26, the **Beatles** broke apart and led their separate lives. Harrison

then married twice, to a girl named **Patty**, who he divorced, and then to **Olivia Arias** in 1978, who has now

been left widowed. He also started a film career around the 1980's.

Shortly there after Harrison reunited with **The Beatles**, (Paul and **Ringo** -John was killed

Laura Rega
Insider Writer

years earlier), to make the *Beatles Anthology*, a remembrance CD.

In the 90's, **George** was diagnosed with cancer. In 1999, Harrison

almost met his death in his **Henley Mansion**, when an unknown intruder stabbed him. However, Harrison recovered, and continued with his cancer treatments, until 2001, when he lost the fight of his life, one very sad November day.

Harrison always spoke of living life as a **Beatle**, and how their was no better way to do it. He spent the rest of his life after the **Beatles** had broken up, remembering the fantastic times him, **Ringo**, **Paul**, and **John** spent together, in being one of the most

memorable bands to ever impact the world so greatly in history.

"I'd like to remember all the good times we spent in **Liverpool**, and with the **Beatles**, and ever since," says **Paul McCartney** about his dear friend

He also said, "He had a great sense of humour - I was lucky enough to see him a couple of weeks ago and he was still laughing and joking, a very brave man." **Ringo** also spoke of Harrison in saying, "George was a best friend of mine."

Harrison left behind his wife **Olivia**, and **Dhani**, their son. Both are said to be handling this death to the best of their ability, in being as strong as they possibly can. Through his life, Harrison spent a lot of his time trying to renew India and volunteering his time and money for the good of the land, and so **Olivia** and **Dhani** decided his ashes were to be

brought to India on the day of his death, and sprinkled upon this land that he new and loved so much.

We have lost a great musician- this cannot be denied- but this musician is now in a place far higher than that of ours, for he is in heaven now, and he will have peace. So as we mourn the loss of the life of a great legacy, let us remember the love he gave to his family, to his time and to the world, and this is what he will forever be remembered for.



Pixar Does it Again with Monsters Inc.

Disney and Pixar have done it again. They have created another children's movie that has wowed critics as well as the audience both young and old. Their recent creation, *Monsters Inc.*, pushed the computer animation barrier even further with details that normally would have gone unnoticed.

Monsters Inc. includes an all star cast, or the voices of one. It stars **John Goodman** as the big fuzzy blue hero **James P. Sullivan**, **Billy Crystal** as the one-eyed assistant of "Sully" **Mike Wazowski** and **Steve Buscemi** as the purple chameleon **Randall Boggs**. The movie also stars **James Coburn** as the owner of **Monsters Inc.**, **Henry J. Waternoose**, **Mary Gibbs** as the cute child **Boo**, and **Jennifer Tilly** as Mike's girlfriend **Celia**.

Matt DeFranza
Insider Writer

The basic premise of the movie is that **Henry J. Waternoose** (Coburn) is the owner of the largest scare factory in the monster world, aptly titled **Monsters Incorporated**. The employees of this company are sent out into the human world to scare children to collect screams. The energy put into screams is used to power the city, and in the beginning of the movie, there is a power shortage because it is getting more difficult to scare children.

As with all Disney movies, *Monsters Inc.* has it's share of hidden messages and metaphors. The fact that it is more difficult to scare children can be seen as a metaphor

as to how much violence our children have been exposed to. Since they have grown accustomed to a life of fright, it is more difficult for the monsters to get a reaction from things that would normally scare the children.

Eventually, you learn that the monsters fear getting caught by a child because "their touch would kill you instantly". The monsters speak from fear, and lack of experience, hinting at another simile to reality - racism and prejudice. Well, sooner or later, the audience realizes that a child has to make an appearance in some way, and that is where **Boo** (Gibbs) comes into play.

One night **Randall** decides to do some "late night scaring" and accidentally leaves the door to a child's room in place. **Sully** (Goodman) stumbles upon the door, and as he turns around, **Boo** is right there. Now, after being told for years that children can kill you with one touch, he is obviously scared stiff. **Sully** brings **Boo** to **Mike** (Crystal) immediately and they eventually realize that children aren't as bad as they're made out to be. From this point forward, **Mike** and **Sully** spend the rest of the movie trying to save the girl from the rest of the monster world and try to send her home.

This movie is great for anyone, both child and adult alike. I personally took my four year old brother to see it and he loved it, as did I. Of course, he was unable to see some of the messages I saw, but if you teach children young not to fear who is different, you won't have a problem in the future. With that in mind, I would suggest bringing your kids, brothers, sisters, anyone, to see this movie. You will not be disappointed.

Thanks to everyone who wrote for the Insider, read it, recycled it or avoided using it as birdcage liner this semester! Something to remember over break: we love getting your show, movie and CD reviews! Send everything to beacon @student.wpunj.edu.

-Joelle and Pete

Clover Revive Classic Rock

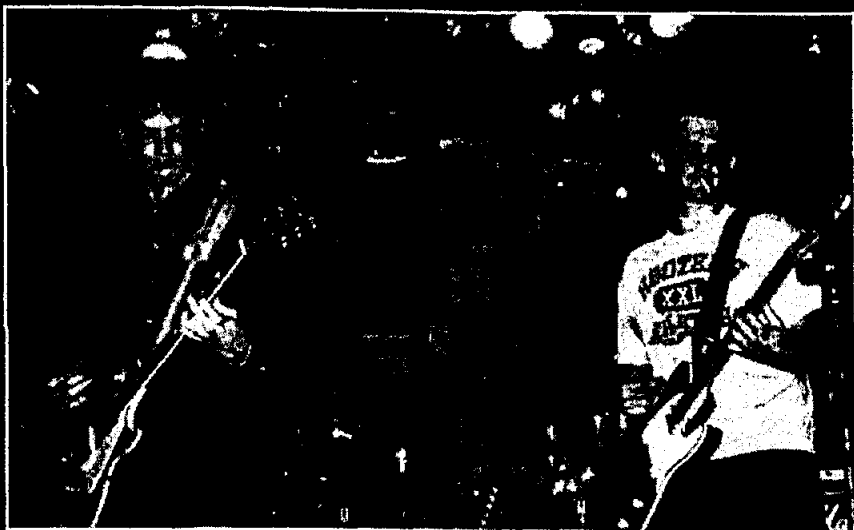
Joelle Caputa
Insider Editor

It takes guts to go against the norm, especially when you're chasing your

Meadowlands Convention Center, where the contest was held. A year ago, at the annual Cove Awards, they took home the award for "Best Technical Players" and were nominated

recently, Clover was chosen as one of 20 finalists in The Wiz/Little Steven "Cavestomp!" Garage Rock Contest. While it's yet to be released, their single "Carry On" will be featured on the compilation, which will be released nation wide all Wiz locations.

So who are the music makers stirring up such a frenzy? John Weingarten (lead guitar and vocals), the eldest at 21 years old, is a founding member along with WPU student Pete Reisser (rhythm guitar). Anthony DeCarlo (drums) and Mike Pisano (bass)



This past November, they shared the stage with fellow NJ rockers Pete, as well as Vial, Burnt Side, Chris Grace and The Elvi. If you missed that show don't fret this band doesn't seem to be fading out anytime soon. Find out where they're playing and hear the songs that keep crowds coming back for more at www.clovernj.com.

Photos by Joelle Caputa/The Beacon

Aerosmith Concert Beyond Beautiful

"America's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band." The term

has come to describe five guys who began their career in a dirty, run-down apartment up in Boston 31 years ago. Thirty-one years may seem like a long time to you and me, but the boys of Aerosmith once again proved that that amount of time hasn't slowed them down one bit. My friends and I went to see them at the Continental Airlines Arena in East Rutherford on November 15, and they showed everyone there how and why they've been around for over three decades.

Pat Bennett
Insider Writer

At around 9:05 p.m. the lights in the Arena went down, the silhouettes of the band members took the stage, and the opening chords of "Beyond Beautiful" ushered in a night of Rock 'n' Roll, Aerosmith-style. The stage was set up in the shape of a space ship, with a ramp extending out into the middle of the arena floor, as well as ramps that extended out of both sides of the stage. A huge video screen in the back caught all the action from the various cameras situated both onstage and off.

During the opening song, the video screens showed the American flag, waving in the breeze with all its glory; moreover, guitarist Joe Perry came out playing an American flag Gibson guitar. Steven Tyler,

wearing a tail (yes, a tail....don't ask me, I don't even wanna know), sang (and screamed) his heart out and worked the crowd throughout the night, showing that he can still compete with today's younger lead vocalists. After ripping through their hit single, "Jaded," Tyler asked the crowd if they "wanted to hear the old stuff." Everyone roared with appreciation, prompting the Demon of Screamin' to reply, "Well, I guess I don't have to ask the second part of that question." With that, the rhythm section of bassist Tom Hamilton and drummer Joey Kramer led the band into their rendition of "Big Ten-Inch Record" (off of their 1975 smash album, *Toys In The Attic*). "Pink" followed,



thing.

Perry took over on lead vocals later on in the show for "Drop Dead Gorgeous," one of the five songs performed from their recent hit

record, *Just Push Play*. Tyler took a little break from this one, providing back-up vocals before returning to the front-line for "Draw The Line." At the end of the concert, Joe told the Arena crowd that they had been to Ground Zero earlier in the day, and that either a cop, fireman or other rescue worker told them "Draw The Line" was his favorite song. That same person was in attendance at the concert, and they dedicated that song to him. I thought that was a great gesture - America's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll band playing and dedicating a song to one of America's Greatest Heroes....another beautiful moment.

The band ended their initial set with another three classics from *Toys In The Attic* - "Walk This Way," "Uncle Salty," and "Sweet Emotion." The audience didn't settle down after that, and after a couple of minutes, Joey Kramer came out and

played the opening bass

drum beats of "Livin' On The Edge." Tyler (without tail) sang the first verses of "What It Takes" with the audience (I love it when the crowd participates with the singing....it's a beautiful thing) before the rest of the band kicked in for the chorus. "Train Kept A Rollin'," the old Yardbirds tune, ended the concert on a blistering note. During the end jam, Perry, with his guitar counterpart Brad Whitford (who also ripped it up during the show), played the beginning of the "Star Spangled Banner." It was a (beautiful) fitting ending to a great concert from a bunch of guys who are more than just musicians. They're legends.

AEROSMITH'S SET LIST

Beyond Beautiful
Love In An Elevator
Jaded
Big Ten-Inch Record
Pink
Mama Kin
Light Inside
Dream On
Eat The Rich
Drop Dead Gorgeous
Draw The Line
Lord Of The Thighs
Walkin' The Dog
Just Push Play
Cryin'
I Don't Want To Miss A Thing
Mother Popcorn
Walk This Way
Uncle Salty
Sweet Emotion

ENCORE

Livin' On The Edge
What It Takes
Train Kept A Rollin'

Hoobastank is Hot!

Since there's extra space here, I thought I'd tell you about the great new CD I just bought spur of the moment- the self-titled debut from Hoobastank.

I was at CD World Christmas shopping for my friends, when I saw it on sale for \$6.98. Never one to pass up a deal, I picked it up. After all, their single, "Crawling in the Dark," is a catchy song, so I figured I should at least give the oth-

ers a chance, too. Plus, the band opened for both 311 and Incubus this year- two of my favorite bands (all three are currently touring Europe together!). One of my friend's saw Hoobastank live and said they "rocked the stage." So, I was sure I'd love them. And I do.

Their sound is similar to a less experimental Incubus, but these LA natives aren't posers. The songs, mostly about love, life and relationships, are easy to relate to and I found myself quot-

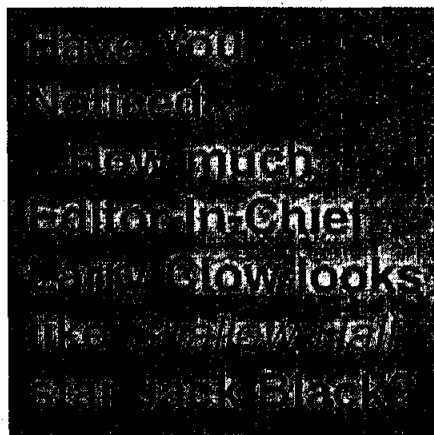
ing them to my friend. For instance, there's the track "Ready for You" goes "Slow down so I smell the roses but the road you've chased is crooked and unpaved." It deals with relationship



issues, but not in a lovey-dovey way that will make single people sick. The first time I listened to the entire CD, I liked it a lot. That's rare because I usually have to listen to a CD over and over

again until I like it. So next time you're out, pick up this CD. Listening to it, time flies. I'm sure you'll be hearing more about them soon!

Joelle Caputa
Insider Editor



Behind Theatre Doors: Harry Potter Hell

WE TAKE MOVIE REVIEWS ONE STEP FURTHER...

"Welcome to Clearview."

I've said this line countless times over the past four years that I've worked on and off for this company's movie theaters. However, this past November, not one staff member actually meant this line of bs, thanks to *Harry Potter*.

While audiences across the globe counted down to the movie's opening day, we movie theater employees dreaded it more than getting ten of our teeth pulled at once. For us, *Harry Potter* means getting to work earlier, staying later, dealing with thousands of out of control children and their parents a day and cleaning, cleaning, cleaning.

When I found out one of the theaters I work at was booked for *Harry Potter*, I honestly thought about quitting before Thanksgiving so I wouldn't have to deal with it. I've put up with upper class senior citizens as customers in previous years and have come to know them as the worst customers to deal with because they complain about everything. However, I would have welcomed their complaints compared to everything *Harry Potter* brought to my co-workers and I this year. It brought to my attention how annoying the public can be.

Where should I start? How about the front door? On the opening day of the movie, before we even unlocked the doors, there were children putting their dirty handprints on our freshly windowed doors and pressing their faces up against it. Their parents saw we were not yet open, yet insisted on banging on the doors until someone came out and explained to them that we don't open for another hour

and they would have to wait outside. "Can I just buy tickets for a later show now?" they would ask, not comprehending the part that we were not yet open.

Now, I'll move onto the phone. Months before the movie even came out, we received calls about it.

However, now that it's actually out, they got worse. Every five minutes, the phone rings with someone or their five year old asking about *Harry Potter*.

They all ask the same questions and we always give them the same answers: "Yes, *Harry Potter* is sold out," "Yes, you can buy tickets in advance, but you have to come here to do it." My least favorite callers are those who call and want to know every single show time for the next week. Hello, that's why 777-Film was invented! There's no need to take up our precious time just because you're too busy to check our web site.

So, over to the ticket line. Customers have a habit of saying "One adult, two kids," and staring at the box office attendant with a blank face. Guess what? We can't read minds! Tell us what movie you actually want to see. We can't just assume it's

Harry Potter when we're showing other kids movies, like *Monsters Inc.*, as well. Then, there's the customers that ask us if

we've seen the movie yet. Well, on opening day-a day that we are working- chances are, no, we haven't seen it! So stop making us feel like we are missing out on the greatest thing since sliced bread, because honestly, we can't even stand to hear the name of this movie anymore!

Over at the concession stand, the staff has it the worst. No one can make up their minds when ordering snacks. As if the 10 minutes they waited in line was not enough for them to round up their runny nosed rug rats (don't get me wrong, I love kids-honestly) and ask what they want to eat! The best is when they say, "I'll have a small," suggesting once again

that movie theater staff members are mind readers! Do they want a small soda, popcorn or

IOEE? Then, they reveal that they can't read the menu because they have to ask us the price of everything they don't even want. ✓



All in a day's work: cleaning up throw-up. Photo by Joelle Caputa/The Beacon

There was one instance at a theater, when the popcorn popper caught on fire. While the manager worked feverishly to put it out, the customers complained we were giving them popcorn that was made an hour ago and they wanted "fresh" popcorn. Fine, then would you like butter with your burnt pieces?

We'd almost rather not sell popcorn because it appears that no one eats it after they buy it, by the looks of the theater's floor after a kid's movie ends. It takes 20 minutes and four people to sweep up inches of popcorn, torn up candy boxes and cans of soda people snuck in. Entire buckets of spilled popcorn in the rows of seats, along with hundreds of unused napkins (why take so many?), and gummi bears thrown on to the movie screen are just the beginning...

After the movie, most people line up at the bathrooms. The one difference between the men's and women's rooms is that the men's room is much cleaner. The girls I work with and I have decided that although women are pigs in the bathroom, at least we are clean people. Our theory is that the men don't even wash their hands, because there are hardly ever paper towels on the floor or wet counters in their bathroom.

However, at least they make it to the bathroom, unlike one young boy at a recent *Harry Potter* birthday party. He ran around the game room so much that he had to throw up-right in our lobby. It grossed most of us out, so the manager on duty had to put on a ridiculous bodily fluids disposal uniform and clean it up. At least that gave us something to laugh about.

BE A CRIMINAL AND STEAL THIS ALBUM!

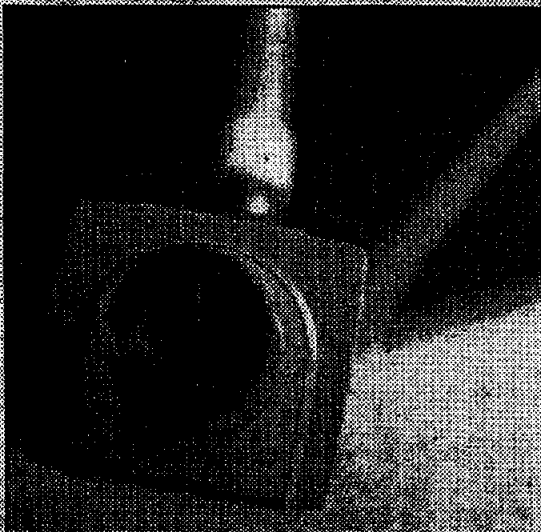
Let's put it this way: *San Jose* is a band with a really weird style. I don't even know what the hell they are trying to be. They're really peppy, or should I say poppy, with a gloomy feel to it. At first glance, it's like "ewwww," a band on *Revelation*. Most bands on this album are really good. Then I put it in, and I was disappointed. *San Jose*'s voice is alright, it's just the dragging undertone of drained out instrumental compositions that have been done before. The backup vocals are really annoying, too.

I don't know why they are trying to be all "bad," by naming this album *Be A Criminal*. Because, if you saw these guys, you would laugh. They look like an old, washed up, trying to start an emo/rock band, that probably has no fans. However, the CD is covered with cool pictures that relate to burglary and such. Not too ingenious, though. The drums are fast on some songs,

which make my fucking heart melt. You guys are so metal. The opener song is probably the only song worth listening to. It has a well put together technique.

There are about ten songs that really get you going nowhere. This album is good if

Pete Markowicz
Asst. Insider Editor



you're bored of all your CD's and you have nothing to listen to. Chances are, you will forget what this band sounds like or that they even exist. You'll put in this CD and be like "Oh, these fucking guys are great." And then it will collect dust again on your CD shelf. So, take my advice and take the band's advice: be a criminal and steal this

album of junk. Because paying is definitely not worth it.

High Times, Good Music

While I generally do not advocate the recreational use of psychotropics, I must admit that there is a certain charm underlying the whole hippy/stoner subculture: The emphasis on spirituality, art and of course music is a

unique facet of this ever-popular lifestyle. Anyone involved in this scene is sure to have heard of *High Times*, the magazine devoted to education and legalization of marijuana.

High Times is an influential supporter of musical acts, featuring testimonials from artists ranging from Jimi Hendrix to the Sex Pistols, and putting out compilations of up-and-coming bands. The latest effort, a double live comp entitled *Rip This Joint*, might seem a little phishy at first, but it is sure to provide hours of stone cold enjoyment.

Disc one starts out with the very mellow "Serene" by Keller Williams and sort of establishes the mood for the rest of the recording. Disc one is perfect for those days when you feel like staying inside, lounging around and keeping the munchies in check.

Come for the obsessive noodling of "San Jose" by the String Cheese Incident, and stay for the colorful rhythms of "Pawn" by Strangefolk. But don't exhale yet! There's much more to go.

Disc two can be described in one word: funky. It will be hard to keep your feet from moving with tracks like "Riddles Are Aound Tonight"

by Les Claypool, "The World Is A Little Bit Under The Weather" by Funky Meters and "Raspberry" by

Deep Banana Blackout. And when it seems like the party's beginning to thin out, classic rock legends Foghat with "Slow Ride," Gov't Mule with "I Can't Quit You Baby" and Mountain with "Mississippi Queen" bring the CD to a

close. With over two hours of music, *Rip This Joint* has a little something for everybody and enough to please even the most diehard enthusiasts. What better way to celebrate the spirit of the sixties than with good music and *High Times*?



Andrew Visconti
Insider Writer



The way you could just smile, as the daggers tore into my body, amazed me. You, I suppose, were expecting it. You, I supposed, were amused by it. You, I suppose, were only smiling because of my amazement, as if I should have known so much more than you ever let on. Perhaps I should've bothered to read more deeply into your lies, maybe tried to break the wall between me and the windows to your soul, attempted to reason: pointless, though soothing. I might have reached a less wrong conclusion if I'd refused to hide behind your smiles and occasional laughs. So you say to me: Pain is my only amusement these days. Watch and learn and revel. Don't run. I've got something to show you. And you let yourself be led to a wall by the three cloaked in white, masked in a thousand faces, still all lies. They bind your hands and feet and carve your clothes from you, so you are perfect, white, and still against the dark stone wall. They pull daggers from their sleeves and push them slowly into your chest as I watch, incapable of moving, unable to break your gaze full of wonder and delight. The daggers, three of them, sweep down, up, and out, curving around your arms, legs, neck, back. I flinch at the solemnity of the moment, and your gaze flickers, suddenly, brightly. Your blood trickles out, sluggish and dark, and as they finish their work, it stops all together. They peel back the layers of numbness and skin, and when they are done, you are smaller, more perfect and less serene than before. They cover you in white after they have bathed the blood of your release from the prison of your old body. The air that surrounds you inviolate and still. You are beautiful...And maybe, at last, you are real...

*~*glit+3r*~*

Haiku

Only a very
small poem
could fit here

Johnny Finn

They thought they could stop me from putting in my own picture. Ha! Literature has always broken the rules, so stare in awe at my self-portrait. This is my present to you, my faithful readers, all three of you. Take this picture with you on your Winter break and it will bring you good luck. Or at least you can use it as a bookmark. Enjoy yourselves on your vacation, but don't forget to think of those overseas who are risking their lives to make sure that we still have a holiday season. So, I leave you with this quote, this wisdom that Annie Dillard gave me last year when I asked how I could have an impact on the literary world:

"Buy hardcover books."

FACING THE CONGO

by Jeffrey Tayler

Three Rivers Press

Sometimes I sit in my cubicle and stare at the wallpaper on my computer screen. It's a picture of pure blue water and a lush green island in the background, framed by white clouds. It's my window to the outside world on bleak December days in New Jersey. So I sit there and figure out if I can get to that island with what I have in my checking account. The fact of the matter is that I don't know where that island is or really care. The point is that sometimes I feel that the best thing to do in life is just get out into the world and see what's there. Will I ever actually do it? Probably not. Jeffrey Tayler, on the other hand, pulled it off.

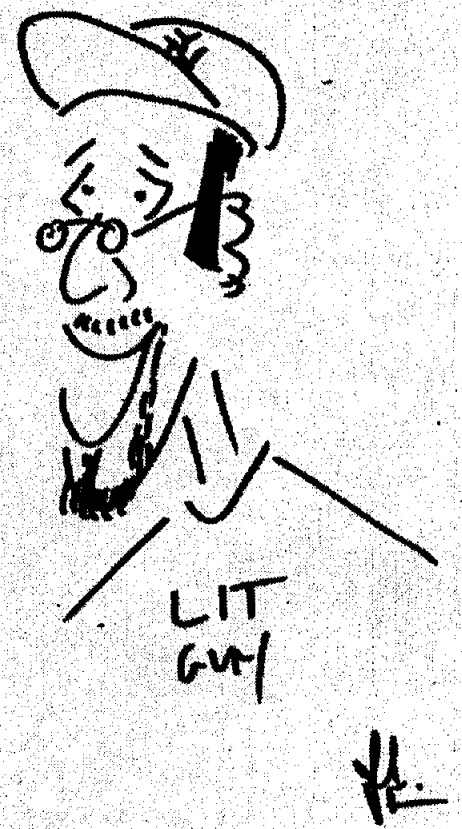
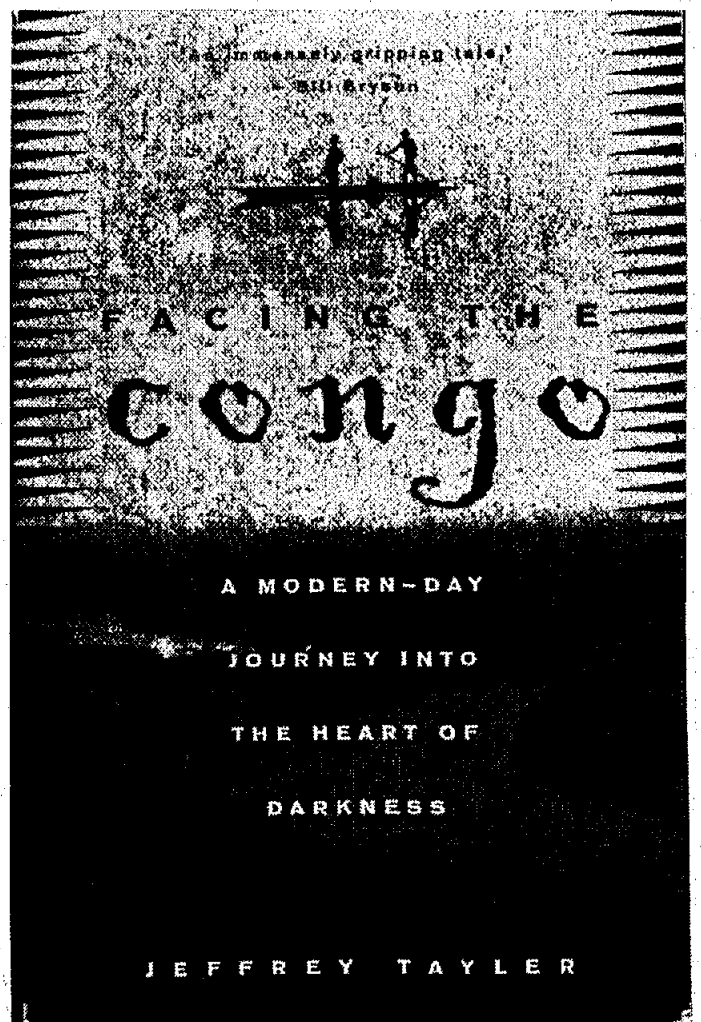
John Findura
Lit Editor

Facing the Congo is the true story of journalist Jeffrey Tayler's descent into the Democratic Republic of the Congo. In his early thirties and living a less than thrilling life in Moscow, Tayler decided to find himself by tracing Henry Stanley's footsteps in a canoe down the Congo River. While not exactly what I would choose to do, I give him credit for doing something that sounds so exciting. I admit that I don't know much about Africa. It's politics are beyond me. They are not beyond Tayler, though.

I have read a great many travel books that make it seem as though the author works for some travel agent and gets a cut of the tourist dollars.

This book pulls no punches and it reads like a novel, not a brochure. For whatever reason, I liked this book. It let me escape from my office for 20 minutes at a time and that's a good enough reason for me.

Beacon Grade: Thumbs Up



Letters to the Editor

Dear Readers-

If you are reading this, I think that I can safely assume that you have already read my article on page 4. That being the case, I will not bore you with a repetition of information contained within it. In my capacity as a news writer for The Beacon, I could not in good conscience put my own opinions in that article. Here, however, in the cozy pages of the Op/Ed section, I return to my capacity as a mere student and tell you what I think.

In the course of this week, I have run myself ragged telephoning administrators and interviewing many people involved to various degrees with the SGA and the administration, in addition to an above average number of class work assignments and my usual complement of meetings for the SGA, which I attend both as a concerned student and as the Beacon Representative to the SGA and writing my usual column, two SGA Officer bios, an article on the Special Elections, the article on the administration and, of course, this letter. Although I am only a freshman, I think I can safely say that I have accumulated some amount of knowledge on this subject at no small cost to myself. Therefore, I feel somewhat qualified to speak here on it.

Both the SGA Officers and the administrators (indeed, just about everyone) have their own way of looking at all of this. Taking a step back and looking at all this, I have come to my own conclusion.

This administration gives a great deal of latitude to the SGA and the students, and grants them much say in the running of this University, allowing them to sit on many varied committees and handle almost \$800,000 of Student Activity Fees. If there is a lack of student participation in the running of this University, it is not the fault of the administration.

Instead, look if you will at my most recent example, the interview of the new Campus Police Director. I was the only student present at the interview of one of the candidates (yes, it was me that I mentioned in my arti-

cle). I had to apologize to a representative of the current Campus Police Department for a lack of student presence. Those of you who park cars on campus or live here appreciate the irony of that situation. Campus Security is probably the issue that is brought before the SGA most of all, and one that concerns everybody. However only one freshman, the most junior member of the SGA Legislature, was present. Asking what questions I could, as it is hard to come up with one question right after the other (I do need time to think, which is why it is good to have more than one student), I tried to get a feel for the candidate.

This is not the only instance of this. I wrote an article some weeks ago about the aborted Sophomore Class Cruise. The Sophomore Class Officers did everything right Public Relations wise, but so few people signed up that the trip had to be aborted. And why? Student Apathy.

The students of William Paterson University have the ability to control their own destiny through a variety of ways, most especially the SGA. What stands in their way is not the administration, as often as they are blamed. It is that plague called Student Apathy.

I do not claim to know how to cure it. I do not know if anyone can make it better. All I know is that it needs to be fixed, and until it is, I for one will not be so quick to blame the lack of student involvement in a decision on the administration. There are a dedicated few people in the SGA who truly do care about the students and the university in all respects (I will not name names), but this number needs to grow. Until it does, though we will have to ability to govern ourselves largely through the good graces of the University, I can only say one thing.

We are not ready.

Respectfully,
Jim V. Scholfield

Dear Editor:

One of the most common surprises for new students is the cost of textbooks, even the used ones. I know I was surprised to pay \$52.00 for a used paperback that was in less than fair condition. But adding insult to injury was the fact that even though the professor assured the students that the required texts for the course had been ordered, they were not in stock.

This past semester, many William Paterson students entered the student book store in search of textbooks and other resources required by professors only to find that the books were not there.

After looking into the situation, I have found that it was due to under-ordering on the part of the bookstore that caused this inconvenience. This situation caused problems for not only the students, but also for the professors

that had to supply students with photocopies of materials not available at the bookstore.

This is one of many concerns of the students here at William Paterson University, but I feel it is a problem we can easily solve. We know that language is power, and that with enough voices in protest, problems such as this one will be addressed.

So while we may not be able to do anything immediate about problems such as overcrowded parking lots and overbooked classes, let's make a group effort to ensure that we will at least be accommodated with the resources required for our courses this upcoming semester.

Sincerely,
Lucas Mosley

JUST WALK!

I hope that I am not the only person on the entire campus that is tired of hearing the same complaints made about parking every year. I am only a first-semester freshman, but I picked up The Beacon from May 2001 and found the same problems. James Glouguercio wrote how parking should be the first priority to be taken care of. He wrote about how students waste their time finding a parking spot, or if they park in lot 6 they wait for the shuttle, and then are late to class. Thankfully, some teachers understand the situation, some have even experienced the problems themselves. However, it's time that the students become more grateful for what they have.

Okay, so maybe I'm a first-semester freshman and haven't experienced walking from parking lots to the campus in the slushy weather of winter. (But I have walked 1/4 of a mile from my high school to my house for four years in such weather). Yes, as Jim Schofield says in the November 12th issue of The Beacon, these are valid complaints, but there are some common-sense things that students and shuttle drivers could do.

Now, we can't say that the shuttles don't run because I've heard complaints from the drivers as well. Once when I got on with another girl, the driver said that we were the first people that she's picked up in the last hour that she's been going back and forth on campus. She wasn't smiling. Hmmmmm. Students complain that the shuttle doesn't run. Drivers complain that there are no students to run for. Hmmmmm. Could it be that students are not at the

stops at the right time. Or could it be that the shuttles run at the time that students tend to remain on campus and attend classes????

I am very grateful that when I park in Lot 6 at 9:15, I am not late to my 9:30 class because of one of two things: 1) It only takes 10 minutes to walk from Lot 6 to the main campus. 2) The shuttle is always there by 9:20. I've noticed that the shuttles run back to back around this time. Now, for when the shuttles don't arrive, why would you wait 25 minutes for it? It only takes 10 minutes to walk to campus from Lot 6. (Yes, I've timed myself several times at different paces with different loads of books.) Is it too tiresome? Then

take the 10-minute hike and sit down for another ten minutes to catch your breath. You've still arrived before the shuttle and you've reduced your risks of gaining the infamous freshman 15 (if you're a freshman).

I find that the most sensible solution is that the shuttle drivers should be given the time that students are most likely not in class. At this time the shuttles should be released. That would mean that the shuttles should run between 9:10 and 9:35 (extra time should be allotted for early and late arrivals), 10:40-11:05, 12:10-12:35, 1:40-2:05, 3:10...and so on. This way students will also know the running times of the shuttle. Now, let's not forget to be grateful that we do have the shuttles and let us pray that they are working consistently when it snows. Let us be grateful that we have legs to walk. Let us be grateful...

Tahira Rehman
The Beacon

Dear Editor:

I would like to complain about the various things about this university that have been bothering me. I am a resident of the North tower, and a freshman at William Paterson.

The Student Center Cafeteria is one of my main concerns. The tables are all broken and it seems that the garbage cans are always overflowing. I am also constantly having to pay for something that my meal plan doesn't cover. Don't residents pay enough? Why is it

that I need to pay an extra dollar for chicken tenders?

Although I do not have a car on campus, I find that the parking lot is way too packed. We need to start enforcing parking regulations for those who don't have the right to park their cars here.

Sincerely,
Gary Tsiperfal

Homeless Families and the Law

Gerry Brennan
SGA Attorney

On the first Christmas, Mary and Joseph were, essentially, a homeless couple. They inquired about shelter at the inn but the best they could secure was a stable.

When we think of the homeless, we probably summon images of disheveled, shrouded, bearded men in the park. The sad fact is that there are also homeless families who once had homes and somehow lost them.

Families usually lose their homes through evictions if they are renters or foreclosures if they are homeowners.

Under law a family can be evicted for a variety of reasons. Most typically, evictions occur because the tenant can't afford to pay the rent. The tenant may have a good reason why the rent wasn't paid. Maybe the tenant lost a job or had large medical bills or the car, which is needed to get to work, had to be repaired. The court may even be sympathetic to the tenant's situation but if the rent hasn't been paid, the court has no choice but to evict.

Likewise, foreclosures can also force families into the

street. A foreclosure is a court-ordered sale of a house to satisfy a mortgage loan that hasn't been paid. Again the homeowner may have compelling personal reasons why the monthly mortgage payment wasn't made. But, those personal circumstances are not a defense to a bank's right to foreclose and to have the property sold at sheriff's sale.

Typically, a tenant or homeowner may think that a court won't put them out because they have minor children. Sadly, that's not reality. Small children or not, a sheriff or other court officer will literally put a family out (with the help of the police, if need be) and change the locks on the doors. In an eviction the tenant can retrieve his/her belongings from the landlord after the lock-out. In a foreclosure, the sheriff will come with a truck and remove and store the contents of the house.

The big question after a lock-out is where does the family go. Usually a family will stay temporarily with relatives or friends. If that private safety net is not available, a family might find room at a homeless shelter. Shelters usually have sections for single men, single women, and families, but usually spaces for families are very limited.

If there is no room at the shelter, the family can ask for help from the county welfare office. Ironically, if the family has little or no income, it could be eligible for public assistance that could include the welfare office paying for a hotel or motel room for the family. If the family has some sort of income even if it's not very much, that family probably is not eligible for public assistance or being put up at a hotel or motel.

If there's no room at the shelter the non-welfare family could end up sleeping in the car, if they have one. In an extreme case, the Division of Youth and Family Services, the state agency charged with protecting children, might step in and remove the children from the parents and place them in temporary foster care.

Homelessness does happen to families. Their want is felt more acutely this time of year. There's no comprehensive governmental solution and the shelters do what they can. It's up to the rest of us to remember and to help in any way we can.

Editor:

I write this in response to Lori Michael's "Point/Counter-point" Article in the 12/3 issue of The Beacon.

Ah, Lori. I am glad you are tackling subjects such as the ongoing war, but I urge you to learn exactly what it is that we are doing and why before you make ridiculous blanket statements. You ask "First off, why should we risk the lives of many of our troops?" So you and I don't have to, that is why. I have friends in all of the branches and their job is to protect my country. When I go to work every morning I am very aware that I may short out my company's computer system. When they go to work, they are very well aware they might die. They know the risks and they are willing to make the ultimate sacrifice so that we don't have to. We risk the lives of every American by not sending in our military. In the following sentence you state "I'm sure we don't want this war to turn into another Vietnam..." No, we don't want that. And no, that will not happen. Vietnam was a war the United States should not have been involved in. This is an entirely different war, one that we should be in. Later on in your article you state that we do not have the right to go about bombing "innocent villages and communities." You're right, we don't. We do have the right to find and exterminate members of the al Qaeda terrorist network. They are the ones who went and bombed innocent communities. While I do feel sorry for innocent civilians who may be killed, I feel more sorry for 4,000 innocent American families whose loved ones are at the bottom of a smoldering pile of rubble in lower Manhattan. Ms. Michael, I am sorry if you are troubled by the fact that people die in wars, but I prefer not to see anymore people I know vaporized while sitting at their desks. Towards the end of your story you ask the question "What will happen if we do take over the Middle East?" Hey, hold your horses! The United States has no interest in taking over the Middle East. We are interested in stopping continued terrorist attacks against our country. You end your article with the statement "The only plus side I see on this, besides destroying the Hell out of bin Laden and Hussein, is taking over the oil wells." This is just a great lack of understanding. To my knowledge, the plus side is allowing myself, my family, and my country to continue on with our lives without having to fear being blown up or poisoned while reading my mail. Unless I am mistaken, Afghanistan does not have many oil wells. Unlike other Middle Eastern countries, Afghanistan gets most of its money by supplying 85% of the world's heroin. Maybe you are unaware of the extreme oppression present in these governments. I excuse your article of all its inaccuracies because you have obviously reached these conclusions by taking bits and pieces of what other people have been saying and sticking them with things overheard in local diners. I strongly suggest you look into exactly what is happening in the world before believing in these half-baked falsities.

-Robbie Stillwater



Point/Counter Point: The Food At WPU

What's Wrong with the Student Center? Everything.

What's wrong with the food in the Student Center? Everything. The conditions in the Student Center cafeteria are deplorable. The food tastes horrible, there is no variety, and on top of that we can't even eat our horrible tasting food in a clean environment.

First off, Burger King. Would it kill them to actually make hamburgers? They have 3 people standing around doing nothing, so why not get to work and make food. When they actually have hamburgers, aren't they supposed to be grilled, not nuked? They always seem to have chicken and fish and I wouldn't touch them if they were giving them away. The shit-patties (AKA hamburgers) and shit-patties with cheese, wouldn't be

so bad if they didn't put them on 3 month old buns. I almost chipped a tooth on one of them!

Sbarro's is the most appealing out of all the eateries, the only bad thing is that when you get a piece of pizza, it comes with a bucket of grease. I feel my arteries

Steve DeGennaro
The Beacon

Once you get your food it would be nice to be able to eat it on CLEAN tables that aren't broken. More than half the tables and chairs are falling apart. It's been like this for 4 years. When are they going to fix them? Probably not in my lifetime. The lack of cleanliness is amazing.

I will admit that it would be nice if the students cleaned up after each other, but it would be even nicer if the garbage cans weren't overflowing!

My last question is: what genius decided to move the ketchup, salt, pepper, straws, and napkins inside the food serving area? What are they thinking? It makes a lot more sense if they are in a centrally located area. The table by the overflowing garbage cans was a fine spot, so why move it?

Where is our money going? Certainly not to the wonderful Student Center dining area: poor food quality, no variety, mismanagement, and broken tables and chairs. That's just my opinion.

Eater Beware at Wayne Hall

Like Steve, I am going to give you my impression of the food services here at William Paterson from a resident perspective. Commuters aren't the only ones that suffer. Ever since my freshman year at Willy P, the food services have gone through some alterations. I remember my first trip to Wayne Hall. I was kind of blown away by the choices of food, and I was more surprised that they had a whole station for vegetarians. However, as much as this sounds like great praise towards the cafeteria, I have to say the food quality sucks.

The first station is main courses, mostly beef, chicken, fish, and/or pasta. You could also get your choice of vegetables. I remember one time, my friends and I got the baked chicken. There were seven of us, four of them ended up on getting sick. Obviously, it wasn't something else, it was the food at Wayne Hall. I can't complain about the beef because I never, ever ate it. All I have to say is look at it: enough said.

The next station is a grill where you could get grilled cheese, pan-

cakes, and/or omelets. I don't know where I would be without this station, since most of the ingredients are fresh. The only negative is that the eggs for the omelets are the processed. However, you could ask for fresh



scrambled eggs or egg whites. Oh and I have to mention the spray they use on the grill. What are the freakin' ingredients in it? Honestly, every time I get something from there, I almost immediately have to go to the bathroom. Laxative much?

Stir-fry isn't too bad, but again they use that "mystery spray." The lady that makes it just adds to the ambience of Wayne Hall. Let's just say she's not the friendliest person. It always seems like

she woke up on the wrong side of the bed. Also located at the Stir-fry Station is the vegetarian food. Some of it is good, some of it looks like crap thrown together with some tomato sauce to hide the taste.

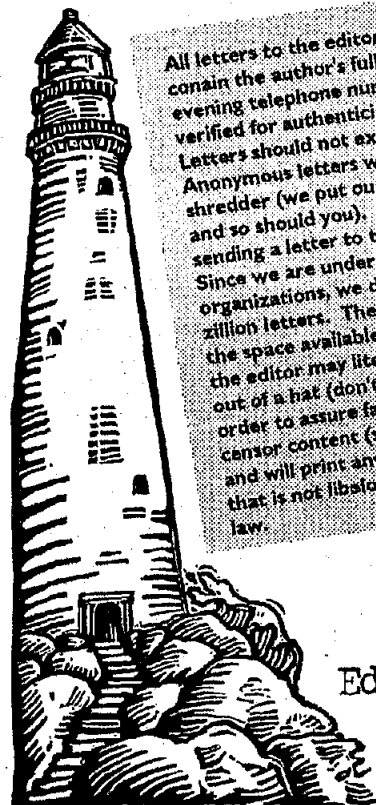
The last station is a grill with turkey and hamburgers, along with french fries. I can't complain about the hamburgers because, like I said, I don't eat the Mad Cow infected beef from up there. The turkey burgers aren't too bad, however, I have had bad ones, so it depends on the day I think they should have grilled chicken sandwiches.

The only thing that Wayne Hall has going for it is the salad bar. I love the salad bar because there are so many choices on it, there is also tofu. I find it gross, though, when there is a plethora of fruit flies; that's when the wonderful cleanliness of the dining hall comes in to play.

So eater beware.

Lori Michael
The Beacon

Letters To The Editor



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

Larry Clow
Editor-in-Chief

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Beacon
WEEKLY

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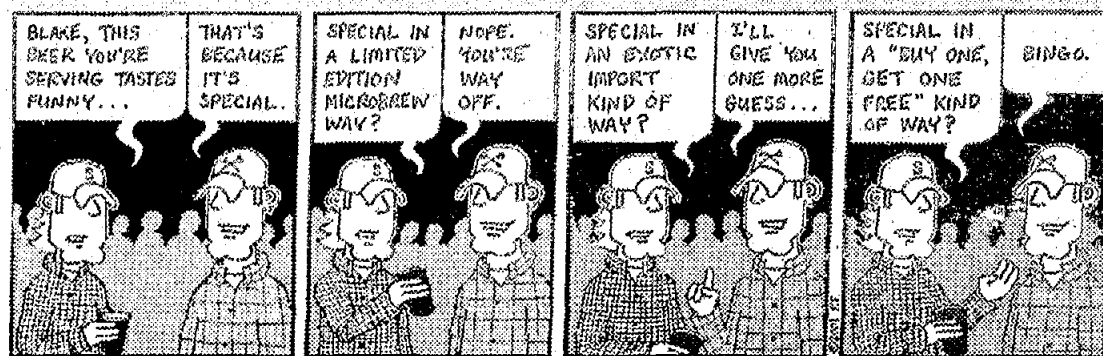


THE BEACON FUNNIES

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PHIL FLICKINGER

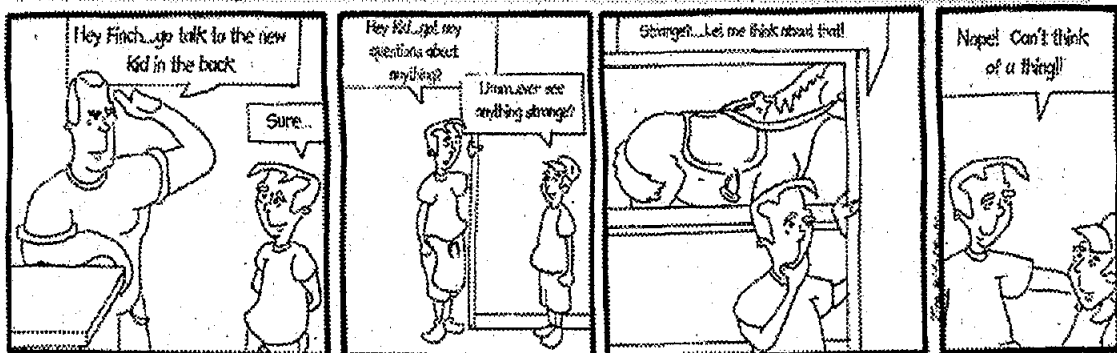
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A DAY'S WORK

TIM WALSH

MESSYTOONS@HOTMAIL.COM



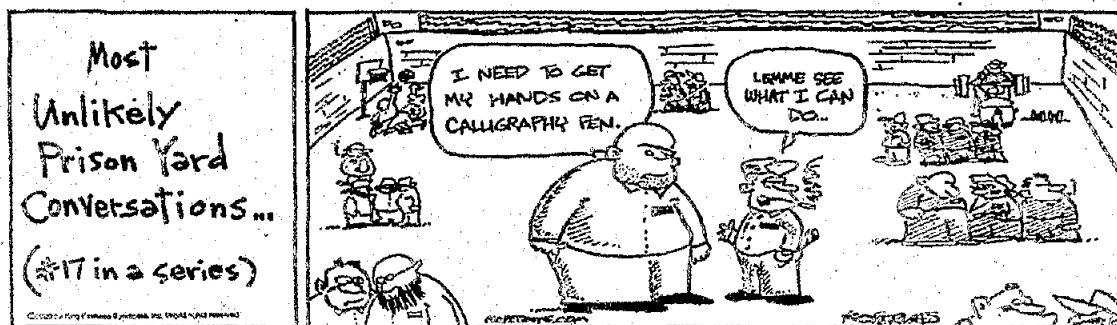
THE SPATS

BY JEFF PICKERING



OUT ON A LIMB

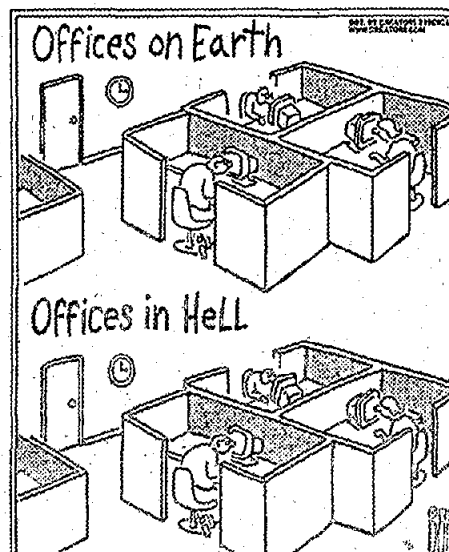
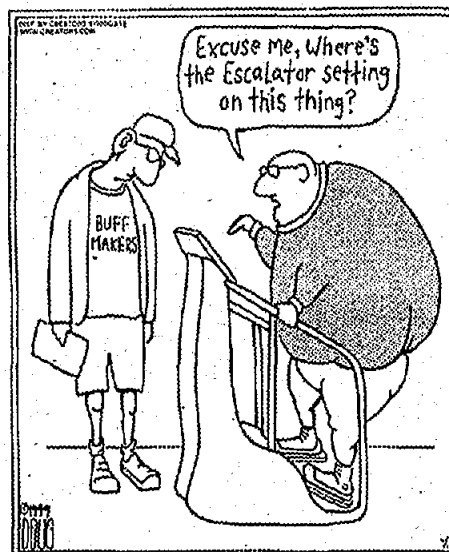
BY GARY KOPERVAS

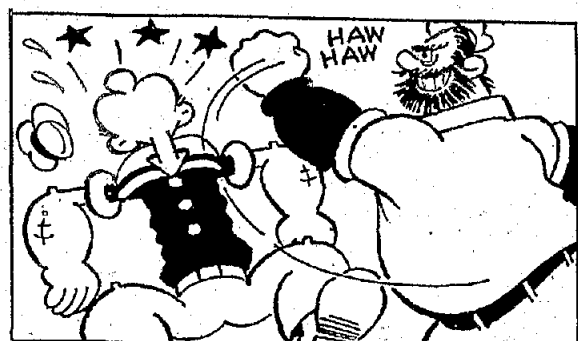
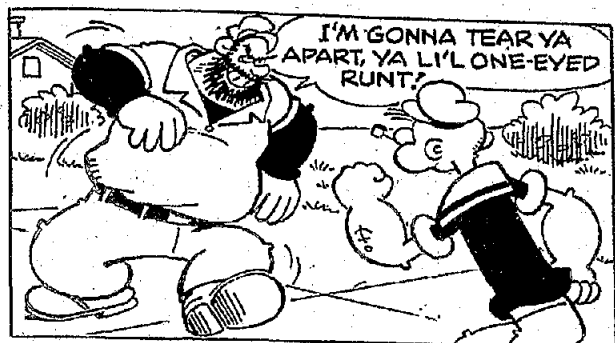
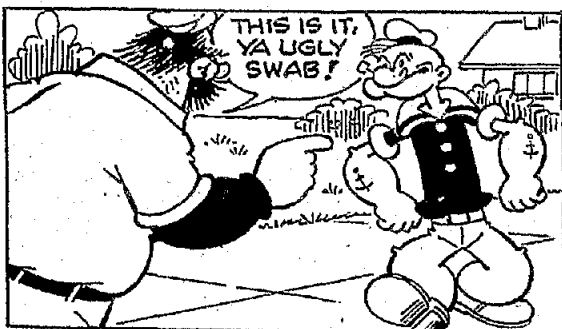
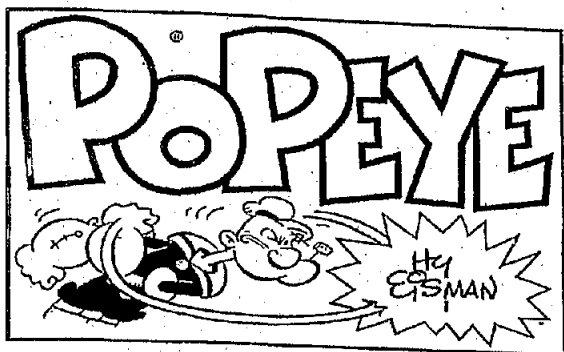


THE CYNIC

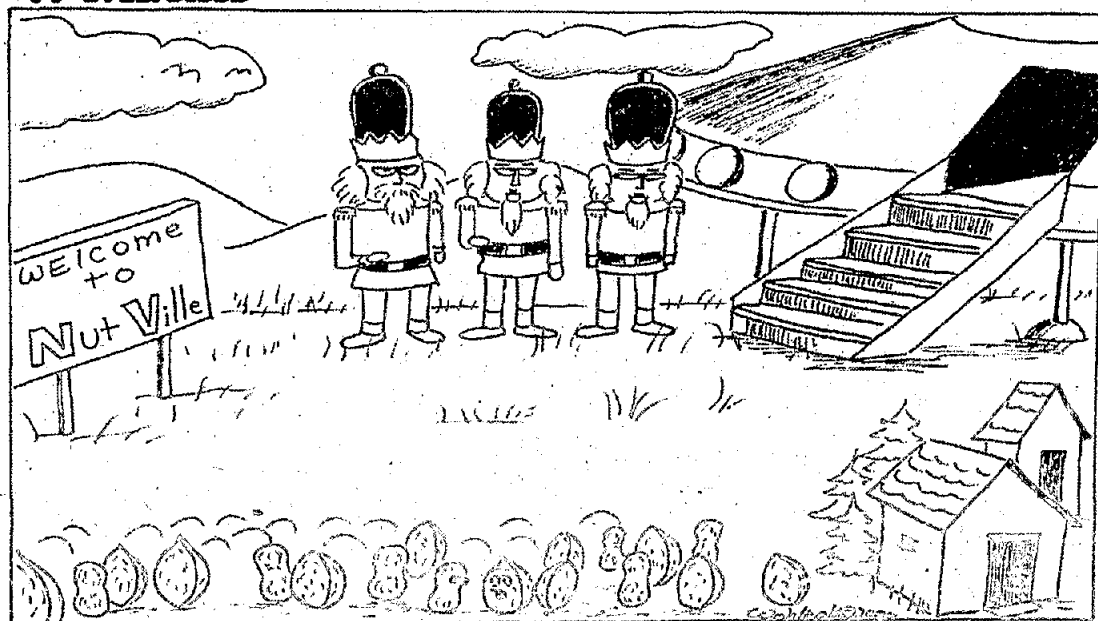


RAW MATERIAL



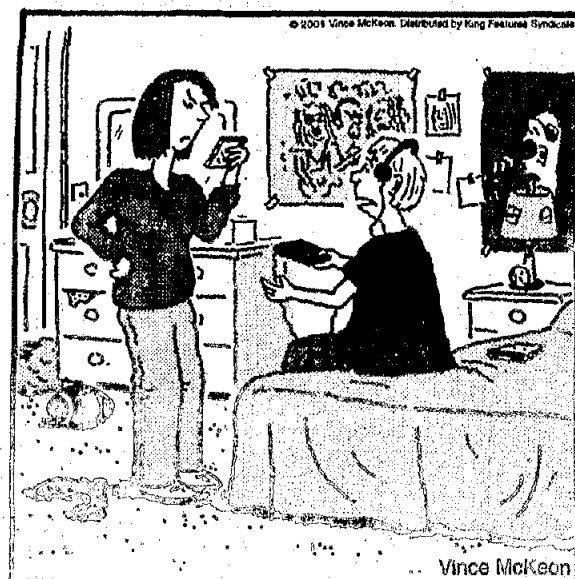


Wohnuts



"Look Sheldon, beings from another world. I wonder what they could want with us."

NEW BREED



"Of course I know about the parental warning; it means you're not supposed to listen to it."

NEW BREED



"Tracks on the ground, smoke signals in the sky, sign language ... we're suffering from information overload!!"



HOROSCOPES



ARIES (March 21 to April 19) Someone you relied on might resist your request for help. Get the facts behind his or her decision before jumping to conclusions. You might be in for a surprise.

TAURUS (April 20 to May 20) It's a good time for the winter-weary Bovine to start plans for spring redecorating. Indulge in something super-beautiful for your home. You deserve it.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 20) An inner conflict might keep you from taking the first step toward healing an old wound. Seek the advice of a trusted friend for help in dealing with your uncertainty.

CANCER (June 21 to July 22) Change can bring confusion. You need to take a strong stand to make sure your rights are respected despite all the fuss and fury going on around you.

LEO (July 23 to August 22) Your financial situation continues to improve, although you still need to watch those expenses. Something from the past could affect a current situation.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 22) Problems adjusting to a new job and unfamiliar surroundings might tempt you to give up. But hang in there — things get better in time.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 22) Decision time is near. Talk out your doubts

with trusted advisers. If your misgivings still outweigh your enthusiasm, it's best to rethink the whole deal.

SCORPIO (October 23 to November 21) A situation has you puzzled. Be patient. The answers you seek will soon come from a source very close to the person at the center of your curiosity.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 21) Your usually active social life is in super-high gear through this week. Your hectic party-going pace eases into a period of quiet time by the weekend.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 19) You need to start narrowing down those several new options that have come your way to just the two or three you really want to pursue.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18) It's a wise Water Bearer who nurtures a fading friendship back to vibrant health. At work, a once-shelved idea is suddenly being reconsidered.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20) You might feel swamped by a flood of work-related obligations, but the support of a trusted associate helps you get through each one successfully.

BORN THIS WEEK: You are a caring person who often puts your own needs aside to help others. You have a gift for cultivating beautiful gardens.

Check here next week
for the answers to
the Beacon Crossword
Puzzle!!!

Beacon Crossword

ACROSS			DOWN		
1 Start to cry?	51 Music center	93 Raptor feature	1 Drill accessories	41 Author Morrison	78 Heavenly headgear
4 Representations	53 Southern st.	94 Triumphed	2 Singer Tessie	42 Spring bloom	79 Dash
10 One of a pair	54 "I'm working"	95 Waugh's "The Loved"	3 Upright	43 Legend	80 Health measure?
14 Equipment	55 Marathon	96 Wish	4 Metric start	44 Frank book	81 Buddy
18 "It a pity?" (70 song)	57 He devours books	97 Cows and sows	5 5th President	45 Pizarro's victims	82 Fateful 15th
20 Fosh party	60 Private pension	99 Canonized Mlle.	6 — de-camp	46 Mimic monogram	83 Architect's add-on
21 Hurler Hershlser	61 "Pshaw!"	100 Baseball's Parker	7 Baby beetle	49 Soothe	86 Prune
22 Coax	62 Composer Manuel de	101 Moses or Monet	8 Toon cry	50 Like	87 Cyclone center
23 Wellington's sobriquet	64 Moo — gai pan	105 Deciduous tree	9 Bird food	51 Rickrack, e.g.	88 Stood up
25 "— Lisa"	65 Occult	110 Cat's dog	10 Vassal's allegiance	52 Live and breathe	90 Speck
26 Lassie's father	67 Prep school	112 PC key	11 Smell to savor	53 Thin layer	91 Torpor
27 Austen title start	69 Balzac's "Le Pere —"	114 Merrill melody	12 Late-night name	57 "Elhan Frome" prop	92 Comice kin
28 CSA soldier	73 Moore or Tarbell	115 Rocker Rundgren	13 Cozy cloth	58 Kitchen implement	96 Paid attention
29 Oahu feature	74 Filleted	116 Dorothy's lake destination	14 Overly enthusiastic	59 Space handle	98 Michener opus
32 Barber's "— for Strings"	75 SDI device	119 Capone feature	15 Cleveland's lake	61 Hound's	99 Extra
34 Woods' org.	76 SAT's big brother	120 "Splendor in the Grass" writer	16 Akbar's city	62 Mr. Diller	100 Heel type
35 Aye — opponent	77 Poe tale	121 Poe character	17 Oliver of "Gladiator"	63 Citrus cooler	102 Foot part
36 Concept	81 Mammy Yokum's prop	122 The Laura Bush of Olympus	19 Actress Farrow	66 Paper —	103 Farm features
38 Warehouse item	83 In addition	123 Protected	24 "Salve —"	67 Head monk	104 Neon —
40 Salon request	84 Barbara of "Perry Mason"	124 Like fine wine	30 — facto	68 Tour de force	105 Perennial panelist
41 Roth or Reid	85 "Alley —"	125 Byzantine art form	31 Granola fruit	70 Northern hemisphere?	106 Namu or Willy
44 Photographer Arbus	86 Complete failure	126 Japanese honorific	33 Like some twins	71 Bean or Welles	107 Chanteuse Edith
47 Psychologist Bettelheim	89 Chicken Little, for one		37 Skilled	72 "— Wolf" (85 film)	108 Belfry sound
49 "Pilgrim's Progress," e.g.	92 Peter of "Young Frankenstein"		38 Shuffleboard stick	75 PD alert	109 Tiller
			39 "— Day Now" (62 hit)	77 January event	110 Cello parts
			40 Eastern European		111 Section
					113 "Saving Private —" (98 film)
					117 "O Sole —" (98 film)
					118 Fond du —, WI

MAGIC MAZE — STOCK EXCHANGE

L B H S I R I A Y W T R P M K
 I F D D S B T O K Y O Y W U S
 Q M O N T R E A L O N D O N O
 P H I L A D E L P H I A T A M
 K I F K N L D V A B Z X N C W
 U S A Q B O A N U N L J O I H
 F J T D U C A E Y O O W R R V
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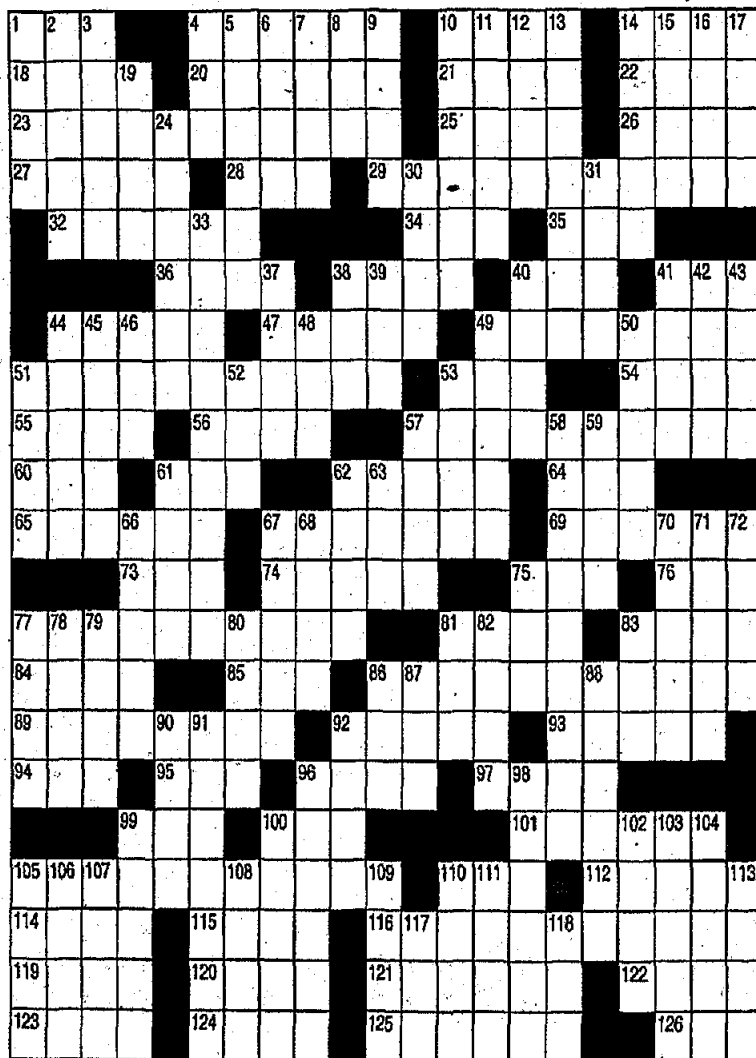
Find the listed words in the diagram. They run in all directions — forward, backward, up, down and diagonally.

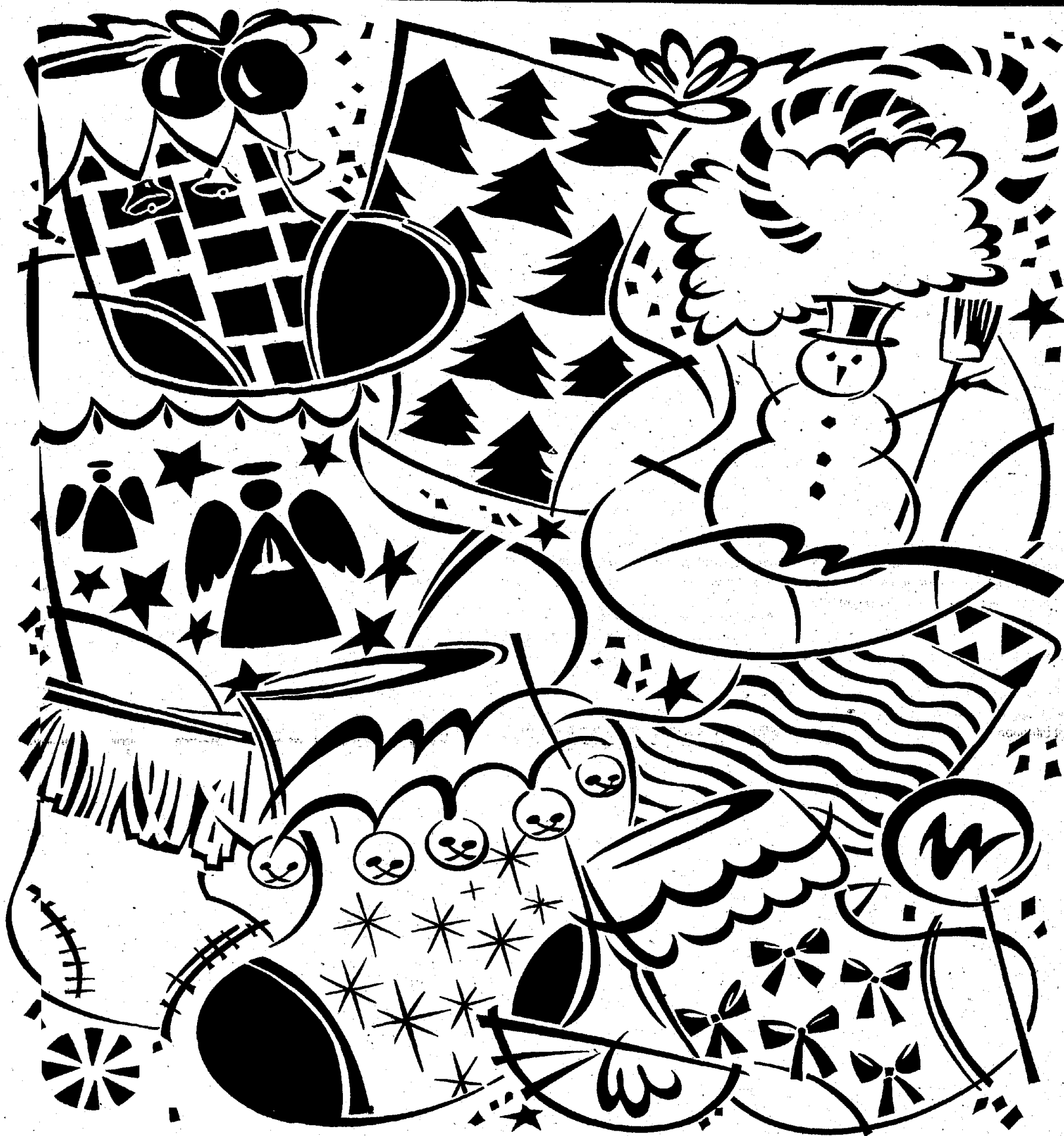
American
Athens
Cyprus
Irish

Istanbul
Jakarta
Montreal
National

New York
New Zealand
Philadelphia
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Signature

Date

To submit this application:

-  **HAND DELIVER**
The Beacon Office, Student Center Room 310
-  **SNAIL MAIL**
The Beacon, 300 Pompton Rd., SC 310, Wayne, NJ 07470
-  **FAX: 973-720-2093**

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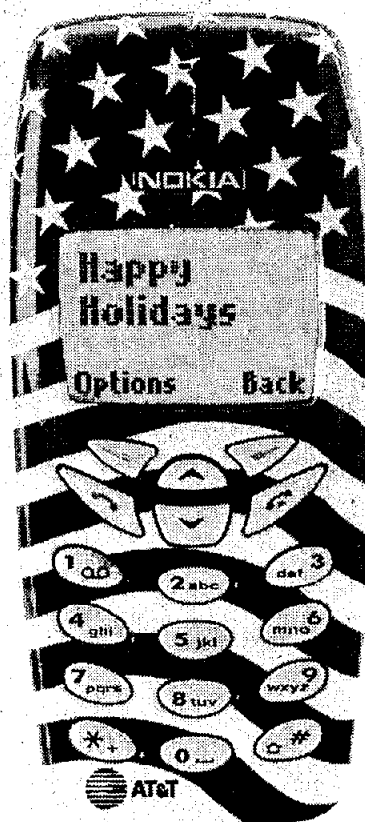


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