

The Beacon

WEEKLY

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 2002

William Paterson University • Volume 68 No. 14

FREE

CARIBSA's Jammin' Luncheon

State Slashes Higher Education

In response to large New Jersey budget deficits, Governor Jim McGreevey has instituted an immediate state-wide cut of \$2.9 billion from state grants to Higher Education. This translates into a \$2.9 million cut from the budget of William Paterson University.

Coming as it does in the middle of the academic term, this cut demanded swift action from WPU Administration. University President Speert has arranged meetings with the Provost, the Vice Presidents, Student Leadership and various other University Faculty and Administrators to address the problems.

In the coming week, Beacon Editor-in-Chief Larry Clow will personally be interviewing many of the administrators involved with this matter. Read next week's edition of The Beacon for his feature article, explaining the ins and outs of this matter and how it will

By Lori Michael
The Beacon

On February 7 CARIBSA (Caribbean Student Association) had a luncheon honoring Jamaican singer Robert Nesta Marley. Raffles, awards, endless amounts of foods, and of course some Bob Marley jams supplied by Exodus Supreme. "It was good," said Amber DeSantis, "it touched me because it was a brief look at another style of music and a person [Marley] that affected the world."

The event opened with the President of CARIBSA, Simone Johnson welcoming all the guests, and then leading into the Black National Anthem sung by Kimblee Jonas. There was a brief history of his Marley's life given by the treasurer of the club, Kiesha Campbell. At the conclusion of her summary, Dennis read a poem she wrote about Marley called "Forever a Legend."

Exodus Supreme broke out into "Buffalo Soldier." Kevin Smith then gave a brief discography of Marley's music and his influence on Lauryn Hill, Steven Tyler, and The Roots, to name a few. "This really gives the sense of culture and Bob Marley," said Julie Kenol.

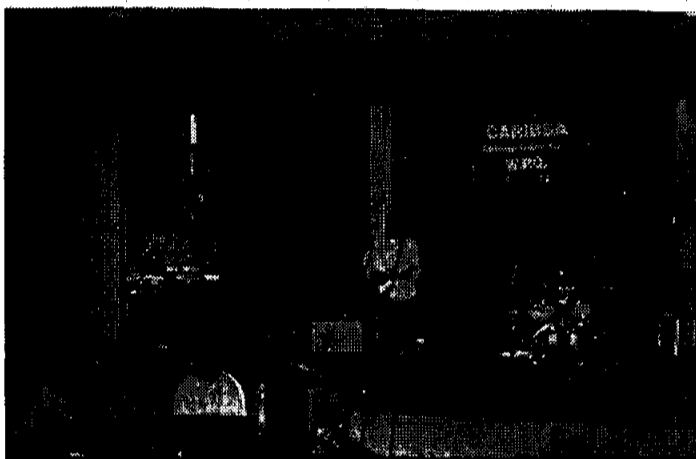


photo by Corey Shomo

as bad as it sounds), curried chicken, salad, carrot cake, and Jamaican soda. While eating, there were a couple of raffles. The prizes were pictures of Marley, one in a small frame the other in a big blown-up picture. Mr. Wilson, a teacher from a near by Paterson school won one picture, while Lakesha, a William Paterson student won the other.

"I enjoyed myself," said Residence Life Staff member Melissa Gonzalez, "[it's] good to see students involved." At the closing, Simone gave thanks to everyone who attended to keep the spirit of Bob Marley alive. "We did not expect such a big turn out," said Simone. Exodus Supreme closed out the day with some more Marley tunes, along with Shaggy's "Angel", which segue into Steve Miller Band's "Joker." "It was

While the food was served, Exodus Supreme performed some more tunes, such as "One Love," "No Woman, No Cry," and many others. The menu consisted of: rice and beans, white rice, chicken stew, fried chicken, ox tail (not

good, says Area Coordinator Deeanne Hackett, "I can see the creativity the organization CARIBSA put into this and I hope they put more effort into honoring other Caribbean artists."

More Parking Perils: Car Theft Problems Plauge Campus

By Larry Clow
The Beacon

As though the over-crowded lots weren't bad enough, WPU students must now worry about the threat of car theft. A recent spree of car thefts has occurred, leaving many wondering just how safe their cars are when they're in class.

Junior Mike Scalero, who commutes from Rutherford, was shocked when he found that his car, a 1988 Pontiac Grand Am, had been stolen sometime during the day on January 28. "There have been times in Lot 5, where at night I walk right past my car, and not realise it. Sometimes I am walking in the complete wrong row and feel stupid when I remember where I actually left it. But this time it was different. I know I parked at the end of the bottom row," said Scalero. After getting a ride



Campus Lot 4

from his cousin, Scalero went to campus police, who then searched the remaining parking lots for signs of Scalero's car. It wasn't found, and Scalero filed a stolen car report with campus police.

The theft of Scalero's car is not an isolated incident, however. According to Lt. Michael Seaman of Campus Police, there has been a rash of stolen cars for almost a year. In 2001, there were 15 cars reported stolen; all but two of the cars were recovered. No arrests have been made in connection with the thefts. Scalero's car has been the only one stolen in 2002, and has not been recovered yet. There are no suspects at the moment, but campus police are taking measures against further thefts.

"We're doing surveillance, and we stake out the lots when we can," said Lt. Seaman. "It's [car theft] a statewide problem, it's not just us [the university]." The state government is offering suggestions on how to crack down and prevent car theft.

Interviews Scheduled For Prospective Dean of Students

By Rashad Davis
SGA President

The final stages of the Dean of Students search have arrived. The committee has narrowed its selection to four finalists. There will be special forums for students to meet and converse with the candidates at selected times during the interview days. The days and times are as follows:

Dr. Eloise Stiglitz: Monday, February 11 2002 11:00-12:00 (SC 213)
Dr. Roy W. Baker: Thursday, February 14 2002 11:00-12:00 (SC 213)

These meetings are extremely important! The person selected to fill this position will become a part of the William Paterson University community and directly affect the SGA, as he/she will be the liaison between our organization and the other administrative agencies in the University. I urge all to make every effort to attend these interviews to learn more about the candidates and provide feedback concerning your own impressions of each interviewee. If you have any questions regarding the search, do not hesitate to contact me.

Diversity

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Day: Two Views
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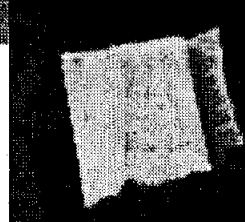
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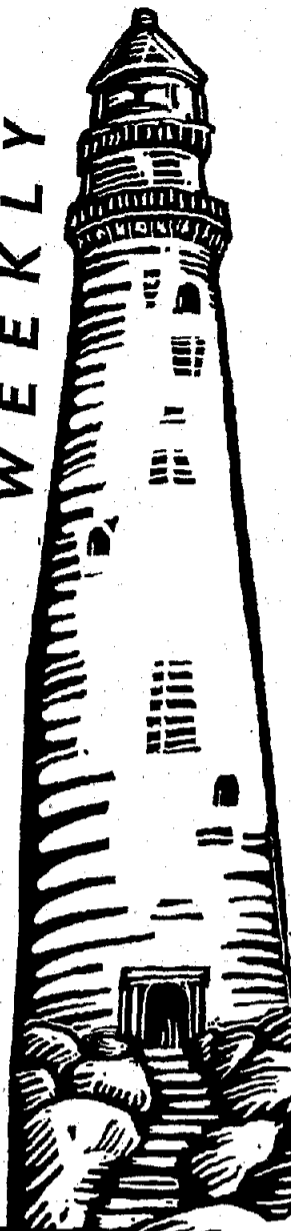
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The Beacon

WEEKLY



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The Beacon office is
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Produced on 

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The Beacon is the independent, student-run newspaper serving the community of William Paterson University and outlying areas. The Beacon published and distributed on Monday. The Beacon does not receive any funding from WPU, the Student Government Association or any university affiliate, and raises all its operations revenue from the sale of paid advertisements. The Beacon is registered with the County of Passaic, NJ.

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ELECTRIC RECORDING IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE
NOTIFICATION LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY AND
FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION.

Calendar of Events

Monday 02-11

SGA: Club Presidents mtg.
3:30-5:30pm SC203-4-5
Adult CPR 6-8:30pm Rec
Center x2777
Employment Equity &
Diversity
Common Hour Ballroom x2371
Sorority Rush
Orientation 8-9pm Student
Center Ballroom
Greek Senate x2518

Tuesday 02-12

SGA: Finance Committ
mtg. 12:30-2:00pm
SC324-5
SGA: Public Relations mtg.
3:30-5:00pm
SC213
Study Skills Workshop
2-3pm Hunziker Wing 2
Academic Support x263

Wednesday 02-13

SAPB mtg. 5pm SC213
x3259
Women's Forum
TBA Employment Equity &
Diversity/SABLE x2389
Beacon: Staff Meeting
SC310, 10:00 x2248
Sister to Sister Forum
7:30pm, Towers Pavilion
Refreshments will be
served

Thursday 02-14

Happy Valentine's Day
Valentine's Day Photos -
Common Hour Location TBA
SAPB x3259
The Orchestra 12:30pm -
Shea \$ x2371
SGA: Executive Board mtg.
3:30-6:00pm SC326
Lecture: Art of Kissing
7-9pm Billy Pat's SAPB
x3259

Friday 02-15

Hip Hop Extravaganza
2002
9pm-1:30am Ballroom
UHHCO x2157

Saturday 02-16

African Heritage Month
trip to Baltimore, MD
Leave lot 5 @ 7am x251

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 02-17

Disc Golf
11am Meet at Atrium
Outdoors CLUB X2488

Come up and check
out The Beacon in the
Student Center, room
310

Exodus Supreme Jans Out at William Paterson

New University Program Featured in Business Week

You have probably noticed gray haired senior citizens at club meetings and in the common area. They are here not as students, but as mentors that students can seek to help them with the problems of living in a new form of community, namely a college campus, many away from domestic homes or even foreign countries.

It is possible that most of the mentors have already experienced, in the past, some of the problems that students now face. There are already some success stories of students working with a mentor solving their problems. The mentors are not being paid for their time, so why do they do it?

For many, it is the chance to be with young people and a chance to use their professional skills. Nothing is more heartfelt

than helping others, for it is an opportunity to keep their minds active and to see if modern life is so different from their early lives.

The mentors provide emotional support, counseling, some tutoring, and many times helping students to see a different approach to problem solving.

If you feel that some mentoring help could be useful call Daphne Joslin, Ph.D., Institute for Creative Aging 973-720-3692 Students of Life for an appointment.

In future articles we will introduce, a few at a time, the mentors who are part of this program along with their backgrounds.

By Lori Miciel
The Beacon

At the BoMarley luncheon on February 7, Exodus Supreme, jammed the Student Center Ballroom to its

feet. The band consists of Londa Von Cile on tambourine, lead female vocals, and known as the "teaser," Selah Jenda on bass and vocals; Floy Kirkland on guitar; David Kline on drums, and Ricky Simpson on keyboard and vocals. There is also another member of the band who was

not at the event, Jamila Miller Macio on vocals.

The band got together in the '80s but then broke up and reformed again in '97. "15 years," says Selah. Originally they were based in Parson, NJ; however

they have toured most of the northeast at such places as Boston, NYC, and other cities. In their free time, they enjoy listening to: the latest reggae, their own stuff, popular R&B, some boy bands. "Although

feels for what he was saying. Marley put the Black consciousness into his music and thus created a strand of reggae himself. Some other influences, besides Marley, include R&B, rock (a little) and Calypso.

"Music is very much a spiritual journey, typically enjoyed lyrically," says Floyd.

In conclusion, I ask the band about how they feel about the concept of "world music" and this is some of their reactions.

Floyd: "Reggae

used to be labeled as this, it was known as the "forbidden music." Selah: "When I see college radio stations playing "world music" it represents that they are more open to accept others instead of Western culture."



Photo by: Cory Shomo

they may seem cheesy, N'SYNC has a high production value," says Selah.

"Bob Marley sent some powerful messages for the times," says Selah. In the song "War" it was relevant to time, racism, and Marley actually

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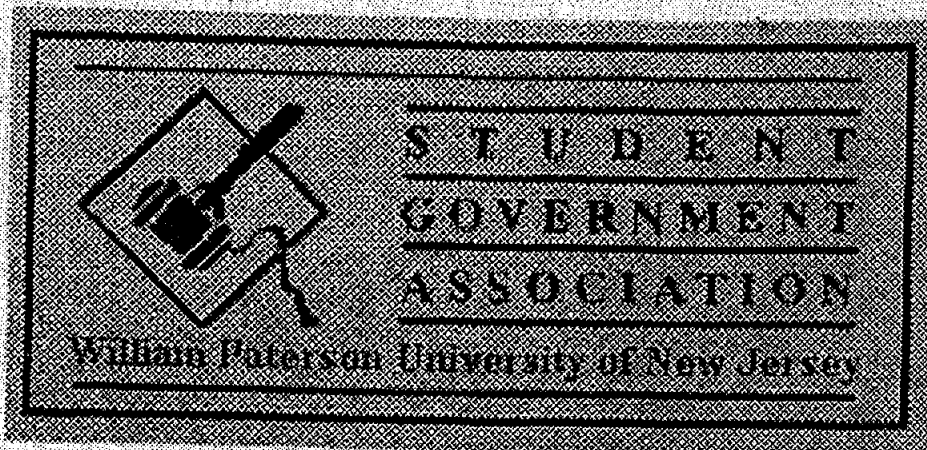
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- **WPU Special:** One Large Pie and one Small Pie FREE or a Large Garlic Bread FREE for only \$8.75 (+tax)
- **Wings Special:** A Dozen Wings (mild, atomic, nuclear, thermonuclear, or BBQ), French Fries, and a 20-oz. bottle of soda all for \$8.49 (+tax).
- **Baked Ziti Special:** A Large Dish of Baked Ziti Parmigiana with a Small Garlic Bread for only \$5.95 (+tax).

STORE HOURS: Mon. - Sat. 11am to 1pm, Sun. 12pm to 11pm (Hours Subject to Change)



SGA SPECIAL ELECTIONS

Location- Inside the Student Center, 1st Floor

Dates- Wednesday + Thursday Feb 13 + 14

Times- 10:00 AM – 8:00 PM

Positions:

Board of Trustees Representatives

Senior Class Secretary

Junior Class Treasurer

Sophomore Class Secretary

College of Arts & Communications Representatives

College of Education Representatives

College of Humanities & Social Sciences Representative

College of Science and Health Representatives

Club "B" Representatives

Club "C" Representatives

Club "E" Representative

Other info that needs to be there:

Bring your WPU Photo ID to vote

All students have a right to vote

Call SGA Office x2157 with questions

Ask for Acting Elections Chairman Jim Schofield

BE SURE TO

YOUR VOICE COUNTS

A Look at the SGA

By Jim Schofield
The Beacon

The SGA Special Elections will take place this week on Wednesday and Thursday Feb 13 and 14, from 10:00 AM to 8:00 PM on the first floor of the Student Center. All students are asked and expected to come out and vote. WPU Picture IDs will be needed to cast your ballots. Goran Dimeski, Kimberly Graham, Andrew Malko and Jenna-Lyn Rounsaville are running for the position of Voting Representative to the Board of Trustees. Lori Perlmutter and Angela Rodriguez are running for Non-voting Representative to the Board of Trustees. Angela Gandolfo is running for one of the open Club "B" Representative positions. Imelda Figaro and Carla Irusta are running for Senior Class Secretary. Sarah DePadova is running for Junior Class Treasurer. Carlos Pena is running for College of Humanities and Social Sciences Representative. Donald White is running for one of the open College of Science and Health Representative positions. Jennifer Rencher is running for one of the open College of Education Representative.

The Residence Life Committee met for the first time at common hour on Tuesday, February 5. This Ad-Hoc Committee is being chaired by Taliha Stevens. Steve Prue is the Department of Residence Life's representative on the committee, which will meet in the small lounge in the North Tower at common hour on the first Tuesday of every month. The meeting began by listing good points about Residence Life, such as the new premium cable and the efficient maintenance, then spent some time on areas that need improvement. Students with questions for Residence Life, comments, suggestions, complaints or praise can leave them with the SGA Office on the third floor of the Student Center. The committee will address them to the Residence Life Department and try to get them acted upon. Students interested in joining this committee should get in touch with Chairperson Stevens through the SGA Office.

The SGA Legislature spent a great deal of time at their Tuesday, February 5 meeting about the situations with the WPU Bookstore. Subjects that came up were the extraordinary costs of the books and the often poor service, not to mention the frequent unavailability of books necessary for classes. The Legislature approved a motion to look into the possibility of providing students, through the SGA Computer Lab, with the ability to buy books online. This service, originally suggested by SGE Executive Vice President Daren Smith, is currently under review with SGA Financial Manager Nicholas DiMinni and SGA Attorney Gerald Brennan

have events.

Senior Class Vice President Renee Giliberti resigned her post recently over a class conflict. Senior Class Secretary Katie Porter has been promoted to take over that position. Giliberti, who has since resigning cleared up her class conflict, may still choose to be involved in the SGA.

Yearbook Editor Jamie Mayerowitz has recently resigned for personal reasons. SGA Financial Manager DiMinni will be handling the Yearbooks relations with DaVorr Photography until the Pioneer Yearbook is able to elect a new editor.

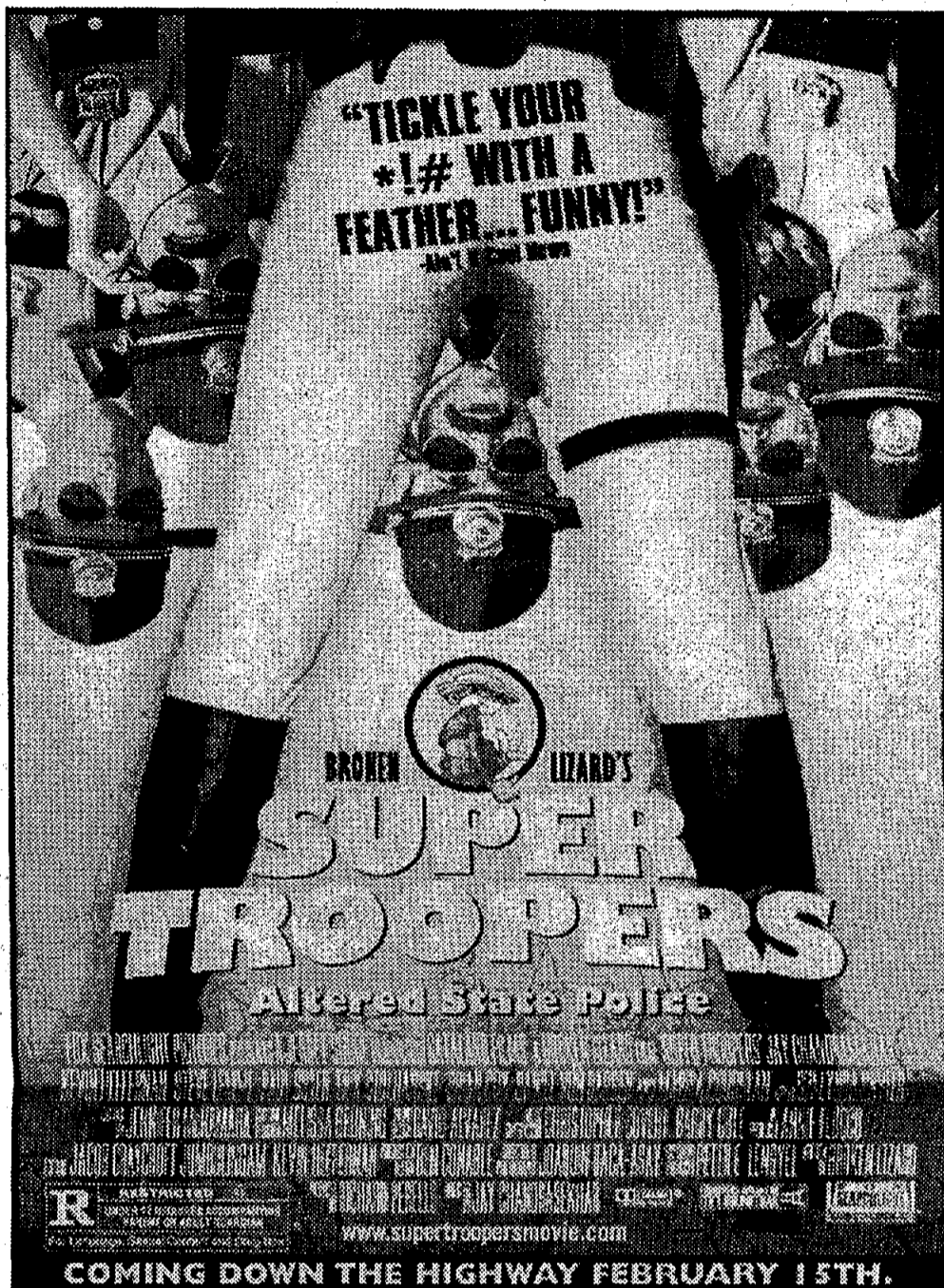
Changes and revisions to the SGA Financial Guidelines, which will bring the document in line with current SGA policies and practices, were approved by the SGA Executive Board at their February 8 meeting. SGA Treasurer Tyeshia Henderson wrote the revisions, assisted by the Finance Committee and by suggestions from the Executive Board, SGA Financial Manager DiMinni, Director of Campus Activities Francisco Diaz and The Beacon Business Manager Bryan Lamphear. The document will be taken to the Legislature for final approval at their February 19 meeting.

CJR Chairman Mauricio Mattos is requesting that all Club "B" Organizations review their Constitutions to bring them into line with the current SGA Constitution and the current Model Club "B" Constitution drafted earlier this year by the Court of Judicial Review. These revisions, which are required bi-annually by the SGA Constitution, are due in to CJR by February 25.

Tickets are currently on sale for the Junior Class Sponsored Spring Break trip to Virginia Beach. The trip will include a day at King's Dominion. Tickets cost \$75 for WPU Students and are available to all students. Tickets will soon be available at a cost of \$90 to non-students, but not until Junior Class President Janiki Watley determines that no more William Paterson Students wish to go.

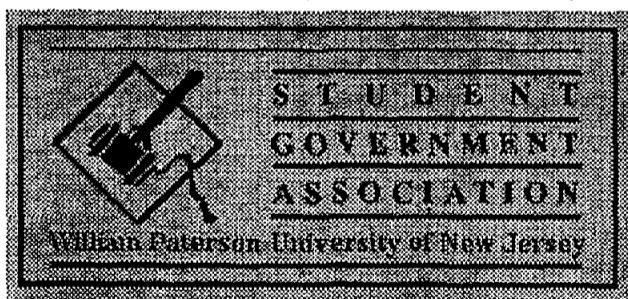
The Public Safety Committee, under Sophomore Class President Jason Richardson, met for the first time this semester on Wednesday, February 8. They are currently planning a survey to find out how students feel about the safety and services situation on campus. Suggestions for this survey can be left in Sophomore President Richardson's mailbox in the SGA Office. This meeting also saw discussion of a possible expansion of the shuttle service, especially their off-campus trips, along with the damage done to Gate 1 when someone drove a car into/through it. The gate should be repaired by this week.

The Sophomore Class is holding a meeting about the



Unity Carnival on Wednesday in the Starbucks Café at 3:30. All are welcome and invited to attend. The Sophomore Class is also asking the Freshman, Junior and Senior Classes to co-sponsor the Unity Carnival to make it a truly unifying event. This invitation is also being extended to every club on campus. Perhaps most importantly to Sophomore President Richardson, name suggestions for the Unity Carnival are welcome.

The Freshman Class is holding a Bake Sale on February 12, 14, 19 and 21. This will be to offset the costs of the many programs that the Freshman Class under Freshman Class President Takeisha McCoy has



to determine its feasibility, legality and desirability.

Executive VP Smith has begun collecting from SGA Clubs and Organizations a monthly list of their activities and meetings. He hopes that this list will not only serve to keep students informed of events that they can participate in, but may also lead to clubs scheduling more events at spread out times so that there is always something to do on campus. This list will be available in the SGA Office and may be posted around campus.

SGA Vice President Olivia Amanfor will convene a meeting of the Student Center Advisory Board sometime soon to discuss a possible penalty for organizations that schedule an event in the Student Center, then cancel it without notifying Hospitality Services. Hopefully, this will either encourage clubs to go through with their events, or keep the rooms of the Student Center open for those clubs that do wish to

Gerry Brennan SGA Attorney

Available

Every Wednesday in SC
326 from 2-8pm

instituted so far this year.

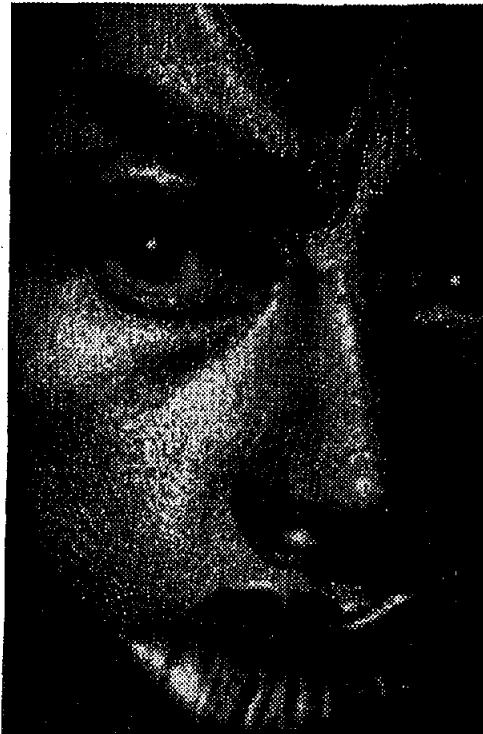
The Freshman Class is considering sponsoring a trip to Washington DC to protest US President George Bush's recent Anti-Abortion statements. Should they decide to go, they will reach out to other campus organizations such as the Feminist Collective and possibly to other New Jersey State Universities. Students with comments or questions on this should see Freshman President McCoy.

Who Are We?

Issues of identity discussed in language and art

The topics of race and identity are constant ones in our Western society. The sheer democratic freedom of integration of race, religion and sexual preference in our country alone makes this so. An exhibit of selected art work currently been shown at WPU tackles these topics in "Issues of Identity In Recent American Art". The show, being held at the court gallery of Ben Shahn Hall thorough March 8th, gathers a collection of 9 major contemporary artists. Their work has been nationally and internationally acclaimed, being shown at forerunning museums like the Whitney, Metropolitan, and the San Francisco Museum of Art. The selected work in the show represents "diversity in mediums and identity issues" says Alejandro Anrus, a Professor of Art History at WPU. Professor Anrus walked the exhibition with me the day I did this review. The artwork in the exhibition ranges from the abstracted acrylic paintings of Robert Colescott to the visually complex installations of Michael Oatman.

Each artist makes an individual mark on the topic of identity in the exhibition and employs imaginative use of the chosen medium. In the feminist photography of Cindy Sherman, Sherman herself



Cindy Sherman's "Untitled #323"
Photo Courtesy of masters-of-photography.com

dons disguises of female archetypes, such as a poster girl, damsel in distress and working girl. In doing so, she sheds any preconceived notions of narcissism, and becomes a vessel, a mannequin of

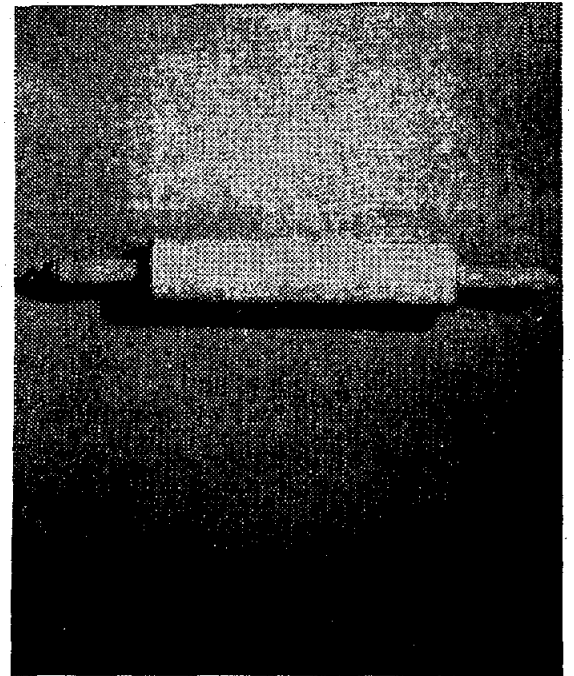
which different social attitudes of women are worn. When Joe Tseng dons a Mao suit and deadpan expression, he becomes Tseng Kwong Chi, Asian invader. In his stunning and humorous photos Tseng, who was actually a homosexual artist from Canada, places himself in typical visages of Americana such as Mt. Rushmore, the Statue of Liberty and Disneyland. Tseng confronts stereotypes about the Asian personality. The Paintings of Robert Colescott juxtaposes the aesthetics of Cubism and Abstract Expressionism. Colescott uses the topics of race in his playful work and points fun

at it. This desensitizes his subjects but reveals the idiotic and ignorant natures of racism. "Colescott makes fun of everything" says Anrus. The paintings are imaginative and colorful and brighten up the somewhat oppressive gallery space of the court of Ben Shahn Hall. Michael Oatman's installation work, "Classifying of the criminal mind," displays the grit and grime of a 1950's private detective's desk. "The work deals with the classifying of the criminal mind, a disorder within order," added Anrus when asked of his reaction to the piece. The clarity and illustrative qualities of the work by Masumi Teraoka juxtapose elements of Japonisme and American Pop-art, detailing East-West clashes of culture and identity. Carrie Mae Weems uses combinations of text and photography in dealing with the context of which the American Black male is seen in our society and its sociology; the "displaced slave" or "productive member of America" are two of the depictions considered.

The two pieces of art that crystallize the spirit and aim of the exhibition best are the works by Adrian Piper and Enrique Chagoya. Chagoya born in Mexico, uses layered technique in his display of the stereotypical views American society can hold of Mexicans. In Chagoya's image, named "Border Patrol", the artist juxtaposes text, and illustrative decapitations of figures such as Aztecs, border patrol men, and even Speedy Gonzalez. Chagoya's use of Aztecs dancing and celebrating symbolizes Mexico's rich cultural heritage and refutes the American stereotype as the Mexican as a "sub-human border jumper" just looking for a easy life in America. Speedy Gonzalez is layered in the background, a metaphor of stereotype with another layer under the American flag, a symbol of the so-called "promise land". There is a feeling of bitterness and contempt in this picture with the indifferent and rigid way the border patrol authorities are depicted, a feeling that is conveyed to the viewer. Adrian Piper's video installation "Cornered" is the culminating work of the exhibition and captures the theme of the show as an identity issue in the most directly effective manner of the exhibited work. Piper, who holds a PhD from Harvard University is both black and white. The installation is set in an corner of the room with birth certificates of her father, one saying he is white (a mistake) and another black, hanging on each side of the video screen. Piper's topic in the video is of her own strong reformations of identity as a black woman. This comes with a twist, as Piper has very light-toned skin and can pass for a white woman. She asks the question of "what should I refer myself to". Piper strongly acknowledges her black heritage over the white in the video. Piper's onscreen

persona is smug and confrontational despite her negations of her work as an "Empty academic exercise," only used for her gain. There is a feeling of discomfort as she deals out the facts of racial inequality and struggle in her life in cold confidence, without worry of reproach.

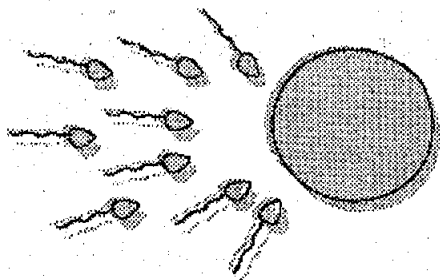
The overall sensibility of the exhibition



Carrie Mae Weems' "By Any Means Necessary"
Photo Courtesy of www.gregkucera.com

though, is humor. Humor is used in a way of "softening the blow of a more serious subject" says professor Anrus. "Humor can help us recognize more clearly the deep, painful things" he added. As young Americans and college students we have an obligation as the future citizens of this country to recognize the issues addressed here and to abolish them. The exhibition raises issues of racism and bigotry. We must refute these everyday.

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Praise for Maintenance?

That's right, praise for Campus Maintenance. It wasn't a typo. I have a story to relate which causes me to call into question all the complaints that I have ever heard about the res life maintenance.

I live on the second floor of Matelson. This is only my second semester here, so I had not yet had to call maintenance for any reason. On one Tuesday, however, out of the blue, an odd black liquid began welling up out of my suitemates' sink. Granted, it was on their side of the bathroom, but the smell sure didn't take the hint and stay there. In any case, we decided to wait for a little while and see if maybe it went away. You know, the way you do with a cavity or a small rash or a visitor from New York City or something. After about an hour or so, we decided that this had been a bad idea when I went into the bathroom and immediately started using the first thing in sight (which had unfortunately been my drinking cup) to bail the noxious liquid into the nearby shower before it spilled onto the floor even more than it already had. So, while I found myself with the duty of trying to keep our bathroom from sinking, my suitemates went to find the RA on duty. She came and saw the problem, expressed sympathy, wrinkled her nose at the smell and vowed to file a maintenance request form for us immediately. However, she warned us not to expect much, even though she did put down that it was an emergency.

Shortly more than an hour later (keep in mind that this is about 9 o'clock in the evening now), a gentleman from maintenance arrived. After we let him in, his first assessment was something we had already concluded, "You guys have a problem." He looked around, but could not immediately fix it. So, he used a stopgap solution and said he'd return with reinforcements in the morning.

So I went to bed, dreaming terrible nightmares of the sink overflowing with the disgusting fluid and pools of it drowning my suitemates and I. Waking in the morning in a cold sweat, I leaned over to turn my alarm off, only to find that it was 7:59 AM, one minute before my alarm was to go off. At that point, there was a second knock on the door. Pulling on a shirt, I called "come," and in walked a plumber. Seeing me just rising, he apologized for waking me, then asked my permission to get to work on the sink.

That was how it began. As the day wore on (I spent most of the day in the room except for a short time I had to be in the SGA Office), numerous other men from maintenance came and went, all of them polite and courteous, working diligently on the problem. I discovered that it was also affecting the rooms immediately above ours on the third and fourth floors. Perplexed as they were, the men worked constantly, either in my room or the rooms above us.

It got to the point where several of them were getting off work, but none wanted to leave my suitemates and I with such an awful problem. Most of them decided to stay even after they could have gone home, and I let two use my phone to call their wives to say where they were. They did not stop until it was all fixed, then cleaned up the small mess they had made to the point where the bathroom looked even better than it had before they came. As they left, apologizing for taking so long, I stuttered over my surprised to thank them profusely for their work and for staying so long after they should have been home. When I looked at the clock, it read 8:59 PM. They had been here for thirteen hours straight. Whoever else wants to complain about maintenance, I'll never be convinced.

-Jim Schofield



Point/Counterpoint: Are Liberal Arts Schools Too Liberal?

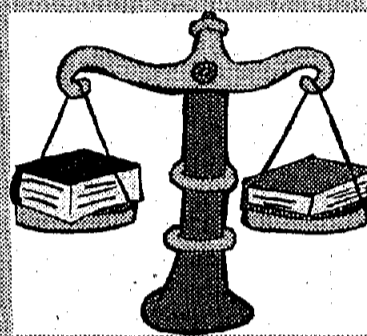
Liberal Arts Schools Need a Dose of Conservatism

By Steve DeGenarro
The Beacon

Liberalism and Political Correctness run rampant in America, especially on college campuses. On most Liberal Arts campuses such as William Paterson University it is sometimes hard to find an objective unbiased view in some classes on subjects such as the history of our country, globalization, or current events in general.

Certain classes have become podiums for racists, ultra-radical feminists or just far left radical views. A few weeks ago on the "O'Reilly Factor," it was stated that in most liberal arts institutions nearly 80% of the faculty classified themselves as Liberals. With 80% of the faculty liberal, would students get an objective view on certain issues? Now, don't get me wrong, I am all for dissenting views and I encourage debate between faculty and students, but in some cases I

have witnessed students becoming penalized when grading time came because they didn't share the views of professors. Colleges are suppose to encourage free and open debate, but



sadly some professors and administration officials frown upon it. Should colleges hire professors which not only lean conservative, but with viewpoints on all ends of the political spectrum? I think so.

Across the country Free Speech is also an issue. Chris

Lilik, editor in chief of a Villanova University student newspaper called "The Conservative Column" received a voicemail message from the school's director of student development concerning a parody advertisement directed at a local bank that provided the universities ATM services. "We obviously have some concerns about the content of The Conservative Column." Therefore, I will be removing all the issues of The Conservative Column that I see." The school ended up making good on it's threat. Censorship at it's worst. It can happen everywhere, even here.

With the recent stories about anything with, "God Bless America" on it being taken down in schools, the political correctness on college campuses represent a disturbing trend. Colleges should have a diverse faculty, both politically, and ethnically.

Liberal Arts Are NOT Too Liberal

By James O'Leary
The Beacon

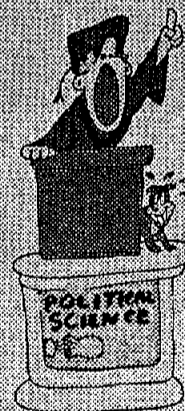
free speech, alternative thoughts and dissenting opinions. If 80%

sors to provide more conservative lectures, and would these lectures be more objective? Students should be able to absorb relevant information from any lecture, and then form an opinion of their own. And, if colleges are supposed to encourage freethinking and open debate, how could anyone possibly ruminant about how much of a certain expressed ideology is best. Universities should not focus on hiring professors with certain ideologies. Students attending class would still receive subjective views. Universities only need unbiased evaluators.

How can a Liberal Arts College be too liberal? Students complain that faculty's views are biased, but usually only when the views dissent from their own. Universities exist to encourage new ideas and thinking, and not as a forum to simply extend old ideas. Whenever professors or students express their ideas, it should be expected that they would be subjective, as very few subjects can be objective, even science or mathematics, to an extent.

Universities should encourage

of professors are liberal, it should have little affect on students. Do students need profes-



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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TURNING POINTS

I'm twenty and figuring out a series of problems. There's school: my plans of majors and minors. Do I even know what the hell I'm doing? Then there's family: is there that connection? My friends are something else I'm thinking about. Have I limited my circle small enough to trust these people? Have I shrunk it too much that I have built walls because of my insecurities, or have I made it so large that I can't honestly look at someone and truly know them? My job: do I have a job that benefits me in the future, or is the quick cash all I need right now? My social life: am I unfulfilled with partying or not partying, and have I mastered the world of interacting? Am I painfully shy? Finally, romance. Am I satisfied with being single, happy in a relationship, or scared about being with one person for an extended amount of time? Question after question, and an answer reveals yet another question. For a while, I got to thinking that twenty is a minor case of the trauma that is mid-life crisis.

Twenty, I thought, a great age. I'm finally rid of the awkward, unsure, lacking self-confidence, scared teenage stage. Only to realize I've become an awkward, frightened, completely oblivious, worried twenty year old. Not much has changed. You have to wonder, what are we doing? I mean at sixteen it was tolerated to be a little immature, silly, not to take life so seriously, and to be careless about the future. But at twenty, the careless view of the future is replaced with "What the hell am I going to do?" You're only twenty, so being overly mature seems to take away the fun of being young, and being silly seems to take away the adult away from being older. So who are we at twenty? Are we still young enough to get away with the practical stunts from back in high school or are we old enough to take on the

responsibilities of the real world?

Maybe it seems naïve, but at twenty I had envisioned this world of a group of four or five best friends, living the "normal" lives of college students, going to a job in an office building, and going out on the weekends, and hanging out and talking overly philosophically—a twenty year old co-ed version of "Sex and the City" if you will. But I realize, life isn't like that. Twenty isn't like that. It isn't so black and white; there's more color to this. I had the job, I had the class on Tuesday nights, I had the weekends at the mall, movies, or restaurants, and I had those weird intense conversations at diners. By the end of the night, I hoped I would come to a conclusion like a character on a television show. And I had an epiphany; the life of television characters are minimized in sixty minutes, and my life has an unexpected time limit. Think about it. Your life is like the timer your mother uses to bake her cake. Sooner or later, that thing is going to ding and it's going to be time to go. And well, while you have time, make each minute worth it.

So Dawson and Buffy may know by the end of the 8 o'clock hour what's going to happen in their lives, but life for us continues. And it may suck. Sometimes we want to drown ourselves in the pool. But keep treading those waters cause some day you'll reach the shores, and you'll stand up and look at the dangerous waters you've swam and realize everything you've gone through was worth it, and "I hope you have the time of your life."

Jeff Leone
Contributor

Valentine's Day and Commercialism, Page 10

Why did My Chair Collapse?

A Funny thing hnded to me in the Student cafeteria the other d sat down ready to eat fresh, tasty (sarcasm alert)ch Fries when all of a sen my chair fell apart out from under me. Bei crutches, this was n pleasant experience.

Now, consider thWe pay tuition to come every semester. Our money goes toward everything on this c pus, from the landsc ing, salary of the sta the salt they don't p down when its icy.

Going to college e going shopping. We our tuition bills in exchange for certain ds and services and rig expect them to be huality. You're not goingo to the store and buy dged goods; you would et the best. If our hard-eacash pays for everything is campus, then why c these things be of huality?

The campus conditions are deplorable. Our money is apparently not used to provide us with the high quality goods and services one



Does the university expect the student body to pay for grossly inferior conditions such as broken tables and chairs, a dirty starbucks lounge, clocks (especially the one in the Student Center cafeteria) that fail to tell the correct time, and a horrible parking situation every semester? The point I'm trying to make is, why should we pay for low quality amenities? Would you go to a supermarket and buy expired milk? No. Then why should we pay for broken down tables, chairs, and the like?

We have a right to demand change and call for both the large and small problems to be fixed. As a tuition paying student attending this school I ask President Speert, where is our money going?

Steve DeGennaro
The Beacon

DISH WITH DIVA NUDE

Dear Diva & Dude,

I'm a second semester freshman and I am thinking of joining a fraternity on campus. Are they all the same?

—Curious from Towers

Dear Curious,

Being that I don't belong to either a fraternity or a sorority and I don't have friends who do either, I would not be able to tell you the differences or similarities between the two. You might want to read Dude's response now...sorry.

—Dina

Dear Curious,

There is a difference between many Greek organizations. My apologies ahead of time to those I don't mention here. There are social frats, such as IKE and APD. Like the song says, "they like to party." Then there are the occasional service Fraternities. AFW, Alpha Phi Omega happens to be the only one I know on campus. Its co-ed and

its prime objective is community service. There are others, such as music fraternities, and drama frities. AYW, Alpha Psi Omega is one of them. I suggest go to Rush Week, look for flyers, and head to the aus activities office to get full information.

—Dude

Dear Diva & Dude,

My roommate asked me to have a threesome wer and her boyfriend for his birthday. I'm tempted but still hesitant. Should I do it?

—Unsure in Century

Dear Unsure,

You have one of two choices. Do it because YOint to or don't do it because YOU don't want to do anything because someone else wants you to. Is totally your call. Personally, I wouldn't even he to say no because I know that I would not ever want to do that. Yet you really need to thi about why YOU'RE hesitating because obviously are

not putting the entire idea aside which leads me to believe there is some interest there. So here's a suggestion: make a list of the pros and cons of the consequences and take it from there.

—Dina

Unsure,

Hmm. If only you were my girlfriend... just kidding. Seriously though. You run a couple risks here. Awkwardness between you and your roomie after this. Tension between you and your boyfriend and your roomie if he comes to visit. Or, worst case, you might get jealous of the 2 of them having something happen, with you there or not. On the flip side, I do know of a girl who did this, and she and her roommate are still best friends, with no problems. I guarantee your boyfriend will thank you though if you do it. Just some food for thought.

—Dude

Need advice? Contact: Beaconadvice@yahoo.com

Back at the Bookstore

My pit of low self esteem exists in the bookstore. In my life I have never been one to complain, or to question the system if you will. I definitely don't have much of a concern for people around me, and the SGA would never be an option for a person like myself because I'm really never inclined to care about my fellow man. Occasionally however, I am forced to interact with my companions in society, suck it up, and realize that conversation is necessary.

My Christmas break was spent mostly in Philadelphia doing God knows what in places such as South Street, Fairmount park, the art museum, and the like. I ate on 9th street, traveled up and down Delaware Avenue, and listened to open mic nights near my hometown and basically soaked up everything from home that I had been missing in the past couple of months. But alas, all good things must come to an end, and eventually I found myself packing up my bags and heading "home" to that little dorm room in South Towers that I share with my roommate and good friend. Coming back to school this semester was a lot harder then I thought it would be. In previous breaks from school all I wanted to do was come back. I couldn't wait to stay out all night again, every night, and do whatever I wanted and live the incredible independent lifestyle that I had grown accustomed to at William Paterson.

For some reason however, this semester is going a little bit different then the rest. I don't really have any desire to go to bars, even though I'm sure I'll go eventually, and I look at people a lot differently then I used to. Basically, the very apparent and obvious bottom line is that Southern New Jersey and the Philadelphia area differ entirely from Northern New Jersey and New York. They're like two different worlds. I had been dealing with the differences for about a year now, and now I realize that I simply don't care anymore.

One of the prime differences that I've noticed on this campus from what I've seen at home is the way people treat each other. I know that there are assholes everywhere and that eventually you'll come across them in your travels, but unfortunately I am forced to deal with them everyday. And I'm not talking about my friends, people that I see socially, I'm talking about people that are employed here at Willy P.

Now let me just state for the record that I am not "one of them". It wasn't my intention today to sit down at this computer and bitch about the campus because I have nothing else better to do. I personally think that complaining about the Food Service, the Bursar's Office, or anything else on this campus will get me nowhere, but I've had a problem on campus recently that made me think of this whole cultural difference thing between the north and the south in our dear old state of New Jersey.

Here we go: The Book Store. I look at these previous two words sometimes and they look like they would be a great name for a cheesy horror movie, one of those terrible films with women with humongous breasts and ripped shirts running from deformed men with scissors on their hands and crazy striped sweaters.

It was day one for this semester and I decided that instead of being lazy and degenerate like I had been in the past, I was going to get up off of my ass and buy some books, fast, before this new-found feeling of motivation left my body. I picked up my keys, threw on my coat and off I went to conquer this bookstore that I had been hearing so much

about. One would have thought that fucking Medusa herself lived in this place from all of the horror stories I had been hearing from friends and professors.

I opened up that incredibly heavy sort of automatic door that you still have to open yourself and entered the pool hall, and made my way over. Looking into the store I noticed that not too many people were in there, a good sign, because the last thing I wanted was to have to deal with looking for my books, and waiting in line. I took my time, paced myself, didn't want to get myself stressed out too quickly, and made my way throughout the store. Some of the books weren't where they were supposed to be of course, but I did ok, and eventually I got down to one book that I couldn't find, this book being the one I needed the most. So in a

fashion completely typical of myself I walked over devoid of shame and tapped a seemingly nice girl wearing a bookstore apron on the shoulder.

When I say that a look has never made me feel like less of a person, I'm serious. The look in this girl's eyes at my having the nerve to tap her on the shoulder to ask her for advice was life threatening. My eyes immediately went to my

socks and sandals in shame, how dare I ask someone for help? The audacity of me, simple student, asking someone with an occupation in book searching to help me search for a book, absurd! It's insane! The little rhinestone beads on her white shirt spelling out "Guess" seemed to laugh at me in a high and mighty "I'm better than you" voice, knowing all the while that there was no way that the girl underneath them was going to help me. Suddenly I was nervous, and very conscious of the fact that I hadn't washed my hair the night before. I was damn near scared shitless. Somehow, by the grace of God I found my voice and choked out "Hi".

Now this is where the North Jersey/South Jersey idea comes into play. I've noticed that girls up here are a little rougher then the girls where I come from. Not in appearance, but in attitude. It seems like a girl up here is less likely to take shit from anyone than a girl from down south. This definitely came to my disadvantage as I was faced with this chick. First off, she was gorgeous, and made me dreadfully aware of my relative worth compared to her and how low it was. Secondly, she was in the middle of a conversation about Kate Spade or something completely inconsequential that was apparently earth shattering to her, so I was looked at as the interrupter.

When finally I asked my question, I received the answer that I was assuming I'd hear, "I haven't seen it," as she stood there making no move to help me go find it. After the mental war that I had just went through I was happy to get out of there, clutching with me like the most expensive coach bag all of the self esteem I had left, (which amounted to a shopping bag at K mart), and I was on my way. Now my suitemate, all 120 pounds of North Jersey that she is, would have looked at the girl, and said in a very quiet, very intimidating manner for her to go find her fucking book, and she would have done it, no questions asked. As for me, I'll go back tomorrow and look for it myself.



Horror Stories from the Shoebox:

The Fates Return, or, Which Way Was That?

Jessica Suiter
Diversity Editor?

If you remember, last week was the 'Non-Horror Story', since nothing too horrendous had happened. Well, the fates have not yet decided to torment Jen, so here I am again, with tales to make you realize just how good your life really is, while being amused at the misfortunes of others (namely me).

No sooner had Horror Stories hit the layout, when life began to suck once again. It all started on Friday. Ah, Friday, everyone's favorite day, except me. It's not much fun when you are stuck on campus with no one around. Everyone decided to go home for the weekend but me. So, after getting out of my horrendously boring and unbelievably long class, I decided that I was bored and lonely, so I was going to go out. My original plan was to head to Michael's, out on 46.

For those of you who don't drive, or just don't know the area, 46 is only a five to ten minute drive (I'm not sure what the actual time required is, but it's not much more than that). Well, it took me about three hours to get there.

Yes, I'm lousy with directions. And no, I really didn't know where exactly Michael's was. I thought I knew, so I headed out. Well, first I ended up on the wrong side of 46, heading towards my home. So I tried to make a U-turn, and ended up on some unidentified road. Somehow I missed the right turn off for 46-- I couldn't remember which direction I was supposed to be going. I think I took every possible wrong turn possible as far as U-turns go. I ended up at Willowbrook Mall, some cemetery in Totowa (not hard since there're quite a few of those there), a New Jersey Transit bus depot, and some road I can't identify that leads to New York. Let me tell you, getting lost in areas you can't identify sucks.

I did finally get to Michael's-- but only because I missed the turn to head back to the school. On a better note, the fabric paints I wanted were on sale. On sale is a very good phrase. As Gallagher once said, "Mothers don't even have to teach daughter's on sale." It's in their goddamned DNA.

So Friday traumatized me, and I woke up Saturday (at, like, 1:30. I love weekends) with a killer headache. This does not make for a particularly good weekend, especially when you're bored. So I dragged myself out of my room and headed for breakfast, convinced that my head was going to fall off my shoulders, and wondering where my glasses had disappeared to. (I later found them in the car, where I had thrown them off in a fit of desperation while lost. Because of course abusing my glasses would help me get unlost.)

At breakfast/lunch/whatever meal it was I ran into one of the guys I met in my history class last year. We ate breakfast together, and after some random conversation he invited me to watch Spaceballs with him. He drove the two of us to his room, since not even Spaceballs is worth walking to the apartments, and we indulged in some highly thought-provoking conversation, including the worst movies of all time (Grease 2 and Speed 2 were on that list) and what the theme song to M*A*S*H was called (Suicide is Painless).

We then proceeded to watch the greatest movie ever produced. Well, at least one of them. And for the first time I found someone who watches movies like I do-- we recited all the best parts, which in that movie, is most of the parts.

By Sunday I was relatively healthy again (that is, my head wasn't threatening to blow into tiny pieces), and I was bored again. Really bored. We're talking clean the bathroom and copy chemistry formulas bored. I spent the day doing laundry, which fortunately didn't take a walk when I left it in the dryer for almost an hour and a half. Oops.

Monday was also awful. Once again, way too many classes in one time period. Eeep. I am pleased to announce, however, that I am going to drop one of those. I can't believe that there's actually a class where the main goal is to memorize those cute little symbols that show up in dictionary pronunciation guides but don't really mean anything. You know, like æ. They claim it's important, but it's just really not.

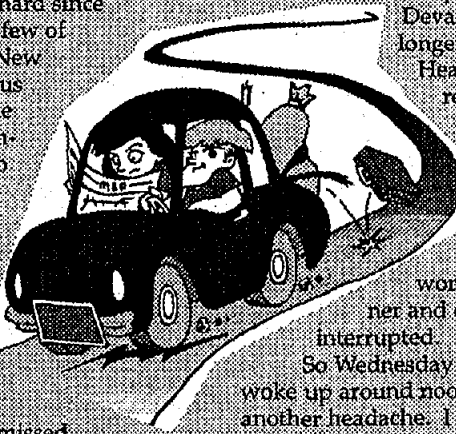
Tuesday wasn't bad actually, until we tried to go to our favorite toy store down by Shop Rite. Devastation-- it no longer exists. Heartbroken, we returned to the dorm to stare at computer screens, talk on AIM, and otherwise "do homework" until dinner and other activities interrupted.

So Wednesday came, and I woke up around noon with yet another headache. I think these things mutate, or multiply, or some other "m" word. I looked at my syllabi, debating on the wisdom of staying in bed all day, and saw that we were supposed to be watching an important movie in one class. So I inhaled some aspirin, brushed my hair, and decided that pajamas were perfectly fine attire for classes.

So I reached my class, and the teacher announces that he didn't have the movie with him, so we'd watch it next week. So basically I got out of bed for no particular reason.

The headache stuck around all day, but that's okay, because everyone else was sick too. One half of my first class, and just about everyone in the third one.

So life sucks again, and we're back to the status quo. So I hope you're all happy. Just think--this could be you.



Allison Chavanon
Contributor

Random Ramblings

So last Wednesday night, I came up to The Beacon office around 7. We have a popcorn machine that hasn't been used since last semester. So I decided that I was gonna clean it out and make a couple batches of popcorn for the meeting. So for about an hour, I stood in front of the machine, meticulously took it apart, cleaned everything until it was spotless, meticulously put it back together, plugged it in and made sure it worked. Luckily I can disassemble things as well as I can put them back together so it's all good. The whole time while I was cleaning that thing, I prayed that the popcorn wouldn't absolutely suck. "If this popcorn sucks, I just wasted an hour of my life." Well in the end, the popcorn turned out great and everyone really seemed to like it. So I really liked that. Popcorn is so much cheaper here than at the movies. I mean, when you go to the movies, it's nice to have something to snack on. So you go up to the counter, ask for a popcorn and a soda only to hear, "That'll cost you your soul... plus 7.50." That's why I bring my own food. Speaking of soul, I was sitting in the office the other day checking my email and talking to people online. Jay Green is sitting there talking to me saying how he hasn't eaten in 24 hours. So I yell at him to go eat something but he doesn't want to because he's not really hungry and

the only reason he wants to eat is because he's bored. So before he left, he hopped on the computer to check his mail. So we were sitting there for a while and out of nowhere he looks at me with this grin. "I just got an email from my ex and she said that I wasn't an asshole!" So I just look at him and say ok. So he says that he doesn't want to eat anymore. "It's probably because your ego just swelled up and filled up the void where food should go." I said. "That's not it. Whenever I get hungry, I just eat my soul." He said. This reminds me of Diversity Editor Jeri Sinclair. Out of nowhere, she'll come up to me and beg me to write something for this week's paper. So when she says to write something, I just whip out a Random Ramblings. It's the type of thing that I can whip out in half an hour or so if I put my mind to it. Unfortunately that is never the case. There are so many distractions up here in the office that I write a sentence, start talking to someone, write a little more, talk to someone, write some more... you get the idea. So Jen sits there and yells at me to write stuff. I just look at her with this confused puppy dog face, smile, then write a little, then talk, etc... It gets to the point where she wants me to write so bad that she looks at me and screams, "Write now or else I will eat your soul!" So I just look at her with

this fear of death and writtle, then talk, then write a litten talk, then write a little, then talk so on. Since we are on the top souls and Diversity Editors, I talking to Diversity Editor² Jessiter a while back about possible after death. She was telling me she heard somewhere that when you die, your soul is transferred to her body and you forget everything about your previous life. Just look at her and say, "Well sure as hell can't be. I mean if this the case, how come more and more people are born each and every? If that thing you heard was why doesn't the population of earth stay the same?" So she jukes at me and came up with a bat answer, "Well when a person's, their soul is split in two and transferred to two different bodies. Later on in life, those souls meet and if at all possible, have a kid in return creates a whole new life." Ms. Suiter just explained to me where the term "soul mate" came from. I now think she is a

Allan Ringler
Diversity

The Stupidity Report: Road Rage

Sadly, or maybe I should say happily, I have no stupidity to report from our wonderful campus... this week. But I do want to address a stupid thing we all see daily on the roads. Road rage. Now, I don't mean getting pissed off because some knucklehead cut you off. I mean the road rage where people take action. I was driving on Rt. 280 today and I looked in my rearview mirror. And all I saw was some schmuck with his whole arm out the window, raised over his car, giving the finger to another car in front of it.

Frankly, I don't know what the "victim" of this single digit assault did, but it doesn't really matter. The fingerly enabled driver (Person A) then decides to start tailgating the "victim" (Person B).

Ok, I see this standoff going nowhere constructive, and everywhere destructive. One scenario, Person B can slam his brakes causing Person A to rear-end him with his already piece of shit of a car. And honestly, that's very little of a concern for Person B. He just got rear-ended, the dream of every driver who wants a new car.

Second scenario: Person B continues to drive at his own speed, not acknowledging the moron behind him.

What does this do? Nothing. He is not slowing down, and Person A is now driving at the speed of person B.

Third, but unlikely scenario. They both pull over, and a fight ensues. Now, what gets accomplished in any of this? So far, nothing. Unless someone's gonna say "I'm sorry I cut you off. Here is \$10 for your troubles," then it's all for nothing.

Don't get me wrong here. I get road rage myself. I get pissed off when a schmuck cuts me off. I get annoyed when the 80 year old man that can't see over the steering wheel goes 10 miles an hour in a 50 zone, with only one lane.

Everyone gets road rage to some degree. It might be angry road rage... it might be calm, "let it go" rage. We all respond differently.

Now, if you're the type that gets angry road rage, what can you do? I don't know really. Drive faster, and dust the person to make yourself feel better? That will work up until the cop you just passed decides he's done waiting. Just remember 2 things.

1. It's over. Let it go.
2. MY ID IS NOT CASH.

Dan Kreifus
Diversity

NICE GUY VS. VALENTINE'S DAY

So. It's that time of year again. Valentine's Day. Am I writing this because I'm alone and bitter? Maybe. Am I writing this because I think Valentine's Day is a bad idea and needs to be rethought? Absolutely. Do I think the creator of this holiday needs a swift kick in the proverbial nuts? Hell yea. Anyone who agrees can get in line behind me and strap on your steel toe boots.

I don't really care how this day came about. I don't care who St. Valentine was, or what he did. I know this much: that on February 14, every year, everyone goes gaga making Hallmark another couple million dollars.

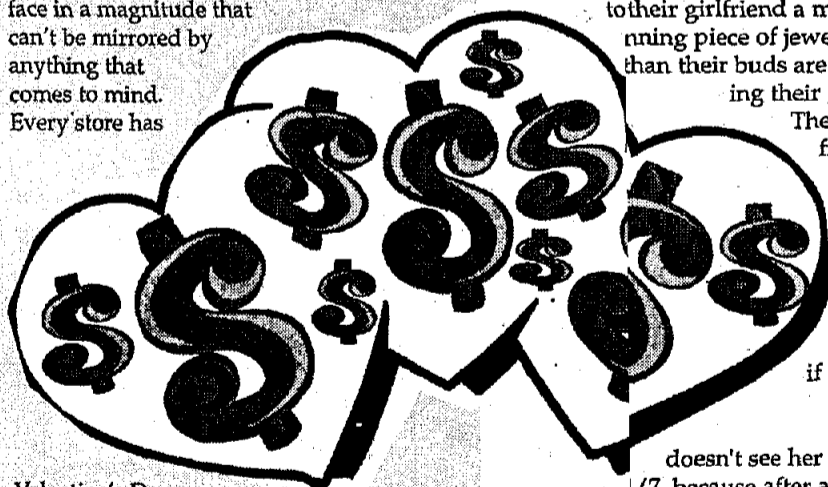
Here I sit, the nice guy. It's about a week before this day of no good. And why do I hate this day? I will clarify. First off, I've explained that as the nice guy, I get the shit end of the stick. So this day is no exception. I am still alone. I have tried dating, (but I'll tell you about that next time I write.) and I have nothing.

Those people who have someone special in their lives don't enjoy Valentine's Day either. Not all of them. Some people make the most of it, and that's wonderful for them. Why, please tell me, do people need a special day to tell that someone that you love them? If I had a girlfriend that I cared about, I would tell her all the time what she meant to me. I would surprise her with a rose, a small gift, or any token of affection at ANY TIME. I wouldn't wait for a day that comes about once a year. Also, that's what birthdays, anniversaries, and all other special days are for. Mother's Day, Father's Day, the day to celebrate your first step, the day that celebrates your first time to McDonalds... anything.

Valentine's Day also hurts us nice guys by helping the assholes. These guys who don't give their girl the credit they deserve suddenly have a retribution day. They do something nice and sweet, and suddenly,

their crimes of past are erased due to this act of giving a shit.

Now let's look at how Valentine's Day affects us single people. We already know that we are single, and this day just serves as an ugly reminder of this. Nothing I like more than watching all the couples on this wonderful day. And it's not like we can just ignore this holiday. It gets thrown in our face in a magnitude that can't be mirrored by anything that comes to mind. Every store has



Valentine's Day sales, and red, pink, and white are everywhere. You walk on campus and people are selling Valentine's Day grams, roses, etc.

It seems everyone is commercializing on this day, supposedly dedicated to love. Granted, I hate it anyway, but if you're going to have a holiday for such a good notion, it seems kind of wrong to commercialize on it in the scale that it is happening in.

Yes. I hate Valentines Day. Yes, it is primarily because Nice Guys finish last, and we are reminded of this on this day. I still offer to any girl that wants a nice romantic guy, head up to the Beacon office.

The Nice Guy
The Beacon

V-A-H: A WOMAN'S VIEW

It's that time of the year when the single weep and coupled go broke.

Valentine's Day is perhaps the most depressing, selfish and materialistic holiday there is. People frantically round up petive dates so they won't feel like losers they spend the night—

gasps!—alone. Friends work extra shifts to tounge up the extra cash to their girlfriend a more meaningful piece of jewelry than their buds are buying their girls.

The girlfriends will let it

slide if she

doesn't see her guy 1/7, because after all, he is going to pay for the necklace / bracelets that she is going to show off to her friends. Within a few hours, the event is over and nothing has changed except for the fact that a few women have bigger holes. Maybe Valentine's Day is really marketed to help the economy, because it sure isn't to boost self-esteem.

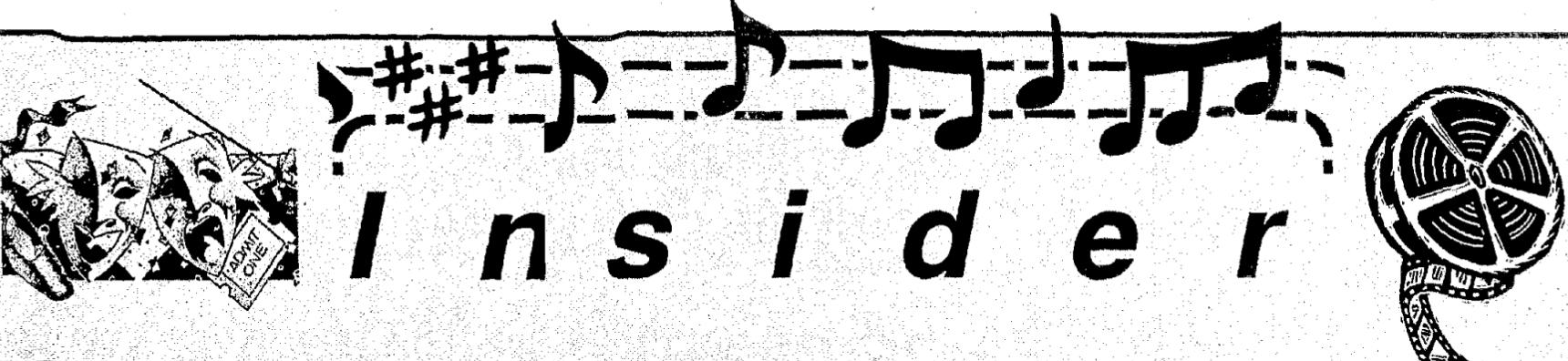
Being single perhaps one of the biggest freedoms in life. There's no one to have to cheat with and you can go out with anyone any night of the week. When not tied down, you can mingle with all different types of people. You not meet Mr./Ms. Right, but at least you're having fun. This should be something to celebrate.

However, on Valentine's Day, it's made sinful if you're alone. What's wrong with that? Why do you have to go out on a blind date or with someone you are totally not interested in as more than a friend, just to have a date?

Better yet, why do couples reserve this day to show each other how much they care? Shouldn't Valentine's Day be every day for those in love? When it all comes down to it, no gift can match the feeling of two people who are in love share when they look into each other's eyes. That's something they celebrate every time they see each other. However, something simple like getting flowers from your significant other makes being in love on Valentine's an added bonus. Some young adults have found the person they want to spend the rest of their life with and want the rest of their lives to start right away. The rest are trying to get there.

People date to have fun and sometimes to fulfill physical needs, but that can be done every day. So there's no reason to stress about one day of the year that is probably never going to be the most significant day in the life of every one. But, it is a prime time to let everyone around you know that you care about them and appreciate them being in your life. After all, that's why as kids, we gave out valentine's in school. It can be a time to let loose your feelings for someone you're crushing on, or just an excuse to eat those cute little heart shaped candies with the "Be Mine" sayings on them. And they will surely taste better than the morning breath of that one night stand from February 14th.

Joelle Caputa
The Beacon


Insider
Music • Film • Art • Drama

DARLING SWEET HEART LOVE HONEY DARLING LOVE HONEY DARLING SWEET HEART LOVE HONEY





Broke on Valentine's Day? Or is it your heart that's in the gutter? Either way, here are some songs to get you through the day. Use them to make a mixed tape for your significant other or to boost your self esteem if you're flying solo!



Songs that Set the Mood for Valentine's Day



- **Bon Jovi** "Bed of Roses", and "Always": What's

more romantic than an 80's power ballad sung by rock's sexiest frontman?

- **Firehouse** "Love of a Lifetime": The perfect

song to play if you're planning on proposing.

- **311** "Amber": A mellow tune that will "launch

a thousand ships in your heart."

- **The Calling** "Wherever You Will Go": Play this tune to tell that special someone you

want to be a part of their life.

- **Robbie Williams** "She's the One": Put this on with some candle light and ask your love for a dance.



- **Unwritten Law** "ELVA": One lyric: "I'm in love with you in love with me," says it all.

- **Jewel** "Break Me": Perfect for getting back with your ex.

- **Aerosmith** "I



Don't Wanna Miss a Thing": Perfect wedding song.

- **Leroy** "Blue Sky": An upbeat tune to wake up and kiss good morning to.

- **SWV** "Weak": You'll get weak in the knees just listening to it.

- **Lifhouse** "Hanging on a Moment": Make the one who makes your palms sweat fall in love with you with this song.

- **Al Green** "Let's Get It On": It's a classic.

- **Bloodhound Gang** "Bad Touch": It may not be romantic, but it'll get your point across if your lusty for some action.

- **Ronan Keating** "When You Say Nothing at

All": Remember Notting Hill when Julia and Hugh were in the park? This was the song that set the mood.

- **Get Up Kids**

"Valentine": For

your little punk.

- **Kylie**

Minogue

"Can't Get You

Out of My

Head": Perfect

for dancing the

night away.

- **Fountains of**

Wayne

"Denise": Ok,

so if her name

is not Denise, you may not want to use this.

- **Third Eye Blind** "Never Let You Go": A fun

tune for a revealing your feelings in a new

relationship.

- **Fuel** "Song For You": Use this if you're too

lazy to write your own song.

- **A Perfect Circle** "Thinking of You": Show

your feelings without being too obvious.

- **Oleander** "Halo": If you stayed for the cred-

its of *American Pie 2*, you'll know why this

song works for the occasion.

- **Incubus** "Stellar":

Great to play if you

wanna set the mood

for a midnight rendez-

vous.

- **Travis** "Luv": Even

if your date is not

British, they'll fall for

this song.

- **Beach Boys** "God

Only Knows": You

don't have to be a

surfer to know why this song is romantic.

- **Shania Twain** "You're Still the One": I had

to put a country tune for all you cowboys out

there.

- **Whitney Houston** "I Will Always Love You":

Before she was cracked out, Whitney could

belt out ballads with the best of

them.

- **Journey** "Open Arms": Better

than simply asking for a hug.

- **Peter Cetera** "Glory of Love":

Everyone knows and loves this



Third Eye Blind



Beach Boys

from *The Karate Kid*.

- **Faith Hill** "Breathe": For the one you just

can't help but stare

at their every move.

Break Up Songs

- **Sugar Ray**

"When It's Over": You'll feel single

and free, thanks to this tune.

- **Backstreet Boys** "Back to Your Heart":

Perfect for trying to get back and extin-

guished flame.

- **Silverchair** "Miss You Love": If you just got

dumped and want to cry some tears, this is

the song to play.

- **Garbage** "Can't Cry These Tears": It'll make

you stop feeling so miserable about yourself.

- **Pete** "All Love is a Lie": It will help you get

over the one who cheated on you better than

a quart of Ben

and Jerry's.

- **Chris**

Cornell

"Wave

Goodbye": You

won't feel like

the only one

who is alone

with this

song.

- **Natalie**

Imbruglia

"Big Mistake": Blast this when you realize

the end of a relationship was the best

thing to happen to you.

- **98 Degrees** "The Hardest Thing":

Maybe this will motivate you to initiate the

dreaded break up.

- **No Doubt** "Don't Speak": Sets the

tone for a friendly, mutual breakup.

- **Good Charlotte** "Let Me Go": If you

hate breaking up with people, play this song

for your partner. Maybe it'll give them a clue.

- **Xpoxe** "I'll never get over u getting over me":

Ok, so it's so 80's pop, but it's so good to cry

to!

- **Puddle of Mudd** "She Hates Me": A song

for guys who've just had their hearts torn to

shreds.

- **Jon B.** "Love Hurts": The title says it all.

- **Hoobastank** "To Be With You" and "Hello

Again": The songs that will let your ex know



Natalie Imbruglia

how much you want them back.

- **Leonna Naess** "Promise to Try": Let some-

one know how important being with them is

you, after

things

fall apart.

- **Shea**

Seger "I

Love You

Too

Much": If

you were

dumped

because

of a fear

of com-

mitment, play this tune.

- **The Hippos** "Always Something There to

Remind Me": Remember going somewhere

you always went with your ex and thinking

about them?

- **The Corrs** "I Never Loved You Anyway":

Maybe you should send this to the one who

broke your heart.

- **Marvelous 3** "I'm Losing You": Play this

when you feel your relationship slipping

away.

- **Sum 41** "Crazy Amanda Bunkface": Make

fun of your ex with this track.

- **Mariah Carey** "Heartbreaker": Yea, we're

sick of her to. Who put this on this list?

- **Gloria Gainer** "I Will Survive": The national

anthem for newly dumped.

- **Craig David** "Walking Away": This will only

remind

you of

your ex

(usu. a

guy with

a fear o

commit-

ment.



Craig David

Joelle Caputa
Co-Insider Editor

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Shakira, believe it or not, has been a popular name among Latin music artists for quite sometime now. A young,

strong voiced

woman express-

ing, in her lyrics

and music,

what others

including

myself wanted

to say or hear

about love, rela-

tionships,

awkward tradi-

tions, politics,

hipocrisy in

society

excluding fairy-

tales. So when I

heard about her

"coming-out" in

the American

market, I was

psyched to see

what she could come up with knowing

that her first language is not English



Laundry Service is the CD everyone has been waiting for, full of new sounds

and fusion sure enough to spice out any

party or open a discussion about her

controversial lyrics. Her first single,

"Whenever, Wherever" is a combination

of ethnic sounds and American pop and

rock. It is enjoyable and fun, and talks

about a deep, long-distance relationship

in which love endures and never ends.

The ballad "Underneath Your Clothes",

"The One" and other Spanish rock

sounds

interpreted

in the

songs

"Rules",

"Pools",

and "Te

dejo

Madrid" are

definitely

trying to break through into the English

mainstream but it may

not be something that people now

would like to hear but can learn to like.



SHAKIRA

SHAKES UP

AMERICA

Shakira's explosive sounds and provocative manners helped her way into the Anglo music scene. This CD varies in content, some of the lyrics could have been better written, some of the sounds could have been a little more inventive, but HEY NO ONE IS PERFECT! Bottom Line - The quality of the product is pretty good for a first try.

Rocio De La Mata
Insider Writer

A PUNK COMPILATION THAT DOESN'T SUCK

Well children, another punk compilation has been released. Depending on your opinion of the punk scene in the past decade, this is either a joyous occasion, or one you really couldn't give a rat's ass about. If you subscribe to the punk rock died with the Sex Pistols philosophy, this compilation probably won't change your mind. For the rest of us, though, this CD's not half bad.

Punkzilla arrives with a mix of veteran punk bands (The Damned, Guttermouth, The Vandals) and a few rookies (Bodyjar, Rufio)

courtesy of Nitro records. Most of the established groups deliver consistently strong offerings, proving why they have the loyal fan base and staying power that they do. AFI is wonderful as usual, with The Vandals, Ensign, and Stavesacre delivering more choice cuts. Unfortunately for some of the newer blood on this comp, they pale in comparison to the vets. Take a listen to any of the kick-ass AFI songs, then try to listen to Rufio's & Still's without getting bored. There's just no comparison. Not to say that all the



four

If you've got a few extra bucks and some spare time, pick this one up. AFI fans should enjoy it particularly, with a free bonus video of "The Days of the Phoenix" included, so you can watch it on your computer, instead of

new bands on here are terrible; they just don't stack up well against some of the more established groups here. The only notable new addition is Bodyjar, if only for the fact that their song also appears on Tony Hawk 3, and for their opening slot on the Warped

waiting for MTV to put it into heavy rotation (yeah, right). Offspring fans should also rejoice, as the album includes a few songs from way before "Pretty Fly for a White Guy" made us embarrassed to listen to them. Best songs are AFI's "The Days of the Phoenix", The Vandals' "Why Are You Alive", and Ensign's "Black Clouds vs. Silver Lining."

Sean Marks
Insider Writer



AFI during their Insider interview last year

WHAT THE HELL IS EMO ANYWAY?

Emo, short for "emotional" is one of the biggest things to happen to the punk scene since the mid-80's.

Characterized by styles of dress including sweater vests and square framed glasses (think Weezer), most other punks frown upon 'emo kids', mostly because emo today is associated with crying and cheesiness. Emo has gone through many phases of change since its onset nearly two decades ago, when it had a very different existence than today.

Punk rock started way back in the 70's thanks to four-chord bands such as The Clash, The Sex Pistols, Blondie, and The Ramones. At the time it was known as simply, punk. Now, in 2002, when one hears the word punk, another will add, "What kind?" With so many different sub-genres, punk is too broad of a name to describe it all. From Hardcore to Skacore, Gutterpunk to Oi!, where does one start?

Emo, or "Emotion", just one of these many branches of punk, is much different today from when it was first born. Most people have a horribly limited idea what emo really is, simply because the most important records in its development were largely released on vinyl and in small numbers. These low scale releases however, were very influential. These days, third and fourth generation emo records are being listened to without "emo kids" even being aware of it. Emo music is now known as melodic songs about love, being dumped and everything in between, but it did not start out that way.

Here, to straighten out any and all misconceptions on one of the biggest underground genre explosions in the last two decades, emo

is divided into four "phases" in chronological order - Emocore, Emo, Hardcore Emo, and Post-Emo Indie Rock.

Phase One - "Emocore"

Bands such as - Rites of Spring, Jawbreaker, Hot Water Music, and Kerosene 454.

Emocore was the primary form of Emo. It started in Washington DC around 1985 and grew strong, spreading all the way to California by 1989.

The emocore style has become broader over the years. In the beginning, the genre's bands consisted mostly of kids who started in hardcore punk (not to be confused with hardcore which is what happened after hardcore punks realized it didn't have to sound like punk rock anymore). The style then moved to more of a rock-based sound with emotional vocals. The main shift from hardcore to emo was in the guitars. In emo, they were distorted, strummed mostly in duo-unison, with occasional riffs. This became widely known as the "DC sound". Later bands, Jawbreaker being a good example, began to bring in more pop elements. There were a lot of catchy riff songs, along with pop song structures, and more smoothly sung, high-register singing.



Years, and The Hated.

This genre is "true" emo. It first began in (where else) DC around 1987/1988, with bands inspired by the area's acceptance of the new sound within the punk scene. It did not catch on as well as emocore did. It did reach

as far as Canada, but not much else outside of that.

One of the most recognizable and universal elements of emo is the octave chord. The vocals were much more intense and dynamic than in emocore, ranging from a whisper to gut-wrenching screams and even crying. This was the start of the association of emo with crying. The lyrics were more like abstract poetry than lines of a song and were often sung too soft in comparison to the instrumental parts, making them hard to decipher. Live bands were full of energy and constantly knocked equipment over - especially mic stands. This contributed to the indistinct lyrics of their music.

Steve Vallone
Insider Writer

Phase Three - "Hardcore emo"

Bands such as - Heroin, Reach Out, End of the Line, Angel Hair, and The Swing Kids.

The Hardcore Emo subset of emo started in California in 1991, but hits parts of the East Coast as well.

Hardcore emo vs. emo is similar to hardcore vs. hardcore punk. All the elements were there, the emotionally charged vocals to the octave chords, however everything was done to excess. It was pure chaos on stage. After every song, performers had to re-tune every string and pick up equipment that fell. None of the chords were recognizable and neither were the lyrics. As one could guess, this obnoxious attempt at a sub-genre fell way short of popularity and quickly disappeared.

Phase Four - "Post-Emo Indie Rock"

Bands such as - Sunny Day Real Estate, Promise Ring, Mineral, Jets to Brazil, and The Get Up Kids.

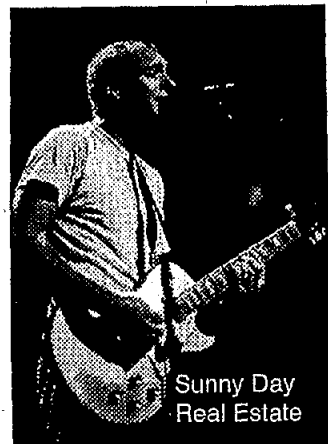
Anyone who now claims to be emo is probably talking about Post-Emo Indie Rock, or

simply "Indie". It started near Colorado and is exploding all over the country.

Indie is a dynamically fluent type of music. Powerful guitar parts and quiet lyrics can be found in the same song. Screaming vocals are hardly ever found in this sub-genre, unlike in the preceding forms of emo. Many songs include catchy, poppy guitar riffs, happiness, and, "cutesy boy" vocals.

This is where the phrase "Twinky guitar parts" comes from. Pretty, major-key arpeggios, and light drumming run rampant through this genre. The validity of Post-emo Indie Rock is in the vocals. They consist of the greatly drawn-out phrases detailing very emotional lyrics which define emo. It sounds like a recipe for cheese, and sometimes is.

This form of emo quickly became known as just plain emo, and continues to mend broken hearts everywhere. Today, great "emo" bands such as The Get Up Kids, Dashboard Confessional, Saves the Day, The Promise Ring, and The Ataris continue writing their songs to "save your day". With great-sounding harmonies and heartfelt lyrics, emo is the way to go if you're feeling down, feeling out, or simply are a hopeless romantic like myself. So wear your emo glasses with pride and try not to cry too much, there's more emo where that came from.



Sunny Day
Real Estate

Jacob Claveloux
Co-Insider
Editor

Respected
British
Electronic/Hip-
Hop/Dance
magazine

MUZIK named Roots Manuva's second LP, *Run Come Save Me* (Big Dada Recordings) the best album of 2001. Q magazine (which to those not in the know, is the coolest mainstream music magazine around, also based out of the UK) picked *Run Come Save Me* as one of the best albums of 2001, as well. Stateside, Manuva has been receiving much love since his first full length, *Brand New Second Hand*, hit here in 1999. Along with all the coverage and accolades, Manuva (real name Rodney Smith) has been talked about as one of the freshest changes in Hip-Hop in years, and he is easily considered the "best" English rapper. So, what's all the fuss about?

The answer to that query can be found in the tight beats and original vocal stylings of Manuva, as *Run Come Save*



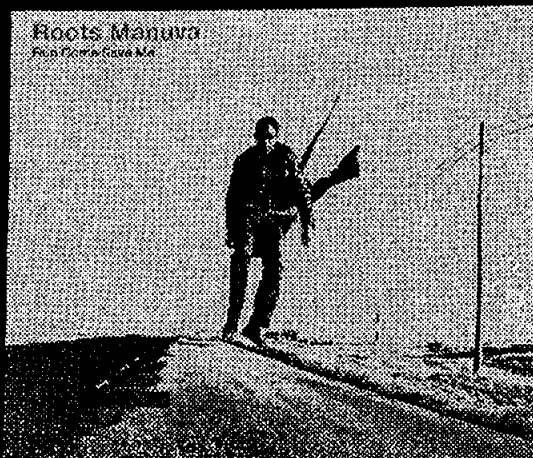
to downplay the hard work of all the great international rhymer and turntablists. The thing that separates Roots

Manuva flows easily between straight hip-hop, Dub, Reggae, and Drum-n-Bass. With *Run Come Save Me*, Hip-hop has officially gone global, which is not

Manuva (whose South London upbringing was also intersected with his parents emigration from a slum village in Jamaica by the name of Banana Hole) and makes him the poster boy for Hip-Hop globalization is his every-man aesthetic and accessible music. Rather than choosing to clone American rappers, Manuva takes the higher ground, continuing the tradition of the progressive hip-hop artists that have placed positivity and fun at the top of their lists for what's important.

Run Come Save Me is the picture of a man who knows how important he is to bringing American respect to British rappers. While he gives America the bouncing anthems "Witness (I Hope)" and the excellent "Dreamy Days" (the album's closer,) he doesn't forget to remind you that he's British with such incredible lines as, "Breakneck speeds, we drown ten pints of bitter," and "Right now, I see

Who the Fuck is Roots Manuva?



of the extremely talented Chali 2na (of Jurassic Five/Ozomatli fame) as the only notable American guest star. The selection worked well, as the two sound like they belong together on one of the album's best tracks, "Join the Dots." The duo sound so natural together, with each of their trademark flows complimenting one another, one almost

clearer than most, I sit here contented with this cheese on toast." The English accent doesn't hold Roots Manuva back either,

as some doubters might think. No one sounds more natural than Manuva does, while he is flowing better than most of America's now mediocre M.C.'s. Manuva was also very careful in his selection



hopes that they will get together for an entire album's worth of songs, sometime in the future. But speculating on that would be a whole other article.

The answer to the original question of, "Who the Fuck is Roots Manuva?" is simple. Roots Manuva is the real "future" of Hip-hop. The future looks very bright, my friends.



NIN Document Tour



Aaron Werschulz
Insider Writer

After two full releases, an EP, a double album, a double video and a butt-load of remixes and side projects, the twisted musical genius Trent Reznor has finally given us a live album. This is a bit unexpected, after all Trent is well known for his obsession with the studio and what it can accomplish that a live setting cant. However, Trent found out that he and a 21 year old Rob Sheridan can make a live DVD all by themselves on little more than some DVC pro tapes, some digital cameras

(eight to be exact), some firewire and USB cables, some audio equipment and an iMac. So he and his partner went ahead and produced a live CD and DVD to sum up Nine Inch Nails Fragility 2.0, knighted Best Tour by Rolling Stone Magazine.

So now if you dont have 45 to 60 bucks to spend on a concert, you can taste what the studio oriented NIN is like in a live setting. And it is not disappointing, to say the least. Not only are songs from the *The Fragile* played wonderfully, but songs that date back to NIN's first album *Pretty Hate Machine* make it on to the track list. Terrible Lie, the first track, has some minor differences to keep die-hard fans on their toes. Something really exciting to listen for is how "March of the Pigs" leads into "Hey Piggy" and how Hey Piggy leads into "The Frail." A favorite track would be "The day the Whole World Went Away" which is simply so powerful live, it puts the listener in a state of intensity. The live CD ends powerfully with "Hurt."

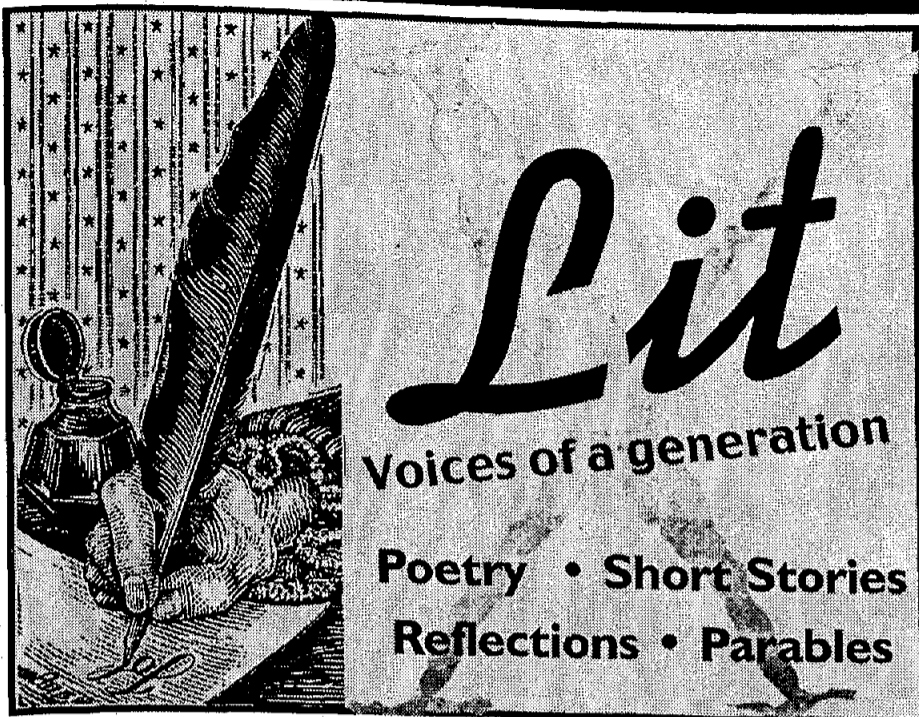
Listening to this album makes me thirst for the DVD as well as *Still*, the other CD that features decomposed (unplugged?) versions of their songs. One could only imagine what the electric sounds dissolve into. So my advice is get the DVD, get *Still* and lend them both to me.



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An Exclusive Interview with Joe Mocker

There has been much ado about Joe Mocker. We know he wrote for some major television shows in the mid-80s until he was blacklisted and we know that he also writes poetry. It may be bad poetry, but I find this sort almost more entertaining than good poetry. It takes a special man to write a verse that is just plain terrible but able to inspire so many others. Raul Villanueva, his star protégé, Henri DeMuse and his many friends across the planet swear to his genius. It cannot be doubted that in some way, some form, no matter how disturbing it may seem, he has touched people's lives. Joe invited me up to his farm in Vermont towards the warmer part of June to interview him. I thought I knew Joe, but all I knew was the myth, not the man behind the façade.

I arrived at Joe's farm, "The Beanery", a little after three in the afternoon after an uneventful eight-hour drive. I was immediately given a cold drink and offered a back rub by Joe's housekeeper Deirdre. I declined all but the Diet Pepsi and the interview got underway.

Arthur Duncan: What got you interested in poetry and writing in general?

Joe Mocker: When I was younger, I saw an episode of *Three's Company* that really changed my life. It was the one where Jack and Mr. Furley were locked in the meat locker at Jack's Bistro. It was funny, yes, but it was also powerful. That's what I try to do: take an ordinary event, strip it of its niceties, and expose it for the beautiful thing it is in that raw kind of way. When I learned that a man had written that episode, that it wasn't real, I had an epiphany. I realized that I must create worlds of my own to show the true beauty of all things in.

AD: And where does the poetry fall in?

JM: Well, the poetry is everywhere. This right here (Joe picks up his glass of orange soda and brings it over to the window) look at how the sun shines through all of the little bubbles and things. A glorious sight! I keep it all in this old heart. That's poetry. It's beautiful, right?

AD: Yes, it is. So what you're saying is that there was no emulation of Wallace Stevens or Hart Crane?

JM: Hart who? Just kidding! (Laughs wildly) I read

them and actually enjoy Wally's writing, but the big thing for me was television shows. They're like an art. You know, all of them take twenty-two minutes to tell the story. It's like poetry; a life in only twenty-two lines. Simple. Try and do that Shakespeare! (Laughs into a small coughing fit.)

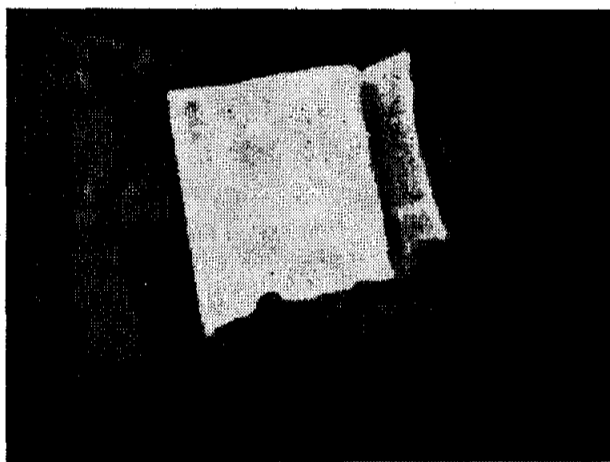
AD: Television seems to have been a big part of your life.

JM: Yes, it was...and it still is. My father left when I was 2, he ran off with my mother's sister. My mother died when I was 10. Choked to death in a greasy spoon outside of

Albany. She was there with a female stripper and two jugglers from Pensacola. They were so whacked out from sniffing paint thinner they didn't even notice her slump over onto the table.

AD: I'm sorry, I didn't realize...

JM: No, that's okay. Ah, this old heart still goes on. I grew up with my grandmother and her springer spaniel, the original Poughkeepsie. She wasn't much of a conversationalist and she barely spoke English anyway. She had a very thick Polynesian accent. She grew up in the South Pacific where her father dealt in the illegal monkey trading scandals of the late 19th century. Nasty business, really. I guess you can say that television really raised me. It was always there when I needed it. I can tell you what was on during every important time of my life, except for one. (Laughs into a coughing fit.)



Joe Mocker, reading

photo by Arthur Duncan

AD: What can you tell me about Judith Li...

JM: Let's just stop there, shall we? There will be no talk of that scandalous she-beast in my house.

AD: Again, I apologize. Is there anything about that time in your life you can talk about?

JM: Well, I did have a fling with the mother of a rather well respected actress. A good woman. It was widely rumored that she was having an affair with the caterer, but her husband started that. I had this thing for pastry puffs. For six months he made that poor man's life a living hell while I feasted on that sweet nectar. Our secret has been safe, until now.

AD: It seems that no matter what people may say about you, you have lived a very interesting life. Did you ever think you would date the women you have dated or be invited to the Academy Awards?

JM: Technically I wasn't invited. That involved greasing some palms and lubricating some other things. But it all is amazing to me. Have you ever made love to a lingerie model under the Eiffel Tower zooted out on Quaaludes?

AD: No, I've never taken Quaaludes.

JM: It's a glorious life for someone who just wants to make art. The women come out of the woodwork like...there's a lot of woodwork. I've had all of my shots, though. I'm going to Micronesia at the end of fall to meet up with some old friends and an animal trainer from San Bernardino.

AD: You have never settled down with one woman for a substantial amount of time. Why not?

JM: I need to move, I guess. Sometimes the differences between a man and a woman don't appear until they realize how different they are. My child's mother, Svetlana, had a nasty habit of drinking entire bottles of cough syrup. That was the problem there. Bridget, on the other hand, had a problem with her tear ducts. They would clog and the area surrounding her eyes would swell until they bruised. I couldn't handle it. Call it immaturity if you want.

AD: I didn't realize that you had a child.

JM: Oh yes, that little bugger Jeffery. He loves to eat waffles. He is staying with Svetlana's mother in Portland while she is drying out in Tuscaloosa. He wants to be a barber when he grows up! Isn't that adorable?

AD: Do you ever look back on some of your exploits and say to yourself "I shouldn't have done that"?

JM: Well, there was the Keith Moon incident...

AD: That is pretty much what I was referring to.

JM: I think that sometimes everyone gets ashamed of some of his or her own actions. But you can't let that stop you. Like the mugging in Amarillo when I was 17, things happen. Any old salt like myself has his demons. Perhaps some of the more "bacchanalian" adventures shouldn't be discussed where children could read of them. I don't want to give them any ideas. (Again, laughs into a coughing fit. Deirdre appears with a pack of Dunhills and brandy.)

AD: Is there anything that you would like to say to all of the people out there who enjoy your work?

JM: I'd like to thank them for their support and let them know that I am not done writing. I am currently in negotiations for a TV series pilot I have written called "Sister Pete". It's about a blacklisted fashion designer named Pete who takes refuge in a nunnery following the Exxon Valdez disaster.

AD: As always, Mr. Mocker, a welcome vacation from reality.

JM: A vacation from your own mind; that's what I am all about.

The rest of my stay at The Beanery consisted of riding Joe's miniature train around his vegetable garden and watching Deirdre smoke opium in the den. "It enslaves the mind but liberates the libido," is how she put it. I don't know what to make of the whole experience. Frankly, I was a bit scared. But I will overcome that fear to watch as Joe does whatever the hell it is that he does.



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Amanda Geiger never saw the drunk driver.

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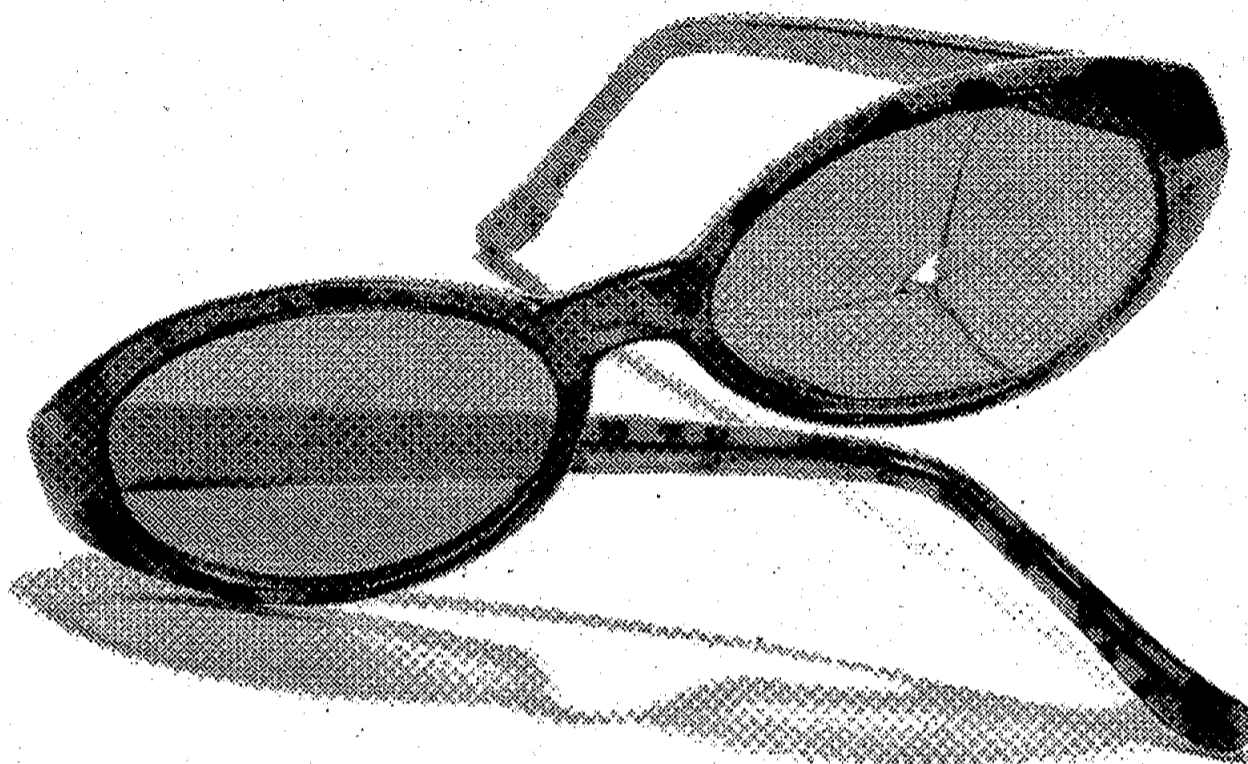


Photo by Michael Mazzeo



U.S. Department of Transportation



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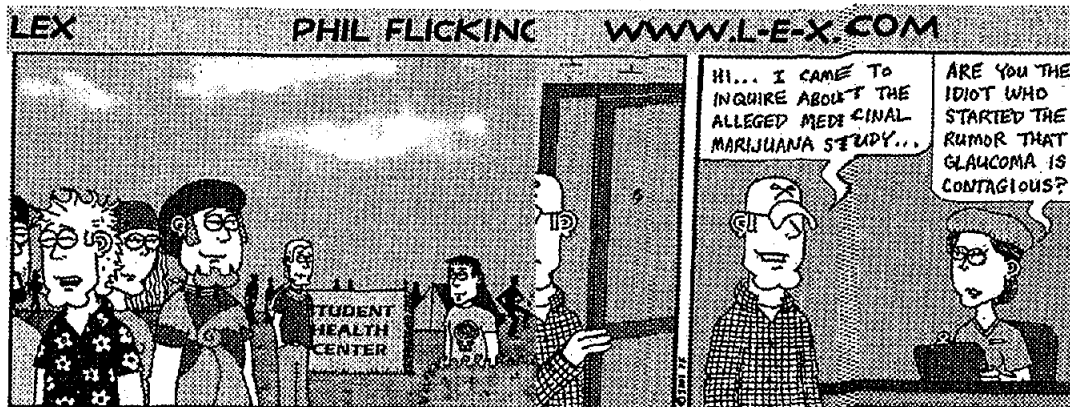
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A DAY'S WORK TIM WALS MESSYTOONS@HOTMAIL.COM



THE SPATS BY JEFF PICKERG



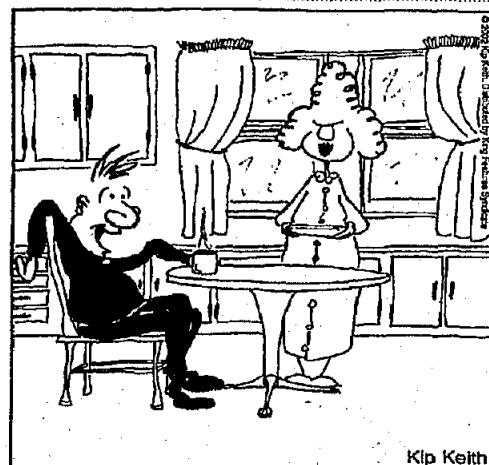
OUT ON A LIMB BY GARY PERVAS



THE CYNIC



NEW BREED



Kip Keith

"You know, 'amens' are nice and all, but just once I'd like the congregation to do the wave!"



Edgar Argo

"You'd better not get caught with that. The rules clearly state that you can't take it with you."



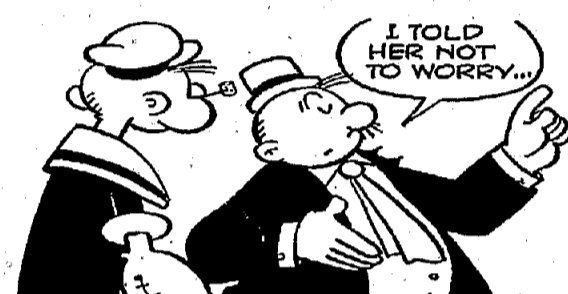
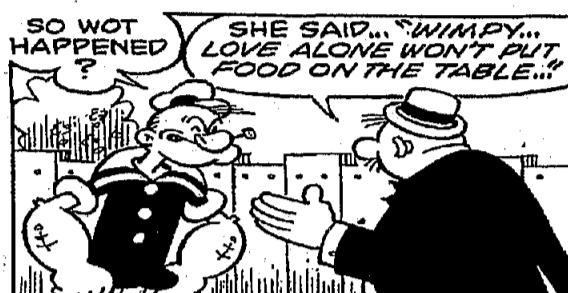
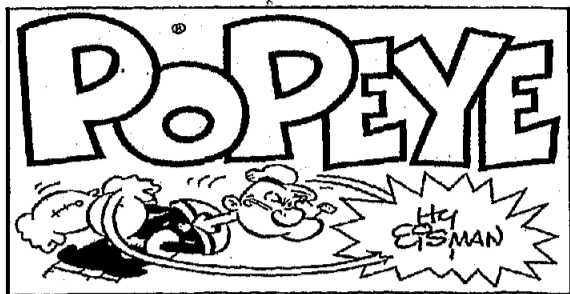
Dennis Parrish

"I'm a consultant now. I show celebrities how to avoid photographers and paparazzi."



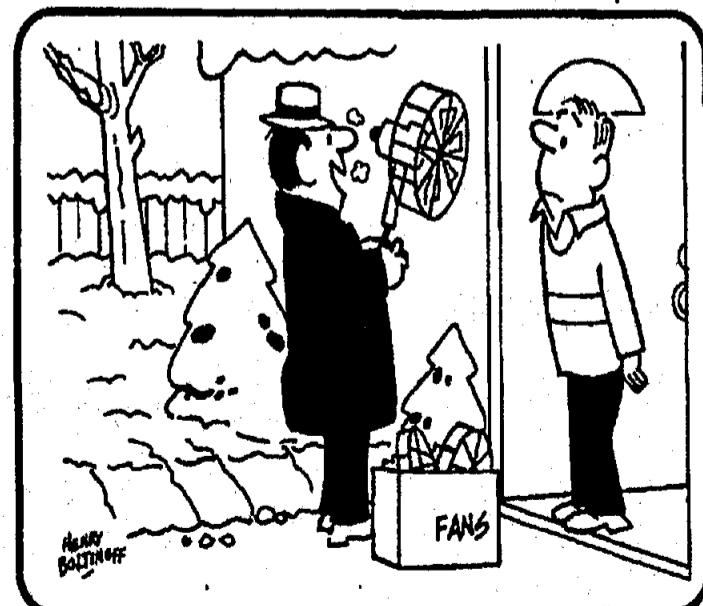
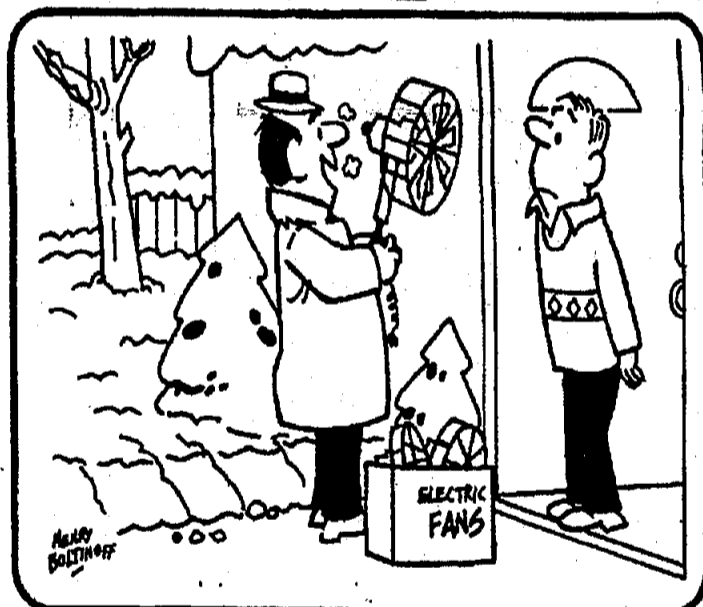
Chris Wildt

"The weight gain began when we locked out all the sex and violence on TV. ... That left the cooking shows."



HOCUS-FOCUS

BY HENRY BOLTINOFF



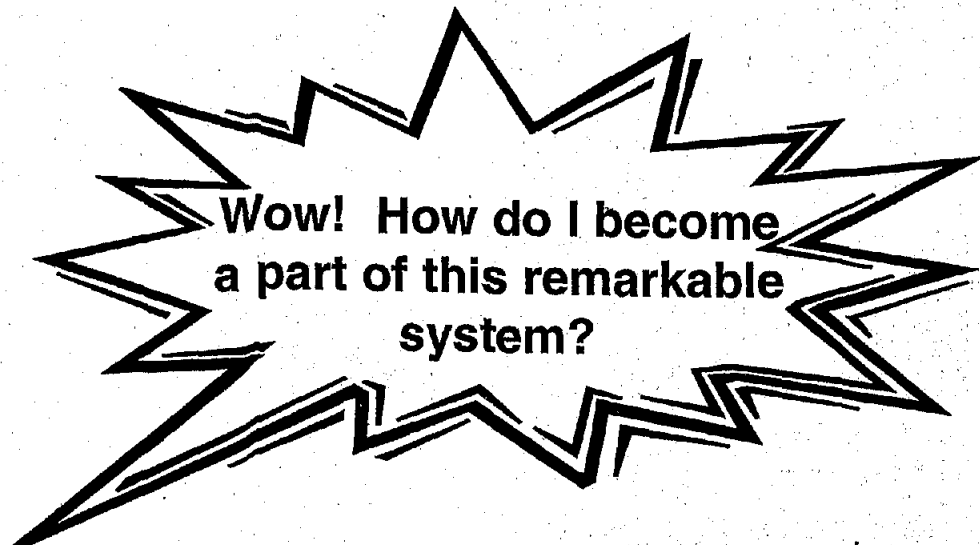
Differences: 1. Word is missing from box. 2. Man's sweater is different. 3. Salesman's coat is black. 4. Fence is extended. 5. Cord is missing from fan. 6. Hat is larger.

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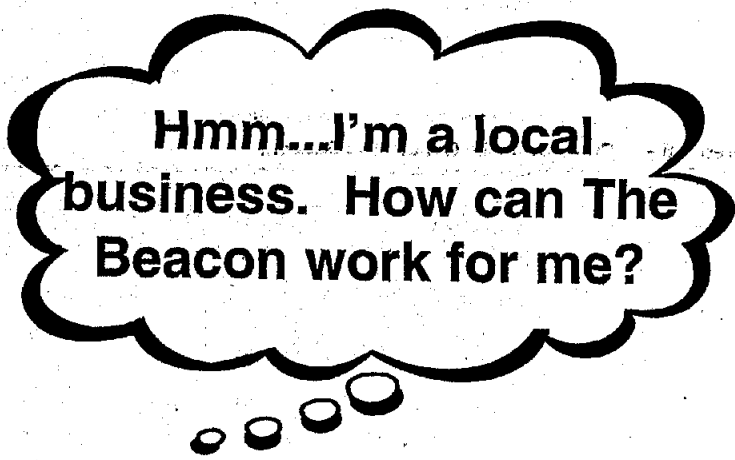
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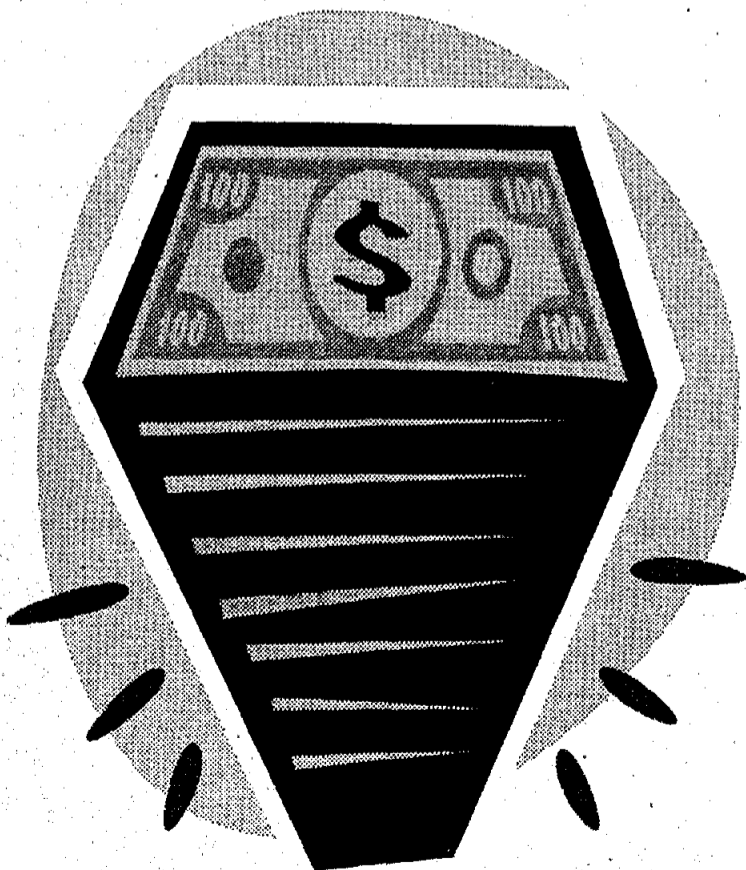


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Thanks,
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Eco News Briefs

NAIROBI, Kenya, February 1, 2002 (ENS) - Large numbers of dead fish, including manta rays, sharks and tuna have been washing up from the Indian Ocean onto the Kenya-Somali coast since Wednesday.

(Global News Headlines) **ANTARCTICA**



BECOMES TOO HOT FOR THE PENGUINS; DECLINE OF 'DINNER JACKET' SPECIES IS A WARNING TO THE WORLD, SAYS GEOFFREY LEAN. Getting warmer:

higher temperatures are affecting breeding grounds and feeding sites for emperor penguins.

IN PUERTO RICO, THE RINCON AREA ON THE NORTHWEST COAST IS A VERY SPECIAL PLACE. IT HAS SOME OF THE FINEST ELKHORN CORAL REEFS IN THE REGION (CANDIDATE FOR THE ENDANGERED SPECIES LIST), SEA TURTLE NESTING SITES, HUMPBACK WHALE MATING GROUNDS, PRISTINE BEACHES AND VALLEYS, AND SOME OF THE BEST SURFING IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. SEE SURFRIDER'S NEW WEB SECTION ON THE RINCON ISSUE AT [HTTP://WWW.SURFRIDER.ORG/RINCON](http://www.surfrider.org/rincon). YOU CAN TAKE ACTION TO HELP SAVE THE RINCON AREA FROM PLANNED, MASSIVE RESORT DEVELOPMENT BY GOING TO [HTTP://ACTIONNETWORK.ORG/CAMPAIGN/SURF-RINCON](http://actionnetwork.org/campaign/surf-rincon)

HIGHER TAXES ON FOSSIL FUELS AND A NEW GENERATION OF NUCLEAR POWER STATIONS ARE LIKELY TO BE NEEDED IN THE NEXT 20 YEARS, SAYS A LEAKED REPORT COMMISSIONED BY TONY BLAIR.

Betta Basics Information All Owners Must Know!

Betta splendens are facing a new problem, as they are being shelved in florist shops next to house plants. Otherwise known as Siamese fighting fish, these fish are being marketed in a way that can kill them, if they are sold to uninformed, first time owners. Kept in a vase with marbles at the bottom and a plant above, these fish are thought to be living in an ecosystem all their own. The

Joelle Caputa
Eco Lounge Editor

theory behind this is that the fish feed off the plant roots, and therefore do not need to be fed. Another misconception about them is that their water does not have to be changed because the bacteria inside the bowl keeps it clean. Florists, who know have knowledge about the plant, but not the fish, are not properly informing their customer on how to care for their new pet. Once the particles from the plant are all eaten by the fish, it will eventually starve to death if it is not fed. The result? A lot of fish being flushed.

Here's what you're not told at the point of purchase:

- * Bettas can be fed up to four times daily. However, all uneaten food should be removed from the fish bowl to avoid it rotting.

- * They can be fed freeze-dried blood worms, brine shrimps, mosquito larvae, fruit flies and other small insects, besides flake food.

- * When changing the water in the fish bowl DO NOT use tap water! This will burn the fish's skin and cause it to eventually disintegrate. Use only bottled water.

- * Always keep the top of the fish bowl covered, otherwise the Betta will jump out!

Another way to prevent this is to keep the water level at least three inches below the top of the container. Also, Betta's in plant bowls must have that amount of air space, so that they can breathe.

Betta's have an additional breathing organ to the gills, known as the labyrinth, which permits the uptake of atmospheric oxygen. The use of this aids in habitats with hot stagnant waters where low oxygen

levels prohibit most other species of fish from surviving.

Another important piece of information is that only one fish should be kept per vase. This is because Betta's are meat eating fish and will eat not only each other, but other long finned fish as well. These fish originated in Southeast Asia, where they were used in sparring fights, where two fish fought 'till death. They can often be found in small puddles of water in padi fields of their native land.

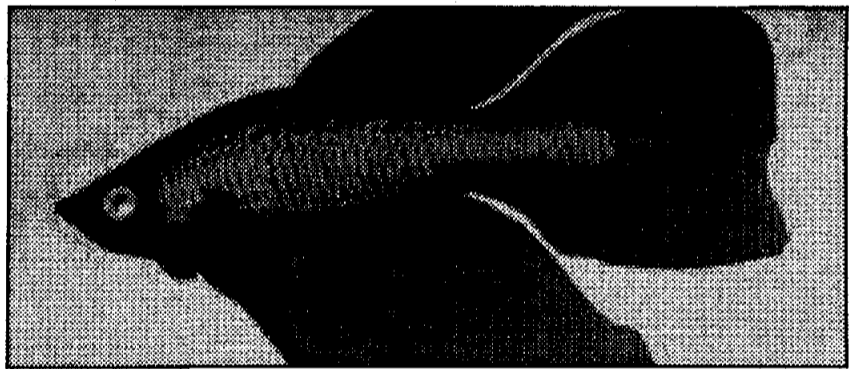
Curious about the sex of your Betta?

The female can be differentiated by the body shape, fin length, color and some special characteristics.

1. They usually have a bigger belly, bulging from eggs.
2. Fins are short, no matter whether they are long-finned type or short-finned.
3. Color are usually not as bright and appears duller. But this is not always the case.
4. They have an ovipositor for laying eggs, which appears as a white spot under the belly.
5. Usually exhibit the horizontal stripes, even when they are not stressed.
6. Their pectoral fins are not as long as males and are usually short.
7. Vertical stripes appear when they see a male.

visit <http://www.blackjackballroom.com/splash/splash.asp> for a more detailed description.

Pictured below is a male Betta fish-alive and well.
Photo by Joelle Caputa/The Beacon.



The Navy has finally admitted the obvious that its sonar tests in the Caribbean have resulted in the deaths of five whales. In total, 16 whales beached themselves during the Navy's mid-range frequency sonar tests in the Caribbean in March 2000. Five of the whales that died were tested and analyzed (in a joint study by the Navy and U.S. National Fisheries Service) and all five had hemorrhaging in the ear area. Whales use sound for many vital activities, including

finding infants (and each other), navigation during migration, communication, and other life functions. So even if the sonar doesn't kill, say, faraway whales, the sonar will greatly disrupt life-important whale functions. Despite the study's findings, the Navy has not unequivocally disavowed the use of this damaging technology. Read more at

<http://enn.com/news/wire-stories/2001/12/12242001/ap.whales.45958.asp>

QUEENSLAND stands to lose half its Wet Tropics highland rainforest and many of its rarest animals because of global warming, a major report has found. Even the state's emblem, the koala, was at risk because of rising carbon dioxide

A meeting to explore how indigenous and local communities can help conserve the world's highly threatened species and ecosystems was held in Montreal, Canada from February 24 to 28. The United Nations Environment Program (UNEP) said in a press release

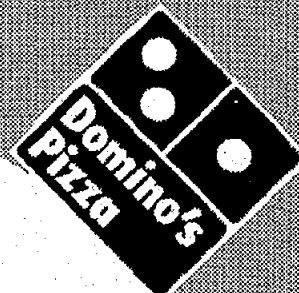
(GNH) Brazil has launched a "war operation" to save the Amazon's fast-disappearing mahogany trees by hunting down illegal loggers deep in the forests and chasing down smugglers shipping the wood abroad.



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CHEESE AND AN ORDER OF DOU-
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Personals



Happy Valentine's Day!
The Beacon would like to extend its warmest wishes to the whole WPU community. Thanks for your continuing support.

To Poopsie-Head
I love you.

-SJ

Happy Valentine's Day
To Kalli and all the rest of you SGA people.

From Jim

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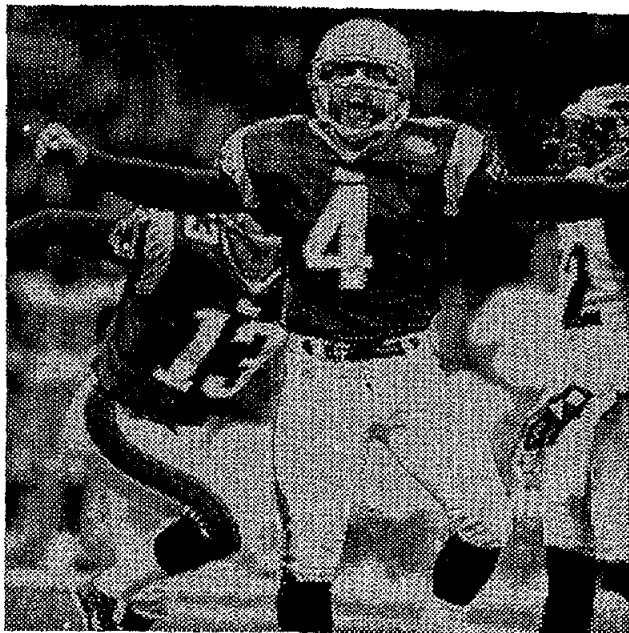
THE KICK HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Matt DeFranza
The Beacon

This year's Super Bowl had a finish that will be remembered forever, as well as the person who made it all possible - Patriots kicker Adam Vinatieri (who is also a distant cousin of the famous Evil Knievel). With merely seconds on the clock, The New England Patriots and the St. Louis Rams were tied up at 17-17. The Patriots made a run for the goal line but with the Rams' heavy defense, they only made it to the 36-yard line, putting them just in field goal range. Without any hesitation, Vinatieri lined up and let loose. After the game, Vinatieri commented "Once I kicked it, I knew it was good."

The last time that a kicker made this much of a difference in the outcome of a Championship game was back in 1971, during Super Bowl V. Rookie kicker Jim

O'Brien for the Baltimore Colts nailed a 32-yarder to win the game with a score of 16-13 against the Dallas Cowboys. O'Brien made the kick with 5 seconds on the clock, and the kick sailed through the uprights as time expired. Fast for-



Kicker Adam Vinatieri celebrates after the kick that won the game for the Patriots
Photo courtesy of www.boston.com

ward to Super Bowl XXXVI, 2002, Vinatieri scores on a 48-yard attempt

with 7 seconds remaining, giving him the new record.

Perhaps the main reason that the Patriots held up through the game was their insistence on teamwork. Even when the starting lineups were called out onto the field, they all came out together. They wanted to be introduced together to show their union as a team, and in doing so, they proved they can play well together, and win together.

One of the many stars of the game was Quarterback Tom Brady. Surprisingly, Brady, who sprained his ankle in the AFC Championship game against Pittsburgh, was chosen to start over famed Quarterback Drew Bledsoe, only four days prior to the big game. Brady went on to become the MVP, even though he only completed 16 of 27 passes for 145 yards, compared to 28-of-46 for 365 for Rams Quarterback Kurt Warner.

In a shocking turn of events, the Patriots came out on top. "That's the slogan for this team," Rams star Marshall Faulk said. "The only team that can beat us is us, and we turned the ball over. Obviously, we're playing someone that is causing the turnovers at times, but for the most part if we hold onto the ball and eliminate the turnovers, the chances of winning are great."



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HALFTIME HEROES: U2 AT THE SUPER BOWL

By Matt DeFranza
The Beacon

After all of the events that occurred over the last year, what better team to win Super Bowl XXXVI than the New England Patriots. After the events that shook the nation in September, football games were pushed back one week, including the Super Bowl. A high number of commercials were dedicated to the victims of the World Trade Center disaster. One of the more popular ones was Anheuser-Busch's depiction of the famous Clydesdale horses walking over a cold, snowy street, finally stopping to pay their respects to the victims of the World Trade Center in front of the NYC skyline. They created this commercial for those people that wanted a heartwarming feel-

ing rather than a "laugh your ass off good time".

In the past the halftime show featured huge names like Britney Spears, N'Sync, and Aerosmith, all taking the stage at once. This year was much

all the bright lights and expensive special effects, this year U2 decided to tone it down a great deal and only used basic strobe lighting for their show. It must also be noted that while most of the other perfor-

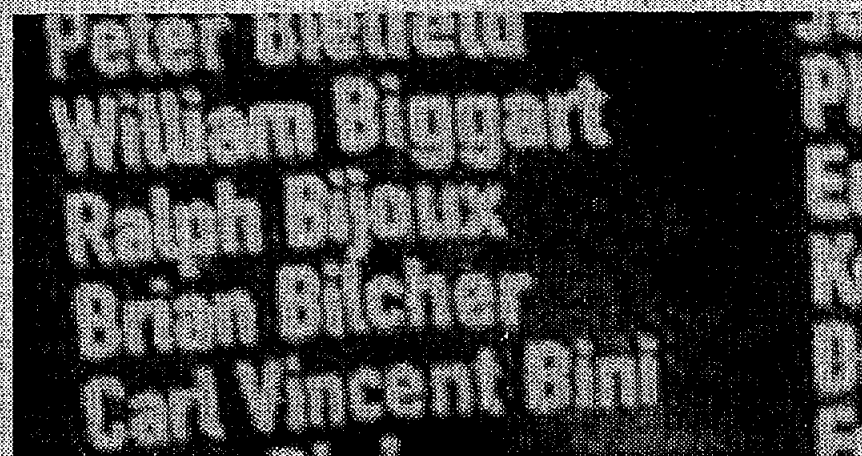
mances during the pre-game show recorded their tracks

With perhaps the most moving performance of the year, possibly even the decade, U2 took the stage, minus lead singer Bono. Soon thereafter, Bono took the field and slowly made his way through the crowd while singing their chart-topping hit "Beautiful Day". Upon the conclusion of the song however, U2 slipped back to their old days, and followed up with their 80's hit "Where the Streets Have No Name." A giant screen then

rolled up, and names began scrolling. These names were the names of the firefighters, pilots, military personnel, police officers, and anyone else lost in the tragedy that occurred on September 11th. In an uplifting conclusion, Bono lifted his lapel of his leather jacket, only to reveal an American flag to the tens of thousands of cheering fans.



U2's Bono shows his patriotism during the halftime show of Super Bowl XXXVI
Photo Courtesy of www.boston.com



The names of the victims of the WTC disaster scroll during U2's halftime performance.
Photo courtesy of www.boston.com

different. The only band on the card for that evening was Irish pop group U2. Instead of

to avoid any problems, U2 insisted on playing live.

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