

TYLENOL LACED WITH POISON

by Robin Jacobs

Seven people have died from the intake of Extra-Strength Tylenol. The Tylenol contained cyanide, which kills its victims within an hour, if an antidote is not administered.

The makers of Tylenol, an aspirin substitute, are Johnson and Johnson. Their headquarters, located in New Brunswick N.J., said they were sure the deaths were caused by a sabotage, and as a result have offered a \$10,000 reward for the arrest and conviction of the poisoner.

As a result of the deaths, the selling of Tylenol has been banned nationwide. The first batch of poisoned capsules bore the serial number MC2880. The majority of the deaths have been in the Chicago area, but fear of the lethal medicine in New York is very visible. Here at Wagner, the bookstore, which sells the aspirin substitute, pulled the capsules off the shelf on

the first report of the news. In the space behind the counter normally reserved for the drug, a sign reading "MC2880" stands. Obviously, it was understood that no explanation was necessary.

Anyone with a bottle bearing those serial numbers is advised to return it to the place of purchase. The recall initially consisted of only the extra strength capsules, but as a result of recent events, all Tylenol products are being banned from sale and recalled. The expiration date on the MC2880 batch is April, 1987.

The problem became visible after a 12 year old girl and her two brothers died within 11 hours of each other last Wednesday, as a result of taking the cyanide laced capsules. Thursday night, more poisonings were reported. Up to this point, the deaths were being treated separately and as individual homicides. Once the

possible connection between the Tylenol and the deaths arose, the company began to recall all of their capsules, in hope of preventing further deaths.

The sabotage is believed to have taken place after the pills left the plant, as cyanide is not used in the manufacture of the medication in any way. This theory is being progressed, although a second batch of poisoned pills was found from the Pennsylvania plant, whereas the first had been manufactured in Texas.

In California, what is being called a "copy-cat" crime put a man in the hospital after the Tylenol he took was laced with strychnine. This case is the first one of its kind outside of the Chicago area. A nationwide warning against the use of all Tylenol products is in effect, until the authorities can determine how extensive the poisoning is and who did the poisoning and why.

In other related cases, over-the-counter drugs that have been tampered with are coming in every day. There have been ten cases of acids in eye and nose drops this year. Said one reporter, "This is really a case of buyer beware!"



Danger: Do not take Extra-strength Tylenol with the serial No. MC2880. Return them to the store you bought them from.

KALLISTA 82 ARRIVES

by Scott Lieberman

The new 1982 yearbook is now available. Seniors and Juniors may pick up their copy at the Kallista office, room 226 today. Sophomores must wait until Friday to pick up their copy.. Office hours are 10 AM to 3 PM. This is one of the best yearbooks in a number of years. Editor Chris Miller has successfully captured the essence of the 1981-1982 year at Wagner in the 256 pages of the Kallista.

When asked to comment, Miller said, "I'm very please with the way the book turned out. This years staff has their work cut out for them to top a book like this year. I feel we can improve in some areas and would like to hear

constructive criticism so we can improve for the Centennial year yearbook." Miller also said, "I'd like to stress the importance of campus groups cooperating with our staff. If a member or two of the staff show up at your event, please cooperate. They're there to record the event, not crash it."

The purpose of a yearbook is to catalog memories and events, primarily for the senior class, although it can be enjoyed by all classes. The seniors section, the largest of the book, will help people refresh their memories of comrades and friends in the years to come.

The cover, a aerial view of the campus, the first of

its kind in Wagner history, is also available in a poster format for two dollars. The photos inside the book show Miller's talented eye for selecting photographs. Virtually every one is captured in the 1982 yearbook. From clubs and groups to greeks to seniors to the yearbook staff, all have a place in

the book. The color pages are full of breathtaking shots, a nice contrast to the usual waisted white space in the color sections.

The book is, and should be, a collectors item for the future years. Pick up your copy of Kallista 82 as soon as you can. You don't want to miss this one.



NEWS BRIEFS

College Bowl

Priest cont

The

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Editor-in-Chief

George Long, Esq

ARTS EDITOR

Sonia Champagne

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Scott Lieberman

PHOTO EDITOR

Rick Wedinger

CONSULTING EDITOR

Christian Miller

STAFF

Caroline Yun

Trudi-Anne Beckerich

Kyle Huth

Susan Porfido

Karen Riemensperger

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The new College Bowl season will be starting soon. Yes, I can hear you in the back, "What is heck is College Bowl?". Well, it is the academic sport of the mind. Two teams, of four players each, answer quiz type questions asked by a moderator and score points for correct answers. Then the team that answered correctly, gets a chance to answer a bonus question for up to thirty points.

Last year the school champions, were the team of "Tesseract." Their captain was Scott Lieberman, who in an interview this week said, "You don't have to be a know it all to win, luck and fun are a big part of it and we're really hoping for a lot of people to enter the games this year."

All you need is a couple of friends to sign up. Come to the student/faculty game for more information and applications to sign up your team to play. During the season, we'll have predictions about the outcome of games, and tell you how the teams fared.

The first game, is on Friday, the 15th, at 12:00 in the Student Union pit. That's the area in back of the lobby. The first two games will feature a students team out to beat a faculty team. Last year the students won, and the prediction is that the students will split the pair against the teachers. Taking Roger Solberg's place as King of College

Bowl is Dr. Kaelber. He'll captain the teacher's squad, and Scott Lieberman the same for the students. So come on down and watch them vie for a plethora of points, as Chris (Captain of the New, New, New LSA team) Miller reads the questions as the guest indagator for the day.

Good luck, in the games, and hope to see you there.

**HOME
COMING
QUEEN
RESULTS
NEXT
WEEK**

Judas Priest, Judas Priest."

Being a dedicated follower of the band for so long, I may be predjudge towards them, but I didn't see any disappointed fans at the Garden that night. On the contrary, many people were amazed at the amount of energy and excitement in the music. The only way I can describe the show, is in the words of a close friend who's never seen Priest before, "They were \$&(\$ awesome." Judas Priest is a lot more than a name and leather and the ones who put them down and have never seriously sat down and listened to an album, don't know waht they're missing.

Puzzle Answer

T	I	L	R	O	P	E	S	E	R	G		
A	D	O	E	D	I	L	E	W	O	E		
M	O	T	E	T	E	L	E	M	E	N	T	
	T	A	R	E		A	R	E				
P	R	O	C	E	S	S		S	L	A	S	H
L	I		H	A	S	T	E		D	I	N	E
A	P	E		T	E	A	M	S		M	O	A
N	E	A	T		D	R	I	E	S		O	R
E	N	T	E	R		S	T	R	E	E	T	S
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R	E	S	T	O	R	E		A	E	R	I	E
E	R	N		M	O	R	A	L		I	N	K
T	E	A		S	T	A	G	S		E	N	E

The WAGNERIAN is the official campus newspaper for the Wagner College Community. It is run for and by the students of Wagner College. The WAGNERIAN offices are located in Rm 227 of the Union building. The WAGNERIAN welcomes all submissions. Letters should be sent to:

The WAGNERIAN
631 Howard Ave.
Staten Isl., NY
10301
(212) 390-3153

and should contain the author's name and address. Views expressed within the WAGNERIAN are those of the

individual and not those of the WAGNERIAN.



Letters

International Relations

Wagner College isn't just a college anymore. This great institution of higher learning is, as of a few years ago, also an English Language School. That's great because now foreigners can come to the United States. But do Wagner students realize what they could be learning from foreign students?

All of the Wagner College students have something in common. They speak English. The Wagner English language students however, have only their "foreignness" in common. Because the American students "can't talk" to the foreign students, they often ignore them completely or even ostracize them. The foreign students in turn get a very negative opinion of the American students and withdraw to create a tight group. This group now stops all attempts to bridge the gap between these two social groups. The situation now continues to worsen and soon there are two countercultures on campus.

But do we all realize what we're missing out on when we close ourselves off from other sociocultural groups? People as well as groups have a lot to offer.

Foreign students are people too. And in order for them to intergrate themselves into American society they need to get to know the lifestyle of the average American. Anyone can learn a foreign language in a classroom situation, but in order to get to know what the country is all about, one needs to get to know the people and way they live. Cultural exchange is necessary. By being in contact and exchanging ideas with other people everyone's life becomes more enriched. If one has a friend from a different place, one learns about it without having to go there.

This is what I would like to purpose. Certain activities to promote interaction between American and foreign students. Perhaps activities could take the form of a Foreign/American activities weekend, with events from both cultures being offered.

I honestly believe that such participation in common competitions would greatly improve the attitude of both groups toward the other.

Margarethe Stoeckl
Towers A 307

Windows Cause Shock

Letter to the Editor

Last week as I was walking to work early Tuesday morning, I noticed that the entrance to the library was roped off and people were standing in front of the rope looking sour and disgusted. Slowly my eyes drifted upward following a man's pointed finger. There, much to my disappointment, were five large holes in the lovely tinted glass that had once been the attractive exterior of Horrman Library. I felt my face change; I felt the disappointment and disgust flow onto my features. My mind raced trying to think of anything that could possibly explain something like that should happen. Ducking under the rope, I went into the library. Glass shards covered the floor and carpet; a rock, the size of two large fists, lay on the floor by the chair. The reserved section and catalog section were closed off because of the glass. It covered the desks, chairs, books and plants. What a mess!

The usual cheerful ladies of the library had no smiles nor "Good Morning's" to offer. They stood gazing about them in disbelief. It was such a senseless act. There could be no reason, no justification for it. Everyone seemed to mutter, "Why," at least a dozen times. The library didn't seem to be the quiet peaceful place it usually is. It's atmosphere had

been upset. Everyone began their daily routines with reluctance. The cleaning ladies came in and did a wonderful job removing all the glass but if you look up, you no longer look into the tranquil darkness of the glass windows; you look into the yellow-brown plywood trying to hide the holes that are witness to someone's late night pranks.

Rose Wagner
HVH #904

Housekeeping Rectified

In last week's WAGNERIAN, we ran a letter to the editor complaining about housekeeping. Both the author, and we at the WAGNERIAN took the letter at face value and didn't check into the facts behind the problem. In an attempt to rectify the situation, the following facts have come to light.

For security reasons, some areas of the buildings are restricted from housekeeping. As a result, these areas are not part of the normal routine of the staff and don't receive the usual attention that other areas do. Those with areas restricted, usually of their own preference, may make arrangements to have their offices cleaned while they are there.

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These scenes are from the moving of a car in for Wagner College Theatre's production of Grease. The car is part of the play, set in the 1950s. For further information, watch the WAGNERIAN.

Gary Sullivan invents Wagner's Drive-In Theatre



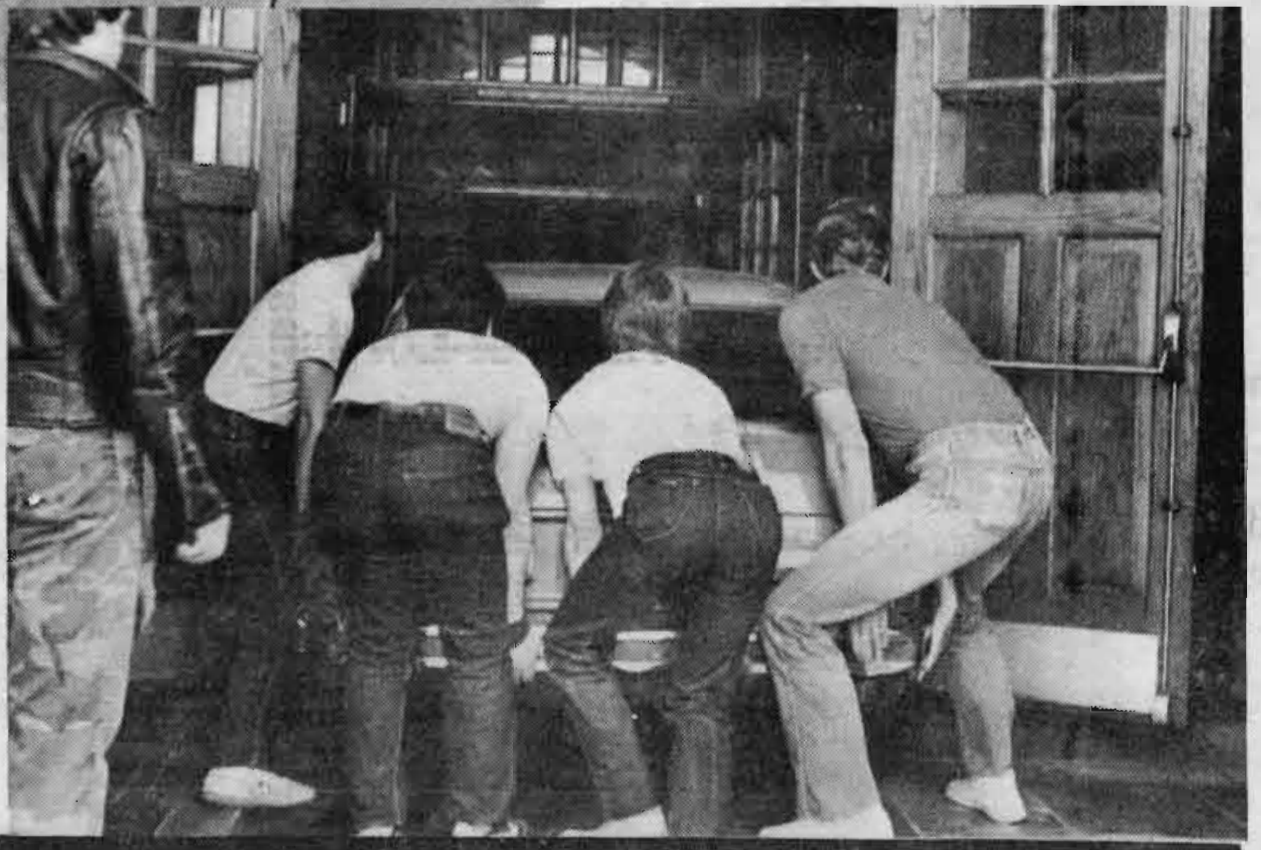
L-I-F-T !!!



"Ah, Gary, I'm not sure your parking permit covers this."

The Stage, Well its left down the back, and you hang a right up the asile.

How do you fit a square peg into a round hole?



Photos courtesy of Wade Appelman and Steve Peters, Kallista Yearbook

ANSWERS ON BLACK CONCERN

by Linda Diane Plummer
 Black Concern is a non-profitable organization that has been in existence at Wagner College for 13 years. Practically everyone has heard of Black Concern, but unfortunately very few people know exactly what the organization is about. Black Concern was set-up in 1969 by several black students striving for racial equality and a sense of identity in a predominantly white, Lutheran college.

As you recall, the 60's was the era in which blacks united to rebel against discrimination and annihilation. There were violent and bitter demonstrations throughout the country as blacks fought their second American revolution in search of freedom,

equality, and respect for the first time.

The "minorities" at Wagner College were also trying to correct the ignorance of society that suppressing them. They were denied of their God given rights and since their requests for freedom and equality resulted in negative replies, the determined students staged a takeover. Whether or not the students took what was rightfully theirs, or that the truth was finally manifested is questionable. But as a result, Black Concern was born.

Black Concern meet every other Thursday at 10 PM, usually in Gatehouse Lounge. B.C. represents the "minorities" on campus and is there to give the "minorities" the same unified identity that the

students fought for in 1969. In reality, Black Concern is just a group of students who come together to discuss problems, interests, goals, and ways to advance themselves, not only as blacks, but as young men and women who just happen to be black.

Black Concern participates in most of the activities at Wagner, such as Homecoming and CCC. Black Weekend which is held in the Spring Semester, is sponsored by Black Concern itself. B.C. gives several parties throughout the year and is expanding its cultural activities.

Black Concern stresses how important it is for the "minorities" to join this organization. In order to progress, you need several creative minds working together, rather than a few

carrying the load and when the work is done, everyone comes to share in the glory. History has proven that unification is the key that will open any door. If you don't like the way things are, or would like for things to be better, join the concerned, join Black Concern.

Note: The word "minorities" is quoted because depending upon whether or not you are referring to the black population of the United States or in the world, referring to blacks as minorities can be both

insulting and wrong. There are more whites in the U.S. than blacks, but worldwide, whites are a minority.

Housekeeping cont

The majority of the housekeeping staff are female, and as a result, areas like the men's room are difficult to gain access to. During the day, they are in constant use,

and at night, when the traffic dies down, the housekeeping staff is off duty and can't clean these areas.

Lastly, the housekeeping staff is relatively small

and on the whole keep the buildings neat and clean. Some of the responsibility for cleaning must fall upon everyone. We're all adults and don't have a personal maid following us around to

pick up afterwards. If everybody pitches in and does their part, I'm sure we'll have no further problems.

WAGNERIAN Editorial Board



Oct 7 **Armed - Forces**

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Oct 9 **BILLY IDOL**

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Oct 10 **THOR**

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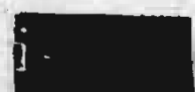
Yearbook Distribution

Juniors & Seniors Today 10-3



Sophomores

Friday 10-3



THE ALARMING FACTS OF HERPES PART 2

This article is reprinted with permission from Time magazine. August 2, 1982 issue.

Part of the pain for herpes patients is the conviction of being damaged goods. George Washington University's Elizabeth Herz reports "intense guilt feelings" among women who get the disease, and hears again and again the feeling that they are unclean, dirty. "We are all looking for someone to love," says a New York woman, a freelance artist. "In this world our chances seem so slim anyway. Then you add herpes and you think, 'Why should anyone want me now?'" A doctor in Amityville, N.Y., says the same glum view has invaded the ranks of teenage herpes sufferers, who come into his office, cry and say, "No one will ever want to marry me."

Susan, a Massachusetts housewife and part-time secretary, had herpes for six years and was eight months pregnant when she read in a book that her disease was linked to cervical cancer and could damage babies during birth. "I wanted to take a knife and cut the skin right off 'of me,'" she says. "I was just so scared about my baby." A healthy girl was born, and for six months Susan was "hysterical" about protecting the youngster, now 3 1/2. "She is probably the most paranoid kid on the block," says Susan, because of elaborate warnings and precautions. Susan douses the house with quarts of Lysol when friends come over, and admits to "enormous" sexual problems with her husband, who caught herpes from her.

Stan, a married man in his 30s who chases women in Manhattan bars, has his own

patented method of checking for herpes. When the chitchat has moved far enough along that the woman is peering his way with bedroom eyes, he caresses her right hand, then presses his thumb sharply down on her wrist and barks: "You have herpes, don't you?" "If her pulse jumps, she has it," he says. "If she doesn't, she just laughs." Sometimes, of course, a woman is offended by his personalized lie-detector test. "I lose a few women that way," he says with a shrug, "but at least I don't have herpes."

With visions of herpes sores clouding each new encounter, would-be lovers who used to gaze romantically into each other's eyes now look for the telltale blink or averted glance of the dissembling herpetic. One male skeptic even called the best friend of a woman he wanted to sleep with and asked if his intended had the disease. In the new etiquette of the ailment, a direct question ("You don't have herpes, do you?") is regarded as tacky. Standard openings have evolved. "You would tell me if you had anything I could catch, wouldn't you?" is admired for its implication of trust and its we're-in-this-together coziness. "Have you ever had a cold sore?" is a bit chatty and oblique but not confrontational. The most straight-forward query for a woman is simply "Do you mind wearing a condom?"

"The problem should be demystified. It's just cold sores in the wrong place," says Paul cheerfully, if not entirely accurately. He is a New York real estate agent who is divorced. "I picked it up in 1974," he says, "on the only one-night stand in my life." He bolsters his self-esteem by telling himself, "Basically there are a lot of people out

there as miserable as me." He has occasional bouts of depression, dabbles in herbal remedies and recently took out a personal ad in New York's weekly "Village Voice" seeking a woman with herpes. Aside from the ad, he never tells women about his herpes. "I don't want to doom myself to being rejected," he says. "If I tell everyone about herpes, there will be a lot of no sales."

When or whether to tell a date that you have herpes is a thorny matter. The only agreement these days is that you don't do the telling in bed. Says a Seattle secretary: "Never in the bedroom. You can't make management decisions there." Among sufferers, there is a feeling that women are more moral and honest than men about confessing to the disease. Says Fran Simon, a P.R. woman for a Philadelphia hospital: "I sure as hell wouldn't want it on my conscience, passing the disease on to somebody." But a quick admission amounts to a warning bell that scares off potential mates. "It was a dilemma everytime I met someone new," says a Miami architect. "I used to rehearse telling people before a mirror." The architect is now happily married, though he has passed the disease on to his wife. A woman in Washington hid her herpes from her boyfriend for three years, and a New York man, possibly the world record holder, kept the news of his herpes sieges from his wife for ten years, mostly by inspired excuses at bedtime.

Psychotherapist Herships changed his mind about candor. He was involved with a woman while on vacation in Montreal. After he told her "herpes became the focal point of our

relationship. It made her anxious. It diminished the experience." His solution: if you are not having an attack of herpes at the time, then don't tell, because the risk of transmission is low.

Many herpes sufferers think that it is not necessary to tell early in a relationship, or on one-night stands. The idea is to tell only when the relationship reaches a stage in which intimate matters come up naturally. Even then one may face rejection. A school teacher in Los Angeles developed herpes blisters on her genitals and legs a month before her scheduled wedding. Her fiance' who had given her the disease, walked out. So did a later boyfriend. "Now I don't tell anybody, and I won't unless I'm having a serious relationship," she says. "What an I supposed to do, say, 'how do you do, my name's Ilene, I have herpes?'" Surprisingly, many doctors counsel silence on the first encounter, mostly because their patients' psyches are shaky. "Due to the rejection some of my patients were getting," says New York gynecologist Michael Trupin, "I finally began advising them not to tell initially. If they tell at first, the other person disappears." Says another doctor: "Everytime you kiss someone good night, do you tell them you sometimes get cold sores on your mouth?"

One herpes patient who believes in frankness is Paul Morris, 33, a fan-belt salesman in Houston. He caught herpes in 1976. Dr. A, a general practitioner, said it was syphilis or gonorrhea. Dr. B, a dermatologist, thought it was an unknown skin ailment, and Dr. C, a specialist in infectious diseases, could not

identify it, but was positive it was not herpes. Only Dr. D, an old friend, had the wit to take a culture that showed the problem was herpes. When Morris informed the woman who gave it to him, she brushed it off with "No big deal." Morris felt betrayed, but so vulnerable that he stayed with the woman, although his infection rendered him sexually inactive during all but three weeks of the next twelve months. When he met his wife-to-be, he immediately told her of his herpes, and after some soul searching she decided that his honesty was more important than the disease. She and their baby daughter are free of herpes.

Frequently, herpes seems to strike nice, healthy, clean-cut Caucasians of the middle and upper classes. Indeed, one survey says that 95% of sufferers are white. Skeptics point out that blacks and poor, who are not part of the self-help culture, are unlikely to turn up in herpes surveys, and may have more crushing problems to cope with than venereal disease anyway. "Blacks get it, they just aren't obsessed with it," says Tom Moore, who works in a Mississippi VD clinic. Some researchers suggest that middle-class hygienic habits cause vulnerability: children who are kept squeaky clean do not get as many cold sores as poor youngsters and thus are generally missing antibodies that protect them against herpes. A study in Paris backs up the theory. It shows that only 30% of high-income French men and women have immunity to genital sores by age 20, but in lower-income brackets almost all children develop the antibodies by age 5.

One national group that tries to encourage constructive talk about herpes is the Herpes Resource Center in Palo Alto, Calif., an organization with 30,000 members in 45 chapters known as HELP groups. The chapters function as a large group-therapy

session, letting newcomers talk out their problems and assuring herpes sufferers that they are not alone.

The Herpes Resource Center tries to foster the notion of normal living. It is a difficult task because everything about herpes is conducive to irrational fears. No form of protection is absolute, and there is no sure way to know who has the disease, even after a close inspection. Says Dr. Philip Lake of Georgetown University: "As many as one out of six of the general population may from time to time be asymptomatic shedders of the herpes virus."

Doctors have little advice about how to avoid herpes. Though nothing is foolproof, it is best for the man to use a condom. A spermicide may also be helpful. In addition, sex partners should be known well enough to be trusted, and it should be borne in mind that oral sex is a contributing factor. VD specialist Dr. Felman recommends getting a good look at the prospective sex partner with all the lights on. Says he: "If there are any sores or discharge, it's time to put your clothes back on and find another partner." That kind of clinical inspection leave little room for mystery and candlelight.

Two UCLA researchers have reported that herpes virus can live on towels for up to 72 hours and on toilets seats for at least four. In one test, a seat used by a woman with thigh lesions showed live herpes viruses 90 minutes later. But most doctors down-play the UCLA study. Dr. Harold Kessler of Rush Presbyterian-St. Luke's, in Chicago, says herpetics should use their own towels, though the chances of passing on the infection via a towel are only about 1%. The virus dies so fast on toilet seats, he says, that the risk of infection from that source is very slight indeed.

The elusive nature of information about herpes causes much of the

frustration among its sufferers. One major perplexity is why herpes recurs, sometimes after lying dormant for months or even years. "This thing seem to have a mind of its own," says Debra Edwards of Washington, D.C., who works in a law office. She contracted herpes in 1978 and complains about its vexing propensity for popping up at inopportune moments: "It knows exactly when you're going away, or when you're really looking forward to something." Says David Baker, a New York obstetrician: "Stress can reactivate the illness. It may just feed upon itself and create a vicious cycle."

For now, those who have herpes can do little but try to control the negative emotions and stress that often triggers attacks. Many herpes patients use yoga, TM, biofeedback, hypnosis, talk therapy, or simply "Imaging," an attempt to conjure up happy images and serene thoughts. One Boston woman reports success by envisioning a golden globe sending off rays that heal herpes. Another woman says that smiling constantly when she felt a cold sore coming on kept the blisters from appearing. Says Dr. Hamilton: "The placebo effect is so strong that 60% of patients treated with 'any' technique are going to get better."

This balming of the sore by the psyche may be the best palliative. Once anger and aggression are dealt with, says therapist Riccio, a herpes sufferer can develop the kind of psychological calm that makes recurrences milder and rarer. Most manage that within six months, according to Fordham professor Oscar Gillespie, a co-founder of the New York HELP chapter. "Given the appropriate information," says Gillespie, "90% of herpes sufferers will adjust after the initial crisis."

For Fran Simon the clouds parted the day that her therapist asked whether herpes was one of the crucial facts about her

life. "I realized then that it wasn't. It wasn't one of the ten most important things about me." One Atlanta man came out of depression when the outbreaks began to ease. "I looked at it this way: 95% of the time I didn't have herpes. I worked it out and came to terms with it." For others, progress depends on change of attitude, from victim to manager. Says Marilyn Anderson of Cleveland Heights: "I have this problem, yes, but I feel I have it under control and I can handle it mainly by taking care of my body and my mind. People who have herpes shouldn't downgrade themselves. You have to be positive."

This is a useful reminder: herpes is only as devastating as a patient allows it to be. It is not life-threatening. After the first bout, pain is usually less severe. The virus can be subdued without drugs, by applying the oldest of American remedies - positive thinking. Indeed, herpes is so dependent on mood and emotion that once a sufferer regains self-confidence, many outbreaks can be tamed and managed. "I see an enormous number of people who really do cope," says Seattle's Dr. Lawrence Corey. "They have to live with having the disease, but it doesn't consume them."

For now, herpes cannot be defeated, only cozened into an uneasy, lifelong truce. It is a melancholy fact that it has rekindled old fears. But perhaps not so unhappily, it may be a prime mover in helping to bring to a close an era of mindless promiscuity. The monogamous now have one more reason to remain so. For all the distress it has brought, the troublesome little bug may inadvertently be ushering in a period in which sex is linked more to commitment and trust.

by John Leo. Reported by Maureen Dowd/New York and other bureaus.

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THE DELEMMA DODGER STRIKES AGAIN

Dear Delemma Dodger,

I have this problem. Maybe I should call it a hangup. I am really bothered by people who don't flush toilets. Not only is it gross but it's sub-human. Animals leave their urine scents to mark their territories, but we as humans should be civilized and not have to leave a trail of urine in every bathroom we use. As if this in itself isn't disgusting enough, there are some people who enter the bathroom, flush away the old scent and then leave their own - ugh! Am I really expecting to much to be able to walk into a dormitory bathroom and find the toilet flushed and the stall reasonably clean? How can I convince people that it is common courtesy to

flush the toilet each time they use it, even if they only spit into it.

Sign me,
Flushed with Anger

Dear Flushed with Anger,

Heaven to Betsey, that is quite a delemma! Perhaps society is still leving through a Freudian anal stage wherein they're still fascinated by their own wastes. Nonetheless, if it really affects you so deeply, this is what you ought ot do. First try bringing the subject up at dinner - let your problem be known. If that has no effect, try to shame those subhumans into flushing the toilet by confronting them with their disgusting habit. It might be embarassing but then again

it might work. If none of these solutions remedy the situation, perhaps you should start looking for an off-campus apartment where you can wallow in the pleasures of having a flushed toilet.

With much sympathy and compasion for your problem,
The Delemma Dodger

Dear D.D.,

I've hung out with the same group of people for quite sometime. Everyone is very nice and for a long time we all partied together into the late hours. It was great and we all seemed to really enjoy each others company.

Well the parties don't go quite so late this year

and when they do, enjoyment seems to be at the expense of each other. Someone is always being cut down. It doesn't seem to matter who it is, simply whoever isn't in the room, or at the table. It doesn't seem to bother them that later on the same day they will call that person "friend". I find myself leaving the party earlier each time. I care about my friends, yet it seems impossible for them to break this habit. Surely we all know each well enough to be considerate and speak out our differences personally. If we do not know the person well enough, we surely have no right to say anything at all. Can you think of any other advice that maybe my fiends will understand?

Tired of Listening

Dear Tired of Listening,

The best way to avoid this situation is to either make a new circle of friends ot let them know just what a bunch of ninnies they're being. But then you must also ask yourself whether these friends are worth your precious time. People who resort to sitting around verbally attacking their so-called friends probably don't deserve to be graced by your company. Right?

But if you choose to tell them just how horrible they are, then don't be shy to let them know how strongly you feel about their unkindness. Perhaps you could threaten to turn around and tell the person being talked about what each and every one of them said. (Wouldn't that be fun even if the problem didn't get solved?)

Whatever you choose to do, make sure your firm; don't revert to being ltheir friend orr don't stand for their behavior.
Good Luck,
The Delemma Dodger

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JUDAS PRIEST ROCKS NYC

by Anthony Maniscalco

The lights come on and the opening act is over. This time they didn't get booed off the stage like so many other opening acts have. This is because they were "Iron Maiden", usually a headbanging, head lining band. Frisbees, beach balls, and tension soon begin to fill the Garden atmosphere. Many of the 20,000 fans have seen Priest before, but most have not, and have no clue to what they're in for.

"Judas Priest" is a five member band with Bobby Halford on vocals, Glen Tipton and K.K. Downing on guitars, Ian Hill on Bass, and David Holland on drums. Their popularity is just beginning to rise (Their new album is currently number 16 on the Billboard charts) although they've

been around for many years. In 1974 they released "Rocka Rolla" and in early 1976 they put out "Sad Wings of Destiny." In early 1977, they signed a contract with Columbia records and recorded "Sin after Sin." In 1978, with the release of "Stained Class," Judas Priest hit number 1 in the British charts. In 1979 "Hell Bent for Leather" hit the charts in the orient and America. A live album followed, "Unleashed in the East," but Priest still got little recognition. Then under new producer, Tom Allen, Priest stepped aside from the hard core violent music and instead of songs like "Tyrant," "Sinner," and "Genocide," they released songs like "Living after Midnight," "Hot Rocking,"

and "Don't Go." to say the least, this disappointed their hard core following, but popularity began to come.

With their new album, "Screaming for Vengeance," Priest satisfies their new fans, the radio stations, and their old fans. With songs like, "You've Got Another Thing Coming," "Blood Stone," "Devils Child" and "Pain and Pleasure," their new album smokes on the turntable like the old classics.

The lights finally went out and every fan in the Garden rose to let the band know they were very welcome and appreciated. From the very first song, "The Hellion/Electric Eye," it was noticeable that Priest had sacrificed volume for intricacy in their music. And, as usual, the stage

show wasn't very complicated. The fast rythms, electrifying leads, and piercing vocals spoke for themselves. There was a platform around the satge which the drums were on, some smoke, lights, the leather clothing, and a Harley Davidson lowrider which Hartford rode in on during the third and final encore.

Most of the concert consisted of new songs, though they did go back to some crowd pleasers like, "Ripper," "Victim of Changes," and "Green Manilishi." The show ended with the band throwing kisses and bowing to the audience from the platform area in front of the drums and the sell-out crowd chanting, "Judas Priest,"

Cont page 2



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Randi C. Logan
Capt. Air Force Nurse Corps



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2. **Real Men Don't Eat Quiche**, by Bruce Feirstein. (Pocket, \$3.95.) A hilarious guide to masculinity.
3. **Thin Thighs in 30 Days**, by Wendy Stehling. (Bantam, \$2.95.) How to tone up and thin down.
4. **Cujo**, by Stephen King. (NAL/Signet, \$3.95.) Another tale of horror from the master.
5. **E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial**, by William Kotzwinkle. (Berkley, \$2.95.) Novel of the popular film.
6. **The Soul Of A New Machine**, by Tracy Kidder. (Avon, \$3.95.) Behind the scenes at a computer company.
7. **The Hotel New Hampshire**, by John Irving. (Pocket, \$3.95.) Latest novel by the author of "Garp."
8. **What Color Is Your Parachute?**, by Richard Nelson Bolles. (Ten Speed Press, \$6.95.) Career and job guide.
9. **The Cinderella Complex**, by Colette Dowling. (Pocket, \$3.95.) Uncovers the roots of women's inner conflicts.
10. **Color Me Beautiful**, by Carole Jackson. (Ballantine, \$8.95.) A how-to book for women.

Compiled by The Chronicle of Higher Education from information supplied by college stores throughout the country. Sept. 15, 1982

New & Recommended

Letter To A Child Never Born, by Oriana Fallaci. (Washington Square Press, \$2.95) The story of a woman coming to grips with pregnancy and the struggle between society's demands and her own desires.

New Rules, by Daniel Yankelovich. (Bantam, \$3.95) A study of the cultural and economic forces charting our future.

Working Wardrobe, by Janet Wallach. (Warner, \$8.95) How to more than triple your wardrobe with two-color coordinated dressing.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS/NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE STORES

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Squirt-
Lets go back to the bunker, we can still hear you screaning.

To the THB's,
Welcome back. What do you have in store for us this year?

Guppy,
Welcome to the Wag. Is this school ready for you?

Wanted:
People to show school spirit. Become an athletic supporter.

To the Vest,
You are just a smell in the past, so cash it in.

For sale:
Yearbook overprints. Obtain your personal copy for only \$2.00.

To all Freshmen:
Work on your very own Homecoming Float. Also help out on the Freshman show. Come to HVH first floor lounge, tonight at 7:00 PM, a good time is guaranteed for all.

Sinegy,
Don't leave me alone here, please stay.

To Mrs. Hunt
Good Luck in your future as an unemployed editor.

Fred,
Please come back. Mom's forgiven you for the couch.

It Just Doesn't Matter!
Love, Chris

To the girl now driving the blue Mustang,

Relax, spring is not as far away as it seems. Wait for me, I'll make it worth your while.

Love, Your Private Life Guard
Dear George,

Why did you take my couch? Why does everyone always take my couch. I don't think anyone likes my couch.

Love and Kisses,
ED.

Chris,
I took your couch. Okay but then again, what the hell was it doing in my production room anyway. That's okay, I'm sure that the stuff will clean up anyway.

Love and Kisses too,
ED.

Chris,
I used your couch.
Love and Kisses,
JR ED

Wonbat,
I left my sock under your bed. Could I have them back, they're this week's pair.

Bob,
My book's better than your book, my book's better than yours.
Love and Kisses,
ED II

Weafy,
Why hasn't Morgan finished the design for the show yet. Get her on the ball.

Mugs,
Can you really grow it on a petri dish?

Wanted:
My staff. Where are you hiding. Deadline was Tuesday. Please call home.

E.T.
Phone home.

Michael,
Mommie Dearest called.

Chris,
The Lord said covet not thy neighbors wife, manservant, maidservant or ass...but he said nothing about an office. We're dancing on your grave. Have fun moving.
The New Tenants

Buffy,
Willie Lives!!!



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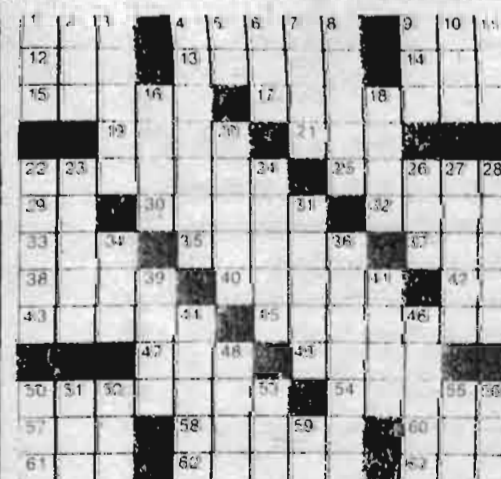
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