

Quote of the Week:

"In the year 2000, fools will come to my house and ask me to stop pitying them. It will be raining, and I will not be home. So I will continue to pity them."

— Mr. T

Sex Column:

Sex delivers a good time

I think that if I had a dollar for every time a student here made a joke about how little academics means to Rider students I'd be able to pay back my student loans instantly. Don't get me wrong, I think academics are really important to our students here and personally, I take my classes and grades very seriously, but some people take it too far.

I think I have some serious evidence that I have accumulated through research in my own personal life that academics are being taken more seriously at Rider. Recently, I have noticed that some of the male students at Rider have made academics a priority over something I feel is very important: their sex lives. More importantly, there is something else that is being forgotten in this overwhelming attempt to raise GPAs and finish papers on time. I feel it is very important for students to release stress, and this can often be attained by physical activity. I speak for myself, but I am sure some of the females on campus will agree; I often am stressed out and would like to release my stress with physical activity. I'm going to be honest here; I'm not good at sports. With all these guys paying special attention to academics I am left with quite the dilemma. I have no one with which to participate in my favorite form of stress relief.

Now some of my friends have told me to take matters into my own hands. I know what you are thinking; stop it, you dirty minded readers. They are suggesting I find other ways to relieve stress. So I joined a gym. That is a step in the right

direction, so now I'm feeling energized after a good work out. But this is also a problem, because I have all this energy and no where to let it go. I come home from the gym to find a big empty bed and all the guys on campus are outside rushing to class. I tried concentrating more on my school work, but I just got further frustrated because when I was all finished with my work there was nothing to look forward to afterwards.

I know you may be thinking: this girl is out of her mind and there are other things in the world other than sex and you are right. However, it seems you always want what you can't have. Every time I hear, "I'm sorry, I have a paper to write" or "Oh I have a group project meeting," or "Big test tomorrow, Carrie, sorry" the frustration builds.

If there is one thing I have always felt it is that there is always time for a little lovin'. So I will end on an optimistic note; perhaps I just have to find the right guy to teach this philosophy to. Perhaps I can provide some incentive to stop procrastinating and to finish that paper early or study the week before the test. I will keep my fingers crossed that this does not become an epidemic at Rider and affect us all. One thing is for sure: I better see a significant increase in all of your GPAs.



Carrie Bradshaw

Vinnie vs. The World:

President Rosencrantz is a hoser

Recently, as Rider University has attempted to find a viable candidate to fill the new position of Vice President of Enrollment, I've found it grossly offensive that the institution has glossed over the most qualified candidate for the job, me.

The underlying problem is that so long as Gons N' Rosencrantz is President of Rider University, I will never be allowed to get ahead. We've been intense rivals since childhood and he's done everything in his power to hold me back ever since.

It all dates back to when I crossed the Canadian border as a child. I felt that if I could only get into Canada, a country far inferior to ours in every sport but hockey, I could dominate the Canadian Little League Baseball Circuit (CLLBC) and use my superior American athleticism to become a star. I had it all, money, cars, women and a lifetime supply of cheesecake that drove a young Rosencrantz wildly jealous. Some say it was because I had a better batting average than him, some say it was because I'm a lot more handsome than he is, and others think it was because I stole his girlfriend at the age of 16, but something inside Rosencrantz snapped.

The man hired a private

investigator to watch my every move and together, they realized I couldn't be Canadian when they peered through my bedroom window and saw me watching a re-run of *Roseanne* during the Stanley Cup Finals. They waited for me to make a mistake and unfortunately their day of victory came during my acceptance speech for the Wayne Gretzky Award for Greatest Canadian Athlete Of All Time, I slipped up with my accent and didn't say the word eh (pronounced in Canada as 'ey') after one of my sentences. Rosencrantz quickly pointed out my mistake and revealed me to the world.

Deported back to America and exiled from all professional sports, it was then that I shifted my ambitions out of athletics and into academics. I enrolled as a student at Rider University, and set my sights on the soon-to-be vacated presidential position.

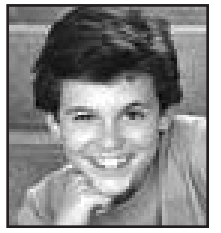
I used my stroke as an editor of the University's weekly newspaper to help my campaign, and as you all likely remember, I became the frontrunner for Luedeke's chair. Luedeke began training me as his successor, mentioning the candidacy race as simply a formality and I was well on my way to getting the job of my dreams. That is until my plot to get back at

Rosencrantz for the atrocities he committed against me proved a success.

A week-end trip I made to the University of Guelf, where he was currently president, proved productive when, disguised as one of his faculty, I beat up a student at the school.

Blamed for the entire thing, Rosencrantz hunted me down, foaming at the mouth and thirsty for revenge. He entered the presidential race at Rider and replaced my normal dinner one night with poisoned Daly's food. I instantly collapsed and missed the critical presidential debate, costing me the job.

After all these years, Rosencrantz, ravingly jealous of my success, has continued to attempt to hold me back. I speak to you the Rider community and urge you to encourage the man to lay aside his differences, forget about how much better at generally everything I am than him and tell him you want me as the new Vice President of Enrollment. After screwing me out of the presidential position, it's the least he can do.



Vinnie Corleone

Lacey Logic:

Freshmen are neither cool nor funny

It seems that this year the campus has had more thefts, drug busts and vandalism than ever before. Suspects have been apprehended. But the problems continue. Clearly, all of the bad stuff is a result of this year's freshmen class.

Think about it. Last year there were not as many problems. The new students came in and trouble started. There is hope, however, for a better tomorrow. I propose that we place certain restrictions on the entire freshmen class in attempt to remedy the situation.

First, freshmen should have a 4 p.m. curfew. Resident Advisors can patrol the halls and make sure that all first year students are locked securely in their rooms until 7 a.m. the next morning. Lockdown during these hours will serve many purposes, including making sure that the young ones receive the proper amount of sleep that a young-adult needs.

Of course, during this time period they will be allowed bathroom escorts and their phones will only be allowed to receive incoming calls. This will ensure that they will get all of their work done. They also should be denied their Internet connections after about 8 p.m. so that they do not waste time chatting at all hours of the night. Plus, who knows what kind of trouble they could get into surfing the web.

On weekends, they could be let out of their rooms but only if they are wearing their muzzles. I know this sounds liberal, but with the muzzles it will be difficult for them to speak, let alone partake in the under aged consumption of alcohol. By doing this the amount of vandalism will decrease by at least 75 percent.

Also, each freshman would benefit from living in a triple. They will all be able to form long-lasting relationships with

their room-mates. Of course, the best location for all of them would be Poyda. Not only does it house more

students than Zoom, so it could really create the ultimate "freshman experience" but it also is far away from everything else. This would encourage them to do more walking and keep off the freshman 15. Being close to the fitness center would also be convenient for exercise, which brings me to another idea. When it's built, the new recreation center should be opened to everybody other than freshmen.

These plans have the potential to improve life at Rider for everybody and ensure every senior the opportunity to live in a single.



Lacey Underpants