

Editorial:

Year Of Fear

A mere twelve months ago many Americans had serious doubts about there even being a tomorrow.

But tomorrow did occur, and after the one year anniversary of the attacks on New York and the Pentagon, Americans are left with unresolved emotions, unquelled fears, and a frightening new perspective of the position of the U.S. in the world.

After a year of anthrax-soaked mail, red alerts, overseas reports of suicide bombers, speeches about "evildoers" and the "axis of evil," and the déjà vu inducing idea of invading Iraq and toppling our old friend Sadam, Americans seem confused.

There's a feeling in the air of extreme uncertainty, of wanting to be reserved in our actions as a nation, yet not backing down from people who apparently loathe us for being Americans.

Right now there are people alive who hate the United States and all of its inhabitants because, in a simplified way, their god told them to.

This is a difficult thing for Americans to wrap their minds around. We have an image of ourselves as the upholders of freedom and equality the world over. We help people.

In the eyes of our attackers and those with similar views we are the gluttonous evil element in the world and we must be purged. Could it be true? Have we really caused so many people so much pain?

The problem with these and like issues is that they deal with the grayest areas of morality. Some say it is immoral to kill innocents, others say we must have vengeance. We can't be perceived as weak, yet we can't go overboard.

We are in a war with a nameless, faceless, homeless, monster called terrorism and there is no way of telling who's winning. True, we overthrew a weak dictatorship in Afghanistan and sent the Taliban running through the desert. But how can we ever prove they were our true enemy? Recently there have been reports that Saddam Hussein met with Taliban leaders in 1999. How can we ever know?

Americans have, for the most part, returned to normalcy, whatever that means. The workdays and schooldays continue uninterrupted, airport security is still a mess but Allen Iverson gets the biggest chunk of local airtime because of his assault charges. Things have calmed down.

It is hard to accept that any good can come from such evil, but the truth remains that it has. Although our comfort level will never be the same, the security measures that have been enforced as a result of the chaos have raised our confidence and allowed us to live the lives we've become accustomed to.

Still, the fact remains that lives have been lost, but not forgotten. Heroes have been made, and appropriately honored. And although an icon of our capitalistic coherency has been abolished, its memory will forever have a place with us.

This weekly editorial expresses the majority opinion of The Rider News editorial board and is written by the Opinion section editors.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"Abash'd the devil stood and saw how awful goodness is. Virtue is so lovely."

— John Milton, "Paradise Lost"

THIS WEEK IN HISTORY ...

SEPT. 13, 1990

Andrei Chikatilo, the Soviet Union's most prolific serial killer, is charged with the murder of 53 people. For 12 years, Chikatilo had killed children and young women near Rostov, Russia. The Soviet government, refusing to admit that the communist system could produce serial killers, had denied the crimes in an attempt to portray serial killing as a uniquely Western cultural phenomenon.

SEPT. 17, 1978

In Washington, D.C., Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin sign the Camp David Accords, laying the groundwork for a permanent peace agreement between Egypt and Israel after three decades of hostilities.



Unknown News:

Buttshake Hypnotizes Man

by Michael D. Lovullo

LAWRENCEVILLE – At approximately 1:30 a.m. on Wednesday morning a local resident became disillusioned after seeing pop star Shakira's "rump in action."

While briefly acknowledging the programs on various channels for no longer than .35 seconds, bowling alley manager Ted Ulrich, 32, suddenly became transfixed on the Music Television Network.

"It grabbed me, ya know?" questioned Ulrich as to his immediate response from the spectacle before him.

The object of his desire was none other than pop-star Shakira's buttocks, which seemed to "rumble and tumble" naturally, as if under its own accord.

"That thing's got a mind of its own," Ulrich said mere minutes from the encounter. "Have you ever seen that? Even Elvis had more control over his pelvic thrusts."

However alluring to Ulrich, the artist's music video *Objection (Tango)* failed to trigger such an aggressive response from his present company.

"I didn't understand what the whole deal was," confessed Dan Leperin, a friend to Ulrich.

Such proposals didn't prevent Ulrich from further declaring the vision "absolutely righteous" and worthy of such discussion.

"It's like, its own entity, man," rebutted Ulrich. "She better keep that thing on a leash!"

Unbeknownst to Ulrich, as he laid secure between the confines of a bag of Oreos and his "chill pill[ow]," the occupants of his domain had already begun making derogatory remarks as to his fascination with the artist's backside.

"He [Ulrich] was totally obsessed," exclaimed Tom Flanerhand, a co-worker of Ulrich's at Tom's Tubular Bowl-A-Rama! "The video was over for like five minutes before Ul[rich]s stopped drooling. Talk about an ass-man!"

Ulrich's disillusionment soon came after a recent Creed video found its place on MTV's late-night video selection.

"I guess some guy singing bull sh!% in a raft was enough to take him out," said Flanerhand. "Only then did we see the dude [Ulrich] slobbering over himself."

This is not the first occasion Ulrich's vision has been drawn to such "splendorous spheres." Friends and colleagues agree, "the man has an obsession with the rump."

Although Ulrich declines to seek professional help, regarding his apparent fascination with the backside, authorities are aware of his condition and are on alert to prevent him from drawing intrigue from innocent bystanders.

The Unknown News is a parody column and should not be taken seriously

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Growing Pains: Teeny Tiny Freshman

Three weeks before I'm to leave for the grand Rider University, I come home a little later than usual. Mommy is half asleep on the couch – waiting up for me as usual. I wave hello and say goodnight.

Magically, the next day, I suddenly have an 11 o'clock curfew. Eighteen years old and I have to be home before the news comes on. I know sixth graders who can stay out later than that. Okay, so I don't really know any sixth graders, but you get the point.

Those next few painful weeks dragged by as I eagerly awaited to be freed from the clutches of an overly paranoid, neurotic mother. Now, finally, I'm here and completely ALONE. It's like kindergarten all over again except "cooties" come in a much more serious form these days. So I'm friendless and painfully shy. I ate alone for the entire first week and by the end of the second I started to think how ridiculous I must look. Sure, there are other people eating alone, but to sit with them would have caused me to burst into flames. At least it felt that way. Would it kill me to talk to someone?

I took a chance. I found some people, who I thought might have something in common with me, and talked to them. Surprisingly, they didn't attempt to kick, punch or bite me. Hey, I made a friend! We even switched phone numbers and as an added bonus I lived to tell the story.

The Way It Is:

Classroom Etiquette 101

Beckoned by Daly's delectable cuisine, tempted to try and set sleep deprivation records and longing for those long Thursday nights of waking up in other people's beds, Rider students have put their cell phones down long enough to move-in, hook up their computers and get back on IM.

For those of us who have returned to continue our debauched journey, or those of you who have only just begun to get your feet wet in the collegiate experience, I've decided to give you a little insight into what you'll need to know to get off on the right foot.

In all honesty, it all comes down to communication. You will no doubt make an impression this year, but making the right one will be the key.

Classroom first impressions are of great importance. According to a wise professor I know, there are two types of students. There are those that will walk up to a professor out of the blue after one of the first classes and introduce themselves and say "what do I have to do to get an 'A' in this class?" in effect setting themselves apart from the other 25 students in the class.



Nancy Wilensky

So this is the big, bad college, the best years of my life, according to everyone. I might as well enjoy them. There's really no point in avoiding everyone, but I still do it sometimes anyway. It's hard to break old habits. Friends are a definite plus though, even if it's just someone to sit with. As my mother would say, "Humans are social animals, Nancy. You can't stay in your room all day." Yes, she may be a little crazy but she does make sense sometimes. Socializing isn't so bad, and you can't be everybody's friend, but keeping everything inside is never a good idea. My roommate kept our door propped open for a night and most of the floor wandered in and out, introducing themselves and such. It was a nice experience meeting all the characters on my floor, so now I keep the door open pretty much every night while I sit in my room reading, writing or messing about on the computer.

In short, have fun kids. Not too much fun, but have a good time. Do something so that you have great stories to tell when you're 75 years old and your grandkids are going to college.

Innuendos: Freshman Fashion

Last year around this time I wrote a column about how a large majority of the freshman gals dressed too scandalously for the classroom. Another year is here and with it a new bunch of freshmen women I must scold because this year the outfits are worse.

Ladies, you must realize that although you think you are presenting yourself as mature women, you're really not. A mature woman with some taste would not wear a mini-skirt and a tube top while going to lunch at Daly's. Yes, that's what I saw with my very eyes. There is more exposed skin in Daly's than in most porno magazines.

I feel that I must also point out that some of you have no right wearing this kind of clothing. Let's face it, not everyone can dress like Britney Spears. I know that some of you consider her your idol, but some of you shouldn't be trying to imitate her. A roll of fat hanging over the top of your hip-huggers is not sexy...it's scary. I must also say that if your butt looks like a pack of hotdogs, then those little shorts with the words across the behind are not for you.

I feel that this is no way to start your college career. The rumors are already starting to fly. If your goal was to pass yourselves off as mature college students, then you failed miserably. The only thing you are getting is the disrespect of upperclassmen. The other women on campus are saying some pretty nasty things about you. I would mention some of them but they are too dirty to be featured in *the Rider News*.

If you think that you are going to catch the eye of some guy while going to your 8 o'clock class, the chances are he is probably too tired to even care. NO ONE CARES!!!

As I said last year, the Fine Arts building is not a nightclub, so leave your halters, tube tops and mini-skirts in your room. There is a time and a place to dress sexy, but class is not one of them. I ask the freshmen women to look at some of the other women on campus while walking to class in the morning. If jeans, sweatshirts, and even pajamas are any indication, comfort is in.



Tim Green

Then there are those that won't bother saying a thing to the professor until the end of the semester when they're on the verge of failing and need to see if they can do some "other things" to boost their grades.

It should go without saying that you should try and avoid the latter category like the plague and aspire towards the former, and here's how.

Classroom strategy: Be assertive and talk to your professors from day one. Whether you're outgoing or shy, you have to muster enough courage to go up to your professors and at least introduce yourself. Trust me, it works. For one, you will be remembered, and they will appreciate that you took the time to talk to them on a personal level. Not only that, but by talking to your professor, he or she will come to view you in a positive light and see that you appear to be a serious student from the get-go.

Now, contrast that approach with the one of the more complacent student who will sit in the back of class hoping the class goes by without ever having to answer a question. We've all seen those seat warmers that come in with no book and not a single clue as to

why they're even there. They are too cool for school and why they're here nobody knows, and ultimately he or she will spend the whole semester trying to blend in and not be called upon (unless it's on their cell phone, of course). This may seem funny, but sadly, it's really unfortunate that so many students choose to remain oblivious and ultimately ignorant.

Don't let this happen to you. Make it a point to get to know your professors. These days a lot of students treat professors impersonally often times failing to acknowledge that they are there to do more than just put a letter next to their names at the end of the semester. They are here to help and guide you, but how will they ever know you exist if you can't even make the first move and say hello?



Roger Alvarado

Letter To The Editor: Bush Doctrine Betrayal

In the days following September 11, we feared for our future. Would terrorist attacks become a fixture of life? Would we have to live the rest of our days with the knowledge that our work, our dreams, our loved ones, our lives could be obliterated at any moment? Was the America we had known and loved—the free country our Founding Fathers pledged their lives, fortunes, and honor to create—gone forever?

In an impassioned speech to Congress on Sept. 20, 2002, just over a week after the attacks, President Bush brought hope to many. He pledged to eradicate terrorism by waging a war

that was to begin with al Qaeda and the Taliban. Although the speech contained several concessions to America's enemies, including a refusal to name the many nations besides the Taliban that sponsor terrorism and promote Militant Islam, Bush came across as an implacable foe of terrorism with his now-famous statement: "Every nation, in every region, now has a decision to make: either you are with us, or you are with the terrorists." This sentence marked the birth of what was later named the Bush Doctrine. Finally, it seemed, America was asserting itself.

A year later we are the ones who

are less comfortable about our security. According to a recent poll by USA Today, only one-third of Americans believe that we are winning the war on terrorism—down from two-thirds in January. Our leaders, humbly resigned to the threat of mass death, tell us that future terrorist attacks are inevitable. The cause of this newfound pessimism is Bush's abandonment of his own doctrine.

"I will not yield, I will not rest, I will not relent in waging this struggle for freedom and security for the American people," he promised. But our freedom and security are imperiled because Bush,

bowing to the demands of our so-called "allies," has relented repeatedly. In Afghanistan, his failure to commit large numbers of American ground troops and his reluctance to bomb key targets for fear of inflicting civilian casualties, has allowed much of the al Qaeda leadership to escape. Even worse, Bush has not taken substantive military action beyond Afghanistan.

Alex Epstein
Writer for the Ayn Rand Institute