New play defies hakuna matata
By Davidius Maccarus

Rider theater. Just saying the phrase fills one with the warm anticipation most likely conjure up images of burning children and possibly your dead grandmother crawling up your leg with a knife in her teeth.

Omega Mu’s new student-adapted play, *Simba’s Pain*, focuses on an orphaned lion cub, raised by a family of Emu, named Frank. Frank hits adolescence and must come to terms with his species and enter a desperate struggle to survive and must come to terms with his sexuality. He sits before a glorious sunset like a predator. His album is like an audio massage for the ear drums.

It’s Freudian, in a way. Frank’s struggle is a human struggle—even though he’s a lion.

A small audience of faculty, administration and critics were invited to a pre-production showing of the play with a tentative cast last week. “That show served as a kind of test run,” Phleming said. “The Times of Trenton critic said the show ‘embodied the spirit of today’s humor’ and ‘mercifully escapes the sitcom-y traps of comedy.’ Because of the results from this early showing, the opening night for *Simba’s Pain*, a drama, has been pushed off till Sept. 30.

“OK, I thought we were doing something really good,” said cast-member and senior Peter Twain. “It was quick, it was witty, it was damn funny. Now we have a new script and there’s this scene where Simba does a soliloquy debating the pros and cons of the psychological damage that eating his parents might cause. I don’t know. I can’t do a serious lion.”

“Yeah, the reaction at the early show wasn’t what we expected,” Phleming said. “They laughed—a lot. But I don’t think they got the message. So I reworked the script again, and we’ll be ready to go.”

A critic from The Journal was not invited to the early showing, but from what he saw, The Journal planted backstage in the Yeonne Theater, this critic can confidently say that the spring theater season on Rider’s campus will be an interesting one. Brush up on your Freud and re-watch The Lion King to prepare…you might want to bring a cyanide capsule, just in case.

LaMont: a heavenly gift from God
By Mozo Ahn

Quite simply, LaMont is both a beast and a musical genius. His debut album, *Love Goes On*, is in proof that LaMont is the most talented man of our generation—nay, he is the most talented man ever. LaMont’s first single, aptly titled “Love Goes On,” is a ballad that puts even Frank Sinatra to shame. The song even inspired a club remix, which is also featured on the album. It has been reported in various circles that hearing merely the first few notes of the bangin’ club beat has the power to literally blow women’s clothes right off their bodies, not to mention those of some men.

The song’s video, meanwhile, is an enigma wrapped in a mystery. It showcases LaMont’s incredible ability to un-cry tears, suggesting that he is, in fact, the hero that fellow R&B singer Toni Braxton so desperately needs. Perhaps the most intriguing scene of the video is LaMont’s refusal to answer his mobile phone. Is that Toni Braxton on the line, begging for LaMont’s love to go on? Or is it simply his agent, asking him to perform yet another sold-out musical extravaganza for his adoring fans? The world may never know.

The track that may be LaMont’s breakthrough single, and the personal favorite of the WRRC staff, is “You Didn’t Come Home.” The song, which describes so perfectly the pain and alienation felt by an individual whose significant other has been cheating on him or her, is so intense that it requires an intro track to ease the blow. Meanwhile, “Funny Kind of Love” has been dominating WRRC’s charts, proving that LaMont is someone to be taken seriously. His fans certainly have taken him seriously. LaMont recently seduced shoppers during his recent Wal-Mart tour. Several high profile music magazines have even hailed the tour as the highlight of the year.

LaMont is indeed a renaissance man. Not only did he write nine of the songs all by himself, he also produced Love Goes On for LaMont Music. With an unabashed talent of that caliber, it’s not surprising that the uninitiated are hesitant to take the LaMont plunge.

In short, to hear LaMont is to love. He is a man whose baldness never fails to make men, women and children of all ages swoon. Time and again, LaMont proves that love does go on. And on. And on.

Banana camel. mmm tasty.

The seemingly hot, studly, bald man is LaMont. Aside from his skilful baldness, he is also a singer, who makes music of the sensual sort. Look at his shiny leather pants and chic black sweater. He is a man of mystery and jungle-like sexuality. He sits before a glorious sunset like a predator. His album is like an audio massage for the ear drums.

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Omega Mu’s new student-adapted play, *Simba’s Pain*, focuses on an orphaned lion cub, raised by a family of Emu, named Frank. Frank hits adolescence and must come to terms with his species and enter a desperate struggle to decide if he should eat his family.

“It’s really ahead of the curve,” director Kate Phleming said. “We’ve got these lovable, new-age lion costumes for the actors to wear and the script has gone through enough revisions that I think we’ve got a piece of gold here. Frank’s decisions are the kind we can relate to.

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