

REPORTER

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REPORTER

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A Monkey's Nephew

I do not believe in creationism. I had an opportunity to speak with Eugenie Scott, author of *Evolution Vs. Creationism: An Introduction*, who mentioned that most monotheistic religions can't get over the evolution hump (see page 5). I'll leave that argument to Scott and her phylogenetic trees and fossil records. What interests me, however, is how dharmic religions such as Buddhism readily accept evolution. When the Dalai Lama spoke at UB last week (see page 16) he mentioned that general kindness in children isn't necessarily determined by religious teachings or meditation, but rather by biological factors. Although Scott pointed out that this isn't exactly true, it is symbolic of the Buddhist willingness to adapt to science.

In some ways, religious beliefs such as reincarnation add a sort of artistic quality to science. The idea of being literally reborn is easy to be skeptical of, but when you consider breaking a living human being down into a four-bit program of Gs, As, Ts, and Cs strung along the double helix of a strand of DNA and imagine those letters unzipping and recombining into a random pattern, there's something very cyclical about it. To me, the process works as a symbolic reincarnation. Genetics can comfortably fit on the spokes of the Buddhist wheel of life to create a sort of roulette wheel of social Darwinism.

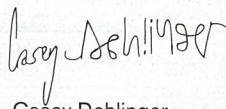
From a moral/ethical standpoint, it's advantageous to think of oneself as a soul to be reborn into this world. If you litter, karma says, you'll end up as a janitor in the next life. There's a strong emphasis on being universally kind, as you never know what life you've yet to live. Social Darwinism also forces a sentient being to think of oneself not as an individual, but as a part of a whole.

Now, of course, when humans decide to bump genetic material, they're often not looking out for the home team: humanity. It's simple to track dominant traits in animals. The cheetah is fast enough to feed. The giraffe's neck is long enough to eat leaves. The stick bug is stickly enough to be ignored by predators. How will sexy blue eyes promote the continuation of homo sapiens through the next ice age? Porsches aren't genetic. Humans in most established nations have won the "fittest" part of the game, but round two is survival of the sexiest.

The opening of a recent film by Mike Judge, *Idiocracy*, shows two reserved intelligent people deciding to wait to have kids on one side of the screen while the other side shows stereotypical idiots copulating at early ages and multiplying while the screen continues to split into smaller screens of their offspring, which in turn reproduce until one side of the screen is filled with idiots and the other contains the intelligent couple, now sterile.

The point should be made that this film was released in a limited capacity, without any marketing, after several companies filed suit against this satirical comedy—but I can't bite off evolution, Buddhism, and censorship in one editorial. Regardless, its opening makes a point. What traits, as a society, do we promote on a genetic scale?

This question is lodged in the no man's land between karma and natural selection. I'd not trust Eugenie Scott nor the Dalai Lama to answer it. That it precisely why I believe it's such an important query for everyone to consider, whether they're a creationist or a monkey's nephew.



Casey Dehlinger
Editor in Chief



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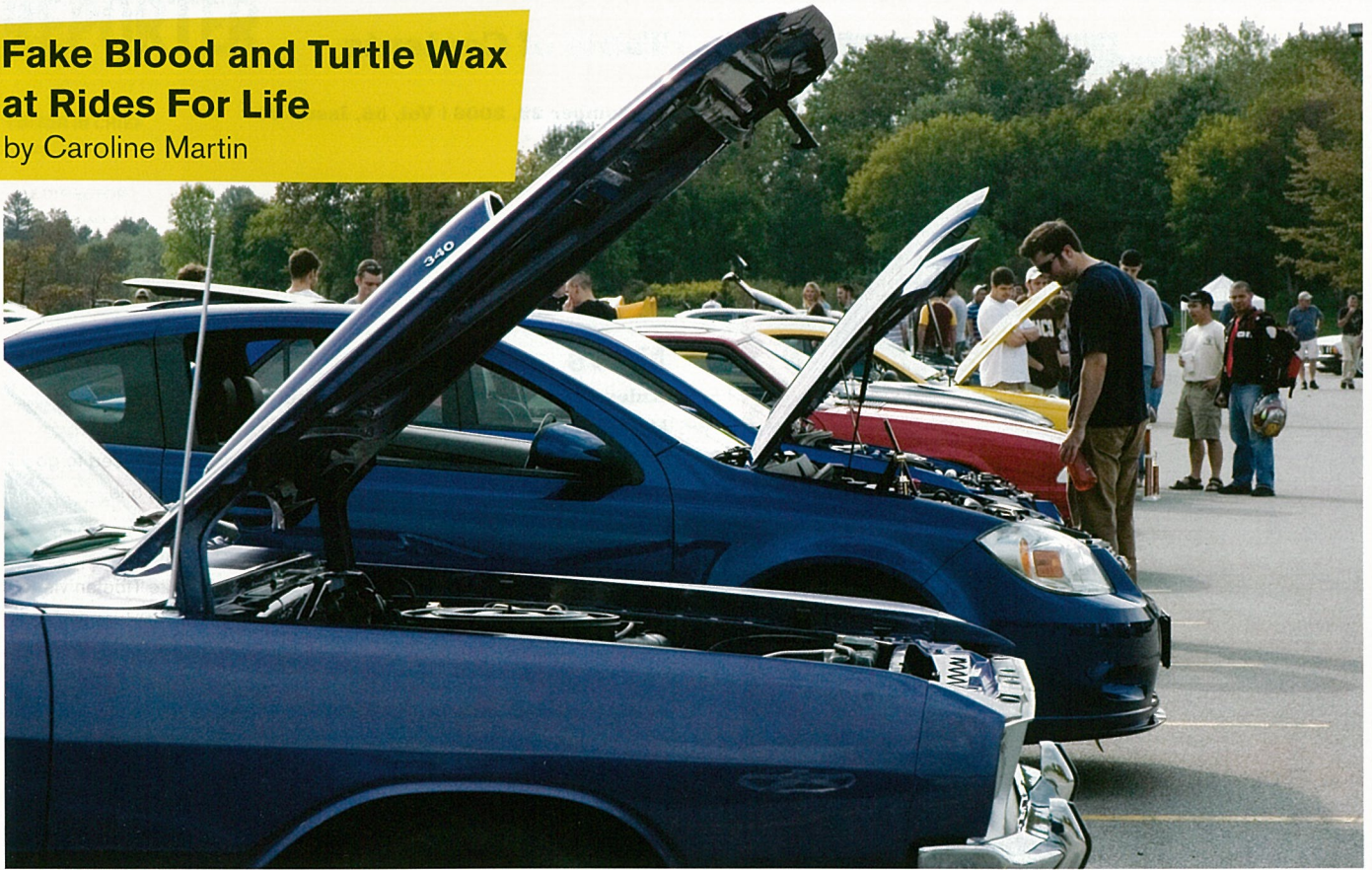
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Cover and TOC photos by Dave Londres // Cover photo // Monks from the Drepung Loseling monastery chant during the sand mandala deconstruction ceremony in the University at Buffalo Center for the Arts. The ceremony took place on September 19, 2006. // TOC // First year Industrial Engineering student and member of the RIT Model Railroad Club, Ryan McKnight, organizes model railroad cars in the SAU Cafeteria on September 24, 2006.

Fake Blood and Turtle Wax at Rides For Life

by Caroline Martin



Car owners open up their vehicles at the Relay for Life car show at RIT on Saturday, September 16, allowing patrons to see what's under the hood.
Megan Rossman/REPORTER Magazine

Prom season. Some week in May of senior year, instead of studying, everyone is chattering on about limos and bust lines and fabrics and corsages (I mean, honestly, the teachers can't *really* expect anyone to be paying attention when This Boy *still* has not gone to return that vest that did not match the dress That Girl bought, like, five months ago).

The faculty herds all the students outside for that sobering assembly on drunk driving. You know, the one where all the drama club kids get to run screaming and crying around mashed up cars doused in mint-flavored fake blood while a police officer narrates the entire scene with that very serious voice. The police cars show up, an ambulance stops by to check on people who have been injured and blanket the dead, the fire department even brings in one of their engines and uses the Jaws of Life to rescue someone stuck inside one of the cars. If you're lucky, your school paid an extra \$500 to get a helicopter to fly in and make a lot of noise so that you couldn't hear when the officer told everyone how the couple's baby in the back seat died because the teenage driver decided to drink and drive.

But that was then. On Saturday, September 16 a crowd of students and local Rochesterians watched a near-identical reenactment from the small hill next to lots G and H. Just across a fake police barrier, a parking lot full of freshly turtle-waxed cars gleamed in the afternoon sun, waiting to be judged

all for the second annual Rides For Life, a car show to benefit Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

This year's Rides For Life was sponsored by the Rally Enthusiasts Club (REC), a club "created for gearheads by gearheads." Although the club was not very active in previous years, co-organizer and REC member Marnie Soom said that the event was the big kick off for the club this year and for years to come. "We're trying to gain interest in the club as well," Soom said. Last year's event was sponsored by the Sports Modified Car Club, which is now inactive.

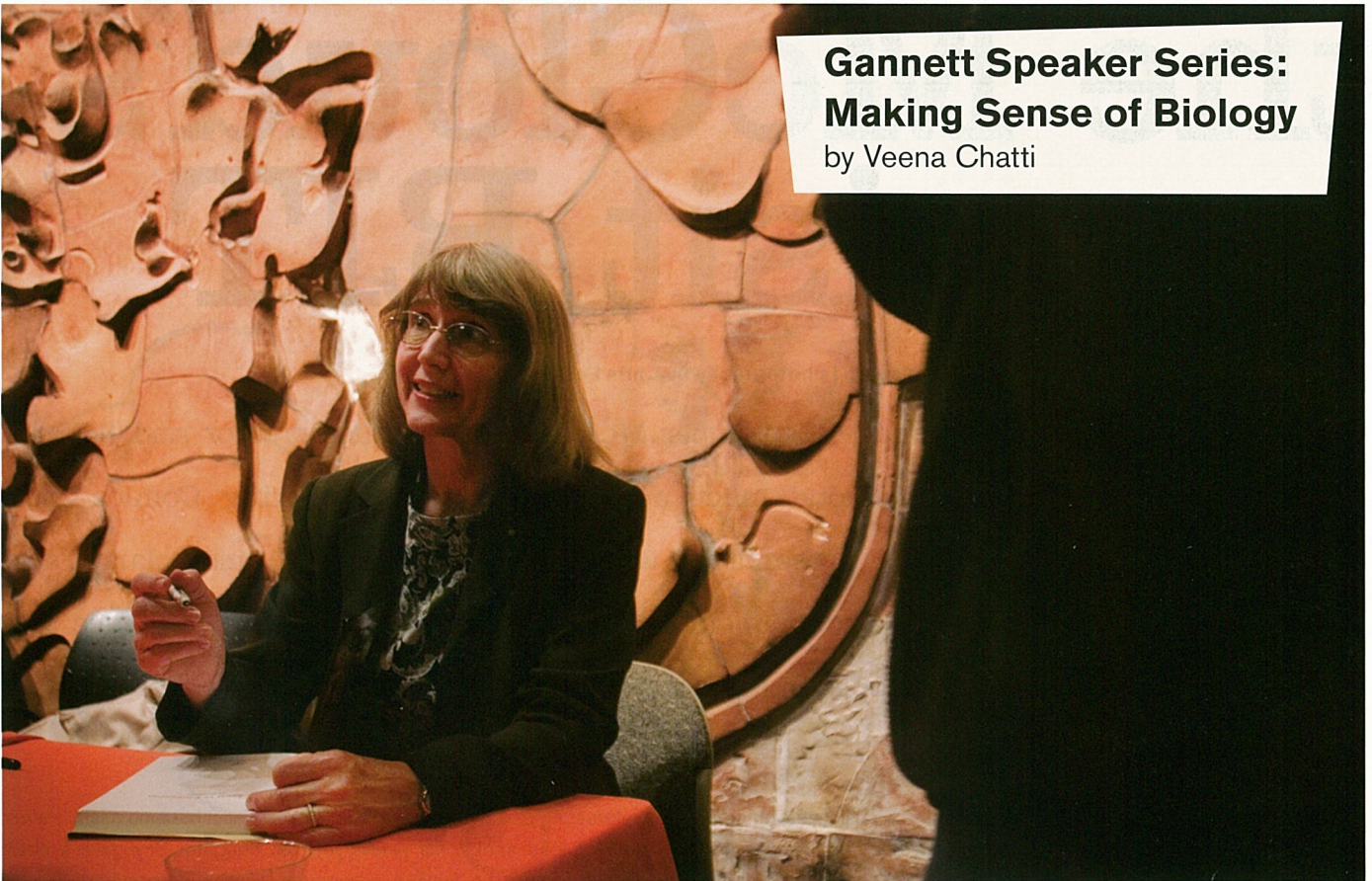
By 5:00 p.m. 125 cars had been entered and judged for the day, including one from the RIT Mini Baja Club and Formula SAE. If you had a car and five dollars to spare, you could enter to win some fabulous prizes in one of many car-pimpin' categories, such as the usual Sports Compact and Classic Muscle but also in Beater and Audio. Whoever thought a Geo Metro could win at a car show?

If you missed out this year, pictures and details about Rides For Life can be found at ridesforlife.org.

The Rally Enthusiasts Club has not yet announced a first meeting for the year, but for more information, you can contact Club President Andrew Sanjanwala at sanfam@gmail.com.

Gannett Speaker Series: Making Sense of Biology

by Veena Chatti



Dr. Eugenie Scott, author of *Evolutionism vs. Creationism: An Introduction*, spoke on Wednesday September 20. Afterwards Dr. Scott signed copies of her book for the diverse crowd of students and faculty who gathered in Ingle Auditorium. CoCo Walters/REPORTER Magazine

On Wednesday, September 20, the Caroline Werner Gannett Speaker Series, titled "Consilience: The Cognitive Revolution," kicked off with a lecture by Dr. Eugenie C. Scott. She's the Executive Director of the National Center for Science Education and has written the book *Evolution vs. Creationism: An Introduction*. The talk was well-attended by students and professors alike as Dr. Scott livened up the dull atmosphere that invariably sets in before a scientific lecture.

Utilizing her doctorate in anthropology, Dr. Scott began by seeking to clarify and dispel all myths about evolution. Stating that evolution is "a cumulative change through time," she maintained that biology is not the only science that shows evolution. Dr. Scott explained that evolution is seen in anthropological studies as cultures and societies undergo changes through the progression of time. She also noted that this is the same idea in astronomy studies, as the universe is observed to change over time.

To address opponents of evolution, Dr. Scott maintained that creationists don't really understand evolution and hastily reject it because they hear the oft-repeated cliché that "Man evolved from monkeys." She explained that humans have *not* evolved from monkeys and apes but that they have "common ancestors" with monkeys and apes. Dr. Scott supported this point by showing phylogenetic trees, which show genetic links between

members of a family and treat each species/family/order as an individual and link it to its ancestors.

Dr. Scott pointed out that many scientists have a firm belief in evolution and find the matter in accordance with their faiths. "Evolution is 'descent with modification,'" she said to simplify the idea. "Special creation is a medieval idea from the 1600s." Proceeding to explain how evolution makes sense of biology, Dr. Scott outlined various evidences: morphological, anatomical, embryological and molecular evidence and fossils. At one point in the lecture, she was so enthusiastic about a particular fossil that she did a small jump for joy.

Dr. Scott followed her talk with questions, ranging from the expected to less-anticipated inquiries such as, "So, what about, like, souls?" All of which she answered thoroughly in the same manner that a respectful college professor would use.

The lecture was incredibly enlightening, but for students that missed Dr. Scott speak, there will be more campus talks on evolution and other related topics this year. •

To see upcoming speakers in the Gannett Series, visit: <http://www.rit.edu/~cwg>

the McCloud's visit RIT

by Alex Salsberg | photography by Chris Felber

On Monday, September 18, renowned comics creator and theorist Scott McCloud made a stop here on his Making Comics tour. McCloud's presentation was loaded with enough humor, clarity, and adorable family members to transcend its expected audience and reach people on all levels of the geek scale.

Several members of RIT's faculty are to thank for raising the interest and funds necessary to bring McCloud to RIT. Matthew Bernius, the visiting printing professor who introduced McCloud, could not hide his excitement for the icon's arrival. "I had never seen Scott speak before," said Bernius, "but as an RIT undergrad in the '90s, I always wanted to work with him."

In the world of comics, McCloud is known as an innovator as well as the creator of the series *Zot!*. He has written three books on the art: *Understanding Comics*, *Reinventing Comics*, and the latest, *Making Comics*. When asked what he felt was his greatest contribution, McCloud answered "*Understanding Comics*" for "the debates it led to, as well as the comics it inspired people to create."

When McCloud began his presentation, the slides behind him flashed by with such timing and relevance that it was hard *not* to pay attention. McCloud was confident but not condescending. He did not shy away from the ridiculous, including an ancient erotic picture—which is part of comics' history—because it contained word bubbles.

In a comparison between comics' genres and high school cliques, McCloud joked that with comics, "they're really all nerds." He even showed a comic that lampooned his recent internet rivalry with the authors of the web comic *Penny Arcade*. McCloud also emphasized that not all comics are about superheroes, giving examples that ranged from *Peanuts* to the graphic novel *Maus*.

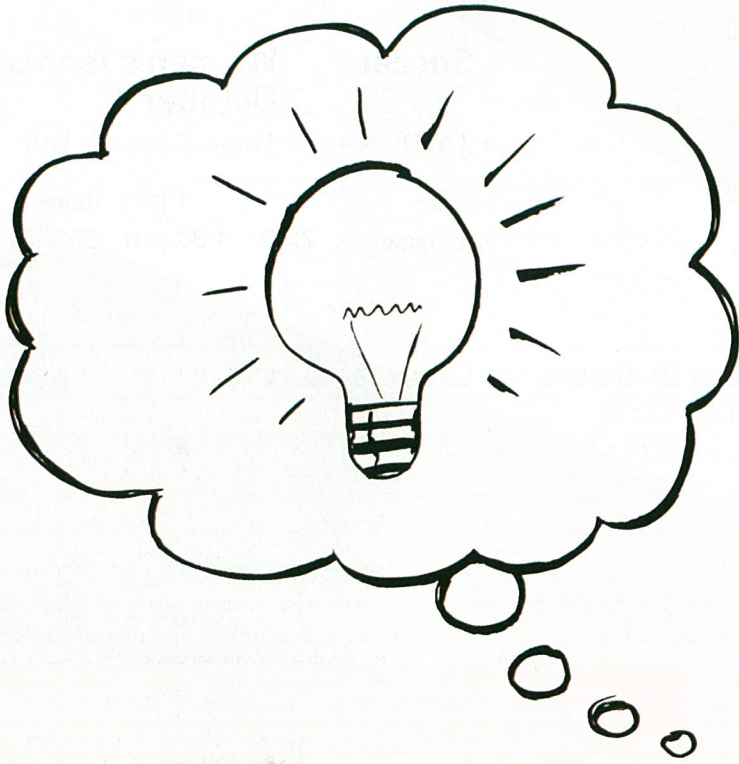
An interesting part of the presentation was when it became a family affair. After McCloud spoke, his twelve-year-old daughter Sky gave a short slideshow about the family's adventures. Having no apparent fear of public speaking, Sky explained how the four of them would be traveling cross-country for the next year as part of the tour. With a realist twist, she conveyed that the experience would be unlike that of most kids her age.

Once Sky was finished, McCloud opened up the floor to Q&A, leaving ten-year-old Winter to find inquirers among the crowd. While most questions were directed at their dad, the girls were eager to help answer. McCloud's wife, Ivy, did not come on stage, but she was happy to chime in from her seat. "Scott was working on his book eleven hours a day," Ivy said, "Now we get to see him all the time."

All in all, Scott McCloud's visit shed light on an often-ignored part of culture. It gave a glimpse into the life of a not-so-average family as well as inspiration to anyone who cares about the past, present, and future of comics. After being asked to predict the future, McCloud replied with glimmering eyes, "Things will become more unpredictable than ever." •

To read the McCloud tour blog, go to <http://community.livejournal.com/mccloudtour>

For more information on Scott McCloud go to www.scottmcccloud.com



Support RIT Athletics! Eat Free Food!

Support your fellow schoolmates by attending these sporting events and enjoying some free food courtesy of SG!



Men & Women's Soccer September 30

In Front Of Field House (Lot D)

12 pm **Men's Game**
2:30 pm **Women's Game**
1 - 3 pm **BBQ**

Women's Tennis October 1

Tennis Courts (U Lot)

1 pm **Game**
2:30 - 4:30 pm **BBQ**

Men & Women's Crew October 8

Genesee Park

9 am - 12 pm **Event**
11 am - 1 pm **Donuts!**

Women's Volleyball October 11

Clark Gym Breezeway

7 pm **Game**
5 - 7 pm **BBQ**

Erin Brockovich

Horton Distinguished Speaker



Erin Brockovich is credited with spearheading the **largest environmental direct action lawsuit**, resulting in the **largest legal settlement**, in U.S. history. The story of her investigation and legal triumph were the basis for the 2000 **hit movie** *Erin Brockovich*. In the ten years since her first settlement, Brockovich has lead many more environmental cases, received **numerous awards and honors** for her work with the environment and is author of the book *Take It From Me, Life's a Struggle But You Can Win*.

Saturday, October 7
2 pm

Tickets Available at the
Gordon Field House

Students \$5
Public \$8

Get More Information
www.sg.rit.edu



OFFBEAT QUIZ

by Casey Dehlinger

- Even after tangling his gun in his cape, a bank robber in California managed to escape. However, he has been caught due to DNA samples from his discarded mask of which figure?**
 - V from *V for Vendetta*
 - Syndrome from *The Incredibles*
 - The killer from *Scream*
 - Ronald Reagan
- In 2007 the United States plans to release dollar coins featuring the likeness of deceased Presidents. \$10 bullion coins will be minted to correspond to the dollar coins. Who will they depict?**
 - the First Ladies
 - the Vice Presidents
 - The Supreme Justices
 - the highest bidder
- Burglars in Vienna ran out of a victim's basement last week in terror when they discovered which of the following?**
 - a pair of Chihuahuas
 - eight severed mummified heads
 - a broken support beam
 - 68 boxing trophies
- What is Yobgorgle?**
 - The moniker for a garbage plate in parts of Oregon.
 - A mythical creature living in Lake Ontario, according to a children's novel.
 - The dog of the white-bearded old guy that shows up to all the local Rochester clubs and dances without a shirt on.
 - A World of Warcraft guild consisting entirely of RIT students.
- On September 6, 1970 a group of eight broke into the local Federal Building and ransacked the Selective Service, FBI, and US Attorney's offices. What did they call themselves?**
 - The Flower City Conspirators
 - The Rochester Peacehawks
 - Mothers Against Selective Services
 - Govind Ramabadran actually wrote this question and made it all up.
- As of Sunday, September 24 how many deaths have been confirmed as a result of the E. Coli spinach "epidemic?"**
 - 1
 - 24
 - 171
 - 402
- Allegedly from the August 2006 New York State Math A Regents Exam: While solving for the equation $4(x + 2) = 28$, Becca wrote $4x + 8 = 112$. Which property did she use?**
 - associative
 - identity
 - commutative
 - Becca should spend a little less time making out with boys behind the bleachers at the school dances and a little more time studying.
- Statement I: A plan is in the works to provide food for deer at strategic locations to prevent them from wandering into the roads on the RIT campus. Statement II: RIT anticipates that its electric bill will exceed \$6 million this year. Which statements are true?**
 - I, only
 - both I and II
 - neither I nor II
 - This week, none of the answers are "c"

RITFORECAST

compiled by Jen Loomis

Friday
29
SEPT

Drive-In Movie

7:30 p.m. – 10:30 p.m. OCASA's projecting *The Big Lebowski* on a big screen. So, slack off and watch this comedy classic. It's in the D-as-in-Dude Lot. Free.

Fingers and Feet

Ingle Auditorium 8 p.m. – 11 p.m. Tap dancer, trio of musicians, and all that jazz. Students: \$6. Faculty: \$14. Other: \$20.

CAB Friday Night in the Ritz: Open Mic Night

Ritz Sports Zone. 10 p.m. – 1 a.m. Free entertainment, provided by your more talented peers.

BLUE EDITION: The 90's Party

SAU Café. 10:15 p.m. – 2 a.m. Hosted by Phi Beta Sigma. Come remember only ten years ago! Raise the roof. It'll be phat. \$3 for Greeks. \$5 for non-Greeks. (Isn't that discrimination?)

Saturday
30
SEPT

Dandiya - Rass

Clark Gym. 7:30 p.m. – 12:30 a.m. Festival representing the diversity of Indian dance. Sticks, hands, Indian music, and you. Sponsored by Oasis. Cost: \$5.

14th Annual RITMO Latin

SAU Café. 10 p.m. – 2:30 a.m. Latin dance party with a Legendary Merengue Contest. Not to be confused with the Legendary Meringue Contest (mmm... lemony). Free for RIT students. \$5 for the rest.

Sunday
1
OCT

SCCA Solo II (Autocross)

G-Lot and H-Lot. 7:30 a.m. – 4 p.m. Skill-based driving competition. Watch some driving. Hope you don't see the next Ricky Bobby. Free for spectators.

Monday
2
OCT

World Farm Animals Day

Show your appreciation. Tip your favorite cow.

Tuesday
3
OCT

"In Debt We Trust" Documentary Premier

Gordon Field House 6:30 p.m. – 9 p.m. Features RIT's own Professor Robert Manning. It would be hilarious if they charged you. (But, fear not! It's free).

Wednesday
4
OCT

Balloons Around the World Day

Balloon artists camp out and give the fruits of their labor for free. Celebrate by crafting those cute little dogs out of condoms.

Thursday
5
OCT

Fighting the Two Party System

7:30 p.m. – 9:30 p.m. Webb Auditorium. Learn how to break free of the two-party political system. 'Cause, you know, three's company too. Free.

Thursday Night Cinema Series Presents: Chicken Little

9 p.m. Fireside Lounge. Animated classic. The sky doesn't fall. The sky does fall. What's a chicken to do? Edible (and spineless) wings after the flick. Cost: free as a bird.

BRICK CITY

H O M E C O M I N G



October 5-8, 2006

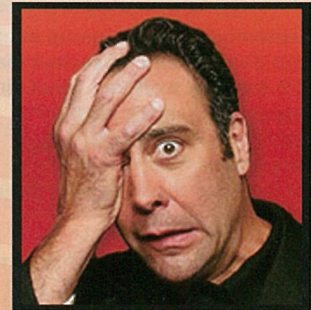
YELLOWCARD



Major Concert
Friday, October 6 8:00pm
Gordon Field House

Brad Garrett

Comedian
Saturday, October 7 8:00 pm
Gordon Field House



Erin Brockovich

SG Horton Distinguished Speaker
Saturday, October 7 2-3 pm
Gordon Field House

Paid Advertisement

RIT's Turner Turns Out A Stunning Show

by Dave Londres



Red Giraffe 1964, ©Pete Turner

Fifty years ago, a class left the bricks of RIT that forever changed the face of photography. Known as the "Golden Class," many of the students that graduated during that year are now a serious focus of study. Photographers like Bruce Davidson, Paul Caponigro and Jerry Uelsmann were all here during this time, learning skills that helped them become world-renowned for their innovation in images.

Pete Turner was one of these innovative visual artists who took the trade to a whole new level. Unlike the other aforementioned students, Turner embraced the relatively young medium of color photography. In a black and white world, Turner experimented to find a photographic process that gave stunning saturated color.

The images Turner created required the invention of complex processes; often utilizing printing technology he had little-to-no knowledge of. Thankfully, the birth of digital photography has greatly eased the complexity. With today's inkjet printers, Turner makes prints that will radiate his colors for years to come. He can now work from the peace of his own home on Long Island, near the ocean.

Turner recently returned to Rochester, greeted by light posts on East Avenue draped with his photos. His latest show is housed in the same institution that Turner himself visited countless times during his years at RIT, in the *very same* institution that is seen by many professionals as the "church of photography:" the George Eastman House.

"Empowered by Color," Turner's much anticipated exhibit, will be on display through February 4, 2007. Stepping into the show is an adventure into a world splashed with the Turner's unique color palate. With jazz music swirling around, the room is set up to assist the saturated Reds, Blues, and Oranges as they soak into viewers. Turner describes the show as "pictures of things I like," and it's easy to see why. Filled with stunning images from 1961-2006, the gallery feels like a work of art in itself. Brilliantly lit and laid out by the George Eastman House staff and curator Sean Corcoran, it is definitely worth a visit.

Turner and the staff were "all on the same page" during the four year process that led to the exhibit and it certainly shows. When asked about what he hopes to accomplish with this showing, Turner simply said he hopes that visitors will "leave having experienced something different."

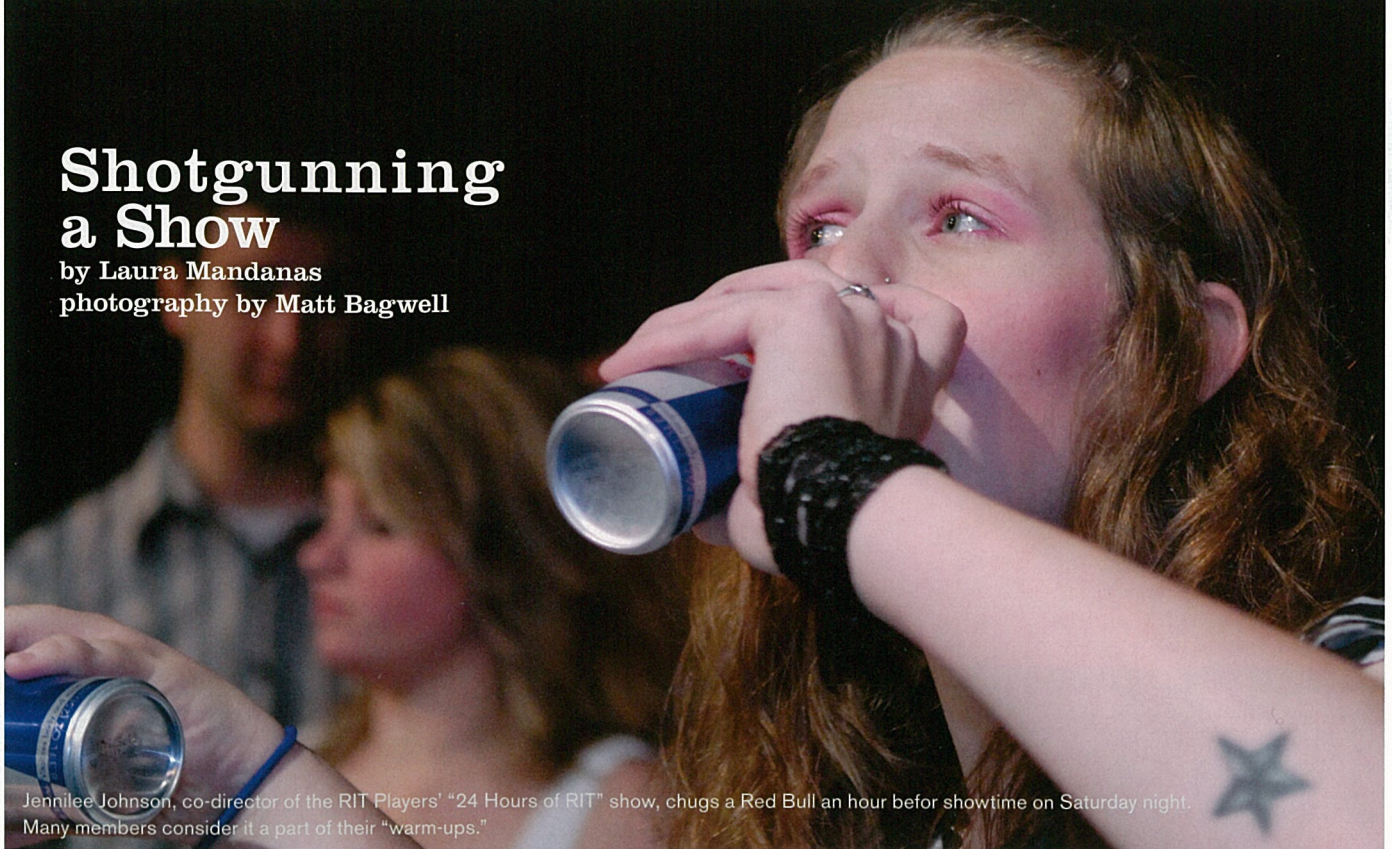
Half a century after leaving RIT, the recipe for success at the RIT School of Photographic Arts and Sciences is still the same. Turner recommends that students "do everything they can get at," experimenting with as many things as possible, just as he did. Turner can't stress enough the importance of making projects for oneself. So, hit the bricks and take some photos; maybe one day your work will stun and amaze museum-goers, like Turner's photographs are doing today.

Don't forget to check out "Empowered by Color" at the George Eastman House! \$5 and your student ID gets you into the museum. For more info, check out their website: www.eastmanhouse.org.

Shotgunning a Show

by Laura Mandanas

photography by Matt Bagwell



Jennilee Johnson, co-director of the RIT Players' "24 Hours of RIT" show, chugs a Red Bull an hour before showtime on Saturday night. Many members consider it a part of their "warm-ups."

For those of you not familiar with the 24 Hours of RIT, allow me to explain: from 8 p.m. Friday to 8 p.m. Saturday, everyone involved in the RIT Players' show becomes bipolar. With a stringent deadline looming ominously over every operation, we blitzkrieg our way through all the steps necessary to make a show (everything from writing scripts to the performance itself) at breakneck pace, with no regard for mental or emotional wellness. Participants vacillate between emotional extremes like there's no tomorrow—because as far as this production is concerned, there isn't. Excuse my language, but it's pretty fucking intense.

The theme for the scripts of this show was "classified ads." Although it had initially been suggested as a means to express the larger moral question of truthfulness, artistic directors Leigh Downs and Jennilee Johnson wanted to give the writers more freedom. Johnson was pleased with the results they got: "We had quite a variety, some of it not even dealing with romantic relationships. There was a little raunchy humor. One of the plays is [about] looking for a dead cadaver. It's definitely worth the effort."

As I write this, it is now 12 hours after the spectacle was unleashed on the world and I would have to agree with Johnson. It was worth it... but it was also incredibly tiring. 'Emotionally drained' doesn't even begin to describe the way I feel right now. For this show, I decided to both write *and* act. Of the eight total scripts written that Friday night, mine was one of the five chosen to be performed. But however exciting it was to be a writer (and it is, in fact, absolutely thrilling), the real emotional roller coaster was in the role of an actor.

Just three hours before the show went up, the group's morale was at an all-time low. Our one and only run-through had not gone well at all. The barely memorized lines had simply escaped the minds of many of the actors once they got up on stage. The barely rehearsed tech aspect (setting up props

and lighting) had fallen apart for every scene. And the barely rested cast and crew, exceedingly frustrated and sorely disappointed, had a near breakdown. There were several tear-stained cheeks in the theatre as we were given our final instructions and released before the show, and likely several more over break.

And when we came back? Everyone pretended that it was all fine. We shotgunned cans of Red Bull for energy and performed our warm-ups with impressive dynamism. We peeked out from behind the curtain to check out the crowd (the largest ever, with more than 140 people in the audience), and knew that it would be a phenomenal show.

In some of the final minutes before the house was opened, director Nikki Meadows and I quietly sat together on the steps of the stage and watched everyone make their final preparations. Although Meadows didn't sleep at all the night before, she appeared to be in much better shape than I was. She's used to it by now, having filled the roles of actor, writer, stage manager, and now director in the four 24 hour productions she has been in. Meadows speaks for us all when she says, "24 hours has always been one of the most exciting, stressful, crazy, and ultimately, one of the best times I've had at college... it's a lot of fun, and I really wish more people understood what we're doing and were willing to help. It's a blast... even though I can't wait for it to be over so I can go to bed." •

The Scripts

- "Positive Spin" written by Laura Mandanas, directed by Josh Rhodes
- "Village People" written by Melissa Hannon, directed by Nikki Meadows
- "The Study Group: Based on a Real Story" written by Allison Crane, directed by Lennie Condellone
- "Antique Sale" written by Chad Carbone, directed by Nate Rotunno
- "General Classified" written by Nate Jentsh, directed by Laura Zelanis

Jealous of Laura's experience? Do you, too, want to be driven temporarily insane by the stage? Be on the lookout for another 24 Hours of RIT this spring!

STREAM OF FACTS

SEPTEMBER 29

September 29, 1939 – Poland is invaded by both Nazi Germany and **Soviet** Russia.

The **Soviets** put out three **encyclopedias** during their time in Russia. Second edition owners were instructed to remove the article on police chief Lavrentiy Beria after his “falling out” in 1953.

AJ Jacobs, author of *The Know-It-All*, read the entire 32-volume **Encyclopedia Britannica** in his **quest** to become the smartest person in the world.

NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory is currently involved in a project called Planet **Quest**, whose sole mission is to seek out **planets** like Earth in nearby solar systems.

Astrologers have found 207 extrasolar **planets** (i.e. outside our solar **system**), as of September 2006. Most of them are more massive than Jupiter.

A Jamaican Sound **System** is a big outdoor DJ concert/party. This cultural phenomenon is responsible for the **birth** of ska, which is Jamaica's first unique music.

Echidnas and platypi are the only mammals who give **birth** to their young via **egg** laying.

Perfect Dark, a video game for the Nintendo 64, has a very strange Easter **egg**: **random** (and useless) pieces of cheese can be found on every single level of the game.

Computers cannot generate **random** numbers by themselves (because they're unable to think and, thus, make choices). Instead, chaotic input data from sources like lava lamps is used to create the random **numbers**.

September 29, 1965 – The NSA memorial marks ten men as having died in the course of duty on this day. Due to the secret nature of this organization, we don't know the reasons for this (relatively) high **number**. Sure does pique one's curiosity, eh?

QUOTE

“Regret for the things we did can be tempered by time; it is regret for the things we did not do that is inconsolable.”

Sydney Smith

HAIKU

by **Brian Garrison**

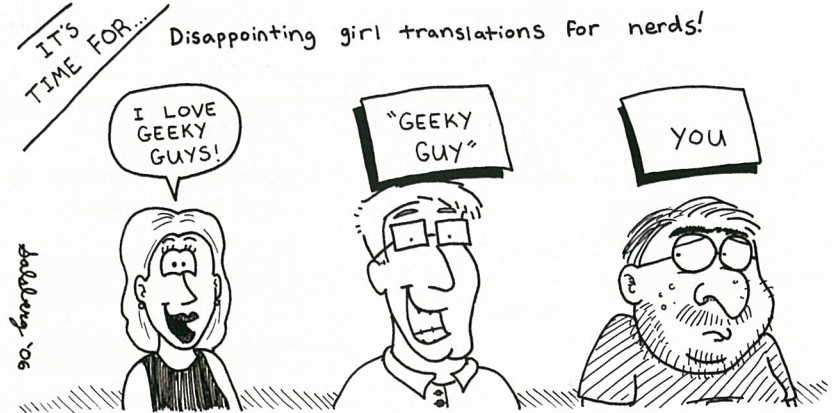
blank piece of paper
taunting me with emptiness
but now it's not blank

REPORTER

RECOMMENDS

Getting some freakin' help (with homework). Let's face it, RIT: sometimes, we suck at our schoolwork. My computer science theory homework took me about four hours last night. And, you know, it would've taken two or three more hours (as well as some aspirin for the headache) if I hadn't swallowed my pride and found myself a study buddy. So, go find yourself one of those. Or, one of the ump-teen tutoring centers they have on campus.

CARTOON | by Alex Salsberg



SUDOKU

5					9		
9	6		7			1	
	2			5	9		4
		2			8	6	
		3	9	4	5	1	
		9	2			8	
	9		4	6			8
	1			9		4	6
		8					1

If you've never done one of these, this is how it works: each row and column should contain the numbers 1-9 once and each of the blocks should contain each number once too. The answer is on the website, go check it out!

JUMBLE

Instruments

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rotbenmo
imnptai
obngo
hcmise
mttrpeu
hanaoricm
naoldmni
ohcadvrcli
acylbsm
ruaitg
ilecrnat
pbgspai
zokoa

clarinet, bagpipes, kazoo
trumpet, harmonica, mandolin, clavichord, cymbals, guitar,
accordion, saxophone, trombone, timpani, bongo, chimes,

The Search for Buddhism

by Liz Kiewiet
Photography by Chris Felber

Buddha is well known around the world for being a jolly, fat Santa-esque man. His army of statues can be found almost anywhere, although gift shops seem to be his favorite location. Who is this man and the religion he represents? I delved into the Buddha culture at RIT to find out.

Apparently, Buddhists at RIT are few and far between—that or simply unorganized. I spoke with the Director for the Center of Religious Life, who could only tell me that the leaders of the Buddhism Club had all graduated in May. He directed me to Dr. Brian Schroeder, professor of Philosophy and the previous faculty advisor for the club, for more information.

The Buddha

Buddhism takes its name from “the Buddha” (awakened one). The Buddha was born in the fifth or sixth century B.C. in present-day Nepal. Disillusioned, he left his life as a prince to find an answer to his unhappiness. He spent six years searching, and, legend has it, eventually gained enlightenment while sitting under a Bodhi-tree. Afterward, he devoted his life to teaching what he had learned. His two main dharmas (teachings) are of the Four Noble Truths and the Eightfold Path.

Zen Buddhism

There are several “schools,” or practices, of Buddhism. These schools include Theravada, Mahayana, Pure Land, Zen, and Tibetan Buddhism. Although it is has yet to be approved, Dr. Schroeder is in the process of creating a class relating to Buddhism. If you're interested, look for a class on eastern religions while registering for classes next quarter.

Professor Schroeder was drawn to philosophy through Zen Buddhism. “I think Zen found me,” he recalled. “I was fifteen [when I discovered Zen].” He studied with *Roshis* (teachers of Buddhism) at Zen centers in Florida, Maine, and California, and became a meditation leader, or *jikki jitsu*, whose role is to keep time and lead the chanting during meditation.

Although Zen Buddhism is a school of Buddhism, it deemphasizes the theory, instead focusing more on meditation. It is said that Zen Buddhism originated from a Buddhist monk named Kasyapa. The Buddha, in one

of his dharmas, simply picked up a flower and showed it to his monks. Kasyapa understood, and he was enlightened. Zen's main focus is enlightenment through meditation. There is no worship of a god in Zen Buddhism.

Professor Schroeder described the concept of meditation in Zen Buddhism: “Zen tries to find meaning of reality through complete realization. It is about mastering the simple: breathing, sitting, counting to ten...The aim is not to shut the world out, but to be fully aware.” The goal of meditation is to center yourself, which can lead to enlightenment. It also has several other benefits, including stress management and a deeper understanding of self.

Rochester Zen Center

Rochester's own Zen center is world renowned in its own regard. The first Roshi, Philip Kapleau, went to Japan for many years in order to study Zen. He wrote several books, including *Zen: Dawn in the West*, and *Pillars of Zen*. I visited the center to dig up some more information on Zen Buddhism.

Walking up to the building, the first thing I noticed was that it was not the typical towering stone church. I was not expecting a house, but it was, in fact, two houses connected together. The only reason I was able to recognize it was the small “Zen Center” sign in the lawn, and the characteristic Zen pillars banner over the entranceway. The house on the right was a typical downtown Rochester house, with large pillars at the front; the other was an old brick house, adorned with gargoyles in the corners. It was an intimidating, mysterious mix.

Inside, a woman named Maria Elena greeted me and offered to give me a tour of the meditation center. After taking off my shoes, we entered the temple together. She bowed to the statue of an Indian Buddha directly facing us, and I followed suit. She explained, “We bow to the Buddha, but we are bowing to our own Buddha nature. It is in all of us, just a reflection of what we truly are.” The temple area had twenty or so pillows on mats. Each faced a white wall. She demonstrated, sitting cross legged on the pillow, back straight, facing the wall. Although it didn't look extremely comfortable, she sat easily, as if she had years of practice.



A participant in Saturday's meditation workshop at the Rochester Zen Center takes a break in the garden.

“Zen is about mastering the simple: breathing, sitting, counting to ten.”

“Of course, you start with a little instruction. We have workshops. We learn how to breathe, learn how to sit, to focus our attention, and we slowly, slowly learn to know our mind. It's about...being totally present, totally aware, and knowing that we are totally responsible for what is happening right now,” says Elena.

The Zen Center holds meditations twice a day, in the morning and evening. In the morning, the group meditates for two thirty-minute sessions, followed by chanting. In the evenings, there are three thirty-five minute rounds with walking meditation in-between. When asked why she meditates twice a day, everyday, Elena responded, “To keep your awareness, ultimately, you have to meditate. It's like you say, ‘I took a shower this morning, why do I have to take one tomorrow, the day after, a year from now.’ Well, it's because everything changes. You're cleaning; you're opening your mind from over-input that we get in our daily lives.”

She finished the tour with an invitation to discover their gardens, which I eagerly accepted. Outside, a statue of a faceless Buddha sat calmly among the vegetation. The Zen Center was almost secluded from the rest of the downtown Rochester homes; all four sides kept the view outwards hidden. The garden radiated serenity; a type of peacefulness that would make it easy to meditate—or at least attempt to do so. I found myself stepping carefully, as if I was afraid I would harm the radiant green spikes of grass. I tiptoed out of the garden, afraid to disturb the peace any longer. •

Sand Castles: Experiencing the Dalai Lama

by Casey Dehlinger

Photography by Dave Londres



Mandala Construction

Four Buddhist monks from the Drepung Loseling Monastery wearing traditional crimson robes huddle around a waist-high square table about five feet in diameter. They're pouring grains of sand from the tips of long ornamented conical flutes called chakpur, meticulously placing the sand along lines sketched out at the beginning of their project.

In over a dozen small metal bowls on another table rests the sand, each dish containing its own radiant color. The monks change colors by dumping unused sand from their chakpur back into the dish and filling it with another. By brushing a stick against the textured shaft of the instrument, they create gentle vibrations allowing the sand to slide slowly onto the painting. Although the Drepung Loseling monks don't wear masks, it is not uncommon to wear some sort of mouth guard, as a single uncontrolled breath can ruin the entire project.

They begin with a small red circle in the center that contains a deity. From there, they use the chakpur to paint eight lotus leaves surrounding the center kernel. Next comes the interior of the square that represents the overhead view of the deity's temple, complete with four gates from the north, south, east, and west. After that, they move to the grass and trees of the exterior, all made of colored sand. At the final circular border of the portrait, they create intricate patterns.

The process takes several days and insurmountable concentration, but when they complete this intricate sand mandala at the University of Buffalo Center for the Arts, it is appreciated by thousands of visitors who came to see the Dalai Lama at the University at Buffalo (UB) on September 18 and 19.

The Dalai Lama Listens

I'm handed a thin yellow string by an usher before taking my seat in the UB amphitheatre. The audience is young and old, dressed in a plethora of styles, from formal to cultural to relaxed. The service begins with a tribal welcoming dance by the Haudenosaunee (the first Native Americans to settle the area) while dozens of religious leaders from the Buffalo community file towards the stage. All of this is a welcome to the fourteenth Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, who is the last of the dignitaries to take a place on the stage.

This interfaith service is a sort of pre-game to tomorrow's event: the lecture to be given by the Dalai Lama. Its format is simple: A student or religious dignitary reads a passage from a religious text, then UB students hiding on the walkways above the seating and the stage are illuminated and perform interpretive dances that reflect on the common message of all the passages: the desire for peace between faiths and for all humanity. In time, the dancing grows stale. How many different bodily gestures can signify peace?

No matter how simple the passage is, the Dalai Lama stares on with the fascination of a small child, mouth half-open with wonder as he takes in the various expressions of peace. Sikh, Jewish, Christian, Muslim, Hindi. At the conclusion of every passage, the Dalai Lama excitedly clasps his hands together in front of his face before bowing his head in both prayer and agreement.

Besides a crimson robe, he also wears the a traditional yellow Buddhist shawl so deeply saturated that it's nearly gold. His glasses are thin-framed with boxy lenses. When the interpretive dancers dance, he smiles with his whole face, revealing a wrinkle that starts at the tip of his chin and arcs up, up, up, nearly to his eyes.

After a reading of Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem "The Oversoul," it's time for the Dalai Lama to speak and reflect on the service. "Almost like...angels from different directions come to bless us...[or] something like that," he mentions with a chuckle.

His talk is short; he comments on various key points of his humanitarian beliefs. "If we rely totally for happier life on material [or] external needs, sooner or later you get dissatisfaction. More facility, better facilities, [but] still you feel something missing," he explains. His English is broken, but successful. An interpreter stands beside him at the podium, but the Dalai Lama only infrequently turns toward him with a questioning look while saying a word, to which the interpreter responds with a nod. In reference to the role of communication and technology, he commented, "So now whole world becoming smaller, like one entity. So therefore, harmony."

After speaking about how sincerity and kindness are the essence of all religions, and pointing out that even atheists with good intent are practicing the religion of kindness, it came time for his final shout-outs: "...particularly [I'd like to thank] people from different traditions come together as brothers and sisters and also, in a way, show each their fashion. Smart fashion," he thanked, motioning to the saris, turbans, and various ceremonial garb-wearers on stage. The Dalai Lama presents each of them with a khata, a traditional white silk scarf with intricate patterns, meant to be given as a symbol of good will.

The service concludes with an invitation to the audience to take the thin yellow strings provided upon entering and tie them around the wrist of a neighbor as a symbol of mutuality and good faith, each to be worn until it falls off on its own.

Mandala Destruction

On the morning of the Dalai Lama's speech, a group of less than 100 crowds the sand mandala in the UB gallery. Seven monks stand in a line alongside the mandala, wearing, in addition to crimson robes and gold shawls, yellow hats with crests of yellow threads. On one end two hold ornamented foghorns; on the other two are holding instruments that resemble clarinets. The center three have cymbals, a bell, and a multicolor drum. They all erupt into an overwhelming cacophony of sound, filling the room. The clarinet-like instruments actually sound more like brass instruments. After a minute or so, their playing stops, but I can still hear a deep didgeridoo sound that could only be produced by something large as the foghorns, but the monks aren't playing. Finally, I realize that it's the voice of one of the monks, throat singing. A young boy covers his ears, probably in fear.

After fifteen minutes of chanting and music the center monk with the bell steps towards the mandala and slices into it with ornamental piece of metal. His precise cut ruins it, starting from the outside and pushing



The Fourteenth Dalai Lama, Tenzin Gyatso, speaks to a crowded UB stadium on the afternoon of September 19.

inward until he reaches the center. He walks a quarter-turn around the mandala and slices into it again, continuing until the sand art has been quartered. On the next pass, he cuts it into eighths. Then, an eighth monk enters with a brush and whisks the sand briskly towards the center, mixing all the brilliant colors into a dull green. The music and chanting stops; hats are removed. This is the deconstruction ceremony.

Like many Buddhist symbols, the mandala is meant to remind people that all things die. It's an exercise in not becoming too attached to things. The monks place about half of the pile of sand into an urn. They scoop the remainder into small dime bags and start distributing the sand by the spoonful to the observers. Realizing that there is something to be offered, the crowd tightens around the table that used to house the mandala, impatiently awaiting the remnants of what used to be the meticulous art that, only minutes ago, was on the table before them. I wait to be sure that there's enough to go around, then approach the table and wait for a monk to hand me a small bag of sand. I nod in thanks, but ponder how a symbol of impermanence can serve as a keepsake.

The Dalai Lama Speaks

I play with the yellow string, still tied around my wrist, while waiting on the floor of the UB stadium where the Dalai Lama will give his speech after a couple hours of musical tributes on stage and UB propaganda on the large monitors. 30,000 people will be attending, and even more are loitering around the campus investigating the flea market style "Dalai Lama Experience" tent, where various monks and student organizations sell goods and request signatures to free Tibet.

A procession of various suits from UB approaches the stage at 3 p.m. Most notable is the President of UB, Dr. John B. Simpson, who, in due time, presents the Dalai Lama with an honorary doctorate of humane letters, symbolized by a blue and white hood that resembles a shawl. The Dalai Lama humbly attests, "In truth I've done nothing special...I am just a simple Buddhist monk." He continues to joke that he has managed to become a doctor without receiving a single day of traditional study. The sun is bright, but often hides behind clouds shoved across the sky by the wind. The Dalai Lama wears a crimson visor that threatens to fly off his bald head at any moment. After making a few humble generalizations and listing a couple basic human rights, the Dalai Lama becomes more intimate for a moment, a daunting task in a crowd of 30,000. "Big audience here. I have nothing to offer you," he says benevolently, and the audience chuckles, almost nervously.

"Some of you may [have] come out of curiosity...that's alright!" he exclaims. "Some may come with some sort of expectation...that is wrong," he warns. "Some may have blind faith that Dalai Lama possess special energy or healing power...this, I think, nonsense." This is the Dalai Lama's true power: his insistence that he is a human like any other, only flesh and blood, capable of just as much compassion as any other being. The sun escapes from behind a cloud and slowly burns the cheeks of 30,000. "Love and hatred sometimes go together." The wind picks up and 30,000 wrap their arms around themselves. "...that kind of compassion can extend towards your enemy." He continues for nearly an hour. "Your anger serves your enemy." The wind blows the crowd's press passes in unison, whipping along our necks. "Fear, doubt, suspicion.



Yangzing Yangzin (in green) of Tibet hangs a khata from the railing of the UB stadium in preparation for the Dalai Lama's speech on September 19. Yangzin was in Buffalo with a busload of other Tibetans from the Canadian Tibetan Association of Ontario.

Result: lonely." The Dalai Lama's visor blows right off his head. First he looks astonished, then he immediately chuckles. "If you think my ideas are nonsense, then forget it! No problem," he concludes, as if those cynical enough to doubt him have done nothing more than spill a bit of milk.

It comes time for the question and answer session, all preselected and read on stage. The first question asks whether there is anything more that each of "us" could do to promote peace throughout the world. And so replies the Dalai Lama with confidence, "I don't know." The audience laughs. Smiling, "Next question!"

What does the Dalai Lama think of the role and actions of the US on a global scale? The Dalai Lama's pause is so long that the audience treats itself to another chuckle before he begins, "I think complex question." He continues, however, pointing out that he wishes not to judge anyone on generalizations, and mentions, "I really admire America as a champion of democracy, freedom, liberty." However he points out that America has made "some mistakes, though, here and there." But, of course, he concludes with a smile, "That's my own [thought]. Maybe wrong!"

Mandala Consecration

The lecture comes to a close and 30,000 people storm the various exits. Those wishing to see the sand mandala consecration are encouraged to congregate at the northwestern corner of the stadium. Wishing to follow the procession to nearby Ellicott Creek, I go there, but find myself in a sea of unmoving people. I make a dash towards another exit, hoping to cut the procession off at the pass, or maybe even beat them to the creek.

I palm the bag of sand in my pocket, staring at the individual grains, the different colors having different sizes, and each grain being barely distinguishable in the green/grey mess. All the colored sand is either dyed naturally or made by crushing precious stones, so that when the remnants of the mandala are dumped into an appropriate source of running water there is no danger of harming the environment. Dumping the sand into running water is meant to spread the positive energy associated with the creation and destruction of the mandala.

By the time I escape the stadium, the monks leading the procession have too much of a head start on me. When I near the creek, the procession is heading back to the center of the campus, along with murmurs of "I can't believe that was their *voices!*" and "after all that work!" I think of the other small bags of sand, kept by other guests to adorn a shelf or be pinned on a board.

Instead of turning back, I continue to Ellicott Creek. Stumbling down the rocky bank in my clunky black shoes, I find a series of stones and unlikely dry landmasses that lead out seven feet or so into the water. Once there, I take the dime bag from my pocket and, without hesitation, dump the sand into the creek. The stream of sand hits the water and shatters into a thousand individually distinguishable radiant specks before slowly dissipating. •

To see a slideshow of the Dalai Lama's visit, check www.reportermag.com

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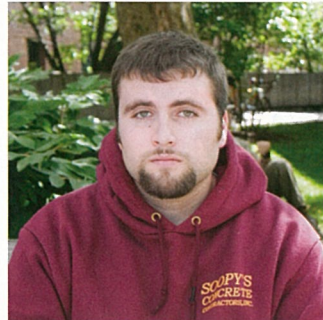
Q: What is the path to Enlightenment?



"Procreation."
Jeremy Oversier
Fourth Year
Fine Art



"System of a Down."
Derek Sears
First Year
Aerospace Engineering



"Good Beer."
Brian Cavanaugh
Grad Student
Film and Animation



"Happiness."
Danielle Allen
First Year
Electrical Engineering



"Risking my life."
Joe Stack
Second Year
Information Technology



"Getting my lip pierced by a toaster."
Vito Lorenzi
First Year
Mechanical Engineering



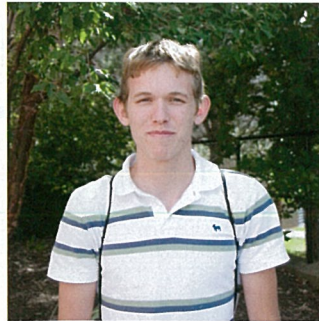
"Finding the path to Never Never Land."
Ellen Rockower
Fourth Year
Metals



"The four C's: coffee, cloves, cookies, and conversation."
Anni Osburn
Third Year
Interior Design



"Helping others is a big part of finding fulfillment in your life."
Grace Docherty
First Year
Fine Art Photo



"Following your heart and not overanalyzing things."
Brad Sawyer
First Year
Undeclared Engineering



"I prefer to wander around day to day in an enlightened state."
Eric Foster
Third Year
Environmental Management



"I will go wherever the wind takes me; if it happens it happens."
Joseph Wong
First Year
Biotechnology

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▼ A member of the RIT rugby team fights to stay on his feet against Niagara University players during the September 23 match in the rain. RIT lost 14-0.



SPORTSdesk

by Joshua Van Hook | photography by Matt Bagwell

MEN'S CROSS COUNTRY

09.16.06 vs. Houghton, SUNY Fredonia 15-55-69

RIT took the top five spots in this meet with Nate Lowe leading the Tigers to victory.

Record Through 09.21.06: 2-0

MEN'S SOCCER

09.15.06 vs. St. Lawrence 0-3 (L)

Keeper Alan Smith had five saves in 90 minutes of play.

09.16.06 vs. Clarkson 2-0 (W)

In Potsdam, NY RIT won their first game of the season with goals scored by both Peter Frandina and John Braswell.

Record Through 09.21.06: 1-4-1 (0-0-0 in conference play)

MEN'S TENNIS

9/16/06 vs. U of R, Hobart, Nazareth 1-8 (L) 4-5 (L) 9-0 (W)

RIT placed seventh at the Flower City Invitational hosted by Nazareth.

WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY

9/16/06 vs. Houghton, SUNY Fredonia 35-61-33

RIT finished second in a five-kilometer race led by Trisha Sliker placing first just two seconds ahead of the second place finisher, a runner from SUNY Fredonia.

WOMEN'S SOCCER

09.16.06 vs. Elmira 3-1 (W)

Kristen Denninger had two goals and Emily Traversi had two assists

09.19.06 vs. U of R 0-2 (L)

Ashley Conti had six saves in a shutout loss to UofR.

Record through 09.21.06: 1-4-2 (1-0-0 in conference play)

WOMEN'S TENNIS

09.15.06 vs. St. John Fisher 3-6 (L)

Brianne Francisco and Sara Paduano won in singles play.

09.16.06 vs. Oswego State 8-1 (W)

Sara Paduano won her singles match, losing only one game over two sets.

09.17.06 vs. Wells 9-0 (W)

RIT shut out opponent Wells at home, nine to zero.

09.19.06 vs. Nazareth 5-4 (W)

Caroline Caillet, Sara Paduano, and JoJo Cash went on to defeat their opponents in singles play.

Record through 9/21/06: 6-2

WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL

09.15.06 vs. SUNY Fredonia 3-0 (W), vs. SUNY Potsdam 3-1 (W)

09.16.06 vs. NYU 2-3 (L), vs. SUNY Cortland 3-2 (W)

RIT finished second in the annual RIT Invitational Tournament. Jessica Schaffer and Shea Haney were awarded All-tournament team honors.

09.19.06 vs. U of R 2-3 (L)

Chrissy Rowinski and Jessica Schaffer each had 28 digs. Schaffer also had 15 kills and four aces.

Record through 09.21: 10-4 (0-0 in conference)

ARE YOU READY FOR SOME HOCKEY?

by Michael Johnston | photography by Jeff Conner

A lot of us regret not going to a school with a good Division IA Football team. Imagine 60,000 fans all screaming for the same team. Who wouldn't want to be a part of that every Saturday? RIT may not have a football team, but we do have something just as exciting: hockey. If you didn't already know, RIT's men's hockey team got promoted to Division I status as of last year. Senior captain Tristan Fairbairn was caught off guard with the team's promotion to Division I. "I heard rumors of it moving up to Division I, but I did not believe that it would happen while I was still here," says Fairbairn. This season is the first year they are playing a full conference schedule. We don't have a huge arena to play in, but the Ritter Ice Arena is definitely a great place for our hockey team's home games. The atmosphere is amazing and the crowd loves to get into the game. One fourth year student claims that, "Anyone who is anyone goes to the hockey games!" Why wouldn't you want to be in a crowd of your peers yelling obscene comments at the opposing goalies in unison with hundreds of other fans?

The Corner Crew is the hockey team's heart and soul off the ice and has a lot to do with the atmosphere of the games. Their leader, "Big Goon," does all he can do to get the crowd into the games. One fourth year student claims, "The Corner Crew is the nucleus that makes hockey games so much fun. It is our excuse to be [loud and obnoxious at hockey games]." They have dozens of cheers and rants that they use during the games. Its rich history has brought many good things to the school's hockey history. Big Goon mentioned a few particular games where the Corner Crew did play a big

role in the team's performance. About four years ago the team was playing their old archrival Elmira and found themselves down by a goal with two minutes left in the game. With a little over a minute to go RIT scored to tie the score. With the crowd on their side, the Tigers played hard for the last minute and managed to put the game winner in the net with two seconds left on the clock. "It was so loud I couldn't even hear the goal horn go off. The crowd went nuts," Big Goon said, "for about 20 minutes I couldn't hear anything." He also mentioned a time in the early nineties when the team went undefeated at home for four straight years. This was when the Corner Crew had their biggest numbers. Around 200 hundred fans would come to all the games on a regular basis with the Corner Crew. He has dreams of it being that large again in the upcoming seasons.

The hockey team is also working very hard to get ready for the upcoming season. The players need to get ready mostly on their own due to NCAA regulations. Coaches are not allowed more than two hours of practice with the players per week until October. The players have been working out together at 6:30 a.m. every morning for a while now. They try to get on the ice at least four times a week to get their skating skills to season form.



Coaches Wayne Wilson is specifically looking forward to league play this year. With the Tigers name included in the Atlantic Hockey standing this season, they will be able to create more credibility among their opponents and begin to accumulate respect for the future. Coach Wilson gives a lot of credit to the Corner Crew and the fans for the team's success at home games. The crowd excites the players, and gets on the nerves of the opponents. Any time you can get that kind of edge you need to take advantage of it. This is RIT's chance to get a name for itself. The team's leading scorer from last year, Simon Lambert, gives the Corner Crew a lot of credit for their success at home as well. "The whole crowd feeds off them, so everybody gets louder. And we just love it!" says Simon.

The team opens the season in Canton, NY against St. Lawrence on October 6. The team pulled a remarkable victory last season at home against them. St. Lawrence was a top 25 team at the time. RIT won the game 3-2 despite being out shot 68-15. The Tigers were led by sophomore

goalie Jocelyn Guimond, who ended tying the Division I single game saves record with 66 saves. The team didn't really get much chance to celebrate after their great performance. Guimond added, "It was a pretty amazing feeling... but we had to go to bed because we were playing them the next day again." The team opens the home schedule on October 20 against American International College at 7:30 p.m. in the Ritter Arena. Come out and support your fellow students as they take aim at a conference championship this season. If you want to get in on the Corner Crew action, it's as easy as getting to the games fairly early and grabbing a seat in the far left corner of the arena where the Corner Crew always sits. All they ask is that you try to learn the cheers, and you must be very loud and obnoxious. So if you enjoy screaming at people, this is the place for you this winter. •

▲ RIT Men's Hockey Goalie Jocelyn Guimond watches as the team practices at Ritter Arena on September 18.



Field Hockey is Hardcore.

by Zach Korwin | photography by Lori Duprey

Megan Carapezza, a fourth year Metals and Jewelry major (front center) and Jess Gallagher, a third year Physics major (back left), participate in a drill at Field Hockey practice in the Gordon Field House on September 18.

Picture croquet while running at full-speed with the gates strapped onto RC cars and you might get the idea. Lucky for—and unbeknownst to—us, we at RIT have our very own field hockey club. These girls (and one very brave guy) are out in the field house all week, training to contend with teams in the Western New York Conference, and some of the teams they play against are more than just clubs.

The team was founded back in the fall of 2004, but this is the first year that the team is able to compete, sometimes traveling upwards of three hours to play their games. Amongst the players, the rivers of team unity run so saturated that the feeling actually evaporates, rising to the top of whatever venue they're playing in, only to condense and drip down once more, providing a closed-circuit fountain of rejuvenation that lasts until the wee minutes of the game. Speaking of which, their first game of the season is coming up: an away game scheduled at St. Bonaventure on Sunday, September 24 at 1 p.m. Games are usually held every weekend so make sure you check the schedule at www.reportermag.com.

In order to do their thing for two 35-minute halves of play, field hockey requires a team of 11, including the goalie. As such, the team is always looking for new members, so shoot an email over to Esther McMullen, the team president, at RITFieldHockey@gmail.com if you're looking to join

up. Don't be shy; they make you feel right at home. I even got to run a few drills with the team while I was there.

Unfortunately, friendliness can't pay the bills. The club is funded primarily by dues from its own members. Another unfortunate truth is that the philosophy for the allocation of funds from our future alma mater follows in the dated footsteps of our old buddy John Maynard Keynes. For those of you who haven't finished your economics concentrations, RIT rolls on the macro-bus, meaning that the brass lovingly place one sprinkler of funding out in the field for all of us thirsty little blades of grass, trying to get everyone wet at once; the more blades of us there are in one spot, the more likely the man with the green thumb is going to notice (if a lot of people go to games, they'll get more funding). So think about this before you try to go to sleep at night: every RIT field hockey game *you* miss costs the RIT "Lady Tigers"—see my views piece in last week's *Reporter*—hundreds of dollars. Can the levees of your conscience bear the torrential rainstorm of tears dripping from the eyes of those glorious field-hockey-Valkyries (and one, very, very brave man) who can't afford to do what they love? If you knowingly miss a game and can look yourself in the mirror, then you, my friend, possess the type of disdain for human life displayed only by our contemporaries in Darfur. •



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All calls subject to editing and truncation. Not all calls will be run. Rings: The Musical, coming soon to VHS. Reporter reserves the right to publish all calls in any format.

Friday 7:23 p.m.

Hi *Reporter* magazine. We have this new beer and stuff is floating in it. Like, is that supposed to happen?

RM: Well, it depends on the so called "stuff" that is floating in the beer. If the beer has bugs floating in it, I'd say return it. If the "stuff" is actually foam, then you may need to learn something about beer.

Friday 9:12 p.m.

Hey RIT Rings I was reading an article earlier today about Phi Psi and I just want to say that you kept referring to it as a "frat." It's not a "frat" it's a fraternity. Do you refer to your country as a "c[o]unt?"

RM: Well, sure. Can't you count on your country? Or maybe I'm just taking you completely out of context.

Friday 9:48 p.m.

Hi RIT Rings, pick up the phone silly, I know you're there! Pick up the phone. Okay, I guess you're not there, but give me a call back. Just wondering where you are, so pick up the phone silly. Bye!

RM: How did you know I was there? ... I need to stop posting my status on Facebook.

Saturday 12:26 a.m.

Yo, last night I motor-boated a stripper. You can't top that [excrement].

RM: I think you pronounced *striper* wrong. You know, the fish. About a week ago I was sailing and a striper jumped on to my deck. I think that tops you.

Saturday 12:43 a.m.

Like, wow, I'm in the back of an SUV and we were moving and then I thought "wow, what if I die, oh [calamity]." If I died today, that would be so gay...

RM: I'm glad to hear you've accepted the gaiety of your own death. It's a much easier process when you're happy about it.

Saturday 12:52 a.m.

Hey *Reporter*, I just want to get back in touch with you. So I found Chewbacca again, he's still chilling down below my apartment. (Chewbacca noises) Down Chewy, down! No, I'm not making this [excrement] up, it's the genuine article. Keep it under control, that's all.

RM: Well, no real news here. Every house I am aware of comes with a built-in Wookiee.

Sunday 12:11 a.m.

Hey, these guys I know just taped an alcoholic beverage to my chest without my consent. Then they gave me a roast beef sandwich. It was possibly the most exhilarating experience in my life. I love you *Reporter* Rings, talk to you later.

RM: It may not be so exhilarating when it comes time to remove said beverage from your chest. Enjoy.

Sunday 12:52 a.m.

Dude, my friend just gave me some weird [excrement]. I'm out here hangin out with a frat[ernity]. So should I believe him? That's the question. In this day in society can I believe him? Yo, help me out.

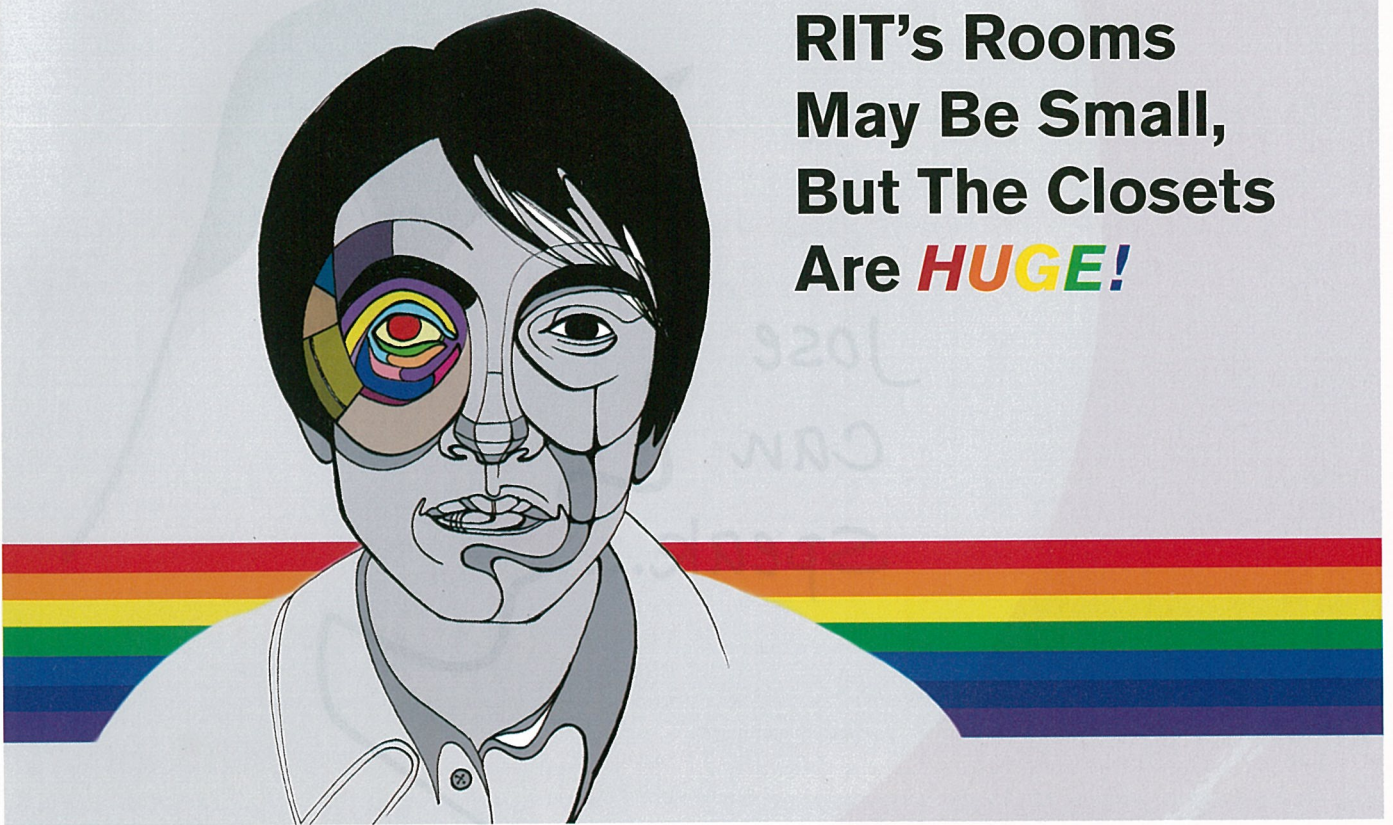
RM: Believe him? This "so-called" friend, not only handed you excrement, but weird excrement. I'm struggling to figure out what that even is. So, I say no. Do not believe him. Also, you might have convinced the guy that called Friday at 9:12 p.m. that you're unpatriotic or something.

Tuesday 12:00 a.m.

Okay, so we all go to RIT, a WoW [intimately lov]ing addicted campus, where everyone either sits inside or is outside being weird. Now, for starters, there's a girl who walks around in [intimately lov]ing tape. Now, it's like 1 a.m. and I keep getting woken up by these stupid guys sword fighting outside my window on the quarter mile. Who the hell does that? Honestly. Geez man, I hate this place.

RM: What kind of tape does she walk around in? I hear electrical is in style this season. •

RIT's Rooms May Be Small, But The Closets Are **HUGE!**



by Jen Loomis | illustration by Erin Wengrovius

I'm concerned.

In fact, I'm not just concerned. I'm experiencing the entire width and breadth of emotions that fall under the broad category of "concerned."

I'm vexed that the RIT Gay Alliance (ritGA) has a budget of \$450 for the *entire* year (because that's an obscenely small amount of money). I'm worried that ritGA is listed under "Hobby and Special Interest" clubs on the Campus Life website (because I wasn't aware that being gay qualified as a hobby). I'm anxious that gay culture on this campus consists of an annual drag show (because there's more to life than gender-bending). And I'm frightened that support for the still-closeted homosexual community at RIT consists of a few broadly scattered and frequently outdated Safe Zone stickers (because rainbow-colored adhesives do not qualify as Band-Aids for social problems).

Most of all, I'm frustrated by the extreme apathy of the RIT gay community (because our neglect is nothing short of disgusting). There's work that needs doing on this campus; work that we should be doing.

Mike D'Arcangelo, Director of the Center for Campus Life, is trying to pick up our slack. He's put together the Stonewall Project, which is designed to make the GLBT community feel more at home in this city of bricks. It's also a proposal that upsets me so much that I can actually feel my blood pressure rising.

"But, Jen! Isn't more support for the gay community exactly what you're asking for?" Yes, dear reader. Yes it is. Problem is, I don't think the Stonewall Project is up to the task. Top-priority goals of this program include:


- Kiosks of information about "being gay" put up around campus
- Renewed Safe Zone training for faculty volunteers
- Advisory board for dealing with GLBT conflicts
- A nighttime GLBT-specific activity during Orientation
- Cultural arts fund for sponsoring GLBT events

Let's take stock. Advisory board for GLBT conflicts and cultural arts funding: fantastic. The others? Eh...not so good. They all promote a "cloak-and-dagger, cover-of-darkness" mentality. Safe Zone stickers, nighttime GLBT-only events, and kiosks simply scream: "Are you gay? Quick! Run to these scattered, decentralized locations and, for God's sake, don't let anyone see you!" That's not how I want to live, and that's not how I want my peers to live.

I don't want to be hard on Mike; he's doing the best he can with the resources he's got. His efforts are both admirable and appreciated. But, he needs help. The Stonewall Project needs help. The goal may be noble, but the focus is all wrong. The whole project seems to be centered on giving emergency counseling to us "disturbed and emotionally unstable" gays. Whatever happened to pride?

So, what can you do? Talk to Mike—ask to see this Stonewall Project. Read it carefully. Then, come to ritGA and talk about what it's missing: a GLBT resource center. A centralized location where gay students can come to find a friendly couch and a cup of coffee as well as a trained counselor. This project needs help that only a unified and educated gay community can bring. So, let's bring it.

We as a community don't need more rocks to hide under. We need a face. •



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