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Walking down the dimly lit path on a cold and windy evening, I stumbled to the ground. The darkness seemed to swallow everything. I looked up. The trees, which lined the path, reached up toward the sky and lost themselves as they rose out of site. Trying to get to my feet, I reached out, hoping to grasp something, but nothing except cold dark air was within my reach.

Finally after lifting my tired body up from the frigid path, I looked around. I tried to make out something recognizable to guide my way home, to the warmth and safety of my own bed. But there was nothing, not even a glimmer of guidance. I struggled forward, only on instinct would I ever reach my destination.

The sounds that one hears in a darkness such as this, are like no other that one ever hears. The wind itself carries a chorus of horrors. Moans of the trees, as they bend to the wind's fancy, create images of pain and torture.

Turning toward a light in the distance I continued, a smell of rotting overcame me, and I stepped back. But something compelled me to continue, to keep on. I walked until I found myself on a street much like any other. It was just a street. The name didn't seem important. The street was lined with homes. As I walked I could see people inside living out their lives. Their faces were not familiar...or were they?

As I walked down the street, I felt compelled to peer in the windows. I was looking in on their lives. At the first window I came upon, my vision was obscured by a piece of cardboard which replaced the broken panel of glass. As I got closer, I could make out a old woman wrapped in a torn quilt. She held a Bible in her hand and clutched it as if it was all she had. On the counter, there were remnants of what would seem to have been her last meal. The cupboards that were open revealed an emptiness, much like the emptiness her eyes revealed as I looked on.

As I leaned forward, I saw her face more closely. She was alone, tired, and sad. Tears flowed from her eyes as I watched. Tears that even she had stopped caring enough to wipe

away. The feelings she was feeling became my own. So alone, we felt ready to die. I could bare to look no more. I continued down the dark street.

Stepping over garbage that had been thrown on the grimy pavement I continued my journey. Looking at houses, many of which were fancy and beautiful to look at; others were as fallen, old and tired as I was. Just then a man ran by, slamming himself into me as he stammered forward. I nearly lost my balance. He regained his stance and continued without a word. Grasping a purse by its string, he disappeared into the darkness. Stunned I considered pursuit, but chose to ignore and continue on my journey.

As I continued, I surveyed the piles of trash up against the side of a building. All of the sudden the pile moved. I had been looking at the cardboard home of a man, who was there asleep. The sound of his cough cut through the night. He woke only long enough to spit out the phlegm that he had coughed up into his throat. I saw his face covered in filth. He was not much older than my own father.

He shivered and I heard his stomach rumble, which painted worse pictures than those of the trees that had moaned earlier. "CRACK!" A sound louder than I had ever heard interrupted the nameless man's stomach. It was followed by a scream that sent my heart racing and pumping. My chest throbbed, and I turned. A boy, a boy, who looked too young to attend high school, fell to the ground. Then the car that overlooked his fallen body sped off into the night. I could hear laughter as the car sped away.

I wanted to help, but the body of the boy had stopped moving. After the final twitch, the lifeless shell lied there. The pool of red that drained out from beneath him spread to a nearby street drain, and began to flow down underneath the city. I had to go on, I couldn't take anymore.

The next house looked safe, warm, and well kept. I moved more quickly now. A well lit room caught my eye. A man stood there. He looked angry. I stopped to see more. He raised his hand, and thrust it out view. I heard cries, horrible cries, "daddy, I'm sorry daddy." He thrust again, and there was a chilling silence. I turned away, there was no where to run, no where to hide. I kept on walking, hoping to find an end to this nightmare.

On the next corner there stood a girl, a beautiful young girl. She looked up at me with a pained seductive quality in her eyes. She spoke, hardened and cold, and offered me a party for the right price. Her clothes, what there was of them, were torn, and a bruise stretched down her exposed left arm. A car pulled up and the man inside beckoned her.

He held cash in the hand that he signaled her to join him with. She turned away and entered the man's car. I looked inside as he placed his hand between her legs and the car drove away.

"No luck with the ladies, huh?," a course voice from nowhere asked. I turned around. "Who needs them anyway?" The shadowy figure exclaimed. "I have plenty of ways, that will get you much higher than she could ever." He opened the case he held, inside there were vials, bags, and pill bottles. He started pricing his products, "No thank you, not tonight," I told him and began to walk away.

He called out to me, "A**hole." I tried not to look back. I'll wake soon, and it will all be over. House after house, I continued my journey. Each home holding its own pain, the blood, the bruises, the loneliness. There was a woman down the street, about three houses back, who held a pistol in her mouth angled up toward the ceiling where her baby lay crying. In the next house, hungry children begged their father for food before they went to bed. The father cried to his wife when the children finally left the room.

Sirens could be heard in the distance, but none seen. Walking farther, and farther dawn began to break over the horizon. I could see children at the next corner, waiting for the school bus. Four or five surrounded each other and I walked closer to see what was of interest. I got close enough to see the little boy who warranted so much attention was holding a gun. As I got closer, the bus pulled up. The little boy stuffed the gun into his coat pocket and followed his friends onto the bus. As the bus pulled away, I caught the word Elementary, but couldn't make out which one. I kept walking, even faster now.

Finally I saw something familiar, it was my home. I opened the door and ran inside. My books lay in a pile, next to the couch where I had left them. My coffee cup sat on my desk, still half full from the morning before. I slouched down into the couch relieved, and I told myself that I my nightmare could end now. I waited to awaken. Then from beyond my walls I once again heard a scream, it echoed through my mind. I realized, I was never asleep. I had only visited my neighbors, my town, my country. I wasn't going to wake up.

It isn't going to be that easy.

I closed my eyes, and hoped for dreams that would make life seem better somehow.

"We make up horrors to help us cope with the real ones."—Stephen King

—ROBERT WESCOTT

Robert Wescott

HALLOWEEN NEWS

RIT Witches Sabbath

The Interfaith Center in collaboration with the Greater Rochester Witches League (GRoWL) will be holding Black Mass in the woods directly behind the Student Health Services Building. To support this annual event, Wegmans Supermarket will honor all manufacturers' coupons for eye of fig newton, barbequed wings of bat, and 13-packs of Bloodweiser.

Following the service, a bon fire will be lit for those who wish to dance naked. As per RIT Alcohol Policy the consumption of alcoholic beverages is prohibited. Non-witches (and non-warlocks) are welcome. BYOC (bring your own cauldron).

Bits and Pieces

In light of the success of the RIT SpiRIT project, Professor Frankensimone of the Bio Tech department has broken new ground with his newest student project, entitled Project Roach. He and a small group of bio tech students are creating a star player for the rugby team.

Ben Graiverobbin and Doug M. Upp, co-captains of the RIT Roaches, raved, "We're very excited about this. Finally, there is a project where we can really get our hands dirty. Next year should be in the bag!"

"So far," Frankensimone confides, "We've had no problem finding the more common body parts --- legs, arms, hands, and feet. Finding a healthy liver has been a real problem on this campus. Considering that our creation is destined for the rugby field, however, a healthy liver may not be necessary."

Anyone who is interested in donating healthy organs or a cranium should contact Dr. Frankensimone at *9475

Halloween Film Frightfest

A bevy of terrifying, eye popping short horror flicks will shown starting at 2 pm at the (spider) Webb Auditorium in the James E. Booth Building on October 31. Admission is free and everyone is welcome.

-COMPILED BY IMA DEDDMANN

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Terry Anderson will Captivate RIT

At 1 p.m. on Thursday, November 4, in the Robert F. Panara Theatre in the Lyndon Baines Johnson Building (LBJ), a former hostage of the Islamic Jihad,



will speak about his ordeal. A Batavia, NY native and a former chief Middle East correspondent for the Associated Press, Anderson was held in Lebanon for 2454 days. He, along with several other hostages, was also the subject of the Yellow Ribbon campaign, which was orchestrated by his sister, Peggy Say. He was finally released on December 4, 1991.

Among his many memories, Anderson will recount how he taught his fellow hostages the manual alphabet so that they could all communicate during the long periods of silence. After Anderson's presentation, he will hold a question-and-answer session. Campus Connections will sell his newly released book, *Den of Lions*, outside the theater after the presentation.

Free passes are required for admission to Anderson's presentation. NTID students (ID required, one per person) may obtain passes 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Monday, November 1, at the LBJ Box Office. All other members of the NTID

and RIT communities (ID required, one per person) may obtain passes 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Tuesday, November 2, at the LBJ Box Office. Overflow seating will also be available outside the theater.

Molefi Asante to Speak at RIT

Molefi Asante, the chair of African American studies at Temple University, will speak at 7:30 p.m. Thursday, November 4, in Webb Auditorium, in the James E. Booth Building. Asante will speak of the hope for a shared future for all races. The lecture, entitled "Toward a New American Vision: a Society of Renewal," is free, and a question-and-answer session will be held afterwards.

Asante will also be leading two workshops to be held on November 5 at the Gateway Conference and Banquet Center in Henrietta. The morning workshop will be \$75 with breakfast. The afternoon lecture will be \$50 with a snack.

Asante's lecture is the third in a 12 lecture series that is

designed to examine our human "roots," and dissect stereotypes of women and different culture groups. For more information, call Arlette Miller Smith at 475-6617.

Bosstones Bring Down the Floor

At about 11 p.m. on Thursday, October 21, the floor at the Horizontal Boogie Bar collapsed during the Bosstones show. The popular Boston band was just starting to play their energetic music when the dance floor began to sink under the pressure of about 700 pairs of stomping feet.

Sean Aryai, an RIT student who witnessed the havoc, recalls that the music was so loud that one couldn't even hear the floor cracking until the band had stopped playing. It happened very quickly. "I was standing by the bar when the floorboards started rising," Aryai remembers, "At first, the band thought that everyone had started dancing on their

knees." There were so many people in the club that some slid back into the pit, but they promptly climbed out again.

After seeing that no one had gotten hurt, the band told the dancers to keep dancing behind the sunken floor, and continued to play. Finally, the management pulled the plug. Meanwhile, ecstatic clubgoers started to rip up bits of the floor as souvenirs. A few even asked the band members to sign their memorabilia.

The pit in the floor was approximately four feet deep. Luckily, it didn't open up into the basement below or there might have been some serious injuries. The show was rescheduled for 9 p.m., Saturday, October 23.

Campus Safety—Major Incident Notification October 21, 1993

At approximately 12:15a.m., Thursday morning, October 21, 1993, a fourth year female student was the victim of an attempted robbery (purse snatching) in J Lot. The victim, while attempting to unlock her car, was pushed to the ground by an unknown white male (6 foot, 175 lb., blond hair, wearing black shoes and dark colored pants), who attempted to take her purse. The victim was able to hang onto the purse. The suspect entered an unidentified vehicle and fled. The Monroe County Sheriffs' Office is assisting in the investigation. Campus Safety has increased patrols in this area.

This notification is to alert you that this type of incident has happened and Campus Safety recommends that you take the following steps to enhance your personal safety:

- Use the Escort Service, especially at night.
- Whenever possible, walk with a friend.
- Be aware of your environment.
- Report suspicious persons and/or activities to Campus Safety immediately.
- When approaching your vehicle or residence, always have your keys ready in your hand.

For more information please contact Campus Safety 475-2853/6654TTY.

—NEWS COMPILED BY KERSTIN GUNTER

Men's Soccer Tops Alfred

On Saturday, October 23, the RIT men's soccer team traveled to Alfred ousting the Saxons 4-1, in EAA competition. RIT opened up the scoring with freshman Anthony Ryan scoring less than five minutes into the game, putting RIT up 1-0.

In second-half action the Tigers dominated the game pushing the ball upfield, but could not comply with a cushioner at the start. Midway into the half, Sean Spencer found the net in front of the sixth-yard line, scoring the game-winner. Junior Kirk Sinkins and Captain John Ilijevski combined for a goal and an assist a piece to cushion the RIT lead by four. Alfred was

Sport Notes

RIT All-American soccer player Jason Rich who has just been added to the roster of the Buffalo Blizzard. The Blizzards are an indoor professional league. Congratulations!!

In the RIT Men's Hockey Orange vs. White scrimmage, White came out on top defeating Orange 9-5. Randy Cheyonski and Jay Murphy added three each for White.

RIT Volleyball player Liang Gaik Khaw has been named MVP for the Ithaca Invitational, making this her third MVP honor in three weeks.

This past weekend, the men's cross country squad placed fourth in the Albany Invitational ahead of rivals Ithaca, Geneseo, Brockport and Hobart.

Kevin Collins took fourth in the 8k with a time of 25:13.5, while Jamie Glydon(11) and Tony Fraij (14) followed behind.

able to add one, but time ran out, giving RIT the victory.

RIT played a solid game both offensively and defensively. Matt Ledges recorded 5 saves for the Tigers.

RIT Crew Rides Again

On Sunday, October 17, the annual Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta was held in Rochester. The Invitational has become recognized as one of the premiere regattas in the North-Eastern United States, drawing in many of the Ivy League schools such as Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Dartmouth, Union, University of Pennsylvania, and Cornell. Included in the competition are some of the best crews New York State has to offer.

As this is an invitational regatta, the organizers have control over selecting the best teams to compete. RIT Crew was honored at the start of their season to be invited to participate in this year's regatta. The team trained hard with one single goal in mind: to perform well at the Invitational.

The RIT womens four competed against fifteen different teams including Trent University, West Side, University at Buffalo, Mercyhurst and more. They began their morning competing in the three mile head race, finishing with a time of 21:36.83. This time was good enough to pull them up from their bottom seed into eleventh place. In the afternoon, they were matched up against an impressive Syracuse team to race the sprints. The ladies held strong, inching ahead of them as they neared the end of the 1500m sprint. RIT came out on top, beating Syracuse by eight seconds with a time of 6:04.03. The combination of their head race time and sprint race time brought them to finish the day in eighth place.

The men's team split this time into two boats of four both racing in the same division. Competition in their division consisted of Cornell, Queens, University of Rochester (U. of R.), Canisius, and more. RIT competed two boats, with the B-boat ranked last and the A-boat not far ahead.

Both the A-boat and B-boat began the regatta with the morning three-mile head race. The B-boat finished with a time of 21:00.61 bringing them up to eighth place. Later on, the B-boat was matched up against Geneseo for the 1500m sprint. The men stayed side by side with the Knights for the first 1400m of the sprint, but suffered mechanical problems with their boat near

the end and finished behind their opponent with a time of 5:52.12. This held the Tigers in their position of eighth place overall for the day.

The men's A-boat turned a few heads when they finished the head race in fourth place behind Cornell, Queens, and U. of R. The time for the A-boat was 19:23.39. They later were surprised to find themselves matched up with natural rivals, U. of R. for the sprint. Both RIT and U. of R. battled for the lead the distance of the race. The boats crossed over almost simultaneously, but the Yellowjackets were just a nose ahead, defeating RIT by two seconds. RIT came out with a time of 5:24.50, placing them fifth overall for the day.

All three teams put forth an outstanding effort and proved to many schools that RIT Crew will be a major force in the coming years. Coach Bodensadt said of the teams performance, "The team did an outstanding job, especially when you consider that regatta organizers weren't sure we could even successfully compete."

While the team awaits their invitation to next years Invitational they are training for their last regatta of the fall season to be held October 30 in Albany.

Volleyball Undefeated

This past weekend, the women's volleyball team went undefeated with a 4-0 record at the Ithaca Invitational. RIT went into the competition ranked 8th in the nation for Division III and is now 28-6 overall.

In Friday's action, Liang Gaik Khaw recorded 21 assists and Kris Gray added 5 kills to get them past SUNY Cortland 15-6, 15-6, 15-5. RIT then went on to face Ithaca, taking them and three, proving once again that the Tigers would not be bombed. Senior Robin Wambach pitched in for 13 kills, while Khaw got in the play with 28 assists.

The next day saw RIT facing one of their biggest rivals of all, SUNY Stony Brook. The Lady Tigers dominated taking them in three out of four. Lucy Emberg played a tough match, driving for 18 kills, with Khaw coming through once again for an outstanding 50 assists. Sophomore Sarah Francis added 9 kills and 4 assists to help cushion the RIT victory.

The Lady Tigers completed their shutout in their final match versus the Brockport Golden Eagles. Once again, the Eagles played them tough, coming out with the first two sets. Being down 2 sets, RIT

rallied to win the next three 15-6, 15-6, 15-6. Wambach played an outstanding match, recording 22 kills. Khaw came through with distribution for 44 assists. For their efforts, both were named to the All-tournament team, with Khaw receiving MVP for the third time in three weeks.

-SPORTS COMPILED BY
BROCK E. BARRY

Athletes of the Week

Liang Gaik Khaw, a senior accounting major, has been named RIT's Female Athlete of the Week for the week ending October 17.

Khaw was named to the all-tournament team at the Third Annual RIT Volleyball Invitational. This is the second week in a row that she has been named all-tournament. She was named MVP at the RIT Volleyball Tourney the previous weekend.

The Tigers went 4-1 on the week. Their only loss came to Thomas More (KY) in the finals of the Invitational. Khaw had 217 assists for the week, and average of 11.42 per game. She had 64 digs, an average of 3.37 per game and added 13 aces.

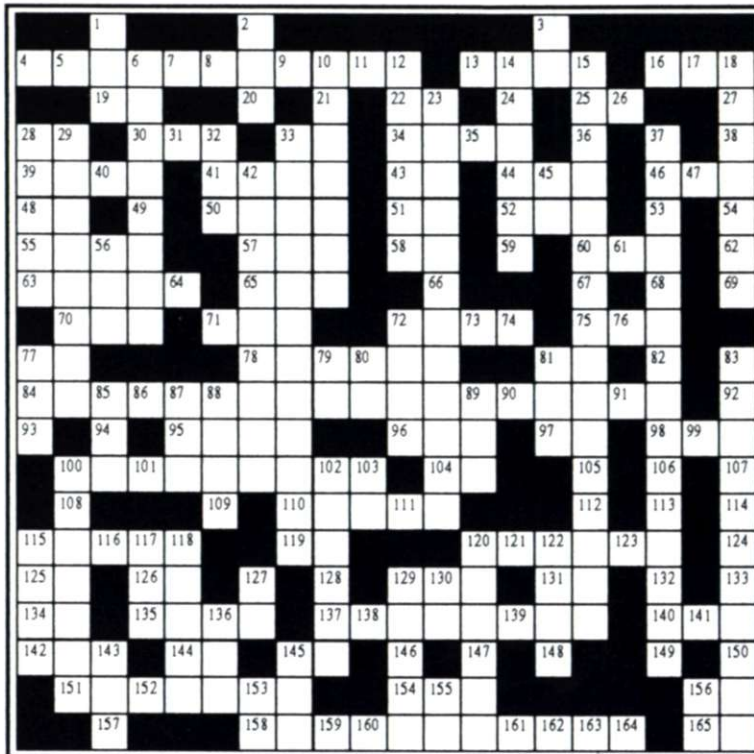
According to Coach Jim Lodes, "Liang distributed the ball well against some of the toughest teams in the country. Her ability to keep the opponents guessing enabled us to win some very difficult matches."

Chad LaVeck, a member of the men's cross country team, has been named RIT athlete of the week for the week ending October 17.

LaVeck ran a personal best 32:52 on Saturday in the RIT Upstate Invitational. He was the fourth Tiger runner to finish and he placed fifth overall. He beat his personal best, which he ran earlier in the year, by almost two minutes.

LaVeck has closed the gap between himself and RIT's fourth runner. "With Chad now moving closer to the top four runners on the team, this makes RIT one of the top six to eight teams in the country," explains Coach Peter Todd. "He makes us a much better team."

LaVeck, a junior transfer from Alfred State, is a manufacturing technology major.



Fright Night

Across

- 4. Mastermind of Dragon Tears
- 13. Grave
- 16. Charge
- 19. Towards
- 22. Orange juice
- 25. Either
- 30. Greek letter
- 34. Nam tsrif
- 39. Get rid of
- 41. Q-less alphabet run
- 43. AD's partner
- 44. Tsetorp
- 46. Jump
- 48. Morning
- 50. Stnedor
- 52. Xiffus rlaupop
- 55. Untarnished
- 60. Pester
- 63. 18 down's downfall
- 65. Emga drac ssellewov
- 70. Mayday
- 71. Mr. DaVinci
- 72. Tangy
- 75. See 16 across
- 77. Therefore
- 78. Colored wax
- 81. See 77 across
- 84. All Hallow's Eve
- 95. The humble assistant
- 96. Bom (French)
- 97. Daddy
- 98. Horror master
- 100. Owt fo reldo eht
- 104. Owt fo reldo eht
- 110. Space monster

- 115. Ancient egyptian
- 119. Home entertainment
- 120. Horse's gait
- 125. Article
- 126. Mroifrepq
- 129. One of the five Ws
- 134. Light
- 135. Between L & Q
- 137. Colorful messengers
- 140. Charged particle
- 144. Air force
- 151. Vlad the impaler
- 154. Greek letter
- 156. Publicity
- 158. Christine's creator
- 165. San Francisco

Down

- 1. Witch's companion
- 2. Scare word
- 3. Afternoon
- 6. Yug yenob a
- 10. Hsuaqs
- 12. Living dead
- 14. Halloween's color
- 15. Popular party game
- 18. Rekcus doolb
- 23. Candle holder
- 28. Loot gniggid
- 29. Reaw neewollah
- 32. American Indian
- 33. Popular phrase
- 37. Linus' hero
- 42. Dorothy's friend
- 45. See 125 across
- 56. Elddap
- 72. Ripped
- 77. Child
- 81. Small drink

- 83. Yigu &, neerg, llat
- 85. __, la, la
- 88. Ghostbuster
- 89. Affirmative
- 100. Inhabited by ghosts
- 102. Mistress of the dark
- 103. Tuo ton
- 115. Shopping center
- 117. Mother
- 118. Tfig neewollah
- 120. Evil creature
- 122. Reguklations
- 127. Arisen
- 129. Salem menace
- 130. Honorary
- 136. Tlarcecaps
- 143. Metal
- 145. Winged rodent
- 155. Him
- 156. Post script

—COMPILED BY
KELLY BOMBARD

LAST WEEKS ANSWERS



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Hauntings from Within

It was a dark and stormy night.

The brooding clouds seethed and boiled above the dark land. A wailing wind swept over the barren landscape, whistling and howling in the fury of the storm. Rain pelted and battered the ground, turning the once green earth to a puddle of lifeless mud. Lightning cracked and danced through the darkness, momentarily illuminating the horrible sight below. And no one stood to witness this awesome display of nature's wrath...except one man.

He stood in the middle of the great expanse, facing north, directly into the heart of the storm. He would have looked defiant in the face of such power, but his shoulders were stooped under a long black trench coat, and his graying eyes portrayed years of pain and suffering. This man had not come here to face the storm and he had not come here to test his strength, he had come here to die.

His fading hair was hidden beneath a threadbare hat, except for a few strands which blew wildly about his face. His trench coat flapped like a cape behind him, exposing nothing more than a simple orange sweater and a torn pair of brown slacks. A day-old beard had been allowed to grow on his slightly wrinkled face, and his thin lips were drawn in grim determination. His shoes were old, and worn, and indistinguishable from the puddle of rain and mud he stood in. He had been here for a long time, perhaps too long, and he knew his time was close. He was ready for the night before him. And he had only one thing to do before his time arrived. He was here to find something. He was the only one left.

Slowly, as if his legs were unwilling to begin the task that lay before him, he began walking, stumbling, and tripping over the broken land. A field stretched in front of him for miles in each direction. He had come a long way, and his journey was almost complete. Using the shovel he was carrying for a cane, he quickened his pace, walking dead into the storm. His other hand clutched a yellowed paper, sealed in a plain bag to protect it from the elements. It might have been another ordinary newspaper clipping from years gone by, just another addition to a forgotten folder in some archive, except for the date: "November 1, 1993." It was a day long since forgotten by most, even those who had been present on that fateful night. It

was the night before, Halloween night, 1993. It was a night much like this one, a night most people spent huddled indoors watching the storm, never suspecting, never dreaming of the horror that awaited...

But that night was over, and the man knew it. The night had haunted his dreams for the last sixty years, he still remembered it like yesterday. He was younger then, they all were. All of his friends, all of them, were gone. He was here to remember them. His job was almost complete. He had carried that article for sixty years, but now he was almost finished. He wavered in the wind, stumbled, and tripped over a hard object. Squinting in the rain, he wiped some mud out of his way and picked it up.

It was a brick.

He dropped it quickly, and soon began to notice more. They seemed to grow and multiply in the storm, swept closer and closer by the cutting wind. Inwardly, he breathed a sigh of relief. He was here. He was home. He gazed upon the fallen debris as the storm increased its intensity. He thought back to the night when he last saw this place. There was no disarray then, there was only order and function. A red tower had been built, challenging the elements, winning its battle, defeating nature for twenty-five years. It all changed that night. It might have been a fallen wire. It might have been a blown fuse. Or maybe, it was the haunting presence of the spirits of Halloween. In one horrific second, the lights had flickered, sputtered, and fell dark for the last time. Shrouded in darkness, the growing storm began to win its mighty battle. After all this time, nature would prevail.

Some had escaped to the tunnels, hopping to save themselves, only to be trapped, suffocated beneath the earth, their screams of torment muffled by the driving rain. Some had tried to drive off, away from the storm, only to be hurled into oblivion by the awesome wind. Most had been taken by the swirling clouds into the night, their bodies smashed and strewn across the field, lives too weak to survive in the face of such force. Only a handful, cowering under a makeshift tarp lashed outside one of the buildings, had survived. These were the ones doomed to wander helplessly through the aftermath, searching for the cries of those injured but still alive, screaming with agony as each life faded away...

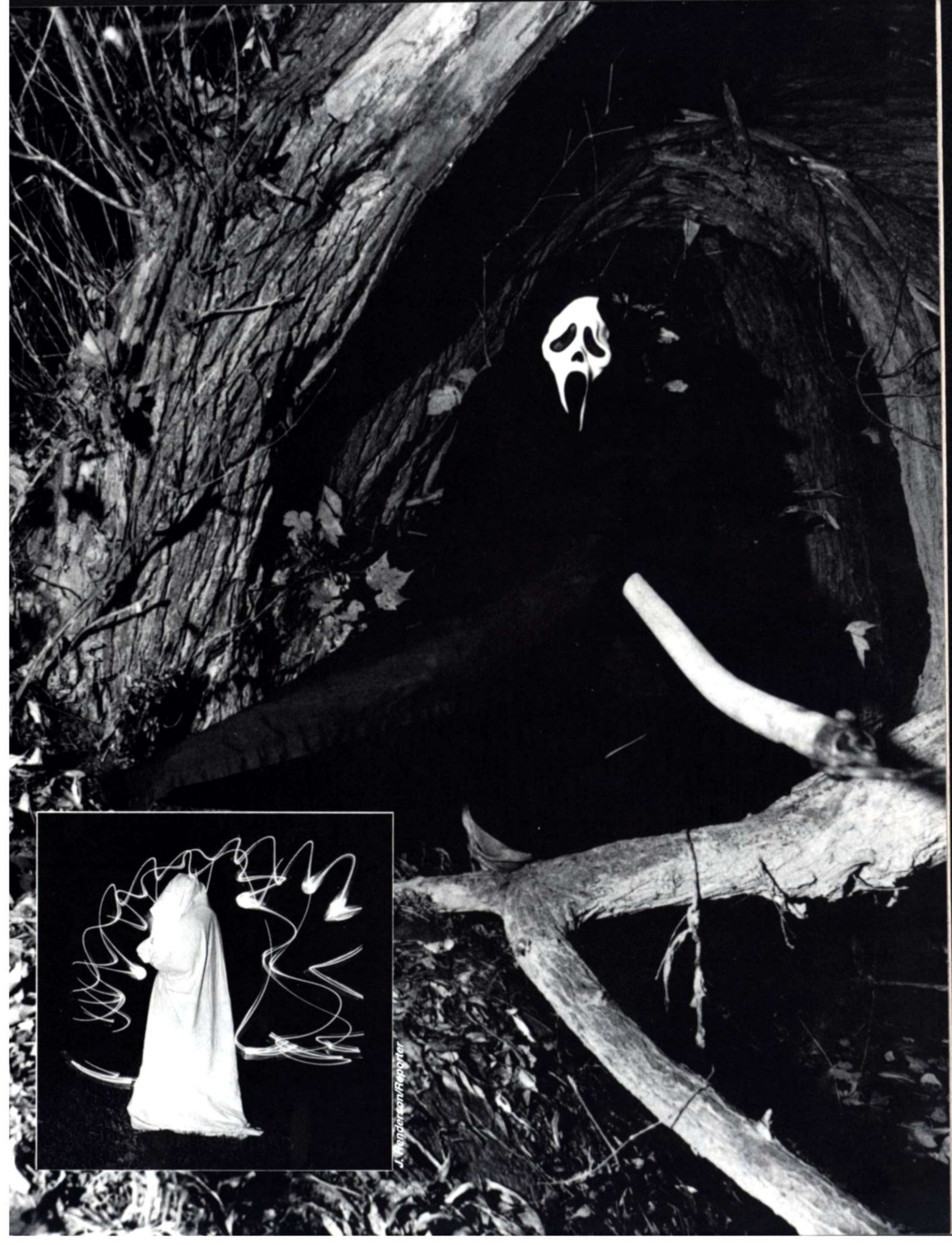
The man fell again. He found himself wiping back tears he thought had long since been spent. It had been a long time

since he had thought so vividly about that night, it served to provide more determination as he crossed the barren field he once lived in. He began to make out separate ruins, now various buildings he had once recognized. The buildings he had lived in, he had learned in, the names buried deep in his memory slowly began to resurface. Wallace...Clark...Watson...Heumann...Gleason.

Gleason. This name rang loud in his mind and brought more tears, this time flowing freely down his face, mixing with the rain. His life, fading quickly, now burned brightly in his mind. All the names, all the faces, all those he had once known and loved, were gone. He was the only one left. He stumbled through the rain and in a flash of lightning he saw it.

It had not fallen! A strong, steel, semi-circle rose out of the gloom, supported by an angular beam striking deeply into the ground. The years had faded and rusted the details, but the form was too familiar. Time stood in front of him, defiant to the end, still prevailing over nature. Slowly, with great care, he began to dig around it, uncovering more and more of the powerful base which had supported it. His weary muscles could barely move the muddy earth, his eyelids drooped and craved for sleep. And after what seemed to be an eternity, his shovel clinked with another object. Something buried he had buried sixty years ago, in the middle of a stormy Halloween night, something he wished to be found in case he too had been taken away with everyone else was there. His trembling hands brought forth a simple steel-faced box, with an engraving on the side. He held the engraved section up to the sky as a bolt of lightning charged through the air. The lid fell off, dropping its contents upon the ground. A simple brown book opened as it fell. His book. A book of the names and numbers of all the people he could remember that night. He had written them all down so they would not be forgotten. And as the storm gained intensity above him, draining life from his body, he furiously read through his book and remembered them all...before he died.

—MATT MCNAMERA



J. Henderson/Reporter

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Hallowed Horror

It was halloween night. I walked slowly into the beef pub formally known as "THE CREEK.". It was nine o'clock. Something was different, I had a feeling that made me think of a substance that could cause illness or even..."gulp"...death. I thought it might be something I ate, but it was only the beginning of the hell I was to experience on this uncommonly wet night. I ordered the usual eight shots of wild turkey with a lemon juice-milk chaser. I felt everyone in the place was staring at me, but it wasn't the normal "look at that sexy, hunk of a, I want to be like him" stare. It was as if they knew that the wild turkey wasn't the only thing that would get to me tonight.

When I finished all eight shots I ate the best wings I've ever had in my entire life. I then decided that ten more shots of turkey wouldn't hurt. It was five after nine. I stayed a little longer than I had expected. It was time for me to leave.

On the walk home I was only hit by two cars. The strange part was that they didn't back-up to hit me again like they have done many nights before. Was I suddenly too much of a hassle to be run over again? Did they want to make me easy to digest? As I stood bleeding in the middle of the road a van hit me breaking my left leg. I realized it was time to finish my walk or limp across the street. I was moving a bit slower now. My leg started to throb. It was twelve o'clock.

The night was as dark as pitch. I was very still because I was very drunk and I really don't recommend eighteen shots of turkey. It became very hot out and my belly-button was filling with sweat. In the pigeonhole pool I saw the reflection of the most horrid creature I had ever seen. My heart started to thump like a dog scratching his flea infested fur. I wanted to run and hide but my leg was broken and I would have looked really stupid trying to run. So I did the only thing that a cornered animal would do, I broke my other leg and ran on my knee caps. I wasn't moving extremely fast, so I couldn't loose the evil

force that insisted to torture me with a slight peck on the top of my skull every second. After running five feet, I collapsed from exhaustion. I laid there hoping that this monster would think I was dead and walk away from lack of vigor in my body.

My stomach was ready to tell the wild turkey story in reverse. This was not a good feeling. I waited for hours for the drooling pig of a monster to get off me or kill me or something that would make this nightmare end. It was 12:30. The drunkenness was beginning to fade and the pain was becoming very real. At this point in time my hair had been pulled

one by one out of my head. Was this the evil punisher that my "horroroscope" in Vogue magazine had mentioned. I really did not want to live because who would want to hang out with me anymore or even worse how would I explain this to my peers. I screamed "don't fear thee reaper!" and then I rolled into the road.

We were on my turf. Now he, she or it would now feel my wrath of doom. I played this game with many of my bar room enemies (I don't like using my fists). Finally, I was face-to-face with the Chicken

demon. At first I was getting hit by most of the cars, that's when I saw the Geo Storm. I was the best at dodging these. The finger lickin' chicken would soon be ready for a Perkin's chicken salad bowl. I rolled across the double yellow line and he walked right into the my trap. The Geo slammed his chicken butt thirty feet in the air. He was mine. I must have had the luck of the Irish that night because one of the dependable Rochester plows was headed my way. These guys love to plow. When the chicken landed the plow-man saw his chance and plowed the demon poultry's powder puffed groin right to his beak. Ya' know someday I'll look back on all of this and laugh like a cruel lion that would have eaten that sweet little mouse that pulled out the thorn.

HAVE A HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

—XAVIER



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After asking several people about how they believe Halloween came into existence, it became obvious that no one was capable of coming up with a good answer. After all, it is one of the few holidays that occur on the same date every year. However, a few people suggested that the answer might be found in Charlie Brown's annual Halloween cartoon. That didn't help much though. From this point, I began the continuing search for the 'real' meaning behind Halloween.

Everyone knows the reasons and meanings behind New Year's Day, Valentine's Day, the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Hanukkah, but how exactly did Halloween come into existence? The history of Halloween traces a path that ventures as far back as ancient Druidic times and comes all the way to the present.

Originally a Celtic festival of the dead, Halloween owes much of its character to the Roman harvest celebration of the goddess Pomona and even more to the customs of the early Catholic church. It is the blending of these three traditions that produced the holiday we celebrate in America today.

Dave Carson/Reporter

On the evening of the festival, the Druids, who were the priests and teachers of the Celts, ordered the people to put their hearth fires out. The Druids built a huge bonfire of oak branches, something they considered sacred, for their New Year's celebration on November 1. They burned animals, crops, and possibly even humans as sacrifices.



Then each family relit their hearth fire from the sacred New Year's fire. During the celebration, people sometimes wore costumes made of animal heads and skins. They would tell fortunes for the coming year by examining the remains of the animals that had been sacrificed.

Popular celebrations began to reflect the new democratic climate of post-Revolutionary America; they became inclusive rather than elusive, public rather than private, secular rather than religious, and more centered around the community rather than the church. It was in this period of new growth and vision that American Halloween celebrations took root. Although post-Revolutionary America was populated by people from diverse cultures, the Protestant ethic dominated American society and the Puritan Thanksgiving was still the major celebration of the late fall.

At that time, the American harvest gatherings were called play parties. The play party was a public nondenominational event in which whole families would attend. It was usually held in the early evening of late autumn. Ghost stories were an integral part of the autumn celebration, and tales of the ancestral dead were told and retold by elders to a spellbound crowd. The function of the play party was similar to that of the early Thanksgiving; to pass along information and to serve as a meeting ground for young people.

Late at night, after the music, shouting, and game playing was done, when the moon had fully risen and the trees shook and rat-

tled outside in the autumn wind, people gathered together around a fire and told one another tales of the silenced dead lying in graves nearby. The telling of ghost stories on Halloween derives from both the Druids' belief that the ancestral dead arise in the night and the Christian directive to honor the souls of the departed at Hallow mass.

Today we associate Halloween with witches, black cats, ghosts, pumpkins, costumes, masks, and trick-or-treating. Each of these features of Halloween had been established in Europe long before America ever existed. The witch and black cat association actually began in the days when Druids practiced their magic arts on Samhain. Ghosts and spirits were at the heart of the holiday from the beginning. The Halloween pumpkin, trick-or-treating, and masquerade owe much to the folk life of the British Isles, where people carrying lanterns made of a carved-out turnip went from house to house demanding food or money.

The custom of begging for food from house to house on Halloween comes from the old Catholic soul-cake custom, called "souling." This custom while originally charitable in nature, took a popular turn as it evolved over the years. Prosperity was promised to those who gave food, drink, or money to the beggars.

By the twentieth century, Halloween was touted as a friendly, harmless, and cheerful holiday more fun than frightening.

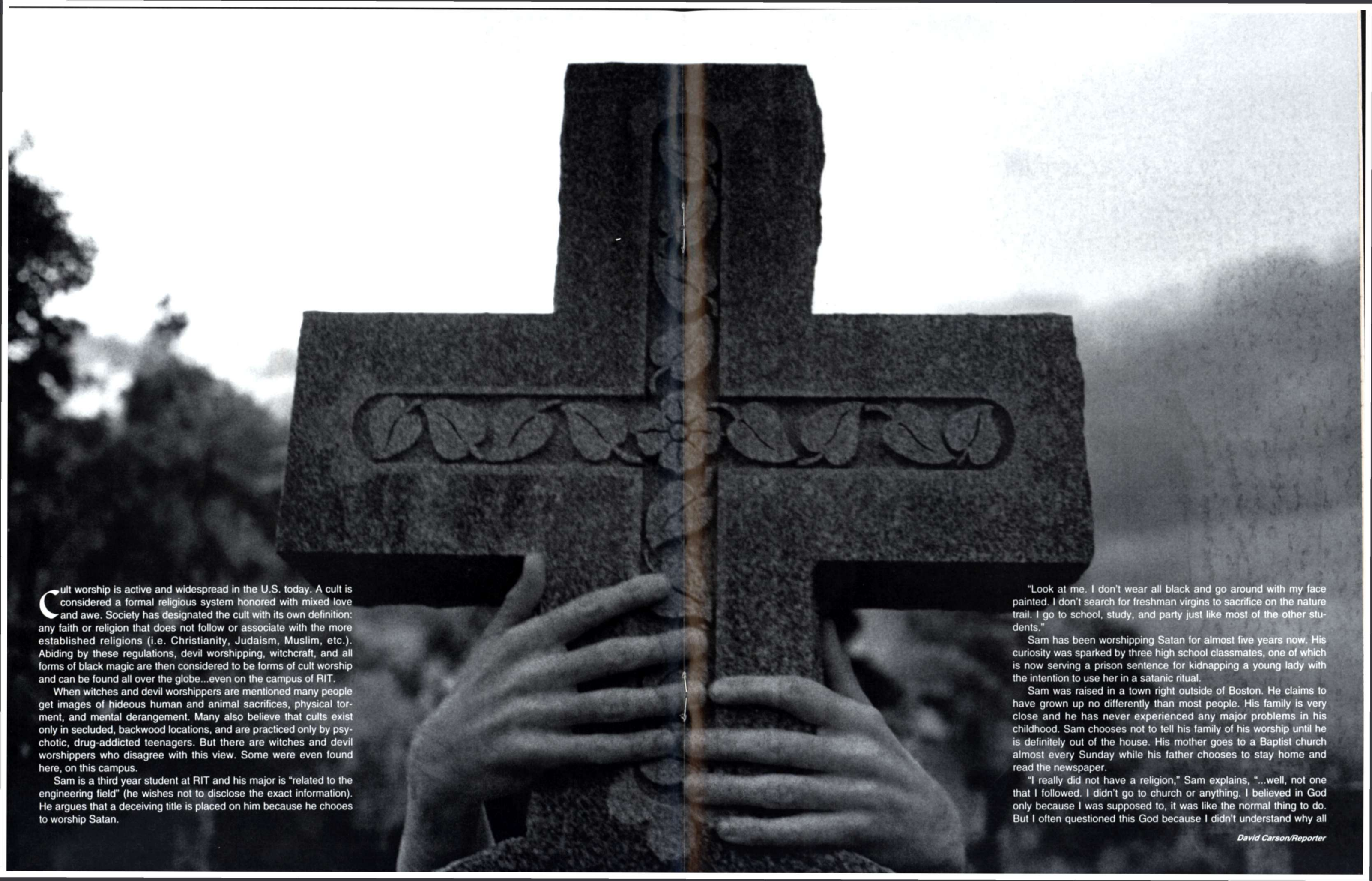
Halloween had always been a hell raising event but in the twentieth century a new branch of mischief emerged.

By the 1920s, the mischief that occurred on October 31 became known as "the Halloween problem," and many adults began to question the need for a holiday that encouraged pranks and anarchy. Public officials and parents became involved in the effort to diffuse the holiday's prankish spirit. Neighborhoods came together to make refreshments such as seed-cakes and cider; hoping that the lure of free treats might keep children from mischief on Halloween night.

Today, Halloween is a fixture of American culture, a beloved national holiday. If the soul of Halloween, its connection with the unpredictable and unseen world of spirit, had not been carefully guarded in our culture from the very beginning it might have well been lost. Although Halloween has never received the official legal status of Thanksgiving or the Fourth of July, it is nevertheless a feature of our calendars and a date anticipated with great excitement and preparation.

Despite its commercial trappings and other pitfalls of any modern holiday, Halloween provides something that is unique: a full fledged celebration of fantasy. It is the one night of the year when all is overturned, when the natural order reverses itself. The dead walk, the glamorous grow horrific, and the ordinary become extraordinary. Children rebel and adults kick up their heels and holler at the moon. It is a holiday of magic and mystery, and one that is uniquely American despite its culturally diverse background.

—BRYANT GRAHAM



Cult worship is active and widespread in the U.S. today. A cult is considered a formal religious system honored with mixed love and awe. Society has designated the cult with its own definition: any faith or religion that does not follow or associate with the more established religions (i.e. Christianity, Judaism, Muslim, etc.). Abiding by these regulations, devil worshipping, witchcraft, and all forms of black magic are then considered to be forms of cult worship and can be found all over the globe...even on the campus of RIT.

When witches and devil worshippers are mentioned many people get images of hideous human and animal sacrifices, physical torment, and mental derangement. Many also believe that cults exist only in secluded, backwood locations, and are practiced only by psychotic, drug-addicted teenagers. But there are witches and devil worshippers who disagree with this view. Some were even found here, on this campus.

Sam is a third year student at RIT and his major is "related to the engineering field" (he wishes not to disclose the exact information). He argues that a deceiving title is placed on him because he chooses to worship Satan.

"Look at me. I don't wear all black and go around with my face painted. I don't search for freshman virgins to sacrifice on the nature trail. I go to school, study, and party just like most of the other students."

Sam has been worshipping Satan for almost five years now. His curiosity was sparked by three high school classmates, one of which is now serving a prison sentence for kidnapping a young lady with the intention to use her in a satanic ritual.

Sam was raised in a town right outside of Boston. He claims to have grown up no differently than most people. His family is very close and he has never experienced any major problems in his childhood. Sam chooses not to tell his family of his worship until he is definitely out of the house. His mother goes to a Baptist church almost every Sunday while his father chooses to stay home and read the newspaper.

"I really did not have a religion," Sam explains, "...well, not one that I followed. I didn't go to church or anything. I believed in God only because I was supposed to, it was like the normal thing to do. But I often questioned this God because I didn't understand why all

his bad stuff in the world was happening. So, when I started hanging out with these guys and they told me they worshipped Satan, at first I was scared, but then they started teaching me some stuff and it was not bad at all. What I liked most was that there was no sin. I was going to an all boys religious high school and they used to try and scare the crap out of me. If I talked without raising my hand I was committing some kind of sin and probably going to go to hell, or something like that, you know?"

Though men are most dominant in membership, women are not excluded from cult worshipping. There are many women who practice devil worshipping and all forms of black magic. The most common role that a woman takes is that of a witch. Though a witch can be either a male (wicca) or a female (wicce), historically it is usually a woman that is classified with the title.

Beth is a second year student and considers herself a "white witch," or in other words a 'good' witch. She explains, "I do not practice any kind of black magic. All of my rituals are done for good. Being a white witch gives insight and makes me at peace with myself. I can honestly say that it has also helped me with school because my mind stays leveled." A graphic design major, Beth learned about witchcraft from her mother. She claims to be no different than the other women on campus with various religions. However, Beth does not consider witchery her religion just a practice.

"I do not worship any witch god or anything like that. Just like some Christians and Catholics might use ouija boards, tarot cards, and hold seances, it does not mean that they do not believe in God or the Bible. That's the way it is with me. I'm a white witch, or as some might say, a wicce. I'm not psychotic or a devil worshipper or anything like that. I don't hurt people or sacrifice animals."

What seems to disturb most people about cult worship is that it is deeply associated with evil. The media plays an

important role with the development of this conception. This is an issue which really bothers Sam.

"I'm just sick of t.v. and all that stuff," he complains. "The only time you hear of people who worship Satan is when they have killed some kid or dug up some graves or something. That pisses me off because most of the people who murder and commit violent crimes are probably Christians or Catholics or whatever. There are many people who worship Satan who have never done a bad thing in their life...like me." And he laughs.

The whole idea of good and bad religion is another topic that makes Sam upset. He claims that no religion is in



J. Henderson/Reporter

itself good or bad, it just depends on how people "choose to practice [it]." Are there any "good" aspects about devil worshipping?

"All this stuff about evil is crap," Sam states, "I worship a powerful being just like others may worship God or whatever. I find Satan much more powerful than God. I don't use my religion for anything bad so how can it be considered evil. Should I consider Christianity evil because Charles Manson is a Christian? There is plenty of good in what I do. I gain power within myself. I know that when the doctors pronounce me dead, I will really not be. I know that I'm going to

continue living the way that I want. And where will everybody else be? They will be getting eaten away by maggots. Man, if only they knew."

Beth also feels that witchcraft has a horrible and unfactual stigma attached to it. "When I tell people I'm a witch they automatically think of witches brew and children being cooked and eaten. It drives me crazy! Some witches choose to use witchcraft for evil, but not all do. That's why we have to make distinctions by placing labels, like white witch and so forth."

Unlike the mainstream religions, the way cults worship are practically unknown. Many people receive most of their information from horror movies. Therefore, it is widely believed that all devil worshipping rituals consist of sacrificing young female virgins, drinking their blood and concluding with a wild orgy.

Sam again blames the media for this portrayal and explains that his devil worshipping practices consist solely of serving Satan. This is done by offering parts of his soul to show complete devotion and by recruiting other people. The more people he recruits the more he is awarded through various means which include mental enhancement and even material gain. As a witch, Beth does not worship any particular god or being. She participates in rituals and uses various forms of instruments (i.e. ouija boards, tarot cards, etc.) that connect her with the spiritual realm. Sam and Beth are not the only students at RIT who are part of "cults." Both have friends and know of a few more that practice what they do. Beth's roommate is also a white witch. Sam clarifies it by saying, "I don't worship here alone."

In order to protect the privacy of the people mentioned in the story, the names have been altered, and in no way reflect anyone living or DEAD!

—CLARISSA CUMMINGS



Craig Ambrosio/REPORTER



Lauren B. McFalls

On November 2, the city of Rochester will experience history in more than one way. For the first time in twenty years, Rochester will have a new mayor and he will be an African American. Democratic candidate William A. Johnson, Jr., and Republican candidate, Mark Dulaney, are both African Americans.

Having two black mayoral hopefuls is unprecedented in Rochester, especially considering the city of 231,000 citizens is 61 percent white and 31 percent African American. The following information on both candidates should make you more aware of the personal side and the political views both candidates have expressed.

Democratic candidate, William A. Johnson, Jr., 50, has been the president and chief executive officer of Urban League of Rochester since 1972, a former political science instructor, and a fact finder for the Public Employees Relations Board. As president of the Urban League of Rochester, Johnson has focused most of his time on the problems of racism over the years. Though the

Urban League's recent campaign to fight racism hasn't received the widespread support it deserves, it remains a worthwhile effort.

As for the campaign issues, Johnson has said that if spending continues at the same pace, the combined 1994 deficit of the city

and city school district would exceed \$30 million. He has called for cutting 4 percent to 7 percent of the schools' budgets, saving \$14 million to \$24 million. Johnson also wants school-based budgeting

and more power for principals. He would have each school make an annual plan with instructional and social development goals.

Johnson has called for mandatory sentencing for anyone who possesses or uses an illegal weapon, which would likely require state legislation. He has called for working with Monroe County executive, Robert L. King, to try and find some way to "free some of the 337 jailers for police work on the street." Many of the offenders in jails have committed non-violent crimes. He suggests that the county implement some extra alternatives to incarceration programs. He also wants to tighten civilian review of the police to include an independent investigator with subpoena powers.

Rochester's Newest Mayor



Craig Ambrosio/REPORTER

He even vows to establish a community development partnership, similar to the Greater Rochester Housing Partnership, that would try to use public dollars to leverage private ones to create financing for neighborhood businesses. He also vows to implement a program that generates "an appropriate number of rental units for low income people in the neighborhoods."

Republican candidate, Mark Dulaney, is a 32-year-old chemical technician at East Kodak Company. He was recruited by Kodak in 1982 at Bronx Community College. Dulaney left Kodak for several years to sell real estate and set up an advertising business, but then later returned. He recently married Denise Reynolds, and his political experience is confined to a defeated bid for the County Legislature last year.

Dulaney, who switched his party enrollment from Democrat to Republican last year, believes that government is sucking the initiative out of people with social service and welfare programs. He wants to use the mayor's post as a pulpit to encourage people to help themselves and not look to the government for assistance. He says that he wants a forum to try and teach people to create their own opportunity.

As for taxes, Dulaney is already pushing for property tax cuts in the city. He says that he can trim enough staff to handle the tax cuts without cutting any police or fire employees. He also says that Democrats have failed to help the city's poor people, and that higher taxes won't provide a cure. He's hoping to cut Rochester property and school taxes by 2 percent.

As for helping the high unemployment rate amongst low income youths, Dulaney says that if elected, he would try to get banks to help set lending agents that would



Craig Ambrosio/REPORTER

provide loans to lower income youths interested in setting up their own small businesses, such as snow shoveling and lawn mowing.



Lauren B. McFalls

On crime, Dulaney recommends a repeal of the city's gun ban, which he says hasn't stopped crime but restricts licensed gun owners. However, a repeal would require the approval of City Council, which passed the law earlier this year. He wants to ensure everyone that there's always space for criminals. And he favors building less expensive lower-security cells for less violent criminals. He doesn't believe that the civilian review board is as effective as it could be and he "wishes he could get the community as strongly in support of civilian review of sentencing

convicted criminals as they are about bad police officers."

In their first televised debate, Rochester's mayoral candidates clashed on issues ranging from their party's commitment to black people to the wisdom of tax cuts. In the most heated moment, Democratic nominee, William A. Johnson, Jr., said Republicans' failure to adequately fund Mark Dulaney's campaign was a "tragedy and a travesty." Johnson said it indicated an insensitivity to black people. Dulaney acknowledged the fact that his campaign budget is small but he called Johnson's comments "inflammatory."

Other highlights of the debate included Dulaney saying that government's appropriate role is to get out of the way. He said typically government only makes it worse through bureaucracy. But Johnson feels government can be a positive force as well and he believes more has to be done to give minority and women-owned businesses a chance to land city contracts.

The next televised debate will occur on October 31 on RNews (Cable Channel 9); just two days before Election Day. Now that you know a little more about the personal side and political views of both Democratic nominee, William A. Johnson, Jr., and Republican candidate, Mark Dulaney, it's time for you to make a decision on Rochester's next mayor.

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- BRYANT GRAHAMM

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The origin of the name "ouija" comes from the French word, oui, and the German word, ja, both of which mean yes. This might be helpful for anyone who has ever wondered why ouija wasn't spelled w-e-e-g-i-e, the way it sounds in English. For those who are unaware of what a ouija board is, it is a link to the supernatural world for many people, similar to the way some people use tarot cards.

Rosalind Heywood is an author of some material written on ouija boards for the book, Man, Myth and Magic: an Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Supernatural. She reports that psychologists have chalked up the message-delivering effects of the board to the subconscious of those participating in the session. The ouija board may pro-

vide what is called an automatism, a means of bringing out a person's unconscious thoughts. Since participants don't feel responsible for what the board says, it allows the conscious mind to retreat and makes room for other modes of thought.

Science sometimes looks unfavorably upon the evidence of extrasensory communication between people, which has also been known to show up in ouija board sessions, because it doesn't agree with some of the established views of the physical world. The concept of communication with the dead through the board is scoffed at as superstitious foolishness by orthodox materialist scientists. Of course, since no one has proven to what capacity we exist after death and since the complexity of our living existence is still far from understood, the jury is still out on the validity of many kinds of supernatural phenomena.

My own personal introduction to the ouija board came soon after I arrived at RIT, a couple of years ago. My roommate, Beth, brought one with her to school. Soon after, many members of our floor were trying it out, though most were less-than-serious in their interest. However, one person (Mark) became quite involved in the practice, to the extent that he made his own ouija board out of wood. Many stories about him have circulated back and forth between those of us who were witness to his strange behavior. Regardless of whether the ouija board is good, evil, or nothing more than a Milton Bradley game for wholesome family fun, Mark became a bit overzealous in his interest.

On one occasion I had used a ouija board with Mark and a friend of mine, Mike. Mark was very enthusiastic about it; Mike less skeptical than I but still weary. I remember hearing from a spirit, which coincidentally had the same name as a friend of mine that had died recently. It shook me up because I had told no one about the death. Then Mike was told by the board to do automatic writing. He closed his eyes and tried to clear his mind so as to be receptive to the communication. He took a pen and paper and after a few minutes of waiting his hand began to scribble a message that was messy—since he wasn't looking—but was at least decipherable. I don't believe that I was manipulating the board to spell my friend's name, and I surely

didn't control Mike's mind or hand when he received the message that he wrote to me from the spirit.

Later in the evening a different spirit (voice, entity, or whatever the controlling force was) was at work. It started talking about blood on the windows shortly after Beth entered the room. When we told her what the board had said she became hysterical and upset, and begged us to stop using the board. As a child she had cut her arms on a broken window in her house and it is a very traumatizing memory for her. She never used the board after that night and willingly gave it to Mark. I don't really understand why it was such a big deal. I certainly wasn't too



J. Henderson/Reporter

impressed with the ouija board. I thought it was interesting at first, but I did not have much more than an innocuous curiosity at the time. However, I try to stay on the safe side by keeping an open mind and saying that anything is possible.

I've asked friends for their views, as well as their stories, about the ouija board and the responses tend to fall in a few similar categories. There are people, often religious, who consider the ouija board to be dangerous, evil, scary, and certainly not a harmless toy. Others are philosophical about the ideas behind the use of the device and don't think much of the board as a genuinely powerful thing.

Many people have had interesting experiences but consider it merely amusing and nothing more. The majority have either never used a ouija board or receive no response when they try. My friend, Ben, expressed an idea that can be applied to other beliefs that can't really be proven or disproven but which one is supposed to take on faith. "I think the thing about the ouija boards is, they always have an out, and their out is 'well, you've got

to be serious about it, if you don't you know.' If you believe in something, you are much more likely to find evidence to support your belief than if you are a skeptic. Whether or not the ouija board is a genuine communication from the dead or the supernatural, if you believe in it, it's more likely to work for you.

"That's the whole thing that's interesting about it, is you just don't know. Maybe they're serious, maybe no one's moving it. I also think people might move it without realizing it too. So you never know, people can get so concentrated if they're really trying..."

When someone doesn't get results it can be attributed to a fault in the attitude or preparation of the participant. It can be a self-fulfilling prophecy for those deemed too jovial, distracted, or skeptical to believe without evidence.

Reactions to this sort of thing can get pretty severe. In a story told to me, a ouija board was being used in a camp group and some girls got so upset at the use of something they believed to be evil that they burned it up afterwards. Another girl recalls a childhood birthday party where half the girls were playing with a board and the rest were crying in the bathroom because they were so terrified.

An interesting perspective on the spiritual aspect of this comes from Rich, who says that ouija boards are not accurate; if a spirit was going to communicate something important to a person, it would not be through a game. He also believes that spirits cannot tell the future, so any messages we receive from the board are either the result of a participant influencing the outcome or spirits who are playing with us.

The realm beyond the physical is an exhaustingly complex, convoluted, and incendiary issue. I don't think any of us can say what is or is not a valid part of reality because we all see different aspects of life. I can't explain away the coincidences that people have experienced with the ouija board, but I'm not really a true believer. Who really knows though?

In order to protect the privacy of the people mentioned in the story, the names have been altered, and in no way reflect anyone living or DEAD!

—EMMA S. J. WALKER

Monthly Expenses		Income
Rent	775	1915
Telephone	60 ³²	845
Gas	60	
Electricity	45 ⁶⁸	
Car Loan	240	
Student Loans	175	
Insurance	125	
Credit Cards	165	
Overdraft (CHK)	189	
Groceries	300	
Entertainment	100	
Clothes	50	
Medical	700	275

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Tickets for the general public for the Nirvana show will be available on
Wednesday October 27 for \$19.50 general admission at the following locations:

Home of the Hits, 1105 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo
New World Records, 512 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo
Buffalo State College, Elmwood Ave., Buffalo
(there will be no credit card orders taken at these locations.)

Tickets will also be available to the general public
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TO AIDS

Krista Blake, HIV Positive



U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & HUMAN SERVICES
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Schedule of Events

Monday, November 1, 1993

- **The Atrium Gallery** of the Eastman Dental Center presents the works of Rita Tewinkle and Susan Wolfe. The exhibit lasts through November 22. Works range in media from oil paintings, portraits, and sculptures to charcoal drawings of the old west. Gallery hours are 8:30-5:30 p.m. Monday-Friday.
- **Free Passes available for Terry Anderson Presentation** at LBJ Box Office. 10:00 a.m.-4 p.m. today for NTID students. ID required, one per person. All other members of NTID/RIT community may pick up free passes at the same time tomorrow at the LBJ Box Office, x6254.
- **RIT Student Music Association** meets at 9:00 p.m. in LBJ room 1510. For more information contact Michael Loiacono at x6797.

Tuesday, November 2, 1993

- Have a nice day!



Wednesday, November 3, 1993

- **Job Search Seminars Graduating Student Orientation.** 9:00-9:50 a.m. This orientation is required if you want to take advantage of campus interviews. Sign up with the receptionist at the Office of Co-op and Placement in Bausch & Lomb.
- **Faculty and Staff Noon Hour Health & Wellness Series, "Everything You Wanted To Know About Retirement Planning In One Hour Or Less."** Emphasis will be on maximizing your retirement benefits, determining retirement needs and protecting your retirement income. Spouses welcome to attend. Noon-1:00 p.m., 1829 room, Student Alumni Union.
- **Policy Council Meeting.** November meeting of Policy Council. Student Life Center, Room 1320, 3:00 - 5:00 p.m.
- **Job Search Seminars "Portfolio Presentation."** 4:00-4:50 p.m. Learn some guidelines on how to prepare, organize, and present samples of your work to employers. All majors welcome. Register with the receptionist in the Office of Co-op and Placement in Bausch & Lomb, x2301.
- **Job Search Seminars "Job Hunting Strategies."** 5:00-5:50 p.m. Learn how you can put together a creative and successful job search strategy by attending this seminar. Sign up with the receptionist in the Office of Co-op and Placement in Bausch & Lomb, x2301.
- **Auditions for the play, "Steel Magnolias."** All members of the RIT community are welcome to try-out! Both deaf and hearing actors are needed. Sign language preferred but not required for voicing actors. 6:30 p.m. - 9:30 p.m., Lyndon Baines Johnson Bldg., Panara Theatre. x6254.
- **Lecture with Fred Troller.** Come hear one of America's outstanding contemporary graphic designers talk about his work and career. In the Center for Imaging Science, Carlson Auditorium, 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday, November 3, 1993 cont'd.

- **RIT Outing Club Meeting** in Sol Heumann North Lounge at 7:30 p.m. For more information call x2917.

Thursday, November 4, 1993

- **NTID Special Speaker Series Presents Terry Anderson.** Hear him tell his story at 1:00 p.m. in the Panara Theatre of LBJ. Free passes required for admission. For more information call the Box Office at x6254.
- **Fall Graduating Students Reception.** Reception for all students receiving a diploma, degree, or certificate at the end of Fall Quarter, 1993, 3:30 - 5:00 p.m., Student Alumni Union, Fireside Lounge.
- **Gannett Lecture Series: "Toward a New American Vision: A Society of Renewal," speaker: Molefi Asante,** professor and chair, Department African Studies, Temple University, Philadelphia, 7:30 p.m., Webb Auditorium, Bldg. 7.
- **Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester: "An Electronic Rap Opera."** On Thursday at 7:30 p.m. and Friday at 8:00 p.m. Free and open to the public. Call 473-7720 for information.

Friday, November 5, 1993

- **TGIF presents "Red Letter"** \$1 at the door, free pizza. In the Student Alumni Union, Ritskeller, 5:30-7:00 p.m.
- **RITV airplay,** at 6:00 p.m., "This Is Spinal Tap" and at 8:00 p.m. "The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonsai: Across the 8th Dimension." Channel 6 in the residence halls.
- **Talisman presents "Hot Shots Part Deux."** In Ingle Auditorium, Student Alumni Union, \$1 at the door. Interpreted. Shown on Friday and Saturday at 7:00 p.m. and 9:30 p.m.
- **InterVarsity Christian Fellowship** is meeting at 8:00 p.m. in the 1829 room, Student Alumni Union. Contact Debra Terrill at 475-9691 for more information.

Saturday, November 6, 1993

- **RITV airplay** at 3:00 p.m. "This Is Spinal Tap" and at 5:00 p.m. "The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonsai: Across the 8th Dimension." On channel 6 in the residence halls.
- **Car Rally** sponsored by OCSA & C.O.C.R. Rally Club. 11:00 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Meet in Alumni Room, Student Alumni Union. \$10.00 per car. x6680.

Sunday, November 7, 1993

- **Memorial Art Gallery Exhibition "Korean Celebration,"** At the University of Rochester. Open Sundays from Noon-5:00 p.m. Free and open to the public. 473-7720.
- **RITV airplay** At 3:00 p.m. "This Is Spinal Tap", and at 5:00 p.m. "The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonsai: Across the 8th Dimension." On channel 6 in the residence halls.

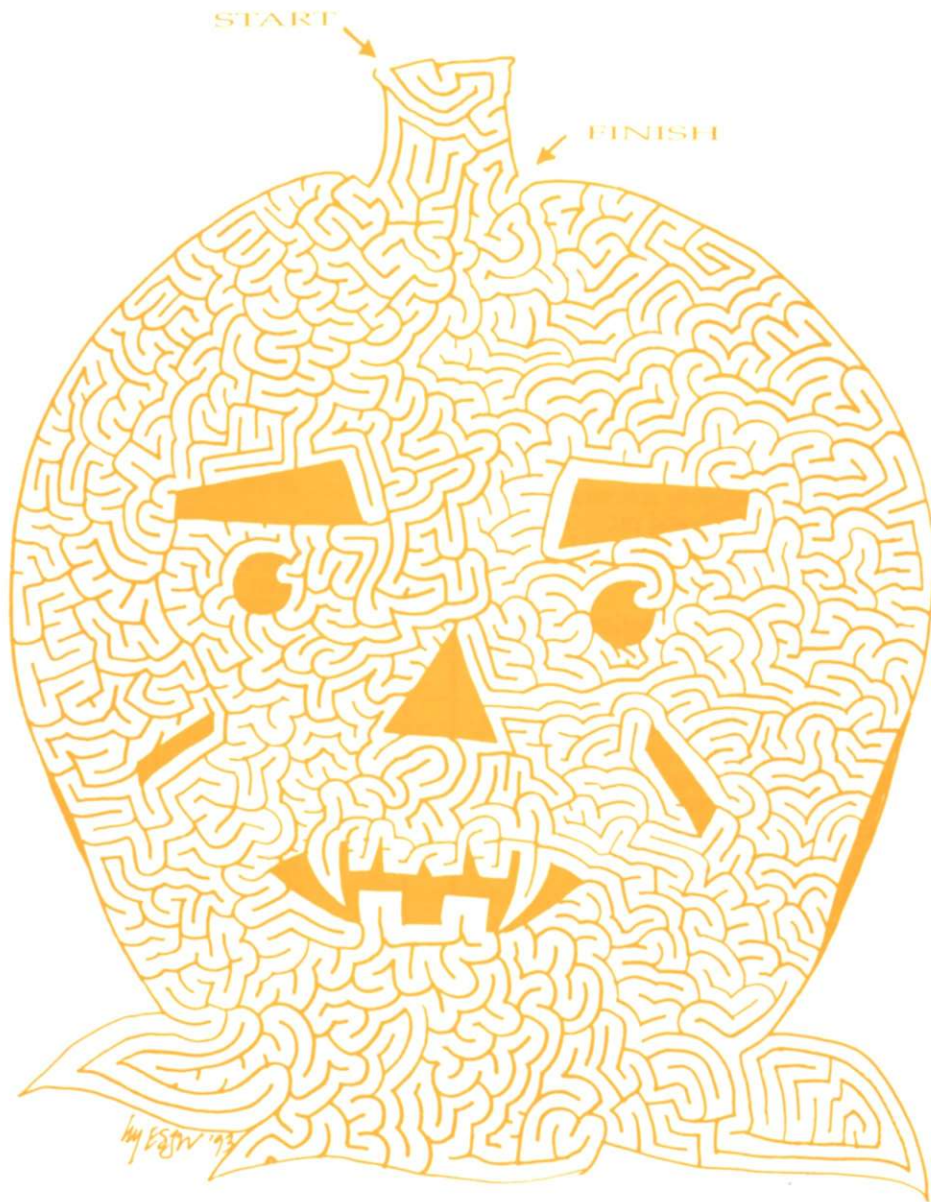
We hope you enjoy the CalendaRIT listing of events. To publicize your event to the entire campus at no charge, send the name, date, location, time, contact person, phone number, and any other pertinent information to Donna Burke, Student Activities, Student Alumni Union, room 1324 (x2864 V/TDD) by 4:30 pm fourteen working days BEFORE THE ISSUE in which you would like it published.

CalendaRIT

Compiled weekly by Department of Student Activities/Student Alumni Union and published by REPORTER Magazine, Rochester Institute of Technology



halloween maze



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Attention skillful drivers! Test your skills, enter the Car Rally!! Saturday, November 6 11:00-4:30 pm in the SAU, Alumni Room. Stop by OCSA in the RITreat or call x6680 for more information

Overeaters Anonymous - Student Union Clark-C most days- every Tuesday 12-1pm. Intertpered for the hearing impaired. Contact Michele 359-2071 (relay 1-800-662-1220(TTY to hearing)

Rit men's hockey tournament tickets!!!!- On sale now during the noon hour at the Grace Watson Dining Hall lobby, and in the lobby area of the Student Alumni Union.

Lost a floppy disk case- with four of them inside. 3.5" material important only for me. Mainly in Spanish. Beige color \$10 reward

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FOR SALE

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PERSONALS

JTW- Have any adventures lately???
PUFFAH and TUFFAH... wham at last? naaaahhh....

Alpha Sigma Theta- Good Luck thiS gamE on Sat....Let us alive! Love ya 15th P.C. Ferret again!

Maria, Eve, Lorianne- Looking forward to our limo ride. Happy b-day. Love Mickey Mouse

Joe- You are so much FUN!!!

ERII! Happy Birthday!! I always think about you. Ku

Will- Remember the length of it-in air length!!? It woke me up! Cheeks

Peapod- How -r- you? You know who this is? Our relationship is so weird. Make up your mind dummy and tell me "what's up?" 411-411-411 on Giny

To my sisters at Alpha Sigma Theta- Love you all! You're the greatest! never forget that! Ewokie

Liz- From one wench to the other... it sur is hot here. Shall we dance the dance of lust? Ewokie

To Cree, Tas, Sherm, Mad, NB, Fnord, Liz, Sceadeau, Jd, Sol and all my wonderful friends... I love you all! Ewokie

Ewokie- Have a happy 20th b-day! Ewokie

I D.C.- promise to stop swearing or at least cut back. Happy Holly and Rob Get over here!!!

Elaine- Call pat he dosen't know your last name or phone#. Please help him, he needs it.

Shufah- Time for a new woman, you have already conquered Ren Wham, or maybe it's the other way around.

ED- take it off atou exposure and lose the Nikon

Tom why don't you ask her out- next time you spineles fufuh.

Hi Sharon- How are those porn flicks com'n?

Thanks Katee and Melisa!

Pufuh- Do the dish, buy the milk and bread, vaccum or dust, JUST DO SOMETHING

Dave P.- Those bells will be a ringing. 165C- We all know what goes on there! Wham Whamity Whamm

Alpha Sigma Theta- sisters and P.C. 22, have a great quarter and good luck on final exams. Luff AEO sis Vickie kelly:)

Julie- I'm so happy to have youas my Big Sis! You're the best! I love ya! Xi love, your little sis Bobbi

Alpha Xi's- We love you F.P.C. 93
Raffy- I love you! You are the best Big sis an Alpha Xi could aske for. I'm so lucky. Xi love forever, Jen - your little.

Alpha Xi Delta- F.P.C. 93 pizza- \$3.23, toilet paper. DAMN! Better days are coming. Keep smiling! We love you all, Jen and Bobb!

Ben, I love U, be home soon.



Trick or Treat - and all that good stuff!

Student Government Spotlight



Collene Lawhorn
fourth year
professional & technical
communications major

Collene Lawhorn is a fourth year Professional and Technical Communications major who has committed her time to diversity and positive social change on the RIT campus.

Ms. Lawhorn saw the need to bridge the gap between deaf and hearing students, so she coordinated a mentoring program that enabled hearing and deaf students to understand and appreciate each others differences and similarities.

Through team building games, and pairing deaf and hearing students to mentor one another, Ms. Lawhorn established a program that allows for fun and cultural enhancement.

Collene is also active in other organizations on campus including: Alpha Kappa Alpha Sorority, N.A.A.C.P. and Student Government.

