



happy Halloween

more skool interiors & a spooky holiday story & some psychic stuff

GOVERNIVENT Rochester Institute of Technology

Student Government is proud to announce it's platform for the 1995-1996 academic year. If you are interested in joining any of the following committees, or would like more information about them, please contact Student Government.

The committees are as follows:

The Universal Core Requirement Committee

The Security Committee

The Escort Service Committee

The Book Investigation Committee

The Student Involvement Committee

The Managed Attrition Committee

Anyone interested call x2204, or stop by, we are located in the RITreat of the Student Union.

Happy Halloween



From Student Government, who reminds you to have a safe holiday.

This Tuesday:

Dr. Simone will be at the Senate meeting, come voice your issues. 12:30 in the Clark Meeting Room, SAU.



inside

REPORTER • VOLUME 77, NUMBER 6

features

spooookystoooory

16 skools

2 [psychics]



departments

4 editorial

5 letters, etc.

6 culture

8 opinions

12 sports

25 on the street

26 comics

28 tab ads

COVER: Max Schulte

Soccer team smashes pumpkins

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editorial

hallo-dream

Well, once again the season of spook is upon us. The tell-tale signs of pumpkins and ghosts, big piles of leaves and apple cider can be found almost everywhere. Every year about this time, peoples' discussions seem to turn to the unexplainable aspects of life.

One of the more interesting of these topics is dreams. Sure, we know a lot about dreams, who hasn't heard the term "rapid eye movement"? But there are still many unanswered questions. Are dreams a vision of the past or future? Why can't I always remember them? And the biggest question being, can I control them?

Personally, I'm lucky if I can remember one dream a month. I sometimes believe that I don't dream at all. On the other hand, I have a friend who tells me about a new dream every day. What makes one person remember their dreams and another person not? She seems to believe that it is just a matter of practice.

So we began to practice. It was my job to write down any dream I remembered as soon as I woke up. Well, that sounds really easy, but when I got up to write my dreams down, I had nothing to write. She, of course, had a novel. Believe it or not, I was starting to get really jealous.

This jealousy just increased when she told me that she was able to control her own dreams. WOW! Can you imagine being able to control a dream! To be able to do whatever you wanted. In my experience, dreams can be as real as life.

I guess for now I will have to go on trying to remember my dreams and writing them down, if I can remember them, hoping some day I can control my dreams. It must be a fantastic feeling.

Christine Koenig Editor-in-Chief

letters

I read your article on "The Cost of Convenience" in the October 13,1995 issue of the "Reporter". The article was very timely and addressed a topic that should be of interest to the RIT community.

I also commend you on the accuracy of your reporting about Campus Connections, with two exceptions.

The first is we do not store books in Nebraska. My statement during the telephone interview was that, "if Campus Connections does not need the title because the RIT faculty are not using that book in courses next quarter, or because we have an ample supply in stock, then Nebraska Book Company will offer to buy most titles from the students. However, because Nebraska Book Company must package and ship the books to Nebraska and then resell them, they pay a lower price for books then does Campus Connections."

The other exception is that Campus Connections is not quite a local monopoly. Many of the titles used in courses at RIT are also used in other area colleges. . .

John Roman

Director, Campus Connections

Write Us

REPORTER welcomes mail from its readers. Please send letters to: REPORTER, Rochester Institute of Technology, One Lomb Memorial Drive, Rochester, New York, 14623. Letters must be typed and double spaced. Please limit letters to 200 words. REPORTER reserves the right to edit for libel and clarity.

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CalendaRIT

Schedule of Events

Friday, October 27

Women's Volleyball: RIT Tournament, Gallaudet, Allegheny, Franklin & Marshall, Gettysburg, 4pm.

TGIF in the RITz: performance by Yolk, 5-7:30pm, SAU, Ritskeller, Admission is \$1.00, Free taco bar.

Talisman Movie: *Pocahontas*, 7pm & 9:30pm, SAU, Ingle Auditorium, \$2.00 at the Door.

Saturday, October 28

Fall Open House: 8:30am-4:30pm, for more information contact Admissions, ext. 6631.

Women's Volleyball: RIT Tournament, Gallaudet, Allegheny, Franklin & Marshall, Gettysburg, 11am.

Men's and Women's Swimming: Don Richards Invitaional, 12pm.

Men's Soccer: vs. Binghamton, 2pm.

Talisman Movie: Pocahontas, 7pm & 9:30pm, SAU, Ingle Auditorium, \$2.00 at the Door.

Sunday, October 29

Talisman Movie: *Pocahontas*, 2:00pm, SAU, Ingle Auditorium, \$2.00 at the Door.

Tuesday, October 31

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!!!!

Faculty/Staff Noon Hour Series: "Massage Therapy and How it is Being Utilized in the 90's" Speaker/Demonstrators: Andrea Zizzi and Associates, SAU, 1829, 12pm-1pm.

Student Government Senate Meeting: SAU, Clark meeting rm. B,C, 12:30pm-2pm, Come and voice your opinions and concerns about RIT.

Coffee and Conversation: SAU, Clark Mtg. Rm. A, 1pm-2pm, for more information call ext. 6943.

Wednesday, November 1

NTID Dept. of Performing Arts Performance: "Love Thy Neighbor", Bldg. 60, Panara Theatre, 7:30pm, Tickets are \$4.00, for tickets call the Box office at ext. 6254.

Thursday, November 2

Faculty/Staff Noon Hour Series: "Alternative Medicine - A Critical Look" Speaker: Dr. Martin Zinaman, SAU, 1829, 12pm-1pm.

TAGA Meeting: Technical Association of the Graphic Arts meeting, Bldg. 7B, rm. 1240, 5:30pm-6:30pm.

NTID Dept. of Performing Arts Performance: "Love Thy Neighbor", 8:00pm, tickets \$5.00 students, \$7.00 Gen. Public, see Wed. description.

Friday, November 3

Fun Flicks, Make Your Own Video: SAU, Fireside Lounge, 10am - 4pm.

Men's Hockey: RIT Tournament, Fredonia vs. Elmira, 4:00pm; RIT vs. Oswego, 7:30pm.

TGIF in the RITz: performance by Nerve Circus, 5-7:30pm, SAU, Ritskeller, Admission is \$1.00, Free Buffalo Wings.

Anime Marathon: SAU, Ingle Auditorium, 6pm.

Talisman Movie: *Nine Months,* 7pm & 9:30pm, Bldg. 7, Webb Auditorium, \$2.00 at the Door.

NTID Dept. of Performing Arts Performance: "Love Thy Neighbor", 8:00pm, tickets \$5.00 students, \$7.00 Gen. Public, see Wed. description, and 11/4.

Saturday, November 4

Men's Hockey: RIT Tournament, Consolation game, 4:00pm; Championship game, 7:30pm.

Talisman Movie: *Nine Months,* 7pm & 9:30pm, Bldg. 7, Webb Auditorium, \$2.00 at the Door.

To Publicize your event to the entire campus, send the name, date, location, time, contact person, phone number, and any other pertinent information to CalendaRIT, Center for Campus Life, SAU, Room 1324 by 4:30pm fourteen working days *before the issue* in which you would like it published.

NEWSWORTHY

Faculty Art Exhibit

RIT is very famous for its photo and art schools. Don't you sometimes wonder why? The faculty exhibition in the Booth Memorial building might answer that question.

Before I start expressing my opinions on art in general, and the exhibition in particular, let me brush on the art criticism first. The purpose of the art critic is to reflect his understanding of a beautiful thing. I personally believe that art criticism is quite useless. Why can't we just leave the artist alone and let him create. Therefore, I will try to be as objective as a human being can be.

To me, art is an expandable form. It is never complete. The real artist always leaves room for the spectator in his work. Within his creation, I am free to create on my own.

Just like any exhibition, the one in Booth Memorial contained pieces that left me speechless, confused or indifferent. The amazing thing about this exhibition is probably that so many different tendencies in art were presented in such a small area. The piece that made a very strong impression on me was the excerpt from the "Circular ceremony" by James Thomas. I am afraid to project my own impressions of it on somebody else, but the piece has a very strong idea behind it. In my opinion, this piece was the center of the whole exhibition. Another work that attracted my attention was "Star bright" by Wendell Castle. Simplicity is always ingenious. This piece is quite simple, yet the meaning is complex. Speaking of simplicity, the work of Leonard Urso called "Thin women" is absolutely breathtaking. I can see the influence of African culture in that piece. The form is very soft and simple, just the way art is meant to be.

Some other woks that I would like to make a note of are "Gestures" by Tom Lightfoot (great use of colour and form in this piece), "In disturbed ground by Kathryn Vajda, "Sundance" by Sidoime Merkel Reepke and "Coyote dance" by Elaine R. Definbauge.

The rest of the works are quite ambitious, but they either lack idea or technique.

Overall the exhibition was rather piquant, so I would advise that you cut your lunch break 25 minutes short and check it out.

-Julia Danilchenko



High Cholesterol, Toe-Sucking Geek Rock

On October 17, Milestones celebrated its third anniversary with a rockin' great show featuring Southern Culture On The Skids (SCOTS), with Swinging Neckbreakers opening. With great music, limbo-ing, twisting and flying fried chicken, it was hard not to have wildly great time.

The opening band, Swinging Neckbreakers was outstanding. Their music could be described as sometimes Husker Du, sometimes Mudhoney without the fuzz, and just plain blues rock the rest of the time. They played an amazing amount of songs, about twenty or so. They all caused a lot of toe-tapping and they more than warmed up the audience for SCOTS. In fact, it was hard to imagine SCOTS being better than Swinging Neckbreakers, but the main act really blew them off the stage.

SCOTS played for about two hours, jamming during many of the songs. There were a couple of instrumentals, showcasing a limbo contest and a twist contest. The winners and participants all won free t-shirts. During a song right after the twist contest, fried chicken was passed and tossed to the audience. This lead to a brief chicken fight. A lucky audience member tried the chicken and commended its tastiness.

Southern Culture On The Skids hail from Chapel Hill, NC (the indie music mecca). Featuring Rick Miller (guitarist, vocalist), Mary Huff (bass, vocalist) and Dave Hartman (drums), the band plays "swamp rock." This tour is in support of their new album on DGC, Dirt Track Date. This is their fourth full album, with their first Southern Culture On The Skids, released in 1986. The band formed in 1985, with the lineup solidified in 1987. An interesting tidbit: Dave Hartman, the drummer, had his stool stolen at a show in Nashville and since has played standing up.

SCOTS opened their show with "Biscuit Eater" and just boogied all the way to the end. They played "Soul City," "Camel Walk," "Fried Chicken and Gasoline," and "Nitty Gritty" from the new album. They also played "Daddy Was A Preacher But Mama Was A Go-Go Girl," "Ditch Digger" and "Kudzu Limbo," among many others.

It was a fabulous show, and worth checking out whenever you get a chance. SCOTS throws one hell of a party.

-Derrick Leonard

Getting Shorted

Get Shorty is no Pulp Fiction, but then again, it doesn't try to be. Detailing the adventures of John Travolta in a complicated and sometimes confusing plot, the film features some good acting, but it is still nothing exceptional.

The movie begins with Travolta, a "collection agent" for the mob, making enemies with a shifty character, who later becomes his new boss. This forces Travolta to take off to Hollywood. From here, the plot develops into a combination of convoluted illegal dealings and loyalties, which center around an upcoming movie from a sleazy filmmaker.

Travolta's character is also an avid movie buff who is attempting to switch careers and become a filmmaker himself. Throughout the movie, he explains to multiple other characters his idea for a hit film, which, coincidentally, happens to be the storyline of Get Shorty. This provided for an amusing twist at first, but soon grew tiring.

Get Shorty featured some excellent performances by Danny DeVito (a superstar actor) and Rene Russo (his ex-girlfriend). Gene Hackman was also commendable in his role as the sleazy producer, intent on nothing less than his own success.

It seems as though the theme of the film was just to parody the Hollywood way of doing things. Hackman is central to this theme and his character takes a swipe at those executives who talk to much, don't listen to good advice, and screw things up because they're only interested in their own rewards.

There is not really to much to say about Get Shorty. Simply following Hollywood's present infatuation with gangsters, John Travolta shows that he has learned how to play the charming, endearing gangster rather well. The film is nothing profound, but it isn't a Hollywood sellout.

Final verdict: Mildly funny at best, Get Shorty is an entertaining flick which you're better off watching when it comes out on video. This film rates a ☆☆1/2 out of ☆☆☆☆.

-Written by Eric Higbee

RESTAURANT REVIEW

Bugaboo Creek Steak House

935 Jefferson Rd. 292-5800

Bugaboo Creek may best be described, as my dining companion put it, "TGI Friday's meets Northern Exposure meets Chuck. E. Cheese's." The decor is straight out of a Coor's commercial—lots of wood, neon beer signs, and waiters in denim shirts. Throw in some chesty ski bunnies, and the mood would be complete. Set in a Canadian Rockies motif, the atmosphere screams ruggedness; logcabin style walls, and as Gaston would put it, they use antlers in all of their decorating. As for the Chuck E. Cheese aspect, well, let's just say don't be

shocked if some of the mounted heads start talking spontaneously.

Oh, and there's this little gift shop with stuffed animals.

For an appetizer, we had the Whitewater Bugs—grilled and marinated shrimp. These were very good, and for \$5.95 for six shrimp, they ought to be. The marinade was a mix of bourbon and citron. (God bless the alcoholic cook.) Along with the mustard sauce, the bugs were very tasty.

For dinner, I had a 10 oz. slice of prime rib (\$13.95) and my dining companion had The Creek's Fresh Grilled Salmon Fillet (\$12.75). Both were good, and the prime rib was almost rare

enough.

Our dinners came with salads, and as with many meat and potatoes establishments, Bugaboo Creek doesn't know how to do greens. My companion's Caesar salad was limp, and the ranch dressing on my garden salad tasted more like half-and-half.

For dessert, we ordered Rosie's Rocky Mountain Mud Pie (\$3.25) and the Apple Alberta Crisp (\$3.25). Both were good, neither were great. On the whole, that was the theme for the entire restaurant. While the food was good, it wasn't great, and really didn't justify the prices. On the whole, I'd say that your money could probably be spent better elsewhere. ☆☆ 1/2 out of ಭಭಭಭಭ.

-Bryan Howell

NEWSWORTHY

Didn't Cry Over Spilt Milk

Hiccup's comedy night at the Ritz was a raucous evening of jokes and routines that had the audience of RIT students and parents howling with laughter. Spilt Milk, a group of three stand-up comedians, used stand-up routines and impromptu acts, sprinkled with an interesting dose of audience participation, to give even the most depressed person in the room something to smile at.

Not that they are the next Robin Williams or anything, but the group did manage to get a few laughs out of the audience. The humor was a little crude, and the comedians poked some gentle, and some not so gentle, fun at members of the audience. One person even gave back as much as he got. If you like that sort of entertainment, you should defiantly see this group sometime.

Two of the comedians, both rather large men, began the show with their individual acts, ranging in subject from having Irish relatives to being a New Yorker in Georgia. Both showed a remarkable talent for accents and bringing stereotypes to the absolute height of absurdity. After warming the audience up, they went on to an interesting improv, that involved members of the audience, in a form of freeze tag. The comedians, and those selected from the audience, went up on stage to perform small acts. Periodically, one of the comedians would shout 'Freeze' and the action on stage would stop. One of the participants would take the place of one of the frozen performers, and they would go off on an entirely different topic. The next act involved a retelling of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' with the audience providing the items in the story. So rather then beans you had Bullfrogs, and so on. Even the comedians were surprised at some of the suggestions the crowd gave. It made for a most interesting story, but not one you would tell a child at bedtime. To crown the evening, Spilt Milk spun out a few interesting tales. They also went on to play a game that involved emotions at a Shriner convention, which was beyond description. It went about a half hour overtime, but very few people left. All in all I would have to say that it was definately worth the dollar to get in.

-By David Sevier

B U P C 2 : Tight ASS Jens: ab yes, boy could Mister Strayes have known his blue-collar denim work slacks would turn in the uniform of choice.

Jeans: ah yes, how could Mister Strauss have known his blue-collar denim work slacks would turn into the uniform of choice for countless generations of rough-necks.

My problem is that I have, over the last few months, lost weight. While my body seems to have the ability to gain and shed pounds, my clothes, unfortunately, do not. I now am the proud owner of 4 pairs of jeans (2 Levi's, 2 Eddy Bauer) with droopy asses.

I was bitching at one of the several luscious freshman on my floor and I explained it the best I could.

"Ok, it's like this: I like my jeans baggy, but I like a nice snug crotch (I think most men my age do). I don't like feeling that I could take a dump in my pants and there'd be extra room if I had to take another later in the day. But now, ten pounds lighter, my jeans are two freaking baggy! You know the feeling when you just return from the laundry room with your jeans-yeah, they have a nice, contoured feeling around your ass. Right? But after you wear them a couple of times, the fabric starts to sag and the ass just drops? Well, the droopy-ass thing is going on with my jeans even after I take them out of the dryer"

"So, I like my ass to sag!" my acquaintance retorted.

"Really?"

"Yeah" turning to show me her jeans, sagging to her mid thigh. Nice ass (Stop those thoughts, you dirty geezer).

"And you just washed those, right?" I asked.

"Uh-huh."

"Wow. You see, that bothers me-I don't need anything making my ass look bigger then it is"

Naturally, I took to the mean, windswept pathways of RIT to see who likes that tight fit and who just lets the butt hang low. Armed with only my trusty notebook, Walkman, vintage headphones, and my good friend Lionel Ritchie, I went in search of pants. The results: not too surprising as far as I was concerned.

Most people at RIT are tight asses.

Right down the line, from the lowliest freshman to the snottiest, freaking senior; even our beloved icon, President Simone.

Shocking (....ok, not really).

As I walked back to my dorm, so many thoughts filled my head. Why do so many people wear their pants ass-crack tight? Why do women wear short skirts on blustery day? Why did that one guy give me his phone number?

Confusion. Such utter confusion. Until, like Paul on the road to Damascus, it hit me right in the face: I was one of the crowd, my ass was just as tight as everyone else's!

That's when I made up my mind. I was going to keep my baggy pants because this university has enough tight asses, and damn it, I'm not going to be just another tight ass. I went home and beat the hell out of my Levi's, right in the seat-I went to town, did unspeakable things virgin denim has never even conceived of. "My seat will never be tight again!" I screamed to the heavens and the 3 floors above me!

I'm going to strive to keep my ass as saggy and loose as I can, baby! I suggest you do the same.

Don't be a tight Ass.

Peace, love and soul.....

-Burda

So, You Think You're An Artist?

OK, who hasn't seen the blue-faced tiger? How about the three-hue-of-blue rock near the SLC? You know, I'm wondering what is up with the members of the RIT Guild of Graffiti Artists and Vandals. Haven't they heard that monotone is boring? I mean, spray painting the tiger red, that I could understand. But blue?! Even the school colors would look better than that! Obviously these aspiring Krylon Rembrandts need a lesson in color theory.

Which makes me wonder: what exactly are the qualifications to become a campus decorator? From what I've seen, anyone who can fingerpaint can handle the job. Are these oh-so-talented grafitti artists actually students of the School of Art & Design who just can't compete with their peers? No, come to think of it, it's probably just the work of a few socially-retarded morons who thought it would be nifty to use the most mindless form of social commentary.

I've even seen instances of small-scale renovation. Some Picasso thought that adding those ever-so-witty quips to a few of the murals in the basement would provide a public service to fellow students. Never mind the fact that some of those murals have been on the walls since the Amazing Guru of the Green Marker was making a mess in his or her diaper.

Thus, we are left to decide what can be determined from the painted-on fixtures, the defaced murals, the broken glass, and the ripped posters? Well, it seems to me that either RIT should offer a Grafitti Development course, along with a liberal arts concentration on Destruction of Private Property, or these aspiring vandals should get an internship. Go to NYC or some other urban mecca for grafitti, and learn how to do it right. Learn about subject matter, the proper use of colors, creative expression, and most importantly, grafitti history. And then maybe, they'll be ready to try their hand at a legitimate means of self-expression.







SULS

Men Running In Tiny Shorts

Over Many Miles

RIT's cross country team finished

third out of thirty teams at the Albany

Invatational on Saturday, October 21. Top

finishers from RIT included Tony Fraij in

fourth place with a time of 26:21 and

Jamie Glydon in seventh timed at 26:38.

The Tigers have placed third or higher in

four out of the five meets this season. Next

up for RIT are the ECAC's at Williams on

Saturday November fourth.

-Patrick Gaynard

Tigers Fall Short

The anticipation increased as the Tigers stepped onto the court once again when they competed in the Tournament of Champions Friday, 10/20, and Saturday, 10/21.

Participants in this tourney included Brockport College, Courtland College, Ithaca College and Vassar College. The Lady Tigers defeated the Brockport Golden Eagles 15-9, 15-11 and 16-14. Freshman Chrissy Caton led the Tigers with 19 kills and 17 digs. Tracy Wilt, another freshman pushed the Tigers over the limit with 15 kills and 23 digs. No rookie to the Tigers court was veteran Erin Melchi. As always, she provided the Tigers with 8 kills and 5 digs. Other key defensive players for the match included Karen Lee, Andrea Lane and Michelle Jarzyniecki.

The reaction time and confidence of the Tigers led them to a positive start versus the 3rd ranked team in the NCAA division III tournament. The Ithaca Bombers, holding a 25-1 record, defeated the Lady Tigers 15-13, 15-12, 15-5. Despite the upset, Tracy Wilt racked up 11 kills, 15 digs and a serving ace. Chrissy Caton kept up her ability while obtaining 10 kills and 18 digs. The hustle and quick speed from Kristy Palma and Karen Lee helped the Tigers keep up with the Bombers.

Although disappointed, the Tigers hustled onto the court to face the Vassar Brewers. The sounds of screeching, as the sweaty bodies pounded to the floor, was all that could be heard as the Tigers racked up a total of 116 digs. They defeated Vassar in four games, 12-15, 15-12, 15-3 and 15-10. Once again, Tracy Wilt, the statistical leader for kills per game, hitting percentage and digs per game, helped the Tigers to victory.

For the last game the Tigers were defeated by Cortland, 15-13, 15-13, 15-4. This loss brought the Tigers record to 12 and 17 overall and 2-2 on the day. Come out and support the team as they battle Allegheny on Saturday.

-Written by Kelley M. Harsch

Kicking and Screaming in the Mud

The men's soccer team had two games last week, both of which ended up in a tie. The Tiger's needed at least one win out of those two games, which, along with a win in their last game, would give them a fairly secure NCAA tournament spot. According to team captain Ryan Rush, "now it will have more to do with luck, and other teams losing." It's disappointing to have your chances for the future taken out of your hands. That disappointment could be seen in the faces of the RIT players at the end of Saturday's game.

Wednesday's game was played in Ithaca. The finial score was RIT 1, Ithaca 1. RIT had the upper hand for most of the game. This can be seen by looking at the amount of goal tender saves: RIT's Adam Lehmann had only 3 saves while Ithaca's Eric Pepper made 13. Despite this and the fact that the Tigers outplayed Ithaca in almost every category, the team couldn't produce more than the one goal, made by Matt Tantalo.

Saturday's game was cold (around 40 degrees), and rainy. The field was one big mud patch and there were quite a few spills and tumbles because of it. RIT's white and St. Lawrence's red uniforms were reduced to shades of brown by the end of the game. Rush commented that a new field would be nice, "but we are used to it. The other teams must hate coming here to play."

Even though the final score was 0-0, it was a well-played game. The teams were very evenly matched, making for an intense, physical game. So physical, in fact, that RIT's number 20, Johnson, received a yellow card for overdoing it. The game was so balanced that RIT head couch Doug May actually jumped up and did a 360 in response to a nearly scored goal by the Tigers. RIT seemed to have the upper hand in the first half, but no goals were scored. In the first five minutes of the second half, Ithaca made quite a few very promising shots on goal, but RIT held them off.

-Willis White

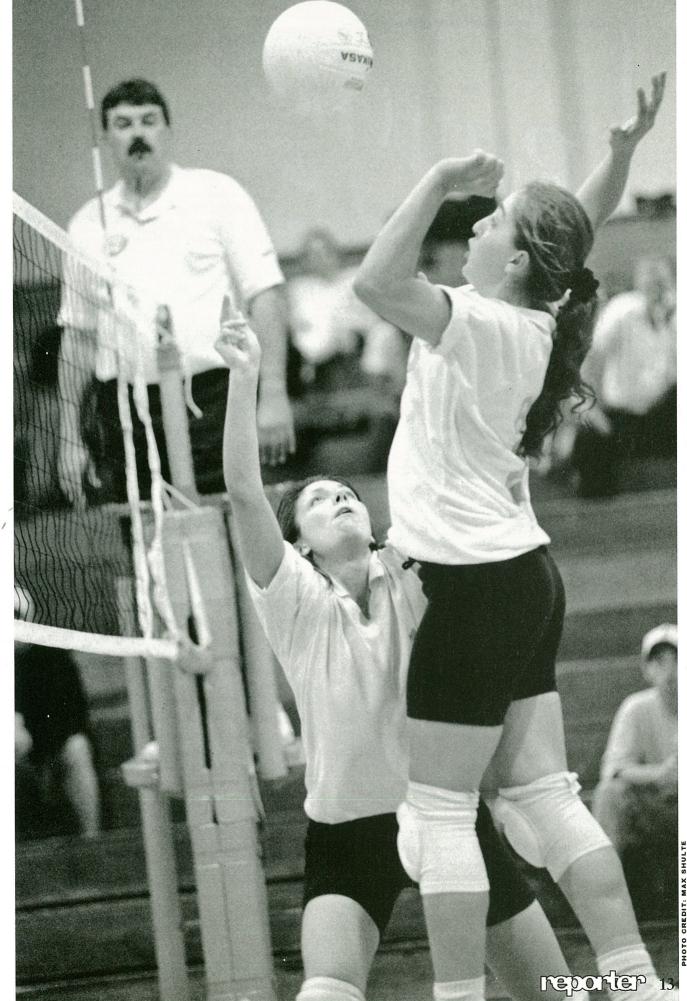
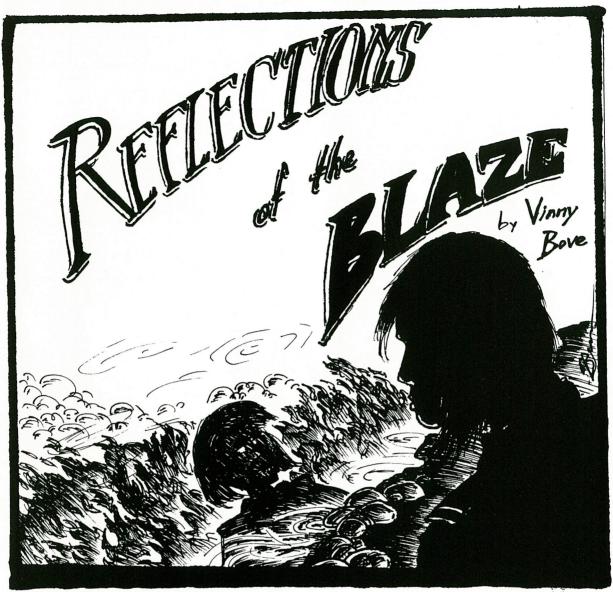


PHOTO CREDIT: MAX SHOL



Her leg was electric with the pain. She knew that her only chance to survive was to keep moving, to get away from her pursuers, to keep herself from falling into a deadly sleep—but her will to live was ebbing away.

Slumping against a tree, she closed her eyes and took a short moment to think about how sweet her revenge would be. It was an overly optimistic notion, but it was the only thing that could keep her from quitting. Taking a deep, painful breath, she moved on.

Immediately upon walking, the heavy backpack she wore gave a hard tug on her wearied shoulders, and using what remained of her strength, she shrugged it off, letting it fall where it may. I have little use for that wretched thing anymore.

The sounds of the battlefield had ceased, but in her mind the shells still echoed and the cries of the dying still rang out. Hallucinations, she tried to tell herself. A mortar explosion—she jumped, desperately looking around for a target, but no one appeared. Solitude. The silence of a morgue. It was unnerving, creepy. Her breathing grew softer, but her heartbeat still jackhammered.

She was a petite woman, hardly the soldier type. In fact, joining with the revolution was her way of rebelling against the prejudices of society. At the time she was wholly confident that defiance was all she needed to get what she wanted. Things hadn't quite turned out that way. Defeat, such utter total defeat, seemed to be impossible in her young and wild mind. The truth hurt.

Decimated. Completely crushed. All my comrades are dead. The leaders are scattered. No one is left to organize a counterattack There is no hope. The pain of realization seemed to replace the heavy satchel she had just abandoned, weighing down on her shoulders even more than any real burden could. Her uniform was ripped and dirty, her rifle was battered and out of ammunition, and her face held the expression of a soul condemned to Hell, never again to see the light of life.

There was a clearing ahead. She could see something sparkling. Shimmering. Dragging her injured leg behind, she shuffled into the sunlit spot of grass and was immediately blinded. After weeks in bunkers and eternities under the dark clouds of bombs and explosions, the light was unexpected, even foreign.

Then she saw the pond.

It was Japanese, most definitely Japanese, with smooth shiny rocks surrounding the shores and piled up at the far bank in a statuesque configuration. There were stone sculptures of some incomprehensible design. Small leafy trees provided the backdrop, and the grass at its shore was short, thick, inviting.

At first she did not sit. The power of the scene, the contrast it offered from the warrior's life that she has known for too long made her freeze with wonder. She stood watching the reflection of the trees in the immaculate surface, an amazing mirror image that was as authentic as the original. A warm breeze blew through the branches, sending slow tipples through the water and shoving a few strands of hair from her eyes.

The rebels let you keep your hair as long as you wanted it. That's what I like so much about the revolution. They were real people, not machines.

Tears started to pool in her eyes.

We deserved to win.

The treachery, the unfairness of it all made her collapse to her knees at the foot of the water, burying her face in her hands. She had fought for such a righteous cause, and yet she had been denied the victory the she was so sure would be hers. She had been cheated all her life, now she has finally been on a verge of getting her share...only to be cheated once again.

Plop.

Plop.

Her teardrops fell into the pond.

Suddenly, she stopped crying. Some part of her felt that she has just committed a major sin against the purity and sanctity of the pond. She felt guilty. She looked up at the sky, and whispered a silent apology.

The uniform on her back was thick, and in the direct sunlight she felt uncomfortable warm. Stripping off the jacket, she threw it aside, cupping a handful of water and splashing it on herself to renew her energy. A small object, making a sudden movement through the water, captivated her attention. She leaned closer to get a better view, and gasped softly. It was a goldfish, one of a handful that were flitting about in the water, so oblivious of the tragedy that had ruined the woman;s life. Nature always found a way to survive, even when humans lost the will to live.

So resilient, so beautiful. We has nearly destroyed the forest in out fighting, and we didn't even realize what we were destroying. We're so insignificant, yet we let our egos make murderous giants out of ourselves.

She felt humbled by the scene, this warrior with her expensive equipment and lethal weapons, kneeling by a small pond shimmering innocently in the sun, her once proud uniform ripped and torn, her back bent, her head hanging. The image in the pool grew deeper before her eyes, becoming a crystal ball, allowing her to see within her own mind, bringing her close to some great revelation. There was a greater message reflected in those pools, and she felt as if she were on the verge of receiving some supreme message -

A shot rang out through the trees.

With grim efficiency, the bullet sliced through the air, catching the woman straight in the throat. Her body splashed into the water, sending dozens of ripples crashing through the surface. Goldfish retreated everywhere, swimming in frantic circles.

The ripples died down. The fish calmed.

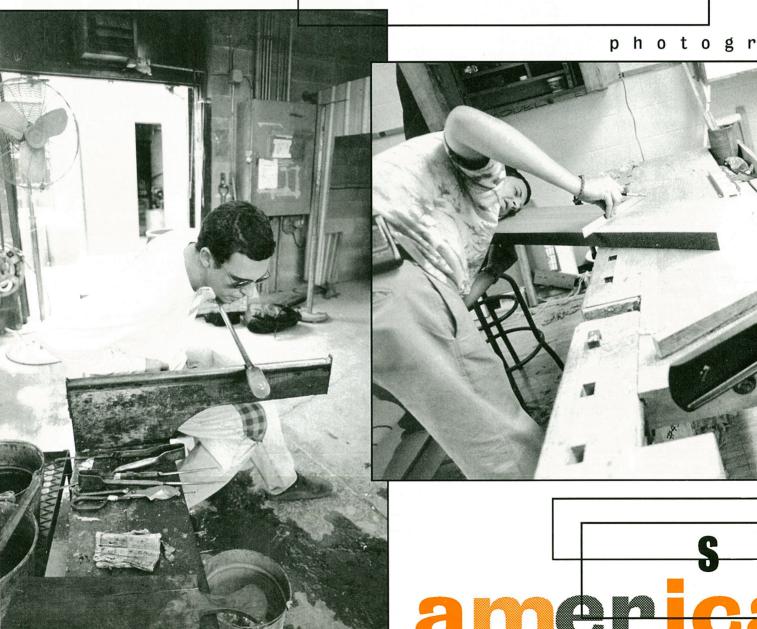
The sun continued to shine, unabated.



buncha

part two

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h s b y AlyssaScheinson



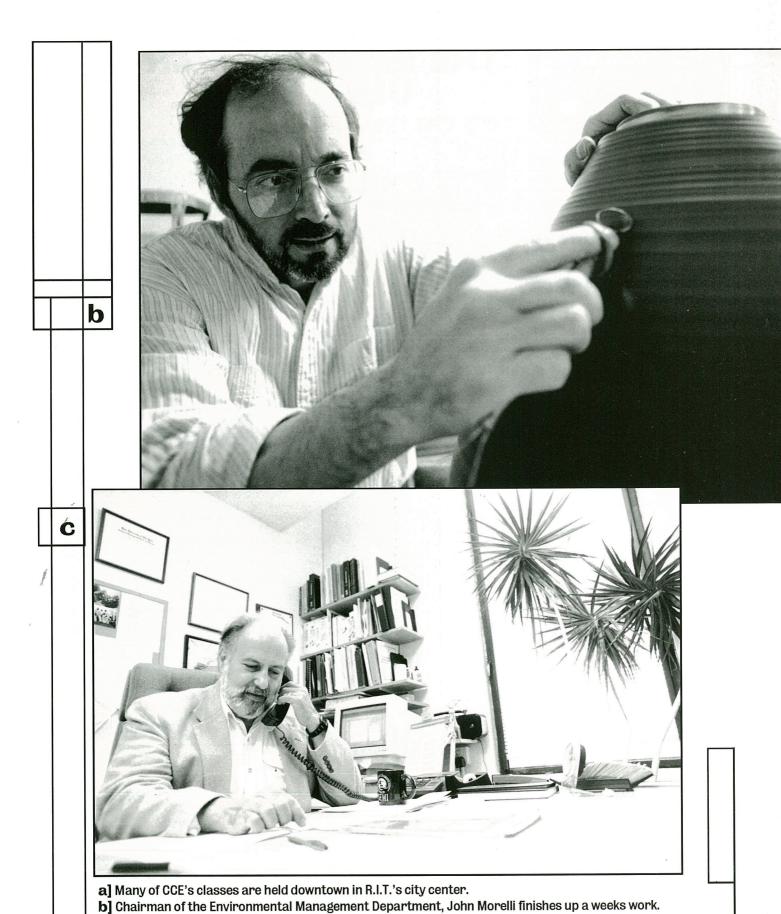
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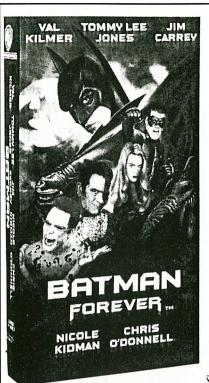
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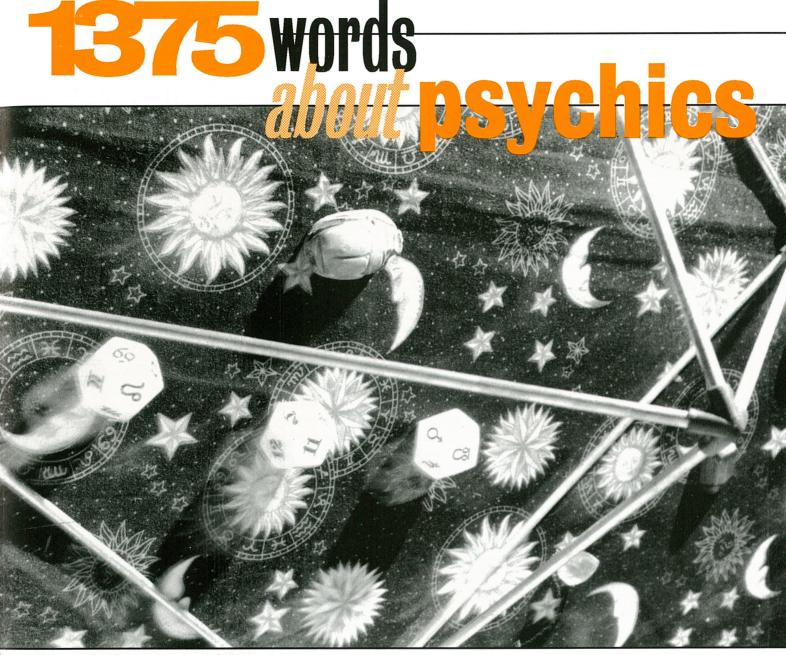
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Psychics are everywhere. You can find them on television in 900 numbers, selling their readings for \$4.95 or more per minute. They show up on X-Files and Sightings. There's even an entire talk show, The Other Side, devoted to psychics and the paranormal. After seeing all of the media attention, most people are left wondering at least one thing: Are these people for real?

Here in Rochester there seem to be more psychics than you can shake the proverbial stick at. The Village Gate Psychic Center is one of the better known and respected psychic businesses in Rochester. It has been in operation since 1991 under the careful administration of An Maid. Maid started the Psychic Center in order to provide people with a reliable, honest service in their search for direction, awareness, and understanding in their life. She keeps a very close eye on the people who work for her; anyone who begins to take advantage of their position is dismissed from the Center. Because of this, only the best, most reliable, and trustworthy "psychics" remain with the organization.

Due to this "quality assurance," Village Gate Psychic Center has developed a very loyal set of clients that has been continually growing since its first year. In February of 1994, the Center outgrew its first home and moved downstairs to the first floor of the Village Gate complex. Since then, they have commissioned artwork and decorated to give the place a very distinctive look.

The Center is not huge; it encompasses only two rooms, with a larger room sub-divided into a couple of small reading areas and a smaller, permanent room for hypnotism, relaxation, and past life regressions. Right in front of the door, next to the counter that, serves as the home of Merlin's Curio Shoppe (a side business in the same office which sells books, candles, jewelry, and other items with a mystical theme), is a desk with a computer and printer set up on it. It seems that technology is taking root everywhere, even in the realm of the psychic. In this case, it is used to produce astrological charts and to help in handwriting analysis.



Upon stepping into the office you may find Herb Stephens, the Center's astrological specialist, sitting behind the computer. Stephens has been with the Center for about a year now, and is happy to be able to work there. His particular form of divining, besides the standard astrological plotting and interpretation, involves three twelve-sided dice. Each die is covered with different symbols and each has a different meaning. One has inscribed on it the twelve houses of the Zodiac, another the twelve signs, and the third has the nine planets, the moon, and the north and south nodes of the moon (commonly called the Dragon's Head and the Dragon's Tail, respectively).

How does he use these? The client will toss the dice with a specific question in mind. Once they come to a rest, Stephens will

writtenby ChrisConroy

interpret how the various combinations of house, sign, and planet deal with that question. A full life reading can also be done in this manner, with each set of rolls corresponding to a different facet of the client's life.

When he's not using his dice, Stephens stores them on his table at the Center under a wire-frame pyramid surrounded by his crystals. According to him, this keeps the energy level up in his area: the higher the energy level, the easier it is to draw on that energy when doing a reading.

While the concept of energy may sound a bit strange, it is very central to the psychic arts, especially healing. According to the theories, the body has an energy form that affects and is affected by the physical form. Through the subtle interactions between energy forms, one person can add or remove energy from another. There is, however, one universal source of energy (a "Godforce" or "Universal Energy") from which all the energy in physical matter (living and non-living) comes.

As an example of this energy, Stephens brought out a rose-quartz crystal suspended on a three inch chain. He held it over an amethyst crystal cluster and it began to spin in a clockwise direction. Then, he

went on to introduce the chakra points on the human body. These seven points, starting at the base of the spine and ending at the top of the head, are major energy receiving and sending points on the body. Among them are the solar plexus and the third eye.

Charlene Hacker, one of the Center's other psychics, has been reading Tarot (a deck of cards used for divination) for thirty years, and has been experiencing psychic phenomenon for a few years longer than that. At a spiritualist church, she was trained in psychometry (being able to gain information about an object just by touching it) and mediumship (being able to directly communicate with spirits). Hacker also teaches others how to access their psychic powers. Currently she is running a class on psychometry.

"Imagination is part of psychic powers," says Hacker.

According to Hacker, children today are not encouraged to experience life through all of their senses and by this, miss the message when these senses are unable to be utilized in a psychic experience.

Looking at the media today, there seems to be an increasing interest in spirituality and the paranormal in general. Many psychics agree that there has been an increase in interest along, an increase in desire to believe. Hacker feels that there seems to be "a need for spirituality in the world," and that sentiment is echoed in numerous books that have come out over the past couple of years. One of the most notable of these is The Celestine Prophecy, which made the New York Times Best Seller list and has spawned study groups all over the country.

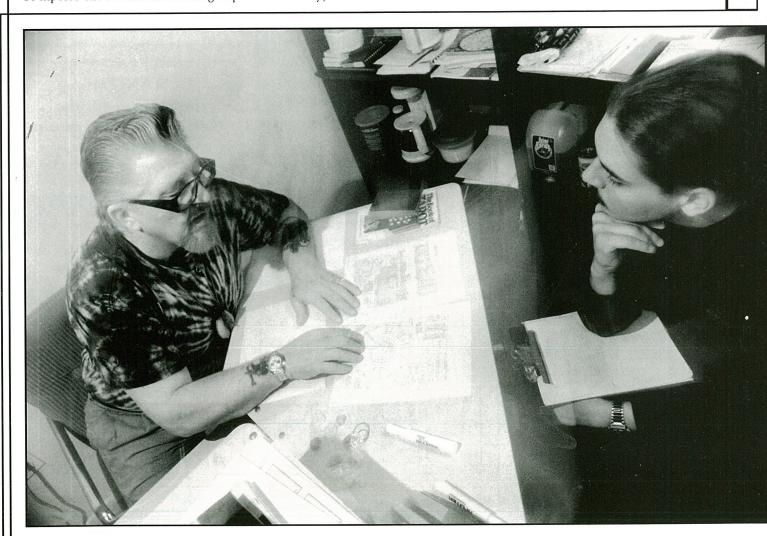
A healthy interest in the paranormal, and a society open enough to accept those who pursue that interest, has probably been a major factor in the sustainability of a business like the Psychic Center. People have become dissatisfied with the "standard" ways of doing things. Psychics work as the councelors, psychiatrists, and social workers for those who don't want to, can't, or won't use the "classical" systems to help them solve their problems. And all of this they do without a license.

That's right, there is no form of licensing for psychics, explaining the proliferation of 900 number, fraudulent psychics—there is no one for the frauds to answer to. There is no way to prove that there are a large number of fakes out there, and, at best, they can be exposed one at a time or in small groups. Unfortunately, there is

also no way to prove that there are a good number of "genuine psychics" out there who truly want to help others. In Stephens' opinion, "There should be a certification process and ethical standards to adhere to, I don't have any problem with that...I don't see why a real psychic would object to that."

Even without official certifications, Maid does her best to keep the standards at Village Gate Psychic Center high. Her staff consists of people such as Rev. Lorana Walsh, a certified clinical hypno-therapist who does past life regression work at the Center. She is also skilled in Reiki healing, a Tibetan form of energy transfer healing. There is also Tom Freeland, a well studied young man with a specialty in Tarot reading, Angelique Armstrong, a young woman who reads runes at the Center, and Elizabeth, who does crystal ball scrying and tea leaf readings. All of the members of the Village Gate Psychic Center adhere to Maid's code of ethics. That keeps the Center's patrons returning and referring it to their friends.

Anyone who is considering going to a psychic is well advised to check out the psychics before hand. Not everyone is going to worry about how what they say will effect your life. Psychics are no longer just the fare of traveling shows and gypsy caravans. They are ordinary people who use their natural abilities to help others. Anyone interested in learning more about the Village Gate Psychic Center can get in touch with them at 271-6638 or 224-8674.◆





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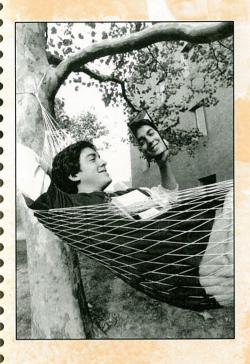
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"Round up a bunch of first graders, cut off someone's head in front of them, and put a pumpkin on top." -Leenus Varughese, 1st year Computer Engineering

"Put someone's car on their roof."

-Dan Kuhn 1st year Microelectronics

"Dress up like a freak and go to a Rocky Horror picture show party."

-Mike Bauman 5th year Mechanical Engineering

"I need a witch with nothing on under her robe."

-Joe Genter 5th year Mechanical Engineering

"Have an egg war."

-Ricky Waterman 1st year Bio-med Photo

"Wear a mask and a string bikini."

-Justin Davis 1st year Bio-med Photo

"Get it on with Flyina."

-Rob Z. Window Washer

"To be the one who gives everyone else the creeps."

-Erin Sweeney 2nd year Illustration

"To stay in this hammock until Halloween."

- Bob Spangler 3rd year Physics

"I want the heat offs to heat off on me."

-Matty Messner 2nd year Illustration

"Ditto."

- 'Dig' 2nd year Computer Engineering

"A visit from the Great Pumpkin"

-Adam Sloan 4th year Wasting Time

"An giant orgy in a huge pumpkin pie"

-Tony Burda 5th year Computer Animation



Apologies to George Henry Francis Schnakenberg V and Joshua Deaner, whose pictures were inadvertantly switched by some misguided Reporter employee. Sorry.





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Tab Ads

- BEWARE: Animal is coming.
- Jester... Say Chaayyzee! Y'all
- Serge!! Thanks for the tape, you LUSH!!
- Gomer, thanks for being so cool...
 SCDQ? no... AWAE
- - Hey Beavis... uhhhh shutup!
- Topper-You WILL slip the surly bonds of earth, Amen brother
- StaceyK!! You rule even without a thing. :) BB
- Phi Kappa Psi PC #14... let's take it to the next level.
- PC #5 You are getting CUTER every day!! Flea

- ZTA Happy Founder's Day!! The Brothers of Phi Psi
 - Shaw-F My thine eyes be forever clear
- In time when the world often seems do cold, and in a place where I've often felt completely alone, you have taken me by the hand and shown me how to smile again. Thanks for all your support Alpha Xi Delta Sisters we are so proud to become a part of your family. Love FC '95
- Squirrel, Some bunny loves you! LKS, HunnyBunny
- Luis The apartment will get clean eventually. Thanx for putting up with my mess.
- Congratulations Brian McGlyan on passing your DJ test! WITR
- Hey Jodeci, it might not be that bad. You were the best I ever had. If I hadn't blown it days ago, I might not be alone. Hey Jodeci DAHLIA
 - Sam has a hard fat _ss!
 - I love junk mail and paintball guns!
 - Why do people defend sh_t?
 - Kate the Cabbage Patch is a crotch!
 - Sam you want me!
- Did you know Jen makes out with her piglet pillow every night?
 - Hi Icky!
 - Hey Sam do you want me?
 - Sam don't try to deny it!
 - I want you Sam!
 - Please Sam take me!
 - Icky, I love you!
 - Kevin you stink!
 - Don't major in minor things
- Never give up on what you really want to do. The person with big dreams is more powerful than one with all the facts.
- Be cool + creative, like the jerks who painted the tiger! NOT!
 - Keep your watch five minutes fast!
- Hey Spider Spiedel when are we going to the movies?
- Congrats Kirsten Fredrickson Athlete of the week is quite an accomplishment! We knew you could do it! Alpha Sig
 - Colleen your cat has nasty flees!
 - Libby your dog has bad breath
- Julie Barto Hope you did well on your exam! I am here if you need to vent! Love Buck
- Happy Birthday Maria Rosini! You are such a froot loop! Love Alpha Sigma Alpha
- Yvette Ribando thanks for such a nice parents weekend. Love Alpha Sig
 - Mare Kehde watch your step!
 - Hey Kierstynn hope your protein ring

withstood the Great RIT wind!

- Mare looking forward to hanging out with you! I miss you! J
- Stacy the RITZ just isn't it! Brueggers n' wine anytime
 - Hey Sarah I miss you Bossman
- Hey Pudgy Where are you! Miss you! C
- Winnie You are the cutest little red head! It's not what you know it's who you know! Love me your connection to college life.
- I wish I could be as cool as the people on the bench
- Congratulations Octagon Club on your recent success. Keep on reaching for those goals.
- Thanks to everyone in NSC. I KNOW this will be a great year. Keep up the good work. I love working with all of you. Your the best!!!—Lisa Chuinard
- Punkinbains I love you 8. Thank you for waltzing into my life, and touching my soul. I love you with all of my guts. Love always and forever, Pooh
- HEY D-PHI-E, we came a long way—
- KDR—you guys are the best! Forever your wench.
- DARS, I'm glad we are together and can't wait til winter—me
- APO PC# 80 Let's keep up the great work!!:)
- Congratulations KAPPA PHI THETA on winning the Greek GPA Award for the seventh consecutive year!
- KAPPA PHI THETA A world devoid of sound but filled with animation
- BEST OF LUCK to the TAU Pledge Class of KAPPA PHI THETA FRATERNITY! You're all doing a super-duper KNIGHTFUL job! Keep it up!
- Congratulations to new members: Sara Comeau, Katherine Gable, Takiyah Harris and Alicia Pena... Big Love, Tri-Sigma!!! Good Luck!!
- Einstein-Hey Stoop Buddy, have you seen any beads lying around? I didn't think so. I can't wait for two weeks. Cakes.
- To my awesome little, keep up all the good work and keep smiling. I love you always! Patty-cakes
- To RIT's Men's Hockey Team...You guys are the best!!! Good luck this season!! You have my full support and all of my love...You know who this is...your #1 fan



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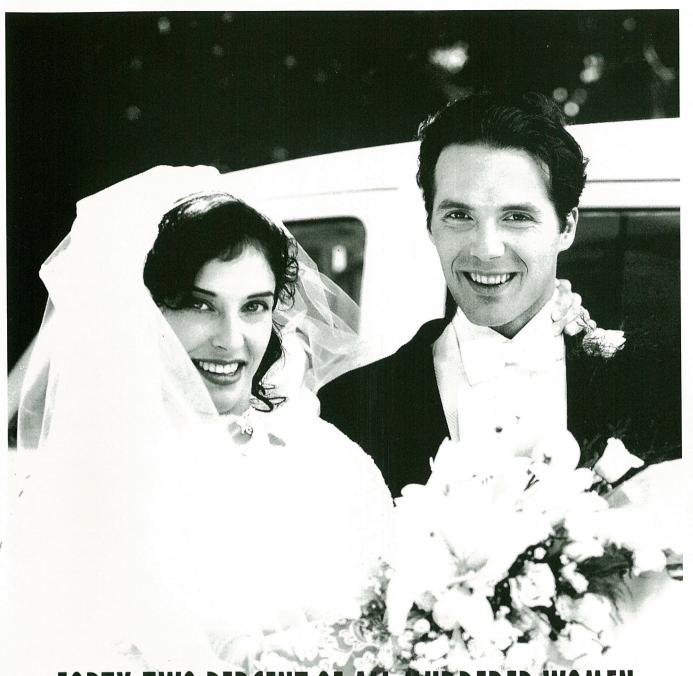
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