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### Reporter - December 15th 1995

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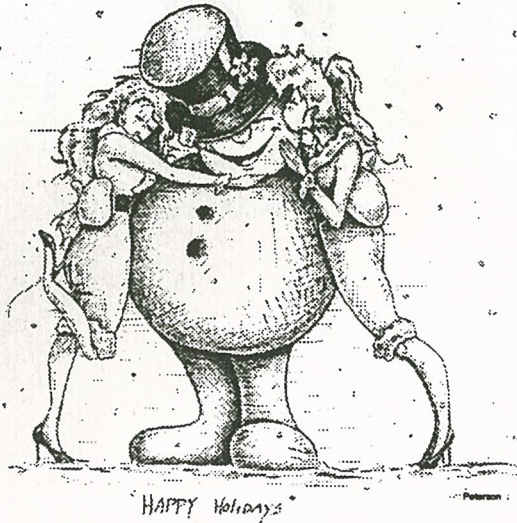
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# reporter

DECEMBER 15, 1995

Happy Holidays



### Look for upcoming Events in January.

Thursday 1/4	Mark Rust (acoustic)	Ritz	6-8:30pm	Free
Friday 1/5	Tourbook (alternative)	Ritz	5-7:30pm	\$1
	Talisman: Copycat	Ingle	7&9:30 pm	
Saturday 1/6	Talisman: Copycat	Ingle	7&9:30 pm	
Saturday 1/13	<b>Bristol Ski Trip</b>		10 am- 2 pm	
	Tickets sold at CAB			
	<b>Vegas Night</b>	SAU	8pm-midnight	
	(entertainment and games)			
Monday 1/15	Battle of the Wits	Gracies	6-8pm	Free
	(Comedy game show)			
Friday 1/26	<b>Killington Ski Trip</b>			Tickets sold in CAB

## DECEMBER

Tuesday 12/5	Vic Cottingham (acoustic/guitar)	The Commons	5-7pm	Free
Wednesday 12/6	Bob Marcus (comedian/magician)	The Commons	6:30-8pm	Free
Thursday 12/7	Common Cents (contemporary acoustic)	Ritz	6-8:30 pm	Free
	The Blizzard of Bucks (crazy game show)	Gracies Lobby	6:30pm	Free
Friday 12/8	Rochester Amerks vs. The Adirondack Red Wings	Rochester War Memorial	7:35pm	Students \$5 Faculty \$7
	<b>Showcase event</b>			
	• Selected Hilarity (comedy group)	Ingle Auditorium	8pm	
	• Talisman Movie : KIDS	Ingle Auditorium	4:30 and 10 pm	
	\$2 for each event or \$3 for movie and comedy show combination			
Saturday 12/9	Talisman : KIDS	Ingle Auditorium	4:30 and 10 pm	
Tuesday 12/12	Tim Clark (acoustic guitar)	The Commons	5-7pm	Free
Thursday 12/14	The Jazz Ensemble	The Commons	8pm	Free
	John Carmen (acoustic)	Ritz	6-8:30pm	Free
	<b>Johnny Cochran</b> (speaker)	Clark Gym	7 pm	Students \$3 Fac/ Staff \$6 Public \$12
	(sponsored by Student Government)			
Friday 12/15	<b>The Nutcracker</b>	Ingle Auditorium	7:30pm	Tickets on sale in CAB office.
	Zeta Cauliflower	Ritz	5-7:30pm	\$1
	Talisman: Dangerous Minds	Webb Auditorium	7 & 9:30 pm	
Saturday 12/16	Talisman: Dangerous Minds	Ingle Auditorium	7& 9:30 pm	
	<b>Bim Skala Bim and Regatta Sixty-nine (ska)</b>	SAU Cafeteria	8pm	\$3
Tuesday 12/19	Lisa Bigwood (acoustic/ guitar)	The Commons	5-7 pm	Free
Wednesday 12/20	RIT Time Stoppers (Dixie Band)	The Commons	7-8:30pm	Free
Thursday 12/21	Open Mic	Ritz	6-8:30pm	Free



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## NEWSWORTHY

The RIT German Club is having its 2nd annual clothing drive. If you have any old clothes, hats, jackets, gloves, or scarves please place them in bags or boxes and leave them in the SAU RITreat. These donations will be collected on the December 18th and distributed through Action for a Better Community in time for the Holidays. Action for a Better Community is also expecting canned foods, toys, and other goodies.

There are forms available that will enable you to save on your taxes. If you are interested in getting a receipt, include a list of your donations along with your name, address, and phone number inside your box or bag.

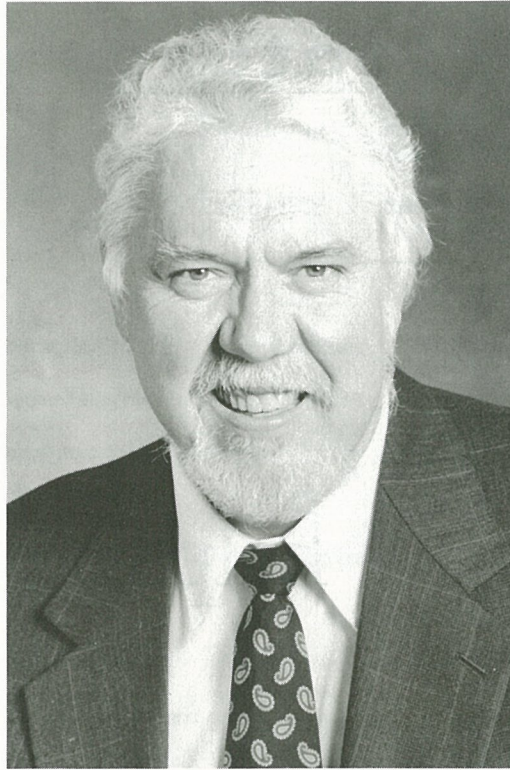
RIT recently introduced a master of science degree in information technology. Designed for anyone with an interest in applying computers to creating, disseminating and managing information, the flexible program lets students customize their curriculum based on specific interests. Among the concentrations students can select are interactive multimedia development, software development and telecommunications.

"RIT's master in information technology is designed to give students broad knowledge in several areas of interest, rather than focusing narrowly on one aspect of the field," says Evelyn Rozanski, program coordinator of graduate studies in the department of information technology. "The graduate program was developed in response to people needing to update their skills in an industry in which technology changes rapidly."

## THE PROVOST IS IN THE HOUSE

The provost is the chief academic officer- the deans of each college answer to him directly. The provost then in turn reports to the president. RIT has recently seen the appointment of a new provost and academic vice-president, Dr. Stanley D. McKenzie, an RIT professor for 28 years.

McKenzie will be working closely with the Vice President of Student Affairs, Dr. Linda Kuk, to deal with matters of student persistence and to promote a student-centered



learning environment. This includes Residence Life, the Interfaith Center, Athletics, Student Activities, Student Health and the Counseling Center. The library services, Educational Technology Center (ETC), Registrar, Center for Imaging Science and the new Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies (CIMS) all come under the Provost's position.

In making the appointment, which followed a nationwide search, RIT President Albert Simone said, "I am pleased that we had an internal candidate who was such an outstanding match for this university's leadership requirements. Stan's educational experience, leadership skills and boundless energy will be important factors in RIT maintaining its position as the leader in career education."

McKenzie has served RIT as interim provost and academic vice president for the past year and a half and was integral to the developments of the university's strategic plan, completed last year. A few years earlier he co-chaired a study to determine RIT's priorities and objectives.

McKenzie is a professor of language and literature and has served as director of judicial affairs in the Division of Student Affairs; acting dean of Liberal Arts; chair of Faculty Council; a member of the President's Search Committee; the advisory board of the Reporter and of Residence Life; and a faculty advisor to Phi Kappa Tau fraternity along with extensive faculty governance service.

"It is an honor to serve a university that is positioned to hold an even higher place among U.S. educational institutions," McKenzie said. "Within RIT's eight colleges and five divisions are outstanding faculty and staff. While my first love is teaching, I am pleased to have been chosen for this leadership position in RIT's administration."

In his professional time, he reads Shakespeare and journals on 16th century literature. The Washington State native also enjoys camping, backpacking, and hiking in the Northwest, typically Alaska and the Cascade Mountains.

McKenzie earned a Ph.D. in 1971 and an MA in English literature at the University of Rochester in 1967 and a BS in science and humanities at MIT in 1964.

"My goal now is to continue to advance RIT's Strategic Plan implementation," he said. "Through this plan we have the means to strengthen programs that will serve new student, transfer students and adults who want the very best in career education."

-By Eric Higbee

# SOMETHING FOR FREE

Are you interested in reviewing the table of contents of your favorite or critical journals before they hit the newsstands or library shelves? Do you have on-going research that requires you to keep current on the latest published on a particular topic? If so, you may be interested in Wallace Library's new free access to the CARL UnCover Reveal Alert Service.

The UnCover Reveal Alert Service allows you to receive current awareness information directly to your e-mail address in two ways. You may select up to 50 titles from the 16,000+ titles in the UnCover database and receive tables of contents from these journals as soon as an issue is entered into the database. You may also create and store up to 25 search strategies (e.g. author or topic searches) and once a week, these search strategies will be run against new articles added to the UnCover database. The tables of contents and the results of the searches are all mailed directly to your e-mail address.

CARL previously offered this service free to individuals. A number of RIT students and faculty took advantage of this service at that time. Recently, however, CARL began charging for this service. Wallace Library has now made arrangements with CARL to subsidize and make this service free again to the RIT community. To submit a profile activating your own account to take advantage of this service, contact the library for procedures. If you previously had an account, the old profile has probably been reactivated and you will automatically begin receiving results from CARL in your e-mail box.

*-Prepared by Eric Higbee*

# A SEAT HAS BEEN FILLED.

For the second time, Thomas C. McDermott, chairman, president and chief executive officer of Goulds Pumps Inc. has been named to RIT's Board of Trustees, announced during the board's business meeting Nov. 9. He has also served on the board from 1986 to 1992 and was chairman of the finance committee. The Board of Trustees is the chief decision maker on campus (even the president answers to them) and have the final say on RIT's policies and projects.

McDermott, a member of Goulds' board of directors since 1988, joined the company as president and CEO in 1994 and was named chairman of the board in 1995. Prior to joining Goulds, McDermott spent 15 years with Bausch & Lomb, holding several senior management positions leading up to his tenure as president and chief operating officer from 1986 until his retirement in 1993.

Earlier in his career, McDermott held executive positions with Squibb Corporation and Bristol-Myers Company. He also served as a special agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and as a first lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

Active in industry and civic organizations, McDermott serves on the board of governors of Strong Memorial Hospital, as a trustee at the New England College of Optometry and as director of the A.T. Cross Company.

Born in Somerville, Mass., in 1936, McDermott earned a bachelor of science degree in 1958 and an honorary doctoral degree in 1988 from Providence College.

*-By Eric Higbee*

## NEWSWORTHY

RIT has announced the formation of the Digital Publishing Center, one of only several full-service, Internet based facilities for digital on-demand publishing in the country. Located in RIT's School of Printing Management and Sciences, the center will provide students with hands-on exposure to working in a digital publishing environment.

To help establish the center, Xerox Corporation has donated a Xerox DocuTech Network Publisher 135 and a new suite of software, InterDoc, which makes printing services accessible via the Internet. The value of this Xerox system is more than \$350,000.

"The Digital Publishing Center provides an excellent opportunity to teach students about technologies and techniques that represent the future of the industry-digital on-demand publishing," says C. Harold Gaffin, director of School of Printing Management and Sciences. "

With on-demand digital publishing, materials are produced only in the specific quantities needed, saving on reproduction, supplies, labor, inventory and other costs associated with overruns. RIT's Digital Publishing Center will expand digital publishing's capabilities by allowing users to send documents to be published or to order existing publications via the Internet's World Wide Web.

Using InterDoc, RIT's Center will have a home page on the Web, complete with electronic job submission forms and a database of publications, which serves as an "electronic storefront" of the center's services. RIT's Digital Publishing Center, to be managed by faculty and operated entirely by students, is slated to go on-line in January.

*-Prepared by Eric Higbee*

## pushed to the way side

As I sit here and think about what I want to write this week, several options come to mind. The first one is an inspirational tale of a great break and how good it can be to just get away. The next idea is the seasonal story about the holidays. The final idea is yet another editorial about RIT politics and how they can screw with every student here. Well, I'm not going to write about the holidays, or my break. So, that leaves RIT politics.

This editorial starts with my experience last quarter when I went to register for classes. I am a fourth year student, a senior. It would therefore make perfect sense to me to register for senior seminar. As I went to do this, I found out that I was 2 credits short of senior status and was not eligible to register for senior seminar. Upon this discovery, I went to speak with my advisor, to see what could be done. I was registering for the winter quarter when I would most definitely have "senior status". I was told there was nothing I could do except possibly drop/add the class during the first week of this quarter. I figured there were 27 senior seminar classes being offered so there should be no problem.

I was wrong.

The next problem that occurred was also within the liberal arts department. I found I had a scheduling conflict between two of my classes. Luckily enough the liberal arts class I was registered for met at an earlier time that did fit my schedule. I approached the teacher, explained the situation, and was given a complete non-answer.

It was at this time I decided to go and see the dean of liberal arts so that something could be worked out. After finding the office and speaking to the receptionist, I was told that the dean was not in that day. My immediate reaction was to think, "smart man".

So here's the situation, I am standing in the deans office as a full-time student who was only registered for 11 credits due to schedule conflicts and a lack of space in any of the 27 senior seminar classes. The dean was not in and I wasn't leaving until I spoke with someone.

I was finally escorted into an office that had two people working in it. I'm still not sure who these people were, in terms of job titles, but I knew my questions were going to find no answers. After explaining the situation, my file was pulled out, the computer was turned on, and as I expected, no answers. All I was told was that my liberal arts concentration was a popular one and that there were not enough teachers to support the demand. Therefore all the classes were filled past capacity, but hey, let's see what classes we can get you into.

What does this all boil down to in my eyes? Politics. Here's how I see it. Students need classes. Classes need teachers. There are some teachers to teach classes, but in order to deal with students changing needs, we could probably use more teachers. There is a hiring freeze-no more teachers. I guess this boils down to bigger classes, if the teachers would sign students in past the class limit. If teachers don't sign students in, the students get angry, try to talk to deans, finally resort to the parents who pay the bills, the phone calls start and there is now pressure created to get more teachers for the classes the students can't get in. POLITICS.

It seems to me that the only people who have anything to lose here are the students. This is a collegiate institute, you would think that the students' needs would come into play somewhere. As it turns out, I'll bet everyone thinks they have the long-term interests of the students at heart. Well, I am here now, and it seems to me that everyone is more concerned with their personal agenda and interests than with the overall quality of education. I guess it is just another thing to chalk up to experience. The experience of pitting my higher education goals against a wall of people, paper and politics.

*Christine Koenig*  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
Christine Koenig

# reporter

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### **MIDNIGHT DREARY**

You're a Business Major cramming for an English Lit exam. It's late and you're cranky. You keep thinking, "How the heck is the damn 'Raven' gonna help me land a job on Wall Street?" You get angry. So you call Dad to vent. He helps you understand the importance of it all. Then he yells at you for dialing zero to call collect. Quoth the father, "Nevermore."

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## ATHLETE of the WEEK

### Lisa Sturm

Lisa Sturm, goalie for the women's hockey team, was named female athlete of the week for her performance in RIT's away games at Wesleyan, Hamilton, and Colgate. She was the sole goalie for RIT for each of these games, and only allowed 3 goals in 185 minutes of play. Two of the three goals scored against her were during opposition power plays.

Coach Rick Filighera describes Lisa as an intense, very technical player. "She makes good save selections; sprawling, standing or relying on reflexes if that's the last thing she can do," Coach Filighera said.

Strum's skill was evidenced starting with the season opener 1-1 tie with Wesleyan. "She was called upon early to make great saves; every instance where it was close she would come up with a good save." Filighera said. In describing her last save during overtime Coach continues, "a Wesleyan girl took a shot from the right face-off circle; it looked like it was going right into the net, but she (Lisa) got a glove up and knocked it out."

Coach Filighera also describes Lisa as one of the best goalies in the league. "It's nice to be able to be more offensive in playing, knowing we can build defense from the inside out with Lisa as our last line of defense."

-Danielle Stolman

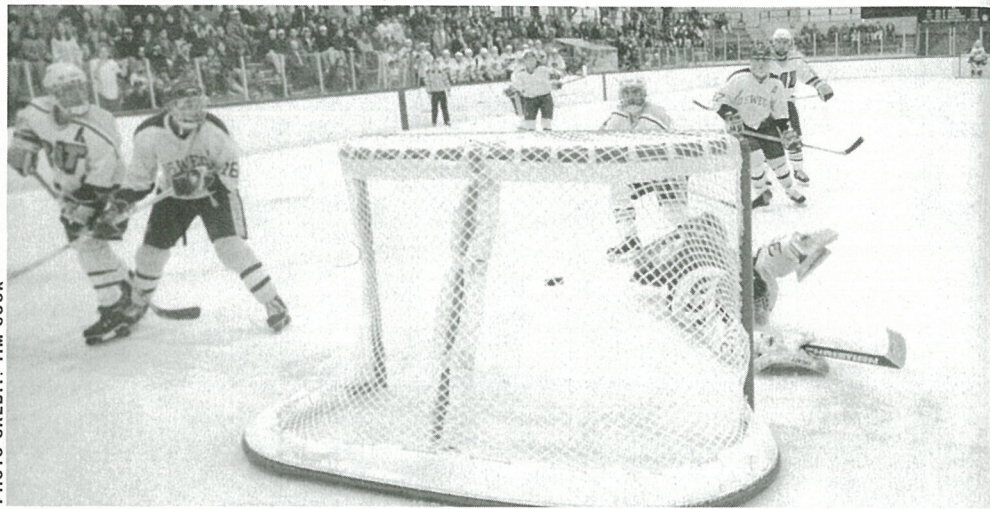


PHOTO CREDIT: TIM COOK

RIT's center, #28 Art Thomas scores a crucial goal in the game against Oswego Friday night. Thomas's goal put RIT up 5-4 closing the door on Oswego's chances to win. RIT went on to win 6-4.

## Tigers Battle Out Two Victories

Last weekend, the R.I.T. men's hockey team faced off against ECAC west opponents, Oswego and Geneseo. Oswego came into the game on Friday night with a six game winning streak, but seeking revenge against their two previous losses against the Tigers. The game started at a furious pace as both teams exchanged brutal hits. Oswego came to play, scoring first early into the game. It looked as though Oswego's Dave Rogers was working for the Tigers when he chipped a shot into his own net tying the game at 1-1. Despite the mistake by the Oswego goalie, the Lakers weren't discouraged and scored another goal leading 1 - 2. Tension among the players and fans grew during one play where the Tigers failed to score when the puck looked as though it could be blown in by an asthma patient. In the second period the two teams exchanged power play goals making the score 2 - 3. Before retiring the second period, both teams scored yet another putting the score at 3 - 4.

Between periods, Coach Hoffberg urged his team, "to play better now...I don't care how, if we have to go to overtime or pull a goalie, we have legs - we need heart, mind and legs. We need our veteran leadership to get this done." Senior defenseman Ethan Hutten did just that, on a quick brisk shot that tied the game at 4 - 4. Another veteran Art Thomas scored the go ahead goal with eight minutes left in the game. With 54 seconds left in the game, Angelo Papalia scored an empty net goal, putting the Tigers ahead 6 - 4. R.I.T. goalie Jamie Morris was not able to pick up his eighth win until he stopped a penalty shot for a delay of game with 9 seconds left in the game.

Saturday night proved to be a hard game for the Tigers when they faced the Geneseo Knights. The Knights took a surprising lead scoring with a quick slap shot which beat a screened Tiger goalie. Cheynowski tied the score on a back hand shot after pushing his way through two defenseman. Before retiring the first period, assistance captain Adam French scored yet another goal, putting the score at 2 - 2. Early into the second period, Goalie Jamie Morris, unable to get up, watched helplessly as the puck flew into his net, putting the Knights ahead 3 - 2. After failing to find anyone to pass to on a power play, Papalia simply skated around the net and scored, tying the game 3 - 3. With 1:39 left in the second period, Chris Maybury scored the final goal putting the Tigers on top 4 - 3. The Tigers shut the Knights out in the third period as the dazzling duo of Papalia and Maybury both scored, winning the game with 6 - 3.

Rookie goalie Jamie Morris took his ninth win all in stride. He sees himself, "fortunate to be playing because there are four goalies here, anyone of them who could play." He also sees himself "as just a part of the team and it takes a whole team to win." Unfortunately he will have to rely on his other teammates to step in his place for a while. Morris obtained an injury to his pectoral muscle and his rotator cuff and will have to sit out until further notice.

Dave, "The Big Goon," Faas invites you all to see one of the most exciting R.I.T. teams in years play against Mercyhurst this Friday, even though the ref's "SUCK!!"

-Written by Ed Pfueller and Kelley Harsch

# Men's Basketball Captures Brodie Tournament Title

Coming off a 90-60 victory over Robert Wesleyan on 12/5, the 2-0 Tigers were in action once again December 8th and 9th in the 11th annual Harold Brodie Basketball Tournament, hosted by RIT. The first round pitted the Tigers against the 2-2 Potsdam Bears, in a game which proved to be an easy victory for the mid-season looking Tigers. The Tigers exploded in the first two minutes opening up an 8-0 lead, which ultimately wound up as a 37-26 lead at half-time. The Tigers continued their dominate play in the second half, finishing with an impressive 79-61 victory. The 300 plus crowd in attendance was electrified as sophomore guard Floyd McLean put on an air show with 4 dunks in the game, finishing with 21 points, 11 rebounds, and 3 assists. An equally impressive performance was put on by junior center and co-captain Craig Jones, who finished with 20 points, 14 rebounds, and 2 assists. Other scorers in double digits for the Tigers were sophomore forward Matt Whann with 12 points, and sophomore guard Miles Wilson with 11.

In the Championship game held on Saturday 12/9, the Tigers faced the Pitt-Bradford Panthers who had defeated Montclair State the previous day 74-61. The first half was extremely physical, but it became apparent that RIT was the stronger team. By the end of the first half, RIT had amassed a huge 23 point lead, with the score 48-25. The Panthers could not be counted out however, and they came out the second half fired up. Led by the hot play of guard Patrick Cullinan, the Panthers slowly chiseled away at the Tigers' lead until, with only five minutes left to play, it was only 3 points. At that point the Panthers called a time out, which proved to be a crucial coaching error. It took the momentum away from the Panthers, at the same time allowed Tigers coach Bob McVean a chance to calm his players without using a time-out of his own. After that time-out the Tigers seemed rejuvenated, and they held the Panthers to only 3 points for the rest of the game while scoring 13 themselves. The final score was RIT 76 Pitt-Bradford 66, as the Tigers improved their overall record to 4-0.

The Tigers Floyd McLean and Criag Jones were named to the Brodie All Tournament Team, with Jones also being named the Tournament MVP. McLean finished the tournament with 38 points, 16 rebounds, and 5 assists. Jones finished with an impressive 49 points, 34 rebounds, 3 assists, and 5 blocked shots. Both his totals for points and rebounds were just shy of tournament records. After the game Jones had this to say, "We played very patiently, and the other guys worked very hard at getting me the ball inside. Now we just have to take each game one at a time." The Tigers were 21-5 last year, and when questioned about the outlook for this season McLean commented, "I think we have a good chance at being just as successful this year as last year. We just need to look at each game one at a time. As long as we give 100% each game we'll do fine."

## RIT Drops 2 of 3, Jamison Breaks Record

The 1-4 Lady Tigers won their first game this season with a 45-43 victory over the Roberts Wesleyan Raiders on 12/5. An outstanding performance by senior center Karen Provinski helped the Tigers capture the victory. Provinski had 25 points, 13 rebounds, and 2 steals. Junior center Kim Jamison also helped the cause contributing 10 points, 4 rebounds, and 5 steals.

The Tigers first home game was on Thursday December 7th against the 2-4 University of Rochester Yellow Jackets. Playing with only six players due to injuries, the Tigers had a rough time against the quicker more aggressive Yellow Jackets. The first half ended 27-19, with the Yellow Jackets ultimately out rebounding the Tigers 40 to 29. The Tigers lack of rebounding seriously hurt their efforts, as the Yellow Jackets had many second and third shot opportunities on offense. The second half went better for the Tigers, as they picked up their rebounding while at the same time drawing many fouls from the Yellow Jackets. Within the first 7 minutes of the second half, the Tigers cut the lead back down to 6, but that's as close as they would get. The lack of substitutes for RIT hurt them, as the well rested Yellow Jackets opened the lead back up with the final score U of R 60, RIT 44. Leading scorers for RIT were Karen Provinski with 17 points, and Kim Jamison with 13. "Its really frustrating. With April Eckert and Kim Dudley hurt it makes it really hard." said senior co-captain Amy Crowley.

The Tigers finished up their week against Ithaca College on Saturday, December 9th. Junior center Kim Jamison set a new single game scoring record against despite the Lady Tiger's 72-69 loss. Jamison scored 35 points, breaking teammate Karen Provinski's record of 25 points set last year. Jamison also contributed 12 rebounds.

-Mike Means

## ATHLETE of the WEEK

### Jamie Morris

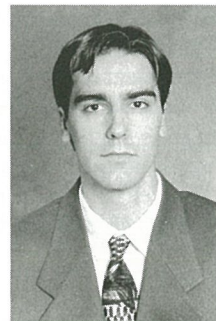
Jamie Morris, freshmen goalie for the men's hockey team has been named Athlete of the Week for the third time this year for his performance in RIT's away game victories against the Air Force Academy. He has also received the Athlete of the Week Title for the Rochester Area and the ECAC's.

Coach Eric Hoffberg described Morris's playing in these games as very consistent. In six periods of hockey only one goal in the second period of the first game was scored against him. "His performance in the second game was one of the best ..., and that includes all the hockey I've ever seen," Hoffberg said.

Coach Hoffberg said that a great deal of Jamie's skill is due to his ability to stay focused and to perform well for the entire game. "He has a great commitment to preparing himself and to staying focused the whole time. Even in Alabama when we lost 7-3, he still remained prepared and focused and played his best throughout."

Jamie gives credit for his achievements on the ice to his teammates. "I got a lot of help from the guys. Hockey is a team sport, so if we win or lose it is because of how the team played and not just individual efforts," Morris said.

-Danielle Stolman



## Sabrina Nice In a Good Way

As my trusty friend Nate and I rushed into the theater, the only things I knew about the movie *Sabrina* were that we were late, because I got us lost, the film was free thanks to our generous culture editor, Derrick, and that Harrison Ford was in it, because the movie passes said so. I'm willing to try almost anything once, and the fact that it was free made it so much easier. All this considered, I was still a little surprised that the film opened with a

fairy tale-like narration, narrated by the extremely lovely voice of Sabrina, played by Julia Ormond. Sabrina is the daughter of a chauffeur (John Wood) who is employed by the ridiculously wealthy Larrabee family. I learned later that this is a remake of a Humphrey Bogart and Audrey Hepburn film of the same name made in the 'fifties. And although I have never seen the original, this movie has that romance, light, and innocent feeling common to so many of the movies from that era.

Now as I mentioned earlier, Sabrina is the daughter of the chauffeur, but she is also head over heels in love with the younger Larrabee, David. Actually, possessed, or obsessed, or one of those -essed words is a better description. The problem is that the philandering, fun loving, but endearing David, played by Greg Kinnear, doesn't know she exists. Kinnear delivers an excellent performance in Sabrina, his first appearance in a major motion picture.

Harrison Ford plays the older Larrabee brother, Linus, the manipulative, intelligent, and extraordinarily successful business man, who runs the family's communications corporation along with their mother, Maude Larrabee (Nancy Marchand). Both Ford and Marchand give excellent performances.

The fun really begins when Sabrina returns from a two year stay in Paris, where she was working for *Vogue* and maturing into a beautiful and sophisticated woman. Of course Kinnear's character David can't resist this lovely and graceful woman, if only he could get around the fact that he is engaged to a woman who is perfect for him. Since this woman's father owns a multi-million dollar company, Linus also approves of this engagement which in his shrewd business mind spells only one thing: merger. He is naturally a little worried about his younger brother's interest in Sabrina. So Linus steps in and whips up a scheme to gently get Sabrina out of the picture and prevent a business disaster. Little does he know he will fall prey to a scheme whipped up by chance and fate. *Sabrina* is a fun and funny movie. A light romantic comedy that is a perfect date movie, which (no offense to my friend Nate) would have led me to choose another viewing partner. The acting is excellent and the scenery is beautiful. And except for a few scenes that get a little wishy-washy, *Sabrina* is an all around good movie. ★★★ 1/2 out of ★★★★★.

—Adam Sloan

## You Can Bet on Casino

Few would question Martin Scorsese's credibility as a director, but after the disappointing release of *The Age of Innocence* in 1993, it seems Scorsese wanted to regroup and come back with his best face on. In *Casino*, he does just that, reverting to the elements that won him praise for one of his best works, *Goodfellas*. Like *Goodfellas*, *Casino* is a mob-related story. Ace Rothstein, master gambler is chosen by the mob to manage their casino operation in Las Vegas. They send in his life-long pal and fellow mobster, Nicky Santoro, played by Joe Pesci, as his muscle. Along the way, Rothstein falls in love with Ginger McKenna, played by Sharon Stone. The conflict develops between Pesci and DeNiro as Pesci becomes power-hungry and jealous of DeNiro. Sound familiar? Yeah, kind of like *Goodfellas* in Las Vegas. Not only is the story reminiscent of *Goodfellas*, but the actors are, too. It seems that Scorsese wanted to take no chances with this one. He plays his trump cards, Pesci and DeNiro, in typical Scorsese fashion. He throws in the glitzy Sharon Stone for added assurance, but failed to realize that her part in the film as a love interest who was never in love is a weak link from the start.

Despite the fact that this movie breaks little new ground for Scorsese as a director, it is a solid film. Scorsese has a magic gift of giving the audience an in-depth understanding of the events in a story, and *Casino* is no exception. An early sequence depicting the money flow from the gamblers to the mobsters is a streak of cinematic excellence that utilizes Scorsese's skills as a director. However, the love sub-plot between DeNiro and Stone gets a little too deep- about a half an hour of it could have been left on the editing room floor. Still, the interplay between the mobsters in control hundreds of miles away and the day-to-day operations of the casino are linked cleverly.

As for acting, you can't go wrong with this one, right? Well, mostly. DeNiro delivers... as always. He portrays the inner-turmoil, outer-cool of Ace flawlessly all the way down to the last antacid tablet. Pesci plays a great bipolar, psychopathic, hot-tempered mobster, but we've known that since *Goodfellas* and even got a good dose of it in *Home Alone*. It seems that Joe could have added a bit more dimension to this role. Perhaps his logic was, "Hey, I won an Oscar for *Goodfellas*, so I'll act exactly the same way and see if I can win one again!" I don't think so. Sharon Stone, who portrays DeNiro's love interest, was adequate, but not outstanding. James Woods made an excellent sleazy, loser ex-boyfriend for Stone. I wouldn't let the guy in my house. A pleasant surprise was the oddball of the bunch, Don Rickles, as the casino's floor supervisor. He had no trouble departing from his usually comic self for this serious part.

At times it seemed that the film reverted to violence for the sake of violence. This was disappointing coming from a director who usually uses the "V word" very tastefully. A graphic, baseball bat beat-down scene lasted for several minutes longer than it needed to at the end of the already lengthy film. An earlier scene where Pesci clamps a man's head in a vise was a bit graphic as well. I could go on, but I think it's sufficient to say that *Casino* was a bit violent in spots. If you have a weak stomach, this film may not exactly be the one for you. The soundtrack from the film was quite excellent, but at times overly obvious.

Overall, *Casino* is a solid film and a highly entertaining effort from Martin Scorsese. It would have been easy to trim the film from three to two and a half hours, but I guess that we can't always get what we want. A trip to the theater to see *Casino* is a sure bet for those who loved *Goodfellas*. For the rest of you, it might be an okay movie and a sore butt. If nothing else, it's a great chance to see a top director's work in a genre of which he is the master. (★★★★★out of ★★★★★).

—Andrew Gose

**Sonnenburg Garden's  
Festival of Light**

I've heard that, as you die from hypothermia, your eyes fuzz out and start playing tricks on you. That the last thing you see as you pass into the great frozen unknown are lights swimming in front of you. This very accurately describes the experience I had last night.

The Sonnenberg Gardens Festival of Lights is truly incredible. Open from 4:30 to 9:30 in Canandaigua (you can go before that, but it's kinda pointless during the daylight), the festival features tons and tons of different light sculptures. Butterflies, angels, and big teddy bears frolic and play in the sub-zero, thirty mph winds. Some of the sculptures even "move", like the snowman that juggles candy canes, the bear that throws snowball, and my personal favorite, the golfer. The grandest of the displays was the Italian garden. During the summer, the garden behind Sonnenberg Mansion is all a-bloom with intricate flower designs. These flowerbeds are replicated in red and yellow lights, making a truly gorgeous display. The best place to view the garden is from the second floor of the mansion, but be prepared to wait in line to get upstairs; when it's -20° (Kelvin) outside, a nice warm mansion is a popular stop. You can either tour the festival on foot or take one of the horse-drawn wagons.

The Festival tour is \$5.00, plus an additional \$2.00 for the mansion tour, and runs until January 1st. To get to the festival, take the Thruway to exit 44, and follow the signs to 151 Charlotte St. For information, call (716) 394-4922. Editors note: Pictures of the light displays can be found in this issue of Reporter.

—Bryan Howell



PHOTO CREDIT: BRIAN HAMILL

Linus(Harrison Ford) attempts to win Sabrina's (Julia Ormond) heart for business reasons in the romantic comedy Sabrina

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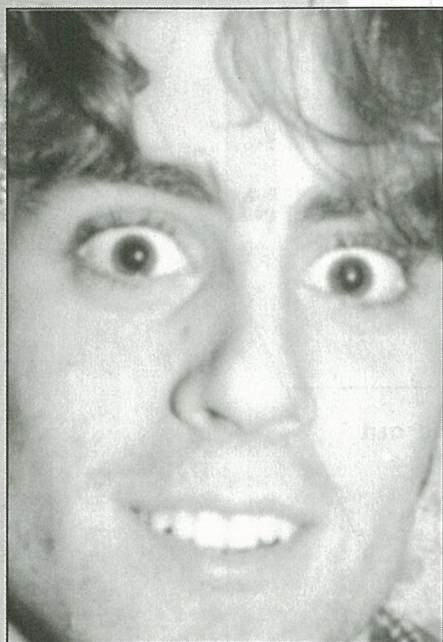
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if You  
**could**  
have  
one  
thing for  
**Christmas,**  
what

would  
it be



▶ "Racing roller blades" - *Kris Filson*

"To dominate the world" - *John Mabrey*

"A full scholarship to a warm school" - *Mike Radosta*

"For all the fighting to stop in the world" - *Samira Fazel*

"A very nice job offer when I graduate" - *Raynald Leveque*

"A Hasselblad 120 Macro" - *Steve Mallon*

"Cereal and a TV" - *Myisha*

"To have my parents pay for my gross anatomy class"  
- *Cynthia Clarke*

"To have all my bills paid for and a credit line of about  
\$7000" - *Chris Dirveo*

"To have my entire family with me" - *Danielle Stolman*

"A new computer" - *Chris Goguen*

"Answer keys to all my tests" - *Mandie Holahan*

"A million dollars" - *Adrienne Morgan*

"Nothing" - *Lajuanda Evans*

"Money for gas" - *Bill Horst-Kotter*

"A new bed" - *Martin Amodeo*

"New teeth" - *Tracy Powell*

"Lots of money" - *Sergio DeOliveira*

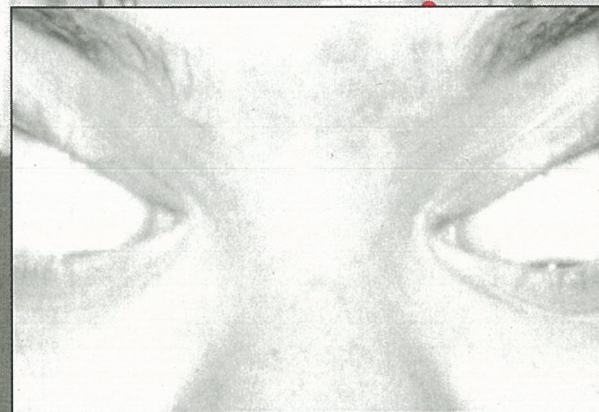
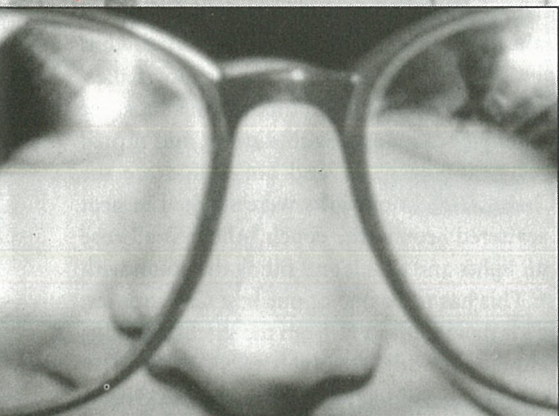
"A car- any type of car" - *Regan Begell*

"A Red Rider BB gun" - *Dave Hollister*  
(You'll shoot your eye out kid !! - reporter staff)

"A real person for a girlfriend" - *Floyd Unites*

"Peace on Earth" - *Wendy Summer*

"My two front teeth" - *Me, wasting time*



# snowfall

**John Bonhomme stood at the window of his small cottage, gazing out at the snow-covered woods that surrounded his lands.**

The simple pipe in his hand sent tendrils of smoke, pale gray and ghostlike, spiraling lazily up to the rafters, while the crackling fire spilt light like molten gold into the room. Behind him sat a table, of good, solid construction, if plain in make, upon which sat the remains of their Christmas dinner. Meanwhile, his wife, Laura, busied herself with the task of clearing the good holiday dishes and setting them aside for next year. A good Christmas, he thought, looking over his shoulder at the Christmas tree, decked out with wreaths and bows, a very good Christmas indeed.

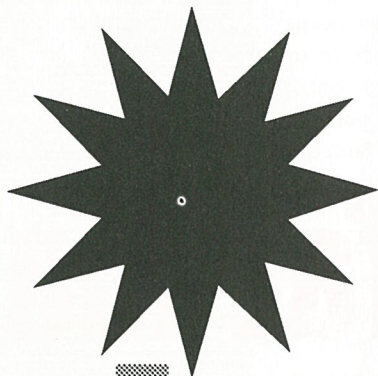
It had snowed that morning, a mad swirling snow that coated the world in white, and died out before noon. Dinner had been eaten in the last few hours of light, as the sun dipped down and bathed the world in red and pink. The sunset over the woods had been spectacular. Now night had settled, and the pale light of the moon shone over the treetops, glistening on snowdrifts unbroken by the tread of man. No guests this year, though. Everyone is too far away these days. Not like the old days when we lived in the village. Christmas was spent with a full table, nights of laughing and talk with friends and family. No, it's much quieter these days, out here in the woods. He stood there, staring into the night for a long time, walking the paths of memory.

[short  
story]

Later, as his pipe died down and his wife called him to come sit with her by the fire, it began to snow. Not the wild storm that had blown by that morning, but a gentler kind that drifted in the wind, and settled with a sigh. Strange how snow works, thought Bonhomme, you can never tell how it's going to be or when it'll come. Then he shrugged and, refilling his pipe, walked over to his seat by the fire and settled in for the evening. Outside the snow fell, blew, and drifted away.

Mark Cooper looked down at the exquisite little paperweight in his hand. One of those glass domes with the water and the little white flakes, with a small, intricately carved cottage and tiny, perfect trees. Getting this for Jenny was a great idea, mused Mark, remembering how his daughter had squealed with delight, and spent all morning shaking it and watching the white flakes whirl around, and fall to the ground as if they were really snowflakes. Amazing, he thought, this is so real that sometimes I can almost see the people in the cottage. He set it down with a smile, and turned to look at the piles of wrapping paper and boxes that are the inevitable result of Christmas. Various gifts were stacked in neat piles, and toys were scattered around the couch. Above it all rose the tree, sparkling with lights and tinsel, and filling the room with the scent of the forest. This has to be one of our best Christmases. Mark turned again as his daughter ran in from the kitchen, shouting with glee and exclaiming "Daddy! Daddy! It's SNOWING!!!!" He let her lead him over to the window, and smiled again. One of the best. Outside the snow danced and swirled in the wind, as if a giant hand taken the earth, and shaken down the snow.◆

[writ  
ten]  
by davidSevier



# the santa attitude

The snow falls, covering the ground with a sparkling white blanket. Red and green decorations go up in store windows and along streets. Colored, blinking lights show up on many houses in the neighborhood. On TV, the advertisements start for albums with Bing Crosby singing "White Christmas". All of these are signs that one of the most popular ►



holiday seasons is almost upon us. For most, the holiday season is a happy time of year, when children look forward to opening the presents that Santa brought for them. Of course, that also means that it is the time of year when parents go out of their way to try to put presents under the tree for their children to open. Unfortunately, this is a tough assignment for some parents. Sometimes there just isn't enough money to go around. But children don't usually understand this.

# an old fat man with a beard comes

The problem is common in this country. We are always hearing stories of underprivileged children and out-of-work parents. On the news, we hear about violence in cities and in homes. It seems that the "good" in the world is fighting a losing battle. Children don't see this unless they are experiencing it first hand. Even those who do see it probably don't look at it the same way as we, the "older generation," do. Children have this amazing capacity to see the good in things. They believe in goodness. During this time of year, there are very few children who celebrate Christmas who aren't wondering what Santa is going to bring them. They believe that reindeer can fly; that an old fat man with a white beard comes down the chimney and delivers presents; that this same jolly old elf knows if they've been bad or good. They believe in this myth in which we, being older and wiser, have lost our faith. We're too old to believe in Santa.

Maybe that's the problem with our world. There isn't enough belief in the amazing, in the "unbelievable." What if more of the older generation believed in Santa? Could something as simple as that put more presents under the trees of the children who's parents can't afford any? Could that belief put food for the holidays on the tables of these same families?

Some people would answer "Yes" to these questions. Some would go as far to say that they do believe in Santa. Not as a person, but as a feeling, an attitude to have when the season comes along. And if you watch enough news and look carefully enough, you may actually see the results of the actions of these people.



To find some of this "Santa attitude" you have to look no further than this campus. Thanks to staff at the Student Health Center, two departments at NTID, and the Horton Child Care Center, seven families of RIT students will be having a very merry Christmas.

This Adopt a Family program has been going on for a few years here at RIT. Last year it was organized by the Student Affairs Office, in the past it has been organized by various student groups. This year, however, seems especially Santa-like. No one group actually publicized and organized the event. The groups that have adopted families did so on their own, with no outside prompting or persuasion.

What exactly will the families be getting? According to Anne Hoenig of the Horton Child Care Center, the groups were presented with a list of the children's names, interests, and clothing sizes. Expected gifts include toys, games, clothes, and gift certificates at places such as Wegman's. The Child Care center presents five families with Wegman's gift certificates to help put food on their tables this season.

[written] by **chris Conroy**

Who are these families? They are the families of RIT students. In each case, there is either only one parent present or both parents are attending RIT as students. There are children in the families between the ages of three and five, and there is a definite financial need for help. There is also a chance that Santa will visit the parents and present them with some small gift. Children aren't the only ones who will be benefiting from this.

"Not only does this make the students and their families feel good," Anne said, "but it also gives a good feeling to those who do the giving."

So with their Santa attitude firmly in place, groups on this campus will be helping their own to have a happier holiday than would otherwise be possible.

Helping your own isn't the only way to bring a little holiday magic into the world. Many organizations on campus conduct food, clothing, and fund raising drives. The collected items are then distributed to outside organizations like the Salvation Army or local churches to be given out to those who need them. Other avenues of holiday spirit include helping out at shelters and soup kitchens. Small, locally run ones such as Saint Joseph's in Rochester greatly appreciate the help, especially during the colder part of the year.

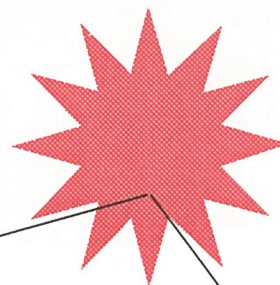
There are also larger organizations that help out those who need it. In Rochester there is Hillside Children's Center. They are conducting a Special Santa program for their kids. Then there is

white

# Down the chimney

KATS (Kids Adjusting Through Support) that throws a big party each year for the families involved in its programs, complete with gifts, refreshments, entertainment, and (of course) a visit from Santa. The Salvation Army and Red Cross are also groups that do many things for the people of the community who cannot manage to put food on the table or presents under the tree.

The next time that the news comes on and tells of those who cannot provide for themselves or their children, remember that there is hope. There is a Santa out there. If we each take some time and work with one of the many organizations, by ourselves, or with a group of interested friends, there is no limit to the amount of difference that can be made by our actions. It is cold outside now, but even the coldest night can be made warm when people know that there are others who care about them. We can all make a difference, and we don't even need a red suit and a sleigh.◆



## for more information about...

- ★ Adopt a Family Program contact **Anne Hoenig** at 475-5948.
- ★ Saint Joseph's soup kitchen and shelter contact **Pat Trevor** at 232-3262.
- ★ The Salvation Army can be contacted at 987-9500.
- ★ The American Red Cross Can Volunteer Services can be reached at 256-4060.
- ★ For other service opportunities check with **Glenn Parker** at the Center for Campus Life at 475-7685.
- ★ There are also a number of organizations that conduct community service activities on campus such as Community Service Club House (**CSCH**) and Alpha Phi Omega service fraternity. CSCH can be contacted calling **Chris** (475-3347) or **Matt** (475-3346) or in their notes conference in the VAX notes system (add entry CSCH).

[photo]  
by **elliO'Connell**

Kathy Keyes Memorial, Dedication  
Tuesday, December 19th @ 12:30 in the  
SAU Lobby.

**Have Your Voice Heard !!**

- Tuesday, January 9th @ 12:30  
in the 1829 Room of the SAU.

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# *Opinion*

# Have a tacky, tacky Christmas

by Ed A. Pfueller

As the holiday season sweeps down upon us, an increasing trend has become blatantly apparent. There is an enormous fluctuation in the growth of tackiness. I'm talking about people who think three-thousand plastic, glowing reindeer are nearly substantial enough for their 1/8 of an acre front yards. People, I'm talking about traveling groups of hipster rapping Santa Clauses and sixty-foot inflatable elves.

Christmas is beginning to lose its charm. It is being replaced with kids E-Mailing Santa for the latest in the line of mutant (sorry, genetically special) action figures. Notice that I'm not too lazy to put the C-h-r-i-s-t in Christmas. What is with that X-mas crap anyway? Just because some tree salesmen can't spell or fail to have the proper amount of paint, Christmas has suddenly joined the Nation of Islam?

I recently did an editorial photographic assignment to try to get into the mind of the Mack Daddy of all Christmas displays. I found him basking in his domain of festivity as he does every night for a month before Christmas, dressed in the finest of Santa garb. He led me around his surreal garden of tackiness, densely populated with lights and plastic figurines. I tried my best to see the same beauty which he saw, but when shown "six adorable animated elves", I could only see a half-dozen moaning trolls on crack. Don't get me wrong, I'm no Scrooge, but just give me some nice white lights, a hunk of holly and a few wreathes. I'll be more than satisfied.

There is a thin line between a festive house and a hellish beacon of light which can be seen from other galaxies. If you want to be eccentric and show off for the neighbors, just hire a few midgets to dress up like elves or fill up the pool with eggnog or something. Please, however cut back on the lights for the sake those innocent people driving by at night, if not for our nation's energy supply! So have a happy holiday, kick the heads off of a few of those plastic soldiers, buy a chia pet, and peace and goodwill to all.

# The value of nothing

by Burda

All the signs are here. (Hell, they have been since three weeks before Thanksgiving).

Penney's, Kaufman's and Hallmark are ramming it down our damned throats. We could all puke mistletoe and poinsettias 'til we're blue in the face. Holidays have us waiting for a symbolic, over-weight patriarchal father figure to give it to us all and stick it under our collective tree.

Yep, the holiday season is upon us, and that means only one thing—spending money and buying shit for people who you'd probably just rather hit anyway.

Now, I don't want to open the whole "God" argument can of worms, 'cause that's a no-win situation anyway. But, bottom line, do you honestly think that if there was a God and/or Allah, he'd be overjoyed that we celebrated his favorite day by giving Auntie Bev a pair of Isotoners or that snot-nosed little niece of yours a Pink Power Ranger?

No, probably not (hell, most f\*cking defiantly not!)

We realize this, no revelation here. Sooo, knowing that Xmas is crassly over-marketed and nothing more than a ploy by the advertisers and merchants to make you spend...why do we keep on spending all this god-damned money!?!

Why? Because we're greedy. Greedy little pack-rats.

It's just like Gore Vidal said; we seem to know the price of everything and the value of nothing.

We seem to know the price of everything, and the value of nothing.

What would you rather have? Your parents or lover say "I love you" once, or have them give you a twenty spot? And don't lie, you know which one you'd rather have. Hell, I'd take the money too. Twenty bucks? That's four six-packs of Miller GD.

After all the paper is ripped off packages and that painting of dogs playing poker is safely stored in the room over the garage, all we can do is go back to our miserable existences' and try to figure out if a five-dollar fruitcake translates into "I love you" in any language.

This year, why don't you screw old St. Nick and his Park-Avenue, polyester pimps? Make something, write something, anything. Something that comes from your heart and not some sweat shop in South Korea. Sure, the recipient will probably hate it, call you a cheap bastard behind your back, but screw them—you worked to give them something personal (and saved a hundred bucks, which means a kegger the week after break).

You can't take that salad shooter with you. In the end, all that your money will buy you is a plot and nice marble stone with your name on it next to a hundred others just like it. The only difference is the name.

So when Auntie Bev asks for a kiss... hell, I know it stinks, but give her one. She probably hasn't got any since Nixon took us off the gold standard. She could use a thrill.

And if you hear old St. Nick 's feet pitter-patter on your roof, unwrap that double 12-gauge your hillbilly Uncle Eli got you and shoot that lard-assed pedophile right square in the head.

Peace, love and soul this holiday season my space brothers and sisters.

# A good idea!?

by David Sevier

As the year has progressed, I've noticed a great many people commenting on (OK, OK, cursing) the extreme amounts of wind that RIT seems to generate. There are a great many theories on why this is the case. They range from speculations on how sober the architect was, whether the campus was actually supposed to be turned sideways to prevent the wind tunnel effect, to speculation about the sadistic minds of the builders and administrators. I for one am baffled by design, but I won't give any of my theories here. There really isn't a whole lot we can do about it at this point short of tearing down all the buildings and redesigning the place. Hopefully not all in red brick. Since that option would be costly and probably fairly annoying for those of us trying to live here, I doubt it will happen anytime soon.

How about a practical solution? We should USE this wind-tunnel effect to save money for the college and, hopefully, lower tuition rates. We all know how likely the latter is, but we can hope. In any case, I propose that we build windmills near the tops of buildings along the wind corridors. These wind mills will generate electricity for RIT. After all, MIT is starting to produce their own electricity, why don't we? Even a few of these things could help, saving thousands of dollars in electrical bills, and perhaps even providing backup power in case of a blackout. It wouldn't even cost that much, really. All we'd need to do was make it a project for a bunch of the engineering students, that way we wouldn't have to pay anyone for the designing and construction of the windmills, and once they're up there they can't need all that much maintenance. The administration should think about it. All that wind must be good for something other than turning students into icicles.

# Did you know blood bounces on ice?

by Kurt Brownell

My parents came up to visit the other night, and we decided to do something that had been conspicuously absent during my four years here; go to a hockey game. I figured it would be a double bonus- I'd keep my parents entertained, and I would be doing my part to search for that oh-so-elusive school spirit. So we walked into the Frank Ritter Memorial Ice Arena to see our very own Tigers face off against Elmira in the championship.

Anyway, the game began. Immediately, I began to wonder just how the coaches had convinced their players that going onto a large patch of glare ice with long sticks and sharp skates would be healthy for them. I began to see why those stupid shirts that say "Give Blood-Play Hockey" had gained prominence. What these players did to each other made the LAPD look like they were playing duck-duck-goose with Rodney King. I mean, I didn't know that any segment of "civilized" society thought it was alright to propel oneself at twenty miles an hour into another human being. The strangest part was that these players just got up to do it again. After I had been shoved face-first into half-inch plexiglass, pads or no pads, I would think twice about skating back out for more. Call me chicken or a wuss if you want, but the term in my book for that sense of self-preservation is, oh, I don't know..sanity?

So I just settled into the game and accepted the violence. After all, it couldn't hurt that much. Could it? Well, let's not answer that right now.

I began to watch the face-offs. The refs would drop the puck and two opposing team members would try to hit it, seemingly at random. Why didn't the ref just wing it down to the far end of the rink and let them chase it? At least he wouldn't risk getting hit in some very intimate places.

And speaking of the refs, well, there's something I just don't understand. It seems like the spectators know the rules better than the refs do. Or at least that's what the guy with foam around his mouth who was sitting in front of us told me. Being the hockey novice that I am, I attempted to ask him, obviously a seasoned viewer of the game, why the ref did a certain thing.

"Cause he's a moron." he exclaimed.

Like I said, the spectators know the rules better than the refs. But the refs knew the fine points. For instance, the hockey referee knows the point at which jabbing a hockey stick in another player's throat actually becomes dangerous. Now to me, your average spectator, the whole process looked homicidal to me. If I did that to someone on the street, I'd probably get the chair. But right before a player commits a mortal sin, the omniscient ref will step in and give him a two-minute penalty for attempting to take a human life.

The refs also know just when to stop a fight. It's not when the gloves are thrown off. Or when the players start punching each other. Or when they hit each other over the head with sticks. No, they don't even call it a fight when there is blood spilling on the ice. It becomes a fight when it holds the game up for more than two minutes.

So, between attempted manslaughter and brawls, there were quite a few penalties dished out. At one point, I thought I was going to be watching the two goalies play puck-ping-pong. But the game progressed, and soon, after an hour of violence, it was over. RIT had slaughtered Elmira 10-4. The same guys that had been trying to kill each other were now shaking hands. Wow, I didn't know you had to be schizophrenic to play on the team. After doing the math in my head, I figured out it would have taken me sixteen games of MKIII to equal the price of my ticket for hockey. I think that's a pretty good deal, especially considering this was real violence—no extra lives!



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“Hold on now, you’re going to be all right. Just stay awake with me, all right?”

“Can...barely...walk. Knees...uhh...”

“It’s okay, I’ll support you. Just don’t fall asleep on me.”

Kevin Doohan tried to smile, tried to manage a chuckle, in order to keep the woman’s spirits up. Her own reserve of strength seemed to be gone, but then again, to have made it this far was a feat in itself. All he could do was marvel at her resiliency. Despite his best efforts at being lighthearted, she seemed in no mood to cheer up.

# The Greater Gift

I can’t even begin to understand what she’s gone through. I thought my situation was difficult,...but to be homeless, to be sitting in some dingy alley in the dead of winter, begging for change on Christmas Eve, that has to be the most humiliating thing in the world.

Kevin truly pitied her. Even though she was obviously suffering from frostbite, and was probably malnourished as well, she was still trying to walk under her own power. He had one arm around her, supporting her small frame rather easily, but he could still feel her feet pushing against the snow-blanketed sidewalk, in the vain hope that if only she could stand, she could walk.

He could tell by the way her head hung down that she didn’t have the energy for either.

All the shop fronts along the wintry street were dark, their owners at home enjoying the holiday season, probably sitting around a blazing fireplace and sipping eggnog, not even aware of their endless blessings. Kevin only wished he could be home ►





## he could feel the snowflakes falling on his eyelids

with his family. But when you take a risk as big as mine, when you leave your homeland in search of a better future, there's no going back, even if you fail. Failure had always been a hard thing for him to accept, but he was knee-deep in it right now, and there was no denying the hopelessness of the situation.

"All right, ma'am, I'm afraid we're gonna have to sit down. I'm getting just as tired as you right now."

"No...the cold...have to get inside..." her voice was barely more than a whisper.

"I wish we could, I really do. But the stores seemed to be closed."

"No...can't be...it's not that late...can't be..."

"It's Christmas Eve, ma'am. All the shops are closed for the night. At least the ones on this street."

"Christmas Eve...?" she shuddered suddenly and fell limp in his arms. With a whimper she collapsed to her knees, and even as Kevin was bending over to pick her up, he could see her shoulders heaving. She was crying, softly and silently. She had too much pride to bawl out, but the grief inside of her was too much to contain.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm sorry, I'm truly sorry. Here, let me get you out of the wind at least, if not the cold." He scowled at the night sky. "Damn you, being so cruel as to batter this poor woman, as if she hasn't suffered enough." His North Irish accent rumbled low, as it always did when he was at his angriest.

One of the nearby stores had a small porch set into the building, enough of a windbreak for the both of them. Kevin wrapped both arms around the woman and lead her into the alcove, sitting her down in front of the door. Standing up, he rubbed his freezing hands together as he looked around desperately for anything that he could start a fire with.

His eyes came to rest, however, on the huddled figure sitting before him, and a sigh escaped his heart. She looked so pitiful, shivering in her tattered clothing and worn-out boots. The hood over her head was a couple of sizes too big, and obscured all but her teeth, which were chattering too wildly to be ignored. She's so small, too thin to be able to survive. If I hadn't found her just now, who would have? Would she have frozen to death before the night was out, never knowing that it was Christmas, and that the grace of God was in full bloom before her? Would she have whispered a

prayer, a prayer that might have been in vain?

It was a sad sight indeed, but Kevin knew that he had to be strong, for her sake. Maybe if he could keep her safe until morning...well, it was worth a shot, he decided.

He took a seat next to her, taking off his thick jacket and wrapping it around her. The fierce cold hit him immediately. He flinched in pain, but when he saw the vagabond stop shivering, when he saw her wrap the coat tighter around herself, appreciating its warmth, his own feelings became secondary. He even managed a smile.

"Well, lass, since we're here, we might as well get to know each other, don't you agree?"

She seemed to spend forever considering the question. "Yes...I suppose...you're right..."

He took her hands in his. They were frigid. While he talked, he

rubbed them together, gaining satisfaction as he felt heat rushing back into them.

"My name's Kevin, Kevin Doohan. I'm not sure if you recognize my accent, but I come from Ireland. Things haven't been going too well there lately, and about two years back I decided that I wasn't goin' to get anywhere in life if I was to stay there. You hear all these great stories about opportunity in America, and so I decided to come 'ere for college. Me family didn'tah like the situation at all, but I was determined to make something betterah meself, and so I left, without their blessing.

"I was so damned cocksure when I got 'ere, so confident that all I needed was an education to make it in this place. Well, I lost m' scholarship about a month ago, got kicked out ah the college, and ever since I haven't been able to find a job with anybody. So 'ere I am, unemployed and almost broke, but it's Christmas Eve, the 'oldest day ah the year, and 'opefully God is looking down on us tonight." He smiled again, so widely this time that a warm chill ran through him, and he could feel it translated in the woman's hands, which suddenly sprang to life, released from their numbness.

"So lass, what's your story?"

She only shrugged. Her bottom lip began to tremble, but this time it wasn't from the cold. There was a deeper tragedy affecting her than that.

"Come on, you can tell me. I've 'eard it all."

Her chin dropped down to her chest, and the hood now fell across her entire face.

"Please...I know you'll feel better if you just share your problems with a friend, hmm?" He took hold of the hood with both hands, and drew it back from her face.

Kevin gasped, in awe of the simple beauty of the woman before him. The damages that winter had wracked on her could not take away from her prettiness, of the smooth lines of her face or the power of the pale blue eyes that were now staring directly at him. Her purple lips still trembled, but in those eyes he saw the soul of a person who knew what life was all about and wasn't ready to give up on it just yet. A sudden breeze threw a few golden strands of hair in her face, but she was oblivious. Her stare remained locked with his.

"My God..." he whispered, and then was speechless.

A half-smile flickered across her face, tugging at a corner of her mouth. "What...what is it?" Her expression turned to concern, suddenly fearing that she had done something wrong.

Kevin was quick to recover. "No lass, don't worry, it's nothing, it's just that, well..." Lost for words again, he settled for putting the palm of his hand to her cheek, as if skeptical that she could really be that beautiful. Her skin was freezing, and she flinched back from his touch.

"It's okay...I'm just trying to warm you up." She was looking even more nervous now, but reluctantly let him place both hands along either side of her face.

"This never should 'ave happened to you, lass. You look so innocent, so pure. That anyone would let you fall into such a hopeless situation is just completely unfair." His voice began to rumble again.

She tried to speak, but at first the words wouldn't come out. She broke off her stare, her eyes dropping to her lap. Kevin was patient.

"Not completely...unfair..."

He shook his head defiantly. "What do you mean? It's Christmas Eve and you're 'ere without a roof over your 'ead or a family to take you in. You don't seem like the kind of lass that deserves to be thrown out in the cold. Wouldn't you call that unfair?"

"I...I do have shelter. And...I'm not...alone." Her eyes found his again, and this time she was able to smile. The transformation was amazing, and Kevin's ire was washed away in a flood of emotions,

**winter clothing,**

most of which he couldn't describe. Before he could even begin to, the woman put her head on his shoulder, snuggling up against him. Overwhelmed, he could do nothing more than put his arms around her, hold her close.

Nothing more, but it was enough.

"Glad you appreciate it, lass."

"Jenny."

"Jenny...I just hope we can find a way to stay warm for the rest of the night."

"Hmm." She was silent, just leaned against him.

Kevin had never felt better in all his life. Not for all the money or presents in the world would he have given up this one moment.

He closed his eyes, imagining a thousand ways things could be worse. He could feel the snowflakes falling on his eyelids, more like feathers than bits of ice. He began to hear music, wonderful music, growing louder, and although he at first thought it was only in his head, it soon rose to such a volume that he began to wonder...

He opened his eyes, and found that Jenny was already awake, staring in shock at something beyond his blurred vision. He blinked a few times, dazzled by the bright lights that were now surrounding him. He focused at last, and finally saw what Jenny saw, a gang of Christmas carolers, all donned in warm winter clothing, cheeks red with the brisk winter cold but their expressions merry. Their singing stopped as the choral director kneeled in front of Kevin and Jenny.

"Well, you two certainly don't look like you're enjoying this cold. You must be absolutely chilled to the bone!" He was a jolly-looking fat man, and his wispy white beard completed the resemblance that Kevin considered to be perfect irony.

"We have each other." Jenny whispered with a smile.

"What was that, my girl?" the man asked. The wind had picked up at just the right moment; Kevin had heard her, but no one else. He turned toward her, his face only an inch away from hers, and he returned her grin. This time it wasn't forced.

The rotund musician stared at them quizzically for a moment, then shrugged it off. "Come join us, friends. We have a nice warm fire waiting for us back at the church, and there's plenty of eggnog to go around. If you're in the mood you might even want to try singing a few carols with us."

"Eggnog." Kevin said. "How perfect."

As the two joined the carolers, Kevin took one last look at the starry sky, thanking whoever was up there, whoever had been listening. ♦

**donned  
in warm  
cheeks red with  
the brisk winter  
cold**

# PLIXIN

J.P. Wallace '95

PLIXIN & ALL RELATED CHARACTERS © 1995 JAMES BAINBRIDGE

DO JACK IS IT, WELL JACK COULD YOU TAKE ME HOME PLEASE?

I LIVE AT SEVEN THIRTY SEVEN CANDLE LIGHT LANE.

SURE, NO PROBLEM, CANDLE LIGHT LANE HERE WE COME.

HOW TO GO, I'M ABOUT TO NAME SHE CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH ME, I'LL TOWN ME, I'LL TOWN ME, I'LL TOWN ME, I'LL TOWN ME, I'LL TOWN ME.

SO, UM, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT MAN WANTED?

I HAVE NO IDEA, HE SAID HIS BOSS WANTED TO SEE ME.

HE SAID HIS NAME WAS DR. Z, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

DR. Z HMM, SOUNDS LIKE SOME CRAZY VILLAIN OUT OF A BAD SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE.

HA, IT DOES, DOESN'T IT KIND OF NUTTY, HUH.

UM, I'M SORRY I BLEW UP AT YOU I JUST HAVE NEVER BEEN ALMOST KIDNAPPED AND KILLED IN THE SAME NIGHT BEFORE IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU I'D BE RIDING WITH DR. Z. RIGHT NOW.

NO PROBLEM, I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING.

I CAN'T JUST LET HER WALK OUT OF MY LIFE AGAIN BUT I'M NOT EVEN SURE IF IT IS HER, LET IT GO.

WELL, HERE WE ARE.

THANKS AGAIN, HERE'S MY FATHER'S CARD HE WILL WANT YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM!

IF YOU DONT MIND.

SURE THING, I'LL CALL HIM.

IT IS HER, IT HAS TO BE. I'VE GOT TO SEE HER AGAIN.

RICHARD BENZ  
BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
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EPISODE 8

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VIRGY BOVES '95

THESE PUPPIES LOOK BIG ENOUGH...

UHHHHHHH

72.9

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## Tab Ads

- **Happy 21st Birthday Jilomina!!!**
- **Christopher Robin Hewitt- Call me!** Stac

- **Hey, IVCF!** Ever heard of TULIP? It's a Free Grace thing, you wouldn't understand. Your Blacksheepness.

- **Hey Rag Doll, Happy 2nd!** - Me
- **Hey Nic-** Lay off the bubbly this holiday season or you'll be headed to Betty Ford with me and Jill

- **Congratulations to all the new initiates of Gamma Sigma Alpha!** If you love children and would like to tutor, find out about Adopt-A-School! Happy Birthday Heather Marino!!!!

- **Happy Birthday Mo!!!** ZLAM #95
- **Hey Sara and Liz!** Let's have dinner soon. I miss the Great Trio! Let's not waste any more time. We only have two precious years left together! Love, Lynn

- **Mina-** So glad you're finally legal- Hope YOU get proofed!

- **To the bestest people on the planet-** Mina & Moreland- Thank you for always listening to me gripe about work and putting up with my most recent infatuation-maybe someday I'll find a real man.

- **To the person who takes up 3 spaces in D-Lot:** Learn how to drive!

- **BJo - where are ya?** We need to get together soon! Looking forward to see ya more often next quarter and a trip to D.C. Hang in there! Licky

- **To Alpha Sigma Theta sisters -** You are above ALL! Thanks for the good times and challenges you have given me. Kikia Proedros - Lynn

- **To ALL my sisters of Zeta Tau Alpha -** I love you! ZLAM - Chewie

- **To P.C. 15 -** Congrats on Initiation. I'm proud of you! ZLAM - Chewie

- **Ingrid, Congratulations!** You're a PKZ sister. Can't wait to see ya in December! We've been friends for 7 years and thanks for the great times!!

- **Kathy, I will miss you tons next quar-**

ter, you will always be my best friend no matter where you are. Zeta Love Patty

- **Zeta's PC 8...** I love you guys! ZLAM, Valerie

- **Congratulations to the NEW sisters of Zeta Tau Alpha, Iota Psi!** ZLAM #95

- **If you would love to tutor children,** find out about Adopt-A-School sponsored by the Order of Omega!

- **Congratulations to all the new initiates of Gamma Sigma Alpha!**

- **Licky - let's be stress free next quarter** and get together more often. Miss ya, Bicky

- **German - Happy 6 months anniversary,** we have had so many good times, Thanks. Your Swedish gal OXOX

- **Flem- You're the best.** Thanks for always being there. YLS

- **Mickey- You are the best big sis!** I love you. ZLAM, Sara

- **Nicole- You are the best big sister,** and I love you very much! ZLAM, Erin

- **Westy- You're the suckiest big brother** and you better start giving me better advice about men before I ask Santa to send you to Bosnia for the holidays! Drink, Drink, and Be Married- Your single forever little sister

- **To my little sister and P.C. 16,** You guys are doing great! I am very proud of you all! Zeta Love, Mo.

- **Cheer up Flem!** ZLAM, Your Extended Family

- **Merry Christmas Libby!**

- **Pink Flamingo- Go ride your wooden horse!**

- **Hey Brady!** Go ride your wooden horse! I love ya- P.F.

- **Slowik and Whoopass- You guys mean the world to me-** ZLAM, Mo

- **To Billy- I'm so glad that we're together.** It's been an incredible 9 months and I know it's only going to get better. I Love You! Amy

- **Hark! Dumbass can cook!** Thanks for dinner and reminding that I don't want kids til I'm old and hockey season is over! Dumbass

- **Bubbly: Roomie,** thanks for everything! You've been quite the listener! "...I just can't do it..." ZLAM, Chewie

- **To my grand big- You're the best ever.** Love your little little Lynn

- **Amy V- We have to do dinner.** I'll promise to make more time-YBS

- **Megan- Welcome to the family- Love your grand big!**

- **Becky, You are the best big sis anyone** could ask for. Love your little

- **Mo- I'm so proud of you!** Congrats on President- Love ya- YBS

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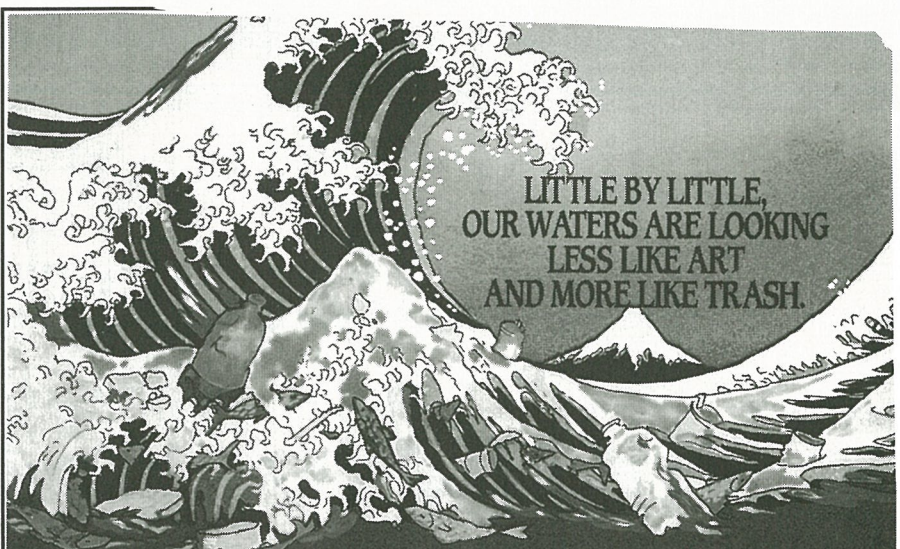
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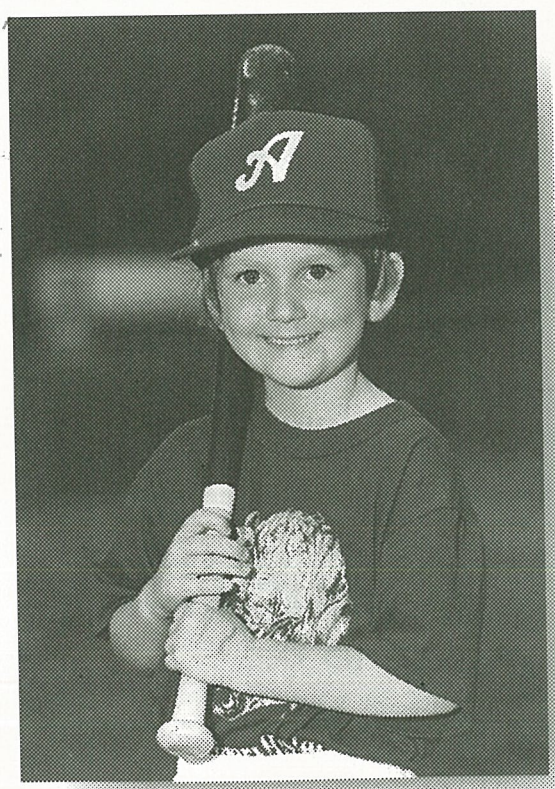
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## Schedule of Events:

### Friday, December 15

**TGIF in the RITz:** Zeta Cauliflower, The RITz, 5pm-7pm, \$1.00 Admission.

**Talisman Movies:** *Dangerous Minds*, Webb Auditorium, Bldg. 7, 7:00pm & 9:30pm, \$2.00.

**Men's Hockey:** vs. Mercyhurst, 7:30pm.

**The Nutcracker:** Ballet Theatre of Pennsylvania, SAU, Ingle Auditorium, 7:30pm, \$3 students, \$6 Faculty/Staff, \$10 Gen. Public at Door while they last.

### Saturday, December 16

**Bim Skala Bim Concert:** with opening by Regatta Sixty-Nine, SAU, Cafeteria, 8pm, \$3 with RIT ID, doors open at 7pm.

### Sunday, December 17

**Hillel House First Night of Channukah:** Syracuse Shopping Spree, \$5 for gas, Bus leaves 9am and returns 9pm.

**RIT Film/Video Dept. Screening Series:** *The Trial*, by Orson Welles, CIS Auditorium, bldg. 76, 2pm, Free.

### Monday, December 18

**Channukah Candle Lighting Ceremony:** SAU, Lobby, 5pm.

**Lunch N' Learning Series:** Increasing Motivation, Eastman, bldg. 1, rm. 2383, 12pm, feel free to bring your lunch.

### Tuesday, December 19

**Student Government Senate Meeting:** SAU, 1829 rm, 12:30-2pm, Come and voice your opinion about RIT.

**Acoustic/Guitar Performance:** Lisa Bigwood, The Commons, 5pm-7pm.

**Hillel House Pot Luck Dinner:** Hillel House, 6pm-9pm, bring a dish to pass.

**Adopt-A-School Information Session:** by Order of Omega, SAU, Clark Meeting Rm. B, 7pm, All are welcome.

### Wednesday, December 20

**RIT Time Stompers:** Dixie Band, The Commons, 7pm-8:30pm, Free.

### Thursday, December 21

**Lunch N' Learning Series:** Techniques for Better Concentration, Bldg. 1, Rm. 2383, 12pm, feel free to bring your lunch.

**Thursday in the RITz:** Open Mic Night, The RITz, 6pm-8:30pm, Free.

**Hillel House Board Meeting:** Hillel House, 7pm.

**Hillel House Channukah Party:** Hillel House, 8pm, bring a grab bag gift to pass.

**Java and Jazz Night:** RIT Jazz Band, The Claw, 8pm.

### Saturday, December 23

Last Day of Classes before Break

### Wednesday, January 3

Classes Resume

### Up-Coming Events:

**Talisman Movie:** Copy Cat, January 5 & 6.

**Harlem Wizards:** vs. RIT, January 6.

**Talisman Movie:** Show Girls, January 12 & 13.

**Trent Arterberry:** Mime, January 19.

**College Bowl:** January 20.

### Student/Faculty/Staff Sign-ups for:

**Harlem Wizards:** 10am-2pm, in CAB, A402 SAU, until Dec. 22, 1995. See Barbara Asam or call ext. 5739. (Room for only 32 players).

**College Bowl:** 10am-2pm, in CAB, A402 SAU, beginning Dec. 11, 1995. (there is room for 16 teams with teams of four people each, w/ one alternate), see Barbara Asam or call her at ext. 5739.

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.



# "TOUCHDOWN!"



359-3330  
 349-3333(TTY)  
 2087 E. Henrietta Rd.  
 Mon-Thurs 4pm-1am  
 Friday 4pm-2am  
 Saturday 11pm-2am  
 Sunday 12pm-1am



FREE DELIVERY

**STARVING STUDENT**

<p><b>MEDIUM</b></p> <p>1 TOPPING PIZZA &amp; AN 8 PC ORDER OF TWISTY BREAD</p> <p><b>\$ 5.99</b></p>	<p><b>LARGE</b></p> <p>1 TOPPING PIZZA &amp; AN 8 PC ORDER OF TWISTY BREAD</p> <p><b>\$ 8.99</b></p>
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ADDITIONAL TOPPINGS EXTRA  
**VALID 8PM TO CLOSE ONLY!**  
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 Must present coupon at time of order.  
 Drivers carry less than \$20.00  
**EXPIRES: 12/24/95**

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**2 MEDIUM CHEESE PIZZAS**

**2 MEDIUM PIZZAS WITH CHEESE FOR ONLY \$ 8.99**

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 Drivers carry less than \$20.00  
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**WILD WEEKEND**

**1 LARGE PIZZA WITH 1 TOPPING FOR ONLY \$ 6.99**

ADD 10 WINGS \$3.99

ADDITIONAL TOPPINGS EXTRA  
**FRIDAY, SATURDAY & SUNDAY ONLY!**  
 Not valid with any other offer.  
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