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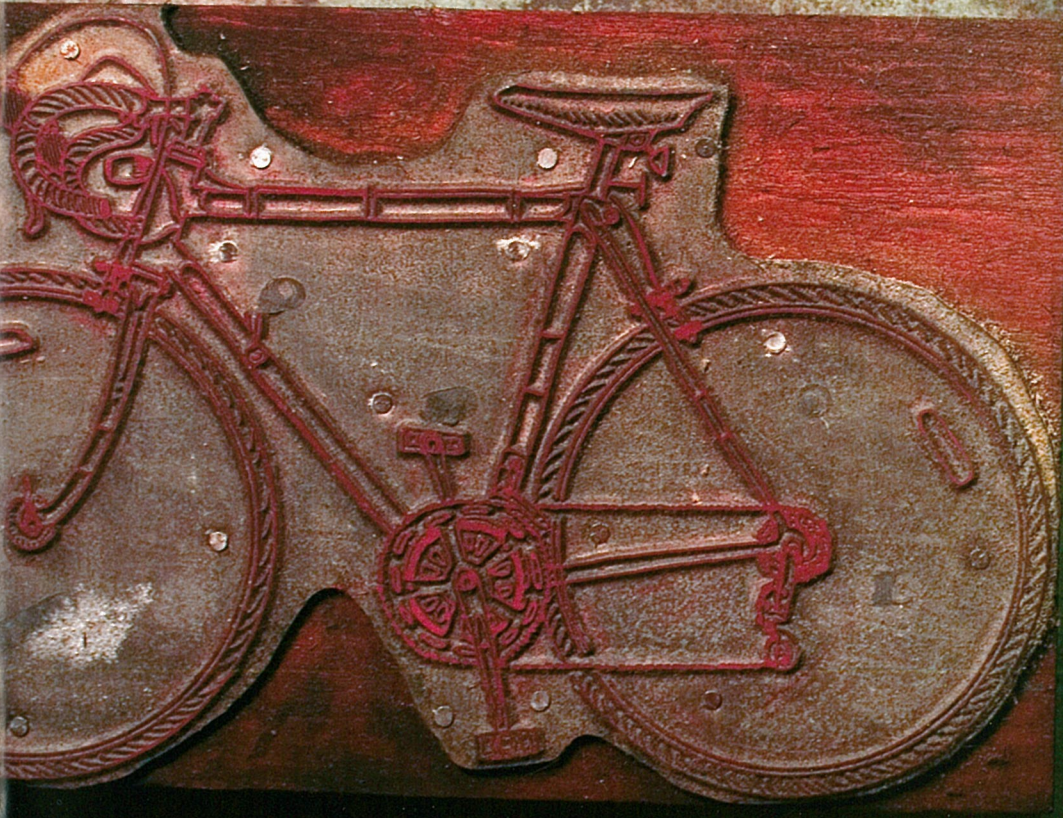
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and the Rod Blumenau Trio

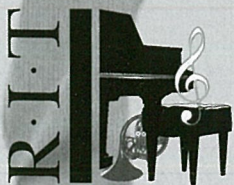
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Editorial

R. Smutt

Bathroom graffiti amuses me.

No matter how vitriolic or puerile the comments on a stall wall happen to be, they're never taken seriously. They're just little anti-monuments for whenever you attain too much faith in the human condition. Just when you believe that the GLBT community is gaining a foothold against an ignorant world, or that racism is a thing of the past (or that college students can spell) a grammatically incorrect racial slur just materializes on the wall.

What amuses me, though, is the amount of conviction it takes to get some of the hateful messages up there. I'm baffled every time I find something written near the top of a stall wall or near the door, where no hand can reach while paying service to the toilet. Holes dug into metal walls. Swears carved into concrete. Just how far are these defecators willing to go to broadcast their anti-sentiments? Are people really this angry, or just woefully constipated? (I've always contended that Gracie's should offer a greater selection of roughage.)

Anonymous public forums are like that, unfortunately. Shove a microphone in peoples' faces and they'll start talking like an SAT, but give them anonymity and you can't tell whether they're talking into the phone or flushing it down a toilet. Yes, that's right, I'm talking about RIT Rings: *Reporter's* bathroom wall.

I've only partaken in bathroom graffiti once. When a urinal went missing in a lonely public restroom, I couldn't help but scrawl "R. Mutt was here" on the wall where it was once attached. It may have lost its effect today, but when Marcel Duchamp signed a urinal "R. Mutt" in 1917 and submitted it to a gallery, it became one of the most significant pieces of modern art. I'd like to think that an art major got a little snicker out of my innocuous scribble before it was covered by the replacement urinal.

In 1917 accepting a urinal as art was a pretty crazy thing. Was it art? To this day, some people say "no." Putting a urinal on a pedestal isn't art. Thinking about putting a urinal on a pedestal is, though. What if Duchamp painted the urinal? What if he painted *on* the urinal? What if he cuts out the middleman and just brings you the urinal? Maybe Duchamp liberated the urinal from the drivel of the bathroom walls and gave it a better life than one amidst the callous remarks of the constipated.

By all means, call RIT Rings and give me feedback, positive or negative, but stop bringing me the same banal complaints. Write them on a stall wall and take it up with Facilities Management, instead.

I proudly keep a list of the nasty things I have personally been called on RIT Rings. I'd share, but they're not printable. Just like bathroom graffiti, they have an infantile predictability that amuses me. Every caller has the constitutionally given right to make him or herself look ignorant. The First Amendment is a beautiful thing, but so is the first line of the Miranda rights.

Do what R. Mutt did: tell me something I haven't heard before.

585.475.5633

Casey Dehlinger

Editor in Chief

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Tony Zanni, fourth year Graphic Design major, sets type for printing section titles for this week's *Reporter*. Zanni collects old presses and type and prefers working with ink, rollers, and paper rather than computers. The *Reporter* art staff greatly appreciates all his help. Cover and TOC by Dave Londres/REPORTER Magazine



RIT RINGS?

by Joe McLaughlin | photograph by Chris Felber

Maybe you've seen class ring brochures at Campus Connections, much like your standard high-school design. Or maybe you haven't, since RIT is not involved. Well, that is starting to change.

James Macchiano, former Student Government President, thought of the idea for a customized RIT ring when he met a representative from a ring company. "Basically, the ring that I could buy could very well be the same kind of ring someone from U of R or Geneseo could buy," Macchiano said. "The stone and style could all be the same, and then I would have a ring that means nothing."

After Macchiano was elected SG President for the 2005/2006 school year, he contacted the School of American Arts and Crafts to see if a student would be interested in designing the ring. Stephanie Smith, a 2006 graduate, designed the final model. The ring will be "clean, contemporary, and unique to RIT," Macchiano explained, as well as "simple and much smaller than the traditionally bulky class rings."

It will have an orange stone with a choice of yellow or white gold. "We wanted a ring that students who became alumni would be proud to wear for years to come," Macchiano commented, "I think the designs have accomplished this."

Some students are enthusiastic about the idea. Soham Ghosh, a third year Industrial Engineering student, said, "RIT doesn't have much tradition, and I think it would be nice." Jon Klein, also a third year Industrial Engineering major, said, "The point of a class ring is to have a connection. If it's a unified ring, it connects you to your year and also to the school."

The rings will be manufactured by Arttech Casting, owned by RIT alum Geoffrey Pile. The men's ring will cost \$350 dollars while the women's version will cost \$280. SG hopes to take ring orders by Brick City Weekend. Macchiano explained, "after a few months of ordering there will be a ring ceremony where everyone who bought a ring will receive it in a big ceremony led by [President] Simone." •

the BeyondBricks

compiled by Casey Dehlinger

Believe it or not, strange things happen off campus. Sometimes things happen really really far from campus and are actually pretty strange. But, then again, sometimes writers lie. Can you spot the fake story this week... before it's too late and our journalistic flaws go too far?

Pig in a Blanket

(AP)—In Wisconsin, a pig wandered onto a major road. When authorities couldn't bring the pig under control with a stun gun, a local man who "described himself as a former pig farmer" decided that he could wrestle the 150-pound piggy. When this plan went awry, the pig was finally downed with three tranquilizer darts before being put in a blanket and transported to a local shelter.

Kinky Kindergartener

(AP)—A six-year-old from South Carolina handcuffed himself to a stuffed reindeer. Local police attempted to use their handcuff keys, but failed. Bolt cutters were considered, but would have harmed the child. The Fire Department considered even larger bolt cutters, but they, too, would have harmed the child. Authorities then attempted the soapy water technique (a nice tip for convicts). Finally, an engineer picked the handcuffs with a hairpin. I'd like to start the rumor that this engineer was actually MacGyver in disguise.

A Joke Bombs at Poker Night

(Reuters)—An Arizona man was admitted to a hospital on September 15 after biting into a WWII grenade. At a poker game at a friend's home the man placed a grenade in his mouth as a joke, but when his friend's dog jumped against the chair, the man bit down, puncturing the weakened shell of the old grenade, breaking three teeth. Unable to remove the grenade from his mouth, three of the poker players shoved him through a sliding glass door before taking cover. One explained, "We didn't know what was going on. I mean, he could've exploded. We thought he was a goner." Only the owner of the home (and grenade) was aware that the grenade had been dismantled and posed no threat. The "victim" was treated for minor cuts.

The World Does Not End, Laments Cult

(Reuters)—Kenyan members of the House of Yahweh entered underground bunkers in preparation for the end of the world, predicted to come about due to a spontaneous nuclear war. When the world didn't end, the cult mumbled something about different time zones. When the world still didn't end, they pretty much stayed quiet. When local authorities inspected the underground shelters they became concerned about their structural integrity. The cult was actually based out of Abilene, Texas, but American members of the House of Yahweh had immunity from the September 12, 2006 apocalypse. •

RITFORECAST

compiled by Jen Loomis

Friday
22
SEPT

Greek Weekend 2006: All Star Softball Game

8:15a.m. – 11:45 a.m. Turf Field. Come watch the Greeks play ball. Free.

College Night At Clover Lanes

9 p.m. – 12 a.m. Clover Lanes (that's in Pittsford!). Got a little spare time? Then this event may be up your alley. \$12 gets you all the gutter balls you can throw.

CAB presents: Hip Hop Artist jwiz

10 p.m. – Midnight. Ritz Sports Zone. Listen to some music, buy some wings, and ask the dude why his name is lower-cased. \$1 at the door.

Saturday
23
SEPT

Mud Tug

10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Field behind Gracie's. You. Nine of your closest friends. Playing tug of war for breast cancer research. I shouldn't need to talk this up at all. Just go. \$50 gets your team registered.

Student Government's Dance For Your Rent 2006

8 p.m. – 3 a.m. Hit up the dance floor in Clark Gym for a chance to win a whole quarter's rent! Bonus points if you shake it like a Polaroid picture. Cost: zero (except, perhaps, your pride).

Sunday
24
SEPT

Today is National Punctuation Day. Celebrate by circling all of the editing errors in this week's *Reporter*.

Also, in ancient Latvia, today was the *only* day that men could propose to their prospective wives. All of the swank romantic restaurants must've been packed.

Monday
25
SEPT

Tent Out For Alzheimer's

All freakin' day. Donate some dough to a good cause.

Muncha Buncha Wings Contest

9 p.m. – 11 p.m. Ritz Sports Zone. Eat wings. A buncha wings, to be exact. Cost: the life of one chicken for every four wings you eat. Personally, I can live with that, 'cause, dude: free wings!

Tuesday
26
SEPT

Syd Mead Presentation

7 p.m. – 9 p.m. Webb Auditorium. Futurist and designer Syd Mead gives a lecture and signs some books. Free.

Wednesday
27
SEPT

Banned Books Week

To celebrate, grab a copy of *The Catcher In The Rye* and start reading it out loud on the Quarter Mile.

Thursday
28
SEPT

PDN'S 2006

6:30 p.m. – 8 p.m. Webb Auditorium. Seminar on transitions for the young working photographer. Panel members are all from Photo District News's Top 30 Photographers in 2006. So amazingly free.

CAB Thursday Night Cinema Series presents: V for Vendetta

10 p.m. – 12:30 a.m. See Natalie Portman's head get shaved. Well, that, and one of the best action-thriller movies ever. Cost? Two hours well spent.



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REPORTER

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WEEKLY MEETINGS:

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SEPT. 26

Fall Career Fair

Gordon Field House

10:00 am to 4:00 pm

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that reinvents
technology solutions
for a world leader in
financial solutions.

SEPT. 27

TLP Info Session

Building 7

6:30 to 8:00 pm

Majors:

CIT, CS, MIS,

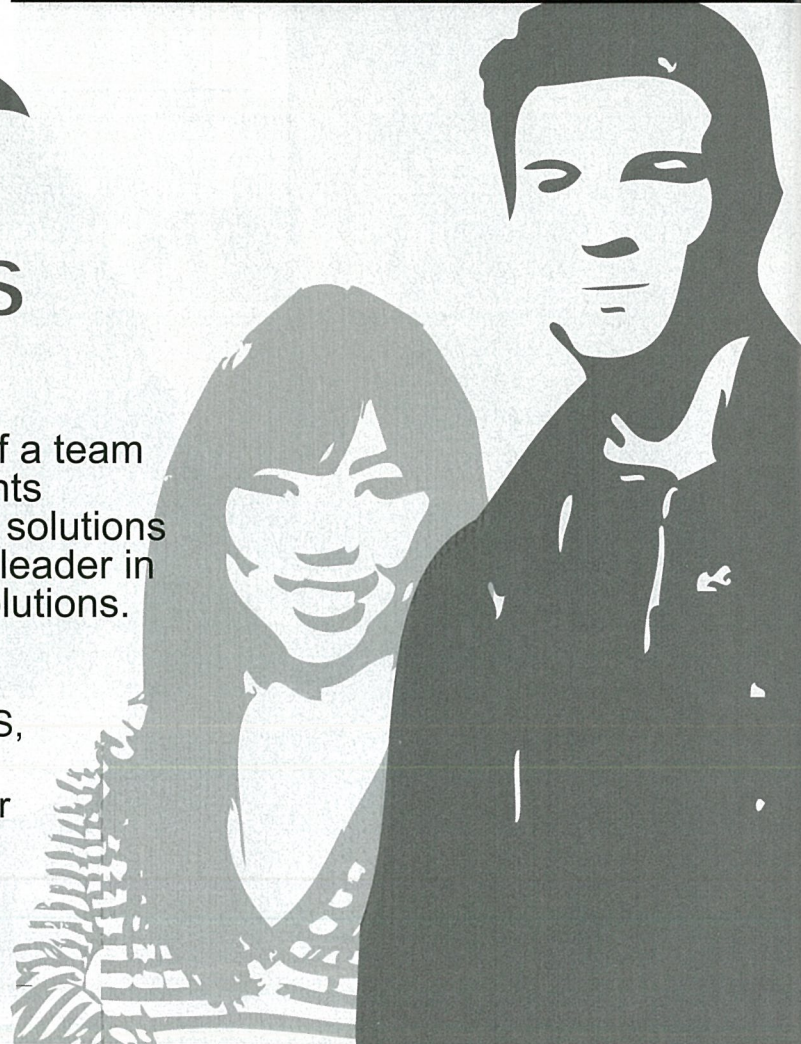
IM, CE

Plus all other

IT related

majors are

welcome.



Technology Leadership Program



“Hwark Throt:” A Brief History of Flashlight Tag

by Aidan Blake

Michael DiRienzo, a freshman Computer Science major (right), along with fellow students set up for a game of flashlight tag outside of Nathaniel Rochester Hall the night of Wednesday, September 13. Jasmina Meyer/REPORTER Magazine

In 600 BC, in the small province of Livadia, a game was invented by the Greeks to while away the dull, primitive hours between killing philosophers, watching really good plays, and thinking a lot. The game (originally known as “Hwark Throt”) was created by athletic Greeks who wanted to elongate sporting hours well into the night.

After sunset, the young Greeks would run around in dark fields in groups of two. The first held an unlit torch. The second carried tools used to both light and extinguish the torch. This usually consisted of a large metal bucket (the “hchkah”), used to quickly deprive the flame of oxygen, and small flint and tinder, to rekindle the torch in a timely manner.

The object of the game was to “illuminate your foe in the light of the gods” (“kresh” in Greek). The players would run nimbly through the field until encountering an opposing team’s player. Upon meeting, the two teams would immediately begin to ignite their torches. The players who were illuminated first were stabbed through the throat with an offering knife (a “Bayonet”), the blood spilled on the ground as an offering to Fiesty Steve, the Greek God of Hwark Throt.

The game migrated as it became outrageously popular. It eventually made its way to Western Europe, where it thrived during the Medieval Ages. The rules were updated at this time, due to advances in technology. A candle, a snuffer, flint and tinder were used. Team sizes were cut down to one person instead of two, with the option of having multiple people per team. Bloodletting was still permitted, with the reason changing from “appease the gods” to “sore losers.”

This past Orientation Week, an energetic group of freshmen decided to recreate the game of Hwark Throt, under the de facto name of “Flashlight Tag.” Meeting random nights from 11p.m. to midnight on the dorm side, the game has continued, creating a unique experience, bonding activity, and hilarious fun for anyone involved. In front of Nathaniel Rochester Hall, the group meets to form teams and discuss rules, combined with brief introductions marked by yells of “I know you!” On the night of September 13, Caroline Martin, a first year Professional & Technical Communication major, and the sport’s organizer, explained the No-Man’s areas and the glowstick shirts in a game of Capture-the-Flag, after arriving dramatically in a swing dance dress.

Organization was much driven by duct tape, which was helpful for creating cleavage. Ultimately, it was used to secure the flashlights to the players and separate teams. Once the players were off, strategy was apparent, as demonstrated by the Verticals (named for the alignment of their identifying strip of duct tape.) Decoy tactics were employed to throw the Horizontals off the trail of the real flag.

Flashlight tag plans to continue into the year as long as it’s nice enough to play outside. More information on the game can be found on their Facebook group. This latest development proves that, contrary to popular belief, freshmen do indeed get out of their dorms, and they do it with flashlights. •

A Cyberathlete Gets His Due

By Laura Mandanas

Photography by Ralph Smith

With our overwhelmingly geeky student body, our technology-driven curriculum, and our campus network served by two OC3 connections and one T3 connection (meaning really, really fast internet), it's only natural that a gaming culture should thrive here at the Rochester Institute of Technology. In fact, according to the Global Gaming League, RIT's campus ranks third in the country for gaming. It is fitting, then, that one of the best gamers in the country attends RIT. This July, Micah Ernst, a fifth year IT student, was the winner of \$100,000 for first place in a Half-Life 2: Death Match competition, sponsored by Verizon.

For the first seventeen days of the competition, gamers went head-to-head in a period of open match play to earn points. The top 64 players were put into an elimination bracket, and the remaining eight players were flown to LA to play in the finals.

Although Ernst had entered (and won) many local LAN tournaments, they were usually for computer hardware, not cash prizes. With \$100,000 at stake, Ernst took things very seriously right from the beginning. During the first phase of play, he would sometimes come home from work and play for three hours straight.

Reporter Magazine: Did you play Half-Life 2 a lot before this?

Micah Ernst: Well, this game I hadn't played a lot before the tournament was announced. I played a little bit before, but not really seriously. Once I heard about it, I kind of just went to some public servers and played around and got a feel for the game. And then once the actual tournament started, I found some better players to practice my skills.

RM: Do you think you'll find a way to combine your gaming with your other work?

ME: That's kind of unlikely, I'd say. I'm kind of of the opinion that there's only so long you can play videogames. I've played for a while, but I'm going to have to give it up at some point.

RM: What do you think would make you give it up?

ME: Getting older. I mean, just finding the time to do it [will be more difficult]. Things like your work starts setting in, so you're at a disadvantage to these kids that are like 15, 16...They just play all the time, and they have quick reflexes.

RM: I've heard that a lot of the really good players are also into sports a lot because they have the fast reflexes that transfer well into gaming.

ME: Yeah. I played soccer in high school...It seems like most of the guys I play are at least somewhat athletic or active. It's not always the stereotype of this fat, hairy guy.

RM: How was your competition at the final? Were there a lot of stereotypical gamers?

ME: No, actually it's funny. We were all waiting...and the guy that came to pick us up with the shuttle was like, "Oh, I was expecting a bunch of fat dudes with huge mouse pads. That's what they told us you'd be." But everyone there was pretty normal, actually, and we all got along, so it was cool.

RM: Have you considered becoming a professional gamer?

ME: I've considered it. I'm kind of in the process of signing a deal with someone, so I'll be sponsored by their organization...it's not a done deal yet, so I don't want to say [who it is].

RM: Do you have any advice for the gamers here at RIT?

ME: Well, if you're going after something like this you have to be very serious about it. If you're going to half-ass it you might as well not even try. You've got to be dedicated...Unless you're serious about it, it's probably a waste of your time. •

To read about Ernst's strategy to win (and how he is spending his winnings), check out the full interview at <http://www.reportermag.com>.

Other Links

Global Gaming League Article

<http://www.ggl.com/news.php?NewsId=3931>

Tournament Rules

<http://www.fiosgrand.com/>

Official Half-Life 2 Website

<http://half-life2.com/>



**“It’s not always the
stereotype of this fat,
hairy guy.”**



Dial 687.3370 for **MURDER!**

By Erhardt Graeff

Illustration by Erin Wengrovius

Tony Wendice is sick of playing the good husband. He quit his tennis career to dote on his wife, Margot, who seems to have an "interesting" relationship with an American mystery writer Max Halliday. The only thing that seems to keep Tony interested in their marriage is her inheritance money—now if he could just lose the woman and keep the money. If he could just, you know...

dial "M!" for murder.

Geva Theatre's performance of the Frederick Knott play *Dial M for Murder* is an entertaining romp in the hay with a cast of American actors playing British blowhards. Technically a suspense thriller, the production weaves together suspense and wit to create a very engaging experience for the audience in Geva's intimate theatre downtown.

To begin with, the set and lighting design for the production are impeccable. Because *Dial M for Murder* is completely staged in the Wendice's ground floor apartment, a lot of time and attention to detail was obviously put into the construction. One particularly keen feature is a second story translucent edifice above the Wendice living room, which affords full visual representations of the oh so integral telephone conversations.

The phone-lovin' Tony Wendice's (Ted Deasy) performance comes off with a bit of forced subtlety as he masks the frantic plot to kill his wife. Opposite him is Margot Wendice (Rachel Fowler), who, being very much the target of death as well as the odd counterpart to both Tony and Max Halliday (Bill Doyle), fills the stage with her frantic nervousness. Juxtaposed against his British stage buddies, the stage direction for Max makes for a "very American" American boasting a caricatural sideways grin and unreserved energy on the spot.

The strongest performance of the cast is definitely that of Inspector Hubbard (Paul Hebron), whose dead-on Scotland Yard accent was the perfect cap to his adept mix of clever and innocent physicality. The wit of

Hubbard and Knott's use of the ironic murder mystery writer Max as central player in his murder mystery combines to deliver a smart thriller that doesn't feel like sleazy film noir. Although, a play sharing theatrical honors with a Hitchcock film wouldn't be complete without a little Hitchcockian music crescendoed playfully through the scene breaks.

Is it worth the ticket price to see this play? Yeah, actually. The entertainment is worth at least a student rush seat at Geva Theatre (see information below). With a beautiful set, very well-choreographed stage violence, and delightful performances from the actors and actress, I definitely recommend *Dial M for Murder*. To me the sign of a worthy production is when I can feel my eyes narrow and a sinister grin flash across my face when the scheming husband turns to his wife and says, emphatically, "Goodbye, darling."

What: *Dial M for Murder*, play by Frederick Knott about a former tennis pro's plot to murder his well-to-do wife.

Where: Geva Theatre Center, 75 Woodbury Blvd., Rochester, NY

When: Showing most nights of the week until October 1. Check the website for exact dates and times. There is even a sign-interpreted performance at 8 pm on September 28.

How much: The cheap seats are \$14.50–17.50 and there is a student rush offer, too—seats that don't sell out 15 minutes before curtain are just eight bucks. Check the website for the crazy expensive ticket prices (a \$5.00 student discount applies to those).

Website: www.gevatheatre.org

Phone: 585.232.4382 •

AT YOUR LEISURE THINGS, STUFF, AND PEOPLE, TOO...

STREAM OF FACTS SEPTEMBER 22

September 22, 1692 – The last round of **people are hanged** for witchcraft. Good job, Colonial Puritans; you must've gotten 'em all.

Grammatical truth: **people are hanged**, pictures are hung. Please, get this rule **right** from now on.

Being **right**-handed does not always mean that the favored **foot** is also on the right side. For instance, when playing soccer, many right-handed people prefer using their left foot.

Your standard **foot** long **hot dog** is, in fact, a foot long. If it's cheap, it's likely to be made of pork and probably contains snouts, ears and blended organ meat. Yum!

From March 16 – August 18, 2002, the American Museum of Natural History displayed an exhibit that explored the connection between **hot dogs** and baseball. And yes, the exhibit was **edible**. Yum!

Edible underwear is usually made of **gelatin** (you know, like a fruit snack).

Gelatin is a very versatile ingredient and is used to make wildly different products such as **gummy** bears, sour cream, and corned beef.

Opium, that nefarious narcotic, is a very **gummy** substance, a property which (theoretically) would allow the user to craft makeshift **pieces** of tape from it.

Unicode (a universal encoding scheme for computer characters) has values defined for chess **pieces**. For example, the code for a black **queen** is U+2659.

September 22, 1515 – Anne of Cleaves, Henry VIII's fourth **queen** consort, is born. Their marriage did not last long; it was annulled because Henry found Anne so unattractive that he could not consummate the marriage. The feeling was purportedly mutual.

QUOTE

"Music is your own experience, your own thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out of your horn. They teach you there's a boundary line to music. But, man, there's no boundary line to art."

Charlie Parker

HAIKU

by **Brian Garrison**

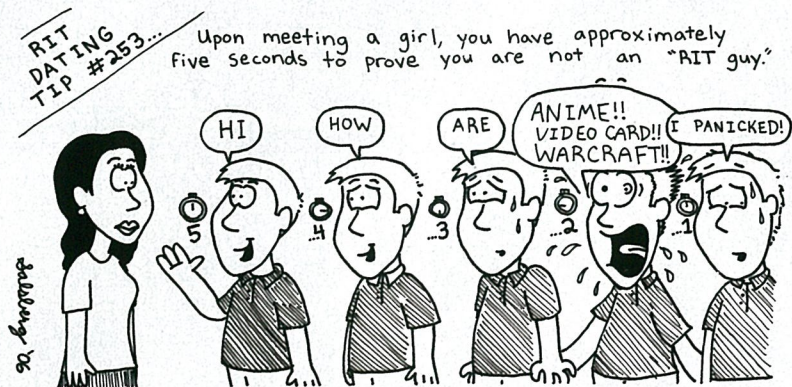
Fortune cookie says:
Today was not a good day
To pick the stir fry

REPORTER

RECOMMENDS

Building miniature versions of The Sentinel out of magnets. Honestly, folks: this is a whole freakin' lot of fun. I'd recommend picking up one of those mini-magnet sets that come with a black oval stand, as they provide a pretty solid medium for this art-project-gone-mad. Other suggested building materials include Legos, Kinex, or some combination of chewing gum and safety pins. Oh, and send a picture of your work to reporter@rit.edu. We'd love to see it. Maybe we'll give you a prize.

CARTOON | by Alex Salsberg



SUDOKU

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8	9			1				
	5	7		2	9			

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

JUMBLE

Natural Disasters

kateeuqrah
eacieg (two words)
tnpoohy
rdazbilz
avlacahne
irnrueach
musldedi
oilprloh
loconva
ainmsut
fiwedilr
urdothg
ilitnimpecuro (two words)


earthquake, ice age, typhoon,izzard, avalanche, hurricane, mudslide, whirlpool, volcano, tsunami, wildfire, drought, lightning eruption



The Cary Graphics Arts Press:

High-tech, hand-crafted printing

by Ben Foster
Photography by Chris Felber



Harvard, Princeton, University of California, University of Chicago, Cambridge. These are just a few of the schools that house their own university presses, which earn the schools much prestige. Historically speaking, however, the costs associated with establishing and maintaining a credible publishing house inside a university has kept a school like RIT out of the publishing game. Despite these difficulties, a small publishing entity has found a niche on the RIT campus. Thanks to careful management, consistent quality, and some very nonstandard printing techniques, RIT's press is flourishing. Begun in 1991 out of a back room in the Cary Collection, a publishing arm for RIT known as the Cary Graphic Arts Press was born. Today it has outgrown its timid beginnings and is expanding out into Wallace library. And as it expands, it is also returning to its roots.

The Past

The significant problem for a university press has always been a low demand for the average text. Although *The Art of the Type Specimen in the Twentieth Century* (Cary Press, 1993) may seem like a ripping-good read, it's understandable how some people might not rush out to snap this book up. Normally, authors and publishers of scholarly or special interest texts (books only a few dozen people possibly want) are forced to compromise. The problem is simple: producing a high quality book in a cost-effective way tends to mean offset printing. Offset printing in turn is only practical for a large numbers of books. So an author either goes for broke and chooses to produce a lot of high quality books—which he or she may or may not be able to sell—or uses an alternative and cheaper solution.

Digital printing, one such cheaper solution, allows for cost-effective, small runs but generally means a great drop-off in print quality. This problem is amplified when your book is about graphic art, since there's an expectation of high print quality in a book about print or design. Since the digital press has come a long way in recent years, David Pankow, curator of the Cary collection, saw digital printing as a way to provide authors a high quality alternative to offset printing. The Cary Collection already houses an impressive collection of printing history; it seemed to Pankow that they ought to be creating the next generation of printing history as well.

The Cary Press's openness to all modern printing options plus a strong printing tradition had already allowed it to produce a number of very unique publications. But questions continued to linger about whether or not digital printing practices could produce a book at the very highest standard of print quality.

The Present

As Pankow put it, "the Cary Press today focuses on three things: the highest standard of editorial quality, a high level of production and design quality, and, finally, the RIT brand name." In addition to these goals, there is also a strong tradition of focusing on books about the graphic arts because of the press's origin in a graphic archive. As the Press's success has grown, so has the demand for publications both in and outside the graphic arts genre. And the press has taken on more and more publications—many of which have little to do with graphic arts.

Recently, the Cary Press has had the opportunity to return to its roots and produce a publication of importance to the graphic arts. The recent RIT gallery opening "The American Image: US Posters From the 19th to 20th Century" required a catalog art book. The project was a unique challenge for the Cary Press, highlighting the best of RIT collaboration.

When Mark Resnick, collector and Executive Vice President of Business Affairs for Twentieth Century Fox, and Rodger Remington, RIT Vignelli Distinguished Professor of Design, brought this landmark exhibit to campus, they faced a problem. Insufficient funds meant that the traditionally high quality publication accompanying such a gallery opening wasn't an option. This was, and has forever been, the classic printing problem; they needed a high quality, low cost solution for a small number of books. For a gallery catalog, there's more to it than just high quality—there's the need to accurately reproduce the exhibit's colors. Digital presses commonly have poor color accuracy and even worse color consistency. Normally, no one would seriously consider a digital printing of such a book. Pankow, however, thought that digital printing presses had come far enough, and since Resnick and Remington were not in a position to be picky, the three of them settled on producing the catalogue in a purely digital process.

For most Cary Press projects, the Press contracts the actual printing out to private firms. As Pankow explained, "This competitive process allows for cheaper printing and doesn't establish RIT's printers as a competitor for Rochester area printers. This makes sense since a lot of our printing equipment is donated and a lot of our graduates are looking for work at the kind of places we print with." But this time around, it was decided that RIT's own Print Application Lab (PAL) would collaborate with Cary Press.

The project was just as much research as it was actual printing, so, in this case, the greater control available on campus just made sense.

The gallery book was to be printed on PAL's (on loan from HP) Indigo 5000 Presses—state-of-the-art fully digital presses well known for their high quality printing capabilities. More specifically, the Indigo is known for excellent color accuracy and reproduction. The project became even more collaborative when Nitin Sampat, an RIT photo-tech professor, displayed an interest in managing the difficult task of digitally photographing and color managing the project. As Pankow said, Sampat was perfect because he wanted to "treat the posters as works of art." Sampat also incorporated his own students into the project and made this not just a research project, but also an educational experience.

The process was painstaking. Each poster was carefully stored in the Cary Collection and moved one by one over to the basement of Building 7, where they were photographed at incredibly high resolutions under exacting lighting conditions. After this process was completed, sophisticated color correction software was used to even out any inaccuracies in the lighting and color. Finally, another of RIT's own, Graphic Design professor Bruce Meader, designed the publication. It was time for printing. A local printing supply firm known for its high quality paper, Mohawk Papers, donated a special new paper designed for use on the Indigo 5000. HP also chipped in by donating all the other consumables needed to complete this project.

In the end, the entire book was digitally printed except for its cover, which was printed on paper too thick for the digital presses to handle. RIT faculty, staff, and students on campus produced the catalog on their own. Only the binding process was handled off-campus, by an outside firm. The depth of collaboration between RIT, its faculty, and industry partners produced an amazingly high quality publication. But, more importantly, they proved that digital technology has reached a level of sophistication that makes it a viable alternative to offset printing for nearly all applications.

The Future

The biggest fear is that the Cary Press will not be able to keep up with demand. While its operators want to remain committed to the graphics arts, at the same time, they want to expand the number and variety of publications produced. The Press's staff has decided that the best way to achieve this goal is to split the press in half. Beginning this year, the Cary Press will create a second publishing body known simply as the RIT University Press. The hope is that Cary Press will continue to produce high quality artistic books centered on the graphic arts while the RIT University Press will be able to publish books on a wider range of subjects. The new RIT Press's first publication, for example, will be the new edition of Dane Gordan's *History of RIT*.

The problem, however, is that there is simply no way for all of this activity to fit into the small space currently allotted for the Cary Collection and Cary Press. The remedy is already in the works, with plans to remodel the second floor of the library to provide both office space for the newly expanded publishing entities and to create a second gallery on campus.

The new gallery will be devoted to the Cary Collection's impressive collection of historic books and posters as well as a display for brand new publications.

In and of itself, the new gallery will be a unique piece of art. Plans call for a spiral of glass panels decorated with a sandblasted design by the legendary type designer Hermann Zapf (the man responsible for such fonts as Optima and Palatino). This glass wall will separate the gallery viewer from the outside world, but it will also give passers-by a glimpse of what's inside. This remodel should seriously increase the Cary Press, and Cary archives presence on campus. It's beneficial for students, too, since the Cary Collection is unique in that it allows undergraduate students to actually experience its artifacts. Most collections of this scale are certainly not as easily seen. The entire project was slated for completion by mid-October, although it now looks like RIT students might have to wait a little longer before they can enjoy RIT's second artistic gallery. •

What is the Cary Collection?

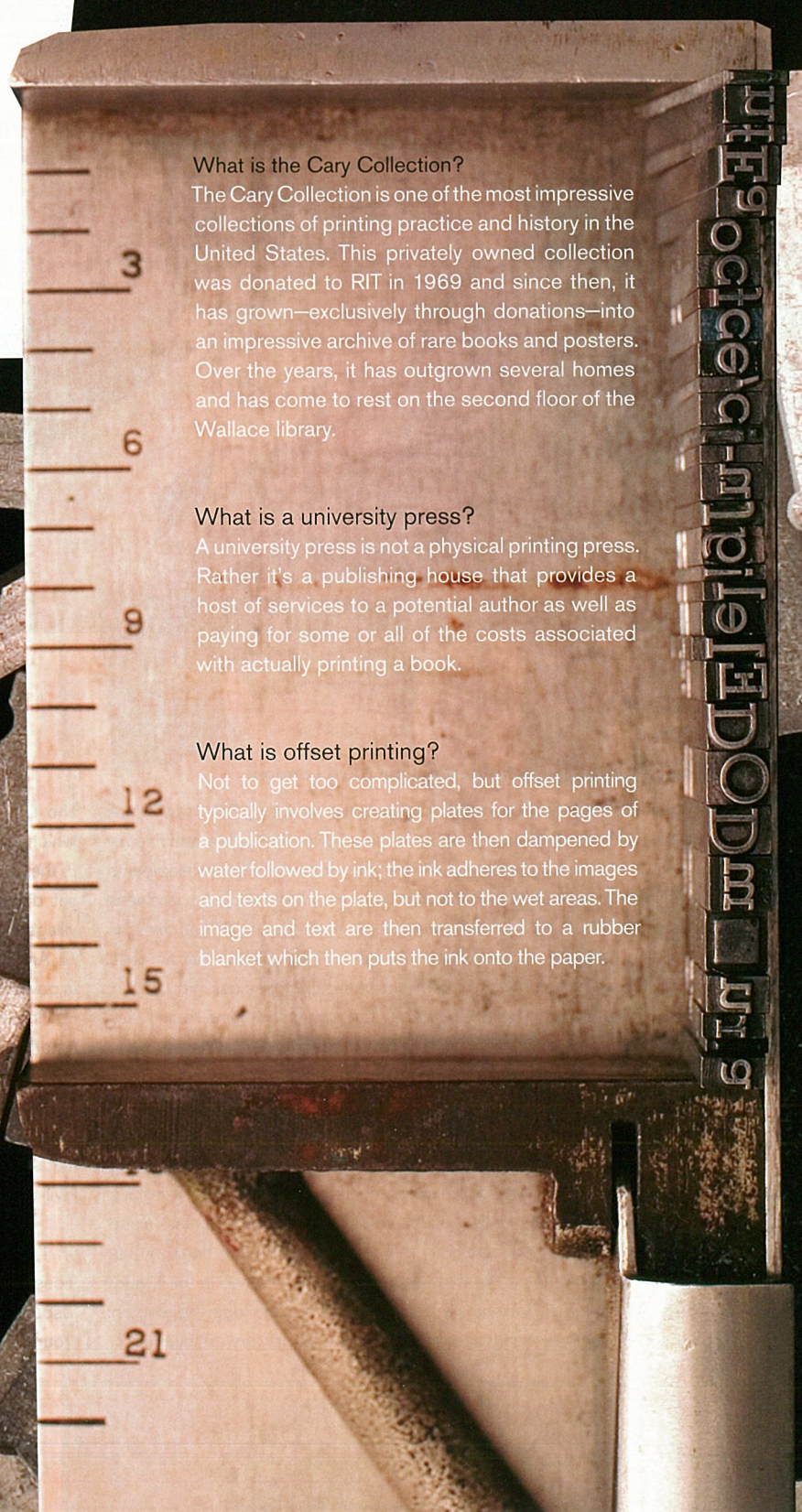
The Cary Collection is one of the most impressive collections of printing practice and history in the United States. This privately owned collection was donated to RIT in 1969 and since then, it has grown—exclusively through donations—into an impressive archive of rare books and posters. Over the years, it has outgrown several homes and has come to rest on the second floor of the Wallace library.

What is a university press?

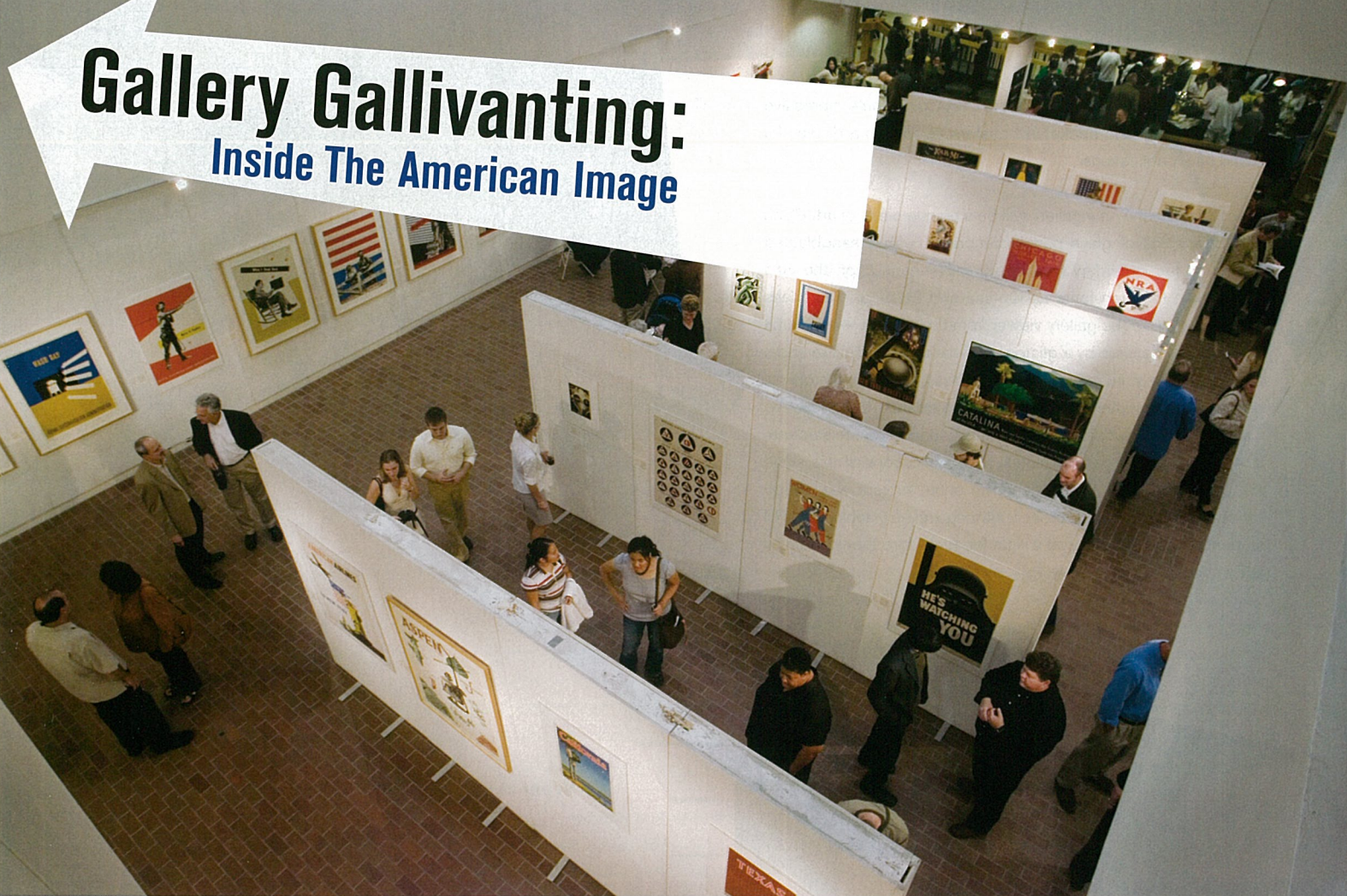
A university press is not a physical printing press. Rather it's a publishing house that provides a host of services to a potential author as well as paying for some or all of the costs associated with actually printing a book.

What is offset printing?

Not to get too complicated, but offset printing typically involves creating plates for the pages of a publication. These plates are then dampened by water followed by ink; the ink adheres to the images and texts on the plate, but not to the wet areas. The image and text are then transferred to a rubber blanket which then puts the ink onto the paper.



Gallery Gallivanting: Inside The American Image



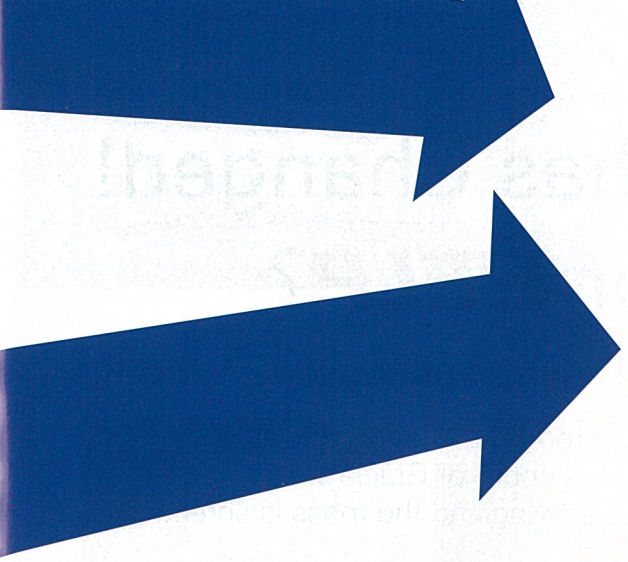
by Allison Johnston | photography by Dave Londres

"Ah, nothing like a gallery opening to cheer you up on a rainy Saturday," I think to myself as I hurry up the hill towards Building 7's Bevier Gallery and find my heels stuck in mud. Ick. Already a half hour late, but the recent developments involving the gooey earthen substance prevent me from making this tardiness the fashionable kind. Soon after I pry my feet from the ground, I head towards the building entrance and make my way inside. Immediately, I am at ease, sensing the warm embrace of 70 or so artistically-conscious individuals... or maybe it's just hot in here. Of course, they pay me no mind, being less concerned with the untimely arrivals of young whipper-snappers and more focused on the intriguing poster exhibit that awaits my attention.

The exhibition, entitled "The American Image," is a collection of U.S. posters belonging to Mark and Maura Resnick that range in date from the 19th all the way to the 21st century. Mark Resnick, Executive Vice President of Business Affairs for Twentieth Century Fox, has been collecting vintage posters since the early nineties and confesses that the activity of collecting began in his childhood with small items. As an adult, he became interested in the history of American design and eventually contacted RIT's own Roger Remington, thus beginning a correspondence that would lead to this very exhibition.

The first piece that catches my eye is located along the left-hand wall, which I slowly stroll along, wondering if I have made the mistake of going *in* the *out*. This poster, by designer Peter Brandt, is an incredibly engaging, yet disturbing image from the Vietnam era depicting dead Vietnamese villagers sprawled out across a dirt road. The text in large red letters reads, "Q. And babies? A. And babies." Staring at something so horrifically honest is powerful, but it's not until you read the small description that you feel the real impact. The text describes the events of March 16, 1968, during which American soldiers tortured and murdered hundreds of civilians in the village of My Lai. Most of the victims were women and children. You have to really digest the entire picture, then bend close to the description to read it, and finally step back to view the whole picture once more. Anything less than that seems insensitive. Despite my decision to move on to happier designs, I will admit this one stuck with me for a while.

As I'm moving through the exhibit, I notice just how many unfamiliar faces there are. I see my professors and classmates, the well-known and respected Vignelli's, and Mr. Resnick himself, but the majority of the people around me are simply members of the community, friends, and family. It's a



A quick guide to gallery etiquette:

If there is no correct traffic flow through the gallery, feel free to wander **slowly**, but be aware of the following: Do not weasel your way in front of someone who is obviously, intensely focused on a work of art or is busy reading the description text. Do not block off the few entrances or areas people pass through with your pals to socialize. Should you carelessly bump into someone, look concerned and apologize. Should someone carelessly bump into you, do not look them up and down with a disgusted expression. Seriously, accidents happen.

Speaking of which, if you are particularly prone to spills, I would recommend that you not take food and beverage into the gallery; there's plenty of time afterward to mingle and sample the foods. My last suggestion seems an obvious one, but oh well. If you are conversing with a colleague and wish to refer to a specific piece, *do not* directly touch the work with your fingers (which are most likely still covered in hors d'oeuvre remnants). Actually, you should probably just keep your hands to yourself as a general rule.

really nice change from the standard Friday openings during which a multitude of hungry, poor art majors swarm around food trays. This has a more dignified feel to it, more mature. No one's here for the free coconut shrimp or twice-baked potatoes (however delicious they may be). Everyone is enamored with the collection.

I continue through the gallery space, serenaded by a string quartet of superb Eastman students and notice familiar works like Paul Rand's playful version of the IBM logo, Jim Michaelson's concert poster for Jefferson Airplane, Ben Shahn's "Years of Dust," and Saul Bass's "Anatomy of a Murder" movie poster. The exhibit also features numerous posters by other design greats such as Herbert Bayer, Leo Lionni, and a full seven works by Lester Beall. There are also many pieces whose designers are unknown. All of a sudden, I feel a tinge of sadness at the fact that these contributors who have worked so diligently will never be credited. In most cases, the designers are unknown because the poster was created through a collaborative process. One such piece is a beautifully illustrated show poster depicting the magician "Carter the Great." The colors and details are fantastical and filled with excitement. I think my favorite piece, however, would be "The Century" by Maxfield Parrish, featuring his well-known breathtaking colors as well as his mastery of artistic style.

After viewing all the pieces in the gallery, I chat with a few students to see what their reactions are. One comments that it's really exciting to look at work she has previously only seen in textbooks. Another is glad to see such a good turnout for the event itself. Personally, I think it's amazing to see such a thorough survey of modern American posters that speak to so many events in American history. Whether you're a fan of art or not, you need to see this collection. Circulating through the gallery, you begin to realize this isn't so much an experience of art as an exploration of American history through the eyes of some of the greatest designers ever. And that is relevant to everyone. •

The exhibit will be on display through October 11.





Dear Abby

RIT Rings has Changed! Looking for **HELP?**

Caller: Dear *Reporter*, my roommate is taking over our room with his excessive number of Gracie's take-out boxes, the pile is growing and the mess is spreading, *what should I do?*

Reporter: The trays aren't the problem, the problem is in the bathroom! Call Facilities Management immediately!

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WORD ON THE STREET

COMPILED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELVEDUDE

Q: Do you believe in Rapture?



"No. I don't really like Jesus!"
Alyssa Marzolf
Third Year
Advertising Photo



"I believe that RIT causes rapture."
Ross Thompson
Third Year
Advertising Photo



"What's rapture?"
Wei-Yang Li
Fourth Year
Packaging Science



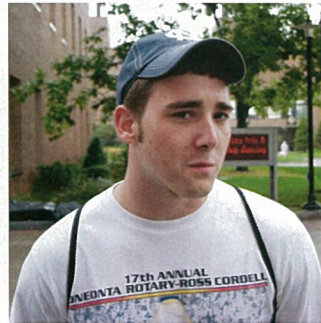
"Yes, it's coming soon."
Tina Thomas
First Year
Telecommunications Engineering



"I lost my parents to the rapture in 1992."
Justin Schmidt
Third Year
Metals



"Yea, because that's what happened to the dinosaurs."
Sam Cole
Third Year
Multidisciplinary Studies



"I feel that we need a hell on earth to fix all this crap."
Tony Burnette
First Year
Engineering Exploration



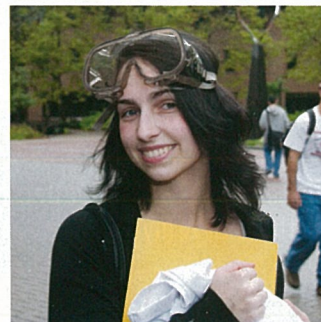
"No! I don't believe in it, but nature still could prove us all wrong."
Emily Harraka
Second Year
Visual Media



"Yeah. Every time there's a crack of thunder I almost revert back to my Christian days."
Coco Walters
Fourth Year
Photojournalism



"Yeah, I do believe in it. I'm a devout Christian. As for when? I don't know, but it would be supercool if it's soon."
Blaine McCaleb
First Year
Industrial Design



"I don't think so. Things are what you make. You put yourself in those situations."
Kayla Garrett
First Year
Biotechnology



"I'm just gonna say that my friend told me that the earth will be destroyed by an asteroid in 2029."
Kacie Desmond
First Year
Graphic Design

DISTINGUISHING YOURSELF: 101



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SPORTSdesk

by Joshua Van Hook | photography by Dave Londres

MEN'S CROSS COUNTRY

09.09.06 vs. U of R & Fredonia 20-67-55 (W)

RIT won the three-way 8k race against the University of Rochester and SUNY Fredonia. RIT had seven finishers in the top ten. Nate Lowe had the fastest time on our side. He finished second with a time of 26:23.

Record through 09.14.06: 1-0

WOMEN'S CROSS COUNTRY

09.09.06 vs. U of R & Fredonia 37-40-45 (W)

RIT beat the University of Rochester and SUNY Fredonia in a 5k race in Genesee Valley Park. RIT scored 37, U of R 40 and Fredonia 45. RIT had three in the top ten. Trisha Sliker finishing first with a time of 19:15, 16 seconds ahead of the second place finisher.

Record through 09.14.06: 1-0

MEN'S SOCCER

09.09.06 vs. Hamilton 1-1 (T)

RIT tied Hamilton in 110 minutes of play. Chuck Marion scored RIT's only goal on a penalty kick at 44:05. RIT out shot Hamilton 17-14. Goalkeeper Alan Smith had four saves.

Record through 09.14.06: 0-3-1 (0-0-0 in conference play)

WOMEN'S SOCCER

09.09.06 vs. Clarkson 1-4 (L)

RIT out shot Clarkson 13-7 but did not manage to find the back of the net in their 1-4 loss. Anna Kolnik scored RIT's only goal with an assist from Danielle LaFrance at 49:37.

09.14.06 vs. Hamilton 0-0 (T)

Undefeated Hamilton was halted by RIT with a 0-0 tie after 110 minutes of play. Hamilton had 18 shots and RIT nine. Goalkeeper Ashley Conti had six saves.

Record through 09.14.06: 0-3-2 (0-0-0 in conference play)

WOMEN'S TENNIS

09.09.06 vs. LeMoyne 6-3 (W)

Caroline Caillet partnered with Kseniya Klyachko and Sara Paduano partnered with Joanna Cash, both won their double matches. Each also won in singles.

09.10.06 vs. Hartwick 7-2 (W)

Brianne Francisco partnered with Leigh Bryson, Caroline Caillet partnered with Kseniya Klyachko, and Sara Paduano partnered with Joanna Cash, all defeated their opponents in doubles play. Caillet, Bryson and Paduano also won in singles matches.

09.12.06: *Caroline Caillet was named Rochester Area College Athletics, RACA, Co-Female Athlete of the Week.*

Record through 09.14.06: 3-0

Kseniya Klyachko of the Lady Tigers tennis team returns a serve in her singles match against Courtland on Tuesday, September 12. She went on to win her sets 6-2 and 6-4.

CLEATS, KNEE-HIGHS, AND... ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS?

by Alyssa Chamberlin | photography by Matt Bagwell

The sky was overcast, but spirits (as the cliché goes) were sunny for President Simone's (almost) Final Softball Tournament on Saturday. Nine teams representing the faculty, staff, and student body of RIT, as well as some prominent community leaders, went head-to-head in pursuit of the championship and its accompanying twelve-month bragging rights...or, at least, four of them did. The less bloodthirsty opted to compete in the Recreational Division, perhaps hoping to continue their lives with all of their limbs attached, or maybe just to have a good time. Here GCCIS' Bits and Bytes, the CAST team, ETC Online, and the Catering Team went out on the field amid cheers and laughter to just have a good time. On the other side of the field, though...well, "we're not here for that," joked Heather Dry, a member of President Simone's staff.

It was true. The Tournament side was all business, with the President's Tigers, the NTID Touch 'Em Alls, Crossroads and (the defending champs) the Electrical Engineering team battling it out for the coveted championship trophy. The Touch 'Em Alls and the Tigers held their own at first, winning their initial games with scores of 5-2 and 14-9, respectively. In the end, however, it came down to the Tigers and the Electrical Engineers in a game fueled by ten years' worth of rivalry and the fact that Professor Robert Bowman "makes the trophy the focal point of the lobby in the College of Engineering, [and] the first thing that visitors see," according to President Simone.

After a fast and furious game, the Tigers were unfortunately and thoroughly beaten, with a final score tally of twelve to one for the Engineers. Though all involved were good sports, the thought that this would give Professor Bowman another year of bragging rights was just too much for President Simone. "It was a great pain to acknowledge the superiority of the Electrical Engineering team," he admitted. "In May we'll be having a three game championship, just the Tigers and the Electrical Engineers. It'll prevent having to listen to [Professor Bowman] brag for twelve months."

Overall, however, the consensus was that the tournament was, "Great. Everyone's playing hard, having fun, departments from all over campus are playing," attested Brennan Coon, a game official, "There's a great tournament every year, but this is the best of the three I've worked." President Simone had a concurrent notion, "I think the tournament went very well today, in the sense that there were nine teams, and about one hundred and fifty players from the faculty, staff, student body, alumni and community leaders," he said. "Everybody had a great time, everybody played hard and it was extremely competitive."

Very true. And yet, everyone (amazingly) left with all their appendages intact. •



- (1) Bob Bowman beats the throw to Jason Younker at first base during President Al Simone's Annual Softball Tournament on Saturday, September 16.
- (2) Rich Holmetz hits a line drive off of Al Simone that same day. Holmetz and the Electrical Engineering team retained their title, winning 12-1.
- (3) Don Rafoth of the Electrical Engineering team rounds third base during the final match of the tournament.

YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT A CRUMPET IS...

by Chad Carbone | photography by CoCo Walters

I clutched the handle awkwardly with the bat hung below my waist. Awaiting the man across from me to throw an overhand throw into the ground, I'm looking for a ball to hit. Here it comes, it's a bit low and away from me. I reach out and swing but no vibration is felt in my hands. The ball rolls behind me.

Cricket.

It was a tournament that was sponsored by the Organization for Alliance of Students from the Indian Subcontinent (OASIS) held in the Gordon Field House. Not the most suitable arena for the sport, usually held in an open-air field bigger than two football fields. So, to no surprise, rules were modified, but as Saahil Patel, the president of OASIS, told me, "You can play cricket anywhere. We would play in my apartment with pans attached to a stick." But this article isn't about rules; you can probably find a thick textbook elsewhere if you really care to find that out.

I WAS THE IDEAL CANDIDATE FOR THE "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE" AWARD.

This article is about cricket. There's a great deal of ignorance surrounding the sport in this country. Cricket could be classified as a myth in America. We only hear things about it and never witness it with our own eyes. In addition, the USA has it's own similar brand of cricket, known as baseball, so there is really not a market for it. Here, baseball trumps cricket because, well, it's American. But cricket supersedes our four major professional sports (baseball, basketball, football, and hockey) in fan base around the world by millions. However, in Britain and former territories under British rule, such as India, Pakistan, Australia, and really any of those other countries besides the US, cricket is premiere.

So, I asked many of my American friends to come with me to experience the event, but they had relatively no interest in going. Thus, I went alone. Saahil Patel, the President of OASIS, put it quite nicely, "You're only scared of what you don't know. That's why people are like 'cricket? Never heard of that, not going to do it, forget it.' Many [white] kids get overwhelmed at such a big concentration of brown kids."

With over 120 people, mostly those of OASIS, attending the two-day tournament, I can easily say that I was part of the minority. In addition, I knew as many participants as I did rules of game. Zero. I'm from the New



In between games of the OASIS Cricket Tournament on Saturday, September 16 RIT Alumnus Pradeep Jayanna warms up his pitching arm.

England, not the old one. I'm used to "wicked's," not wickets. I was the ideal candidate for the "What the hell are you doing here?" award. However, events such as this are catered to individuals such as myself in addition to those who want to competitively play cricket.

So, I played a bit. I enjoyed myself. I was able to learn something new by experiencing it for myself. I'm not an excellent cricket player now (by any means) nor do I know every rule about it (by any means), but I learned a bit more about the sport. I have an appreciation for it now that I didn't before and I'd like to try it again (by any means).

Now, what does my experience mean to you, the reader? Well, go try something new that you have no experience with. If you would like to try cricket as I have, OASIS will be holding another tournament in the winter quarter. "We'd like to have more American kids come in," said Patel. "It would be a good experience for them just to know a different game." But don't just limit it to cricket. Try other things as well. You could try salsa dancing, Jewish cooking or even Chinese water torture. You may find you like it.

For more information about future OASIS events, please visit www.oasisrit.com •

when is the last time
a movie made you
beg for mercy?



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compiled by Ryan Metzler

All calls subject to editing and truncation. Not all calls will be run.

Tell your friends to call us more, we're lonely without you.

Reporter reserves the right to publish all calls in any format.

Tuesday 10:26 p.m.

Yo, this is B-Lunt just saying that I hope everyone had a great first start of the year. I kind of want to just get [intimately loved] with some [dulls] and everything.

Friday 12:29 a.m.

Okay, so everybody knows you can "drunk dial," but if the phone rings and you're drunk, can you "drunk answer" too?

Friday 8:39 a.m.

Look I'm reading the *Reporter* at 8:39, trying to stay awake, and there's not even enough material in here to make me laugh. You really need to put something in here that's not "this is where you can get crunked-up and have girls."

Saturday 3:11 a.m.

[Intimately love] you RIT Rings, you know what? I am completely [squandered] and there are girls here that are NOT from RIT. And [intimately love] you!

Saturday 10:27 p.m.

Last year, I guess it was. I can't remember if it was last semester or two semesters ago, or some [excrement] like that. It was sometime between 2005 and 2006 school year, sometime in that time. I called and you [illegitimate children], which I don't know if you can put that in there or not, but you put the first one in that I called and said you couldn't understand what I'm saying. So I am trying to pronounce my words a little better this time. It's only like 10:35 and I can't do it anymore. I got too drunk at like 9 so here I am. Well there's this [name] kid, do you know [name]? He lives over, someplace. Well I shouldn't say his name because he might get thrown off campus. I know this [name] kid, too. You know if you put that [name] and

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[name] names in there everyone will know, "Hey it's that kid talking." We punched a hole in this kid's wall and then put a beer in his wall. It was really funny. We went and got a 6-pack because we're going to kick a hole in it later. Then we're going to get the beer out. [laughs like Peter Griffin] I don't even know what I'm talking about.

Sunday 1:28 a.m.

Your disclaimers suck! Anyways, so, my people were very, very, upset that RIT Rings was not in the first issue of the *Reporter* this year. We're very disappointed and wish to voice our objections at this moment. Does anyone else wish to speak? (Female Voice: [Intimately love] you!) Thank you RIT Rings, and we'll be talking to you again soon.

Sunday 1:29 a.m.

Hi, so there's this guy named Paul, right, and he wouldn't give me a high-five.

Maybe you didn't deserve a high-five.

Sunday 2:55 a.m.

Reporter! I missed you so much. I am so glad you're back.

Sunday 7:23 p.m.

Yeah, so why didn't you have Rings in the September 8, 2006 issue? It is [male cattle excrement]. We should have totally had something like the best of last year. How hard was that to come up with? There should have been something! I don't like you anymore, *Reporter*. It's over! This relationship is over! •

End of messages

My Weekend at Penn State: What School *SPIRIT* is Like



by Zach Korwin | illustration by Mike Norton

Instead of just sitting around looking out my window, I've decided to take advantage of my car and go do things. This past weekend there was a free concert at Penn State University which happened to include my favorite band: the Rx Bandits. The original plan was to camp out for a few nights, but in an inexplicable, Rochester-like turn of events, it rained... *all* weekend. With nowhere else to go, I decided to call up this chick from high school who happened to go to PSU. She was more than happy to let us crash on the floor, but they were on their way to a frat party. "You're welcome to come. You go down to Beaver Street, then drive for a few blocks...it's a big white house with a pirate ship coming out of the front." No lie. In between dancing, the DJ put on the Penn State fight song. Everyone immediately stopped and started yelling along as loud as they could. Even outside the party, as we were leaving, a group of drunken people on the street corner were leading everyone who walked by in a Penn State cheer. Could you imagine if RIT was like this?

So, why are RIT and Penn State different?

There are a lot of obvious and unattainable answers, like scenery and a lot of stuff to do within walking distance, but we can't change that, at least not within any of our careers here. The same goes for a football team, let alone one of the best college football teams in the nation. It could happen, but these things take time. So what does Penn State have that we could also get within a short time? *An identity.*

The most important thing that needs to be done to build an identity is to be proud of the school colors and the mascot. The school colors issue

has been beaten to death in recent months. Turns out our school colors are burnt umber and orange...and maybe white. The only place you can find those colors together on campus are the school flag right in the traffic circle in front of the Sentinel, or in the tunnels underneath the engineering building. Not even in the bookstore or the SAU. These are our colors so why isn't the campus blanketed in them?

Besides that, why are we the RIT Tigers? I can't emphasize enough how much I would love to be anything other than a tiger. There are no tigers in Rochester-well, except in the zoo. I'm embarrassed when people see "RIT Tigers" written on my keychain. The Penn State Nittany Lions: what the hell is a Nittany Lion? They're "Nittany" because State College, PA is in the Nittany Valley. But who cares? It's stupid sounding, but it *represents* where they're from. The Tarheels, the Hokies, the Hurricanes, the Terrapins. Those are all stupid names, but they're unique. Hokie is even in the dictionary as the Virginia Tech mascot.

It would be more suiting to be something that represents the school. The Level 27 Black-Mages, the F-Stops, the Derivatives, or maybe even the Cut-Extrusions. Why not be something Rochester-related? We can be the Optics, because of Kodak® and Bausch and Lomb. Or the Eastmen. The RIT Mechanics (because of the Mechanics' Institute). Or we could be something relating to our rich history: Frederick Douglass and Susan B. Anthony are buried across the street. Why can't we be the Abolitionists? Or the North Stars (after Frederick Douglass's newspaper of the same name)? How proud would you feel to be an RIT North Star? That would make *me* feel awesome. Take your pick and let Simone know it. •

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