

REPORTER

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DID THEY GET THE POINT

ANALYZING PARK POINT

EMBRACING PIRATES

THE FUTURE OF MEDIA DISTRIBUTION

DESIGNING YOUR FUTURE

THE ETHICS OF GENETIC PRE-SCREENING

REPORTER

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EDITOR'S NOTE

NO COMMENT

If you look through the 2006 Tolland High School yearbook, you'll find an odd entry somewhere in the back. "Most Opinionated: Andrew Rees." What's so odd about this? Despite what this high school superlative might suggest, I'm not an opinionated person. Sure, at one point I held strong opinions on hundreds of different topics, but this is a swiftly waning memory. The opinionated soul of my youth is slowly dying. Passionate arguments and fiery stares have faded into shrugged shoulders and apathetic gazes.

Two years ago, if you pulled me aside and asked me about global warming, I would have told you it didn't exist. I would have sat you down and explained to you that the anti-global warming movement was just the latest installment in a conspiracy to scare people into caring about the environment. It was exciting. Today, however, I can barely muster a whimper on the subject. Perhaps I've just lost my faith.

See, as strange as it sounds, opinions are like tiny religions. For every position you hold, a small part of your soul erects a shrine to the tenets of that position. It's that religious fervor which gives pundits the zeal to go on national television and yell at each other or 14-year-olds the stones to engage in forum wars over the PC/Mac debate. Personally, I don't have the capacity to believe anymore.

It stems from the type of work that I do. In the idealistic realm of journalism, all the sides of a story receive equal airtime. That sort of mentality doesn't lend itself to developing strong opinions. Instead, it leads to centrism, or to use the pejorative term: fence walking.

But I don't mind walking the fence. You get a nice view of both sides. If you do have to pick a side, my only caveat is this: Understand the other side of the argument. Sometimes it will be irrational and crazy, but at least you've cemented your position.



Andy Rees

EDITOR IN CHIEF

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REPORTER

Did They Get the Point?

by Michael Conti and Kimberly Reeb

When the city of Paris was modernized in the mid-19th century, the construction of streets and official buildings was carefully calculated, so as to best serve the city and the people. Interest in this massive undertaking brought about the rise of flâneurs, people who would walk the streets just for the sake of the act and observe the social condition. French Jesuit scholar Michel de Certeau wrote in his book *The Practice of Everyday Life*, “the act of walking is to the urban system what the speech act is to language.” If the city is a language, going to class can be considered a rudimentary sentence—waiting for the bus, an aside, and going for a long walk to Barnes & Noble, a monotonous dissertation.

As modern day flâneurs, RIT students can observe for themselves the language of the RIT campus, all 1,300 acres of it. In an attempt to create a healthier school community, plans were made for a “collegetown” in 2006. Through this, RIT heedlessly complicated its language: They failed to centralize the school community and encouraged environmental degradation through the creation of a second suburb known as Park Point.

EXPECTATIONS HIGH

When former President Al Simone announced plans for a college town, his hopes were genuine. The lack of school unity is something that is constantly being addressed by administrators, and the development of a genuine college town is something that is missed in Henrietta. Said Simone: “We’re doing this to increase a sense of community on RIT’s campus. That way, students can have a place to release their energies after a hard day on campus and still be together with their classmates and see faculty and staff in a social setting.” This statement was somewhat of an oxymoron, as it is hard to create a sense of “community on campus” in an off-campus location.

From the start, we made the same mistakes our predecessors had made when designing the campus in the 1960s. Dormitories and classrooms were originally separated from each other in an attempt to provide day students with some degree of quiet, privacy, and separateness in the evening. What resulted instead was a disjointed feeling between academic and social life. The student union turned into little more than a hallway with restaurants, and the quarter mile became an icy trek to be avoided

at all costs. Many students would rather leave campus completely for all social activities to escape “Brick City.” When no one wants to spend time on campus, no one is taking part in the dialogue with it.

NOT YOUR IDEAL COLLEGE TOWN

Regrettably, the construction of Park Point represents a microcosm of Rust Belt depopulation and decentralization. Instead of focusing on improving the center of campus life, the urban core, time, and resources were wasted maintaining a baby boomer fascination with building “big box” chain stores in areas only accessible by car. Cars are used out of necessity rather than convenience, adding to pollution problems through the consumption of fossil fuels.

When examining other more classic college towns such as the ones in Buffalo, Cambridge, or Berkley, one can see some common traits that bind these communities together. These college towns have unique shops, one of a kind eateries and pubs, and a mood that can only be found there. This is not the case for Park Point. Instead of a discount used bookstore, RIT students are met with Barnes & Noble, a national chain not known for its low prices or the quality

of its selection. Instead of stores specializing in cheap student food, eateries at Park Point are mid-priced family venues, often drawing more people from Henrietta than the actual campus.

The roads of the typical college town are narrow, with many alleys and corridors for students to explore and make home. Street vendors can occupy these places, making shopping a leisure experience. Park Point is the opposite; it is divided by wide roads and sidewalks that often aren’t the most direct route. The area is organized for the car, hindering the words of the campus from being spoken. When students are forced into their cars by necessity, the connection the student feels to the campus is more like a strip mall than a flea market.

LIVING AT “PARK” POINT

A painfully ironic element of Park Point’s marketing plan is their emphasis on the natural aspect of living. While the beauty of the Henrietta wetlands is next door for reference, the designers of the property insisted on paving a majority of the property. This resulted in nature having to be carted in by the truckload in the form of lawns, pipes, dams, shrubs,

ferns, and other manmade alterations to the landscape.

Another interesting choice that was made was the design of the apartments themselves. While there were isolated instances of poor workmanship related to hurrying to finish the buildings on time, the overall feel of the buildings is truly suburban. A successful college housing project usually incorporates elements of the porch into the design, allowing students to interact with each other outside of the classroom and creating neighbors amidst residents.

Because of the large indoor space that was created, house parties became more popular in this new region of campus. While the policing of the students is limited in on-campus locations, underage drinking is prohibited by the Wilmorite Corporation. Seeking to protect the interests of the parents who are most likely paying for their exorbitant rates, Wilmorite employs a large contingent of security employees, notorious for inconveniencing students for things such as skateboarding, which is usually ignored on campus. Among other spontaneous actions, Skateboarding can be seen as the poems of campus speech.

LESSONS LEARNED AND PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

A successful college town is one that provides entertainment and attractions for students in an environment that is free of the stress of school, but is physically close to the people and places that make a college a community. With this in mind, we can begin to see that the construction of the Global Village is a step in the right direction. Located in the center of campus with academic, recreational, and housing elements, the RIT-owned property has the potential to do a lot for the institution as a whole. Students from different disciplines are encouraged to interact in the Innovation Center, while different housing options may place business smarts amidst technological and artistic prowess.

RIT’s image truly needs a facelift. With years of being known as a suburb of Rochester, the last thing we needed was a suburb of our own campus. The planning and latent environmental costs are examples of outdated thinking. If the area in the center of campus is allowed to grow organically, with an emphasis on thrift, the language of RIT’s campus could become simplified and, hopefully, a lot more rewarding to speak fluently. •

THE FORMULA 50: SELF-DESTRUCTING ART

by Michael Conti
illustrations by Nick Tassone

A hulking figure emerges like a seasoned boxer, dripping from head to toe in sweat and muttering obscenities while moving back and forth to the swag of the Scott Storch beat. The parallels between 50 Cent and a pugilist are uncanny. But there's a flip side to every half dollar. As he says in the song "The Good Die Young," "I get sensitive with my shit, don't fuck with my art."

Dualism is an understatement when it comes to gangster rap artist 50 Cent. His many faces come into full view for his fourth studio release, *Before I Self-Destruct*. The 33-year-old millionaire from Jamaica, Queens has combined an irrational capitalist greed with an uncanny artistic ability to release some of the most discussed work in recent memory. After infamously being shot nine times, 50 has ruminated in music and interviews that he was left on the earth for a reason. But what is that reason for all of his self-serving creations?

While the College Activities Board (CAB) should be recognized for landing another globally recognized artist, it is interesting that they landed 50 at such a tumultuous time in his career. 50's rise was carved out of the disintegration of Death Row Records and, with the release of *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*, he became the heir apparent to the throne of America's gangster. This spot was formerly occupied by Dr. Dre, 2pac, and Notorious B.I.G.—artists who, despite their grisly lyrics, were able to captivate white suburban audiences, tell their story to the world, and make money off of it.

But 50's stay at the top was a brief one. *Get Rich*

was an innovation (to use an RIT term), but his subsequent albums did not offer much that was new. His record sales fell and he lost an embarrassing challenge he offered to Kanye West, whose *Graduation* album outsold his 957,000 to 691,000 during the first week. While these sales are excellent by industry standards, it seemed as if his persona had gotten away from him. He fell off the map in terms of popularity, embroiled with meaningless industry feuds with everyone from Jadakiss to Lil Wayne.

This persona has only expanded as 50 has come to understand the use of the internet, which helps to create an aura that adds to the megalomania represented in his music. His deals with Vitamin Water and Right Guard show his entrepreneurial spirit and his pursuing of a semi-autobiographical movie and a video game pushes his image across different mediums.

Looking at the way his music has changed is one way of understanding his motivations and personal philosophy. His rhyming style, which was once quiet and complex, has transformed to a bullish series of static statements. While not as catchy as "In da Club," his stories are similar. They are haunting psychological tales, taking you deep into his mind and the situations that give him his specific mindset. 50 knew his strength lied in the tension between his impenetrable laid-back flow and the intensity of his verbal imagery, and created

songs about sex, selling drugs, and the violence of his life. With each new album, his words have gotten heavier, sexier, and deadlier. With all-star production, the songs hit you like a dildo across the face (on that note, the rapper plans to release a line of sex toys, modeled after his own member). This increase in tension has brought him criticism from those who see his music as a negative influence on youth. This is something that he attempts to deal with in one of his latest releases, "Get Up":

**NOW, MY QUESTION IS
WHO THEY GONNA BLAME
WHEN I'M BACK NUMBER ONE
ON THE BILLBOARD AGAIN**

**SHIT, SHIFT NOW THE GAME DONE CHANGE
SINCE MIKE MADE THRILLER AND
PRINCE MADE PURPLE RAIN**

**I GUESS I MAKE THE
KIDS WANNA SLANG
AND NWA MADE
THE WEST COAST BANG**

**NAH IT'S JUST MUSIC
MAN IT'S JUST MUSIC**

**NOW GET YOUR ASS ON THE DANCE FLOOR
AND MOVE IT**

As is the case with many of those born out of poverty in the United States, his new number one priority is the acquisition of more money to assert his power. In this instance, it is through the production of dance music. As a member of G-Unit in their latest release, *Terminate on Sight*, 50 says, "I'm a work of art/A ghetto version of Mozart." He speaks often of "painting pictures with words" and, like most artists, specializes in self-portraits. It's not his fault that they are psychologically disturbing and sexually misogynistic. He is merely being honest with his self-

expression. 50's use of the internet and other media to promote his various personalities like "Pimpin' Curly" and "Formula 50" only highlight his ability to recognize his image and profit off of it.

But with a certain level of self-consciousness comes a breaking point, one that 50 is preparing to share with us in his next album. Judging from what Kanye has done with *808's and Heartbreak* and what Lil Wayne will do with his upcoming "rock" album, the next step for any megastar is a certain amount of emotional crises marked by a complete stylistic departure from traditional hip-hop. But, judging from 50 Cent's reputation, the one thing he knows how to do is to make things more extreme.

The measure of the artistic quality of his next album will be judged by his ability to keep things real in order to communicate the fractured mental state that has produced some of the hardest gangster rap ever written by the artist himself. But if money is the deciding factor for 50, then his persona will be dictated by the dollar and he will remain dependent upon record sales and the almighty interest of the consumer. •

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FIND A

NEW LINE

"Did it hurt? When you fell from heaven?" The answer is probably "No, it didn't," but it might hurt when you get slapped in the face and ditched to look like an idiot standing alone. Pickup lines have been around since the dawn of time, possibly beginning when a caveman grunted at a woman and then delivered a swift blow to her head so that he could drag her back to his cave. Although pickup lines have improved over time, most would agree that it's not by much. There are occasions when an appropriate line will yield success, but there are a few groups of pickup lines that need to be banned, for everybody's sake.

UNORIGINAL LINES

Probably the worst of them all are the completely unoriginal lines that everyone has heard at least 10 times. The question begging to be asked is: Have any of these lines ever worked? For instance, if a guy asks a girl for her number because he lost his, has she ever actually given it to him? In my experience, I would have to say no. It doesn't work and most likely never will. The problem with these lines is that they make the person saying them look like every other d-bag that has previously used them.

If a person isn't willing to put in the time and effort to come up with something original to say, the girl will assume that this line is just being thrown out to as many girls as possible in hopes that it will work on at least one of them. As unattractive as that is to a girl, what's worse is the complete lack of brainpower these lines imply. They might be funny to some group and you might even get a laugh out of a girl; but, odds are, if you can't think of anything better to say than, "Is that a mirror in your pocket?" you're probably not going home with her.

ARROGANT PICKUPS

Equally as obnoxious as unoriginal lines are the pompous, self-centered ones. Although these are rare and take a special kind of prick to say them, they still exist. There are very few that could get away with it without a drink thrown on them. For example, "Do you believe in love at first sight, or should I walk by again?" Confidence may be sexy, but arrogance is not, so don't cross that attitude with a line that makes you sound like God's gift to women. You're probably not.

For those who don't already know, a good trick for getting a girl is to make her feel special and attractive. Making a pickup line all about yourself makes you look like you're the only person who matters and no girl is going to be into that. Instead of telling a girl, "Here I am. What are your other two wishes?" perhaps try talking about her and what she would like. That way you don't end up with just your hand for the night.

DON'T BE RUDE

After the arrogant lines come the pickup lines that are excessively forward and just plain rude. Every girl can guess your below average IQ if you tell her that she has nice shoes then promptly ask her if she wants to have sex. I am hoping that most people use these types of lines to get a laugh and that they are not serious about them. A 5-year-old could figure out why these lines don't work. What people don't realize about telling a girl she might as well sleep with you because you're the only one talking to her is that it's offensive, presumptuous, and downright disgusting. Not all girls go to bars looking to get laid and they are not going to take kindly to the fact that someone assumed they are looking for sex. If you're looking to get some by only saying one sentence, you're going to have a lot



TRITE LINES

more luck with a 800 number than with most girls at a party or bar. Last, but not least, come the lines that don't actually sound like pickup lines, but are trite and annoying. This group is all encompassing, ranging from lines like, "What's your sign?" to "Do you come here often?" Honestly, who cares if a girl goes to a particular bar often? Either she does and you've never bothered to talk to her before or she doesn't. Now, she most likely won't come back because she's been asked this question countless times. Many think these lines are tried and true because they are less forward. It's almost like a trick to get a girl to talk to you.

In reality, no girl is tricked by this tactic; we know what you're really after with these lines and can't believe you couldn't think of anything better to say to us. These lines make you sound like that douchebag extra from a low-budget romantic movie right before the leading man sweeps in to say something intelligent and steals the girl away. Not only are these lines cheesier than Gracie's pizza, but they also show a total lack of interest in the girl. Turns out, girls know that you don't actually care what major they are in, but rather are trying to find out what panties they are wearing. •

by Jessica Kopitz
illustrations by Joanna Eberts



DARWIN'S UNNATURAL SELECTION

by Harold Kalpa
illustration by Jamie Douglas

In 1839, Charles Darwin embarked on what would become a reason for his research: He married his own cousin. At the time, Emma Wedgwood was not the typical young newlywed. She had already received several marriage proposals in her 30 years, but settled on Darwin's because of both his congeniality and a glowing approval from the family. The pair's mutual cousin proudly officiated the wedding.

Yet not everything was blissful for this scientist. Of the 10 children he had with his cousin, three died, one whose passing made him lose faith in his religion. As Darwin continued to develop his theories on evolution and natural selection, the question crept in the back of his mind: Was marrying his cousin less genetically favorable?

In the United States, the most frequent answer is a taboo "Yes." Respondents typically cite either immorality or simple disgust at the idea of marrying their cousin. Yet the Bible won't back this point. Leviticus 18, which lists all possible sexual disgraces within a family, never notes relations between first cousins. Within its index of incest, cousins are conspicuously absent. Even Queen Victoria, one of the most prudish historical figures, took the hand of her cousin and never once considered it wrong.

Yet with the introduction of genetics, a whole new breed of argument comes into play. The reason first cousins shouldn't marry is that it supposedly places their future children at risk. In biological terms, this means that the cousins' coefficient of relationship is too high; there is a one-eighth chance that cousins will share a potentially unhealthy maternal or paternal allele.

Unfortunately, what no one seems to discuss is that human childbirth has *always* been risky. One study notes that there is a 3 to 4 percent

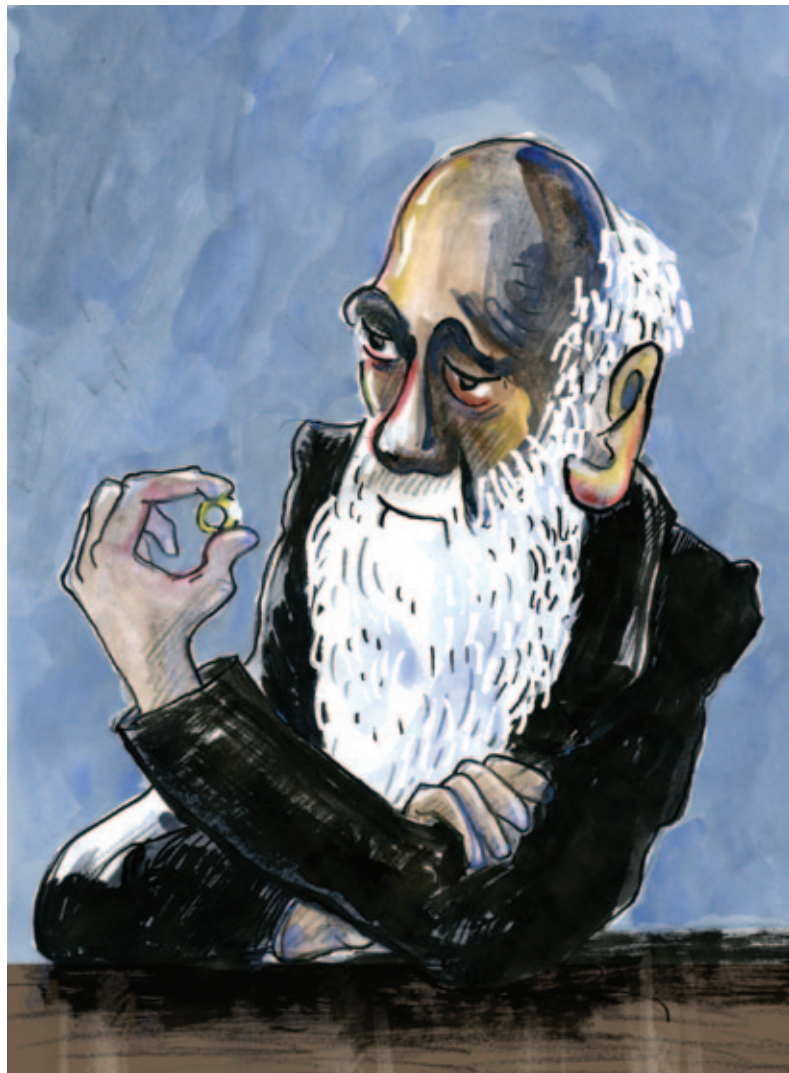
risk that any child will be born with a serious genetic problem, while this probability for children of cousins jumps up another 1.7 to 2.8 percentage points.

Nonetheless, the chances of a poor outcome are still slim. Banning marriage between cousins is a form of genetic discrimination. No one stops a 40-year-old fertile woman from having a child, despite the fact that both she and the child are placed at a high risk.

Yet for cousins, the small chance—one that exists for all couples—that a child inherits a risk factor seems to be enough to demand this genetic discrimination.

Genetic counseling is perhaps the less intrusive approach. Maine, for instance, permits cousin marriage, but only if the couple can present a certificate of genetic counseling. By making couples aware of the risks, they can freely decide whether or not to have children. In a clever turn of events, the lawmakers (in this case, those of Maine) cannot be accused of advocating eugenics, or deliberately preventing a certain genetic outcome.

Still, 170 years after Darwin's marriage, genetic outcome is a persistent consideration. Most cousin couples liken this situation to times when interracial marriage was at the forefront of controversy: It was considered immoral and genetically unhealthy. It was taboo. Today, despite recent research about few risks for the children of cousins, our instinct is to deem this wrong, as well. We are still on the quest for irrational genetic purity. •



DESIGNING YOUR FUTURE

EARLIER THIS YEAR, the University College London announced the birth of a healthy baby girl.

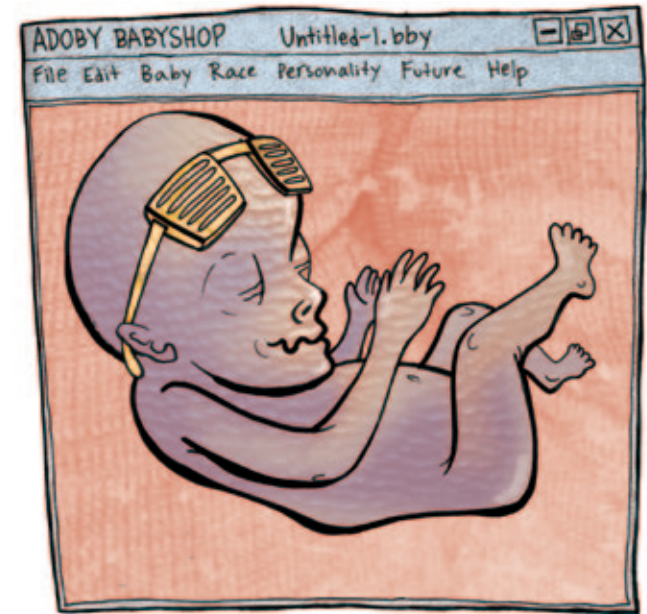


What made this child special was, despite her genetic history, she was **"BREAST CANCER-FREE."** The mother in question opted to undergo the pre-screening of her embryos during in vitro fertilization (IVF) for the BRCA1 cancer gene, which brings an 80 percent chance of breast cancer and 40 percent chance of ovarian cancer. She made this decision after the presence of the mutant gene caused complications in her mother-in-law's, sister's, grandmother's, and cousin's health. Due to the advancement of medical technology,

this baby girl will not have to suffer the same fate as her relatives before her, and will not pass the gene on to her own children. Although executed with the best intentions, the process of altering genes brings about a great debate.

First is the question: What gives us the right to determine the fate of another person? Some have accused those who partake in these experiments of "playing God." If thought about in a similar manner, the use of vaccinations and medications could be argued to mess with fate, regardless of the positive effects they could bring or the negative effects they could help prevent. But consider this: Didn't God give these doctors and scientists talent and intelligence for a reason? If we have the tools to do something, then, assuming no harm is inflicted, why not? That isn't to say that these methods should be used recklessly. After all, "With great power comes great responsibility."

Next is the issue of terminating the "infected" or "diseased" embryos. One can only tell if



the gene in question has been passed on with an already developing embryo. Those deemed unsatisfactory are discarded and a new batch is made. The argument then comes really close to the current debates on abortion and, more specifically, to address the argument of murder: When is an embryo or fetus considered a living thing? Current U.S. abortion laws dictate that an embryo or fetus may not be terminated after the second trimester (24 weeks). When dumbed down, this means that, legally, a child isn't "alive" until he or she is about 168-days-old and, therefore, technically doesn't have the same rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This means pre-screening is legal. Religiously and morally, that's a whole new argument.

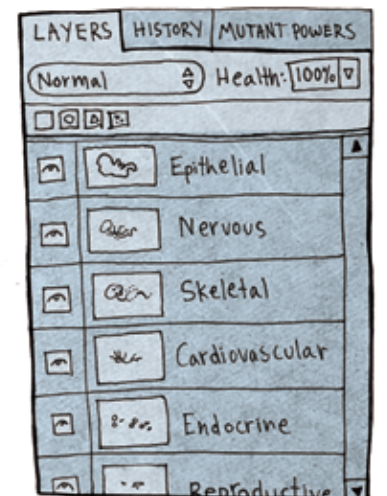
Finally, this particular case involves pre-screening for a gene that is only likely and not proven to cause a disease that is actually treatable. Some believe that testing for diseases that may not be fatal or will not manifest until late in a person's life brings up ethical issues—especially because of the termination of embryos. To address this, the Human Fertilisation and Embryology Authority in Britain only approved the testing of approximately 60 conditions, some of which are gender-specific such as hemophilia and Duchenne

Muscular Dystrophy, both of which are passed on via the Y chromosome.

This, however, is only the beginning. Soon, parents will be able to choose their child's eye and hair color, height, body type, and, eventually, maybe even their personality. Mass customization brings success to many businesses. Wouldn't designing your baby be the ultimate shopping experience? Maybe to some, but let's look at this realistically: IVF and pre-screening is costly, averaging at about

\$10,000 per cycle. Not many can play the game until a desired hand is dealt and, for those willing, it's their choice. In reality, the advancement of technology, no matter how life altering, is just something you learn to deal with. You can't necessarily judge those who do. It's their right to ensure their child's health or to choose what color eyes they will have, just as it's your choice to participate in the experiment or not. •

by Harold Kalpa | illustration by Jamie Douglas



EMBRACING PIRATES

by Adimabua Ofunne

We live in an era labeled by many as the information age. Information has never flown so freely and quickly as it does today, when websites like Wikipedia reduce your parents' collection of the Encyclopedia Britannica to nothing more than paperweights or doorstops. Creations such as Google Books and the Amazon Kindle have taken paperback and hardcover books alike into a paperless era. Information is flowing fast and this trend is visible in every industry, most notably the film and music industries.

The root of the conflict in these industries is a difference in perspective between consumers and media publishers. One camp believes ideas and innovation should be owned; while the other believes ideas and information should be shared. This difference is what gave birth to media piracy. So who is right? The answer is neither and both. The fundamental problem with issues like this is that they are differences in perspective and there is no such thing as an objective view.

The truth of the matter is that the technology behind digital piracy is a good thing. It has pushed the envelope in publishing digital media and has made the access and distribution of media easier than ever. In other words, it is innovative. Yet it is also disruptive. This kind of innovation changes the business

model of an industry, the way people think about the industry, and the way people do things in that industry.

Some of the greatest things we know today were created by people labeled as pirates. Musicians once labeled Thomas Edison as such when he invented the phonographic record player. They believed that he was going to kill live music. Later, when the royalty system was designed, it gave birth to what we know today as the music industry. When Williams Fox and his friends refused to pay Edison licensing fees to make movies, they moved out of New York to create a parallel moviemaking business which later grew to become one of the largest movie industries in the world: Hollywood. They, too, were labeled as pirates. It is ironic how the two major industries that hunt pirates were born through the same means.

Media piracy cannot be eradicated. No matter how many people are sued or how often BitTorrent is used, replacements are going to crop up. People will always find a way around the most recent obstacle put up. That's just the nature of technology. It is a more efficient way of distributing data as well as publicizing media, so naturally it is the next step.

Fighting change cannot work, and fighting

positive change will *definitely* not work. The best thing is to compete with these pirates. The game is simple: The most convenient system will win. Find a way to monetize the pirates' system or create an even more efficient one. Remaining stagnant and fighting for your position is not going to help the situation. That battle is futile.

I am not encouraging the theft of the fruits of sleepless nights and hard labor. I am only saying that there are prices to pay when you live in a quickly evolving capitalist-driven world. Competition is the game and adaptability is the winning formula.

For years, RIT has been breeding pirates. Is it any coincidence that the Motion Pictures Association of America lists RIT as the eighth highest movie pirating college in the nation. In the midst of a major rebranding effort by RIT to be recognized as an innovation institute? We are in a college filled with early adopters and visionaries. The administration has noticed this and is encouraging it through Imagine RIT and the construction of the Innovation Center. My hope is that, when the time comes and RIT students are truly innovating, the creation of controversial technologies will be recognized and embraced by the institute. It is only in this kind of environment that students will be able to reach their full potential. •



he said. I turned to him and, despite of being painfully aware that he was joking, I almost disemboweled my roommate on the spot. I then performed a brief self-examination. Why did that bother me so much? It took a bit, but I realized it was something I had been hearing for four years, implicitly and explicitly.

RIT has the biggest hard on for the job market. Co-ops are the best things since Ritchie the Tiger's super special sliced pimento loaf. Classes are constantly judged by how applicable they are to the working world despite the constant question: When will I ever use this? Our university's two largest boasts are job placement and our partnerships with outside businesses (or so the administration would have you believe). We are born and bred—academically—to move into the work force.

This is great. It's how the college remains competitive, how it keeps its edge. Everyone is going to need

NAÏVE PROFESSIONALISM

by Evan Stark | illustration by Ben Rubin

a job so, if this college can provide one, they will come. A college is a business; it only stays alive if students are willing to pay.

Let's just own up and follow through with what we've started. Rochester Institute of Technology: vocational school extraordinaire. We'll take your money and give you a job—every diploma awarded with a job offer! Imagine, classes on interviewing and seminars on the market. Every student to leave RIT will be more prepared than they would have been at any other college, students would be placed in the job market with ease. It's clearly what everyone wants!

Except college is much more than that. The classes you take outside of your major could be the most important ones of your life. Who says you even know what you want to do yet? Maybe you take a pottery class and find the potter within. Maybe you would have never known that you'd be happiest as a rabbit whisperer in South Dakota. Maybe you need to have an existential crisis, move into the woods, and spend 20 years deciphering the hidden meaning of the bumps on the playground balls of your childhood.

On that note, the important lessons learned are not going to be those taught in classrooms. The shame of it is that those same people teaching you could tell you exactly what you're missing out on. But you insist on not asking the right questions. You would rather know the best classes to put on your résumé. You would rather learn the one banal anecdote that'll be sure to impress your next job interviewer.

A job is the last thing on my mind. Yes, I'm poor. Yes, I'm in debt. But there is so much more to life than following my education with just a job. So, no thanks, RIT. You can keep your "young professional" factory. I'm going to live my own life and I'll be damned if it has to be related to what I've learned here. •

MISSING THE IMAGINATION WHAT IMAGINE RIT LEFT IN THE BASEMENT

by Matt Liptak | illustration by Robin Miszkiewicz

When I was younger, Velociraptors talked to me. They were often telling me about their strategy against the impending *Star Wars* armies on the other side of the room, but nonetheless they were talking. I was one of those children diagnosed with an active imagination. When I wasn't too busy taking down the Death Star, *Jurassic Park*-style, I was running around the playground with my head stuffed into my jacket. I was naïve, ambitious, and the most creative I've ever been in my life.

On May 2, RIT tried to revive some of that childhood creativity. The Imagine RIT Festival once again coated the campus like wet paint. Displays were calling out to be touched and explored by the intrigued and often ambitious public. Each respective college attempted to show off their innovation and creativity. You could shout at walls, control robots, and admire artwork. You could do just about anything imaginable—except independently imagine.

If you've ever been to an amusement park, you know what it's like to shuffle through crowds and wait to use the restroom. The Imagine RIT Festival wasn't as hectic or as sticky, but it came pretty close. In no way is a large crowd eager to see RIT's innovations on display a negative thing, but what happens when your imagination gets lost in line for the pulled pork sandwiches and the free stickers? Where does the idea of imagining fall victim to idleness? What do you do when your talking Velociraptors would rather sit at the touchscreen bar than take your mind away from it all?

It's hard to describe imagination, let alone center an entire festival around it. It's an intangible concept. In that same light, you

can't really put it on display either. What you put on display is the result of it all, the end product, and the pride of creating it.

So is that wrong? Absolutely not.

Where the line needs to be drawn is when the festival's title is perceived as a verb instead of a proper noun. To imagine is one thing, to observe imagination is another.

The only example I could personally find of the two balancing each other that afternoon came from deep within the College of Liberal Arts (COLA). "Mural, Mural on the Wall" was an exhibit that let festival-goers and a few RIT clubs paint murals on the manila colored walls of the COLA building's basement. The few clubs I saw painting were doing admirable jobs at making things look professional. In the opposing corner, however, something else was happening. Young children were painting their hearts out. Elongated and disproportional bodies grew above handprints and egg yolk sunsets. A massive tiger composed of geometric shapes crawled onto the wall. Birds took flight and trees grew from nowhere.

It's safe to conclude that something not too far from talking Velociraptors took place in that basement. Deep beneath the noise of the soft rock cover bands and the splashes of the virtual wishing well, imagination in its purest form was being splattered, dripped, and pulled from the minds of children. It

