

REPORTER

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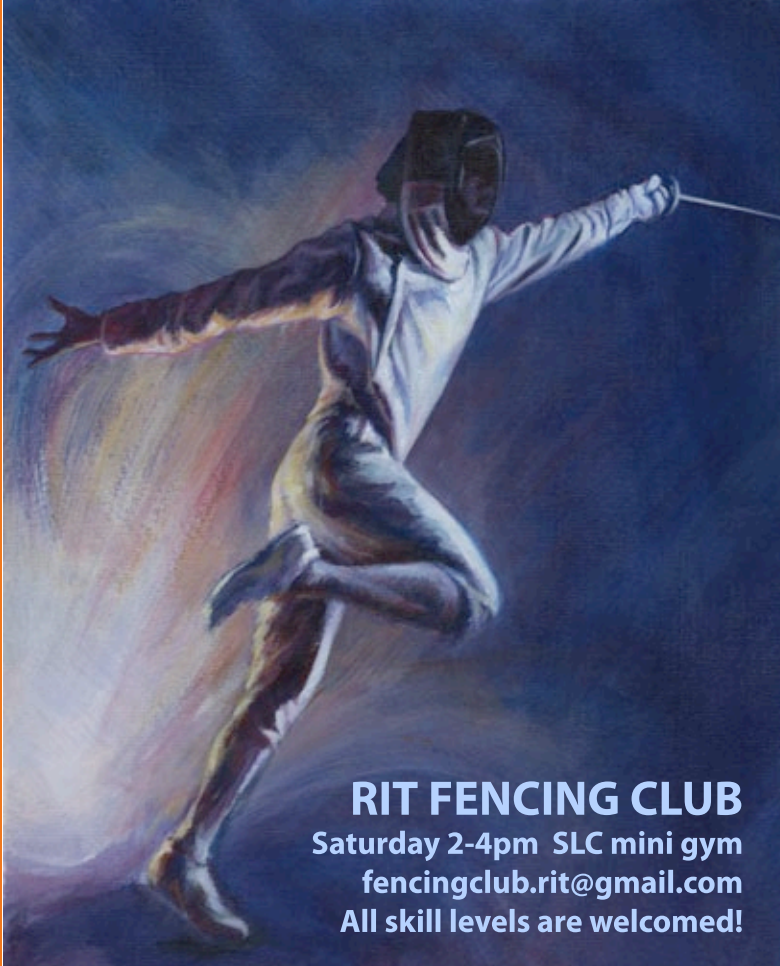
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REPORTER

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Madeleine Villavicencio
| eic@reportermag.com
MANAGING EDITOR Emily Mohlmann
| managing.editor@reportermag.com
COPY EDITOR David Peter
| copy.editor@reportermag.com
NEWS EDITOR Alex Rogala
| news@reportermag.com
LEISURE EDITOR James Arn
| leisure@reportermag.com
FEATURES EDITOR Michelle Spoto
| features@reportermag.com
SPORTS/VIEWS EDITOR Evan Williams
| sports@reportermag.com

WRITERS James Arn, Danielle Delp, Jonathan Foster, David Keith Gasser, Jeff McKinzie, Emily Mohlmann, Alex Rogala, Michael Roppolo, Moe Sedlak, Tom Sciotto, Michelle Spoto, Amanda Szczpanski, Madeleine Villavicencio, Evan Williams, Adam Watts, Chris Zubak-Skees

ART

ART DIRECTOR Nicholas Law
| art.director@reportermag.com
SENIOR STAFF DESIGNER Ben Gage
STAFF DESIGNER Lauren Bolger
PHOTO EDITOR Juan Madrid
| photo@reportermag.com
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS Thomas Newton, Jonathan Foster, Neal Danis
CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS William Ingalls, Katie Thompson
STAFF ILLUSTRATOR Joanna Eberts
CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATORS Amber Gartung, Lee Fitzgerald, Melissa Huang, Adrian Yablin, Jai Kamat

BUSINESS

AD MANAGER Alecia Crawford
| reporterads@mail.rit.edu
BUSINESS MANAGER Tom Sciotto
| business.manager@reportermag.com
PRODUCTION MANAGER Jayadev Alapati
| production.manager@reportermag.com
ONLINE PRODUCTION MANAGER Madeleine Villavicencio
| webmaster@reportermag.com

ADVISOR Rudy Pugliese

PRINTING Printing Applications Lab
CONTACT 1.585.475.2212

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STRENGTH IN NUMBERS

For students around the globe, college is a time to discover their identity; it's a time for recognizing what is most important to them and a chance to transform themselves into adults whose actions reflect those values. As seniors graduate and freshman fill their seats, the campus as a community is constantly reinventing itself. As a student publication, Reporter must keep pace with the changing trends, interests and concerns of each new generation.

The purpose of any publication is to provide its audience with relevant content. At Reporter, we try to fulfill this purpose, whether through news stories, features or sports coverage, by providing the student body, and the RIT community as a whole, with pertinent information. In essence, the audience dictates the content of the magazine. It's the same reason that The Democrat & Chronicle might publish a story that The New York Times does not: The article is relevant to that specific audience. We try and keep pace with the pulse of the RIT community and its vibrant student body, making the voice of our readers critical to each issue.

As a publication written for students by students, we want to provide you with a soapbox or a shout out with every article we run. Pages like Rings and Word on the Street, as well as views pieces take direct input from the student body, which we try and share with the population in its purest form. Your passions, opinions and senses of humor define RIT's unique culture and character.

With our coverage of campus life and news, we take direct quotes from the students participating so as to preserve the experience, dispatching photographers to capture the moments and pay careful attention to personal information like the student's years and majors. We want our writers witnessing the experiences alongside the people we write about, forming a connection that echoes what it's like to be a student at RIT. We've been where you've been, seen what you've seen, and we want to try and translate your voices into stories that reach all of our readers.

Choosing these stories requires a certain degree of selectivity. Each week, editors must pick from dozens of potential stories in to fill the magazine's 32 pages. They must gauge what is relevant, appropriate and would best appeal to the student body. Many factors contribute to this decision, such as the timeliness, novelty or impact of a certain event or decision. The same goes for each Rings dial, Word on the Street reply or reader-submitted letter.

But with each chance, there is an opportunity for error. What if, by choosing to publish a certain article, another topic more pertinent to students remains ignored? Or, in the same vein, what if an article on a topic important to many students is not given the space it deserves? The battle to maintain student relevance is a constant struggle, and editors must carefully weigh each side as they make their decisions.

Each decision is carefully calculated and the impact of every article we run is considered before the magazine goes to print. Yet, despite our strengths, we are not mind-readers and for all of our connections we don't know everyone; your input is crucial. While some of our most popular pages thrive on the direct input of the RIT community, there are so many more ways that you can help us help you. If you have an issue that you feel matters to the community as a whole, drop us a line. If you know of a student whose work is begging to be shown off to the world, shoot us an email. We are a publication for and of the people of RIT, and your stories help shape ours.

Editors:

Michelle Spoto

Evan Williams

Alex Rogala

James Arn

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cover photograph by Katie Thompson



IN THE EYES OF A DEAN

GCCIS CELEBRATES ITS 10TH ANNIVERSARY

by Madeleine Villavicencio | photograph by Thomas Newton

It was July of 2002 when Dr. Jorge Díaz-Herrera first stepped onto RIT soil. He had just moved from the Southern Polytechnic State University in Atlanta, Georgia, where he had served four years as the chair of Computer Science. While this was only the third time he had been on campus, Díaz-Herrera was here to stay. After a year-long search and a grueling interview process, the Golisano College of Computing and Information Sciences finally found its dean.

When he first arrived, the first thing on Díaz-Herrera's to-do list was to meet every single member of the college's faculty and staff. With 90 employees spread all over campus – the building that houses the college was not completed until 2003 – this was no easy feat. The task took six months to complete, but Díaz-Herrera felt that it was important. "It was a good way to get to know the campus," he added.

Nine years later, GCCIS is celebrating its 10th anniversary and Díaz-Herrera is preparing to swap his deanship for a college presidency.

As GCCIS dean, Díaz-Herrera has seen many changes within the college. The number of faculty publications has increased nearly ten-fold; the college has become the largest at RIT; and it now takes pride in a Ph.D. program, which is one particular accomplishment that Díaz-Herrera takes pride in.

"The development of the college has been tremendous ... in such a short amount of time," said Díaz-Herrera.


However, Díaz-Herrera still believes that there is room for improvement, particularly with collaboration. He would like to see more projects that cross departmental structures. He believes that there should be more jointly sponsored and supported programs between different faculties. For Díaz-Herrera, "Interdisciplinary is the name of the game."

Díaz-Herrera would also like to see an increase in women enrollment. Currently, only 7 percent of students at GCCIS are female, but Díaz-Herrera admits he still hasn't figured out how to increase that number.

On September 10, 2010, Díaz-Herrera announced that he would be stepping down as dean. "I don't believe you want to overstay your welcome in a position of leadership," said Díaz-Herrera. Eventually, people will be unable to appreciate your ideas, he said.

Initially, Díaz-Herrera had planned on taking a year of sabbatical effective July 1, 2011. During this break, he planned on spending time at research facilities at Carnegie Mellon University, and in Germany and Turkey. However, his plans changed

when a headhunter asked if he would be interested in becoming president of Keuka College.

Díaz-Herrera will be retiring on June 30. RIT is currently searching for his replacement. 

“The development of the college has been tremendous ... in such a short amount of time.”



FOR RIVERKNOLL, TIME TAKES ITS TOLL

by Chris Zubak-Skees | photograph by Neal Danis

If Riverknoll's walls could talk, they would tell great stories. Some would tell of wild parties, of spaghetti dinners, of hastily finished class projects. Some have been broken by fists. Most have watched four decades of young people live out their lives. And one particular wall would tell of the time when it was covered by black smoke, scorched by flame, doused with water, and had its asbestos core revealed.

The fire at Riverknoll apartment 99, which started early on March 27, resulted in the evacuation of 40 students. It permanently displaced the occupants of the apartment, Lorena Pajaro, a fourth year Hospitality and Service Management major; and Daivy Parra, a fourth year Business Management major.

It also drew attention to the housing complex destined for the chopping block, someday to be replaced by bigger and better things. A lot has changed since Riverknoll opened in 1971: centralized heat gained ground over individual wall-mounted units; standards for fire alarms in student housing improved; and asbestos gained recognition as a major health risk, its use discontinued in modern construction. Today, a close examination of the fire and its aftermath suggests that in terms of safety, the complex may be aging poorly.

In a March 2010 interview, Howard Ward, assistant vice president of Student Auxiliary Services (the administrative unit that contains Housing Operations), said that Riverknoll was originally a temporary solution composed of "upscale modular trailers." "The intention was to only have it up maybe, I guess, 10 years, or not even that long," he told **REPORTER**. The buildings have undergone improvements that have allowed them to last 40 years.

Twelve Riverknoll buildings were demolished to make room for Global Village, with the rest to follow someday, but demolitions were postponed last March. Mary Niedermaier, director of Housing Operations, says no date has been set to finish the job. Riverknoll isn't going anywhere for the foreseeable future.

HEATING AND COOLING UNIT FAULTED

In a one-page report, the Monroe County fire inspector blamed the fire on an electrical problem in the wall-mounted heating and cooling unit. That would usually be the final word, but Kurt Ingerick, associate director of Housing Operations, said the exact cause was still being investigated by New York State, which has authority over fire safety on college campuses.

The offending unit, a General Electric (GE) Zonline, was relatively new. Housing replaced the old unit with a new one in September 2010. According to Ingerick, the swap was part of a planned program of replacement, not the response to a specific problem; but Pajaro says there was one: "I called them for a replacement because the old unit wasn't working properly." Over the summer, the unit had trouble cooling the apartment, she said, and it had developed a "funky smell."

Two days before the fire, Pajaro smelled something different. According to the fire inspector who interviewed her the day of the fire, it was smoke. Asked about it later, she said that it hadn't smelled like fire, but was rather a "strange little odor," like someone in another apartment cooking. In any case, she couldn't pinpoint it, and her roommate, Parra, didn't think anything of it.

In a typical year, fixed-position electric heaters start 2,600 fires, which kill 20 people and cause \$64 million in damage, according to a Consumer Product Safety Commission report. In a separate report, however, investigation of a small number of cases showed that the deadliest fires were caused by units where the heat wasn't driven outward by a fan, as it is in the GE Zonline. Fan-blown units, like the Zonline, are less likely to catch nearby combustible materials on fire, making fires caused by them less dangerous. Instead, when fan-blown units cause fires, it's often due to internal malfunction.

GE Zonelines are widespread at RIT. They are installed in Riverknoll one-bedroom apartments and throughout Racquet Club. Similar units crank away in rooms at the RIT Inn and Conference Center. If there are other incidents with units, Ingerick hasn't heard of them; but Housing has nonetheless stepped up maintenance checks. Once a year, a worker lifted the cover of the unit, cleaned the filters, and made sure connections were secure and without corrosion. In a decision made after the fire, that ritual will now be performed quarterly.

“The intention was to only have it up maybe, I guess, 10 years, or not even that long,”

UNCONNECTED ALARMS

Riverknoll is the only apartment complex on campus without a smoke detection system that alerts Public Safety. The smoke detectors in all but three of Riverknoll's buildings only alert occupants of the immediate unit. (The other three buildings — 11, 29 and 32 — do alert Public Safety and other occupants.) When a fire occurs, the smoke detector in those buildings will not sound a general alarm, which means it may not wake residents sleeping in other rooms or units.

In case after case reported to Facilities Management Services, students from different apartments reported an unidentified beeping sound, at which point a maintenance worker replaced the smoke alarm battery. David Armanini, director of Environmental Health and Safety, said in a written response that the battery was only a backup to the electrical system and that they were regularly checked.

The smoke detector in apartment 99 did sound, said Pajaro, but she was instead woken up by Parra, her roommate. She only heard the alarm after moving toward the living room, the source of the fire, and seeing and smelling smoke. The general alarm for the building, Armanini says, was also tripped.

Riverknoll, like several older complexes on campus, has no sprinkler system.

Riverknoll meets the New York State Fire Code, but only because it's been grandfathered in. If it was built or renovated this way today, would it still meet the code? "No, it would not," says Armanini. "The fire codes are updated regularly and buildings are not expected to be retrofitted to the new standards."

ASBESTOS ABATEMENT

What Riverknoll does have is asbestos. Shortly after the fire, workers erected a tent-like structure outside the apartment, plastered with signs that read "danger; asbestos; cancer and lung disease hazard."

"Small quantities of asbestos are in the

drywall spackle and a layer of plaster in the ceiling (which has been painted over)," said Armanini.

"Asbestos does not pose a hazard unless it is disturbed, which will allow the asbestos fibers to become airborne," he continued. "Therefore, asbestos is safe to remain intact in building materials. Whenever a renovation or demolition occurs, which will disturb asbestos containing building material, then the material must be abated."

In the fire and subsequent restoration, the asbestos was disturbed and had to be cleaned up.

Pajaro says that most of the contents of her apartment were thrown away because the items might have asbestos fibers on them. "Almost everything was pretty much discarded," she said. She knew about the asbestos in Riverknoll, because there were similar signs when the 12 buildings were being demolished.

As for the rest of the complex, Armanini says RIT tested the air inside and outside the apartment and found it to be clear of hazards.

Shortly after the fire, workers erected a tent-like structure outside the apartment, plastered with signs that read "danger; asbestos; cancer and lung disease hazard."

So is Riverknoll safe? "Absolutely," said Niedermaier. "We wouldn't put students in any housing that we didn't feel was safe," added Ingerick.

As for Pajaro: "This whole process has been a big headache," she said. "I can't wait for May to be over, so I can just graduate and move on." **R**

BEYOND THE BRICKS

by Michelle Spoto | illustration by Melissa Huang

IRANIAN GOVERNMENT DISCOVERS COMPUTER VIRUS

The Iranian government has recently uncovered a malicious computer virus potentially aimed at damaging government systems. While the specific purpose of the virus, known as the Stars virus, is unknown, it came as a scare to the government, who thwarted a similar attack last year.

Stuxnet, the virus that infected government computers last year, was aimed at computers that were related to Iran's nuclear program. The government intercepted the malicious software before it caused any damage, although it did delay nuclear progress. The attack is suspected to have stemmed from the belief that Iran is attempting to create nuclear weaponry, although the country insists the program is for peaceful purposes.

The Stars virus, however, has not been completely disabled, and the government warns of upcoming attacks. In a statement published by the Mehr News Agency, Iranian official Gholam-Reza Jalali said, "The nation should ready itself for the next virus since it is possible that new viruses will be considerably more dangerous than the first."

HACKERS COMPROMISE PLAYSTATION NETWORK ACCOUNTS

A recent security breach has compromised millions of PlayStation Network (PSN) users' personal information. Initially, Sony was unsure of the hack's severity, but the company has recently released a statement about what hackers may have obtained. The company believes that the attackers gained access to users' names, addresses, emails and birthdates as well as their PSN handles and passwords. While there hasn't been anything to support the belief that additional data has been taken, Sony has not ruled out if financial data including billing address, purchase history and credit card information were taken as well.

Despite its ongoing investigation, Sony hasn't discovered the source of the breach. The company initially suspected that hacker group Anonymous was responsible for the attack,

but the group has denied any participation in the controversy.

While the information of PSN's 77 million users has already been leaked, there are still steps that can be taken to prevent unauthorized credit card use. While some card companies will notify customers about unusual purchases, credit experts recommend that consumers monitor their own accounts.



APPLE DENIES TRACKING USERS

On Wednesday, April 27, Apple denied rumors that the company tracks iPhone and iPad users' location via the devices' onboard GPS system. This comment was to address public outcry after researchers discovered a hidden log on devices using Apple's iOS, such as iPhones and iPads. The file contained up to a year's worth of location data, making it possible to track a user's whereabouts.

In response, Apple said that consumers were confused, assuring the media that they have not, and never plan on, following the location of any user. In a statement on Apple's website, Apple stated this file was used to record information on cell towers and Wi-Fi access points to improve GPS functionality. In addition, the company acknowledged there were "bugs" in the system, which they plan on fixing by the release of an update. With the next major iOS release Apple promised to encrypt the offending file.

For some skeptics, however, this amount of tracking is still uncomfortable. In an article by Computer World's Greg Keizer, Justin Brookman, director of consumer privacy at the Center for Democracy and Technology, said, "The fact that the log is there does raise legitimate privacy concerns. It could be subpoenaed by the government, or even by a divorce attorney, to determine what part of town you were in."

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

by Alex Rogala

GREEK SENATOR ANNOUNCED

Director of Services Bobby Watson announced the results of a tiebreaker election for Greek Senator, a position replacing the representative of Greek Council. Phi Kappa Psi's Taylor Deer, a third year Civil Engineering Technology major, was elected as the inaugural Greek Senator.

ACADEMIC CONDUCT RESTRUCTURING APPROVED

Marissa Giambrone, director of public relations, stated that SG's Student Affairs committee has finished reviewing RIT's academic dishonesty policies. The committee presented before Academic Senate on April 28, advocating for a centralized Academic Conduct Committee. Under this model, two members from a central office would review any charges of plagiarism or cheating with a representative from the student's college. This system, Giambrone argued, would provide a more uniform response while still allowing individual colleges an active role in the disciplinary process. According to Giambrone, Academic Senate approved a task force to implement the new system starting next year.

BRICK BEAT

by Emily Mohlmann

MASTER OF ARCHITECTURE PROGRAM APPROVED

In the fall of 2011, RIT will gain a new program: Master of Architecture. Dennis Andrejko, formerly from the University at Buffalo, will chair the program, which will emphasize sustainable architecture. Andrejko, who is "honored to be selected to take a lead role," is known for his focus on sustainability in architecture and energy-conscious design. Andrejko is scheduled to begin his position July 1.

In addition to sustainability, the program is set to focus on urbanism and integrated learning and practice; students will spend studio time learning about construction technologies and materials. The degree is a collaborative effort between the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences and the Golisano Institute for Sustainability.

Conceived in 2007, the program is designed for students who hold bachelor's degrees in areas other than architecture. However, those who do hold a Bachelor of Architecture – which is not offered by RIT – will likely be able to apply credits from their undergraduate courses toward the completion of the degree. It is scheduled to take students three years to complete the degree.

The New York State Board of Regents recently approved the program. Next, it must receive accreditation from the National Architectural Accrediting Board, which can only be accomplished once the first class graduates.

CRIME WATCH

by David Keith Gasser

SUNDAY 3

Perkins Green Apartments. From 8 p.m. to April 4 at 6:30 p.m. A person damaged a vehicle. The investigation continues.

WEDNESDAY 6

Public Safety Office, Grace Watson Hall. 4:30 p.m. A student possessed a forged driver's license. The case was referred to Student Conduct.

Ellingson Hall. From 5:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Someone damaged keyholes on a dorm room door. The investigation continues.

Wallace Library. From 7 p.m. to 7:10 p.m. Two unattended laptops and a backpack were stolen. The investigation continues.

SATURDAY 9

Riverknoll Apartments. 11:40 a.m. A resident was heating oil on a stove and left it unattended, causing a fire. The Henrietta Fire Department responded and confirmed the fire was extinguished. The case is closed.

Racquet Club Apartments. 6:28 p.m. A student was cooking on a stovetop when oil in a pan ignited and began a small grease fire. The case is closed.

Most crime-filled location on campus: University Commons, followed by Ellingson Hall, Riverknoll and Perkins.

FORECAST

compiled by Adam Watts

6

FRIDAY

CAB Friday Night Live Presents: Dubstep Dance Party

Sentinel. 9 p.m. – 1 a.m.

Enjoy the warm weather with an all night, outdoor dance party. Naim Hakim will be spinning tunes to keep the party going.

Cost: Your best moves.

7

SATURDAY

Imagine RIT

Campus-wide. 10 a.m. – 5 p.m.

Visit RIT's annual innovation festival and see the creative presentations, demonstrations, exhibitions and research projects all over campus. Multiple stages provide live music. Come see what your fellow students and faculty have been working on.

Cost: Free.

8

SUNDAY

Spring Luau

Greek Lawn. 2 – 5 p.m.

Head to the Greek Lawn for free food, games and music courtesy of OCASA and ACA.

Cost: Free.

9

MONDAY

Open Mic Comedy Night

Boulder Coffee. 955 Genesee St. 7 – 9 p.m.

Step up to the mic and show the world how funny you really are, or sit in the audience and see what aspiring Rochester comedians have to offer.

Cost: Belly laughs.

10

TUESDAY

Yom Ha'atzmaut

Tiger Statue. 11 a.m. – 1:30 p.m.

RIT Hillel is celebrating Israeli Independence Day by cooking falafel on the quarter mile. Stop by, get some free food, and learn about Israeli culture.

Cost: Free.

11

WEDNESDAY

Matt Griffo

lovin'cup. 9 p.m.

Stop by lovin'cup to see comedian and singer Matt Griffo perform improv comedy, dance numbers and humorous songs like "My Racist Grandpa" and "Pandas are Cute ... Until They Kill You."

Cost: Free.

12

THURSDAY

Pie a Professor

Max Lowenthal Hall. 12 – 4 p.m.

Buy a cream pie to throw at one of the SCB professors. All proceeds are donated to the Golisano Children's Hospital, so be sure to buy lots of pies.

Cost: Pie.

REVIEW



"CRASH OF CASSINI" BY MAGNUSON
ALBUM | ALTERNATIVE | 46 MINS
RATING: MEH.

by James Arn

"Crash of Cassini" is the debut album of the Los Angeles-based alternative rock band Magnuson. The group is comprised of Greg and Kyrsten Magnuson, who both contribute their vocal talents throughout the album and trade off the roles of guitarist and drummer in nearly every track. While for some acts this versatility could detract from the album's sonic cohesiveness, Magnuson manages to pull it off fairly well.

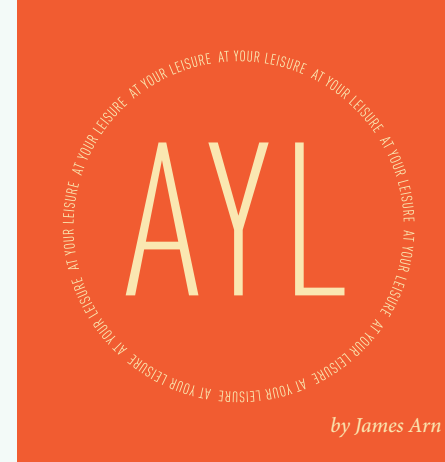
The band's tagline is "the most musical mayhem ever created by a boy and a girl," which is pretty apt. While their sound has its charms, much of what could be great about this album is lost in a mud of brash cymbals and overdriven guitar lines. If they toned down the mayhem slightly, there would be a lot more to like.

Magnuson's greatest strength is their use of unusual and clever chord progressions. This is most evident in "Somewhere," which features an unexpectedly catchy chorus that thrives

on the wonderful harmonization of Greg and Kyrsten's voices. Fortunately, Kyrsten takes the lion's share of the vocals in "Somewhere." Suitably high and crisp, her voice has the power to back this song up. In contrast, Greg sometimes comes off sounding a bit whiny or painfully out of key.

Despite its shortcomings, "Crash of Cassini" does have a few gems. One particularly strong entry, "Real Control," is a traditional hard rock, bordering on metal, track where Greg's gritty vocals are actually complemented by the rough feel of the track. Another, "Fear and Deception," features a cleaner drum sound with a more intricate guitar riff that hints at a greater potential for Magnuson.

While "Crash of Cassini" is far from a perfect debut, it contains enough new ideas, backed up by solid musicianship, that fans of the alt-rock should consider picking it up when the album lands next month.



REPORTER RECOMMENDS

"Drew Carey's Improv-A-Ganza"

When "Whose Line is it Anyway?" left the airwaves in 2007, it left a gaping hole in the world of improv comedy that was mourned by many of the show's longtime fans. Now, thankfully, the wonderful spirit of "Whose Line" has been rekindled. Host Drew Carey has gathered much of the show's original cast, along with a slew of other comedic greats, and created "Improv-A-Ganza." The show sees the return of many fan-favorite games, along with a wide array of new material with the same side-splitting results. Best of all, Game Show Network (the show's home channel) has the entire first season available online for free.

To see "Drew Carey's Improv-A-Ganza" for yourself, head to <http://tv.gsn.com/shows/improv/video/>.

WORD OF THE WEEK

Ruritanian 'rūr-ə-tā-nē-ən, *adj.* – of, relating to, or having the characteristics of an imaginary place of high romance.

The young girl was swept up in the *ruritanian* splendor of the opera.

Definition taken from <http://merriam-webster.com>.

HAIKU

Week Nine is over.
Go Imagine RIT,
Time to hit the books.

— 05.06.11 —

STREAM OF FACTS

In 1900, John Elfreth Watkins Jr. published a series of predictions for the next hundred years in the magazine, "Ladies Home Journal." Some were eerily accurate: he posited 150 mph trains and color photographs. Others now seem preposterous, such as Watkins' belief that the letters C, X and Q would be removed from the English alphabet by the year 2000.

In 2000, Pope John Paul II was named an honorary member of the **HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS**. The gesture was part of a celebration of the exhibition basketball team's 75th anniversary.

The **HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS** are not in fact based in Harlem, N.Y. Abe Saperstein founded the team in Chicago. Saperstein chose the name as a reference to the African-American heritage of many the players. The first time the Globetrotters played in the Harlem neighborhood was in 1968, more than four decades after the team's **INCEPTION**.

Leonardo DiCaprio's character in the film "**INCEPTION**" has the same name and profession as the protagonist in director **CHRISTOPHER NOLAN'S** first feature film "Following." "Inception" also marks the third of **CHRISTOPHER NOLAN'S** films in which actor Cillian Murphy spends a large portion of the film with his head in a sack.

QUOTE

"If we did all the things we are capable of, we would literally astound ourselves."
– Thomas Edison

OVERSEEN & OVERHEARD

"I'm not trying to hit on you, I have a chinchilla."
– Female student outside the SAU.



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WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NEXT YEAR?



RIT'S OWN REVOLUTION

by Alex Rogala | photograph by William Ingalls

On Saturday, April 30, RIT's campus was alive, and the College Activities Board's Spring Festival was in full bloom. Outside the Gordon Field House, a crowd had gathered to see the festival's headliner, famed jam-band O.A.R. From far away, the distant thunder of drums sounded.

Inside, a small crowd had gathered as a tune from *The Decemberists* blasted through the stage's PA system. As 8 p.m. drew near, the crowd began to grow silent.

ELIZABETH & THE CATAPULT

At 8:03 p.m., the lights dimmed and concertgoers rushed the floor in preparation for the night's opening act, Elizabeth & the Catapult. Guitarist Dan Molad, a thin, curly-haired man with a hollow-body electric, began to play. After a moment's silence, his sharp, crunchy guitar echoed throughout the Field House. He continued his solo for nearly a minute before front woman Elizabeth Zinman entered with her folksy, breathy vocals followed by calm electric piano and thundering, almost tribal drums. The audience

stood still. Drenched in a deep blue light, one lone hand stood out in a sea of silence.

At that point, the Field House floor was about half full. While the crowd appeared to be enjoying itself, most chose to stand still or sit on the sidelines.

Between songs, Zinman chatted eagerly with the crowd. "This next song is dedicated to all my ex-boyfriends, not one excluded," she announced before one particular tune, eliciting laughter from the crowd. "It's called 'Mama's Boy.'"

Touring in support of their recent album "The Other Side of Zero," the Brooklyn-based

band played plenty of recent material. They also paid their respects to their influences with an emotional rendition of the traditional, "Where Did You Sleep Last Night," with Zinman and Molad trading vocals. Despite strong playing, and an initially warm reception, Elizabeth & the Catapult began to struggle with an increasingly uninterested audience. Towards the end of their set, the band seemed to acknowledge this, with Molad saying, "Two more songs and then you'll have the night of your life."

One of these songs, "Thank You for Nothing" recently named one of NPR's top breakup

songs, featured Zinman alone on electric piano. "Thank you for loving and thank you for leaving me," Zinman crooned gently, against the melancholy piano backdrop. The audience however, was lost in its own conversation, and she struggled to be heard over the din.

Elizabeth & the Catapult wrapped up their set just as puffs of smoke began to emanate from the crowd. The band finished their set amidst the crowd's chants for O.A.R.

O.A.R.

Between sets, there was roughly half an hour of downtime. While the crowd had been mostly quiet for the Catapults' set, it livened up slightly. The volume of crowd chatter rose, the floor filled up, and a few brave souls began to crowd surf.

This buzz of activity turned into anticipation as the lights dimmed. To the strains of the Rolling Stones' "Start Me Up," O.A.R. took the stage. Standing under aqua-colored lights, the jangly strains of frontman Marc Roberge's guitar filled the room as he began playing "Hey Girl."

As a jam band, one of O.A.R.'s main draws is their versatility, something well demonstrated throughout the concert. The band covered a variety of styles, including ska, funk and soul. Roberge and guitarist Richard On played off of each other's riffs effortlessly. Drummer Chris Culos provided a dizzying array of drumbeats. The one constant, Mikel Paris' soaring organ parts provided the solid backing for other members' experimentation.

Known for their long jams, the band aimed to cover as much material as possible. "Sorry if we're rushing; we just want to get through a lot of songs," commented Roberge. Though the set was comprised of mostly lively, energetic tunes, the band played a few slower pieces. During one particular torch song, a sea of cell phones — and even a few lighters — emerged.

The performance was clearly nostalgic, and the band leaned towards their earlier material, such as "That Was a Crazy Game of Poker," "Night Shift" and "About an Hour Ago." Between songs, Roberge would tell stories of their origins, which involved drummers' basements and late-night strokes of inspiration.

In light of an upcoming album, set for release later this year, O.A.R. also revisited a few newer hits, such as "Shadowed" and "This Town." During the latter, the crowd really

came alive. By the time the chorus hit and the lights swept the audience, nearly every hand was waving in the air.

Throughout the event, one concertgoer standing towards the front of the crowd had been holding up half of a pizza box with a message scribbled on it. Although Roberge joked with this fan throughout the set, the reason remained unclear until late in the concert, when the band obliged his request to play "Light Switch Sky," a lesser-known tune they had co-written with fans. While he may have gotten his wish, the pizza box stayed up.

The lights went out and the band walked off stage. Fans began to chant for an encore. Initially slowly and hesitantly, they began calling out the band's name.

At first, only keyboardist Paris appeared on stage, followed by Roberge. Comprised of three songs, the encore was longer than most. Then something strange happened: The crowd began to dance. Tentatively at first, the crowd had broken into an all-out groove by the song's end.

From there, the encore began to grow, becoming almost another mini-show in and of itself. Rather than fading slowly away, it seemed O.A.R. would rather end with a powerful bang.

This bang came during "Lay Down," the evening's closer. During an unexpected drum break, Paris and saxophonist Jerry DePizo grabbed drums of their own, working with drummer Culos to craft intense polyrhythms. Everything built up to one rare moment, where everything on stage merged into one giant wall of sound. As the band's final hit reverberated through Gordon Field House, the lights flickered back to life, ending nearly two solid hours of jamming. Just as quickly as it had begun, the evening ended and the group's fans walked out into the night. **R**

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Preview: GUYS AND DOLLS

by Danielle Delp | photograph by William Ingalls

Above: An NTID dress rehearsal of Guys and Dolls

“Guys and Dolls” premiered on Broadway in 1950 and is largely considered one of the greatest musicals of all time. The show tells the story of a diverse group of gamblers, missionaries and blue-collar workers in New York City during the 1930s. The main focus, however, is on a pair of men who regularly partake in an illegal gambling ring. This puts strain on their relationships with the women they love, forcing them to decide how much they are willing to change to win them back.

For their spring show, NTID’s Panara Theatre will be putting on a production of the classic Broadway musical “Guys and Dolls.” NTID’s production will feature over 100 students and faculty as members of the cast and crew. The musical was designed, staffed and produced entirely by the theater program’s students.

This production marks the first time in 15 years that the Panara Theatre has put on a musical, and the first time in 30 years that a show has utilized a live orchestra. The theater was recently modified just for the purpose of making room for the orchestra. Production has been underway for about three months, but rehearsals began just six weeks ago.

According to Director Luane Davis-Haggerty, the most difficult part of production was overcoming the language barrier between the students, directors and crew. “We are working with three languages here: English, ASL and music. And all three are being worked with at the same time,” explained Davis-Haggerty. She noted that advancements in technology made the production process far easier than in recent years by assisting in communication and queuing directions. She also noted that the actors were very excited to be able to participate in a musical because it is so different from anything NTID has put on in recent years.

As of the April 30 dress rehearsal, the show is coming along nicely. The cast’s ability to

synchronize both signed and spoken lines with musical numbers was impressive. Actors who are deaf or hard-of-hearing sign with voice actors shadowing them, while speaking actors sign all of their lines. The musical numbers were particularly impressive, since the signing actors had to express the emotion of their voice actor’s singing through body and sign language alone. The final product is full of life and energy. **R**

The opening night will be Thursday, May 5, at 7:30 p.m. The show runs through Sunday, May 8. A special show will be held May 7 featuring the understudies taking the stage in place of the regular actors. Tickets are \$5 for students and \$7 for others, and may be purchased at the NTID box office.

One Week in 1968

Life Without Modern Technology

by Madeleine Villavicencio | photographs by Thomas Newton and Neal Danis

At precisely 8 a.m. every morning, my cell phone erupts in a frenzy of bells and whistles, signifying a brand new day. After several attempts over the course of an hour, the little buzzer that could finally gets me rolling out of bed and into my desk chair. It's like clockwork, predictable and highly dependable.

It isn't until after I've caught up with my email, Facebook, Twitter and RSS feeds that I begin to get ready for class. Throughout the day, my cell phone and laptop keep me updated, pleading for

my attention with an array of high-pitched noises. My address book, calendar and class notes all live on the cloud and are readily accessible from any device I so choose. And to an extent, I couldn't have even imagined my life without an internet connection. That is, until now.

For one week, the Reporter staff dared me to avoid modern technology, drawing the line at 1968 — the year RIT moved to its Henrietta campus.

Challenge accepted.

Friday, April 22

12:31 a.m.

In the hours leading up to The Great Blackout, I do everything in my power to prepare. I note every assignment due that week; I write down contact information for everyone I might possibly want to call; I even find several good books to pass the time.

None of this prepares me for the frustration of having to determine my apartment's landline number.

All residential phone numbers on the RIT campus have the prefix 758. While I wasn't about to manually punch in the 10,000 possible permutations to find the dead ringer, I might as well have; the MyHousing portal was worse than useless. After clicking every link on the portal, I couldn't even summon my current housing confirmation. A campus residence directory does not exist, and all calls from RIT numbers show the receiver the same cover number.

I'm starting to understand why students no longer bring landlines to college. The technology isn't obsolete — it's incompatible with modern life. It's nearly impossible to figure out your phone number! After almost two hours of trying, I give up.

11:18 a.m.

After class, I attempt to figure out my phone number one last time. Tommy Tutone's contemporaries won't start writing numbers on walls until 1982, so I'm going to have to call around campus and hope that someone can see my number.



My first call to the Reporter office confirms my belief that the staff generally doesn't function before noon. Luckily, my former employers at the Golisano Dean's office have heard all about my article-related shenanigans and are happy to help. The senior staff specialist reads me the rather long string of digits off of her handset's screen, and I somehow manage to identify the information I need. 585.758.6173.

I finally record a new voicemail message and set up my e-mail auto responder.

11:57 p.m.

Time flies when you're having a few drinks with some friends — never mind the fact that they're really here to confiscate all your technology. I receive the two-minute warning to check my messages, and just like an afternoon spent watching internet memes on YouTube, the time slips away. The next thing I know, my laptop is ripped from my hands and snapped closed. I watch as the signature Apple icon dims and my roommate packs up my stuff for "safekeeping." Let the games begin.

Saturday, April 23

6:30 a.m.

I adjust my position and the couch squeaks as I reach over to the coffee table for my cell phone. My fingers grasp nothing but air. I groan as it all hits me. I'm thirsty. I groggily make my way to the cupboard, noting the blue digits flashing on the microwave. 1:36. Panic fills me as I wonder: *where has the day gone?* A faint cool light creeps in the living room window. *It's always cloudy in Rochester.*

9:30 a.m.

Another wave of thirst hits. I go to refill my glass. I check the microwave for the time once more. It's only 1:36. Wait. What? With no phone or laptop, my sense of time is shot.

3:36 p.m.

Crunch. Crunch. I listen with steadfast attention as I chew each bite of fresh spinach ten times over, the volume waning with each successive chomp. I wish a swig of Dr. Pepper from cheek to cheek before I swallow, and the sound of each gulp seems to echo in my mind. At this point, it's less about enjoyment and more about wasting time.

The soundtrack of my supper is a simple comfort breaking through the sterile silence within the walls of my room. What was once



a symphony of laptop fans, background music and cell phone beeps has now been replaced with an all-consuming silence. Emptiness. Resounding emptiness caused by the absence of most of my worldly possessions.

My rotary phone rings. It's loud.

Sunday, April 24

3:31 p.m.

I can only imagine what it would be like work for a publication in the 60's, typewriting each page and marking each edit by hand. However time consuming and involved the process may be, there's something extremely satisfying about covering white pages with red ink. The act of ripping apart each paragraph, line by line, word by word, in order to determine how each part contributes to the whole — it has never been as graphic, as intimidating, as intimate.

I think about the writing process of times past and the stark contrast it bears with everything I am familiar with. It seems almost too easy to outline each topic on a word processor, filling in each section, molding and sculpting the story with every edit, every revision. It's mechanical; it's routine. I imagine how much thought a writer had to put into a single sentence before transcribing it onto a page. I imagine a world without "backspace" and "delete." It is my world, for now.

Monday, April 25

8:17 a.m.

CRRING. I lift the headset and drag it toward my ear. I politely inform the caller that I am

awake before hanging up and retreating back into my web of blankets.

8:58 a.m.

CRRRIING. "I'm not coming to the meeting. I have a paper to write."

9:28 a.m.

CRRRIIING. I pick up the headset once more, but this time, I drop it on the bed beside me before returning to a deep slumber. There is no snooze button for this wake-up call.

12:38 p.m.

I shoot up and violently roll out of bed. I run to kitchen to check the time on our trusty microwave realizing I've somehow managed to sleep through my 10 a.m. class and half of my 12 p.m. class. The idea of investing in an old school alarm clock crosses my mind as I quickly get dressed and dash out the door. Luckily, a friend sent me one in the mail. Though it takes me three visits to the post office to procure it, the alarm clock makes a world of difference in the following days.

5:13 p.m.

Wallace Library abandoned the card catalog system so long ago that the staff member I ask doesn't even remember when the drawers left the building. But that doesn't help my current predicament. I've got to make a presentation on Charles de Gaulle, and only 36 hours to put it together. If I ask a librarian for a few book recommendations, does it count if she references their online database? I throw caution to the wind. She hands me a slip of

paper indicating the fourth floor. Lucky for me, the elevator predates the 20th century.

I stand helpless on the French border, face to face with an army of books. An entire row of shelves is dedicated to French history and culture, but less than a dozen of them focus on de Gaulle. Flipping through each one — and skipping over several written in French — I realize that I'm never going to have the time to sift through all of these. I choose one biography at random and head for a more concise history of France.

5:57 p.m.

"You can't check out any books unless you have a balance under \$5," says the student sitting behind the circulation desk.

While I can't even recall the last time I borrowed a book, this library computer remembers everything — the date, the time, the title, and especially the fact that I owe it \$10. I reach into my pocket and quickly realize that I have nothing on me but my debit card, which wasn't invented until the 1970s. I don't even have Tiger Bucks on my ID.

I quickly excuse myself and find a friend sitting at a nearby table. Together, we count every quarter, nickel, dime, and even penny between us. Unfortunately, we only scrounge up \$2.03. In the end, she checks out the books and I smuggle them out of the library.

11:21 p.m.

There's just something about a real book — the weight in your hands, the texture of the pages, the smell... I sneeze. Okay, this library book is a little musty, but it's from 1966. I sneeze again. I turn the page. I complete my rule of sneezing thirds. As I snap the book shut, a small puff of dust escapes from its crevices. It's like that puff of smoke after the flash that makes the magician disappear. It's that eureka moment. New technology is not so dusty.

Tuesday, April 26

10:38 a.m.

There are three problems with making a PowerPoint presentation on Charles de Gaulle while avoiding technology. First, PowerPoint didn't exist until the 80's. Second, quality images cannot be imported to a computer without a digital scanner. And third, most of RIT's books on the subject were published in the 60's and 70's and didn't disclose how de Gaulle died. With all that said, I'm ashamed to admit that I am cheating.

While I was pre-approved to input my

research onto a PowerPoint presentation using a library computer, I didn't realize how many issues that single blast to the future would trigger. Addressing the image problem, I resolve to only use online photographs that I've already seen in my book research. With my grade on the line, I feel it's a good compromise. But really, it's de Gaulle's cause of death that nags me. After 15 minutes of debating with myself, I finally call a friend to look it up on Wikipedia.

1:48 p.m.

After class, I approach my French Films in Hollywood professor to hand in a hard copy of the day's assignment. Having received one of my email auto responses, he teases me for using a laptop to click through my presentation and potentially using a printer for the assignment. I quickly explain that I had been given a typewriter to use for the week and apologize for the presence of a few typos. That two-page monstrosity took four hours to type and drained all my patience. Eventually, I gave up on typing the perfect piece.

Thursday, April 28

6:48 p.m.

Dr. Mary-Beth Cooper, vice president for Student Affairs, greets me in the hallway outside of the Campus Center's reading room. She says something that catches me completely off-guard: "Mady, I had a dream about you last night."

By now, word had gotten around about my techlessness, and apparently, I'm not the only one anxious about it. Last night, a series of dreamed events had convinced Dr. Cooper that I was in trouble and unable contact her since I had no access to technology. "I just wanted to make sure you really didn't need me," she says. "And if you do, you can just come to my house."

I inform her that, regretfully, I don't know where she lives. Her solution: "You could call Public Safety, and they'll come find me!"

Friday, April 29

11:54 p.m.

The front door slams, and I rush out of my room. "Is it time yet?" my roommate asks. We both glance over at the microwave and continue to stand awkwardly in silence for a couple of minutes. Time crawls on as we search for a topic to talk about. My eyes dart back and forth, to and from the dim LED screen. It feels

as if we're frozen at 59.

Double zeros finally flash onto the clock and a long sigh of relief escapes my mouth. My roommate walks into his room and rolls out my goodie bag. I've made it.

Saturday, April 30

12:03 a.m.

My heart races as I stare at the black screen, waiting for the login console to pop up. That's what I get for not properly shutting down my machine. As I enter my password, I note how smooth the keys feel under my fingertips. Within minutes, I am bombarded. TweetDeck chirps, Adium flashes week-old missed instant messages, and an idle notification pops up on a leftover MyCourses tab. A familiar feeling of anxiety begins to kick in.

Two hundred and sixty unread email threads, seven Twitter mentions and 15 Facebook notifications scream for my attention, but something takes precedence: my comeback message.

"I've got internet bitches!" I tweet. And I mean it.

1:19 a.m.

I feel like a space shuttle re-entering earth's atmosphere. Waves slam against me as I knock each email out of the way, every one a major plot point in a never-ending saga. A drama unfolds. I laugh. I cry. But mostly, I cringe. I cringe at each new task added to my to-do list. I cringe at each mistake I made because I didn't get the message. I cringe at every issue that everyone else wanted me to know about. Instant gratification slowly morphs into instant irritation, generating joules of frustration.

9:29 p.m.

As both this challenge and this article come to an end, I reflect on the lessons I have learned: It doesn't matter what you have access to, you'll find something to waste your time on. Notetaking sucks when you have to write everything out by hand. And finally, prolonged exposure to gadgets and gizmos generally causes me more stress and anxiety, usually resulting in a range of a things including short tempers, insomnia and frequent headaches. **R**

INNOVATING ACCESS TECHNOLOGY

by Evan Williams

It's springtime here in Brick City, the Destler-declared season of innovation. As RIT continues to establish itself as an institute that takes pride in one-of-a-kind programs, a young, little-known organization is making major strides in the field of access technology. And what they may lack in size, they make up for in scope.

The Center on Access and Technology (CAT) was established in 2006 as part of the National Technical Institute of the Deaf. NTID created the Center to develop technology that would allow deaf and hard-of-hearing students to more easily access information in the world of post-secondary education. CAT focuses on practical technology with the highest chance of being effectively applied in the real world.

Access technology is defined as “technologies or devices that can be utilized by deaf or hard-of-hearing individuals to assist them in acquiring or sharing information, communicating, or otherwise participating in educational opportunities including classroom, online learning, laboratory experiences, as well as educational experiences taking place outside of the classroom.” This type of technology has become the focus of CAT, which is hard at work spreading innovation to all corners of the globe.

We're trying to level the playing field, says NTID Professor and Dean Emeritus Dr. James J. DeCaro, so that people who are deaf or hard-of-hearing can get the same access to information that their hearing peers do.

“We're trying to level the playing field,” says NTID Professor and Dean Emeritus Dr. James J. DeCaro, “so that people who are deaf or hard-of-hearing can get the same access to information that their hearing peers do.” DeCaro has worked at NTID since 1971 and served as the dean for 14 years. Now, he is the director of CAT. And he's been busy.

DeCaro was recently at a focus group that featured a product called the “caption phone.” The phone looks like a traditional home phone, but with one additional feature. The phone has a large screen next to the receiver cradle that uses voice recognition software to decipher the speaker's message into visible text. The phone is designed for people who are hard-of-hearing but are still able to speak. The company that created the phone got wind of CAT's program and asked for an evaluation. Representatives gave a demonstration of the caption phone to around 150 students and will soon be providing free installations of the devices in the participants' homes for 30 days. After a follow-up questionnaire, the participants will be given the phones free of charge.

The core group of CAT researchers, about 10 total, supplements each idea by creating interdisciplinary teams comprised of the best and brightest from RIT's different colleges. “We said ‘There will be no project that we will run in CAT that does not involve students. And not simply as subjects,’” DeCaro says. Students are brought in as researchers and designers for each project.

Gary Behm, an NTID Engineering Technology faculty member and IBM retiree with 12 patents to his name, developed a program to alert a cell phone's owner about incoming emails and other notifications while asleep. The Android-based software application enables the phone's Bluetooth transmitter to activate a small 1-by-2 inch device that would flash high-intensity LEDs. Students and faculty from the Kate Gleason College of Engineering (KGCOE) and NTID are developing the software and the LED platform; and student/faculty teams from the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences are designing the “elegant package” for the device. This multi-college process is just one example of the many innovative projects CAT has in progress.

In addition to deaf and hard-of-hearing research, CAT also focuses on developing technology for the visually impaired. The Center is currently working on a project involving Usher's syndrome, a genetic disorder that causes progressive diminishing sight, referred to as *retinitis pigmentosa*. Pigmenting on the retina renders portions of the eye permanently useless

Over the past 10 years, NTID has received about \$10 million in scholarship funding for bettering post-secondary education for deaf and hard-of-hearing children in China, the Philippines, Korea, Japan, Vietnam, Thailand and other countries.

and drastically deteriorates the person's vision. Through this project, CAT has not only reached out to NTID and KGCOE, but also to Rochester General Hospital's Ophthalmology department. The project, titled “Field of Vision Glasses,” includes a processing platform that reads incoming video signals from the glasses and sends the information to the parts of the glasses within the field of view of the person's remaining retinal cells. It's a project that holds special meaning to DeCaro, whose mother suffered from Usher's syndrome.

The reach of the Center also extends to other universities across the country. In February, CAT submitted a \$3 million proposal to the National Science Foundation for the development of a virtual academic community. CAT recognizes that the resources available to deaf and hard-of-hearing students at RIT aren't always available to other students who might need them. CAT has partnered up with Cornell University and Camden County Community College in New Jersey to design a virtual infrastructure to share online classes, interpreting, captioning and tutoring services to deaf and hard-of-hearing students at other universities. If approved, the program will be tested and implemented

over the next four years, which will hopefully be enough time to get the system ready to apply to additional schools across the nation. In addition to partnering with schools throughout the country, CAT is also looking to expand its program worldwide.

In a partnership with the Nippon Foundation of Japan and the Association of South East Asian Nations, NTID has been sponsoring what they call the “Pre-College Education Network.” Over the past 10 years, NTID has received about \$10 million in scholarship funding for bettering post-secondary education for deaf and hard-of-hearing children in China, the Philippines, Korea, Japan, Vietnam, Thailand and other countries. DeCaro is now looking to extend this relationship to CAT. Over the next five years, DeCaro is hoping for CAT to be the world's “premier center for access and technology” for the deaf and hard-of-hearing.

If you stand in the center of the big tiger paw on the floor of the NTID Center for Student Development, beneath the domed ceiling, your voice is reverberated and amplified strictly by the design of the space, an occurrence that happened purely by accident. CAT has already tapped industrial designers, audiologists and architects to try and design a building that can minimize this sort of reverb, as well as facilitate noise reduction, for people with hearing aids. It's this vision and forward-thinking that will help propel the CAT and deaf and hard-of-hearing research into the future. **R**



RIT CONQUERS DODGEBALL WORLD RECORD

by Jeff McKinzie and Jonathan Foster | photographs by Juan Madrid and Jonathan Foster

On Sunday, May 1, thousands of RIT students, faculty and staff waited in the Gordon Field House, anxious to participate in what could be a record setting game of dodgeball. The wait was made all the more agonizing by lurking fear that RIT wouldn't be able to muster to necessary number of participants. Finally, backed by the power of social media, the occupancy of the field house grew large enough to break the University of Alberta's

World Record of 2,012 throwers. With 2,136 students, RIT accomplished their goal of breaking the record, despite doubts of RIT's capabilities from members of the U of A dodgeball club. But RIT pulled through, reaching the 2,000 mark moments before the match began. It was the biggest dodgeball game in the history of the world, and it happened at the Rochester Institute of Technology.

Before the match got underway, ceremonial speakers Dr. Mary-Beth Cooper, the senior vice president of Student Affairs, and Student Government President Greg Pollock took turns speaking at the podium. Pollock and Cooper both applauded the efforts of the RIT community to turn the world record into a reality and saw it as an opportunity to increase school spirit. But Cooper's final words, albeit biased, were met with delight. "Brown is going down!" she shouted, prompting thunderous cheers from the orange side.

And then it began.

Screaming and shouting, 2,136 raging dodgeballers broke for the 500 foam-rubber orbs along the centerline. The melee that ensued would last less than an hour and a half, but those 90 minutes were filled with the bright blue chaos as several hundred balls whizzed through the air. The wallflowers outlasted the more brazen warriors as the field shrank in size and the volleys rose in intensity. Photographers and referees littered the floor; witnesses sat back, validating the spectacle for the Guinness Book of World Records.

At exactly 2 p.m., a truce was called. Orange

had stomped the Brown team by a solid thirty players, securing Rochester Institute of Technology's place in the record books. Some scooped the azure cushions for a piece of history, but after U of A's record fell to RIT in less than three months, one question remains: Will history repeat itself for RIT? **R**

Above: Participants in RIT's attempt to break the dodgeball world record hosted by Phi Kappa Psi and the Dodgeball Club, rush towards the 500 plus dodgeballs lining the center of the Gordon Field House as the game begins, May 1, 2011.

Top Right: Members of the Brown team regroup during the world record game, Sunday.

Bottom Right: Members of the Orange team wait for an onslaught of dodgeballs from the Brown team.



Three Stars

Stats

Best time in seconds:

100 Meters: 11.48 (RIT Record)

400 Meters 50.45 (RIT Record)

110 Meter Hurdles: 15.62 (RIT Record)



Matt Marion

by Michael Roppolo | photograph by Katie Thompson

The weekend of March 11 – 12 found Matt Marion in Columbus, Ohio, running the pentathlon in the 2011 NCAA Indoor Track National Championships. His final score of 3,452 points earned him the ninth in the nation, just missing what would have been his second All-American Honor. Seven days earlier, he won the pentathlon at the Eastern Regional Athletic Conference, breaking the school record for a triple jump, 13.28 meters, which he set in 2008. He also broke the Armory Track Division III Facility record that day.

“The biggest competitor you can ever have is yourself. You have to be motivated to beat the times and excel at the goals you set for yourself,” said Marion.

A fourth year Mechanical Engineering major, Marion has been involved in track and field since his freshman year at Honey Falls-Lima High School. Much to the prodding of his gym teacher, who was also the track coach, he ran both winter and spring cross-country and track. He broke several of his high school’s records in his time there.

Never one to crave attention, Marion cringes at the mention of his athletic accomplishments, even with nearly eight years and twelve seasons of track under his belt. Proud of their son, his parents try to attend his meets whenever they can, and talk about his successes incessantly.

“I have always been shy and nervous, ever since I was younger. [But] my parents are always talking about me and it’s nice to have someone speaking up,” he said.

He wasn’t nervous though, when he decided to come to RIT over SUNY Binghamton to major in Mechanical Engineering. He knew he liked science and math, and this was a career he felt was a “safe bet” with RIT on the forefront of technology. “I do show my artistic side once in a while,” Marion said, chuckling, noting that he enjoys graphic design as a hobby.

When he is not rising early to co-op at Arnold Magnetic Technologies, where he is trying to design a newer manufacturing process, he enjoys eating dinner with his girlfriend, who also competed at the National Championship.

“My girlfriend also went for the 800-[meter] ... I wonder how many couples make it to Nationals together,” he said.

He credits his success to his parents and coaches, both in high school and here at RIT, calling them as his biggest inspiration.

“Back home, everyone knows of my accomplishments. I try to email my coaches every now and again, but they already know about it, before I even tell them,” he said with a smile.

Before graduating next May, he hopes he will have the chance to compete unattached. This means he would train with the team, but wouldn’t represent RIT in competitions.

“I want to focus on my classes next year, but we’ll see what happens,” he said.

As for after graduation, he still hopes to be remain active and plans on running pentathlons every now and again.



Three Stars

Carlissa Cole

by Michelle Spoto | photograph by Katie Thompson

“I’ve been on the field since I was a baby,” says Carlissa Cole, a pitcher for the RIT softball team and fourth year Imaging and Photographic Technology major. With a grandfather in the Western New York Softball Hall of Fame and parents who still play, softball certainly runs in Cole’s family.

Cole’s love affair with the game began when she was about eight years old, when she was the pitcher for her softball team. In seventh grade, when she became more serious about the sport, Cole played on a club travel team and has been playing competitive softball ever since. After playing on her high school team for four years, Cole made the decision to continue playing here at RIT.

Being only one of two first years on the team, Cole was one of the youngest players on an older, more experienced team. Now, in her final year, the team is comprised of mostly young players – first and second years – who give the team a different dynamic. As one of the older players, Cole has been captain of the team for three years now. The best part of being captain, she says, is that “people look up to you. You know that other people take your advice.” Cole fits the role of captain well, communicating with players and coaches and arranging team bonding activities, such as team dinners. Being a captain, however, doesn’t come without its fair share of challenges. Cole says, “The most difficult part is not getting down or mad. Everyone else’s emotions are affected by yours; you have to keep in control so that it doesn’t affect the team.”

Cole’s efforts as captain have certainly paid off. She describes the team as having “great chemistry,” and “off the field, we goof around, but on the field, we help each other focus.” Having played together for two years, the young team has brought a new level of experience

to the table, something Cole attributes to the success they have seen this year. She says, “Every year, we battle to get into fourth place. Now, we’re defending first.”

As a student athlete and a resident advisor, Cole certainly keeps busy. But, that’s just how she likes it. She says that best part about being both an RA and an athlete is the time management skills it forces you to have. Cole says, “You have to plan ahead.”

Although this is her last year playing for the team, recreational softball is on the horizon for Cole, who is moving to St. Louis, Mo. after graduation to work. She plans on playing for the fast-pitch softball team located there, although the team won’t be as competitive. With her senior year quickly approaching an end, she remarks on what the experience has brought her. Leaving the team, she says, will be hard. “The friends I made [on the team] are going to be my best friends of life.”

Stats

3rd in innings pitched

5th in strikeouts

4th in walks



Three Stars

Mike Marsillo

by Tom Sciotto | photograph by Katie Thompson

It’s often said baseball is boring. People cite long games with the occasional 10-second burst of activity, but they’re missing the wonderful nuances of the sport. It’s a game of patience and strategy dictated by the lone man on the mound. Ice flows through his veins while he carefully sets the pace of the game. This is the role of the pitcher. This is the world of Mike Marsillo.

Marsillo, a fifth year Mechanical Engineering major hails from Scottsdale, Ariz. His baseball career started in a familiar place for most boys — five years old, hitting balls off a tee and trying to resist the urge to pick dandelions in the field. Thirteen years later he came to RIT because it was his chance to play ball while pursuing a degree. Scouted primarily for his infield abilities, he started as a third baseman in his first year. After his coach saw him pitch, everything changed. He was made a starting pitcher. His first start for the Tigers was a nine inning complete game.

So where’s he at, four years later? He has a 2.51 earned run average, five complete games (two of which were shutouts), and 25 strikeouts. He’s become a true workhorse, leading the team with innings pitched. His 17 career wins at RIT tie him for the fourth most all-time at the school.

His excellence was formally recognized April 24 when he was named the Empire 8 Pitcher of the Week. Just two days earlier, he had tossed his second consecutive shutout complete game in a 12-0 routing of Utica College.

The previous shut out came against Ithaca College. Marsillo recalls this day as one of his finest moments of the season. “[Ithaca has] a lot of good hitters, so what I was trying to do was break up their best four hitters. I didn’t want them hitting in the same inning to prevent as much damage as possible. We were only up 2-0 going into the fifth

inning, and we broke out five runs in [that] inning. I had only given up two or three hits at that point and I knew it was definitely a possibility and I kind of wanted to shut them out at that point because they beat me three times before that,” he recalled.

“It’s my job to keep us in the game,” he said. “We came out firing, scored one run in the first inning, and I did my job to keep them off the board.”

Head Coach Rob Grow said of Marsillo, “Mike has been our best pitcher, and when he is on the mound, we feel like we can beat anyone. He has really stepped up his focus and pace on the mound and he has been tough to hit. As far as his interactions with the team Mike is very outgoing and is one of the guys that the team rallies around.”

The future remains unclear for Marsillo. He graduates this year and would like to play ball in the minor leagues, but in his words, “It is out of my hands.”

“It’s my life. It is awesome being out there, especially being the pitcher. I control the outcome of the game. It’s a good feeling when you are on top of your game. You feel like no one can hit you.”

Stats

2.51 ERA

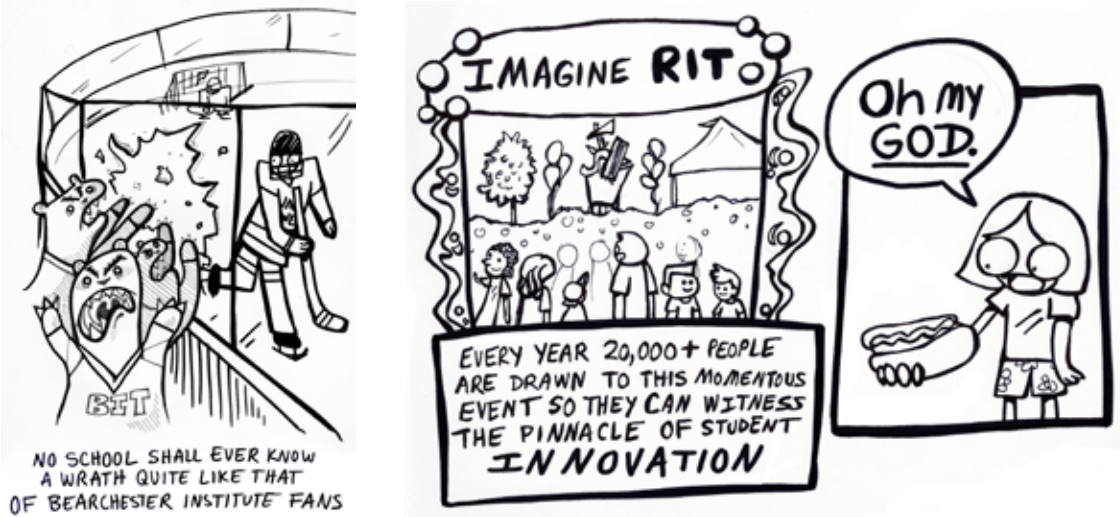
4-3 Record

5 Complete Games

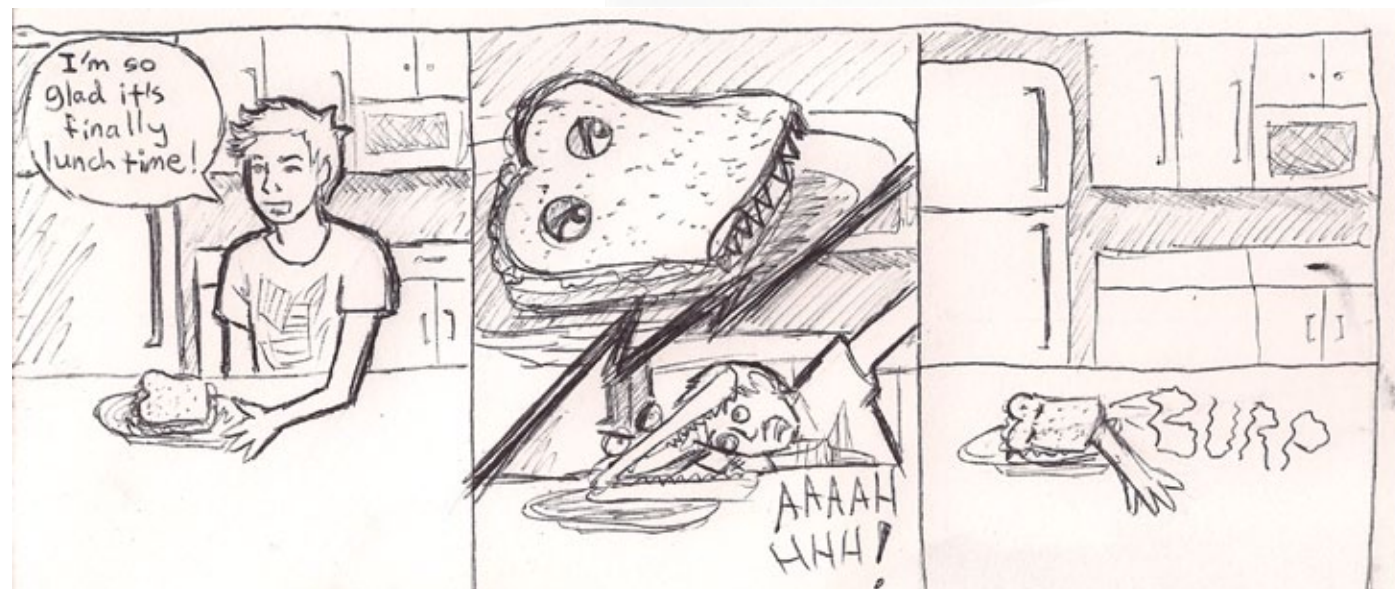
2 Shut Outs

CARTOONS

by Amber Gartung, Lee Fitzgerald and Adrian Yablin



NO SCHOOL SHALL EVER KNOW A WRATH QUITE LIKE THAT OF BEARCHESTER INSTITUTE FANS



Midfielder and third-year Electrical Engineering major, Jordan Collins-Hartwig, RIT's #41, moves around Nazareth Senior, Joel Tully in the Empire 8 Championship game, Saturday, April 30, 2011. Collins-Hartwig scored two of RIT's 13 goals unassisted.

PICTURE PERFECT

photographs by Jonathan Foster

WIN OVER NAZARETH SECURES UNDEFEATED REGULAR SEASON FOR MEN'S LACROSSE



RIT's #1, Chris Cherami, a Senior Graphic Design major, goes for a ground ball in the box against Nazareth in the third period of the Empire 8 Championship game, Saturday, April 30th, 2011. Cherami recovered 4 of Nazareth's 21 turnovers. Cherami also pulled in one assist in RIT's 13-5 win.



Jordan Collins-Hartwig goes for a fist-bump after RIT's 13-5 win over Nazareth, putting the tigers at 15-0, their first-ever undefeated season. **R**

WORD ON THE STREET

by Jonathan Foster

oh, word?



What would you do without technology?



"Be happy."

Sammy Falgiani, first year Bio-Medical Photography

"I'd probably like write on stone tablets or something."

EJ Inki, first year Software Engineering

"Enjoy life."

Lizzy Bruen, first year Environmental Science

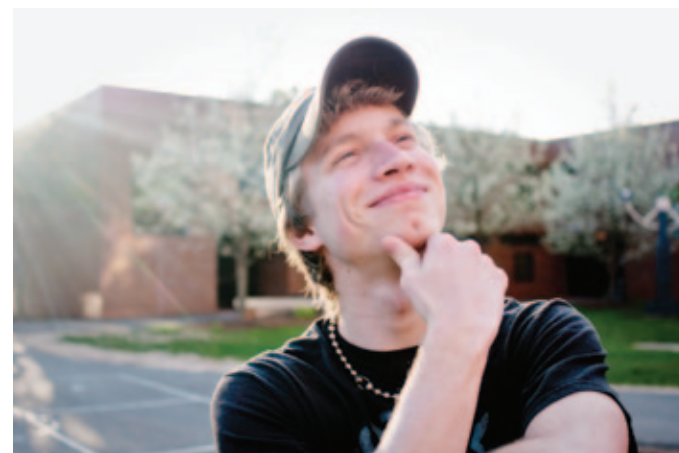


"Command a legion of war. Of course, there's nothing else to do."

Jared Umlas, first year Packaging Science

"I would longboard."

Topher Burke, first year Electromechanical Engineering Technology



"Probably retreat to the woods and make a living out of berries and dirt."

Andy Dodd, first year Industrial and Systems Engineering



"Probably get more done."

Ben Sima, first year Philosophy



"I would be happy."

Gee Gutierrez, third year Mechanical Engineering Technology



"I probably would, I'd live in the woods."

Bogdan Ciornei, third year New Media Design and Imaging

"Cry myself to sleep. Come on dude."

Chris Montgomery, third year Visual Media

RINGS

585.672.4840

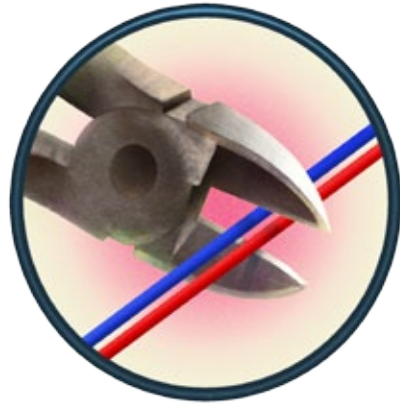
All calls subject to editing and truncation. Not all calls will be run. **REPORTER** reserves the right to publish all calls in any format.

compiled by Amanda Szczepanski and Moe Sedlak | illustration by Jai Kamat

SUNDAY, 1:11 A.M. (from text)

I'm starting to regret my decision to come here. I haven't had sex in so long, I don't remember if I actually enjoy it.

MONDAY, 4:25 P.M. (from text)



Dear Rings,

Should I cut the red wire or the blue one? If you could get back to me in the next 18 seconds, that would be great.

SUNDAY, 11:47 A.M. (from text)

I'm not an alcoholic or anything, but now that it's getting closer to week 10, I'm wishing I could buy alcohol with food debit.

TUESDAY, 10:02 P.M. (from text)

With all these blood drives on campus, they must be harvesting tiger blood for Charlie Sheen.

THURSDAY, 12:18 P.M. (from text)

I told the basketball coach here that I want to try out for next year's team. He asked me if I was good, and I said I'm like the white Larry Bird.

TUESDAY, 11:09 P.M. (from text)

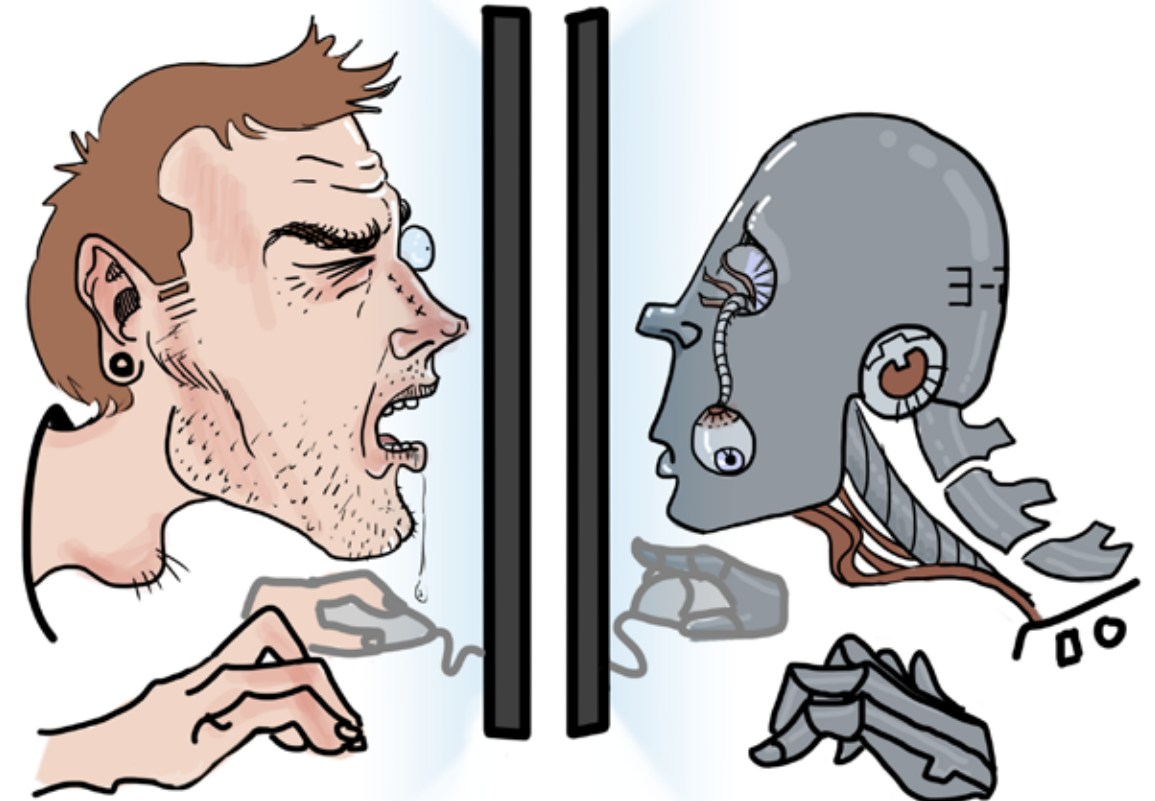
I'm a fourth year student and I still have no idea why CAB does all those posters by hand...

THURSDAY, 7:58 P.M. (from text)

I just had a staring contest with a deer and won. Suck it deer.

THURSDAY, 1:34 P.M. (from text)

One shall not judge an art student by their grades, but by the quality of the nude women they draw in the library bathroom stalls. **R**



THE WOES OF THE WIRED WORLD

by James Arn | illustration by Joanna Eberts

Let's get one thing straight: modern technology has made monumental changes to human existence. The preponderance of these changes have been for the better; to argue anything else is pointless. The ability to communicate instantly and efficiently across the globe has revolutionized everything from medicine to warfare. But for all the whizz-bang and wizardry offered by the modern world, there come some rather harsh consequences. Our love affair with all things wired and wireless, especially in regard to the way we communicate, is having a profound impact on our social and societal well-being.

All too often, we are exposed to the stereotype of the socially inept computer whiz. The archetype, however hyperbolic and crude it may be, reflects a growing truth in our society. More and more we are neglecting face-to-face, personal conversation in favor of technologically aided means of communication. While texts, emails and instant messages bring us the benefit of instantaneous, asynchronous communication, they also force us to interact on only the most surface level.

The vocabulary of instant communication is

increasingly becoming a factor of the lowest common denominator. The text message has denigrated the language of all but the most resolute of users to a Pidgin English that lacks all of the beauty and eccentricity of the original tongue. Email is little better; there is nuance in the spoken language that even the most eloquent of written words fail to convey. Tone and inflection, whether expressed vocally or through sign, add a depth of meaning that written language can never completely express. Rather than dedicating the bulk of our formidable intellects to the act of truly communicating with another person we are now according ever-smaller fragments of our cognizance to trite quips with dozens of acquaintances at once.

We, as a people, have largely stopped putting thought into what we say. Our communal consciousness has gone from talk of politics and philosophy to frivolous arguments over lolcats and Rebecca Black. If this trend continues, how long will it be before we forget how to meaningfully interact with each other? For a species that has forged its path to global dominance through shared ingenuity and combined effort, such a result could be utterly disastrous.

There is no denying that our beloved technological marvels have generally made the world a better place. But as with anything else, there is always too much of a good thing. With most things we are smart enough to notice when we've gone too far: when we overeat we feel full, but our appetite for technology seems unending. Maybe it's because we lack the evolutionary warning signs, maybe it's because the face of our technological lover is always changing, maybe it's because the effects of our techno-binge are so subtle, but at this point it is clear that we're addicted to our tech and like any addiction, it's having measurable harmful effects on us.

While I'm certainly not advocating for the abandonment of our modern methods of communicating, I think it would be wise of us to step back and ponder what our addiction might be costing us, and whether that's a price we are willing to pay. Perhaps, as is often the case, the wisest sentiment in regards to our current situation can be found in the words of the ancients. Confucius has this to say: "The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct." **R**

R·I·T

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