



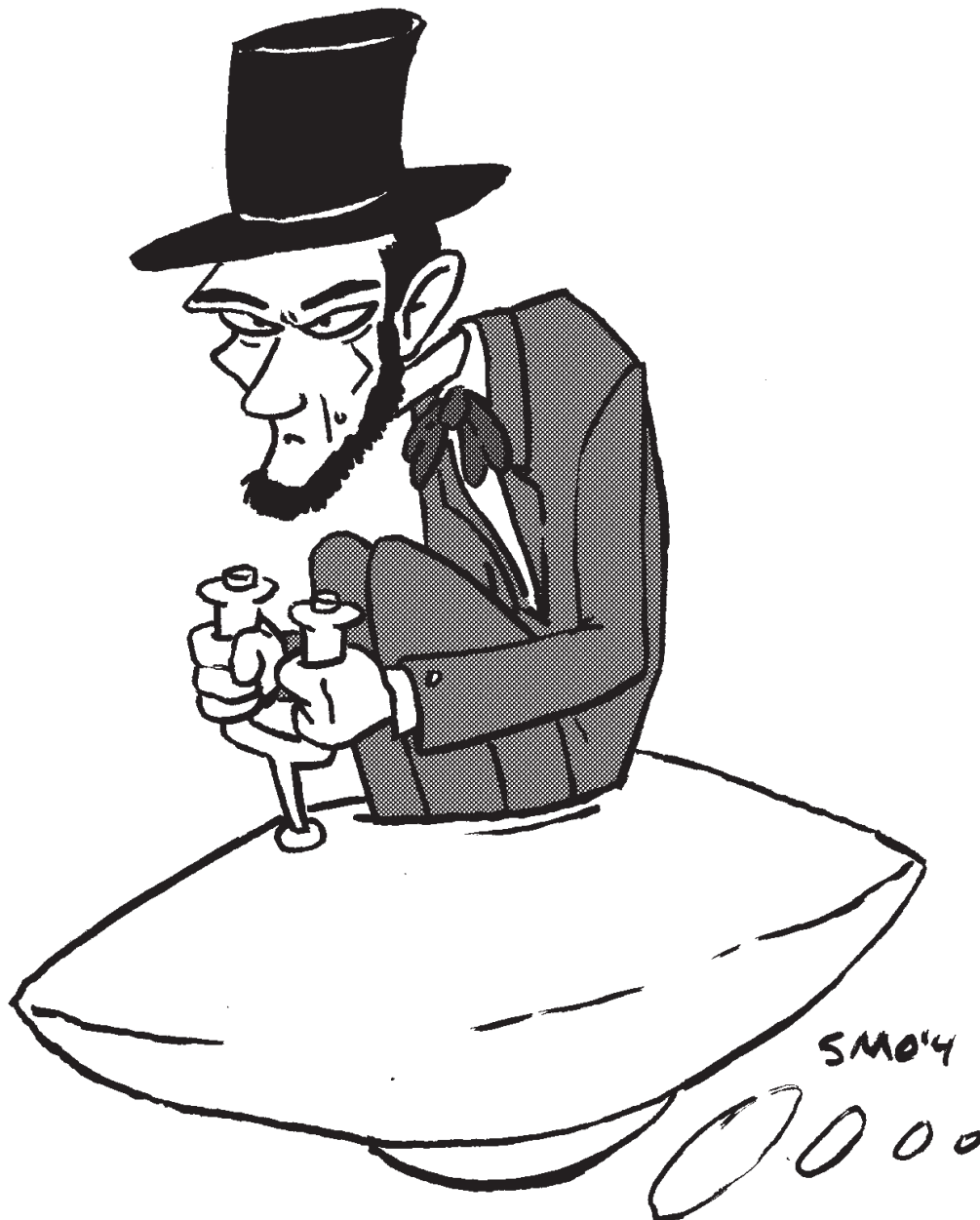
# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## How Rochesterian Are You?

By Carly Gioia

Many of the students of RIT had very little knowledge of Rochester before they got here, outside the fact that it is the birthplace of Kodak and Xerox. Many newcomers don't know what it really means to be a Rochesterian. As a result, many students of RIT find it difficult to adapt to Rochester living. If you are one of these students, this goes out to you. Included here are a few tidbits about what it means to call this fine city home.

The first and most important thing you must acquire to be a Rochesterian is the lingo. For instance our pronunciation of the very word "Rochester" might be a little different. You may see it as Roch-e-ster but we pronounce it Roch-i-ster with a short "i". Other words we say differently include Chili, which is pronounced with long "i's", and Charlotte, pronounced Shar-lot. We also have a few different terms for things. We don't drink *soda* here, we drink *pop*, and we don't lick *lollipops*, we suck on *suckers*. I know these notions may be a little difficult to accept, but you chose to live here so **deal with it**.

Now that you can talk the talk it is time to walk the walk. Here are a few things you should know about the city outside of campus. Although Rochester has its big corporations like Kodak, Xerox, and Bausch & Lomb, it is also home to several small businesses. With this plethora of small businesses comes competition and the need to spark the attention of consumers. Many Rochester businesses have become successful at this through advertising. Yes, I am referring to those fascinating high-tech commercials that we all know and love. The formula for a catchy commercial is very simple: be as strange and as obnoxious as possible. Establishments such as Lori's Natural Foods, Record Archive, and the House of Guitars have accomplished this task by frolicking around in oversized Halloween costumes. The split-screen effect as used by Auto Solutions is also effective. Then there are those lovely injury attorneys that reel in customers by force like Jim "The Hammer" Shapiro or by heartwarming fuzzy feelings like Celino and Barnes.

The food industry accounts for many of the small businesses of the area. Rochester has been a key factor in the expansion of several restaurants. Over the years we have acquired a Buffalo Wild Wings from Buffalo and a Dinosaur Bar-B-Que from Syracuse. We also have The Beale Street Café, which fashions its food after the Cajun flavor of the real Beale Street in Memphis, Tennessee.

Aside from these branches, Rochester is also famous for its own Nick Tahou's garbage plate. Plates vary in contents but the most common is a mouthwatering cheeseburger topped with a special spicy meat sauce, homefries, macaroni salad, mustard, and onions. This meal is sure to shoot your cholesterol up just as we natives like it. I'm sure this doesn't sound very appetizing to most, but it is a staple in all Rochesterians' rite of passage. Rochester is also famous for Zwigle's white hotdogs. This area is the only place you can find them so if you're a hotdog lover you must give them a try. Apples are also a big part of the city's best produce and are found up by the lake in Hilton and surrounding areas.

If it is culture you crave, areas such as the High Falls District are perfect for you. There are several restaurants in High Falls that serve various international foods, there are many bars and clubs for you night-owls, and with the High Falls Brewing Company located within the district there is plenty of beer to go around. If it is entertainment you want Jillian's is the perfect place to "Eat, drink, and play." It has an arcade room, a dance floor, a bowling alley, pool, and a fully stocked bar. The laser light show over the falls is also a highlight of the summer.

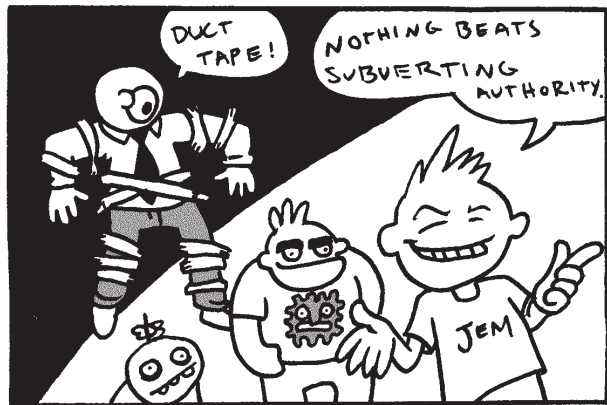
If you're a sports fan Rochester is great to satisfy all your hockey, baseball, soccer, arena football and lacrosse needs. We have the Amerks, the Red Wings, the Rhinos, the Brigade, and the Rattlers, respectively. These teams aren't necessarily the best in their fields, but as you will find we Rochesterians take pride in our underdogs.

It is also important to know a few Rochesterian hobbies. The most unique hobby to the area is a love for playing cards. Just about any game of cards will do, but it is extremely important that you learn euchre. It can be a tricky game to learn, but it is lots of fun once you get the hang of it. Without confusing you with the details, euchre most closely resembles spades. If you don't know how to play please grab two other friends and consult your nearest Rochesterian **immediately** for instruction.

Whether you are new to the area or are just looking for a few things to immerse yourself in to prepare for next fall, this is just a small selection of things to get you on your way to becoming a full-fledged Rochesterian. If you have any trouble or have any questions, please consult a Rochester native for assistance. Thank you.

# JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!  
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '04



## How Many People Wanna Kick Some Ass ?

By James Miller

So at the time of this writing it is Springfest. Springfest can probably be considered a sacred event at a school that doesn't believe in snow days, even when it's 10 below, snowing, and my car won't start<sup>1</sup>. MSO's and Greeks and clubs all put on their game face and this campus becomes more like a college and less like a wall-less prison for a weekend. This would hardly seem the setting for yet another shot at student morale by the administration. However, today (4/30), I got to play witness to just such an event.

Normally, as a weather worn 3<sup>rd</sup> year RIT student, such events roll off my back like water does off a duck's, but this little dig at the students struck a chord in me. At the SG Barbecue<sup>2</sup> on the quarter mile, right next to the Kodak Quad<sup>3</sup>, the campus radio station (89.7 FM WITR, for you who are caught unaware) set up a live DJ, and a remote broadcast. There we were, the student body, **hanging out**, out of doors, getting *tans*. Real, honest to god farmer tans, sandal tans, hat tans, everything tan. It was like a fire sale at the Tan Emporium. We were outside because we wanted to be, not because the computer store hadn't opened yet, not because we were protesting a war (again), just to be outside and enjoy ourselves.

Into the midst of this happy little scene, who should descend from on high but the dark angel of bad news and low volume himself, Mike D. You'd figure sharing a name with a Beastie Boy would sort of incline one to loud party music, or at least music in general. However, Mike D. did not come to bear glad tidings, but rather to tell WITR to turn it down. It seems that the students are encouraged to listen to music and attend SG events, but to keep it down around building 1. Now, I could understand this if this sort of noise level were a weekly event, or if the line for free food was small and they didn't need full volume to cover the whole line. The party was large, they needed the volume since the line ran from the tiger up past the library at times. To

add insult to injury, they were told turn it down, not once, not twice, but three separate times. I consider WITR to be a voice of the students, much like GDT, and not that other tool of a magazine, who shall remain safely anonymous<sup>4</sup>. There WITR was, rocking, rolling, hiping, hopping, bipping, bopping, playing requests, and yet the powers that be seem to think that their peace and quiet is more important than our enjoyment of a weekend meant for us. The most shocking part of this whole spectacle was, jocularly, a DJ leaned into the mic, and said "Hey, they told us to turn it down, what do you have to say?" Instead of a thunderous noise, a groundswell from the people, you could almost hear a collective sigh and shrug.

Finally, all I can say is that I wonder about a student body that is so apathetic as to allow this to happen. Other colleges have riots if their team loses, or even wins. They have mass demonstrations against their administration, they have post-tenure review. RIT lacks student spirit not because we lack a football team, or school pride. We lack school spirit because we gave it away. We sold it for some plans for the future to a little man in building who doesn't have it in him to come outside and face the people his directives affect. I wonder what else RIT will decide to tone down in the future. Maybe concerts will be too loud, or the carnival in D-Lot. Perhaps GDT, or anything else that might act as the slightest irritation to them. I'd like to end this piece with an announcement, and a quote. Firstly, I'd like to declare myself as a write in candidate for Women's Senator next year, my platform is that I will work to remove myself from office, and remove the office behind me. Secondly, and this one goes out to all of building 1, just a friendly little message for the building 1 group. "If it's too loud, you're too old!"<sup>5</sup>

1 And I'd like to thank Uncle Al for not canceling school on those days. Being outside in the cold will make a man out of you, and take some finger tips due to frostbite too.

2 Free food. Hot damn!

3 Quad, staircase, whatever you call it.

4 The Reporter. It's tool. I'm sure they're nice people and all, but the 'zine is a tool. (Except for crime watch and Histo-Rit, those are great!)

5 If you replace "building one" with the local police department of say, Los Angeles, and you know your music you'll get my drift (think RATM covering NWA).

## it's not a child, it's an animal

By Kel 'Fawks' Navagh

fly away. there is a world below our own, and i want to know how to stay there. film grain and cigaretter burns, static noise and smoke. the subsurface people wear british racing caps and, black rimmed glasses, and have bad teeth. chicken soup. i say beneath because you have to dig to get there, but it is in no way worse than this current dream of the economically driven and socially repressed. there are machines here, marching and calculating and stopping and going. oil and metal. the surfaces of their exteriors are streaked from when the lunchlady tried to wipe them clean with her bleach solution... which does in fact kill bacteria - and that's the problem. you can see, feel, hear, every stroke of her hand and dirty rag in their faces. you can smell her breath, and hear her wheeze. her husband at home smokes cigars and watches football. they don't have sex. and you can see all of this in their faces, in their eyes. in the sub-dream, in the world of discordant sounds and smoky rooms, cigarettes and beer, crushed cans and candles - cherry wax - you can see the oil. it drips from their skin. there are no streaks or lunchladies. the lunch ladies do not dare move from their beds, from their cafeterias. they smoke, the haze, it's too much freedom for them. they both hate and take comfort in the maze with one route. but there is no cheese at the end. there are the occasional transcendental beings. she is indian - or native american - she wears beads about her neck, and a jewel between her eyes. her skin is dar,, her hair long and black. she never blinks. she understands, both dreams happen at the same time. she knows not to miss a glimpse of beauty. she has trained herself to co exist. a dreamhopper, with oily skin and no streaks. she smells of cigarette smoke, and carries a plastic gun. sometimes she will shoot you, and smile - but never laugh. to her, your head is like a white marshmellow with a giant red target. she aims to please, and that she does. she draws us in. and off we go down a rabbit hole never to return. fly away, and in the sun of the current dream i will watch the rays of sun glint from your golden wings. it pierces my eyes, and makes me sick. fly// i feel the haze, the smoke, the

cigarettes. i breath it in, and it's better than the air - but not better than redwood forest air to which nothing compares. i hear the music, it was always there but we do not know how to hear it. it pulls me in, and i feel like i'm falling.. down, down, down... id don't even have to dig. i'm falling through the aether, the quicksand into the thorny haze. it hurts, but the music is soothing my skin. i bleed on my shirt, but it's ok - that's in style here. i feel the thorns from the beautiful rose bushes that indian girl told me about, theyt scratch my eyes, and i bleed. i cannot see - but wiat! i cCAN!!! i can see!! the zmoke is all i smell, it fills the room. that's all this place is. a room. an escape, but they live here still. the man with bad teeth sings. the music is pulling me down to the ground. i am through the bushes, through the quicksand that feel like foam bats and needles. i spin, but i do not. it increases and gets heavier, and i cannot even walk.. it's perfect. the calculations here are beyond that of any logic derived in the marshmellow heads of big buck babies and fucking deer skin brandished whores. it's because of everyone else. i feel myself being pulled in, and i do not want to leave. i smell the smoke, and it fills my lungs and my eyes, and my ears, and my stomach//// there are no birds here, they are scared to come like the lunchladies and

# ANIME CLUB

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their ratty bleached dish rags on cafeteria tables. the oil drips from faces, and the imperfections are emphasized. that is who we are here, the faults and misfortunes, and pain that acts like giant warm hands of brain material forming small clay figurines. kalabos. do not let yourself dry though, that is when you lose your way and you preach jesus on the corners of san francisco with a utility belt of water and week old hoffman hotdogs. fuck you. there are no birds here, only elves and oily men in british caps with bad teeth and me. i can see my face grow hair, and with each new hair that forces it's way from the inside of the cells of my face and into the smoky air comes the oil. i don't wipe it away, i rub that shit in. motherfuckeres. that's what you tried to do, that's what i asked. the calculated music still plays, and somewhere in the world brian transeau has an orgasm. beyond the walls of the smoky room, dim yellow lights and cigarettes. the elves bounce up and down, wearing water reeds in their hair and shells from the ocean about their necks. their hair is gnarled and tough, but it flows like perfect silk making silhouettes of amazing beauty. but the calculated music. the equations, with a touch of oil. that's what you can do, you can touch things with the oil and the grease and it becomes a new creature. no longer a machine, no longer a rigid statue with moving mechanical parts and gears, but an animal with organs and oil to share itself. that's what the indian girl did for me, and i saw myself in her bindi - that was made extra reflective with her oil. i can't even stand, it takes me over. i am the animal of BT. i crumple to the ground, because i am still too new to this. no birds though, i remember that and i hear the "uh, whoops, too bad, maybe next time" that it speaks to me. the tiger is speaking, as it pulses and vibrates. and\ earthquake in the head of the beast. i understand but i crumple still. too new. i shed the skin after i poor oil, and i renew myself. the organic gears glisten in the dim smoky light and i am in awe. how, how does this happen to you. how can you create something so amazing. we must have had bad teeth and a british hat. and a cigarette. maybe a cigar by the looks of things. the colors now, all fantastic. there is no dim light, but there is still smoke, and the colors of the rainbow swirl and spin and dance and make new colors they are going at the speed of light. tht's what everything is. light. light on a surface. i understand. a movie, it's all a game. light, moving, dancing. a projection, but who projects? god maybe. i don't fucking know, or care. there are bo birds to worry about, but my chest is empty. of course there is the smoke in there - but

i need static and sickness. i understand the emptiness. the tiger stops dancing, and the elves go into the closet now. it's quiet. across the hazy room sits the man with bad teeth. he just stares at me. i can only see his mouth, because his cap is shadowing his face. he smiles at me, he must understand my new beginning/ i love him, he looks scary but i remember that it's a movie. intentions are what is real, and that alone is the truth. our own forces of god boiling like nuclear reactors inside our chests and the stream is actually oil coming from our pores. no, the oil is our soul. it drips from us, and no one wipes it up. we are comfortable says the man. his voice is delayed. he speaks in quick jerky movements, i want to say like a bird but i hate the animal. better than the cheshire cat though, who fucks your mind with a prehensile dick. his voice is delayed, and sounds like stephan hawkings. i know how he is a genius. he built this for me. he is ME. he speaks to me from the future, which so distant but only a fraction of a second away. it's amazing. he explains that the smallest increment of time imagineable, yet even smaller, that amount, there is a world not below - but in front of us. it prepares for the machines. i understamd, so we did build those fucks. we do build for them. let us let go, let them gear themselves to death - let the fucking coal and ash and no cigarettes and birds all rot in the megaultrabadass amount of small time behind where we are righ tnow - but he tells me that even though it is only that short of a time away, it it really so FAR in distance, that it is farther than even god can imagine. lightyears and lightyears. imagination. that's what the world is. and even these dreams, incomprehensible to the machines, and only to indian girls and elves and tigers and bad teeth men with shadowy loving faces can slightly understand. and me. but i am humble. i should have pushed farther inside of you. beyond the imagination of god, who is only a projection technician for our own minds. we make up our own shit and that motherfucker just shows it to us like a movie. holy fuck. a machine. a product of our own imagination. wakari-mashita. wakar. i understand. calluuuuh callayy. we are the animals, and it is the machine. some people are scared and want to live with only the machines. i want to live in the smoke, and the oil, and with the loving ugly man from emoland. he spins a web with static-y noise and dusty notes, like bat wings and skeletons from the gullets of owls, and he tells me to watch. it goes dark, and there is a blue light searching. then it is still and stays still on the stage. because all the world is a stage you unread dirty motherfuckers. believe it. on walks the



**Memoirs of Some Guy I Barely Know****By dalas verdugo**

I think his dad was probably black. He seems like a guy who would have a black dad; maybe one who was in prison for a while. Not because he did anything illegal. Some shit just got penned on him because he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. His mom was definitely Asian though, and I bet she was really annoying.

His first job was cleaning up at school or some shit like that. Like, he knew the janitor and maybe the janitor saw him riding home on his broken-as-fuck bicycle one day, and the next day the janitor was like “Hey, you want a job?” And this guy was probably like “I don’t need your charity,” or something at first, but then the janitor told him some dumb story about courage that wasn’t even true and this guy changed his mind and took the job.... The janitor molested him once or twice too, I bet.

The kids didn’t pick on him because of the dad in jail thing... no wait, actually they picked on him *a lot* because of that, and because everyone knew his mom was such a total cunt. Maybe that’s why he gets all quiet and

pensive sometimes. Or maybe he’s just real dumb and it ends up looking pensive, I don’t know, dude.

Do you think he got a car before or after high school? Yeah, probably after high school. Actually, I bet it was like, *the* summer after his graduation. You know, it made him feel like he was going to be successful or something, but it was just some dumb Toyota or like, an old Pontiac that he thought was cool, but no one else did. Chances are some girl was slutty enough to give it up to him in that thing. It was probably the Pontiac, more room for that kind of thing.

Yadda yadda, community college and something to do with electronics. Met the “love of his life,” but she cheated on him and it got all fucked up, cause face it, that’s what happens. I bet he settled for that girl he’s sitting with right now, but I never really asked him about shit like that.

Yeah, it was probably something like that, but I mean look at the guy. Really. Who gives a fuck?

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