

# REPORTER

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ALL OPINION

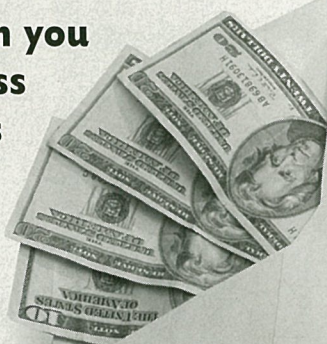


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## EDITORIAL

### "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS..."

Many years ago—this is going way back to when I was in middle school—my class would have to do these silly exercises where we'd have to differentiate between a factual statement and an opinionated one. Though yet another example of how our educational system was less challenging than a game of twister, it concretely helped to define exactly what each was.

Opinions. What a person believes to be true, the antithesis of a fact. Imagine a world without them, and you're left with 24 hours of TV with nothing but World News; we would once again trust lawyers and politicians; and Andy Rooney would serve absolutely no useful purpose whatsoever. What a horribly dull world.

Our opinions and beliefs define us. They are the windows to our innermost thoughts, our true personas. But what good is an opinion if it's located inside for no one to hear? What change can come about if nobody understands how we feel?

I'll admit, I'm a relatively closed person. I don't particularly care to reveal too much about myself to others in conversation unless there's reason to. Years and years of nobody caring to hear what you have to say or only pretending to will do that to a person, I suppose. Eventually it got to the point where I often just refused to offer my thoughts and opinions, knowing full well that I'd be wasting my breath. I'm a much better listener, anyway.

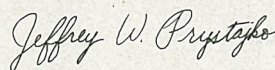
Still, I don't believe it's possible for anyone to stay bottled up without any outlet to express him or herself. As such, I found my preferred way of communicating through writing, particularly in newspapers. Here, I could say what I wanted to say, express what I wanted to express. Not only was I reaching an audience of thousands of people, but they read and understood my message because they wanted to.

The issue you're holding in your hands right now is important because it honestly depicts how students currently feel on this campus. While not every topic or issue raised is of a heavy or serious nature, these words are honest and should be taken as such. Ignoring them is as much of a crime as dismissing someone for arguing opposing views and beliefs.

What these people have written are opinions, not necessarily facts. The following pages will hopefully bring about discussions, arguments, and most importantly—change.

The First Amendment provides everyone with freedom of speech and freedom of expression. Regardless of how it's communicated, if you have something to say, say it.

**Jeff Prystajko**  
Editor-in-Chief



If you have something to say about any of the opinions presented in this issue, we want to hear them! Please send all responses to [reporter@rit.edu](mailto:reporter@rit.edu).

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## SUPPORTING "VAGINA"

Try as hard as I can, I just cannot find the quote that Greg Holston refers to in *The Vagina Monologues* when he states that an actress says "Now people say that it was a kind of rape. Well, I say, if it was rape, it was a good rape...."

However, when I search the web I do find that quote, and it always appears in websites authored by groups like The Dartmouth Review (see [www.dartreview.com/issues/4.10.00/editorial.html](http://www.dartreview.com/issues/4.10.00/editorial.html)). Both of these organizations are well known for attacking groups demanding that people be treated fairly and equitably. In the webpage cited above written for The Dartmouth Review (a newspaper independent of the university and funded by wealthy individuals) the Dartmouth's Women's Resource Center is attacked in the same manner as is the Women's Center by Greg Holston in his letter to *Reporter*. Indeed his letter contains many of the same ideas and statements at similar sites I found on the web when I searched for "vagina monologues... was a good rape then" on the Google search engine.

I can only assume that since Mr. Holston inaccurately quotes the piece, he has never seen or read *The Vagina Monologues*. He could not have attended this year's performance prior to writing his letter since it went to press before the play occurred. As a faculty member who participated in last year's performance I can state that our script did not contain this quote either. Each story told in the play is from an interview of a woman and the story told is a true experience.

What then is his purpose? To attack Women's Center? F.A.C.E.S? PIERS? All of these groups ask that people be treated fairly and equitably, and provide programming to promote such fair treatment. As a woman I can only conclude that he wants women to be quiet about the harassment that they experience. I have experienced harassment at RIT. I also know of many students who have also experienced serious harassment. Most of these students are fearful of reporting sexual harassment since they think that the powers that be do not take such treatment as a serious wrong. I invite him to visit the Women's Center and pick up the pamphlet passed out last week at the play. The pamphlet gives data to show how widespread sexual harassment and violence against women is in our society. The data is hard to read and take in because the it speaks to a huge problem.

The sites I found attacking *The Vagina Monologues* using the same inaccurate and incorrect arguments that Mr. Holston uses are organizations that consider their members and readers to be conservative just as Mr. Holston considers himself to be. When he says that "conservatives on this campus have been quiet too long in the name of tolerance, diversity, and political correctness," I wonder what he means by being quiet? Should he and others allow rape, violence, and harassment to be something that the RIT community accepts without questioning? I doubt this.

**Jean A. Douthwright**

I went to *The Vagina Monologues* last year and I didn't like them at all. I told friends that I hated it and vowed to never go again. This year my roommate was a performer and I only went to give her encouragement since she worked so hard. To my surprise, I was very happy with this year's version. I thought it was very well done and was much more tasteful and thought out than last year's. I was very proud of all the cast members and even considered going for a second time.

To Greg Holston, you have no right to say what you did. First of all, you misquoted the scene. Second, it was obvious that you didn't go to this year's performance since the letter was published before the V-Day performance. Third, you seem to have female issues. I suggest you go to counseling.

I don't think that it's fair that someone who hadn't seen this year's version has the right to voice an opinion. Its not about man-hater lesbians. Its about being very proud of your body and about the

female body part called the vagina. For years, I thought I was nothing more then just a baby factory. It took me years to realize that I'm much more then that.

Greg Holston, honestly, you have no right.

**Sylvia Lemus**

My name is Denishea Flanigan and I was a cast member for *The Vagina Monologues*. I am aware of the controversy that is spreading around the campus about *The Vagina Monologues*, but what most people fail to realize is that they change lives.

It has truly and deeply affected mine. I performed "The Little Coochie Snorcher That Could." This piece is about a young girl who goes through eight years of mishaps that deal with her vagina. She was punched in between her legs. She impaled her vagina on the bedpost. Most frightening, she was raped by her father's best friend.

I have a cousin who was raped at a very young age. For many years I kept that hidden inside of me and was ashamed to let my family know what happened. In performing this piece, it brought out my emotions for this little girl and my cousin. I was touched by this piece and it made me content that there are others in the world who are willing to share such moments.

*The Vagina Monologues* is not just a play or people reciting words, it is a movement. A movement to stop Violence against women. It is an expression. An expression of thoughts, experiences, love, and hate. It is a powerful group of monologues that makes us feel okay to be women and make men aware of women's thoughts, body, and experience.

In response to Greg Holston's discontent about the Vagina Monologues:

1. The 13 year old girl says nothing about "Now people say that it was a kind of rape... Please get your lines correct before you want to say anything about something you don't know about.
2. Holston has not viewed or read about *The Vagina Monologues* so how can he speak on a topic he has no knowledge of?
3. *The Vagina Monologues* are based on women's experiences. And yes, some women have unfortunately been molested, raped, and are victims of domestic violence.
4. *The Vagina Monologues* are true stories! We are simply delivering the truth to the public and to let people know that it is okay to express yourself when men do such ignorant and immoral things, such as rape, adultery, and molestation.

I feel it is extremely necessary for the RIT community to know the true meaning of *The Vagina Monologues*.

**Denishea Flanigan**

## NAMING CONVENTIONS

In the Letters to the Editor section of the February 16, 2001 issue of "Reporter", Che Vrolet asked "Since when has a college been a 'naming opportunity' for the living?"

The answer is, since the first college in what is now the U.S. was established in 1636 by vote of the Great and General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and was named for its first benefactor, John Harvard of Charlestown. John Harvard was alive at the time. The practice of naming colleges after benefactors has been commonplace. In fact many private colleges/universities carry the name of one or more benefactors - Cornell, Brown, Stanford, and Vanderbilt to name a few. The William E. Simon Graduate School of Business Administration and the Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester also deserve mention.

**John Roman**



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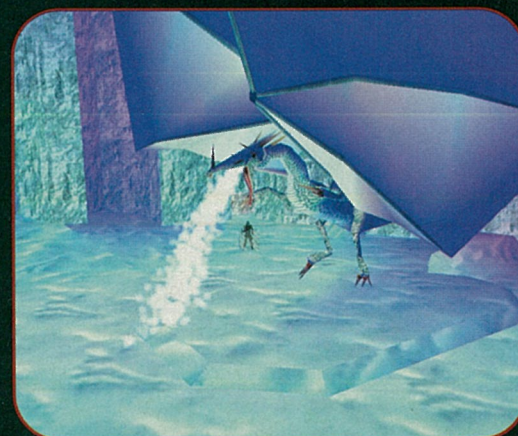
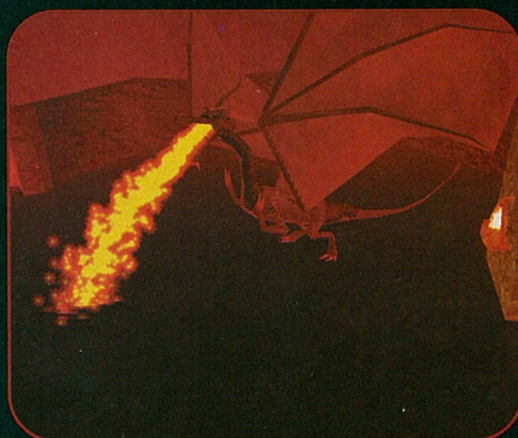
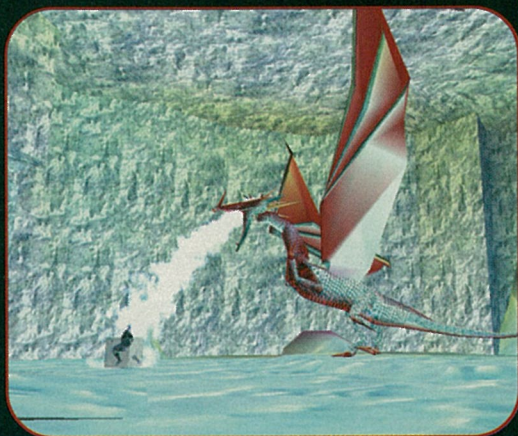
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# EVERQUEST

## HOW I HATE THEE

BY STEVEN TOWLE



It is best referred to as "digital crack." Some people find it to be one of the most enthralling games ever made, while others think of it as one of the largest exercises in masochism in existence. This is *EverQuest* (EQ), a multiplayer role-playing game set in a fantasy world, and it has an addictive nature that Colombian drug cartels only wish they could offer. In my fifteen-plus years of playing PC and console games, I have never despised a game so much.

Many hack-and-slash games have come along before: *Might and Magic*, *Nethack*, and *Diablo*, among others. EverQuest's original design was ripped from one called DikuMUD. While most of these games serve just as massive time wasters, EQ has managed to become a full-out addiction for countless players. One reason is because of the sheer time commitment that has to be put in the game; while players will play for another hour or two in most games just to "reach the next level," EQ requires an order of magnitude much higher to get anywhere. In some instances, you are required to sit in one area (known as camping) for several hours to kill the same monster over and over again, just to get an item you need. This game demands that you play for forty-plus hours a week if you want to advance at all before the end of the world.

Like any good addiction should, EverQuest kills. This game has ruined people. One story that came across the newswire recently had a guy playing while his wife was giving birth—and he plays around twenty hours a day on average. The wife said that she was going to leave him if this kept up. She would not be the first person to do so. A common scenario has college students failing out due to the excessive time logged into EQ, instead of studying, going to class, or even sleeping. I know of one such case on my dorm floor alone, and I doubt that he is alone here.

Supporters argue that EQ has a community unparalleled online, and that the game itself is fun. Yes, EQ does have a community, and a fairly large one—a quarter-million paying customers and counting. Somehow, I doubt your mother would approve of socializing with people who enjoy masquerading as half-naked dark elves, but that's beyond the point. The fact of the matter is that EQ is hardly original, and neither is its setup. The role-playing, the settings, and the freedom involved can be found in a myriad of online games, although most of them are text-based.

As for the game being fun, it is enjoyable—in the same sense that some people find being beaten with a cat-of-nine-tails enjoyable. EQ breaks every written rule (and countless unwritten rules) of game design: the game is extremely slow and plodding, the in-game economy has taken a dump several times, and "nerfing" (when the designers change the properties of items mid-game, usually for the worse, considered a cardinal sin by many players) happens frequently. The tedium and repetition required matches *Diablo* and its ilk and raises it by a factor of a hundred, the support offered by Verant (the developers) makes the DMV look friendly and competent, and so on. Nothing is ever their fault, either. Even the typos in the non-player characters in quests are not their fault.

The actual nature of the game's addictiveness is unknown. Between the intangible nature of the properties, it's completely mental nature, and the fact that this game was hacked together by a group of incompetent twits makes trying to pin down the real reasons why extremely difficult. If I knew why EverQuest was so addicting to so many people, I would not be here; I would be developing games, better games than this, that do not require several months of indentured servitude.



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# 100 MUCH WORK

BY ANONYMOUS

I overheard some teachers talking in the hallway and they had the nerve to say that students don't know what work is.

I'll tell you what work is, after I get done working at least 30 hours a week and going to school full time. I think professors have a tough time realizing that students have more than one class.

Many times students have to keep at least a 3.0 GPA to keep their scholarships. I have never had anything handed to me, I had to work for everything I wanted growing up, and I still do. I have never had the luxury of mommy and daddy paying for my education here at RIT. Even working 30 hours a week doesn't make ends meet.

My one piece of advice to all the professors is that your particular class

is not our life. We have other classes, work, and personal matters that occupy our time as well. There are a lot of students here who work their asses off and that still isn't good enough. Is it any wonder why so many students leave?

Open your eyes professors, you would get better quality work if you gave us more time to complete a project and realize that we know what work is. I realize that classes within our major are important, but classes that are not are just as important or we will never graduate. People need priorities and professors must realize that their class may not be number one all the time.

While I'm listing my complaints, I received a parking ticket for parking at

Colony for 20 minutes at 10:30 p.m. on a Saturday night. I have been stopping by Colony for almost two years and never got a ticket, but now I get one. I reread that confusing list of parking restrictions and it did state that I have to park in visitor parking since I don't have a Colony tag.

I'm confused. So after paying \$25,000 a year, I'm still a visitor on RIT property? I could understand if the parking fines went to something useful like fixing the roads in Colony. Those potholes are so big that my car could get stuck in one.

RIT has a funny way of fixing things because just like the roads, they never do. They always find temporary solutions but nothing permanent.

PHOTO: JACQUELYN MARTIN

# DOING TOO MUCH

BY REBECCA ALPERSTEIN

"Oh my god! You do way too much. You're crazy."

I've heard variations on that statement ever since my first year here. I heard it incessantly this past quarter especially, which is what prompted me to write this.

What is too much? Is joining two or three organizations too much? Taking 15, 18 credits while doing so? Or are the burdens of a particular major so much that even one extracurricular activity is too much? Why is it that people feel the right to tell you that you're crazy for doing so much, then turn around in the same breath and say how bored they are because there's nothing to do on this campus?

Don't tell me I do too much. I know my limits, believe me. I've overloaded myself in the past, and I know the results all too well. But I'm not going to stop trying because of past mistakes. Maybe you think I do too much because you don't do anything and I make you feel like you're lazy. Well good! You are lazy. Goddamn it, all you hear on this campus is that no one wants to do anything, everyone is apathetic, no one has school spirit, etc. etc.

Screw that. There is plenty to do here. It's just not quite as obvious as it may be at other campuses. But that means you have to make the effort and find the things to do. I probably lost half of you right there. "You mean I actually have to make an effort? I have to try?" Oh no, God forbid someone puts some effort to seek out activities. God forbid you get off your ass, which has been firmly planted in front of your computer, and step outside into the world.

We all get to choose for ourselves what we are going to do with this college experience we are so lucky to have. And we are damn lucky. There are many who wish they could have this opportunity we all feel so free to complain about. I'll admit I've complained about this school in the past as well. But I'm through with that. I knew the deal, I transferred here from an NYC school. There is nothing more annoying to me than people who complain about something all the freaking time and then do nothing to change it. If you don't like something do something about it! I'm not saying you can change the world off the bat, but you have to start somewhere. If all you are going to do is complain to me and not do anything, just forget it, go talk to yourself or talk to your palm pilot cause I don't want to hear it anymore.

I'm not saying I have a problem with people who only go to classes and do their homework. That's fine. If that's what makes you happy, then more power to you. If I was satisfied with that I'd be all about having the time to watch *Must see TV*. But don't tell me I do too much, that I should give up something I'm in or shouldn't work on something else. The things I involve myself with are more important and fulfill me so much more than some TV show ever could.

There are sacrifices involved with all this extra stuff, of course. You have to give up something. I've given up pretty much all my free time, and some sleep... but I'm not complaining. Everything I did this quarter I believed in deeply and cannot imagine not having done. And honestly, there are plenty of people on this campus who have done and do much more than me. I never feel like I'm doing more than I should. I do too much? Hell, I don't do enough.

There are so many problems in this world, on this campus. There are so many clubs, organizations, so much to get involved with. It's hard to make decisions about what to do and what not to do. Which is why I am involved with all the organizations and projects I am. I can't say no. Maybe I just get bored easily or have too many interests for my own good. But these are things that make me a better person, they allow me to meet people I never would have otherwise. I am so grateful to have had these opportunities, how could I pass them up? I'm not under any delusions that I will change the world, but in the same respect I'm not ruling it out. I don't want to just pass through this life unnoticed. I want to make my mark, however small that may be. I am determined to do as much as I can, to live as much as I can, to experience as much as I can. This is the time to explore, to experiment, to figure out who we are.

You can't do that sitting in your room by yourself. I will never have the same opportunities again. Right now this is my world, this bubble called RIT. You can dissect it even smaller into the individual worlds of each club or organization I've joined. And you know what? I can change this world, those worlds. I can change it by getting involved, I can change it by expressing my ideas, by implementing them, by doing as much as I can. Don't tell me I do too much. I'm not listening. I will do all that I can for as long as I can. I mean really, what's the point otherwise?





# CRANKY BITCHFEST

BY CRANKY\_RIT@HOTMAIL.COM

I realize not everyone was raised to be respectful and to show basic courtesies. But at RIT I find an overabundance of disrespectful people. So I ask, what am I missing? Am I expecting too much? Or are people too self-absorbed here to notice they are being so rude? Here I will list a few solutions that require little effort to accomplish.

**Walking.** Whether you stare at your feet or look up at the world, there is no reason to not see that you are headed for other people. Instead of trying to walk through those other people, take a step aside to avoid them (hopefully the other person will too).

Walk with your friends without walking absurdly slow, covering every inch of walkway, then providing smug remarks when others pass. Why should the quarter mile be a traffic jam? Next time you're driving, I'll be the one going 30 mph smack in the middle of both lanes with my right blinker on for 10 miles. It's the same thing.

**Doors.** People here don't touch doors. Is it difficult to actually hold a door, or even toss it out behind you to help the next person? I had someone hold a door for me the other day, after I passed with a thank you, nearly 50 people flocked through behind me, leaving him stuck on the outside.

Doors here mainly come in pairs. I watch students flocking through one door, pushing desperately past each other in both directions, other door solidly shut. It is not glued shut, and in the long run you will get where you're going quicker if it gets opened.

Many of us do not smoke. Please do not make us walk through your cloud to get inside. Standing in front of doors for any reason is annoying. A few steps to the side would fix this very easily.

**Self Promotion.** Why is everything taken as a personal insult? Insult anything and everything. For example, the rock on the quarter mile that gets painted several times nightly by fraternities, clubs, and individuals alike. When it is repainted, it means NOTHING except you went to sleep too early. It is NOT meant to cause harm. Get over it.

Then we get to those people who push their beliefs or culture on those around them. I am happy with my own beliefs, my own lifestyle, I am not going to change because I'm insulted by those who feel differently. I don't enjoy the verbal or written insults I get on a daily basis from people of other beliefs. I don't enjoy walking down a chalk-covered quarter mile no matter what it says. When I go and cover the quarter mile with my propaganda, don't call me narrow-minded. Don't say I'm attacking your beliefs. I am simply promoting awareness of my own beliefs, same as you, even if you consider them commonplace.

**Parking.** No one appreciates being followed through a lot while walking to their cars. If you look, you would find many spots in S-lot most times of the day, as well as G, H and T lots. It's cold out, so sorry, wear a scarf. It's too far? A little exercise and fresh air never hurt anyone and can actually help your mood.

Just because parking lines are hard to see in the winter does not mean

the spots got bigger. Parking five feet from other cars very successfully cuts down on the actual usable spots. You are helping to create a bigger problem that you will fall victim to as well.

There was an open forum in November where these issues were addressed. Plus, I got my survey on my car about parking. If you didn't do these things, I don't want to hear your complaints.

**Professors.** Learn to speak proper English. Go to your set office hours. Don't teach over our heads to pretend you know more. You're a professor, hopefully you know more than me. Grade consistently, we talk to others in the class. Come to class on time. If we are late, we are sorry, but it is our choice. Don't go on about how disruptive to the class it is, it wasn't until you made it that way. You just wasted ten minutes of class for everyone, and that's a lot of money.

**Driving.** Those of you not from the Rochester area will most likely understand this. Those who grew up here, I don't see this nearly as often anywhere else. There is never a reason to come to a complete stop in traffic to make a right hand turn.

Do slam on your brakes and come to a complete stop 100 yards before a red light, then creep forward. By the time you do this, the light has changed 3 times. Random Rochester braking (RRB)—when this phenomenon occurs, it usually slows traffic to ten miles per hour as a result of the domino effect. Not just one car hits their brakes, all of them do, usually for no reason. For example: When the road is clear, you figure you missed something and slam on your brakes. Your car's speed can be controlled by adjusting pressure on the gas pedal. Speed up when you pull

## AM I REALLY ASKING TOO MUCH?

out into traffic, especially if you cut someone off.

On Jefferson, right lane is the travel lane, left lane is the passing lane, the lane in the middle of the road is for turning, the other side of the road is for cars going the other way. Pull into the middle turn lane to make left hand turns. You will not block traffic, so you are less likely to get run over. Your car takes up space. If you want to change lanes, you must wait until the car next to you is not there. This can be accomplished by slowing down or speeding up slightly. Directionals assist this maneuver.

Green means go. I don't know what you all do in your cars that you can't see the light change, but it needs to stop. Red means stop. It also means that if you keep going, you may get killed, or worse. Lights change colors. Look again when you are near the light before you stop on a green light or go on a red. If you don't know where you are going, find out. Do not drive half the speed limit, take up both lanes, or suddenly turn left from the right hand lane. You can turn around if you pass it.

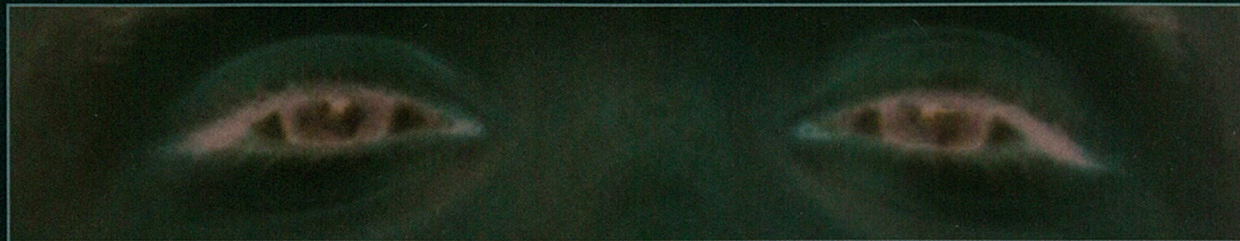
My car sucks. So, any stupid thing you decide to do, I will not get out of your way. Hit me—I wouldn't let you do it if it wasn't your fault.



# LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

BY ERIC D NELSON

Throughout my life, I have noticed that the best relationships I have been part of contain good communication between the two people. But one thing I regret is all the relationships that were bursting with potential, but fell apart because at least one of us was too timid to open up our hearts to the other. If I was pissed about something, and the other person asked me how I was feeling, I would reply with an empty "fine." In a close relationship, this is as bad as blatantly lying.



## FRIENDSHIPS

Sharing your feelings includes telling the truth about a situation where you used bad judgment. For example, let us look at Frank, Jim and Mary. Jim and Mary are a couple, while Jim and Frank are best friends. One day, Frank slips up and tells Mary of a time when Jim slept with one of her friends a few months before they started going out.

Jim hears about the slipup, so he confronts Frank about it. Frank then panics and denies saying anything to Mary. Frank feels a little guilty for lying, but not too bad, so he thinks he is out of the water.

The next time Frank sees Jim, the topic resurfaces, so he must make up a couple more lies so that he can continue to hide the truth. Before Frank knows it, he feels tremendous guilt for constantly lying to his friend. He also freaks out whenever he sees Jim because Frank has to keep his fictitious story straight. Then, Frank starts avoiding Jim, eventually killing their friendship.

Had Frank told Jim the truth in the first place, Jim surely would have been ticked off, but he would have forgiven Frank pretty quickly. As a direct result of Jim telling the truth, the trust between the two friends would have grown immensely. In the worst-case scenario, they would have stopped being friends, but at least there is a chance for reconciliation when Frank tells the truth.

## ROMANCE

Let us say now that to avoid the awkward situation caused by Frank's blunder, Jim decides to terminate his relationship with Mary. Jim will try to be sly by making up a reason for breaking up with her, quoting clichés along the lines of, "It's not you, it's me," "I don't want to see anybody right now," or "I'm not ready for a serious relationship."

Since he still cares about Mary and does not want to seem like an asshole, Jim views lying as the easy way out. The rationale behind lying is that it softens the blow from the breakup by not letting Mary know that Jim is just a coward. In reality, Jim multiplies Mary's pain. In addition to her mourning the end of the relationship, Mary tortures herself with the mystery of why he broke up with her. After the weeks of mourning, she is still scarred and thinks Jim is an asshole anyway.

If Jim just confessed to Mary in the first place, the result would have been favorable. Just like with the situation between Jim and Frank, Mary would have been upset at first, but then would have gotten over it. The two lovers could have talked through it like adults—growing closer the whole time.

If Jim and Mary continue this practice of talking about things that were taboo, then after some time one decides to end the relationship, the other will understand exactly what the problem was between them and that it was irreconcilable. Both Mary and Jim will still be hurt, but when they see each other in the future, they will not look at each other with deep scorn that people are used to seeing from ex-boyfriends and ex-girlfriends.

## PARENT-CHILD

One of the most under-appreciated relationships is the parent-child relationship. Some blame it on the generation gap, but I think that lying to one's parents is widely accepted.

Take Jim again when he was in high school. Whenever Jim wanted to go to a drunken bash, he had to tell his parents he was staying at a friend's house. Rooting from that, Jim always had something to hide from his parents, so he was never able to tell them what was going on during his adolescent life.

Good communication between a parent and a child is a beautiful tool for the development of the child. If Jim were able to talk to his mother and father about all of the problems in his life, Jim can relate his parents' past experiences to his own life, trying to avoid the mistakes his parents made.

Even though most people reading this right now are past their high school years, it does not mean they lost their chance to have magnificent relationships with their parents. If your parents are mature enough to handle the fact that you are an adult in adult situations, then through conversation you will find you have much in common. The stories and advice can be immensely helpful as they have already been through the drunken, heart-breaking, and stressful years of college.

If your parents are too hard-nosed to talk to you as a peer, do not let that stop you from being an understanding parent for your children. That does not mean to let your own children run wild with no discipline, but rather find a good balance so that you can be someone to talk to so that your kids are not forced to lie to you about what they are doing all the time, and someone who can guide them through the hard times you went through.

## LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD

While you cannot open up to just any stranger on the street, having a deep conversation with someone you know can change your life. The first person I ever had one of those conversations with has been my best friend ever since. There is not one thing I have to hide from him.

I always tell him everything going on in my life since there is never a reason to not tell someone whom you are close to the full truth. Whenever one fabricates a story, it is because he or she is afraid of reality. The lie just indicates how much of a fool that person is.

If you can tell someone exactly what makes you tick, then you find that you do not have that much of which to be ashamed. You find out how much you have in common; that your problems are similar. You find that you are not alone in the problems you face.

A Swedish proverb says, "A shared joy is a double joy; shared sorrow is half a sorrow."



# LACK OF MANNERS

Cappy's  
Side

BY GARY SMITH  
PHOTO: DAVID LA SPINA

I am a non-traditional student, having transferred from a two-year college into RIT. From the start I knew I would have to make adjustments to both my change in geographical location and also the academic system here. However, there was one factor that never occurred to me until I actually arrived here. This was the change in social structures from a more rural area with fewer students to the comparatively larger size of RIT.

Let me explain myself a bit. I am retired military and have lived over ten years in Europe in three different countries. I assimilated the host that I could during the time I lived there, taking the opportunity to live amongst the residents and not the small clusters of Americanized communities. I can truthfully say that my experiences were very educational since I got to know the people of the host countries firsthand without prejudice. I will admit that some people were harder to be around than others, but that's life even here in the United States.

The one thing I did NOT experience was abject disregard for my fellow man, such as I've received here at RIT.

Let's review. When was the last time you entered or left a building and looked back to see if there was somebody behind you to hold the door for just a few seconds? When was the last time you said thank you for someone who held a door for you? When was the last time you turned and stepped on someone's foot, then said "excuse me" instead of looking at the person like it was their fault you couldn't see them (or even had enough awareness of them) so they deserved to get stepped on? When was the last time you took your food trays and garbage to the receptacle instead of leaving it on the table, on an outside bench, or on the ground? These actions cause someone else pick up after you just like a toddler.

I'm not talking about "Miss Manners Mentality" here; I'm talking about your basic manners that should have been taught to you when you were growing up. I realize I'm talking to a population of generally "adults," so I will add the two most disgusting things on this campus that occur on a regular basis.

The first is not taking two seconds out of your precious life to flush in the restroom after "doing your business," or the act of trashing it on your way out. I don't care if your hands get washed or not, that's your personal option, but entering and having something like that looming at me doesn't give me a very positive impression of the last person's character. I think that the most appreciated improvement over the past year was the auto flush toilet for you lazy people.

Number two (but not lessened by it's order) is the fact that my mail has been vandalized at my RIT housing area. Not once... but twice in the past nine months, during three of which I was out of town on co-op and had my mail forwarded. Both events have involved small packages that would not fit in my mailbox at Racquet Club. Since they were left on the floor in the entryway they were considered unclaimed mail and the general population helped themselves to the spoils.

Consequently, I've had to change credit card numbers, call Campus Safety and the Post Office. My current delivery status with the USPS is "If it doesn't fit in my mailbox, leave a slip and I'll take time out of my tight schedule to pick it up on Jefferson Road." So, it looks like you thieves will have to find another victim. Anyone who has a complaint with me and does this for adjustment instead of confronting me face-to-face like an adult isn't thought of very highly by my standards.

Yes, you might say that it's a federal offense to mess with the mail, but how can the culprits be found? I just hope that their consciences will bother them eventually; but I think not. If the person(s) have done it, then they have either a lack of scruples or a sub-standard upbringing. I can only hope that the software and music CDs you've stolen from me serve you well and someday you too might be able to pay for them instead of stealing them.

One last thing, to the person(s) that had a good time slashing my car tire, I hope you got rid of some frustration at my expense. It just shows me that the stereotype image of above average people who are smart and "well adjusted" who attend RIT might be a myth. Maybe you should go to the counseling center to get your life back on track instead of venting your frustrations like this.

Yes, I've grown to "appreciate" the population of "Generation X," the generation that covers the range of some undefined ages. You say you don't get my respect. My question to your declaration is—when will you earn it?

Not by these methods I can truthfully say. I thought that the expounding of "New Millennium, New Culture Norms" attitude would be more than a phrase. I can see that unless attitudes change, it will be just another over-hyped lie without commitment.\*





PHOTO: JACQUELYN MARTIN

# HOUSING PROBLEMS



BY CHRISTINE VUKMAN

"U.S. News ranks RIT No. 1 in the North for academic reputation and No. 3 among the top regional universities in the North.... U.S. News ranks RIT's engineering program fifth in the nation among schools offering bachelor's," and so on.

We have all seen these wonderful achievements and recognitions that RIT has received. One would almost assume that a school of this caliber would be able to figure out how to house students. As we are all aware, this is not the case. Freshmen are stashed away in the Radisson and there are not enough apartments to go around for upperclassmen.

I am a sophomore, and last year I was one of the "lucky" ones in the great apartment hunt. My three roommates and I actually had a lottery number low enough that an on-campus apartment was still available when we went through the process. We ended up with a two-bedroom Riverknoll townhouse. We knew it would be a tight fit as this apartment was not built for four people. After living here for six months, that is the least of our concerns.

Since moving in, we have experienced more problems than most homeowners experience in a lifetime. Just to give you an idea: We frequently lose power upstairs due to poor wiring and construction, our kitchen cupboards are falling off the wall, and the shower leaked down through the ceiling and onto the stairs. The wind blows through the walls leaving the downstairs bitter cold while the poor heating leaves the upstairs like a sauna. To top it off, our back door does not lock.

That's right, our back door does not and has not locked since we moved in. We have notified the complex office on several occasions to have it fixed. It remains broken today. Meanwhile, apartments not even a mile away from us are being held up and robbed. I guess I just do not understand how they can preach to us to lock our door but they cannot bother to fix ours?

Our most recent dilemma occurred several weeks ago as our kitchen sink began leaking profusely. Once we discovered that a half-inch of water had leaked from the sink, through the wall and into the adjacent closet, we called the maintenance staff. A man came and "fixed" our problem. The flooding was certainly an inconvenience, but we were much more concerned that the water was pooling around the main electrical wiring for our apartment. Oddly, maintenance was not too concerned, and why should they be? They do not have to sleep here.

As we have come to expect, the maintenance man fixed the sink just long enough to escape our apartment. The sink continued to leak for the following three days and we became accustomed to emptying buckets, jars, and pitchers of water each hour. Finally, after the third trip by maintenance, our sink was successfully fixed and we no longer had to wear galoshes through the downstairs.

Living here has certainly been an adventure. Had we known this last year, perhaps we would have chosen not to be among the "lucky" ones and find housing elsewhere.\*





# CUSTOMER SERVICE @ RIT

BY KHURY PETERSEN-SMITH

PHOTO: JACQUELYN MARTIN

I think that it is safe to say that a great deal of students are dissatisfied. The astounding attrition rate and the existence of websites such as [www.ritsucks.com](http://www.ritsucks.com) testify to the fact that many students are unhappy here.

Those seeking to rectify the situation seem to have missed the point. The administration feels that tweaking a few things here and there will get rid of the problem; after all, isn't that what remodeling the dorms was about—giving the residence halls a facelift while ignoring fundamental issues that drive freshmen away?

As a freshman, I realized quickly that RIT is preoccupied with image, and that changes made to improve retention will only be skin deep. As a representative in Student Government, I hear a lot of talk about "customer service." Instead of addressing fundamental problems, those pushing for improved customer service in the departments adopt the notion that simply speaking sweetly, serving with a smile, and treating students more like valued customers, (ignoring the fact that we are students and NOT customers), will bring RIT up to par. I couldn't disagree more.

The fundamental problem with RIT is that it is not student-oriented. Upon first glance of the hideous and intimidating campus, one can see that this school was not designed with students in mind. After my first two quarters here, I can say that the vast majority of things I've experienced here, from the food service to the administrative offices, were designed with little or no student consideration. It is as though the question "How will the students feel about this?" never crosses administrators' minds.

My best suggestion is to demolish the school and move the campus back into downtown Rochester, but I doubt many administrators would be receptive to that. The next best thing would be to maintain focus on the students.

In every single action the movers and shakers of RIT make regarding the school, they should center their ideas and actions around the needs and wants of the students. When this is done, simple things like a decent transportation system, good computer network, and flexible and sensible meal plans will fall into place.

Of course, most faculty and staff will ignore this advice. If things continue in this way, then administrators, faculty, and staff can expect to see more of what I'm seeing: tons of freshmen flocking out of this miserable school as fast as they can.\*



# RES-RIP-OFF

BY RESIDENTS OF PETERSON/BELL

Living in the dorms offers students quality, clean, and comfortable housing at a decent price. Unless you happen to live in Peterson/Bell Hall. It is no big secret that Peterson/Bell is the last unrenovated dorm on campus, but what does that mean?

Most students have never even stepped foot inside of the unrenovated section of campus, and the few who do are always shocked. One student passing through the hallway of Peterson 2 said:

"I can't believe people live in this—it's like the slums of RIT."

The truth of the matter is, he is right. Peterson Hall has seen better days. The carpeting is stained and ripped. Furniture in the rooms and lounges is falling apart. The walls are cracked, with paint chipping off everywhere. Trash is stored right in the lounge, creating a constant odor that makes the otherwise uncomfortable rooms even more unbearable. In addition to general floor problems like those above, each resident faces other challenges within their own rooms.

One student's desk was broken at the beginning of fall quarter. He put in a request to Physical Plant for a replacement part but was ignored. In the end, the student had to get a replacement part for his desk out of the trash being removed from Ellingson Hall. Two other students have lived with a broken dorm window since the fall because the cost of replacing the window only a year from renovation could not be justified.

Another room's heater only works half the time, and when it does work, it is so loud it keeps the occupants awake at night. The three electrical outlets in the room are placed in the worst possible places. On

average, the distance between the phone jack and an electrical outlet to plug the phone in is eight feet. This is in sharp contrast to the eight outlets provided in the newer rooms. The basic cable provided to every room is only accessible to some because of broken cable jacks.

These problems only begin to scratch the surface of the condition of the Peterson/Bell dorm. None of the students living in Peterson/Bell expected to be placed in this type of housing condition. A Peterson 2 resident said, "It's not like this place was on the campus tour, or orientation for that matter, by the time I knew I was going to be living in Peterson it was too late."

Even though the Peterson/Bell dorm cannot hold a candle to the newly renovated dorms, the cost of living in the "slums of RIT" is just as high as living in Gleason or Fish. Students pay \$1,306.00 per quarter to live in a double room in a dorm. That's \$3,918.00 for three quarters.

The outraged students of Peterson/Bell Hall are not getting what they paid for. It is because of this that the students are organizing a petition offering two solutions to the unfair situation. The petition will be presented to both the Institute's administration and ResLife.

Anyone wishing to help with the fight to provide adequate compensation to the residentially ripped-off students of Peterson/Bell and the Radisson are welcome to lend a hand. If interested in learning more about the condition of Peterson Hall or just to comment on the situation, please contact the students of Peterson/Bell through e-mail at [Res\\_Rip\\_Off@hotmail.com](mailto:Res_Rip_Off@hotmail.com).

PHOTO: JACQUELYN MARTIN







“...LIKE TRYING TO DRIVE YOUR CAR  
DOWN THE BEACH DURING THE INVASION  
AT NORMANDY”



# DRIVING IN ROCHESTER



BY WILLAIM HUBER

In general, driving in the city of Rochester and all its surrounding subsidiaries can be likened to trying to drive your car down the beach during the invasion at Normandy—the same amount of flying metal, but fewer actual dead bodies.

Let us say you are driving down the street one day and suddenly you realize that, though some blatant disrespect for those around you and especially those behind, you are going only twenty-five miles per hour over the speed limit! Your semi-law-abiding ass should be ashamed. And you thought that jackass three inches off your rear bumper was only trying to read your amusing Al Gore bumper sticker.

Tailgaters are another chronic problem. They left home late and want to go faster in order to get to class on time. I really hate tailgaters, especially when I'm the one doing twenty-five miles per hour over the speed limit and it's still not enough to get you off my ass. I hope you all die horrible burning deaths.

On a lighter note, people who drive while using cell phones should be pulled over, horsewhipped into a bloody froth, then pushed back into their cars and rolled over the side of the nearest bridge. Let me put it this way: I would probably rather have a drunken one-fingered cripple with no eyes try to shoot an apple off my head with a crossbow at six paces than ride in a car with someone who is using a cell phone.

Here's why. The driving ability displayed in your average cell phone-using driver is the same or less than the amount of driving ability still left in a dead gorilla's worm-shriveled butt. People who attempt to drive and talk on a cell phone instantly become several thousand more times likely to hit something or someone, and the one I'm most worried about getting hit is me. Even when I am sitting in my living room sipping on a 40 and watching *Charles in Charge* reruns, I live in constant fear of a Cadillac crashing through my wall and pinning me against my countertop. The driver will leap out and whisper in my dying ear, "Sorry, dude, it was long distance."

Moving right along, I don't know who taught you people the rules of right-of-way, but obviously you were either not paying attention, or you are just as plain stupid as a dung-covered rock. For example: green does not always mean go. If you are at a green light, and want to turn left across an oncoming lane of traffic, you must wait for those people driving straight past you to pass you first. Sweet Jesus, I have witnessed this little tidbit three times in the past week.

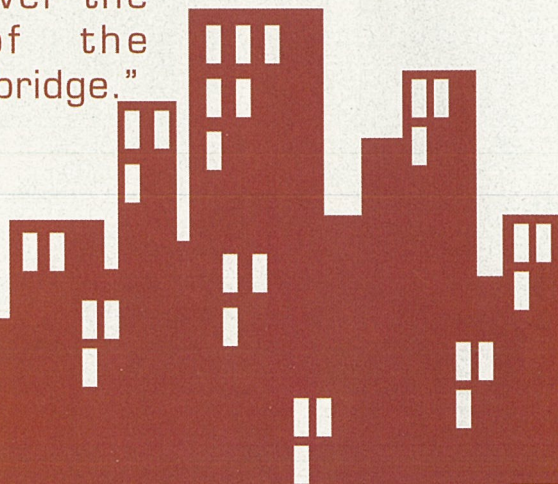
Show of hands. Who knows what that little lever sticking out the side of your steering column is? Right, it's a turn signal. It isn't just some horribly misguided stick-like decoration. Try using it once in a while. Even when you are just changing lanes, try just flicking the lever. It doesn't even matter which way, just flick it one way or the other to let me know you are going to do something stupid.

Moving away from the idiot drivers for a moment, allow me to complain about the roads, which we can blame on Rochester's weather system and drunken snowplow drivers. The constant freeze/thaw buckles the pavement and causes tiny sinkholes to open up into potholes, some of which are large enough to swallow not only my car but several small European nations as well. Have you ever driven in the far right lane of Jefferson in between Scottsville Road and East River Road, heading towards RIT? That stretch of road will take the fillings out of your teeth along with most of the underside of your car, too.

As a semi-related side note, the entrances to the interstates are on the wrong side of the road. Every other place I've ever been to, the entrances are on the right side of the road. For instance, if I'm driving down Scottsville, heading for 390, my natural instinct is to get over in the right lane, because every other city in this stinking state has their entrances on the right side. Haha! Not so with Rochester! The entrances for 390 are on the left side of the road! I can hear the city planners scream "Gotcha!" every time that gets me. It's like British people stuck in America come to Rochester just to get a taste of home: "Tally ho, Seigfried, proceed to the left and merge onto the expressway! Pip pip! Jolly good! Pass the tea and crumpets! Sticky wicket! Cheers! God save the Queen!"

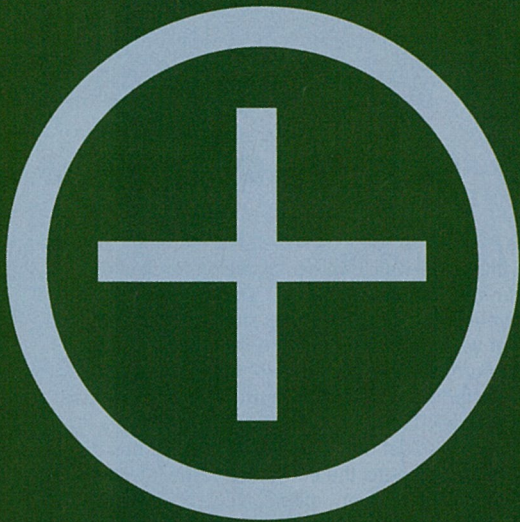
I could rant on and on about the rotten-ass driving conditions here. I really could fill this magazine with specific rants and gripes, but no one would read it because they'd all be out playing automobile-polo in the streets with chains on their tires. For those of you still left, this has been a quick tour through the labyrinth-war-zone-death-camp that is Rochester traffic. Have a nice day.♦

"On a lighter note, people who drive while using cell phones should be pulled over, horsewhipped into a bloody froth, then pushed back into their cars and rolled over the side of the nearest bridge."





# POSITIVE



# ENERGY

BY RANDA JABBOUR

RIT harbors an infinite amount of negative energy. Everywhere I go, there are people complaining about the food, the courses, the architecture, the weather, and the administration. I used to be one of those people.

It is time to reject the negative energy. Embrace positive thoughts and actions. Say hello to people. Forgive others. Remember to say please and thank you. Look twice at someone who is hard at work and actually *smile* at them. If someone says hello to you, greet them in return. Twirl when you're walking—do a 360-degree turn and keep on going. You will feel like you are much more free than you ever were before.

There are many areas of RIT which can assist you in harvesting this rare gift of positive energy, including but not limited to:

1. THE CARY ROOM: Go to the second floor of the library. Ring the doorbell at the Cary Library. If the people there are not too busy, ask them if you can see the printing press room. Look at the printing presses. Think about how cool they are and how much brighter your day is. Say thank you to the people working there. Leave. Embrace the positive flow that results from such an expansion of your mind.

2. THE PRETEND QUAD AND POND: Granted, you'll have to wait until it's nice out to truly enjoy this area, but spend a good hour in the grassy area in-between buildings 1, 6, and 7. Sit on the big rock next to the pond and pretend you're not at RIT anymore. Leave. Let the positive peacefulness radiate.

3. THE "I GOT A 47" BENCH: If you ever get a 47 on a Calculus III test, go sit on the "I got a 47" bench. It is in the same area as the pretend quad, adjacent to building 6. It is a bench in celebration of some scholars or something. If you ever do really bad in any class, sit on the bench and absorb all the knowledge from the scholars. And cry if you want to; I did. I would recommend sitting there for no more than 30 minutes. Otherwise, your rear end starts cursing your quest for positive energy.

Good luck. •

PHOTO: DAVID LA SPINA







# WHY I LOVE RIT

BY BILL MICHAELS

I love this place, this school, this institution. Of all the people who raise their voice, it seems that few have something positive to say. I must be one of the few people who likes it here. Let me tell you why RIT is right for me.

RIT doesn't pretend to be your friend. Business is the key here, and I respect that. For just under \$100,000, you get the opportunity to receive a degree from one of the most prestigious schools in the nation. Most colleges would lead you to believe they care about your future, when they really don't. RIT doesn't lead you to believe anything, they merely offer you the chance. I like the no-BS approach.

RIT doesn't allow the weak to stay. Lack of on/off-campus social outlets, the alcohol policy, etc. All of these are reasons cited for the why retention rates are down. The way I see it, some people just can't handle it here. RIT's atmosphere is one of success, and one that doesn't allow stragglers. Selective thinking you say. Perhaps. I believe in survival of the fittest. Why should college be an exception?

RIT has superior facilities. The refurbished dorms and apartments, the indoor track and the ice rink, the computer labs, and the variety of food available. Who could forget the viable ethernet connectivity all over campus? I've visited a lot of colleges throughout the country, and RIT has some of the best facilities I've seen.

RIT is a convenient place to get laid, despite the gender ratio. When Jake Lodwick wrote in *Reporter* that sex was fun, I could not have agreed more. I've had some damned good sex on this campus. And why not? The beds at the University Commons fit two quite nicely, and there's less chance of a roommate, parent, or mall security guard invading your privacy while you're getting your groove on.

RIT has a great hockey team. I believe the results of the season were 22-0-1, which isn't too shabby at all. Regardless of our NCAA standing (we're Division 3), watching hockey is a great way to release energy, and the price cannot be beat: \$3 a game.

RIT books great musical acts and speakers via CAB and SG. While I've been here, I've seen Wyclef Jean, Moby, Hybrid, and Nine Days. I even had the opportunity to meet them afterwards, some of whom I've been listening to for years. It was a joy to find national recording artists so down-to-earth and personable. To this day, I still think of Jon Stewart as an ass for standing us up, and Hillary Clinton as rude for not being on time. Nevertheless, Colin Powell and Ralph Nader more than made up for those two.

These are just a few reasons. There are more. Stay in school as long as you can, kids. You won't realize how precious your time here is until it's gone.



# VEGANS

BY MICHAEL BUTCHER | PRESIDENT-RITveg

For the past few weeks, RITveg has been trying to get across the message about the benefits of Veganism/Vegetarianism on campus through posters. Each time we put up signs, we present different reasons for becoming Vegan/Vegetarian, whether for health, the animals, or the environment. I have compiled a list of more reasons of why one should turn to the Vegan/Vegetarian diet.

## FOR THE ENVIRONMENT:

- If Americans reduced their intake of meat by merely 10%, 100,000,000 people could be fed using the land, water and energy that would be freed up from growing livestock feed.

- Lester Brown, as quoted by Resenberger, "Curb on US Waste Urged to Help the Worlds Hungry," New York Times.

- 5 million acres of rainforest have fallen every year in South and Central America to create cattle pasture.

- Norman Myers, The Primary Source: Tropical Forests and Our Future, 1992

- Pounds of edible product that can be produced on an acre of prime land:

- Apples: 20,000

- Carrots: 30,000

- Potatoes: 40,000

- Tomatoes: 50,000

- Beef: 250

- Tom Aldridge and Herb Schlubach, "Water Requirements for Food Production," Soil and Water, no. 38



ILLUSTRATION: JEFF PRYSTAJKO

## FOR YOUR HEALTH:

"Milk and milk products gave the highest correlation coefficient to heart disease, while sugar, animal proteins, and animal fats came in second, third, and fourth, respectively."

- A Survey of Mortality Rates and Food Consumption Statistics of 24 Countries, Medical Hypothesis 7:907-918, 1981

- "The consumption of animal fats and proteins has been linked to heart disease, colon and lung cancer, osteoporosis, diabetes, kidney disease, hypertension, obesity, and a number of other debilitating conditions. Cows' milk contains ideal amounts of fat and protein for young calves, but far too much for humans. And eggs are higher in cholesterol than any other food, making them a leading contributor to cardiovascular disease. The American Dietetic Association reports that vegetarian/vegan diets are associated with reduced risks for all of these conditions." —ADA, Position on Vegetarian Diets, 1996.

## FOR THE ANIMALS:

Animals on factory farms are treated like machines. Within days of birth, for example, chickens have their beaks seared off with a hot blade. Male cows and pigs are castrated without painkillers. All of these animals spend their brief lives in crowded and ammonia-filled conditions, many of them so cramped that they can't even turn around or spread a wing.

Many do not get a breath of fresh air until they are prodded and crammed onto trucks for a nightmarish ride to the slaughterhouse, often through weather extremes and always without food or water. The animals are hung upside down and their throats are sliced open, often while they're fully conscious. <http://www.meatstinks.com>



# EXCUSE ME?

BY ANTONIO CASTILLO

The second greatest feeling a student can have during exam week is walking fearlessly into a test, knowing that there is no question he or she cannot answer.

However, the greatest feeling occurs even before the week begins, when students find out that they have no morning exams. Unfortunately, many students only dream of having this greatest feeling since RIT is plagued by break-of-dawn examinations.

Our technical institution boasts programs that make pioneers and leaders. On this campus we have intelligent people who can answer questions about nuclear theory,

microprocessor logic, criminal justice, and can thoroughly analyze Herman Melville's incomprehensible story "Benito Cereno"—but why can no one find an answer to a simple question, "What is the benefit of having an exam at 7:00 a.m.?"

I believe that the person who schedules early morning exams crammed for their exams when they attended college. They should know that students do not start cramming at 4:00 a.m. for an exam.

Students really begin studying in the early evening and continue into the early morning hours. Early morning exams break the traditional

cram style of college students, since it prevents them from fully preparing for the largest test of the quarter because they have to stop and go to sleep in order to wake up before most farm animals.

To add insult to injury, math exams are even scheduled at 7:00 a.m. I do not mind reading a literary passage at 7:00 a.m. I do not mind labeling parts of a computer at 7:00 a.m., but I speak for everyone in my calculus class when I write, I mind integrating an equation to find the change in volume of a cone at time  $t=1$  when a squirrel is eating the ice-cream at a rate of three cubic inches per second, at 7:00 a.m.

You probably are not reading this opinion at 7:00 a.m., yet you are still confused by the previous statement. Just imagine what that question is like during an actual test.

It is a fact that many students have to put much time and energy into their calculus classes in order to pass them. They do it because another fact is that students at RIT do not like failure.

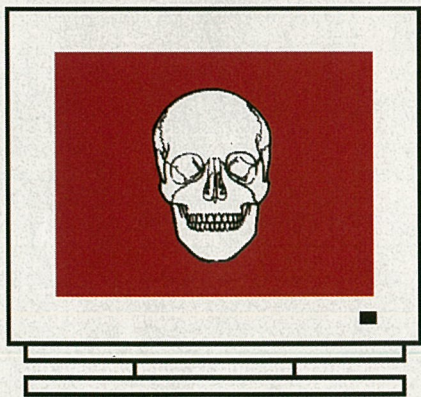
Asking students to take a Calculus exam or any exam an hour after they wake up is detrimental to their grades and futures.

PHOTO: DAVID LA SPINA

# COMPUTERS ARE THE DEVIL

BY BRYAN HAMMER

It has come to my attention recently that I waste a lot of time. I think it's a problem that many students have, especially freshman, and the culprit behind it is the common personal computer.



Sometimes I catch myself just clicking various things and reading people's profiles for no reason at all, and I ask myself, "What am I doing?" There's no real reason for it, I should be doing some reading or something else important, but it's right there on my desk.

Instant Messenger is a sin in itself, along with the many games out there. It seems like even if I have something important to do, the computer is always there to distract me. One week I was piled up with so much work I knew that AIM would be a big danger if I didn't put a stop to it. I took an idea from my roommate and put up an away message stating that for a week I was going to be Anti-AIM, and that if you needed to talk to me you should call or email

me. I was amazed at all the messages that were left from people complaining that they wanted to talk to me, and were actually upset that I was on this Anti-AIM crusade.

What is wrong with the phone? What is wrong with walking over to visit someone? Is e-mail too much of a pain? For the whole week I did not get one phone call from any of the people who left instant messages, nor did anyone send me any e-mail. I know everyone has a phone, are we too afraid to use it? This is a serious problem, and on our computer-saturated campus I fear it will only get worse.

Out of the thousands of students who attend this school, I am appalled at the small number of people who are involved in school activities. If it weren't for the academic needs that I have for my computer, I would love to throw the thing out the window, because computers are the devil. When it isn't giving me random error messages, or distracting me from my schoolwork, it is keeping me from getting out and getting involved in the real world.

In the February 2 issue of *Reporter*, the article on computer culture only increased my worries. The fact that people can rationalize that sitting in front of a computer all day will help them in life is a joke. What the world needs today are people who know how to communicate with others to solve problems. Those skills do not come from working with computers. A student in the article said, "It would be different if we lived on a campus where beautiful, exotic women roamed around with great abundance." Just to let everyone know, exotic women are not roaming around any college campus, it doesn't matter where you go. An excuse like that only let's me know that the problem is probably worse than I thought.

I thought the comparison between running water and a computer being a part of our lives was also just as ridiculous. If you spend your entire day in front of a computer, you're anti-social. If you don't get out and learn real world skills then you'll be nobody's boss. Yes I know this is a tech school, but come on. Talking on AIM will not improve your social skills, and playing video games will not help you get ahead in life. So join me and get off your ass and do something different with your life. I'm going to try.



BY BG

I am a firm believer in the idea that life is what you make of it. Most everyday situations are rather trivial when compared to the important things in life—i.e. health, safety, and family.

However, I also believe that certain conditions or environments can make it more difficult to enjoy yourself. I have had a very good time here at RIT. I have found great friends and done many immensely enjoyable things. But, after four years I have come to the conclusion that RIT is one of those environments that makes it unnecessarily difficult to find fun and enjoyment. I will refrain from harping upon the issue of the alcohol policy because I personally believe that it really hasn't stopped anyone from drinking. The main problem that RIT has, in my opinion, is an administration that has all the wrong priorities.

RIT is not administered like a school where people come to study and also learn about life. RIT is administered like a profit-hungry business. Money seems to be the only concern and it shows through in almost every aspect of this place.

Some of this year's freshman class are currently housed at local hotels, some as far as 20 minutes away by car. Does the admissions department have no idea how many rooms we have in the dorms? On move-in day do they just place people in rooms until someone says "We're full, better call some hotels?"

I doubt it. In fact I know that the administration does have full knowledge of exactly how many people are going to end up taking a shuttle across Henrietta after class to come home to a building full of bleary-eyed business people and ice machines. The administration obviously does not care that many of the incoming freshmen do not experience life in a residence hall or miss the opportunity to come in contact with the rest of their peers outside of class. Instead, they care that the checks keep coming in.

Colony Manor Drive has potholes deep enough to bathe in. They have been there for the last three years and do consistent damage to people's cars. Imagine my elation when I got a note on my door this summer saying that a paving company is coming to redo Colony Manor Drive. This "paving" company drove around the parking lot with a huge compressor and sprayer and painted the street black. There was no pavement involved at any point. Coincidence that this was right before Open House and Orientation?

The administration does not care that I lose a different piece of my car every time I drive through Colony, they care that the road looks spiffy for prospective students. Why? Because prospective students can become enrolled students and enrolled students have to pay.

Campus Safety has turned their job into a crusade to ticket every "wrongly" parked car during every minute of every day. Do commuters have some special quality about them that makes them worthy of parking closer than everybody else before 1:00 p.m.?

An unregistered car, one belonging to anyone who is not an RIT student, will get ticketed at least once if left in an apartment parking lot. There are no signs on any of these spots that indicate any restriction whatsoever. This means that all visitors that drive to your apartment will get a ticket for their efforts. These silly, useless regulations do nothing to improve the parking conditions but they do something better. They raise money, lots of it.

I'll stop with the examples. I'm pretty sure that my point is clear. These are just a few things that made me shake my head in wonder at what could possibly be going through the minds of those in charge. Like I said, I have had a great time but it had little to do with anything provided by this school. But they don't seem to care, as long my tuition gets paid.



## WEB Warning message

Too many Users on S\*T\*S. Please try again later.

S\*T\*S Startup Page

**Rochester Institute of Technology**  
One Lomb Memorial Drive, Rochester, NY 14623  
716-475-6929  
[services@rit.edu](mailto:services@rit.edu)

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BY BRENT BERNSTEIN

I distinctly remember last quarter's debate over student retention and President Simone's efforts to reduce the loss of students. What he and the administration fail to understand is that there is no singular problem on campus that is causing students to leave.

Rather, small problems and minor annoyances continually compound themselves to form the one, big problem that the president is searching for. The article in the last issue of *Reporter* regarding class registration was a noble attempt to reveal one of these minor annoyances. However, as a first-year student I was offended to find that the Registrar's office regards freshmen as second-class students.

I understand the reasons for the current registration policy. Nonetheless, I feel that simply because I have been a student at RIT for a shorter amount of time, I am less valued and have less of a right to get into classes that are required for my major. The registrar's suggestion that nothing can be done is nonsense, once again; RIT is looking for a macro solution to a problem that requires micro action.

First, student registration should be moved to midnight. Most students are still awake as a normal course of their lives at this time, while at 6:00 a.m. they are not.

Second, make sure people who are answering the phones and helping students in the actual Registrar's office know what they are talking about. I've been told that there are only 32 connections available through web registration and each of the five VAX terminals. If this is true, there are only 160 connections to register almost 2000 students, and once those slots are filled, they do not become open again. Once a connection is achieved, an entire floor registers through that one computer. Although I do not know the technical specifications of the VAX system, I feel fairly confident that these machines are capable of handling more than 32 connections at a time.

Finally, there should be no place for rude and arrogant people in the Registrar's office. These people should understand that this behavior is a direct cause of student dissatisfaction and frustration.

These changes, requiring no Pentagon-class computing power, would remove class registration from the list of major student annoyances.





PHOTO: JACQUELYN MARTIN

# V-DAY 2001 | HOW A WORD CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE

BY REBECCA ALPERSTEIN

Don't judge a book by its cover. Well what if the cover has a vagina on it? The reactions you see and hear simply by saying, "I'm performing in *The Vagina Monologues*" are amazing.

I didn't know what to think when I first heard about *The Vagina Monologues* last year. But I knew I wanted to find out. So, with a few friends, I went to the Valentine's Day performance. It was incredible. I had never seen anything like it before. It sparked some very interesting dialogue afterwards. But then, after the quarter was over and time passed, I forgot about it. It didn't have any residual effects on me.

When I heard that the Women's Center was staging a second year of the play, my interest was piqued again. I had been involved with the Women's Center with other projects and decided to try and help with the production.

I had never been on stage as an actor (unless you count a school play in the fifth grade) and I wasn't the boldest person there. I didn't know how I was going to say vagina in front of 500+ plus people without blushing.

I don't think I was fully prepared when I was cast. Don't get me wrong, it thrilled me to no end, but it also scared me. Now I actually had to do this. I started telling people that I was going to perform in *The Vagina Monologues*. Some people were confused. "The *what* monologues?" Some people were supportive. "Oh, that's so cool, good luck." Other people just didn't say much—either shocked I would be a part of something like this or just had no idea what it was all about. I felt like a walking commercial sometimes, describing the play, what V-DAY meant and the global initiative. But I was just so excited, and wanted others to feel that.

As the rehearsal process continued I became even more excited, and more nervous. But the most amazing things about those six weeks were the women I met. The closeness and relationships formed between the women in the cast was nothing short of amazing. The other feature, which was equally amazing, was the collaboration between Deaf and hard of hearing women and hearing cast members. This was an experience I would never forget. Through the entire process there was such a supportive, warm atmosphere I would often look forward to rehearsals as a time to relax and not think about classes and work.

When you were there, all you thought about was the words, the message, and the women we were trying to help by performing this. Well, we also had fun and laughed and sometimes were brought to tears by the

strength of some of these monologues. It was very clear how much this meant to everyone involved, and how the experience was changing all of us. I don't think I even fully realized just how incredible an opportunity this was until it was all over. Time flew so fast, and there we all were backstage, opening night, pinning our V's and red carnations to our shirts. That night was a blur, I remember walking out on stage, shaking all the way, and I remember the audience laughing. Two more, sold-out, performances later it was all over.

As the memories of this experience fade, all I can think is how important and life altering this has been. You can bet this time around I will carry V-Day in my heart for the rest of my life. It has healed some wounds I didn't even know needed to be mended. It has given me, and many of the women in the cast I might add, an added sense of self, so much more confidence, and well, made you proud to have a vagina, but more importantly proud to say the word.

This was—no, this *is* a global movement. Hearing stories from around the country of various colleges performing the play was inspiring. Seeing all the press the all-star performance at Madison Square Garden received was equally impressive. It just made me realize that we were a part of something much bigger than we could realize.

Some people still don't understand what V-Day is really all about. Some people still consider the idea of having something with vagina in the title to be obscene, and simply used for shock value. Luckily these people seem to be in the minority.

To me, V-Day is about educating, empowering, and releasing the fear of not only being able to say vagina, but more importantly the fears many women face in standing up for themselves in abusive relationships, or fear about your body or expressing yourself.

To understand this you have to hear the words, or read the words, take them in, live with them, and talk about them. It is not a ploy to shock people. Although I know many people did leave shocked. Shocked about the level of violence directed towards women in this country as well as around the world. Shocked how little was being done in some cases. And just maybe, shocked that they enjoyed themselves, that they had fun, and how much easier it was to say Vagina afterwards.\*



# LICENSED TO BREED

BY JESS BODEN

Recently, I got to thinking about stupid people. Not any stupid people in particular mind you, just stupid people in general. It led me to this little riddle:

Q. What can possibly be worse than stupid people?  
A. Stupid people who breed.

That's right. Stupid people who breed are doing the human gene pool a huge disservice and need to be stopped.

Think about it. We need to be licensed and registered for just about everything we do today—from voting to driving to owning guns. Yet, just about anyone can spew forth a life from one's loins. This perplexes me.

Before I get much further, let me expand on the definition of stupidity to which I am referring. I do not define stupidity as anything related to degrees or social status. That is an entirely different matter.

I define a stupid person as one who makes the

lives of others difficult due to sheer ignorance and an apparent lack of common sense or common concern. People like this do not just happen. They are brought up by people much like themselves. And, in turn, their own children are most likely doomed to suffer a lifetime of stupidity, causing the whole of society to suffer with them.

I feel that this could be solved very simply by having licenses to breed.

Oh, sure, it sounds a little extreme, but I think that the ends would most definitely justify the means.

We probably wouldn't even need all of those other licenses if the stupid people weren't around to ruin things for the rest of us. It just makes sense—if we need licenses to kill living creatures, than we should certainly need licenses to create them.

Now, I know this wouldn't be such an easy thing to implement, but nothing worthwhile ever is. And just who would decide breeding eligibility is

another tricky matter. Certainly not the people in government. Lord knows most of their parents probably weren't worthy of breeding.

So far, the best method I can come up with is to leave the whole decision up to a jury of one's neighbors and peers. If it does indeed take a whole village to raise a child, than said village should at least have some say in whose child it is raising.

I have always felt that most problems in the world today are caused, at base, by stupidity in one form or another. And I feel that it is our civic duty to prevent stupidity from plaguing the earth into eternity.

Natural selection might have taken control of the situation by now, but between morals, technology, and the Constitution, it seems that stupid people have been given far too much slack.

As with most of my ideas, I know that there are definite kinks to be worked out with this one. But I really do feel that I'm on to something....

# INTERNATIONAL DISGRACE

BY ANONYMOUS

A dark day has fallen upon RIT. The devils are teaching us at this institution. There is a feeling that this is no longer a university but a place of mortal mayhem. You may be curious why there are feelings of such resentment, I'll explain why.

I may be in the wrong major for myself (once again at this Institute of money-making mongrels), because I whole-heartedly believe that what they are teaching us in one particular class is insanely biased and completely immoral. This class is entitled International Business; yup, I'm a marketing man. I thought and still think I can change the world. This class, along with this brick-infested angular Institute, makes me sick. The teacher and the class are made up from totally biased ideas. I am appalled that this class has not enraged more RIT "customers" (yes that's right, that's what they see you as, not students anymore). It teaches about globalization and how important it is to move forward.

Through this globalization, products you buy are meant to be cheaper because big businesses have found ways to cut their costs by setting up factories in countries where labor is cheap and governments can help them. OK, this makes some sense, but then why do Nike shoes, which cost less than \$3 to make, including labor costs, cost \$149.95 here in the states? Where is the savings? The savings are gone... greed, my friends, is killing the world.

Why are there international laws against dumping goods as well? Dumping goods is when a country can manufacture goods below the production costs of what it costs another country to make. Isn't that going to save the customer money? Yet it is outlawed under international laws anyways.

Who is the big bad wolf who sets up these international trade laws anyways? Who is watching their backs? Nobody really. Doesn't that suck?

The big international organizations, like the World Trade Organization (WTO), World Bank, and International Monetary Fund (IMF) are made up from those countries who won the last World War. These organizations are made up of the large democratic powers that be. Those smaller ones with no power? What happens to them, you may be wondering... they get walked all over on by the larger powers like these United States we live in. Workers get exploited for barely living wages and those powers that be explain that large businesses are bringing in work, which brings money into the countries. With this wealth they can then become more educated and be able to fend for themselves and buy more products. Isn't that special?

They are teaching this class in my major before the mandatory business ethics class taken in junior or senior year, after they have all these globalization and foreign direct investment ideas embedded into our heads. Human life should take precedence before any money making ideas come to surface. As to large organizations believing that they are helping these people, they know they are out to turn a profit for themselves, otherwise they would not have invested themselves. Countries have survived many years without the help of outside companies. Subsistence farming has made many generations content with the way they live their lives. Not owning land like Native Americans once lived by is still a reality in many parts of the world. There is a great deal of ethnocentricity going on (which in the class they teach is wrong) and greed is a part of the lifestyle.

If you're greedy, this is the major for you. If your parents raised you with any sort of loving care, GET OUT OF RIT. Remember, this is an Institute for the devil. This is a horrible way to treat us, I am a student, not a customer. I say this proudly and without fear!







# ABERTISING & YOU

PHOTO: DAVID LA SPINA

BY JACOB LODWICK

*Abercrombie Executive FD-837: "Here's the idea: Instead of paying magazines, TV shows, and milk manufacturers to advertise for us, we have kids do it. But the catch is that instead of us paying them to advertise, they pay us!"*

*Abercrombie Executive FF-117: "But conventional logic tells us that nobody is that blindingly moronic."*

*Abercrombie Executive FD-837: "You are forgetting one thing, FF-117. This is the year Y2K!"*

I am as confused as a pop star in counting class. Why would somebody wear a shirt to a party/class/bed that displays the manufacturer's name prominently on it? To adopt an image that became popular while I was out not drinking Mr. Clean with the rest of you? Isn't wearing a shirt that boasts the manufacturer's name prominently sort of like getting "THE HAIR CUTTERY" shaved into the back of your head?

**"Well, Abercrombie makes comfortable clothing."**

Yeah, so does Goodwill. And they sell their stuff for literally 20 times less. And instead of getting a mock-thrift store shirt that says "Fitch Tacos—six miles north of Abercrombie Town," you get one that says "I BEAT GROSS—THE CAPITAL!" or "Help Improve Product Quality USA!" or "Achieve More With MD4!" or something else that is *genuinely* random.

**"But I want to look like the models do!"**

"But I have no sense of individuality, compounded by an impassioned desire to gain acceptance by completely assimilating myself into a social group that literally was designed by focus groups and advertising execs!"

**"But my parents think that a kid needs \$300 a month for clothes!"**

These are all excuses that I can't argue with. I can argue about the rights of these people to drive cars and say things, but the excuses fit snugly in their lives like squirrels in a tailpipe.

**"But Rich Cronin from LFO likes it plus his first name rhymes!"**

Please hand me your breeding license and/or reproductive organs. Thanks. Flush.

Oh, I understand... you're not like "those other people" who wear Abercrombie logosuits exclusively. They're the guilty ones.

You merely have a few T's with medium-sized logos, and maybe a visor that you bought pre-torn so that it doesn't last as long. Along with, possibly, some pants with a teeny-tiny logo along the side.

So, how much are you getting paid for this groundbreaking soul-forfeiture? Fifty bucks a month? A one-time fee of four hundred dollars? A one-time fee of negative one hundred sixty-five dollars? Probably.

Think. Better yet, don't think. Hand me your money. I'm going to sew a shirt out of dollar bills that's cooler looking and less expensive than the one you just bought yourself as a special treat. Then I'm going to go walk on the sun yesterday. Because that makes more sense than what you're doing.

**"But Lance is so cute, and Justin can dance! Oh, and I don't care what Kelly says, Chris is the smart one! Plus, they're all so completely down-to-Earth."**

Speaking of Earth, go away. Move to Venus. Take classes at Jupiter University, where there's no alcohol policy. Eat some tacks.

Just don't show up at one of my parties, along with your best friends and logos. Instead, be yourself. Let *your* personality manifest itself in the textiles that you drape across your body. Don't base your image on one from a catalog that somebody put in your mailbox.

Unless that catalog is Victoria's Secret. And you're a guy. And you're overweight.

Chinese food makes me salivate.•





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Sausage	Mushrooms	Banana Peppers
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Greece (East Side)  
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# AIM HIGH

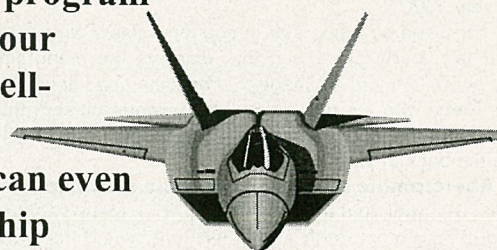
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- Student must meet Air Force ROTC eligibility requirements
- Enroll in AFROTC classes and accept a commission upon completion of degree



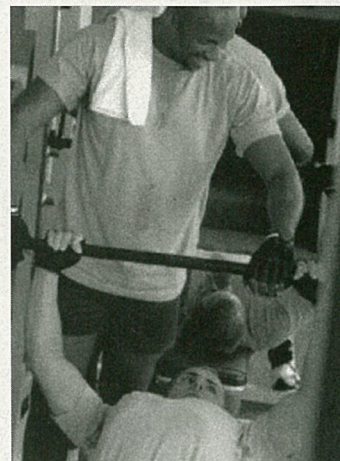
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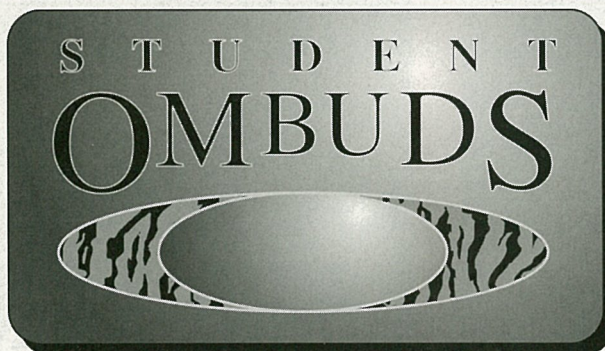
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### ***What is the Office of the Student Ombuds?***

The Office of the Student Ombudsperson is a neutral and confidential place that exists to assist all RIT/NTID students with any questions, concerns, or issues they may experience as a student. The word "ombudsman" is originally from the Swedish word meaning "advocate".

### ***When would a student visit the Ombuds office?***

If you are experiencing a situation in which you do not know what to do, where to go, or who to speak to, then it may be a good time to contact the Ombuds Office. If you are having a difficult time receiving an answer to a question about RIT policies and procedures, or you are unable to resolve a situation that impacts you as a student, then we may be able to help.

### ***What does the Ombudsperson do?***

In most cases, we do not resolve a situation for a student, but will provide them with information and guidance so that the student can achieve resolution on their own. Since every situation is different, there are different levels of service that we provide based on the individual situation.

### ***How do I contact the Ombudsperson?***

The Office of the Student Ombuds is located in the RITREAT portion of the Student Alumni Union, in rooms 1110/1114.

Telephone: (716) 475-7200 • TTY: (716) 475-7595 • E-mail: [ombask@rit.edu](mailto:ombask@rit.edu)

The Ombudsperson is Dr. Laura Tubbs, and is available by appointment. The office hours are 8:30 – 4:00 Monday-Friday, or other times by appointment.

***Walk-ins are welcome • Interpreting available***



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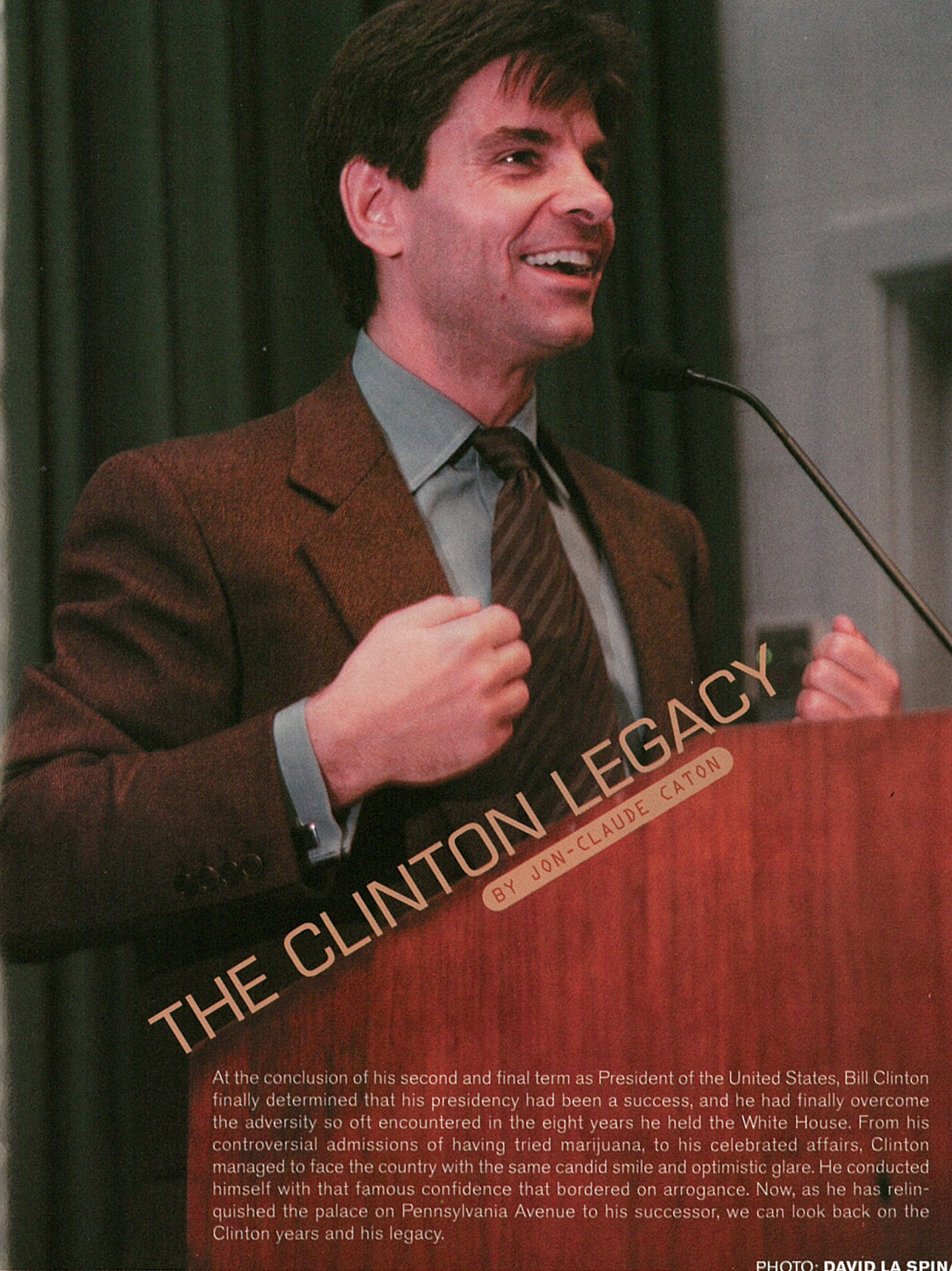


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# THE CLINTON LEGACY

BY JON-CLAUDE CATON

At the conclusion of his second and final term as President of the United States, Bill Clinton finally determined that his presidency had been a success, and he had finally overcome the adversity so oft encountered in the eight years he held the White House. From his controversial admissions of having tried marijuana, to his celebrated affairs, Clinton managed to face the country with the same candid smile and optimistic glare. He conducted himself with that famous confidence that bordered on arrogance. Now, as he has relinquished the palace on Pennsylvania Avenue to his successor, we can look back on the Clinton years and his legacy.

PHOTO: DAVID LA SPINA

With soaring popularity polls and a seemingly indomitable approval rating, Bill Clinton secured his name in the annals of the most noteworthy presidents in the nation's history. But to say that he was a great president, rather than an effective president, is to overextend a hand of gratitude from the nation. Clinton was not a great president. He simply was an excellent leader, a symbol spawned from his baby boomer generation. A Rhodes Scholar whose tumultuous career took leaping steps back and forward. I cannot with a moral conscience consider Bill Clinton to be a man whom I would admire as a person, as a figure, as a man I would promote to my children. Yet I will defend him as a leader to the end.

To be a great leader it would be prudent to say there are two important, necessary elements that comprise a man or woman in order to apply the title of greatness. Many leaders are excellent and efficient, but greatness carries with it certain standards.

First of all the person must be effective in his or her leadership role. As stated earlier, Mr. Clinton certainly was. His dedication to diplomacy and foreign affairs, especially to those in the Middle East, was matched only by Jimmy Carter. His commitment to fiscal responsibility was a driven exercise badly needed by an economically crippled nation in the early nineties. In conjuncture with economic plans of the Bush administration in 1990-91, Clinton was able to revitalize the economy, and propel us towards a period of prosperity heading into the millennium.

But before we go coining his profile, let's examine the second element that must be possessed by a "great" leader—the moral and ethical standards by which we judge the average person. Was Clinton a man we could admire? I do not think so, but while his tenure was controversial, he was the star who we could all rally around on game day. Yet he did have an affair with an intern and lied about her, disgracing his office. Furthermore, there have been allegations over the years by people close to Clinton, suggesting he may have participated in a mass cover up in the White Water Scandal, and that in doing so he may have overseen multiple illegal dealings.

In a recent speech at Hobart William Smith College, George Stephanopoulos, a key Clinton adviser and one of the most visible staff members of the Clinton administration's first term, identified some of the crucial points that defined Clinton's presidency.

"When he first took office we saw many crises, we were like a children's soccer team, we would see the ball and we would all go running." With reference to Clinton's strengths as a leader, Stephanopoulos recalled one of his most hopeful moments in his political career, and one of the accomplishments that made Clinton a great leader. "In September of 1993, Yasir Arafat, and Isaac Rabin shook hands at the White House," he continued. "That was a day that... you dream politics could be about."

Stephanopoulos's role on the Clinton staff vaulted him to the upper echelon of political advisers, and proved him to embody the basic principles of modern political thought. Following Clinton's re-election in 1996, Stephanopoulos left the administration. He now serves as a political analyst on television.

Yet since after leaving the Clinton administration, Stephanopoulos became critical of Clinton's conduct and political practices. With respect to the Monica Lewinsky scandal, he commented, "There is no question that in his dishonesty, he reinforced the cynicism the public holds towards politics." Stephanopoulos concluded his views on Bill Clinton saying, "He could have been a great president but he didn't quite make it."

Even after he has left office, Clinton is still under a veil of controversy. His sketchy pardons left many people gaping at the implications of his actions. I believe that Clinton did do many great things, but we should not ignore his lesser points, nor should we elevate his status to that of a marquee American. We as Americans should not accept our shortcomings but seek to amend them, and expect the same of our leaders. •

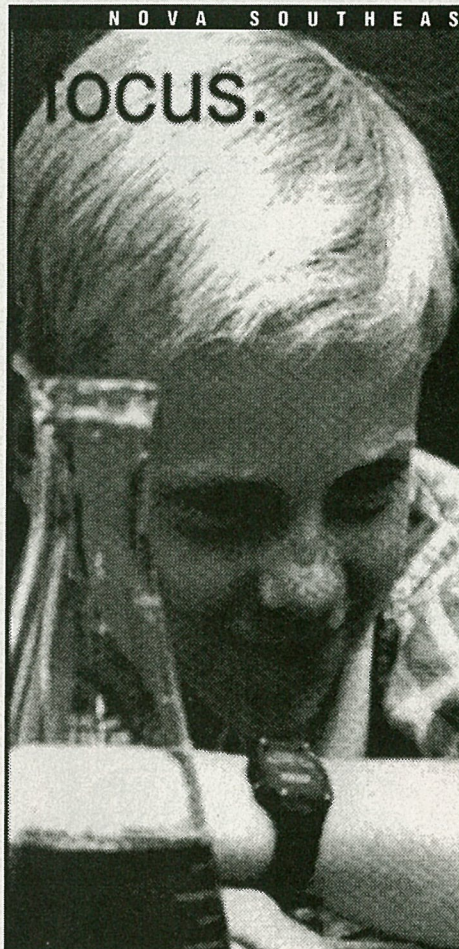


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**Mon., March 13**

**Last Day to Drop/ Add Courses !!!**

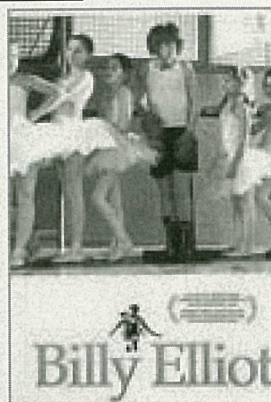
**Talisman Presents:**

**Fri. & Sat., March 16 & 17**

**Billy Elliot**

\$1

Shows at 7pm & 9pm  
Ingle. Aud.



**Wed. March 21**

**Club Meeting (1829 Rm.)**  
6:30pm

**Ocasa's Housing Fourm**  
@ 5pm

**Fri., March 23**

**Apartment Renewals End**

**Fri., March 23**

**Preforming Artist Series-**



**Miri Ben-Ari**  
8pm in Ingle Aud.

**Fri., March 23**

**LEAD presents:**

**Denny Roberts**

Dinner & Discussion on Leadership  
5:30pm in Gleason A-055

free to all

for futher details contact Molly @ 475-5671  
or mtmccl@rit.edu

**Thurs., March 29**

**CAB presents:**

**Spark Lights the Friction**

with special opener

8:30 in the Ritz

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**Fri., March 30**

**Apartment Lottery Ends**

**Casino Niagara Trip**

-6pm - 1:30 am

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includes:

-coach bus ride

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**Fri. & Sat. March 30-31**

**LEAD Retreat**

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for more info go to lead@rit.edu

**Sat. March 31**

**Lambda Alhpa Upsilon presents:**

**Mi Tierra**

party from 10 - 2:30am

in the Fireside Lounge

\$5

**Sun., April 1**

**Financial Aid Applica-  
tion Prioity Deadline**

**All events subject to change.** Based on information available 2/15/01. Tickets may be charged in the SAU Game Room; call 475-2239(v/tty). CalendaRIT is a paid advertisement from the Center for Campus Life.



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