

RIT



RcIaT — Vol. 4, Iss. 7.

“RIT will admit and hire men and women, veterans and persons with disabilities, individuals of any race, creed, religion, color, national or ethnic origin, sexual orientation, age, or marital status in compliance with all appropriate legislation including the Age Discrimination Act and Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (PI 88–352) Gee... I wonder if that covers HAIR?”

—From a sign hung by students in Building 7a to protest the proposed discontinuation of many of their programs.

Written 22 April, 1996.

Once again the student body of RIT finds itself spiraling towards conflict with the administration. The last time this happened was shortly after the Gulf War and led to the dismissal of RIT’s former President Rose. It was big news at the time, finding its way into national busy-body news mags and government watchdog publications across the country. You probably don’t know what I’m talking about...allow me to elucidate:

Undoubtedly you have heard the rumors that the CIA is directly involved with RIT. Well, that is not a rumor. It is a fact. There are CIA contact people who are open about their positions on the campus as I write this. The CIA’s involvement now is nothing but a shade...but an echo of its former greatness. Back in the days when there was an Art School, even back when there was a Photo program, the CIA was God (or at least the agency RIT sold its soul to, but they had the good sense to buy more than a lousy dinosaur sponge for five dollars, or a couple of couches).

It was recently pointed out that it is the money that companies, such as Kodak, contribute that drives RIT. Well, if that is true, the CIA was a canister of nitrous oxide hidden under the hood. Between 1966 and 1975 the CIA openly gave the College of Graphic Arts and Photography approximately \$200,000 in grants^f. These were open transactions, there for anyone to see if they examined the books[†]. Imagine the amount of money being trickled into the school through more subtle means.

During the time Rose was President, millions of dollars were channeled into RIT and the RIT Research Corporation⁻. No great surprise that this was the Renaissance of RIT. The photo program at RIT competed for first in the nation for quality with RISD. No surprise, with courses being offered in satellite imagery, lock smithing (casting keys), and currency quality printing that RIT quickly gained credibility, not to mention channeling students from RIT directly into the CIA. It was reported that “30 RIT...students have gone to work just for the National Security agency and the Central Intelligence Agency.” There was even a half-hearted joke that the millions in counterfeit currency that flooded into Iraq after the Gulf War to destroy their economy was printed at RIT.

^f Incidentally, RIT was constructed on its current site with thoughts toward Riot Control. All those narrow openings between buildings, floor seven of building one being capable of shutting off all access (as some students discovered on Monday), and the interesting fact that building 7 is one of the few buildings on the academic side that is not connected to any other building; they did that because they knew that if the shit ever hit the fan, it would start in building 7 and they wanted to be able to contain it easily. Still, they’d never be able to get rid of the smell and dung beetles.

[†] Assuming, of course, the books didn’t examine them first.

⁻ Jennifer Hyman, “Millions in CIA Funding Pumped into CIA Coffers,” *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, May 16, 1991, p. A1





It wasn't until President Rose announced on February 15, 1991, that he would be taking a sabbatical to serve his country that the inrush of federal money into RIT was threatened. Apparently Rose's concept of serving "in an area that maximizes my military, educational, and management experience" consisted of helping the CIA devise new training methods for agents operating in a post Cold War era. What the hell does that have to do with the Gulf War?

Outraged at the deception, the students of RIT and the faculty who had long yearned to remove the CIA from RIT began a series of protests that eventually exposed the full scope of the entwinement between the two acronyms. Under pressure, the giggle gas finally gave way, Rose resigned, and since that time, the CIA influence has waned.

Huh, wouldn't you know it: a few year after the CIA was officially gone, the photo program was raped (*rapere signum*), much to the chagrin of the students. "Not enough money." Now, with Dr. Margret Lucas's policy of strip mining the Arts College^{*}, all programs are threatened. The CIA no longer has a need for the College of Arts, and is cleaning up after itself. Another major building not connected to the others on the academic side is Computer Science, and their programs aren't being cut, that we are aware of. Perhaps they are still of use....

RIT, you shot yourself in the head when you exposed the CIA's involvement. Talk about biting the hand that feeds you. This school was built on the federal money pouring in from the CIA. When the CIA left, it took its affluent coffers with it and all that's left of its former glory days is the shadow of the Japanese garden, governmental misinformation administration policies (information on a need to know basis only), and a poorly designed metal cat. Of course the programs offered in the various College of Arts are disappearing; the money that created and funded them had the metaphorical Orkin man set upon them.

We at Hell's Kitchen suggest we welcome the CIA back onto the campus. Let them return and shower us with their golden coins. Sure, the CIA have been called baby killers, but haven't we all^δ? What it comes down to guys, is what is more important: keeping an organization responsible for plotting the assassination of foreign leaders and attempting to topple "unfriendly" governments, or have excellent education programs?

Write to the CIA and ask them to return to RIT, or talk to your local CIA representative. They are everywhere on campus. Maybe they are just waiting for us to ask them back. Well, here's your chance to welcome with open arms and have your mind laundered while you wait. It might be even more fun to let them give you a full cranium cleansing (with extra scrubbing bubbles); it's like spring cleaning for all of those non-essential idiosyncrasies and outmoded beliefs (Christians, please form an orderly queue).

by Sean Hammond
Illustrated by Scott Peterson



* Interestingly enough, many of the higher administration staff of RIT have developed their own version of full contact tackle toss the buck, complete with kick me signs.

^δ The worst I was ever called was a "pinko-communist-bastard." Little did they know I was a "self-centered-egoistic-son-of-a-bitch."

Martyr of the week

—by Troy Liston. Vol. 4, Iss. 7.

The **Martyr of the Week** for **April 28–May 4** is none other than **Building 7**, the Booth building on the RIT campus. Building 7 houses the School for American Crafts and the School of Art and Design, both of which are the subject of proposed program cuts. If these cuts are put into effect, it will literally rip the creative soul out of the Institute. A large part of what makes an education in the arts truly worthwhile is versatility and the ability to experiment and dabble in diverse fields of study. It seems obvious that if this is taken away from the students they will be getting less of an education. What is the benefit of eliminating 5 of 7 programs in the SAD school? It is given that the money saved will be used to strengthen the remaining programs by providing better equipment and facilities. I ask what good that will do when the students coming

out of such a program are stifled drones with little experience at expressing themselves, creators without creativity, artists without souls.

I believe that we are also reacting in exactly the way that the administration expected and planned. I'm sure that there were a few programs that the Academic review board did find lacking, programs that are either rapidly deteriorating or those in which there is little interest beyond the scope of an elective class. If the administration finds that these two or three programs could be eliminated to save money it needs a way to do it in which it will come out looking good. Why not recommend those programs along with some others that have minor problems, but that you don't truly wish to cut, to be discontinued. There will, of course, be a huge outcry from students and faculty against these proposed cuts. Numerous reasons why and how minor problems can be fixed or avoided are brought out from a now rallying student body. When the administration seems to compromise and only cuts two or three programs instead of eight it looks like it is accommodating student needs. Don't be fooled by the administration's feigned ignorance, this was all planned (though not as well as Iron Mountain).

Al Simone

Mount: Managed Attrition

"And I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids!"

Strength: Able to demolish programs in a single bound, or a couple of shorter, though more time consuming strides.

Agility: To dodge students questions in a single breath.

Wisdom: Well, you won't catch his grubby little mitts in the cookie jar, he's already got Oreo on the payroll.

Charisma: "Oh, I wish I were a little bar of soap! I'd go slippy, slippy, slidey over everybody's hidey, oh I wish I were a little bar of soap!"

Speed: Kind of like a watched pot. Turn your back for a minute, all your water is gone, and your pot is ruined.

Favorite Sayings: "Out of site really is out of mind."

Var. 1—"Out of site. Out of curriculum."
by Kelly Gunter.

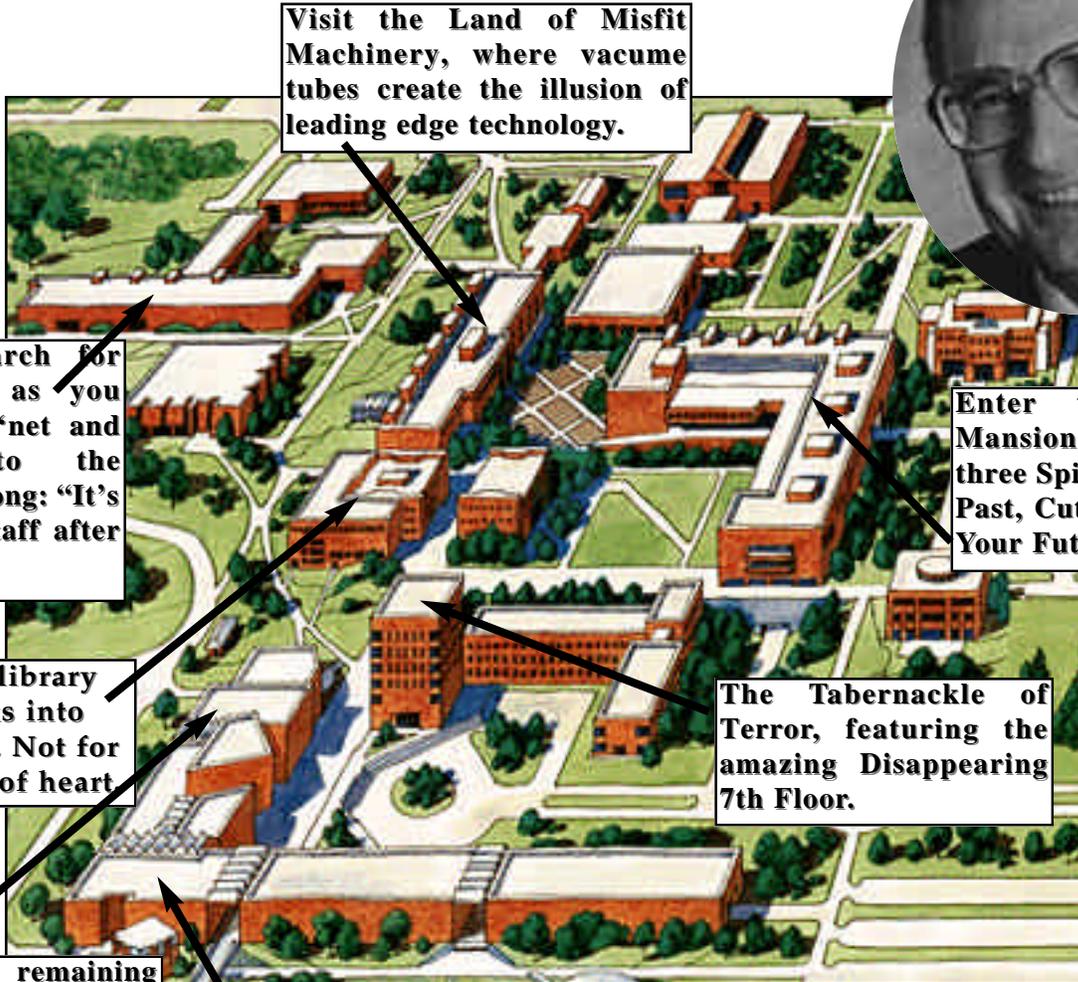
Illustrated by Scott Peterson.
Vol.4, Iss. 7.



Reclaimer

The Army of Darkness Card series to the left features a fictional character which may or may not exhibit any redeeming qualities. Any similarities that exist between these characters, in either appearance or demeanor, and any actual persons, either living or dead, is purely intentional.

Welcome to AI's Bad Lands



Visit the Land of Misfit Machinery, where vacume tubes create the illusion of leading edge technology.

ISC: Search for meaning as you surf the 'net and listen to the native's song: "It's a small staff after all."

Enter the Haunted Mansion and see the three Spirits: Programs Past, Cuts Present, and Your Future.

Ride the library as is sinks into the earth. Not for the faint of heart.

The Tabernacle of Terror, featuring the amazing Disappearing 7th Floor.

The only remaining college for writing: Essay U.

Enjoy the aquarium filled with all the local aquatic life (i.e. zebra muscles. That's it. They've killed everything else).

by Sean Hammond. Vol.4, Iss. 7.

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<p>Central Intelligence Agency Public Affairs Office Washington, DC 20505</p>	



by Scott Peterson. Vol.4, Iss. 9.

- YES! I want a high quality education using the best, state of the art equipment and supplies and encourage the influx of legal and illegal contributions of money to the Rochester Institute of Technology from the Central Intelligence Agency.
- No. I am willing to stand by my moral objections while the quality of my education decreases and my degree is worth only the paper it is printed on.

Hair

While standing in front of a crowd of annoyed students, RIT's current President, Al Simone, had the misfortune of being asked to clarify just what he thought the role the art school played for the RIT community. He began talking about how the engineering students are in trouble because they run the risk of becoming too specialized in their major. The critical part the art students play in Al's Bad Lands (see page 3 of GDT) is to provide diversity for the campus, so the engineering students can look to their side as they walk to class and see someone with long hair walking beside them.

I think I heard a cricket at this point. The silence in the room was actually tangible as everyone had to stop and take a step back. I know that I was whispering inside my skull, "Please, dear Lord, let this be a metaphor for something. Please don't let him mean what I know he's saying." Of course he had to keep talking. I, and everyone else in that room who had been repeating that silent plea, could no longer block it out: he was indeed saying what we thought he was saying.

In the wake of that aftershock, the room's ambient animosity level grew ten fold and threatened to precipitate out of solution.

Simone eventually realized his folly and made a feeble attempt at saving his floundering position by saying, "Well, I guess there are a lot of people in here with short hair." All was lost.

So, there it is. The pivotal role played by the art school community is providing engineering students some long hairs to stare at. 1300 students whose most important function in this institute seems to be stocking the grounds with freaks. I wonder if the experience we provide for the engineering students could be acknowledged on their resumes...

EDUCATION: 1995-1999 RIT

—saw and experienced deviants.

...no wonder we're expendable.

—Kelly Gunter. Vol. 4, Iss. 7.

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MARK D. FEIERSTEIN
LIEUTENANT COLONEL, CORPS OF ENGINEERS
DISTRICT COMMANDER

It's been nice, but I have to scream now: An Editorial

GDT has lost its edge.

This flitted through my head as I drove down East Henrietta Road. On the radio, WBER (for our readers in various parts of the world, you can listen to WBER using RealAudio. The address is wber.monroe.edu), “the only station that matters,” had just turned over its frequency modulated electromagnetic radiation to the “Raging Rhino’s” game. There was a time when I would have simply hit a button on the preset station selection and slid smoothly over to The Nerve, but their programming is simply too annoying for me now. Better silence, or maybe NPR....

Ahead of me, a dilapidated station wagon shuddered to a stop at the light and my eyes caught a bumper sticker. I really didn't pay too much attention to what it said. All I saw were the call letters of a radio station. Without thinking too much about it, I turned the dial until the liquid crystal display read 99.7 (Sorry. I am nearly positive *this* jewel doesn't use RealAudio.) and prepared myself for whatever was going to issue forth.

I could have waited at that light for eons, watching the sun burn out and not be prepared. I had unwittingly turned to a Christian propaganda station.

(Before the few members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (RIT chapter) quickly leave, you guys might want to stay. This editorial is partly directed to you. And, heck, if you know a member of the God group, please consider reading this to them.)

As luck would have it, the nasal-voiced speaker coming through my radio was taking part in a mock Q&A concerning the upcoming election and how different politicians stood with regards to topics presumably important to a Christian Soldier. So already I'm getting worked up. Fucking Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition. Fucking book-banning, prayer-forcing, intolerant jackals. I'm getting ahead of myself, though.

Like I said: I'm sitting there slowly winding up and somehow (I really wasn't paying too much attention, what with all my muttering) the foe questioner turns the topic to Creationism. *This* had my full attention, it being such a major campaign plank this year and all. Let's face it: nowhere else in the Western world is Creationism still an issue. I'm sure even the Pope does-

n't give Creationism anything other than lip service. Hmm, it took until the 1980s for the Vatican to formally apologize and say they were wrong for accusing Galileo of heresy, though.

Then, the magic moment: I hear that Pat Buchanan doesn't think he's descended from animals. The voice continues to drone on about how Evolution demeans the human condition and that Pugnacious Pat's views were encouraging, but I hear no more. I have to pull over. I can't see the road very well through the tears and I'm shaking bad enough to be a threat to myself and others.

No. I was not touched by the hand of God and no, I am not born again. Quite to the contrary.

Purifying RAGE. That Goddamn Nazi Pat Buchanan has come to represent, at least in my mind, the amassing darkness. A dark political spectre using words deemed holy to proselytize hate. Bastards! How dare you take a message of forgiveness and turn it into a weapon to cripple the minds and souls of people! Do you think this is what your prophet would have wanted?

(My hands shake while I write this. Time for a break, then I'll bring it all home for you.)

A friend and regular reader of GDT/Hell's Kitchen commented that she was talking to a guy from the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, and he was shocked that she read our material. He maintained that we are always taking pot shots at them.

Well, I went back through all the old issues and I found a total of three references to that illustrious group. Three references in nearly 60 issues. Not even full sentences. Clauses. Afterthoughts. Obviously this has to change.... Thanks for pointing that out, guy.

Yeah, GDT has lost its edge. We've become silly and whimsical (except for maybe “Jews” (Volume 4, Issue 10). We were so underwhelmed by the amount of mail from that one, that I had to make a separate folder so I couldn't put them (the letters, not the Jews, silly) in it.

Next week...I stop being polite.

The Politics of High Tech Damnation

by A. S. Zaidi. Vol. 10, Iss. 3.

“RIT should stand for ‘really in touch’ with the real world,” said Carl Kohrt, executive vice president of Kodak, in his keynote address during the Nov. 14, 1996 installation of the cornerstone for the 157,000 square foot Center for Integrated Manufacturing Studies (CIMS). The building was financed at a cost of \$21 million, \$11.25 million of which was provided by the federal government and \$9.25 million by the state of New York.

The Rochester Institute of Technology (RIT) has also earned the appreciation of the Central Intelligence Agency, which has designated the institution as a “strategic national resource worthy of explicit development and support.” In a 1985 Memorandum of Agreement between RIT and the CIA, the school agreed that its curriculum would be “responsive to certain defined specialties of the CIA.”

RIT’s responsiveness to those specialties may well explain its recent attempt to cut art programs and the ensuing student unrest there. In late April ‘96, four weeks before the end of the final academic quarter, RIT professors leaked word to students that several art programs, including painting, printmaking, glass, textiles, ceramics, art education, medical illustration and interior design, were about to be discontinued or placed on “probationary continuation.”

The cuts would have devastated RIT’s prestigious School of Art and Design (SAD) and the School for American Crafts (SAC) and couple of days after learning about the cuts, students gathered at RIT’s Bevier Art Gallery on a Monday to organize. When they heard that the college’s trustees were meeting at that very moment on campus in Building 1, they moved to its lobby to get their attention.

Soon President Simone and Provost Stanley McKenzie came down from the trustee meeting to hear the concerns of the students. Simone might have calmed the students, right there and then, with some vague words of reassurance. Instead, one of his gaffes, caught on videotape by a film student, propelled the students into action.

When a student asked Simone where the art schools fit into his vision of RIT’s future, Simone replied that while RIT was primarily known for its engineering and computer science, there was a danger

that graduates could be too “narrowly focused.”

What the schools of American crafts, photography, interior and graphic design did for engineers, said Simone, was to provide them with “breadth of experience.” “As they walk on campus they see, uh... somebody... there are not too many engineers with, uh... long hair, for example,” he said, pointing to Kurt Perschke, a grad student in ceramics.

There was a moment of stupefied silence. Kelly Gunter, a writer for GDT at the time, described what followed:

I think I heard a cricket at this point. The silence in the room was actually tangible as everyone had to stop and take a mental step back. I know that I was whispering inside my skull, “Please, dear Lord, let this be a metaphor for something. Please don’t let him mean what I know he’s saying.” Of course, he had to keep talking. I, and everyone else in the room who had been repeating that silent plea, could no longer block it out: he was indeed saying what we thought he was saying. In the wake of that aftershock, the room’s ambient animosity level grew ten fold and threatened to precipitate out of solution. Simone eventually realized his folly and made a feeble attempt to save his floundering position by saying, “Well, I guess there are a lot of people here with short hair.” All was lost.

The next day, students rallied in a breezeway, packed tightly together. A new activist group, Save Our School (SOS), had been born of panic and anger.

“The art programs are world-renowned,” said engineering student Jesse Lenney to the crowd. “Who runs this place? Who are they trying to please by booting the art students?”

Later, at a RIT community meeting, students expressed their concerns to Margaret Lucas, then dean of the College of Imaging Arts and Sciences (CIAS). On Thursday, students formed committees for speakers, alumni and parent contacts, rally organizers, research, as well as media and community outreach.

At a mass rally at Webb Auditorium attended by hundreds, students viewed the videotape in which Simone made his infamous hair remark. “That’s what we’re here for, to run around so the engineering students can have some diversity,” said Kurt Perschke, unappeased by Simone’s apology to him a couple of

days earlier. "I want an apology for cutting my school. I don't give a damn about my hair."

That day, the faculty voted unanimously to support the efforts of the SOS students to save the art programs. Professors who had previously limited themselves to slipping information under the door of the new SOS office at night, now openly criticized the process that had led to the cuts.

As information came to light, it was made clear that RIT professors had been given an "Academic Program Review Criteria" form to numerically evaluate their programs according to their centrality, financial viability, marketability and quality. Administrators were to recommend programs for consolidation or discontinuance based on the raw data provided.

The professors did not appear to have understood the purpose of the evaluative "tools," which were meant to give the appearance of "scientific objectivity" to corporate downsizing. Not surprisingly, the programs that won out in the evaluative process were those dear to the corporate interests on the RIT trustee board, including accounting, business administration,

management, finance, information systems and marketing.

In a memo to RIT administrators, written during the first week of student protests, Thomas Lightfoot, an associate professor in CIAS, said:

"Numerous proposals have been put forth... which have not been seriously considered or even responded to. Is the faculty the driver of the curriculum or the administration? Is the faculty even a partner in the process? Or are we just employees, to do what were told, as the President has suggested?... I must add that the faculty, of at least the SAD/SAC component of the college, also pointed out its judgment that the review instrument was seriously flawed... It is also notable that the reasons for discontinuance keep changing. The President wanted to identify a pot of money that could be saved through this process. He was convinced that there was lot of waste and money being lost by our programs. When it was discovered that there was no money to be found, the reasons shifted to a resource

A Guide to an Actual RIT Campus Safety Logo

Commentary by Brian Barrett (Vol. 10, iss. 8)

A young white woman

A catchy abbreviation

An older white male.

A white security officer

The RIT campus

What the "majority" of people in this logo might be doing

Look closely. The quarter mile is on fire

...And they're all looking down at a young black male

Location of the last speech RIT's president made on racism

Interpretations are left to the reader.

reallocation rationale.”

That week, SOS obtained donations from parents, student groups and alumni. They passed out flyers to students and asked alumni to write to the trustees, some of whom professed to be unaware of the proposed cuts. They got coverage from local television stations.

The rallies were followed by image-oriented protests. With the permission of Albert Paley, an RIT artist in residence, SOS students symbolically shrouded his sculptures outside the Strong Museum and the Eastman School of Music. They also wrapped the Main Street Bridge railings that Paley had designed.

At the Memorial Art Gallery, ceramics grad students Molly Hamblin and Kurt Perschke used gauze and string to cover works by Paley and Richard Hirsch, an RIT ceramics professor who attended the event in support of the arts. “We intend to keep the heat on,” said Perschke. “Today’s demonstrations are about showing the fundamental connection between the school and the art community.”

The media images of a Rochester without art succeeded in embarrassing the trustees, and the RIT administration quickly backed away from its intention to cut the arts. In under two weeks, SOS had proved that students, alumni, faculty and even much of the business community strongly supported the arts. Through efficacious aesthetic persuasion, the students had saved their programs, at least for the time being, while alerting the RIT community to the implications of the Strategic Plan.

It was impossible, however, to sustain this activism, which began to wane as finals drew near. “A lot of students have shown how dedicated they are, but their work suffers,” explained glass grad student Luis Crespo. “Come ‘crunch time,’ people will feel torn. In the end it boils down to the fact that they are students and have to get a grade.”

In a series of informational meetings, Simone tried to promote the Strategic Plan, but the authoritarian character of the plan made it a hard sell. In addition to downsizing programs, the plan called for outsourcing RIT’s Physical Plant services. Anthony Burda, an editor of the student weekly, *The Reporter*, was present at one meeting. He described Simone’s response to a woman who had asked him about the outsourcing:

“As an alternative to out-sourcing... we

might move towards student help... like fifty percent, something like that....” He points to catering, where the student staff comprises about 90%. He also points to savings in pensions, health insurance, etc., by having student janitors. Not to mention the saving in flat pay, resulting from paying students only around \$5.25 an hour. “By the time they’re ready for a pay increase, they graduate.” He starts laughing before he can finish his sentence. Everyone laughs. Well, the professors laugh. The lady in the audience, and the janitorial staff of about thirty, sit in the back quietly. For some reason, it appears they really don’t find getting replaced by student workers too funny.

At another meeting, an undergraduate asked Simone what role students played in the decision-making process at RIT. Christopher Hewitt, writing for *The Reporter*, provided an example of Simone’s sensitivity to students:

He responded by telling the student that “in my opinion, the 18–22 year-old age group is not qualified in making decisions. You’re a customer...and if you don’t like it, you can vote with your feet.” When asked about Simone’s comment, the student replied, “We can vote with our feet by stamping them down in protest. Why should we run away from a place that we belong to when we can stay and make it a place that others will come to, not run away from? I think that these old men who are making the decisions don’t realize how qualified the 18–22 age group is in making change and solid, competent decisions.”

Thus did Simone squander the trust and goodwill that had come to him as RIT’s new president soon after the CIA controversy of 1991.

Cut to 1991. The collapse of the Soviet Union had threatened this country with a peace dividend, but now the US was avoiding that danger as it edged towards Bush’s reelection campaign and the Gulf War.

In this climate, Richard Rose, then president of RIT and a former Marine, announced that he was taking a four month sabbatical to work on national policy and procedures in Washington. It occurred to someone to try to reach Rose at the CIA. When Rose answered the phone, the RIT–CIA scandal had begun.

Though most documents pertaining to CIA activities at RIT were shredded, a few were leaked to the press after a highly publicized theft from Rose's office. Many professors and administrators recalled their experiences with the CIA when the press and a fact-finding commission began to investigate the affair.

The "lead organization" in the CIA-RIT relationship, according to the 1985 Memorandum of Agreement, was the Center for Imaging Science. New courses were to be added in artificial intelligence, integrated electro optics and digital image processing. Rochester journalist JB Spula explained why the CIA helped build RIT's imaging science facilities: RIT offers the CIA, and the national security establishment in general, state-of-the-art support in things like aerial photography, image-analysis, and high-tech printing. These and related technologies are the building blocks of surveillance, spy satellites, and, at the end of the militarist's rainbow, "Star Wars" in all its imperial glory.

In 1985, Rose consulted with CIA agents over the choice of a new director for the imaging science center. One agent, Robert Kohler, became an RIT trustee in 1988. Another, Keith Hazard, later joined RIT's advisory board for imaging science.

In 1989, the administration tried to remove the center from the College of Graphic Arts and Photography and place it under the RIT Research Corporation (RITRC), which administers most of the CIA training, recruitment and research at RIT.

CIA influence extended to the rest of RIT as well. The Federal Programs Training Center was created at RIT in 1988 to give technological support to the CIA. There, students were paid \$8-10 an hour to produce forged documents. The crafts were also put to CIA use. Woodworking majors designed furniture with secret drawers, and picture frames with cavities for listening devices. In one course, students identified only by their first names, designed wax molds for keyholes. The CIA even tried to place an interpreter at RIT's National Technical Institute for the Deaf.

Andrew Dougherty, Rose's executive assistant and a member of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, supervised CIA activities at RIT. He authored the 1985 memorandum and consulting reports for the CIA, two of which caused a stir. The

first, "Changemasters," resulted from discussions among six panelists, including Robert McFarlane (of Iran-Contra fame) and former vice presidents of Xerox and AT&T.

"Changemasters" advocated economic espionage against U.S. trading partners, the transfer of government-funded technology to the private sector, and the repeal of antitrust legislation. The second report, "Japan 2000," was an outgrowth of discussions with such experts on Japanese culture as McFarlane, Tim Stone, a former CIA agent and director of corporate intelligence for Motorola, and Frank Pipp, a retired Xerox executive. It warns our nation's decision-makers: "Mainstream Japanese, the vast majority of whom absolutely embrace the national vision, have strange precedents. They are creatures of an ageless, amoral, manipulative and controlling culture—not to be emulated—suited only to this race, in this place." The report concludes, "'Japan 2000' should provide notice that 'the rising sun' is coming—the attack has begun."

When the contents of "Japan 2000" were disclosed, Rose tried to distance himself from them by saying that the report was only a working draft. Although he later released a revised version, the report still caused widespread indignation. RIT historian Richard Lunt observes, "It is the height of hypocrisy to solicit gifts from leading Japanese corporations to finance the imaging science building while at the same time preparing a confidential document for the CIA which claims the Japanese government and Japanese corporations are conspiring to attack and destroy the United States."

The graduation ceremonies in May '91 were marked by protests. Visitors to RIT found the outlines of bodies drawn in chalk on sidewalks and parking lots.

That June, the administration announced that a blue ribbon trustee committee would investigate CIA activities at RIT. Somehow, a committee containing the likes of Colby Chandler, then chairman of Kodak, and Kent Damon, a former vice president of Xerox, did little to reassure critics of RIT-CIA ties that its inquiry would be impartial. The administration later added two students, five professors and an alumnus, who happened to be a Kodak vice president, to the committee. It also brought in Monroe Freedman, a former law school dean at Hofstra University, to serve as

its senior fact finder.

As the scandal unfolded, Rose and Dougherty hastened to reassure the RIT community that the CIA was not unduly influencing the curriculum or threatening academic freedom. Claiming that “morality is built into every fiber of my being,” Dougherty said that the CIA would never do anything morally objectionable. “They are really gun-shy about doing anything improper with an academic institution,” he maintained.

Monroe Freedman, the senior fact finder of the commission that investigated the RIT-CIA ties felt otherwise. In his report he wrote, “Intimidation and fear are recurring themes in comments about matters relating to the CIA at RIT and, specifically, about Mr. Dougherty. One Dean called him “authoritarian,” “harsh,” and a “threatening individual.” Another Dean said that Mr. Dougherty “had the power to make you or break you.”

“To clash with him meant that you were going to be fired,” the Dean said, giving the name of one person who, he alleged, was fired because he had said that Mr. Dougherty did not understand what a university is. One Vice President expressed resentment that he had been compelled to accept the appointment of an unwanted subordinate for an administrative position, noting that the subordinate also had responsibilities at the RITRC. “Things were done, said the same Vice President, and I had to go along.”

Some RIT faculty and administrators declined to cooperate with the intelligence agency. Edward McIrvine, dean of RIT’s College of Graphic Arts and Photography, twice refused CIA security clearance requests. Nonetheless, the CIA conducted a check on McIrvine without his permission and asked to see his medical records when it found that he had seen a psychiatrist a few years earlier.

Malcolm Spaul, head of the Film and Video Department, was asked to train CIA agents in video surveillance. Spaul declined because he is a friend of the family of Charles Horman, the journalist who was kidnapped and murdered in Chile during the 1973 coup. Spaul said that there was “some evidence that the CIA knew he was in captivity and acquiesced in his

execution.”

Another professor, John Ciampa, head of RIT’s American Video Institute, refused to work for the CIA by pointing to a clause in his contract that says that the institute would only engage in life enhancing activities.

As the RIT scandal drew attention to CIA involvement at other universities, Dougherty advised his CIA superiors that time was of the essence if the agency’s activities at RIT were to be preserved. “Every day that the Federal Programs Training Center can be identified with RIT compounds our problem.”

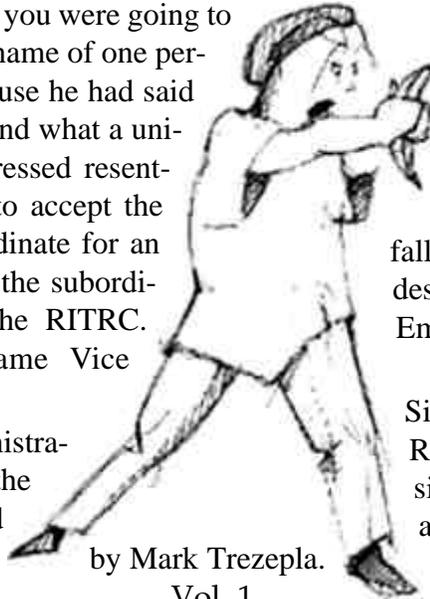
Dougherty proposed replacing the RITRC with a non-profit university foundation that would include the University of Rochester. In June, Rose announced that he would sever all personal ties with the CIA, and Dougherty resigned as his assistant. Two months later, in September, Rose announced that he would step down as president the following year.

As a result of the CIA controversy, a committee was created to oversee research contracts at RIT. Recently, however, the committee informed Simone that it was not receiving the information that it needed to do its job. In fall ‘96, RIT trustees unanimously voted to designate President Rose as RIT President Emeritus.

RIT’s current president, Albert Simone, took office in 1992. At first, the RIT community welcomed Simone’s accessibility and his involvement in university affairs. He was quoted in the October 10, 1994 *Henrietta Post* as saying, “If you’re not an open person, a sensitive person, a person who genuinely likes others, you can’t be an effective decision-maker.”

Compared to his predecessor, Simone appeared forthright and in touch with students and faculty. In an early speech, he expressed his commitment to the liberal arts. “He’s a breath of fresh air,” said philosophy professor Wade Robison.

About six months after his inauguration as president, Simone began to craft a ten year Strategic Plan for RIT, calling it “the most participatory plan in all of academia.” He then embarked the university on a path of managed attrition, and began to make plans to



expand partnerships with industry and to revamp the curriculum. Having slashed six million dollars from the annual budget, Simone announced his intention of cutting ten to twenty million dollars more, citing the need for “teamwork” if the RIT community was to benefit from the plan.

“If we have the sense of community I’ve talked about...I believe that we’ll be able to find ways to—if we have to—downsize, restructure, reorient, re-prioritize, reallocate,” Simone said, adding reassuringly, “I think we’re going to have to do all of those things, but that doesn’t mean we have to do them and have a lot of hurt and bloodshed and despair and destruction.”

Had the RIT community been more familiar with Simone’s tenure as president of the University of Hawaii (UH) from 1984 to 1992, it might have been wary of the changes in store for RIT. David Yount, who served as vice president under Simone at UH, says in *Who Runs the University?* that it was widely rumored that Simone had been brought in as a “hit man” and that approximately one-third of the twenty-four deans left office early in his administration.

According to Yount, Simone’s brash personality did not endear him to the UH community: Many of his listeners echoed the sentiments of former Manoa Chancellor Marvin Anderson when he confided privately to his staff that Al Simone has no class. Especially embarrassing were the sexist comments and ethnic slurs that sporadically popped out—his golfing double entendre about the hooker or his careless pronunciation of local names... Although he was coached for years by female staffers who managed most of the time to put the right words in his mouth and the right thoughts in his head, the wrong words and thoughts continued to emerge. He habitually said “woman” when he meant women, introduced professional couples as “Dr. and Mrs.,” instead of “Dr. and Dr.” and betrayed genuine surprise whenever the career of a married woman surpassed that of her husband.

Several student groups, including Students Against Discrimination and Hawaii Women of Color, held a mock trial of Simone. Their mentor, Haunani-Kay Trask, Professor of Hawaiian Studies, charged Simone with incompetence, racism, sexism and ignorance of Hawaiian history. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and the judge pronounced him “an embarrassment to the entire university community and to the human race.”

The origins of RIT’s crisis in the arts do not lie, however, in the colorful personality of Albert Simone, but in the convergence of the interests of large corporations with those of the national security state. The development of Kodak and Xerox products depends in large part on the advances made in the imaging sciences. Simone, who is both RIT president and chair of the Greater Rochester Chamber of Commerce, has built up the well-connected CIMS at the expense of the arts.

Speaking of connections, CIMS was built by the Pike Company, a construction firm which tops the list of a dozen Monroe County companies that last year exceeded the legal limit on corporate campaign contributions. Tom Judson, Pike Company president, claiming to be ignorant of the New York State statute that limits such contributions to \$5,000, said: “Maybe I can get some money back.”

Indeed. No corporation has ever been fined for violating the statute, which was enacted in 1974.

Thus are connections made. The first off campus RIT trustee meeting convened in Washington, DC in April ‘97. President Simone explained, “We want Washington to know us better. We have had a lot of support from the federal government. We need more.”

During their three day stay in Washington, the trustees met with members of Congress and federal officials to discuss such matters as technology transfer and research, and were briefed by a Department of Defense (DOD) undersecretary on U. S. technology policy. Anita Jones, the director of DOD’s Defense Research and Engineering, observing that she didn’t know of any other university board coming to Washington, said of the RIT trustees visit: “I thought it showed a lot of forward thinking.”

In March ‘97, I interviewed Kurt Perschke and fellow ceramics student and SOS organizer Molly Hamblin. They related to me the history of the School of American Crafts, which owes its existence to Aileen Osborn Webb, founder of the American Craft Council. SAC opened at Dartmouth in 1944 and moved to RIT in 1950. As the first school in this country exclusively devoted to crafts, SAC was inspired by the Crafts Movement, which has been a counterweight to the values of the Industrial Revolution for over a century.

To hear Hamblin describe the material with which she works is to come to feel that it has a life of

its own, giving new meaning to Keats' "strife between damnation and impassioned clay." Hamblin believes that RIT students are too engrossed in the information highway, too dazzled by the prospect of being able to purchase groceries by computer, to bother to express themselves. She describes to me the eeriness of RIT buildings that are full of people and silent except for the clicking of computer keyboards.

While Perschke and Hamblin are elated that the art schools have earned a reprieve, they know that their existence remains precarious. Hamblin says that the art schools have been given a three to five year "umbrella," during which they have to successfully market their programs. While advertising has increased student enrollment in the art schools for next year, the RIT administration remains uncommitted to the art programs.

Hamblin notes that positions are being left unfulfilled as professors retire, and that the increased number of art students has not led to an increase in the

space available to them or to improvements in their facilities while Perschke laments the absence of institutional memory at RIT, where students know little about the 1991 CIA controversy. Unless the disjunction between past and present is overcome, the arts and crafts may go the way of the dodo and the carrier-pigeon. SAC may be forced to eventually leave RIT and become independent again in order to survive, says Hamblin, who does not relish the idea of being in an institution where she is not wanted.



Tourist's Magazine Review

by Sean Stanley. Vol.10, Iss. 3.

THIS WEEK: *REPORTER*
MAGAZINE

This week's movie review has been preempted. This is more of an editorial concerning recent trends in irresponsible journalism. On whose part, you may ask? Well, around here (RIT), when I want a good healthy dose of irresponsible, convoluted, misguided, biased and totally irrelevant tripe, I turn to *The Reporter*. They always deliver. And deliver they have over the past few weeks. Nothing is cooler than black text on a black background, wishy-washy commentary, and their unique take on many issues.

Take the Rochester Cannabis Coalition (a fine group of people who balance political action with a good amount of elements found in *Dazed and Confused*) and the way the *Reporter* has handled their recent struggle with Fat Albert. In reading the various articles from the *Reporter*, one thing is clear. There is a SERIOUS drug problem among the staff members of that publication. Its obvious that they don't do enough drugs. They probably don't do any drugs! How do you expect to deliver objective and un-biased coverage of a major issue involving drugs if you don't do them yourself?

Their last issue concerning drug use on campus was painful to the eye, due to the number of glaring errors. LSD IS ACID, you morons!!! Come on! I'm sure that there are at least one or two people on the staff who have done SOME drugs (maybe not a socially acceptable amount, but enough to give *Reporter* a frame of reference). If there weren't, they should have found someone who has done enough drugs to get the job done, and hired them for a bit.

The article concerning Fat Albert's letter to the RCC might have been tolerable to read if it was presented by a twisted drug freak. Perhaps the drug heroin would not have been spelled "heroin" in this week's issue ("In spell check we trust?" Is there an editor in the house? Oh that's right, *Reporter* is in editor limbo. I am, however, glad to see that the head editor has stepped down, finally realizing that she's a meddling little trollop whose right-wing, born-again Christian, born-again-virgin, Gestapo views were not conducive to running a responsible news publication). What about the executive editor? Doesn't he look over the proofs before they go to the press? Guess not. How does he expect to get a job in imaging science for the CIA when he can't find typos in a college newspaper? Jesus, Dan, you were worried that the CIA might

find out about your affiliation with us (for all you CIA background checkers, Dan Newland was a contributor for GDT Volume 4–7, and we suspect that he has numerous ties to the underground communist movement in America today) and not give you a position? Well, looking at the mediocre job you're doing at *Reporter*, how could anything we say hurt your chances at all?

Oh well. Takes all kinds, I guess. It just saddens me to see all that tuition money going to waste on a slipshod publication. If Hell's Kitchen had one-tenth of *Reporter's* budget, things would be different. You'd suddenly be eager to read the CHOICE campus publication. Not because you want to find the errors and mistakes, but because there'd be worthwhile content, instead of cheesy photo essays (deadlines are important, boys and girls). Who is going to care about the articles in a news publication if they present the reader with things they already know? Good journalism transports the reader, making whatever the event or issue stated come alive on paper. Simply listing the

facts and making dumb commentary that is similar to the comments Bob Saget makes on "America's Funniest Home Videos" is not the way to keep readership. You'd never see hundreds of *Hell's Kitchens* being tossed into the trash cans by enraged students after a "layout mistake," and "communication problems" caused severe amounts of anguish for members of the RIT community. You'd never see us justifying what we print for the community to save face in the eyes of administration. We are our own administration—we don't compromise. We don't apologize. We have something that *Reporter* once had, but over the years has lost—Journalistic Integrity. Maybe one of these days, *Reporter* will come out of its malaise and return to being what it once was—effective, poignant, and credible, with attention to quality, instead of internal politics...he..he....hehehe...HA HA HA! I almost believed the sincerity of that last sentence myself. DAMN, I'm good!



One Choice, One Drink, One Calorie

by Sean Hammond. Vol.16, Iss. 6.

12 Comatose Brothers on the Floor

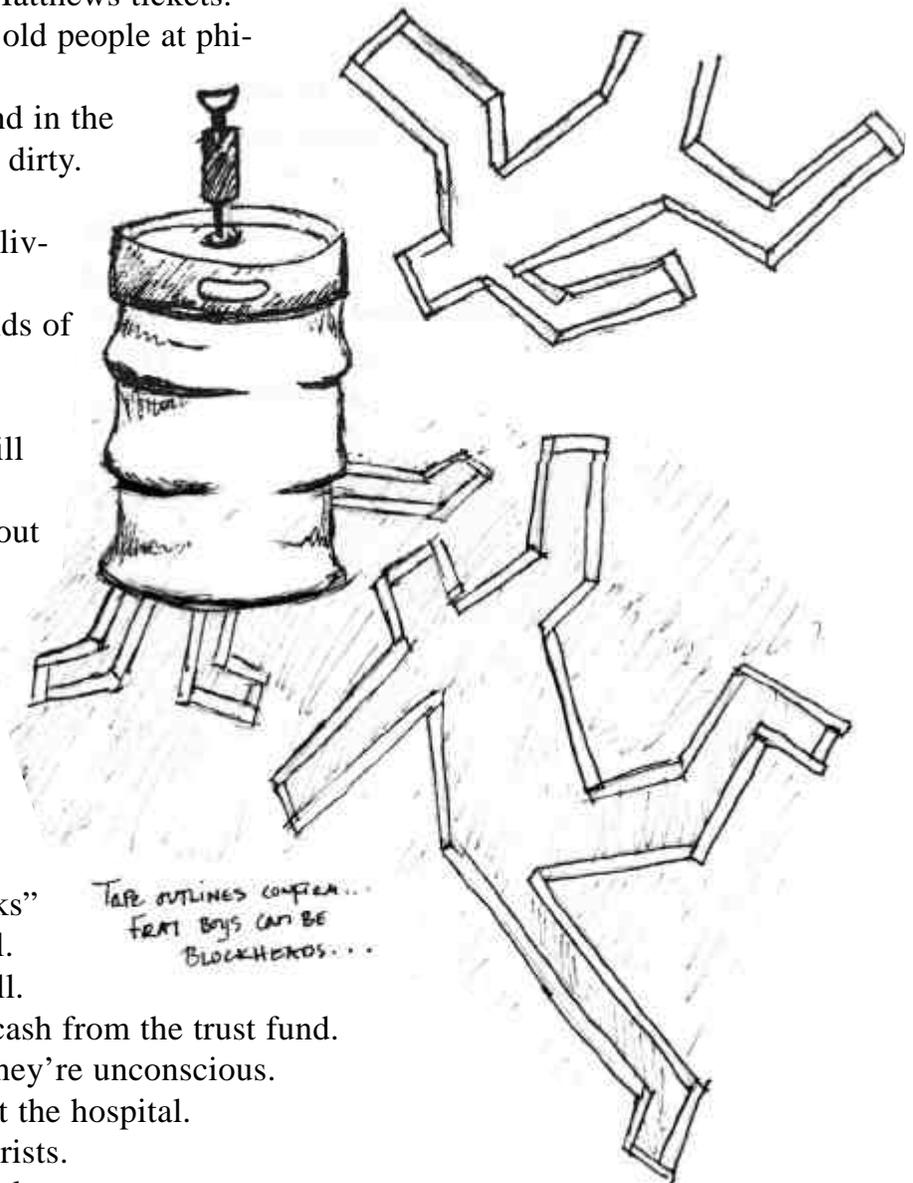
by Clare Terni and Staff. Vol. 11, Iss. 2.

Illustrated by Matt Weaver.

“Don’t leave 12 comatose brothers on the floor of a fraternity house unattended, because the consequences are terrible,” Jenkins said. U-Wire article

Before you consider joining a fraternity, you should be aware of some of the terrible consequences Jenkins is referring to:

1. Dirty carpet.
2. No one to stand in line for Dave Matthews tickets.
3. A smaller ratio of frat. brothers to old people at philanthropies.
4. Sleeping on the floor ruins the bend in the dirty white hat, leaving it simply dirty.
5. 12 other brothers feel left out.
6. Unconscious people miss pizza delivery.
7. Unconscious people miss the sounds of Eddie “going at it” with Miss Smithers. (This will probably be okay, though, ‘cause someone will tape it.)
8. Unconscious brothers will be left out of the poker tournament.
9. Twelve less people to chip in for the keg of cheap domestic beer.
10. No one to buy more GHB.
11. Twelve less brothers to hold the little sisters down.
12. Twelve less naked bodies in the Quad.
13. Grading curve in “Rocks for Jocks” (Intro. to Geology) is shot to hell.
14. Twelve less people to run the grill.
15. Twelve less fathers to pump for cash from the trust fund.
16. Hazing isn’t as much fun when they’re unconscious.
17. Twelve unused stomach pumps at the hospital.
18. Security is left to harassing motorists.
19. Twelve unpenetrated underage girls.
20. The delicately balanced Hooter’s economy collapses.



Euclidean Loser

Money Talks

How *Reporter Magazine* Became *Vogue*

by Sean T. Hammond. Vol.15, Iss. 5.

Do you want more money? Sure, we all do. Chances are, that's why you attend classes at RIT. Because of its curriculum, RIT attracts a large number of students who not only know what profession they are interested in, but are ready to begin work in it. The administration, eager to forge ties to corporations with deep pockets, has encouraged the cooperative learning aspect of many majors, while choosing to downplay departments which don't fit into a corporate structure.

Financially promising programs such as computer science and biotechnology continue to expand, but the School for American Crafts has been cut back to the point of near ineffectiveness, and the once formidable photography program has been plundered. Despite this, the media spin doctors at RIT apparently experience no cognitive dissidence when they proudly announced that Dan Loh, who graduated in 1995 from RIT's once mighty School of Photographic Arts and Sciences, was the sixth alumni to receive the Pulitzer Prize.

Such kudos look good on paper and help attract potential investors, and that, folks, is what it's all about at RIT: money. From the hushed contracts with government agencies to the occupation of the campus by Pepsi, the pursuit of money permeates every brick of the college. Even when you graduate, RIT continues to cash in on you and your name, selling it to various companies (much to the outrage of the Student Government) who cheerfully write you suggesting that, since you've just graduated, maybe you should buy a car or get a new credit card or maybe join a book club. When surrounded by such a strong and pervasive force, how can student organizations on campus help but be swept up and follow suit?

Witness the header of *Reporter Magazine's* advertisement rate sheet (<http://www.rit.edu/~reporter/rates/content.htm>):

“What is an RIT student worth to you?”

In this statement the financial (and dare I suggest editorial?) policy of RIT's only officially recognized student publication becomes clear. The editor, Nicholas Spittal, stated in the 21 January, 2000 issue of *Reporter Magazine* that “We [*Reporter Magazine*] rely on advertisement revenue to maintain our business.”

This is not a unique situation; most professional, for profit, publications aim for a 60%:40% ratio of advertisements to written content. *Reporter Magazine* fluctuates throughout the year, depending on the number of writers they have on staff, going from the commendable 25:75 to the unfortunate 80:20. If I'm not mistaken, however, *Reporter Magazine* receives some financial support from RIT, and has paper donated to it for printing...thus reducing production costs dramatically.

As in any situation, it is unwise to turn on the people who support you. In the case of *Reporter Magazine*, that support comes from the various departments and administrators at RIT. How then, can a publication whose presumed aim is to keep the student body informed of events on a campus do so objectively and without fear of recrimination from its most generous sponsor? I maintain that they can't.

This aspect was mentioned by *Reporter Magazine* two years ago in connection with a picture of President Simone's car parked in front of a fire hydrant. The editorial went on to explain that rumors (backed up by simple observation) indicated that Campus Safety understood that President Simone's car was not to be ticketed for such infractions. Understanding this relationship with the administration, *Reporter Magazine* found itself in an uncomfortable situation when it published a timely piece on President Simone's past, written by Tony Burta.

That piece was the last article which was well researched and of lasting relevance to the campus.

Unfortunately for *Reporter Magazine*, it has created a situation which will be difficult to escape. The general perception of *Reporter Magazine* is that both the writing style and topics covered in the magazine are not consistent with a professional outlet for news. That is not to say that the blame lies squarely on *Reporter Magazine*. You work with what you have, and sometimes that isn't much. Professional news publications, as well as college based ones, rely on phoned in tips and rumors to point them toward important stories. If people do not provide the tips, the important stories don't get written. And sometimes the apparently unimportant stories provide a glimpse of something larger. With so many students working feverishly in their

studies so they can graduate and chase the income an RIT education promises, who has the time to call in a tip, let alone investigate it? Besides, why put *Reporter Magazine* onto a potentially important story when there is the perception that it will never be investigated (because administrative feet might be tread upon), and if it is, the resulting article will be done in an unprofessional and hurried manner.

Into this environment of apathy and fear of reprisal *Reporter Magazine* is faced with the uncomfortable position of having to publish...something. If a publication doesn't publish, it simply has no reason to exist. The unfortunate solution is what *Reporter Magazine* has been slowly evolving toward since Kerstin Gunter left as head editor: an entertainment magazine driven by the need to publish and the need to make money (so they can publish).

This has never been more apparent than during this quarter. The "Opinion" (7 January 2000) and "Sextravaganza" (21 January 2000) issues held the same appeal to readers as *Vogue* or *Cosmopolitan*. Unlike Mr. Spittal, I do not find it ironic that *Reporter Magazine* took a "sex sells" point of view in a recent issue. It was the most logical thing to do based on what was at hand. Reviews of movies and restaurants are not as titillating as sex, and to insure advertising dollars continue to come in, the magazine must guarantee a large readership.

Rather than strive to maintain an award-winning publication dedicated to bringing the student body important (and continuing) news coverage on topics

that can potentially affect their education and the reputation of the school where they receive their degrees, *Reporter Magazine* has reached the point that they choose to regularly print content which might be better suited for an unprofessional publication such as GDT. Case in point: the "Desire" advertisement for Student Government. Make no mistake, GDT does not strive for professionalism, and apparently, neither does *Reporter Magazine*. If it did, the Student Government advert would not have run.

Though Mr. Spittal feels that "*Reporter* is in no way responsible for the SG (or any other) ads that appear in the magazine," I have to disagree. Each publication, unless driven solely by the forces of capitalism and deadlines, exercises its ability to express a particular world view. The topics, writing style, graphics, and layout of each publication conveys information about how the editorial staff sees and chooses to deal with the world. Without a worldview or purpose other than continued existence, everything becomes equal in value. A full page advert for the Ad Council and a full page advert showing a woman's breasts are then equally inoffensive, though the breasts win out because the Ad Council relies on donated space rather than paying for it.

So, without noticing it, and certainly without wanting to, the content of *Reporter Magazine* has become more and more like *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Inane articles, questionable writing style, and offensive graphics were once the realm of the GDT staff. Apparently, that's not the case anymore.

EXPOSED!

A journalist descends into the seedy underbelly of RIT.

By reporter Dalas W. Verdugo. Vol.16, Iss. 3.

This article is the first in a semi-regular series where I plan to root out corruption and expose the dark dealings of the various people and organizations at RIT. When I was looking into RIT as a school I might attend, I never suspected that such nefarious people worked within its red brick walls. Reading The Reporter has turned me around on this issue. I'm now fully aware that secret double-dealings occur on a regular basis. This has led me to the decision that I must play the part of the alert watchdog and EXPOSE the murky underworld at RIT.

Recently I was in building eight, checking rooms for my job, when I happened upon a box in one of the

computer labs. The box seemed innocent enough. However, it was what lurked within the box that revealed its true intentions. A handmade sign hung on the box reading "Free to a good home." I looked inside and what did I find? A stack of mousepads sat in the corrugated cardboard cube in question. On each of the mousepads the logo for Dell Computers was printed. What does this mean, readers? I think we can only assume that Dell has implanted miniscule monitoring devices inside of each of these mousepads. Their plan must be to gather information on RIT students and faculty. Why would they want such information you ask? Oh, my dear, stupid readers. Your blissful innocence is

so charming that if you weren't so horribly ugly I would kiss you all on the cheek. Why, Dell plans to sell this information to the Publisher's Clearinghouse, of course. Oh, you say, so the information is merely being used to help solicitors send us junk mail. Your blissful innocence is quickly turning to downright retarded ignorance, readers. The Publisher's Clearinghouse is merely a front for the Polish Crimesyndicate (PC = PC, see?), a Mafia group which not only controls the world's supply of fishsticks, but also supplies every water-fountain cooling device in the Northeast. You see, by monitoring your private conversations, they can determine at what point the student body starts to become upset with the temperature of the water in the water fountains. By keeping the temperature set at one degree cooler than this, the fountains save money on the electricity required to cool them. The money that is left over in the RIT water-fountain-cooling budget is then returned to the PCs and is used to buy them Cadillacs, Birkenstocks, and other such items of luxury. Oh, now I see, you say. Chances are that you don't, you simple-minded peons, but at least you're trying.

Recently, I snuck into the depths of Al Simone's lair, and sat outside his office door, eavesdropping on the conversation within. This is what I heard:

Voice 1: Mmmmmph, maahhoom baa naa mmmm mmm ppphh hmm

Voice 2: Mmm mmmph, naa hoom oom oom haaamm maph

Voice 1: Mmph

Run-of-the-mill plebes like yourselves probably disregard this conversation as a mess of muffled tones. However, a skilled investigator like myself knows to drink 4 to 5 beers, which aids in deciphering this kind of talk. Here is what was really said.

Voice 1: Thank you, Al Simone, for helping the Polish Crimesyndicate profit off of the foolish fountain-users of RIT.

Voice 2: No problem. There's nothing I love more than secret, underhanded conspiracies. These fishsticks are really tasty.

Voice 1: Indeed.

So you see, my sweet simpletons, these scandalous transactions go on all around us almost every single day. I solemnly swear to you that I shall continue to be on the lookout for any naer'do'wells that might threaten the fiber of our fine Institute, and I promise to fight the injustice I find in the slimy crevices of the establishment. Unless, of course, it becomes really scary.

Yours in valor,
dalas w. verdugo

The Magic Wondershow

The Brick Fishtank

By Sean J. Stanley. Vol.16, Iss. 5

For several months, I've been pondering whether or not to investigate what could be yet another action against the student body to usurp freedom of choice on campus. What, pray tell, could they be up to now, you may ask. I don't know. Maybe it's nothing or maybe it's a multi-million dollar something, or maybe I'm just missing the fine print somewhere. Anyway, has anyone else besides me tried to call 1-800-COLLECT from phones on the campus PBX? You can't. You can dial every other 800 number out there save for this one. Why? Yet another exclusive contract? As I prepared to mount a journalistic assault upon the possibility of civil injustice, I came to my senses and said to myself: "Fuck it, dude. Let's go bowling." Here's why:

To simply say that RIT administration doesn't care about their students would be unfair and irresponsible. We'll leave obvious complaints to the various idealistic student organizations, publications, interest groups, and societies, et al. They think that they can incite change here and that is truly a noble thought. I used to think so. In fact, about six hours ago, I was similarly optimistic about the situation. After heaving a sigh of relief, pouring myself a strong Bloody Mary, and calming my mind for a moment, I find myself charged with the task of organizing the stuff I've found into something resembling *journalism*. For those faithful readers of the

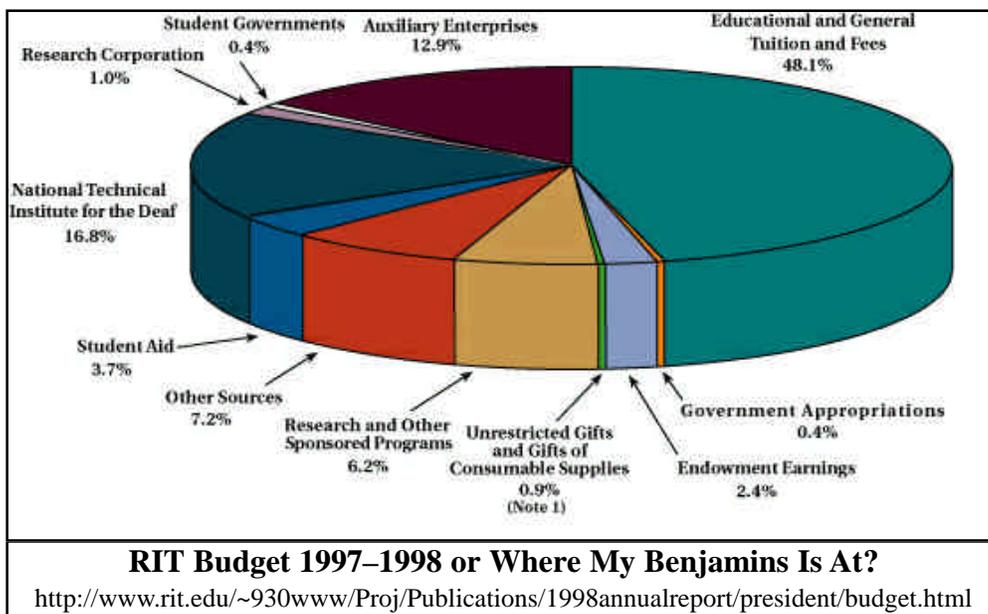
Wondershow, you may think that I would be unable to do such a thing. Normally, I'd be touting the use of tasseled pasties and German-import fisting porn footage in the latest Katie Holms film, spinning yarns about various adventures, or maybe poking irreverent fun at *The Reporter* and SG, but I figured that every once and a while I should put my writing skillz to some sort of good use. Yes, yes, we all wish that every day could be April Fool's Day, but when you write for such an illustrious publication as GDT, *every day is April Fool's Day*. That in mind, I shall endeavor to cut to the core of the issue at hand, and believe me, it has nothing to do with plurality, student rights, or campus democracy. To say that the school cares only for money would be a gross misunderstanding. It would be more apropos to say that the school is interested in *shit loads of money*. "Duh," you sneer at me. "Everyone here knows that." Let's look closer.

In a public/state school environment, regardless of its academic level (primary, secondary, or university), the policies and practices of a school are usually dictated by the community in which it resides, the faithful administration, and to a lesser degree, the student body, which may or may not affect the climate of change at a particular school. No matter the size, the plurality between student and governing bodies is maintained through the federal and state funding of the school. This monetary dependency ensures that some semblance of democracy is maintained. Upset the community or the students (bite the hand that feeds you, so to speak), and you might find yourself in a political pickle. As I recall, there were some state

school students that were rather despondent concerning the government's use of the school facilities for weapons research during the Vietnam War. When one discusses the nature of a private institute such as RIT, one must see the beast for what it is, the operant word being "*private*." Private institutions play by a completely different set of rules, rules which allow for as much benevolence or as much fascism as the top dogs of administration see fit to allow. RIT funding depends on several major things: tuition, educational fees and "Auxiliary Enterprises," not to mention significant endowments from certain folks that we'll talk about in a minute.

Tuition covers most of the grunt work (i.e. teaching), but the "Auxiliary Enterprises" and endowments seem to cover the niceties we all enjoy here. I'm leaving out the federally sponsored NTID because that's an entirely different issue that someone else can tackle. I can only hope for the sake of the students enrolled in the NTID that the funding set aside for them actually gets there and doesn't pad the budgets of other, shall we say "economically advantageous" scholastic programs here. So why Dr. Albert Simone? To clean house after the Richard Rose/CIA escapade? Maybe. But we know better than that, don't we? His seven year tenure as President of the University of Hawaii is considered to be "...a period of unprecedented growth for the University" according to David Yount's book *Who Runs the University? The Politics of Higher Education in Hawaii, 1985-1992*. Yount served as Vice President for Research and Graduate Education during that time and apparently had the inside scoop. I

will admit that I have not read this book, and am citing excerpts from his web page. However, after more scrutiny of the matter, it seems that the university was courted by more than a few industry leaders during that time. Word on the street is that the students cared for Dr. Simone about as much as the RIT student body seems to. Bottom line, Simone is a mover and a shaker and people seem to respond to his schtick (whatever that may be). In an environment such as this, a "brick fishtank", if you will, you



may either vote with your feet or vote with your billfold (and leaving the school doesn't count unless your billfold contains seven figures or more). RIT decidedly favors the latter community as the governing body. Do we all know what a trustee is? Allow me to clarify:

Main Entry: **1**trust·ee

Pronunciation: "tr&s-'tE

Function: *noun*

Date: 1647

2 a : a natural or legal person to whom property is legally committed to be administered for the benefit of a beneficiary (as a person or a charitable organization) b : one (as a corporate director) occupying a position of trust and performing functions comparable to those of a trustee.

Everybody got that? In modern day terminology, that equates to anybody with control over a personal or corporate fatty checkbook. To wit, an excerpt from Dr. Simone's *Welcome Message from the 1998 Annual Appreciation Report*:

"Here are some of the major areas we will focus on in the coming year:

First-in-class initiative. RIT will be the preferred choice for industry partnerships. We want industry to come to RIT first to solve problems related to research and development, training, production and distribution."

<http://www.rit.edu/~930www/Proj/Publications/1998annualreport/welcome.html>

Read: Modest-sized, well-endowed (he he he) technical school seeks investors and high rollers to come over and feed the fishtank. Watch your large-sum contributions return to you tenfold in the form of technology patents, tax-shelters, and an endless supply of well-trained Morlocks who are eager to slave away at desks and terminals for years without real compensation for their efforts on your behalf. Serious inquiries only; fax proposal and seating preference at *The Grill at Waterstreet* to 716-475-2394.

So exactly who has taken RIT up on this offer? Let's examine the roster for the Board of Trustees. I'm just gonna go down the list and make a few comments on the more notable members, beginning with:

Scott E. Alexander—*Vice President, Bessemer Trust Company*. I can assure you that this individual doesn't care if your laundry machines get the job done. Wonder what his priorities are? Take a look at Bessemer Trust Co, a private bank that caters to the wealthy who have at least \$5 mil to do business with the bank, is the biggest of a dozen of banks that have succeeded in luring new customers. All told, there are 2,500 so-called family offices now existing.¹

Burton S. August; LHD '95—*Retired Vice President and Present Director, Monro Muffler Brake, Inc.*

When you take care of items such as the following on a day-to-day basis, the need for beverage variety seems pretty moot. Highballs and Cognac across the boards:

"Monro Muffler Brake Inc plans to purchase Speedy Muffler King Inc's (Toronto) US operations. The deal is worth \$52 mil. The deal includes 192 company-owned and 13 franchised units, located mostly in the Northeast. Following the deal, Monro will have around 550 units."²

Bruce B. Bates—*Chairman Emeritus, Board of Trustees, Rochester Institute of Technology; Senior Vice President, Smith Barney Inc.*

For some reason, most people in my generation remember that pasty-ass white British dude pontificating in pristine King's English that "We make money the old-fashioned way. We earn it..." They don't seem to recall the financial giant whose commercial that was. To give you an idea of what these guys are really into, check this out:

"Poland's Turow power plant has mandated Salomon Smith Barney and Warburg Dillon Read to manage the books on an expected \$250m Eurobond. Based in the southwestern Polish city of Bogatynia, Turow power

plant is a 1,500MW lignite fired generation facility.”³

I'm sure that when they're not managing the New Jersey Turnpike Authority's 1.9 billion dollar bond offering, they're busy overseas, working with the US shadow government and the Illuminati to set up friendly dictators and submerged manganese processing platforms in the Atlantic Ocean basin.

Richard T. Bourns, Colby H. Chandler, Walter A. Fallon, Lawrence J. Matteson Michael P. Morley—*Various chairman and vice-presidentships of one department or another for Eastman Kodak.*

These guys seem to be stacking the deck with themselves. After laying off thousands of workers in 97, by third quarter 99 they reported record earnings. Shrewd, cold, business like. (*New York Times (National Edition)*, vCXLVII, n51,011, 971219, p. C1)

Ann L. Burr—*President, Time Warner Communications.*

Huzzah! Sneaky culprit! I knew I'd find you somewhere. We should all thank Time Warner for bringing the dream of an authoritarian police-state right into our living rooms via the warm, subversive glow of anesthetizing cable TV signals. As I dug farther into this monster, I discovered an unlikely bedfellow—none other than AT&T. Seems as if Time Warner was starting to encroach on the former Ma Bell, and she didn't like it. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, and as a result (I suspect; without solid proof of course) RIT students have a singular choice for a collect-call long distance carrier:

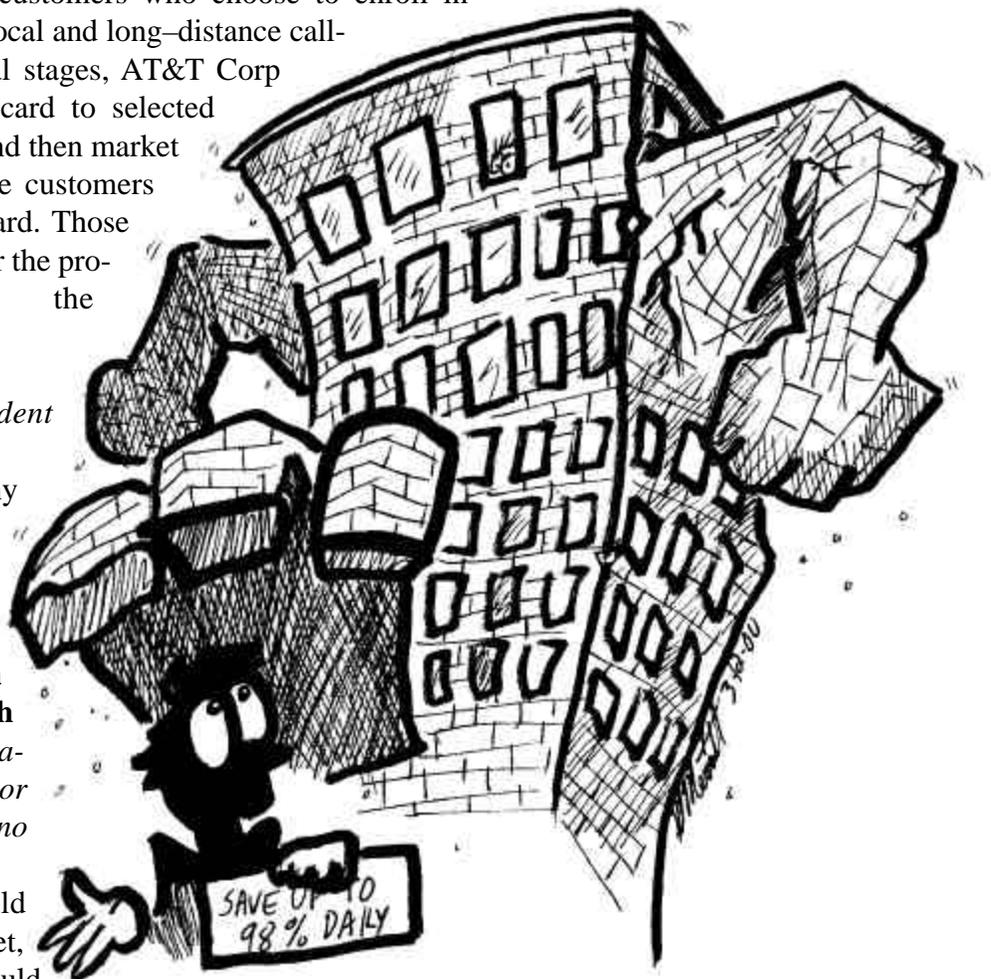
“As part of a larger cross-promotional agreement, Time Warner Inc will offer free pay-per-view movie coupons to those customers who choose to enroll in AT&T Corp's combined local and long-distance calling program. In the initial stages, AT&T Corp will send a free calling card to selected Time Warner customers and then market the calling program to the customers who call to activate the card. Those consumers who sign up for the program will receive the pay-per-view coupons.”⁴

Thomas Curley—*President and Publisher, USA Today*

Anyone ever wondered why we get free McNews all over campus in lieu of the Wall Street Journal or New York Times?

Maurice F. Holmes, John A. Lopiano, C. Peter McColough—*Xerox sumthin-or-other; probably presidents or vice presidents or vice vice presidents, certainly no Joe Wilson that's for damn sure!*

5,200 jobs??? You would think that with such a tight budget, the powers that be at Xerox would



want to conserve expenditures. Then again, when the power yacht isn't netting a loss as much as it should, one must pad the ledger somewhere.

B. Thomas Golisano—*Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Paychex, Inc.*

In his own words during his vie for the New York Governor's seat:

“Our [New York State's] annual budget has climbed \$8 billion more, from \$63 billion to \$71 billion. That amounts to almost \$500 in new taxes for every person in the state...”

You think this Independent Party co-founder and billionaire cares if the School of American Craft draws the same crowd it used to as long as he can write off his charitable contribution?

Thomas C. Wilmot—*President, Wilmorite, Inc.*

As far as I can tell, you really don't want to fuck with this guy. Wilmorite's vast real estate holdings stretch from places like Eastview Mall all the way to Florida. In cahoots with Casino America, Wilmorite seems to be cleaning the floor with their offshore gambling facilities. According to a Lexis-Nexis abstract, *Pompano Park*, a harness racing track located in Pompano Beach, Florida, was recently acquired by Pompano Commons, a limited liability company formed by Casino America and Wilmorite, Inc. The plan as of 1998 was to develop 140 acres adjacent to Pompano Park into a gambling/entertainment facility. There's also wind of a casino coming to this area sometime soon. But that's not the half of it. Checking the legal databases, I found that Wilmorite, Inc has had several lawsuits brought against them. Most of them occur when Wilmorite plans to build a new mall anywhere near an existing mall. Merchants, city officials, and real estate moguls alike tend to race to the courts attempting to get preventative injunctions against the building of such an edifice. Wilmot tends to enter such proceedings with a cadre of top-notch lawyers and the cases are usually thrown out.

For example, in an instance when a mother was suing him for damages related to her kid getting into a fight in a Wilmonite mall arcade, the following occurred:

“Defendants Wilmorite and Genesee countered with a third party action against the young man's mother. They seek contribution and indemnification from her on the theory that any damages suffered by her son were the result of her negligence in leaving him unsupervised. They allege that she had or ought to have had knowledge because plaintiff exhibits ‘propensities and tendencies of rejection of normal contact with other persons and of violent physical outbursts rendering him unfit and unsafe to be left alone [without] the control and supervision of his mother or persons of suitable age, training and experience in the problems and behaviors of mentally handicapped individuals.’ “⁵

In 1997, the cousins of Thomas Wilmont filed a \$300 million lawsuit over alleged mismanagement of Wilmorite holdings.⁶ I couldn't find any information about the outcome of this nasty little family feud, but I can only assume that Tommy didn't take no shit. I'm telling you right now, as long as his dollar makes RIT look better to other corporations, and that the board is representing his interests, he could give a tinker's cuss about the lack of diversity among the students of the school.

If perchance the Lieutenant Colonel of the Army Corps of Engineers informs RIT building contractors that they must cease and desist construction on protected wetlands near the SIMS building, resulting in costly fines and other penalties, what is the administration to do? Cease building when RIT needs new parking lots and apartments? Certainly not. I would imagine that a call for action would be put forth, shaking the coffer if you will, and once again invoke the long arm of the almighty trustee to do battle with the long arm of the United States government. As this is a developing issue, one can only speculate. This leaves a lot of thinking to be done. The other two areas that Simone wished to work on that year were *diversity* and *curricular flexibility* (whatever that means), both secondary to corporate sponsorship. Is this good business? Hells yeah! Is this bad for students? That depends. Would you rather exist as some of the “more

accommodating” universities do and sacrifice equipment and resources for a stronger voice in the politics of the school? Or do you prefer existing as we do – limited jurisdiction over serious campus policy in return for ample endowment and hands-on experience with technology that is unequivocally the state of the art? Me neither, and that is why this article basks in sardonic bliss. The absolutely perfect irony of this piece is that it was made entirely possible by those endowments (hey, they made the rules). The databases I searched via my ResNet Ethernet system cost thousands of dollars for subscriptions and licensing. As the legal proceedings from one case were loading in my first-search Netscape window, I was searching the Internet for company profiles and corporate earnings in another. This will be submitted to my editor electronically and will be published using RIT funds. Talk about shitting where you eat! And yet I continue. Honestly, I think the administration is right on the ball. Really people, Pepsi is just another form of colored water, drinking isn’t good for your GPA, *USA Today* will prevent members of the TV-less elite intelligencia from missing pop-culture references, a collect call is still a collect call, and a field house wouldn’t hurt. I can endure fascism at its best if I can score time on millions of dollars worth of nonlinear editing gear.

Still, I can’t help but return to the “brick fish-tank” analogy I mentioned earlier because it fits so wonderfully into the schema of this school. Imagine that this school is the fishtank. We the students are the fish, here of our own volition. Al Simone and company owns the fishtank and are in charge of feeding the fish, and keeping the tank looking respectable. Every once and a while, a trustee will come to visit the fish-

tank, maybe replacing the bottom gravel with something more colorful or perhaps placing another (million-dollar) ornate ceramic castle amid the fake plastic foliage so that the fish can swim in and out of them. It gives them a sense of accomplishment and permanence, knowing that the castle has their name eternally etched into it for all to see. The trustees have their own fish tanks at home where they keep their piranhas (companies). Sometimes the piranhas require feeding of a more substantial nature than Tetra flakes. The trustees merely scoop us goldfish out of the RIT tank (graduation) and take them home in little plastic baggies (co-op) to their tanks (hello “career”). Yet there is something puzzling. On a few occasions, Al Simone has come down to the fish tank in the morning, only to find that there are less fish in it. He slaps his forehead and wonders where they all went. He appoints a special committee to unravel the mystery. I guess you know where it goes from there.

Kelly Gunter, co-founder of *GDT* and math-contortionist extraordinaire once touched on something that sticks with me to this day. Goldfish are said to have a limited memory of two or three seconds. Thus it is content to swim about its tiny little tank without realizing the mundane and insipid existence it must endure. Did you ever stop to think that when a goldfish winds up dead, floating in the bowl or dead on the floor beside the bowl, it was just a goldfish with a vast memory, doomed to know of its existence and the futility of it all. Rather than live out that life among many of its blissfully unaware siblings, it chooses to thrust itself outside the bowl, come what may. Perhaps that is the answer the administration is looking for.

1. American Banker, vCLX, n147, 950802, p. 8

2. Rubber & Plastics News, vxxvi, n18, 970421, p. 4

3. Euroweek, n644, 000317, p. 14

5. Associated Press, Rochester

6. 90 N.Y.2d 576, 687 N.E.2d 1284, 665 N.Y.S.2d 1 (1997). October 21, 1997