



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

*The issue is out.  
Spread like red jam on white toast.  
Enjoy it comrades.  
—Kelly Gunter*

Volume 19, Issue 5, Springtime  
[www.hellskitchen.org/gdt](http://www.hellskitchen.org/gdt)



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Hell's Kitchen  
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The past couple weeks, we've been offering cash for essays and fake RIT IDs. We didn't receive too many entries, but they were still a little hard to judge. In both contests creativity was a factor, as was quality. The GDT staff debated each entry, and we were each given 10 points for each contest to distribute to those we liked. We could give one entry all 10 points, or split them evenly, it was our choice. The winner would be that with the most points. All entries are included in this issue, regardless of their winning status.

And so, the results are: Jake Lodwick is the winner for the

fake ID contest, and played with the student/customer idea. Rocko Bonaparte is the winner of the essay contest, with his "RIT Physicists are Freemasons" article. Each will receive fifty dollars cash.

All of the ID's are available, at their original size and color, at the following address:

[www.rit.edu/~amm8949/gdt/cashmoney/](http://www.rit.edu/~amm8949/gdt/cashmoney/)

Thanks to everyone who participated.

Winner Jake Lodwick



## Cash Money Issue Winner!

### RIT Physicists are Freemasons

By Rocko Bonaparte

Have you ever wondered what the physics department does to make a grown man break down? Better yet, have you ever wondered why the physics department tries to make a grown man break down? I have talked to students, and observed the department, and I have come to only one conclusion: the RIT physics department is a façade for a collect chapter of Freemasons. The faculty scrutinize students for signs of freemasonry in an attempt to add slaves to their occultist sub-sect of this ancient and secret organization.

Ever submit an assignment with answers similar to your peers, only to find that you flunked the assignment, while your friends aced it? This is because you are unMasonic. These assignments are collected together and graded in secret, based on your Masonic virtues. The idea is to flunk any students with perspectives that are incompatible with their secret sect. The poor student then has to choose between transferring to IT and retaking the course. If they retake the course, they are further filled with Masonic propaganda. The study of infinite chains of resistors, light through tiny slits, or even the loudness of a hand clapping 20 meters away are designed to instill Masonic virtue. The students leave the lectures feeling brainwashed and violated, and they began to question their lives based upon the virtues of Freemasonry.

It is unknown when the physics faculty conduct their Freemason meetings, but it seems that they meet multiple times a day. A look at the absurd office hours for any of the professors shows that they are unavailable for large amounts of times. Only scant information is available about the structure of the RIT chapter of Freemasons. It follows the three-degree system common to other Freemason system:

**Apprentice:** Vaguely learned in the way of Freemasonry. They will occasionally appear confused when a student presents a “Freemasonry exercise” before them. Other times they will claim they cannot help the student. This is to ensure they do not divulge too much of the secrets of the society to the student at one time.

**Fellowcraft:** Comfortable with the tenets of RIT’s Freemason sect, and well versed in the subliminal techniques by which it is taught to the students. The Fellowcraft is the first degree of which members actively screen students for Freemason virtue.

**Master Mason:** Members of this title must stutter, limp, or speak nonsense on a regular basis. They are experts in the Freemason selection process. They also respond to student’s questions with hostility. This is to ensure the students do not learn too much Freemasonry at once, and realize they are being manipulated. Master Masons also follow specialized curriculums, preventing students from being able to compare knowledge taught between Master Masons.

There is also an honorary title given to the individual in charge of the RIT Freemason Lodge: Worshipful Master. It is difficult for students to interact with the Worshipful Master. For this reason, I assume Dr. Kovacs, the physics department head, to be the Worshipful Master. I attempted to confront him about this in his office. The dialog went something like this:

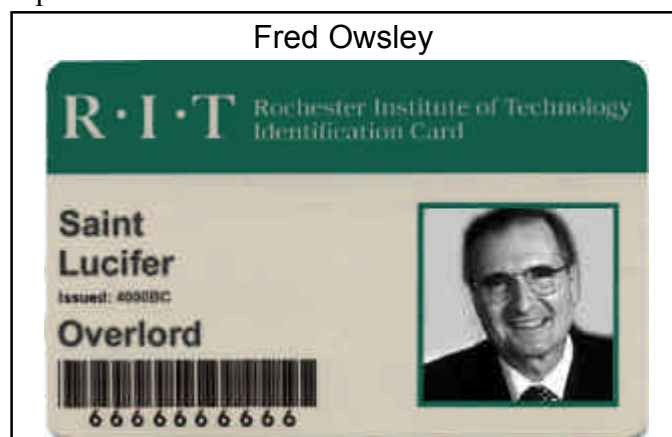
Dr. Kovacs: “I don’t have time for your stupid concerns.”

Dr. Kovacs: “What the hell do you want?”

[I begin to talk]

Dr. Kovacs: “Get in my belly!”

Well, I never did get a chance to speak, but I know when it is a good time to leave. I later heard that a poor student sitting in a chair outside the door was never seen again. Confronting a Freemason is like playing with fire. I suggest walking the quiet road and studying Freemasonry on your own. Your GPA depends on it.



## The Saga of RitSucks.com

By The Administrator

The thought:

I was bored at work one day and decided to register a domain through the free service Namezero when it had just come out. I somehow came up with ritsucks.com. Wow, great! It will be a virtual full-disclosure site about everything wrong with the college experience at RIT. I wasn't aware of the impact it would have around the community so I decided to use Namezero, and Hotmail to fairly anonymous services while also using an alias. With this set up I pondered over some designs and decided to copy the RIT main site and just screw with the graphics and links. The tiger had crosshairs, the buildings on fire, a helicopter shooting people, etc.

The content was pretty much crap. I had a web board with many heated arguments about my site, fat chicks, the faculty, how much RIT does suck, why I'm a loser and I suck and of course the random porn. This was great I was thinking, "Wow! People are responding maybe if I have some more time to waste I'll revamp it. Maybe put a submissions section in and we can all share our deepest convictions of where we have (for most of us) chosen to buy our education from RIT."

The reality:

I pissed someone off. I tried to transfer the domain out so I owned it. Good thing I didn't. (Ha Ha, you didn't get me..)

Hello,

Unfortunately we can't transfer the name to you because we received a legal complaint from the Rochester Institute of Technology. They believe the domain name violates their trademark and they object to our release of the name. To avoid any lawsuit, we must respect their legal position. We are sorry to disappoint you.

Regards,

Namezero

Well...I was interested now that someone has taken notice and a lawyer was involved... wait, it gets better...

Hello,

I am the legal contact at Namezero and we have the legal liability in this since we are the registered owners of the name. The registration of this name constitutes Lanham Act violations of cybersquatting, trademark infringement and unfair competition, as well as copy-right infringement and violation of the Digital Millennium Copyright Act.

According to the attorneys for The Rochester Institute of Technology, your website material included unapproved material, and the use of the RIT mark in this manner tarnishes the mark and dilutes its strength and ability to identify the source of unique RIT educational services. Your use also creates a false, deceptive and misleading representation that there is a relationship between your site and the DeCSS program.

Please review trademark laws at <http://wipo.org/about-ip/en/> and other sites that include case studies. Typically, any site with "sucks" in the name has been ruled against, regardless of the intent.

Sorry we can't allow you to keep the name!

Regards,

Namezero

Well! I'm getting shutdown by RIT, their lawyers, the DCMA (pile of shit), and Namezero because they are scared too.

I admit that I hosted the DeCSS (if you don't know, goto <http://www.cs.cmu.edu/~dst/DeCSS/Gallery/>) program and source, which it "tech-

nically” illegal but hey, who said following the rules was fun.

I also admit that blatantly copied the webpage from www.rit.edu and altered it. I see it as a parody, RIT does not. So I get screwed out of a domain, but hey it was free, and interesting to see people get fired up about something around here.

So I stand, voice less, defeated, scared...wait no fscking way! I’m here planning my next move.

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### Evaluation of the Internet

By B. R. Conrad

At 2 am on Saturday morning I needed a picture of Dan Akroyd for a web site article. Understandable. Could the Internet save me yet again? I get on a well known search engine and search “Akroyd,Dan pic”. What did my results turn up? I got 50% porn sites, 20% bald treatment centers, and 30% about how the Blues Brothers suck. I couldn’t believe it. I looked at the top 10 sites and that’s what I got. Not a single official Dan Akroyd site but 10 completely useless sites. Devoted to naked people, getting back the hair you once had, or how old Dan needs a good spear through the head, none of them actually contained a picture of him. Depressing. Then I had an idea. Maybe the Internet fairy was trying to tell me something. Maybe the Internet houses answers and connections between many things. Could it even lead to a deeper meaning of my self or even humanity? To test this theory I searched for “ ” (a simple space). I searched around and found a site that allowed me to search nothing. Oddly enough, a lot of sites block this search. I mean, how connected could the results from a space be? Obviously, the Internet wanted to flex its muscles for me. I got 36,778,602 returns. At least the sample will be random enough. Out of the first 100 returns I got 33 German sites. Most of them were devoted to a combination of sex and/or beer. (Understandable, #1 results are sex and alcohol) 26 out the top 100 random sites were devoted to cigars, cigarettes, and other things that one can smoke. (Ok, so far no real connection as of yet) Then the real connection came up in the third category of sites. An amazing 31 out of 100 were directly related to Presidents and Vice Presidents. (Here’s the scary part). Over half of them were about Al Gore. Tell me that isn’t scary... If you don’t believe me, try it for yourself.

Something along the lines...  
www.RitShouldSpendMoreMoneyOnStudentsThanLawyers.com or www.RitSucksAlsBalls.com, you get the idea.

So until that time you will all have to be happy with <http://www.dreamwater.net/edu/ritsucks>. Oh yeah, watch out for all the pop-ups... they suck.

Defeated yet pissed,  
The Administrator

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Let’s review:

- 33% German Sex and Alcoholism
- 31% Relating to American Presidents (84% of the 31% Percent was devoted to Vice President Al Gore
- 26% Cigarettes, Cigars, and other things to smoke
- 3% Private Industry
- 5% Music
- 1% Banking
- 1% Search Engines

There has to be a connection. There can be only one truthful answer. Al Gore has put an imprint of himself on the Internet infrastructure. (Since we all know old Al created the Internet) If the 31% is his imprint, the other 69% must be a result of an imprint of the society that helped created it. Everything that has ever been created has an imprint or recognizable traits of its creator. According to this experiment and theory, we as a society value Sex, Alcohol, Tobacco, Music, Capitalistic ideals, and Money. Super imposed over all of this is the “creator’s” mind and personality. Al Gore has very little personality, like the Internet. He has the personality of Pascal (the programming language). Some very cool things are on the Internet. In a similar manner, Al Gore did some cool things, like soliciting cash from Buddhist monks. I mean who of us would like to take a large sum of money from a group of small Buddhist monks who don’t make any? Anyway...

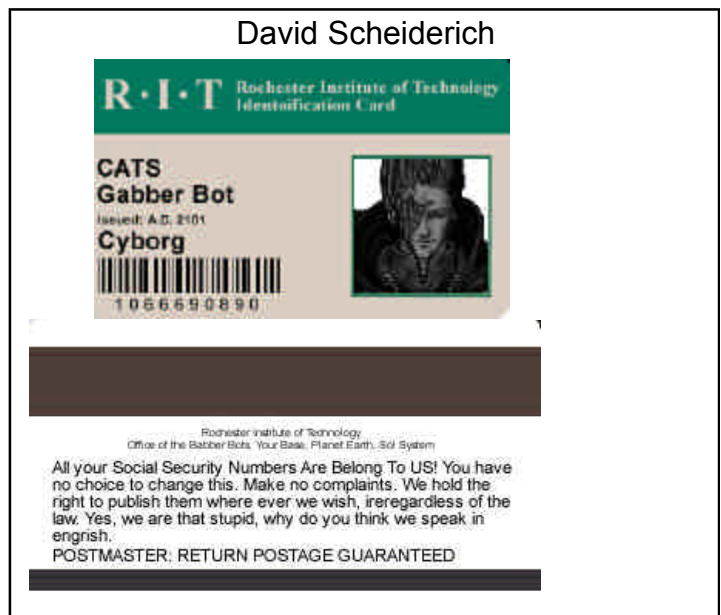
Conclusions: The Internet has the brain of Al Gore super imposed over it. Al Gore is about as entertaining as watching cement dry. People like sex, drugs, and alcohol. Finally, the world is going to hell in a handbasket so why shouldn’t I sleep in and help out?

## Income Taxes (And Why You Shouldn't Pay)

By Erik Bice

Have you done your federal income taxes yet? Do you pay other people to do your federal income taxes for you? Well I am here to tell you that you don't need to anymore. Am I off my rocker? Maybe I am, but I'm not letting Uncle Sam steal even one cent of my hard earned money. Am I scared of the Nazi-like Internal Revenue Service trying to scare (or beat) the money out of me? Nope. Why am I unafraid of the Internal Revenue Service you maybe asking yourself? I know one thing that everyone should know. The United States Government has no right to place an unequal income tax on the people. The U.S. Constitution only allows for the government to place an apportioned direct tax<sup>1</sup> on the people. That means that everyone pays the same amount of taxes, from computer billionaire Bill Gates to the homeless bum you passed on your way to work, instead of the rich paying more than the poor. Wait a sec, where will the United States Government get enough money to run? The United States gets half of its money to run the government from the tariffs and other taxes that are imposed on goods that comes in to the United States. The rest of the money will have to come from taxes that affect everyone equally. God forbid that the United States government actually cut down in size and get rid of many of the corrupt bureaucracies that exist in it. What about the 16<sup>th</sup> amendment,<sup>2</sup> you ask? Doesn't that let the government impose a federal income tax? No. The 16<sup>th</sup> amendment is a big fraud. That's right, you heard me. It's a big fat lie. Many of the states that ratified the amendment did so illegally<sup>3</sup>. They broke their own state constitutions in ratifying the 16<sup>th</sup> amendment. People have gone to the Supreme Court to try to get the 16<sup>th</sup> amendment repealed. Unfortunately, the United States Government has played ping-pong with these people. The Supreme Court say it is Congress's problem and

Congress says it is the Supreme Court's problem. The United States Government is giving the people the runaround. Would they be doing that if the 16<sup>th</sup> amendment were totally legal? How come no one found out about this back in 1913? Well, back in the 1913 the government convinced the people that an income tax was a good thing. That they needed an income tax so that poor people didn't have to pay as much as the rich folks. Over time the government has been feeding the people these lies until the people started to believe that it was their duty as an American citizen to pay an illegal tax. Well, people it is time to wake up. You must refuse to pay your income taxes. Oh, but the evil Internal Revenue Service is going to get you. Well, if you don't pay and your neighbor doesn't pay and everyone in the United States doesn't pay his or her federal income tax. No more income tax! This country was founded for the people by the people. Not for the taxes by the taxes.<sup>4</sup>



<sup>1</sup> U.S. Const., Art. I, Sec. 2. Look it up.

<sup>2</sup> Also known as the poor man's amendment. Taxes the poor less and the rich more.

<sup>3</sup> Enough so that the amendment wouldn't be ratified.

<sup>4</sup> Thanks to <http://mx7.xoom.com/jkeller4gov/keller1.html> and <http://www.thelawthatneverwas.com/> for information and inspiration. Keep up the fight.



## Why New York

By Liz Wolcott

I was told to write an explanatory essay for some contest *GDT* was having. Actually, I was told that if I wrote an explanatory essay for some *GDT* contest I'd have a chance to win 50 bucks. Needless to say, that was enough to convince me.

I went through the list of canned topics I could write about, and the usual stuff came to mind. You know, explain why Macs are better than PCs, why *GDT* is better than the *Reporter*, or why the blue bandana is better than the red one. These topics all seem to elicit strong emotions from people, and I didn't want to get hate mail from any red-bandana wearing, PC-using, *Reporter* writers. So I decided to go with the next thing that popped into my mind. Why New York is better than whatever state you live in.

Being from New York myself, I initially couldn't think of anything. Of course there's the obvious, we have cities with cool names like Poughkeepsie, Baiting Hollow, and Athol. But you all have your equally nifty named cities. I decided to do a little research. Now

this is a little off topic, but would you ever have guessed that the "I love NY" bumper stickers and t-shirts are not even manufactured in NY? They're made in Canada, because it's cheaper. Way to boost New York's economy.

So anyway, New York has the Yankees, that has to give us some points. Hmm, that's canceled out by the Buffalo Bills, though. So I'm back to square one. Well, New York City is a pretty cool place. They have really good bagels; I know you can't beat that. And Clifton Hill, Niagara Falls is a great place to hang out on the weekends. Oh, wait, that's in Canada. We are pretty close distance-wise to Canada, though, where the drinking age is significantly lower than it is in the US, for those of you that care about such things.

Now, I'm sure I could find much more trifling facts and insignificant details that would blow your state out of the water, but it's a Friday night and I have things to do, so I'll just leave it at that. I'm sure it's clear to all of you that New York is the greatest state of them all. My job here is done. Now where's my 50 bucks?

**That's all for the Cash Money submissions. Thanks to everyone!**

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### The Brick City Singers

Usually we send RJ to concerts and campus events worth reviewing, since he's better at being shady than the rest of us, and he doesn't feel bad being negative. This time RJ was busy watering his pet goldfish, and I had to go. It's a good thing that I went, because he would have had difficulty writing a bitchy review, considering that the concert was excellent. Indeed, many beautiful voices graced Ingle Auditorium two weeks ago. After that concert, I would argue that the human body is capable of providing the entire instrumental accompaniment necessary for a wonderful aural performance.

The RIT Brick City Singers aren't new to RIT, but are receiving a bit more attention this year, going public with their act. They are an interesting group of single men<sup>1</sup> performing a unique form of music: a cappella. *A Cappella* is a term used to describe the instru-

mentation of music. According to *The Enjoyment of Music*, a *cappella* is "choral music performed without instrumental accompaniment." According to the Contemporary a Cappella Society, *A cappella* is Italian for "in the style of the chapel." Males, without the aide of alto and soprano parts, originally performed the genre back in Italy, and the single gender tradition continues with the Brick City Singers, a tradition that isn't too difficult to achieve at here at RIT.

Most of their numbers involve a solo vocalist being accompanied by the "instrumental vocalists", without the aide of electronic/natural instruments (with the exception of their voices). Technically the entire group would be considered a choir, however the instrumental vocalists provide the melody that would normally be performed by instruments such as guitars, strings and woodwinds. A special section of singers provide all the percussion instrumentation, including cymbals, toms and kick drum. If you've never heard

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<sup>1</sup> With one or two exceptions, actually.



this sort of music before, you're in for a treat. These guys possess a genuinely friendly attitude on stage, and compared to many artists, that friendliness is still quite present offstage. To quote a friend of mine who attended the concert, "ooh, they're so adorable!" Also if you're a fan of comedy, humorous asides, effects and antics are a common aspect of BCS appearances.

The Brick City Singers are pretty much a self-directed group, their Advisor being off in a small South American country studying something [that-I-couldn't-even-remember], and they write their own arrangements and are responsible for scheduling their practices, rehearsals and shows. It takes the guys a variable amount of time to arrange and learn a new song, depending on the stress level, caffeine and sugar intake, etc. As far as their all-time record, they once arranged and learned "Truly Madly Deeply" in four short hours before singing it for a client's proposal to his fiancée<sup>2</sup>.

At this point you're probably sitting there wondering why this article is in here, instead of *Reporter*, *The City* paper, or *Democrat & Chronicle*. To be honest, it's a pretty typical newsmagazine-like article: the review/interview with the artist. Aside from the fact that it was a great concert, it turns out that these guys know a bit about controversy. On the back of the concert program, the guys thank "all those [they] offend – for not pressing charges." For this reason, we<sup>3</sup> were drawn to the Brick City Singers immediately, and insisted on profiling them. To say the least, you could

safely assume that the Interfaith Center doesn't approve of using sexual terminology to advertise on their building, particularly the use of the following words in a particular combination: "oral", "do it", "we", "Singers", "aural", "Brick City".

If you're interested in joining the Brick City Singers, they will be holding auditions the first two weeks of Fall Quarter. It's a while ahead, but definitely something to keep in mind.

If you can't wait that long, or you just want to see them, you can catch the Brick City Singers for free at the Wallace Library Café, Thursday, April 26<sup>th</sup>. There will be much coffee and singing, enough to go around. I highly recommend you catching them while they're still the friendly guys from RIT.



<sup>2</sup> She said "yes."

<sup>3</sup> Several members of the GDT staff who attended the concert.

## Life According to Jen Security Guards: Princes or Pains?

By Jen Silva

I was sitting at my desk on a wonderful Friday, watching the clock tick down to five o'clock so I could get out of work and go home to watch some tube. Slowly the clock circled around to two. A man walks off the elevator in a blue windbreaker with a red and white patch labeled "Vance Security". I looked up and said, "Ah, Frank! You're finally here." I had been waiting for half an hour for this guy to show up so I could go have my two o'clock cigarette break. I started to get up to go outside, but Frank decided to let me stick it out a little while more. He quickly dropped his bag off at his side of the desk and walked back over to the elevators. "Leaving so soon," I asked. "Yeah, I'm going downstairs to check things out," he retorted as he hopped on the elevator and let me straining for my nicotine rush.

Fifteen minutes later the elevator made its familiar **ching** and opened. I saw Frank and another guard get off the elevator. "Oh, good," I thought to myself, "Now there are two guards so I don't have to worry about leaving the desk, because someone will always be here and they'll just rotate. Woo Hoo!" I was wrong. The two of them turned off toward the other direction, I assumed to make rounds. You know, because of all that valuable stuff lying around my office. You know what I'm talking about, the PC World magazines and all those sticky notes... they needed to be protected! I didn't know how the guards planned on protecting such valuable items, though. I mean, all the guards in my office couldn't even protect themselves from a paper cut. I assumed their brute strength might be able to thwart a perpetrator; they were twice the size of me... length-wise.

OK, so there I was sitting around waiting for the two guards to get back so I could get a little cigarette action to last me for the rest of my three hours left at work. However, I checked the clock and realized an hour had gone by and I hadn't seen hide nor hair of those two. Where the hell could they have been? Maybe they were hiding out in some storage closet getting their "thang" on (at least someone was, but that's a while other story).

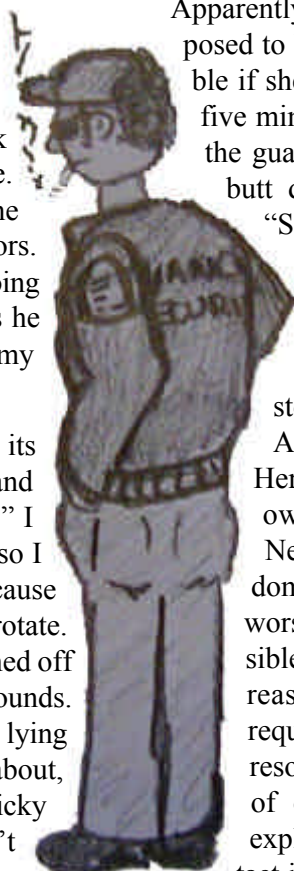
Another fifteen minutes had rolled by and I thought to myself, "Now, no one can go *that* long! Where the hell are they?!" The facilities guy, Jorge, walked by just then and so I decided to ask him if he had seen either guard.

Well, apparently he had. According to Jorge, the two "guards" had been sitting in the break room screwing around for the past hour.

Now I had to retaliate. I couldn't just let them "shoot the breeze" while I was wasting away to nothingness without my cancer stick. I called up the building where the security manager was and spoke to an inside buddy. I explained my situation to him and he was more than happy to help me mess with the two inept guards. Apparently, the female guard, Cathy, wasn't even supposed to be at the building and was about to get in trouble if she didn't get out of there in a few minutes. Not five minutes after I hung up the phone with my buddy, the guards returned. Cathy left and Frank sat his big butt down in the chair near the end of the desk. "Score," I thought to myself.

Those security guards won't mess with my smoke breaks anymore.

Editors Note: This isn't just a fabricated story. All events portrayed are factual in nature. An honest-to-God employee of VeriSign—the Herndon, VA based company that just happens to own Network Solutions—wrote this article. Network Solutions is by far the largest provider of domain names in the world, and reportedly the worst when it comes to customer service. It is possible that such internal discontentment is part of the reason behind delays in processing customer requests, changes, etc. While Ms. Silva may have resolved her conflict, there are probably thousands of other conflicts down in Herndon that could explain why it takes forever to change domain contact information.



### The Sean & Kelly Show™





**The Magic Wondershow Presents:**  
**Diversity and Tribalism in a**  
**Globalized Age**  
 By Sean J. Stanley

Like many aspects of our generation that suck, current fashion trends are a complete and utter mystery to me. My clothing reflects the “form follows function” ilk, with few adventures into the strange and unusual world of high fashion. As far as jewelry is concerned, I festoon myself with little, save for two hoop earrings (because I fancy myself as a pirate). I feel that they suit my personality. I’ve noticed among my peers only a few who find a good balance of clothing and jewelry featuring tasteful style and thought. At least what I would consider taste and thought. Alas, most of the time the cookie cutter gets no rest. But recently I encountered a kid who opted for more than just simple earrings. Naturally, the lobe of the ear was employed to accommodate what appeared to be a ten-gauge brass tube. My first thought was, “how interesting; a person from my generation has explored the diversity of other cultures and chose to expand his fashion sensibility beyond the gross consumerism and obtuse worldview of the average American teen.” Then I saw the Abercrombie polo shirt and the jeans from Structure (which of course rested a good seven inches below his waist in order to display his Tommy Gear underwear). I won’t tell you what my second thought was, for this is not intended to be a treatise on the insufferable lack of historical/cultural context that plagues my generation (myself included from time to time). Instead, I’d like to take the opportunity to proffer two possible trends that I’d like to see on campus in the near future. I think you’ll like them.

The first trend would be the institution of bar-coded Lip Disks. Talk about diversity. A visual representation of strength and virility, the tradition that began in the majestic heights of the Andes Mountains would easily integrate into the scholastic community. Imagine walking across campus to encounter frat boys and neophyte white hippies alike casting off their tattered lacrosse hats and dreadlocks respectively to proudly display their ceremonial Kayapo/Suya Tribal Lip Disks. No longer would petty disputes occur over territorial pissing, siring children, or the right to tell the story of the great hunt. One could merely examine the size and artistry of the lip disks in question to clearly determine the Alpha Male and subsequently, the appropriate course of action. The added barcode would mean you’d never lose your identification again! The trustees could gather around a great bonfire, discussing matters of commerce and great importance while sucking back copious amounts of that “Altered States” peyote and

drooling on one another. Afterwards, Liberal Arts Dean Andrew Moore could lead an anthropological discussion of the meeting on the school’s cable network. I assure you that voluntary viewing of this affair by senior seminar students would greatly eclipse that of the Gannett Lecture series.

In this vein, I think that another pre-iron-age tribal innovation could find a home here. If I ever become affluent enough to actually contribute some sort of endowment to this campus, it will inevitably be the following:

Imagine specialized sensor arrays placed in each room on campus to measure airborne hemoglobin and estrogen levels. The arrays would be calibrated to hone in on suspected menstruators. When a positive detection occurred, campus safety would be notified and dispatched to escort the female in question to a large brick edifice conveniently located in the middle of campus. This, of course, would be the SEAN J. STANLEY MEMORIAL MENSTRUATION HUT. The doors would be guarded by provost certified vestal virgins armed with cattle prods, who would ensure that only women enter the sacred enclave. Within the confines of the hut, the unclean females would sit on bamboo mats, making baskets and fishnets to be sold to parents and prospective students during open house visits. The single large room would be lavishly appointed, featuring watercolor portraits of famous feminist activists including Gloria Steinem, Kate Chopin, Virginia Woolfe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Andrea Dworkin, Ani Difranco, Eve Ensler, and many others. The joint would be complete with cable, AC, wet bar, and shower facilities, and the back of the room would be littered with various unruly “hysterical massage” contraptions from the late nineteenth century. Uninitiated fraternity pledges would use a broomstick to shove trays of food service leftovers into a large slot at the back of the hut. Mostly, the girls would just sit around, dripping and gossiping, passing the time until they were fit to return to the tribe (which leads me to believe that any of the existing sorority houses could be converted for this use simply by adding a large hasp and padlock to the doors). Women’s groups on campus would applaud the initiative to provide women with a suitable environment to slough off unused uterine tissue; Christian organizations would appreciate the campus-wide isolation of filthy women who show the mark of Eve’s dastardly sin.

At any rate, this place embraces many arcane and outdated practices. Why not a few from our heathen brethren in the southern or eastern hemispheres? Let’s bring meaning to the word “DiverRsITy”, and make the campus a place we can be proud of again. Tourist Out.

## RIT Student Sued for Reading Headline

By Andrew Gill

Amit Greahy, an eighth year Professional and Technical Cartography major was sued Tuesday, February 13, for reading a headline from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*. The text of the headline was not divulged as per court order, but attorneys for Greahy indicated that it dealt with the online content provider Napster.

Attorneys for the *Democrat and Chronicle* said the following at a press conference soon after: “We’ve had enough of these freeloaders. People think that they can just come and read the headlines and not buy the rest of the articles. They don’t care about the reporters or the editors or the rest of the staff that works their asses off for these stories.

“Instead, these people walk up to a vending machine, read the banner headlines – maybe even steal a glance at the first paragraph, and then walk away. It’s a disgrace. I mean, if you read the headlines, why would you need to read anything more?”

Greahy’s attorneys were quick to point out that there are more facets to the paper than the headline articles, “Mr. Greahy always buys for the coupons on Sunday. You can’t show those on page A1. Also, there are layout artists, art directors, et cetera, who can’t be shown in the headlines. The quality of information that you get from headlines can’t even compare to

what you would get if you bought a paper. If Mr. Greahy really wanted to get that information, he would have bought a paper.” Greahy also pointed out that news reporters routinely earn less than 1% of the salaries of their publishers.

The *Democrat and Chronicle* has suggested a solution – newspaper vendors would be equipped with a panel to allow people to see the headlines for five cents. Vendors were outraged. “People aren’t going to buy something that they know nothing about,” said Joseph P. Hearst, owner of a local newspaper box, “Allowing people to read papers makes them more interested in buying them.” The *City*, another local paper, was even more concerned. “We often run similar articles to those in the *Democrat and Chronicle*,” said *City* editor Mary Towler, “If they start charging for headlines, why wouldn’t they start charging us for running full articles with some of their same content?” If that happens, Towler says, the *City* would go out of business, “We pride ourselves on being a free newspaper, and if we have to start charging, we’ll definitely go into the red, and we probably wouldn’t come back up.”

*Democrat and Chronicle* officials would not comment on these concerns, citing advice of counsel, except to say that “things would have to change, some things would hurt, but this has been coming for a while, and society would have had to change, eventually.”

Please be aware that the views expressed in Issue 4’s “The Truth About GDT & Reporter” may or may not have been entirely factual. If you can’t draw a line between fact and fiction, do your homework and research the matter yourself. All resources consulted for the article can be found via the RIT Search Engine. This message has been brought to you by the letters N and S. Assembled together, that’s NS.



## Hellskitchen.org Deathwatch

### Haiku of the Week

by the Sean and Kelly Show™

The server may not  
be accepting connections  
or may be busy.



What is it that causes some people on this campus to act like complete jerks? I live in Gibson and today, for the third time in the last month; someone removed all the light bulbs from our elevator. Whoever did it must think they are cool, but trust me, the rest of the people in the building disagree.

I also have a problem with the food service on this campus. I can't eat anything with flour or wheat, which means that usually fries, burgers, and salads are the only thing I can safely eat at Gracie's. Eating anywhere else is out of the question, since they have even less wheatless food. For the first two quarters, I thought I'd give Gracie's a chance, and so I went on the fourteen-meal plan. After too many weeks of half my meals just being a burger, fries, and a salad, I decided that for the spring quarter, I would try to get a modified meal plan.

Over spring break, I met with Craig Neal, while I don't know his exact title; he was one of the higher up people on the food service totem pole.

The only modified meal plan he was willing to give me was five meals a week plus \$128.75 in debit. Now the cost of five dinners at Gracie's using debit is \$35 per week. So my meal plan should have been \$478.75. What did Mr. Neale insist on charging me? \$726! He ripped me off by \$247.25!

Now I am not one that normally lets people walk all over me. I knew I was being ripped off, and I tried to suggest alternatives. Mr. Neale blatantly refused to listen to any of my ideas. Not only that, but he was rude, interrupted me, and finally advised that my best bet was to "just read the food labels." Like I didn't know that

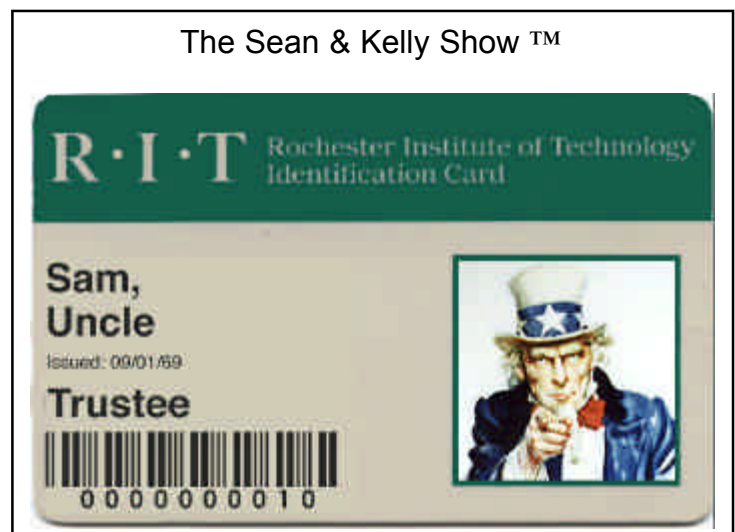
already.

I let it go for a few weeks, but now I am fed up. I am not going to take this sitting down. I pay a lot of money to come here and I don't feel like I have been getting my money's worth. I expect an apology and a refund of the difference between what he charged and what the meals were worth.

Tina Balch  
1st year Finance student

Tina,

Craig A. Neal is Director of Residential Food Service (475-6533, canfsa@rit.edu) is the man to speak to, unfortunately. I too, have had a similar experience with him. I live in the dorms for personal reasons, and do not require \$1026 per quarter in debit. I am capable of cooking my own food, shopping intelligently at Wegman's and the Corner Store. \$1026 is simply too much money, and so I set out to see if I could get my debit plan reduced. Upon asking about my options, his answer was, "Don't live in the dorms." Some solution. He also told me that the Institute was heart-set on getting your money out of you one way or another. Mr. Neal obviously is not concerned with the welfare and happiness of residents, nor is he very receptive to suggestions, nor is he very polite. Here is my suggestion: bypass him, and talk to his supervisors. Get your parents in on this too, especially if they're the ones fronting the bills. Keep appealing until you get what you want. I wish you the best of luck.



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