

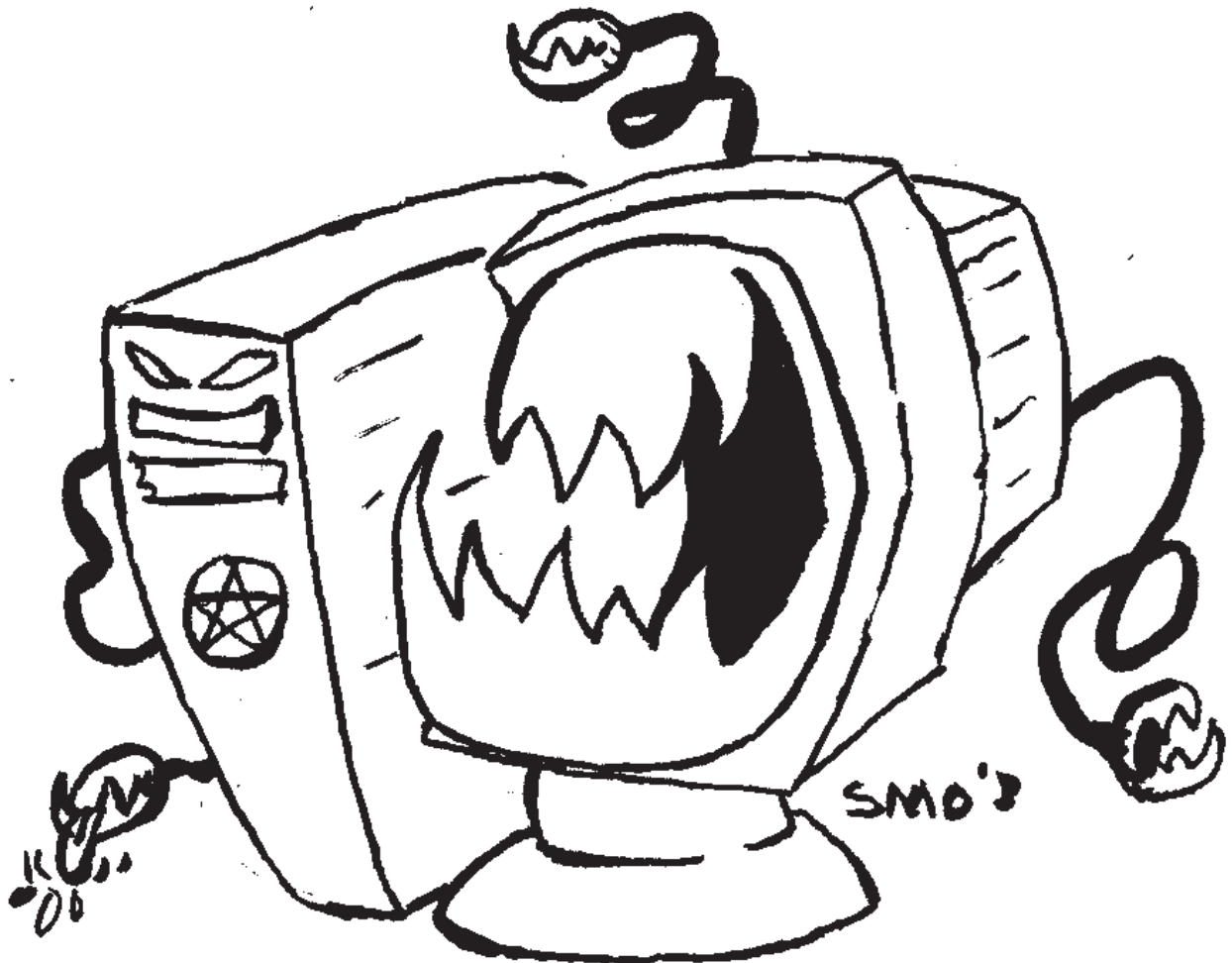


# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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## An Important Announcement

**From the GDT Staff**

Welcome to RIT for you new folks, and welcome back for those of you who were already here. Since I'm sure this is the first time many of you are picking up a copy of GDT, it would be good for you to have an idea of what you might read here.

Absolutely anything.

That's right. You see, back in the day, RIT funded us, and that meant we had to keep quiet about this and that. Well no more! The days of "The Man" induced silence are over. That being said, I don't have much to add. I don't plan to insult anyone special now that I can, although you probably smell bad<sup>1</sup>. Anyway, that's not the point of this piece. We can argue all day over how bad you smell, but right here I'd like very much to set the tone, at least for fall if not the rest of the year.

Circle the wagons, 'cause here it comes. You WILL be let down by RIT over the next 3 months. If you make it more than 3 months, you will be let down 6 months after that. If you're never let down at all, call me, we'll do lunch. With that in mind, I've decided I should soften the blow for you freshmen. Those of you that are returning students, feel free to read this in a foolish act of reliving all the years you've been here.

1.) Al Simone is an airbag. That's actually a compliment, whether you can believe that or not. Since you first toured the campus he's been puffing warm air up your skirts, but now that he's got you right where he wants you<sup>3</sup>. That steady gale is going to fade into an occasional whisper, and you're going to fast find out how cold Rochester really is. I'll cover that next, but here's some more on Al Simone. He is convinced that engineers have long hair, or maybe they don't. Diversity is key, but maybe it's not. Above all, though, perks are in order to those who suck up the most. This is where you freshmen should take note. Give Ole Al a good discount next time you wait his table, and you too could live off campus as a freshman. Try it; it works.

2.) It is goddamn cold in Rochester. Not just a little cold, but really cold. In fact, the average temperature in January is a mere 23.6 degrees Fahrenheit. Never fear, though, because months like October and May are much balmier, with a combined average temperature of 54 degrees. As I recall, I was behind a woman in Wegmans last year who commented to me that it was good to have the full 6 months of winter again<sup>4</sup>. I don't know where all you freshmen are from, but I'd appreciate it greatly if any one of you who thinks winter is a 6 month long season, email me where you're from<sup>5</sup>. Wait, though, there's more! I know, how much more could there be, right? Well, by the middle of October, there is less than a 50% chance that any given day will have sun. On top of that, the average wind speed is less than 8 miles per hour in only 1 month (August), and it is greater than 10 mph in 6 months (November through April). That means that when it's 24.6 degrees in February, as it often is, it actually feels like 15 degrees, all month long. Oh yeah, and in case you're wondering about snow, we average 89 inches of the powdery white stuff. If you're so inclined to look up climate history, you'll also find that only June through September do not have average snowfalls. That's right, it snows from October through May. Manja!

3.) The quarter mile is more than a quarter mile. It's not really, but you don't start your walk to class at the sundial every day and end it at the strip. No, you start in the dorms, usually well behind the sundial, and if you're CS, or packaging science, or just about any other major, you end it well behind the strip. Sure all that extra walking helps keep the freshman 15 off, and with Greasies (sic) food, that's a challenge, but when you do that in snow, at 20 degrees, and into the 15 mile an hour wind in the middle of January, you'll wonder why 40,000 people were employed in 2 buildings at the World Trade Center, but it takes a mile long strip of college campus for just 15,000.

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1. In fact, if you're one of those new CS students, there's an 89.3% chance you do indeed smell bad<sup>2</sup>.

2. Look it up.

3. As paying undergraduate students, that is.

4. It was a mild winter two years ago, I'm sorry!

5. That way I can never move to there.

4.) You have meal plans. Boy do I feel sorry for you. Sure, you're going to come here and think that never having to cook your own food is great. Believe me, you're not wrong<sup>6</sup>. But in a hurry, you're going to wonder why you have to pay so damn much to do it. Here, take a look at a little math. You pay 1,127 USD every quarter to eat at RIT. Take a look at how much of every 3 months you are at RIT. Look closely and you'll find that you are in school for any given quarter for roughly 11 weeks. This means that you pay about \$102 to eat each week. That comes to \$14.50 a day in food. That's not for 3 meals a day though. The 3 meals a day plan costs 10% more, so I won't talk about it here. That's 2 meals a day. So now you have \$7.25 to spend on every single meal for a year. In other words, you could be getting 6 burgers and 6 fries for \$6.66 from Burger King, all while going straight to hell for paying \$6.66 for anything. But you would STILL have an extra 50 cents a day. This, after 33 weeks, would add up to over an extra 100 bucks<sup>7</sup> that you could be doing other things, like buying booze with.

5.) Oh wait, You can't drink on campus! I nearly forgot. It's a damn shame you can't, because other than fucking, there's no other way to stay warm.

6.) Whoops, you can't even use members of the opposite sex to keep warm in the winter because interaction between the two sexes is nonexistent, and the other is undesirable. So much so that the girls date guys from other colleges, and the guys complain that there are no girls. Hmm.

7.) Other colleges you say? Yes, there are loads of them in Rochester. There's the prestigious University of Rochester, St. John Fisher, and Nazareth, all right down the street (or a street). They all have a few things in common with one another: they're better than RIT. They value their students more. U of R has a \$1.1 billion dollar endowment, Nazareth has \$8.5 million earmarked each year for students assistance, but

that's for a mere 2,000 or so students<sup>8</sup>. That's \$4500 a year for every single student. For RIT to spend that much on every single student, they would need \$54 million just for helping us out, and I am positive they don't. Oh, and before I forget, St. John Fisher, an esteemed Catholic Institution if ever there were, has its own football team. That's a claim to fame RIT could dream of getting back. Maybe then, Saturdays would be cold and exciting. Maybe not.

8.) Well, so they're not spending money on you, fine, what are they spending money on? Well, I never thought you'd ask:

• Field House <sup>9</sup>	\$25,000,000
• GCCIS Building	\$17,012,200
• Moving the printing press	\$2,400,000
• Paley Sculpture <sup>11</sup>	\$1,200,000
• Artificial fields	\$1,200,000
• Wetland delineation <sup>12</sup>	\$1,035,000
• New Email System	\$900,000
• KGCOE Clean Room	\$900,000
• Research Corp. Wiring	\$48,649

9.) So the environment's not big here either huh? That's right, because look at the weather. Who would want to live here?

10.) You. You wanted to live here<sup>13</sup>.

11.) But you're not really going to be able to live here at all. RIT only houses half of the students that go here. Sure they say 60-75%, but look at the numbers. 12k students and 6k beds. That's not 60%, even photo kids can figure that out. Anyway, they claim there is no housing problem all while they're putting extra students into apartments too small for them and lounges, the only bastion of social life at RIT. I could

6. Although you might be.

7. Alright, it really comes to \$115.50 for you nitpickers.

8. There are actually only 1,898 students.

9. This is a very polite term for new gym. You see, field houses don't smell funny<sup>10</sup>.

10. Or do they?

11. See Dr. *Simone or Why I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Sentinel*.

12. Your eyes deceive you not. We are spending 1.2 million to decide how to destroy the natural habitat of RIT. Who would have thought that plowing swamps cost so damned much.

13. So maybe you didn't want to live here, but it's a little too late for that now isn't it?

go through the math of why RIT would make more money building more housing, but it's beating a dead horse.

Well, there you have it: the Joy of RIT. I personally wouldn't come back if I was given a chance to do it again. Maybe if you're lucky, you will feel differently. That said, I'm here, I love RIT anyway; you won't get a better education anywhere. Period. Nevertheless, you won't get beat up as badly anywhere either. That's the real reason we write this. College shouldn't be this painful, and the college you go to shouldn't try to

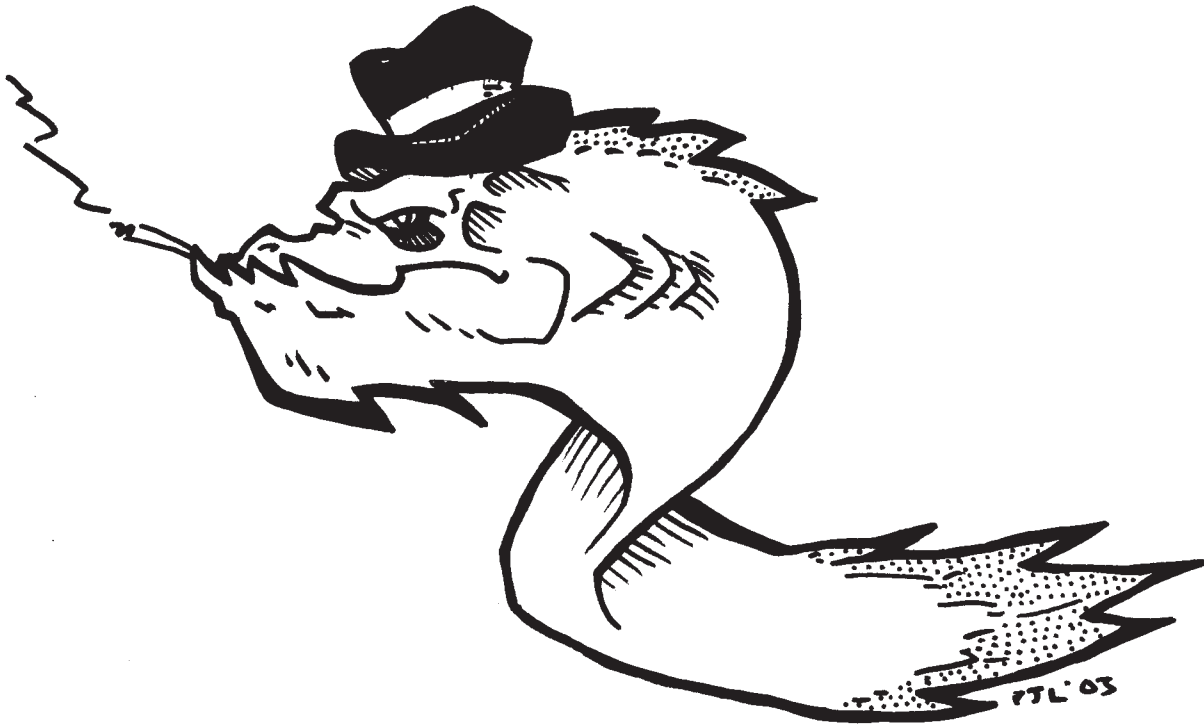
cover it up, they should fix it. They can't do it alone, I won't even suggest that, but they don't seem to be working with the students for help either. At one of the best computer science schools in the country, they are spending 900,000 dollars to have a company develop a new email system. At 30k a student, they could have the 30 best RIT CS students do it for free. Keep that in mind next time you slack off in class: RIT doesn't care that you're not working for them, because they're not working for you. Besides, who's paying for this bull anyway<sup>14</sup>?

14. Since this is a publication for the masses, all rhetoric must be clearly answered elsewhere. With this in mind, I will tell you right here that you the consumer of education are paying<sup>15</sup>.

15. Paying dearly I might add.

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# C'mon, Everyone is doing it



**Submissions of all art forms are accepted.**

Written pieces should be in Word, plain text or RTF format.

Visual art should be submitted at the highest resolution and dpi possible.

**Give your time!**

**GDT meets Wednesdays at 8pm at Crossroads. We are always looking for people to help us edit, write, fold, distribute, cheer, get off and other fun activities.**

**[gdt@hellskitchen.org](mailto:gdt@hellskitchen.org)**

## Reggie and the Parmesans

By Josh “Irving Washington” Brown

It was Monday, and after the usual 45 minute perusals of course syllabi that accompany the commencement of classes I was more than ready to kick up my heels and delve into far more pressing personal matters on the lab computers of the Gleason building. Imagine my surprise when the standard password login that had served me so well for the preceding four years was met with a message stating that I was inputting an invalid name and password. With a muffled curse I turned my attention to the whiteboard at the front of the lab, and noticed that a freshly printed notice had been hung over the faded marker which had proclaimed the proper lab codes long enough to be burned into the plastic, far beyond the reaches of any dry erasing or most common commercial solvents.

“The hell?” I muttered, glaring at the white page that glared back at me under the diffused florescent lighting, “My DCE account and password?”

I reluctantly typed in the new password. Still nothing. I looked back at the notice, discovering that I first had to update my password at <http://start.rit.edu>. “Without web access? Just fucking dandy.”

I decided that the time was ripe for dialing up some ‘HELP’. A surprisingly cheerful woman’s voice greeted me from the other end of the line: “ITS help-desk, this is Susan. How can we assist you today sir?”

“Hey, yeah, I’m having some trouble logging on the lab PCs, what’s the deal with this new DCE account access?”

“Oh, we’ve been updating some of our security protocols. We’ve had a lot of problems with viruses lately, we probably already sent you out an email about it, but maybe yours didn’t make it through. Have you received any notices lately about exceeding storage space? Give me your name and I’ll see what I can...”

I wasn’t about to fall for a brush-off. “It’s not really like I can *get* to my mail without being online, and I’ve already seen your notices. My real question is ‘*Why* has this been put in place?’”

“Well, like I said, we’ve been updating some of our security measures in light of the recent virus attacks,” Susan replied. Her voice had taken on a more curt meter, but lost none of its singsong cheer, “We

suspect that it may have come into our networks when students were accessing inappropriate materials, in violation of the code of user conduct. You can find a copy of the Code of Conduct...”

“Look, you can’t seriously expect that I’m going to buy this cock and bull about viruses. Those things run through email like pork through a sick dog,” I snarled into the receiver, “And if you keep trying to feed it to me like I’m some kinda chump, I’ll let it slip that you guys are really monitoring our activities for the purposes of blackmail. Nothing to sour an employer’s opinion of a rising star like finding out how they used to misuse network access surfing the sick side of the net. A short report of hits on hentai porn and rotten.com would give you bastards just the right kind of leverage to keep grads paying through the nose, maybe even raise the endowment up enough to compete with the big boys.” I hadn’t heard her hang up yet, so I knew I was gaining ground, “And people would buy it. After all, how is RIT going to keep up building construction at this pace, even ignoring the continual setbacks? You couldn’t afford thick enough kneepads to keep your benefactors schilling...”

“Really sir, there’s no need to get...”

“And turn off that goddamn annoying voice distorter. It’s giving me a headache.”

And almost inaudible click pulsed across the line. “Look, don’t try and get smart alright? I can’t talk now, this is being recorded,” the man’s voice came in hushed, slightly nasal yelps, “But I know a place where we can...”

The bar was comfortingly dark and slightly dank, floors and tables glazed with a thin film of stale, spilled beer, which had no doubt barely shifted under years of halfhearted scrubbing by the proprietors, not unlike the primitive glass panes of some forgotten historic chapel in old New England. It somehow seemed all wrong without a permeating fog of cigarette smoke to refract halos around the dingy bulbs and their dingier fixtures. Still, it was nearly as appealing as most of the basements in Colony Manor.

“Sorry if I kept you waiting,” I said, flashing one of my more patronizing smirks, “I forgot about those new roadblock zones and had to double back.”

“Never mind that now. You’re just lucky that my boss is out today,” the slender man nervously adjusted the tinted prescription lenses which stubbornly refused to slip down his prominent nose, “No one followed you, did they?”

“Not a chance. They would’ve died of boredom watching me try to find this place, anyhow.”

“Yeah, well, you’d better be sure, for your sake as well as mine,” the man appeared to be trying his best to sneer at me, but the glare from the cracked light over our table forced him to squint, mole-like, making the overall expression closer to sniveling.

“Oh, I think my chances would beat yours; people trust a strong chin,” I stated, careful to keep my voice level, nearly indifferent. “And besides, you’ve yet to tell me anything outright. I could very well just be popping off for an afternoon drink. Speaking of which, I think maybe we could *both* use something to settle our nerves a bit, you agree?”

I flagged down a chubby barmaid, whose bored expression offered an unpleasant diversion to the skirt and halter top which revealed far too much of her ample frame. She took down our orders: straight Dewars for me, Jack and Coke for my less-than-willing associate.

“Don’t worry,” I said, “I can expense this.” My new contact opened his lips alarmedly, appearing more put off than reassured by this friendly overture, “What, you thought I was going to make threats I couldn’t deliver on? Settle down, we’ve come this far already - don’t try and turn back now.”

My new associate appeared a bit paler than before, and thoroughly drained of sass. “Ok, ok, but none of this came from me, understand? Not a word of it. I guess I can probably swipe that log tape, and I have access to a demagnetizer...”

Our waitress (of sorts) had returned with our drinks. She set them before us perfunctorily, without bothering much about who had ordered what, before jiggling off to inquire on the needs of a seedy looking group of older gentlemen.

“That fat bitch isn’t getting much of a tip,” snarled my companion. I used his momentary distraction to my advantage, discreetly passing my hand over the top of his drink as I slid it across the table to him. The tablet caused it to fizz up a bit more than I had anticipated, but he was far too nonplussed at this point to observe much beyond his own discomfiture. “Oh, and this is fucking great! I had to wear new shoes today, too...”

“Hey, relax, don’t create a stir - besides, the suede should be Scotchgarded, right?” The burly man seated by the door was eying us with far more scrutiny than I was comfortable at the moment.

He nodded ruefully as he wiped spiked soda first from his feet, next the table top, finally the sleeve which he had dragged over it in the process.

“Now,” I said, taking a long sip of my scotch, pleased that she had remembered not to include ice, “Neither one of us has all day here. Why don’t we get down to brass tacks?”

“Yeah, sure. Why the fuck am I doing this again?” He shrank a bit under my steady gaze, fidgeting. “Look, you didn’t hear any of it from me, *remember?*”

The truth, at last. “Ok, RIT, well, colleges all across America have been under a lot of pressure to shut down file swapping on their computer networks,” He took a sip of his drink and grimaced, “They couldn’t even use real Coke? Cheap bastards. Ok, well, they’ve been under a lot of pressure not just for that, but for other protected materials - serial numbers, digital video encryption code, even some stuff most people don’t know about,” here he leaned in over the table, eyes wide over the glasses which were finally seizing their opportunity for action, “Like *recipes*.”

“You mean for explosives?” I replied cautiously.

“No, not that; any idiot can whip up that shit in their basement!” He scoffed at my seeming ignorance, “I mean recipes, real recipes, for trademarked foods. Not any of your Easy Mac crap either - these are the real deal, cheeses, wines, all kinds of specialty foods from regions all over the world!” He was already getting a little sloppy; I hoped he would last long enough to give me what I needed. He took another sip of his drink, “You *have* heard of the EU, European Union? Well, they’ve been trademarking everything into the

ground, trying to push American corporations out of their markets. They don't want their 'secret recipes' out where just anyone can reproduce them. So they're suing us all to get at the students who are selling to the big corporations."

If I hadn't double-checked out in the parking lot, I would have sworn I had accidentally slipped him a hallucinogen. "Wait, they're after college students? Why not just target the corporations directly?"

"Simple. The corporations can *claim* that they're not stealing; they just acquired an independent family recipe from someone of US citizenship. Then they just say that it's all a big coincidence that they just *happen* to have a product with the same name and taste, which has nothing to do with Europe at all." His confidence seemed to have returned in full, though his hand wavered a bit as he lifted his drink again. "Now that the EU is catching on, though, they're after the suppliers. Not that it'll help them any. Big business has the lawyers to fight it and say they acted in good faith, but students don't, so they'll take the fall."

"Well, so scour the networks. What does this have to do with the campus labs?"

"Well, it would be easy enough, but no one's going to host it - the penalties are too steep." His tone was becoming condescending, but I chose to ignore it - for the time being. "All of the deals are made directly, using the labs for anonymity. None of the labbies ever seem to see anything - there's always a convenient 'bathroom break' or something where they manage to miss seeing who was at the computer, even if that is their *job*. They're probably all on the take. Not that I'd blame them..."

Here was where my conjecture fit. Here was where I had snared him to begin with. "So that's why you want us to update passwords, without network access - you're tracing the IP address back to the user's home, so they can't try to dodge prosecution or claim impersonation..."

"Even if we can just trace it to a service provider. Have you ever really read a so-called 'privacy policy'? They'll roll over on you in a second if they're under any kind of threat. This way we can nail some high-profile offenders before the rest catch on and stolen passwords become a hot commodity. We'll just have to cross that bridge when we come to it."

Something still didn't fit. "But why is this even being tolerated? Isn't it a major affront to national sovereignty, especially under a gung-ho administration like this one?"

His turn to smirk. "Yeah, but those big corporations can't operate under a boycott and still keep up their sales figures. Besides, this administration has *plenty* of business concerns, as you liberal little shits are more than happy to recall..." His speech was beginning to slur noticeably, and his swaying was attracting attention. Still, I was on the home stretch. I just had to prod him a bit more to fill in a couple of gaps.

"Yeah, the current state of the economy sure has to be a concern..." I began, but my contact cut me off with a derisive snort.

"Yeah, right, they're *oh so concerned with that*," I couldn't tell if it was a guffaw of a stifled sob, "I was on track for management, and now, here..." His eyes took on a sullen gleam, as some lower form of cunning tried to jog his fading senses, "and you, you damn fucktard, why am I saying this to *you*? You aren't even going to print any of it, you fucking can't, and it's all lies anyway, because we'll say it and no one will believe you anyway. You'll be shut down..."

The interview was over. "Ohhh, you wouldn't know a lie if it bit you in your scrawny little ass," I leaned close, knowing his reflexes would by now be as impotent as his sense of balance, "You really thought I had an expense account for this kind of thing? Who do you think you're dealing with? Did you *really* think that just was whiskey in your drink? Do you have *any idea* who we are?"

"Why you dirty fucking shit, you'll pay for this..." he gurgled in incoherent anger. He tried to clear the table but instead fell against it heavily, his chin striking the edge as his knees buckled beneath him.

I stood over him, as he slumped back against the overturned base of his chair, "You thought you were all really fucking clever, didn't you?" *Sotto voce*: "Just thought everyone was going to march in like lamb to the slaughter? Now we have you, we *know*, now we're going to *bury* you..."

Despite his girth, the bouncer had already navigated the clusters of tables separating his perch from our corner of the room. "I don't know what the fuck

you fucking fairies are up to, but just get out. *Get out now*. I'm calling the police..." He shoved me roughly toward the door, before stooping to lift my companion up by his armpits. I took the opportunity to surreptitiously catch the eye of a quiet young man, sitting alone in a booth near the door. A cell phone was already pressed to his ear.

I heard sirens even before my feet hit the cratered blacktop of the parking lot. I quickly side-stepped to avoid the limp form which hurtled out after me. The air was cooling, but the evening sun still seemed bright by contrast to the fetid den from which I had so recently

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### Anti-Alcohol Effort Failing, Study Says

Popular marketing campaigns that tries to curb college binge drinking by easing peer pressure among students are a failure, according to a new study.

A report released Wednesday by the Harvard School of Public Health College Alcohol Study found that alcohol abuse — by a few measures — increased at some campuses that employ what's called "social norms" campaign to reduce binge drinking. A proponent of the marketing efforts immediately took issue with the findings.

In social norms marketing, posters and fliers are put up around campuses with messages that show students who drink to excess are exception, not the rule. The idea is to help students who drink to fit in feel less peer pressure to do so.

A poster with the slogan, "Most students at (name of the college) have five or fewer drinks when they party," is an example of the marketing style.

Many colleges have adopted the campaigns since the mid-1990s, subsidized by alcohol manufacturers and various government agencies, which have spent \$8 million on the campaigns nationwide.

Social norms marketing "looks great and it's not expensive to do," said Henry Wechsler, the director of the Harvard study, "The only problem is that it doesn't seem to work. It's a feel-good program."

The report surveyed drinking patterns on 98 campuses, 37 of which have used social norms programs for one year. It measured for alcohol abuse in seven different ways, such as having 20 or more drinks in the past month and drinking 10 or more times in the past month.

emerged. A lone police car skidded into the dusty lot, lights flashing with all the exuberance of a Fourth of July finale.

I greeted the officer warmly as he stepped out of his cruiser. "My friend here, he can get a bit, ah, feisty when he's had too many..." I began, gently pressing a wad of crisp bills against his downturned palm, "Make sure that he receives proper treatment."

The air had never smelled sweeter, I thought as I strode toward my awaiting car, than on that crisp autumn night.

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But no improvement in habits was found on social norms campuses by any of the measures, the study said.

Wechsler said the marketing fails because students on campuses are influenced more by small-group pressure than large marketing campaigns.

"On a large campus of 30,000 students, who do you relate to?" Wechsler asked. "It's the people in your dorm or your fraternity or your friends. You don't care what the other 30,000 people are doing."

The alternative to social norms marketing, he said, is for states and municipalities to crack down on low-priced alcohol specials offered by off-campus bars and liquor stores.

The man credited with starting the social norms movement in the 1980s took exception to Wechsler's findings.

"The case studies we've seen are finding a 20 percent reduction in the high-risk college drinking rate" over two-year periods, said H. Wesley Perkins, a sociology professor at Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, Ontario County.

Perkins called the report the latest in a series of efforts by Wechsler to discredit social norms marketing.

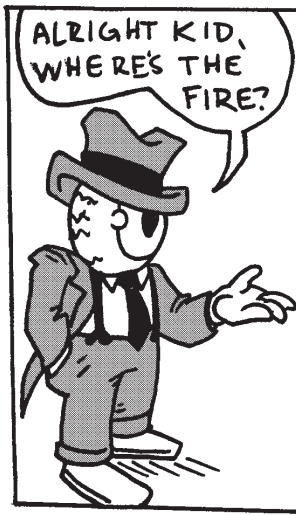
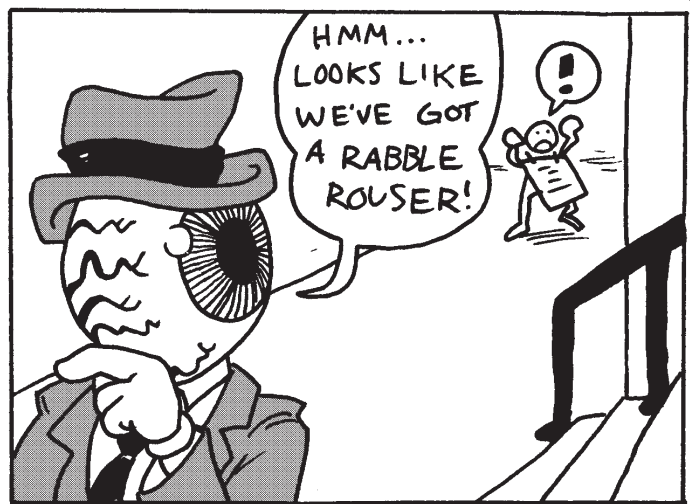
Wechsler defended the scientific validity of the study, citing its acceptance for publication in the July issue of the *Journal of Studies on Alcohol*.

John Kaestner, a vice president of Anheuser-Busch, said the social norms movement — backed financially by the brewery — is an effective tool in preventing alcohol abuse.



# JOE CORNEA!

PUBLIC EYE!  
by PETER J. LAZARSKI '03



RIT SPENT OVER A MILLION DOLLARS ON THIS EYESORE WHEN THEY COULD HAVE BUILT MORE HOUSING FOR THE STUDENTS AND THE SENT. IS JUST A H. COMPEN SATI WITHOUT SUBSTANCE AND PALEY.



# What is this magazine?

This is Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, a magazine of satire, literature, poetry and art. We publish out of Rochester, NY but we have readers around the globe. We exist as a medium for your expression and invite you to contribute.

**Anyone is welcome to submit.**

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