

# OPINIONS

Technique • Friday, April 13, 2001

## OUR VIEWS Consensus Opinion

### Party Foul

Although an organization cannot always be held accountable for its members' actions, IFC and Panhellenic should have been more prepared to control alcohol consumption during its band party last weekend—especially since SGA money was used to partially fund the event. The blame doesn't rest with IFC alone, however. The Office of Greek Affairs failed to follow through with its commitment to provide police and administrative support, and the student attendees were personally responsible for consuming alcohol in a public place. Furthermore, IFC planners were inviting disaster by having a pre-party at which alcohol was served.

IFC and Panhellenic leadership have done the right thing by returning SGA's money and disciplining those responsible for the violations; this fact shows their dedication to upholding Institute policy and acting in the best interests of the entire Georgia Tech community.

### Forgetful Reps

Following directions shouldn't be hard for the bright students at Georgia Tech, but it seemed quite difficult for several candidates in the recent undergraduate SGA elections. The Elections Committee was justified in its decision to disqualify candidates who failed to return their expense reports by the published deadline. Although the manner in which the reps were notified was not completely fair—some reps didn't receive phone messages indicating their lack of compliance until it was too late—the Elections Committee has the constitutional authority to determine which documents are considered "late" and which ones are considered "not turned in." The committee must take UJC's recommendations seriously and strictly adhere to its published deadlines in order to insure a more streamlined process next year.

*Consensus editorials reflect the majority opinion of the Editorial Board, but not necessarily the opinions of individual editors.*

### Student activity fees too high, SGA wastes extra

Your mandatory student activity fee is being misused. While honest disagreements occur over the proper distribution of student money, recent bills brought before the SGA violate the fundamental nature of the distribution of mandatory student activity fees (MSAF).

Each semester you are forced to pay the MSAF with the understanding that the money will be used to improve the quality of campus life. Two recent bills brought before the SGA requested funds from the MSAF for the alleged purpose of on-campus programming, which is a valid use of student funds. However, after questioning, these events were revealed to be for fundraising and charitable donations to off-campus organizations. At first glance this may not appear problematic, however, the act of funding fundraising removes money from the MSAF, which is supposed to be used to benefit campus-life, effectively transferring MSAF funds from the oversight of the SGA to the discretion of individual groups without restric-

tions. While the SGA is bound by Institute and State laws to apportion the MSAF in accordance with the anti-discrimination laws, and the SGA is disallowed from apportioning funds for activities that violate these laws, these groups are not.

This fund transfer scheme uses student money to pay for events in which the proceeds are collected and distributed without oversight or regulation by the SGA or its financial committee. The purpose of the MSAF is to enhance the lives of students. SGA determines where these fees are to be spent with the purpose of ensuring that the funds are distributed fairly and that the most benefit can be derived from a fixed amount of money. We fail to understand how transferring students' money to unregulated group accounts or to off-campus charities serves this purpose. These unregulated funds may be donated to charities or spent on activities that the great majority of fee-paying students

*See Fees, page 10*

#### Quote of the week:

"If you are going through hell, keep going." — Sir Winston Churchill

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## YOUR VIEWS Letters to the Editor

### GSS is about policy, not playing politics

Once again, a disgruntled "WAM" representative has made dishonest, erroneous and malicious charges against the Graduate Student Government.

First, Ms. Becky Glatzer repeats the canard that the Senate violated its own procedure. If she had used some basic research skills, she might refer to our exhaustive minutes that confirm that the "WAM" jumped to the head of the line and that debate was conducted under the GSG Bylaws, a modification of Robert's Rules. In notifying the Senate of

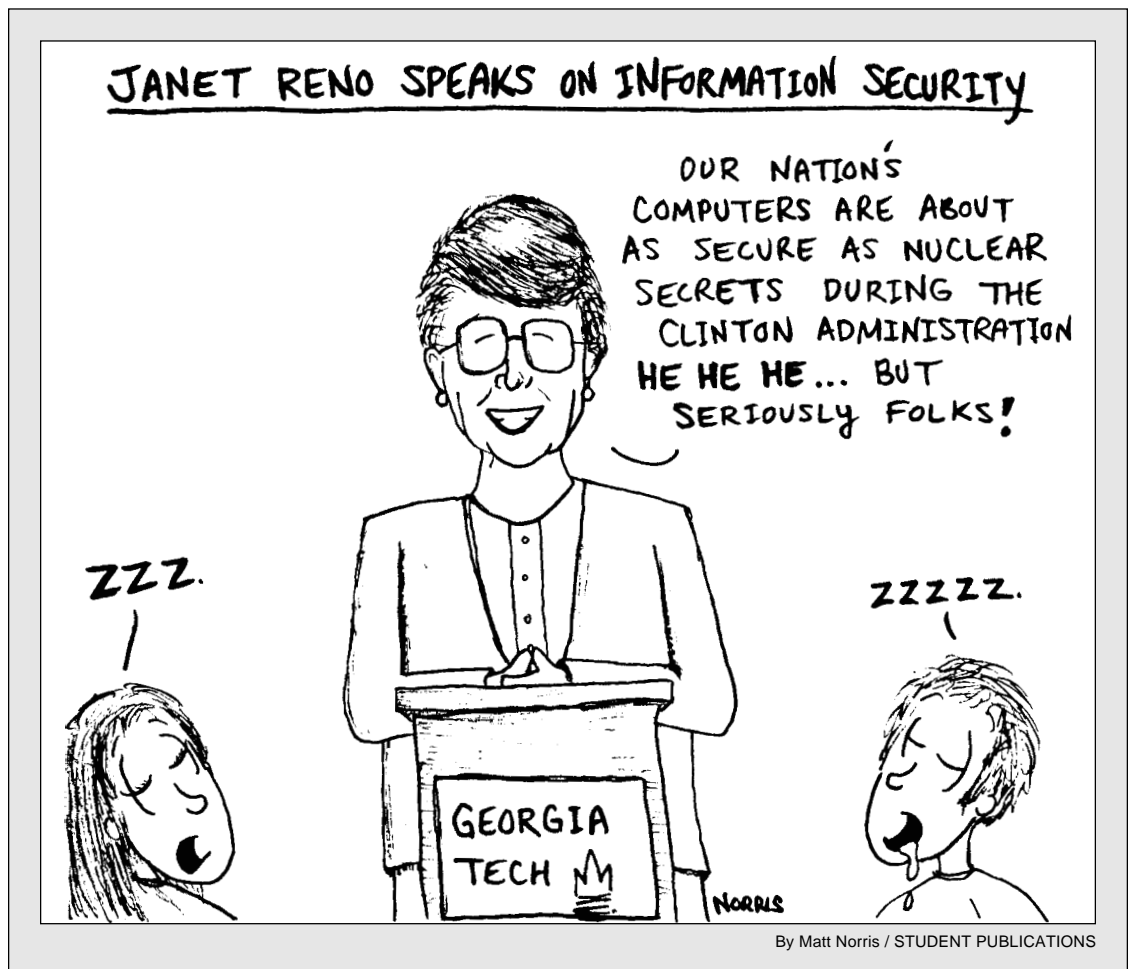
my intention to veto the bill, I was upholding my responsibility under our Constitution. I remain opposed to wasteful spending, including exorbitant requests for monies for obscure speakers that serve only a handful of students.

Further, the intimation that I control the Graduate Senate is offensive to that body. I certainly would have had a much easier time during my tenure as the tyrant Glatzer decries. The Senators failed the bill, and a reference to our minutes shows that a majority opposed the waste-

ful legislation.

In reality, Glatzer shows a complete lack of respect for the GSG. The Senators are independent minded, and our minutes demonstrate the diversity of opinions in our deliberative body. Further, my decision to veto the legislation (if it had passed, which it didn't) was based on policy, not politics. She just doesn't like the fact that graduate students have a say in how their money is spent. Over the past year,

*See GSS, page 10*



By Matt Norris / STUDENT PUBLICATIONS

OUR VIEWS Staff Editorials

# Dummy's guide to apartments and what to look for

*Bad security and not knowing what you get for your money can make you miserable*

Having to move off campus is something many students are not wild about having to do. There are so many places to consider in all types of price ranges and in all types of locations. When I moved off campus a year ago, the biggest factor was proximity to campus. One of my roommates did not know if she would have a car and need to be able to walk to class. Since we did not feel like taking a chance by moving into Home Park and getting robbed or rapped and the inside of Sixth Street Academy looked like something out of a dark horror film, we moved into Centennial Place.

Since location was not a big issue for this coming year, my future roommate and I looked at cheaper alternatives. Here, for all of my dedicated readers, I have compiled assorted facts you may find interesting if you are one day considering moving off campus.

Okay, so the truth is, I'm really pissed at a particular apartment complex. And guess what, I am going to name it. My boyfriend lives in Collier Ridge off of Defoors near Collier (think Fox and Hound stumbling distance). Now some of you may remember my rant in my last editorial about how his car was stolen out of his apartment complex. That sucked. It was found a few days later but insurance had to call it totaled and he lost the car. I figured that was enough for one person in one year. Nope. Saturday night the poor boy's apartment was broken

"So the truth is, I'm really pissed at a particular apartment complex. And guess what, I am going to name it."

**Jennifer Dykes**  
Opinions Editor



into by kicking the door through. Cash, my VCR, and the VCR and TV remotes were taken. The perpetrator also helped himself to some cookies. I guess somebody got the munchies. Why they took the TV remote but not the TV, I'm not sure. But hey, it's my TV so I'm not complaining.

The townhome next door is vacant and maintenance has repeatedly left the blinds open to advertise the fact that no one is there to hear if something's wrong. The woman working in the leasing office blew off my suggestion that shutting the blinds might be a good preventative measure.

What pissed me off the most is that this neighborhood has a gate. I may have mentioned this before, but I have seen it closed once since August. Both of these crimes may have been prevented by simply making it harder to gain access to the complex. Again, we mentioned this fact to the woman from the leasing office. Her response... they're taking the gate down because they have so many college students who hit

the gate and break it. That's a ridiculous excuse for their incompetence.

First, the gate has to work once in a while before anyone can break it, and between my boyfriend and I, we go through those gates enough to know they don't.

Second, if nearby complexes that consist of much more primarily college students like Mi Casa, Savannah Square, and Georgian Hills can keep their gates working (and charging less rent in the process) then there is no reason why Collier Ridge can't get its act together. Leasing offices are notorious for being rude to college students because they don't need us—they'll find someone else who is less stereotypically a problem resident, but this has been absurd.

So that's the first thing to look for in Atlanta: security. Centennial Place has intrusion alarms. I don't know how much good they do, but at least they're loud and you can pay to hook them up to security companies. I've heard too many horror stories about Bellemeade and Home Park to feel comfortable there, es-

pecially as a relatively lightweight woman.

Notification is an important factor. When a couple of cars were broken into at Centennial Place, a flyer went around to let us know. At Collier Ridge, the security guy told my boyfriend that there was been a rash of such break-ins and it is suspected that the perpetrator carries a laundry bag to look like the contents are clothes and eats wherever he breaks in. The security guy wants the complex to hold a community meeting or somehow notify occupants, but the leasing office refuses to help. Hopefully they will send a flyers to those who live there... before my boyfriend sends his own version.

Another biggie: make sure you see the actual apartment you will be moving into before you put any money down. When I was contemplating moving to a cheaper place, the leasing agent at Mi Casa tried to tell me it was standard practice in the profession for people not to see their future home until it's too late to turn back. Again, ridiculous. With no carpet replacement guarantees, what if it looks gross, or smells gross? Animal and cigarette smells and stains do not disappear overnight. You need to know what you are getting into before you get into it. At Savannah Square, I was able to see the very apartment I could lease so I knew exactly what I would get.

See *Renting*, page 10

# Years measured in waffles, hashbrowns, coffee, friends

I'm scared. Really scared. In 22 days, my time at Georgia Tech will come to an abrupt end when I walk across the stage, shake hands with the President, and am handed that magical piece of paper that will certify my lifetime status as an aerospace engineer. I truly never thought the day would come, and it amazes me to think of how quickly the last five years have passed.

My mom loves to remind me of my first quarter here in 1996, when my dad made the round-trip from Charlotte twice in one weekend each month to take me home because I missed it so badly. I cried from the sofa of the house in which I'd spent my previous 18 years, lamenting (in typical Sarah fashion) the fact that nobody liked me and that I could never possibly find any friends in college.

My parents must have been silently laughing in anticipation of what was to come. Within a year the tables had turned, and the time between my trips home steadily increased as I found more numerous reasons to stay on campus and enjoy the weekend activities.

You see, I'm one of those weird students who actually *likes* life as a Yellow Jacket. Sure, I complain about my hectic schedule, never-ending homework assignments and constant sleep deprivation, but at the same time, I have to admit that I also enjoy my classes, take pride in my extracurricular activities, and welcome waking up each morning with the opportunity to live the spontaneous and carefree life of a college student. Somehow, I've managed to keep those thoughts in the back

"The true value of my college experience should be measured in how well I learned the lessons that can't be taught."

**Sarah Graybeal**  
Entertainment Editor



of my mind even when things are difficult.

The months since Christmas have been the most stressful of my life. You'd think that after navigating my way through five co-op work tours, seven academic quarters, the confusion of semester conversion and three more semesters, I'd get to indulge in a bit of senioritis during the four months before graduation. Instead, my days have been inundated with bouts of indecision about what to do with my life, battles with my senior design project teammates, and late nights of trying desperately to catch up on all the little things I let slide in the haste of the day.

I didn't know very much when I arrived on campus as a bright-eyed, optimistic high school graduate. Some days, I feel like I'm still that naïve 18-year-old girl. I may be able to solve complicated aerospace engineering problems and recite Newton's laws in my sleep, but I don't know if I'm actually much more book-smart than I was before I decided I wanted to be an engineer. Instead, I find myself thinking that the true value of my college experience should be measured in how well I learned the lessons that can't be taught—the ones that can only

be learned by experience. By that standard, maybe I've grown a bit after all.

It would be condescending of me to attempt to teach any of these "life lessons" when I still have so much to learn myself, and so I won't try. I can, however, share a few of the things I've learned at Georgia Tech. Some are humorous and some aren't, but each lesson has made me a different person—and hopefully a better one.

1) Rely on your friends. Perhaps the biggest change I've experienced here has been in my ideas about friendship. There are people on this campus who have seen me at my absolute worst, and despite my attitude or problems, they've chosen to stay by my side. The comfort I take from finally realizing that I'm privileged with awesome friends will stay with me for the rest of my life. Years from now, I will remember my undergraduate years not for the events that I planned or the grades that I made, but for the people who loved me through the good and helped support me when life got rough.

2) Honesty really is the best policy. This point follows legitimately when talking about friendships. I've

seen the effects of dishonestly run the gamut from causing mildly hurt feelings to ruining relationships. The best friendships grow only when both parties communicate openly.

3) Take a trip to the Eiffel Tower. (Or the Sydney Opera House, or Big Ben, or the Taj Mahal, or Red Square...) Though I've done a number of things in a lot of different cities in the United States, one of my biggest college regrets is that I never spent a term somewhere completely different. Fortunately, my situation will change when I leave on May 7 for a month in Europe.

4) Whistle while you work. We're all aware of how technology-oriented this institute is, but there are opportunities to exercise the part of your brain that isn't happy calculating integrals. My Monday night flute choir rehearsals do wonders to keep me sane, and working for the *Technique* (despite late, late nights in the office) has given me another creative outlet. When I just can't stomach the sight of another number, I turn to these endeavors to remind me that the theory of life doesn't have a governing equation.

5) Know your limitations. I will be the first to agree that this is far easier said than done, and I wrestle with the issue on a daily basis. As a freshman, I joined every organization I could in a misguided effort to appear important. Even after I realized that I could be both happier and more effective if I concentrated on the activities I truly enjoyed, I wasted time and let others down by clinging to commitments that I had

See *Sarah*, page 11

# TECHNIQUE

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## Thank you, Elections Committee

As a student here at Georgia Tech, I am quite pleased to see that SGA and its officials are abiding by established election code and disqualifying those members that do not meet the standards of the code. Unlike the United States Government which allowed an oil-sucking, money-grubbing, carbon dioxide-loving industry whore to steal the office of the President despite some clear problems with the election, SGA stands by its rules. SGA, I salute you.

*William Robinson*  
gte961t@prism.gatech.edu

## Renting

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I've been mostly very happy at Centennial Place, and have renewed my lease for another year. It's not perfect, however. There was the stolen car that was deposited in my parking lot for a few months before the police towed it away. There are always interesting personalities parading down my street, but there are also the security guards, Atlanta PD, and Georgia State and Tech police nearby.

Maintenance is important. Minor issues can take repeat phone calls to correct, but if you've got a water leak, they should be there pronto. This affects roommate choices: make sure someone you live with can be the parent and make sure the bills are paid on time (the only person I will let mess up my credit rating is me) and that maintenance stuff is cared for. If that means my roommate notices a water leak and tells me instead of calling mainte-

nance herself, it's not a problem. At least there is one person who knows what is going on about the place at all times.

Moving off campus can be a great thing, but you have to be careful about it and realize it is more work than having Housing do it all for you and it will feel like you are paying a lot more because you are writing smaller checks more often. There are a ton of places to consider nearby or a ways up 75 or 85. It depends on your involvement at Tech, how much money you have, how many people you know that you could actually live with, and so on to know what's right for you. But please, be picky, ask lots of questions and do your best to know what you are getting into.

We thought a gate at Collier Ridge and an apartment near the leasing office could mean more security. What it really meant was a shorter walk to the leasing office to report a crime they did not really care about anyway.

## GSS

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I have worked closely with the UHR to find common ground and avoid the acrimony that previously existed between the houses.

Since the "WAM" legislation failed in the Senate, Glatzer has characterized me as divisive. The truth is that a petulant group from a fringe special interest cannot stand being told that their plan to waste precious resources will be opposed. I blame our administrators for coddling these individuals in pursuit of political correctness. If Glatzer believes that what separates us from Stanford, Duke, Carnegie Mellon, Georgetown, or MIT is "WAM," she is mistaken. Academics and scholarship are the building blocks of a great university, not slavish obeisance to misguided politics.

*Grant Jenman*  
Graduate Student Body President  
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## Fees

from page 8

oppose. This money-laundering scheme is unsightly. If the SGA has enough money to afford indirect funding of charities then the mandatory student fee is too high and should be reduced. Then, if you feel compelled, you can donate your money to the charity of your own choosing.

Turning a blind eye as to where MSAF funds are actually going is a failure of the SGA as an organization to perform the duty with which we have been entrusted. Please contact your representatives now and demand the proper use of your fees.

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Sarah

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# If you're not dating, act now before you graduate

By Trevor Rogers  
California Aggie

lost interest in. I hope to never make this mistake again.

6) Discover your passions. The phrasing is cliché but true. Watching the space shuttle rise into the night sky captivates me, and I could sit in the airport parking lot for hours just watching planes takeoff and land over my head. Even if the best explanation I can give for my interest is simply that "aerospace is cool," I know that my academic passion lies there, and my love of space flight is what motivates me in my aerospace studies.

7) Never turn down a date with the Waffle House. I can't count the number of times I've put off a lab report or foregone extra hours of sleep in favor of the chance to have some hashbrowns and mediocre coffee with a friend, and I can honestly say that it has never a bad decision. Rarely have I found an environment more suited for everything from emotional and often heated vent sessions to affectionate chats about the meaning of life.

In September, I'll cross the country and begin graduate school at Stanford. To say that the thought of having to make new friends, find my way around a new city, and decipher another academic system makes me nervous is a gross understatement. Leaving Georgia Tech. Leaving Atlanta. Leaving my friends, my family, and every home I've ever known. I'm still scared, but I have to admit that from here on out, life's going to be quite a ride.

(U-WIRE) U. California-Davis—In case you didn't know it, the post-college dating scene is rough. Enjoy this carefree party atmosphere while it lasts, because once you join the ranks of nine to fivers, you're pretty much on your own when it comes to romance.

What they don't tell you in your nifty college catalogue is that all you'll really earn at graduation is the chance to move to some strange city and try to build a social life without the benefit of keggers, classes, academic clubs and campus events. Just wait until you no longer have access to premium conversation starters like, "What's your major," "What year are you," and the ever popular, "Wanna study together?"

It's a whole different ballgame out in Grown-up Land. Last quarter I suggested "Getting Some Booty After College" as a mandatory class for all unattached seniors, but it's still mysteriously absent from the curriculum.

Here's the big problem: options for meeting people out in the real world are limited. You've got your choice of sleazy bars, sleazier nightclubs and corporate Christmas parties where everyone except you is either married or engaged, and being sexually harassed by a co-worker starts to sound kind of appealing.

Not that I can claim any firsthand experience, but over the break

a friend and I infiltrated one of San Francisco's premier "singles clubs" just to witness the dismal dating scene.

It isn't pretty. My advice is that you hold on to some of your textbooks and settle in a college town when you're done with Davis. At least then you can hang around coffee shops looking studious and hope that cute university kids mistake you for a re-entry student.

Here's what you'll have to look forward to if you're still single after college:

When it comes to the upwardly mobile singles scene, dance clubs are out and karaoke is back with a vengeance. Disco, for some reason, is a sing along staple, and if you thought toga parties were a silly idea, wait until you witness a group of chubby, drunken advertising executives jiggling their way through "YMCA."

The drinks of choice are sophisticated yuppie concoctions, mostly Manhattans and martinis. This is strictly an olives-and-toothpicks kind of scene. Don't try to order anything fun - any drink served in a coconut, or anything with an umbrella sticking out of it will earn you dirty looks. Even beer is passé, considering its unhip association with

the barbaric college crowd.

The funniest thing is the pervasive undercurrent of sexual tension all twisted and mixed up with a unique brand of hopeless desperation. Actually it's only funny the way speech impediments are funny; it's shake-your-head-and-chuckle-sadly kind of funny.

When that biological nesting instinct kicks in, the stakes suddenly go sky high. Everyone in the bar is looking at everyone else as either a

potential life mate or competition. Girls are shooting icepick sneers at each other from across the room; guys are sizing each other up and elbowing each other out of the way so that

they can get to the bar and buy an overpriced, watered down drink for that special someone.

And everyone has an agenda. The first thing women do when they meet a guy who looks like he might be breeding material is check his left hand for a wedding ring tan line. When they're satisfied that he's available they start sizing up his bank account. You can see the concentration on their faces as they struggle to remember the latest tips from Cosmo, like "Five ways to judge a man's income by his wristwatch."

It's sad. And worse than sad, it's

inevitable. Welcome to your life, four years from now (maximum).

Finding love isn't easy when you're left to your own romantic devices. College is a veritable feeding frenzy of sex and infatuation, but all of that means jack after they shove a diploma in your pocket and hustle you out the door.

But don't feel too bad—you won't be going through it alone. Chances are you'll run into some of your fellow alumni out in the dried up dating wasteland. I'll be there. Maybe I'll buy you a martini. We'll compare portfolios and reminisce fondly about keg stands. If we're lucky we'll have time for one chorus of "YMCA" before arthritis kicks in.

So make the most of your college experience, kids. You know that cute girl or guy that you've been obsessing about all year but haven't gotten up the nerve to talk to? Now's the time. Introduce yourself. You'll regret it if you don't. Maybe not today, but soon. When girls are asking to see your bank receipts before they'll give you their phone numbers and guys are shoving you out of the way to snap up another round of olive and toothpick concoctions, you'll be kicking yourself for those missed opportunities.

So jump in the game, while you still can. It's easy... I'll even start you off. Ready? Repeat after me: "Hi, my name is (insert name here). What's your major?"

Better act fast. Grown-up Land is waiting.

Just wait until you no longer have access to premium conversation starters like, "What's your major?"