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Linear Progression:
Intervals of Temper
Joseph Painter

It’s a Day
Randall Good

It’s a day
for
difficult-to-open
jars.
There’s been
four
already, and my
hand
is getting
sore.
There will probably
be more.
Revisited
Heather Myers

There's a little blackbird that sat on my windowsill inviting fascination. Fallen screen, but don't come in, let me escape, run wild laughing under the shadow of beating wings. Follow you, night dark wings through hazy midnights, tales of sunrise mountaintops. Common creature of overlooked beauty, kindred lost in the background, stay... perch on my shoulder whispering secrets. Fly free and I'll walk the other way searching; meet once again sharing secrets through another broken screen.

Fallen Angel
BJ Delorenzo
Naïve
Spencer Slavin

She looked around dumbfounded
Her entire life had just slipped
Fleeting tumbling disappearing
Slowly into the immutable gulf that
Was time

Somehow she had felt she would
never get old
And now as she
Looked at her cracked gnarled fingers
She was reminded of the old oak
Outside
Of her summer house in the Hamptons
Oh how she had loved that tree as a child
So many summer days spent
So many years spent
So many decades

A tear trickles down her face
She takes a look in the mirror and can
No longer
See the woman she used to be
The lines in her face tell a story
A sad story
Now
All
Alone she sits with a scrap of paper
That her husband had written
I love you on
One night when he had
Come home drunk from the pub

The morning finds her slumped
Her breathing stopped
Her heart released of its duties
And no one would have thought her so
Naïve

she penetrated his heart with her eyes of steel
at this point she knew the truth
knew that he could not be trusted
that he deceived her
left her to die
lied
killed her from the inside
but she is stronger now
she is happy she has moved on
Amanda
Mike Twohig

She Knew
Stephanie Snow
(opposite page)
It all became a wealth race one day
I was trying to cross the street
down in Manhattan's
lower East Side
during rush time
don't walk signs
cars driving fiercely by
taxi galloping up some passerbys
standing next to people on cell phone 
highs
push this way and push that way
side to side

abiding by the rules of city hall
what's with this crossing stall
other people are breaking the law
they're going fast
made their money
now going to gain some love
"love me because I'm rich"
lets go have a "money ball"
get on the wagon and we'll head 
to the mall
Me, I'll wait for the crossing light
no need to rush
no need for the traffic fight.
Eden's Bed
billy markert

2 hours in the Garden of Eden's Bed
To see her arch and quiver her head
The congregation of lust was dense
Clouding my thoughts of consequence
Our flesh was mangled, hairs on tip
The zenith better than an acid trip
But playtime ended, there was no jest
To continue meant to begin a quest
The point of no return was wane
And ecstasy's Clipper neared a plane
Regaining our strength, myself and "Molly"
Her mind dismissed my emotions as folly
Therefore should we ever revisit the Bed
I'll bring limbs with life and emotions that are dead
the universal dragon
Sara Stallard
(opposite page)

unicorn
Clare Cassidy

ever wondered what the world had to say about you and your lame life? ever thought of asking for answers from the mystical unicorn?—round and round said the merry horse but there was no joy in the ride when a drunkard drove into an oak tree yet it stood its ground as it shook when the lava flowed cool ooze like shaved ice and the flavors were bitter reminding me of lemon making my eyes crossed as you point your finger on my nose making me sneeze and bless myself within this holy church's fallacious pure water that roamed from the mountains, fresh and crispy the air is when spring comes to life and animals mate having good orgasms is like eating the beast that ate golilocks and maimed the three little pigs that oinked at the Babe and laughed feeling fulfillment with merriment on the knowledge of the apple that hath been bitten and crumbled the humble worm's abode all snuggled up in a cave that would rush winds powerful enough to send you to mars where the rocks are red like the soil in the south where civil war shed so much loss like the receding line on men who are going bald as the eagle that soars mighty above you where the earth revolves in an eternal up and down twirl merrily neighs the unicorn.
Envy and a Girl
John Stanitz

I envy how the mirror holds your reflection
Because I can't see your face in my mind
I envy how the moonlight touches your shoulder
And whispers promises of starlit dreams

You used to walk with the grace of the wind
Toes barely kissing the ground
But then you had to run
Innocent child of the sun
Blue Curacao Dream
Manal Chafik

bleeding words of disguise mask the embrace
fierce rhythms of song trace the ambers of my face
shone through the panes of being i could only dread
the epitaph of silence engraved within my head

the shimmer of the blue street light with its stance
hovered over head enticing me to revel in the trance
of faint hues of blue of strong hues of black
i lay down the soul that has been a burden to my back

released from the weight of years of tortured woe
i know now what to feel my gaze still lies low
the façade of reason and rules permanently sealed
too many permutations of apathy thriving upon no feel

stone cold and rock hard the words are never aligned
shivers creep up the spaces a lost tear could always find
immersed in the reflective rays of indigo embracing the night
i woke from a transcending dream to only discover i lived the plight
outside
Kelly Schottler
Dragon Scholar
Travis Wellman
Gone
Spencer Slavin

I used to tell my
Parents
That my childhood had left me
Then my parents were gone
I used to tell my
girlfriend
that my parents had left me
Then my girlfriend broke my heart
I used to tell my
Friends
That my girlfriend had left me
Then I lost my friends
I used to tell
Myself
I'd be okay
But then I forgot who I was.

Untitled
Martha Pitts
(opposite page)
Flawless
Monea Walker

She ate a briar whole, the prickles cut her vocal cords, not a word would roll from her mouth.
She became Flawless.

Eyes open wide, no tongue inside, daffodils clung to her sides, She was Flawless, hips moving at a hurried pace, she wanted to win the human race, flushed fury and tanned feet,

Flawless was her tag, she wore it gracefully, pretending to be demure and faded, her soul screamed in silence,

How dare she fantasize about sound out loud, Her mind almost stepped out of place,

She was Flawless and everyone knew.

Winning street, tanned feet, no one had a clue, Flawless exited in silence.
inoculation
Chris Donovan
A Friendly Ghost
Krista Chmiel

I was lying in my bed one night
And heard a crazy sound
It sounded like children crying
Or someone lost, wanting to be found

I could not move and could not see
Too blind from the dark night
But the noise kept ringing in my ear
So I blinked my eyes for sight

I removed my covers down to my knees
And cried out for mom to hear
But no one heard a word I said
I lay in bed with fear

But still the sound kept going on
And got louder as time past
So I stood up and walked to the door
And turned the knob really fast

I opened the door and to my surprise
My mom was standing there
Holding her arms open wide
With a halo in her hair

She said I am your guardian angel
And will be with you always
So live your life to the fullest
And your heart will mend each day

I will always be your proud mother
I will always love you so
But it is time to move on in life
It's time to let me go
Hopeless
Shawn Morse

why cant the compass steer me true
why must it always lie
why must i leave a crystal shore
and find one on which i die
in no direction is happiness
in no direction is sorrow
i only know that what i want
will never come until tommorrow
and a thousand tommorows pass away
and still my ship i sail
till i find the land i seek
then turn into the gale
and be driven back onto a shore
whos sand is shards of glass
and i shall always be dashed on the rocks
until a thousand tommorows pass.

Poem #2
Sara Bianco Riggio

How do I say goodbye to what I had?
Looking on with anguished filled eyes,
Waiting to spill tears.
Remaining ever so silent,
My hands on a glass window forming,
Reaching out to rejoin hands.
I can't break the barrier.
Bewildered, I try to remember every second,
Standing on top of the world,
The bottom of the abyss
Spread out below,
Hearing the wind roar, so angry.
It was such a beautiful, black day.
The mountains of Stuttgart said farewell
As the apathetic train carried me
So far too quickly.
My sorrow let loose.
When I said my last goodbye,
The tornado finally quieted.
So weary, so lost, I stepped on that plane.
**why**
Gary Hoffmann

it can't be because
I didn't love you
for I did
I had open'd my chest
and given you my heart
and washed my body in tears
I cried so much for your love
I bled and I loved
until angels were jealous
It can't be because
I didn't try

for I did
I tormented my soul in labor
and suffered all of your barbs
and bore the weight of your life
until my back would break
I tried for you
until there was nothing left
to try for
how many lies had you dealt me?
and still I tried and I loved
how many burdens did I bear?
and still I tried and I loved
I bent my soul and let you
wrack my spirit
and still I tried and loved
I gave my very life for you
but that was not enough
I asked for solace, a holiday
to rest my weary soul
and still you gave me more
and still I tried and I loved
you lied

you cheated
and twisted my heart
until I was your puppet
and still you made me dance
and still I tried and I loved
so, then, why?
you could not grant me
one week of reprieve?
I was not gone more
than one night
and then you took some pills

many many little white
pieces of Nirvana
all wrapped up in your
stomach
and then there was nothing
left to love
and no more ways to try
so now I am alone
and free

Untitled 3
Lavendar Marsh
I must have been dreaming
when I thought I've founded you.
Understood all that were meant
to be understood of you.

I must have gotten my legs deep
into unknown water.
Fishing perhaps,
when I saw us together by the shore,
watching the waves come in
during late afternoon.

You whispered to me one day,
that you didn't like waves.
They were too kind for you.
You envied them,
and somehow you managed to even envy me.

Asking me why I feel so much for you,
giving you so much of
my heart,
my dreams,
myself.

It's all because of you,
I did.
But it's all too much,
too new,
for you
and left.

I sit here now,
alone,
on this mound of sand
built up within my mind,
or so it seemed,
conversing with the waves as they
came in.

If you ever decide to come to the
sea again,
the waves will be here,
always,
coming in.
sunset in maine
Stephanie Snow
Cape May Looking North
anonymous
(opposite page)

Untitled
Leigh McNulty

Untitled
Kit

It’s not easy being green
Or purple, blue, or brown
It’s not easy being happy
When your spirit wears a frown

It’s not easy being humble
When you want to beam with pride
It’s not easy being truthful
When it’s easier to hide

It’s not easy to see sunshine
When you’re standing in the rain
It’s not easy to be hopeful
When you’re chocking from your pain

It’s not easy being "girly"
Yet still be drawn to pants
It’s not easy hearing music
Then beat down the urge to dance

It’s not easy being grounded
When you want to flaunt the wings
It’s not easy clenching rose thorns
While ignoring all the stings

It’s not easy to look upwards
When the ground beneath can quake
It’s not easy to dream of paradise
And knowing you have to wake

It’s not easy chasing rainbows
When the pot of gold is gone
It’s not easy to start skipping
When you know the road’s so long

It’s not easy being human
But we do it so damn well
It’s not easy locked in prison
When I live outside my cell.
caffeine withdrawal
Jacob Shamberg
ck
Clare Cassidy

man
Laura Segall
Metamorphosis
Jin Yoon
At the End of Babel Time
Sara Stallard

Dully, the souls shuffle past where he judges; dreadful in hoary beard, hair on edge, sharp frown, beady eyes; mangy curs howling drive the crowd towards the gate and pass beyond which cool damp sky mushrooms descend and engulf silently. So quiet...

Speak up!
The disembodied voice rolled around, thunderous echoes into the distance, hinting at this infinity, the certainty, the parameters are blown wide apart, scattered—

As survivors, they fought with zeal, all stubbornly stay, fixed in impermanency of air, but some do not float, flapping and rude with sniffling grunts, such are the ways of the tongues and fingers of ages now.

To reflect the mirage, a murky vision: aparacer como solamente el caballo!
To flee, fleet horse, and run away, the ride wild, the eyes blazing, a fire of flames so searing hot and cold—

What’s not?
Listening in circles they believe.
Therefore all’s naught, In proof and reproof exists all that which have [defined] success. [defied]
Most agree that they are made of mystery and mere dust, whereas some think they are capable of such information that everything is.

Quite a rigorous undertaking, green grass, the flute! And the weeping willow, doleful shadows cast about—among the lilies, more testimony to the scoundrel.
Southern Comfort
Andrew Schall
Untitled
Stephen Valenti

And the sky
And the sun
And the world

There are no words
That leads into a turn

TALLAHASSEE

TO BE A

TAL"
Strings of Confusion
Natalie Sojka

A ball of string tangling so easily
Working so hard to unravel all the pieces
As soon as a tangle of confusion is almost unraveled
Getting into the main knot
It just ends in more stresses on the string
Tangling more and more and as time goes on
The knots and tangles get bigger and bigger
And messier and messier
And the ball never gets completely untangled
As soon as it looks calm and relaxed
There stays yet another little knot of depression
That leads into a further mess and more intertwining confusion
Wraith Infinitum
Gary Hoffmann
(below, and opposite)

I am a wraith, 
vengeful spirit of the Night 
floatingly graceful 
as I slay the damned 
with the ferocity 
of a hateful Death, 
ger and scintillating 
in the cold wind 
of Winter’s night, 
Forever falling 
through the lonely ether 
faster than light 
but nowhere going 
in eternal Nothing. 
I move like Death’s purpose 
ands destroying 
God’s beloved creation 
until blood saturates 
and flesh satiates 
my soul.

Aphrodite
Michelle Cavigliano
There is a sickening snap  
so fast and so slow  
wet and warm  
approaching Infinite  
as bones are pulverized  
and falling towards Zero  
beneath my fury.  
struggling to escape  
Briefly I cherish a scream  
the colors of Nothing  
as empathic pain fills the void  
and I wonder  
before Life ends  
what I am fighting  
and True Life begins.  
and realize I don't know,  
Hollow, I wander  
but continue despite,  
flyng the Night  
knowing that to stop  
in sadistic ecstasy.  
is Death  
I reach out  
and beyond: Pain  
my weightless arm --  
I am fighting  
moving faster than angels roam  
for peace  
yet to my senses  
for rest  
is slower than Time --  
and caress the naked flesh  
and so I have become Death,  
of Fate.  
destroyer of Worlds.  
Writhing  
impossibly moving
Shu-Jin Huang #1
Shu-Jin Huang

As an international student, the differences between my country and the United States is the subject matter I have focused on in the last two years "Shu-Jin Huang #1" is the first piece, which was made when I got here. This unglazed ceramic work is an enlarged giant thumb print, 5' by 6', lying on the grass. If is about a person who doesn’t know anything in this strange place and attempts to find her way to be a stronger individual in every sense. As this thumbprint is placed on the grass, it was making a powerful statement that I would root and grow on the ground of the United States.

slug maiden final
Tom McGuire
(opposite)

memorial
Heather Myers

you left
ten years ago today
I wasn’t there
in the rain
leave a stem of dried chrysanthemums
yellow ones
at the base of a solitary maple

9 November
It’s a pane of glass. Imagine you’re a child, in a preschool, or grade school, it doesn’t matter, and you’re looking out one of those glass walls they tended to have in things like the cafeteria, and outside you see kids playing and having fun and you wish you were out there, and occasionally a kid comes over and tries to talk to you, but it’s through the glass so you can’t hear them, and you try shouting back and pounding on the glass and they look at you funny because they can’t hear you either and because you seem so frantic to shout at them and pounding the glass is violent, so they ignore you and go off to do their own thing, and you watch them play at the playground and have fun wanting to be out there, but unable to get through the glass, and you look and finally you find the door, but it’s real hard to open because you’re too small to really reach the handle, but you jump and you make it because you have to be outside, because you want to be happy and have fun with the kids outside in the playground, and when you get out there, by then it’s a little late, and you don’t know why people are having fun, they took out the seesaw and everyone seems to be happy to talk about what was occurring and you try the new rides, but they just don’t seem as fun, and people don’t seem to like you to much more, perhaps because you hurt yourself opening the door or perhaps it’s because you just don’t belong there or maybe, just maybe, it’s because you were inside for a reason and eventually it seems a little dark and most kid go home and you’re stuck outside with two who were fighting and still are and you look and it’s not very happy so you go back inside and look for anything else and you find the band or perhaps something else, but they only speak in notes so you have trouble communicating, and you like it there although you don’t speak the language, but it feels more like you belong there then at the playground, yet there are times when you’re still really sad, and you think back and remember that the kid who walked over and tried to talk to you through the glass seemed nice and you liked a bunch of the kids from the playground but something was wrong when you were there although that might have just been you, and you’re willing to try and it takes a bit of doing but the agree to come over and see the band, and they seem to like it but the again they really did love the playground and you watch them go back unable to ask them to stay if they aren’t happy, and unable to go because you just don’t belong outside, and you don’t really belong here in the band, so you sit by the window and watch the kids play in the playground unable to be part of their world, unable to have a world of your own, and not knowing what to do, and just wanting to cry, but that just makes it worse because the people on either side don’t like crying. That is the glass wall that’s between me and you, and I watch you outside having fun knowing I have no right to interfere and yet wanting to just have a friend I can talk to but the wall’s in the way and I’m unable to find you so I sit here unable to...
Glass
Josh Brodersen
(opposite)

Glass
Kelly Schottler
allo
Chris Donovan
(opposite)

boxer
Kelly Schottler
Haiku 2
John Stanitz

Walking down the street
Girls out to get liquor and clothes
Sweet as chocolate rain

Not a sound in sight
Thoughts betray my clouded mind
Under neon glare

What are these faces
Diffusing from sidewalk cracks
Echoes from the past

All under the sun
Your life, death, and all the rest
All under the sun
**Brick City**
Heidi L. Plain

The tinted glass lends an ominous aura to the vast beyond. Cold red bricks provide a backdrop that cruelly confines the expansive pine trees. Life is often equally as binding. Who among us has not felt helplessly trapped, unable to contradict a predestined fate? But looming buildings are often securely anchored and not even a gale force wind can change that.
Avalon (Nine Sisters)
Sara Stallard

We are the quiet
We are the line

There is a chaos
Of which we cannot speak

We bear upon our shoulders
The majesty of honor and the heart of fault

Pure and courageous, we say nothing
But our rosy cheeks tell the tale

The path is crooked and confusing
But we do not meander, we do not wander

Nations come together when we march
Hallelujah!
We are pieces of many but we come as one

How one we grow!
Zeus
Clare Cassidy
the lost childhood
Jin Yoon

Children & AIDS
Tara Nesbitt
Crisis of Flowers
Sean McVey

A crisis of flowers, the street full white, the midnight darkness skewed by the glowing icy fog. Wind swiped, but still free, our legs walk. Leaving shadows of our feet to play out and form a zigzag history of the path taken, in a truer sense the Frost intended. The winters breathe a child of lake and ice, wanting so much to make his presence known. With excitement he ruled the hour, uncertain in his youth, now in this his moment an act made grate by a show of winter’s ways one could only know by experience. Truly winters frost has given us this young creature to embrace like a brother, in love of family, but still we hate his ways.

I know not a better way to live then to dance in the face of many pains, a show that there prescience is a failing task. So with winter I will toil in his wake, careful never to change my course on his account.

When not in winters crisis life leaves open chance for folly of different sorts, so much related to the weather of the session. Spring rains gives way to summers heat. Summer falls pray to autumns wind. Autumn ends quickly into winters icy hands. This cycle pushes age along. We are, though not commonly stated, trapped in this universe in the same way that most are trapped on this earth. Others their jobs and loveless relationships, like a bird in a cage. So much of life is in the timing. Held pray to nature, whether nature is god or fate (or maybe they are all the same) we live in a fish bowl an existence we cannot control or even explain. Happily we hand the realm of the unknown over to god and wash our hands of the questions of existence like so much guilt.
Through the Clouds
Shawn Foster
For Angel's Charm
Gary Hoffmann

of all the girls I've ever written poems about
I want yours to be the one people read and say,
"My God, that's beautiful" in breathless wonder,
but no words I can write will do you proper homage.
Never enough will instill in them the joy I feel
when I think of your eyes, shining brighter than stars
as they looked back at me after reciting some verse
my hand could never -- being lesser of talent -- have penned.

I want this verse to reach unto the heavens
and grip the hearts of Angels therein
to make the entirety of Paradise weep with joy
as my gift to you.
and -- this reading --
I want lovers and poets
and dreamers and children
to see as I have seen
this seraphic vision
of truth and beauty
which so entranced me
a Universe away
and, having writ, I
want man's breath to
end timeless before
Immortal you,
so the world and heaven
and all betwixt will
derive sustenance for their
thirst for beauty
for eons to come.
yet, as here I sit
on a lonely (again) midnight
driven by inspiration which
will not wait for sleep
nor dreams
my best endeavors seem
as merely insults to thee,
whom Angels call Life.

*Untitled 2*
Nadia Sablin
Icescape
anonymous
Absence  untitled
Táshana Spann  Kim

People say that absence makes the heart grow fonder,
But I say that absence only makes the heart forget.
...And I forgot you...
The strength in your hand when you wiped away my tears,
The solace in your voice when you held me,
The encouragement you gave from a single look,
The love you gave me unconditionally.
...Then I began to forget my feelings...
The desire I had to impress you on a date with my appearance and style,
The butterflies that tumbled in my stomach when your lips brushed against mine,
The joy I possessed when I got lost in your eyes,
The undying love that I had for only you.
...Gone, just gone...
Now memories are all that remain.
Too much forgotten to return.
Too much time passed.
Just too much.
...People never tell you that absence can be too much.
Editor-in-Chief
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Design Editors
Clare Cassidy
Sara Stallard

CD-ROM Editors
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(from left to right) Andrew Schall, Jim Chase, Neha Jain, John Roche
(front row) Sara Stallard, Rishi Mehta, Stephanie Snow
Kristine Frazier/Laura Segall/Chris Donovan/Billy Market
Spencer Slavin/Stephanie Snow/Mike Twohig/Khamla Saenglongma
Andrew Schall/Stephen Valenti/Natalie Sojka/Michelle Cavigliano
Shu-Jin Huang/Tom McGuire/Josh Broderson/Heidi L. Plain
John Stanitz/Manal Chafik/Kelly Schottler/Travis Wellman
Joseph Painter/Randall Good/Heather Myers/BJ Delorenzo
Jeremy Kuster/Martha Pitts/Nadia Sablin/Monea Walker/Krista Chmiel
Jennifer Czebotar/Tara Nesbitt/Sean McVey/Shawn Foster/Tashanna Spann
Coari/Seung-Yean Cho/Sara Stallard/Clare Cassidy/Lavendar Marsh
Gary Hoffman/Kit/Leigh McNulty/Kim/Jacob Shamberg/Jin Yoon
Jeff Clarkson/Shawn Morse/Sara Bianco Riggio/Keith Avery

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