



*art*  
**art**  
*literary*  
*issue*

 Reporter  
5.12.00



The background of the page is a photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sky is a warm, golden yellow, and the water below is a dark, reflective brown. The silhouettes of trees are visible on the left and right sides of the horizon. A large, white, stylized ampersand graphic is centered on the page, overlapping the text.

*art*  
*&*  
*literary*





*reporter*

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# editorial

**“After a certain high level of technical skill is achieved, science and art tend to coalesce in esthetics, plasticity, and form. The greatest scientists are always artists as well.”**

—Albert Einstein

If ever there was a man associated with pure scientific genius, it is Albert Einstein. Most famous for a “simple” mathematical

formula,  $E=MC^2$ , which changed the world of physics forever, in this quote, Einstein draws a parallel between art and science. Interestingly, Einstein himself took much solace in the music of Mozart and the playing of his own violin; art was as important to him as was science.

Here at RIT, mathematical formulas—along with bricks, sharp right-angled corners, and computer networks—are the routine; a technical school in every sense. We are often so caught up in the technology of the world, that we do not even notice artistry. If we believe in the words of Einstein, we are not paying attention to *all* of the important aspects of the world in which we live.

Many of RIT’s students are artists—by trade, or in their free time. They create paintings and sketches, photographs and sculptures, poems and stories, that may or may not have scientific or technological backing. Either as a release from the hustle and bustle of academia, or as a means of expression, many students fill their pages with works of art.

As the conclusion of another school year quickly draws near, *Reporter* would like to take this opportunity to showcase the artistic inventions that have been produced by RIT students. The following pages include deep feelings and emotions as expressed by the paintbrushes, camera lenses, and pens of some truly creative minds. We are presenting you with our first-ever Art & Literary issue; a compilation of many of the images dreamed up by RIT students. We have done an Art Issue at the end of recent school years, but this is our first issue including literature as well. It is also our longest issue to date.

So as we go away for the summer—on paths to new careers, or to take some time away from the academic rat race—let us not forget that our technology and knowledge do not fully express who we are. It is our imaginations and emotions, expressed through fine art, photography, and literature, that truly define each one of us.

Nicholas R. Spittal  
Editor-in-Chief

*Reporter* would like to thank everyone for their contributions to this issue. We would also like to thank all of RIT for support and input throughout the school year. You are the ones who make *Reporter* what it is each week.





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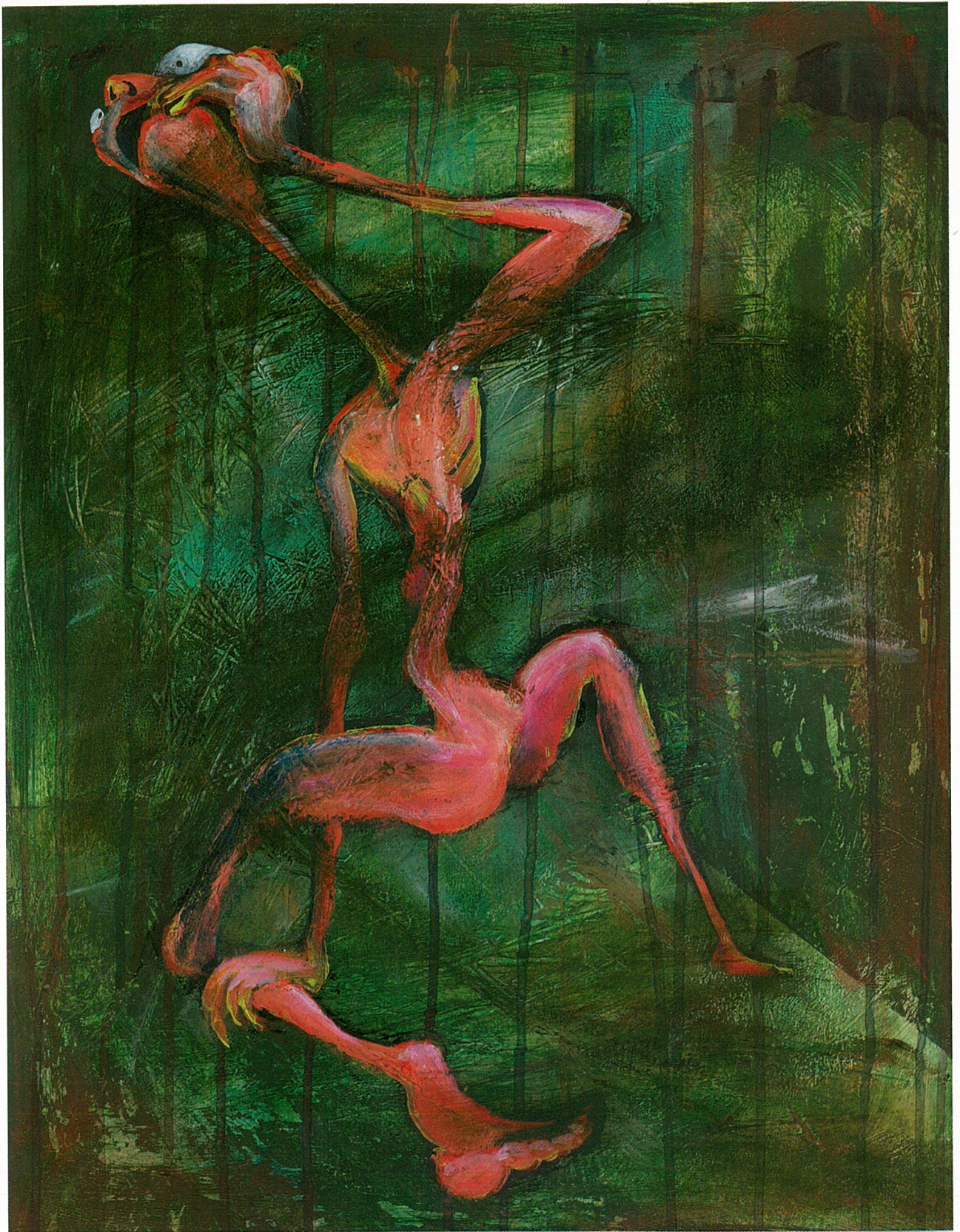
### Special Thanks:

Jon-Claude Caton  
Chris Ehrmann  
Kevin W. Lorenzi  
Kelly Pearson  
Andrew Quagliata  
Press & Pre-Press

All Students that have graciously submitted their work.

REPORTER Magazine is published weekly during the academic year by a staff of students at the Rochester Institute of Technology. Business, Editorial, and Design facilities are located in room A-426 in the lower level of the Student Alumni Union. Voice/TTY line is (716) 475-2212. The Advertising Department can be reached at (716) 475-2213. Subscription rate is \$7.00 per quarter. Opinions expressed in REPORTER do not necessarily reflect those of the Institute. All original content is property of the creator and protected by copyright. RIT does not review or approve the contents of REPORTER and does not accept responsibility for matters arising from anything published in the magazine. Letters to the Editor may be submitted to our office or e-mailed to [reporter@rit.edu](mailto:reporter@rit.edu). Please limit letters to 200 words. REPORTER reserves the right to edit for libel and/or clarity. No letters will be printed unless signed and accompanied by a phone number. All letters received will become the property of REPORTER. REPORTER takes pride in its membership in the Associated Collegiate Press and American Civil Liberties Union. Copyright 2000 REPORTER Magazine. All rights reserved. No portion of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from REPORTER.





**Mike Twohig**  
3rd year Illustration



## "elena"

She looked at me and *gently smiled*. Hers was a look that shattered men, and made *jealous* women. Her **costumed black chrome** kept her safe and the *milk* of her skin was a *desire, wanting* and *needing*. My mouth refused to move as some unseen *euphoric force* beat at my soul, and *ripped* at my heart. Shine black but *white within*, her armor was crested, impervious to the world. Gates swung within her, allowing only the darkest pure to share her *fruits*. *Eve would be jealous. I sinned and the world rippled with laughter*. Reaching her I stopped 'n' stared into those **prized jewels** of hers. With a moment's hesitation I stammered out my intentions, hoping her *angelic movements* would be mine, and we smiled by the water, *laughing in our own*.

**By Mark Hamilton**  
3rd year Illustration

**Andrea Kahn**  
2nd year Graphic Design







**Kevin W. Lorenzi**  
4th year Visual Journalism





# Thinking of You

Angelic, poetic, magnetic, you are  
Blue skies in the day, at night you're the stars  
Every word you say is like a symphony  
You see straight into me  
Through all my jokes and glib remarks  
You fix your gaze upon my heart  
You see my tears  
My childhood fears  
Everything that makes me  
You have more heart than I'll ever know  
Softer than snow  
I've never met a woman like you  
Perhaps I never will  
Even still  
I try to live each day without you  
There's something about you  
That no one else could ever borrow  
So even though you aren't with me today  
I'll still love you tomorrow

**By Justin Davis**

5th year Biomedical Photography

**T e n** thousand twisting  
turning  
weightless  
a tangled universe of curls  
resting upon one another  
like tired lovers  
after a bout of tireless love

**By Kevin W. Lorenzi**  
4th year Visual Journalism

# Amadou

I should'a been him

crumpled note  
unopened fear  
cool barrel  
finger twitchy  
rape in large bills  
exploding veins of  
gentle rage  
frozen terror  
asking for a receipt  
silent screams of  
broken death  
developing plot  
hero climax squashed  
black mask

## spraying hollow bullets of forced regret

red normalcy violated  
chokehold hostage  
bleeding sweat fear  
stand away from the  
bubbling tension those  
deceitful eyes untied  
own laces of fatal  
stop start  
shooting this man

I'd never ask why

but my reality finds  
unarmed innocence  
color-coded conscience  
prejudged target in  
this American Beauty of  
broken ties bound  
for pavement chalked  
soft indigo tears  
4 men looking society  
backwards reflection in mirror  
forever relive each breath  
play rewind my fear  
dues paid 41 days  
in advance to hell  
pass go  
home where they're waiting  
sirens on  
knowing why.

**By Josh Gingrich**

4th Year Information Technology



"I feel so alone." Sarimah said, blinking her eyes. Her irises adjusted to the little light coming from the nightstand and she could almost see the yellow-colored paste of the ceiling.

1.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't have you," she answered.

"Oh please habibi<sup>1</sup>," Andrew said. He turned himself onto his side, facing her, and began brushing her long auburn hair. "You're talking nonsense," he kissed her cheek and placed his head on her shoulder.

"Yeah, I guess. I don't want you to call me habibi anymore. You don't mean it," she said, with a tinge of hurt in her voice. She turned her head away from him and pouted. "This is stupid."

Alex placed his lips upon her upturned ear and began licking the insides. "Habibi, don't be angry, okay. I'll call you shelmuta<sup>2</sup>. You like that, yes?" He whispered to her. "My shelmuta, habibi, abhrar..." His voice became coarser and his tongue more active.

Sarimah smiled and giggled and shivered and began to relent. "Okay, go ahead—lie to me." She whispered and received his mouth over hers. "I'm your shelmuta."

Time, passes like the tide, and suddenly they are knee deep in seawater. Suddenly it is time to for them to part. They don their clothes, and their faces, and they kiss each other goodbye, for now.

The drive through the city was quiet and lonely. Sarimah looked out into the city lights and noticed how terribly busy the city was at that

2.

time of night. The little coffee shops and restaurants and stalls, all bunched up with people, even at the late hour. Fancy cars and cheap cars and fancy people and cheap people all mingling through the thick smell of fried onions and exhaust fumes. All these people: Do they hold terrible secrets in them as she does? What deeds do they have stained on their hands? On her hands.... She wanted to cry, to sob and let out that monster, but she could not, her eyes remained dry and her chest remained still; maybe she was not built that way, so she sighed.

As the taxi wove it's way out of the city streets and into the quiet air of suburbia, coming closer and closer to her home, the emptiness in her grew larger. He would be home tomorrow, she thought. Her mind began to move through the things needed for her house and her spouse. The food needs, the cleaning needs. She had not been home for almost three days and things must be proper when her husband comes home. The taxi stopped in front of her house, a two-story bungalow too big for the couple. It was inherited from her and it was somewhat of a blessing and a curse. It was nice to have such a comfortable house, but she could not stand staying there alone. She locked the front gates and entered the house, where she proceeded to lock the front door. She then went up the stairs, and into the master bedroom, and fell onto the bed; she was asleep in minutes.

(1) *Habibi*: My love

(2) *Shelmuta*: Derogatory name for a woman (e.g. bitch, whore)



The next day was filled with cleaning and cooking and shopping and phone calls and homework. Alex had phoned her and they talked of how to get together again. His voice poured over her like honey and she suddenly could feel his tongue and his caresses and him in her.

3.

She felt dizzy and began to ache for his touch. It was terribly distracting to her. At 4 in the afternoon, her husband arrived home. His Mercedes dragged itself up the incline toward the house and stopped with a burp at the main door. She opened the door and greeted him with a sloppy kiss to the cheek and a modest hug. They made idle chat about his trip and her stay at home. He walked his heavy frame up the stairs and after a few minutes the shower could be heard running. She busied herself with making tea and when she brought the tray out to the TV room, he was already down in his sarong and T-shirt. The TV was on and he was watching the news. They enjoyed tea and some small talk. The impending wedding of his sister was the main topic and plans for them to fly to Kelantan<sup>3</sup> were decidedly made.

Through all this, Sarimah could not help but examine her husband more closely than before. She suddenly noticed the belly that was growing on him, and the receding hairline he was developing; true he was six years her senior, but she was noticing other things in him that felt repulsive. The way he yawned, contorting his face into an ugliness; the way he cut her sentences short to make his point; the mole on his cheek that looked cancerous. Slowly he began to be more and more of an offense in her sight. She felt it was another man sitting there, vulgarly wrapped in a sarong. This was not the man she had married. This was not the man she had fallen in love with. Her head felt like bursting as he mouthed out things about his sister's fiancé. His voice was like the drone of some unearthly machine, drilling a cavity into her head. When he noticed she was in her own thoughts, he got up and marched off to the bedroom, to get ready for Maghrib<sup>4</sup> prayer. She cleaned up the coffee table and heard him leave the house; the swish-swash of slippers being pulled on and the creak of the front gates opening and shutting. She breathed a sigh of relief. If he had not left, she could have screamed.

When he returned after Ishak<sup>5</sup>, they had fishhead curry, stir fried chili kang-kung<sup>6</sup>, and fried eggs for dinner. Through it, Sarimah was silently thinking and eating and watching and thinking. Her mind was not able to stay still. Images of her wedding and their courtship and Andrew and her parents flew in abandon. He asked her the matter, but she brushed it off. After dinner they settled on the sofa and watched a little TV. His familiar arms wrapped around her shoulders. He began to say those words he always said when the feeling came to him and she responded kindly. She began to recall his gentleness and meekness.

Later, they were on the bed—him on top of her—with the grunting, and sweating, and an end that came too quickly. He kissed her softly and murmured himself to sleep beside her. She stared absently at the ceiling. A calmness came over her and she began to remember the things that drew her to him: How good he had been to her, and how kind. He was the earth in which her feet were planted, to stay aloft. The spiritual quality of their relationship made up for the lack of its physicality. In other words, the sex was not good; never was and may never get any better. She giggled at this thought and looked at her silent, sleeping husband. The ugliness had slipped from him and he was now just a baby. She touched his shoulder and felt something brewing within her. In the end, it was her decision; to be taken by him. He was so handsome then, so charming; so in love they were.

The monster in her moaned and beat upon the insides of her chest. "How had things come to this?" she thought. She felt herself breaking from within. Nothing left but pity and a sense of tired obligation between them. Suddenly, the levee broke.

Using every ounce of her self-control she brought herself out of the bedroom, down the stairs, and into the kitchen bathroom. Tears were streaming down her face as her hand cupped her mouth, muffling the oncoming scream. When the door was locked, she felt her head shiver, and the tears coming in bigger torrents. She reached the toilet and sat on it, then the sobs began. Wreaking, heaving sobs that made her head convulse. She held her head in her hands and arched her back down towards the bathroom floor. In the darkness she felt herself breaking from the inside—releasing the dormant monster; its wail was muffled by her teeth, biting down on her tongue. She shook and shook and shook and shivered through the better part of the night.

(3) *Kelantan*: One of the fourteen states in Malaysia

(4) *Maghrib*: One of five mandatory prayers a Muslim must make daily

(5) *Ishak*: One of five mandatory prayers a Muslim must make daily

(6) *Kang-kung*: A type of vegetable



## MONSTER *continued from pg. 11*

The next day, the sky looked as if it would fall upon the city below, gray and dark; yet the bustle never ceases and life goes on unabated. Andrew leaned against his Honda Accord in the underground parking lot. It was 15 minutes after the appointed time and he was considering calling her. What was it in her voice that he heard on the phone when they were talking awhile earlier? A sense of pending finality? Was she about to set him loose? The parking garage was gray and dark and dingy, with the aroma of ozone and smoke filling the air. He heard the distant sound of the elevator door opening and closing, then the click-clack of high heels moving toward him. Then he could see her, walking that voluptuous walk of hers; the low light accentuated her curves and gave a mist-like quality to her long hair. She looked drugged, her large dark eyes fixed on him; and though he smiled, her lips stayed unmoved.

4.

She gave him a peck on the cheek and slid into the passenger seat. He stayed quiet. He was nervous and a little scared. It felt like she would pounce on him if he did not obey her unspoken orders. The drive was pensive and quiet. The Honda moved slowly under the gray pre-storm sky in the mid-afternoon traffic. He tried to speak, but was cut off as soon as the words left his mouth.

When they arrived at the hotel, they moved swiftly to their room.

She was violent, unforgiving and malicious. She tore him open and sowed him back up with every nerve ending flaring. She said not a word, except for her moans, and he was too stunned to speak. She made him shake and shiver and mewl like a babe. In the end, he was left lifeless under her, whimpering. He was adrift in sleep as soon as the deed was done and she was glad. Her head on his chest, she listened to his heartbeat recovering its rhythm. Her own heart melody danced in her ears. Then she noticed the tap-tap-tap of rain beating against the window. She felt peaceful, as the music of beating hearts and rain wrapped itself around her. She closed her eyes, and saw herself naked on a man, on a bed. Then she saw the rain beating over the roof and the windows. Then she saw the gray skies; the November skies crying.



# Thoughts Ignored

Guess what, kid? *You're in over your head.*  
She doesn't think of you that way, even though you  
wish she did.

*You're confused*, and so is she.  
You've got that in common at least.  
But one thing she knows without thinking at all  
Is that for you, she'll never fall.  
At least not now, that's for sure.  
You think that somehow she is pure  
And good and wonderful and the best?

Come on, kid. *What about all the rest?*

You need to stop fantasizing about she and her and  
that girl over there.  
Who's to say which "she" could make you care?  
You think you have this one figured out?  
You think you know *what she's all about?*  
You don't know very much, do you?  
You may be right about her, but you certainly aren't  
true.  
You're stuck on the inside, in the thick and thin.  
If only you could stand apart from yourself and see  
what I'm seein'.  
*You're mixed up about love*, just as everybody guessed.

"But wait," I say. "*What about all the rest?*"

Well, you know what your problem is?  
You're waiting to meet the woman of your dreams.  
"No, *that's incorrect*," I say.  
"I dream of the women I'm about to meet."

**By Randall Good**  
2nd year Film & Animation

# Pillow Talk

not quite terror

almost a calm in the storm

a moment so close to letting go  
it beckons and calls

but don't give in  
pretend it's not happening

not to this body

if the mind is somewhere else  
the body can't be far behind

somewhere else

floating above

looking down

reality mixes with distance  
violence in slow motion  
doesn't look as harsh

By A.H.





**Chae Kihn**  
Graduate Photography





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## Inner Rage

I bought this gun to use as a prop for a photo shoot. Yet, the more I hold the heavy cold steel in my hands, the more I stare at its shine, the more I want to use it. I want to hear the deafening crack as I pull the trigger. I want to feel the kickback run through my arm and rock my body as the bullet explodes from the barrel. I yearn to see bright red blood pooling around my feet as people crumble to the ground in defeat. I sit in my room and ponder the weapon I hold. I bought bullets yesterday. I make a final decision and put the gun back into its inconspicuous shell.

I wait for tranquility.

In a serene state of mind I take the weapon from its hiding place. I quietly walk out of the room and beat on my neighbor's door. He sleepily opens the door, his head filled with dreams of his latest love. I press the cold steel of the barrel into his neck and empty the clip. His head snaps back as his neck separates from the collarbone. His long ape-like arms flail out as he crumples to the floor. His blood quickly pools under the still warm body and spreads to warm my cold bare feet. The heat of his life enters me through my feet and sends a shiver of ecstasy through my body.

I calmly walk back to my room leaving a gory trail. My roommate sits awake in her bed, confused by the loud crack of the gun. I quietly shut the door and go to my desk where I had laid out the extra bullets.

I reload the gun.

"What are you doing?" she asks in a sleep-filled voice.

"Nothing, go back to sleep."

She says nothing and continues to glare at me through the darkness.

I shove the clip into the gun and press the hard metal to her forehead and gently squeeze the trigger repeatedly. Warm blood splashes on my face as her body plops back onto the bed.

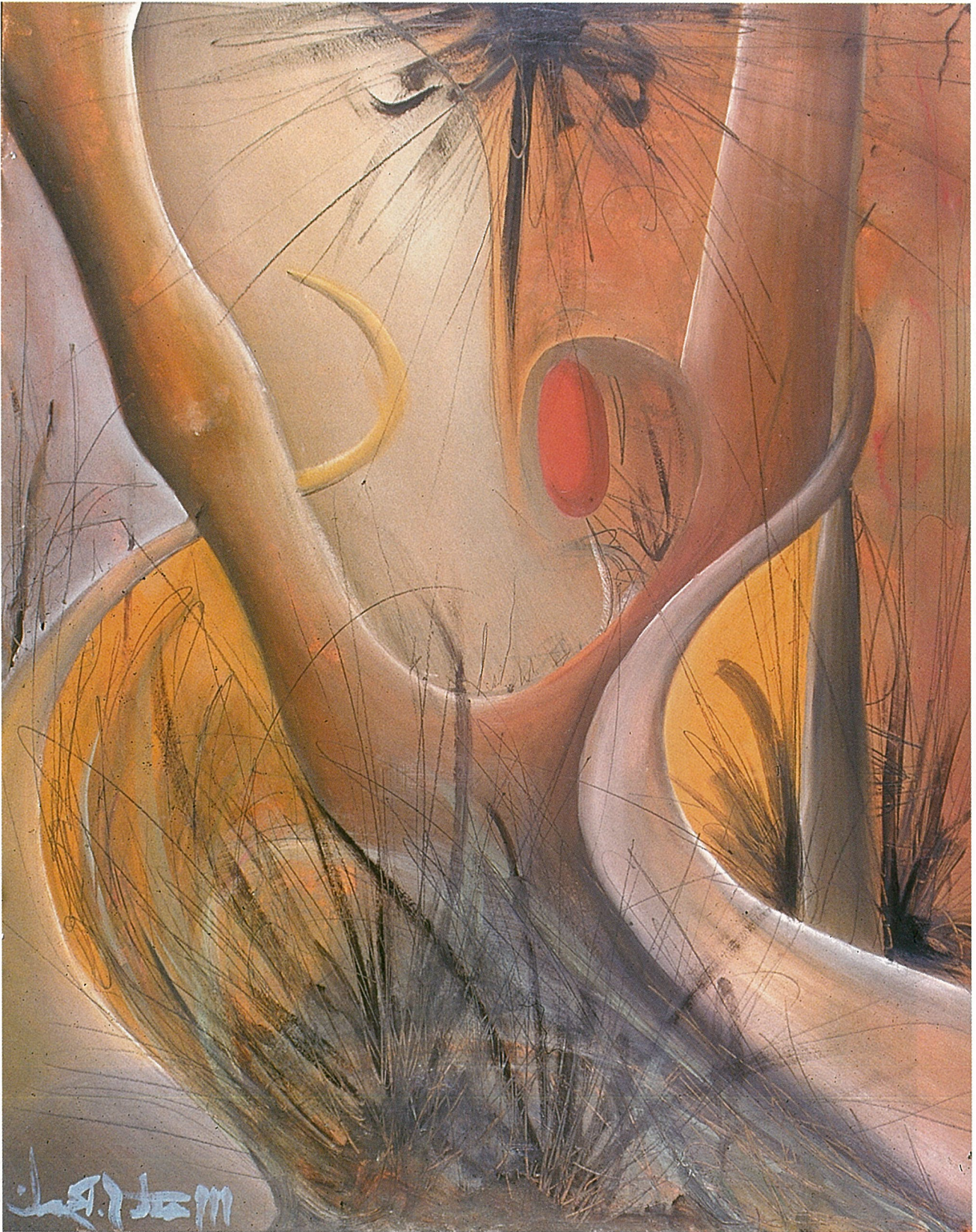
I saved the last bullet and as I shove the barrel against my temple, someone lets out an ear-piercing scream. I just laugh in my last state of euphoric ecstasy....

**By Jennifer Koehler**

3rd year Photography

*Disclaimer: This story is strictly fictional. Any relation to persons dead or alive is strictly coincidental.*





Matthew S. Beaulie  
3rd year Fine Arts





**"BARNYARD DITTY"**  
Keith Avery  
3rd Year Illustration



**Michelle Scarcello**  
1st year Illustration



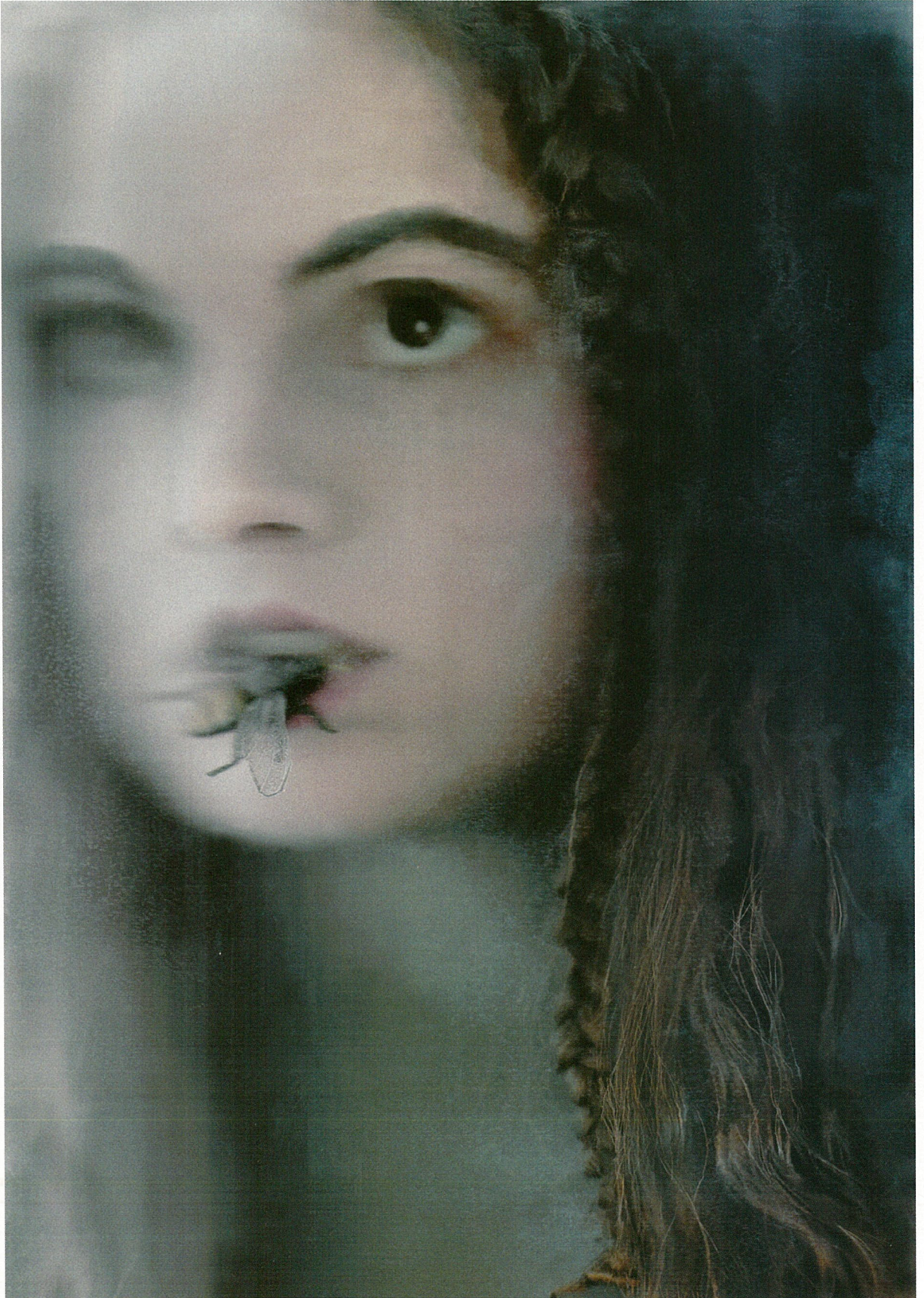
## Noise

A word given to a life form  
Forcing language upon this gift  
This gift  
That rises in each pulsing beat of life  
Rises each time as it has  
Forever  
In times and places before this existence  
This gift that lives in every conceptual way  
Recognizable and not  
Bringing joy, love, movement, breath, fear, life  
Into all things  
This gift that moves the feet, the hearts, the blood  
Of everyone it touches  
This gift was placed before us  
And brought with it mystical life  
That gives breath to the essence of this life  
Given to this earth, we express  
Noise, baby, Noise

**By Cara Passarelli**  
3rd year Visual Journalism



"BUG"  
Sara Adam  
JPHG





# Acoustics

What do you look for in a stereo?

You'll hear us where people are  
as serious about sound as you.

**Pioneer**



"ACOUSTICS"

# Intensity

What do you look for in a stereo?

You'll hear us where people are  
as serious about sound as you.

**Pioneer**



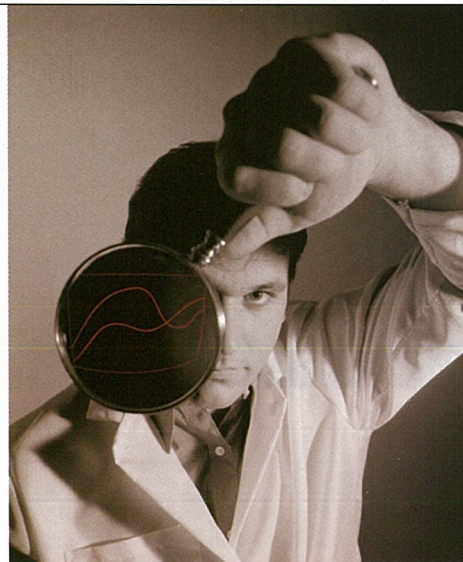
"INTENSITY"

# Precision

What do you look for in a stereo?

You'll hear us where people are  
as serious about sound as you.

**Pioneer**



"PRECISION"  
DESIGN | Eric DeRuiter  
PHOTOGRAPHER | Gary Peterson





Seung-Yean Cho  
Graduate Painting





Daniel Acker  
4th year Visual Journalism





Reporter 24  
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Shannon Johnstone





**David LaSpina**  
1st year Professional Photographic Illustration





Jacqueline Gonsalves  
4th year Mechanical Aerospace Engineering





Anna Johnson





## GoodBye

And out of the the turquoise skies  
The rose petals slowly drift  
Pink red yellow and peach  
Gazing heavenward he has no fear  
He *smiles* as they kiss his cheek

He feels good today so he *smiles*  
He opens his arms out to the world  
Gives it a giant embrace  
He twirls around  
And laughs when he gets dizzy

He goes about his day  
A silly *smile* on his face  
Rarely has he felt so at peace  
Rarely has he *smiled* so much

He lies down in the plush green grass  
And gently pulls some grass from the dirt  
He gazes up at the slowly forming clouds  
Looking like fluffy whipped topping  
Decorating a big blue cake

He closes his eyes and dreams  
He *smiles* even in his slumber  
The clouds slowly turn a bit more gray  
He laughs softly  
His dream so pleasant

Then he wakes, opening his eyes  
He gazes up at the blue-gray blanket above  
He blinks as the the rose petals fall yet again  
He *smiles* softly  
Satin black petals surrounding him  
Caressing his tired face

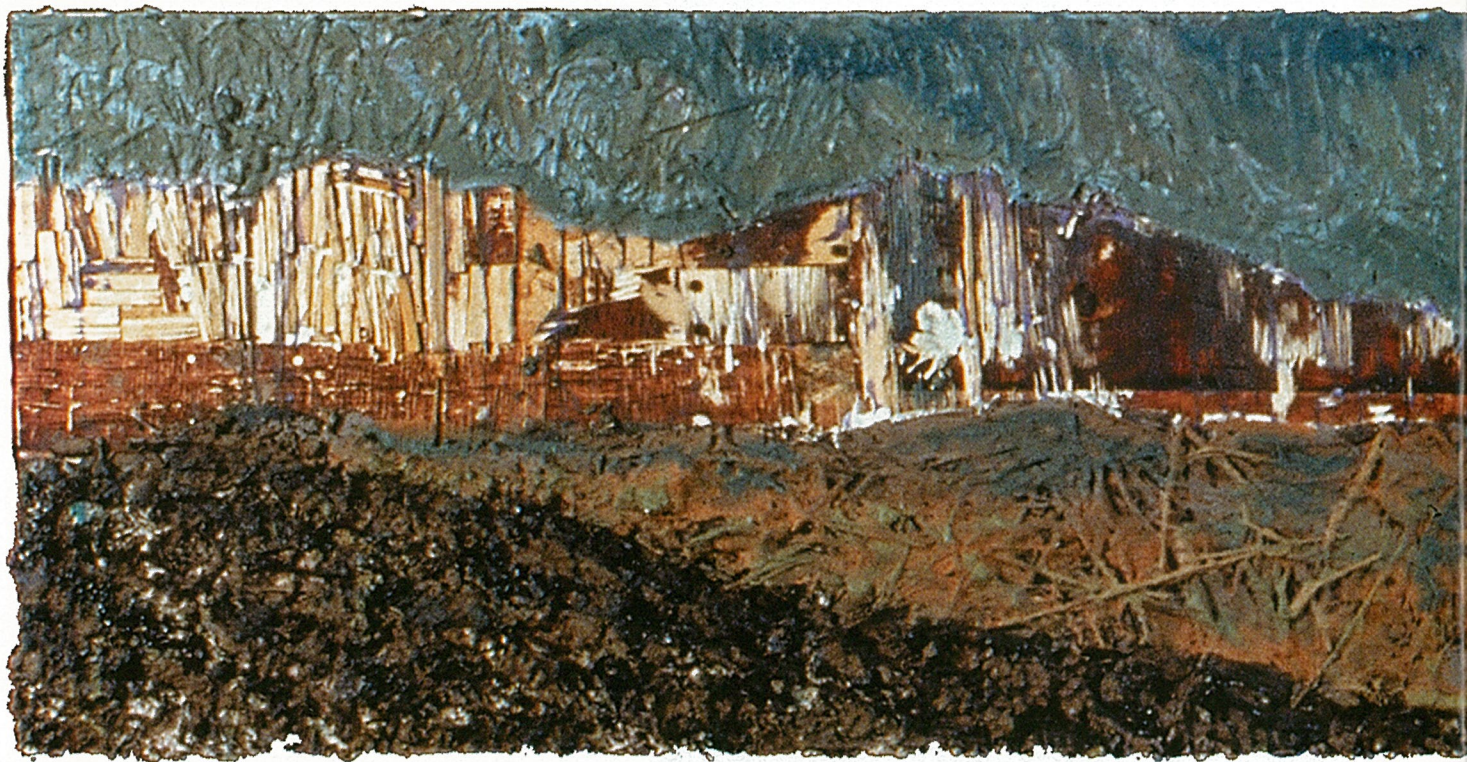
He closes his eyes  
*Smiling*, he opens his arms  
Embracing what is to come  
Thankful for that one last day

Opening his eyes, he glances around  
Takes one last look  
All he has grown to love  
*He smiles one last smile*  
He feels his last mortal peace  
He touches the soft grass  
Looks up the the heavens  
And takes his last breath

**By Jaime M. Robinson**

2nd year Biomedical Photographic Communications





Watham Bryan McIntyre











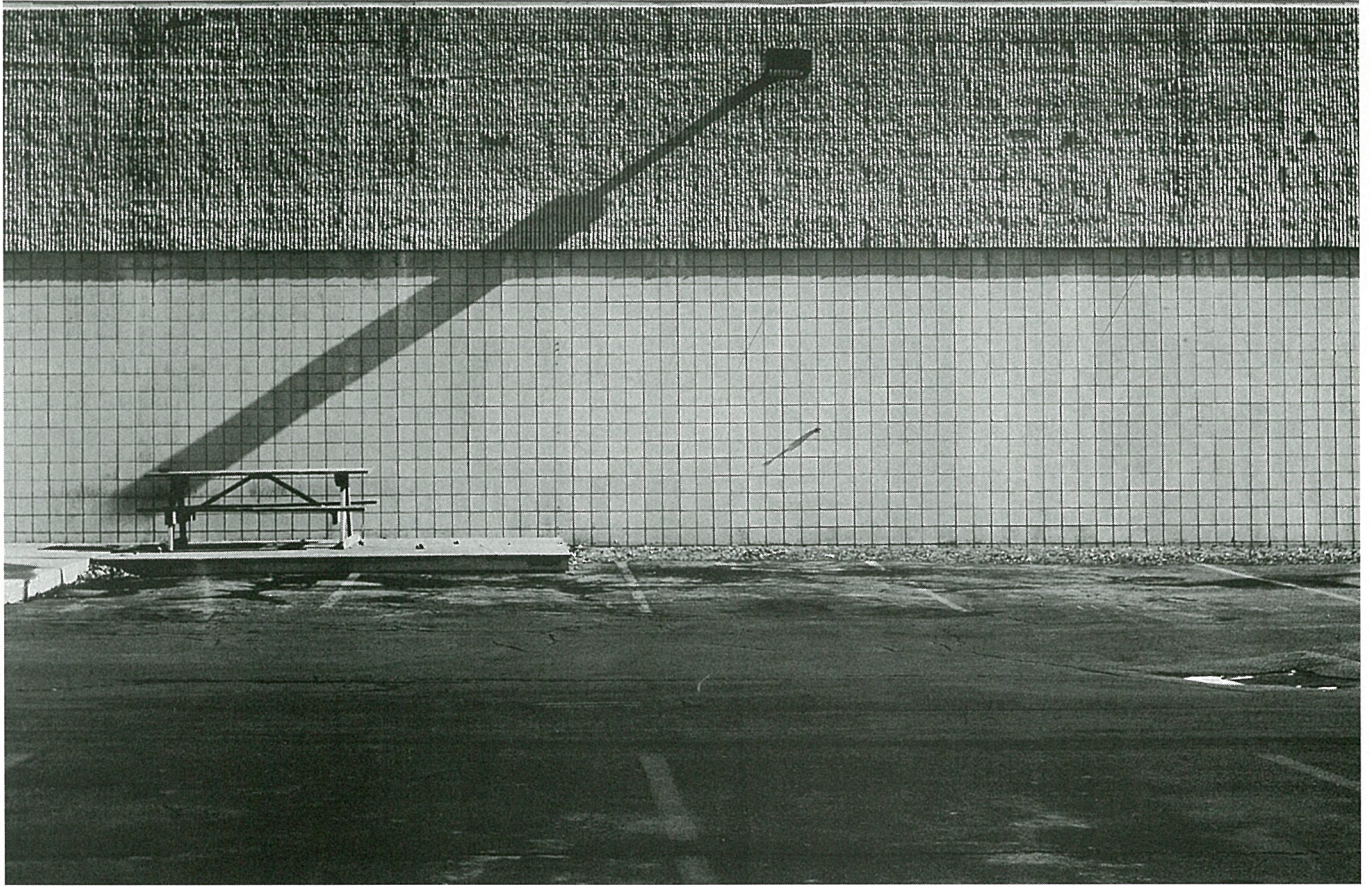
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**"UNREAL"**  
Lincoln Han  
1st year Electrical Engineering

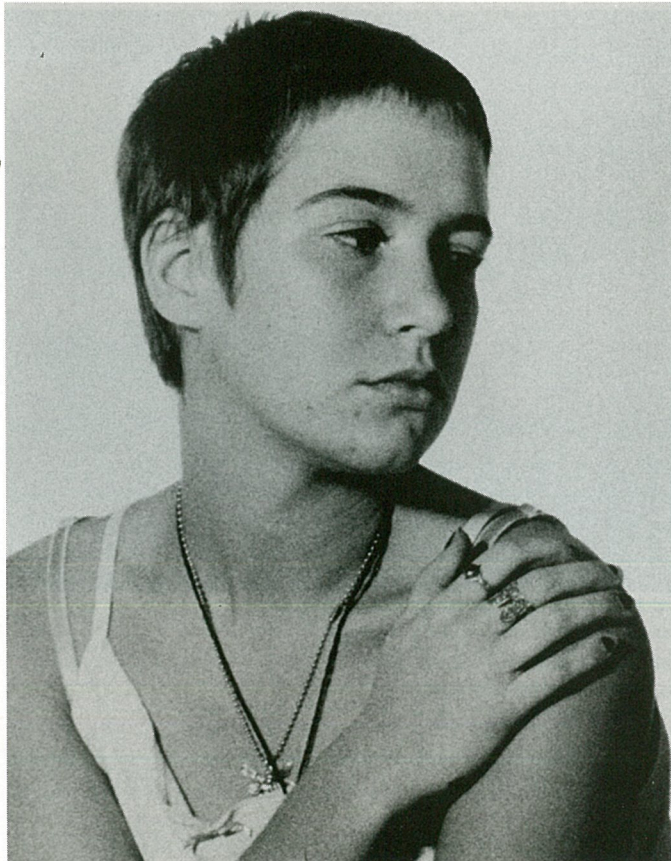
**"SAD"**  
Paul Mischler  
4th year Computer Science







**Melissa Rowe**  
3rd year Photography







**Chae Kihn**  
Graduate Photography







**"HAMLIN BEACH, NY"**  
**Miguel Samper**  
1st year Information Technology

## DESERT SANDS

Ridges carry the look of molars of fallen giants, towering over all  
Buttes in the sand are the fingers of gods, clawing their way to the surface  
Caves and chambers are like the twisted and windy intestines of Gaia herself  
Massive mountains stand, like temples to long dead deities  
Vents spew super hot water and steam, spilling the lifeblood of this world  
Ever-rising till they escape out of reach, forever divine  
Clouds cover the ground, a cloak to protect this place of divinity from uninvited spying  
Desolation protects it from all but the hardest of pilgrims  
Sands blow, escaped from an hourglass, heading our way to show that nothing can stand against Gaia  
The sands of time slip by for us, our buildings, our civilization, our insolence  
All our strength, our technology, our skills will come to naught  
Should ever the sleeping giant desert gods awake and swat away from us our lifeblood

**By Andrew Yanicke**  
2nd year Information Technology



## That Loving Feeling

Her cheeks grew pale in time, but he could not see it. Her kiss was cold, but he could not feel it. His mind was caught in the past, and everything that he had felt clouded his judgment of the present. He held her so dear because she was different from any woman he had known before. Still, she was just a girl, a chick, a high school chick. She really was, but he just couldn't see it. When it all started, her gaze was like no other. Her hair was done just for him, with great care. Her enviable lips expressed words that made him feel as if the world would have to wait for her to stop speaking, because of the pure and genuine nature of those sweet words. Yet sometimes the words stop, but still he couldn't notice. He was blinded by Love's light, and that light emanated from her eyes, from her very presence. It was all still real to him. And still he never noticed. Perhaps he couldn't, or perhaps he didn't even want to. Who could? Who would?

**"Coffee?" he asked.**  
*"No thank you."*

What a fool he was, but Love works like that. He would always prefer to remember when he held her in his arms and whispered those words that for so long he only wished he could say. "I Love you," and then her reply, as if on cue, "I Love you more." These words can mislead, and security is bought at the price of losing reason. But when such tender words are spoken, it is impossible to contain one's emotions, and he could never limit his. He was too passionate, a patriotic Lover. For when he Loved, he Loved with everything that he could. He indulged in the emotion with all that was inside of him, both good and bad. And surely it is plain to see that the very nature of those words, "I Love You," is both good and bad. The lips that utter them should always be true, but sometimes the truth is misconceived for simple strong feelings that abound, once again, from the realm of reason.

**"How was work?" he asks, such a fool.**  
*"It was a lot of work," her answer, simple and cold.*

Silence says more than a thousand words, but silence is a mystery, and like Love, is difficult to judge. Silence has so many meanings, but we have no real gauge to measure it, like there is no gauge to measure Love. We go by our will, and walk the line (one of many that we walk) between what we believe is true, and what we want to believe is true. Neither really matters.

**"The weather is getting warmer." He makes such obvious observations.**  
*"Yeah." No more, no less from her.*

The weather was getting warmer, but she was still cold. Earlier in their time, she would always say that she was cold, and he would try, try with all his might, to warm her. He would hold her, and to just hold her in his arms, to feel her breath on his chest, to watch her close her eyes and wonder what she was dreaming, was all he could ever want. The weather was getting warmer, but she was colder than before and nothing he could do would warm her. Of course, as with all the other signs, he could not acknowledge this.

He was secure once. Confident in his stride, the swagger he carried with him. There were others before her, more than he could count. Until he met her, there was a void, that only she could fill. He was so damn strong, as youth would tell. He was strapping once, and wild, reckless. He knew it, sometimes in modesty, other times in pride. But it was she that had made him weak. She made him tremble. To her he was a virgin, a scared boy, in a good way. This was not his fault, as it is not his fault that he is blind, even now, hinging his life on false hopes that only Love could preserve. Letting go is hard, and we make rationalizations for those cold feelings. Rationalizations: She isn't feeling well. She is just tired. Headache. Long day. And so on. Blinder, he could never be, that naive fool.

**"I did well today, I am moving up." He hopes that success may bring them together.**

*No reply, less than a care.*

The past can destroy the future, as it has so many times before. Her past bothered him once. There was a past, not quite as extensive as his, but more emotionally draining. He dealt with it. He tried to be the opposite of anyone that would hurt the girl that he had so reverent a vision of. He tried, like he always did when something hindered his passions, and without hesitation, she had become his passion.

**"Would you like to play a game of gin?" An old favorite of theirs, but they hadn't played in awhile.**

*"No, I am really tired." How cold could one be?*

So why was it she that had captured his heart? Why her? Many had come before, but none could call his name and have him answer as she did. She was surely beautiful. This, neither light nor darkness could deny. No human being could call her anything less than an angel. Her cheeks were pale by nature (but not as pale as now), and her little mouth curled to the sweetest lips anyone has ever known. Her eyes were a blazing brown that pierced and suggested innocence, far too pure to touch. But it was not this that had drawn him to her. He had known beautiful girls before, he was fortunate to call many beautiful girls his own. No it was something more than her sheer beauty that held his heart. It was about another line. You see, we all walk a line in life. On one side there is the person that we were. On the line there is the person that we are. And finally, on the other side, we have the person that we only wish that we could be. And it was she, the only human being that had ever made him feel like the person he had always hoped he could be. She was everything inside of him that was good. More so, she made him happier than anyone he had ever known in his brief life. Not so brief that he could not identify the significance of these things, though. He knew well that this girl was different, and more special than any of his past.

**"I Love You." A fool desperately hoping to gain a response that would comfort him.**

*"..." A silence, that cuts, and he does fall with her knife. And with this silence, his eyes opened, and he could see, barring the inevitable tears.*

By Jon-Claude Caton  
2nd year Criminal Justice



## *My Life, In a Glass*

**My glass** was full, but I saw it as half empty,

Then my glass began to leak,  
Small holes punched into it through the years,  
Invisible to all those who chose not to see,  
Even Me,

My glass was emptying, but I thought it was finally filling,  
Then Shock and Discovery,  
The Deception revealed,  
The water thrown in my face,

**The glass smashed at my feet,**

Looking at that glass then, broken into a million pieces,  
It seemed hopeless,  
Despair sunk in,  
Something **so thin and fragile had been broken;** Everyone saw it as  
Broken,  
They wanted to simply sweep it up and throw it away,  
Forget it ever even existed,

I almost gave in and **BELIEVED,** was about  
to succumb to them,

Wait,

Weren't you **sweepers the same ones** who'd been  
punching into my glass all those years?  
You couldn't see then, you certainly can't see now.  
So I began,

**All Alone,**

Slowly Rebuilding my glass,  
Piece by tiny piece,  
Every time I thought I found the right piece, it wouldn't fit,  
I'd have to begin again,  
I never thought I would be whole again,

But,

Then finally they all just fit and my glass was whole once more,  
Scarred Forever where it was broken, ancient memories of all of you,  
But whole nonetheless,  
Now came the real test,  
Could this glass still hold water after all that?  
I began pouring, ever so slowly, ever so carefully,

And,

**A Miracle occurred,**

This seemingly broken glass did not break, did not crumble,  
It stood proud and tall,  
So thirsty, it begged to be filled once more,  
But I was still cautious and poured slow, careful not to spill,

Now my glass is **filling up ever so slowly,**  
ever so steadily,

My glass may be half empty to you, but I see it as half full.

**By Rebecca Alperstein**

2nd year Fine Art Photography



## The Poem That Was Never Written

**I** wanted to write you one last love poem.  
A poem whose words would crawl up your face and run to your ears, so that you would remember me through the years.

But it was raining that day and I was listening to my favorite songs, I didn't want to get off the couch.

I wanted to write you and tell you that love poems are not necessary. You should know how I feel and writing it down

doesn't add too much appeal. So I spent the day drinking lattes, playing chess and listening to music at my favorite café.

I really did want to write you one last love poem, that expressed what I feel for you one more time. Not comparing your eyes to the stars, nor your face to the sea. But just telling you, that you're very much like yourself, and how much yourself you are like me.

But when I thought of it, you had left. I didn't even have the chance to put it to paper.

**By Khamla Saenglongma**  
2nd Year International Business



## *Desperate Man in Club*

Hey baby, what's your name?  
Are you alone, well that's a shame  
My name is Silky, and I'm here  
To make your bad days disappear

*Is that a Mai Tai* that you're drinking?

You're looking fine is what I'm thinking

*That blouse looks good.* Need I say more?

(But it'd look better on my floor.)  
Oh, did you hear that? Don't get mad  
I was just joking girl. My bad.

*Don't walk away,* I was just playing

Can't you hear the words I'm saying?

*Why don't we just relax* and dance

Oh my God, are those space pants?  
For your ass is out of this world

*Hold on,* where you going girl?

Are you some womens liberator?  
I think you're just a player hater!  
You better get away right now!  
I didn't like you anyhow!

*Oh, snap,* what's this I see?

An angel, coming right for me?  
I better get back on my game,  
Hey baby, what's *your* name?

**By Edgar L. Blackmon**  
4th Year Professional Technical Communication

## **I n t h i s c i t y**

formerly associated with steel  
exists a geometry of beautiful lines  
old row houses echoing off the hills  
upon which they stand  
and that confluence where toxic waters meet  
alive with bright dancing lights  
in the midst of a cold black abyss  
and all the while we dance upon the shores  
bodies rhyming with one another  
enjoying the sweet release when mores leave  
and all is left to song.

**By Kevin W. Lorenzi**  
4th year Visual Journalism





**Kelly Lockhead**  
1st year Professional Photo Illustration

**A n u m b r e l l a**

very snooty looking  
bathed in warm light  
as it sits in the corner  
lost and alone with no cause  
and outside  
someone is getting wet

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4th year Visual Journalism







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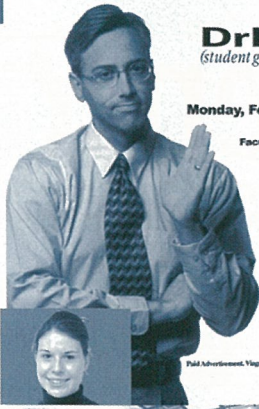
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It's a new school year and you all have great ideas about how to make RIT and SG events & hour events. Come share your ideas - send a mail proposal with Pat and Leah, the President and Vice President of Student Government, when they return to campus here on Thursday, September 20th from 5:00 - 7:00 PM in the SG.

got ideas?



**Western New York Jobs**  
 Student Government is the representative body of the students of RIT. We are the student body's voice on all matters pertaining to education, discipline, and behavior. Student Government works closely with all RIT administrators to ensure the "student perspective" is taken into account when decisions are made. In addition to being involved with institute policies, SG plans award programs and provides general services to students.

**WANTED:**  
 President and Vice President for 2000-2001 school year. The RIT student body needs Penn leaders who are outgoing, energetic, and determined to make a difference. Student members and general information available in the Student Government office in the RITreat.



Thanks.



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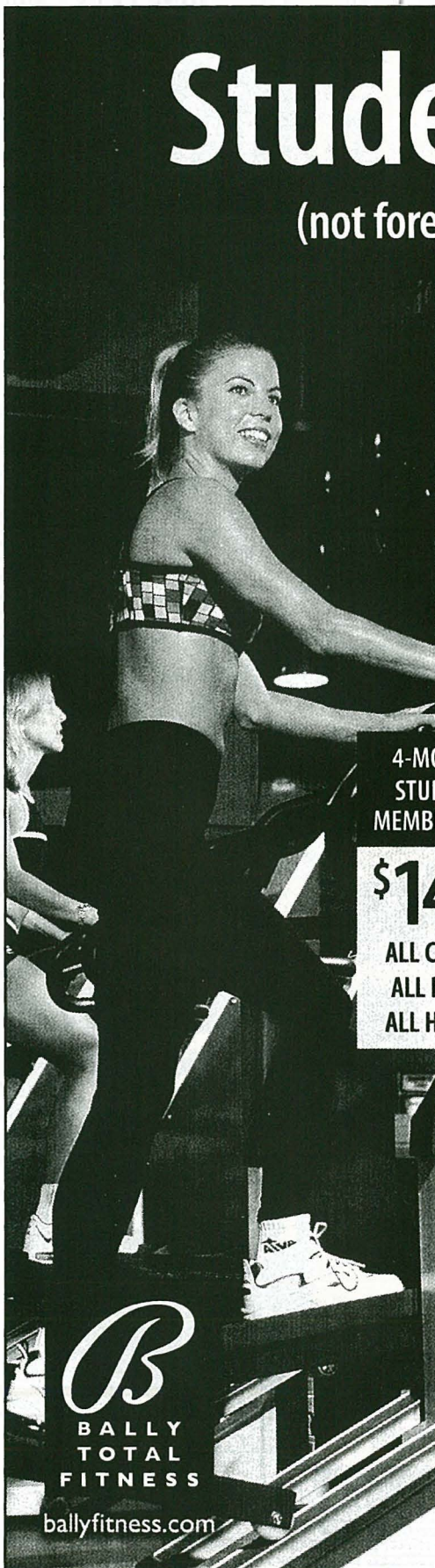
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