

MAY 18, 2001

REPORTER

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ART



LITERARY

"NEAR TOO FAR"

MARY SHANNON JOHNSTONE
2ND YEAR GRADUATE PHOTO



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CONTACT INFO

MAIN 475.2212

ADVERTISING 475.2213

DESIGN 475.5633



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EDITORIAL

Art. It's everything to me, maybe nothing to you. It's gotten me through high school, into college, and will soon hopefully launch my career.

My high school notebooks were always filled with more sketches than notes, more graffiti than words of meaning. I was never really interested in "normal" art classes, painting, pastels, etc. When it was time for me to expand my artistic sense, I took it to the street, where buildings, walls, and warehouses became my canvases.

I always wrote graffiti to release my feelings and creativity, expend my energies, and advertise my ideas and name. I never wrote graffiti to vandalize, scrutinize, or to voice my political agendas. There's a rush that goes along with it though; always on the move, always on the run, always almost finished with that one masterpiece you have been looking forward to putting up for weeks.

When the end of high school was near, and my future was skeptical at best, I wondered how I could take all the aspects of my work in graffiti and apply it to a career.

I became interested in Graphic Design. After all, it was combining words with pictures to get ideas across, which was what I had been doing for years. I spoke to guidance counselors and applied to a few colleges. I visited RIT and had a portfolio review and interview. My portfolio was all graffiti, and my grades and SAT scores were "below what RIT expects from incoming freshmen." My portfolio review was with design professors, who saw through the marker and paint, and understood I had talent and desire.

On the day of my high school graduation, I received a letter from RIT, the only four-year school I had applied to. They accepted me, most likely more for my artistic potential than anything else.

So after five years here, all my design courses behind me, I have been chiseled around the edges, and a Graphic Designer has been revealed. My ideas have been sometimes shot down, sometimes heralded. As I look to step into the real world, just remember: Art is what you make it...



Douglas Zenzel
Art Director



"SPAZTIK"
MIKE TWOHIG
4TH YEAR ILLUSTRATION

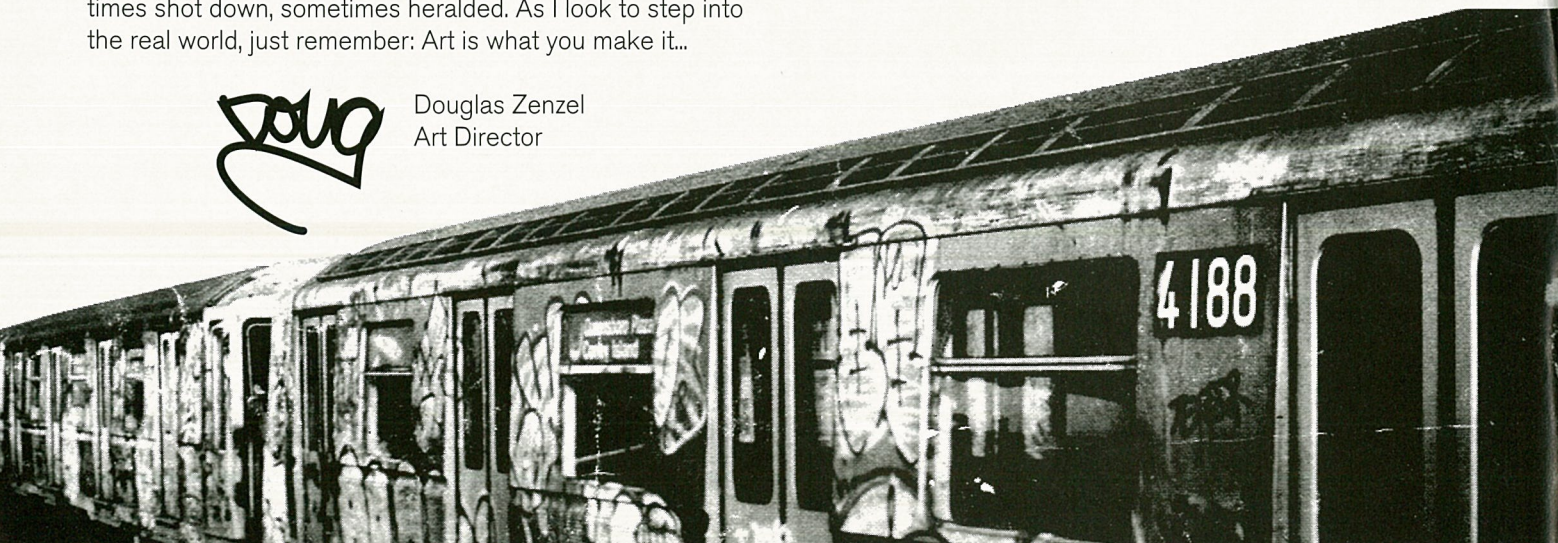
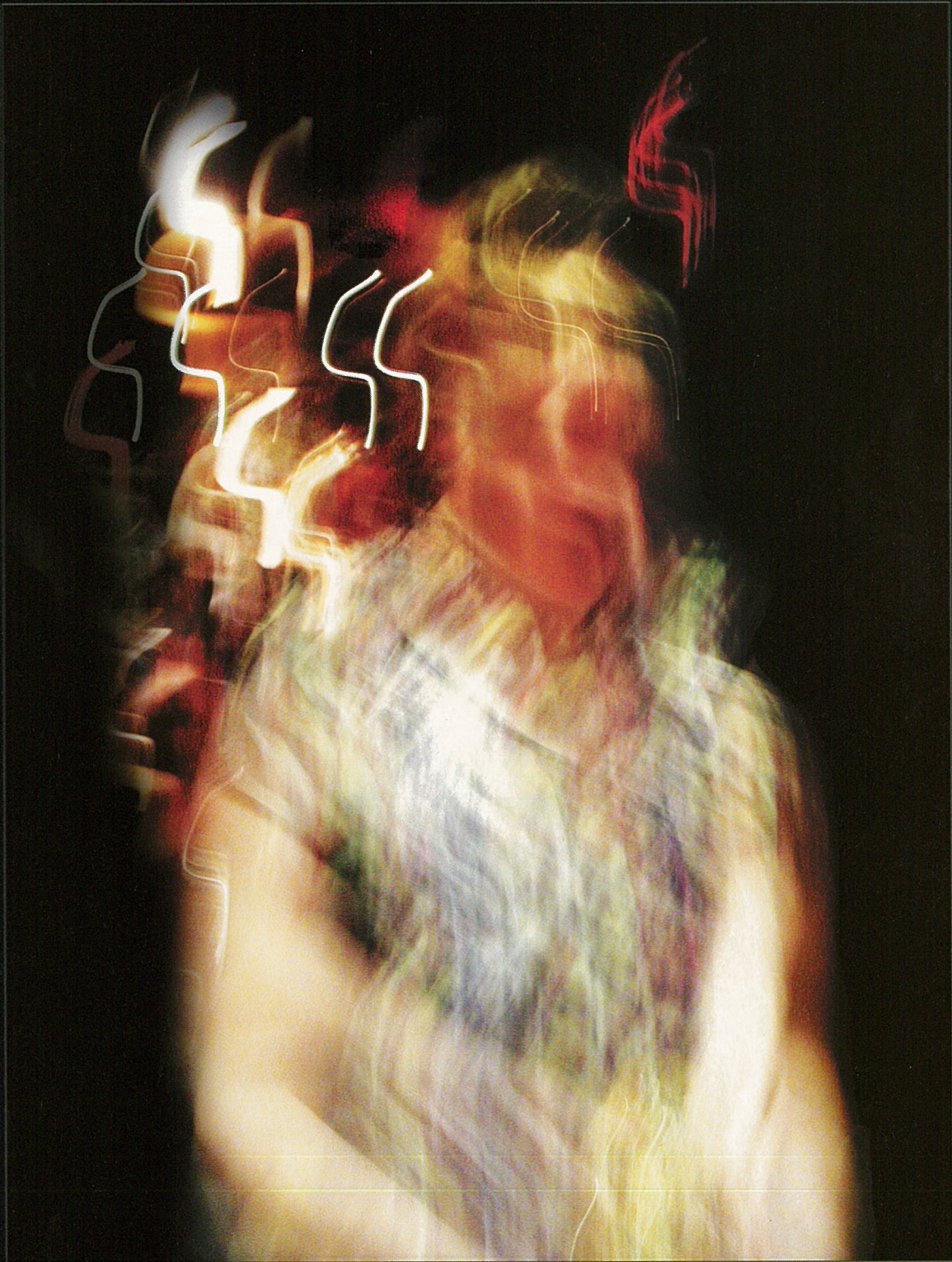


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"DEMON ANGEL"
SARA STALLARD
4TH YEAR ILLUSTRATION

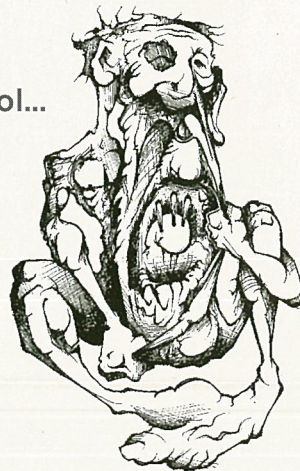
"UNICORN"



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
goldilocks 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 crumpled 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 mightly above you where the earth revolves in an eternal up and down
twirl merrily neighs the unicorn.

"WAITING"

i am alone, talking to the lone
howl, says the blue lone that has gone awol...
trek that i, upon the desert
bland and dry, but paradise uprise...
mirage or true that i not forsee-
sway the palm, shine the reflection;
glisten my sweat, parched my throat...
walk, heave and i heavily carry a camel,
a dried up well...
dust caked, burnt and peel'd my lips...
alone, i am, howl, a lone
mirage, paradise has a rise!
Hello!



BOTH POEMS BY
CLARE CASSIDY
4TH YEAR
PSYCHOLOGY

"IMPRISONED IN MY SKULL"
MIKE TWOHIG
4TH YEAR ILLUSTRATION

"DANCING"
BRIAN MARCUS
3RD YEAR PHOTO



"TOMBSTONES"
BEN PETERSON
3RD YEAR
GRAPHIC DESIGN



PT. 1

What is it you see when you see me?
What label or name do you wish me to be?
African American, Negro, Black
It's real simple when you do me like that
Why don't you label me for what I am?
A strong and shining All-American Man
Stop trying to separate me from what's mine
Stop making me the face of our country's crime
I am not poor, I am not broke
I drink a little bit, sometimes I smoke
But not the drugs you put on me
Infecting my community
I'm not from Africa, nor is my kin
But that's the barrel you throw me in
For it's far too hard to admit the truth
My face is the face of America's youth
I'm eloquent, intelligent, and overtly real
I'm filled with ambition, power, and zeal

PT. 2

There is no sky in my eyes
And no sunshine in my hair
I don't throw touchdown passes
I don't make love to jezebel cheerleaders
I am the All-American man
Born here, raised here.
Loyal to a country who spurns me for being me.
Faithful to a flag that didn't have me in mind.
I am the All-American man.
Strong, intelligent, and proud.
Constantly underestimated,
Rarely understood.
I am what this country wants its sons to be
What do you do when your best example of America
Is me?
When I succeed, you will call me
"A credit to my race."
Are brown men in Ghana going to fill the streets
When I'm lauded on the merit of my work?
No America, I'm not a credit to my race
I'm a credit to you.
Because I am the All-American Man



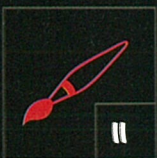
"ALL-AMERICAN"
EDGAR BLACKMON
4TH YEAR
PROFESSIONAL TECHNICAL
COMMUNICATIONS



"BUZZ"
KEITH AVERY
4TH YEAR ILLUSTRATION



"CLONING"
MIKE HENDRICKS
4TH YEAR
GRAPHIC DESIGN



RYAN

I do not remember who made the first contact: her or me. It wasn't even that long ago, one or two weeks at the most. I do remember that it was awkward. I had dated Lily for at least 20 months before packing my things and leaving for school. We never really had a chance to decide what we were going to do with ourselves (and our relationship).

Age aside, it had been a mature relationship as far as I was concerned, and I was pretty sure she thought the same. I was her first, she my second. Yet this time around it seemed to be a much stronger love than with Samantha. It wasn't that I didn't care for Samantha; it was that I valued my relationship and experiences with Lily more. Much more.

Relationships are funny that way. Some people you date you couldn't give a shit about two weeks down the road. Others seem to stay with you for months. And then there are those women who you just can't seem to shake no matter how hard you try. They are always there, in your mind. It reminds me of a line I heard in *The Matrix*, "your mind makes it real." Now your raging emotions turn to physical desire. You want them, desire them, and you don't care how or for what duration.

We had spoken since we got to our respective schools, but it had mostly been how classes were going, dorm life, and the usual bullshitting. The first important conversation was the one where she told me she had gotten drunk. She had been at a small party with people I knew from back home. My stomach immediately knotted up. I don't drink because I don't see the point. I was worried about her when she told me. I told her I didn't want anything to happen to her. She tried to console me by telling me that she was with Carl and Scott and that they wouldn't let her do anything stupid. I knew that was true. I would trust Carl with my life and Scott with the same, but I worried still. My own thoughts didn't make sense. I didn't have a problem if Carl or Scott got drunk, or my roommate or anyone in my dorm, but I cared if she did. It was at this point that I realized that I still had feelings for her. I was afraid of her hurting herself or, even worse, someone taking advantage of her while she was drunk.

I was going back home for the weekend to see my sister's theater production. It was my intention to stay with Lily rather than going home. I had to call her to get directions to her place. Our conversation drifted to what was going on in each other's lives. Something I said was a bit suggestive of our past experiences and she responded.

"I'm having issues, actually. But I figure if we get together and chat and such, all will be well." I was wondering about the "and such" portion of it, my mind hopeful. My stomach got all knotted and I decided to speak freely, just to let it all out. The longer I kept my emotions bottled up, the worse off I would be.

"My issues usually involve a knotted stomach, but it'll be another week. That is all," I said. True enough. In a week I'd be on a flight down and I was excited to know exactly how she felt about me. She went on about how she had been dating someone named Joe but didn't want to be. I wanted her to ditch the guy. He was competing

with me, and I wanted to know who would win her. At that point, I got up my courage and just blurted out the question.

"Do you still have feelings for me?" I asked. This was it. In approximately a second or two I would know for sure, and a seemingly heavy load would be lifted from my back. At the same time, I feared the answer. If "yes," then what would I do? I couldn't fly down every weekend to maintain a relationship. It would kill me financially and wear me down physically. If "no," I couldn't accept that. Not after all that we had shared. What felt like an eternity passed before she spoke.

"Yes," she answered. What a simple yet unbelievable answer. After months of not seeing one another, she still felt the same as I. She told me that Joe was in the room and that she felt awkward talking. I wanted to hit the kid, tell him to get the hell out of her life, that he didn't deserve her. Angry that he was intruding on our moment, I consented, promised that I would be in touch, and hung up.

I knew at once that my trip was going to be an interesting one. I couldn't wait. I nervously looked forward to seeing her again, hoping to resolve this scenario with as little tears as possible. We would have to decide what's going to be best for the both of us, knowing that what we both want may not be the best thing. The joys and pains of life can be beautiful and cruel at the same time.

LILY

I had been drinking that night. Not excessively, but enough for me to lose track of what I was saying. One guy who had been flirting with me all night was rather disappointed when all he got was a peck when I left the party.

When I got back to my room I got a call from Ryan and I told him that I was a little tipsy. He got into this protective mood like my mother and told me to be careful and that he'd feel awful if anything happened to me. It's not like I had gotten fall-down drunk. But he's really hardcore about staying dry. He wouldn't even drink real champagne at a New Year's party we went to. That was the night that I got an upset stomach from a mixed drink I had consumed. He gave me the I-told-you-so speech then too, but he still stayed with me until I was well.

Ryan has been the object of my affection for a long time now. I've had my eye on him since he was dating Samantha. I was so jealous of what they had. I felt rather bad in feeling happy when Samantha left for college and they decided not to pursue anything, but at the same time I knew that I had a chance with him now. Not only did I have a chance, we dated for close to two years before we went our separate ways in search of higher education. He went north while I stayed close to home due to a full-ride scholarship to the local university.

While we were dating, he never ceased to amaze me. He cared so much for me. He opened doors for me, and expanded my horizons beyond what I thought possible. He would appear at my door with flowers when I stayed home from school sick, despite being late for school or work. I've dated others, but none like him. I could have stayed in his arms forever, my head rested on his chest, heartbeats intertwined.

He smokes on occasion. I hate cigarettes for a few reasons. My allergies can't handle it for one. He never smoked when around me, though. My mother used to smoke and I know how hard it was for her to quit. I fear that he's going to develop lung cancer or something. He says that he doesn't smoke that much, and he compares it to my drinking habits. He says that smoking doesn't affect his judgment, whereas my drinking does. How am I supposed to know whether it's one a day or one pack a day?

Ever since I came here it's as if there's something missing. I felt this need for companionship, so I've had a few first dates since I came to school. No one I would ever consider. It's my goal to remain celibate for a while. Sex just complicates things beyond belief, and that is one hassle that I don't need. I started seeing Joe about a week ago. He's a virgin, and being a guy, surely wants to remedy that. He's a sweet guy, but knowing that, I didn't really want to get to know him in that respect.

So when Ryan called me for directions to the college, I mentioned that his problems didn't involve another person. He asked me if I was seeing someone. The phone makes it difficult to read people, so I can understand his wanting some verification of what I was alluding to.

"Yes I'm seeing someone," I told him. Speaking rhetorically, "Do I really want to be? Unfortunately for him, no." That was true. Joe was a fun guy, but he has his flaws. He's never had sex, for one. By being a virgin, he could not possibly understand my reasons for not wanting sex. He is incapable of understanding the fact that it complicates things, as I said before. Everything gets elevated once you have sex with a partner. It's harder to say goodbye, harder to forget the times you've spent. It is harder to deny them anything, as if it sets a precedent of what you're willing to give and share.

"Do you still have feelings for me," Ryan inquired. I could hear the determination in his voice. He was serious. He wasn't asking if I still liked him as a friend, or as a boyfriend. He was asking me whether I still loved him. Once shown passion and love, your body expects it, and knows when it goes missing for a while. My body yearned for him to hold me in his arms, for him to be there by my side. I missed our thought provoking conversation that would turn into a mental sparring competition.

"Yes," I answered. The butterflies in my stomach rested, and I knew it was true at that point. Why else would I feel relieved to tell someone that I still felt for him? I realized that Joe had entered the room and was talking to my roommate. The worst possible timing, just when I was in the middle of a damned important conversation.

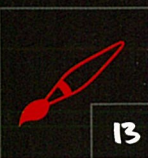
He told me that we definitely had some talking to do, and I told him that I was starting to feel weird since Joe was in here. He said he understood and said he would be in touch.

The situation is far from being resolved. He'll arrive in a few days and I don't know what to expect from him. I'm sure that I could have him in any way I pleased, but I don't want to start something I can't finish. We have a lot of talking to do in less than a day and even more to decide. Our decisions now will affect our lives from this point forward, exciting and frightening at once.

SNOWBOARDS
BEN PETERSON
3RD YEAR
GRAPHIC DESIGN



"STAR-CROSSED
STRANGERS"
BY ALEX
MOUNDALEXIS



THAT'S HOW IT IS

I've been through Spring's youthful cheers,
fell in love with the Summer's sky,
try to run by Autumn's yellow years,
suffered through old Winter's winds.

Been around it once,
twice,
three times,
many a years.
I've been young,
playing in the park,
laughing at King George for trying,
and kicking dirt into
his face at the same time.

I was running by,
running past the seasons,
trying to get a little older,
a little too fast,
too soon,
as I caught a glimpse of myself staring
through the corner mirror of my youth.
I've founded myself in yellow years,
briskly days,
astonished,
that it all happened while
I was busy laughing at Napoleon,
who thought he could be king
of the new republic.

And yet,
nothing's changed,
only that I've lost some friends,
became more wiser,
more or less cocky.

All this,
while thinking that I
can still play in the sand.
I still do,
sometimes.

KHAMLA SAENGLONGMA
3RD YEAR
MARKETING



ADDICTION

That was love right?
Feels like a drug
You get the high
Feel a little scared
And excited
And terrible
And wonderful
Then you come down from
Your little place in
Your own little world
Feel a little guilty
But it was a great experience
Full of "next times"
And you can't quite remember
What the hell was
So great exactly
But as soon as it's over
You just can't wait
To do it All Over Again...

So that was love huh?
Fuck that
Waste of time
And energy
I sing when I want
Do what I want
Dance where I want
But,
Sleep alone
And you say that Was love?
Must have missed it
Blinked
Or
Something
Nothing
Everything
Anything
For my next Fix.

MELODY HOLGUIN
3RD YEAR
PROFESSIONAL TECHNICAL COMMUNICATIONS

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Graffiti as Communication, Expression, and Art



The Foundation • Graffiti as Communication

Hieroglyphics • 800 A.D.

Graffiti undoubtedly takes elements from man's first established writing system, Hieroglyphics. They often represented a number of events in society, and the use of simple, iconographic imagery and symbols is comparable to today's graffiti artists. Hieroglyphics was not only a form of communication, but also the first true form of written or drawn expression.



Later 1970's and early 1980's styles consisted mostly of white and black bubble letters.



Basic alphabet letterforms were the basis for most writing, and were barely altered.



After artists learned to control their paint, the use of color allowed them to express even more.



The Explosion • 1970-1980

In the mid seventies, the graffiti craze was officially started with the tags of "Kilroy was here" and "Taki 183". At first, graffiti was unpopular because of crude masterpieces on the sides of subways, but as the artists began to master their newfound love, the multi-colored advertisements of names seemed to add beauty to the gloomy subway stations.



Quote from Tracy 168

"Writing was developed as a language a cultural statement and its home was the street. Because of these types of beginnings, most street graffiti was based on the ethos culture of competition. How long will it take you to do a car before your get caught? How big can you make your name, and how many people will society want to know about it? It was a form of communication and a way to gain recognition outside the community."

Tracy 168- Early graffiti pioneer

1990's • The Development

At the end of the 1980's, authorities began to crack down hard on graffiti artists. The pieces and murals that were once contained to trainyards and industrial districts were now mainstream. Writers then began to take a different approach. East coast artists developed "Wildstyle", a technique which still gave recognition, but was unreadable outside the graffiti community.



In the late 1980's and early 1990's writers began to develop their own styles and forms.



More advanced characters and letterforms were seen, especially in the early 1990's.



In the 1990's, a movement called "Wildstyle" swept the graffiti scene.



Tools of the Trade

Markers play an integral role in developing writing styles and perfecting pieces before the actual painting.



Special caps are available for different spray widths and control. They range from almost pencil thin to 6 or 7 inches wide.



The main ingredient of course, would be the paint. Krylon and Rust-Oleum brand spray-paints have been most popular since early writing days. Some artists build collections of hundreds of colors.



Graffiti • The Business

Near (Steve Aoki) said he and his partners have been painting murals for paying customers all over the country for the past 3 years. Their company, TAT's Cru, has a sliding scale for these commissioned works, usually averaging about \$1,500 a job. The Cru began by creating backdrops and video sets for rap stars like KRS One, Fat Joe and Zulu Nation in 1992. In 1993 they painted 50 murals for Coca-Cola around the New York City area. Near said that TAT's Cru is currently negotiating a \$500,000 contract with House of Seagrams. For all the inquiries from corporate America, Near said, Coca-Cola is an exception. The big money offers rarely materialize. "The small jobs we get are what gets you by it's still a struggle...we gotta eat."



Sources & Links

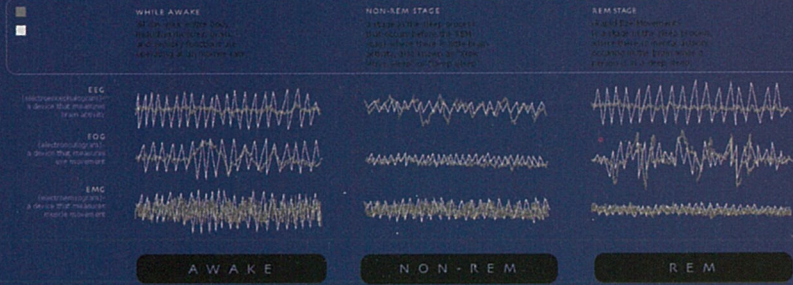
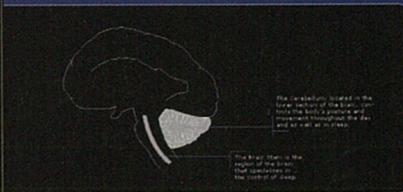
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- G Curses Prophet (zine)
- Hieroglyphics: The Writing of Ancient Egypt
- The Source (zine)

"WRITING ON THE WALL: THE HISTORY OF GRAFFITI"
DOUG ZENZEL
5TH YEAR GRAPHIC DESIGN

RAPID EYE MOVEMENT

THE BRAIN'S ACTIVITY WHILE SLEEPING

During sleep, the brain alternates between the non-REM and the REM states at regular intervals, the length of an average adult is about 90 minutes. REM Sleep occupies no more than 25% of the entire night in adult humans, the other three fourths is spent in non-REM Sleep.



"RAPID EYE MOVEMENT"
KATIE DUNFORD
4TH YEAR GRAPHIC DESIGN

dreaming escapist running from **yesterday**
merging a breathing body with a cold **death**
more energy spent than through **healing**
being alone is often more **supportive**.
tearing off tiny pieces rather than filling my **heart**,
if the heart's gone, how can it hurt **again?**
the light in life reveals one's inadequacies **unabridged**
darkness fills every void, makes me more **complete**
alternative mindsets drown the daily **reality**
who needs warmth, when all **stops**
while **froze?**

"FROZEN"
THOMAS C. MCKIM



I was walking in a desert plain and simple it was all too complicated
the possibilities embraced me, a man in a boat on a current in an
ocean, I just had to let the world slide
Let it go, the ropes slipped and I hit sure it's gonna be just fine but
the trees line's behind me now and the dusty bowls in front of me I
wash mornings' remnants of a decade long ago down an Idaho
dinners slop sink draining all our ancestors were once sailors and
decided to just let the world slide,
didn't hide their pride,
took the ride and made tame and lame the wild wild west is where it
all sets, it all ends but it ends last and last I am to realize that these
Brill-o pad blisters look to see the sea,
the sails,
the masts,
and I too might just learn to love the smell of salted fish lays next to
me at night, purring softly as she slumbers in an internal entrapment
of my arms and my grasp and the beating of my
dreams in her ear
sound like waves whispering on the remnants of my family tree
kettled and boated to a bow of a ship wreck named my long lost love
is waking and my goals are slipping into the sea as the rising waves
break them free from their
wrecked reef road ancestry

JAY LIPTAK
2ND YEAR
NEW MEDIA PUBLISHING



"SLEEPY"
GREG YODER
3RD YEAR ILLUSTRATION

She got me to clean my room, not for her, for me
She got me to turn off ani, and go outside
She let herself in, and left me no place to hide

I've always been looking for the true princess
A true prince, somehow now I'm being
Always looking for the light, finally seeing

And I'm holding her hand, and she's with me
Laid right before me, I was lucky not to miss it
Just enjoyed the moment, no wonder, is this it

And as you to me across boundless plains your struggles are seen as you
Impurities shown through diamond hearts are known as perfection in what you are

The rose of your tormented struggle for self- preservation withers its strength into my arms
Each petal falls chilled and unforgettable as frozen emotions melt into me as though never
having experienced true warmth

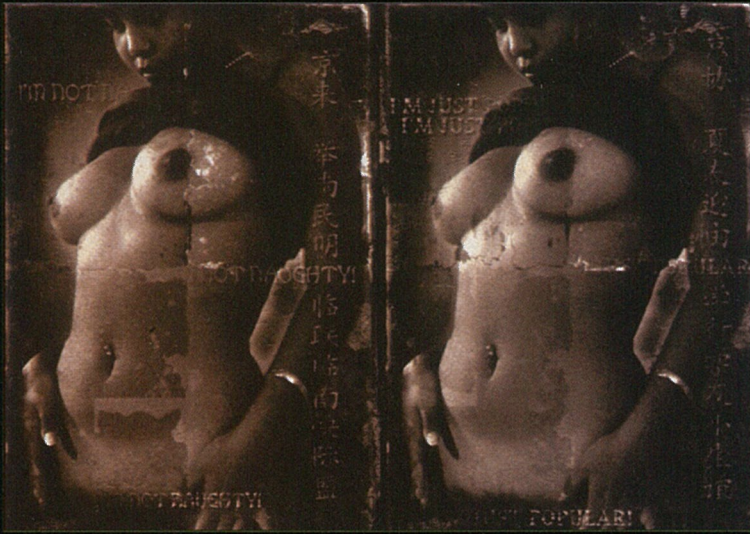
Bring me all your burdens in a suitcase, come and stay with me a while
Oh I'll listen and I hold you, and we'll cry like a child
Let me love you like a father, let me love you like a son
Oh, be my mother and my daughter, be my only one

Bring me all your tear drops in a bottle, by morning they'll turn to dew
We'll rise together in the sunlight, each day we rise to something new
And I'll teach you how to walk again, if you show me how to crawl
We can't win every battle, but we can live through them all

Bring me all your pain in a needle, bad habits we'll throw
I'll take the tourniquet off your heart, and let the feelings flow
Time comes when you won't need me, time comes when I'll need you
And fare lady when it comes, I'll know you know I love you

JAY LIPTAK
END YEAR
NEW MEDIA PUBLISHING

"WESTERN AUSTRALIA" SILKSCREEN
DAVID JAY REED



"I'M NOT NAUGHTY, I'M JUST POPULAR"
DAVID JAY REED
1ST YEAR PRINTMAKING



"EAGLE ONE"
DAVID JAY REED

Staring at the ceiling in bed, I lay motionless. Ceilings are always so damn interesting. The textures are always so varied; each telling a different story. The sharp ridges of the stucco rise out of the plaster creating zeniths and dip low into valleys carved by the melting glacier waters. My eyes are taken away by the current of the ravishing glacier torrents. My eyes dart through the canyons to and throe. I whip past the edges of sharp rocks which have been eroded by the torrential melts and fall down great waterfalls into unknown valleys. I land in a placid pool where people gather on spring days to stare into their souls through the reflection. I drift slowly now through the villages that line the fertile valleys which come from the horrors I have seen just moments earlier. The chalets sit below the ominous peaks that have created their own existence but also have the power to take it away. It is easy now to see why they believed the gods lived in these mountains. I still lay a drift in a slow currented river stained gray with the glacier silt. My eyesight is blurred a bit still from the rough ride I have experienced and I make out a figure in the distance. I see a golden light moving in fluid motions. I think now that I might be dying and being called by the ominous light of everyone's stories. I figure I'm looking at God as the beautiful golden orb approaches me at an ever-leisurely pace. I start now to make out more of the picture as my eyes begin to be able to focus on the distant object. It is not a golden orb or a glowing light, but a heavenly vision of beauty personified in nature's only perfect form, the female body. She comes closer and close to the waters edge most likely trying to understand me as I am trying to understand her. I make eye contact with a girl along the bank. Her hair of golden locks blows haphazardly in the wind and she possesses eyes of the deepest blue part of the Indian Ocean. Her physical beauty is only matched by what I see come across in her eyes. She lets me into her soul through her eyes, I can explore her every thought and inclination. I think then maybe the gods are down here because that would be the only explanation for such a being. I stare down at the water on which I am afloat and see the reflection on the landscape around me, or is it? Maybe I am just the reflection and someone else is doing the living. Maybe the real world is what I am looking at and we are just the simple refraction of another world. Could it be that all I see around me, all that I can touch and feel could just be an allusion? A vision made by a light spectrum and refractory lenses? I then close my eyes and I look inside myself. Yes inside myself. I see the greatest of emotions and fears and the greatest landscapes ever imagined. I see a place without hurt. I see a place where I am at home and my soul is at peace. Yes I've finally found the real world.

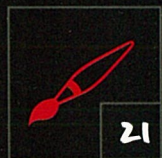
The beauty has overcome all my senses. Euphoria has taken over my body and I feel so many things that my body can only feel in this state. I go from the extremes of pure joy to devastating sadness. The THC roller coaster I am on will wear away soon, but I will fight off the dying of the high like Dylan told his father to fight his death. I will not lay gently in bed and let this beautiful dream of now drift away. I must hold it as long as possible and not let the feeling fade away. I now understand the beauty of Fern Hill as he saw it. As with everything though it starts to go away and the light fades ever so lightly until I lay there with tears in my eyes and wish to be transformed to the ecstasies I had known a few minutes ago.



A QUERY INTO THE REALIZATION OF THE INHERENT REALITY
CHRIS JACKSON
1ST YEAR COMPUTER ENGINEERING



DIGITAL ART
CHRISTOPHER LEE DONOVAN
ADVERTISING PHOTOGRAPHY



MAYBE

I've been so long at the beach.
I'm there because I think of you.
I want you
and I want you to want me too.

I'm there because I hope that one day,
your eyes will find mine
in this cloud of misery.
I cry sometimes,
because you're not here with me.

And my mind would drift with
the bottle I've thrown into the ocean.
But I wasn't going anywhere.
I was hypnotized by the mirage of reality,
maybe.
Counting the people along the beach
and conversing with hermit crabs as they passed by.

Maybe I was the hermit,
but my home was nowhere to be found.
Maybe it's across the ocean,
over there,
or maybe,
because I don't have you here.

I loved every faced that passed me by,
because they were beautiful,
or maybe
because they looked like yours.
But I'm much too wise to be fooled,
because there's only one you.
I don't want to cry anymore,
but the tears just drip and it will always drip
If you're not here with me.
I don't want to wait anymore,
but I can't go home.

KHAMLA SAENGLONGMA
3RD YEAR
MARKETING

Slipped
When I wanted to stand tall
been dropped
when all I wanted was someone
to catch my goddamn fall
When words aren't enough
and gestures don't come true
is there a hope in the world
that reality will shine through
The blatant gloom
that so needs a silver lining
it's all I want to see
then every single time I look up again
you are all I see
before you there's
me
but
before me is
you

MELODY HOLGUIN
3RD YEAR
PROFESSIONAL TECHNICAL
COMMUNICATIONS

Sometimes I feel like
Vanilla ice cream
Plain as plain can be
Not as exotic as chocolate
Or as sweet as strawberry
No sprinkles of syrup
No chocolate chips or cookie bits
No peanuts, pecans, or pistachios
Plain as plain can be
Nice to eat, but rarely desired
Few crave the barely adventurous vanilla
No matter what you call it,
French vanilla, homestyle, or straight up
It's still vanilla
A lost flavor
Respected, but still obscure
No sprinkles or syrup
No chocolate chips or cookie bits
No peanut, pecans or pistachios
Plain as plain can be
And more delicious than you think

EDGAR BLACKMON
4TH YEAR
PROFESSIONAL
TECHNICAL
COMMUNICATIONS





"SLATE"
ALEX GABRIEL BERNSTEIN
2ND YEAR GRADUATE
GLASS

Before reading, the reader should note that what follows is a work of fiction and is not intended to be taken seriously. However, it has been said that all fiction is based upon some fact, isn't it? To that light, let the reader believe whatever he wants to believe about this work. The author, however, claims no responsibility towards the reader's actions upon reading this work and will neither confirm nor deny the validity of the events that will be mentioned hereafter.

This is a story about money. Everyone wants it, no one needs it, yet everyone still wants it. Every year thousands of students from all over the country enter college for the first time. Most of these students are fully prepared to forfeit tens of thousands of dollars and the next four years of their lives in the pursuit of a higher standard of living. But how do these students pay for college? Scholarships, loans, grants, and rich parents are the obvious answer, but what about those students for whom money is less accessible? Those students who come from not-so-well-off families and, though they may be intelligent, have not managed to come up with a winning number in the great scholarship lottery? What follows is an account—a fictional account, perhaps—of the means that a certain Student pursues to pay his tuition.

The Student in question is a nineteen-year-old male, of essentially middle-class standing. He attends a technical institution in which on-campus jobs pay only \$5.40 an hour and off-campus employment is completely inaccessible to those without reliable transportation. This institution is also known for its strict alcohol and substance policy, which forbids the consumption of alcohol and foreign substances on campus. However, the simple act of forbidding is, as proven, usually sufficient enough to make people want what is forbidden to them all that much more. As a result of this, it can be guaranteed that on any given weekend, somewhere on campus, a fair amount of underage drinking and substance abuse is occurring. Obviously it doesn't take too high of an IQ for someone to realize that whoever is willing to supply these "forbidden fruits" to the students stands to make some degree of profit on a weekly basis. Though the answer is basically "no," government laws governing drug use are at best sketchy, especially when it comes to "substitute drugs." What is meant by a substitute is some legal substance such as caffeine, methionine, ephredra, or yohimbe that provides exactly the same effects as more popular narcotics, stimulants, and depressants, including cocaine in some extreme cases. Those who doubt the existence of such things would do well to visit yahoo.com and search for one of the aforementioned words or any variety of other herb-related phrases.

The Student in question finds that these substitute drugs are very easy to obtain using the Internet and that many suppliers accept Cash On Delivery. This makes it somewhat easy to order substances, and in fact never actually pay for them. Simply have the orders sent to a P.O. Box. When the Internet is not readily available, there is always someone in a nightclub willing to give up his entire night's supply under the assumption that the drug will be used, not resold at a higher price to gullible students who don't know any better. Substitute or not, fellow students say that these things work, and are pretty much indifferent as to whether the drug they are taking is a substitute or not. In fact some actually prefer the substitutes because there

are no severe negative reactions when they are mixed with alcohol. Making his rounds beginning roughly every Thursday afternoon, the Student resells these products for as little as two to as much as fifty dollars. Richer students are known to buy in bulk and will usually get charged double once they've established themselves as regular buyers.

Finding customers is not difficult. Suggestions dropped here and there to people at parties, sometimes leaving "free samples" with a small note inside books in the library, and other subtle forms of advertising are usually sufficient. It just so happens that the Student is a Graphic Design major, so making small advertisement handouts comes as being fairly easy. In fact, a well-informed student would know that those small cards advertising various nightclub events in the Student Union are not as they seem. Some of the more extravagant ones are indeed legitimate. But, at the same time, the well-informed individual would know to look for less conspicuous cards without a glossy finish on them. By using black light or other alternative viewing methods such as mirrors or colored filter paper, aspiring students can reveal locations, email addresses, and possibly phone numbers where they can acquire their drug of choice. Even more methods of advertising can be found right inside the classrooms. One can look for subtle things; codes hidden on whiteboards disguised as poorly erased lecture notes. Sometimes notes are known to be hidden inside markers, especially blue and black ones. A lot of times students take them or replace them with old markers, leaving teachers to wonder why thirty-thousand dollars in tuition a year doesn't seem to pay for working markers.

The exact amount that the Student makes in terms of profit is hard to determine but can be estimated to total eight thousand dollars and climbing since January. It keeps the Student's parents happy. He tells them that the money comes from a stipend and scholarship. He merely inserts the money into his bank account every month and continues on with his activities. Why should his parents complain? Who wouldn't want an eight-thousand-dollar reduction of their child's tuition? And while all of this is going on, the Student is keeping up all of the habits and mannerisms that one would expect from a college student. He fails physics like everyone else, his grade point average is acceptable without being too high, and he spends a lot of his free time playing computer games. Nothing he does distinguishes him in any way from any other student at the College. The reader may or may not believe anything about this story. Some may find it far-fetched, others may find it quite familiar and realize that they are in fact part of the events in this story. But think about certain things. There are a lot of those party cards in the Student Union, whiteboards are never quite fully erased, and the library is littered with graffiti scratched into walls. When was the last time a marker lasted through an entire class? And with thousands of students on any given college campus, who can say what any one of them are doing at any given time and exactly how many people are doing it? Even as the reader is reading this, the activities just described could be going on around him. Next time the reader is walking down campus, ignoring the various flyers on the building walls, he might want to stop and think if all is as it seems.

"PAYING TUITION"
CHRIS WILTZ



BRIAN WALLACE
4TH YEAR
ILLUSTRATION



SHU-JIN HUANG
2ND YEAR GRADUATE
CERAMICS

written before AIM and ICQ:

I want to tell you so much about myself.
I wish you were able to understand what I sign,
complex concepts—
you don't understand me when I speak
so I'm left with nothing
but conversation amenities, notes,
stock phrases—
toilet paper talk, really.

"Dinnertime, the soup's ready."

And I climbed up the tower, then there was
this great pinnacle of a roof edge
that I slid down to the next roof...

"I don't understand..."

Ah, how I ache for you
who begat and know me not.

"FROM A DEAF CHILD"
SARA STALLARD



"FELIPE ALOU"
JOHN TOMAC

I languish on the bank of the stream,
dipping my fingers, trailing
in dreams of nourishment and watch
the waterwalkers sail past, amid leaves shed
dry, brittle, cracked—
Above me, the bare branches extend their color
to usher in a brand new spring, the bark budding,
for fancy that I do the same!

"REGENERATION"
SARA STALLARD
4TH YEAR ILLUSTRATION

WANT IT. DESERVE IT.

YOU GOT IT!

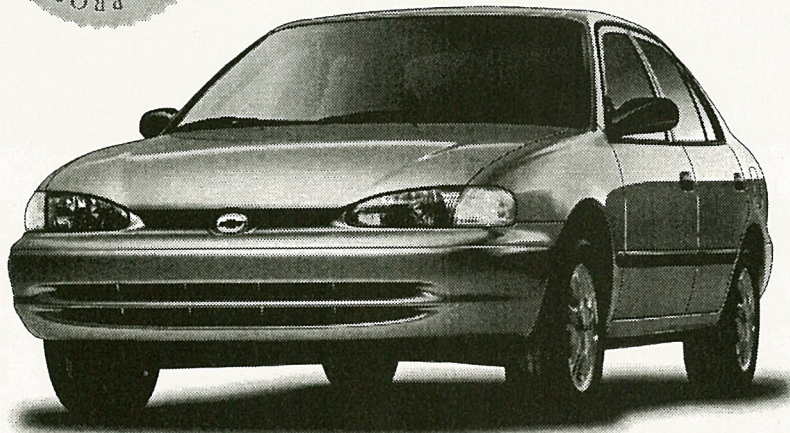
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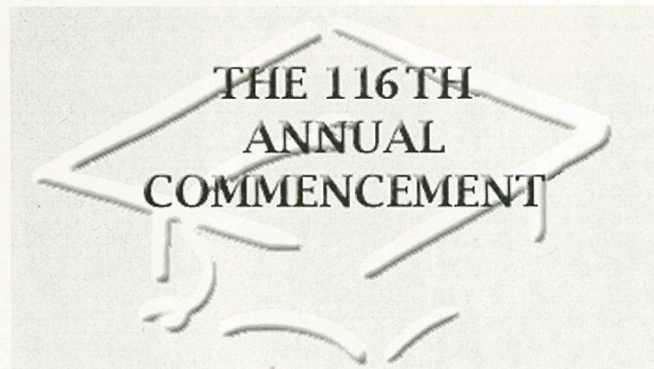
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Calendar **RIT**

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College of Imaging Arts & Science	8:30 a.m	Tent(U Lot)
College of Liberal Arts	8:30 a.m	Clark Gymnasium
College of Business	9:00 a.m	Ritter Ice Arena
College of Science	10:30 a.m	Clark Gymnasium
College of Applied Science and Tech	Noon	Tent
Kate Gleason College of Engineering	Noon	Ritter Ice Arena
(National Technical Institute for the Deaf NTID)	1:00p.m	Clark Gymnasium

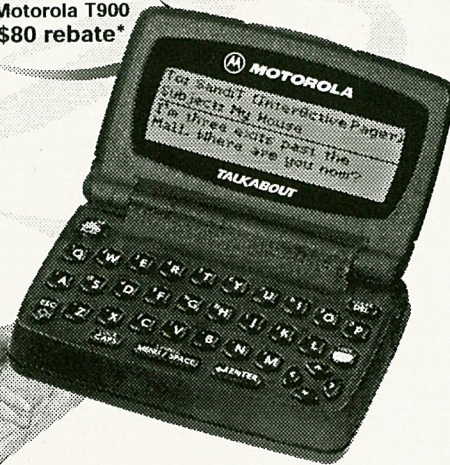
for more info. visit: www.rit.edu/commencement

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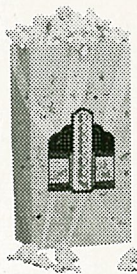
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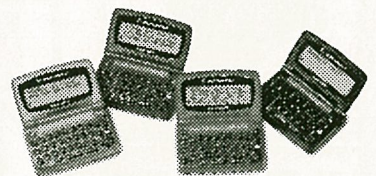
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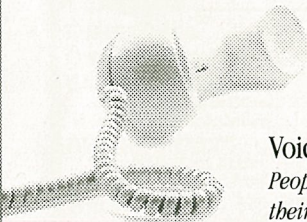
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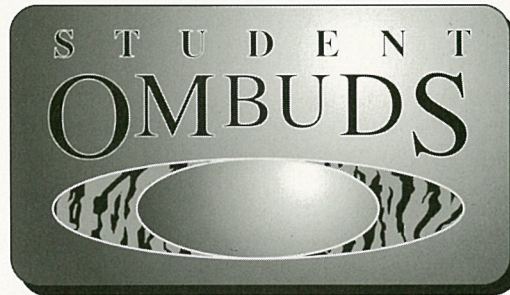
Many of these women are involved in various organizations on campus, such as the Women's Mentoring Program, and the LEAD program. In the Rochester community, they raise money for Cystic Fibrosis, Open Door Mission, and others. They also have a cumulative GPA of 2.91 for the past year.



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What is the Office of the Student Ombuds?

The Office of the Student Ombudsperson is a neutral and confidential place that exists to assist all RIT/NTID students with any questions, concerns, or issues they may experience as a student. The word "ombudsman" is originally from the Swedish word meaning "advocate".

When would a student visit the Ombuds office?

If you are experiencing a situation in which you do not know what to do, where to go, or who to speak to, then it may be a good time to contact the Ombuds Office. If you are having a difficult time receiving an answer to a question about RIT policies and procedures, or you are unable to resolve a situation that impacts you as a student, then we may be able to help.

What does the Ombudsperson do?

In most cases, we do not resolve a situation for a student, but will provide them with information and guidance so that the student can achieve resolution on their own. Since every situation is different, there are different levels of service that we provide based on the individual situation.

How do I contact the Ombudsperson?

The Office of the Student Ombuds is located in the RITREAT portion of the Student Alumni Union, in rooms 1110/1114.

Telephone: (716) 475-7200 • TTY: (716) 475-7595 • E-mail: ombask@rit.edu

The Ombudsperson is Dr. Laura Tubbs, and is available by appointment. The office hours are 8:30 – 4:00 Monday-Friday, or other times by appointment.

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