

REPORTER

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Art and Literature Issue

Guest Editorials

Art

I believe everyone has a creative mind; the only difference between an “artist” and any other person is the degree to which one is willing to open up their mind...

Visual Art can be for self-expression or it can have social influence. What the final product conveys is what every artist must decide.

Visual Art can be a channel for one's emotions, allowing a deeper introspection. This can be achieved through visually spilling beliefs, feelings, and revelations into the physical realm. Visual Art can be the voice for those who have no words.

We need Visual Art because it speaks to us somewhere where words may not be able to penetrate. It gives us the freedom to speak without precisely knowing the right language of this new place we have found.

Visual Art has shaped what we see around us today. Everything, from a paper clip to the largest building has, in some way, in varying degrees, been affected by artistic movements. Visual Art allows us to break new ground, where the literal definitions that words give can be too constricting. It forces the individual to explore new ideas.

RIT is precisely a place that is overwhelmingly constricted by the focus and drive of point-A-to-point-B education. In an Institute that is hell-bent on breaking new ground, we must keep a creative mind toward new solutions.

Visual Art is a fantastic piece of the human spirit. We become children again in front of a magnificent piece of work. It amazes, it wows, it grabs us by the soul. It shocks, it scares, it makes us keenly aware of how stimulating reality can be. Often we become conditioned by the scenes we encounter every day. Visual Art can force us to step back from our tired perceptions and perhaps see things in their true light.

Visual Art is humankind's attempt to manipulate the surrounding environment. We try to control what we as individuals see and what others around us see. Whether these changes are malevolent or benevolent is very often ambiguous to the eye of the beholder; nevertheless, these changes are made and we deal with the consequences.

With this publication we hope to motivate RIT students to think about what it is they are doing with their life. These 16 pages communicate and express not only the artists' talents but their thoughts and feelings and beliefs as well. It's our goal to make the general public of RIT aware that Visual Art intensely exists within the confines of this supremely technical Institute.

Calvin W. Gray II
Art Director

Literature

In *Reporter's* annual Art and Literary issue, we provide you, the reading public, with something different from any other issue you've seen so far this year. What you'll find within these pages is an eclectic array of creative and original works submitted by RIT students. Each literary aspect of this issue deals with poems and short stories created by those who were brave enough to expose their work to the public eye.

Not only do we commend all of our contributors for submitting excellent work, but we also want to commend them for keeping the spirit of literature alive. At a technical Institute, it is crucial to understand how important creative literature is in today's fast-paced technological society. The works in this magazine show that literature is still alive within these brick walls.

You will read poems and stories that display a variety of personal visions, social comments, and creative thoughts from all sides of the student spectrum. This issue is a chance for students that aren't necessarily within literature-related majors to reflect their thoughts and feelings.

In most technical majors at RIT, students have limited means of creative expression—*Reporter* wanted these voices to be heard. This issue is a reflection of the importance of different perspectives of literature available at RIT.

This issue will also allow readers from outside of the institution to see RIT in a different light. They will be able to see that we have two extremes within the same institution. We have the highly technical majors of engineering and computer science, but within those majors, we have the sheer creativity of poetry and creative writing. It's an unusual combination, but it has proven to be extremely important to a well-rounded education.

In short, the literary arts are alive at RIT. It is our hope that these pieces of writing that we've compiled in these 16 pages will influence you culturally, artistically, and creatively. Read and enjoy.

Kayla Zerby
Managing Editor

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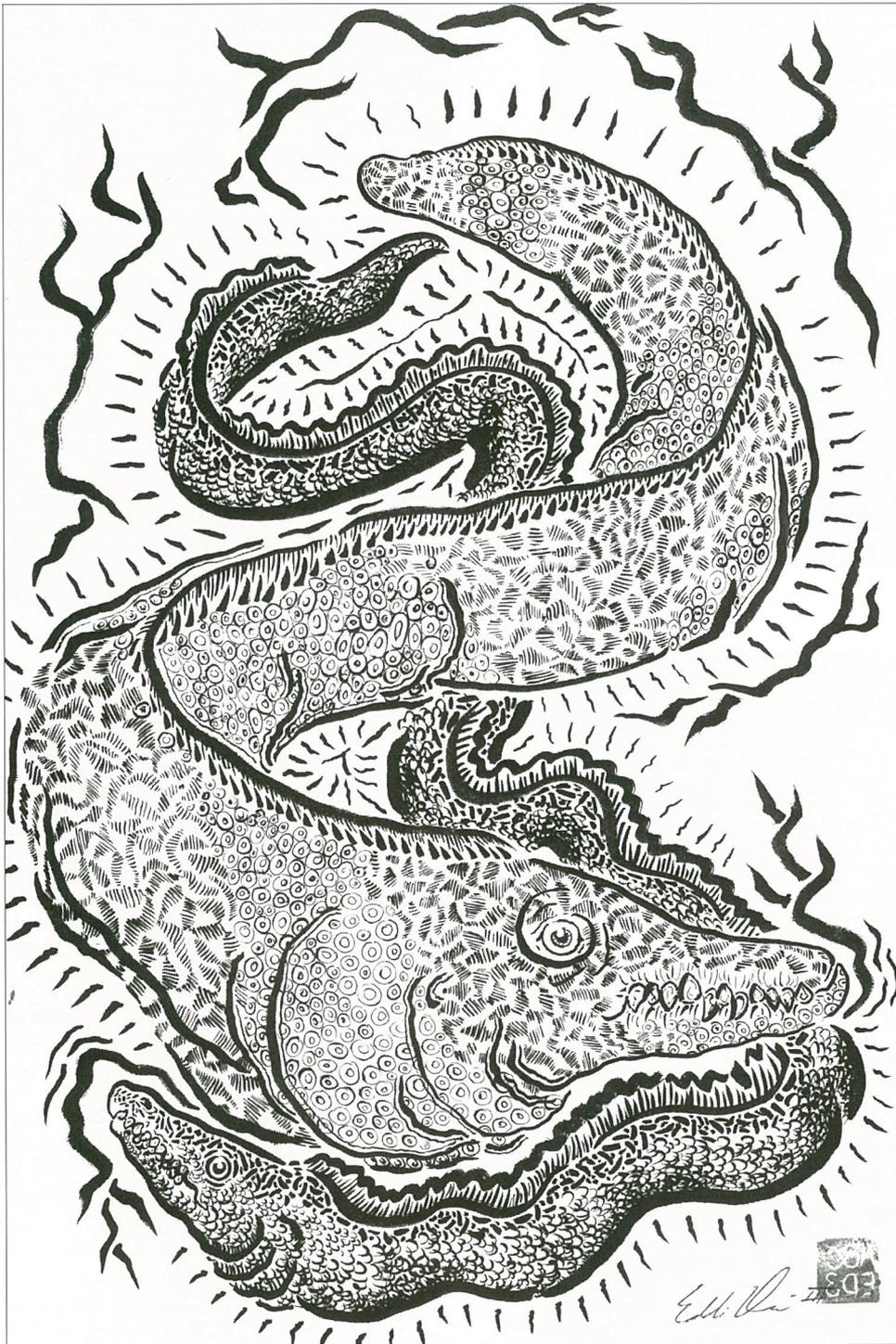
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NOTE: All text chosen for publication has not been altered in any way from the work originally submitted.



Cover Design
by Gino Reyes



Too Over Run

Too Over run
I think I've become
Something I thought I'd never be
Not here, definitely not me
How did I let this happen?
Worse than I've ever been
I can't rebound
I'm lost and found
Listening to pink
While I sip this drink
Crying to the bell
What's that smell?
Is it really me?
My decaying body?
my missing mind
I can't find
The will to be
Who you used to see
I'm used
And abused
Never good enough
Why is everything so tough?
A life of second places
And only empty spaces
In my heart with no place to start
This can't be possible
I'm invincible
Sheltered from harm my whole life
And left in strife
Put down by everyone I meet
How did I ever compete?
This is not right
Not allowed to put up a fight
I'm done
I'm gone

-M.W.Hrivnaki

Eel's Dance
Eddie Davis III
Graduate

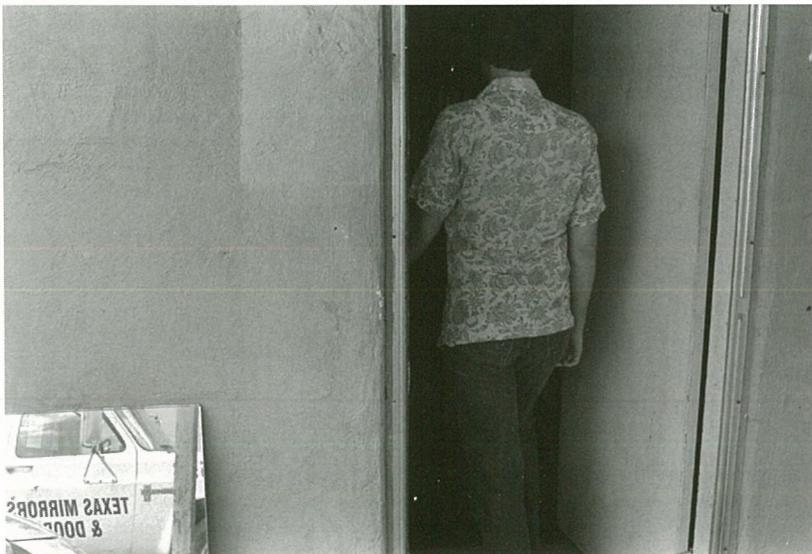


Golden Gate
Brett Youngstrom

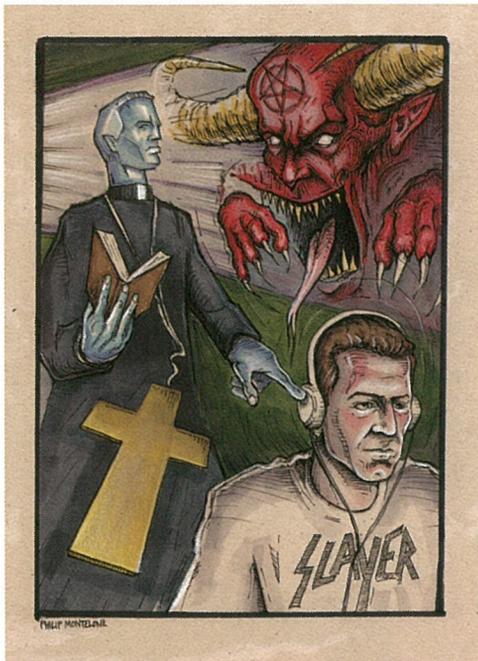
february 15th

hear the whispers of the night as it creeps down from its magnificent perch
black blue shadows of eternity singing explosive silence
yellow neon argon xenon humming electricity into soft lavender haze
a man sits next to me also writing nearly forty, balding, openly gay, thick woolen socks
four ringson his scribbling right hand
Allen Ginsberg's deaf ghost clean shaven and doesnt follow visions of Whitman through
California lusting after grocery boys
those grocery boys are friends of mine working long thankless hours hating their job, not quitting
those grocery boys are homophobic anyway
we drive by a mosque dimly silhouetted against the psilocybin horizon

-Gary Hoffman



Texas Door
Zoelle Fishman
Second Year
Fine Art Photography

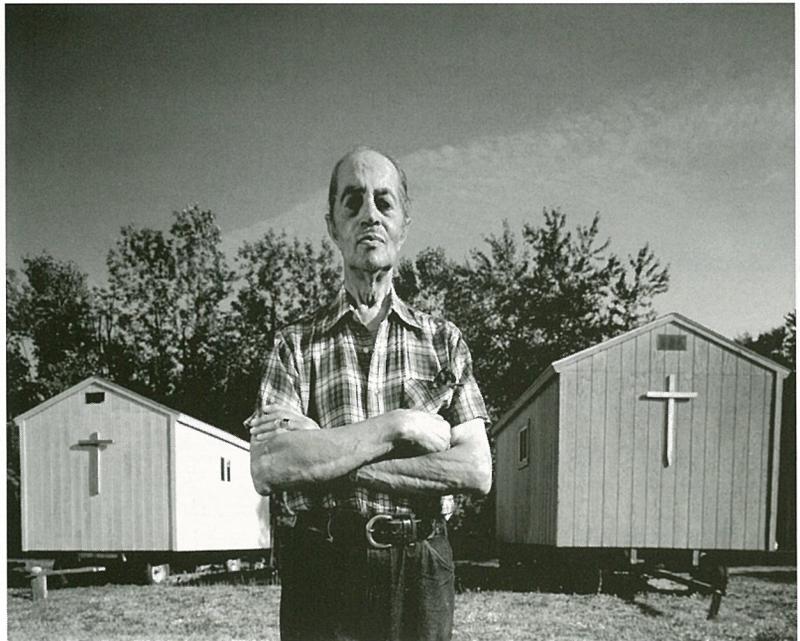


Subliminal

Philip Montelone

Fourth Year

Medical Illustration



Jim

Clint Baclawski

Third Year

Photo

Untitled

through the narrow hallway
 sheathed by darkness
 blinded
 with only my remaining senses guiding me
 the cold dank air
 against my cheek
 sends a shiver through me
 with each twist and turn
 through the labyrinth of shadows
 stale musty air burns my nose
 yet silenceawaits
 crouched and cramped
 this space seems shallow

the suddenpresence of light
 signals the end is near
 i walk folded,
 ublind
 my fifth sense prevails
 i can now see the end of the hallway
 this recalcitrant incubus
 is going to end
 in which one would allude.
 approaching the door
 with all mysterious thought
 have I gotten home safely
 unfortunately I have not.

-Jacquelyn Saltsman



Untitled

This is the death of hope of a dream
That i took as faith in the future

And when i said "I love to stare up at the stars"
I meant into your eyes

And when i said "It's getting cold"
I meant hold me closer

You never were one for riddles
Of reading words in my eyes left unsaid

And when i said "This is over"
I meant please don't let me go

And when you turned and left
I meant to stop you

It's often the things left undone
That define the reality of what was

-Christine Blackburne

Untitled

Michael Moosbrugger
Fine Art Photo



Untitled

Things taste like Green
 Tonight tastes like red
 Neon
 Red
 Flashing
 in thick darkness
 Too bright too illuminate
 Function only to blind
 How i want to be right now
 You want clarity
 You want
 all of me
 I can only give to you
 Parts of me
 You want me as a Picasso
 Looking at al sides
 but i shall show you my matise
 Soft streaks
 Illegible
 leaving you always wanting more
 And a bit frustrated.

-Christine Blackburne

Untitled
 Michael Moosbrugger
 Fine Art Photo

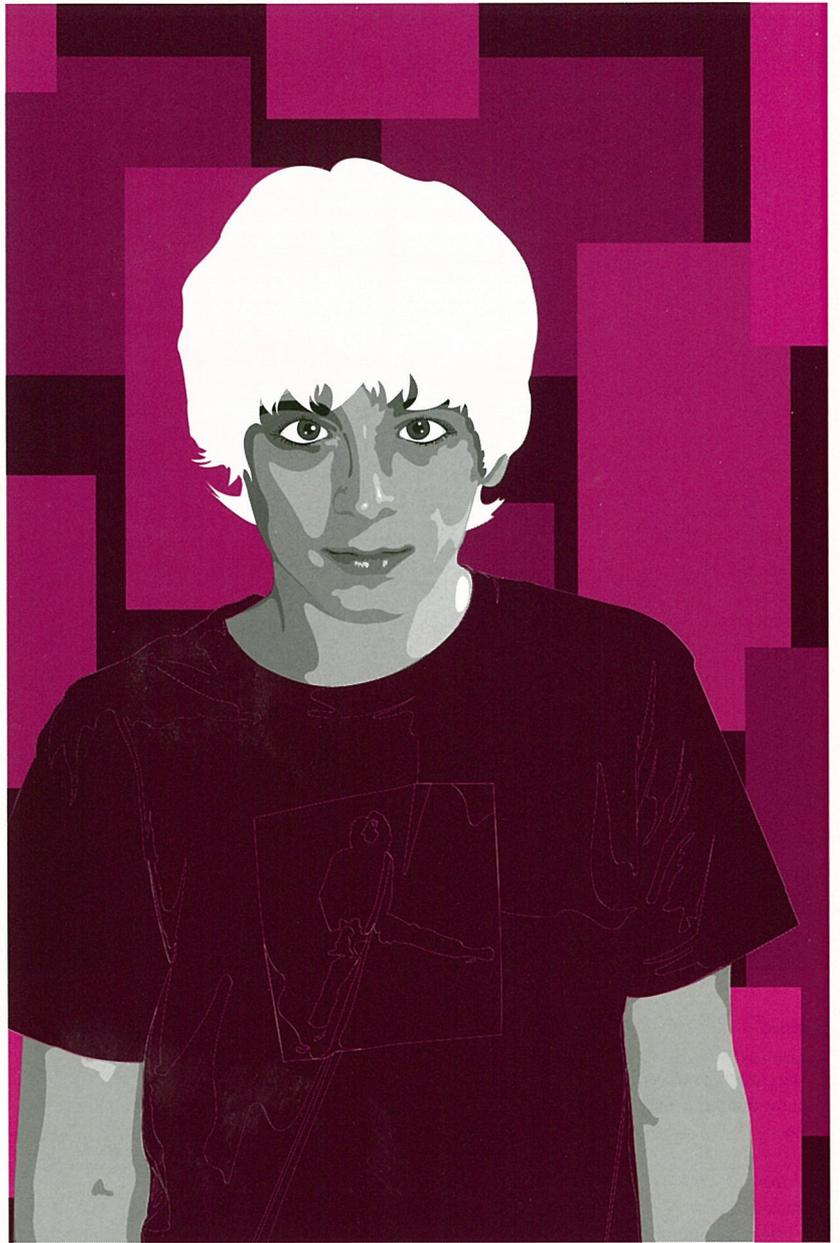
Wants and Me

Together is endless nothing is apart
From the joy I feel in being close
Feeling something wanted most
Lacking what we often need
Yet refuse to oblige in this great leave
Of real life to dreams indulge
When only wants are concerned upon

Self is concerned with only self
And pleasure is staple to health
But when in another is seen a light
Or a sweet bell tone ring in the mind
That unshakeable feeling of something
Maybe not of self affection
But of concern for someone else

Then is seen the true joy of life
Not wanting more for contentment
Or constantly in a state of contempt
Bu knowing want has conformed to need
And nothing more is desired
When sweet and pure love is found

By Tom Nichols



untitled
Ben Yonda
Second Year
New Media Design



Seven
Sergey Belov
Second Year
Computer Science

Untitled

The corridors were sober and cold and they echoed Miss Meadows's footsteps. In the office the head mistress sat on her desk. For a moment she did not look up. She was as usual disentangling her eyeglasses, which had got caught in her lace tie. "Sit down, Miss Meadows," she said kindly. And then she picked up a pink envelope from the blotting pad. "I sent for you just now because this letter has come for you."

Miss Meadows sat down and at once her thoughts began swirling. A letter? A pink envelope? *Maybe its from Jack! After writing and sending the other note he realized what a mistake he had made, how he could not let me go, cannot let me go! He sent this letter as soon as he realized this, and gave it by hand to the head mistress, begging for my forgiveness! (Well perhaps not begging but close enough!) He still may not feel he loves me but he does like me, because I am different from all the others, he knows that! He realized my love and likes me for it and wants me for it and we will be happy forever!*

Now that there was some hope Jack had not rejected her for good, Miss Meadows welcomed these thoughts with a hungry heart. The pink envelope contained more than just paper, but the beginning of a whole new future. If Jack proposed to her again (*Why shouldn't he propose, he must have proposed!*), she would never do anything wrong again. She would be perfect.

Oh she's such a dear, she'll be the first invited to the wedding! "I'd like to read it in private, if you don't mind." *Mrs. Wyatt would be so happy to*

hear the news! "Oh, Mrs. Wyatt, if it is what I think it is, then you'll be the first to know of the good tidings, I assure you!" she said. She at first thought of reading the letter right there but then felt it should be given more formal consideration. It deserved to be read in private. "but I must be certain, you understand," she added.

"Oh... of course," said Mrs. Wyatt.

Miss Meadows floated out of the room and down the hall happily with letter in hand. She looked around her. After her marriage she would leave this place—with its stuffy rooms that seemed to lock her into her plain-Jane math teacher role, the narrow halls that were meant for fifth graders not full sized adults, and the shouts and questions and incessant gossiping of the runny nosed children. *Goodbye to chalk dust in my hair! Goodbye to being thirty-three and still a 'Miss'! Goodbye to other people's screaming children... and maybe hello to my own!*

As she thought this she delicately tore the top of the envelope and wondered, for a brief second, why the biggest thing in her life had to be contained in one small, light letter containing no more than one slip of paper. She carefully took the priceless note out in her hand and smoothed out its creases while reading it all the way through. Miss Meadows had one overdue book at the library. The thin paper slipped through her fingers like chalk through hands, and in those two seconds all her dreams fell to the floor, breaking into a thousand pieces.

By Sumaiya Sakim



untitled
Sergey Belov
Second Year
Computer Science



Willie Nelson
Theresa Kochmanski
Second Year
Illustration

The root of understanding problems lies not in strife, or revenge, but in awareness, and communication. Resolution of the 9/11 crisis maybe found in understanding the source of the violence: the anger generated by wasteful American lifestyle. The lifestyle we Americans maintain is at the expense of the rest of the world. This lifestyle, and the expectation of it, is fed to us by Corporate America; the handful of companies that run our government by catering to our politicians pocket books, and control our perception, by manipulating all that we see in the media. When we stop our excessive consumption of the world's resources we will find a sustainable peace, and cooperative relationship with all the world's nations, peoples and creatures. Until we surrender our need for lavish endowment, fgor material wealth, we may never know peace. There is only hope.



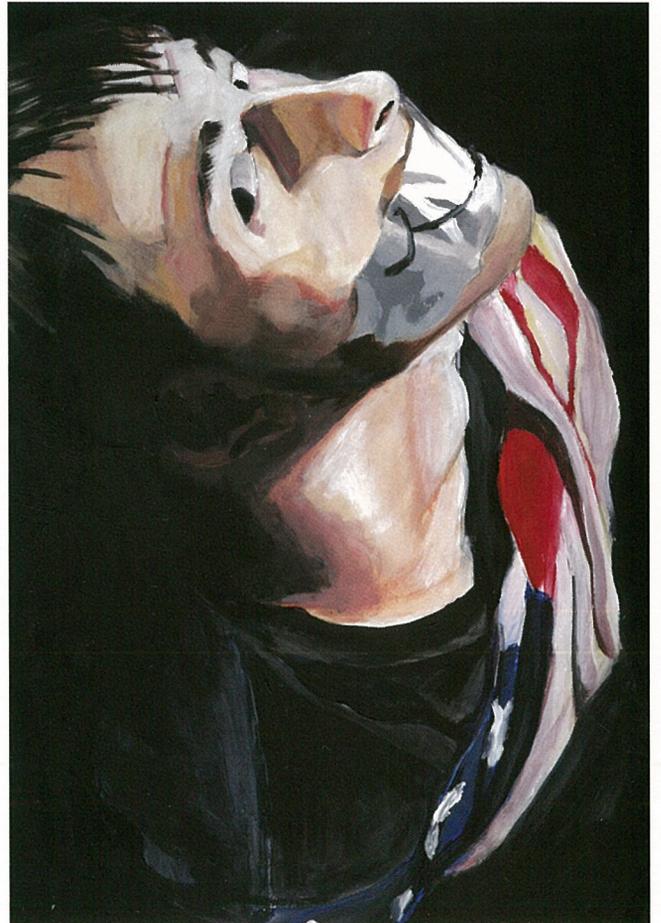
Untitled
Len
Third Year
Photo



Untitled
Theresa Kochmanski
Second Year
Illustration



Spaceship 10 Invasion
Gino Reyes
Second Year
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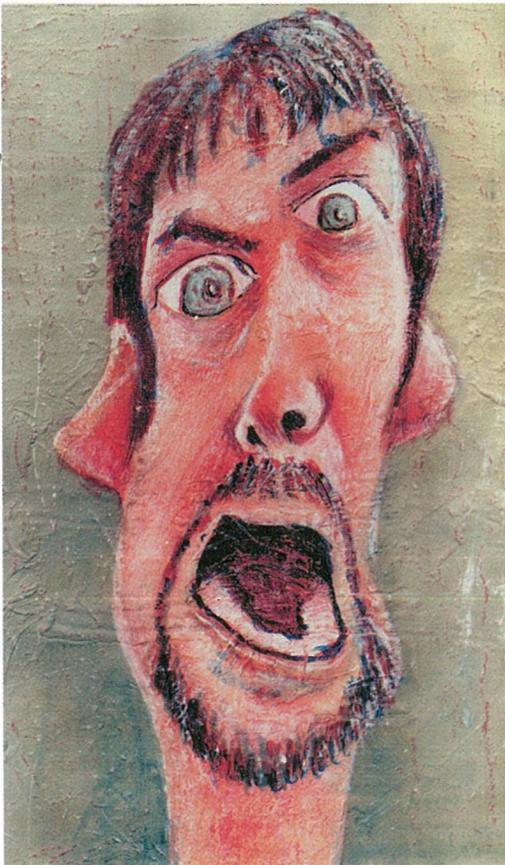


American Propaganda
Shana Siegal
Second Year
Illustration

Untitled
Tyler Guertin
First Year
Photography



Tom Green
Joe Holland
Fourth Year
Illustration



ceiling fans on a pretentious
by gary hoffmann

ceiling fans on a pretentious
overhead hanging down
plaster and steel beams
card shuffling and people
watching (myopically)
city streets late at night
glistening with Williams'
rain water
reflecting streetlights and
soul shadows
and reggae mysticism
lonely windows driving past
lonelier cars
and homeless men
begging just fifty cents
I'm hungry
and cold
I'm sorry- I lie
if you can't save
everyone
why bother saving
anyone?
Yes, I still feel guilty
(I was raised Catholic)

sometimes
and reach in pocket
hand him a dollar
God bless you
is not enough to counter
all the times He's
damned me
I just need two more
dollars to buy a forty
and the store closes
in twenty minutes
I suppose I respect honesty
and laugh
moved more than rote
God bless you
but still keep walking
and buy myself
warm (too hot at first)
nourishing- delicious
so that I'm not cold
or hungry
Yeah-
God bless you

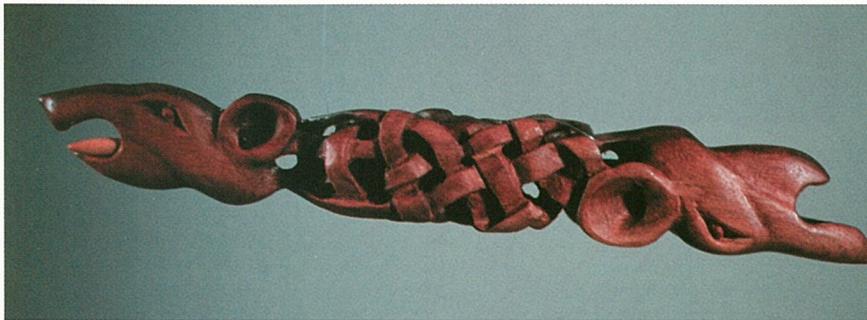
I AM...

By Angela Elizabeth Taylor

Sit at my knee and I will share the story of...
 What was, what is, and what shall forever be
 I Am
 The beginning
 It is written
Men Intone my lovin' name
 I have been called many things
 My image is consistently distorted
 Scandalously disputed
 Threatened by barbie and such
 Mammy, mulatto, whore and bitch
 I'm here to set the record straight
 I Am
 Beauty squared multiplied by the divine number 7 to
 the 10th power
 Melanin present, but not always evident
 T is a precious drop
 Not easily erased
 My origins have been traced
 To the first reflection
 Few will acknowledge but eventually concede
 It all started with me

But I disdain and remain
 I Am
 Whomever I choose to be
 Miss, Ms. or Mrs.
 My vision is the future
 My back the bears the weight
 My bosom is a harbor
 My hands heal
 Between my thighs lies...
 Well, you know
 Abused, scorned, worshipped, adored
 I Am
 The first
 Reflection
 What?
 Don't pretend you did not know
 The whole world reveals in my being
 Supreme and all
 You know
 Inexplicably majestic and elegant in my magnifi-
 cence
 Yet somehow
 Down

to earth
 but heavenly
 I Am
 both: Fantasy and Reality
 Maybe I am just *ego trippin'*
 But I'm Worlwide baby
 My reflection can be found all over the globe
 Nature carries out my wishes
 Winds warn of my wrath
 Sun bears my smile
 Shootin' stars, my teardrops
 My magic is masked by moons
 Clouds mark my uncertainty
 The rainbow, a symbol of my forgiving disposition
 And all the while
 I disdain and remain
 I Am
 Whomever I choose to be
 Haven't you heard the 'lore
 I'm phenomenal
 I don't have to roar
 My womb birthed those



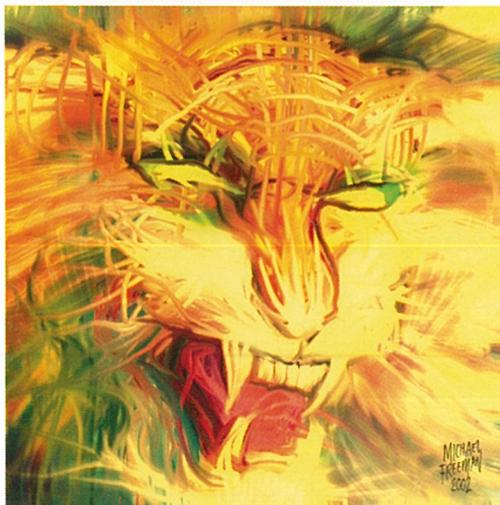
Storyteller's Rattle

Karen Pollitt
Graduate
Sculpture



Rat Mandala

Karen Pollitt
Graduate
Sculpture

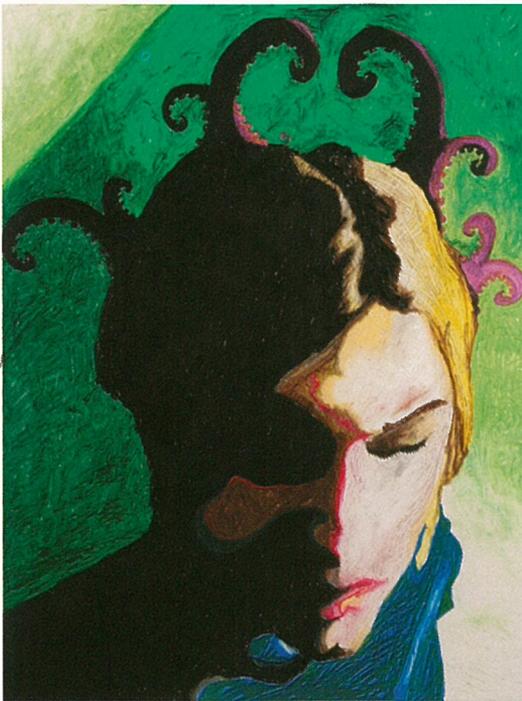


Untitled
Micheal Freeman
Fourth Year
Illustration

My breast suckled those
 My arms carried those
 At my knee schooled those
 that have
 exploited
 raped
 pilfered
 beaten
 abandoned
 mutilated
 my reflection
 still
 I
 live on
 without shame
 forgiving but not forgetting
 the pain
 that history has dealt
 Am I
 to blame
 For the insane ways
 of
 huManity

wars, destruction, oppression felt
 I disdain and remain
 I Am
 Whomever I choose to be
 I be
 Supreme strength
 Lucidly and unmistakably omniscient
 Wild, warm and wise
 Happy
 I hold court through Sheba, Nefertiti and Isis
 I float through the galaxy with Mae
 My eloquence expressed through Lucy, Nikki and
 Toni
 My elegance presented graciously through Iman and
 Diane: Ross and Carroll
 My resilience found in Tina and Vanessa
 My children are educated by Marva, Angela and
 Johnetta
 Bessie, Billie and Mary express my joy in music
 While Fannie, Barbara and Maxine fight my battle
 politically
 My stories are told by Zora, Maya and Terry
 And interpreted by Hattie, Cicely and Halle

My style is displayed by Naomi's, Beverly's and a
 Veronica
 My athleticism dominates courtesy Althea, Wilma,
 Jackie and Venus
 My ambition flaunted by Nefertiti, Madame CJ and
 Oprah
 My fondness for exhibition unveiled through
 Sojourner, Josephine and Kim
 Y'all know Kim; she too is a Queen
 See
 My essence and beauty reputed
 Although scandalously disputed
 I disdain and remain
 I Am
 Whomever I damn well please
 My reflection endures
 Until the ending
 I Am
 The beginning
 It all started with me



Untitled
 Leah Allen
 Third Year
 Fine Art



Untitled
 Greg Yoder
 Fourth Year
 Illustration

