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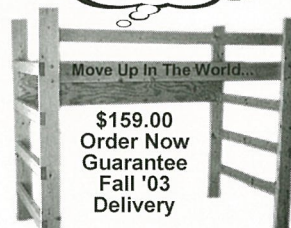
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Editorial

For many students on this campus, regardless of major, the communication arts offer an outlet for self-discovery, personal expression, and creative energy. These art forms are, in and of themselves, a remarkable, resounding voice, from which the potential to shape the world we live in is limitless. As seen within these pages, our peers use this voice to tell a story, incite a deeper level of thought, to make a statement about the world we live in, or the world that resides within our individual creative realms. All are to be embraced, enjoyed, and respected. As follows, three staff members relate where they stand in the art world.

Bryan: I am new to the world of art. Coming from the engineering world of calculations and specifications, I decided to lay down my TI-89 and pick up a pencil. I come from the world where art isn't taken seriously. Now a design major myself, I can see the enormous impact that art and design have on society. From magazines, to television our thoughts are guided by the philosophy of art. I watch people flip through magazines only stopping to look at the catchy ad or the flashy picture; we are influenced by the stories people write and show. The media around us develops our beliefs, views, and opinions. Numbers and graphs do not shape our lives. Life is shaped by art, words, emotions, and passion. These are not things found in a book, rather, they are found in the mind, and in the human spirit. It has been a humbling experience for me to start from square one. Moving from one side of the brain to the other has not been easy, and I am not completely moved out yet, but I feel I am more open to see things that I was blind to before. I have moved from a world of black and white, to one filled with every shade of gray.

Ren: My entire life I've been drawn to the beauty of storytelling. I grew up on equal doses of old-fashioned, oral storytelling and the *Washington Post* sports section. I made no differentiation between the two; both inspired me to write a story of my own. I wanted to write something that would speak to people—to make them think, to make them learn and grow, while learning and growing myself in the process. I wanted to write a truly unforgettable story.

I'm a student of photography and design now, and though I don't write nearly as much as I used to, this strong desire to tell a story hasn't changed—if anything, it has evolved to include a more rounded, complete concept of that which is necessary to communicate. I am of the definite opinion that both writing and the visual arts have a shared and equally vital place in this society that we live in.

Eileen: My mom was in art school when I was a baby. Sometimes she would take me to class with her, and at home I was almost always perched close to her work station armed with my crayola rainbow. So I guess you could say I started early. My mom knew how to draw, so she taught me how to draw. That was what we did.

I have traded my box of crayons for my trusty Apple computer, and doing art on my own now, I am motivated by the voice that art gives me. Sometimes it is just about keeping up with the times—just when you think you've come across something that you can get a handle on, something else comes along that is just as impressive. I see my art as a form of communication and organization. It is about bringing other people's voices together, forming a conversation.

Reporter has been eye opener. It has been a truly new experience for me to art direct, and to work with other people, combining the voices of photography, illustration, and writing while inserting myself into it. The result comes from so many places, but always unites to form one cohesive vision. I think I can say that when I design something, especially when I work with other people, I take more away from the experience than I put in, and it is really fulfilling. It has been an honor to participate in this magazine and the collaboration of this special issue. Thank you all for talking with me, it's been an interesting conversation.

The staff of *Reporter* would like to extend its gratitude to all who contributed to this issue. Thank you for sharing your vision, your spirit, your voice.

Enjoy,

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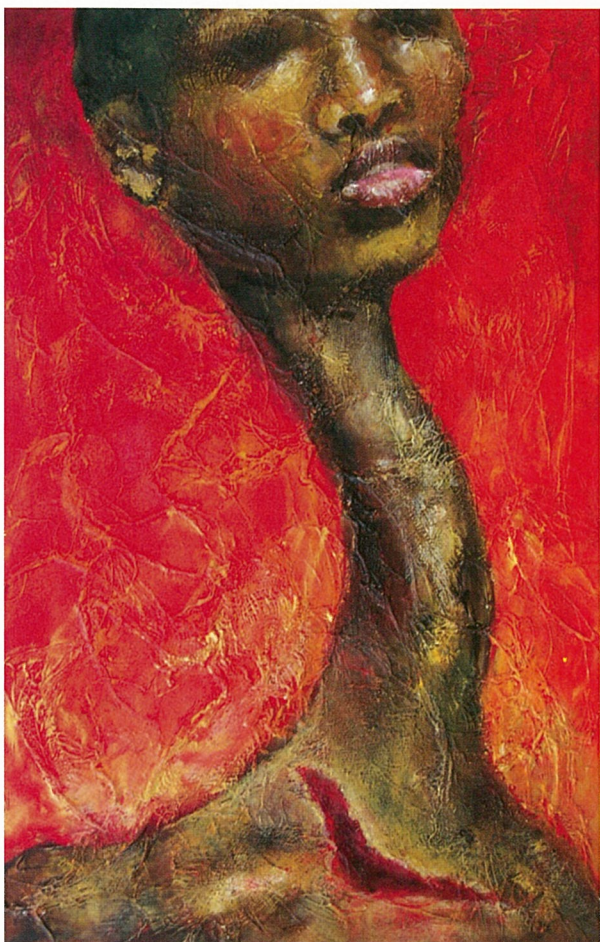
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DESIGN

rdesign@rit.edu



01

01 Neck

Margaret Farmer

Third-year

Illustration

02 Liberty

Margaret Farmer

Third-year

Illustration

03 F

Casey Gathy

Third-year

Illustration

03



Alert

Green

All is well

Sleep comes soundly

Hearts are still beating softly

Go sip some tea, lay back and relax

Blue

Breathe a little more

Watch places you are always at

Search your home for a sign

Make sure to lock your doors

Yellow

Heart rate quickens

Look for unfamiliar faces

Write down the numbers of cars you don't know

This is not a laughing matter

Orange

Panic walks on two legs

Get your guns and prepare to fight

Sleep only in shifts

That store clerk looks kind of funny

Red

Duct tape the windows and board up the doors

Shot the stranger on the street

Call the swat because of the pizza truck

Do you really know your closest friends?

Terror may be everywhere

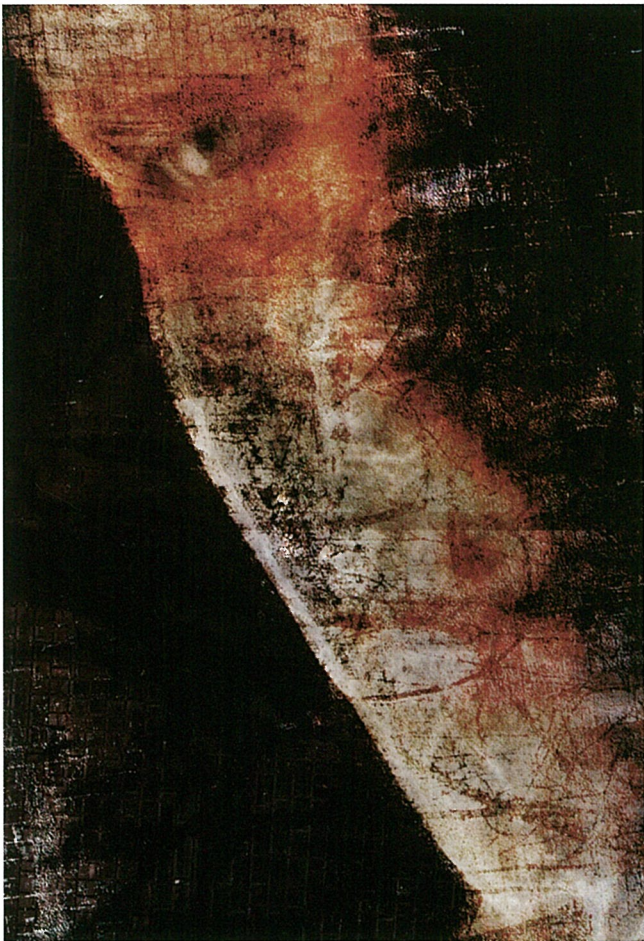
But the government sees the need

To frighten its own people

By Austin T. Cantrell



02



04

04 Self-portrait at RIT

Bo Kaier

Third-year

New Media Design

05 Callie

Sean Pelletier

Second-year

Fine Arts Studio

At Two Years

She gets out more now, and I have to say I'm relieved.
When I go to that sad, post industrial town to visit, she
Is often off to the market with a friend or
On a trip to Atlantic City with the church ladies,
Sometimes in Newark with Cindy and John for the week.
The basement has been cleaned out,
Unfinished carpentry projects hauled away,
Supplies and equipment auctioned off and given
To family. She shelled out the money for
A brand new circuit-breaker, because who wants
To go down into the basement in the dark, really.
She's spunky, and never fails to amaze me. Still
Climbs up into the attic to bring down
His seasonal decoration and still schools everyone in
Rousing games of checkers.

Seeing this makes it easy to bypass images
Of her wandering alone in the house that he built
So many years ago with salvaged
Two-by-fours and a matchstick model dream.
Sitting in the room where he
Watched TV with the help of a wide variety of
Monitors and tubes, holding the remote that
Used to reside in his perpetually paint stained hands.
She still only has to buy three oranges and half a bunch of
bananas Because, along with a slice of rye toast, this will
sustain her

For a week of solitary breakfasts. Sleeping in only
Half of their bed, because some things really
Don't change (so many years with to be comfortable
without). The car has been sold, but the garden,
While smaller than the one he boasted, still comes
Up tenderly every spring.

There are still homemade birdhouses in the front
Lawn's birches, and chocolates hidden in the freezer,
Flying in the face of diabetes.

When I ask her how she is, I get a shrug,
An obligatory half smile.

Things are okay. Hard—but I'm getting through.

I paid a man to repaint the house and redecorated Joe's room,
And the neighbor down the street bought me a fish.

By Ren Meinhart

Second-year, Visual Media



05



57-Word Story

Husband long dead and dog long gone,
Mildred lived alone. Long had she harbored
emotions for the window-washer of her
apartment building. When Mildred finally
gathered the courage to knock on the window
and confess her love to him, he fell off the
scaffold, startled. As he plummeted to the
ground, he thought, *I missed a spot.*

By Kate Bloemker

Second-year, Photojournalism

01 Ba Ba Black Sheep
Theresa Kochmanski
Third-year
Illustration

02 Devil in a Red Dress
Steve Bernard
Third-year
Illustration

03 The Art of Fly Tying
Theresa Kochmanski
Third-year
Illustration

The Butterfly

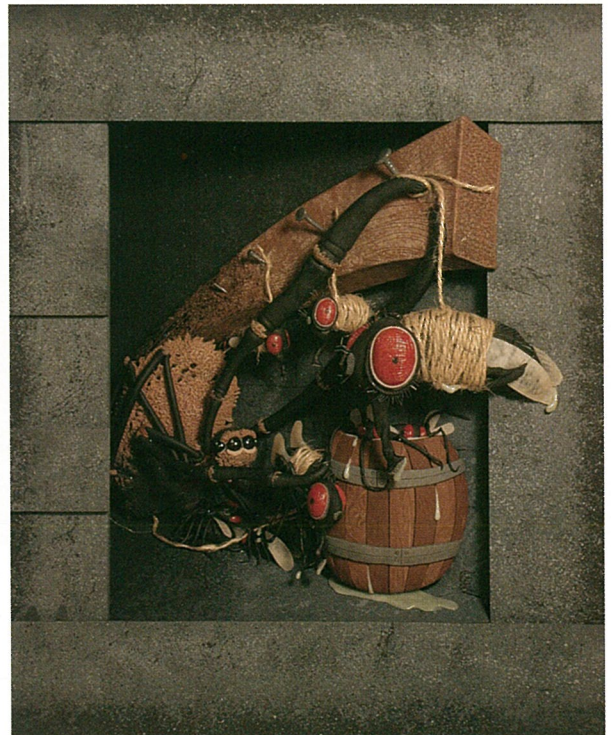
The beautiful butterfly lies down
upon the soft grassy knoll;
her dew-damp wings stretched out wide
to dry in the warm morning breeze.
Her fragile spindley legs hang on
to the sharp yet tender blades.
Swaying heavenly without any cares or worries,
there is a disturbance.
The tender sanctuary cuts deep,
yet continues to sway
in the warm morning breeze.

By Jonathan J. Lane

02



03





Upham's Last Theorem (Homage to H.P. Lovecraft)

What I tell you now I tell you for a reason. I dictate this account in the hope that my words will reach someone with the intellectual capacity to reach an understanding of what occurred that summer night. The only public acknowledgement of these events has been a small item in the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* regarding a missing professor, and a seemingly unrelated note describing my interment in this abominable institution.

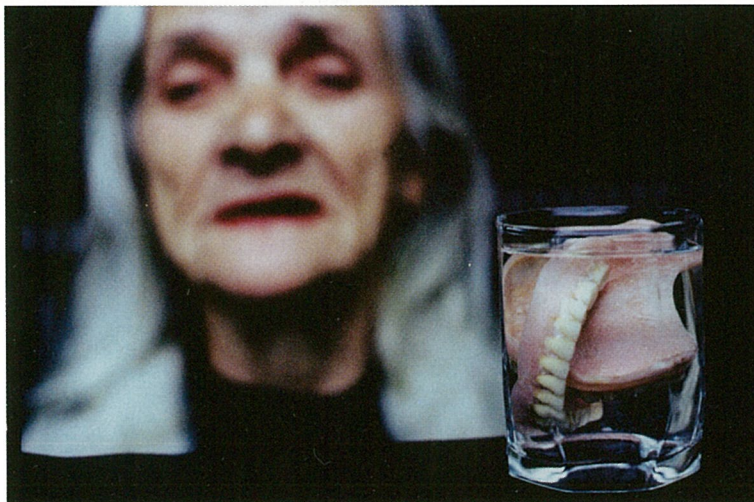
It has been assumed by most that this professor simply returned to his original post at Miskatonic University without notifying his peers, and that the cause of my breakdown was merely the stress of unchecked academic endeavor. The truth however, is far more stupefying.

It was the summer of 2002 when Professor Upham came to RIT in order to take advantage of a research grant in theoretical mathematics and RIT's nanopower laser lab. Although it was brought to his attention that many other schools would be better suited to his areas of interest, Upham waved these concerns away and maintained that he had important reasons for his choice of location. My questioning on the matter yielded only a mumbled reply about "climate" and "minerals in the brick."

I first met Professor Upham when I attended his June lecture on Riemannian equations and Non-Euclidean Geometry, in which he brought to light his unusual theories on the subjects. I shrugged them off as fanciful at the time, but ever since the events of that August night, I am often overwhelmed by terrible visions of the twisted equations that have been burned indelibly into my consciousness.

Bringing nothing but a box containing academic correspondence, he took control of an empty classroom on the third floor in the old section of the college of science. I first visited him there for clarification on some lingering questions I had concerning Cauchy kernels. On this visit I noted some rearrangement of the desks in a manner that appeared random, and the addition of several new blackboards (Upham preferring chalk to markers), all covered with variations on Langlands' Reciprocity Conjecture. Upham had a disheveled charm about him, and was never seen without his weatherworn beige raincoat fully buttoned. This eccentricity puzzled observers due to the stifling heat of the humid summer that permeated the un-air conditioned room, but many brilliant minds have such quirks, so no one thought much of the matter. It struck me that occasionally his small frame seemed, for a barely perceptible instant, to jut at impossible angles within the confines of the coat, but this notion was discarded by the rational mind as soon as it was conjured.

It was on my second visit to Upham's classroom-turned-study that I began to understand the sheer intensity that drove him. He had been struggling across 6 blackboards with an attempt to show that infinite clusters of supercritical Bernoulli percolation are indistinguishable from one another. Although he had come close, he was missing key elements and he invited me to join him. We struggled with the puzzle long into the night, and it



01 Untitled
Kelly LaDelfa
Fourth-year
Advertising Photo

02 Teeth
Rasna Bogdanovsk
Graduate Student
Fine Art Photo

03 Untitled
Jessica Latos
Second-year
Photography

04 Seagulls
Bryan Hammer
Third-year
Industrial Design

03



04



was not until the next morning when Prof. Culakova of RIT's math department, having background in Homotopy theory, was able to provide us with the missing piece. Exhausted but exhilarated, I was about to excuse myself in order to enjoy a much-needed respite when professor Upham, after scrawling a few notes, proceeded to completely erase our nights work from the boards, and begin anew, this time attempting to determine the limit flow of a viscous Cahn-Hilliard equation! I left the room in astonishment at his zeal.

The next few visits I had with Upham were mostly uneventful, although they yielded some valuable insights into the tenants of theoretical mathematics. Near the end of July, however, I began to notice marked changes in Upham. It was clear that he had not slept in some time, and his face had a strained and oddly angular look about it. We had an intense discussion in which he maintained that the Verma module annihilator theorem could at a fundamental level be related to Kostant's deep primeness theorem.

The idea seemed to me to be patently impossible, but Upham claimed that, given more time, he could show it to be true. I noted the pattern of desks in the room had changed again and now included desks stacked and askew at odd angles, and it was at this point that I began to question his hold on reality.

I had not seen Upham for several weeks when, after a long night of research, I left the library only to notice lights still on in his classroom. It was 2:00AM when I ascended the stairs and entered the third floor hall, finding it bathed in an eldritch glow. A voice coming from the room sounded to my ears as if grinding stone was being applied to metallic vocal chords and the words it spoke filled me with horror: "N'ningziddan eigenvalues, fhtagn Galois m'eromorphic Yomdin 'N'gai, n'gha'ghaa, bugg-shoggög Yog-

Sothoth." A few terms I recognized from my theoretical mathematics training, but others were completely unknown, and here I have placed only phonetic approximations, as they seemed to me unutterable by human tongue. The chanting continued, repeating certain phrases in new contexts and with altered emphasis, and increasing in speed and volume until I felt as if I would be driven mad by this aural assault. An irresistible subliminal force cajoled my legs into motion and I took a series of halting steps towards the glowing aperture that had

become an avenue to chaos.

As I neared the corner, I felt that the maddening soliloquy was reaching its crescendo and I steadied my mind against expectations of what was to come. Nothing could have prepared me for the monstrosity that assailed my eyes as I peered through the doorway. An abomination of geometry convulsed within the center of a series of desks impossibly approximating an enveloping algebra. It was at this moment that my hand reflexively came to my cheek in response to a sudden flow of liquid running down my face. As I looked down at my extremity, I experienced what was to be the last visual sensation I would ever know. As my bloodied fingers came into focus, behind them the blurred geometric enormity burst forth in an explosion of light that could have only been from a spectrum completely unknown to mankind. My vision dimmed with my consciousness and as I toppled forward I extended my hands to break my fall, only to experience the most horrible sensation yet to beset my battered senses.

Although a force beyond all comprehension had taken my vision, my sense of touch was to yield the most final and most maddening blow to my sanity. For you see, in that humidity drenched August night, surrounded by a maelstrom of unimaginable terror, my hands grasped the most mundane of materials betwixt the shattered pieces of desk that littered the floor: the tattered remains of a weatherworn raincoat.

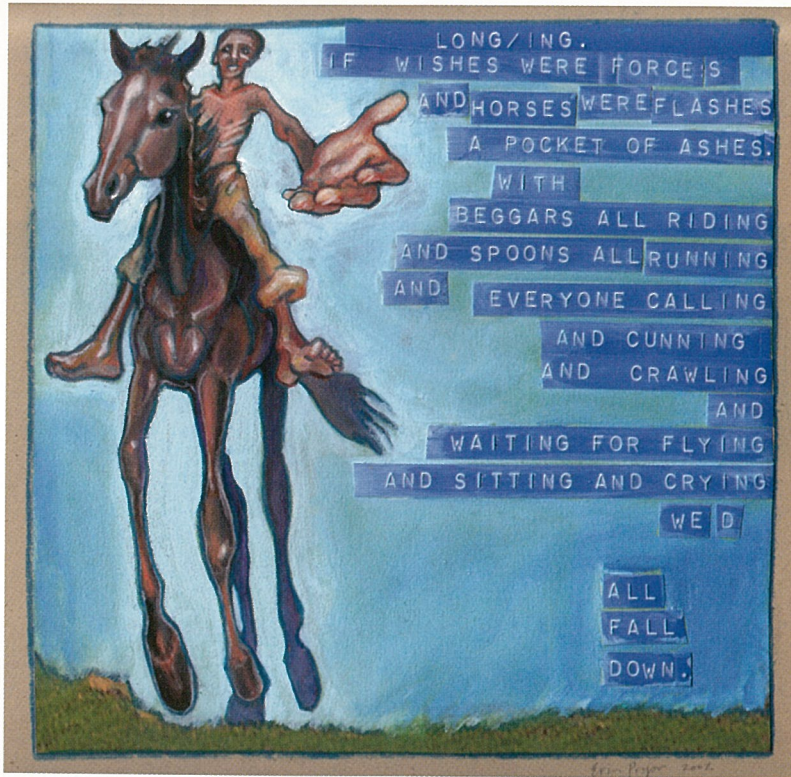
By Ron Bauerle

Fourth-year, Professional Technical Communications

01

01 Longing
Erin Pryor
 Fourth-year
 Illustration

02 Dissection
Kris Dunham
 Illustration



02 Processed

He says I'm like a painting,
 or a river, or a rocket.
 Serene, moody, explosive.
 I say I'm like a leaf that's still falling,
 and don't know where I'll land.

This processing is getting me down
 And no one knows
 My fears and random thoughts
 That blurt out sometimes
 And get strange looks.

I won't try as hard this time
 I'll try harder
 I'm not good enough
 I'll show them all
 I'm no one in this throng
 Everyone knows my name
 They're singing it.

By Miriam Rode
 Fourth-year, New Media Design





03

03 Snoop
Paul Beresiewicz
Fourth-year
Illustration

04 Dstrukt
Mike Salkewicz
Third-year
Graphic Design

05 London
Mike Salkewicz
Third-year
Graphic Design

The Rose

A rose bud opens,
releasing its scent.
All around is nothing;
nothing but cement.
A breeze blows by
– sometimes hard, sometimes light.
All alone, it bends,
but holds on ever so tight.

By Jonathan J. Lane



04



05

01



02



03



Bombs for the King, A Fable

On the rare occasion when someone asked Tobias Drum what he did for a living, he would always answer the same way: "I design bombs for the King." It was a statement he was proud of in his early years on the job, when his kingdom fought for a just cause against the kingdom across the sea. The bombs were new then and Tobias had yet to perfect them; they rarely hit their target and frequently failed to detonate.

There was a tiny flaw in the blueprints that Tobias discovered after a week without sleep. Sitting at his drafting table smelling like dirty laundry, he traced and retraced every mark of the blueprints until he noticed a misplaced bolt that was somehow ruining everything. He laughed at his foolishness and danced to celebrate the end of the faulty bombs. He danced until he fell to the ground, unconscious from exhaustion.

Tobias dreamed of the mischievous bolt for the three straight days he slept. Things in his daily life would stop working for no obvious reason and Tobias would search for the problem in a contemptuous fit. The bolt had found its way into his automobile, oven, toilet, even his clothes were not fitting right. He awoke relieved, the bolt and his problems were gone, and the king would be pleased.

After the adjustments, Tobias's designs were the best in the world. The war ended quickly, and Tobias was proud, not thinking of all the deaths he had designed along with his bombs. He worked at his job for many years, designing bigger and better bombs. He was well paid, had received many awards for the fabulous explosions his bombs made, and had many friends.

Tobias stopped for three beers and a bowl of popcorn at the pub down the street from his office every night on his way home. As he got older, the beer became scotch and the popcorn was cut out entirely. He had a number of friends there, working men like himself who were trying to stay away from their families for an hour longer. Tobias had no family though he had slept with many women, but as he got older and as the times changed, "I design bombs for the King" lost its sex appeal. Tobias spent many nights alone when the wars became unpopular, and subsequently his bombs became more destructive.

Tobias spent his fiftieth birthday in the pub, celebrating silently, no one cared about him anymore. He stayed for hours; the regulars came and went without acknowledging him, even the men he worked with didn't say "hello." He felt useless, but was far from it. The King was waging seven wars at once and needed the most efficient bombs Tobias could design. When the man with the wooden leg entered the bar Tobias was calculating a hypothetical trajectory on a napkin.

He heard the uneven, wooden steps of the cane and the prosthetic and turned to see the man take the stool next to him. The man ordered a beer and a scotch old fashioned, then said "hello" to Tobias.

"How are ya?" Tobias replied.

"Good as I'm gonna get!" The man tapped his wooden leg with the cane and gave a laugh that led into a coughing fit. Tobias watched him wipe mucus away from his lips with a gray

01 Untitled

Kate Bloemker

Second-year

Photojournalism

02 July

Carrie A. Clingan

Fourth-year

Nontoxic Printmaking

03 Neck

Margaret Farmer

Third-year

Illustration

04 Fences

Elizabeth Oporto

Second-year

Advertising Photo



but once white handkerchief. The man was Tobias's age or older, with gray hair, callused worker's hands and scars that crawled across his face and down his neck like a web. The man was quiet for a while, drinking his beer and leaving the scotch untouched. He startled Tobias with "What's that you're drawing?" after realizing Tobias would not be first to speak.

"Just some schematics. Big project I'm working on." Tobias folded the napkin into his palm and finished his eighth scotch.

"Ah, you're an engineer?"

"Yes."

"I am too, in a way. I worked in a ship yard during the war."

"Which one?"

"Which ship yard or which war?"

They both laughed at the unexpected humor in the question. Tobias forgot about his birthday. The man ordered another beer and coughed into his handkerchief.

"You gonna drink that scotch?" Tobias pointed with his pen.

"Nope, that's for my wife."

Tobias nodded and looked around the bar. "Guess she's running late?"

"As usual." The man shrugged.

The conversation turned back to the war and the man told Tobias about his injuries. He was originally from across the sea, the leg was lost when his ship yard was bombed, and the burns were from when he volunteered to fight the fires that burned day and night during the war. Tobias thought back many years, the war the man was speaking about was Tobias's first, when his bombs didn't work right. Tobias sobered quickly when he realized it was one of his bombs that had destroyed the man's leg, and it was fire that Tobias's bombs had lit that burned the man's face.

"That was so long ago no one ever talks about it anymore. Now everyone from my country is a part of this kingdom. Just think!" The man laughed. "We were enemies once! Now we are sitting here like two old friends."

Tobias nodded and looked at the scotch by the man's elbow.

"She is not coming," the man said, the joy dropped from his voice. "She'll never come." He brushed at the scars on his face.

"I'm sorry," Tobias said. He fidgeted with the napkin in his hands, pulling it apart.

"It is our anniversary. It would have been forty years." The man stared into his hands for a minute and then snapped back to attention.

"It's my birthday, fifty years. We're both celebrating." Tobias tasted bile in the

back of his throat. They did not talk again until the man stood to leave.

"And now the long walk home. Old men like us should not be out this late, and you've got a project to work on." The man smiled, Tobias did not.

"Happy anniversary," Tobias said.

"Happy birthday." The man tapped Tobias's shoulder and hobbled towards the street. Tobias stared at the scotch until the bartender shouted "last call."

Tobias returned to his office an hour after leaving the bar. He had been wandering the streets, drunk and lonely, unable to shake the vision of the man's spider web scars and the scotch without an owner. The plans to the King's latest bomb were pinned to his drafting table; he had spent weeks adapting one of his earliest designs for the modern era.

"Seven wars at once," he said, looking at the blueprints as if for the first time.

He traced his pencil around the curves, looking at the measurements he had recorded next to each schematic. He had never seen one of his bombs used, nor had he ever known what effect they had on their targets. His eyelids hung across his pupils and the plans started to run together in a tangle of pencil lines. He saw the tiny circles that dotted the bomb where the metal came together. He struggled to remember what they were for, and when he did he recalled the last time he was in the office all night, thirty years ago, working on his faulty bombs. They were similar to this one, but not nearly as powerful.

He flipped his pencil to the eraser end and wiped away one of the small circles. Tobias rubbed his eyes and redrew the bolt, slightly to the left; in a spot he might have placed it thirty years ago. He stared at his work for a long while, thinking about what he had told the King: "These will be my best bombs yet."

By Justin R. Mayer

Third-year, New Media Design

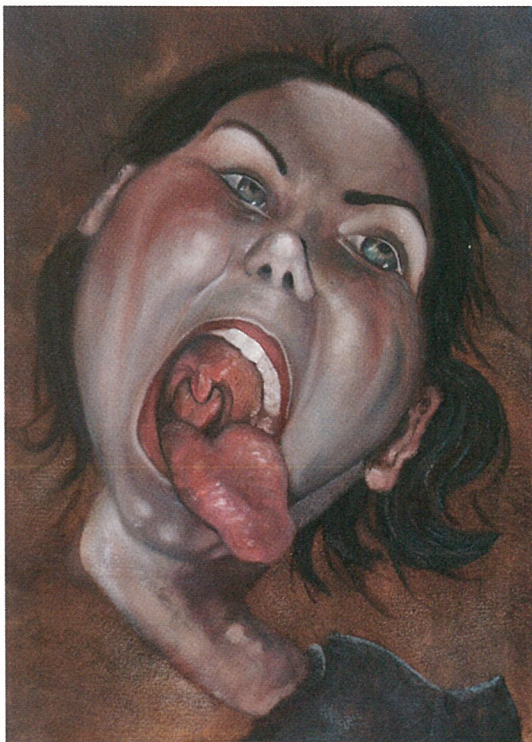
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Paul Beresiewicz
 Fourth-year
 Illustration

02 Sick
Casey Gathery
 Third-year
 Illustration

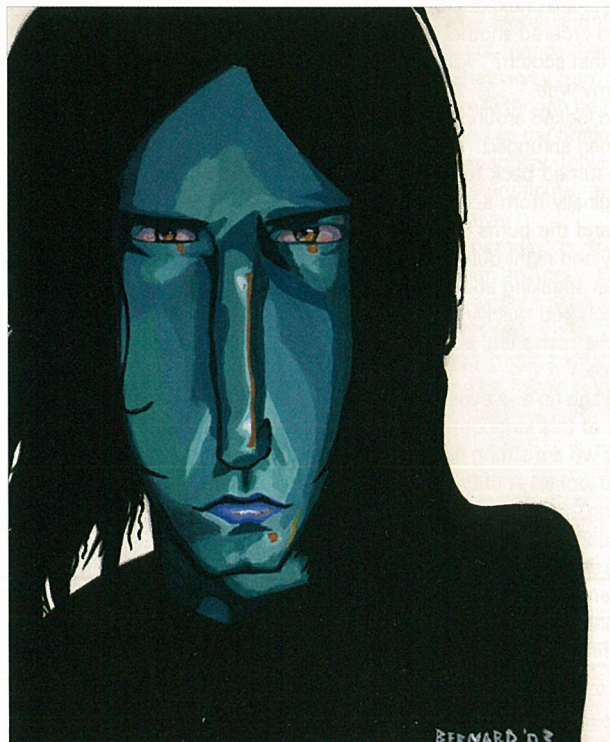
03 Trent Reznor
Steve Bernard
 Third-year
 Illustration



01



02



03

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Saturday, 24th

Commencement: Colleges, Locations, Times

Commencement Tent:

College of Applied Science & Technology, 8:30 am

B. Thomas Golisano College of Computing and Information
Sciences (GCCIS), 11:30 am

Imaging Arts & Sciences (CIAS), 2:30 pm

Clark Gymnasium:

Science, 8:30 am

National Technical Institute for the Deaf (NTID)
11:00 am

Liberal Arts, 1:00 pm

Ritter Ice Arena:

Business, 9:00 am

Kate Gleason College of Engineering, Noon

All events subject to change. Based on information available 05/09/03. Tickets may be charged in the SAU Game Room; call 475-2239(v/tty). CalendaRIT is a paid advertisement from the Center for Campus Life.