

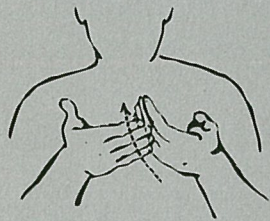


# REPORTER

MAY 14, 2004 | [WWW.REPORTERMAG.COM](http://WWW.REPORTERMAG.COM)

# Art & LITERATURE

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Don't forget the breadsticks and wings!



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1-Topping pizza & Buffalo Wings.

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Large Pizza & 10 Wings

may apply. Limited delivery areas.

Deep Dish Extra

Exp. 12/31/03

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### Campus Double Deal

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## Editorial: Edit and Oriole.

I'd like to start this out with a disclaimer of sorts. I am no writer. I never have been. I don't like all of the commas and punctuation elements and I find them very restricting, and it frustrates me when I can't come up with the right word to say what I want to say. In real life, I say "yo" every thirty seconds. In writing, that's not really acceptable.

I am a designer—representing things visually is what I do. Be it a map I draw on a napkin to show you how to get to my house, a simple flier that tells you when something is going on, or an entire magazine that is brimming with useful information, I enjoy organizing information so that the layperson (me) can easily understand it. Design is also good choice of career for me because of the simple fact that it doesn't involve a whole lot of writing. But, with this being the Art and Literature issue of *Reporter*, and me being the Art Director of *Reporter*, the general consensus is that I am a sort of resident expert on art.

That last statement about being an expert on art is probably not true. I do know one thing though: I've never written an editorial, nor do I know much about them. Therefore, I'll decipher the word "editorial" so I have a better idea of what I am supposed to do.

It can be split up into two parts: "edit" and "orial." Edit makes sense, however, I don't think "orial" is a word. But, when I say it aloud, it does sound a lot like the bird and mascot of the baseball team, so "Oriole" makes up the second part of "edit-oriole." I'll define each part to study this tricky beast, the "edit-oriole".

Edit, as defined by dictionary.com, means "to prepare (written material) for publication or presentation, as by correcting, revising, or adapting." With that definition in mind, it seems to me that I shouldn't be writing this at all. There ought to be a standard already-written editorial that I would just "prepare for publication," or, unfortunate for the writer, take a stab at "correcting or revising." Adapting I'm not sure about.

Oriole, as defined by dictionary.com, is "any of various Old World passerine birds of the family Oriolidae, of which the males are characteristically black and bright yellow or orange." Not sure how relates to writing. At all. Though, I must say, I'm really into the colors black and bright yellow. They frikin' rock.

The word "editorial" is still a mystery to me. The definitions I've gathered tell me I should be changing an already written document to make it ready for printing by a passerine bird of the family Orioliadae. Why would a bird be printing this magazine anyway? I'm pretty sure there are no birds in this office—none that I've found, anyway. Perhaps I should try another approach to finding what an "editorial" is meant to be.

After another quick trip to dictionary.com, I find that "editorial" is defined as "an article in a publication expressing the opinion of its editors or publishers." That's it. I'm supposed to express the opinions of my editors or publishers.

But what opinion of theirs am I supposed to express? Am I the "editor or publisher?" I hope not, I haven't edited anything. Ever. Also, the definition makes no hint at exactly, how to "express" what it is I'm supposed to be "expressing." Maybe I should just ask the "editors and publishers" what they think about this issue, or maybe I should ask them what they think about Chinese food. But none of my editors are around. I guess I will speak for them.

This issue is full of amazing artistic and literary works. It was an incredible experience designing a magazine that brings together a sampling of the collected works of RIT's artists and writers. Through first designing the issue in your hands and then writing this "edit-oriole" or "editorial," whichever way you want to see it, I have come in touch with both sides of this issue. I have an amazing amount of respect for the people who do both. Thank you to those who contributed works to this issue. For the record, I love Chinese food.

In the end, I see that writing and designing have something in common; they are both about taking thoughts and information, organizing them, and shaping them into one meaningful cohesive being. If you don't believe me, ask the editors, this is their opinion, yo.



Joseph Guzman  
Art Director

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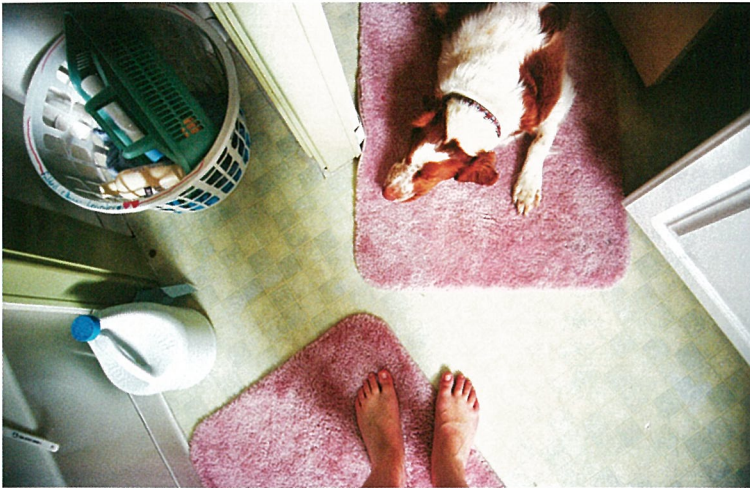
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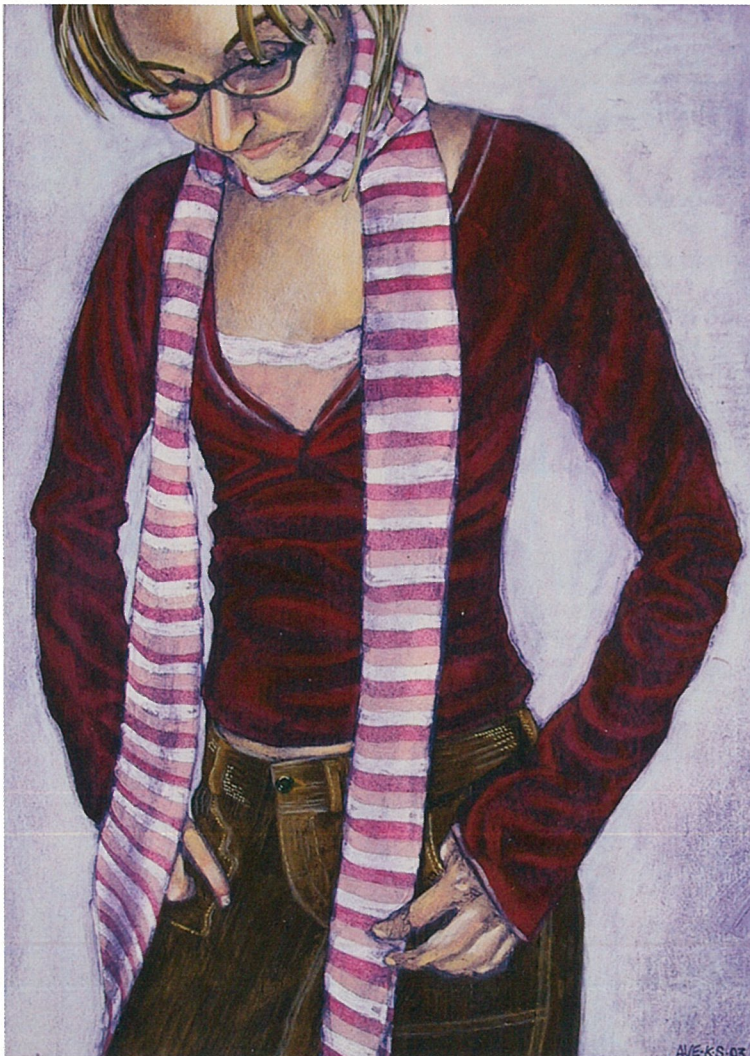
01



**don't stop living in the red**

i walk the streets with my brother peter  
 he is four  
 i say "LISTEN, I GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHIN  
 sometimes you listen to music  
 and it oozes positive energy  
 no, it BLASTS it, in every direction  
 it is a virus of excitement you will soon be infected with  
 and there are only two kinds of people:  
 those who know what i'm talking about  
 and those who haven't figured it out yet"

02



peter says, "i think i understand"  
 and i say, "this energy is something that anyone can tap into  
 and once you do  
 you CAN'T SHUT IT OFF"

later that evening over a tasty bowl of cereal  
 i hand peter some headphones  
 he dances while he eats  
 as he listens to ANDREW WK for the first time  
 "okay," he says, removing the headphones,  
 "you mean, you listen to this all day long and every night  
 and never sleep  
 because you LOVE IT SO MUCH?!"  
 and i say, "YES"  
 and tell him he is unstoppable

a week later i get a call from my mom  
 she has taken away peter's headphones  
 because he would not turn the volume down  
 he threw a fit, in fact  
 screaming, "IF IT'S NOT LOUD, IT'S NOT ROCK AND ROLL, MOM!!"

i laugh

"what are you teaching him?" my mom wants to know  
 "i don't have to teach him anything," i say  
 "he knows it  
 in his soul."

**by Agnes Barton-Sabo**  
 Fourth-year, Fine Art Photo

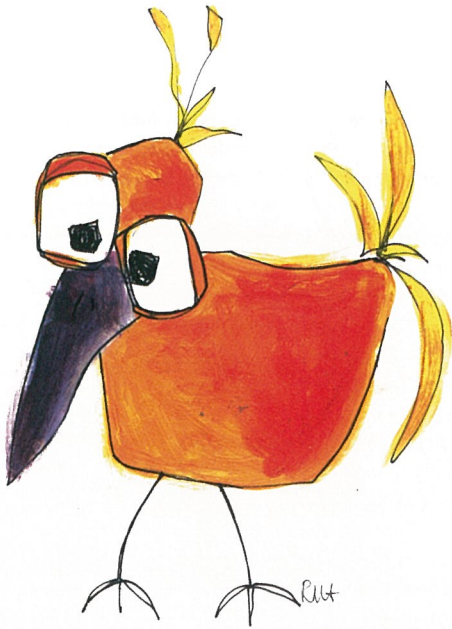
01 Maxwell  
Kathryn Nix  
Fourth-year  
Photojournalism

02 The Girl in the Striped Scarf  
Avery Stanert  
Fourth-year  
Illustration

03 Orange Bird  
Rachel Altbach  
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Illustration

04 NYC Ad Campian  
Chris Hingel  
Fourth-year  
Graphic Design

03

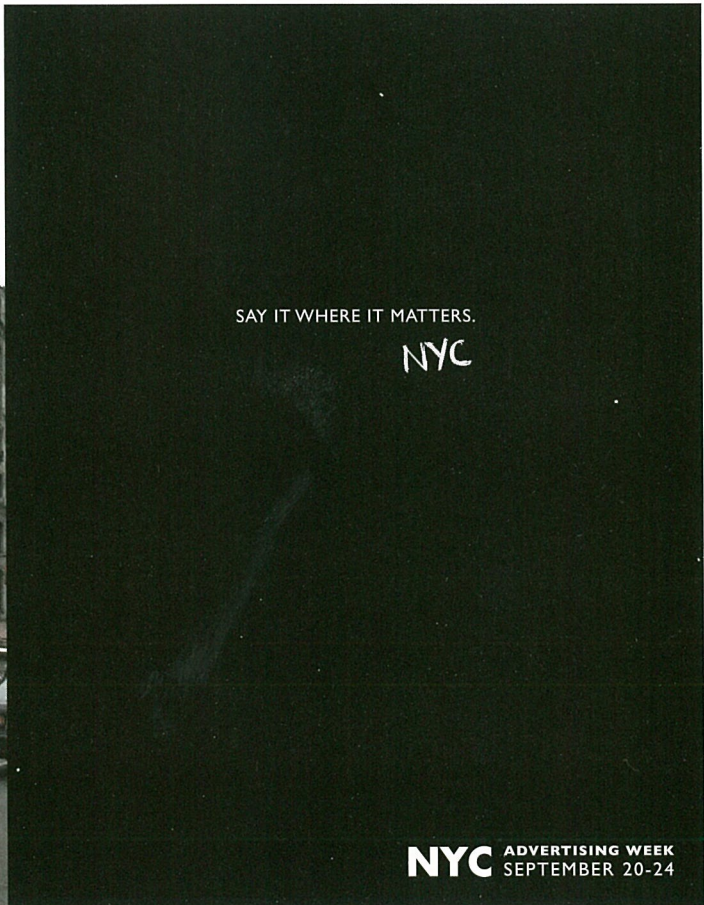


### aprons and ironing boards

I was embarrassed by your creaseless character and tightly pulled laces  
She is a mixture of shoe polish and wrinkles  
You only understood her  
While she was ironing perfectly patterned shirts  
I only understood you when you ran out of toothpaste.

by Alexis G. McVicker

04





## America

*"America is a friend to the people of Iraq. Our demands are directed only at the regime that enslaves them and threatens us. When the demands are met, the first and greatest benefit will come to Iraqi men, women, and children." —President George W. Bush*

The world was made a mockery.  
535 members make a representative,  
choice for 250 million.  
Yet I was never represented.

A man stands at the helm of it all,  
oblivious to the ghosts weeping at his feet.  
Widows half a world away are united,  
through loss, questioning freedom.

The regime is no longer there.  
We still die, they still die.

One mans crusade for phantoms.

10, 715 men, women, and children,  
Enjoying their freedom their "greatest benefit",  
six feet underground.  
"America is a friend to the people of Iraq."

Mother Earth herself spoke out.  
Wept tears of blood for each one lost.  
But still we are ignored,  
10, 715 times.

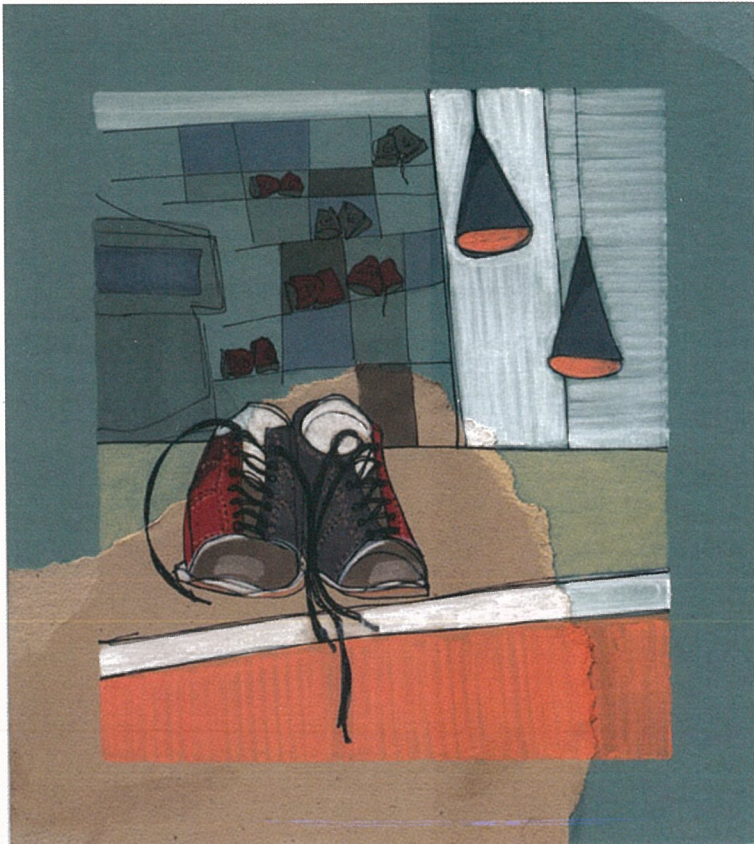
To kill a child,  
is murder most heinous.  
To kill hundreds of children,  
gets shrouded by the veil of war.  
Where is their justice?  
Lost in the gray area,  
of emotional detachment.

I speak out now,  
as I did at the beginning.  
My complaints a million people strong,  
fall upon deaf ears,  
of 535 people and one man.  
(Every generation has tragedy and loss  
Filed and hid under history  
Never to be learned from  
Always to be repeated.)

**by John Meehan**

Fourth-year, Computer Science

02



03



### Coming Home

I relaxed, allowing the orange barrels and pylons to guide me along with their arrhythmic orange lights drawing me hints. I'm almost home. It's almost midnight, and almost tomorrow.

Tomorrow, I pull into a parking space in front of the brick face of my apartment—one of the two close to the center that let me pull in all the way. This is good, everyday.

Walking up the steps to my front stoop, I bury my hand in my left pocket, remembering that they fixed the door so that it actually closes to lock now. Another moment will pass.

A few more steps up and I arrive at "D," my door. And here are more keys, and more seconds.

Glancing in, my feet follow my eyes to the pizza box in the kitchen and then into my room, where the blinds are still open, splicing a glassy floodlight. Morning will bring a bit more reality.

The only things I can hear now are worn out fans blowing worn out air past the innards of my computer, and the echoing groan of running water from some cubically adjacent apartment. After a few hours sleep, it can feel more like a home.

And then, what if I were to just ask you to marry me? Then, what would you say? What could you say? Thanks? I would say thanks.

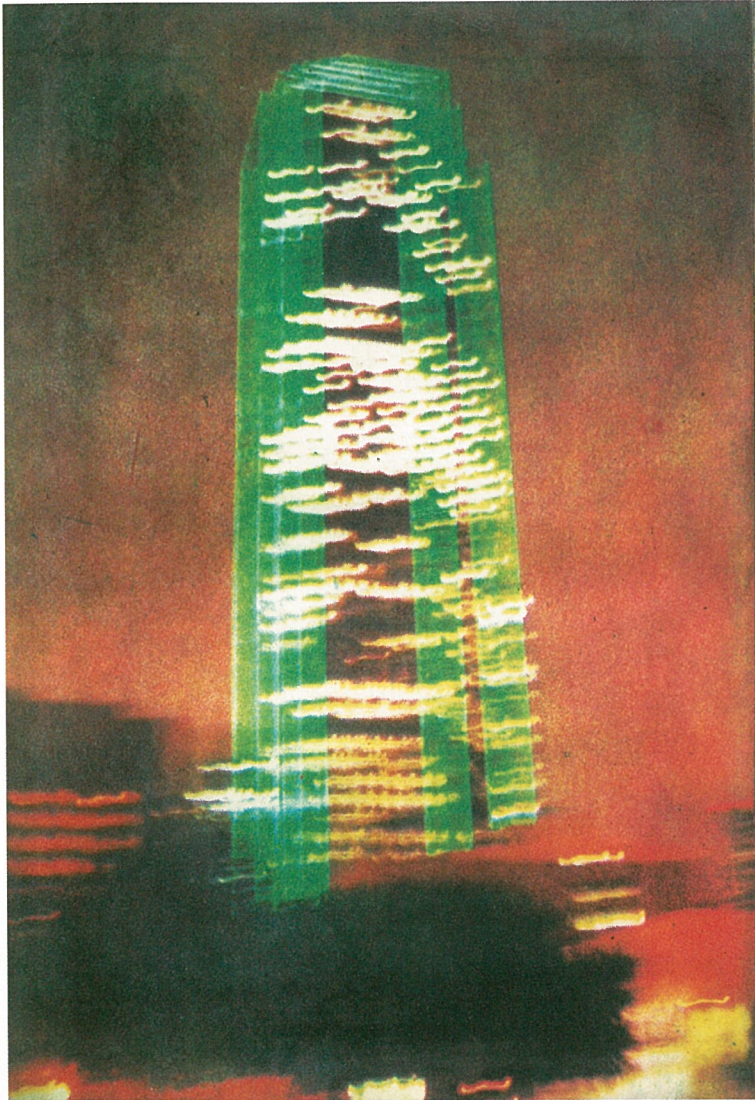
by Erhardt Graeff

Second-year, Information Technology

### maple beads

The way you flip forks and balance trays...  
 Oh baby, serve me my coffee hot/real hot.  
 Loosen your grip, my fictional fixation  
 My fashion disease.  
 Pardon me,  
 You passionately passive and perfect water pourer.  
 The little glass cubes  
 Collide together  
 And make my eyes flutter  
 Into the bubbles in my glass.  
 Oh you spoon and fork pancake  
 With maple beads...  
 Melt into a membrane of glassy plates  
 And stack them sticky in the sink.

by Alexis G. McVicker



### Exploration in Tachycardia

The suicidal business man in the bathroom used the same razorblade to cut his wrist slashes as the previous occupant of the stall used to cut his cocaine into easily snortable lines and in an ironic twist of fate felt a dizzying high and lust for life the second before he died of blood loss.

by **Justin Harsch**

Third-year Visual Media

### Parchment and Wax

Power freed from law  
 who doesn't claim themselves a king?  
 some moral absolute  
 or deify their own will  
 when angels fall  
 even if their white wings are more than parchment  
 and their halo's lighter than a lie  
 we climb on gulls feathers and candle wax  
 from our own labyrinth, island prisons  
 watching angels plummet past our rise  
 our ascension as ephemeral as their most rapid wane  
 the sun awaits embrace  
 to melt our wax and prove us angels in our fall  
 kings at last as only gravity holds sway  
 but sway it will its judgment absolute  
 that all must fall  
 and join the angels, shattered on the rocks below.

by **Benjamin Foster**

Second-year, Computer Science





**01 Southern Lights**  
**Bryan Hammer**  
Fourth-year  
Industrial Design

**02 CD Packaging**  
**Jill Spaeth**  
Fourth-year  
Graphic Design

**03 Pink Shoes; Dallas, TX**  
**Ren Meinhart**  
Third-year  
Visual Media

**04 Spare Parts**  
**Bill Robinson**  
Second-year  
Animation

## Friday

A tree caught in the wind snaps and becomes a toothpick with which the wind picks its darkening teeth.

03



"You should have that looked at," the sea says. "It could be gingivitis."

The breeze politely scoffs and swoops down to pick up a cow. After enjoying the calcite from its udders, it stabs the black and white splotch with the toothpick and delicately places it in a brine martini.

"Thanks. It's about time for a drink," says the earth.

"Rough day?"

"Like you wouldn't believe. I guess it doesn't matter much now. It's Friday, it's 5pm, and I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to drink this martini, go out on that dancefloor and shake my ass, rub against a handsome fellow, and hopefully get laid."

04



"Go get 'em, slugger."

With that, the wind returned to his usual duties: creating power, distributing gametes, and making doors creak in the creepiest of ways.

...

The sea grinds another cigarette butt into the ashtray; his 13<sup>th</sup> for the night. His doctors say that he should really quit while he can still regenerate what he has lost.

Staring into the empty basin in front of him, the barnacled sea signals the wind for another.

"Double?" prompts the wind.

"I do believe I'd enjoy that."

"You got it, but this'll have to be for the road."

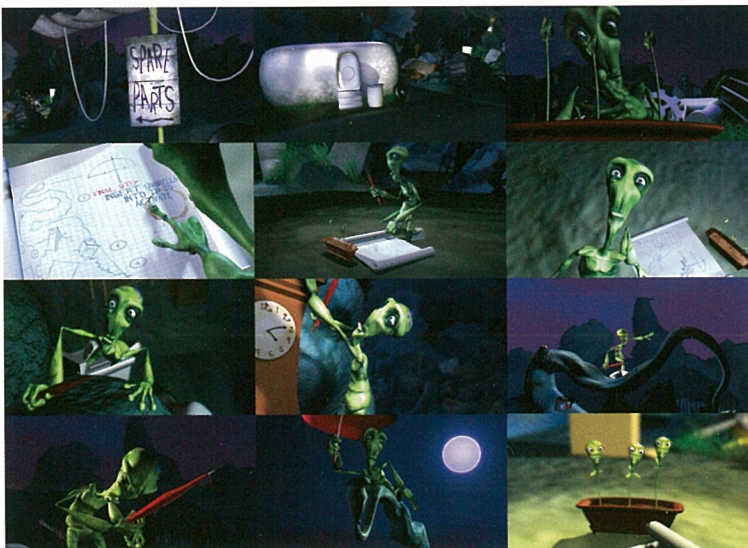
Staring down at the plank before him, the sea massages his cuticles. A manicure would be nice, he thinks to himself.

The sea throws the mire, sediment and all, down his gullet and into his queasy innards.

As he unevenly stoops from his perch, he thinks of how lovely the earth looked tonight. By now, she's got her tongue deep in the groove of some unsuspecting continental.

**by Sean Hannan**

Third Year, Information Technology



01



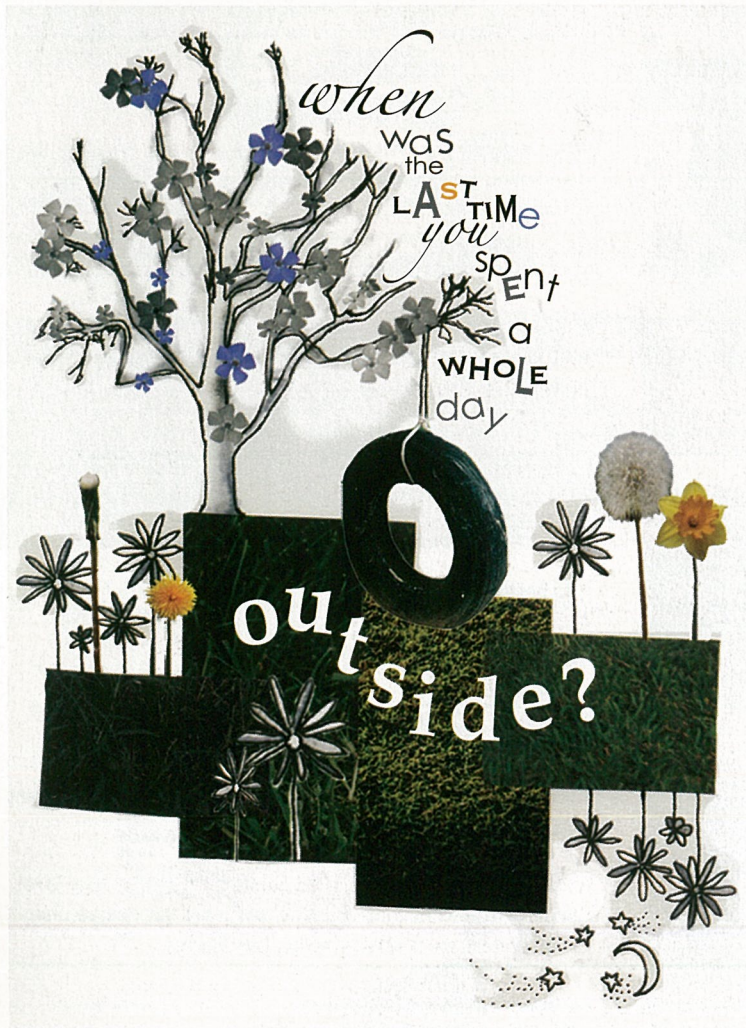
0110.0110.0110

So you were out in the backyard playing catch with dad when the mysterious beam of light panned across the lawn and into your personal space. You looked at dad in confusion and maybe a feeble attempt to get you down as you were slowly raised into the hovering orb above. Inside, you found the walls covered only with Life magazines of the past 46 years which served as the only means for the strange life forms who have yet to show their faces to understand our culture. and just as you thought all hope was lost, they emerged with platters of Rice Krispie treats and pitchers of Tang. And then, and only then did you realize that this was your new home—and you'd be quite comfortable.

by Justin Harsch

Third-year, Visual Media

02



Preface to Book of Mind and Body

The head tome has been opened.

Out pour memories, preferences, and connotations.

Chapters.

Chapters of lives lived, thoughts thought, feelings felt.

Brilliant mosaics that describe what words cannot;

while strange men in their hoi polloi drabs

sing songs of refuge and honesty;

while giant fires rage across crystalline plains

while the caribou flee;

while the tiniest tick of teased life

creates a torrent of the most pure and beautiful emotions

that reveals everything that's been trying to be said;

while desolation spreads from the hearts of cities

to the mountains and lakes

and wherever man takes his worries;

while millions of people,

all of whom everyone knows,

are wishing the same thing at the same instant,

but only for that instant;

while the sun rises in a glorious moment

as the moon retreats;

while trenches are dug and walls erected

to keep out the steady stream of marooned pilgrims;

while dark puddles evaporate and become gossamer clouds;

while inscrutable esoterics are howled towards crowds

and they cry for the crushing weight of every single terrible word.

After all, they are only words

but words are all there are.

by Kenneth D'Amica

First-year, Economics

01 **Warmer**  
**Kathryn Nix**  
Fourth-year  
Photojournalism

02 **The Great Outdoors**  
**Avery Stanert**  
Fourth-year  
Illustration

03 **Hussie #2**  
**Shana Siegel**  
Fourth-year  
Illustration

03

### Singing in the Shade

The lights too low  
and the mikes too loud  
the look in her eye  
a few shades darker then desperate  
one white light on the pathetic crowd  
two black haired kids  
they look happy, or alone  
but what's the difference?  
wheres the tune wound off to  
despite the glare off the guitar  
and the crunching of our ear drums  
under sound  
i suppose we sit here in rebuttal  
how out of place the understatement  
against the colors on the wall.

by **Benjamin Foster**

Second-year, Computer Science

If I created  
a ruins  
of my dried  
up body  
spectators  
might come  
to donate  
to the  
maintenance  
of them.  
And there would be  
tours.  
guides in required uniforms –  
they would sometimes  
have to rope off  
parts  
that have become  
hazardous.  
Children would point.  
Pictures would be  
taken  
and sold as postcards  
or taken home in disposable  
cameras,  
to be forgotten about or lost  
in drawers with all  
the other vacations.

by **Liz Sabo**



01



— the words are dying around me

i must promise i will finish  
 because it is what comes after that will  
 change  
 the ending.

::

you weren't home when i called  
 you were out watching cable cars  
 and busy streets  
 so the phone just  
 rang for days.

maybe pavement  
 has a certainty  
 maybe blacktop  
 has a certain stability  
 that you need.

::

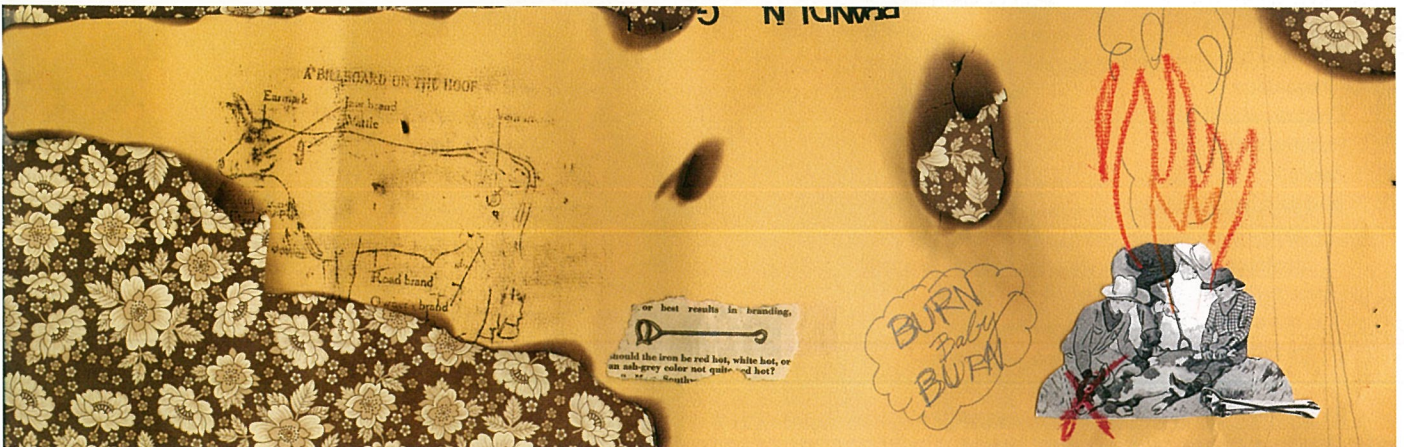
and our language will change like the weather,  
 always casting something small and precious above us.

by **Patrick G. Kelley**  
 Third-year, Computer Engineering

02



03



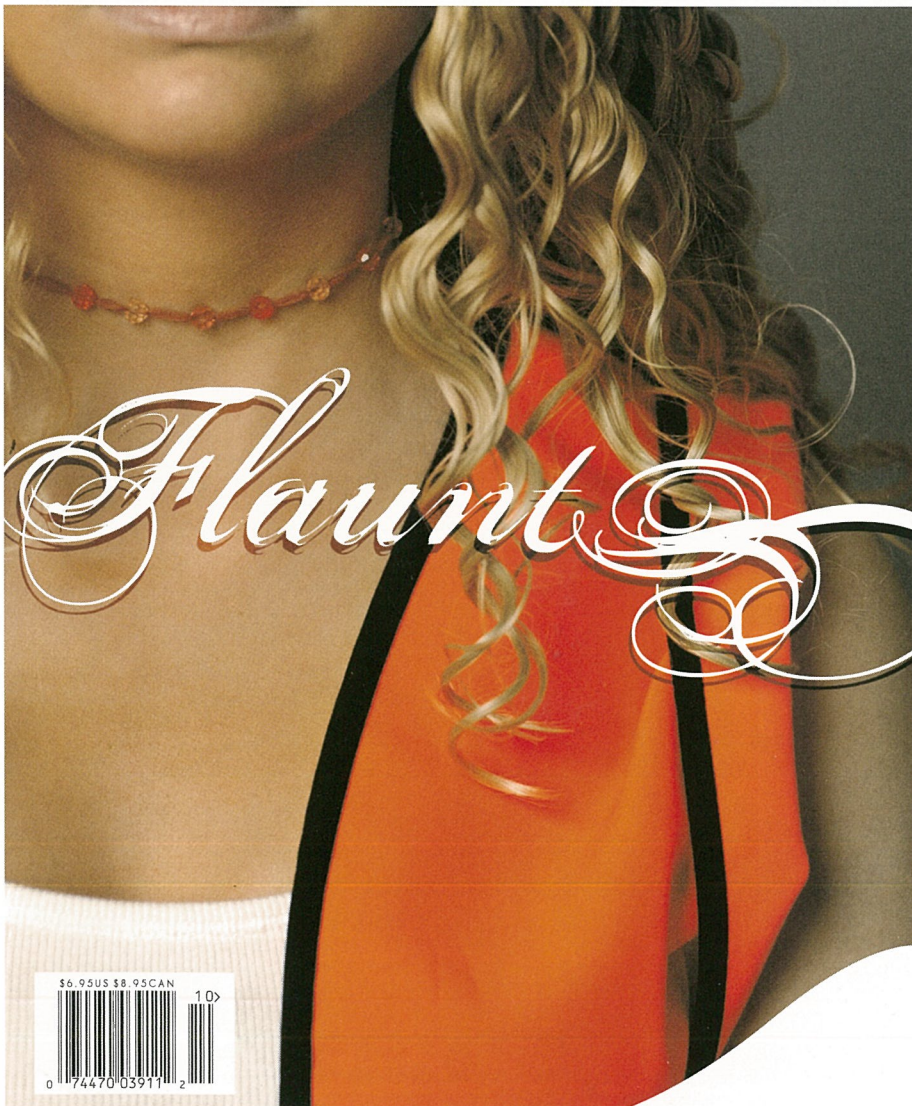
01 **Sky**  
**Jessica Latos**  
Third-year  
Photography

02 **Urinals**  
**Erhardt Graeff**  
Second-year  
Information Technology

03 **Outlaw Gold: Burn Baby Burn**  
**Mike Salkewicz**  
Fourth-year  
Graphic Design

04 **Flaunt Cover**  
**Chris Hingel**  
Fourth-year  
Graphic Design

04



**Everything I know about marksmanship,  
I learned from Oregon Trail**

The empty cases of the machine guns bullets rained down upon the heads of the children below with their hands on their ears trying to drown out the screams and bang bangs of the high caliber machinery above engraved with messages to the enemies asking what they would have done differently had they known the position they would be in some time later

**by Justin Harsch**

Third-year, Visual Medi

**the white room**

Enveloped in white  
"it's like the womb" she says  
her hands roam along the fabric  
feeling for an answer  
meanings come though hazily  
through the fabric of thought  
misty portents cause her mind to race  
she searches more and more  
questions come to her but  
the answers are only pushed farther away  
she stops  
her hands dry and tingling from the search  
and she stands there left with nothing

**by Brooks Eastman**

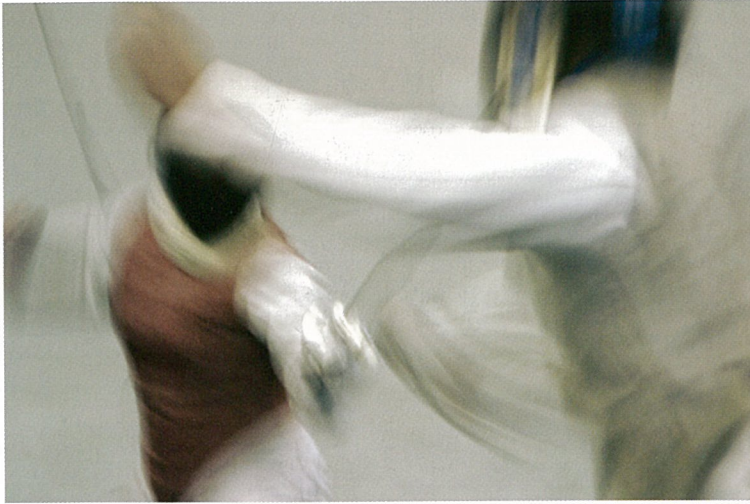
Second-year, New Media Design

01 **Blur**  
**Kate Bloemker**  
 Third-year  
 Photojournalism

01 **Untitled**  
**Armel Ramadji Doumnande**  
 Graduate Student  
 Information Technology

02 **Outlaw Gold: Let 'Er Buck**  
**Mike Salkewicz**  
 Fourth-year  
 Graphic Design

01



**radishes**

You are recurrently radiant  
 And restlessly ruined by routines,  
 Walk to the corner store and buy me three radishes.  
 We need a perfect salad,  
 And I like the way radishes replenish themselves  
 Between your teeth  
 Before you swallow them.

by **Alexis G. McVicker**

**John**

used to do this little thing  
 when he gave us money  
 (sometimes)  
 for the holiday and  
 (sometimes)  
 for no reason at all  
 where he'd slide the perfectly  
 creased, crisp currency into our  
 hands through an almost suave handshake  
 (smiling).  
 his money always looked just so  
 (good).  
 he was a veteran with diabetes and a bad knee  
 and lived  
 (simply)  
 with his sister Anna, neither of them having  
 (married).  
 we would have tried to stop him from giving it to us,  
 my brother and I, but we didn't have the heart.

by **Ren Meinhart**  
 Third-year Visual Media

02



03



# Stressful Semester?

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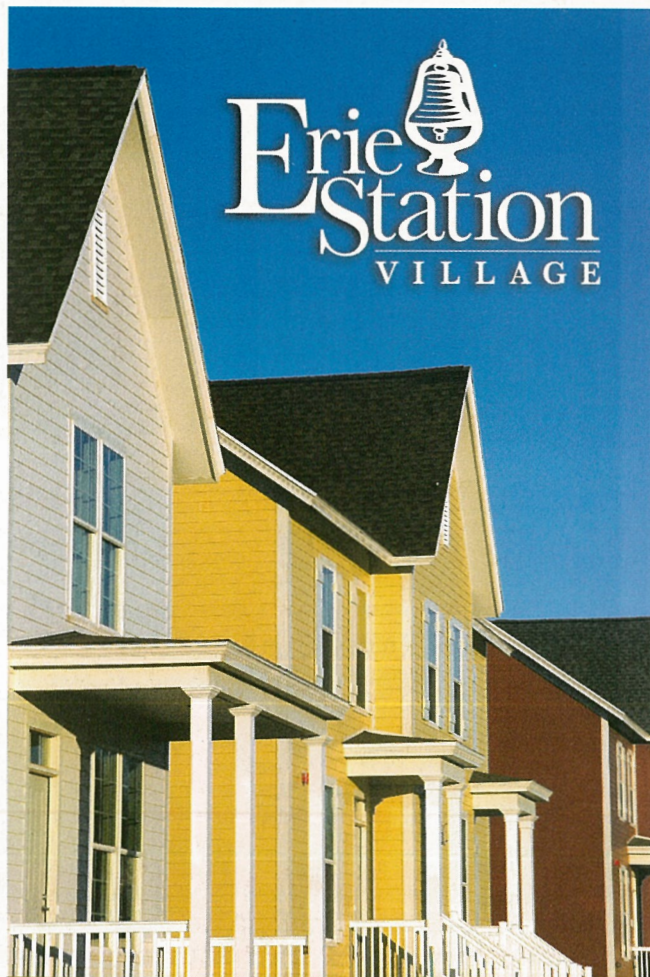
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floorplans featuring washers and dryers, walk-in closets, sunny kitchens, and contemporary baths, you're sure to find one that's right for you. It's seconds from I-390 and the Thruway and just minutes from where you need to be. The leasing office is now open. Monday & Friday - 9am to 5pm, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday - 9am to 6pm and Saturday - 10am to 4pm. Ask about our special rates for graduating seniors!



## Erie Station VILLAGE



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WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD