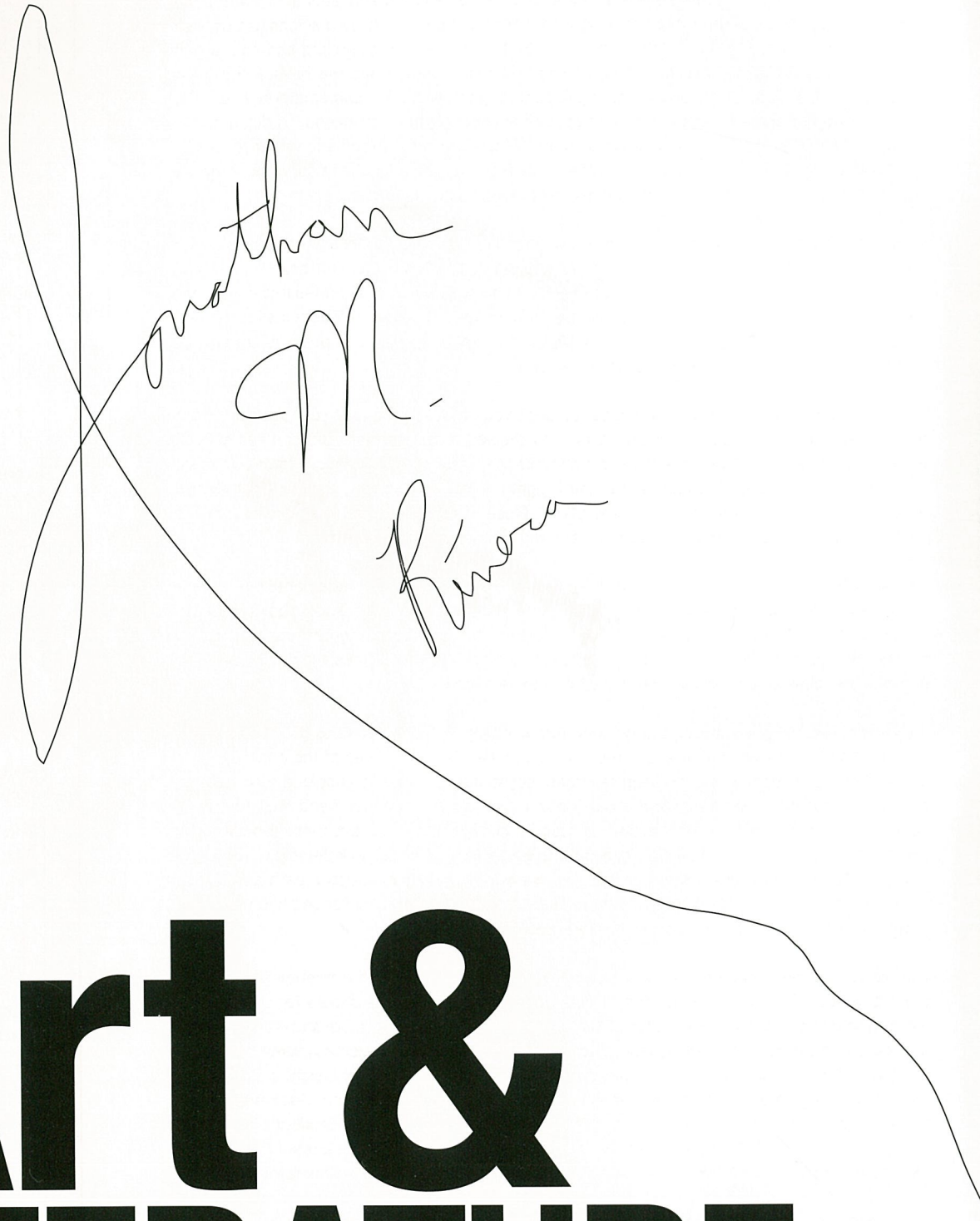


REPORTER

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8



Jonathan
M.
Riviera

Art & LITERATURE

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Art Should be a Community. Build One.

I have mixed feelings towards the design world and institutionalized educational system. I can only speak specifically of the school of design that I attend; however, these opinions can be well applied to other colleges. I find school structure (not professors) very limiting and backwards at times. The technology here at RIT is nothing less than amazing and we have many great professors, with much insight and wisdom gained through their life and career experiences. Yet, that knowledge is sometimes hindered through defined department restrictions, curriculum, and school politics. Not to say the problem ends there. When one sees design sophomores getting away with using papyrus and modern geometric illustration (together) in their final work, it makes one think that there is a problem in the guidance of their design education.

Students must be honestly and constructively critiqued by both their peers and professors. (The problem with this is that design is subjective, though classic principles and golden rules will always stand true.) It is the responsibility of the student to seek out diverse professors whom can contribute to their overall education through various ideologies of design. (Of both the classic and more postmodern avant-garde.) School is the place for exploring ideas and perhaps not always following what your professors may seem to tell you.

You'll have plenty of time for formal instruction once you graduate. Many of your professors are there for you both inside and outside of class, they should be your mentors, but one has to think for themselves as well. There needs to be a collaborative process and balance. Professors must realize too; that although in most cases their insight will be very correct, they will not always have the final solution. There are no final solutions. Once you think yourself to stop learning from others, no matter how experienced you may be, you limit yourself.

The overall quality of design throughout RIT is fair at best. Perhaps the fundamentals of design should become a foundational yearlong program, among other changes that should be considered and revised. Students rely too heavily upon aesthetics and sometimes ignore the conception process all together—we have all been guilty of this. Look beyond magazines and published work, enhance the ideas around you and push them to the next level.

It's impossible not to be influenced by your surroundings, but one needs to give back to the community. It's our own fault that community is lacking at RIT on all sides of the border. It's no secret that the colleges within building seven are segregated. However, I applaud those of you that have found others both within and outside of your majors. I also commend the attempt of design reviews that have recently begun (a step in the right direction) but I also wonder why they ever stopped—what was the *School of Design* thinking? I have had little help or guidance from the *School of Design* when it comes to creative opportunity or support; perhaps it is my own fault. (Where I find much help is with those professors that have challenged and made me question myself and ideology, whether I have agreed with them or not.)

The world of design does not stop at typography, imagery, or grids. In the twenty-first century there is a need for the understanding of everything. Design students should look outside of design and into photography, illustration, literature, fine art, film, printing, social and art theory, etc. (Electives.) The people from these disciplines are who you will have to communicate and share ideas with. You should learn from them and be open-minded towards their insight and different ways of thinking. Work with the resources around you while you have them. Design students, please stop using stock imagery, and put more effort into your projects. Students should be collaborating before their senior year. What's stopping you? Again, use those resources around you; there are plenty of photography and illustration students out there to collaborate with.

There seems to be myth about design and its need for a place of gathering. Although most believe designers to only work on computers while pushing around type, this is far from true. (Or at least should be.) I know setting up a collaborative and balanced system takes time and money; but RIT can you please help building seven? Can you please **fairly give ALL** departments their own studio spaces, and restructure those departments that don't have sufficient studio facilities. (One program's students shouldn't feel inferior to another.) We need spaces to work and be collectively creative with each other.

I commend and appreciate all of those whom have contributed to this art and literature issue, and those whom have helped building seven come along on its way to becoming a **community**.

Jonathan M. Rivera

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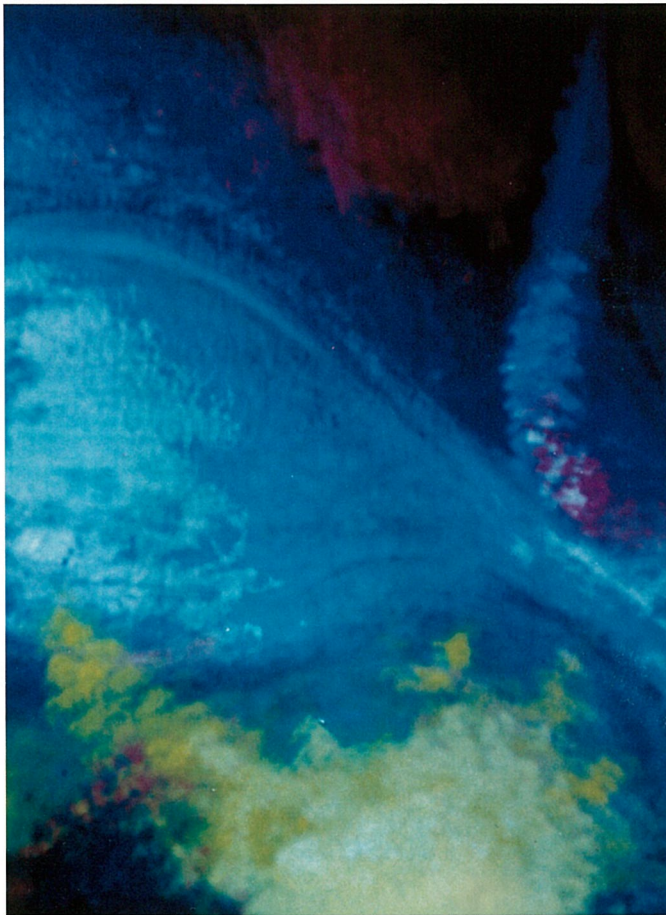
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Midnight in a Truck

"I love how it gets cold out here at night," he said
manhandling his coffee over broken ice
"how the world has gotten colder
but the wind has fallen off."

I tried to keep pace with his frenzied movements over delicate terrain.
He said,
"It reminds me of things I never did,
of sleigh rides and collective dreams."
Strange to hear such words from thick lips and heavy eyes.

In time we reached the truck through that nocturnal emptiness
still safe inside the space between conversation and discomfort
he turned on some Johnny Cash.
We rode in silence for a time.
Incapable of cutting through the simpleness we had created
his hands seemed to engulf the wheel
like if he stretched out his long strong fingers
he would hold the truck in the palm of his hand.
Something so unfathomably biblical about that grip
like Moses parting seas
he turned to me
in the cold of that truck
his coffee steaming up the windows
his course clear across the ice

"the night is simpler," he said,
"it hides the edge of things."

Benjamin Foster

Computational Mathematics
Fourth Year

A pope of the good ole days

If I were pope, I'd be
a war-wagin', ass-kickin', holy crusadin' son of a bitch.
I'd spit gobs of tobacco foreign dignitaries.
I'd have a drawling twang
and I'd continually swill Jack Daniels.

My lungs, liver, and large intestine all bear
the cauterized mark of God.

Are you prepared for the fury
of legions of castrati?
Armies of neutered lungs
equipped with smoke bombs and ninja stars.

Sean Hannan

Information Technology
Fourth Year



1

2

Webster Dictionary

I have before me the copy of the Webster Dictionary which my father carried through World War II and brought back home with him when a hand grenade nearly took off his right arm somewhere along the Rhine River.

It's a small black volume, bound in soft cardboard, covered with black oil cloth, probably intended to keep out the damp. It's dog-eared and bent up. Some of the pages have ripped loose from the sparsely-sewn binding.

It clearly was published in times of great national secrecy. The title page disclaims any association with "the original publishers of Webster's Dictionary," and the Preface is ambiguously signed "THE PUBLISHER." No other attribution appears in the book. What use a wily German spy might have made of this information, if revealed, has been lost in the folds of history.

My father's signature appears on the flyleaf in bright blue. "Edwin P. Lehmann" It was undoubtedly written with a fountain pen. It is a clear, confident signature as befits a man still at the beginning of his life and about to go to war.

He was a raw recruit who received only the briefest training before being sent off to follow in the footsteps of those who landed in Normandy. He probably could have used a little more training. He only lasted six weeks, but he did his duty and was a brave man, as far as I have been told.

It occurs to me to wonder why he thought to lug a dictionary across the barren, mud-swollen landscape of France. He just finished high school before joining up. Perhaps he was ambitious for more learning and hopeful that this slender volume would be his entree into the post-war world of management.

I see him sleeping in foxholes, dodging exploding shells and sniper bullets. I also see him imagining these "Nearly 50,000 Words" as a slender wedge of hope.

"Self Pronouncing" No hyphen.

"Latest and Most Complete" At least on the title page the anonymous publisher was willing to puff a little.

"Vest Pocket" Sounds pretty posh for wartime.

"Containing also Rules for Spelling, Punctuation, Use of Capitals, Tables of Weights and Measures, Etc." A virtual college education in a nutshell.

The Preface promises that this book will be a guide "to the foreign words which have lately been brought into common use," a veiled reference to the war perhaps?

The Preface concludes, "It is a safe and consistent guide to proper speech and current writing." I suppose these features of civilized life might be particularly important in war times, "things all men should strive to attain."

This strange refugee from Europe just goes to prove that even in the midst of barbarity men are fed, and fed deeply, by even the thinnest veneer of culture.

Gary Lehmann

Language and Literature
Faculty

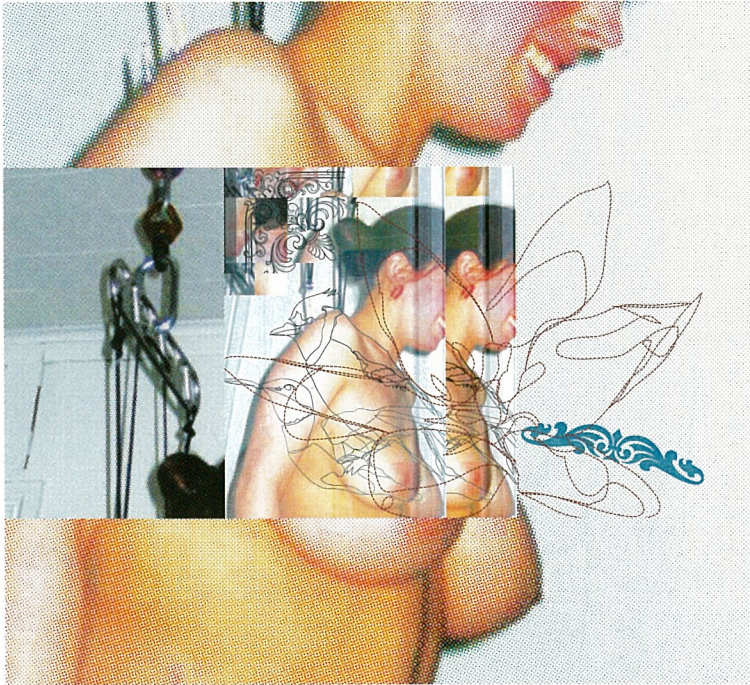


3

1 **Passion**
Christina Tsiamouras
Graphic Design
Third Year

2 **Untitled**
Jessica Latos
Ad Photo
Fourth Year

3 **65 Watts to Sunrise**
**Greg Smith and
James Macchiano**
Animation
Third Year



1



2

Along the Shores of Maine

There once was a man who thought it would be a good idea to go for a walk on the shores of Maine. While walking along the shores of Maine the man encountered a Chambered Nautilus who was lying exposed on the rocks along the shores of Maine. The man asked this Nautilus, "What are you doing exposed on the rocks along the shores of Maine?" The Nautilus explained that he fell in love with a rare Canadian woman who would often play her harp along these shores of Maine. Being drawn to her music he traveled from afar to listen to the wonderful music of the Canadian woman who played her harp along the shores of Maine. After enduring her melodic melody for more then 7 days he braved being beached and confessed his love to the lovely Canadian woman who played her harp along the shores of Maine. The man asked him what happened next, to which the Nautilus replied, "We scampered and skipped merrily along the shores of Maine, until the tragic night a big beluga whale breached the shores of Maine and swallowed my enchanting Canadian woman who performed her harp along the shores of Maine. And so I wait, I wait until the day I can hear her again and listen to her playing her sweet songs along the shores of Maine." As the legend goes that brave little Nautilus sat there waiting night and day until that big Beluga whale came back and ate him too. On that day he was finally reunited with his lovely Canadian women who played her harp along the shores of Maine.

James Macchiano

Animation
Third Year

I hope I don't turn of one of them

Without adequate supplies we wont stand a chance fortified in this room. I mean... they are the living dead... we aren't going to outlast them. Eventually their thirst for living flesh will lead them to us... even if we put on tough faces and pretend we can take on Terminator armies. Aim for the head, don't touch the blood.

Justin Harsch

Graphic Design
Fourth Year



3

Vacation-Compressed

I've always been in love with sailing. I can remember our catamaran, a twin hulled racing boat, from my earliest memories. When I was little, Dad would take me outside and let me play on the trampoline that spanned the space between the hulls. The boat was only eighteen feet long, but to me as a child, it was like a whole playground. When I was five, Dad strapped me into one of the bucket seats, which were really just harnesses that looked like big diapers, and clipped me onto the trapeze. The trapeze is a metal line, anchored at the top of the mast. When the wind is really strong, the breeze can lift one of the hulls entirely out of the water. This is actually one's goal when racing, since it means there is less drag. The trapeze is used, when "monohulling", to put one's weight farther away from the mast and keep the boat from flipping.

Dad would clip me into the trapeze, show me how to stand, and let me pretend I was really driving. When I got bored, I'd kick up my feet and swing toward the center of the boat. When I got close, the clip would release, and I'd bounce down onto the trampoline a foot below.

I remember my first sail with perfect clarity. Dad woke me up, carried me to the car, and let me fall back asleep. I was six. I woke back up on the shore of Lake Bomoseen. It's a small lake, just about twenty minutes from our house. The cat rolled off the trailer and into the water. The wind was starting to pick up; there were very small swells on the surface of the water. We spent the whole day out there, and I fell asleep well before we got home. Sailing has always been part of my life.

Jonathon Bove

PTC
Fifth Year



4

1 **Sin Titulo**
Jonathan Rivera
Graphic Design
Third Year

2 **Bee-headed**
Justin Harsch
Graphic Design
Fourth Year

3 **Dog**
Suparatch Watchara-amphaiwan
Ad Photo
Second Year

4 **Swiss Logs**
Gregory Smith
Animation
Third Year



1

Drupaceous Fruit

I had a piece of fruit. a whole one actually.
 it was sweet. not like sugar.
 but like a heart on ice kinda sweet.
 but i guess you would not be able to relate
 if you have never tasted a heart on ice.
 it's like swollen temples, and butterflies.
 but these butterflies are venomous and
 carnivorous. and they love the tender
 lining of your stomach. it is sweet.

The fruit had a pit. i threw it away, with
 mastery and might. like my passion.
 but i guess you would not be able to relate
 if you have never tasted passion. it's like
 a dance. romantic and erotic. with fabrics
 of all colors flowing, gliding and lightly
 touching your skins. but never may you lay
 the fabrics on your skin. passion is always nude.

The fruit pit bounced about a crumpled paper
 in the trash bin. it left a stain and its scent.
 kinda like love. but i guess you would not
 be able to relate if you have never tasted love.
 it's like a delicate, dull blade made of the most
 impure metals slowly parting your aorta.
 the blade rides between the stems of your vessels
 then with a burst of sentiment it plunges
 through the center. the exact center of heart.
 the soul collapses and the mind empties.
 the body pushes the lacerated muscle up the
 throat and outward through the mouth.
 the soot of your pupils erupts, liberally
 spilling its black and you are gone.
 love is looking at the fruit pit in the trash bin
 with hands cupping your weak pulsing heart
 wishing you could put it back in your chest.

Nubia Hassan

Biomedical Photographic Communications
 Third year

Blue Ribbon winner

The hairless cancer patient
 shotgunned a Pabst
 with frothy recklessness
 as an offering to El Niño

Sean Hannan

Information Technology
 Fourth Year



2



Leonardo never used his sword... the Foot Clan woulda been all bloody

You may think you'll be able to put up a fight. You've studied ultimate fighting for months. But dude... they have dedicated their lives to the art of invisibility. You may think you could swing that bat like a steroid laden cleanup batter and his head is a changeup that you read the whole way... but seriously... that guy has a sword! I'm not sure.. but I think it can go right through that Louisville slugger.

Justin Harsch

Graphic Design
Fourth Year

Untitled

We drove home with all the windows open. The air was warm and smelled of summer. It was dark but not too dark. There were no awkward silences and we spoke of truth truth truth.

Caitlin Brennan-Cant

Fine Art Photo
Fourth Year



Almost Haiku

Women with babies
push large carriages into
my shins and walk away.

Caitlin Brennan-Cant

Fine Art Photo
Fourth Year

1 Aces

Casey Dehlinger
Film/Animation
First Year

2 Drawn In

**Bill Robinson and
Brittney Lee**
Animation
Third Year

3 Solution

**Monica Donovan,
Katie Hawthorne,
and Mark Richeson**
Ad Photo
Third Year

4 Untitled

Kendel Jones
Photo
First Year



1

Kids these days could stand to learn a thing or two

With all the new celebrity talent
I'm a bit disappointed
at the lack
of new celebrity suicides

In the golden age of cinema
your own death
was as important as your next picture deal

Kids these days are just so damn content with themselves
that they won't even *consider*
boosting their career to legendary status

Not that they even do it correctly;
it's either a pussyfooting overdose
or the ubiquitous self-inflicted gunshot wound

Where's the sparkle? Where's the panache?

I'd queue up The New York Dolls
(on infinite repeat)
on my THX-certified stereo
cover myself head to toe in glitter
strike a boudoir pose
on my Gucci-upholstered Cadillac Escalade
while arrayed elephants blast Cristal from their trunks

Then proceed to cram fistfuls of M80s down my throat
so fast
that my salivary glands can't keep up

Just as I'm about to pass out from the lack of oxygen
a circus bear balancing on a ball
blasts a flamethrower at the fuses between my teeth

Sean Hannan

Information Technology
Fourth Year



2

Inscription On A Milham Park Bench

This burning cigarette
dangles, lonely
from my lips.

Is she this lonely when she kisses me?

I stab the wood next where I am sitting
with the glowing cigarette tip. (Praying for a miracle.)

The bench
and I
combust.

Jeremy Ruppel

New Media – IT
First Year



3

Morning After

I remember waking up
 my head yearning the absence of a sound.
 the rain had stopped
 and the sun was shining down.
 It's hard to feel anything in the morning
 over young sunlight and cold cereal
 but i was suffering nostalgic for the pre-dawn.

I was still breathing in the smoke of her cigarettes
 in the sticky silence of a cadillac
 as the streets slight slid by.
 feeling the subdued flavor of ash upon my tongue
 the quiet scratching of cancer waiting in the wings.
 I remember the rain falling through the half open window
 the awkward silence, the street signs and the smells.

I could have been something briefly
 an acronym, an abbreviation of sorts
 something simple in the back seat of a car.
 but my seat-belt held me back,
 and the hand-break was a chasm.

Her face has vanished from my mind.
 replaced by Cheerios, the smell of stale Newport's
 and the absence of regret.

Benjamin Foster

Computational Mathematics
 Fourth Year



4

1 Dog

Kate Bloemker
 Photojournalism
 Fourth Year

2 Bob

Jon Terzini
 Art & Computer Design
 First Year

3 **Untitled, Grandma Petersen, Untitled**
Meghan Petersen

Ad Photo
 Fourth Year

4 **ThinFin Desk Fan**

Bryan Hammer
 Industrial Design
 Third Year



got a new knife

got a new knife
slices onions so fine
each cut addressing
some thin layer
of the edge of my finger
allowed, the hurt continues
no change
allowed, each slice
to happen, continue
until the knife is bent back on itself
retribution/vengeance/repetition
straightened again
back to my onions
my body decided
it didn't like onions
a bent knife has been
laid aside
occasionally picked up
usually its cuts
are dulled
remind me
there are other ways
to chop my vegetables

Michele Brown

Tijuana Iguana
Alumni

The Gift

"Room 101."

"I had been fearing those words since the Thought Police had taken me to the Ministry of Truth. Maybe it had been months, maybe years. Maybe just days or even hours. I couldn't tell in here. There were no clocks, no windows. Just the police, the dial, and the others, some calm, some fighting and screaming, as they were led to the door that said 'Room 101'. After the first one, I knew that I'd go there eventually. Why else would they have used bars instead of a solid door, I'd thought, but to frighten me with my fate. I shouldn't have been frightened. Big Brother is always right."

"I wasn't the cracked old man that I pretended to be, complaining about how I needed a pint of beer, instead of a half liter or a liter. That was the facade I used, so they would think of me. So they wouldn't bother me. I suppose that this was my own fault. I never should have talked to that young man, never shoulda told him about what things were like before The Party, before Big Brother. Not even the little bit that I could slip into my ramblings. They couldn't ignore me after that. Come to think of it, I think I've seen him go to the room five or six times. So many times, the people who go to the room have been familiar. Damn Big Brother and The Party."

"Ah, now they're here to take me. I'll go quietly. I understand them, now. I learned that I was wrong, here. I should have trusted Big Brother; I never should have hated him. The

Thought police were right to bring me in, I was sick. I see that now. I'll just walk quietly down the hall. The Police know what's right. Big Brother knows what's right. He'll have them do what's right for me."

"I expected more. Just a plain room with a table and two chairs; all that buildup for nothing. I guess Big Brother is too cheap to find a good terror room. Maybe that's the point. Maybe this is my new cell. I remember reading about that in a book before The Party. About how they break your grip on reality with mind games. I'm not impressed. Damn Big Brother and The Party."

"They're going to release me now. I knew it, Big Brother knows that I'm better now. He knows that I'm not sick anymore. Look, that man that just walked in will set me free. I'm cured. Now I can go home, and help The Party. That's the right thing to do, Help Big Brother. He needs all of our help. We're here to help him."

"So, they're going to show me my greatest fear. They want my soul. As though they know what that is. There isn't even a NewSpeak word for that. A gun. I'm not surprised, I always was afraid of death. It's December 25, 1984. I wonder why they told me that. That means it's Christmas. The Party destroyed all holidays. Damn The Party and Big Brother."

"Big Brother doesn't need me any more. He was nice enough to cure me before I left. The Policeman is raising the gun. I'm ready. I Love Big Brother. If he doesn't need me, why stay?"

"Damn you all to Hell. Big Brother, The Party, Everyone, for letting this happen to the world. I guess freedom is my last Christmas Gift."

The gun fired.

Elliot Jenner

Physics
Third Year



2



3

Shattered

came in through the window, shattered dreams
 strewn down horizontal, surface to surface
 legs twisted open
 you came in.
 skin stretched to tearing, flapping with each thrust
 jammed full with something that
 doesn't fit.
 your two clammy hands red with desire,
 the smell of blood on my sheets.
 my reluctant loins festered with paraplegia
 from the weight of you.
 naively, I block out all senses around me
 until I'm holding a piece of my vagina in my hand.
 I am numb.
 moonlight from the broken window where you came in
 falls over your beast-like face, distorting it.
 I know nothing of my abuser.
 only the cold blow of your fist across my face,
 the kind that turns your eyes to black holes.
 I am Forsaken.
 clad in nothing but broken innocence
 letting the cold mattress soak up
 all I have left.

Tara Marks

Graphic Design
 Third year

The Hurricane

The Hurricane
 The teacher began her yell,
 Her words like gale-force winds.
 Her demands rained down upon us heavily
 Looking into her eyes revealed the fury of nature.
 This enormous destruction we endure daily
 We have, as our teacher, a hurricane

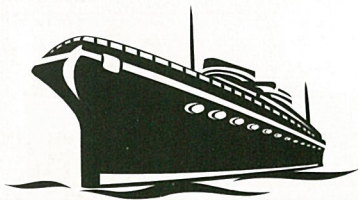
Govind Ramabadran

Computer Science
 Third Year

1 Centre Pompidou
 Rebecca Crawford
 Ad Photo
 Fourth Year

2 Untitled
 Thomas Starkweather
 Photojournalism
 Third Year

3 Untitled
 Austin McChord
 Bioinformatics
 Second Year



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ready to
sail...*

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- ⇒ Friday, May 20—from noon to 7:30 p.m.
- ⇒ Saturday, May 21—from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.



You may send someone else to pick up your cap and gown. Just be sure they know how tall you are and the digits of your SS#. For more info—call (585) 475-5736 or e-mail lmsbks@rit.edu.

We're so excited!!!

See you at Academic Convocation—
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Gordon Field House and Activities Center— 3:45 p.m.

Best wishes for a successful future!

Stressful Semester?

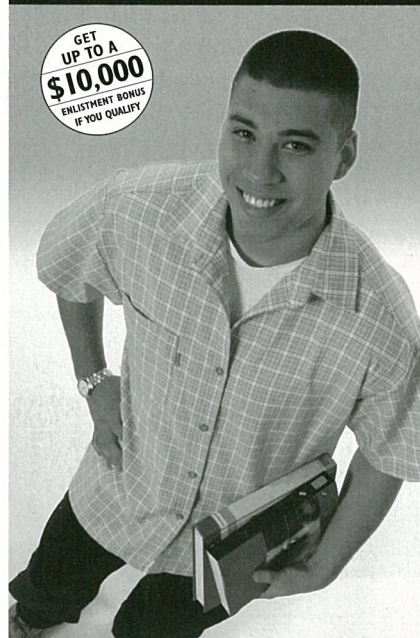
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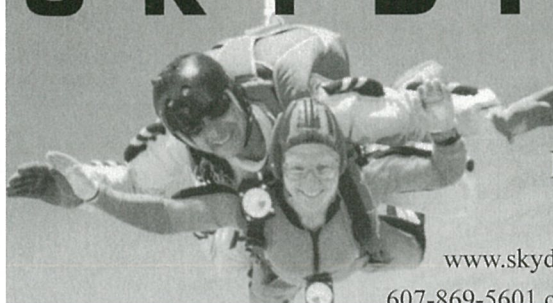
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11am - 1am Sun thru Thursday

359-3330

prices do not include tax

Monday Madness

Large Cheese 1-Topping Pizza

\$5.99 ****After 7pm**

Campus Wings Combo

One 1-topping pizza, 10 Buffalo
Wings OR Domino's Pizza Buffalo
Chicken Kickers

\$10.99 **\$13.99**
medium large



deep dish extra

555 deal
3 PIZZAS \$5 each
medium 1-topping
EXPIRES 1/31/05.



Large Wings Combo

Two Large 1-topping pizzas,
Buffalo Wings or Domino's Pizza
Buffalo Chicken Kickers



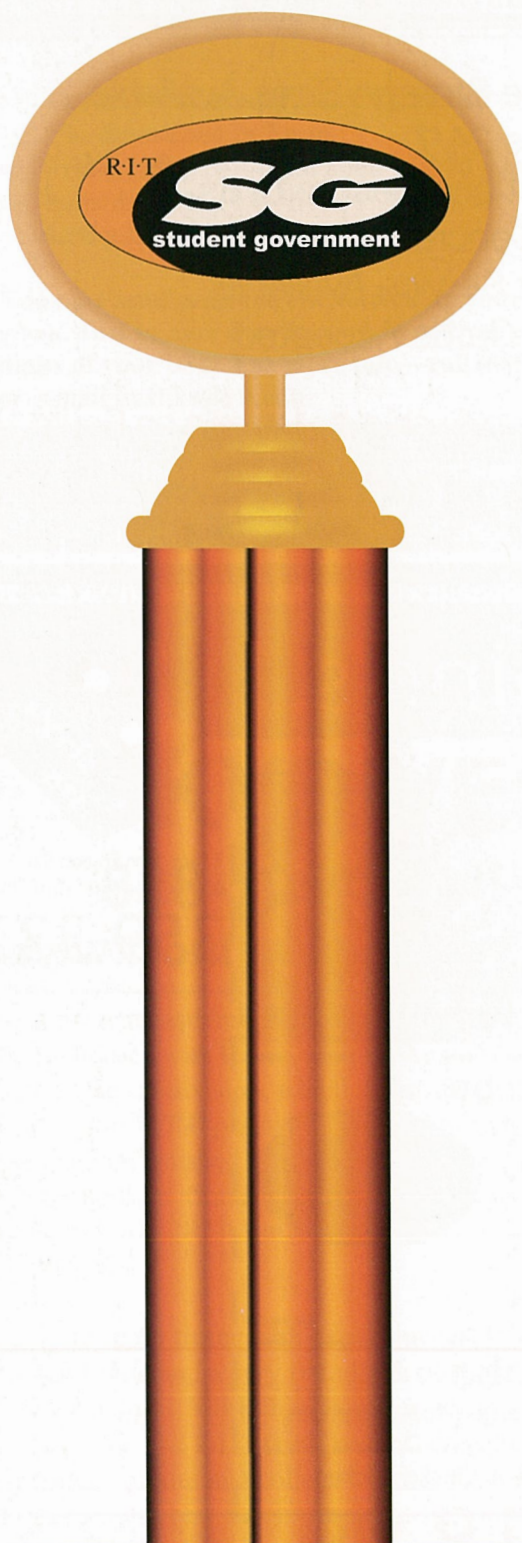
\$18.99

deep dish extra

Special price valid only with purchase of at least three pizzas.
Special offer, so you must ask for it when ordering.

Student Government 2004-2005

Look At What We've Accomplished ...



Student Activities Day

In coordination with Orientation, SG held a kickoff to the school year showcasing clubs, organizations and a Greek carnival.

Distinguished Horton Speaker series - Robert Redford

It was the largest Horton speaker to date, bringing in over 4,000 alumni, students, and parents.

Tiger Claw Debate

The RIT College Republicans, College Democrats, and the RIT Social Action Group held a debate on the national presidential election.

Renovation of Erdle Commons in KGCOE

The COE Senator helped refurbish the Erdle Commons.

Faculty of the Quarter

The COS Senator recognized the Faculty member of the quarter.

BBQ's

SG held its annual BBQs in the fall and spring quarters.

Shuttle Days

SG jumped on the shuttles for breakfast, telling people to Trust the Bus.

Breakfast Stops for Finals in all colleges

Every quarter Krispy Kreme doughnuts and juice was provided in colleges to help the students through those rough mornings.

Homecoming: "Our Blood Runs Orange"

The final winter homecoming included the following events: Superbowl Extravaganza, Tiger Idol, X-press Yourself Art contest, Flag Football, and a Pep Rally.

CAST Newsletter - "This week in CAST"

A monthly e-mail newsletter was created by the CAST Senator to inform students of events and information with the college.

Gender Policy Proposal

Student Government presented the addition of "gender identity, or gender expression" into the discrimination and harassment piece of the policy and procedure manual. The policy became official during the April meeting of the Institute Council.

Spring Festival Parade

Student Government is reinstating the tradition of a parade featuring clubs and other outstanding student organizations for the 175th Anniversary.