

"Without
Work there
is Nothing
but Potential
and Talk"
-Louis L'Amour

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EDITORIAL

WORK. THINK. FEEL. | 05.19.06

I am not a writer. I am not a designer.

I aspire to be a designer worth working with.

During research for a design publication I found an essay written by Steven Heller on graphic designer Louis Danziger. He was asked to give advice to art students. He replied "Work. Think. Feel."

WORK "No matter how brilliant, talented, exceptional, and wonderful the student may be, without work there is nothing but potential and talk."

THINK "Design is a problem-solving activity. Thinking is the application of intelligence to arrive at the appropriate solution to the problem."

FEEL "Work without feeling, intuition, and spontaneity is devoid of humanity."

This quote is an accurate expression of my beliefs in design and art. I don't plan on defining myself by this particular quote my entire career. It is my platform to jump from to help define my own personalized philosophies in the future.

This process is also an accurate representation of what many students fall short of. There will always be that student who is in art or design because it seems easy, or they don't know what else to major in. This is the student that usually annoys their classmates and is ignored by professors.

There will always be that classmate that works themselves to the bone, but their work will always be at a mediocre level because they aren't thinking. They are the workhorses with the blinders on.

Finally, there is the student with the creative mind full of passion and creativity, but their canvas is blank. This is the best group. Why? Because it is what a lot of artists and designers are guilty of. It is the easiest thing to change. These are the students that talk about their brilliant ideas and how they are so much more original than any other student, but they never do anything. They never execute. With no product, they are no better than anyone else.

Work is the "prove it" portion of the game. This special issue is dedicated to that process. It is a showcase of labor through visual and written expression.

This is my encouragement to anyone who chooses to express themselves: recognize where you fall short. There will always be something to strive for. To make your work better. It's what keeps us going.

Work. Think. Feel.



LAUREN DELLAQUILA

Art Director

The cover was a collaborative effort between *Reporter* Art Staff and Dennis Smyth.

LETTER TO THE ART DIRECTOR

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS

May 4, 2006

Thursday: 6:54 PM

Re: Lauren! Don't Hurt Em

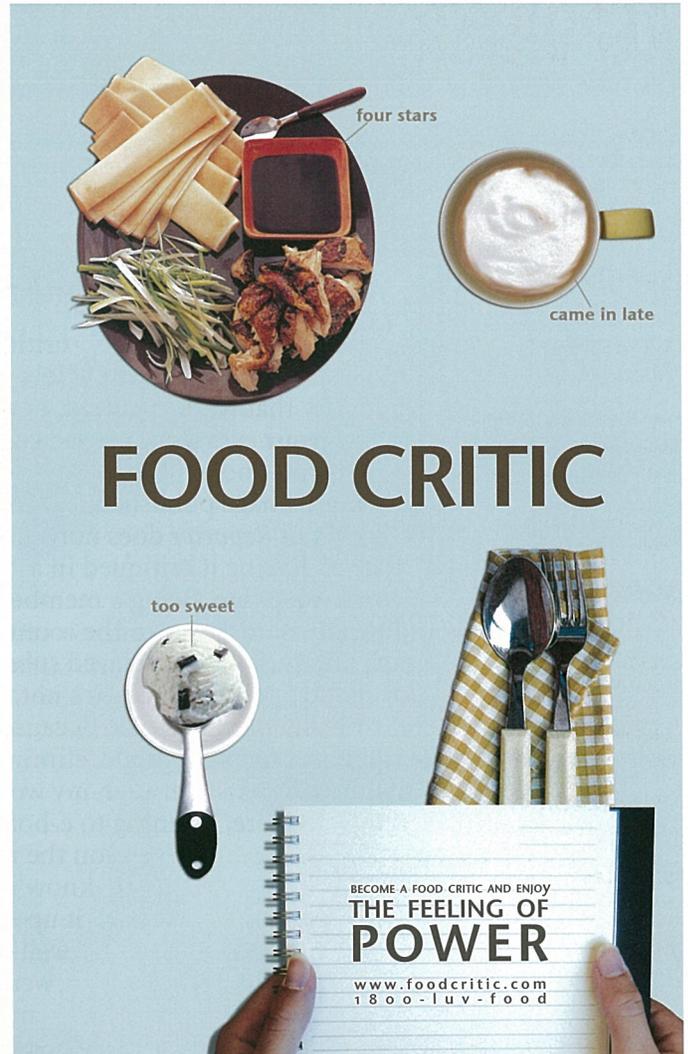
Lauren

Like whoa...your Graphic Crew pulled a triple header these last past weeks. Yup! Y'all took noooooo prisoner. Like they use to tell Hammer...Lauren... Pul-lease don't hurt 'em. Tell ya crew to have some mercy. Maybe all the writers of da Reporter Magazine don't recognizes the important of having the graphic layout like surgeon operating on the table. But quicker then you can say...get me the scalpel...I know your crew operation with straight up razor precision...Ouch! I mean when you hook a mug up that mutha gonna be in da money. Uh-huh! Big up 2 Lauren and Da Mutha Funkin' Graphic Crew...Gohead! Yesss...yesss...Y'all lay that Mack down hard. Like I say before "have mercy and Pul-lease don't hurt 'em!" Enuff Said! I mo go feed my face with sum of dis double cheese pizza. Oh Yum! And like that...I'm o-u-t...GHOST!

Peace.

Benjamin Williams, BW Comix

Warning: This e-mail contain enough ebonics to warp your brain.
Ol' noo!



FOOD CRITIC

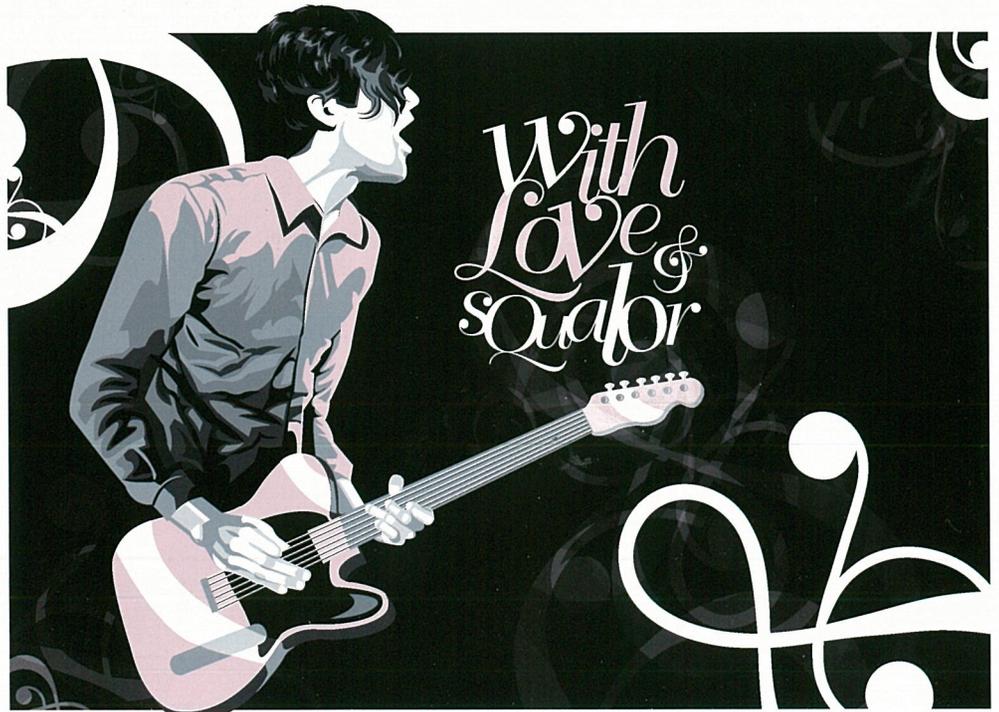
Annie Tay

Third Year Graphic Design

WITH LOVE AND SQUALOR

Michelle Brook

Third Year Graphic Design



Every artist is
 intimately familiar with the
 critique. It's the process of showing
 your work to fellow artists and then looking on as
 that work is gutted, mangled, and torn apart before
 your eyes until its every weakness
 is raw and exposed. Having my
 nude image published in 6,000
 copies of *Reporter* does not bother me.
 Rather, having it critiqued in a room full of 10
 people scares me. Being a member of the *Reporter*
 editorial board, I was in the room as we reviewed
 each anonymously displayed submission
 for the Art and Lit issue. It's not that I'm
 concerned about my looks. Because the artwork to
 the right is of me, fully nude, eliminates the barriers
 that usually exist between my work and me. As I sat
 there, listening to e-board make comments
 on the image (they either didn't
 know it was me or didn't bring
 it up then), I felt inexplicably—
 well—naked. The things they
 were saying became much
 more personal, almost,
 in fact, a critique of my
 very being. Someone
 once suggested to
 me that critiques
 would be much
 more honest places
 were its participants
 made to show up
 naked. Taking it one
 step further, wouldn't
 one's work become far
 more honest if this were
 the case? And even now,
 the cycle continues. The
 entire *Reporter* staff gathers
 to critique the published
 issues every Friday. On
 the evening of May 19, I
 will sit in the *Reporter*
 office, exposed
 and raw, and hear
 judgment pass over
 both self-portrait and
 writing. And maybe,
 just maybe, I'll come
 out of it a sincerer
 and better artist.

► NUDE REFLECTIONS

Monica Donovan

Fourth Year

Professional Photographic Illustration



WE'RE TALKING ABOUT FALLING IN LOVE

Krister Rollins

Fourth Year Film and Animation

It's night time and we're in a moonlit café
listening to some grumpy barista's
Indie Rock and Roll.

The table to the right of us is discussing Nietzsche
and Superman. The table to the left is talking
about color palettes and Monet and Kandinsky
which is a pretty weird combination if you ask me.

But we're sitting here sipping the cheapest coffee
they have and
We're talking about falling in love.

The day wakes up bright and early on time and
I stretch and roll around in my too hard bed
tangled in my too rough sheets.

Miles away you wake up with me and we shower
together apart but I make my breakfast before
brushing my teeth and you do the opposite
which seems pretty strange to me.

But pretty soon we're done with all that we turn
to our pets and our televisions and
We're talking about falling in love.

The afternoon is a restless walk through the park
for me, looking at dogs and kids and couples on
blankets under trees.

You spend your time with the newspaper and
while you try to read about death and sports and
taxes and business somehow the pages always
fall open to the wedding announcements and
the love advice
which is quite the coincidence in my opinion.

I give you a call at four thirty and we agree to
dinner at eight thirty and
We'll be talking about falling in love.

My hair's a mess from the windy ride over
and I couldn't find a tie so my shirt might be
unbuttoned too low.

But you tell me I look nice just the same. I don't
have to lie when I tell you you look gorgeous in
your bohemian dress and your slinky skin
which is a pretty damn good combination
if you ask me.

And for the duration of the downtown walk to
Mario's Italian Bistro, a dim little place where you
can get wine in a styrofoam cup
We're talking about falling in love.

The maitre'd seats us with the smokers in the
rear and as we light up we order vegetarian
fare. Not out of aversion to meat but in ironic
acknowledgement of the cigarettes.

Conversation runs from books to Hemingway
to sharks to gangster and our fingers touch softly
over the Italian loaf and we giggle and apologize as
we pull our hands away to light up again and we dart
our eyes around trying not to look at each other
which is damn near impossible for me anyway.

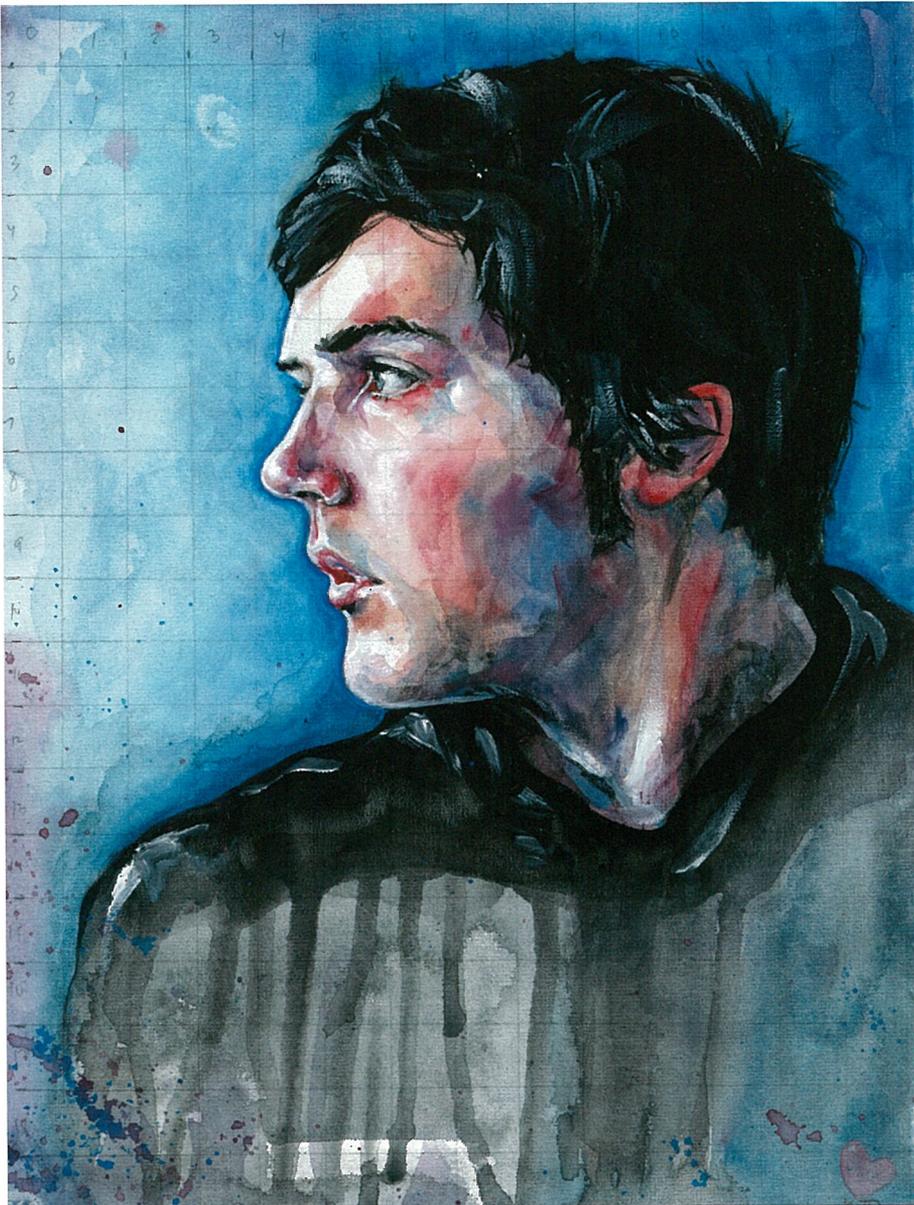
We don't talk about love again because there's no
way to avoid it all anyway because we're struck.
We've fallen in love.

*To read more of Krister's work, including a short story
about King Kong as a private eye: reportermag.com.*



► **KYLE IN BLUE**
Katie Duane
Fourth Year Illustration

◄ **UNTITLED**
Adam Botzenhart
Second Year Public Policy



THE BEDROOM SCENE:
PART ONE
Abigail Newman
Third Year Graphic Media

lying on the bed
arms wrapped around each other
your lips pressed against mine
i couldn't help but worry
dave could wake up
my parents could come home early
jessica might have forgotten her jacket
you nestled into my neck and began to kiss me
then pulled back
took your shirt off
then slid mine up
the kisses began drifting lower
down the front of my neck
center of my chest

then each singular breast
until goosebumps appeared on my arms
i shivered
you unhooked your belt
your pants came off next
baggy dark jeans that for some ungodly reason
were a complete turnon
my pajama bottoms next
then my thong
i felt my heart drop
into the pit of my stomach

To read part two, check the website.
www.reportertermag.com

SATISFY THE "I"
Elsie Samson
Fourth Year New Media Technology

I sit and stare
At the words on the wall.
They're made of foam
And speak "Design,"
But they're alone
And lack dots on their "i"s.

I want to dot the "i"s.

I cross my Tees,
Do as I please,
Hope to find more moments of Eeees.
You felt the rush.
You wanted to try
To complete the "i"s;

But sometimes a pen runs dry.

There are times to Seize
And Esses to share.
We cannot stutter
Over dotless "i"s
When there are Kays to climb
And Jays to swing from.

I will be happy while dotless,
For I have many Emmms to take pleasure in.

TWO WOMEN (for the Waziristan murders)
Vincent F. A. Golphin
Assistant Professor, Dept. of Literature

a grey-white burst of light
shoves two women asleep
into forever darkness
two women
mothers
only seconds before
only wives
minutes ago
sisters
daughters
nomads
paused too long
at Miran Shah
victims of cruelest U.S. payback
they died for suspected violence
burned in retribution
without regret
in Waziristan
bodies 27 and 28,
an even number
in an uneven fight



◀ UNTITLED
Dan Bolinski
 Third Year Industrial Design

▶ BIG JOHN
Chris Felber
 Third Year Advertising Photography

◀ THE THREE DEGREES OF MILKING
James Macchiano
 Fourth Year Film and Animation

MY FAVORITE DINOSAUR
Jen Loomis
 Second Year Software Engineering

This lizard is skillful with words—verily!
 (He's expert and practiced, adroit and adept).

He'll strengthen your writing, quite merrily!
 (He'll brace it; he'll toughen and fortify it).

He roars, echoing thoughts with elegant prose
 (He howls! He calls, bellows, hollers, and cries!)

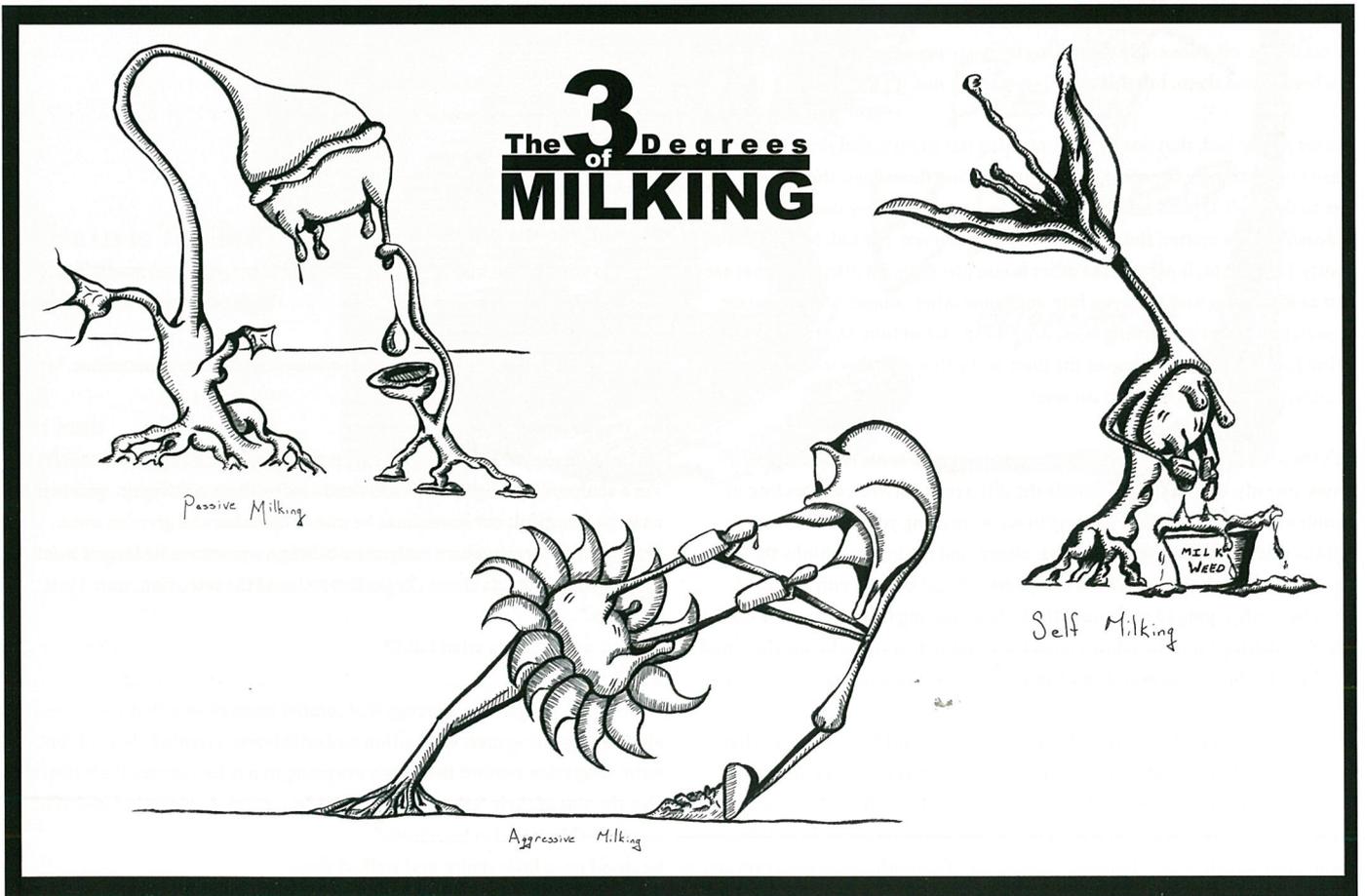
and is subtle with differences—underexposed.
 (Slight and restrained with a delicate guise).

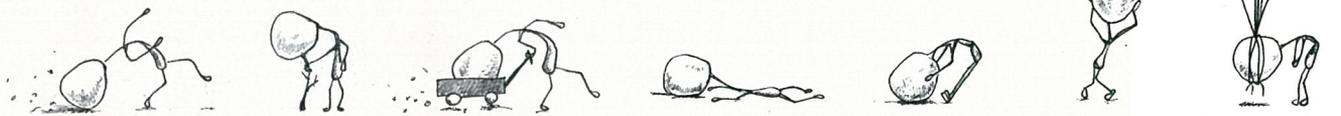
Bottom line is, his non-use is tragic
 (It strikes you with heartbreak, sadness, and grief).

So, grab hold of a page from his book of magic
 (Or, latch onto a sheet, note, memo, or leaf),

Cause' he's such a great tool, laid out before us,
 That shrewd, prudent, wise, and clever thesaurus.

Pssst. More on the website. www.reportermag.com.





my head is too big..

COLLISION

Sam Cole

Second Year Multidisciplinary Studies

it takes a real artist to carve with a real scalpel. and that's what i do. i slice into skin that bends before it breaks and then past layers of disgusting messes of fat that quiver at my touch. i'm a real artist. i shape bodies. i suck out fat when it's ugly and i put it back in places where it's beautiful. my models all exist in magazines and never in the real life that the ugly people that walk the street live in. oh, those ugly disgusting fat nasty people. i'm here for them. i'm here to end them. but this story is not about me; it's for me.

she sat on her bed, that one sunday morning last month, and she cried. that wasn't very strange; she spent a lot of time crying these days. there isn't much else to do. she's 32, and her husband is long gone. he's either dead or divorced it doesn't really matter, she doesn't love him anymore. her kid, her disgusting snotty 11 year old, is off at some other house playing with other kids that are just as disgusting and snotty as him and some other couple, that are better at pretending that everything is ok, are taking care of him. she takes another drink from the bottle sitting on the floor at the thought. this is what she does to survive. if you can call this survival.

he's there again, at little johnny's house. with some people he doesn't really know. already, at 11, he understands the difference between connecting to people and just co-existing. it's easy to see something you don't have. little johnny was named for big johnny, his father. and big johnny thinks that because he loves building gliders everybody should be. he's only doing his best; he's only trying to make sure the kids are having fun. the son sits on the bench watching both the johnnys muck around with a wing. he sits there and he's bored. who knows how much more of this someone can take.

that was '82. this is '92. ten years later. the son is 21 and he's sitting in a bar in some city, it's nice not to have to find someone who's 21 everytime you want to become someone else. he's sitting there by himself, and all his friends are out there somewhere doing something that someone forgot to tell him about. and somehow his thoughts drift back to the mother he left 4 years ago

because he couldn't take that town anymore. she's probably drunk by now, she's probably crying by now. it is sunday after all.

i sit down next to him because he's wearing the costume of a poet: salvation army. and that wild look. i sit down next to him and he speaks, one artist to another.

"god save us all" he mumbles into his beer

"what?" i ask. i don't know if he noticed me

he doesn't speak

"my name is stan"

he doesn't speak

"whatever." i murmur off into the wall

"what do you do, you know, for money?" he asks me, finally acknowledging me

"i fix people"

"like how? are you a doctor?"

"yeah, well, more than that. i make people feel better about themselves."

"are you a shrink"

"no. i make people beautiful"

"oh." he says despondent, somewhere in college he decided i was immoral

"i'm a sculptor, i take god's mistakes and i make them right again. god meant us to be beautiful, but sometimes he makes mistakes and gives us some extra skin or forgets where body mass belongs. sometimes he forgets balance. sometimes he forgets about the perfect ratios of the vetruvian man. i just clean up."

"ah. you wanna know what i do?"

"sure."

"i make people ugly. i write songs that remind them of who they really are.

all that disgusting mess of emotion and selfishness. i remind them of that. i write songs that remind them they are going to pay for not just their sins, but also the sins of their fathers and their leaders. every day i remind god of his most terrible mistake: humanity."

he stood up, a little shaky, and walked away.

he stood up, and walked away.

he stood up.



▼ MY HEAD IS TOO BIG
Kristen Bell
Third Year Graphic Design

▶ POE
Scott Janis
Third Year Industrial Design

LCPIE

Adam Bosen

Second Year Computer Engineering

I've been asked to speak on behalf of my employer about a typical day at work.

Recently there's been some confusion over what exactly goes on here, so let me clear that up first. What we do here is we make zombies. A zombie, by our definition, is a dead human body that we've modified in such a way that it can be used to do simple labor on command. We take it and modify it in such a way that it'll do work forever, for the good of society. The reason for making these is to do work for other people so us living humans can have more free time to spend mating, which will eventually help make the next generation of zombie crop. Zombies have taken over roughly two thirds of the jobs on Earth, and none of us mind because the government cares for everything we want. No one has to compete for jobs or money if we've got a source of unending, willing labor. What we're doing here is community service.

There are five of us in every team in the factory. We have real names, but while working we're referred to by our letters: L, C, P, I, or E. It's easier for the supervisors to communicate with us that way.

First off is L, who takes the bodies off of the conveyor belts for us and sets them into our working slab properly. Most people who do this job tend to be pretty buff. I think L is kind of cute, even though she tends to leave stains when she sneezes. I'm kind of in love with the girl I pretend she is. In my mind she's a dainty, pretty princess, although this is a complete lie and everybody who's ever met her knows it.

Once the body's on the slab C gets to work, often with far too much enthusiasm. She was obviously born to wield sharp objects, and delights in making the necessary cuts to open up the abdominal cavity and scoop out the unnecessary organs, which are saved and sent off at the end of the day to become animal feed. You'd swear it was Halloween the way she scoops out the insides, kind of like a jack O' lantern. She's gotten so fast at the normal cuts that she'll spend the rest of the allotted time doodling patterns or penning notes into the skin of the bodies. When she's having a bad day she tends to remove triangles of skin, which gets E mad because it makes his job harder.

Once C is done with her cutting she backs off and P steps in. P's job is to insert a small generator into the abdominal cavity C just hollowed out. The generator is wired into the base of the spine, along with nerve control electronics that make the zombie's motor functions possible. Every now and again P misses a step and the body starts twitching on the slab, which is always good for a laugh.

Once P is done with the electronics I step in. My job is to activate the zombie, and I don't really know how it works. All I know is that I have to

put on my goggles, activate this device we have hanging from the ceiling, aim it into the chest of the body, and cycle through an options menu until the device tells me that I have a match. I have no idea what I'm matching, or why, but once I've got that match and pull the trigger the body ceases to be a lump of meat and bone and becomes a productive member of society forever. I could speculate as to what I'm actually doing, but I've been assured by my supervisor that it's very technical and rather boring, so I'm better off not learning about it.

To finish off our zombie E uses his vast array of hypodermic needles and sealing fluids to ensure that the zombie won't rot or freeze up while working. He injects lubricants into every important joint in the zombie, paints the skin with sealant, and injects a sterilizing agent into the veins of the zombie to purify the body of bacteria. Once he's finished he gives the zombie the first command of its afterlife, which is to get up off the slab and get in line with the rest of the zombies for processing and shipment.

So you see, what we do here is completely normal. I've heard of some people saying that what we do here is wrong because we're disturbing the dead or because we're "stealing souls" or some nonsense like that. I can tell you personally that I've never stolen a soul in my life.

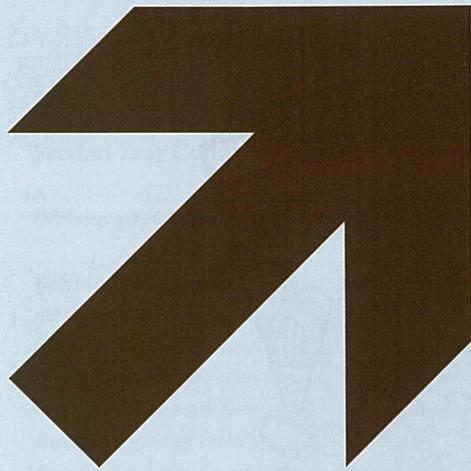


▶ BLUE
Dave Londres
Second Year Photojournalism

▶ UNTITLED
Ben Williams
BW Comix

▼ CLINTON REFLECTIONS
Luke M. Vaillancourt
Grad Student New Media Publishing





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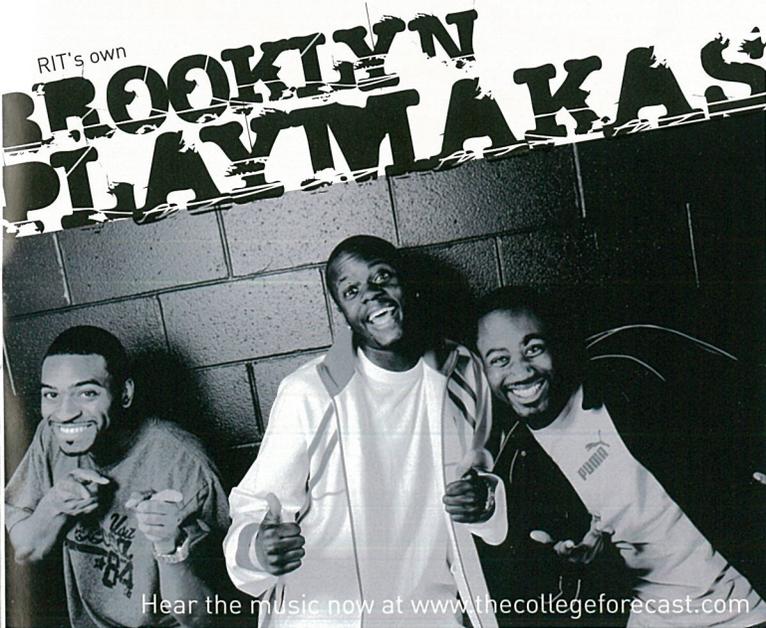
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