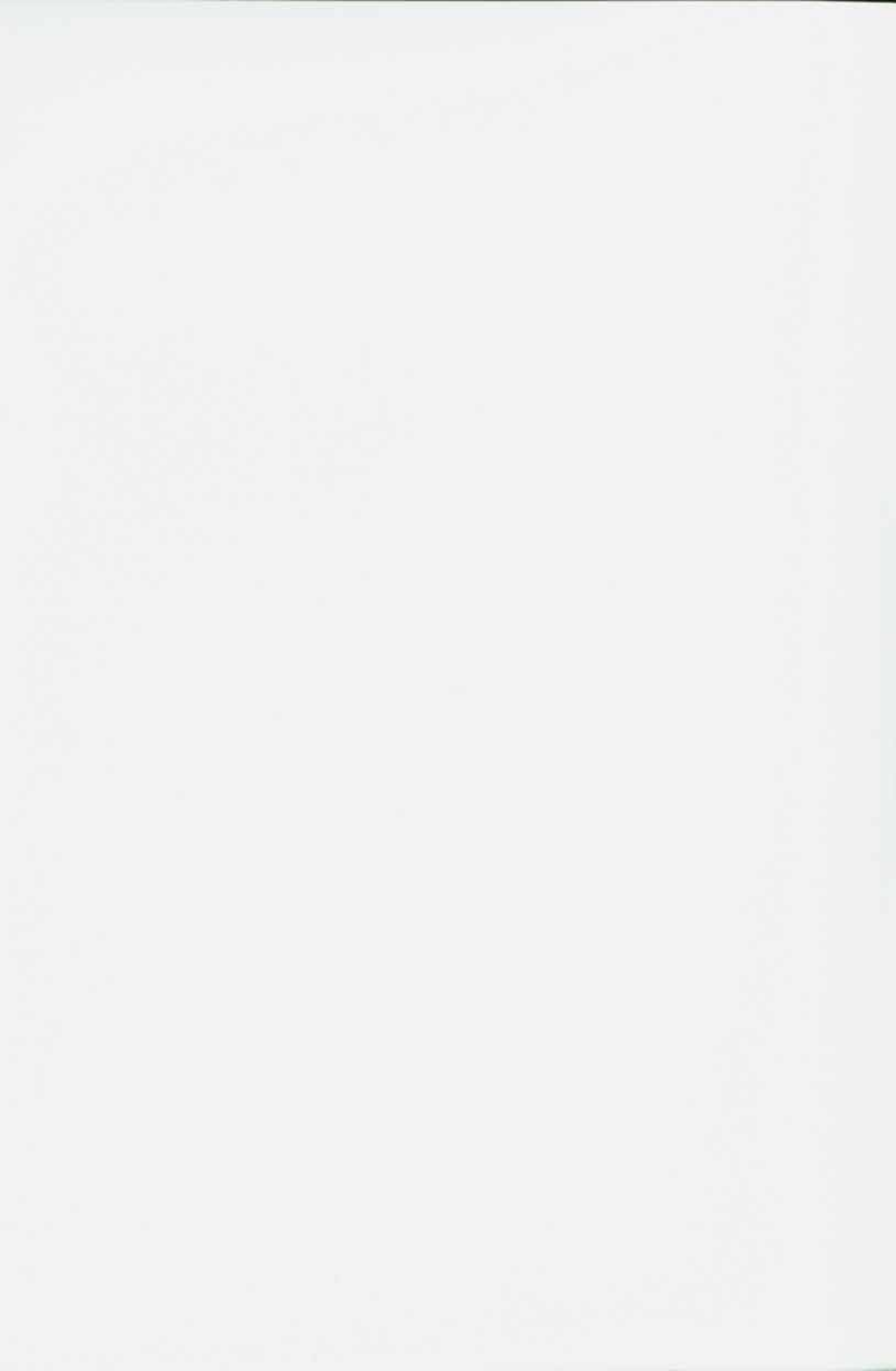




*Signatures*



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Printed at the Printing Applications Laboratory (PAL)

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Rochester, NY

2009

## Staff List

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Kaitlyn Rubin  
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Print Production: Andrew Henry

Cover Design: Katie Martin

Faculty Advisor: Dr. John Roche

Produced in the Editing the Literary Magazine class, Fall 2009

## Letter from the Editor

To celebrate the history of *Signatures*, I proposed to the class that we make a magazine which would showcase each issue. The goal was to show the diversity of both the magazine and the RIT campus since 1985. I would like to thank everyone in the class for their work and contributions to this project. I owe much gratitude to Zachary Smith for helping me with typography and InDesign as well as to Jason Lee for helping put the issue together. I would also like to thank Professor Roberley Bell for critiquing early versions of the collages. We appreciate our sponsors: the Office of the Provost, Institute Creative Arts Fund, COLA, CIAS, NTID, GCCIS, and SG. Special thanks to the Alumni Association and Lovin' Cup for hosting our 25th Reunion, and to Gallery r for hosting our 25th anniversary show. Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Roche for his support and for lending out past issues from his personal library. Hopefully, in 25 years there can be a 50th edition anthology.

Thanks,  
Zachary Feador | Editor in Chief

To see more of the past issues, visit our website [rit.edu/sg/signatures](http://rit.edu/sg/signatures) in the "Archive" section which links to RIT's Digital Media Library or visit the RIT Archives on the 3rd floor of the Wallace Library.

There is no record of a 1996 issue. The 175 anthology (2004) commemorated RIT's 175th birthday with poems and images drawn from a century of student magazines produced here.

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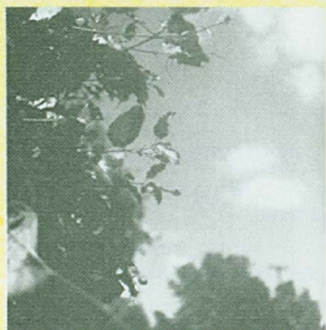
# *Artist Citations*

- 1985: Tim Sulik, Wei, Lisa Bowes  
1986: Kathy Russo, unlisted, Phyllis Mangefrida,  
Chari McCalmont  
1987: Carolyn Dated, Jennifer Atkinson, Steve Palmer  
1988: Robert T. Wolf  
1989: Jeff Cook, Lucien Samaha, Susana Cassel,  
Lucien Samaha  
1990: Karen Robinson, Chris Tinnesa, Matthew Schultz, Penny  
Despos, Karen Robinson  
1991: Jackie Paper, Maureen Mahar, William D. Patrick  
1992: Rebecca Ames, Patricia Dougherty  
1993: Trent Sigel, Jennifer Kerrigan, Karen Scanlon  
1994: Tomer Skids, Dasei Konno, Shannon Miller  
1995: Christine Mino, Kim Richards  
1997: Kevin LeVick, Anthony Ryan, Emily Huthsteiner,  
Paul Waldinger  
1998: Melissa Sanford  
1999: Katie Hanna, Andrew Baker  
2000: Jennifer Koehler, Yu-Ting Shih, Gwyn Jones  
2001: Travis Wellman, Mike Twohig  
2002: Jason Anderson, Anonymous  
2003: John M. Slaughter, Stephanie Snow, Gino Reyes  
2004: Jillian Patterson, Katie Duane, Rachel McLaughlin  
2005: Caitlin Brennan-Cant, Sarah Weeden, Katie Duane,  
Kristen Frye, Kate Offen, Eric Sucar, Kate Offen  
2006: Coco Walters, Erica Hart, Erin McCallum  
2007: Angelo Paredes, Brett Scheiflee, Jen Moon, Cyndy  
Pisani, Jesse Maleh, Douglas Salati, Heather N. Meers,  
Whitney Domigan  
2008: Adam Luptak, Melissa Harrison, Xiaoqiu Shan,  
Whitney Tressel, Michelle Christiance, Jeffrey Schmidt,  
Stephanie Haas  
2009: Madigan Burke, Nick Tassone  
175: Richard Margolis, Mary Littlefield, Mechanics Institute

## Fortune Cookie

for the improvement  
of a thing superb,  
the addition of nothing  
is recommended

-Phil Ryburn



## Untitled

You are a  
round peg  
that someday put in  
a square hole  
And now  
you've gotten yourself  
out  
and put yourself  
in  
a triangle

## Just a room

-Elaine S. Iwano

Just you and me  
and an orange couch  
and maybe a window to look out of  
so we don't have to look out  
at each other  
quite all the time

And you hold my hand  
like you meant to hold my hand

and the orange couch is just enough

-Lisa Bowes



*Signatures*  
1985

ISSUE  
1

## Why Am I Deaf?

(to answer why I am not hearing.)

Why couldn't my eardrum wake up and dance?  
Must be wonderful to hear all those noises  
Bach, Mozart, chorus, birds, bells, snow through branches.  
Must be so glamorous! Always brings me a tear in my eyes  
But why couldn't my ears feel what I think?  
Now as I seek the world...

-Peter Cook

## White Lace



Icicles dangled intricately from brittle branches,  
of frozen trees,  
White lace hung from the sky,  
resting safely below,  
as the wind whispered glass secrets...

-Janet Van Wveit



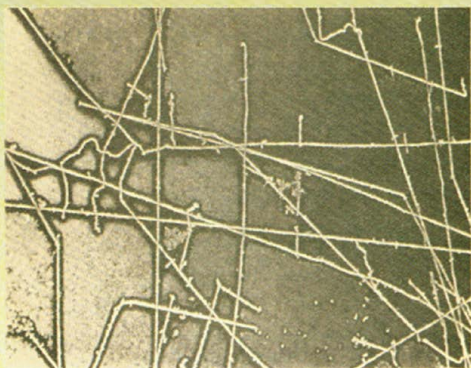
*Signatures*  
1986

ISSUE  
2



## Down on the Shore

Down on the shore  
See the waves and the moon  
Tonight. The girls have no lotion  
So here comes the waves  
Like a rock-n-roll notion  
Mothers call us venom  
We just call our self Coors  
Riding on a dream balloon.



Down on the shore  
Hear the laughter and sighs  
All in meaningless tone  
So midnight cries for the ones alone  
Tears find the sand with the wind that does not lie  
The winners...

Superstitious sinners

Cross their fingers-whisper 'I'm in a band'  
With cheap champagne in other hand.

This is just another night  
Down on the shore  
Where hearts bleed because of past  
One night frustration  
'of course we'll last'--  
Laughing--  
Fools don't see  
It's just a need of lustful temptation



It's a classical love affair  
Down on the shore

Down on the shore  
Where you need no invitation  
Just sly conversation  
To be makin'...  
breakin'...  
takin'...

blinded dreams.



-John D. Greb

excerpt from

## Twelve O'clock Tango

Small puffs of dust rose from the sun-baked street with each cautious fallen sole. Ching...ching....ching. The slow, steady pace of the steel spurs sliced through the desert air.

-Benjamin Stahl

excerpt from

## Crow Nest View

Bricks frozen  
In a black tar ocean  
Boast of hues  
But lack emotions.

No meadowlands.  
No foliage showers  
No morning dew  
On tender flowers.

No gulls gliding.  
No scent pine.  
No salty breeze  
On hanging chimes.

What a wonderful, wonderful World it  
would be...

With one less brick  
And one more tree.

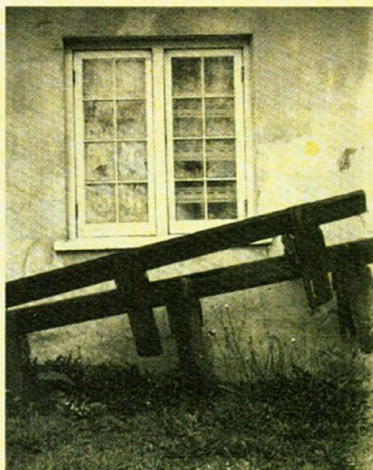
-Pat Glynn

## Shades Of A Moment

SCORN ME PROVOKE  
SOMETHING  
ANYTHING  
DENIED FOR SO LONG

PUT IT TO AN END  
RIP ME APART

-Anonymous



*Signatures*  
1988

ISSUE  
4



## rice crispies

The morning was hot  
The city had begun to simmer  
Humidity like sweat  
It was too damn bright  
Bright enough to see the tears  
Dried on her face  
As she sat across the cold formica table  
Staring at a bowl of Rice Crispies  
Snap. Crackle. Pop  
Replaced conversation  
I smoked a cigarette  
And watched the smoke curl in the wet air  
And tried to remember our brief encounter  
Tried to remember who attacked who  
Strange how people think sex  
Brings people closer  
I wish she'd eat her crispies  
And get the hell out.

-Brian M. Steblan

## Midnight

Midnight;  
it's raining outside.  
I'm soaked  
to the bone,  
but it's better than an empty bed.



-Tracey Amy



*Signatures*  
1989

ISSUE  
5



### Breakfast Nook

My coffee is far too hot to drink  
so I look through the window.  
She turns away and I wait.

Is it a glance from her, a glance, that snatch of image  
that can make resolve of the night before  
when after the words she repeatedly kicked the door.  
I think, the course of words unredeemable.  
I think, verbal paper cuts, the many hours.  
I think, a raised fist, she cowered.  
Singular slumber sofa  
though the fist never came down.

She does not turn back, no snatch of image and  
my coffee has cooled enough to drink.



-Timothy David



*Signatures*  
1990

ISSUE  
6

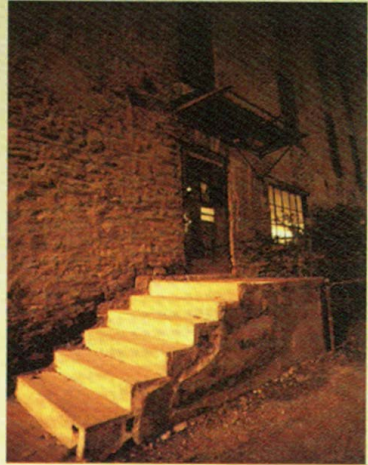
## Light Environments and a Wedding

he gave me neon  
'cause he had so many.

his socks didn't match  
we did.

then she did, again  
and neon boy  
married her smile.  
while my neon  
sits  
in my closet with socks  
and a flower i stole  
from your wedding  
jacket while  
you neon smiled  
without blinking.

-Arispa Feldmeyer



## Final Words

"More money, please."

-Taro Abe



*Signatures*  
1991

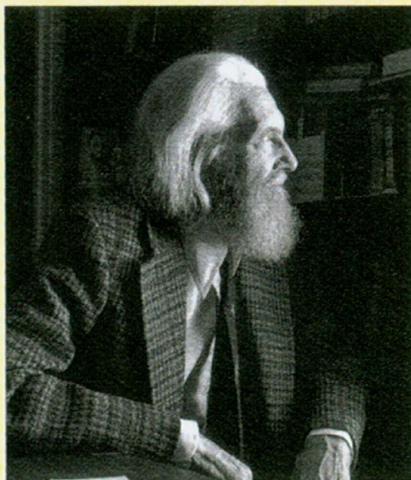
ISSUE  
7

## Long Distance Relationships

I wish that highways  
were not built so well  
as to permit  
frequent  
interstate travel.

Then,  
you'd know when to say  
goodbye.

-D.C.R.



## A Tease

Watch her they say  
Through the smoke  
Her spinning room  
Warm with sweat and breath  
She nurses a glass of rum  
Sits on each of their laps  
Her wet lips  
They see laughing  
One by one they watch her  
Their hungry eyes  
Her smiling face  
Catch her they say  
She spins from  
Each one's arms  
Licks her lips  
To finish the rum  
Her blouse slipping  
Down she bends  
To kiss him  
His for a moment  
She laughs with a spin  
On to the next  
Hazy one.

-Erika Sears



SIGNATURES

Signatures  
1992

ISSUE  
8

excerpt from

### Skeletons in My Closet

You cannot open *that* door, my friend.  
It is kept under lock and key.  
I hide that key beneath my pillow,  
For that closet belongs to me.

Behind that door are secrets  
Tales that are best kept untold.  
I would hope to never open it  
Until I am wise, and frail, and old.

Inside that room are memories  
Too awful to bring to mind,  
Events of unimaginable grief...  
Stories of the most frightening kind

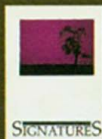
- Angelique M. Armstrong



excerpt from  
**Oasis of the Mind**

My mind is a lonely place.  
Unlimited like a void, forsaken like a desert.  
Thoughts amass with the dunes of time.  
I roam the sands of image and ideas.  
My conscience is an oasis in the wasteland.

-Ralph F. Donatelli, Jr.



*Signatures*  
1993

**ISSUE**  
9

## The Illusion of Reality

Without words,  
and without silence,  
the wonders of life begin.  
words have no substance  
and yet, reality is based on them.  
mere points of reference,  
words lend reality to everything  
and still, they are nothing.  
these words are like the snowflake  
that melts before you.  
from the perception to the lack of it,  
the world opens up before me.

-Rob Ackles



## Victoria

If Suddenly she were here  
I would not reach out  
Nor tell of my love  
Nor kiss her soft lips gently

Rather, I'd be still  
Hesitant  
to move  
to speak

Afraid to ruin  
The most  
Perfect moment...  
In time

-Vince Cucici



*Signatures*  
1994

**ISSUE**  
10





excerpt from

### Japanese Impression

Bombs fell  
Tortured Mosques  
Engulfed in Flames  
Genuine Gentleness

-Phyllis Hoffman



## Masks

Behind ones face, another face weighs,  
Guarded by layers of nights and days.  
All actors within shielded by stealth,  
Stand guard over one's delicate self

These Performrs hide pending the play,  
Dancing and singing all night and day.  
Switching control of one's conscious pride,  
Putting their unique talents in stride

A Barbarian lives deep within,  
Fighting the terrors like Gunga Din.  
Full of vitality, guile and might,  
Protects the true soul however slight.

To balance the power, lives the Saint.  
Virtue unwavered, never to taint.  
Finds only light and evil shades dark,  
Where kindness and passion hits the mark.

A Jester supports this growing band;  
Joking, make merry, with toys in hand.  
Eyeing the world with ludicrous wit,  
Showing all what we are made up with.

Weeping within, a timid babe crawls;  
Uncertain, unguided, scared of all.  
Wishing for help, coping with self-doubt,  
Anxiety builds pending a shout.

Defending my soul depends on me,  
Of the sum of masks varies from thee.  
I am the gross of these thespians;  
From which you view my players within.

-Ralph F. Donatelli, Jr.



*Signatures*  
1995

**ISSUE**  
11



## The Teardrop Falls

The teardrop falls,  
the air is still  
a muffled sob,  
on a lonely hill.

She cries the night  
'neath the silver stars  
tears of love and pain.  
Tears of light and liquid crystal,  
tears that fall like rain.



She cries to quench the fires of darkness  
she cries to erase the stain of death.  
She cries her heart out to the darkness,  
stifled sighs on silver breaths.



On a cold rock on the hillside  
sits the faerie queen  
looking back on times of the old  
when all the earth was green.

And in her darkness  
without walls,  
a star winks out...  
the teardrop falls.

-F. Page Steinhardt



*Signatures*  
1997

ISSUE  
12

## House Cleaning

Young hands reach out and grasp  
the Mattel-dream crack house  
that capitalism built.

Oh dear, Barbie's lost her poly-  
form head again.

Send her to the nut house!

To the big house!

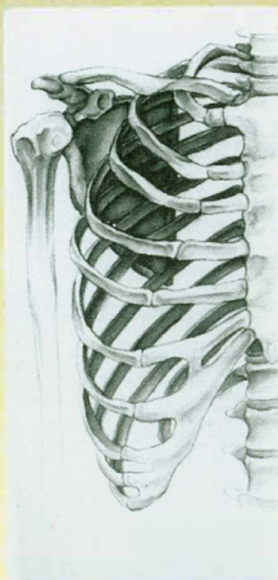
To the house on the hill!

Sorry, the whore house is full,  
full of perky pre-teen nipples  
plastering cybercities' virtual  
walls.

Is that your niece? My but she's  
grown fast...great ass!

Maybe she'd like a vibrating Ken  
doll (with dual speed control)  
for her 13th, or possibly some  
Flinstones-Prozac chewables.

- Jessica T. Brandlin



excerpt from

## Lonely Air

You glimpsed a time of happiness.  
A time of love and care,  
But just as it appeared to you  
It's gone. Turned to lonely air.  
You stared across a crowded room;  
And saw through the masks they wear.  
They're only masks, hiding something;  
Something lost in lonely air.

- Nicole Saehloff



Excerpt from

## OSMOSIS

I will paint my  
bedroom walls yellow,  
And let them heal me  
when I sleep.

-Jillian M. Ejbisz

## Pennies

every child needs a penny  
for every child needs a wish  
to think upon the well  
so shiny from the sunshine.  
perhaps to jump inside  
and swim around  
amongst the wishes  
is what some children  
need,  
to rescue them from their fears,  
or their eneimies,  
at school or,  
at home.  
every child needs a penny  
for every child needs a wish  
when the world is so crazy  
in their simple minds.  
hold a hand,  
and toss one in,  
for a moment,  
and maybe make one too.  
every child needs a penny  
for every child needs a wish.

-Lindsay Shaw



*Signatures*  
1999

**ISSUE**  
14

excerpt from

-< \*reading\* >-



MSG> hi there, do you mind if i share a few words with u?" \*glancing up at ceiling\* \*delete\* \*rocking chair\* "diet pepsi." \*nods\* \*chair rolls\* \*footsteps\* \*opens fridge\* \*grabs soda can\* \*footsteps\* \*chair rolls\* \*sipping\* \*eyes water\* \*heavy sigh\* "aspartame fix." \*typing\*: >>>pal  
\*friends list\*  
>>>msg

- Aimee Kirsten Whyte



excerpt from

I've Seen Worse

I've seen worse  
I've seen fractured bone  
Shocked by whispered words on the phone

Broken voices tremble an' shake  
Uncertain of the ache  
Hearts pound with heightened disbelief  
Knowing there is no relief  
That which will not hear them  
That which won't have the mercy to kill them  
I've seen worse  
Mothers without their sons and daughters  
Standing in the morgue  
I've seen worse

- Dan Parker



Signatures  
2000

ISSUE  
15



## Gone

I used to tell my  
Parents  
That my childhood had left me  
Then my parents were gone  
I used to tell my  
Girlfriend  
That my parents had left me  
Then my girlfriend broke my heart  
I used to tell my  
Friends  
That my girlfriend had left me  
Then I lost my friends  
I used to tell  
Myself  
I'd be okay  
But then I forgot who I was

-Spencer Slavin



excerpt from

## A Friendly Ghost

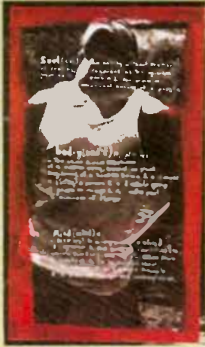
She said I am your guardian angel  
And will be with you always  
So live your life to the fullest  
And your heart will mend each day

-Krista Chmiel



*Signatures*  
2001

ISSUE  
16



## Raped

She says, "NO!"  
Struggling to fight them off as they gnaw and  
And rip at her.

Each time they lied.  
Each time they ignored her desires.

Her mother stuffed pain pills down her throat.  
Her father pawned everything just for a hit.

She softly pleaded for the pain to cease.  
She longed to be someone else.

A white light illuminated the bed.  
The hopestreamed down to be lost in the  
Cotton of her pillow.

- Tashana Spann

## Dichotomy

They say the opposite of love is silence  
I say speak up.

They say you can't buy friendship  
I say you owe me a dollar

They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
I say so are tears.

They say lots of things  
I keep my mouth shut

-Ream Kidane



excerpt from

## The Box

The crowds leap up,  
Children grin,  
People roar,  
Cheering for the fight.

-Ken Peters



Signatures  
2002

ISSUE  
17



## Inflatable Snowman (at the Market)

Bloated, smiling, he stares ahead  
stiff stocky arms offer embrace  
a big ugly hat and a carrot nose  
frame his pale and placid face

8 feet tall, he overwhelms children  
he taunts them with his mittens  
a hug can cause asphyxiation  
it's rumored he eats kittens

he sits in the corner  
of the store while you shop  
serves no purpose  
he should just be popped

with a poke or a prod  
I'll let him fly  
releasing the children  
he's stored in his thigh

his firm, swollen physique  
still towers, stiffly looms  
I want him limp, slack, and sagging  
then we'll hit him with our brooms

the power's still running  
I hear the whirr of his fan  
some day I'll pop him...  
that Inflated Snowman

-Maura Bress



Signatures  
2003

ISSUE  
18





## Lavender

I am the cool lavender  
 When a highlighter bleeds  
 You are the stain of a red  
     ballpoint pen  
 It is difficult to sign your name  
 Gracefully  
 With a highlighter  
 You laugh at the childish  
     motions of my wrist  
 As i try to make my name  
     beautiful  
 Your signature clone itself  
 Until it is genetically perfect  
 Mine becomes more and more  
     mutant  
 People must wonder  
 What happens when we kiss.

-Alexis g. Mc Vicker

Early  
 your lips are bitter  
 with mornin coffee  
 Cold hands grasping at  
 the wispy silvers of  
 Love diamond heavy on my  
     finger  
 reminder of the time  
 when the struggle felt  
     good  
 And now you kiss my  
     hand  
 from a distance  
 apologetic eyes  
 jump around my face  
     wishing away  
     salty tears  
 stripping safe haven  
     of our future  
 dreams together  
 we don't know  
     why

-Jennifer Kunz





Untitled

break me elemental  
through you, prismatic  
bend that light  
into kinetic angels  
that promise while-you-wait salvation  
with their fingers crossed behind their backs.

Catwalk

-Amanda Dailey

blue pulsates                      in distance  
    this placid being  
lets me know to fall  
show me what calls  
    sounds of infinity  
the timeless paws  
    of the illustrious cat  
    slipping through without a tremor  
stepping so slightly, no wake  
no wake from this plane  
    let it be  
    the harmonic tides swaying in steps  
of this catwalk  
Just to let you know.



You were the reason for breaking my habits.  
And now you're my reason for resuming them.

-Tyler Schindel

Her Eyes



More black than lights out  
A dark I could never be  
    afraid of  
Perfect inky circles  
Her eyes

-Matthew Shand



## Popping Room

We spoke in honeyed articulation of  
Matters undefined by the inadequate limitations  
Of idiom and expression, over the  
Resonating Falls; tumbling, golden, bursting portions

-Andrea Romansky



i am grand

I am roughage,  
cooked bowl of oranges.  
in your mouth.  
bitter banana leaf your stomach.  
I am raw straw.  
thick tree bark.  
acorns, apples, dapple color.  
I am grand  
canyon of honey.  
you are the roots of onion carrion.  
the stench smears molasses slow.  
your wet seed,  
ripe vine water.  
in my mouth.  
silos warm wheat heavy.  
I am roughage.  
I am grand.

-Nubia Hassan



Signatures  
2006

ISSUE  
21



selected from the Adagio section  
excerpt from

## Ovum

Sometimes  
The surface splits,  
And sticky things  
You forgot were there  
Are binding your fingers together.

-Jennifer Seaman



selected from the Rondeau Section  
excerpt from



## The Music Stand

A rented trumpet on an angle, on a chair,  
Outside its case in the dark.  
An antique music stand, old filigreed brass –  
If you saw it bounce the gliding light  
From the cars going by  
You'd see how I thought  
We were doing.

-Amy D'Amico



Signatures  
2008

ISSUE  
23

selected from the Vivace section

## Tasting an Orange

The jaw tenses.  
Cool and soft the pulp bubbles pop  
under the teeth which might sting  
with the sweetness which is like  
when you inhale after having a mint  
and your nose feels like it is  
taking on too much air at once.  
Juice breaks from the pulp and overflows  
the tongue which presses against  
the roof of your mouth as if  
to diminish the tang  
which is as rich as the scent.

-Noelle Evans



selected from the Allegro section  
excerpt from



## Infinite Beginnings

Inside, unseen, the corpus callosum  
Curves like a wide question mark:  
Fibrous firewire between two  
Hard drives, hemispheres joined.  
Under our folded grey sky, steady rain patters  
Across dark synapses, sparkling  
Along network wires, connecting  
Reason, whimsy, logic, magic: idea to idea

- Whitney Gratton



Signatures  
2008

ISSUE  
23

## Collarbone

How attractive the play of  
light and shadow  
Organic ridges, a frame  
where your salty essence  
Might slowly trickle over  
your taut canvas  
Soft hollows, a reservoir to fill with  
The hot memory of  
your love whispers

How nicely they complement  
your unbuttoned shirt,  
Or frames of my hair, freshly undone  
Always drawing the eye  
to the best features  
A shore where the sea of my breast  
Heaves in and out in a sensual tide

How marvelously yours  
overlays with mine  
The gravity of your  
hungry brawn, drowning  
Sounding rods echoing the beating  
Of our frantic drums  
At this early hour

-Alexandra Johnson



## Enumerate

This bullet's name is Jeff  
The only one chambered  
In a barrel gleaming  
When you enumerate ammo  
It gives targets meaning

One hundred hands built it  
Ten thousand steps moved it  
And one finger will connect me  
In an eleven meter tunnel  
To my fellow man.

Two people built me  
One hundred million steps moved me  
And one sliver of time will remove me  
In the space of one stride  
From the company of man

Just another violent fluid  
Flung carelessly over dirt and gravel  
Groaning under the weight  
Of kids and commanders.

-Kevin Kuchta

*Signatures*  
2009

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## Untitled

I'd rather be a Could Be  
If I could not be an Are;  
For a Could Be is a May Be,  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been, by far;  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has was once an Are.

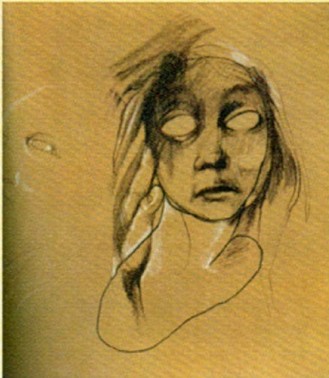
-Unknown



## The Lunch Room

A rush, a hurry,  
A terrible jam--  
Voices are shouting  
For sausage and ham.  
The crowd at the counter  
Is yelling with might,  
And swaying and pushing,  
A hand to hand fight.  
"Give me some soup, please."  
"Here, hand me a knife!"  
You just get your luncheon  
At risk of your life.  
Getting it out,  
You are jostled some more,  
And spill half your food  
On your clothes and the  
floor.  
You get to a table  
When lunch time is by.  
The pleasure of eating  
Is great at M.I.

-unknown



\* M.I. refers to Mechanics Institute,  
the previous name for RIT

## *Past Editors, Designers, and Advisors*

- 1985:** Editor: Sing Pang Philip Wei; Art Director: Valerie Boyd;  
Faculty Advisors: Sam Abrams, Joel Oppenheimer, Erik Timmerman
- 1986:** Editor: James A. Habacker; Designer: Regina Capabianco;  
Faculty Advisors: Sam Abrams, Dr. Robert Golden, Erik Timmerman
- 1987:** Editor: George Elyjiw; Designers: Burt Myers,Carolynn Pancotti;  
Faculty Advisors: Sam Abrams, Dr. Robert Golden, Erik Timmerman
- 1988:** Editor: Maxine H. Isaacson; Assistant Editor: Bruce U. Meister;  
Faculty Advisors: Sam Abrams, Dr. Robert Golden, Erik Timmerman
- 1989:** Editor: Bruce U. Meister; Art Director: Elena Masciangelo;  
Faculty Advisors: Robert Golden, Erik Timmerman; Cover: Elena Masciangelo
- 1990:** Editor: Bruce Mesiter; Art Director: Karen Sue MacDowell;  
Faculty Advisor: Mark Price
- 1991:** Editor: Patricia A. Zerhusen; Faculty Advisor: Mark Price; Cover: Aeja Aiko Shin
- 1992:** Editor: Anuj Grover; Faculty Advisor: Mark Price; Cover: Jennifer Dyson
- 1993:** Editor: Brian J. Hafner; Layout Editor: Marc Trzepla; Advisor: Mark Price;  
Cover: Michael Shampnier
- 1994:** Editor: Christopher Redwood; Co-Editor: Alfred Penn; Production Layout:  
Christopher Redwood; Faculty Advisor: Mark Price; Cover: Rachel Pous
- 1995:** Editor: Christopher Redwood; Art Directors: Julia Barsi, Julie Marriot;  
Staff Assistant: Darlene Wilcox
- 1997:** Editor: Star Glynis Grieser; Assistant Editor: Erica J. Rodriguez; Art Directors:  
Michael P. McCarthy, Adele Gangai; Faculty Advisor: Mark Price; Cover: John Mac Rae
- 1998:** Editor in Chief: Antonio Maria D. Chiarenza; Assistant Editor: Karl Barnoski,  
Art Direction: Erin H. Sarofsky, Kuldeep Kaur; Faculty Advisor: Sam Abrams;  
Cover: Viviana Calabria
- 1999:** Editor in Chief: Graham Arthur Mackenzie; Art Director: Jillian M. Ejbisz;  
Layout: Davin Kuntze; Cover: Andrew Baker; Faculty Advisor: Sam Abrams
- 2000:** Editor: Jennifer Koehler, Nathan Laniewski, Dan Lassecki, Rishi Mehda,  
Tim Miller, Alexis Peterson, Andrew Schall, Stephanie Snow; Magazine Layout:  
Stephanie Snow; Faculty Advisors: Sam Abrams, John Roche; Cover: Jim Gentry
- 2001:** Editor in Chief: Stephanie Snow; Design Editors: Clare Cassidy, Sara Stallard;  
Faculty Advisors: John Roche, Sam Abrams
- 2002:** Editors-in-Chief: Andrew Schall, Stephanie Snow;  
Design Editors: Luke M Vaillancourt, Kevin Ostrowski; Faculty Advisor: John Roche
- 2003:** Editors in Chief: Andrew Schall, Stephanie Snow; Layout: Michael Meyerhofer;  
Faculty Advisor: John Roche
- 2004:** Editors in Chief: Patrick Kelley, Jacqueline Licht; Design Editor: Patrick Kelley;  
Cover Mark Nacey; Faculty Advisor: John Roche
- 2005:** Editor: Pete Karl; Art Director: Becca Light; Cover Sarah Weeden  
Faculty Advisor: John Roche
- 2006:** Chief editor: Erica Eichelkraut; Master Designer: Jesse Maleh; Faculty advisor:  
John Roche; Cover: Jesse Maleh
- 2007:** Editor: Erica Eichelkraut; Design Director: Kristen Bourassa; Faculty Advisor:  
John Roche
- 2008:** Managing Editors: Angelina Faulkner, Rob Witko; Design Coordinator:  
Whitney Gratton; Faculty Advisor: John Roche
- 2009:** Managing Editors: Sarai Oviedo, Rob Witko; Chief Designer:  
Zachary Smith; Faculty Advisor: John Roche; Cover: Adam Sampedro,  
Allison Franconeri, Justin Monsees
- 175:** Editor: Kevin Ptak; Layout & Design: Lauren Thiele; Faculty Advisor: John Roche;  
Cover: David Pankow \*Anthology based on a hundred years of RIT student magazines  
in the RIT Archives.





