

# REPORTER

MAY 18, 2007 | WWW.REPORTERMAG.COM



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A collection of  
photo essays by

CoCo Walters

Chris Felber

Matt Bagwell

Adam Richins

# REPORTER

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Rudy Pugliese

## **Contact**

MAIN 585.475.2212  
EMAIL [reporter@rit.edu](mailto:reporter@rit.edu)  
ADVERTISING 585.475.2213  
EMAIL [reporterads@mail.rit.edu](mailto:reporterads@mail.rit.edu)

# Editorial

The latest incarnation of the Motorola RAZR houses a 1.3 megapixel camera. The Leaf Aptus 75S has a 33 megapixel sensor. No matter how many megapixels cameras have or how high definition screens get, nothing is as clear as the real thing.

We get to live and work so that you can feel the way we do by looking at our photos. I had a front row seat to the Dalai Lama's speech in Buffalo this fall so that thousands of students here could see his smile printed in this magazine. Sometimes it's not that easy: talk to Chris Felber about being threatened to be thrown out of windows by Neo-Nazis, or ask Matt Bagwell about getting up before sunrise to move furniture for minimum wage.

As photographers, we work to bring you the closest possible representation of the real thing. When you look past the megapixels, you should feel what the people in front of the lens are feeling—the warmth of the blood dripping down their cheeks, the chill of the rusty tools in their hands. Without you to look at the photos they have no power. As long as you keep looking, we will keep shooting. Thank you for that.



Dave Londres

**Photo Editor**

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## Cover

Andrew, room 316,  
smokes a cigarette.  
He has been ordered  
to stay at the Riddell  
House for probation.  
Photograph by  
Chris Felber.



01 The collision between J.D. Love, an eccentric looking, sequins-clad spectacle and Gordy, a hick in camouflage pants.

# One Fall

photo essay by CoCo Walters

Waiting in the hallway of the Amherst Pepsi Arena in Buffalo, NY I feel like I shouldn't be here. The wrestler I followed in and convinced to take me along for the ride is behind the locker room door, which keeps swinging open. I hear cuts and pieces in deep voices of spirited retellings of body-slams, moonsaults and dragon whips. Masters of the craft breeze past me as the other "roadie" alongside me graciously explains who these people are towering above me, and why they look so cool without even trying. Later we strolled into the hockey rink where in the middle sat a wrestling ring surrounded by three rows of wooden chairs on either side. It didn't look like much at the time, however at 6:30 as doors opened, streams of adults and children alike poured in to fill the arena with chants and cheers for hours.

I didn't know it was this big. The pro-wrestling subculture is everywhere: it's in bars, it's practicing three times a week, it's on the walls and t-shirts of eight year olds, it's on TV, it's international. This is a small piece of it.



**02** It's intermission. The cage is assembled as one of OSPW's (Old School Pro Wrestling) wrestlers bands clangs on in the background, the lead singer a stout man in black leggings, whitey tighties and a clown mask. Ten minutes later eight men clash inside the cage, arms flailing, crowd chanting, and blood spurting from some wrestlers' foreheads.

**03** At The Dome Center in Henrietta, during a match in which pro-wrestling legend Ted Dibiase made a special appearance, wrestlers have plenty of ceiling clearance to enable a high flying toss from the ring.



**04** Of the 200 people attending NWA Upstate's cage match about 2/3 are children under 12 years old. Dressed in fan t-shirts and masks, they clamor for autographs and fill most of the front row seats.

05 Wrestlers Hurricane John Walters and Isys Ephex, of Squared Circle Wrestling (2CW), tumble from the top rope during 2CW's one year anniversary show in Syracuse, NY. The number of fans topped 300, more than they have ever had at a match.

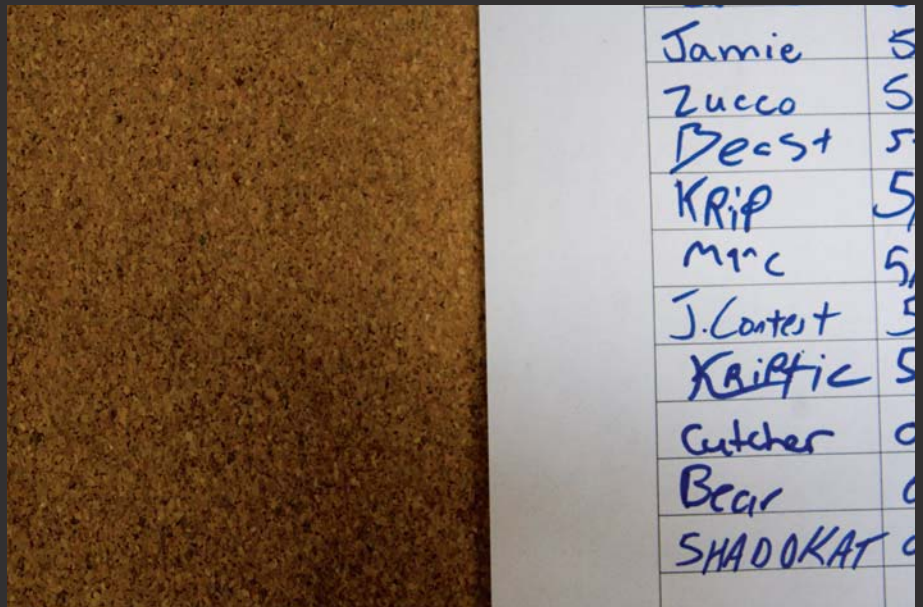


06 Wrestling idols like Hulk Hogan, The Ultimate Warrior and Batista are represented at every match in the form of 8x10 glossies, miniatures, t-shirts, even lighters and necklaces.



07 Scotty Bender, host of Rochester's *Wrestlevision*, a show dedicated to independent wrestlers and spoof rivalries, films a promo with Superstar Rob Schulz outside of their business suite on Buffalo Road.

08 Just inside the door of Next Era Wrestling's training facility, (across the parking lot from *Wrestlevision*'s office) is the sign-in list for this week's training sessions: Tuesday night, Thursday night, and Saturday morning.



# The Riddell House

photo essay by Chris Felber

The Riddell House, once called the Holley Hotel, after its founder George Holley, is located in downtown Bradford, a small industrial town in the Northwest region of Pennsylvania. The hotel, a once premier establishment, is now used as low-income housing, and serves as a halfway house to many folks who are ordered to stay there by the court of law. The residents are mostly from Bradford or from one of the surrounding towns such as Limestone or Kane, and most have lived in the area their entire lives. Over the years, many people have come and gone, each with very interesting and unique stories. Over the week I stayed in the housing, I met many characters, ranging from a neo-Nazi skinhead named Brian, aka "Lunchbox," who recently served a sentence for homicide, to a Bible-thumper named Ed aka "Eddie Spaghetti" who had been diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia after taking LSD as a teenager. These people allowed me into their world to document a lifestyle—to many people foreign, but to them, an everyday experience.



Les is one of the many regulars at the Riddell House bar, located on the first floor of the hotel.





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Brian, who just recently got out of prison, shows me his various Nazi tattoos.



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Rich, aka "Uncle Fester," slaps a marijuana leaf onto his chest before getting his portrait taken.



02 Arriving for work at Teke Machine Corporation, 7:00 a.m., Valentine's Day.



photo essay by Matt Bagwell

Imagine awaking at 4:00 AM on a winter morning and driving across town to Lyell Avenue. Upon entering through the side of a poorly marked brick building, you write your name on a sign-in sheet, and then wait, becoming acquainted with cheap coffee, hard plastic chairs, and rerun after rerun of the morning news. Two hours later—if you're lucky, that is—it's time to go to work: lifting, shoveling, pounding, or drilling for eight hours.

Labor Ready is a temporary labor agency, where workers gather every morning for a chance to earn minimum wage through placement in manual-labor jobs throughout the Rochester area.

All of the organizations and individuals involved preferred not to be photographed, so I began working through Labor Ready myself, my own experience as my subject.

01 Unemployed men arrive at Labor Ready beginning at 5:00 AM to wait for manual labor jobs.

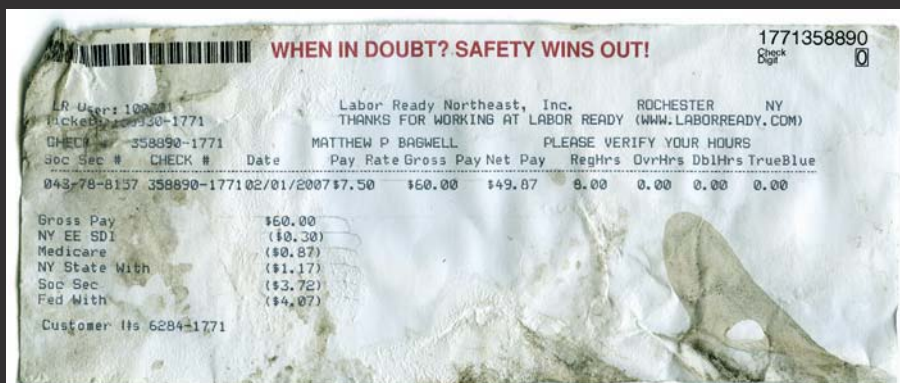
# Five to Five



03 A Sherman's Furniture truck awaits further packing before shipment to a local apartment complex.



04 My hand covered in aluminum dust after sanding down panels. I was not supplied with a dust mask or respirator.



05 A typical pay stub from Labor Ready. I worked for nine hours, but only got paid for eight.



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01 "I can remember playing with a couple of kids in nursery school who were talking about being policemen or firemen or something like that, and way back then I wanted to be a farmer," recalls Krieger before heading out to do morning chores around the farm.



# Farm Project Marc Krieger

photo essay by Adam Richins

Most people think of farmers in the spring—planting rows of seedlings—or in the fall—taking in the year's bounty. Marc Krieger, 34, a third generation farmer from Pittsford, New York, knows that farming puts him outside, in the dirt, no matter what the season might be. Krieger co-owns Willard Farms with his cousin, Bill Willard, and primarily grow feed corn on their 1,000 acres of land that has been in their family since 1860.

This photo story was shot between the months of December and February 2007. To view the complete multimedia story on Marc Krieger and the story of two other Monroe County farmers visit [www.adamrichins.com](http://www.adamrichins.com) and click "Multimedia."

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02 Krieger climbs into the cab of his Gleaner combine in early December before harvesting another farmer's field because their combine needed repair. Last year corn sold for \$1.85 per bushel, but he has seen prices rise this year to \$3.25, which is the highest Krieger can ever recall. He attributes the surge in price to the increasing demand for corn-based ethanol fuel.



03 To ensure an even distribution, Marc Krieger watches as the corn gets transferred from his combine to a dump truck before being transported to Howlett Farm, a local grain storage plant and train-yard, where the corn is weighed and then immediately loaded onto a train for shipment.

04 With the aid of a backhoe and two neighboring farmers, Krieger digs a trench through one of his fields and lays a new drainage system that will replace the clogged ceramic drainage pipe installed by his father in the early 1950s. Even though it's winter, Krieger has a list of jobs he needs to finish before he can even begin to think about spring planting.





05 The Knickerbocker brothers, who run a neighboring farm, brave the blistering cold and help with the installation of Krieger's new drainage pipe. Local farmers often call upon each other for help when they can't do a task on their own.

06 Krieger uses a snow blower attached to his tractor to clear a driveway. Strong winds thrust the snow upward and over Krieger's head into a cloud of ice and snow. Each winter, Krieger runs a snowplow business which can earn him as much as 30% of his yearly income. "Snow plowing pays for the mortgage on the second farm, pays for my health insurance and buys me a new truck every few years," states Krieger. "I do rely on it."



07 Most nights of the week Krieger will go to his parent's house for dinner. He admits he's not much of a cook and he enjoys spending time with his family who live just down the street.

*Congratulations*



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2007

**graduates!**

(and best of luck in the future!)

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