

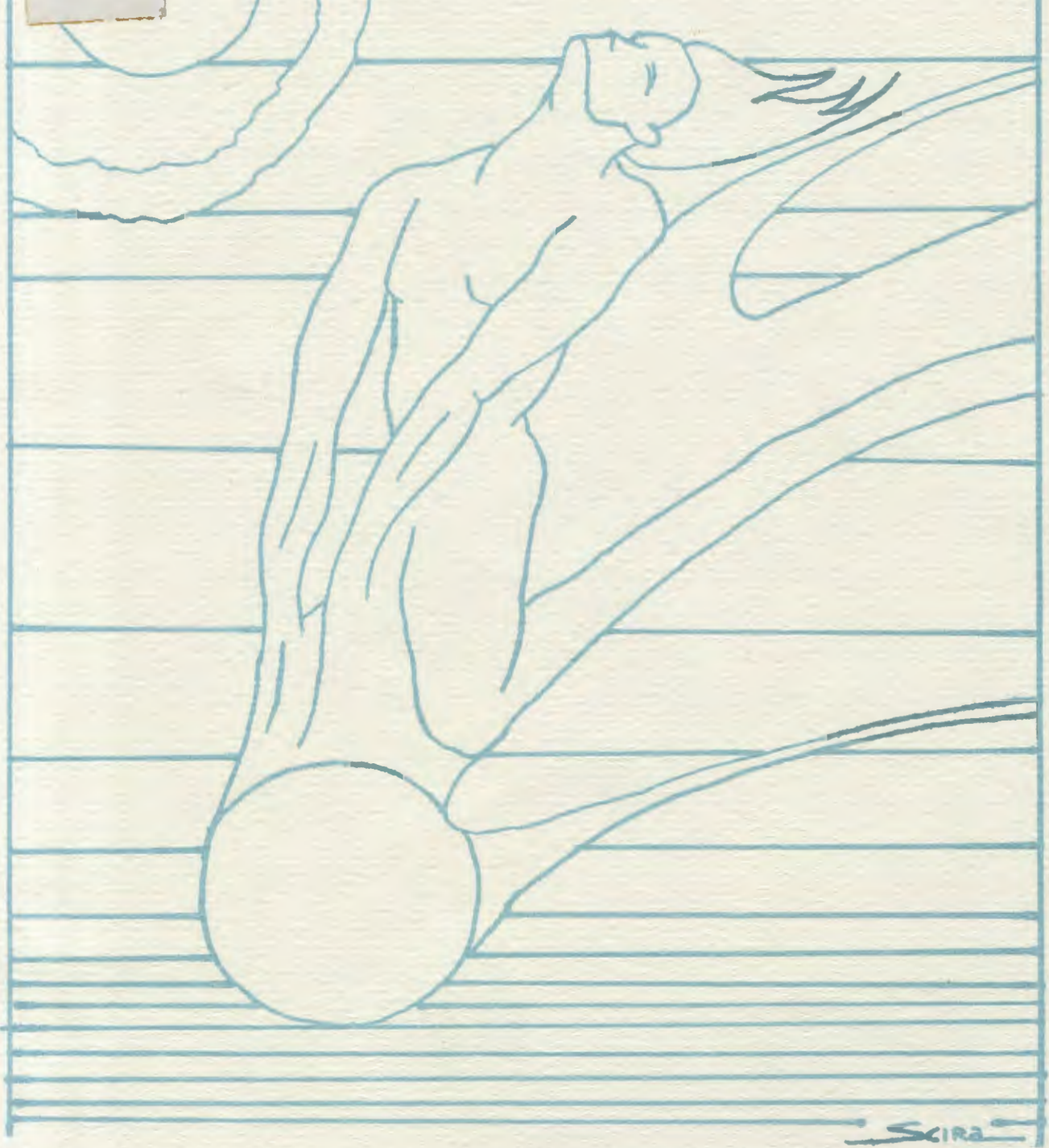
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# OUR TIME

Library Arts Magazine  
1985



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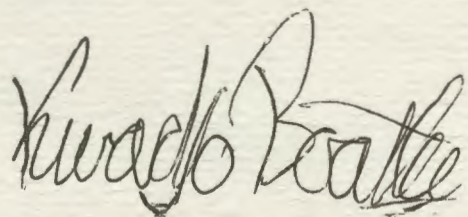
## R.O.N.Y. - GENESE0

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The long awaited debut of *Our Time* is here and I am proud to say it is a success. This publication has been instituted as a contemporary arts magazine where the student body may release their artistic talents. The Geneseo campus definitely needed another publication and *Our Time* undoubtedly fills that void. As you flip through the pages of this magazine, look deeply at the talent exhibited by your peers. *Our Time* prides itself on giving its writers total freedom. They are able to write without any restrictions, enabling their style to come through.

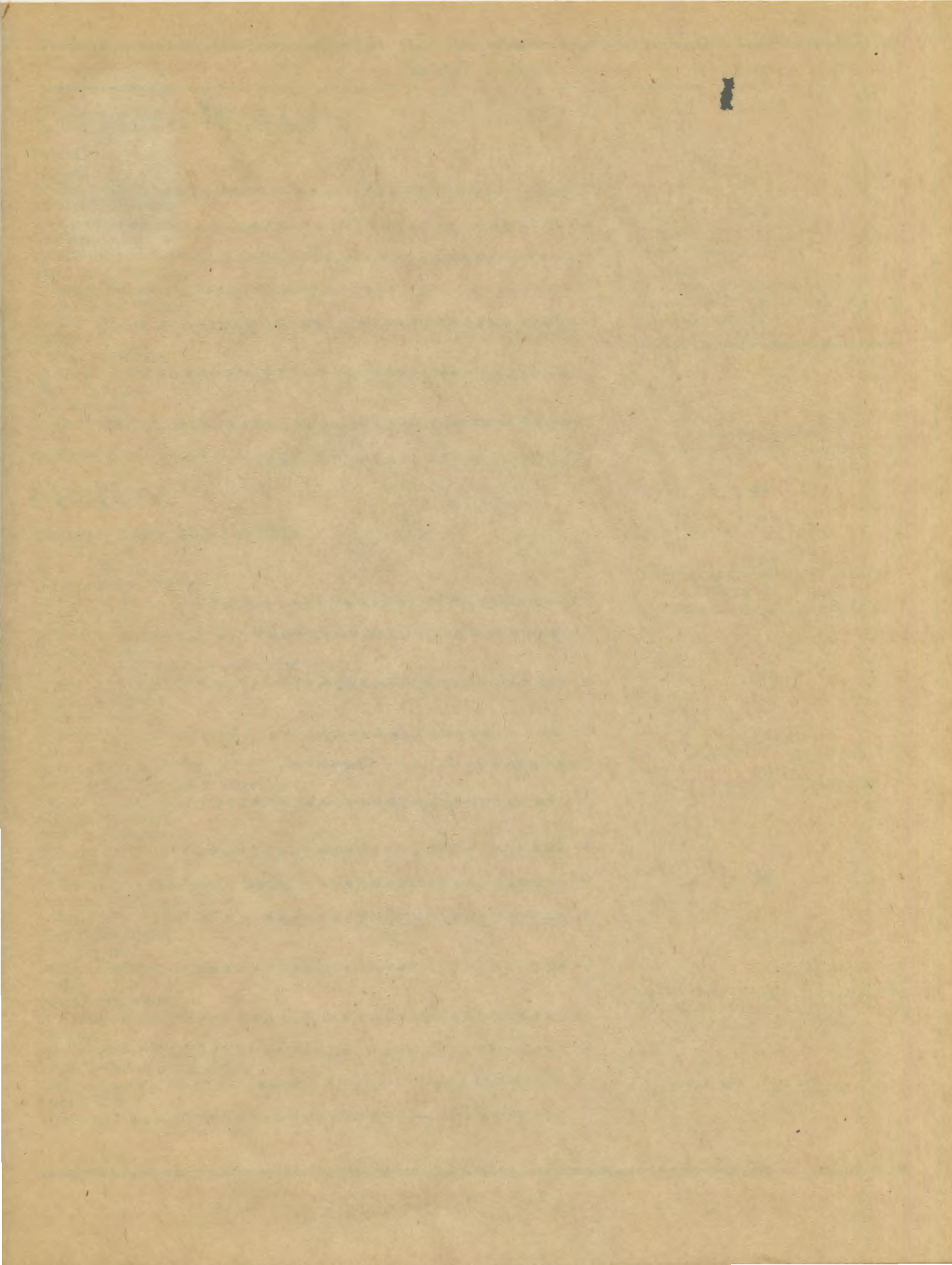
I would like to say thanks to all those who stuck with us and gave their support.

*Our Time* is a contemporary magazine, we are current, we are now. We will continue to expand and change with every issue. Something new will always be evident. If you have any comments or suggestions feel free to voice them. This magazine represents your time, *Our Time*.



**Kwadjo Boaitey**  
Editor in Chief

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# Our Time

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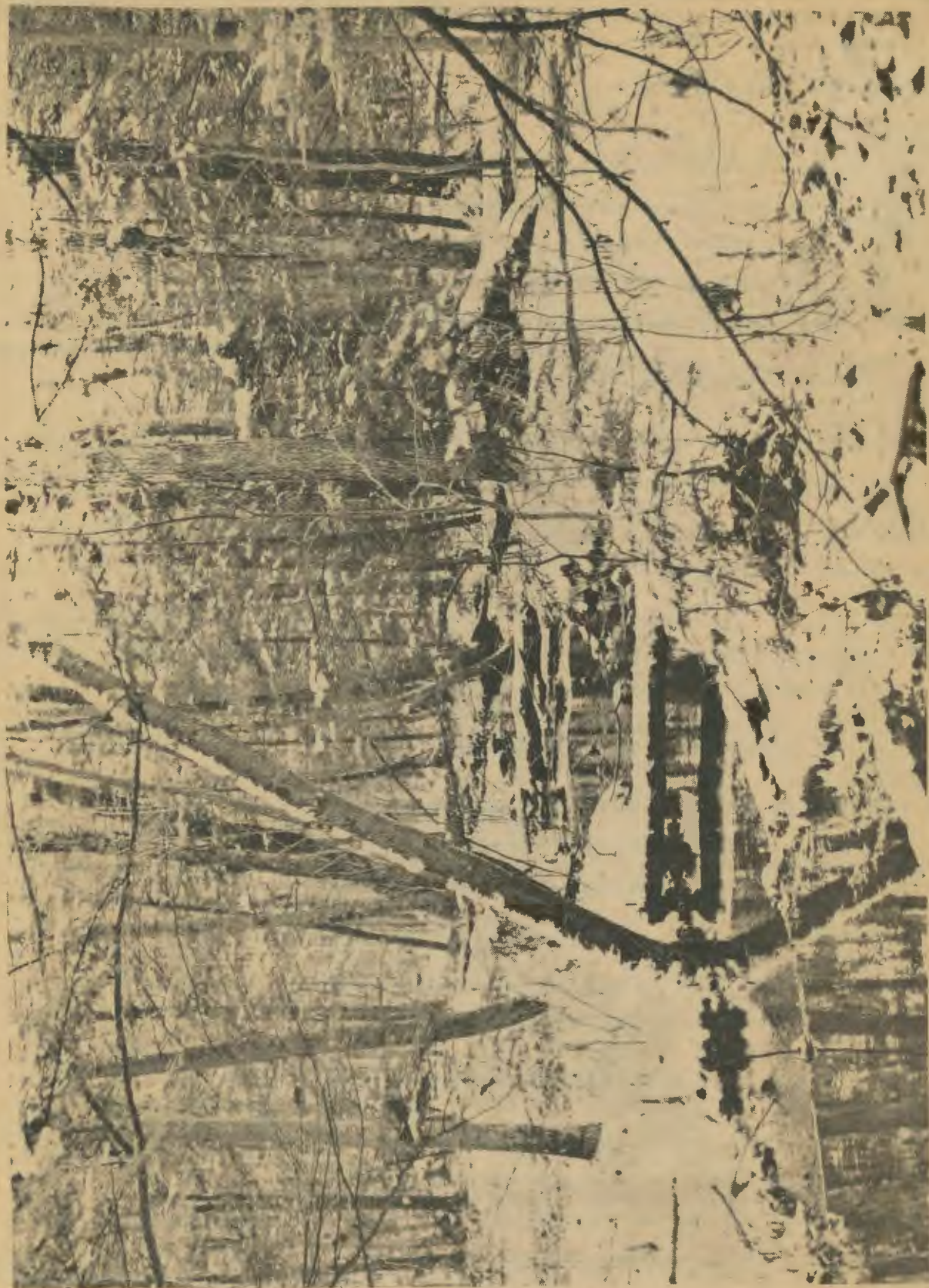
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# Poems, Essays and Short Stories

## Wallets

Bruce Bulin

The picture begins  
a perfect square  
of our memory  
yet,  
when elements touch  
the flames of time  
to the memories  
we try to hold,  
the flames lick away  
the background  
and rogue  
until they consume  
the dress of the day  
and the borders have curled  
toward the remaining paper  
held  
by desperate fingers  
until precious flesh is consumed by  
reality  
and  
with sanity  
as the cost of holding on,  
we flutter the fragment  
held under our thumb  
into the pools of experience  
and behold  
the face afloat.

## Lands of Evermore

Mike Ryan

Murky, misty, foggy haze working to  
take me away  
over the edge  
through the hedge  
Dying to take me away.

From boredom comes rebellion-the  
free spirit needs to prevail.  
Stand up, Speak out, and be noticed.  
Walk tall, walk proud, and set sail  
for the Lands of Evermore,  
Run aground on Crystal Shore.

Close your eyes, weak and heavy,  
release control now and hold steady,  
for our destiny is almost through.  
It's time to start our lives a new,  
In a land where freedom rings true.

## Humans and Such

Joseph R.P. Erbal

From a concept developed with J.S.  
and M.T.

My Dear Uncle Michael,

Thank you for your little note. I'm  
back safe and sound, and, as you pre-  
dicted, 'It's something of an eye-opener  
down there, comparatively weal-  
thy by the standards of the vast  
majority of their fellow humans  
Gordy-as the humans would say.' I  
forwarded a full report (my first offi-  
cial field report) to the Celestial Af-  
fairs Administration, but knowing  
how slow old Gabriel is at the desk, I  
suspect you have a few weeks to wait  
for it; so I thought I'd give you my  
own observations right here.

The Academy, of course, treated  
me wonderfully, and its training of  
Guardian Angels has been invalua-  
ble, but no amount of instruction pre-  
pares one for the actual reality of  
working on Earth among the hu-  
mans. For one thing, it is shockingly  
small (they had told us so, but the  
numbers seemed meaningless back  
then); it took some time for it to hit  
home, that this little dust-bunny in a  
darker corner of the cosmos is the  
focus of such a titanic conflict. For  
another, experiencing matter in all  
its wondrous forms was new to me  
like walking through a thin fog, and  
very pleasurable. The stuff is a mar-  
velous invention.

The great shock, though, was in  
finding myself invisible to the hu-  
mans. I had, of course, been warned,  
but nothing prepares one for the real-  
ity: the total ignorance most of them  
boast of the Beings watching over  
them ceaselessly.

I am told that when certain unusu-  
ally virtuous humans can see us, we  
appear as 'very great with burning  
faces and hands robed in unseeable  
Power, crowns of blinding light on  
our unseen brows, and dazzling grasps  
with which we could erase cities if we  
wished'-as we did Sodom and Gom-  
morah. I don't *feel* that radiant! And I

am, right now, only a quite minor fig-  
ure, not an Archangel like yourself.

In any event, since I had just  
graduated from the Academy with  
the Bachelors in Guardianship, it  
was only natural I begin my field  
work with some type of survey job.  
There are four or five social foci we  
keep special tabs on these days, and  
the lot fell to me to browse through  
some of their 'universities' and 'col-  
leges'(as they are called).

The importance of these places,  
naturally, is they produce the major-  
ity of Earth's mathematicians, logi-  
cians, scientists, authors, philos-  
ophers, engineers and physicians, but  
they are quite different from our  
Academy.

For one thing, the human col-  
leges and universities are little more  
than primitive tribal learning camps  
where they send their pups to be  
indoctrinated into the magical lore of  
the society. For another, the whole  
context of these places, and the deeper  
context of their society, is one of  
*Stress*.

As a start, there is all the back-  
ground anxiety that goes with grow-  
ing up in the Twentieth Century:  
anxiety rooted in Fear. They suffer,  
as the unfading backdrop to their thought,  
the shadow of the Politics, the multi-  
nationals, the Communists, the Tox-  
ic Waste and the Atomic War. In such  
a violent environment it is easy not to  
want to *think*, it makes their heads  
hurt.

Then there is the opulent materi-  
al wealth of these future thinkers of  
their society. Many of them, it is true,  
have to scrounge, squirm and borrow  
to become part of the educable elite,  
but virtually none of them have lived  
in shantytown shacks of corrugated  
metal without running water, with-  
out a light bulb, and without hope.  
Even the poorest Westerners are com-  
paritively wealthy by the vast major-  
ity of their fellow humans.

(continued on page 7)

Dan Ward

There once was a man who would defend anyone for anything they had done. This man would boldly stand on his reasons whether he was right or wrong. Each day he would question accusations made about people and without knowing why, he would feel it was his place to raise the opposing view. Often starting conflict, the man would not realize what a predicament this caused for himself. But when this happened, the man always wondered why he reacted in conversation, in this manner.

signed,  
-the argument

**On a Chilled Winter's Eve**  
Mike Ryan

The sun sets behind a hedgerow  
of pine and oak,  
on a chilled winters eve.  
A light covering of snow  
causes one to evoke  
memories which, from winter, have  
been weened.

The bare limbs stand tall, like arms,  
reaching towards the sky.  
The road glimmers with the final  
rays,  
as the earth shudders, and night  
evolves from day.  
Crimson-yellow horizon,  
Darkened and deepened shadows,  
frost-covered, lifeless meadow.

The clouds fly past on their timeless,  
endless journey.  
The blue is falling prey to black-  
there is no use, there is no turning  
back.

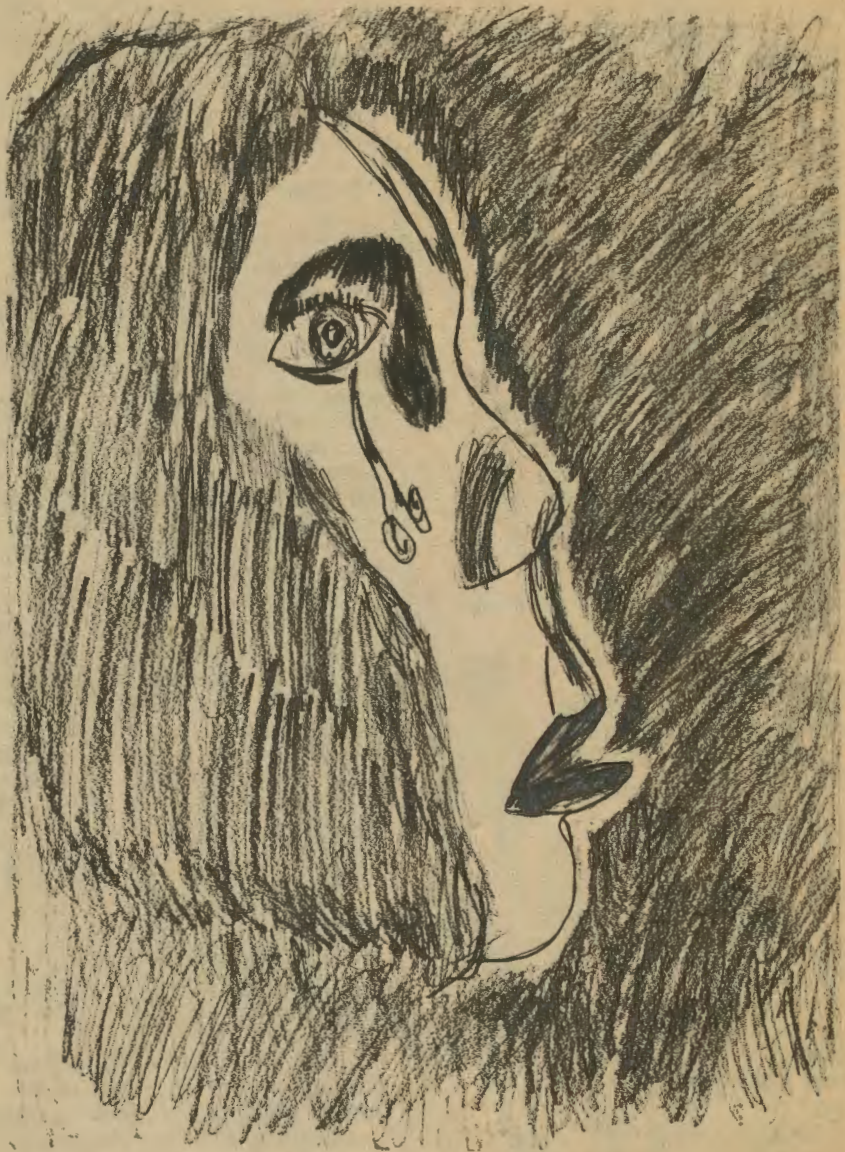
Too late for regression or cures,  
Too late, no tears for fears.  
We are not positive, we cannot be  
sure  
of those we hold so dear.  
No one is able to see,  
their eyes are all clouded and black,  
for on a chilled winter's eve,  
there is no use, there is no turning  
back.

**Brothers Still in Bed**  
Bruce Bulin

A trio of brothers  
from differing mothers  
loiter the still street  
advertising their cohesion and rest-

less intoxication.  
Their youthful eyes still drenched  
with free  
visions  
but soon the lessons will well in their  
eyelids  
and experience lay waste the bed of  
roses,  
vigorous friendship forms on youth-  
ful cheeks!

What blanket of innocent mania these  
babes  
hide under  
while their minds sleep  
in the darkness  
under the streetlight  
they extinguished with thrusts that  
make the physique so much  
wild meat under glass at the lightless  
museum.





(continued from page 5)

The result is that Materialism has become the prime creed among most of the humans; it does away with all that nasty, annoying talk about Truth and Falsehood, and replaces it with a much more sensible, convenient (and impotent) standard of *Good* and *Evil*--which means (largely) Good for Me and Bad for You.

The practical upshot is that Absolutes have been virtually abandoned in favor of Relativism and all its brood of minor Isms. Everything is relative and they have even stratified the past into Isms. They pile into their learning ceremonies (called classes) in large numbers, to study the brilliant human thinkers of the past. Papers are written; exams are given. In a season they surge through Aristotelianism, Platonism, Stoicism, Judaism, Scholasticism. They argue and argue. Some teachers actually go out of their way to espouse the demise of Truth and Falsehood in favor of a many-valued logic made positively vacuous by its lack of boundaries.

There is an even worse result. All of this has transformed the meaning of the operation called Friendship. Humans now go around saying, 'What is true for you is true for you, and what's true for me is true for me.'

Now tolerance is (of course) a great virtue, and probably the one that will keep the humans from vaporizing themselves in one of their frequent civil wars; but if swollen out of proportion it becomes Anarchy, and in such a state Friendship is impossible.

I have heard humans scream in protest at this idea when one or another of them have hinted at it. But if some human really thought her ethics were True, she once would have approved of certain actions of others (and herself), and disapproved of certain contrary actions. i.e., she would *care* if some friend (or even enemy) were being malicious or greedy, and Make Waves over it. As long as there were Truth and Falsehood and Right and Wrong, Love motivated humans to action. Now it motivates them to inaction. The fact is, by turning their intellects into vacuums, many of the humans have deactivated the most important element of their humanity; Mind and Free Will.

While examining a human insti-

tution known as a bar, I drifted (quite unseem, of course) through a large throng of merry humans and thought I saw hanging meat hooks on the wall, large sides of beef. Imagine my shock when I realized they were not a butcher's display, but humans displaying themselves, 'looking for company' as the human expression goes!

Now the numbers of these humans are growing all the time. More and more of them are becoming more like Hamburger and less like Beings, so anesthetized by Television, Books, Movies, Commercials and the Latest Songs, that their choices are made for them now--and not by other humans, even, but by Crystal Lite, A.T. & T. and What Mother Will Think.

You see then, Uncle, the task ahead of a newly posted Guardian Angel. Lurking in every one of them, I am sure, is a brilliant, powerful, joyous Human waiting to step free of the sleepy haze of that world and stand laughing at our side. I am convinced we can do it. The young humans are searching for something.

While I was there, we saw a young woman struggling up a hill somewhat breathlessly. There was a great willow on the crest bent a little in a rushing evening wind (a strange and marvelous thing to feel!).

Up top there was a serene and magnificent view. The sun was setting in the burning wreckage of some horizontal clouds, and to the east the stars were already glimmering. Alone, she watched the sunset.

When that last crimson ray fell into shadow she must have felt a shiver, for she turned around. I could see her thoughts, had she heard voices?

The willow was swaying in the breeze, and she decided it was only the whisper of the wind in its eaves.

There had been voices, Uncle. Little did she know that two brilliant Beings, quite invisible to her eyes, had alighted on the hill-top and stood there watching the sun set with her--I was one. When we spoke in Unheard Voices, the roll of thunder, and the rainbow murmur of a celestial choir, she heard only a meaningless rise in the rhythm of the wind. After a while, she left.

The young humans are searching for something, Uncle. You have given them good reviews for that.

Embarking on my career as a Guardian, I obviously hope they succeed--I don't doubt they will with, as they sometimes say, 'a little help from their *Friends*.'

Affectionately Yours,  
Gordy

### The Bagman Bruce Bulin

An old man sleeps on a park bench. He was once a richer man, with many jewels, decorative and respectable. But of that time the man's only remnant is a diamond wedding band, which he conceals in his one good shoe. His other shoe is made of newspapers, whose headlines boast of better times than the present. He pillows his arm while shading his eyes with the hand of the other arm. The man would have felt most energetic on such a sunny day had he been younger, richer, or luckier. Instead he despises the warmth of the sun because it makes the bags he lives from so much heavier, and his clothes smell so terrible the children will no longer talk to him or bring him flowers. Even as the old man sleeps, the warm breeze brings a curious Tom-cat that seeks food from this fleece-covered trash can. Finding that the smelly coat is only a shroud for an old piece of angry meat he cannot handle as food or fight, the cat turns his gaze upon the homes of the angry old flesh. "This one owns a duplex", thinks the alley wanderer as he recalls that most walkers like the one on the bench only carry one bag. The felines investigation of the bags resembles the actions of a drunken C.I.A. document shredder, and soon all the old man's possessions are processed and strewn about the bench. When the old man awakens he finds the sides of his Macy's bags are rended from top to bottom, but no culprit can he see, just his bag-home spread about his feet. Anguish grips the old man as he begins to recover his few belongings and put them into the better of the two damaged bags. First replaced are his tattered clothes,

(continued on next page)

## Creative Works

most of which are pieces of old Navy uniforms that are hardly worth the effort to fold them as reverently as he does.

On top of the ragged clothes he places a picture of himself and his comrades, taken on V.J. Day with a good camera and a drunken hand. Upon the picture he places a letter from his late wife, her last before she was killed in a London Blitz-bombing. Such a crazy one, that war. It should have been he that did not return, but war is strange and tells no-one where danger really lies. He stands up, relieved that all is back together after throwing his blanket on top of the pile, but where is his frying pan? He hobbles about feverishly to find the pan, but it is nowhere to be seen.

"Rats!" swears the old man, "I'll have to live off the shelter and the restaurant cans again." The poor creature has not owned the article of cookware for five years. "Oh well, I'm still happy to have what I have" are the worn words that twist from his dry

lips.

Then the wretched old being hears familiar ice-scrapers against the sidewalk stones. "Damn! It's Reilly, the fudge-packer!" Officer Reilly is only checking the more secluded benches to make sure the baggers have not been disturbed by hoodlums, and to see that they make their way to the Salvation Army food lines instead of picking garbage, which scares the little children in the posh neighborhood that surrounds the park. To the bushes! The old fellow makes a stealthy dash for a hedgerow. Despite his handicaps, the poorly clad figure makes cover before Reilly enters the scene. Reilly is disappointed that he missed the poor old man again and hopes he is allright. Reilly does not know the fellow's name, but he cares so much in his helpless way.

Reilly does not know the fellow's name, but he cares so much in his helpless way.

Is it the young officer's age that frightens the watching man, or his

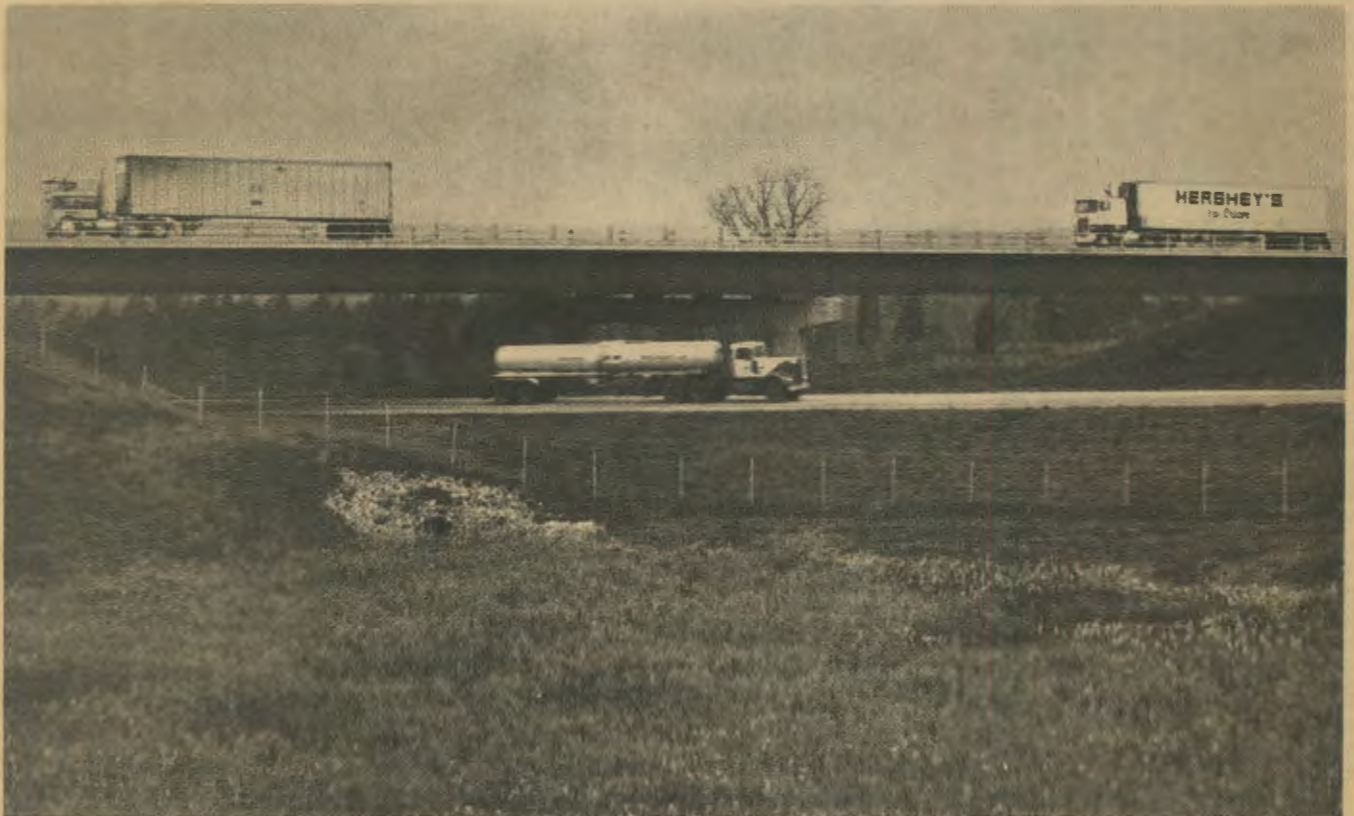
shiny gun and hand-cuffs? Not even the elderly veteran knows, but he would rather starve than face this symbol his mind has so distorted. The ferreting eyes of the policeman follow the rail of bag shreds to the hedges and he soon spies the outline of a rough face.

Upon feeling relief, Reilly calls an authoritative "Good morning", which flushes a tattered figure in a Navy jacket that seems to sprint on only one leg. The bag-man had imagined the officer to look like a platypus he had seen while stationed in Australia.

Long and cylindrical, with funny bill and stubby limbs, but that was Reilly's shadow, not his youthful body, and after a short jog the more agile officer catches the old man under the arm. "Come on old friend, let's go to breakfast", says Reilly with a puff of surprise at the elders speed. As he turns the man around to go to the shelter, the old man starts to cry...

Karen Zierer

It was almost dusk; it was almost time and he was getting impatient as



she did God knew what in the bedroom. He tried to concentrate on the book he was reading but couldn't. It was almost time.

She walked out of the bedroom and sat in the middle of the living-room. She had a bottle of nail polish in one hand which she let drop to the floor as she sat on the carpet. He closed his book.

"Want to mess around?" he asked.

"No. I don't feel like putting my diaphragm in." She picked up the bottle of nail polish and snook it vigorously.

"I could put it in," he leaned forward in his chair.

"Uhuh. You always let it expand before you get it all the way in. Besides, I'm not into it." She cuffed her right pant leg, then the left. He sat back into the chair and reopened the book. Fine, be that way. What did he care.

She unscrewed the brush from the bottle and began to paint her toenails. It was an obnoxious red. Blood red, he thought. Why couldn't she wear a conservative pink or clear like her mother and sisters did? He watched as she put the firstcoat on one foot, then the other. She used quick, sure strokes and didn't get any of the polish on her skin. He closed the book again.

"Want me to go get some beer?" he asked. She didn't look up but began on the second coat.

"Nah. I'm not into drinking. What do you think of this color?" as she pointed one foot in his direction.

"It's gaudy."

"Gaudy, my ass. Neil, you're no fun. Red is exciting. I'm exciting. Do you want me to wear some boring color like pink?"

Well, actually. But he didn't say anything. Instead he dropped the book to the floor and joined her on the carpet.

"Can I shave your legs? You're getting furry." He put a hand against her ankle and rubbed up. She jerked her foot away and almost dropped the nailpolish.

"Neil..." She shifted slightly from him. "No. Last time I let you do that I almost bled to death. You're not careful enough." She screwed the

"I'll be better this time. I promise."

cap back onto the bottle,

"I don't believe you." She flutter-kicked in the air, trying to dry the nail polish on her toes. She was holding out. She was testing him.

"Okay. Well, let's do something else."

"Let's go to bed." She faked a yawn for his benefit.

"Bed? Five minutes ago you say you don't want to mess around and now....."

room he was sitting on the couch, both his hands full of forks.

"I said bed, not sex. You know. Blankets, pillows, Pookie, sleep."

She looked at him. He was looking at the wall and biting his fingernails.

He spit a piece on the carpet.

"Look, I know you better. You don't paint your nails just for the hell of it. He bit another nail and spit that one out too. "You don't want to screw; you don't want to drink; you won't let me shave your legs. You say you want to sleep, but I don't buy that, not for one minute." He paused for a moment, then continued. "You tell me, Anne. What would you like to do?" They went through this every time and although it was annoying it was all part of the game. He was just going along with it.

"Well....." she began.

"Get on with it," He said as he stood up.

"Spoons. I want to do it with spoons." She took his hand and he pulled her up.

"Spoons?" What an idea. "Why don't we use forks. The tines will make it easier."

They stood in the livingroom. She was very conscious of her toenails. She didn't want to mess them.

"I guess you have a point. Forks it is." She walked to the bedroom as he made his way to the kitchen. As she was pulling her hair into a bun, she heard him rummaging through the cutlery drawer. She sat on the bed and unrolled her pantlegs. She was going to put on socks and shoes but she decided she liked the way her toenails looked. It would be a shame to cover them up. She put on one of his sweatshirts and pulled two pairs of gloves from a dresser drawer. When she walked back into the living-

"You didn't get the good ones did you?" she asked.

"No, I left your mother's silver in the drawer." He had also put on a sweatshirt. She handed him his pair of gloves. He wiped the forks off with an afghan that hung over the couch and put them into the large pockets of his khakis. Then he stood up. The forks clanked against each other.

"You're not going to wear your shoes?" He noticed that she was barefoot.

"Nah. It's not important." And it wasn't. After all, all they were going to do was walk to the park where they'd stab one or two old ladies to death in the dark.

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**Our Time**  
**c/o Tim Lockwood**  
**S.U.C. Geneseo**  
**C.U. Box 121**  
**Geneseo, N.Y. 14454**

**If you would like to submit any creative works, (ie. poems, essays, short stories, drawings and photographs) send them to ....**

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# Things to Think About in 1985

**Airline Safety**  
Tony Brinn

There has always been some speculation on whether commercial airplanes were safe or not, and as the years progress, people are beginning to come to the conclusion that they are not. Just recently, the question of airplane safety has been raised due to the exceedingly large number of plane crashes; this year has already been the worst year in aviation history. The especially frightening factor among all the recent airplane accidents is that the incidents do not evolve around one particular type of plane, making rectification much simpler, but instead involve a great number of different companies such as Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed, General Electric and Pratt & Whitney.

If we had to narrow it down to one major problem in the commercial airline industry, it would have to be the JT8d jet engine. This engine is built by the Pratt & Whitney Company in Middletown, Conn.; Pratt & Whitney is a part of the United Technologies Corporation. The JT8d engine is used in numerous types of airplanes including many Boeing 727 and 737 models, as well as, various models of McDonnell Douglas DC-9's. The JT8d engine, considered one of the most reliable, has had a total of 121 failures on more than 7.4 million flights that it has powered in a recent 12 month period. This means that there has been one turnback for about every 60,000 flights.

In early September, a Midwest Express DC-9 crashed in Milwaukee, killing 31 people, when one of its two JT8d engines failed. A few weeks before this, on August 22, a JT8d powered Boeing 737, belonging to British Airtours, suffered a detrimental explosion which ripped through the left engine. The rear of the plane was then covered with aviation fuel, creating an inexhaustible fire.

The engine problems in these cases involved completely different parts. Evidence shows that an explosion in the combustion chamber led to the British accident while there is still no indication as to why the crew in Milwaukee should not have been able to keep flying after their engine lost power. What makes the recent accidents so vital is the fact that they were the first in which the widely used Pratt & Whitney engine was linked with a loss of life. The engine is now under the examination of the government authorities in both the United States and Britain, as well as experts at Pratt & Whitney itself. For the first time, company officials are not shutting out the chance of a possible flaw existing within their engine, although they stress that it is highly unlikely.

The JT8d's chief maintenance problem seems to have involved cracks that were found in the combustion chamber. In jet engines, the greatest wear occurs at the hot spots in the thin sheet metal that surrounds the rotors of the turbine, and this sometimes results in cracks.

However, Pratt & Whitney does not consider them unusual and has only issued simple repair recommendations. After the first reported failure, in which parts of the engine pierced its casing, the company sent a letter to all its customers in January of 1980 telling them that if pilots noticed a slow acceleration of a JT8d engine, the combustion chamber should be checked.

Despite the recent troubles, most aviation experts are betting that such airplane accidents do not indicate fundamental design problems in the JT8d engine. These experts go on to say that more investigation should be done in the area of possible improper maintenance of the engine. Although not enough evidence exists to actually blame Pratt & Whitney for creating a faulty product, perhaps if Pratt & Whitney were more inclined to admit that something is erroneous then maybe an answer could be found. It seems that the entire airplane industry is merely passing blame on to the next level which makes the problem still unsolved. As

this is the worst year of accidents in aviation history, it is obvious that a problem exists and the public must wonder whether any definite measures have been taken to improve and ensure airline safety for the future.

**Divestment or Death?**  
Mike Ryan

As most already know, the S.U.N.Y. system has voted to divest within a year, all investments it has in South African business. This decision should be applauded; and, hopefully, the rest of the country will take the cue from S.U.N.Y. and put an end to Apartheid's atrocities.

So far as power is concerned, it is virtually impossible to undermine South Africa. They can place endless numbers of blacks and their sympathizers into detention centers for unlimited amounts of time or they can continue, unheeded, to terrorize Mozambique and Angola. Head to head confrontation is obviously not the answer to the Apartheid problem.

Any attempt at pacifistic diplomacy has also led to dead-ends. A system such as Apartheid that can turn so violent in a few short months, is impossible to negotiate with in any manner. Any government that can mercilessly kill children, let alone adults, is one which cannot possibly be negotiated with peaceably. Another answer must be found.

This brings us back to S.U.N.Y.'s, as well as most of the rest of the world's answer. Divestment. Though this may already seem "old-hat" and cliched, it seems to be the only accurately effective, nonviolent means to the dismantling of a sorrow-filled, blood-soaked atrocity-Apartheid. The economical platform of the minority whites in South Africa could be ripped from underneath them by the simple act of fund removal. It is obvious that the economy is the only thing still holding Botha's regime together - he obviously cares more for power than cosmetics in view of the recent mass-slaughters.

So what could be a simpler conclusion than divesting to the point of collapse and leaving the government of South Africa at the mercy of the people? Doesn't this seem like the

proper action? True it may be difficult to organize the world into an entity that could perform this, but action is needed, and soon at that. The more time wasted simply means more senseless death. The situation will probably only grow more violent given more time, especially if Libya's leader, Kadhafi, equips the blacks with weapons. One can only imagine the useless bloodshed and destruction that would occur. The world must decide: Divestment or death? In a sense, a very easy ultimatum.

## The Education of Aids Lauren Campanelli

No, it is not God's punishment for the homosexuals. It is a disease that has claimed more than 6000 of the 12,000 lives that it has touched. This means that *Aids* (acquired immune deficiency syndrome) has over a 50 percent mortality rate. *Aids* is a killer virus that may, unfortunately, not be taken seriously enough. What was once an abstract concept and a medical mystery is now a devastating world-wide health problem. As the virus spreads, it touches more than just the homosexual, hemophiliacs, blood-transfusion patients and even children are among the unlucky included.

A greater awareness of the issues surrounding *Aids*, both medically and politically, needs to be promoted if we are to stop this infectious rampage. A likely place to start could be a nationwide educational effort, specifically aimed at encouraging the single-partner life style, plus some caution and restraint in current sexual practices. It is not a question of morality to discourage such practices, but more realistically a plain biological fact. We cannot enforce laws restricting homosexual and bisexual practices. We cannot expect a young widow, who's husband has died due to *Aids* contracted from a blood transfusion, to remain celibate. We cannot keep the child, who has contracted *Aids* from a parent, out of the schools. In general, we cannot tell people how to live. We can and must, however, make ourselves aware of the extremities of *Aids*, the ways of contracting the disease, and most importantly the ways of preventing *Aids*. Hysteria and misconception concerning this

ailment only serves to hinder advancement; education on this disease is necessary in all respects.

What is Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome? In most simplistic terms, *Aids* is a virus that infects the cells which normally defend the body against infection. It renders the body helpless to defend against, and fight off illness. Most research shows that the virus attacks a specific group of white blood cells, T-4 lymphocytes, which are a significant combatant against infections like P.C.P. (pneumocystis carinii pneumonia) and some forms of cancer. Researchers are discovering more about *Aids* obscure origination, believed to be Central Africa. They are almost certain that monkeys originally harbored the virus, and that it later spread to remote and rural human areas, but no one knows exactly how the virus moved to man. It is common practice for African relief workers to use one needle when injecting several patients with penicillin and other

medicines. Promiscuous sexual activity was probably also a major form of contracting the virus. From there, epidemiologists say that *Aids* spread from Africa to the Caribbean; more specifically Haiti, a popular vacation spot of American homosexuals. Thus, the virus has moved, there have been cases reported in practically every European country. More extensive research is still being done, since as is the case with most fairly new diseases, there is still so much that is not known.

This research will take time, yet how much time do we have? This is not as easily treated as VD or Herpes; one could take their chances with them. There are no chances with this, as it stands, there is no known cure for *Aids*; once one obtains it, it stays and kills.



*Best Wishes  
For a Good Start  
and Better Future*

***The Spy Next Door***  
Lawrence Kessner

Reviewed by Brian Stokes

The life of a spy has always been glamorized in contemporary society, yet there is much more stress, danger and intelligence involved than even Bond 007 could imagine. Lawrence Kessner explores the real world of spies in his novel, *The Spy Next Door*, which is based on a true story that took place in 1979.

Kessner's novel depicts the story of Walter Scholz and his son, Mark, working as KGB spies for most of their lives until they are caught by the FBI.

Mark's superior intelligence enabled him to accompany his father on business trips as a professional photographer. That is how, at the mere age of 10, Mark was summoned by the KGB to report to Moscow for special

training; he returned to Moscow each year thereafter until the completion of his senior year in high school. By this time, Mark Scholz was referred to as "the Hope" by top KGB officials. Mark's ensuing future, from college to his adult life, was mapped out for him by the KGB.

While in college, Mark was expected to undergo numerous tasks for the KGB. However, on one occasion, Mark was tied up in so much school work that he asked his father to complete his KGB assignment for him. It was this night that Walter Scholz would be found out by the FBI, although they would never approach him until later; Walter would first lead them to further KGB agents.

Finally, the FBI apprehended the Scholz family and offered them the chance of becoming double agents. They agreed to the offer and worked as "double spies" for about three years

before being suspected by the KGB. At this time, a professional hit man was sent by the KGB to eliminate the Scholz family; as he failed, the family received still another chance at life. Their identities were then changed and they were relocated to a safe and unassuming place.

Thus, the Scholz's story ends happily, although in modern day society, the endings of spy scenarios are not usually so jubilant. One major difference is that the spy scandals in West Germany and the United States have usually been fully exploited by the press; these spys are then prosecuted and sentenced to long jail terms or exiled, while shame is brought upon those governments, countries and peoples involved.

In the paranoid and suspicious world that we live in, it is hard enough to trust the girl next door, let alone *The Spy Next Door*, yet one can trust that this is a novel worth reading.

## Geneseo News

**Prohibition Greeks?**  
Leslie Seltzer

The change in legislation concerning the legal drinking age is a concern of many people. There are many issues pending a solution to problems brought about by this boost of the drinking age from 19 to 21. A very prominent one right now on the S.U.N.Y. Geneseo campus is how this new law will affect the Greek Community.

A majority of the members of the sororities and fraternities in Geneseo will fall below the required drinking age as of December 1, 1985, when the change will come about. Because alcohol plays such a predominant role in the Greek activities, the college administration is concerned over the complications this presents.

Another concern is that since the major portion of students will now be minors, the bar scene in town won't offer much opportunity for socializing. It is anticipated that many students, looking for an alternative social outlet, will turn to the Greek system. Over 10% of the student body of Geneseo are involved in Greek organizations now and new interest

in them is already becoming apparent (over 300 girls alone rushed this fall). The administration realizes that their presence here on campus is one that simply can't be wiped out in response to the state's new drinking policies. The greek factor is a major part of Geneseo's college community, not only with those directly involved as members, but in providing activities and opportunities for many of the students here. The administration fully realizes this and is anxious to come up with solutions to this problem.

On September 12, Dr. Ronald Satryb, vice-president of the school, spoke to the inter-greek council. He wanted to let them know what his feelings were on this issue and dispell some rumors that were beginning to spread as to how the college plans to handle the situation. He explained that because the sororities and fraternities are officially recognized by the college, their drinking habits can't be just overlooked once the change occurs. Even though a party may be going on in a house off campus, the school still has some responsibility for what's happening there, if it's a party run by an organization that the school recog-

nizes. Should anything happen to a minor at the party, the school, along with the president of the organization, are held liable. Once they leave the party, if anything happens to them or if they cause any damage, the school and the president are still, liable because the fraternity/sorority is held responsible for the physical state that person is in.

If the college denies recognition to the Greeks, the town police will then get involved. At other universities where the drinking age is 21, this alternative has not ended in a peaceful situation. While the college sees this action as a possibility, it is definitely not one it prefers. They see the greek system as being a vital part of campus life here and don't wish to segregate them from the college. Dr. Satryb said that he wants suggestions as to ways of dealing with these problems; he is anxious to work out a compromise.

Essentially, what has to be put into effect are some control measures at any alcohol related greek activities.

In response to Dr. Satryb's talk, I.G.C. formed an alcohol policy committee to come up with ideas to present to him.

This new law may bring about new ideas that can involve everyone, not just the privileged few who will be legal.

## **Housing: A Broader Perspective** Michelle Picardo

Perhaps a tired issue in Geneseo, yet one that this author feels has not been investigated serious enough, is the topic of *Off-Campus Housing*. The simple fact is that the Geneseo student population is growing at a faster rate than that rate of housing availability. Although a new dorm is in the works of being built, this will still not serve the student's enough. It seems that with such a crowding effect on campus, the only option is to turn to Off-Campus housing; however, this is a problem in itself.

Most of the talk one hears concerning off-campus housing as a whole is not good. It is often questioned if living conditions off-campus are adequate and safe. Then, if conditions are not up to standard, it is often a questionable process of what to do. The matter of why students can only live in designated zones is also a concern, as is the quality of houses within such zones. Students blame landlords, landlords blame students, students blame the town, but where does the cycle end? Maybe they should go straight to the top: the *Town Board*. This is where student's should bring up problems that they have with their housing and where the board should be responsible for having problems remedied. The town board knows of bad housing, and could have matters explored but only upon complaint from the student. Yet, how many students actually go to the town board to air their griefs? Perhaps they are too unaware or too apathetic to delve into this area and explore the possibility. Students must realize that this is in their hands first and foremost before it can be placed in anyone else's hands.

Students sympathize with all those fraternities and sororities that either have had trouble with their housing or have had their housing taken away altogether. Yet, have any of the Greeks brought attention to this issue at the town board level? Maybe they do not think anything will be done by the town board, and perhaps this is

true, however, the town board does have a responsibility to fulfill, as do the landlords and students themselves. It is a matter of hierarchy in Geneseo; students may be the lowest step on the ladder yet they must work upwards, not only to the landlord level, but to the level of the town board. The Off-Campus Student Association, an organization trying to help the students with such issues, is a commendable group who stress the fact that there is a lack of knowledge on both the students' and town's part; however, the Association themselves have only been to the town board twice.

Perhaps the students feel that this town is too powerful to contend with, but things must be dealt with at the highest level in order for any effect to occur at the lowest. If students were to show greater strength towards landlords and the town, maybe remedies would be sought, and at a faster pace. Of course, it is questionable if results will ever be seen but if enough pressure is placed on everyone (students, landlords and the town board) to act, then it only seems inevitable that change will occur. In such a case as this, it seems that everyone is at fault, but no one is to blame.

## **Cans for Kids**

Gregg Canigiani  
K.S.B.

Non-profit, social, volunteer organizations are always in need of aid to ensure their existence. These groups directly or indirectly help each and every one of us. One such organization is the big Brother/Sister program a branch of the Volunteer Center on the S.U.C. Geneseo Campus.

The brothers of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity are currently collecting cans to help raise funds for this program. They hope to gain over \$300.00 for the cause.

The program started in the spring of 1976 under the direction of Maureen Barry and Karen Russo. The Coordinator and Case Manager for the Geneseo area is Amy Wright. This organization provides a social service to the kids in Livingston Coun-

ty, including the towns of Dansville, Geneseo and Mt. Morris. Over 130 kids are involved in the program to date. Their employees are volunteers from the college student body who have extra time and would like to serve the community.

The children entailed in this program are characterized as being economically disadvantaged, from a single parent home and those that need guidance in their lives. The kids are referred to the program by pediatricians, school nurses, psychologists, counselors and other various social organizations. The big Brothers and Sisters get together with the kids at least once a week, spending on the average, 2-3 hours with them. They take the kids to Fallbrook, Letchworth, picnicing, swimming, movies, etc., to entertain them and provide peer support. The Brothers and Sisters usually spend a year with their little however, if they'd like to carry the relationship longer they may.

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Back to the Future- Michael J. Fox  
Agnes of God- Jane Fonda  
Creator- Peter O'Toole  
PeeWee's Big Adventure

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Sunday-Wednesday: 8 pm

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This program is said to aid the children in doing better in school, making more friends, becoming more assertive and improving relations with their parents. The big Brothers and Sisters gain tremendous experience in dealing with children, making friends and introspective enlightenment.

This organization is definitely worth its place in the county; so any funds that can be received through this gesture will be greatly appre-

ciated. Look for the can collection boxes in the various academic buildings and drop your empty cans to a good cause.

### Geneseo Psychologist Honored *Democrat and Chronicle*

LINWOOD—In the opinion of the American Psychological Association, Magaret Matlin of Linwood is one of

the best college psychology teachers in the country.

Each year, the association names one high school teacher, one two-year community college teacher, a four-year college professor and a professor at the graduate level to receive its *Teaching of Psychology* awards.

Matlin was born in Washington, D.C., and raised in California. She studied at Stanford University and the University of Michigan.

## Album Review

### Rhythm Romance The Romantics

Scott Seifritz

Detroit's leather clad pop idols are back again with album number five and although their sound has changed relatively little since they first told us what they liked about us back in 1980, their lineup seems to change with each new release. A quick glance at the cover of *RHYTHM ROMANCE* is enough to notice the obvious absence of vocalist/drummer Jimmy Marinos. His position has been filled by newcomer David Petratos on drums while longtime member Wally Palmer does double duty on vocals.

*RHYTHM ROMANCE* has just what the name implies—lyrics about love and girls set against a heavy bass/drum background. The lyrics themselves are often simple and suggestive, "Rhythm & romance/Get it up go down/To the sound", then again the band never claimed to be trying to put across any heavy intellectual or political statements in their songs, which is why they are so appealing—they put out good music that you don't need to think about. As far as the rhythm is concerned, either Mike Skill took up bass lessons after *IN HEAT* or else he's been hiding his talent underneath all that leather and hair. On *ROMANCE* he struts his stuff with stand-out bass riffs that add the flavor and twist that some of the band's earlier material lacked. His snappy bass licks on "Mystified" work superbly with Coz Canler's funky guitar work to assure the band of at least one dance floor hit.

"Test Of Time" is another song that is sure to get a decent amount of airplay and for a good reason. Already released as a single, the song has a catchy (almost WHAMish) melody that is surprisingly carried by what appears to be a xylophone but what is most likely a keyboard, something one would not expect to find on a Romantics album. The guitar work on *Romance* is above expectations with some especially refreshing leads by Canler. Petratos does a formidable job of reproducing Marinos' drum style which like passed albums, is very predominate and keeps your feet moving even though at times it begins to resemble a loud metronome.

As a whole, *RHYTHM ROMANCE* is a well produced album and although it still lacks the power of the band's first two albums, it makes up for it with the quality of songs like "Mystified", "Test Of Time", and the title cut which guarantee this album its share of air time. This isn't to say that every track is great though. "Be My Everything" and "I Got It" tend to drag a little, while "Make It Last" can only be described as heavy metal pop. Also, a remake of the old sixties hit "Poison Ivy" leaves a bit to be desired. It's still an excellent follow up to *IN HEAT*, the album that produced such hits as "Talking In your Sleep" and "One In A Million", and is worth the money whether you're an old fan or new.

### Who is Whitney Houston?

Tina Ligon  
Kwadjo Boaitey

#### Who is Whitney Houston?

She is one of America's most recent black, female soul musicians on the rise. Her debut album, *Whitney Houston*, was released via Arista records in February 1985. The album was similar to a "coming out" party in which Ms. Houston definitely came out. Her album reeks of soul, due to her performance, as well as help she receives from reknown soul artists such as: Freddie Washington, Jeffrey Osborne, Cissy Houston, Randy Jackson, Narada Michael Waldon and Kashif.

Growing up in Newark, N.J., she had the influence of the church, her mother, singer Cissy Houston and her first cousin, Dionne Warwick. The Influence of the Church is clearly noticed in her rendition of George Benson's, "Greatest Love of All"; the power she exerts in this song is truly astounding. Ms. Houston sings with the sincerity of Irene Cara or Lena Horne and has the power of Donna Summer, Diana Ross and even Patti Labelle.

This album was produced in such a way to show the many strengths Whitney possesses in her voice. Each song is characterized by a different idea, however they are all tied together with the underlying theme of relationships. The songs on this album all deal with relationships between individuals and of themselves, as dictated again by the "Greatest



Love of All”.

The album includes two duets with Jermaine Jackson, “Nobody Loves Me Like You Do” and “Take Good Care of My Heart”, as well as one duet with Teddy Pendergrass, “Hold Me”. The two songs which have already received much play on the airwaves are, “You Give Good Love” and “Saving All My Love for You”; both songs moved from the soul charts to the pop charts.

This is a great compilation of what Whitney Houston is capable of putting out and with this said, the album, *Whitney Houston* is definitely worth buying. In addition to her singing career, she is a fashion model, seen in magazines such as Glamour and French Vogue. On her album cover is a photo of Whitney in a striking pose wearing a white, one-piece, Norma Kamali bathing suit. This picture attached to the musical wizardry of her album brings fallacy to the common myth that beauty is only skin deep.

## Fantasia for Harp and Mind: The Music of Andreas Vollenweider

J.R. Phillip Erbal

I have a suspicion. I imagine the way I discovered the music of Andreas Vollenweider must somehow have been insidiously typical: I stumbled on him by accident. And if you've ever found someone devoted to your favorite movie or book, that the rest of the world hasn't 'recognized' yet, you know that excitement of being in on an almost secret society, and the delight in finding other members. Vollenweider is like that.

But a harp, you ask? What's so exciting about that? I can't tell you: his unique music must speak (so to speak) for itself.

Andreas Vollenweider was born in 1953 in Zurich, Switzerland. Raised in an artistic family (his mother is a painter, his father, a prominent European organist), he grew up learning to play several instruments, but discovered the power of the harp in 1977. He has since introduced modifications to the instrument attaching dampers to kill the length of the notes, and separate microphones to each string. the result is the Modified Electracoustic Pedal Harp—a frightening name, but a

magical sound.

With his cohorts Walter Keiser, on every manner of percussion, and Pedro Haldeman, on winds, Vollenweider has produced a trio of albums that have the rare virtue of showcasing some amazing electronic sound engineering, while leaving this second to the quality of the music. Not exactly classical, nor jazz, but a living, separate style unique to his own hands, his art has brought the harp into the twentieth century.

Vollenweider is already a phenomenon in Europe: in 1981 he was 'discovered' after a West German radio station featured a half-hour show of his music, precipitating 30,000 sales of “*Behind the Gardens-Behind the Wall- Under the Tree*” in only three weeks. Since then he has added two especially dazzling albums, and in the fall of 1984 concluded his first American tour. His video “La Paix Verte”, The Green Peace (seen in America on HBO and SHOW-TIME), made Vollenweider the darling of the West European disarmament movement.

Andreas Vollenweider's first production, “*Behind the Gardens .....*” in 1981, pioneered his style. It's unfortunate that it has all the signs of it. Though it is conceptually weaker than its successors, it still boasts some impressive moments.

After a two year pause. Vollenweider created “*Caverna Magica*” (*The Magic Cave*)- and delivered his first tully mature work. Its far more integrated concepts and greater diversity in instrumentation are reflected in frequent fusion of nature sounds with human harmonies. The title selection begins with the music of water droplets in a twilit cavern as they transform from rhythms into melodies. “The Lunar Pond” showcases Vollenweider's talents on the cheng, while ‘Belladonna's’ easy-going tune merges with the eventide tones of “Con Chiglia”, sounding like the tide-swung bell of a lonely church sunken long ago in some cataclysm, leaving the listener filled with visions of the Magic Cave.

“*White Winds*” arrived in 1984. An astrological fantasy in some vast palace of dreams, it takes his conceptual matter to new heights. Side 1 begins with the vibrant flute work of Joerg-Peter-Buedi Siebert in the beginning of “The Glass Hall (Choose

the Crystal). Adding a third touch to the first side is the bluesy interweaving of voices in “Canopy Choir”.

Set against the balance and beauty of Side 1 is the starlit garden of the second side. The heartbeat tension of “The Woman and the Stone”, casting off into an ethereal voice in “Phases of the Three Moons”, lead up to the high point of his creation: “Brothership”, with its use of glass songs and bells and water bells, its hopeful beauty, and “Sisterseed's” climactic virtuoso performance by Vollenweider on an array of oriental string instruments. These are the capstone to a work of sheer innovation.

But the center of Andreas Vollenweider's musical worlds is still his ever-present, intoxicating rhythms on the harp—no longer the instrument of bored cartoon angels, as well as concept exemplified in “*White Winds*”, of stressing the interaction between the music and the imagination of the listener. Vollenweider's impressive mixture of vision, simplicity and innovation haven't failed him yet as he has made his own with respect to an instrument recently dead to the world.

Vollenweider's works are available in the United States on the “CBS Masterworks” label.

**Next time this section will also entail a review in Reggae music. Album Reviews will now encompass Jazz, Soul, Modern Music and Reggae.**

## Music Spotlight

### "The Hooters" Sam Greco

Since the dawn of rock music, a large number of bands have come and gone. While countless groups have hit the heights of stardom, fame, and popularity, there are others who have appeared only briefly on the music scene, yet have had a slight impact on musical trends and thought. When one speaks of the band The Hooters, a relatively new entry on the pop music scene, the exact category that this band will fit into is a mystery. The Hooters, who are currently hailed as "the pride of Philadelphia", have spent a great deal of time in this city; four of the five band members are natives of Philadelphia, and have since stayed.

The Hooters spent a great deal of time playing in small clubs and bars, since their conception in 1980. A few years back, the band members dismantled but later decided to reorganize with a few personnel changes.

With the extraordinary amount of attention (and radio airplay) the band has received nationwide this year, the band obviously does not regret their reformation.

The band's big break came to them early last year when they released their first album, entitled "Amore". Although this album was not distributed nationally, and was only an Ep on an independent label, one hundred thousand albums were sold in the vicinity of Philadelphia alone. This is quite an incredible fact to comprehend; if such results were to occur across the U.S., the band could have chalked up dozens of gold albums. During this time, the Hooters' principal members, Rob Hyman and Eric Bazilian, helped to perform much of the instrumentation on Cyndi Lauper's multi-platinum "She's So Unusual" album. To top this, Cyndi, during her acceptance speech at the Grammy Awards, acknowledged the band's ef-

forts worldwide.

Early in 1985, the Hooters, on the Columbia label, released their second album, entitled 'Nervous Night'. From this album, two songs have rocketed up the Top 40 charts, 'All You Zombies' and the currently aired 'And We Danced'; their videos for these songs have also been aired frequently on MTV. The rest of the album is a mix of many different styles of music, such as reggae, classical and even a 'heavy-metal' styled tune. Their versatility is obvious on the album, but the band must carefully foster it's 'pop music' image. Most of the songs on this album have a familiar sound to them; this is something I discovered after seeing them in concert this past August (it should be noted that their high amount of energy and devotion was an obvious and vital element to their performance). This is the main problem with 'fad' bands. If they desire a long-lasting musical career, the Hooters must add more innovation, and ingenuity, to their already large amount of talent.

Certainly, one item distinguishes them from other bands now and before them. The Hooters employ an actual 'mouth organ', which is called a 'hooter', into their songs. At the band's appearance in Live Aid this past July, the sight of this unique instrument drew a large response from the audience. Because of the new public awareness of this instrument, the Hooters' claim to fame is becoming a nationwide fad. Sales of hooters across America has increased tenfold, if not more, because of the uniqueness and versatility of this musical 'instrument'.

Back to my original statement, "Will the Hooters be around for a long time?"

"Will the Hooters become one of the large record-sellers and concert-grossers?" If the trend of their success continues, would have to give a positive answer to these questions. I personally think that all the hard work and time invested in this band has been a worthwhile endeavor; luckily, the majority of record buyers feel the same.

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## Interior Decorating Kwadjo Boaitay

When one is proposed with the idea to decorate the interior of a person's abode, he must get to know the person in order to decorate the interior according to their personality. One should be able to insinuate a person's character from the interior style of their domicile.

Taking only a few steps into the Wadsworth Estate, I was able to deduce that they were and still are a proud, aristocratic-type family. They were not ones to be showy and flashy as proven by the fact that the style of decor in the house was basically underscored and not overdone. The richness in quality and everlasting beauty was their trademark in contrast to gaudy, faddish, almost cheap looking decorations.

The Wadsworth Estate was built in the early 1800's. In 1805 the house was moved from its original location, which was closer to Main Street, Geneseo, to where it lays today. The Homestead was originally a two-story colonial house which was re-touched by a *Mr. Sturges* in the early 1870's. The mark of *Mr. Sturges* is what addresses the house today; he made extensive renovations and turned the once two-story colonial house into a three-story victorian villa.

The first room I entered in the estate was the Smoking Room, the most lived in room of the house. The wall paper, dark blue with blue daisy type flowers, has been in this room, untouched, since 1875. The main colors in this room are dark blues, browns and burgandies. The room has an almost hazy, sombre feel to it. Bookcases dress half of the room. The windows in this room stretch from the floor all the way to the ceiling. The books on the shelves appear old and worn with an aristocratic, colonial feel to them. The mark of *Mr. Sturges* on the first floor is most definitely the fireplace, characterized by intricate, hand designs. On top of the mantle are little knick knacks from friends, that also give the room that homey aura. This room definitely characterizes a place for the men of the house. The floor is covered with a Heriz rug; pattern and



style resembling posh, oriental type rugs. One thing I found amusing in this room is a plaque of the Genesee Valley Hunt which was carried to the moon, November 9, 1969 on Apollo 2; Mrs. Wadsworth exclaimed that this was the most modern thing in the room. Each entrance/exit way on the first floor is ornamented with an archway.

As we moved out of this room and towards the library, we passed a case filled with exquisitely colored China. The relics are genuine from the China Trade of the 1830's and 40's; the intricate designs are trully impeccable. The centerpiece of this case is a Buddha made of china whose head bobs back and forth sticking its tongue in and out. They gave their best relic pieces from china away to a museum in Belmont, Mass.

The Library is characterized by an extreme rustic feeling. This room is engrossed with wooden fixtures; even the ceiling is of wood. Wooden bars drape vertically across the ceiling from one end to the other. Books of the Library cover three-fourths of the room. The fireplace is Italian marble.

Again in this room we have the picture windows as I call them, facing the west, enabling one to see the sunset. The room entrances one into being quiet and immersed in thought, as a genuine library should propose to do.

Leaving this room, we moved into the Party and Drawing Rooms where the bright colors of beige and white titilate our senses. The furnishings in both these rooms are distinctly French. Louis XVI furnishings drape the drawing room. It is impeccably done and quite understated. The fireplaces of both these rooms are not as lavish or stylish as the ones in the other two rooms. Again these two adjoining rooms have beautifully set picture windows.



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Leaving this room, we moved into the Party and Drawing Rooms where the bright colors of beige and white titilate our senses. The furnishings in both these rooms are distinctly French. Louis XVI furnishings drape the drawing room. It is impeccably done and quite understated. The fireplaces of both these rooms are not as lavish or stylish as the ones in the other two rooms. Again these two adjoining rooms have beautifully set picture windows.

The last major room of this house, the dining room, reverts me back to an old Cape Cod, New England, Colonial type aura. Again, as in the Library and Smoking Room, this space is characterized of wood and dark colors. Genuine china plates, individ-



ually spaced, dress the circumference of this room. Silver tea decanters and portraits of all the men, with the exception of lady Wadsworth, also drape this room. The frames on each individual portrait are lavishly done, which is especially remarkable since all the rooms have ancestral portraits. In the center of the room is an Oak dining table with matching chairs.

Mrs. Wadsworth is a very peppy and vivacious woman and she has decided to keep the house "as is". This homestead reminds me of the mansions I have seen in one of those roaring 20's movies. One final aspect of their domain that I found to be very pleasing is the setting of the house amongst the grazing of their cows and horses. This picture of man and beast, living together harmoniously, is one that modern-day man and his machines seem to have left behind.

## Fashion

The style this fall is characterized as eye-catching and exciting. Both fashions of men and women seem to be uncharted and one that takes chances. Whatever you put on, says a little something about yourself. A definite statement is made, with each article of clothing you appear in. One should not purchase articles of clothing for the sole reason that they are in fashion. Each individual should develop their own style and purchase garments to enhance their style, be they in fashion or not. Style is ever present and will not die, yet fashion tends to be timely and faddish. No individual human being has the right to proclaim that they are experts at what each person should wear yet, I only hope that you take out from our articles only that which favors you, your style. A great deal of today's mens and womens fashion is synonomous. This season is characterized by them wearing virtually the same thing in the same fashions. White oversized t-shirts became a necessity this summer and has carried over into the fall draped under a jacket or a long trench overcoat. As an extension of this, fall fashion in 1985 is characterized as being oversized. Both men and women are wearing oversized cardigans, crew and v-necked pullovers, shirts and jackets. Style this fall is marked by an understatement of one's body.

Everyone may delve into this realm of fashion due to the fact that any imperfections, that we all have, may be hidden.

Drastic color combinations are another facet being shared by both men and women. More and more today colors are playing an important role. Women have always been products of exhibiting a wild surrey of color and men have been associated with shallow, bland, safe colors. Different shades of colors are becoming discovered everyday, and both men and women are wearing them. These colors do not necessarily match in a nice, neat ensemble, they stand out, drawing attention. It is said that our mode of dress is becoming more and more characteristic of the 1950's and 60'. One realizes that clothes made a definite statement then and they still do. The patterns which have gone unnoticed in the past and now are resurging into popularity are paisleys. Individuals are dressing big and little paisley prints, them being in a

whole surrey of colors. They are patterned into shirts, blouses, pants, slacks and sweaters. Big polka-dots and other geometric shapes are also making their stand. Moreover we view a return to the bold, visible, eye-catching patterns.

An accessory which is getting much use from both genders is the scarf. Women always wore them and always will wear them all the time as a belt, shawl, muffler or headpiece. Men are beginning to wear scarfs on sweaters, shirts and the traditional jackets.

It is obvious fashion has no boundaries, only you can put the limit on your style. I hope I have made you more aware of some of the trends occuring this fall. Look for more innovative, style suggestions in the next issue.

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# What's Going on Artwise

## ROCHESTER:

### *Grateful Dead*

Nov. 7 & 8 at War Memorial

### *Rush*

no definite date

### *Simple Minds*

Nov. 9 at Buffalo State

### *Starship and Night Ranger*

Nov. 8 at Niagara Falls Convention Center

### *Starship and Night Ranger*

Nov. 9 at War Memorial

Information provided by *W.C.M.F.*

### RPO: *Druckman Bruch Mendelssohn*

Jahja Ling, conductor

Charles Treger, violin

Nov. 7, 8 p.m., Nov. 9, 8:30 p.m.

Eastman Theatre

### RPO: *Mozart, Bartok Kodaly*

Ivan Fischer, conductor

Benita Valente, soprano

Nov. 14, 8 p.m., Nov. 16, 8:30 p.m.

Eastman Theatre

### RPO: *Berlioz: Requiem*

Theodore Hollenbach, conductor

Oratorio Society/Eastman

Rochester chorale

Nov. 23, 8 p.m.

Eastman Theatre

### RPO: *Wendy's/R.P.O. Children's Concert*

Isaiah Jackson, conductor

Slim Goodbody

Nov. 24, 2:30 p.m.

Eastman Theatre

### RPO: *Dreamgirls*

Nov. 26, Nov. 27, Nov. 28, Nov. 29, 8 p.m.

Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.

Eastman Theatre

### RPO: *A Sentimental Journey*

Rayburn Wright, conductor

Susannah McCorkle, vocalist

Nov. 29, Nov. 30, 8:30 p.m.

Convention Center

## GENESECO:

### *Tremont String Quartet*

Douglas Moore: guest artist

Nov. 15, 8 p.m.

Sturges Auditorium

### *Square Dance with The Geneseo String Band*

Richard Castner, calling

Nov. 16, 8 p.m.

College Union Ballroom

### *Creation Mass; The Nutcracker Suite*

Geneseo Chamber Symphony, and

Geneseo Festival Chorus

James Walker, conductor

Robert Isgro, conductor

Nov. 17, 3:30 p.m.

Wadsworth Auditorium

### *Senior Voice Recital: Anne O'Donnell*

Alan Case, accompanist

Nov. 21, 8 p.m.

Sturges Auditorium

### *Chicago*

Nov. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 8 p.m.

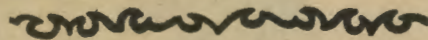
Nov. 10, 2 p.m.

Austin Theatre

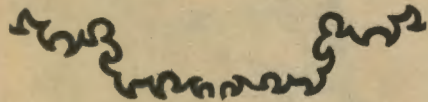
### *Dance Workshop*

Nov. 20, 21, 8 p.m.

Austin Theatre



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In next month's issue  
we will expand upon  
this section, providing  
a much more up to  
date, extensive listing  
of what is going on  
*artwise* near you.

"It seems as if everywhere you turn there is some sort of construction going on, forcing *you* to make a detour."

"Each day we learn something new, don't throw away what you learned yesterday...for it may help you conquer tomorrow!"  
Tina Marie Ligon

"I would like to express thanks to Dr. Jakubauskas and the administration for the first step to halt a snowballing effect of overcrowding on this campus. The new campus apartments are a definite plus."  
K.S.K.B.

"Investigate first, before you cast judgement, and even still you do not have the right."

"If I guess what you mean, I may guess wrong...  
So, please, don't make me guess."  
Michelle Picardo

"I hate when people jump to conclusions, especially if I don't know them well. This may be, in itself, the main reason for this behavior. But it is, by far, a horrible and awkward way to start a relationship."  
Sam Greco

"It is a shame when individuals cannot open their minds to *respect* all points of view."

"It's all right to let yourself go, as long as you let yourself back"  
Mick Jagger

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."

Charles Dickens' **a**  
**christmas**  
**carol**



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# Speak Out

"Every semester it seems there is an unbelievably long line to wait in for drop/adds. The hours in which it is held are between 1-4p.m., on one day only. This is totally ridiculous. They should spread drop/add over two days or extend the hours from 10:00-4:00."  
Kwadjo Boaitey

submit.....

"If you see someone without a smile, feel free to give them one of yours."

"True style, true beauty, true love, comes from within."

submit....

"What purpose does the stop sign on University Drive serve?"

"If you don't know when you've been spit on, then anything else that you claim to know is not really important."

"Power decreases every time you use it."

SUBMIT.....



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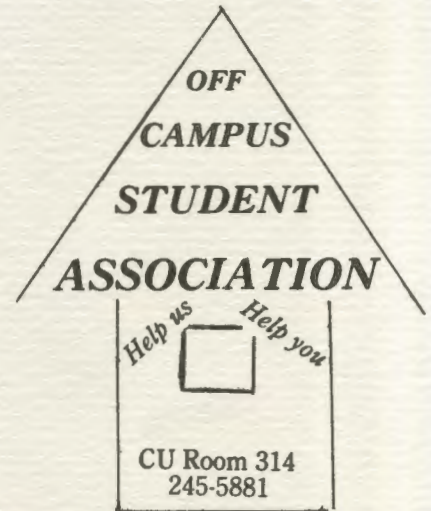
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**NEXT TIME, we will  
expand upon each section  
of this magazine pro-  
viding a more exten-  
sive space for literary  
imagination.**

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