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Geneseo's Art and Literary Magazine

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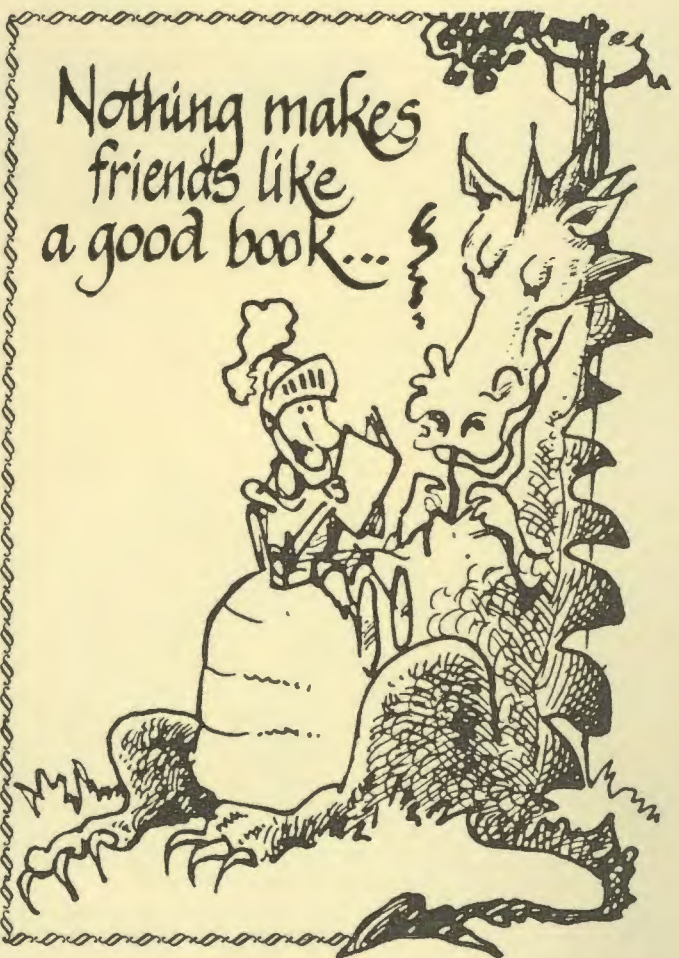


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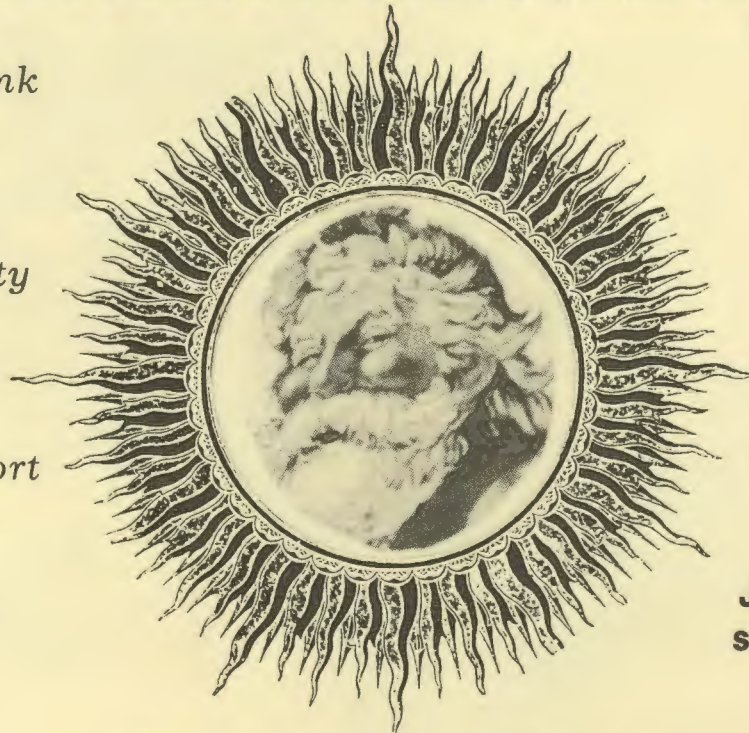
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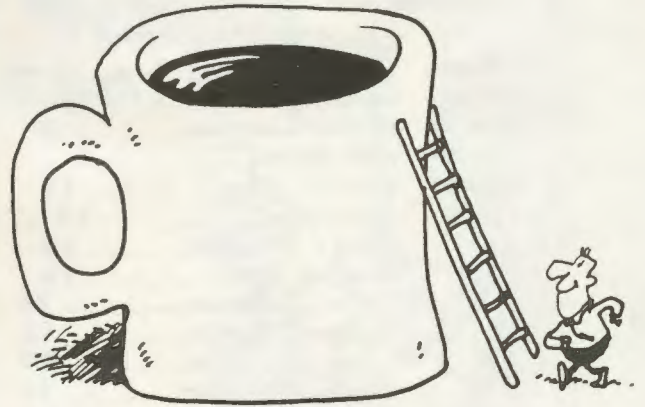
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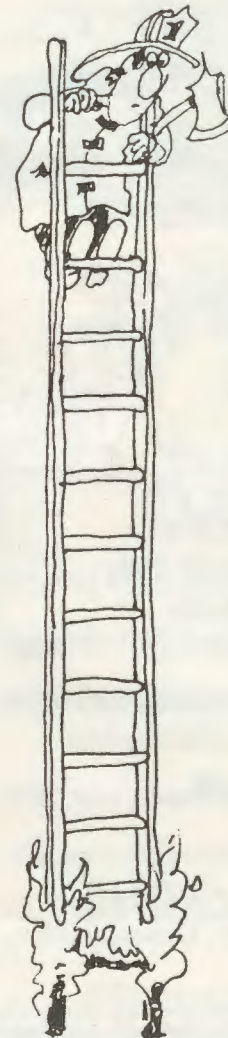
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—IRC



Heartfelt Holiday Spirit

Another Christmas Eve is here. The Christmas tree glistens in electric light, and all the gifts lie below it in their ornamented wrappings. The stockings are hung carefully over the fireplace, which warms the room and gives it a soft glow. The family is gathered together. Ebenezer Scrooge is on the television. Soon the children will be in bed dreaming of Santa Claus and the gifts they will receive tomorrow. This may be a typical scene in your home at Christmas time, but in mine, it is not. You see, I am Jewish. And like most Jewish people, I do not celebrate Christmas. Christmas is like any other day to me. There is, however a holiday that I do celebrate around this time of year. It is an eight-day holiday called Hanukkah, and it begins on December 16 this year.

Hanukkah may not be the most important Jewish holiday in the year, but it is still a festive one. Every night, candles are lit in a *menorah*. On the first day, one candle is lit. On the second day, two candles are lit, and so on through the eighth day.

Various songs and games are associated with Hanukkah. One game which is always popular among young children is the *dreidle* game. It is played with a special spinning top called the *dreidle*. The players wager candy, coins--almost anything in this game of chance.

There is a different Hebrew letter on each of the *dreidle*'s four sides. Each constitutes a separate meaning. The children spin the *dreidle* and see which letter it lands on. One letter indicates they have won the whole pot, while another rewards half the pot; another indicates they have won nothing, and the other letter forces them to add to the pot.

The different traditions of Hanukkah can vary from family to family. In some families, children are given a quarter the first day, two quarters the second day, three on the third day and so on. By the eighth day, a small fortune has been amassed! Other families may exchange a different gift every day for eight days. The gift does not have to be elaborate or expensive, and many times it is

handmade. The purpose is to give an original gift which is a reflection of the person to whom it is given. After the first day, everyone wonders who will receive the most outrageous or the most practical gift. This brings much fun-filled anticipation to the family without causing an expensive hardship for any individual member.

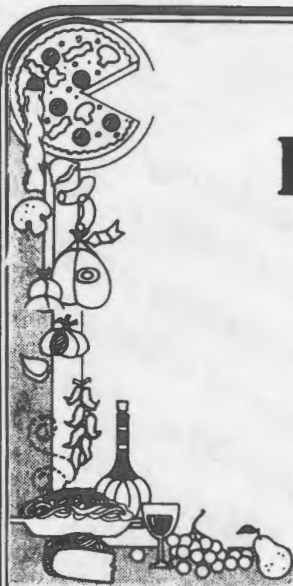
The tradition of Hanukkah has existed for approximately 2000 years. It originated when the Roman Empire dominated the area of Palestine, now known as Israel. The Jews of Palestine revolted against their Roman conquerors in protest of Romanization. Romanization required all people from conquered lands to adopt the Roman way of life. This was impossible for most Jews, because it would require them to eat pork, work on the Sabbath, and worship a multitude of Roman gods.

The Romans were quite forceful in carrying out their program of Romanization. Because many Jews refused to

give up their beliefs, they died at the hands of the Romans, and this ultimately led to revolt. Initially, the Jews made quick, successful military victories; however, no small nation could possibly hold out against the entire Roman Empire. The revolt was eventually crushed. The holiday of Hanukkah helps to commemorate that revolt.

When Hanukkah comes by this year, I will still be in school and away from my family, but my thoughts will be with them. Outside of the festivities associated with Hanukkah, I will remember the sacrifice made by the patriots of the Jewish revolt over 2000 years ago. This will also remind me that the repression of many people, including the Jewish people, still exists. Perhaps we should all take time to think of and help the oppressed people of the world, whether we celebrate Hanukkah or Christmas. This should be part of the spirit behind the holidays at this time of year.

□ Philip Saltzman



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Watch for Miche' and the Anglos' new album:

CAN YOU HEAR COLORS?

It is due to be released before Christmas.

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Our Time owes many thanks and congratulations to the members of Miche' and the Anglos for all their help, support, and SUCCESS!! To help the magazine to raise money for printing costs this semester, the band agreed to do us the honor of a benefit performance uptown at Gentleman Jim's on October 31st. As a result, Halloween night was filled with the unique sound of Miche' and the Anglos for Geneseo students and residents, and an appreciative Lit. magazine staff. The band deserved a much better reception than we could possibly give them in this small town, but rest assured the positive response from the crowd was genuine. A tip for those of you who really enjoyed the show--and we know you did!-- check out the new album "Can You Hear Colors" by Miche' and the Anglos...

Thanks, guys
--from the staff of Our Time



Window (Now That's Stretching It)

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul,
and that's why I'm frightened.

He's been gone for a long time now, Dear.
The clay on my shoes has long dried.
His tiny mound has settled flat.
He's dead.

I know he was special to you.
He was your life.
I loved him too.
But we could have another.
Another little boy.
Or maybe a girl this time.
Would you like that?
Would you like that Dear?

They say the eyes are the windows to the soul,
and that's why I'm frightened.
For when I look into your windows,

I see nothing.

□ Carl Chiarilli



The End

Though it's over
and
you've accepted
the reviews
and I tell the public
I have,
you make your encore
in my thoughts and dreams
and once again
we co-star
amidst the backdrop of yesterday
but only briefly and between
commercial breaks
of empty sleep
and cluttered consciousness.
But when the stage is lit
and I carelessly focus in on
sneak previews
of coming attractions,
the rational director interrupts
and fine tunes
my mental lens
to expose
reruns
of a cancelled show.

□ Levi Stone



At the break of dawn we are refreshed
in the glory of starting anew.
Each precious moment lingers for the instant
dangling from the fragile string of a soon forgotten memory.

Stop...
Look...
Listen...

Treasure the spring in its joyful youth, my friend,
for soon the season will turn dark and cold.
The winter of our lives will grow nearer still
until the sun has set upon the times we shared.

Then our intended hopes and dreams will have disappeared
along with the light of the past day
behind the horizon...
beyond our reach only to be pursued by those wiser than we
Those of the spring...
Those of the mortal season.

□ Amy Brotherton



Ode to Woman

I celebrate woman
I celebrate life
I celebrate the union
of passion and beauty
into a single soul
Though sometimes restrained
by dignity,
or compelled to be tasteful
by charm,
Woman has the freedom
of sensitivity
the freedom to laugh
the freedom to weep.
Her voice undulates, modulates
according to her mood
so artfully,
that she can tell you everything
or nothing
in a single sentence:
Whichever she wants you to believe
or however she wants to deceive you.
A wry smile,
or the raising of her eyebrows in an
inquisitive or belittling gesture
can draw you close
or send you a thousand miles away.
For she, too, can be the center
of attention
just as comfortably as she can
set herself apart
and observe...
But she's not unapproachable,
oh no,-
Woman can be your best friend.
Is there nothing more rewarding
than a mother's love
a sister's comforting
a daughter's joy
a lover's touch...

And if you can play the strings of her heart
Well, then she might fall in love
with you, too--
if you know the right chords,
the correct notes
and a tempo that suits her.
Once she hears her own tune
she will recognize it,
and acknowledge you
as the only one in the world
worthy of her heart.

□ Courtney Penzimer

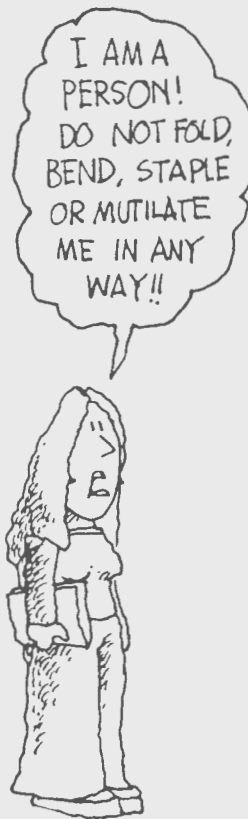
Men + Women = Equals

All women ever seem to do is complain. Give 'em an inch, and they'll take a mile. So the Equal Rights Amendment wasn't ratified in 1983 -- BIG DEAL! ... Sound familiar?

It is frightening how many times attitudes like these are heard in the "80's". The views expressed by women are not empty complaints. They are thoughtful concerns dealing with issues pertaining to womankind, especially that of equality.

The discrimination faced by women is real and very recognizable. One measure that would help rectify the situation is the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. This simple statement: *Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex*, would constitutionally protect the rights of both men and women.

Unfortunately, a large amount of opposition exists against the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA). Much of this resistance is formed by women who are misinformed about the amendment and the changes it would make in their lives. The first misconception is that such an amendment would make a woman responsible for fifty percent of her family's financial support. This would take away her option to be a full time mother and homemaker. In actuality, the ERA would make it necessary for one spouse to provide financial support for the children and the homemaker of his or her household. The right to be a parent and homemaker would not be taken away, but rather would be enhanced because the ERA would attempt to create a legal and equal partnership in the institution of marriage.



Another commonly expressed fear is that sex segregation in prisons, reform schools, public bathrooms, and other facilities would be discontinued. The ERA will not affect any of these things. The right to privacy is understood.

Another issue which always seems to be related to the Equal Rights Amendment is a woman's right to have an abortion. Ever since first trimester abortions were legalized by the Roe vs. Wade decision, the conflict concerning a woman's control over her body has been hotly contested. Senators, such as Orrin Hatch, have even introduced bills for legislation that would outlaw abortion. Currently, the Hyde amendment blocks Medicaid from federally funding abortions, though fifteen states and the District of Columbia partially fund the practice. Whether the ERA would have any impact on decisions regarding abortions remains a mystery; it certainly would not harm the pro-choice factions.

While the ERA is most often associated with women's rights, it also protects men against discrimination. There is a case on which the Supreme Court ruled

which directly discriminates against men. It was decided that statutory-rape penalties were strictly reserved for male offenders. Some may laugh at the idea of a woman raping a man, but it is the principle, as well as the issue, which should be examined.

The Supreme Court also ruled that women could not register for selective service. The Court relied heavily on the "only men in combat" doctrine, which prohibits women from participating in military combat. Although this doctrine is constitutional, the purpose of the draft, to fill both combat and non-combat positions, has been overlooked.

One of the major fears concerning a draft is that families would be broken

Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

up. In a unisex draft, women would not be taken away from their children. Congress has ample power to create legitimate sex-neutral exemptions. In other words, both male and female parents of minor children would be exempt from service.

Steps toward equality are being taken slowly. Activists do everything they can, but they need judicial help. In a report regarding a woman's position in American society, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights stated that without the ERA, "state, local and federal governments...have not taken--and most likely will not take--the steps necessary to rid their laws, policies and practices of the sex bias." That is quite a strong statement regarding a problem that "does not exist."

□ Ginger Woolever





Springsteen does Poe

Inspiration strikes me as I wallow through the fog
 My inner machinations turn to the outre' and macabre
 Wet, black mirrors on bloodstained cobblestones remind me I'm a slob,
 I think of you. I think of you.
 In the employ of the Ancients, I stand the devoted slave
 Rewarded but with coffin-dregs from desecration's grave
 It's no wonder why I act like this, how do I behave ?
 I think of you. Hey babe, I think of you.
 The mists gather to swirl in melancholic overture
 Depraved mesmerizations upon my deformed, misshapened stature
 An outcast am I, of culture and counter-culture
 Only in your arms find I the security found in sepulchre
 Hey babe, I think of you.
 In the lonely pangs of my pustuled form, you resolve in dreamer's
 sleep.
 Offshore my tortured conscience where Hell-spawned legions
 creep.
 My mind's an evaporating Styx wherein unearthly choirs
 meep.
 Babe, implore me cease if my imagery's too
 deep.
 Only you, babe, only you.
 Who cares if you thought me darkly, horrible visaged?
 Demonic, diabolic, capricious, malicious,
 I'd regorge again and devour, cos' you were simply delicious
 But now you're just a memory, and I'm too vicious
 I think of you, hey babe, oh yeah, I think of you,
 For true, I think of you,you,you,you...you.

□ Ed Schuldner

Melanie, Melanie, Melanie

Heavy:air.
 Ocean:glare.
 Soft, dry hand.
 Her warm hand.
 They:adore.
 (knew before)
 (but today?)
 (in this way?)

Run to sea.
 she and he.
 She goes, still,
 on until...
 ...plead and beg.
 Silky leg
 in his grasp.
 Hears her gasp,
 start to sink.
 Tries to think:
 back to shore?
 life:restore?

Bright sun dips.
 Her grey lips
 taste of salt.

(not his fault?)

Water:cold.
 Runs in, bold.
 Swim and swim.
 Vision:dim.
 Under:slow.
 Bubbles go
 rising fast.

Breathes h
 i
 s
 l
 a
 s
 t

□ Carl Chiarilli

Kaleidoscope Dance

The sunlight filtered through
the chlorophylled branches
Sketching feathery patterns
on the harsh grey pavement
Trampled by tiny feet in gaudy sneakers
Dashing to play hopscotch on the gritty soil

Mannequin-like forms
with stiff pained expressions
wander past
To sit motionless on the wooden benches
cloaked in the greyness of age
Heedless of the intricate dances unfolding
As children rush to disturb the earth
with their pails and shovels

Transition
Clouds impede the sunlight
and rain begins to fall
Closing the curtain on the choreographer

Marionettes wrapped in their ashen shields
shuffle aimlessly through the drizzle
As the innocents scatter
blissfully
unaware
that their purple pink jackets clash
with the blue grey tones
of the concrete

□ Janice Brill



Rain

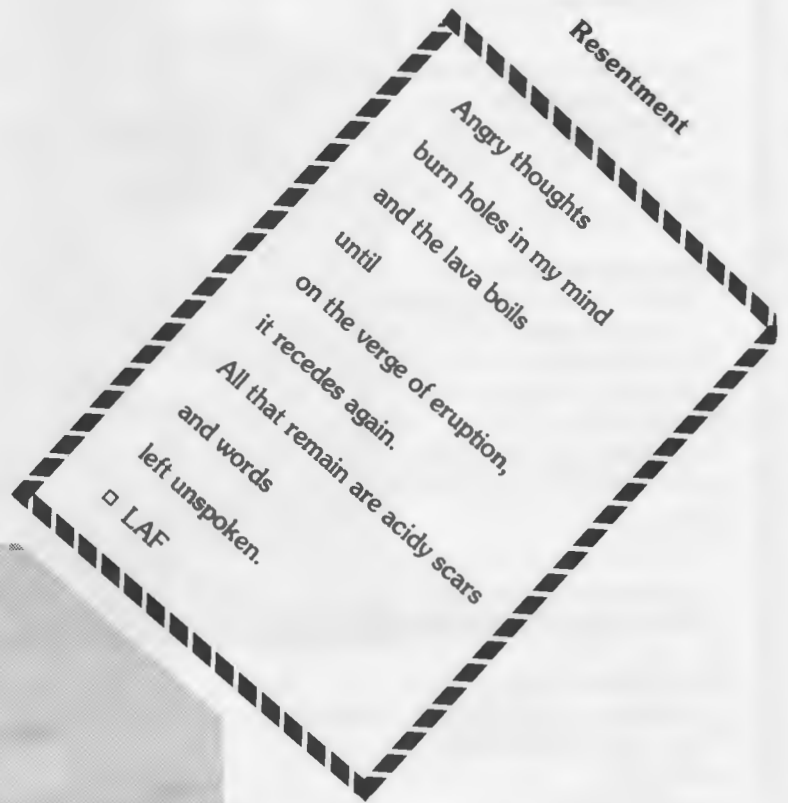
I like the rain.
I like the way it paints leopard spots
on the pavement.
I like the ocean-like resonance it emits
as it spills from the clouds
and splashes on the earth.
But most of all,
I like the way it emancipates the child in me
that catches little pools in her hands,
and squishes around in the muddy puddles,
barefoot and squealing.
And when Lightning x-rays the darkness,
I hide from Thunder's giant hands
and try to convince myself
how much
I like the rain...

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

i see pictures of people
laughing, talking
pushing, pulling,
ripping, destroying
the scared and selfish

Little One
at my core,
peeling her
layer by layer
till all that remains
is the small, secret space
where she once stood
cringing from Life
and silently screaming
for Love.

□ Allison Hastings



the little voice

Shh!
Do you hear it?
The little voice inside your head.
Ignore it.
It's only a demon trying to hurt you.
I know what it's saying.
It's telling you to close up
and stay away from everyone.
If no one can come near you
or understand you they can't hurt you.
It's wrong
They can still hurt you.
You will be the one
who won't understand.
The pain will slowly grow and
the loneliness will never go away.
I know.
I listened.

□ Mark O'Brien

School of Life

The late August sun bore brightly against the window panes. Inside, he sat, clutching his son's hand, caressing his flesh with a calloused thumb.

"I can't believe you're leaving. You're really leaving." He glanced heavenwards, inadvertently following the spirit-like wisps of smoke that rose from the end of his cigarette. In a brutal gesture, he tossed it to the floor and crushed it.

"Your mother and I..." He smiled at the triteness of his upcoming words. "We'll miss you." He took a fresh cigarette from the pack in his front jacket pocket and lit it.

"I just hope you know how proud you've made us, Son. When you graduated, and I saw you standing up there on stage. God." Tears began to well in his eyes, and he brushed at them angrily with the back of his hand.

"Now you're leaving us. Oh, I know it's not forever. I know I'll see you again. But still..." The hesitant tears began to

fall. His head lowered as his body shook in a sobbing motion. Suddenly, the tears turned to a smile. "Oh Son. I remember... I remember everything that we ever did together. I remember it all. Your first haircut..."

He laughed loudly. "You were so scared. And you cried and cried and cried. You made me climb up in that little kiddie chair and get my hair cut first. And even then, you made me hold your hand the whole time. Just like now. He released his son's hand and ruffled his brown hair.

"I miss you so much already. What are your mother and I going to do without you? What about your room? All your things." Then, an idea occurred to him. "I'll leave it exactly as it is. I won't let them touch it. Your brother wanted to move in, but I won't let him. I won't let anyone touch it. I won't even let them go in there. I promise. It'll be." He hesitated. "It'll be almost like you

still lived there." He laughed again, yet this time, the sound was harsh, unpleasant. "Almost." His cigarette had burned down to his fingertips, and the sudden heat calmed him. He dropped it to the ground and stepped it out, licking his open palm. Gently, he tried to smooth out his son's hair.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. Someone called out, "Mr. Denker? Are you ready? Everyone's waiting."

"I love-" he whispered, ignoring the voice. "I loved you, Son."

"Mr. Denker? Are you through?"

"Yes he answered. "Yes, I'm through."

The door opened. Six tall men in greyish-black suits entered and closed the lid. Then, after properly arranging themselves, they raised the coffin above their heads and carried out Mr. Denker's dead son.

□Carl Chiarilli



Lonely Beach

I feel the wind
On my wet face
As the rain pours
Into the rolling Sea

Walking on the sand
Feeling the pain
Of Sadness at last
In each grain
That slips through my toes
Until it reaches my heart

The Wind
Blows away the tears
That streak my face
The salty spray
Mixes with them——
And fills my nose and mouth——

Soon I must walk home
To meet you
To tell you
Goodbye——

□ Lillian Murphy

Long Distance Friendship

sometimes i miss you so much,
that crying's not enough.
i need you to be here,
because hearing your distant voice
leaping through the telephone
only makes me miss you more.
i need you to be here
sitting by my side,
touching me with your expressions
as you live your words before my eyes.
i need you to be here,
but you're not here,
and sometimes at night
i sit hugging my knees,
thinking
of you.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson



The High Jump

patter, patter, patter, patter
 swish, sh, sh, sh, sh
 pain, keep going
 rise, rise and hope
 blue sky
 arch, arch and hope
 falling through space
 whoosh, descent into warm padding
 tumble, over and over
 struggle to see
 a bar
 a slight disturbance
 up and down, up and down
 the wind, or me?
 it stays
 joy.

□ Michael Pray

The candle cries its waxen tears
 It feeds on its own flesh
 Its yellow flame flickering
 burning itself down
 Charring its skin

Mommy sitting on a cardboard box
 Aunties carefully applied makeup
 masking puffy bloodshot eyes
 And grandpa dozes in daddys chair

All these people are so sorry
 (leave me alone i dont know who you are)
 Mommy says to go lock yourself in your room
 (but come out and say hello goodbye nice meeting you whoever you are i
 dont remember your name)
 and remember to act sweet and charming
 (leave me alone i have homework)

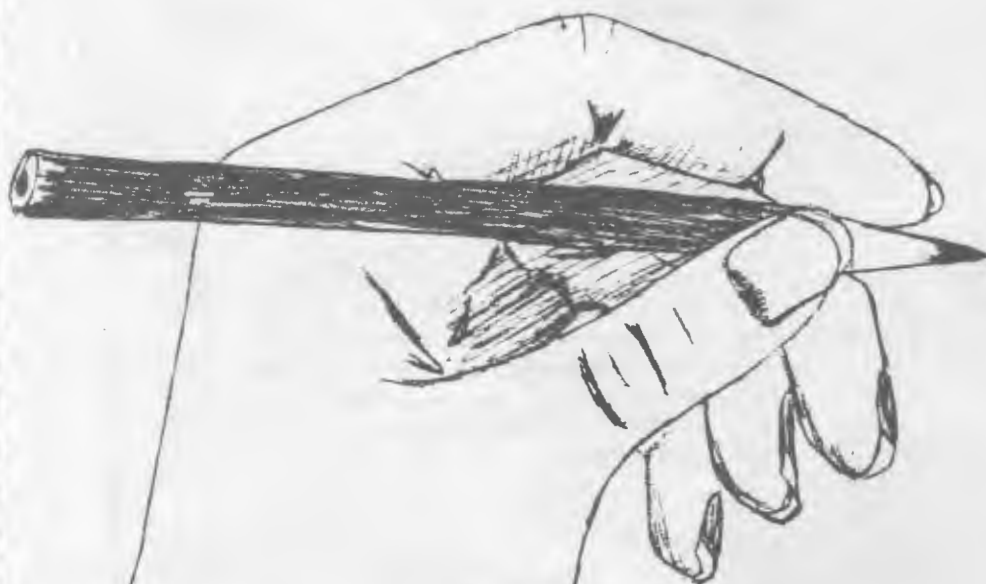
Telephone rings--
 make your bed people are coming
 (a record! 5 days in a row--but why should i now i'm only going to mess
 it up again anyway whos going to see it)
 i will and people will think youre a slob
 (so)

Pat Benatar blares on walkman
 with latest best seller
 (on times hardcover list)
 and the people chatter incessantly
 (in memoriam)

□ Janice Brill



C *r* **E** **A** **T** **i**



V

E

*Lee Ann
Knowles*

Euphemismjism

A cold,crisp night in May:

They met

near a gurgling brook
under a star-flecked sky
upon a carpet of pine needles

She lay down,
and he planted the seed,
And there,

near a gurgling brook
under a star-flecked sky
upon a carpet of pine needles,

She cared for it:

a new life was started.

She spoke to it,
like she heard she should.

She spent hours reading to it.

Days
Weeks
Months passed:

1)June
2)July
3)August
4)September
5)October
6)November
7)December
8)January

A wet, dreary night in

9)February

It was time.

With a new mother's pride,
she called for her husband.
He led her to the site,
and the two waited together.
The entire earth seemed to tremble.
And her body,
In anticipation.
She lay down on the carpet,
and he,
by her side.

He peered at it,

It forced its way out:

slowly
gently.

It was covered with afterbirth:

soil
dew.

The two gazed at it:

lovingly
tenderly

and cleared the land away
from its fragile stem.
"Our fragile baby," she said,
and he

took her by the hand

and

leaving their newborn

led her away,
near a gurgling brook
under a star-flecked sky.
upon a carpet of pine needles

to fend for itself.

□ Carl Chiarilli

A Trick of the Night



" Silent slick and stealthy
Slinking through your evil nights
You can see in the dark they tell me
The daylight burns in your eyes..."
——HEART——

"When the day is over and the work is
done
It's a different story as the darkness
comes around
I try to let you know you're going the
wrong way..."
——BANANARAMA——

"...Well I never doubted...
Not your beauty...I...change
——At least I'm trying to change
Who is the beauty now?
Where is my beast?
There is no beauty without my beast..."
——STEVIE NICKS——

"...Dark sunglasses and a cheap disguise
Never gonna hide those hungry eyes..."
——SHEENA EASTON——

June 11, 1986

Dear Matthew,

Chateau de ville a Ingolstadt is absolutely exquisite! The house (oops! chateau) is as beautiful as Francois has said! It is nestled in a sheltered valley between two mountains (skiing!), and a pond, fed by the "pure" mountain streams is located about two-hundred yards behind it. Just think of it, we could start up a brewery here! Granted, Atwood definitely does not sound German, but who says we'd have to use our real name? We could just change it to make it sound German. How's Achenvood strike you? Not funny? I didn't think so.

I can't wait until you're finished with the Williamson case; it seems that we never have a chance to vacation in the same place at the same time. Also, you mustn't forget to make arrangements for Macbeth, because you know how irritable he will be if we, or you rather, attempt to fly him over on a different

flight than yourself. I can picture you right now, swearing under your breath or out loud, why you, of all people, have to bring a ninety-pound German Shepherd with you to Ingolstadt, but hey, it's your own fault. I mean, whose idea was it to bring Mac everywhere with us? When we went to Bristol, the dog came; when we decided to venture to Tokyo, who had to bring the dog along? My God, Matthew, remember the time we went on the cruise to the Aegean Islands and you insisted that you were blind, just so you could bring that damn animal with us? That was the most classic of them all! Let's face it, the dog's more cultured in foreign affairs than my own mother! But you know what? I still love you and that stupid mutt of yours anyway. Consider yourself lucky that I'm a very compassionate person!

Okay, I believe that I have harassed you enough in this letter. Yes, I'm satisfied! Take care of yourself. I'll see you in two weeks!

I Love You,
Samantha

After writing Matthew and jogging to town to mail the letter, I attempted to get a few things organized. I was successful in unpacking my suitcase, but when I tried to get the kitchen cleaned up and orderly, I realized that it might help the situation if I had cleansing materials readily available. Francois had been kind enough to stock the pantry, but had neglected to supply me with sponges, ammonia, and whatever the European version of "Mr. Clean" was. I made another run into town, but this time I took the 1980 Volvo that Francois also left for Matt's and my personal use. What a dear! Upon returning to the house, I noticed that the front step had mud all over it. Funny, it hadn't seemed to be there before I'd left, hmm...maybe I just didn't notice. I suppose I should clean it off, I thought to myself, but it looks like rain anyway.

No sooner had I left the house--chateau, I reminded myself--lightning flashed and lit up the already darkened entryway. As I fumbled for the light switch on the wall, I saw something move, or appear to move, in the shadows of the adjoining living room. My heart started racing and I felt for the switch in a desperate attempt to see what had moved. But did I really want to see it?

Click! Found it! I entered the living room and cautiously approached the place where I'd seen the shadow. A perfect place actually, behind the couch. God, what am I doing? I'm all alone, in the middle of a thunderstorm, looking for something lurking behind my couch. Stupid, aren't I? I grabbed the poker from the fireplace and eased my way over to the couch. If in fact there was something behind there, it was going to regret coming into my chateau and messing with me. I jumped on the couch, Bruce Lee style, with the poker poised over my head, ready to slam it through something's head if need be. What! Nothing was behind the couch save for a few measely dust balls. So much for Kung Fu Theater, gang. I put the poker back into its stand and headed for the kitchen to make a delectable meal of Kraft Macaroni & Cheese, and reminded myself to stop reading those Stephen King novels.

I turned on my "boom box" and began listening to Madonna sing about sex, partying, love, and more sex. I tried singing along, but it didn't seem to work out too well. It came out sounding something like a nightingale and a water buffalo. Sorry, isn't it?

By this time, the water was boiling and I proceeded to pour the macaroni

*"...sooner or
later...I'm
going to jump
into the television
and rape Tom Cruise."*

noodles into the water. "Why I eat this crap, I'll never know." I said to myself.

"Maybe it's the little kid in you," said a strange, unfamiliar voice from behind.

"Jesus H. Christ!" I screamed and whirled around, knocking over the pot of water and noodles, to see who had spoken.

"Sorry," a clean cut but drenched young man said apologetically, "I didn't mean to startle you."

"Startle me? Well maybe if you had knocked, I wouldn't have had such a coronary. Who are you anyway? You can't be German because you speak perfect English, and I don't think any sane German citizen would wear a shirt informing people that your karma just ran over someone's dogma. And by the way, what the hell are you doing in my house?"

"I'm a friend of Matt's."

Wait a minute, how does this guy know that Matt and I are staying here? I thought to myself. No one was supposed to know where in Germany we were staying. "How did you find out we were staying here? And for the second time, what's your name?"

"Okay, to answer your first question, Matt told me where you two were staying. As for your--"

"That two-faced, mucus-bubbled beastie!" I rudely interrupted.

"As I was saying, if you would hold your obscenities until I finish, my name is Alan Rogan, ex-marine. Bring back any memories?"

"Hmmm... Alan Rogan, now that you mention it, yes. But I thought Matt told me you were killed in a fire twelve years ago." At this, Alan gasped as if something had hit him with the force of a truck and then said jokingly, "Oh, uh, that must have been a different guy. As you can see I'm most alive. I mean, how many dead people have you seen walking around lately?"

What did he mean "most alive?" Was some part of him partially dead? I didn't know. It was probably just a slip of the tongue, I hope. Maybe I'll call Matt tonight and ask him about Alan and ask

why he told him where we were.

"Alan?" I said, "I would invite you to dinner, but it's only macaroni and cheese, half of which is on the floor, and I have a lot of case work to do tonight."

"Oh yeah, sure, I understand. I just wanted to stop by and see if Matt was around."

"But he won't be here for another two weeks. Didn't he tell you?"

"No, he didn't." Alan seemed to be excited about the news of this and I began to worry about what he had in mind. "Well, it was nice meeting you. See you later!"

"Yeah, maybe."

I began thinking about what ifs. Maybe this so called friend is some psychotic, or a crazed killer, or maybe even a rapist. Alan Rogan, I'm sure Matt said he had died in a fire. Even if he had survived, wouldn't he be scarred? Strange. I'm going to call Matt, now.

continued on page 22

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a trick of the night

continued from page 21

I reached the operator and asked, "Would you please connect me with Matthew Atwood? New York, New York. Area code seven - one - eight, nine, four, six, three, four, one, two."

"Hold the line one moment please."

"Hello? Hel--"

"Yes, will you accept a call from a Samantha Atwood?" the operator said in her illustrious monotone.

"Yes, of course!"

"Matt? Hi, it's Sam."

"Really, are you sure?"

I heard a muffled laugh and then said, "My, aren't we cynical this morning? What did I do to deserve such an honor, wake you up maybe?"

"No, sorry to ruin your idea of fun, but I've been up for at least an hour or so. Why are you calling? You've only been at the house for a day. Is there some sort of problem?"

"Well, not really; a friend of yours stopped by; said his name was Alan Rogan. He really startled me -- he just walked in the house."

"WHO?"

"Alan Rogan. Matt, what's wrong?" I was beginning to get worried. "Matt, are you still there?"

"Uh, yeah, still here. Are you sure he told you his name was Alan Rogan?"

"Yes, I'm positive. What is it Matt? There's something you're not telling me."

Matt sounded shaky over the phone and I didn't like it. In fact, I didn't even want to hear what he was going to say; the words were inevitable. "Sam, Alan Rogan is dead, he has been for twelve years. Twelve long years. He was killed in an auto accident. Are you sure, posi-

tively sure that this man told you his name was Alan Rogan?"

"Yes, I'm positive. Alan Rogan, ex-marine, clean-cut kind of guy. Had brown hair, brown eyes, and was about six-two. But didn't you say he died in a fire?" I was positive that that's what Matt told me. A helicopter fire in Viet Nam twelve years ago. Matt had been there; he saw it all he said.

"No, uh... it was an auto accident. You remember..."

"Yeah, I guess."

"Now Sam, you've got to listen to me. You've got to get the hell away from that house. The sooner the better. In fact, leave tonight. Get as far away from there as you can."

"Matt, don't scare me like this. What's the deal with this Alan Rogan guy? Tell me!" I could feel myself getting hysterical. "Matt, for God's sake, tell me what's going on!"

"Sam, I can't tell you over the phone. Please try and understand that. I'll leave early, and I'll be with you in two days, okay? Just make sure you get out of the house."

"Alright. Matt?"

"Yes?"

"I'm really scared."

"I know. But hold on for just two more days. I love you."

"I love you too."

"Good-bye. And remember--"

"Yes, Matt, I know. Be careful. Good-bye hon."

After hanging up, the whole episode and conversation seemed like a dream. In real life there weren't ghouls, ghosts or creatures from the crypt. (Maybe he hadn't said his name was Alan Rogan. I could've misunderstood him the same way I misunderstood the way he had supposedly died. Funny, though, I

usually don't forget things like that.) I mean, Bram Stoker invented a great vampire, and Stephen King made up a wild tale of a burial ground that could bring back the dead, but it was all a fantasy, a story of fiction. The more I thought about what had happened earlier, the more ridiculous it seemed.

"God, sometimes I psyche myself out. Stephen, wherever you are my dear boy, may you live with the satisfaction that your writings have ruined the mental functioning of this individual."

I said this out loud, hoping that in some way, by telekinesis maybe, that Mr. King could hear me.

I decided to get my mind off of everything by working on my latest counseling case. It was one of those cases that required my undivided attention and in my present state of mind I was completely unable to concentrate.

After about three hours of trying to get my mind on my work, I realized that I probably wasn't going to get much further than I already had, which was all of five-and-a-half pages of hand written notes. So much for accomplishing much of anything tonight. I decided that since I wasn't going to get any work done, I might as well make the most of it and enjoy a night (more like early morning) of movie watching on the VCR I had brought with me for a night such as this. I decided upon a movie that had a good music score and a decent plot--*Top Gun* (I acquired this illegally from a friend in the theatre business). I really need to learn to get control of myself whenever I see the volleyball scene because sooner or later, hopefully sooner, I'm going to jump into the television and rape Tom Cruise. Mmmmm... too good to think about!

After placing the tape in the machine and then curling up on the couch, I began to enjoy my sole two hours of relaxation and almost immediately I felt myself drifting off to sleep.

Much later, during REM sleep, I began to realize--deep down inside--that something had changed, that something had gone wrong, very wrong. Slowly, almost dimly, I regained enough consciousness to realize that I was being crushed by an incredible weight pushing on my chest, crushing the very life out of me.

I gasped for air and tried to fill my lungs. Finally! I was able to get in one good sized breath. Terrified, I began screaming and, as I did, I opened my eyes only to see a huge, black, hairy wolf-like beast upon my chest. The beast's burning red eyes were searching

mine, almost as if it knew who I was and what it was looking for. It's foaming, saliva-drenched, blackened lips were hovering over my mouth as if to suck the very life out of my lungs. I could feel its hot, stale breath on my face and as it bent down closer to me, I started to punch at it with an incredible force that I had never before known. The wolfen being seemed to wrap me tighter in its claw-fingered web of impending death. I rolled off of the couch, taking my newly found friend with me. Somehow, I managed to slip out of the werewolf's grasp. I got up and raced for the door; just as I was about to escape, I felt the beast's long claws rake across my back. I held my scream behind my clenched teeth, as flaring pain seared across my back. In a last desperate attempt to escape, I whirled around blindly with my arm outstretched and ended up smashing my fist into one of the beast's coal burning eyes. As my fist struck home, he howled in pain and lashed out to claw me. Fortunately, I didn't pause long enough to find out what the werewolf's next move would be. Without any idea of where to run or hide, I ran frantically toward the pond behind the house. As I looked back, in an attempt to see if my pursuer had followed me, I tripped and fell, hitting my head on a nearby tree, and was knocked unconscious...

"Sam? Sam, are you okay?"

"Hmm? What, who, where am I?"

Matt! When did you get here? You weren't supposed to arrive until tomorrow." At this time, the sun was high in the sky, meaning I had been unconscious from sometime early this morning before sunrise until around noon.

"I booked a reservation on a flight right after you called. I ended up getting one that night and so I arrived here this morning only to find you lying here unconscious. What happened babe?"

"Matt, it was awful. I was attacked by... Wait a minute, you're not going to believe a word I'm going to tell you. It's too bizarre."

"C'mon Sam, try me. What happened up here?"

"You aren't going to believe me. I'm beginning to think that it never even happened myself."

At this, Matt placed his hands gently behind my back and lifted me to a sitting position.

"Sam, wha-?" He drew his hands away sharply as if he'd had a sudden shock. "What in hell happened to you?" He showed me his hands; they were covered with blood.

"I guess maybe you will believe me. The evidence is right there."

Matt leaned against a nearby tree and I proceeded to tell him everything from the time I got off the phone with him to the part where I was rudely awakened from my sleep, which I guessed to be sometime after midnight, and then was "revived" by him this morning.

"Sam, are you sure that it was a werewolf? I mean, maybe if you said it was an animal I could believe it, but a werewolf? I think you've been reading too much Poe, Straub, and King lately."

"Matt, I know what I saw. It was a werewolf. Not a man, not an animal, but a one-hundred percent red blooded werewolf. If you don't believe me, look at my back. A normal animal couldn't do something like that."

Matt gave me a look as if I had said something I shouldn't have said (almost as if I'd gone one step too far). "Well, you're the psychologist with the analytical mind, if you're going to insist on the fact that what you saw was a werewolf, I can't change your mind now, can I?"

"Why are you being so cynical? I could've been killed, and it seems to me that you could care less! What's wrong with you?"

"I'm sorry hon, it's just been a long night. You know, with the plane getting in so late and all..."

Late? What did he mean by late? If the plane got in this morning, he would've said he got in early... unless... no, that's impossible. Matt a killer werewolf? Hah! I crack myself up sometimes. If anyone, it's probably that weird Alan dude that Matt used to know before he...well... died, supposedly.

"Matt, let's go inside, it's a little chilly out here, okay?"

Matt was staring off into space, "Oh, yeah, sure hon. Sorry 'bout that."

No sooner had we reached the front door when Alan Rogan came sprinting up the steps leading to the house. "Hi Matt, long time no see huh?"

"Yeah, where have you been hiding yourself buddy?" Matt smiled.

I thought to myself, that's not what he's wanting to know at all. He wants Alan to tell him what he's doing here. Back from the grave. Had Jesus raised his voice and cried, "Alan come forth!" as he had done with Lazarus? I didn't like the way the two men were looking at each other. It wasn't a look of anger, but more of a look of fear -- of each other.

"Well, you know, working odd jobs here and there. I decided to take a vacation, found out you were coming here, and decided I might as well visit Germany along with paying a visit to an old friend."

There was that look between them again. "Would you like to stay for dinner Alan? Sam is an excellent cook--"

"Uh, no. That's okay. I've uh, got some things to do before I go tonight."

Matt's eyes got stone cold, but the centers of them were burning hot coals. "Go? Where? Why are you leaving Germany so soon?"

I began to get confused. How did Matt know that Alan hadn't been here that long, and why was he so concerned about him leaving? I personally thought that Matt would've encouraged him to leave. Instead, he starts inviting him to

continued on page 24

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a trick of the night

continued from page 23

dinner. Before I know it, he'll be asking him if he wants to stay with us!

Alan said, "My hotel reservation has run out and I've got to leave or else sleep on the streets."

I looked at Matt as if to say, "God, please don't you dare invite him to stay here."

A lot of good it must have done because Matt proceeded to ask Alan to stay with us, and as fate would have it, Alan accepted, and immediately carried his things up from his car. That strange look passed between them once more, only this time it appeared to be a look of contest, with me representing the prize.

Dark clouds began forming on the horizon as we entered the chateau. It looked like another night of rain; let the games begin.

We all retired shortly after eleven that night. Dinner was like eating with the dead. Maybe I was, for no one said a word throughout the entire meal. And at that point in time, I still was not completely sure *who* the dead or *what* the dead really was. Tensions were high between Alan and Matt, and I wondered what was in store for me this night.

*"If you're smart,
you will get into
that car you have
parked out there,
and get out of here."*

"You know, I was just thinking about how this country was when the old vampire and werewolf legends ran like running water. Everyone wore crucifixes, had signs against the evil eye, or had massive amounts of silver (to make bullets). Ever wonder about that?" Alan said with an eerie tone.

"Matt--What's he saying?"

"Don't pay any attention to him! He's crazy!"

"Crazy, you say? Little lady, there's more out here in these isolated mountains than you care to know about!" Alan said strongly. "If you're smart, you will get into that car you have parked outside and get out of here!"

Whispering, I said, "Matt, I'm afraid of Alan. I know it sound crazy, but if we fall asleep he could do anything to us and nobody would ever know! My God, he could murder us!"

"Don't be silly. Look, if you're that worried about it, we'll sleep in shifts. It's about eleven-forty-five now. I'll take the first shift and wake you in a few hours. Don't worry!"

Exhausted and terrified, I finally fell asleep with the sound of the building storm in my ears. Later...other sounds started waking me from my slumber...strange, terrifying sounds...moans and growls!

"What's that? Oh...NO!!!"

A flash of lightning revealed a half-animal shape bearing down on me and I began to scream, "No! Matt! He's a werewolf! Alan's...AAAGH!!!!"

As I was screaming, a human shape leaped upon the werewolf with a force born of desperation!

"LEAVE HER ALONE!"

The human's pitiful form was hurtled across the room, and the wolfen-beast turned toward me. As the piercing red eyes of the wolf creature looked through me, I mercifully fainted...

The next morning I awoke to realize that what had happened was not a dream.

"Oh my God, I've been bitten -- No! A body, no...Matt! Matt, he's killed you, he's..."

No, Sam, I'm alive!"

"But, he...I don't understand! Unless..."

"Yes, Sam, it's true. I am the werewolf! I paid off Alan for twelve years to keep my identity a secret until I could safely have you all to myself, alone together. I didn't mean to hurt him, but he wanted to kill me and wanted me to leave so he could have you. I wanted us to be together, always!"

"What do you mean?"

"It was so lonely out there, in the wilderness. No one to run with...No one to hunt with...I couldn't expose myself to you too soon after our marriage. I was afraid you'd leave me...'til now."

"You mean..."

"Yes, my darling. From now on, we hunt together! We're both werewolves now!"

□ Lisa M. Heaton



Blood of Red

Stalk the dense and midnight Bush.
Prey awaits, crouched up ahead--
Shoot to kill the Viet Cong
and spill their blood of red.

Torch each village, brutalize;
Savage actions twist one's head.
Eliminate North Viet Nam
and spill its life, its blood of red.

Stalk the dense and midnight Bush.
Sweat each footstep heard ahead.
Blast them--they are animals--
and spill their blood of red.

Silent is the dead of night;
silent are the scattered dead.
Tears burn down each soldier's face;
they too have blood of red.

□ Shelli L. Stiverson

Through the dark shadows I journey alone
peering around each corner searching for the way out.
On the walls behind me dance the silhouettes of days passed,
their focused images calling to me with sentimental longing.
In each passing moment they fade further and further out of my reach
until I stand alone in the darkness of the lonely corridor.

Far ahead in the distance a blurry shadow begins to take form,
yet still surrounded by apprehension and uncertainty...
out of which a forceful grasp takes hold of my soul
and begins to pull me toward it.

The voices behind me disappear into the dark
as I look back for the safety of my yesteryear
while the Unknown before me beckons with relentless persistence.

Unable to resist I move forward...
faster and faster the Unknown pulls me ahead.
It reaches out its hand to me--
without anymore hesitation I take a firm grasp.

All at once the doors at the end of the hall are opened
as the light and hope of the future pours in.

The warm and safe arms lead me forward...

The Unknown is now the Known
and I have found the way out
into my own life.

□ Amy Brotherton



Reminiscences

Dangling by a paw from sticky fingers
He tumbles up the stairs
 ready for bed
The remains of force-fed mudpies
still in evidence around the embroidered grin

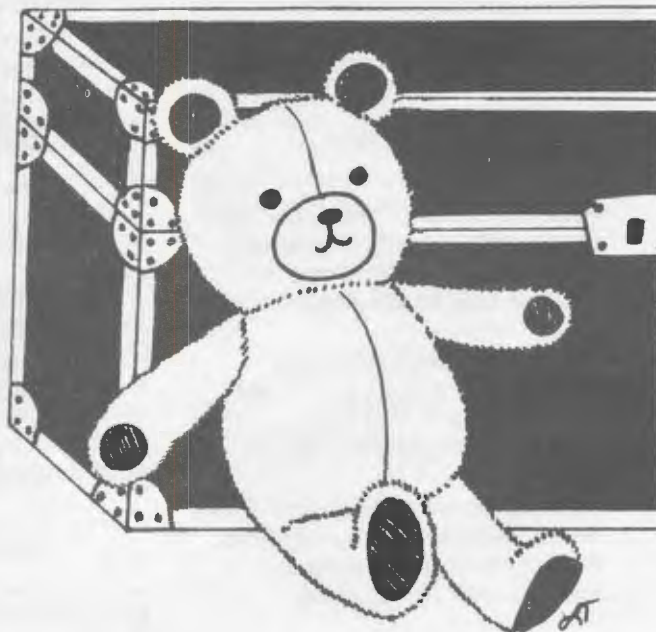
Clutched tightly in chubby arms
Teddy guards the night
And wards off the men
 who live in the closet
 and under the bed

Off he goes to school for "Show-n-Tell"
--This is Teddy he's my friend--
And back home again to play in the sandbox
But sandboxes are soon outgrown

Now he sits in the corner
of the dust-filled attic
A glassy eye focused on some unseen memory
His shabby, matted fur
 bearing witness to his former life


The lumpy head echoes
with the sound of childish laughter
And the tangy taste of mudpies
 mixes with the lingering taste of salt
From the multitude of tears
that have been cried into his stomach

And his eye glistens with a tear
That slides slowly down a threadbare cheek...



□ Janice Brill

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The Last Word

When a group of intelligent, creative and determined students put their minds and efforts together, something special is bound to occur. That special something is **Our Time Magazine**.

Yet, because we are an all-new staff this year, we did need quite a bit of guidance. Thank God for Marion Gieseke and Dr. James Allen. We bombarded them with questions, and they always had answers that led us in the right direction.

I would also like to thank Mr. Art Hatton and the Geneseo Foundation, and Miche' and the Anglos, for recognizing our efforts to create an Art and Literary outlet for SUNY Geneseo. If it had not been for the generous incentive grant, and the knock--out benefit performance, we may not have been able to afford to print this semester.

Finally, I would like to thank my diligent staff -- You guys did a **GREAT** job!!

We, the **Our Time** staff, feel that we have succeeded in creating a monotony break from the text--book world in which we live, but more importantly, we have created an opportunity to enter the minds of our peers--the minds we often fail to recognize. We hope you enjoy this issue.



Shelli L. Stiverson
Editor-in-Chief

SUBMITSUBMITSUBMIT

We know
You're
Out There!



Absolutely necessary for the success of *Our Time Magazine*, are those who contribute POETRY, SHORT FICTION, PHOTOGRAPHY, ART AND FEATURE ESSAYS, as well as those who appreciate this kind of creativity. Unfortunately, many of you are reading this and thinking that your work isn't good enough to submit; however, we encourage you to submit anyway. We enjoy reading, looking at, and discussing all submittals, and we wish that we could include them all. Yet, because of limited space in the magazine we have to reject some of the submittals, though they may be good enough to print. Please don't get discouraged if your submittal did not get chosen for this issue, just resubmit it next time, or submit something else.

Our Time, since its beginning, has been striving for objectivity in its selection of contributions. Submittals are voted on by secret ballot, and ALL names are concealed by the Creative Copy editors until we lay out the magazine.

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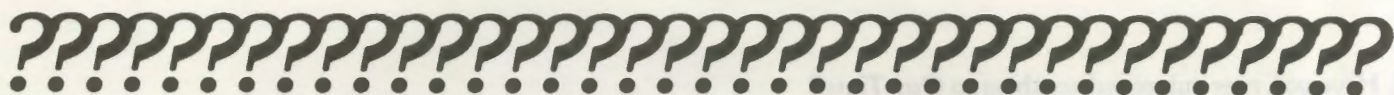


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Feedback

Our Time is published for and by students and we'd like to hear from our readers. Please take a moment to fill out the following questionnaire; your input will help us tailor future issues to the demands of the Geneseo student body.

1. Have you ever read any other issues of **Our Time**? _____

2. Of the issues you have read, which did you like best, and why? _____

3. Which section of the magazine do you most enjoy? (Check all that apply.)

☐ feature— essays

☐ artwork

☐ fiction

☐ photography

☐ poetry

4. Please rate the following aspects of **Our Time** on a scale of 1-5 (1 being "poor" and 5 being "excellent"):
variety of articles

quality of: essays	1	2	3	4	5
poetry	1	2	3	4	5
fiction	1	2	3	4	5
writing style in general	1	2	3	4	5

quality of: photographs	1	2	3	4	5
artwork	1	2	3	4	5
visual impact in general	1	2	3	4	5

front cover	1	2	3	4	5
-------------	---	---	---	---	---

5. How did you first learn about **Our Time**? (Check all that apply.)

☐ Read back issues

☐ Other (please explain) _____

☐ Saw table in Union

☐ Through an **Our Time** fundraiser

☐ Word-of-mouth

☐ Professor mentioned it

☐ Saw a flyer

☐ Know a staff member

6. Have you ever submitted anything to **Our Time**?

☐ Yes

☐ No

7. If not, why? _____

8. What kind of feature articles would you like to see in the future? _____

9. Is/ are there any section (s) of **Our Time** that you would like to see eliminated or changed? Explain: _____

10. Please feel free to voice any other comments: _____

Interested in contributing to the Spring' 88 issue? Contributions must be typed and, if they consist of more than one page, stapled. Submit manuscript copies ONLY; literary material will not be returned. Original artwork or photography, preferably black & white, is acceptable but is subject to reduction or enlargement. The following mediums are suggested: ink drawings, charcoal, pastel, acrylic or oils. Do not submit photography or artwork which exceeds 7 1/2 x 10 inches. All contributions are subject to alterations at the editor's discretion. Mail all submissions, correspondence and the above questionnaire to:

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Mon.-Wed. 11:30 a.m. to 12 midnight

Thurs.- Sat. 11:30 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Sun. 4 p.m. to 12 midnight

*Fine Mexican— plus
much more!*

*Shrimp, clams, skins,
wings, etc.—*



The Davis Cafe'

Jesus is Lord! "He loves you!"

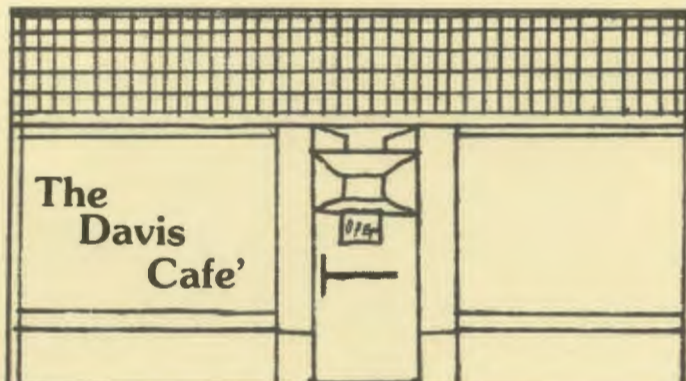
Breakfast Special:

6:00 - 11:00am daily...

2 EGGS - HOMEFRIES - TOAST — 99¢

Daily Specials!

80 Main
243 - 2210



Hours:

Sun. - Th. 6:00am - 10:00pm

F - Sat. 24 hours

