

Circles and Squares Reflections Forever

by JACQUELINE KAGEL

Yesterday I ate in a dirty Blimpies. As usual. The walls were yellow the tables were yellow and my lettuce kept falling on my Levis. All I think about are these horrible thoughts of late late nights and free for all sprees. And how and why did I wake up the next morning. You told me all the stuff about having no regrets and I said Yes me too. But I do. I have regrets for all the times I cried while I was in the city with my mother or when I tried to make her cry and finally did, for the time we all spend four hours riding the subways, for those billions of times I felt so uncomfortable with you. And why on earth should I have? And finally for the lousy nights I spent with you. Thanks. My books are shredding my lights going out and I lost my unopened pack of gum. But I am starting all over. My things will go on the floor I shall walk on the walls and sleep on the ceilings. No one explains to me Beardsley's works and things just keep getting harder with no answers. I am determined now. No more of this shit. I'm going to listen and work and not look into everyone's eyes for you. If you're there honey

you'll find me. It's snow and I don't have to eat the snowflakes because I just finished off snowballs and gravy. It's all ironed out-pretty much between me and them, now it's all up to me and me. The mint-in-tea-bags smell great and I remember. And that's all I do. Remember. The air makes my mouth dry and I remember or I wash an ashtray out and I remember. I am not bringing the diamonds or the velveteens. So forget it and I will. The land and I will live as we always have. But I can't have any roses because I cry and sneeze. The drapes we'll make of . . . calico maybe. And the puppy I'll hide under my bed. I won't look at the blackened skies even if they are there and I won't listen to the shouts or even smell the piss in the alleys. The closet will do. Fine. My face and body are calm and serene with sleep and lazily I remember you have not come yet. She's out catching them like flies. I note the notches in her belt. And the quiverings in her voice. But no more from me. I can't find the letters or the pictures. Anywhere. And the pictures-I threw them out. I learned today that even at the height of our greatest pleasure we are all

alone. That's how we are brought together. But I learned too that even at the bottom of hell we swim up. Alone. He gave me this salve to put on but I can't reach my heart. Or my brain. I've opened the window and have decided to write him a story-about him. He'll like it. I'm sure. My thoughts are all packed away and the only thing left is my toothpaste. Sometimes they're too high up and sometimes they're too low. And so am I. But it's all O.K. I've been told it's easy sailing from here. Friendship means nothing to me now because I want to kiss everybody. And you. The dictionary holds a zillion words for everything I feel, thanks to Freud and Webster and Fromm and Spock and perhaps in that order. But I feel none of them. This pen feels like ground in dirt and the soap never gets the ink out. But some like it. I've noted all the shoes worn and my foot does not look like a size four. The music has stopped and the clinkety clics of machine sure sound different than the scratchings my pen used to make on the kitchen napkins. It's over and you've shown me a lot and you haven't shown me a thing. Thanks.

Readers Forum Cont'd.

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To the editor,
As a founding member of the University of Buffalo chapter of the National Association for Women (NOW), I have always been interested in women's liberation.

On February 12th, during "Human Liberation" week, I planned to attend the 5 p.m. session on Women's Studies. Before the session started, another male and I, (the other male was a faculty member in sociology, who had encouraged his class to attend the session), were asked to leave. The reason given for asking us to leave was that as men we would not be able to contribute beneficially to the session.

There were approximately ten or fifteen women at the session out of a school with approximately 3,000 females. Ms. Susan B. Anthony, are male interests not welcomed by your "daughters"?!?

Frank Cislo

(Ed. Note: Mr. Cislo is a graduate student in Library and Information Science.)



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Volunteer Center Opens

by HELENE SISKIND
LAMRON Feature Editor

After many months of organization, enthusiasm and devotion, the Volunteer Center is open!

Located in College Union room 313, the Center is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday, and will serve students and members of the community.

The Volunteer Center is the result of an attempt to coordinate all organizations which utilize volunteers. This is to be matched with a list of available people who wish to volunteer their own time and effort.

"Our goal is that the office will be run like an employment agency," says Stu Hanzman, one of the principle organizers of the coordinating effort.

In order to take advantage of the service, one must fill out an application form at the office stating the type of work he or she would like to do. Agencies and organizations needing volunteers also fill out a form on which their needs are outlined along with how many hours a week volunteers are needed. The two are then matched up.

"Students shouldn't be afraid if they only want to do something once. We're trying to make it very easy for them. They simply come here and go to work. It's as easy as that," Hanzman said.

The idea for an office such as this was proposed by Nancy Zahler, vice chairperson of Central Council, who obtained the aid of Paula Newland, Assistant Dean of Allegany Hall and Stu Hanzman, president of Sociology Club. These three constitute the current staff of the Center.

"We're in no way in competition with campus organizations; we're an independent organization and not involved with Central Council," Stu stated.

Right now the Volunteer Center is operating without a budget and needs students to help staff it so that it will be open its full hours.

One goal of the Volunteer Center is to coordinate car pools

traveling to off-campus volunteer sites. The staff hopes to organize a scheduling bulletin board of where people are traveling and when.

An example of a group who has worked already through the Center is Ago Sorority. The Ago sisters sorted clothing for flood victims through the Red Cross last weekend.

The staff organized a Volunteer Fair in the College Union during Human Liberation Week where students were able to obtain information concerning service

organizations on and off campus. At that time, several students filled out volunteer forms.

Names of students wishing to volunteer their time have also been obtained from surveys which were distributed in the dining halls several weeks ago. Over 200 students expressed a desire to do volunteer work and these people will be contacted shortly by the Center for further information.

Remember: the Volunteer Center is open and ready to help you!

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