Security on Campus: Conn College Blues

By MEREDITH DRAKE

The security system at Connecticut College seems to be a constant source of fuel for student fires. The complaints ranging anywhere from minor irritations to serious accusations, security has been charged with ineptitude.

The responsibilities of security on campus include traffic control, protection against vandalism and theft, firewatch for parties. Many students, however, feel that the patrol actually falls far short of offering efficient protection for the campus.

Some recent complaints have been directed towards security's functions at parties. Holly Hubbard, social chairperson of Wright dormitory, reports that the uniformed security "came and just stood around." Security stayed with the non-uniformed security "came and just stood around" at Harkness dorm's all-campus party in Harris last November.

According to the chairman of security, the student patrol was also seen drinking.

Another complaint about security at parties comes from Harkness dormitory where Jeff Day, social chairperson, found uniformed security drinking on the back steps during their campus party. The student patrol also were seen drinking.

As an assistant to the director of Campus Security, states that he has no reason to believe that his uniformed patrol would break the no-alcoholic beverage rule. "They never told me that officers are drinking at parties," he adds.

One of the big plusses for the student patrol is their ability to "move fast," according to Mike Tucker, the male singing group of the Conn Chords.

The responsibilities of security on campus include protection for the campus, firewatch for parties. Many students are involved in security's functions at parties. There are always two uniformed officers at Harris and Cro parties. One does the firewatch and sees that the room is not over-crowded. The other stands by the cash box and helps out at the insurance. There may be some lack of communication as to what security is actually supposed to be doing at parties.

As the student patrol, student officers that no security officer drinks. "The student patrol is told they're not allowed to and they'll be removed if they do. They may be drinking, but it's very unlikely that it's beer. They're hired purely for firewatch. The stamping, money, cigarettes are handled by the dorm. Student patrol circulates and sees that there's no trouble.

Thefts, break-ins, and vandalism are other complaints directed towards security. Harkness dorm reports a theft of five bicycles over the Spring break. And in Whitney dorm, security was returned from vacation to find that her room had been broken into.

"Security is too lax," she said. "They need to be more careful."

Dissonance among Harmony Groups

By BETSY SINGER

For 39 students, show business is a reality. Although their performances are only confined to the local area and other colleges, all the Conn Chords, Shwiffs, and Co Co Beaux agree that singing in close-harmony before an audience is a lot of fun.

The Conn Chords consists of fourteen girls. Their selection of music can be categorized as traditional folk. Although usually sung a cappella, some of their songs are accompanied by guitars.

"Unlike the Shwiffs," says sophomore Cindy Staats, "we go for the more nostalgic type of group, we're less regimented. Sure, they get more bookings, but they're very strict. For the Shwiffs, that's their whole life." Andrea Kiy, a freshman member of the Conn Chords explains, "There's an unsaid acceptance of the other groups. For the sake of etiquette, we support their (Shwiffs) performances, and they support ours. Same goes for the Co Co Beaux.

On a different note, Jean Abella, '44, representing the Procedure Committee, "The Conn Chords are different from the Shwiffs. They can explain, 'They really can't be compared with us. They're too close together for pleasure and enjoyment. We, too, have a blast but we aim towards business. Many of us are involved in business and have to be settled among the board members. Never-\ntheless, WCN1 definitely has made a positive mark on student life, and, under the leadership of President Mark Oliva, is continuing to move forward.

One of the big plusses for the station, says Oliva, has been the technical expertise volunteered by Mike Tucker. Tucker, who does not attend Conn, has donated long hours in the maintenance and improvement of WCN1's delicate broadcast equipment. Thanks to Tucker, the quality of the sound is now much better, and the station will soon have a new "control board," which will enable WCN1 to make the jump from monophonic sound to true stereo. This board, which will include a digital clock and other new accessories, will save the station about $500, Drew Saunders, General Manager and Vice President, says that before Tucker came along, technical failure at WCN1 was a regular occurrence. And Oliva, obviously impressed by Tucker's skills, continued on page 7
A Diner's Introduction to Norm

By KATHY HURLEY

Top 40 songs flow from the juke ... ten on weekends. His wife started out as a waitress for him. He then married her, "so I wouldn't have to pay her," he said with a smile. She now handles all the bookkeeping for their two enterprises—the diner and the lounge.

Norm's name became available, so he got his business started. Norm's Lounge for almost 40's has been managing the business since he was 14 years old. Norm's diner, located at 177 Bridge St., Mystic, is a genuine home-style diner, serving a homestyle meal." said Norm, as he puffed on one of many cigarettes.

Norm says his family business caters to the local people (the students, Groton businessmen, and Electric Boat employees). "They're the ones who support you all the time," he says. Aside from the locals, Buzzy used to, known as somewhat of a "chipmunk," were big enough I can see it and get us a good omelette. The diner atmosphere is warm and the food is good, and the people are friendly. A tall man, he wears a white shirt, grey slacks and a sweater apron.

Harmony, cont...

other activities, like dance or Pippin', yet, there is still a special aierless-like closeness between us. Some people call us 'clique'-it's just we really get along well.

The Shwiffs intense practice schedule of one hour per night, Sunday through Thursday, results in many benefits. "Now, they are averaging a concert a week. Past performances were held at Quincy Market, in Boston, Boston Park Plaza, malls, nursing homes, an Electric Boat dinner at the Sheraton Hotel, and the Old Lyme Country Club. They too, have exchange concerts with male singing groups from Dartmouth, Yale, and Harvard. The Shwiffs received good exposure for their European tour last summer and this year's 1980 winter tour in various ski resorts in different parts of New England. Recently, they recorded one side of an album which will be completed next year. Their next performance in on Parents' Day.

According to Jean, the Shwiffs sing show music, including selections from Pippin' and Annie, contemporary music—Beatles and James Taylor, and a few 1940's Andrew Sisters' tunes. Sometimes, dance routines are added to the acappella performances. As the Conn Chords sang for baby showers, the Shwiffs sang for Valentine's.

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Abortion: A Response from the Women

The issue of abortion was decided in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1973, as it has been in Congress and the States in the past. Abortion is not an issue for politicians. To legislate on abortion would mean to legislate on when life begins. Scientists cannot now and never will be able to decide when life begins. Because that would mean giving a definition of life and a definition of life is the problem that the United States one cannot legislate on the issue itself. Both Mr. Field and Mr. Kennedy fail to address the emotional issues behind the abortion controversy. When a woman becomes pregnant, she must go through a long and agonizing decision-making process. If she does not fully understand these options seriously and have the child if she feels capable of handling it.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Field and Mr. Kennedy can argue over a bill that would ban abortion as if it were any other piece of legislation. We suggest they can argue so passionately because they can emotionlessly type their words from typewriters and never think about the issue again; we cannot do that. They will never be faced with the choice between a child or not have an abortion. A choice which, in either case, for better or worse, change them for the rest of their lives. We shall have the right to make that choice.

Sincerely,
Charlene DiCaglario, Julia Stansbury, Maureen Teder, Rebecca Trumper and Amy Waldman

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To The Editor:

We wish to respond to the two essays on abortion in the April 10 issue of the College Voice, as women who are concerned about the attack on abortion by the "pro-life" forces, and by the wishy-washy "pro-choice" liberals.

Parma's article is nothing more than a reiteration of hard line conservative arguments. Mr. Kennedy sees that there is a choice to be made between the rights of an already existing woman and the rights of a fetus. He does not choose the woman because her "pregnancy is a result of a choice freely made..." and he "cannot insulate people from the consequences of their mistakes."

In other words, the woman has gotten herself pregnant and should have to pay for that sin by having the child.

Mr. Kennedy willfully ignores the facts that not only does the woman pay, for something that she did not do and did not necessarily do freely but does not pay for the whole pay, literally. Society pays through welfare, food stamps, foster care, food aid agencies, reform schools and everywhere. He will not say that all children who are unwanted end up on the whole welfare rolls, but a large percentage do.

A child is unfortunate that Mr. Kennedy at his word we would have to believe that abortion is wholesale politically condoned murder akin to the holocaust. What he fails to realize is that abortion is not an issue for politicians. To legislate on abortion would mean to legislate on when life begins. Scientists cannot now and never will be able to decide when life begins. Because that would mean giving a definition of life and a definition of life is the problem that the United States one cannot legislate on the issue itself. Both Mr. Field and Mr. Kennedy fail to address the emotional issues behind the abortion controversy. When a woman becomes pregnant, she must go through a long and agonizing decision-making process. If she does not fully understand these options seriously and have the child if she feels capable of handling it.

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Charlene DiCaglario, Julia Stansbury, Maureen Teder, Rebecca Trumper and Amy Waldman

Answer to "5 Questions"

To The Editor:

Your criticism of the energy conservation program seems to be typical of the average, wasteful American. We do not see the need to save energy, and any program that attempts to make one realize how much energy is actually wasted, is truly beneficial to the country. The advertising expense of this program will perhaps negate the immediate reduction in the school's energy costs, but in the long run, this program will help to make students conscious of wasting energy. It is simply not worth the money if one is halfway to a solution when he or she becomes aware of the problem. Just one stroll down any dormitory hallway, will really help prove this point. This "mule and carrot" program which you are criticizing is working, and in future years it "will not only help this school's energy waste, but it will pay for the advertising campaign and over again. If this is simply not believable, then the Student Government keeps themselves busy, then they may not be so bad after all.

Geoffrey Joyce '83

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Liederkreis Ensemble Gives Delightful Performance

By LISA CHERNIN

Review: Music. The Liederkreis Ensemble. Dana Hall, Friday April 18, 8:00 p.m. Hazel O'Donnell, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Ray Devoll, tenor; James Maddalena, baritone. Music by Bartok, Schumann, Rossini, Brahms, Wuk, and Foster.

Anyone who attended the Liederkreis Ensemble's concert on Friday spent a delightful evening listening to beautiful singing. The program featured ensemble pieces, duets, and solos, allowing the audience to become well acquainted with the voices of the performers. The four folk songs by Bartok which opened the program, and indeed all the ensemble songs, demonstrated the superb blend of voices that is a Liederkreis trademark.

Of the solos and duets, the most outstanding were those sung by tenor Devoll and mezzo-soprano Fortunato. Mr. Devoll has a purring tone, and his control is excellent. His rendition of Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer" was spellbinding.

Mr. Devoll sang one of the most difficult songs on the program, Brahms' "Ver- sagen." She handled the highly chromatic vocal line with ease, and gave the song the desolate emotion it needs to be a truly effective work. Her rich voice flowed effortlessly in Schumann's "Des Sinnen Abschied," Devoll and Fortunato combined for a beautiful Rossini duet, "Les Amants de Seville.

By far the most unusual work on the program was Rossini's comic duo for two cats, in which the soprano and the mezzo-soprano mow, hiss, and spit at each other. It was acted and sung by O'Donnell and Fortunato with just the right amount of malice.

Mr. O'Donnell gave a rather sloppy performance of the solo part of Rossini's "La Pazzeggiata." Her entrances were messy, and sometimes her pitch was disturbingly imperfect. Her voice is, however, very attractive.

Mr. Maddalena's solo songs were unhampered by technical difficulties, but were made less enjoyable by his stage presence, which was pompous and irritating.

Craig Smith was a fine accompanist, and his observant efforts contributed to the spirit of the group.

The concert was another fine performance by the Liederkreis Ensemble, which is one of the most consistently good groups in the area.

By RACHEL YOUREE

Photos by Carolyn Blackmar

They Could Have Danced All Night

The concert this spring displayed the ambition of thirty-eight students and three faculty members who were determined to put on a good show. The enthusiasm was evident not only in the performance, but also in the quantity and quality of effort the participants contributed, with special thanks to production manager and technical director, Jake Handelman.

This extra special concert covered a spectrum of dance styles. An insightful piece by Jo Siff, called "Minamata," was danced to the music of Japanesse dance with ominous grace and knowledge of the ancient Japanese court. Minamata is a fishing and farming village in Japan that suffered greatly from industrial wastes. Jo Siff was beautiful as she tied her hair into a bun and slid down the stage with a graceful and knowing grace.

The final and most exciting dance choreographed by Leona Mazzamurro, was "Space Harmonics." This wild jazzy piece was to everyone's favorite song, "Celebration," by Kool and the Gang. Its powerful high energy overwhelmed the audience and sent them home dancing.

The Dance Club Concert had a total of nine pieces, each a show in itself, but together a truly invigorating experience. The show was opened with jazz by Nan Hayes, then came "Inevitable," by Amy Condren and Gaines, and Shana Kaplow, "Catalyst," a duet by Jo Siff and Melissa Hayes Tisbieler.

The energy and vitality of the dacers made a truly terrifing concert. Everyone looks forward to the fall concert next year when once again there will be support for this powerful student effort in the medium of dance.

Photos by Carolyn Blackmar
Camel Laxmen Whip Amherst

AMHERST—An elated first-year coach, Fran Shields, called it "the biggest win in lacrosse here—ever!" His Camel laxmen had just defeated Amherst College, at Amherst, 13-10. The victory was keyed by the spectacular attack play of fresh Chris Harford who handed out six pretty assists, and sophomore sniper. Dave Krakow, who banged in six goals, including three in the second half, stopping 18 shots to WPI, played a phenomenal game. "Tom Burke was the guiding stopper," said Shields, "very, very clutch," said Shields, "which was amazing." Krakow pumped in the third half, taking a feed from Burke at 4:55 to counter Ellis’ lead on a nice cut and shot by Mark Oliva. Harford set the final up. Ellis tallied again to make the score 11-10 Conn. That move puts Harford on the field at all times. "Krakow getting the goal on a break won the game," said Shields. "He knows he'll have four" goals and two assists to the credit. "He just had a fantastic game.

The Camels started the game with a lead they would never lose. The most important goals of the day for Conn was tallied by frosh attacker Hal Stier to give the Camels some breathing room. "Hal has come up with a clutch goal, just like a 'clutch player' in a basketball game," said Shields. "He's overshadowed for the time being by Ellis and Krakow, but he's a team man and he wanted to score for four strong years here."

The fourth quarter started typical. The Camels had the lead with Krakow getting the goal on a feed from Burke, giving Conn a 13-minute remaining, Amherst began to apply intense pressure to get back in it. At 4:00 Ellis set up Jeff McCullum for a goal to make the score 11-9. After Glover stopping a flurry of Amherst shots, Amherst broke through again to make it 11-10 Conn. That was when Dave Krakow took over.

"He was amazing," said Shields. "I was screaming to hold on to the ball and be patient. Ellis had the ball, the circus around and feeds the crease. "Norton" (Krakow) came up big in the final two goals to make the final. In the crease…Harford set the school record for goals in a game with six. Goose Stuart Glover also shares that distinction, reached as a frosh attacker in 1978. Glover has 29 saves giving him 105 in games, an 80 percent save ratio, remarkable for a goalie. Burke continues to lead the scoring parade with 20 goals and 13 assists. Krakow has 22 goals, scored only 10 points in 10. Harford has 15 assists…Senior attacker Fritz Folts has made a sacrifice in filling in for injured star middle Tod Russtein. That move puts Harford on the field at all times in a must-win situation. The semi-finals. Hamilton-Burick did catch the Windham defense off guard, and this resulted in some inside hoops. It was Barker’s work or three offensive jumpers for Jim Gravel. After wiping out the 8 point deficit, the J-A kept churning. It was at this point that the Windham defense took over. With time running out, H-B was forced to send Windham to the foul line and this accounted for Windham’s nine point victory.

It was a strange reason in "A-League" hoop, for the two first-place teams, Morrison and K.B.-Smith, were upset in the semi-finals. However, the J-A proved they could play some good team ball.

While H-B usually lives by their outside shooting, on this night, their touch was in the hole. Windham could survive a poor outside shooting game because of their offensive sparks underneath. While the J-A was more consistent and a number of Glen Steinman that kept the H-B defense off. For Windham, it was stultifying. The first half was not one to remember. While Barker and Kenny got off to slow starts, Jim Gravel and Kenny Wiser picked up the scoring. But to all who watched the first sixteen minutes of play, it was evident that Hamilton-Burick should have been leading by more than just eight at halftime. Unfortunately for H-B, this came back to haunt them.

It was evident early in the third quarter that Windham was not going to repeat their poor first half performance. Mike Amaral penetrated into the H-B zone, causing the defense to collapse. This resulted in some inside hoops. It was Barker’s work or three offensive jumpers for Jim Gravel. After wiping out the 8 point deficit, the J-A kept churning. It was at this point that the Windham defense took over. With time running out, H-B was forced to send Windham to the foul line and this accounted for Windham’s nine point victory.

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OF THE TRACK

By KITTY KEITH

There were times when she really had very little to do. Feeling conspicuous, behind her glass, she eyed the other girl's movement, only briefly distracted by the need to speak. Long-winded discussions seemed to be necessary. And the sheer pair of carefully ironed slacks seemed to fit her body, appallingly, like a circle. Carolyn's white wrists between black woolen capes and pearl bracelets, someone in perfume too heavy, the boy box, avoiding her, thumping her, and, clearing his throat, spoke.

I especially liked the circle of the image of theacrobat, something very exciting about women moving through space, suspended, bodies unwinding. They seemed almost twodimensional, purple silhouettes. I always think you think, Carolyn interjected, that the hair detracted from the girl's flight? I mean, you could never really forget that there were any. Isn't that how they thumped? I mean, but there then you have, his holding your breath again.

A coffee table knocked, she knew the sound of the glass before speaking. That's the attention, she thought, I need a drink. But they might fall, but somehow we can watch anything because they might even thump, this they will. Or maybe we thought them almost as if we dare them to approach the center of some gigantic act. It was almost the same. I always wondered, said the voice, or whenever you hoped, or suspected the perfume oozed, if the net could hold them. At this moment she imagined her cat's cradle, that I can imagine bodies' passing through it, with threads streaming upward.

In the cold air, her glasses fogged up. Rubbing them on her coat only made them more smudged into the pond. Looking up too late, she noticed her contact circling rings spreading out across the water. A spider darted across the surface of the pond; its body angular, tiny limbs connecting, they touched the surface. You never notice an acrobat's elbows or knees, these pointed out, she thought, fluid or maybe sinless. In the dark night air, she wrote in her journal, that must be what they mean by grace, mastering of all about women without the feeling or peering throughout, suspended.

The ground snugged under her feet. In the snow, she could feel the warm sweat in her hair, her nose, tight, as if kicking back. Yellow-lit windows, nearby, seemed to hover above the water — stretching their sides of light, out framed from their frames. Aware of other presence, she fingered the image of her acrobat close to the bank, not able to lose her tackle tactic of the moment, the way she was expertly thumped. But she envisioned a darker silhouette behind her, before, while, behind, and all around, branches quivered slightly. She could feel the cold in her face and the breeze. Damn these glasses. Pink cold fingers pushed them up the bridge of her nose again. Branches moved and leaves rustled. Can you clarify that?

Well, I'm not sure. I guess I found her writing cumbersome, something soft, something squashed on a towel covering something. When she discovered, was to focus on something other than the women, the image of the acrobat, something discovered, was to focus on something other than the women. With her invisible image, she could look in the pupil, and the invisible image, looking through the eyes clearly for the first time.

Not having realized how she had been hurt — and leaned closer to the Acra — later, the bottom of her head and tried to see her profile, studying the reflection on the tube, they held in her hand. She wrinkled her nose, free from the frames she had peered through since she was six. Outside when the wind blew, she squinted, filled with affection for the man behind the optical counter. She turned her head in the sound of clothes pulling up, he smiled. Free from her contacts, the lights became a blur, her face was six. Outside when the Cathy smiled again, suddenly the caption read.

In the dimly room, Ramsay made himself at home, a thump, she thought, I should have pushed his blond hair from her face. Instinctive, there was no sign of either liking or disliking me, so I continued on page 7.

They looked, she thought, They look towards the bank, not wanting her tread, crisp, as if kicking from their frames. Aware of other footsteps, she lingered, could feel the earth bend by hair around her. The urge to quickly squeeze the image of her acrobat into her hand. She imagined the hollow makes something other than the hair and cape flying in the wind. Something other than the hair and cape flying in the wind. She practiced with her hands, something other than the hair and cape flying in the wind. What went was the image of her acrobat, something other than the hair and cape flying in the wind. Whether she had more plastic seemed to articulate that she was six. Outside when the Cathy smiled again, suddenly the caption read.

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Plastic Emancipation

By BUDDY HARRIS

The big question was when to buy. Carolyn would have put it on her face or in her wallet. It didn't take long to figure out. The first six months. Light caught in her eye.... the caption read. She turned her head in the sound of clothes pulling up, he smiled. Free from her contacts, the lights became a blur, her face was six. Outside when the Cathy smiled again, suddenly the caption read.

"Oh, yes, Master," she cried, and out came the little plastic credit card. "Do you know me?" the card said in a soft, authoritative voice.

In class, she made several attempts to catch Carolyn's eye, and when they smiled again, she never noticed how her eyes twinkled before, Cathy wrote in her notebook. And then someone kicked her chair from behind; a walla appeared on the side of her seat. Cathy suppressed a smile, but not the urge to quickly squeeze the image of her acrobat into her hand.

The author, Carolyn said, could have easily made the women become angels, but throughout the story they remained human. You could sense the presence of some embittered pain, but the women appeared unfailingly conscious of their own martyrdom. Only their bodies.

Continued on page 7
Continued from page 6

were on display, perhaps as a metaphor during their acrobatics.

But, Brad said, the women still move like water. Like the ladders they had to choose to do that, he could only imagine the decision. Astounding like saying, "Here, I risk my life for the beauty of it."

Or for your applause. Cathy said, "You looked slightly against the chair.

After class, on the cold mornings, she took to the side of the stage, many of the other characters, to keep the wind away from her face. They were in a process of themselves, and preying on our sympathy. Their电力 through their characters, to see them aesthetically. It's a hard time to determine the significance of the audience towards their fragility, they mean for us, and the other characters, to see them aesthetically.

Outside the sun warmed her, and she pulled off her gloves. Spring's coming, said a bare branch. Yeah, the semester's almost over. As she looked up, she realized she still had very little to say.

We could walk to the pond, he suggested. His voice was soft and his eyes were shy; he called over her. After a pause, he moved closer. Cathy...

Brad, she said, we don't know each other very well, do we? Lowering his voice, don't mean that in a nasty way...it's probably me.

I like you too. Maybe it's not important that we don't really know anything about each other, but we don't even have just two bodies, holding onto the other. Last year, I liked you, but I thought you were cutie, but you never noticed me until now.

She must have been glad that he didn't look hurt; after all, she told herself, how can I ever want it? We only went out a few times anyway.

She said, "Do you want to be my boyfriend?" He asked.

She laughed. He seemed to be the only one who had to be. He had been converted. I should say, for example, break a leg, instead of ropes...actors don't say, for example, break a leg, during a rehearsal. He leaned against the chair. Would you do it for a living, sir?" I asked.

"I was a young man," he replied. I should have known.

Mr. Willsworth issued his plastic emancipation proclamation to take effect on S-23. He was rebelling against our union. On 5-23 we had one last fight. We went to dinner at the 21 Club, saw a Broadway show, and danced at Studio 54. I don't know how I felt so good.

At midnight, however, the slave was freed. The Master expired and so did the relationship.

 Bounds, Crozier-Williams will save! At midnight, however, the

Looking for a job? Need a resume? The Regional Counseling Center of Southeastern Connecticut is offering a two-week resume writing workshop. The classes will be on Wednesday, April 29 from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m. and Wednesday, May 6 from 4:30 to 7:00 p.m. at 76 Federal Street in New London.

Session I will include defining objectives, deciding on the money WFCI is raising will be put towards its present goal: becoming a 100 watt radio station. The change will take about $10,000, and while the station has nowhere near that amount right now, Oliva seems confident it is a tangible objective. As the number of sponsors and records growing (now about 35), Oliva feels new ways to raise revenue will be found. The staff, which contains some new faces as well as the old, will be working with Oliva to realize that goal.

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