Litterrang Supplement

CIN Picar





To feel the sea around me its gentle caress, like the gentlest of lovers quietly and gently carrying me along

The sound of the sea is constant sometimes with the ebb and flow it changes volume.

The sea is my constant lover always waiting for me.

The most beautiful death would be to the sea. When I die throw my shroud wrapped body to the sea.

Noreen Fraser

Campus Briefs

St. Mary's refuse senate seats

HALIFAX (CUP) - - Students at St. Mary's University have been offered two seats on their 21-member senate - but can't decide whether to

After a three-hour meeting October 8, the student council was deadlocked 5-5 on acceptance of the seats, and a student assembly October 15 failed to attract a quorum.

External affairs representative Denny Mullally told students they shouldn't accept the seats be-cause "token membership on bodies with closed meetings is ridiculous."

Drama presents "Sister George"

The Drama Society of Mount Saint Vincent Uni-

versity is presenting its first three act production.

The play, "The Killing Of Sister George" by
Frank Marcus, directed by Faith Ward, will be presented Saturday and Sunday evenings November 22
and 23 at eight thinks a me

and 23 at eight thirty p.m.

There are four characters in the play, June Buckridge/Sister George, Childie McNaught, Mrs. Mercy Croft, and Madame Xenia. These characters are played by (in order) Mary Clancy, Dace Reimanis, Child Chedica and Johns Marini.

Cathy Shediac, and Joanna Marini.

The Drama asks for your support in this their most ambitious venture. Come out and see your University Thespians and bring your friends.

Underwater co-operation

Saint Mary's University is starting SCUBA classes and through our affiliation with them, they would like to offer their services to our faculty and stu-

Classes have already begun but it's not too late to sign up. Lectures are held every Tuesday evening at 7:30 in the Arena classroom with pool sessions following at 9 p.m. in SMU residence pool. Students are required to bring only a swim suit, note pad, towel, and sweater. The course costs \$60., with Saint Mary's providing the pool (of course), text books, certificates, and diplomas. How about it, "Sea Hunters?"

IDIDIDIDIDID

Point of clarification: It was a unanimous decision by Student Council to charge all students who wished them, \$2,50 for Student Identification cards. These cards are a service requested by the students, not compulsory, and not included in the budget drawn up at the end of last year. In order to cover the cost of photographers and equipment, Council felt it necessary to charge a minimum fee.

The dance that wasn't

Wednesday October 29, the Boarder's Council went all out to show Mount girls a fantastic evening of music with the "Soul Survivors" from Halifax.

The band was excellent but only a handful of students (mostly females) showed up. Thanks to Mr. Collins for the cafeteria service, those present were able to smother their sorrows in food to the sound of one of the best bands the Mount has had this year.

Initially, the Boarder's Council had planned to use the revenue to buy televisions, irons, and other necessities for the resident students. However, as things turned out there was a loss of over one hundred dollars.

If the Mount girls continue to support their Boarder's Council in such a lordly manner, they'll soon see the day when the irons, kettles, and television sets they now have, can be found in the local pawn shop.

Men termed perverted (sic) perverts

Editor's Note:

The following is a story written by Jim Hornby of the University of Prince Edward Island newspaper, THE CADRE. Sit down for an hour or so and try to decide whether the Maritimes is breeding a bunch of irrational politicians or just plain incoherent journalists.

According to the Mount representatives Hornby, "quoted them out of context" and "included statements from a party at a nearby table in the cafeteria."

Geri Gaskin, student president (who was not present at the interview) threatened to sue the newspaper for libel. However, word has it (and you know what words have already done) that the editor of the CADRE intends to print a retraction in the paper's next issue.

CHARLOTTETOWN (Cadre Press Syndicate) The Cadre, besides being Charlottetown's only English language weekly, is also an agent of social

change, and a purveyor of puerile pedantry.

In keeping with this policy, I interviewed (and fended off) four young ladies (sic) from Mount Saint Vincent University, delegates to the Atlantic Student Conference held in Charlottetown last weekend. What follows is a very newsy, objective report of the conversation et al:

"I'm not really for this."

"What does he do on the paper?" "I still have my PEI license for backseat driving,"

"You never get to the damn bush,"

"Boot around the bed (!?)"

"We do not claim to be perfect; we are not perfect, but we are equal,"

"Men are just perverted (sic) perverts." One Amazon kept striking your reporter repeatedly, showing an interesting preference for his right

"I do that all the time,"

"Leeson to me,"

"Shut up, I'm part of the news media,"

"I like Playboy," flic-flic (eyebrows)

"Probably the best six. . . . "

"We do not wish superiority, but equality," "We do not have the money, so the nuns are bringing in the boys,"

"Zziziziziziziziziziziz."

"You have to get away from the idea that woman

is society's baby-making machine."

"Fraulein, vill hyou pleece kvit hittink me mit hyour bik mitt?"

"Mark this down james."

"I'm a Puro"

"We're just slow at getting hints."

"Da-dat"

"Will you bring out that flame of yours so I can light my fire?"

"I smoke a pipe."

"Brururu-rururu-rururu,"
"204 Seton Hall, that's where it's at,"

"It's good experience, Joyce."

Gaskin elected pres. of AFSC

On October 17-19, a conference was held at the University of P.E.I., Charlottetown, P.E.I. for the proposed Atlantic Federation of student councils. In attendance were the members of the student's councils and appointed delegates of the Atlantic region universities. Also present were Mike O'Sullivan, CUS vice-president, Jock MacKay, CUS field worker, and Cathy Walker, Women's Liberation field worker.

Members of the May plenary steering committee and its acting chairman, Gerri Gaskin, student president at Mount Saint Vincent, placed its preliminary agenda on the table, open for questions and discussions.

The discussions were geared to the constitutions for the Federation. The proposed constitution stated the role and purposes of a Federation which is for the recognition of the student as a member of the university community who accepts the fact that the student relates to and identifies with society. One aim of the Federation is to constitute an awareness of the social, economic and cultural situations of the Atlantic student and of the Atlantic region as output information to all campuses to keep everyone tone to information within their region.

The proposed Federation's main aim, however, is to eventually work through student councils, because of the past failures, in many universities, to mobilize students around the types of issues that an Atlantic Union of students would be concerned with.

Mike Sullivan, vice-president of CUS, pointed in this discussion, that student councils are by nature conservative. Since they must represent student opinions and all interest groups on campus, "the silent majority," Sullivan said, "has a definite breaking effect on the council's ability to take countroversial stands." controversial stands."

Many other topics such as cultural disparity in the Atlantic region, as reflected in the university, educating students to an awareness of the need for seminars or counter-courses, and the use of the mass media, were discussed by small individual groups.

Working papers were drawn up by groups on communication; a two way process with inputs and outputs; education, in the sense of classroom education, and Working the problems which tion; and Women's Liberation, the problems which involved a misconception of qualifications and equalities and also the need for fieldworkers. The work sheets were limited in accordance with the experditure for a six month proposed budget.

The conference closed on Sunday with Gerri

Gaskin elected as the Federation's president, Also elected were five regional university executives, a representative from each university and two field workers, Cathy Walker, and Skip Hamlin, Hopefully in March of next year, a referendum will be presented and a working and active Federation will then be in existence.

Educational reform... What and Why?

"Educational Reform: What and Why?", was the topic discussed at the conference sponsored by the University Christian Conference of Canada's Consultation. Open to anyone interested in education, the conference was held the first weekend in October at Wendigo Resort, northeast of Winnipeg.

Invited guests from national and provincial education organizations attended, along with students, professors, and chaplains from UCCC member churches and agencies. Seven people were present to serve as catalysts for discussion. They included: Peter Warrion, President of the Canadian Union of Students; H. G. Hedges, Co-ordinator of Research and Production for the Hall-Dennis Committee and principal of the Hamilton Teachers' College; Wilf Pelletier, of the Indian Institute, Rochdale College, Toronto; and Al Rimmer, a founder and staff member at Everdale Place, an Ontario free school. Some educators claim that the traditional class-

room, with its rigid curriculum, exams, and discipline, is outmoded. They may not yet have succeeded in eliminating what they regard as vestiges of an earlier day from our schools, but rhetorically they discarded them a long time ago.

Innovations they suggest include the open space classroom, field trips, student-centered learning, team teaching and learning by discovery.

Such distinguished groups as the British Columbia Teachers' Federation and the Ontario Government's Hall-Dennis Commission on Education are among the advocates of change.

Other people, unwilling to await these reforms, have set up free schools and free universities outside the main educational system.

Why are these suggestions for reform being made? Why are some groups withdrawing from the educational system? What in fact do we want our educational system to do? How can real change be brought about? Is change even possible? What is the relationship between the educational system and society?

Rather than describing changes in education, the people at the conference critically examined these changes and the assumptions they're based on, As Donna Breen representing the Mount at Wendigo, said, it was "an exchange of ideas and made one realize the rigidness of education," She added, "It was like being bombarded by a million stimulii," There were no set lectures, working papers, and no resolutions passed.

The conference can perhaps best be summed up in the words of one delegate "confrontation, frustration, concentration, and celebration,"



You did not see my hand reach out to touch your face as we drove along the shore of quaint Prince Edward Island. . . Red sands and witches moss, light houses and potatoe farms. . . We were tourists in the off season. . . exploring a land yet unknown to us. . . In your beat up chevy wagon we drove through rolling hills and by the quiet sea. . . We ate peanut butter on Thanksgiving and slept the night on a beach. The cold, screaming wind made us shiver in our sleeping bags. I wanted to hold your hand or somehow press my love against your gentle heart. . . But you were

gone, gone into your world of daring dreams where honor lives and men survive by fearing nothing but the loss of love. . . So with my sandy blanket wrapped around my coldness I walked beside the fierce black waters and saw the moon's reflection on the sea, as if a guardian of that virgin beach. . . a caretaker of the night... And as I turned to watch you curled up with your dreams and lying there on the sands, a willing prey to nature's whims, I remembered a truth once known but long forgotten. . . I need not use my hand to feel your love. - - - joe effie

The Windmills of Your Mind

Words

The words sprawled across the page and lay beside one another like the hungry orphans of Biafra The sentences were in orderly attire and followed line upon line like the fierce troops of the Viet-Cong. The paragraphs greedily spread and ate up the pure white pages like the fires of the Eastern wars. The pages were numbered neatly and all of them resembled the one before like the political parties of the nations Writings tell us a lot about the world. Perhaps we should all print.

Gail MacDonnell

By the Water

THE PICARO

Wavelets shear my fingers Then the land. How an ocean can erode my secret griefs!

People

and the people. . . they were talking. and the music. The music floated through the conversation. It seeped into the martini glasses. It drifted in the smoke. The music was there. and the people. . . they were playing. and the ice-cubes. The little, insignificant ice-cubes that tapped their glass barrier. then darted into space -- a stifling space. The ice-cubes were there.

and the people. . . they were ice-cubes. and the dress. The dress was garish and loud. and it pleaded for attention. It stood out among the conservative greys, It was black and white. The dress was there. and the people. . . they were grey dresses.

and the dog. The dog had been tied in the busement, But he freed n And people gave him drinks. And they sniggered when he staggered,

The dog was there. and the people. . . they were dogs. and the plano. It inhabited one corner of the room,

It was in the way, and it was too big, and nobody could play it anyway. The automatic needle was sufficient, The piano was there. and the people. . . they were robot records.

and Simon. He smiled at the men, and winked at the ladies. He laughed at the right times too, and he sighed

conveniently. But his wife was in the kitchen with another man, His son was sleeping with a girl at college. He didn't know where his daughter was, Simon was there.

and the people. . they were Simons.

They listened to the canned music. and they tinkled their ice-cubes in their glasses. They gawked at the piano, and the garish dress, and the drunken dog.

They sneered- -they jeered. But they admired Simon, . . of course. The people were there.

And the people, , they were godless, Gail MacDonnell



and the closeness of you was still there. You were all around me and my senses of smell and touch were alive to the sensation of each tiny part of you; The parts that you forgot to take with you. I feel like an explorer. Some deep hidden secret will be opened to me After all,

Noreen Fraser

You speed through more new skies. Strong blood ties between mother, father, sisters, brothers, have yanked and snapped.

The conductor calls your destination Arms clutch bags, satchels, and cases, Fingers ache, Heart throbs batter thought-snatches, Eyes pour more caustic tears. Oh God, what a miserable soul to face the world alone.

Shella Clybourne

October Nights

Love learners And water wheel turners Sit in the dark and say nothing at all Some blind believers and one bold deceiver A distant dream weaver Wait for a voice that won't call

A constant bell ringer A silver gift bringer Hear the song of a requiem singer We ride the wave of a child's Make believe. A glass rainbow rider A solemn outsider, Tied to the web of a spider. There is no one that death won't deceive.

Smoke with no flame, A child with no name Colorless candle wax rain. The future is tied to a smoke ring The dying of flowers From the memory of hours That the darkness devours. No word for the song you will sing,

Margaret During

Afternoon Thought

I lie on my bed And stare At my new white Ceiling;

Character - -So empty and void Of markings,

Untainted, indifferent To activity On my cold stone Floor.

Too much depends On making the right choice,

Time will wear away The whiteness, And leave a sort of

A warped person, A dead soul; A piece of plaster Swept into the garbage.

M.B.M.

Fear

I strode among the leaves and they quaked at my step.

Ceci

She strokes the portrait of life with beauty.

Ceci is a paintbrush.

Her virtues are her colors

To pour forth her happiness

and create a landscape of love.

and I color her white, . . for purity.

waiting to be captured, enraptured,

with the simple joy of another idea,

... that everyone could be her canvas.

Gail MacDonnell

Pure in mind, as a simple brush,

I trampled on the stones and they quivered at my louch,

I trod along the road and it humbly enfolded before me.

The walk of a despot. Fear is a fearsome thing

Gail MacDonnell



Did you say that you wanted a happy poem?

Is like a soaring bird

Caressing the sky.

It wraps the yellow sunshine

In its wings

And sings!

pat lewis

The Theatre by Mary Clancy

Easy Rider

Easy Rider is not a happy film. Easy Rider is the agony of youth discovering that the American dream can be a nightmare. This is not the story of innocents. Wyatt and Billy are doomed before they begin their search. The cocaine sellers seeking a place in the sun would be ludicrous if it

weren't so tragic. They themselves are the product of the system and the system destroys them.

There are rough edges, crudities, and amateur statements here that keep reminding one of the inexperience of the director and the producer. . . inexperience in film making but a terrifying insight into modern life.

The incident in the Hyppy commune gave the only

The incident in the Hippy commune gave the only ray of hope for man. Perhaps this group, alienated from society, would escape the imminent holocaust and start humanity anew.

George, stupendously played by Jack Nicholson, put it concisely: "They're afraid of you. . . because

you are free. . .this makes them dangerous."

Wyatt (Fonda) and Billy (Hopper) keep on. Billy is, at first glance the misanthrope and Wyatt the optimist. But near the end, it is Wyatt who realizes

optimist. But near the end, it is Wyatt who realizes that, "We blew it"; They blew it through the wasted acid, the death of George, the whole corrupt system that backs them and their tormenters. The trip in the cemetery in New Orleans, the grueling admission of Wyatt, that he loves and hates the mother image of America, each event builds the audience to such a pitch that the shocking conclusion to the film is pitch that the shocking conclusion to the film is in retrospect anti-climatic.

A man went searching for America, and all he found was death. You can watch this modern tragedy and rationalize: "That's in the south", but that was only one form of the manifestations of the sickness knawing at the vitals of society.

Go and see Easy Rider, and realize just how bad things really are.

Laurier LaPierre...

At the Institute for Adult Education in Memrumcook N.B., students representing Atlantic region universities found out where the action really wasn't!!!!

The plan of the conference was to inform the

students and make them aware of the cultural and economical disparity within the Atlantic provinces.

On Saturday afternoon about two hundred students gathered to hear the Hon. Jean Marchand, Minister of Regional Economical Expansion, deliver his speech on the Federal Government's role in the development of the Atlantic provinces and the possibilities for local involvement by youth. In this message, he stated, "The aim of our policies is to disperse economic growth widely enough across Canada to bring employment and earning opportunities in the slow growth regions as close as possible to those in the rest of the country."

Marchand stressed the development of major urban growth centers and smaller industrial centers. He said, "What we are trying to create are new opportunities at some points in all regions so that economic growth takes place mostly by movement and change within a region rather than attrition of the region."

One of the greatest problems concerning the Atlantic provinces, he said, was the "Brain Drain" and also that the programs that his department put forth could only be as successful as the cooperation received. "The Atlantic Provinces must take the

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first steps and not wait for Ottawa," he said. Marchand presented further programs of his department and during the question period, the delegates digressed to discussions about ineffective

government legislation.

Laurier LaPierre, TV personality and active member of the New Democratic Party stressed the decentralization of industry and government. He said the only solution to the economic disparity of Canada

was a socialist country.

He said the poeple of the Maritimes were basically passive and apathetic. He stressed a revolution — not one of arms and hate but one that is aggressive and non-violent.

LaPierre reinterated more forcefully on the same lines as Marchand. "If you haven't the guts to even change the structure of your own university," he told the delegates, "how can you hope to change that of your country?"

He caused awareness in the minds of the delegates, challenging them to a better way of life for the people of the Atlantic area.

In speaking, Marchand and LaPierre pointed the finger at YOU; not the individual next to you. As

he said, the choice was up to you.

Dr. Alex Boudreau, director of the Institute of Adult Education, said of the youth in the Atlantic provinces, "poor but intelligent; young but capable."

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CHARLES COSGROVE

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Once upon a time there was a sweet young thing named Carol, who lived in the wicked wild city of London, You could tell that she was a sweet young thing because she wore her skirts at knee lovel to bit world for a London local and a charming level (a bit weird for a London lass) and a charming grey twin set.

This winsome miss fell madly in love with a boy-gone-wrong. You could be equally sure that he had gone wrong because he was a scandalously modern corduroy suit. This evil young man was a constant trial to this young woman as he was constantly at her to give him her most precious possession (without benefit of clergy). Our beleaguered heroine almost succumbs when the hand of God reaches out and touches her.

The hand of God disguised as everyone's favorite evangelist Billy Graham, who, in an endless speech gives her new strength to hold on to her virtue and if God Wills, rescue the boy gone wrong. Boy-gone-wrong meanwhile is cavorting with bookies pushers, pubkeepers and all sorts of evil vicious people. His mother, a hardworking widow who has given her life to this misguided child, is an unwitting pawn in the drug ring. But have no fear, right will triumph in the end. The girl, aided by her allegiance with a church youth group, shows the sinner the way to God (a la Billy Graham). The mother's job is saved along with the moral tone of the entire audience.

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feedback

About residence conditions

Dear Editor:

DIRT, DUST, GRIME and no place to hide it! No! Maybe we have found the most ideal place! Sweep it on to the carpet in Assisi Hall. Isn't it a very proper thing to do? Well, it seems to me that it is the only part of the residence floor that is sure (positively) to be cleaned and vacumed.

Fourteen of your fellow students are finding it 'somewhat' difficult to live. This is now the third week and our rooms have not been touched — even looked at — by the cleaning staff. Maybe they are astonished, like we are, at the amount of dust balls that can seem to collect in our rooms. Why haven't our floors been waxed and polished? Why can't we, after we are forced to mopthe rooms ourselves, find a mop cleaner that works?

find a mop cleaner that works?

Next comes the bathrooms. It seems that there is a shortage of toilet tissues??? Don't bother, we'll manage, I HOPE!! Half a roll of paper for fourteen girls. By the way, we are also finding it somewhat of a problem to operate with one good bath — the only one with hot water.

By the time you print this I hope we will be back to some sort of normal living, If not, please check on us. We may have passed away from dust pollution.

Abby Chow Quan

Shame on reps

Dear Editor:

Enclosed are quotations from an article that appeared in the last issue of The Cadre, the University of Prince Edward Island newspaper last week. This article was written to give the Island students the editor's views on M.S.V.U. students.

We do not know who chose these representatives but we would like to know if this is the BEST representation that can be found. Is this the opinion that all of the universities hold of girls from the

Must our REPUTATION be lowered by girls whose vocabulary consists mainly of vulgar cliches and misquotes from better informed and more respectful people?

Yours for a better Mount IMAGE, Rebecca Branch Cathy Benere Alice Cavanagh Marlene McGawan Cathy Crook Janet Quillan Ann Duffy Nancy Lockhart Nancy Dauphinee

Prof sees need to maintain identity

Dear Editor:

RAISON D'ETRE.

Since MSVU has signed an agreement with Dalhousie University to become a college in the larger organization, there are two distinctions which remain with us: we are a women's school, and a Catholic one. I would like to quote a man, ex-president of Reed College in Oregon, one of the best educational schools in the U.S., on the subject of women's colleges. He was expressing his concern (in a recent issue of the NEW REPUBLIC), about the sweeping speed with which all colleges in the U.S. are going co-educational, and how this could have an adverse effect on the status of women in American society and their influence. I quote:

"Both the quality of women's education and the cultural influence of women in the U.S. will be downgraded if women's colleges mix up the sexes in a big way. . . The capacity to think broadly and independently, and express themselves articulately and forcefully, which is nurtured in their students by a good women's college, sometimes comes to play a key role in the social and cultural life of the communities into which these students graduate. . . In the women's colleges one of the key rewards must be the satisfaction of having done a fine teaching job, and it is my observation that it tends to be realized much more fully in the good women's universities, than it is in the great universities, with their dazzling arrays of scholars IN ABSENTIA."

I believe Dr. Keezer's remarks are relevant to

MSVU, and help to reinforce our feeling of our own

Sincerely yours, C. G. Peaslee History and Political Science



Whistle Me That Again!?

by MARY CLANCY
Picaro Staff

Did you know just how much university life has to offer you? Well if you're feeling left out unhappy, and generally dissatisfied get yourself appointed delegate to a conference! Of course there is a problem in doing that nowadays. There was a time at the Mount when conferences were advertised, people applied, the council voted and if your application was approved off you went. But that's in those dear dead days beyond recall. The procedure today is conducted with the security of a CIA investigation.

conducted with the security of a CIA investigation. Take the expedition to U.P.E.I. two weeks ago. No notices were posted, there was no council meeting ergo one would suppose that no one voted; but on Friday six stalwart members of the student body set out for Charlottetown. In their merry little band were three councillors (it is so good to see our governors INVOLVED) and three freshman. The conference dealt with the formation of an Atlantic Students Federation. Now there are two students in this school who were actively involved with the old Nova Scotia Union of Students. These girls experienced the pitfalls that finally killed the old union but they were not even approached for their opinions let alone asked to attend the conference. But then I suppose experience does make cowards of us all. After all it's better to let the freshmen get experience than to secure an adequate students association.

I guess it wasn't too bad though, the Mount girls really made an impression. Why they even made the front page of The Cadre (UPEI's paper) It might have shocked a few people because of it's puerile vulgarity but here at the Mount we believe in free speech.

The best experience I can think of is giving yourself and your associates a name for uninhibited speaking. We certainly showed the students at the conference that nothing is beyond the imagination of the average Mount student.

The following weekend, we had another conference (two actually) and one of the free wheeling speakers who so ably represented at UPEI took up the banner of the Mount in Toronto. We haven't yet gotten any reports from there but we're watching The Varsity (U of T) and the Excalibur (York) carefully. If we proceed at this pace why we might even make Ripley's Believe It Or Not!

I have heard however that the Mount delegates were quoted out of context. Well, it must have been quite a context: You know: "If you really want to get a good view of Bedford Basin ROOM 204 SETON HALL, THATS WHERE ITS AT." I know how terrible it is to be quoted incorrectly I would think that when one feels the danger of this occurring the best idea is to shut up.

the best idea is to shut up.

I certainly don't want to see future Mount repre-

sentatives becoming silent members of an association, however it might be good to keep a few of the experienced heads around to cool the ardor of our newer committed.

It's all in honor of Women's Liberation, I suppose. But somehow, one feels that the cause will be less than aided by such remarks in or out of context. Perhaps along with music and art appreciation the administration could initiate a course in Feminine appreciation, with forced attendance, for all those with conference aspirations. Then again, if one really feels that men are preverted perverted perverted perverts or whatever, then one wouldn't want to be feminine. Perhaps we better have a conference that looks into conception by electric shock.



The Picaro is the bi-monthly student publication of Mount Saint Vincent University. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the students' union or the administration.

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