

Literary
Supplement

The Picaro

Volume 5, No. 4 Mount Saint Vincent University November 7, 1969



*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

"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 leg.

 "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."

 "Zziziziziziziziziziz."

 "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 Pur."

 "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."



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

Wavelets shear my fingers
Then the land,
How an ocean can erode my secret griefs!
Sheila Clybourne

People

The room was there
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 basement.
But he freed himself, and climbed up,
And people gave him drinks.
And they sniggered when he staggered.
The dog was there,
and the people...they were dogs,
and the piano.
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,
and the people.
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



Ceci

Ceci is a paintbrush.
She strokes the portrait of life with beauty.
Her virtues are her colors
and I color her white...for purity.
Pure in mind, as a simple brush,
waiting to be captured, enraptured,
with the simple joy of another idea.
To pour forth her happiness
and create a landscape of love.
...that everyone could be her canvas.
Gail MacDonnell

Sunday

I have been where you were
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,
Strange
I feel like an explorer.
Some deep hidden secret will be opened to me
After all,
today is Sunday.
Noreen Fraser

Fear

I strode among the leaves
and they quaked at my step.
I trampled on the stones
and they quivered at my touch.
I trod along the road
and it humbly enfolded before me.
The walk of a despot.
And
Fear is a fearsome thing.

Gail MacDonnell

Maiden Voyage

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.
Sheila Clybourne

October Nights

Eye Burners
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;
It depicts my
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
Of grime;
A warped person,
A dead soul;
A piece of plaster
Swept into the garbage.
M.B.M.



Tess:
Did you say that you wanted a happy poem?
Love
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 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 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 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 knowing at the vitals of society.

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

Two A Penny

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 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 wore 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.

Laurier LaPierre... "Brain Drain in Maritimes"

At the Institute for Adult Education in Memramcook 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

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 people 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 reiterated 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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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 vacuumed.

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 mop the rooms ourselves, 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 Mount?

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

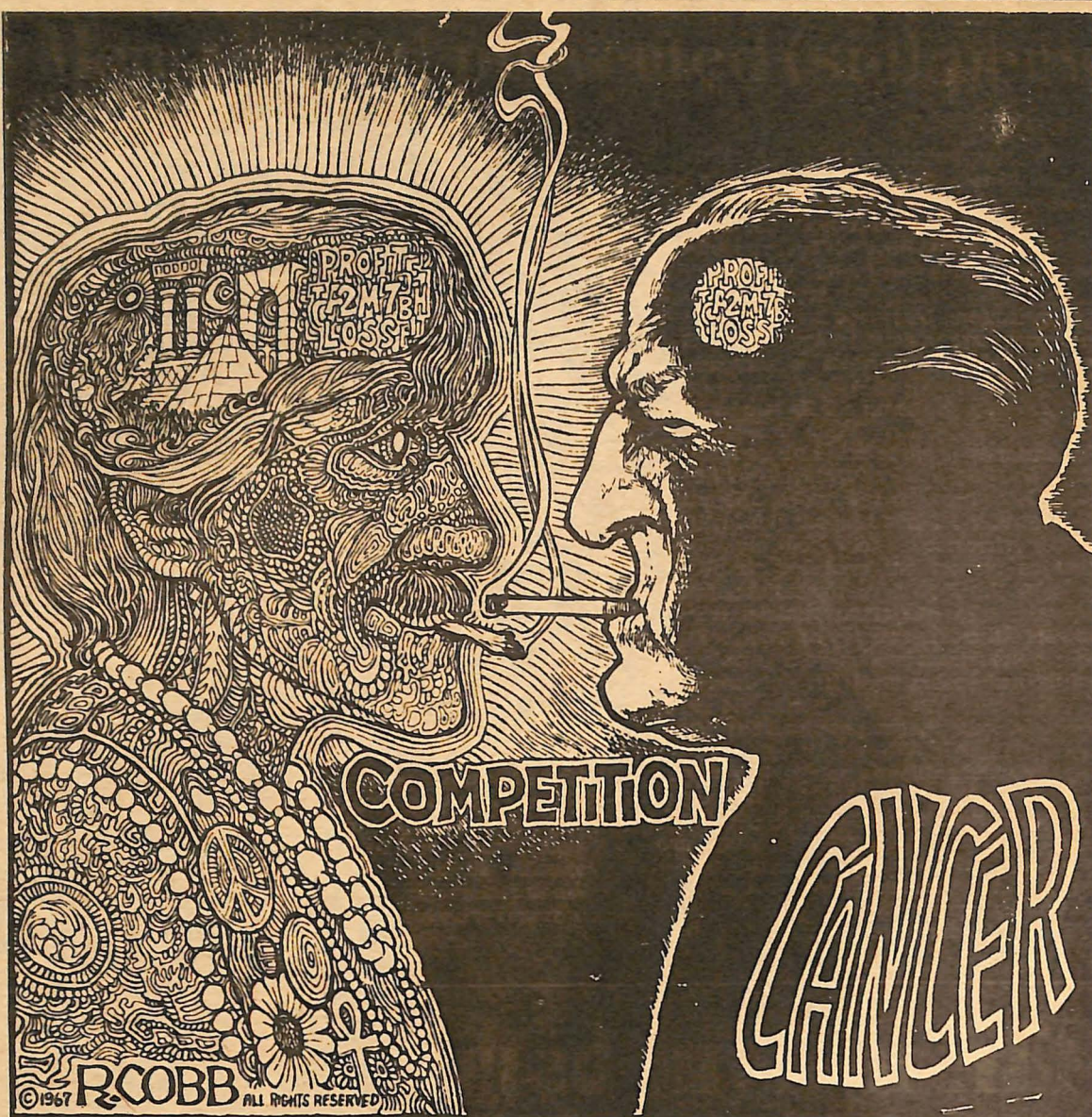
Dear Editor:

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 RAISON D'ETRE.

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.

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.

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 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

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