

LE REVE D'UNE NUIT

Haiti, asile de verdure, de soleil, de fleurs et d'amour, baignait dans une atmosphère de mystère . . . La brise légère du soir berçait la chevelure des palmiers et les rêves d'amour naissants.

Entre cette végétation verte et la mer tout près, la plage se posait tel un long ruban d'argent. Mon corps reposait dans le sable tiède qui glissait entre mes doigts comme autant d'espoirs envolés . . . et mon esprit dans la gaze légère du ciel. La mer, puissante et bruyante souveraine, au manteau couleur de printemps, brillait et ondulait telles les écailles d'un serpent, en souriant de toute la blancheur de son écume au ciel piqué de nuages blancs tels des oeilletons à boutonnière. On aurait dit un mariage . . . Tout cela était doux, mystérieux . . . tout cela était beau . . .

La nuit frissonnait d'une douce mélancolie, image de mon amour. Avec paresse et désinvolture, les rayons de lune caressaient les toits, les palmiers, se glissaient dans les coins obscurs, trahissaient les secrets des amours blottis quelque part et, acquiesçant, effleuraient leur front en guise de baiser.

Une seule fois, Giana m'était apparue . . . en pleine lumière du midi . . . laissant dans son sillage un parfum mystérieux comme la nuit et aussi lourd que le chagrin que me causait son absence. Le soir me la montrait à nouveau, et je n'aurais pu dire qui les rayons de lune ou de Giana auréolaient le mieux la nuit . . . ou peut-être aurais-je pu trop l'affirmer. Tout entier le charme de la nuit émanait de son être . . . et les (charmes) choses qui l'entouraient n'étaient que de pâles reflets de sa beauté.

Dans le sable, elle venait, traînant les pieds et son mystère . . . Souriante, elle laissait entrevoir le frais émail de ses dents comme autant de perles . . . et je voyais des yeux sombres, sombres comme la veille d'un orage; changeants et charmeurs comme la mer; coulants comme un serpent; des yeux doux et désirables comme le miel, des yeux, des yeux . . . Et je voyais des lèvres rouges, sensuelles comme un fruit mûr, un fruit qui ne demande qu'à se donner, qu'à être dévoré . . . Et je voyais sa chevelure . . . ondulante et légère comme la brise printanière, une chevelure sombre où se renfermait mille trésors . . . de douceur. Respirer, respirer longtemps le parfum de ses cheveux, plonger mon être dans ses cheveux avec la convoitise d'un homme s'altérant avec délice à une source d'eau vive, c'était là mon rêve . . . mon rêve qui se changea en un baiser grisant comme l'âme du vin . . .

Dans cet amour d'une nuit, je ne voyais pas seulement Giana, la Giana fragile comme un fleur qui n'est là que pour être caressée, mais encore tous ces désirs auquel mon être tendait à se craquer . . . celui d'être heureux . . . d'aimer . . . d'être aimé . . . de crier ce bonheur sans artifice et durable parce que simple. Je voyais, disais-je donc, des désirs . . . des souvenirs aussi . . . des rousses aux passions ardentes et passagères comme leur chevelure embrasée; des blondes inconstantes comme le brillant de leur complexion; des noirs au coeur plein de trésors inconnus et insondables comme la nuit . . .

Je laissais écouler des heures pleines de pensées parce que lentes à s'envoler. Giana disparaissait avec elles, la chevelure dans la brise tel un voilier au vent. Je m'empêchais de ressasser le passé, croyants que les regrets tuant même les meilleurs souvenirs. Mon être n'était

possédé que de cette faim insatiable d'espérance enfin réalisé, d'un présent qui m'entourait, représentaient les bonnes des mes désirs et, qu'avec amour, j'embrassais des yeux.

—ALBAN BERUBE '59

THE STROLLER

About the time the sun grows tired,
And evening shadows begin to fall
This stroller will appear.
"Tis strange", say all.

He leaves his dwelling
Of laughter, song, and shout
To take his evening stroll.
He's seen—there is no doubt.

His step is slow,
And frequently he will stop:
Scanning the starry heavens,
Often as if in prayer.

Sometimes you'll hear him sing;
Sweet thoughts gush forth.
But should one approach
He's silent again.

His time is rarely past a quarter-hour;
He returns with noiseless steps
And on his face an expression
That he enjoys peace and thought.

—K. G. FARMER '60



COULD IT BE MURDER?

Before I relate this story, or call it what you will, I would like to make known one thing and that is all that which you are about to read is true. There may be a little variance in the details as I put them down with those of the actual event, but generally all which I am about to write is absolute fact.

I say this because many of you after reading this will think that the numerous coincidences which occur through out could be nothing more than the figment of a person's imagination.

"The string of coincidental could absolutely not be any more than the product of a person's imagination." You will say, but there you will be wrong. It just goes to show you, using a cliché, that truth can often be stranger than fiction.

I suppose if you want to give this story a moral you could say that it is that crime doesn't pay. As far as I'm concerned the story isn't meant to prove anything in particular. I just thought that it would make a little interesting reading. If you want to draw any conclusions at its end that's up to you.

But to get on with the story. It has its setting in Boston and it involves principally two brothers, both in their late thirties.

I have given you the general setting and the principal characters but about either I can say no more. I'll just say that the names of the people and places involved have been altered to protect the innocent.

John Stevens, he was the elder of the two brothers, lived on Eglington St. in a fairly well-to-do residential section of Boston. His home or I should say his parents' home—he'd lived with them all his life except for the time he'd spent in the army—was an old colonial styled house. Fairly large, it had twelve rooms and was well kept outside and inside with spacious grounds to the front and back. Little credit should go to him though for its appearance. His father, now in his seventies and retired from business five years, kept things neat and trim. He puttered around the house and grounds from early spring until the chill winds of autumn had removed the last leaf.

John was tall, about 6 ft. 1 inch and heavy, too heavy, in fact he weighed 265 pounds about 60 pounds or so overweight for his height. Nobody could call him handsome or even good looking! His hair was sandy in color and receding at the temples. His face was fat, a flabby fat, and perpetually red, not a healthy red and when he was mad it turned a strangled purple. His eyes were pale blue and small and sunken, glittering eyes small and pig like. He was so different from Allan that was his younger brother.

Allan was tall but dark and heavy, heavy in a rugged way. Like John his eyes were blue but they were wide set, open and frank. You knew where you stood with Allan, he didn't say much when there was a crowd about but you knew he was there. You knew when John was around too but in a different way. Back slapping, laughing, loud voiced, a glass in his hand or a pint in his pocket that was John. They really had nothing in common in personality or appearance.

They'd both been in the army though. John got out just after the war. Couldn't seem to get going or get any where in it he used to say but Allan had stayed on. Sixteen years he'd been in it and had worked his way up to major, nine more and he'd be able to retire then he'd planned on getting a hand in the hardware business.

John got out in '46 with nothing in mind and he stayed that way until '48. In '48 he started working with Brown and Dombey Ltd., a hardware company; in fact, he'd been the one that got Allan interested in the hardware business.

John used to say how he'd spent seven long years with Brown and Dombey and didn't seem to be getting anywhere. He left in 1955.

"That's what made me leave", he used to say "Did as much work as anybody even learned to look after invoices but they never appreciated me, so I left 'em." He used to think he'd justified his actions too when he told everyone his father was in a pretty bad way with his heart and that he wanted to stay close to him in case anything happened. Nobody could see anything wrong with old Steven's heart though. He'd be out working in the garden from dawn 'till sundown during July and August. The only time John was around "keeping his eye on Pop" was when the lawn needed a sprinkling. He'd lumber around to the side of the house connect up the hose and sprawl himself against one of the old chestnut trees. He'd wave the hose around himself and the tree for about half an hour, then feeling he'd done his duty he'd switch on the sprinkler system and retire to a hammock at the back of the house, where he'd either sleep or drink the rest of the day away.

But two years ago during July, just before Allan was due home on furlough, John made a quick switch. He got his job back at the hardware store, gave up drinking and, of all things went on a diet. A few thought maybe it was because Allan was coming home but, others knew better. John and Allan never did hit it off too well, so there must be another reason and the other reason soon came to light.

She was about thirty years old, taller than average, fair skinned with dark hair and eyes.

Shirley Crawford and John had met at a social evening held at his club; luckily or unluckily they were introduced before he had a chance to make merry at the bar. It surprised a lot of people, first of all that he should bother about a woman and second that any woman should find him the least bit interesting. It had to be admitted though when he wasn't drinking and when he felt like it, he could make himself very agreeable company. He was an easy talker and could be quite humorous when he chose.

It was pretty well agreed by the local gossips, after he'd been taking her out for about a month, that the attraction was very one-sided, and it was his side that was over balanced. He didn't seem to notice though, and if he did he never let on, in fact, as time passed he became more engrossed with Miss Crawford, showering her with expensive gifts at the slightest excuse. Then Allan arrived home and things started popping.

I guess it was inevitable that these two would meet. John was always having Miss Crawford at the house, old Mrs. Stevens was very fond of her, and needless to say, she didn't have to coax her oldest son very much to get him to bring Shirley home with him as often as possible.

Though Allan wasn't staying at home during his leave, he spent a good deal of his time there and one day during August when he was helping his father in the garden the inevitable meeting did take place.

John sensed it, and his father knew something was wrong too. Allan was unusually quiet after the introduction and so was she. Perhaps it was this that first alerted John. Shirley was the gay, vivacious type usually sparkling in her conversation and the first one to break the ice in a nervous group, but this time she didn't play her part. Old Stevens somehow managed to keep the conversation going during this first brief encounter.

He knew his son was quiet and he knew Shirley wasn't and at first he didn't understand the silent self-consciousness of both of them. But after he'd witnessed a couple of more meetings he began to see the formation of the old "eternal triangle".

About a week later John too was convinced that his early fears were well grounded. It was Shirley that now took the initiative in wanting to visit his parents.

By the end of August John was back in the old rut again. He was drinking more than he ever had before and his temper flared at the slightest provocation and it was a temper that had a cruel and vicious almost murderous streak.

As his drunken sprees and fits of rage increased his dates with Miss Crawford became fewer and fewer.

The whole horrible mess actually started on September 1. Allan asked Shirley out for dinner that evening and she accepted. John retaliated by getting gloriously drunk and smashing and throwing things. He threw their old black cat about twenty feet, a flailing, yawling mass of legs when she jumped up on his hammock. A claw caught his finger as he let her fly ripping it from base to nail. He swore and cursed for about fifteen minutes and I guess perhaps you could say that put him on the track for what happened later.

Unfortunately he saw Allan and Shirley going into the theatre that evening as he lurched drunkenly towards his club rooms. He was there perhaps fifteen minutes when all the liquor that he had drunk knocked him out. He didn't come to again until about one o'clock. It was five to one when the bar tender shook him, perhaps a little too animatedly, out of his reverie. He was indignant at being roused but when the bar-tender refused him a drink he became furious nearly splitting the man's head open with a heavy three cornered ash tray.

As he staggered aimlessly away from the club's entrance, the picture of Allan and Shirley entering the theatre came somewhat hazily into focus. His small pig like eyes glinted crazily and his staggering gait lost its aimlessness.

"27 West Street, 27 West Street or was it 29 West Street." He'd been there before with Allan he should've known the number. The houses all looked the same though. "Could be any one on this block." He thought confusedly. "I know it's either 27 or 29 for sure." He kept saying to himself. "Never could remember 9's and 7's. Even Shirley's number. What was it?" He mused. "Was it 46578 or 46598. Yea 46598. Guess Allan's at 29 West Street. Yea 29 West Street its gonna be". And he lurched on—91 West Street, 89, 87, 85, 83 West. "Not much further." He thought.

27 West Street was in darkness and so was 25.

John had little trouble finding the room where Allan slept. It was surprising really because he was so drunk when he left the club, the bar-tender said that it was all that he could do to stand up and lucky for the bar-tender too, that he was. Apparently the walk sobered John up a great deal because he got into 29 West Street without making very much noise. None of the neighbours were disturbed until about half an hour after his arrival, even then it wasn't actually him that made the noise in fact come to think of it he never said a word.

He had to climb a fairly steep flight of sixteen stairs I think it was, make an immediate left hand turn and follow the second story landing to its end. The end room was Allan's. It was on the front of the house and was illuminated well enough from the near by street light for a person to see his way about without use of the room lights.

I've often wondered if John thought it funny that Allan's bed wasn't in its usual position, in fact, that the entire room was arranged differently to what it had been at his last visit. I suppose he wasn't too worried about the relative positions of anything at that particular time though.

He used one of those heavy mirrors that form part of a woman's vanity set, the kind with the polished tortoiseshell back. They must be quite sturdy because when he struck the shadowed figure lying in the bed, on the head with it, it didn't so much as chip. You'd think it might have broken the handle off, because he hit so hard with such vicious force that his victim's skull was badly crushed. One of the doctors remarked cold bloodedly after the autopsy that a slaughter house couldn't have done a better job.

Before concluding this little tale I would like to ask a question of you. After you have read the few following paragraphs would you please let me know if you think it could've been murder. In what follows the opinions given are my own but if John Stevens had been placed on trial and you were one of the members of the jury what decision would you have given?

John didn't murder Allan as a matter of fact I don't think that he murdered anyone. You see on that eventful evening of September 1, John visited 29 West Street and Allan was staying at 27 West Street. I suppose it was a mistake that anyone could've made, he wouldn't necessarily have to have been drunk and blinded with rage as John undoubtedly was at the time, to mistake one identical house for another.

That explains him not murdering Allan but what about him not murdering anyone?

He did smash in a man's skull in fact the blow that he delivered would have felled a horse let alone a man. Actually and by an amazing coincidence his would-be victim had died according to the autopsy at least twenty four hours before his arrival. (From heart failure I believe it was) Poor John he couldn't seem to do any thing properly.

Technically I suppose he really couldn't have been tried for murder because he didn't commit one but there are still a lot that say he could've been. People still argue about it and I've even wondered myself what would have been the final outcome. You see they never had a chance to try John. He wasn't around long enough. In fact he left immediately after he had, at least in his mind, removed his brother from the field of competition for the affections of Miss Crawford. I don't think he intended leaving as quickly as he did but he had no sooner stepped from the curb in front of 29 West Street, on to the street itself, when he had nothing more to say about it. The car when it hit him was barely moving, it had just pulled away from the curb of the next house, 29 West Street. The driver hadn't even turned on his headlights when he struck him. I guess that's why John never saw the car it moving so slowly, and with no lights

on. Allan got quite a shock when he hit the bulky figure that dashed from the shadows of 27 West Street. He got such a shock that he slammed his foot on the accelerator and careened across the street into a telephone pole. That was the only noise that disturbed the neighbours. Amazingly enough he wasn't hurt, John was dead though, broken back. I guess it was instantaneous.

Now John had definitely planned to murder his brother but fate would have it that he entered the wrong house and the wrong room. His murderous rage was vent upon a corpse of an old man instead of the living body of his brother. The desire was there and the blow was dealt but by coincidence no life was taken.

Could John, if he had lived, have been prosecuted for and if necessary executed for pre-meditated murder, though he had failed to kill?

He should have been punished but I still wonder would he have been and if he had would it have been for murder?

—S. HOLMES

WHENCE REPOSE?

In my mystic cup of thought,
My little folded brain,
I hold the great wind and stars,
The moonlight and the rain.

Twin shells of vastness, sea and sky,
Beauty, joy, and gold,
Space and the infinite flight of stars—
My thought has stretched to hold.

Pondering over inwardly
The visage of my soul,
Bound am I by scarce a bond,
And prisoner to no key.

But who will say that Death,
Rollicking wild one day,
Will spill my thought's vast treasure out,
And fill the cup with clay?

—R. St. JOHN '58

THE EXPRESSIVE VOICE OF COLLEGE DRAMATICS—FINE ARTS

There are many who have said in the past and will undoubtedly say in the future that the majority of the plays performed by the St. Dunstan's Dramatics Society should be reserved for professional acting groups. This could well have been said about *Antigone*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Noah*, *Murder in the Cathedral*, and *Everyman*. But the society has a specific purpose which does not pretend to achieve or even aim at professional performance.

Father Adrien Arsenault this year's moderator of the society and director of the plays mentioned above has said:

"It has always been our contention that our Dramatics Society only existed to bring students in direct contact with great dramatic literature of all ages and of

all countries and not to entertain by means of detective stories, melodramatic effusions, parish plays and St. Patrick types of comedy. Not only can we not afford to spend our time on such, but we do not intend to waste our energies and our money giving to students entertainment which they can very well get in town. When they feel the need for a relaxing kind of entertainment.

Our position is clear: **Better a good play poorly acted than a poor play well done.**

EVERYMAN

The Dramatics Society's first production for 1957-58 was the medieval morality play *Everyman*, which had its first staging in late November.

Everyman was extensively played in Germany and England during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries but during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was practically unknown as was generally speaking all Medieval art. With the arrival of the twentieth century though and its return to anti-realistic styles in art—such as Impressionism, Symbolism etc. a renewed interest and appreciation of Medieval literature came into being and with it the revival of *Everyman*.

Medieval art is always Idealistic and Universal and of Classical form, this is characterized in *Everyman*. The play is framed in high but impersonal drama, it is theological and philosophical and naturalistic but never realistic. It has ascertain amount of psychological action and reaction but never delves too deeply into the emotions, instincts and subconscious.

The play itself is rid of much external action in order that it concentrate on natural and supernatural beliefs which affects mankind's behaviour. At its beginning there is much movement but it slowly becomes more static, in order that it permit the audience to meditate on the beautiful and true things which are being said. The end of the play is a meditation.

Everyman is faced with death and instinctively revolt against it as human nature is prompt to do. But later understanding its inevitability he accepts it not in a purely humanistic or stoic fashion but as a true Christian. Though the play pictures Death there are no highly emotional family scenes. It is moving but never is it melodramatic. As *Everyman* approaches his end, he has the company of Priesthood, Knowledge, Good Deeds, Strength etc. a rather impersonal gathering compared to what a modern author would have placed at his side.

Everyman, because of its "formalism", its anti-emotional style and because of its approach to a universal problem of mankind, is a great classical play and remains one of the great dramas of the modern theatre.

Those who had major roles in *Everyman* were: Charles Hickey, who portrayed *Everyman*; Death, played by Frank MacDonald; Fellowship, played by Cyril Byrne; Kindred, Joseph Buckingham; Cousins, Pat Poirier and Barbara Roy; Beauty, Martine Michaud; Strength, William MacNeill; Discretion, Avonna MacAusland; Five Wits, Eric Doucette; Loveliness, Helene Dowling; Knowledge, Terrence Nellis; Good Deeds, Rhoda Longaphie; the Angel, Alfred Tsang and Confession was played by Frank Coady.