

# CHAPEL RAISES PAPAL OUTCRY

Recently, I received a most interesting and unusual little letter from my old friend and acquaintance, R. Pope. You have all, I am sure, met this gentleman before, and are somewhat acquainted with his philosophy of life, and his mode and topics of expression. He is, I guess you can justly say it, a good man, but, as you also know, does not consider himself to be a Christian. Therefore, was it with a mild, pleasant surprise that, only a little while ago, I received the letter printed below:

"Dear Lawrence,

Recently I have been engaged in the simply fascinating task of sorting, and cataloguing, and filing all my notes. It is, I guarantee you, a most arduous task. I had never realized before exactly how much material I do have. I have notes, I swear, in everything there is. Just the other minute I came on an interesting item concerning the geography of the Xulu Islands, including the exact length of the great Xulu River, measured in metres by some demented Swiss French explorer of the late nineteenth-century. That was simply thrilling. Earlier today I also stumbled on a little piece of paper on which I had Stalin's original name (a ghastly Georgian monstrosity) spelt in Mandarin in Chinese. Imagine it!

However, I must come to the point. Amongst my many notes also came upon a few in Sacred Architecture. It is then that your University Chapel came to my mind (with a shiver, of course). I had taken a few notes on that too. I did not think I had. I must have done it in a moment of weakness. Well, anyways, it started me thinking, and at a furious rate. It started me asking some questions, I would have ever thought fitting to ask. It's your chapel anyways. It's your people that must worship it. However, I must confess I found myself puzzled by the whole matter. The notes on Sacred Architecture that I do have include, amongst other things pictures of all the great European and American Cathedrals, and a good number of the world's more well-known Churches Synagogues, Mosques, Temples and the like. Collecting such pictures had been my dear father's life hobby (you may remember, he was a Christian Minister-



WILL THE REAL ALTER PLEASE REMAIN THERE

Methodist, to be precise), and so my collection, inherited from him is a very good one indeed. If I simply must come to the point, I must tell you I was appalled by the contrast, the great diversity, I might say, that I found demonstrated when I attempted to compare the Spirit of the renowned religious structure of the world with your own dear little University chapel.

Now, don't mistake me. There are not many holy places that can compare with Chartres, the Catacomb of St. Callixta, or the Hkeba of Mecca, but must the difference be so great? A Church need not be a masterpiece of architecture, but your architecture is not my quarrel here. Architecture is but one way of expressing how we feel about our gods. If God is great, so will be His house. If God is beautiful, so must be the place where God dwells. It need not be a splendid magnificent, but it must be an honest and forthright devotion. Can you people call your chapel a structure built with honesty of mind, openness of heart, and full devotion I think not.

And if you must be particular for a while, then so be it. Let us consider, for one thing, your Stations of the Cross. Seldom in my life have I seen such a commercialized, third-rate attempt to picture the earth shaking events of your Saviour's passion and death. Don't you people realized how

great this all was, and what force there is in it all? I am not one of you, and yet I am overwhelmed by this story. The Passion and Death of Christ is one of the great tales of Western man, one of his most magnificent epics. Is this the way to portray this, with pinky-stamp statues, rubber-bodied figures, nicey-nicey background scenery? Don't you people believe in the completeness of your devotion? If you must have this great drama portrayed in your churches, do it properly for the sake of God, quite literally.

Then there is that organ of yours, if organ you can call it. It is a cheap instrument (which is something other than being inexpensive) completely unfit for anything except playing "Three Blind Mice" in one's homey living-room. There is nothing sacred about it. In fact, there is something very definitely profane.

So, let us move one to the most important criticism: the sanctuary and the altar. I was always under the impression that you Catholics considered that your Mass was the most important thing there was. You would never think it by the look of that make-shift sanctuary of yours. Not far away from your place, at St. Francis Xavier University, your Catholic brethren have renewed their chapel sanctuary entirely to fit perfectly your reformed liturgy. Why have you people not done the same? If the Mass is all that important, why do you treat your altar as a secondary consideration, giving your first thoughts and monies on comparative vanities? Is there not a subtle hypocrisy in all this, or is it only a flagrant ignorance? Myself. I consider an interview with a prominent figure such a privilege that I have even lost friends and money to meet and talk with such people as Albert Schweitzer and Aldous Huxley. If you people can really meet Christ in the Mass, then why do you treat it as such a subsidiary matter? Why aren't you losing friends and money to get to know Christ?

Ah well, perhaps I have talked too long on things I know too little about, but this is how I see things. One of these days I might just join your religion out of sheer sympathy, appalled at the slighting disgust with which you people treat the mysteries of your faith.

I would like you to publish this in your paper. Someone might get the point. Write soon.

Yours,  
R. Pope."

# THE POET'S CORNER

## AFTERMATH OF A PARTY

The fires coals die dusty grey,  
The lone guitarist doesn't play.  
The tinted lights smile faint  
and wan,  
For they know when the folks  
are gone.

We never laughed so much as  
when  
Old Joe raced drinks to number ten,  
And Sue jumped up upon a stool  
And danced a tap and played  
the fool.

The tempered John feared not  
remorse,  
So playful was his shaken  
course.  
He laughed and drank and  
sang his best,  
Then toppled to the floor, God  
bless.

But now the gay, abundant  
smiles  
Have fled the house. Eluding  
wiles  
Of schemish sorts have ceased  
and right,  
For memories steal a once  
lived night.

F.T.

## THE JUNGLE

Smoke is everywhere  
People shouting, pushing,  
Smiling, frowning.  
Under laughing lights,  
The room is spinning, swaying,  
Rising, falling,  
Think I'll go;  
The Rollaway.

F.T.

## FIELDS OF DOOM

Across the fields of doom  
Silver grayed-trees skyward  
loom  
In a mysterious silence sweeping  
Back and forth in a strange  
world sleeping.

Resting from the last of its  
wars,  
Silent as it tries to lick its  
sores;  
Sores it may never cure,  
Only the trees will know for  
sure.

Bon Fagan

## URSULA

In all her movies, Ursula Undress is billed as the most beautiful woman in the world. I went to interview the star for the Red and White as a service to her many fans on campus, Not to mention myself.

The first person to greet me at her Bel-Air mansion was her agent Mr. Knowsack Illing. He showed me into a room and introduced me to her manager, Mr. All Details. Mr. Details immediately handed me a sheet of questions to ask the star, explaining that male reporters inevitably have anxiety in the presence of Miss Undress, forget the questions they originally wished to ask, and sometimes completely go to pieces.

Mr. Details led me down a maze of corridors and into an antechamber where I waited for a few minutes. Then I was ushered into a room especially reserved for interviews. Mr. Details went out and returned in a few minutes with someone at his side. There she was, Miss Ursula Undress herself! Of course a smoker stand happened to be in the way and I fell over it, sending the ashes flying all over the rug, and my wits too. I managed to shake hands and say "how do you do?" but somehow this etiquette seemed inadequate for the occasion.

After the usual pleasantries had been said, Mr. Details gave me my cue to begin the interview. I picked a question at random. "Miss Undress," I began, "what do you consider your greatest movie?" she thought for a few minutes, and then, with regular prompting from her manager, she reviewed the most notable films of her career beginning with the "James Bond" numbers and ending with her latest opus SHE. "my greatest movie to date is unquestionably SODOM AND GOMORRAH," She proclaimed solemnly. "Why?" I naively asked. "Because," she replied, "whereas in most movies I get a chance to strip only once or twice, in this movie I peeled eight times in the City of Sodom, and nine times in the City of Gomorrah, for a grand total of seventeen times. This, of course makes me the holder of the world record."

I continued reading the script: "recently, there has been quite a stir about photos of you in the nude. Why did you agree to have those nude photos published in Strayboy Magazine I asked. "Well, she countered, "it was all for the sake of art. I'm a great admirer of Van Gogh and what's his name, Picasso. Actually I feel a certain kinship with them. I feel that by exposing my 40-20-40 figure to the camera I am contributing as much as they to the cultivation of art, if not more."

Putting aside the script I queried "how much did you receive from Strayboy Maga-

zine for them Miss Undress?" "twenty measly grand", she pointed out. "But I'm taking the publisher to court for more." Here she began to pout. "Exploitation, that's all I get is exploitation from that blankety-blank beast of a publisher Hugh Hefty. Who does he think he is? one of the moderate literate or something? nothing but a blankety blank exploiter." Her language because so abusive that her manager felt compelled to cut in and calm her down.

"The papers say that it was your husband who took those photos privately," I ventured. "Husband? what husband?" she answered. Mr. Details interposed. "Miss Undress's husband is currently living in the Friga area. They are planning a legal divorce. "Ah paloopsie, how could I forget you so soon?" We had so much fun together during our month long marriage," she mused.

"Actually it was my mother who took those photos", she replied in answer to my statement. "Your mother?" I said in disbelief. "Certainly. Mom knows all about setting up poses. She used to be a burlesque queen, you know toured the big cities under the name of Bobo Bosomi. Maybe you've seen her in action, huh?" No, I guess that was before you're time."

Noticing the searing eye of Mr. Details on me, I nervously returned to the script. "Miss Undress, in Hollywood circles you have become noted for your sincerity and natural humility. How do you account for this?" "I suppose I am a very sincere person," she replied, "because if ever I have anything on my mind I suppress it. That way nobody gets hurt. I believe I am also if anything a very humble person, me Ursula. My humility I inherited from dear old Mom."

Ursula was also a very religious person. She herself was a non-denominational fire worshipper. But she hastened to mention that she had numbered her close friends devout Catholic, Serene Buddhists, Stern Presbyterians, wild eye Pentecostals and other stereotypes. At this point, Mr. Details cut short my interview and ushered me out of the room.

## LET'S DEBATE

The first meeting for the year 1965 - 66 of the Women's Debating Society on campus was held on Oct. 4, 1965. The meeting was chaired by Kathleen MacDonald. The newly elected executive is as follows:

President: Kathleen MacDonald,  
Vice President: Martha McTier-  
non, Secretary: Winnifred McCordle.

On Oct. 15th, trial speeches were held and Martha McTier-non Senior Arts and Gemma Dunn, Freshman Arts were chosen for the first intercollegiate debate.

This debate will be held at Acadia University on Nov. 12, Best Of Luck Girls' We're all behind you. A win on Friday could mean the championship. We need members. We need support. We need you.

## BOW WOW

Has S.D.U. gone to the dogs? No, it hasn't. We still study hard, support college activities, submit articles to the "RED AND WHITE" pay our parking tickets, and go to the Coffee Shop for coffee only — hey who am I trying to fool? We at S.D.U. are lackadaisical in everything we do.

What do we care about studying so long as we pass. We scorn the Honor Society because it represents the hard work that we don't do.

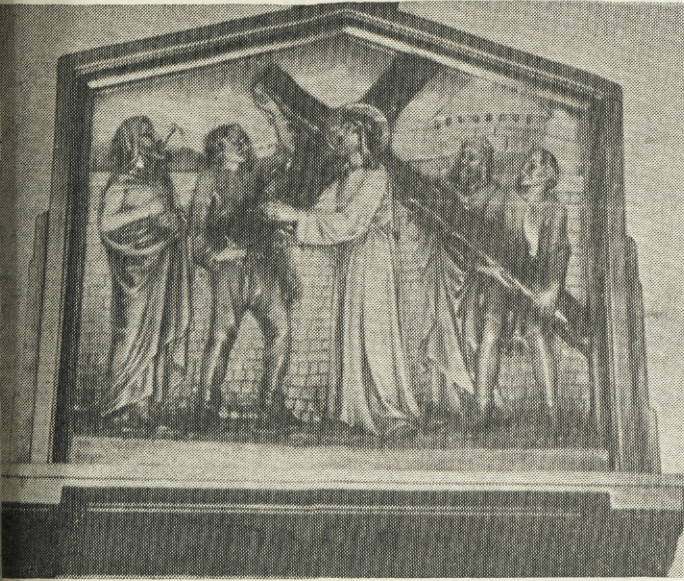
We are poor losers. Catch us at a football game we might not win. Perhaps if more of us had attended the games our teams moral would have been higher. This lack of school spirit carries over into the school activities also. We would like to go to the College dance on Friday or Saturday but — the jungle is good on those nights. Submit an article to the RED AND WHITE. Go on get out of here, that's too much like work and besides there is a hootenany at the Main Brace tonight.

The campus police are out to get us. We couldn't help it if there were no parking places left and we had to park on the grass. Don't they realize that a two dollar fine costs the same as four packs of cigarettes or one half case of beer.

But don't despair for we do excel in some things. We keep the chairs warm in the Coffee Shop and make work for the people who clean it by throwing straws on the floor and squirting ketchup into every available dish.

By the sound of things the thing to do is bark so, BOW WOW.

M.B.M.



HOW NOT TO PICTURE A DIVINE PASSION

**THE FASHION SHOPPE**  
Ladies Ready to Wear  
STUDENT DISCOUNTS  
141 GREAT GEORGE STREET  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.  
TELEPHONE 894-3355

**HUGHES for DRUGS**  
**STOREY ELECTRIC LTD.**  
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS  
24 HOUR SERVICE  
"WE SELL THE BEST AND SERVICE THE REST"  
136 PRINCE STREET DIAL 894-7341

**Compliments of RENDEZVOUS RESTAURANT**