

What's Happening In Drama?

Drama is art: and art is defined as the use of skill and imagination in the production of things of beauty. Interested? Then why did only forty people attend the Drama Society's first presentation on October 14, "A Night of Readings"?

Perhaps all was not skill and imagination, and definitely not every reading achieved beauty, but who can deny it's worth, or even say that he would know beauty, to see or to hear it?

It is your responsibility as an S.D.U. student to support the endeavors of your fellow students, even if a particular endeavor is not one of your main interests. Did you attend the last football game? The "Night of Readings" didn't charge admission.

So, for those who would enjoy a look at some new approaches in drama, as produced by the S.D.U. Drama Society this year, let me review the "Night of Readings" and speak briefly on what is to come.

The "Night of Reading", with Tom Gallant as moderator, ran as follows:

1. The "Three Witches" scene from MacBeth — anonymous.

mous.

2. Two soldiers by the campfire — Ray Doiron and Louis MacDonald.

3. Soliloquy from Romeo and Juliet — Judy MacKenzie.

4. Robert Frost's "October" — Ray Doiron.

5. Soliloquy from Hamlet — Diane LaRose.

6. Willie Blake's "Little Black Boy" — Mary Power.

7. Robert Burn's "Holy Willie's Prayer" & Epitaph for Holy Willis — Ken Hodge.

8. Scene from Ionesco's "Bald Soprano" — Jim Carney.

9. Original Poetry — Karen Kavana.

10. Opening scene from Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" — Doug Richard & Lynn Murphy.

11. Written by a Grade 7 Negro boy in Illinois, "I am Bad" — Jim Carney.

12. Grade I reading of Hamlet — Monica Clow.

The three most outstanding readings were Jim Carney's "I am Bad", Doug Richard and Lynn Murphy's excerpt from

"Pride and Prejudice", and Monica Clow's amusing variation of Hamlet.

It is interesting to note that Jim Carney, a Freshman and a newcomer to the Drama Society, has had professional experience for the past three years. He has acted in off-Broadway, summer-stock and television productions. Needless to say, he is a welcome addition to the Society, and should prove most helpful to the less experienced members of the group.

The next exciting event occurs on Nov. 1 with the opening of the new Science Building. The event is titled "The Living Arts". For those interested in original works who missed the last production there will be an abundance.

Karen Kavana

Neptune Players Present Play

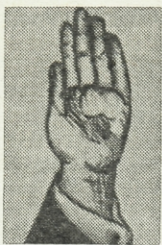
On October 21, the Confederation Centre hosted the Neptune Theatre player's, presenting Shakespeare's Henry IV Part I. With simple settings and before a scanty crowd, Ronald Bishop, as Sir John 'sack and sugar' Falstaff, dominated the comical sub-plot, while King Henry IV, played by stormy Roland Hewgill, was commanding in the political plot. The only objection I have to the latter's performance is that he seemed overly inflamed and scarcely distressed.

Falstaff, on the other hand, in giving us more than adequate relief from the heavy political scenes, seemed to this critic as being too energetic. Paul Mossie, as Henry, Prince of Wales, came on very strong in the latter stages of the play, but failed in the early scenes to give the audience an adequate representation of his relationship with Falstaff. I cite this because, even though the rejection is forecasted in Prince Hal's first soliloquy and in the Mock Trial Scene, the audience was left uncertain as to whether or not he could overthrow a friend. It was only in the latter part of the play that his aloofness from Falstaff was made evident, and the audience became confident that the promise Prince Hal made in the first act could be realized.

Recognition should also be given to Dave Renton, who played Hotspur. Even though he did not seem wholesome enough, his spirit and desire helped the audience to stay alert during the political and battle scenes.

I feel Phyllis Malcolm Stuart, as Mistress Quickly, Hostess of the Tavern, deserves mention for her convincing portrayal of the medieval barmaid, Falstaff's Wench.

Bernard Phillip



HONEST TO GOD

WITH REV. JAMES KELLY

Here she goes! Wish us God speed as we launch the column in its new question-and-answer format. Questions will often have to be compressed to save space; shout if the point gets lost in the process. Answers too will aim at the heart of the matter only; for details see this writer in person—or better, consult the experts.

Q. I am confused with the problem of predestination: Did God predestine . . . the time and the way in which I am going to die, or does God merely know when and how I am going to die . . . I am under the impression that things happen not because God foresees them, but God foresees them because He knows they will happen. In other words, if I were hit by a car and killed, the cause of my death would be the car striking me, which God foresaw and permitted but He did not plan . . . M.O.B.

A. Our impression: You can't claim really to be very confused; you're just about "dead on" by our reckoning. Through the unchanging laws by which he keeps everything except free agents within His great plan, God knows the effect of all natural causes — even in their chance interplay. Free agents are greatly bound by these same laws, but have a margin (however slim at times) where they give events a little turn at least. They trip, or release, some natural causes; these produce effects which their author obviously pre-determined. The "tripping action," we determined; God knows it because it's going to happen. To use a human illustration: if we could climb to a point at the end of time where all human events could finally be seen as they had unfolded, we could look behind our backs and find that God had been at that point for all eternity.

Q. Why should we have to study religion or theology in university? Shouldn't it be an optional course like so many others at St. Dunstan's? Is there any difference of opinion among the faculty at St. Dunstan's in regard to this matter? Are there two sides to the question, or are we wrong in suggesting that maybe theology should not be a compulsory course at S.D.U.?

A. Let us assume that the student arriving at college does not claim to know or understand reality. Let us assume further that he or she has come for the very purpose of learning reality, i.e. of knowing things, as well as possible, as they really and truly are. In such a contest—and it is the nearest I can imagine to the ideal—the university has to insist upon theology just as it insists upon mathematics plus chemistry plus logic, etc.

Can mathematics alone explain growth? Can the "laws," or immutable patterns, of life by themselves explain the characteristics of the isosceles triangle? Can the binomial theorem explain the structure of any compound or element? — Obviously not, to all of these. All the pieces of the puzzle are needed, and in a certain order. Theology, roughly, is a genuine science which attempts to find a unified overall explanation of reality not merely in the light of human observations and reflexions, but much further — in the light of truths revealed, or directly communicated to men by the Supreme Author Himself. Deliberately to omit theology (i.e. the study of this portion or aspect of reality) would be to distort most gravely the shape of everything else.

The argument presented above is based on the notion of truth as an integrum — a whole which cannot be fragmented without losing its completeness, a whole which is, in a sense, greater than the mere sum of its parts (i.e. the various sciences). Many universities are committed to this view of truth; to my knowledge all Catholic universities must be, and many other sectarian schools are — both Christian and non-Christian. I know of no faculty members at St. Dunstan's who would oppose this view, provided they claim to know and accept the Catholic "philosophy of education."

When a university accepts this notion of truth, many argue that it is free to proceed in either of two ways (probably not equally good, but nevertheless defensible). In the first way, it may govern its structure and operation rigorously in view of the content of truth and the dependent relationships of certain sciences to one another. To be consistent it should not only require theology but even give it the highest status as a science.

A second way, however, may

honourably be contemplated, though it appear at first glance as mere compromise. The adherents of it, however, would even argue that in specific cases this approach could be the more prudent way of achieving the agreed end. The second approach consists in offering theology, always with the most jealous scientific standards, and insisting that no education can be complete without it. At the same time, in view of the psychology of learning this science could be left optional with the burden of omission left upon the individual student. Two factual circumstances could support such an approach: One, the diversity of faith of those seeking an education; Two, the gravely deficient but widely prevailing concept of the university as the home and dispensary of all truth indeed, but after the self-service manner of a grocer's. Integration of truth is the price of such an approach. On the other hand, it is possible to protect integration in such a way that we may be sure neither of having as much truth to integrate as we could otherwise have, nor of diffusing the light of our truth nearly so far as we might.

I believe that several members of St. Dunstan's faculty would on the grounds just mentioned not hesitate to see theology made optional on our campus. The present policy professes (and probably honestly intends) to follow the first approach. In the opinion of your columnist this policy simply fails flatly to take sides and ends up without convincing students; indeed, it probably reaps quite justly the worst effects of both approaches.

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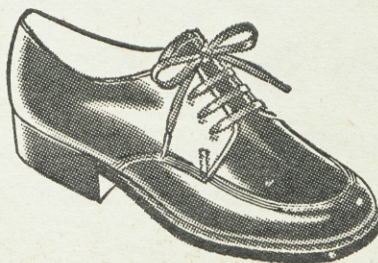
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"96 TEARS"

"Universitas Sancti Dunstani est omnis divisa in partes quatuor..." the pale sinewy finger began to write on the wall. "So, too bad" uttered the somewhat startled senior. "Why?" questioned the mysterious finger in icy blue. "Because," answered the dumb-founded senior.

"Universitas Sancti Dunstani est omnis..." began again the sinister finger, only this time in blood-red, the blood of the smitter senior.

The Junior saw and trembled. To this day he is still standing there and trembling with fear and indecision. The Sophomore saw. Eagerly he ran to find the Freshman. Returning with his banner the 69'er revealed to the Freshman the horrible scene. Slowly the Freshman began to grasp the significance and at that moment a new bond was formed.

Once again youth accepted the challenge presented. However, it is hoped that the bond established will be able to contain the challenge, to form a solid dyke against the on-rushing waters of apathy. This campus belongs to the young — its future and theirs is closely interwoven. The burden of creating a new 'esprit de corps', a new tradition, of interjecting a new vigor rests with the over classmen.

They are the new blood that will soon be pulsating through aging veins. The 'Class of 69' has united its voice, stood-out in co-operative efforts, and has managed to escape the wrath of Zeus. The Freshman Class has contributed its desire to be seen 'en masse', to lend its new voice to that fervent cry. It has experienced the baptism of desire.

If survival is to be achieved the dyke must be held. Then

unity is the key. Unity of spirit, unity of purpose. Solidarity under one banner. One banner! This is very important, for it is this sacramental which will carry us to victory. One banner, which although torn and soiled, still evokes that precious cry, and which manifests to all that within still burn the fires of loyalty, comradeship, and will.

The stands are filled. In their midst flies the banner "69 & 70". The Saints come onto the field—a mighty roar resounds throughout the stadium. As the echo begins to fade from whence it came, out onto the field comes the opposing football team, surprised and somewhat wary — unable to blame their uneasiness on any one specific thing or person. The band strikes up the "Alma Mater" and with fierce pride the crowd joins in.

The whistle blows, the game is underway. Surprise after surprise is followed by the roar and cheers, the laughter and tears of the crowd. A magnetic current passes through the crowd — unity at last.

One disgruntled football player is angrily cleaning off the two crossed white lines which are a part of his uniform. Suddenly his jaw drops. It's unbelievable—the banner!

Across the taut canvas moves the pale sinewy finger:

"DUNSTANI"

And having written, the finger moves on....

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