

# Ach Der Lieber or Sunt Lacrimae Rerum

It is indeed difficult to make a choice as to the guise of this, our last mission. Should we write an article which is mellifluous in tone, placate the plebes, or styptic in temper and incur the wrath of the Zeitgeist. "Fiat justitia, rouat coelum."

It is our opinion, and entirely ours, that the motto of many who merely perpetuate the student enrolment should be "ex nihilo nihil fit". We wince

in finding this mooto in many of our student officials. Annual elections, or any for that matter, seem to excite no competition or interest. Why do the students perpetuate this nonsense? It is evident that we enjoy the adage "you gets what you pays for". We pay nothing, we get nothing. We had high hopes in the lower classmen, but we have backed something more hopeless than the underdog. Student officials whose prescience is limited to

yesterday and students, who simply do not give a damn, equals a student body which is as enticing as wet straw and as intellectual as anthropoids. We realize that our caustic vernacular will impress no one, for we will solicit no response. Therefore, why bother to cross the "pons asinorum" in an effort to reach the inhabitants. "Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate."

Our thanks to the crew that kept us in the air, making it possible to consume our "furor scribendi". Naturally we do not apologize for any of our "lapsus calami" and extend our heartfelt sympathy to next year's staff who will be deprived of our talent. To those few of our knowledgeable readers we wish to say that we weep with you on this solemn occasion, our literary demise. To the remainder, our fondest wishes are extended that you remain "in vacuo".

Lebe Wohl,  
RED BARON

Taylor's  
JEWELLERS

# Ondine: A Critical Review

By GRACE SCHILLICH

Going to the theatre can be a thrilling, pleasant, dull or even painful experience -- the latter often being the case when the production is done by an amateur company, and all the more agonizing if the actors are one's friends or associates. There is a tendency for the observer to identify so closely with the performers that he genuinely suffers if their portrayal happens to be faulty or inadequate. While the March 15th performance of Jean Giradoux's *Ondine*, by the S.D.U. Players, could not be described as a thrilling experience, it certainly was neither painful nor dull, as clearly indicated by the reaction of the audience.

Perhaps best described as a fantasy, *Ondine* is a delightful adaptation of a mythological theme to the modern theatre. Basically it is a romantic fairy-tale type of story of the love of a water nymph and a knight, although without the traditional "and they lived happily ever after" ending. Since the knight is "of the world" and the nymph "of the water", their love is doomed, and against this background, the author develops the philosophical aspects of the play. As a playwright, Giradoux does not simply revive or re-create an ancient myth, but uses the subject to give himself a framework for his own ideas of feelings about life. These are interpreted by the main characters of the play and the end result is really an allegory evolved from the myth.

A theatre-goer watching a performance from the audience can only speculate about the trials and tribulations that must have gone into its preparation. *Ondine* was obviously the result of well-coordinated effort on the part of the actors, production staff, and director. The leading role of Ondine and Hans were well-cast and well-played, especially Ondine, who really understood the character of the nymph and gave a fresh and charming performance. Other commendations must go to Auguste and



ONDINE: From left to right, John O'Malley as Ritter Hans Von Wittenstein; Don White as Auguste; Monica Clow as Ondine; and Mary McGabe as Eugenie. The production was the project of the St. Dunstan's University Drama Society.

Eugenie, whose relaxed and easy style set the initial tone of the play; to the voluble Lord Chamberlain and the Superintendent of Theatre for the enthusiasm they brought to their roles, to Jim Levy for his fine efforts in the dual roles of the Old One and the Illusionist, to Tom Gallant who made an excellent king, to the two Kens who played extremely well as the two Judges, and to Bertram who was... well, Just Bertram! The role of Bertha was portrayed very convincingly although at times she was a bit harsh. The music, under the direction of Mr. Tersteeg, greatly enlivened the play, and the audience was especially delighted with the little song that was sung by the trio of Ondines.

Those responsible for the staging are also to be commended -- on the very fine impressionistic set in the first act and the effective simplicity they achieved with the use of the fish net in the third act -- very well done. Sister Louis

Marie and her assistants are also to be congratulated for the colorful and appropriate costuming.

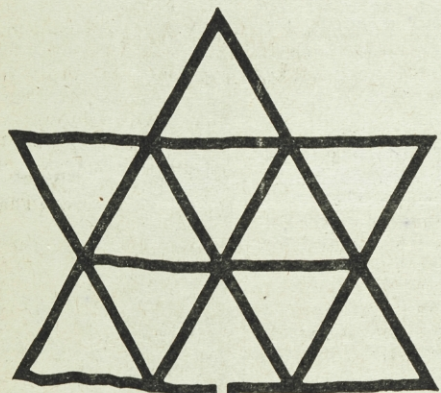
Last but not least, Father Arsenault is to be complimented on a superb directing job. It is not an easy task to unify the work of many individual performers into an artistic whole, while remaining faithful to the playwright's intentions.

There is a theatrical expression that had its origin in the days of vaudeville and variety shows, relating to the success of individual acts or performers. If their position on the bill was just after one of the "starring" acts, they considered it a "tough act to follow". Our S.D.U. players indeed had a "tough act to follow", presenting *Ondine* just four days after the most excellent and professional performance of Twelfth Night by the Stratford Festival Company. But they acquitted themselves well and gave their audience an evening in the theatre to be remembered with pleasure.

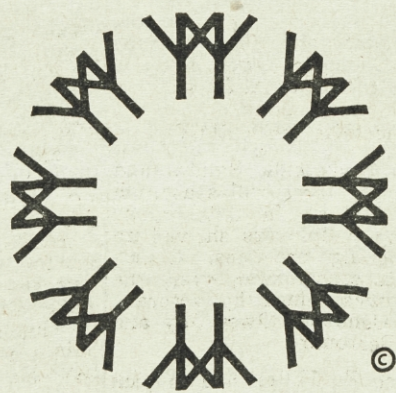
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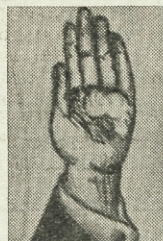
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## HONEST TO GOD

WITH REV. JAMES KELLY

STEW: In the Army one mixture they used to serve us got the name 'Whole hearted stew' -- the cook put everything he had into it. Hence today's subtitle; in a limited space several rather unconnected topics. (Come to think of it, I'm probably fooling with fire here; I hear voices: Why doesn't he just call the column that?)

APPRECIATION: Gratitude is not only a charming quality but far more -- serious duty, the first duty. Our Editor presents this issue as his last, we understand. Your columnist can't let him go without sincere thanks for kindness in offering the column, complete freedom allowed in planning it, and unlimited patience in coaxing the poor thing under deadlines. It would be a rather ineffectual paper that didn't stir up over a year's span a variety of reaction -- including some very strong ones. On this score alone the retiring staff passes muster. Variety of skills, originality in experiment, freedom of expression, and -- on the

whole -- a genuine policy of responsibility could all be found here, and they rate a sincere handshake to Mr. Tom McMillan and his staff.

RECAP: Hardened addicts of this column (There's a rash use of the plural!) will surely suffer a quick 'recap' of the themes that your columnist, the Chaplain, found most urgent to beat upon.

Holiness properly understood is merely wholeness. It is the enemy of no reasonable interest, activity, or enthusiasm. But it really talks whole: creature and Creator, man and God, here and hereafter.

Joy, so far from being alien to holiness, is more at home with it than with anything else you can think of. Really, it is the trade mark of holiness.

Change is the test of courage, the proof of detachment, the inexorable summons to growth and, at the same time, very often the best evidence of growth.

Secularization -- the modern attitude whereby man regards nearly all situations as first and foremost his responsibility, a challenge to his powers, his growth -- this attitude need not at all be in conflict with genuine holiness. An eternal destiny, a supernatural dignity, a primal fall, a redemption and other staples of the Christian view of life can all be reconciled with this new attitude, and indeed the new situation probably offers the most thrilling prospect yet for the full deployment of the plan of Creation.

life -- condition of the "secular city." If liberty offers its raptures, it also holds its terrors. Only the strong, those of true self-discipline, will survive -- or at least come into their own.

TRAGEDY? The sudden shock of death has jolted our campus. Ron Turner, fully alive, vibrant youth on the eve of his graduation gleefully took a mere four or five days. At Easter -- he'd be back for the last drive on exams and then all the excitement... He will not be back -- ever... here or anywhere... A car accident cut off his pulsing, promising life.

We will leave it to his peers to write tributes. Judging from the personal grief evident in many quarters these tributes will be numerous, sincere, and very well merited. May your columnist, proud to be a good friend of the deceased, forego personal comment and, instead, point up very briefly the very valuable lesson involved.

In the last analysis we all write the only true biography of ourselves -- the only one worth reading. It would be foolish and stifling to abandon eager dreams for the future and solid plans. But you only live now. The few years Ron Turner was perhaps impatiently "putting in" before coming to grips with life -- these years can not be recognized as IT -- THEY were the years that make up whatever glory he was to give to God, whatever he was to contribute to history... How would I like today as my last chapter?

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