

STOP SHAKIN' THE SCENERY

OR

Shakespeare's Last Stand

A drama in three scenes for freshmen, perpetrated by Alan MacGregor
ACT 1 Scene 1:

(A Castle, decorated as if for a party or a hanging, which amounted to much the same thing in those days. Amidst the gay colors and the bright lights sits a man. He is alone. He is handsome. He is despondent. He is speaking.)

MAN: Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is women.

On this obvious cue, a woman enters. She is young and beautiful.

WOMAN: Well, this is the forest of Arden. (She is confused.) O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits (She sits on the floor.)

MAN: But too much dead; nay, not so much, not two. (He sees the woman, and loses his melancholy.) What ho, Pisanio! (Pisanio enters.)

PISANIO: Aye, my lord?

MAN: What lady is that, which doth enrich the land of yonder knight? (There is no knight there, but our hero has been seeing things for weeks.)

PISANIO: I know not, Sir.

MAN: O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright! Did my heart love till now? Forswear it, sight! For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

WOMAN: Faith, I'll lie down sad sleep. But soft, no bedfellow! O gods and goddesses!

MAN: (approaching her) . . . Ed Note: This line has been censored.

WOMAN: Beware the ideo of March. (She is talking in her sleep; but when MAN assumes her incoherence is consent, and begins to make preparations, she awakens hastily.) My lord, I do protest. Do you think I am easier to be played on like a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, you cannot play upon me.

MAN: Oh, madam, madam, madam! She hath berayed me and shall die the death. (He kills her.)

WOMAN: (dies.)

(The same, an hour later. The blood has been cleared off the floor, the body removed and a small party is in progress. The man sits alone downstage.)

MAN: Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

BEATRICE: (breaking a way from the crowd and coming downstage to him). Yea, signor and depart when you bid me. (They embrace.)

MAN: Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

BEATRICE: You kiss by the book. (Changing the subject hastily) What do you read, my lord?

MAN: Words, words, words. The rest is silence. Draw near.

BEATRICE: What would you, my lord? Lovest me?

MAN: There's beggary in love that can be mentioned, and so you to a long and well-deserved bed.

BEATRICE: That he is mad 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish figure. Thou canst not partialize the unstooping firmness of my upright soul, My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.

MAN: Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so. To sleep, and by a sleep to say we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.

BEATRICE: I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

MAN: Your virtues will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of your taking-off.

BEATRICE: Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown. I did love you once, not wisely but too well. I love you not. Leave me!

MAN: This is a dull sight. Thus

conscience doth make cowards of us all. About my brain! I would not kill thy unprepared spirit.

BEATRICE: If you say no, I hope you will not kill me.

MAN: Down strumpet! I that am cruel am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain. (Kills her.)

BEATRICE: O, I die! (Dies)

(The same, deserted. MAN walks slowly out onto the stage. He is unhappy. No wonder.)

MAN: When sorrows come they come not single spies, but in battalions.

PISANIO: (bursting in) Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!

MAN: How, now, Pisanio!

PISANIO: Get thee to a nunnery, my lord. Our fortune is out of breath and sinks most rapidly. Her brother!

MAN: Lair and slave!

BROTHER: (running in) Is this the man? By heaven I'll hate him everlastingly. Fetch me my rapier, boy. But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?

MAN: I hold the mirror up to nature, its brightness dazzles him. A brittle glory shineth in his face: as brittle as the glory is the face.

BROTHER: Give me the glass. (He takes it) He smiles at me that short shall be dead. (They fight.)

MAN: O. (A great emotion)

BROTHER: O. (They die) (Slowly.)

PISANIO: A plague on both your houses. I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room. Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. Never was a story of more woe.

—CURTAIN—

Anyone who reads his Shakespeare for the purpose of finding the quotations is crazy, but they are all there. If you find them all, you may have your head examined free of charge. Submit all lists to the Gazette office before 1957.

Song

In my rude, unbidden art,
Plied in a single night
for a song, a word or phrase—
Labour'd in a single light.
Not for name or bread
Nor the pageantry of flight
Nor the fantasy of style,
Hurled, uncleaned from misty heights
And pulled across pages . . .
But for the common wages
Of the most secret heart.
Not the proud man
Not the dead
With sullen sonnets or psalms
. . . instead
For lovers
Who clasp the throe of ages
Who pay no wages
Nor heed my song.
John McCurdy

Books used to be rolled and stored before the invention of printing. That is why we still call a book of any length a volume, from the Latin "volere", to roll.

Why do they throw shoes at weddings? Because, in all probability, of the old Jewish custom whereby the groom struck the bride with a shoe on completion of the ceremony to symbolize his mastery over her.

There was said to be a deadly herb, according to the legends of Sardinia, whose eaters died laughing. Hence "sardonic" laughter has come to mean laughter in which evil lurks!

MED CORNER

The hockey scene was quiet last week as no games were scheduled. The volleyball team won their game with Pharmacy by default. The big action therefore took place on the ping-pong and basketball fronts.

In a close, well-played encounter, a good Arts and Science ping-pong team edged us three points to two. "Tiny" Bonuik won this match two games straight over his opponent, and because he has yet to lose a two-out-of-three match, I feel he deserved the sobriquet of "Athlete of the Week." Ed Grantmyre also won his match in two straight games as he turned in his usual steady game. Ben Goldberg and Henry Presutti lost the doubles match, winning only one of three games. Gord Dimock lost his match, again only winning one of three games. The smoke of battle having cleared, Arts and Science leads the league with 16 points, followed by the Bonuik-managed squad with 15.

The B basketball squad played no ball last week. The A team meanwhile played two good games last week wallowing Engineers 39-17 but dropped their game with Law A 36-30. In the Engineer's game, Doug Brown, Thane Cody and Jim Wickwire all played good ball while in the second game Ollie Mallard, Cody, Ron Bergh and Bob Miller turned in good games. The Law game was very close with Law leading 30-28 with one minute left. The A team has now finished its schedule. Those turning out for the team were Drysdale and Miller from fourth year, Bergh, Langly, "Fish" Riske, Cody, Wickwire, Brown and Miller from second. They lost four ball games all by close scores and won four for a not too successful season.

Remember the Med Ball will be held at the Nova Scotian Hotel Friday, March 5. Don Warner's orchestra will be in attendance. There are no corsages and the admission fee is \$3.00.

Two Canadian Students Give Clambake To Communist Parade

The story of how two Canadian students slipped into a communist war parade in Bucharest last summer and matched the shouts of Rumanian workers and soldiers with their own shouts of "Long Live Eisenhower!" was told today by one of the participants.

"The marchers near us could hardly believe their ears. After several blocks I tried to step out of the parade. Two soldiers and a civilian wearing an armband closed ranks on me and pushed me back into the street," reports Toronto medical student John Lofft in the current issue of Maclean's magazine. His ten-thousand-word article tells the strange story of his six weeks behind the Iron Curtain as delegate to a Communist-sponsored Student Peace Festival.

While the other "comrades" were hurried out of Bucharest as soon as the festival was over, non-Communists Lofft and John Hallward of Montreal managed to stay behind and see the city after its facade of friendliness was replaced by a gigantic Red parade of Russian-built tanks and aircraft, the Maclean's article says. It was at this point that the two students joined the parade as a gag.

Lofft continued his independent observations through the satellite countries of Hungary, Roumania, Poland and Czechoslovakia:

BUCHAREST:

"A Roumanian medical student told me that for two months the city's rationing had been tightened so that there would be plenty of food, not only for the delegates but for the residents, to eliminate queues. The week after the festival the flags of the Western nations disappeared overnight and big red stars went up on all public buildings."

WARSAW:

"The most bombed city I had ever seen. The tragic Ghetto was still acre upon acre of weed-grown rubble. The bookstores with vast offerings of Stalin's works at subsidized prices: I paid eighty cents for a London Times, but a thick volume by Stalin on The Problems of Leninism would be had for fifty cents. A foreign diplomat told me: 'I'm thinking of heating my house this winter with books by Stalin—pound for pound they're cheaper than coal in Warsaw. At the "grey market" Nestle's cocoa was on sale at twenty dollars a pound, sugar was a dollar seventy-five cents, nylons were thirty dollars a pair,' Lofft reports.

Maclean's says that the charge d'affaires for Yugoslavia told Lofft: "The favorite trick of the Polish secret police is to send an agent to a diplomat's house with the story that he is hiding from the police and would like to leave some secret documents for safekeeping. Invariably the secret police are waiting outside, ready to march in and nab

the diplomat with the documents in his hand."

"In all, in Roumania and Poland, my companion and I had been able to interview one hundred men and women," Lofft said. "Of these 90 spoke against their government. They objected principally to the lack of freedom of speech and movement, the restrictions imposed on a man's business and personal life, and the end products of Communism; shortage of food, of proper housing, or consumer goods. Most just didn't like living under totalitarianism."

Us Engineers

There has been a lot written in this paper by people who know nothing about what they are writing, and always do. It has been suggested that a certain rambler on the campus take a long ramble on a short dock. Myself—I was born at an early period of my existence and don't have to write this for a living. As soon as Prof. Arrows figures out the stresses and strains, I plan to make a fortune selling roller coasters to 3-D movies.

By request the next "Us Engineers" will have a sub-title, "WOMEN". The subject I have chosen for my discourse this Friday is:

"Dalhousie, Its Sports and Pastimes"

There can be no doubt that Dalhousie was discovered, therefore I will now turn to the sports and pastimes of her people; but before proceeding any further, I will say in justice to myself, that it has been reported around the campus by a certain Water Street reporter named Ariel that this masterpiece was written by William Shakespeare, But I deny the allegation in the language of the extemporaneous poet;

"Sing high, sing low, wherever they go,
Some go up, others below."

If Willie had written this lecture, I wouldn't give him credit for it. What has he ever done to benefit this University. Did he contribute a cent towards the Engineers Ball? Or did he pay our threadbare Council his registration dues? Not a bit of it. His only achievement is to keep up Engineers burning the midnight oil. (and English themes). But let us return to our subject.

The sports and pastimes of Dalhousie. We indulge in them; we enjoy them; and we patronize them. And why? For the very simple reason that if we had no amusement by which we could for a few hours forget the everyday routine of studies — I say, if we had no amusement by which we could for a few hours forget our studies, just how much would we think of our studies. Let us look at a few of the sports. Basketball is a good game to watch as the ball bounces up and down, up and down, up and down, up and down, etc. For variety we try tennis where the ball goes back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Or golf, where the ball goes. Perhaps you've tried Dal's swimming pool which is frequently found between the gym and the football field when going from the men's residence to the rink. Or vice versa. The men at the residence have a new game in which they see who can sleep in the latest and still make first class. While the girls at the hall see who can stay out the latest without ending up with phone duty. An-

other game at the hall (not counting their rather wasteful game of burning letters) is to see who can imagine they see the most pro-wlers.

I believe the Professors enjoy their sport the most. It consists of trying to pick just the right time to spring a test so as to flunk the whole class. A few break the rules and have actually been seen reading the test answers before marking them.

The most interesting and unique pastime we have here at Dal concerns the Student Council and all the money it hasn't got. The game gets even silly at times. Let's look at the vote they held last week asking the students if they wanted to pay \$3.00 more in their council fees. I doubt if any student wants to pay more money than he has to. But I am willing to bet that over four-fifths of Dal's students are farsighted enough to see that such an increase would benefit the University as a whole, and therefore would agree to it. I know this is true of the engineers, even though

it would mean paying double this, because of their system of faculty dues. But no student would vote that he wants to pay more money! Therefore he just would not vote. While those 15% who don't want to spend money, no matter what the reason, will say so. And they did.

I suggest that if the Council can learn to word their proposals with just a little tact, they will have better results in their game. I once went in to watch a Dal hockey game. In that game you need a heart of stone—and a head to match. This reminds me of a big pastime I forgot to mention—dancing (the ability to pull ones feet away before your partner steps on them — Webster). I can tell you that after seeing the Engineers Brawl, coach King thought up six new football plays.

I haven't had nearly enough time to mention all our sports and pastimes but REMEMBER: whatever yours is put enthusiasm in it. Play hard and when every bone aches, just be glad you aren't a herring.

"DICTUM SAPIENTI SAT EST"

For the pert coquette the harbingers of spring are greeted with thoughts of joy, for "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love".

But alas! for many struggling scholars spring is a time of reckoning, a time of judgment, when the drowsy seeker after knowledge is rudely awakened from his winter siesta. During the long winter months many students have become becalmed in the academic doldrums and must pull up the anchor and set sail, realizing:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood tide, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in shallows and miseries."

Stated in more prosaic language, 'Drag anchor, exams are approaching.' For the many students who have taken a well deserved rest, now is the time to get down to the books. It is a time to give some serious thoughts to study. Speaking of study and seriousness, Robert Hutchings, the President of Chicago University, had this to say, "It's not so important to be serious, as it is to be serious about important things, the monkey wears an expression of seriousness which would do credit to any college student, but the monkey is serious because he itches."

You may not be itching to get down to studying, but let a word to the wise be sufficient.

D. M.

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BURLEY
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at its
best...

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