

UHURU

In the South

The Freedom Singers

After their concert attended by two hundred students a score of S.C.M. members met the five Negro Civil Rights workers and their New York guitarist. They are now on a tour of Canadian campuses to raise money for the education of Southern Negroes and to entertain and make Canadians aware of their situation.

The motives for social action of activists can be seen best by the life and aim of one member of the group. He comes from the emerging social class of Southern Negroes; his father was an Episcopalian minister and a principal in a segregated high school. From a low quality school he went on to university where he, his brother and his sister were the only Negroes. They studied music and math. In spite of his M.A. course he could get no other job than window

washing. Having lived through Ku Klux Klan persecution and witnessing the beating of a white Civil Rights worker he began the work of encouraging terrified Negroes to register for voting, attempting to use segregated restaurants, and singing for freedom. His brother also saw the infinitesimal chance of success he had in operatic career and so began social work. They didn't join any organisation, for they believe in voluntary action. The situation of the Southern Negro is exemplified by the jailing of a Ugandan and a Rhodesian for no reason at all, except the colour of their skin. He was also interested in racial conflict and American economic imperialism:

"Man, those big cats (which I take to mean capitalists) control Liberia and 80% of Canada . . . You can change it not by education but attitude."

Then he explained about the difficulty of overcoming the hesitation of men who were oppressed as slaves for centuries and only nominally and not psychologically liberated to dare to exercise their constitutional rights. He rejected all extremism and political ideology and emphasized the need for solution in practice and not through idle theorisations. One of the group whose father was a sharecropper admitted that he had a basically violent nature, but all agreed to the efficacy of laboriously evolving a new attitude in both races.

Their part in actualising the constitutional liberties of the subjugated peoples and in realising the role of the Negroes in American society is played by singing UHURU into the ears of the hostile, the misinformed, and the complacent.

Two Exhibits

As the Catalogue to English painting in the twentieth century admits, the paintings are scarcely more than mediocre, and the painters do not stand in the forefront of the international scene. This frank admission of the superiority of New York and Paris over London as a centre of international art begs the question why our Art Gallery concentrates on a country whose style is derivative, where the revolutionary movements lag behind by a generation, and most important of all, whose medium offers little edification to Canadians nor explanation of present-day Canadian art. The collection of truly great works of the eighteenth century, the only period when British painting could compare with France, Italy, Germany or the Low Countries, is no mere nostalgia towards the Mother Country, but the limitations of the artistic sensibility of our great benefactor Lord Beaverbrook should not be all allowed to perpetuate the parochial, provincial self-termination of the Athens of the Maritimes.

I know of no major art gallery where the genius of alien cultures is persecuted and the mediocrity of local limitations tolerated. An art gallery may concentrate on one period of art or on the products of only one area where other compre-

hensive galleries abound as in New York, Paris, Rome, Leningrad or Mexico City, but where a gallery serves a whole region, its contents must be universal in scope and period, unless its aim is to narrow and not to widen minds. To exclude Egyptian, Byzantine, Roman, Greek cultures, to dismiss impressionism, expressionism, surrealism, to ignore Gothic, Arab, Persian, Chinese, Indian achievements or the manifestations of the twentieth century from Eastern Europe to Mexico is nothing short of artistic drought and intellectual suicide. Specialization is enlightening only in diversity, if exclusive, it produces ignorance and tyranny.

The failure of the exhibit is twofold: first of all it is not an exhibit for no one goes to see it, secondly, it fails to include the work of original artists in Britain who are again raising the standard of English art, such as Francis Bacon. One would think from the exhibit that there is no op or pop art in Britain. When scarcely anyone appreciates modern art in Fredericton, unknown names and mediocre or derivative paintings will convert no one, but there is a slight chance that a Picasso, a Matisse, or a Vasarely might. And anyway, even these are passé, what about pop, op-art, mobiles and abstract sculp-

ture?

The expansion of artistic horizon seems to be limited to the Art Centre at U.N.B. How many not from the university community visit the Buddhist exhibit? The brochure explains the background of religious inspiration in Japanese painting. This exhibit is as informative as the one at the Art Gallery thought-provoking. See both.

Apology

The editors of the Brunswickian wish to apologize to Father Barry, who was mistakenly connected with an article in a recent issue of the Brunswickian.

We have been advised that it was not Father Barry who was involved in the incident concerning the St. Thomas Dances, and therefore regret any embarrassment it may have caused him. In this case the error is attributable to two faulty sources.

Gary Davis



by
Ed
Ball

THE PLOWBOY PHILOSOPHY PART I

We have established in our previous installments that there has been a sexual revolution in North America . . . revolution being defined as a successful uprising . . . The weapon which wrought this revolution was the closed car, which resulted in momentous changes in the courting practices of the younger generation. In the good old days that we've all heard so much about, they used to write songs about "Hitching Ol' Dobbin to the Shay" and "Looking Sweet Upon the Seat(s) of a Bicycle Built For Two". Well, anyone who's ever tried to manage a horse and woo a girl simultaneously needs no further explanation of the effect of the closed automobile on romantic aspirations. The older generation brings back memories of things past when they drive by country lanes and apple orchards . . . the man of today (and recent yesterdays) becomes immersed in nostalgia when he passes an auto junkyard.

Ranking close to sex in conversational importance for the modern generation is humour . . . And here is our greatest failing. After all, a sense of humour must be cultivated, while our instinctual qualities will eventually lead us to sexual understanding, either voluntarily or otherwise. Thus having dispensed with sex, for present purposes at least, let us examine philosophically the position of humour in this community.

To put it succinctly, the college generation of today takes itself far too seriously. By dressing up in a camel-hair coat and a button-down collar, by carrying around an attaché case, and by parroting the voices of dissent on great causes and issues, the college man loses his ability to take part in the boisterous joyousness that should make university life a cheerful, happy thing. When he does engage in humour, it's only of the macabre variety . . . Polish jokes, watching Solo electrocute three men with his pen knife, chortling as Laurel gets hit in the face with a pie.

There is, on the college scene, no fun just for the sake of sheer, irresponsible fun . . . no practical jokes . . . no puns . . . no pranks. Nobody will realize that this is the only time in their life they can escape serious responsibilities . . . that they should relax and enjoy themselves, that there will be plenty of time for the rest later.

We believe that, if people don't have a good honest laugh, either with you or at you, several times a day, you are much too serious for your own good . . . and will soon lose the ability to laugh . . . especially at yourself. The inevitable result is that you will soon start thinking you are a helluva fella, one of the great serious thinkers of your time.

While lightly made, these are serious criticisms. We know of dogs who have better . . . and more healthy . . . senses of humour than some members of the modern generation . . . Which is reason for them to pause and consider. The situation is covered by an old Hebrew expression. "The next thing you lose after you lose your sense of humour is your mind".

Whatever became of:

Jess E. James,

CLASS OF '67?



A life-long student of transportation systems, James will be best remembered for his provocative major thesis "Iron Hosses I Have Broke In." Working towards his doctorate, he formed a research team with his brother and toured the West, taking copious quantities of notes as they went. Soon the whole country was talking about the James boys and they were in great demand as guests of honour at civic parties (neckties to be worn). Despite a reputation which grew by leaps and bounds (mainly on to passing trains) Jess E. James remained an elusive, retiring person who spurned formal gatherings no matter how pressing the invitation. A superb horseman, Mr. James had a way with colts. His untimely end came when he was engaged in breaking in a new one — a 45, to be exact.

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