

FESTIVAL



There is a problem on this university campus and that's putting it mildly. It has to do with the environment. It is simply this. There is no community on anything other than a physical level. There is only a community on this level because one third of the town is student and these people have put something together as a necessary alternative to dying of boredom. That "something" may be superficial and banal like residence parties or football team spirit or esoteric and illegal like dope smoking and tripping but at least it's there. It keeps the people together. And the people are the university - nothing else. The identical brick buildings are empty shells. The picturesque campus-on-a-hillside is as irrelevant as the postcard on which you see it. The postcard fools most of the students. They think that the university is more than the people within it. They somehow feel in contact with a mysterious entity whom they have not seen, mind you, but who has taken their name and their money, issued them an IBM number and will be guiding them to a destination of some sort. Most of these students are at an expensive but "respectable" playground although they do not realize it (for what small child is aware of the social forces that control him), they could be an embarrassment on the streets so they are sent to university. Others are studiously training for jobs that no longer exist. An appreciable number, however, and a number that has grown radically in the last few years, takes the whole university scene with a grain of salt. They know they are pawns in a game played by vast inhuman machines. They merely take what knowledge and rapport with other people they can find and apply it to their knowledge of themselves and the world around them. For these people there is no community, no intellectual community other than a strictly structured one set up by another race. There is no community they can participate in, only one that they can serve under, and that is hardly my conception of "community". The pity with this is that supposedly the people here are the most intelligent and creative members of the population. There is no way they can release or explore their creative and intellectual interests other than by competing in the classroom. A friend tells me that there are twenty published poets living in Fredericton. I can only think of two. Why? Where can I organize a cosmological workshop? A practical exploration of the symbolic universe - tarot, I Ching, astrology, numerology, Don Juan, Ouspensky? Are you kidding? Such things are laughed at. Come on, Mack, this is a university not a fucking intellectual funhouse. But I think the two should be the same. And so do a lot of other people. Crap, crap, crap. Destructive criticism. So - flash - here it comes, kiddies.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

A festival! A festival of the contemporary arts. It's going to happen. More and more people are interested. More and more people are willing to help and even, whisper, whisper, willing to participate. Poetry readings, poetry workshop, drama, street theatre, creative dance, paintings, cosmology workshops, lightshows, music, a freaky far-out dance, photography displays, boutiques? , films, a whole weeknd of it in Memorial Hall. It happens in other places and the people even enjoy it. And FREE even. All this isn't going to happen for a while, probably not until the end of March, but cob-webbed wheels are slowly turning. Do your bit to un-structure this place, then at least you'll know that you've been here. If you are interested phone 472-8807 and ask for Dave, Rick or Andrew.