



"Hay, Bo Diddley" was the cheer that echoed in the gym last week at the two dances

where Bo Diddley and his band played while people stomped. The only complaint at his

dances was that people couldn't stop.

Drama Festival Announced

Miss Monique Lepage of Montreal, actress and theatre manager, will adjudicate the New Brunswick Regional Drama Festival to be held here March 11-13.

John F. Brook of Simcoe, Ontario, National President of the Dominion Drama Festival, announced recently that eight Canadians will adjudicate D.D.F.'s 14 Regional Festivals to be held in March and April.

Three of these have adjudicated previous D.D.F. competitions. They are: Mr. Andrew Allan of Toronto, well known radio and television producer, director and writer; David Gardner of Toronto, actor, director and C.B.C. television producer;

Walter Massey of Montreal, actor and director.

The New Brunswick Regional Drama Festival will be held in Fredericton March 11, 12 and 13 at the Playhouse. The University of New Brunswick Drama Society, who have entered "Rashomon" in the festival competition, will be host to the visiting drama groups from elsewhere in the province.

In making the announcement, Mr. Brook welcomed five theatre personalities as new adjudicators. They are: Charlotte Boisjoli of Montreal, actress and director; Monique Lepage of Montreal, actress and theatre manager; Paul Blouin of Montreal, actor, director and tele-

vision producer; Lawrence Sabath of Montreal, lecturer and Montreal Star drama critic; Dennis Sweeting of Toronto, actor, director and drama critic.

For festival purposes, Canada has been divided into 14 regions which are grouped into 8 zones. The winning play of each zone will be invited to compete in the final festival for the D.D.F. National Trophy and a cash prize of \$1,000 offered by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, the Festival's major sponsor. The final festival will be held in Brockville, Ontario, May 24 to 29, 1965.

UNB's production *Rashomon* will be our festival entry.

Letters

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a meeting with TC and STU that both groups would have their own "carnivals". We all agreed at that time to have our carnivals on the same weekend.

This fall TC and STU did not organize their committees until October and middle November respectively. As time was short, we finalized our plans leaving room for them where possible. TC informed us that to avoid losing their identity, they would have their "carnival" a week before ours. This has changed since then however. Saint Thomas finally got someone to run their carnival and these two fellows attended two of our meetings at which we discussed co-operation on opening night, the float parade, sculptures, and entertainment. We offered them five hundred tickets to both our entertainers - a figure that seems adequate for a university of three hundred students. A week later STU informed us that they would be sponsoring their own entertainment thereby providing us with a little "friendly competition". Also, due to some other commitments, they later found it impossible to cooperate on the opening night ceremonies.

Saint Thomas then, entirely by their own choice, decided to go their own way. I feel that we offered them every opportunity and every consideration even after it became apparent that they were going to

have their own carnival. The fact, for example, that STU advertised our float parade (in which we paid them to participate) as a major event in their carnival was overlooked.

The *Brunswickan* saw this competition in the same light as many people I talked with. The idea of competitive carnivals was not a good one and it seems that we have both suffered from it.

The articles contained in that issue were neither overly biased nor unduly critical as they questioned the advisability of a supposedly poor STU student body government running the risk of possible failure just to entertain local high school students.

The cartoon was far from malicious. It depicted perfectly the redundant 'me-tooism' that appeared first in the yearbook negotiations and now with winter carnival.

The universities in the Halifax area cooperated this year, but the financial backing necessary from the city of Halifax is not available here. Big name entertainment costs money and no matter how big a carnival was planned on the hill we would be unable to bring expensive entertainment like Louis Armstrong. A place with a very large seating capacity would be necessary to keep the tickets at a reasonable price. The one-thousand seat Playhouse is not adequate.

Although financially the 1965 Winter Carnival was a little shaky, from all reports it was a

definite social success. Thanks are due to all those who worked for the Carnival and helped to make it the success it was. (They probably had the most fun anyhow.) I wish the next year's committee every success.

Yours truly,
Don Patton,
Chairman,
Winter Carnival Committee
Editor:

Since when does the *Brunswickan*, a newspaper representing all the student body, print under its name the ideas, well-intentioned but rude, of a small group of people, namely the Winter Carnival Committee? Presumably the Winter Carnival News was intended to boost sales, but if anything it will have the opposite effect. The arguments used are full of holes. There's no such thing as general student apathy. The people who want to be entertained will buy tickets... those who prefer not to, will not buy; both groups of students will resent pressures (your sheet was not just publicity) Drawing parallels between U.N.B. and Macdonald College and Le Coq d'Or is illogical: both of the latter are in Canada's largest cities; both therefore draw more people. "Somewhat less than 2/3" for ticket sales is not bad, considering the fact that some men may not have \$9.00 to spend, and others may be bogged down in their studies; which are, after all, the primary concern at a university. Judging by the

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by
Ed
Ball

LAMENT FOR THE SAINT

Alas! One of the most vital of our national holidays has succumbed to the neglect of an apathetic population. What should be observed as a day of great celebration and rededication is now ignored by the man in the street, and its observance is confined to the exchanging of poison-pen cards by children of grade school age.

I speak, of course, of that festival in honour of true romantic love... St. Valentine's Day. But, the sad fact is that the fervour and excitement of what used to be a joyous holiday is gone... people have gotten away from a true understanding of Valentine's Day... so much so that one person, when asked by me to comment on its significance, referred to it as a memorial for a certain incident which took place in Chicago.

The reason for this sad decline is indubitably the fact that it has become unfashionable in this land to believe in romanticism. Gone are the days when a romantic suitor was supposed to have the suavity of a John Barrymore, the smouldering intensity of a Rudolph Valentino and the mischievous naughtiness of an Errol Flynn... all while trying to keep Dobbin from running away with the wagon.

The trouble today is that people are too careful and too reserved. Men choose their mates in approximately the same manner in which they buy their suits... carefully, and with an eye to cost, style and serviceability. Women choose their mates as if they were buying stocks... where is it going to go, how much money is it going to make, will it be a future asset which will impress the group? Love at first sight is going the way of the whooping crane. The dove, that ancient symbol of love and affection, is only too often replaced by a bird more nearly related to the aforementioned crane.

Where will it end? Will automation take the place of romantic courtship? Will marriages still be made in Heaven... or by IBM? Will the erotic games of Orwell's 1984 replace the ancient customs which used to make Valentine's Day a happy event? Or are we growing older?

FILM REVIEW:

IDEORAMA

by PETER SIMPSON

In the immediate pre-Kennedy era we all had to believe that God was American and a Republican into the bargain. Those that couldn't go along with this were naturally "communists". In this atmosphere the adoption by youth of morally responsible stances was unlikely for several reasons. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has been a focus of derogatory comment from our morally committed leaders and Berkeley students in their cause for Civil Rights we are now told are "lawless".

The amoral irresponsibility of youth as depicted in *BREATHLESS* (France 1959) shown at the Playhouse on January 31st is the result of the cynicism of our leaders of society who long ago realised the potential power of idealism as a political weapon. The characters in *BREATHLESS*, by comparison with later work in this genre seem too literary, question and answer, but this is perhaps the price of setting the style. It is here that cinema caught up with literature and with Sartre in particular. Idealism is dead for those that can think. What is the point of being religious if the leaders of the Christian church in the movement of cri-

sis can tolerate the extremes of Nazi inhumanity? What is the point of being politically committed if this doesn't stop the bomb dropping? These are the questions and *BREATHLESS* and its style were the answer. For doesn't every ideal succumb to the personal desires and ambitions of those who preach it? We have the clergyman who has organised his religion into a once a week basis, the doctor who is only available in office hours. This is the story which the censors with their extensive cutting failed to destroy, far more damaging to the Puritan ethic than any number of four letter words or fruity pieces.

Lack of human excitement for anything other than spontaneous sexuality is now a commonplace; this detracts from the impact of the film in its colloquial style, which now has the characteristic of a "Period Piece". It is interesting to be reminded that these ideas were once less commonplace.

Next Sunday at the Playhouse at 8.30 p.m., U.N.B. Film Society presents *PATHER PANCHALI* (India 1955), the first of three films that make up the distinguished Indian trilogy *THE WORLD OF APU*, directed by Satyajit Ray.