

A QUESTION

I met Simi in the library and noticing his philosophical mood, I thought I'd ask him the unique question, "How's life?" Here is his answer . . .

Sometimes the death of one person, an individual, can shake the conscience of millions of people, even in this cynical world of the Atomic generation. This happened when the news of Marilyn Monroe's death was announced. If the dejected actress had known how many are her true friends and admirers all over the world, it is doubtful if she would have cut out the wick of her life. Yet she did not know it, and when she swallowed those poisoned pills — she thought she was the loneliest soul on earth.

This is most depressing and horrifying — the "Sex Bomb", the envy of every woman and the dream of every man, the symbol of glittery and success, was a lonely woman.

This cruel truth humbles us not less than the death of the actress itself. Human beings always search for a reason to explain or justify the tragic sorrow in a case of suicide. It carries some responsibility towards the above, like they intend to say "We did it, but we had very personal reasons."

In the Roman period, such reasons were brought to the Caesar who could agree or reject, if he did not find them sufficient.

The justification for suicide was owed to the conscience of society that, by contributing individual causes for those said instances eliminates itself from the responsibility. Marilyn Monroe did not leave behind her any notice to explain her action. Her life was wasted in a race without aim and she died without a reason . . . If she did it because of hunger or bread; if the reason for it was a malignant sickness; a love disappointment; or any other reason which stems from a human weakness, we could maybe understand, but Marilyn Monroe died in a beautiful home, surrounded by abundance and wealth, and still at the top of fame. From physical and economic point of view, she did not lack anything—still she committed suicide. It horrifies her admirers, Hollywood, and millions of small people that live in an infinite race towards success, fame and wealth. Suddenly we realize that reaching the climax of the Olympus in life doesn't mean reaching happiness. A human being can be lonely and neglected even at the top of his career. When you suddenly realize that the goal you are striving for and on which you waste your power and youth is empty of content and full of emptiness, no wonder you are humbled and even horrified.

The sickness of loneliness is becoming a plague in our world and with the new inventions and technical achievements, the machines take more and more an important part in our life. A hu-

man being with his emotions and feelings is being pushed into a corner. The glimmering, the elaborate, and the noisy advertisements become the virus of our era. They confuse our senses.

The plague of television, film, and radio turned the human being in America and slowly in the rest of the "developed world" to small stage actors. People caught by the lights of attention lost their private life. They act under the flash of cameras and they move like puppets in a theatre. They behave that way at home and with their families, if they have them. They are surrounded by society and friends every day and night but are still lonely. We are living in a period when a man segregates and closes himself. He has never been so alone. The sickness of loneliness spreads in all levels of society. It is a sickness without physical symptoms, and only those who suffer from it know, and are aware of its existence. Have you paid attention to the number of people who walk by themselves, or go to a movie by themselves, to run away from loneliness? They lean on a cup of coffee in a restaurant, or over a drink in a bar. They are afraid to come back home and find the window in darkness because no one has put on the light.

They are scared to open the door and find that everything is left where they placed it. They lose their self-confidence and are exposed to corruption. In Great Britain, there are 400 suicide trials every week. In Sweden, one of every 600 citizens is trying to commit suicide, and this in a country of plenty. Even in the United States, a place where a man is left to himself, hundreds are trying to commit suicide every week.

No wonder the fate of Marilyn Monroe shocked us so deeply. Right was Sir Lawrence Olivier when he proclaimed that "Marilyn Monroe was a victim of the confusion and sensation of Hollywood." She was more than that. She was a victim and a symbol of a depressed and unsatisfied world.

N.B. — Simcha Ronen is a fifth year Mechanical Engineer from Israel.

if . . .

Examinations weren't looming up so quickly.

Fredericton could manage to have a spell of really nice weather which would last longer than a few hours.

The coffee wasn't so expensive and cigarettes too.

Radio UNB kept up its program all night so people working late in the Brunswickan office could have a little music over their new speaker (which they appreciate).

The hill in front of Memorial Hall wasn't at an eighty-five degree angle to the horizontal, at least not at 8:30 a.m.

Professors driving past students going to early classes given by the aforesaid professors would stop and give them a drive instead of merely waving cheerfully.

People would manage to get their copy into this office in time to meet the deadlines. THEN little ditties like this could be safely eliminated.

Leather Jackets At Dances?

The SRC has been asked to clarify a vaguely accepted rule concerning the wearing of U.N.B. jackets at dances. Article No. 8 of the "Regulations and Recommendations at the SRC Applications committee concerning Minor dances of the University . . . Revised January 1962" reads:

No University of New Brunswick jackets are allowed on the dance floor. The dance sponsor is responsible for the observance of this rule.

After some discussion on the consistency of this ruling, the council changed the ruling to read:

No outdoor apparel will be allowed on the dance floor. The dance sponsor is responsible for the observance of this rule.

It is felt that if a little extra care is taken with one's appearance, a little extra care is taken with one's behaviour. So let's not argue with the CP's at these dances.

"How are you this evening honey?"

"All right, but lonely."

"Good and lonely?"

"I'll be right over."

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FILM SOCIETY

by ROBERT KERR

The Japanese film "Ikiru" was one of great merits and definite faults. The problem was that the faults were so obvious that they might easily have been avoided, and at the same time so annoying that they tended to hide the merits.

The sub-titles were unusually difficult to read, particularly on the first reel. This got the picture off to a very bad start, and detracted significantly from the audience's enjoyment of it.

The film was much too long for what was accomplished. Not enough happened to sustain interest for two and a half hours. Everything was worked out with great clarity and detail, a practice which has its merits, but in this case a little clarity might have been sacrificed for brevity. The story frequently bogged down in the consideration of too many trivia.

The mood of melancholy and sadness was excessively sustained throughout the film. The result was that when this mood became stronger it was nearly unbearable. At times this caused the spell of sympathy with the story to break, and the whole thing to suddenly appear melodramatic — almost ludicrous.

Too many opportunities for comic relief, particularly in a satire of the red tape of civic officialdom, were passed over in favour of a continuing mood of depression. Although English audiences have undoubtedly been prejudiced in favour of comic relief ever since the Bard's great love for it led to its elevation from a useful dramatic device to a virtually inviolable tradition, it is still a good practice. In "Ikiru" it could have been used more.

The theme of the film, "What is it to live, and what is it to be dead?", was well handled. The answer suggested was poignant, although because of its ethical

basis it is becoming a little trite. The highlights of the film were the acting performances and some of the scenes. Although nightmarish in some respects, they possessed an essential realism. The ending was very effective. It is regrettable that the film's length caused several people to leave early, for the conclusion was worth seeing. It consisted of two scenes. First, in Ikiru's former office, life, or is it death, goes on as usual, in spite of the drunken resolutions of the night before to learn by Ikiru's example. Was the effort of Ikiru's last months in vain? The scene shifts to the park Ikiru caused to have built, where the children are happily playing. The answer to our question is problematic.

Please don't stop here.

" " "

First Chauffeur: "Ever been pinched for going too fast?"
Second Ditto: "No, but I've been slapped."

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Memorial Hall

8:15 p.m.