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Pornography ? ? ? ?

Some years ago there was published in the U. S., a trilogy written by James T. Farrell involving three separate narratives, each concerned with three phases of the life of one Studs Lonigan from youth to his early death. The book took its subject's name and was hailed as an American classic by some, and as a lewd treatise in pornography by others. Written in the manner of the realistic trend nothing was spared in the pursuit of a true portrayal. It was far more ambitious than anything the author has attempted since. Other works like "Ellen Rogers" were insignificant in comparison. The trilogy is here discussed as it is felt that some day it will rank as great as Lewis' Main Street or Drieser's American Tragedy. It is also discussed here as a nucleus for an appraisal of the pornographic. In brief, Studs Lonigan was an Irish Catholic, living in lower middle class Chicago in our own times. As in all Catholic families religion is supposed to hold sway. In the course of the narrative it is obvious that these Catholics were the greatest hypocrites that ever lived for Farrell, perhaps justly, painted an image of evil masquerading as good and of the sinning city dwellers who weekly trekked to expiate their sins, only to return at once to the rape, theft and debauchery until the next Sunday. Farrell is obviously bitter at Catholicism, priding himself as an ex-communicant of the Church, so much of his emphasis is to be qualified. However, subtracting the religious bitterness

and prejudice from the work, he has given a masterly sketch of youth that is lost in the complex of a modern city, a youth that can't stay pure as it daily brushes with evil, and once corrupted, stays so. The incidents related, the violent seductions, the rapes, the degeneracy of alcohol, the all-night parties, the unfaithful wives, in short, the entire sordid panorama is undoubtedly true for its class and applicable to any city and any sect. On this, the quality of the trilogy lies. The painful realism, the indelicacy, the bluntness of the work can be justified only if it is a true reflection of the subject. Only by such a standard can an artist create a work of art. Studs Lonigan's world was crude and base—so is the book. Stud's life story is authentic enough, right to the end, where he dies of alcohol and leaves behind his fiancée to be the mother of an unborn child. This then is the picture painted, with all the troubles and trials, and over all a God that frowns at the sinful life His children lead. Realism, to lay bare truth, is not pleasant when such as Studs and his world are dealt with. It is shameful, but then, so is this phase of life itself. Here is where the

question of pornography comes in. We suggest the line of justification is vague. We suggest that the standards of judgment are solely subjective. We suggest that books like O'Hara's Appointment in Samarra are somewhere on the middle ground, but that Studs Lonigan is safe from any accusation. To be pornographic the work must have no other purpose than to revel in the vulgar and degenerate for the sake of cheap excitement. If it has a purpose to justify it, on the other hand, it must also present its sordid facts on the grounds of truth and not falsified by exaggeration. If true and didactic of some moral than it can't be classed pornographic, however realistic it may be, or however sordid, for it is then a documentary of a situation and an exposure of facts that need righting, a reflection, a mirror, of a sorry world. On these grounds then we defend the pursuit of truth no matter how loudly the righteous rebel, and at the same time defend a great work, having disposed of religious prejudices beforehand. But then, if you want to live in an ivory tower watching a world through rose-coloured glasses, don't pick up the trilogy lest your ideals of man's dignity be rudely shocked and shattered.

Pressed Press

Squeezed in somewhere and somehow between classes, eating, studying, sleeping, playing and the other incidental but time consuming demands on their time, the members of the Gazette staff miraculously turn out two issues a week, forty issues a year, totaling approximately 340,000 words of created, edited and typed copy and in the meantime under controlled expenditure spend over \$5000.00 and receive in dribbles about \$2500.00 as paid advertising. This space, for a close-up picture of the Campus' most ambitious and demanding organization, is too small, but as quick glance into the life and trials of your paper. Take first the printer, He's the one who stands idly by all morning twiddling his thumbs and muttering soft curses, waiting for the avalanche to fall. Only hours before publication the storm of copy comes, all at once (minus a few stories that will be "down later") and after a whirlwind of type and roaring machinery and whip-lashed men, the paper is out on the 'streets' and the printer out on his back. Such is the inevitable of too much to do and too little time to do it in. But let us look at the inner sanctum of this glorious journalistic enterprise. Just recently the paper was led out of the dungeons of the Arts Bldg., and was deposited in the Men's Residence amid all the debris and chaos so typical of all newspaper offices. The gentlemen of the press are notoriously a cold, ruthless, ungentle and unmannered lot

Baby It's Some Lonely Without You
And when the moon sits on a lonesome pine
With nacreous fingers touching up her hair
Of silvery dishevelled clouds,
While on the lake shore ripples murmuring are
And no human foot disturbs the lair
Of lonely solitude.
Only a night-cry, only a twisted leaf,
Only the vision of some untried door
Consorts with some unforgotten face
But in this tomb-like place
I've seen the sorrow of forsaken love.
The phantoms of deception's heritage;
Have with the wisdom that can know no age
Felt the price of devotion's yoke.
As empty as the night wind in the pines,
As sad as the waters' mirthless laugh,
As doomed as that impassive moon
Are we, who love too hard, too soon.

and the informal and screaming atmosphere wherein they work, reflects it. What is more familiar than the red-faced editor, cigar in mouth, sweat on brow, banging fists on table and shouting "Get that story. Stop the presses!" However, in staid old Dalhousie, some of the dust of ancient tranquility has rubbed off on the Gazette so that the frenzy there is, usually kept down to a roar. On first impression a visitor, after recovering from the shock of the neat and orderly office and after asking the inevitable question: when did the cyclone strike? usually sees the editor seated at the phone on her endless task of supervision. Once in a while you'll see cartoonist Hollett, who writer. On still rarer occasions a reporter will stroll in and immediately re-stroll out. Most of the work seems to be done in absentia

with the office used as a depository only. However, news editors Goodrich and Ingerfield weekly invent their startling headlines, while editor-columnist Haines fights with Nichols over which story goes where. Then there are the ghosts. Cartoonist par excellence is one. Some writers too are seldom seen. Yet out of this ambiguity and disorganization there is a strange, inexplicable adhesion and a wild control, if you see what we don't mean. In fact the only certainty of the Gazette is this, that it will come out when supposed to—and no one will ever know how. Some say it's good; some say it's bad; but most people read it as is evidences by frequent and varied complaints. As I write another has gone to press: the Printer will sleep tonight. A. GHOST

SOUTH OF THE BORDER
• ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS •

Following is a partial reprint from the Daily Texan. Whatever its faults may be, the University certainly is a place that goes in for education. Always educating people, giving them themes to write, final exams to study for. We've run into a rather ugly situation like that ourself when various teachers announced in class that certain tasks and homages were due them before the semester closed. Beneath their covering of frightening work, though, term themes are really as good for you as a whole keg of orange juice. They make you informed on such a wide variety of things—limited only by how thoroughly you cover the subject. Take us, for example. Our theme was an English theme, and we chose W. S. Gilbert as a subject. That's the one who comes in front of Sullivan. As a result we're just loaded down with stuff we didn't use in the theme. For instance, Gilbert has furnished us with quite a few catch phrases: "The policeman's lot is not a happy one." "The flowers that bloom in the spring, ta-la!" "What never? No, never. What never? Well, hardly ever."

(From the Daily Tar Heel, University of North Carolina)
We object to Saturday classes because they are on Saturday. However, we also object to the fact that the Board of Trustees insists that the quarter's work be measured in class days, and not by accomplishments of students. The 50-class-day quarter is a waste of time. The class system is bad. It allows students to concur in the belief that they are getting an education, when they are only getting their lessons. If we are going on an academic 40-hour week, how about overtime?

From 'Alice in Wonderland' . . .
"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.
"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."
"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.
"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."
* * * * *
The Ka Leo O Hawaii, University of Hawaii, tells of a certain history professor who once went through a whole lecture, jokes and all, wondering why the class paid no attention. He later discovered he had repeated the lesson of the day before.
* * * * *
A short one from the Daily Kansan, University of Kansas: "The way some people seem to enjoy getting into trouble makes one think they do it because the excitement keeps their minds off the trouble they already have gotten into."
* * * * *
Adolf Sannwald, a Harvard alumnus, was killed in World War II on the Russian front, having served the German army as a chaplain.
When Harvard University recently included his name on a memorial plaque to 697 alumni, students and faculty, the Harvard Crimson hit the ceiling. Said the Crimson:
"Although the chaplain may have been motivated by religious principles which demanded that he minister to those in need rather than by love of country, the university did not have in mind honoring those on the plaque because they died in the cause of its ideals."
The Bona Venture, St. Bonaventure University, N. Y., picked up the story and commented: ". . . You either love your fellow man, or you don't . . . After all, that's what we fought the war for—fundamentals."