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FOREWORD

THIS issue contains the four winning photographs for PENDULUM's photography contest. Alvin's Camera Shop generously donated the prizes. Photography is an example of an art based on technology, and we, therefore, feel that it is very appropriate for PENDULUM to present such work.

We wish to thank the entire staff of United Productions of America for the friendliness they have shown us and for the excellent opportunity they have given us to study their production of animated cartoons. Mr. Charles Daggett and Miss Rita Cummings were especially helpful in arranging our visit to UPA.

A Humanities Club has been formed at Caltech. PENDULUM has wholeheartedly sponsored such noted visitors as Mr. M. Skot-Hansen, representative of the UN to Hollywood; Mr. Aldous Huxley, well-known novelist and satirist; and the late Mr. Hans Reichenbach, world-renowned philosopher. We feel that there is much to be gained from meetings with such persons and hope that it will be possible to continue this organization next year. The editors welcome suggestions for future speakers.

It has come to our attention that there is considerable demand from industry for persons trained in technology and with the ability to express their ideas well. There are several companies searching for such persons now, and it is indicated that there will be more. It seems to us that writing for college publications is a good way to gain experience for such opportunities.

We welcome comment on this issue and contributions for the next issue. We ask students to take advantage of any spare time they may have over summer vacation to write, draw, or photograph something for PENDULUM.

THE EDITORS

NOT LOGICAL

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

THE moonlight streamed like sand down through the clouded midnight sky. Glowing with a pale luminescence, the tops of the thirty-foot waves changed to foam as the water dashed itself on the rocks. The three of us watched silently.

We had just left a dance, and our topcoats and suits seemed much out of place as we stood on the large, damp rocks—the ocean before us and the tree-shadowed darkness behind. We were home for Christmas vacation after being separated for the first long period in our lives, and we wanted to be together. We didn't want to talk, that would come later; we wanted to be together.

We saw it coming. The three of us, mindless of our inappropriate clothes, scrambled quickly over the rocks; and, looking down from our new vantage point, saw the huge wave splatter salty, white foam completely over the spot where we had been standing. We laughed foolishly. The wind off the ocean that had just come up whistled through the profuse jackpine that slightly sheltered us.

What happened next is a little hard to describe verbally—a good jazz musician might ad lib it in a blues number. There was a brief feeling of intrusion in my mind, a tingling down my back, and a fluttering in my stomach. I can compare it only to the way I feel when the realization that I'm far from home comes over me suddenly. This sensation is like a chain reaction that shocks the nervous system; a poignant mental and physical reaction keyed in by a word, a phrase, or an idea—anything that suggests home when I'm not expecting it.

The brief, sharp probe was like a nostalgic lament of a trombone or clarinet. The sensation was almost infinitely brief, yet it

seemed to mount swiftly and vanish as suddenly. A reaction effect followed, as a faint ringing in the ears does after a thunderous sound. I returned to reality with a jolt—the sensation seemed years, instead of second, in the past.

The emotional tone or instantaneous effect of the minute probe was an integrated and powerful melancholia, yet it ended in a nearly infinitesimal burst of *insane* happiness.

We stood there dazed and listened to the soft roar of the ocean. It began to rain. At first there were only a few soft drops, but the intensity increased rapidly. We hastily quit the cliff by way of the winding trail through the trees to the highway and the car.

We didn't leave the sharp cliff with its treacherous path down to the rocky beach because of fear, yet we were afraid—of what, we did not know. We felt as though the last bit of emotional sensibility had been squeezed from us, as the inside of a grape can be forced out, leaving only the wrinkled skin. The three of us settled damply into the front seat of the car; and, looking straight ahead, I started the motor, threw in the clutch; and we accelerated rapidly into the dark rain.

The incident had touched us all so deeply, we did not feel the need for speech. The wind-shield wipers brushed aside the thick film of water making room for more of the large drops that seemed to come at the window like insects committing suicide. We sat huddled in our rain-flecked coats, each with his own deep thoughts, as the car carried us over the hard packed-sand road.

It was more than a week later when our three tacit mental blocks faded enough for us to discuss the first night's occurrence. We had all felt the mental probe, but our descriptions differed. We found that our own feelings had been amplified to a great degree during the experience, and yet there had also been an extrinsic element present.

The why and how of the event we discussed in a number of places, but always among ourselves, for we felt we could not mention the event to others until we more fully understood it ourselves.

Eventually we returned to the site of our unusual experience and paced the cliff and beach looking for something, yet nothing in particular. Then, once again, it began to rain.

Soaked and panting, we crashed into a deserted shack only a short distance from the shore. Inside the desolate wooden hovel an odd sort of odor permeated the silent dimness. Lying on the dirty, rotting floor of unpainted wood were quite a few plastic containers with foreign symbols on them; the seals were broken and the former contents no longer in evidence. I bent and picked up one of the translucent containers; it was light and yielding in my hand, and, though empty, had an unusual odor clinging to it. What really interested us was a stack of old yellow paper with what looked like relatively recent writing on it in a peculiar shade of green ink.

There were several hundred pages of the writing, enough so that it would be possible to translate a good share of it. In the next few days we tried our hand at it a little and found that there was considerable repetition of symbols, but the Christmas vacation was all too rapidly coming to a close; so the bulky manuscript was taken back to the University of Oregon. It was hoped that the language department would be able to decipher it.

Time passed quickly; it did not seem that more than a few days had elapsed before I received a large brown envelope; actually it had been nearly two months.

The enclosed letter stated that I could either believe or disbelieve the enclosed carbon of the translation, as I might choose. Remarking on the manuscript the letter said:

“The head of our language department stated that it might

well have been impossible to translate had not one of the associates noticed that some of the characters were slightly pictorial—something like hieroglyphics. The original document was obviously written to occupy time as it repeats considerably, and fortunately much of the same thing is stated over and over again in different ways. Even so, the translation is quite loose, and many words could not be comprehended at all; they are represented, when needed by asterisks; other words only relatively uncertain are denoted by question marks. A copy of the translation is enclosed.”

* * *

I. This is a prepared broadcast that I will issue every period after my sending set is salvaged and repaired. To explain quickly: my ship has crashed into a large body of salt water. I had to act swiftly—it was the ** that went out of commission—and was fortunate to be near so suitable an asylum at such a time.

I feel confident that my sending set is in working order. Really this is a very minor accident. In a sense, I am even happy at the chance to observe this world's life-forms.

These details are not important! Only the fact that I am stranded here and need to be removed is pertinent. My location is **. (The location given consisted of several pages of untranslatable symbols—probably mathematics.) Temporarily I am living in a dwelling abandoned by the dominant creates of this planet.

This broadcast will be repeated in one period. . . .

II. I have just returned from the ship; it is at a great depth, and I could not stay long. To examine the mechanisms as long as I did was very painful even though the density of this solution of salts is less than that of the oceans at home—this ocean is younger. Exploring under a considerable depth of sea-water has always made me slightly uneasy to a mild extent even in our home seas. But here in this alien sea the unfamiliar, perhaps

dangerous, sea life worked with the lack of light to create an active fear. Yes, besides the mild physical pain there was a fear of alien creatures that lurk in the hydrosphere of filtered light and tangled seaweed; weird things that lie in the jagged reefs and wait. . . .

Even so, I would have enjoyed the experience had I found a chance of reaching home. As it was, the examination was doubly painful. None of the mechanisms will operate again! Only a little food was salvageable.

Why am I writing this? Without a means of communication it is senseless; I am marooned on this sluggish, prehistoric world for what may well be forever. Yet I feel I must do something. Writing will occupy my time, and notes will be valuable.

As I write, memory is telling me about this planet and its natives. Biochemically the dominant life-form is much like us, yet their neurons (?) are depressingly slow in functioning and progress is therefore retarded. On the other hand, there is considerable isolated nascent technology. I also recall from my earlier training that, besides having incredibly slow minds, the masters of this world are quite atavistic when compared to most races at their stage of development. Instead of synthetic food they eat plants and animals that they raise for slaughter. The animal-food is allowed to reach a high state of decomposition before it is burned with crude heating equipment, then eaten.

It is ironic that I should be condemning the consumption of animal food when my stores of synthetic food will soon be gone. This ocean's fish are not poisonous, and I swim well. . . . The depraved condition of this planet is in a sense contagious.

This is the planet that has the lemmings (?), those horrible little furry-animals that drown themselves in the sea, migrate for great distances to commit suicide! Most of our people cannot believe that this faith-shaking concept is true.

The handbook said that under no circumstances should the creatures of this planet be allowed to learn of our existence. They are in an especially critical state; my more rapid thought, if discovered, could easily be used by one group for the destruction of its enemies. I could be physically forced to destroy! My powers could be exploited to precipitate the doom of this planet and myself. My very nature is revolted by such a concept. There are some other more complex reasons. The handbook *must* be followed!

The natives could not help me even if contact were allowable. Communication would be nearly impossible because our rates of thought are so different; a short interval of time to them would seem an eternity to me. It is also true that they do not have the technical skill to aid in any way.

In view of the fact that contact is out of the question, I must wait, try to exist in this unbearable desolate environment for as long as possible. This conclusion is founded on a nearly non-existent chance, a faint hope. That is all I have.

I must wait; what else can I do?

III. Last night I left this horrible shelter and went to watch the ocean. It had been raining and the vegetation was moist; the sky was clear and the air was clean and fresh, but the ocean smelled different. An alien odor was arising from the sea in misty droplets; unknown salts were in the minute spray. A strong wind came up as I came through the grotesquely-shaped evergreens, the same wind that had so cruelly malformed the trees. As the wind flowed through the branches and the trees seemed to rustle their claw-like appendages, I had an irrational impression of the presence of great evil forces in the universe; the demonic entity of insanity seemed to be waiting. . . .

The bright satellite was drawing the water in, and the huge, beautiful waves built up stealthily and then swiftly crashed into

the jagged rocks, throwing a shower of white salt-foam high into the air. Standing high above the rocks as I was, much of the water still reached me.

It is like home in so many ways!—so similar to home that the differences are all the more depressing.

I stayed and watched until this planet's small star began to brighten the scene. The periods of light and dark are incredibly long here; time itself seems to be slowed down by this plodding planet.

I have just eaten the last of my synthetic food.

IV. The probability is almost a certainty that I will never be home again. This is a fact. It simply means that I will never experience the mental co-ordination of research in **, never hear ** music(?), never play in a good game of water **, never communicate with ** or **. Never.

These feelings are eating my insides; I am approaching a dangerous psychological condition without any possible alleviation procedure. My emotions are becoming more unstable and are oscillating between ever deepening depths of nostalgia and heightening peaks of unreality.

This ocean is strangely fascinating; for some unusual reason I get a sort of morbid satisfaction from watching it and feeling the great weight of growing loneliness build itself to mind-wrecking proportions.

V. The highly improbable has happened.

I watched the ocean again last night; it was very calm as it often is at home. The air was clear and fresh—and slightly different. As I stood there and saw several meteors burn themselves to gas as they moved across the star-flecked sky, I found myself following our star as I have often done until the light of this planet's horror orb obliterates it. There were a few clouds but the night was calm and beautiful with small waves lapping softly

at the rocky, high-tide short. Three natives burst out from the darkened trees.

The three creatures, who were about my size, did not see me. They had moved with considerable rapidity. Could the handbook be wrong? I watched them with great curiosity as they stood for a long time watching the gentle ocean; but as they watched, the ocean became less gentle. A strong wind came quickly up, and the small waves soon built themselves into huge walls of water.

After a long time the three natives climbed slowly down a rocky path to a quite dangerous position. They managed to stay there for some time; then they saw an especially large wave coming and with great rapidity abandoned their position for higher ground. Their minds, I guessed from their movements, could not be as slow as the handbook indicated.

I touched their minds. They *were* slow, incredibly slow. Their reactions were like a highly viscous liquid. I probed longer than I should have and saw much of my own feelings on a smaller scale. And something else happened. . . .

Nearly the instant my mind touched theirs my unbearable nostalgia seemed to plunge to an infinity-peak and explode in my mind and throughout my fluttering nervous system: These are alien. I will never reach home. All is loneliness. The living food I have had to eat is sickening and heavy in the stomach. I might better be nonexistent—but this thought is utter blasphemy!

Then there was a piercing mental shock. A scalding oil seemed to drain through my body; finally there was a burst of unreal ecstasy, and then—: nothingness. Vacuum. Nonexistence. VOID.

I awoke suddenly and, gathering my consciousness, found that the three creatures had gone, and with them the cause of my depression. I now felt motivated by a great sense of over-powering confidence and well being. It was of necessity that I decided to

look at the communications set again. It is before me now and can be easily fixed. What illogic I was suffering from before I can't imagine, but I'm extremely happy now.

VI. It was absurdly simple to fix the sending set and to make contact with a ship that is now quite near. I have given it this location and I hear it now—preparing for a landing. First I must finish writing, then I'll go out and meet the rescue ship. It'll take me home. *Home!* I must not forget to take these notes.

I hear the ship landing now. It *is* there. I *know* it's there; I hear it.

I'm going home.

* * *

A clipping was also enclosed with the foregoing. It was from our local paper.

* * *

MARINE ODDITY FOUND ON BEACH

(Special) The Institute of Marine Biology reports discovery of a radically new marine mammal somewhat resembling the porpoise. The porpoise is an extremely gregarious mammal not usually found in this vicinity.

The odoriferous remains of the specimen were found washed up on the beach yesterday; it had been greatly mutilated by gulls and was infested with sand fleas. The Marine Institute

reports that, though none of the superficial structure could be definitely ascertained, the bone structure was much more highly developed than the ordinary dolphin's and even seemed to indicate a "higher evolutionary echelon." The bone structure of what must have been the fins was reported to be nearly articulate enough to be the skeleton of hand-like appendages.

SONG OF THE LONELY YOUNG
MAN-ANIMAL

By Alan Haber

MY eyes can reach where my arms can not,
And find at once my soul and the Universe,
And grasp the Sea, and pluck the moon
From the dusky sky and the Sea!
The Sea—Mother of life and mother of spirits
Roaring and purring at her child, the world,
Smoothing her soft waves over the sands with a glossy caress,
And leaving the moon on the sand behind her.
From her inner depths, where life was born,
The waves roar out, swelling and surging
Like the heavy breathing of a robust Goliath,
Soon to give way to the sighing rhythm
Of a sleeping maiden's breast.
And as my eyes reach out for the edge of the Sea,
The mighty, roaring, deafening Sea,
It softly climbs up to meet the silent sky.
When my time on these loose and shifting sands is spent,
I'll slide back with the waves
To my home, the Sea!

HEARING BEFORE THE SENATE SUB-
COMMITTEE ON POPULATION CONTROL
THE OSWALD PROPOSAL
(QUOTA BILL)

April 19, 2023

[*Official publication of the Bureau of Internal Affairs*]

BI 3A7962

By J. T. Enright

CHAIRMAN: The meeting will come to order. Senator Oswald, would you care to make some introductory remarks to the committee on your proposed "Quota Bill"?

Senator Oswald: I would be more than glad to. The Bill I have introduced is designed to combat a situation that we all know exists. Murderers by the thousands are walking America's streets today, to the point that the average citizen is endangered by those who kill for the sheer joy of it. Note, I am not opposed to violent death as a means of keeping the population within reasonable bounds.

However, too many of the disposals carried on today are enacted by the lustful few who kill for no cause. No revenge, no hate satisfied, but simply lust. Beyond this, all too frequently these men refuse or evade the payment of the privilege fee, and leave the corpses around in inconspicuous places where the Cremation Department must "smell them out," so to speak, an unnecessary government expenditure.

The measure I propose, the widely publicized "Quota Bill," will give to every citizen the tax-free privilege of exterminating one of his fellows a year, and not more than three in five years. Each disposal must be enacted with at least one disinterested witness present, and the Cremation Department must be called

to the scene to fingerprint killer and victim. Thus the privilege of destruction will be equitably apportioned, and further accuracy in the Birth and Death Record Department may be attained. This in brief is my proposal.

Chairman: Would you like to make some comment for the record, on the causes of the present situation?

Senator Oswald: Certainly. As is generally known, the 1969 Revolution in Russia, with the ensuing disarmament, caused a cancellation in the US, and the rest of the Western World as well, of all government arms contracts, which, to put it mildly, were sizable. The economic collapse that followed—Great Depression II—caused a startling rise in the birth rate. The psychologists have explained it, but no one could cure it. The ensuing 20 years of national bankruptcy caused a steady, alarming birth-rate rise. By 1990 the US population was 300,000,000 and still increasing. Food was, of course, scarce, starvation widespread, and life cheap. In 1996 the Jones Act was passed, which eliminated the death penalty, or even imprisonment, for what had been mistakenly considered a crime up to that time, that is, murder; in place of penalties a so-called “retroactive hunting license” was installed.

This extermination fee, actually a tax rather than a fine, was imposed as a source of revenue to put the government back on its feet and to cover the cost of the Cremation Department, also instituted by that law.

My “Quota Bill” will, of course, replace certain provisions of the Jones Act, but the fundamental truth which that law recognized has been the inspiration of my proposal: that human life is and of its nature should be worth next to nothing. I propose a corollary to this truth: that all men should share in the privilege of satisfying their hatreds; that murder should be the right of both the wealthy and the poor!

[*Applause*]

Chairman: The floor is now open to discussion. Senator White?

Sen. White: I should like to ask the Honorable Senator if he intends to extend this privilege to Negroes also?

Sen. Oswald: Certainly. The present privilege fee has been too much used as an excuse for the extermination of the Negroes. If the Senator from South Carolina opposed this aspect, perhaps certain adjustments might be made for a lower quota for Negroes, but this is a minor aspect of the overall. . . .

Sen. White: It is not at all minor. I have statistics to show that the Negroes are taking over the country and . . .

Chairman: Will the Sergeant-at-arms please conduct Senator White from the hall? . . . And now, Senator Clive?

Sen. Clive: What does the Honorable Senator Oswald propose to compensate for the loss of revenue?

Sen. Oswald: Perhaps a birth tax. It would be more easily collected, and the extermination tax is quite often not being paid at present.

Chairman: Senator Sanka?

Sen. Sanka: The population has been steadily declining since its peak of 560,000,000 ten years ago. Will not this law further the decline and perhaps precipitate a crisis of another sort?

Sen. Oswald: Not at all. The decline in the past ten years has been negligible and a further decline will perhaps eventually get things back to a healthy norm. By offering extermination as a gratis privilege, we imply a responsibility to share in the privilege, and so hope to speed the process. I feel this decline can never be too rapid.

Chairman: Gentlemen, I have just received word that one of Senator White's Negro constituents has disposed of him and paid the privilege fee through a voluntary collection from witnesses.

Sen. Oswald: Senator White's death is exactly what my proposal is designed to facilitate. A completely justifiable and desirable

extermination, and yet his poor killer had to take up a collection from bystanders to pay the fee. Murder should and must be a tax-free privilege. I now recommend that we recess to the Tap Room to drink to the overdue demise of our late comrade.

Chairman: Those in favor of the Senator's motion signify by saying aye:—. Opposed? Motion carried.

FEAR AND VALOR

By Jon Robinson

THE rise of the sun to its zenith had not burned away the close, grey fog as anticipated; and consequently the visibility had not changed appreciably from what it had been in the early morning. As if to compensate for the slight advantage gained even then, snow had begun to fall, obscuring the surroundings in a confused mixture of splattered white forms. An occasional shell whispered overhead and exploded with a muffled detonation on impact with the ground. The opposing artillery would reply with a short, token barrage, then cease as the gunners would realize the uncertain value of their efforts.

He considered himself lucky if he could see more than two members of the patrol at the same time. Occasionally, an unfamiliar form would loom from out of the fog, only to be resolved into a harmless object—a ragged tree, a forlorn bush, a burnt out tank, a mound of earth thrown up from a shell crater. Even if he had the opportunity to do so, talking would not have been permitted, for the patrol was considered to be in unfriendly territory.

He longed desperately to feel the soft and comforting body of his wife cuddled against his, her fleecy hair brushing his face, its wisps of shampoo and perfume-like odors stinging his nostrils, the pressure of her arms against his, the . . . , but what was the use? Any woman would really do just as well, were it not for the extreme revulsion he knew he would feel at the completion of such a fulfillment of his desires. His arm muscles convulsed, clutching at something that was not there. What the hell . . . in two or three weeks he could accumulate enough points for rotation. In her last letter his wife had written about the high prices but also of the prevailing optimism at home. What did he think?

He wasn't sure; when the last offensive had bogged down against what seemed to have been ideal conditions, his complacency had become sharply shaken. The job had to be done, but now he wanted to go home, or at least away from it all.

The wind blew a blast of snow into his face, slapping his cheeks and numbing his nose and lips. He withdrew his head into his parka, turtle-wise, but it was not far enough. Why the hell, he thought, did the sweat have to run down his back, yet leaving his face frozen? Somebody would have to see those quarter-master people about this; they do a pretty good job and maybe next year the parkas would be better. He looked up, pushing the out-of-focus stare from his eyes. He strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the man in front of him. He glanced to the ground, and saw footprints intersecting his path twenty-five feet or so behind him. He back-tracked, and broke into a jog to catch up with the rest of the patrol.

A quarter of an hour later there was still no sign of the patrol. Breathing heavily and spitting out mucus which had accumulated on the back of his throat, he stopped his aimless flight and stood for a moment trying to think what to do. He retraced his steps, but soon realized that the snow was rapidly blocking out any tracks which remained. He must have run, or stumbled, at least a quarter mile along this false trail. He stopped, and planted his feet wide apart, repressing an urge to collapse to the ground and to break into tears.

But goddamit, he didn't care about those stupid asses. Obviously he could only return to the front lines and report that he had got lost. He could always make it up to the lieutenant afterwards. Then again, he thought how he would feel if it was someone else in the patrol who was lost, only on return to find that the missing man had been careless and had been safe all along. But even if he had really wanted to find them, how was he to go

about it in that murk? It would be easier, and safer, to find his way back, than to look for a patrol wandering over open country he knew little about. The Army had a pretty high regard for the lives of their men, anyway. He felt happy at having justified his action, circumstances being as they were.

It was not as easy to find his way back as he had hoped. He could recall passing no distinct landmarks or unusual objects on the way out. As it was now, the fog and snow hung closely around him in a fifty foot hemisphere walling him in, in a strange little world all of his own. Unless the fog lifted there was no chance that he would find any familiar outside objects to which he could refer—the mountains, or the outline of a tree against the sky.

He was soon forced to admit that he was completely lost. The shallow, brush-choked ravine, and the burnt out farmhouse were too impressionable to have been forgotten. He certainly knew that the patrol had not struggled through the ravine or passed by the farmhouse, or perhaps it was a mental block that had formed in his memory. Whatever it was, he knew he must not panic.

He groped about in his pockets for his compass, but failed to find it. He recalled taking it with him, and hoped he had not lost it. It must be in his pack. He struggled out of the harnesses, and sank to his knees while he emptied the cartridges, maps, blanket, food rations, and other paraphernalia onto the ground. Good, there was the compass. He put it off to one side, and stuffed the rest of the contents into the bag. He rose to his feet and flicked the lid of the compass open. Between south and southwest would seem to be the best direction to start in. He had heard of people who had got lost in thick murk such as he was in. He felt determined that it would not happen to him.

* * *

A sporadic burst of fire echoed across the snow, followed

shortly by the deeper thud of a heavier weapon. It could not have been more than a half mile away. He dropped to the ground, afraid that someone might have been shooting at him, though he was sure that anyone could not possibly have seen him. Except for a distant and short lived artillery duel, there was no more firing after the initial short bursts.

For a long time, he lay there, hugging the ground, unable to find a spark of recklessness which would induce him to get to his feet. When he finally did rise, it was only out of disgust for himself. As he expected, nothing did happen. For a moment he thought that he had missed his compass, then found it after some frantic efforts, largely wasted in stirring up the snow.

A straight line is not always the easiest path to follow, even in open country. He seemed to encounter innumerable hedges built of dried thorn shrubs. He tried as often as possible to circumvent them, but usually wound up his efforts in forcing his way through in a mad rush, scratching his face and tearing holes in his jacket. The stream had not seemed a formidable obstacle, with a width of only eight feet, certainly no more he had thought. But he missed his step in trying to hurdle it, and landed short of the opposite bank. Despite his frantically clawing at the grass growing along the stream, he found himself sitting in the shallow water, the broken ice bobbing around his chest. He jerked himself clumsily to a standing position, rapidly enough so that no water soaked through to his skin, though he felt the cold creep over his feet as he stood up to his knees in the freezing liquid, trying to pull himself out.

He shook the moisture off his clothes as well as he could. The water sucked annoyingly in his feet and boots as he walked so that he stopped, drained out the excess water, dried his feet off with his socks and wringed his socks out. He saw that the little puddles of water he had formed had already begun to acquire a

thin coating of ice. He rubbed his numbed feet and shakingly put his boots back on, tucking the pants legs in first and worrying about whether his toes might freeze.

He patted his coat pocket, feeling for the compass, and congratulating himself on having secreted it away in a safe place before taking the jump. Perhaps he could get a cup of coffee at the first outpost he reached; it could not be much further now, certainly no more than a couple of miles. A blast of wind hit his face, bringing home once again the uncomfortably cold and clammy condition he was in. He hardly needed a reminder.

Quite abruptly he thought he saw a human figure materialize out of the mist. He quickly unshouldered his rifle, squinting into the white and grey swirling curtain. It must have been another tree, he thought, still walking forward. A few seconds later, the figure once more appeared, very distinctly this time. It was the figure of a helmeted man, an automatic weapon drooping from the crook of his arm—undoubtedly one of the enemy, wearing the unmistakable blue grey overcoat. He could not make out the man's face, for it was in the shadow of the peaked helmet.

He jerked the rifle to a firing position and pulled the trigger in a spasmodic movement, but his forearm quivered under the strain as his fingers tightened around the smooth and agonizingly unmovable metal of the trigger. The other man made no effort or motion to shoot, standing in the same rock like post. Seeming to realize the helpless position of his adversary he slowly raised the automatic weapon to a horizontal position, yet did not proceed to swing it around so that the barrel would fall in line with the stupefied newcomer.

He could not bring himself for even a moment to make the motion to pull back the bolt on his jammed rifle and free the hindering cartridge. The enemy had the power to tear him to shreds at the slightest inclination. What the hell was the matter with the son-of-a-bitch?

Shoot, dammit, shoot, for God's sake, shoot. Doesn't he know that my rifle is jammed? Jesus Christ, don't just stand there . . . drop before he's got a chance to shoot . . . pull the bolt back . . . shoot the stupid bastard . . . he's stood there long enough for him to have his chance . . . it's your chance now . . . oh hell, I'm going nuts . . . but the thoughts seemed only to press him to action; for he stood there, stock still in bewilderment at a situation that the army manual had never taught him to expect.

The wind again. The figure faded into a bank of mist and almost completely disappeared from view. The sudden change of situation seemed to break his stupor and he fell to the ground, tearing at the bolt and scratching the frozen mud and water out of the breech. He finally freed the cartridge, and aimed the rifle in the direction of the figure, but only the opaque emptiness remained. He thought he detected a slight movement on the ground some distance away, just within the periphery of visibility. He half rose, took aim, and fired. The rifle responded with a loud pop and a comforting, though sharp, recoil against his shoulder. He started to walk backwards, firing as he went, and ready to drop to the ground at the first indication of return fire in the realization that the enemy could sweep the ground very effectively with the automatic weapon. Yet there was no reply. He wondered if he had killed the enemy with his first shot.

With appalling suddenness, another but heavier weapon, broke across the ground, plowing furores in the snow with its heavy slugs. He dropped flat on his face once more, only to realize that it was one of his own guns. He raised his head and screamed for them to stop, that he was a friend. The firing stopped, and he rose to his feet, dropped his rifle, and sprinted as well as he could toward the place where he felt certain the gun was located.

A jittery gunner resumed firing at what he thought was the foremost part of an enemy assault. He centered his heavy ma-

chine gun on the wildly plunging and gesticulating figure. The figure convulsed once or twice as enormous weights of metal tore through its body. The gunner stopped firing when the figure came out of the mist far enough to show that it was not armed. The gunner rose to his feet in amazement and then in horror as he realized that it was one of his own men. Spouting blood from a gaping hole in its chest, the figure had just the strength to throw itself on the earth-padded outer wall of the emplacement. The gunner jumped over the piled sandbags and dirt and carried the lifeless form into the sanctuary of the emplacement.

“Medic!” he yelled, “for God’s sake, some one get a medic!”

* * *

The captain tapped his pencil on the table, sliding it back and forth between his fingers. He looked over the few lines he had jotted down:

“Dear Mrs. Kenry,

“Your husband died a hero’s death. He died to warn us of an enemy attack and gave his life so that the others of the unit might live. I am recommending him for the highest decoration that we give a man.

“My deepest sympathies lie with you . . . ,—”

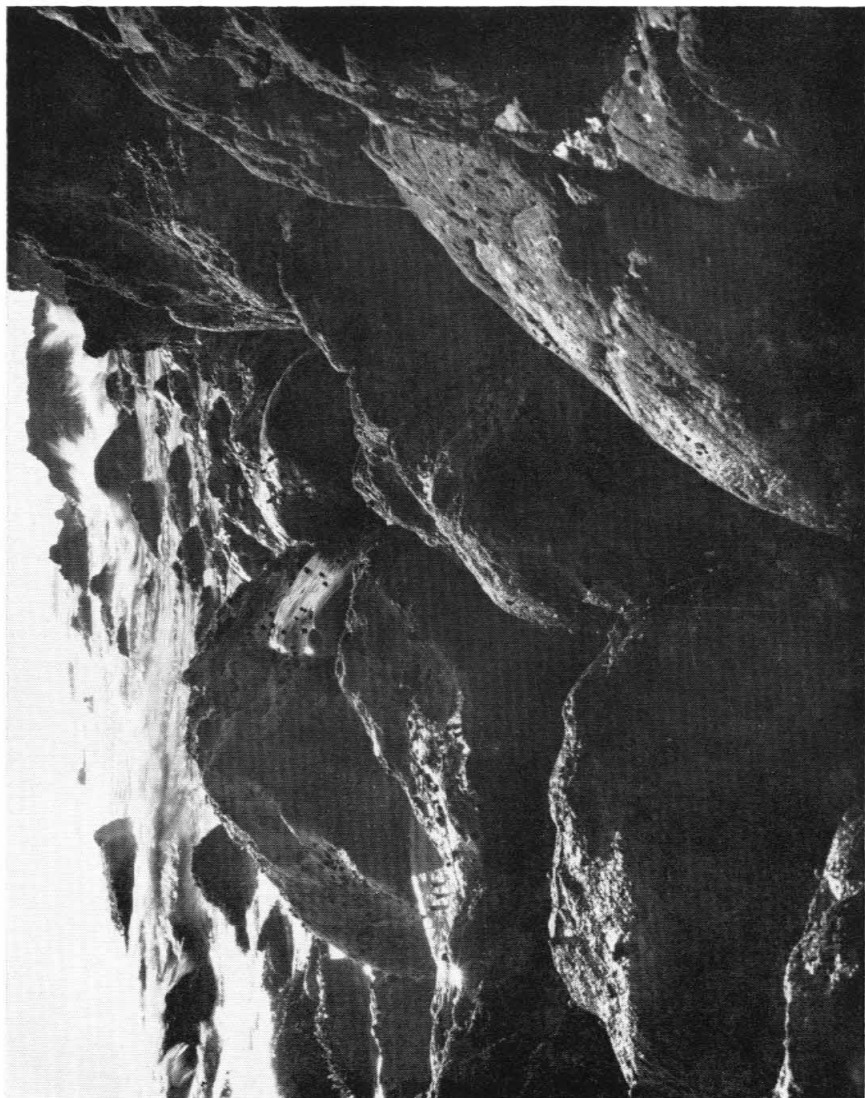
He was pretty sure that he would have to rewrite it. It didn’t sound right by any means, too much as if he had to write it, too much as if it was just the standard kind of thing he stamped out in a situation like this. Yes, he would have to do it over again. Perhaps if he slept on it, he could do better later.

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

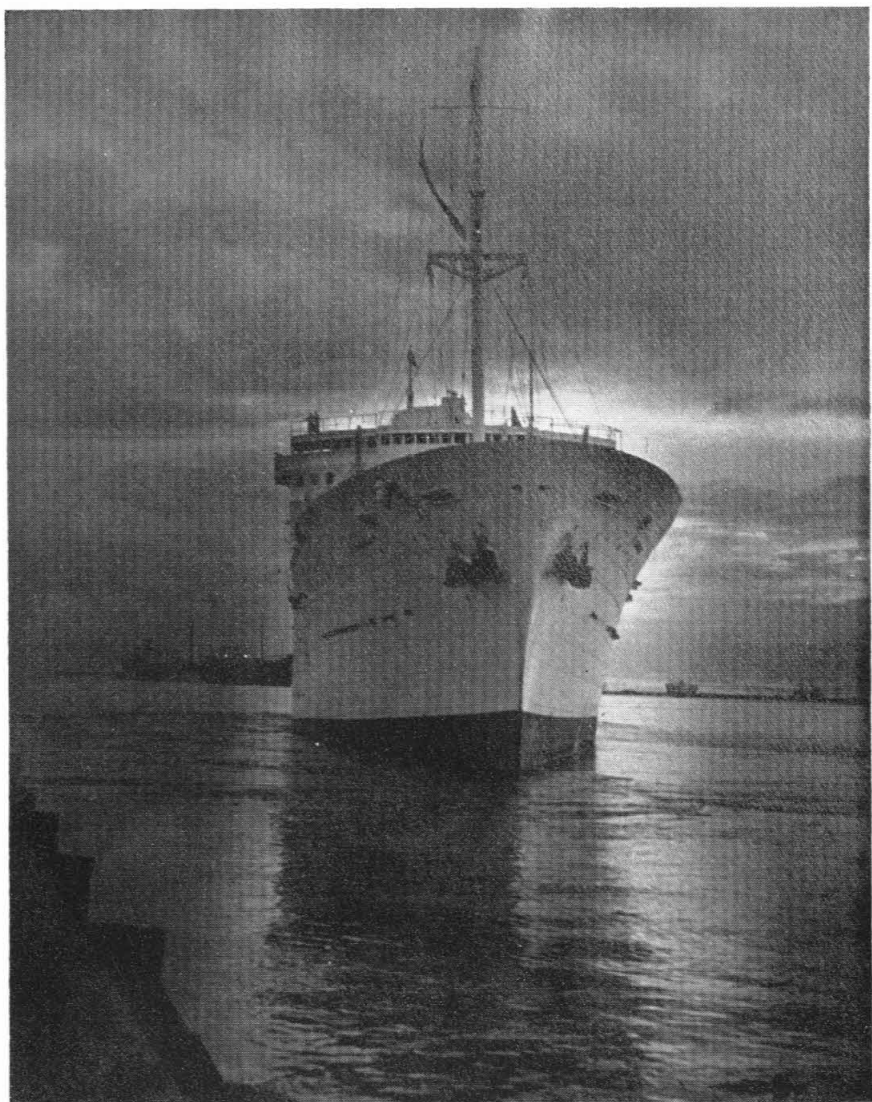
IN THIS issue we present the results of our first photography contest. The interest which met this venture was most gratifying and we hope that it will continue in future contests.

The photographs judged first, second, and third received prizes of five dollars, three dollars, and one dollar, respectively. The prizes were donated by Alvin's photography shop. Our judges were Clemens Tufts, Richard Smith, and Ted Tusler, and we wish to thank them very sincerely for their service.

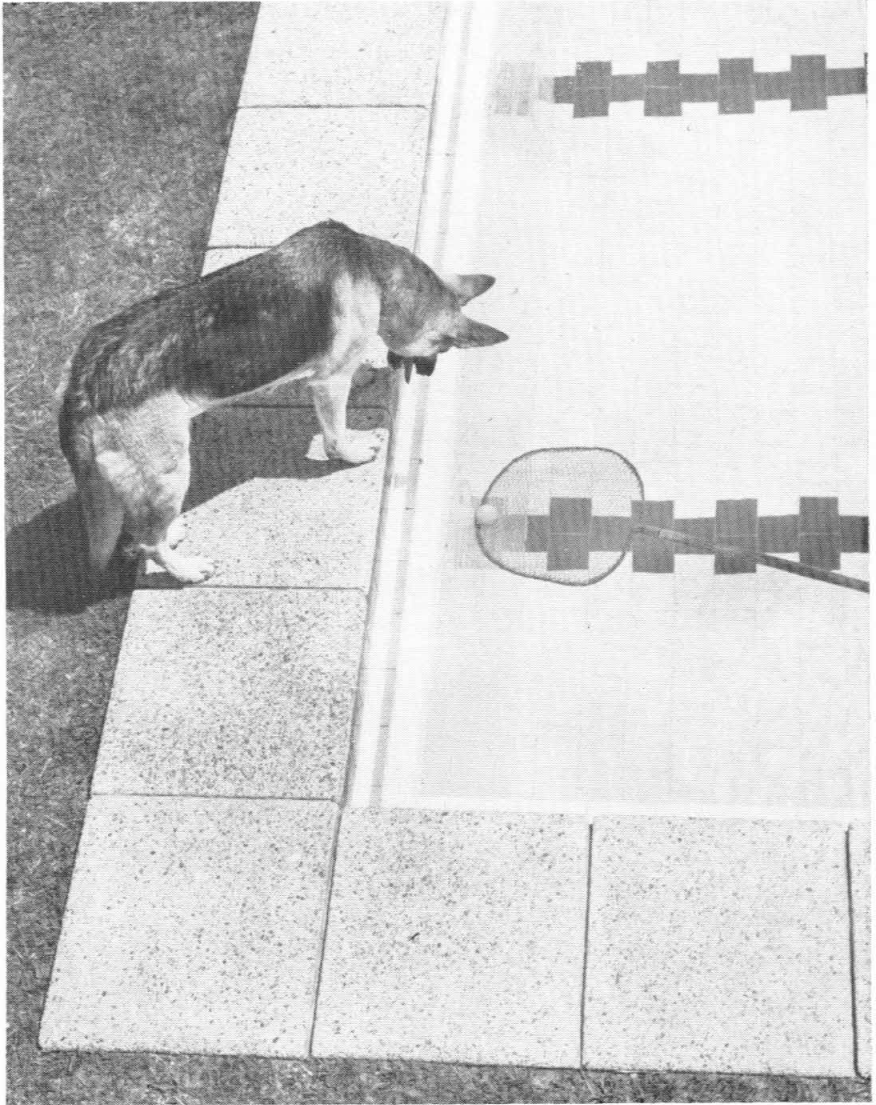
If you wish to enter the next contest, our rules are few. The print must be black and white and it must be either eight inches or larger on its smallest dimension or ten inches or larger on its largest dimension. The print need not be matted and may be on any surface paper.



FIRST: *Point Vicente*, by Dan Brown



SECOND: *Bon Voyage*, by Charles Davies



THIRD: *Salvage*, by Charles Davies



FOURTH: *by Dan Brown*

MORE ON MOBILES

By Charles Bodeen

IN MY last article I referred only to kinetic sculpture of the form used by futurists in the creation of their "dynamic constructions," emphasizing wind-driven, hanging mobiles. It occurs to me that this is at best only a narrow picture of the subject, and so in this article I will present the field in a wider sense.

To begin with, let me state that mobile sculpture encompasses all that in which the material is used not as mass but as a carrier of motion. Many "mobiles" have been made not as such, but rather with a definitely utilitarian purpose in mind. One of the first of these was the water-clock invented by the Greeks. Later in history, there were mechanical displays which worked with the clocks in town halls.

More recent examples along this line include fountains, fireworks, advertising signs, toys, etc. There are today many water fountains, in parks and other public places, which in their operation create "virtual volumes" (*i.e.* volumes outlined by moving rather than static mass). Also producing virtual volumes of all sorts are fireworks displays, the main difference being that the volumes are created more by moving light than mass. The advertising searchlights, so prominent in the Los Angeles area, create these apparent volumes both in the shaft of light and in the cone described in rotation. A time exposure of the take-off of a helicopter bearing lights on its rotors reveals a virtual volume strikingly similar to those found in multiframe pictures of many wind-mobiles.

Mobility in advertising ranges from simple rotating objects through complex mechanical contrivances and recently even to futuristic hanging wind-mobiles themselves. An example of the later is the very interesting construction (shown in figure 1),

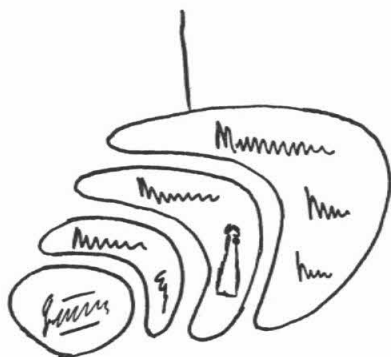


FIGURE 1

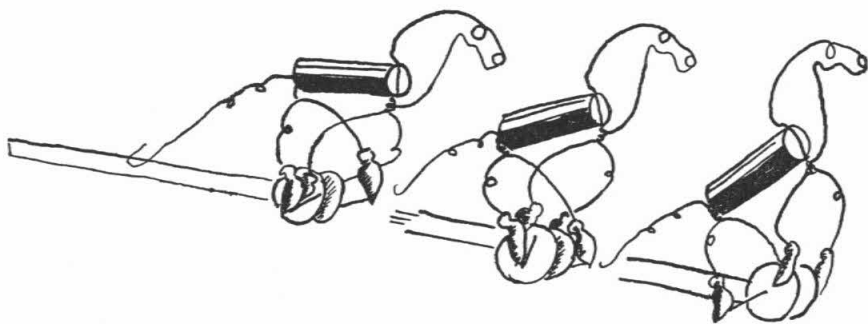


FIGURE 2

which was mass-produced in cardboard by the Schlitz Brewing Company to be hung wherever their product is distributed. Each of the brightly colored "boomerang" forms bears a slogan, and the trade mark is on the ellipse at the bottom.

Alexander Calder's futuristic mobiles undoubtedly evolved from his first moving constructions which were figures and toys for his miniature circus which he built in Paris in 1927. A sample toy is the "Galloping Horse" shown in figure 2. It is made of wood, wire, and leather, and is 21 inches long.

Perhaps the definite link between his toys and wind-mobiles was his "Mercury Fountain" (figure 3) which he built for the Spanish Pavillion of the Paris Exposition in 1937. It was made to exhibit mercury from the Almaden mines in southwestern Spain, and instead of merely expounding the properties of the metal, Calder's fountain showed the beauty which is a result of its fluidity. It is interesting to note the scientific problems with which Calder was faced in the construction of the exhibit. In the first place, because of the weight involved in pumping the height of the structure was limited to eight and one-half feet. Second, the possible loss due to splashing limited the maximum free fall to about three feet. Third, the corrosive action of the metal limited the materials that could be used in construction. When Calder was told that only glass and highly polished steel would resist this action, he was not satisfied, for neither glass nor steel offered the color contrast so essential to the display. He finally found that one other material, pitch, would sufficiently resist corrosion. He therefore painted the metal spill ways and concrete bowl and then gave them a protective coating of clear pitch.

The fountain permitted the mercury "to flow slowly, to collect itself into a mass, to scatter, to roll from time to time in melting pearls, to play perpetually by itself."*

*Beucler, André. *Les moyens d'expression. il Arts et Métiers Graphiques* 62: 15-36 Mr 1938. Translated in *Alexander Calder* by James Johnson Sweeny, 1943.

To give the structure more mobility, Calder placed a rod, supported by a ring at its center of rotation, so that an irregular form on the lower end would be hit by the mercury as it came off the final spill way. Another balanced rod was hung from the other end of the first and on the end of the second was "Almaden," the name of the mines, in brass wire. The similarity between this part of the fountain and his wind-mobiles is very apparent.

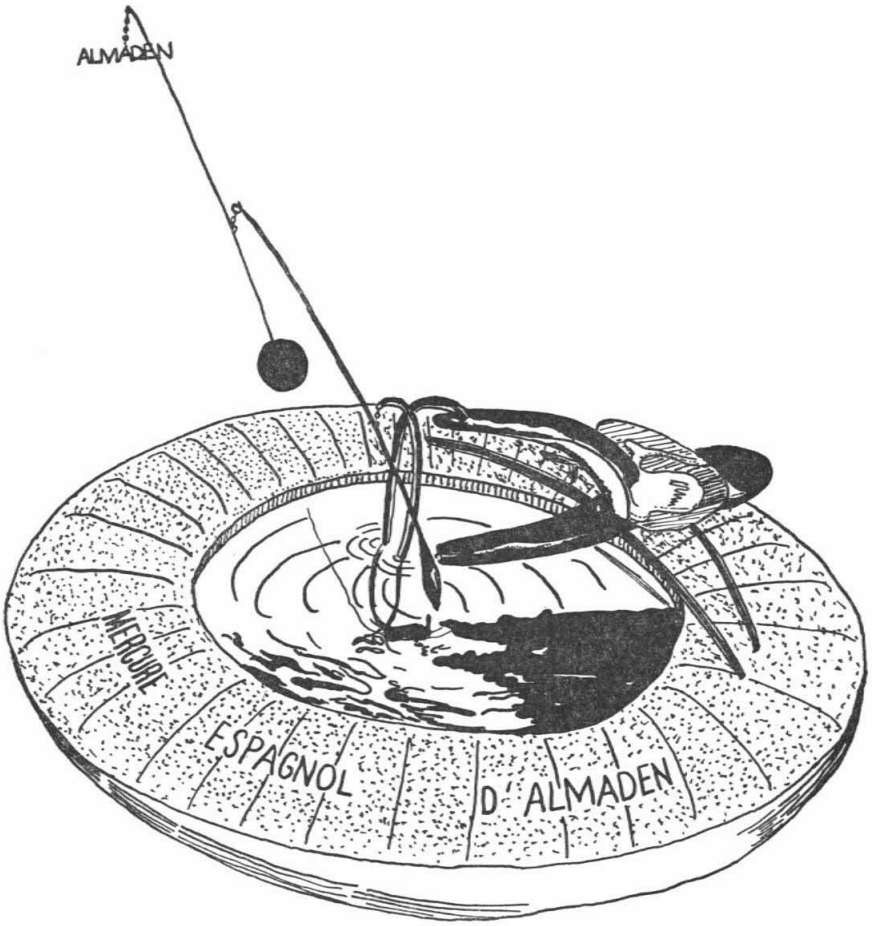


FIGURE 3

FLINT AND STEEL

By William Barlow

HE HAD always thought commencement speeches to be unusually long and dull. But since this was his own graduation, he felt that he ought to listen. Concentration was difficult, however, and his mind drifted easily from the platitudes of the college president. . . .

. . . Why he thought of his month of Boy Scout Camp now—that was ten years ago—he could not guess; but he let himself drop into his daydreams with only a conscience-quieting resistance.

He hadn't been much of a Boy Scout, he thought, but no one could have told him that ten years ago. Hadn't he been awarded a medal for being the camper to light a fire with flint and steel the fastest? That was an accomplishment worth acquiring, and certainly one worth the award of a medal. It is not often that one finds a person who can light a fire with flint and steel, and even rarer is the person who can do it in 47 seconds. Forty-seven seconds . . . he thought it odd how a number like that would remain in his mind so long, but he was sure that that was what it was . . . 47 seconds.

Of course, he realized the lack of practical value in being able to light a fire with flint and steel in 47 seconds. It is unusual, in these days, that one is ever out of reach of a cigarette lighter or a pack of matches—or that one is ever within reach of both flint and steel in an emergency—but he was certainly proud of his accomplishment then. It was a lovely medal, too, as he recalled, with a red ribbon connecting the cardboard record of his deed and a gold-like piece of metal showing a Boy Scout doing something: he couldn't remember just what, but the metal figure was not lighting a fire. He recalled that that had somewhat annoyed him at the time.

How stupid it all seemed to him now, and how perfectly useless. A useless souvenir of a useless achievement. How simple it would be if everyone could be satisfied with a token; but the trick could only work with a child. It was impossible to think that. . .

. . . But his mind was drifting too far. He had more important matters confronting him. For four years he had been looking forward to this day, and he had worked hard to make it an eventful one. He was being graduated second in the class. It had been far from easy, but it had been worth it.

His name was called . . . a short speech . . . and then applause. He sat down with his diploma. The red ribbon which bound it fluttered to the platform, and he gazed at the gold-like seal in the corner of the parchment. He noticed that he had received the diploma of the person preceding him in the alphabet. He had been told that this sort of thing does happen in the handling of so many papers and that everything would be straightened out later, but it was rather annoying.

ODE TO HIM WHO WROTE THE FIRST
BIOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON

By William Barlow

THIS author deserves
Our open-mouthed def'rences;
To think that he did it
Without any ref'rences.

MUSIC RED AND GREY

By Leon Vickman

T S. S. NEPTUNIA***Greek Line***Days to New York, 1. Days from Cherbourg, 8***Distance covered in past 24 hours, 340 miles***September 24***Paris: The French Government announced today... Vienna: Soviet Headquarters informed Western authorities... New York: Developments in the United Nations indicated. . .

Rand glanced through the ship's news, walked from the smoke-filled bar, and went across the outer passageway. As he stood at the rail an attractive young woman came to his side. He looked up from the swelling, lengthening, pulsating mass of blue-white water. He saw her face... her hair was sprayed with droplets of mist. He felt a roll of the ship... his tongue moved around his mouth and between his lips... he tasted the last drink. From somewhere in the timeless, fog-enveloped night came an odor of vomit.

—I'm feeling like last night... if a guy drinks enough he can't tell the difference... seasick or drunk... should stay in the middle of the ship, but too much light here... fresh air on the bow... —

He didn't want to force her to listen to his troubles but she said she would and someone had to hear them... she seemed as good as anyone... she was easy to know and easy to look at, but they all are. He felt a surge and rush of blood as she took his hand and led him to the thin railing overlooking the bow. His mouth moved across her warm face and he remembered... he didn't want to remember, yet he always did. He held her.

“And I left Paris.”

“And what did you leave?” she said.

"It's insane . . . the way things happened . . . a woman's always the trouble. . . ." He let his arm slip from around her waist. He looked at the outline of her slim figure as she leaned against the rail. The wind blew about her face. The dim light from the entrance to the passageway diffused in her hair . . . patterns of foam drove against the side of the ship. A torrent of white spurted . . . warmth came against him . . . her skin and breath . . . the fog moved over the ship which seemed lost on the unending ocean . . . the night would end long afterwards in morning and grey outlines. The young woman next to him could be anyone . . . he thought of her as a form, a generalized image which related his present and his always recurring past. He told her of the woman he had known in Paris . . . sweet Ariane. He stood in the wind as the ship cut deep marks in the sea. He told of what had been . . . there were grey outlines which the nausea of the night could not erase. The greyness led to a small town on the Cote d'Azur . . . to the shape of a washstand in a garret . . . over the basin's grey-white form he had wrenched his insides . . . he never knew if the painful swirling within his stomach came from dysentery or champagne. Ariane was lying on the bed. He had taken her from Paris. She loved him, he knew. He heaved into the basin. There was a sound. Afterwards there was Venice. . . when they awoke he saw from the window grey outlines of Venetian facades and he heard from a window the soft falling of sickly-sweet music which carried him to evenings at the Parisian *Nuits Musicales*. The murmur of the music moved him, pressed him against Ariane's body . . . her moist tongue moved between his lips. The music, hollow and echoed, brought a rushing, a flaming violence. The sweat on his body grew damp and cold as he moved between the sheets.

Paris Paris Paris.

Ariane's apartment was on Rue Monsieur Le Prince, a narrow

street in the St-Germain des Prés district on the Left Bank. She painted in oils and watercolors . . . she met her friends at sidewalk cafés over blood-red wines. Rand remembered her friends and he remembered early mornings when the colors swirled and splashed before his eyes as he walked into her apartment . . . grey-damp mornings. Until the winter snow there had been a frantic happiness. Then Ariane often left him . . . the cafés drew her away . . . the blackness of the medieval streets in the Latin Quarter became familiar to him as the spring months passed. He knew she was seeing someone . . . a painter whom she admired, an African Negro . . . many women of the Left Bank have such friends, lovers.

In the heat of a June-summer day Rand drove away from Paris. Ariane had come back . . . she loved him, and once he had wanted her, and even now. . . . Yet, her sorrowful eyes . . . he knew something had blown away, had scattered in the wake of a frosted wind, and what remained would grow into an unknown. In three months she would be in labor. The painter had gone. Did Rand still love her? Wouldn't he please stay? Wouldn't he please marry Ariane?

Cold fog whirled about the decks of the transatlantic liner. He stood with the young woman and watched the confused motion of the grey-black night.

"You don't have to believe me."

"I do," she said.

"It's stupid of me to talk to you like this."

"You may if you wish, but you're not getting anywhere by talking about what you've left behind . . . for eight days we've watched the water move by . . . think of what you are, and why you're on a boat moving west . . . think of what you should be. . . ."

"I detest idealism," he said.

"I dislike a dreamer."

"Maybe we should go back to the bar."

"No." He took her face in the palms of his hands and pressed her closed eyelids against his skin. She was a warmth in a sea of dampness. She was a tender image. She was sentimental café music seeping into the corners of a Viennese coffee house. He remembered driving from Paris south, and east, and still east into Soviet-occupied Austria to Vienna. He hoped to lose remembrances there. He read newspapers and magazines and sipped exotic coffees and talked to intellectuals in an artist's club in the international sector. He lived in the Hotel Alderhof near the bombed buildings along the Danube canal. The people talked of everything but not of 1945. The Red Army liberated the city . . . year of shelling and screaming chaos. One night he heard the Russian soldiers singing marching songs . . . strong voices resounded in the wet streets. He peered through a blockade and saw the soldiers standing at attention. He felt surrounded. He could leave Vienna by one road only. He was told not to cross the Danube. There was normal life in the city, but he was not part of it. He knew only a certain small group of people, a certain walk along the canal in sight of the war-ruined buildings. At night the empty pavements frightened him . . . he wandered from one coffee house to another . . . he drank wine until he grew weak and sickened. He stumbled in the early morning. After many winding streets he reached the Alderhof. He felt a sense of great failure. He could not explain to himself why, after he was helped up to his room, he would stand before his open window and stare out at the yellow-white streetlight. It was often dawn when he dropped onto the bed and whirled into sleep, filled with music.

Ariane Ariane Ariane.

The ship reached New York harbor late the next afternoon. Rand met his young woman friend on the boat-deck after dinner.

He somehow wished she had been with him when the sunshine-covered harbor had come into view. He pulsed with excitement as he watched the ships moving about. He looked with pride at the American flags. He looked at the Statue of Liberty as if he had never seen it before.

The ship anchored in the harbor across from Statten Island, and remained in quarantine until six o'clock the next morning. Rand and the young woman stood together and looked down at the water. The evening lights outlined the Island and the structures of Manhattan.

—Where, where, stay, crowded-subway-city, infinite—

“What will you do now?” she asked.

“I decided to stay for a year and try to find something to do, and maybe I'll remain . . . some of my old friends will still be here . . . I've been gone only three years.”

“You're quite lost, aren't you?”

—Lost . . . infinity divided by two is infinity . . . one can easily become lost in the endless catacombs of Rome . . . buried bones . . . water is deep here—

“Perhaps,” he said. “But I know what I'm going to do . . . I'm going to stay in New York for a year and then I'll see.”

“See . . .”

—Lights are far away . . . endless windows . . . what's on the other side? . . . her hair . . . take her . . . no one here on the top deck . . . black hair . . . black, hellish, swirling inferno where sins are burned and vaporized . . . hold her . . . her nape . . . the same milkish feel . . . she's as firm . . . as much the same in the shape of the face bones as any two women could be on a dark night . . . only light reflecting from slick oil-water . . . milkish whitish milk and something salty—

She pressed her body against him. He was enclosed by her warm breathing and moving hands, and she became someone

whom she was not . . . she was the woman who stood with him at the window and listened to the music and looked at the Gothic facades on the Grand Canal in the fog of early-grey-morning . . . hers were the thin fingers which lit the candle . . . flickering yellow light trembled in the large fading room and reflected from the massive chandelier above the bed . . . she held out her hand, and wouldn't he please come away from the window before he caught a cold. . . .

—Don't stop . . . keep her close to you . . . the cold music of the water is deep and covered with oil . . . and when we came back from Cote d'Azur Monsieur Le Prince was dark and narrower . . . with the boat anchored I don't feel the nausea, so damn the dirty washstand and the low roof and I won't live in stinking garrets on the sixth floor anymore . . . just a window in the roof . . . strange slanting lights . . . which building is that? Chrysler or Empire State? . . . hold her . . . her face almost the same . . . small nose and deep-red, blood-red lips covered with wine . . . yellow stands for cowards and red is rose and love, and black is sinister except when contrasted with white which is heroic . . . her milkish skin could be the same, and the fog is grey . . . what does grey mean? . . . what does anything? . . . don't you see you are not where you know yourself . . . I want something close to me like she is, kissing me and moving its arms . . . A R I A N E.

“Why don't you leave behind what is behind? . . .” The young woman on the ship spoke against his face. “You should make yourself into something . . . why did you leave the past if you're going to think about it? . . . it's gone, unless you go back, and you said you wouldn't do that, at least for a year, and you should look forward to the city . . . it'll be strange and wonderful after being away.”

“Perhaps, but not for long,” he said.

“A person owes something to himself and to others, at least to

himself . . . aren't you afraid of mediocrity? Haven't you ever said to yourself, 'I will never be satisfied with a conventional life'?"

Light and sounds of the city drifted across the harbor. Music from a New York radio station set a background for the American scene. In a few hours it was morning. . . .

After the tedious routine of customs Rand left the pier and became a lone pedestrian on the Hoboken streets. He walked and read the signs on the windows, and he looked at the large autos, and everything *was* strange. Joe's place, not *Café de . . .* Suddenly he stopped, and looked up. From out of an aging building came the sound of music, hollow and echoed, and it brought a rushing. . . .

He tried to forget the happiness and sorrow of Paris.

He wondered what his life would have been if he had never left New York. He wondered whom he would have loved. He wished he had lived two lives, each knowing of the other, for if he had he would confront his other life now . . . meet him on the street, and ask him what the music meant to him, and one life would pour the red blood from its veins, and allow the other to remain . . . able to look forward. There was, however, only one life, and the music from the window.

UPA

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

UNITED Productions of America, UPA, is producing the most mature and entertaining cartoons which are being made. The existence of this brilliant studio was made possible by the work of Stephen Bosustow, former Caltech instructor.

Bosustow has been interested in art since grade school and has also worked for a couple of years as a musician playing the drum and handling the traps for several small bands. Eventually he became a painter for a small animated film company, learned a little about animation, and moved up to work under Ub Iwerks on the *Flip the Frog* series for MGM. Later Bosustow worked for Walter Lantz at Universal and then joined the Walt Disney studio, remaining there between 1934 and 1941. During these seven years he became a writer and story sketch man, helping with the animation of *Snow White* and doing most of the story work on *Bambi* and *Fantasia*.

In 1941 Bosustow became a production illustrator for the Hughes Aircraft Company and in one year became the head of that department. He was also teaching industrial art at Caltech. Consolidated Shipyards was attracted by his ability to express ideas in simple drawings and asked him to do a film to teach some safety rules to welders. He soon became the head of an industrial animated motion picture company.

Within two years Bosustow's Industrial Films and Poster Service had turned out a score of animated training films for the Navy, the Army, the Office of War Information, the State Department, and several business firms.

UPA was incorporated in 1945 to make educational films and in 1948 a five year contract was signed with Columbia. This was

the beginning of UPA's rapid rise in the field of animated cartoons. This rise has not yet leveled off.

Their first animated cartoon, *Robin Hoodlum*, was nominated for an Academy Award in 1948. *The Magic Fluke* was nominated in 1949. In 1950 *Gerald McBoing-Boing* won the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences' award for the best cartoon, and *Trouble Indemnity* (Mr. Magoo) was nominated. In 1951 *Rooty Toot Toot*, their version of *Frankie and Johnny*, was nominated, and in 1952 *Madeline* and *Pink and Blue Blues* were nominated.

This is a fantastic record for a new company. How is UPA consistently turning out these cartoons which frame by frame are among the best ever produced? The answer, I believe, lies deep in UPA's very organization.

Bosustow formed UPA with the idea in mind that his staff should be allowed full creative expression. In addition he has instituted a strong labor-management co-operation at UPA under which employees are represented on the Board of Directors. The high degree of freedom and informality which I have seen pervading UPA is probably the chief attraction which hold the numerous top artists, animators, production designers, writers, and color experts to UPA. The members of Bosustow's staff are acknowledged to be among the best in their field.

As a producer, Bosustow, now 41, tries to make his studio as flexible as possible; to do this he moves people from job to job keeping them from going stale, and he is always urging new responsibilities on his artists.

Much credit should go to Stephen Bosustow's initiative in creating a studio whose philosophy is aimed at continual progress and whose informal freedom allows the staff of 75 to enjoy itself. It is only when an artist is doing what he enjoys and believes to be his best that maximum talent may be utilized.

A UPA cartoon is the result of the composite effort of all the talent and individuality the creators can possibly put into it. It is the cumulation of their all-out effort that you see when you view a cartoon with the colorful initials UPA.

United Productions of America has been experimenting since it was organized in 1945, and it is the general feeling of UPA that the surface of their chosen medium, the animated cartoon, has just been scratched. As long as this attitude prevails we can count on a stream of fresh modern entertainment.

Actually it is quite true that UPA has no preconceived techniques; they adapt their style to the particular story they are doing, but the highly stylized treatment which may best be termed expressive caricature and which is used for *Gerald McBoing-Boing* and *Mr. Magoo* cartoons is probably their most distinctive claim to artistry. It is ironical that UPA was largely forced to use this two dimensional technique by economic necessity. There are a few people who believe that UPA's caricature is too stylized, but these people are in the minority.

In general it is true that UPA concentrates on an attitude and tries to make its art work as expressive as possible. The background artists often do not bother with all the exact details of a given scene. They are trying to create the feeling of the story. Nonessentials are not shown. A chandelier hangs from nothingness, a stairway leads nowhere, and only essential furniture is shown. Animators minimize the amount of movement that takes place. Thus when one of their figures walks, only his feet are active, when he must convey emotion, the reaction centers on his face.

In minimizing the action required, UPA takes full advantage of its excellent artists. Animation is often reduced by panning along an artistic background. Among UPA's artists are five who are well-known exhibiting painters. Jules Engle, the abstraction-

ist, is UPA's top color expert; Paul Julian, Bob McIntosh, and Robert Dranko do many of UPA's backgrounds; and Herbert Klynn is the Production Manager for all UPA cartoons.

Bosustow's actual connection with the production of a cartoon ends when the story has been selected and a budget and time schedule established. A UPA director and his staff are then given complete control. They are influenced only by their own judgment and ability.

Director and staff discuss the treatment to be given the story, bat ideas around, and draw pencil sketches of characters, background and possible action. The story itself is taken apart and re-assembled; it is analyzed in detail with respect to animation, music and color. This work is done on a story board on which are mounted sketches for the key scenes.

Working from the storyboard layout, the animators construct a reel of black-and-white pencil drawings which is essentially a rough first draft of the cartoon's main action. Before expensive color is added this pencil-reel is edited, smoothed out and given its final shape. Then music, sound effects, and voice are each put on separate films.

These four films are matched together with the necessary regard to exact timing. Either the music is matched to the animation or the animation to the music; this is determined by the story itself. Techniques include orchestration to a predetermined rhythm or an animation schedule with the musical accents noted.

Ted Baker is the head of UPA's sound department which also includes Ted Serbern and Joe Syracuse, former Spike Jones drummer who has a phenomenal sense of timing. These men are the ones who control the synchronization of sound and action for UPA films. Like other UPA personnel they are among the best in their field. The sound editing for the two *Gerald McBoing-Boing* cartoons is outstanding.

When the black-and-white reel has been perfected it is used as a guide to the inking of squares of transparent celluloid called cels. By photographing the colored cels in various combinations against a painted background the final film is created frame by frame. Since the film passes through the projector at a rate of 24 frames per second, the girls in the ink and paint department have at least a month long job tracing the animator's drawings onto the cels. Over ten-thousand cels are required for the usual 7½ minute cartoon.

UPA's four directors: Robert Cannon, Pete Burness, William Hertz, and Ted Parmelee are all front-rank men in the animation business. For the last three years Pete Burness has directed the *Mr. Magoo* cartoons. Magoo is an irate gentleman of the old school with the vision of a bat and an appearance similar to that of the late W. C. Fields. His foghorn voice is excellently done by Jim Backus. Backgrounds are usually done by Bob McIntosh; layout and design is by Sterling Sturtevant.

Burness is making full use of his experience and flexibility developed in many studios to create satire chiefly by use of the distortion in statment. Magoo is famous for his mumblings which arise from a completely faulty perception of his surroundings.

Magoo in *Trouble Indemnity* entered a gate with "DANGER **KEEP OUT**HIGH VOLTAGE" plastered all over it. He remarked, "No smoking—Eh! That's a reasonable enough request."

Pink and Blue Blues in which Magoo is a baby sitter was nominated for an Academy Award for 1952; *Trouble Indemnity* was nominated in 1950. They are on a par with such Magoo cartoons as *Sloppy Jaloppy* and *Captain Outrageous*.

Magoo cartoons, like most of UPA's films, are not aimed at children. Burness deals with adult situations by means of sophisticated drawings and narration which stem from the realm of

everyday happenstance. It is not surprising that Mr. Magoo has grown to be one of UPA's most popular characters.

Pete Burness, in turning out the long string of Magoo cartoons, has developed a wonderful facility for seeing humor in all situations. He has used this, with expansion of Magoo's character, to keep the cartoons always vigorously humorous and fresh.

There is considerable danger that a character like Mr. Magoo may become hackneyed with over use, but there is strong indication from the very nature of UPA that their productions will not become the stereotyped run-of-the-mill cartoons we have come to expect from almost all other studios.

Ted Geisel, the Dr. Seuss of many children's books, worked with Frank Capra on training films for the Army during the war and recognized the quality of Bosustow's work for the government. Geisel ultimately brought UPA his story of *Gerald McBoing-Boing*. Bosustow immediately gave the story to director Robert Cannon. This resulted in the Academy-Award-winning delightful and whimsical cartoon about the little boy who could speak only with sound effects. William Hurtz was production designer, and radio announcer Marvin Miller projected seven voices for the cartoon.

Bob Cannon also directed UPA's most ambitious project to date: *Madeline*. This unusual cartoon was nominated for an Academy award in 1952.

Madeline is a cartoon version of Ludwig Bemelmans' popular book which tells the gay adventures of a little girl in a Paris seminary and bears on every page an illustration in the Bemelmans manner, which used to be called inimitable—until UPA artists imitated it.

Bemelmans' art style was no great problem for UPA because it is the same contemporary and modern style usually used by

this brilliant studio. However, for screen purposes, Jules Engel, exhibiting painter and UPA's top color expert, intensified the color slightly, but the result is strictly Belmelmans.

Readers of *Madeline* will find one scene in the picture which is not in the book. This is the scene where the little girls are walking around the Paris streets with balloons. Madeline's balloon ascends with her and the gallant firemen rescue her with a ladder. This scene was taken from another Belmelmans book, *Best of Our Time*.

The bright modern idiom of Dave Raskin's music for *Madeline* is superbly suited to the cartoon. The music isn't sensational—it just fits. The same is true with the very carefully picked narrator, Gladys Holland.

UPA does not have a staff orchestra. They have chosen to pick the musical group best fitted to each cartoon they produce. Besides David Raskin such musicians as Ben Lees, Ernest Gold, Boris Kremenliev, Phil Moore, Gail Kubik, and George Bruns are often used. This system allows a much greater variety in their sound tracks than would otherwise be possible. It is also a relatively inexpensive system, and UPA, a small studio of only about 75 employees, must be very careful of cost.

Bosustow gave Cannon the directors job for *Madeline*, partly because he knew Cannon was already enthusiastic about the idea, partly because he knew that Cannon is especially good on subjects involving children. Robert Cannon has directed those excellent cartoons *Georgie and the Dragon*, *Willie the Kid*, and the two *Gerald McBoing-Boing* films.

Bob Cannon, who has done animation at the Disney studios and at MGM, worked closely with Bill Melendez and Frank Smith, two of UPA's outstanding animators on *Madeline*. The result is a difficult job artistically accomplished. Arthur Heine-mann did the layout and design for the beautifully imaginative backgrounds.

When one considers the lineup of talent of which UPA makes regular use, it is not too much of a mystery why they are producing cartoons which are, not something to be tolerated, but are a pleasure to be anticipated by both children and adults.

"All of us who worked on *Madeline* have always loved the book," Cannon says, "and have great respect for Bemelmans. If there is any success with the picture, it is due to the real love we have for the book and following it as closely as we possibly could in the transition to the screen. This could not be accomplished unless there were terrific respect among us for the book and the author."

When I visited UPA in February, 1953, they were just putting the finishing touches on Cannon's latest, *Christopher Crumpet*, the story of a little boy who can change into a chicken. Marian Richmond did the voice, and music is by George Bruns. Children will undoubtedly enjoy this cartoon but it was not written down to them. Cannon has the primary intention of entertaining all ages; each of his pictures achieves humor by the happy balance between the tragic and the comic in everyday situations.

UPA is giving the same respectful treatment they gave *Madeline* to James Thurber's *The Unicorn in the Garden*, Edgar Allen Poe's *The Tell Tale Heart*, and Hans Christian Anderson's *The Emperor's New Clothes*. These will all be single-reel, about seven and one-half minute films.

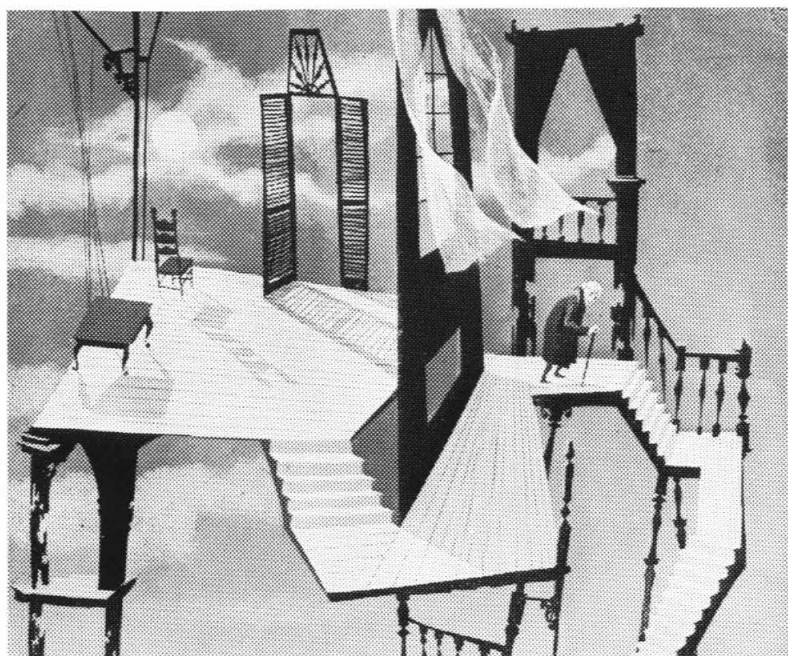
Ted Parmelee is directing the Poe story and Paul Julian is doing the basic art work consisting of surrealistic backgrounds to create the somber mood of the film. If the results are on a level with his work on the interscenes for Stanley Kramer's *The Four Poster*, the film should be a real masterpiece—and quite terrifying. There will be no comedy in this production.

UPA's brilliantly executed interscenes for *The Four Poster* deserve special mention. The eight animated bridges between

the episodes involving the intimate story of Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer as man and wife are examples of extreme cleverness and good taste. UPA depicts, for example, World War I, the Jazz Age, and Paris life. The Apache dance sequence and the startling animation of the Eiffel Tower are outstanding. Art work was by Paul Julian, Art Babbitt and Lew Keller. Though the picture is black and white, artist Paul Julian was able to achieve excellent effects by using a great deal of texture. The highlights attained are unusually good.

UPA's version of James Thurber's *Unicorn in the Garden* has the misogynous master down pat. It was directed by William Hertz and has backgrounds by Robert Dranko.

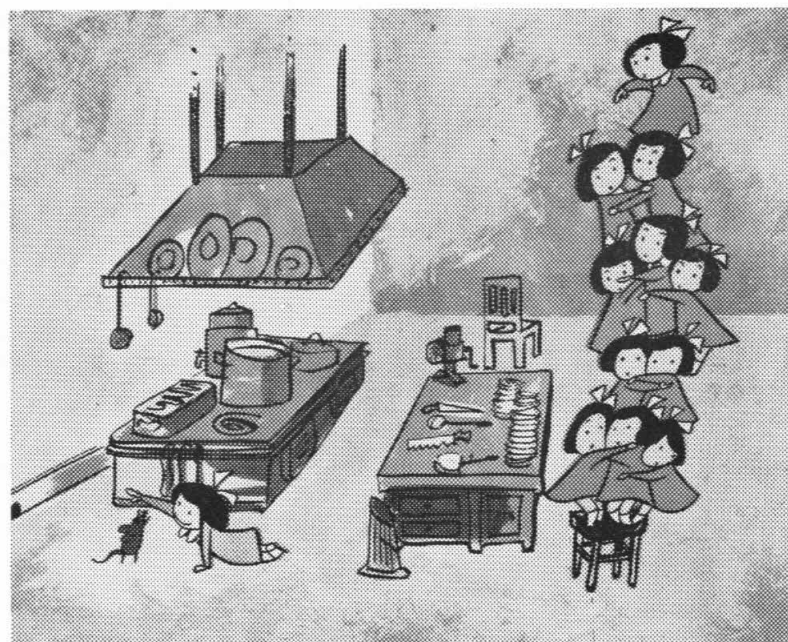
Bosustow would like to go one step further with James Thurber and produce a feature-length movie of his *Battle of the Sexes* combining live action with animation. This would be a very ambitious project, and considerable backing would be necessary. However, the results would most certainly be worthwhile—and more commercial than might be imagined. Movie audiences have considerably more intelligence and taste than most Hollywood producers seem to believe. The public's rapid and wholehearted acceptance of UPA has shown this to be true.



The Tell-Tale Heart



Pink and Blue Blues



Madeline

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