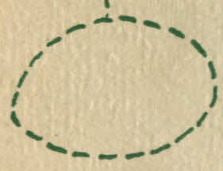


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Pendulum

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P E N D U L U M

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UNDERGRADUATE AND GRADUATE
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Editorial Board

WILLIAM BARLOW

CHARLES BODEEN

MICHAEL BOUGHTON

WALTER W. LEE, JR.

Special Assistant

JAMES SHORT

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Contents

		<i>Page</i>
Charles Bodeen	<i>Cover Design</i>	
R. A. Korsak	"Rob"	1
Fred Anson	Contrast	4
Gerald O. Dudek	Goals	5
Charles J. Brokaw	¿?¿	6
George Baker	A Bitter Encounter	7
Bruce Rickborn	The Uncertainty of Life	9
Edward Gauss	<i>Sketch</i>	10
Walter W. Lee, Jr.	Sound and Fury	11
William Barlow	A Note on Celebrity	32
James Pinkerton	A Modified Epicureanism	33
Charles Bodeen	Aesthetic Syllabus	39
Walter W. Lee, Jr.	Motion Pictures	45
Edward Gauss	<i>Sketch</i>	52

FOREWORD

THIS ISSUE is unusual for the large number of contributors who have not appeared in *Pendulum* before. We welcome this as a healthy sign of developing new interest.

Pendulum has regularly featured articles on dynamic art. We've printed articles on mobiles as well as on UPA's animated films and experimental and Avant-Garde cinema. This issue features an article on aesthetics. It also contains the first of two articles on films which are of general interest—the top flight productions of the major studios.

The extensive research carried on for these articles has entailed the assistance of many persons connected with the film industry. Here we would like to give sincere thanks to all those who have contributed so generously of their time and experience.

Special thanks are due Mr. Al Finestone of the Paramount Publicity Department and George Pal, John Fulton, John Bishop, Charles West, and Eda Warren. The assistance given by Stanley Kramer is gratefully acknowledged as is that of Walter Shenson of Columbia Pictures.

We have everywhere been shown unusual consideration and have been given abundant material on the art and science of motion pictures. It is our task to present this information in this and the next issue.

We feel that motion pictures are the most important medium of our time and hope that you share our interest.

THE EDITORS.

“ROB”

By R. A. Korsak

SOMETIMES I wonder what has happened to the kids I played with when I was a kid. I like to try to guess what they're doing now, what they look like, how much they've changed and how much they haven't changed. It's always good to see them again after a long time even though we might not wish to be as good friends now as we were then. Often the friends we make when we are kids depend on the matter of proximity. Mom would like us to stay on our own block so the friends we make are made from the kids living on our block.

Recently, I've wondered somewhat about one of this sort of friend. I knew him about the time I was eleven or twelve and living on Pennsylvania Street on the east side of Detroit. He lived across the street from me and two houses over. His name was Robert and we called him Rob instead of the usual Bob. I can't remember what his last name was. It was an older neighborhood, mainly Italian with a good mixture of other nationalities. Of the particular bunch I hung around with, Rob and his younger brother, Jim, were of German descent, Jim Gormley, I believe Dutch-Canadian, Nick, Rumanian, and myself, Lithuanian. We all lived on the same block, except Nick who visited his aunt on our block, but lived in a different neighborhood. Of the things we did, the times I remember best were the summer afternoons and evenings that the bunch of us sat on Rob's front porch and talked, argued, or played some sort of game. Usually we played cards, everything from Old Maid to Deuces Wild.

Rob was smart and did well in school. He had almost a perfect average on grades. This was particularly good since he and his brother, Jim, were going to a parochial school which was harder than the public schools which the rest of us went to. At the time his older brother had already graduated from business college. I

would guess that Rob was the smartest one in his family. Nick was clever too, but much less intellectual.

Rob and Jim were Catholics and believed very strongly in their religion. It seemed to me at the time that they were almost conceited about it. I remember one time, they asked me if I hated Hitler. This was sometime in 1942 or '43. Without too much thought I said that I did. They said that they did not, and that God said you should never hate anyone even though you dislike him very much. They seemed pretty smug about it all, and my hating Hitler when I shouldn't bothered me for awhile. Because of his religion, and the fact that his folks were a little better off than most families in the neighborhood, which meant he had better things to play with than the rest of us, Rob seemed pretty self-assured. I think I probably envied him for this. But then, Nick was just as self-assured, if not more so, but from experience, instead of the knowledge of being superior in wealth, religion and intelligence, and he would take life, or at least what life is at the age of twelve, more philosophically, and wouldn't mind occasionally laughing at himself. I liked Nick more than Rob.

One time I went over to Rob's house and found him putting foreign stamps into a stamp album. He introduced me to stamp collecting and soon I was collecting too. When Nick heard about it, he started too, but didn't make out too well. He would order stamps "On Approval," neglect to pay for them, and then get a series of insulting letters asking, with various threats, for payment. After about half a dozen letters the company would give the matter up.

Often the gang of us would go to a recreation center to swim in an indoor pool. Rob was a good swimmer and later swam on his Catholic high school team. I don't know how he did in other sports, but he was athletically built and probably did pretty well.

After a time Rob joined the Scouts. I joined also about the same time, although I joined the troop sponsored by the public

school which I attended, while Rob joined the troop connected with his church. Rob did well in the Scouts, and moved up in rank fast making Life Scout before dropping out.

Soon after the time we both joined the Scouts, my family moved out of the neighborhood and I didn't see Rob again for about nine years, my family having moved to California in the meantime. I went back to Detroit and the old neighborhood the summer after my graduation from high school. The neighborhood itself had changed quite a bit. It was no longer simply an old neighborhood, but was beginning to become a shabby neighborhood. The people of the neighborhood were becoming scared because a couple of Negro families had moved in on the next street over, and maybe half a dozen Negro families on the street after that. I was rather surprised to find that Rob's family still lived there. It gave me a strange feeling to walk up the steps to the porch where we had so much fun playing cards nearly ten years before.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I got there and Rob's mother told me that Rob was still in bed, but would get up soon as he was working nights at Plymouth's. His mother gave me some cake and milk and I talked with her waiting for Rob. When he came down it was the same Rob, but he looked different in the blue work shirt and denim pants. He was still muscular, but slightly thin, and somehow his face didn't look good. His manner seemed cold and unfriendly, but not that he meant to be unfriendly. We exchanged greetings, but could only talk a couple of minutes as he had to rush to work.

As I say, it's interesting to see old friends again after quite a while. For one thing, it points out that the life we started not too long ago is beginning to get a little depth. I'd like to see Rob again. It's been almost another four years now. I wonder sometimes why he had seemed changed. I often wonder what had happened.

CONTRAST

By Fred Anson

THE cashmere and saddle shoes,
the powder blue suit.
The Windsor knot and suede coat,
The sharkskin slacks and lapel magnolia.

They speak: I

The guy in cords
says: *beauty*

The twin pipes and lowered rear end,
the milled head.
The ripple disks and white walled tires,
The brodie knob and real leather seats.

They speak: ME

The fellow on two wheels
says: *joy*

The home run and four minutes flat,
the heroic sixteen-yards-per-try.
The champion lead fist and record thirty-points-per,
The long driving club and unscored against goal.

They speak: SEE?

The one-legged beggar
says: *power*

The Vassar alumnus and private tile pool,
the restricted golf club.
The Frank Lloyd Wright home and Tau Beta Pi,
The Jonathan Club and Lido Isle.

They speak: MY

The cave-dwelling hermit
says: *value*

GOALS

By Gerald O. Dudek

WE agree, don't we, that Beethoven is not quite it."

Of course I agree, and all my developing interest in Beethoven is discarded. My group has agreed that Beethoven is not for us.

And I smile, not too cheerfully, but a pleasant, friendly, "corporation" smile. And I nod approvingly at the proper things, make solid, constructive comments. An occasional frown, a look of disapproval at some social blunder—they should know better.

A cocktail—I hate cocktails but it is the thing to do, and so I drink. This party—a little dull, but so necessary!

The latest in sport coats—I must get one soon. Can't be improperly dressed you know.

A friendly joke, some quiet kidding, a sarcastic reference to some "square."

My car is the latest model. Not quite as good as the boss', but fitting my station—I really can't afford it, but it is necessary in my position. Also I would like a smaller, more intimate house—but a fourth vice-president must do justice to the corporation. I have to make some adjustments—can't have everything.

I was extremely lucky with my wife. She is such an asset. Properly attractive, not *too* beautiful, with solid, stable thoughts. Socially correct. Her clothes are the latest style, her lipstick perfect. She even knows the latest, most progressive ways of raising our children. The corporation approves of her. I love her.

I move perfectly with my group, all outside of it is bad. For the group does not approve of anything outside of it, and social approval is the most desired of all things. Social approval brings happiness, security, a sense of belonging, advancement in one's job. To conform is necessary, no sacrifice is too great for social approval.

I am content. I am in step. I am the goal of modern man, of the modern corporation, of modern society, and of the modern psychologist.

¿?¿.

By Charles J. Brokaw

¿ What

plucked me from the quivering sea of possibilities
to search the cosmic world of actualities

for

What?

i am a person
you are a person
we are nothing

Yet we are more than either of us alone.

¿ What

plucked me from the quivering sea of possibilities
to search the living world of personalities

for

You.

A BITTER ENCOUNTER

By George Baker

IT was a cold, dark night in early December. The moon was shining dimly on the bleak landscape. Clouds drifted slowly between it and the man riding in the back of the big truck. A little man, rather frail, he drew his tattered coat close about him to protect himself from the biting wind. Mile after mile he rode on, almost completely numbed by the intemperate air.

There was yet another figure in the scene, wafting along, high in the sky, its beautiful green phosphorescent eye glowing in the night. There was something moving near it, perhaps an owl. A sudden movement and the owl was gone. A drop of some bitter fluid dribbled from its jowl, falling, falling downward toward the ground. An unsuspecting rabbit hopped along a woodland path. He touched the drop. The rabbit hopped twice, then lay there twitching convulsively.

Meanwhile, in the air, the beautiful green phosphorescent eye noticed the man in the back of the truck. The mind behind it knew that the creature below was well supplied with bitter fluids. There had been nothing but an owl all night and more bitter must be obtained before the night was over and the burning rays of the morning sun flooded the landscape. The man was approached cautiously, so as not to alarm him.

The man, cold and benumbed, seemed unmindful of the disaster about to befall him. Then the cloud which was covering the moon slipped aside and the truck was bathed in moonlight.

The man looked up. There it was, big and black and terrible, swooping down on him. Frantically the man grasped for something with which to defend himself. There was nothing at hand but grapefruit, bound for the New York winter market. The

man hurled a large one squarely at the monster with all his might. It vanished into the monster's cavernous maw, which now seemed about to engulf him.

The monster reeled, this thing was *sour*, the very antithesis of bitter; it gasped convulsively and sank to the ground, palpitating madly. The moon slid behind a cloud, and for a long time the truck rolled on through the darkness.

When the moon finally appeared the landscape was peaceful and serene again. Soon the sun began to rise, the sky was clearing now. The man in the back of the truck could not feel sure. Had it been real? Had it been a dream?

There is a spot by the road where no grass grows.

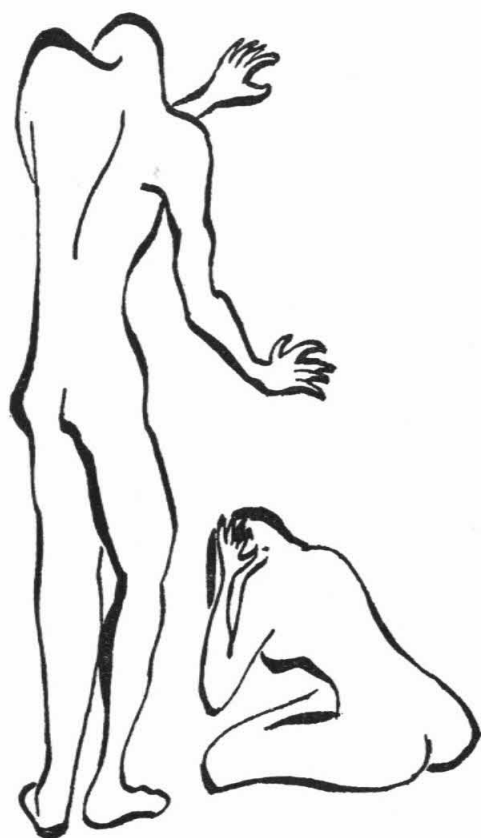
THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE

By Bruce Rickborn

COME, brothers, and watch with
ghoulish anticipation,
The uncertainty of life,
The moral dissipation;
Watch, and learn to hate and fear
Thine own encroaching tabloid.

Each searching tentacle is bruised—
and bruised again 'til crushed.
The retreat is rapid; the fortress
strong—
An opinion formed, and imbedded forever.

“How strange,” you say, “the dying man
will not grasp my hand.”
Perhaps he would not have another
To share his cubic chasm.
His self-made cubic chasm.



SOUND AND FURY

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

A DRY, cold night. A young man stood on the wide steps of an Italian-style building and looked down a long red-brick walk.

He took his hand from his topcoat pocket and a theater stub fluttered to the steps. It reminded him of late shows and old dance programs—it reminded him of his past. The last seven years—traded, not for the three letters Ph.D., but for the knowledge and developed ability that they represented.

Douglas Clifords walked down between the olive trees. Crickets chirped loudly on both sides, and above him a pale point of light, the space platform, slid slowly across the sky in its two hour orbit. Walking slowly, Clifords watched the space station and felt bitter.

To Clifords, the space station was the main symbol of the United States' world domination, and he didn't like the type of person they chose to man the thing. Clifords realized that the stable, nationalistic, regulation-minded character was the only one that could be trusted even for short periods. But he didn't like the dull sonsofbitches.

"Everyone knows you can't trust an intellectual," he thought sarcastically, "it's not security. All you can do is pamper the 'brain pots,' watch every move they make, and stamp Secret or Confidential on everything technical they write; other writing is to be burned or at least banned." Clifords thought of the absurdities and persecutions carried on in the name of security.

Like it or not, if you did research, you bowed to security. There were no exceptions. Douglas Clifords had signed with U.S. Computers as a solid-state physicist.

Clifords turned and walked back to the lot where the company

car was parked. He drove the little '71 Oldsmobile out to the California Street approach, switched to automatic and said, "Home Office." A relay clicked as it caught the traffic pulse. The computer would do the rest. The trip up the coast from Pasadena to Portland would take about five hours.

Doug let the seat back and relaxed. Outside the countryside flowed by; the homes of thousands were passed in minutes, and the trees and mountains and cactus appeared briefly and were left undisturbed.

Clifords wondered if research was worth the restrictions he knew were inevitable. The interviewer had minimized them, of course, and the salary they gave him *was* the highest starting wage he'd heard of yet.

Clifords enjoyed living at home. He liked Portland, and he liked rain.

The gas turbine whined softly through its filters, and Douglas Clifords went to sleep.

* * *

Leaning far back with his feet crossed on the edge of his big desk, Clifords sat in his new office and tried to rationalize the fact that he was getting nothing done. He was taking too many breaks, and he knew it.

He reasoned that U. S. Computers expected him to put in about twenty-eight hours a week concentrating more-or-less on the solid-state project they assigned him to. The work was interesting enough, and he didn't even mind filling out the forms.

What Clifords hated most was the library policy.

Definition: A library is an establishment for preventing the reading of useful information.

Doug Clifords has been able to get only one paper on his project—after reading it he knew why: It said nothing.

The librarian didn't exactly help. When Clifords first saw

George Bright in the library he had nearly walked out. The thought that Bright might not be as disgusting as he had been at school was in error.

“Hello, Bright. What’s an engineer doing in a library?”

“It’s good security, they tell me.”

God yes! thought Clifords, *He’d classify Newton’s laws at least confidential.*

As Bright babbled on about the company’s excellent standards, Clifords observed that George Bright still had a smile that gave the impression his stomach was troubling him. Clifords irrelevantly remembered that he slept with his socks on.

As the weeks passed, their relationship blossomed into one of mutual disgust with a minimum of communication.

It happened about ten times a day. Clifords would stop in frustration, and weigh the advantages of high pay and living at home against the restricted working conditions. How long would they keep a man who produced nothing—it almost seemed what they wanted from the way they kept reminding him of the illegal lines of research such as anything approaching an attempt at duplicating the processes of the mind.

It was obvious that United States Computers maintained its high place not by results but by lobbying and kissing it up with Senator Billings’ Committee on Investigations. The company got its big orders by pull, and Clifords often wondered about deeper corruption.

Forcing himself to think about his research again, Clifords decided there was at least one other paper he could make good use of—it would also be a point against Bright. Doug energetically strode out of his office and down the brown hall to the library.

“Hello, Mr. Bright. I would like to check out a copy of *Impurity Effects in Information Storage Using Various Semiconductors*, GPO S1-DWC2 May, 1972.”

"That's *Secret* and you're only cleared for restricted publications. Will you please stop trying to exceed your classification?"

"Listen, Bright-boy, I wrote that paper, and if you don't fork it over, I'll just have to go home and pick up my own copy and fill out a form or two saying you're needlessly slowing research. Let's have it."

"The law is very explicit on this point." Bright motioned to a wall chart. "No person shall make use of material classified above his clearance without the knowledge and consent of both the AEC and the Senate Committee on Investigations.' I have no alternative but to report illegal possession." Bright turned, and Clifords stood for an instant staring at the back of his head with its black, tangled hair.

As Bright reached for the phone Clifords went over the counter. He sliced Bright in the neck with the side of his hand.

Grasping at his injured throat, Bright turned, and Doug hit him in the face. George Bright's head snapped back and his short, heavy body sprawled over his desk. A little blood flowed down the side of his insipid features.

"God damn you, Bright! You stinking son of a bitch!"

Clifords left the library. His anger and disgust were still with him and his hand hurt. Doug Clifords was getting out of the company with an unconscious urgency, and he was ignoring his immediate environment.

The panel slid out of his way automatically, but the girl on the other side had time only to grasp as the striding, sweating Clifords knocked her to the floor.

"Oh, my God!—Are you hurt?"

She lay there breathing jerkily and blue eyes fluttered. They gazed up at Clifords and his stomach fluttered. He stood there.

"Are you all right? I . . ."

"The floor is quite comfortable, thank you. . . . But I think my

ankle's hurt a little." Her voice was full and soft; it came directly from the throat without nasal filtering. It made him want to listen.

"I'm sorry."

Pause

"Do you know a Dr. Clifords, who works here?" Doug would later remember this blurted speech as nervous and unnatural.

"I'm Doug Clifords, but I *don't* work here. In fact, the sooner I leave the better." He could tell that she was pleased for some reason.

"I'm Janet Jones, and I want to talk to you. Please take me with you."

The girl's voice alone was enough to make Doug a little weak. He wasn't sure he could lift anything, but he took her suggestion. She wasn't heavy.

Janet relaxed in his arms. He looked down at her face and simultaneously noticed her perfume. *Lilacs*. It went with her pink-purple dress.

Outside, her hair glistened goldenly from much brushing and she smiled. Her large eyes smiled, too. Then she noticed his bloody knuckles.

"Professor Hartford said you wouldn't like it here. Did you just quit?"

"You might say that; I'm through at any rate. You know Professor Hartford?"

"There's my car over there. He's been advising my father and brother on a movie we're working on, but we need fulltime technical help. Hartford said you were interested in movies—he recommended you highly. . . ."

"You're in the movies?"

"No, silly, but my father is Stephen F. Jones."

He placed her in the red Lincoln.

"Let's get some lunch, Janet, and we can talk it over."

* * *

Clifords noticed that Janet walked into the restaurant with no difficulty, but when he mentioned it she blushed prettily and said nothing.

The restaurant was large but almost empty. They had sandwiches; one would have been enough for both of them.

"As I understand it, Doug, you're very much opposed to the restrictions put on research by the actions of such persons as Senator Billings of California?"

"Someone should investigate *him*—psychologically."

"My brother agrees with you, but our only line of opposition is to influence public opinion with movies. The one we're working on now is supposed to show how the restrictions are slowing research to a standstill and actually endangering the country."

"Sounds like a good theme. I think your movies are the best tapes being made, Janet, but I'm not convinced they really help much in changing peoples opinions. There's too much propaganda slanted against your ideas."

"You sound just like my brother—except he says it louder and with a few more expletives. He and my father are trying to lick that problem in this tape. I'll let them tell you about it. They want you to stay with us if it's all right."

Doug grinned. "What did Hartford tell you anyway? That I was an Einstein and an Eisenstein combined? I'll be glad to—if it's all right with you."

"... It's fine. When should we expect you?"

"When do you want me?"

"Soon. We're probably going to be investigated again, and we'd like to get done with this tape first. We've been working on it on and off for over three years now, and there are just a few problems left."

"I'll be there tomorrow evening."

She put her hand on his and said, "We'll be glad to have you, Doug."

* * *

Clifords waved goodbye to Janet and entered the house. Nervous energy began to release.

"What a deal!"

No one was home to hear him, and it dampened his enthusiasm a little. Doug fell back on his bed and tried to relax. The main reason he had stayed with U. S. Computers was a lack of an acceptable alternative. He thought of the possibilities if this job turned out well. He certainly had nothing to lose.

And there was Janet.

Why did he act like a nervous adolescent? Anyone would notice his self consciousness, yet Janet didn't seem to.

"Let's face it, Clifords, you haven't got a chance!"

This thought didn't seem to help him relax, nor did it help his appetite.

* * *

It was about two in the afternoon when Doug drove along beautiful Crescent Drive in Beverly Hills. The sky was bright blue, and though it was warmer than he liked and very dry Clifords was in high spirits. He turned off sharply at the marked entrance to the Jones residence and curved through considerable greenery before getting a full view of the house.

It was a one story structure sprawling over a large area and it enclosed several patios; a large swimming pool was on one side, and there were tennis courts and numerous other recreational facilities.

Doug saw Janet so he stopped the car. The drive went on to a multiple garage. He noticed six cars and two copters.

Janet saw him and, smiling, came running across the lawn. She

was wearing white shorts and blouse and was carrying a small trowel.

"Hi! We didn't expect you so early. Dad's at the studio and Steve's in painting and brooding."

"This is a beautiful place, Janet. How do you manage to take the time to make movies?"

"I don't—except for running errands, but Steve and Dad work continually. Even when they relax I think they're working unconsciously."

"The results seem to have been worthwhile. Your brother has an Academy Award for direction, and Stephen F. Jones tapes have won a dozen or so."

"Some of the best tapes don't even get nominations."

"Yeah. What about *Burn, Books!*"

"Steve thinks it's his best, but he stepped on lots of toes . . ."

"Come on in; I'll introduce you."

The air felt dry and Doug's skin prickled under his loose sport shirt. She took his hand and they started across the lawn. Doug couldn't help watching Janet's tanned legs.

The panel opened, and closed behind them. A Strauss waltz played with fidelity and dimension as though the musicians were in the room. The music seemed to be part of the cool, relaxing interior.

Doug looked around and noticed the general scheme of functional comfort. Lighting, use of color-filtering glass, metals, and foam plastics illustrated some of the best living engineering he'd ever seen. Color-sense and taste were everywhere apparent.

Interrupting Clifords' inspection, Janet pulled him across the house. Steve Jones was wearing grey slacks and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He was standing before a canvas of what seemed at first to be a storm cloud.

"Steve,—Doug's here."

The tall, light-haired artist laid down his brush and turned around. "Hello, Mr. Clifords, I'm glad you accepted. We've really got some problems."

They shook hands. Clifords realized how the movies directed by Stephen F. Jones, Jr., achieved their characteristic sincerity.

Doug guessed the director was in his early thirties—about ten years older than his sister. The two men were about the same height, but Steve Jones was a little heavier—it wasn't fat.

Doug Clifords looked at several of the many paintings in the room. "You've really caught one of my moods here," he said, "and this one's damn good, but this one I don't see."

"You recognize what I'm trying to do all right. They're just sort of notes to myself on moods I try to create in various films. Usually I don't do very well."

"You do all right."

"You two seem to get along, I'll go put something on."

"Yes, Janet," said Steve. "Well, Doug, here's my portrait of our esteemed Senator Billings."

"My God! . . . but I agree."

"I was feeling rather bitter at the time. That was four years ago when he 'investigated' us. As you may recall, he proved nothing, but we sure had trouble getting our tapes released for a year or so.

"That was before the twenty-fourth amendment, wasn't it?"

"Yeah. We're expecting another Hollywood purge before long. It's always good for some free publicity."

"I'm interested in the tape I'm supposed to help on. Want to tell me about it?"

"Here's the copy of the screenplay I've been using. You read it tonight, and we'll go over it tomorrow. That okay?"

"Sure thing. It looks pretty thick."

"That's the abridged version."

Janet, Steve, and Doug were seated in comfortable chairs, Steve had asked the right questions and Doug was blasting the restrictions put on science when Stephen F. Jones, Sr., arrived. Janet pulled her dress down over her knees.

Jones came in with a slight limp. He ran long fingers through grey hair as Steve introduced Clifords. "The boys sure seem to be having trouble. I hope you can finish this project off quick. . . .

"If he can't we'll have to drop it, Steve." He pulled out a big white handkerchief, wiped it across his high forehead, and sat in a big chair. As he settled into it, air hissed out of the cushions.

"You'd better tell Doug," said Janet.

"Oh," said Mr. Jones, "You haven't told him about the project yet?"

Doug looked blank.

"We're not just making a movie, Doug," said Steve. "Now take your time reacting. Under the pretense of elaborate set construction we're putting together a computer—a von Neumann computer."

"You want to know something?" said Doug, "I'm glad someone is doing something. Whenever I suggested a program of that kind to U. S. Computers they told me I was suggesting work aimed only at 'devaluating the SPIRIT of MAN.' If that isn't the straight party line of every reactionary antiscience organization this side of the Ku Klux Klan, I don't know what is.

"Countering that kind of hogwash is the simple argument: we'll be awfully sorry if Russia beats us to it. Their party line doesn't happen to conflict with this particular branch of science—wonder of wonders."

"I'm surprised," said Steve, "they haven't already got one if they're not restricting work paralleling human thinking. From what people tell me, Doug, the problem was nearly licked eight years ago when the government clamped down."

"Yeah, Steve, but the literature's been smothered but good."

"We've got it—or most of it. People have gotten it for us. You know some of them. They've taken risks because they think the work should be done—not just for the hell of it, or because they're curious, but also because the government may wake up soon and find we need vN computers fast.

"There's a key word, Doug: R, I, S, K. Risk. Think about it."

"Our project is in the best interest of the United States.

"We know we're right.

"You know it.

"And Christ knew it.

"This knowledge doesn't help. We know you sympathize. Do you want to take the risk?

"This is important, Doug. Think about it."

* * *

When Doug woke up his insides felt hollow, and he was tense. It was ten o'clock. He'd had over eight hours sleep, and he had read Steve's screenplay and also made his decision.

Clifords showered and put on slacks and a sport shirt. He was surprised to find his breakfast was almost ready.

"Good morning, Doug. Would you like some orange juice first?" The deepness of her voice surprised Clifords again.

"Good morning, Jan, and thanks a lot. I intended to just have some coffee." Doug sat down. The orange juice was fresh and cold. All the food before him was, in fact, excellent. He looked across the table.

Janet smiled. "How did you like Steve's story, Doug?"

Clifords paused and his stomach flipped and his nerves seemed to vibrate.

"It's good. And it's something that needs to be said and acted on if we don't want our research to stop. All the technical details seem correct too."

This statement had been thought out in advance. Doug wasn't doing any thinking now. He found he had to force himself to eat the toast, bacon, and eggs.

"Steve got a lot of help in writing it, and he's proud of the results."

"He's got a right to be. I'll bet this tape will really have an effect. Where's Steve now?"

"He and Dad are at the studio. They're working on four other tapes too. Doug, would you like some more milk?"

"Thanks, Janet, but I'd better get down and see what I can find out about the computer."

"I'm awfully glad, Doug." She stood near him and took his hand. It was all Clifords could take.

"Thank you, Janet. I'd better go."

In his room Clifords sat on the edge of his bed for a few minutes. "What's wrong with you, you fool. A pretty girl fixes your breakfast and you feel weak. What kind of a reaction is this?"

Clifords knew it was his nervous system reacting, but his evaluation of his own reactions had little apparent effect. He had trouble eating for weeks.

* * *

Clifords met the men who worked on the computer. He knew several of them already. Most of them had gotten fed up with industry; some had taken the suggestions of professors. That there were influential sympathizers was obvious from the library of computer literature available.

There seemed to be only one or two main problems. Doug was told that these were also being worked on in some university labs in connection with other projects.

Doug Clifords settled down to work under conditions he enjoyed. He could see where solutions to several of the problems might lay, and he had equipment ordered. He was surprised with

the work that had been accomplished, and his optimism cheered the other men.

Several weeks passed. Doug began to get results. Spirits rose as minor problems vanished and major difficulties started to crumble.

On Sundays Doug and Janet played tennis and took long drives. They had fun, and gradually Doug began to feel more at ease with the girl. But Clifords could not really convince himself that she was being more than a good host.

Clifords often took himself to task for his backwardness, but this had no great value. It was the structure of his very nature.

* * *

Steve was painting when Doug came in.

"You know, Steve, there are a lot of spots where we've got to show the computer. I think it might be effective to use some cutting technique besides the slow pans. Then we could use some fast cuts from close shots, say, featuring indicator lights flashing to relays throwing, to sentences being printed, to a superslow shot of a glow tube firing, to and so on. I think it might turn out pretty well."

"Sounds good, Doug. We'll try it. Got any other suggestions?"

"No, not right now, Steve."

"Doug," said Steve, "quite aside from the progress you've been making on the computer—I hope you won't mind if I say you seem to be a little slow on the draw."

Pause.

"You know what I mean?"

"Yeah. I think so, Steve. I hope you're right. Thanks a lot."

* * *

The night was clear and cool, and there was a sharp crescent moon. The stars were bright and distinct and the myriad lights of Los Angeles seemed just as remote.

Doug and Janet watched the tiny moving lights and the colored lights and felt aloof. Griffith Park seemed quite deserted.

A chill wind caused the trees to rustle and a wisp of Janet's hair to tickle her forehead. She stepped close to Doug, and he put his arm around her. Looking down at her face and smiling, Doug blew the wisp of hair into place and kissed the girl.

"Oh, Doug . . ."

"I'm awfully slow, Janet, but it wasn't because I didn't want to."

They kissed again in a long embrace.

* * *

Gradually the computer began to function. At first it could only carry on a very limited conversation on tape. It often degenerated into gibberish, but gradually its blank spots in thinking were corrected.

Its difficulties with abstract words responded slowly to redesign, but operation at all was a considerable achievement, and the technicians were quite proud of their work. The few others who saw it in operation were fascinated.

Doug began to spend long hours fussing with what he called the psychology of the computer. He wanted to bring in a trained psychologist, but no opportunity presented itself.

* * *

"We're going to have trouble, Doug," Steve told him when Clifords came in late. "Dad and I got subpoenas from Billings' committee again. We don't know whether they know anything or not. They may just be out to get some of the answers we wouldn't give before. Then again, they may know about the computer."

"I hate to think what they'll do to Dad now," said Janet. "You see, he was pretty radical back in the 'thirties. He belonged to a club interested in communism in college and actually voted for

the communist candidate in 1936. Gradually he began to realize that the system wouldn't work and that Russia was just a dictatorship with semantic difficulties. Since then he's been a liberal democrat."

"That's radical enough in some circles," said Doug.

"The point is," said Steve, "that even if they don't know about the computer, the mental climate we're in now is such that the information Janet just told you is enough to ruin us as far as getting release for any future tapes. The old one could be banned too, come to think of it."

"It looks bad all right. Think they'll find out about the computer?"

"I doubt it," said Steve. "If they do I'll blow it up and they won't be able to prove anything."

"That'd sure be a wasteful solution," said Doug.

"Poor Dad," said Janet. "He and our lawyer were frantically trying to work something out. The strain is really going to hurt him this time."

"We want you to come to Washington with us Doug. We know it's a lot to ask—will you?"

"Sure, Steve."

* * *

"Your full name is Stephen Franklin Jones," said Senator Billings. "Is that correct?"

"Yes."

The TV cameraman adjusted his zoom lens for a close up of Jones.

"We're glad to have such a famous producer of artistic motion pictures before us." Sarcasm dripped. "Are your anti-American propaganda films still winning awards, Mr. Jones?"

"I have produced a few films showing situations the correction of which, I believe, would be to the advantage of the United

States. Are you referring to these?"

Pause. Billings tried again:

"Have you ever been a member of a communistic organization advocating the forceful overthrow of the American government?"

"I believe that is a multiple question. Would you be more specific, please?"

"Have you ever been a member of a communistic organization of any kind?"

"I refrain from answering on the grounds that my testimony without full explanation might tend to incriminate or degrade me. I refrain on the grounds provided for by the fifth amendment."

"The same old line. Too bad it won't work this time, Jones. As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Investigations I grant you immunity to prosecution for membership in communistic organizations as such. This does not preclude prosecution for acts committed in connection with these organizations. By the twenty-fourth amendment you are required to answer the question."

"Have you ever been a member of a communistic organization of any kind?" the Clerk monotoned.

"Yes."

"What was the name of this communistic organization?"

"I was a member for only a short time, and it was over forty years ago. I don't remember the name. It might not have had one."

"What was the nature of the organization?"

"It was an informal discussion group. You may recall there was considerable interest in radical governments in the early 'thirties. The organization was short lived and of no national importance."

“That is for others to decide. Who were the other members of this organization?”

“Many of them are dead. My memory is not accurate enough to list all living members.”

The session proceeded slowly. Jones’ 1936 communist vote came out as did a few names of deceased persons who had been interested in communism. That was about all.

It was quite enough.

STEPHEN F. JONES—COMMUNIST were key headline words throughout the United States. Editorials about mental influence on children and easily swayed adults were prevalent. No one seemed to have the opinion Doug expressed:

“What the hell’s everyone so excited about? This was forty years ago.”

But people were very much excited. When Jones was recognized he met with sneers. Reporters pestered Janet for interviews; pictures were taken incessantly. Steve released a comprehensive statement; only a few excerpts were printed—out of context and with much commentary. A hate-Jones campaign seemed to be the order of the day.

Stephen Jones’ old movies were reviewed in a new light. People began to notice just how subversive they really were.

Douglas Clifords knew how bad the family felt. He could feel the strain and the sting of insults. Doug didn’t see how Janet kept from breaking down or how Mr. Jones kept his temper; Clifords himself nearly got up and yelled at Billings. Contempt of Congress is not a minor violation. It was also Senator Billings’ favorite weapon.

It was not obvious to Doug how deeply the public’s reaction was affecting Steve Jones.

“We’re really washed up, Doug,” said Steve after an unpleasant experience in their hotel lobby. “Have you noticed how

almost everyone seems to be reacting to this? They hate us. We're a bunch of 'god damn intellectuals' trying to show how much better we are than anyone else. It hurts to see your sincere feelings met with hatred or at best apathy."

"It's part of the pity of it all."

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"God no, Steve! But there are lots of people who recognize our position and what a raw deal we're getting. This is true of damn near every scientist I know—they don't like to be treated like trained animals either."

"They aren't the people I mean. I'm thinking about the non-intellectuals, the 90-110 IQ people. They don't like us, Doug. Maybe it's fear, or jealousy, or the work of demagogues like Billings, but it hurts, Doug."

"Let's hope they don't find out about the computer," said Doug.

"If they do, I wouldn't want to have to try and explain why we did it. Our explanation would sound awfully insincere."

"But, Steve, stopping research is a sure-death policy."

"I think so, Doug. But how can we be so damn sure we're right?"

"Is helping the country the reason you do research? I don't think so; I think it's the same thing that keeps me going—curiosity. We're just curious about different things. Maybe there isn't even that distinction; maybe we're just using different methods on different phases of the same problem. And maybe curiosity is evil."

"No, Steve. Look what it's done for man."

"I think that's the basis of the reaction, Doug. The fundamental question isn't answered: how do we know we're right and the majority are wrong?"

* * *

Senator Billings's investigation degenerated into an attempt to smear Stephen F. Jones' name even more thoroughly. Jones' loyalty was repeatedly questioned. An attempt at presenting his sentiments and actions including World War II island hopping with the marines fell on deaf ears and an unsympathetic press.

Jones said that he believed the United States to be the country allowing the most individual opportunity and freedom, but that it certainly wasn't perfect in this respect. The way this statement was presented in print made him sound like a bomb-throwing revolutionary.

The afternoon hearings ran on turning up no new facts, but tiring all concerned.

At Mr. Jones suggestion Doug took Janet out dancing. Her snug, black gown and the synthetic diamonds in her hair helped Clifords' moral, but the girl couldn't seem to relax.

They got back early, but Clifords was slow going to sleep. He began to realize how much Janet meant to him.

* * *

The door buzzed.

Clifords woke groggily looked at his watch. Four hours sleep just isn't enough.

"Come in."

Mr. Jones stepped in.

"Doug? Steve's gone."

"Uh?"

"He's probably gone to destroy the computer and evidence of research. He left a note saying he got a tip that they suspect the computer tape is special."

"I'm glad you told me. Much as I hate to see it, it's the only safe thing to do."

"Doug, I'm worried about Steve. This picture was his pet. We'll never get a release now—whether or not they know about

the computer. I want you to find him and talk to him. I don't know what you can say."

"I don't either, but I'll try."

"There's a rocket flight leaving in half an hour. I've got you a seat. We'll try the next flight, if they'll let me go."

* * *

Doug was across the continent in a couple of hours. A taxi rushed him to the studio. A lone fireman was checking on small smoldering piles of rubble. The computer might as well have been a fake for almost nothing remained. The notes were also gone, but the rest of the studio had been saved. Doug didn't really care. He didn't wait for the fireman's account of what had happened.

Clifords took a studio car, set it to override manual control only in case of emergency, and barreled down the Santa Monica freeway. There were only a few trucks on the road. He turned off to Beverly Hills and onto Crescent Drive.

Doug got out of the car and stood for a moment breathing the morning air and savoring the lack of noise.

Clifords walked across the dewey lawn. It was very quiet. The world seemed still and empty this five-o'clock morning in Beverly Hills. Doug looked across the grass to the brightening sky and forced himself to wake up. He hurried to the house and entered quickly.

The usually bright interior seemed unreal . . . everything was unreal and very wrong.

Steve's amplifier was playing. Softly, it was starting over again, playing Offenbach's century-old *Barcarolle* from the *Tales of Hoffmann*.

In huge strides, Doug rushed across the large room. He was not surprised but only shocked and hurt.

Steve was on his bed. On the floor was a box and the empty bottle which had been in the box.

There was no pulse, and no film formed on a cold mirror.

Douglas Clifords stood by the bed, and large tears formed in his open eyes. He swallowed and his vision blurred. A dull, numb ache was building in him. What hurt most was the thought—fleeting into shock—of the many times he would recall this instant.

Barcarolle was starting over. Clifords turned it off; somehow he reported the suicide.

* * *

A police car came down Crescent Drive, fast and silent. It turned into the driveway and came to a quick stop. Its rear antenna swished back and forth like a metallic tail and its two front radar dishes gave the appearance of ears.

Other cars followed.

Questions. Flash bulbs. Strangers rushing about in a private home.

And then Janet was there—in his arms—sobbing, choking dryly, trembling.

Emotion was a dark sea into which he was sinking. Love, hate, disgust, anger, fear . . . were pulling, clawing for his reaction.

He wanted to yell, to tell the world how stupid and wrong it was. He wanted to cry, to scream, to become hysterical.

But he could not.

A NOTE ON CELEBRITY

By William Barlow

I'M sure when Shakespeare wrote his plays
He didn't think of Bacon,
For if he had, their works would be
Less easily mistaken.

Some dying Caesar says his last—
Brave words, in voice stentorian—
Will anyone believe those words
Were not by his historian?

When Gutenberg invented type
He didn't think of Coster,
Or he'd have had a colophon
To brand him an imposter.

O, Shakespeares, Caesars, Gutenbergs,
Your case is one of shame:
To see your consequential works
In someone else's name.

But I, the poet that I am,
Could think of nothing higher
Than someone's claiming my rhymes for
Another versifier.

For then, poor though these verses be,
My writings would be noted,
No one would say, "How bad!" but just,
"I wonder if he wrote it?"

A MODIFIED EPICUREANISM

By Jim Pinkerton

WOEBEGONE is the world and we. Everywhere we turn there is hatred, fear, aggression on both a personal and national basis. There is wide-spread starvation, disease and civil disputes. Coupled with the threat of international war spiced with A-bombs, and Super-Hyper-X bombs, everything combines to produce a pessimistic view of our society and our ability to overrun ourselves. Some say that our present situation is normal. And I don't disagree for a minute, for history offers little comfort on this matter. Rather it substantiates the view that the human race is, always has been, and always will be basically incapable of managing itself and that this world is one hell of a place to live in.

There is scarcely more consolation on the personal side. People's life-long ambitions are invariably shattered. People never really reach any worth-while goals, because the further they go the further the goals recede, showing how impossible those goals are to attain. At the risk of nauseating the reader with reference to some trite imagery, I point out that Hemingway's "Old Man and the Sea" furnishes a striking example of the futility of man's ambitions.

One argues in defense of the world, for example, that medicine has easily increased our life expectancy 50% in remote areas. And certainly, in itself, that's fine, but look what happens if other natural forces aren't balanced; birth rate, for example remains the same and we immediately have an acute food shortage. What with birth control and scientific farming to make farm production more efficient, we have much more regimentation and less genuine individual freedom than before. It is doubtful if man is as happy as he used to be, in spite of his initial problems and pri-

vations. It becomes apparent that nature is hostile and is out to get us through compensation for man's progress by springing loose some other gear as illustrated above. Man's existence is in a constant state of flux.

Such examples should clarify that man is struggling in an indifferent or antagonistic world. When each individual comes to realize this fact, as he certainly must, especially if he has tried thinking of ways to improve the world in a broad sense, he inevitably must make a choice between one of two things. First, he can throw up his arms in despair and continually worry about man's outcome and, perhaps, even at the same time, try increasingly hard to improve man's lot. At any rate, while continually thinking on this subject, he only makes himself more miserable. But what can man, himself, do to mitigate and even dispose of the cruelty imposed upon him by an antagonistic world? The solution involves the second approach which will become clearer and more reasonable after a preliminary paragraph.

We begin by observing what certain authors say on the subject. Thomas Hardy claims that what happens to us is purely a matter of chance. Thus we have only a 50% chance of having a good time. Man must somehow, somehow, by his efforts manage to increase this probability of enjoying himself. Further excellent illustrations of man's futility in life are provided in Menninger's "Man Against Himself." As a corollary, we observe that no matter how good or great you are, no matter how well you think you take care of yourself, or how healthy you are, you still must die. Rare indeed is the man who lives 100 years. The natural forces are insurmountable. George Gissing questions how much of man's industry is actually progress. It might well be that we slave like beavers just to keep an economy rolling or to thwart an enemy—not particularly to increase our own happiness. As further irony of our civilization, Gissing points out how we

undergo privations in our youth to save for our old age, only to find out then that nature is still adverse—that we are then unable to use the money to full advantage because of our ills, eccentricities, poor vision, poor hearing, etc. The situation should be reversed: earn the money in our old age and spend it in our youth.

With the natural odds so much against us, it makes sense that we should adopt a sort of “It’s later than you think” philosophy, thus making each day count for all it’s worth.

Assuming Le Chatalier’s Principle to hold for the natural world, (That is, whatever man does to help himself, nature reacts in such a way as to restore the initial conditions), we see that inevitably nature is hostile. The Epicureans, realizing this, propose that we recognize man’s futility and inevitable death, and devote ourselves instead to pleasure and happiness. They agree that this world is one hell of a place to live in, but by judiciously choosing one’s actions such that the pleasure and enjoyment is maximized, one can mollify the cruelty of nature’s indifference and hostility to man. This Epicureanism is the second of man’s choices when he reflects upon the futility of his progress toward an eventual Utopia. Maximizing pleasure is not to say that we should get sick on it. The Epicurean, too, believes in moderation. (If an Epicurean gorged himself to sickness, he would contradict his own philosophy since then he could not be obtaining maximum enjoyment.)

Some people accuse the Epicurean of being selfish by trying to glean the world of all enjoyment. I would agree too if pleasure were something which is destroyed when it is consumed. However, by the intangible, non-material nature of qualities like happiness, enjoyment, and pleasure, they can’t be destroyed through use. This means that as many people can maximize their pleasure as want to without interfering with one another. Thus there is no shortage and everybody can be an Epicurean without having to

compete with his neighbor for the supply of pleasure while it still lasts.

To clarify, Epicureanism, furthermore, doesn't tell you to quit your job so to permit you to concentrate on happiness as psychologists say this is impossible since men derives much satisfaction out of accomplishing things and feeling that he is useful. Thus to discontinue one's work is to sever an important source of pleasure.

Though I agree with most of the fundamental propositions of Epicureanism, I find in it a philosophical difficulty wherein the Epicurean neither tells you how to go about attaining this pleasure nor what kind of pleasure you should seek, nor with what point of view you should look upon it. I propose a modification of this philosophy that includes as corollaries the answers to all these questions, though perhaps at the price of universal applicability.

Man should arrange his activities in such a way that the number of *new experiences* is maximized. It follows in most cases that pleasure is maximized, since a new experience usually includes pleasure as a by-product. And, in fact pleasure usually includes new experience. Thus the two are almost equivalent, and my modified Epicureanism includes all the good points of Epicureanism mentioned above. (Indeed, this must be an important philosophy! Let's give it a name. Call it *Mepicureanism*, the etymology being obvious.) I prefer, however, the new interpretation since the philosophy now has direction and even a certain amount of progressivism associated with it, whereas as an Epicurean may easily reduce himself to the status of a gourmet or a connoisseur of fine wines.

Mepicureanism includes, furthermore as a special case, the notion that people should continually "grow," since in order to grow one *must* have new experiences in order not to become

stagnant. As a further example, the whole process of education is in consistency with Mepicureanism since every time we read a new book, take a new course or even study or attend another class we are undergoing a new experience. And granting for the moment that Mepicureanism includes Epicureanism it follows that all this must be pleasure!

Note that Mepicureanism is entirely free from all suspicion of getting sick on one type of pleasure by overdoing it, since by undergoing a new experience time and time again, it becomes no longer a new experience and the Mepicurean will abandon it for other new experiences as the world is full of them.

There can be no doubt of the creative stimulus given to an individual by new experience. I have always maintained that one should vary his environment as much as possible. Each time a person changes his living quarters or takes a new road to work, he is stimulated out of stagnancy. Everyone has experienced going on a road he's routinely traveled and upon reflecting later, could hardly remember having been on it. It seems that this often indicates mental inefficiency. This never happens, under normal circumstances, when a person takes a *new* road to work one day. Knowing this, it is regrettable that we are forced by our economic and social order to remain in the same location for lengthy periods of time. This fact is especially regrettable in universities where activity and creativity are important, and where it is conceivable that various universities could cooperate on some sort of rotation scheme, yet one is forced to remain fixed and see the same buildings, trees, cracks in the sidewalk, same class rooms and people day by day, year in and year out. Sure, I know, there's a place called home, and people like to be among their friends. I realize all this, but I still don't advocate moving every month! One would soon get a lost feeling then, as well as become fatigued with the very act of moving. However, some compromise

between the two extremes (the other extreme being our present system) *might* be practical.

At the risk of being long winded, I cite as further examples of new experiences, listening to new records, going to shows, taking up hobbies, painting, etc. Ah! And, of course, inevitably wine, women, and song!

* * *

I have now unfolded my case to you. The world I have painted is a dim one. To be sure I have exaggerated the bad points and left you to believe that if you don't adopt Mepicureanism, you won't be happy. I agree with you that Mepicureanism is not all a prerequisite to happiness. Indeed one is rather unhappy *only when* he reflects and is cognizant of man's lot. This report has furthermore assumed that we are conscious of our miserable existence constantly, which is of course flagrantly not true.

The reason I have refuted my own contentions is that I wouldn't for a minute have the reader believe I place *implicit* faith in them. I do, however, believe the philosophy has some significance. I would like to see it practiced but not crammed down the reader's throat and forced upon him. Some of the most rational and well explained philosophies were not successful. Mepicureanism, however, is not explained perfectly rationally because I want the reader to do some thinking on his own to deduce that this *is* the best philosophy and *will be* successful. Therefore, take this for what it's worth and eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die!

AESTHETIC SYLLABUS

By Charles Bodeen

A GREAT many people who feel themselves qualified to do so place a strict, absolute, and sometimes very narrow definition on the term *aesthetics*. Instead of using aesthetics to refer to a set of rigid rules by which one decides whether or not an object is beautiful, I will use the word in a very broad sense. I will class as aesthetic anything which by any means serves to create pleasure in an individual. Since the experience of pleasure is a very personal one, I see no place for an absolute scale of values, although there may be some validity in approaching the problem from a statistical point of view.

Almost all pleasing sensations occur as a result of the combined stimulation of the sense organs and the mind. We can, in most cases, break down experiences into their sensual and mental components.

As complex and puzzling as they may be to the biologist, the most simple aesthetic stimuli we have are received by one or more of the five senses. Because of the individuality of the subject, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to establish upper bounds for scales of various types of pleasure inducers. Lower limits, characterized generally by pain and other forms of displeasure which are more universally shared among individuals, are easier to set, and give us at least a starting point in the process of evaluation. Thus, light of high intensity or of ultraviolet or infrared frequencies causes pain in most persons, while the most satisfying intensities and frequencies vary considerably. A similar situation is found in the reception of sound waves, where great amplitude and frequencies near the ends of the range of the receiving organ are painful. The most pleasurable situation occurs if

sounds are used in certain combinations of fundamental vibrations and overtones. One source of dissatisfaction in the sense of touch or feeling is high pressure. The application of pressures to the body ranges from a force spread over a large area, which produces the sensation of crushing, to the concentration of the force on a very small area, which gives us the pain of a pin prick. Further up this scale are the feeling of extremely smooth surfaces and the stimulation of erogenous parts of the body. The senses of taste and smell work together to give us what we inadvertently refer to as *taste* when we have something in the mouth, and as *smell* when we do not. In any case, it is easy to enumerate certain gasses taken in through the nose and certain liquids and solids taken in through the mouth which serve to irritate this sense-couple. The upper end of this scale goes through all manner of foods and perfumes, but perhaps more than any other, it is dependent upon the individual for its definition.

We use these simple value scales daily, although they are hardly ever mentioned in connection with the "arty" connotation of aesthetics. We are constantly faced with problems of lighting; we must use pleasing sound in the design of a door chime; we must decide upon materials to use for the clothing which rubs against our skin all day; we select as foods especially those things which give us pleasant taste-smell sensations; and we use esters with pleasing odors as ingredients in perfumes and after-shave lotions. What is perhaps more thought provoking is that as simple and obvious as these things are, they are so often completely overlooked, both in design and experience.

If man had only his five senses to worry about, the problem of aesthetic values would be very simple indeed. However, aside from the means by which the environment is detected, the human being has certain complexities which exist within the mind. These include such involved and interrelated things as memory,

emotion, and the realization of duration. Memory plays an important part in the establishment of the individual's aesthetic scales, for through memory we associate the present with the past. Many times we don't give a potential source of pleasure a chance, because we consciously or otherwise relate it to an unpleasant experience.

Many absolute aesthetic systems attempt to discard emotion as trivial. These same systems must then discard the individual. An artist is faced with the problem of satisfying either the most or certain types of emotions or individuals. The emotion of the person who experiences any work must be satisfied if that person is to derive any appreciable amount of pleasure from it. An attempt to please all the people hints at the possibility of the establishment of an absolute scale, and we have already decided to abandon that approach. The field of literature offers a partial escape in that the author may easily appeal to a variety of emotions in one work, but even in doing so, he admits the existence of relative individual values.

Assuming that the emotion and the physical senses are satisfied, what else can be used to create aesthetic potential?

A great many minor qualities of what is called "good design" may be implicitly contained in the term *order*. Subordinate characteristics of order include continuity, repetition, progression, and functionalism. These properties join in creating a feeling that thought was put into the artist's work. *Functionalism* in this sense is not limited to its usual utilitarian definition, for a painting or a piece of music may have as its function the establishment of a mood. As haphazard as a piece of abstract, non-objective "throw the paint on the canvas" art may appear to be, there is usually a good deal of thought in this type of work. Most good music is non-objective in character, yet the order is strikingly present.

You may find that a work which contains nothing but order is still apt to seem uninteresting.—Interest, then, is important to you, and it may be accomplished in several ways. Variation of basic things such as shape, size, and color, as well as variation of the *way* in which they are used, does much to exercise our minds. In the visual arts we like to see large areas, small areas, medium areas; pure colors and colors with varying degrees of neutrality; rectangular shapes, triangular shapes, and circular shapes. In music we hear long notes, short notes, groups of each, and the interesting rhythm of intermixed long and short; high notes, low notes, high and low; loud, soft, loud and soft. We enjoy the contrasts which variation can produce.

We can enjoy the very simplest things in a simple way into which very little if any emotion enters. If emotion does enter, and if it is satisfied, we attain a greater degree of pleasure. When we combine physical and emotional enjoyment with the qualities of order and interest, satisfaction rises to an even higher level. We have been adding individual components of aesthetic potential to create a more intense overall pleasure. *Intensification by combination* is, I believe, one of the most basic concepts in the aesthetic field. The more different sources of pleasure which can be combined while still preserving order and especially function, the more intense and satisfying is the experience of the whole.

One method of intensification is the inclusion of time in an art form. The reasons are slightly elusive, but it is apparent that one receives a more satisfying impression of a musical tone which is followed and preceded by others than he does from the single note. Groups of notes mean more when one can look back a short while to other related groups. It would seem that where music lacks in exercising the eyes, it exceeds the visual arts in its inclusion of the time element. The fact that one can listen for half an hour or more to a musical composition is in itself reason enough

for some people to place music on a higher plane than the arts of painting, sculpture, etc. The realization that visual art can utilize time is a very important one. One of the aims of graphic composition is to catch the eye at a definite place and then lead it around through a series of lines, implied relationships, changing values, etc. The sense of time is realized more fully in the branch of sculpture currently enjoying public acclaim, the mobile. A person otherwise dead set against what he calls "modern art" will stop to watch a mobile because it moves. He can see its present position, remember where it was, and predict where it will go.

An interesting problem in aesthetics which concerns itself with both emotion and the time factor (as related to past experiences) is that of representation. Many people in recent years have stopped to ask themselves if they were justified in painting pictures of *things*. They looked toward music and found an abstract art form almost void of representative relationships. Why, they argued, should a painting represent anything any more than a symphony does? The answer to their problem is now quite commonly accepted. Remembering is essentially a visual process. We remember more of what we see than of what we hear. When a person looks at a nonobjective painting he remembers and associates its forms with real objects he has seen before. If he is told that he must force his past out of his mind because the painting represents nothing, he may lose all aesthetic appreciation for the work. The artist who says forget the past is as bad as the aesthetic who tries to smother emotion. Emotion and past are essential parts of the individual which show themselves in almost every experience. There are those who can turn them on and off quite painlessly, but I do not believe they should be forcibly inhibited in any way.

Granted that we have a case for representation, and using the principle of intensification by combination, we would assume that anything which would exercise sight, hearing, order, inter-

est, emotion, realization of time, and representation would have a very high aesthetic potential. We have such a medium in the motion picture. I wish to emphasize, however, that the industry which deals in this art form is just beginning to utilize its tremendous possibilities. The advent of television gave its audience something the motion picture never had; the emotional advantage of being able to remain at home. The public was willing to sacrifice a certain amount of each of the other qualities in favor of this one, and the movie industry realized that it had to intensify further. Thus three dimensions, wide screens, stereophonic sound, and almost everything except the satirical, yet prophetic, "feelies" of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* have appeared in an effort to find enjoyment intense enough to pull people from their homes.

Aesthetics has no goal other than the creation of pleasure. There is no reason for *all* satisfying experiences to attempt to be the *most* satisfying, for with varying degrees of enjoyment we can create more interest in life and make it a great aesthetic experience.

I. ELEMENTS OF THE MOTION PICTURE

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

MOTION pictures are a dynamic art form based on technology. They have—as was pointed out in the preceding article—an enormous aesthetic potential. This, I feel, is an inescapable fact. It can be argued with considerable justification that cinema possesses, in fact, the greatest possibilities for artistic achievement of any medium known today.

We have in motion pictures essentially the full force of dynamic sight and sound at our command. The two elements, image and sound, can be manipulated with regards to time in any way whatsoever.

To lay the ground work for a discussion of motion picture theory, individual contributions, and philosophy it is necessary to consider the main elements utilized in the creation of a film. One individual may perform more than one of the tasks involved, but the various capacities themselves are distinct.

The range of talents necessary is such that Paramount, for example, has over thirty distinct departments. Each department is specialized and has capable personnel, who often have unusual talents. Even the vocabularies are specialized to such an extent as to be unintelligible to the neophyte.

Presenting the elements of film production in article form becomes a problem of selection. I'll start with the assumption that a producer has at his disposal the equipment and finance to make a film. His job is largely co-ordination and finance. He should have a sufficiently broad background to permit the selection of the people who will be able to make the kind of film he has in mind. He should also be able to synchronize and stimulate their efforts.

The writer of a screenplay should have a good visual imagination. In telling the story, which may be original or an adaptation of a novel or play, he usually gives some description of the action, characters, sets, costumes, etc. The writer also gives his ideas as to what the camera should record in the way of long shots, close ups, etc. He also breaks the action into independently shot scenes.

It is the director's job to interpret the screenplay and to bring together the working elements of the film. This task allows tremendous range of expression. It is the director who is responsible for what the camera records and where and how fast it moves. The director also coaches the players scene by scene and may profoundly affect their interpretations of the roles. The director of a motion picture can exert the most important single influence on a film. An imaginative director can make a poor story interesting; a good story—so easily ruined by a hack—can be made great.

The director, unlike most artists, must exert his personality into the film through others, for motion pictures are a co-operative art form.

The cameraman must have a high degree of technical competence. It is his job to record what the director wants. There is room for creativeness here too, for instructions can never be really complete, and the photographer's suggestions are usually welcomed.

Lighting is an important and complex element of cinematography. It has considerable effect on the mood of a scene and must be correctly maintained even though the actors move about. This is done from a console with controls for varying the intensity of the lights. A number of different kinds of shades, filters, and mounts are in common use.

The terms *close up*, *medium shot*, and *long shot* are relative

and refer to the distance of the camera from the main object(s) being photographed. Whatever the camera distance the camera is said to be set up at an *angle*. This *angle* can be at eye level or higher or lower. Many variations are possible depending upon the content of the shot. *Two-shot* and *three-shot* refer to the number of persons in the scene.

Movement of the camera from side to side is called a *pan*. A *track shot* is obtained by moving the camera towards or away from the object being photographed. A *crane shot* allows vertical motion.

Thirty-five millimeter film stock is standard in the motion picture industry. Each individual picture is called a *frame* and twenty-four frames a second is the standard speed. Frames can be photographed more rapidly by the camera, producing the effect called *slow motion* when they are shown at regular speed. The reverse effect is *accelerated motion*. Ordinarily film runs through the camera at the rate of 90 feet per minute or $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second. One-thousand feet of film runs eleven minutes. The average length for feature film is about 90 minutes. The ratio of film shot to film actually used in a picture is being gradually decreased by better planning and directing.

The actual photographic feat of taking pictures at the rate of twenty-four a second is a considerable achievement. Consider the size of film and the enlargement it is subjected to on the screen. The better photographers using the best modern equipment are achieving fantastic resolution.

The art director is in charge of set construction. Draftsmen make working drawings from the art director's sketches, and skilled carpenters, plasterers, and painters fabricate the sets. Their construction must, of course, be co-ordinated with the shooting schedule.

Painted backdrops are frequently used and unfortunately they

are sometimes quite noticeable. The huge paintings are made on canvas in a building with a long elevator which enables the artists to reach the various levels.

It is often necessary to utilize a moving background. This is usually achieved by substituting a translucent screen for the canvas backdrop and then projecting the desired background on to the screen from behind with motion picture projectors. Three projectors are used for color to supply enough light for the background to be photographed. The projectors used must be synchronized with the camera photographing the scene for the camera and projector shutters must be open simultaneously.

This system of *rear projection* is frequently used for scenes involving automobiles or ships. Rear projection allows camera and subject to remain motionless. The advantages are obvious, and rear projection carefully handled is almost undetectable. Most wild automobile chases make free use of rear projection.

Costumes, make up, casting of extras, and many other elements important to motion picture production require elaborate preparation and exact synchronization with the shooting schedule of a film. Organization and preplanning often make it possible for the director to experiment. The elimination of time waste is the primary consideration.

Motion picture music composers must usually overcome severe restrictions. The time that they can spend on a composition is limited, and their themes must change with the moods of the film. These changes are often matched to the single frame.

The skill of the working studio musician is fabulous; only three or four attempts are usually required for the recording of a new score. The musicians respond to the composer's suggestions with extreme rapidity.

Film edition is of the utmost importance to the success of a film. Editing gives to the motion picture a *rhythm*. Images are

manipulated like notes in a musical score or words in a sentence. The *rhythm* is created by the sequence of longer strips of film with shorter strips.

Fast cutting is the term for the rapid succession of many short film sequences; slow cutting utilizes longer sequences. Between the two poles many varieties of rhythms are possible.

A *cut* is simply the rapid jump from one view to another—say a long shot to a close up—obtained by merely splicing the films together. A *lap-dissolve* or *mix* involves the gradual fading of one scene as another fades in. The *fade* is different in that the screen is actually black before the next scene fades in. There are variations of these and numerous tricks are sometimes used.

Stock shot is the term for a film sequence filed in a film library. They are frequently edited into a film for a number of reasons. Shots of actual events from news reels, armed services films, or from other sources are often effectively used to add realism to a top-flight film. Stock shots are also used to make cheap films. Often long sequences from past movies are used to bolster some cheap production. Carelessly used, stock shots often introduce glaring contradictions into a film. Westerns and serials are the worst offenders.

The special effects department handles the dissolves and fades for the film editors, but special effects men are usually more interested in the job implied by their name. The methods used in creating unusual effects are extremely varied and new tricks must be developed constantly. Old stand-bys are double exposures, miniatures, and animation.

Actors and actresses only enter the production of a motion picture after about half the work has been done. They memorize their lines from the screenplay—or at least a few scenes at a time—and form their own interpretation of the role they are to play. The director's coaching helps them with their interpretation of characters.

Films are almost always shot completely out of story sequence. The reasons are obvious: It is more practical to shoot all the scenes involving large numbers of extras in as short a time as possible. Certain performers may have other commitments and their scenes must be filmed first. Large sets may occupy sound stages needed for other films, and it becomes imperative to complete the shooting which utilizes these sets so that they may be dismantled.

The fact that a story is not filmed in order of plot developments puts considerable strain on actors and director to maintain a smooth transition of mood in the final film.

Many scenes are filmed over several times from different angles and with different camera distances, perhaps even with different interpretations. This gives the film editor material to work with and a chance to be quite creative in putting together the best possible film from the scenes supplied.

The realization that the players of a motion picture actually are only a relatively small piece in a large puzzle, legitimately raises the question—: Why are “stars” considered so important?

The answer is relatively simple. The average movie-goer is not aware of direction, camera work, film cutting, etc., as such. If these jobs are done poorly, the audience usually doesn't know exactly what is wrong. They are only conscious that the picture is a flop. Perhaps they will blame the writer, more likely the actors get the blame.

Conversely, when a picture is exceptionally well made the average audience will unconsciously give most of the credit to the stars. For after all it is the stars they see, and it is the essence of good motion picture technique that the various components blend harmoniously into a unified work.

Before 1910 technical difficulties were such that stars could not stand out. It is also true that the better early film actors did not

want their names connected with the "flickers." The early film companies concentrated on publicizing their own names; it was only when the public forced it upon the industry, that the star system arose.

Letters requesting information about players began to swamp the early studios. Eventually the public's interest in the part of the film most obvious to the viewer blossomed forth in the now innumerable movie fan magazines. Individual salaries rose and publicity, with no other choice possible, began to concentrate on stars.

The concepts and terms presented in this article are necessary to the discussion of motion pictures which will be presented in the next issue. It will deal with the film as a means of expression, some of the ways in which it has been used, and possibilities for the future.



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