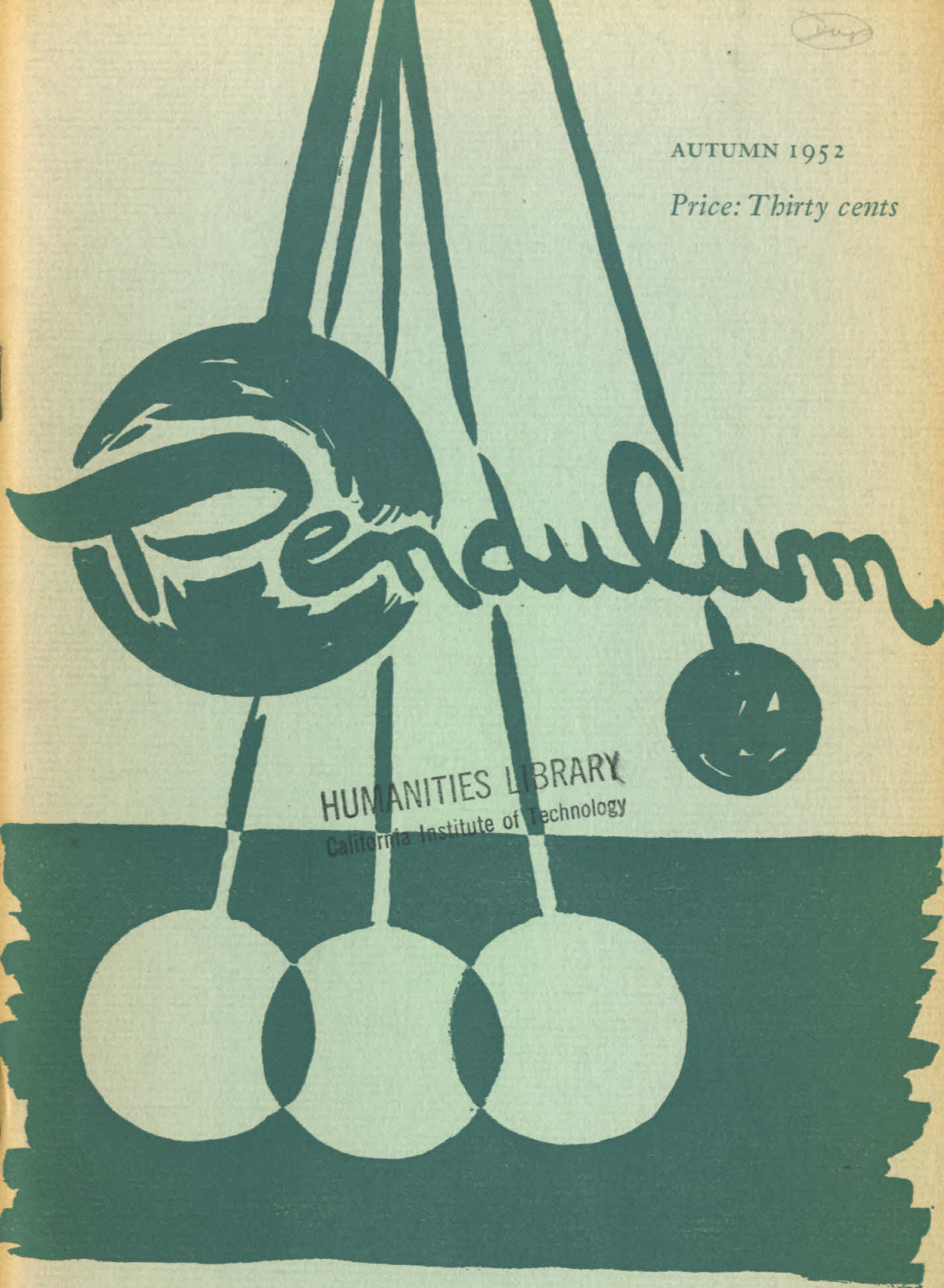


Day

AUTUMN 1952

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In this issue: LETTRISME (Avant-garde Cinema), a new philosophy from Paris.

P E N D U L U M

Autumn 1952

UNDERGRADUATE AND GRADUATE
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FOREWORD

A RATHER *new trend will be seen in this issue. New interest is seen in effecting a combination of all the arts, and bringing their integration into our everyday living.*

Along this line we wish to encourage the contributing of creative still photography to the magazine.

Also, interest in cinema scenarios and style has been evident on the campus. We would like to request students to write short scenarios directed toward film and television production, since we feel cinema is an art medium which offers a valuable combination of artistic inclination and technical knowledge.

This foreword is a reminder to all graduate and undergraduate students of the Institute to write material for the spring issue during the Christmas vacation.

*Thanks are due to Monsieur Marc Gilbert Guillaumin and Mademoiselle Yolande du Luart for permission to translate and reprint material from *ION* and *Soulèvement de la Jeunesse* for our article on *Lettrisme*.*

*We have attempted to present a literary magazine which will interest our readers, and we invite them to let us know their reactions to this issue, the fourth of *PENDULUM*.*

THE EDITORS

IMPULSE

By Charles Davies

THIS happened to a family called Padilla, Eduardo and Angeles Padilla, in a little Spanish town on the Mediterranean called Villasar. It was told to me by a plasterer who lived in this village and though it may not be very much of a story, it has the unexplainable ability to leave a feeling . . .

Eduardo and Angeles had been invited to go to a neighbour's house after dinner, and they had looked to it, to make sure that their house was well locked up, so that nothing might happen to their year-old daughter. This procedure was quite common, for the Riviera's often invited them over, and in spite of the fact that they had their police dog Bori to look after things, in Spain it is always wise to lock up the house. They had hardly been at the Riviera's a couple of hours, enjoying some very pleasant conversation and some excellent cognac, when Angeles, with one of those sudden women's intuitions, felt that she was needed at home. Eduardo, who was inclined to let his wife act on some of these sudden ideas, said that he would follow her in a few minutes, as there were some business things he wanted to talk over with Riviera. Accordingly, Angeles made her way home alone.

When she arrived at the house and opened the door, the first thing that met her eyes was Bori, coming out of the baby's room, with blood on his mouth and ruff. Needless to say, Angeles came to one conclusion, and before she could force her feet to move towards the room, the power of the mind became too strong for her and she fell unconscious within a few feet of the door. After about five minutes had elapsed, Eduardo let himself into the house and was confronted with the sight of his unconscious wife on the floor, and Bori rushing forward to greet him, his mouth

and ruff still covered with blood. Now Eduardo was an intelligent and calm man, but at the sight that met his eyes, he could only think that Bori, his faithful companion had gone mad: had killed their baby and wounded his wife. Instinctively, he reached behind the door, where the heavy walking cane was and with one powerful blow, killed Bori as he approached.

His first reaction was to take care of his wife, and after making sure that she was unhurt, he ran towards the open door of the baby's room. When he reached the darkened archway, his eyes struggling to search the dimness of the room, he braced himself for the sight he was afraid to see. There was a still and crumpled figure lying on the floor, and when the glare of the lights filled the scene, he was able to pick out two things. Their baby was sound asleep and unharmed, but the still figure on the floor would have been a kidnapper. Bori had done his duty well. Slowly the realization of what had happened pressed upon him, the thoughtlessness of what he had done, and the heavy cane dropped to the floor from his seemingly remote hand. The impulse was spent and reason returned.

DESIGN

By Ronald Cochran

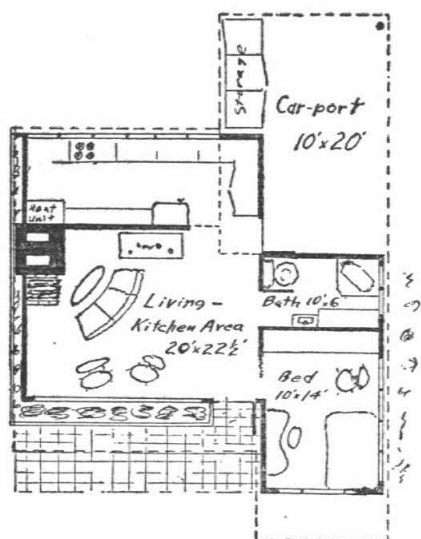
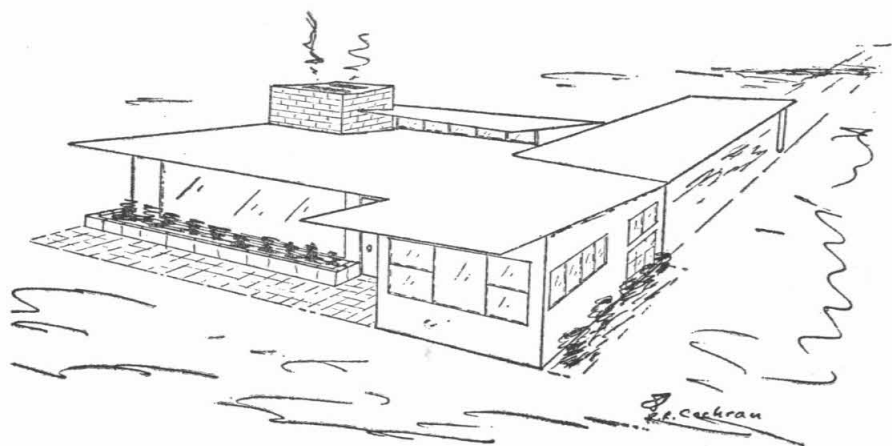
ONE day last summer I met a gentleman whom, for convenience, we shall call Sam. Now Sam is a widower whose children have moved away to set up homes of their own, and Sam is left living in a house that is too large and inconvenient for him. No doubt he sounds like some one you know. I might have made Sam part of a retired couple or any small family of fixed size and income. Sam is still working, and so he should, for Sam is not what, in this day and age, we call old. He is also pretty handy with tools and is considering building a house for himself.

Just prior to the time I met Sam I had been thinking about just what sort of a house would be suitable for such a person and here was an opportunity to let my imagination run wild and design one. The result may be seen in the accompanying sketches.

Since Sam has the skill to do most of the work on his house I designed it with that in mind. If he does most of the work himself naturally it will cut contracting costs to a minimum.

I might mention a few of the interesting features of the house which are not evident from the plan. The chimney might be made of reclaimed brick which would be relatively inexpensive, especially if Sam reclaimed it himself. The roof is not flat not only because I don't care for flat roofs but because the climate in Sam's part of the country makes flat roofs somewhat impractical. (I forgot to mention that Sam lives where the climate tends to go to extremes, Montana.)

The house is not too large but it is more than adequate for its purpose. The large picture window helps give it a feeling of spaciousness as any reader of architectural magazines will tell you. He could also tell you that the large windows help heat the house in the winter when the sun is lower so that the large overhanging roof doesn't shade them.



• Design by
R. R. Cochran

One problem in a modern house is where to put the odds and ends that collect. I have solved the problem for this house not only by large storage areas in the bath and bedrooms but by placing a nine by three storage cabinet under the car-port roof.

This house is by no means to be considered the answer to the original problem of housing for such people as Sam, but it is, I think, a fairly good answer to the problem as applied specifically to him.

EPILOGUE
to Shaw's *Saint Joan*
By Al Haber

IN his Preface to *Saint Joan*, Shaw says: "I could hardly be expected to stultify myself by implying that Joan's history in the world ended unhappily with her execution, instead of beginning there. It was necessary by hook or crook to shew the canonized Joan as well as the incinerated one."

The following *Epilogue* not only satisfies the requirements Shaw felt his *Epilogue* should meet, but also allows a unique perspective, putting the reader, instead of the author, in the driver's seat.

Epilogue

A RESTLESS, fitfully windy night in May, 1952, full of smog after many days of heat. The READER, a student, is in bed.

The READER is not asleep; he is reading. He turns a page, and soon finishes Scene VI of Shaw's *Saint Joan*. He heaves a sigh, and throws the book to the floor. He rubs his eyes wearily, and looks up to see a figure walking through the screen doors from his balcony.

Reader: Who are you? What do you want?

Joan: I am The Maid, Joan of Arc.

Reader: I must be dreaming! This can't be real. This is all in my imagination!

Joan: Of course. That is how messages from spirits come to us.

Reader: Why—That's just what you said in the play! Why have you come to visit me?

Joan: For the same reason spirits visited me—because you called for me.

Reader: You must know, then, that you are a saint, and that history now considers you a wronged martyr. What awful villains those men must have been!

Joan: Young man, you must be a student, because you are certainly not a scholar. How carefully did you read that play? I suppose that the pressure of your work prevents you from really thinking about what you are doing. But now that you have called me into your imagination, let me stay for a while.

Reader: But I have my work—my courses. What will my professors say?

Joan: Tell your professors that your imagination is more important than their grades. Now let us take a look at those men you called villains.

(Enter, as before, Warwick, Cauchon, and The Inquisitor.)
Welcome, my brothers. I forgave you even before you cast me into the fire, but this young modern calls you villains. Tell him why you did what you did, so that he will appreciate you as I do.

Warwick: First, let me say that we all suffered from a sickness of spirit which you now suffer, young modern.

Joan: Even I, who was destined to become a saint, suffered from this spiritual sickness of which Warwick speaks.

Reader: What sickness is this?

<i>Joan</i>	}	The sickness of human existence.
<i>Warwick</i>		
<i>Cauchon</i>		
<i>The Inquisitor</i>		

Joan: The sickness of having a divine spirit constrained by an earthly intellect and body. That is why you and your contemporaries do not think the truth. Your mind is clouded by your own human existence.

Reader: That's all pretty hard for me to understand.

Joan: It means that you cannot see everything until you are

free from this world, just as we could not while we were in your world.

The Inquisitor: Remember how Joan was confused at the trial? Remember how, for a moment, she even thought her voices were from the devil?

Joan: Yes, I, too, suffered from being human.

Warwick: I wanted her out of the way because she threatened to jeopardize our whole theory of government. After all, young modern, don't you get a little excited nowadays when people, many of them good people, seem to jeopardize your form of government? And didn't I have the security of my wife and children at stake in our feudal form of government?

Joan: And besides—Sometimes I am sorry myself. Look at the suffering and wars which have come from the advent of this institution which we call nationalism.

Cauchon: And don't forget me! Mine was the most understandable of mistakes. Nowadays in your nation you have scores of Christian faiths, each one sure that it is the right one. How can you blame me for making the same mistake back in the days when there was only one Christian faith? And you must admit that the devil's best chance always lies in his entering the world garbed in the protective cloak of religion. Isn't it true, young modern, that your most dangerous foes are those who approach you in the name of Christianity and Americanism?

The Inquisitor: I have nothing to apologize for. I am proud that I did my duty, and I feel that, under the circumstances, I did it well. Remember that my main interest was like that of your present-day judges: to keep the trial pertinent to the charges, namely heresy. I did this well, and with great fairness to the defendant.

Joan: This is very true.

Reader: Now I understand the play! Now I know why this

play has so invaded my imagination—because there really was no villain, because you all did what was right and consistent with your individual consciences. And you, Saint Joan, are certainly the most glorious figure of literature!

<i>Joan</i>	}	No, young modern.
<i>Warwick</i>		
<i>Cauchon</i>		
<i>The Inquisitor</i>		

Joan: Remember when I said that only when you were free of this world could you see the truth? That does not mean that you must be dead. Truth can come to you when you are alive—very alive. It came to me when I heard my voices, and it has come to you now. The most glorious figures of literature are the men who can see the truth when they are alive, and who write down the truth for others to read.

Reader: Then the one person who really should be here is—
(Enter G. B. Shaw)

Joan: Here is the man who saw when he was alive what we could not see until after we died.

Shaw: Speak up, young man! My time as a spirit is even more valuable than yours as a mortal. Don't forget that you are not the only person alive summoning me into his imagination.

Reader: The greatest wit of our time!—In my room!

Shaw: I was never known for my great modesty, young man; I shall not argue the point. But again, let me bid you get to the bottom of all this.

Joan: Perhaps I can help. Do you remember how the misfortunes of little children seem so petty and unimportant to them after they grow up? The agony of our first fights and the rapture of our first loves are often funny when viewed in retrospect—because we can see into our motives—We can see how childishly we acted.

Shaw: And when we are dead, young man, we see just as much humor in the sorrows and setbacks of life—because for once we can look back and see how humanly we acted.

Joan: Except for the artist. He can see these things while alive. The blessing of understanding comes to these men—like this man standing beside me, who actually created me. How do you know what I was really like when I was alive, if I really existed? You know only what he created.

Reader: I can understand it all now! I can see now, Mr. Shaw, why you always wanted your audiences to think about your plays after they left the theater—because you have this understanding, and you want to give it to us.

Shaw: That's right, young man. And that is why I am an author, while you are just a reader.

Joan: Young modern, you have learned what we have to teach. Please do not forget us.

Reader (Rises, and grasps Shaw's hand): I never will!

(All but Reader exeunt. Reader jumps out of bed, uncovers his typewriter, and begins to type.)

....
By Howard Berg

IF weather and one's feelings run hand in hand, it was a contest in dejection. The early morning sun was but a touch of light beyond the smudge of clouds and the steady smear of rain. The leafless elm and maple trees along the edge of the grey stone building shied away from it all as if covering their limbs from the cold of drizzling water. Yet, to those behind the window bars within that massive pile of stone, it was another day of sameness, a day which would leave behind it one less to live.

An uncovered bulb in the middle of the ceiling saved the room from seclusion. It was comparatively spacious. Two chairs, a desk marred by use, and a shabby rug covered the floor while a bank calendar and a clothes hook draped with a wet raincoat did little to hide the plaster walls. The desk was clear except for a Seth Thomas clock, a half empty cup of coffee, and two strong hands clenching the leather covers of a well-worn Bible.

Samuel Evans, Sammy as he was known to his friends, often turned to the pages of that revered book when in need of comfort, but now it meant much more; it couldn't be less important. This book's history was his history. Sammy remembered the first time he saw it. He was only twelve—Confirmation Day—a gift from his mother. When he left for law school, it went with him. It grew and matured as he grew and matured in his field of public service. Now it was old and worn, but still spiritually sound. This Bible resembled the white-haired, bent-shouldered gentleman in many ways. Some of the gold in the embossed letters on the cover was gone, as was the sparkle in Sammy's eyes. Even the wrinkles were the same.

Thus it was a paradox, a sham, and a disgrace to those who

called themselves uprighteous when Sammy and the Fifth Commandment seemingly parted company. You see, Sammy knew what it was to kill!

The rusty hands of the clock moved onward while the swing of the pendulum beat out the seconds remaining before death would again invade Sammy's life. The Bible dropped to the desk. Sammy shut it and shoved it to one side. Perhaps he gripped the cup too tightly, or maybe it was fragile—the coffee ran down the drawers and dripped off onto the floor. Sammy fingered the handle left in his hand. Nothing to look at, but yet he stared, tears moistening his face. He tried to fit the fragments together, but they wouldn't go.

The clang of steel in a distant cell block shivered through the room. Sammy straightened his tie and stood up, brushing the glass and coffee from his pants. Bible in hand, he waited. Steps in unison echoed down the hall and past his door. A guard in blue uniform shoved open the door and led him out.

Reporters and officials sparsely filled the chairs along the wall. The prisoner was brought in, his lips drawn, ready for what was the inevitable. They watched as he was strapped into the chair. The lights dimmed, and that was all. What had been life was now but a tang of ozone in the air.

Yes, Sammy knew what it was to kill, and he would kill again; it was his business to kill.

LETTRISME

A New Philosophy from Paris: (Avant-Garde Cinema)

Prepared and translated by LEON VICKMAN, with the assistance

of PROFESSOR ALFRED STERN (Humanities Division),

and REINALDO V. GUTIERREZ

SINCE it is hoped that the reader will find the basic elements of the new philosophy of Lettrisme in the following article, this introduction will serve only to provide something in the way of background.

During my stay in Paris in the summer of 1952 I had the good fortune on several occasions to meet three of the most avid exponents of Lettrisme, and from them I learned of the essentials of their philosophy. However, only upon more careful examination in the past weeks have some of the details become evident. Professor Stern called to my attention the similarity in some respects between Lettrisme and Dadaism. The latter flourished for a few years after the first world war, while the former however, has grown only in the past two or three years.

Lettrisme's leaders are all relatively young, in their twenties or thirties, and so it is evidently a philosophy of youth. To attract attention and recognition they say some things, as did the Dadaists, that seem incongruous with what one usually accepts. This approach partially is due no doubt to the unwillingness of the French people to be bothered by new "isms," since they have grown weary of such things, as a result of their frequent occurrence.

Yet, I am convinced that there is much of value to be had from the works of the Lettrist circle. These significant things seem to lie primarily in their philosophy of art, particularly in their ideas on the Avant-Garde Cinema. Consequently this article is com-

posed mostly of translated excerpts from the Lettrist publication in book form, *-ION*, which won in 1951 the Grand Prize for the best work on the theory of the cinema at the International Film Festival in Cannes, France. These quotations will offer the reader a reasonable knowledge of the cinema theories of Lettrisme.

It should be noted that Lettrisme has no similarity to the better-known, contemporary French philosophy, Existentialism. Nevertheless, it is interesting that Lettrisme centers about the same district of Paris, *Saint Germain-des-Prés*, as did Sartre's philosophy. Sidewalk cafes such as the *Café de Flore* and *Café aux deux Magots* and others in this district have been witnesses to the growth of these philosophies.

The editors feel that *what is significant to PENDULUM's readers is* that Lettrisme has received no publicity in the United States up to the printing of this article except for a few lines of reportorial nature by Irving Hoffman in the *Hollywood Reporter*. Perhaps then, our readers are receiving a preview which will be of importance in the future.

At the time of this writing I am in the process of preparing contracts with a Film Foundation in Hollywood which will allow the first showing in this country of a full length film, *Traité de Bave et d'Eternite*, which was made by the Paris group and features many of their ideas on the cinema. Such well-known French personalities as Jean Cocteau, André Maurois, and Jean-Louis Barrault appear in this film.

L. V.

(Translator's note: To offer the reader an initial introduction to the Lettrist philosophy of art the following quotes are presented here. They are taken from the first two issues of the newspaper *Soulèvement de la Jeunesse*, published in Paris by the Lettrists in June and the summer months of 1952.)

"... Lettrisme is the art of letters reduced to themselves and considered as constituent elements of new poems.

"... We want to create complete beauty with letters. We want to create works of ART which enchant, impress, and move by the beauty of the sonority of letters.

"... After the classical zenith there began the liquidation of the old novel, which led to Joyce."

(Translator's note: James Joyce is considered to be extremely important by the followers of Lettrisme. This results from their belief that, in art, what is important is *not content, but form*. Content, they say, remains essentially the same in art, but form must continually progress to effect a better means of expression. Since Joyce initiated a revolutionary and very important literary *form*, that is, the stream of consciousness style, he is consequently important to the Lettrists. Joyce's style is quite evident in some of the film scenarios of the Lettrist group.

Professor Stern mentioned that Lettrisme is in some ways similar to the European literary philosophy of Dadaism. It is interesting to quote some comments which a now foremost French writer and Nobel Prize winner, André Gide made in the 1920's in defense of the literary significance of Dadaism.

"Each word must be an island or separate unit, and must present abrupt intervals. It would be placed here as pure tone, and not far distant other pure tones will vibrate, but with an absence of relation such that it does not authorize any association of thoughts. It is thus that each word will be delivered of all its past significance, at last! and of the evocation of the past."

It is to be noted that the Lettrists have taken this breakdown of word media one step further, in that they advocate at times, the breaking up of *words* into their constituent *letters*, and the use of the letter itself as the medium of expression on the written page.)

The following translated excerpts appear in -ION, *Centre de Creation, No. Special sur le Cinema* (April, 1952, PARIS). First, from the section, *Esthetique du Cinema*, by Jean Isidore Isou, the originator and foremost leader of Lettrisme:

“SKETCH OF A DEFINITION OF ART

“Art attempts to fix a medium as a means of expression, in discovering its combinations or its progressive difficulties.

“Art does not depend upon our senses. It would be vain to attempt the invention of unrevealed disciplines starting from a classification of the ordinary physical faculties: hearing, sight, smell, touch, and taste.

“Thus certain trials carried out upon the arts of preparing perfumes or fine foods have failed lamentably because they were founded upon means of perception and not upon means of expression.

“... The durable medium which is the element of signification and of composition, becomes the only basis for a definition of art.

“... The independence of the medium from the stimulated senses is the fundamental principle of art.

“... Without the medium, it is not possible to have art work. The work of art exists without the sense to which the medium pretends to address itself.

“... A color-blind person, even with inaccurate means of perception, can perceive a painting and comprehend its creative importance. A blind person understands the description of a piece of sculpture and imagines its beauty. Beethoven composed symphonies without being able to hear them and his masterpieces subsisted beyond his deafness.

“One has even invented an original medium for use *on paper*. Thus literature excites the imagination of all the senses we have,

without really addressing itself to any one of the senses in particular.

"... Neither the drug, nor the murder, nor the dream (this is an attack on Surrealism, ed.) can be, for an instant, part of the fine arts because they lack durable and evolutionary substance.

"THE DEFINITION OF THE CINEMA

"The cinema is the art of the development of the 'reproduction.'

"... The definition is, in the works of Isou, the result of an invention and not of that which is received from the outside.

"... One has habitually associated the style of the cinema to the photo: but the research carried out by the prehistorians of this art have offered us the documents of a cinematographic domain antecedent to the inventions of Niepce and Daguerre. The certainty, that the coming realizations will eliminate *the photo* from the cinema (and replacing the photo or not), confirms our idea that it is necessary to exclude this term (photo) from the fundamental conditions of our art.

"The element 'reproduction' is for us the essential particular of the esthetic combinations of the cinema. The word 'reproduction' implies the transcribing of 'the element of performing' or of 'the performance.'

"... The cinema behaves as if reality were given and as if it transcribed a reality that the painting should express.

"THE LAW OF THE AMPLIQUE AND OF THE CISELANT IN THE FILM

"All esthetic expression takes two trends which succeed each other irreversibly. In the first place one discovers the enrichment of the element and of its stylistic combinations, and afterwards its spoilation until its destruction. The first phase of this objec-

tive law of techniques carries the name of *amplique*; the second phase is called *ciselante*.

“... The enriching of an art is not as important in terms of its perfecting, as it is in terms of its transforming.

“THE ISOUENNE TRANSFORMATION OF THE CINEMA

“The montage is the central focus of the cinema because it combines the parts of the film. It is the keystone of its columns, past and to come.

“... In the name of the coherence of the factors, the old montage offers two incoherent factors:

“*A series of images taken in itself, is distinctly an assembly of diverse plans, without the necessary liaison.

“1) in sound films, this assembly does not have justification;

“2) in silent films, the possible coherence of the photos is motivated by the developing of a story, superior to the particulars themselves; the story plays the same adjacent role as the sound of the supplementary band (sound track) in the first case.

“**A sound track, when heard by itself separately unrolled, unfolds a succession of words and cries mixed with bits of ‘canned’ music.

“The hybrid called ‘film,’ is identified by the greatest producers of the cinema with something so monstrous that its very existence disgusts educated individuals.

“... The apparent perfection of the contemporary cinematographic works is ‘the perfection of the subject’ or ‘the perfection’ with which is suggested a theme, to the detriment of the constituent columns.

“... (footnote) The film *Traite de Bave et L’Eternite* contains more than ten ordinary films by the appearance of the images and the profundity of the text because the two tracks

(sound and image) are released from their subjection.

“... Isou is interested in each particular of an image in movement. In some cases, he has worked on the twenty-four film frames which passed per second.

“It is necessary to compare the cinematographical ‘ciselant’ to the musical ‘ciselant.’ Schönberg and Stravinsky also worked on the counterpoint of each measure, taken as an entity.”

(The following translated excerpts are taken from the previously mentioned issue of *-ION*, and are from the section *Tambours Du Jugement Premier, Drums of the First Judgment*, by François Dufrêne.)

“PREFACE

“Preface... because this is the Introduction to my next film, *Tambours Du Jugement Premier*, which is based on a series of chanted aphorisms and Lettristic poems.

“I will proceed by four ways, carried by the postulate of not taking into account the technical and real possibilities of the camera, which must only satisfy the ideal and ideological conditions.

“O cameramen! Like the writer mocks the pen, the camera means little to the producer of a film.

“‘Those of the business’ overwhelm me... their rites like all rites, anger me, as do their vulgar and variable practices. We are justified, we creators, to distrust their tricks which all aspire stealthily to minimize the efforts of the authentic artist.

“(1) ‘To organize’—I quote Antonin Artaud, the certain fore-runner of the ‘Discrépant’—‘Organize the voice and the sounds taken in themselves and not as a physical consequence of a movement or an act, that is to say without agreement with the actual events.’

"No interference between the visual and auditive expressions.

"Systematic interruption of the photographic images.

"... Between the images and sounds, a unique rhythmic interference. Example: to a word of two syllables corresponds two movements on the screen.

"... However, the prejudice of not utilizing here the interesting and recent Isouienne discrepancy would not perhaps exclude the employing of procedures like the overlapping of parts, a compromise between simultaneity and succession.

"... 2) *Checker* the screen like a chess board where the images would displace themselves rhythmically in the fashion of the pieces in the squares. *By small portions*, move it rapidly in the shape of an archipelago.

"3) Return to the SPEAKER (1) a proper voice in intensity between the natural tone and the most provoking contrivance. By these new tones, disclose supplementary and strange sentiments.

"4) Give a new savour, even pungent, to the aphorism in grafting it on the sound track and in transplanting it into the film theater.

"Launch the start signal of the film, not with works without subjects, but with a series of very short subjects.

"Such as they are these measures are quite insufficient.

"It is necessary now and finally:

To interrupt the image before the image: offered until then as a *block*, give it an *itinerary*; the picture should no longer be unrolled before your eyes without shame, but should sketch itself point by point, in your ears; it should be a *necessary analytical* proceeding which results in a totality, not the synthesis to your possible analysis.

"In doing so double the image because it no longer pertains to the passive perception, but to the imagination, the recreation.

“Put in doubt the very essence of the cinema by the existence of the ‘Imaginary Cinema.’”
François Dufrêne

(Translator’s note: Following this short article in -ION of François Dufrêne is the scenario of his film, *Drums of the First Judgment*. The beginning section, and a part of the remainder of this scenario are translated here. In some cases the French original is printed here since the sound and sensation of the words is unfortunately lost in translation. Where possible, the English equivalent follows the French version. In the case of the Lettrist poetry there is no need for translation since in general, these groups of letters have no significance, in the usual sense that words do, either to a French or an English speaking person.

One should keep in mind that, in Lettrist films such as this, the musical background of the conventional cinema is eliminated in favor of the sound of the readings of the Lettrist poetry.)

TAMBOURS DU JUDGEMENT PREMIER

SOUND.

ZEDEFEL UDEHENNE EHOVE JIEFU
ERRUES EHEFU KAEA ZEDEMENE
ELLOPE TEHIHESS BEAEM AJESSE
TEOER IDESSE ELLEL IHEL JEES
VE OBEO ESSIX EFFENAJI PEACH
EMENOVE ESSACH JIVEI KAELIX!

IMAGE (on the screen)

Checked: four squares upon four in which are displaced, three by three, the letters corresponding to the poem: Z-F-L-U-D-N etc. . . . —black and white as on a chessboard.

SOUND.

Generic.

IMAGE.

Generic.

SOUND.

A cor et a cri—a force; a corps et a croc—malgre; a coeur et a cran—quand meme; en depit des pactes; pas de repit, pas de voie lactee; tant pis pour le crepit de l'acte. On s'ira derailler aux nuls confins, aux zones de juste zero et de la stricte exactitude sans cesser toutefois, toute foi, toutefois de rouler! . . .

With hue and cry—with force; with body and crackling noise—notwithstanding; with heart and cog—nevertheless; in spite of the pacts; no delay, no Milky Way; so much worse for the crackling of the act. One will go derailling to the confines of voids, to the zones of mere nothing and of strict exactitude without nevertheless ceasing, all faith, however to roll! . . .

IMAGE.

Checkered: Height, two squares. Width, three. To the left, high up, an apple; then below, to the right, a razor which passes in the squares of the center, the handle in the low square, the blade in the upper cutting the apple in two, also in that square (corresponding with the words 'a force' in the sound). The half of the apple on the left departs into the square on the left (corresponding in the sound to the words 'a croc'). The razor closes in the center and high squares (corresponding to 'malgre'). The blade of the razor cuts the half of apple to the left in two, then the half of apple to the right. A quarter of the apple falls to the right, then another to the left. The razor recloses. The seeds of the apple spread over all the squares which instantaneously change themselves into wide, white circles, on a black background; they shrink and leave between those above and below a wide band where accordions lengthen and contract irregularly, while alarm clocks form in the circles.

SOUND.

Chorus.

TAIA (O) TAOMA (O) DOOTE (U) (repeat three times)
 HAMVOCK CHARPOKEDIDOK (two times)
 YAYBBEUK YABEUK (three times)

Solo:

TRSIKLE KSSOMPSE TSRIKLE PILKRE TSRIKLEKS-
 SOMPSE TCHINGLE (two times)

TSOUK!

(guttural and contracted voice:) TROLI KROL TROL
 KROLI (three times)

(from the head:) TRILO KRIL TRIL KRIYLO (three
 times)

BDDH BDDH (two times)

BLUK BLEUK. BLEUK BLEUKBLUK (two times)

PZOYNJ BLLK BLLK, PZOYNJE BLEK, PZOYNJ BLLK,
 BLLK, PZOYNE BLIK

PZOYNJ BLLK BLLK

(cooing:) FRRROUH!

(nasal:) TEYLL!

(normal:) TYOCH! TEN TYOCH

(nasal:) TIYLEULELEUN (three times)

(nasal and clamorous:) TLUK!

(quickly:) TCHLEKEUBEUKEU (three times)

Chorus:

YAYBBEUK YABEUK (six times)

Solo:

TSROKLE KSSIMPSE TSREKLE PALKRE TSRAKLE-
 SOMPSE TCHINGLE!

TSROKLE KSSIMPSE TSREKLE PALKE TSRAKLE-
 KSSAMPSE TCHOUGLE!

III, III, III (3 swallowings with mouth open widely).

(guttural and contracted:) TROLI KROL TROL KROLI
 (three times)

(from the head:) TRILO KRIL TRIL KRIYLO! (three times)

PZOYNJ BLLK, BLLK, PZOYNJE BLEK, PZOYNJ
BLLK BLLK, PZOYNJE BLIK

(nasal:) TEYLL!

Chorus:

(softly:) TAIA (O) TAOMA (O) DOOTE (U) (three times)

(very fast and very strong:) YAYBBEUK YABEUK (nine times)

IMAGE.

Hammer on an anvil changes its place nine times in nine squares.

SOUND.

There are tacit rendezvous that one cannot miss. I passed by chance as I am accustomed, through the Sacred Way and I advanced into the battle. Conscious of being very weak, he called to the revolt (it is a complex of complexity among the dishcloths).

IMAGE.

The white of the screen forms a clover shape: In the upper leaf, legs of a woman which cross and uncross. In the left leaf, hair of a woman seen from the back, long and blond, waving. An eye winks slowly in the right leaf. In the base of the clover a large hand separates its fingers and puts them together!

(Translator's note: At this point it is necessary to discontinue the translation due to limitation of space. If sufficient interest is shown by our readers, we will continue this scenario in a later issue. However, several pages farther along in this same scenario a very interesting Lettrist poem appears. An excerpt from this section follows. It is to be noted that the poem is composed of familiar names and places. If the poem is read aloud, its unusual rhythm becomes more evident.)

“IMAGE.

A balloon pushed by fits and starts and a foot, denies the hand which attempts to seize it.

SOUND.

There comes the time when one will no longer compare the airplane to the bird, but the bird to the airplane; when technicolor will not borrow the colors of life, but our life will borrow from technicolor.

Largo:

ANAKARENINANA

O KARINARMONIKA

MIKA MIKADO CHOGOUN

ELEBOR BOR, BROM KLOR

KROM, MOLIBDEN

YOD TONGSTEN, TONGSTEN

MENANETANN METILEN

ETILEN PROTANN BUTANN

PINTANN EXANEPTANN

JETANN BALLTO, BALTTTO

(from the head)

YEOUDI MENOUINE YEOUDI

YEOUDI, YEOUDIMENOUINE

PIERINO GAMBBA DYOK DYOK

MERMOZ MOZARTSARA

KAFKALORKA LORKASSENDRARS

RAYNEMARYARILK VASKO

DEUGAMMABLASKO, IBANEZ BLASCO

FYANARANTSOA, TSARATANANA

ANTSIRANOSIBE LAKALAO TRA

FARAFANGANA (two times) MANANBAHO

TSIRIBIHINA (two times) ANTSIRANANTSIRABE

ANDEVORANTT TAMATAV V V V

HOSLO HOSLOBRESLO
 BRATISLAVABRESLO
 BRATISLAVALASKA
 MARX! YESSENINN MARXERNST!
 RUDIHIRI GOYEN
 KAMEROUN KAMERA GOGOLLL...

Allegro

(Swing)

KODAK DAKOTA DAKOTA DAKOTA KODAK
 (two times)

BETYOK IBETYOKI BETIOKIBIKINI (two times)

TRISTANZARA DAADA

PI! KASSO. PI! KABYA. PI! KASSOCHAGAL

BI! BESKO. BI! BESKO. BI! BESKO

(roucoulant:) P R R OUST

KOKAKOLA KOKAKOLA KOKAKOLA KOKAKOLA

JIPS, JIPS, JIPS, JIPS,

KILOKALO, KILOKALORI I I I I

KOKTO, KOKTO,

POLDEKOK KOKTO

KYOTOTOKYO (two times)

KALIGULA, KOKAKOLA KALIGULA

KLEPTOMEN, KRIPTOGREM, KRIPTOGEM

LANGUEDOK, LANGUEDOK, KLOPSTOK!

KAMBODJE, KAMBODJE, KAMBODJE DODJE (four
 times)

DJIBOUTI HOBOK (three times)

De capo de KODAK à PROUST."

HOLD THE MIRROR UP

By James Helmuth

“AT the turn of the 19th century,” the man in the loin cloth wrote, “civilization was entering upon a new era of change and scientific progress. How unfortunate it was that the progress was so great.”

Harris pushed the finely marked slate slab away from him shuddering, shuddering as the awful memories returned again. He gazed with unseeing eyes at the crude chisel in his hand as the vision of lights brighter than a thousand suns, of sounds louder than the ear can hear, the brain can conceive, flooded his soul. Soon the seizure passed, and Harris, weak and trembling, turned back to his work; For posterity, he grinned, for the future. . . .

Bill sat looking at the shiny Royal typewriter before him as he mentally frowned at the bleak picture he was describing. Harris was in an almost enviable position, though; at least he really had something to say, a message for his ‘readers.’ He could have Harris be the father of a new race of man, a wiser, more benevolent man; why not have all the other men dead, just a few women alive and, naturally, with complexions that needed no make-up, and make Harris the father, in fact, of the race. The modern Adam.

A sudden emotion gripped Bill, and he got up and walked to the window of his small on-campus room. Deep breaths of the cool night air brought Bill’s mind back to the problem. . . .

“What disgusting tripe!” shouted the elderly man at his own hand. “You, my own flesh and blood, you could write trash!”

He moved to the window in an elaborate but, through age, slightly reserved mockery of his young hero.

"Bah," he told the haloed horizon, "youth is nothing. Youth is but preparation for age. Passion is for that which knows naught but passion, which lies ignorant and festering in the rotten animal corruption of life, until it too, adds to the growing mound. Yet to live in knowledge as I," he said softly to the appearing stars, "requires hypocrisy of the flesh, prostitution of my art. Oh God," the sunken eyes cried, "why must my stomach hunger. . . ."

"I, the author, hesitate. My old man is nearing the bottom of his depression cycle. Something big is needed now, something that will put the cap on his angry frustration. Perhaps he should kill himself, perhaps. . . . But then, what does it matter? I have other things to do, problems of my own. Besides, I should start on my 'History of Modern Civilization' soon; that atom bomb they dropped on New York last week might just be only the first, though, as everybody says, and I'm sure it's true, it was just an accident. Hmm. Let's see. Think I'll use the name Harris. People will remember it better."

FRAGMENT

By Michael Boughton

CHANNEL 4!

CHANNEL 6!

CHANNEL 4!

CHANNEL 6!

(WHAT DO YOU SAY?)

(WHAT DO YOU SAY?)

CHANNEL 8!

BRAAAH!

CHANNEL 4!

CHANNEL 6!

THE YACHTSMAN—A TYPE UNIQUE

By Stanley Parkill

YACHTSMEN are a peculiar breed. They are clannish, bull-headed, and acquire some of the most damn fool habits imaginable.

One of the damndest of these fool habits is nautical vocabulary. This nautical vocabulary is all right on the boat or in the yacht club, but it certainly sounds stupid anywhere else. I know of one individual who continuously refers to the floor and the walls of his house as the sole and the bulkheads. He meets dinner guests at the front door, or rather the forward companionway, with a hearty, "Welcome aboard." This particular fellow got so bad that one time while driving on a desert road on a windy day he remarked that the car had a lee helm and he had to bear two points to the starboard to keep her on even keel.

A great number of yachtsmen, particularly cruising men, have tendencies to the over careful. The neophyte is seldom so inclined. One budding skipper of my acquaintance, in order to prove his sailing proclivities to the skeptics, once rented a small cat boat. It was blowing a near half gale that day, but he thought it "just a nice, spanking breeze." He was the last one out before the small boat warning went up. Fortunately he was near the shore when the boat turned over.

Generally after such an experience one is likely to take his tack a little more seriously. So he studies. No Techman ever studied harder. Books are gleaned from every library and book store within sailing distance—"Aerodynamics of Sails," "Care and Upkeep of Boats," "Bowditch," "Marlin-spike Seamanship," "Boatbuilding," "Practical Navigation," "Racing and Cruising," and "Esquire." (A man's got to relax sometime!) Thus, with this

information assimilated and a little practical experience, the neophyte is ready for his first victory over nature.

Now Longfellow said, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." His youth had nothing on yachtsmen. Every year about when August rolls around, many a skipper, glazed of eye and short of breath, sits with yachting magazine opened to a picture of a sleek, new, fifty-five foot schooner preparing for a world cruise.

(Ah, yes! The thoughts of skippers are long, long thoughts, but only for a little while.)

But about this time he realizes that his bottom needs painting, his bright work needs sanding, and his brass needs polishing. So off he goes to the mooring with paint in one hand, brass polish in the other, and sand-paper in his pockets. He goes back to work on his greatest joy in life. He is happy.

He is back on his boat.

BITTER

By Walter W. Lee, Jr.

I AM waiting in my dark, dank grot, my place of rest for long, long. Great hunger eats through me, great hunger for bitter to stop the thickening of my fluid—for without the bitter I can take no liquid.

Bitter is hard to find.

Little specks are in the crisp, black things that crawl; small drops are in the ends of the long tube-creatures; some larger heated things have purple organs with much, but weak, bitter.

The bitter I got last dark was very weak—but I had to move only two-body-lengths to the small creature. It is out in the hot-light now, and black buzzing things are eating what I left. Often they touch where I have been and buzz violently—then stop, but only the yellow ones have bitter.

This dark I will get the bitter from the larger yellow buzz-things. I need bitter or I will crust over and be not able to move.

Part of me just found two tube-things. Their bitter was very strong and sharp. I will need to alter and strengthen it but little. The bitter from the white-skinned thing of last dark needed much change. The tube-things hiss and some buzz—often they give willingly part of their bitter. To get all is hard.

I hear a faint roaring buzz. It grows louder.

It is a huge buzz-thing—as large as I. It has a long tapering tail. This creature may have much bitter, but I must be careful for it seems powerful.

How can I touch this new thing? How can I get its huge store of bitter fluid? It is still coming nearer.

Overhead now, the huge thing stops in the air. Down it comes, straight and slow; it has seen my kill of last dark!

The shiny-cruled thing stops ten body-lengths away and disgorges two creatures *like the one laying red in the hot-light*. They are larger than the one on which the small buzz-things are feeding.

The two things move swiftly over to the dead one. Without them the huge thing is quiet. The hot-light is drying me; I shall move back.

But wait!

One touches my drip. It falls over. I shall have his bitter.

The other sees my trail to here. As he moves here with something that is not part of him, I move back.

He is waiting by the small opening. I will not wait to have all the bitter that might be there; I will come out behind him. There are other openings.

I will surround him.

LONDONERS EAST

By Leon Vickman

“YOU’VE lost something,” said the American.

“Perhaps,” the girl replied. But I simply don’t like London, . . . anything about it . . . it’s often wicked here . . . wicked.”

“You’re not that far gone,” he said. His look went blankly toward the Thames, which was giving its last glisten from the twilight.

“Why you say ‘lost’ I don’t know. I can’t have lost something I never had.” He watched her turn her slightly rouged face as she spoke. “You think this is lovely . . . perhaps . . . but there really isn’t a great deal that’s lovely here . . . this is dirty, old London. You can leave when you want. I can’t.”

“And that’s the only reason for our difference in attitudes?” He heard no answer from the East London girl in the crisp white dress . . . the coolness of a breeze after the heat of the June day . . . a train rumbled across the bridge on the nearby track. Turning, he spoke directly to her. “You’ve lost appreciation for the common things here, be that good or bad.”

“There’s little to appreciate in those things.” A white water bus plowed under the bridge. . . .

“It’s strange how the dome of Saint Paul’s stands over the city.”

“Changing the subject?” she smiled.

“Perhaps,” he said. “Let’s walk. . . .” He watched the river as they went along the bridge, their path paralleling the railroad tracks . . . watched the few small boats. . . .

And he looked at the East London girl . . . the warmth of the earlier hours had not left the breeze which blew at her long, auburn hair and simply-cut, white dress . . . a full, almost broad

face smiled at him as he tightened his arm about her waist and brought her closer . . . he had watched earlier as she added lipstick and rouge color to her too-white skin. Her appearance to him as she walked on the pedestrian pavement of the bridge was not blithe, yet chic, and favorable when he compared her to the European standard for the woman. He admired her smile, which was frequent, but seldom laughing . . . there was to him also a grimness in her East End London humor, reflecting what the city had contributed to English character . . . the city which had known the nightly blitz . . . the too-large city for the too-small island. He had seen her smile on the faces of the people standing on Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park, mocking the various orators who spoke for everything from the Communist Party to the Economic League. Optimism and strength he of course recognized in their jeerings, but always the subdued grimness. And the East London girl mocked in the same strong, good-natured way his outlook on her city.

Fast-walking people on the bridge . . . he led her on a walk down along the Charing Cross Embankment. From near the river he had seen the low variation of the London skyline . . . the sturdy structure of Parliament and its clock tower . . . the embankment and stray couples walking . . . farther a quiet, park path lined with benches and trees.

"Let's sit here for a while."

"If you wish," she said. He watched for some moments the people walking by . . . he felt her move closer under the pressure of his arm. "I don't think you should kiss me like that here."

"We'll leave soon . . . not now . . . too peaceful." On the walk people went hurriedly by him. Others moved with more leisure, most glancing for a moment into his eyes and at the girl. His American clothes were somewhat obviously different. More people walked. . . .

"Let's go back and have tea."

"I guess it's too late to get something to drink in a pub," he said.

"Past ten-thirty?"

"Quarter to eleven."

"I'll make you something at my home."

"Sounds good." He admired the frank, basic hospitality of the English people . . . this was typical of them. He stood, took her arm, and walked to the Charing Cross underground station.

* * *

Five pence into the machine . . . a ticket popped out. Another five pence, another ticket.

"Where to now?"

"Here." He felt her at his arm. Once down the steps there was a nasal reaction from the ozonated air of the underground. Standing on the platform and into the car, a silence surrounded him in the rumble of the train in the dark tunnel. . . .

"Why the stop?"

"There's always a stop here."

"Do you know this thing that well?"

Her grim smile and, "I should by now."

He went off with her at Aldgate East, walked up and among the cooling streets with walking East Londoners . . . there was a brightness of lights at a corner . . . people stood around a stand where smoked eels were being sold. . . .

* * *

And it was near to there he had walked some days before, along Middlesex Street in the beginning of the East End, in what is called Petticoat Lane . . . which is the traditional Sunday morning market owned by small scale Jewish merchants who sell a limitless variety of shoddy goods in their outdoor stalls. Here he saw thrifty Londoners buy on the Sabbath. The Jews have their day of rest on Saturday.

In the area of this market, not far from the docks, the bombing of London was strongly evident to him. He saw paneless windows and walls of buildings with no floors . . . often there was only a pile of bricks. . . .

It had been a Sunday when he first mingled and maundered in the crowded streets with their circulation of people . . . but on Monday, with weather equally as hot, he sensed a strangeness about Wentworth Street, which was the only place that then had any number of stalls open on the pavements . . . a subdued jostling . . . buzzing of flies over the garbage waste, which is cleaned away from the gutters each day, to reappear the next.

He saw shops on the streets, old shops with meat, cloth, smelling fruit, flies, and people always talking about prices.

It was the day the American first met the East London girl.

"Four and three pence is too much for that!"

"It's a lovely piece of meat, now isn't it?"

"It isn't worth four and three."

"It's a lovely piece of meat."

"It better be good."

The large, burly butcher picked the piece up in his dirty hand, wrapped it in newspaper, and handed the package to the girl.

"And you'll save some good meat for my mother tomorrow, won't you?"

"Of course I will, ducks."

The American walked toward the open front of the shop where the dirty, marble-slab shelf and large wall hooks displayed the remaining pieces of meat. The butcher looked up.

"There's the Yank I talked to yesterday. Good day, lad! Warm, isn't it?"

"Yes, very," he replied. The butcher smiled and finished wrapping another package.

"Got any more of those Yank cigarettes?" he asked.

"Sure, here." The American handed a pack to the butcher.

"You don't mind if I give one to my little baby here, do you?"

"No, go ahead."

"Peggy! Here's a Yank cigarette. Come over and thank the man for it." The American watched her turn slowly and look at him for the first time.

"I've really been too warm today, thank you."

"Take one," he said, and he lit up three cigarettes. . . .

"I'll leave you with her now, my boy. I've some orders and that sort of thing to see to."

"Yes, go on. . . ." He watched the face of the girl as she looked at him.

"How long have you been in London?"

"A few days," he replied.

"Why did you come *here*?"

"What do you mean, *here*?"

"I can't imagine why anyone would want to come to London."

"The largest city in the world, and so on."

"What of it? . . . And, so, how do you like all this?"

"Weather could be better."

"Yes, it's bloody hot, isn't it?" The cynical smile. He stood with her on the pavement . . . watched people filing by looking into open shops which faced the narrow street where an automobile seldom came.

"If you wish you can come up to my home and have tea." The basic, frank hospitality.

"Sounds good," he said. Cigarette smoke passed through his nostrils . . . a walk along the street, a turn into a narrower lane lined on both sides with the inanimate, red color of the old, four- and five-story apartment buildings. He noticed the little iron railings on stairways leading into the inside, and a woman wheel-

ing a baby carriage and leading two small, curly-blond-haired children, came along the street from the opposite direction.

"Do you mind if we stop and see my sister-in-law for a minute?" the girl said, and he went with her to where the worn-looking woman was pulling the baby carriage up the steps. The child just taken from the carriage was crying large tears and choking sounds. Once inside, on the second story, he watched the three children placed around an old, board table; the mother rediapered the youngest . . . then the girl took the small one against her breast, and kissed its tender face.

"Peggy, stop getting your awful lipstick all over the baby. It's hard enough keeping her clean."

"Don't worry yourself about it. I'm not dirtying her face." The American admired the girl's maternal sensitiveness as she set the baby down in a highchair, and began feeding her a soft-boiled egg. The mother turned to him.

"How long have you been in London?"

"A few days."

"Like it?"

"Yes, quite interesting."

"Wouldn't you know a Yank would say that," the girl retorted as she cleaned the baby's face.

"Now, don't tease him, Peggy. . . ." The mother spoke again to him. "A girl friend of ours married a Yank. She went somewhere with him . . . Pennsylvania I think, and she likes it there . . . we're all glad she was able to get to America." The youngest began to cry. "Now what's bothering her."

After a few minutes of watching the mother move about in the greys and browns of the dim room with its small scullery entrance-way and dirty corners long unpainted, he went with the girl down the stairway and steps into the narrow street. Several yards farther along they entered the building again and fol-

lowed staircases to the fourth story. The brown door was ajar.

The three-room apartment was composed of the same drabness and corners. . . .

The greyed and withered mother prepared tea and rolls . . . hot tea on the hot afternoon seemed to be natural. Tea was always at that time.

* * *

The American had seen the girl each evening after their first meeting.

The night of their walk on the embankment they went off the underground as usual at Aldgate East, walked up into the cooling streets with walking East Londoners . . . there was a brightness of lights at a corner . . . people stood around a stand where smoked eels were being sold.

When he walked the streets in the East End at night he saw what was a sort of variation in vitreous expression conveyed by the unreal street wanderers. And more than that they seemed to have the composition of an idealized dramatic street scene. . . .

—Old man. Christ, no teeth . . . just saliva . . . another, drunk, gassed, completely . . . family, sleeping child carried by the mother . . . father doesn't care . . . two cops, bobby not happy . . . a dirty beggar with one leg, only a blotch of brown and grey on black canvas, going home . . . no lovers, no warmth of that kind . . . smelling sewers . . . —

He could say nothing to the girl when he walked with her in those streets. There was nothing to say.

* * *

The three-room apartment where the girl lived struck the American with its basic simplicity. The main room; a naked light-bulb hanging from the center of the ceiling, a round table in the center, four chairs straight back, an old upright piano, a sofa, drab, colorless walls, a dish cabinet, two doors, one opening

to the dark hall, one to the scullery, and beyond, two small bedrooms. No hot water tap and bath in a building on the street around the corner.

"How's the tea?" she asked.

"Good, but just a little more sugar."

"Here."

"Thank you."

"Thank you," was her typically British reply, and he moved closer and embraced her. He knew the younger brother had gone to bed early.

They ended a kiss as the mother came through the scullery door.

"Are there enough rolls for you?" the mother asked.

"Yes, yes, thank you," he answered. "Everything is very good . . . don't bother any more about it."

"I'm going to bed now, Peggy," the mother said. "Good night."

"Good night. Thank you for the tea," he said.

"It's nothing at all." He saw her old skin smile . . . the grey hair and worn features seemed to blend with the dreary wall. She left, closing the scullery door.

He brought the girl closer . . . to him her face was a strong, youthful, almost sculptured thing . . . her white dress, the heaviness of the table and chairs, the colorless walls, all added to the durable, prosaic characteristic, grim as it had become from war, rationing, and taxes. And this simplicity asked for little but enough food, a place to live away from the East End, a good job.

He felt there was a unique frankness in the way she once told him of the Nazi bombings . . . during those nights life for her was taking her mattress into the cellar and trying to sleep, hoping the building wouldn't fall from the bombs, blocking the exits. . . .

He started as a key went into the outside door . . . the girl moved from the table.

"It's my sister . . . she won't be long in here." He watched a worn, red-haired girl step into the dull light of the naked bulb, greet him, speak briefly to her sister in what was heavily accented English, very near to Cockney, and with a faint smile go through to the scullery.

"It seems to me I've seen her before," he said.

"If you've been to Piccadilly Circus at night I imagine you have . . . she stands out there some of the time."

"What the hell for?" He knew he had already half answered the question himself.

"Why do you suppose girls stand in Piccadilly Circus? She's not had a job for a time . . . she came home from there early to-night though . . . not feeling so good. . . ." A long silence forced an oppression upon him.

"It's not easy to understand."

"She needs the money," she said. "Gotten into a bad habit, she has . . . she's a strange one . . . it's a matter of understanding her . . . but I could never do what she does there . . . and don't you think I would."

"No, of course I wouldn't."

" . . . You must understand her. That's all it's a matter of." Again the oppression of silence under the naked light-bulb.

—Fathom by questioning—

"And you're satisfied with the way you live here now?"

"What if I'm not? There's not much I can do about it, unless I marry a Yank, or something of that sort, and leave England." He watched her strong features.

"You shouldn't look at everything here with your eyes closed," he said. —A pedantic thought, entirely— "It's not where you live that determines what you are . . . it's partly how you live." He watched the grim, Londoner-East smile as he finished speaking.

"That's simple for you to say when you're going to leave here tomorrow morning." He had no reply.

"What will you do with yourself?" he asked finally. —Bothered with questions of future and ambition, rather—

"Stay on working at doing windows . . . we need the money . . . maybe our application for a place in the West End will come up in two or three years . . . this place is terrible."

"And what more do you want?"

"Very little, really . . ."

"This city is full of interesting corners, if you're willing to look and appreciate." —Ridiculous tourist attitude—he thought quickly.

"Perhaps, but it's still London to me . . . I see lovely things here at times, but not often . . . no, you don't live here."

He stared at her as she sipped a second cup of tea . . . he poured another for himself . . . sat watching the steam, saw a wisp and its disappearance. —Be philosophical— He saw a line of poetry. We're supposed to have strength when we're young."

"Or weakness."

He thought as she softly smiled over the cup. —She wins . . . undoubtedly she wins . . . —"You think so?" he said.

"I wouldn't believe either if I were you . . . do simple things and don't believe too much . . . it's safer."

"Really," cynically. He felt a strong need to be cynical, to use nonchalant, English cynicism.

"Perhaps," she said. The tea was finished. They looked at the table top.

"I'd like to stay with you longer." A sentimental impression within him of a parting.

"Yes," she said, "that'd be lovely, but you have to leave . . . we stay while things die around us . . . you know there're too many people for this island . . . just look at London . . . only the colonies helped us before . . . but everything is past now. The war quickened what had to happen."

—She mocks me with a metaphysical approach— “I’ve talked to others here who have more hope than you,” he said.

“They’re only fooling themselves,” she said. “A grand deception.”

—I’ve nothing to say, not a damned thing— He kissed her softly on the forehead, and put his arm around her shoulders.

“You’ll probably never see anything like these people in Petticoat Lane again . . . it’s wicked . . . not very lovely. We even use newspapers in the water closets to save money . . . some go play ‘the dogs’ and lose the few pounds they’d saved. . . .”

He smiled. —Confession day—, but he felt pity for her.

“You’ll get by,” he said.

“I suppose.”

“Come here . . . it’s late, and I have to get some sleep before I leave in the morning.” She moved closer. . . .

* * *

“You’d better leave . . . it’s two already.”

“That late?” He could see absolutely nothing in the darkness of the outside passage.

“Hold on to my hand and the railing and we’ll walk down.” He followed her on the steps to the street level. “So, it’s simply goodbye.”

“I sometimes think short friendships are worse than none.”

“Don’t say that,” she said.

“No, it’s been very nice . . . it’s only the goodbye I don’t relish.” —A simplification, to say the least—

“It’s not difficult, is it? Just a kiss and I’ll walk up stairs. . . .” He looked at her face in the lifeless street light.

—Model for Michelangelo . . . and now the feeling sorry— “I feel a strange sort of pity for you,” he said.

“I don’t want that. Anyway, you won’t remember London after a few days.”

“I doubt that,” he said.

"And don't pity us . . . we're strong after what we've had here. We manage quite well, usually. So, you can find your way back. It's the second turning on the right and then the first on the left."

"Yes, I remember . . . goodbye." —Turn away now—

"Cheerio."

"And don't bother writing to the boat as we said before . . . there's no sense in it. We'll never see each other again. Goodbye is all now."

"Yes, goodbye," she said.

When he reached the corner he was compelled to look back. He saw the crisp, white dress from the fourth-story window. He waved . . . —Sentimental— The reply. From the next corner he no longer could see her.

* * *

Several days later the American stood on the top deck of a tender which was to move along the harbor toward the Isle of Wight where the transatlantic liner had anchored . . . he read for the second time the letter which was addressed to him in care of the steamship's embarkation office.

—Told her not to send anything . . . so much cleaner break that way . . . and now she sends this . . . sweet, but somehow more pity for her . . . strange the way she writes. . . —

That evening he stood by the rail and watched the water move against the side of the ship . . . still there were thoughts of London . . . the bombed skeletons of apartment buildings near the East India docks . . . the unreal emptiness of the side streets after midnight . . . the girl leaning from the window as she waved.

—Remembrance can't last . . . not with the rushing water . . . —
There was the easy freedom of the forward roll . . . cold air on his face. He started from the rail, walked quickly fore and stood in the direct wind beyond the closed passageway . . . a few quick steps and he was at the base of narrow, white, metal stairs leading

to the bridge. He grabbed the railing and climbed quickly to the first platform. The wind blew fully at his jacket.

He stood watching the great emptiness of the remaining black and yellow colors of an Atlantic sunset, surrounded only by the semicircle of water, no land, complete emptiness. Different from the sunset on the Thames . . . here was no restriction . . . the lines of clouds and water were bold and complete, entirely free . . . no crowded island. Here there was for him no question of interpretation as there had been when they spoke of London's corners . . . he did not know, however, if he had seen the city through the correct pair of colored glasses . . . and she would somehow crystalize, in her simple, basic world.

He took two short steps higher on the metal structure . . . saw the water part as the ship's side moved against the blackness. What he saw meant only that something was being left behind . . . quite untraceable.

Sentimental. Very, very sentimental. He saw the rouge and lipstick on her face. He felt the letter in his pocket.

—No sense in pity, remember the sweetness, not her apathy—

He climbed quickly down the stairway, holding to the round, metal railing. He was forced to catch his breath against the heavy wind. At the rail again he crushed the letter in his fist and watched it fall into the moving white and purple.

COMEDY OF ERRORS?

By James Pinkerton

AS you begin to read this essay, you are undoubtedly looking for a moral, because we read morals, think morals, use morals, philosophize about morals, but seldom act morals. That is why we try to read morals. Let me tell you, now, not to read this essay for a moral. That's a warning.

After that introductory paragraph I must have lost a full half of the readers. Well and good, for it is with the remaining half that I want to deal.

"At least if an essay hasn't a moral, it has some point anyway, else it wouldn't be written," you say. Perhaps; but I wouldn't be too sure about that, as I am determined to write an essay with neither a point nor a moral.

"But that's not logical," you say. And I reply back: "This isn't a logical essay." And furthermore, I do not wish to be subject to logic. An illogical entity when referred to illogical postulates is quite logical and can be proved by illogical methods.

To clarify, let me refer you to an analogous situation: $AB \neq BA$ is quite illogical, you say, is because you instinctively reason with numerical entities. As soon as you realize you are not dealing with numbers, but with an abstract algebra, you recant—perhaps, for you can't apply the numerical postulates to this new system, and still make sense.

Analogously, as soon as you realize you are dealing with an illogical system, you can't apply a logical system in order to arrive at an illogical conclusion. However, if you apply illogical postulates, you will arrive at something completely illogical, which is what we want.

There is a great future for this new type of reasoning, as soon

as man realizes its great utility. For almost anything, logical or illogical, may be proved by illogical methods, whereas it may take weeks or years to prove a fact by logical methods. It will therefore increase human knowledge infinitely. Soon students everywhere will adopt its powerful technique and do homework in $1/10$ the time it took by the old, cumbersome logical method. Having mastered this new illogical technique, I have tried it many times to facilitate solutions to problems.

"Oh, this is so nauseatingly illogical, it insults my intelligence to continue," you say. But I again repeat emphatically, "This is not a logical essay!" And hence it is not subject to logical analysis. This story furnishes one example where the rigid logical system is too narrow in order to analyze it but the expanded illogical system has greater generality and hence is applicable to this situation. For it is definitely illogical that it is logical and hence logical that it is illogical. Furthermore it is logical that this is a "lousy" essay and hence illogical that it is a good essay. Hence, by my proposed illogical analysis, I have written an excellent essay. "But," you repeat impatiently, "your reasoning is not true, you have analyzed your essay illogically." "Fine, the essay has been a success," I reply.

ARBITRATION ROOM

By John Llewelyn Howell

THE tall business office rises high over the low, sprawling factory buildings, competing only with the smokestacks for supremacy in the air. It looks to the north, and through the maze of gas tanks, petroleum crackers, and cement storage elevators, it sees the towers of the city far away on the horizon, half obscured by the smoke and shimmering heat waves. To the east it looks over the calm peaceful lake, its surface glass-smooth except for the wake of a large, fat tanker sliding effortlessly into the harbor. To the south lies more industry along the lake front—an amazing conglomeration of examples of man's engineering skills and genius. To the west, the scene changes from the serene beauty of the lake under the hot midday sun, and the hodge-podge of smells and sounds of a thriving industrial area to the endless, drab, monotonous display of tenements, stretching far away to the point where their roofs merge into a level gray plain, broken only by a single church spire here and there, and culminating in a long range of tree covered picturesque hills, the color of their verdure in direct contrast with the color of the rooftops.

The arbitration room is in the north end of the top floor of the business office. It has windows in three walls, and a door in the fourth. The walls are painted a light pastel green; the only colorful object to be seen is an American flag hanging in one corner. In the middle of the room is a long sturdy wooden table, flanked on each side by a row of chairs. Through the open windows from far below drifts a faint smell of sulfur dioxide and the rumble of a crack streamliner speeding by.

Presently, three men enter the room. One is dressed in white coveralls, and the other two wear khaki work shirts and pants.

They pull three chairs out from the table, and sink heavily into them, stretching their legs out and leaning back in a position of restful ease. As they sit there, they talk, and their conversation runs the gamut of all friendly conversation. They tell of their family troubles and minor problems. They tell of their vacation plans. Most noticeable, however, is the agreement among the three when they speak about labor situations and wages. This is logical, for they have come here as representatives of labor in a labor-management dispute. Footsteps sound outside the door, and the three stand to greet three more men, the representatives of the management. Then all six sit down around one end of the long table.

* * *

The three representatives for management are left alone in the room after "labor" has gone out. For a few minutes, they stand about, discussing with each other their family troubles and minor problems. They tell of their vacation plans. Most noticeable, however, is their unanimity over labor situations and wages. Finally they leave the room.

A TRIOLET

By William Barlow

IF people had no shoulders
To space their heads apart,
Beware, backrow beholders
If people had no shoulders
They'd stand like walls of boulders,
Parades would soon depart
If people had no shoulders
To space their heads apart.

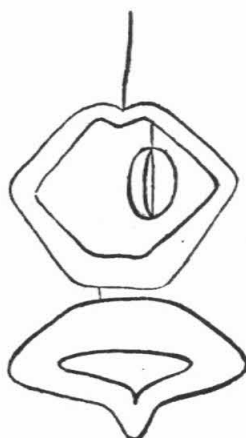
MOBILE SCULPTURE

By Chuck Bodeen

“SPACE and time are the two exclusive forms of fulfillment of life, and therefore art must be guided by these two basic forms if it is to encompass true life . . . sculptors labor under the prejudice that mass and contour are indivisible. . . . We free ourselves from the thousand-year-old error of art, originating in Egypt, that only static rhythms can be its elements. We proclaim that for present-day perceptions, the most important elements of art are the kinetic rhythms.” With these words Gabo and Pevsner in their “Realistic Manifesto” justified the existence of mobile sculpture.

Much of the kinetic sculpture produced today reflects the work of Alexander Calder. Calder’s first mobiles were purely mechanical, some being moved by small electric motors and others by hand cranks. He was able to put enough flexibility into his work so that the movements were more natural than those of machines, but he soon discovered that even these motions followed a set pattern. He felt that some unpredictable source of energy would produce action with a greater sense of life, so he utilized both outdoor breezes and the air currents within his studio to produce a constantly changing motion not found in mechanical methods of propulsion.

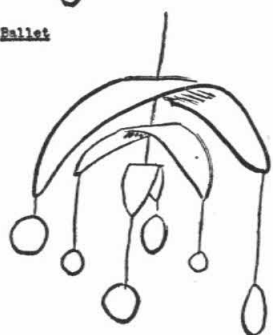
L. Moholy-Nagy, the late exponent of the closeness between art, science, and technology, in 1922 said, “The first projects looking toward the dynamic-constructive system of forces can be only experimental demonstration devices for the testing of the connections between man, material, power, and space. Next comes the utilization of the experimental results for the creation of freely moving (free mechanical and technical movement) works of art.”



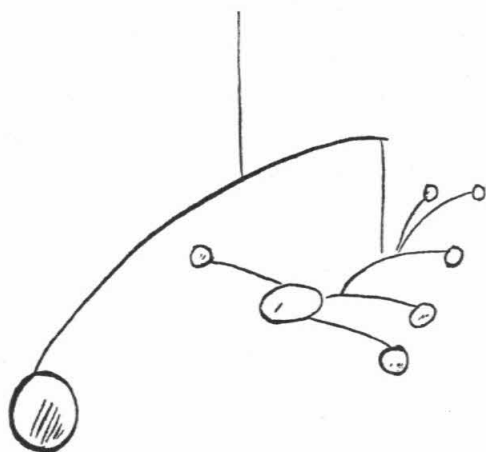
Ballet



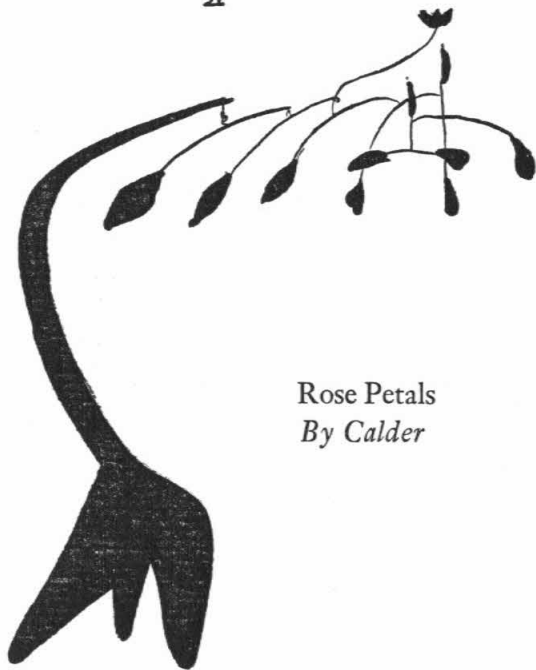
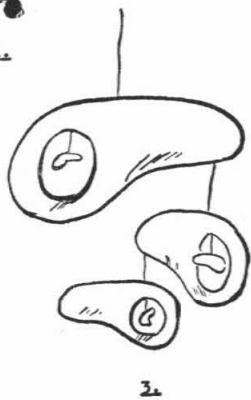
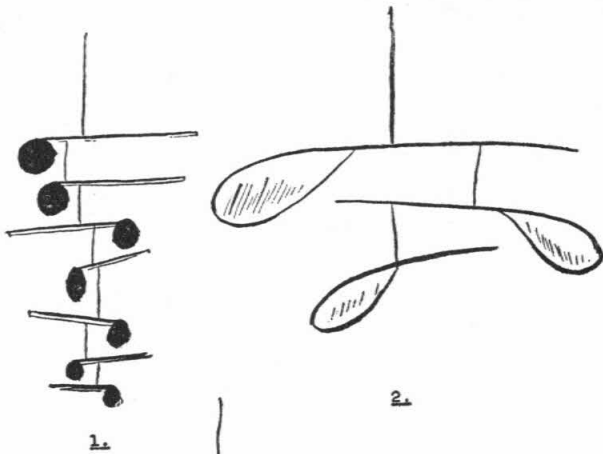
Witch Doctor



Fruit Tree



Hanging Mobile
By Calder



One of Calder's best known studies in the relationship of bodies in motion is his *Hanging Mobile*. The motions of this freely hanging construction are very complex and multiflash photographs or motion pictures are required to do it justice. As a whole, Calder's work is very large; *Rose Petals* stands nine feet two inches with its sheet steel base.

It was Calder's mobiles which inspired me to spend most of my free time last year experimenting in the kinetic field. From necessity I confined my sculptures to a smaller scale with steel rods, heavy thread, and colored cardboard as my materials. Most of my attempts at the art have been in the form of hanging, wind driven constructions. My first mobile, 1, exemplifies the relationship of moving bodies in its simplest form. It consists of seven steel rods, each with a cardboard disc on one end, hung in a series with the axes of rotation slightly off-center. The rods move in different directions at different speeds, and the principle interest lies in the numerous patterns produced by the discs.

The slight amount of eccentricity in 1 prompted me to accent this factor in 2. The second mobile is similar to the first, except that its axes of rotation are farther apart. As the rod on top turns it carries with it the axis used by the rod below, which, in turn, carries the axis of the one below that. This motion is considerably more complex.

The next step was to replace the rods with solid bodies. 3 was dubbed the "Flying Pork Chop" by some of its less artistic viewers. My most recent work is a series of abstract representations of the actions of various forms of life. In this group are *Ballet*, *Witch Doctor*, and *Fruit Tree*.

A mobile cannot be understood by giving it a casual glance or by looking at a picture. Its motion may be studied for a long period of time and still give the spectator the feeling that he sees something new at each viewing. Mobiles produce the most advanced and most natural expressions of life yet.

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