

I am not going into psychoanalytical processes about the artistic side of my work. Such intellectualizing of causes and effects, of sublimated frustrations, or genetic, eros and epos significant [xxx]. Many contribute dubious information, but add little to clear understanding.

Erogenous frustrations of sublimated

Of sublimated erogenous frustrations or what my genetic epos arises from, may contribute little, if not dubious information to the clear understanding of it. I am cognizant that all artistic work comes out of the love of creative adventure what congenital motives be behind the artistic desire is as prosaic as wanting to know the alloys that constitute the metals that go into making a watch.

I have my roots in London. They are not of a home but in mean rooms from which we would move from month to month

My roots disintegrated in institutional workhouse life.

"Art"

No [xxx]. No contemplation.

Because in this scientific age, speed has disturbed the reflection.

Art is fulfillment. Speed, science and other divertissements take the place of art.

Art has become utility advertising.

Look at art
Its effects

Oliver Lodge—disappointing!

French singers—good!

Toscanini conducts sample [xxx] everything at rehearsal. I

[xxx] that French Horn.

[names I can't read]

Indication of modern painting

Surely not decoration

Root of the truth

Toilet seat; school pranks.

Infantilism leads to mechanization.

Though the different mediums of expression may in the course of time become obsolete, art is the one quantity that endures and never changes. In the past, we have been witness to the metamorphosis of many media. Portrait painting, besides being an art, was at one time a utility; it was the only means of acquiring a likeness of our forefathers. But the innovation of photography dispensed with portrait painting and its only value now is an esthetic one. Then in the halcyon days of the drama when the theatres sat prosperously nested, drifting on its merry way, along came the storm of mechanical science, and relegated it to the shores of neglect. [xxx] is fast losing approval to the availability of the radio.

The inception of entertainment began with religion, with tribal dances from which came pantomime, and from that verbal acting, progressing on up through the middle ages to when the servants in feudal castles performed plays before their lord and master who would loan his servile players to his lordly neighbors to entertain at other feudal castles. Out of this custom came the strolling player, then the Elizabethan theatre, and so on down to the present day motion pictures.

Somewhere early along this cavalcade, qualities were defined, sound became music, words became literature, and acting became drama. As these quantities developed to a greater degree, something eternal was recognized in all of them, a quality called art.

[2]

Now art has been the bane of all critics. It has tempered their judgment of things yet no two critics alike have argued on what these qualities actually are. Even dictionaries are not agreed. Skill is usually the derivative of art.

If this is true, why should we say that a play is good entertainment, but not artistic? Undoubtedly it requires great skill to concoct good entertainment. Then, again, in primitive paintings, before perspective was discovered, its art was recognized and is today appreciated, even though lacking in skill of perspective.

Skill is therefore not its main attribute, but one thing we do know is that its quality is eternal and that no work without it can endure the ravages of time.

[14]

The proof of this statement is the [xxx] of the work of great musical composers, of poets and painters.

If this be true, then that quality which is so elusive, that in many cases, it has taken the perspective of time to recognize it, that the skill, and method of accomplishing it may become obsolete and outdated. That this quality that [xxx] that seeps through the out-moded methods of production, it must be something akin to truth or the symbol of it. For truth is as far as we know the nearest concept of eternity.

[24]

Truth is then as near as we can define art. The deeper the truth in a creative work, the longer it will live. Deeper truth by another name is beauty. This sounds like a paradox but truth is a paradox, in as much as its spirit is permanent. It is always [xxx] its aspect.

A crust of stale bread, an old soldier's coat, a boy's school slate and a [xxx] all thrown in with an ash can, sum up all human existence.

But where is my pen, leading me to ? I began with a cursory concept on entertainment, intending to lead on to the future of the motion pictures, then to the problems of censorship which seriously affect the future of motion pictures. But the more I contemplate this subject, the less I feel competent to discuss it. Nevertheless, there is one aspect of censorship of which the industry must be cognizant. Today, in this kaleidoscopic turmoil of fast and furious events, when cause and effect is increasing its pace and undermining some of our most cherished principles, doctoring in [xxx] government and conduct, new thoughts have become more realistic and less sentimental and life has become more dramatic.

[Notes on Art]

Art is the faculty of creating emotion in the noblest and subtlest way. This concept embraces every form of expression. It applies to poetry, music, literature, drama, oratory, painting, sculpture and the rest. Its nobility is the plain upon which one approaches and expresses. The higher and loftier the plain, the better. No matter what the subject, whether the portrait of Christ on the cross, the grandeur of the mountains or the filth of our ash can in the alley. It is man's attitude toward it. A rose in the gutter, in half light. The remnants of life in a dead cat, an empty poison bottle, fragments of a torn up love letter—all in its proper arrangement can express an epic tragedy. Nobility is that which the poet ascribes to his subject. Subtlety is its quality and strength and restraint. That which is apparent in art is all. That which is subtle is never-ending.

That which is apparent ends. That which is subtle is never-ending.