

**BILLY BATES**

Billy Bates wears baggy sweaters  
And tennis shoes all new and bright.  
He's very proud of his high-school letters.  
He's in the bars most every night.

Billy Bates. He talks of money,  
And clothes and parties and dar-ling tricks.  
Billy Bates calls everyone "honey."  
Ain't he cute? He's fifty-six.

**Bob Waltrip**



**FIFTY CENTS**

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Founded October 15, 1952

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# one

" . . . a mystic bond  
of brotherhood  
makes all men one."  
Carlyle

## magazine

Volume XV

Number 2

February 1967

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ONE Magazine is published monthly at fifty cents per copy, plus postage for mailing; subscriptions by Membership, ten dollars per year, including Book Service and Library Privileges.

Publication offices: 2256 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90006

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# IMMORTAL BEETHOVEN —

## a repressed homosexual?

by William H. Kupper, M.D.



“—He has the guiding light of his genius which frequently illumines his mind like a stroke of lightning while we sit in darkness and scarcely suspect the direction from which daylight will break upon us.” (Goethe in a letter to Bettina Brentano).

The scowling figure of the mighty genius Beethoven has baffled all critics who have attempted to discover the true secret of his personality in terms other than “irascible,” “preoccupied,” or “bitter.” In their descriptions of his youth, numerous authors have leaned the other way too—to create in the person of this ill-tempered man, the picture of a great lover, a Don Juan who wrote his finest love music mainly for the sake of glamorous women, both presumably known and unknown.

Yet contradictions stare at us and await rational explanations uncolored by the opinions of the Victorian expositors who were prone to find an-

other great lover in every artist they analyzed.

Beethoven is the man whose true love experiences have never been accurately traced, simply because many of the facts can never become known to us. As Romain Rolland, the noted biographer says: “This man, who is so hard with himself, so scornful of the feminine in man and its effusions, in his private life is extremely reserved—so much so that even his intimate friends knew next to nothing of his love affairs and chance alone has preserved for us the solitary letter to the ‘Immortal Beloved.’”

Many books have been written about the identity of the “Immortal Beloved”—this nebulous creature to whom Beethoven wrote flaming letters, never mailed, which were discovered among his effects after his death.

The names of the glamorous women who his biographers insisted had to

be Beethoven’s innamoratas, are liberally sprinkled across the pages of all of his biographies—the Bruening sisters, Bettina Brentano, Magdalena Willman, Countess Guicciardi, Theresa Malfatti, Amalie Sebald, and others more obscure.

It is indeed true that Beethoven wrote perfervid letters to these women, and on many occasions bemoaned the fact that he was not ready to marry at the moment. As he on frequent occasions stated, marriage would have brought the greatest happiness to him, but somehow, things never did work out—he repeated his objections that he was not “established,” had not sufficient income, that his deafness made him shy, etc.

Yet at that time, he was living on a regular pension supplied by his three patrons Princes Rudolf, Kinsky and Lobkowitz, and was apparently financially secure. Still he could not muster up enough enthusiasm for marriage, though he was young, and famous, and had only a slight degree of deafness.

The revealing fact is that his great loves, on closer examination, turn out to be unattainable women, such as teenagers, married or engaged women, and women too high above his social station. Somehow, Beethoven was always drawn to the impossible, as the type he had to marry. Oddly enough, in the conventional society of his time in Vienna, when celibacy was relatively rare, there appears to have been no woman satisfactory for marriage.

On the other hand, there were several young men, of about Beethoven’s age, with whom he corresponded for the rest of life, and for whom he evinced the greatest affection and concern.

These men were Dr. Franz Wegeler, the Bonn physician, Stephen von Bruening, Karl Amenda, and Ignaz von Gleichenstein, among others.

Although Beethoven can only muster up amatory phrases like these in his unmailed epistles to the “Immortal Beloved” maiden:

“My angel, my all, my very self!—Can you alter the fact that you are not wholly mine, that I am not wholly yours? . . . If we were wholly united you would feel the pain of it as little as I do,” etc. In his *mailed* letters to a man, he writes as follows:

To Wegeler (after an argument) “Oh Wegeler! do not cast off this hand of reconciliation; place your hand in mine—O God! but no more—I myself come to you and throw myself in your arms and sue for the lost friend, and you will give your self to me full of contrition who loves and ever will be mindful of you.”

Then to Stephen von Bruening, after another argument: “come to my arms once more as you used to do.”

According to Rolland, Count Franz Brunsvik, in whose Hungarian castle Beethoven completed the *Appassionata*, and to whom he dedicated the work, remained a bachelor at 40; was reputed to be not quite normal mentally, and was labeled by his sisters as “an ice cold knight,” with no interest in women.

Beethoven’s attitudes towards his parents further give us some insight into the true nature of his libido.

Throughout his life, Beethoven reiterated his profound love and reverence for his mother, to a degree which at times seems excessive, but on the other hand, he expressed his hatred for his father who was a drunkard, unscrupulous, and who possibly passed along syphilis to his famous son.

Despite Beethoven’s adoration for his own mother, he displayed a violent antipathy towards Therese Obermayer, the mother of his famous nephew Carl. Therese married Beethoven’s brother while pregnant and for this offense, Beethoven seems never to have forgiven her. He called her

the "Queen of the Night" and pursued her implacably through the courts to take her son away from her. It was apparent that for womankind in the abstract, Beethoven had the greatest respect and idolatry, which speedily turned to vilification if a woman departed from his ideal.

What then, was the true makeup of this man Beethoven, who at the age of 32 in his famous will—the Heiligenstadt Testament, apparently wrote what amounts to a suicide note to his brother Carl? Most biographers have assumed that this farewell note was written after Beethoven's realization that he was hopelessly deaf. The fact is that he was not totally deaf at 32, but had a hearing loss in certain tonal range, as is seen in the case of a person becoming deaf as a result of certain chronic ear diseases such as are seen in congenital syphilis and otosclerosis.

But imminent total deafness could not have been all of his sources of depression. The fact is that at that time, as usual, he had just been refused in marriage by an unattainable girl whom he had foolishly hoped to marry, namely Countess Julia Guicciardi. This girl was an impossible choice for Beethoven since she was not yet 17 and was noble born.

So Beethoven, at the age of 32, had come to the realization that both for physical and emotional reasons, he could not ever expect to lead a conventional life, and that he must either end his life, or live for his music alone.

Fortunately for mankind, he took the latter course. The Testament clearly marks a turning point in his life.

No evidence has ever turned up that Beethoven had any homosexual experiences. This would not be surprising even if Beethoven were an overt homosexual, since his life is now cloaked by the mantle of time, conventions, and greatness. However, the

evidence is strongly suggestive that this tortured genius was possessed by powerful subconscious, chaotic sexual drives which possibly never having been expressed physically, were eventually channelled for the good of society into creative endeavors of the loftiest and most profound order. These drives seem to have been of a homosexual nature.

In summary, supporting this hypothesis:

1). Beethoven was overly attached to his mother and hated his father.

2). He was closely attached to several young men of his own age and wrote them endearing letters.

3). All of his attempts at heterosexual adjustment and marriage were doomed to failure because he sought only unattainable women and these in a long, hasty succession.

4). He had an idealistic viewpoint of women common among homosexuals, and reacted violently against any women who deviated from the ideal.

5). He eventually developed classical paranoid trends towards people who offended him, according to the Freudian mechanism of the development of ideas of persecution in persons with repressed homosexual drives.

6). At the age of 32, he wrote what amounts to a suicide note, while in a state suggesting the familiar "homosexual panic" which commonly comes to urnings when the day arrives when they comprehend that they are surrounded by a hostile, unyielding, un-understanding world, seemingly bent on their destruction.

In conclusion, the author believes that Beethoven at no time displayed normal sexual drives, and that on closer analysis there stands revealed an unfulfilled homosexual whose sublimated genius has redounded to the greatest glory of mankind.

# out of the past

Reprints from the classics; biographies of famous homosexuals.

The following observations appeared in the Canadian paper, *The Globe and Mail* for February 19, 1958, in reply to one of their correspondents. The author so accurately and nicely refutes the myth of the "moral decay" of Greece that we felt that his words had a definite application in these pages.

## The Fall of Ancient Greece



Your correspondent, E. T. Barlen, tells us that "moral decay sealed the doom of Greece" and that "even the high-minded Socrates and Plato were guilty of outrageously moral misconduct" (sic).

Presumably he is not referring to the political activity of the latter or to the general fact that Greek civilization, like the Roman, was based upon slavery, which we regard as immoral. He refers, I assume, to the sort of thing we read about in Plato's Symposium.

Is there any real evidence for the often-repeated assumption that Greece and Rome "fell" because the personal or sexual morals of the Greeks and Romans did not come up to Christian standards, and in particular displeased St. Paul (vide Romans I) who thought celibacy a higher state than matrimony, and like all the early fathers, expected the end of the world at an early date and put a premium on virginity?

Beliefs of this nature are surely even more negative biologically speak-

ing than those of Socrates. Unlike St. Paul, the latter did go to the bother of doing his duty to the State by marrying and having sons. Yet the Christian world has survived in spite of its beliefs—which would wipe out any Great Power in a single generation if taken seriously. In modern times, they have had high explosives so that they have not been dependent upon mere numbers in order to defeat their enemies.

The fact of the matter is that the Greeks fell because they did not develop non-human sources of power (gunpowder, steam, electrical energy) for this purpose. Their philosophers and men of science reached a certain theoretical perfection, but came to a dead end because it did not turn to experimentation and the pursuit of power (cf Bacon). Thus it ended in skepticism and we cannot go on blaming the Greeks for failing to produce

an endless stream of Aristotles and Platos right down to the present day.

It would be consoling but inaccurate to believe that immoral nations perish and the virtuous ultimately prosper. History teaches otherwise. No nation has ever become a first-class Power without breaking all the moral rules which hold for the individual. To suppose that virtue automatically triumphs is to court disaster and is just as silly as to assume that the wicked automatically decline. The only case I know of where a city perished for "outrageously moral misconduct" is the case of the city of Sodom. But that was not due to the operation of natural causes (biological or otherwise) but to the special intervention of Jehovah.

Toronto, Dr. John G. L. Pearson  
(Formerly Assistant Professor of  
Philosophy, University of Mani-  
toba.)

## St. Paul on Sodomy

by Kenneth McIntosh

Recently I was referred to a quotation in the New revised Standard Version of the Bible, I Corinthians (Chapter 6, verses 9, 10) in which St. Paul writes,

"Do you not know that the unrighteous will not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither the immoral, nor idolaters, nor adulterers nor homosexuals, nor thieves, nor the greedy, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers will inherit the kingdom of God."

I must confess that reading this passage in the King James Version, I had never quite taken account of the implications of St. Paul's thought, and if I were a member of the fundamentalist school of Biblical thought and found I had to take this passage literally then I would have no other choice than to abandon my whole life's work and join the ranks of the hopeless and unredeemed; to wander over the waste places of this earth and put in the time until consignment to everlasting hell. This does not

square with Our Lord's teaching in any way nor can I accept St. Paul's declarations as authoritative but feel it only serves to point up the confusion that is apparent in his thinking as he wrote the Epistles that bear his name. That he was sincere and thought-provoking is abundantly clear, but it too must be remembered that he was a product, socially and morally speaking of his times. The most I can say is that St. Paul is speaking TO the Christian Church, not FOR it and as such has the right to be heard but not necessarily to be accepted on a par with the highest authority, for whom he so completely gave of his life and vitality.

Let the homosexual reader take new courage that his lot is not one akin to that of thieves and cutthroats, that he can look to the source of all inspiration and encouragement, compassion and mercy and find there in company with all who seek Him, new goals for the very abilities and talents that have made homosexuals in every age, crucibles for understanding, compassionate self-giving and who have to

a very marked degree dedicated their lives to the very society that would condemn them, in the hope that some newer, greater understanding might develop among men and nations; little by little progress is being made, and we can only hope that we in our turn may leave this world the richer for our having been here. The ills that plague the homosexual torment the heterosexual too, to the same degrees. One's sexual inclinations do not predetermine one's acceptance or rejection by God, only the use we make of our sexual inclinations. One may be promiscuous in any human relationship and hence to classify homosexuality among the immoralities of mankind is to admit of positive ignorance. Simply allow me to close with a thought of Dr. Eric Fromm's, from his "The Art of Loving," a must for all the "gay" set.

"Love is the only sane and satisfactory answer to the problem of human existence."

"—a love that is the compound of maturity, self-knowledge, and courage."

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## One Institute Quarterly

A new issue, Number 21, will be available on March 16. Contents will include an Editorial, "Toward Understanding," by Dr. Blanche M. Baker (a chapter from the forthcoming book "Counseling the Homosexual," by Quarterly Editor W. Dorr Legg); "Observations on Male Homosexuality" by Robert B. Dean (a comprehensive analysis of psychological & psychiatric research); Book Reviews. Single copies, \$1.50 each.

Back issues are available, Nos. 4, through 20, at \$3.00 for four issues (except Number 8 "The Right of Association," 134 pages of important legal documents for the homosexual, \$2.50).

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## The Echo of a Voice

by Shoji Umo

Speaking of the mentally ill among lovers-of-friends reminds me of an episode that happened many years ago when I was a little boy in the early grades of grammar school. This episode that happened so long ago now returns vividly to my mind and stands revealed to me for what it really was.

In 1920 or 1921, when I was in the first or second grade in Public School, my home was in Hollywood on the slope of a little hill, overlooking a small long valley about two blocks wide. Beyond this valley was a much higher hill with its top about a mile up from the boulevard that bisected the valley. A street ran up that hill.

One autumn evening in October or November when it got dark early I was resting in a glassed-in porch near our dining room about 6:30 or 7 o'clock. I was sitting on a quaintly shaped chair at the opened door of the room, beside the screen door admitting to the unroofed porch and the stairs leading down to our garden terraced toward the valley.

In those days Los Angeles Sunday newspapers had funny-paper sections with drawings outlined for children to color. This was done by brushing water on the sketches. They then came to life. The colors were made to appear by the application of water. It was quite fascinating at the time, and I remember the pictures as charming fantasies from fairy-tales and stories like *The Wizard of Oz*, *The Young King*, *Sleeping Beauty*, *The Birthday of the Infanta*, *The Princess in the Tower*, and so on. I eagerly awaited these pictures each Sunday. I colored them whenever I had time, and I saved them all in binders.

This evening after dinner I was coloring my pictures there as I said, when across the valley and way up on the street that ran to the top of the high hill, I heard a young man's voice cry out with a terrible cry—that echoes across the years in my memory and fills my eyes with tears as I write this. He called: "JOHN—COME BACK!" A great shout again: "JOHN! COME BACK! COME BACK!" A pause, then another cry: "JOHN COME BACK! COME BACK!" A great

scream: "JOHN! COME BACK!" These were agonized cries, great shouts of incredible power, in a voice full of tortured sadness and terrible longing.

In the silence of the night in those years the crickets could be heard chirping and there were few cars to pass or make any noise. In the distance two blocks away I could plainly hear the boys calling out: "Eve—ning Her—ald Pa—per!" I put down my coloring and stepped out on the garden stair porch to listen to the great voice that cried out so terribly.

"JOHN! COME BACK!" The tremendous calls continued. The young man seemed to be calling back someone who had left his home half way up the high hill across the valley from me. He walked down the hill slowly, calling out all the way, his voice coming closer and closer, getting louder and louder and more hoarse all the time.

The (first) World War was just over then a short time we occasionally saw the wounded soldiers around. My father was sitting in the dining room with my mother over their after-dinner coffee. He was eating apple pie. I spoke in to him through the screen door.

"Do you hear that young man, Papa?"

"Yes," he said. "It must be a soldier boy who has lost his mind.—Poor Fellow. There are a lot of them like that. They come back from the war for a year or two, then they crack up and loose their minds thinking about it."

"Maybe he lost a friend in the war," I said. The great cries continued, roaring like a bull.

Mama came to the door and glanced out.

"Look at all the people opening their doors," she said. Up and down the valley lights appeared as people came out on porches to listen.

"It's a wonder he doesn't burst his lungs!" She shrugged and went in again.

The young man came down the hill and stopped for a while one block above the boulevard, crying out all the way. He was now only two blocks away from me, as the crow flies. I decided to run down to the boulevard as it seemed he was approaching it.

Our block was triangular so I had to go two blocks to get there. I was a little adventurous and I didn't bother my parents with where I was going, as I always went out to play in the evenings, often until 9 or 9:30. I went around the house, up the side steps to the front, ran down one block to the corner, and then back another block to the crossing where the drug store and the bakery and several other stores were. A few other children and some boys and a few older people hurried along, too, to see what was to be seen.

Across from the drugstore, a block from our home, again as the crow flies, lived four sisters: Mrs. Dantz, a widow, "The Pretty Miss Pymmer," "The Old Miss Pymmer," and another Miss Pymmer that all the children called "The Dog Woman." These four were about sixty years of age or over. The Dog Woman was eccentric. One rainy day she found a half-starved woebegone old yellow spaniel and took it home. I saw her find it. For years she took care of that dog like a human child, feeding it, dressing it in dog jackets or dog raincoats, washing it. As I saw her find it I became a friend of hers, and I was invited in to meet the whole family

and see the dog eating at the table. I visited them occasionally. My father also knew Mrs. Dantz, and he sold her a ranch at Palm Springs one time.

I met Mrs. Dantz's son. He was about eighteen then. I forget his name for sure, but I believe it was Frank. He went to Hollywood High School and he worked after school in the nearby drug store as a soda jerker. He often waited on me. He was a very nice boy, or young man, as he seemed to me then. He was a sexy masculine vital type. Now I would say he was an occasional homosexual chap. He had many boy friends and many girl friends. He took the girl friends to football games. In those days they wore their hair around their ears in strange round doughnut shapes, and carried "vanity cases" shaped like a small patent-leather suitcase. At the games they waved vari-colored pom-poms. Frank Dantz had an attractive face and a nice head. His face was tan, his hair brown. He had a sensual look and attitude, and a pleasing body, well dressed. A little girl once told me in the drug store as he turned his back on us to get ice cream:

"Frank has a nice popo, hasn't he!"

There were many nice things about him. Frank also had a Model-T Ford roadster with jokes chalked on it. Later, Frank joined the Marines and got married when he came home on leave. He had a son, "Junior," right off.

At this time, however, Frank lived with another young man, then about 20 or 22 years of age. He was a nephew of Mrs. Dantz's late husband's sister-in-law, and his name was unusual; I remember it all these years as he was the first young man I knew with a girl's name—Marion. At the time I thought him quite as masculine as anyone else, but my mother giggled in disbelief when she was introduced to him one morning when he drove Mrs. Dantz over to see my father about the ranch. I liked Marion, and he was always nice to me. He was from the Deep South, and I liked the way he spoke with a pleasant Southern accent. Marion slept with Frank in the attic of the Dantz residence and I visited them there a few times with a group of other friends from the drug store.

Today I suppose we would call Frank Dantz a "drug store cowboy." And over the bridge of the years I see Marion as a quiet office clerk type. He later became a high school English teacher. Frank was the vital, extrovert type, and Marion was the dreamy introvert type that only pretends to be an extrovert.

Resuming the tragic part of my story—the young man, calling all the time, had reached and crossed the boulevard when I got to the drug store.

He stopped by an evergreen tree in the parkway in front of Frank Dantz's house. I approached within 50 feet of him, together with about 150 people.

An old man warned me back; he was a Mr. Tennett who had a real estate office on a lawn near there.

"Don't go too close, Sonny, he might kill someone!" Mr. Tennett himself was killed a year later at that very spot by a hit-and-run driver as he crossed the boulevard.

I saw the young man who cried out the name of his lost friend, or whoever "John" was. Could it have been his brother or cousin or nephew? Someone he loved, surely. Probably a friend. And someone who had gone out of his life as if forever. Probably after a quarrel? Evidently John left on foot and he walked after

him calling so loud he could not help hearing. But John never showed up, though the great pleading cries continued.

The young man was about 25 years of age, with brown hair and a tan face and hands. I can see him to this day. He was a vital masculine type, stocky in build, not as tall as Frank. He wore working clothes, such as greenish-khaki pants and shirt. He was handsome. His eyes were green, with the white part all red from crying. Tears streaked his face and he looked wild and distraught. He looked lost as he stood there in front of Frank's house. He put his arms around the tree and sobbed; his shoulders shuddered as his breath came in great heaves. Raising his head he glanced at the menacing, curious people and, as if defying them, cried out again with that terrible hoarse roar: "JOHN! — JOHN! COME BACK!"

I saw Marion there near me in the crowd, and as I glanced at him I saw two tears run from his eyes. Even that young I "knew," I "understood." I moved near Marion and he took my hand.

We watched. Someone called the police. But it was a long time before they came from downtown Los Angeles. There were no squad cars everywhere then and few police around Hollywood except the Keystone Kops. Everyone seemed to get along all right without them then, too.

A big pot-bellied German, a swinish, vulgar peasant, had a bakery near the drug store. This oaf now came forward in the crowd with two ropes and a towel.

"Come on, men," he shouted. "Let's rush him!"

A few men made a half-hearted move toward the "madman." The brutal baker rushed in boldly and tackled him. A terrific fight ensued and the young man roared like a wild animal. Finally the baker knelt on his back and several men tied his ankles together and then tied his arms behind his back. The baker tied the towel around his open mouth. We all came closer now.

The police finally arrived in a black Packard touring car. They re-tied him and then loaded him into the back seat. One sat in back with him.

The last I saw of him he was on his knees facing the back seat, his arms, now tied in front, resting on the seat. I stood right beside the car and looked in at him, while the policemen wrote things down. The strong young man looked right at me with his tear-stained eyes. I raised my hand to him, as if to say "Hi." I think he understood I was his friend. I glared at the fat baker. Dirty schwein! I made a face at him. Oh! To stick a knife into his belly! As they drove off the young man groaned and raised his head, turning it upward like you see in the pictures of Christ kneeling at the rock in the Garden of Gethsemane.

I said goodnight to Marion and The Dog Woman, and walked home. I let myself in quietly and took up my painting again. No one asked and I never mentioned where I had been.

The voice was stilled.

Along the valley the lights of the curious were turned out.

But the cries of that young man calling in the life of night for the friend he loved have echoed in my memory for about thirty-five years. I wonder what became of him.

And so his voice echoes, echoes, once more, now, into your lives and beyond—carried away on the great river of life, seen once, but unforgotten.

# Din



Love these drapes! Is the host an artist or something?  
Mary, Mary, *Mary!* It's been *ages!*  
Then he leans *way* over me and says, "Let me see your identification," and I said,  
"Well for *that* matter, let *me* see *yours!*"  
Oops I'm sorry, bit crowded in here  
But I couldn't bring myself to *do* anything because I didn't want to spoil  
our beautiful friendship  
Who does that one think she's kidding! Twice a day, my eye!  
I've a friend that knew Marlon Brando when he was nothing more than a  
I've loved you since I first laid eyes on you  
Which is the host? Nobody seems to know.  
Darling, I just don't understand Lesbians at *all*  
I see *no* reason for that much tatcoing unless he's profoundly jealous of  
the Louvre or wants to charge admission  
Oops sorry take my handkerchief no *please!*  
If he imitates Bette Davis again tonight I'm going to take this  
Who? Oh, heavens no, you're thinking of *Len* not *Ken*; Len is the tall one and  
Ken isn't any particular height at all  
I've loved you *both* since I first laid eyes on you  
I mean, if a person borrows money from you and solemnly promises he'll faithfully  
I most certainly did! I gave you my number three separate times and you're *yet* to  
Who *doesn't* loathe that one? Did I ever tell you about the time she  
Sorry, that happens to be spoken for  
You just mark my word: one day it will be *Saint Kinsey!*  
I sometimes think if he says *play it cool* just once more I'll  
But those two darned cats they have are always under you when you try to sit down  
You're crazy if you think I'm going to hash over that silly Convention a *third* time  
Man's whole function in the Scheme of Things is terribly, terribly incidental  
That was just plain old *lettuce!* I cught to know; I made it myself!  
Oops sorry hope it doesn't stain no it was *my* fault it really was  
I've loved you since you first set eyes on me  
Well, if *that's* a vice-squadder, I *want* to be arrested  
Come back here! I *demand* to know exactly who told you such a thing!  
All I know is he likes to ski and overpark  
So they decided to strike *everything* he'd said out of the minutes and forget the  
whole thing and love one another all of a sudden  
What's wrong with being a Japanese? A person has to be *something*  
Never pick up two of *anything*, darling, unless of course you're  
Oops sorry if it stains I'll pay the cleaning give me your number hm?  
Ah, but you're an obligation to Society if you *like* Society or *dislike* Society  
Maybe so but he swears he's nct on duty



Poooh, what sarvitarium would have him?  
*My* place is out of the question; I live with my folks  
Well, all I can say is, he's bragging. I happen to *know*  
Are you *sure* he's out of town?  
All right, *you* tell *me* how he could play an ace with spades no trump  
No, I'm sorry I can't. Next Sunday my whole damned family is having one of those  
I was nine years old at the time and I knew *exactly* what I was doing  
I tell you, these barbell boys are *all* hopelessly married to mirrors  
That's news to me, friend: he and I happen to have lived together for eight years  
She's fifty or so and has the most *fabulous* collection of pictures you *ever*  
Naturally the neighbors get a bit curious now and then but I always say  
Oh shut up lover  
But is it legal to send things like that through the mail?  
At least grunt when I say something; don't just *sit* there  
Just go up and say something conversational and ask him what he's  
Hey now, I didn't say *everyone* should practice nudism; I said that only those  
You've loved me since the first time you saw me  
Which one? Not the youngish one in the white sweater! I don't believe it!  
Sure, I was on the S.S. Melch when the Fifth Naval District was part of the  
Quick talk to me: here comes that gruesome thing I stood up Thanksgiving  
Oops, oops and *double* oops!  
Where? Say that *is* nice! If you don't, I will. Watch my drink.  
You didn't have to *shout* that, friend; this happens to be a respectable  
Fresh  
You'd better take Tess home before she does what she did at Helen's  
I don't care; just give me a straight shot  
But it's slightly disillusioning to meet a chapter chairman at a steam bath  
Man is an experiment that has failed, failed, failed  
Will you stop that? You know what I mean all right  
Does the music *HAVE* to be up that loud? All I see is your mouth moving  
I challenged his credentials and he didn't get the floor again; it was the *only*  
way I could shut him up  
May I get you another drink? I said another drink, no, *drink!* Oh, forget it.  
You're nice  
Oops  
Doesn't that siren sound awfully near?  
He doesn't *discuss* the books he sells; he just recites the jackets  
I'm tired of flitting; I can't tell you how tired I am of flitting  
The host is out cold in the back bedroom  
Hey, somebody answer the door!

Elizabeth Lalo