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THERE'S A NEW MAGAZINE devoted to accurately informing everyone about true aspects of adult sex orientation, advocating good behavior, self-acceptance and responsible citizenship as primary means of achieving full social integration; it calls for change of laws and attitudes in order to abolish injustice.

WRITERS include laymen and professional experts: Doctors, attorneys, psychologists, educators, research scientists, officials.

ARTICLES contain indisputable facts, significant opinion, human interest, based on realistic approach to modern sex problems.

MATTACHINE REVIEW dares to speak for you in erasing ignorance, prejudice, bigotry and costly double standards which result in needless human tragedy. It aims to aid adjustment through enlightenment.

Copies of all previous issues since first Bi-Monthly issue (Jan.-Feb. 1955) are available at 50c each. Annual Subscription rate, \$2.50. All copies sent first class.

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P. O. Box 1925 Los Angeles 53, Calif.

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The
MARGIN
of
MASCULINITY

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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Founded 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.

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AT LAST—

an honest homosexual drama

published by homosexuals

written by James Barr

GAME OF FOOLS



JAMES (BARR) FUGATE

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courageous
author
of
QUATREFOIL

Have you ever found

a mystic bond
herhood
all men one."

Carlyle

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May 1955

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**any story as good as was promised?
Did the author really know what he
was talking about?**

There have been many books about homo-
sexuals and their lives—but none where
the issues are so squarely presented nor
where the pressures and obstacles to over-
come so grip the reader as they do in this
terrific play.

An intimate view of four young men "en-
trapped" in a country retreat—their lives
periled as of that moment; only two com-
plete the epic journey of adjustment.

This powerful play argues that one of the
greatest single sources of continuing perse-
cution of homosexuals is the Church. Says
Mr. Barr, "To the homosexual, everything
seems to change except the public's abiding
scorn for homosexuality. Who keeps the fires
banked and blazing? Anyone who examines
the beliefs of any conservative church, and
acknowledges religion as the custodian of
our moral attitudes, usually seeks no further
for his first answer."

**GAME OF FOOLS is a "rough book, an
unforgettable book, an almost unbe-
lievably courageous book — don't
miss it!"**

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

Carlyle

The Homosexual Magazine

Volume III

Number 5

May 1955

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tangents

news & views

by dal mcintire

Beverly Hills bookseller feuding with Postoffice censors over *LYSISTRATA*, classic comedy of Greek women who try to end war by chastity vows. Recalls LA cop years back who raided performance of play repeatedly, ignoring court injunction, ending in pokey himself. When actors were cleared the zealous enforcer of morality vowed to arrest author. But Mr. Aristophanes had died 2410 years earlier.

Press notices on *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF* sound interesting, though often snide. Rumors of censorship. Minor theme in play: wife accuses husband of abnormality. Some New York ONE reader should send a review.

Note the Met's recent US premiere Richard Strauss' *ARABELLA* dealing comically with tangled loves of girl raised as boy.

TEA & SYMPATHY film version (MGM) snagged by censorship with Code & Legion of Decency. Legion miffed by liberalizing of film morals.

LA County Medical Assn. nixed TV's *Medic* on projected show on homosexuality.

Odd that Alastair Sims, appearing in film *BELLES OF ST. TRINIANS* as school marm, doesn't get censored. Anyone know if *CHARLIE'S AUNT* was ever labelled immoral?

A FEW GLINTS OF LIGHT

Supreme Court refused review of decision limiting Postmaster's power to ban mail of firms whose material he considers obscene.

Orchids to ex-Senator Cain, formerly McCarthyist, who like Chief Justice Warren et al, decided infringements of civil liberties have gone much too far.

Proposed new *Obscene Publications Bill* in preparation in England appears fair and workable substitute for present confused legal status. Degree of censorship involved remains to be seen.

Study of relationship of psychiatry to modern legal problems underway at U of Penna Law School.

Article in recent *AMA Journal* by UCLA's Frederick Worden and James Marsh on study of *men who want to change sex*.

Tests at Harvard indicate only those "psychologically predisposed" react to dope or are in danger of addiction . . . fact which should lessen public hysteria but probably won't.

Illinois Sociologist, studying Airforce vets, found that over a third of 119 men in high-status positions were severely psychoneurotic. "Some mentally ill persons make the grade because somehow they are able to integrate their deviant personalities with their occupations." This is new?

San Francisco's Dr. Karl Bowman at Atlantic City deplored society's tendency to make outcasts of homosexuals.

SURVEY

LA Sheriff was recently advised County jail inmates awaiting sentence could not be put to work at housekeeping duties—except voluntarily. But how voluntary is voluntary?

County Grand Jury attacked disgraceful handling of juveniles under deplorable conditions in County jail.

Vice Squad and City Prosecutor pressure on to close *HOLLER INN*, southland bar "permitting some male employees to wear woman's attire; permitting some patrons and employees to sing lewd and immoral songs," etc.

Santa Monica, Calif., particularly certain beach taverns, hit by raids in wake of election of "reform" candidates to City Council. Three new Councilmen were loud in criticism of offshore drilling, bingo and homosexuality. Police Chief, whom they lambasted for laxity, resigned after declaring Santa Monica's ordinance against business places catering to "known sex perverts" unconstitutional, therefore unenforceable.

Readers feeling this column leans too much on Southern Calif. news are invited to send in more clippings of appropriate items from elsewhere. (Include date and source, please.)

Boston Licensing Board Charman Mary Driscoll questioning holders of club liquor licenses anent call girls and homos.

According to a chi-chi headlined item,

supposedly funny, in Boston's sensational *MID-TOWN JOURNAL*, two real brave cops risked life and limb to swoop down on four men in mid-town Boston. Broke in on two men in compromising position in an elegant apartment, caught two parading downtown in loud sportshirts "with the carelessness of strumpets," and caught two others in a "subterranean passageway." Which allegedly adds up to four, unless the reference to parading strumpets meant the overzealous cops, which might be inferred from the sentence structure in the *Journal's* bit.

Texas Rangers and Galveston Ministerial Assn. up in arms over new Galveston Mayor's plan to open town wide again, with regulated gambling and prostitution.

Washington, D. C. vice squad involved in complex of brutality charges.

Colorado Gov. Johnson vetoed new "tough law for control of sex offenders" saying it went too far and made possible convictions without sufficient evidence. This grew out of furor over case of magistrate who refused to file charge against man who'd allegedly propositioned youth—on grounds no offense had occurred. Magistrate referred to boy's parents and to other officials as "vindictive." Opposition also to Criminal Psychopath Act of 1953 when Pueblo Judge sentenced "pervert" to Psychopathic Hospital, indefinite period. Hospital authorities complained man not psychotic, nor amenable to treatment.

Much disputed *new sex-deviate law* thru North Carolina legislature, dealing specifically with "offenses against children under 16 by persons over 16." First offense becomes misdemeanor and subsequent offenses felonies. This follows year-long series of cases involving adults with consenting high school boys, chiefly in Graham and Charlotte. Usual press campaigns. Interviewed by *CHARLOTTE OBSERVER*, bevy of civic leaders say about same thing: "These sex offenders are sick and need psychiatric treatment. Changes must be made in methods of handling them."

A Miami Judge recently under fire for acting as defense council in morals case. Miami Sheriff Kelly (we have occasion to mention him often) recently ordered his men to get rid of foul smelling stogies, stop smoking while driving or talking to people, and get haircuts. Can't have long-hairs in Dade County Sheriff's Office. Dr. Bruce Alspach in Miami U lecture on "The Sex Offender" called for more common sense on subject, noting need for research and special state facilities. Pointed to innocuousness of most sex offenses, traced history of homosexuality, noted that Freud called homosexuality a variation of de-

velopment, not an illness.

OTHER LANDS

In British furor when non-Christian lecturer spoke on BBC, the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* howled that atheistic views are as unwelcome on air as defense of polygamy, homosexuality or communism. At least some English Christians didn't seem afraid the faith would dry up and blow away the first time a contrary voice was heard in public.

Flurry of recent prosecutions of British clergymen for offenses with boys.

TIME's more than usually Pharisalical tirade, *SIN & SWEDEN*, 4-25-55, raised quite a fuss. Seems *TIME* discovered that some Swedes take a more sane view of sex than does the Luce outfit, and *TIME* thought Sweden was simply nasty. Been good for Swedish tourist trade, though.

Argentina's Peronistas using their vicious roundup of homos as ammunition in government attack on Church, hinting that Church schools breed homos.

IN BETWEEN

Two Colorado brothers recently got Court permission to change to male names. Parents, after 8 older sons, named and raised boys as girls. They wear male attire to work, female clothes at home, but as Judge said, were not sex deviates . . .

British doctors working on erstwhile Mrs. Joy Clark to abet her change into man which began after birth of her second child. She now shaves, smokes pipe, has deep voice and calls herself Darryll Marsh.

In Ohio, a Rhode Island Red hen that had over 100 eggs to her credit, pulled a reverse Christine, turning into rooster, bona-fidely male in form, personality and morals.

Missed seeing Mlle. Torberg Ottodotter's article in *AMERICAN WEEKLY* 12-26-54 claiming model for DaVinci's Mona Lisa was young man. Da Vinci often sketched male heads with female bodies, and reverse.

SOUTH PACIFIC (slightly warped) a big hit in Spain. Full supply of busty females on stage scattered among lonesome sailors, since censors felt too many men alone on stage "smacked of homosexuality." Just the thing the plot needed for clarity.

Monogamy can be fatal: Female screw worm (a cow-killing pest) mates only once in lifetime, the males are more prolific. Entomologist Knipling sterilized groups of males, turning them loose among unwary females in some of worst infested areas. They've since been laying only sterile eggs, promising early disappearance of screw worms from the earth.

BREATH OF SCANDAL

Rumors Serge Rubenstein's death may be linked with homo assassination.

Man in suburb of Pittsburg slaughtered family, two friends, wounded another and killed self. Wounded man indicates homo angle.

48-year-old Louisiana bachelor recently killed his 72-year-old mother with crowbar because "she was a bossy old woman and wouldn't let me go out with girls."

ODD BITS

Syndicate columnist Holmes Alexander, attacking those who "profane our Constitution" by appealing to its provisions for freedom of press, etc., denies that Post Office has ever tried to hold back any lewd or un-American material. As example, he says "Post Office is, unofficially, but I think very admirably, tolerating 'ONE'."

In another installment, he says most modern American troubles were imported from Europe; refers to "sexual profligacy and sexual perversion" as foreign imports. Doubt if all Mr. Alexander's ancestors were American Indians, but if not, then he's a foreign import too, maybe a few generations removed. As for what he calls "sexual profligacy and perversion" that was here before Columbus, though the men who came with and after Columbus were doubtless already familiar with it. A BOSTON HERALD editorial criticized the bigotry in Mr. Alexander's column, and the same paper ran a letter from lawman Zachariah Chaffee, Jr., mentioning that this particular import was recorded in Governor Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation.

Item: Maryland boy left school after being ordered not to wear tight-fitting dungarees.

Damon Runyon told of a war correspondent instructed by editor to get human interest stories on soldiers, "to eat with them and sleep with them and tell us how they live, etc." The reporter found certain difficulties holding his own eating with them, but . . . "When I ask one of them if I can sleep with him, he gives me a strange look, and afterward I have a feeling that I am a subject of gossip among these gees."

1984

LA Police shocked by Cal Supreme Court ruling banning wiretap and bugged homes evidence. LA Chief Parker wants to know what rights the police do have. Glendale Chief Eggers commends the ruling which called halt to illegal police practices. ACLU officials emphasize 4th Amendment guarantees against unreasonable search and seizure. Congressional investigators had demonstration of new wiretap and bugging gadgets, straight out of 1984, such as tiny listening device which can beam to pickup conversation more than 100 yards away. Dist. Atty. Roll urged adoption of Uniform Arrest Law (adopted in several states) defining specifically police rights in questioning, search, arrest, etc. He'd opposed wiretap and bugging but felt Court's ruling apparently also bans "routine" search, roadblocks, raids without warrants, etc.

Four men recently lynched in two mob outbreaks in town near Juarez, Mexico—wave of witchcraft hysteria. Men suspected of kidnapping children and selling their blood.

All this talk about Dior sabotaging the American female bazaar is nonsense and misses point that he merely relieved most women from trying to display what they don't actually possess . . .

RECOMMENDED READING

THE SOLITARY SINGER, by Gay Wilson Allen, Macmillan, \$8, perhaps the best Whitman biography to date.

Aldington's recent biographical exposé of Lawrence of Arabia which attributes homosexuality to desert hero and also denies the heroism, calling Lawrence's account of his adventures a sham.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, by de Terra, Knopf, \$5.75. Humboldt, perhaps the most comprehensive scientist since Aristotle or Bacon, made vital contributions to almost every field of science in early 19th Century. Author dwells at length on great man's homosexual leanings.

THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL, Prison autobiography by Rupert Croft-Cooke who was among those arrested in England last year in the homosexual scandals. Secker and Warburg, 15s.

The MARGIN

of MASCULINITY

James
by Douglas
Margin

Over a quiet bottle of beer the other day I was struck by a moment of whimsey. Some months ago a strange thought had come briefly to mind, then disappeared. Now it had returned, and this time I mused on it fully. Yes, I decided, perhaps I have stumbled on a great truth.

The bartender answered the tap of my empty bottle while I dwelled with growing excitement on the Big Idea. As a theory of importance it would hardly rate with Einstein's relativity, but lesser discoveries had found their place in history—why not mine?

I could call it *Margin's Theory of Masculine Department*.

The title blazed bravely in my mind. It looked nice and substantial and there was an authentic ring to it. In fact, it sounded damn fine. So I decided to adopt it formally and, lest someone come along to claim the same idea as his own, someday to have it published if I could.

The Margin Theory, like any respectable theory, would be revolutionary; unlike other, more scientific findings, it would be understandable to the layman: namely, that in some future decade *homosexual males will appear to be more masculine than heterosexual males*.

I made a critical survey of the bar. Of the six other male customers, I knew two to be gay. Since the remaining four were unknown to me and presented no cause for speculation, I assumed they were not. The point was that nothing in the behavior of the lot of them made anyone seem different from the rest, or from hundreds of males you would pass on the street.

The six exchanged banter with the bartender. They talked with each other. They lit cigarettes. They moved about—to and from the peanut machines, the juke box, the phone booths. And every voice, every movement and manner, was properly masculine. The scene in itself was not remarkable, yet it suggested a fascinating paradox.

Candid Study of the Homosexual



MAYBE—TOMORROW

by Jay Little

A "hush-hush" topic is dealt with sensitively but frankly in this story of a youth who finds himself developing into a homosexual . . . \$4.50
PAGEANT PRESS, INC., 130 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

I knew, for instance, that the two homosexuals were acting out the biggest lies of their lives. I happened to know that their masculine cloaks could be cast off quickly and completely. What I wasn't sure of was whence came this effective disguise. When, more important *how*, did these two people so beautifully master the tricks of masculinity that the traits seemed more inborn than acquired? In search of the answers, I thought back to my earliest interest in the subject.

It all began the year I faced up to my nature and realized there were others like me. My curiosity had been immediate and intense, growing rather than slacking, off with time. And eventually it had resulted in my being hypersensitive to the presence of homosexuals.

There's an old saw to the effect that it takes a queer to recognize a queer. And it figures. But my ability in those days to spot other male homosexuals had been far keener than that of my gay friends, many of whom were older and most of whom were more worldly and experienced. The sensitiveness had been like an electric bell at the base of my skull, a bell that invited me to take a second look at someone I had only subconsciously noted. The bell sometimes tinkled almost inaudibly, sometimes rang with the insistence and fury of a fire alarm. I could be walking down the street, sitting in a restaurant, riding a bus—alone or with friends, preoccupied with my own thoughts or talking with a companion—not thinking about homosexuals, at the moment not interested in homosexuals—and the bell would ring. If it rang softly, the subsequent look I stole might reveal a boy or man whom I couldn't categorize through brief observation. But usually its volume mounted or descended to such a pitch that I was able to arrive at a definite opinion. When the voice of the bell was raucous, there was no need for a furtive double-take. Experience had taught me that if I cared to check, the person invariably would turn out to be obvious.

This automatic alarm had come into being as such a natural part of me that I'd taken it pretty much for granted, assuming at first that it was an interesting appendage to the make-up of all homosexuals. Perhaps the law of Nature's compensation, I had reasoned. Take away a man's sight and his other senses become phenomenally developed. Cut off his right hand and the left becomes so skilled and strong that it can do the work of both. Deny him the security of "belonging" to the society in which he lives and he will find a way of measuring the surprising length and breadth of the minority group to which he was born.

Despite the reasonable assumption, I gradually realized that my gay friends—while quick to recognize obvious types and quick to make guesses about types less obvious—were not gifted with similar powers of perception. By and large they were amazed at the confidence with which I sized up certain strangers, and even more amazed to discover again and again that my evaluations had been accurate. Thus, in my own little circle, I got the reputation of being quite an appraiser—and simultaneously incurred a case of inflated ego.

Up to this time I hadn't been aware of basing my conclusions on physical characteristics alone. On the contrary I had been at a loss to explain how I could repeatedly point out homosexuals who escaped the notice of other initiates. So, encouraged by the flattery of my friends, I got to thinking I was mystically endowed, and as far as I knew might be the only living person who was. "Undoubtedly a sixth sense," I told myself: a cheering thought, as it clearly made me an individual of importance.

Intelligence was not restored until the day I suspected there were bats in my bell tower. Slowly and reluctantly I proved to myself that the bell was not sending messages to me, but was only responding to whatever messages I relayed to it. Like a Univac machine, it could always come up with accurate answers—provided accurate facts were fed to it. If the answer were "Doubtful . . ." it meant the pros and cons that had been thrown into the hopper had practically cancelled each other. If "Definitely!" or "No!" it meant the facts it had received were not only accurate but overwhelming in their implications. For the first time I began noticing scores of things about male deportment which formerly had been pertinent only to my subconscious. And by constantly pin-pointing and comparing the smallest of details, I eventually was able to label each one feminine, masculine, or neuter. Expressions of the face, postures of the body, use of the eyes, movement of the hands, types of apparel, pitch of the voice—they were all a part of my study, and more informative, I believed, than facial features, whether those features were "pretty," nondescript, or ruggedly masculine.

Here the bartender lifted my bottle and held it to the light. Replacing it, he said: "Drink up—the next is on the house."

Before I could again withdraw into my thoughts, a man whom I guessed was about 23 years old came in and sat at the bar two stools away. Draped himself at the bar, that is. His face could have belonged to any plain and overly self-conscious girl, and when he ordered a draft beer the lyric timbre of his voice did nothing to dispel the illusion. His black leather jacket with its bulky lines would have been out of character had he worn it in the usual manner. Instead, it was thrown around his shoulders in the fashion of a cape—and I knew that sooner or later he would be pulling it close against the ravages of some naughty little draft, after first touching the collar to be sure it stood up in the back. A dark out-cropping at the roots of his fluffy peroxide hair suggested he was slovenly, or maybe just tired of being a blond.

I have never had any real understanding of this sort of person and there was a day when I detested any semblance to his kind. Now, thank God, I felt a kinship with him. I knew that if the two of us were ever to be accepted by society, the likes of him must first be accepted by the likes of me; accepted without condescension, accepted with the conviction that the only true measure of "right" behavior and "wrong" is whether one's actions are harmful to himself or to others. A virile facade wouldn't have changed the weight of this man's mind, the structure of his emotions, or the shape of his soul, and though I would always reserve the right to avoid his type in forming friendships, I knew we were brothers.

"Just where," the voice of logic interrupted, "does he fit into the Margin Theory?"

"He doesn't," I argued glibly. "He and all others like him will be the exceptions that prove my rule."

Sensing that I was being watched, I glanced up to catch the frank stare of the same fellow. His gaze was neither impudent nor personal, but as usual the experience was disconcerting. Averting my eyes, I fought an unexpected nostalgia. Although his delicate features above the sweep of long thin neck held no conscious appeal for me, he ironically reminded me of Johnnie, whom I had found tremendously appealing. I also remembered that, long ago and far away, the premise of the Margin Theory had been used in a bizarre experiment—to work a miracle . . .

I had known that it would be hard for all of my friends to accept Johnnie without prejudice, for many of them were heterosexual while Johnnie could be spotted at 90 paces. Conspicuously tall and among strangers extremely shy, he was a real sweet boy—full of fun and laughter, and the possessor of great and gentle consideration for others. Shortly after we met in the days of World War II, I was gratified to learn that his effeminacy was balanced by an appreciable amount of moral guts and even physical courage.

Eventually my friends would have to meet him, for we had started spending all of our spare hours together. Still, envisioning raised eyebrows, I postponed introductions as long as I could. I was certain he could rid himself of most of his telltale traits, but a natural regard for his feelings made me reluctant to mention it. Before he could stop acting like a girl he would have to realize the extremities of his girlishness—and I dreaded his eyes showing pain and embarrassment when I charged him with the truth. It was only when I stopped thinking about myself—what my friends might think of Johnnie, what Johnnie might think of me—and started thinking of Johnnie's welfare instead that I found the courage to broach the subject.

This was the substance of my wary approach:

Most homosexuals to a greater or lesser degree are born with, or manage to acquire, personality traits that usually are found in the opposite sex. Such traits serve no earthly good. Singly they have little or no importance, are not apt to be noticed. But a preponderant accumulation of them can attract suspicion, ridicule, and public scorn. This in turn can affect the homosexual's business or professional career and limit his circle of friends. It follows that elimination (or even skin-deep correction) of these traits would do much to defeat frustration and at the same time broaden the potential scope of existence in a hostile society. I believed I could put my finger on Johnnie's conspicuousness. Would Johnnie like to be less conspicuous?

I needn't have worried about his reaction. "I know I'm effeminate," he said bluntly, "and I've always wanted to do something about it. But I don't know where to start. You point the way and I'll do the rest."

With the corner of my eye I caught a flash of movement at the bar. The hand of my neighbor had swept to the collar of his jacket and now the long white fingers, like the tentacles of a squid, were caressing it to an upright position against his neck. Both hands finally clutched the lapels and folded the jacket tightly across his chest, shoulders hunched, elbows almost touching. The imaginary chill had struck, but I was not amused by the predictable affectation. It was Johnnie all over again—until Johnnie had mastered other manners.

I drank the last of my beer and accepted the bartender's offer of a free bottle, noticing that it was after five and that the bar was beginning to fill for the cocktail hour.

Come along, Johnnie, and we'll make our noble experiment. But first give me your hand. That will be our inarticulate way of expressing a love so great that it can even dignify the shenanigan of changing one's natural behavior. Your touch will remind me that I would hate anyone, even an old friend, who ever made a snide remark about you. My touch will remind you that the whole business is eminently worthwhile, even at the cost of awkward and tiresome self-discipline. If I seem to split hairs in offering advice, it is only because the

net effect of any transformation will be related to the sum of your smallest actions. If I bore you with things you already know, be patient; knowing them and doing something about them are two different matters—and we are seeking results.

First, watch your hands. No other physical factor is such a dead giveaway of the homosexual. Avoid the limp wrist as you would the plague. Bend the hand forward if you must; but never let the wrist tilt it toward the back of the forearm. The latter position is favored by obvious homosexuals who sit with elbow on table (or cupped in hand) and cigarette between two outstretched fingers. At its masculine best the wrist has great rigidity, making the back of the hand a continuation of the straight line of the forearm. At its effeminate worst it is a joint on the loose, flopping the hand in any and all directions.

Develop a firm handshake. The dead-fish hand is not an exclusive property of homosexuals, but a strong grip while shaking hands will color the important first impressions of strangers.

Learn to control the little finger. The "fairy finger," I've heard it called. Brawny truck drivers can stop at their diners and while sipping coffee hoist their little fingers to the ceiling—and get away with it. But you can't, Johnnie. If you let your little finger extend to give natural balance to a heavy cup of coffee, you will let it pretend to give balance to the lightest things you handle. And that exquisite mannerism will be noticed. So tuck the offending member well in toward the palm, and learn to *keep* it there.

Avoid spreading your fingers except when some duty of the hands insists on it. Keep them close together, preferably touching. As a rule, the hand looks most masculine when it approximates the shape of a fist—not tightly clenched, which smacks of neurotic tension, but with the fingers curved easily and naturally.

Learn to strike a match, Johnnie. This may sound ridiculous, but homosexuals who master a hundred other masculine traits often belong at the foot of the class for this. After tearing a match from its folder, hold it so that its head points to the floor. Instead of striking it in such a way that the hand moves away from the body—as if you expect a dangerous explosion—strike it toward the belly or your chest. Mark that as the greatest "must" of all. Further, instead of using a stiff-arm sweep, make the striking motion with a quick sidewise twist of the wrist alone, upwards or toward you—I repeat, never downward or away. Strike it at waist or chest level, and fairly close to the body. Otherwise the momentary pose becomes choreographic. Even when you are lighting other cigarettes, strike the match close in and then extend it to your company.

The next is hard to get on to, but worth learning. After striking a match, twist the stem so that its tip is gripped between the first and second fingers (as you would hold a cigarette), then extend the thumb as if ready to bite a hangnail. At the same time, cup the hand enough to hold a pingpong ball. Now light your cigarette, palm turned wherever you wish, but with wrist straight, four fingers touching, and the hand maintaining its cupped appearance. A simple variation of this—helpful in the event of a hurricane—is an old Navy custom. You make a chimney of the hand that holds the match, allowing the protected flame to rise from the "O" of touching thumb and forefinger.

Incidentally, when you offer a light to others, be sure to point the match down until the fire fully catches (and remember, close to the body). Else the flame will go out in the midst of the ceremony: a peculiar failing of homosexual match-striker.

Extinguish the flame by shaking it briefly and vigorously, either wigwagging or flicking the hand as you would shake down a thermometer. Better yet, blow it out; but do so by holding the flame practically against the lips and exhaling sharply, with the mouth barely open. The effeminate way is to lift the chin slowly, purse the lips, and gently direct a prolonged flow of air at it.

In practicing the match act, forget any fear you might have of fire. You may get scorched, but you'll never be hospitalized by it; and eventually your ease of performance will help confuse anyone who thinks he has your number. If the whole routine is too tedious a job to bother with, buy a lighter. There's little you can do wrong with a lighter, except to operate it with a motion of the entire arm instead of the thumb alone.

Learn the masculine manner of smoking, Johnnie. This too is an exacting accomplishment, but like handling matches, it is important. As you know, cigars are devastatingly masculine. If you could learn to like them your smoking problem would be over. But it isn't likely you are among those rare homosexuals who can appreciate the gutty taste. Next comes the pipe, a method of smoking more acceptable to homosexuals, though still not widely used. When a homosexual smokes a pipe, he usually is the quiet, steady type—or wants to give that impression. Oddly, if the high-strung jittery kind learns to smoke a pipe with any aplomb, it can do just that for him. He appears at peace with the world and gives the impression of being a man of infinite wisdom.

Third, and the most important, are cigarettes—your big vice and mine—with which thousands of gay males unwittingly call attention to themselves every time they light up.

Rule One is never to tamp a cigarette by patting its tip against the nail of your thumb. If the tobacco is loosely packed, drop the cigarette deftly and with some force against any flat and solid surface available—or as a very last resort against the back of the hand or the cigarette package. But don't overdo it. Usually a single tap is sufficient, while three should be the limit.

In transferring the cigarette to your lips, hold the end of it the way you would grasp a hammer. And place it in the side of the mouth, never dead center.

Rule Two: Never remove a cigarette from your mouth with a two-fingered Boy Scout salute (i.e., gripping it between the tips of your extended first and second fingers). Catch it between the thumb and second finger, making sure that the little finger doesn't spring out of formation as you do. If, while lowering it, you want a real Dead-End-Kid effect, hold it in such a way that the lighted end is cupped by the hand. No matter how you remove it, however, always hold the palm downward or toward the body, never face up. Conducive to nicotine stains? It is. But you have to choose between fastidiousness and typical masculine disregard for it. Less extreme, though still effectively masculine, is the habit of removing the cigarette with the crotch of the first two fingers, palm almost touching the mouth, fingers closed and slightly curved; then, while lowering the hand, further curving the fingers to form a half fist.

Of course a brutally tough effect can be achieved by letting the cigarette dangle loosely from the mouth, especially while you talk. But best not to bother. You don't have to mimic Humphrey Bogart to look like a man, and in its own way a dangling cigarette can attract as much attention as a limp wrist.

Exhaling smoke, by the way, should be a simple, quiet matter, with the lips barely parted. If you can exhale at least part of a draw through the nose, so much the better. If the smoke is blown through the lips, avoid the prolonged jet effect—which is effeminate. If entirely or partly through the nostrils, let it be a steady but slow and easy expulsion, lest you merely caricature a masculine trait. Above all, leave it to handsome models in the TV commercials to tilt their heads back, purse their lips, and rid their lungs of smoke with all the magnificence of an Old Faithful eruption. You can be sure that this posturing is nothing more than an innocent miscarriage of ecstatic salesmanship.

For some reason grains of cigarette tobacco seem to have an annoying affinity for the tongues of many heterosexual women and homosexual men. This may be because so many females and gay guys never quite learn to "dry smoke" their cigarettes—to hold them between the dry outer surface of the lips where saliva can't weaken the paper and loosen the tobacco. So practice the knack of dry smoking. Meantime, don't ever stick out the tongue and fish for a dislodged grain with thumb and forefinger (or still worse, the second, third, or fourth finger!). Try licking the side of your fist—an awkward and inelegant gesture, but usually effective—and far less lady-like than using the fingers as pincers.

It is neither a crime nor a special mark of feminism to tap a cigarette with the forefinger while holding it above an ashtray. But the typically masculine way of thumping ashes is to hold the cigarette between thumb and forefinger while flicking it sharply with the tip of the second finger. Whether flicking or tapping, however, the longer you prolong the action, the more of a "nervous type" you appear to be. It is masculine to use a single tap of the forefinger to knock the cigarette against the rim of an ashtray. Never employ the entire arm to bounce the cigarette gently against the tray. Avoid, too, any hand bouncing in ducking your smoke. Rather, press the tip firmly against the bowl with a slight twisting movement. Continued pressure will suffocate the fire. Repeat the routine if necessary—but again, don't overdo it. Never put out a cigarette with a single crushing jab or by grinding it to shreds with the thumb. Such forcefulness is anything but effeminate, but the needless onslaught can suggest an angry state of mind or a vicious nature.

Next, Johnnie, learn the upright posture of masculine males. When standing at ease, under no circumstances allow the weight of your body to rest on a single leg while the knee of the other dips inward. This is the pose of a manikin as she models a gown. Rest your weight equally on both legs, knees rigid. Another solid stance is that of folding the arms and standing with legs apart. Try always to hold your shoulders back, your spine straight, and your head up.

It would be safer to avoid the hands-on-hips position altogether, but if you want to try it there's a thoroughly masculine way. Never rest the backs of your hands on your hips. The fists, yes; though better yet, grasp the hips between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, two to three inches below the

waist. The fingers (keep them closed!) should be in perfect alignment with the diagonal slant of the forearms. It's natural stance for the beach or any outdoor activity, but don't let it grow statuesque.

Your posture while seated can be as telling as at any other time. If you can manage to keep the soles of both shoes flat on the floor, many of the effeminate positions will be automatically eliminated. Even so, the feet should not be held together and drawn back under your chair. While this is only prim in a neuter way, make it masculine by spreading the feet and knees 10 to 15 inches apart and extending one foot or both feet forward. It is bad to cross the ankles except while leaning back and extending the legs full length. It is like flipping a beaded bag to hold the legs together, then to move the feet to the far right or far left, and hook the toe of one foot behind the heel of the other. It is unthinkable that you should ever double up a leg and sit on it.

Crossing the legs is a universal posture of both sexes. But the womanly way is to hook one knee over the other and swing the free-hanging leg to and fro, toe sharply pointed. The masculine way is to prop the ankle of one leg on the knee of the other; and to drop the elevated knee to such a level that the leg is almost parallel to the floor. When you lean back in this position, your arms can rest on the arms of the chair or you can lace your fingers on your diaphragm. When leaning forward, grasp the instep or ankle of the raised foot with the hand that's nearest to it; and prop the elbow of the other arm on the knee, while the hand either hangs forward and down (palm toward chair, fingers touching and slightly curved) or swings to join the other hand in the neighborhood of the ankle.

Wherever it is considered proper, most men welcome informality and the comfort it affords—so learn to relax in masculine style. One lazy sprawl is that of slumping deep in a chair, hooking a leg over its arm, and extending your other leg, foot flat on the floor. Another is propping a single leg on an ottoman, office desk, or other piece of furniture that can't be marred by it. To avoid the danger of ever lolling too prettily, keep in mind a single rudiment; don't ever let the knees or feet touch. It is impossible to strike an overly graceful pose while the legs are spraddled.

When you take a booth with others in a bar, drug store, or restaurant, you should know that a notably gay trait is to jockey for an outside seat and especially for that side of the table that allows the best view of the entrance or greatest area of customers. If you have one side of the booth to yourself, you will be tempted to twist sideways, prop one leg in the seat, and lean back against the wall—in order, whether you realize it or not, to see all who come and go. Don't do it.

For the moment, Johnnie, you don't have to worry about dress. You are just young enough to be able to get away with almost anything you choose to wear. The preference of many boys for garish clothes is generally credited to youthful dash. As you grow older, it will be important to substitute quiet colors and conservative tailoring for flamboyance. The peacock can erect his dazzling train and parade its beauty before the peahen; but modern society expects the male animal to base his magnetism more on intellect and personality than on brilliant regalia.

A miserable trait common to many homosexuals is that of complaining about services received in public—kicking up a fuss over real or fancied slights. Although the plaintive whine and haughty dressing down rightfully belong to juveniles and ill-tempered women, both are practiced by adult homosexual males: 1) to attract attention; 2) to assert delusions of superiority,

or 3) to give the impression of being accustomed only to impeccable service. We all would like to be flawlessly waited on, but only the rich and royal ever are. Simple decency demands that you avoid giving tradesmen a hard time. If you are not served well, the masculine way of retaliating is merely to bypass the individual in future dealings, or to take your patronage elsewhere.

The mincing step of effeminate males is easy to change. Just lengthen your stride and develop a corresponding swing of the arms. Avoid the tightrope performance of placing one foot directly in front of the other as you walk; never use an Arthur Murray glide except on the dance floor, and keep the hips level with every step. When you carry a small package through the streets, never clutch it high on the chest. Cradle an object thus if there seems to be no other way; otherwise, tote it at the side as you would a suitcase. When bulk or weight makes this impractical, you can usually hold it under the arm, hand straight down and supporting its underside.

Contrary to popular belief, lisping speech is not the vocal trademark of an average homosexual male. Neither is a high-pitched voice. Of all the gay males I've known or observed in a lifetime, only one or two actually lisped. The voices of most were in the alto range, while many boomed from the bass register. Practically all did have one thing in common: a musical quality of amazing softness—the kind of velvet texture expected of cultured voices everywhere, regardless of sex. In the case of homosexual men, however, the dulcet tone often seems exaggerated. I am only aware of these facts and have no knowledge of the causes, hence obviously am not equipped to lecture on them. Nonetheless I can make one suggestion with authority: avoid frequent and undue emphasis of words and phrases. Heterosexual males tolerate this habit in their burbling womenfolk. In you they will find the habit less than becoming.

Masculinity is also reflected in one's choice of words. This is a subtle thing and I can only advise that you start eavesdropping—and govern your vocabulary accordingly. There certainly is no excuse for descending to vulgarities in search of robust speech. On the other hand, a few time-honored four-letter words, used with restraint and in proper company, can enrich the language of any man. Skip the gentle expletives, watch your adjectives, and use superlatives sparingly.

In conclusion, Johnnie, remember that no matter what your physical appearance and deportment, so long as you are clean and decent, lacking in evil thoughts and unworthy behavior, you can hold your head high and return the inspection of all mankind. Practice the routines I have outlined, but don't lose sleep over them. In time they will come as easily as reflexes and contribute to a security you otherwise might have been denied.

The noise of the barroom jarred my thoughts, again making me aware of my surroundings. During my reverie all the stools had been taken and a few customers stood in the background with their drinks in hand. The rising tide of babble was all but drowned by a rocking beat from the jukebox:

*Sh-Boom, Sh-Boom,
Da-da-da-da-da-da
Da-da-da, Sh-Boom, Sh-Boom . . .*

The boy in the leather jacket had left, his place now occupied by a middle-aged woman whose hands and eyebrows accompanied her busy mouth as she argued with an escort. Behind me a newcomer quietly apologized for brushing my shoulder as he reached across to accept the Manhattan he had ordered. Half turning to acknowledge the remark, I saw a man with lean tanned features, short cropped hair with flecks of gray at the temples, and a spray of fine lines at the corners of his eyes, their downward slant marking years of smiles. He was wearing a smartly cut charcoal suit and under his arm was a copy of *The Star-Ledger*, the town's conservative afternoon paper.

Taking senseless note of the familiar pall of smoke that lazed against the low ceiling, I lifted my bottle to measure the beer remaining. This would be my last. The noise and the crowd were causing the old oppression to set in and I knew the walk home would do me good. A small voice from the nether region of my mind spoke up: "Remember me? I'm the Margin Theory."

Oh, yes—the Big Idea—and I still hadn't thought it through.

Johnnie had been the cooperative pupil he'd sworn he would be. Within days his outward behavior had changed considerably, in a few weeks there was no noticeable trace of effeminacy, and by the end of three months or so his new personality had "set," distinguished by positive masculine manners. This, coupled with his good looks, nimble mind, and pleasant ways, had made him welcome and respected company wherever he went.

He eventually had volunteered for service and made master sergeant in the infantry before death overtook him at Salerno. I, in my loneliness, wandered afield. I got to know most of the great cities of America and, in time, most of their gay bars. And gradually I discovered something I should have guessed long before: the smallest differences between masculine and feminine behavior were known to the gay crowd everywhere. Thousands were so masking their inherent physical characteristics that my built-in alarm was practically short-circuited. I saw the types and recognized them, but the recognition became more and more laborious and it was being prompted by the faintest sound from the bell—seldom a loud ringing. The only way I could figure it was that simple intelligence had allowed all inquisitive-minded homosexuals to learn for themselves (and perhaps teach others as I had taught Johnnie) the scores of discrepancies between masculine and feminine deportment.

Now the Margin Theory was shaping up. The gay population, I told myself, is altering its profile to satisfy the compelling instinct of self-preservation. The surface transition is not complete, but not many years will pass before it will be.

So far so good. But to clinch the whole theory, I now had to argue that *beterosexual* males are becoming *less* masculine. This would be a harder point to substantiate, but I thought it could be done—indirectly and through the ladies.

I first considered woman's historic though fairly recent entry into public affairs. A change in the Constitution gave her the right to vote and it wasn't long before she assumed the right to run for office. Already we have had female mayors, county commissioners, governors, and members of Congress; and only the other day a U. S. senator seriously predicted that some woman inevitably would be elected president of the United States.

The next step, purely a phenomenon of scientific progress, was woman's emancipation from the home. The era of electrical appliances, ingenious gadgetry, and pre-cooked foods gradually released her from confining chores—with the result that she wandered into the outside world and liked it. Today women are entrenched in most fields of business and industry once dominated by men, as well as such unlikely occupations as serving on police forces, driving cabs, and bouncing unruly nightclub patrons. Where once they gamboled on the tennis courts and used bathing suits more for sunning than swimming, they now ski, bowl, shoot billiards, race autos, and win at poker. They have even entered the lively sports of wrestling, bull fighting, stunt flying, and tiger hunting. True, only a relatively small number of women engage in these last and similar activities; but neither are the occupations ordinary ones for men. The point is that women have found a place in them, not as freaks but as legitimate participants.

World War II also had a hand in leveling the sexes. It put American women in uniform and they still comprise an important part of the Armed Forces. The same emergency created a labor vacuum that drew them into most of the masculine fields they hadn't already invaded. In many instances they chose to remain, competing later with the men who came back. Others returned to their homes with typical masculine skills. The woman who had mastered intricate mechanics on an assembly line was no longer afraid of using pliers on the waffle iron or a wrench on the kitchen sink. It all took place in abnormal times, of course, but many traditions have had their beginnings in just such "temporary" arrangements.

Add to all this the progressive alterations in the American female's appearance, real and artificial. Long tresses, once the "crowning glory" of woman, have surrendered to the shears of hair stylists. Coiffures repeatedly approach the skullcap effect, until the only mode that seems left is the butch haircut. And Old World masters who once painted the female form in its natural dimensions and beauty would be numbed by the sight of the slim "boyish" hips of today's fashionable distaff.

What the girls haven't been able to change by diet and exercise they have tried to camouflage with attire. They have increased their heights with stilted heels, from time to time broadened their upper beams with shoulder pads, made jeans and slacks a standard supplement of their wardrobes. Manufacturers of women's undergarments made some headway in their admirable, if commercial, attempt to accentuate the female form with "falsies"; then along came that Parisian couturier's newest look: a chest-like flattening of the lines of the breast!

Finally I pondered the unhappy demands of modern economics. Young couples find it increasingly hard to meet the financial requirements of home-making unless bride and groom can command separate incomes. In that event the wife learns an independence of spending that she sometimes refuses to surrender. Psychologically it has been disastrous for the male. No longer entirely dominant, no longer the sole provider in this home,* he must now share the wearing of the pants and to some degree the wearing of the apron.

Several years ago, for example, a survey showed that 25 per cent of all supermarket shoppers were men, and today the percentage no doubt is higher. Husbands who once got away with the lone womanly chore of doing the dishes are now lucky if this is only one of a dozen of their regular housekeeping responsibilities. Time sets a physical limitation on the accomplishments of

*Latest figures on percentage of housewives working range from a low of 21.3% in Salt Lake City to a high of 41.9% in Washington, D. C.

any one person around the home. So if husband and wife are working, yet have no full-time maid, there's only one answer: it takes two to tango.

Sipping the last of my beer, I wondered if I had exaggerated the facts. Possibly. I wondered too if the constant erosion of principles that once gave separate identities to the sexes was quite as meaningful as I suspected. Perhaps not. Still, few could deny a continuing trend toward equalization. And if the trend persists, there's little likelihood that recipe-swapping men will retain all of the individualism of their former masculinity. Such terms as "better half" and "weaker sex," already considered quaint, will disappear, while the words "masculine" and "feminine" become obsolete for sheer lack of meaning. Meanwhile, homosexual males, in rehearsing the masculine role, will almost certainly overplay it, achieving a tough effect that is already a receding characteristic of the male majority.

My eyes suddenly focused on columns of black type at my elbow. It was *The Star-Ledger*, folded and lying on the bar. The customer who had been seated on my right was gone, his place taken by the man with the newspaper.

"I'm through with the paper if you'd like to read it," he said.

I declined with thanks, but the friendly offer led to conversation. It happened that he was in television work, and he was able to tell me many informative and interesting things about studio production. In the enjoyment of our discussion I lost track of the hour, surprised when he offered to buy me a beer that some 30 minutes had passed since we first began talking.

"No thanks," I said. "I have to be leaving."

We exchanged so-longs and I walked to the vestibule. Just before stepping into the street, I paused to take a deep breath of welcome fresh air and glance up at the early stars that were blinking undecipherable messages. I thought of my *Star-Ledger* companion and wondered about him. A rapport—the kind that comes quickly to strangers who discover common interests over their cups—had definitely been established; and for its duration he had been my friend and I, his. Meaning exactly nothing. After a half-hour of nearness to his voice, his appearance, his movements and manners, I was unable to make the slightest deduction. There had been nothing in his personality to tip the scales in either direction.

Me an authority on masculine deportment?

Stepping into the night I ruefully answered my own question: "Nuts! I know nothing about it."

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THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

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Pirouette

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The fellows knew nothing much about her except that she knew how to mix the drinks; make them feel at home and smoke her red pipe with a look on her face that made them envy her obvious pleasure in it.

"What do you think of l'amour, Ren, think there's anything in it?" one of the newer, more brazen fellows put the subject to her. Apparently no one had spoken to him about the subject being touchy to Ren. The room blushed with silence.

She pulled on her pipe as though not to have noticed the collective embarrassment. "The heart," she said, and smiled, "the heart can be functioned according to the will if the will is not malleable or susceptible."

Here was a story brewing. The fellows came around her, three sitting on the floor; the Young Man and his friend taking two chairs beside her. "That ain't my conviction," she said, "it was the theory of a man I knew years ago when I was water boy in the circus." She chuckled, "I could do more work barefoot than big men with boots on."

"Tell us something about this here fellow," the Young Man said, "tell us about this curious theory of his. What'd he do in the circus? Why was he there?"

Ren gently, meticulously tapped her red pipe on the chair. Each tap became more exasperating. "He was the barker of Marceline's show," she said. "Yes, the circus," she leaned back deeply into her chair, "a whole new dangerous world: rings of fire being tossed into the air! people plunging through them! wild beasts hunted and captured in Darkest Africa, showing their fangs to a fool with a whip and a chair no bigger than the one in the kitchen. And the acrobats!—beautiful people with the bodies of Aphrodites and Apollos risking them even—to do what they needed to do."

"Nutty" the Young Man said.

"You say you want to hear something about the man whose theory interests you—but I can't do that without mention of Marceline, the woman of whom he had been a part. She was the star tightrope artist. I remember lots of times hearing them talk together. One night after the show she'd said to him, 'This isn't enough, Joe, I feel like a duck in a shooting gallery.' 'O.K., Marceline,' he'd said to her, 'from this day on we prepare for the Pirouette. But first I must know your own need for such a stunt.' She didn't answer him. I guess that was enough because he said, 'O.K. The actual performance is going to be dangerous—your skill and know-how will mean the difference of life and death. Understand me?' 'Yes,' was all she said. 'And you won't go off and have some foolish love affair to distract you?' 'No, Joe,' she said. He was perhaps twenty years older than her. She was twenty I'd say," Ren said, "and I think he was beginning to have designs about that time . . . this was one way of keeping her. 'Good,' Joe'd said, 'starting tomorrow you go into training. And remember, Marceline, on the big night you will pirouette once. Only once. The stunt cannot be done twice without a serious risk. You follow my coaching, Marceline, and you'll become the greatest asset to the show and world famous.' But there seemed to be something more that goaded them," Ren said. "Something no other medium could possibly express."

"Ye gods! what the hell was his motive?" the Young Man asked, leaning over to put out his cigarette.

Ren paused; pushed the stem of her red pipe up to her puckered lips and it was not a hesitancy. The pause was the aura that circled the answer and gave it substance, like the flesh of a plum around its stone. She said: "I think the hazard was his because he was making it."

"Did she break their contract?" the Young Man asked.

Ren looked at the Young Man: a look of watching. "Hah," she said, "Marceline trained for ten hours a day. You see, the point was for her to make a complete pirouette in the middle of the tightrope. She had long since perfected her tightrope act but it was for the pirouette that she worked all those months. It took weeks to overcome dizziness at that height. I'll never forget opening night," Ren said. "I was giving water to the elephants behind her tent and I crept up to the small opening where I could see the light coming through. Peeping in, I watched her end her dressing with a gaudy crown that had long before become a part of her . . . like luck. Joe had been standing beside her; both of them looking into the mirror together. There was something, I could feel," Ren said. "You know how receptive little kids are."

"Something passed between those two people." Ren stopped speaking; tapped lightly, annoyingly, the stem of her pipe against her teeth. 'Don't let me go out there,' Marceline had said. 'But, Marceline, why?' Joe knew damn well why," Ren said. "Anyway, in the dazzling glare of lights she didn't turn to look at him again." Ren pushed the air up into the red pipe so that it made a crackling sound.

"With perfect balance and an ease unequaled she walked the tightrope to its center," Ren said. "A green weird, deathly light was pinned on her. In the shadows two clowns hauled the net away from beneath her. And she pirouetted."

"Did she make it?"

"In a way, yes."

"In a way? My God, Ren. She must have been at least fifty feet in the air!"

Ren paused again to strike a match with the nail of her thumb. The snap resounded and the flame burst into being. The blaze grew on the match stick and all their eyes seemed mesmerized curiously on it, watching it rise and fall as Ren puffed slowly on her pipe. "It seems she was on her way back to the platform when she stopped. You understand, she was still in a position of danger when just as everyone was about to catch his breath she turned and repeated her performance." Ren said, "Remember I said her chances were nil if she pirouetted twice consecutively? But she seemed impelled. Never do I hope to see such beauty long as I live, more lovely than a dance."

"But did—did she come *down*!" The Young Man squirmed in his chair.

"As I say, she demonstrated perfect control," Ren said, "but if you mean did she come down for the applause . . . no. Like all great things it destroyed her. According to this man's hypothesis, love is secondary in the eye of greatness. Don't you agree?"

The Young Man leaned forward again, "Nonsense," he said, "it was a pure case of suicide. No one else knew, perhaps . . . except you and that man. Don't you see, Ren? She had been *told* it was suicide if she did it twice."

"But he was too old for her," Ren said, "or something, too old or too purple maybe . . . or round. I don't know. Too something."

"What did it matter that he was older than she?" said the Young Man.

"Wasn't he carrying his principles a little bit too far?"

"But the criterion . . ." Ren began.

"To the devil with the criterion," the Young Man said. "Obviously the girl was in love with him. And for my money love offers more than death anytime."

Ren drew her red pipe up to her mouth and with a spasmodic movement, not in keeping with her seemingly casual air, she hit the stem of it hard against her clenched teeth. With her tapering fingers she covered the warm bowl of her pipe and puffed on it quickly but she didn't succeed in relighting even a spark.

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