

# Notes on a photography

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I but place my one hand on your knee and put my other arm around you and hold you close to my heart. If I could but be your family and your home, and make the world good, for you!

But he didn't know what the boy's prejudices might be, and there wasn't time to find out. More important were the words of encouragement and good sense he had to tell the boy, words the boy's mother might have spoken were she still alive. The soldier realized the boy would take these words seriously only if he had respect for the person speaking them. Ideas about how far the relationship between one man and another dare progress were strong prejudices, and he didn't want to risk sacrificing the impression of what he had to say, when the life and future of the boy might depend on the effect of those words. So it was that he held back. With all his courage and strength, the soldier held back. He behaved like a parent, like a loving parent, and he talked to the boy like a parent.

It wasn't easy. To have given way to the physical attraction of the boy, or at least to have made a cautious «Versuch», would have been easier. But the feeling of responsibility and his growing conviction in the truth of his words, these waxed strong in him. These were more than the passion of his heart and were with him long after the train had made the stop at Würzburg.

A look of relaxation came onto the boy's face as the soldier talked. A glimmer of hope sparkled in his eyes as the soldier made him aware how glad he could feel himself to be a man, with «alles was dazu gehört», a sound man with both his hands and both his eyes and all the future before him; things his mother might have expressed to him, were she but alive.

The soldier said as much, kissing the boy briefly on the forehead as the train began to slow down and it was time for the boy to go.

'Here's my name and address', said the soldier. 'I'll always be glad to hear how you're making out!'

He accompanied the boy to the end of the car. In the bright light he could see that the boy wasn't as beautiful as he had imagined in the dark. But hell, that didn't matter.

**WÜRZBURG!**

The boy looked up into the soldier's eyes. It was a look of trust, and it expressed more than spoken thanks. They clasped hands warmly, and then the boy was gone.

-naxos.

### *Notes*

#### *on a Photograph*

*by Roberto Rolf*

To enable our American and English subscribers to read our appreciation of Roberto Rolf's photographs which was printed in German in our June-issue we give herewith an English translation of the article in question. *Der Kreis.*

Painters and sculptors have at all times tried to capture the essential spirit of their age. Fundamentally it is the task that every artist of every period has put himself to: to reproduce the spirit of his era as seen

through the eyes of the artist himself. Because of this both the artist and his work will always remain an incalculable element, for the artist does more than reproduce surface-impressions — he interprets the basic reality underlying surface impressions.

By the development of technical devices photography has to-day reached a fulfilment which enables a deeper insight than that granted to a painter of a bygone age. To depict reality is no end in itself and for that reason the modern photographer seeks ways and means to express his artistic aim beyond reality.

This photograph by Roberto Rolf, the well-known New York photographer serves excellently as an example of what may be termed the search for artistic form. If the young model had only been photographed the photo might conceivably be looked upon as a rather risky one. But it evades this pitfall. The unbearable heat of an afternoon in a huge city — a heat which makes all clothing, even the lightest, cling to the body, is felt here in a perhaps unorthodox but very vivid manner. Moreover the fact of this heat is illustrated by the position of the uplifted arms, covering the face turned away from the burning atmosphere. Here is an expression half tense, half relaxed caught and made beautifully static in the fraction of a second. The diagonal line and the wave-like strands cutting through the picture likewise testify in a masterly manner to that feeling of oppressive heat. This wave-like movement is ably duplicated in the body of the young model, thus enabling the onlooker to perceive the quality of a truly artistic photograph, no less masterly than the many others Roberto Rolf has given us previously.

And as Roberto Rolf is one of those exceptional photographers who instinctively understand how to depict the grace and beauty of young men in ever changing variations, we feel especially grateful to him. Female beauty is everywhere depicted in abundance, but the bewitching harmony of the male body is bashfully avoided by most photographers. One more reason for us to be proud to be able to show these exquisitely beautiful photographs to our friends.

*Rolf.*

## Book Review

*D. J. West, M. B., D. P. M., Homosexuality*  
Duckworth and Co., London, 15sh

In the introduction of his new book Dr. West says, 'In view of the secrecy with which our society shields itself from the spectacle of sexual abnormality, and the uncompromising denunciation by moralists of what they call 'unnatural vice', it is no surprise that the average person looks on Homosexuality with rooted aversion, and his ideas about it are crude. Male homosexuals have been variously regarded as degenerate personalities, moral pariahs who obstinately persist in tasting forbidden fruits, effete, 'pansy' types incapable of natural manliness, dangerous seducers of the young, victims of circumstance etc.' How well Dr. West knows