

DECEMBER 1960



UE

SPECIAL FICTION ISSUE

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American readers can subscribe to *Der Kreis*. Details are found on page 31.

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The *REVIEW* is available on many U.S. newsstands at 50¢ per copy, and by subscription (mailed in plain, sealed envelope). Rates in advance: \$5 in U.S. and possessions; \$6 foreign.

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Founded in 1954 - First Issue January 1955

VOLUME VI DECEMBER, 1960 NUMBER 12

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THE GLASS HOUSE

by DAVID ST.CYR

It all began the day Martin and Tom moved into the house. As their interest in sexual matters was not quite that of the two families who already lived in the house, their presence from the very first day aroused a certain amount of agitation among the other residents, whose reactions, however, varied a good deal.

The house, built to hold three families, was one of those onestorey, sprawling and sterile glass things, which — at the cost of a small fortune monthly — according to the house agent offered luxury only equalled in Hollywood. More than anything else it looked like three huge transparent bricks not quite in line with each other and surrounded by rose-filled pergolas and tiny terraces where even in summer it was too cold to sit. Expansive, shiny parquet floors usually made a deep impression on would-be tenants until they were informed of the rent and their illusions as to the architect's idealistic intent faded away. As it were, it had taken the house agent almost a year of intensive advertising to hook any tenants.

The arrival of a new family in the glass house naturally would be greeted with inquisitive interest. As the »family« consisted of two young men, interest turned into something more than mere curiosity. Dorrit, who lived in the centre block, felt a tingling delight at the thought of two men sleeping on the other side of the wall of her sitting room. Frank, her husband, sensed her excitement when she handed him his coffee after dinner, lips slightly apart, hands positively fluttering, and he felt it again when later in the evening she put her book down and turned off the light. It irritated him, but it also fascinated him, as in common with his wife ... and, for that matter, with most other people ... he nourished a furtive interest in everything that lay outside the beaten track.

»Odd,« he said to Dorrit that evening. She was stacking some logs in the open fireplace and inwardly cursed this architectural refinement, which gave her so much extra work. »Odd,« he repeated, as she rose and faced him, »but then, of course, it takes all kinds ...«

Dorrit had seen one of the two young men carry a zebra skin into the house from the moving van. He was tall, had dark hair and looked very masculine. If it really were true that those two were homosexuals — and surely they must be when they lived together — well, all she could say was that it really was a most unfair fate which had bestowed so much virile, almost brutal charm on

the fellow. Rather like hanging gold brocaded tapestry in a pig sty, or something equally idiotic; in fact, utterly absurd and above all totally unnecessary.

»What do you think they actually do?« she asked lightly, and tried to blow life into the fire with the result that a whole cloud of paper ashes ascended to slowly cover her with black confetti. »What did you say?« her husband looked up from his book, »oh, really, darling, I hav'nt the faintest idea.«

This, actually, was not strictly true. Frank had been educated at a private boarding school where no pleasures or experiments had gone untried, but there were things one simply did not talk about. Dorrit, perfectly familiar with the various particular cravings of her husband, therefore had no inkling of his first adventures, and was unlikely ever to hear of them as he feared that she would be so shocked that she would deny him his marital right if those, in retrospect rather embarrassing, incidents were now to be revealed. Frank, in fact was a bad psychologist.

Poul, however, the lord and master of the third section of the glass house, knew quite well that many women, and particularly those of Dorrit's type, would view a few homosexual incidents, concealed in the darkness of the past, as an added spice, a means by proxy to extend her gains to include something of the other men. Poul had no such confessions to make ... which secretly he regretted ... and his relations with Dorrit in any event were not so close that he could have told her, had there been anything to tell. This distance between them was a bore, as she really was a most attractive woman, and he frequently discussed her with his wife, Astrid, whose detached interest in the matter revealed her indifference to his sufferings. Astrid wrote books, and had already produced eight long volumes, which, having wandered for years from one publisher to another, now served as a water absorbing layer beneath a leaking aquarium.

»Do you know what I am going to do?« she asked that evening, and stopped the clatter of her typewriter. Evidently, this was a rhetorical question, because she went on at once: »I'll let the Count suffer from maniacal depression. During his period of depression next week, I'll let him cut his wife's wrist with a pair of embroidery scissors, and then, at the next change of the moon, when he enters his maniac period, I'll let him give himself up to the police. What to you think of that?«

»Splendid, my dear. Splendid.«

Poul a few months before had called at a bookshop to buy a manual on the training of domesticated birds, but on his return home found that he had been given a wrong parcel, which contained Freud's Psychoanalysis. Astrid at once had taken possession of the book, since, when her novels no longer dealt with the platonic dreams of the miller's daughter about the squire's son, they concentrated on the fetiches of schizophrenic landlords obsessed with the curls of small negro girls. It was all most interesting.

That two young men had moved into the glass house suited her admirably, but it was most annoying that the Count throughout her novel had displayed a never wearying interest in the female sex when now she had a matchless opportunity

to conduct studies in a different field. She wondered whether she could persuade Poul to call on their new neighbours.

»Don't you think that the Count ought to be homosexual, well, just a little bit?« she asked vaguely and rather wildly.

»Yes, why not, dear,« Poul replied absentmindedly from behind his evening paper. He was not at all surprised, had, in fact, become unshockable ever since Astrid embarked upon her psychological studies. He added unthinkingly, and, as it turned out, foolishly: »Young men often are very interesting.«

»They are too sweet,« she burst out more than pleased at his unexpected accommodating reaction. »You know, I do so want to put real life into the book, so I thought that if I let the Count fall in love with the naked executioner on the guillotine, perhaps you could help a little by ...«

»Really, dear!« Poul pretended to feel scandalized. This matter of collecting material for his wife's books was becoming tiresome. He still winced at the recollection of a certain incidence when she had wanted to know all about the reactions of a gigolo to a nymphomaniacal sixty year old woman. It had not been amusing, and now this ...! He had an idea that homosexuality had something to do with unpleasant old men whose exhausted senses only could be stimulated by very small boys.

»! only meant that you might call on the two young men one evening,« she explained somewhat chastened, and looked down at her typewriter.

»Young?« Poul inquired. He wanted assurance before he committed himself.

»Neither of them are more than twenty-five. I have seen them both.«

Poul thought about it. »Wouldn't it do to let the Count fall in love with the Baroness's daughter? You know, the girl who looks like Dorrit.

»No, it would not! Really, you have that girl on your mind all the time, and I do wish that you would stop interfering with my writing.«

»There is nothing that I'd like better,« Poul retorted untruthfully, as he quite enjoyed the pretence of despising her collection of case histories.

»You are just being unfair,« Astrid stated firmly. »My God! It is not much that I ask you to do.«

»Not much! Well, I find it rather depraved,« Poul replied, and thought himself very clever. »But, if you absolutely insist ...«

The following morning the glass house awoke to an atmosphere of tension, and prepared for a siege as yet not declared. Dorrit had stayed awake half the night, and was disappointed when no sound was heard from the bedroom of the two men to give her a welcome chance to wake her husband and voice her indignation. It usually ended very cozily whenever she aroused Frank from his sleep during the night. When, however, by half past four in the morning she had not heard any groans, snorts of laughter, or quarrels, she decided to postpone her revulsion and went to sleep with a grievance.

Frank had not fared much better. The thought of the two men next door seemed to have stimulated his virility to an astonishing degree, but somehow Dorrit was not a wholly satisfying object for a demonstration, and he began to refresh half-forgotten memoirs of his schooldays. That morning he acted more manly than

ever, and to further guard himself against any suspicion, he confined his observations at the breakfast table to derogatory comments on the world's pansies. He could have spared himself the effort. Dorrit was deep in her own thoughts, and what penetrated into her mind made her think him rather pompous. She decided that she had no more sugar in the house, and that it would be necessary for her to pay the two young men a morning visit to borrow half a pound the moment Frank was out of the house on his way to town.

Astrid was more furtive, and had pushed the sofa up against the window. Standing on its back, bending forward and holding on to the curtain rod, she had the terrace of the two men under observation. The position was uncomfortable, exceedingly uncomfortable, in fact, but should those two come out to pluck roses and waltz around adorning each others hair, she would rather die than miss the sight. It was just what her novel on the revolution needed to become a bestseller with at least eighteen reprints.

Her enthusiasm infected Poul. He called up his office and reported a heavy cold. Astrid was pleased. Her post of observation on the back of the sofa, albeit strategical, progressively grew more uncomfortable. She easily persuaded Poul to take his turn on the back of the sofa, and they faithfully relieved each other every fifteen minutes. Not for years had they been so united in common purpose. Most of the morning, however, passed uneventfully, and Astrid began to tire. Her feet ached and her arms were stiff. Poul's interest, however, rather annoyingly seemed to increase with each hour, and she was just about to give up when at last something happened.

»Poul!« she screamed unnecessarily, as he was standing right next to her. »Do look! That silly idiot Dorrit is on her way in to them!«

Poul joined his wife on the back of the sofa and looked. It was quite true: Dorrit was slowly walking up the tiled walk leading to the deserted terrace, wearing a black, low-cut cocktail dress, an airy tulle stole over her shoulders. Astrid very nearly fell out of the window.

»Well!! It is absolutely outrageous! Have you ever seen anything so utterly shameless? What does she think she is going to get!«

Their eyes clung to Dorrit as she proceeded up the steps to the terrace and knocked on the French door. The sofa swayed perilously, as the dark-haired young man opened the door.

Astrid drew a sharp breath. »He is at least six feet eight,« she hissed, and regretted bitterly that she had forgotten to put on her glasses. She was just able to make out that he was wearing a lavenderblue shirt, open at the throat, but could not see whether that dark patch was a black undershirt, or whether it was just hair. She decided that it must be hair.

Poul was in a quandary. He was unable to make up his mind whether to watch the young man or Dorrit. Everything seemed to happen so fast. There was just time to see the young man say something and then shut the door, very firmly. Dorrit stood frozen for a moment and gazed unbelievably at the closed door. Then she turned, white with fury, her heels clattering like machine-gun fire over

the tiles. Astrid knew a moment of true happiness. »My God! She deserved that, that hussy!« Astrid purred: »Poul, you must go at once.«

»What? To Dorrit?« — Poul was being rather slow.

»No, you fool. To those men!«

Poul thought his wife must have lost her mind. »Good heavens, dear! What am I to say to them?«

Astrid thought quickly. »Go first to the kiosk and buy four lottery tickets, then ring at their door and pretend you are a door-to-door salesman.«

»You can't possibly mean that!«

»Just hurry, dear!«

Poul went off, and Astrid opened the window the better to hear. While her husband was in the kiosk, little Mrs. Olsen from Number One came to borrow some cream, but left empty-handed and shaken, and the grocer's feminine son fared no better, much to Astrid's surprise. He was known as Desdemona of Portugal, but now it did not help him that he insisted that he represented the Society for the Preservation of Eye Glasses in the Eastern Territories. It seemed to her that a whole queue was forming on the road.

Poul at last arrived with his four lottery tickets. He sent her a helpless glance and knocked timidly on the door. She could have strangled him. This was not the way to do things.

The young man opened the door, and Astrid thought she would die of sheer excitement.

»No, thank you,« the young man said, placed a coin in Poul's hand, and closed the door. Poul shuffled off, and back in his own quarters, sat wordlessly down, looking rather sick.

A deafening silence reigned in the house until lunch when, sufficiently recuperated to wish to console his wife, but not psychologically at his best, he observed while helping himself generously to some Italian salad: »Well, at least we have supported the Bee Breeders' Choir by buying their lottery tickets.« This proved too much for Astrid.

»When all is said and done, those two are just downright perverse,« she exclaimed furiously. »After lunch, I am going to see Mrs. Vinkelhorn in Number Thirteen. I am going to warn her that her two little boys are in appalling danger.« Dorrit, back from her expedition, tore her eyelashes off, and was too upset to put them back in the plastic box.

»Damn him!« she thought angrily. While changing into her house coat, she wondered what could be done to annoy those loathsome characters. In the end, she decided on buying some weed seeds to sow on their lawn in the dark of night. As she was hanging her stole into the wardrobe, it caught a peg and was torn.

»They are just degenerate,« she shrieked, and stamped on the remains of the lilac-coloured tulle.

When Frank returned that evening and found his wife writing furious letters to the press, denouncing all inverts and suggesting that the lot of them ought to be

sent to Siberia, he was glad that he had kept his boarding school affairs to himself.

DAVID ST.CYR

Commentary after Violence

I see the pain is wrinkled
Like a frown; my eyes rotate
Around the hollow space that
Housed your breast, and now
I see behind your shell your
Carnival of arms and legs.

The wonder is you worked so
Well; out of twisted bits
The jellied eel effect does
Not suggest your ambiguity of
Flesh. Your impaled smile I see
More sinister dead than real.

I could not love you when I knew
You well, but then I never
Guessed you were merely composed
Of this. If I am the first not to
Disturb your sleep it means
That decomposed I like you least.

Anthony Elliott.

WHITE SHORTS

by O. F. Simpson

Scene — Nice, Promenade des Anglais. Time — August, 1958. Being English, I enjoy a stroll along «my» promenade, and on this particular morning had just crossed over onto the shore side when my eye was caught by a pair of dazzling white beach shorts worn by one of the sunbathers on the beach in front of me. As I have good reason to know professionally, all-white beach shorts are not common in Europe — most manufacturers have had difficulty in finding a cloth which remains opaque when wet; so in spite of having other things to do, I began to speculate idly about the make of the shorts, the design of which was also new to me. As I looked down on him from above, the exceptionally fine proportions of the wearer's body also began to impress me.

The shorts were short indeed. Flared open at the lower end where his thighs disappeared inside them, they were stretched tight across the curves of one of the most beautiful athlete's bottoms I had ever seen; above the elastic waistband his bare brown torso seemed to be poured out across the beach, topped by a lean, handsome, red-Indian-style face with thick, stiff, black «penwiper» hair. He lay absolutely still — asleep, I supposed; only the faintest perceptible movement of his diaphragm as he breathed showed me he wasn't dead.

Two things led me to decide he was probably a countryman of my own — the defiant abandon with which he lay head towards the sea unlike everyone else on the beach, and a rather dirty waterproof by his side, which seemed to be his only clothes. I watched him for nearly twenty minutes, enjoying the perfection of his glorious body in repose; after that, he woke, stretched once or twice slowly and luxuriantly like an animal, got up, put on the waterproof and sat down again on the beach, evidently changing clothes under the mackintosh — a procedure which I feel sure is forbidden by the bye-laws of Nice, though this did not appear to worry him. After threshing about a bit he stood up ready to go in for a swim. I was pleased to see him wearing a blue Port-Cros minimum slip, the design I consider the simplest and best of all for those who have the figure to carry it off. Barefoot and completely disregarding the pebbles on the beach — from which I inferred he was as tough as he was good-looking — he walked quickly down to the sea, swam out fast, and was soon lost to my sight among the bathers.

Professional curiosity about those shorts began to nag me. I fought against it for several minutes, then decided to go and take a look. I walked down to the beach, crossed to where his clothes lay, picked the shorts up and began to examine them. They were American, from a Hollywood maker, I found. I noticed the clever way in which the frontal jock strap was slung not to the back of the shorts but to the sides, by thick elastic passing under the wearer's buttocks and so slightly lifting them; and I had my hand actually inside his jock strap to feel the quality of the lining, when suddenly a rather surly voice spoke behind me: «Que faites-vous alors? Will you kindly leave my shorts alone?»

I was caught red-handed, by the owner himself — who did not however seem to be sure what to make of the situation. Two thoughts struck me at once: one, that the pronunciation of the two sentences left no doubt I had been right in thinking him English; two, and quite irrelevant, that he had none of the mean, bedraggled look that bathers have when they first leave the water —

seen close to, even with the water dripping off his chin, he was a more magnificent figure of a young chap than ever. I decided quickly that attack was going to be the best form of defence.

«Well, I'm professionally interested in these things, so I thought I'd take a look.»

«Oh, are you a tailor or something?»

For some reason it always seems faintly insulting to be called a tailor, and being suddenly angry with him on that account I probably spoke much more openly to him than I would otherwise have done. «Certainly not, and anyway that's no business of yours. As it happens, I'm a fashion artist. And as it also happens, while we're talking about it, I don't think I've seen a naked male body as good as yours anywhere in Nice.»

He was considerably taken aback, I could see, but also pleased, there was no doubt of that. I could swear that deep under his sun tan something like a schoolboy's blush came and went. «Oh really, well... I don't know about that. Er — thank you,» was all he said, very hesitantly.

«And that being so,» I carried on, «I think it would be a good thing if you came and earned a pound or two modelling for me, this very afternoon. Will you?»

«Well, I'm going to sunbathe here all day,» he said after some thought, «but I could come in the evening if you like.» And so we settled it. I gave him the address and walked quickly away, glad to bring this odd encounter to a fairly dignified close.

*

The flat I rented was in a modern building back in the Old Town, and I was quite prepared — it so often happens with models — for him to get cold feet and not turn up at all; but he did, and punctually too. He was very simply and smartly dressed in a brick-red T-shirt, close fitting black gabardine trousers and red espadrilles. I could price his clothes to the nearest shilling (though I couldn't price the marvellous catlike body inside them to the nearest thousand pounds!); I even noted the flaw in the weave under one arm of his T-shirt which meant he had bought it cheap in a sale. But he wore these very ordinary garments like a prince in ermine, bearing out the theory I have always held, that young men with really good figures needn't waste their money on having clothes made to measure — they look their best in the plainest, massproduced clothes.

On the spur of the moment I decided to take him out to supper at a restaurant round the corner; he accepted the invitation gladly. Watching a healthy young man satisfying his hunger is for me one of the subtlest of pleasures, and I saw to it that he enjoyed himself in the process. Indeed *soupe aux poissons*, a truffle omelette and a Chateaubriand steak for the two of us, of which he ate at least three quarters, with some ordinary rough Beaujolais left us both feeling better. He didn't talk much but seemed to be quite at ease that way. I learnt he was a law student in London; but law being a subject I myself find boring and unreal, I couldn't bring myself to listen much to what he said. He'd been holidaying in Nice with a fellow student on a cheap nightflight excursion from London; two nights before, when they were due to return, there had been only one seat left on the plane, and his friend had taken it, leaving him to follow

later when there was room. The beach shorts had been a 21st birthday present from an American friend.

Back in the flat I said to him «I want you posed 100% stripped, you understand. Not a stitch of anything.»

«Yes, boss,» he grinned back, half out of his shirt already. «It's not the first time, you know.»

«No, I suppose not.» Naked, he was divine — there is no other word. Hard trained, slim and streamlined for action like a young panther, his body yet bore the last traces of the softness and bloom of boyhood, adding roundness and ripeness to his limbs; and the cheeky twinkle in his dark eyes was pure boy. As he stood casually in front of me as if in doubt about my approval, I had to keep my hands very firmly behind my back and turn away my eyes to avoid being dazzled by so triumphant a personification of all I admired in a young man. I knew it would be all right when he was posed and I'd entered into the formal, artist-model, working relationship with him; but for the moment I simply couldn't trust myself to go on looking at him. I ought to have learnt to control my desires by now, I'm sure; but it just wasn't so.

He took matters into his own hands. «Come on, I'll go and sit out here. O. K? The light'll be better.» And so saying he strode out onto the balcony, snatched up a cushion and settled himself down on the right hand parapet. His instinct was right — we had gone on eating too long, so the day light had begun to fade, and by a miracle there was no one using the balconies of either of the two flats next to mine. He sat with his right foot up on the parapet, his left down on the floor, his hands together on his right knee, and his face turned slightly to the right looking out over the darkening city. Professionally I have to work fast in all sorts of lights and was not as much worried by the unorthodox conditions as a better artist would probably have been; but I thanked my stars he wasn't a «talker», so that I could concentrate hard on getting that lovely peach-like young body down onto the paper to the best of my ability.

When I next looked through at the clock in the main room, more than an hour had passed. He had not moved once. I said, «Come on, you'd better have a rest now, or you'll fall off the balcony, and I wouldn't like that.»

«Well, thanks, perhaps I will.» And then I had my next and greatest surprise from this somewhat surprising young man. He continued after a moment, quite unaffectedly and openly, «Shall we go to bed together? I'd like to.»

There are moments in one's life when it is better neither to think nor speak, but just to take a big jump. Without a word I went in front of him to the door of the inner room and simply held it open for him to pass in. — — —

Later I lay relaxed and happy on my back, watching the rising moon creep across the ceiling. The young man still lay on his front at my side, moved his arm across my waist and nuzzled his face round onto my chest so that I could feel the tickle of his eyelashes on my skin. Our intimacy seemed to have released something in him and he began to talk much more freely — not straight off as I give it here, but easily and quietly, in fits and starts just as the ideas came to him: —

«Of course I was hopping mad when I looked back out of the sea this morning and saw you messing about with my shorts. I covered the distance pretty quick, I can tell you, but then when I got to you, I didn't really know what to say, in a foreign country and all that. Actually I've had the same thing

happen to me before in swimming baths sometimes — is it a fetish, or a recognized way of picking a fellow up or something? — but they've always been the most fearful dire types I wouldn't be seen dead with. On the other hand, in spite of everything, I rather liked the look of you — still do, you know, even from this angle, those square shoulders are quite something, and you're certainly strong — and when you looked me straight in the eye and just stood your ground, I didn't know if I was on my head or my heels, though I was certainly glad to find you were English. And then straight away all that flash talk about my body — being as vain as hell, I suppose I fell for that at once. You know, you ought to go into politics or something, a chap like you who speaks up just how you think without apologizing or excuses — we'd all follow you, or my lot would anyway. You can't think what a change it was from the usual shifty, cringing pass I usually get made at me.

«But oh dear when the queers decide to lay siege to me more in earnest. Either it's a long talk about ancient Greece and naked youths wrestling all oiled and glistening in the sun — wonderful, I'm sure; but I'm alive today not 2000 years ago, and I know quite a bit about wrestling, a dirty business not how they describe it at all; last year I took on a pro wrestler of my own weight just for fun as I thought, and I was fighting for my life at once, he all but broke my back for me — no poetry there, I can assure you. Or else they do their best to make me tight, but I'm in good training and can drink most people of any age under the table. Or else they pull out «feeky» postcards which I'm supposed to enjoy. Oh dear, those postcards, pity me, please having to look at them so as not to offend people. — I'm certainly no angel, as they say, but if I was they'd put me off sex for years and years and have just the opposite effect to what is meant — you'd be surprised how often they are tried on me.

«Another great thing about you — never once today have you referred to me as a boy — such bloody sentimental nonsense. I'm not a boy — I'm twenty two and a full grown man, and I hope I look it and behave like it. Do I? Thanks. Let me tell you, when I came up to this flat after our supper I was so pleased about this I made myself a vow that if you lasted out the first hour of our modelling without ever calling me «my dear boy» or anything silly like that, I would take my courage in both hands and make the first suggestion to you myself. Of course I didn't reckon with the fact that you were so intent on your work you never spoke a word to me at all! But a vow's a vow — so here we are...»

I don't doubt he said a great deal more as well, but by that time, exhausted and happy, I was asleep.

*

When I woke, in the cold of the dawn, a third surprise — he was gone. I found a note on the table in full round writing — in which even at that unholy hour I noticed with half my mind the long descending y's and g's which graphologists say are the sign of strong sexuality. It read:


2.0. a.m.

«Something tells me I'll get on that plane tonight, so I've decided to run out to the airport on the off chance. Thanks a lot for everything. When you get to London ring HOL 73430 before 9.30 and ask for Andrew. Good-bye.

P.S. I can't do much to repay you but here is a sort of souvenir of today for you.»

«Run out to the airport» indeed, I thought — well, one is only young once. And reading the third sentence I realized we neither of us even knew each other's name — it had just never arisen. Nor, I suddenly remembered, had the word love ever been mentioned between us.

By the side of the note lay his white beach shorts. I put them on, and trying to imagine they conveyed to me some of the grace of their owner, I lay down and slept again till late.



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II. Are laws being widely enforced by "extra-legal" methods?

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IV. What specific rights should homosexuals have?

V. What form should the proposed "Bill" have?

VI. How should it be used when completed?

VII. Will you help to prepare it?

VIII. Do you plan to attend the Midwinter Institute in January?

IX. Have you a preference as to the work activity you would like during the sessions?

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Age _____ Male _____ Female _____ Heterosexually married _____

How long _____ Children _____ Divorced _____

How Long _____ Homosexually married _____

How Long _____ Previous such connections _____

Length of each _____ Your Education: Grammar school: _____

High School _____ College _____ Degrees _____

Fields of specialization _____

Present Employment (type) _____

How Long _____ Previous Employment (type) _____

_____ How long _____

Do you rent _____ Own your own home _____ How long have you

lived there _____ How long at former address _____

To describe the economic status of those replying, what is your monthly income _____ Present state of your health _____

Have you ever had serious illness _____ What _____

Have you ever been under a psychiatrist's or psychoanalyst's care _____

How long _____ In a mental institution _____ How long _____

Do you smoke _____ Has drinking ever been a problem _____

In what way _____

Are you active in homophile work _____ How long _____

In Civic or Philanthropic work _____ Which _____

Professional groups _____

Are you active in church work _____ How long _____

Has religion been a problem _____

Are you interested in sports _____ Politics _____

Business _____ Farming _____

Pets _____ Literature _____

Music _____ Art _____ Theater _____

Other _____

Do you ever buy physique photos _____ Moderately _____

Extensively _____

Would you like homosexual pen pals _____

How often do you have sex _____ Is this adequate _____

Is sex a problem to you _____

Do you consider yourself effeminate (males) _____

Do you consider yourself masculine (females) _____

How do others regard you _____ What role do you prefer _____

Have you ever been arrested for homosexual activity _____ Convicted _____

Served time _____ How long _____ Have you ever been blackmailed _____

Beaten up _____ How Often _____ Robbed _____

O N E I n s t i t u t e

232 south hill street

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War is not a Game for Children

by Gilles Armor

«On earth, a happy memory is perhaps more true than happiness...»
(Alfred de Musset)

and then again:

«One loves fully only once, the first time; the loves which follow
are less involuntary.»
(La Bruyere)

I was hardly fourteen when my parents, returning from flight, found their small house in the suburbs of Paris occupied by four Germans. Mother, in the face of this new disaster, broke into tears. Father clenched his fists, and I studied the enemy closely with a mixture of curiosity and fear.

Following several trips to Headquarters and several nights spent with some of our luckier neighbors, the departure of three of the Germans enabled us to reoccupy our house. Only one of the rooms still remained under requisition, putting it indefinitely at the disposal of a Lieutenant Hanfstaengl, whose name my mother considered it her sacred duty constantly to mispronounce, and who represented to my father a stark symbol of humiliation and defeat.

The Lieutenant had selected my room on the ground floor, which meant that I had to have a collapsible bed installed for me in one corner of the living room. Mother, who believed the circulating rumors of slit throats fully, had been anxious to put me up on the first floor instead, but Father convinced her I was too old to share their bed room. In short, I slept apart from my family, stranded alone on one floor with the German Lieutenant.

My parents always made it a point to limit their contact with him to some icy greetings, dismissing his own friendly advances as the orders of the propaganda office. I too followed my parents' example for several months, and might perhaps have followed it throughout the Lieutenant's two years stay with us, had it not been for Theseus.

Theseus was our household's darling, a magnificent blue persian cat who simply could not be made to understand that the room on the ground floor was henceforth out of bounds. In the habit of sneaking in through the always open window and remaining there for days on end, he would remember our existence only when he got hungry.

Mother would have preferred never to see Theseus again, rather than to stoop to asking the Lieutenant about him. Yet my own pride being less touchy, or else my love for the cat being greater, I decided, when left alone in the house one Thursday afternoon, to enter the German's room in quest of my erstwhile playmate.

I found him sleeping, curled up on the bed as usual.

It was a bit painful to see my place upset through the preferences of another; my little table was strewn with German books, one of them a huge volume on painting, full of beautiful color reproductions. On the night stand I saw the small radio which evening after evening filled the house with the symphonic music which so exasperated my father. And from the mantle piece two unfamiliar faces were looking down at me: an elderly lady whom I presumed to be the Lieutenant's mother, and a soldier in his early twenties, probably, I felt, his younger brother. The latter photograph bore an inscription: «Für Erik und auf immer. Kurt.»

Suddenly, my knees turned to water, as I heard the clicking of boots against the tiling of the entrance. I had hardly time to recollect my wits before the door opened and Lieutenant Hanfstaengl, clad in a striking uniform, entered the room. I don't know whether I blanched or purpled, but I do remember changing color and stammering out some excuses in a voice that I had so wanted to sound firm, and which was barely audible.

I must have been a pitiful sight, for he burst out laughing (he seemed much less formidable after that). «Yes,» he said, «your cat visits me quite often. You see, I do have a friend in this house after all.»

He spoke French amazingly well, with hardly a trace of an accent. I had never really observed him very closely; now, he seemed so very unlike those blond head-shaven giants that I ran up against in the streets and subways every day. His tall frame was trim and slender, his eyes were the blue of the sea — as blue almost as the ink which was the rage in school then —, and his carefully combed hair was as brown as my own. He looked about thirty years old.

Seeing that I was about to flee, he stopped me. «Now that you're here,» he said, «won't you stay a moment and let us get acquainted?»

Considering the situation I was in, I could hardly refuse. I turned down the cigarette he offered me, but couldn't resist the piece of chocolate.

He wanted to know what I did with myself all day, so I explained to him that I was attending high school in Paris; I had just started my third year.

He in turn told me about himself. He had been a journalist in civil life, working for the art department of a big Munich newspaper. As an officer, he had participated in the battles against Poland, Belgium and finally France, where his fluent knowledge of the language had secured him an enviable position with the Bureau of Information.

«I had studied in Paris,» he said, «quite a few years ago, and I'm so happy to be back. An extraordinary city, Paris!» He handed me another piece of chocolate and went on. «This was your room, wasn't it? You see, I've changed very little in it, just added a few personal things: Some books, my radio, and the pictures of my loved ones. This,» he explained, pointing, «is my mother. The soldier — he used to be my secretary on the paper — is my best friend. Right now, he's in Warsaw; he didn't have my kind of luck.»

I felt ill at ease. Knowing my parents would be back soon, I could just imagine their horror if they found me in the room which, according to mother, needed disinfecting, listening to Lieutenant Hanfstaengl's life story and cramming down German chocolate.

Finally he let me go, but added: «You must come back and see me, I'd enjoy talking to you. I'm in every night: I go out so seldom. We can listen to music, and maybe you might need some help with your German home work.»

Again he smiled. I thought in all fairness that he was most likeable. I could hardly refuse him my hand when he offered me his, and when he asked, «We're friends now, aren't we?» I simply hadn't the courage to say no.

The two of us became conspirators even before we became friends, for I said nothing to my parents about our meeting. Still, I did not comply with his request to visit him again. He symbolized for me too strongly the regime against which I felt rising from all sides, more and more blindly as the days went on, the hatred of an entire nation.

That first winter under the occupation was a bitter one; it dawned on the

French people that their trials were going to be prolonged and painful. Monotonously, depressingly, the months crawled by.

At last, on a bright summer day, when the weather alone was enough to rekindle some optimism in the heart, events took a sudden turn for the better: Hitler's army had attacked the Soviet Union. Strangers smiled at one another in the street; dozens of comforting tales were whispered from ear to ear, all concluding that «he» was no stronger than Napoleon. French hopes turned to the East.

Vacation time was meanwhile approaching, and my parents, unwilling to leave our house once more to the caprices of the occupation, decided to send me by myself up to my mother's sister. She owned a large estate in Sologne, deep in the woodland where, in the absence of any entertainment, I was sure to benefit from a consistent diet of overeating.

If some of our actions seem impulsive and incomprehensible to us, it may be because we are not conscious of the slow evolution of our being which has been leading up to them for a long long time. When on the eve of my departure I suddenly decided to say goodbye to the Lieutenant, it seemed as senseless to me as throwing myself into the waters of the Seine; still, I wonder even now whether it was only shyness that had made my heart pound so loudly when I knocked on the door of his room.

He did not seem the least bit surprised. «It was wise of you,» he said, «to have taken time out for thought before coming back. Of course it did take you a little bit long, but I always knew you'd make it in the end.» Then, and without any transition, «My name's Erik. What's yours?»

At that sensitive age, when I wanted so badly to be taken for a man, the use of the familiar by an older person would annoy me terribly; yet coming from him, it pleased me.

It was in the course of that evening that everything which had separated us, everything which had prevented me from coming back sooner, appeared suddenly devoid of all importance. As I sat watching him, listening to him, the truth dawned on me at last: I wanted, I needed his friendship; I longed to gain it and keep it, no matter who or what.

When it was time to say goodbye, he stood holding my hand in his. «We're going to see a great deal of each other, aren't we,» he asked, «when you come back in October? But,» he added, «there's one rule we must observe: You and I must never speak of the war. We shall pretend that the war does not exist.»

My vacation was boring beyond words. In spite of my aunt and uncle's prodigious efforts to make their home and grounds attractive, I had soon exhausted the charms of the forest which I considered morose and far too quiet. Need I add that already there was someone I missed?

I wrote my parents a month before I was due back, reminding them that I was about to enter senior high school, and suggesting that, for the sake of enabling me to prepare a careful schedule, I return earlier. Delighted with my unaccustomed zeal, they consented.

The trip seemed interminable and when I arrived home at last, our meager little garden looked lovelier to me than the big forest.

That evening, I knocked on Erik's door.

Happiness is difficult to describe, but I shall never forget how happy the months were that followed, how the loneliness of an only child had suddenly been dispelled by this so unexpected and clandestine friendship.

Every evening, after leaving my parents, I would spend an hour in Erik's room, and come away quite dazzled. I never tired of listening to him; he would speak to me of the books he had read, of the many things he had learned. We would examine his «History of Painting», as step by step he introduced me to the plastic arts. We would listen to the radio together, while he founded the groundwork of my previously quite neglected musical education. It was thanks to him, that names like Goethe, Bach, Grunewald attained their value in my eyes — a value they were never again to lose.

On other evenings, he would tell me of his travels through Europe, of his home town, of the Rhine Valley which he preferred to any other part of Germany, of Greece and Italy which would have been the most beautiful countries in the world, had they only contained Paris. He would tell me of his mother whom he worshipped, and of his friend Kurt who was now stationed in Russia and who wrote him often; still on the latter he never dwelled very long. Was it that he wanted, in accordance with his own rule, to avoid any subject which could even remotely remind us of the war? Or had he guessed that secretly I was not at all pleased when he talked to me of Kurt?

The deep admiration I felt for the man who knew everything, had read so much and retained so much, who had a personal opinion, either amusing or deeply felt, on every subject, proved to be an excellent stimulant, scholastically. I ceased being the conscientious, rather dull student of past years, becoming animated in my studies by something more than ardor — a veritable rapture for learning.

Everyone was quite astounded at my progress, even if my essays, having become audacious, were not always approved by my literature teacher.

Erik, quite often, happened to be free on Thursday afternoons and, on the pretext of a visit to the Louvre organized by my history teacher, or a trip to the movies with friends (I soon learned to lie with an ease that overawed me), I would rejoin him in Paris.

Through the eyes of this alien I discovered, at so early an age, the touching beauty of the city that was mine and that he loved so well. I used to amaze my classmates by expressing my admiration for the apse of Notre-Dame when it was transformed by the twilight into a mysterious medieval forest, or for the unusual view of the Champs-Élysées, or the touching poetry inherent in the flower girls of La Madeleine.

We had fun, as well, and when spending time at the zoo, Erik would be young and gay, laughing at the follies of the bears or the monkeys. Out of uniform, with his fluent French, he could have been taken for my elder brother.

How well I remember the Paris of those days! I think that anyone who had known the city, must have experienced the same thing; must have felt that this city of light, the city of gaiety, fertility and luxury, thrown into darkness, graveness and any number of materialistic difficulties, had never been more beautiful. Less brilliant its beauty undeniably was, but more profound, more human, more captivating — just as a truly beautiful woman is more beautiful still without the artifices of make-up and jewelry, in the most severe garbs of mourning. For Paris suffered, and remembered, and waited, and if Erik and I had forgotten the war, we were soon to find out that it was not a game for children.

My parents gave me permission to spend an evening in Paris, where I had pretended to have been invited by a class mate. Actually I went with Erik to

the opera where «Die Walküre» was being presented with the plain objective of a Franco-German conciliation under the banner of music.

I suspect that German propaganda had encountered few failures quite as resounding. The huge poorly heated hall was attended only by German officers and some gaudily gowned collaborators in the orchestra, and a few fanatic music lovers up in the balconies. The rest of the theatre was empty; the Parisian public had their grudge against Wagner.

My feelings were divided. The ban which my compatriots put on the composer amused me, and since Erik had been so considerate as to wear civilian clothes on my behalf, I was very sorry that we were there. Yet, on the other hand, my friend's disappointment pained me. He had even remarked that the opera had been poorly staged, that the musicians and singers hadn't given it their best. For his sake, I wished that the house had been packed and the performance a triumph.

We went on foot down through the black out darkness of the Avenue de l'Opéra. When we reached the Comédie Française the public was just coming out of the theatre. The crowd was quite large and one could read on the playgoers' faces the kind of elation which a successful performance will evoke. Erik glanced at the posters. They were giving «Hamlet». — — —

For the sake of caution my parents had placed our radio in the bed room where they listened secretly every night to the British broadcasts.

From the Arctic Ocean down to the Black Sea the Germans were advancing only slowly, while from all sides, by and by, came Russian counter attacks, some of them successful. The Parisian newspapers stated that one of these, in the vicinity of Leningrad, had claimed the lives of about one hundred Germans. Mother, her ears glued to the loud-speaker, heard, through the interference, the official communiqué of the «Pravda»: The number of German soldiers who had been encircled and, through battle, cold, and hunger, completely annihilated, was estimated at two thousand. Mother always received that kind of news with the same phrase: «They'll never kill enough of them.»

When I entered Erik's room that night, I found him lying across the bed. He turned towards me a face that was weary and full of grief, and said quite simply, «I've had a letter from Kurt's sister. He was killed in battle near Leningrad.» Then without waiting for me to speak, «be a good boy, leave me now. Tonight, I want to be alone.»

I ached at that manly sorrow, so restrained and so silent; I fumed at my inability to find the words I wanted to console him with; I felt that the death of Kurt was the price of the Russian victory which had so delighted my mother: «They'll never kill enough of them.» My good, gentle mother who wept when the red posters of the Headquarters announced the execution of hostages.

That evening, perhaps for the first time, could I really fathom the meaning of war, the havoc it left behind, and the tempest it stirred up within the hearts of men. — — —

By the end of spring an abrupt growing spurt completed my transformation: My body reached its full height, my voice became deeper; I exchanged the parting on the side of my head for a crew cut, and the knickerbockers for my first pair of long trousers. Once a week, I had to borrow my father's razor.

At night it now took me a long time to fall asleep, and mother would be astonished to find my bed all tumbled up in the morning. A host of images had

invaded my mind and out of them I created strange fantasies whose endings were forever denied me through slumber, but whose hero was always Erik.

Since the death of Kurt his behavior towards me had changed. He would observe me sometimes, silently, for many minutes, or ask me questions most of which would embarrass me: Did I have any close friends in school? Was there a particular one I preferred above all others? Had I ever kissed a girl?

He made plans for us, too: The war was not going to last forever; whichever way it should end, he would come back to France as a journalist. Nothing was going to stand in the way of our friendship.

I no longer listened to his every word as though he were the oracle; my attention would wander from what he said and concentrate on his face. I would think how handsome he was.

Then summer arrived, and with it my sixteenth birthday.

Mother, upon that important occasion, had invited about a dozen youngsters, the various offspring of friends, neighbors, aunts and uncles — the boys all carefully groomed, the girls all simpering — even then already, I felt an outsider in their midst.

Erik, on the eve of my birthday, had given me «The History of German Painting» which we had so often admired together. That sumptuous volume, which I was forced to hide for years for want of an explanation as to its source, always seemed to me the symbol of our friendship.

Once the guests had departed and my parents retired to their room, I went, as usual, to spend some time with him. Under a slack robe I was wearing nothing but my briefs, for the heat was stifling: I found Erik in his pyjamas, their tops wide open over a chest of dense brown hair.

He had to laugh when I described my party. He was very gay and, I even felt, laughed somewhat excessively.

When I was about to leave, he drew me close to him and kissed my forehead. «Happy birthday, my dear.»

I had no idea what suddenly possessed me. I was sixteen and it was summer; I had some wine, and could feel the warmth of his half naked body so close to my own. My face barely reached up to his shoulders — I had only to bend my head to press my lips against his chest.

His reaction remained a mystery to me for a long time. He pushed me brutally away; in his eyes there was a strange expression I had never seen before.

«Go now, that will do.» His voice was trembling. «What do you know about me anyway, little Frenchman? Nothing. You're just a child and our countries are at war; can you understand that? But don't look at me so stupidly. Don't you understand anything?»

He was right. I did not understand until years later that he had wanted me that night with all his being; that he had known my trust in him was such that he could do with me whatever he pleased; but that he preferred to destroy everything rather than affect what he did not know to be my true nature; and above all, that he had wanted to leave intact the purity of a memory which was to brighten the rest of my life.

«Go now,» he repeated, «you won't hate me forever; but tonight, go. Please! Go!»

He was almost shouting, at the risk of waking my parents, pulling me towards the door, shaking me. I think he would have hit me if my amazement

had not abruptly given way to anger. I threw at him the first obvious insult that came into my head: «Filthy German!»

Like a cold slap in the face the door slammed shut behind me.

The days passed and, I shall regret it as long as I live, out of pride and rancor I avoided Erik, and left to spend my vacation with my aunt in Sologne without seeing him again. It was there that I received a letter from my mother, announcing with undisguised joy (in spite of the fear of censorship) that when I got back I would no longer find the German with them; having volunteered for the Eastern front, he had bid my parents goodbye, reassuring them that he would never forget his stay in France.

Immediately, I had to declare my happiness at the thought of getting my own room back; to denounce the war hungry elements of the German spirit, and to drink, from a bottle of champagne which my uncle had solemnly opened, a toast to the victory of the so far away Russians.

But when I found myself alone that night, when, to muffle my sobs, I could bury my face unseen under the blankets, I gave full vent for hours to the last sorrow of boyhood and the first sorrow of man.

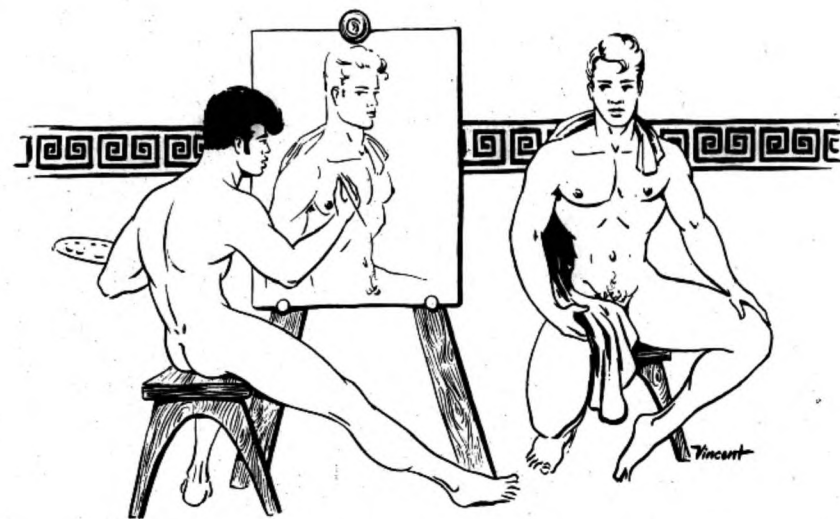
I never saw him again. I do know that he was killed that summer, somewhere over in Russia. Like Kurt.

Not as often anymore, but with a deeper meaning, I still like when I'm alone some evening, to leaf through the book that he had given me — the only souvenir I have of him. My fingers slip over the rough grey linen of the binding, then turn the pages one by one. Somewhere across the portraits of Dürer or Holbein, I sometimes think that I can see his finger-prints; something then tightens in my throat, something that hurts and will no longer flow.

On the title page he had written my name and his; then the date, July 23, 1942.

(Translation by Bern Hard)

(This story appeared under the title: «On ne Badine pas avec la Guerre» in 'The Circle', 1956/VII)



EDITORIAL

Challenge to our Science

Some weeks ago a man of previously good character was convicted of having committed an indecent offence with a youth. Before sentencing him to a substantial term in prison, the judge, in the course of the customary judicial homily, said in effect "You have been found guilty of a disgusting crime, and what makes it all the more abominable is that you have ruined a young boy's life *beyond redemption*." Not long before this a well known surgeon, commenting in a contemporary medical journal on what were, in his opinion, the inadequate sentences imposed on convicted homosexuals, wrote of "the disturbing fact that thirteen men who in their time may have corrupted scores of boys *who might otherwise have been loving husbands and happy fathers*, have been deprived of liberty for no more than seven per cent. of their lives." The italics, we should add, in both cases, are ours.

We do not doubt for a moment that both of these learned men were expressing a belief which they sincerely held. But is that belief well founded? Can one, or even several, such corrupting experiences permanently deflect an otherwise normal heterosexual individual from his natural development? We do not doubt that they may inflict grave psychological trauma. But are the attractions of homosexuality so powerful? If they are, how can we reconcile the fact with the evidence that lies before our eyes? For by all accounts homosexuality has been, and is, rife among the population of our public schools. If the assumption made by these gentlemen were correct, one would expect at least twenty-five per cent. — and perhaps even more — of our ex-public schoolboys

permanently to forswear matrimony and engage for life in homosexual pursuits. We have, of course, no figures for this country on which to base our opinion, and indeed no evidence beyond common experience and report, but we feel fairly certain that if anybody were publicly to assert that anything like such a state of affairs existed, his statement would be received with a chorus of derisive unbelief.

The fact is, of course, that our information on the subject of normal sexual development and individual sexual practice is astonishingly scanty, whereas what we might call the mythology on the subject is voluminous. The only serious attempt to provide such factual information would seem to have been that of Kinsey, whose work in the United States was received with incredulity, an incredulity for which there seems to have been considerable justification. Leaving this aside, there remain the researches of Kraft-Ebbing and Havelock Ellis, though these were primarily concerned with the abnormal deviations to be met with in heterosexuals. But current mythology, deriving, we believe, primarily from Gibbon, seems to postulate that, unless restrained by the strictest moral principles, given the opportunity, men and women will at once indulge in the widest profligacy, in the course of which, satiated with over-indulgence in orthodoxy, they progress from heterosexuality to homosexuality. What real evidence exists for this? For if it is true we believe we may justifiably describe it as a remarkable physiological phenomenon.

The whole subject of sexual development is even now lamentably obscure. We know that it is, in the first place, determined by our genes and later governed by our hormones, and that it remains incomplete, in Europeans at any rate, for the first ten to twelve years of life. At puberty full development begins in earnest, but before it is achieved a variable period of homosexuality is very liable to intervene. In the vast majority of cases, as the individual matures, normal heterosexuality is

firmly established, but in a small percentage of cases this fails to result. "Here," say some psychiatrists, "the individual's development has been halted at an infantile phase," the arrest having been mediated by psychological factors — a dominating mother, an unfortunate and revolting homosexual experience, and so on. Indeed, some psychiatrists are so convinced of the validity of their contentions that they claim to be able to complete the lapsed development by psychiatric means, and thus to effect a cure. Other psychiatrists are by no means so confident however, and have said so in our pages.

For our part, we confess, not for the first time, to a very lively scepticism on the point. For, in the first place, future homosexuals may frequently be detected by the discerning eye long before puberty supervenes at all, by such features as body build, general development, and innate tendencies and aptitudes. Puberty appears to affect them relatively little if at all. But a far more cogent and fundamental reason for our belief lies in the work of Kallman as quoted, for instance, recently by Stafford-Clarke*. "In identical twins, where one twin develops homosexual behaviour, the other twin has been found to develop it in seventy-five per cent. of cases; whereas the concordance rate in non-identical twins is about five per cent. — no higher than that estimated as the overall incidence of homosexual tendencies in the population as a whole." Surely no more convincing evidence could be adduced that the seeds of abnormality lie buried deep in the somatic — and biochemical — make-up of the individual than this observation.

Indeed, if psychological factors come into the question at all, they would seem to bias the individual heavily in favour of conventional practise. Gibbon may, in his rich imagination, have credited the pleasure-loving degenerates of pagan Rome with "delicious" orgies of vice, but in our civilisation at the present day the lot of the homosexual

is hardly to be envied. Every honest and respectable citizen's hand is against him. He is compelled to frequent such unsavoury trysting-places as public lavatories and dubious saloons, where he is liable to be harried and chivvied not only by the police, but by the proprietors of such establishments, anxious as they are to retain what modicum of good repute may still belong to them. To the normal individual, homosexuality is so revolting that the mere attempt at solicitation has more than once resulted in retaliatory murder, in which event the individual thus outraged is assured of public sympathy in advance. In addition to which, the practising homosexual is fair game for the blackmailer. What man in his senses would persist in such practises unless under irresistible compulsion? the more so when we consider that he is often a conspicuously able and talented individual, of otherwise high character with much more than most to lose by exposure.

That this compulsion arises from the individual's own physiological make-up no impartial observer can doubt, nor is he to be swayed by accusations of 'determinism.' The opinion of one experienced contributor to these pages was reinforced recently by a remarkably interesting series of cases recorded in *The Lancet*†. The current view that the homosexual deliberately chooses to be perversely wicked for the sake of gratifying his personal appetites is clearly nonsense. He has no more conception of what heterosexuality may mean than we have of his perversion. When he comes for treatment he does not come to be converted to heterosexuality, a state which he cannot imagine, but to be in some way relieved of the intolerable burden that is pressing on him. As our contributor put it†, he does not wish to be made a heterosexual but a successful homosexual. Until we have grasped this primary fact, and recognised this gulf that separates us we cannot be said to have any understanding of the problem at all.

* *Brit. med. J.*, 1959, 2, 1199

† *Lancet*, 1959, 2, 1077

When nearly twenty years ago we — the first medical journal in the British Isles we believe to discuss the subject objectively — dealt with it we pleaded for more research, and on the rare occasions on which we have since returned to the subject we have renewed our plea but without avail. That is not to say that our initiative has proved entirely sterile, for we may take credit for the fact (even if it be not accredited to us) that a Joint Committee of the British Medical Association and the Magistrates Association was set up to review the subject, which it did, in realistic terms, and this in turn has now been followed by the Wolfenden Report, which has at least advised a more human and enlightened approach to the whole problem.

But this is not enough. We must know what it is that goes amiss in the development of these individuals to deflect the second most powerful human instinct to sterile and, to most of us, disgusting channels. If it is a failure or an imbalance of endocrine secretion it would obviously be possible to supply the deficiency at the right time and thus prevent the deviation. One reason for this indifference to the subject may be that to some medicine and morals seem to be here in conflict. This antagonism we believe, however, to be false. Another may be that the whole subject is felt to be unsavoury, but if we doctors were to confine our researches to savoury subjects we would soon find ourselves unemployed. One thing is quite clear. As doctors, and therefore presumably as scientists, we cannot dismiss the matter by merely bellowing our disgust whenever our susceptibilities are outraged. Nor can we consent to blame and punish our homosexuals any more than we blame and punish the mentally ill. Such an attitude in this year of grace with satellites circling the moon is simply not good enough. We shall have to do better than that.

+ Lambert, Carl. (1954): *Med. Press*, 232, 523



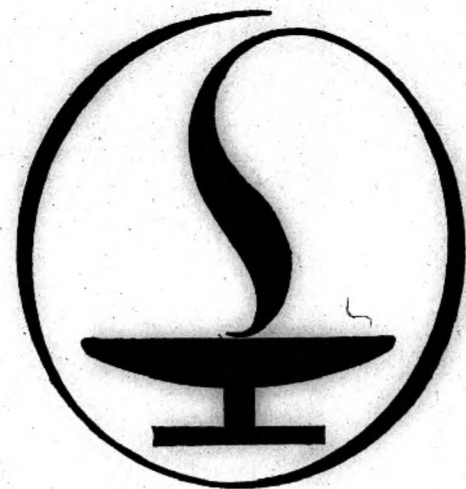
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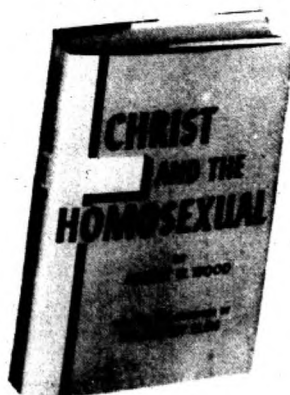
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