

THE INVERT PERSONALITY

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by

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FOREWORD

The writer remembers with gratitude the sympathetic and encouraging guidance, as well as the valuable training in research and writing, which he received from Dr. Arthur L. Beeley and wishes to dedicate this present study to him as an acknowledgement of the inspiration of his help and teaching.

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PART ONE

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE INVERT
IN HIS SOCIAL WORLD OF TODAY.

Recently the writer of this paper was asked for assistance in the guidance and adjustment of a fifteen year old high school student who was about to be committed to the State Industrial School. The boy had long been a problem. Several times he had made unsuccessful attempts to run away, but each time his plans were thwarted by county sheriffs who were ordered to remove him from the bus or automobile in which he had chosen to escape. His attendance at school was one of the most delinquent. Instead of attending his classes regularly he preferred to wander aimlessly about the city streets. Occasionally he worked at minor tasks in various homes and apartment houses, but he never held any job for any length of time. During his sophomore year at the high school it was discovered that from every house in which Johnny had worked, rings, watches, and various articles of value were reported stolen. Johnny was soon apprehended and taken to the juvenile court...he made the mistake of selling valuable stolen watches and jewelry to high school students for trifling sums. His case was tried and carefully considered, but nobody seemed to know what to do with him. A trained psychologist was called in, but was unable to give assistance. The juvenile judge and the high school principle, both lenient men, did not care to see a boy so young as Johnny committed to a penal institution, so, to frighten him, he was placed in the city jail for two days and then released on probation.

The stolen watches were returned to the rightful owners, and Johnny was cleared of all his trouble. He was again forced to return to school, but exactly two weeks later his name appeared on the delinquent list as a chronic "sluffer." The attendance officer threatened him with another jail sentence, but the threat did not improve his attendance noticeably. At this point, I was called in to consider the case of Johnny and if possible assist in his adjustment to the school situation.

I found Johnny to be a shy but handsome youth--hardly the kind the average person would suspect as being a potential criminal. His greatest interests centered about the theatre, dancing, music, and the fine arts in general. He was an art student with some talent, and he had written numerous stories that showed every indication of unusual ability. In fact, I found Johnny to be an exceptionally gifted individual.

For days I helped Johnny create new stories. I encouraged him to read good books. We even went through a grammar to improve his oral speech and writing. He wrote new stories and I criticized them. I had him trying out for parts in school plays, operas, and speech contests. We became great friends, and soon I learned of the suffering that Johnny was daily exposed to at the expense of the student group who perpetually called him "sissy," or "pansy."

All his life Johnny had been the town's "sissy." While the other boys were playing foot ball, working at various

types of work, and in general indulging in all the activities common to the world of men, Johnny remained secluded at home where he passionately studied dancing, vocal expression and literature. In spite of the pressure and ridicule of the groups about him, he remained adamant in his interests.

As I thought through the life Johnny had led, I began to suspect a serious sexual inversion of which I was convinced he was wholly unaware. I believed that all his trouble in regard sluffing school and stealing was simply a reactionary attempt to show his tormentors that he could be just as "tough" as they, coupled with his inability to adjust normally to the sex interests of the ordinary adolescent group. To make certain of my belief I encouraged him to talk more about himself, and he eventually told me an experience he had had with a man who had traveled through the town on a vaudeville circuit. The entertainer had invited him to his hotel room where he lavishly showered all manner of amorous attention on the susceptible youth. Although no definite sexual orgy took place, the experience was beyond a doubt the most glamorous in his entire life, and Johnny expressed a desire to follow the man to California where he believed he could be located. Many similar experiences and confessions soon convinced me that Johnny, although wholly unaware of such phenomena, was congenitally sexually inverted.

With this idea in mind, I planned how to continue the guidance of the youth for I was really interested in his case.

Then too, the change that had recently come over him as a result of the little sympathetic guidance I had given him was really remarkable--Everybody who had previously known him commented upon the improvement. Gradually, Johnny was accepted by the student group, who, for the first time, recognized signs of his talent. I wanted him to become a general favorite among the students. But, in the meantime, Johnny became passionately fond of a male student in his art class. I could not entirely disapprove of the friendship with the young man, and I hardly knew how to tell Johnny of the dangers of his homosexual tendencies. Even before I had the chance to discuss the situation with him, something happened. Johnny was called into the office, and, at the request of the art teacher, he was withdrawn from the class very much in disgrace. He left school immediately and never returned.

I soon learned that Johnny was not in school and on hearing a few rumors, went to the principal to inquire about him. With the most obvious disgust, the principal spoke of Johnny and said:

"Between you and me, I have learned that Johnny is nothing more than a worthless, degenerate _____."

I learned that after drinking a few glasses of wine with his adored friend, Johnny decided to spend the remainder of the night in his company. The influence of the drink and the

close contact of the handsome friend lying in the same bed undoubtedly prompted the impulsive Johnny to make a few amorous advances that were bitterly resented by the friend who immediately left the bed and ordered Johnny to get out of the house instantly. The next day the student-friend went to the art instructor and complained that he would not remain in the same class with a degenerate like Johnny. The art instructor on learning of the entire episode went immediately to the principal and told the whole story in terms that were anything but tactful. Needless to say, the principal was horrified and Johnny was withdrawn from the class.

I explained to the principal that I had long suspected Johnny's homosexuality and that, now, more than ever, he needed help and guidance. The principal looked at me with an air of bewilderment and distrust. I tried to make him understand, but his profound ignorance and the horror and repulsion he felt regarding the subject of sexual inversion made an intelligent discussion impossible. He knew nothing more than a few extremely vulgar words he freely used about the phenomena of homosexuality. He really believed that Johnny was a degenerate sexual pervert, and he expressed a sorrow that Johnny had been temporarily sent to the city jail instead of the state mental hospital. There was only one thing to do under the circumstances--drop the matter entirely.

Four days later Johnny's mother came frantically to school. Johnny had run away, and this time he could not be located. Because I had helped and befriended him, she thought perhaps I might know of his whereabouts. I believe three weeks elapsed before we both received letters from him in New York City. I corresponded with him regularly thereafter, but his letters were uninteresting and uninformative. Finally, through friends in New York City, I learned something about the life Johnny lead in the city. He worked intermittently at various jobs, but did not earn enough to pay his living expenses. He made up the deficiency by prostituting himself. He had learned that there are many men who are willing to pay handsomely for the love of an attractive boy.

Eventually, after two years of this life Johnny returned home. One of his admirers had paid for his passage and had provided him with a wardrobe of attractive and well-made clothes. He came frequently to see me and he spoke unhesitatingly of the life he had led in New York City. He remained in the town with his mother about two months before he left for Los Angeles where he is now comfortably installed in an elegant apartment of a male lover.

I refer to this not unusual case to show that had Johnny's particular sexual temperment been properly understood and considered by his teachers, principal and friends, he might have become a useful person in society, for he certainly was

not without talent, instead of the common, screaming, male prostitute he now is. Unfortunately, the very individuals who should have been the ones best trained to help him were the very ones who forced him into the life he now leads.

A deep personal interest coupled with numerous experiences and contacts with such people as Johnny have caused me to devote a great amount of time over a period of almost ten years to the little and badly understood phenomena of homosexuality, or, as it is more recently known, sexual inversion. I first became aware of its existence when I was fifteen years of age, and since that time I have patiently read every book and article I could locate on the subject. Perhaps the actual writing of this paper was partially prompted by the great number of sexual inverts I have come to know well during the past ten years, but, at any rate, I shall write all that I have learned and observed as honestly and as frankly as possible.

As one would naturally expect, the homosexual individuals whom fate, their individuality, or even their sin-mistakes have placed in a conspicuous place have formed a philosophy of life which justifies the life they lead. In order to perpetuate their views, these people instinctively maintain a group of followers or associates who share their views of life. This surprises us only because the circle, the realm in which these people live, is limited and we are not part of

it. We fail to understand the philosophy of these people simply because we know little of their social living.

If the average individual were asked to describe the social life of the sexual invert in say, Salt Lake City, he would undoubtedly register surprise and say that to his knowledge no such thing existed. Unbeknown to most people, homosexual life is abundant in most cities of any size. Unbeknown to most high school principals and teachers, homosexual practices, although relatively small, are common in the large secondary schools. Of the thousands of people who daily enter the Salt Lake City Public Library perhaps only a few know that its corridors and rest room serve as a meeting place and rendezvous for the homosexual and his assailant. Almost any hour of the day one can see an invert loitering about the place in quest of his next amoure. It would be impossible to estimate the number of innocent victims, too often high school students, who are daily induced into homosexual activity in this very place.

A youth of sixteen, at the time a student in a local high school was in the habit of studying in this public library. One day as he sat studying at one of the tables, he noticed the man next to him kept moving closer and closer. The man's leg touched the boy's and soon his hand was carressing the youth's leg. Both individuals experiencēd erotic feeling. The man suggested that they relax a moment

and walk out into the hall. The unsuspecting lad was enticed into the men's dressing room where he was introduced into the homoerotic practice of fellatio. He enjoyed the experience and found occasion to repeat it many times. The boy's subsequent overt homosexual life dated from that experience in the public library of Salt Lake City.

There are in Salt Lake City many of the common type of overt homosexual who frequent various hotel lobbies, bus terminals, rail road stations, certain pool rooms, the City and County Building park and rest rooms, Liberty Park, and even the lavatories of many public buildings. In the confinement of such places, the invert lurks in quest of his patron. One invert negro could once be found any afternoon in the secluded lavatory of a downtown building. Here, he made advances to every presentable man who entered the rest room. He enacted the passive role of fellatio on as many as ten and twelve men almost every afternoon. The attendants of the building soon learned all that was occurring and the place was "cleaned up." The negro then moved over to the public library where he again contacted men as they went into the rest room.

Much more could be written about the homosexual life in Salt Lake City, but because of its being a rather small metropolis, the invert life is not nearly as concentrated and as obvious as it is in the larger cities. An anonymous writer says:

"As a traveller in over eighty countries I would place the United States at the head of any homosexual nation. This is not said casually, but as a result of several months car travel during which I visited most main centers and covered 16,000 miles. The most important centers appeared to be Boston, New York City, and Los Angeles, but in any town, without difficulty, it was easy to find complaisant youths seeking custom. How far the conditions of unemployment have developed this trait it is hard to say, but generally speaking the youths displayed no particular antipathy. I found that it was taken as a matter of course in return for a lift in a car or the payment of a dollar. In New York City, I found quite easily displays of blue films showing every kind of male sexual intercourse. The open parade on Broadway on the highly painted "gairies" offered a spectacle which I have not seen elsewhere in such brazen fashion."

A second writer says:

"Colored leaders at the present time are alarmed over the spread of perversion among Harlem society, regarding it as much more serious than prostitution.

"Twice a year, at the largest ballroom available, there is given what is advertised as a costume ball. More than a thousand couples gather at these affairs. Most of them are men in costly gowns. The latter vow they are not masculine, and do everything possible in the way of dress and deportment to prove it.

"These men dance together and flirt. They drink everything from bath tub gin to champagne, and they puff at the omnipresent "reefers." All races are represented, and all sections of the city with Greenwich villagers especially prominent.

"There are some women present, too, but they find interest only in themselves, and not in the opposite sex. They dance with one another, paw and kiss each other, and tear the clothes off one another's back in frenzied rivalry and emotional hysteria.

Of late there has been a deplorable vogue of having girlish young men acting in cabarets. This is done both in Harlem and in Broadway hit spots. Perhaps the most notorious "pansy chorus" is at the Ubangi Club, corner of 131 Street and Seventh Avenue. When the six or eight "girls" come out fancifully attired and prance about on the floor singing dirty ditties in high falsetto voices, the audience, usually one hundred percent white, finds it vastly amusing."

An adolescent boy of sixteen came to me with the following problem. He had been visiting his sister in Los Angeles. It was his first visit to a large city, and he had to remain for the most part at home because he could not find his way about the busy city streets. His sister realized he was not having a very good time. One day she took him to West Lake Park, and after telling him how to get home, left him to remain as long as he chose. Before long his attention

was drawn to what he described as "a peculiar type of fellow." He described them as acting like girls, calling each other by girl's names dressing very fastidiously, and screaming at every little cause. He told how one of them sat near him on a park bench and began a conversation. The stranger asked him many questions---Where did he come from? Was his home nearby? Did he drink? Would he like to go to his apartment and have a drink? The youth was interested but did not dare to yield to any of the supplications. However, he remembered every minute detail, and on his first opportunity he freely asked questions about his odd experience. His problem was not necessarily a sexual one. He just wanted to know what was wrong with fellows of that type.

Many writers on the subject of inversion have described houses of male prostitution. I have seen numerous such houses in Panama and the principal cities of South America, but I have not had occasion to observe any in the United States even though they are said to exist. I have talked, however, with two inverted young men who belonged to a so-called "call house" in San Francisco. A man widely known in the homosexual circles of that city had as part of his "call house" homosexual men and women of every type. Anyone desiring such a consort had only to telephone him, and he in turn would relay the message to a male prostitute who would go to the designated place at the specified time. The invert collected whatever price he could from the

"customer," and he in turn paid a small fee to the operator of the "call house."

Much more common than the male brothel is the cafe, club, or bar that becomes a meeting place of the invert. Scores of these places exist throughout all the principal cities. They are especially common in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York City, and Chicago. Such places are usually owned and operated by homosexual proprietors. For example, The Big House on Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood was operated by Margaret, a homosexual woman. She purchased a huge home of three floors and started business. The third floor of the home was rented as living quarters for homosexual woman. The second floor was much divided into small compartments that were available to any couple at a certain price per hour. The main floor consisted of several large rooms. In one section of the house were tables purposely arranged for people who wished to drink or eat food prepared by an invert cook employed by Margaret. The largest rooms were used for dancing. A grand piano, a phonograph, or a radio supplied music at all hours of the night.

Margaret, the hostess, carefully guarded the entrance and no one was admitted unless properly identified. She collected fifty cents, incidentally, from every person admitted. I hardly dare estimate how much money Margaret took in each night, but I have seen the huge house literally

I need not describe any other place except to say that I know of six such places in San Francisco, eight in Los Angeles, and while in New York City, under the guidance of a friend, I made hurried visits to seven equally famous places in one short night. Incidentally, it might be interesting to note that a similar house was operated on the West side of Salt Lake City until its proprietress was heralded into court on a charge of illegally selling liquor.

Let me describe now, a smaller but typical group of homosexual individuals.

Bill G., a homosexual man about thirty-five years of age, worked in a club. Times were good. He made a fair salary. Everybody spent freely and did not question or even care about the peculiar fellow behind the bar. Perhaps some of the club members knew or suspected he was keeping a homosexual youth in his apartment, but because he was a good worker and an excellent entertainer, nobody thought more about him. Everything moved along rather freely until the crash of the stock market, the depression, the bank moratorium. Money, position, even jobs became goals very much sought after. At any rate, for some reason, financial, personal, or petty, Bill G. was told that his services were no longer required at the club. He had some money saved, but it could not last forever. He and his lover moved to a cheaper apartment and finally into a small bungalow in

the outskirts of Sacramento, California.

At the present time, they are living in this comfortable but inexpensive home. Bill has been unable to find work, but Teddy, the young fellow with whom he lives, has been able to maintain the household expenses by working at an unimportant position in a downtown office building. At least, they have enough money to meet the urgent demands of existence, and they have been successful in surrounding themselves with a group of friends that would provide the greatest of psychologists with ample opportunity for study.

Let us look more closely into this home where two men live very much as man and wife and see exactly what is happening. It is six o'clock in the evening, almost time for Teddy to come home from work. Bill has dinner all prepared and waiting. They are anxious to finish their evening meal because they are expecting some of the "girls" over to work on their gowns. They are planning a party for the following week-end and naturally they are to go dressed as women. It is an elaborate affair and they must have new dresses for the occasion. Of course it would be impossible for a man to walk into an exclusive store and ask to be fitted with an evening gown, so the boys find it less expensive and certainly less embarrassing if they purchase the pattern and material to sew their own dresses. Again, these same men cannot work on a dress at home where they would be seen by members of their family, so they all meet

at Bill's home because he has a sewing machine and they can work unmolested. Of course, all the fellows cannot sew well enough to make an entire evening gown without help, but in the group there is one tailor, two window decorators, and a store clerk who does considerable altering of factory clothing, so, they help each other and manage to get along very nicely.

Once the gown is completed, it is a simple matter to buy the necessary adornments. Good looking and fashionable shoes can be purchased from the rummage counters of the Salvation Army for a very small amount of money. Such necessities as imitation jewelry, hose, gloves, flowers, cosmetics, etc., are easily purchased from the downtown shops. Then, too, it is a relatively simple matter to rent a wig, an evening wrap, or any other needed article from a costume shop.

The night of the "drag" finally arrives. The arrangements are complete. Over a hundred guests have been invited. Most of them have purchased or have been given admission tickets. The money collected from the sale of the tickets was used to hire a large private country home used only for private parties, a small orchestra, and refreshments. Every precaution must be taken to avoid any conflict with the police. About eight-thirty, the guests begin to arrive. Both men and women come. Many of the people come carrying suitcases and boxes. Naturally, they go directly to the dressing rooms to makeup because they were unable to do so at home, or,

perhaps, they considered it too much of a risk to drive through the city streets disguised as a woman. Yet, two men beautifully attired in feminine evening clothing drove up in cabs.

As the guests gather in the salon we see many men perfectly dressed in women's garb, and a few women are seen in the black formal evening dress of the male sex. At ten o'clock the party had begun in earnest. Everyone is having a hilarious time. There does not seem to be a single "normal" person present, but, yes, there is apparently one, an elderly woman, who, I discover, is the mother of one of the guests, a handsome youth who makes up perfectly in his dress of red satin. The men dance together, the women dance together. Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether a certain person is a man or a woman. Occasionally a man dances with a woman. However, the girl always assumes the male position in the dance, while the man dressed as a woman invariably dances about with all the grace and charm of the sex he imitates so perfectly.

It would be interesting indeed to hear every word of conversation exchanged between the couples as they danced about. It is evident, however, that many introductions are made, friendships are formed, telephone numbers exchanged, "dates made, and even love affairs. Occasionally, we see couples who retire to more secluded sections of the large house, but nobody ever goes outside. Nobody on the outside

must know what is going on. Too often neighbors or meddlesome strangers complain to the police department and a raid is made. When parting time comes, some leave in groups, some go in couples, but, at the end of the party they disappear into the black silence of the night to continue their secrets in more suitable places.

PART TWO

A HISTORICAL SURVEY OF THE SCIENTIFIC
LITERATURE ON SEXUAL INVERSION.

A study of sexual inversion would hardly be complete if a survey were not made of the medical and psychological opinions as they originated and were modified by the discoveries of each more recent day. In spite of the antiquity and universality of homosexuality there is surprisingly little literature on the subject. As Havelock Ellis in his study of sexual inversion ⁽⁴⁾ so convincingly proves, homosexuality is common among many animals and birds, including dogs, partridges, doves, rams, bulls, rats, pigeons, geese, chickens, and ducks. Likewise, he shows that homosexuality has been known in all countries and among all peoples both ancient and modern including Mexico, Peru, Persia, China, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Carthage, the Hebrews, the Moham-medans, the Normans, the Dorians, the Scythians, the Tartars, the Celts, the American Indians, the Cretans, Caldonia, Greece, Constantinople, Turkey, India, Brazil, Yucatan, Tahiti, New Guinia, Australia, Europe, and America.

In spite of the vast prevalence of homosexuality there is little or no mention of the phenomena in the American medical writings until March 10, 1888. The European writers had made many scientific studies of sexual inversion years before the Americans became entirely aware of the anomaly. In fact, the Germans were most scientific in their conception of inversion when the following ridiculous article appeared in the March issue of the Medical Record in 1888:

1. Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

"A philosophical and ascetic writer in the medical standard says the following regarding abnormal sexual desire: In the majority of cases sexual desire, which cannot be healthily controlled by the will, is due either to constipation, improper food, improper clothing, improper literature, ascarides (pinworms, intestinal parasites), leucorrhoea (a discharge from the vagina of a white more or less viscid liquid containing mucus and pus cells). Satisfaction of sexual desire will not remove these causes. Until they are removed, the satisfaction of it in any way is but adding fuel to the flame. The results of so-called sexual starvation are due to partial sexual gratification in an abnormal, albeit unconscious way, not to abstinence from sexual intercourse, and are cured by it. Cold sponging, proper diet, proper clothing, proper literature, and proper attention to the rectum will cure all cases of sexual starvation, except such as are reversions to the savage type debauchery, or depend upon cerebral or spinal disease or malformation. In the first case, training is indicated, and in the last, hospital treatment, not marriage or sexual intercourse."⁽²⁾

The "philosophical and ascetic" writer of fifty years ago probably observed a few cases of homosexuality and attributed its causes to constipation, improper food, clothing, and literature, pinworms and leucorrhoea. As a cure he recommended cold sponging, proper food, clothing, and literature in addition to proper attention to the rectum.

2. Medical Record; Vol.10, page 320; 1888.

Needless to say everything he observed and recommended now appears only as hopelessly amusing.

Another quotation from the Medical record of August 13, 1892 is equally interesting:

"The case of Alice Mitchell, which has just been tried at Memphis, Tenn., is a painful illustration of sexual depravity and the result of bad educational influence. The young woman was afflicted with an affection which Science, with a big S, calls psychopathia sexualis, and pronounces the subject a victim of a perverted sexual instinct. The pervert in this case attached herself to a sapphic friend whom she killed one day in a fit of jealous fury. On trial, the defense of insanity was made. The medical experts were, we believe, unanimous in pronouncing the case one of a primary degenerative insanity; and the jury brought in a verdict of insanity.

"We do not wish to contradict the combined testimony of so many alienists with reputations evidently very high in Memphis. Technically, perhaps, the girl was best considered insane, but we cannot avoid believing that if this alleged lunatic had been treated for worms, leucorrhoea, constipation, or some other of the frequent mechanical excitants of unhealthy sexual desire, or if she had been taken early by those in authority, and received a course of bread and water, and perhaps some strong corporeal applications, she would not have become a Lesbian lover or a murderess.

"There is no function easier to control or to corrupt than the sexual. While some sexual perverts are born so, the majority are not, but form their habits through gradual vicious indulgence. Nearly all are amenable to moral influences, that is to say, to rewards and punishment. The sexual pervert may be technically insane, but he or she is legally responsible and should be so held.

"Alice Mitchell has escaped the penalty of her depravity and crime. The story may not be without profit to parents, however. The passionate friendships of young girls may be innocent and charming, but they need the wise scrutiny of those who have charge of them.

"Perverted sexuality quickly breeds a desire for more and more filthy indulgence. Of nothing can it be more truly said: *Facilis Discensus Averni.*" ⁽³⁾

This writer shares with the others the foolish ideas that seemed to be commonly held about the nature of homosexuality. He did dare to add bad educational influences as a cause. For treatment, the writer recommended a course of bread and water plus ample corporeal punishment. He does, however, make one contribution toward the understanding of sexual inversion. He dared to question the court verdict of insanity--he did not believe an invert was a victim of "primary degenerative insanity."

A third writer of the *Medical Record* of April 14, 1894, advocated castration of all sexual perverts. "Dr. F. E.

Daniel concludes a paper on this topic as follows: while we cannot hope ever to institute a sanitary utopia in our day and generation, it would seem within the legitimate scope and sphere of preventive medicine, aided by the enactment and enforcement of suitable laws, to eliminate much that is defective in human genesis, and to improve our race mentally, morally, and physically: to bring to bear in the breeding of peoples the principles recognized and utilized by every intelligent stock raiser in the improvement of his cattle; and in my humble opinion the substitution of castration for the useless and cruel execution of criminals, is the first step in the reformation. I predict that in twenty years the beneficial results of castration for crimes committed in obedience to a perverted (diseased) sexual impulse will be established and appreciated. Rape, sodomy, bestiality, paederastia, and habitual masturbation should be made crimes or misdemeanors punishable by forfeiture of all rights including that of procreation; in short, by castration, or castration plus other penalties, according to the gravity of the offense." (4)

Dr. Daniel rightfully saw the need of racial betterment, but his conception of a eugenical program is certainly made to appear barbaric by our modern understanding and knowledge of Eugenics. He certainly does not seem to understand the types of individuals who should be denied the privilege of procreation. His castration plan would have little or

no effect on racial improvement, and certainly his prediction that the beneficial results of castration for crimes committed in obedience to a perverted sexual impulse would be established and appreciated within twenty years has certainly not come to pass. An enlightened individual of today would never recommend castration of all so called sexual perverts. He could not so readily dismiss from his mind all the vast and important psychological and glandular factors that are still so little understood. Even today, very little is known about the effects of castration, and certainly there is little if any connection between that and the curing of sexual perversion.

While the American medical profession were making inexcusable blunders and statements in their unscientific consideration of sexual inversion, the Germans were beginning to make specific and valuable contributions to the understanding of the so-called perversions.

Probably the first German to study sexual inversion scientifically was Westphal,⁽⁵⁾ a professor of psychiatry at Berlin. His writings date back as early as 1870. It is interesting to note that the findings of Westphal were published fully eighteen years before the American writer wrote his amusing article in the Medical Record. Westphal wondered about the cause of homosexuality and he believed it was congenital rather than acquired. His attitude

5. Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

toward the invert was most tolerant and he did not term inversion as a vice. His investigations showed many neurotic elements but nothing that could legally be termed as insanity. He naturally left many things undecided, but he was undoubtedly the first doctor to begin the study of inversion on a proper basis.

Casper⁽⁵⁾ believed that abnormal sexual relationships between men was a kind of "moral hermaphroditism" due to a congenital psychic condition.

Griesinger⁽⁵⁾ made observation of a single case of homosexuality and concluded that it came as a result of marked hereditary taint. No doubt hereditary factors play an important role in many cases of inversion, yet no individual is justified in generalizing after considering only one case.

Karl Heinrich,⁽⁶⁾ a man of unlimited wisdom and culture, has been the most prolific writer on the subject of inversion. His efforts are largely responsible for the attention devoted to homosexuality by medical and legal authorities in Germany. His writings though numerous are almost entirely without scientific value. His importance lies in the fact that he commanded wide attention and did much toward improving the legal and social status of the invert in Germany and other countries.

One of the most peculiar explanations was advanced by

5. Ellis, Havelock; Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.
6. Krafft-Ebing, Psychopathia Sexualis; Page 218.

Schopenhauer⁽¹⁾ who seriously contended that nature seeks to prevent old men (over fifty years of age) from begetting children, for, as the writer believed, such children never turned out good. For this purpose nature in her wisdom has turned the sexual instinct in old men toward members of their own sex, thus preventing undesirable procreation. This opinion although entirely without value is interesting only because it came from the pen of one of the world's great minds.

The first studies made in France were not nearly as enlightening as the work of the Germans. They regarded inversion as hereditary degeneration, and compared it with such obsessions as dipsomania and kleptomania. These first observations were recorded in the Archives de Neurologie by Chare^{er}~~re~~ and Magnan.

Gley, Revue philosophique, January, 1884,⁽¹⁾ maintained that those afflicted with inverted sexual instincts have a female brain but masculine sex glands, and that an existing morbid condition of the brain determines the sexual life. Magnan, Annals med psychol, 1885,⁽¹⁾ also speaks of a female brain in the body of a man. But obviously, nature is never guilty of such grotesque distortions.

Mantegazza⁽¹⁾ insisted that anatomical anomalies exist in inverted persons in so far as the natural plexus of the genital nerves terminate in the rectum, thus misdirecting thither all lustful desires. Mantegazza reverts, as a

7. Reported in Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

support for his hypothesis, to the communication he received from a prominent author, who assured him he was not as yet satisfied in his own mind whether he received greater pleasure from coitus than from defaecation. Again, nature is seldom guilty of such freak phenomena.

Binet⁽⁸⁾ attempts to explain these peculiar manifestations from a psychological standpoint, thinking with Condillac, to reduce them to the law of association of ideas, association of ideas with sentiments. This clever psychologist assures that the instinct as yet not sexually differentiated is determined by the coincidence of a vivid sexual emotion with the simultaneous sight or contact of a person of the opposite sex. In this manner a mighty association is created, which takes root by repeating itself, while the original associative process is forgotten or becomes latent. Schrenck-Notzing and others lean to this opinion in their efforts to explain the inverted sexual instinct. This very important discovery of association and the conditioned reflex cannot entirely be dismissed in the consideration of homosexuality, but, psychic factors alone are not sufficient to fully explain sexual inversion.

Conolly Norman⁽⁹⁾ simply states that when the sexual instinct makes its first appearance it is very indefinite and easily turned in the wrong direction. He accounted for homosexuality by this fact as well as the precocity

8. Reported in Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

9. Article, Sexual Perversion, published in Juke's Medical Dictionary.

of neurotics.

Max Dessoir⁽¹⁰⁾ reached a similar conclusion that an undifferentiated sexual feeling is normal during the first years of puberty. Perhaps in the opinion of these last two mentioned writers were the beginning of the Freudian ideas as they are now applied to his theories of sexuality.

William James,⁽¹¹⁾ Principles of Psychology, considered inversion as a kind of a sexual appetite of which likely most men possess the germinal possibility.

John J. B. Morgan has a very broad understanding of the sexually inverted individuals. To him, the word homosexuality does not mean an actual perverse tendency, but a word that refers to an individual who prefers the activities, companionship, and interests usually followed by those of his own sex to the exclusion of interest in the other. Extreme cases, however, may be accompanied by sexual indulgencies. This preference for one's own sex is more or less natural in growing children, but in adults signifies a lack of adequate development or a regressional tendency. Homosexuality, then, he believes, is fostered by the projection of unnatural prudery in one's parents or teachers which result in restraint whenever members of the other sex are present.⁽¹²⁾

Eugen Bleuler,⁽¹³⁾ after making a brief study of homosexuality, came to the conclusion that the essential factors

10. Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

11. Principles of Psychology; Vol.2, page 437.

12. Morgan, John J.B., The Psychology of Abnormal People; Chapter on Homosexuality.

13. Bleuler, Eugen, Text Book on Psychiatry; page 218.

of homosexuality lie in the congenital direction of the sex impulse. While it is true, on the other hand, that accident may have a decided influence on subsequent sexual behavior, he believes that the only hypothesis that can be formulated with any probability is that inversion is a biological manifestation. Treatment, then, in the sense of attempting a cure is possible only in the milder cases --- that is, in pseudohomosexuals who can be educated to an extent of resorting to normal activities. Bleuler insists that at the present time a cure is impossible and the invert must be taught to resign himself to his fate. He should be taught to know his position and not feel obligated to struggle against it internally. The physician can only help sublimate the impulses of the invert and perhaps calm the ever-present nervous symptoms.

Bleuler is certainly most sympathetic, liberal, and intelligent in his writings about homosexuality, but his tendency is to assume a point of view of the hopelessness of the situation. As a doctor, he does not have enough confidence in what members of his profession might do for the sexual invert. As a psychiatrist he seems not to fully comprehend the vast psychic influences that might give rise to homosexual behavior in an individual, who, with the proper guidance might become a perfectly normal, well-adjusted individual. Bleuler, then, is not adamant in his pursuit of the study of homosexuality. He is well informed enough to be extremely open-minded, but he only awaits the future solution of the riddle.

But, to get back to the Germans, Richard Von-Krafft-Ebing published a book Psychopathia Sexualis⁽¹⁴⁾ that contained many theories and over two hundred case histories of the various forms of inversion that were observed by the author. For years and by many authorities this book was considered as a kind of an encyclopedia of the sexual perversions. In light of present day knowledge the book is still interesting and instructive but it must take its place among the now antiquated and no longer useful books.

Upon careful study the shrewd individual will quickly observe that Krafft-Ebing did not possess a mind of a highly critical type. A short history of the various editions of Psychopathia Sexualis will prove its scientific worthlessness. As the new and enlarged editions of his book poured forth with alarming rapidity, he continually made an ever more minute and elaborate classification of homosexuality. He had the entire subject of inversion intricately divided into such groupings as psychical hermaphroditism, homosexual effemination, and androgyny. Nobody was ever fully able to distinguish between his groupings, yet, his classification may have been of some value in that it gave precision to the study of inversion. His real contribution, however, lay in the clinical enthusiasm with which he approached the study of sexual perversion.

H.

14. Krafft-Ebing, Psychopathia Sexualis.

In the earliest editions of his famous book, Krafft-Ebing considered inversion to be a functional sign of degeneration. He continually speaks of stigmata of degeneration. He thinks of inversion as a partial manifestation of a neuro (psychic) pathic state, in most cases hereditary. He lists the following peculiarities as the signs of neuropathic taint:

1. The sexual life of individuals thus organized manifests itself abnormally early and thereafter with abnormal power.

2. The psychological love manifest in these men is, for the most part, exaggerated and exalted in the same way as their sexual instinct is manifested in consciousness, with a strange and even compelling force.

3. By the side of functional signs of degenerations attending antipathic sexual feeling are found other functional and in many cases anatomical evidences of degenerations..

4. Neuroses (hysteria, neurasthenic, epileptoid states, etc.) co-exist. Almost invariably the existence of temporary or lasting neurasthenia may be proved. As a rule, this is congenital, having its roots in congenital conditions. It is awakened and maintained by masturbation or enforced abstinence.

5. In the majority of cases, psychological anomalies (brilliant endowments in art, especially music, poetry, etc., by the side of bad intellectual powers or original eccen-

tricity) are present, which may extend to pronounced conditions of mental degenerations (imbecility, moral insanity.)

6. In almost all cases where an examination of the physical and mental peculiarities of the ancestors and blood relations has been possible, neuroses, psychoses, degenerative signs, etc., have been found in the families.

Few writers on the subject have painted a more dismal and degenerate picture of the invert than did Krafft-Ebing. Realizing this, it is extremely significant to note that in the last edition of his book he was inclined to regard inversion as being not so much of a degeneration as a variation, a simple anomaly, and acknowledged his opinion that approximated to the opinion that had been held for a long time in Germany.

In 1891, Dr. Moll of Berlin published his work Die kontrare Sexualempfindung,⁽¹⁵⁾ which also appeared in many editions. Like Krafft-Ebing, he was inclined to believe that the sexually inverted belonged to families where nervous and mental disorders prevail. He did, however, point out that it was not always easy to prove that inverts were of tainted neurotic origin and quality. He rejected the minute classification of Krafft-Ebing and recognized only homosexuality and bisexuality. At the same time he cast doubt on the existence of acquired homosexuality except in exceptionally rare cases, and he pointed out that even when a normal heterosexual impulse appears at puberty, and

15. Reported in Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, Part 2.

a homosexual impulse later, it may still be the former that was acquired and the latter that was inborn, which, of course, proves relatively little.

One of the outstanding contributors to the knowledge of sexual inversion was Dr. Magnus Hirschfield of Berlin. In his book the pathological conception of inversion has entirely disappeared; homosexuality is regarded as primarily a biological phenomena of universal existence, and secondarily as a social phenomena of serious importance. He makes no attempt to invent new theories. The main value of Hirschfield's work lies in his constant endeavor to keep close to definite facts.

Havelock Ellis⁽¹⁶⁾ believes that sexual inversion remains a congenital anomaly to be classed with other congenital abnormalities which have psychic concomitants. Many people, he believes, go through life with a congenital predisposition to inversion which always remains latent unless aroused. Such influences as the segregation of the sexes in the school systems, seduction by an older person of the same sex, and the disappointment in normal love are the excitants that arouse the latent homosexual disposition.

Havelock Ellis, probably as much as any other previous writer, made a careful study and survey of all the existing ideas concerning sexual inversion. He carefully studies numerous case histories, and from them drew a few conclusions that were not necessarily new, at least in light of

16. Ellis, Havelock, Psychology of Sex; Vol.2, chapter on conclusions.

the present knowledge of the subject. Although I do not believe that Havelock Ellis fully understands the phenomena of homosexuality, he certainly was most influential in changing the fixed ideas that have been entertained for so many years. He sees fundamental truths in his understanding of latent homosexuality and its subsequent development, but even though his contributions to the understanding of inversion are valuable, the picture he paints of the invert is hardly complete.

G. S. Sprague⁽¹⁷⁾ believes that homosexuality rather than being an unitary and isolated phenomena is an extremely complicated problem of widely varying manifestations. Homosexuality, he states, may be found in either of two forms, the physiological-structural, and the instinctive-psychological with its corresponding tendencies to produce conduct.

Edward Sapir⁽¹⁸⁾ almost dismissed the important subject of sexual inversion with a snap of his fingers by explaining that sexual inversion manifests itself in the individual only when love is squeezed out of sex and it revenges itself by assuming unnatural forms. "The cult to the naturalness of homosexuality", he writes, "fools no one but those who need a rationalization of their own problems."

August Forel agrees with Rudin by believing that the psycho-pathological phenomena presented by the majority of

17. Sprague, G.S., Varieties of Homosexual Manifestations, American Journal of Psychiatry; 1935: 92, 143.

18. Sapir, Edward, Observation of the Sex Problem in America, American Journal of Psychiatry; 1934: 82, 48.

inverts are primitive and hereditary. He very vaguely explains that sexual inversion corresponds to a kind of partial hermaphroditism, in which the sexual glands and copulatory organs have the characters of one of the sexes, while the brain has to a great extent those of the other sex. The condition he regarded as congenital. (19)

Sigmund Freud (20) came to the conclusion that the homosexual impulse is deeply rooted in the psyche of the individual and can only be understood through the ever penetrating technique of psychoanalysis. In order to understand inversion a psychoanalytic study must be made of the earliest childhood, even infancy. Freud states quite definitely that all inclinations to perversions have their origin in childhood, and all children practice them according to the degree of their maturity. Perverse sexuality, then, is nothing more than magnified infantile sexuality.

In order to prove the above statement, Freud cites the following proof. The child (suckling) reveals the first sexual impulses in connection with bodily functions necessary for life. The baby's chief interest is obviously directed toward the taking in of food. Every person who has observed an infant knows that he invariably wishes to repeat the act of taking food without actually demanding more food--he is not urged by the power of hunger. The infant is simply said to be sucking, and the fact that he

19. Forel, August, The Sexual Question; Chapter 6.

20. Freud, Sigmund, A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis.

soon falls into a contented and satisfied slumber is proof that the sucking has given him pleasure. The infant speedily arranges matters so that he cannot fall asleep without sucking, and his ever-observant elders provide nipples, rings, rattles, and numerous other objects to meet this need of the child. The gratification the child experiences can only be attributed to the excitation of the mouth and lips. Hence, Freud calls these parts of the body erogenous zones and the pleasure derived from sucking, sexual. It must be pointed out that sexual in this description is used in its broadest sense.

The infant's sucking at his mother's breast is beyond a doubt the most important thing in his life for it satisfies two great needs in his life. Consequently, the Freudians insist that through psychoanalysis much of this act can be observed in adult life. The sucking at the mother's breast becomes the term of departure for all sexual life, the unattainable ideal of later sex gratification, to which the imagination often reverts in time of need.

The first object of the child's sex instinct must be the mother's breast. The suckling soon relinquishes it and fills its place by a part of his own body. The child sucks his thumb or his own tongue and thus renders himself independent of the consent of the outer world in obtaining his sensual satisfaction.

All that is clearly evident during the taking in of

food is partially repeated during excretion. The Freudians conclude that the infant experiences pleasure during the excretion of urine and the contents of the intestines. Again, the infant strives to arrange these acts in a way to secure the greatest amount of satisfaction by the corresponding excitement of the erogenous zones of the anus and penis..

Considering sexuality from this very broad point of view, it is obvious that if the child has any sexual life at all, it must necessarily be perverse.

Before discussing the exact connection between the perverse sexual life of the child and homosexuality in the adult, we must deviate again and consider the early life of the child. Contrary to the point of view held by the majority of people, the sexual curiosity of children begins very early, sometimes before the third year. This truth has been established by Freud and numerous other writers. The sex curiosity is not connected with the differences of sex which mean absolutely nothing to the child. The boy not uncommonly ascribes a male genital to both sexes for he cannot conceive of a human being who lacks the part of his body that is so important to him.. Now, normal sexual development leads from bisexuality to the primacy of the heterosexual instinct, but suppose there is a disturbance of the development and it pursues a course somewhat of this type: The child, during his earliest period of sexual curiosity ascribes a penis as part of the makeup of every woman. The child chooses the woman as the sexual object

in childhood as long as he pre-supposes in woman the existence of that part of the body which remains indispensable to him. When the exact makeup of the female is learned, she ceases to be acceptable as a sexual object--this particular person cannot do without the penis on the person who should stimulate him to sexual intercourse, and in favorable cases fixes his libido upon the woman with the penis, the youth of effeminate appearance. This brief consideration shows how the libido through an arrested development may become fixed upon the male and thus bring about homosexuality in the adult.

In other cases, it can be asserted that those who later become inverted pass through during the first years of childhood a phase of very intense but short-lived fixation on the woman--usually the mother or sister. After the conclusion of which they identify themselves with the woman and take themselves for the sexual object, that is, proceeding from narcissism, they seek young men like their own person whom they wish to love as their mother loved them. In this connection, it has been discovered that the supposed inverted were in no way insusceptible to the stimulus of the woman, but the excitement called forth by the woman is continually transposed to the male object. Thus they repeat during their entire lives, the mechanism by which their inversion was occasioned.

The ensuing discussion shows how the same psychic course of development runs in the individual who reaches heterosexual maturity. The first object of love is the

person himself; moreover, he manifests his love to a large extent in interest in his genitals. The genitals are heavily charged with libido. Then, there occurs an externalization of libido upon a new love object, upon someone outside of himself and the easiest path to follow is to choose an object like himself. The selection is commonly determined by sexuality and the individual likes someone who is like himself sexually. This comprises homosexual object selection. When the person later goes over into heterosexuality the homosexual components are not lost but they appear in reality in socialized form such as club life and other types of organizations for only one sex.

And so, Freud describes the various psychic mechanisms and processes that bring about the condition of homosexuality. In this modern day, it is customary when speaking of Freud to simply say that his theories are of little value because they are too concerned with the sexual impulse. I cannot disregard the contributions of Freud to psychology with such a simple statement for I believe his discussions of the sub-conscious are of immense value.

I cannot help but quote literally a criticism of Freudian psychology by Paul Kegan for it represents the common misunderstanding of the Freudian principles. Mr. Kegan was considerably disturbed when he read that Freud teaches that every normal man possesses some homosexual tendencies in his makeup. Consequently, he wrote the following criticism as a result of his reflections:

"I decided to approach the question of Freud's statement, that homosexual tendencies are present in every normal man, with a perfectly open mind, without the least bias, and to examine it closely by introspection. Whatever the result, the question appeared to me of paramount importance for psychology. When looking at a woman and indulging in sexual phantasies it is a well-known fact that, with the normal man, the impulses of concentration occur. From this I reasoned that a similar experience might occur in the homosexually disposed individual with regard to another male. If, therefore, I were to indulge in such phantasies, whilst contemplating a man, as would cause an impulse to concentration when practised with respect to a woman, I, as a trained observer should certainly be able to detect any incipient conative tendencies and affective experiences, if they be present. With this end in view, I looked out for and seized opportunity to contemplate at ease and unobtrusively men of all sorts and conditions. These opportunities offered themselves constantly in railway carriages and omnibuses, in the park, at theatres and concerts, at lunch, meetings, and so on. I chose as objects for these experiments youthful men of varying types; the martial figure of the dashing soldier or the brainy and intellectual countenance of the thinker, the athlete, or the delicate and dreamy artist--all men who would probably please and whose exterior decidedly attracted me. I contemplated them and dwelt upon their personal advantages, having constantly in

mind the purpose of the experiment. I imagined the preliminary period of a sexual approach; but I think it unnecessary to enter here into further details of this process, and I will state at once the results of these experiments. In no single case have I ever been able to discover the slightest trace of libido, whilst I discovered invariably repulsion and disgust. If these experiences had turned out differently, it is quite possible that I should not have spoken so candidly about them, but would have endeavored to induce other trained psychologists to repeat the experiments for me. As it is, however, I can state most definitely and most emphatically that I have been unable to come across the least trace of any homosexual propensity in my experience. I may add that these experiments were performed at intervals extending over many months, so that if there should be any oscillation in my sexuality, as suggested by Freud, I might be able to detect it.

"Although the evidence of my introspection seemed to be decisive, I sought nevertheless to test its reliability by some control experiments, and this appeared to me to be possible in the following manner. To the average man the vast majority of women appear generally more or less indifferent sexually, because the sexual question does not loom prominently in the foreground of their thoughts on ordinary occasions, or else daily social intercourse could not take place as it does. A great many women exert even a repulsive effect, owing, for instance, to some deformity,

some physical or moral defect, some peculiarity or ailment with which they are afflicted. Now, if such women, I argued, are made the objects of similar experiments as those described above with men and if in spite of the primary repulsion, sexual conative tendencies, an incipient libido, be detected to be present, such fact would certainly tend to prove my introspection reliable, although a negative result would not render it doubtful. I chose then as suitable subjects for these experiments women whose exterior was decidedly repulsive. Old and decrepit women, and such as were afflicted with some nauseating complaint, women of varying degrees of cleanliness, or rather uncleanliness. In all these cases I have invariably been able to discover decided sexual conative tendencies and unmistakable libido. It was vanishingly small as compared with the colossal repulsion felt, yet it was unmistakably there. I thus satisfied myself that my introspection in the experiments on men was accurate and reliable, as I could not have missed in one case what I was able to discover in the other. I have, therefore, no hesitation whatever in affirming that Freud's statement, that there are homosexual tendencies in every man at some time or another, to be a groundless assertion and I am inclined to believe that the majority of men, doubtless of women also, are normally heterosexual and without a tinge of the stigmata of homosexuality.

"I expect, of course, that Freud and his followers will retort by saying that my experiments merely prove that no

homosexual tendencies are conscious in me, but that by psychoanalytic technique they would be able to unravel them in my 'unconscious'. This, of course, would be a quite gratuitous assertion, as their psychoanalytic method merely discovers in the patient what the psychoanalyst has been putting there himself..

"It would be idle to follow Freud in further unsavory phantasies which are derived from this unconfirmed phantasy."⁽²¹⁾

The carefully trained student will immediately recognize the weakness of Mr. Kegan's reasoning, and if he understands Freudian psychology, as few people seem to, he will realize that Mr. Kegan, too, does not fully comprehend the Freudian technique. In passing, it is interesting to note that Mr. Kegan only verified his fixed idea by his ridiculous experiment. He actually seems to be trying to convince the public of his heterosexuality. Yet, in the beginning of the criticism he said he chose men for his experiment whose exterior decidedly attracted him. Mr. Kegan has obviously used the word homosexual in the popular and vulgar sense and not in the manner in which Freud intended. Surely it would take a far greater mind and a much more objective experiment to disprove the great Freud.

However, Freud, in his enthusiastic searching of the sub-conscious mind, failed to make mention of glandular activity as one of the contributing factors of homosexuality. He was not concerned with the physical aspects of the problem but only with the psychic mechanisms and

processes involved. Only recently much mention has been made in all phases of medical and scientific literature of the importance and extent of glandular activity. Freud seems to have neglected this aspect of the problem, yet, strangely enough, the first intimation of the specific action of the endocrines dates back to the eighteenth century, in 1776, to be exact.

It was in this year that Dr. Theophile Bordeau, a Parisian physician, published a thesis entitled Medical Analysis of the Blood. In this work, Dr. Bordeau was primarily concerned with characteristics of eunuchs and capons as compared with men and roosters that had not been castrated. Bordeau advanced the theory that sexual secretions taken up by the blood tend to influence the maleness or femaleness of the individual. This theory, now accepted as quite true, was actually forgotten and entirely disregarded for more than one hundred years.

One hundred and fifteen years after Bordeau wrote of what we now call secondary sexual characteristics, Brown-Sequard, the father of modern endocrinology wrote: "Each cell of the organism secretes on its own account certain products or special ferments, which, through this medium, the blood, influence all other cells of the body, a definite solidarity being thus established among all the cells through a mechanism other than the nervous system..... All the tissues, glands, and other organs, have thus a special internal secretion, and so give the blood something

more than waste products of metabolism. The internal secretions, whether by direct influence, or through the obstacles they oppose to deleterious processes, seem to be of great utility in maintaining the organism in its normal state.²²

It is interesting to recall that Brown-Sequard, who first recommended the hypodermic injection of testicular extract as a rejuvenating agent for sub-vital men, lived to hear the laughs of derision, which had first greeted his suggestion, die out. In fact, he lived long enough to see testicular extract used all over the world as a routine measure in the treatment of masculine functional incapacity.⁽²²⁾

With so many almost unbelievable results obtained from thyroid and other extracts, the question immediately arises; What connection does homosexuality have, if any, with such glandular secretions as the thymus, pituitary, adrenal, testicular and other secretions? Recently, many considerations of homosexuality from this point of view have appeared.

Curt Thesing⁽²³⁾ makes a few significant statements about homosexuality as a purely biological phenomena. He believes that every organism issues from a sexual act and is therefore in a sense hermaphrodite. That is, in every organism there are, primordially latent, the hereditary factors of both sexes. Every fertilized ovum has a hereditary equipment which might enable it to develop into a

22. Reported in Potter, LaForest, Strange Loves.

23. Thesing, Curt, Genealogy of Sex; page 312.

male, a female, or a hermaphrodite adult.

To prove this interesting phenomena of sex mutability, he describes the sexual change of male to female of the sword-tailed minnow and consequently proves that external conditions during the growth period such as variation in temperature, or diet, exposure to sex hormones, location in stagnant water or flowing water, play a part in determining what sex an organism shall take. Like Havelock Ellis, he shows that sex practices, which in human beings are stigmatized as vices or perversions, are all represented among the members of the animal kingdom. Although the work of Curt Thesing is by no means complete, his suggestions may well serve as an introduction into the biological significance of sexual inversion.

From Munchener medizinische Wochenschrift, February 5, 1918,⁽²⁴⁾ comes a study of sex glands by E. Steinach and R. Lichtenstein. The writers recall the role of the sexual glands from the endocrine standpoint, such as stimulation of the homologous sexual characters and inhibition of the heterologous characters. Their action is directed to the psychic characteristics as well as the somatic ones. They refer to the possibility of cultivating the sexual glands of both sexes in the same subject in which case the manifestations of both somatic and psychic hermaphroditism will develop. They conclude, then, that human hermaphroditism can be attributed to a mixed internal secretion.

24. Reported in Allen, Edgar; Sex and Internal Secretions.

These experimental data were applied clinically to man. Lichtenstein and Steinach operated on a homosexual and engrafted the testicle of a normal individual. The patient was a man of thirty with some signs of somatic eunuchoidism such as accumulation of fat on the breast and the hips, and insufficient growth of hair in the characteristic places. The man was homosexual from his fourteenth year, like a brother and two sisters. At twenty-nine, the left testicle and the right epididymis were removed because of tuberculosis. The patient became sexually impotent after this operation, but the above mentioned somatic indications were already present from his seventeenth year. Lichtenstein removed the remaining testicle and engrafted a retained testicle of a sexually normal individual. As soon as about two weeks later, coition took place followed by full satisfaction and happiness. The general behavior of the man, which before the operation was clearly feminine, now became more masculine. About a year after the operation the man married. He showed signs of change in his somatic sex characters, the accumulation of fat on the breast and hips disappeared, and the hairiness became much more pronounced.

Steinach is further reported as having found that the interstitial tissue of the testicles of a male homosexual contained large epithelioid cells, not resembling the ordinary male interstitial cells of the testicle, but rather like the luteal cells of the ovary. Steinach then ascribed

homosexuality to female sexual hormones produced by these cells. As long as the male sexual hormones quantitatively prevail, the activity of the cells producing female sexual hormones will be inhibited according to the law of antagonism between the hormones of both sexes. The individual will show normal somatic characters and a normal psycho-sexual behavior, though male and female hormones can be produced owing to the intersexual condition of its sex gland. If, now, the vitality of the male cell should sooner or later decrease for some reason and their endocrine function should cease, the female cells present will be released from inhibition and become activated. The female endocrine cells activated owing to some pathological condition of the male cell will now exercise their endocrine function and influence the somatic and psychical sex characters.

But, as Alexander Lipschultz points out⁽²⁵⁾ the statement of Steinach that special endocrine cells like the luteal cells are to be found in the testicle of homosexual individuals has not been confirmed. The proportions of the interstitial cells in the normal testicle vary very much. According to observations of the guinea pig, the variation seems to be especially great when there is a degeneration of seminal tubules and a concomitant reaction on the part of the surrounding interstitial tissue. There can be no doubt, he says, that Steinach was mistaken about those large interstitial cells.

25. Lipschultz, Alexander; The Internal Secretions of the Sex Glands.

Although Steinach failed to show conclusively that there are really special endocrine cells of both sexes in the testicle of the homosexual individual, Alexander Lipschultz points out that it remains very likely that his assumption about the periodic changes in the psycho-sexual behavior being caused by periodic changes in the production of sex hormones is not without foundation. We must assume that the different parts of the organism will react to the changed quantities of the hormones of both sexes in the same individual in a way that is not uniform. They will change very little if already fixed previously by ordinary growth or by the action of sexual hormones. They will change more if they still maintain a certain degree of growth intensity, and if they still possess great plasticity or liability like the central nervous system. On such an assumption one can explain how it is that homosexuality or an intersexuality concerning the psycho-sexual behavior is much more widely spread than somatic intersexuality.

Similar attempts at surgical treatment of homosexuality have been repeated by several doctors. Successful results are described by Musham, Pfeiffer and others; whereas Kreuter and Stobel are of the opinion that it is impossible to change the psycho-sexual behavior of the homosexual individual by implantation because his behavior is definitely fixed in the central nervous system after puberty is attained. Stobel's view does not agree with the statements of Musham and Kreuter who described cases in which the homosexual

behavior disappeared after castration. One is inclined to explain the negative results partly by castration not having been formed previously to transplantation. It may be said that in three of his successful cases Musham previously removed one of the testicles of the patient, but according to Stobel, a successful treatment of homosexuality by transplantation is impossible even when both testicles are removed.

The divergent results of the different surgeons may be partly due to the fact that in some cases of homosexuality the sex gland is not the direct cause of the abnormal behavior, some other organ of internal secretion being primarily involved and influencing the hormonal activity of the testicle. In such cases no transplantation of a normal testicle could help or be successful even when castration is previously performed.

T. H. Morgan⁽²⁶⁾ talks about the mechanism of sex determination that might have some influence in the determination of homosexuality. He says that the mature ovum always contains an X chromosome while the spermatozoa are of two kinds, those with and those without an X chromosome. Fertilization by a spermatozoon lacking an X chromosome determines maleness and fertilization by an X chromosome bearing spermatozoon determines femaleness. There is evidence, however, to prove that sex determining factors are found in the autosomes as well.

Consequently, sex determination may be a result of a balancing of factors in both the autosomes and in the X chromosomes. The sex factors in the autosomes make for femaleness; those in the X chromosomes for femaleness.

Elaborating this theory, Aaron J. Rosanoff⁽²⁷⁾ gives an interesting and clear picture of sexuality. According to reliable observations, sex differentiation is not complete even at full maturity for rudimentary female organs are present in the male, and the rudimentary male ones in the female. Likewise, there is a great deal of variation within normal limits. Mr. Rosanoff thus assumes that the balancing of the genetic factors which make for maleness and femaleness is not always the same.

In reference to homosexuality he believes that such an anomaly is greatly influenced by heredity or germinal factors. In other words, homosexuality comes about as a result of an ill-balance between the factors of maleness and femaleness in the psycho-sexual makeup.

The fundamental feature of his theory is based upon innumerable observations of cases in which a striking disharmony exists between the psycho-sexual makeup, on the one hand, and on the other, both the primary and secondary sexual characters. It is based further on the more recent observations of various degrees and kinds of such disharmony. Such observations indicate that, if the disharmony is to be attributed in some measure to hereditary

27. Rosanoff, Aaron J.; A Theory of Chaotic Sexuality; American Journal of Psychiatry; 92: July, 1935.

or germinal factors, such factors for psycho-sexual makeup, though they may be more or less linked to the factors for physical sexuality, must be to some extent independently transmitted.

The assumption of linkage in chromosomes, as between the psychic and physical factors, is forced by the fact that, after all, there is a close correspondence and no marked disharmony between them in the great majority of individuals. Therefore, the further assumption seems justified that the psycho-sexual factors for maleness and for femaleness are localized, like the factors for the primary sex characters in the autosomes and in the X chromosome respectively.

By designating a strong factor for maleness by "M" and a weak one by "m", a strong factor for femaleness by "F", a weak one by "f", Mr. Rosanoff sees that there are six possible types of males: MMF, MMf, MmF, Mmf, mmF, mmFf, mmff, and nine types of females, MMFF, MMFf, MMff, MmFF, MmFf, Mmff, mmFF, mmFf, mmff. He does not suggest that these assumptions would afford an explanation of sexual makeup that may be observed. They represent merely the simplest possible theoretical formula that might be suggested.

Among these psycho-sexual types of males and females there would be fifty-four possible types of matings that could be shown by diagram. Any union of two individuals that produced a child represented by the symbols mmF and MMff would be extremely homosexual. From the formulas of

the parents it could be shown that extremely homosexual individuals may be the offspring of approximately normal parents and vice-versa.

The May, 1934 issue of the American Journal of Psychiatry ⁽²⁸⁾ reports a most significant study of homosexuality by Dr. Hugh M. Galbraith of the Bloomingdale Hospital, White Plains, New York. There have been few if any studies made of a similar nature. The methods employed open a new and extremely significant way of approaching the study of inversion.

Because the constitutional and physiological components of homosexuality have been very much neglected, Dr. Galbraith sought to correlate the physiological and psychological aspects of the problem. Observations were thus made on 123 male and 105 female patients. Note was made of those constitutional and physical characteristics which are commonly associated with maleness and femaleness such as certain skeletal phenomena, the differences in the carrying angle of the arm, the width of the shoulders with that of the hips, the consistency and distribution of fat, the muscular development, distribution and amount of hair, pitch of the voice together with its quality, degree of development of the genitalia, and the absence or presence of the scrotal fold.

After the observations had been made, the psychosexual history of each patient was obtained from the clinical record.

28. Galbraith, Hugh M.; Constitutional Factors in Homosexuality; American Journal of Psychiatry; Vol.13; page 1249.

From data thus obtained it was discovered that 33 patients had conspicuous homosexual experiences and preferences. This group of patients was selected for special study and for comparison with a group of 15 patients whose heterosexual adaptation was reasonably satisfactory.

The following summary and conclusions were published as a result of the study:

1. Homosexual patients show constitutional deviations from the general average which are considerably greater than those of the heterosexually adjusted.

2. The homosexual male is characterized by a feminine carrying angle of the arm, long legs, narrow hips, large muscles, deficient hair on the face, chest, and back, feminine distribution of pubic hair, a high pitched voice, small penis and testicles and the presence of the scrotal fold. Not uncommonly there is an excess of fat on the shoulders, buttocks and abdomen. Occasionally, the penis is very large and the hips unusually wide.

3. The female homosexual is characterized by firm adipose tissue, deficient fat in the shoulders and abdomen, firm muscles, excess hair on the chest, back and lower extremities, a tendency to masculine distribution of pubic hair, a small uterus and either over or under development of the labia or clitoris. There is also a tendency toward a shorter trunk, a contracted pelvis, under development of the breasts, excess hair on the face, and a low-pitched voice.

4. The psychosexual histories in the heterosexual and homosexual groups are conspicuously different. All the patients in the heterosexual group were married and had from one to seven children. None of them had been unfaithful after marriage and none of them had been separated or divorced. Only 25 percent of the homosexual patients were married, none of them made a satisfactory heterosexual adjustment and three fourths of the marriages were dissolved by separation, divorce, or annulment. As a result of these marriages, the total number of children born was only four while the heterosexually adjusted had a total of 38 children.

The problem outlined by Dr. Galbraith is certainly a significant one. Unfortunately, the patients upon whom he experimented had become ill enough to be placed in a mental hospital. His conclusions, then, could not be generally accepted until the same experimental data were applied to all groups such as those who make some sort of social adjustment, those who have homosexual tendencies and never develop a serious mental disorder, those that are married and have families yet have failed to make a heterosexual adjustment and later on in life play with the idea of homosexuality but never carry out the overt homosexual act, those cases that are termed borderline, those who have never made any heterosexual adjustment regardless of opportunities, and best of all, those individuals who may be termed purely homosexual. Nevertheless, Dr. Galbraith's experiment is interesting and he points the way toward a

more exacting and clearer consideration of the sexual invert.

The literature on sexual inversion may be summarized easily and quickly. The earliest writings, dating back to the last few years of the nineteenth century, characterized sexual inversion as being congenital and latent with neurotic elements, hereditary taint, and general degeneration. A few writers speculated wildly about the anatomical anomalies of the sexual invert. They devised theories attempting to account for homosexuality by describing such impossibilities as female brains and male sex organs in the same individual, misdirected nervous fibers and any number of other anomalies of which nature is never guilty.

Probably under the influence of Binet the current ideas regarding the congenital and pathological hopelessness of homosexuality began to be modified. Binet pointed out that sexual inversion could be caused by a conditioning process, an association of ideas with sentiments. Max Dessoir came to believe that an undifferentiated sex feeling was normal during years of puberty. William James went so far as to say that all people have the germinal possibility of becoming inverted. A new school of thinking was created --- a school that believed that homosexuality is a product of environmental conditions.

As psychology became popularized and as the Freudians developed their elaborate psychoanalytical processes, the cause and nature of homosexuality seemed quite clear. The

burden of proof certainly lay on defenders of the congenital aspect of the question. On the other hand, however, the endocrinologist daily offers additional proof, that sexual inversion is a biological manifestation, and his arguments are sound and convincing.

So, the writers about homosexuality have generally grouped themselves into two groups: those who believe sexual inversion to be a psychological condition, and those who believe it to be a congenital, biological condition. Neither one school nor the other can be entirely correct. Both are extremely important and if the invert personality is to be understood, the student cannot make his approach from one side or the other. There is only one way to understand the invert personality, and that is through recognition and understanding of both the biological and psychological factors.

PART THREE

A SERIES OF CASE STUDIES OF INVERTS

A. MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES

B. A DETAILED CASE STUDY

The great American Civil War that eventually caused a complete reconstruction of the vast area comprising the Southern States was equally vicious in the disastrous blows it dealt the Durnell family that consisted of four brothers and their immediate descendants. But, being small landowners, certainly not the traditional wealthy southern planter, nor, on the other hand, the "poor white trash", they were able to maintain a reasonably good livelihood together with their connection with the Methodist Church where they acted as unlicensed preachers. A doctor's degree in philosophy was certainly not necessary to preach the gospel of the christian religion to the backwoodsmen of Kentucky--one only needed to announce himself as a preacher and begin work as he saw fit. At any rate, the four Durnell brothers were widely known as well versed and fluent students of the Bible, and they spent most of their time engaged in spirited arguments with the villagers rather than working in the languid and strength-sapping sunshine.

On one memorable occasion, the oldest Durnell brother became involved in a violent argument that ended in the death of the man who dared to openly contest the beliefs of the self ordained minister. The impulsive murder was probably never investigated for the elder Durnell was not legally punished. He suffered only because the neighbors far and near were heartless in their gossip and condemnation. The people no

longer flocked to the bowery church on Sunday and the collections were so small that "preaching" became a most unprofitable profession. The gospel-murderer became dependent upon his small farm for a livelihood, and each day, he saw himself and family sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of the backwoods ignorance of which they were already hopelessly a part.

The decline of the family, however, was momentarily interrupted by a kind of modern John the Baptist who came into the Kentuckian wilderness preaching a new religion of baptism and a new life through a strange power of the Holy Ghost. Great groups of people were impressed with the power and solemn conviction of these strange modern prophets and many of them were baptized into the new church.

Among the first people in the locality to join the new sect was the eldest Durnell brother who had only recently become so unpopular because of the inflicted death. He had always revelled in the emotional "revival" that hoped to evoke a manifestation directly from God. At any rate, he became an enthusiastic sponsor of the new religion, but he soon discovered that it took more than the power of a new faith to provide sustenance for a large family as well as counteract the effects of malicious gossip.

The modern prophets told strange and convincing tales of the vast resources of the far West, so, with little persuasion

and no deliberation, the elder Durnell decided to move his wife and family into this new country where he hoped to begin life with renewed vigor. His disappointment, however, was great when, on arrival, he saw the barren waste the Utah missionary designated as his farm.

A family of the Durnell type, nevertheless, would be certain to survive most any situation. Even the bitter hardships of pioneer days could not long remain an obstacle in their way. The Durnells were well endowed with a vigor of physique and mind that invariably distinguished them from the average individual. They were robust, healthy people who were able to command attention if only through their rather distinguished appearance. The steel gray of the father's hair seemed to quicken the power of his convictions and accentuate the distinguished features of his makeup. Even an inflicted death, a murder, could not change the will and determination of a Durnell. He might have been an outstanding man had he had the necessary opportunities and the proper type of training.

Needless to say, the Durnell family fared as well, if not better, than the average family of the pioneer days of central Utah. His eight children Henry, Matt, Stephen, John, Rhoda, Amanda, and Lola, grew to maturity and one by one left the original farm to take a place in the changing world of events.

In the interest of the case history of Claude, whose life this paper will eventually discuss in some detail, a

brief study will be made of each member of the Durnell family because one of them becomes his grandmother while the others, of course, are great uncles and great aunts.

Henry. Henry possessed many of the fine physical and mental qualities that so characterized his father and the three uncles who had remained in Kentucky. He was just as robust, just as handsome and just as impulsive as his father. He soon tired of farm work and sought employment in a nearby mining town. He found work almost immediately and lived prosperously until he became involved in an affair that might have caused him to be punished by long imprisonment or even death. Like his father, Henry became implicated in a murder, but one of a much more serious nature. Henry was summoned to appear in court as the man guilty of rape that caused the death of a twelve year old girl. Guilty, as he evidently was, Henry escaped punishment. It seems that the girl had been abandoned by her mother and there was no one interested enough to plead in her behalf. Perhaps Henry even convinced the disinterested mining town sheriff that he was not guilty, but, he left the town immediately and was never known to return.

Years passed by. The death of the twelve year old girl became an unknown and forgotten incident in the glamorous and lawless development of the West. In the meantime Henry married and became the father of two children. The premature birth of a third child caused the death of his wife. Straightway he

became addicted to the use of alcohol and all of his life he fought to overcome this weakness.

At the age of fifty-five Henry married, the second time, a woman thirty-one years his junior. Naturally enough, his second marriage did not endure longer than two or three years. At the age of sixty, Henry found himself a very lonely old man. His whole life had been very much a failure and he had even failed to accumulate enough money to meet the demands of old age. Yet, poverty could not interfere with the life of this very potent man, and, everybody who knew him was shocked to learn that at the age of sixty-one he had married a mentally retarded woman much younger than himself. The marriage was obviously one of convenience because this woman could satisfy his potent needs as well as cook and attend to simple household duties. Certainly nothing more could be said about this woman who was obviously feeble minded.

Matt. Matt, another son of the elder Durnell, left his father's farm, married at a comparatively early age, and purchased some land in the northern part of the state that proved very fertile and extremely valuable in the years that followed. He became a most prosperous farmer and he held many honorary and responsible positions in his community and church. Later in his life he abandoned the farm giving all rights to members of his immediate family and then devoted his entire time in helping to establish the sugar beet

industry that was rapidly becoming one of the most enterprising industries of Utah and Idaho. At the present time he is a well respected man and one of the leading citizens of his community.

Stephen. Stephen mysteriously fled from the farm to become a wanderer and adventurer. Occasionally his father heard of his whereabouts. Perhaps someone had seen him-- he may have been working in a mining town, or even a drunken brawl might have made him the center of attraction for a short time. One day, however, Stephen and his newly acquired wife appeared before the aging father. Stephen was full of resolutions. He was determined to begin a new chapter in his life and forget about the questionable past. The couple moved into a newly built and rapidly growing ore-milling town. Stephen labored at the mill for two years before he was dismissed from employment because of excessive drinking. A period of almost continual drunkenness followed that lasted until the early death of Stephen. In the meantime his wife was forced to keep "boarders and lodgers" while Stephen wandered from one saloon to another and became known as the worst drunkard in the town and a dangerous molester of small girls. During his life he became that father of eleven children all of whom died in infancy except one daughter who grew to maturity only to become a prostitute--not an ordinary prostitute of the common hustler type, but one who eventually became the mistress of

her own house and of a modest fortune she soon squandered.

John. John, the fourth son, followed very much the same course as his brother Stephen except that he was able to maintain his job inspite of his continual drinking. In fact, he became a foreman in the same mill where Stephen had worked--a rather enviable and responsible position. When his four children were quite mature, he was deserted by his wife. His oldest son became involved in an ugly scandal of an attempted rape when he was about the age of twenty-two. His two daughters were of the commonest type. One of them became kind of a prostitute at least up until the time of her marriage when she disappeared from the limelight and was little heard of.

Edith. One of the four daughters of Durnell, Edith, married a hard-working and economical man. They became the owners of a small retail store where they worked diligently to provide an ample income to meet the demands of their family that consisted of three sons and one daughter. All the children in turn worked and helped in every possible manner to defray the household expenses and contribute to the cost of their keep and education. All four of Edith's children were graduated from college. One son was enlisted in the World War. He was wounded and the government allowed him the privilege of returning to school at their expense. After a long period of study he became a doctor of excellent rank.

Another son of Edith became an assistant editor of an important Californian newspaper. The third son obtained his doctor's degree from an eastern university and became a college professor, a successful lawyer, a state senator, and a candidate for state governor. After leaving school, the only daughter of Edith quietly married a college graduate who became a high school instructor. This particular division of the Durnell family more than accentuated the many admirable qualities possessed by the Durnell brothers.

Rhoda. Rhoda, a second daughter whose early years were passed on the Durnell farm, was undoubtedly the odd one of the family. From the very beginning she was capable of the most strenuous work and never once did she manifest the least indication of a cultural or artistic interest. Housework was an impossibility for her. She preferred to live amid filth and disorder rather than divert too much energy to household duties. She could never dress becomingly, and even in later years she appeared in public in the most grotesque creations. Naturally enough she married a man who was shiftless, lazy, and interested only in the satisfaction of his immediate needs. With never a thought of the future, he lived contentedly from day to day. If he had enough food for one day, he certainly never worried about the following day. He was content to wear the commonest kind of clothing, always soiled, and he probably never owned a "store suit."

Just like other people of the type, they moved from one small farm to another because of a continual inability to meet the demands of the landowner from whom they rented or leased the land. After a number of years they somehow acquired a small truck farm on the outskirts of a small city. In the spring of the year Rhoda would force her shiftless husband and son to assist her in the planting of the truck garden. Once the heaviest work was completed, she alone cared for the garden. Rhoda was able to support her husband and equally worthless son by daily filling a small horse-drawn cart with the produce from her farm and selling whatever she could to the housewives of the city.

Any individual who has lived in a reasonably large city has most likely seen a character similar to Rhoda--the kind of woman who is sometimes pursued by a crowd of jeering boys who hope to arouse her anger by teasing and causing her to storm after them with a volley of shocking and blasphemous threats. Perhaps you have followed a person of this type through the unexclusive department stores watching her buy cheap, useless bits of gaudy finery that could never find a place on the person or in the home of even the lower middle class American. Again, you may have been interested enough to follow such a character into a cheap motion picture house, perhaps every night, to watch her reaction to the sentimentality and the ridiculous thrills of an inferior motion picture. At

any rate, good-hearted Rhoda loved such things, and she moved quietly and determinately about her own world that seemed so interesting.

Amanda. Amanda married a second husband who was able to provide more than an ample income. He consequently improved Amanda's surroundings by providing all the conveniences a modern age and a modern home can afford, but, he was unable to raise her cultural standing that rated her among the great American multitude. In spite of the fine home and the endless wealth her husband was able to provide, Amanda was unable to associate with the type of people her wealth might have commanded. She devoted most of her time to minor church duties, her home, and two sons.

Lola. On the other hand, Lola married a stalwart hard working Danish peasant--one of the many who left Europe because of a religious influence that encouraged him to seek more power and freedom in the far West. Lola was always unsettled, a changeable person, one who ever kept her family of seven in a perpetual state of confusion. She left her husband's farm as soon as the children were old enough to be left alone to take an extended trip to Kentucky where she visited members of her Durnell family. Not satisfied, she returned home, entered a hospital and began training to become a nurse. From that time on she was forever leaving the home for some reason or another. A horse and a "surrey" had to be kept at her

disposal so she could be free to attend to her varied duties as a nurse and a church worker. Nothing ever stood in her way. Even though her peasant husband needed the horse for heavy work on the farm, he was forced to wait if Lola chose to make a call at the same time.

She was ever devising a plan or scheme of some kind whereby the financial status of the family could be bettered. On a number of occasions she alone was responsible for the family's leaving the old homestead to move to another town or a farm she thought more attractive. During the summer she would move to a northern town so she and the girls could work in a canning factory. During the winter she would move to a mining town and fill her house with "roomers and lodgers." But, always, she returned to the original family home tired and disgusted with her adventures.

Then, a new irrigation canal was built. Lola forced her husband and sons to again abandon the farm to work on the new canal. Lola then drove in her "surrey" all over the useless ground that would be affected by the canal. She saw a chance to make what she deemed a good investment. She mortgaged the farm to buy land that she believed would some day be made very valuable. As usual, her investment proved no more profitable than the many others, and even today that same mortgage has never been fully paid. While other individuals of the same locality were slowly and patiently acquiring wealth, Lola,

short-sighted and restless, lost time and fortune through her ceaseless and unwise changing and planning.

Of Lola's seven children mention will be made of only one, the oldest daughter, Dorothea. Dorothea had always had to assume the full responsibility of the house work because her mother was invariably away. The endless duties were anything but pleasant, and naturally Dorothea chose the quickest and easiest means of escape. For a long time a young man from a neighboring country town had been coming regularly to see her. He had neither wealth, position, or education to offer, but he was certainly a handsome young man and the kind you would expect to succeed in most any situation. At any rate, he and Dorothea were married--both were in their early twenties.

After little more than one year a son was born to Dorothea and her husband. The remainder of this discussion will discuss the various aspects of the life of their son, whom, for convenience we shall call Claude. All the people mentioned heretofore, his mother Dorothea, his grandmother, Lola, and her brothers and sisters, Henry, Matt, Stephen, John, Edith, Rhoda, and Amanda, are discussed only because their rather interesting personalities may have a hereditary connection with the type of individual we shall find Claude to be. Before progressing further, I need only to say, I shall record all the most important experiences of Claude as they occurred from early childhood.

There is no doubt that Dorothea was the kind of young loving mother who almost worshipped her son. Hers can hardly be called a healthy maternal love which defends its rights, is jealous of its duties, and by all means maintains a strict discipline of the individual and the family. On the other hand, Dorothea did all in her power to bring her infant son near to her by all means of familiarity, attentions, and caresses that were more like homage. All her dreams were centered in him, for he would not only be the heir to all she and her husband would accumulate, but in case of failure, through him the family would reap the benefits of wealth. The mother reveled in the thought of what he would be. She loved him and would glorify herself in him. She dedicated all her ambitions to him and worshipped him. Little Claude seemed to her a superior being, and she was amazed that he should have been born to her. So precious he was that not even the father was allowed to hold him for fear some injury might occur.

Dorothea never ceased to dream and plan for her son. The perfectness of his body, his rapid growth and his perfect health were for her those of a divinity. His whole person, his care, his growth, and everything about him was sacred to her. She would spend her time in contemplation of him. There was never a son in all the world quite as perfect as her son. It seemed to her as if the whole world began and ended in her son. He was in her eyes perfection itself, the kind of child who would

distinguish himself above all people.

She watched him as he learned to talk and to walk about. She would smile at him as he walked unsteadily from one support to another. She liked the very clothing he wore. When he was not before her very eyes she would lean back for a few minutes in her chair and some reminiscence of infinite sweetness would soften the already changing lines of her face.

At the time of her son's first ailments, Dorothea had almost lost her reason; she had hated all children who were well, and had hoped that God would kill them if her son died. As Claude grew from infancy his mother's spirit preceeded him on the walk through life strewing his pathway with hope as he merged into the world of consciousness.

But, before long, Dorothea was rather abruptly awakened from the dreamy bliss of her early married life. Even in the year 1912 when Claude was three years old the young couple were having a financial struggle. Claude, of course, very much unaware of the situation, played about the house quite freely. Young as he was, Claude was wholly conscious of the binding nature of the feeling that existed between him and his mother. Usually he was content to spend all of his time about the house with his mother, but occasionally he played with a very small girl also three years of age who lived in part of the same house. The dwelling occupied by the two families was a poorly built lumber structure. There were

absolutely no modern conveniences of any kind, and the two families were forced to use the same old-fashioned and unsanitary outhouse. Naturally, when playing together the two children often entered this chamber at the same time. On one occasion the two children played about this unattractive place for an unusually long time. Even Dorothea paused from her work to see the children, but she was apparently not disturbed at first by the nature of the place the children had chosen to play. The door opened and closed; the children went in and out. Several minutes passed before Dorothea again noticed Claude and the little girl who still played about the outhouse. She decided to put a stop to the play that centered about such an inappropriate place. Upon investigation, the horrified Dorothea discovered the children, partially disrobed, innocently engaged in inserting paper covered sticks into each other's rectum.

Before she knew what she had done, the astounded Dorothea had rushed little Claude into the house and severely beaten him for the "evil, naughty thing" he had done. She shook the shameless child; she slapped the hands that had indulged in an evil practice. She scolded severely, but Claude who could not understand the sudden rage of his mother only howled with pain and fear. He certainly could not comprehend why his mother who had formerly been the source of most of his pleasures should suddenly cause him so much discomfort. The shameless

child never once understood the nature of the "naughty thing" he had done and when the immediate pain subsided he grieved because he had been punished by a heretofore kind and loving mother. The "naughty thing" he had done made little or no impression on his mind, but the punishment was an entirely different matter. From that moment he began to regard his mother in an entirely different light. She was capable of causing much pain. Somehow a great amount of childish faith and trust was destroyed.

Even though Claude was never entirely free from the impression that the recent experience had stamped on his mind, Dorothea soon had many other things to think of, for, shortly after, a baby girl was born into the family. Claude was wholly unimpressed by the advent of a baby sister. The big house where they took his mother was of far more interest.

Not many months later, the small family moved into a rather large city, the second largest in the state--the father had obtained a position in a large meat packing plant. His income though not large was regular, and the family was able to live comfortably in a modest house. Many times in the late afternoon Dorothea would take the two children down town. Emma, the baby sister, was too small to walk and had to be wheeled in a carriage. Claude who was not accustomed to much walking would invariably become fatigued when they had to walk up a rather steep hill. Dorothea always made him

sit at the foot of the baby carriage so she could push the two children up the hill. His feelings on these occasions were always rather conflicting. He was too weary to walk, yet he felt that the burden was too much for his mother who was undoubtedly exhausted too. His tired body forced him to remain seated, but he suffered mentally as he rode. The carriage was already too heavy--his mother would not be able to push it--perhaps she would faint or grow ill. From his earliest childhood Claude thus identified his feelings with those of his mother. If she were happy and elated, he felt the same. If she were depressed or suffered, Claude invariably reacted in a similar manner.

One day quite unexpectedly the house became filled with many visitors, most likely relatives. Claude did not seem to know any of them except an older cousin with whom he quickly became acquainted. Someone told him his mother was ill, but he was not allowed to see her, so he was not greatly concerned. Again, somebody told him he had a new brother who had gone to heaven. He was led into a room to see this strange creature that had gone to heaven. On an impromptu bed arranged on two chairs, Claude saw an impossible looking red thing clothed in many clothes lying lifeless before him. The people about him were greatly agitated and uneasy. He was still not allowed to see his mother, so he and his cousin amused themselves by throwing a great heap of tin cans into a neighboring

yard.

One of the men in the family built a small box with a close fitting cover, and the women in the house lined it with strips of linen torn from a table cloth. The lifeless infant was lain against the white softness of the newly built box. Several days after the burial of the infant, Claude was allowed to visit his mother who had been very ill. She wept as she held him near her. As soon as he saw his mother weep, Claude burst into sobs.

For several days again Claude was not permitted to see his mother. He and his sister were taken to visit their grandmother whom we already know as Lola. The children often asked for their mother and cried for her at night. Each time they were assured that their mother would be coming home soon, but several weeks must have elapsed before the two children were taken to a hospital in a large city to visit their mother. Claude on seeing the hospital room, the bed, and his mother, burst into tears. Neither his grandmother, his father, or the nurse could distract him from his grief. When it came time to part, Claude's father presented him with a large box of grapes, but he tearfully clung to his mother's bedside. In the end he had to be forced away.

All the way to the grandmother's home Claude grieved. The same experience was repeated every time he was taken to the hospital. Even on the day the mother arrived home Claude

cried as bitterly as the first time he was allowed to see her. But, sickness and pain cannot endure forever and before long the family was back in its usual routine. Dorothea was soon able to resume her household duties, and gradually new ideas and the ever increasing financial question began to claim her attention. Thinking they would be able to improve their economic status, Dorothea, her husband, Claude and Emma moved into a small mining town, the same place where years before, Henry Durnell, the uncle of Dorothea, had become incriminated in the death of the twelve year old girl. The small family lived in this town approximately two years, and it was here that Claude started school at the age of six.

Although her husband was well employed in a small retail store he operated and managed, Dorothea sought to improve finances by securing some four or five men to whom she regularly served meals. One of these "boarders" was John Durnell who was employed at the time by the local mining company.

Although Claude was hardly more than five years of age he realized his mother worked very hard and that she was not always well, and he sought to help her whenever possible. On one occasion Dorothea went to a neighboring town to have some dental work done. Claude, wishing to help and at the same time surprise her, decided to have the kitchen floor well scrubbed by the time she returned. Using a towel as a mop, probably cold water and no soap, he found the soiled

floor none too easily cleaned. For some reason he decided to add some coal oil to the water. He probably saw the oil can and remembered that his mother added something to her scrub water. The experiment seemed to work, at least, he thought the surface of the floor was more easily cleaned. The task completed, he disposed of the scrub water and hid the soiled towel under the kitchen cabinet. Even ^{though} ~~the~~ the floor may not have been much cleaner, Claude was happy to think he had done something for his adored mother.

Probably before Claude started school, one of his small cousins came to visit with him. The two boys had a delightful time exploring the low hills and small canyons adjacent to the mining camp. On one of their explorations, they discovered a small canyon stream where they decided to go swimming. The stream was really too shallow to permit anything but wading, but the boys had a hilarious time running and splashing the water over their naked bodies. The sun beat unmercifully upon the unsuspecting youth, and it was not until late that night that Claude discovered he had a most painful case of sunburn. The pain became so intense he could not lie comfortably in his bed. He wanted to call out to his mother for relief, but he felt that he had done a thing of which she would disapprove, and, remembering the very unsympathetic reception Dorothea had given him on his former little escapades, he decided to keep the secret from her in spite of the discomfort. All the

night and the following day he suffered with the burning pain. He could hardly stand the pressure of his shirt on his back. During the day Dorothea gave him a few "pats" on the back, and although Claude never once cried out from the disagreeable and painful sensation she noticed that he cringed as though he were attempting to suppress some intense feeling. Finally Dorothea examined Claude's body closely to determine the cause of his peculiar action. In the end he had to confess the whole swimming adventure. He was scolded but not nearly so rigorously as he feared.

For a period of perhaps two years Claude had a really delightful time. He had acquired many young friends and there were consequently daily excursions into the nearby hills and canyons. There were numerous new things to see, an old deserted saw mill to explore, new plants and flowers to find, the haunts of small animals were yet to be observed. Even the universally feared snake became a source of interest and fascination to Claude and his playmates. They combed the hills hoping to catch a glimpse of the fantastic hoop snake, the blue racer, a copper head, or even a rattler. The small group of companions boasted unnecessarily and were filled with an undue amount of pride whenever they were able to kill a snake no matter how harmless the creature may have been.

Occasionally Claude and his small friends would find a dead bird. This was always heralded as a great event because

it meant they could conduct an elaborate funeral service. The children invariably dressed for such an important occasion. Claude usually appeared in some of his mother's cast off clothing, perhaps an old dress, a skirt, a hat, or even an old pair of high-heeled shoes. Bearing carefully the dead bird in a can, cloth, or small box, the children, in full regalia, rode to the funeral services on broom sticks or long branches of trees. Amid childish songs and meaningless prayers, the dead bird was carefully interred and his grave marked by a huge stone. Then, amid pretended shrieks and lamentations of deepest sorrow, the children rode slowly homeward. It was on one of these memorable occasions that Claude completely forgot, inspite of repeated warnings, his mother and the music teacher waiting at home.

Two new children moved into the neighborhood, Roy and LaVon McGail. They were soon included in the small circle of friends. At first they attended only the neighborhood parties, but eventually they were allowed to take part in such secret activities as the make believe funeral services that usually took place in the favorite haunts in the nearby hills.

LaVon McGail was a tall girl and probably about seven years of age, a year or so older than the other children. She became the instigator and teacher of many new and erotic experiences to which the children were soon to be introduced.

LaVon always preferred Claude as a partner on these occasions and he was taught that in a state of excitement curious little delights could be produced in his own body. LaVon boasted and loved to show her body that was "different from a boy's." She induced and taught each little boy to introduce his member into her body. She always insisted that Claude try first.

Now, whenever the children went on an excursion into the hills, at least part of the time was devoted to an erotic exploration of their own feelings and bodies. With such an adept instructor as Lavon and with such receptive minds in the observers, new ideas and new sensations were certain to be suggested. One day LaVon suggested that she remove part of her clothing and allow her brother, Roy, to stimulate her with his mouth, lips, and tongue. She, in turn, took Roy's penis into her own mouth. Claude and the other children watched the orgy helplessly and curiously. However, they were soon induced to try the "new way" that produced such delight. Day after day the same erotic practices were repeated and the excursions into the hills came to seem incomplete unless some similar practice took place.

Fortunately, perhaps, Claude was not long to continue amid the perverse and shocking practices of his small group of comrades. Because of the more attractive aspects of business in a larger metropolis, Dorothea, her husband and

family left the mining camp and entered a small incorporated city, and Claude was forced to leave his friends and their shameless practices. He had just completed his second year at school and had only recently turned seven years of age. Life in the new town was exceedingly dull for there seemed to be no children in the neighborhood. His only playmate was a cousin two years his senior. They played quietly about the house and were never a source of any trouble except when they tormented Emma. Frequently, however, Claude dressed in portions of his mother's clothing and paraded up and down the streets near his home. Claude really believed that on these occasions the passerbys on the street could not distinguish him only as a boy poorly dressed in ill-fitting women's clothes. He felt himself to be a woman, and he really felt as though he were playing the role most successfully. The greatest thrill of all came when a man as he passed along the street would smile or make some comment, for Claude felt that he was attractive or in some way had made an impression on him.

Claude soon came to anticipate and long to move from one town to another. It always meant an opportunity to make new friends and have new experiences. In this respect Claude displayed many advantages over his youthful companions. He was able to speak intimately about local places that were mysteries to most children. In fact, up until the time Claude attended high school he never completed a full two years in

any one school. Consequently, he was delighted rather than surprised when his parents again decided to move into the small mining town where years before Stephen Durnell had died prematurely from alcoholism and where John Durnell was employed in the mill as kind of foreman.

Claude was delighted with the town. For some reason he was able to quickly make many new friends, and he entered into one of the most healthful periods of his entire life. Yet, an individual such as Claude would not go long without some type of emotional experience.

For the very first time in his life Claude was really part of a typical boy's gang. Even though he indulged freely in all the pastimes so common to groups of this type, he invariably found time enough to devote to his less masculine interests. Emma would decide to make a new wardrobe of doll clothes, but, before they were completed she would usually pursue some other interest. Claude usually completed such unfinished tasks. Playing house, sewing, cooking play dinners, and dressing up were still sources of continual enjoyment.

And, then, for the first time in his life, Claude came to realize that mature men are not sexually built just the same as immature boys. For a long time he had known quite exactly the difference between the male and the female body, but he had never realized the vast differences that exist between the sexual makeup of a man and a boy. One day an

older brother of one of the boys in the gang accompanied the group to their usual swimming haunt. Claude was startled and greatly impressed when he saw the mature, naked, and ponderous sexual organs of a fully developed man. He thought he had never before seen anything so fascinating and marvelous as this man who would walk so slowly along the diving board and plunge gracefully into the deep water. Every muscle in his body seemed to move and his great sexual organs moved easily and ponderously about. Everything about the man was so different from the slender stiff bodies of the boys that Claude yearned to fondle the body of this man and really feel the difference. From that time on, Claude always begged the man to accompany them to the swimming pond, and he likewise sought every opportunity to see the naked body of the mature male.

But, something seemed to have happened to Claude, something seemed to have snapped. He could not face the world of reality with any degree of vigor and ease. School had always been a delight, but suddenly it became a drudge. He simply could not adjust to all the newly arising situations. The school he attended was managed by a woman principal who launched a vigorous physical educational program throughout the school. Perhaps she was one of the veterans who helped to revolutionize the stereotyped principles of the latin-grammar school that found no place in its curriculum for

physical activity, but, at any rate, her plans and ideas caused Claude the first great misery of his life.

In response to the new program, the entire school was to witness athletic events in which the whole group would participate. All manner of contests were arranged, two of which directly affected Claude. Every student in the school was to witness the boy's "chinning" contest. The boy "chinning" himself the greatest number of times was to be declared the victor. One by one the boys took their turns, some of them "chinning" themselves on the iron bar ten, twelve, perhaps eighteen times. Claude willingly took his turn, but in spite of all the strength and energy he could command he only raised his chin above the bar only three almost four times. No remarks were made except the "awful" woman principal who said so encouragingly:

"Well, here is a boy who will have to do some practicing."

Claude never forgot the dreadful embarrassment and the shame he felt at his own physical inability as well as the heartless words of the woman.

The woman principal then advised all the classes to organize baseball teams and begin practice for the final competitive games. The actual members of the various teams were not to be chosen until all the boys had practiced so the best players could be selected. In the meantime, every boy was required to engage in active practice with the hope

of winning a place on the final team.

From that time on, recesses, noon periods, and the recreational classes became a living hell for the eight year old Claude. He had previously rather enjoyed playing ball so long as an indoor baseball was used and it was not thrown "overhand," but almost over night the classes started using a hard ball, leather gloves, and all the equipment necessary for a fast game. During the recreational period the boys in the group were divided into teams to begin practice. Claude was forced to take part, and he managed to play the game well enough until it came his turn to "Bat." He struck blindly at the swiftly thrown ball. The over jealous boys not wanting to lose their turns were somewhat unkind and certainly jeering in their comments to Claude who finally succeeded in striking the ball only to be declared out on first base. From that time on, Claude was always the last person to be chosen on a team. The "side" who was forced to choose him always complained because he was such a poor player and "threw like a girl." Claude knew he was not wanted, he did not care to take part, yet, he was forced to play. He did not dare leave the ball field during the class hour because the teacher watched the game occasionally from the window of her room. She apparently deemed it unnecessary to supervise carefully the activity

of a group of "third-Graders" who were really sincere in their efforts and desire to win the tournament, nor did she see any need for any type of individual adjustment. Claude naturally grew to morbidly hate the physical education classes and he wondered how he could ever bear to suffer through one for the required hour. During the noon hour and recesses when the other boys were diligently practicing, he usually went for a lonely walk or remained in some secluded spot where he could avoid any comment that might allude to his lack of skill as a ball player.

When after a few months the family again decided to move, Claude was not entirely unhappy. Even though he had had a number of unusual experiences, life had suddenly become quite painful. He had been introduced quite recently into a world of all boys and men, and he was morbidly attracted to them and their activities. At first the adventure had been vital and interesting, and then, suddenly he discovered that he was unable to meet the demands required of him by his masculine associates. Almost instantly he became quite alien to the world he had come to admire so greatly. Men and their activities were a thing he could not indulge in, and the very ones he admired were the most apt to allude to his increasing effeminacy. He could not bear to suffer the pangs of inferiority at the hands of the group he wanted to investigate further.

Claude next found himself living in a small country town, a place much different than any in which he had ever lived. There were no boy's gangs here. The people lived primarily on farms and it was quite impossible for large groups to congregate frequently. There were no swimming holes, in fact, there was not a single body of water large enough, only a shallow canal of very muddy irrigation water. With no other interests and no work to do Claude found ample time to recover from the effects of forever being called a "sissy." He played quietly about the house. Occasionally, he made a few friendly contacts with girls, partially because there were surprisingly few boys in the locality and primarily because he preferred their company. School life became much more pleasant for the rural school did not support an extensive athletic program.

All during these years Claude had moved freely about almost unaware of the existence of his father who was hardly more than a man who lived in the same house and provided the necessary money the family used. From the very beginning there had never been any sentimental connection between the father and the son. The father had never required any regular work from the boy. He had not so much as taken the time to teach him how to throw a ball properly, and certainly he had never taken him on a hike to learn of the wonders of nature that

are usually so interesting to men and boys. The only time the father ever entered into the thoughts and consciousness of Claude was when he wanted him to do some thoroughly undesirable task. Instead of idolizing and following his father about, Claude remained at home near his mother. Instead of learning how to take an active interest in sports and vocations, Claude remained at home and performed minor tasks for Dorothea. She never had to dust an article of furniture, thread a needle, set the table, or bother about a countless number of other things as long as Claude was about. His mother had taught him to do these things perfectly well.

In the meantime, Claude's father was working diligently at too many jobs. He was primarily known as a stock breeder and buyer. He operated a small farm, and also maintained a connection with a local "slaughter house." He bought practically all of the cattle they used, and often when there were many orders to fill he would work about the meat packing establishment. He was obviously attempting to do more than was humanly possible, and ^{it} was no more than right that he turned to his eleven year old son for some help. So, for the first time in his life, Claude's father appeared to disturb the tranquility of his existence. The first duties assigned to Claude consisted of various minor tasks about the farm, always work he disliked and consequently performed badly. He was repeatedly and severely reprimanded

by his father when he carelessly failed to mix enough water with the feed for the pigs, or when the load of hay for which he was responsible for arranging on the wagon, overturned. At tother times he had to "thin beets", pull weeds, or herd cows, tasks he morbidly hated. In the early Spring or the lafe Fall when there was not much work to do on the farm, Claude's father thought he was taking his son on a genuine outing when he permitted him to go on a trip into the neighboring counties to buy cattle. Claude hated these trips and disliked being in company with his father.

Perhaps the father decided that his son was old enough to try a new profession for, one day he took Claude to the "slaughter house" to watch the men at work. For the first few visits, he was allowed to wander about quite freely to watch the cattle, pigs, sheep, lambs, and calves prior to their slaughter. At first, the pitiful sounds made by the animals, the death-dealing blow of the giant hammer, and the sight of blood were almost more than he could bear. Naturally he spent most of the time sitting in the car trying to think of more pleasant things.

However, as time passed by he was soon able to watch the entire killing process with little or no emotion, but he suffered a serious relapse in his training when he saw the slaughter house floor covered with bleeting sheep, their

legs tied to one another, and the butcher who cut the throat of ^{every} each sheep and allowed them to bleed to death. He knew that the blood drained into a long trough that led to a pig pen not far away. The blood would coagulate before it reached the pen and would drop in slimy hunks only to be greedily devoured by the squealing pigs. Even the thought nauseated him.

The father, who little understood the nature of the thoughts and feelings that surged through Claude's mind, soon found a job for him to perform on each visit to the slaughter house. After the cattle were killed and disembowled, their hides were removed with small rounded and sharp knives, and thrown to one side. It became the charge of Claude to drag the slimy, bloody, excrement covered hides to the outside of the building where he spread them on the ground to sprinkle them generously with course salt. The salt never failed to make the nerves in the recently severed skin twitch with an almost uncanny power. Even while the skin quivered, Claude had to roll it up and place each one in a specially built shed to await the hide man.

The slaughter house was a rather small unmodern building and was consequently unable to make use of all the animal by-products. For this reason a great number of pigs were kept on the premises to feed such products as the entrails of the animals, the flesh of the severed heads and legs, and

the blood. A wooden ditch-like trough conveyed the blood directly from the floor of the slaughter house to the pig pen. It was naturally a more difficult problem to convey the entrails of the animals to the pigs. To accomplish this disagreeable task the viscera were loaded into a wheelbarrow that had to be pushed along a narrow raised lumber pathway and dumped to the hogs. The slaughter house was built on an inclination about three or four feet higher than the part of the hill fenced off and designated as the hog pen. The situation was thus ideal for a raised lumber pathway along which the wheelbarrow could be pushed.

Before many days had elapsed, Claude was assigned the nauseating task of wheeling the stinking animal guts in the wheelbarrow to the savage carnivorous pigs. The great stinking bowels of the recently slaughtered animals were forced from the floor of the slaughter house on to a lower platform. With a short shovel used for the purpose, Claude slid the still warm entrails into the wheelbarrow, and with all the strength his eleven years could command he pushed the mess toward the squealing pigs. For several days he worked at this miserable job just to please a father who believed it was time for his son to begin thinking seriously of a profession.

One day as he worked, Claude saw before him the huge udder of a cow that lay disgustingly intermingled with the

bloody, slimy guts. A full stream of white milk poured from one of the teats. From the part of the "bag" that been cut from the animal body oozed masses of yellow curds that resembled ugly masses of partially prepared butter. Large pools of milk and blood seeped from the yellow, fatty tissues and intermingled as it trickled among the entrails. Sick almost to the point of despair Claude could not help but closely examine the mess that lay before his very eyes. He weakly poked the severed udder before he slid it in the wheelbarrow and pushed it to the pigs. He felt somehow relieved when he saw a great hog bite savagely into the soft fatty tissue of the udder.

Words cannot describe the horror, the disgust, the surprise, and the interest that held Claude spell bound when, on his return, he saw among the blood, the guts, and the endless slimy tissues, a very small but perfectly formed calf. Undoubtedly it was an unborn calf that had been nourished and had lived within the body of a mother cow that was probably already hanging in the ice box. Claude had heretofore believed that baby children and baby animals came from within the adult body, but in all his wildest wishes and imagination he had never wished to have the fact revealed to him so plainly and so shockingly.

Claude looked helplessly at the unborn calf as long as he dared, for he knew that he must show no signs of interest or emotion before the men who were working about him, so he

slid the small body into the wheelbarrow along with the profuse mass of transparent watery tissue and moved slowly and unsteadily toward the pigs. Perhaps he watched the unborn calf too closely or he may have suffered a momentary lass of strength due to the emotion he felt, but just as he tipped the wheelbarrow to empty the contents to the pigs his strength gave way and the heavy wheelbarrow fell into the pig pen where it struck one of the hogs that was gluttonously devouring the filth. With blood streaming from its wounded shoulder, the hog ran squealing to the far end of the pen. All the commotion and a shrill scream from Claude attracted the attention of his father and two other men who came running to the scene of the accident. With little or no difficulty, they removed the wheelbarrow, but the wounded pig was an altogether different matter. It would obviously have to be killed--a huge loss all because of the carelessness of a boy. Claude listened only a few moments to the scolding and curses of his father before he turned and ran screaming toward the automobile that would eventually carry him to home and Dorothea.

For the remainder of the day and night, Claude was frightfully ill. The slightest irritation would cause him to cry or scream. Dorothea was greatly alarmed because she could not understand the cause of such a violent illness, but she humored and doctored him as she had always done during his

childish illnesses. Dorothea, as usual, prepared a very appetizing meal for her indisposed son, but the very sight of the broth, the cooked flesh, he knew had come from the slaughter house, and the glass of milk made him all the more ill and irritable.

For a long time Dorothea had secretly worried about Claude for she had quietly observed that each day he ate less and less meat until his taste seemed to have changed entirely. He hardly tasted the tempting dishes she prepared. He would eat meat only when it was flavored almost beyond recognition. She began to think seriously when she saw that the sight of meat and milk nauseated him.

A day or so later when Claude was called to go again to the slaughter house, he protested hysterically. Dorothea, who finally began to partially understand the situation, insisted that Claude be allowed to remain at home. The same afternoon, she succeeded in getting him to talk about his experience at the slaughter house. He talked freely and innocently, but he did not have the courage to tell about seeing the unborn calf and the severed udder of the cow. Somehow he felt that he could not discuss such things even with Dorothea, for the confidence he had had in her had long since been destroyed. Nevertheless, the picture Claude described of the slaughter house was vivid enough to impress Dorothea that it was not the best place in the world for her

son to be. She realized that Claude was not adjusting to the work properly, and she kept him away from the meat packing institution much to the disgust of the father who objected more strenuously than ever to the ever increasing effeminacy of his son.

Several months slipped quietly by. Claude worked and played about the house with nothing to interrupt the peacefulness of his existence until the family began talking about moving to a larger city--the largest in the state. Immediately Claude grew wild with excitement, and as soon as they were settled in the city, the same excitement forced him into the activity that is part of every city. He found a nearby church he attended regularly. He became very interested in all the activities of the church. He began to look forward to the time when at the age of twelve he would be allowed to take part in the services through special ordination. Even though he was not of age, he attended the boy scout meetings and started work on the "tenderfoot" examinations. He often went on short overnight hikes with the scout group, and he really enjoyed most of their purposes and diversions. Just as soon as he turned twelve, Claude took the tenderfoot test, but because of some irregularity or the disinterestedness of the scout master, he never received the pin that designated him as a scout. Nevertheless, he began working diligently on the second-class examination, but with much less interest--

the knots and the intricate system of signalling with a flag ever remained a hopeless and useless art.

In the meantime, Claude had a marvelous time learning to find his way about the city streets, discovering city parks, libraries, museums, and other places of interest. He soon identified himself with a group of boys who quickly organized themselves into a gang and built a kind of club house on a vacant lot. Each afternoon and evening they would meet and plan many activities that were ever interesting to Claude. In fact, he would have devoted his entire time to the gang had Dorothea not started working in a downtown store. Now, there were numerous household tasks to look after, and Claude had to assume full charge. There were dishes to wash and dry, a certain amount of cleaning to do, trips to the market, and the evening meal to prepare, and he learned to do them all well.

One time Claude was returning from town. He walked through a public square, one filled with the usual amount of idlers. As he walked rather briskly through the park a man approached him, a foreigner, rather young, and not bad looking. He wanted to know where Claude was going, how much time he had, and if he had any friends or parents near. Claude innocently answered all of his questions. The man then wanted to take him to a moving picture and he mentioned something about a room after. Almost instinctively Claude

Claude refused to go with the man for he knew he had to hurry home and begin preparations for the family dinner. The man, however, was insistent and begged him to go with him, but Claude fled.

All the way home Claude thought of the man in the park. He could not understand why a man he had never seen before should want to take him to a theatre. He could not find a satisfactory explanation, so he began to criticize himself for not going. In his dramatic and fantastic imagination he thought of a thousand ways in which he might have played upon the sympathy of the stranger. He could have devised a very pitiful story of how he was the son of a very poor family whose father was dead and whose mother had to do the commonest kind of labor to support a large family. He could have refused to go to the motion picture and instead he could have begged the man to give him money to take to his poor mother, but, his dreamy flight came to an abrupt ending when he saw how much work had to be completed before his parents arrived. Although he could not fully understand or explain the mystery of the man in the park, Claude never forgot the experience.

The boys and girls in the neighborhood were forever having surprise parties, birthday celebrations or masquerades. Claude always dressed as a woman on such occasions, and even on Halloween he preferred to appear as a woman rather than a ghost. He could now imitate the part almost to perfection.

His slender body looked very much like that of a woman's especially when carefully made up and dressed. Many of the other boys in the group would dress similarly for want of something more interesting.

At the parties, the guests were usually invited separately, but, very soon they began to feel the need of going in couples. Whenever a new girl was invited to a party all the boys immediately wanted to take her home, and Claude was always as eager and as interested as any of them. Whenever he accompanied any of the girls home, he felt a kind of pride and satisfaction that made him take a keener interest in the female sex.

One boy, older than the rest, was kind of a hero in the eyes of all the lads because he boasted of his sexual maturity, a thing about which Claude only had the vagueist kind of ideas. Claude listened with interest to the tales he told about his escapades with the immature girls of the neighborhood. In fact, on a number of occasions, Claude was an actual witness to many of his sexual orgies. Claude worried continually for fear that one of the girls would be "having a baby." He was not yet sophisticated enough to know that a girl must reach a certain stage of maturity before such a thing is possible. Not infrequently, the boy, Alger, induced Claude to take part in many of his sexual escapades. In fact

every week when Alger's parents were at lodge, the home became a rendezvous for the preadolescent fornicators, but Claude did not enjoy his own sexual efforts nearly so much as he did just watching Alger who seemed so adept and capable. He could not account for the thrill he received as he watched the movements of Alger and his huge genital. He invariably felt rather unnecessary when he compared his own immature body with the huge physical development of Alger. One time Claude noticed a very slight growth of hair on the genital of one of the girls and he realized for the first time that girls too undergo a change in their sexual growth.

Claude now began to think seriously about certain little marital secrets he had often considered in connection with his parents. Many years ago he had discovered an occasional spot of blood on a sheet or an article of his mother's clothing. For years, his hatred of his father had been strangely connected with the belief that these blood spots were somehow caused through some brutal activity of his father. He could not help but think of his father in connection with the slaughter house, his indifference to the cruelty and the suffering of the animals. He had always believed that his father forced his mother to submit to treatment that was harmful and painful to her. He always considered his father revengefully and looked forward to the time when he would grow up and rescue his mother from the brutality of

this man. Now, he began to understand and realize that he was probably mistaken in many of his beliefs, but still there was the presence of blood. It always meant pain and suffering. The father must be to blame. He was brutal and cruel.

Just at the time when the first obvious physical changes of puberty were beginning to leave their traces on the physical makeup of Claude, the family moved back to the ore-milling town where they had lived only a few years previously. Almost over night Claude was transformed from an active social being to a pathetically lonely figure. He did not seem to even want to acquire any friends in the town to which they had recently moved. Dorothea could not understand why Claude did not look up all his former acquaintances and resume all the interests he had pursued so fervently when they lived in the town a few years earlier. Claude was extremely lonely at times, but whenever he sought to make new friends, he invariably thought of the perfectly miserable experience he had had in the third grade of the school in this very town. Every boy or girl he saw on the street he imagined were making some kind of remark about him because they remembered that he could not play ball or "chin" himself more than three times. He actually hated to walk down the street for fear he would meet an individual who would remind him of the unhappy third grade experience.

With no friends and the possibility of making new ones almost wholly destroyed, Claude became a solitary figure. His mother worked in the same establishment that employed his father, and the full responsibility of the house work fell upon him for he was now able to do all the work quite satisfactorily. During the day he would carefully clean the house, plan the meals, and do the necessary shopping in the markets. When afternoon came and the housework was all done, Claude read books from the public library he had found. In the evening when the dinner was over there was nothing else to do but read. Occasionally he and Emma went to a picture show but not oftener than once a week, so for want of something more interesting he started attending the church of his particular faith. He trudged faithfully to the various organizations several times each week. He even decided to join the boy scout group in an effort to enjoy the activities, but he was not long to remain with them for, with the full onset of puberty, he willfully placed himself in more advanced groups.

Just before Claude decided to leave the scout group he went with the troop for a swim in the old "swimming hole" where a few years before he had first seen the naked body of a man. Naturally, the scout master and the boys swam naked. Claude was morbidly conscious of his own body. He hated to

to have the other boys look upon his nakedness. He made every effort to cover himself, and as he paused on the diving board before daring to plunge headlong into the water, he unconsciously covered his genitals with his hand, and one of the boys vulgarly and loudly commented on the fact. Claude immediately forgot all fear and dove into the water. He did not dive from the board again that day, but instead he remained partially covered with the water. In spite of all the embarrassment, Claude examined secretly the bodies of the boys very closely. The body of the scout master, however, held the most interest because of its muscular build, the pubic hair, and the large sexual organs. Even during subsequent periods of day dreaming and his flight from reality, Claude would think of the scout master and he would long to visit him in his bachelor apartment. He imagined that he was indulging in all manner of secret sexual practices, things of which he knew nothing, and wanted so much to learn. There were things he wanted to talk about, things he wanted to know, and because there was nobody to whom he could turn, he wanted to ask the scout master, but he could never muster up enough courage or even think up a question specific enough to ask him.

When night came, a curiosity and eagerness consumed Claude so that at times he was quite unable to sleep. School had not yet started so during the day Claude was confined almost

wholly to the house and yard. He was perfectly contented to remain indoors during the day because he felt that the daylight only exposed him all the more easily to the critical and jeering eyes of his acquaintances. But, when night came he felt entirely different. He felt free to move about the town quietly and unseen. He felt, too, that there were many things he was missing. He knew there were countless little secrets he did not know about himself and the people about him. At the same time he knew that the best way to learn of these secrets was to contact people, but he feared them because of the comments and remarks they were capable of making. So under the veil of darkness, Claude often left his home to wander aimlessly about the streets.

He always searched for an adventure that he thought would never come. Sometimes he would return home late at night, absolutely unknown to his parents, wholly exhausted, yet unable to sleep because of an inexhaustible something that lay burning within him. One night as he wandered about the streets, alone, he came to a public amusement hall in which a dance was being held. He wandered about the building and joined a small group of men that were peering through some open windows. Although he had absolutely no desire to join the dancers, Claude greatly enjoyed the glimpses he got through the open window. As he stood gazing at the dancers, he noticed one man, or sometimes a small group of men walk

past him to the rear of the building. Before long he found courage enough to follow a small group of them, but he was not surprised or disappointed when he watched them urinate or drink from the bottles they carried. He resumed his post at the window, but he was forced to follow every group of men who went to the rear of the dance hall. One time Claude was crazed almost to the point of indecency when he watched a stupidly intoxicated man display his body unnecessarily as he urinated on the ground. When the dance was over Claude enviously watched the couples drive away in their automobiles to indulge in the sexual affairs he believed always took place after such dances.

From that time on, Claude waited eagerly for the nights of the public dances, and always he wandered about the building and parked cars in quest of some adventure. On one memorable occasion three men presented themselves before Claude. All of them had been drinking but one was intoxicated almost to the point of insensibility. One man asked Claude if he would help them get the drunken man to a car. Claude eagerly consented, and they literally carried him to an automobile. The two men then returned to the dance hall and left Claude in the car with the intoxicated man. He loosened his tight tie and collar, and then sought to unclamp the tightly pulled belt around his waist--Claude was consumed with sympathy with the sick man and sought to make him as comfortable as possible.

The idea suddenly flashed through his mind. At last, here was an opportunity to handle and examine freely the sexual organs of a man, an ambition he had secretly had from time immemorable. But no, he might be discovered. The dance must be nearly over. His friends might return at any time. Instantly, he decided to force the intoxicated man to walk away from the car. He could easily be lead down a nearby dark street and there he could examine his body freely without danger of being discovered, but, just as Claude helped the man from the car, the two friends returned, put him in the car again, and drove away. About twelve-thirty the same night, Claude crawled quietly to bed, not to sleep, but to sink into a semi-conscious dream of a passionate ambition that was almost realized.

On the nights when there were no public dances, Claude would secretly leave his home to wander aimlessly about the streets. Many times he would walk in front of a house in which the inhabitants had neglected to draw the window shades. He invariably enjoyed the stolen glimpses into the privacy of a household. Occasionally he found a lighted bedroom, and always he paused with the hope of seeing someone disrobe before retiring. On one of these nocturnal wanderings he discovered a long low building, a cafe, with a number of rooms in the rear that were rented to male boarders. The

bedroom windows looked directly on to the walk and street of a "blind" thoroughfare that was seldom if ever used. Claude often lurked in the darkness of this unused street for hours hoping continually that one of the men in the rooms would fail to draw the curtain before the window. Many times Claude watched the unsuspecting men as they lounged about their rooms partially or entirely naked. Usually, after such escapades, he returned home in the early hours of the morning utterly exhausted from his thoughts and activities.

One night Dorothea discovered that Claude had left the house after she believed he had retired. When he returned at one-thirty in the morning, he had to face a worried and irate mother who demanded an explanation of all his action. With unusual calmness and presence of mind, Claude deliberately told some lie to his mother and accounted in a satisfactory manner for his leaving the house. He really "uttered a sigh of relief" when Dorothea left him without once suspecting the true motive and extent of his nocturnal wandering. He realized, however, that in the future he had to be more cautious. Not willing to sacrifice the experiences he was having, he decided to find another plan that would mislead the suspicion of Dorothea that was already directed toward him and at the same time allow him to leave the house as frequently as he wished.

It was summer time, and Claude solved the problem by

announcing to the family that he intended to sleep outside where it was cooler and more comfortable. The family did not offer any objections, so he built kind of a tent alongside a low fence that separated his home from a nearby house. He furnished the crude low structure with a single cot and a broken chair. Claude could not stand erect in the tent, but he thought the tent made a very comfortable bed room. At least, he would be able to leave freely at night without being discovered by inquisitive parents.

One night he returned to his tent bed room rather early. He was physically exhausted. He had wandered hurriedly from one place to another, but he had seen nothing of interest. Once in bed, he fell slowly into the semi-consciousness of early sleep when he was abruptly disturbed by a confusion and a light from the neighboring house into whose window Claude could easily gaze. Immediately he was wide awake, and he wondered why he had not watched the house long before. His interest was quickened when he saw two comparatively young men moving about the lighted house. They had apparently just returned from work after completing a "night shift" at the mill. Through the window of the outside room Claude could see into the bathroom when the door was left ajar. He watched one of the men remove his clothing and stand naked over the basin as he sponged his entire body. As the second man washed his body, the other one walked naked

out on a low porch that was only a few feet away from the place where Claude lay watching every move they made. He lay breathlessly quiet as he saw the dim figure of an unclothed man calmly smoking a cigarette and looked into the bathroom to see another naked figure preparing for bed. In an effort not to miss a single thing he glanced nervously from one figure to the other. Eventually the man flipped the cigarette away, urinated on the ground and returned into the house, extinguished the lights and went to bed.

The light faded instantly and the curtain of darkness came down on the life drama Claude witnessed so intently. He was again enshrouded with the blackness of night and his physical need called out for sleep and rest. He tried to fall asleep but he could only lapse into a restless semi-conscious state that would not exclude the countless thoughts and images that paraded through his mind. He reprimanded himself for wandering for hours through the streets when all the time he might have been witnessing a much better spectacle near his own home. He rolled and tossed. Quiet sleep was out of the question. Never before had his mind been rocked by such violent emotion. His mind, dulled from want of rest, burned with an unextinguishable passion. Just as he was about to lose all consciousness and slip into the mysterious realm of sleep, Claude was disturbed by

an intense, burning, but pleasurable sensation. He had been dreaming of fondling and handling the body of an unknown man. He was suddenly wide awake and in a perplexed manner he tried to think of what had happened when he felt some damp, almost wet clothing touch his body. He touched his body; he felt the clothing. He rubbed the fluid carefully between his sensitive fingertips. He smelled it, even tasted it. No, the fluid could not be blood--his body was not injured. It was too thick to be blood or urine. Claude thought of a thousand explanations without once arriving at the correct one. However, he did observe that his body called out for rest, and that his mind, now free from the fevered imagination, seemed to answer the call of the body, and he quickly fell into a sound sleep. It was not for several days hence that Claude fully realized that he was capable of becoming a father.

Claude was indeed delighted with the discovery and the realization that his own body was fast approaching maturity. The very fact that his body was rapidly growing more like the masculine form he had admired so long offered him much satisfaction. Too frequently he submitted to an urge to see his own body and examine it closely. He wanted always to admire his body and search for additional signs of maturity. Before very long, he sought to artificially

reproduce the peculiar sensation of several nights previous, and he introduced himself into onanistic practices.

School started in the fall, and Claude returned along with countless other students. School suddenly became a source of new delights, because he had acquired interests that were certainly morbid but intense. Participation in the gymnasium class was still an absolute hardship, but the classes were made tolerable especially when he was allowed to spend most of his time in the shower and locker rooms. He never tired watching the continual parade of naked youths, and he envied and wondered how they could walk about completely unclothed and still feel no embarrassment. Claude, before other people, ever remained extremely self-conscious of his own nakedness.

Many times during the stimulating mental activity of the class room Claude felt an erotic urge that sought gratification in the shower rooms or the lavatory where he could enjoy the sight of naked bodies or indulge in an onanistic activity. Often, he could not follow the mental discussion of the class when he thought of the boys that were in the shower room at the very moment. Too many times the unsuspecting teacher excused him only to permit him to flee into the lavatory or the shower rooms as a result of an erotic urge. Ever delighted with the generative powers of his body Claude often experimented with them. He did so

without remorse or fear because inspite of his wide reading he had not yet been warned of the antiquated beliefs that masturbation produces insanity and a myriad of physical and mental disorders.

Claude now moved about a strangely different world, one that centered only about himself. He had no intimate friends for he had no need of them. He never felt an interest in too friendly association with girls, and it was impossible for him to become intimate with boys or men when he was wholly satisfied to objectively observe them. Naturally such introspection caused him to consider religion in an entirely different light. He depended upon his church and its duties to fill the gaps in his existence that would have otherwise been monotonous. Several days each week he trudged faithfully to the small church eager to do all he could in its service. He looked forward toward attending a church school and later assuming responsible positions in the religious organizations of his faith. His religious fervor was greatly increased when he again began to suffer because of the brutal remarks of many of the pupils in the school. A group of healthy growing boys could not help but observe and comment upon the reticent and retiring nature of Claude. It got to be so bad that Claude would often go to school along unfrequented paths to avoid being called "angel face," "sissy", and numerous other names. In fact,

such comments caused him so much discomfort that even the newly discovered joys connected with the shower rooms and the basket ball games became an absolute impossibility. Nothing remained but the church, and Claude eagerly sought refuge within its fold from the brutality of the world.

Naturally, the church leaders are always interested and most complimentary to a youth who is regular and faithful in his church work. Claude was unusually regular and devoted and of course the tasks imposed upon him made him feel as though he were a very important figure in the organization. He gradually learned to prefer the company of the older church people, because even though they were years older, they never embarrassed him by referring to his effeminacy, in fact, they seemed to admire him all the more especially when they interpreted the effeminacy as spirituality, devotion, innocence, and virtue.

However, all the comfort and praise Claude received from the church people did not compensate for the discomfort caused by the ever increasing comments showered upon him by his fellow school mates. One day Claude sat in school behind a girl whose long hair was done into a single braid. Unconsciously, he stroked the long stand of hair, unbraided, then braided it again. The girl eventually protested, but a nearby boy disgustingly replied:

"Aw hell, let him play with it. He should have had one

of his own, but something went wrong."

When Claude could no longer stand the comments and the insults that were invariably showered upon him, he protested and refused to attend school. Of course nobody listened to him until Dorothea realized that there was something radically wrong. Perhaps she fully understood the situation, but Claude never once told her the real reason he refused to attend school. She, in the end, made it possible for him to leave the small school and attend one of the largest high schools in the nearby capitol city.

Each day Claude commuted to and from the city. He had to leave for school on an early car, and he returned late in the afternoon. At the new high school, Claude moved about unnoticed by the large groups of students. He seriously attended his classes and completed the assignments. He suddenly became disinterested in everything in the small town except the church, and he always found time, in spite of increasing lesson assignments, to attend all of the meetings faithfully. Life again became pleasant; he had escaped a great amount of discomfort without having to change or modify a single factor in his personality makeup.

The new school offered many more things of interest than any school Claude had ever attended. A new experience, a new thrill awaited around almost every corner. One morning all the students in the high school were informed in their

first period classes that there would be a special assembly during the third period. A very prominent American pianist had consented to play a brief recital for the students. The students would have to conduct themselves most orderly because the musician expected absolute order and attention. Claude was extremely excited. He had taken music lessons continually and he was most anxious to hear a master play. On the appointed hour he rushed to the assembly hall, almost before any other student, and chose the seat nearest the piano.

The assembly began as soon as the large hall was filled. The musician was announced as the winner of a number of outstanding awards, the pupil of the greatest living masters, and the youngest American composer of opera. He was to play the regular devotional music, after which there was to be prayer. He would then play a recital featuring his own compositions.

The young musician took his place at the piano. Claude watched his every movement. He observed rather carefully his exotic features, his slender, nervous body, his prematurely gray hair, and his large, dreamy, gray eyes. Claude admired his long, white, slender fingers as they flew dexterously over the keyboard. The music was superb; so was the man.

Then prayer and the musician remained seated at the piano. Claude found it was impossible to close his eyes; something

forced him to watch the man seated at the piano. When Claude finally dared look directly into his eyes, he felt that the man had long been waiting for the very thing to happen. Somewhat embarrassed, Claude tried to divert his attention to something else, but each time his glance wandered back to the musician who never ceased staring directly toward him. The prayer ended. The next selection was announced, and before he began to play, the musician smiled and nodded slightly to Claude who could not help but weakly return the gesture. All during the recital when the musician did not watch his hands or the piano, he looked pleadingly at Claude who sat quite spell bound because of the music and the man.

The recital ended. The students clamored back to their classes. Claude alone remained. He was unable to move. The attentive gaze of the man had almost hypnotically subdued him. He wanted to speak to him, express his enjoyment of the music, but he dared not. Very soon members of the faculty crowded about the pianist. Claude began to feel conspicuous. The hall was practically cleared of all the students. He must go; he must force himself to leave, but the musician held him with his glance. Eventually Claude slowly wended his way down the aisle toward the open door. He looked back several times only to see the pianist watching every step he took. The bell sounded and Claude ran tardy to his ~~next~~ class.

The entire day was soon wasted, wasted because Claude could think of nothing but the assembly, the man, and the music. The history and the English verbs were suddenly meaningless and only provided an opportunity for dreaming instead of careful analyzing. There was something about the musician he could not fully understand. Why had he obviously watched him so carefully? What was the nature and the cause of the attraction he felt and of the feeling the pianist seemed to reveal? Did other people respond to such situations as he did?

Exactly two days later Claude remained in the city to attend a special evening lecture. He had dinner in a downtown lunch counter, and as he was leisurely walking up the street toward the lecture hall, he saw coming toward him none other than the musician who had only recently played for the student assembly. The man paused just before he should have passed Claude. Again Claude was confused. He was glad the man had remembered him, but he worried about what he should say. The man, however, assumed the responsibility of the conversation and began:

"Haven't I met you some place before?"

Claude breathlessly tried to explain that they had never met, but that they had seen each other for the first time during a student assembly.

"Oh, of course I remember," the musician replied, "You were the very eager and charming boy who sat on the

first row when I played at the high school."

Claude hardly knew how to interpret the remark of the man, but he was pleased with his kind, suave manner. Many words were exchanged, and before long the two individuals were sauntering down the street. Claude had forgotten entirely about the lecture. Instead, he was fascinated by the tales of travel related by the musician who had only recently returned from Europe. Claude had read considerably about the art of the Greek and Roman periods and he had a fair knowledge of the cultural development of the ancient civilizations. However, he had never learned about the carnal sensuousness that later became part of the Greek and Roman empires. The musician talked lengthily about the massive and colossal sculpture of the classic period. He talked freely about the perfectness of the nude figures, and he spoke of the extremely perverted statuary that is not commonly shown to the general public. He spoke of phallic worship, and the numerous images that had been used in worshipping the generative powers of the male sex organ. Claude wondered if this man too had interests similar to his own. At least, they seemed to have found a topic of conversation that appealed to them both.

In the meantime, the two had wandered aimlessly about the city streets hardly conscious of the course they had taken. The air was damp and cold. A rain storm had long been threatening and eventually interrupted their walk with

a downfall of a miserably damp and drizzling rain. They had to seek shelter and the pianist suggested that they continue their discussion in his room at the hotel. For some reason Claude felt that it was wrong to go to a hotel room with a stranger. He did not mistrust the newly acquired friend, not did he suspect any foul play, but at the same time he felt that he should not enter the hotel room. Unable to thoroughly convince himself to the contrary, Claude decided to continue the conversation by going to the room--surely there was nothing wrong in two men going to a hotel room to indulge in fascinating talk.

Once inside a luxurious room of the largest and finest hotel in the city, the musician suggested that they remove their damp clothing and "get comfortable." Claude sat on the edge of the bed and the man sat very near him. For an inexplicable reason Claude continued the conversation with breathless difficulty. The musician lay full length on the bed and suggested that Claude do the same, but Claude remained deaf to the suggestion. He then asked Claude how old he was, and he honestly answered: "Fifteen."

"But, you are awfully tall to be only fifteen years old."

"It is true nevertheless. I am only a sophomore in high school. I have gone slowly through school year by year. I started school when I was six. You can figure it out for yourself."

"You are almost as tall as I am. Stand up. Let's see

how tall you really are. We will measure ourselves."

Claude stood up, and the man stood near him, so near, in fact, that he could feel the lines of his slender body. Without once understanding a single motive, Claude remained standing much longer than he deemed necessary to compare heights. He sat down abruptly and the man again sat very near him. All the time Claude nervously watched the hands of his wrist watch move around the dial. He must not miss the last train home, and it was already dangerously near the time. He spoke of his anxiety and haste, but the man did not seem to heed, and Claude could not leave rudely and abruptly. He felt as though the evening had not been complete, as though there were many more things he could learn. He dreaded leaving the company of a man who appeared to be so much like himself, and at the same time different from anyone he had ever known. However, time never pauses and Claude knew that he must leave quickly if he intended to catch the last train. The pianist begged him to remain all night. He could call his parents and let them know, but Claude dared not do such a thing. Claude started toward the door and the musician put his arm around him as he reluctantly lead him from the room. Just before he opened the door, he kissed the startled Claude full on the lips and said he would love to spend the night with such a lovely boy. Claude drew back utterly shocked and surprised, but there was not time to falter. He hurried

to the elevator, through the lobby, and then ran all the way to the station to catch the train just as the conductor signalled to move ahead.

For days and weeks Claude was unable to dismiss the experience from his mind. He wondered why the artist had been willing to spend a whole evening with him when all the time he probably had a thousand more interesting things to do, why he had taken him to the hotel room, why he had suggested removing their damp clothing, why they had sat upon the bed, why the man reclined, exposed himself, and then suggested that he do likewise, why he had stood so near him when measuring heights, why he had placed his arm around his neck, why he had been urged to stay all night, why he seemed so reluctant about his leaving, why they had only talked about erotic subjects, why they seemed so interested in each other, and most of all why he had kissed him before he left the hotel room. He pondered over every single thing that happened, over every word that was spoken, but he could not satisfactorily account for a single action.

For weeks afterward Claude eagerly searched the city streets hoping to catch a glimpse of the musician. He searched carefully through the various sections of the newspapers hoping to find his name in print. He did not dare to return to the hotel room, nor did he think it wise to inquire for him at the office of the hotel. However, he

did muster up courage enough to sit for hours in the hotel lobby in his search for the musician, but Claude was doomed never to see him again.

For the following few weeks, Claude was a rather pathetic figure. He could not study, he could not even read a novel, he could only dream of an inexplicable something that he himself could not understand. He wanted badly to confide in an understanding person. He wanted to ask a million questions about himself and the people about him. He realized, however, that the nature of his questions would not be generally understood, and because he did not know a person in whom he could confide, he chose to remain silent and bewildered. Eventually he sought solace in books, and naturally enough, he chose books most apt to enlighten himself. He searched the library diligently for a book that might be helpful; yet, he did not even know the class of books from which he might receive help and even the card catalog seemed useless. Occasionally, he found a book on some phase of the sexual question, and he devoured its contents greedily. The old family doctor book at home had long since been thumbed through and its meager contents almost memorized. He did not know for what he searched. He just sought more and more information.

In the meantime, Claude's life and action were guided by powerful and little understood emotions. Just as a small

child cannot walk down the street without stopping to drink from the water fountain on every corner, Claude could not walk down the street without entering every public lavatory he encountered. Sometimes when loitering about the terminal when waiting for a train to carry him home, Claude would enter the rest room every few minutes. Sometimes he even remained inside of the lavatory where he watched the men come and go. Countless numbers of times he would stand long periods of time on a city street near a public comfort station until a young and presentable man would enter. He would always enter immediately after and stand near the unsuspecting man as he urinated. Always, in the morning as he rode into the city on the train, he would scan the crowd to find the most presentable man on the car. When the train arrived at its destination, he would follow the chosen man into the waiting room hoping, of course, that he would enter the lavatory.

When summer came, and school closed, Claude found life in the small town exceedingly dull. He missed the large school and the many things he used to do after school hours. His life was now average and void of new experiences. He tried to think up a plan whereby he might be able to go to his beloved city during the summer months. The thought of resuming his music lessons occurred to him, and he prevailed upon Dorothea to let him study under a prominent teacher

in the city. She gladly consented, so, each week Claude took the same train and went not to school but to take his music lesson. After one-half an hour with the music instructor, he was free to spend the entire day on the streets or wherever he might choose.

Claude was very fond of his handsome music teacher. Always during the week he practiced faithfully on his weekly assignment. There was nothing else to do after the housework was completed. No matter how perfectly Claude played his lesson at home, he never could interpret the selection as well for his instructor. Something about his presence was confusing. Claude was too conscious of his long white hands, his small red lips, and his wavy black hair. Invariably Claude would strike a dischord. The music teacher would have to make a correction. Claude probably unconsciously made mistakes because he enjoyed having the instructor place his hand over his own to indicate the correct position of the chord on the keyboard. Such corrections always brought added thrills because often the instructor would touch him with his hand or he would press his body close against Claude as he bent over the piano bench. The teacher undoubtedly thought Claude was a very mediocre piano student, and he probably never knew how really well Claude learned to play the piano.

When school commenced again in the fall Claude continued his musical studies. Never before had he lived amid so much

activity. He still commuted to and from school. He studied. He read every book he could find that appealed to him. He practiced on the piano regularly. He kept up his regular church attendance, and still performed a myriad of duties. He even found time to wander, as usual, about the city streets. Occasionally, he remained in the city late at night to go unknown to his parents to a large public mineral bath that had recently become one of his favorite haunts. Ordinarily, he would spend about three or four hours in the building that housed the tremendous pool. He spent the greater part of the time not in the water but in and about the dressing and shower rooms. He never tired of the continual parade of unclothed men as they walked in and out of the shower and dressing rooms. He often remained long periods of time in the steam room watching the men massage each other. He invariably wondered how one man could lie still and permit another men to massage his entire body without experiencing the embarrassment of an erection. Occasionally, a man would have a slight erection when he was being massaged, and Claude wondered why one man should be erotically disturbed while most of them remained wholly unmoved. Many men often wanted to exchange "rub-downs" with him, but Claude always offered some excuse.

One night there was not a very large crowd in the pool. Claude sat, as usual, in the steam room. His feet rested

on the specially built ledge where he sat. A comparatively young man came into the room and sat on the same ledge very near him. He turned the steam on full force, and speech became impossible because of the noise it made as it escaped from the pipes. When the steam became so thick that vision was most difficult, Claude felt someone touch his foot. It was undoubtedly the only man in the room, but surely it was accidental. He felt the same touch a second time, and his heart pounded until he could hardly breathe-- the man continued to carress his leg. Speech was out of the question; only one thing remained, to sit quietly and let the man pursue his intention. Eventually the man turned off the steam and complained of the intense heat. When Claude grunted an answer the man asked if he were getting out of the pool. True to the suggestion Claude answered in the affirmative. The man suggested that they take a cold shower and then go to his dressing room to give each other a "dry rub." Claude was only too glad to follow his suggestion, and he hoped the cold water would restore his equilibrium and presence of mind. The two stood naked under the shower. Claude then followed the man into his dressing room just as innocently as he had followed the musician into the hotel room.

The stranger dried his own body slightly, and then volunteered to briskly rub Claude with a course towel. First,

he dried and massaged Claude's back. When drying his chest and stomach, he stood so near that Claude could feel his erect penis pressed firmly against his buttocks. Prior to this time, Claude had suppressed an erection only with great difficulty, but, now, the erotic expression was fully manifest. He permitted the man to press his body as closely as he possibly could and at the same time fondle his genitals. Everything seemed natural enough, but Claude had no idea to what a painful extent such activity could be carried.

The man caressed the back of Claude's neck as he continued to press his erect penis against his buttocks. With his arm and a slight pressure, he suggested that Claude bend slightly forward. Claude unknowingly submitted, and he felt the man begin to force his erect penis into the rectal opening of his body. A thousand things flashed through his mind. What kind of a mess had he got himself into now? Perhaps he could escape. Perhaps he ought to refuse to go on or call out for help. Perhaps he had better go through with the affair to see just what would happen. At any rate, the intense pressure against his rectum was growing painful. Almost every muscle in his body grew tense as if to prevent the penetration of his body, but Claude cried out sharply when the rectal muscles weakened and the penis sank deeply into his body. The man passionately begged him to remain

quiet, and he promised that the pain would not long endure. Yet, the physical pain and torture continued so intense that it cannot adequately be described. Not until after the ejaculation and the removal of the penis did Claude begin to feel relief from the stinging sensation. Of course, he ran immediately to his dressing room.

Hysterically he dressed himself, took a trolley car to the station where he caught the last train home. The stinging pain increased as he sat on the uncomfortable coach of the electric car. Even the slightest movement would cause a stabbing thrust of pain. Claude began to worry for fear he would be unable to walk from the car to his home. On arrival Claude alighted with difficulty and he wondered if the conductor guessed the reason for his obvious suffering.

Laboriously, he walked home. It was near midnight, and Claude wanted to get into the house without disturbing one of the family. As soon as he quietly closed himself in his own room, he hastily removed his clothing to examine himself and discover the extent of his injury. Even before he had removed half of his clothing, he discovered a huge blood stain on his underclothing. The intense fear he felt made him act all the more quickly. He found that by stooping and sitting in various positions he could cause a discharge of blood and semen to flow from the torn rectum. He feared he was seriously injured, yet, he did not know what to do.

He felt that he should go to a physician immediately, yet, such action was not possible. Even in the morning he would hardly dare go to a doctor because in the small town there was not a single doctor he thought he could trust. He knew, too, that he would be unable to pay the necessary charges, and he could not permit a doctor's statement to be sent to his parents. He wondered if he should call Dorothea from her sleep and confess everything to her, but he knew that even though he explained carefully he would be unable to make her understand. He quickly decided that of all people she should not be told. With a soothing salve he obtained from the medicine cabinet in the bath room, he gently annointed the injured body. The salve made the stinging much more intense, but later it seemed to produce a soothing effect. Claude then carefully concealed all the blood soiled cothing and crawled to bed only to spend a restless and sleepless night.

Early in the morning, even before his mother left her room, Claude had carefully washed out the blood stains on his clothing and removed every suspicious thing that might have led his mother to discover his secret. But, the same morning, Dorothea could not understand why Claude would not eat his usual breakfast. He pretended a slight illness, but he refrained from taking food because he knew that if he filled his stomach with food he would only have an

intestinal discharge all the sooner, and he thought that such a discharge would cause great pain and retard the healing of the torn muscles. He hoped to go as long as possible, two or three days, without going to stool. He hoped by that time the torn tissues would be healed enough to permit a normal discharge. He succeeded in going without food until late that same night when Dorothea forced him to eat a light meal. On the end of the second day Claude was forced to stool. The discharge was exceedingly painful and accompanied with a slight flow of blood. Claude was frantic. He did not know what to do--there seemed to be only one way out, just wait and endure the frightful pangs of uncertainty and fear. Many times he had to suppress the pain he felt as he moved about performing various tasks. Several times each day he gently massaged himself with an ointment, and always his mind was tortured with the thought that he had been hopelessly injured and that sooner or later he would have to admit the whole episode.

For some time Claude hardly dared considered what would be the outcome. But, Nature and time are great healers. Each day the sharp, stabbing pain lessened. In about three weeks Claude felt no discomfort--he felt as though nothing had ever happened--and, curiously enough, he soon forgot the physical pain connected with the experience and remembered only the breathless, passionate moments that preceded his

seduction in the bath house. In fact, he relived the experience over and over again in his many moments of day dreaming.

For some reason Claude did not condemn himself and, once he was relieved of pain, he did not repent of his action. He merely seemed to accept the experience as part of his development. He realized, of course, that such an experience comes to relatively few people, and he even revelled in the glory and uniqueness of his position. Even more than ever before in his life, he began to accept his peculiar reactions as quite normal to himself. He came to regard himself as kind of a superior being, and never once did he realize that he had been initiated into a perverse sexual practice that is punishable by law according to the penal codes adopted by most civilized countries.

The bath house episode really had one very beneficial effect on Claude's development--it made him determined to seek more individuals like himself so he could more easily explain the perplexing riddle of his life. As he began this curious search for people who would understand, he discovered and plunged into the vast literature of sex. For a rather long time, he read book after book with but little comprehension. It was not until he discovered Carpenter's Love's Coming of Age, Block's Sexual Life of Our Times, and Forel's The Sexual Question that he began to understand himself and

the homosexual world.

Claude really felt like a veteran explorer as he identified himself with the group of sexual inverts described by the various writers on the sexual questions. Again, his ego was bolstered when he learned that great men such as Leonardo Da Vinci, Oscar Wilde, Walt Whitman, and Paul Verlain were men of homosexual temperament. Perhaps there was something to this "superior being" stuff after all. Most important of all, however, he was delighted to learn that there were many people in the world just like himself. There might even be some in his home town. Somewhere he had read that two per cent of the population were sexually inverted. The next problem was to discover them.

The high school that Claude attended was very near the public library and he frequently used the circulating library and reference books as well as the spacious study halls. One day during the noon recess, Claude went to the library to return a borrowed book. Before leaving the building he went into the men's rest room. The only person there was a very well dressed and handsome man of about twenty-eight years of age. At first Claude paid no attention to him, but soon he realized that the man stood at the urinal an unnecessarily long time. He knew that instead of urinating he was fondling his penis. Claude was on the verge of leaving when the stranger fully exposed to his view his erect penis. Obviously, Claude was charmed. He did not want to

leave; he did not know what to do. He merely stood awkwardly near the man who eventually started a trivial conversation about the weather that abruptly ended when the stranger took hold of Claude's hand only to place it on his genital.

This type of fondling continued for a few minutes or until the door banged and another man was about to enter the rest room. Somewhat embarrassed, Claude fled into the street only to be pursued by the stranger who begged him to meet him after work at 5:30 P. M.

Claude readily consented, and fully an hour before the designated time, he was pacing anxiously up and down the street eagerly scanning every individual who passed by. All the time he hoped to see the handsome face of the stranger.

Exactly on time the stranger appeared and the two walked casually down a street toward a less thickly populated part of town. On passing a large ware-house surrounded by many delapidated, unused buildings, the stranger suggested that they walk through them, and soon they were safely isolated from any individual and peering eye.

The difficult and breathless conversation had long since stopped and once in the semi darkness of the deserted shed, the stranger lavishly embraced and caressed Claude. Claude certainly offered no objections, but, what seemed to be an endless period of "petting" followed. The stranger seemed

to enjoy everything, but Claude was distressed--not because he objected to what was taking place but because he didn't know precisely just how such affairs between men ended, and, then, there was the sudden appearance of the memory of the bath house experience, but surely that orgy could not be revived in a deserted barn. Would they simply embrace for a while longer and then depart? Did the man want to be masturbated? No, not that--several times he had layed a restraining hand on Claude who had fondled his penis almost continually. Could it be that he wanted-----Did people really do that? Yes, he had heard the word vulgarly used many a time, and he had seen it written on the walls of various public rest rooms. But, Did people really engage in such activities? Could this be what the stranger wanted and expected? He certainly had made many gestures that indicated as much. At any rate, something had to be done and done immediately. Claude simply had to end the affair and get back to the station if he intended to catch the usual train home. He might try. He was certain it would make him ill, but, here was another "mess" he had to get out of the quickest and easiest way possible. And, so, for the first time Claude was induced into the sexual act he later came to know as fellatio.

Needless to say, the disagreeable act did nauseate him, and inspite of all he missed the train and was forced to wait until midnight for another car. As he waited for the

last train a good many thoughts perplexed his mind, and he scolded himself for hurrying away from the stranger when all the time he might have been in his company.

During the remaining part of his junior year in high school, several times during the summer, and all during his senior year at school, Claude met the stranger regularly. On the appointed evenings they met, attended a motion picture or went swimming. Soon, the stranger started taking him to all manner of concerts, lectures, and plays. He taught Claude to appreciate good music and the drama. But, even after the recital of a most distinguished artist there were the inevitable few moments spent together in the seclusion of a small cheap hotel. It was during these periods that Claude was taught and made well-versed in the homosexual arts of fornication.

One by one Claude was introduced to many invert men. He became familiar with their habits and haunts. He eventually came to prefer and accordingly sought their company. He attended their parties, listened to their chatter, their problems, their love affairs. He met men of every walk of life--medical man, officer workers, educators, theatrical people, house boys, federal employees, musicians, everything! He was no longer alone.

On the evening prior to his entrance to the University Claude was introduced to an elderly man, an invert bachelor, who was intimately part of the University staff. Claude,

during the course of four years, visited the man frequently. Before this time, he had always associated with invert people of a decidedly common type. The old man made him see the necessity of seeking values among the people of his association. It was he who took Claude on numerous occasions to a nearby ritualistic church and taught him to love the quiet dignity of the old place. It was he who inspired Claude to seek heights heretofore undreamed of. The soothing cultural influence of the "Doctor" will remain with Claude as long as he lives.

Had it not been for the Doctor, Claude's freshman year at the University might have been much different from the quiet role he assumed. He met comparatively few new people on the campus and his association with the previously known invert group grew continually less. He began studying in sincere earnest and began to show promise of being a fairly good student. His scholastic record in high school had been anything but enviable.

Near the end of his first and rather uneventful year at the University Claude returned home one day to face a displeased father who abruptly announced that he had obtained a job for his son in a lead-silver mine nearby. At first Claude loudly refused to go, but when the father coldly stated that if his own son could not contribute that much toward his education he need not think of returning to

school another year. There remained only one alternative for Claude--to consent to spend the summer working in an isolated mine located seven miles from the nearest town.

Claude would earn enough money in one summer to send him through school for a year, but he knew that the family income was sufficient that he should not have to be forced to work in a mine. In reality, the father had insisted upon Claude's working in the mine simply because he objected to the personality traits and the "lady-like" pursuits of his son. He reasoned that if anything would make a man of his son it would be a summer of extremely hard work with a group of rough men. He had secretly hoped that the University would bring about this desired change, but after a year Claude was as much of a sissy as ever.

So, again, the father appeared to interrupt the seeming tranquility of Claude's life. Like the average father, he thought he was doing his son a service of immense value. Accordingly, he went to his brother who was a foreman in the mine where Claude was to work and explained to him the entire situation.....Claude was to be given the hardest type of work and shown absolutely no favoritism.

Almost over night Claude was removed from his sheltered world into a group of uncouth and extremely rough miners. He had never done any manual work--his only jobs had been a part time clerk in a grocery store and later an organist

of a small town theater. Now, he was required to "muck" heavy ore and do all manner of physical labor in the mine.

The first few "shifts" in the mine so exhausted him that he was required to sleep and rest the full sixteen hours that elapsed between each eight hour period of work. Yet, he was determined to work the entire summer if only to spite the father who really expected him home any day. In fact, Dorothea made weekly trips to see her son and insist that he return home. But no, Claude was determined to earn enough money to put him through the school that had been the newest source of conflict between him and his father.

September finally came and Claude left his work to return to school. He was revengefully proud as he faced his father who only a few years before had made the remark on a certain Christmas morning that Claude should have been given a set of lotions and cold creams instead of the first shaving equipment his mother had decided he needed. He had successfully completed the disagreeable work in the mine just as he had done every other miserable task imposed upon him by his father. As Claude stood before his father he could not help but recall the first job his father had required of him. He was not more than five years old when his father came home and told him to clean his shoes for he was very tired. Claude willingly agreed to do this simple thing, but the shoes were bloody and covered with hair, dirt, animal excrement, and filth. What a foul task

to have to do even for his father! He scrubbed and cleaned but the odor of blood and excrement would not leave the shoes. Even though only a child, his reaction was one of disgust and rebellion, and his aversion toward his father started when he carelessly flipped him a dime when the shoes were brought to him clean but reeking. He recalled the times he had to feed the filthy pigs, "Thin beets," "tramp hay," and worst of all work in the slaughter house. Now, he had completed another one of his father's assignments--four months of hard labor in a mine.

Why had his father always assigned him such unpleasant duties? There was never a time when Claude felt that he was doing anything useful and constructive. He knew only too well he was doing tasks his father himself disliked doing.

Another year at the University meant an escape from a situation in his home that was daily growing more unbearable. It meant new friends and experiences that would make him momentarily forget the emotional conflicts that made his home life miserable.

On the campus Claude met two new people, one a girl, Jesse, of his own age, nineteen, and the other a Mrs. Bird, a woman of thirty-one. The two women were radically different, but each had a profound effect upon him and his subsequent school career. Jesse was dreadfully poor.

She worked at the most humble tasks to earn her way through school. She lived in a hovel and ate sparingly of the coarsest food. She dressed distastefully but practically in heavy plaid skirts, flat heeled shoes and cheap stockings. She never owned a dress coat and instead wore a heavy sweater. When winter came she merely added a rain coat. She had her hair cut very much like a man because she could not afford the care that every girl must give her hair. Her life had been drab and ordinary, yet she was interesting and intelligent.

On the contrary, Mrs. Bird was glamorous. Most of the people on the campus knew she had traveled with a "side-show" that followed a large circus. She was the "human headed" spider. All of her friends knew she had been married twice and had a twelve year old son. A few of her more intimate friends knew of the dischord that existed between her and her second husband. Claude knew that there was an additional man in her life, her lover.

For a whole year Claude was never seen on the campus with any person except Jesse or Mrs. Bird. Students and teachers could not help but observe these strangely different people. Jesse's clothes, her closely cut hair, her plodding, her brusque manner gave her a very mannish air while Claude's neatly pressed gray suit, white shirt, black tie, and gray spats gave him a decidedly effeminate air. Of course there

was gossip. When he appeared with the well-dressed, attractive Mrs. Bird, students wondered why a woman as old as she should take such an interest in a mere boy. Some of the professors thought something should have been done.

Around Mrs. Bird, Jesse, and Claude gathered a group of students and teachers who were rightfully termed radical. They enjoyed the sensations and comments they knew they were creating. Nothing was forbidden in their weekly meetings and discussions. Rumors spread around the campus of the unholy things they discussed. The term papers and stories written and submitted to teachers by members of the group were actually radical and certainly departures from the usual type of student work. Students and teachers made inquiries into the lives of these people and there were many rumors and much wild talk.

Incidentally, both Mrs. Bird and Jesse understood the emotional makeup of Claude. Jesse simply accepted the condition as a part of life while Mrs. Bird without attempting to alter Claude's emotional status, attempted to subdue and control his intense and heretofore uncontrollable sexual reactions. Instead of bitterly condemning the life he had led, she tried to understand and accordingly prevent the future occurrence of disagreeable situations. Almost every day they took long walks in order to discuss the problems of their life. Mrs. Bird was an exceedingly intelligent and experienced woman and had Claude been able to follow

explicitly her excellent advice he would have avoided many unpleasant situations for it was she who attempted to teach him restraint.

In the meantime Claude met a young man who was studying for the ministry. Had it not been for the restraining hand of Mrs. Bird the life of Claude and the priest might have been very different, for no person before had ever made such a profound impression upon him. Claude was erotically aroused even by the clothing he wore. His short stature, his slight body, his elegant manners and carriage were to him those of a divinity.

Claude watched for Leslie, the priest, just as secretly, quietly, and zealously as any lover would watch for his adored one. He discovered that on the afternoons of two days each week Leslie attended a class in the public library. Every time the class met, Claude arranged to be sitting in the room through which he knew Leslie had to pass. Sometimes he only saw the priest go hurriedly tripping to his class. Sometimes they exchanged glances and smiles. Occasionally there was a word of greeting and eventually there were short conversations.

Claude regarded Leslie with all the reverence and awe of a loved one. He dreamed of the time when there might be intimate contacts and relationships, but somehow Leslie seemed too pure--too holy for that. They did become excellent friends, however, and they found much time to talk about

their mutual interest--sexual inversion. Leslie was having an intense emotional struggle. He was about to be ordained into the priesthood and he looked with contempt on the corrupt life he had led. In Boston, he had worked in a Greek coffee house. In reality he was a male prostitute. Now, he had decided to marry and lead a normal, sane life if he could overcome the intense attraction he felt toward some men. Leslie spoke freely of the attraction he felt toward Claude, and he begged him as his best friend to help him overcome his morbid feelings. With the help of Mrs. Bird, Claude, for the first time in his life, restrained and sublimated a basic passion into sympathy and help.

On the afternoon of Leslie's wedding Claude walked slowly by the church several times. He heard the thunderous peal of the organ. He knew the wedding service rather well and he accordingly knew how far the ceremony had progressed. He saw the doors open and the people file out. He caught a single glimpse of Leslie and his bride as they climbed into a waiting automobile. Leslie had begged Claude to attend the ceremony, but Claude was far too emotionally upset to want to torture himself with being a witness to a formality that was taking something dear away from him. He had even refused to meet the bride. The automobile drove away. The crowd quickly dispersed. The wedding was over. Claude slowly wended his way home. He walked for hours before he eventually turned toward his abode.

With Leslie gone, Jesse about to leave for New York City, and the friendship with Mrs. Bird waning, Claude was not anxiously looking forward to graduation as were most of the other students. His only wish was to get through with the formalities and clear out, and then came the chance.

One of his friends was about to take an amateur dramatic company on a "barnstorming" tour of the small towns of the state. Everything was in readiness except for a minor character who had not been chosen. For no good reason Claude was given the role, so, all during the last term at school he was memorizing his lines instead of preparing for the difficult final examinations.

On the very day of graduation, Claude hurriedly disposed of his cap and gown, tossed his diploma to his mother, and after a few short goodbyes ran to join the amateur actors who were all ready to leave.

What an experience! Sometimes the theaters were filled to capacity. Other times the crowd was so small the show could not go on. When there was money on hand, the troupe lived in the best hotels and were lavish in their expenditures before the eager-eyed small towners. Too often there was only enough money to buy a little food. Then, the troupers slept in their automobiles and each was designated to steal enough gas from parked cars to get from one town to the next. There were the usual moments of gaiety, depression and

indifference. There were the invariable tempermental outbursts of various members of the cast, the drunken orgies of the leading man, and the eratic and jealous threats of his wife, the business manager of the group.

After four months of this life Claude was only too glad to get home for a brief rest and learn that a respectable and good job was waiting for him in a nearby city--the same city, incidently, where Leslie and his wife were living. Leslie was the newly appointed resident pastor.

A really delightful year followed. Claude enjoyed his work and obtained recognition for his efforts. He and Leslie became inseparable friends. Every Sunday Claude assisted him in the ritualistic service of the church. Once and sometimes twice a month there were missionary jaunts to the nearby mining towns. These trips were especially delightful because Leslie and Claude always went alone and they were free to talk about any intimate subject they chose. The passionate forces that had formerly attracted the two were now giving way to the bonds of a sincere and delightful friendship. Leslie was determined to make his marriage a happy and a successful one and Claude likewise was determined to be of assistance.

In the discussions concerning sexual inversion the two friends spoke intimately and freely about the problems that concerned them both. Leslie succeeded in eliminating

from his experience any overt homosexual behavior. He had had no sexual contacts with men after his marriage, but always he had to struggle to overcome his emotional reactions to the various men he contacted in daily life. Leslie would always end such discussions with words to this effect--I am married and I am happy. I don't believe I would permit a homosexual experience to occur, now, under any circumstances. But, I am still extremely "penis conscious" and I guess I will be as long as I live.

All the time Claude defended the homosexualist. He could not see the necessity for changing one's type of sexual behavior especially when, as in his own case, the reaction was so decidedly and obviously congenital. Claude was still essentially young and not wholly mature in his sense of judgment. He had not yet felt the power of social pressure, group control of the individual, and the effects of social disapproval of one who tries to defy and live in a manner not approved and accepted by the masses.

Summer time and vacation days arrived. Claude went, as usual, to California, but somehow the brilliant invert life seemed a bit less glamorous than formerly. The hords of flaming inverts he knew and came in contact with produced in him not a feeling of sympathy and interest, but one of nausea and disgust, and he began to wonder if all of his life his social contacts and friendships would be confined

to such mal-adjusted, flaming creatures. Slowly, Claude began to realize that if he were to assume any position in life of stability and power, he could not continue fluttering and playing about with the emotionally weak and neurotic people of the invert world. He must begin to think seriously about the future. He could not always defy the age old customs and traditions of the people with whom he had to live. If he were to fill a useful and respected position in society an adjustment had to be made and made immediately.

In the meantime, Claude had been the continual dinner guest of a fiery, passionate Portuguese creature whose interest in him was anything but motherly. At first Claude was amused by her obvious advances and he had no difficulty in excusing himself at the desired moment. The seeming disinterest of Claude only increased her determination to accomplish her physical purpose. On a certain night she had the stage all set. Every factor was under her control. When Claude came for dinner he would not be able to excuse himself and flee at the crucial moment.

Claude entered her apartment as usual. They were alone. There was no excuse for his leaving. The drama began. Claude tried unsuccessfully to thwart her amorous advances and she became more and more insistent. He writhed with uneasiness. A thousand times he had been incriminated in a mesh of peculiar situations, but never before had he had to face a

pleading and passionate woman. Should he attempt to enact the role of the normal man or should he willfully speak of his disinterest in women? No, the best thing to do, he decided between and during caresses, was yield to her wishes. He agreed to spend the night in her company.

How he ever got successfully through the night long remained a mystery to Claude. He had absolutely no idea how a man should approach a woman, and besides, he was cold and almost ill with fright and worry. He tried to think of the novels he had read that described the man's reaction to a seduction. In stories everything happens so normally and easily, but Claude could not simply lie back and let Nature take its course. He would have to depend upon the woman or something. But surely she would see how inexperienced he was. So to cover up his confusion, Claude laughed and spoke jokingly about this, his first affair. The woman, more interested than ever, approached Claude without knowing whether he was a thoroughly sophisticated man or an extremely innocent boy. Anyway, the conflicting array of thoughts protected Claude's feeling of inadequacy and the evening easily and quickly passed into the dawn of morning.

Claude never saw the woman again, but the memory of the experience caused him to give the matter a great amount of consideration. He had done a thing he believed was impossible. He really thought he was incapable of a normal physical

relationship with one of the opposite sex. Always he had looked with some satisfaction on the fact that he had gone so many years without the usual normal sexual experiences. He had loved to think of himself as the "virgin man". He realized he had planned to go through life absolutely unaffected by the seductive charms and powers of women, and now he had slipped. He had successfully and pleasurably accomplished a quest that a few days before he would have deemed wholly impossible. But, what about this invert stuff? Claude had always considered himself as being congenitally inverted and absolutely incapable of a single normal sexual reaction. And, worst of all, he probably had enjoyed the normal experience as much if not more than any of the homosexual affairs. Could he, a congenital sexual invert, be capable of such a reaction? Could a seemingly inverted man develop an interest in women? Was Leslie right? At least, the idea was worth furthur experimentation.

During the next four years Claude began feverishly reading every book he could locate on mental hygiene, psychiatry, applied psychology, and abnormal psychology. He wanted to learn, understand, and, if possible, explain in scientific terms every one of his reactions. He was no longer satisfied to simply drift blindly and impulsively along. If modern or ancient thought could explain his condition and perhaps assist in a better type of adjustment he was determined to

know the facts.

Day after day Claude struggled through book after book. He encountered many conflicting ideas, numerous theories regarding causes and cures of inversion, but never any workable techniques he could apply to his own living scheme. Under the influence of the psychoanalytical school he carefully thought through every experience from childhood to maturity and he tried to account for his behavior in terms of the effect of early and subsequent experiences on later behavior. But still he could find no miraculous pattern he could fit to his own life in an attempt to control and guide his emotional responses.

As time passed and Claude faithfully pursued and struggled with the study of his own consciousness, he made a few interesting observations. Each week he saw less and less of his invert friends. He was able to associate with them occasionally and at the same time remain somewhat apart as if to sit in judgment of their action. He was no longer intrigued with their orgies. He grew to hate their shallow meaningless existence--their uncertain, frustrated life. He began to long for an ideal friendship or relationship--just what he wanted, however, was not clear even in his own mind.

In response to his striving, Claude cultivated a group of exceedingly normal and healthy young men who frequently visited with him in his apartment. Claude always listened

sympathetically to their problems, plans, and ambitions. Frequently, he was able to give the youths valuable advice and help. He became the chief attraction amid this group of normally attractive young men. Frequently, he met new individuals, and eventually he was introduced to Mark, an extremely attractive youth of twenty-two.

From the very start there was an intense attraction between Claude and Mark. Claude, however, fought against his selfish reactions and was determined to make no "breaks" before his newly acquired and handsome friend. Each day Mark found some excuse to visit Claude. Each visit lasted a little longer. Each conversation grew a bit more intimate and unrestrained. Each day a few suggestions were dropped. Both young men were secretly starving for the same thing. Then, one night, the veils were drawn far apart. Each saw the other as he really was and both understood. All the bonds of restraint were released and that night marked the beginning of another intense and amorous friendship in the life of Claude.

A few months of uninterrupted bliss followed. Each day Claude discovered some delightful and winsome personality trait in his new friend. He felt as though the days were never long enough and that he could never see too much of his adored friend. Even the short periods of their separation were frequently broken by numerous telephone calls. Claude

was so overwhelmed with his new friend that he thought of him continually and no longer considered his recent attempts at a normal adjustment. After all, why should he torture himself with futile attempts at reform when his latest friendship provided so much satisfaction and sheer happiness?

Claude received the first blow of disillusionment when the sister of Mark suddenly appeared on the scene from California to spend an indefinite holiday with her parents and brother. She had tired of her two husbands, one son, and numerous lovers. Thoroughly sophisticated in the vulgar sense of the word and most adept and well informed about the abnormalities and perversions of sex, she probably suspected from the very start the nature of the passionate friendship that existed between Claude and Mark. At any rate she set about to make herself Claude's mistress.

Claude had absolutely no wish or desire to enter into an intimate relationship with such an ordinary individual as Myrtle, but an increasing fear made him alter his plans considerably.

Myrtle spoke openly and vulgarly about Claude's indifference to herself and other women. Frequently she openly accused him of being "queer." In her moments of drunkenness she would often exclaim:

"I like you a lot, Claude, but sometimes I wonder. I think the world of my brother--he is the only one I have--and,

if ever I find out there has been anything between you--God damn you--I'll kill you. There is nothing I wouldn't do if I were sure."

Of course Claude never took her drunken threats very seriously, but each one left him rigid and cold with a haunting fear. He was guilty---guilty of all of which Myrtle was forever accusing him. Suppose she should tell her parents? Suppose she should broadcast the fact over the town? What a horrible scandal she could create! He would never be able to face such an ugly situation. Why, oh why, did Myrtle suddenly have to appear and interfere with the most delightful and winsome friend he had ever known?

Perhaps all the fearful accusations were only part of the subtle plans of Myrtle to force or win the amorous attentions of Claude, for, after all of her threats, she invariably begged his pardon and showered all manner of lavish and amorous attention on him. Slowly, subtly, treacherously, Claude was forced into a liason with Myrtle that continued about five months.

The whole affair was distasteful, full of conflicting emotions, hateful, yet absolutely beyond control. Because Claude had been too intimate and interested in Mark, he was forced into a relationship with his sister, not because he so desired, but because he lived in perpetual fear of what she knew or might do. He had to mis-lead her suspicions.

A liason seemed the best way to silence all fears and threats.

For several months, the relationship continued. Claude saw Mark only on rare occasions and never were they able to spend time together and alone. Daily Claude's aversion for Myrtle grew,--something, some change had to be enacted and enacted immediately. At last a plan presented itself. Why should not he and Mark pursue their vocational interests in different cities and thus be free from the subtle interference of Myrtle? Accordingly, Mark persuaded his parents to permit him to continue his studies in an eastern city. They finally consented, and he soon left for an eastern college, and, surely enough, Myrtle returned to California within a few weeks. Again Claude was left alone, alone, and free from the confusion and entanglements of human affairs.

Alone at his work and in his apartment, Claude tried to plat out a probable future course of action. The crucial time had come. He must make a decision and stand by it. He had felt the power and brutality of individual and social pressure against his life as an invert. He could not willingly return to that type of living. The sexual experience with Myrtle had been accomplished easily enough, but the affair was far from being pleasant; but, surely, all contacts between men and women were not so disagreeable. At least, society did not wholeheartedly condemn the thing he had done. Only one course of action seemed to remain--to seek help and guidance from Mental Hygiene, Psychiatry, and Abnormal Psychology in an effort to prevent the future occurrence of any disagreeable

contact with either a man or a woman as well as attempt to develop normal emotional stability and poise.

For two years, Claude has faithfully adhered to his resolution and some changes are in evidence. He has developed a social poise and ease never before known. No longer does he continually feel that every passerby and acquaintance condemns him for the kind of life he has led. The self imposed celibacy and the careful study of himself and the principles of Mental Hygiene have not greatly altered his outlook on sex. True, there are no longer any thoughtless and wild overt escapades, but, during those hours of romantic flight, his thoughts invariably center about the young man instead of the young woman. During the regular social contacts of each day, Claude is always more sympathetic and attracted toward the male even though he would not permit familiarity to develop beyond the point of an informal friendship and acquaintance. He often wonders if his point of view really is changing, if he is rebuilding that subconscious something in his mental makeup, if he really is making some kind of progress toward the goal of normality, or if the changes are only the result of a maturity that is rapidly settling upon him. Should he continue the struggle? Can he make any progress? is he trying to do the impossible?

In answer to Claude's questions there are many favorable comments that can be mentioned. First of all, after years of introspective study and many attempts at restraint, Claude remains essentially invert in his interests

and preferences. He cannot remove from his consciousness the fact that all the time his erotic attractions are directed toward members of his own sex.

Even though Claude may have failed to reach the heterosexual goal toward which he aimed, a great deal can be said about the nature of the changes....the changes he made in his living. Almost from the very beginning, every circumstance of his life and every experience cast him deeper and deeper into the homosexual way of life. At fifteen years of age he had fully accepted the habits, the patterns, the life of the common type of inverts. For fully five years or more he felt no need of living otherwise. The habits of his invert group were deeply imprinted in his mind.

When Claude became dissatisfied with his status and sought to improve himself socially and intellectually, he found himself in the throes of conflict. In attempting to mingle with people of the normally cultured world, he felt extremely out of place and as though he were being condemned on all sides because of the life he had led. The conflict prevented his associating freely with the various social groups, and as pure defense, he developed a superior attitude toward himself and the people about him. He could not forget his homosexuality long enough to loose his identity even in the largest group of his acquaintances.

The nature of the profession Claude chose to pursue

demanded that he integrate himself socially. The task seemed almost hopeless. Only after years of effort was Claude able to make a satisfactory adjustment. He succeeded in enabling himself to fit into most any normal situation and he moves about freely and unafraid of comment.

As a result of his efforts, Claude is a much better adjusted individual, much more restrained, and much more at ease with himself and the people about him. True, he may, in the future, permit the reoccurrence of a homosexual affair, but the mores have been defined to him through long experience and he knows all the limitations. He will continue to live quietly and inoffensively. Only time will tell what future developments will be.

M. D. S., age 24, is a young man of very slight and effeminate physical appearance. His slender body, small feet and hands are extremely suggestive of a young and graceful woman. He is always dressed with meticulous care and in a manner that is somewhat suggestive of his feminine interests. He works at various types of manual work--always jobs he dislikes. He looks forward toward the time he can study designing or interior decorating, a profession for which he thinks he is well qualified.

M. D. S. remembers as far back in his life as the age of three. In so far as he knows, his early childhood was seemingly normal. However, during his pre-adolescent period of development, a few unusual experiences began to mold his interests in sex. These interests have remained dominant throughout his life.

When M. D. S. was about twelve years of age, the family lived in a progressive and prosperous mining town. The home happened to be near the office of the town physician. One night, M. D. S. was playing near the rear entrance of the doctor's office. Through the lighted window he saw the physician examining and treating the penis of a partially clothed man--undoubtedly a case of venereal disease. M. D. S. moved nearer and nearer the window as he watched every move, but the doctor must have seen the intruder for he soon drew the shade on the window. The boy could not dismiss the experience from his mind.

Before this time, M. D. S. had always suppressed and

disregarded any interest he might have had in the human body. Never would he expose himself or undress before even his most intimate friend. Rather than use the lavatories at school he would retain bodily discharges until he could run home. In school he always avoided classes in gymnasium simply because he did not want to have to dress and shower before the other boys. He would take work in track, because the instructor did not require the participants to dress in the usual shorts.

After seeing the man in the doctor's office, he could suppress the urge no longer, he summoned up enough courage to go into the dressing room where he watched the boys take showers and dress in preparation for their classes in gym. Just about this time the boys in the school began calling him names, sissy, pantywaist, and he became the brunt of many of their vulgar comments and jokes. Occasionally he was beaten up by some of the older and tougher boys, and frequently he had to hide and escape from some of the more aggressive bullies.

Life for M. D. S. became almost unendurable, but, not to be outwitted he protected himself by deliberately cultivating the friendship of an Italian boy, the "toughest kid" in the school.. M. D. S. never separated from his new friend, and there were very definite reasons, the Italian welcomed the opportunity of fighting all his battles. As long as M. D. S. was with the Italian, the boys soon learned that they could no longer impose upon and "bully" the weak M. D. S.

One day after school M. D. S. and the Italian went to

... mill that had once been part of the equipment of the mining company. In one of the rooms they found a bottle partly filled with whiskey. Immediately, they decided to drink the liquor. The results were inevitable--they laughed, giggled, and decided to play like children at the game of "teetering." With a long plank balanced across a huge log, the boys played. M. D. S. began to feel many queer little tremors pass through his body as he was lowered and raised on the "teeter." He could not suppress an erection. The Italian boy must have noticed for he suggested that they lie quietly on the floor and rest. M. D. S. was greatly embarrassed when his friend began to unbutton his trousers and asked if he felt good. So, slightly drunken at the age of fifteen, M. D. S. was induced into the practice of masturbation, a habit that continued for many years of his subsequent life.

A few weeks later, the father of M. D. S. gave his son the usual little confidential talk that so many fathers think is so imperative to their son's welfare. M. D. S. was warned about the serious consequences of masturbation, loss of manhood, impending insanity, etc. But in spite of the repeated and fearful warnings, he continued the practice.

While still in his fifteenth year, M. D. S., somewhat stagestruck at the time, decided to run away to Hollywood. With four dollars in his pocket he started on the highway to California. On his arrival, he started a frantic search for employment and friends. He writes in his own words:

"With no employment, time lay heavily on my hands, and

the days were intensely hot and long. I found refuge, one day, in the public library. In the men's rest room I noticed a dark and handsome who smiled at me and asked if I knew the time. As he sat, he moved into a reclining position, leaning against the wall, he fully exposed his body. I was so confused I couldn't speak when he asked me if I would do him a favor. He then offered me a cigarette--anything to get me nearer. I was trembling and so faint I had to support myself with my hands pressed against the wall. He looked up at me and raising my face with his hands said:

" 'There is nothing to be afraid of. Sex is a necessary evil, and, you know, there are some men who prefer boys to silly girls.'

"I did not comprehend his meaning--they were mere words which I hardly heard. But I did hear him say that I was young and could make lots of money, meet movie stars, and have lots of fun. I asked him how. The answer did not necessitate the use of words. A few minutes later he pressed a fifty cent piece in my hands and fled.

"From that time I worked at various odd jobs--a dishwasher in a cafeteria, a hotel bus boy. Whenever I had time off, I usually went to the beach. One day while hailing a ride to save car fare, I was picked up by a man who, I discovered, was much the same type as the man I had met in the library. In the end he gave me seventy-five cents after buying my dinner, a few drinks, and taking me to a very prominent hotel.

"I decided that money was very easily obtained in such a manner, and I really enjoyed the experiences."

All through subsequent years M. D. S. continued his overt homosexual life. He, at the present time, has no interest in the female sex and his social contacts are confined almost wholly to his wide circle of homosexual friends. His only intimate contact with the world of normal men is at work and through an occasional flirtation, for his favorite pastime is attempting to attract and seduce seemingly normal men. M. D. S. thinks his inversion is congenital and he would not care to be other than he is.

David is now twenty-four years of age, but always he is mistaken for a boy of sixteen or seventeen. His stature is short, his build slight, his facial features delicate and small. His blond, easily-curled hair adds an even more effeminate cast to his makeup. In physical appearance, manner, preference, interest and expression David is much more like a woman than a young man. His voice tends toward the falsetto. Every article of clothing he wears, every move he makes is suggestive of the effeminate. Always his body is delicately perfumed and powdered. He minces, flirts, screams!

David is the second of three children in his family. He has an older sister and a younger brother. As far back as he can remember David was wholly absorbed by his sister and her playthings. For hours, even years, he played with his sister and other girls at his favorite games of jacks, hop-scotch, and jump the rope.

At eight years of age, David was initiated into sexual practices. He masturbated with a small group of boys only one of whom was mature. The experience did not lessen his interest in girlish pursuits, but he did spend a bit more time playing with boys of the neighborhood--always they masturbated. Before long, the alarmed mother took David to a doctor to get help and advice about the self abuse problem she had observed in her son. Of course, the doctor could do nothing.

When David was thirteen years of age he became fondly attached to a boy who was eighteen years of age. He pursued

him, imitated him, and always wanted to be in his company. One day while in his home, the two boys went downstairs in the basement to look after the furnace. David could not resist fondling his friend. Something, a powerful urge prompted him--fellatio resulted, and David grew very ill. For weeks after, even a thought of the affair produced the same nauseating sickness. In the meantime, Davie discovered his own sexual maturity through masturbation.

Again, the worried mother sent David to a doctor. She had suggested previously that the physician explain certain facts of life to her son. The doctor accordingly spoke of a few simple facts with which David was already familiar. The consultation resulted in confusion rather than enlightenment.

In Junior High School when Davie was fifteen he became the consort of a boy with whom he frequently masturbated. One time while playing in a nearby canyon, David, at the suggestion of his friend submitted to paederastia. The orgy was repeated many times over a course of the year.

All the time Davie realized that his reaction to problems of sex was not normal and he wondered if there were any people in all the world just like him. He confided in his mother and again they sought the aid of a physician who was unable to give the slightest suggestion or help.

David had always been a wide reader. Frequently he went to the public library to get books. Always he went to the rest room hoping, of course, to catch a glimpse of a man. One time in the solitary rest room of the library he met a man who fondled and wanted to kiss him. A slight struggle ensued and

David did permit the kiss inspite of his own shock and surprise. The man then suggested something about intercourse, but David had no idea what he meant. The man tried to explain, but somebody entered the room and David fled.

David went home and all night he pondered--there must be people in the world just like him. He decided to find them, and the library seemed the logical place to begin the search. Day after day he frequented the place until one night he met a young man who suggested that they walk to a nearby canyon park. The stranger then invited him to lie on his overcoat while they rested, and for the first time in his life, David and a mature man mutually indulged infellatio.

In the course of time David saw his friend frequently. He met numerous invert men. He learned their language, he acquired all their mannerisms and characteristics. He became notorious, flaming!

When David was nineteen, the library became the rendezvous of him and his friends. They solicited their victims openly and vulgarly. Night after night David and his consorts met men in the library and then retired to more solitary places to indulge in homosexual orgies. One night he unsuccessfully approached numerous men. He became impatient and decided to ply his trade elsewhere. He walked into the street and saw that two men followed him. He was delighted. His evening would not be so dull after all. He flirted and capered madly. The two men moved near to him, one on either side--brutally, they grasped his arms. Davie, in his falsetto, protested and struggled, but with tightened grip and excessively vulgar

language, David was informed that he was being taken to the police station.

Before being placed in the city jail, David was put through the usual grilling. He had to give the names of his two best invert friends as well as the names and addresses of as many homosexual men as he could name. By the time he was actually placed behind the bars with the rest of the prisoners, every one of them knew the exact nature of his charge. There was a bustle of excitement.

In this particular jail all the individual cells were left unlocked and the inmates were allowed to wander freely up and down an aisleway. They could enter each other's cells at will. All during the night the prisoners paraded into David's cell to beg his indulgence. He was extremely frightened and refused all propositions until he was attracted to a young man, a deserter from the navy, who attempted to console him. David spent his first night in the arms of the ex-sailor who begged him to live with him when they were released from the prison.

The next morning David's parents were notified, He was forced to go with officers and identify his friends whose names he had previously given to the officers. An ugly scandal resulted. However, after David had been thoroughly frightened he was released and told to stay away from all public places.

For weeks, every time David went down town he was followed by officers in ordinary dress. If David happened to stop and talk with a friend or an acquaintance, he, too, was followed. His life was unbearable. At last the chance

came to escape---he registered in the C.C.C.

In the C.C.C. camp Davie became kind of a public plaything. All the officers as well as the enrollees knew of his sexual type and preference. Always he was referred to as "Sarah." Davie estimates that of the 200 young men in the camp he had repeated affairs with some sixty different individuals.

Davie now works irregularly at whatever job he can find. During the hours of each day when he does not work he continues his quest for men. He is wholly unsatisfied unless he has from three to five "affairs" daily. He believes there is no one man in all the world who could satisfy his potent needs. Davie shows no discretion and does not care who knows about his abnormality. He openly boasts about his sexual techniques. With no thought of the future, he plays gaily from day to day.

Johnny, age 18, was born in a hopelessly small and unc cosmopolitan town. He was reared on a farm on the outskirts of a city of some 17,000 inhabitants. His home conditions were abominable--a sickly and complaining mother--a hopelessly drunken father. But, Johnny was a handsome child. He could sing, he could dance and entertain. Even as a child he was the pet of an entire town.

But, from the very beginning, it seems, Johnny was homosexually inclined. Everybody who knew him always said he should have been a girl instead of a boy. Nevertheless, because he could sing, dance, and entertain, everybody accepted the child and thought no more of his obvious differences.

The onset of adolescence, however, brought a flood of problems and difficulties. He pursued his theatrical interests inspite of the ridicule of his associates. The people who heretofore had been so encouraging, scoffed and made fun of his effeminate nature and interests. The high school students were the most cruel in their comments. Eventually, Johnny refused to attend classes and was pursued by the probation officer. Later he was apprehended for stealing watches and jewelry. The final break came when Johnny ran away because the school principal and the art instructor learned of his first sexual escapade with a boy of his own age. He fled to New York City and then back to California. Regarding this period of his life, Johnny writes:

"Two years ago I was looking for something. Relief--from what I knew not. You came to me as a teacher, distant and

friendly. You talked. You tried to make me understand myself. I knew not what you said. The words were foreign and carried no meaning.

"California was grand that summer. I was happy there--so many many people. I said to myself, 'Do what you will, Johnny, no one will know.'" I went searching. I could not have told you for what.

"The theater was dark....he was appealing....an erection.... I was embarrassed....instinctively I attempted to adjust my clothing so as not to ostentatiously appear an exhibitionist. He saw a gesture. His leg moved close to mine....his apartment was nice....rhythm in his long fingers as he played on the piano. Ten Cents a Dance, that's all they pay me, ten cents a dance....My heart beat fast....the bed was soft....his skin was smooth. And then his lips touched mine. It gave leave to passion inside. My past every day moments had being and expression---for so many times I had painted my lips red. The childish and girlish gestures had meaning. I felt like a woman! I loved a man!

"The next morning I called upon my friend, Bob. At least, I think that was his name. I was so anxious, so very anxious to see him.

"I stood across the street from his hotel and looked up to the sixth floor. 'Yes, he is in. His lights are on.'

"Almost running, I crossed the street and up I went to his apartment.

"He was busy, so much work to be done.

" 'I would appreciate it if you would call back Saturday,' he said.

"Again I searched. And my search was not in vain. That was the beginning."

After three months in California, Johnny returned to the small town where he was born. He found the contrast almost more than he could endure. He loved the glamor and excitement of a large city.

"My discovery had been like finding gold. I had to tell somebody. In your school room, sitting on top of a desk, I related my story. You listened. My vernacular was funny yet pathetic.

"You became my best friend. You and God stood alone. I remember your admitting that yourself.

" 'I must get this English lesson finished.' Humming Ten Cents a Dance, I tried to work. It was impossible. I would then go to your apartment for assured understanding. I found you most sympathetic but aloof and distant. We were so vastly different.

"Returning home, I found myself tortured with the loneliness that only one can have when one deliberately searches for understanding that is not forthcoming.

"I went to bed hoping to find solace in sleep. I was tired mentally, but physically, no! Yes, I must sleep so I masturbated (thanks to you for the word).

"But, let me pause a moment.

"Perhaps I was twelve years of age, I don't know exactly. My mother caught me masturbating. 'You will go crazy', she said. I was constantly told that the practice would lead to a complete

dissolution of mind. Yes, I believed it. I felt that I was really losing my mind.

"Then, I was invited to sing on a program given before the inmates of the State Mental Hospital. I remember distinctly, one woman urinated on the floor, took off her bloomers, and got down on her hands and knees to wipe it up. Very frankly written, isn't it? Can you imagine the effect it had upon me?"

Johnny did not stay long in his native town. Unknown to his parents he again ran away to New York City.

"Like all other human beings, I had heard of New York. From the stories, I knew its lights were the brightest, its subways the fastest, its buildings the tallest, its night clubs the gayest, its fighters the toughest, its policemen the finest, its shops the smartest, its politics the vilest-- in short, the tempo the fastest of any city on earth. A glance at a road map reveals countless black lines criss-crossing the country like so many threads of a spider's web. Can you not see so many spiders at the centers of their individual webs where the lines converge at San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Chicago, Atlanta, Philadelphia, and New York? Only a glance tells you New York is the biggest of all these spiders with the biggest and most alluring web.

"I wanted to go to New York. I must go to New York. And hardly before I knew it I was in New York.

"I wanted to leave home, why repeat, you know the reasons. I was ambitious. My home town did not furnish the means by which my ambitions could be fulfilled. New York could.

"And so I came, I saw, I heard, I felt.

"My first day: The east end of the Holland Tunnel revealed a razzle-dazzle facade of man made piles of bricks. Yes, it was the veritable fairyland that I had heard. Then, the subway to Times Square, the cross road of the world. Then out of the parapet to find the streets thronging with milling crowds. Were there really so many people? Where were they going? Where did they come from?

"I looked awed, delighted, afraid, proud, sorry. It was a common meeting ground for all---sophisticates and smart first nighters from the theater; men and women from the "sticks."

"And then to the Mills Hotel--a holstery of the 50¢ variety.

"The days passed. Yes, you have guessed it. It was at Times Square that I met Mr. Fisher. At a party at the Holland Hotel he discovered that I wasn't, yet, a Times Square hustler. It ended with his offering, my accepting, a dollar a day until I found work.

"More days passed. Somehow his dollar seemed to keep body and soul together. Nobody wanted my services. Everywhere I heard 'sorry', too young, no experience. Were people in New York all born old and with experience?

"In the depths of homesickness and utter discouragement, I found myself in Central Park crying bitterly. There came a tapping on my shoulder.

" 'What's the matter? Why are you crying?' she asked.

"My story was effective, for it ended with five dollars in my pocket.

"Remember, I always wanted to act, but in a real and professional manner. My home town put out its octopus-like tentacles of social disapproval upon boys who liked to act, to sing, and dance. Its restricted band of mores did not include such activities. Before adolescence it enjoyed them--at least it tolerated them.

"And so as the days blended into weeks I found that New York apparently did not need actors, at least professional ones. But, I came to New York to act and act I must.

"Little by little I found another stage to act upon. There was the Sunday morning when I was about to turn away from the portals of St. Thomas' church when two little old ladies beckoned me in. When services were over I accompanied them home and listened to them, in a spirit of disbelieving mockery, pray and pray and pray. Like a stray alley cat they fed me milk.

"I found that my story was liked. Perhaps it was an innate urge in human beings to help the down trodden and the down cast that made them like it. A few tears and a slight variation from the last telling of the story somehow always brought results. Fifth Avenue with its smart shops loved it. Fifth Avenue is a woman's street, and I was quick to realize that the milk of human kindness has not soured in womankind.

"I knew there was profit to be made when I heard, 'What's the matter little boy?' One day the cash register totalled eighteen dollars.

"And now let's take out some two months to cover the time

spent in Bellevue Hospital with osteomyelitis. Its maggot treatment is most uninteresting. Let us not dwell upon it!

"The scene shifts to Brace Memorial Newsboy's Home in the Bowery. There I was put to recuperate, to gain back the thirty-five pounds lost in the Bellevue siege.

"Amid the squalor I found restlessness, dissatisfaction, discontentment. Soon, there were daily excursions to swank Fifth Avenue. Indeed my opportunities were ever greater for my wasted body, my whitish pallor spoke audibly of my recent experience. My story had added a chapter and my very being illustrated it.

"In between times there were innumerable affairs with homosexuals picked up hither, thither, and yon--from the Bowery to the Waldorf. I distinctly remember the man who, in a most business like manner walked up and said, 'What's your price?' From this episode I gained my first insight into the fact that there was a living to be made out of it. Another case stands out. I met him in Bryant Park. He whisked up wide Park Avenue to the Waldorf-Astoria. He undressed and retired to the shower. Three minutes later I was on the street with twenty dollars and his watch in my pocket--just a common ordinary thief.

"The money bought a bag and a few necessities. A week later I heard the steel rails playing a symphony of clickety-click. I was on my way home.

Johnny is now making his living as an actor with a small troupe of players who travel throughout the east. He, incidently, is the lover of the leading man.

Don, now fifty-four years of age, insists that he has always been attracted toward men. He remembers an experience at the age of six that made a singular impression upon his youthful mind. Living in the same house as a boarder and lodger, was a man who had a deep affection for the child. During the time he lived there he was continually bringing the child gifts of toys, candy, and clothing. Always the child was encouraged to affectionately embrace and kiss the man to express his appreciation for the gifts.

One day the man brought the child a large sled--one he had seen and admired. The child was delighted and the man held him on his lap a much longer time than usual. There were embraces as usual, but this time the man let the child bite his lips between kisses. This was the first erotic feeling and experience that Don can remember.

This same child grew to young manhood and all the time he experienced a frightfully unhappy and lonely existence. He disliked his life on the farm and he could never approve of the manner and beliefs of his patriarchal father. His only diversion was an occasional trip to a nearby indoor bathing pool.

For years Don had gone to the bathing pavilion that was divided into two sections--one, a place where they could swim without bathing suits, that is a section for men only, the other part of the pool was open to the general public. Don loved to swim in the pool where he could associate freely and easily with the naked swimmers. If ever he were

forced to swim in the part of the pool open to the general public he never enjoyed himself.

One time when he was exactly twenty-two years of age, a stranger approached him as he played about the water. The conversation was suggestive and the older man followed the younger one to his dressing room where they indulged in mutual masturbation. He never saw the man again, but for weeks he searched for him on the street, at the bathing resort, everywhere. However, in the search for one man he met others, others of a homosexual temperament. Years later he visited Europe and had unusual experiences of a homosexual nature in most of the continental cities.

Today, a middle aged man, he lives on a small farm with his aged mother. He feels no desire to live in any other manner than the one in which he has lived so many years. As he grows older he likes more than ever to reflect over the gay, carefree days of the time he spent in Europe.

M. B. T. was born in Ireland twenty-nine years ago. His earliest memories center about his parents who were excessive in their consumption of alcohol. M. B. T. recalls many a drunken orgy, brawl, and fight in his home.

The immediate family consisted of five daughters and two sons. M. B. T. was the fourth child. There were three older sisters, two younger ones, and finally the youngest brother. M. B. T. played as a youngster with his sisters and always he was more interested in their playthings than they. He boasted of having the largest collection of dolls in the neighborhood.

At about the age of twelve he was followed by a man who eventually started a conversation and led him to a deserted section of town. The youth, absolutely unaware of what his intentions were, experienced all the joys and satisfactions that usually come with a flirtation. When the stranger vulgarly suggested paederastia M. B. T. willing submitted, but because of his youth, etc., coitus was difficult and unsatisfactorily performed. However, the willingness of the boy pleased the man and they arranged to meet on the following night.

All the next day, M. B. T. breathlessly waited for night to come. Hours before the appointed time, he was bathed, carefully dressed, and waiting. But, all day long a storm had been threatening and during the afternoon, heavy rain began to fall. M. B. T. planned to meet his friend inspite of the weather, but his mother interferred and forced him to

remain at home. The twelve year old M. B. T. protested wildly, he wept, begged, threatened, but the mother remained adamant. He did not meet his friend, nor did he ever see him again.

At fifteen years of age, M. B. T. became passionately fond of dancing. Every night found him dancing the Irish reels and square dances. As was apparently customary in Ireland at the time, the dance hall or academy that M. B. T. attended was opened two nights a week to men only. The men danced together and in groups in order to learn the steps more perfectly. M. B. T. became kind of an instructor. In teaching the men to dance, he always gracefully assumed the role of the woman. The man clamored to dance with him and he loved the attention and flattery. Many times while dancing with the men he experienced erotic feelings and sometimes complete ejaculation. During this time, M. B. T. made many passionate friendships, but he knew little or nothing about overt homosexual indulgence.

The family migrated to the United States of America when M. B. T. was nineteen. He was suddenly transformed from his gay dancing Irish world into a hard, commercial city where no one even knew he existed. Only once in a while would a passerby pause and smile as he looked at the tall Irish youth roughly clad in his obviously "foreign" clothing.

M. B. T. made no friends. He wrote letters of longing to his friends in Ireland and looked and planned for the time when he could return. He eventually saved the required amount of money and would have returned had not a brother-

nd insisted that he buy some Americanized clothing and start "going out." M. B. T. consented and started his quest for pleasure, but he found the American dances different and extremely unpleasant. There were no gay young men with whom he could dance. He did not enjoy himself in the least.

M. B. T. left a dance early on one occasion and stood waiting for a street car when a total stranger wanted to know where all the "girls" were. M. B. T. naively said there were undoubtedly many around, but he could not direct him to one. The stranger scoffed and said he meant the kind of "girl" who wore trousers. M. B. T. did not understand. The conversation continued and the two eventually wandered to the room in which the stranger lived. M. B. T. was taught the techniques of homosexual fornication.

From the age of nineteen until the present time, M. B. T. has lived an open homosexual life. He is completely disinterested in woman and refuses to pass time in their company. His favorite pastime is frequenting beer parlors, the streets, theaters, etc., where he can flirt with and attempt to seduce masculine and normal men. An effeminate or homosexual male holds absolutely no attraction for him.

He pursues these interests inspite of numerous disagreeable experiences. For example, many men have permitted him to carry on a flirtation, but once alone with him, they resort to brutal activities. One man took special delight in "beating up fairies." Another knocked him unconscious with a bottle and then robbed him of his money

and valuable possessions, but, still, M. B. T. can be seen almost any night lurking about the shadows of city streets and public places in quest of his men.

Bud was the teacher's pet. He was a model pupil and worked consistently on his lessons and assignments. On the playground he never took part in any of the rough games because he had never learned to throw overhand or catch a swiftly thrown ball. He could not fight and he was always careful not to associate with boys who did. He enjoyed his school work, but he detested the recreational classes. Instead of indulging in healthy activities of the youth about him, he remained quietly at home where he played alone.

Bud's favorite pastime was "dressing up." Nothing gave him more pleasure than trying on his mother's evening clothing and her high-heeled shoes. He loved to experiment with her many bottles and jars of lotions, creams, rouge, and powder. He loved all the fads and fancies that belong to the feminine world.

As Bud grew into young manhood his feminine characteristics prevailed. He remained the model young man. The secrets and mysteries of the world had not interested him and he took little interest in such matters. In fact he did not have time to bother with girls. During the day time, he worked in a down town office building as a stenographer. During the evenings he played piano in a dance orchestra.

In the meantime all of Bud's brothers and sisters married. He began to be conspicuous in his bachelorhood, and from all sides, his parents, his friends, he was urged to marry. The mother was most insistent and did most the scheming and planning for a possible marriage.

finally she succeeded. The glamour of the parties, ceremonies, and honeymoon were soon ended and Bud found himself faced with a problem much different than he had ever dreamed. The whole situation was rapidly becoming intolerable. He loved his wife, yes, but his marital relationships were horribly repulsive to him. He felt as though he could never carry one to completion. Other men, apparently, did not feel as he did--what could be the trouble? A thousand times he pondered over his burden.

Within one year after his marriage, Bud and his wife agreed upon and obtained a divorce. Completely upset by his inability to understand the whole episode, he decided to take his first trip to New York City--perhaps a new and different atmosphere would help him to forget. He went to visit his brother.

In New York City Bud had an interesting time. His brother arranged and planned the visit that was to last three months. He met many interesting people, but, one, a young man a few years older than he, became his favorite. Gradually he stopped seeing all the other people. He and the young man were becoming wholly absorbed in each other. Slowly, surely, willingly, Bud drifted toward his new friend who was of an invert nature. They became lovers. For two years they lived together. At last, Bud understood himself.

Bud is now forty-seven years of age. He is remarkably well preserved and looks many years younger than he really is. In all of his tastes he is even tempered and conservative, yet, his tendencies toward inversion have remained unchanged.

PART FOUR

CONCLUSIONS.

are we to assume after looking subjectively into the lives of these homosexual individuals? There is nothing to be gained by the usual manifestation of indignation and disgust and by the assurance that these strange lives have no connection with our own. The case histories presented provide a field of observation just like any other. The problem cannot be readily dismissed by saying that the cases are unusual and rare oddities. We are dealing with an unusually common and widespread phenomena. If the abnormal manifestations of sexuality cannot be explained adequately, it means we are inadequately explaining and understanding normal sexuality. As students of human nature, it is our unavoidable task to account, at least theoretically, for all the problems of abnormal behavior and attempt to explain their relation to the so-called normal manifestations.

A discussion of the phenomena of homosexuality might well begin with a consideration of the statement--the absolute male human being and the absolute female human being are possible entities that are non-existent. Each sex has definite anatomical and embryological characteristics of the other. The man, for example, possesses rudimentary breasts, a rudimentary uterus. The female likewise possesses rudimentary male sex organs. This condition can be explained through recognition of the fact that while the child is developing in the mother's womb, it remains bi-sexual until the fourth month.

However, much more important than a consideration of

these physical anomalies, is a discussion of the variations in the mental spheres of the sexes. Again, there is no individual who could be said to possess purely masculine or feminine mental traits.

Probably the first man to attempt to establish these facts on purely scientific grounds was Otto Weiniger, a Viennese biologist. His book, Sex and Character drew some rather interesting speculations. He held that the ordinary male is about 80 per cent male and 20 per cent female and the average female about 80 per cent female and 20 per cent male. Between the extremes of each group there are countless numbers of other combinations.

L. M. Terman and C. C. Miles proceeded most scientifically to prepare tests to measure this masculinity and femininity within the individual. The test requires responses to many hundred items, each of which has shown to be responded to in a given way more frequently by one sex than the other. Thus, a careful study of the responses to a large number of items will measure the so called mental masculinity and femininity.

Application of the masculinity-femininity test to a large number of population groups totaling more than 6000 individuals has given results which are extremely interesting. Total scores on the test show a wide range for each sex and considerable overlapping of the distribution curves for the two sexes amounting roughly to ten per cent. About one male in a hundred tests as feminine as the average female of corresponding age, and a similar portion of

females as masculine as the average male. Significant differences are found between the means of various occupational, cultural groups, and age groups. Of male groups, college athletes, engineers, and lawyers score on the average more masculine than the generality of their sex, while artists, musicians, Who's Who men, and clergymen score on the average much more feminine than unselected males. Among female groups, physicians, physical education teachers, and Who's Who women average significantly more masculine than the generality of their sex, while domestic servants, stenographers and housewives tend to score decidedly feminine.

The masculinity-feminity tests of Terman have pointed out scientifically what has been observed for a long time. Who has not paused to curiously regard the vigorous, big-shouldered woman with increased hair growth, or the sweet motherly teacher who is too interested in her girls to get married? Who, in this day, has not used the word "pansy" or "sissy" to describe the man of distinctly effeminate type--sentimental, mincing in gait, fastidious in manner, skillful in women's occupation, and in manner clinging, dependent, jealous, and essentially weak? Terman objectively points out that there are varying degrees of mental characteristics of the opposite sex in every individual.

In other words, there is a tendency toward the homosexual in every individual. Do not most of us spend most of our time with members of our own sex? If it were not for the homosexual elements in the male there would be

no men's clubs, no secret organizations, no Y. M. C. A's. If woman lacked this same element, she would be forced to make all her social contacts with men. No person is entirely heterosexual. In the total personality of every seemingly normal person traces of the homosexual can be found.

Now, the term invert personality, as used in this paper, describes that large group of male individuals, who, if tested, would score on the average much more feminine than unselected males. The term does not merely refer to the group of eighty men whom Terman described as homosexual prostitutes. It is used in a much broader sense and describes all men who have more than an average amount of feminine reactions even though their physical sexual expression may be seemingly quite normal.

This distinction is made because Terman, who did not explain his findings, said that the majority of highly deviated male scores were made by persons who show no evidence whatsoever of inversion in sexual behavior. Terman suggests that such marked deviation is probably only one of several factors which may act in various combinations with others to favor the development of homosexuality. He is inclined to believe that differences in masculinity-femininity scores within a given sex are due mainly if not wholly to environmental and educational factors. Furthermore he records, case history data for the male homosexual group brought so much light of the operation of psychological factors in early life as to suggest that even extreme cases of sexual inversion are ordinarily explicable on this basis.

Terman, when he made this hasty conclusion, however, failed to consider the constitutional factors of homosexuality. The only study made of the physiological components of homosexuality was done by Galbraith and Henry, the results of which, are reported in a previous section of this discussion. They advance proof that homosexual people show constitutional deviations from the general average which are considerably greater than those of the heterosexually adjusted. Surely, these physiological differences could not be a product of educational and environmental forces as Terman suggests.

There seems to be only one logical way to consider the invert personality. A consideration of the anatomical and biological features alone are not sufficient, nor is a consideration of only the psychological factors ample to explain the existence of homosexuality. To discuss the invert personality or any other personality, there are two main sources of personality that must be considered: first, the native physical endowments of the total personality which include the quality of nervous tissue and intelligence, the speed and function of nerve and muscle, general body structure, and the nature of glandular response, second: the systems of habits, that is those habits developed in the process of an individual of a given physical endowment to his particular environment. To study the invert personality objectively and completely, an exhaustive study should be made first of his physical endowments, especially his endocrine balance, and second, the systems

of habits he has built up in his interaction with society and the general environment. Both forces are extremely powerful and unless the student sees the interplay of both the congenital factors, he is apt to wrongfully attribute the cause of homosexuality to one or the other.

I have never known a congenital invert who, I think, could be made into a normally adjusted heterosexual individual. Their sexual inversion is deeply rooted in their physical makeup and manifests itself with such characteristics as delicate and dainty features, slight bodily structure, small hands, small feet, slight growth of bodily hair, etc. In short, they do not possess the fully developed and normal secondary sex characteristics of the average man. Surely, these physical deviations can be attributed to only one cause--that of a disturbance in the endocrine function of the sex gland or of some other organ of internal secretion. After all, are not the secondary sex characters manifest as a result of the endocrine functioning of the body? Is it not an accepted fact that the psyche of the individual operates in strict accordance with the nature of his secondary sex development? In observations made on chickens who have changed from one sex to the other, the accompanying sex characteristics change as the bodily structures change.

Sexual inversion in the human being must be fundamentally attributed to this cause. The invert individual is so because of a deficiency in one of his sources of personality--his native glandular endowment. Naturally, the degree of

endocrine unbalance is not the same among all the invert personality group. Some individuals because of a great unbalance may be excessively effeminate. Others may even approach the stage of normality. The type and nature of the overt invert personality is dependent upon the degree of endocrine balance.

Immediately, the inquiring mind will ask, why were not the highly effeminate scoring individuals of Terman always overtly homosexual? Does he not say that the majority of such highly deviated scores were made by persons who show no evidence whatsoever of inversion in sexual behavior?

An explanation of this seeming contradiction needs a consideration of the second important factor in the study of sexual inversion, a study of the second source of the total personality, the systems of habits built up as the individual reacts and responds to his environments. It is entirely possible for a congenital homosexual individual to go through his entire life without ever discovering anything specific about homosexual practices.

Bobby, a dramatic art student, age 19, has a case history very similar in some respects to the ones presented in this paper. All his life he has been called "sissy." Even now, his associates speak of him as being a most peculiar fellow. He has all the physical characteristics and mannerisms of a typical invert, yet, Bobby has never heard the word homosexual and would never believe that men actually indulge in perverse sexual practices. His training has been far too proper and reserve for that!

Bobby speaks quite frankly about the difficulties he has with girls--they just do not seem to like him. Yes, the girls enjoy talking with him and many of them confide in him their secrets, but under more intimate circumstances, he just cannot make any progress. He prefers the company of girls to young men of his own age, yet, he has never felt a desire to "pet." He cannot understand why he does not have the desire to pursue girls with the same intensity as do most of the boys of his acquaintance. Occasionally, he speaks glowingly of the handsome and likeable boy he knew in _____.

Bobby will undoubtedly go through life with much the same point of view he now has. He may even marry and make some type of an adjustment. Again, he may pursue his theatrical interests and never "settle down." At any rate if Bobby ever comes under the influence of an invert individual, or had Bobby been seduced earlier in life by an older man, he would have built up systems of habits that would have made him the usual invert type because biologically he can be classed as an invert personality. On the other hand, a perfectly normal boy could be exposed to homosexuality. He might even indulge in such practices, but, he will grow up into a normal man because biologically he is ranked among the great group of normal and average individuals.

The case histories of every one of the people presented in this paper show conclusively that each one was initiated into homosexual practices by an older person or a person

well-versed in the homosexual types of fornication. Each case showed a violent reaction of fear, disgust, even nausea and pain during the first homosexual escapades. It is not logically unsound to reason and assume that a congenitally inverted individual might easily live for many years and never meet and know a homosexual individual. He could never enter into an overt homosexual life if he were not taught the procedures and techniques. It is, again, not unreasonable to assume that the nausea or pain of a first homosexual experience might be sufficient to forever condition the individual against the occurrence of a future and similar experience. And, most important of all, it seems to me, is the effect of group pressure, morality, condemnation, stigma, and a host of other powerful forces that are directed against the invert. Surely, the group pressures that control the behavior of every individual are strong enough to prevent any overt sexual expression of even the most pronounced invert personality. It does not appear unreasonable that the "highly deviated" individuals of Terman who were never initiated into homosexual activities might easily have married and lived a seemingly normal life. After all, did not Claude who was thoroughly saturated and conditioned into homosexual living perform normal coitus with little or no physical difficulty? Just as perfectly normal men have been known to practice homosexuality when they were isolated from the female sex, so, a congenitally homosexual man could successfully perform marital sexual duties especially if he ^{were} ~~was~~ not familiar with

homosexual types of expression. In most cases of sexual inversion when the subject claims he is totally unable to make a physical response or advance toward the opposite sex, a close examination will reveal a biological cause of the inversion as well as a life time of conditioning into homosexual expression and living. Just because some of the highly deviated scores of Terman showed no sign of inversion in the case history is no proof the the individual cannot be classed among the invert group.

On these grounds, it is fallacious to attribute the origin of homosexuality entirely to biological or environmental causes. These two important factors operate in close conjunction with each other, and the interplay of both must be observed and studied in a consideration of the invert personality.

Depending, then, upon the play of the biological endocrine factors and the conditioning powers of the environment, we get every type and degree of homosexuality in the so-called invert personality. Many of the most efficient and successful teachers of youth are men who congenitally can be called inverts. They are the men who willingly give their whole lives to youths, who are the respected teachers and leaders of the school, who squander all their time on boy's clubs, organizations and activities. They are unhappy unless they are continually in contact with and in service to youth. These men are the most contingent and the least self-indulgent of the entire group of invert people. Although their very nature predisposes them to a possible overt homosexual mode

of living, the forces of the environment were less severe and they were not conditioned into the common socially-disapproved types of invert living. They are men who seldom marry, their life is devoted to a cause, they always remain powerful influences and their value in social life cannot be questioned.

Another type of invert personality might be called simply mildly homosexual. He may have any number of physical and psychical traits of the female sex. His friends consist of an occasional woman, but, primarily men of his own age. He is sexually attracted to the normal male and occasionally to another invert individual. His attractions do not always remain platonic--occasionally he gives vent to his erotic and homosexual tendencies.

Finally, there is the extreme type of invert personality who gives full expression to his inverted sexual tendencies. He does so because of a congenital nature that has been literally saturated in homosexual living. These extreme types come to regard themselves as women, they react like women, they want to be loved, as if they were women, by some rough dominating male. Their role is always a passive one.

Too often, flaming inverts of this type get into definite trouble. They may be arrested. They may be cruelly beaten up by some blackmailer. Countless numbers of men make their living by preying upon the weaknesses of these easily entrapped individuals. A well-appearing man can easily "spot" an invert of the effeminate type, flirt with him, suggest that they retire to his room, and then, when the invert completely

reveals his abnormal tendencies, a second man breaks into the room, threatens to beat the "fairy" or turn him over to the police. If the invert happens to have money in his possession, he is able to buy his momentary freedom, if not, he is often cruelly beaten up and actually turned over to the police. There is no law that protects an invert in this predicament, and the men who engage in this type of blackmail work on a technique in which they know they are reasonably well protected.

While speaking of legal restrictions, it may be well to point out that the reaction of the law to homosexuality is somewhat like that toward divorce in the United States. It varies according to locality. The act that is a crime and punishable by fine or five years or more in prison in America is not punishable at all in France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, and most European countries, in which the code Napoleon is the basis of the criminal law, accept homosexual intercourse between two adult persons as a normal reaction with which the law has no concern.

Now comes the difficult discussion of how to help the invert either to adjust to his predicament and if possible change his homoerotic nature. The extreme effeminate type is certainly the most difficult to help. They know all the talk about the down-trodden homosexual. They argue that they are not responsible for their sexual desires, and they go a step farther and insist that they are not responsible for their activities and society owes them their own type of happiness. They are doing nobody any harm, they argue, the older men

who put up with their intimate company go with them of their own free will, and they demand that society should protect them from the results of their actions.

Regardless of your reaction to such an individual, it is your duty as a coordinator, teacher, or psychologist to help such individuals. Such men can be helped. I know of several individuals of this nature who have readjusted their sense of values and succeeded in making a much more normal and sane adjustment to life. One case in particular stands out in my mind.

J. O. R. was born in Boston to hopelessly poor parents. Even as a child J. O. R. had to work at whatever job he could find. As he grew into adolescence he retained all the effeminate gestures and physical characteristics of a boy. At the age of thirty he looked like a boy of eighteen. He was dainty, well-mannered, and obviously an invert of the extreme feminine type.

At the age of fifteen J. O. R. was initiated into homosexuality by an older man, his employer, who took advantage of his effeminacy. J. O. R's reaction to the experience was most dramatic. He planned how he would expose his seducer and create the greatest public scandal of the year. He penned sensational and sentimental letters revealing his escapades, but, of course, they were never mailed. He confessed the whole adventure to his parish priest who weakly tried to give the youth the guidance and inspiration he needed. Perhaps it was the sympathy and help extended by this man that made J. O. R. want to become a priest, but a more logical conclusion

is that he merely loved the elaborate ceremony and the mystic and impressive ritual. J. O. R. attended the earliest and latest services with devout regularity. The fathers were pleased with the young man, but, they never saw him on the street painted like a common prostitute trying to sell himself to whatever man he met. They never knew that he worked in a Greek coffee house, not as a waiter but as a male prostitute.

At any rate, J. O. R. did go to a church seminary. He prepared himself for the ministry, yet, he continued his relentless homosexual tendencies. About the time of his ordination he began to think seriously about his past life and his future life. He sought the best advice he could find. He read the most helpful books in Mental Hygiene and Psychiatry. He decided that if he were to live a useful and satisfactory life as a minister he would have to change entirely all his modes of living.

J. O. R. did everything within the power of his mind to control, subdue, and redirect his energy. He reconstructed his sense of values. He succeeded in convincing himself the time had come for him to marry. He did, and the marriage has been a successful one. From the very moment J. O. R. decided to make the change, he never once fell back into any physical homosexual practices. At the age of 38, after ten years of married life, he would under no consideration revert back to his former type of living. Yet, to reproduce his own words, J.O.R. says he still believes himself to be essentially homosexual and that as long as he lives he will be penis conscious.

I do not review this case history in order to argue in favor of marriage as a cure for inversion. In fact, I believe the very opposite procedure to be the correct one. There are, after all, few inverts of J. O. R.'s type who have sufficient intelligence, perseverance and ideals to enable them to survive the privations and the struggles that J. O. R. endured and always will endure. No, marriage is not the solution for inversion. In light of present day knowledge there seems to be only one safe way of dealing with the ordinary invert of the effeminate type, and that method is certainly not very objective. First of all, the invert's sense of values must be readjusted. He must be made to realize the necessity of living in accordance with standard conceptions of morality. He must be made to realize that even his congenital inversion is not a license to make himself obnoxious and a general nuisance to society and that society does not owe him happiness and consideration on these grounds alone. He must be taught that continence is not only possible but healthy. If, however, there are homosexual experiences, they should be confined to a liason between two men of common and understanding natures. There is never any justification that can be extended the invert who brazenly flaunts his abnormal tastes and craving to every passerby. If the physical and psychical history of an individual shows him to be an invert of the effeminate type, he should be fully informed about all the technical knowledge regarding the nature of homosexuality. Let him accept the condition as congenital, let him believe he is not responsible for his

desires, but, do not let him be afraid or subject to the oppressing powers of individual and group condemnation. If the individual can be taught contingency then proceed. If he cannot, then teach him restraint. If he must give vent to his homoerotic urge, then teach him to do so inoffensively and quietly. No enlightened group could disapprove of homosexual activities between two mature men if their activities are restrained and not broadcast to the public.

On the other hand modern thought and investigation have given an additional ray of hope along an entirely different type of procedure. Investigation has not proceeded to the point where specific generalizations can be made. They must remain for a future day. However, it is now fully established that the endocrine system exerts a powerful determining influence over development and behavior. The science of endocrinology and the modern conceptions of physiological and pathological hormonal phenomena may eventually establish the cause and indicate the type of control to be used in connection with homosexuality. There will undoubtedly come a time when the physician and the endocrinologist will be able to control sexual inversion by endeavoring to bring into harmony the correlation of the tissues involved. Even operation may prove beneficial for certain types of disorder, but the most promising hope seems to lie in establishing the proper unity between the hormone and the subsequently disordered cell.

Until more scientific means of treating sexual inversion are developed, its treatment and consideration must proceed

cautiously. Pronounced cases of inversion must be regarded as a biological phenomena. A man is born with homosexual desires. He is no more responsible for having them than for his having red hair instead of black. He is not a pariah, not an outcast; he has not acquired his type of reaction by evil sexual habits or by long periods of sexual excess. He may be the most chaste of people; he may never have experienced any sexual reactions at all; but until he dies, he will be not woman-loving but man-loving. This is the first thing that the invert must be told when he is terrified by the realization that he is not like other men. It is a terrible thing to realize that there is something, a very pronounced something in your sex life, that is tabooed, persecuted, cursed by others as inherently evil and utterly disgusting. The invert must be made to understand that he is neither an outcast, a criminal, or a pariah. He must be made to realize that he is not responsible for his sexual desires, but he is responsible for the say he allows these desires to translate themselves into action. He must accept his type of reaction, his homosexuality. If he tries to pretend that it is not there, if he attempts to push it into the background of his mind, then later on in life, when some unexpected temptation comes, when his powers of resistance have been rubbed thin, the repressed urge may break out in almost irresistible force and may engulf him in some tragedy that will ruin his life and cut him off from possible spheres of usefulness and of service. The only way to deal with homosexuality is to accept it and use it constructively, to make it into an achievement.

The study of sexual inversion has hardly begun. A complete understanding of the condition must come at a later date. Future research on the subject will undoubtedly proceed about the following suggestions:

1. A great number of elaborate case studies should be compiled so as to indicate clearly the nature of the "patterning" of homosexual tendencies. Environmental influences cannot be controlled until they are fully understood.

2. With all that is known about personality tests, temperament tests, masculinity-femininity tests, etc., a testing technique should be set up in order to indicate the types and numbers of individuals who are most apt to fall into the homosexual way of life.

3. We need to follow up vigorously the clues we have obtained as to the correlation between behavior traits and physiological variables. In other words, a testing technique of this type would help determine how closely sexual inversion is related to anatomical differences.

4. We need to study the effects of specific group situations upon the individual as correlated with his personality traits.

5. We need to correlate incidence and other disorders with social interaction factors.

6. We need to experiment more conclusively with the endocrine glands and the role they play in sexuality.

7. We need techniques to separate temperamental

from acquired attitudinal factors in behavior.

8. We need studies of the correlations of very specific attitudes with one another in order to determine which of our supposed general attitudes really are generalizations of closely related specific attitudes.

9. We need standard outlines for the genetic study of personality.

APPENDICES

INVERSION IN MODERN LITERATURE

Homosexuality has not recently been introduced into literature. In fact, the phenomena found quite a conspicuous place in the early writings of the ancient Greeks. Upon investigation, it was found that Sophocles and Aeschylus mentioned sexual inversion in their tragedies. Anacreon sang of it in his Batillos. Even the Greek mythological gods were not too pure for abnormal amorous dalliance. For we note that Plato in his Phaedrus goes into rather minute detail, describing exactly, the unholy love borne by Jupiter for his cup-bearer, Ganymede.

Another writer says: "But achilles alone lay hid among the daughters of Lycomedes and was trained to work in wools, in place of arms, and in his white hand held the bough of maidenhood, in semblance of maiden. For he put on woman's ways, like them, and a bloom like theirs blushed on his cheek of snow, and he walked with maiden gait, and covered his locks with the snood."

The Hercules legend is worthy of the serious attention of the psychoanalysts. This heroic personification of rugged strength, this apparently pure type of animal masculinity, even to a bovine stupidity, nevertheless falls so far under the domination of a woman that he surrenders to her his clubs and his lion's skin, dons her habiliments and sits spinning at her staff. And furthurmore, in an Achillean phase, he becomes the slave of an effeminate youth, for whom he undertakes the famous twelve labors.

In his Banquet Plato, making Socrates his protagonist, as was his custom in these immortal dialogues, devotes

practically the entire book to a discussion between Socrates and some of his old cronies as to whether the love of a youth or the love of a woman was to be preferred. Incidentally, it might be mentioned here that Socrates was punished not because he was an offender against either the gods or the state, as is commonly taught, but because he was a sexual pervert, and a very active one, and was guilty of corrupting the morals of the young.

Another thesis could easily be written on homosexuality as it permeates modern literature. It is my intention to barely touch on the subject by merely showing how the phenomena is handled by modern writers and perhaps suggest a few of the most common books that have to do with homosexuality.

Walt Whitman, the Civil War poet of America writes:

"Clear to me now standards not yet published, clear
to me that my soul,
that the soul of the man I speak rejoices in comrades,
Here by myself, away from the clank of the world.
Resolved to sing no songs today but those of manly
attachment.

I proceed for all who are or have been young men,
To tell the secret of my nights and days,
To celebrate the need of comrades."

"Hot heat flames up and consumes.
Not sea waves hurry in and out...
Not these, none of these, more than the flames of me,
consuming, burning for his love whom I love.

This one I love lay sleeping by me under the same cover
in the cool night.... his arm lightly thrown around
my breast

And that night I was happy."

John Dos Passos, a contemporary and extremely realistic writer, produced in 1925 a novel, Manhattan Transfer, in which he discusses various aspects of life in New York City. Although the story does not contain a closely woven plot, the reader is told of a homosexual character. I shall quote only the sections of the novel that discuss the invert man.

"As Jimmie was walking down the gravel drive to the road an arm hooked in his.

"Do you mind if I come along? I don't want to stay here."

"Sure come along, Tony, I'm going to walk."

Jimmie walked with a long stride looking straight ahead of him. Clouds had darkened the sky where remained the faintest milkiness of moonlight. To the right and left there was outside of the violet gray cones of occasional arclights black pricked by a few lights, ahead the glare of cliffs, yellow and ruddy, rose in blurs.

"You don't like me do you?" said tony Hunter breathlessly after a few moments.

Jimmie slowed his pace. "Why I don't know you very well. You seem to be a very pleasant person."

"Don't lie; there's no reason why you should. I think I'll kill myself tonight."

"Heavens! don't do that. What's the matter?"

"You have no right to tell me not to kill myself. You don't know anything about me. If I was a woman you wouldn't be so indifferent."

"What's eating you anyway?"

"I'm going crazy that's all, everything's so horrible. When I first met you with Ruth one evening, I thought we were going to be friends, Jimmie. You seemed so sympathetic and understanding. I thought you were like me, but now you're getting so callous."

"I guess it's the Times. I'll get fired soon. Don't worry."

"I'm tired of being poor. I want to make a hit."

"Well, you're young yet; you must be younger than I am."

Tony didn't answer.

They were walking down a broad avenue between two rows of blackened frame houses. A streetcar long and yellow hissed rasping by.

"Why we must be in Flat Bush."

"Jimmie, I used to think you were like me, but now I never see you except with some woman."

"What do you mean?"

"I've never told anybody in the world. By God, if you tell anybody..... When I was a child I was horribly oversexed, when I was about ten or eleven or thirteen." He was sobbing. As they passed under the arc light, Jimmie caught the glisten of the tears on his cheeks. "I wouldn't tell you this if I wasn't drunk."

"But, things like that happen to almost everybody when

they were kids. You oughtn't to worry about that."

"But, I'm that way now, that's what's so horrible. I can't like women. I've tried and tried.... You see I was caught. I was so ashamed I wouldn't go to school for weeks. My mother cried and cried. I'm so ashamed. I'm afraid people will find out about it. I'm always fighting to keep it hidden, to hide my feelings."

"But it all may be an idea. You may be able to get over it. Go to a psychoanalyst."

"I can't talk to anybody. It's just that tonight I'm drunk. I've tried to look it up in the encyclopaedia..... It's not even in the dictionary." He stopped and leaned against a lamp~~post~~ with his face in his hands. "It's not even in the dictionary."

Jimmy patted him on the back. "Buck up for Heaven's sake. They're lots of people in the same boat. The stage is full of them."

"I hate them all.....It's not people like me I fall in love with. I hate myself. I suppose you'll hate me after tonight."

"What nonsense. It's no business of mine."

"Now you know why I want to kill myself...Ch, it's not fair, Jimmie, it's not fair. I've had no luck in my life. I started earning my living as soon as I was out of high school. I used to bellhop in summer hotels. My mother lived in Lake-wood and I used to send her everything I earned. I've worked so hard to get where I am. If it were known, if there were a scandal and it all came out I'd be ruined."

"But everybody says that of all juveniles (refers to the juvenile lead in the theatre) and nobody lets it worry them."

"Whenever I fail to get a part I think it's on account of that. I hate and despise all that kind of men....I don't want to be a juvenile. I want to act. Oh, it's hell..... it's hell."

"Gosh it's horrible," Jimmie shouted suddenly.

"What?"

"All the hush dope about sex. I'd never realized it before tonight, the full extent of the agony. God, you must have a rotten time. In your case it's just luck, hellish bad luck. Martin used to say; Everything would be so much better if suddenly a bell rang and everybody told everybody else honestly what they did about it, how they lived, how they loved. It's hiding things makes them putrefy. But God it's horrible. As if life wasn't difficult enough without that."

"Well, I'm going down into this subway station."

"You'll have to wait two hours for a train."

"I can't help it, I'M tired and I don't want to get wet."

"Well, good night."

"Good night, Jimmie"

At this point the author leaves the homosexual Tony to discuss other parts of his story. Eventually, he returns to Tony, and we find him amorously dancing with a woman known as Nevada. She tilted her mouth to him. He kissed it. The record came to an end. They both ran to stop it.

"That wasn't much of a kiss, Tony," said Nevada tossing

... eyes. They put on Shuffle Along.

"Say, Tony," she said, when they had started dancing again, "What did the psychoanalyst say when you went to see him yesterday?"

"Oh, nothing much, we just talked," said Tony with a sigh. "He said it's all imaginary. He suggested I get to know some girls better. He's all right. He doesn't know what he's talking about though. He can't do anything."

"I bet you I could."

They stopped dancing and looked at each other with the blood burning in their faces.

"Knowing you, Nevada," he said in a doleful tone, "has meant more to me.....You're so decent to me. Everybody's always been so nasty."

So at the suggestion of Nevada Jones, she and Tony began a sexual liason, in spite of the fact that she was already the kept woman of another man, George Baldwin. One night Tony and Nevada were alone in her bedroom when George forced his way into the apartment. Nevada, clad only in a flimsy robe, rushed into the living room in an attempt to hide Tony, but her sham was useless for Tony's trousers were lying in full view on a nearby chair. George left the room in a fit of rage saying he would see her again. The story continues in the words of the author.

Nevada Jones sat a long while on the settee giggling hysterically. At length Tony Hunter came in his shirt and drawers with his bow necktie perfectly tied.

"Has he gone?"

"Gone?" Sure he's gone for good," she shrieked, "He saw your damn pants."

He let himself drop on a chair. "O God if I'm not the unluckiest fellow in the world."

"Why?" she sat sputtering with laughter with the tears running down her face.

"Nothing goes right."

"It's back to three a day for little Nevada....I don't give a damn...I never did like being a kept woman."

"But you're not thinking of my career.....Women are so selfish. If you hadn't lead me on."

"Shut up you little fool. Don't you think I know all about you?" She got to her feet with the kimono pulled tight about her.

"God all I needed was a chance to show what I could do, and now I'll never get it." Tony was groaning.

"Sure you will if you do what I tell you. I set out to make a man of you kiddo, and I'm going to do it....We'll get up an act. Old Hirschbein'll give us a chance, he used to be kinder smitten. Come on now, I'll punch you in the jaw if you don't. Let's start thinking up.....We'll come in with a dance number, see.....then you'll pretend to pick me up.....I'll be waiting for a street car.....see.....and you'll say Hello Girl-
ie and I'll call a cop.

The author does not mention Tony again until near the end of the novel when Jimmie meets Nevada on the street and incidently inquires:

"What did you do with little Tony Hunter?"

... him and spoke in a low voice. "Just forget about me and him will you?.....Gawd, the boy's breath would knock you down.....Tony's one of God's mistakes, I'm through with him.....Found him chewing the edges of the rug rolling on the floor of the dressing room one day because he was afraid he was going to be unfaithful to me with an acrobat.....I told him he'd better go and be it and we busted up right there. But honest, I'm out for connubial bliss this time (she had recently married) right on the level, so for God's sake don't let anybody spring anything about Tony or Baldwin either or Armand...though he knows he wasn't hitching up to any plaster virgin...Why don't you come up and eat with us?"

The Way of All Flesh, the only and autobiographical novel of Samuel Butler, has long been considered one of the modern classics of English literature. Each year the book is read by countless numbers of students, not to mention the hordes who have read the novel since the only authorized American edition appeared in 1916. Yet, I doubt if there are many people who are able to detect the very subtle consideration of sexual inversion that can be found amid the many pages of the story. Of course, I may be mistaken in my interpretation of the section of the novel I discuss, but one time for sheer amusement, I submitted to a veteran college professor a book report of The Way of All Flesh that discussed the consideration of homosexuality that I believe the author intended. The professor was immediately interested but somewhat doubtful.

He read and reread my paper. He asked to see my copy of the novel. He suggested that I underline all the passages upon which I had based my conclusions. He then considered them carefully and on the following day returned my book and paper with the gruff remark: "Well, you are probably right."

In this brief treatise of homosexuality in modern literature I would like to show how delicately and subtly Samuel Butler has discussed an invert priest whom he called Pryer.

Pryer is described as being about twenty-eight years old. He was tall and passed generally for good-looking. Butler saw him once for only five minutes and wrote: "I thought him odious both in manners and appearance." For want of something to say Butler quoted Shakespeare to fill up a sentence as he continued to talk with Pryer. Pryer immediately responded in a bold, displeasing manner: "Ah, but one touch of the unnatural makes it more kindred still." He then looked as though he considered Butler an old bore and did not care whether he was shocked or not.

Pryer besides being considered good looking was faultless in his get up. The style of his dress was very high church, and his acquaintances were exclusively of the extreme high church party. When Pryer first called on Ernest (the most important character in the story and the nephew of Samuel Butler), he eyed him all over with a quick penetrating glance and seemed not displeased with the result, for Ernest had improved in appearance under his Cambridge treatment. Pryer, in fact, approved of him sufficiently to treat him

civilly, and Ernest was immediately won by anyone who did this.

Pryer introduced Ernest to several of his friends, all of whom were young clergymen. Ernest, by the way, was seriously considering entering the clergy, but his mind was still troubled by many mental and spiritual conflicts. The celibacy of the clergy was especially troublesome to him and he was about to give up his ideas of entering the priesthood and marry the first woman who would listen to him.

"He broached this to Pryer, and was surprised to find that this gentleman, though attentive to such members of his flock as were young and good looking, was strongly in favor of the celibacy of the clergy, as indeed were the other demure young clerics to whom Pryer introduced Ernest."

Many discussions followed and Ernest was very impressed by the philosophy of Pryer: "How in the name of all that is reasonable can we find out the exact nature of a spiritual malady, unless we have had experience of other similar cases? How can we get this without express training? At present we have to begin all experiments for ourselves, without profiting by the organized experience of our predecessors, inasmuch as that experience is never organized and co-ordinated at all. At the outset, therefore, each one of us must ruin many souls which could be saved by knowledge of a few elementary principles"....."I will give you a formula---no practice is entirely vicious which has not been extinguished among the comeliest, most vigorous, and most cultivated races in spite of centuries of endeavor to extirpate it. If a vice in

spite of such efforts can still hold its own among the most polished nations, it must be founded on some immutable truth or fact in human nature, and must have some compensatory advantage which we cannot afford altogether to dispense with.".....

"The priest must be absolutely sexless--if not in practice, yet at any rate in theory, absolutely--and that, too, by a theory so universally accepted that none shall venture to dispute it."

One evening Ernest called on Pryer and spent an hour and more with him. Pryer's manner was strange throughout the conversation, as though he were thinking all the time of something else. His eyes wandered curiously over Ernest, as Ernest had often noticed them wander before; the words were about church discipline, but somehow or other the discipline part of the story had a knack of dropping out after having been again and again emphatically declared to apply to the laity and not to the clergy; once, indeed, Pryer had pettishly exclaimed, "Oh, bother the college of Spiritual Pathology." He was restless, as though wanting to approach a subject which he did not quite venture to touch upon, and kept harping(he did this about every third day) on the wretched lack of definition concerning the limits of vice and virtue, and the way in which half the vices wanted regulating rather than prohibiting. He dwelt also on the advantages of complete unreserve, and hinted that there were mysteries into which Ernest had not yet been initiated, but which would enlighten him when he got to know them, as he would be allowed to do when his friends saw that he was strong enough.

Pryer had often been like this before, but never so nearly, as

it seemed to Ernest, coming to a point--though what the point was he could not fully understand. His inquietude was communicating itself to Ernest, who would probably ere long have come to know as much as Pryer could tell him, but the conversation was abruptly ended by the appearance of a visitor.

However vague the references may be, my contention is that Pryer was an inverted individual who saw in Ernest a possible homosexual tendency that could be developed under the proper circumstances.

Hands, a short story by Sherwood Anderson, has an almost delightful and certainly a unique consideration of homosexuality. The main character Wing Biddlebaum is described as a fat little old man who walked nervously up and down. He did not think of himself as in any part of the life of the town where he had lived for twenty years. Among all the people of Winesburg only one had come close to him--George Willard. When he talked to George Willard, Wing Biddlebaum became inspired. Out of a dream he described a picture for George Willard. In the picture men lived again in kind of pastoral golden age. Across a green open country came clean-limbed young men--some afoot, some mounted upon horses. In crowds the young men came to gather about the feet of an old man who sat beneath a tree in a tiny garden and who talked to them.

For once he forgot his hands. Slowly they stole forth and lay upon George Willard's shoulders. Something new and bold came into the voice that talked: "You must try to forget all you have learned. You must begin to dream. From this time on you must shut your ears to the roaring of the voices."

Pausing in his speech, Wing Biddlebaum looked long and earnestly at George Willard. His eyes glowed. Again he raised the hands to caress the boy and then a look of horror swept over his face.

With a convulsive movement of his body, Wing Biddlebaum sprang to his feet and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Tears came to his eyes. "I must be getting along home. I can talk no more with you," he said nervously.

Winesburg was actually proud of the hands of Wing Biddlebaum in the same spirit in which it was proud of Banker White's new stone house and Wesley Moyer's bay stallion. With them Wing Biddlebaum had picked as high as a hundred and forty quarts of strawberries in a day. In order to explain the mystery that had always surrounded Wing's hands, Sherwood Anderson relates the following facts about his life.

In his youth he had been a school teacher known as Adolph Myers. He was meant by nature to be a teacher of youth. He was one of those rare, little understood men who rule by a power so gentle that it passes as a lovable weakness. With the boys of his school, Adolph Myers walked in the evening. Here and there went his hands, caressing the shoulders of the boys, playing about the tousled heads. All was a part of the schoolmaster's effort to carry a dream into the young minds.

And then came the tragedy. A half-witted boy became enamored of the young master. In his bed at night he imagined unpleasant things and in the morning went forth to tell his dreams as facts. Strange, hideous accusations fell from his loose hung lips.

Through the Pennsylvania town went a shiver. Trembling lads

were jerked out of bed and questioned. "He put his arms about me," said one. "His fingers were always playing in my hair," said another.

One afternoon the saloon keeper came to the schoolhouse. Calling Adolph Myers into the school yard he beat him with his fists. Screaming with dismay, the children ran here and there like disturbed insects.

Adolph Myers was driven from the Pennsylvania town in the night. With lanterns in their hands a dozen men came to the door of the house where he lived alone and commanded that he dress and come forth. It was raining and one of the men had a rope in his hands. They had intended to hang the schoolmaster.

He had been ill for a year after the experience in Pennsylvania, and after his recovery worked as a day laborer in the fields, going timidly about and striving to conceal his hands. Although he did not understand what had happened he felt that his hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys had talked of the hands. "Keep your hands to yourself," the saloon keeper had roared, dancing with fury in the schoolhouse yard.

Even though Wing Biddlebaum was obviously a man of homosexual nature, Sherwood Anderson does not allude directly to his condition. In his novel called Dark Laughter he speaks more definitely of sexual inversion. In this case the invert is a woman whom he calls Esther. He writes:

"Esther had tried something on Aline--that time on the boat. What was it Esther had tried? One night when Joe was talking with several people, telling them about Cezanne, and Picasso and the others, talking suavely, kindly, about the rebels in the arts,

Esther and Aline went off to sit in chairs on another part of the deck. Two young men came along and tried to join them but Esther knew how to fence off without giving offense. She evidently thought Aline knew more than she did, but it was not Aline's part to disillusion her.

What an instinct away down inside, to preserve something!

What was it Esther had tried on Aline?

There are a lot of things you can't get down in words, even in your own thoughts. What Esther had talked about was a love that asked nothing and how really beautiful that sounded! "It should be between two people of the same sex. Between yourself and a man it won't work. I've tried it," she said.

She had taken Aline's hand and for a long time they sat in silence, an odd creepy feeling deep down in Aline. What a test--to play the game out with such a woman--not to let her know what your instincts are doing to you--down inside--not to let the hands tremble--to make no physical sign of any shrinking. The woman's soft voice, with the caress in it, a kind of sincerity too. "They get each other in a more subtle way. It lasts longer. It takes longer to understand but it lasts longer. There is something white and fine you try for. I've waited a long time for just you, maybe. As far as Joe is concerned I have been all right with him. It's a little hard to talk. There's so much that can't be said. In Chicago, when I saw you out there, I thought, "At your age most women have married," you'll have to do that sometime too, I suppose, but it makes a difference to me that you haven't yet--that you hadn't when I found you. It's getting so if a man and another man or two women are seen too much together there is talk. America is

getting almost as sophisticated, as wise, as Europe. That's where husbands are a big help. You help them all you can, whatever their game is, but you keep all the best of yourself for the other--for the one who understands what you are really driving at."

The brief discussion presented in this section of the paper is by no means exhaustive. As suggested in the beginning, there is material in this field for an additional thesis that may some day be worked out. At this time, the need can only be indicated.

From the sixteenth century on homosexuality plays an increasing part in the literary output of Europe. In Belgium a furor was caused when George Eekhand produced his novel, Escal Vigor, in which he treated inversion with an almost twentieth century candor. He lived to write another book, however, Le Cycle Patitulaire, in which he carried on his ostensible purpose--to give the invert a "break." In England sexual perversion has crept onto the stage to such a point, particularly in some of the plays of John Ford that the Puritans finally succeeded in having banned. And later, Smollett's important novel, Roderick Randon mentions the popularity of the vice of sexual inversion in his day.

By the nineteenth century Europe was asweep with novels in which homosexuality played a more or less active part. In England, although none of them reached truly literary prominence, three in particular were famous in their day: Tim, by H. O. Sturgis, Jasper Tristram, by A. W. Clarke, and the Garden God; a Tale of Two Boys, by Forrest Reid.

In France, however, the greatest writers of the century included inversion in their works. Diderot wrote La Religieuse, a study of homosexuality in a convent. Even earlier than that, in 1773, a play dealing with the same subject, Les Plaisirs Du Cloitre, had enjoyed almost unprecedented popularity.

Balzac, Gautier, Zola, all wrote of homosexuality. The titles of their books and stories are the titles of the French classics: Ariosto, La Religieuse, La Fille aux Yeux d'Or, by Balzac, Mademoiselle de Maupin by Theophile Gautier, Salambo, by Flaubert, Zola's Nana. Mademoiselle Giraud, by A. Belot, the study of a woman who combined homosexuality with marriage, La Femme de Paul, by Maupassant.

In Germany, although numerous novels dealing more or less with homosexuality have been produced, none of them have achieved a very high literary distinction. Perhaps the best of these are: Aus Eines Mannes Madchenjahren, by Bodys and Der Neue Werther, eine Hellenische Passions geschichts by Konradin.

By far the most important figure in English literature who championed the cause of the invert both in his words and his private life was Oscar Wilde. Dorian Gray, The Priest and the Acolyte, Portrait of Mr. W. H., and his sonnets to a Fair Youth are the most outstanding.

Among novels, Radcliffe Hall's Well of Loneliness has long since become the classic study of the inverted woman's attempt to adjust herself to an environment for which she is congenitally unfitted. It is the detailed, sensitive study of

of a woman who is a victim to her abnormality both by heredity and training, and who attempts to adjust to conventional society. Although a thesis novel, it is written with power and delicacy and deserves its place high on the list of meritorious novels.

Following the success of Miss Hall's novel has come a flood of novels and short stories dealing with the invert. In fact, the field of modern literature is over full of this type of writing. Undoubtedly literature in the future will continue to portray inversions, just as it has in the past for the whole aim and purpose of literature is to portray and through the portrayal help us to understand life.

X

INVERSION AND THE NEWSPAPER

NOTE

The following quotations are not documented because they were copied from the clipping file of Mr. Herbert Cole. His collection consisted of appropriate clippings from many newspapers throughout the country. They are included in this paper only because they present another picture of the invert..

The following quotations have appeared in various newspapers in different parts of the United States during the past three years. This collection is by no means complete--a more careful survey would reveal countless other accounts of a similar nature. I shall quote just a few of them in order to show how the phenomena of homosexuality is reflected in the modern newspaper.

The first Quotation comes from an eastern newspaper just after a widely advertised invert ball had taken place. The article quotes from a letter written by a homosexual individual.

A PANSY BARES HIS SOUL.

"A young man anxious to bare his delicate soul, tells of his experience on the first time he attended a "woman-haters ball." Don't smile, he's serious. All the feminine names herein refer to men.

"I had been carried through that mob of inquisitive persons to the ball room of the Elk's Home on that very much feared evening of March 13th overflowing with excitement.

"Those hundreds of eyes had been brought there to see and much did they see, for the wraps, gowns, and jewels must have costed hundreds of dollars.

"It was a costly affair, but those children of means had to be introduced by those social Pansies in the proper way to the society Pansy colony of Baltimore as it is done in every large American city.

"The critical eyes had played upon me outside and at last I found myself standing in the lobby of that beautiful hall,

ready to enter, escorted by two very handy men of Baltimore. My wrap had been checked and I paused for a moment to powder my nose that was wet from the perspiration of excitement. I was under the name of Dorothy Bearford, meeting men of nearly every walk of life that had come to this ball to enjoy the excitement that only such a society can afford out of every day life.

"I was very much surprised when I met Helen Campelle, a little child of only sixteen at Grace Garden's tea in that fashionable colony a few weeks before the ball. He--she spoke often during the evening about her gown and those fellows who she would meet as a member of the art club. As I sat there in Grace Garden's beautiful drawing room, that is one of the most beautiful places to drop in for tea in all this special society of Pansies. I wanted to twll Miss Campelle never to go through with this. I wanted to tell her not to give up the real happiness of her whole life for such a strange life among men.

"I know Miss Campelle was a very young child with no experience at all at this strange game of friendships that's carried on behind four walls among men. Therefore, I wanted to beg him not to put on that weary crown of a woman. But, now that he has, it's too late for that black curly head will be restless until it finds rest beneath the clay.

"I was not friendly enough to talk to Miss Campelle but I did want to try to save her but she was under the hands of the greatest social leaders in the upper class of pansies., therefore my talk would have done little toward saving her

"It is true that he, like every other good looking Pansy, will be very much in demand. It will be a very expensive game, but after all it's a game at present full of fun with those play boys that seek the companionship of such characters behind four walls.

"Helen is not thinking at all about what such a game means. What it has done to others. She is a fresh bud now, but tomorrow she will be just another Pansy. The society he has given up never to return meant nothing to him, only the gay life of a Pansy as he saw it, that is carried on in that colony in Baltimore."

THE BOY WHO WON A BEAUTY CONTEST.

"Every year the Bohemian city of Carlsbad stages sort of beauty contest to amuse the hundreds of people, young and old, who go there to enjoy the beauties of the place and seek the curative effects of its mineral waters and its baths.

"This season the customary pageant of pulchritude was open to school girls only and some 40 pretty young things exhibited their charms before the judges and an appreciative crowd of spectators.

"By the time the entrants had paraded once, everyone was struck by the smiling good looks of a contestant with wavy chestnut hair, a pair of large brown eyes and an oval face of the kind that artists always are looking for and find too seldom.

"The judges obviously were impressed by this person and,

Y in the first elimination--by which the number of entrants was reduced to 10--this beauty was the first to be picked. Again the parade moved past the judges and the spectators until all but three of the supposed schoolgirls had been inspected. Among the three was the "girl" with the oval face brightened by a pair of large eyes and crowned with a lustrous crop of swirling hair.

"The judges went into a huddle while the three finalists waited for them to arrive at a decision. The assembled onlookers registered their approval when the spokesman rose and extended his hand to the "young lady" who had attracted attention from the moment "she" appeared in the procession.

"It is our unanimous pleasure", he said, "to acclaim Swetschkerl Marischka the winner of this contest. And as a symbol of her victory I present her with this vanity bag."

"The second and third prizes were awarded to the other members of the triumvirate and the time came for the winner to make the customary little speech of acceptance. This speech, it turned out, was the thrill of the day--for it was a confession on the part of the victor that "she" was not a school girl, but a boy who had entered the contest just for a lark. The judges covered their embarrassment as much as possible, retrieved the vanity bag and placed it in the hands of the second prize winner, who, being a member of the fair sex, captured first honors."

POLICE SEEK NOCTURNAL TERROR TO TAXI DRIVERS.

Y "A man garbed in woman's clothing, who has a penchant

for stopping and threatening taxicab drivers during the early morning hours, is being sought by police, according to Detectives A. A. Reese and Joseph Dastrup.

"According to the officers, the first complaint was made early in the week, when a taxi driver called at the station and told of having been stopped at Third Avenue and E Street by a "woman" who stood in the street in front of his approaching cab and waved at him to stop.

"When the cab halted, the "woman" who was modishly garbed, leveled a hand as though it held a weapon and, in a deep voice ordered: 'Get, or I'll put you on the spot.' The driver could see that the person was a man.

"Another driver reported that he was halted in Federal Heights by a man garbed as a woman when he drove alongside and said: 'Cab, lady,' the man pushed back a woman's hat, made a threatening gesture as though he were armed, and ordered the driver on his way."

ORDER THREE CHICAGOANS TO DON TROUSERS OR FACE JAIL.

"Backed by a number of civic organizations, the police has ordered a cleanup of vice conditions that run rampant on the south side.

"Walter Winston, better known as "Gloria Swanson," one of the most notorious female impersonators and principal entertainers at the Radio Inn, Sammy Fouche, better known as "Peggy Hopkins Joyce," and three other characters known as "Miss Marshall Field," "Sarah Martin," and "Stingaree" have been ordered not to appear on the streets in their female

girls but to get back into trousers and behave themselves."

BOYS MUSTN'T BE GIRLS.

"Boys will be boys, but they won't be girls if Police Leonard Mills can stop them.

"The chief has put a ban on all female impersonators in local class B liquor establishments (night spots.) So far as known the ban only hits one establishment, but patrolmen have been instructed to pass the ruling along to any others where impersonators have been appearing.

"Chief Mill's action follows an appeal made last week by Michael F. Costello, chief of the state division of intoxicating beverages, asking authorities of all cities to eliminate impersonators from dine-and-dance establishments, such performances "not being conducive to morality."

BEAUTY DOPE TRANSFORMS HIM TO HER.

"Police don't know what to do about it, but they got this report Thursday from an East Broadway beauty shop operator.

"A man entered the shop and ordered: 'You make a woman out of me at any cost.'

"An operator went to work and viewed the results with pride. The customer, reported the operator, made a fine looking woman, with a good figure, blue eyes, and an adorable blue dress.

"He, or rather, her hair was transformed by a permanent and coyly tucked beneath a broad brimmed hat. She also donned a 'darling' pair of high heeled slippers. Police classified the case as one of masquerading."

bout through a report of a beauty salon operator that yesterday a man presented himself and ordered that he be made up like a woman no matter what the cost.

"The work was done and the operator explained with pride that 'When we got through he was a fine looking woman, well-built, with blue eyes, and an adorable blue dress."

* * * * *

"Slummers knew it well, together with its crowd of sexed things that spoke in falsetto voices and called each other by girl's names. Furthur up town were and for that matter still are "clubs" whose members are all degenerates and whose semi-annual balls, at which the hosts and guests are men, three fourths of whom wear women's dress, are familiar to New York "rounders." Apart from these, the aristocrats of their nauseous class, are the shoals of painted, perfumed, Kohl-eyed, lisping, mincing youths that at night swarm on Broadway in the Tenderloin section, or haunt the parks and 5th Avenue, ogling every man that passes."

* * * * *

MAN POSING AS WOMAN DIVORCED TWO HUSBANDS.

"Over 16,000 people of both races reviewed the remains of "Annabelle" jones at the S. J. Williams and Sons Undertaking Parlors here. Their curiosity was aroused when it was discovered that "Annabelle" was a man and not a woman as he had posed aroung Shreveport for the past five months. He was shot to death at a drinking party by Mrs. Edward Thomas who objected to his flirtation with one Eddie Jones.

ly had "Annabelle" carried out the female scheme of deception that it was hard to convince those among whom the masquerader had mingled that he was, in reality, a man. The clever use of pads, wig, flashy jewelry, rubber leg cover, paint, and other paraphernalia, together with costly lingerie made the impersonation so perfect that it was above suspicion.

"A marriage license found on his person showed that he had been married by the name of Leroy Minger at Monroe, October 2, 1924. It was also said that "Annabelle" was divorced from a man in Dallas, Texas."

AUNT RACHEL NURSE PROVES TO BE A MAN.

"Ever since he was born, some fifty years ago, George Watson has had an obsession for femine attire and feminine vocation and as a result, he is in the toils of the law.

"Watson is well-known about town as "Aunt Rachel" and has served several families as a nurse, in which vocation he has established quite a reputation. The officers did not object to "Aunt Rachel" nursing, but they did object to his wearing dresses and parading around as a woman.

"A few days ago "Aunt Rachel" was employed to nurse an ailing white woman and in some manner it was discovered he was not what he was supposed to be and was fired. Later he was met on the streets by a white youth who recognized him and caused his arrest. Watson admitted that he was a man to the officers and was placed in jail, charged with disorderly conduct."

SERVANT TURNS OUT TO BE HE MAN.

"There was nothing left for the madam who lives on fashionable St. Charles Avenue to do but faint three or four times when she learned that her faithful woman servant was a man instead of a woman. Florence Holloway had worked at the fashionable St. Charles home for a number of years as a woman. She became ill and was taken to the Charity Hospital where it was discovered that she was not a woman but a man. It was discovered that the real name of the servant was John Brooks and that he had been born and reared in St. Gabriel, a small Louisiana town."

RIPLEY*****BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

The sexationalist

Chevalier D'Eon of France

\$2,000,000 was wagered on whether this person was a man or a woman.

D'Eon was captain of Dragoons

Envoy to the court of Russia

Ambassador to England

Chambermaid to Empress Elizabeth of Russia.

Lady-in-waiting to Maire Antoinette

He wore women's attire for 33 years.

He was actually a man.

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