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Title: Berlin's Third Gender

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Release Date: July 27, 2020 [EBook #62772]

Language: German

Character set encoding: UTF-8

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Produced by Delphine Lettau, Mark Akrigg and the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpcanada.net>

Großstadt-Dokumente
Band 3. Herausgegeben von Hans Ostwald

Berlins Drittes Geschlecht

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld

Berlin's Third Gender

from

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld

7th edition

Motto:

»The great conqueror of all prejudices is not
humanity, but science.«

Berlin and Leipzig
publishing house by Hermann Seemann successor G. mb H.

Großstadt-dokumente

Volume 3. Edited by Hans Ostwald

foreword.

When I was asked by **Hans Ostwald** to edit the volume for the Großstadtdokumente that he was publishing, which was supposed to deal with the life of homosexuals in Berlin, I didn't think I could resist this wish.

Even if up to now I had only published the results of my investigations in the field of homosexuality in specialist scientific journals, especially in the yearbooks for sexual intermediate stages, I was nevertheless clear for a long time that knowledge of a subject which is of interest to so many linked to families of all classes, would not and could not remain permanently restricted to the narrow sphere of professional colleagues or even just to academic circles.

Admitting this, it is certainly evident that the popular-scientific presentation of such a difficult question should best be undertaken by those who have acquired the necessary qualifications and competence on the basis of extensive scientific research and experience and on the basis of direct observation.

In the following work, I tried to give a very lifelike and as complete a reflection as possible of Berlin's "third sex", as it has often been called, even if not very aptly. I have endeavored - without whitewashing, but also without pessimism - to describe everything strictly truthfully, avoiding more precise place names, as I have for the most part perceived it myself, and to a lesser extent I have heard it from reliable informants who have shown me at this point what I have been told. To thank trust, I consider it a pleasant duty.

For some, a new world will open up here within the world they know, whose extent and customs will fill them with astonishment.

The fear has occasionally been expressed that popular writings could be used to make 'propaganda' for homosexuality itself. As much as a fair assessment of homosexuals must be striven for, this would not be acceptable. But the danger is not there. The advantages of normal sexual love, as they are expressed above all in the happiness of the family - to name just one of many - are so enormous, the disadvantages that arise from the homosexual disposition so extraordinary that if a change in drive direction were possible, it would certainly come into play for homosexuals, but not for normal sexuals.

In fact, however, scientific observation, in agreement with the self-experience of very many people, has taught that such a reversal is not possible, since nothing is so adequately and firmly adapted to the character and essence of a person as the direction of love aimed at the completion of one's own individuality - and sex drive.

Whether and to what extent the actions of homosexuals fall under the concept of guilt and crime, whether and to what extent their prosecution appears expedient or necessary, to what extent this is possible at all - the reader may draw this conclusion at the end of my report.

Charlottenburg , December 1, 1904.

dr *Magnus Hirschfeld* .

Berlin's Third Gender

Anyone who does not want to cling to the surface but urgently wants to grasp the gigantic painting of a cosmopolitan city like Berlin must not overlook the homosexual touch, which essentially influences the coloring of the picture in detail and the character of the whole.

Although it is not very likely that more homosexuals will be born in Berlin than in the small town or in the country, the assumption seems reasonable that consciously or unconsciously those who deviate from the majority in an undesirable way are striving to get where they can live more unobtrusively and therefore undisturbed in the fullness and the change of forms. That is precisely what is attractive and strange about a city of millions, that the individual is not subject to the control of the neighborhood, as in the small towns, in which the senses and meaning are narrowed in narrow circles. While there it can be easily and eagerly followed when, where and with whom the next person ate and drank, went for a walk and went to bed, in Berlin the people in the front building often do not know who lives in the rear building, let alone what the inmates are up to. There are houses here that accommodate a hundred parties, a thousand people.

What is hidden in the big city from the non-connoisseur is all the easier for the connoisseur because it is more informal.

Anyone who is well informed soon notices not only men and women in the usual sense on the streets and in the bars of Berlin, but often also people who differ from them in their behavior, often even in their appearance, so that one almost stands next to the male and female spoke of a third gender.

I don't find this expression, which was already in use in ancient Rome, particularly happy, but still better than the word homosexual (same sex) that is so widely used now, because it feeds the widespread view that there should be a number of homosexuals together somewhere are, sexual acts are carried out or at least intended, which in no way corresponds to the facts.

When homosexuals are discussed in the following descriptions, one should not think of sexual acts of any kind. If these occur, they evade observation not only because of their criminal liability, but above all because of the natural sense of modesty and morality, which is just as pronounced in homosexuals as in normal sexuals. They are by no means the main thing, they are often absent. What is essential is the nature of the Uranian - that is what we want to call the homosexual feeling with Ulrichs in this book - his behavior towards the male and female sex are the sympathies and antipathies resulting from his natural make-up.

But even for those who know many of the typical characteristics of Uranian people, many remain hidden, either because they actually lack noticeable signs, which is not uncommon, or because their life comedy, which is often more of a life tragedy, play with great skill, adapting themselves to the normal in all habits, and wisely concealing their tendencies. Most attach great importance to the fact that "they don't show anything". I know homosexuals in Berlin, including those who

are by no means celibate, who have deceived those around them about their nature for years, decades, yes, their whole lives; it is also particularly common when the comrades are told about love affairs, similar to some translators of ancient writers, to convert the male person into a female.

The local conditions in Berlin facilitate this transformation immensely. Anyone who lives in the east and has business and family ties there can meet up with friends in the south for years without anyone in the area knowing anything about it. There are many Berliners in the West who have never seen Wedding, many in Kreuzberg who have never set foot in the Scheunenviertel. For a long time I treated an old woman from Berlin who was the widow of a musician; they had had an only child, a son who didn't want to do well, left school early, stayed away for days and wandered around. The parents kept looking for him, finally when he was 21 years old they lost patience and let him go. For 26 years the mother had neither seen nor heard from her boy; she was over seventy Her husband had long since died when he turned up at her house one day, a prematurely aged 47-year-old man with a shaggy full beard, a homeless bum whose "organism was poisoned by alcohol"; he wanted to ask if she still "had some old clothes from her father." The strange thing was that mother and son had never left Berlin in their 26 years. In a small town such a case would not be possible.

It is hard to believe how many people live in the Prussian capital, which is considered a model of order and is so in comparison with other world cities, without the authorities knowing about them. I was astonished to see how long expelled foreigners often stay in Berlin without objection, even more how people who are wanted by the police stay here unannounced for months and years, not in remote parts of the city, but often at traffic assembly points, where least suspected.

Have you ever been to room 361 at the police headquarters on Alexanderplatz? It is one of the most remarkable sites in this city, which is certainly not lacking in impressive locations. Located high above the rooftops of the city, this room is in the middle of a suite of rooms in which ten million sheets of paper are stacked alphabetically. Each leaf means a human life. Those who are still alive are in blue cardboard boxes, those who have died are in white ones. Each sheet contains the name, place of birth and date of birth of every person who has had an apartment or room in a Berlin house since 1836. All registrations and cancellations, every change of apartment is carefully recorded. There are arches containing thirty dwellings and more, others with only one; there are people among them who began their career in Berlin in a cellar in the East and ended in the Tiergarten district, and others who initially lived on the first floor and ended their days in the courtyard four flights of stairs. All those who are looking for someone in Berlin are directed to room 361. From 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. hundreds and hundreds, in the year many thousands, hike up the high stone stairs. Each piece of information costs 25 cents. It's not just those who have money to ask for, people for whom a person only becomes valuable when they owe them something, no, many climb up who have returned from distant lands and are now investigating whether and where else one of his relatives and childhood companions is alive. They still wrote to each other for the first few years, then the correspondence fell asleep, and now the stranger has once again visited his old homeland. With a trembling heart, he writes his mother's name and the last apartment he knows of on the information sheet—she died long ago; he asks about brothers, sisters and friends, everyone, everything gone, and deeply troubled, the lonely man wanders down the narrow stairs again.

How many inquire up there in vain, parents searching for prodigal sons, sisters asking about their brothers, and girls searching for the father of the child whose future rests in her womb. "Hasn't been reported", "moved unknown", "emigrated", "deceased," reports the always indifferent official when he returns after half an hour and calls the waiting people, who quiet, serious and despondent, only seldom in good spirits, descend.

The ease of disappearing invisibly in a city of 2½ million inhabitants greatly supports that split in personality which is so common in the sexual sphere. The professional man and the sex man, the day and night man are often two fundamentally different personalities in one body, one proud and honorable, very distinguished and conscientious, the other the opposite of everything. This applies to homosexuals as well as to normal sexes. I knew an Urnic lawyer who, when he had left his office in the Potsdam quarter or a party of his circle in the evening, went to his favorite bar in the southern part of Friedrichstadt, a bar where he met the Revolverrheini, the butcher Herrmann, the Amerikafranzl, the mad dogs and other Berlin Apaches playing half the nights, spent drinking and making noise. The raw nature of these criminals seemed to have an irresistible appeal to him. Going even further was another, a former officer who belongs to one of the country's foremost families. Two or three times a week he swapped his tails for an old jacket, his top hat for a flat cap, his high collar for a brightly colored scarf, put on his sweater, skipper or Manchester trousers and commissary boots and spent several hours in the distilleries of the Scheunenviertel, whose inmates thought he was their equal. At four o'clock in the morning he went to the "Kaffeestamm" in the Hammelstall, a popular bar for the unemployed not far from Friedrichstrasse station, took his breakfast for ten pfennigs with the poorest vagabonds,

I also remember a homosexual lady who, in a very similar double life, often worked as a cook at the servants' dance halls, in whose midst she felt extremely comfortable.

This bisection or, if you will, doubling of the personality is particularly remarkable in those cases where it is connected with a split into two sexes.

I have a photograph of a man in an elegant ladies' toilet, who for years played a role among the women of the Parisian half-world, until by chance it came to light that "she" was actually a man and not even a homosexual man. In Berlin, too, men who were engaged in female prostitution have repeatedly been apprehended. I know of more than one woman in Berlin who lives entirely as a man at home. One of the first ones I saw caught my eye during a celebration in the Philharmonie with her deep voice and her manly movements. I made her acquaintance and asked to visit her. When I rang her doorbell the following Sunday afternoon in the twilight hour, a young man, who was being jumped by a dog, opened the holding the steaming cigar and asking what I wanted. "I wish to speak to Miss X. Bring her my card, please." "Come nearer," said the young fellow, laughing, "it's me myself." lived fully as a man; it was a valiant person who bravely took up the struggle with life, having rejected many marriages that would have "taken good care of her" because she "did not want to cheat on a man".

The split in the personality can go so far that the day person is morally indignant about the way his nocturnal ego conducts his life and vehemently rebels against it. It was not always mere hypocrisy when someone who spoke out against

homosexuality in the sharpest terms one day with § 175 R.-Str.-G.-B. came into conflict.

If, by the way, a large number of Uranians live abstinent in Berlin, despite the relative ease and safety of sexual intercourse - which is undoubtedly the case - it is less because of fear than because their other character disposition leads them to abstinence and makes it possible for them to do so. Many of these homosexuals live completely alone as bachelors; Some silence their sex drive through intense mental activity, some are considered eccentrics, and in fact often have something whimsical, spinster-like about them, others develop a great zeal for collecting, which not infrequently extends to objects that have a certain connection with their inclination ; I know of an Urnic prince in Berlin, who collected depictions of soldiers of all times and countries with a real passion. Still others seek and find a distraction and satisfaction for their sexual urges by going to places, swimming pools, gymnasiums, sports fields, where they have the opportunity to enjoy the sight of sympathetic figures, or they join clubs for the same reason. Especially in the single-sex clubs in Berlin, such as the gymnastics clubs and the clubs of Christian young men, as well as in the women's clubs and women's clubs - from the servants' to the suffrage club - Urnic members are not uncommon, often the Urnic element is even the driving force of the association. In many cases, those concerned are not at all or only slightly aware of their Urnings nature and only become aware when a third remarks, mostly in jest than seriously, how. "You're acting like a warm brother."

Some time ago a member of a spiritualist association came to see me to make sure if he was homosexual; a member of the club called out to him during a fight: "Silence, you hermaphrodite." This strongly feminine and obviously quite nervous young man reported to me that in ordinary life he felt neither the woman nor the man sensual impulses, only when he was in the trance. His condition deteriorated, which is easily the case if he felt himself to be Indian and as such felt a strong love for one of his club brothers.

In spite of the fact that the ballot boxes usually know how to control themselves in their clubs, here and there a "scandal" occurs, especially when the effects of small amounts of alcohol loosen the reins that they otherwise know how to put on their true nature. I will give an example instructive in more ways than one.

About ten years ago, in a religious house, a missionary held large gatherings and celebrations, which were unusually well attended. "This man's winning, amiable nature drew like a magnet." He was a pleasant-looking personality, in his mid-thirties, very gifted, and an excellent orator. "All he had to do was ask, and the gifts flowed in abundance; everywhere he was authoritative, loved and revered, especially by women." There were not enough words to describe the goodness of his heart; He himself often reported in the meetings how he so often and gladly gave consolation in the prisons, how he found young people in the prisons at night without any means, took them home and lodged them with him. He had a basically happy disposition. Anyone who saw him on the club's summer outings, how he organized fighting games with his students, wrestled with them and frolic with them, was delighted without suspicion at the seemingly harmless cheerfulness of the tireless champion of God. One day, however, deep sadness and great indignation seized upon the pious association. Mr. W. had been arrested for immoral behavior with young men. At the court hearing, twelve youths testified

that W. had touched them indecently, even behind the pulpit, at the organ and in the sacristy, and had always prayed with them afterwards. He was sentenced to a heavy prison sentence. rejoiced without suspicion at the seemingly harmless cheerfulness of the tireless warrior of God. One day, however, deep sadness and great indignation seized upon the pious association. Mr. W. had been arrested for immoral behavior with young men. At the court hearing, twelve youths testified that W. had touched them indecently, even behind the pulpit, at the organ and in the sacristy, and had always prayed with them afterwards. He was sentenced to a heavy prison sentence. touched them lewdly, even behind the pulpit, on the organ and in the sacristy, and prayed with them afterwards. He was sentenced to a heavy prison sentence. touched them lewdly, even behind the pulpit, on the organ and in the sacristy, and prayed with them afterwards. He was sentenced to a heavy prison sentence.

I owe this report to a very honorable Uranian who belonged to the same Christian association. "Never," he writes to me, "I would have believed that this honored gentleman could fall so suddenly from his height that my inner feelings, which I suppressed in hard struggles, in order to overcome which I had sought that pious company, so matched those of their leader. When the tragedy described took place, I thought in humility: "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner," and left the badly damaged association with many others."

Often the homosexual Platonist dedicates himself not so much to an association, but rather to a single person in whom he has taken a liking. How many of these men don't let their protégés get an education, go to university, take them with them on trips, give them pensions, adopt them, put them in their wills, do their best to look after them without ever kissing, yes , without the person concerned becoming conscious of the sexual basis of their inclination, although they await the letters of their friends no less longingly, read them no less eagerly than a bridegroom does those of his bride. And even more seldom in such circumstances is the recipient clear of the true nature of his "paternal" friend. Certainly he and his family are full of praise for their best friend's "good heart",

I would like to bring to your attention a poem by a Berliner Urning to his friend, which shows quite vividly how difficult it is to overcome the imperceptibly merging boundaries between the mental, emotional and physical expressions of feeling, which differs in form and strength but not in its essence are pulling. It is said:

"Looking into his deep, true eyes,
 Standing with him at my window,
 To lean my face against his cheek,
 Very still, quite firmly and long, long,
 Isn't that happiness enough -

To touch his hands gently,

Den To feel the breath of his chest,
 With my head against his heart
 And my mouth to his lips,
 That's happiness enough -

To look when he laughs and moves happily,
 To notice when he is serious and deeply moved,
 To see , as in everything he does,
 he always remains the same in strength and beauty,
 isn't that luck enough -

to exchange views with him,
 To listen to the euphony of his voice,
 To make his life more beautiful,
 When grief torments him, to stand by him faithfully,
 That's happiness enough -

To be able to tell him that he has the highest things for me
 , Hear from him that I am the closest to him,
 Describe to him be allowed, how much I love him,
 to hear the wish that I should remain his friend,
 that's luck enough -

oh, if only I never experienced it,
 that I aspired to even more happiness
 than I'm allotted,
 then would he and I have peace
 And both be happy enough."

The following detailed report by a chaste Uranian about the first awakening of his love - it comes from a student I know who has never been sexually active - confirms the statement that the homosexual instinct may well have changed in direction and meaning, but not differs from normal sexual love in its naturalness.

"I grew up in the "sinful babel" of Berlin, attended a public school with many friends of my own age, even went to a boarding house, where things were certainly not very gentle, and yet I kept my childishness for a strangely long time, especially in sexual relations. I have never found pleasure, like other children, in talking and brooding about "where the children come from"; I even had a strange shyness, the causes of which I still cannot explain, about hearing such things talked about. So at the age of 15 I was still considered "innocent" by my comrades, and rightly so; I didn't exactly believe in the rattle stork anymore, but I had no idea of the nature of the difference between the sexes and of any sexual relationships.

During this time, when I was 17, I developed a strange affection for one of my classmates, the leader of the class; I wasn't as friendly with him as I was with my special school friends, and yet I always took particular pleasure in having a longer chat with him, walking with him in the schoolyard, or even next to him once an hour to sit. To my sorrow, I very seldom achieved this, I almost always sat third, that is, someone else between us, and I had to content myself with looking at him as often as

possible, trying hard not to let him notice it . In general, I took the utmost care that no one noticed my relations with him, which incidentally were and remained completely one-sided; I didn't know then, and I still can't give myself any good reason why I kept my affection secret from everyone, and especially from my lover himself. I probably had the right feeling that I wasn't being understood after all, and besides I was only very vaguely aware of my condition myself, I probably couldn't have said or put into words what I was actually thinking and feeling. And yet it was so wonderfully nice to imagine if the two of us were really very good friends, could always be together, did schoolwork together and never had to be apart. And then, as I lay in bed at night, I imagined all sorts of events that would have to happen for us to become really close friends; there could e.g. B. burn down his house, then he would have no place to live, and I would ask him to live with us; and then he would even sleep in bed with me so that I could hug him really tight and hug him to show him how much I love him.

Mind you: These thoughts came to me and filled me with the greatest bliss without my having any idea of the sexual relations of the sexes. My mind was perfectly pure, unspoiled by unclean and filthy stories such as other city children are often told too early, my imagination was unexcited by such things. And yet these "indecent, lewd" ideas came to me? No, there was not the slightest immorality in these thoughts, could not be there at all, and these facts, which I have experienced myself, which I have felt and thought with my innermost heart, are the surest and most irrefutable proof for me that that in homosexuality itself there is not a trace of what ignorance and ignorance want to put into it. Unless, that one views sex as something immoral, that one tries to tamper with the natural order of the world by dragging the holiest part of human life into the dirt, then same-sex love can be condemned at the same time. - Now I know that what was happening in me at that time was nothing other than the first awakening of love in a still childish mind, which did not know what was going on in it, and yet was completely filled with this new glory.

And just as the object of my love was a male being here the first time, so it has stayed with me up to now. When other "normal" men see a pretty girl on the street, they involuntarily look around for her; the same thing happens to me with beautiful young men, whom I just as involuntarily overlook. When I enter a party, when I come to a ball, etc., it often happens that quite unconsciously one of the young people I don't know catches my eye, and afterwards I catch myself constantly paying attention to what the person is doing, with whom he is dancing &c. &c.

After a while that first love was replaced by another, greater passion, which took me to another classmate who was a whole year older than me but was in a lower class. I can remember how gradually the first signs of this love appeared in me, how I used every possible opportunity to be with him: in the schoolyard, on the street, at gymnastics games, etc. And it was still particularly difficult , to make this traffic more lively; not only was he in a different class, but we didn't really have any common interests at all, we didn't have any friends in common, and he was particularly unpopular among my closest friends. It had to be all the more striking when I became

closer friends with him, and I looked for all sorts of pretexts to explain this approach, not only to others, but especially to myself, who still had no idea what was going on inside me. But it was precisely at this time, when I was 18, that the light dawned on me about the true meaning of the matter, at this time when I made regular window promenades in front of his house, timed when he came out to meet him by chance, and thought of nothing but him. Yes, I soon knew that I really and truly loved him, but I didn't have the courage to tell him, yes, I even tried for a long time not to let him even notice it. But our intercourse became more lively, although I knew that he did not care too much about me; I used every opportunity to make our relations closer and more friendly, which also worked outwardly, but despite the greatest effort on my part, a real friendship did not develop. It was in K.'s nature that he didn't have any friends, and so during this time I really only had one opportunity to get to know the torments of jealousy; but it was precisely this fit of jealousy, which was giving me a lot of trouble, that at the same time brought me complete certainty about my homosexual love. Eventually the feeling that drew me to him became so overwhelming, and I grew so weary of hypocrisy before him and before myself, that one evening, as we were working together in his room, I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him showered and confessed everything to him. He accepted this outburst with some surprise, but calmly,

The weeks that followed were the best of my life so far, we were together almost every evening, I helped him with all his schoolwork, and when we were done we sat snuggled up close to each other and talked about everything and nothing. Unfortunately, it was only a few weeks; because at exactly the same time my K. fell in love—but not with me, but with a little girl. And now when I came to see him in the afternoon, he had nothing else to tell me but about **her**, and on the way to school he talked to me about **her**, and in the evenings I went away with him to where he had **her**wanted to meet and waited for her to come, spoke a few words to her, walked a few steps with her and then said goodbye to leave the two of them alone—I was superfluous after all. I can't exactly say that I was jealous here either, on the contrary: part of my love for K. probably spread to his girlfriend, since it was **she** who made him happy. But my heart bled when he e.g. B. gave his diaries, in which only by **her**what she did and said and thought and where I was hardly ever mentioned. What pained me most, however, was that he emphatically refused to tolerate my kisses and caresses any longer; for precisely because I had made it clear to him that my feelings for him were true love, because I had convinced him with every means at my disposal at the time that my love for him was something legitimate, like that between a man and a woman, which is why he claimed to be unfaithful **to her if he continued to let me** kiss him. "We can stay friends," he said, "because I really like you, but we don't want to be any different from other friends."

And so we remained friends for two more years, and I flatter myself that at least at first I had a very good influence on him; not only did I help him in his work, but I also tried to teach him somewhat higher interests than he unfortunately possessed, to induce him to deal with scientific, political &c.

To occupy himself with questions that the upbringing he had had, the milieu in which he lived, and his own lack of interest had not previously pointed them out. My love for him lasted with undiminished strength for a long time, and even today I am not quite healed of that passion.

In the course of these years I gradually became aware of my disposition, probably initially on the negative side. When my classmates gradually began to talk about their loved ones, to scratch their names on the desks, to write them postcards at every opportunity, I thought at first, especially since I was always one of the youngest in the class, that over time this would improve come to me too. And at the same time I had no idea that the affection for my K. was nothing other than real, true love, perhaps stronger and deeper than most others felt for their girls. Only through a few analogies, which happened to strike me, did I get a glimpse of the true facts. Like anyone really in love, I made my window promenades, walked daily, as often as possible, **past his** house and was happy when **he** stood at the window. That's how it dawned on me, and now that I had become aware, involuntarily looking for further clues, I soon became clear about myself. I remember e.g. B. still remember exactly what a deep impression it made on me when my mother once said to me jokingly: "Paul, Paul, whoever walks alone like that is in love"; In fact, the only reason I didn't want to take my brother with me was to be alone with him if I should meet **him ."**

"Fixed relationships" between homosexual men and women, often of a very long duration, are something extremely common in Berlin.

One must have noticed from many examples how intimately in such alliances one often clings to the other, how they care for one another and long for one another, how the lover puts himself in the position of the friend's interests, which are often so remote from him, who Scholars into that of the worker, the artist into that of the non-commissioned officer, one must have seen what mental and physical torments these people often suffer as a result of jealousy, how their love outlasts everything and overcomes everything in order to gradually become aware that no "fall unnatural fornication" is present, but a part of that great feeling which, according to the opinion of many, gives value and consecration to human existence.

I was once treating a noble lady who had been living with a friend for a number of years for a serious nervous condition. Neither before nor since have I seen such a loving merging of a healthy person into a sick person in my practice as in this case, neither among spouses nor even among mothers who feared for their children. The healthy friend was not a pleasant fellow citizen, she had a lot of ruthless and headstrong attitudes, but anyone who saw this truly touching love and care, this unremitting effort day and night, held much too good for her for the sake of this strong and beautiful feeling. She was really bonded to her friend, if you touched a painful limb of the patient, she winced reflexively, every discomfort of the sufferer was reflected on her face, lack of sleep and bad appetite were transferred to the healthy friend. Incidentally, the case was also remarkable in that the patient's staff, both the nurse and the maid, were impeccably urinish.

Not far from this couple lived another. He was a trainee lawyer, his friend, who was about 18 years old, a dressmaker. He was so feminine that I once remarked to the trainee teacher that he could have fallen in love with a whole woman as well as with this nineteenth part woman. Among other things, his voice was so feminine that when he called for me on the phone, which happened a few times in the interest of his friend, my secretary always answered. "A lady wishes to speak to her." Both lived in great harmony, during the day each went about his business, one in court, the other in the tailor's workshop. When the trainee left Berlin, he took his friend with him. The latter had previously asked his father, a staid Berlin craftsman, for an enlightening interview, during which, as he bashfully told me, the room had to be darkened.

The little dressmaker had a work colleague who was no less girlish than himself. Her profession is more permeated with Urnic elements than any other in Berlin. This colleague fell in love with the trainee's brother, an engineer who had recently seriously attempted suicide because of an unhappy love affair with a student. When he lay badly injured in the hospital, the two brothers, who had the same disposition and had known nothing about each other until then, had identified themselves. Gradually a second bond of love developed between the engineer and the other dressmaker, and it was not without a certain whimsical

It is not uncommon in Berlin for parents to come to terms with the Urnish nature, even with the homosexual life of their children.

I recently attended the funeral of an old doctor in a Berlin suburb churchyard. The only son of the deceased stood at the open grave, on the right the elderly mother, on the other side the twenty-year-old friend, all three in deepest mourning. When the father, already over 70 years old, heard about his son's uranium disease, he was close to despair. He consulted several psychiatrists who gave him various advice but were unable to help. He then delved himself into the literature on the subject, and came to realize more and more that his son, whom he loved dearly, had been homosexual from birth. When he settled down he didn't mind that he took his friend to live with him, in fact the good parents transferred their full love to the young man who had come from the humblest background. Both obviously had a good influence on each other; While individually they would have found it difficult to get on, together they succeeded admirably, the knowledge and amiability of the one being complemented by the energy and thrift of the other.

On the deathbed, the old doctor said goodbye to his wife and his "two boys" and the sight of these three human children, as they united their tears and sorrow to the sounds of Mendelsohn's song: "Es ist determined in Gottes Rat", reached much deeper into the soul than the speech of the young pastor, who in a shrill tone praised the deeds of the dead man, who was completely unknown to him.

It is not uncommon in Berlin for Urnic bachelors to rent rooms from the families of their friends and there to be regarded as members of the family. There are mothers, even knowing ones, who often exuberantly praise the good fortune that their son has found such a great friend, their daughter such an excellent friend; They would much rather have this friendship than their son hanging around with girls or their daughter being courted by men. A mother who came to see me about a sexually infected son once went so far as to say the strangest thing: "I wish my second son were homosexual too." Sometimes the friend loves the son of the house

and is loved by the daughter, how, in general, very strange complications occur here and there between the various normal-sexual and homosexual persons of the same circle. For the psychologist and writer, who knows how to recognize the Urnic moment in the relationships between people, the conflicts worthy of attention and representation expand in an unexpected way.

I knew a Uranian in Berlin who married the sister of a young man just so that he could be with his brother often and inconspicuously. The marriage, which in reality was not a marriage, broke up after a few years, after the normal-sexual brother had deprived his brother-in-law of his considerable fortune, not in a bad way, but in a good way.

Another homosexual loved a man who was in love with a girl. The Urning was very jealous of the girl, and she, too, was not on good terms with the friend who was so demanding on her lover. But the man was not loyal to the girl either and caused her and his friend a lot of grief with his careless pranks. Neither of them knew each other personally. One morning, however, the girl came to the urning to tell him that a serious accident had happened to her friend during the night. The shared concern gradually made them friends. Then the man and his girl fell out, she was bitterly angry and seemed implacable, but he couldn't stand it for long, he kept coming back to her, but she showed him the door.

I could report such and similar cases in large numbers from the living source of Berlin life - but we now want to pass from the life and suffering of individual Urnians to the life and activities of Urnian groups.

Because even if many Uranians live in self-chosen solitude, which is nowhere more attainable than in a metropolitan crowd, others in turn devote themselves exclusively to a single person, the number of those who seek contact with other homosexual people and circles is no less large. and here, too, there is ample opportunity in Berlin.

It is quite unfortunate that some Urnings, who by their nature and knowledge would do credit to any circle, finally no longer feel comfortable in normal societies. They become more and more embarrassed by the feigned compliments and interests, the lady's toast which they are particularly frequently given, and once they have become acquainted with the sociability in which they can express themselves freely and find understanding, they withdraw more and more from other circles.

The social life of the Urninge among themselves pulsates in Berlin in a variety of ways, both in closed circles and in generally accessible circles, extremely lively. Larger and smaller gay-for-gay parties are the order of the day at any time of the year, but especially in winter.

They are often limited to a certain social stratum, to certain estates and classes, but for the sake of friends, the boundaries are not kept as strictly as is usual with normal sexes. Many an Urning would take nothing so amiss as if his friend, no matter how humble, were denied social equality.

In recognition of my work for the liberation of homosexuals, I am often asked to attend societies as a guest of honour, and even if I accept only a small part of these

requests, they have given me a sufficient insight into the social life of the Berlin Urninge.

Once I was in the above capacity at a party full of homosexual princes, counts and barons. Except for the servants, who seemed to have been carefully selected not only in terms of number but also in terms of their appearance, the impression of the company hardly differed from the gentlemen's companies of the same class. While one ate very opulently at small tables, at first there was lively conversation about the latest performances of Wagner's works, for which almost all educated Urninge have a remarkably strong sympathy. Then they talked about travel and literature, hardly about politics at all, and then gradually turned to court gossip. They lingered very closely at the last court ball, at which the appearance of the young Duke of X. had made many Urning hearts beat faster. people raved about his blue uniform, about his captivating friendliness, and reported how they had managed to be introduced to His Royal Highness. Then anecdotes were told about absent ballots from court society, one of which I remembered was one that was laughed at particularly heartily. Shortly before, a prince had been invited to hunt by a homosexual magnate, of whose Urning nature he had as little idea as that of other gentlemen around him. The distinguished guest had got up unexpectedly early in the morning to stroll around the castle garden. As he crossed the corridor, he saw his host, who at such an early hour was not prepared for this encounter, in a most odd suit, or rather, attire; the well-rounded squire wore a red velvet matinee richly decorated with flowers and lace. The sight of this robe was so comical that the princely visitor burst into a fit of laughter.

Another party that I attended took place in the halls of one of the finest hotels in Berlin. A wealthy Uranian celebrated his name festival. With few exceptions there were only couples of friends, most of whom had been living together for years; each led his "relationship" to the table. The banquet was preceded by a theatrical performance on an open stage in the adjoining hall, in which only homosexuals took part. After a few solo jokes, the host performed a scene as Falstaff from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, admirably in make-up and acting, then Nestroy's Viennese farce: 'A Lecture by the Concierge' was performed. All the female roles, which are not lacking in this play, were in the hands of feminine urns, A well-known baron in the title role in particular aroused stormy merriment through his natural manner of acting. After dinner there was dancing, and although the wines flowed freely, nothing indecent happened. Since some of the guests were in the women's toilet, they made the harmless joke of putting on women's clothing, such as hats and shawls, for urnings who felt particularly masculine; some put on a good face to the bad game, but others became quite morose, for one finds Urninge to whom everything that belongs to woman appeals so little that the thought of even having something feminine about them is unbearable to them. who felt particularly masculine putting on feminine clothing such as hats and shawls; some put on a good face to the bad game, but others became quite morose, for one finds Urninge to whom everything that belongs to woman appeals so little that the thought of even having something feminine about them is unbearable to them. who felt particularly masculine putting on feminine clothing such as hats and shawls; some put on a good face to the bad game, but others became quite morose, for one finds Urninge to whom everything that belongs to woman appeals so little that the thought of even having something feminine about them is unbearable to them.

Societies in Berlin are also very popular and widespread in the less well-off Urningkreis. Here, too, I pick out an example from memory. A homosexual who was not very fortunate celebrated his birthday. Those invited, including his two brothers with normal sex, had gathered in a small suburban bar. People feasted on sausages, potato salad and Swiss cheese, while the innkeeper's son played the day's hits on the piano. Then "Schwanhilde", also called "Mr. Schwane nee Hilde", a well-known Berliner Urning, appeared. He portrayed a Berlin cook who wanted to go to the theater and was particularly amusing when he finally parodied the barefoot dancer Isadora Duncan. A lady impersonator of the lowest kind, who happened to be sitting in the anteroom of the inn, was asked to recite his repertoire. In between, a real man appeared, a coal carrier from the Landwehr Canal, a "heavy boy" with tattooed arms, a smooth hairline on top of his head, a knitted sweater, and that peculiar mixture of clumsiness and grace that workers of this class tend to have. He sang a great number of not exactly decent songs in the Berlin folk style, without a trace of voice, with many speech errors, each sentence supported by grotesque movements, which were followed by twisting of the body between the verses, everything so fitting together in his clumsiness that it was not without effectiveness was. Gradually the tables and chairs were pushed aside and the dancing began, during which an episode of situational comedy that was difficult to reproduce occurred. When they were in the middle of the dancing, a policeman with a stern, official expression suddenly entered—it was long past the police hour. The cheerful mood only faltered for a moment, then one of those present - an Urnian musician - quickly and resolutely grabbed the policeman around the waist and rolled off with him. The latter was so amazed that he hardly offered any resistance, eagerly danced along and soon shared the role of the most sought-after and requested dancer with the innkeeper's son and the coal bearer.

Of course, there are also many Urnic societies that have a much more serious character. For example, an old Berlin private scholar gathered a small circle around him several times every winter in his artistically furnished home. There were usually ten to twelve gentlemen from academic ranks present, of whom only two or three were not homosexual. The old man, who entertained his guests with heavy southern wines, oysters, lobsters and similar delicacies, still had Alexander v. Humboldt and Iffland, had been friends with Hermann Hendrichs and Karl Ulrichs and seemed inexhaustible in recounting his memories. The talks touched almost exclusively on the homosexual problem. A younger Catholic priest was debating Uranism and Christianity with a Protestant pastor who was already graying; several philologists argued about Shakespeare's sonnets, while the jurists and physicians discussed the question to what extent § 51 of the R.-St.-G.-B., which deals with the exclusion of free determination of the will, is already in favor of homosexuals could use.

The gatherings held on Christmas Eve have the most serious character among the societies of the Berlin Urninge. More than on any other day, the Urnic bachelor feels his lonely lot on this celebration of family happiness. Many would spend the evening even more sadly if there were not always one or the other among the wealthy homosexuals who gathered the homeless and homeless around him.

Here, too, I pick out an image from the big city.

The day before the festival, the master of the house had himself decorated the Christmas tree, a large silver fir; everything colorful was avoided, silver garlands,

icicles, snowflakes, glass balls and angel hair, which stretches from branch to branch like a cobweb, are tastefully attached between the white wax candles, and high on the top is a large silver star, on which a trumpet angel in a light tulle robe is attached "Peace to men on earth" proclaimed. Then the small gifts were neatly wrapped in tissue paper and placed around the tree, something for everyone: a calendar, a book, a small piece of jewelry, probably even a chain ring, a pocket mirror, a moustache. In the early morning of the twenty-fourth, the master of the house took out the large tablecloth of the finest linen from the cupboard, the servant set the table, distributed the silver, folded the serviettes, filled huge fruit bowls, provided each plate with a bouquet of flowers and placed delicate place cards in front of the crystal glasses. At the same time one sometimes gets into not a little embarrassment with this or that of the invited ones if one cannot remember his real name. He has been addressed by a female nickname all year round, but this evening one would like to refrain from using it.

A second table is laid in the corridor, where the children and the servants are to have their Christmas meal - yes, the children - a rare sight in Urningsheim. The laundress's two little ones and the porter's three grandchildren were invited to the Christmas party. It is important that the same dishes are enjoyed at the next table as at the main table and that everything looks quite solemn here too.

The start is not fixed until 8 a.m., since some have previously lived in a relative or friend's house for the gift-giving before joining their circle of friends. Finally, when everyone has arrived, the master of the house disappears into the previously locked salon, lights the candles, takes another look at the presents and first calls in the children and the guest who is supposed to accompany their Christmas carols on the piano. Now the double doors are opened, and the children's songs ring out brightly about the quiet, holy night and the blissful, merry Christmas season.

Deep seriousness is also on all features, in many eyes a tear is glistening, even "tall Emilie", the otherwise always funny women's clothing manufacturer, cannot master his emotion. The thoughts of the Uranians go far, far back to those times when this day was also a family celebration for them, when nothing reminded them that their fate would be so completely different from that of their long-married siblings; Only very gradually did the gulf that separated them from their family widen, then came the long years when they spent this evening without peace and joy in the restaurant or with "a good book" in the "furnished room". Some think of their dashed hopes, what could they have achieved if old prejudices had not stood in the way of their careers, and others in respected positions remember the lie of life that weighs heavily on them! Many think of their parents who are dead or for whom they are dead, and all of them with heartfelt melancholy of the woman who loved them more than anything and whom they loved more than anything—their mother.

Now the children's voices have faded away, small gifts are handed out, the children and the servants are given a particularly large number of presents, and they sit down to the table. The table talks are not as cheerful as usual; one speaks of the good X., who took part in Christmas Eve last year, and who is now already covered by the earth.

The tension slowly eases, the tone becomes a little more cheerful, but the serious undertone remains, and a touch of world-weary sentimentality hangs over

the whole evening.

"Glory to God in the highest and peace to men on earth! When will it finally" — a homosexual wrote to me a few years ago on Christmas Eve — "when will we finally recognize that the Redeemer came to us too, that we too should not be excluded from his kind, noble, merciful, all-encompassing love?"

It was early last Christmas morning when I was called to an Urnic student in West Berlin who was said to have had a fit of rage that night.

When I came to him, I saw a terrible sight; the whole room was filled with shards and pieces of furniture, torn cloths, books and papers, all mixed with blood, ink and petroleum. In front of the bed was a large pool of blood, and on the bedstead lay a young man with a waxen face, from which shone strangely deep, flaming eyes, black strands surrounded his finely cut, regular features. Blood-soaked rags were wrapped around his forehead and arms.

Because of his Uranism he had fallen out with his strict father, a respected citizen of Berlin, neither of them could bring himself to say good things to the other, and now on Christmas Eve, the first time he spent away from his family, he had wandered about through the deserted streets of the metropolis. From the opposite side of the street, loitering in a dark corridor, he had seen the bright lights in his parents' apartment, the laughter of his younger siblings had reached his ears, and for a few moments he had seen the outline of his mother, who during the She leaned her forehead against the window pane, pensively cheering as a child.

When they turned off the lights upstairs, he went into the next booth, emptied one shot glass after the other at a remote corner table, did the same in a second and third still and spent the last of his money in deserted coffee houses for black coffee with kirsch.

After he returned home in the cold winter night and staggered up the four steps in the yard, an enormous state of excitement seized him. He had smashed everything and smashed the lighted lamp, expecting that he would bleed to death on open wrists. A doctor, who was hastily summoned by the innkeepers, peeked through the crack in the door and quickly wrote a certificate for transfer to the Charité mental ward.

A friend of the sick man brought me to him; I washed and bandaged one wound after another that Christmas morning; he didn't complain and didn't speak a word, but the flaming eyes spoke and the pale lips spoke and every single wound spoke of his deep suffering and the high, holy task of those who work on the liberation work of the Uranians. —

In addition to the private parties, dinners, suppers, coffees, 5 o'clock tea, picnics, house balls and summer festivals, which the Berlin homosexuals organize in no small number, the *jours fixes* should be mentioned, some of which Urningen and Uranians hold every winter for their friends and girlfriends are set up.

For many years, the Sunday afternoon reception at an Urnic chamberlain, at which many people of rank and status appeared, was very well known. The bodily hospitality consists here mostly of tea and pastries, the spiritual in musical performances. Last winter it was especially the *jourfixe* by an Urnian artist who

enjoyed great popularity. The extremely hospitable landlord received his guests, among whom were many homosexual foreigners, especially from the Russian Baltic provinces and the Scandinavian countries, as well as often homosexual ladies, in a kind of intermediate robe, something between a princess robe and an official robe. The musical performances, especially the singing of the master of the house in baryton and alto and the piano playing of a Danish pianist were artistically at the highest level. One regularly saw an Austrian chemistry student there, who always sat there silent and serious, but who obviously felt at ease among his peers because he kept coming back. In the spring, when the meetings ended and the Russian left Berlin, one evening that student went to a pub in Urning and had the pianist play Koschat's "Leaving"; When the melancholy tune sounded, he unnoticed took a piece of cyanide, which in a few seconds laid him lifeless on the ground. "Suicide for unknown reasons" recorded the police report, in reality the suicide of a homosexual, as it happens all too often in Berlin.

Homosexuality is not always the direct cause, but the indirect connection between homosexuality and the violent end is almost always easily detectable. There is an officer from Urnia, raised in the cadet corps, a soldier through and through, he was guilty of a homosexual act off duty, it became loud and a simple farewell was the result. He has learned nothing but his trade in war, now he is looking for commercial positions, searches, finds and loses one after the other, the family no longer wants to have anything to do with him, he stands alone, loses his footing, sinks ever lower, resorts to alcohol, to morphine and finally to the redeeming weapon. So I know many tragedies; just a few weeks ago a former lieutenant ended up like that. "Cause: Debt", wrote the newspapers; yes, debt, but the root cause was deeper, it was the process I just described; — he had perished from homosexuality.

A few days ago I took a bottle of hydrogen cyanide from a homosexual teacher who came to see me. He had committed no criminal offense, never engaged in same-sex activities; he had just started teaching when the principal received an anonymous letter saying the new teacher was a pederast; the boss summoned him, and when questioned, he admitted to being homosexual. He was given the well-meaning advice to apply for his dismissal, which he did, but did not find the courage to tell his elderly mother, who had starved so that he could become a teacher. Now he too was wandering around in big Berlin, where there are so many jobs but so many more unemployed.

There are certainly more than twenty homosexuals whom I have been able to save from suicide in the last eight years; I don't know whether I did them a good service, and yet it fills me with quiet joy that I was able to save their lives and they their lives. —

The regular get-togethers organized by homosexuals on certain evenings in certain pubs have a similar character to the jourfixes described, even if they are more like a club; here, too, it is usually one person around whom the others group, only each entertains himself from his own means. The "Lohengrin" club, which was founded around a wine merchant known as "The Queen", was very popular for many years. While here the entertainment consisted of musical and declamatory performances, some of these associations, such as the "Gemeinschaft der Eigene", the "Platen-Gemeinschaft", have a more literary character. There is also a cabaret in Berlin run by Urningen and mainly attended by them.

At all of these events, actual sexuality recedes into the background, just as it does in the corresponding normal-sexual circles. The binder is merely the feeling of togetherness that results from the common destiny of life.

While all of the societies mentioned are more closed in character, the number of those that are generally accessible is even greater. The fact that some restaurants, hotels, boarding schools, bathing establishments, places of entertainment, although they are open to everyone, are frequented almost exclusively by Urningen, will seem less strange if one considers that much less clearly marked groups in Berlin have their pubs which are almost entirely occupied by them. So there are restaurants where only students, only actors, only artists hang out, others who live only from officials, only from merchants of certain goods, from lovers of certain games and sports, again others that only from bookies, gamblers or someone else criminal category are visited.

A distinction can be made between locations that Urningen prefers but are also visited by other people, and those that are only frequented by them. The former includes a very large Munich beer restaurant in Friedrichstadt, where for years there have always been a hundred homosexuals and more at certain hours. The urnings also tend to go to certain coffee houses, with a change every few years; Often these are pubs where the innkeeper or a waiter is Urnic himself, and usually certain departments of the inn are particularly preferred. The Urnic ladies often meet in pastry shops; there is one in the north of the city, which is visited daily between 4 and 6 p.m. by Urnian Israelites, who drink coffee, chat,

In summer there are always certain garden places where the urns gather in large numbers, while others, at least in groups, avoid them. In some of these concert gardens, both female and male prostitution are noticeable.

A few summers ago, in one of Berlin's finest concert halls, the activities of the homosexuals had become so bad that detectives were ordered to put an end to the reckless behavior, which cannot be reprimanded too severely.

It must be said to the credit of the Berlin police that *agents provocateurs* are extraordinarily rare among them. It would certainly be easy for officials to identify homosexuals by portraying themselves as homosexual; this is said to have happened in earlier times too; I know of only one case, and that was in the above-mentioned concert hall, in which an Urning thought the detective watching him was one of his own, believed that advances were being made to him, and was not a little shocked when he felt his tender touch arrested, taken to the police station and later convicted of "insulting".

In addition to these bars, there are quite a number in Berlin that are exclusively frequented by Urningen. It is very difficult to give an exact number. Medical Council *Näcke* must be right when he assumes that there are more than twenty Urning bars in Berlin. Again and again in my practice I occasionally hear mention of urnish restorations that were previously unknown to me. Each of these farms still has a special character; one has more older people, another more younger people, and another older and younger people. Almost all are well attended, mostly overcrowded on Saturdays and Sundays. Landlords, waiters, pianists, couplet singers are almost without exception homosexual themselves.

One has seen homosexuals from the provinces, who have been in such places for the first time, weeping in deep emotional shock.

In all these pubs things are quite decent; here and there they are checked by the criminal police or their secret agents, but there has almost never been any reason for police intervention.

Rudolf Presber recently drafted a vivid description of such an Urning pub in a feuilleton article entitled: "Cosmopolitan Types". He writes:

"We made the last stop of this interesting night trip in a finer restaurant. There are no well-worn, slippery steps leading down here, but clean, scrubbed stairs leading up. Better area and a better house. The furnishing of the rooms is comfortable, not without warmth. Pictures on the walls in golden frames. Instead of the count's orchestrion, which was hardly missing in any of the pubs we've seen before, a decent piano alongside a huge pack of sheet music. And in front of him a very tolerable gambler and next to him a gaunt youth with a sprouting beard, with womanish movements and a tormented, sweet smile, a wide-brimmed woman's hat with a flowing veil on his pomaded head. The youth sings — soprano.... The two rooms are well filled with guests. Not a bad crowd it seems. Nobody spits on the floorboards no one has a toothpick between their teeth, no one cleans their ears or scratches their legs, as we shuddered at it all evening. A few dignified old gentlemen, a few shaved sports types, a few artists with burnished and styled curls. The harmless may not notice much here at first. Perhaps it only surprises him that the second singer also sings soprano. Perhaps he's surprised that there isn't a female to be seen in any of the well-filled rooms... One drinks moderately at cleanly set tables. Not a rude word is spoken, and the songs that are sung have no dirty punch lines. The sentimental seems to appeal more to this devoutly listening gathering. And as one of the sopranos, swaying his hips

"No evildoers here, no criminals on the person, no criminals on the property. Unfortunate, disenfranchised, who carry the curse of a mysterious enigma of nature through their lonely lives. People who have won their respected positions in the struggle of the day. Those who work honestly, whose honesty nobody doubts, whose word and name have a good reputation; and who, under the pressure of a medieval, cruel legal paragraph, have to come together shyly and secretly, far from the normally lucky ones, to admit to those who feel like them their invincible instincts, which are always endangered by the law, by contempt, by the treachery of blackmail.

In a heart of sincere pity for these sick people, whom a last medieval irrationality equates with criminals, we step out onto the quiet street. The starry sky of July night stretches cloudlessly over the moonlit roofs. Rattling the huge bunch of keys, a night watchman sneaks along the darkened houses. In an archway, a pair of lovers fervently shake hands. The soprano sounds far and far away...."

So Presber. — Another Urning pub that we enter consists of four rather large rooms. It's hard to find space. In the second and fourth room there are pianos, in one of them "the angels" are performing the latest songs, in the other there is dancing, not man and woman, but man and man. They dance with obvious devotion; the female part snuggles up to the male partner; the bad music literally

materializes in them; when the pianist breaks off, it seems as if they awaken from melodic intoxication to raw reality.

The coffee parties that often take place in these establishments are particularly unique. The innkeeper, the couplet singer or some regular customer is celebrating their birthday and, in honor of this celebration, have invited their "girlfriends" over. At the appointed hour in the afternoon, the guests appear, mostly the craftsmen and workers. Everyone presents the birthday child with a bouquet, a handmade item, a sample of their own cooking skills, a few artificial or natural flowers. The greetings are very lively, delicate curtseys and bows, followed by demure kisses of friendship on the cheek. Then how they turn and grace, say flattery to each other, mark the pulling out of the hat pin, the gathering up of the skirt, the adjustment of the waist, the laying down of the train that is not there, then finally settle down with the words: "Have you heard that, my dear", all of this is of a comical quality that is difficult to describe. Individual "notables" such as the "baroness", the "director", the "*Separate room'sche*" are greeted with particular joy and respect, and those arriving late are greeted with humorous scolding. An hour later, when one is "loaded," everyone is seated at the table and while chattering and chattering, laughing, whooping and screeching arise in such a confusing confusion that a male guest can become afraid and afraid, mountains disappear with astonishing speed of cakes and streams of coffee. After the speaking and chewing tools have been used to a certain extent, the handicrafts that have been brought with them are brought out, one crochets, knits, embroiders and sews, but at the same time the artistic forces, which are seldom lacking in Urning societies, contribute to the entertainment with songs, declamations and lectures. But the mood reaches its climax, when the birthday child is gracefully led to the grand piano by one of the guests to loud applause and in a melodious contralto with just as much longing as improbability sings his favorite song: "Oh, if only I were a robber". No discord disturbs the harmless hustle and bustle of a few fleeting hours, until supper time again drives the lively crowd to the four winds.

Whoever listens to the conversations in these pubs for the first time will be astonished at the large number of female, often very strange names that reach their ears. He soon realizes that these are nicknames that the guests give to one another. The reasons for this widespread custom are various; First of all, most of the people who gather here, understandably, withhold their real names, so that the others, in the need to talk about them, resort to self-chosen designations, and one instinctively feels that the salutation "Mr many, **not all**, stands in such stark contrast to her feminine nature, and finally the choice of these nicknames offers a good opportunity to satisfy the urge for jokes and humor, which is also deeply rooted in Berlin. Incidentally, in many, especially more virile Urnings circles, the use of such female nicknames is frowned upon.

Many of these names are merely feminine transformations of the corresponding masculine given names; Paul becomes Paula, Fritz Frieda, Erich Erika, Georg Georgette, Theodor Dorchen or Thea, Otto Ottilie or Otéro. In a Berlin Urningslied, in which it is described how a mother, in great concern, rushes to the news that her son is "perverted" and rushes to him, who calms her by showing her the love letters addressed to him as a testament to his normality, which bear the signature "Luise", it says at the end:

"As we kissed goodbye at my door,
I thought quietly to myself:
It's good, dear mother, that you don't know
that my Luise's name is - Ludwig."

These female names are often connected with distinguishing additions; so there is a nose Juste, a Schmalzjuste, a Klemme Juste, clothes Juste, glove Juste and flower Juste, a Lange-Anna, Ballhausanna and Blau plushanna, a Hundelotte and a Squeaky-slot, a lace Caroline and an overturning Caroline (because his lively arm movements make him drink at least one glass every evening beer should "overthrow"), a Butterriecke, a Käseklara, a Lausepaula, a Harfenjule and a Totenkopfmarie.

Many Urningen receive old German nicknames such as Hildegard, Kunigunde, Thusnelda, Schwanhilde and Adelheid, or sonorous aristocratic names such as Wally von Trauten, Berta von Brunneck, Asta von Schönermark or even more sonorous; So in these pubs you will find the Marquise de la place d'Alexandre (lives on Alexanderplatz) alongside the Margravine, the Landgravine, the Burggravine and the Electress (because they live on Markgrafen-, Landgrafen-, Burggrafen- and Kurfürstenstrasse), who Duchess of Aschaffenburg, Duchess d'Angoulême, Grand Duchess Olga, Queen Natalie, Carmen Sylva, Queen of Coffee, Queen of Poland, Master of the Horse, Excellency, Empress Messalina and Empress Katharina.

Some take their names from their profession; a Urnic ballet dancer is called "Jettchen Hebeze", a dressmaker "Jenny Fischbein" and a comedian "Pokahuntas, the Indian nightingale".

I remark that all the nicknames given here were collected by two informants within a short period of time in a single Berlin urning bar. From nicknames that came from zoology, they found, among others: the "Swiss cow", the "guinea pig", "the plaster cat" (because he powders himself heavily), "the crutch duck", "the duck kick" (because when walking "waddles"), "the black hen", "the hooded crow", "the shrew", "the spectacled snake" and "the garden spider"; of botanical names: "the blue violet", "the apple rose", "the mignonette head", "paprika" (also called "Papp-Rieka"), "the raisin" and "the grape" (because it is stirred so easily).

It is very popular to add an "in" or "sche" to titles or salient features, often in a very original way; the director becomes "director", the privy councillor becomes "private councillor", a lawyer is called "die Anwaltsche", a distinguished Urning, who is said to often dine with his friends in the chambre séparée, is called "die Chambréseparésche", another who does a lot of that Sunbath visits, "the light-air bath", while a piano player is called "the piano", one who wears heavy make-up "the cinnabar" and an electrical engineer is simply called "the electric".

The "soldiers' aunts" form a group of their own, who are often given their nicknames after the units in which they are particularly interested; there is a "Uhlänenjuste", a "Dragonerbraut", a "Kürassieranna", a "Kanoniersche", even a "Schießschulsche" who takes his name from it because he likes to visit the inns in the vicinity of the shooting school.

I'll also mention other Berlin nicknames that are less easy to categorize: "Minehaha, the smiling water", "Rebekka, the mother of the company", "Anita with the poisonous tooth", "Cleo the ailing", "Traudchen Hundgeburt", "Saint Beryllis", "The comrade of my disgrace", "the free Swiss woman", the "good match", "the high woman", "the rollmop aunt", "Susanne in the tub", "the white wall" (powders himself heavily), "Rotundelein", "Locusblume", (names of two urns who are said to go to the public toilet more often than necessary), "the forest person", "Mother Wolffen", "Violetta", "Aurora", "Melitta", "Rosaura", "Kassandra", "Goulasch", "the ancestor", "the bride to the grave", "the evening star" and "the morning hour" because he has gold in his mouth, namely teeth provided with gold seals has.

The Uranierinnen also have analogous names in their circles, especially in their pubs, of which there are also a number. Only, in contrast to men, one usually finds simple first names with them, seldom epithets that refer to some special quality of their bearer; Monosyllabic names are preferred, such as Fritz, Heinz, Max, Franz, especially Hans; but one also finds those who are called Arthur, Edmund, Theo, Oskar, Roderich, Rudolf.

A remarkable number of Uranian women's names are taken from history and literature; I name women from Berlin: Napoleon, Nero, Caesar, Heliogabal, Caligula, Antinous, Gregor, Carlos, Posa, Mortimer, Götz, Tasso, Egmont, Armin, Teja, Blücher, Ofterdingen, Karl Moor, Franz Lerse, Jörn Uhl, Don Juan, Puck and Hiddigeigei.

Less nice nicknames for female Urninge are Bubi, Rollmops, Kümmelfritze and Schinkenemil.

The "soldiers' pubs" deserve special consideration among Berlin's Urnings pubs, which are usually located near the barracks and are most frequented in the hours between the end of the day and the curfew. At this time one usually sees around 50 soldiers in these inns, including non-commissioned officers, who have come to look for a homosexual to keep them free, and rarely does anyone return to the barracks without having found what they were looking for. These places are mostly short-lived. They are almost always forbidden to the military by regimental orders after a short time, after some stranger "whistle" usually out of jealousy or revenge. Soon one or two or even several similar bars will open up in the same area. Only recently was a typical soldier's pub called "the cat mother" blown up again in the south-west of the city; I don't know whether the strange name came from the old landlady, with something unmistakably feline in her slinky gait and round, mustachioed face, or from the tomcats and cats that jumped about between the tables and chairs, and whose portraits adorned the walls of the strange place .

If a normal sexual person entered such places, he would perhaps be surprised that so many finely dressed gentlemen with soldiers were sitting there, but otherwise he would hardly ever find anything objectionable. The friendships made between homosexuals and soldiers over bockwurst with salad and beer often last throughout their entire service period, and not infrequently beyond. Many a Urning receive "freshly slaughtered" as a token of friendly remembrance when the soldier has long been a married farmer tilling the land far from his beloved Berlin garrison in his home district. It even happens that these relationships are passed on

to subsequent brothers; I know of a case where a homosexual had intercourse with three brothers who were with the cuirassiers.

Usually, when the service is over, the soldier comes to his friend's apartment, who has already cooked his favorite meal himself, and huge quantities of it are hastily devoured. Then the young warrior takes a seat on the sofa, bursting with health, while the Urning, sitting modestly on a chair, mends the torn laundry he has brought with him or embroiders the Christmas slippers, with which he was actually supposed to be surprised, but to conceal them, the mastery of the happy lover exceeds by a considerable amount.

All the while all the little details of royal service are discussed; what the "old man" (captain) said at roll call, what tomorrow's duty is, when you have to be on guard duty and whether you might not see him marching past somewhere the next day. Finally he is escorted to the vicinity of the barracks, not without first having filled the canteen with red sprout and packed the butter sandwiches.

On the morning of the parade, however, the urning in Belle-Alliancestasse is at the agreed spot very early in order to get a seat in the first row. I hope his soldier is a wingman so that you can see him clearly. And afterwards we wait until he comes back, and in the evening he has vacation, then it goes to "Buschen" in the circus, after he has previously put the 50 pfennigs, which he received that day as extra pay, into the piggy bank stationed at his friend's has sunk.

An even bigger holiday, however, is the "Kaisersgeburtstagskompagnievergnügen". The homosexual goes there as a "cousin" with his friend. In touching bliss he dances with the girl his soldier danced with just before, he has no idea what she looks like for he was only looking at him and while he was holding the girl he was only thinking of him. The captain may also speak to him as the cousin of his private or non-commissioned officer. But it can also happen that the homosexual has to stay away from this holiday to his chagrin, if he has attended the same dinner somewhere with one of the officers present a few days before.

The reasons which prompt the soldier to have intercourse with homosexuals are obvious; one is the desire to make life in the big city a little more comfortable, to have better food, more drinks, cigars and amusements (dance floor, theater &c.); In addition, he—the farmer, craftsman, or worker who often needs a lot of education—hopes to gain intellectual gain in his dealings with the homosexual. The homosexual gives him good books, talks to him about the events of the time, takes him to the museum, and shows him what is happening sends and what not to do; the often droll, comical nature of Urning also adds to his amusement; when his friend sings him couplets in the evening or even dances something for him with the lampshade as a cap and an apron trimmed in a feminine way, he amuses himself in his naivety beyond measure. Other factors are the lack of money or girls who cost the soldier nothing, the fear of venereal diseases, which are very badly accredited in the military, and the good intention of remaining faithful to the bride who is staying at home, to whom one swore allegiance when parting and who in anxiously reminded of this oath in every "letter" he writes.

In the vicinity of the pubs described there is often also the "military line" where the soldiers, walking individually or in pairs, seek to approach homosexuals. I

want to point out an important phenomenon that a well-travelled homosexual drew my attention to, and the correctness of which has since been confirmed to me by reliable sources. "Soldier prostitution" is all the stronger in a country the more the laws prosecute homosexuality. Apparently this fact is connected with the fact that in countries withurning paragraphs one has least to fear extortion and other inconveniences from the soldiers.

With the exception of London, where numerous soldiers unmistakably peddle themselves in the busiest parks and streets from late afternoon until after midnight, our informant found in no other city in the world such a selection of soldiers of different arms every evening as in Berlin. There are about half a dozen spots where the soldiers pace up and down after dusk with specific purpose. Like the bars, the "lines" change fairly frequently, so a much-used path, the Planufer, has only recently been forbidden to the soldiers.

Prostitution for soldiers is particularly widespread in the Scandinavian capitals; In Stockholm, for several years now, their own military patrols have even been allowed to search for soldiers who "roam around" for the purpose mentioned, but this has not helped, as our informant, who has lived in the Swedish capital for a long time, assures.

In Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, a town of about 80,000 inhabitants, military prostitution is particularly prevalent. It is somewhat lower in St. Petersburg, where sailors in particular seek acquaintances with homosexuals on a square far from the center of the city.

Our informant compares Paris with these cities, where "in 18 months he was able to prove only the rudiments of a military line", as well as the relevant conditions in Amsterdam, Brussels, Rome, Milan, Naples and Florence (cities without Uurning paragraphs) and comes to the conclusion that "that in all European countries with severe penal regulations against homosexual intercourse the devotion of soldiers occurs in a manner which one would not think possible unless one has observed it with one's own eyes, while in countries without urning paragraphs one sees almost nothing of it apparition noted."

Incidentally, the common term "soldier prostitution" does not correspond to the other term of prostitution, since the soldiers are by no means "a professional or commercial devotion of the body". I wish here to counter the widespread view that intercourse between soldiers and homosexuals is usually based on acts which are in and of themselves punishable. If there are sexual acts, which is by no means always the case, these almost always consist in excitement from hugging, pressing together and touching the body parts, as is the rule in homosexual activity in general. The notion that homosexuals, especially those of a female nature, are pederasts in the usual sense of the word is a completely erroneous one. An episode recently happened in my practice that showed me how strongly this opinion still prevails in Berlin. Soon after there was a lot of talk about homosexuality in the newspapers as a result of the statistical survey I had undertaken about the number of ballots, a staid butcher from the East came to see me, a completely normal family man, who in all seriousness introduced himself with the following words: "I I've been itching so badly near my anus for a few weeks, so I wanted to ask you to check if I'm homosexual."

However, the rarity of actual acts of pederasty does not change the cruelty and injustice of the penal provision in question, since what is socially destructive is the preliminary investigation and the court - if penalized, also quite rightly - does not adhere so strictly to the specific type of activity. For the rest, I repeat that the purely sexual element in the life and love of homosexuals plays no greater role than in non-Urnic life; Because of its intimate and private character, I would not have drawn this question into the sphere of my considerations at all if it were not repeatedly brought to the fore as the main point by the advocates of a false morality. —

There is also a second class that has maintained many connections with the Urningen in Berlin for a long time; these are the athletes. The numerous athletes' clubs in the capital are mostly made up of unmarried workers between the ages of 18 and 25; mostly they are locksmiths, blacksmiths or other iron workers. With these people, strength, danger and daring are everything. In her eyes, "the fight between Russia and Japan is not a fight at all, because there is so much shooting and so little wrestling, stabbing and boxing".

We enter an athletes' club associated with homosexuals. They "work" in the adjoining room of a small inn. The small room is filled with the smell of oil, metal, and sweat, that peculiar exhalation that exudes from the bodies of ironworkers. Iron bars, dumbbells, weights of 100 pounds and more lie on the floor, next to a mattress on which people wrestle. Eight to ten powerful athletes are present, some in black tricot, some with bare torsos, chests and arms tattooed.

On the window side of the room is a long, narrow table, surrounded by benches, on which are seated a number of gentlemen whose elegant features and suits contrast strangely with those of the strong men. At the top of the table sits the President or Protector of the Athletes' Club, a dressmaker, to whom the word *Martials* applies "that with one small exception he has everything from his mother". No uninitiated would suspect him of being a member of the Athletes' Club, let alone its president.

There is a money box on the table, into which the guests put their mite to cover the expenses of buying weights and mattresses. They also correct their athletes' diets of soda, soda, and cigarettes before and during work, and beer and supper after weightlifting and wrestling.

The Urnic friends ensure that people practice diligently, the plastic beauty of the movements, the play of the muscles is eagerly followed by the expert patrons, every "gait" is criticized most vividly.

Some homosexuals connect with the athletes especially so that if they are harassed in any way or blackmailed as a result of the unfortunate § 175, they have strong, fearless men at their disposal on whose protection and "energetic" friendship they can certainly build.

Some of the innkeepers of Urnic pubs, but by no means only these, organize large urning balls, especially in the winter months, which are a specialty of Berlin in their type and extent. To eminent strangers, namely foreigners, who wish to see something very special in the youngest of the European world cities, it is shown by higher officials as one of the most interesting sights. They have also been

repeatedly described, recently by Oskar Méténier in "*Vertus et Vices allemands, les Berlinois chez eux*".² In the high season from October to Easter, these balls take place several times a week, often even several in one evening. Although the entrance fee is rarely less than 1.50 m., these events are usually well attended. There are almost always several secret police present who make sure that nothing improper happens; but as far as I know, there has never been a reason to intervene. The organizers have orders to only admit people who are known to be homosexual.

Some of the balls enjoy a special reputation, especially the one held shortly after the New Year, at which the new toilets, many of which have been manufactured in-house, are demonstrated. When I attended this ball last year with some medical colleagues, around 800 people were present. Around 10 p.m. the large halls are still almost deserted. The rooms only begin to fill up after 11 a.m. Many visitors are in formal or business suits, but many are also in costume. Some appear heavily masked in impenetrable dominoes, coming and going without anyone realizing who they have been; others lift the larva at midnight, some come in fancy clothes, a large part in women's clothes, some in simple, others in very expensive clothes. I saw a South American in a Parisian robe whose price over 2000 frcs. should be.

Quite a few appear so feminine in their appearance and their movements that even connoisseurs find it difficult to recognize the man. I remember that at one of these balls with a detective who was very experienced in this field I observed a maid who the officer was firmly convinced must be a real woman, and I too had little doubts about being in the conversation with but to perceive that she was "a man". Real women are only very sparsely present at these balls, only now and then does a Uranian bring his landlady, a girlfriend or - his wife. In general, the procedure at the urnings is not as strict as at the analogous urn balls, to which every "real man" is strictly forbidden entry. The most distasteful and repellent at the homosexual balls are the men who come "as women" despite having stately mustaches or even full beards. The most beautiful costumes are received with a thunderous flourish at a sign from the convener and are led through the hall by the convener himself. Visitation usually peaks between 12pm and 1am. The coffee break - the main source of income for the hall owner - takes place around 2 o'clock. In a few minutes, long tables are set up and set, at which several hundred people are seated; some humorous singing performances and dances by present "lady impersonators" spice up the conversation, then the happy hustle and bustle continues until the early morning. who come "as a woman" despite a stately mustache or even a full beard. The most beautiful costumes are received with a thunderous flourish at a sign from the convener and are led through the hall by the convener himself. Visitation usually peaks between 12pm and 1am. The coffee break - the main source of income for the hall owner - takes place around 2 o'clock. In a few minutes, long tables are set up and set, at which several hundred

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In one of the large halls, in which the Urningen hold their balls, there is also a similar ball evening for Uranierinnen almost every week, most of whom come in men's costumes. You can see the most homosexual women in one place every year at a costume party organized by a lady from Berlin. The festival is not open to the public, usually only open to those known to one of the committee ladies. One participant gave me the following descriptive description: "From 8 a.m. on a beautiful winter evening, carriage after carriage drove up in front of one of the first Berlin hotels, from which ladies and gentlemen in costumes from all countries and times got out. Here you see a brisk color student arriving with mighty showmanship, there a slender rococo gentleman gallantly helps his lady out of the carriage. The radiantly lit, wide spaces fill up more and more densely; now a fat Capuchin enters, in front of whom gypsies, pierrots, sailors, clowns, bakers, lansquenets, handsome officers, gentlemen and ladies in riding clothes, Boers, Japanese and dainty geishas bow respectfully. A glowing Carmen sets a jockey on fire, a fiery Italian befriends a snowman. The merry crowd dazzling in the brightest colors offers a highly unique and attractive picture. First, the festival participants strengthen themselves at tables decorated with flowers. The manager in a smart velvet jacket welcomes the guests in a short, pithy speech. Then the tables are cleared away. The "Danube Waves" sound, and accompanied by cheerful dance tunes, the couples swing in circles throughout the night. From the adjoining halls one hears bright laughter, the clinking of glasses and lively singing, but nowhere—wherever one looks—are the boundaries of a fancy costume party exceeded. Not a discordant tone spoils the general joy until the last participants leave the place in the dull twilight of the cold February morning, where they were allowed to dream for a few hours among sympathetic people as what they are inside. Miss R. concludes her report by saying that anyone who has ever had the privilege of taking part in such a festival will stand up for the unjustly slandered Uranian women for the rest of their life out of honest conviction, because they will have realized that there are good and bad people everywhere ,

The "gentlemen's evenings", theatrical events which are held from time to time from Urningen to Urningen, are no less frequented than the balls. Usually all performing artists are "intermediates"; it is particularly popular to parody famous works of literature homosexually, and it arouses no small amount of amusement when the angels appear as Marthe Schwertlein, the harp Jule as Salome or even Schwanhilde, as Maria Stuart, Queen Elizabeth and Nurse in one person.

In addition to the restaurants, there are also hotels, boarding houses and bathing establishments in Berlin, which are frequented almost exclusively by homosexuals; on the other hand, I have not yet been able to locate a Berlin community center for homosexuals that Pastor Philipps recently mentioned, as he did earlier.

Homosexuality in bathing establishments is by far not as widespread in Berlin as in other large cities, namely in St. Petersburg and Vienna. In the Austrian capital there is a spa which, on certain days and at certain hours, is likely to stand out because of the extraordinarily strong confluence of homosexuals. I know of four medium-sized bathing establishments in Berlin that only cater to homosexual customers. Some swimming pools are also meeting places for homosexuals at certain times of the day.

Often in these institutions, as well as in the restaurants and hotels, the owner or an employee is homosexual. The same were not originally founded with the intention of providing Urnic acquaintances or even promoting fornication (in the sense of § 180 R.-St.-G.-B.), but word has gradually got around that the owner or the head waiter or a masseur is "like that", whereupon many Urninge then move there because they feel more uninhibited there.

The owners are often certainly not aware that in doing so they run the risk of coming into conflict with the pandering section of the Penal Code. Recently, a suit for homosexual pandering caused quite a stir, which was brought against an old Uranian who, with a friend, ran a boarding house in the west of the city, which was mostly frequented by homosexual ladies and gentlemen. In spite of this, the defendants pointed out - in my opinion not without reason - that they did not ask and receive higher prices, as is customary in similar establishments, and that they did not consider themselves authorized to check what their guests, including a much-named Member of the Reichstag, who were in their rooms with their visitors, were both sentenced to one month in prison.

How much greater danger are exposed to the hotel keepers, where the male prostitutes and their masters come for a few hours, as well as the Urnic boarding houses, of which there are said to be quite a number in Berlin. These quarters are a direct consequence of the conditions created by Section 175. They are used particularly by Uranians in high society, and also by Uranian officers from foreign garrisons who, out of well-founded fear of falling into the hands of blackmailers, criminals or traitors, turn to these people of trust who are supposed to get them something "quite safe".

A shoemaker and his wife were arrested in Brussels this summer, where numerous albums with photographs were found, which were presented to inquirers for selection. Something similar also happens in Berlin. As I have been informed, there are intermediaries from whom gentlemen order persons verbally and in writing, even by telegraph, stating all sorts of fetishistic hobbies, a cuirassier with white trousers and high boots, men in women's clothes and women in men's clothes, a beer coachman, a stone bearer in overalls, even a chimney sweep. Almost everyone then finds what they have asked for at the appointed hour. Similar placement offices also exist for Urnic women.

Unknowingly, the Berlin daily press does extensive intermediary services for the people of Urningen. In some newspapers you can find several advertisements almost every day that serve homosexual purposes, such as "young woman is looking for a girlfriend", "young man is looking for a boyfriend". I am giving here a few examples of such advertisements, which were found in Berlin newspapers belonging to a wide range of party tendencies within a short space of time.

As I have been assured on several occasions, these advertisements are well understood by those for whom they are calculated.

Elderly gentleman , no lady friend, seeks acquaintance with like-minded people. Attribution inherited under **SO 2099** to the Exped. i.e. B1.

Older bachelor wishes like-minded "connection", Morgenpost Bülowstraße.

Mr , 23, looking for friend. Letters under "Socrates" to the main expedition at Kochstrasse requested.

bachelor, good. Ges., seeks friendly Traffic m. led. gentleman in elder Year. off **AB** 11 post office 76.

Young. born man, 29 years, seeks friend Intercourse with energetic, imperious, well-off gentleman. Letters inherited under TLW Expedit. i.e. leaf.

We have already repeatedly had to mention male prostitution and we must not ignore this certainly deplorable phenomenon if we want to give a reasonably complete description of the varied forms in which Umic life in Berlin confronts us.

Fraulein , decent, 24 years old, looking for a pretty lady as a girlfriend. Offers under No. 3654 to the Exped. asked for.

Lady , 36, wishes friendly intercourse. Post Office 16, "Plato".

Heart friend , nice, seeks spirited, fun-loving lady, 23. Psyche, post office 69.

search bild. Girlfriend, early 30s, preferably a blonde. off and HR 1622 Exp. sheet

Seamstress , 22, wishes "girlfriend", post office 33.

Like every big city, Berlin also has male prostitution in addition to female prostitution. Both are closely related in descent, nature, causes and consequences. Here, as there, two reasons always come together, of which sometimes one, sometimes the other is decisive: internal dispositions and external conditions. In those who fall prey to prostitution, certain peculiarities dormant from youth on, among which the urge to live well, combined with a penchant for comfort, stands out most clearly. If the external circumstances are favorable with these qualities, especially if the parents are wealthy, then the young people do not fall into prostitution; but if there is domestic misery, meager livelihood, unemployment and joblessness, lack of housing and possibly the greatest of all worries, hunger,

There are philanthropists who expect improvement from freedom of will and others who expect it from the compulsion of circumstances; Some people want education and religion, others want the state of the future. Both are too optimistic. Anyone who wants to help must start internally and externally to try to improve conditions so that no girl or boy has to sell themselves, and the people improve, paying special attention to the laws of inheritance, so that nobody feels the inclination to offer themselves for sale as goods.

You say it's not achievable, but I think only what is given up is lost.

The field of prostitution is the street; certain areas and places, the so-called "strokes". A homosexual once showed me a map of Berlin on which he had marked them with blue "lines"; the number of places so designated was not insignificant.

Since time immemorial, the zoo has played a special role in some of its parts. There is probably no other forest that is so interwoven with human destinies as this 1000-acre park.

Not its scenic beauties, not the artistic adornment, not the people's lives, loves and sufferings give it its meaning. From early in the morning, when the well-to-do are greasing their hearts on the bridle paths, until noon, when the emperor goes for a ride, from the early afternoon, when a thousand children are playing in the park, until late in the afternoon, when the bourgeoisie is indulging, everyone has a way to everyone Season and every hour its own character. Had Emile Zola lived in Berlin, I have no doubt that he would have explored this forest and, from what he saw, would have created a work as powerful as *Germinal's*.

But when evening falls and the sun goes down on other worlds, a breath mixes with the breath of twilight that rises up searching and longing from millions of earthly beings, a part of the world spirit, which some call the spirit of fornication, and **yet** it is in truth only a fragment of the great mighty driving force which, as high as nothing and as low as nothing, incessantly shapes, rules, forms and shapes.

Everywhere at the crossroads of the Tiergarten, couples meet, you see them hurrying towards each other, greet each other happily and snuggled up to each other in conversation as they walk towards the future, you stand on the benches that are still free and hug each other in silence and next to the high one, the inalienable goes along with the base, venal love.

On three roads far apart women keep themselves for sale, on two men. While in the city the female and male prostitution floods in confusion, here each has its own "line" of its own, one of the males is almost exclusively filled with cavalrymen every evening, whose sabers flash strangely in the darkness, while the other, a rather long one route, is mostly occupied by the daring lads who, in Berlin's vernacular, like to call themselves "keß und jemeene". Here is one of those old, semi-circular zoo benches where, in the hours before midnight, about thirty prostitutes and homeless people sit side by side, some fast asleep, others hooting and screeching. They call this bench the "Art Exhibition." Every now and then a man comes

It is not uncommon for the jubilation of the boys to be accompanied by a shrill cry, the cry for help of someone who was robbed or mistreated in the forest, or a short bang echoes in the music coming in isolated bursts from the distant tents - it tells of someone who denied his life.

And if you are looking for originals, which are wrongly said to be extinct in the big city, you will find plenty of them in the Tiergarten. Do you see the old woman there with the four dogs at the New Lake? For forty years she has been taking the same walk, with short summer breaks, at the same hour, never accompanied by anyone, from the time when her husband died of hemorrhage on the wedding day between the civil and church weddings; do you see that withered, hunched figure in the shaggy gray beard? This is a Russian baron who spies out a lonely bench in the evening, sits down there and yells "Rab, rab, rab", like a raven croaks; In response to this lure, some "cheeky smugglers" emerge from invisible paths, they are his friends, among whom he includes the "records",

The male prostitutes fall into two groups, those who are of the normal sex and those who are "genuine", ie homosexual themselves. Some of the latter are strongly feminine, and some also occasionally go out in women's clothing, although this is frowned upon in female prostitute circles. This is almost the only *casus belli* between the two, for experience has taught them that without this pretense of false facts they do not steal each other's customers. A fairly educated prostitute, whom I once asked for an explanation of the good understanding between the female and male prostitutes, answered me: "We know that every "client" wants to be happy in his own way."

Peculiar pairings often occur among Berlin prostitutes. Thus, normal male prostitutes, the so-called Puppenluden, often team up with normal female prostitutes for joint "work". It is very common for two female and not infrequently two male prostitutes to live together, and finally it also happens that homosexual female prostitutes pair up with homosexual male prostitutes as pimps, whom they consider less brutal than their heterosexual colleagues.

It is known that among the female prostitutes there is a large number of homosexuals, it is estimated at 20%. Many people are surprised at this apparent contradiction, since prostitutes for sale primarily serve the purpose of sexual gratification for men. It is often thought that there is a saturation here, but in fact this is not the case, for it can be shown that these girls were usually homosexual even before they entered prostitution, and it really only proves the fact of their homosexuality that they regard the sale of their bodies as merely a business, which they approach with cool calculation.

The relationship between the loving prostitutes is strange. The system of double standards has reached these circles. Because while the male, active part, the "father" feels free and also allows himself female intercourse outside of his shared bedchamber, he demands the most complete fidelity from the female passive partner with regard to homosexual interaction. When a breach of faith is discovered, his relationship is exposed to the most severe abuse; it even happens that the male part forbids the female to pursue her trade during the time of their covenant of love.

The female street prostitutes in Berlin often maintain relationships with Utric women from better social circles, indeed they are not afraid to make offers on the street to women who appear homosexual to them. It should be noted that the prices for women are consistently lower, indeed that in many cases any payment is refused. A young lady, who certainly makes a very homosexual impression, reported to me that prostitutes on the street had made offers of 20 marks and more to her.

Both female and male prostitution threaten not only public morality, not only public health through their bad example - for it is not uncommon for male prostitutes to transmit contagious diseases from scabies (scabies) to syphilis — but also, to a large extent, public safety.

Prostitution and crime go hand in hand; Theft and burglary, extortion and coercion, forgery and embezzlement, acts of violence of all kinds, in short, all sorts of crimes against person and property are the order of the day for the majority of male prostitutes, and it is particularly dangerous that these crimes are committed by the frightened ones. In most cases homosexuals are not reported.

If in Berlin out of a Uranian population of 50,000 souls — this number is certainly not exaggerated — an average of 20 per year fall “into the arm of justice”, then at least a hundred times that number, namely 2,000 per year, fall into the arms of the blackmailers, which ones, as the Berlin criminal police will no doubt be happy to confirm, have turned the exploitation of the homosexual nature into a widespread and quite lucrative special profession.

The close relationship between prostitutes and criminals is also evident from the fact that both use the same jargon—criminal language. When “the prostitutes” look for their victims, they call it “they go on the spasmodic tour”, they call the blackmail itself in its various degrees: “boil”, “burn”, “pick up”, “bounce”, “piss”, “brush off”, “pluck” and “clamp”; Incidentally, it should be noted here that there are also criminals in Berlin who specialize in plucking male prostitutes, threatening them with charges of pederasty or blackmail. They divide the "gay gang" according to their ability to pay into "Tölen", "Stubben" and "Kavaliere", the stolen money they call "Asche", "Wire", "Dittchen", "Kies", "Klamotten", "Mesum"., 'Meschinne', 'Monnaie', 'moss', 'pound', "Slabs", "Powder", "Zaster", "Zimmt", the gold money: "dumb monarchs", having money means "being in shape", having none means "being dead", something gets in their way, they say "Your tour was screwed up", running away means "piling up", dying "going kapores", they are caught by the "snatchers", ie the detectives or the blue ones - these are the policemen, they call it "going up", “fly up”, “everyone will”, “crack” or “get buried”. Then they first come to the “Polente”, the police office, then to the “Kittchen”, the detention center, and then, as they euphemistically put it, to move

to a "Berlin suburb", by which they mean Tegel, Plötzensee and Rummelsburg, the Seats of the penitentiaries and workhouse. Only very rarely do they leave this improved: Wealthy Urninge often go to great lengths to rescue prostitutes from the streets, but even this only succeeds in very isolated cases. Many "draw on memories" as they grow older by "drilling" small amounts of money into known homosexuals who pass through their location, in what they refer to as "interest-collecting" or "tirachen."

Usually this dangerous class of people has a good eye for who is homosexually inclined, but it is also very common for them to threaten and accuse perfectly normal sexed people. I will give an example of a case I received in the following letter some time ago:

"Last autumn I arrived in Berlin on the evening train on my way south and took up quarters for one night near the central station in order to travel on the next morning. I wanted to use the mild, friendly evening for a walk.

On leaving the passage I saw a number of young fellows standing together, one of whom, about 20 years old, was holding a handkerchief to his cheek, whimpering loudly. Involuntarily, therefore, I looked at him more closely than one usually does, and in my pity I turned to look at him once more as I turned into the central avenue of the Linden trees to walk toward the Brandenburg Gate, with the intention of hurrying me the then unknown Bismarck monument can still be visited briefly. After a little while I saw the same young man, now alone, the shawl still pressed to his cheek, walk ahead of me and then stop at an advertising pillar near the gate. I didn't think anything special about it and walked on. Then he came up to me and begged for alms, begging me in a muffled, whimpering voice, I shouldn't tell the police about him, recited a long novel: he had come from the east, in the Bromberg area, hadn't found any work, was now completely destitute and had pawned his belongings for 16 marks; as soon as he had enough together to be able to redeem them, he wanted to go back home. In the meantime we had come to the public toilet on the right in front of the gate; I gave him 50 pfennigs with the remark that he should earn enough work to be able to redeem his effects, I was a stranger here myself and only passing through; now he should go his own way. I then entered the asylum and heard someone enter behind me, but paid no further attention to it. When I now wanted to move away on the other side to take the path to the Bismarck monument, I saw my boy grinning and without a towel blocking my way with the words: "If you don't give me 16 marks now, I'll report you and then you'll go into the hole." At the same time, to my nameless astonishment, he said: "I'll show you look, you scoundrel, what you have done to me in your voluptuousness. Pay 16 marks or I'll yell that Berlin is running together." — I remark that I'm 58 years old, have been a grandfather for a long time and belong to a higher civil service class. If not my reputation, the continuation of my journey would be at stake if I became involved in an investigation, and one that was so disgusting at that. So I quickly stepped to the edge of the Charlottenburger Chaussee and waved an empty droshky over, until then I was constantly being followed by the lad's foul language. Before the cab stopped cried the chanteur—now in a completely different voice—: "Your old dog, just wait, you're supposed to growl." A few passers-by stopped,

but I couldn't spot a policeman. So I reached into my pocket, held out a ten-mark piece and threw it on the pavement, so that he had to walk quite a distance to pick it up. I took advantage of this moment, jumped into the cab and urged the driver to hurry by telling him the central station was the destination. When the coachman asked how things were connected, I told him that the man had obviously been drunk and had asked me for money, to which he replied good-naturedly: "Yes, yes, this is a Jaljen band here. You shouldn't have given the carrion to the nickels." Little did he know that it had been ten marks. I gave up the Bismarck monument and other sights in Berlin, went to bed, didn't sleep at all, and drove south early in the morning. Since then I've been to Berlin several times, but I've been careful not to look at young people with or without handkerchiefs out of pity. I have no doubt that this ostentatious pressing of the handkerchief to the cheek was a chanteur's trick to attract the attention of the passers-by and to choose from among them a suitable personality for his chantage, such a good-natured provincial type as I was . — Since then I've been to Berlin several times, but I've been careful not to look at young people with or without handkerchiefs out of pity. I have no doubt that this ostentatious pressing of the handkerchief to the cheek was a chanteur's trick to attract the attention of the passers-by and to choose from among them a suitable personality for his chantage, such a good-natured provincial type as I was . — Since then I've been to Berlin several times, but I've been careful not to look at young people with or without handkerchiefs out of pity. I have no doubt that this ostentatious pressing of the handkerchief to the cheek was a chanteur's trick to attract the attention of the passers-by and to choose from among them a suitable personality for his chantage, such a good-natured provincial type as I was . — such a good-natured provincial fellow as I was. — such a good-natured provincial fellow as I was. —

It is certainly high time — the reporter concludes — to put an end to this criminal activity by repealing Section 175."

I will single out a second typical case, which was reported in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of November 11, 1904:

th. Yesterday, the 10th Criminal Chamber of District Court I again had a case in which a depraved person used § 175 St. GB to **attempt blackmail** . The ill-reputed worker Karl R. repeatedly bombarded a gentleman who had nothing to do with him in life with letters in which, with reference to § 175, all sorts of unfounded allegations were made and as a refrain the attempt to to obtain money, clearly saw through. The addressee initially ignored these blackmail letters because he did not want to come into contact with such a dirty matter. But when these letters continued to cause concern in his family, he filed a complaint. The court sentenced the defendant to 3 years in prison.

Finally, out of many, a third case, which is also significant in more ways than one. A homosexual had followed a prostitute to his apartment; Arrived there, the latter said with icy calm: "I am Staudenemil (Stau~~de~~ means shirt), a well-known blackmailer, give your purse." Tattooed forearms became visible, then dragged the homosexual by the collar to the window of his fourth-floor apartment and threatened to throw him off if he didn't hand over all the valuables he was

carrying. When he was satisfied that he had nothing left, he asked him how much money he needed for the trip back,

How come these dangerous subjects are so rarely reported? The homosexual and also most normal sexes shy away from the scandal, they know that if they file a complaint, the accused will immediately file a counter-report on the basis of § 175, partly out of revenge, partly to justify himself, even if the well-informed Berlin criminal authorities have since the insightful conduct of the office of the deceased and deserving criminal director von Meerscheidt-Hüllessem, to whom the urnings of the capital owe a great debt of gratitude, to the statements of the blackmailers and thieves, as well as the prostitutes in general, give nothing, the public prosecutors and judges are often far less oriented. It happens often enough that the blackmailer punishes his victim, but also severely compromises, disadvantages, destroyed in his position. I am only reminding you of the case of Assmann and comrades who was sentenced in Berlin, the victim of which was the unfortunate Count H., grand-cousin of our Kaiser. Yes, I have seen cases where prosecutors filed charges on testimony from such individuals. One case in particular sticks in my mind.

An old, homosexual gentleman had reported a man whose picture was in the Berlin crime album for theft. The repeatedly convicted thief made a counter-report that he had been raped by his accuser in his sleep. Incredibly, the court believed this allegation, swore in these witnesses and sentenced the homosexual, who had two previous criminal convictions under Article 175, to one year in prison. I was summoned as an expert witness and will never forget how the old man — a giant of stature — slumped at the verdict, which was completely unexpected for him, then reared up and, with a horrible, piercing cry, gave his judges a word. "Justice killer" threw at them.

Of course, these are exceptional cases; homosexuals in Berlin, as a high-ranking civil servant once pointed out to me and as I can also see from my descriptions, "already have it quite well". But therein lies more proof of the untenability of a law which, as Urning recently put it, punishes "not the deed, but bad luck". I have already pointed out that if one considers the extremely discreet character of the acts in question and considers that the two perpetrators, without infringing on the rights of third parties, carry out the act among themselves, only very unusual ancillary circumstances in vanishingly rare exceptional cases can make it possible to become known.

And yet - if the criminal authorities - on the "Berliner Päderastenliste" set up by Meerscheidt-Hüllessem there are several thousand names - proceed against homosexuals in the same way as they proceed against real criminals, the existing criminal provisions would very quickly become completely unenforceable; the same would be the case if, according to the Cologne resolution of the evangelical morality associations, those who were "really born with disease" among the homosexuals were housed in sanatoriums. To avoid any misunderstanding, I would like to emphasize once again that the demands in favor of homosexuals are only what **adults freely agree to do among themselves**; It goes without saying that society must be protected from those who violate the rights of third parties, who attack minors, and that society must be protected from the Sternberge and Dippolden.

Some time ago, in a Berlin teacher's newspaper, ³ a teacher that, in view of the results of scientific research, one must, willy-nilly, deal with the question of how homosexuals should be classified "in a manner conducive to the purposes of society".

Hasn't this question been solved long ago?

Where in Berlin is there an art lover who does not enjoy the art of depicting an Urnian tragedian, where is there a music lover who does not enjoy the singing of an Urnian lieder singer!

Are you sure that the cook who prepares your food, the hairdresser who serves you, the dressmaker who makes your wife's clothes, and the florist who decorates your apartment don't feel urnic?

Delve into the masterpieces of world literature, survey the heroes of history, walk in the footsteps of great lonely thinkers, you will always, from time to time, come across homosexuals who are dear to you and who have been great in spite of — some even claim through — their peculiarity .

Do you know for certain whether among those closest to you whom you love most tenderly and respect most, whether there is not an Urning among your best friends, your sisters and brothers?

No father, no mother can say whether one of their children will belong to the Urnian family.

I could also cite many examples here, but I will limit myself to the reproduction of two letters, one from a father and the other from a mother.

Of the 750 directors and teachers of higher educational establishments who, along with 2,800 German doctors, signed the petition to the Reichstag in 1904, which called for the abolition of the Urning paragraph, a Berlin pedagogue wrote "that until recently, he was unaware of the issue in question matter, would have believed in the necessity of § 175; only after the death of a noble youth, who was enthusiastic about beauty, truth and goodness, and to whom the discovery of contrary sexual tendencies put the revolver in his hand — his son — did his eyes widen and open." "A deeply bent father," he concludes , "Thanks the Scientific-Humanitarian Committee ⁴ for his philanthropic work."

And a mother writes:

Dear Sir!

In view of your intention to want to help people who have become unhappy through the birth and further through § 175 of the St. GB, I would like to ask you the following questions, on the answer to which the weal and woe of two people depends: "Is hope available that the said paragraph will be read in the Reichstag in the course of this winter and do you believe in the possibility of this law being repealed? A relative very close to me ⁵ belongs to these unfortunates. He is a highly gifted young man who, through his upright, good character and his morally pure way of

life, has earned the respect of his fellow citizens, especially his colleagues and superiors, to a high degree. Through his significant knowledge, he soon secured a secure, lucrative position, until his fate approached him in the form of the most abominable blackmailers. Unfortunately, he was weak enough to follow the temptation once. After sacrificing thousands, and his health eroded by the constant fear and anxiety of discovery, he had to give up everything, home, parents, and livelihood to escape disgrace. After many attempts to get a similar position in Switzerland without a certificate of origin, but without success, he thought of emigrating to America. There he wanted to found a new profession through hard work and a solid life, which he had not known until then, and he has already passed exams in this field. But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice.” There he wanted to found a new profession through hard work and a solid life, which he had not known until then, and he has already passed exams in this field. But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice.” There he wanted to found a new profession through hard work and a solid life, which he had not known until then, and he has already passed exams in this field. But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice.” up to then start a profession that was far removed from him and has also already passed exams in this area. But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice.” up to then start a profession that was far removed from him and has also already passed exams in this area. But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father

without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice." But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice." But through many adversities he loses heart and places his greatest hope in the repeal of the paragraph in question. In the meantime, death has overtaken his father without the only son being able to rush to his deathbed, and the mother stands alone with her great heartache, with the eternal longing for her good, unfortunate child, and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice." and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice." and is often close to despair. The same would be bound to you, esteemed sir, with infinite gratitude if you could give her hope that this, her greatest wish, could be fulfilled, or if you could give her any advice."

This is a mother's letter. In these and similar events, who does not think of Goethe's words? "Sacrifices fall here, neither lamb nor bull, but human sacrifice unheard of".

We are at the end of our wanderings, and I thank the reader who has followed me on this long journey, which has led over so many dark abysses of human misery, albeit over some heights. Before we part, let me tell you about two events from the past and the present and add a question to them.

Once upon a time there was a prince-bishop, Philipp, who resided in the old town of Würzburg am Main. It was in the period 1623-1631. In these eight years, as the chronicles proudly tell us, the bishop had 900 witches burned. He did it in the name of Christianity, in the name of morality, in the name of the law, and died thinking he had done a good work.

But we, who know that there never were witches, still shudder when we think of these unjustly judged women and mothers.

In our good city of Berlin there live two clergymen, one of whom is called Philipps, the other Runze. They say they are preaching the teachings of the most venerable Master, who spoke the words to the people: "He who is free from guilt among you, let him cast the first stone at her."

Just as their predecessors saw the lame as marked, the mentally ill possessed and the plagues as punishment from heaven, so they see homosexuals as criminals and describe our fight for homosexuals as “ruthless shamelessness” (District Synod II Berlin of May 17, 1904).

They think they are doing just as good a job as Prince-Bishop Philip once was when they demand heavy prison sentences for homosexuals.

Now check what I told you about the Berlin Urningen — I guarantee that everything is true — consider it with your mind and your heart and decide where more truth, more love, more justice, whether with those men of the church, who certainly consider themselves very blameless, otherwise they would hardly throw so many stones at the homosexuals, or at the side of those who do not want the victims of human ignorance to multiply even more, who, according to the results of scientific research and the Self-awareness of many thousands of people wish that misjudgments and persecutions finally stop, which mankind will no doubt think back to with just as deep shame as the witch trials of Philip, the pugnacious bishop of Franconia.

FOOTNOTES

¹Näcke, P., Dr. A visit to the homosexuals in Berlin; with remarks about homosexuality. Archive for criminal anthropology and criminalistics. Volume XV 1904

²Published in Paris in 1904 by Albin Michet.

³Pedagogical Newspaper Volume 33 No. 33, Berlin, August 18, 1904, editorial: The upbringing and the third sex by Paul Sommer.

⁴This committee, founded in 1897 and based in Charlottenburg, Berlinerstrasse 104, has set itself the task of freeing homosexuals.

⁵note. As the lady reports in a second letter, this close relative is her son. The father, as the main instigator, received 2 years 9 months in prison from his blackmailers, and his twenty-year-old son, the fugitive's "friend", received 1 year 9 months in prison.

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