DIANA

A Strange Autobiography

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This is the autobiography of a woman who tried to be normal. Although she has found it necessary to write under a pseudonym and to hide the identities of the women whose life stories fused with hers, she has fearlessly told the truth about them and herself. The publishers wish it expressly understood that this is not a work of fiction. It is a true story, the first of its kind ever offered to the general reading public.

See Author's Foreword and Introduction

THE CITADEL PRESS
120 E. 25th St. • New York 10, N. Y.
Author's Foreword

I must write this book as if I were a person of importance. And, indeed, I can do that if I think of myself as a type rather than as an individual. As an individual I am without importance except to myself; as a type I am quite important, for I belong to the third sex.

The history of my emotional development had only these two marks of distinction: first, my lesbianism is, I believe, the result of long environment peculiarly fitted to foster whatever inclination to homosexuality I had as a child; second, my obstinate refusal to admit the truth of my own nature to myself.

The characters and events in this book are real. But the reader will understand that because of the abnormal nature of the theme, the author has made whatever changes were necessary to protect her characters' identities. If there are characters, names or circumstances that suggest identification with living persons, that fact is regrettably coincidental.

Diana Frederics
Introduction

The mythographer Appollodorus, in his description of the birth of the gods, refers to Thamyris, the first homosexual. Sappho, or lesbianism, was ancient in the days of Sappho of Lesbos. Yet such is our immunity to information, that when Havelock Ellis collected his various studies on Sexual Inversion (1897), he stated that before his first cases were published, not a single British case, unconnected with the asylum or the prison, had ever been recorded; worse still, he knew medical men of long experience in practice who had never, to their knowledge, come across a single case. In that year, Edward Carpenter issued a pamphlet on An Unknown People—found among all primitive tribes, and in every race on earth. They are still the unknowables, for though the existence of a third sex is now widely recognized, general knowledge on the etiology and prognosis of homosexuality is inaccurate and confused.

I welcome any book which adds to the understanding of the lesbians in our midst. Among these books I definitely place the present autobiography. It is delicate, yet enlightening; tense, but never lewd; passionate, without a word offensive to chastity. It is the confession of one who was destined by Nature to gather forbidden fruit in the gardens of deviation, and who saved her life from frustration by knowing herself. That charming women should be lesbians is not a crime, it is simply a pity. It is not a question of ethics, but of endocrines.

The authoress lights a little lamp on the hidden altar of les-
INTRODUCTION

bianism. There is no danger that the woman biologically craving the male, will seek that strange light. Only the sisterhood enters to remain, and those who are borne here on the hormonic tides of inversion, cannot by laws or maxims or ostracism, be kept from that dark temple.

Victor Robinson, M.D.