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# The Living Room Mysteries

Marie-Louise von Franz, Honorary Patron

Studies in Jungian Psychology  
by Jungian Analysts

Daryl Sharp, General Editor

# The Living Room Mysteries

## Patterns of Male Intimacy Book 2

Graham Jackson



*For Terry Dear and Gordon Irving  
in honor of a long friendship,  
and for Niculescu.*

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*Cover:* James Wilby (left) as Maurice and Hugh Grant as Clive, in the 1987 James Ivory film *Maurice*. (Photograph by Simon Brown.)

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## A Survey of the Land

*New Year's day, 1992.* I dreamt that I was lecturing to a hall full of people, mostly, but not exclusively, men, and mostly, but not exclusively, heterosexual men. I was lecturing on the importance of male-male relationship, I was stressing the need for men to cultivate such relationships. Accompanying my talk was a film of two men, apparently straight, undressing in a bedroom by a window into which the buttery daylight was pouring. (There was no blind or covering on the window.) As the two men lay down together on the bed, I said to my audience that it's necessary for men to be able to share a bed. At that point I noticed that both the men were aroused and quickly added, "And even to make love with one another." That's all there was to the dream except that the scene in the bedroom had been shot through the open back of a simple wooden chair. The chair was painted green.

The dream confirmed what had been a long-standing interest: describing the boundaries of male-male, and specifically homoerotic, relationship. While I was training in Zurich, this interest received a real boost from several clients, three of them gay, two bisexual, who were also seeking to understand the nature of their relationships with men. There was little in Jung's writings or in those of his close disciples to help us; most of what there was and it is very scanty was borrowed from Freud and had been long since discredited except by homophobic psychiatrists. What about an archetypal approach, they asked me, the kind of approach male-female relationships are granted? I pointed to Jung's theories of shadow and Self and felt that here was something we could use. But the real beginning of my attempts to formulate an archetypal approach to male-male relationship was the color green.

One of my clients, Hannes, an imaginative, intuitive and innovative director of experimental theater from Germany, was particularly preoccupied with trying to understand the for him unhappy breakup of a seven-year live-in relationship with a dancer called Nino, who was in his company. He dreamt that he and Nino were making love in a bedroom by an uncovered window and that when they got up to go into town, Nino informed him that he had taken a personality test and that he had come out as a frog. That meant he was green. We discussed green. Hannes associated many things to the color: growing, spring, nature, Mother Nature, mother, nurturing, caring, planting, rooting, grounding, the body, the senses, sensuality even. He told me how attracted he was by earthy, physical, sensual men who didn't talk much. Hannes talked a lot. I asked him if

the test Nino had taken was accurate. Without a doubt, he answered. I then asked him how he would have come out on the test. After a short pause, he said, "A bird. A yellow bird. Not a canary. A big yellow bird, ungainly on the ground, but beautiful" and his hands spun fantasies "in the air."

Subsequent to this conversation, dreams came rolling in contrasting the green man with the yellow man, as we came to call them, and not only from Hannes but also from the other men I was working with. It must have been a month after the dream that I opened a copy of Oscar Wilde's short fiction, just purchased, to a story called "Sphinx Without a Secret" and found to my amazement the green-yellow contrast being made between the two principal male characters. This set me off looking at the work of other gay, bisexual or ambivalent writers. My search led me into the fields of art, anthropology, religion, and everywhere I looked I found evidence of this pairing of green the earth man with yellow the sky man. When James Ivory's film of E.M. Forster's vastly underrated novel, *Maurice*, came out in late 1987, I felt an almost personal triumph. Here was the story of an upper-class man of dreams mating with a gamekeeper and making a life with him against all the odds.

As I researched my hypothesis, I discovered that green-yellow relationships actually took two basic forms. One of these is initiatory, the man-boy relationship. It is more common, at least it has been more often documented, than the other form, which I call comrades-in-arms, where the pair consists of age-mates. Comrades-in-arms, like Maurice with his gamekeeper Scudder, or Jonathan with his David, are allies engaged in a struggle for survival against sometimes a Terrible Mother or more often a grudging and venal patriarchal tradition that promises only destruction as a reward for services rendered. The warrior or soldier imagery is always present with this pair, even when they never see an actual battlefield. Together they pool resources, the yellow often deferring to the green, as the green, with his ties to the matriarchal world, is the more suitable opponent of the patriarchs. And, together, they produce a new order where matriarchal and patriarchal are more evenly balanced.

In the initiatory relationship, the older man, if he is yellow, imparts spiritual knowledge and wisdom, a glimpse of the mysteries that physical reality veils, an understanding of the lore and legend of his culture, as well as such indefinable qualities as a taste for excellence and a love of dreams and dreaming. In response, the green youth, who is often seen mistakenly as mere recipient, offers his mentor an experience of earth, spring, renewal, hope, promise, inspiration, eros, not to mention a taste for the evanescence of all life, which brings a humanizing sorrow. The Greco-Roman sun god, Apollo, and his beautiful Flower-Boy lover, Hyacinthus, are the prototypes of this arrangement.

When the older man is green and the younger yellow, a different kind of exchange occurs. The senior partner then imparts to his shining protégé a sense of

what it is to live life raw, in the moment; to savor its sensual details, from the buzz of cicadas in the heat of a summer's night and the texture of fresh-baked bread to the scent of a lover's unruly hair; to find God in the material and mundane world. And the golden boy reciprocates by erecting a temple around his mentor's words and/or deeds through art (chiefly poetry and music), philosophy or religion. I refer the reader to Kazantzakis's great novel *Zorba the Greek*, or to *The Wine of Longevity* by the Romanian novelist N.D. Cocea, for examples of the latter type of initiatory relationship.

The yellow-green pairing, whatever form it takes, represents a fundamental or "elemental" creativity, modeled on the cosmogonic creative union of Sky Father and Earth Mother. Wherever green and yellow are the dominant colors of male-male relationship, something is born, new life appears. This can happen between partners as in a creative collaboration. So it was with Hannes and Nino. The dancer and the director often pooled their talents to create striking dance-theater works. Nino provided the body, a sensitive, supple instrument on which Hannes could try out his visual ideas, and, at the same time, an immediate, visceral, sensual response that helped in the grounding and shaping of those ideas or visions. Their home life, too, reflected the same sort of collaboration where the green man provided a space for yellow to pursue his Muse, while the yellow man fed him in turn with new possibilities, the fruits of his research, for envisioning or conceptualizing the world. These possibilities, although less concrete than Nino's gifts to Hannes they included cooking, gardening and other nurturing activities nonetheless granted Nino a kind of philosophical, even spiritual, freedom he had never before known in relationship. Their exchange pattern proved that new life is also born within each partner, the other acting as a foil for creative release.

Of course, yellow and green men don't have to be artists or thinkers themselves for a creative collaboration to occur. They might be psychiatrist and masseur like John and Walt, or bibliographer and landscape gardener like Malcolm and Will. The creativity in these partnerships expresses itself in the building of relationships where earth and sky values are balanced and harmonized. In our age, with the planet teetering on the edge of an ecological abyss, such a balancing act has obviously more than personal significance. What's more, green-yellow partnerships represent an equalizing of matriarchal and patriarchal forces independently of the thorny questions of gender.

I have written about green and yellow at length in *The Secret Lore of Gardening*. I do not wish to review it all here, only to prepare for the next step in this exploration of male-male relationship. One thing that struck me forcefully when I was researching *Secret Lore* was how seldom green and yellow men appeared in relationship in American portrayals of homoeroticism, even gay literature. Compared with British literature in particular, where green and yellow relationships

are the rule, American literature, where it portrays green-yellow at all, treats the relationship as a peripheral, marginal phenomenon. I realized that there was another axis on which male-male relationship was lived out and I decided to call that axis red-blue.

Like green and yellow, red and blue are opposites; as opposites they attract. The metaphor I used for capturing the essence of the green-yellow relationship was gardening gardening as an operation that allows nature to be most fruitful. Red and blue have nothing to do with gardening and little with the union of Sky Father and Earth Mother. Red and blue men are not "natural," as I've styled green and yellow, but "cultural," concerned respectively with the art and the science of daily living. If I were to find a metaphor for them comparable to gardening for green and yellow, I would choose that of householding householding, as an operation that permits men a feeling of permanence and continuity, with blue providing the technical know-how, red the aesthetic point of view. However, the two axes also work together. Green and yellow plant the seed; blue and red consolidate, preserve, refine, polish what the joint efforts of green and yellow bring to life. The original impulse belongs to green and yellow, what is done with it to blue and red. We could perhaps say that green and yellow are to blue and red what the collective unconscious is to collective consciousness.

Where green-yellow relationships have often the numinosity of an encounter with Self, the higher power of the psyche, red-blue relationships demonstrate the fascination exerted by the shadow. I say this because there is so much enmity, fear, hostility and resistance surrounding the consummation of the red-blue relationship. This is the frequently observed enmity or suspicion of the man of the arts for the man of the sciences and vice versa, but beneath this is the yet more traditional enmity of masculinity and femininity. With blue and red, we see the archetypal father and mother become the cultural institutions of masculine and feminine, with their separate mottoes of power and love respectively; and then further reduced to questions of what Jung called the persona or social mask.

Blue represents our culture's definition of the masculine man, the man with a crest saying Power or Control sewn neatly to the breast pocket of his navy blazer; red, the man with the love charm next to his heart, represents the feminine, or, as many blue men would insist, the effeminate man. Before I elaborate on these types in chapter two, I will speculate briefly on the cultural movements that have helped to shape the red-blue dynamic in contemporary male-male relationships.

The heroic world of early antiquity, the world of Gilgamesh and Enkidu, of Achilles and Patroclus, and of David and Jonathan, too, spawned legends of loving relations between warriors, some of these initiatory in form, some most comrades-in-arms; this was a fierce, tumultuous, passionate world, where men fought for glorious ideals. A green and yellow world, in short.

The ancient heroes were born fighters. Fighting occupied most of their adult lives. The greatest men, with very few exceptions, were great warriors, darlings of the gods. The gods were their companions on the battlefield, inspiring them, urging them on. As a complement to this life of fighting, of killing other men, a great hero would take a companion who gave him the opportunity to express different feelings, feelings of love, tenderness, solicitude, for his fellow man. The two, the hero and his companion, were inseparable, more-than-brothers, soul-mates. Their relationship became of a piece with the hero's brilliant battlefield exploits; indeed, as with Achilles and Patroclus, it served as the motivating force behind the hero's most spectacular deeds. Sometimes, the companion was a great hero too this is certainly true of Patroclus but even so he was a different kind of hero from his golden-haired counterpart. He was usually more salt-of-the-earth, more "grounded," though no less brave for that; in fact, he was often braver. His death, for it was usually he who died, was invariably a terrible blow to his lover, indeed the worst, for the latter was now only half-alive. Driven on by inconsolable grief, the hero sought relief in even greater feats on the battlefield and in the creation of passionate elegies on the passing of his better half.

The homoeros of these green-yellow heroes was manly. Indeed, homoeros in the ancient world was generally regarded as manly, as long as a man took the dominant role; boys and slaves could be passive because they were not men. But sometimes even men, if they were great heroes, could be excused for taking a passive role in sex. Often the homoeros of green-yellow heroes like Achilles and Patroclus was held up as superior to the heroism of a "straight" woman-lover.

If we stay with *The Iliad* for a moment and look around the glory shed by the Achilles-Patroclus relationship, the poem's proud centerpiece, we find other types of heroes playing vivid parts. On the Greek side, we have Menelaus of Sparta, clamoring for the return of his wife, the fabulous *femme fatale* Helen, whose face it was said had launched the thousand Greek ships that sailed to Troy. And on the Trojan side, there is Paris, the most beautiful man in the world, responsible for abducting Helen, the most beautiful woman. Paris likes to spend time on his appearance, on his hair and clothing. Fighting is not really his line; he would rather play with Helen. Homer describes him as "woman-crazy and cajoling."<sup>1</sup> Menelaus, though hardly woman-crazy and cajoling, has no real flair for fighting either. He's a mild-mannered warrior at best; his one good role is that of the wronged husband.<sup>2</sup> Both he and Paris define themselves by a relationship to a woman, or to so-called feminine behavior such as personal vanity or weakness and timidity in the face of danger. In this respect, they show themselves precursors of the red heroes of a later age.

<sup>1</sup>*The Iliad*, p. 101.

<sup>2</sup> See the beginning of Book X of *The Iliad*.

Both Paris's brother Hector, heir apparent to the Trojan throne, and the Greek warrior Ajax, one of Hector's opponents, show themselves precursors of what I call the blue hero. Hector does this, I feel, through his close observance of concepts like civic pride, territorial rights and family ties. He models the good son and the good citizen who sees the feminine as something to be kept in its proper place and not given the upper hand. Ajax demonstrates his blueness via his militaristic stance. Grimal says of him, "If he was steadier than Achilles [yellow-Golden Boy], with whom he shared many characteristics, he completely lacked the sensitivity, love of music, kindness of Thetis's son. He was first and foremost a man of war, not without an element of roughness,"<sup>3</sup> even of brutishness. Ajax is an early example of the career soldier, a vocation where, even today, blue men seeking close fraternity often congregate.

However, Paris, Hector, Menelaus and Ajax participate in a world where blue and red men are still subordinate to green and yellow; they play supporting roles in green and yellow's epic tale of love and death. At the same time, they share the glory of green and yellow accomplishments and are ennobled by them. Their own heroism takes on green or yellow hues.

In all likelihood, *The Iliad* dates from the eighth century B.C. By the time Virgil wrote his epic, *The Aeneid*, in the late first century B.C., the tribal world of the green and yellow hero had been civilized and the hero himself was disappearing behind a flurry of bureaucratic activity made necessary by the spread of urbanization, the greater organization of city states and the refinement of civic institutions. Bureaucrats, statesmen, lawmakers, militarists joined the ranks as models of manhood. The adult male citizen was still synonymous with the soldier, but he no longer fought for glory or for comradeship; he fought to achieve the political ends of the bosses. All this was necessary, claimed the bosses, if the increasingly complex demographic patterns, products of imperialist ambition for the most part, were to be appropriately managed.

*The Aeneid* is based, in part, on another great fiction, the propaganda campaign of Octavian, Rome's first emperor (the Emperor Augustus, 27 B.C. to A.D. 14) against his brother-in-law and former collaborator, Mark Antony. Virgil, one of the preeminent writers of the greatest age of Latin literature, fashioned a political allegory in which Rome's greatness was traced back to the sorry defeat of Troy at Grecian hands. The hero, Aeneas, handpicked by Fate to lead a band of Trojans to the promised land where he would found a New Troy, was presented as a direct forefather of Octavian.

Octavian's origins were patrician, yet poor. Once in power, he showed himself a very capable statesman and administrator, holding together a vast and diverse empire from late adolescence to old age. His large ambition more than met

<sup>3</sup> Pierre Grimal, *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology*, p. 28.

the challenge, we can imagine; so, too, his seeming ability to play on the strengths and weaknesses of his associates. There's little doubt that this Octavian was a cunning man. As we see from his destruction of Antony, he could read the public's mood and manipulate it to suit his political aims. In these ways, he showed himself the predecessor of the modern politician whose career is often nothing but an extensive campaign of media manipulation. Also, like many modern politicians in the West, Octavian saw himself as the champion of moral values. In his case these included an overriding concern for the family as the true basis of Roman society.<sup>4</sup> Crimes of adultery, for instance, which under previous rulers had been but laxly policed, became under Octavian's vigilant government a matter of grave importance. Octavian's Rome resembles the Romania of the Ceauçescus in as much as rewards were given to prolific parents and the single life was fined.

Important as these details of his reign are in assembling an idea of who Octavian might have been, it is in his concerted attacks on Antony that he shows most clearly not what he was perhaps but how he wanted to be seen and remembered. We must not forget that these two men were allies first, leaders of the pro-Cesarian party in Rome following the assassination of Julius Caesar, and afterward joint rulers of the Empire. Octavian was ruler of the West and Antony of the East. Little can be gleaned of the real Antony from the history books as the portraits they provide bear the indelible stamp of Octavian's propaganda. All we can say for sure is that Antony seems to have been a charismatic individual. (Shakespeare certainly represents him as such in the famous "Friends, Romans, countrymen" speech of *Julius Caesar*.) He was considered a fine general, beloved by his men, and a good soldier, too. Octavian could not apparently match Antony's military suppleness. Antony stands accused of drunkenness and carousing, but many Roman generals, not to say emperors, were capable of the same or worse. Julius Caesar, for example, was noted for his promiscuity with both sexes when on campaign, noted and admired for it.

Plutarch's life of Mark Antony, though heavily influenced by Octavian's opinions and as a result unfairly judgmental, offers a view of Antony that is finally more moving than condemnatory. The scene in which Antony surrenders his red cloak to cover the corpse of his enemy Brutus, one of Julius Caesar's assassins, is a case in point.<sup>5</sup> While surveying his numerous dominions in the

<sup>4</sup> Ironically, his own family life was fraught with dissension. Rumors abound to the effect that the adolescent Octavian gave himself sexually to powerful men as a method of gaining political favor.

<sup>5</sup> Much is made of Antony's red cloak, especially by later artists such as Tiepolo, who painted his fascinating story. For Tiepolo, that cloak is an emblem of Antony's passionate nature. No one of Antony's own time, however, would have seen in that cloak anything but normal general's attire.

East, Antony meets the fabled Queen of the Nile, Cleopatra, and according to Plutarch and every other chronicler of Augustan Rome, falls hopelessly, tragically in love with her. It is Antony's love affair with Cleopatra (which we can also read as Antony's consolidation of his Eastern Empire) that provoked Octavian's virulent campaign of defamation. In that campaign, we see the emergence of the two types I am calling red and blue.

For Octavian and the Roman subjects whose minds he manipulated it was not just that Antony had forsaken his beloved homeland or abandoned Roman values of clean living and a solid family life, but that he had done so for a woman who was on top of that an Easterner, an Egyptian, a woman as un-Roman as they come. Paintings, operas, plays, ballets, films have been devoted to perpetuating Cleopatra's legend. It is not my intention to investigate that legend here, only to introduce her as Octavian's principal weapon against Antony. According to him, Cleopatra was a witch. She had cast a spell on Antony which he had found irresistible. Before the fateful sea battle of Actium, Octavian

gave it out that Antony had allowed himself to fall under the influence of drugs, that he was no longer responsible for his actions, and that the Romans were fighting the war against Mardian the eunuch, Potheinus, Iras, who was Cleopatra's hairdresser, and Charmian, her waiting woman, since it was they who were mainly responsible for the direction of affairs.<sup>6</sup>

Affairs could not be worse for a man, Octavian implies, than to be the slave of an unscrupulous woman and her coven of hairdressers, handmaids and pansies. And that Antony should agree to this lifestyle by proclaiming himself the New Dionysus, consort to Cleopatra as the New Isis,<sup>7</sup> was the ultimate abdication from (self-)control. Dionysus was, of course, the androgynous, even effeminate god of ecstatic abandon. In Euripides' tragedy, *The Bacchae*, Dionysus works the women of Thebes up into an orgiastic frenzy of devotion, while the young straight-arrow king, Pentheus, tries primly to keep order. Dionysus tricks Pentheus into spying on the women's rites *en travesti*. He is caught and torn apart by the wild-eyed devotees, among them his mother who fails to recognize him. Dionysus thus brings down the house of Thebes. The warning for Octavian and his subjects was clear: Antony, by embracing Cleopatra's religious (and also political) position, had turned himself into a subversive threat to the Roman state and had to be destroyed.

Cleopatra's race and creed provided easy targets for Octavian to strike and thus win an enthusiastic audience at home. But how could he attack her fabled glamour, her love of beauty, her mastery of the sensual detail? Romans were as

<sup>6</sup> Plutarch, *Makers of Rome*, p. 326.

<sup>7</sup> Associated in Rome with the feminine principle and a cult of moon magic and the dead.

sympathetic to these qualities as anyone. The speech of Enobarbus in act two, scene two, of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which Shakespeare based on Plutarch's account, reveals the helpless wonder of the Roman in the face of so much sheer loveliness:

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
 Burned on the water. The poop was beaten gold;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were lovesick with them. The oars were silver,  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
 The water which they beat to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
 It beggared all description. She did lie  
 In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,  
 O'erpicturing that Venus where we see  
 The fancy outwork nature. On each side her  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,  
 With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid did.<sup>8</sup>

Here assembled, the exotic, beautiful, sensual, artistic and abandoned could comprise a major counterthrust to Octavian's racist harangues. Harassed by her glittering reputation, he was, in fact, forced to go to even greater lengths in discrediting his foes. He ended by creating a self-image that rested on an opposition first to all he deemed feminine, including unmanly men (like Antony), and second to all he deemed foreign (to the Roman way). However, examined closely, feminine and foreign would appear to be almost identical; in Octavian's lexicon, they both signified "out of control" and therefore "needing control." The Greeks had taken a similar view of the Trojans, and the Macedonians of the Persians. In Mary Renault's novel *The Persian Boy*, the eponymous narrator, lover of the conquering Alexander the Great, is sneeringly described by the brave soldiers of Macedon as "lily-boy" and "No-Balls."<sup>9</sup>

Indolent, idle, good-for-nothing cultures which can't help themselves in describing Egypt and its supporters thus, Octavian implicitly defined his own (i.e. the Roman) position as masculine, as "in control" and "controlling." His position was not new, of course. John J. Winkler, in "Laying Down the Law: The Oversight of Men's Sexual Behavior in Classical Athens," tells us that the Greeks of the fourth century B.C. "whether choosing a general to save the city

<sup>8</sup>*Antony and Cleopatra*, lines 196-210, p. 90. Compare Horace, *Ode* 1.37, the famous "Cleopatra" ode, a contemporary example of Roman admiration for the great queen.

<sup>9</sup>*The Persian Boy*, p. 129.

. . . or a bailiff to manage the farm," wanted "a man who is the honorable master of his pleasures, not . . . the shameful slave of them."<sup>10</sup> According to them, the danger of uncontrolled passions lay within each man: it was an honor to be able to control them. In Octavian's Rome, it was others, namely the feminine/foreigners, who were ultimately responsible whenever a man like Antony got himself ensnared in the vice of pleasure.

"Pursuit of pleasure belongs on the party circuit, not in the centers of power."<sup>11</sup> This statement could have issued from Octavian's office; it was certainly one of his articles of faith, one he bequeathed to succeeding generations. Octavian, master of his pleasures, is the paradigm of the blue man, and Antony at least the Antony painted by Octavian, an Antony who gives up his better self in the unmanning net of feminine bewitchment is the quintessential red.

Virgil's *Aeneid* borrowed Homer's heroic landscape to justify the existence of the Imperial Rome of Octavian. Between the lines, we read of the downfall of the red man, Mark Antony, and of the well-earned ascendancy of that paragon of blue maleness (was there any other kind?), Octavian himself. But we don't need to delve deeply to get at the pro-blue and anti-red propaganda of the work.

Aeneas, the valiant survivor of Troy's destruction, begins his quest as a red man. For centuries Troy had been the home of Cybele's and other earth cults. Such a birthplace might suggest a green people; to the Romans, however, it signified effeminacy, that is to say, redness.<sup>12</sup> In fact in Book IX, as the Trojan forces battle it out against the Latin armies, an enemy general taunts them:

You people dress in yellow and glowing red,  
 You live for sloth, and you go in for dancing,  
 Sleeves to your tunics, ribbons to your caps.  
 Phrygian women, in truth, not Phrygian men!  
 Climb Mount Dindyma where the double pipes  
 Make song for the effete, where the small drums  
 And the Idaean Mother's [Cybele's] Berecynthian  
 Boxwood flute are always wheedling you!  
 Leave war to fighting men, give up the sword!<sup>13</sup>

According to General Numanus, if any color combines with the Trojans' national red, it is yellow, not green. In response, of course, the Trojans prove

<sup>10</sup> In David M. Halperin, John J. Winkler, Froma I. Zeitlin, eds., *Before Sexuality: The Construction of Erotic Experience in the Ancient Greek World*, pp. 181-182.

<sup>11</sup> Camille Paglia, *Sexual Personae*, p. 133.

<sup>12</sup> Green men are not often accused of effeminacy except when they are extreme examples of the Flower Boy type.

<sup>13</sup> *The Aeneid*, p. 282.

themselves anything but effete or red.

Aeneas as son of the love goddess, Venus, must work very hard throughout *The Aeneid* to shake off the curse of his red heritage. Early on in his voyage, when his fleet is blown by stormy winds onto the coast of Libya, he is tempted to stay and dally with the beautiful Carthaginian queen, Dido. Dido is Virgil's Cleopatra, and her court as well as her own person prove tempting to one of Aeneas's sensitivity and taste:

Now the queen's household made her great hall glow  
As they prepared a banquet in the kitchens.  
Embroidered table cloths, proud crimson-dyed,  
Were spread, and set with massive silver plate,  
Or gold, engraved with brave deeds of her fathers . . .14

Basking in the splendor of the Carthaginian court, Aeneas lives out his full redness:

. . . At long last  
The queen appeared with courtiers in a crowd,  
A short Sidonian cloak edged in embroidery  
Caught about her, at her back a quiver  
Sheathed in gold, her hair tied up in gold,  
And a brooch of gold pinning her scarlet dress.  
Phrygians came in her company as well,  
And Iulus, joyous at the scene. Resplendent  
Above the rest, Aeneas walks to meet her,  
To join his retinue with hers . . .15

Then Mercury arrives with a message from the father of the gods, Jupiter, prompting Aeneas to get on with his business:

What have you in mind? What hope, wasting your days  
In Libya? If future history's glories  
Do not affect you, if you will not strive  
For your own honor, think of Ascanius [son],  
Think of the expectations of your heir,  
Iulus [same], to whom the Italian realm, the land  
Of Rome, are due.16

Aeneas bolts, unable to endure a confrontation with his lovesick queen. When he later encounters her in the Underworld at the Fields of Mourning, he tenders an explanation and an apology:

14 Ibid., Book I, p. 26.

15 Ibid., Book IV, p. 100

16 Ibid., p. 105

I swear by heaven's stars, by the high gods,  
 By any certainty below the earth,  
 I left your land against my will, my queen.  
 The gods' commands drove me to do their will,  
 As now they drive me through this world of shades,  
 These mouldy waste lands and these depths of nights.<sup>17</sup>

We hear his redness plainly in his desire to appease Dido's shade and in the deep passion of his oath. The sight of fellow Trojans who met their deaths in the war against Greece recalls him from his teary-eyed reverie and then, once again, he hears a paternal voice, this time that of his own father, reminding him of his duties:

Roman, remember by your strength to rule  
 Earth's peoples for your arts are to be these:  
 To pacify, to impose the rule of law,  
 To spare the conquered, battle down the proud.<sup>18</sup>

From this point on in the poem, Aeneas's mother, Venus, all but disappears from view; Aeneas becomes less her son and more Jupiter's. The realm of the feminine then passes to his enemy, Turnus, Prince of the Rutulians,<sup>19</sup> as Aeneas gains a deeper understanding of his role a preeminently blue one as founder of the New Troy. Concurrently, his son, Ascanius, proves himself in battle, downing the taunting Numanus with one arrow and, as a reward, Apollo informs him, "Troy no longer bounds you."<sup>20</sup> Ascanius is thereby freed forever from the taint of redness (Cybele, music, dance, inappropriate adoration of the feminine) associated with Troy. He is now prepared to rule New Troy, which he will do, for thirty-three years.

In Virgil's epic landscape, values such as love, passion, pleasure, beauty, conjugal delights and good feeling are red; throughout the poem, they conflict dramatically with the blue, with what the Trojan general Mnestheus enumerates when he shouts at his distraught troops:

... You poltroons,  
 Have you no shame, no pity for your own  
 Unhappy country, for the gods of old,  
 For great Aeneas?<sup>21</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Ibid., Book VI, pp. 175-176.

<sup>18</sup> Ibid., p. 190.

<sup>19</sup> Among the women surrounding Turnus are the Mother Goddess Juno; the Fury Allecto; the Queen of the Latins, Amata; his sister, the nymph Juturna; and last but not least, his promised bride, Lavinia.

<sup>20</sup> *The Aeneid*, Book IX, p. 283.

<sup>21</sup> Ibid., p. 288.

In other words, duties to country, to religious tradition and to the commander/king. Aeneas is never allowed to stay where his heart finds contentment, in the arms of the woman he loves. He is forced by Jupiter to leave his wife, Creusa, behind in flaming Troy and then, later, to desert Dido. Only a political marriage with the silent, faceless Latin princess, Lavinia, is granted him. In the Rome of Virgil and of Octavian, not only is personal life secondary to public and love secondary to politics, but they are also not even permitted to coexist, as they do so movingly in *The Odyssey* where Odysseus's wife, Penelope, represents for her husband all that is dear to him: personal happiness, love, family, as well as political power. In fact, they are condemned to be dire enemies.<sup>22</sup> And Aeneas dies after all this with only three years of rule to his name. We might read it ironically as a warning to red men who forsake their true course.

The moral and political triumphs of the blue over the red in both *The Aeneid* and Octavian's career strike a familiar note to the modern ear: sexual politics have not changed vastly since Virgil's time. Blue still clings albeit with increasing difficulty to its position as master, keeping the red in a subordinate position, "under control." The power that blue continues to exert on consciousness, however, creates a compensatory fascination with the red experience, particularly the experience of passionate abandon which Antony enjoyed with Cleopatra and Aeneas with Dido. Beside it, the many achievements of the blue man, Octavian Caesar and the Aeneas of Latium, achievements of strategic control principally, fade to ordinary if not dull. There have, however, been moments in our Western history when red values dare I say, "duties"? have been exalted.

"No one could name anything prompted by Love which would lend itself to

<sup>22</sup> An outstanding exception to the entrenched blueness of late Republican Rome was offered by a school of elegiac poetry specializing in a type of poem known as "the locked-out lover's serenade." In such poems, a young lover demands admittance to his mistress's house. The mistress is older than he as well as domineering, worldly, often abusive, unfaithful and even married. Nevertheless, she demands unstinting loyalty from her admirer and he gives it to her. He spends the night on her doorstep, often drunk, imagining her inside, making love to another (maybe her husband!), and generally bewailing his misfortune and physical hardships (the doorstep is, after all, stony cold). When dawn comes, he departs, leaving behind tokens of his hopeless vigil, burnt-out brands, garlands, etc. Not only does his mistress remain unmoved by his show of devotion, but she also eventually forsakes him. Of course, he responds as though his life were ruined.

Predictably, given his moral agenda for Rome, Octavian denounced this poetry as lascivious, immoral, and harmful to the values of family life, which he held as supreme. Not incidentally this was poetry that also accorded great powers to women. It is red poetry par excellence. One of the great practitioners of the locked-out lover's serenade, Ovid, Octavian banished to what is now Eastern Romania for undermining Roman morality.

reproach. On the contrary, whatever one may do for one's mistress is itself an act of love and courtliness."<sup>23</sup> The speaker is Lancelot du Lac, one of the Knights of the Round Table, and he is defending his decision to accept a ride from a dwarf driving a horse-drawn cart. Such carts in the days of Lancelot du Lac were put to the same use as pillories,

for all those guilty of treason and murder, for those defeated in judicial combat, and for thieves who had stolen the property of others or engaged in violent highway robbery. Anyone caught committing a crime was put in the cart and led through all the streets, thereafter losing all his legal rights and never again being heard or honored or welcomed in any court.<sup>24</sup>

Riding in such a cart, Lancelot claims, can be justified if the motive be Love. For Love, Lancelot is prepared to undertake any trial, however humbling it may be, however much it flouts collective measures of right and wrong. At one point, he even agrees to lose a tournament at his lady's request! All for Love is his motto. Indeed, it is the motto of the whole courtly love tradition which flourished in the High Middle Ages and produced romances like Chrétien de Troyes' *Lancelot, The Knight of the Cart*.

Composed in the 1170s for Marie de Champagne, Chrétien's gracious patroness, *Lancelot* presents a typical portrait of an ethos in which the feminine, whether as Lady or Grail or both, is placed on a pedestal and worshipped as the embodiment of the highest values; she is served with the knight's whole heart and soul. She may be aloof and hard-to-get and then passionate, quixotic then steady-as-a-flame, material then mystical, but it is She, the Feminine, who evokes from her champion an awareness of his deepest feelings.

Within the red ethos of courtly love, distinctions are made among the chevaliers. Gawain, for instance, refuses the same offer to ride in the dwarf's cart of shame as "sheer madness,"<sup>25</sup> and he later chastises Lancelot for nearly throwing himself from a tower window at the sight of his lady passing below:

Calm yourself, sir, I beg you! For God's sake, don't ever think again of doing such a crazy thing! It's very wrong of you to find your life repugnant.<sup>26</sup>

De Troyes' Gawain as well as the stern, vengeful Gawain of the stanzaic *Le Morte Arthur* (c. 1350), where he appears as Lancelot's enemy, seems to be a bluer knight than Lancelot. His blueness stems from the same qualities that made the blue man of antiquity blue: restraint, reliance on reason, service to king

<sup>23</sup> Chrétien de Troyes, *Lancelot (The Knight of the Cart)*, quoted in *Arthurian Romances*, p. 243.

<sup>24</sup> Ibid., p. 189.

<sup>25</sup> Ibid., p. 190.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid., p. 192.

and country. Galahad and Perceval we looked at in *The Secret Lore of Gardening* as yellow and green respectively, but here I would amend that to read yellower and greener. They are all of them finally red men, serving the feminine before everything. Lancelot is simply the reddest.

He is so by virtue of the fact that the love he cherishes for his lady reaches a pitch bordering on madness; he is utterly at its mercy. His very name suggests a feeling nature: du Lac, of the Lake, of the water of deep emotion. In this point surely, Lancelot is a model for the romantic Knight of Cups in the Tarot deck. What's more, in both de Troyes' *Lancelot* and *Le Morte Arthur*, he dons scarlet armor and is thereby dubbed "the red knight." That the lady he loves also happens to be his queen, Guenevere, wife of his lord, Arthur, only intensifies the red hues of Lancelot's passion. That something wild,<sup>27</sup> illicit, even subversive (from the blue man's point of view at least) signifies the very essence of redness. Lancelot and Guenevere's adulterous passion brings down Camelot and the ideals (perhaps too yellow) of the Round Table. They thus join the ranks of Dido and Aeneas and Antony and Cleopatra as emblems of both the folly and the grandeur of the red.

The Romantic era picked up the threads of Arthurian red and wove them into a broader, darker tapestry, in which the feminine was once more adored, idolized. The Romantic poet, choreographer and painter searched for the elusive feminine wherever they could find it: in sylph-haunted forests, in exotic climes, in enchanted palaces and starlit grottoes; they sometimes even found it in themselves. Mostly, however, it was defined by and played out in the small-r romantic union of man and woman, a union fraught with conflict between love and duty, power and passion. I do not mean to suggest that there had been nothing of these themes between the Arthurian cycles and Shelley, only that with the Romantics the feminine, as a discrete value complementary and by no means inferior to the masculine, was reinstated as the prime object of artistic attention.

One of the most prolific novelists of the late Romantic age, Marie Louise de la Ramée, who wrote under the name Ouida, produced in *Strathmore, or Wrought by His Own Hand* (1865) an apotheosis of these themes aimed at a popular readership. The hero of her novel, Lord Cecil Strathmore, is a blue man, priding himself like a peacock on his blueness. Abiding by the ancient motto of his family, "Slay, and spare not!," he laughs to scorn his friends' weakness around women:

It is only fools who go in fetters. I cannot comprehend that madness about a woman to lie at her feet and come at her call, and take her caresses one

27 "Oh no, not in springtime, summer, winter or fall, / No, never could I leave you at all," sings the reckless Lancelot of Lerner and Loewe's 1960 musical, *Camelot*.

minute and neglect her the next, as if you were her spaniel, with nothing better to do than live in her bondage! It is miserably contemptible! What is weakness if *that* isn't one, eh?<sup>28</sup>

All of Strathmore's male friends are, interestingly enough, red men. One of them, Bertie Erroll, holds a special place in his heart:

The frank, clear, azure eyes that grew so soft in love, so trustful in friendship, the long fair hair sweeping off a forehead white as the most delicate blonde's, the handsome features with their sunny candour and their gay sensuous smile, made his face almost as attractive to men as to women. As for the latter, indeed, they strewn his path with the conqueror's myrtle-leaves. His loves were as innumerable as the stars, and by no means so eternal.<sup>29</sup>

He is in short everything the severe Strathmore is not and yet, "the friendship between them was the friendship closer than brotherhood of dead Greece and old Judea."<sup>30</sup>

Enter Marion, Lady Vavasour and Vaux.<sup>31</sup> It is Erroll the woman-lover who first mentions her name. Strathmore meets her by accident aboard a boat on the Moldau. He firmly, almost condescendingly, resists the beauty of her amber hair, her flashing eyes and her glorious complexion. His only passion, he maintains, is his work as an international diplomat. Lady Marion, not used to being passed over for the office, determines to bring Strathmore to his knees for love of her. With great persistence she plays with him and finally accomplishes her goal. He crashes and his mode of loving proves as recklessly passionate, as scarlet red, as his former restraint was icy cold, steely blue:

It was a passion born entirely from the senses, if you will, without any nobler element, any better spring; but for that very reason it was headlong as flame, and no more to be arrested than the lightning that seethes through men's veins, and scorches all before it.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>28</sup>*Strathmore*, pp. 9-10.

<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 6.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 17.

<sup>31</sup> "V" must have been Ouida's favorite letter for naming people and places. Its presence is so pronounced in the novel as to be almost fetishistic. Lady Marion is a double-V. So is the courtesan, Viola Vé whose level she falls to. Most of the book's red men, including her closest admirers, sport a name with a prominent V: Monsignor Villafôr, Prince de Völms, Valdor, d'Orval. Bertie Erroll is an exception, but he marries a woman whose maiden name is Vocqsal (Vauxhall?). And the chateau of the Comtesse de Ruelle where the intimacy of Lady Marion and Strathmore begins to heat up goes by the name of Vernonceaux. I can only conclude that the V represents the feminine principle in Ouida's landscape, a principle that all but overwhelms the masculine.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 158.

As lovers, they emulate the great lovers of the past:

*"Tu l'as écrite?"* she said, softly, looking up into his eyes. The whisper was brief, but as subtle and full of power as any words that ever murmured from Cleopatra's lips, wooing him of Rome to leave his shield for foes to mock at, and his sword to rust and his honor to drift away, a jeered and worthless thing, while he lay lapped in a woman's love, with no heaven save in a woman's eyes.<sup>33</sup>

Red-feminine undoes blue-masculine and then, sensing a rival to her power in the red-masculine, reveals her true baseness and sets about destroying blue's regard for him. This ends in a duel in which Strathmore kills Erroll only to discover too late that they have been set up. Strathmore forsakes Lady Marion, vowing revenge. Eventually he finds a way to bring her down (it turns out she isn't really married to the Marquis Vavasour and Vaux, which makes her a social fraud). She, in turn, vows revenge.

Twenty years pass. Strathmore is once again the great blue man:

A profound master of statecraft, an astute reader of men, a skilled orator as well by the closeness of his logic as by mere rhetorical grace, comprehending to the uttermost the truth of the trite byword, *ars est celare artem*.<sup>34</sup>

In the interval, Strathmore has also fulfilled a pledge to raise Erroll's daughter as his ward and never to let her know that he himself is the slayer of her father. A friend appears, a French nobleman, who guesses his secret. Strathmore informs on him to the French authorities for allegedly subversive activities. The nobleman, Valdor, is taken to prison. But, he escapes. At the same time Lady Vavasour and Vaux, long since in disgrace, tracks Strathmore down. Both threaten him with exposure to his ward, now his wife, on the same tumultuous night; and both show the grandeur of their red natures by allowing love and good feeling to change their minds. They depart in peace. More than anything else, this behavior brings the power-wielding blue man to a new and humbling perspective which places the red on an equal, if not somewhat more elevated, footing with itself. These midnight encounters, unfolding in the shadows of a ruined abbey called White Ladies, represent an epiphany for Strathmore.

What Ouida's novel does for us first of all is define red-blue relationships using the vivid operatic style of leitmotifs; with these she captures their essence. Red is always represented by women or by men who cannot live without them, who perform Lancelot-like stunts for their sake. It also shows up in qualities like roundness, softness, languor, opulence, sweetness of scent, fairness of complexion (with one exception, a dark and vengeful Czech fortune-teller named Redempta!);

<sup>33</sup> Ibid., p. 168.

<sup>34</sup> Ibid., p. 318.

and emblems such as roses (scarlet, especially), camellias or other exotic blooms. Representing blue are Strathmore's public persona, the State, political life; qualities such as severity, hardness, sparseness, asceticism, darkness of complexion; and emblems like steel, iron, stone. The blue side admits of little variation; the red side much. It includes not only men and women, but also good and bad women. Virgins and whores.<sup>35</sup>

Lady Marion is obviously the novel's bad girl-whore. At the end, she is allowed to see the light and joins the order of St. Vincent de Paul, in which habit she attends the sick in the pestilential bayous of North America. The "good girl" or Virgin, Strathmore's ward-wife, exists to hold a mirror up to her master's "better" side; as a representative of the red position, she is definitely on the bluish side. And it's not she but the whore who brings the hero to a deeper understanding of himself.

The second reason for looking at *Strathmore* is that it introduces the idea of a friendship, even an attraction, between red and blue men. This should take us back to our main theme, but before we go, one other issue contributing to the cultural context of red and blue remains to be examined: the religious conflict of Catholic versus Protestant. In *Strathmore*, much is made of Lady Marion's foreignness. By origins Creole, by Ouida's description an "English beauty," by residence a Parisian, Lady Marion owes a good portion of her badness to this unholy blend of influences. Add "by faith (or inclination) a Roman Catholic" and we have a most compelling case against her.

Ouida is one of a few British authors Wilde was another who reveled in the Catholicism of the continent.<sup>36</sup> We can imagine that she, like Wilde, admired it as a tradition enshrining beauty, mystery, sensuality, artistry, in both its architecture and its forms of service. The position occupied by Mary and the female saints also proclaimed the Roman Catholic Church a place where red held court. During the Reformation, it was against such characteristics that Protestant factions turned their rebellious anger, some, like the Puritans, more vehemently than others. Hard work, a clear conscience, daily devotion to the Word and a no-frills approach to worship, including denial of the feminine (Mary as well as Eve), comprised the Protestant menu for salvation, a blue menu, we would call it, with here and there a hint of gold. It certainly complemented the general movement toward deification of masculine or solar consciousness that the Renaissance

<sup>35</sup> Contemporary with Ouida's operatic novel, Wagner's opera *Tannhäuser* offered the public a similarly dramatic split. With Wagner, it is Venus herself who appears as the bad girl-whore, luring the hero to an eternity of rose-scented inaction; and the pious bourgeoisie, Elizabeth, patient, long-suffering, inspiring Tannhäuser to fulfill his manly duties as knight, is the good girl-virgin.

<sup>36</sup> Of course, Ouida, though English born, had a French father, which might explain the Catholic "flavor" of her novels.

had begun in other areas. This menu was adopted with huge controversy throughout Northern Europe and nowhere more so than in England where Catholicism, even in Ouida's time, was mocked for its superstition, its pageantry, its *joie-de-vivre*:

Noon strikes, here sweeps the procession! our Lady  
 born smiling and smart  
 With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven  
 swords stuck in her heart!  
*Bang-whang-whang* goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle*  
 the fife;  
 No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest  
 pleasure in life.<sup>37</sup>

In Protestant countries, Catholicism became synonymous with bad women or, rather, with the errant feminine. Mary, Queen of Scots, with her French education and her scandalous history of love affairs,<sup>38</sup> served as one illustrious model for the type of Catholic heroine who blazed tragically through the work of

37 Robert Browning, "Up at a Villa Down in the City," in *Selected Poetry*, p. 233.

38 The present Duke of Hamilton describes her thus in his recent biography of Mary: "She had great charm and an infectious zest for life, although she could be provoked to tears of rage and frustration, even when the occasion called for the most regal behaviour. The sumptuous splendour of her dresses and jewels was something not seen in Scotland for years and the dignity of her deportment made up for her lapses in temper. The inventories list, among her belongings, sixty gowns of silk, satin, velvet and cloth of gold or silver, and jewels from the French court including diamonds 'as big as the moon', rare rubies, black pearls and huge crystal rosaries. Small wonder that even her mighty adversary, John Knox, who denounced her 'joyousity' and her 'fiddling and flinging', could quote Robert Campbell's words that she had given Holyrood 'some enchantment by which men are bewitched'. Shaped by a childhood in the brilliant French court . . . Mary glowed with feverish brilliance." (*Maria R, Mary Queen of Scots: The Crucial Years*, p. 43)

From the general tone of Hamilton's description, we could as easily be in the presence of Cleopatra, Dido, or Lady Vavasour and Vaux. (Ouida tells us that Mary was, in fact, a guest at Strathmore's ancestral home.) Mary is yet another embodiment of the bad girl-whore. Like so many before and after her, she is pitted against a good girl-virgin, namely Elizabeth I, who has come down to us as "The Virgin Queen." A capable statesperson, a clever strategist and an ardent defender of the Protestant faith, Elizabeth stands as Mary's arch-enemy and in the end destroys her. Mary's mystique nonetheless has the last word, according to many playwrights, filmmakers and historians. In a history book I owned as a child, a contributor suggests that "Elizabeth is remembered as a symbol of a great era but Mary is remembered as she was, a beautiful, tragic woman, an eternal mystery"; in other words, as red. (*A Pageant of History*, p. 163)

writers like Sir Walter Scott, Benjamin Disraeli and Henry James.<sup>39</sup> Even when the heroine, like Guenevere, sought solace in a nunnery for her wicked, wicked ways, her action only confirmed her innate badness:

After blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, hiding like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanour . . . Lady Staunton betrayed the inward wound by retiring to the Continent, and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education. She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practice of the Roman Catholic religion, in all its formal observances, vigils, and austerities.<sup>40</sup>

Jeanie [her sister] had so much of her father's spirit as to sorrow bitterly for this apostasy.<sup>41</sup>

In succumbing to the embrace of Catholicism, a heroine succumbs to her own darkness, her own unredeemable feminine. For the hero who succumbs, the Catholic Church is a sorceress, a siren, a Circe; to embrace her is to alienate himself from his masculinity and to forfeit the rewards of loyal service to a blue Protestant ethos, namely success in the world. For Reding (note the name), hero of John Henry Newman's *Loss and Gain: The Story of a Convert* (1848), the loss does not count for much. Witnessing for the first time the Elevation of the Host in a Catholic Mass, Reding "threw himself on the pavement, in sudden self-abasement and joy."<sup>42</sup> A friend of his father's is aghast at his surrender: "You are going as a bird to the fowler";<sup>43</sup> and attempts to talk him out of his "idle fancy."<sup>44</sup> But Reding is lost already to the "hypocrites and sharpers"<sup>45</sup> and will not be swayed. At the end of the novel, Mr. Malcolm's worst fears are realized as Reding, now a Catholic, is briefly reunited with his brother-in-arms. Their reunion resonates with quasi-homoerotic intensity:

<sup>39</sup> In addition to *The Heart of Midlothian*, Scott also penned the picaresque *Waverley* in which the Catholic Highland lass, Flora MacIvor, seeks refuge in a continental nunnery. So, too, the beautiful and mysterious Claire de Cintr  of Henry James's *The American*; her decision to immure herself in a Carmelite convent disturbs the naif young hero. Another such hero, the title character of Disraeli's novel of Catholic intrigue, *Lothair*, is surrounded by seductive Catholic enchantresses. One of them, destined by the schemers to be his bride, is deprived of her golden opportunity and takes the veil; her name is also, ironically enough, Clare.

<sup>40</sup> I understand "austerities" as "excesses" and so red.

<sup>41</sup> Scott, *The Heart of Midlothian*, p. 507.

<sup>42</sup> *Loss and Gain*, p. 427.

<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 417.

<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*

At length he felt a light hand on his shoulder, and a voice said, "Reding, I am going: let me just say farewell to you before I go." He looked around; it was Willis, or rather Father Aloysius, in his dark Passionist habit, with the white heart sewed in at his left breast. Willis carried him from the church into the sacristy. "What a joy, Reding!" he whispered, when the door closed upon them; "what a day of joy! . . ."

Reding took Father Aloysius's hand and kissed it; as he sank on his knees the young priest made the sign of blessing over him<sup>46</sup>

In this passage, Catholicism shows itself a sanctuary not only for the errant, unredeemable feminine but also for the "feminized" man, the one I am calling red.

Within the frame of male-male relationships, blue and red heroes first meet as lovers in *The Voyage of Argo* by Apollonius of Rhodes.<sup>47</sup> This is the celebrated account of Jason's voyage to Colchis to win the golden fleece. Though nominally the leader of the expedition, Jason cannot really match the authority which Heracles embodies. And yet the latter, in a gesture that is famous for its patronizing manner, gives up what is deemed by everybody else his rightful role, namely leader of the expedition:

But he, without moving from his seat, raised his right hand and said: "You must not offer me this honor. I will not accept it for myself, nor will I let another man stand up. The one who assembled this force must be its leader too."<sup>48</sup>

Jason is delighted. Apollonius calls him "warlike Jason,"<sup>49</sup> but no one is fooled. As consolation prize, Heracles gets the most important post on the ship next to the captain's, the midships seat, where his great strength can be put to best use. Heracles remains with the ship even when most of the men have gone ashore on the island of Lemnos to play with the women there, Jason at their head. As the men dally and Jason's infatuation with Queen Hypsipyle ripens into love, it is the impatient Heracles who summons them back to business. Here and with Medea later on, Jason shows himself to be a Paris-style red man, the pretty-boy lover of powerful women. Heracles is anything but. His dress is a lion's

<sup>46</sup> Ibid., pp. 432-434. For those interested in this Catholic-Protestant debate, Mrs. Humphry Ward's very popular late-nineteenth-century novel *Helbeck of Bannisdale* offers a striking variation on the theme. The eponymous hero, though Catholic, retains a strong blue aura, although one of his young protégés, an artist who paints Helbeck's chapel, turns out very red, but only after dropping his Catholic views.

<sup>47</sup> When I say "first" I mean, of course, the first I know of. There may indeed be earlier examples.

<sup>48</sup> *The Voyage of Argo*, p. 45.

<sup>49</sup> Ibid., p. 38.

skin and he carries a big club. He's the brute, the ultra-masculine man, the blue hero.<sup>50</sup> Apollonius's Heracles is a direct descendant of the green-yellow heroes of *The Iliad* there's more fire in him than in the fully developed blue hero of Imperial Rome. What distinguishes him from his predecessors is the emphasis on his brutish masculinity. He is, before anything else, "mighty and stout-hearted,"<sup>51</sup> or, as we might say, "butch."

His male partner in the poem is red. Squire and cup-bearer to Heracles, Hylas is a beautiful prince in the full bloom of youth. While fighting the Dryopes, Heracles had killed their king, Theiodamas, and as booty abducted his son Hylas with whom, Grimal tells us,<sup>52</sup> he fell in love. Soft, tender, devoted to his protector, he could be a Hyacinthus or any of the other Flower Boys that perfume Greek mythology, and yet his fate seals him as a red man, as "fem." The Argo arrives at Mysia. While Heracles is cutting a tree to make a replacement oar for one he has broken (such is his strength!), Hylas goes to fetch a cup of water from a pond for his lover. A water nymph spies him and, smitten, pulls him into the pond with her. He is never found.<sup>53</sup> What makes Hylas red finally is what makes Jason or Mark Antony red: he succumbs (quite literally) to the world of the feminine.

Homoeroticism in the late days of classical antiquity took an increasingly blue-red as opposed to green-yellow form. Like its green-yellow counterpart, which still existed, of course, but in a more marginal way,<sup>54</sup> it elicited numerous responses. For example, while Heracles' love for Hylas was widely celebrated, the poet Catullus (84-54 B.C.) penned salacious homoerotic verse "I'll bugger you and stuff you, you catamite Aurelius and you pervert Furius"<sup>55</sup> as well as sentimental "Your honeyed eyes, Juventius, if one should let me go on kissing still, I would kiss them three hundred thousand times."<sup>56</sup> Homoerotic love was as much a part of Catullus's sexual and emotional repertoire as his to

<sup>50</sup> And so he's the perfect partner for Omphale's kinky clothes-swapping arrangement, which he endures for three years in her kingdom.

<sup>51</sup>*The Voyage of Argo*, p. 38.

<sup>52</sup> See *The Dictionary of Classical Mythology*, p. 219.

<sup>53</sup> Reproduced opposite is the charming painting by one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, John William Waterhouse, of Hylas fetching the water and finding himself surrounded by water nymphs. Waterhouse depicts Hylas wearing a blue tunic encircled by a red belt.

<sup>54</sup> See the Nisus and Euryalus episode from Book IX of *The Aeneid*, for instance. Here are two rivals for the mantle of heroic friendship worn by Achilles and Patroclus, and yet their night sortie into the Latin camp wins them a severe reprimand for placing personal devotion to each other and longing for the late great glory of the Trojan battlefield before collective duties.

<sup>55</sup> XVI, from *The Poems of Catullus*, p. 23.

<sup>56</sup> XLVIII, *ibid*, p. 57.



Hylas and the Nymphs (detail)  
(By John William Waterhouse, 1896; City of Manchester Art Galleries)

us more famous love for Lesbia. The satirist Juvenal (A.D. 55-140) mocked its "red" or unmanly aspects bitterly as one of the symptoms of Rome's slide from greatness. Sneering at the physical vanity of contemporary soldiers, he wrote in his second Satire:

To polish off a rival *and* keep your complexion fresh  
 Demands consummate generalship; to camp in palatial splendour  
 On the field of battle, *and* give yourself a face-pack  
 Argues true courage. No Eastern warrior-queen,  
 Not Cleopatra herself aboard that unlucky flagship  
 Behaved in such a fashion.<sup>57</sup>

It is only during the latter days of the Roman Empire, as Christianity became the foremost power in Europe, that homoeroticism actually became synonymous with moral degeneracy and for that reason was repudiated and turned into stuff for the shadow. Translated, moral degeneracy signified the temptations of Eve to deviate from the path of righteousness, something all real men could resist. Homoeroticism was quite simply one surrender to those temptations.

Homoeroticism then not just its passive manifestations was identified as a purely red phenomenon. This coupling has persisted for centuries. With rare exceptions, it has produced a virtually unbroken chain of grotesques; from the primping generals of Roman satire to the lubricious hyenas of the Middle Ages,<sup>58</sup> and from the mincing fops of eighteenth-century comedy to the doomed chorus boys, "butterfly" men, and twilit creatures of American pop culture in our own time. Very great as well as very poor or very sensational chroniclers of passion have contributed to this tradition. Marcel Proust, for example, author of the monumental thirteen-volume novel, *Remembrance of Things Past*, painted many lurid portraits of gay men. Like this of a tailor preening under the openly admiring gaze of a baron and the equally disapproving one of the priggish narrator:

Jupien, shedding at once the humble, kindly expression which I had always associated with him, had . . . thrown back his head, given a becoming tilt to his body, placed his hand with grotesque effrontery on his hip, stuck out his behind, struck poses with the coquetry that the orchid might have adopted on the providential arrival of the bee. I had not supposed that he could appear so repellant.<sup>59</sup>

Though Proust's genius as a writer confers a kind of impressiveness on this vision, his distaste for homoeroticism as a manifestation of "femininity" is as

<sup>57</sup>*The Sixteen Satires*, pp. 78-79.

<sup>58</sup> In medieval bestiaries, the hyena was credited with "unnatural" sexual desires and thus came to symbolize homosexuals.

<sup>59</sup>*The Cities of the Plain*, p. 627.

obvious as with less gifted observers. From such distaste, a homosexual monster is fashioned and then punished.

A large part of the task faced by the gay liberation movement has been a differentiation of this exaggerated, one-sided view of homoerotic phenomena. Not all gay men are red and, of those that are, many are not red in the ways their persecutors would have them be. In North America, the gay media has been particularly keen on proving the presence of the blue man within the gay community. There are ultramasculine men among us, too, it is proclaimed. And we believe it. But the upshot of this has been to import the blue man's traditional disdain for the red into the gay community and to circumscribe the red experience as the domain of drag queens and camp artists. This situation reflects a return to the kind of homoeros prevalent in the ancient pre-Christian world where homosexual relations were all right as long as you stayed on top. Michael Nava put it very nicely: "We . . . divide the sexual world between 'hot men' and 'queens' and no one wants to be a queen, not even queens. If we can't be straight, we can at least be straight acting."<sup>60</sup> We'll examine the implication of this statement in greater depth in chapter three.

North American homoeros finds itself stranded in the old battle of the blue and red, which has been fought for centuries between male and female. And yet this does not prevent red and blue men from forming very close unions. Although their union does possess universal dimensions, it demonstrates more vividly the ways in which sexuality is "a cultural production . . . a peculiar turn in conceptualizing, experiencing, and institutionalizing human nature," as one academic, David Halperin, has written.<sup>61</sup> When red and blue mate, we see an attempt to rebalance masculine and feminine as cultural institutions, to give them each their due or, more rarely, to challenge them and redefine them and to accomplish this between and within men. This is especially significant if men are ever to grasp the meaning of an intrapsychic feminine and to own it. The form that most red-blue homoerotic relationships take has a lot to say to this, but we'll wait until chapter three again to explore this question in detail.

I wish to conclude this preliminary foray into red and blue with a few remarks pertaining to the relationship of the four colors this, too, will receive greater coverage later (in chapter four). I call it a Typology of Homoeros.

Like Jung's model of the attitudes and functions, I posit two pairs of opposites. I abide by his fourfold structure for no other reason than that it feels right and because so many other typological models take this form (the four elements of Greek philosophy, astrology, Tarot, the medieval humors). But I don't rule

<sup>60</sup> From "Cowboys, Cops and Constuction Workers: The Nature of Gay Machismo," in *Frontiers*, March 27, 1992, p. 46.

<sup>61</sup>*One Hundred Years of Homosexuality*, p. 25.

out the possibility of there being an orange-purple axis, for example. Unlike Jung, I have subdivided the four types three ways. That is, there are three types of red man, three of blue, and so on. In every man the four colors exist *in potentia*, with one or two dominating and their opposites brewing in the unconscious. Similarly, in any homoerotic pairing, the four types will be present and one axis will dominate over the other. This is true of life as well as of literature and mythology, as we shall see.

In our society, it is very often the case that red and blue seem to be the dominant axis, at least to the outsider. Red and blue have a lot to do with persona, with cultural expectations, with living collectively. Behind the persona, however, often lurk green and yellow men. For example, I work with a religious, a celibate priest, I'll call him Father Gabriel (he'll show up again), who has lived fifty years of his life struggling with the red-blue axis, trying to define himself, because the Church expected it, in those terms. His dreams turn up images of red and blue as packaging, gift wrapping, window dressing, which all hide nothing but stale cake in one dream or, in another, Church ceremony. Slowly, but surely, he begins to recognize himself as a yellow man and the missing Other he has been so long seeking embodied in his dreams as farm boys and Native Americans as green. That green may lead him eventually onto another spiritual path.

It is not, however, always a question of blue and red revealing themselves to be green and yellow underneath. Green and yellow often have to make their peace with red and blue, for the fruitful union of yellow and green needs the permanence and security offered by the cultural men who give their creative efforts a home, as a vase holds cut flowers. Green and yellow run the risk of an idyllic but ultimately sterile marginality unless they can bring their gifts to bear on the mainstream of culture in some way. For this, their red-blue potential must be activated.

When I began this survey, I reported a dream of two men on a bed in a room where the only colors were green (the chair) and yellow (the sunlight). As I proceed, I shall attempt to define this room more exactly. By giving it blue walls and red hangings, or red walls and blue hangings. So far, I have come up with only a setting for the room. It's a room that belongs to my psyche and yet the dream told me I should share it with other people. Gay men may recognize it more easily than straight, though straight men recognize it, too, even if as a room they enter only occasionally with a close friend, or as a room they once visited and have forgotten or as a room they have deliberately locked, a room grown dusty and full of shadows, a room of dark secrets, lost hopes, half-formed fantasies. Women may recognize what's going on in the room from the interaction of their own inner male figures and from experiences of the men in their lives. With luck and some skill on my side, readers will feel this room a familiar

place by the time I have finished.

I wish to remind readers, however, that I am still principally a yellow man. Red and blue take turns in second place you will have to decide which has yellow's ear, and when, as you go along. I hope my yellow bias does not obscure too much of the essence of the red and blue types, for they are, I repeat, as important, perhaps more so in our age, to the "construction" of homoerotic dynamics as their "natural" brothers.

## 2 Red Men and Blue Men

### Red Man

"Red lacks every trace of modesty. This expansiveness in many cases causes it to be less appreciated in our present culture."<sup>62</sup>

Red has long suffered from a bad press. The quote above, by Dutch color theorist Benjamin Kouwer, both describes and exemplifies that press. As he and his colleagues will claim, red, like yellow, is a color that repels by its very intensity; it draws no one. It demands strong reactions and perhaps for this reason, more than any other, it is feared. I am speaking now of the red we associate with blood, in either its flowing or its dried state, a deep, rich red, with no additions of white, blue or black to compromise it. The reaction generally procured in people by the sight of blood even surgeons, shamans and Draculas a mixture of nervous excitement, repulsion and wonder, even awe, goes a long way to explain the force that red in any manifestation conveys. For blood-red/red-blood signifies raw vitality, life in an active, pulsing, throbbing mode. Those who flee from red in horror are often fleeing from life, at least from the risks entailed in living. In these days of HIV and AIDS, blood's capacity to strike fear in the beholder has been extended to include the carrier as well. One's blood has become the source of one's death; many live in fear of the condition of their own blood. For them blood spells danger. But the dangers of contaminated blood are balanced by blood's traditional relationship to regeneration and new life.

This relationship has been celebrated in the religious rites of many cultures throughout world history. In some of these, actual blood from animal and/or human sacrifices constituted a regular offering of life to the gods in exchange for life in another form. In other cultures, wine has been used to represent blood. The Dionysiac/Bacchic rites of classical antiquity, though judged by their detractors as an excuse for blood-letting, celebrated wine as the elixir of life, which liberated, regenerated and expanded human potential and, more than that, brought people to a state of altered consciousness in which they could approach the gods.

Within the Christian tradition, the link between blood and wine is even clearer. At a Roman Catholic Mass, the wine drunk at the Communion rail *is* the blood of Christ. By partaking of it, the faithful seal their participation in the

<sup>62</sup> Benjamin Jan Kouwer, *Colours and Their Character: A Psychological Study*, p. 102.

new and everlasting covenant Christ undertook with God on their behalf. By the shedding of his blood on the Cross, Christ won for them not only remission from their sins but also eternal life. Roman Catholic red is the red of sacrifice, of the Passion. It is also the red of burning charity. Red vestments are worn on various holy days commemorating Christ's love and compassion for his flock, Pentecost being the most obvious example. On that day, the Holy Spirit is said to have descended on Christ's mother and disciples as tongues of flame, awakening them to the perpetual presence of Christ in their lives. The flames of Pentecost are not the yellow fires of light and enlightenment but the red fires of constant sacrifice and suffering made bearable by the power of a consuming love. There is, indeed, little yellow about the Roman Church even its mystical tradition, the mysticism of a St. John of the Cross or a St. Teresa of Avila, for example, veers in the direction of red: sacrifice, suffering, passion and love, over and over.

There are many legends surrounding Christ's crucifixion which emphasize these essential components of the Roman Catholic "way." One recounts how Joseph of Arimathea collected Christ's blood as it dripped from his broken body in a chalice which he then carried to Glastonbury in England. The chalice disappeared and over time became the object of a great hunt, which, in turn, produced a cycle of stories featuring the dauntless knights of King Arthur's Round Table. Joseph's cup became the Holy Grail, and the holy blood it contained became the symbol of redemption for an entire culture. Little wonder it was so assiduously sought; and little wonder failure to discover its whereabouts produced so much anguish and shame in its seekers.

Behind the search for this extraordinary relic a fair and noble woman was often discernible. Love for her could goad a knight to meet the most terrible of obstacles unflinchingly; her love for him he understood as the supreme reward for his bravery and devotion to the cause. Their love was an impassioned one Lancelot and Guenevere's is but the most famous and it was also exalted. The fair and noble woman often assumed a status resembling the Madonna's, as a pure soul leading man to rise above his pathetic humanity in the name of higher truth. She played a mediating and sometimes even intercessory role in his salvation. Through her he became the knight in shining armor, the Knight of Cups depicted in the Tarot deck, the knight whose arrival heralded the triumph of love. Jung describes a strikingly similar phenomenon in his alchemical writings when he outlines the mystical union of the red man, who represents emotions and instincts, and the white woman, who represents soul. The red man is clearly sub-servient to his mate; in fact, he is often referred to as her servant, even her slave. His abasement is necessary, however, if the process of transformation is to reach fulfillment in the production of the Philosophers' Stone. In the Grail legends the Stone or fulfillment is, of course, the Grail itself.

To grail/chalice, blood/wine we can now add passionate love/sacred heart and

fill out our collection of associations to red. Another crucifixion legend amplifies the last of these most helpfully. It claims that the blood falling from Christ's wounds to the ground resulted in the birth of a flower, the red rose. For centuries Christian artists have painted and sung the red rose as an image of Christ's Passion and his abiding love for humankind. At the same time, they used the rose to represent Mary's sufferings at the Cross and her love for her Son. However, as Jung reminds us, the red rose is also the emblem of another dismembered god, Dionysus (Bacchus). In his case, the rose conjures up scenes of orgiastic surrender to the effects of the vine, which, as I've said, facilitated a mind-, body- and soul-expanding transformation in the reveler, a boundary-breaking merger with the divine that involved the whole person. The rose would represent the senses, emotions, instincts and passions in this process.

With Aphrodite (Venus) and her son, Eros (Cupid), the red rose, which they also claim as their emblem, assumes the meanings of carnal love and immoderate desire mixed with mischief. Some legends give Eros the credit for the birth of the rose. In the same way as with Christ, the flower is said to have sprung from a wound in the young god's flesh (usually his heel). In a later epoch, Aphrodite will be linked with the Whore of Babylon and the love she and her son deal in with sin and the devil. Her protégés, too, like Paris and Helen of Troy, will come to represent the lowest a man and woman can sink. In their own time, Paris and Helen (who by one ancient dramatist was addressed as "soul-slaying flower of love")<sup>63</sup> were treated as un- or anti-heroic, and the adulterous nature of their passion condemned, but sexual pleasure per se was not off limits for the Greeks. The Christians corrected that oversight and created moral codes which condemned any but procreative love-making. They banished carnal pleasure and sexual passion to the shadow realms of the red-light districts. Transgressors of the codes were severely punished, in Puritan New England by being forced to wear a scarlet A (for adultery) on their breasts as a sign of their crime. Nathaniel Hawthorne's portrait of Hester Prynne in his powerful denunciation of Puritan morality, *The Scarlet Letter*, reveals the tortured heart and soul of one who is cast out for her passions.

In all of our associations to red so far blood, wine, heart, rose, sexual pleasure passion is the common element. Passion as an intense physical, emotional and psychological experience involving the loss of control and suffering. (The word *passion* is derived from the Latin for suffering.) Our final association to red also engages the passions, but those of a somewhat different order. Fury, hate, bloodlust these are the passions of war, and not only the war of formal battlefields, but of all battles, conflicts, vendettas, feuds, acts of vengeance. Such passions reign in Clytemnestra's palace at Argos where she plots the death of her

<sup>63</sup> Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1. 743 (trans. by R. Nickel).

husband, Agamemnon, as much as on the battlefield at Troy where Agamemnon's forces have proved victorious. Ares (Mars), god of the savagery of war, is their keeper. In his name, blood is spilled wantonly, and unbridled chaos allowed to spread like wild-fire. Once again, this fire is not the fire of enlightenment or transformation, but the fire of intense suffering. For all these reasons, I would describe Ares as being more akin to Dionysus than to any of the other Olympians.

This loss of control which the very word *passion* evokes, whether it's part of wine-soaked Dionysian orgies, fevered devotion to the Mystical Rose or Sacred Heart, the hungry heat of forbidden lust or the furious momentum of bloodfeuds, is what has earned red its bad press. Ares himself was reviled and hated by no one less than Zeus, his father, for his lack of control.<sup>64</sup> According to Kouwer, red symbolizes total submission to passion. I would add, to emotion, to feeling, too. Even the flaming cheeks and flushed countenance of the embarrassed or shamed are immodest confessions, submissive displays. Submission, surrender, submersion the ideas lead us inexorably to the element of water, to the hexagram K'an of the I Ching which signifies "the depths," to the myriad correspondences to water (the Cups suit in the Tarot, the water signs of the Zodiac: Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces, etc.), all of them suggesting the free flow of intense feeling that challenges existing borders, rules, laws, states, undermining established authority. If water should seem a peculiar association to make to red, we should remember that one of the Greeks' favorite epithets for the sea was "wine-faced."

What's particularly striking about the surrender or submission to passion implied by red is the pleasure often found there. Being out of control in red's experience can bring a delicious joy bordering on ecstasy. Being overcome can awaken masochistic longings to go to the very limits, the very depths of egolessness. As Lynn Cowan has shown us in *Masochism: A Jungian View*, the masochist's desire for self-abasement can lead to a search for the higher truths guarded by the Self. But it's just such connections to ego abasement, to surrender, to enslavement even, which cause alarm for the powers that be: this red spells danger. It's no accident that danger in most societies advertises itself with red signs, red warnings, red lights and even red dress. This red is as subversive as the Red Menace Americans of the late forties and fifties assumed was hiding in every closet, waiting for the opportunity to reduce them to slaves of the Soviet state. This red will rob a man of his power and might, of his rugged individualism and entrepreneurial aggressiveness.

In his *Theory of Colours*, Goethe says that red conveys impressions of dignity and gravity, that it is a royal or state color suggesting great pomp and circumstance.

<sup>64</sup> Homer, *The Iliad*, Book VII, 888-898.

Certainly the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church uses it this way; the cardinal swathed in his red gowns cuts a most imposing figure, as painters from the Renaissance to the present day have repeatedly affirmed. Other color theorists and compilers of symbol dictionaries will support Goethe's statements and attribute to red such qualities as force, victory, dominance qualities for which red was especially noted in the Middle Ages. These they link with a healthy (ruddy), active, go-get-it kind of masculinity which never gives in. And yet the modern man, at least in the West in the East, anything goes; after all, according to Mao, the East is Red rarely defines himself with red. He may allow himself a red sports car, a red tie or a red leather couch, but these are luxuries, extravagance, indulgences which don't distract him from his real purpose, and that purpose is the opposite of everything we've seen red representing, namely control.

As both visceral experience and psychological phenomenon, red remains a predominantly feminine color. It does so by virtue of its connections to such traditionally feminine traits as submissiveness, receptivity, sensitivity, emotionality, and a capacity for relationship, just those traits which surfaced in our exploration of associations to red. When I speak of the feminine let it be understood that I am not speaking of women who, like men, may or may not be predominantly feminine in the psychological sense. Other words come to mind as substitutes, such as "Venusian" or "Catholic," but these, too, are fraught with potential misunderstanding and so I remain with the more familiar "feminine."

The feminine and women have long been confused in our Western minds, and women have been made to shoulder the burden of, to labor under, men's projections of the feminine. Some of what men label as feminine today, they have been calling feminine for centuries and doing so in a wide variety of cultures. I would call such constant attributes as those enumerated above traditional if not archetypal. Other traits have come and gone (and sometimes come again). In the Rome of the Emperor Augustus, as we saw, the feminine came to be associated with the dissolute practices of foreigners and exotics. Beauty and glamour were also part of the repertoire of the feminine, as was the love of beauty and the thirst for pleasure. For the Protestants of Northern Europe, the Catholic Church's shameless appeal to the senses and to a love of beauty was feminine, not to mention the veneration of actual women. To the world of a Victorian statesman like Strathmore, the feminine could mean both the poisonous excess of sexual passion and the ennobling inspiration offered by true love, both virgin and whore.

It is obvious, however, from other cultures and other times that some of these traits beauty, the love of beauty, sensuality, pleasure-worship have been the special domain of men. For example, to a culture like that of the Wodaabe, known as the nomads of the Niger, lithe physical beauty and what men in our

culture would identify as vamplike or seductive dress, manner and speech patterns are reckoned the most desirable of masculine characteristics.

Women have justifiably resented the weight of men's feminine projections. On occasion, they put the practice down to deliberate malice. I would, however, label such projections as unsubtle and undifferentiated. They are the result of men's serious dissociation from and repression of their own psychic feminine. Through projection men are able to check, monitor and control this feminine which they regard as threatening to their self-image as power-brokers. They cannot live without it, but someone else will have to provide it, thank you. This scenario plays itself out endlessly in the relations of men and women with serious consequences for the growth of both. More and more often now women are refusing to take on the role men expect, that is to carry the burden of their men's femininity, and are demanding responsibility from them. Slowly things begin to change because some brave women have decided to accept even loneliness over an undervalued supporting role in men's psychic dramas. But what of the feminine man? Where does he fit in to all this, the man who for better or worse lives out his femininity?

In most Western cultures, the man who gives expression to feminine values has been a favorite object of hate and/or ridicule. He is often seen as a freak, not only feminine but "effeminate," more woman than man. He is called sissy, fairy, molly, nelly, nancy, queen, tante, girl or just she. Such effeminacy for those North American native tribes which honor the berdache tradition has been considered a mark of special powers, enabling the "half-man/half-woman" to heal, prophesy, teach. By contrast, we marginalize what we deem effeminate; we force the feminine man into a twilight existence where his gifts have little room to develop and then we blame him for it or, worse, bury him in pity. The man who masks his femininity, or at least tries to, we reward justly with positions within the status quo, but this, too, costs the feminine man a lot: basic self-acceptance. He deserves neither blame nor pity, nor for that matter the expensive accommodation we offer him. For, although even *he* does not recognize it, his feminine nature is a source of great insight and strength, if only we dared to believe it.

There are legends, stories, actual life experiences that do demonstrate the feminine man's potential. In some of these he has a power similar to that of the famous female lovers of the past, like Cleopatra, Dido and Guenevere: the power to delight, enchant, enthrall. Mary Renault's portrait of Bagoas, the Persian eunuch who became Alexander the Great's favorite lover, reveals such power. At the beginning of his career, Darius, the King of Persia, receives him into the royal bedchamber. Bagoas describes the scene:

His bed was canopied with a lattice, bearing a pure gold vine. Jewelled grape-clusters hung from it, and a great fretted lamp. Sometimes at night, when it threw on us its leaflike shadows he would stand me by the bed, and

turn me here and there to take the light. I thought this possession of the eyes would have contented him, but for his respect for his manhood.<sup>65</sup>

Bagoas knows his role "I was to be enjoyed like the flame and crimson birds, the fountain and the lutes"<sup>66</sup> and plays it brilliantly. Darius boasts to his friends that no one in all Asia can match Bagoas for beauty. With Alexander, the promise Bagoas displays as Darius's lover is brought to fruition and Bagoas joins the ranks of all those heroines, hetairae, mistresses and courtesans who have made themselves indispensable players in vast political dramas in which they enjoy no actual power.

Piers Gaveston and, to a lesser extent, the young Spenser play a comparable part as minions to Marlowe's King Edward II, as do "sweet" Joyeux and "sweet" Epernoun to King Henri III of France in Marlowe's lesser-known tragedy, *The Massacre at Paris*. Where their role as royal bed-mates differs from that of Bagoas is that for the sweet hours of pleasure they provide their masters they are rewarded with titles, dukedoms, commissions, effective powers. Out of their element, they are easy targets for the destructive aims of their more self-assured rivals. In their element, as beguilers, lovers, entertainers, they are untouchable. Gaveston's devotion to his duties as Edward's chief delight draws from him extraordinary resources to enchant. In one of Marlowe's, indeed Renaissance theater's, most beautiful speeches, Gaveston flaunts the red man's great skills:

Music and poetry is his delight;  
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,  
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;  
And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,  
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;  
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,  
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antic hay;  
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,  
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,  
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,  
And in his sportful arms an olive-tree,  
To hide those parts which men delight to see,  
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,  
One like Actaeon, peeping through the grove,  
Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,  
And running in the likeness of an hart,  
By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die:  
Such things as these best please his majesty.<sup>67</sup>

<sup>65</sup>*The Persian Boy*, p. 31.

<sup>66</sup>Ibid., p. 29.

<sup>67</sup>*Edward the Second*, in *The Plays of Christopher Marlowe*, pp. 226-227.

As male courtesan or minion, the red man wielded a not inconsiderable power.<sup>68</sup> As beau, fop and dandy, in which guises he retained a somewhat more "manly" grace, the red man cast a net of charm over his peers and held them fast. Writing in 1845 about the largely British phenomenon of Dandyism, Jules Barbey D'Aurevilly emphasized the unexpected characteristic of calculated control needed to accomplish such a feat:

Dandyism . . . while still respecting the conventionalities, plays with them. While admitting their power, it suffers from and revenges itself upon them, and pleads them as an excuse against themselves; dominates and is dominated by them in turn. To play this twofold and changing game, requires complete control of all the suppleness which goes to the making of elegance, in the same way as by their union all the shades of the prism go to the making of the opal.<sup>69</sup>

This is clearly not control as understood by the blue man, for its purpose is to manage "only" elegance! According to D'Aurevilly, Beau Brummell, the greatest of the dandies, possessed a "heaven-born elegance"<sup>70</sup> by which he was able "to supply the capricious wants of a society bored and too severely bent under the strict laws of decorum"<sup>71</sup> and in return to fashion his own far-reaching empire.

Something all these red roles share is a tendency to serve. This is not the serving of the green man with whom service is motherly, nurturing, elemental, necessary even. The kind of service the red man performs involves an awakening of feelings. This experience can be pleasurable, painful, playful, intense, fleeting, or obsessive, whetting the appetite the moment the appetite has been satisfied. It can have a narcotic, escapist aspect, blotting out other, perhaps unpleasant (perhaps blue) realities. But the way of red service can also lead to a heightening of awareness and a grasp of eternal truths for both servant and master: the promise of pleasure becomes the creative challenge. The red service exemplified

<sup>68</sup> Glyn Hughes's recent novel, *The Antique Collector* (1990), also focuses on the feminine man's capacity to enchant. It is the turn of the century in the bleak industrialized landscape of Northern England. The response of the hero, Jack Shuttleworth, to this world is to capitalize on his natural girlishness and put on a dress, first as a pub and music-hall drag artist, then as the elegant and mysterious mistress of two elderly Victorian industrialists (the antiques of the title). As Camellia Snow or Iris Vane, Jacky Shuttleworth brings a sheen of glamour and more than a touch of make-believe not only to the lives of his escorts but to the whole dreary, exploitative, war-minded male world he moves through like a chimera.

<sup>69</sup>*Dandyism*, p. 33.

<sup>70</sup> Ibid.

<sup>71</sup> Ibid., p. 34.

by the holy quests of the Grail knights or by the red slave of alchemical tradition has just this effect.

Whatever his master, the red man invariably serves with a self-abnegating some might say, "masochistic" devotion. His master might be only an abstract notion like elegance or style. Through embodiment in the minutiae of the dandy's toilette, this notion gains humanity and a greater consciousness. Or the master might be the precepts of good feeling or "Sensibility" as the ultra-rationalist eighteenth century called it. As compensation for a prolonged stay on the hilltops of enlightenment and reason, that era's moralists and men of letters invented a man whose home was in the valleys of soulful feeling. Henry Mackenzie dubbed him, appropriately enough, "The Man of Feeling," in his novel of the same name (1771). The hero, a man named Harley, leads us through a maze of affecting encounters with his fellow man which test his capacity to empathize to the fullest. Tears are always flowing down his cheeks and his heart is always full to bursting with intense emotion. Harley became the model of the red man for a whole nation. Six years after his appearance, Mrs. Reeve, in *The Old English Baron*, one of the then wildly popular "Gothic" tales, took Harley's effusive sensibility and gave it a (presumably) unintentional homoerotic twist:

Edmund was so much affected that he could not answer but in broken sentences. Oh my friend, my master! I vow, I promise, my heart promises! He kneeled down with clasped hands, and uplifted eyes: William kneeled by him, and they invoked the Supreme to witness to their friendship, and implored his blessing upon it. They then rose up and embraced each other, while tears of cordial affection bedewed their cheeks.<sup>72</sup>

Nor was Harley's influence confined only to fiction. Although the man of feeling proved a passing fad, a pose, he did act as herald to the deeper red sensibility of Romanticism which blazoned the cause of impassioned feeling in crimson across the cultural skies of Europe for over a century.

C.G. Jung experienced the red man as a man of feeling, too. He owes his point of view in part to his Romantic heritage, one that includes such tributes to the red sensibility as Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. In Jung's terms, the red man is, if not anima-possessed, at least closely identified with or led by her. Jung frequently related the contrasexual component of a man's psyche to the feeling function, that psychological orientation which uses as its basis like-dislike, pleasing-unpleasing evaluations. He also related it to the expression of feelings. It's not hard to imagine that for the men who provided Jung with empirical evidence of the anima's existence bourgeois, middle-European males of the first half of the twentieth century these might be fair conclusions to draw; for them, anima probably did equate with feeling and feelings. However, because Jung defined

<sup>72</sup>*The Old English Baron*, p. 37.

these concepts (which he took great care to distinguish from one another) as feminine, men who moved easily in this realm had for him a suspect character. He shows himself remarkably unsympathetic, even hostile to an effeminate young aesthete who comes to see him,<sup>73</sup> and yet he does find good words for the red man in a later essay.

Writing about the influences of the positive mother complex on the son, Jung paints in psychological language as sharp and clear a portrait of the red man as we have had so far:

[He] may have a finely differentiated Eros instead of, or in addition to, homosexuality. . . . This gives him a great capacity for friendship, which often creates ties of astonishing tenderness between men and may even rescue friendship between the sexes from the limbo of the impossible. He may have good taste and an aesthetic sense which are fostered by the presence of a feminine streak. Then he may be supremely gifted as a teacher because of his almost feminine insight and tact. He is likely to have a feeling for history, and to be conservative in the best sense and cherish the values of the past. Often he is endowed with a wealth of religious feelings, which help to bring the *ecclesia spiritualis* into reality; and a spiritual receptivity which makes him responsive to revelation.<sup>74</sup>

As we see, Jung emphasizes the same traits our other examples described: nuanced feeling; a capacity for relationship; and a tendency to serve, as friend, teacher and upholder of tradition. This combination of qualities accompanies the red man everywhere he goes. Even especially in the arts where the red man's potential has always been most fully realized. Indeed, so closely connected with the arts is the red man that it is not out of place to call him "the man of the arts." The arts which engage his talents most often are collaborative in nature theater, opera, ballet: the performing arts, in short. He is generally content to feel that his work is just one contribution to the whole. The dynamics of collaboration satisfy both his capacity for relationship and his need to serve. But even when, on occasion, he is a solitary writer or painter, he will explain his position as that of servant or, even more humbly, as a tool to be used by his Muse or by Beauty itself. Of course, he rarely explains anything of the sort, he is not a man given to self-explanation; he simply applies himself doggedly to his task and does not let up until he has pleased his master well. The results of such painstaking application miraculously demonstrate, like Marlowe's speech for Gaveston (quoted above), the sheer weightless essence of beauty. The poet

<sup>73</sup> "On the Psychology of the Unconscious," *Two Essays in Analytical Psychology*. CW 7, pars. 167-183.

<sup>74</sup> "Psychological Aspects of the Mother Complex," *The Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious*, CW9i, par. 164.

Edward Thomas wrote in 1909 of Marlowe's "almost hectic love of loveliness";<sup>75</sup> we could not find a better phrase to capture the mainspring of the red artist's temperament.

Today the red man one meets is more than likely an artist or, at least, an artisan hairdresser, fashion designer, interior decorator, beautician, jeweler (all occupations incidentally that combine relationship with service). Of course, he just might be a teacher (of French perhaps, or theater arts), a priest, a monk, a psychologist or a social worker. Whatever he does, it is his feminine streak, as Jung put it, that lends him his power.

"Feminine streak" immediately translates for many people into the extreme, stereotypical language of the transvestite, drag artist or "flaming queen." It means the kind of man whose hands are too fluid, whose hips are too coquettish and whose walk is too prissy. Such men do exist, but they are a minority in red circles.

Nor is it absolutely certain that they are exclusively red types; yellow men, particularly the Lunatic type, have been known to manifest such behaviors. Sometimes the almost baroque effeminacy of certain men can be understood as a survival technique. The effeminate man has had to bear the brunt of a hostile, homophobic society's frequently violent put-downs, and one way of bearing the most demoralizing attacks has been to flaunt his effeminacy defiantly, as a kind of political protest; another way he has found to deal with the mockery has been to laugh at himself with the aid of a persona remarkable for its brittle, campy or malicious humor and its glacial superficiality. It is difficult to determine which of these manifestations signify a genuine personal response to painful life experience; which are features of a collective mask which the gay world, until very recently, felt obliged to don as a response to the straight world's undifferentiated, knee-jerk labeling; and which constitute simply a potentially illuminating alternative viewpoint.

The "feminine streak" may involve such behaviors, and equally a fascination with the traditional woman's world of beauty and romance, but they are far less important to its definition on the whole than those traits that have typically been associated with the psychological feminine, the capacity for relationship and good feeling being chief among them. By good feeling I am not referring specifically to Jung's concept of the feeling function, although many red men I have met and worked with are also feeling types.<sup>76</sup> I am speaking of an ability to be present in the feelings in a way that favors Eros, the principle of relatedness. Compassion, trust, emotional generosity are part of the red man's repertoire,

<sup>75</sup>*The Plays of Christopher Marlowe*, p. xii.

<sup>76</sup> But not all. I currently work with two red men who came out as intuitives on the type tests.



Aubrey Beardsley, 1872-1898  
(By Jacques-Emile Blanche, 1895; National Portrait Gallery)

too. These are more marked when the red man's mother complex is positive, of course, but I have also found them in red men who have suffered under abusive or even absent mothers, perhaps as a compensation. I am also not convinced that Mother is more significant in the red man's development than Father. It strikes me that the male world which usually surrounds the red type in his youth is of a particularly oppressive blue variety: cold; rule-bound; harshly, even cruelly, punitive and demeaning.

In the shadow of all this good, warm-sounding feeling, of course, lies a veritable orchestra of bad and negative feelings, of suspicious, mean, cold, callous, spiteful, vengeful, hateful, fault-finding, bitchy, manipulative and even vicious patterns of response, which the red man occasionally pushes to its dissonant, atonal limits much to the chagrin of everyone in hearing range. No one, however, denies the terrible power of such demonstrations.

As Jung implies, the red man generally has many close female friends. Women find him a close confidant, a sympathetic listener and even a fine and sensitive counselor. Around men, especially groups of men, he is less comfortable, even awkward. However, once he enters into a sexual relationship with a man, he shows himself a devoted partner, emotionally ready for real commitment. His capacity for caring can sometimes be felt as clinging, needy or even suffocating by his bluer partners. The extent of his neediness depends again on his model for relationship and the amount of security he has known from family, friends and previous lovers. An early blow to his feeling life is a serious blow indeed to the red man it can cripple him. Sexually he is quite flexible. He likes sex, but sex plus relationship even more. Given a choice of sexual activity, he tends to favor the submissive part. He may even seek out an openly masochistic role. Not infrequently, however, sexual submissiveness is compensated in the unconscious by vivid fantasies of domination.

One way the red man demonstrates his affection in relationship is through the creation of a beautiful home environment. Living on his own, he may not take the trouble, but relationship brings out the Libran Venus in him and out of small, dingy apartments and a handful of nice things he can create atmospheres of gracious living, even of luxury and opulence. This is not the comfortable, cozy home the green man is capable of setting up, but house beautiful.

Venus is the red man's tutelary deity. She commands the domain not only of sexual love and partnership but also of beauty, charm, grace and elegance; all common features of the red man's experience of life. I have said Venus purposefully and not Aphrodite because the red man really came into his own only during the heyday of the Roman Empire: he is not a Greek invention. Venus is the Roman name for Aphrodite. In the descriptions of the red subtypes that follow I couple Venus with other Roman gods to give as rich a picture possible of the typical influences at work in each type.

## *The Embellisher*

To the first type of red man, I associate the color pink, not the sentimental pink of little girls and women's powder rooms, nor the lurid pink of Italian weddings and penny candy, but the deep, rich pink of certain late summer roses or even the Buddhist's gown. I wouldn't say that he's bloodless and yet he doesn't display the same vitality or force the other red types do, nor does he represent the same threat. He is sweeter, softer in many ways. The word *soft* immediately conjures up the so-called soft man who Robert Bly and his colleagues are determined to save with a stiff dose of forest wildness. Our red man is not the same. His softness lies in his life's aim, which, phrased simply, is to make the world, the civilized world, more beautiful; he looks to soften the edges our struggles for power, financial gain, knowledge, freedom have carved into life. Whether his specialty is people, places or things, he is life's Embellisher. He is the man Camille Paglia is speaking of when she writes, "Cults of beauty have been persistently homosexual from antiquity to today's hair salons and houses of couture."<sup>77</sup> The Embellisher is both beauty-cult founder and beauty-cult follower. Even so, we should not overlook the other side of the Embellisher. In the name of that very same *raison d'être* to make the world a more beautiful and charming place to inhabit, he can show himself to be very sharp and competitive, sly, even tricky, and surprisingly quixotic.

There's a famous painting that captures all of these facets of the Embellisher; Sandro Botticelli's *Primavera*. In a lush green meadow, accompanied by her diaphanously draped Graces and her mischievous winged offspring, Cupid, Venus at her loveliest and also her most melancholy, in a dress of red and white, orchestrates the birth of a new spring. To her left, the goddess Flora strews pink and red flowers at her feet and to her right a pretty and self-involved Mercury reaches for his own golden apple, a red cloak barely covering a saucily angled hip. There's another group in the painting. To Flora's left a wind god with puffed cheeks pursues a fleeing maiden with cornsilk hair and alarm in her eyes; they bring a soupçon of violence, a hint of spring fever to the proceedings. Of course, we could read this painting as a yellow fantasy on a green theme. However, its composed prettiness, its mood of what Paglia calls "eroticized melancholy"<sup>78</sup> as well as the central place accorded Venus, right hand raised like a conductor's, point unmistakably to the red man we call the Embellisher: it's too neat an image, too airtight a world to be a yellow man's.

A question arises: what is the Embellisher's relation to the Flower Boy? With the figure of Mercury, Botticelli's painting seems to say such a connection does exist. In *Secret Lore* the Flower Boy was described as pretty, fey, *garçon fatal*.

<sup>77</sup>*Sexual Personae*, p. 117.

<sup>78</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 152.

The Embellisher fits these descriptions too. But the Flower Boy manifests a boyish, playful, even wanton, animal side as well, which the Embellisher does not know except as shadow. His youth and playfulness have a more girlish quality. The Botticelli Mercury is a draw: the body is distinctly boyish (or, rather, young-mannish) and the sword crossing his thigh suggests a considerable phallic presence which the angle of the hip makes even lewder; and yet the hands, the dreamy gaze, the flowing chestnut locks contradict any accusation of wanton behavior; this Mercury is not made for rough-and-tumble sex.

The Embellisher's girlish quality is sometimes a source of great embarrassment and shame. Labeled "sissy" as a boy, and worse as an adolescent, he has had to learn defensive strategies for survival. This is generally true of red men but particularly marked with the Embellisher. One of the most common reactions he evinces is to lose himself in his work. When he's an artisan/artist (and this is his preferred role), he can lose himself in the creation of a fair kingdom that excludes the fear and violence he has known in his dealings with the "real" world. Cut off from this world, however, cut off from his own suffering (which he will dismiss as "indulgence"), his work acquires an alienating preciousness.

He can also become the victim of obsessive-compulsive behaviors involving his appearance and environment, of a health-destroying perfectionism. Early traumas around what others condemn as his "sissy-boy" behaviors also effect his relationship life by making him very sensitive to personal exposure. He puts on a mask and confines his relationships to the professional/collegial variety on the one hand, and to promiscuous adventures with anonymous partners on the other. The importance of his work to his life justifies him in his own eyes in down-playing intimate relationship and relegating it to second class. For a red man, such a stance represents an out-and-out lie.

When the Embellisher opens himself to intimate relationship, even if it is not principally sexual, he fulfills a major part of his destiny, the capacity to serve via Eros. This, in turn, spills over into his work, which bristles with new life as a result. A client named Ivan illustrates this very well.

Having grown up in a small northern Canadian town where his effeminacy was the object of repeated attacks by family and outsiders, Ivan, an interior decorator by profession, found himself locked into a routine where work was demanding and yet unsatisfying, and sexuality was a question of back-alley blow jobs, also finally unsatisfying. The first few months of his relationship with a businessman named Charles were fraught for him with uncertainty and fear and he considered pulling out many times. Eventually, recognizing that Charles was keen to establish a give-and-take rhythm which would enrich, not violate him, he tentatively abandoned his back-alleys and bathhouses and even began to wonder if it might be love he was feeling. When he finally reached a point where he could acknowledge his love for Charles, feeling secure of Charles's for him, he

experienced a tremendous release from the defensive attitudes he had worn for years like armor. His work, too, suddenly seemed less a venue for proving himself and more a channel for his special talents. New ideas, new projects arose, including the opportunity to join a major European design firm.

Love can effect us all in this way; for the red man, the effect is not only liberating, but inspiring. The many examples of the Embellisher type in literature, theater and films play variations on Ivan's theme. Rod, the furniture store clerk, in Joseph Hansen's celebrated mystery novel *Fadeout* comes to mind; his relationship with the novel's hero, that epitome of blue masculinity, insurance claims investigator Dave Brandstetter, provides the ground on which he realizes his potential as an interior decorator. Their love affair begins typically, too, with the red man serving. Dave is wondering whether a white wicker bed might not be too chichi for a man:

The boy shook his head. "Use rough fabric for the spread and curtains. Plain colors."

"Will you help me pick them out?"

"Aw . . . I'm sorry." He meant it. "That's in another department."

Dave felt lost. The boy saw it and laughed.

"Don't look so worried. . . ." He began writing out the sales slip. "You can do it. Just stay away from yellow, with your coloring. Blues would be right for you, but too cold with white. Try burnt orange." He looked up. "Name? Address?"

They painted the walls burnt orange, had a spread made to match the curtains of white muslin. Because the boy did help him pick out the fabrics. And the paint. Not for the bedroom only. For the rest of the place too.<sup>79</sup>

Southern Gothic novelist Carson McCullers has drawn an Embellisher type who resembles Rod in many ways, the Filipino houseboy of Major and Mrs. Langdon in her eerie *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. His name is Anacleto:

He looked down with satisfaction at the tray. On it were a cloth of yellow linen, a brown pottery jug of hot water, the broth cup, and two bouillon cubes. In the right corner there was a little blue Chinese rice bowl holding a bouquet of feathery Michaelmas daisies. Very deliberately Anacleto reached down, plucked off three of the blue petals, and placed them on the yellow napkin.<sup>80</sup>

The tray he carries is destined for his mistress. He is close to her "Their voices and enunciation were so precisely alike that they seemed to be softly echoing each other."<sup>81</sup> This is the archetypal closeness and devotion of the red

<sup>79</sup>*Fadeout*, p. 47.

<sup>80</sup>*Reflections in a Golden Eye*, p. 38.

<sup>81</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 39.

servant to the white woman. We find traces of it, too, in Rod's adoration of legendary movie queens and also in a dream Ivan reported midway through his analysis. In this dream, Ivan stood at the foot of an elaborate fifties-style Hollywood staircase as a beautiful woman in a white dress descended toward his waiting arms. For the Embellisher, healthy intimate relationship always encourages a further-reaching service to the white woman who in his psychic landscape represents the possibility of transformation.<sup>82</sup>

### *The Connector*

The hue of the second type of red man is scarlet. It is the red of hot blood, of hearts beating, of passion, of the risk, even danger, of love and relationship, but a risk-danger embraced. The Connector, as I call this type, is invariably intense, bright, active, curious, as open to emotional engagement as the Embellisher is wary. These qualities make him sound extroverted, but this is not necessarily the case. With Bacchus supporting Venus as his tutelary gods, he's committed to emotional and sexual exploration whatever his attitude. Surface matters less to him than it does the Embellisher beauty, too, at least a superficial beauty. Occasionally one will meet an Embellisher who, while he gives his talents for making life beautiful to others, lives in a hovel and dresses like a derelict; but such a man is usually expressing self-contempt or loathing (a not infrequent emotion for the Embellisher). The Connector quite commonly lives in chaos. His personal space and appearance are frequently sloppy and there is always about him an air of abandon, of uncontrol. None of this bespeaks self-hatred. It conjures up instead the impecunious artists of Puccini's *La Bohème*, the poet-criminals of Jean Genet's Parisian underworld, or the Bohemian actors, writers, musicians, painters and hustlers of James Baldwin's early novels.

The more focused Connectors can create truly wonderful environments, which, if they are not as pretty as the Embellisher's, are more inviting; they are environments conducive to letting down one's guard, opening one's heart, baring one's soul, and even body nakedness is part of the language spoken *chez* the Connector. Favorite books bought in a flea market in Paris; photographs of lovers past; objets d'art, all of them souvenirs of some affair; a rosewood box; last night's wine glasses and a picture ripped just yesterday out of a magazine because he liked the color of the model's shirt or (more likely) the sensuality of his bare forearm, clutter his stained and battered antique table, and still he will find room for you to have your say, leave your imprint. Of course, the jumble of

<sup>82</sup> In addition to Hansen and McCullers, many, many authors have invented Embellisher types, imbuing them with strikingly similar traits. Robert Reinhart's Billy (*A History of Shadows*), Christopher Coe's Nicholas (*I Look Divine*) and Michel Tremblay's Hosanna (in his play of the same name) are but three more, relatively recent examples.

his life can be the product of too much overindulgence in liquor, cigarettes, dope, and sex, particularly liquor and sex. Again, this is hardly surprising given the gods he follows. He needs the steadying support of a cautionary hand, however, if his great gifts are not to float away leaving him like some beached whale gasping under an unkind sun.

Whatever constitutes work for him, those great gifts can be summed up as an uncanny ability to connect people to their deepest feelings, desires and needs. Sometimes those desires are purely sexual, at least to begin with. The title character of *Teleny*, a late-nineteenth-century erotic masterpiece attributed to Oscar Wilde "and others," alerts the young businessman, Camille des Grieux, to his latent homosexual passions: "I felt the fire of his glances sink deep into my breast, and far below. My blood began to boil and bubble like a burning fluid."<sup>83</sup>

In *Another Country*, by the late gay American writer James Baldwin, Eric Jones, an actor Connectors are frequently found in the acting profession awakens several characters to the complexity of their sexual and emotional needs. One of these, a straight gypsy-like painter named Vivaldo, experiences a revelation when he and Eric make love:

The male body was not mysterious, he had never thought about it at all, but it was the most impenetrable of mysteries now; and this wonder made him think of his own body, of its possibilities and its imminent and absolute decay, in a way that he had never thought of it before. Eric moved against him and beneath him, as thirsty as sand. He wondered what moved in Eric's body which drove him, like a bird or a leaf in a storm, against the wall of Vivaldo's flesh; and he wondered what moved in his own body: what virtue were they seeking, now, to share? What was he doing here?<sup>84</sup>

Spent with love-making, overwhelmed by the realization of his love for Eric, Vivaldo announces, "They're opening up . . . all those books in heaven."<sup>85</sup>

Monty, the infectiously good-natured and empathic sailor of Lonnie Coleman's tense short story "The Theban Warriors" has a harder time bringing his timorous buddy Barney to the same point of self-acceptance, but with persistence he finally succeeds:

"Barney, this is what we're going to do. I found out about a place a few blocks from here. It's a sort of hotel where we can rent a room for a few hours, and they don't ask any questions about why two sailors want to rent it. We can take a bath, get clean again, and then we can be together until it's time to go back to the ship. Wouldn't you like that?"

<sup>83</sup>*Teleny*, p. 39.

<sup>84</sup>*Another Country*, p. 385.

<sup>85</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 388.

It was a long time before I could answer. "I guess I'd like a bath."<sup>86</sup>

Using the archetypal image of the garden as opposed to the bath, Evelyn Waugh shows nonetheless that Sebastian Flyte's luncheon invitation to Charles Ryder, the somewhat stuffy narrator of *Brideshead Revisited*, is essentially the same as Monty's to Barney it marks the beginning of a new epoch in his relationship to his feelings:

I went there uncertainly, for it was foreign ground and there was a tiny, priggish, warning voice in my ear which . . . told me it was seemly to hold back. But I was in search of love in those days, and I went full of curiosity and the faint, unrecognized apprehension that here, at last, I should find that low door in the wall, which others, I knew, had found before me, which opened on an enclosed and enchanted garden, which was somewhere, not overlooked by any window, in the heart of that grey city.<sup>87</sup>

One could go on citing examples from literature.<sup>88</sup> From life, I shall cite but one example, the case of Matthew, a public relations man with a large and prestigious arts organization. Now in his mid-thirties, Matthew has lived for twelve years with a man a few years his senior involved in fund-raising for the social-service sector. Their relationship is an "open" one; both have had numerous affairs. What is striking about Matthew's way of handling his affairs is how often he has played the Connector with his various partners, most of them younger than himself, "straight-acting" and basically uncertain and afraid of their sexuality before they met him. His own confidence and ease with his feelings, his ability to relate through them, has proven over and over again instrumental in helping those he loves to accept their own feelings. Long after the sexual passion has died down, these younger men remain Matthew's friends.

As I have indicated, the Connector is, like the Embellisher, often involved in the arts, and mostly the performing arts. While the Embellisher goes for the designer jobs, the Connector will happily perform himself or direct. As artists, Connectors show an arresting talent for bringing things together in interesting, even startling ways. They are not major inventors, they use materials at hand, but the ways they arrange these materials often cause an audience to see them in

<sup>86</sup> "The Theban Warriors" in *Different: An Anthology of Homosexual Short Stories*, Stephen Wright, ed., p. 187.

<sup>87</sup> *Brideshead Revisited*, p. 31. It's perhaps worth noting in passing that Sebastian's redness is underlined by his Catholicism and his liking for liquor.

<sup>88</sup> The character of Laurie in Mary Renault's *The Charioteer*, whom we discussed in *The Secret Lore of Gardening* as a type of green man, also shows a side that is distinctly Connector, especially in his dealings with Andrew, the innocent Quaker orderly who has not yet realized the nature of his sexual feelings. But we shall speak more of the different combinations the types form in chapter 4.

a new light. The Connector as artist also seeks to communicate on a feeling level; he aims for the heart. Sometimes this feels extremely manipulative as it does when the Connector is a good friend; sometimes it makes for a very moving experience.

When I think of artists who might belong to this category of Connector, I think of the film director Derek Jarman (*Sebastian*, *Caravaggio*, *Edward II*), or the international mime artist Lindsay Kemp, whose rags-and-feathers-and-angel-wings adaptation of Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers* is a miracle in the "genre" of Connector art. However, it's French artists who are truly masters in this realm; that man of all arts, Jean Cocteau, for example; or the choreographer and master-mind of Les Ballets du vingtième siècle, Maurice Béjart, whose dance-theater spectacles are nothing if not emotionally charged; or the director Louis Malle, whose films (*Au revoir les enfants*, etc.) reveal that combination of emotional subtlety and sensitivity to physical beauty that is the hallmark of the Connector style.

What all of these artists, and indeed all Connectors, lack is the intellectual rigor that would guard the emotional fluidity of their world from spilling over into a bathetic and even estranging wallow in affect. But then rigor of any sort flies in the face of Bacchic abandon and Venusian charm, and rather than have the Connector lose his motive force, it's probably better not to insist. It's wise, however, for his friends, associates and audience to be prepared.

### *The Cavalier*

The third of our subtypes is the crimson man. He is ruled by Venus and Mars, a passionate combination, although his field is not primarily that of sexual passion. One of his emblems may be the heart, but it is not the heart breaking for love; it is the heart brimming with the blood of vows sworn or sacrifice accepted. He is the modern Knight of the Round Table, devoted champion and defender of the cause, the ideal, of red. Red for him can represent Relationship, Love, Soul, Art, Humanity or All of the Above. He respects the Embellisher's love of beauty and surrounds himself with beautiful things. He also respects the Connector's skill at revealing to others their emotional complexities or, at least, richness, and undertakes similar challenges. But his position is finally a more philosophical one.

The Cavalier in our culture is, generally speaking, a mature individual who, having successfully weathered the passionate storms of young manhood, has created an aerie for himself out of the debris, from which vantage point he helpfully (for those who recognize the uniqueness of his vision) surveys and comments on the red landscape. He identifies the relevant moral and spiritual issues in any red experience; he deepens our understanding of that experience. The danger he can create for himself is that while refining his philosophical position he loses touch

with the everyday experience of passionate desire, loving relationship, artistic creation; what he defends is no longer viable. He then becomes something of a pontificator and a bore. In order to remain vitally connected to the cause he can defend with such clarity, he must not remove himself too far from the field of battle. This is perhaps more true of red issues than any other, for red is the immediacy of a heart beat and the flow of blood.

The more introverted Cavalier will write essays, distill pensées, compose poems on the eternal red themes. I can imagine that Montaigne, the sixteenth-century French essayist, was an introverted Cavalier, so too the twentieth-century phenomenologist Roland Barthes. Certainly in *A Lover's Discourse* Barthes surveys the field of love and passion with the champion's intense gaze. The introverted Cavalier could also be a painter, like Dante Gabriel Rossetti who, as cofounder and chief spokesman of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of painters in Victorian England, placed the cause of the feminine on a pedestal resembling that of the Grail Knights.<sup>89</sup>

An analysand named Daniel has been a choreographer for over twenty-five years, and co-directs a small dance company which he helped to found ten years ago. His dances demonstrate better than any of the previous examples the vision of the Cavalier. They are all concerned with the struggle faced by passionate love when it tries to challenge established conventions, break with authority, or declare its superiority to other ties that bind. He has been roundly criticized for the repetitive nature of his dance message and, as he ages, that message does lack some of its earlier force, but there's no denying that the defense of passionate love and relationship that he has undertaken remains a vital task in a culture which has lost its way in a labyrinth of electronic overstimulation.

Two other analysands, both priests, Father Gabriel and Father Aloysius, demonstrate ironically enough, given their métier a more extroverted approach to the Cavalier's task.

Both have given about twenty-five years to the Catholic Church, both have chafed against the restrictive blue regulations that want to deny the possibility of passionate friendship arising between holy men. Father Gabriel has gained a reputation for his outspokenness on this very issue, for his refusal to accept the blue version of relationship. His pungent observations on the hypocrisy of the Church's position have been known to cut through the blue haze of seminary cocktail hours; and indeed he has lost an important post for just such observations. He has been love's champion within the priesthood. Recently, as he considers his future carefully, his dreams toss up images of red knights or kings and

<sup>89</sup> A favorite subject for many of the Pre-Raphaelites was, in fact, the exploits of Arthur's Knights. Edward Coley Burne-Jones designed a whole series of tapestries on the theme of the search for the Holy Grail.

white queens. His battle on behalf of the feminine has taken an inner turn.

Father Aloysius, also on the point of considering a new life direction, has come up with dreams of knights wielding lances and crimson hearts sprouting five-petalled roses. His Cavalier role, so long expressed as an extroverted exchange with a stern and authoritarian Church, has likewise been given a new field in which to defend the feminine. Institutions like the Church, parliament, law courts, universities, city hall, even hospitals all forums for the activities of the blue man invariably constellate among their members one or two Cavalier types like Fathers Gabriel and Aloysius to provide a counterbalance and/or a scapegoat. A Cavalier can, if he is not vigilant, get caught in playing out these roles indefinitely, to the detriment of his possibilities for inner transformation.

There are moments in Andrew Harvey's novel *Burning Houses* when the cohero, a flamboyant though terminally ill film director in his sixties named Adolphe, teeters very close to this trap and yet he always miraculously avoids it at the last moment; his acting out acquires an element of critical self-awareness in the nick of time and he shows you that, after all, it's not what you think it is: he is a master of disguises. Adolphe invites the other co-hero, Charles, to read him his latest novel-in-progress, which details the author's passionate though ultimately broken relationship with an Oxford man. On his arrival the first evening, Charles reports:

The doors close noiselessly behind you. You are in an oblong bright-red room with high red walls and a vast long window with a long red curtain. It is the most disruptive, incongruous room I know, half shrine, half playpen.<sup>90</sup>

But a more disruptive sight awaits him yet:

There on the sofa, waiting for me, smiling, flanked by his sphinxes and Buddhas, backed by the *Titanic*, Garbo and Callas, with his legs crossed like Claudette Colbert in *The Sign of the Cross*, an ebony cigarette holder and passion fruit juice in one jewelled hand, three African silver bangles on the wrist of the other, a turquoise shirt slashed to the middle exhibiting a pink belly with a forest of curling grey hairs, is Adolphe: pug-faced, chubby-cheeked, Empress of the Demi-Monde, spiritual adviser to cardinals and princesses, pimps and taxi-drivers.<sup>91</sup>

Adolphe objects to Charles's seedy clothes as an appropriate costume in which to recite his opus and insists on dressing him in a so-called Mesopotamian robe of flimsy red: "With this on, God only knows what voices will skip from you. Red for passion, red for Adolphe's room. . . . And I'm dead sure that

<sup>90</sup>*Burning Houses*, p. 14.

<sup>91</sup> Ibid., pp. 15-16.

anything you have written is very red."<sup>92</sup>

In spite of its rococo beginnings, Adolphe's influence on Charles proves to be a most salutary one. He gives Charles feedback on his work, sometimes in a direct feeling fashion, but most often through digressions into his own past, spiritual and moral reflections, and references to such other-worldly sources as Maria Callas's renderings of Verdi and Puccini. He is a mentor to Charles, and also his companion and defender. He champions Charles's exploration of his feelings for Mark as both a lover and an artist. It is in this sense that Adolphe is a true Cavalier. When in the end he tells Charles of his imminent death, one has a sense of the modern Cavalier's style of self-sacrifice:

"I still do not know why I did not tell the truth about the doctor. I think it was because we were enjoying ourselves so much. I wanted everything we said and did to be unshadowed. Your concern would have put a mist over us and between us. So now, pondsnipe, I have given you the book if you want it and the ending, which, like all true endings (and ours is a true ending) is also a beginning. . . .

. . . Sit by me and remember what I have done for you I have done for myself, and often, my darling . . . I have had the absolute happiness, as now, of not knowing the difference."<sup>93</sup>

Of course, not all fictional Cavaliers are as flamboyant as Adolphe. In many cases, they present an extremely modest face indeed, and yet the battle they wage, usually on passion's behalf, is no less dramatic.

A recent baseball novel by the American Peter Lefcourt called *The Dreyfus Affair* (after the famous scandal that haunted French society for decades) picks a black second-baseman to play the part of Cavalier. Caught in an uncompromising sexual situation with the very popular and supposedly straight short-stop (the Dreyfus of the title), D.J. Pickett announces to his bosses, "I got to tell you the truth. We're not sorry. And whether or not we do it again is none of your fucking business."<sup>94</sup> The choice of a black man for this role is interesting. In *Secret Lore*, we saw the black man as the earth man, the sensual man for several yellow types; Pickett plays that role for golden-boy Dreyfus, too, but there are details littered throughout the novel, his home-beautifying efforts, his love of fine clothing and, most important, his emotional honesty and openness, that suggest he's also red. In spite of the cool, sleek, smart style of his wittily contemporary prose, Lefcourt has with his characterization of Pickett reforged an age-old link between the foreign/exotic and the red man.

<sup>92</sup> Ibid., p. 18.

<sup>93</sup> Ibid., p. 214.

<sup>94</sup> *The Dreyfus Affair*, p. 208.

## Blue Man

As a hue [blue] is powerful, but it is on the negative side, and in its highest purity is, as it were, a stimulating negation. Its appearance, then, is a kind of contradiction between excitement and repose.<sup>95</sup>

In some early cultures, including that of the classical Greeks, there was no precise word for blue. It was simply described as "darkly colored" and linked to black. Goethe's arresting phrase for it, "a stimulating negation,"<sup>96</sup> carries on this tradition, pitting it against yellow. As yellow signifies for him (and many other color theorists) action, light, force, warmth and proximity, so blue carries with it connotations of privation, darkness, weakness, coldness and distance. Benjamin Kouver claims that "blue has little to say and disappoints those who expect to see something active, something rich."<sup>97</sup> He, too, calls it the color of coldness, aloofness and distance, of "all that is far away, in time past or future in space, in thoughts, in fantasy, in emotionality."<sup>98</sup> And he points to the sky as his proof, the vast and endless sky, synonymous with our sense of the infinite, the ideal, the absolute, of perfect harmony.

Poets have sung the limitless wonder of blue skies for centuries whether as the "dark vault above with stars . . . spangled o'er"<sup>99</sup> or Douglas LePan's "powder-blue heaven."<sup>100</sup> With gazes lifted skyward, they have defined the hopes and dreams of the future, spotted the soaring flight of the bluebird of happiness, or predicted a sudden, ominous shift in life's circumstances; skies have mirrored their melancholy (their blues) as well as their joy. Inescapably, sky comes to signify vision and joins with eyes as a potent symbol of aspiration, looking-as-longing. Poet Ian Young tells us that "Dark blue eyes look forward,/to words and action spilled in a moment."

Then, there are those light blue eyes  
Adriatic or Arctic-clear and cool,  
honest, and infinitely gentle,  
eyes of the child, the innocent,  
open to the ideal, and the winter.  
Looking into them,  
you could see the sky,  
cloudless, fresh and bright.<sup>101</sup>

<sup>95</sup> J.W. Goethe, *Theory of Colours*, p. 311.

<sup>96</sup> Ibid.

<sup>97</sup> *Colours and Their Character*, p. 115.

<sup>98</sup> Ibid., 116.

<sup>99</sup> Robert Bridges, "Noel: Christmas Eve, 1913," in *Selected Poems*, p. 87.

<sup>100</sup> "Winter Day, Montreal," in *Far Voyages*, p. 36.

<sup>101</sup> "Sky/Eyes," in *Common-or-Garden Gods*, p. 14.

As a sky color, we should expect blue to share many qualities with yellow. But although, like yellow, it might occasionally form "a strong contrast with concreteness, with everyday reality,"<sup>102</sup> it never does so for very long. The blue man is not satisfied with philosophical speculation for its own sake; he does not surrender himself to fantasies about the absolute. As Kouwer makes very clear, "Blue represents the absolute only insofar as man strives after it."<sup>103</sup> Aspiration is coupled with effort for the blue. It takes practical steps to come to terms with the absolute, to penetrate the mystery of the sky. For yellow, sky remains a mystery only poetic vision or intuition has the key to; for blue, sky is another kind of space, bigger than most and very challenging, but one that will ultimately reveal its true nature and perhaps dimensions once he has acquired the appropriate knowledge. The difference between the two approaches is the difference between fire and air (and the fire and air signs of the Zodiac), between intuition and thinking, poetry and science.

Blue's reputation as the color of cool, clear thinking, of intellect, of reason, of science, of wisdom, is probably as old as the sky itself. With these tools a man attempts to surpass his humanity, to transcend the animal in himself, to free his spirit from what Kouwer calls "the ties of his body and his impulses."<sup>104</sup> In other words, they are preeminently patriarchal tools. Yellow is also a color associated with patriarchy, but in the "pure" or "ideal" as opposed to "applied" sense of the term; it seeks out, indeed constellates, its opposite. Blue patriarchy either blithely ignores the demands of its opposite, or else devises means for satisfying them which end up by imposing restraints. Thus do intellect, reason and science become the tools of control.

A similar situation occurs in the field of morality. One sees in blue's moral position the same desire to transcend or control the fallible human that one detects in the blue desire to explore space or locate an elusive death-dealing virus. While with the highly evolved man, blue morality might appear as a self-sacrificing and altruistic function, in the average example it manifests as a formidable list of shoulds and should nots opposed to corporeality, as we might expect, and also to the expression of feelings which such a moralist interprets as incitement to the body. Kouwer again has put it very well: "Blue is the will to be good, the conscience, the responsibility, or in a less elevated sense the desire to adhere to rules, tradition, convention and culture."<sup>105</sup> Blue can become the symbol of the sublimation, not to say suppression, of feeling and instincts, and the blue man can speak with the condemnatory voice of puritanism. Restrictive moral

<sup>102</sup> Kouwer, *Colours and Their Character*, p. 118.

<sup>103</sup> Ibid., 119.

<sup>104</sup> Ibid., 120.

<sup>105</sup> Ibid.

regulations imposed by Puritan governments in New England during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were called blue laws. Similarly the blue paper issued by the American Armed Forces to its soldiers during the Second World War signified dishonorable dismissal on the grounds of sexual misconduct, namely homosexuality.

With these ideas of sexual suppression and puritanical Protestantism, we are back in the sky, in the sense of an ideal that is far beyond human capabilities. The Puritans did not believe this ideal excessive, nor do a lot of men who continue to create moral codes defying their fellow men to succumb witness any television evangelist. However, their persistence in struggling to realize such an ideal has indissolubly linked blue morality with something inhuman, cold. Goethe and Kundera have labeled blue cold, but they mean by that aloof, airy, spiritual, infinite. For Mallarmé and other symbolist poets and painters, blue is cold precisely because it spells the repression of emotional intensity. To them, it is hard, arrogant and even aggressive.

Paradoxically and color theorists all comment on this blue attracts. Yellow and red are known to repel we have discussed the implications of this for the red man. Blue pulls the viewer toward it as it retreats. Goethe writes, "But as we follow an agreeable object that flies from us, so we love to contemplate blue, not because it advances to us, but because it draws us after it."<sup>106</sup> Blue as seducer. A cool and calculating seducer, perhaps a seducer nonetheless. Blue's appeal is that of the stand-offish, the somewhat remote and hard-to-get. Even as seducer, blue does not relinquish its ties to the sky, to wide open spaces.

With this idea of the irresistibly cool attractiveness of blue in mind, we can see how blue would be the perfect color to represent all social relations except the sexual or passionate. In the popular sense of the word, blue stands for platonic relationship. Within these bounds blue can show itself surprisingly tender, warm, even intimate. And yet, as the blue of the bachelor's button reminds us, it still desires to preserve a measure of distance. (The species name of the bachelor's button, *cyanus*, is taken from the Greek, *cyan*, which many have interpreted questionably as blue.)

We don't have to look very far to see how blue serves as the color of social virtues generally. The expression "true-blue" comes to mind, as does the blue of the forget-me-not. Loyalty, fidelity, trustworthiness exemplify blue's contribution to social interaction. There's something unchanging, constant about blue. The sky serves once again as the model. Storms may sweep over it, clouds cover it, day turn into night and then back into day again, but the sky itself is always there, dependable. Blue, Kundera says, gives one "something to hold onto."<sup>107</sup> In

<sup>106</sup>*Theory of Colours*, p. 311.

<sup>107</sup>*Colours and Their Character*, p. 122.

relationship this is a priceless gift. In terms of color theory, it probably explains better than anything else blue's immense popularity with people of all ages, races and creeds.

To all this constancy, steadfastness, tenacity, Goethe added the notions of power and excitement, or at least the tension existing between excitement and stillness. We've looked already at how that tension works the "Come-Here-Stay-There" technique of blue but the notion of power needs some clarification. Blue as the color of science, of reason and of morality-as-law turns easily into the color of the authorities, the establishment, the status quo. It is a popular choice of political parties, organizations and institutions looking for a color to express their aims. In several Western countries it is associated with the politically conservative or right wing and with the uniforms of the enforcers of conservative law. For many of its opponents, blue suggests only the stern, stolid, unflappably stoic face of organized (that is, legislated) oppression. Its constancy in this regard is something less than a virtue.

And this brings us to the issue of blue as a traditionally masculine and male color. All of the professions which our foray into the country of blue have turned up are male-dominated: the sciences, pure or applied, including such fields as medicine; politics; law; organized religion. We could add to this the military, the police, big business, even professional sports any field, in fact, where the challenge to gain and hold onto power is the motivating force. However, as Kouwer (once again!) makes clear, "The masculinity of blue . . . does not stem from brute dynamic force . . . but rather from moral firmness."<sup>108</sup> Blue masculinity is not that of Ares, a god of war's savagery, in other words it is the masculinity of control. A control that relies on resistance, restraint, restriction; and a capacity to administer, manage, plan, strategize. It's the kind of control King Pentheus wished to wield over the city of Thebes and which only the madness of Dionysus and his revelers prevented him from holding onto. It was the kind of control Octavian, the Emperor Augustus, managed to keep for many years over a wide-ranging Empire; and the kind Strathmore had, lost, and won again in Ouida's romance. The masculinity of blue is that of phallos as sword of justice and "sceptre of sovereignty."<sup>109</sup>

Jung related blue to the Virgin's color, to the missing feminine in the Christian Trinity as well as to the mystical blue flower of "a more romantic and lyrical age . . . when the scientific view of the world had not yet broken away from the world of actual experience."<sup>110</sup> In so doing, he only emphasized the idealism

<sup>108</sup> Ibid., p. 122.

<sup>109</sup> Eva Keuls, *The Reign of the Phallos*, p. 2.

<sup>110</sup> "Individual Dream Symbolism in Relation to Alchemy," *Psychology and Alchemy*, CW 12, par. 101.



John Birrell, by Donald Friend  
(From *Painter's Journal*; Sydney: Ure Smith PTY, 1946)

of blue, its spiritual aspiration. The femininity he attributes to it is a man's idea/ideal of the feminine, a femininity divorced from earth, humanity, feeling. The Virgin Mary suggests to me another Virgin, Athena, born from the brow of her father, Zeus, goddess of the strategy and planning of war, of law and justice, of intellect and learning. In her Roman form, as Minerva, she stands as the tutelary deity for the man we will call the blue man.

The blue man is everywhere. He hardly needs describing, so familiar a figure is he. In his more accessible guises, he's your insurance agent, he's the cop on the beat, he's the shop steward, he's the late-evening newscaster. Less approachably, he shows up as member of parliament, army general, billionaire corporate developer, international economics wizard. Whether blue-suited or blue-collared, however, he demonstrates a similar determination to make plans, define goals, articulate prospects. He may not always have enough authority to realize them, but he is never without ambitions.

I'm talking about the kind of ambitions associated with "getting on in the world"; these can, of course, express themselves via his house and property, his travel plans, his family as well as in his actual profession. In realizing these ambitions, he is dogged if not always brilliant. We are becoming quite accustomed to defining the big businessman and financial wheeler-dealer as a new breed of adventurer: youngish men ("thirty-something") with big smiles and nervously gripping handshakes, dressed in expensive designer suits, their briefcases overflowing with money to invest in Bahrain, Ecuador, and Minsk. They are the makers of fortunes, the masters of empires, bosses of hundreds of thousands of underpaid ethnic laborers. The most successful of these adventurers, however, are in all likelihood as much yellow as they are blue, for blue on its own is not prone to taking big risks.

The blue man enjoys feelings of purpose, strength, power, mastery; he soars on the exhilaration these can bring him, in both his private and his public lives. But, and it's a big but, he likes to know, more or less, where he's going. He's no big fan of surprises, the unknown and unexpected. Security matters to him. This he feels he can achieve by having the knowledge, the information, the facts at his fingertips. He places great faith in logic, intellectual processes, empiricism, true and false. I make him sound like one of Jung's thinking types, but of the half a dozen blue men I work with only two come out as thinking on the type tests; the others are split between intuition and sensation. (Interestingly enough, none came out as a feeling type.) He doesn't leave it up to natural powers of deduction to see him through, however. The blue man actively sets about making himself better informed when he feels he's missing some of the facts.

An image that always surfaces when I consider the blue man is of the man on the train on his way home from work, avidly reading the newspaper from one end to the other, skipping perhaps the women's section (now called the "Life")

section in several North American papers), the horoscope, and reviews of last night's experimental-theater opening. About culture in the broadest sense, science, business, sports, and politics, he can entertain a lively curiosity. Of course, this depends somewhat on the level of his education. Blue men, however, generally regard formal education as a vital acquisition, not for its own sake but because it outfits a man to do something with his life, to be something.

Though I am painting him in somewhat conservative hues, our man is not necessarily politically right wing or even center; he can be radically socialist if he can see that socialism makes good sense. His conservatism manifests itself more clearly in his respect for cultural traditions. He shares this with the red man; it's green and yellow men who are the rebels. His desire, even need, for security makes him value a concept like continuity. Wherever he finds it, he extols it. For instance, though he may not have participated in a service of worship for many years, he can still tell you how religion has played an important role in shaping the way we view the world and for this reason must be respected.

Another tradition he upholds in a much more lively way than religion or taxes or the parliamentary system is that of the family. Even when he's clearly gay, family connections are high on his list of priorities. Read the fiction of gay American writer David Leavitt (*Family Dancing, The Lost Language of Cranes, Equal Affections*), and you have a sense of how preoccupied the blue man is with family matters. As a family man, he tends to be a daddy's boy, whose mother is what Jungians call an anima-woman, that is, one whose femininity is largely shaped by male cultural expectations. In other words, the blue man frequently grows up with a solid grounding in what the culture perceives as superior masculine values accompanied by a devaluation of the feminine, most insidiously from his mother. I think this is what gives him his naive, boyish quality (even when he's fifty!) around emotional issues and also, although I may be wrong here, that softness which Robert Bly in *Iron John* has declared the enemy of modern American men.

To my mind, what these soft men need is not weekends of drumming in the woods and calling forth the green man out of his primeval hiding places, but deeper, ongoing contact with the inner feminine, with the source of red he assiduously avoids or dumps on women to excavate for him. It's all right for Bly to go tracking the green man: he's yellow. But for many of the men who are turning to him for answers the Iron John experience represents a serious sidestepping of a more immediate issue: what is the feminine in a man?

In his feelings, tastes, receptivity, sensitivity, his ability to listen, to empathize, the blue man is not the most reliable individual. Of course, there is quite a range here, as we'll see; some blue men can behave in a very related and empathic way. Even so, one always has the feeling that it is an acquired rather than spontaneous gift. If you criticize him for his lack of feelings or insensitivity,

he will probably either defend himself with an argument that places Logos above Eros or point out quite correctly that the world he moves in does not count the red very highly. That world I would sum up with the word *scientific*. As cultural man, the blue man is without doubt "the man of the sciences." He may read Shakespeare and Keats, listen to Wagner and take out a subscription to the ballet every year these are "hobbies." His real focus is the steady acquisition of *scientia*, which permits him to secure his control over greater and greater areas of life.

The difference between the straight and gay blue man rests to a certain extent on the openness to other, particularly red, activities. A client seeking companions recently placed a personal ad in a gay literary journal, and was surprised to discover that all the men who responded were business or professional men. And with one exception, they all expressed some interest in the arts. As it turned out these interests had a business angle, too: the arts were possible fields of investment to these men. Another client, François, a neurosurgeon, collects modern art but in every other way is true to the professional blue-man fashion. So, too, the blue businessman hero of *Teleny*, Camille des Grieux; he pursues a side interest in majolica ware.

It's not surprising that so many blue men responded to Geoffrey's ad; the periodical in which it appeared had none of the more brazenly defiant "queer" rhetoric and imagery of the city's other gay journal. Whenever a blue man deigns to advertise in the latter, he's is always sure to emphasize the fact that he is "straight-acting" and "straight-appearing" and he will insist on such qualities as "discretion" and "responsibility." A less toney variety of blue man may even bark: No fems! When, and if, you finally meet him, you should not be surprised to hear that he is or has been married and is the devoted father of several children. If he has never considered marriage, he will have considered women. Many gay blue men are adamant about their bisexuality. As I indicated above, family is extremely important to the blue man and if you are not somebody he can imagine bringing into the family for Sunday dinners, say then he will either drop you or turn you into the equivalent of a low-class mistress while his eye constantly roves in search of someone Mom would roast potatoes for and Dad would discuss politics with. If you do meet his requirements for a "traditional" relationship, one modeled on a heterosexual marriage, he can be extremely kind, generous, loyal and thoughtful, if not passionate.

Sex for him raises questions of control. He says he doesn't like being out of control, that he prefers to take the lead, that his role is that of top-man, but he very often harbors a deep desire to submit in bed. A young analysand who works part-time as a hustler confides that his most submissive customers are high-ranking married businessmen and government officials. The sexual fantasies of some of my blue male clients confirm Gino's findings. Although the blue lover will

demand fidelity from his partners, his rather cool and clinical approach to the sex act and his conscious need to succeed combined with his repressed passion make him a very likely candidate for promiscuous behavior. For him, promiscuity occasionally represents an expression of passionate abandon without any of the inconvenience of emotional exposure, but mainly it serves, by allowing him to keep a distance, to bolster an illusion of control.

As with the red man, the blue raises a major persona issue. Once upon a time, centuries ago in fact, homoeroticism was labeled red. The label stuck and men who discovered in themselves the capacity to love other men passionately simply took it on as theirs. A set of manners, gestures, behaviors, a whole lifestyle giving support to the idea of homoeroticism as an effeminate phenomenon were adopted often shamefacedly or halfheartedly. However, to refuse their adoption was to leave oneself nowhere, or, rather, between two worlds, belonging to neither. Only a few were brave enough to resist the pull to one side or the other. Thus, in collusion with a disapproving society, homoerotic expression acquired a distinctly effeminate persona. Today in spite of its being very *démodé*, some men cling to this mask. A few it fits quite well to them it belongs. Others wear it in protest against the new persona.

Reading American gay novelists like Leavitt, perusing the personal columns of gay newspapers, flicking through the images of homoeroticism flaunted in skin magazines or videos, one is hard pressed to understand where the stereotype of the effeminate faggot ever came from. The new gay man is resolutely masculine. Of course, there's always been a fantasy circulating in the gay world of the straightish, ultramasculine or butch man, but that fantasy has now, according to the above sources, become a reality. In many of the details it resembles what I've just been outlining as the blue man. To make it complete we need only add: an athletic if not outright muscular physique; a clean-shaven face; a clean-shaven, nearly hairless body; a sensible diet; a refusal to smoke or drink or take drugs; and a perennial age of twenty-four. Some of these traits point to health-consciousness, to vitality, and this is a good thing. However, I suspect they are also a reaction to all the dreadful questions about mortality gay men have been obliged to ask because of AIDS. Perhaps AIDS has made the gay community a more caring one, as many observers claim, but it has also led to an even fiercer emphasis on the body beautiful than heretofore. Because beautiful means healthy as well as appealing to the eye, the college jock has become the most revered of modern gay icons. And with this we come to our first subtype of blue man, the Fraternity Brother.

### *The Fraternity Brother*

This is the baby-blue man, the man who tumbles through Douglas LePan's powder-blue heaven, sporting white wings and tennis shoes. Minerva smiles on

him indulgently; she will probably give him a few bonus points if he's very good. Mercury's not far away either, egging him on, "Keep moving!" Anne Halpin reports an apocryphal tale of a flower-loving boy whose name, Cyanus, comes from the Greek *cyan*, popularly interpreted to mean blue, and refers to that species of flower we call bachelor's button. According to Halpin, Cyanus spent his days making garlands. His favorite flower was the cornflower (bachelor's button) and on his death the Roman goddess Flora transformed him into "the heavenly blue flower"<sup>111</sup> in reward for his services. Is Cyanus there with Minerva and Mercury? It's tempting to think so, but Cyanus, as one of those *garçons fatals* of ancient mythology, is too fey a figure to be of much inspiration to our Fraternity Brother. Cornflower blue's the wrong color anyway: it's too rich, mysterious, even disturbing. Fraternity Brother blue is "the sky, / cloudless, fresh and bright."<sup>112</sup> Nothing troubling about that.

The Fraternity Brother is only a Flower Boy in terms of his youth; most (though by no means all) young men have some Flower Boy about them. Otherwise, he's too vigorous, too healthy, too naive. He's the serious athlete, the college jock, one for whom sport is not primarily a form of play (as it is for the true green Flower Boy), but an arena where he proves his masculinity, where he practices such masculine virtues as competitiveness, control and mastery. For the Fraternity Brother, it's also an arena where he exercises his considerable vanity. However, because vanity is not a masculine virtue, no one ever mentions it.

The powder-blue man is the eternal jock. Long after he's lost his knack you'll find him at the clubhouse. He likes clubbiness and being in groups of men as much as the Embellisher dislikes it. This is the reason I call him the Fraternity Brother: he subscribes to the ideal of brotherhood. In addition to his college fraternity, his sports club, his union, he will often find his way into other "clubs," whether formal the kind of club one finds everywhere in England, and infrequently here or informal "the guys from work." He may even join a military reserve force just for the opportunity to be around other men. His is the type which loves traditional maleness best. With him, homoerotic potential is so close to the surface it's palpable, and yet there's more fear of it in this type than in any of the others. He protects himself from it through the elaborate codification of the bonding rituals he permits himself to enter. He creates very sturdy lines of communication that on a daily basis keep him upright and secure. He rues the day when by accident he falls through the safety net of approved language, gesture and activity into an unknown region where the sweat of his locker-room buddies or the pleated trousers of his closest colleague's suit suddenly acquire an unexpected importance.

<sup>111</sup>*The Naming of Flowers*, p. 21.

<sup>112</sup>Ian Young, "Sky/Eyes," in *Common-or-Garden Gods*, p. 14.

Peter Lefcourt's 1992 baseball novel, *The Dreyfus Affair*, charts such a fall. His happily married, successful, popular jock-hero, Randy, loses his balance quite unexpectedly one day in the shower when he finds himself aroused by the sight of a black teammate's superb physicality and falls headlong into a loving gay relationship. As he falls he clutches at every straw he knows, but passion blows them away, straws in the wind, and the Fraternity Brother (and Golden Boy) is forced to face the sobering and humanizing truth about himself.

When he manages to avoid these pitfalls, when his old boys' network rallies to keep him on the straight and narrow, the Fraternity Brother retains his boyishness, his slightly spoiled charm there's often something well-bred, well-connected, upper-classish about this type, even when he comes from a humble background. His health, vigor, physical beauty seem to win from others an unceasing admiration which, in the long run, has the same effect as doting parents. He loses touch with reality and to preserve his illusions, he drinks and takes drugs. When he's bisexual or gay he will often use alcohol or drugs to facilitate sexual encounter.

Though for many North Americans (women as well as men, straight as well as gay), he is the ideal male, the fantasy figure par excellence, his sexual performance (a term he would relate to) is very erratic. Part of this may be drink and dope, but the other and more important part is his fear of emotional involvement, of commitment. When there's a strong green component in his nature, this picture changes for the better. Otherwise he remains stranded in his cherished naiveté, his celebrated good looks, a lonely and frightened boy, crying for someone, usually an older man or woman, to look after him. In such a situation, the shadow hustler in him can rear its head very dramatically; in return for food, shelter, clothes and money, he's quite content to exchange his body. The deal appeals to him proportionately to the need of his partner; the more the partner needs, the greater the control our Fraternity Brother feels.<sup>113</sup> Around the issue of control, the Fraternity Brother is, if nothing else, true to blue form. His stratagems, however, work only so long as he is young and/or physically appealing. In unfit middle and old age, he appears pretty pathetic.

Of course, like many blue types, the Fraternity Brother often attempts to secure himself against life's demands through marriage. I'm not interested here in his relationship to his wife as much as how frequently the type will champion marriage as a general panacea while indulging in numerous extramarital affairs, often with men. The pure gay Fraternity Brother is still a somewhat rare bird, in spite of the media hype (although I suspect his presence is greater than it once

<sup>113</sup> I may be describing Morel's relationship to the Baron de Charlus in Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* here; also Julian's to Dulcimer in Mordaunt Shairp's seamy theatrical shocker of the 1930s, *The Green Bay Tree*.

was); however, bisexual versions of the type are quite common. He is as reliable a partner to his male lovers as he is to his wife. The type is notorious for his fear of scenes, by which he means emotions, and will keep moving to avoid them. The result is just the scenes he dreads. In James Baldwin's early novel, *Giovanni's Room*, the impassioned Giovanni denounces David, his American lover, when the latter attempts to flee their relationship for normalcy:

You love your purity, you love your mirror you are just like a little virgin, you walk around with your hands in front of you as though you had some precious metal, gold, silver, rubies, maybe *diamonds* down there between your legs! You will never give it to anybody, you will never let anybody touch it man *or* woman. You want to be *clean*. You think you came here covered with soap and you think you will go out covered with soap and you do not want to *stink*, not even for five minutes, in the meantime.<sup>114</sup>

Such words could probably be uttered by many lovers of Fraternity Brothers.

However, he does frequently show another face in relationship, one that Gore Vidal captured in his landmark 1947 novel about a homosexual relationship, *The City and the Pillar*. Jim and Bob are small-city boys, graduating from high school, the summer they make love. For Jim, it's the realization of a dream he only ever half-dared to own. He assumes Bob feels as he does and when Bob goes off to sea, leaving behind him no address, Jim sets off on a journey lasting many years to find Bob and renew their relationship. En route, he becomes the lover of many men and yet manages to hold onto this dream of relationship to Bob. When he does finally meet up with Bob again, he finds that Bob has forgotten about their lovemaking. He reminds him and Bob recoils in disgust and horror. Jim is devastated.

What Vidal's story shows us about the Fraternity Brother (both Bob and Jim belong to the type actually) is how the blue man's doggedness, his determination to push through, to master the situation can be used in the service of a relationship. Fraternity Brothers can be remarkably stubborn when their hearts are engaged. Getting them to such an engagement is not easy, but once there they are "in."

A chartered accountant in his mid-twenties named Joel withholds himself emotionally from relationship. He doesn't understand why and wishes it were different. Boyish, athletic (he lifts weights and runs), handsome, bright, he boasts friendships going back to early childhood. Because of this, one has the feeling that if he would brave the peril of emotional engagement, he could make a very firm partner. He complains that his family pressures him constantly to abide by blue values, inhibits his search for love with a man: this is partly excuse, partly reality they are a high-pressure group. Joel is unable to give up his sexual

<sup>114</sup>*Giovanni's Room*, pp. 206-207.

identity though and is thus left in the position of making compromises. He lives communally with a group of four young men two of them, like him, blue; this fulfills his need for male community. With the other non-blue (red, in fact) member of the household, he enjoys semi-regular sex. Most of his sexual encounters, however, have a promiscuous flavor. He frequents bars and bathhouses and uses the phone-lines which, over the last decade, have become an ubiquitous feature of metropolitan desire.

I don't want to suggest that such behavior is unique to the type I am describing. It bedevils the whole red-blue axis. For the blue man, there is the danger that it can become a way of life, because his nervousness around emotional commitment and relationship in general predispose him to look for easy outs. It's not difficult to imagine that Joel, having lost some of the jocky preppiness he wears so winningly now and having settled into his career, will take his place among our second category of blue men, the Professional, with his capacity for real intimacy still untried.

### *The Professional*

A little will suffice to describe the Professional. My preamble on the blue man was composed with him in mind. He is the most common, the most familiar of the three types. His color is lapis-lazuli blue, a rich azure deepening to royal blue, and his gods, Minerva and her father, the sky god, Jupiter. When you meet the Professional, the overwhelming impression you get is that "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world." He communicates security, competence, clear-headedness, common sense. Sometimes, these constitute the elements of a mask. Beneath the mask, he can be a writhing mass of insecurity, but so sure is he of his footing in the world that he can, in spite of it, make the appropriate moves. His ability to think logically keeps him for the most part from having to expose his uncertainties.

If you compare him with any of our red men, I think you can appreciate the advantage he has over them. He can always save face; the red man's nature invariably leaves him no way but the path of feelings to settle troubling matters and this path is not neat and tidy but fraught with pitfalls for the traveler. This is why the blue man, and particularly the Professional, avoids it like the plague even denounces it as "unprofessional." However, because he can side-step emotional issues with his true and false thinking, his businessman's acumen, his trust in the traditional ways of doing things, he fails to exercise what feeling he has and one day he awakens to discover that he's suffering from what the psychiatrist-hero of Rodney Garland's novel *The Heart in Exile* (1958) labels as "an undeveloped heart."<sup>115</sup>

<sup>115</sup>*The Heart in Exile*, p. 288.

The feeling life of the Fraternity Brother is erratic, untrustworthy. With other men at least, he can sometimes express big, sloppy sentimental feelings. I remember years ago being awakened very early one fine summer's morning by men's voices in the street below. It was about 5:00 a.m. and the light was still young and fresh. I looked out the window and saw standing beside two sports cars parked in front of my house, three jocks in their mid-twenties dressed in last night's soccer gear and obviously a little worse the wear from the post-game celebration. They were hugging, stroking, kissing and swearing eternal brotherhood. It was affecting in a showy, boozy kind of way, but I suspected that by midday, after a good night's sleep, most of these feelings would have vanished into thin air.

No one would bank on the Fraternity Brother's affection, particularly the Professional. He is much more serious and reserved about this feeling stuff than is his blue colleague. He knows that if he got stuck out on an emotional limb, he doesn't have the recklessness or Mercurial agility or narcissistic self-confidence to fly away. His sense of order, responsibility, discretion would forbid it anyway. And, for these reasons, he tries to keep emotional risks at a minimum. This is true of the gay or bisexual Professional as well as the straight. Although he may be a bit more open to the traditional feminine values (like feelings, beauty, the arts but particularly feelings and relationship) than his heterosexual counterpart, it is not enough to make a huge difference.

Once upon a time, many professions were closed to gay men or, at least, implicitly discouraged gay men from entering. These days gay men can be found in every profession. Among gay professionals, the blue man I call the Professional will be least comfortable about speaking about his homosexuality if the subject should be raised in the workplace. He will excuse himself with phrases like "discretion," "what I do in private is my own business," "work and sex don't mix," and to a large extent he's right. However, if you press him, you often find that the subject of his sexuality simply embarrasses him and that he is wrestling constantly with a sense of awkwardness if not shame in the face of his straight colleagues' sexual bravado. Of all the types, the Professional can benefit most immediately from gay political activity. He has a political mind; he understands political strategy. Tuning in to gay politics can embolden him, relieve him from anxieties about his masculinity, give him a forum to think out his sexual position, both how he got there and what he needs to do to ameliorate it. It doesn't finally solve the problem of the small heart, but it does give him a sense of security that in time may lead to his exploring more emotionally charged issues.

Portraits of the Professional abound in North American literature. He might be basically straight but agitated by an unnamed longing for a particular man. Such is the case with Major Langdon in Carson McCullers's *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. Handsome, sure of himself, tough, he drinks Old Fashioneds, rides

well, plays a good game of blackjack and screws his neighbor's wife with gusto, and yet he is mesmerized by his wife's companion, the Filipino houseboy, Anacleto, whom I described above in discussing the Embellisher. When Anacleto disappears following the death of Mrs. Langdon, the Major cannot forget him: "'If only Anacleto would come back,' he said often."<sup>116</sup>

Or he might, like Robert Regal in Robert C. Reinhart's *A History of Shadows*, be basically gay and ashamed of it. Reinhart's novel provides a very lively survey of gay life in twentieth-century America seen through the forty-year friendship of a quartet of men. Two of these men are very plainly red (an interior designer and an actor) and one yellow (a composer). Robert Regal is the blue one or, as he says, "Being colorful like the others is not my stock in trade."<sup>117</sup> As a hard-working businessman and financial adviser to his more artistic friends, Regal sees them through a number of sticky situations; in fact, he saves the careers of a couple of them during the McCarthy era by playing his political cards with great skill. But even in old age, he does not fully accept his homosexuality. And his justification, so typical of the Professional: "I'm not a career faggot."<sup>118</sup> Like Langdon, he, too, is obsessed by one man. The obsession has a name and he knows it; his lack of self-acceptance, however, prevents him from having more than a friendship with Teddy. It proves, however, to be Regal's greatest regret. His is the tragedy of the undeveloped heart.

Joseph Hansen's popular hero, death-claims investigator Dave Brandstetter, is as self-assured as the Major and as clever as Robert Regal, but on top of that he not only is comfortable with his sexual preference for men but celebrates his sexuality in numerous relationships. His relationships tend to have a very traditional, that is, heterosexual, feel to them. Brandstetter is always, it seems, the masculine one, the top man; and his partners are invariably red. (I discussed one of them, Rod, under the Embellisher.) In relationship, he shows the Professional's real strengths: honesty, steadfastness, generosity, purposefulness. So relaxed, so self-possessed is Brandstetter as a hero that he is leaning toward our next category of blue man, the Chief of Staff. Before we move on to him, however, I want to look briefly at Walter, one of the pair of heroes dominating David Leavitt's novel *Equal Affections*.

The night that Danny and Walter first make love, Walter laments to him that he feels unfulfilled, frustrated:

He had always been a good boy, much to his chagrin; in college, he explained, as he downed his Coca-Cola, he had wanted to be a writer, but his father had persuaded him to go to law school instead. As a result, he was full

<sup>116</sup>*Reflections in a Golden Eye*, p. 94.

<sup>117</sup>*A History of Shadows*, p. 37.

<sup>118</sup>*Ibid.*

of a barely contained rage that seeped out at odd moments a rage directed at himself, for not having followed his own instincts and become "some sort of artist," but instead having taken the cowardly path of law school. He understood, it seemed, which was the easy, unadventurous choice, and yet he had known no way of stopping himself from making it.<sup>119</sup>

Danny falls in love with this unadventurous side of Walter, with "his careful haircut, his neatly pared nails, the bleached underwear ironed and stacked on a shelf."<sup>120</sup> They both become lawyers and take up residence in a middle-class suburban house outfitted with all the latest gadgets. Walter's sense of futility grows and he withdraws from Danny. His desire to write he channels into computer sex, an "erotic masque"<sup>121</sup> in which his sexual fantasies dance across the computer screen, luring responses from strangers far away. In time he realizes that the computer is a door to nowhere and "returns" to Danny, bringing his emotional energy back into the relationship. But the basic problem of self-fulfillment remains unassailed.

Like so many Professionals, Walter buries his sense of inner purpose under duty to collective values: hard work, professional success, home and partnership. Leavitt's resolution of his problem, Walter's discovery of the importance of his relationship with Danny, should make for a happy ending, but that relationship is so tied in the novel to the collective values just mentioned that it feels like another kind of burial. To rediscover the lost meaning of life, the Professional must beware anything called traditional; often only the shock of an unexpected and disorienting appeal to his heart can put him in the way of gaining a much-needed new perspective.

This is certainly the case with Marcus, a forty-five-year-old financial consultant. Sharp, capable, well thought-of, Marcus nonetheless feels bored and irritated by his clients' demands. He wants to throw it all off he has enough money to do so and yet his long-standing fears of not being masculine enough, of being perceived as feminine, which more than occasionally translates in his phrase-book as "gay," prevent him from abandoning those proofs of masculine success and heading for the tropics where, he says, he would do something completely different. The call of the tropics has grown more seductive in recent years because he has met and fallen in love with a native of the West Indies, a man he describes as red, emotionally expressive, even passionate. I will talk about this relationship more in chapter three. Right now, I want only to point out the classic nature of the dilemma facing Marcus: the constricting nature of his professional persona born of fear of his own femininity "balanced" by the need for

<sup>119</sup>*Equal Affections*, p. 22.

<sup>120</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 23.

<sup>121</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 240.

regeneration and transformation which the call of the red arouses to a painful degree. Like most Professionals, Marcus has responded with a skeptical, even cynical agreement to examine this conflict and put it to rest with "understanding." At the same time, he knows, because he's smart, no such resolution is possible: he'll have to go all the way.

### *The Chief of Staff*

The last of our blue subtypes is a very special one principally, I would say, because of his rarity. He's an exotic bird. Most blue men congregate in the world of the Professional. Our Chief of Staff is also a player in that world, but he plays from a distance. Aloofness is one of his distinguishing features at least, at first glance. It's not that he's not interested in business, law, economics, politics; it's not that he doesn't enjoy the power that mastery of these can give him (he's often a very powerful man, hence his title, Chief of Staff); it's that these are principally means to an end for him. By "end" I'm not referring to financial or social status, but to a philosophical base. Just as the Cavalier, the last of the red subtypes, used his emotional and artistic experiences of life to erect a philosophical platform, so the Chief of Staff uses his blue experience of the world to understand himself and his world philosophically. For this reason, for his desire to go deeper, I would assign a deep blue, indigo or navy, to him, and put Minerva together with "blue-haired" Neptune, god of the deep, to serve as his divine guardians.

The Chief of Staff is not obsessed with making it he has made it, and having made it he now seeks to penetrate to the core of his success and see what of his journey he would do differently if he could and, more important, what he will now do to enlarge his base of experience. The less evolved Chief of Staff might buy another company or open new branches of an existing business or go into some other line of business altogether; he will stay, however, within the familiar blue terrain he has always known. His more enterprising colleague will take the opportunity his success affords him to investigate realms that have nothing to do with his present world even red realms.

The Chief of Staff is usually a man mature in age (though this is not always the case), solid and secure in his sense of accomplishment, solid and secure in his masculine self-identity. He radiates a very traditional masculinity, but the kind redolent with those blue qualities Kouwer defined as moral firmness and integrity. A moral man with no, or very little, hardness, asperity or prejudice. A man who does not need to defend himself against anyone and so advocates tolerance as part of his philosophical platform. This tolerance extends even to homosexuality. However, he does not speak much about such subjects. Sexuality, feelings, relationship these bring out a reticence in him, a real discretion. He recognizes and admits to the fact that he's no expert in these areas; he will even

tell you that he has tripped up many a time when his lust or feelings became predominant. Like the Professional, he may even have attempted to circumscribe the place these have in his life, and yet one feels that he has done so less out of fear than an acceptance of his limitations.

He tends to underestimate his attractiveness as a lover; many have experienced him as a passionate man, many lust after him. He feels that he doesn't speak the language of love fluently enough, and he doesn't like to do anything unless he can do it very well. Part of this explanation is pure excuse. What it doesn't tell you is that he resents being crowded, he wants lots of space around him. This is an expression of that old blue issue: dislike of being out of control. He's perhaps even more adamant about not losing control than his colleagues. If you challenge him on this issue he can reveal a very condescending, patronizing side. Few challenge him. Most find the solidity that springs from his ability to exercise control very admirable, but his intimates can feel frustrated if they want greater closeness from him.

Not infrequently he's a family man, married with children, and he's proud of his role. When he's a bachelor (he will seldom call himself "gay"), he's still the devoted son or brother (-in-law) or uncle. He will give a lot to see that his siblings or his nephews and nieces are well taken care of in terms of such matters as education, which he holds in very high regard. The homoerotic "side" (he will always describe it thus) of his life he never trumpets to the world. He shows himself a faithful lover. Unless, his heart has run wild, he never commits stupidities or cruelties at his lover's expense: he is in fact a model of kindness most of the time. But his aloofness poses problems and he can lose lovers because of it.

I can imagine that some of the great gay or bisexual generals of history, like Gordon of Khartoum or Sir Hector Macdonald were blue men of this category. In fiction I would identify Hansen's Dave Brandstetter as leaning toward the Chief of Staff type; intellectual, cultured, self-possessed, reflective, Brandstetter hovers on the border of the Professional, because he's a just a little too all-American out-going. The Chief of Staff is generally more reserved. The psychiatrist Dr. Page, hero of *The Heart in Exile*, is definitely a member of the type. His self-reflections at the end of the novel when he finally realizes he is in love with his young servant, Terry, strike me as pure indigo:

Love can do great damage to the fabric of the mind, but I had always known that at times it can also cure and improve. I hoped it might cure me, for my weakness was that I had been suffering from an undeveloped heart. This had little to do with the fact that I preferred men to women, for there are thousands of people in the "normal" world whose hearts are small. 122

122 Rodney Garland, *The Heart in Exile*, p. 288.

The sense of justice, the psychological clarity, the sheer reasonableness of his observations are what give them their deep blue cast. He concludes hopefully:

Love makes some people young and irresponsible, but I knew that I would mature under its influence. I should not be restless. I should no longer have that mad craving for excitement, the desire to "live" a novel . . . I should have to live my own life. I should have a new sense of responsibility, and it would give me pleasure to be responsible.<sup>123</sup>

When I wrote above that the Chief of Staff will often investigate realms different from the standard blue one, I was referring to just such a situation as Dr. Page describes, and typical of the blue man, the doctor invests his journey of discovery with the potential of reinforcing those values (like responsibility) which he has always defended.

However, once again, it's an analysand who provides the most eloquent picture of what I mean by the Chief of Staff. This analysand I'll call Frank. He *is* frank. He's also very well-spoken, thoughtful, quiet, more introverted than extraverted, but a great success in the world as founder and managing director of a large engineering firm. He has just turned fifty-two, although he looks somewhat younger. He married at the age of nineteen when he made his girlfriend pregnant. Four sons later, his marriage seems fairly solid. All of his sons are involved in the arts. This is an area he wished he had explored more as a younger man. Now he interests himself in his sons' careers and, quite independently of them, gives a lot of financial support to various theater and dance companies. Dance has, in fact, become his great love.

Ten years ago he had his first affair with a man, a twenty-year-old male dancer. When that dancer tore a tendon Frank put him through college and the two are still friends and occasionally lovers. In the interim he befriended a second ballet dancer with whom he entertains a very intense relationship; it is probably the most passionate relationship Frank has ever had. This young man, like his predecessor, is what others might describe as effeminate, but, as Frank says, shaking his head in amazement, the sex is very powerful.

What worries Frank is the juggling he has to do to keep his relationship "clean" (his word). He doesn't want his relationship with Cyprien to take away from that with his wife, whom he says he loves very deeply (she knows about Cyprien), and vice versa. Occasionally, he feels he can't keep this going and will have to sacrifice his relationship with Cyprien, but this prospect plunges him into such a depression he decides he has no choice but to hold on. He speaks frequently in terms such as "fairness," "responsibility," "honesty," "clarity," and, of course, "discretion." Sometimes I feel he's trying too hard to hold everything together,

<sup>123</sup> Ibid., pp. 288-289.

to keep control of the situation, and that he has to learn to let things take their "natural" course with less prodding from him. And yet, his concerns are real and I have to admire his scrupulosity: it is not all controlling. In fact, it's the self-monitoring of a man like Frank that makes me respect the potential of the blue man: more of such blue men would make a great difference to our savage *fin-de-siècle*.

## Conclusion

Before moving on to discuss red men and blue men in relationship, I would like to make one final observation about the types. As we saw with the green and yellow men in *The Secret Lore of Gardening*, the boundaries of the subtypes are not made of concrete. There is a very lively movement between them.

This movement has something to do with age. The three subtypes for each color can be understood as stages in maturation, but not only. For example, a Professional could in a playful mood seem very like a Fraternity Brother while on a rainy Sunday manifest some of the self-analytical, philosophical tendencies of the Chief of Staff; so, too, the Cavalier, as we saw with Adolphe, contains elements of both Embellisher and Connector. There are pure types, I suppose, but they are rare. I also want to remind readers that these are types I am describing, not individuals. The analysands I have used for examples are much more complex individuals than a couple of paragraphs can ever show. Frank, for instance, while serving as a good example of the Chief of Staff type, has also something about him that suggests the "stud," "hunk," "jock" of Fraternity Brother sexuality; at the same time, his fondness for poetry and certain esoteric writers like Krishnamurti say to me that he might have a bit of yellow in him, too.

What I'm trying to do with this breakdown of the colors is provide handles for dealing with the kinds of energy that repeatedly define male-male relationships in our culture. The next chapter will perhaps justify the time I've taken in refining blue and red energies.

### 3

## Red Men with Blue Men

Consider this story: it could be the plot of a novel, a movie script or even a case study. The setting is a large North American city. Our hero, D., has everything going for him: good looks, athletic build, a successful career, loving family, devoted girlfriend. He should be on top of the world. And yet he is plagued by doubts. Doubts about his sexual identity. They have always been there. Always, and except for once or twice, when he was drunk, he has never given in to them. Then several months ago, he met G.G. is a queer pretty, artistic, talented, but a queer. Feminine. And now D. is sleeping with him. Of course, D. doesn't go in for a lot of kissing or passive sex or anything, and he doesn't let G. camp around too much when he's there. Still, he's sleeping with him. He wishes he could stop, but G. won't let him be, he's always pestering him for more time, more sex, and he doesn't even seem to mind being the bottom. G. says he loves him. D. doesn't know what he's going to do. On the one side G. is pressing him to move in that's impossible, of course and on the other his girlfriend wants to get married. It should be an easy decision, after all he's a man, but it isn't. D. is tormented about his future. How will it turn out?

If this were a novel written thirty, forty or more years ago (it would have to be a novel; a movie on such a theme couldn't have been made), the outcome would take one of several forms: D.'s girlfriend would find out and through her example of loving forgiveness coax D. back into the path of "normalcy" (sometimes this role is taken by a wiser, older person); or D. himself would come to his senses one bleak hungover morning and break off with G. violently and return to her; or D. would succumb to G.'s lustful advances and be lost forever to the world. In all these versions, G. would be made to suffer most acutely. Usually he died, by accident or suicide or, sometimes, even murder. Occasionally he was allowed to recognize the evil of his ways and do the noble thing: give D. up for the sake of the better life D. is capable of having. Then he would kill himself. Whether or not G.'s motives were honorable, his death would serve as a lurid object lesson to our hero. D. would be repentant and redeem himself with a brave new life or else, unable to give up the thought of G., would go the same route to perdition.

Twenty years ago, in the euphoria following the famed Stonewall riots, which marked the official beginning of a new era in gay politics, our story would have turned out as positively as its predecessor had negatively. D. would decide in favor of a life with G. (even though G. is, as Hansen's Dave Brandstet-

ter says of his lover Rod, a flit, a nelly) and the two would be reasonably happy together along heterosexual lines. The message D. would glean from his dilemma is that loving another man is a manly thing to do, and this might even have the effect of making G. himself more of a man. On all fronts, homoerotic experience would be, if not rescued from the taint of effeminacy, at least shown to be multifaceted.

Today well, some say this story could not be told. But, for argument's sake, let me suggest that today our story would drop the devoted girlfriend and focus D.'s dilemma on a choice between G. as his old devoted, campy college pal and H., the handsome weight-lifting professional colleague who isn't sure whether he prefers men or women. D. would prove to H. that it's manly to make it with men and they might live hornily ever after in an open relationship, converting other straight-acting, straight-appearing men to the manliness of homoerotic love or else go their separate ways satisfied, to carry on the same mission.

Just before I began work on chapter two, I paid a visit to Toronto's gay liberation bookshop, Glad Day. I ran into an old acquaintance who asked me what I was doing. I explained my project to him and told him I was looking for examples of relationships between masculine and feminine men. He laughed. "Butch and fem!" he said, "Don't you know that doesn't exist any more?!?" I had to laugh, too, as I looked over the extensive fiction shelves and saw novel after novel boasting sports stars, urban professionals and tough working men for heroes. He and I reminisced about those early days of outspoken gay politics, over twenty years ago, when butch and fem was for the vast majority of people, both in and out of the gay community, the standard way of defining the components of homoerotic relationship. Of course, there have always been a significant number of gay men who do not understand the world in these terms, men for whom the issues of masculinity and femininity are not buried under heaps of moral valuations. These men I have described in *The Secret Lore of Gardening* as green and yellow men. For them, who does what to whom and how obeys no rigorous protocol aimed at guarding traditional cultural views of masculine and feminine. However, for many others, this protocol, borrowed from a socially and politically endorsed brand of heterosexuality, has long served as the prime component of their homoerotic practice.

Surfaces may have altered slightly. Definitions of what constitute traditional, true-blue masculinity have loosened up. For example, many men are now prepared to assume responsibilities within the context of a heterosexual menage that they would have deemed beneath them twenty years ago. The insistence of women has produced this change. The relaxation of codes governing sexual behavior has also had an effect. More men are now willing to try on sexual roles they wouldn't have admitted even to fantasizing about before. Although I think that a lot of the impetus for this shift in sex roles came from the gay liberation

movement with its abundant experimentation, it's also probable that its acceptance by heterosexual people has in turn legitimized the shift for those gay and bisexual men who function in the blue and red modes. Blue men in particular, whatever their sexual persuasion, are less likely than before to regard homoerotic activity as unmasculine per se. This is certainly reinforced by the images the gay media and gay individuals adopt as meaningful clues to homoerotic experiences. The businessman, the cop, the cowboy, the sports pro, the army captain, the sailor, the leather man, the construction worker the costumes vary, but the role remains consistently "masculine." We need only quote a couple of examples from the personal ads of a big-city gay tabloid to confirm the point:

Construction worker. Italian-Irish. Very masculine. Well-endowed. Central location. Wants to meet other hot, masculine guys.

This is Greg. I'm a 25 yr. old bisexual bodybuilder who is well-endowed & has a very muscular body. I'm looking for other guys like myself, who are into working out, and getting it on with other hot, muscular, bi. guys. If you like the jock scene, and locker room scenes, give me a call.

The world evoked by such scenes is an exaggeratedly masculine one, a world where Phallos or Priapus is king, and there is no queen! Like all those queenless realms in fairy tales, this kingdom, too, runs the risk of a terrible sterility through its flagrant one-sidedness. And yet, we could read the "scene" as a defiant compensation for the ages-old identification of homoeroticism with effeminacy. It might also be likened to a kind of initiation ritual where the stigma of effeminacy is revoked. All traces of effeminacy are banished from the kingdom. Banished or confined to the safe, impersonal quarters of the drag show or "voguing" contest, where it can be viewed by Greg and his blue ilk as entertainment. We may understand the motive behind the banishment, but, why, we wonder, does the masculinity championed here have to imitate the time-worn tricks (accompanied by a blatantly narcissistic hard-body worship) that many straight blue men are trying so hard to modify? It seems to me that such notions of masculinity limit rather than extend the range of the homoerotic experience.

And what of the position in all this of the feminine, as opposed to effeminate, man, the man who, instead of (or in addition to) effeminacy, espouses such traditionally feminine values as love and relationship? He is perhaps less an embarrassment to the blue man than the flaming behavior of the drag queen or camp artist, but he's still felt as a nuisance, I think. As we have seen, the blue man finds little that's comprehensible about the red man's value system. For the blue man, relationship has the tendency to mean sex and sex to mean power. In our story, D. would turn G. down for H. because G.'s values do not reflect back to him male power. G. might try to show him that there is more than power to relationship, but D. would not be easily convinced. Even if he acknowledged the

truth of G.'s sentiments, he would probably still go off with H.

Like many blue men, D. is scared. He fears G. as an embodiment of his own femininity, of what he might become. True to type, he projects onto G. the archetype of the half-man half-woman, the hermaphrodite, who thus evokes feelings of awe, grandeur, even terror in D., overpowering him and prompting him to take retaliatory action. This could assume many forms these days the most common are humiliation, ostracism and marginalization; the goal in each instance though is to prevent D. from disappearing down a "black . . . cavern in which," as another D., David in James Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room*, tells us, "I would be tortured till madness came, in which I would lose my manhood."<sup>124</sup>

I have followed our story farther than I intended to prove that the butch-fem, blue-red dialectic still operates in male-male relationships. I didn't need to be so subtle. I could have quoted another ad in the same personals column from which I took the preceding two, as a complement to their messages:

My name is Paul. I'm 6'1", slim and 165 lbs. I have brown hair and hazel eyes. I have a very smooth, hairless, feminine body. I'm very feminine. I'm looking for a masculine guy, who would be interested in get-togethers.

That I came across these ads in the first newspaper I looked at, without any searching at all, says something, too.

I could also have pointed to the kind of homoerotic experience that predominates in Mediterranean and Latin American countries it is unquestionably blue-red. Many Northern Europeans and Americans profess shock when they confront the fierce machismo of these cultures for the first time. By comparison our own definition of the blue position seems soft, even, heaven forbid, feminine. We point the finger in a denunciatory fashion and then we import their machismo to flesh out our masturbatory fantasies, giving it a glossy sheen to disguise its coarseness and make it digestible to yuppie consciences. The great popularity enjoyed by so-called Latino types in today's male pornographic imagery has as much to do with their reputation for macho masculinity as for their dark eyes, dark skin and passionate temper.<sup>125</sup>

Latino-style machismo is just one flavor of the hypermasculinity which gay and bisexual consumers can sample nowadays. The presence of machismo in pornography, however, demands the presence also of its opposite; and that oppo-

<sup>124</sup>*Giovanni's Room*, p. 13.

<sup>125</sup> Several women who have been married to or closely involved with Latino or Mediterranean men tell me that the passionate temper and sensuality of their machismo contrast favorably with the cool Northern blue variety. Gay men more often find them perfunctory and non-involved lovers, presumably because their culture denies them the possibility of combining emotional engagement and sexual pleasure in their dealings with men.

site is none other than the feminine or red man. Again, North American pornographers may try to disguise the presence of the red man by giving him muscles or a baseball cap or a tattoo, but he has to be there or the blue man can't strut his stuff. The muscles and the baseball cap are usually fairly transparent devices anyway; the red man's capacity to submit and his desire to serve must be able to speak loud and clear.

A survey of gay and bisexual pornography could demonstrate beyond any shadow of a doubt the continuing power of the red-blue dynamic to shape contemporary homoerotic experience. This is not the place to offer such a survey but before leaving the subject, I want to mention a recent non-pornographic movie, made by the extremely talented American filmmaker Gus Van Sant, which uses the pornography industry to shed a light on the difference between red and blue approaches to relationship.

The film is *My Own Private Idaho*. There are two heroes. Scotty is the rebellious, somewhat spoiled son of the mayor; Mike is a gentle narcoleptic wanderer searching for his missing mother. They are both street hustlers. At one point, the film takes us inside a shop selling pornography. Racks and racks of magazines flaunting naked or nearly naked men on their covers assault the viewer's eye. Suddenly those covers come to life. The covermen become our heroes and their cronies. Posing, preening, flashing their goods, all of them put forward a sex-for-money, sex-as-power point of view, except Mike who thinks that sex-for-love might be an alternative, too. Later on, by a crackling fire in the open countryside at night, Mike confesses to his pal that he could see himself having sex with Scotty just because he loves him. Scotty, of course, doesn't budge from his macho position, although he does open his arms to let Mike embrace him. In *Idaho*, Van Sant is defining blue and red in the terms chosen by a contemporary homoerotic ethos, as a conflict of money/power/exploitation versus love. But, isn't this the "archetypal" blue-red conflict, the one that Octavian fought with Antony and Cleopatra and Aeneas fought with Dido? Van Sant, it seems, has no doubts that it's still alive.

Nor do many of my clients. Ivan, the interior decorator, for example, who yearns to find a man he can trust enough to surrender himself to, physically and emotionally. Or Joel, the chartered accountant, who also longs for the opportunity to know surrender, but is afraid to drop his tight, sexy blue mask and so contents himself with relationships where his partners submit to him. Or Carmen, the Italian *trompe-l'oeil* painter whose obsession for a certain husky blue type has involved him time and again in painful, demeaning relationships. All of these feel the immediacy of the blue-red issues in their lives. All consider blue as setting the standard for masculine and red for feminine behavior. And in every case, blue controls or, at least, tries to control the subtle metamorphoses of masculine and feminine as they express themselves through issues of

Power/Eros, Control/Uncontrol, Domination/Submission, etc. And yet the variations are also great. I want to look more closely now at the relationship lives of these men and others in order to capture a few of the variations in blue-red dynamics.

In writing about green and yellow men, I posited two kinds of relationship: man-youth and comrades-in-arms, or initiatory and fraternal. When I survey the myths, literature and films dealing with the relationships of blue with red men, both initiatory and fraternal kinds can be identified. Strathmore's relationship with poor Bertie Erroll is clearly one of comrade-in-arms; so, too, David's with Giovanni in *Giovanni's Room*. Oscar Wilde and his colleagues suggest a blood-brother or soul-mate-like match between Teleny and Camille des Grieux, as does Gus Van Sant with Mike and Scotty in *My Own Private Idaho*.

As for the initiatory type, one could point, albeit with an uncertain finger, to the relationships Proust's Baron de Charlus cultivates with several younger men, notably that scavenging opportunist of a musician, Morel. We meet with similar stories often in "real" life: the red man as older man, haunted by what he perceives as his weakness, his feminine side, and driven to seek out "relationships" with younger ultramasculine types who are usually straight or mercenary or both. These relationships may be initiatory in the sense that the older man introduces his young charge to society or the high life or painting and music or table manners. However, in terms of the epoch-making initiatory green-yellow matches represent, they do not even come close.

Identifying red-blue unions as principally fraternal or initiatory is, I feel, to divert attention from their first purpose, which is a delicate balancing of masculine and feminine values through a constantly shifting rearrangement of submissive-assertive roles. The feminine man's preeminent need is, to use the words of the greatly underrated New York psychiatrist Paul Rosenfels, "to serve an idealized object,"<sup>126</sup> and the masculine man's to discover "the true nature of opportunity" through exercise of such virtues as "personal courage, self-confidence, and spontaneous initiative."<sup>127</sup> These needs lead to the creation of psychic imbalances which mated union can help to resolve. Rosenfels describes this vividly, substituting the phrase "creative love" for the feminine man and "creative power" for the masculine:

Creative love is oriented toward giving and its primary tool is insight. Creative power is equally organized for giving and its primary tool is the constructive mastery which is keyed to the nature of the materials it manipulates. Love and power use the mated mechanism, each finding its potential through the other in the same psychological way that male and female mate

<sup>126</sup>*Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process*, p. 33.

<sup>127</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 34.

in nature. When a psychologically yielding male is interacting with masculinity, he is exposed to an intensity of feeling which can readily enter a sexual channel. A psychologically assertive male equally finds himself exposed to a tendency to possess the feminine resources so richly developed in the yielding male personality.<sup>128</sup>

One of the earliest Western myths about blue and red heroes, that of Heracles and Hylas, describes the one as master, the other as servant. But who is really what? When Hylas is kidnapped by the water nymphs, Heracles' grief is so extreme we can hardly help wondering if he wasn't finally more dependent on Hylas than Hylas on him. If nothing else, his reaction makes clear that Hylas's role, though a servant's, is not subservient: it is every bit as important, as "influential," as that of the master Heracles.

The red man's tendency to serve through the medium of Eros and the blue's to master through the appropriate seizing of opportunity seem to be "constitutional," and yet there is the question of unconscious compensation to be considered. The unconscious psyche of the red man brims with longings for power and the unrealized potential for self-assertiveness; and the blue's with longings for love and the unrealized potential for submission. In relationship, they have the chance to reach, through collaboration, some kind of balance where they can feel safe enough to be both submissive and assertive at different times, to be both master and servant. Again Rosenfels has put it very well:

The development of love capacities in a feminine personality must find its own kind of power, just as the power status of the masculine personality must include its own ability to love. The masculine components in feminin-

<sup>128</sup> Ibid., p. 46. Rosenfels drew up a very comprehensive psychology of masculinity and femininity which formed the basis for an understanding of male-male attraction. Thanks to Dean Hannotte, one of Rosenfels's most vocal disciples, we have a synopsis of what Rosenfels meant by the terms:

<u>Femininity</u>		<u>Masculinity</u>
submission	.....	dominance
love	.....	power
faith	.....	hope
thought	.....	action
honesty	.....	courage
depth	.....	vigour
insight	.....	mastery
truth	.....	right
teacher	.....	leader

(Dean Hannotte, ed., *We Knew Paul*, p. xiv)

Although I am puzzled by some of Rosenfels's "analogs" (like faith/hope), his picture of masculinity and femininity does not differ strikingly from my portraits of blue and red.

ity, and the feminine components in masculinity, need to be expressed without upsetting the primacy of the inner identity.<sup>129</sup>

In our culture, however, the serving or submitting role is poorly understood and, most of the time, devalued, even despised: it goes against the go-get-it grain of the Western persona. However, the serving role as played by the red man has as its intrapsychic parallel the ego's willingness to acknowledge the vast powers of the unconscious and, more, its loving devotion to doing what it can to make that power conscious.

Intrapsychically, the idealized object that Rosenfels sees the feminine man as born to serve is the Self. I don't want to suggest by this that the Self forms a clear parallel to the blue man. The latter does represent, I feel, the ego straining for self-potential, self-differentiation; he identifies with the hero archetype. Red and blue men embody different psychic approaches to the Self. The red's may be regarded with suspicion, especially as an appropriate path for a man to take; but, the truth is that both approaches are necessary in any individuation journey, as a consideration of myths, legends and fairy tales will only too clearly reveal. Often it is just when the dauntless hero sheds his shining mail and dons a humble, serving demeanor that he finds the castle, maiden and/or treasure he is seeking. Red and blue approaches are indispensable to each other and yet the blue man continues to insist on his superiority.<sup>130</sup>

This situation augments the shadow problems already rife in the blue-red merger, for the servant becomes the red man's exclusive costume, adding to the already unwieldy burden of "negative" projections he has to carry. Yes, there is a hook, but that's no justification for the kind of unloading our blue-dominated culture engages in at the red man's expense.

We cannot really talk about the relationship of red and blue without taking into account the shadow as a major player. It's not only that red serves as blue's number one shadow, but that red, partly in self-defense, has turned the blue man's values into stuff for his shadow those longings for power I just spoke of, among others. In each, the "other" is, as Jung said,

merely somewhat inferior, primitive, unadapted, and awkward; not wholly bad. It even contains childish or primitive qualities which would in a way revitalize and embellish human existence, but convention forbids!<sup>131</sup>

Like any shadow dilemma which consists in the first place of open conflict,

<sup>129</sup>*Homosexuality: The Psychology of the Creative Process*, p. 103.

<sup>130</sup> Sometimes, of course, the classic hero is yellow and the serving role he assumes is a green one. Yellow and blue men are allied in their sense of patriarchal duty.

<sup>131</sup> "Psychology and Religion," *Psychology and Religion*, CW 11, par. 134.

the red-blue can lead to a successful resolution. Sometimes this comes via relationship with a significant other or others. At other times, resolution occurs only intrapsychically. Occasionally, it happens on both inner and outer planes. Resolution may mean a marriage of the psychic masculine and feminine, leading to a constellation not of the hermaphrodite, but of the androgyne, a violet archetype wherein masculine and feminine values (however a culture chooses to define them) engage in continuing fruitful exchange with neither taking a permanent upper hand.<sup>132</sup> Or it may mean a moving out of the blue-red axis altogether into the green-yellow where masculine and feminine in their common, culturally sanctioned forms do not have the major parts. "What the outcome will be," says Jung, "can never be seen in advance. The only certain thing is that both parties will be changed."<sup>133</sup>

It's the tremendous hostility built into the nature of red-blue encounters that finally disqualifies them as typical initiatory or comrades-in-arms kinds of relationships. Strathmore kills Erroll after all and David abandons Giovanni. So does Scotty, Mike. Randy and D.J. in Lefcourt's *The Dreyfus Affair* do manage to overcome their natural antagonism (which Lefcourt heightens by making the pair white and black respectively), but they need a common enemy to do so. In any case, *The Dreyfus Affair* is a variation on a very special subgenre of the red-blue story: the "coming-out" tale.

As a genre, the coming-out tale provides a classic forum for the debate of red and blue values, as the hero sifts through his culture's definition of what makes a man a man, and what makes a man a "queer," a "faggot," a "fairy." Invariably, the hero ends up fighting (as Randy does) against the entrenched abusive attitudes of the blue toward the red, usually supported by his lover, to arrive at a balance of red and blue values. In this genre, red and blue heroes do approach the status of brothers-in-arms and, at the same time, they are initiators and initiated. Baldwin's *Giovanni's Room* contains two coming-out stories and Wilde's *Teleny* is another. But these are atypical because of their tragic endings. Coming-out tales are about surviving, about making good on potential, as much as self-discovery.

This is certainly the message of John Fox's *The Boys on the Rock* (1984), a

<sup>132</sup> June Singer's important book *Androgyny* (1976) performed the ground-breaking task (for Jungians, that is) of seeing homoerotic experience as one expression of the Androgyne. Although at several points in her discussion Singer seemed uncertain about acknowledging a positive role for homoeroticism (as, for instance, when she compared homosexuality to the common cold virus), she yet planted a seed. Others have tended it, most recently Robert Hopcke, the Berkeley psychotherapist, who, in his admirable study, *Jung, Jungians, and Homosexuality* (1989), claims that "sexual orientation emerges from a complex interaction of the personal and archetypal masculine, feminine and Androgyne" (p. 187).

<sup>133</sup> "Rex and Regina," *Mysterium Coniunctionis*, CW 14, par. 514.

beautifully written story about a handsome teen-ager most heroes of the coming-out genre are teen-agers, unlike Randy, David and Camille named Billy Connors. Set in the late sixties in suburban New York, the novel follows Billy through the tangle of his intense feelings to recognition of his homosexuality via an affair with an older boy. Al is Italian-American and politically active; he is campaigning for Eugene McCarthy when Billy meets him. He has political ambitions of his own, too. In fact, he's a very political fellow and insists on getting all the perks he feels his seniority entitles him to, including top-man position in sex with Billy. Our young hero objects to this and to Al's increasingly obvious closeted attitude to being gay. He loses his lover. But at the end of the story, Fox depicts Billy staring wistfully after a boat headed for the city. His future lies wide open before him:

Clouds are sailing in an arc down the sky and up the shore a trawler is headed north, toward the mouth of the Hudson, I guess, to Manhattan maybe.<sup>134</sup>

What makes Billy red finally is his investment in the world of feelings and relationship. We have no indication that red is for him a permanent label, it signifies only the starting point of his journey.

Outside the coming-out genre, it is the submissive-assertive, servant-master dialogue which one hears spoken most often in red-blue relationships. Sometimes the speakers *are* masters and servants, like Heracles and Hylas; Alexander and his page Bagoas; Encolpius and his slave-boy Giton in *The Satyricon* of Petronius; Dr. Page and his manservant Terry in *The Heart in Exile*; or Major Langdon and his houseboy Anacleto.<sup>135</sup> Although the roles are clearly defined in each of these cases, the servant often wields sufficient power to bring his master to his knees (figuratively speaking). We saw how Major Langdon lamented the disappearance of Anacleto. We could also point to Dr. Page's tears when confronted by Terry's capacity for love at the end of Garland's novel, or Encolpius's near-despair at the loss of Giton to his rival Ascyltus.

Sometimes master and servant or slave are roles assumed only in special circumstances, as is the case with the sado-masochistic ritual. Much abuse has been heaped on this ritual: its critics call it exploitative. I am not about to say that there is never a neurotic component to the ritual like any other, much depends on the level of consciousness enjoyed by the participants. However, the possibilities such a ritualized exploration of Power/Eros and Dominance/Submission provide for self-discovery are very great. Both sadist and masochist (but particu-

<sup>134</sup>*The Boys on the Rock*, p. 146.

<sup>135</sup> Master-servant relationships exist in the green-yellow world, too, but they are not usually concerned with such analogs as Power/Eros, Control/Uncontrol, Dominance/Submission or Masculine/Feminine.

larly, according to Lynn Cowan, the masochist) stand to learn very vividly what it is to negotiate archetypal forces unleashed by the roles of master and slave through them, to feel the relationship to the regulating center of the personality, the Self; and, by them, to be changed. The sado-masochistic ritual also keeps the issue of Power-Powerlessness, which so many see as abusing, out in the open. Unacknowledged, this issue, a major one in our patriarchal society, can catch people unawares and at their weakest; unacknowledged, it seeks sly expression through household chores, money exchanges, office routines, card games, canoe trips, et cetera. The sado-masochistic ritual puts the issue front and center and thus, while investing it with great psychosexual intensity, depotentiates its more dangerous psychological aspects. Many individuals engaged in this ritual on a regular basis, whether as sadists or masochists, demonstrate a remarkably egalitarian stance on power questions in their daily lives.

Without a ritual container, the master-servant dialogue can become ugly and forbidding, as it does in Canadian John Herbert's violent prison drama, *Fortune and Men's Eyes* (1967). Frequently blue-red unions delineate only the power of the blue his political and, more important, ideological control over the powerless red. This is certainly the case in the penitentiary where tough-guy Rocky rules his cell-mates with an iron first and a phallus no one says no to. Power *is* masculinity to Rocky; loss of power, emasculation. He teaches the guileless newcomer, Smitty, this lesson in the shower shortly after Smitty's arrival. For a time Smitty is Rocky's slave, but Smitty, a nascent blue man, learns in short order how to play Rocky's game and takes power away from him. Then, it's he who calls the shots. He makes the cell's favorite victim, the sweet, gentle, genuine "Mona," his slave. Their union manages to become more than a preservation of prison status quo because Mona makes Smitty understand with the help of the Shakespeare sonnet beginning, "When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweepe my outcast state," that blue masculinity need not depend solely on power to be effective. Mona communicates to him the possibility of incorporating other values into his understanding of the masculine, "fem" values, in short, the kind Mona in his shy but loving devotion to Smitty, embodies. Smitty listens, is responsive and this, in turn, allows Mona as red man to open up to an experience of blue masculinity that is not stern, brutal, threatening or oppressive.

Mona and Smitty's dialogue around the sonnet is a kind of collaboration. Collaboration is an important theme in the red-blue exchange. It takes on many hues. The collaboration of Rod Fleming and Dave Brandstetter in Hansen's *Fadeout* is of quite a different order from Smitty and Mona's, for instance. Rod enters Dave's life, as we saw, proffering advice on how to decorate his apartment. He acts the part of the Embellisher par excellence, serving Professional/Chief of Staff Dave through his love of color, texture, beauty, form. Their rela-



Smitty reaches out to Mona in a scene from *Fortune and Men's Eyes* (1967) by John Herbert

tionship quickly becomes a collaboration, however, as they redo Dave's house together, turning it gradually into Dave and Rod's house. Their collaboration is clinched in the bed Dave has bought with Rod's help:

When he'd seen Rod first, talked to him first, heart running quick as a watch, mouth dry, he had told himself, *This will be good for exactly one sweet night*. The kid was feminine. A flit. Nobody he could live with. . . . But Christmas Eve, lying naked and warm against Rod in that preposterous bed, both of them with the smell of paint in their hair that no amount of showering would take out, listening to the church bells off across the rainy midnight city, he understood he had been wrong.<sup>136</sup>

As a collaboration, it doesn't always run smoothly, in spite of the dreams of forever they share in that bed. Their tastes in music, films and friends are as different as tastes can be. Dave is intellectual, interested in science, war and politics; Rod is artistic, beguiled by visuals. Dave never gets fully accustomed to Rod's effeminacy either, and yet they find a way to make it work "So there had been mostly only the two of them. It had been enough."<sup>137</sup> until Rod dies hideously of cancer, twenty years after their first Christmas Eve. Loss of Rod strikes Dave very hard. He is tortured by memories, regrets. In his grief, he reminds us of no one more than Heracles tearing up trees in despair at loss of his red man, Hylas.

Typical of most blue-red collaborations is the big role setting up house plays for Dave and Rod. It is Dave's decision to redecorate his bedroom that brings them together after all. Others of Hansen's lovers also make much of the space they cohabit in *Job's Year* or *Backtrack* for instance. But Hansen is not alone in this. Teleny's rooms are a crucial feature in the growth and death of his affair with Camille des Grieux. The title, *Giovanni's Room*, attests to the importance of the squalid place which the sexually undecided hero decides to share with the hapless Giovanni in Baldwin's novel. Once David has become his lover-roommate, Giovanni begins the daunting task of rescuing the room from its quasi-derelict state, even the stained wallpaper portraying lovers wooing in a rose garden (a most fitting motif for the walls of a red man's flat).

Like Giovanni's, Divine's apartment in *Our Lady of the Flowers* becomes a haven for his beloved, the blue-eyed Darling, and is transformed by his presence. So, too, Mona and Smitty's short-lived love-affair transforms their cell into a nest of understanding and sympathy. In *Brideshead Revisited*, the house itself comes to symbolize both the wonder and the pity of Charles Ryder's relations with Lord Marchmain's eccentric family, especially his dipsomaniac son, Sebastian. The importance of the house to the red-blue pair receives even greater em-

<sup>136</sup>*Fadeout*, pp. 47-48.

<sup>137</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 50.

phasis when the red partner is servant and the blue master (*The Heart in Exile*, *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, etc.); then the house becomes the arena for a dramatic reappraisal of what constitutes real power.

When blue-red is the dominant axis of the coming-out story (as it is in *The Boys on the Rock* or Kenneth Martin's 1957 cause célèbre, *Aubade*, written when the author was just sixteen), what becomes important is not setting up a house, but finding a place to make love. Whether it's car, hillside, attic, shed, grandmother's house, the physical setting gives the sexual experiment/discovery a distinctive quality; it becomes part of the landscape of the love act, almost as important an expression of the lovers' desire as their erections.

Setting and particularly house in the sense of homemaking is rarely so important for green and yellow lovers/friends, perhaps because the yellow man is usually the reporter and he shows little interest in the details of daily life. When green is the narrator (*The Bird of Night*, *Le Grand Meaulnes*), we get more of a sense of place but it feels and is one-sided: the place he describes represents him and not the relationship per se. Mostly, green and yellow love affairs emphasize movement, change, revolution, diversity. If a particular place becomes important, like the boathouse or the russet room in Forster's *Maurice* or the commandant's house in *Middle Ground*, it does so as a transition point only.

Blue and red men make householding, homemaking such a special part of their careers in part because of their ties to the heterosexual model of relationship, in part because the house provides a safe venue for the blue man to exercise his capacity for power, mastery and control, and red his for love, relationship, service. The house is a metaphor not only for the fruit of the blue-red collaboration but also for the collaboration itself.

All of the positive examples of red-blue matings we might select from mythology, literature and film feature a strong component of collaboration. Collaboration triumphing over the open conflict that traditionally distinguishes the beginning (and sometimes the full career) of such unions. As we will now see, the relationships of "real" as opposed to imagined red and blue men also depend on a readiness or willingness to work through the ancient antagonism of masculine and feminine.

Joel and Frank

I begin with two blue men. We've met them before. Joel lurks on the borders between Fraternity Brother and Professional; Frank is pure Chief of Staff (with a hint of Fraternity Brother sexuality thrown in). Both bring into focus some of the common paradoxes found in a homoerotic blue position.

Twenty-nine-year-old, dark, good-looking Joel is immensely popular with men and women. At first meeting, he gives the impression of being reserved,

sensible, clear-headed, of "having a good head on his shoulders," as well as of "headiness." Not that his body doesn't make an impact: he has a good body. People are turned on by him. But it's a reserved body, a "withheld" body. And that's part of his great charm. Like the stimulating negation Goethe attributed generally to the color blue, Joel's physical presence by its very quality of withholding draws people after it. When people get very close to him, however, they find that his body is encased, as it were, in armor. It's difficult to get beyond a certain point in physical relations with him. The armor he seems to wear protects him perhaps by enabling him to hold in something he perceives as threatening to his self-image; but, it also seems to be holding something up expectations? traditions? standards? The overall result is that up close Joel's body communicates a quality of being "held."

As I mentioned, Joel is the son of socially prominent and ambitious Jewish parents. From an early age, he was groomed for one of the professions. He had the mental capabilities to undertake whatever he chose. He settled finally on chartered accountancy, though the fantasy of becoming a doctor or psychiatrist lingers still. (In a sense, he feels he has let his parents and his own abilities down by not pursuing a career in medicine.) Before he reached his goal, he suffered a major nervous breakdown. He was seventeen. The doctors diagnosed his condition as an acute manifestation of paranoid schizophrenia. He claimed to hear voices, bells, sirens, alarms and to see flashing lights. It looks now as if the breakdown was in part a rejection of his parents' plans for him, plans which included marriage, children, a house in the wealthy suburb which they and their friends inhabit, and a summer cottage; and in part a warning to him about the risks he was running in accepting those plans so unquestioningly.

His recovery took several months, during which time he entered a classical psychoanalysis with a doctor known to the family. Joel told the doctor about his growing sexual confusion and the doctor responded by focusing all his skills on reinforcing a traditional masculinity in Joel, not only through psychology but through modification of Joel's mannerisms, gestures and patterns of speech. Joel had never been effeminate or "sissy"; for almost ten years Dr. T. took great pains to make sure he never would be. Their sessions often resembled deportment classes. When Joel "graduated," a few months before coming to see me two years ago, there were no telltale traces of his sexual secret. Apparently Dr. T. actually believed the lessons in walking and speaking had been effective in chasing away any homosexual feelings: a victory for behavior modification! And the efficacy of armoring.

By this time, however, Joel's sexual "secret" was so much an acknowledged part of his life that his family knew and more or less "accepted" it. There was no place for such behavior in their plans for Joel, of course. This made Joel feel bad enough to finish courses he knew they would approve of and to obtain a degree

that would augment his professional status, even though his interest in such work was low. They were tasks he could do with his eyes shut. The paucity of room in the collective consciousness of the family for his sexual desires has meant that he keeps the two worlds quite separate. Questions are rarely asked about his love-life; information is seldom offered. If the family weren't such an important part of his life, this treaty of silence would not pose any problem. However family has first place (as it does for many blue men). It is the one constant in Joel's life, beside which his love affairs seem flighty, ephemeral, jetsam. Ex-lovers often become friends. Indeed, as I already mentioned, Joel has many long-standing close friends. Current sexual-romantic entanglements, however, have very little weight. They are primarily physical experiences, and this leaves lovers feeling frustrated or cheated. Joel himself is disturbed by this.

He says that he would like a relationship, that he's longing to settle down with someone and there's no reason to doubt him, as blue men frequently express this desire; it complements their sense of family, of continuity. However, the armor he has learned to wear, not only through Dr. T., but also through his parents and professional colleagues, makes it hard for him as well as others to gain access to his feelings. His emotional life festers in a remote corner far below the surface. Joel is essentially a stranger there. Indeed, if his breakdown had not opened up the subject of his feelings to investigation and speculation, it's hard to imagine where his love-life would be now.

Since beginning his work with me, Joel has had numerous lovers. Many of them have been classic red types: soft, romantic, emotionally labile, submissive. They have generally encouraged Joel to keep up his true-blue identity. They depend on him to lead, to take the initiative, make the moves. Where they are most hoping he will show his dominance, in expressing his feelings for them, he, of course, must disappoint them. As a result, a vicious circle of self-sacrifice and resentment (typical of many traditional marriages) gets rolling. Joel cannot be blamed too severely for his "failure" to satisfy his red lovers; after all, he's only obeying his type. If he were less blue, they wouldn't be drawn to him. This is not to say that Joel doesn't need to open a wider avenue to his feeling: it is imperative he do so if he ever wants a healthy long-term love affair. However, he can do it only on his own terms: he cannot imitate the red man.

With Santo, his current red boyfriend, Joel has established a sort of live-in relationship. Santo is one of three men with whom Joel lives. They each have their own room. However, Santo spends a lot of time in Joel's room as his bedmate. As far as Joel is concerned, Santo is still just one of his roommates. He can't accept him as more than that, it seems, because Santo is possessive, clinging. And yet, Joel accepts Santo's care and devotion without too many qualms. The potential for this situation to develop into a full-scale abusive relationship is obvious. Joel is enough of a Fraternity Brother to enjoy being sup-

ported, even pampered without having to give a lot of himself emotionally.

Sexually his relationship with Santo is fairly flexible. Though Santo prefers to take the submissive role, he also plays the active. This pleases Joel, though Santo is not, for him, an ideal top-man. Many times during analysis, he has come in with sexual dreams of being bottom to a more aggressive man, sometimes older, sometimes the same age. Such dreams are very highly charged for him. His sexual fantasies frequently take up the same theme. He sees them as explorations of a role that his conscious identity rigorously excludes.

One dream had him teaching pubertal boys in a summer camp. He is at a blackboard. Another man, his age, All-American, dressed in a Lacoste shirt and khaki trousers, enters the room. Joel remarks on his superb, muscular physique. The newcomer appears to be in charge. He dismisses the boys and tells Joel that he wants to have sex with him, anal sex, and that he will take the active part. Joel is very excited. The dream has some of the qualities of the initiatory sequences described in *The Secret Lore of Gardening*. From being a kind of initiator with his charges, Joel becomes the initiated one but initiated to what?

When Joel described the all-American master he commented that the only real difference between them was their coloring: his partner was blond. Blondness I understand as a symbol of consciousness, clarity, brightness, illumination (at least of a solar nature). So, Joel's initiation was going to make him more conscious but, again of what? The narcissistic element, emphasized by Joel, gives us a clue. Often blue men, fearful of the feminine that might be lurking within, eschew all contact with the red, especially relationships with red types. These blue men seek out one another's sexual company. The ads quoted above give us a good sense of what this might look like or, as Joel himself described the current scene, "Muscle boys go with muscle boys, and Bay Street [Toronto's financial district] boys with Bay Street boys." Fear for their masculinity gives the narcissism an added electricity. Joel's initiation will make him more conscious of and, with any luck, less fearful for the strength of his standard-brand masculinity, as well as allow him to appropriate "safely," as submission to the red Santo cannot, the red role of surrender.

Many of the affairs Joel tackles on the side of his relationship with Santo take such a form. Joel finds them as "hot" as the dream-image, but acknowledges their limitations: they help sustain, even amplify his sense of masculine identity, and, in this way, they resemble comrades-in-arms relationships. Unlike the great comrades-in-arms of the epic world, however, these relationships do not advance the hero, open new doors for him, chart new territories; their job is confirmation. It is more likely that Santo's redness, if it were more conscious, and Santo more self-aware, would provide the meatier challenge to Joel's clearly blue masculinity. A real surrender to that redness could mark a major turning point in Joel's own emotional self-understanding. Santo cannot be blamed. Two of Joel's

previous red boyfriends were similarly self-unaware. Joel's attraction to them may have as its basis their very lack of consciousness: it gives him an excuse to avoid surrender. But then another question we'll return to when we look at Marcus is that of Joel's comfort on the red-blue axis. Perhaps the feelings of dissatisfaction both he and his partners complain of have to do with the fact that Joel is not "clearly" or primarily blue.

*Frank*

I described him at length under the Chief of Staff. I return to him here because of the ways he complements Joel's story. He began rather late to have relationships with men he was forty-one although there had been infrequent casual encounters before that. He claims that he never realized anything more than sex or friendship was possible with a man until he met Toshiro, his first long-term boyfriend. Sexual relationship he always equated with marriage. Joel, on the other hand, said he was aware of sexual feelings for men at a very early age and, more than that, the desire for "relationship" even if its realization remains problematic. Sexual relationship with a man came to Frank as a surprise. Even more so because his partner was so feminine. (There is a great similarity between Frank's feeling when he first met Toshiro and Dave Brandstetter's when he met Rod in *Fadeout*.)

Toshiro, incidentally, is Japanese. Joel's current friend, Santo, and his previous, Jamal, are also Asian. When they're not openly avoiding any association with the feminine, gay blue men frequently express a preference for men who, in their eyes, are not outwardly masculine, probably because they can feel more masculine beside them. Frank and Joel are certainly not unique in this regard. Because of their slighter build, shorter stature, and their relative lack of body hair, Asian men are a popular choice to carry the blue man's projections of the feminine.

Another client, Serge, a blue businessman who has fleeting homoerotic fantasies, had the following dream about an Asian man:

I am walking down Bay Street with a gang of men, headed for the centre of the financial district. We are all in business suits. It is lunch hour. I look across the street and see two men also in business suits walking in the opposite direction, toward City Hall. One is tall, handsome, athletic, with curly blond hair. His companion is smaller, darker, Asian. They are holding hands and seem to be in love. I am quite surprised to see them.

When I asked Serge for his associations to Asian men, he said, "East, foreign, exotic, the Other." For weeks before he had the dream, we had been discussing the heavy demands his business and indeed his professional persona (very well developed) were making on his life. They dominated it. He complained that he

felt estranged, distant from things he used to enjoy a lot: books, music, good food, regular intimacy with his wife, simple pleasures.

I felt the dream was using the Asian man to represent these "exotic," "otherly" things and telling him it was time that the red and blue joined forces again. The dream even suggested that the blue man was as keen for it as the red, hungry for a committed relationship. The Asian or red man did not seem to be threatening the blue's world, even though he was "other": he was wearing a business suit, after all, which surely meant that he had a place in this world. And they would be returning to it after lunch. However, this pause to come together was very important, because it not only took them out of the business district altogether but also led them to City Hall. I took this to be a symbol of the center, a place where everything comes together, is one again a Self image. Serge got the message and began to make time and space for strolling with the Asian man.

Literature and film also turn up relationships where the partners are blue-Western and red-Eastern. I'm thinking of Anacleto and Major Langdon and Alexander and Bagoas, to name but two. Not only Santo and Toshiro but also Frank's current boyfriend, Cyprien, a French Canadian notable for his almost gypsy-like darkness and beauty, emphasize the link that always exists for the blue man between the red/feminine and the exotic.

In his relationships, Frank entertains no doubts about his masculinity, his blueness. He feels no need to confirm his masculine identity with sexual sprees involving men like himself. In fact, his marriage notwithstanding, he is pretty "faithful" to Cyprien. A similarly bisexual friend accused Frank of preferring feminine boys so that he can always feel more masculine than they. Scrupulous as he is, Frank considered this accusation seriously. He accepted that Toshiro and now Cyprien's femininity certainly stood in stark contrast to his own mature, solid, stocky, hairy masculinity and that it could and did occasionally act as an incitement for him to take the dominant role. However, more often than not, Frank prefers Cyprien to take the initiative sexually as well as in other ways.

Frank quite unabashedly admits enjoying his place as bottom: he finds it not only sexually satisfying but very intense on an emotional level. "Giving in," he says, is not "giving up," but "giving place" for something new and unexpected to happen. The feeling of being swept away in his love-making with Cyprien has been largely responsible, he thinks, for an increased ability to let go in other areas of his life, in his work as well as his marriage. He claims that his wife has noticed the difference in his willingness to discuss domestic issues. Through his relationship to Cyprien, Frank has developed the blue man's capacity to mine the feminine resources offered him and use them constructively for the benefit of both his partner and himself.

The same friend also suggested that Frank's relationship to Cyprien was based

largely on the father-son dynamic. Frank acknowledged the truth of this: he even said that the thought of Cyprien as his son was a turn-on. Cyprien finds Frank's fatherliness equally exciting. Frank, like Dr. Page in *The Heart in Exile*, likes the feeling of being responsible, and being responsible for someone he loves: it gives him a sense of "contributing" to a relationship in a very real way. When Toshiro injured himself and had to quit dancing, Frank looked after him until he graduated from college with a degree and a job. He serves Cyprien in ways, too, introducing him to new ideas, new ways of thinking about things, new ways of doing things. He likes to teach. None of his "serving" however really resembles the kind of serving Toshiro or Cyprien or Santo or any other red man is capable of, a service via the feelings, beauty, artistry, relationship, that goes straight to the heart (and blood). Nor is Frank's fatherly role exactly that of the initiator. There *is* something of the yellow initiator in Frank's teaching and also some of the green Frank has a very practical streak and likes to know that his "boys" (as he calls them) know how to look after themselves when it comes to wiring, plumbing, etc. But to hear him talk about his experiences with his lovers and of their responses is to get a picture of a very successful negotiation of traditional masculine-feminine roles where the traditions are preserved in essence and yet kept from petrification by engaging play.

Frank remains in every way the blue man: reserved, discreet, rational, organized, thoughtful and even conservative. He cannot, for instance, bear certain concepts like God and country and family to be profaned. He and Cyprien had their most serious argument over Cyprien's "blasphemies" about Christ and the Virgin Mary. Part of this is his age Joel is not at all conservative in this way, except on the issue of family, and then largely out of fear of rebuke. Part of it is the blue man's typical abhorrence of anything he would call "excessive," particularly in the form of ideas, opinions and beliefs; Joel has expressed a similar disdain for some of Santo's points of view.

Frank realizes that he himself has no great regard for Church religion and yet, he says, he cannot stand to see the mainstays of Western culture destroyed without something offered to take their place. Frank feels he has no solutions to the poverty of late-twentieth-century society. He says, "I leave it to brighter people." However, his major reason for seeking analysis was to try to understand his sometimes immobilizing depressions about this state of affairs. He works very conscientiously not to add to the poverty through thoughtless behavior of his own, and nowhere is this more evident than in his relationships. It's hardly surprising Cyprien and Toshiro before him find him a real challenge to be with. As Frank once reported to me, Cyprien wanted to know, "How can I ever be worthy enough of you?" Frank seemed profoundly shocked by the question.

## Ivan and Carmen

Two red men are next, both of them living principally as Embellishers. Like so many red men, and Embellishers in particular, Ivan and Carmen suffered acutely as boys for their so-called effeminacy, which manifested principally in interests deemed by their families and peers as "sissy": art, design, fashion. Ivan's situation was exacerbated by an extremely intense love-hate with his elder brother.

Ivan's parents seemed to have been fairly *laissez-faire* in their approach to development. However, at the age of eight, Ivan became the focus of his brother Peter's just-emerging sexual curiosity. Peter is six years older than Ivan. Ivan adored him and when Peter insisted that Ivan take care of his sexual needs, Ivan obeyed. He didn't like the sex very much, but he continued to indulge his brother for many years. The situation was complicated by the fact that Peter would never acknowledge to Ivan that he knew what they were doing; he avoided mention of their "agreement" assiduously. Even worse, he turned into one of Ivan's most vocal public tormentors.

Ivan grew up in a small mining town in northern Ontario where blue-collar interests (beer, sports, "scoring" with the opposite sex) were the order of the day. An atmosphere of barely suppressed violence hung about the place. Ivan was tormented by many for his "sissy" ways, but the voice that hurt him most was his brother's. Especially as these public attacks were followed by private sexual exchanges that were hot and eager if not passionate. Peter called the shots sexually until Ivan reached an age to realize that he wasn't absolutely powerless. He threatened his brother with exposure to their parents unless he reciprocated sexually. Sometimes Ivan would insist that Peter satisfy him first and then afterward himself refuse to reciprocate. His blackmailing techniques did not, however, release him from the hold his brother had on him. If anything he was now a partner in his brother's crimes against himself. The "constitutional" tendency of the red man to serve an idealized object led Ivan into slavery. His beloved master was a callous, exploitative despot who took what he needed and then threw the waste back in his slave's face. Some might say that what I am calling a constitutional tendency is really the result of Ivan's relationship with Peter, but I am not convinced by this argument; I would suggest that the intimacy crystallized a potential in Ivan, but did not invent it.

Needless to say, Ivan's introduction to male-male sexuality has had a profound influence on his adult capacity for relationship. Most of the time and we'll see the same thing with Carmen Ivan holds himself aloof from real commitment. The power issues, so vital a part of his dealings with his brother, scare him away. He is certain that the closer he allows someone to get to him, the more power he has to give up. And he knows from experience that giving up power is painful and humiliating. No one could blame him for holding this

view. It's one many red men share from past experiences of true-blue masculinity as an abuse of power. They hate and fear this power and at the same time are mesmerized by it: it has an almost numinous appeal for them. The powerful man becomes the favorite object of their sexual fantasizing. And yet they let no one get near them.

Some red men compensate by taking on the trappings of power and flaunting them with a viciousness that the so-called powerful man would find craven. Ivan does not go to this extreme, but he has a reputation in the interior design world for a sharp tongue and a hypercritical approach. His capacity for criticism appears rather indiscriminate: if a friend requests an opinion of a piece of work just completed, Ivan can be frank to an almost sadistic degree. It's not because he lacks feeling either, it's because his power complex gets triggered. At the same time he shows himself a very convincing businessman with a hard head and ambitions to get to the top. His physical presence while flamboyant in the red style also depends a lot on the effects produced by leather, suede, denim, cowboy boots, studded belts and bracelets. His firm handshake, his tense jaw, his staccato way of speaking also communicate the power-man, the blue man. But he's not blue and this becomes very obvious the minute he begins talking about relationship. The desire to surrender to, to serve a beloved rings through all of his conversation on the subject.

Before he met Charles, Ivan had had one major relationship with a man. This man was Ivan's age and also involved in design. In fact, they were very, very similar in many ways. Red men both, their relationship resembled in its narcissistic mirroring that of the two muscle boys or Bay Street men Joel described. Like those relationships, Ivan's with Paul was a confirmation, not of blue masculinity, but of red. It also provided a safe, non-threatening environment in which Ivan and Paul could tentatively explore the Power-versus-Eros issues that plagued both of them. The relationship gave Ivan a start on defining his problems. Charles has helped him go much farther.

Charles is not a blue man by any stretch of the imagination. He is a businessman; he runs his own graphics design firm. He upholds some of the values that distinguish blue men, particularly emotional reserve, a keen sense of responsibility. But besides these, he seems to have a remarkable ability for constellating, in Ivan at least, a connection to emotional realities that is peculiar to the Connector. A hybrid? Or is Charles's blue side merely persona? I suspect that Charles is more "other" for Ivan than Paul was but that Ivan is still too insecure to risk relationship with a bona fide blue man. Nevertheless the relationship has helped Ivan attack some of those walls that for many years have kept out the possibility of deep relationship.

The setting for this first big step in overcoming the legacy of the relationship to his brother, has been, appropriately, the same as the original: bed. When Ivan

and Charles first had sex, Ivan was turned on by Charles's desire for him; otherwise he didn't find Charles very exciting. As Ivan talked about their sexual relationship in the early days I always had the sense that he was standing back, watching, keeping control in the "inferior" way the red man understands "control," i.e., as something limiting and uncreative. (Many blue men practice control this way, too, but there is a range of meaning in the idea of control for blue men that makes it a very subtle phenomenon.)

The sexual relationship remained fairly one-sided, even as the emotional bond between Ivan and Charles grew daily more complex and intense. Ivan claimed that he could only "perform" if he fantasized about other situations actual or imaginary while making love to Charles. Between his separating from Paul and meeting Charles, Ivan's sexual activity had been largely confined to what he repeatedly referred to as "hot sex" with strangers in back alleys. Bringing the man with the blue persona (symbolized by the leather jacket, crew cut or business suit) to his knees in worship of Ivan's genitals was the object of these escapades. These formed part of the fantasy material he entertained himself with while Charles tried to satisfy him. Increasingly, however, fantasies in which Ivan himself was tied up, gang raped, made to service a potent blue sexuality played a part as well. This eventually led to an experiment: Ivan permitted Charles to take the aggressive role in anal intercourse. It was traumatic. The intensity of the feeling connected to the surrender of power was overwhelming at first, and in its wake floated a lot of very painful memories. Charles handled the situation well, however; he didn't push, didn't insist, backed off when Ivan couldn't take any more. The second and third times they repeated their experiment were less traumatic. On each occasion, Ivan felt that Charles heard him, was sensitive to him, cared for his comfort and pleasure, and this allowed Ivan to gain trust in him. Being able to trust Charles meant for Ivan a deepening of his affection and less need of the fantasies that formerly sustained him during their lovemaking.

With the trust, Ivan was able to be more present, less controlling in bed and out. He even began to wonder if he were falling in love with Charles. He talked a lot about living with him, in fact. Most of their affair had taken place in Charles's house. It had become an important player in the development of their relationship, serving as it did as a safe place, a "temenos," for the letting down of defenses on both sides, but especially on Ivan's. Whenever he talked about Charles's house, it seemed to symbolize something precious he had lost and found again after a long struggle: a real coming-home. Whether or not there's enough tension between the two of them to permit a development of their erotic life is another question but a rich friendship at least will result from their journey together.

One not unimportant side effect of Ivan's experiments with Charles has been

a confrontation with his brother, Peter. Ivan nailed him for the sexual abuse and outlined for him how he had suffered because of it. Now married and the father of several children, Peter was shamefaced, guilty, silent. When Ivan told him that he was happy now, being in love with Charles, Peter could only manage, "I was afraid of that!"

### *Carmen*

Carmen has a brother, too. His brother is a fraternal twin and yet their relationship has none of the numinosity for him that Ivan's relationship with Peter has for Ivan. In fact, Carmen rarely sees Louis. Louis is a family man, married, with kids. A businessman. Very blue. Carmen has another brother, younger. A bit of a lout. He appears frequently in Carmen's dreams as a kind of misfit shadow, but otherwise Carmen sees little of him either. Except for his mother, Carmen really lives *hors de famille*. It's a place many red men find themselves in. They can't hide their sexual orientation as easily as blue men and invariably suffer the consequence of being outcasts. Carmen isn't exactly an outcast but ideas like home and family don't have great appeal or even meaning for him. He prefers not to discuss it. There are other things to think about like work.

Thirty-five-year-old Carmen works very hard. He is a set and costume designer for a number of theater companies and also, in his spare time, *trompe-l'oeil* and *faux-finish* specialist. He learned these specialties from a colleague of his interior-decorator mother and he's now one of the best in the city, if not the best. He's very proud of his work. Justifiably. However work takes up so much place in his life that he hardly has time for anything else, including relationship. When sexual pressures build up to an unbearable degree, he goes off to the baths his equivalent of Ivan's back alleys and has fast and furious sex. He will say that he has gone off relationship and then try to convince you that it's because relationship takes so much time away from work. Even he doesn't believe this excuse. The truth is that for reasons very similar to Ivan's, he finds relationship unsafe. He, too, feels painfully vulnerable if he gets close to another person.

The first relationship he had on coming out, however, was very safe. Like Ivan's with Paul, Carmen's live-in love affair with Bruce had a strong narcissistic component; they liked all the same things, even the same campy humor and the same goddesses of the silver screen, had the same friends, even dressed the same way. It was a relationship of perfectly superficial harmony, Carmen says now. And it couldn't hold him. For years he had enjoyed sexual fantasies about (usually) older men whose hypermasculinity was underlined by such features as balding head, hairy chest, strong arms and legs, big phallus. Bruce had none of these. In fact, he was more feminine than Carmen (whose femininity is mostly conveyed by his artistic interests and a leaning to prettiness). His separation

from Bruce came about because Carmen could no longer resist the attraction of what he himself termed the blue man. However, his subsequent affairs with such men have proved disastrous. He is only now beginning to understand why.

The most important of the blue men he became involved with was an independently wealthy, upper-class Fraternity Brother type named Henry. Henry ran his own business, an antique dealership, but he really didn't have to work if he didn't want to. As Carmen describes him, he sounds extremely spoiled, self-indulgent, and not to be trusted. But then shadow stalks this relationship. Henry appeared in the first dream Carmen brought to analysis, a dream of a resort and a big masquerade to be performed there. Carmen hears that "Henry is staying at the resort and then I see him from behind. He's wearing a navy blazer and a red-, white- and blue-striped shirt." For the masquerade, Carmen will play the part of a dandy. Henry tries to talk with him but a woman in love with Henry denounces Carmen as "not masculine enough for the nineties!" Henry protests and says that he loves Carmen because he has "the pure beauty of some nineteenth-century heroine, perhaps Violetta." Henry buys everyone drinks, thus increasing his general popularity and making it harder for Carmen to refuse his advances:

I am ambivalent and don't speak. He has a time limit and wants a reconciliation he must leave the next day. I feel very drawn to him, but recoil at the thought of his personality. I love his love for me.

The personality problems hinted at in the dream stem from the spoiled-rich-boy behavior mentioned above: Henry rarely listened to anything Carmen said; he liked Carmen's work but took a very patronizing view of Carmen's career, indeed considered artists a type of misfit; and he always had to have things his way. Carmen hated this treatment. He recognized all of Henry's drawbacks. He saw that he was "undeveloped," "undifferentiated," and yet because physically he corresponded so exactly to Carmen's fantasy figure, Carmen couldn't shake him. For several years he pursued a relationship with him they never lived together that every morning caused Carmen to wake feeling sick at his stomach. He finally broke with Henry but only on the surface. Henry continued to exert an influence on him through his dreams and sexual fantasies. Henry corresponded to an important unrealized facet of Carmen's nature, his blue masculinity, his phallic potential. When Carmen banished him from his life, he had to return in some form or another.

Carmen sought and found the type everywhere. Sometimes his relationships lasted a few weeks, but most were one- or two-night affairs. In every instance his partners were unable to appreciate who he was, complained Carmen. "We had nothing in common." After each, he vowed, "Never again!" And yet the hunt persisted. Its obsessive-compulsiveness is, of course, not unique to Carmen, although he does display obsessive-compulsive tendencies elsewhere in his life,

notably in his work and dress. The very nature of a sexual hunt is obsessive-compulsive.

The red man's focus on the visual details of the person desired is more marked than a blue man's, who might look rather for "qualities" or "attitudes." For the red man, physical beauty (however the individual defines it) is a potent factor. Read any of Jean Genet's novels about hoods and criminals for truly obsessive examples of this, or read the novel within Andrew Harvey's novel *Burning Houses*. (Marguerite Duras's novella *Blue Eyes, Black Hair* suggests that red men and women have this in common.) Where Carmen's focus on visuals differs from these is that generally he isn't reacting to the given qualities of a desired other, but is projecting qualities onto likely carriers and then responding to them. In this way, he controls very closely the power of others to effect him, although he does seem to surrender himself completely to the images he creates. With Carmen we can see the red man's power-hungry shadow infiltrating his main arena of action: relationship.

If we go back to Carmen's childhood, we don't find anything like the trauma that so discolored Ivan's later feelings about relationship, but we do see certain factors that might contribute to an understanding of Carmen's problems with men. Born into a very strict Italian-Catholic household, Carmen learned from an early age that anything to do with sexuality is wrong. Every evening, the three brothers said their rosaries kneeling by the parents' bed with their pajama trousers on backward in the name of modesty. (Clearly mother had no sense of the erotic potential of exposed backsides!) Such attitudes turned sexuality into ripe shadow material and help explain in part Carmen's later louche behavior. (Even in relationship Carmen says he enjoys more unusual or bizarre sex activity.) Carmen wondered if it was because of these attitudes that he became separated from his blue masculine side, which he associates with aggression, power. It's tempting to think so, but his brothers, particularly his twin, did not experience such a separation as far as Carmen can tell. Father's relative remoteness from his sons is also no explanation, as all three brothers were subjected to the same phenomenon.

However Carmen's piety and his artistic talent won him special attention from his mother, herself pious and artistic, and that, combined with the other factors, did help to distance him from the masculine as defined by the blue world of suburban Toronto in the 1960s. Mother was of two minds about her son's abilities. She gave him support and then qualified that support by subtly restricting the range of his talent. She discouraged him from painting because painting was too naked, exposing, self-indulgent. But she applauded his learning *faux* work because it was useful, it could be sold, it made other people happy, etc. Carmen learned from her that people don't like things to be too deep. The result of this may be the mixture of anxiety and guilt Carmen experiences whenever he

finds himself feeling too much: he has a sense of imminent punishment or doom.

In addition to his mother's ambivalence, Carmen also had to deal with all the mockery and cruelty directed at boys who didn't want to play hockey in that era. In short, he grew up feeling that he wasn't good enough because he was too much. He developed the knack of toning things down, reining things in, doing what was expected. His masculinity, his emotional needs, his talent all bent under the same regimen. Keeping up a beautiful surface was what it was all about. And to prove it, he won money and renown for his beautiful surfaces. In light of this it's not hard to see what purpose the phallic potency of his fantasy figures might serve: they go deeper, shatter the surface, save him from a fate as Violetta. These men are everything his mother's world is not on the surface.

In reality, however, they have often turned out to be blue in ways that complement his mother's philosophy: reserved; fleeing emotional intimacy; sexually clinical or unimaginative; conservative, hating any display of eccentricity and valuing only what's useful. Henry valued Carmen for displaying Violetta's "pure beauty" after all.

In other words, although he thought he was escaping Mother in the sexual embraces of his blue partners, Carmen had merely fallen into the waiting arms of Mother's negative animus a.k.a his own shadow. Even the sex, by being unsatisfying, was a confirmation of Mom's position. In fact Carmen began to think that the demeaning nature of his sexual relationships, like that with Henry, and his reaction, an avoidance of relationship, were all made to Mother's order. By their failure and his unhappiness, he was pleasing her.

It must be said, however, that demeaning relationships of the sort Carmen had with Henry and others are not uncommon for red men. Very often, they find themselves victimized by blue lovers who, manifesting a traditional male superiority, abuse, beat, violate what they consider feminine. Unfortunately for the red man, he doesn't have as many channels for seeing his wrongs redressed as women do. The law is extremely unsympathetic. Why red men get into such relationships so often is a matter for brief speculation: a self-hatred learned in infancy often leads them to seek self-punishment.

Not long after these realizations, Carmen came to a standstill in his work. For months he didn't want to lift a brush. Then one day it dawned on him that he had always worked to gain the acceptance of the very same kind of man who after sex claimed he didn't really understand the arts world: in other words, an undeveloped blue man. That night, Carmen had the following dream:

I am sitting in a pew in church during Mass. I am with Don P. We are both trying to sleep. I am lying up against him, holding him, and he encourages me to unbutton his shirt. At first I enjoy the feel of his body but later I am repulsed by it. He and I have entered a contest to determine who has the

best-sounding Christmas bells. We have designed an entry together and along with all the others it has been woven into a wreath. Ours is at the center of the wreath. This wreath hangs from the ceiling. We are fairly certain to win this contest as most of the other entries either don't ring or don't have anything to do with Christmas. Also Don is somehow involved in the judging and this pretty much insures our win. As the dream progresses, I realize more and more clearly that I do not like Don or his ways.

Don is a former high school acquaintance, very straight, suburban blue. Carmen ran into him recently and learned that he is now an advertising man. Don tried to sell Carmen on doing what Carmen called cheap projects for lots of money. Carmen found his approach brash, even crass. The dream told Carmen not only that he was working for the wrong motives but that the blue manshadow to whom he was unconsciously allied was a cheat. This dream did not bring him back to the work table but it contributed to the diminishment of his desire to go hunting the blue man. Carmen had for some time been feeling estranged from him. Thoughts of Henry were few and far between. At the same time, he was experiencing a growing need for relationship "real" relationship. Could his needs be met by a man who embodied blue in a different, more differentiated way? He didn't know and that felt strange.

With his inspiration dried up and commissions dwindling rapidly on account of the recession, he perceived that an old order was passing away. He panicked and started back to work on a project in which he had no interest. Then he had another big dream:

It is my birthday and I am anxious for my father to pay some attention to me. I devise a dinner menu (which includes roast beef) and decorate the dining room table. I have bought eight baby birds. While I'm waiting for my father to pay some attention to me the birds dry up and die of lack of water. They shrivel up and are scattered, almost impossible to see. I feel dreadfully irresponsible for having bought them and then through my neglect letting them die. I weep. In the meantime my father has relented and come to see me. There has been a conflict between us about the fact that I would not take up weightlifting but he now feels that it's hopeless to argue with me because he'll not change me. I feel that it's too late, that it's not the meal that means anything but the lives of my birds, which are dead or lost. I cry bitterly. My mother hovers in the background. She is not a sympathetic presence. I am alone.

This remarkable dream illustrates not only Carmen's efforts to appease the blue world represented by mother, father, sportsmen, beef-eaters but also the element of self-sacrificing service so typical of the red. In this instance such service is wrong, regressive, self-destroying. This is Carmen's birthday after all. Instead of receiving the attention due him on such a day, he has to beg for it.

When he gets it, the attention is critical, dismissive. Carmen recognizes that he doesn't want such attention after all; it's his lost inspiration (the baby birds), the hope for new life, for spring, that really concern him now.

As a result of the dream, Carmen packed up the work he had begun, put away his brushes and declared that he wouldn't touch them again until he was moved to do so. He confided to me that he wanted to paint something that came from his soul. When I asked him, "What about Mother hovering in the background?" he shrugged his shoulders with a "Wait and see." I feel he underestimates the power of this mother. The dream shows her to be the presiding spirit behind the hopeless dialogue with the blue masculinity represented by his father and also behind the destruction of the birds. She Carmen's mother complex is antirecreative, anti-life. In his attention to the details of table decoration and the preparation of a proper sort of meal the typical suburban Sunday supper laid on to enhance the glory of the paterfamilias Carmen reveals he is at a loss to resist her influence unsympathetic as it may be. When the final showdown with her occurs, garlic flowers, a silver crucifix and a wooden stake may prove to be the most efficacious weapons.

## Marcus

Marcus is an articulate, intelligent management consultant in his mid-forties, closely identified with his professional persona. So closely identified with this mask is he that one could be forgiven mistaking him for a blue man. He lives the part day and night. Even his addictions to cigarettes and sleeping medication are typical of the blue man: anesthetics to deaden the "emotional pain" of living, as he himself put it. (Because they are so much less adept at dealing with emotional issues raised by relationship or lack thereof, blue men are more prone to using aids to avoid them than are other types.) Marcus attributes the development of his blue persona to the early influence of a blue father and a negative mother. Mother's role is less direct than Father's, but no less important.

One of the first dreams Marcus brought into analysis described what I have come to feel must be a common occurrence for blue men. In the dream, Marcus finds himself in a room with a large black woman to whom he associated a loving "nurse" figure from his infancy. She is sad, weeping. It seems that only Marcus can offer her comfort. She moves to him, but, as she does, his mother intervenes sharply and takes on the role of consoler. Marcus and the black woman feel an acute frustration, even loss. Many of the blue men I have worked with and know communicate an experience of being cut off from some deep emotional wellspring, which I interpret the black woman as representing. Father may contribute to such an experience, of course, but if the mother, who in most families in our society still embodies the feminine for her children, is able to

provide a place in the house for her children to connect with their feelings, their need for relationship, the effects of an emotionally out-of-reach father (again typical in our culture) are not devastating. When Mother joins forces with a stern and forbidding blue spouse, then, as in Marcus's case, her children grow up underfed, even starved for an experience of feelings. Not only that, they grow up frightened of them.

Marcus is, if not afraid of feelings, at least skeptical of them. As we heard, he has addictions to keep them at bay. He is afraid that if he acknowledges them, they will take him over and label him as feminine, even effeminate. His mother in the dream made it very clear that it is not his job to connect with that deep wellspring of feeling. Marcus sees himself as a high-risk case, however, because he is attracted to men. According to the family and society in which he grew up, that automatically makes him feminine. The result is that Marcus is constantly defending himself against his own sensitivity, his own capacity for emotional insight and for deep feeling. He repeatedly expresses impatience or disgust with any sign of "weakness," "passivity," "indecision," qualities he assigns to the feminine both in himself and in other men he expects to play a masculine part. His dreams cast the feminine or red man as objects of derision, if not worse.

I am at T.P.'s house. He is apparently my stock broker or banker. As I leave his place, he gives me some advice, the thrust of which is that I should be extremely cautious with my assets. . . . He acts very professionally in this part of the dream. He asks me to wait for a few minutes while he is apparently finishing eating. Then he comes back in the living room and he is very weak and emotionally flighty. He is squatting on his haunches and he maneuvers over to me and asks me for a cigarette. He says, "Have you learned anything?" I am somewhat embarrassed and disgusted with him because of this display of extreme chicken-shit passivity and weakness. I am thinking, however, now all three of my financial advisers are saying the same thing.

I am working at a resort in the Caribbean. My job is to clean the condominiums, clean the guest rooms. . . . There is also an old woman who is cleaning with me. She is my cleaning partner. She is a hard worker. While we are standing in the living room of [a] condo, two other men who are also cleaners come in. They are naked except that they are wearing garter belts. They are gesturing in effeminate ways. I am somewhat hostile toward them and embarrassed in front of Jules [male companion, very concerned about his masculine self-image].

When questioned about the hostility, embarrassment, disgust and shame he feels around what he perceives as his psychological femininity there is nothing in his gestures or carriage that suggest effeminacy he will answer in a typical blue way by referring to psychological concepts that relate homosexual feelings

to effeminacy and the overpowering mother. This leads me to think that, in addition to a fear of the feminine, he also suffers from an internalized homophobia. Not that his feelings aren't "real": they are, acutely. They are also "justifiable" in a manner of speaking. Most men walk around with such feelings, even openly gay men: perhaps they are unavoidable in our culture. Fear provides the underpinnings, and there is reason for fear.

Recently, I watched a film called *Europa, Europa* with several other gay men. The film had really nothing to do with homosexuality. There was only one scene that spoke to the subject, though there was a fair amount of what I would call pathological homoeroticism on display. The film dealt with the fate of the Jews during Adolf Hitler's campaign to create the perfect race. The hero was a Jewish boy who, by avoiding any exposure of his circumcised penis, managed to pass as a German for the duration of the war. His escapades and near brushes with death made for a fairly gripping viewing experience.

The day after the film, all the men who watched it reported having terrible nightmares, nightmares of being chased, tortured, humiliated, brutalized, persecuted. The archetype of the outcast fighting for survival had obviously been constellated by the film. Gay men, whether they are always aware of it, live in the shadow of this archetype, even in communities where their survival is not immediately threatened from the outside. However, the possibility of a life-threatening change remains ever-present. The activities of the religious right-wing; of censors; of gay-bashers, who are now penetrating into the heart of metropolitan gay communities; of the medical profession, which continues to foist drugs known to be toxic (such as AZT and DDI) off onto HIV-positive people who are not even unwell, claiming these measures are preventative; and of cure-happy psychologists, even some Jungians, confirm the need to be wary.<sup>138</sup>

Quite understandably, Marcus has found it difficult to own his homosexuality. When we first began working together he announced several times that he didn't think he was primarily gay one hears this a lot from blue men. When he did seek sexual contact with men he would invariably pay for it or settle his attentions on straight men, macho men who were in no position to reciprocate. In both cases, he saw himself playing the feminine part, which only added to his sense of self-disgust and put off the possibility of identifying himself as a gay

<sup>138</sup> An American man, a highly cultivated corporate executive in his mid-sixties, wrote me after the publication of *The Secret Lore of Gardening* to say that for over fifteen years he had visited a celebrated Jungian who prided herself on curing homosexuals. In his case, all she did was deepen his self-contempt. Married for nearly forty years, the father of three boys (now all married themselves), he had found *Secret Lore* an eye-opening way of looking at homoeroticism. But when I told him my next project, he replied by pronouncing any sign of femininity in men to be "repellent."

man. However, the unconscious had other plans for him. He fell in love with a younger man (in his early thirties), a French-speaking mulatto history teacher, a native of the Caribbean named Jules.

Marcus described Jules as a very passionate, caring, related sort of man, a potential red man. But as the relationship developed, it turned out that Jules suffered from a lack of sexual security similar to Marcus's. Ostensibly straight, he could no more do full justice to his red nature than could Marcus, far less in fact. For Marcus, Jules became another person he needed to show himself "manenough" for, and, of course, by the macho standards of the culture in which Jules lived, Marcus could never hope to measure up. He was always finding fault with himself for his "weakness," "passivity," "emotional possessiveness," using evidence of these as justification for Jules's inability to return his love. I do not say that "emotional possessiveness" is an admirable characteristic, but given Marcus's tendency to attribute negative connotations to any display of emotion, I had to argue the point. Emotional possessiveness, whether one likes it or not, belongs quite naturally to the sphere of being in love.

However, Jules as a devoted nature lover opened up another door for Marcus, a green door which, true-to-form, activated his yellow man. I think if it hadn't been for this Marcus might have broken off the relationship early on, because the red-blue conflict was so uncomfortable, even "hopeless" as Marcus often described it. By contacting the green-yellow axis, Marcus discovered that there was another way to live out his homoerotic side, a way that understands male-male relationships as simply and fundamentally creative exchanges with no (or few) concessions to the collective protocol that governs red-blue matings. Marcus's discovery of his green-yellow potential was a gradual one, more like a slow awakening than a startling revelation: it gave him hope. Jules, however, couldn't take the red-blue pressure and broke off communications. Marcus suspects his family was instrumental in their separation.

Marcus did not abandon Jules or what he represented. He stuck out the difficulties of negotiating a settlement of the red-blue strife so that he could move on to something else which, for him, would not only be easier but more "natural." His focus and determination brought on big movement in the psychic structure. On several occasions, his dreams threw up images of earthquakes. While others panicked, went hysterical, Marcus managed to go with the earth's shifting as if it were inevitable. (I would link this sang-froid to the blue man's wonderful ability to do what's necessary once it's identified.)

Changes, remarkable changes, started occurring in the blue persona. An old friend and colleague we'll call him John showed up more than once transformed. Also a management consultant, John, for Marcus, epitomized the confident blue man: "the essence of balance, judgment and the ideal of what middle-class males are supposed to be."

I recall looking down at somebody who is dead. He is lying down and I am looking at him from behind. I first notice a mask which I think of as a death mask. It resembles a Greek mask of tragedy. It could have been made out of hard plastic. It is gray-blue in color. I am aware that it is a mask and not the face of somebody. I look at the face and see that it is John C. His face is scarred. It looks like red meat or a face that has been burned, purplish in color. . . . A teen-age boy is by him. He is good looking and well built. I think that he is wearing a black leather jacket. He is John's son. He is trying to hold back his tears, biting his lip. I put my arm around his shoulder and lead him away.

Recognizing the red face beneath the blue mask enables Marcus not only to empathize with the deprived adolescent but also to take on the role of consoler his mother denied him in that first dream, a role that is both fatherly blue and initiatory yellow.

Young people were showing up regularly in Marcus's dreams at this time, heralding the beginnings of a new life. In another dream, John C. advised Marcus that it was time to shed the old blue trappings (associated with business, politics and sports) and give place to young, rebellious ideas. In yet another a wounded teen-age waiter (a classic red-man role), regarded as a hero by the owners and clientele of a restaurant, lavished his affection on Marcus before stepping aside to allow Marcus to consummate an attraction to "another more mature man."

Other blue men also underwent transformation in Marcus's dreams. His older brother, Joe, made several appearances. In the first, Joe's sexuality is being questioned by Latin American customs officials but no one really doubts his manliness it is all a mistake. Later, as much-loved guru at a wilderness lodge, he disdains to acknowledge his younger brother's existence. But then, the next month:

Joe is living in a warm tropical country. He is living on a tip of land, a peninsula, with an island chain off of it. There are sandy beaches all around this area. He has several friends with whom he spends time doing day trips and other very interesting things. He tells me about them and in a variety of ways invites me to join with him and his friends. He is friendly and warm toward me. I feel extremely good about this. This is the first time that he has ever felt this way about me and I know now what it is to have a brother, an older brother.

Two days after this dream, Joe appeared again as a man in his twenties, embracing a male friend warmly and criticizing (if only half-seriously) the military to which he may or may not belong it doesn't matter, that is the point. What Joe and John's metamorphoses show, I think, is that Marcus is making peace first of all with his blue persona. The mask can now be set aside and the wounded red acknowledged. The blue becomes less a defensive position than just

one part of Marcus's identity. Marcus does not need to linger with the red man (the wounded, affectionate waiter). He has other things to do. He must console the sorrowing boy in his jacket of animal hide; he must go back to nature. In the middle of all this dream activity, Marcus even dreamed he was taking his father the blue father to the tropics so that he would have a nice place to stay while he died.

The journey to the tropics is a journey into Marcus's real nature, the nature buried for so long under the carnage of the battle between red and blue. A nature rich and sensual, a nature teeming with other challenges.

I am in an African veldt. . . dusty, dry, arid. I am with a guide or hunter of some sort. He has on an "outback" hat. He is more experienced with the wild than I am. . . . A large black rhinoceros is circling us. He is trotting around in a large circle, snorting and looking at us. He is not necessarily menacing or threatening to charge us, not yet; but as any wild animal, he is potentially dangerous and unpredictable. He looks strong, proud and wild. He has a large, single horn which he holds up, out in front of him. I am very anxious but not necessarily panicky. The question seems to be *not* can I handle the situation as much as *how* will I handle it. . . . The hunter is vigilant but not necessarily any more confident than I am. He is more experienced but I am not assuming that he is going to handle the situation alone. We are in it together and it is bigger than both of us.

The dream occurred at a time when Marcus was, I felt, overcoming the skepticism, even cynicism, that had dogged our work from the beginning; it had been yet another expression of the blue man's resistance to getting too intimate with potentially painful material. The hunt he and his companion (true comrades-in-arms, these) were undertaking in the dream was the descent into the unpredictable and perhaps dangerous terrain of the unconscious. But it was also the hunt for Marcus's unclaimed, unknown wildness, a green power that would reconnect him with life. In his capacity as yellow man, he rose to the challenge with the following active imagination:

I decide to approach the rhino, cautiously but directly, pausing as I do so as not to threaten him and elicit an attack. He looks at me and could charge at any moment, but doesn't. . . raw, powerful, potentially dangerous energy. As I reach him, I touch his horn and gently put pressure on it, encouraging him to kneel down. He does. I walk to his right side and climb on his back. I straddle his neck with my legs. He rises up with me on his back, my legs around his powerful neck. I feel very connected to him, very much connected through to his horn. I know that he is wild and potent, but I am riding him. We are collaborating. We are off on a wild adventure. I guide him. He takes me there. It is all very erotic.

This discovery of a new kind of masculine energy, sensual, physical, power-

ful, even numinous was then personified just a week later:

I am lying in bed with a man in his early thirties. He is a strong union member or a union official. His name is Bill. He is a tradesman of some sort and I am interviewing him for a supervisory-level job. He is well built, like a working man in good shape. We are lying together very close. . . . Our bodies are touching. . . . I have developed a deep love as well as an erotic attachment to Bill. I am very gentle with him. He moves his leg ever so slightly over my body so as to be closer to me. I realize that he is enjoying the contact. Even though it was only the slightest of movements, it signified his intention and enjoyment.

Whether Bill gets the job or not remains undecided, but his chances look good.

For many months, Marcus has been speaking of a desire to leave his job as management consultant and try something new in a place that would feed his longing for warmth, sensuality, affection. He considered returning to Jules's country to teach English. Of course, his feeling for Jules has not died away, but he can now see beyond Jules to the world their relationship opened up to him. He hopes to reconnect with that world in the setting where he first encountered it. There's no certainty that this is the most appropriate way to go about reconnecting. However, with the green man in the ascendant, a project like this that challenges the vision and imagination of the yellow man cannot go too much astray.

## Conclusion

We have been talking about red-blue relationships. Relationships where the traditions of masculine and feminine take first place, where issues specific to traditional definitions of these concepts, like master-servant, are worked through. And we have seen that the battle of the sexes, as it has been termed, can prove as bloody acted out in a homoerotic context as with many male-female duos. According to the old custom, the ending for any pair of men attempting such a marriage of opposites was bound to prove tragic. Like the actor Aidan Pratt's love for the sky-blue Professor Pringle in Olivia Manning's *Levant Trilogy*: Pratt blows out his brains in despair of consummation. Or if not immediately, then eventually doomed (*The City and the Pillar*, *Giovanni's Room*, even Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*). With gay liberation this scenario changed and a marriage of the feminine man and the masculine was not only possible, it was even successful Hansen's *Fadeout*, to name only one. But then a self-defensive movement away from the butch-fem relationship Rod and Dave lived to butch-but or fem-fem relationships signified, if anything, a return to hostilities between the two camps. In these relationships, the debate between blue and red values is louder than ever.

The actual relationships we have looked at are all "in progress." There is no resolution of difficulties to report, except in Marcus's case and he has accomplished this by moving off the axis altogether. He has done this by dealing with red-blue issues first; he didn't abandon them, rather he "graduated." Joel, Ivan and Carmen are making tentative movements toward resolution, but they have a lot of ground to cover yet. Frank appears to be the only one who has managed to arrive at a balance of masculine-feminine, without, as Rosenfels warned, upsetting his primary identity and yet there may be more to his journey.

If one were to ascribe a color to this resolution of the red-blue dilemma, one couldn't do better than select violet or lavender or lilac or mauve colors long associated to homoeros, or at least since the late nineteenth century with its salons of symbolists, aesthetes, decorators of screens, ultramontane Catholics and "panthers."

But, now it's time to look at how the four colors that form the basis of our typology interact, to see the different ways in which the combinations are produced when the two axes intersect. And to refine further existing definitions so that our colors can glow, each in his own brilliance.

## 4 Approaching the Rainbow

*Just imagine these seeds:  
their luminous colors revealing  
degrees of rank and grace  
in rows of sacks with tucked down mouths  
yellow or red, green, indigo-colored, golden, plain  
or speckled.*

Lucian Blaga. 139

The extremes of red and blue do not often form relationships in life. Occasionally at a party or on vacation, one encounters the reserved, straight-talking, hands-in-his-pockets engineer coupled with the flamboyant, emotionally demonstrative and slightly effeminate fashion designer. But it is rare. Blue and red are essentially attitudes shaped by cultural pressures to the notions of masculinity and femininity. Whether or not these attitudes get played out on the level of persona depends entirely on the individual.

Sometimes the persona serves as a kind of "compensation" for the principal orientation. Sometimes it represents a remarkable feat of adaptation to the rigorous demands of economic reality. In such ways, it often misleads an observer too trusting of appearances. A red man supervises operations in a large china factory with the iron will of a sergeant-major, makes tough decisions regarding staff layoffs and all-in-all shows few tender feelings. At home, however, in what he calls his "real life," he can cast off the blue mask and demonstrate traditionally red attitudes toward his partner and their domestic arrangements. Similarly, a blue man who is campy, seductive, emotionally playful with his clients and colleagues at the dress shop he owns and runs, comes home or perhaps drops into his local pub where friends meet and, shedding his red costume for denim or leather, lets the tough-guy, butch-hero in him come out to play. Is the blue role more "him," as he claims, or is he simply changing personas?

Some partnerships take the standard division of blue and red into master-servant, assertive-submissive roles, and turn it upside down. Or so, at least, it seems at first glance. For example, a pixie-like Russian émigré who worked under the pseudonym Erté enjoyed an extraordinary career as a designer and illustra-

139 "Wondrous Seeds," trans. D. Dutescu, English version by Irving Layton, in Nicholas Catanoy, ed., *Modern Romanian Poetry*, p. 75.

tor throughout the major part of this century. Paris-based, he was recognized around the world as a master of his crafts. And he was well served for many years by his lover, Prince Nicolas Ouroussoff: "Later on, when we came to share our lives, he took over all my business affairs and handled them brilliantly."<sup>140</sup> On close reading of Erté's autobiography, however, it becomes clear that Erté's mastery and the Prince's service in no way detracted from their basic identities as red and blue men respectively. The same story is told in Charles Castle's biography of the great British theater designer Oliver Messel. Messel's patently blue lover, Vagn Riis-Hansen, served him as "administrator" for thirty years until his death.<sup>141</sup>

Blue's manner of serving, though occasionally motivated by personal connections (as in the case of Prince Ouroussoff or Riis-Hansen), remains general, impersonal. This doesn't make it less "service," only less "red." By the same token, red's manner of mastering is, with few exceptions (like the china factory foreman mentioned above), always connected to his personal tastes and to what Jung calls feeling.

Green and yellow, like red and blue, can seem at times to swap identities. The yellow man can appear very nurturing and grounding in his mentor role, for instance and the green man, imaginative, visionary, fantastic. Scratch the surface of these appearances though and the underlying bias becomes readily discernible. With green and yellow, this phenomenon has little or nothing to do with persona, but with the influence of the unconscious Other struggling for expression within the personality any way it can. By themselves, green and yellow know next-to-nothing about persona. They frequently suffer from too little persona. This is part of what makes them so threatening to others. Many yellow and green men turn to red and blue for examples of persona to adopt. But, before we look further at this question of the relationship between the axes, let's consider red, blue, green and yellow for a little longer as four very distinct energies, attitudes or sets of behavior.

In 1929, the British playwright Patrick Hamilton, who was to become famous for the film adaptation of his play *Gaslight* (1944, directed by George Cukor and starring Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer), wrote a play called *Rope*. (It, too, was turned into a film by Alfred Hitchcock in 1948 and starred James Stewart, John Dall and the wonderful Farley Granger.) Obviously inspired by the

<sup>140</sup> Erté, *Things I Remember*, p. 29.

<sup>141</sup> Riis-Hansen had been a happily married businessman and a resistance fighter during the Second World War in his native Denmark. Messel, of course, was the genius who provided the costumes and décors for the production of *The Sleeping Beauty* which marked the official postwar reopening of Covent Garden, as well as for the original London production of *The Lady's Not For Burning*, *Ring Round the Moon*, *The Dark Is Light Enough* and, on Broadway, *House of Flowers*.



James Stewart, John Dall and Farley Granger in *Rope* (1948)

notorious Leopold-Loeb case which five years earlier had shocked the American public, Hamilton's work recast the grisly story of the two college men who dispassionately murdered an innocent chum to prove their superiority to the general run of mankind (who could, they claimed, kill only from passion) as a subtle and menacing drawing-room thriller.

*Chez* Hamilton, the murderers, two Oxford men, Brandon and Granillo, strangle a younger college acquaintance named Ronald Kentley and hide his body in a trunk. They then invite the dead boy's father, aunt, and several friends, including a former tutor, Rupert Cadell, to supper, at which the trunk is used as a surrogate table. The dining table has been co-opted to display a rare book collection which Brandon uses as the excuse for bringing Kentley's father, a bibliophile, to the house.

Each of the four young men I'm including the dead boy represents a different type. Brandon is very much the blue man. Chief plotter, he is "tall, finely and athletically built, and blond":

He is almost paternal with everyone he addresses, and this seems to arise from an instinctive knowledge of his own good health, good looks, success and natural calm, as opposed to the harassed frailty of the ordinary human being.<sup>142</sup>

His roommate and, we presume, his lover, is red to a tee:

Granillo is slim, not so tall as Brandon, expensively and rather ornately dressed in a dark blue suit. He wears a diamond ring. He is dark. A Spaniard. He is enormously courteous something between a dancing-master and a stage villain. He speaks English perfectly.<sup>143</sup>

He is also vain and emotionally very high-strung. At several points during the evening, he loses his nerve, teeters close to hysteria and has to be reined in by the ever-collected Brandon who disdains these outbursts. An ability to play Noel Coward tunes on the piano "with a rather unpleasant brilliance"<sup>144</sup> adds the crowning touch to Granillo's redness.

The yellow man appears as Rupert Cadell, tutor, poet and wounded veteran of the Great War:

He is enormously affected in speech and carriage. He brings his words out not only as though he is infinitely weary of all things, but also as though articulation is causing him some definite physical pain which he is trying to circumvent by keeping his head and body perfectly still. His sentences

<sup>142</sup>*Rope*, Act 1, p. 15.

<sup>143</sup> Ibid.

<sup>144</sup> Ibid., p. 18.

are often involved, but nearly always syntactically complete.<sup>145</sup>

It is Rupert's imaginative leaps that lead to the discovery of his hosts' foul deed.

And finally, green. It is represented by the murdered youth whom, in typical yellow-man style, Rupert eulogizes in an impassioned defense of life:

I mean that in that chest there now lie the staring and futile remains of something that four hours ago lived, and laughed, and ran, and found it good. Laughed as you could never laugh, and ran as you could never run. I mean that, for your cruel and scheming pleasure, you have committed a sin against that very life which you now find yourselves so precious.<sup>146</sup>

The green man here, as in so many of his manifestations, stands for the life principle itself.

Jean Genet draws up a similarly distinct quartet of types in *Our Lady of the Flowers*. The title character, a fair-haired murderer with an other-worldly air, is Lunatic yellow:

Our Lady never thought of anything, and that was what gave him the air of knowing everything straight away, as by a kind of grace. Was he the favourite of the Creator? Perhaps God had let him in on things.<sup>147</sup>

The other "lady" of this underground masterpiece, indeed the *vedette*, the transvestite Divine, surrounds herself in rose-red memories, pink fantasies of femininity, scarlet passions and vomited blood her own: (s)he is red. Dapper Seck Gorgui, the "Negro," who goes to bed naked and is moved only by food, shelter, the good life and his "linens," is green. And Darling Daintyfoot, in his midnight-blue overalls and sky-blue silk underpants, radiates the essence of blue masculinity:

Darling is a giant whose curved feet cover half the globe as he stands with his legs apart in baggy, sky-blue silk underpants. He rams it in. So hard and calmly that anuses and vaginas slip onto his member like rings on a finger. He rams it in. So hard and calmly that his virility, observed by the heavens, has the penetrating force of the battalions of blond warriors who on June 14, 1940, buggered us soberly and seriously, though their eyes were elsewhere as they marched in the dust and sun.<sup>148</sup>

<sup>145</sup> Ibid., p. 27.

<sup>146</sup> Ibid., Act 3, p. 85.

<sup>147</sup> *Our Lady of the Flowers*, p. 231.

<sup>148</sup> Ibid., p. 106. Blue skies, eyes, clothes, uniforms show up over and over in Genet's work as motifs of that masculinity I've been calling blue. In the early pages of the novel Genet informs us that all the males he and his hero(ine), Divine, worship are blue-eyed:

. . . for all the eyes are clear and must be sky-blue, like the razor's edge to

(footnote continued on next page)

However, although the four types occupy their own discrete spaces in Genet's imagination, it is their interaction that creates the incredible erotic and lyrical tension of his novel. Divine and Darling, red and blue, form one pair and Seck and Our Lady, green and yellow, in one of the most outlandishly erotic scenes ever composed, another.<sup>149</sup> The same thing happens in Hamilton's *Rope*: red and blue make a pair against green and yellow or vice versa. It seems inevitable even archetypal.

When I call the green-yellow axis a natural one, I mean primarily that it is concerned with life as an expression of what is structural, inherent, constitutional, and fundamental in other words, as archetypal. For centuries, I believe, this was the dominant axis, not only for male-male relationship, but for all people. It was the axis of survival, both material (green) and spiritual or psychic (yellow). Green was (and is still) the life or sexual instinct; yellow what Jung called the religious instinct and what I understand as the instinct for ascribing meaning to experience. Even today, between green and yellow men survival continues to play a role in the emphasis on creativity such unions reveal.

Through its association to blood, red has some affinity with the green-yellow axis: it has a "natural" dimension. Indeed red is seldom absent from green-yellow matings (as dream-work with natural men has repeatedly shown me): it is, after all, the color of passion, love, feelings, desire, service to a beloved. However, in relation to blue, red turns its back, so to speak, on green and yellow and defines itself in terms acceptable to the collective values it serves as blue's mate. It is then not a red free to spill over everything in passionate excess, but an oriflamme for a culturally defined femininity. Of all the cultural men, the Connector retains the most immediate link to the green-yellow experience. Even he though is defined in terms more of his rebellion against the blue man's values than of his sympathy with green and yellow's.

As occupants of the cultural axis, blue and red men like to consider life in terms of the triumph or defeat of social constructions, forms and fashions. Earlier, I described these men as preservers of what green and yellow men together and separately create, and I used the image of householding to suggest the value blue and red accord the notion of permanence. But preservation and permanence run counter to the green-yellow grain which, for all its timeless, fundamental na-

*(footnote continued from previous page)*

which clings a star of transparent light, blue and vacant like the windows of buildings under construction, through which you can see the sky from the windows of the opposite wall. Like those barracks which in the morning are open to all the winds, which you think are empty and pure when they are swarming with dangerous males, sprawled promiscuously on their beds. (Ibid., pp. 52-53)

<sup>149</sup> I am referring to the carnival ball that takes place in an underworld cabaret called The Tabernacle, and its aftermath, pp. 216-234.

ture paradoxically runs to change, evolution, transformation. Unions of green and yellow represent the archetypal viewpoint and, at the same time, the archetype of Change or the principal: All Things Must Change. Change is also the unchanging product of any interaction of the archetypal position (green and yellow) with the collective and conscious (red and blue). Green and yellow's grain is a vertical one. Red and blue cut across it with horizontal planes although they never manage to arrest the vertical flow.

Even so, the two axes are complementary: they need each other. Unfortunately, they often end up in opposing camps in both the individual psyche and the collective sphere. Blue and red who, generally speaking, have the responsibilities of managing society on a day-to-day basis, resent the input of green and yellow as chaotic, anarchistic, even subversive, and green and yellow respond resentfully against their restraints with acts of increasing defiance which, in many cases, result in bridges-burning, semi-tragic endings.

The red and blue axis has long dominated over the green and yellow since the beginnings of statehood and its concomitant moral and military apparatus. At specific moments in history the High Middle Ages, the early Renaissance, the birth of Romanticism, the *fin-de-siècle/belle époque* (right up to the Great War), and the sixties revolution the green and yellow axis has temporarily eclipsed the blue and red. But mostly it has enjoyed a marginal, if not inferior, status in society.

The sixties revolution marked a major comeback of green and yellow energies to the forefront of cultural consciousness. Green was abundantly represented by the repeated call for a return to nature, to roots, to the organic, by an emerging concern for the environment, by vegetarianism, by flower power, by a free-flowing sexuality. Yellow appeared as a consuming interest in Eastern philosophy and religion, in Hermann Hesse's glowing interior landscapes, in the occult, in Utopian statehood, in anything mind-expanding, mind-blowing, visionary, Neptunian, in LSD, in shamanism and medicine men. Paired, green and yellow produced the most vibrant promise of renewal in our century. And blue and red went with the flow. This was easier for the red than the blue. In short order, however, red and blue restored the balance and began marketing the sixties as a cultural artifact, which allowed many to become rich and/or famous and, even more, to feel very "with it," fashionable. The leaders of the revolution were turned into media stars and entrepreneurs, many of them seduced by values they had formerly deplored and vigorously fought. The machinations of red and blue to control an awesome tide were not solely responsible for the big sell-out: the appalling lack of judgment, criminal naiveté and relentless surrender to everything excessive that marked so much of the sixties lifestyle were as much to blame. No appropriate container was found like the universities to keep the quest alive and to encourage its continued growth. Yuppies replaced hippies everywhere.

Gay liberation, one major outgrowth of the sixties, fell victim to the same exploitation as other phenomena. Blue-red men grabbed up homoeros and packaged it in glossy, up-market shades, selling it back to gays at a high price: the passion out of which gay lib was born. Justifying themselves, the marketers claimed they were only trying to make gays more accessible, to present homoeros as "a viable alternative lifestyle." With the aid of activists, artists and philosophers, they have certainly succeeded if the evidence provided by the proliferation of gay community life in large American cities today is anything to go by. There is even a brand of gay American fiction writing, the chief purpose of which seems to be advertising the makes of the coffee pots, weights machines, underwear, upholstery fabric, CD players used by the heroes and their pals. The yuppie victory colors this scene in vivid hues of blue and red with the occasional pastel thrown in for contrast.

The green experience has been labeled with tags marked "body" and "sex," split off and then compulsively sought out in a growing range of unusual venues. The results of this have been catastrophic. At the same time, the AIDS horror has, if anything, only reinforced the power of blue-red values like preservation, continuity, permanence.

Yellow has been split off and left to the care of the hucksters of enlightenment, awareness and healing who offer hope to the suffering for big bucks. This state of affairs reflects the general trend to spiritual promiscuity on which New Age wheelers and dealers are getting fat. Behind it all is the failure of the two axes to come to an agreement.

The green-yellow/red-blue conflict shows up most often in my practice as a fear of the disruption to established patterns of professional and domestic lives, caused by the challenge of the creative voice. Within the context of male-male relationships, it frequently befalls the man who has managed, against all the odds, to fashion a workable relationship and has invested a lot in securing that relationship with a house, shared friends (and, sometimes, family), future financial commitments. In other words, to a man who has walked the blue-red path. Suddenly, a creative challenge comes to him, sometimes in the form of a new lover. He is faced with finding a way to meet the challenge and, if possible, to incorporate its agenda into his current life. Sometimes the challenge means a radical reorientation of the primary relationship, if not the end, and this he dreads with all the archetypal emotion of the outcast who having at last found a niche for himself in "respectable society" now finds himself once more on the verge of self-inflicted exile. And so he rails against the green and yellow way.

Opposed as the two axes often are, they exist *in potentia* in every man and in every relationship between men. There are men for whom the two axes represent such irreconcilable forces (that is, natural versus cultural) that they can only experience one axis by the artificial turning off or denial of the other. These men

inhabit a divided world. The strain they bear as they flip back and forth keeps them always on the edge of mental and physical collapse. I suspect that the sexual madness typical of metropolitan gay life from the early seventies on is a product of this kind of split.

Not only do the axes exist as a potential in every man and every relationship, but they also serve one another in a complementary way. Nature and culture are not irreconcilable forces, after all. For the yellow-green axis, the blue-red offers a kind of home, solid, permanent, more or less well tended, to its creative discoveries. If the marriage of green and yellow brings to birth a sonnet, a watercolor, a concerto, or a new moral philosophy or ecological movement, then that of blue and red furnishes the publishing house, the gallery, the symphony orchestra, the university, the committee room. In individual terms, this means simply that a man's original creative spirit has the perfect ally in his capacity to bring it safely into the world. To do this he is obliged, to a certain extent, to comply with cultural conventions and norms. Otherwise the creative spirit/impulse is condemned to a breathless onanistic glory.

Within the context of relationship, the green and yellow axis depends on the blue-red for endurance and longevity. Without the blue-red the green-yellow finds sustaining sexual relationship an *opus contra naturam*. Green and yellow, even in the sphere of sexuality, is about movement, revelation, transformation, or as the Hermes-like guide in Jean-Daniel Cadinot's erotic film *L'Amour jaloux* says: "Sex is freedom. Subversion." The motif of the death and transformation or replacement of the green youth that figures prominently in so many green-yellow stories can be interpreted as a reflection of the eternally fleeting nature of the green-yellow union. The red-blue offers men a chance to have a history. Men who try to live on this axis exclusively often project an orphaned quality that goes beyond the outcast, marginal, rebel roles green-yellow men frequently assume, for such men seem unconnected, remote, out-of-this-world. They can easily self-destruct. It is red and blue men who pull them back into life, as the mother does her depressed son in the Wolfgang Borchert story, "The Wood for Morning," by reminding them of their task and duties to the collective realm.

For the men who inhabit the red-blue axis, the green-yellow represents first and foremost creative adventure. As part of that adventure there is the opportunity to stand cultural protocol on its head, to defy standards of masculinity and femininity and risk the label of subversive. I do not want to suggest that red and blue are not creative themselves. There is sufficient creative challenge in the involved working-through of masculine and feminine identities which blue and red routinely undertake. This can be a lifetime's work, conducive to the kind of Self-encounter we take for granted on the green-yellow axis where the archetypal experience prevails. The conflict between masculine and feminine values is, I feel, an especially enlightening source of self-discovery for that stalwart defender of

masculine dominance, the blue man. To him, the prospects of meeting the red in himself, his submissive, serving, emotional side, raises both a dread and a courage known to any hero confronting the dark abyss; this is the nightmare journey, the maiden princess he must rescue is his own femininity. The red man's encounter with his masculine side, with its power drives and ambitions, does not include the same socio-cultural stigma, which makes the blue's such a bold feat, but it is no less a fearful one, owing in large measure to his past experience of an abusive blue masculinity. However, the creativity these descents into the underworld both demand and inspire is clearly not of the same order as green and yellow's: it is not "fundamental" or "original." Rather it is a creative response to given equations.

What makes the green-yellow axis so alluring and also frightening to those on the blue-red is the absence of all equations. From the blue-red point of view, the field of green-yellow creativity is wide open and swaying with flowers. The sun is high and bright and very strong in a cloudless sky, and there is nothing to do but play and nothing to be but yourself, in all your original, elemental rightness. It is a child's world and an artist's.

Finding a permanent place for this liberating experience in the daily round of blue-red's defense of the status quo is so daunting a project that many decline to try and either block out the green-yellow axis (which, of course, only serves to push green-yellow to retaliatory sabotage) or else, as I mentioned above, confine it to back alley, back room, back door, background, give it a home with bars on the windows and visit it only surreptitiously when consciousness is lowered and they "couldn't help themselves." A routine like this not only is anti-creative in the green-yellow sense, but almost always ends in the pitiful collapse of both sides. I am thinking now of the sexual compulsiveness and other driven behaviors that give but a neurotic expression to the creative freedom of green-yellow.

A lot of movement nevertheless occurs between the two axes. We are most familiar with the movement from the red-blue to the green-yellow. Myth, literature and film abound with tales of the man who, finding himself trapped on a ceaseless carousel of responsibilities and commitments, fantasizes about fleeing to the flower meadow or soaring up, up into the sun's molten embrace. Sometimes he even succeeds in making his fantasy come true. There are fewer stories, at least happy ones, about the green-yellow man who imagines winning a place for himself in the cultural mainstream, but I have met with a few in therapy who long for a feeling of being accepted by or of belonging to their culture.

If the green-yellow axis delineates the field of self-discovery for a man, he cannot comfortably continue to circumscribe his life with red and blue boundary markers. Red and blue are only personae for him. Identifying with the persona can be, as Jung made very clear on several occasions, the denial of the inner life and possibility for growth. When he is attentive to and respectful of the call

from the green-yellow axis, he has no choice but to shift, even if it means the end of the world as he has known it until now. The shift is usually accompanied by feelings of profound disorientation and sometimes loss (if it has meant the end of a relationship), but this is followed by a release of pent-up energy and a sense of well-being bordering at times on euphoria. The shift is less showy when the movement is from green-yellow to red-blue. The level of personal discomfiture remains high, however, in fact, often higher, because the formerly green-yellow man finds red-blue definitions extremely confining, even suffocating at first.

A wonderful and yet disturbing novel by American author Joseph Pintauro, called *Cold Hands*, shows constant shifting back and forth between the two axes as the one sure feature in the relationship of his two heroes. Tato and Cello are cousins, born into an Italian-American clan where emotions run to Grand Guignol intensities. Tato is earthy, sensual, life-loving, green. Cello, highly-strung, dreamy, spiritual, is yellow. Their desperate attempts at union falter tragically because they are never able to shed their ties to the negative sides of blue-red institutions like Church, family, law and order. These negative ties, in fact, distort their natural, normal attraction to each other and make of it a cause for lifelong estrangement. Adding to all this, Tato's earthy sensuality comes with a hungry, needy feeling component which occasionally overwhelms, even violates, his emotionally fragile cousin. In response, Cello's spiritual beliefs assume a patriarchal blue puritanism that freezes out his cousin's affection. Both are unable to break this pattern and float lost between the two worlds of nature and culture.

E.M. Forster's *Maurice* offers a more linear view of what I mean by movement between the axes. Upper-class scholar Clive Durham begins his romantic career by urging Plato, author of such quintessentially yellow texts about homoeros as *The Symposium* and *Phaedrus*, on his handsome but indisputably *petit bourgeois* comrade, Maurice Hall, who has only just awakened to his homosexual desires. Clive takes the mentor role so typical of the yellow man, Maurice that of the innocent and unworldly green youth. They fall in love. Clive insists on their affair remaining "platonic" much to the randy Maurice's uncomprehending chagrin. But then Clive decides that perhaps he doesn't love Maurice after all and dumps him for a political career and a wife. He turns blue. He even takes out membership in a club which, Forster tells us at the end of the novel, contains a blue room. (It is in this room later in his life, ferns undulating in their brass pots, that Clive wonders what has become of Maurice.)

Maurice, on the other hand, moves quickly out of his greenness into the flower of intense feeling and desire for commitment and relationship. Clive's move to the blue only magnifies Maurice's red nature, even as he himself dons a stockbroker's blue garb to work in the City; and as Clive continues to resist his call for a renewal of their relations he begins to look elsewhere for love. He

eventually finds his mate in Clive's undergamekeeper, Alec Scudder, a fully fledged green man. Alec constellates in him a latent yellow which, when their love affair is threatened by Alec's proposed emigration to the New World, bursts out with a vision of the future and plans for its achievement that are truly archetypal. In short, Maurice goes through the whole rainbow of possibilities before arriving at the place where he feels his power at its most vital.

We saw how Marcus, under the influence of his love for Jules, moves from the blue-red axis to the green-yellow. With the shift came a healing distance from the traditional masculine-feminine quarrel which, up until then, had closely defined his field of operations. Because of his concern about not measuring up on the masculine scale, he had developed a blue persona which unfortunately turned red into the enemy and cut him off from the possibilities offered by the green-yellow axis. Upon the awakening of his yellow spirit, he discovered a new vantage point from which to engage the red and blue both could be allies working with him as he sought a deeper, more meaningful contact with the man-of-the-land, both in himself and in life. Recently, the image of the marketplace has come to symbolize for him the green position, and abundance of life. He longs to share in that abundance. Through the green man he will perhaps reconnect with the Earth Mother, the very source of Life, from whom he was separated in his very first dream.

Father Gabriel's journey has taken him numerous times from one axis to the other and back again. We have identified the red-blue side as the one dictated by his professional life, that is, as a question of persona. Father Gabriel takes the red part on this axis I have described him as a Cavalier type. However, with every week, he questions his professional life more and more seriously. In July 1992, the Vatican Confederation for the Doctrine of the Faith published a document advocating discrimination against homosexuals; this has caused him to doubt his place in the Church.

From the beginning of my work with him, his dreams have made very explicit reference to the four colors, always coupling green with yellow and red with blue. Red and blue as the colors of his outer world jostle with green and yellow as the colors of his inner. The voice of the green-yellow has become more demanding, has, in fact, as he himself claims, become the one dictating his "real" nine-to-five business. Still, there is a lot of work to do with red and blue before he can abandon his identification with that axis. In other words, there is room for growth here. A dream makes this point vividly.

Father Gabriel is visiting an apartment which is also a sound-stage where a western is being made. The apartment is both inside and outside. It has pink walls and a deep blue carpet. Father Gabriel watches the shooting of the film and then finds himself against his will involved in the action, surrounded by red Indians escaping a cavalry officer in a dark blue uniform. Back in the apartment, he



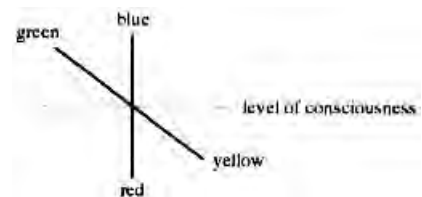
Maurice (James Wilby) and Clive (Hugh Grant) in Maurice (1987)

tries to locate a corner for his mattress. He chooses the corridor, a spot against the outside door through which he can see leafy green foliage. He goes back into the apartment and finally gets himself settled, although his pink blanket keeps sticking to his skin. Then he notices that the blue carpet is on fire. He tries to put it out, but more fires keep erupting. A man wearing a blue trench coat over a red shirt watches him, but does nothing to help. Father Gabriel then realizes that the bedspread he is using to extinguish the fires is also blue and red, interwoven.

This dream struck both of us as a comment on the way in which the (blue) Church's war against the red has mirrored his own red-blue conflicts. There seems to be plenty of opportunity for the red and blue to join forces (the apartment, the watcher, the bedspread, all of them representing a union of the two colors) rather than work as enemies (Indians versus cavalry), but profound transformation has to take place (the fires that cannot be extinguished). And, is this where Father Gabriel really belongs (difficulty settling in to a place that is not even his)? His attempt to bed down by the outside door with its view of the green world<sup>150</sup> seems to be pointing to as yet unexplored potential, to fertile nature, to his own natural self, accessible only when the red-blue battle has become an alliance promoting peace between the camps of Love and Power.

For this to happen, Father Gabriel must first deal with the conflagration wrought by the traditional conflict both in his own psyche and in his relationship to the Church.

If the two axes are present in every man, in every male-male relationship, one is probably more dominant than the other, but not so dominant that the other axis is inactive, unconscious. Time of life, circumstances, level of consciousness are among the variables determining how active the other axis will be. As with the dominant axis, one pole of the supporting axis will be more developed. If we take, for example, a man whose homoerotic identity is primarily a blue one, then his psychic setup might look something like this:



<sup>150</sup> Two days following this dream, Father Gabriel had another "view," this one of a huge, well-ventilated yellow wall at the seaside.

Blue is dominant, but green is also conscious. Red is very unconscious, yellow less so. With some effort, our blue man could avail himself of yellow's strengths. To reach the realm of red will require great effort. Green, however, would serve him well as a more or less reliable companion in his journey.

Since the motif of companions belongs to homoerotic relationship, I propose that the types I have been delineating simply as blue, red, green, yellow, should have partners. The man we looked at above is a blue-green man. There are also blue-yellow (or yellow-blue), yellow-red (or red-yellow) and green-red (red-green) men. The first color in each case indicates the dominant, the second the companion orientation. This scheme not only satisfies the artistic sense but also gives a more accurate picture of how men actually express their homoeros.

The yellow-red (red-yellow) combination represents the union of vision and imagination with feelings and a love of beauty. It bespeaks the artist and the artistic temperament in all its bohemian splendor and squalor as well as the priest (Jesuits excepted!). The yellow-red world is one of image-as-flame, or even flaming-heart. Indeed such a heart might serve as a badge for the yellow-red man for Carmen, Ivan, Father Gabriel or Hannes. With Carmen and Ivan, the red beauty-for-beauty's sake is predominant, with Hannes, the yellow. As for Father Gabriel, there is an ongoing struggle as to which has top priority. Pintauro's Cello, another (would-be) priest, is surely yellow-red with yellow dominating. More typical though are Mazo de la Roche's thespian dandy, Arthur Leigh, in *Whiteoaks of Jalna*, both Charles the novelist and Adolphe his filmmaker mentor in *Burning Houses*, and Vidal's Paul Sullivan "who found obscure pleasure in his own pain."<sup>151</sup> Among famous examples of the type is Oscar Wilde. To be sure, most of the decadents, symbolists and aesthetes of *fin-de-siècle* Europe belong to this type: mysterious, perverse, flamboyant, excessive.

The green-red (red-green) brings together a nurturing, grounding, sensual character with a strong feeling nature. Perhaps the most feminine of all the types aggressively so sometimes he is also the most often abused, vilified, mocked, avoided. I think Baldwin's Giovanni is a green-red man (red predominant) and also Garland's Terry (green). Mary Renault's Laurie, the soldier wounded at Dunkirk in *The Charioteer*, combines green and red in a reserved British way. And Lefcourt's second-baseman, Pickett, manages to give the green-red man a definitely masculine swagger and yet there's no denying his type: he acts as a ground for his tentative colleague, Randy, and spearheads the intensely emotional battle for their rights. All of the lovers of the blue men we examined in chapter three Joel, Frank and Marcus fit the description of green-red, too.

The green-blue (blue-green) man is cast as the "perfect" fantasy figure for many gay men. He possesses that grounded, earthy sensuality of the green-red

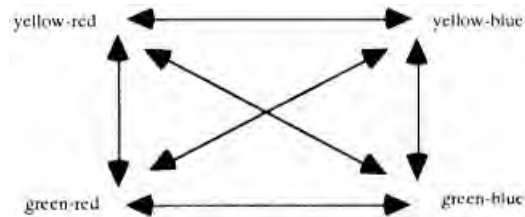
<sup>151</sup>*The City and the Pillar*, p. 84.

man, but coupled with a clear-headed, sometimes thoughtful, no-nonsense brand of masculinity. He is the kind of figure people call manly, rugged. He could be an adventurer, relishing the opportunity to climb high peaks or negotiate difficult bodies of water in a kayak or canoe. Sporting life is bound to appeal to him for the chance it provides to prove himself. He may be intelligent, may even wear glasses, but his intelligence will always have a practical aim to meet. Our man Frank probably belongs to this type. Evelyn Waugh would have us believe that a painter like Charles Ryder can be green-blue even and why not? Ryder's art is neither flamboyant nor wildly innovative: he paints from life and nature. Vidal's tennis champ Jim is a more likely exponent of the type. As is the blue-eyed, blue-jeaned, oh-so-masculine Oxford academic Mark, beloved of the narrator in *Burning Houses*. Greek film director Theo Angelopoulos portrays another with the character of the boyish and (once again) blue-jeaned Orestes, van driver for a group of itinerant actors, in his hauntingly beautiful film *Landscape in the Mist*. With Orestes we observe how the nurturing side of these all-male men only adds to their masculine appeal.<sup>152</sup>

The yellow-blue (blue-yellow) man is also very masculine, but in a heady, Logos-centered way. The part that is imagination, vision, spirit might suggest soaring, freedom; however, it is usually contained by the other part, cool blue reason and intellect. Of all the mixed types, the yellow-blue man has least patience with or sympathy for the feminine. He keeps himself aloof, protected, dry. Many find him frustratingly unemotional, even clinical, analytical in his attempts at relationship. Others claim he's strict, demanding, judgmental. All these may be true at times, and yet for clarity and breadth of vision, for willingness to open his mind, he has no equal among the types. Marcus, as we discovered, is a yellow-blue man. Joel, too, in his closely guarded talent as a poet and fiction-writer, shows himself similarly disposed. So far, however, the blue side dominates. With Marcus yellow now has the edge. In terms of literary heroes, Dr. Page in Garland's *The Heart in Exile* is a perfect example of blue-yellow. And a perfect match for his red-green houseboy, Terry.

It is obvious that the greatest erotic tension exists between those who are true opposites, like Dr. Page and Terry or Charles and Mark in *Burning Houses* or Carmen and Henry. But such stark contrasts are actually quite rare in life at least literature and film are fond of the greater drama, the louder thunder and brighter lightening that come from extreme opposition. If we draw up a map of our mixed typology, we can see that there are other options for intimate relationship between men:

<sup>152</sup> Gay male erotica is dominated by a collegiate version of this type. Some exceptions do exist like actor Joey Stefano, a very assertive green-red type but they are rare: overt sexuality is generally a matter between blue-green and green-blue men.



All the lines here between the types represent possible channels for relationship. The crisscrossing diagonal lines mark the paths of greatest opposition and perhaps the greatest erotic tension. It can also arise that there is too much tension or opposition to make relationship bearable or even to get a relationship going. For this reason, other channels offer more likelihood of success. With each of the remaining opportunities for partnership, there is both a place for erotic tension and a neutral zone where friendship can thrive.

In the case of a relationship between a yellow-blue and yellow-red man, for example, their erotic life will express itself through the differences of masculine and feminine, assertive and submissive, etc. Yellow will provide an imaginative space where they can pool resources, share creative ideas, or make long-range plans. The hole where green should be marks the place where the unconscious enters the relationship. Green, as the sensual, material, down-to-earth position, will constantly challenge, dog, even haunt the pair. How they deal with it will determine the kind and duration of their alliance. Consistently ignoring it can only end in bringing the relationship to its knees.

If in the yellow-blue man, the yellow is dominant and in the yellow-red, it is the red, an interesting and/or disturbing imbalance is set up where the tension between the blue and red which defines their erotic merger is stronger, more compelling, more present and constant for the yellow-red than for the yellow-blue for whom it has only a "secondary" status. This presents a further challenge to the relationship requiring great consciousness to meet. The yellow-blue man may feel compelled to search for a green man to complement his dominant yellow and, in this way, green is introduced into his relationship with the yellow-red man frequently to the latter's dismay.

Such relationships are very common. The union of the imprisoned window-dresser Molina and his political idealistic cell-mate Valentin in Manuel Puig's *The Kiss of the Spider Woman* represents just such an imbalanced meeting. Martin Donovan's eerie film *Apartment Zero* (also set in Buenos Aires) paints a portrait of a yellow-blue, green-blue relationship. Taking the role of the former is a prim and proper but cinema-loving young landlord, Adrien, and his cool sexual and political adventurer of a tenant, Jack, plays the green-blue. From our case

studies we could select Frank's relationship to Cyprien or Toshiro as an example of what a green-blue/green-red relationship might look like. Finally, Pintauro's loving-hating cousins in *Cold Hands* have engaged in a green-red (Tato), yellow-red (Cello) bond.

Friendship remains possible between any of the types. The kind of intimacy implied by the term "erotic tension" demands differences, opposition. It might be argued that similarity can create tension. Many long-running "mirror" or narcissistic unions seem to be built on a tension of similarities and yet if one scrutinizes them I think one will find that such tension depends more on an experience of the Self as other, outside, foreign; it is this that excites interest.

An erotic charge or intensity can sometimes be felt in close male-male relationships that do not contain overt sexual behavior. The tension is right, the oppositions are sparking fire, but the friends do not follow it through to bed. Perhaps they do not need sexuality to communicate their deep regard for each other, perhaps sex would only change the emotional balance for the worse, or perhaps they are just afraid of it. Certainly most male-male relationships in our culture banish sexual feelings or erotic charges from the field; these they split off, repress and then project onto others who are made to pay for their "deviant" desires. And yet erotic friendships that stop only just this side of sex can exist and give much pleasure and support to the partners. These are the friendship celebrated in boys' adventure stories like those found in the *Boys' Own Annuals* or like R.M. Ballantyne's nineteenth-century novel *The Coral Island*, which traces the shared life of three English youths shipwrecked on a South Seas island. Many current popular male-hero pairs demonstrate a similar brand of eros.

I'm thinking now of all those American cop movies and television series in which one partner, usually older, is a firm, penetrating blue (sometimes yellow) and the other, usually younger, with his weakness for the feminine is red (sometimes green). I could also point to mystery novel heroes as various as Frank and Joe Hardy (blue and red respectively), Holmes and Watson (yellow-green) or Agatha Christie's Poirot and Hastings (yellow-red, green-blue). In the British television series based on Christie's stories, the delicious performances of David Suchet as Poirot and Hugh Fraser as Hastings bring the homoerotic element to the fore. The thrust of all these relationships is collaborative, collegial, and so sex can be dismissed reasonably as beside the point, but the erotic charge that fuses the pair into an effective fighting, brainstorming or mystery-solving unit should not be overlooked either, for this is the fuel of their successful work.

Regarding sexuality itself, it appears that while the blue-red axis is excited by issues of control/submission, the green-yellow axis focuses on the Actual versus the Image. Yellow is the voyeur par excellence, the spinner of erotic fables, the connoisseur of erotica. He is aroused by the anticipation and/or the memory of sex. For this reason, I dub his sexual life "Proustian." The green man makes

love for the moment; the journey is as important as the arrival. Once he has reached and passed orgasm, he has little thought for what has been, what might have been or what might be. He is, however, very open and willing to play his part in yellow's sexual fantasies. He enjoys the attention that the camera-like eye of the yellow turns on his physicality, and his own deeply buried capacity for fantasy is stirred by it. Yellow equally finds green's lack of airs, his physical rawness just the stuff to feed his rococo lust. Through his gaze he turns the green man into one of those voluptuous, fleshy, teasing angels swirling across the domes of eighteenth-century Italian churches.

For red and blue, there is a protocol to be observed and disobeyed in sexual transactions. Boundaries and roles are usually strictly assigned. I have described at some length the kinds of boundaries and roles that pique red-blue sexual interest. I have referred often to top and bottom, assertive and submissive and, of course, masculine and feminine; I have even broached the subject of sadomasochism, a ritual formulation of these issues into an unmistakable master-servant dialogue. What is especially enticing, titillating, unnerving about all these versions of the control/uncontrol mandate which governs red-blue relations is the potential, always present if never acted upon, of a reversal of roles, a renegotiation of boundaries.

Green's sensual frankness is compatible with any type. Yellow's fantasy life appeals also to red and blue just as their insistence on roles can feed his fantasy. The red man's capacity for feeling and blue's embodiment of the traditional masculine stance are also attractive to green and yellow. However, the fact remains that the most resonant sexual connection happens between opposites.

The red man typically enjoys friendly relations with women. He has an ability to identify with so-called women's issues, especially, I think, with emotional-abuse issues. Of course, he does run across women who are much less feminine than he is and show themselves rather unsympathetic to his soft-heartedness. Nevertheless, he is frequently found in their company.

The green man relates to women generally through his nearness to the mother archetype. He likes to take care of women, mother them, sometimes even to go to bed with them. It is not unheard of to find homosexual green men married with children; they can love children with a deep mothering kind of love.

The blue man rarely befriends women, although he may sleep with them, marry them and father children by them. None of these involvements necessarily entail friendship and when homoeros is a strong component in his make-up women exist primarily to serve as demonstrative proofs of his masculinity.

Women frequently claim to be stimulated by the yellow man's breadth of vision and the vitality of his imaginative life. However, if he is gay, of all the types he probably has least to do with actual women. Friendship is common when he has a strong supporting red side, but sex is seldom attempted except in

fantasy. Both his creative work and his sexual fantasy life may teem with images of women he just doesn't concretize them. This is also true of many of his fantasies about men.

The animas of our homoerotic types do not differ from those of other men, although the obvious link between the anima and intimate sexual relationship with actual women is but infrequently forged, except in the case of the blue man seeking to establish his masculine position. The anima, as the contrasexual element in a man's psyche, more often takes the form of mother, sister, daughter, muse, old wise woman, femme inspiratrice, rather than those of wife, lover or sex queen. The "soul-sister" and femme inspiratrice are especially common forms; in fact, they make up a pair in the unconscious.

As I noted in *The Secret Lore of Gardening*, the inner sister serves as a symbol of the bond of affection between two men. In mythology, a man often cements his relationship with his friend by giving him his sister's hand in marriage. In dreams, the soul-sister is quite similar to the ego, sympathetic to his goals and eager to concretize them. The femme inspiratrice, by contrast, serves as the inspiration to embark on a journey into the unknown lands of the opposite type. She takes him by the hand and makes him leap.

For the yellow man, the soul-sister is often a light, radiant, gamin figure dispensing poetic grace. One yellow analysand dreams the actress Audrey Hepburn in this role. His femme inspiratrice, on the other hand, is earthy, sensual, body-centered, practical and even mothering. I think of her as his green anima. The anima, like the shadow and even the Self, because she is a relatively unconscious phenomenon, can take on the color of the inferior type which presides over the unconscious domain. This is true of all the types, of course, and not just the yellow man.

The green man's soul-sister is physical, factual, earth-loving like him. Sometimes she's a big blowsy Ma of a woman, fecund and friendly or loud and despotic, brandishing a tight fist. Skipping behind her is a fairy-like femme inspiratrice, pointing out the chinks of light in the lush woods and fingering the moonbeams dancing just beyond his arm's reach. (I have known a few actual male-female relationships of long standing modeled on this very duo.)

The blue man's soul-sister is Athena-like, intellectually strong, determined, organized, while his femme inspiratrice is a charmer, a coquette, a vixen, a dramatic, if not histrionic, somewhat helpless belle of considerable physical allure. She looks like the soul-sister of the red man, but an inferior (i.e., primitive, undifferentiated) version. The inspired American playwright Tennessee Williams has supplied us with many luminous examples of the differentiated version. Laura (*The Glass Menagerie*), Blanche duBois (*A Streetcar Named Desire*), Alma Winemiller (*Summer and Smoke*), Catherine Holly (*Suddenly Last Summer*), Princess Kosmonopolis (*Sweet Bird of Youth*), Hannah Jelkes (*The Night of the*

*Iguana*), and the unnamed heroines of the short plays *I Can't Imagine Tomorrow* and *Talk to Me Like the Rain and Let Me Listen* all present a similar mixture of fragility and toughness, emotional vulnerability and resourcefulness, loving skills and capacities for self-destructiveness that are hallmarks of the red man's soul-sister. His femme inspiratrice is of a very different quality. She might easily appear in a long whitish-blue robe with a kind of gold tiara or even helmet on her head and a lance, spear or sword in her hand. She is justice, truth, right, knowledge and she leads the red man firmly into relationship with the blue world. Like all the types confronted by her call, the red fears his femme inspiratrice but she is too irresistible a challenge to refuse.

In the construction of this typology of homoeros, Jung's typology has been a source of inspiration. It is obvious, I think, that the blue man has something of Jung's thinking type about him, red of the feeling type, et cetera. But, they do not correspond exactly. I have already pointed out discrepancies in the correspondence red men who come out intuitive or sensation on the type tests, for example. Jung's typology attempts to set out basic patterns of orientation to life, mine to define patterns of orientation within the sphere of homoerotic attraction. Sexuality as a significant, multifaceted archetypal force with its own set of peculiarities deserves a prominent place in a discussion of homoeros; or, to put it another way, trying to understand Father Gabriel's dilemmas only in terms of Jung's functions is to take the body out of them. The same could be said of all the men we discussed. If you like, my typology can be taken as a special adaptation of Jung's to the erotic field.

Were I to draw closer parallels I would say that the yellow man corresponds to intuitive-thinking, green to sensation-feeling, blue to thinking-sensation and red to feeling-intuition. Even these are loose correspondences. I would rather stress the resemblance between the two axes of this typology and Jung's introverted-extraverted and irrational-rational distinctions. The green-yellow axis, like the sensation-intuition axis, acts mainly on the basis of what it perceives sans moral valuation and is thus "irrational," while the red-blue, like feeling-thinking, moves in accordance with just such moral valuations or judgments and is "rational." The blue-red axis is the product of cultural refinements and restrictions. The green-yellow lives beyond this pale and represents a very ancient way of being and relating.

Although introverts and extraverts exist among all the types, it strikes me that the blue-red axis, because it is concerned so much with living in the outer world, has a strongly extraverted cast. By the same token, green and yellow, so wrapped up in the creative process, can be regarded as more introverted than extraverted. I would venture to suggest that among extraverts, those who are more extraverted would have either blue or red dominant and those who are less, green

and yellow. I would make a similar case for introverts by inverting the foregoing equation.

While writing this book, it became apparent to me that the red-blue axis was dictating to my pen. When I referred back to *The Secret Lore of Gardening*, I could see how there the essence of green-yellow was distilled in the marriage of archetypal amplification with copious detail which acted as a ground for the flights of imagination. Now that I am almost done here, I see that red and blue have manifested in the organization and presentation of my material. I find myself aware constantly of their demands for a well-constructed and yet attractive container that is accommodating and easy to manage. I felt little of these pressures during the writing of the previous volume. I also became conscious of the extent to which the blue and red are at odds in my own psyche, how at times red would have my ear, while defining the blue man especially, and vice versa. Perhaps blue has greater weight because I seem to care more for a neat construction than for attractiveness, but even as I write, red is throwing a fit: "It's a lie!" he cries. So, I have come out feeling sure of one thing only about the red and blue in myself: that I am still predominantly a yellow man.

On the eve of finishing this chapter, I dreamt that I visited my mother one cloudy spring morning to tell her of a show I was doing on a vast sound stage. She looked as she does in photographs from the fifties, just after I was born. What struck me most forcefully about her, in addition to an air of quiet strength, was her colors. She wore Lincoln green trousers and a bright yellow top over which she had put on a dark blue cardigan. Her hair was a deep auburn. I woke up from the dream perplexed. What did the four colors of a homoerotic typology have to do with the mother of my infancy? Was she there to confirm Neumann's claim that an indisputable link exists between the matriarchal and homoeros?<sup>153</sup> Or was she a symbol of original wholeness which the quaternity of four colors served? A creative source?

I am not sure. But, in addition to being perplexed, I felt a great sense of satisfaction, even contentment. I felt, cloudy skies notwithstanding, that the work was finished, the four colors were alive and, even more, cared for.

<sup>153</sup> See *The Origins and History of Consciousness*.

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