

**Zeitschrift:** Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle  
**Band:** 23 (1955)  
**Heft:** 5

**Buchbesprechung:** Book-Review : Private View by Jocelyn Brooke

**Autor:** R.Y.

### **Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften auf E-Periodica. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen sowie auf Social Media-Kanälen oder Webseiten ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. [Mehr erfahren](#)

### **Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. La reproduction d'images dans des publications imprimées ou en ligne ainsi que sur des canaux de médias sociaux ou des sites web n'est autorisée qu'avec l'accord préalable des détenteurs des droits. [En savoir plus](#)

### **Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. Publishing images in print and online publications, as well as on social media channels or websites, is only permitted with the prior consent of the rights holders. [Find out more](#)

**Download PDF:** 10.12.2025

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>**

## Book-Review

PRIVATE VIEW by Jocelyn Brooke  
London, James Barrie, 10/6 sh

This is a book to be highly recommended. Of the four literary portraits which the volume contains, the longest, covering about a hundred pages, presents 'Gerald Brockhurst', a man who realizes too late in life that he is essentially homosexual. Though his life-story has a tragic ending, — for Brockhurst, when about to face a court-martial, commits suicide — the author, nevertheless, enumerates a chain of events which lead logically and naturally to Brockhurst's self-destruction.

This portrait of a homosexual is told in the first person by the narrator, who befriended Gerald Brockhurst when they were both in their first year at Oxford during the 'Roaring Twenties' and shows the development of their friendship over a period of more than twenty years, if such a relationship can be called real friendship. At the beginning Gerald does not realize the homosexual urge in his own nature. Nevertheless driven by it he attempts twice to gaze on his friend naked while swimming, only to be frustrated each time. On another occasion, under the influence of drink he tries without success to share his friend's bed one night.

The subtle irony of the story lies in the fact, firstly, that when Gerald does see his friend naked twenty years later, it is too late, and, secondly, when he had in fact, previously to this, an opportunity to share his friend's bed, he preferred a 'one night stand' with a willing soldier to his friend's company. Had his feelings for his friend during their University years found an outlet, probably the disasters of his ensuing years might all have been avoided.

The author shows in this 'portrait' an extremely perceptive insight into human character, at the same time gives disagreeable though brilliant side-lights on some aspects of London's homosexual underworld, and its pursuit after The Guards, both Officers and 'Other Ranks'. But essentially this 'Life' is a tragic story, told with all the restraint and under-statement so typical of good English writers. R. Y.

## THE LABYRINTH

*Boys are a labyrinth with no escape;  
Where'er you cast your eye you meet your doom.  
First Theodorus charms you here, flesh ripe  
And plump, whose limbs are in their flawless bloom.  
Then here the golden face of Philocles,  
Not tall, but by a heavenly grace surrounded.  
But if you turn to look on Leptines,  
You have no strength to move, your feet grounded;  
The flames from this boy's eyes can well ignite  
From head to toe, nor can you move away.  
Hail, lovely boys! May you all reach the height  
Of youth, and live until your heads are grey.*

Rhianus (circa 200 B. C.)