during parade... but I see only too clearly that I am nothing to him".... Only one means is left to guide me out of this misery: Death. Death— that means a suicide"....

It is superfluous to point here the evidence that what tormented Platén so fiercely was not merely the negatively "intellectual" relations with Hornstein, but the stress of sexual desire. He must have been deeply the victim of honest self-deceptions when he tried, later or at the time, to believe that no corporeal thrill, no concrete physical yearnings coloured his sentiments for Brandenstein and Hornstein. He was a robust young man; the physical passion constantly must have sought its outlet under the seethe of this sort of simile sexual fire. It was not mere torturing "idealism". The outcry "I am lost!" may well point out his terror at finding that his abnormal passion was a physical one, as well as a psychic condition; a tendency never to be "cured."

Fortunately the unconscious Captain Wilhelm von Hornstein was not to trouble Platén's heart, nor to beget thoughts of suicide, or anything else for long time. Already Schmitzlein had warned Platén that if he, Platén, once came to know Hornstein—even a little—all his queer illusions about that blunt, commonplace officer would vanish; that he would find Hornstein a dull, uninteresting, rather rude type of man; no matter how handsome. Now, Platén had worried about just this possibility, more and more. He suffered; but he dreaded a broken idol. Once (March 19, 1816) Schmitzlein had even assured Platén that Hornstein was "not capable of a true friendship." Platén found this outlook "terrifying, frightful, deeply depressing." But so came the affair to an end! For, one night, Platén had to divide the watch with Hornstein; a chance he had longed for. So came their first real conversation, and his first clear impression of his Adonis. Platén found Hornstein ill-bred, vulgar, commonplace. There was no ground for any sympathetic intimacy whatever between them. From that moment, Platén's passion sunk to dullness. In a few weeks it was wholly extinguished. A few later meetings of a tame sort, friendly but not alternative at all, completed Platén's "cure" of the Knight of Malta! Platén was too honest with himself to struggle along against the real for the sake of the ideal. But he suffered much in being disillusioned. (One debaseful and long entry, that of April 9, 1816, is worth reading. There were spasmodic fits of idealistics for Hornstein. We find Platén once kissing the soft-pillow on which his shattered idol's "deer head" had rested. But in an entry of April 30, he says... "Almost my last spark of inclination for a man not worth it is now extinguished." Then, in a sort of pathetic heaving of his vain attempt to get a silhouette portrait of Brandenstein, by a thoroughly feminine hand. But (this is significant) he now fairly had learned what great differences may exist between one's ideal of a man and the real individual. He dreads being "disillusioned" again. He applies that dread to "Federigo." "... O, that he may be the sort of man that I suppose!" Platén however never came to that knowledge. Possibly it was lucky for him. His perplexities darkened: "Father in Heaven, teach me where real happiness is! Teach me the true wisdom of life — or let me meet my end!"

The reader must not think of Platén as doing nothing but a little garrison-duty, mourning over love-affairs, writing a voluminous Journal, and inditing verses, during all this unhappy Munich period. On the contrary, he was assiduously studying languages, the best literatures, aesthetics; making with remarkable zeal his preparation for some sort of an intellectual life, presently to be de-
terminated on and followed. He was the soul of system in his use of every day and evening. He was already a brilliant linguist (at nineteen years!) even in writing verses of elegance and accuracy in several other languages than German. He was a solid reader, and many tranquil spare hours went for that. It is worth noticing that he did not think, either now or during many years yet to come, that his poetical talents would warrant his becoming a professional man of letters. His idea was to get into diplomacy or something else intellectual. During this summer (1816) he made a tour in Switzerland alone, in June and July. In it we see how his perceptive powers and his nature judgment constantly acted. By this absence from Munich his general health, as well as his spirits, were vastly improved. On his return to military duty, he found that Brandenstein had left the city. Platen felt that this was well-timed. He seldom saw "Federigo" again. The winter passed with a good deal of depression, solitude, love-hunger, and gloom: partly through his mere reminiscences, partly because he had now earnestly to consider just what he ought to do in life if he was not content to remain a soldier in active service—as he certainly did not wish to do. There was also much correspondence with Perglas; in course of which Perglas writes that he "finds it unendurable to be parted" from Platen. But Platen, though affectionate, is not warmly responsive to Perglas, so far as we have any word. In the autumn of this same year, 1816, Platen was for awhile on leave in Ansbach, his home. He was always delighted to return to his parents. So came during this visit of a few weeks, a new love-affair. It was not at all violent, and it was short. Still it was enough to occupy Platen's heart and his ideal-aesthetic sensibilities for some days, and to furnish several long entries in the Journal. The object was a young cavalry-officer, indicated only as "D— A—". This "D— A—" was also on leave, visiting some Ansbach friends—the Freiberg family. Platen frankly speaks of the affair as only a sentimental "stop-gap," a mere reaching out of his then sorrowful and empty heart for any sort of a new intimacy that would thrill it. Platen was tolerably thrilled. But now he seems to have determined to be on his guard as to cultivating any illusions only to be undeceived in a male charmer. "D— A—" was wholly a woman-adorer, not to say already in love with one of the young ladies in the Freiberg circle. So Platen "hoped" the less from him. The interest lapsed. In Dec. 21. Platen wrote that he felt himself "cured" of "D— A—". He notes: "This is the first victory of my reason over my heart." His heart had not been possessed with much ardour. He adds; "Never for a moment has my inclination taken on a passionate colouring—that is to say I have never, in my most self, wished for D— A—s acquaintance; I have never counted it a happiness, in a word I have never loved him. How much I feel ashamed that I have allowed him to gain even so much power over me!—" etc. etc. All which is tolerably loose casuistry of the erotic impulse. There is interest in observing that Platen's "type" haunted him here again: for he says (Dec. 3) that D— A— reminded him much of a certain handsome young French officer, met at Melun.

The Diary during this Ansbach visit is full of serious self-study as to weightier matters than sexual urges; of conclusions almost always wise. Incidentally, we find Platen here lamenting his failure as a social companion, as guest, as member of a lively general circle anywhere. In truth, not till his latest years did he shake off the self-consciousness and reserve (it never was conceit) that made him a poor forgatherer in gay, commonplace circles. Indeed Platen in such relations, as in more intimate life, stands before us as most unlucky; and also as a striking lesson of how not to make friends, how not to please. Genial temperament, natural manners, spontaneity, lightness of touch and tact are so much of the secret of making and
A striking conversation on the relations of men to women (Jan. 24, 1817) occurred between Platen and Friedrich Fugger. Fugger here declared himself an emphatic "Weibervertraut." In April, Platen made a pleasant acquaintance with one Captain Weishaupt, an intellectual, refined and well-mannered young officer of the artillery-corps. For a few weeks, the intimacy waxed considerably: Platen's mill-sails seem to have "gone round"—and rather briskly. But chiefly by his own inept, shy, awkward manner, his reserves and nervousness, as well as his real dread of feeling anything like a passion for another young man, the Weishaupt acquaintance fell through speedily. Platen once declares of Weishaupt that he "could not trust him." That phrase, one becomes more and more sure of it, meant that he could trust his most secret nature to such a friend. But to Weishaupt he never did so. As May ended, Platen left Munich, on official leave, to spend all summer and much of the autumn in the quiet little village of Schliersee, in the near Bavarian Tirole. There he was much of the time alone, though with a few agreeable acquaintances. He sent a casual farewell to Captain Weishaupt. We find him blaming himself sharply for having lost the chance to make a warm friend of Weishaupt by his badly managed relations with him, and by shy distrust.

Platen passed the time at Schliersee in incessant study, especially of the Latin classics; also in out door life, and in writing verse, some of which is of import in his earlier published work. He continues nevertheless to feel scruples as to poeticize at all, but "knows not what demon lures me to poetry-making." He has much, as usual, to observe concerning his own perplexing individuality; and—while the study of ourselves is by no means a safe guide really to knowing ourselves—doubtless Platen ripened and widened his character and cast some useful "cross-lights" on it during this Schliersee stay. Some of the retrospective passages in the Diary during this studious.
solitary summer, exactly such a summer as stimulates or depresses many and many a Uranian) have much interest, especially those in October. More striking are the memoranda, now quite positive, of Platen’s realizing that he was out-and-out homosexual in his nature; incapable of loving any woman; destined to love only the male (see October entry, page 837, of the same First Volume) and his awakening knowledge that this sort of passion must needs be much a physical one, however clear its intellectual fire. He remarks at this time that he “troubled most” at discovering how his “inclination is directed toward his own sex, not to the feminine one.” Yet apologetically he asks: “Can I change what is not my doing?” — the just, the eternal Uranian appeal to Creative Fate. He likewise wonders whether should he marry, on a basis of friendship with some bride, sexual love for her would gradually come — another most frequent query in the mind of the simulsexual of our date, and often such a dangerous illusion. Here, too, is a striking passage in the physically-sensualistic key: “I am at an age when love is demanded, which will not be satisfied with friendship... Without any sensual feeling there can be no love. Federigo has never, in any way, awakened in me a base sexual-sensual impulse. But what if that should come as to others? 0, rather than that, let some chasm open, and swallow me up! I would be lost! I would waste away in misery; for I never could attain my goal, I would shudder to reach it! How easily a noble love can lead us to the edge of despair I know; but how fearfully a sensual fire must ruin the whole man, that I have not yet experienced, though I have a cruel portent of it. So much is there in the world that makes me wish that I had never been born! The passages here italicized are eloquent of Platen’s obstinate, troublesome fight to convince himself that he had loved and had not desired; could love and yet not desire; and that there were really great distinctions between the complexions of this or that ardent passion already “experienced.” Clearly what with his “cruel portent” and many other sub-currents of emotion, he had become by no means so “idealistic,” as he had kept on writing himself down to be. If favoured in any similar affairs in the future, he would not be able to hold himself in firm physical check. He knew it now. In any case, he was soon to find out just the very thing that he so dreaded, or wanted to think that he dreaded, as the “goal” of such a love.

A few months later, in the Spring of 1818, after again visiting Ansbach and returning to Munich to regulate his money-affairs and his military discharge for a term of years at least, he matriculated at Würzburg University. The writer of these pages came upon his signature, the other day, in turning over the old University Register — a clear, bold writing, however disturbed and anxious, as to the future may have been the young newcomer that penned it on that now yellowed page.

At Würzburg, where Platen entered himself as a student on April 5, 1818, he found several of his older friends glad to see him, and to bid him goodspeed in his next career as a student. Grübler and Massenbach were among these. Platen fairly plunged into incessant belles-lettres reading, language-study, lectures in special or regular courses in philosophy, and in other matters. Immense was his eagerness and his satisfaction of mind at being at last free to do so, and able to concentrate his mind on such work. But (the reader already will have foreseen this) he soon found that he was not happy. More intellectuality cannot satisfy most healthful young Uranians. Platen was vaguely longing, restless, craving, for — what? Of course, for some new sentimental predicament, for the turning-round of the windmill aforesaid, whither was coming all too much grieve. A new love seemed likely to center on a handsome young classmate named Döll-
nger (afterwards the famous head of the Old Catholic Movement) with whom he was considerably taken. Of this came "only a friendship." But in June (the entries are of June 14, 21, 22, 24, and July 2, 4, 6 especially) came the Awaited. Platen happened to see a young student in the Law-Department, named Schmidtlein — Eduard Schmidtlein: who, by the by, we must not confuse with Platen's old friend Friedrich Schmitzlein. Eduard Schmidtlein became almost forthwith the object of one of Platen's most vehement passions: the center of a perfect seethe of the physical, as well as of the mental, in the unlucky poet's heart; his fellow-actor in a strange and not undramatic series of sentimental incidents.

Eduard Schmidtlein is called, during all the earlier entries of the Diary, simply "Adrastus." Platen did not know his baptismal name for a long time. Schmidtlein was of a well-to-do Bavarian family, was a good routine student, and afterward became a professor of law of some distinction rather early. For more than a year we find him the center of Platen's whole inner existence. What is more, Platen fought with Schmidtlein the Waterloo of his battle to love "without being sensually stirred" and presently learned, all too thoroughly, after meeting Schmidtlein, that physical surrender and bodily possession are the very nerves of the mystic drawing to manly beauty that the Uranian feels.

There is neither necessity nor possibility in undertaking here to detail all the course of this Schmidtlein affair at Würzburg—its leaps and bounds of growth, its frequent supposed subsiding, and its final impetuousness. The entries are in sharp contrast to the mass of those that deal with Platen's busy intellectual life at Würzburg, in the business of which it wrought now and then a nervous haver. There are not less than three-hundred pages of memoranda about it! The main aspects and episodes are these. First, of all, not for many months did Platen get to a speaking acquaintance with his new idol. He did not begin to exchange visits with Schmidtlein till within about a year. This delay was partly because of the normal slowness of conducting such acquaintances at Würzburg at the time: partly because Platen and Schmidtlein were both hard students, in totally different courses; partly because there was a difference in their social classes (the aristocratic Platen being quite superior to a "Bürgersohn" like Schmidtlein); and last, because Platen's nervous shyness kept him aloof. The hundred entries prior to May 1, 1819, call Schmidtlein only "Adrastus." But the reader will easily surmise that Platen could make his passion white-hot by his sheer idealizations as to "Adrastus," without one word of speech between them. This dangerous faculty blew the hidden fire into a perfect conflagration, within some two weeks of merely looking at the handsome young Münchener! Love, despair, jealousy, hope, melancholy speculation as to what Schmidtlein suspected of the affair or thought of him; moral, social, psychical questions—these entries surge along in a stream of homosexual sentiment for months. Above all, grew Platen's worship of Schmidtlein's "dazzling beauty," his "divine eyes" and harmonious voice. The dulcet voice of Adrastus inspired the lines "Lass tief in Dir mich lesen," and in many other poems printed in Platen's series. The person meant is Schmidtlein, though so many readers might well fancy that a girl was the object. Much of the Journal in 1818 and 1819 is written in French, Portuguese, and occasionally in English. Platen well knew now that his ardent emotion was no vague intellectual one, but a downright sexual longing. He recognized that the mystic "goal" of which he had such fear, was what he must attain, some day, — however with agony of conscience. He cries out: "O pain without end and measure! O inexhaustible anguish! Never, never did I love thee [Adrastus] as in this moment!" ... "He would laugh
if he knew how I adore him.” . . . Then later he asks: “Has not the body its rights, as well as the soul? Are the rights of the one any more shameful than those of the other?” etc., etc., Platen knew himself now, verily!

Nevertheless he is glad that though Schmidlein’s . . . “beauty has cast a spell over me, physical lust for him has not yet polluted me.” This is a queer phrase, that we can take in more than one sense. Just at this time, by the by, Platen’s reading included a group of authors well-suited to enlighten him on classic and modern nihilism and its “lust”: to-wit Anacreon, Melander, and the Greek Anthology of erotists in general, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Guarini (from whose amorous “Pastor Fido” are abundant quotations) Johannes Müller’s ardently homosexual correspondence with his beloved Bonstetten, and many other such. The Müller-Bonstetten letters powerfully moved Platen: set him to sighing much—after a Bonstetten for himself.

But meantime, “Adratus” Schmidlein was by no means unaware of some sort of unusual interest going on toward himself on the part of that young Count Platen. This is certain, by what we afterward learn from Platen’s many references to Edward’s dénouement toward himself, Edward’s glances, and so on. This knowledge—or suspicion—on Schmidlein’s side becomes plainer from what Edward confessed much later (Aug. 22-23, 1819) when he disclosed a sexual secret as to himself, long hidden. But not coming any nearer Schmidlein just now, Platen went to young Massenbach, who knew more or less of Platen’s nature and seems to have been homosexually intimate with Platen in their earlier days, in some degree. Platen asked Massenbach to contrive to present him to Schmidlein; as Massenbach knew the charming Edward pretty intimately, Massenbach agreed. But though he spoke with Schmidlein of the introduction, nothing came of the plan. Schmidlein seems to have fended it off. Poor Platen grew more mystified and despairing than ever: for this upshot hinted at a real indifference, on the side of “Adratus”, even to their knowing each other.

But finally they met. There was no go-between. Platen broke the ice. March 17, 1819, they spoke; on the street. After some weeks, no earlier, began visits between them. Platen made the first call, with much humility, May 1, 1819. To his relief he found that Edward was a refined, gifted and most serious character; worthy of friendship, whatever else might come with that. The few letters from Schmidlein that presently are quoted at full-length sketch his type, though we have no way of judging of a physical beauty that so fired Platen. But Edward still hung back. The acquaintance stayed “roasted all of one side,” like the famous Shakespearian egg. Edward did not return Platen’s visits. He said that he “would call,” then did not call; and generally he avoided Platen coldly, though never with actual discourtesy. What is more, something like male coquetry soon appears, if vaguely, in Edward’s attitude toward Platen. It is an element quite in logic with what presently we shall discover as to Edward’s psychic self. But, in 1819, we find that the two young men had become really intimate. By June, they were walking, studying, reading, talking confidentially, and so on day by day, Platen was alternately most happy and most “unsatisfied.” This is easy to understand. There is little reason to doubt that Schmidlein now amused himself by doing what Platen expressively calls “exciting the power of his personal beauty” on Platen. Platen became only more and more aware of his own distinctly “sensual” yearnings for Edward. Thus on June 3-8 1819, he says of Edward: “Coming into my room, he dazzled me, like the figure of a demigod . . .” ; and then we find an aspiration that has an almost comic effect, if we did not realize the moral
terror underlying it... "If only Heaven will deign to grant me an unvarying purity of soul!" Some months earlier, had occurred already a long retrospective entry; in which Platen reverted to his still "unextinguished" love for Count d'Argenteau, for Brandenstein, and even for Hornstein, as all so much "less sensual" than this passion for Schmidtlein. By the by, in this rerne amoureuse he does not mention his early relations with Xylander, nor those sentiments that had carried him so far with the young painter Issel. But now Platen becomes even more helpless, and hence more casuistic. On June 8th, we read of a walk with Eduard; when... "I held him embraced by the middle of his body, which darling burden pressed on my shoulder. One could say that this was sensually remarked; but if my soul be pure, why cannot I enjoy the sense of his beauty?... Yes, certainly "one could say" that any such entry was not one of love for the mere abstract! But the tide of sexual passion was to rise much higher, and to carry both of them along with it, this time. A few days later, (June 7, 1818) sitting in a retired corner of the beautiful old Hofgarten, in Würzburg, reading together a most appropriate drama, "... we held each other embraced. His head rested on my bosom. Our cheeks often touched."... Platen may well exclaim, when in a sort of Rausch by the memory, "These aspects... are joyful, but from one standpoint too dangerous. A hostile goddess can separate us, while wishing to unite us the goddess Passion. We are young, and we love each other ardently. But I hope that God will aid us to leap over this abyss. I believe that it will be best for us to interchange frankly our ideas on this subject, and to fight off the enemy with united forces..." Was there ever a more amusing, pathetic, childish, and fatal policy toward mutual self-control, in any sort of love-affair? One wonders if Platen could have believed such a procedure to be of common sense? Was it practiced at all? At any rate it did not help.

For a fortnight later (June 22) while alone together in a little garden, over at Heldingsfeld, near Würzburg, "... Eduard at last gave himself up to me with a tenderness without reserve, a tenderness equal to mine. We were simply one soul, and our bodies were like two trees whose branches interlace closely forever." Ah! Platen had no illusions now that his love must not be crowned with "sensuality."! But his moral conscience was in an agony. He speaks of this "surrender" in a letter, by and by to be written (mentioned in his entry of November 11, 1819) to Gruber, as "the catastrophe of this melancholy history, and my crime," which the sensitive Gruber declares was merely "a betrayal through passion," adding that "although I myself detest the vice, by God and all that is holy, I do not in the least detest you for it!" But in spite of his troubled conscience, Platen explains that at last, once in his life, he can say that he "has lived!" He affirms that such a state of things between him and Eduard increases, not lessens, the "ideal" quality in his sentiment for Eduard. That delusion is as old and instinctive as the eternal war between natural and artificial ethics.

But this sudden unity was not to continue. It had to suffer a sharp defeat, for precisely that same reason which had given it such simulata sexual completeness. During the next few weeks, Eduard Schmidtlein avoided his new bosom-friend as much as before; causing the mystified Platen much wonderment and sorrow. What was worse, as the month was ending, Eduard wrote to Platen that he had decided that mutual relationships between them would best not be continued! An abrupt interview, and naturally a bitter quarrel, resulted; then came a reconciliation; but not a satisfactory one. "Eduard loves me," writes Platen, fresh from the embraces of his adored Astraus, "but he is the most singular and inscrutable of creatures." Several letters are interchanged,
instead of verbal discussions. The letters of the mysterious Edward are remarkably dignified, well-expressed, manly epistles; but they are reserved as to statements why he had concluded that the intimacy was not best; in excusing his sudden relapse to a "cold" attitude again. Through his letters, we read how thorough had been his simm-sexual surrender to Platen's passion. He observes that he feels that they have misunderstood each other, and are really not suited, after all, to be intimate friends. They must part! "It is best for us," writes Edward, "our two hearts will never fully understand each other, and I am truly sorry that I have found you one with whom I cannot as a friend get into harmony, though you have my esteem and respect in the highest degree." And now comes a pertinent, abrupt fact. A few days later than this letter, when the two were over at Rottendorf together, (Aug. 22-23) Schmidtlein confessed to Platen that he was wholly indifferent to women sexually, and was miserable because of this conviction; evidently hoping and resolving to change his nature. Of course, this rather explains Schmidtlein's conduct, both before and after this confession. Troubled by conscientious qualms or other obstacles, he would not give up the inward battle, any more than will many an Uranian today; and finding Platen to be so "like himself," recognizing Platen's uranian nature, little by little, from the first moments, Schmidtlein had been unwilling to begin their friendship, and now was resolved to interrupt it. Schmidtlein's instincts— and Platen's passion— had betrayed Edward farther than he had expected. At least these aspects are strongly hinted. But Edward denied in this Rottendorf interview a physical inclination for his own sex, while also denying most positively that that he was inclined to intercourse with women. Altogether, Edward appears to have been in a most unhappy, fairly sincere trouble of mind about himself, sexually; and sorry that he had "surrendered." Besides this, there seems to have been a strong influence exerted on Schmidtlein by a certain fellow-student and "friend," named Bannwarth, who had aimed at preventing the intimacy with Platen, as now at breaking it off. One cannot but suspect Bannwarth's hand in this whole affair; especially as we find that Edward "told Bannwarth everything," empowered Bannwarth to act as a sort of attorney for him; and even gave Bannwarth all Platen's letters to read! a queerly callous sort of proceeding!

In great distress, Platen writes: "Edward is the first man, so like myself, that there is nothing I could hide from him—and now he says that we must part. I asked him if love or virtue be the cause. He would not answer. I said that if he wished to conquer himself, I had the same intention, and so we could become guardians of each other." (1) On the 22 of August, going to find Schmidtlein early one morning and Edward being still in bed, after a passionate interview of farewell, full "of all our first tenderness," they agreed on a sort of compromise— not to part wholly, but never to speak of love or friendship again, and to remain on relatively distant terms. A few days later, the college-term was out. Edward left Würzburg for Munich, and Platen, also free, went to Iphofen, a small town not distant, for the vacation. This separation brought on a painful climax to their amoureux. On September 1, we find that Platen, much moved by absence, passion, love-longing, and so on, has written to the beloved Edward a certain long and erotic poem, evidently full of just the forbidden topics— love, friendship and their relationships to each other. This poem originally all was transcribed in the Diary; but Platen cut most of its lines out, later. The letter which went with the poem is not cited; perhaps it too has been cut out. The poem ends:

Hier schmecken Kusse noch einmal so süss,
Und wir denkt's an, ja, nur uns allein.
I'm ganz verzweifelt, und ganz begnügt zu sein!
"Has not the body its rights as well as the soul?"—he had demanded. For some days he received no answer from Eduard to his letter and poem. He had misgivings. He waited impatiently, "I shall never find his like—one does not meet twice such a pair of eyes." This last touch is eloquent of the nature of Platen's sentiment. But at last came Schmidtlein's answer (Oct. 18)—"a horrible letter from Eduard," in which Schmidtlein in a stern and formal tone (addressed "Herr Graf") broke off any and all further relations between them, forbade Platen to write him, to speak to him, even to look at him on the street,—after such an evidence of his "monstrous lasciviousness," etc. etc. Platen was overwhelmed; but even now he declares that this letter is "what I have deserved."... "I shall never see him again: I will leave his country... I regard myself as a wretch who fears himself. The weight of his curse is on me." He sent his Diary, along with a full letter of "confession" to that good and true old friend Max von Gruber. Gruber returned the Journal, with the judicious answer already cited; and also prophesied that Schmidtlein would resume friendly relations with Platen "—even if he will never love you again." Curiously enough, Platen had sealed up part of the Diary from even Gruber; but Gruber broke the seals and read all—not to Platen's regret.

Gruber had prophesied right. Despite that robust tempest, certain brief, pacific notes were presently exchanged; and when Platen and Eduard met again, at Erlangen University, each promptly "made up" their violent difference. And the more carefully we look into this romantic bond and its episodes, between two young men not over well-suited to be too closely linked, the more its obscurities clear. There is no doubt that Eduard Schmidtlein cared deeply for the intellectual, enthusiastic Platen; but also little doubt that Eduard availed himself of a merely passing incident to break their tie because of "conscientious scruples:" as well as because he did not find in Platen the exact type to satisfy him homosexually. The mysterious Bamwirth may have had a role, now past in the drama. At any rate, over in Erlangen, the two became again warm friends. Such they remained, though—so far as we can discover—they did not renew the sexual characteristics of their tie. (Eduard did not remain at Erlangen.) How aggressive Eduard Schmidtlein had been toward allowing Platen's passion to rise we divine by many allusions, including Platen's remark—after answering the "horrible letter" from Eduard—that he, Platen, did not once reproach Eduard even with what had been Eduard's fault..."exciting my senses by means only too efficacious," etc. etc. But that their love-drama was played-through seems less of a trial to Platen at Erlangen; because Platen while there grew interested in a wholly new—and a much, much happier—homosexual intimacy, that with Herman von Rotenhan. Then, too, after Rotenhan had left Erlangen, came the even more kindly and captivating Otto von Bielow—then Liebig; then the ill-starred "Cardenio" passion; then Karl Theodore German—and so on. Schmidtlein's real spell ended in Würzburg. Again, Platen now ceased to struggle so conscientiously with his own natural, sexual-sensual nature. He ceased to expect that innermost loves were to be mere friendships; he ceased quite to wish the attainment of a simply spiritual "goal." He had learned his lesson—that "the body has its rights as well as the soul" in such loves; though he was never gross in yielding to the conviction. To the last, Platen was an idealist. Ever he demanded beauty of psychos as well as commonness in a young man he loved. He and Eduard Schmidtlein saw each other, by accident, for the last time, as late as 1824, in Regensburg, when Platen was otherwise preoccupied; the charming Eduard already a young law-professor in Göttingen. But there was then no spark of the Würzburg fire.
The years at Erlangen University were most important ones in the intellectual life of Platen; and in much besides. He studied almost to excess in his daily courses. He was particularly under the instruction of the celebrated Johann Wagner and also under Schelling. He read enormously in many distinct and large literatures, occidental and oriental, classic and modern. At twenty-two, his literary and linguistic knowledge was prodigious. Better still, the life at Erlangen little by little worked a kindly change on his nature. From being shy, self-conscious, opinionated in type, he expanded now into a much more genial, companionable sort of young man. Introspective and moody he ever was; but he brightened and clarified at Erlangen. His first general notice, as a promising poet and dramatist began here; and it decided him on literature as his real profession, not diplomacy or what else.

Nevertheless here at Erlangen, with the vibrant homo-sexualism of his nature as a recognized and deeply-haunted fact in his mind, ever dreading the sensual side of it but wholly unable to dismiss it, came to Platen the four or five experiences that shook him to the very center of his being, either in joy or pain. Two of these episodes, as we are glad to discover, were happy; although on the contrary, two of them were anything but that. They are none of them written-out by him at such length and detail as the Brandenstein, the Hornstein, or the Eduard Schmidlein affairs. He grew more and more self-contained. He was not so unacquainted to regard himself in such a light. He had less time for his Diary. But the love-data fill many pages, and they should be read in extenso by any one at all interested in the study. In what remains of our summary, they must however be much condensed; I shall give only relative outlines.

The first subject of Platen’s Erlangen susceptibilities was a certain remarkably handsome young student, an intellectual, amiable and dignified fellow, named Herman von Rotenhahn; of a distinguished family (today well-represented) a youth who afterwards became a noted provincial statesman. Von Rotenhahn lodged in the same house with Platen, in fact in the next room. Rotenhahn came in November. Platen saw him standing in the passage, and fell in love with him at sight. They immediately exchanged calls. Platen discovered that Rotenhahn was quite all that his attractive exterior promised—a gentleman, wholly sincere, frank, high-minded, sociable and romantic withal. So began their friendship, enthusiastically. Platen was not without immediate unseasiness, as he remarked the danger-signal of sexual feeling rising to disturb his merely idealizing sentiment for Herman. And just as before, so now he juggling with the evidence. On November 6th, he explains that he “hates love, and all its frightful caverns.” He has resolved that somehow he does not care “even to take Rotenhahn’s hand, nor to embrace him.” But this state of “sinesexuality” soon passed, as we might well expect. For Rotenhahn himself was decidedly ardent in sexual tendencies; was not in any ethical scruples; was a cheerful young sensualist of refined nature. He showed himself more and more inclined to be demonstrative. Poor Platen became panicky. What ought he to do? To fly the affectionate young Herman? “...Can I behave otherwise than I do?” he writes... “Would I find rest if I let myself go back to the road I began to travel upon?”. He means, of course, the “road” with Schmidlein. “Should I not do what I feel is right? I can truly do my part toward establishing a spiritual and chaste bond with Rotenhahn; but certainly that does not seem to lie ahead. One thing is certain, that we are neither of us unsensual; though he likely has not yet experienced to what precipices such a situation leads one. Also, I have found that out... I must ward myself from any moment of self-forgetting.” Platen tried this heroic attitude the more conscientiously, if only half-
heartedly. He even went so far as to talk (Jan. 10, 1819) with Rotenhan of the necessity of their 'parting.' But the affectionate Rotenhan would not allow this. As it happened, there soon were various ups and downs in their intimacy; some passing differences; and they really saw less of each other temporarily. But somehow, the grew ever tenderer; and the situation ever more "heroic" for Platen. He had not made any explicit confession of homosexuality to Rotenhan, nor had Rotenhan (who was emphatically "so") but cheerfully untroubled by conscience’s misgivings; said in so many words anything to Platen. But to Rotenhan, Platen wrote the little poem,—often in the minds of homosexuals when with some near friend—"Erlese mein Geheimnis mir." Platen’s sense of his own faults of character and manner, his facility in errors of conduct with friends and the world, awakened much under association with Herman von Rotenhan. One may say that Rotenhan’s love, and this special struggle, taught Platen a modesty not till now practised. He wondered why in the world Rotenhan ever could care so much for him—a most uninteresting, moody creature, "neither rich nor attractive." But the moral struggle was over before Rotenhan had to leave Erlangen. On March 16-17, Platen remarks, in a sad anticipation of his friend’s going... "I tell him everything that is in my heart... To part from him is immeasurably sad, and the more because he has so much to forgive me. My heart bleeds, and my eyes are constantly brimming over." Then of their last nights together, herecords: "My soul demands love, I cannot be without it. Herman gives it to me. Last night I stayed late with him. We sat, or rather we lay, embraced on the sofa, and I did not hide from him anything—how dear he was to me... I cannot damn this relationship; it seems to me a dispensation that has finally granted to me to find sympathy in another being, after I have so long yearned for it vainly. I did not come here with thoughts of love. I was torn to pieces in my very soul. So then let there come to us what is so innocent, especially for this short time left us..." The night of their parting was as long and passionate a vigil as might be expected. "We did not part, we slept in one bed..." Platen accompanied his friend as far as Bamberg; and there, with many kisses and embraces, they parted. Platen returned to Erlangen—"alas! I can no longer say "to our house." Within a few days, Platen went for his usual stay at Aschau. He and the beloved Rotenhan seldom met after these Erlangen days. Their careers, and Platen’s residence in Italy, kept them apart. Rotenhan died (thigh in juristic honours) at his family castle in Bavaria, in 1858.

To this affair succeeded a considerable interval of strenuous study, especially as Platen now began Persian assiduously. Also came many "merely friendly" companionships and interests, with an ever increasing development of mind and talents, along with a routine and most wholesome college-life. Rotenhan abided much in Platen’s mind; he yearned mightily for him; they wrote one another constantly. But in July, 1821, came a diversion: a quick, a passionate and (luckily) peculiarly happy new love-friendship that worked well toward Platen’s whole social nature. This was with Otto von Bülow, an ancestor lineally of the distinguished German Chancellor of our own times. Otto von Bülow was an exceedingly handsome young collegian (also an ex-officer) who came for a short course at Erlangen. Platen loved Bülow at sight, remarking in his Diary that "it was not possible to do anything else..." "The first time I saw him," he writes on July 13, 1821, "his exterior made a decidedly favourable impression on me." Also Bülow was drawn to Platen almost at once. They became warmly-beloved friends; though never did two young natures differ more evidently. Otto von Bülow proved to be presently the direct
All Platen’s nearest friends (except Perglas and Gruber) long survived the poet’s untimely and lonely end.

Just how far this intimacy with Bölow was “practically” homosexual is not clear. Not even so, in view of Platen’s once declaring to us (after a certain night at the Streithberg) that he could praise God that he could admire Bölow’s naked beauty of body without “the least desire for it mounting in me.” There are contradictory passages to this calm mood. Platen begins, about this time, to be sexually reserved in his entries in the Diary. He does not analyze nor wrestle, as he did in recording his sentiments for Schminthlein and Retenham. Besides, we cannot but suspect a sort of innocent insincerity, when he enters on this topic. Even after he was down in Italy, troubled with small or no samples of conscience as to homosexual love, he remained reticent as to the physical side of it—as we shall see.

Platen was now twenty-five years old. He had furnished his mind with a colossal, an encyclopaedic knowledge of philosophy, literature, aesthetics, languages, history, etc. etc. Already his verses and dramas were spoken of with great praise. But petty vanity never was among his weaknesses. There is no trace of this, first and last. Indeed Platen, like a great many other Uranians of genius, cared far more to be loved personally, than to be admired popularly for intellectual gifts. His happiness in success was in a great degree his pleasure that thus he was more an honour to his friends.

But now came a new emotional affair. In March 12, 1822, began the short but ardent intimacy between him and a student from Darmstadt named Justus Liebig, who afterward became the great chemist. Liebig, whose name has passed into highest honour through his discoveries in laboratory methods and preparations. Not only was young
Liebig extremely good-looking. He was intellectual, cordial and refined enough to be at once drawn to Platen. More than this—there is no doubt that Liebig, in these young days of his life, was strongly humanitarian; certainly he was homosexual psychologically, even if not wholly such physically in the Diary. The intimacy was swift. Says Platen: "... He gave me the evidence of so decided and sudden a liking that I am really in a sort of astonishment about it. So much love has nobody shown for me; at least no one on such slight acquaintance." Then, quoting a line of Hafiz, he adds his conviction that in this strange life of ours just so much as two men come together, just so much as they try to disclose their innermost existences to one another, only the more riddlesome creatures do they become. A few days later in Nürnberg, he remarks that he and Liebig could indeed be glad that they had "found, understood, loved and will forever love each other. He never has seemed to me nobler, tenderer, and never handsomer than now—though he always is handsome. A slender figure, a cheerful gravity in his regular features, large brown eyes." "... What do we not say, what do we not hope?" Liebig's fineness of sexual morality charmed Platen, though "we have no shyness as to kiss.s." "... do not hold ourselves at all back, and Liebig himself was the first to say that we must not show to the false and evil-seeking eye of the world that inner feeling which we do not reserve when we are alone." But under Platen's unfortunate star of interruption the time that these two had together was brief. They had not met till Liebig was about to leave Erlangen for good. Liebig was much a dionian-uranian. He had become involved while at Erlangen, in a serious scrape with a married woman there, which affair he had not disclosed to Platen. Coming to learn of it now was no small surprise and disgust to Platen, though he soon got over it wholly. Liebig went to Paris to study. Platen had (more than once) a plan of joining him in Paris: nearly to be with him, partly because of Oriental literature accessible in Paris. But the projects came to nothing. In course of the summer, Platen visited Liebig's city of Darmstadt; a visit that chanced to be most unlucky and disturbed, owing to Liebig's being under military "house-arrest" because of the affair just mentioned. This Darmstadt meeting turned out to be their last. They corresponded regularly and much, and Liebig's letters we know were glowing with homosexual love, jealousy, yearning for Platen and so on, to an ample degree: not to speak of Platen's missives. To the last, the bodily beauty of Justus Liebig haunted Platen. Liebig ever held a distinct post in Platen's roomy heart. Late in the Diary, we find Platen even speaking of Liebig as "the only being who ever has really loved me." The relations between Platen and Justus Liebig have formed the topic of an interesting volume (including correspondence) lately printed. It is strange to think of the eminent scientist Liebig as once upon a time so ardent a young simili-sexual.

We now reach the last, except one, of what we may term the series of the grandes passions of Platen; that is to say of what we find recorded as such by himself, and distinctively. The first is his wild, short, unhappy love for another young student at Erlangen, whom he names in the Journal as only "Cardenio," mentions in the poems addressed to him as only "Cardenio"; but who is identified with probability as a youth named Hoffman. "Cardenio" was, like Eduard Schmiedlein, a law-student. His beauty—merely this, for "Cardenio" was neither intellectual, interesting nor really friendly to Platen—terribly upset poor Platen for about four months. The affair has a considerable share in his verse and Diary. Of course, here came in Platen's tendency to idealize a person whom he did not know, during a good while; and never (we are certain) would have found psychosexually companionable. Platen has immortalized "Cardenio" in the deeply-passionate "Epistles
to Cardenio," and in the set of sonnets addressed to him, in which love, despair, hope, yearning and adoration are mingled, to all degrees. "Cardenio" first comes upon Platen's scene — for us — on November 22, 1822. Platen quotes in the entry a certain line of poetry from the Persian Chakani, in which the old poet exclaims — "And is it really needful that I should know the name of everyone who steals my heart?" Then Platen says — "How I first came to know Cardenio has been already partially told" — though no such earlier reference appears in the Diary. It may have been torn out by Platen. Then comes a long description of the beauty of this "Cardenio," and more Persian quotations — sexual in key. Throughout the "Cardenio" affair, there come many references to Haliz. At this time Platen was absorbed with the reading and study of that highly pederastic Persian poet.

We may note that as "Cardenio" was a mere boy, this particular love-sentiment, acutely physical, on Platen's side, was eminently pederastic, like the Persian's tendency. In fact this sort of sentiment, from now on, especially when Platen was in Italy, took a clear place in his nature, as not earlier. After a considerable term of suspense, of idealizing and so on, Platen met "Cardenio." He tried hard to achieve a friendship with the beautiful boy. We can see that it was a foolish attempt. ab initio, Platen was twenty-six, highly intellectual, an aristocrat in social position, an idealist; "Cardenio" was a precoceful, boyish, untemperate, and commonplace young collegian, dull-hearted and not too clever. Max von Gruber once writes to Platen that "Cardenio" seemed to him (Gruber) "the most arid nature that I have ever met." "Cardenio" never was drawn to Platen; was unable to appreciate such a type. He did not respond to Platen's overtures. This coldness of course set poor Platen into a miserable state of mind. Platen would have spared himself infinite distress (and the upsetting of a whole winter's plans of study) if he had never tried to cultivate that fair-faced, slender young Erlangen "student-jurist." But alack! Platen says truly of himself, as of all men and women — "I must love where I must!" So mounted a desire that blazed and smouldered alternately, week in and week out.

Before Platen had achieved "Cardenio's" acquaintance, came the end of the University term. "Cardenio" went away. Platen, after many hesitations, decided on a most foolish step. He had planned to pass several months studying in Vienna. This mood was over. He determined to go and "to live alone," for those months, in the cold, dull little town of Altdorf (near Nürnberg) and there to study Greek, Persian, and so on. He went to Altdorf. The plan was a perfect failure. He was haunted by "Cardenio"; he was not well; he could not endure his miserable lodgings in such a primitive place in the winter. He realized what a folly he had undertaken, as soon as he entered on it. Worse still, inasmuch as he was not at all sure whether "Cardenio" purposed to return to Erlangen, to continue his studies, Platen was not certain for a moment whether, even if he should now give up this Altdorf exile and go back to the University, he would find there (when the terms were to be resumed) the still "unknown god of his heart.

After obstinate weeks of solitary brooding and half-study, under winter-conditions, Platen surrendered. He returned to Erlangen. "Cardenio," the real cause of all his plight and disquiet, turned out to be there once more, for a final term. But all went amiss as to any intimacy with "Cardenio," who now — as before — neither cared for Platen's acquaintance nor liking. They became nominally friends, but only on the surfaces of life. Platen grew fairly hysterical with love and a fierce sexual longing. In the Diary, the first of the two "Epistles to Cardenio" in verse (published in the Poems) show what a tense, agonizing, hopeless love it was:
“— in Sturm und Regen wandl’ ich oft bei Nacht,
Zu küchen was den Busen mir entlicht.
Vor Deinem Fenster geh’ ich spät vorbei,
ob wohl das Licht noch nicht verschloßen sei.
Ich seh’ ich dann dein schönes Haupt erhellt,
Als schwimm’t in Strahlen eine ganze Welt;
Doch trittst Du wieder einen Schritt zurück,
Verlier’ ich dies seufzenlange Glück!

.......

O dirf’ ich werden mich vor Deine Thür
Und sie beten mit Zähnen für und für?
Räum’ einen Platz mir dorten gutig ein—
Geh’ ab und zu, — ich will die Schwelle sein!
Verführe stronger mit mir jeden Tag,
Von schöner Hand erhält ich Schimpf und Schlag,
Dies einzige, nur dies, ertrag’ ich nicht —
Mich nie zu nähen Deinem Angesicht!

The Sonnets are in the same boundlessly “passional”
tone, — and yet more so!

We can repeat it — this passion of Platen was
decidedly a pederastic sentiment, and one may suspect that
his Persian readings had some share in its awakening.
His health, his studies, his friendships, everything gave
place to it for the time. But at last, Platen realized
two important things: first that this was a case where
“the glory was all in the worshipper;” and, second, that
there was no hope of any intimacy. He mastered the
emotion, in part, and in part he grew cold toward
“Cardenio.” They drifted apart. Platen last saw his
Ganymede, by a queer coincidence, when “Cardenio” was
sitting one day in August, 1824, with Eduard Schmied-
lein—in another locality. But Platen’s ardent emotions for
both were no more!

Of Platen’s acquaintance with another Erlangen
student, Peter Ulrich Kernell, a young Swede, who died
suddenly and almost in Platen’s arms, in April 1824;
of another intimacy with the seductive Baron von Egloff-
stein; with von Stachelshausen; with the young theo-
logian named Renner; with Renter, Engelhardt, Hermann,
and others—concerning which series we find many entries
more or less homosexual and interesting—we may say that
all of them belong rather to the unimportant category in
our study. Some of them were indeed “merely friend-
ships,” however nearly was crossed this boundary. Besides,
during the year 1824, Platen changed more and more,
for awhile at least, in his temperament; and for the better.
He threw off further his introspection, self-consciousness,
wrangements of soul. He grew sociable, lively and even
popular. His literary repute advanced. He determined on
a career in letters. He also travelled much.

Nevertheless there came, before he left off study at
Erlangen, what we may regard as the final articulate and
recorded homosexual love. What is more, it was one that
(like the Cardenio” passion) has a significant place in
Platen’s poetry. Among the distinctively, intensively
homosexual Sonnets will be found a set of not less than
twenty-six, addressed “To Karl Theodore German.”
The youth who inspired these is vague to us, except that
he was a fellow-student, and that he came on the scene of
Platen’s homosexual experiences about a year later than
“Cardenio” after Platen had been travelling down in Italy
and had made other considerable absences from Erlangen.
(Platen often returned thither for study, during a few years.)
This “Karl Theodore German” matter came after several
other passions had flitted over Platen’s beauty-susceptible
soul; including a flame for Reichlenberger, and for a theo-
logical student named Knobel. We may note that Knobel,
after beginning a most promising acquaintance with Pla-
ten suddenly and insultingly—though privately—declined
to continue it; on grounds that plainly show that in
Erlangen there had been gossip about Platen’s sex-nature.

Karl Theodore German made Platen pathetically mis-
erable. There was no intimacy, no liking on German’s
side. The sonnets in question are fiercely—agonizingly—expressive of a love wholly ill-placed. But this passion, fortunately, proved to be relatively short. It was the old tale of Platen’s curse—idealizing: of his being in a mood to seek a love where no basis could be maintained for friendship. The Karl Theodore German entries begin just when Platen was in a most melancholy humor, despite his recent literary successes; in the year 1826. They end in August, and German’s name then lapses, for good and all. The two young men exchanged visits only once. We conclude that German was a mere lad. Platen presently was “healed of his grievous wound.” But all the same, there are the sonnets “To Karl Theodore German,” as the evidence of what he suffered. He writes also once in the Diary that—“Only Mercy (d’Argenteau) and Brandenstein can I put into the same category with him. I have loved these three above all others, and it is remarkable that all three have been blondes, with a distinct likeness of features.” The psychologist smiles at Platen’s use of the word “remarkable,” in such ignorance of the tendency of homosexual (as of the heterosexual) love to particular physical “types.”

The settled University life of Platen, and his unregognition as a gifted, dramatic and poet passed together. His profession and his fame in it appeared matters of no further doubt to him. The references in the poems themselves now and then frankly hint at this. In one of them he speaks of those who declare that there hangs already “the shadow of a laurel-wreath across his young brow.” In the summer of 1824, came his first Italian tour. With this event, just at the very point where we would most naturally expect his homosexuality to speak out, when down in Italy (as later, after this first visit) his strange reserve deepens. His Diary is mute as to almost all his aronian heart-life. We may be sure that southern loves developed at once; and that no moral stresses against the sexual privileges of Italy were a check on them. We have certain discreet allusions to such love-affairs, with beautiful young Italians. He met also down in Italy, many young Tontons and other visitors, who were homosexual, with whom Platen foregathered philarchically. But the refection of the Journal, generally speaking, is surprising. He seldom makes the acquaintance of a young man without mentioning that the “beauty” of the new friend had been the first attraction, a sive qua non. In fact, all sorts of adventures and psycho-sexual intimacies and adventures, of a greater or lesser passionate sort, surely came when he was wandering and living in the land of free. humane, aesthetic man-to-man sexualism. Some of these adventures have had their memoirs in his poems. For instance, there was the unnamed young Venetian who inspired him so warmly, during his stay in the Sea-City; alluded to in the “Venetian Sonnets” numbered 48 and 51 and in the last allusion of number 43. When Platen was passing through Parma, in course of September, 1826, came the little affair with one “Luigi,” a handsome soldier, who, beyond any doubt, brought to Platen a happy—and physical—love-adventure, of some days. In Florence, occurred a short, mysterious episode—a single night—of like honore fortune. In Rome, he became intimate with Cochet, a handsome member of the Papal Guard; also with a certain young German named Fries (a Berlin painter and “very good-looking”) also a beautiful Roman named Ranieri; also with a Spanish artist named Legri; and with the two Roberti brothers. These acquaintances in Italy, each in their several degrees were tinged with sexual relationships or psychic ardours. On the occasion of two separate visits to the Church of St. Peter in Montorio, at a year’s interval (see the entry for Dec. 30, 1827) we hear of his meeting and falling in love with two young Italian lads. One of them was named “ Innocenzo;” the other is not named. One of them is the subject of the exquisite Ode beginning “Warm and hell, dimmert in Rom
found there generations of like exiles) a people who have long possessed, who ever will possess, more true, human, conceptions — nay, let us say more divine impulses and theories — as to life and love than any Protestant Teutonia or Anglia can understand or tolerate. He had found in Italy, as have found there so many other expatriates, his intellectual and sexual home. Silences as to his homosexuality and its adventures (apart from his reticence because the Diary would pass into other hands) became a process partly of sheer discretion, partly of his abandonment of “moral” struggles, partly because of the physical subsidence of his sexualism. The latter reason is important; for Platen’s general health became gradually far from satisfactory. A chronic malady of digestive sort beset him, and there is every evidence that his vita sexualis was prematurely weakened. He became more idealistic than realistic — again. He speaks in the last months of the Diary of feeling glad that the unwelcome glow of physical passion had given place to a gentle admiration of male beauty. He could wonder at it without — desire. Instead of recording loves, we find him writing page after page of the veriest “guide-book” memoranda, as to pictures, churches, art, and so on. His heart sinks wholly below the surface of his entries. We cannot hear it beat.

It soon wholly ceased to pulsate with real joy of life, did so—by a melancholy irony—there in Italy, just where it might have bounded freest! He became hypochondriac, unmythical and restless. He talked of “settling-down” in Italy. He never did so. His commonplace social records are many, but they are not written in high spirits. He seems to have grown “sine-sexual,” toward the end. He felt himself solitary, now bound to live and to die so. The sun was falling for him. In Germany, some of his best old friends had gone — Gruber and Pergol among them. Still, only a few days before the final entry in the Journal, before his death from cholera, at Siracusa, he

die Winternacht.” Another long entry, Jan. 11, 1828 is highly expressive, the more because of its vagueness. Again, on Feb. 28, 1828 (in Rome) he records becoming acquainted with a young officer who “is the embodiment of all that I could ever see in the way of beauty”; to whom may, with some probability, be set down the origin of the “Ode 18.” The person to whom is directed the passionate and jealous “Serenade” we cannot identify clearly. When down in Naples, presently, Platen achieved the interest and friendship, and unmistakably the sexual intimacy, of a handsome young countryman, August Kopisch, a painter, living in Italy; and who, by the by, discovered or rediscovered for us the “Blue Grotto” at Capri. To him Platen addressed some verses to be found in the poems published. Kopisch was notably handsome, a charming fellow, and a good friend to Platen, first and last; though — thanks to Platen’s own ineptness — their intimacy did not always run on glass, by any means. In the beginning of Platen’s passion for Kopisch, we are amused to find him one night so sexually excited that he could not rest; and that instead of resorting to the monastic scourge, or to prayer he — takes a moonlighted bath in the waters of the Bay of Naples! The bond with Kopisch survived all stresses. Platen grew to account it among his happiest ties, during the short remnant of life that was left to him for ties of any kind. It seems to have been the last “love-friendship” of great inner hold over him, which he was to enjoy.

Our sense of a striking reserve of Platen’suranian confidences in the Journal constantly increases as the huge record draws to a close. Platen’s residence in Italy became an unadmitted fact. He was now famous in his German Northland. But he hated its social atmosphere. Only for business, or to meet a few friends, or to visit his beloved mother (settled in Munich—a widow) had he ever inclination now to return to Germany. He found in Italy (as have
speaks of noticing in Caltagirone "a remarkably hand- 
alert, to the man." So the ruling emotion was at least 
last; if in a mechanical, tranquil fashion.

Yes. to For Platen of literary remains forever the type of the born Uranian 
examples of sexuality or genius, or at least of fine talent, who is drawn 
who idealizes toward the male, but only toward the finer 
appointment in the male, whether physically or intellectually; 
who is ever one of his loving, often to his own pain and dis-
ament. He is the one who "loves where he must," a philarrene 
lecular class, the victim of an inborn, sensual sexual temper-
in peril of sadness of our humanity. Such Uranians must be ever-
ment that their experiences, and of worse than sad. Such must 
and must not be gods. There be for any cups of refresh-
over and over expect to be too often so blessed. They must 
epistolary and yearn for unity, hated never to find their 
left us. we 
realize that the lot of the son of Venus Ur-
Landolina, at Platen asleep in his quiet grave in the Villa 
that to all of sorrow, rather than joys: and in 
ter days all, Siracusa, his bright career and his sad lat-
or later gives Abruptly ended, surely we may be glad 
weary homosexual hearts Death, sooner 
unbroken Repose.