

that the marriage must come. "I have suffered frightfully, Andreas", he writes... "I have battled with my heart. I have won. Go, love this woman, marry her! Sooner or later that would have to be. I have seen the girl, and though she does not seem to me worthy thee (for when could any woman be worthy of a man?)— still, she is not unsuited to thee, Andreas. So — farewell forever! I cannot live near thee, knowing that I now have only *half* thy heart. Nothing on earth is there more wretched than a half-heart! I want either all my heaven; or else all hell"..... The separation however is maintained with difficulty. One meeting between the pair of friends is particularly moving. The military course of the story is resumed. The two men are ordered to Leipzig. In that great battle they are both severely wounded. Franz von Selbitz dies in the arms of Walt, just as he has long desired to do; while Walt survives Franz only during a few hours.

In Sternberg's other tale, "Die Beiden Schützen" ("The Two Shots") are again two protagonists, both young men; the brown-eyed Tony Wickye, a Neuchatellois, and Friedrich Forst, from far-away Pomerania. The deep affection between these two, and their solemn pledge that it shall never fail of *anything* in life and in death, are sketched in a succession of manly and graceful incidents, during their soldier-service. Once, when Tony overstays his furlough, his alert friend contrives to transfer the punishment to himself, and so willingly suffers arrest for Tony. Friedrich Forst is, in fact, ever the more unselfish nature of the pair — more perfectly Uranistic, intersexual. A feminine pleasure in self-sacrifice marks his sentiment. Forst has, too, a portent that he is to die early. One night, while possessed by a sort of revery, when on watch-duty, he counts the grated bars of a cemetery-gate near him, and finding them to be eighteen and a half, he feels strongly the conviction that he will not

reach his nineteenth year. More than ever, in that sad fantasy, does his soul go out toward his beloved Tony Wickye. A few days later, Friedrich is mortally wounded — horribly — in a skirmish. Every second is torture. In his agony he implores Tony Wickye to take his musket, and to shoot him, then and there, simply to end such sufferings. He knows that he cannot be healed. He would fain die by the beloved hand of Wickye. After a direful moral and sentimental battle with himself, and refusals to his friend, the tragic vow of their friendship conquers Tony. He obeys; the shot from his hand puts Friedrich Forst out of misery.

Such are some of von Sternberg's military stories in the intersexual key. Reference to those of other sort will occur elsewhere in this volume.

A Citation from In the "Autobiography" of Edmondo De De Amicis. Amicis, where that charming Italian writer is describing his boyhood with its vivid sentimental undercurrents, he depicts his intense admiration for a comely young *bersagliere*, an episode not free from suggestions that the soldier had Uranistic instincts. The narrative, however, may be read simply as a charming study of how a temperamental admiration for soldiers, and a sort of innocent boyish "flirtation" with one, can influence a sensitive lad's inner life for a time, and be more or less reciprocated by the friend of maturer age. De Amicis writes:

"My mind was forcibly diverted from Latin grammar by a passion which had a distinct effect on my whole life, finding vent fourteen years later in a book which marked the first stage of a journey that may end, perchance, with these pages. I refer to my passion for soldiers; or, to speak more accurately, for the *bersaglieri* who formed the only garrison of our city. If they had been infantry of the line, I am certain that my enthusiasm would have been less; since my devotion, though due in part to the warlike spirit of the time and my own ardent nature, was also partly due to the beauty

of the uniform, the agility of the manoeuvres and the personal prestige of these "Children of Alessandro La Marmora". Never I am sure did lad of my years entertain a more ardent passion; though many have been much more strongly inclined than I towards a military career. It was a real monomania, not to be cured by exhortation, reproof or punishment. On every holiday, and on other days too, both before and after school, I ran away from home at all hours in order to follow the cocks' plumes to the training field, to the rifle-practice, to the "athletics". Among my many likings, I made one friendship, which remains among the dearest recollections of my childhood. There was a trumpet-corporal—a native of Mortara if I am not mistaken—a young fellow of medium height, lithe and robust, a typical *bersagliere*. His features were strong and wore a serious expression, but he was full of kindness; his manners were simple and pleasant; his name was Martinotti. He took a fancy to me through having seen me plunging along to the sound of his trumpet, with my tongue lolling from my mouth. We scraped acquaintance on the training-field; then we began taking walks together during my leisure hours in the neighborhood of my home. He treated me like a man, which flattered my vanity and enhanced my affectionate gratitude. He spoke to me of his family, his career, his superior officers; told me all the garrison-gossip, giving me all particulars with greatest gravity, while I listened with the most devoted attention. At home, my one theme of conversation was Corporal Martinotti, whom my brothers to tease me dubbed "the General". He wanted me to say "*tu*" when I spoke to him, but I never got up sufficient courage. To be seen on the street at his side was my pride, and when he took me to the *caffè* to drink soda-water, I felt a halo settle round my head; I should not have been more set up had Count Cavour himself invited me. He called me by my Christian name, but abbreviated it because it seemed to him too long as it was, and hard to pronounce. He turned it into "Mondo" or "Mondino".

My adoration for him reached such a pitch, that I imitated his walk and accent, and whistled from morning to night the marches which he most frequently called upon his trumpeters to play. I do not remember how long this happiness of mine endured; I know that I expected it to last forever—as if Martinotti were likely to live his life out in our city because it would hurt my feelings to have him go! But the end came suddenly.

One night toward dusk, at the hour of "retreat", meeting me on the ramparts, he said:—

"Did you know that I am off to-morrow, with the battalion, Mondino?" And seeing that I did not understand, he added — "Off for the Crimea".

People had been talking about the Crimean War for some time, but somehow it had never occurred to me that he might be ordered there. I could not find my voice. He smiled at my emotion, his eyes full of compassion, then tried to console me by saying — "I've good hopes of escaping the Russians. They won't want to kill us all. And if I get off, it's quite likely that I shall come back here. Courage, Mondino! We shall meet again some day".

I could not keep back my tears. He looked at me for a little time earnestly, gravely, — then turned and ran away, as though he had heard the sudden call of one of his superior officers. I went home sad at heart, and had hardly crossed the threshold when I told my mother the mournful tidings, broken by a sob, "Corporal Martinotti . . . is going to the war".

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed; then added, to console me, that I would better go and wave him a farewell at the station.

Next evening, I rushed to the station; but it was empty. The battalion had left in the morning!

I stood there awhile, gazing with tearful eyes at the shining rails along which my friend had been borne away, following him in my fancy to that far-distant country, full of terror and mystery, from which I did not believe that he would ever return..

What I do remember is that I often thought about my corporal, so far away; and that after his departure I ceased to have anything to do with the few *bersaglieri* who still remained, as if he had taken with him all the poetry of his corps and all the enthusiasm of my heart."

The account of how by-and-by Martinotti came back, lively, well and gay, to renew the intimacy with "Mondino" is equally suggestive.

**Two Other Literary References.** A recent American book entitled "The Spirit of Old West Point", presents the military souvenirs of General Morris Schaff, of the United States army, in a volume remarkable for grace of literary style and sympathetic sentiment. In its author's pen-portraits of early friends in the famous Military Academy (the Woolwich, or Saint-Cyr, of the United States) are to

be noted many delicate suggestions of the uranian emotion in young and soldierly comrades. Indeed the accent of a manly simillisexuality of psychic quality pervades the record. To many Anglo-Saxons it will make a peculiarly subtle appeal, even if its sub-uranistic accent may not be intelligently appreciated. Especially in its elegiac passages, it is eloquent of the homosexual thrill in young hearts that beneath uniforms can beat so passionately for each other.

In the novelette "Imre: A Memorandum", by the present writer, a homosexual romance that has something of a military atmosphere—the hero of the little tale being a young Hungarian officer who is an inborn Uranian—there occur several references to the struggles of a soldier nature, unclear as to just what may be the troublous sexual quality of its regard for other comrades-in-arms, dreading detection of the mysterious feeling, hiding all its promptings day by day in regimental life; and finally tormented by an almost insupportable struggle with a passion for a brother-officer who never suspects the character of the younger man's regard for him. Hourly Lieutenant Imre von X— seem unemotional, reserved and unappreciative. The following passage is near the close of the story, where is reviewed Lieutenant Imre's difficult social policy toward warm friendships:

"Twice Imre had been on the point of suicide. And though there had been experiences in the Military Academy, and certain much later ones, to teach him that he was not unique in Austria-Hungary, or elsewhere in the world, still Imre unluckily had got from them (as is too often the hap of the Uranian) chiefly the sense of how widely despised, mocked, and loathed is the Uranian Race. Also how sordid and delating are the average associations of the homosexual kind; how likely to be wanting in idealism, in exclusiveness, in those pure and manly influences which ought to be bound up in them and to radiate from them! He had grown to have a horror of simillisexuality, of all contacts with them.

And yet, until lately, they could not be torn entirely out of his life. Most Uranists know why!"

"Still, they had been so expelled, finally. The turning-point had come with Karvaly. It meant the story of the development of a swift, admiring friendship from the younger soldier toward the older. But alas! this had gradually become a fierce, despairing homosexual love. This, at its height, had been as destructive of Imre's peace as it was hopeless. Of course, it was impossible of confession to its object. Karvaly was no narrow intellect; his affection for Imre was warm. But he would never have understood, not even as some sort of a diseased illusion, this sentiment in Imre. Much less would he have tolerated it for an instant. The inevitable rupture of their whole intimacy would have come with Imre's betrayal of his passion. So he had done wisely to hide every throbb from Karvaly. How sharply Karvaly had on one occasion expressed himself on masculine homosexuality, Imre cited to me with other remembrances. At the time of the vague scandal about the ex-officer Clement, whom Imre and I had met, Imre had asked Karvaly, with a fine carelessness,—"Whether he believed that there was any scientific excuse for such a sentiment?" Karvaly answered, with the harsh conviction of a dionistic temperament that has never so much as paused to think of the matter as a question in psychology. . . . "If I found that you cared for another man that way, youngster, I should give you my best revolver, and tell you to bat a bullet through your brains within an hour! Why, if I found that you thought of me so, I should brand you in the Officer's Casino tonight, and shoot you myself, at ten paces, tomorrow morning! Men are not to live when they turn beasts. . . . Oh, damn your doctors and scientists! A man's a man, and a woman's a woman! You can't mix up their emotions like *that*".

"The dread of Karvaly's detection, the struggle with himself to subdue passion, not merely to hide it, and along with these nerve-wearing solicitudes, the sense of what the suspicion of the world about him would inevitably bring on his head, had put Imre, little by little, into a sort of panic. He maintained an exaggerated attitude of safety that had wrought on him unluckily, in many a valuable social relation. He wore his mask each and every instant, resolving to make it his natural face before himself! Having, discovered, through intimacy with Karvaly, how a warm friendship on the part of the homosexual temperament, over and over takes to itself the complexion of homosexual love—the one emotion constantly likely to rise in the other and to blend itself inextricably into its alchemy—Imre had simply sworn to make no intimate regi-

mental friendship again! This, without showing himself in the least unfriendly; indeed with his being more hail-fellow-well-met than otherwise with his comrades in the A.- Infantry."

"But there Inre stopped! He bound his warm heart in a chain, the vowed tepid fraternity to the whole world, he assisted no advances of warm, particular regard from any comrade. In his soldier-life gradually he became that friend of everybody in general who is the friend of nobody in particular! He lived in a state of perpetual defence in his regiment, as in whatever else was social to him at Szent-Istvánhely. So surely as he admired another man—would gladly have won his generous and virile affection—Inre turned away from that man! He covered this morbid state of self-inclusion, this solitary life (such it was, apart from the relatively short intimacy with Karvaly) with laughter and a most artistic semblance of brusqueness; of manly preoccupation with private affairs. Above all with the skilful cultivation of his reputation as a Lothario who was nothing if not sentimental and absorbed in—woman! This is possibly the most common device, as it is the surest, on the part of an Uranian. Circumstances favoured Inre in it; and he gave it its full mystery. Its cruel irony was often almost humorous to Inre".



**Military Prostitution.** To the important topic of male prostitution in general an extended reference will occur in this book presently. But at this point must be noticed specifically military prostitution: particularly by young soldiers in large cities and garrisons.

This phase of "the social evil" has become enormously diffused and obvious in Europe, as in the Orient. The common soldier, likewise the soldier of better than humble grade, in almost every country, every military administration and garrison town, exercises largely clandestine prostitution. The motives are various.

In some cases the young soldier is more or less constitutionally homosexual. He likes coition only with a male, and would seek that, even could he not expect to be paid for it, like any other harlot. In a proportion of

examples he is bi-sexual. Perhaps he is too poor to give himself heterosexual relief through a brothel; or else is afraid of disease. In another proportion, the soldier is not at all homosexual. He sells his body to a stranger, or regular patron, simply as an easy though rather irksome avocation. A mercenary motive is probably the most common. In those countries where the standing armies are large, compulsory service long, and the soldier in the ranks has but meagre pay, he takes to prostitution to increase his narrow exchequer. He finds that he does not get enough to satisfy his proverbially good appetite; unless he in an orderly or has won over a sympathetic cook-maid. He cannot keep in his pocket the few extra coppers for such trivial luxuries as his cigarettes, his glass of beer, his little stake at a game of cards, his evening in a cheap seat in a theater; not to speak of possessing cash for female society of an easy no-virtue sort. Sometimes he cannot without economy even keep his uniform and appointments in smart order, or pay for his postage-stamps to write to his people or his sweetheart, unless his family allows him a modest fund. That aid is not usual from humble households. He cannot make a penny for himself, so long as his military "time" lasts. Even as an officer's servant, he has but derisory wages. Soldier-life, the duties of barracks and drill are tedious or hateful to him. He wants diversion when the day is over; but many a time he cannot allow himself anything more amusing than a walk, or a free seat in a public park, till he returns to his caserne. On holidays, he often does not know what to do with himself, to kill the idle time.

But the stratophilic civilian is always near, to prevent a wholly unprofitable use of some of the recruit's hours of freedom. We will suppose the lad tall, well-built, robust and from eighteen to twenty years old. He is probably not sexually "innocent." If he be so, and hears what

is said among his fellows in the barracks, he soon loses in moral sensitiveness. As was said, he may not be — often he is not — a born homosexual. But he allows himself to drift into the practice of sitting in public resorts where strangers come: in the parks and restaurant-gardens, well-known for equivocal usefulness. He goes to certain baths, to cheap cafés and theaters, of like repute; letting friendly gentlemen scrape acquaintance with him. In a park or suburb, comes the classic aid of a cigarette. Complaisantly he “takes walks” into secluded corners of the place with affectionate strangers, or gets into the way of accompanying them to their lodgings, for an hour or so. The price of giving his physical beauty and sexual vigor, even if with no good-will for the act, to the embraces of some casual homosexual client brings him more money in half an hour than he is likely to receive as his whole week’s pay, even at the low *quid pro quo* of two or three marks, a couple of florins, three or four lire, or a couple of half crowns, for his amiabilities. The “trade” aspect of it grows on him. — “Why not?” he asks himself. The commerce in a large town becomes easy, successful, and it is practically undetected. He soon discovers that whatever is suspected among his companions of him or of each other, little is said. So many of his fellows engage in the same by-trade of an evening! And as indicated, while soldier-prostitutes may vastly prefer sexual intercourse with women, and may make homosexual complaisances pay for normal gratifications, still, they are likely to lose repugnance to homosexual coitions. Many a young soldier grows into preferring it; he literally first “endures then embraces” it. Lasting intimacies are formed between soldier-prostitutes and civilians, when a particular regiment is stationed long in the same city. It is a curious fact that, while all sorts of soldiery are given to homosexuality, and furnish amateur prostitutes for the pleasure of the civilian, the cavalry, the artillery and the hussar regiments offer the majority. Various expla-

nations of this are given.

**Mischief to the Soldier-Prostitute.** The danger to the morale of a young soldier is obvious. He is not so likely to impair his vigour for duty, as to become morally inert and unambitious. Mercenary, cynical by such a resource, he degrades himself, to degrade others. He laughs at the shy complaints of new boy-recruits in want of money, and tells them how to “make something” by a twilight stroll in Hyde Park or the Prater; by an half-hour in the promenade of a music-hall in London or Rome or Berlin; in a bath-house, or wherever else. But, far worse, such circumstances readily put the soldier-prostitute into associations with the directly criminal classes of a metropolis. When his military-term is over, he has developed toward a professional prostitute of the lowest civilian-class: toward thief, home-breaker, forger, blackmailer and what not else. With degraded uranistic feelings, not inborn but cultivated, he loses an idea of marriage, of raising a family. Thus his country’s census is the poorer. Many a young soldier-prostitute of the famous Stadt-Park alleys in Vienna, of the Thiergarten in Berlin, of the boulevard of an Italian town, thinks that he will forget all such sexual chapters of garrison-days when he is mustered out, and at home. — “It is just a part of one’s life now, for me as for thousands of others!” But the consequences may be deplorable. He may not “forget” — anything so potent toward his ruin.

**Why the Uranian Affects the Soldier-Prostitute.** The Uranian patron in a vast array prefers the soldier’s “services”; is what we have termed “philostratic” — or specifically soldier-loving — in his sexual impulses.

There are practical reasons, even when the patron is of far superior social grade. The young artillerist, cavalryman, or what else, is soldierly, well-dressed, and

generally gains a fine physique. Often he has distinct beauty of face and figure. In Italy where lower classes are strikingly beautiful, to which attraction is to be added the refinement of the Italian proletariat and the pleasure that many a young Italian soldier takes in homosexual intercourse, the military prostitute is specially engaging. He is a marked contrast to the dingy, chlorotic male prostitute of civilist kind, who is hanging about the homosexual's steps. The soldier is physically magnetic. He is a logical complement to the average Uranian. He is often attractive by his boyish candour, or what passes for it, by a pleasant manner and companionability. Even sophistication does not always destroy these traits: the young soldier realizes that to assume them is an alluring part of his evening-profession. Again, he is not a pick-pocket or thief, as a rule: he can be brought into the lodging of his hirer without danger of petty losses. The soldier, too, is usually satisfied with a small sum for an hour's surrender of himself. —“for any thing you like to do”: while even more decent civilian male-prostitutes are as greedy of money as their female concurrents. The soldier is clean in person, as part of his military education, if not of his instincts. When he is emphatically homosexual himself, then he is almost certain to be free from sexual diseases. Thus the specters of syphilis and its like do not haunt the philostrate patron.

But above all reasons, at least in a large part of Europe, why the Uranian chooses a soldier-prostitute are the facts that the soldier is likely not to be brutal, and not a blackmailer. (See a succeeding chapter.) The soldier has the wholesome fear of military disgrace if he compromises himself. True, he may wish that he could get “something extra”, little or much, by threatening his client with scandal: and he does sometimes attempt it. But such a disagreeable surprise is not usual. The soldier knows that he has as much to lose by “a row”

as has his patron. So he is discretion itself, as a rule: makes himself useful: is paid his few marks or kronen or lire: and goes his way, with a friendly shake of the hand and his smiling —“Till next time!”.

**Military Prostitution in Central Europe and Elsewhere: Its wide Diffusion.**

The assertion is often met that military prostitution in Europe, is less in the French and British armies than in any others: and more in the German, Austrian, Hungarian, Russian and Italian services than elsewhere. There seems to be fact in the statement that the French soldier in the ranks is less often a prostitute than is his colleague in other territory. This is part of the racial sentiment against homosexuality in France — of the Gaul in general. Perhaps the same is true of some Scandinavian armies, though prostitute-soldiers are plentifully met in Sweden, Norway, Denmark and so on. The Russian armies are full of prostitution. Any open-eyed visitor to Russian posts soon satisfies himself as to this fact. In Germany everywhere soldier-prostitution is particularly rampant and extended. Here too is the racial instinct. Whole regiments, garrisons, acquire notoriety for it. In some centers, such as Potsdam, the military authorities, after having long winked solemnly at it, have sometimes been unable to ignore its publicity any longer, and have gone so far as to forbid the soldiery certain details of their uniform which have become a sort of smart advertisement that the wearers are to be “had”. Any quiet part of a public promenade has its group of young warriors strolling about or sitting in im-modest obscurity, waiting for “business”. The shady parks of Potsdam, Dresden, Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne, Munich, Breslau, Wiesbaden, Karlsruhe, offer this suggestive spectacle nightly.

The testimony elicited during the very recent homosexual scandals known as the Harden, Schulenburg, Eulenburg, Lynar,

Copenhagen, Christiania and — especially — Helsingfors, are also notable posts for typical soldier prostitution.

In Austria-Hungary, soldier-harlotry is universal. Such parks as the Stadtpark of Vienna, or the Erzsébet-ter in Budapest, or almost any square or promenade of Linz, Innsbruck, Prag, Debreczin, Temesvár, and so on, are notable markets of an evening for any type of military youth that may be preferred. The Uranian has only to stroll, or to seat himself in a tranquil corner, to have unmistakable opportunities. Usually the soldier-prostitute detaches himself from any companions; and even if several of the same regiment are *en redette* for custom, they carefully leave each other alone. Comparing of notes, if any, will come later — at the beer-hall or the caserne. Sometimes however two soldiers have an understanding: they hunt in couples only, or intermittently, and keep a sort of silent partnership: a practice neither so "safe" nor so agreeable for the client. In Vienna, some years ago, there were two young Hungarian troopers of exceptional beauty of physique who, always advertised their attractions in company: walking arm-in-arm about certain haunts, in their smartest uniforms, and often declining absolutely to be bargained-for — separately!

The reader must not suppose that military prostitution is confined to merely the lowest rank of the army. In Germany and in Austria-Hungary a considerable proportion of non-commissioned officers are committed to it,

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and concurrent processes in 1907-8, have thrown some interesting side-lights on German military prostitution, as on German homosexuality in general, especially in high life: though such data are in no way novel, and although every method possible to suppress such matter from publicity was used by the legal and military courts concerned. The press-work of this book being far advanced at the time of these remarkable processes—some of them being not yet ended as the writer makes this hasty reference to them — it is unfortunately not possible to cite them at any length in course of this study.

though naturally more cautiously, and at a "professional" tariff perceptibly high, but not always sexually quite logical. In England, France, Spain, Russia, Italy, South-Eastern and Oriental Europe, a good number of impecunious petty officers, and others not such — lieutenants, second-lieutenants, captains — maintain sexual relations with uranian friends of wealth, to add to their pay. The "tariff" is, we will say, from twenty shillings upward, per "rendezvous", or else a special (often large) subsidy carries them past tailor's-bills, mess-expenses and so on. There is, of course, an element in officer-prostitution due to the officer's real homosexuality. But if he can make money by the secret, he is quite likely to do so. In Vienna, several young officers of elegant appearance, and of distinguished but impoverished stock, have recently become known as "accessible". The "relations" of sundry military-men, removed members of a reigning house, awhile ago were commented satirically. One officer of a great royal Guard carries his cynicism so far that he systematically haunts baths and public resorts where rich foreign clients are to be met. In Berlin, there is much of the same thing. Under-officers to be "had" abound. To give only one instance, a certain young Bavarian officer in Munich is said to have met paid almost his living expenses and debts, by "cultivation" of homosexual foreigners of wealth. He travelled some months, a few years ago, on this sort of basis with a wealthy Englishman. In another capital lives a certain gallant Hauptmann Z—, whose lavishness, always an object of wonder to his unsuspecting comrades, is explicable by the relation he sustains to Prince X—, a well-known figure in local aristocratic and military life. In Florence, a young officer of distinguished family and looks was long known as an *entretenu*, and was a topic of frequent gossip, until his suicide a few seasons ago.

**British Military Prostitution.** The hypocrisy, or the ignorance — or the pride — of Englishmen, whichever it may be, frequently asserts if so recondite a topic is touched, that — “British soldiers, thank God, never do *that* sort of thing! *That's* a vice they leave to the Continent, sir!” Such an illusion is admirably English. The skeptic has only to walk around London, around any English garrison-center, to stroll about Portsmouth, Aldershot, Southampton, Woolwich, large cities of North-Britain or of Ireland, to find the soldier-prostitute in almost open self-marketing. Certain private resorts of British homosexuals “deal” in such an element. It holds its ground against the cheap and dangerous civilian-pederasty of England, which is so common. On any evening, the street-corners, or the promenades of the big music-halls and cheap theaters of London and other cities show one the fine flower of the British soldier-prostitute, dressed in his best uniform, clean-shaven, well-groomed and handsome with his Anglo-Saxon pulchritude and vigour — smilingly expectant. He is sure to be approached by some admiring stranger or regular “friend”, and asked to take a drink or offered a cigar; and so is brought delicately to a bargain, at a tariff from the modest five shillings to three-and-six, or a sovereign. Sometimes a criminal-trial will point out especially London's soldier-prostitution. Thus in the mysterious “Studio-Murder” affair, in London, a few years ago, the victim, a young homosexual painter named W—, had relations only with young soldier-prostitutes, such as he picked up continually in Hyde Park and at such resorts as the “Alhambra”, or on the streets. The most important witness was one such soldier, who was not otherwise connected with the bloody tragedy. His evidence was admirably illustrative of London's homosexual soldiery, and there was a prospect of such unpleasant military scandal if the crime were cleared up that there is little doubt why it was allowed to remain “unexplained”, and the soldier-murderer not traced. A further refer-

ence to this “Studio Murder” occurs in this book in the chapter on distinctively criminal aspects of homosexuality.

In Canadian garrison-towns there are to be met quite the same aspects of wide-spread, everyday British soldier-prostitution. In the foreign Colonies of Great Britain, not only does the British soldier sell; he becomes a client and buyer of pederastic favours from young natives, as in the Orient.

**In the United States, and South America.** In the United States of America where only a relatively small standing-army is part of the military-system, it is an army well-paid, and distributed widely. Its regiments are so dispersed, in fact, that the soldier is hardly an appreciable social element in the largest cities. Distinctively military prostitution is not discernible as in Europe. The Anglo-Saxon American is certainly highly homosexual, and when he is a soldier he does not lose that quality. But he has no reason to use it in a mercenary manner. He lives well, without being obliged to trade on his person. His home-subsidy is considerable. He is largely stationed where he has a constant sense of practical duty, in his Western posts or other responsibilities. He shows his philarrenism more as a buyer of the foreign-born male prostitute, for his own satisfaction, than offering himself to clients. In the Sandwich Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines and so on, he is not a prostitute of obvious rivalry to the native youth. Not even when he is of Latin or Teutonic or Keltic or what other race, by near blood: as is so much the case in a country not yet racially formed and consolidated. But the philostrate uranian who is near an army-post in the United States often finds an ample *curée*. For instance, a garrison noted for its homosexual contingent has been that of San Francisco, California, where especially during the time of the sudden Spanish-American War excitement (1898) soldier-



prostitution was so active that the "Presidio" quarter was the regular goal of the philostrats of San Francisco. In fact, amiable young soldiers were to be "had" so plentifully that their tariffs fell to nominal prices, and the lodgings of popular amateurs were fairly invaded. This in a country where homosexual intimacies are severely punishable! Conditions more or less similar every now and then obtain in other United States posts, particularly if the soldiers are largely recruits of latin, teutonic or Scandinavian blood.

The Greek army (like that of Finland — an instance of *les extrêmes se touchent*) has long had the reputation of being one in which soldier-prostitution along with all phases of military similesexualism are excessively diffused. The prevalence of homosexual relationships between Greek officers and the rank-and-file, and the "accessibility" of all troops of the Greek service, from philostratic civilians, have been almost notorious. Recently an unpleasant little international incident occurred between Greece and Italy, in consequence of an article exposing homosexuality in the Greek army, written for a Roman journal by Professor Spiro Ladikos, of Rome; which led to a request for his expulsion from Italian territory, on the representations of the Greek Government — which was rather disturbed by the indiscretion of the statements so published.

In the French army, scandals of similesexual kind are far from being unknown, though they are not so often manifested as in the German service. A serious affair of the sort occurred recently (in July, 1908) at Angers, in which eight or ten soldiers were implicated, and a rape on a young comrade was disclosed as an incident.

Prostitution between Officers and Men.

A significant aspect of military prostitution, perhaps more particularly in Ger-

many, Austria-Hungary and Scandinavia, occurs in the way of every-day homosexual relations between officers and their soldiers in the ranks. This is far from being uncommon, in spite of what would seem to be strong reasons of refinement, personal dignity, prudence, or discipline. Young recruits, as orderlies and otherwise, are discreetly brought, now by money, now by terrorizing, and often enough by tastes, to accepting such sexual relations with either their immediately superior officers or with remoter ones. Scandals, blackmailing and so on, do not often take shape in consequence, even when there would seem to be so dangerously strong a personal leverage for the soldier to use against his superiors. In fact, a variety of sentiments can restrain him from that line of conduct. Often a passionate affection matures, so that the last thing in a lad's heart would be to betray either his superior or himself. Young recruits are diplomatically "broken in" to this sort of harness, and often come to accept it as part of their duty. It is sometimes made worth their while. Little saturnalia are held, to which the most discreet are invited; such as those lately sketched in course of the testimony at the Eulenburg Trial. Stettin, Stralsund and some other garrisons have had scandalous explosions of this colouring within the past year; but the majority of regimental amours of so venal and undignified a type do not become known to the uninitiated.

Prostitution of Certain Classes of Officials in Continental Europe.

An appendage to military prostitution in Continental Europe is the class of more or less ill-paid, minor Government officials, employed in one or another Civil-Service Department. Such young men are in railway, postal, financial, and like routine capacities, particularly in Germany, France, Austria, Spain and Italy. The young man is not salaried enough to live as he wishes. His tasks are monotonous. He cannot gratify his

normal sexual desires, for want of money. So he, too, cultivates a clandestine and secondary profession. This class is a combined result of immature years, moral contagion, starvation-wages, and lively racial instinct. It is largely homosexual by really individual taste. Some curious bureaucratic scandals have some times indicated its undercurrents.

The topic of military prostitution will recur in the tenth chapter of this survey, when we shall have under special consideration the most openly criminal aspects of homosexuality — the uranian delinquent as blackmailer, homicide, *souteneur* and so on, or as the victim of such dangerously degenerate types.



**Prostitution in the Naval Services: its Relatively Small Proportion as a "Profession" and as Systematized.** The common sailor is not averse to sell his person, to gratify his homosexual taste. He has relatively less opportunity however, unless some long stay in one port occur. But he is not mercenary by instinct or education, in the degree that the soldier is. As a "class", the sailor-prostitute is restricted. In some sea-services he can almost be said not to exist. Still, when on shore, in certain ports especially, he is always "to be had" — Russian, German, English, Italian, Spanish. He has his regular rendezvous in many such localities, where homosexuals, who like the sailor as a "type", can be met: and some procurers "specialize" sailors among their professional *étalage*. Of course, such tendencies practically are much a matter of a sailor's race.



**Circus-Gymnasts, Riders, Wrestlers and Athletes in General as Uranians.** Turning to the varied types of homosexuals not in distinctively military or naval profession, but of superior bodily virility, let us note that similisexualism

is widely manifested in the professionally athletic occupations. It is common to circus-riders, tumblers, acrobats, to men who are devoted to sports and professions of high physical dexterity. The "super-virile" theory may be recognized here, the male so emphatically masculine as to repudiate instinctively the feminine. Among "ring" gymnasts often exist lasting intimacies of this sort. In athletic circles of all social grades, there is more or less uranianism. The Uranian who is not athletic is almost always attracted to the manly symmetry and masterful strength of the circus-acrobat. Sometimes this is inverted. In the professional pairings of acrobatic associates a vivid psychic interdependence is common. The reader will recall its study in the pair of brothers, united by a passionate affection, in the de Goncourts' "Les Frères Zenganno." A homosexual circus-performer who had also a career of transient literary brilliancy, was the lively Viennese novelist, Emil Mario Vacano. His fictions are now three or four decades old, and the personality of their extraordinary author is only a memory to a few admirers: but his sparkling and audacious pages offer some examples of truth stranger than fiction. A clear depiction of homosexual intimacy between two young men, one of them an Eastern acrobat, occurs in a novelette by Vacano, entitled "Humbag". But we need not turn to novels. One of the most distinguished of "strong men" and wonder-athletes of the day, whose physique is famed the world over, is similisexual, almost to complete indifference to women. Another great "physical culturist", as also a renowned professional wrestler and athlete, are uranian in their sexual life. In athletic-clubs, scandals of the homosexual kind are not rare. In London, Paris and Berlin, especially, some such have made social convulsions. In "Turnverein" organizations, for gymnastics and social intercourse, that are so much an institution of German and Austrian town-life, there have been many such episodes.

In the "Jahrbuch für Sexuelle Zwischenstufen" for the year 1900, is a reference to the prevalence of homosexual relations between Oriental athletes, ring-performers, and the like; the text being the famous Arabic troupe known as the "Ued Sidi" one; communicated by Herr M. Gudenfeldt. An eminent "bare-back rider," an Englishman by birth, well-known as one of the international artists in the Circus X—, (a man to be esteemed for refinement and serious character) stated to the present writer, some four or five years ago, that in his judgment "one male circus-athlete ring-rider, gymnast, etc., in ten was homosexual"; whether as a complete Uranian or vacillating between uranianism and dionianism. Some highly passionate "homosexual affairs," have had, as protagonists, the aristocratic lovers of riders in the ring, or of statuesque trapeze-artists.

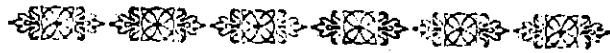


The Uranian in Royal, Aristocratic and Political Life: Various Instances, Ancient & Modern. From the camp to the Court is a short and political step, though a sovereign is not always a leader of battles. Earlier paragraphs of this chapter concern princes not alone theoretically, but really Soldier-Uranians; fighters and chieftains, by career and temperament. Turning from such, let us glance at royal, noble, and otherwise eminent personages, (occasionally military withal) for the list of homosexuals in high-life. They are not always aristocratic Uranians to honour the philharrenic intersex and "cause". Often they are princes typically decadent in morals as in intellect; weak, cruel or puppet-like kings; tyrannous or unprincipled statesmen; disgraces to high, or to any other, society. But it is to be said in apology for some such exalted homosexuals that they were men who by birth, by social or political or other responsibilities, stood in false relations to life. We can believe that many such careers would be more edifying reading had such Uranians been born in private station, or could they have turned their backs on courts,

cabinets and crowns. The destiny of being "born in the purple" has often warped and ruined character, besides exposing a man to every temptation that lofty station invites.

**Rome.** We have spoken of Caesars who were distinctively soldier-emperors,—ever with sword in hand. Numerous Caesars not military except by proxy present examples of homosexuality. The reader can refer to the chronicles of Suetonius, Tacitus, Lampridius, Dion Cassius, or to modern studies of the Roman Empire socially, to compare the shades of homosexual instincts and practices of Augustus, Tiberius, Caius (Caligula), Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Titus, Hadrian, Heliogabalus, Commodus, and so on. Of Augustus as homosexual in youth and in maturity, we have ample testimony. Hadrian's pederastic loves for the young Antinoüs and others have passed into art forever. It is however to be noted as quite impossible that Tiberius ever was a sexual satyr, a monster of brutal cruelty, as Suetonius and others depict him; the moral and personal character of Tiberius nowadays is justly retrieved. But Nero, Caligula and Heliogabalus are repulsive types. In the amazing story of Nero occurs a minutely clear example of a gifted, intensely receptive but superficial aesthete. We remark a young man unlucky enough to be obliged to reign as an emperor instead of struggling to live as a second-rate actor, or stage-singer. Nero, if divested of his royal atmosphere, if imagined as powerless to command human lives and fortunes, becomes almost wholly an object of pity. He even wins our sympathy. The aesthetic temperament was fundamentally the undoing of Nero, exactly as of thousands of less exalted decadents. A considerable likeness exists between Nero and an impressionable, aesthetic, out-of-place Uranian of modern days—Ludwig II of Bavaria. In each story we see the struggles to be free from political responsibilities that stood in the way of a life of art, of a super-aestheticized

existence. Each case points gradually a moral tragedy. Nero became, beyond doubt, the prey of homicidal mania. That same madness is latent in the blood of the erratic Wittelsbachs, just as are their intensely artistic enthusiasms.



**England.** William Rufus of England seems homosexual, by natural temperament and habits. The mystery of the death of William, in New Forest, can easily have had some Uranian cause, though historians have ever differed as to whether William may not have been slain by accident. Guillaume de Nangis, Eadmer and other early chroniclers state that the sons of William the Conqueror were "man-loving men"; and the course of life of William II of England was much in consonance with such an idea. In fact, the great Conqueror, William I, was himself not clearly only Uranian. His relations, marital or other, with women had little accord with his natural sexual temperament.

**Edward II.** The Uranianism of the gentle—but femininely obstinate—Edward II of England was the ruin of his career. Only a homosexual prince would make so much of worthless male favourites. Edward's indiscretion, doggedness and evasiveness on their behalf were so extreme that we do not wonder at the social scandals and bloody political dramas that were part of his reign, ending in his own assassination. The king's idolatry for the handsome Piers Gaveston, on whom he conferred dignities never more unluckily bestowed, has often been told in history and romance; including that striking English drama which German critics still assign to Shakespeare—not to Marlowe. Hardly less vehement and equally homosexual in the relationship was Edward's passion for Hugh Ledespenser, or De Spenser, who became Gaveston's successor sentimentally, after the latter had met his fate.

The method in which Edward's murderers performed their horrible regicide, was perhaps chosen not only to avoid immediate suspicion that the King had met a violent death, but as brutally allusive to his passive sexual habits. In "Edward II," Marlowe, has indicated the King's dotting passion for his "minion", in several scenes; including one in which the English nobility in their anger and solicitude, with the Duke of Lancaster, the truculent Mortimers and one of the high clergy at their head, compel the sovereign to sign a decree of banishment against Gaveston. In part, it is as follows; couched in Marlowe's extravagantly theatrical diction, which however does not spoil its psychical realism:

*King Edw.* Meet you for this, proud, overbearing peers?  
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,  
This isle shall fleet upon the ocean,  
And wander to the unfrequented holl,  
..... I will not yield!  
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can!

.....  
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,  
And share it equally amongst you all,  
So I may have some nook or corner left  
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

*Archbish.* Nothing will alter us, we are resolved.

*Lancast.* Come, come, subscribe!

*Young Mort.* Why should you love him whom the world so hates?

*King Edw.* Because he loves me more than all the world.

Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men  
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston.

You that be noble-born should pity him.

*Archbish.* Are you content to banish him the realm?

*King Edw.* I see I must, and therefore am content.

Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

(*He subscribes*)

*Young Mort.* The King is love-sick for his minion.

*King Edw.* 'Tis done! And now, accursed hand, fall off!

**French Sovereigns.**

Several French kings possess historic distinctness as Uranians. Henri III was a