indicates that its writer drew on his own early history liberally, for this or that theme of his obscene verses, offered to Lorenzo de Medici and much esteemed by him.

We have already spoken of Michel-Angelo Buonarroti, and of Cellini. Fuller allusion to the uranialism of those remarkable men will occur when we shall consider the Uranian in other than literary aesthetics.

German Belles-Lettres. Homosexuality in the German Minnestrees the Minnesingers—the Later Trouvère Poets, legible special literature: the types of minstrels exemplified in Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walther von der Vogelweide and Heinrich von Morungen, etc., etc. Their piety, as medieval Catholics informed by a pagan sensual temperament, rather drew them toward homosexsualism than away from it. The tendency to glorify and idealize the feminine did not expel the aesthetic museline from the poet-heart. Friendship by them was extremely sentimentalized; was made a cult. Medieval-Trouvère Europe rather substituted pederastic homosexualism by love of a man for a man, not for a mere lad. The Germanic race insisted on the psychic spell, the virile element enforced. It was uranistic love elevated in instinct and voice.

This progression has continued in modern Germany and Austria, in their belles-lettres: by the poets, the romantics, the dramatists. Typical Germans who were not only simul-erosexual in their writings, but personally uranians have been Hebbel, Platen, Iffland, Hebbel and von Kleist; the sombre Lenau—that Hungaro-Austrian Shelley: Mosenthal; Alfred Meissner (the latter's life being concluded under an homosexual penumbra) and Alexander von Sternberg. But much of what was uranistically significant in the histories of these men was scarcely understood till they had long passed out of the world. Only

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pederastic poets, classic and popular; especially from one famous bard, Abn-Xuwas, an incorrigible boy-adorer; whose stanzas waver between fine idealism and none whatsoever; including sundry particularly outspoken passages as to boy-prostitutes, a class to which Abn-Xuwas was incorrigibly partial.

Japanese Literature. Homosexuality, especially pederasty, is met in a vast mass of classic and modern Japanese literature and poetry. No class of novel has been more popular in Japan; none more grotesquely and obscenely supplied. Few of these books have found their way to European acquaintance. They are sold in great quantities all over Japan. A limited proportion only are better than pornographic.

Early Italian, German and French Belles-Lettres. Early Christian epochs of Europe do not long detain us. In Dante, we find references enough to his renascent Italy as a land filled with uranism. The “Divina Commedia” consigns certain personages to infernal fires on account of sodomy, sometimes with plain language from the virulent Alighieri. We know nothing of Dante himself as being homosexual. Beatrice represented largely a symbolic, disembodied sort of love; but Dante had sexual intimacies with several women. Advancing to the Renaissance in Italy, and to the poetics whose tales, more or less were derived from social facts. Bandello, Fiorenzola and countless others, we have frequent references to homosexual intrigues and to homosexual men, of many callings. Bandello has several such stories — all of them coarsely comic, rather ridiculing the sentiment than blaming it. The famous “Erranfeldo” by Boccadelli, — a collection of epigrams composed in Latin, resembling those by Martial—
with full publication of diaries, letters, and so on, held back for a greater or longer period (by accident or by dread of publicity) have such homosexual individualities become incontestable. A special chapter of this study is given to the brilliant poet and dramatist August von Platen, whose remarkable diary has only lately been accessible.

It is a salient fact that in no other language is annually published so much distinctive literature of the similitude instincts—novels, essays, poems, dramas—as in German. No other presses are as occupied with the topic as are those of Germany and Austria-Hungary. This belles-lettres element is to be distinguished from the wide output of scientific publications, which are of first importance to an up-to-date knowledge of the subject. Leipzig, Berlin, Munich, Stuttgart, are centers for such books and reviews. The Germanic belles-lettres publication in a homosexual key, while often anonymous or under pseudonyms, and of qualified merit, have always included, and still include, the names of authours of first distinction; the classics not absent.

Goethe; Schiller. To both Goethe and Schiller tinges of uranianism attach themselves. An incident in "Wilhelm Meister" suggests Goethe's literary willingness to recognize homosexualism, and a personal incident in Goethe's later years (to which his verse bears witness) his mysterious feeling for a young Italian ephesb who crossed his path, caused his moral compatriots some meausness. Such an impulse would be part of Goethe's hellenism. Schiller was somewhat more distinctly an intersexual. Always cold to women, he was an enthusiasm in his friendships with men. In the Marquis Posse, the chief figure of one of his best dramas, "Don Carlos", he has fairly embodied homosexual devotion and altruism. It is also significant, that among the unfinished works of Schiller was a drama intended to be based essentially on homosexualism, "The Knights of Malta"; while a novel, "The Game of Destiny," was another such project.

Hölderlin. With Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843) we meet a sort of reenactment from the Greek Academy, embodied in a German.* Hölderlin through his melancholy life (prolonged while in retirement was wholly homosexual, save in a short and superficial episode—his sentiment for the brilliant wife of Gotthard. Hölderlin's chief tie, that with his faithful Eduard Sinclair, was of passionate uranianism, a quality obvious in his writings, both of verse and prose.

The following extract from Hölderlin's novel "Hypereion" illustrates the quality of hellenic similitude in that book. The scene and time of the tale are modern Greece, and the hero Hypereion is a young Greek who has been educated under German culture, only to reject it rapidly and scornfully. He has returned to his native land shortly before a Greek-Turkish struggle in 1770. He is hyper-aesthetic, patriotic, quite pagan in his temperament. He wanders for awhile in unfrquented rural districts, meditating and yearning romantically—to which phase are devoted the first chapters of the story—at least a slender matter. When alone in Asia Minor, he happens upon another mysterious rovers, named Alabanda, somewhat his senior, who is a neo-hellenic kind of Childe Harold. With Alabanda is cemented an uranian bond. In spite of the sentimentality of the style, the episode has some graphic quality:

"The summer was nearly over; I had now the gloomy days of rain, and the whistling of the wind and the swollen rush of the mountain torrents about me; and Nature which had been like a foaming spring, leaping in the forest-plants and trees, now was in a melancholy mood, shutting herself into herself—as did I."

* A considerable study of Hölderlin, published some years ago, by the present writer, deals somewhat minutely with Hölderlin's hellenism.
I would fain have carried about within me for the coming
time whatever I could of all the vanishing life about me; I would
have stored up all that out there, in the forests, I cared so
much for; inasmuch as I knew that another year would not find
me here, among these trees and hills, but I, I daily walked or rode
more than usual, in the neighborhood of Smyrna.

But what also particularly led me to be out and about so, was
a secret longing to see again a certain stranger, whom, during a
short time, I had met every day, under the trees, outside the gates
of Smyrna.

"Like a youthful Titan stalking among dwarfs, so had this
magnificent young apparition seemed to me; even the crowd covertly
regarding with eager eyes his beauty, his height, his vigour, the
warm, sunburned head, that were a refreshment to see; and it had
been a thrilling moment for myself, when the stranger's eye (for
which even the free air seemed too contracted an actor cast about
with a careless pride, had met my own glance, when we had blushed
at so noticing one another and had turned away.

"One evening I had been riding deep into the forest,
and was coming homeward late. I had dismounted, and was leading
my horse down a steep, lonely path, over tree-roots and stones.
Then, as I picked my way along through the bushes that opened
before me, suddenly a couple of common highwaymen attacked me,
during the first instant. I had some trouble to ward off the two
sword draws drawn upon me; but the men were already carried out
with earlier activities, and I was soon out of any danger from them.
I mounted, and rode on.

At the foot of the mountain, between the woods and the rocks,
stretched a little meadow. It was a bright night. The moon had just
risen above the trees. At some distance I saw a horse stretched out
death on the green-sward; some men were lying motionless
around the horse.

"Who are you?" I cried out.

"You are Hyperion!" called to me in return, a thin round voice,
as if its owner were pleasantly surprised. He continued: "You
know me, too; for I meet you each day under the trees, at the
town-gate."

My horse and I flew to him like an arrow, I knew him, and I
leaped from my saddle.

"A good evening to you!" exclaimed this wistful Unknown,
looking at me with a kind of wild tenderness, and pressing my
hand in his sinewy ones—contact that I felt in my innermost being.

Ah, now I knew that the emptiness of life was over for me!

Alabama, for so was the stranger named, proceeded to tell me
his story; how he and his servant had been attacked by the robbers
of the neighborhood, as had I, how he had put them to flight before
meeting me; how he had lost his way; and so had been waiting alone in
this spot. He pointed to his dead steed, adding sadly:

"The affair has cost me a friend, you see."

I gave my own horse to his servant, and we walked onward
together.

"All this has served us both quite right," I said, as we went
along, arm in arm. "Why have we two been so tardy to know one
another?—always delaying, until accident itself brings us to each
other?"

"As to that matter," responded Alabama, "you have been the
colder one; the blame is yours. I have been riding after you, this
very day."

"Friend," I exclaimed, "you shall never be my forerunner in
our love!"

Ever more and more joyful, and deeper within the natures of
each other, we felt ourselves growing, now that we had met.
Coming near to the city, and passing a good khan that stood amid
plashing fountains and scented banyan trees, we resolved to pass
the night there. Long did we sit together in the open window. A
deep spiritual rush had come over us. Earth and sea were silent
as the stars that looked down on us. Slightly a breeze from the
waters came into our room, to play with the lights and shadows;
scarce the strongest notes of some distant music reached to us.
The occasional thunder in the highest aether overhead sounded from
afar in the stillness, like the breathing of a giant in his terrifying
dream.

Our souls came together all the more vehemently, because so in-
voluntarily had come at last their joining. We met like two books
that rush down from the hills, breaking past the weight of earth
and stone and rotten wood and all that first burdensome chaos, to
make a way to each other; until, with the same strength of current,
they go onward in one majestic stream, to the open sea.

He, on his side, driven hither and thither among strangers,
sent forth from his home by destiny and the cruelty of man; unwill-
ning and grown rider and rider since earliest youth, though with
a heart in his breast ever full of love and of yearning, struggling
forth from the rough outer shell of his personality toward a kinder
lier element. I, on my part, always set aside, so lonely and
strange among the men about me and, yet so full of hope, so full of
expectation of some future existence.

What should two such young men do, except clasp each other
to the heart, with the glad swiftness of the storm winds?**

The personal and patriotic relationship between Hyperion and Abalanda deepens after their first night thus
together. Hyperion describes their enthusiastic companionship, and the sudden transfer of his own individuality
to the more dominant Ego of Abalanda. Unluckily the
course of their intimacy, after what Hyperion calls their "bride and bridegroom days in Arcadia," does
not run smoothly, the friends being separated for a con-
siderable time. Hyperion is wrenched under this; but he
cannot easily see his way to their reunion. Later in the
tale, on one occasion Hyperion and the rather vague
eroine of the story—a young Greek girl, classically named
Diotima, who gives a diomythic touch in the book are
sitting in a garden, with some other enthusiasts. The homo-
sexual friendship between Harmodios and Aristogeiton
is alluded to, by one of the youths:

"When Harmodios and Aristogeiton lived," said he, "then there
was friendship in the world!"

"We ought to plait you a laurel-wreath, just for saying that!"
I exclaimed to him, "Have you then really an idea, a concept in your
mind of just what was such a friendship as that between Harmo-
dios and Aristogeiton? Forgive me but, by heaven, it is! I
think one would be to Aristogeiton compendious how Aris-
togeiton could love; and a man certainly would not fear a light-
nin's belt who was loved with the love of Harmodios; for I am
deceived by every thing in this world if that terrible youth did not feel a love vehement as Minoan. There is nothing grimmer on earth
than such a pair."**

With the revolt in Greece against the Turks, Hyperion
and Abalanda are restored to their former unity,

which is strengthened to an evenmore heroic character,
in the key of antique warrior-love—by battles and vig-
ils and camp-life together. In the naval conflict at
Tschesme, Hyperion is dangerously wounded. He lies
several days in unconsciousness, until he opens his eyes to
find Abalanda caring for him:

"With tears of joy he stood there before me, so grand a figure
to me, I held out my hand, and he, that stately being, kissed it
with all the transports of love, "Oh, live!" he exclaimed. "O Nature
than saviour! thou kind and all healing one! Wandering pair that we
two are, now without even a! fatherland, thou dost not desert us!"

But the two friends must part for good and all, present-
ently. Abalanda is subject to the orders of a mysterious
political society, such as abounded in Greece at the time.
He is already in peril of death, as a punishment for his
love for young Hyperion, which has more or less drawn
him aside from certain political services. The story con-
cludes with Hyperion returning to Germany: lingering
there alone henceforth, ever rancorous in his hatred of
Teutonism in temperament and social culture. Holder-
lin expresses constantly his ideals and personality during
the story; especially when he sums up the German race as a barbarians through all the ages, made only more
barbarous by their diligence their and science and even their
religion; wholly incapable of any high emotions, spoiled to
the marrow for any felicitous sense of what the Greeks
bestow: insulting every refined nature by their exagger-
ations and their deficiencies; dull and timeless as cast-
away barrel-staves! A hard judgment, and yet I
write—for it is true!"

August von Platen

A special study in this book concerns
August von Platen-Hallermünde, the lyric
piece and satirical dramatist, whose heart-story is a long
series of homosexual loves. For the most part unhappy

* Transl. X. M.
in their courses, the poet has chronicled them in his verse with a feverish courage such as has no parallel in European poetry. Some hundred sonnets of a personal and poetic eloquence; the imitations of Persian "ghazal" lyrics, penned with fantastic elegance, sprightliness and passion unsurpassed even from Orientals; his mastery of Odic; the poems "Epistles," to "Arcadian" and others, besides a large number of poems under varied classifications: all record Platon's male-loving history with minute faithfulness. His personal "Diary," however voluminous, should be read by every Uranian that desires a mirror of the homosexual nature, as well as the "key" to those persons and circumstances that inspired Platon as a poet. There would be an embarrassment of uranistic literary riches in making extracts here from Platon's verse. The Glazeds and Sonnets of Platon constitute a sort of thesaurus, a Canon, of uranistic emotions; as well as the portrait of a noble-minded and brilliantly intellectual man of letters.

Grillparzer. In the short Autobiography of the Austro-Italian dramatist Franz Grillparzer, written late in the life of one of the most deeply human writers for the poetical stage since Shakespeare, Grillparzer says, at one point of his narrative: "It seemed to me at this time as if I would never write anything more again. Into this hardened mood entered certain affairs of the heart. I concluded to bring this condition in me to an end, by a journey. [This the poet made — to England, etc.] Of what these affairs of the heart were, I shall not give any account, either now or at any future date, although such have played a great — alas, not useful! — role in my development. I am master of my part of the secret; but not free as to what part belongs to others." This reference became better understood upon the publication of the fragmentary pages of the dramatist's Diary and Correspondence, with other documents. Intensely had Grillparzer suffered from love. But the warm affection for this or that female friend —

including his relations to Katherine Fröhlich had but vague sexualism, or none at all. Grillparzer's sexual-psychoiic experiences of any real depth — dignity — were uranistic. From youth, until his sombre character had matured and aged, he was first and last, an Uranian, if now and then superficially "normal." Those interested in his type should not omit to pursue especially the record of how so proud, so secretive a heart could glow with uranistic fire, and how he repudiates by implication, as foreign to him any other tender sentiment. Take one of his letters to his chiefest friend, to whom he was united by a classically uranistic bond, till the latter's death. — George Altmüller: where Grillparzer's troubled and unclear self-analysis is met:

... You beg that I should describe to you "her," whom I love? "Her," whom I love, you put it? Would to God that my being were capable of that complete surrender, that self-forgetfulness, that attachment, that sinking of one's self in a beloved object? But - I do not know whether I must call it a highest grade of Egoism, or if it be the consequence of an unlimited striving after Art, and what to Art belongs, putting out of my vision all other matters, which I momentarily grasp — in a word, I am not capable of love. However near a precious other existence may attract me, still there is always a certain Something that stands higher before me; and this Something's influence so works on all other feelings that after a Tuesday full of glowing tenderness, readily without interval, without any particular cause, comes a Thursday of the most removed coldness, of forgetfulness, I might say of eminence. I think I have already said that in "the feminine beloved" I love merely the image which my fancy has made out of her, so that the Actual becomes an artificial creation which, has charmed me by my making a sort of compact with just my intellectual side; only to be so much the more strongly cast back on the least decline of my mood. Can one call that "Love"? Lament me, and lament any her who may deserve really, for her own sake, to be loved.

"The consciousness of this unfortunate peculiarity of my nature has so worked that I have always as possible kept myself out of all relations with women; to whom my physique makes me rather inclined. Everywhere that I have allowed myself to yield, I have come melancholy experiences; so much the oftener as a matter of
course, because I feel myself attracted mostly or exclusively toward the type that is least suitable for me."

Grillparzer’s relations to Altmüller were not always smooth. One early storm came at the time of closest intimacy, with a quite concrete sexual attraction in the emotions. Grillparzer found that Altmüller was maintaining a clandestine intimacy with another young man, whom Grillparzer considered quite unworthy of Altmüller’s regard, and much inferior to himself. He discovered that Altmüller even used the sacramental “thou”, of German friendships of closest sort. The entry in the poet’s diary is on June 16:

"I went today to Altmüller, and while waiting I picked up some of his books and written things, as he was not at home. As I was chewing through the last-named matters, I came on a section of his diary, in which were some letters from him to Karl N — I do not yet know his last name and some observations on his relationship to this Karl. Certainly I have never felt the strength of my own friendship for Altmüller so deeply as in that instant; but at the same moment came into play my strange vanity, which I so often have cursed. For his letters referred to me. I read eagerly on, and kept hoping to come on some expression which made for my honour; but alas! I had made a mistake. I hit on nothing that was to my praise, and so came my pride into revolt; but more painful than that was the impression that Altmüller gave me of feeling himself disappointed constantly in the friendship between us. I hardly remember anything which has made so severe an impression on me. Wounded egotism, shame, and jealousy threw me into a state of mind which was only increased when Altmüller came into the room. I was undecided what I would do; but I could not hold back. I reproached him for his falsity, and then instead of giving him any explanation which, by God, was simply impossible for me, as I was so angry! I threw the diary down on the table before him. He did not excuse himself for having addressed his dear Karl with “thou”! How often has he told me that he himself was jealous of my intimacy with Maillern, for which he has never had any reason — and now! The thought of my being supplanted by that young man is intolerable to me, from any point of view!"

*Trans. X. M.

"Since some time I have begun to notice that the force of my emotions grows less, decidedly a condition of which I unwillingly convince myself, but which, for all that, is irresistibly clear to me. Like a dream, do I remember the time when in the moonlit nights I could forget the whole world; could elevate myself to a degree of emotional enthusiasm, to think of which nowadays makes me feel fairly dizzy. I am no longer in a state to turn out even a mediocre poem... In a word, I am an unhappy mortal, and life-sting does not soon pull me out of this torturing condition. I shall put a bullet into my head... But lie! I am ashamed of such a contemptible picture of myself! Am I he who was once so full of courage and strength, ready to accept the course of destiny?... am I the fiery, the deep-feeling creature who fairly swam in all that was poetical, a part of the domain of measureless, vast fancy?... I can endure anything except despising myself. That must be got rid of, some what it may! One way or another! If no old read out of it all appears to my view, then I will make one for myself, even if the path out of my labyrinth be that out of my life — I must break one crust what it will. Another such day as this one, and..."

"It is not possible for me... I cannot get the dearest thought of it out of my head! This relationship to Altmüller, that I have so long regarded as a part of my happiness!... Parted, parted from him who has betrayed me through every word that is more confidential with another... this could make coldness into deep melancholy. I sacrificed to a new-coming, unknown young fellow, of whose want of sound character his recent obtruding of himself has so plainly given evidence! And Altmüller, who cannot change in me any frequently ill-considered and repellant demeanour, he seeks now in the bosom of this... creature, the Friendship that he cannot find with me! Till now, he feels himself always deceived in what is friendship?... and therefore he flies to this other person! So then has happened what I have always thought impossible to happen, and Wohlgemuth is quite right; but the break is not through my inconstancy — with which Altmüller has always so reproached me but through his own... but where have been my eyes! Why have I not seen, this long time, his indifference to me? He in whose arms I lay in that holy hour, he who alone, out of all humanity, saw into the innermost of my heart; he is it who began first awhile ago to interest himself in that Arabian poet! and he is it who again gets to knowing this common fellow... he can write to him, can call him "thou"! Oh, that evening, so unforgettable for me, when for the first time I called Altmüller "thou", and set the seal forever on my friendship, with that word?... and now what misuse he..."
makes of it! And then, to make the thing complete, he bequeaths twenty guineas to him! That, just that, has taken the worst hold on me! What a degree of confidentiality that stands for! or else — oh, how much have I been mistaken in thee, or how much hast thou deceived me!

"I must go to him again, I must have some sort of a clearing up of the affair — I cannot endure to remain long in this mood. Still — what use in clearing up what already is clear enough. Well, the clock strikes. I shall go to bed, and find forgetfulness for at least some hours."

June 17, seven o'clock, evening.

I have been with him. He is innocent! The letters which I read are not meant for any real correspondent, and our friendship remains as firm as ever! Another man, in my position, would have still doubted him; yes, Altmutter himself certainly would do so; but not the suspicion of the truth of what he has told me enters my soul! He is my friend, and by God! there is no shadow of mistrust in me! I feel cheered — easier in mind; but still melancholy has not yet disappeared.

The "explanation" which Altmutter elaborated to his friend in this curious episode of human love and jealousy, is apparently open to much more suspicion than his wounded Pythias thought proper to — formulate. Grillparzer seems to have been too miserable in the situation to be exacting.

Grillparzer during his London visit took a strong sentimental interest in a young Londoner of foreign parentage, who was the poet's daily guide in the city — a youth named Figlor.

In the dramas of Grillparzer occur some striking passages that touch on the homosexual sentiment, the force of destiny in it, its power, and so on. He has also finely paraphrased the ancient Platonic theory of the original "unisexual" of man, of divided existences that have superimposed. In the famous passage in "The Golden Fleece"...
Esthonia, far up to the North-East, on the Baltic; and passed his days in many German and other cities, especially at St. Petersburg, Dorpat, Mannheim, Weimar and Dresden. His life was wandering; full of the nervous restlessness of so many of his type. He lost this trait with ripener years. He married when about fifty—a marriage of convenience, without obvious sexual impulse. He died in 1868, on his estate at Granzow, not far from Stralsund. To his natural interest in Pommern, may be attributed that element of personal or local colour in some of his tales, as we have seen.

Von Sternberg's stories, are a curious study. They have not been republished in German within many years. What English translations of them ever appeared (the present writer has not been able to find any) seem to have become lost. The most characteristic stories would not be admissible in England, though not a phrase that is not in good literary taste appears in their author's pages. Their mixture of fanciful and real personages individualizes them. Thus in "Molière" we discover, as the mainspring of action, the passion which the great French actor and dramatist (when past middle life) felt for a beautiful youth in his theater-company, named Baron. Molière so loves young Baron that he considers renouncing his career: retiring to some lonely, rural spot with Baron, as his greatest happiness. But a tragedy develops, in which Sternberg also utilizes the rash marriage which Molière made, when fifty years old; young Baron becoming the betrayer of his patron's bed. In "Galathée", Sternberg gives us the reminiscences of an extremely sensual love by an old and eccentric roné, Prince Favourite, for a marvellously beautiful boy, the Chevalier Hermansdorff ...... "I burned for him. I swore that I would possess him, cost what it might. And what delight, could I but see those dark eyes bent on mine with love ! — to banquet on those fresh lips and cheeks — so softly and sensually moulded! which had not yet been desecrated by any sinful caresses!... A quarrel leads to a duel, but not to a favourable outcome for the too-indulgent Prince Favourite: though his advances are not wholly declined by Hermansdorff. In yet another novel, "Saint-Sylvain", the action is of the time of Frederick the Great. One hero is Dionys, son of a Saxon countryman, and bound by a homosexual passion to Count Florus von Saint-Sylvain, a young nobleman, the more prominent figure in the plot. The narrative by Saint-Sylvain of his early love for young Dionys is closely analytic in passages. This story develops a situation of some dramatic strength, as other persons take part in it: including the father of Dionys, who is turned out of his parish on account of a charge of heresy — with a painful suspicion of betrayal between the friends. Next follows the imprisonment of Dionys on a accusation of treason; and so the tale attains a climax. In another book "Kallenfels", comes the history of Julian von Kallenfels, an Antinom, who becomes not only the protégé of his uncle, the President Clements, but is loved homosexually to adoration by this elderly relative on account of Julian's wonderful beauty. Unluckily, Julian has a heterosexual nature, and he falls in love with Leontine, the daughter of a village-pastor. In anguish and jealousy, Uncle Clements separates the youthful pair. Julian loses all trace of the girl, until he discovers her too late, only to have her die in his arms.

Of "Jena and Leipzig" and of "The Two Shots" sufficient has been said elsewhere in this study. A longer story in the Sternberg collection, the "Memoirs Of A German Gil Blas", where the lively imagination and irony have Voltairean accents. The earlier reminiscences offer several homosexual figures and episodes, particularly where the hero, an officer named Xavier von Violet, describes his life as a page at the court of a certain
eccentric Prince Heinrich. In the "Ritter von Marienburg" is introduced the secret uranianism of the Germanic Order, in its grim stronghold. Several scenes are notable, such as the "emotion" of the handsome Gaswin von Wendenburg (seventeen years old) into obedience; the Grand Master of the Order, Ulrich von Janglingen having fallen madly in love with the boy, and being determined to enjoy him by any pretext. In this tale, sexual flagellation has a share. In "Winchelmann," Sternberg had no need to go far outside of biography, especially in ending the novel with the murder of the great arch-archeologist by a male prostitute. A graceful episode is developed, more or less fanciful, but quite in key with the character of Winchelmann, where he falls in love, on the street of a village near Dresden, with a Saxon peasant-boy of marvellous loveliness. Young Arlo comes to Winchelmann'slodgings; an accident makes it necessary for him to pass the night there. But Arlo is so perfectly innocent of all sexuality, so untroubled in emotions, his psychic purity, is so exquisite, that Winchelmann cannot bring himself to lay a hand on the lad who is decoyed into it. He guards Arlo in his sleep, all the night, seated by him, contemplating his loveliness, but resolutely against violating it; fights off the sexual temptations that trouble the vigour involuntarily, and sends the boy away next morning as virgin in mind and body as when he came. This tale is managed with much delicacy and taste, while peculiarly homosexual in essence. The Sternberg collection does not end here. It includes "Kandida," "Hiland," "Kombat," and many others, shorter or longer.

Wilbrandt. Rather more than twenty years ago, the brilliant playwright and romancist, Adolf Wilbrandt, stirred up a brisk sensation in German reading circles by the publication of this romantic novella called "Fridolin's Heimliche Ehe" -- "Fridolin's Secret Marriage," a cleverly symbolic title. In this story, is sketched admirably the common problem for the Dionysian-Uranian — his divided inclination, now toward the male, now toward the female, if with the sentiment stronger for the male type. The brisk humour of the book skillfully alternates with its graver notes. When dramatized for Vienna, as "Die Reise nach Riva," its performance created scandal, though nowhere does it too overtly condone homosexuality. A typical instance is a serious scene in the third chapter of the tale: Professor Fridolin, his "confession" to his former "flame" but ever fast friends, young Leopold — in the moonlight, in the park, after a lively studio-supper, describing how he is swayed so troublesome by what electricians call alternating currents of his dual sexualism — how he cannot marry, as he sometimes would like to do, because he lives already in a sort of "secret marriage" — with himself. His male passions is wedded to his feminine one, both disputing his individuality, though neither of them suffices to each other; so that Fridolin is continually falling in love with new a youth now a maiden. This bit of self-study, in the mouth of Professor Fridolin, is a masterpiece of dexterous, swift, witty analysis.

More suggestive even is an episode toward the conclusion of the story. The bisexual Fridolin after being fairly engaged to a charming girl, with whom he fancied himself "really and permanently" in love — all his boy-loves forever relinquishing his heart — is humiliated to find that uranianism asserts its power. He fairly deserts the field, in a sort of panic, under circumstances — unknown to him — that make grave complications in the chaperonage and protection of the slighted young lady. They bring Fridolin face to face for the first time, with Ferdinand, the brother of the deserted fiancée; a handsome, manly boy of about eighteen, who has indignantly come to hunt out the fugitive Fridolin, to call the latter to strict account for his conduct to Fridolin's Otilie. But Ferdinand is even more beautiful in his anger than when in amiable..."
humour. The susceptible Professor falls in love at sight with the boy! The lad’s sister vanishes from his heart, a dream in which he no longer has any interest. The boy-loving melody of his nature reacts. Little by little, he succumbs, explaining to young Ferdinand the outward tangle of coincidences that has excited and angered the boy. The Professor’s charm of manner, his evident sincerity, captivate Ferdinand, as they have done so many other youth. From suspicion and wrath Ferdinand’s frank, impressionable heart is caught; a fervent peace is sworn.

The story ends with their agreeing to settle down together as tutor and pupil, for the fair Ottile marries Leopold. Professor Fridolin is more than consoléd for his superficial “loss”—with his Ferdinand in his arms. The story is extremely amusing, farcically droll in places, but feebly philosophic—a small chef d’œuvre in its kind. Here is the conclusion of the meeting between Fridolin and Ferdinand, with Fridolin’s running fire of soliloquy, comment and tactful open-heartedness with the lad who stands before him in subsiding wrath:

“...Ottile as a boy!—the most interesting boy that I ever saw in my life!...Have a little patience, for once, please, thou becoming his bad temper is to him!...and be so kind as to tell me in a couple of words just what has really happened!...Yes, he has just exactly the same nose as hers!—how captivating such a male ottile is—that saucy way of speaking to me! When he looks at me, he has just such eyes as his sister’s—such brown eyes!...Where I have been to blame, my dear young man, why, of all that later: the business now is to discover this lost sister of yours,...He smiles a little—he smiles like her, too! Oh, what a smile he has! Yes, he smiles more charmingly than his sister!...You really won't have anything to eat? Well then, we must at least drink together, and out of this green glass here, Mr. Ferdinand. You allow me, an old professor! Fridolin, was in his thirties!...to call you by your first name?...He nods, he smiles again! That fine-led expression of his face!...There—the sound of the wine in this glass in my notions belongs to the most charming sounds in all Nature—just like the lingering, caressing sigh of a first kiss...”

Fridolin stopped. All at once he thought again of Fridolin Ottile. But what a transformation had come to him! The thought of ottile now gave him no pain! He was himself again—the bachelor Fridolin, who neither should nor would marry. He was no longer the handsome “count Egmont” type of man, seeking a girl, but the “Professor Socrates”—individuality, whose whole being could sink only into the soul of some youth. He collected himself, and then—smiled. For, it seemed to him that Nature, behind her veil, bent her calm eyes on him, and whispered, “See, my son! Stand with thee! So do I tempt thee back again, from the girl to the boy—and therewith do I lead thee back to thyself, and rock thy spirit thus to and fro, so do I hold thee fast in a compact between thyself and thyself, as—Two. What wouldst thou from Ottile? Here she stands, in another shape! Look on this gentle-natured, innocent youth here!—beautiful and noble-natured as thyself. Vivify his soul, educate it, till it, win it for thyself—why, it is indeed already thine! Was Socrates happy with Xanthippe? No! Good, noble youths, to whom to be teacher, master, father, friend—their was his joy. And that is thine. It faces thee here again. Fulfil thy vocation!”

“The wine is capital, Herr Professor,” said young Ferdinand gently, breaking the deep silence between them, “but you are not drinking any of it.”

Professor Fridolin came to outward things of life again; then he fixed his pleasant, gentle eyes on the boy. “You have called me Herr Professor” for the first time. Be it the last, Ferdinand—for it sounds to me too unnatural—too human—from your lips. "Herr Professor" indeed! How fortunate were those old Greeks who knew me no use of titles!—why were it just man and man, when together. Ah, call me from this moment “Fridolin!”—and nothing else. All my young friends call me so—and I regard you already as my friend! Speak to me so, I pray you! Only as "Fridolin."

"Fridolin! cried young Ferdinand springing up in his excitement, what kind of mortal are you? Can it be possible—ah, if it only were possible!—that you could ever really—care for me"?

Whereupon the two new friends, in this heliestic mood, threw themselves into one another’s arms—as master and pupil, friend and lover, the elder spirit and the younger mutually seeking and surrendering. The episode, like all the story, is of charming psychologic vivacity and grace.

* Trans. X. M.
E. M. Vacano ("Mario Valmecchi"). When speaking of the professional acrobats, but asuranian, the name of Emil Mario Vacano (1844-1892) was mentioned. In the extraordinary career of Vacano, who in course of a life not very long, and even if we allow for uncertainty of this or that episode in so complex a chronicle, was certainly acrobat, circus-rider, actor, nun, monk, ecclesiastic (to some degree of initiation), journalist, camp follower, and successful lecteur, his avatar as a novelist is almost a mere detail. But it is a detail of importance. Of Vacano himself one can only wish, in vain, that he did not leave behind him the sort of autobiography which he planned. Such facts toward it as are available bewilder one by their fantastic, kaleidoscopic incoherence. But as the career so was the man. In Otto de Joux's "Entfachen des Liebesglücks" occurs a considerable reference to Vacano. In Peter Rosegger's kindly and discreet volume of literary reminiscences "Gute Kamarade" is an interesting sketch of Vacano, if more particularly of Vacano's later and quasi literary personality, when the mysteries of his wild and romantic youth were quite past, and he was ending his days in philosophic obscurity and poverty, in Vienna, or at St. Pölten. A more recent newspaper reference to him appeared in the "Wiener Journal" of March 27, 1891—some reminiscences signed "S. S." But the almost phantasмагoric Vacano is not yet clearly of record. Undoubtedly some of his books have much of autobiographical colour. He was ever the sport of his own incorrigible vagabondage, his brilliant but undisciplined gifts, his mixture of temperaments which waivered between deep religious sentiment, pagan philosophy and the impulses of a rococo voluptuary. Of splendid physique, which in early life was so bis-sexual in beauty that he could readily pass for a woman or a man (during his later and soberer years he wore a full blond beard and an aureole of hair his stature not to great be womanish. One of Vacano's long escapades was being celebrated during years) all over the fashionable circus-going world, as "Miss Corinna" ("Mademoiselle Corinna") one of the most artistic and beautiful of female equestrians—engaged right and left by the Barnums and Wollfs and Buseres of her time. As an equestrienne, his adorers were numberless; but the secret of his virility was rarely disclosed. During the Italian war of 1859, when in travesty as a woman, and not suspected to be other than an attractive cirandière, Vacano conceived a passion for a young officer, and this relationship was so much more elevating than certain of his other débuts that he decided to be a man for the future. But new escapades and changes, now to one sex now to other followed. He passed months in a convent as a nun, giving himself seriously to religious life—for the time. His literary career was brilliant as brief; but his best books—"Die Gottesmörder" and "Die Heiligen"—and some shorter stories have not only unflagging vogue but a superior philosophic suggestiveness, and deserve to be remembered. With all Vacano's levity, cynism, capriciousness, in much he was a nature of fine ethical quality: generous, affectionate, a devoted son to his mother (whom he adored) charging himself with the care of the children of a relative when he was in his least prosperous days; and always a severe critic of himself. He craved affection and friendship with the accent of femininity which is part of the uranian ego. He died June 19, 1892, in Karlsruhe, at fifty-one; died not unwillingly. In one of his letters to Rosegger, not long before his death, he sounded a note that many uranians can echo... "Well, I shall close here to-day my little letter of chatter to you. My table is full of sheets, my portfolio looks just as if had the dropsy, so many unanswered letters are yet stuffed into it—'I must clear things away, and I am so tired to death that no human words can express it—yearn so for rest! I feel just as if I were ending a long pilgrimage to some holy resort, but where one finds the church-doors all fast-shut!"
How I wish I could just feel "slept-out" for once! But can one expect that anywhere down in this world of ours?"

In one of Vacanés novels, occurs the subjoined episode. The hero of the tale, young Count Alexander Althoff, of remarkable good looks, is raving about America (in the famous "Forty-Nine" period) in incognito, as "Bosco," a circus-artist. Althoff is a dionysian-uranian. One night, when in poor spirits, he finds that a young Arab, an athlete in the troupe, Kassad, whose person and strength make him the admiration of the town, is similarly depressed. Different members of the show have received invitations from their feminine public to be guests at suppers, after the performance ends. But neither young man wishes for demi-mondaine or other female society; they are indifferent to all billets-doux. Kassad, like Bosco, is a dionysian-uranian. Kassad being described as "the pearl of the Bedouin troupe, a youth of the build of Hercules, a creature as if cast out of bronze, with his raven-black hair and his eyes like those of a gazelle,"... 

"Bosco and his new acquaintance were standing under the street-lamp. They read their "invitations."

"Do you care to accept, dear Kassad?" asked Bosco.

The æthletic Bedouin shook his head. "No, no," said he in his deep, yet soft voice. "And you, Bosco?"

Bosco crumpled up contemptuously the note that had been given him.

"Not I, any more than you!"

Then the two looked at one another — a long keen look. And they had — understood each other.

Each of them had been invited by a young and pretty woman to a "demi-mondaine" and yet each one declined, and had sent away the two maid-servants who had brought them the messages.

Then each young man held out his hand to the other, with a strong, lingering grasp, knowing what each meant; and then they gave one another the kiss of Brotherhood. From now on they would be inseparable — united for life — for they understood. With them it was as Wilhelm Müller, the poet of the "Schöne Müllerin" cycle, sings in his verses "Quick Friendship," where the two travellers in a moment are brothers in heart.

"Come with me," said Bosco, throwing his arm over the Bedouin's neck.

"Yes — come!" exclaimed Kassad.

And so they went along together. In the hotel, Bosco had his own little room. A little one only it was indeed — plain, poor, with only one bed, but they ate something together, and drank something together, and then they put on the light and lay down together, on that hard little bed, each with his arms about the other, with heart next heart. The gas-lamp out in the street cast a narrow, shimmering light on the ceiling.

"Brother," said Bosco; "awhile ago, when thou wast reading the note from the woman who desired thee — from the way thou didst so, also from the tone of that — "No!," I knew that it is with thee as with me; that thou too art suffering as I. That thou too art in pain, because of a real, a true love, which will not away from the heart, let one do what he will!"

"Then hast thought aright," said Kassad; and he pressed his dark head upon his new brother's breast, and wept there — half for sorrow and half in joy that he could weep with a Brother. And Bosco stroked gently the tossed, black locks, and unmaimed soothing words; and at last he said — "Now tell me thy story,...."

The narrative of the young Bedouin is of his early and only real love with a woman — an affair however wholly psychic.

.... "And then Kassad pressed himself ever tighter to his new brother whom he had thus found this night; and he wept himself out, like a child — he, this strong-muscled, brown-skinned, bare-footed athlete of the desert — poor fellow!"

And then, in turn, did Bosco relate to Kassad his own heart-history. A sad, a heart-breaking one....

Long talked they thus together, and then they slept there together, no longer without consolation; for each true and feeling heart rested on just such another heart!....

While they were sitting together on the bed, in the early morning, with yet many matters in each others' lives to tell of, Kassad said to his new brother:
“Besso, thou seerest curiosities, I have one for thee.” And then with Kassad drew from the quiver, which he wore on the equestrian ring along with his white hussars, an arrow, rusted with time...*

After the young Beduin has told the story of this arrow, which is a family relic, connected with the murder of the young Prince Louis Napoleon, in Zululand, in 1879, Besso hesitates to accept the gift, as too precious a possession to Kassad. But Kassad says:

“No, I would not sell it; but I will give it to thee, my Brother; does not my life itself now belong to thee. Shouldst thou ask it? Art then not my second self? another Kassad, just as I am another Besso? Have I not given thee more than any arrow—my whole self?..."

Such is this curious and touching little scene, in which homosexsual—physical love is traced between the lines. Another episode is that in which Besso—after whom all his female spectators and acquaintances sigh in vain—refuses the advances of a fair Mexican girl; thereby nearly drawing upon himself a peculiarly treacherous and horrible death. The story is a singular mixture of the serious and the humorous, the dramatic and the satiric, thrown into an extravagant plot; but is certainly artistic and picturesque.

A considerable contemporary series of German fiction novels, more or less openly and distinctively homosexual, more or less to be classed as real literature, is noticeable in Germany. This element grows larger annually. It is usually under pseudonyms, or anonymous; and a portion of it is privately printed, or nominally so. Of course, the merits of such tales, their vigour of emotional concept, idealism, refinement, truth to life literature, sincerity of accent and originality are extremely variable factors. Many representatives of this class of novel make their way into the more "specialistic" German bookshops; being from pub-

lishers who particularize the literature of uranianism, scientific and popular. None of such recent stories are to be met in English translations, no matter if irreproachable in their aspects as belles-lettres. The present writer would be glad to cite passages from several of these newer romances—some evidently not merely romances if space allowed. A few only can be briefly characterized:

A recent story of the sort, with a classical hellenic background and Greek types, is the "Eros" of Wilhelm Wallroth, in which is depicted the tragic passion of the young sculptor Gorgias for Lykon, a trivial youth of great beauty, the sculptor's model. The boy becomes entangled in a passing domestic love for a woman—sculptor; partly in trying to do his friend a service of bad professional morality. But Lykon's uranian instincts return; he repents his treason, and he commits suicide with Gorgias, the two casting themselves down from the roof of the Aeropolis. This tale is typical of a special group in German.

Perdahnau. A story entirely homosexual in Leitmotiv. Kupfer. of considerable literary eloquence, artful, larger, picturesque construction and taste, is the "Ereode Ktor, Brand,

Exits, Friedrich, Tomei" of Fritz Perdahnau. Like the ma-

Bahr, etc., fertility of its congers, it is tragic. Two uranian schoolmates begin life in a close physical and psychic bond, Tomei and his friend Buehner; the former a dionysian uranian type, in some degree. They grow to manhood, and Tomei marries. Buehner's love for Tomei is disinterested enough to accept a situation acutely painful for him, though his adoration for Ereode is unchangeable. He frequents his friend's home; but now only as a friend, repressing any demonstrative sentiment which can disturb the happiness of Tomei. This quite usual permutation of the relationship might continue permanently, if fate would not bring into acquaintance with Tomei, a homosexual

* Transl. X. M.
musician, Ballman, who succeeds in carrying off Tomei, in a professional bowirée. Suddenly stirred to pain beyond endurance, Buechner seeks out Tomei, and throws himself upon the pity of the latter, in a scene of strong emotionality. Buechner conquers. Not only is the rivalry of the musician overcome, but Tomei's Italian bisexuality, his old-time love for Buechner, resumes its authority. Tomei is willing to sacrifice his marriage to his friend. Unfortunately Tomei dies, through a revolver-shot. The reuniting of the two inamorati is not long for this world.

A group of other immediately contemporary romances of simulisexualism includes 'Anders als Andern', a book that in psychologic study, serious purpose and literary quality in general is among the best on the topic; in its basis suggesting the remarkable Diary of August von Platen, and conducted with firmness of delineation, and taste: Schumann-Arnold's 'Wir Von Dritten Geschlecht' (a novel that includes a study of uranian degeneracy); Elise Kupffer's 'Sein Rätsel der Liebe', with the contest of the bisexual type in a lover; 'Der Junge Kurt', where the dormant homosexualism in the lover of a woman is vivified by her young son, so that the one emotion in the uranian Ego gives place to the other. We have also 'Die Wahre Liebe' by Norbert Langen; tales and verses by Joseph Kith, the Viennese poet and journalist; novellettes and collections of verses by Hans Heinz Ewers, Adolf Brand and others.

Certain novels by the well-known realist Sacher-Masoch deal with homosexualistism, though this writer's stories of psychiatric sort concern themselves more with 'fetichism' etc., in sexual instincts.

The German Pr. — Apart from certain plays that indirectly, uranian Drama, at most episodically — 'atmospherically' — are touched with homosexualism, such as the beautiful

'Prinz von Homburg' of Kleist, (1777-1811) who was himself homosexual; the 'Hadrian' of Paul Heyse, and several others, occurs the drama 'Jasminblüte' by Ludwig Bilinier, in which is presented the struggle between two theorists in homosexualism. One man believes the emotion perfectly natural, in fact, a bisexual manifestation, such as is the double sexuality of the jasmin-blossom: the other (both men are physicians) holds it as a perversion. The young son of the aesthete scientist is an incurable homosexual. He becomes involved in a disgraceful blackmailing affair, connected by another homosexual. His confession is made to his father; the latter is about to banish the youth from home and country, as an exile. But the more humane and liberal-minded colleague intervenes in an argument to spare the boy such an exile. The old dispute thus has come home, terribly to one theorist? Why not try the bored-experiment, test the father's ideas of homosexuality? Try the 'cure' by a normal marriage? The son consents to the alternative. He becomes engaged, only to take his own life, rather than give himself sexually to any woman.

Another intersexual study, 'In Eigener Sache', by August Adolf Friedrich. We meet a brilliant homosexual and parliamentarian, Doctor Auer, who loves a boy, a minor of fifteen years, of extreme beauty. Auer wishes to escape from the sentiment, yet without losing sight of the youth. He betrays himself to the boy's sister, who resembles the brother, and who loves the Doctor. Among unsuccessful suitors of the young lady, is a journalist and publicist, who learns of the intimacy between Auer and the boy. In revenge he denounces the unfortunate doctor legally, as a criminal under the famous 'Paragraph 175' of the German Code against homosexuals. The doctor succeeds in defending himself. He is acquitted. His fiancée has never believed him criminal; she remains true to her love for him. In the
The comedy "Die Reise nach Riva," August Wilbrandt's dramatization of his brilliant novel "Friedolin's Heimliche Ehe," has been mentioned here already. It will long hold its place as a sort of little classic in the homosexual theater of the finest literary class. But its production before the Viennese public excited a lively hostility at once; and the play has not seen the footlights since its tumultuous first presentations, nor is likely to do so.

Another drama of superior literary quality is the one act piece "Narkissos," by Elise Kupfer, the romanacist and essayist mentioned above. It is of fine emotional currents, and occasionally rises to lyric elegance of diction, being at once a sort of ode to the beauty of the male and a depreciation of female loveliness.

To the poet and dramatist Mosenthal is due the libretto of at least one German opera which is often called "the homosexual opera" — "Die Kräfin von Saba:" that richly melodious and sumptuously instrumentated score, by the Hungarian-German Karl Goldmark. In the relationship in its textbook, between King Solomon and his adored favourite, the young Assad, who falls under the spell of the hypocritical Queen, there is a delicate but certainly not unintentional Hint of homosexuality. Mosenthal himself was wholly homosexual; and died in the arms of a male friend — the being he loved best in the world.

Apart from quite medico-psychiatric studies of all sorts, now so innumerable in German, the Germanic essayist of belles-lettres class is not silent on the topic. A striking instance, which may or may not have been intended as homosexual literature, but which reads as a highly idealized kind of_philologer—is that by Hermann Bahr, the distinguished Viennese psychic-dramatist, novelist, essayist, and critic in so many branches of aesthetics. In his charming little fantasy "Die Hauptstadt von Europa," which appeared some years ago, in the Vienna "Neue Freie Presse," there are subtle suggestions of hellenic homosexuality, on classical lines.

There are also numerous German fictions and other matters of belles-lettres by no means to be characterized as "homosexual novels," or approaching closely that category as to their emotional contents, plots, salient individualities and so on; which tales nevertheless contain brief episodes, types, or allusions that make them quite pertinent to notice in more minute studies of how far the uranian sentiment intrudes itself into the heterosexual romance in Germany.

The "Harden Case," the "Eulenbarg Affair" and other homosexual scandals in Germany in 1908 inspired a good many allusions to homosexuality into German burlesques and soon, as well as into even more pretentious pieces. For instance, a perfectly direct reference was introduced into Ritter's comic opera "Schützen-krinkle" (at least as that piece was given at Paris) where a bit of dialogue in the second act and some lively "business" made no doubt at all matter of itself — sometimes received with laughter in the audiences, sometimes with manifest disapproval.
Also in Germany has been published at least one periodical of belles-lettres kind, distinctively for homosexual readers: the little "Der Eigene" of Adolf Brand. Its career was troubled, and it is no longer issued.

As previously pointed out in another connection, the activity of scientific German writers in the way of studies—social, legal, psychologic, psychiatric—of similosexual instincts is very large each year. At present it is attaining by itself the proportions of a vast Bibliography; much in excess of that in any other language, and by far the most exhaustive, intelligent and progressive. In many cases these writers are well-known as uranians. In quite as numerous and authoritative instances not such, and impersonal in their relation to the topic. Both in the graver literature or in lighter presentations, the subject of the similosexual is now freely before German readers and thinkers, with an insistence and a variety of perceptions such as nowhere else.

Lenau: Madness and the Literary Uranian. The brilliant German-Hungarian lyric poet, and poetical dramatist, Nicholas Lenau (Niembsch von Stechlenau) belonging to the classic galaxy of the first half of the nineteenth century, has become to biographers a clearer and more complex homosexual personality, as the dolorous story of his life has been unfolded from its mysteries. Few men of genius have had so stormy and tragic a history. Much of it has come to light only reluctantly, in fragments. The poet's lyric drama "Faust", his "Savonarola" and "The Albigenses" (in the first-named fantastic poem occurs an uranian accent) will preserve his literary fame; while the dark drama of his own life might well be a subject for a Bandelhe or a Poe, not to speak of Lenau himself. It has been well said of Lenau that in his career we find mounting ever higher, step by step with his intense idealism, and in spite of his poetical enthusiasms and successes, a painful antagonism with his sexual being; as with his intellectual existence. His incessant wanderings about the world bred a melancholy move and more emphasized in his verse, as well as in his own private records: and they never parodied the contrarieties of a secret Ego that terrified himself. His struggles culminated in Lenau's sudden, unexpected betrothal, in 1844; with the shattering by him of the engagement, almost as soon as it was undertaken; in the agonized scene with his betrothed, finished in the poet's frantic rushing from her presence with the cry, "One of two must go mad!"—as Lenau very soon did. After six years in an asylum, he died: the gloom- over of his career suggesting the fates of Hölderlin, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer.

As a classic English poet has reminded us, "Great wits to madness surely are allied". The literary, imaginative and aesthetic similosexual all too easily gravitates across the border of unreason. His brilliancy is too frequently the precursor of shattered nerves, especially if an ignorant anxiety in the intellectual sense of his strange predicament increase his life-secret. The feverishly tense sense of physical beauty, vain desire for it, efforts to realize it in at least word and page, invite perilous agitations of the poetical temper in finer types of homosexuals. The longing for an unattainable companion, for the real friend not merely a romance of his own creation, who may be passing him unheard in the crowd—the dread of social obloquy, the moral struggles! one should not be much surprised when the intellectual homosexual throws aside his pen to take up a pistol or a flask of poison; or becomes the subject for a madhouse.

French Homosexuality. Among the antique Latin romancers of mimicry and French belles-lettres similosexual kind was at least one Gaul. Homosexual literature of the imagination is today abundant
in France, though mostly ephemeral. An unpleasing trait of it is the tendency to depict the trivial, the effeminate, the decadent, the vicious phases; rather than those which are virile, wholesome, and of finer psychic quality. Here the French man of letters, and French woman of letters, are in key with the French homosexuality, which turns toward neurotics, perversities, effeminacy, to the grossly sexual—to the decadent in general. In France the pedecrastic passion for the very youthful minor is strong. In no other European country are small boys so much in demand by debauched elders, or by "clients" by no means elderly. To a large contingent of Frenchmen who write eccentric literature, or what passes for literature, homosexuality means merely a vitiating eroticism hypertrophism, orgiastic in their youth, womanish in psychos and body. In other nationalities (as for example the teetotum) poets and novelists present, as a rule, a mere wholesome uranitarianism: seldom laying stress on debauched senility or Parisian kind. But the French novel-writer in the intersexual field delights in tabulated obsessions dedräquées. Uman homosexuality, masochism, bestiality, flagellation, erotic manias, are incessant ingredients. The French Uranian seems hag-ridden by debased fancies and phases. This is typified in the romances of the infamous Marquis de Sade (1740-1814) whose stories "Justine," "Julie," etc., minutely portray almost everything that is repulsive in a debauched uranian psyche. The sex-emotions of de Sade himself, were maniacal vagaries, and he ended in madness. Of him something more will be said in a succeeding chapter. The problem of uranism, of feminin-simulsexuality so widely prevalent in France, enter into many stories of the day. Lesbianism is the staple subject of a school of Parisian tale-tellers, who deal with it in the crudest way that anything like literary fiction allows.

In French heterosexuality there appears also far less of the ideal, of dignified and virile qualities, than in any other society in Europe. France indeed is the land of an apotheosis of—vulgarly. Of course one must remember that Paris is not France, and that Parisian story-writers should not be considered as wholly representative of French racial aspects. But even so admitting, there is an inherent racialism in the repellant materials and atmosphere of some of the worst sexualistic French fiction.

Among what we may call classic French literary Uranians, sometimes expressers of its emotions in letters, have been, for example, Molière, Montaigne, Michelet, Diderot and Voltaire. The relations between Molière and the young actor Michel Baron, indicate the great dramatist as having developed into a diomian-uranian, as his maturity advanced. Many allusions to Molière's homosexuality were current in social literary and theatrical circles of Paris, during Molière's lifetime. Balzac suppressed a series of ironical lines as to this delicate topic, and they are to be met only in certain rare editions of Balzac. Montaigne's closest intimacy of sentimental sort, with his beloved friend Etienne de la Boëtie, was uranianist; the noble and richly-endowed Boëtie seems to have been completely homosexual. The story of Michelet and his fidus Achates, Paul Poinsot (the eminent geometer) includes the relation of Poinsot as an outspoken homosexual, Voltaire, whether ever physically and sincerely-uranian or not, was one of the early prejudiced and tolerant recognizers of the homosexual instinct: an acceptor of Greek love as a legitimate passion, however mysterious and contrary to modern moral concepts. When Voltaire was writing for the "Encyclopédie" he attested this attitude.

In the catalogue of nineteenth century and contemporary French novelists and poets, who have concerned themselves distinctly with uranism in its various manners—authors who have in many cases more or less