he is yet indistinctly homosexual and has held aloft in indifference from such rapturs. He has no end of vivacity, of wit, of a curiously conflicting, lively—virility, one may say. His disposition is utterly selfish, frivolous, and haughty enough to take pleasure in tormenting the affection of Reutler, without appreciating its sexual force. Reutler's struggle is emphatically an ethical struggle. He believes himself alone in the world under such sexual torment. He will never let Paul-Eric know! He will even accept the cruel comedy of seeming to despise, to hate Paul, of humiliating and alienating the petted boy utterly—rather than confess himself unable to conquer himself. He will maintain the strictly psychic limits. One episode is that in which Reutler loses control of his temper, through Eric's own outrageously bad behaviour. He insults the spoiled youth so practically that Eric shuns himself up in a hury, in his own apartments in the chateau, refusing to meet Reutler. When Reutler begs him, for the sake of his health, at least to go down sometimes to the garden, the youth sends a curt note that he will go into the garden when the garden comes up to his rooms! Reutler therewith has a superb staircase, corridor and garden-terrasse built—his tacit ejaculation. Heterosexualism is made a complication of the story by several women; especially through a pretty waif, Marie, brought into the chateau. The final scenes bring not only Reutler's disclosures, and Eric's assent, but a voluntary death to the two brothers, as their chateau burns.

Two brief incidents only in this curious romance can be cited here—in part; the extracts being the first English translations of any portions of the story. The first is the soliloquy, the prayer, of Reutler, as he watches Eric asleep, still dressed in an extravagantly costly female costume, that of a Byzantine princess, which the lad has worn to a public masquerade-ball: where he has unfortunately disgraced himself and the family-name, by being recognized and in-
"Lord," he began, thinking—praying—almost audibly, "I have denied you"—he did not say "Thee"—"and you have cruelly punished me. Perhaps it is just that which proves your real existence; yet if you do not exist any more within me, then I forgive you, O Lord God! I summon you to exist. I call you; and my will ought to be enough here to make you come down to me. Where is even the atheist, who when he has reached the very periphery of his despair, does not vouch out your name, as if from the very depths of his entrails; does not bear out of himself the confession of your power, in the realization of his own weakness? If it be you who have brought me here, Lord, is it not because now you are willing to reveal yourself unto me; to hold out your right hand to me? Yes, Lord; I stand on that now; I need you, once more. It is shameful! Oh, I know that well; you did not hear me at all to Him who cried out to you, "Father, if thou wilt, let this cup pass from me!" But your Son, he was a god—so it seems—and I am only a man. I do not want the divine mission of suffering which you have entrusted to me, Lord. I do not want you, and I am not going to be allowed to understand that to assuage my miseries without my being allowed to defend myself, because you have put me face to face with something unknown to man. You have set before me, in the eyes of the Cross, one that is not met in your everyday problems for humanity. Really truly, Lord, you are carrying things too far! Here a terrible sort of smile came across Reuter's face; he raised his head. "You, you are responsible for this new crime of mine. If I am not your only Son among all mankind, I am for all that at least—quite alone. You know well that the shame of my soul is the very greatest of all shames; that nothing can go beyond such ignominy as that in me. Take care, Lord. When I came to tell you, as a priest, I asked you, you: in my two hands; I asked you of the power of creating you, for the consolation of other men; of distributing out your body, sacred to poor human creatures who hunger for illusions! Take care, then, lest it should console me, the inexpressible! I do not terrify you any more with my blasphemies; crucify you with my fingernails. Yes, I say it again to you, this is too much. You must come down here, to know what is going on! Come! I will have it so; I am not mad; until this very night I have not reproached myself with the least crazy action, but I know now that the fixity of thoughts can carry me whither I have resolved that I would never go—without you!"...

"The only kindly choice that you have left for us is, I think, that we should be enemies; but I see that that kindness is not genuine—for you sleep now to take it back. Speak—at last! Must I kill him? Is that what you wish? Tomorrow, it can be too late: I shall not be here—the boy will be alone—and then—" Reuter burst into a strangulated sobbing, "My life will no longer protect him, if I die tomorrow; nothing, nothing will protect this creature beside me." Reuter went on, as if now not quite sure of what he was saying, very softly, almost as if fearfully: "Lord, you are not a physician, no, for it is you have created all the diseases, all the nervous ills of humanity. You cannot know what things prowl around this being so dear to me, who has no other defender than the slave that I have made myself," Reuter clenched his fists, "Speak then!—come!—manifest yourself to me Lord! I swear that ten years of torture such as I have undergone, without complaint, they ought perhaps to be reason enough for such a miracle!—Lord, I do not quite know any longer what I am saying; and that means that I am sure to be saying what is true! Yes—yes—yes! You are a doctor! Just think of it. For, you sent an angel, once on a time, to one of your servants—to an imbecile, he was!—to let him know that the gall of a fish was a sovereign cure for an inflammation of the eyelids. Don't you remember it? I am an intelligent man, worth the trouble of your sending some sort of a messenger who will show me how I can preserve my eyes from the terrible vision of my brother here, my child, alone in the world, at the mercy of—brutes! Lord, my Will was strong enough for matters yesterday; but—but—tomorrow, escaped from the bullet-hole in my breast, whither is to go my Will? Can you promise me that if I am not here my soul, my breath, will envelop by their protection this human creature beside me? My Will! Why, it is strong enough to set before your face the most monstrous of men, the most dreadful of enemies for you, another Satan—one who will end by honouring himself just because he is a Satan—one that shall find himself more God than are you! Are you daring to make so much of a phantasy out of me that you will even turn me into your accomplice? Lord, I am crying out to you because my very pride is so great that it can turn for help only to God! Since you have dazzled, blinded me, by a superhuman temptation, make me your equal. Lord!—if you mean that I am to resist!

On his knees, Reuter pressed nearer to the bed on which the Byzantine Princess still lay, stretched out, as if on a monument. She had just let her left arm slip downward; and her hand shone near to the very lips of the unhappy Reuter. It was an extremely beautiful hand, that hand of a boy; long, narrow, tapering at the extremities; so much the hand of a woman, as Paul-Krieby had there, in that heavy sleep after the fatigues of the night-long ball. Reuter looked at the hand, in dread.

"No," said he, "that is not the hand of my brother! I do not
recognize that hand — "

But he took it, and drew gently from it a ring, chosen from the others by chance — an oval, set in dull gold, which had come from Jane Montpel, the actress. Reuter flapped it quickly on his own ring-finger; but it was too small for him after the first joint, and stopped.

Paul began speaking again, still fancying that he was talking to Genevieve, trying to calm her nervous crisis. His voice warbling as he spoke; decidedly Reuter had not appeared to him in the vision of the ball, to see the disorder of the unlucky victim.

"I have never felt as much love for you," Paul was murmuring to Jane.

"Oh, my God," cried Reuter, "triumbling in every limb now, "is that the sign? Must I kill him? Must I spare him? Must I try to get back, to retreat? Ah, Beloved! - Beloved!" he repeated, as if echoing his brother's voice.

Paul Eric did not awaken.

The elder brother rose now. Softly he went into the boudoir with its huge mirrors, which had always been Paul's dressing-room, even when he was a little fellow; and where still were standing two costly playthings of his infancy, ironed phantoms of his earliest life: two huge mamakin figures, in their gaudy costumes, one a Punch, half in rose and half in yellow; the other a full diver, the sleepy eyes in his water-tight helmet staring out like those of a corpse into space. Reuter bent down, and detached from the diver's side a small hackle that hung there. It was the same hackle that Paul Eric had used when he was breaking the pearl shirt-stud.

"I - I too," said Reuter, "am going to know now how one crushes a pearl - a fine pearl! I shall strike him on the temple - only one blow it must be - so that he shall not suffer, I shall shut all the doors tight - I will give my orders - nobody will come up to see anything, until my crime shall have met with its recompense, Hurrah for the Shades! - We shall meet again, if our Wills are really our only and final forces - our all! Yes - now to set about it - it is simple, after all, and I wish it."

He returned to Paul's bedroom.

The Byzantine Princess was sitting up there, on her bed, awake now. But she was so tired that she could not挪 up the metal claws of her girdle.

"Reuter - what a torment," said Paul, yawning, in an ac-
masking his cheek, the cheek of a beautiful woman, once more resting on the gold bracelet that he wore on his left arm.

Reuter shut the trap-door behind him.

"God exists!" he murmured, looking down at that peaceful tablet.

Before Paul-Eric had gone to sleep there; he had drawn the great shade across the dome of the observatory, not wishing to be awakened too early by daylight. Around him was already the beginning of the reddening dawn, a tender rosy light soon to be that of the sun. The amber-glass with which was saturated the idol in its niche filled the cell of the learned Reuter, which was in fact completely turned upside down. The books pulled out of the open bookcase were scattered about in a sea; on the edge of the alchemist's furnace sparkled a glass of champagne, with its bubbles; a piece of figures, Reuter's meteorological calculations, was spread out in the middle of a desk; a fan thrown across it, had its margins covered with wonderful little drawings—deformities. Evidently the boy had been entertaining himself!

Reuter went to a closet, took out a slender flask, and poured its contents into the champagne.

"There will be enough for two," he said to himself, "I hope we shall not have time to suffer..."

Once more, he listened sharply.

A dull roaring came up; under his feet it was beginning to grow warm. He caressed Paul-Eric's hair gently, and awakened him.

"What! Really day again?" exclaimed the young man, ill-humouredly, rubbing his eyelids.

"Yes— it is dawn!" answered Reuter, smiling.

Paul looked sharply at Reuter, and smiled in his turn. "You're awfully good to come up to-but what's happened to you? Reuter had forgotten that he was in his shirt-sleeves; he always so protrusions in his dress when with Paul-Eric.

"If only he does not guess anything!" he said to himself; then gently adding, catching up the champagne: "Arent you thirsty, Eric?"

"There you are again!" cried Eric petulantly, "the traditional moral lecture is going to begin! They've been telling you that I was tipsy last night, and so you are going to talk hygiene to me?"

His voice became that of a plaintive child, "You are always putting me into penitence, for something—you treat me like a schoolboy!"

So I've had to find out some amusements. I have been making love-plotters here. Reuter, my big brother! your medical books have given me some perfectly extraordinary recipes! Ah, I haven't lost my time up here!" He made a face. "And what about your fiancée, Marie? Is she running around the countryside, still?"

A dull sound could be heard, like that of distant artillery, or a storm.

"Yes, I have found her," replied Reuter with an ironical gesture. "She is down below; she is well—very well, too. And she has released me from my promise. So I shall never marry."

Paul-Eric stretched himself out voluptuously, and draped himself in the Japanese silk-stuff, taking care however to uncover his breast as he did so.

"Hasten me the rest of my philter there, so that I can clear my brains," he said. "You look queerly yourself, Reuter," he murmured. "Reuter, holding the glass, was trembling. "Will you allow me to taste it?" he asked.

"What, you? In my glass? Really you are scandalous this morning!" He burst out laughing. "If you do that, I warn you that you'll do a stupid thing, my big brother! one of my wonderful little powders is in there and—and between ourselves, Reuter, do you need it?"

Reuter, with one spring, was at the dormer of the room, and threw the cup out into space. "No!" Paul exclaimed angrily. "It is disgusting! I've done well to trust your loyalty! Have you any rights to concern yourself with my dreams? Good God, no more champagne for me then, no more of my aphrodisiac, and you will propose to me cold baths or a gallop in the forest!..." Paul-Eric interrupted himself, sprang up in his turn—with a cry: he had just perceived the large red patch under his brother's shirt-sleeve. "Reuter, what is that on your shoulder?"

"Nothing," replied Reuter hesitatingly. "I did not care to tell you—but I've been in a fight... the servants have been behaving like mutineers—they seem to think that I am going crazy—they have wanted to shut me up like you here—me! Nothing but that. My beloved, do not be disturbed. They have been putting brush on me, before the last douche—I've escaped from their claws, thought—escaped to take refuge up here with you, you see. Don't be afraid—I'm not mad!"

Paul shook his fists in the air.

"Oh, the dogs! The brutes! The vile beasts! Now I'm not sur-
prised at your melancholy looks. All this has been hatching itself out in the house, for a good while! They want to shut you up, don't they? Wait—they'll pay for it to me, Renter, when I go down stairs! To dare to lay a hand on my big brother Renter!—and just because he is in love with me! What idiots!

He threw his arms now around Renter, and hid his face in Renter's bosom. Renter began to think that it would be very difficult to kill him now. He had no longer at hand that revolver that Eric had thrown away; and the poison left in the laboratory was all gone. "There will be other ways left for me to—get rid of him!—to realize indeed all the impossible," he thought.

But he smiled still, even in his thinking, caressing Paul's hair; while Paul began lamenting softly to him:

"What is going to become of us?"

"I do not know," murmured Renter.

The boy had not yet marked the fire below them, concealed, but gaining fast. "If they talk about madness, if they only might shut us up in the same cell—God, Renter! What sound is that! That noise under our feet here? Listen, listen, Renter!"

The elder brother pressed the lad frantically to himself. "Dearest, the time has come to be brave!" he said.

"Oh, I know that," cried Paul-Eric, in a sudden revolt. "It's Cornelle, with his—Rodrigue, as tu de courir?" and so on! But no, no! Not this morning! Above all, not with such a dream about us as this—a dream that makes your face green! No, no! I don't want to lie—lie down there! Renter, when I'm only twenty!—But I want there shut up for a madman, for I won't live without you, Renter—my big brother, my great Hercules! Suppose they—come up stairs— they'll kill us—"

"Eric—do you hear me—very much?"

"Very much!"

"How your heart beats, Renter! You aren't a marble man any longer:"

And if I ask of the Princess of Byzantium that just for me, her admirer, she would be such a superhuman creature in courage as never there was yet! If I ask her to look death in the face and to smile at it! Are we two going to lie to each other, to cheat each other, to our last minutes?" Renter gasped the words, kneeling down now in front of the idol.

Paul-Eric stood straight up, a flame for the theater, wonderful in his blue robe, with its flowers and chimeras. He held up his joined hands high above his head, around which now began to glow the rose of the dawn.

"I should answer then 'I am ready!' And I should never speak a falsehood again!"

The elder brother opened the trap-door.

"Come and look," he said, "it is an odd sight."

The young man leaned over the furnace far below.

The firstX of the great-stair was blazing. The flames had encircled the graceful volutes the acanthus leaves of the little pillars of the staircase. The carpet, devoured step by step of the stair, boiled like a purple wine; a posy—snake wound in a spiral, up, up along the balustrade, carried along by the air through the dorner-windows in the dome. The whole dungeon was nothing more than a colossal chimney. Little sparks rose to the nostrils of Paul-Eric. He drew back, choking. Renter shut the trapdoor.

"You understand now?" said the elder brother.

"I should say I did!" returned Paul-Eric carelessly. He added in his plaintive voice, "It will teach us, big brother, to set up the kitchen-fireplace in the drawing-room! Hand me my fan. It's going to be warm here!"

He had become transparent pale, his young lips were trembling his quivering fingers, shaking like those of old age, brushed convulsively the stuff of his robe, but there was no cowardice in his eyes.

"Ah, Princess," exclaimed Renter, "you are really worthy of all this apotheosis!"

But Paul-Eric was staggering now and had fallen on the divan. Renter fell down before those bared feet, contracted in terror.

"They cannot save us, no! We are up too far high for that! The Jake goes pretty far!" faltered Paul-Eric, fountaining himself mechanically. "And nobody down there who can climb up to us, either by outside or in! Your apotheosis, as you call it, is a pretty business. Nobody at all to admire it!" He hid himself in Renter's arms. "When I think how you have come across all that—! You are a god! Only you must do one thing more—keep me from being burned alive. Where is your revolver?"

"I haven't it any longer. And in thought it was you that made me throw away, just now, my very best poison—such a sweet one, that would have given you such dreams. A nice state of affairs!

"Big brother, I... That racket stuns me, listen, listen!—"

The roaring of the fire was growing stronger. One could hear..."
the wood-work cracking in the corners. A thin smoke began to fill the room, the perfume in the air grew ranker, with a sulphurous smell; little jets of flame filtered through the strong trap-doors.

"So! I have confidence in Jorguen"—Hammered Paul-Eric naively.

"Jorguen is dead—at least I hope so, for his sake," replied the elder brother, rocking the lad to and fro in his arms, against his breast. "Bums, dearest, are not really very painful; just press your nails here and there along my shoulder, and I shall not feel anything that hurts. Why, it's enough only to think of something else—of my love."

Roullet did not cease smiling: he was perfectly happy.

"Oh, you seem to be very well entertained," cried Paul, starting up in terror. "But take care to entertain me, or I shall call for help! Oh, 1—I am checking—I am going to be afraid—I am going to be afraid! Roullet, do something to make me lose my reason! I am afraid of being afraid—don't you understand?"

With a vehement gesture, the young man tore away the silk from his bosom. The white skin, those two points of rose—they piqued the eyes of the tall Hercules, who looked down at them, with a strange look.

"That is what Marie did!" he murmured, with a sigh. "... Look here, Eric, you are not behaving well. Real beauty, real, isn't that?"

Roullet held up the robe around the young man's haunches, that it might not slip downward; then he carefully drew up the folds of what was to be so elegant a winding-sheet, draped it about the lad's bosom, and finally put his hands about that slender throat. Eric's face turned away from his own. "Yes—I love you! Don't call anyone, for it is useless! Don't think of anything now, except of the happiness it is that we are together—a tree. Put your head close to mine. My agony will be much more terrible than yours—but I shall be looking all the longer at you, and I shall not feel the other burning. Do you remember, Eric, my boy, the words... I have made Nature herself the scene for my Will? Look me straight in the face! open your eyes wider—kiss me, for I want to drink in your very soul. Yes—we are gods...!!!

Only the first pressure of those powerful hands! Roullet had strangled him.

The mad force of the flames forced up the trap-doors; one single, enormous red flame mounted up, as if to devour the very sky.

"Too late, my little sister!" cried out Roullet proudly, to the fire: "I am still master in my own house!" And his calm face was bathed in a purple-red glow, as if splashed over with the blood of wars."

Fersen. A distinctly homosexual quality, chiefly pederastic and referring to very youthful ephhiebi, recurs in the novels, and verse of Count Jacques Adelssward-Fersen—a poet who will be cited in course of this chapter. The most artistic of Fersen s tales is met in "Cne Jeunesse". It is a simple and graceful sketch of the passion of Robert Jélaire, a young French painter—sensual and prematurely disillusioned but not wholly embittered—for a Sicilian youth, Nino, with a head "like that of the David of Versacio.." The boy is living with his grandmother, at Taormina. Nino has inherited homosexuality, though he does not know it. But the instinct, and consequent incidents, bring his sudden separation from Jélaire. The lad is led to undertake in Veron a novitiate which is to lead him to the priesthood; for which he has obviously no vocation. He is expelled from the seminary, partly because of an intercepted letter from Jélaire (the character of which is too explicit for doubt) and partly because of the lad's suddenly awakened heterosexuality, his love for a young girl in whose society he has been thrown in his holiday-hours. The end of the tale is not a conclusion. Jélaire finds Nino, in his disgrace, sitting alone at night, in the half-finished Amphitheater in Veron. His friend implores him, now that he is free and so utterly alone in the world, to return to him. But Nino refuses; he it in sexual bewilderment, fear, conviction that it would be an error, or vaguer prudence?—and the two part. This final scene is as follows:

*Transl. X. M.*
of the wet sky. The whole circus appeared, magnified by the pale light. At the same moment, came a sudden squall of wind, so strong that Nina just escaped being blown over. He gripped fast; and as he wished to take in, at one look, both the night and the city, he must needs clamber upward to the last rows of seats. There he sat down, and looked on at the festival. For it was really a festival, worthy the caprice of an emperor, - the wild night playing on the rain. The clouds, like resuscitated heroes, rushed along endless avenues, broad as the sea, or as their processions. Better that by turn were humdrum or fragmentary, as marked out on the hard sky or softened by the moonlight, passed onward with the wind, before the imaginary stage-box of some Caesar. Then circling above the city's campagni and palaces, reflected in the curve of the Adige, sweeping across the flat country, they went on to be lost to sight in the south —where the flowers warm to life...,

Nina felt clearly these things, though without force, without volition; as he sat up there. He saw himself, too, - some stranger would have seen him, the tears slowly came into his eyes. But a great, at his side, made him tremble. Was that, too, a dream? He looked about him. Someone had just fallen down at his very feet, a human-like shape, shaken by sobs... Not till there came again a trembling blue ray from the moon did the lad bend his head, only to raise it suddenly with the cry - "Jéna!"

"I have been following you for hours, for days, for months, for years — Nina!" the man murmured - "all my life was waiting for you! I could not stay away from you. I am willing to do whatever you wish, insult me - strike me - hate me - revenge yourself. The only strength that I have, like the only weakness, is to breathe the same air that you breathe! - I have suffered, I have dragged my life around with me as a drunkard drags his feet in the gutter! I have stopped to all cowardly things — I can be ready to endure all shame — only with one condition — that I see you, Nina! — only that I shall be near enough to you to hear your whisper if you speak to me, to inude the faint warm odour of your body. You are in my blood!"

"Do you know what you have done for me with that letter of yours?" interrupted the boy with a kiss in his voice, "I have lost my read in life forever! Do you understand that? — in spite of your fine phrases! The Summarily! I am driven out of it! Family! Don't speak of that! Anything left me anywhere! Ah, yes, for what is left me? An unhappy little girl, whom I have abused, ill-treated, like a coward — abused, yes! since only that line from you was lacking to make it clear that I was unworthy of her. See what you have done!"

"Are you then dreaming of that girl, that Micaela, whom they have been telling me about?"

"Yes — for I loved her!"

"Ah — and now?"

"Now I feel something else, more violent still."

"What?"

"Hate."

"For whom?"

"For you."

"Hath! Hate is all the same a desire — !"

"Also a vengeance."

"Perhaps so, but one — remembers."

"Those remembrances are odious to me!"

"No!" cried Jéna, "you cannot have forgotten! You are not willing to confess that just those things were so beautiful. But your will cannot go so far that you can recall, without a thrill going through you, those kisses at Taormina! Ah, " continued Jéna, as if half-taken with his own memories and words, "I should always have expected to find you once more, on such a night and in solitude! Look, I am here, in that desert-pathway of which you know nothing. I know all, Nina — your flight, your ruin, your scene with the old Chevalier, your leaving the house there. And so it is that with a last fear I hope moving me, I have been able to come to you. For, now, as it was of old it is my duty, Nina. In yielding to our embraces — in your looks when I speak to you — in your dreams, in your actions, in your attitudes, in your beauty above all which is the divinity of human art — since it is life breathed into a masterpiece — in all this I have recognized the ineffaceable print of my initiation. That, you will not deny! — When you think of engaging yourself to any girl — in your evoking any girl to your help you go against Nature and against your future. It means only unhappiness for you and for her, she does not contradict Nature and go unpunished, Nina. The future is something that we make within ourselves, as something that is only Self, blindly Self. Nina — we two should do such great things together! Two hearts that thrust with the same enthusiasm, who are trying to look out toward the same ideal, they are made to understand each other, or to die! —"

"But what if the struggle is not worth while — for me?" asked the boy, thrown into sudden trouble, already hesitant.

"Ah, that cry is the sort which comes from people who last out their lives, but do not live them! There is a difference between enduring — living on — and living! One must fight the fight, down here below. Do you understand that? It is true, all the same. How
you deceive yourself! - allow yourself illusions - 

"Be that so; but I have suffered!

"Not enough, since you still believe in the kindness of this world. Have you not found on the meadows, the pines, the buffaloes which are all about us, who sneer and sneer in mockery? For me, I know of only one school where one can learn them better - the madhouse. There, in their cells, they show what they are."

"Father Seraphin used to tell me that, but there was Miechka - she believed in me."

"Nonsense: has not a single phrase thrown at you, only one, vain accusation, been enough to make you fall down in a fainting fit? - to desert you? I thought you had more sense, my dear fellow! Except when women are mothers - which is their sanctification though not always 'except' - women are nothing but so many skirts with emotions beneath them. Look at yourself. You are their rival! How do you wish women to love you?"

"I - I do not know them....."

Jéhaine was silent. Then after a moment, "Come - come with me," he faltered, while the voice seemed to snatch away the voice from his lips.

"It would have been better to leave all," answered Nino, looking over the town, where the lights were already extinguished. "better to say: Never more!"

"Come - come with me!" repeated Jéhaine beseechingly.

But Nino stood up, very pale, his lips half-parted but silent. In that instant, God knows what prayers, what remorse, were sobbing about the world, without echo.

"Nino - come!"

Nino turned away, with no reply. The sky was clearer now. The Milky Way already shone over Verona. Above the gray-black level of the roofs, dominating the marble palaces and blank terraces, rose the many campanili, slender, as if chiselled out with their crosses. One would have said that he was in an immense cemetery. Crosses! oh, there must indeed have been some part of the divine in those things, that whole generations of men should have lived, slept, wept, around that symbol of torment! Why not take it as after all emblem of the evil of a world? - the sign of our own disenchanted hearts! Imagination creates a large part of truth; perhaps the most charming part of truth since it just hesitates on the side of error. To 'believe', has been enough to put Death above Love, to throw beside the tomb of a Juliette the grimacing mummy of a saint!

"Here come a priest?" Facing troubled or disorderly existences, the chapter of the monastery exalts the kindly ponders of contemplations.... "Become a priest!" The thought was to him - a mere idea, wound round still wild - like that of these wandering horses with no winds to look out on the horizon, with no gardens for letting in the light, but which, in tempest, shelter the poor who have no other hearts. The boy looked at Jéhaine, who seemed in the night to be dressed, like himself, in aampton of shadow. Once, at least, before now, their fates had been separated. But then, a dream of hope had subsisted after they had parted at the desert-pathway, like these red fires which shine down in the plains at night. Now those heavens were only ashes - it was all too late.

"Farewell," murmured Nino with trembling lips. Jéhaine remained inert for some seconds, crushed. He understood that the word meant the boy's final choice. With a dull mockery, echoed in his head some words that he himself had intoned one evening: "We have the right to be free."

"What are you going to do, Nino?"

"My duty."

"You have not anybody -?"

"No."

"Take care, Nino! We are weak. You are going to suffer -"

"For victory -"

"And perhaps you will keep only the feeling of having deceived yourself, of having caused pain and evil about you. Some day you will know remorse, sacrifice, exhaustion -"

"Which is - life?"

A large anthology of contemporary French verse could be compiled, reflecting uranisme - especially if pederastic - in, or by, many types of lyricists. As the founder of a "school" of elegantly (or other) decadent verse, the uranian Paul Verlaine has described lyrically a pederastic amour with an ecclesiastical background, in a narrative poem of some length. An episode in this particular Parnassus, was the recent suicide, in Venice, of Raymond Laurent, a young Parisian homosexual and litterateur, just fairly started on his career; the author of some poems dealing with uranian emotions. His tragic end is stated to have...
been the direct consequence of an homosexual passion inspired by a young anglo-saxon acquaintance.

Essibac. The numerous fictions of Achille Essibac merit their individuality in recent French literature of homosexualism, a longer notice than this volume can give them. Of the series, "Dédé" is of special quality: being a sort of romantic elegy — retrospect — describing the instinctively passioned love between two schoolmates. Their sentiment is unequivocally intersexual, though rather subconsciously such, and free from the least tinge of physical grossness. Essibac's other tales, including "Partenza" and "Lieu" are in much the same vein, though more elaborated in episodes. The Essibac group is distinctively pederastic, in relation to love for young boys — the very juvenile ephahis: which sentiment has been pointed out as rather particular to French homosexuals of aesthetic temper and education. Essibac's stories suffer from their author's style: a manneristic, rechercheé diction, frequently so affected and self-conscious as to be tiresome reading, and his key of elegy soon grows monotonous. Nevertheless, he has pages when (as if forgetting to write "for a style") he shows real eloquence of emotion and of phrase.

The French stage now and then is directly concerned with uranian drama. (To the personal connections of Parisian theaters with simili-sensualism will be made a later allusion in this study.) For example, at the Nouveau Théâtre de l'Art, in 1908, was produced Amory's "Le Monsieur aux Chrysanthèmes": a symbolic little piece, to which a well-known group of actors gave a brief vitality — only brief, in spite of considerable elegance and skill in construction and literary aspects.

The well-known review "La Mercure de France", though its range is wider than any merely special currents of belles-lettres, devotes much notice to simili-sensualistic literature. Certain of its serials — by Georges Eckhoud and others — have been of such category. In this trait, though always subordinating it to literary aspects of a production, this important French review is unique.

Homosexualism. The Anglo-Saxon uranian presents himself to us less frequently as a man of literature and in English Literary letters than does his Continental colleague. Circles. He dares not. Social ostracism and criminal prosecutions, can easily follow. He may write books having homosexuality as an ingredient, whether in them he expresses himself, or is only an observer; but he cannot readily find a publisher who will risk their printing, and risk the legal proceedings likely to ensue; no matter how truly the work be one of literature, or how discreet and decorous the management of its uranian elements. Not all authors can afford to print at their own expense. The most offensively erotic stories, poems and social studies, with heterosexual passion in them, can be sold freely in English bookshops. are circulated in the lending-libraries all over Great Britain, and are reviewed in the British press. In contrast, a homosexual tale of the most reservedly careful diction and sensitive good taste in treatment, informed with high idealism or spirituality, and which might be "read aloud in a lady's drawing-room by an archbishop" will not be permitted British publication.

Yet the Englishman, ever belonging to one of the most homosexual of races and societies, never has failed to contribute to the world's uranian literature: in large part the authors themselves being simili-sensual. The Renaissance unlocked the lips of the English Intersexual, in prose and in verse. Warmed by that Italian sunshine, he has sometimes written out his personal message, with a genius of universal recognition.
Shakespeare: Beyond doubt Shakespeare was, for at least part of his life, a dionysian-uranian; alternating between passion for a beautiful young man, and amorous sentiment for a woman. No other common-sense conclusion is possible, in view of the Sonnets. Who was that youth whom i.e. poet styles their "only beg-netter"? The mysterious "Mr. W. H." may be long disputed, and is probably unlikely ever to be known — whether he was the Earl of Southampton, or some other ephohus. But that Shakespeare loved the lad with a perfectly pagan, sexual passion, is not to be questioned. Those other sonnets that have a feminine motto (the word "only" in the dedication of the Sonnets is significant) are often read like odes to those of the male love. It is as silly to try to reduce the sexualism of the Shakespearean personality in the Sonnets to mere romantic idealism and fantasy, as it would be to try to construe Hazlitt and Shelley into spiritual lyricists and elegant allegorists. Men do not write, as did Shakespeare write, of their consuming love for a young man, of adoration of his fair body, of consequent jealousies, hopes, doubts, despair, slavery, in such verses as those of the Sonnets from, we will say, the first to the twentieth or the twenty-fourth, with the rhapsodic "What is your substance, wherein are you made?" unless such poets are, or would be, pederasts. It is either hypocrisy or idiocy on the part of a commentator on Shakespeare to misconstrue such addresses as "A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted," or "Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage," or "Against my love shall be as I am now," or "What's in the brain that ink may scarcely," or "O thou my lovely boy," or "That thou hast her, it is not all my grief" — the last-mentioned among the dionysian-uranian group. We know little of the personal Shakespeare. We know little of his life. But we know enough of the poet's matrimonial infertility, and of his charm of personality for his own sex to support the evidential theory of his uraniamism: even had he not made it into his poetical autobiography.

Shakespeare's Plays. That the plays of Shakespeare contain so extremely few references of any sort to homosexual love is not more than remarkable, in view of the general uncertainty of just how much of the text of any drama that we ascribe to Shakespeare ever was from the author of the Sonnets. There are many references to the beauty of boys: to the physical and spiritual charm of male youthfulness. We meet such in the dialogue about the supposed Eufle between the sons of Léonatus in "Cymbeline". There is a flavour of sentimental homosexuality in the comedy that Orlando consents to play with the mysterious Ganymede. So too in the fascination which Viola, as a boy, exerts over the Duke of Illyria. But these and other passages are of elusive intent. One of the few outspoken remarks in the Plays comes in "Troilus and Cressida", where the railing Thersites calls Patroclus a "mud-brute"; and adds explainingly, "male whore" — of Achilles. The portraits of Shakespeare himself have that curious mixture of intellectual and homosexuality met in many men of genius. But the Shakespeare of the Plays is yet a vague individual: an editor, managerial and personal ignis fatuus.

The Boy-Actor. On the English stage at the Shakespeare and English epoch, and much later, the custom of commingling female roles to boys of physical grace and beauty, must have exerted homosexual influences on impressionable Englishmen. "Behold divinity, no elder than a boy!" found its echo in many a pederastic heart, after some performance of "Cymbeline," or of "As you Like It," or of "Twelfth Night." Samuel Pepys — not at all homosexual speaks of seeing the famous young actor of female roles, Kynaston, in a part that made the youth seem even to Pepys "the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life:" and Pepys was a most expe-