

rienced connoisseur of female charms. There must have been many English "stage-boys", quite able when in their women's robes to excite other than fearful passions of uranian spectators, seated in "The Globe" or "The Swan" or at "The Duke's House"; even if Shakespeare has made his Egyptian Queen repudiate the idea of having "some squeaking Cleopatra *boy* my greatness".

**The English
Drama of the
Shakespearean
Era in General:
Marlowe.** Apart from Shakespeare himself, dramas and other matters from his contemporaries allude to male-to-male love and to male beauty, especially boyish, with a Greek-Italian quality. Presumptively, it often expressed the real personality of the writers — reflexes of the individual. Occasionally the subject of a stage-play or poem overtly brought such atmosphere into the printed page, the acted scene. To Christopher Marlowe's "The Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of King Edward II" we have referred. But even in that piece there is no crude accusation that Edward's passionate tenderness for Piers Gaveston or Hugh Ledispenser is more concrete than of psychic sort. Such a *motif* is somewhat enhanced in clearness by the dialogues between the King and Gaveston, as by the jealousies of Queen Isabella, who complains that her caresses are despised for those of Gaveston. Noteworthy is the bold word on the royal tie to Piers which the Elder Mortimer speaks when leaving England: cautioning his nephew not to intrigue rashly against Gaveston:

"Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here,
Leave now to oppose thyself against the King.
Thou seest, by nature he is mild and calm;
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controulment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their minions;
Great Alexander loved Hephaestion;
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped.

And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius,
Grove Socrates wild Alcibiades,
Then let his Grace, whose youth is flexible,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed curl,
For riper years will wear him from such toys."

Marlowe's genius, unpruned and rugged, was part of a personality licentious, unrestrained and intemperate. His death, as we know, came in a vulgar brawl. Was he homosexual? Suggestive is not only his choice of subject in "Edward II"; but such descriptions of a beautiful young man as occur in his poem, "Hero and Leander"; and in the opening scene of his "Dido" Young Leander is thus painted:

"His body was as straight as Circe's wand,
Love might have sipped out nectar from his hand,
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpast
The white of Pelops shoulder; I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
That ran along his back. But my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods; let it suffice
That my slack muse sings of Leander's eyes,—
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leaped into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamoured of his beauty he had been,
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in that vast, uplandish country dwelt.
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with naught,
Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire —
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man would say,

"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
"Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
"Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

Openly pederastic, in the same poem by Marlowe, is the passion of Neptune to possess the swimming Leander. Neptune supposes that so beautiful a mortal must be Ganymede, and determines to "enjoy him". The god swims beside Leander, eager to rape the lad in the very waters:

"He watched his arms, and as they opened wide
At every stroke between them he would slide
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turned, steal many a lustful glance,
And throw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love."

The opening of Marlowe's tragedy "Dido", presents to us "Jupiter dandling Ganymede upon his knee, and Hermes lying asleep", with the exclamation from Jupiter:

"Come, gentle Ganymede, and play with me:
I love thee well, say Juno what she will!"

— continued by a dialogue in which the boy bargains his favours to Jove like a knavish young harlot: his final demand being

"A jewel for mine ear,
And a fine brooch to put into my hat,
And then I'll buy with you an hundred times".

In the English drama of the Elizabethan quality and epoch, occur certain catch-words and sobriquets, some of them of Anglo-Saxon, some of other derivation, that refer to homosexual characters and passions. Such are however more intelligible to philologists than to less erudite readers, being largely obsolete in the language to-day.

Milton. We do not arrive at any conclusion of Milton as Uranian in examining not over-clear details of his personality and history, in England or when he lived abroad. There are however indirect, vague suggestions: his domestic life, his social theories, his passion for Italianism and Hellenism, and the accents of his most lyric verse, which seem not merely imitative notes. Never was an Anglo-Saxon — albeit a Roundhead in so many affiliations — tuned finer to the harp of Greek pederasty, than was the author of "Lycidas" (Milton's threnody on his dead friend Edward King so intensely beloved), of "Hylas" or of episodes in "Comus". One can half-forget in reading them, the luridly epic Milton, the Michel-Angelo of Christian themes in verse.

The Restoration. With the Restoration, and the gross **Dramatists: and Other Men of Letters.** sexual-sensualism of the Court and epoch of Charles II, Uranian passions came into removed public notice. Private "friendships" were full of the quality. It was the same sort of "platonic" atmosphere that pervaded the French Regency. But even debauched French conceptions became more vulgar in the English air. We have only to look into memoirs and correspondence of the time, into yet unprinted pages of Pepys, the letters of Rochester and Sedley, to know what was male to male love in the Restoration, exactly as love for woman had become lust. In all countries, in all lands, the homosexual passion takes colours of refinement or crudity, its aesthetic or grossly opposite, according to the social civilization about it. It does not degrade or elevate social morals, so much as become degraded or elevated by social morals. In the licentious dramas of the English Restoration epoch, though we do not find them plotted on the passions of the Uranian, are plain references. Perhaps the most outrageously open allusion to homosexuality in any theater, since the days of Greek and Roman comedy, even to presenting a homosexual in a state of excitement on the stage,

occurs in Vanbrugh's famous play, "The Relapse," where an uranian bawd is sexually inflamed by the manly beauty of his complaisant client, during a visit at the latter's lodging. The episode, extraordinary in its crude suggestion of homosexuality is as follows: We may well remember that the play was one highly popular with the most aristocratic society of England, not to speak of the lower social orders in London, at the time:

Coupler. Let me put my hand into your bosom.

Fashion. Stand off, old Sodom!

Coup. Nay, prithee now, don't be so — coy.

Fash. Keep your hands to yourself, you old dog you, or I'll wring your nose off!

Coup. Hast thou been a year in Italy, and brought home a fool at last? By my conscience, the young fellows of this age profit no more by their going abroad than they do by their going to church! But come, I'm still a friend to thy person though I've a contempt of thy understanding; and I would willingly know thy condition that I may see whether thou standest in need of my assistance; for widows swarm, my boy — the town's infected with 'em. Egad, sirrah, I could help thee!

Fash. Sayest thou so, old Satan? Show me but *that*, and my soul is thine.

Coup. Dax o' thy soul! Give me thy warm body instead, sirrah! I shall have a substantial title to't when I shall tell thee my project.

Fash. Out with thee, dear dad! — and take possession as soon as thou wilt!

Coup. Sayest thou so, my Hephestion? . . . The lady is a great heiress . . . If therefore you will be a generous young dog, and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll be a covetous old rogue and help you to the lady.

Fash. Egad, if thou canst bring this about, I'll have thy statue cast in brass! But don't you dote, you old pander you, when you talk at this rate?

Coup. That your youthful parts shall judge of . . . When the fatigue of the wedding-night's over, you shall send me a swinging purse of gold, you dog you!

Fash. Egad, old dad, I'll put my hand in thy bosom, now!

Coup. Ah, you young, hot, lusty thief! Let me muzzle you! (*Kisses him.*) Sirrah, let me muzzle you!

Fash. Pshaw! The old lecher . . . !

Coup. Well, sirrah — be at my lodgings in half an hour, and I'll see what may be done. We'll sign and seal and cut a pullet together; and when I have given thee some farther *instructions*, thou shalt hoist sail and be gone. (*Kisses him.*) Tother buss! — and so — adieu!

Fash. Um! Pshaw!

Coup. Ah, you young — warm — dog! What a delicious night the bride will have with you! (*Exit.*)

As noted, Smollett's "Roderick Random" Walpole. Pope, contains two episodes that show acquaintance with the prevalence of uranianism in England, in his day. In Chapter XXIV, an effeminate young commander, Captain Whiffle, comes aboard ship, presently followed by the Captain's equally effeminate friend, Surgeon Simper. With Simper, the Captain is accused of "maintaining a correspondence not fit to be named." Another passage is the long and audacious narrative in Chapter LI, where the homosexual Earl Strutwell (one of the author's political caricatures) after hugging and kissing the good-looking young hero, presented to him by a pimp, tries to seduce Roderick by way of Petronius; entering upon a long panegyric of uranianism as being the most healthful and *fashionable* kind of sexual intercourse.

We are likely to repel the idea that the delightful cynic Horace Walpole could experience either heterosexual or homosexual affection. No woman ever more than stirred the heart of Horace Walpole. He had only intellectual and aesthetic interest in the sex. But homosexuality was in his blood. The quality of his friendship with Conway did not always remain passionless. In the Letters, one now and then comes on a passage warm enough to show that Walpole

had a heart, given to Conway with an ardour hid from gossips about him. We are almost equally likely to doubt if the philosophic and often acid Pope could so betray himself, in spite of Pope's artificial gallantry to Lady Mary Wortley - Montague. The great satirist and social philosopher was outlawed from love by disposition and bodily defects. Yet underneath Pope's cold cynicism smouldered the fires of sexual desire. Once the flame broke into life, for a young and beautiful man, who despised the poet, being indeed incapable of understanding him, Pope was perceptibly a dionysian-uranian; for his misfortune.

Lord Byron: a Uranian, Dionysian. Lord Byron is a striking example of the literary Dionian-Uranian. During all his life, the great English poet was more or less temperamentally homosexual; an idealistic, hellenic, romantic homosexual. In Byron's boyhood and in his university-days, his homosexuality was the most really passionate emotion of love which he knew. In maturity, it retained its psychic hold. To many readers will seem incredible the statement, — one nevertheless well based — that it is to be doubted if Byron really ever loved any woman, save in that superficial sense which he himself despised. He did not believe that he ever fully surrendered himself, could surrender himself, to any woman. Even as important and durable a *liaison* as that which was his final one, with the young, beautiful, intellectual and devoted Countess Guiccioli, became presently a burden of which he was tired, socially and sexually. Under that entanglement, Byron chafed, and was scheming how he could bring it to an end, "like a gentleman", with decency and honour, when the Greco-Turkish War gave him an excuse, apart from his philhellenic enthusiasms. He would never have resumed the intimacy had he lived. His marriage with Miss Milbank had no passion in it. In nearly all his affairs with his mistresses, in Venice and everywhere else, a sort of sexual contempt pervades the mem-

oranda. Byron despised women, first and last; despised the sexualism of his epoch, while he made it so much a part of his outer, animal life. His own words as to the feeble hold that women had over him are conclusive.

On the other hand, how enduring and explicit were Byron's numerous friendships! — ties that were, to use his phrase, "friendships that were passions!" His journals and letters tell us not only of Lord Clare — that Clare, so immeasurably loved by Byron. — Clare, whose name Byron could not hear spoken his life through without nervous excitement overmastering him, and whom to meet, even for a few moments, long years after their early life, was unmanning to him; but of Wingfield, Long, and the choir-boy Eddleston. There were many others. These were *lored*, as he defines it, with a vehemence not felt in even his deep affection for such friends as Hobhouse, Moore, Shelley, and so on. In previously alluding to Byron's boyhood, we have mentioned his passionate intimacy with a village-lad. But Eddleston has a clearer history. Eddleston was a handsome young chorister, who caught Byron's fancy and heart at the University. Byron writes of him, later: — "His voice first attracted my attention, his countenance fixed it, and his manners attached him to me forever. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time nor distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short we shall put Lady E. Butler and Miss Ponsonby to the blush, Pylades and Orestes out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe, like Nisus and Euryalus to give Jonathan and David the go-by. He certainly is perhaps more attached to me than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing one tiresome moment, and separated each hour with increasing reluctance" . . . This is no ordinary college-friendship from Byron, who already had little to learn in discriminating the

colours of sexual emotions. Never did Byron write of a woman in such a tone, in all his letters. His using the names of two women — the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen" — is suggestive. Eddleston was far below Byron in social grade; of no particular intellectual gifts; and of highly musical temperament. He died untimely in 1811, in his twenty-second year, to Byron's unspeakable grief. The letter which Byron wrote to a lady, at the time, asking her to send back a certain little souvenir of Eddleston in her possession, refers to the same theme; as does a poem on "The Token". Another friend of Byron's young manhood, for whom a peculiar sentiment hovers between uranistic and dionistic attachment, was Lord Dorset. "At school," writes Byron, "I was passionately attached to him;" and he adds that although years had cooled the ardour "there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart." The account that Byron set down of his emotion in his last hasty meeting with Lord Clare, unexpectedly, (on a journey), is a witness to the enduring nature of their bond. Another passionate sentiment for a youth, in which homosexuality is even clearer suggested, occurred in Greece, in 1811. Byron's mood invited such an affair. The object was a young French-Greek boy, of great beauty, named Nicolo Giraud. Giraud was a model for the Italian painter Lusieri. Not only for the moment was Byron wholly free from any feminine preoccupation, but his heart was reactive against the sex. He saw young Giraud, found him "the most beautiful being I have ever beheld", and took possession of the youth with characteristic impetuosity. Moore makes a nervous allusion to the affair, as expressing interest in Giraud "similar to those which had inspired Byron's early attachment to the cottage-boy near Newstead, and to the young chorister (Eddleston) at Cambridge." Young Giraud completely dominated the poet. Byron made a testament at this date, leaving practically his whole fortune to Giraud — the first article of the document! In the poet's

affection for one of his young body-servants, the lad Robert, are other *reflexes* of no common regard. That Greece, and everything Hellenic appealed to Byron from the first, is appropriate. Greek in his intellectual and sexual nature, he was Englishman by birth but Athenian by heart.

Byron's "Manfred" — Is there no uranianism in the mature Byron's verse? The writer of these pages has received, from a source that claims strong private authority in discussing Byron's homosexuality, a pertinent comment on "Manfred". Among all Byron's dramatic poems, none remains more a subject of speculation. What exactly is the mysterious burden on Manfred's conscience? that unspeakable sin, to bind him and the dead Astarte together? — a sin inseparable from passion. That it was sexual is indicated. It is the expression of a feeling out of key with ethical and social toleration, yet with a fearful beauty, and in near relation to some strange, resistless under-current of our mortal natures. Are Manfred and Astarte brother and sister? — or what else? Is incest their crime? Manfred's moral horizon is not circumscribed by any Church or theologies. He is in revolt against all. An exceptional deflection burdens this exceptional type.

From a letter before the writer he quotes the following: "...When my grandfather had finished his account, which you can imagine was done with great embarrassment, Byron said after a moment — "Pooh, I don't think any the worse of you for such an affair..... Why, let me tell you I expected awhile ago to write a drama on Greek Love — not less — modernizing the atmosphere — glooming it over — to throw the whole subject back into nature, where it belongs now as always — to paint the struggle of the finer moral type of mind against it — or rather remorse for it, when it seems to be chastized.... But I made up my mind that British philosophy is not

far enough on for swallowing such a thing neat. So I turned much of it into "Manfred".... Lord Byron then went on to give my grandfather some other observations on the abandoning of his original plan for the poem mentioned. My grandfather alluded to L..... and to the.... M affairs.... The conversation was interrupted, and before my grandfather had an opportunity to meet Byron again (though Byron expressed himself most cordially anxious to do so) Byron had left Venice."

We may then argue "Manfred" as, in a sense, an uranian drama, according to the foregoing; a sexual love between Manfred and a youth, or some more mature friend, as the burden on the conscience of Manfred — or rather the loss that oppresses him. Astarte thus becomes a psychic allegory: under her feminine personality is hidden a male relationship, which (startling as is the idea of incest) was thought by Byron too audacious a motive for the British public. The structure and even the diction of the play require little changing to meet the idea of homosexual passion, on which has descended a divine Nemesis: a vengeance on Manfred for what he still feels — however against his will — as a defiance to earthly existence, to religion, to God, to human Being; all this, while he so adores the memory of it. He and that Other have been carried away, by their mystic and criminal mutuality. What part Manfred has in it can be expiated, forgotten, in only death. Perhaps not the transgression but some circumstances in it, of Manfred's fault, make him feel such remorse and longing for release. If this interpretation be correct, even in part, "Manfred's" vagueness as homosexual literature is a loss. In any case, the study is curious.

Hope's "Anastasia" In the celebrated oriental novel, "Anastasia; or Memoirs of a modern Greek," by Hope, a work that maintains a respectable place in

English classics, the author has depicted his hero's heliopic relationships with two male friends. The first is pederastic in its colouring. It is the swift, passionate intimacy between Anastasius and Anagnosti, a handsome effeminate youth — a male dancer. This boy induces Anastasius to seal their intimacy by going through a formal secret marriage, celebrated by a priest in a church: thus reviving a disused ancient custom — a plain relic of paganism. This intense friendship ends in a tragedy. The young dancer bitterly rebukes Anastasius for faithlessness to their bond, when Anastasius, for selfish reasons, is afraid to acknowledge Anagnosti before some political enemies. Anagnosti falls against a dagger drawn in the angry Anastasius's hand; and dies. The second episode in the same novel is longer, and suggests the higher offices of Grecian homosexuality — through the ardent friendship of Anastasius with young Spiridion, his protégé and junior. Spiridion, saved from death in boyhood by Anastasius, acquires a supreme influence over the latter. He undertakes the moral reformation of Anastasius. Their mutual affection, for a time transcendent, is broken off in a foreign city, by a misunderstanding which Anastasius is too proud to set right. Spiridion quits him suddenly, when they are estranged, and returns to his home, and to months of unhappiness, before he dismisses Anastasius from his mind. Anastasius learns, in time, that Spiridion is married and has a family of lovely children. Anastasius, on his side, feels intense anguish and solitude at the separation; and bitterly reproaches himself for it always — as he may justly do. Lord Byron said this novel made him weep — for two reasons — first, the beauty of the story; second, that he had not written it.

Both to Leigh Hunt and to Shelley attach episodes of their sentimental lives, earlier or mature, that have a similisexual accent.

Oscar Wilde. The history of the gifted Irish novelist, essayist and dramatist, Oscar Wilde is a literary tragedy remembered by many contemporaries with grief. Wilde was in early life dionysian-uranian. As he grew older, he became more and more conclusively uranian, notwithstanding the fact that he was happily married. Wilde's first literary successes were his poems, including the noble "Ave Imperatrix!" His dramatic, novelistic and critical work followed, including the dramas "The Importance of Being in Earnest", "Lady Windermere's Fan", "Salome", etc., and a novel of vague homosexual suggestiveness, "The Picture of Dorian Gray." At the height of his career, Wilde was attacked by a virulent personal enemy, the notorious Marquis of Q—. For a good while, Wilde's eccentric intimacies with young men of far inferior station and even of notoriously venal pederasty, had been whispered around London. Among a set of Wilde's more aristocratic literary friends was Lord Alfred D—, the younger son of the Marquis of Q— mentioned. Of this young man much gossip was current. Presently the Marquis of Q—, in a grotesquely vulgar fashion, publicly charged Wilde with homosexuality. Wilde felt obliged to bring the accusation into a court (April, 1895), as a libel; a step anything but well-taken. The case was not made out, and sentiment went wholly against him. A second criminal charge, from the Crown, was laid and tried. Put into the position of a felon under the English laws relating to homosexuality, Wilde was convicted, and sentenced to a two-years term of imprisonment, at hard labour. The evidence in the case was anything but a credit to the poet's æstheticism, or idealism of male-love. After his release, his wife having divorced him, his career broken, Wilde lived for a time in obscurity in Paris, and there died suddenly, within a year or so after his enlargement. For a considerable time the super-hostile public sentiment of Great Britain ostracised his plays and other writings; but British popular feeling has grown more tolerant of Wilde's name. In-

deed, he may be said to have assumed, even to English dionysians something of the aspect of a judicial martyr. An exaggerated personal cult for Wilde (considerably due to imperfect knowledge of his individuality) and a correspondingly exaggerated estimate of his intellectualism have become noticeable in circles of English homosexuals. In France, the same curious error of perspective is common. The brilliancy of Wilde, at its brightest, did not reach the level of genius. His originality of thought, and even of expression in his writings, his suggestiveness as an æsthetic theorist, his epigrammatic independence in conversation and print, all are highly disutable traits. Again, Wilde's type of uranianism was in no sense classic. It was far below the level of idealism which his intellectuality would lead one to expect. His sexual instincts were concentrated on vulgar boy-prostitutes of the town. His receiving the halo of a "martyr" to homosexuality is also the less well-bestowed, since he repudiated in his last writings (though perhaps with his constitutional insincerity the morality of the homosexual instinct, and so died "repentant." That Wilde was a victim of British social intolerance and hypocrisy, and of the need of new and intelligent English legislation as to similisexual instincts is perfectly true; but Wilde himself was not a little a shrewd and superficial *poseur*, to the very last.

The name of Lord Alfred D— is perhaps indissolubly linked to that of Oscar Wilde, as being the latter's literary protégé, in some sort; apart from any other relationship. Much Wilde's junior, and possessed of considerably literary ability, he early identified himself with uranian literature: in such verses as the sonnet with "I am the Love that Dares not Speak its Name" and others, in the extinct periodical "The Chameleon"; in the sketch "Priest and Acolyte" (attributed also to Wilde at one time) in some well-written articles, analytic of Wilde, in London literary print; and in various other contributions.

The sketch mentioned — "Priest and Acolyte", depicts the passion of a young homo-sexual priest and a lad, and ends in their drinking poison together at the altar. It is an immature trifle, not distinguished for good taste in concept or elaboration. Its author has since its date advanced far beyond such productions, and seems progressing to a position of some distinction in English belles-lettres.

Tennyson. When first was published Tennyson's memorial to his dead friend Arthur Hallam, the passionately sentimental elegy, "In Memoriam," exhaling elegiacally so much psychological uranism, it met a storm of British rebuke. The young poet's glorification of his unity with "my loved Arthur", his feminine lamentations and apostrophes, were called worse than merely "maudlin" sentimentalizings. Tennyson and his friends, were compelled to defend the poem ethically. Certainly "In Memoriam" is open to the charge of being a homosexual threnody. It offers, despite its reserves, aspects of a panegyric of the uranian-psychological bond between two idealistic young men. Of "In Memoriam", when it appeared (anonymously) one English reviewer said that the poem was certainly the work of a woman—"the widow of a military officer!" Hallam, who died suddenly in Vienna, was perceptibly of homosexual type.

English "Pre-Ra- Italianistic influences of uranian effect, "pinaclites," in the Pre-Raphaelitish "school" of English verse have not been distinctly studied. They are not vivid. In the Pre-Raphaelists femininism was pronounced; idealized, neuroticized, Catholicized. They affected a mediaeval or early Renaissance pose toward woman, sexually, socially and spiritually. The label of personal homosexuality hardly attaches to any of the high-priests of the "Fleshly School" or to the studios of its epoch. They cultivated a pictorial femininism. To Rosetti's youth a vague episode of homosexuality — bisexuality? — attaches; and in the verse of Swinburne

are pagan suggestions, but of a decadently French colouring, rather than even hellenic.

Burton:Palgrave. The atmosphere of uranianism hangs around the personality, and some of the literary work, of two eminent British orientalists — Captain Sir Richard Burton and W. G. Palgrave. Was it the excursions toward—into? homosexuality that were bruited about in Burton's life, and his attention to the topic so exhaustively in his oriental studies and translations, which stood in the way of the political advancement of one of the most remarkable men in similar service, in all the contemporary history of English oriental workers? Only the Foreign Office can answer that query.

W. G. Palgrave, that subtly-gifted and adventurous traveller (of Hebrew blood) also a man of letters of fine individuality, was frequently spoken of as sufficiently "easter-nized" to "accept the homosexual." His curious and beautiful oriental novel, "Hermann Agha", with its scenes in the wild country about Diarbekir in the end of the eighteenth century, is a book far superior to anything of its type yet public from English hands and eyes: a perfect mirror of life and character. Cast into a heterosexual romance, occurs the incident of an Arabian uranian friendship, better to be called love, in the bond between the hero of the tale, Hermann Agha, and young Moharib; a tie first sealed in blood, then ended in blood. One of the many exquisite lyrics in this story occurs in Hermann's agnostic lament for the boy —

"Could the Resurrection be,
I had wished it but for thee;
For, though changed all else, and new,
Thou unchanged wouldst rise — and true!"

Hichens: Juvenile
Stories; M. E. Col-
eridge; Dickens,
and "Passional
Friendship"
in English
Fiction.

From a contemporary English novelist Robert Hichens, a writer of superior literary traits and often of penetrant psychology came early in his career a brilliant little satirical story (or rather portrait-gallery) of London uranianism, "smart-set" cynicism and aristocratic decadence, entitled "The Green Carnation". In this were introduced, with more or less fidelity or exaggeration, personalities like Oscar Wilde, Lord Alfred D., and sundry others of "the set" about the city. While nowhere being veristic as to word or deed of homosexuality, aesthetic pederasty is an obvious suggestion in the relationships of the two chief personages in the story—the effeminate young Lord Reggie Hastings and the epigrammatic decadent Esmé Amarith. From the same author recently has appeared a novel of quite other atmosphere and of more subtle philarrhene *nuances*, in its sincerity of character-painting and delicate art, "The Call of the Blood." Here occurs throughout (in fact as a psychic mainspring of the action), the impulse of hereditary bisexuality, in Maurice Delarey; an artist suggesting a dionysian-uranian of Sicilian blood though English birth. Between him and a Taormina youth, Gasparo (a type admirably presented springs into being at once a vibrantly passional tie; though the artist is newly wedded. The background is Taormina; and the local colour and Ionian-Sicilian psychology are truthful. The scene in which Delarey watches the boy Gasparo dancing the tarantella is unique in recent English romances, for spiritual and pictorial management. The absorption of the lad's nature by his passional relation to his patron is conveyed unmistakably, to the end of the tragedy in which they are involved. Whether the average British reader at all "understands" the story is another matter, so artistically is it conducted, in diction and incident.

Fiction for young people that has uranian hints natu-

rally is thought the last sort for circulating among British boys and girls. A pathetic story "Tim" (mentioned in the seventh chapter of this book) a direct and specialistic study of 'psychic homosexuality' in two school-lads—one of them wholly intersexual in type—is nevertheless to be classed in the library for young Britons. The authorship of this little tale remains anonymous. Another juvenile, "The French Prisoners" by Edward Bertz, better-known by his active career in German belles-lettres, has a subtle note of the psychologic kind in question, in its emotional development. A recent story of Harrow school-life, "The Hill", by Horace Vachell (a book exceptional in its crowded field, for its vividness of characterizations, manly moral uplift and charm of style) offers even more than "Tim" the "ingredient of an absolutely absorbing "passion of friendship", a self-forgetting devotion and intense admiration on the part of one lad for another—the "god of his idolatry." A kind of mystic struggle, of which jealousy is a factor, against the evil charm of a third schoolmate—the beautiful and conscienceless "Demon", as he is nick-named—enters into the story. It has no hint (in fact a passing incident is particularly to the contrary) of physical emotionalism. But almost first and last it is suggestive of the key of sub-conscious youthful uranianism. No other emotional factor in the book is on the same plane of elaboration and import. Also in "White Cockades" a little tale of the flight of the Younger Pretender, by E. I. Stevenson, issued in Edinburgh some years ago, passionate devotion from a rustic youth toward the Prince, and its recognition are half-hinted as homosexual in essence. The sentiment of uranian adolescence is more distinguishable in another book for lads, "Philip and Gerald", by the same hand; a romantic story in which a youth in his latter teens is irresistibly attracted to a much younger lad; and becomes, *con amore*, responsible for the latter's personal safety, in a series of unexpected events that throw them

together — for life. From this writer are also to be noted in various periodicals a considerable series of dramatic studies of passionate friendships between adults—in accent chiefly tragic.

A noteworthy historical novel, "The King With Two Faces", by the late Miss M. E. Coleridge, deals with the personality of Gustavus Third of Sweden. It is based on his strongly emotional intimacies, his favouritism, and the conspiracy of Ankerström, in which were intrigued against their unfortunate and impolitic sovereign many of the comely young noblemen who played such mystic roles in his psychic life. The authour discerns in her studies the "abnormal" currents of the King's nature. Throughout the story, there are such phases—as to Fersen, Ribbing, and so on—that are faithful to historical analysis. Almost the final scene (a strange one, in which Fersen and his dying king look into each other's eyes confessionally, for the last time) is to be noted. The introduction of such an ingredient in the story is as reserved as one would expect in an English romance; but its authour's literary manner in general inclines to the merely suggestive, elliptical and over-terse.

The commentator on homosexuality in belles-lettres is often criticized for supposing such an ingredient to be latent where it does not at all conclusively appear. Indeed, one recent German psychiatrist makes the foolish observation that uranians are so predisposed that they are incapable of seeing, either in letters, arts or life, the difference between ardent friendship and homosexual love. This accusation is anything but well-based. The first duty of the sexual psychiatrist is to keep clear two such currents of emotion. When however the sentiment of friendship, so-called, is invested with a distinctly *passional* quality, such a tale merits recognition as perhaps more or less of uranian tendency—verging perceptibly, but not

committedly, to uranian love. There is here some interest in noticing how frequently certain British novelists have made "passional friendship" a vehement factor in their stories, even to its being the most vital trait of a book. Thus Dickens, in a series of his stories and their characters: David Copperfield and the handsome Steerforth—Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood in "Our Mutual Friend"—and Sydney Carton in the tragic "A Tale of Two Cities". There is a touch of the same "passional" inspiration in Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth." A more recent British novelist, the late David Christie Murray, in his fine tale "Val Strange," practically builds all the story on an intensive sentiment of the sort, and utilizes it perceptibly in others of his novels.

A Caution. Those who enter into the study of uranianism in literature and in arts, whether as to Anglo-Saxons or other races naturally must be solicitous in guarding against the idea (and not less so against the statement) that because such or such an authour deals with intersexual love in a story, poem, or what else, the authour himself is uranian. Many instances which will recur to the mind of the reader of this book as pertinent to be categorized in it in one way or another, do not have clearly any association of personal homosexuality, despite more or less merely literary suggestiveness.

Mayne: "Inure". A few years ago appeared a distinctively homosexual story in English; referred to in the eighth chapter of this book, and from the same hand. In this is depicted, with more serious purpose than entertainment, the homosexual sentiment in two highly virilized uranians, one of them a young Hungarian officer. The story takes its course against a background of Magyar soldier-life. Both the young men are of strong moral and intell-

actual fibre; and their respect for each other, their dread of being repudiated, of losing the first friendship which each feels for the other, make them wear the mask, day by day, until finally it is thrown away, first by one, then by the other. From this tale, are appropriate in this literary connection two excerpts. The first summarizes the quality of the immediate and close friendship between the two young men; which presently pulsates inevitably to a warmer and more physical sentiment:

"Now of what did two men thus insistent on one another's companionship, one of them some twenty-five years of age, the other past thirty, neither of them vaporous with the vague enthusiasms of first manhood, nor fluent with the mere sentimentalities of idealism... of what did we talk, hour in and hour out, that our company was so welcome to each other, even to the point of our being indifferent to all the rest of our friends round about? ... centering ourselves on the time *together* as the best thing in the world for us. Such a question repeats a common mistake, to begin with. For it presupposes that companionship is a sort of endless conversation, a State-Council ever in session. Instead, the *silence* in intimacy stand for the most perfect mutuality. And, besides, no man or woman has yet ciphered out the real secret of the finest quality, clearest sense, of human companionability — a thing that often grows up, flower and fruit, so swiftly as to be like the oriental juggler's magic mango-plant. We are likely to set ourselves to analyzing, over and over, the externals and accidents... the mere inflections of friendships, as it were. But the real secret evades us. It ever will evade. We are drawn together because we are drawn. We are content to abide together just because we are content. We feel that we have reached a certain harbour, after much or little drifting, just because it is *for that* haven, after all, that we have been moving on and on; with all the irresistible pilotry of the wide ocean-wash friendly to us. It is as foolish to make too much of the definite in friendship, as it is in love — which is the highest expression of companionship. Friendship? — love? what are they, if real on both sides, but the great Findings?.....

As a fact, my new friend and I had an interesting range of commonplace and practical topics on which to exchange ideas. Sentimentalities were quite in abeyance. We were both interested in art, as well as in sundry of the less popular branches of literature, and in what scientifically underlies practical life. Moreover,

I had been longtime enthusiastic as to Hungary and the Hungarians, the land, the race, the magnificent military history, the complicated, troublous aspects of the present and future of the Magyar Kingdom. And though I cannot deny that I have met with more ardent Magyar patriots than Imre von N — (for somehow he took a conservative view of his birth-land and fellow-citizens) still, he was always interested in clarifying my ideas. Again, contrary-wise, Lieutenant Imre was zealous in informing himself on matters and things pertaining to my own country and to its system of social and military life, as well as concerning a great deal more; even to my native language, of which he could speak precisely seven words, four of them too forcible for use in general society. . . .

And besides more general matters, there was . . . for so is it in friendship as in love. . . . ever that quiet undercurrent of inexhaustible curiosity about each other as an Ego, as psychic facts not yet mutually explained. Therewith comes-in that kindly seeking to know better and better the Other, as a being not yet fully outlined, as one whom we would understand even from the farthest-away time when neither friend suspected the other's existence, when each was meeting the world *alone* — as one now looks back on those days . . . and was absorbed in so much else in life, before Time had been willing to say, "Now meet, you two! Have I not been preparing you for each other?" So met, the simple personal retrospect is an ever-new affair of detail for them, with its queries, its confessions, its comparisons. "I thought that, but now I think this. "Once on a time I believed that, now I believe this, I did so and so, in those old days; but now, not so, I have desired, hoped, feared "purposed" such or such a matter then; now no longer. Such manner "of man have I been, whereas nowadays my identity before myself is thus and so." Or, it is the presenting of what has been enduringly a part of ourselves, and is likely ever to abide such. Ah, these are the moods and tenses of the heart and the soul in friendship! more and more willingly uttered and listened-to as intimacy and confidence thrive. Two natures are seeking to blend. Each is glad to be its own directory for the new comer; to treat him as an expected and welcomed guest to the Castle of Self, while yet something of a stranger to it; opening to him any doors and windows that will throw light on the labyrinth of rooms and corridors, wishing to keep none shut . . . perhaps not even some specially haunted, remote and even black-lung chamber. Guest? No, more than that; for is it not the tenant of all others, the Master, who at last, has arrived!

The ensuing second fragment is from the dialogue between

Oswald and Lieutenant Imre, when both are in a strong nervous tension from their mutual reserves. It occurs just before Oswald reaches the point of a narration of his tragic life-story, and confession to Imre, under stress of an expected parting which suddenly seems inevitable by Oswald's summons to England; a self-revelation which, however, the timorousness of Imre does not reward by equal frankness until the story's end.

"We had made a detour around the lonelier portion of the park. The sun was fairly setting as we came out before the open lawn, wide and uncrepped, save by two cows and a couple of farm-horses. There were trees on either border. At farther range, was the long, low mansion, three stories high, with countless white-painted *croisies*, and lime-blanchied chimneys; an odd Austro-Magyar style of dwelling, of a long-past fashion, standing up solid and sharp against that silversaffron sky. Not a sign of life, save those slow-moving beasts, far off in the middle of the lawn. No smoke from the yet more remote old homestead. Not a sound, except a gentle wind, . . . melancholy and fitful. We two might been remote, near a village in the Siebenbürgen; not within twenty minutes of a great commercial city.

Instead of going on toward the avenue which led to the exit the hour being yet early — we sat down on a stone bench, much beaten by weather. A few steps away, rose the monument I have mentioned . . . "To the Unforgettable Memory" of Lorand and Egon Z. . . .

Neither Imre nor I spoke immediately. Each of us was a trifle leg-weary, I, once more was sad and . . . angry. As we sat there, I read over for yet another time . . . the last time? . . . those carved words which reminded a reader, whether to his gladness of soul or dolour, that love, a *love* indeed strong as death, between two manly souls was no mere ideal; but instead, a possible crown of existence, a glory of life, a realizable unity that certain fortunate sons of men attained! A jewel that others must yearn for, in disappointment and folly, and with the taste of aloes, and the white of the egg, for the pomegranate and the honeycomb! I sighed.

"Oh, courage, courage, my well-beloved friend!" exclaimed Imre, hearing the sigh and apparently quite misreading my innermost thoughts. "Don't be down-hearted again as to leaving Szent-Istvánhely tomorrow; not to speak of being cheerful even if you must part from your most obedient servant. Such is life! . . . unless we are born

sultans and kaisers . . . and if we are that, we must die to show music in the course of time."

I vouchsafed no comment. Could this be Imre von N — ? Certainly I had made the acquaintance of a new and extremely un-congenial Imre; in exactly the least appropriate circumstances to lose sight of the sympathetic, gentler-natured friend, whom I had begun to consider as one well understood and had found responsive to a word, a look. Did all his closer friends meet, sooner or later, with this under-half of his temperament — this brusqueness which I had hitherto seen in his bearing with only his outside associates? Did they admire it . . . if caring for him? Bitterness came over me in a wave, it rose to my lips in a burst:

"It is just as well that one of us should show some feeling . . . a trifle . . . when our parting is so near."

A pause. Then Imre:

"The 'one of us', that is to say the only one who has any 'feeling', being yourself, my dear Oswald?"

"Apparently."

"Don't you think that perhaps you rather take things for granted? Or that, perhaps, you feel too much? That is, in supposing that I feel too little?"

My reply was quick and and acid enough:

"Have you any sentiments in the matter worth calling by such a name, at all? I've not remarked them so far! Are friends that love you and value you only worth their day with you? . . . have they no real, lasting individuality for you? Your heart is not difficult to occupy."

Again a brief interval. Imre was beating a tattoo on his braided cap, and examining the top of that article with much attention. The sky was less light now. The long, melancholy house had grown pallid against the foliage. Still the same fitful breeze. One of the cows lowed.

Presently he looked up, and began speaking gravely — kindly — not so much as if seeking his words for their exactness, but rather as if he were fearful of committing himself outwardly to some innermost process of thought. Afraid, more than unwilling.

"Listen, my dear friend. We must not expect too much of one another in this world — must we? Do not be foolish. You know well that one of the last things that I regard as 'of a day' is *our* friendship — however suddenly grown. No matter what you think now . . . for just these few moments — when something disturbs us both — *that* you know. Why, dear friend! did I not believe it