myself, had I not believed it so soon after our meeting — do you think I would have shown you so much of my real self, happy or unhappy, for better or worse? Sides of my nature unknown to others. Traits that you like, along with traits that I see you do not like. Why, Oswald, you understand me — the real me — better than anybody else that I have ever met. Because I wished it. I hoped it. Because I could not help it. Just that. But you see the trouble is that, in spite of all — you do not wholly understand me. And the worst of the reason is that I am the one most to blame for it! And I — I cannot better it now.

"When do we understand one another in this life of half-truths — of half-intimacies?"

"Yes, all too often half... or less! And I am not easy (ah, how I have had to learn the way to keep myself so, to study it till it is a second nature to me!) I am not easy to know! But, Oswald, Oswald, ich kann nicht anders! Nein, nein ich kann nicht anders!" And then, in his own language, dull and doggedly he added to himself — "Mit kasznal, mit kasznal un ez nekem? [What matters it to me?]

He took my hand now, that was lying on the settle beside his own, and held it white he spoke; unconsciously clasping it tighter and tighter till it was in pain, or would have been so, had it not been, like his own, cold from sheer nervousness. He continued:

"One thing more. You seem to forget sometimes that I am a man, and that you too are a man. Not either of us a woman. Forgive me — I speak frankly. We are both of us, you and I, a bit over-sensitive — high-strung — in type. Isn’t that so? You often suggest a — a regard so — what shall I call it? — so romantic — heroic — passionate — a love indeed and here his voice was suddenly broken) something that I cannot accept from anybody without warning him back, back! I mean fear if coming to me from any man. Sometimes you have troubled me — frightened me. I cannot. I will not, try to tell you why this is so, but so it is. Our friendship must be friendship as the world of to-day accepts friendship! Yes, as the world of our day does. God! What else could it be today. Friendship? What else to-day?"

"Not the friendship which is love, the love which is friendship? I said in a low voice; indeed, as I now remember more than half to myself.

There was looking at the darkened sky, the gray lawn — into the vague distance — at whatsoever was visible save myself. Then his glance was caught by the ghostly marble of the monument to the young Z... heroes, at which I too was staring. A tone of appeal came as he continued:

"Once more, I beg, I implore you, not to make the mistake of thinking me cold-natured, I, cold-natured! Ah, ah! If you knew me better, you’d not pack that notion into your trunks for London! Instead, believe that I value unspeakably all your friendship for me, dear Oswald. Time will prove that. I have had no friend like you, I believe. But though friendship can be a passion — can cost a spell over us that we cannot comprehend nor understand — he here withdrew his hand and pointed to the memorial-stone set up for these two human hearts that after so pleasantly beating for each other, were now but dust — "it must be only a spiritual, unmaterial regard! The world thought otherwise once. The world thinks — as it thinks — now. And the world, to-day’s world, must decide for us! Friendship now — now — must sway as the man of our day understands it, Oswald. That is, if the man deserves the name, and is not to be classed as some sort of an incomprehensible — womanish — outcast — counterfeit — a miserable puzzle — born to be every genuine man’s contempt!"

We had come, once more, suddenly, fully, and because of me, on the topic which we had touched on, that night of our luncheon walk! But this time I faced it, in a sense of falsity and finality; in a dash, desperate desire to tear a secret out of myself, to breathe, to be true to myself, to speak out the past and the present, so strangely united in these last few weeks; to rescue nothing, cost what it might. My heart had come!

"You have asked me to listen to you!" I asked. Even now I feel the despair. I think I hear the accent of it, with which I spoke. "I have heard you! Now I want you to listen to me! I wish to tell you a story. It is out of one man’s deepest vitally life — my own life. Most of what I wish to tell happened long before I knew you. It was far away, it was in what used to be my own country. After I tell it, you will be one of very few people in all the world who have known, who have even suspected what happened to me. In telling you, I trust you with my social honour — with all that is outwardly and inwardly myself. And I shall probably pay a penalty; just because you hear the wretched history, hate — you? For before it ends, it has to do with you; as well as with something that you have just spoken of, so fiercely! I mean — how for a man, deserving to be called a man, refusing, as surely as God lives and has made him, to believe that he is — what did you call him? — a miserable, womanish counterfeit — outcast! — even if he be incomprehensible to himself — how such a soul can suffer and be ruined in his innermost life and peace, by a soul-tragedy which he nevertheless can hide — must hide! I could have told you all on
the night that we talked, as we crossed the Lunoehid. No, that is
not true! I could not then, but I can now, for I may never see you
again. You talk of our 'knowing' each other; I wish you to
know me. And I could never write you this, never! Will you hear
me, brave, patiently?

"I will hear you patiently—yes, Oswald—if you think it best to
tell me. Of that pray think, carefully."

"It is best! I am tried of thinking of it. It is time you knew,"

"And I am really concerned in it;"

"You are immediately concerned. That is to say, before it ends.
You will see how."

"Then you would better go on, of course."

He consented thus, in the constrained but decided tone which
I have indicated as so often recurring during the evening, adding
"I am ready, Oswald.

American
Philharmonic
Literature. The North-American (by such term in-
cluding particularly the United States; with
his nervousness, his impressionability, his complex fusion of
bloods and of racial traits, even when of directly British
stocks, is usually far more "temperamental" than the
English. He has offered interesting excursions at least to-
wards, if not always into, the homosexual library. His
novels, verses and essays have pointed out a racial ura-
numanism. In the United States and adjacent British pos-
sessions, the prejudices and restrictions as to literature
philharmonic in accent, are quite as positive as in Great
Britain. The author or publisher of a homosexual
book, even if scientific, not to speak of a belles-lettres
work, will not readily escape troublesome consequences.
Even psychiatric works from medical publishers are hedged
about with conditions as to their publication and sale.
Nevertheless, similesexualism is far from being an un-
known note in American belles-lettres, and has even achieved
its classics.

Walt Whitman. An American poet, who has assumed
an international significance and cult—well-deserved—
Walt Whitman can be regarded through a large pro-
portion of his most characteristic verse, as one of the
prophets and priests of homosexuality. Its atmosphere
pervades Whitman's poems; being indeed an almost
inevitable concurrent of the neo-hellenic, platonist, democ-

cracy of Whitman's philosophic muse. One series of Whit-
man's earlier poetic utterances, at once philosophic and
lyric, the famous "Calmans" group in "Leaves of
Grass", out of dispute stands as among the most openly
homosexual matters of the sort, by idealizing (but sensually
idealizing) man-to-man love, psychic and physical, that
modern literature knows; in virility far beyond the
verse of Petronius; while Whitman much exceeds Petronius
in giving physical expressiveness to what he sings.

Of Whitman's own personal homosexualism there can be
no question, if anyone be acquainted with the intimate
story of the "good gray poet's long life." Episodes in
his reminiscences (especially "Hospital Sketches") (many others
were never put into print) are personally significant
enough. Whitman's choice of intimates, too, was significant.
The bi with the young Irish tram-driver, Peter Doyle, was only
one of the Whitmanian divagations of the kind. To women,
Whitman was sexually quite indifferent: philosophically
considering, in in physical type the magnificent
manly beauty of Whitman, and its endurance, even late
in his life, are in key with his philharmonic nature.

To cite more than a few of Whitman's expressions of ura-
numanism, from his poetry only, is impossible
here, and perhaps not necessary. For the sake of illustra-
ting to readers who do not know him at all in such
manner, are here appended passing instances from "Leaves
of Grass"—including of course, some in the "Calmans"
section:
"A glimpse through an interstice caught,
of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room, around the stove,
late of a winter-night, and I unmarked seated in a corner,
of a youth who loves me, and whom I love, silently approaching
and seating himself near me, that he may hold me by the hand
A long while; amid the noises of coming and going of drinking and
singing and smokin' jest.
There we two—content, happy in being together, speaking little,
perhaps not a word."

"...Whichever the sex, whatever the season or place, he may go freshly
and gently and safely, by day or by night;
He has the passkey of all hearts: to him the responses of
the prying of hands on the knobs;
His welcome is universal—the flow of beauty is not more welcome
or universal than he:
The persons he favours by day, or shops with at night is blessed."

"To a sun-faced prairie-boy!
Before you came into camp came many a welcome gift:
Praises and presents came, and nourishing food, till at last
among the recruits
Your came—return, with nothing to give. We but looked on each other.
When no more than all the gifts of the world you gave me."

"Behold me, well-clothed, going gaily or returning in the afternoon,
my brood of tough boys accompanying me.
My brood of grown and part-grown boys, who love to be with no
one else so well as to be with me;
By day to work with me, and by night to sleep with me,

"I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,
Wore one with the rest, the days and laps of the rest.
Was called by my highest name, by clear loud voices of young men,
as they saw me approaching or passing;
Felt their arms on my neck as I stood, or the negligent leaning of
their flesh against me as I sat;
Saw many I loved, in the street or ferry-boat, or public assembly,
but never told them a word......
Saw all, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by
my highest name!".

"...The beauty of all adventurous and daring persons,
The beauty of wood-boys and wood-men, with their clear unhurried
faces."

"...I sit by the restless all the dark night; some are so young,
Some suffer so much. I recall the experiences sweet and sad.
Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have crossed and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss—dwell on these bewildred lips."

"...One turns to me his appealing eyes—your boy, I never knew you.
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to the for you, if that
I would save you."

"Armed regiments arrive every day, pass through the city, and embark
from the wharves.
How good they look as they tramp down to the river, sweaty, with
their guns on their shoulders!
How I love them! How I could hug them! with their brown faces,
and their clothes and knapsacks covered with dust."

"Whenever you are, now I place my hand upon you, that you be my poet.
I whisper with my lips close to your ear,
I have loved many women and men—but I love none better than you."

"What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?
What with some driver, as I ride on the seat by his side?
What with some fisherman, drawing his seine by the shore, as I
walk by and pause?

"Are you the new person drawn toward me?...
Do you suppose you will find in me your ideal?
Do you think it so easy to have me become your lover?"

"I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing.
All alone it stood, and the moss hung down from its branches.
Without any companion it stood there, uttering joyous leaves of green.
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves, standing alone there.
Without its friend near: for I know I could not.
And it broke off a twig......and brought it away.....
Yet it remains—tome a curious token, it makes me think of mostly love.
For all that, and though the live-oak grows there in Louisiana,
solitary, in a wide, flat space,
"Ah, lover and perfect equal!  
I meant that you should discover me so by faint indications;  
And I, when I meet you, mean to discover you by the like in you."

"O you, to whom I often and silently come where you are, that I may be with you  
As I walk by your side, or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,  
Little you know the subtle electric fire that, for your sake, is playing within me!"

... I ascend, I float in the regions of your love, O man!  
O sharer of my roving life!

There are dozens of such passages in Whitman. They culminate in certain outspoken idyls of psychic and physical homosexuality: as the impassioned nocturne, "When I heard at the close of the day": the threnody "Vigil strange I kept on the field one night": in many lines of "The Song of the Open Road" — which ends with its manly, joyful acclaim of the comrade-lover "Camarade, I will give you my hand": in the retrospective "As I lay with my head in your lap, Camarade": and in the lines ending "Pamunok" that are like an orgasm—"O, Camarade, close! O you and me at last, and only!"

In numerous utterances Whitman, proclaims his socratic mission: admits the accusation of immorality that is cast at him; retorts with his intention to be frightened by no modern conventionalities; hints his recognition of the uranian nature of Christ; affirms the profound and antique concept of male love, which modern religions and ethics obscure. In the most solemnly, widely purposeful, as in the most lyrically personal Whitman, whom we meet throughout "Leaves of Grass", is to be heard a new voice, it with an accent classically old, in its philosophic message of conviction as to the purity, the naturalness of true uranian love and its high mission to the individual and toward nations.
By a coincidence, perhaps not quite unintentional, an American poet of the immediate day, W. E. Davenport, who follows the verse-structure (or no-structure) of Whitman, lately published in a leading New York magazine an heliconic vignette - “The Parting” - that might have been written by the youth-adoring Whitman himself. It seems to be an Italian reminiscence:

“After so much of art, pictures, statues, rich and towering churches, and nature's infinite splendid sights, my South-Italian mountain-tops—Acume, Saha, Aeri and Cisenna—

sticks in my mind one simple scene, of cheerful, fond intent—bedimming not the expense of many lines:

a tenderly old, a traveler, see of sights and observer of men and their ways.

By a group of youths at eve in the open street surrounded,

of these—they pleased looks, their manners, easy, free, full of cheerful resolve.

Their wit, brightness, mirth, courtesy, confidence, outstretched hands, with or without words.

And he, the elder, pleased just as much, easy and confident as they—

Toward dusk in the street, before the hotel, bidding good-bye;—

Saying only: “Good night, good-bye, we shall see each other again.”

American Verse of the Day. Several contemporary poets of the United States, older and younger, have interjected the accent of at least psychic uranianism in their verses, though none known to the present writer approach Whitman in loftiness, directness and clarity. Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia University, is the author of a long elegy, giving title to a volume, “The North-Shore Watch;” a retrospect and lament inspired by the death of a lad—a poem helenically passionate, and of superior poetic quality. Noticeable, passim, is also the poetry frequently tending to the sort of psychology here in question (though unequal in inspiration) by the Canadian-American, Bliss Carman.

Suggestive in Prose. In prose, as in verse, of American origin, the connection between the addresses of ardent and absorbing friendship and a stronger emotion is not one to be taken for granted, any more than in belles-lettres not in English. In Emerson's neo-grecian attitude to friendship, in his essays' and his poetry, there is no clear uranian suggestion. To read uranianism between even such Emersonian lines as those that say that only through the friend is the sky blue, the rose red, the fountains of hidden life fair, is not by warrant. The same reserve applies to numerous contemporaries, including many in minor letters. Here and there, however, in current American periodicals, occur tales or poems of at least a two-colored psychic suggestion. In the chapter on military uranianism, was mentioned a recent volume - “The Spirit of Old West-Point” a charming series of reminiscences of cadet-days, by General Morris Schaff. In certain sketches of the late H. C. Bumner something of the uranian strain occasionally echoes. An openly homosexual novellette, apparently unique in such an explicit category in America, came many years ago from a New York journalist - “A Marriage Below Zero,” signed with the pen-name “Alan Dale.” The story, not one of any artistic development, narrates (in the person of a neglected wife) her marriage with an uranian, apparently a passivist, who cannot shake off his sexual bondage to an older and coarse man, an officer. The story ends in the young husband's suicide in Paris, after an homosexual scandal has ostracised him.

In the charming “South-Sea Idyls” of Charles Warren Stoddard, a Californian writer and university-professor, occur episodes and suggestions of uranian complexion; though in case of a book so light-heartedly fantastic it is difficult to say where the personal and absolutely remissive are to be understood. Kama-Anna, Niga, Zebra, Joe, are eloquent as personalities. For example, can be cited here a fragment of the narration of one of the author's predictions — the beautiful lad Kama-Anna, to whom is devoted
the chapter "Glimpsing a Savage:

"... I knew I was to have an experience with this young son of a race of chiefs. Sure enough I have had it. He continued to regard me steadily, without embarrassment. He seated himself before me; I felt myself at the mercy of those questioning eyes. This sage inspired me—perhaps sixteen years of age. I saw a round, full, rather childlike face; lips rapt and expressive, not quite so sensual as those of most of his race; not a bad nose, by any means; eyes perfectly gleaming—regular almond— with the mythical "hades that sweeps," etc., etc. The smile which presently transfigured his face, was of the nature that flatters you into submission against your will.

"Having weighed me in his balance—and you may be sure his instincts didn't cheat him—they don't do that sort of thing—he placed his two hands on my knees and declared, "I was his best friend, as he was mine; I must come at once to his house, and there live, always, with him." What could I do but go?... This was our little plan—an entirely private arrangement between Kána Anu and myself. I was to leave, with the Doctor, in an hour; but at the expiration of a week, we should return hither; then I would stop with Kána Anu, and the Doctor would go his ways.

"There was an immense amount of secrecy and many vows, and I was almost crying, when the Doctor hurried me up that terrible precipice, and we lost sight of the beautiful valley. Kána Anu swore he would watch continually for my return, and I vowed I'd hurry back, and so we parted. Looking down from the heights, I thought I could distinguish his white garment; at any rate, I knew the little fellow was somewhere about, feeling as miserably as I felt—and nobody has any business to feel worse. How many times I thought of him through that week! I was always wondering if he still thought of me. I had found those natives to be impulsive, demonstrative, and I feared constant. Yet why should he forget me—having so little to remember in his idle life, while I could still think of him, and put aside a hundred pleasant memories for his sake? I often wondered if I should ever again behold such a series of valleys, hills, and highlands, in so small a compass. That land is a world in miniature, the dearest spot of which to me was that secluded valley, for there was a young soul watching for my return."

"That was rather a slow week for me; but it ended finally. And just at sunset, on the day appointed, the Doctor and I found ourselves back on the edge of the valley... I heard the approach of a swift horseman; I turned, and at that moment there was a collision of two constitutions that were just fitted for another; and all the doubts and apprehensions of the week just over were dismissed; for Kána Anu and I were one and insepable—which was perfectly satisfactory to both parties."

"The plot which had been thickening all the week, culminated then, much to the disgust of the Doctor, who had kept his watchful eye upon me all three days—to my advantage, as he supposed. There was no disguising the project any longer; so I came out with it, as mildly as possible—"There was a dear fellow here," I said, "who loved me, and wanted me to live with him. Also all his people wanted me to stop—his mother and his grandmother had especially desired it... I needed rest; his mother and his grandmother assured me that I needed rest. Now, why not let me rest here awhile?"

The Doctor looked very grave. He tried to talk me over to the paths of virtue and propriety; but I wouldn't be talked over... The Doctor never spoke again but to abuse me; and off he rode, in high dudgeon, and the sun kept going down on his wrath. I resolved to be a barbarian, and perhaps to dwell forever and ever in this secluded spot.

"Over the sand we went, and through the river to Kána Anu's hut, where I was taken in, fed and put in every possible way; and finally put to bed, where Kána Anu monopolized me—growling in true savage fashion if anyone came near me. I didn't sleep much after all. I think I must have been excited. I thought how strangely I was situated—alone, in a wilderness, among barbarians; my bosom-friend, who was hugging me like a young bear, not able to speak one syllable of English, and I very shaky on a few bad phrases in his tongue. We two lay upon an enormous, old-fashioned bed with high posts—very high they seemed to me in the dim rush light. The natives always burn a small light after dark; some superstition or other prompts it. The bed, well stuffed with pillows or cushions, of various sizes, covered with bright-colored blankets, was hung about with numerous shawls, so that I might be doubly muffled behind them... I found our choicest flowers and flowers in the morning—oh, that bed! It might have come from England, in the Elizabethan era, and have been wrecked off the coast—hence the mystery of its presence. It was big enough for a Mormon."

"There was a little opening in the roof, opposite our bed; you might call it a window. I suppose. The sun shining through it, made our tent of shawls perfectly gorgeous in crimson light, barred and starred with gold. I lifted our half-curtain and uncurtained..."
through this window—the shining rocks, with the sea leaping above them in the sun.... I wondered what more I could ask for to delight my eye. Kâma-ânâ was still asleep, but he never let loose his hold on me, as though he feared his pale-faced friend would fade away from him. He lay close beside me. His sleek, figure, supple and graceful in repose, was the embodiment of free, untrammeled youth.... I dropped off into one of those delicious morning naps. I awoke, again presently; my companion—arms was the occasion, this time. He had awakened, stolen softly away, resumed his single garment—sahd garment, and all others, he considered superfluous after dark—and had prepared for me, with his own hands, a breakfast; which he now declared to me, in violent and suggestive pantomime, was all ready to be eaten....

"If it is a question how long a man can withstand the seductions of nature, and the consolations and conveniences of the state of nature, I had solved it in one case; for I was as natural as possible, in about three days."

The relation between Kâma-ânâ and the narrator ends in the death of the lad, after the latter has visited America with his friend, and has returned to his island, but not to happiness: his young spirit out of place by his experiences in civilization, miserable without his friend, and ever pining away, until he is drowned in the sea—by accident or intention. The sketch ends:

"I can see you, my beloved, sleeping naked, in the twilight of the west. The wind kiss your pure and fragrant lips. The sensuous waves invite you to their embrace. Earth offers you her varied store. Portake of the offering and be satisfied. Return, O true soul, to your first and natural joys; they were given you by the Divine hand that can do no ill.... Dear concord, pardon and absolve your spiritual adviser for seeking to remould so delicate a soul as yours; and though neither prophet nor priest, I yet give you the kiss of peace at parting. and the benediction of unceasing love."

In Italian fiction (notably a crudely physical sketch, of slight literary quality, by Giorgio Cattanei, entitled "Ermafroditto," in that writer's "Tarpi Amori") are contributions to the topic that are more or less explicit. In Italian verse we have also the promptings of that uranusian muse, who is nevertheless not Urania.

In Scandinavian literature of the day names of several writers of greater or lesser note suggest themselves—including some of the Strindberg school. The pederastic homosexuality of that charming fabulist and mystic, Hans Christian Andersen was recently the subject of a close and affirming German study.

As one acquaints himself with the personalities of many a distinctly uranusian man of letters, and realizes the unrest, the solitude, the disappointments, the agonies of soul which have entered into lives, if not always into printed pages, he realizes the truth of a sonnet by a French uranusian already cited, Jacques Adelward-Fersen:

"Vous qui lisez nos vers en chair de votre âme
Et fouillez nos œuvres avec un doigt distrait,
C'est nous, les inconnus, qui sortant nos secrets,
Essouflez le sang battre aux veines de nos temps.

Nous qui, l'esprit tranquille et les sens aguises,
Demandez à nos œuvres l'âme divine,
Et sans votre douleur vous n'aurez que l'âme divine
Les agonies du Rêve et l'espoir éteint.

O vous, qui fehlcemment, désirez la torture
Et dépechez à vif nos envois amoureux,
Qui cherchez dans un livre l'éphémère toujours
En oublissant nos nom, nos vues et nos blessures,

Posez à vos instants de sauvages douleurs
Un enchaînement en un désespoir lointain.
Et pour que votre esprit trouve notre âme exquise,
A ce qu'en de vos vers doit contenir de pleurs? (1)

(1) In making the foregoing references to belles-lettres that in colouring are more or less intimate to the topic of this book, its author is well aware of how incomplete and arbitrary they may seem. Many names and titles inevitably must be absent that are of much interest and importance. The reader in fact is asked to accept what is offered as only a small contribution to a suitably general survey. Especially from the field of essays, philological studies and so on, there has been no room here, at the date when these pages go to
Similosexuals
in Distinctively
Aesthetic Professions and
Environments:
Painting, Sculpture, Music, etc.

As has been said here, the Uranian meets us in no other career and life so
plainly and so often as in the directly aesthetic atmosphere. He turns toward the
fine arts even more spontaneously and successfully than to letters; for literature requires a far firmer
intellectuality than is demanded in painting, sculpture or music. Indeed, the Intersexual, though a long way
from being (in the scornful phrase of the of the philistine)
"good for nothing else" except art, seems often to us
not as good for anything else. He is aesthetically receptive, because of his natural predilection for what is concretely beautiful. He is productive in them because the finer uranian nature inclines to produce and to diffuse, even subconsciously, what is beautiful. Again, in creating out of marble or on canvas the beauty of the male physique, the uranian utters his sexual creed. Generally he cannot
publish it to the world any more plainly, and not more sympathetically. He turns to his chisel, to his palette, to his score, to his pianoforte, as a refuge. His physique is often
adapted to only such a life. The relative unintellectuality and emotionality of several of the arts are consonant with his type, be what inspires him valuable or trivial, a jewel or paste.

Aesthetic Careers and Environments as a Refuge for Uranians.

Fortunate is that aesthetic homosexual who can really live a life of art, profession-
ally and completely. A thousand traits

press to include several recent allusions of value. For a single English instance a special word is due to Mr. Edward Carpenter's new little volume, "The Intermediate Sex: A Study of Some Transitional Types of Men and Women" (London, Swan Sonnenchein & Co., Manchester, S. Clarke & Co.) The essayistic and autobiographic work of the distinguished English social philosopher cannot mark him as a pioneer in the path of British enlightenment on phallicene questions. "The Intermediate Sex" is a study that all thoughtful Anglies should take pains to read.

of his type are accepted in such a situation as being intelligible, interesting, appropriate, excusable, even laudable; in many cases as matters of course; all of which, were he not of a distinctively artist-profession, would be remarked, questioned, satirized, or suspected of being "vicious." Uranian effeminacies and degeneracies are passed lightly by, as being mere artistic "eccentricities." Hazy scandals are smiled at, if not too frequent. Even scandals not hazy are dismissed by the public in amiable indifference, as part of the aesthetic privilege. "Artist are all such children — sometimes such naughty children!" — "Oh these
musical people! — these painting people! — these sculptors! They are not like the rest of us! They really must not be judged like common mortals!" Such tolerant dicta are
not misapplied to similosexuals in art-life: for, we may repeat it, the uranian in much is the Eternal Child.

Not only does absorption in the arts hide the homosexual nature from friends and from the public, not only do necessities of this or that branch of aesthetic work screen the sexual interests in the male, on the part of the homosexual man. They do more. When the homosexual is not clear as to his own nature, and cannot reconcile with his moral conscience or religious training — his intense sensitiveness to masculine beauty, cannot ana-
lize the dominance of the male over his emotions, then his professional art can obstruct his growing wiser as to himself — whether to his advantage or to his loss. For many intersexual men, art is a sort of psychic outlet, not necessarily enlightening. A surging idealism, whole currents of phallicene sexuality, spend themselves in the studio and concert. The very body is sometimes thy no means always "kept down" by a kindlier régime than that of a cloister — by enthusiastic art-work.

Good morals have no necessary relations to aesthetic meaning. To meaneth the very beautiful does not mean that
the producer is very good. We discover, in studying the aesthetic uranian, that repulsive, effeminate, grossly sensual, despicable men have demonstrated superbly their superbly artistic natures. In this, the uranian presents a contrast to simulsexuals in the military, intellectual, and otherwise robust life. Still, the Dionysian chronicler of art is far longer in the same unsatisfactory tenor. The biography of art is convincing proof that art does not per se emulate, does not refine, does not strengthen, does not ethically uplift the moral or intellectual man; a vast amount of sentimental theorizing to the contrary.

Painters and Sculptors in Ancient Greece and Italy, and in Modern Epochs. It is easy to see why many painters and sculptors have been simulsexuals. They turn to it instinctively, in admiration of male forms. Such are made in the studio by prescription. The delight in reproducing them is perennial to artists. Joy in their study is part of the homosexual's sense of the superiority of masculine beauty to femininity. Often the comic model becomes the beloved.

We need not wonder at tales of the uranistic passions of classical Greek and Roman sculptors, during the far-away epochs of Hellas. As sculpture advanced in idealism, and as a preferential sense of the beauty of a youth intensified, as Greek social culture, Greek athleticism, the Greek religion (with the very gods as homosexualists and pederastics) progressed, also developed philandering. So was it in Rome. The Renaissance brought into the studio of marble-carver or painter, at the potency of the uranian impulses, all the plastic beauty of the naked male. In Italy especially, the Renaissance art took pederastic tinges; and a beautiful, budding youth became even more sensitively admired and desired than a virile young man. In vain did Savonarola cry out against pederasty, solony in Florence; a city notably homosexual in its proletariat to-day.

Michelangio. We have seen that Michelangio's best verses were inspired by homosexual and pederastic-uranistic love. In his social and artistic life and career, Buonarroti never interested clearly by a woman sexually. He was incapable psychically of such desire. But one or another young man was continually and successively taking the place of such "normal love" in the soul of the great sculptor and painter and architect. A pederastic emotion of the sort was his feeling for a beautiful boy of seventeen named Cecchino dei Bracchi. Cecchino was already the beloved of another noble Florentine, Luigi dei Ricci, of Buonarroti's social circle. But there was no rivalry between Michelangio and Ricci. One letter from Michelangio to Ricci, a complimenting an ardent madrigal to Cecchino by the poet-sculptor. Michel Angelo tells Ricci could be "thrown into the fire that is to say into that thing which consumes me." At the same time, Buonarroti recounts a strange dream of young Cecchino which has come to him. When Cecchino died suddenly, Buonarroti wrote a set of elegiac quatrains to his memory. (A sonnet penned after this grief is often cited.) The sentiment in Buonarroti for his handmaide friend Tommaso Cavalieri, is recorded in several other Sonnets, including that which terminates with a play on the Italian word for "Knight"; a declaration that the writer "abides the captive of an armed knight." The charm of this intimacy with Cavalieri becomes more definite by their correspondence. Unfortunately representatives of the Buonarroti family have thought proper to suppress many of these letters, along with others; because of their homosexual tinge. Also uranistic was Michelangio's passion for Febo di Paggi, to whom he wrote many eloquent love-letters. Buonarroti never married. His sexual insensibility to woman influenced his want of artistic expressiveness as to the female figure and the female face. Buonarroti's feminine types are amazonian, androgynous beings, more like athletes than women, in their heavy contours. In one sonnet numbered usually
as "LIII". Buonarroti deprecates the love of man for a woman, as compared with man's love for a male. It is not to be forgotten that Michelangiolo's poetry and correspondence, especially in the English translations, has long been edited and adapted, by timorous Anglo-Saxons, so as to give the reader the impression that their passion was ever inspired by feminine loves. This dexterous travesty has only lately been discontinued. There are now faithful English versions obtainable, especially that superior one by J. A. Symonds. Symonds particularly clears away the old idea (on which have been written volumes of mis-statements) that Buonarroti's admiration and friendship with that elderly, learned lady, Vittoria Colonna, was of a warmer hue; and that some of Buonarroti's sonnets were addressed to her instead of to masculine objects. The sentiment from Buonarroti to the gifted Vittoria was unsexual—intellectual. The sculptor who carved the Young David, or the Torso in the Accademia in Florence, the famous Christ of the Santa Maria in Minerva at Rome, or he who painted the robustly naked males crowding the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, could not conceive of a Venus on canvas or in marble worthy of his immortality!

Other types. Buonarroti was not alone in his epoch in Italy as uranistic in nature. Raphael was a dionysian-uranian, turning psychically now to the male, now the female. Bazzi the Sienese, one of the most individualized of all the Renaissance painters, derived his nickname, "Sodoma," and sanctioned its use in public—at Siena—from his tastes and practices; being withal a superior and respected man, in spite of his eccentric life. Correggio, Bronzino, and Guercino were uranistic. Benvenuto Cellini, in his famous "Autobiography," gives us many hints at his pederastic homosexuality: such as the episode of Cellini's sudden flight to Venice when accused of sodomy with his handsome studio-aid, Cencio; later, his being flatly taxed with the habit, by a spiteful rival, in presence of the Pope; and the fact that Cellini was imprisoned on direct charges of the sort, by a cabal, in 1556.

Jérôme Duquesnoy. One of the renowned sculptors in the Seventeenth Century, the Flemish Jérôme Duquesnoy, was not only homosexual but came to his tragic death by a pederastic charge. Jérôme's great brother François (commonly mentioned in Flemish art as "Le Flameng," or "Le Flamand") has somewhat overshadowed Jérôme in fame, but was of no finer talent. In fact in Flemish art, Jérôme Duquesnoy is without superior. He lived and studied in Rome, at the same time that his brother François, with Antony Van Dyck and many other brilliant young artists of the North were students in Italy. Jérôme and François were not harmonious in temperaments, and their quarrels have led biographers even to accuse Jérôme of having tried to poison François—a groundless charge. Some time earlier, Van Dyck also had come to Rome, to reside for a time. The two brothers Duquesnoy awhile were wholly separated; though Van Dyck maintained a close intimacy with both. In fact, Italian pederasty was strongly influential on the Northern colony in Rome at this time—as ever; for not only Jérôme Duquesnoy but François and Van Dyck became sensibly affected by its aesthetic elements. Jérôme Duquesnoy left Italy and went to Spain for a time, and after halts in Italian and French cities, he set out for Flanders along with his brother, who died suddenly at Leghorn. A brilliant professional career in Flanders began for the sculptor, once back in his own land. He executed commissions for the most important art-patronage of Belgium, and became official Court-sculptor. He went to Ghent, to complete the magnificent tomb of the Bishop of St. Bavon. In Ghent, ruin overtook the unfortunate Uranian. He was accused of sodomy with two young lads, acolytes of St. Bavon's Church.
who had been his models. He was condemned. Every effort to save his life was frustrated, because of vehement clerical hostility. His magnificent private collections were confiscated; and he was strangled and burned in September, 1654.

The accent of simile-sexualism, not distinctly of pederasty, attaches to Van Dyck, that most “cavalier” of portraitists, whose sense of physical beauty and distinction in both men and women was so fine. Van Dyck’s psychos seems to have been diabolic-uranian, in many aesthetic aspects. There is a strain of uraniam in the personality and work of Raphael Mengs (1728-1779) the one much-admired painter—intimate friend of the archeologist Winckelmann: although Mengs was considerably “a married man” in his attitude toward domestic and social life. Anecdotes more amusing than edifying are in key with Mengs’s bisexuality.

It is not in the province of this study to catalogue contemporary painters and sculptures to be counted as uranistic; now in one degree and phase, now another. The studios of London, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Rome, Naples, New York and anywhere else acquaint one with names of homosexual artists of the first importance in art of today. The list is not limited to the less practical of aesthetic arts. Architecture, that almost uniquely virile and intellectual of aesthetic professions; designing applied in commercial connections; the finer industries, where the intimate sense of the beautiful has essentially a large part—these callings offer the practical uranian abundant fields for his gifts.

Music and Drama. Reviewing all artistic tempers and and Uranianism—esthetic classes, we find that music and the dramatic stage present the greatest amount of uraniotics. Singers, players, composers, amateurs “passionately fond of music”, actors of all ranks—they seem generically homosexual. A rude saying among the observers of uranism is: “Show me a Jew and you show me an—Uranian.” A like statement might run “Show me a musician and show me a homosexual.” Doubtless music is preeminently the Uranian’s art. His emotional nature goes out to it and in it, as in no other. This occurs though his understanding of music as an art may be most limited.

The Neurotic. Not superficially is music among finer Nature of Music. aesthetics; it is the most neurotic, the the most “essential”, the most subtly nerve-disturbing of arts. Music, as a mystery in aesthetics, unites logically with uraniamism as a deep problem in psychology. Precisely what music “says”, when we think it “says” something, has such or such a “message” to us, we really do not in the least know. The dog who howls during a symphony or a waltz, in what we call his canine “nervousness” perhaps understands music far better than the greatest composer that has ever lived. The more complex music has become, the less appears its beneficence; originally doubtful. The neurotic character of music reaches its contemporary height in Wagner and Richard Strauss. Nerve-exiting songs are the scores of many other operatic giants, none have quite so concrete an action on the nervous system.
affecting both musical and unmusical auditors. Here clearly cultivated tastes or quite the contrary are in question. Hence the popularity of Wagner, himself a homosexual nature, and of Richard Strauss. If we turn from the formalized neurasthenism of such great composers we may say that no music seems as directly sexual as the Magyar; wonderfully beautiful in its rhythms, melodies and harmonies. And the Magyar is a distinctively sexual racial type.

Music an Eternal Idea. It can be theorized further, that music has an articulate significance, seemingly dangerous. Is it not possibly a language, the broken diction of intense existences, of which we catch occasional accents? — a speech which if — or because? — misunderstood cannot be for the good of mankind? Is the infinitely musical-loving, music-making, intersexual Uranian merely a sort of creature from another sphere? — still in touch with it? — an “Overman”, an “Over-Soul”? — one ever sharply sensitive to the language of his early Somewhere Else, and alert to the chief medium for its communications, however little he or we may now understand it?

Composers present homosexual types; during either all their lives, or portion of them. The supreme secret of the noble-natured and moral Beethoven seems to have been an idealized homosexuality. In Beethoven’s sad latest days, can be traced a real passion for that unworthy nephew Carl; who, it is said, once sought to export money from Beethoven, on threats to disclose an homosexual relationship! Beethoven’s beautiful sonata, Opus 111, in often called among German and Austrian Uranians, “The Uranian Sonata”, from some legendary “in-reading” of the work. The death of the brilliant and unhappy Russian composer Tchaikovsky has been affirmed (if denied with equal conviction) as a suicide, not a sudden illness, in consequence of terror of a scandal that hung over him — a relative being spoken of as the per-

scenator. Some homosexual hearers of Tchaikovsky’s last (and most elegiac) symphony, known as the “Pathetic” claim to find in it such revelations of a sentimential-sexual kind that they have nicknamed the work the “Pathetic” Symphony. Brahms and the colossal Bruckner have been characterized as “the ultimate voices in a homosexual message by symphonic music”; even if one sub-consciously uttered.

Considerations of Music and Sexualism. Gustav Naumann lately has written a brochure on the theory that art is living, interesting and alluring solely because of its sexual power and sexual quality; solely because of direct working on the sexual instincts of men and women. This influence may exist, even when they are not aware of it, by inseparably sensuo-sexual aspects of the artistic product or performance which they admire. Naumann lays stress on modern dramatic music (especially Wagner’s) as “disturbing” our natural sexual harmony and wholesome repose of being; as acting on it unfavourably and excitingly. He claims that chaster and more classic forms of music have a tranquilizing operation; are in better sexual accord with the healthful man. The argument is interesting certainly. Most, if not all all, music seems indissolubly connected with the nervous-generative systems, in men and beasts. If some finer, forms, styles and schools of it do not seem at all sexu-nervously irritant they are those that are paledly elementary, or to which humanity is now accustomed —- much as it grows wanted to doubtful airs, evil waters or harmful chemical beverages. Unless in simple, familiar ambients, our contemporary human race does not receive music in sexual calm. A pastoral melody on a flute, a ballad on a mandolin may soothe us, as we think; so minute is the unwholesome effect on us. As music’s dramatic force and complexity thicken, we ourselves are much as beasts whose nerves quiver when a pianoforte is played, or when a sonorous is march sounded on a military band.
Wagner's music-drama can be directly an agent of seduction; of loss of sexual control and self-poise. A noted European physician, a didymian-uranian, once told the writer that a performance of "Tristan and Isolde" was always sufficient to excite him sexually, and that he knew many individuals on whom Wagner acted as an aphrodisiac. A distinguished French student of psychiatries has stated that the Bayreuth Wagner Festivals represent a kind of homosexual forcing-house. This topic has been treated by the philosophic art-writer Kuffert. Wagner himself, with adroit audacity, chose a covertly homosexual subject for his ripest and most sensuous music-drama, "Parsifal". A fine study of this matter has been written by the well-known American critic, James O. Huneker, in an American periodical, in course of a "Parsifal" analysis, Unfortunately not printed entire in the author's studies as collected in book form.

The Aesthetic

Usually a "Philosophic/Gate" in the graphic arts, in sculpture, in music or what else, is more likely to maintain many ideals, to be sexually "consistent with himself", to achieve union with superior types, than is the aesthetic. However well-born, well-bred, educated, and whatever his own personal, intellectual or social grade, the Uranian us we have seen, when wishing nothing of "the gentleman", when he seeks sexual satisfactions. Nevertheless, a sensitive artist sometimes select a clumsy, able-bodied workman, or a common soldier, rather than more refined types. The law of physical and psychic completion makes this logical. Walt Whitman alludes to such a relish for "powerful, under-educated persons"—an inconsistent selection unless we analyze its psychology of complements.

Composition is a relatively intellectual phase of musicality. But if we descend to lower uranistic musical levels, the proportion of musical artists, vocal or instrumen-