A Defence of Uranian Love

by

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PART THE FIRST

THE BOY-LOVER

1928

NOTE

A DEFENCE OF
URANIAN LOVE
consists of

The Preface.
Part the First. The Boy-Lover.
Part the Second. The Uranian Eros.
Part the Third. The Heavenly Wisdom.
The Conclusion.

I fill thee with a secret yet untold,
a brother's secret, and a father's might.
Deliver it on peril of thy pride;
preserve it on the honour of thy faith.

Raile. *The Wild Rose.*

ὦ φθέγμα ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ πέμψας
χρόνιός τε φανείς,
οὐκ ἀπιθήσω τοῖς σοῖς μύθοις.

Sophocles, *Philoctetes* 1445.

δέδοικα μή τι πὰρ θεοῖς
ἁμπλακὼν τιμὰν πρὸς ἀνθρώπων ἀμείψω.

Ibycus.

PART THE FIRST.

The Boy-Lover.

ὡς αἰεὶ τὸν ὁμοῖον ἄγει θεὸς ὡς τὸν ὁμοῖον
Homer *ρ.* 218

Love from Heaven, let my word,—
Let my memory and my creed
be not as an image blurred,
but thy very act and deed.
Raile. *The Wild Rose.*

CONTENT

PREFACE

THIS work is sciolistic. The quotations from the Bible and from classical authors have often been caught up unchecked by comparison with other passages. There has been, and there could be, no adequate foundation of study.

The book was, indeed, to have been written (on different lines) by another. When he gave it up, the task fell to the writer, who was unprepared, middle-aged, preoccupied with practical matters, and an ignoramus in philosophy. He expects correction by the learned.

There is, he hopes, nothing new in the matter: the combination of truths already known may be found novel.

This combination, however, is in the Second Part defective. The chapters are loose blocks, not built into a single whole. There is here no intelligible march of argument. The reader will wonder where he is,

and why he is led into bypaths. At most, it may be hoped that these will give reality to the ground traversed by the main contention and will set it in the scenery of human life.

There is a difference of theory (as also a great difference of date) between the First Part and the Second Part.

The First Part ends with the Philosophical Eros, who controls the personal Eros. The Second Part suppresses neither but subordinates both to the wider dominance of the Uranian Eros, now full-grown.

The Third Part retains the hierarchy and recants nothing; but it admits discoveries by which Christians have enlarged the idea and the province of Love.

The Uranian Eros should include the Heavenly Wisdom—so far as he may without losing his character and forfeiting his supremacy.

I

THE INTENTION OF THE FIRST PART

IF a theory of love is to satisfy man, its feet must be planted on the earth and its head raised toward the sky; in other words it must include both his bodily and his spiritual nature. If it is true only to the latter, it is unsubstantial; if true only to his fleshly instincts, it is condemned by his self-respect.

The theory of love for women which is now accepted satisfies these two conditions. It appeals to his higher nature and admits the lower. Hence marriage is held to be the proper and only sanction and safeguard of love.

But what is not recognised is that the same appeal to the higher and lower may be made on behalf of the love of boys,—that it too has its spiritual and corporal satisfaction and justification.

Further, it is not understood that the current theory in its excesses tends to the subversion

of order by exalting woman beyond her due, and, with woman, the qualities characteristic of woman, so that the masculine ideal is subjected or driven into revolt.

The following account of a boy-lover and of his experiences is intended to state the case for such love and to show how it may lead to acceptance of orderly and masculine principles. It extends to the genesis of a Philosophical Eros, but does not cover the whole ground of Uranian doctrine and of the Heavenly, or Christian, wisdom.

The method followed is the establishment of one case from which inferences may be drawn to like natures. A more general consideration of Greek and Christian morals is necessary, if we would assign to this love its proper standing among human motives.

II

THE RISE OF LOVE

LOVE can arise in many ways. It springs perhaps always from sexual desire. But, as its manifestations, for instance, the Divine Love, cannot always be traced indisputably to that origin, so, even when developments force us to recognise the connection, the initial stages may be unaware of sex. Its ideality may be established in advance, its carnality later. Let us take a case of this sort, and, as physicists conduct an experiment in vacuo, let us isolate a case of love, as much as may be, from the bodily conditions of its existence.

To do so, we must consider a youth brought up mostly at home, or otherwise separated from the common knowledge which obtains in schools and which speedily reduces the spiritual to its correspondent physical terms. Quite ignorant of sexual feeling our boy will not be, and he may not be so healthy, or, as the phrase

is, clean-minded, as the school-boys who have let light into the dark places of the imagination; but he will be fresh to the touch of warm feeling, not callous and commonplace. Such love as he has known may have been wholly religious. We are tracing the formation of a lover; and we may well assume that his religious love has been intense. The spiritual and carnal loves are in their nature neither dissociated nor antagonistic. They become antagonistic as strong feelings, any one of which may claim the whole man, become antagonistic, but not otherwise. Our youth understands love only in one sense, warm personal affection, elicited by God, or by his fellow, or by woman. He makes no distinction of kinds of love, and, whatever he may know of erotic relations, he dreams for himself, during the years immediately to come, only the exchanges of sympathy. He finds them most readily in the love of God, of whose return for his affection he is more sure than of his affection itself. His doubt is an indication of the genuineness of his nature. He already feels himself capable of a passion which will not be satisfied with the distant, or which will satisfy itself with the distant only at a great expense of imagination. He does not belittle

love. It will not suffice him, if it is cold. He measures it by warmth, by its complete possession of himself. Hence he thinks that he does not love God as he should, and yet that he can find no satisfaction save in love, nor perfect the satisfaction save in the love of God, who alone is perfect.[1] There is some gradual revelation within him that love, as he conceives it, is not for precisely such a being as the Christian conceives God to be. The discipline, abstinence, and suffering of religion do not daunt him, if they will direct love thither where it will find its fullest expansion; but the little he knows of human love makes him doubt whether God is just to it. Predisposed to idealise every connexion of the sexes by the addition of his own sentiment, it puzzles him that all extra-marital union must be base, and marital union a thing hardly to be mentioned. The remarks made by people of ordinary worldly common sense do not tally with his spiritual ideas.

Love, to such people, is less holy in the concrete,

[1] Thomas a Kempis. *De Imitatione Christi.* III, 5.
Quia amor ex Deo natus est:
Nec potest nisi in Deo super omnia creata quiescere . . .
Amans . . . in uno summo super omnia quiescit:
Ex quo omne bonum fluit et procedit.

since they admit notions of indecency which appear to him excluded by love, less authoritative in the abstract, since they admit marriages which are not the effect of a prevailing passion. Emotion does not rank with them as it does in his own heart. He appears to himself, with all his incipient religious dissatisfactions, the truer worshipper, and his dissatisfactions are evidences of his worship. He doubts alternately whether others love God and whether he loves God, since he finds that the love which the others have of God is not their controlling motive, and that his love, whether of God, or of his fellow, removes him from the absolute control of God. His physical nature is unquiet; but his unquietness, condemned "by the Bible," is symptomatic of the emotion approved and exalted by the Bible, which quiet people seem to him not to possess. He is ready for ecstasies, and treads lightly on the earth. But he foresees dimly that his love, once developed, will weight him and bring him down to the earth. He is not, before all things, a lover without possessing a sense of beauty. If he can see visions through the incense, he can also see the visible world. If he can behold God drawn down from heaven into the sacrament, beautiful things are, if not more, at least

symbols of the divine beauty. He is inconsolable, if told that the Venus of Milo will not be in Heaven, and believes that he will be defrauded, if he does not find her there. As he has not distinguished the sensual from the spiritual love, nor beauty from spirituality, the decoration of a church or of a chasuble may be no less profane than light music, and the cut of modern clothes may savour of blasphemy against the work of the creator. He is ever waiting for the divine manifestation, and detects it by the emotion which he feels, emotion which may at one time be occasioned by a landscape, at another, by altar lights. He is already prostituted to the ideal, which he thinks he has no right to refuse. He receives the angelic visitations with the words of Mary: "Be it unto me according to thy word."[1] Like her, he will not dissociate his body from his soul. But oh! to be sure that it is an angel indeed, and not Satan transformed into an angel of light! for who in ignorance would have the right to disobey Satan thus appearing? To such a boy the word "pure" is not convincing. He has known so many pure who are not warm and loving, so many correct who are superficial. Superficial is his word of damnation: may not the right be wrong, and the wrong right? as

[1] Luke I. 38.

the first are last, and the last first. At all events friendship, the appeal of the soul, has clear and indefeasible claims, claims which hold even when the friend is misguided.

In this state of troubled aspiration and emotion he meets an older lad who appears to him to have the beauty of a Greek statue, and a solidity and stability which he misses in himself. To the elder and less imaginative boy all doubts are clear, all facts are evident. He is admired, he is happy, and his words have the ring of right decision for all his followers—his schoolmates and playmates. To love such is at once natural and right; and, on football field or in swimming bath, he discovers that his love is sensual. The other does not know the fact, or dissembles his knowledge: the younger cannot make it known; but hereby the seeds of antagonism to tradition, antagonism matured by the tradition itself, are sown in him. His love, which was, he thought, his highest quality, is connected of a sudden with what he had been told was his lowest. His ideal love, his worship, his imaginative devotion is, he now sees, capable of becoming more real than he can imagine. The fact that he has little acquaintance with the elder lad and reverences him from afar brings the younger into more ab-

ject submission; unnoticed, he is humbled. He is, as we know, and as he does not know, a boy-lover in the growing. He knows only that the door-way of the house where his acquaintance lives seems to frown, and that a nameless distinction is connected even with his straw-hat hung on a peg, or his tie laid across the back of a chair. He should know, if he does not, that he is at the mercy of the elder, and that all principles and faith would fail before his will. He will not know till long afterward that, if the elder had not lacked the will, or been restrained by conscience, his own development on lines of manhood was assured from the start. But, unnoticed, he is thrown back on himself; and from ecstasy proceeds agony.

He has discovered that the body has its share in love; that warm affection, growing warmer, becomes sensual; that intensity of love is passion. He has passed, by the most natural way, from the highest to the most earthly, without prevision of his course. He had no idea that such a passage was possible, save in love for woman. To him male and female were indifferent, though he expected some miracle in the case of the female. His love knew nothing of sex. It hardly knows it now. If you told him that what

he now feels is only a part of what he will feel, when grown, for a woman, he would accept your statement, but would ask whether to quit one love for another on the ground of sex is not unfaithfulness to love. Are you going to base the spiritual on sexual differences?[1] He had rather be sublimely unsatisfied, but constant. The love you recommend does not seem to him base, but base the assumption that it alone can be love. Here would be a denial of the spiritual—of the spiritual which only can justify the sensual. Later perhaps he will discover that it is the sensual which justifies him, that he by nature is Uranian, and cannot love save as Uranian. But at the moment all that he knows is that he has discovered love–real love –to be of the body as well as of the soul. In the sincerest, clearest-hearted way, he has reached the doctrine that love is one, and can be elicited by his own sex. He cannot deny it to be good, since it is love. Time goes by, and the case is argued over and over again; but the only new argument which he will ever need is that no new miracle is ever wrought in him

[1] Plutarch, Eroticus. 752. B. "ὦ Ἡράκλεις", ἔφη, "τῆς εὐχερείας καὶ θρασύτητος· ἀνθρώπους, ὁμολογοῦντας ὥσπερ οἱ κύνες ἐκ τῶν μορίων συνηρτῆσθαι, πρὸς τὸ θῆλυ μεθιστάναι καὶ μετοικίζειν τὸν θεὸν κ.τ.λ."

by feminine hands, and that the old wonder continues natural. His growth does not make it puerile; his study of beauty does not make it ugly; his knowledge of life does not turn it into vice; his reading justifies him; he needs but fruition to possess conviction.[1]

We have supposed our lover to be disregarded

[1] This is the history of some affections, but it is not the history of Uranian affections only. Richard Crashaw's *Ode prefixed to a little prayer book* ends with these words:

> "She shall discover
> What joy, what blisse,
> How many heav'ns at once it is
> To have her God become her lover."

The passionate phrases used in this poem recur in the *Hymn to the Name and Honour of the admirable Saint Teresa* and in the *Flaming Heart*, the latter "upon the book and picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa as she is usually expressed with a Seraphim beside her." This representation is poetically given in the *Hymn*:

> Thou art love's Victim and must dye
> A death more mystical and high.
> Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
> A still-surviving funerall.
> His is the dart must make the death
> Whose stroake shall taste thy hallowed breath;
> A dart thrice dipt in that rich flame
> Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
> Upon the roofe of Heaven where ay
> It shines . . . .

See page 12.

by his older acquaintance, and we are at liberty to suppose him for many years nursing or combating a passion reproved by the many, but not, so far as he can understand, less holy than marital love. He may, indeed, find it more holy. He

> So rare
> So spirituall pure and faire
> Must be the immortal instrument
> Upon whose choice point shall be sent
> A life so lov'd; and that there be
> Fit executioners for thee,
> The fair'st and first-borne sons of fire
> Blest Seraphims, shall leave their quire,
> And turn Love's souldiers, upon thee
> To exercise their archerie.

Bernini was a younger contemporary of Crashaw, and it is significant that his masterly representation of this subject in Santa Maria della Vittoria in Rome shocks believers because it appears suited, in the abandonment of the saint and the smile of the angel, to the expression of carnal fruition,—like the subsequent words of Crashaw in the *Hymn* quoted above.

The moral appears to be that you cannot keep love indisputably pure unless you limit its intensity, and that this applies to spiritual as well as to human love.

But, on the other hand, if you limit intensity, you may be held to limit love.

This was the boy-lover's predicament.

Crashaw wrote the *Hymn* "while yet among the Protestants" and did not visit Rome till he had become a Roman Catholic, so that he could not have seen Bernini's group before writing the *Hymn*. He knew the subject as "usually expressed."

may be unable to think how you should love any but the most perfect human creature, and, by an intellectual bent, he may be turned to the male, rather than to the female, or inversely, as we shall see, a congenital love of the male may have brought him into closer relation with the things of the mind. For the present, whatever is lacking in social sanction or in sexual satisfaction makes allegiance more meritorious. He finds a romantic reason in the fact that such love is not the most natural. Adherence to it would be a triumph. The theory of discipline that he has learnt from Christianity preaches resistance to nature and conquest of nature. Led by the higher, he would resign the lower, had he not discovered that the higher involves the lower. But higher and lower have become false distinctions to him whenever the higher is included; for then it not only justifies but commands the lower; and love welds the human being into one.

We are supposing him still young, and still living among the relatively young. His ideal will be the youth of twenty, already possessed of the full virility which, to him, carries with it some awe, but not yet disfigured by maturity. He is worshipping what he himself would become, and his affection is still passive. At the age when

boys are thinking of adventure, he is thinking of the manly; at the age when boys do not think of love, he is possessed by Anteros. This is not the best way to become a man himself, except in reflexion. He needs to be drawn speedily, as a lover might have drawn him, on to lines pursued by his fellows. But in thought he is learning that subordination (for he is passive) to the manly ideal (his aim) which will some day take the form of a philosophical passion. His very love begins to seem unworthy of him, because it has not the high disdain and independence of the creature who refers 'everything to himself and' is 'the true and perfect centre of his actions.' Truly no greater good could befall him than a worthy lover,[1] a lover to reassure him, to tolerate his boyish imbecilities, to show him where he is right, where wrong, where weak, where wise, a lover to train and tend him, to console him and fortify him, to gratify his longings, and to shout to him at football. But he misses all this, and enters the melancholy stage which most Uranians traverse when they know that their

[1] Bacon. *Julius Caesar*. cf. Aristotle. Metaphysics. 982.b.25 *ἄνθρωπος, φαμεν, ελεύθερος ὁ αὐτοῦ ἕνεκα καὶ μὴ ἄλλου ὤν.* [1] Plato. *Symposium*. 178 C. Plutarch. *Ad Principem Ineruditum*. 780 D. *Πολέμων γὰρ ἔλεγε τὸν ἔρωτα εἶναι θεῶν ὑπηρεσίαν εἰς νέων ἐπιμέλειαν καὶ σωτηρίαν.*

ὥρα is passing away, and ask themselves whether love for the younger will ever be so perfect as the pleasure of receiving love from the elder; when they begin to suffer from the curse which renders them less lovable in proportion as they near their full dignity. Now comes of necessity the recognition that love is not, except in a woman's nature, the worship of the highest, that the strong more naturally love the tender, and bear the infirmities of the weak, and that, whatever worship of the masculine may control meditation, the irritation of love is produced rather by the passing freshness of boyhood, or the lasting freshness of womanhood, than by the virile qualities which dominate thought. This curious deflection of nature, or, if you will, this contradiction between spiritual and sensual, whereby the higher is bound over to the lower, is perhaps the greatest mystery that besets the Uranian—here truly the heavenly—lover. He never solves it; he can but recognize it as the paradox of love; and his recognition is not reconciliation. But he defers to it as a fact, and meets it in the only way which is consonant with his allegiance: as his worship of the elder has been a wish to be lost himself in submission to

the elder, so, in any love distinguished by inequality of age or sex, in any love save the Pausanian,[1] the condition imposed by the rightly-minded, whether lover or beloved,[2] is that the flower shall be under the hand of the husbandman, that the servant shall not be greater than his master. Hence, when he grows up and becomes a lover, a wise, if lonely, mastery of his beloved, implying greater mastery of himself, is imposed upon him. He has learnt by obedience submission to rule.[3] His rulership is a new ob-

[1] I take the name Pausanian from the advocate of loves more or less adult in Plato's *Symposium*. The present essay is restricted to the love of boys. Pausanias, however, does not quite reach the love of adults, (*οὐ παίδων ... ἀλλ' ἐπειδὰν ἤδη ἄρχωνται νοῦν ἴσχειν*, 181 D). It is, indeed, rare, because of the paradox. The reasonings of Pausanias, therefore, apply much to the "boy-lover."

[2] The women who seem to the Uranian to fulfil the ideal of their sex do prefer this subordination. A boy is not supposed to understand the reason of it; it is required of him e. g. by parents; but a well-bred boy does accept it, and, when older confirms its wisdom. Lycophronides: Pomtow. *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, page 252.

> *οὔτε παιδὸς ἄρρενος οὔτε παρθένων*
> *τῶν χρυσαφάρων οὔτε γυναικῶν βαθυκόλπων*
> *καλὸν τὸ πρόσωπον, ἂν μὴ κάσμιον πεφύκῃ·*
> *ἡ γὰρ αἰδὼς ἄνθος ἐπιπωτᾶται.*

[3] Plutarch, *Praecepta Gerendae Reipublicae* 817 A. *ἀγαλλόμενοι τῷ τιμᾶν τοὺς ἄρχοντας οὐχ ὥσπερ ἔνιοι τῶν ἀπειροκάλων καὶ σαλπίκων αἶραν ἰσχύος ἐπιτῶν καλλωπιζό-*

edience. He has attained the dignity of which he once stood in awe; and it is a condition of his worthiness as a lover that he shall not be, as formerly, the second, but the first. Somewhat sadly does he take the higher charge, remembering the Miltonic doctrine: He for God only, she for God in him[1], and applying it to his different love. Henceforth there is no centre of gravity but in himself, and his aspiration must search afar. To love, but not to yield; to control and to guide the sweeter: this is his undertaking.

μενοι περιουσίᾳ βραβευτὰς ἐν ἀγῶσι προπηλακίζουσι καὶ χορηγοὺς ἐν Διονυσίοις λοιδοροῦσι καὶ στρατηγῶν καὶ γυμνασιάρχων καταγελῶσιν οὐκ εἰδότες οὐδὲ μανθάνοντες ὅτι τοῦ τιμᾶσθαι τὸ τιμᾶν πολλάκις ἐστὶν ἐνδοξότερον,

[1] Milton. *Paradise Lost.* Book IV, line 259.

III

THE BELOVED

WHATEVER we love attains for us a value in itself, distinct from its use and profit. Our leisure is concerned with wider issues than our business, the scholastic leisure with the widest of all. The perfection of women in some countries springs from the jealousy with which they and their leisure are guarded, in order that they may attain their utmost charm. To say that there is no protection but weakens the stock is to advocate insanitary conditions, and to reverse the methods which we follow in the development of animals. But we use these methods only if we care for those who are brought up, and we bring up a girl carefully because we do not judge a daughter, or a wife, merely as housekeeper. The character formed has to do with our ideal life. Where there are no ideals but women— in new and partly developed civilizations—they flourish like marigolds in a marsh,

Our boy-lover, when a boy, learnt to love the masculine; the man was to be privileged as an ideal in himself; he possessed the highest beauty, the best right to praise.

Why am I fair at all before thee, why
At all desired? seeing thou art fair not I.[1]

That this ideality is not always appreciated in the male, who is often valued rather for what he can do than for what he is, we shall see, if we read Wordsworth's poem: "Three years she grew in sun and shower", where it is clear that woman is appreciated for this excellence. The poem is the soul of leisure and doubtless not the complete description of

A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command:[2]

but the perfect woman was not yet; and love was awakened by the *ἐναργὴς βλεφάρων ἵμερος εὐλέκτρου νύμφας*,[3] whereas these natural qualities, which secure a husband, and thus a future, to the woman, will not usually, in the critical classes, or will only in the most leisurely of the critical classes, secure a future as well as a wife to a man. Hence in

[1] Swinburne. *Poems and Ballads.* First Series. Eroticn.
[2] Wordsworth. "She was a phantom of delight."
[3] Sophocles. *Antigone.* 795-796.

our conception of what he should be, even as a youth, we are somewhat guided by an estimate of the practical value of his powers. We do not educate him for himself but that he may do something.

This proceeding is not erroneous. Perfection is not disconnected from function. But error creeps in, if we disconnect function from perfection, and judge him wholly by what he can do, not by what he is.

Our boy-lover does not fall into this danger. In his youth he was convinced that Jimmy and Johnny were fine fellows, and that, whatever should happen to them, he would not condemn them, because he would know what they *were*. In short unwittingly he has conceived the idea on which the theory of a liberal education—the education of a freeman, of one who has leisure—rests, that man has a beauty of his own,[1] that it is loss of dignity for man studying to become merely a student, and for man dealing with

[1] Mark Pattison. *Sermons III.*:—
"That the intellect and character have a health, a beauty, a perfection of their own, and that the attainment of this perfection is the scope of a liberal education, and that this mental cultivation is a thing quite distinct from the acquisition of information, or the inculcation of truth, or the reception of certain opinions" etc.

fellows to become only a merchant.[1] He has fallen in love with this beauty and dignity, and reckons his friends accordingly. For them he has a place set apart such as a man gives to his wife. Thus his love of man has led to the conception of a gentleman, *ἐλεύθερος*.

Where this conception has been deeply received by a whole community, it has forestalled the boy-lover's desires; and he can feel free only in such a place: it is the only roomy ground where the seed of love, sown in the corruptible, can be raised in incorruption.

There is no hereditary race of boy-lovers, as in Roman Catholic countries there is no hereditary priesthood. The easy development of boy-love to its best depends on the character of a community, and on the worship of its communion, as the priesthood depends on the religion of the people. In countries not remarkable for the gentlemen whom they produce you will have no high general development of gentle affection between males, *ἐλεύθερος ἔρως*.[2] Where the gentleman is paramount the paederastic lust, which exists universally, will have a chance to become love.

[1] Emerson. *The American Scholar*. Ad. init.

[2] Plato. *Phaedrus*. 243 C. *ἐν ταύταις που τεθραμμένων καὶ οὐδένα ἐλεύθερον ἔρωτα ἑωρακότων.*

All love is as sensitive to its surroundings as cream to a neighbouring cheese. The peculiar character of love is but an overshot of the aim of the times. Where the feminine ideal is all-important, we shall have subtle refinement and critical knowledge of feminine grace; where the masculine ideal is held aloft, the love of boys (other things being equal) acquires a better character. You will have no great boy-love unless the lines of a civilization converge toward it; but, when all national ideals are tinctured with its own philosophical nature, then it is greater than itself, for it draws on a greater nature. As a vice the practice depends less on the temperament of a people than on its self-indulgence; as virtuous it is possible only when it draws on kindred virtue.

It is this virtue which our boy-lover has been admiring in his boyhood, absorbing in his youth, and must exemplify in manhood. It is this virtue which he seeks among the lads of his own acquaintance, and finding, labours to develop. The attainment of a gentle manhood, whether for himself or others, has become a schoolmaster's passion; and, as a married man, looking at the girls who are "entering society," admires them, and wishes for them a love and a life worthy of their sweetness, so the boy-lover, passing beyond

the limits of his personal love, has a jealous care for the development of a beautiful boyhood, and thence of a serious manhood, which he could not take so earnestly, if he were not a lover of the male ; for where your heart is, there will your treasure be also.

It would be the greatest mistake to place this passion for *virtus* in lieu of love. Cur neque deformem adolescentem quisquam amat neque formosum senem ?[1] The mystery whereby the tenderer is our delight, the law of flesh, the casual, no less than the ephemeral, nature of what attracts love, shows us that they were right who suspected an hypocrisy. To compound philosophy with love is something like compounding with philosophy to obtain love. We shall not love the best even among boys, and why who knows ? But, once the love given, it is after all generic with the masculine, not with the feminine, best. It leads us to concede a value of affection and a special privilege to the masculine. We may not have realised an ideal : we have chosen within its domain. The strongest, if not the best, reason for love is love. In arbitrary, and often in reckless, wise, Love has chosen to magnify

[1] Cicero. Tusc. Disput. IV, XXXIII, 70.

himself in us. And, since it is the Uranian love who has thus dictated his liturgy, he has magnified the male. Sow love well or amiss: you render the ground fruitful. You have at least not chosen for a practical reason, but for some charm of the boy himself. He may tyrannize over you, but his tyranny will be that of a liberal idea, and will tend to develop the gentleness of manhood.

Our boy-lover is grown up. With some sadness he asks himself whether he can ever awake in a boy the passion he once had for the elder friend who disregarded him; whether any will understand the extension that can be given to a mere physical pleasure, the reality of sentiment without which love, though gratified, is deceived. What chance is there that a boy will appreciate him, will help him, will stand by him, will even recognize the virtue he has perhaps shown in long months or years of self-restraint?

For his reverence has made him meticulous. Has he a right to awake sensual feeling till now dormant in a boy? Playing for his own ideal will he not be playing with the boy's ideal? Will the boy thank him or blame him in future years? Will he be the worse or the

better? Is he congenerous with the lover, at least so far as to return Eros with Anteros, or will his participation be to him but τῶν αἰσχίστων, an experience from which he will and should revolt? The long tradition of opprobrium, though half invalidated by the ignorance which supports it, appears to show that there are two natures in the world, one to find a blessing, a second to find a curse in such love; it seems to show that, for the second nature, the Uranian affection is violation of love itself. And besides, what if shifting circumstances prevent the lover from guarding, by his personal supervision, the growth of feelings which he has awakened? The difficulty is not always serious. A good judge of boys reads in many complete absence of anterotic feeling: in some he reads, clear as daylight, its presence. There is the thin-lipped, thoughtless boy, and the sullen and passionate, or gentle and loving, boy. There is the prematurely manly boy, who at fourteen is already meditating Venerem et proelia[1] (to whom, consequently, direction is all important) and there is the boy whose mind consumes the energy that would better be

[1] Horace. Odes. III. 13

reserved for his body. You cannot judge wholly by race, but you know tendencies. Above all, with that subtle sense which dwells in lovers, and by that patient waiting which true hearts alone are willing to endure, you can gather whether feelings are sympathetic and aims congenial. When this has been determined, then the lover may have to take the law into his own hands, to force the countersign, and risk an experiment, possibly not merely for his own good, but also for that of the boy. He has a potent safeguard, his love. This prevents even a mistake from being disastrous to self-respect: *καλὴ ἡ ἀπάτη*.[1]

But he labours, of course, under difficulties not shared by the Pandemian lover. The delicacy of the situation in modern life limits his chances. Danger to his reputation forbids what his conscience does not forbid, and both may preclude the easy amours which give to lovers of women a certain patience in waiting for love. It is a matter of honour for the lover to defer to the boy's untutored conscience, and to accept demurs which are insulting. Moreover women do not see their rejected suitors; but, if a boy rejects his address, a

[1] Plato. *Symposium*. 185 B, Chap. XI, a golden chapter.

painful constancy in disquieting friendship may ensue. He has suffered without blenching and in secret a refusal which would have brought him sympathy from intimate friends, had he been courting a girl. He must now appear smiling when he is wounded, indifferent when he is mad, and he must continue forth his friendship. Otherwise how can he prove that his love, continually doubted, was more than lust, that friendship passed first, and gratification afterward,[1] that he is worthy of that respect which a boy of fine feeling will often be careful after denial to show.

Let us suppose, however, that he has won his suit there where he would least expect it: from one unlearnt and unspoilt, fresh and manly, kind-hearted and tender,

A fair young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Fulle of delightfull health and lively joy.[2]

For the moment the whole cloud of lofty theory drifts away to leave behind it the

[1] The suspicion was known to the Greeks. Aristotle, *Politics*, 1311b: *ὡς γὰρ χρώμενος αὐτοῦ τῇ ἡλικίᾳ οὐ κατήγαν* from exile *ὑποσχόμενος, δι' ὕβριν καὶ οὐ δι' ἀρετικὴν ἀπιθυμίαν φέτο εἶναι τὴν γεγενημένην ὁμιλίαν.*

[2] Spenser. Second Canto of Mutabilitie. *Fairy Queene*, Booke VII, Canto VII Stanza 46.

laughing sunlight. The restlessness, the self-questionings, the uncertainties, which have vexed the lover, may not disappear at once; but they are bound to blow off before the breezy indifference of an unreflecting boyish nature, combined with the reality of Anteros. For it is in the indifference, the lightness, of the lad that the lover finds his best assurance. There is here no morbid prepossession of sense or of spirit; each word rings true and unalloyed; delight on field or river, words that show how naturally the beloved passes from affection to common sense, are no less precious to the lover than the sacred watches of the night. After all subtleties and extenuations of thought, and amid recollections of the laborious search after truth by which he has justified himself, the proof of fact, —of love and health and a good conscience united,— is unequalled refreshment; and, if love remains a yearning, it is no longer a yearning unshared and unsatisfied, it is no longer reproved, but approved, approved by an argument stronger than logic, the evidence of experience. Whatever the moralists might have expected, there is nothing here that would not disconcert blame and beggar praise. Disidæmoniac

would he be who feared the light of day.

We may say that this is the first appearance of "Ερως on the scene. Hitherto his brother Ἀντέρως, or his spiritual counterpart, the love of the heavenly, has possessed the lover. If he were to seek for the plastic presentment of the new god, he would find it, not in that drooping figure[1] which is thought to echo the Praxitelian Eros, and which sometimes carries the inverted torch of death, but in the livelier idol[2] of Lysippos, Eros bending his bow, not ideal, but real. The former may indeed better represent that which is common to all thought of love past and present, the consoler and friend; but Lysippos saw the incarnate and vivid wonder, the fleeting fact, beside whom all the ideal is unreal, and who himself is the only assurance of the ideal. Indifferent and thoughtless is this boy, for who can think of consolation when he is present? To such an art as that of Lysippos, bronze and not marble, the Praxitelian moonlight is mendacious; he is not of "those who set out to obtain the higher happiness, and achieve only the higher

[1] Brunn *Denkmaeler griechischer und roemischer Sculptur*, 379

[2] Brunn, ut supra, 243

melancholy",[1] and his ideal of athletic manhood, the Apoxyomenos, is a hero of discipline, neither sad nor consoled, but *confortatus*. In his two statues we have the *ἐρώμενος* and the *ἐρρωμένος*.

The boy whom the boy-lover has found may be neither of his own kind and bent — for many boys loving sincerely (with Anteros, not Eros) a man in their boyhood, turn, at the approach of manhood, to the love of a girl — nor of his own station, because the kindly, protecting feeling of a boy-lover's heart will lead him beyond it. If the lover have money to give the boy an education superior to his birth, he may, as the phrase is, make a gentleman of him. Certain aptitudes of mind would be necessary to this result. He must have fed on butter and honey. *Φῦναι δεῖ ὥσπερ ὄψιν ἔχοντα ἣ κρινεῖ καλῶς καὶ τὸ κατ' ἀλήθειαν ἀγαθὸν αἱρήσεται· καὶ ἔστιν εὐφυὴς ᾧ τοῦτο καλῶς πέφυκεν· τὸ γὰρ μέγιστον καὶ κάλλιστον καὶ ὃ παρ' ἑτέρου μὴ οἷόν τε λαβεῖν μηδὲ μαθεῖν, ἀλλ' οἷον ἔφυ, τοιοῦτον ἔξει.*[2] But he need not be clever, *ἀπὸ βραχείας μαθήσεως ἐπὶ πολὺ εὑρε-*

[1] Remark of Lionel Johnson.

[2] Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*. III 5.

τικὸς οὗ ἔμαθεν,[1] for his lover is in love with nature, and (whether himself of intellectual capacity or not, but perhaps even more, if his capacity and imagination are great) will prefer to cleverness a happy disposition, untouched by the trouble of deep questionings. Not only is an able man indisposed to overvalue his own achievements, and rather disposed to count what they have cost him in wear and tear of his being, but also he finds rest in the simplicity of thoughtlessness. He bears in mind εὐφυία πρὸς ἀρετήν rather than philosophy; and, if he impregnates the boy with something of his own philosophy, it is rather as a safeguard of this εὐφυία than with the desire to make a philosopher. He thus bridges a gap between himself and his choice; but the structure is all of his own building, and will fall in when the lad, rich in danger, as in beauty, trembles with the upheaval of his own nature, a nature strengthened by the lover's care. For, truly loving, he has desired the boy to be his own self, and no copy; and, knowing the strength required to live the paederastic life — now happy with all the happiness of possession, but hitherto lonely, ἀντὶ πολλῶν

[1] Plato, *Republic*. 455. B.

πάνυ σμικρὰ ἀπάλαυσις,[1] our lover is very far from urging the boy to give up a natural inclination, if he has such, to marriage. Thus, whether through difference of nature, or by the development of independence, disturbances will occur in the course of love ; it is not likely to run smooth, save for the easily vicious, and their province is really pleasure and not love. There will be calm stretches, perhaps of years ; but change is foreseen, because the object of love is being transformed. If the lover detects in him the elements of a husband, dutiful allegiance to love will compel him, not only not to hinder, but to bring about the consummation of his own unhappiness, the marriage of the young man to a good wife, and meanwhile to forward the acquaintance and society that will lead to a wise choice. The aim is not often to be reached at the first trial. At nineteen the youth may need to be guarded against the first girl whom he fancies to be all he wants. From that time, however, the indisputable reign of the lover is at an end ; and all his efforts tend to its destruction. He does not abdicate his privilege, but neither does he seek to forefend the sep-

[1] Plato *Phaedrus* 255, ad fin.

aration certain to come. The lover's love is pitted against his love. He endures no compromise,[1] because the boy's good is at stake; but he is too sincere and passionate, his love is too much that which urges a man to fight for the possession of his wife, whether she wants him or not, to let him find any peace but the highest in his altruism. He is plunging a dart into his own heart, and his strength for such suicide is derived from the heart which he kills. Those who are faithful to the good of the beloved throughout,—who have strength to expect, to endure, and not to regret, the horror of such separations, must set a very high value on the years, or months, of love that precede, and on the beloved. There can be no serious criticism of such men on the score of self indulgence. Rather a rank among ascetics is due to them; and, as a priest is father of his penitents, so is such a lover the spiritual father of those who, by his help, have attained a loving manhood. The lover's nature will imprint itself on such boys, and, when their affection is frankly past, their reverence will remain, and they will be like him as sons.

[1] *ἀγὰν πρόφασιν οὐκ ἐπιδέχεται οὔτε φιλία.* Vide Bergk *Poetae Lyrici Graeci.* Melici. Ibycus 40. The connexion with Ibycus is pleasing.

IV

STRENGTH

BUT, though the lover is conscientious, will there not be something immoral and unmanly in his nature tending to demoralize or effeminate the boy?

This is, in the minds of many, the chief question, if, indeed, they do not consider the harm unquestionable.[1]

[1] In answering it the various phenomena of morbid pathology concern us no more than the history of harlotry would concern a writer on the love of women. We have supposed, at worst, a sound mind in love with a sound body. You may say that the mind is not sound because it loves a kindred body, but, in saying so, you beg the question. Or you may say that the beloved is not sound because he likes to be loved, but again you beg the question. The evidence in each case is the person loving or loved, not the assumption that, because he loves or is loved, he is not sound.

True, we could find many instances of real perversion of nature — the instances which pathologists bring mostly into evidence. There is no door which we can open to virtue, but vice will creep in by it. Yet the boy-lover is not concerned to defend vice, unless the advocate of

First, let us clear away a chance or error.

A boy-lover, at present, is at war with social opinion. He has probably suffered for his faith ; he has trembled for his reputation ; he has had bitter experiences with boys and men ; his heart's life is always secret. This being so, we must expect to find in him traces of conflict : nervousness and want of confidence, possibly erratic ways. People flourish only in the atmosphere proper to them. Men and women at one with their surroundings may be undistinguished, but they are natural. They are not self-conscious, tremulous, reserved. Boy-love is often thought a disease; and, if we divide the word by a hyphen, it is—save under passing circumstances—one continual dis-ease. Do not ask a boy-lover to be at his ease in the modern world. No more than a casual word, heard in conversation, and representing the conventional view of the provinces of man and woman (say, for instance, something about the precedence of

woman's love is also prepared to justify the more serious vices that occur in his province. We are not treating of paederasty in general. We have to know one type of boy-love, and to know it perfectly: the developments which it has taken, or may take, among the virtuous.

beauty) gives him a twinge ; and his commonplace answer is studied self-suppression.[1]

Apart from this contest of his ideal with contemporary standards, and from its effects, the question concerns the ideal itself, the direction of his soul, and may best be answered by indirections. We shall examine in what points the boy-lover approaches, more nearly than others, the feminine, in what respects he is closer to the masculine, and then, to complete the picture, we shall take his view of womanhood : the last to define *ignotius per gnotum*. The whole will prepare us for a consideration of the spiritual, or philosophical, Eros that emerges from his earthly love.

The lover of the male — the excellent lover of the male — is one who has concentrated all his enthusiasms, religious, philosophical, ethical, æsthetic, on certain qualities. These qualities, not easy of attainment, and scantily appreciated by the vulgar, are the flower of manhood. I do not say that the most admirable man may not be a lover of woman, a perfect husband. On the contrary, so far as

[1] Fullers *Holy War*. cap XX14. As truth oftentimes seeketh corners, as fearing her judge, though never suspecting her cause.

he gathers up a woman into himself, he may be, not only a perfect husband, but perfect within the particular lines laid down by the boy-lover, as health may be found without a doctor. But it is the boy-lover — a doctor in this art — who is interested to formulate the principle which has been applied by the husband — applied also by himself, for has he not submitted to become an unwilling master of his beloved, and, to that end, undergone the pain of greater self-mastery? Before all others he circumscribes manhood as a *sanctum* wherein woman may serve as priestess, but which she may not control, lest she burn down the temple of the *ἱερὸς γάμος*. In this he is Jewish, Greek, Indian, Chinese, early Christian, if you will: he is not modern. Beatrice has not cast her eyes on him. Not the Madonna is his ideal, but man, either bettered by woman, or untouched by her. He reads, perhaps, with great pleasure Rossetti's sonnet on the Girlhood of the Blessed Virgin, or the speeches of Deianira[1] in the *Trachiniæ*, but it is the humility

[1] Benecke. *Women in Greek Poetry*. p. 43. "The man who can listen to her without feeling a positive shock must be more in sympathy with Athens than I ever wish to be." Jebb, who admits that there is a difficulty, yet speaks of 'the unsurpassable beauty of Deianira.' *The Trachiniae*, 1892.

pourtrayed which touches him. He would use woman to perfect his idol; he cannot see his idol fall before her. He thinks regretfully of Greek romantic tales wherein woman suffers for the man, as, in modern novels, man for the woman.[1]

His circumscribed *sanctum*, manhood, is a continent in self-defence. Intellectual, physical, and imaginative power are to be developed here, and, above all, the personal character which is our best gift to our fellows, dead though it be unless evidenced by other gifts, tested as faith by works. This character must be complete in itself, and must take for its

[1] Benecke *Women in Greek Poetry*. p. 12. "... that view of the relation between man and woman which is so noticeable in all the myths and legends as we find them in literature. A woman may be desperately in love with a man, but the converse is impossible." Rohde. Der Griechische Roman. 1876. (Die Erotische Erzählung der Hellenistischen Dichter 5) p. 34. "Charakteristisch ist es, dass die griechischen Volksagen denen Euripides in seinen 'Ehebruchstragödien' (wie man sie nennen könnte) folgte, zur Trägerin der verderblichen Leidenschaft stets die Frau machten; es scheint als ob griechisches Gefühl sich einen Mann von einer einzigen, unmännlich weichen Begierde bis zur leidenschaftlichen Missachtung aller menschlichen Ordnungen und Gesetze nicht fortgerissen denken konnte oder mochte."

aim that which man can achieve alone, though perhaps not so well unaided.

The foreshadowing of this is the boy. His maidenly grace often constitutes his charm,[1] but only if it is the grace proper alike to boyhood[2] and maidenhood, not if it is deviation from the pattern of boyhood. Indeed part of the boundary line between boy-love and vice could be drawn here; between the Lyciscus[3] of Horace and the Lycos, if we divine him aright, of the martial Alcaeus. Our lover, whatever he may do recklessly, like reckless "lovers" of loose women, has no doubt that the 'ardor teretis pueri longam renodantis comam'[4] is no love for him, because such a boy is not one whom he can love. He should be poss-

[1] Ὦ παῖ παρθένιον βλέπων. Bergk. *Poetae Lyrici Graeci.* III Melici. Anacreon 4.

[2] "Such epithets as 'mollis', 'lentus', 'tener' are of frequent recurrence, yet the impression left by their use is not one of weakness, or of a satiating luxury of sentiment. The soft outlines and delicate bloom of Virgil's youthful style are as true emblems of health as the firmer fibre and richer colouring of his later diction." Professor W. Y. Sellar. *The Roman Poets of the Augustan Age.* Virgil 1877 p. 170.

[3] Horace. Epod. XI. 23

Nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
Vincere mollitie amor Lycisci me tenet.

[4] Horace. Epodes XI, 27-28.

essed of the promise of manhood ; otherwise he does not attract the lover.[1] The masculine in the beloved is an integral element of his love. To see how thoroughly this has possessed him, we must turn out a leaf of his early experience, while under Christian teaching.

"The Lord hath no pleasure in the strength of a horse,
Neither delighteth he in any man's legs."[2]

He heard it with wonder.

"The natural man is enmity against God."[3]

He heard it with submission, and received it into his soul.

It is probable that the welcome which the world has accorded to Christian ideas of renouncement, meekness, and self-sacrifice is due in part to a callous inability to take them in. A strong goad is needed to pierce a

[1] Wilhelm Klein. Vasen mit Lieblingsinchriften. 2. p. 136. Mikion II. A child's vase inscribed ΜΙΚΙΩΝ ΚΑΛΟΣ is connected by Kirchner (Prosopographia Attica Vol. II p. 86. 10173) with an inscription on stone (mentioned by Wernicke Vasen mit Lieblingsnamen. p. 111.) *Δυσίθεος Μικίωνα φιλ[εῖ]ν φησὶ μαλισστα τῶν ἐν τῇ πολει· ἀνδρεῖος γάρ ἐστι.* The reference to Kirchner I owe to a friend.

[2] Psalm CXLVII, 10.

[3] Romans. VIII, 7.

little way. Men are more observant of men, and of the documents which they afford, than susceptible of ideas. The danger is minimal that a spiritual precept — even if it does really, by the multiplication of common and slight consents, direct races to their good or harm — will be applied personally and without reserve to much business and most bosoms, so as to convince people that it is erroneous ; it will produce a superficial impression, and will be dulled of its untruth.

But to our lover, in his sensitive youth, the word of God, like the eagle of the lectern (for, though he was said to be a dove, he looked more like an eagle) was "quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow."[1] Texts of Scripture did not leave him in doubt of the abnegation required of the believer.[2]

[1] Hebrews, IV, 12.

[2] "Le Christianisme, en brisant l'homme en extérieur et intérieur, le monde en terre et ciel, en enfer et paradis, a décomposé l'unité humaine, il est vrai pour le reconstruire plus profonde et plus vraie; mais la chrétienté n'a pas encore digéré ce levain puissant. Elle n'a pas encore conquis la vraie humanité; elle vit encore sous l'antinomie du péché et de la grace, d'ici-bas et de là-haut. Amiel. *Journal*

He saw danger where others did not see it. The nether world "lay about him in his infancy."[1] Not in vain was the shape of an ornamental vase voluptuous, a house proud, a room worldly, the heavy fall of velvet drapery luxurious, a metallic or flamboyant colour infernal. He was solicited by the over-rich in poetry ; his blood was roused by the rebellions of music. But most of all did he know temptation in a deep-set brow and a full, disdainful lip. And, when he fell in love with his elder comrade and perceived that the sensual was part of love, he was more than tempted, he was converted to a darker beauty, and a potent peril.

It is strange to think what a difference the tender outgrowth of valour was to make in his ethical canons. Enthroning the virile, perhaps somewhat repugnant to him before, he became its jealous servant and defender. Henceforth there was something more in the world than self-restraint; there was self. And, if the elder had fallen into "immorality", he would have some excuse for him, saying per-

Intima. 10 Novembre, 1852.

[1] Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* Stanza V.

haps that the sacrifice of women implied in such indulgence was at least this time made for one who was worth it, if ever man was. He was, it is true, puzzled to think what merit there could be in that which he admired, in mere nature, in the inheritance of strength, beauty, and passion, developed in leisure. But he speedily settled the question. For, his test being then the emotion aroused in him, he knew by that emotion that the manliness of the elder was admirable, though he had done little or nothing to attain it. In short, he admitted a value for which he had no authority in Scripture, and least of all in the Scriptural doctrine of renunciation. He might, and did, think the elder more admirable, if his magnificent force was kept under control, and within the bounds of morality; but the darkness of manhood cast, of itself, a shadow on purity, and this darkness was now canonized, and become an object of devotion. Spiritual and sensual met, as has been said, in his love, but the novelty thereof was that he no longer doubted the sensual. There was here an adoration of unregenerate nature.

Years passed before he found out how to reconcile his discovery with moral tradition.

During those years he grappled with a problem. Did all virtue consist in restraint? Was all virtue acquired by merit? Or was there an inborn merit and worth? a dignity that had no part in sacrifice and strain, a pagan privilege of strength and reality? Tennyson speaks of that "gentleness', which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man." But whether of the two is the manhood? The gentleness which makes a man? or the manhood with which it is to be wedded? Is there not here an involuntary recognition of an unbaptized *virtus* that is not beholden to virtue? of something built by the Cyclopes, and well-built, but not in the style of Keble and Faber, — not according to the precepts of self-sacrifice?[1]

It is evident that he was here on the verge of an aristocratic doctrine, as before he had conceived the idea of a liberal education. The perfect and simple definition of virtue is found in Pindar, who recognizes it as, in part, inherited. Strength and gentleness, these are

[1] Tennyson. *Geraint and Enid.* Lines 103 and 104 from the end.

[1] Kingsley. *Yeast.* Chapter III. Ay, be as Manichaean - sentimental as you will, fair ladies, physical prowess, that Eden-right of manhood, is sure to tell upon your hearts!

the two pillars on which it rests. Both are primordial to the conception,[1] and both are hewn out of heredity, and shaped by discipline. Neither is profane, for both were sacred from the beginning.

ἄνευ δὲ θεοῦ σεσιγαμένον
οὐ σκαιότερον χρῆμ' ἕκαστον[1]

We need not ask how the lover will compose these principles with his ecclesiastical ethics. Enough that he has admitted the power of darkness into his stalwart structure, that he has laid his foundation in the earth, rejoicing in the scent of the loam. Whatever system he contrives will rest on the masculine, and will show the form of his love. Will this lead him to condone all its heavy lust and oppression?

He has broken away from received ideas, has given up customary cautions, and is not likely to take principles on hearsay — (if he did so, what does he not hear?). He has learnt

[1] Pindar, *Olymp.* IX. 103. 104.

[2] Aristotle also brings them together. *Pol.* V (VIII) 4, 1338 b.12 *αἱ δὲ Λάκωνες . . . θηριώδεις . . . ἀπεργάζοντι (τοὺς παῖδας) τοῖς πόνοις, ὡς ταῦτα πρὸς ἀνδρίαν μάλιστα συμφέραν . . . . εἴτε καὶ πρὸς ταύτην, οὔτε ταῦτα ἐξευρίσκουσιν· οὔτε γὰρ ἐν τοῖς ἄλλοις ζῴοις οὔτ' ἐπὶ τῶν ἐθνῶν ὁρῶμεν τὴν ἀνδρίαν ἀκολουθοῦσαν τοῖς ἀγριωτάτοις ἀλλὰ μᾶλλον τοῖς ἡμερωτέροις καὶ λεοντώδεσιν ἤθεσιν.*

from his strongly sensual nature, which alone gave him motive to persist in his search for satisfaction, a certain enthusiasm, since it is far more than tolerance, for the flesh; from his sense of beauty, a taste for the plastic real; from his theory, unity of soul and body. He is a worshipper of the earthly in the divine image rather than of the supersensual; he believes, perhaps, that the potent corporal desire which binds us to the ground is the origin of all visions and revelations; he prefers nature to system, and fruitfulness to denial of life; there are many more mysteries to him in passion than in purpose, more holinesses in sense than in discipline. The force of feeling, like a black current, would seem to bear him down, to the subversion of all tender and delicate growths, and to foaming indignation at the barriers intended to lock the stream in home-like tranquillity.

Something of this does always remain in his theory: the disdain of the "harmless, necessary" husband; the criticism of matrimonial life by its results, and not as an end in itself; the recognition of the advantages of a delayed marriage, if the man is to exercise the mature power of gentle control; the consequent

reluctant acceptance, in extreme cases, of "necessities of health", to tide over the period of growth; or, more than this, when matrimony is a failure through the independence of the woman, a tolerance of certain overflowings of naughtiness, as an irregular resumption of masculine rule and right; a willingness to excuse much for which he knows no excuse, if he can thereby obtain a prevalent race of men; a propensity to favour the male — such a propensity as is observable in the *Orestia*; a radical revolt against the moral systems which replace *καλοκἀγαθία* with *bonté*, or kindness, and which regard virtue as a question of refinement.

But, on the other hand, with self-mastery and a better appreciation of his ideal, the prostrate adoration of virility shows itself as *impotentia*, an unrestrained weakness of youth. Youth is thought to be the time of strong passions. They are fresh certainly; and novelty is enticing; but they have also the advantage of scant resistance. They are relatively strong, because the rest of the man is undeveloped. The strong youths of his admiration were even then those who were strong over themselves. The races which produce the men

whom he likes are not marked by license. A cloistered education turns out nobler fathers than the Latin quarters of the continent.

συμφορεῖ
σωφρονεῖν ὑπὸ στένει.[1]

And, if he would have his man perfect, there is an altruism of generous blood, such as a St. Bernard dog shows in kindness to fox-terrier puppies, as there is another that belongs to self-immolation. If, as we have supposed, the lover is a conscientious man, it is not a matter of indifference to him what harm is done to women, what a man shall have on his conscience. There is no adequate rule over others which does not involve an example given. The strength of that which is complete in itself consists "in bound and term"[2]. The idol must have its outlines, the body, its soul. There are indulgences which are no mastery, not even brutal mastery, but the subjection of man through his body. There is the porneutic, to match the marital, subserviency. How will leisure be spent? in what thoughts? under what influences? He might tolerate a Turkish harem, visited at pleasure. The Turks

[1] Aeschylus. *Eumenides*. 520-521.
[2] Francis Thompson. *The Cloud's Swan Song*. Stanza XIII.

are, in some respects, fine men. Briseis does not conflict with Patroclus; and Achilles, unrobbed of her, would still have been found singing the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*. But to be dissolute is to be unstrung, and, in the licentious, self-respect gives way to a reactionary respect for 'good women', 'women who bring out all the good that is in us'. The boy-lover's opinion of such doctrine is characteristic. He is told that such an one, amid his dissipations, remembers "the pure, sweet influences of home". His disgust knows no bounds. This, then, is to be the saving influence! To this has man descended, that he can find no salvation in himself! The redemption is worthy of the redeemed. *ἧσσων τοῦ τῶν γυναικῶν ἔρωτος ἔφυ*. Let him be married! and let us be polite to him!

Thus, on a basis sensual and erotic, was laid, when he knew it not, the corner-stone of a moral system which at least does not effeminately rest on the feminine, and is strong to guard his own powers. Whether it will contain other principles as well we shall see when the ruling principle is developed. But it shelters the boy. The lover discovers — for on his lonely track all is discovery: each object is

seen in a new light — that (whatever large and "liberal" views he may have adopted, whether in the tide of masculine vindication, or by the unwilling conviction of observation) for him personally *σωφροσύνη*[1], if not chastity, has a peculiar value; that the love of it is paederastic, as the love of purity in women is more or less erastic, that, if he may, or must, admit "necessities of health", he dislikes them from the ground of his heart with a dislike which is so inadvertent of principle that he fears its origin must be sought in jealousy. His danger is certainly not the danger of pushing his beloved, or any decent youth, to licence. Rather the contrary: that whereas, when he considers the domestication of man, he is ready to cry out on Samson shorn by Delilah, though all here is moral — too moral, yet, in fear for his own home, for his own friends, he may be too moral himself. He wakens his conscience

[1] Euripides. *Iphigenia in Aulis.* 543.

μάκαρες οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ
μετά τε σωφροσύνας μετέ-
σχον λέκτρων Ἀφροδίτας.

Plutarch. *De Virtute Morali.* Chap. II. 440 F. 441 A: *καὶ γὰρ ἡ ἀρετὴ ποιητέα μὲν ἐπισκοποῦσα καὶ μὴ ποιητέα κέκληται φρόνησις, ἐπιθυμίαν δὲ κοσμοῦσα καὶ τὰ μέτριον καὶ τὸ εὔκαιρον ἐν ἡδοναῖς ὁρίζουσα σωφροσύνη.*

frequently, lest he preach a personal prepossession. More than all others does he love chastity in a youth, chastity surrendered only to love. He must be careful not to enforce his predilection by untruthful moral instruction, exaggerating the evil which he dreads. Fortunately the case is rare in which he will not be justified in asking for the continence so necessary to his intimate affection.

V

GENTLENESS

NO cultivated person likes a man to overdo his part: to be less gentle, quiet, and, in manner, weak than the conventions demand. But a boy-lover, if normal in other respects, is peculiarly averse from immoderate self-assertion. In manners his ideal is the Italian, whose softness is a matter of pride. He does not see why a man should be less delicate than a woman, though he does not judge of delicacy like a woman. The notion that men are, by nature, rough appears to him to be the notion of rough classes, or of the weakling who abdicates his right, or of the feminist. Whether through recollection of anterotic youth, or habit of erastic years, boy-lovers treat each other, and tend to treat all men and boys, with a personal attention often wanting in the more magnificent ceremonies of those who have never known such love. Their delicacy is

more familiar, and their respect more intimate. They touch more closely. It is, indeed, characteristic of Uranians, whether metaphorically or physically, that they are sensitive to touch and prone to touch; their touch has the peculiar gentleness, warmth, and firmness of sympathy. Love is love. It does not go without tenderness and softness. Woman provides softness more than man, more than it should be provided by Uranian love, more than the Uranian wishes. But, whatever natural scorn of the luscious there may be in the lover of the male, out of the strong comes forth sweetness. A boy-lover is certainly less manly than those whose manliness is ungentleness. Vastly different is he from the reckless and coarse males of smoking-room and railway-carriage. Rough and careless he may be in the things about which women are particular; reckless of flummery and fuss; hater of ceremonies and needless courtesies: his converse with a youth, with his brother-lover, or with his fellow-men, has its delicacies, even its vanities; his home-life has a different colour from that of most homes which women control, but it is, none the less, a home-life, and even, in one respect more intimate. Its

sharers are those who, unlike perhaps in disposition and occupation, one athletic, one a reading man, one ἄδηλος ὅπως ἀποβήσεται, are all sympathetic as males are sympathetic. The shocks, dissonances and complements of married life are not there to provoke, to fortify, or to annul passion. Men who constitute their own society, and yet find their love in it, become masters, masters in what women usually count as their own arts, but applied homogeneously: in the suppression of ill-timed subjects of talk, in pretty ways of speech, in personal attentions such as are really wanted. They can speak so as to elicit the personal expression, or foreward the embarrassment of an answer refused; their conversation has its own modesties and reticencies, its own confidencies and silent confidence. They recognize feelings as a woman is supposed alone to recognize them; their sensitiveness makes them fastidious; their aesthetic fineness teaches them domesticity; the consolations of the heart are amid themselves; the sweetnesses of life are not to be sought abroad; their nature covers more ground than that of the man most differentiated from women; not effeminate, they are extreme in their own delicacy,

a delicacy sometimes more thoroughly respectful than that of women,—the real delicacy of understanding and consideration. This is, indeed, limited by the cardinal agreement that a man does not need, and should not want, the cajoleries and indulgences appropriate to weakness. The just boy-lover will be niggardly of them even to the boy, and will measure them more and more scantily as he grows. If a fence is really too high for him, he will help him over it; he will stop for him, if he really is tired on a long walk; but, at any want of spirit,he will very likely leave him in the lurch to shift for himself. He will be extremely impatient of those mothers, fortunately not the ideal even to Pandemians, whose influence over their sons tends to effeminate them, who subordinate everything to love understood as emotional sympathy, who care more for the affection than for the deeds of their children, and who perhaps, in the end, sacrifice the son's good on the altar of maternal devotion. From such the boy-lover turns with relief let us say to some Pausanian lovers, men who, hurting each others feelings, as all human beings do, prefer to leave the difference abrupt, and to deal with it separately; men whose

idea of conciliation is not perpetual reconciliation; who ask less consideration than a wife, because they wish to stand harder tests. Contrasted thus with women, or with the petulances of weak women, the Uranian may appear harsh. But, if we set his fellowship against the fellowship usual among men, we shall find it more delicately adaptable. For boys, boy-lovers have a finer heart, and for men, who need help after all very often, a finer consideration. Pandemians, entering this circle, will at once note a warmer atmosphere, and perhaps will not like it. If their idea of comradeship is merely to turn up when there is football to see, and not when there is nothing to see but boys or men, they will find conversation at an afternoon tea "in diggings" as otiose as the boy-lover finds it in a drawing-room. Subtle sympathy being wanting, the nullities of daily life will be endowed with no significance for them. They will not wait for the remark which falls from the lips at the end of idle hours, and tells the important thing; they will not wait, because they have nothing to watch; they will not care because they have nothing to care for. Easily enough will they mistake the initial playfulness, leisure, and

chaff for something feminine and foolish, and leave it to women to obtain a real understanding of hidden nature. With men they will talk seriously of what they esteem serious things, matters which affect their interests in the narrower sense, their business, not their bosoms, but they will not choose men's society for their leisure. The argument that these serious things are not quite serious; that a man gives himself but speciously to the external, reserving the internal, which is to be sought in leisure, if he is to be comprehended, does not affect them, for they are not seeking to comprehend the internal. Here they leave to woman a province which the boy-lover does not concede, and, because he does not concede it, is perhaps thought feminine.

But this is not all. Man, it is admitted, is none the worse for the attentions which a woman may give, or call on him to give, in household life. But more than this is claimed as the office of woman. There are cases, — illness, worry, desperation, — in which, (it is thought) only a woman can play the good angel. The case of illness might be referred to doctors who have experience of male and female nurses. But one thing is clear. Unless

woman has been able to carry out the policy "divide et impera", parity of education and of thought together with inner association of feeling enables a man to follow his fellow's worries, and to share them. The reticence and consideration, the gentle word of a man who understands, the firm, final answer which may be accepted without demur, the natural coincidence of opinion — these advantages cannot be borrowed by a woman. A close intellectual fellowship (even allowing that measure of indifference which men, never, or only rarely, spell-bound by the like, as women by the unlike, are apt to show each other) may breed not only all the attentions, even foolish attentions, which a woman could give, but an hyperæsthesia which she could not share, and which would relieve the sufferer of his load, sure that another would bear it for him. I do not say that a woman might not feel as much as a man. But it might be useless that she should — it would be useless, if she could not so exactly touch the point of difficulty. Her instinct (which appears to be perception unclouded by imagination and directed by sympathy) may carry her far, but a loving friend — he has the key *φιλτάτων θαλάμων*.

Here, then, he trenches on feminine ground; he is more womanly than the Pandemian, though he be not less manly.

VI

THE LOVER'S OPINION OF WOMEN

THE lover of the male—the excellent lover of the male—is a "jealous honourer"[1] of gentle manhood. His jealousy will extend itself to correct women. For whatever pleasure the boy is diverted by them, his lover will be troubled lest he lose time and concentration needed for his own perfection. "His interests are no longer mine" (the lover will think). "The society of men and of boys no longer suffices him." And, thinking so, he will fear that the more sober virtues are attacked, that the circumscription of the distinctively male idea is broken through. When there is time for books, there will be parties; when there might be long tramps or rides over hillsides, there will be visits.

This jealousy should not extend to such commonalty with our fellows as widens the hor-

[1] Keats. *Sonnet. To Spenser.*

izon of thought and feeling; and, if the boy is not himself with the best women, he will be imperfect, and no rightful lord and leader. It is never possible to say "thus far and no farther" without regard to the circumstances of the case. But it is often easy to see how one youth loses himself in women's society, or depends on it, while another protects his leisure.

The boy-lover desires what will be of advantage to the boy. There are various theories of the help that woman can give. One of them rests on the assumption that her qualities are different in kind, and not merely in degree, from those of man. If we further assume her qualities, different in kind, to be complementary, we have at once an excellent argument for marriage, an argument which possibly it does not need, but which strengthens it indefinitely, and makes of it a chemical combination.

Our boy-lover, however, whether for correct judgment or for natural predisposition, has been unable to adopt it. He reserves no quality to woman as he denies none to her.[1] He thinks

[1] Cf. Plato. *Republic.* 455.

Jules Lemaître. Les contemporains. Article on Les Femmes de France. "Je proteste contre le distique

woman essentially the same as man, her qualities equal in number and kind. But he finds man and woman differently developed, woman sometimes outstripping the man, and man sometimes the woman; he believes that the absence of one development in a woman gives elbow-room for the development of another quality, but that the developed quality exists undeveloped in man, and *vice versa*. In general he perceives a greater development in man, but, in certain countries, men have relinquished the exercise of certain qualities to women, or women to men. He finds only this practical difference: that woman is, in general, receptive, man active; woman can hear when man cannot, for the rumbling of the wheels; she can see when man cannot, for the fumes of his imagination; she can believe when man cannot, for the prepossession of knowledge. She is denied,

brutal, et lourd de toutes façons, de l'odieux Arnolphe:

Bien qu'on soit deux moitiés de la societé
Ces deux moitiés pourtant n'ont point d'égalité.

Rien de plus faux ni de plus superficiel que cette vue. Pour qui embrasse la vie totale de l'humanité, 'ces deux moitiés' ne se conçoivent absolument pas l'une sans l'autre; elles sont diverses, non inégales."

Arist. De gen. An. IV. 6

καὶ δεῖ ὑπολαμβάνειν ὥσπερ ἀναπηρίαν εἶναι τὴν θηλύτητα φυσικήν.

as a rule, originality in poetry, art, and thought; but this rule is subject to exceptions, little and big, which prove her nature kindred. We have Sappho among the poets. In general she would do well not to aspire to creation, wherein she often becomes unwittingly ridiculous, but the germs are there in sufficient number to render it impossible to deny to her the same nature as it is impossible to hope for her the same development. To the boy-lover the notion of a different excellence in women, such as is maintained toward the end of Tennyson's poem, *The Princess*, is a dogma resultant either from the subjection and inferior development of man, or from the erotic imagination of women-lovers. He argues as follows. Men would not tolerate in each other the slight conversation of drawing-rooms, and would not tolerate it in drawing-rooms, if it were not for sexual attraction—an attraction which they endeavour to spiritualize by establishing the figment of woman's diverse excellence. The argument, if it goes no further, is capable of being turned against the disputant. To him, indeed, drawing-room conversation is utter blankness, but not through superiority of his own. For, if we see him happy amid a crowd

of boys, who cannot converse with him even so well as women, we have a similar phenomenon, the charm of being, which, though he admits it to be erotic, is not to him the equivalent of a suppression of the higher by the lower, nor of lust converting its object into a superior nature of diverse excellence from his own. To justify the boy-lover's logic, however, we need only remember that diverse excellence is just what he does not assume in boys, and is reluctant to assume in women. His objection is to the artificial equality, or subservience, of the male which gallantry dictates. With a boy he retains his dignity: with a woman he is asked to subordinate it, as he believes, on erotic grounds.

With this exception the boy-lover is here in a situation analogous to that of the woman-lover at a college tea, and it may be interesting to note the impression which he gives as well as that which he receives. The personality of women does not engage him; and he lacks the grace of acceptable trifling. He is uncomfortable in his endeavour to adapt himself to the requirements of gallantry, and he errs by excess and defect. Some attraction may attach to his difference from others; and he is

probably agreeable personally — has he not dwelt among men who cared to be agreeable in daily life? His accomplishments verge on the feminine. He understands a woman,[1] and would make the gentlest of husbands. But at some moment he will be disturbed by a desire to shatter a convention which corresponds to no inner predilection, and, though he will repress this desire, yet his hostess will perceive in a blind way that sympathy has not been quite established; she will feel, without knowing it, that she is destitute of love's artillery, and acquaintance may fall short of friendship.

Now there is nothing in all this which should give him reason for complaint. He may not be happy in this society, but there is no reason why others should not be happy, nor why the normal Pandemian should not hold the social field.[2] He is willing to doff

[1] It is sometimes thought that he does not understand women, and this opinion may be held by those who understand women; but it may be an inference from the fact that he does not behave to women as his critics would expect, they assuming that he would so behave, did he understand, whereas his interests and therefore his conduct are peculiar to his nature.

[2] No reason, perhaps, now; yet, in Greece, society was not such.

something of the appearance of dignity in the presence of boys, and there are circles (usually of the cultivated, to whom the successes of the mind, accomplished more often by men, are something) in which he feels an analagous comfort. But his objection begins where he notes an application of the principle that "God gave to St. Peter the keys of Heaven, to women the keys of the world", in other words —words which belong properly to a later stage of the present argument—when the personal Eros lords it over the philosophic Eros; and he sees in the doctrine of woman's diverse excellence an attempt to justify the usurper.

According to him, woman has her choice whether to remain within the limits assigned her by old-fashioned ideas, or to seek a higher estimate of herself—to rival man on his own ground. Let her have a fair hearing, but a just judgment. When maidenly or womanly grace so prevails with the men that they fail to judge rightly, or that they abdicate judgment, then the boy-lover is in revolt. This happens less often in countries blessed with a deep culture and dignified institutions, — such as church, crown, secluded and moral universities,—great and well centred influences

which detract from women the attention of men, and give to man a certain standing, than in new countries. In these, men are claimed mostly by personal interests, and woman becomes the only partizan of the ideal, if that may be called an ideal which is so little disengaged from the personal that it can rank only as an incipient idea. Her comparative leisure, and her patience in observation of men, enable her with some right to assume control of the abandoned province of the higher interests. She then gives a tone neither satisfactory to the sensible women of the old world, nor favourable to the growth of manhood, and of course not consonant with the harmony of powers which the boy-lover seeks to produce.

He does not much value her additions, or the additions made under her influence, to social refinement. Like most men he despises the pretty, the unnecessary, the superficial, the artificial, the accessories of decoration and manners, which she is apt to import. But he goes further than most men, because the instinct for the beauty of the masculine drives him on. There is even in common paederasty an appreciation of the less voluptuous beauty,

the severer, and, as the boy-lover would affirm, the higher ideal. For him, the opposition between the strong and the beautiful has ceased[1], or is, at all events, less marked. He requires more that is beautiful in man, and his human ideal, whether for man or woman, is simpler though not less subtle. He wishes to remove that which distracts the mind from the study of this noblest beauty, most strict in itself, most free from accessories; and distractions become to him profane. Now it is precisely these distractions which women, when idolized, invent; precisely their inventions which then become synonymous with distinction: elegance, it is called; it is just this "refinement which it is the merit of Greek art to lack."[2] The North, with the complicated arrangements which the climate makes needful, is, in this respect, less severe than the South.

The boy-lover, if allowed by education and travel to discover his bent, will more easily than another leave behind him the elaborations of Northern taste. He dispenses, not only with the Rococo, but, in the end, with much of the Gothic also. Of some cathedrals he will

[1] καλοκἀγαθία suggests their combination.

[2] Remark of a friend.

say that they are lady-like, and that they represent the ethics of refinement. He will remind you that Ruskin[1] never reached Verona from Abbeville without doubting whether Verona were not the nobler; that Mérimée[1] refers to the style of the round arch as the "forme noble."

He would escape also from anything which appears to appeal too much to the sentiment for purification. Some *contemptus mundi* is probably, indeed, indissoluble from all high love. But the point where the human touches the divine is the acme of natural beauty, and therefore an acceptance, not a renouncement of the human. The art which he loves is thus removed, in spite of governing conventions, from the artificial. He reaches home

[1] *Stones of Venice.* Volume I. Chapter XXIV. The Roll and Recess. X. "While I have studied long at Abbeville, without in the least finding that it made me care less for Verona, I never remained long in Verona without feeling some doubt of the nobility of Abbeville."

[1] Walter Pater. *Miscellaneous Studies.* Prosper Mérimée. *c. f.* Jules Lemaître. *Les Contemporains.* Article on Gaston Paris:

"Ces cathédrales gothiques qui semblaient barbares aux lettrés du XVII siècle et qui pour Fénelon manquaient de mesure et de noblesse."

in that which is furthest removed from the modern woman's ideal of home. His form— impossible, alas! in the northern world— would begin where her forms cease. He would really live only where she would think it impossible to live,— in the bare simplicities. This is *his* contempt of the world.

It has been said that there are women, in countries congenial to the boy-lover, whom he finds congenial. They may be defined as the female of the male, or the helpers of man, as the modern women, whom we have been describing, may be classed as those who demand that man shall be the male of the female, the helper of woman. It would not be in the least contrary to the theory here expounded that the helpers of man should be a nobler growth of womanhood. As the man most esteemed by the boy-lover could be a husband, so allegiance to a masculine standard in art, life, and morals, is not the privilege of the boy-lover alone, but of wives and daughters as well. And the heroic attitude is achieved by those women whose subordination to the ideal may easily become insubordination to artifice. The boy-lover, placing himself in direct contemplation of

the highest beauty, has not shut himself off in an angle of speculation, nor suffered anchylosis of humanity. Starting from his own love he only reaches, by his own path, the end which is open to all possessed of the true "enthusiasm for humanity". He aspires to reach only what can be generally acknowledged. His idea of simple human nature is close on the commonplace. His men and women, alike in impulse and nature, may be educated so as to be sympathetic, according to their degrees of ability. There is nothing in his ideas which should prevent association. On the contrary, it is the notion of a diverse excellence, the absence of a common standard, which is preventive. He cannot submit himself to convention when it assumes in defence of woman another criterion than the philosophic ideal, and allows her to dictate on the authority of her nature. But if loneliness has not distorted his creed, and if the severity of his practice has not withered his humanity, a visit to a family in which the wife contributes to the happiness and accomplishment of her husband, is as the sight of Persian life to a Spartan. He recollects what is gained by celibacy and freedom, but he

knows what is gained by settled love; and, looking always for an incarnation, and not for a life beyond death, he cannot pass without sympathy the only complete and immutable apparition of the spiritual in the sensible. Rather he desires fraternity just here, just in those persons whose love is different. He will wish their philosophical ambition to be the same: he will not wish their love altered. He is at one with all those, married or unmarried, who, by maintaining discipline and gentleness, keep the spirit of the race independent, self-controlled, and manly. To this good women contribute as much as men, and far more than undisciplined and vulgar men. No help can be spared, no household — least of all the household in which there is that nourishing satisfaction which he so often misses. Indeed he may go so far as to think: "I live for them."

His dissociation from those who "marry and are given in marriage" becomes, like the Christian's dissociation from the world, a closer association — not indeed with prevalent ambitions and customs (rather all lovers of their fellows, if endowed with certain capacities, are reformers) but with their higher needs. As he disdains to exclude his

beloved from marriage, so his thought for himself is of a permissive existence in a greater world. He looks on husband and wife as near to this greater world, as the cloistered regular may look on the secular clergy; the call is only for himself.

In moments of discontent he may wonder whether Zeus did not ordain the disappearance of the flower of youth — *αἱ εὐφυεῖς μηροὶ θριξὶν ὥσπερεὶ ῥυπῶντες*[1] — and the sterility of Uranian love, so that man might not become too proud. Jealousy of woman, whether creditable or not, is natural to him.

> Oh, why did God,
> Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
> With spirits masculine, create at last
> This novelty on earth?[2]

But it should not be hate of anything womanly which drives him into isolation; and it should be a willingness to sacrifice the outer to the inner which makes him contented in isolation, and fearful of the society in which women dominate. He knows, if his intellect and imagination are developed, that he will not

[1] Lucian, *Erotes*, 426. XXV, 26.

[2] Milton, *Paradise Lost* X, 894.

find corresponding development among women, and will find consideration only in rare women; and, when he thinks, with envy, of marriage as a state of settled love, he will remember that it would be an uncommon woman who should not atone for her help by her drawbacks. In this he is very different from the woman-lovers who accept such drawbacks as the inseparable concomitants of the love inevitable by man, that is to say, the love of woman. It amuses, if it does not anger, him to observe how quietly these men surrender what they ought to perform to their wives' wishes with a silly-wise reflexion that "such is Life". It is to him the strongest evidence of woman's power that, seeing, they submit to the evil, and regard submission as normal.[1] Not harlotry, but matrimony is the scene of the most constant infidelities to the masculine ideal, and the conjugal fidelity of the wife is just what renders her a chartered libertine. Possessed of her neat virtues, she has some right to contemn not only the moral

[1] Pindar. Fr. 123 (88)

ἢ περὶ χρήμασι μοχθί-
ζει βιαίως ἢ γυναικείῳ θράσει
ψυχρὰν φορεῖται πᾶσαν ἀδὸν θεραπεύ-
ων.

ruffians, rapscallions, and tatterdemalions, — not only the husbands who (to support her) become "stained to the soul with money-bag and ledger,"[1] but also half of the followers of pleasure, always numerous in a well-planted stock, drinking deep from the earth. But the manners which proceed from her tuition alone are not those of the blood horse, proud and gentle: they are those of the mollific parson. Wherever she dominates, man deteriorates, because she fails to appreciate the major issues. She will ruin us with her high principles. It takes men to make men, and gentlemen to make gentlemen. The Uranian welcomes the woman who helps: he abhors the woman who presumes. And he is of the keenest to detect her presumption, because he stands more directly in relation with the stronger ideal, and is not misled to disparage it by its hirsute presentments. She does not know when she tramples on it, and is readily profane in undreamt ways. She will ask questions of a personal nature on slight acquaintance which men will not put to each other till after five years; she will not take serious answers as final; she will slight or repeat confessions; she

[1] Austin Dobson. *An Autumn Idyl.*

will express opinions which of themselves close the avenues of the heart; she will mix up the relative values of aims, objects, and feeling; override preferences which, important or not, are the safeguards of the important; disregard the shynesses of the soul; undervalue claims which, through mistrust of himself, a man will not make, but which, tacitly recognized, would have ensured achievement; she will invade time; demand services; expect candours; deny liberties; imperil success; gratify dislikes which a man, feeling them, would suppress; she will condone what a gentleman, however averse from subtleties of honour, will not suffer; untrained to judgment she will judge; unused to justice she will harry the peace of a man until he is well-nigh forced to permit injustice; personal, she will interfere with abstract occupations: reading, reflexion, art; observant of the cut of a man's coat, she will forget the man; eager for homage, she will tolerate immorality because it shows a man sensitive to woman; eager for comfort and grandeur, she will slacken the severe outlines of expenditure, mar the grace of simplicity, undo the useful, and do the useless. By comparison with her household even the

life of a self-indulgent bachelor will appear to be a *sanctum* of the higher meditation. Few things and serious, bad or good, will be with him, but not this turmoil and extenuation in needless effort.

The direction of the boy-lover's morals has been made clear. His object is to secure to the boy his best development, to render all his relations auxiliary to this development, to prevent woman as woman from unsettling his balance, to bring him up in self-control, whether that control be "moral" or not, so that he shall be his own centre and the reason of his doings. It does not seem enough to him to put him in a conscientious dilemma between continence and marriage, nor respectful to let him tumble in vice that he may desire a bath of alien purity. He instils caution into him, and resolute self-respect, as the only protections which he can have for the one point where the armour of every man, according to the strength of his manhood, is weakest, his love. And he regards it as no slight advantage that he can give the boy some anterotic foretaste of the love that joins the body and the soul to free him from the false imaginations that dwell on either separ-

ately. Against marriage he does not guard him, if marriage is subsidiary to his own perfection, but he holds him in tenderness to a masculine idea, and to the fulfilment of that idea in his character.

Of such character the lover is an example. Neither for his own nor for his beloved's pleasure will he abate one jot of his duties. The boy knows this, and learns to conceive of the performance of those duties as that which gives worth to the lover, and thus to love. He learns by observation what is that virtue which he lacks.

For he has it, and has it not. Strong in body, he is weak in mind, knowledge, purpose, and judgment. Himself the beauty of the end, he is far from the end, and depends on his lover to guide him to it.

Is this direction effeminate? Is it immoral?

VII

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EROS

μακρὰ διασκήσαις ἀκοντίσσαιμι τοσσῶντο.[1]

THE boy-lover approaches the monk but does not meet him. He has much the same reason to fear women, as a distraction from high pursuits; and his jealousy, originally erotic, has some philosophical excuse. But, unlike the monk, he bears with him, in his retreat from woman's society, the sensual together with the spiritual love. He and his beloved are in training, *ἄσκησις*[2]; but it is not the Christian "ascetic" mortification. There is no function of the human being which is to be atrophied, while both lover and beloved are to be directly in relation with their proper ideal, the masculine. This seems to be the peculiar advantage of such love, the advantage which renders it indeed a philosophical passion.

[1] Pind. Isthm. II. *στρ. γ'*

[2] Mark Pattison. *Sermons.* IV.

To say that the youth is philosophic would be absurd. He is probably thinking of his golf-clubs. He loves the man, but might love him quite as well, if he were not philosophic. And the man loves the youth partly because the youth is not philosophic. But both love the masculine, which is, after all, τὸ νοῦν μᾶλλον ἔχον[1]; and this fervour is combined with an isolation favourable to abstract pursuits. The lovers are not dependent through women on the social world, not connected by children with the daily problems of life. They are released from the world, though they carry with them its best blessing. Meditation and love no longer conflict, but are at one. This stage can, of course, be perfectly reached only in Pausanian love, since this alone can be enduring.

But in boy-love there is a special ἄσκησις, which fortifies the lover, and may console him for the lack of a Pausanian fellow, or a wife. His loves may be many—many more than he wants. He takes the youth at a period of rapid development. Six months will show a difference. Absent six months, the boy will return to him no longer the same; and

[1] Plato, *Symposium*, 181d.

the six months lost can never be recovered. Sooner or later he will discover that the boy no longer finds complete satisfaction in his lover's arms. Happy he may be with unalloyed happiness; but his thoughts float about something different. The firm lines which the lover's training has developed in the boy's character and body become lines of separation. Sic vos non vobis.

We have followed out the process before in this discourse, and the disaster to the altruistic lover. He finds his capacity for work shaken, his balance unsettled, his health imperilled, his social ease diminished, his ideal life gone. But we may here note that nature is not always so unfriendly to him. Sometimes love dies away as the lad grows into "the light of common day"[1], and the lover ceases to care for him in proportion as he is better able to care for himself. We then have an inverse application of the law by which love is deflected from the higher to the more tender. The protective feeling diminishes with the need of protection. Whichever may be the case, by all rights and duties the lover should not refuse himself another attachment; and perhaps we may add that he does not like to refuse to some youth whatever

[1] Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. Stanza V.

pleasure and strength can come into his life through love — not quite a priggish idea, since there is no education like that which a lover can give. Even if we suppose the lover to find enduring Pausanian love, he will still be in danger from those circumstances in life which rightly require that men shall use such freedom and independence as are necessary to enable each to do his work. Business, study, or duty to others, may separate Pausanian lovers; so that, whereas, in married life, even when love has abated, separation is not the rule, it is the rule in Uranian love. Perforce a lover will acquaint himself with other loves, thus sharing the desultory life of a Don Juan. He reaches, however, what Don Juan does not reach, for the latter's love must almost always be tainted with a bad conscience.

"Oh Don Juans, . . . artistes de la vie, affamés d'idéal"[1] says Théodore de Banville, but he does not speak so well as Lovelace:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,[2]

[1] Théodore de Banville. *Les Cariatides. Songe d'Hiver* VIII. With the rest of this apostrophe compare Musset, *Premières Poésies. Namouna*, Chant Deuxième, Stanzas XXIV to LIV.

[2] Lovelace, Song. *To Lucasta. Going to the warres.*

Lov'd I not Honour more".

To the boy-lover honour points the way. Duty to himself implies "What Lamb calls 'a generous self-seeking', with the reservation that by self he means a great deal — his friends, his principles, his country, the human race"[1], in short his life-work, a pagan idea of generosity, since it involves the blood, not given, but active. The boy-lover will seek and find himself both in loneliness and love. Not without either could he be fully developed, but not without love can he be quite himself. The selfish or personal motive thus lies at the bottom, as in all love; for, to consider it simply, what woman would care for the love of a man so disinterested that he courted her only for her own good? Egoism,[2] paradoxically, is one of the virtues of love, though not the only virtue of the lover — whose altruism is often pitted against his love. Altruism and egoism, however, unite in the watch and

[1] According to my memory the quotation is from Birrell's *Hazlitt*, but I have not succeeded in finding it there.

[2] Something of this may enter into the explanation of a riddle: why a woman who is being tempted, and who has everything to lose, is pleased by the urgency of a tempter who has nothing to lose, and who would be more admirable, if not urgent. She would say: "As a man, yes; but as a lover no"; or, perhaps: "A man must be urgent in love, otherwise he is not a man".

ward which he will hold over the new beloved.

Passing from lad to lad, the boy-lover attains a very curious experience. In each human being the holy quality most to be preserved opens only to love, and in each human being it is different. What response was foreseen in the first is absent in the second, and love requires the lover to do without it. What he missed in the first is present in the second, and must be treasured. Love knows how to fast and how to feast. The lover must not remind the lad of what is to him an inaccessible merit. The dearest appreciation is shown in silence. The lover is thus imbued with the essence of tenderness — the power to lack, and to give without return, the wish to cover over, for love's sake, the scant measure which a boy, always less considerate than a man, will deal. We are here on the verge of a Platonic doctrine propounded, not perhaps without *εἰρωνεία*, in the Symposium — the passage from one beloved to another beloved, from one beauty to many beauties, and from many beauties to the absolute beauty. With this as a philosophical tenet we need not here concern ourselves. We have to do only with the Philosophical Eros by which it is reached. We may suspect that Plato, a connoisseur in boy-love, was, amid all the playfulness

which made him assume an immoral volatility to be the highest love, not ignorant in practice of the spiritual experience which he describes. Shakespeare was near it, perhaps:

Thy bosom is endearéd with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposéd dead.[1]

The understanding of character which is rendered possible only by love, and the reminiscence of many characters combine to make a worthy beloved a symbol of more than he is, and a tender philosophy of character enables the lover to be more than lover: father, friend, remembrancer, guard,—if the best be reached, saint. The love of the weak, which is notable even in the lover of the stronger sex, is strengthened by comparison of loves past, which show him other weakness, the love of virtue by memory of its absence in others. At eighteen or twenty the lover may have been nearer to the roses. He is now, as the Christians say, nearer to God. Sweetness has come out of strength, as strength has come out of sorrow, love, and labour. The man no longer lives for the day. His prevision of separation is recollection of other separations. His thought is not of years, but of a life-time. His love not of one, but of many, or of the one ideal to be gathered from the many.

[1] Shakespeare. Sonnet XXXI.

It is mostly after a separation that this last thought will occur to him. Then, when he passes again into the wilderness to fast, he must feed on the enduring and less real consolations, must examine his motives, and support himself by his purpose. Then he comes clearly to the doctrine that his "duty" is his only firm stay, his human love a minor thing. Then will the brooding Eros, so nigh to death, appear to him — a true image of love, though never to supersede the lively boy; for philosophy and its consolations must for ever remain subordinate to the life wherein the ideal and the real are at one. To the greater is preferred the less; the law was made for man.

It is well known in what manner the Philosophical Eros arose in ancient times out of the love of lads. To woman the highest quality of intellect was not granted. The youth was to be trained by the philosophers precisely in the exercise of this highest quality. Their love of the youth became the intellectual Eros. The love τῶν καλῶν and the love τοῦ καλοῦ were not easily separable. Τὸ καλόν was the ὄντως ὄν, the abstract beauty, the Absolute; the love of the youths was a stage in the love of the Absolute; the philosophers' love a preparation

for the love of philosophy. In later times woman took the role from the boy (das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan[1]) as the Heavenly Wisdom supplanted the wisdom of philosophy, *ἁγία σοφία*, Athena. Protestantism, discrowning the Madonna, made but an imperfect reaction, for, in despite of the celibate leanings of St. Paul,[2] it brought family life to the fore, and crowned the wife. A more masculine tone pervades Protestant morals, but the intellect still bows before the Heavenly Wisdom — of instinct. "Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ignore".[3]

The situation is complicated by the fact that religion and philosophy have exchanged places. In ancient times religion was the human element; religion recognized human faults among the gods; it was the worshipper of the many. Philosophy endeavoured to find the one, to introduce a system of morals, to reform even the gods. Philosophy was mon-[4]

[1] Goethe. *Faust.* Zweite Theil. Last lines.

[2] *First Corinthians.* VII, 7. Cf. *Revelation.* XIV, 4.

[3] The quotation perhaps from H. F. Amiel's poetry. The idea from Pascal.

[4] Plato. *Phaedrus.* 255c.
τὴν ὑπὸ τῶν πολλῶν μακαριστὴν αἵρεσιν αἱλόντην τε καὶ διεπράξαντο.

astic: religion secular. At present religion lays claim to morals; and the merit of Christianity is not so much that it is a religion, since religions easily spread, as that it is a religion which will more or less stand moral tests. Thus Philosophy finds its arms appropriated by its rival, its moral field possessed by religion, its monotheistic tendencies embodied in theology, its education absorbed by a faith connected with wife-worship. Only in the pre-eminent exercise of the reason does it stand alone, and in this it is regarded as profane. We have consequently a sure feeling that the masculine is immoral, a feeling increased by the relative freedom of man's sexual morals, which among the ancients would have attracted little attention. To magnify an Eros characteristic of the masculine is now to turn the world upside down.

Our boy-lover has hitherto been fully occupied with his own justification. It was enough for him, if he could prove exceptions, and himself one of them, — if his experience could give the lie to critics of himself and of his love. By nature reverent, he thinks only of a permissive existence, an existence, by the way, which is much what sinners

allow to moralists: liberty to perfect their own consciences on condition that they shall not interfere with opposite practices, or what the wise old world allows to sinners: liberty to sin on condition that they shall be silent about their sins and not disturb good form. But with love and from love has grown philosophy. The boy-lover has passed from the particular to the general. He is a mature man, and has outgrown juvenile subordinacy and taken command. He must ask himself when the mistakes of the world regarding his exceptional love are to be cleared away; for mistakes there are, whether he be right or wrong; and, if the tide rises high within him, he feels almost the force to clear them away, and the right to establish a theory not merely permissive. Is not his love legitimate?

But he hesitates. His passion is part of a view of life which would entail, or favour, very serious consequences in the moral direction of life. The world, however callous, is not yet dead to the ideal. It will be pushed to what it does not imagine by what it does not understand. No harlot is so dangerous as a goddess, and practice is infirm before theory. His hesitation is more serious because he

cannot himself predict the conclusions that will follow from the premisses, the philosophy that will arise from the love. Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. The best men may be the worst leaders.[1] The appearance of an ideal is deceptive; its value disceptable. Individually received, it may be blameless, but, applied to the general, faulty. The long process of criticism which has certified the boy-lover to himself has only the absolute value of a relative truth as closely ascertained as it is closely delimited; to pass beyond these limits is to be responsible for you know not what. You may say: "This love has no impurity as it comes to me;" but it is another thing to unbar the flood-gates. You may say: "The masculine ideal is wanting to modern civilisation"; but you remember what pain accompanies transition even from the ideas of a father to the homogeneous ideas of a son. The gospel of love was, as we know, to divide families. Perhaps an echo of such

[1] Cardinal Newman. *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Part VII. "I love, for instance, the name of Origen: I will not listen to the notion that so great a soul was lost; but I am quite sure that, in the contest between his doctrine and his followers and ecclesiastical power, his opponents were right, and he was wrong".

danger is to be found in the shock given, when dogmas are attacked, to a parent indulgent, when morals are violated. The father may believe little, but he is subject to atavistic (and reasonable) superstition concerning the power of beliefs. If the Uranian Eros were wingless, we should not fear him; but he flies in the heavens of philosophy, strong with earthly nourishment. However, we know that this is his divinity as it is our danger; that we were born to face peril; that, when the courage of the individual fails, the race dies; and that it is the protestantism of many hearts which establishes catholicity of faith.

And, if in uncertainty there is something disquieting to the conscience, there is also the consolation that it is love which brings the uncertainty. When a man's life is analysed, it is seen that, however conscience may have directed his aim and purified his intention, the only vital thing within him was the love which needed direction and purification. We are creative only when we do what we want to do, miscreative, perhaps, but creative. The province of conscience is to sterilize the improper seed, but it can only leave room for the proper to grow, or train the infant growth. If it is true that only by conscience can you

hold near to love, it is also true that only by love can you satisfy conscience, and produce fruits meet even for so much as repentance, and that conscience is, of its nature, sterile and unlovely. If we think rightly, we shall prize first the human nature, afterward its direction. The men who are thoroughly alive, though sinful, have a prior claim on us; the men of order cannot, by their righteousness alone, vindicate for themselves the same rank. The boy-lover has every reason to consider whether his love is not harmful, and himself a misbeliever; but he has also reason not to shun whatever he likes, as if all liking were mere temptation, since, though it is temptation, it is also, within limits, assurance. He may be miscreant or miscreative, but he is at least subscribing to life and giving evidence of faith in this world.

It is to this problem that the boy-lover addresses himself. His start is good. There are many spiritual diseases in the world, the more the better, were he a phantasiast; but he will have none of them. The old adages haunt him:

> "The way of virtue is one, but vice hath manifold turnings".[1]

[1] Aristotle. *Nicomachean Ethics.* II, 6.

"Noblest is virtue, best is health entire;
But sweetest 'tis to gain the heart's desire."[1]

The course on which his love of a manly boy urges him ends, not at the sweetest, but at the best and noblest, which is also the simplest and the least philosophical. His aim and mark is not riddled by the darts of doubt. It stands beyond the shaft of the doubter. All the learned and talented in the world will not persuade him that they are other than the holy fellowship of the prophets and the glorious company of the apostles, that is to say, heralds and poursuivants. All the philosophy with which he imbues his beloved, or which he has won by his love, is but a safeguard of that εὐφυία which would be endangered by the world's ways. And, as his immersion in study is the doing of his love, so he values it only because its doing can be the loveworthy. The love of boys, every one of them passing away from him into manhood, has been a lesson in the substitution of the eternal for the evanescent, but not an eternal

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns"[2]:

the boy fronts the morning. To the boy the

[1] Aristotle. *Nicomachean Ethics.* I, 8.

[2] Wordsworth. *Tintern Abbey.*

world is, as to the Creator on the first Sabbath, "very good". He has not the faintest yearning for "something far more deeply interfused"[1] than the joy of every day, and in this he represents the satisfaction that must accompany any triumphant ideal, wherever it may dwell, or whatever we may feel when looking at a sunset. He is a cure for all saints and sybils, for all wizened worshippers and palsied benefactors. The heavenly vision must bear his likeness and the dew of his birth.

The lover, in his search for a philosophy correspondent to his affection, and worthy of his proclamation, will need at all times the *viaticum* of this remembrance. Driven to records for his doctrine; thrown back on himself by the world which begins at the inlets of hearing; he will, more than such a lover in ancient times, set before himself wittingly what is better perhaps pursued unwittingly: the definition of the distinctively male idea, or form, of human life in conduct, art, and thought. He is a recluse; for his only food is the food unknown to the profane. His meat is to do the will of the Love that sent

[1] Wordsworth. *Tintern Abbey.*

him; to determine by careful criticism, and to justify by moral tests, the love which he desires to see, and, through that love, to outline, according to his powers, a pattern on the sky, the ideal of the boy and man whom he loves, and the philosophical view of life congenial to them. He is by nature a pedagogue, and is in danger of becoming a mystagogue. But, since he loves an incarnation, not an evaporation, a master, not a worshipper, the cheerful, contented man, not the struggler, he must be always on his guard that the struggle, inevitable in the modern world, and harmful to placid virtue, shall be no aim and object. He sets no crucifixion before him, and a boy's light-heartedness will be, not only what he exalts, but that by which he himself must be exalted, if he would be more than a grieved Christian hero.

How far has English experience carried him already? The love of Shakespeare seems to the writer typical of the higher paederastic feeling in England. In saying this he neither forgets *In Memoriam*, nor assumes a carnal fulfilment of love in Shakespeare. What is clear is that *In Memoriam* expresses no feeling beyond friendship, whereas Shakespeare's love,

whether fulfilled or not, is erastic.[1] Now in the sonnets we find the love of beauty, of sweetness, softness, and tenderness, which are all characteristic of the love of women; but it would go hard with us to find in them sentiment which could *not* be in the love of women.[2] Here is very much the idea of such

[1] Mr. C. Kegan Paul in the *Hobby Horse*, Volume IV, Page 149, writes: "There is but one coarse word or phrase in the whole range of the *Sonnets*, and that one, as it so happens, absolutely negatives any suspicion dishonouring to Shakespeare." The reference appears to be to *Sonnet* XX (Sonnet CLI may be indecent, but it does not apply). Shakespeare in the early stage of his love had dreamt of the youth's marriage:— love of a youth can begin with such dreams. He now thinks of a division of the corporal and the spiritual loves, and in so thinking shows that he is becoming more erastic.

[2] Theocritus XXIX. 31-34.

ταῦτα χρὴ νοέοντα πέλην πατιμώτερον
καί μοι τὠραμένῳ συνεραῖν ἀδόλως σεθεν,
ὄπως, ἄνικα τὰν γένυν ἀνδρεία ἔχῃς,
ἀλλάλοισι πελώμεθ' Ἀχιλλείοι φίλοι.

XIII 1-15

Οὐχ ἁμῖν τὰν Ἔρωτα μάναις ἔτεχ', ὡς ἐδοκεῦμες,
Νικία, ὥτινι ταῦτα θεῶν πόκα τέκνον ἔγεντο,
οὐχ ἁμῖν τὰ καλὰ πράταις καλὰ φαίνεται εἶμεν,
οἱ θνατοὶ πελόμεσθα, τὸ δ' αὔριον οὐκ ἐσορῶμες·
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀμφιτρύωνος ὁ χαλκεοκάρδιος υἱός,
ἃς τὰν λίν ὑπέμεινε τὰν ἄγριον, ἦρατο παιδός,
τῶ χαρίεντος Ὕλα, τῶ τὰν πλοκαμίδα φορεῦντος,
καί νιν πάντ' ἐδίδαξε, πατὴρ ὡσεί φίλον υἱέα,
ὅσσα μαθὼν ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἀοίδιμος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο.

love that is common among those who have thought about it without penetrating the ultimate lessons to be obtained from Greek philosophy and history, or without learning the same lessons by experience. And it is supposed that paederastic love can go no further, — that it is much the same as the love of women, but with a change of object and weaker;[1] that it has analogous manifes-

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χωρὶς δ' οὐδέποκ' ἦς, οὔτ' εἰ μέσον ἅμαρ ὄροιτο,
οὐθ' ὁπόχ' ὁ λευκιππος ἀνατρέχοι ἐς Διὸς Ἀώς,
οὐθ' ὁπόκ' ἀρταλίχοι μινυραὶ ποτὶ κοῖτον ἄρωρεν,
σειομένας πτερὰ μητρὸς ἐπ' αἰθαλόεντι
πετανύρῳ,
ὡς αὐτῷ κατὰ θυμὸν ὁ παῖς πεπονημένος εἴη
αὐτῷ δ' εὖ ἕλκων ἐς ἀλαθινὰν ἄνδρ' ἀποβαίη.

Scholiast on the last line: ἑαυτῷ δ' εὖ βιῶν, ἐπ' εὐδοξίᾳ τῇ ἑαυτοῦ ζῶν. The πλοκαμίς inspires fear, which is, however, removed by the next line.

Chalcidian Song. Bergk. P. L. G. 4. *Melici.* Carmina Popularia 44. Pomtow. *Poetae Lyrici Graeci Minores.* Saeculum VII.

Ὦ παῖδες ἦσαι χαρίτων τε καὶ ποτέρων λάχετ' ἐσθλῶν
μὴ φθονεῖθ' ὥρας ἀγαθαῖσιν ὁμιλίαν.
σὺν γὰρ ἀνδρείᾳ καὶ ὁ λισιμελὴς ἔρως ἐπὶ Χαλκιδέων
θάλλει παλαισιν.

[1] It is also the Roman view:
Lucretius IV. 1052-4
Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictus

tations, higher and lower, but holds only so far as the ungrown youth is near to the feminine:[1] hence the corollary that he must be effeminate. This is the droning of commonplace ignorance. We are already prepared for another view. From the beginning I have dealt with *παιδεραστία* as a passion for the masculine, though for the undeveloped masculine, and not as if a masculine object had been merely substituted for a feminine.

By way of contrast we may read the following passages from Grote, Plutarch and Xenophon.

Grote. *History of Greece.* Chapter LXXX.

"Of the private life and habits of Epaminondas we know scarcely anything. We are told that he never married; and we find brief allusions, without any details, to attachments in which he is said to have indulged. Among the coun-

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sive puer membris muliebribus hunc iaculatur
seu mulier toto iactans e corpore amorem.

Horace. *Epode* XI, 23, 4.

Nunc gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam
vincere mollitie amor Lycisci me tenet.

[1] Contrast *Xenophon.* Symposium. Cap IV. Section 25. *καίτοι νὴ τοὺς θεούς, ὦ ἄνδρες, δοκεῖ μοί γ', ἔφη, ὡς ἐν ἡμῖν αὐτοῖς εἰρῆσθαι, οὗτος καὶ πεφιληκέναι τὸν Κλεινίαν· οὐ ἔρωτος οἰκέν ἐστι δεικτήριον ὑπέκκαυμα· καὶ γὰρ ἄπληστον, καὶ ἐλπίδας τινὰς γλυκείας παρέχει.*

trymen of Pindar, devoted attachment between mature men and beautiful youths was more frequent than in any other parts of Greece. It was confirmed by interchange of mutual oaths at the tomb of Iolaus, and reckoned upon as the firmest tie of military fidelity in the hour of battle. Asopichos and Caphisodorus are named as youths to whom Epaminondas was much devoted. The first fought with desperate bravery at the battle of Leuctra, and after the victory caused an image of the Leuctrian trophy to be carved on his shield, which he dedicated at Delphi; the second perished along with his illustrious friend and chief on the field of Mantinea, and was buried in a grave closely adjacent to him."

Xenophon. *Hellen.* IV. 8. 39.[1]

"And Anaxibius, knowing that there was no hope of safety . . . . . and seeing that all were frightened when they perceived the ambush, said to those who were with him:

'Soldiers, my part is to die here, and yours to escape quickly, before the enemy is on us'.

When he had said this, he took his shield from the shield-bearer, and fell fighting on the spot. And with him remained his ingle, and,

[1] The reference is given by Grote, *ut supra.*

of the Lacedaemonian governors, who had left their cities to join him, about twelve fought and fell with him."

Plutarch. *Agesilaus*. c. 25. and c. 28.

"Now Sphodrias had a son, Cleonymus, who, being still a boy, and being fair to see, was loved by Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus. . . . . And there fell (at Leuctra) a thousand Lacedaemonians, and Cleombrotus, the king, and about him the bravest of the Spartans. Among whom, they say, was Cleonymus, the son of Sphodrias, the fair youth, and that he was thrice thrown down as he stood before the king, defending him, and that he rose from the ground as many times and fought again, till he died"[1].

Aelian. *Fragment* 70. De Hipparino et Antileonte.

ὁ δὲ ὑφαιρεῖται τὸν κώδωνα καὶ φιλίας σύμβολον καὶ ὅμηρον πρῶταν κομίζει τῷ ἑταίρῳ αὐτοῦ.

καὶ ὡς κατειργάσατο τὸ κάλλιστον ἔργον ἔφευγεν ὅκιστα εὐθὺ τοῦ ἐρασταῦ. μετῆσαν δὲ αὐτὸν οἱ δορυφόροι, καὶ διέφυγεν ἂν ἐκείνους (MS. *ἐκεῖνος*), *εἰ μὴ προβάτοις συνεζευγμένοις περιπεσὼν καὶ συμπλακεὶς ὡς πεδὴ κάτα ἀνετράπη.*

τελευτῶν ἀπεσφάγη καὶ αὐτός, καὶ ἔκειτο

[1] See note at end of ninth chapter.

πλησίον τῶν παιδικῶν, θέαμα ἐνδοξόν τε καὶ ὑπερήφανον.

ἦστην δὲ καλὼ καὶ μεγάλω· ὡραῖος δὲ ὁ νέος, οὐ τεθρυμμένος μὴν, ἀλλὰ γεννικὸν ὁρῶν εἶχε πράκωπον τὸ ξίφος.

ἔθαψάν τε ἐκείνους αὐτόθι σεμνῶς τε καὶ σοβαρῶς ἐπιστήματα ἐπέστησαν. νεανία ἦστην, ὁ μὲν ἤδη γενειῶν, ὁ δὲ αὐτοῖν γυμνὸς τὴν παρειὰν ἔτι.

These comfortable words lift up our hearts. We at once see that we are dealing with something harder and sterner than in Shakespeare,[1] and, to know what it was, we have to turn to Greek vases of the severe and pre-eminently paederastic period, for, though all were under the ground in the days of Epaminondas and Anaxibius, they will tell us with clearness and precision much that was not lost by the age of Lysippus. At the highest our modern tide has not touched the heights of Greek love, and, if paederasty at all corresponding to the Greek is to recur, we may, with the culture now spread abroad, pass far beyond Shakespeare. The evidence that this love has associated itself with comradeship in arms, with athletics,[2] with the

[1] Shakespeare's beloved may have gone "to the warres," but Shakespeare's association with him was not military.

[2] Cicero. Tuscul. Disput IV, 33, 70. Mihi quidem haec

love of freedom,[1] with philosophy, with all that was most Hellenic among the Hellenes, is sufficient to warrant the thought that, with the revival of naturalism among us, it could take a new and Hellenic turn, that it could "endure hardness".[2] It was with no softened ἐρώμενος that the Greek lover was occupied. Constantly associated in field, palaestra, agora, and feast with all the best youths of the day, hearing them glorified in poetry for their deeds and temperance, for their will that found a way and yet brooked control; seeing their firm outlines and hard muscles immortalized in sculpture, and knowing the sweat and labour (ἵδρως καὶ καματοί) which had preceded their victories, he was, from the beginning, occupied with the contemplation of ἀρετὴ ἀνδρεία — the power and glory of the masculine. Rather characteristically it was not to the sculptor, but to the sculptured that he turned,[3] not to the praiser, but to

in Graecorum gymnasiis nata consuetudo videtur: in quibus isti liberi et concessi sunt amores. Bene ergo Ennius, Flagitii principium est, nudare inter civis corpora.
Plutarch. *Eraticus*. Chap II ad fin.
ὅπως ἀθίκτος αὐτῷ καὶ νεαρὸς ἀποδύοιτο πλεῖστον χρόνον ἐν ταῖς παλαίστραις.

[1] Harmodius and Aristogiton.
[2] Second Timothy. II. 3.
[3] Plutarch. *Pericles*. 2.

the praised. And thus his love, dependent, no doubt, in general, on the continuance of the flower of youth, was associated far more generally with the severe effort after a perfect manhood. In Plato we find it engaged by beauty, whereas in Pindar no youth may conquer in a boxing-match but the heroes, his prototypes and models, march on to the scene.[1] And this is the golden age of boy-love.

Now it would hardly be worth while to recall from the grave a form of love which had only a luxurious beauty, but we begin to see that, whatever colour love may give to our ideal of human conduct, whatever philosophical Ἔρως is to grow under the influence of

[1] Plato Lysis 205 B. *καὶ γάρ ἐστι καταγέλαστα, ὦ Σώκρατες. τὸ γὰρ ἐραστὴν ὄντα καὶ διαφερόντως τῶν ἄλλων τὸν νοῦν προσέχοντα τῷ παιδὶ ἴδιον μὲν μηδὲν ἔχειν λέγειν, δοὺς κἂν παῖς εἴποι, πῶς οὐχὶ καταγέλαστον; ἃ δὲ ἡ πόλις ὅλη ᾄδει περὶ Δημοκράτους καὶ Δυσίδος τοῦ πάππου τοῦ παιδὸς καὶ πάντων περὶ τῶν προγόνων, πλούτους τε καὶ ἱπποτροφίας καὶ νίκας Πυθοῖ καὶ Ἰσθμοῖ καὶ Νεμέᾳ τεθρίπποις τε καὶ κέλησι ταῦτα ποιεῖ τε καὶ λέγει, πρὸς δὲ τούτοις ἔτι τούτων κρονικώτερα, τὸν γὰρ Ἡρακλέους ξενισμὸν πρώην ἡμῖν ἐν ποιήματί τινι διῇει, ὡς διὰ τὴν τοῦ Ἡρακλέους ξυγγένειαν ὁ πρόγονος αὐτῶν ὑποδέξαιτο τὸν Ἡρακλέα γεγονὼς αὐτὸς ἐκ Διός τε καὶ τῆς τοῦ δήμου ἀρχηγέτου θυγατρός, ἅπερ αἱ γραῖαι ᾄδουσι, καὶ ἄλλα πολλὰ τοιαῦτα, ὦ Σώκρατες. ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἃ οὗτος λέγων τε καὶ ᾀδων ἀναγκάζει καὶ ἡμᾶς ἀκροᾶσθαι.*

the "Ερως παιδικός, may be a needed increment of human perfection. You cannot rid your philosophy of your love, nor can you tell what philosophy will be the end of your love; but you can hope that the high, and, in the Greek sense, ascetic idea of manhood which is involved in the love of a disciplined youth will have other than physical results: that, with the return of the erastic worship of the male, spiritual worship will turn to something masculine;[1] the greatest incitement we can have in our lives will prolong itself, and prove its worth in other creations than that of family life.

Here the boy-lover strikes solid ground. What had failed him all along his early years was not the ideal, and, in his manhood, he had been granted to realise the ideal in the real flesh; but he wanted the sense of being in touch and relation with the world of visible effort and satisfaction. He thought only of a permissive existence in the greater world around him, which was the modern world. He now, being reverent, still thinks of a permissive existence,

[1] Nietzsche. *Jenseits von Gut und Böse.* Viertes Hauptstück. 75

Grad und Art der Geschlechtlichkeit eines Menschen reicht bis in den letzten Gipfel seines Geistes hinauf.

but his conception of the greater world is changing. What evidence can it give of its rightfulness save in the three departments of ethics, thought, and art? These may be only the outward and visible signs of a temperament which produces and is greater than they, but they are the only signs. By them we test the grandeur of a people; they are the works which attest its excellence, and justify the faith which is in it. The difficulty for the boy-lover has been that his own faith and the excellence which he loves must slink into the corners and by-ways of the modern world. It had no proper place in such a world, no right of citizenship in the republic with which all were contented. But now he asks himself whether this republic can give evidence of itself, and, though he finds it superior to the Greek in many respects, chiefly of conduct and specially of honesty and charity, yet he sees that it turns to the Greeks, if not always for their practice, at least for the lessons of self-restraint and temperance which they give and which control their masterpieces in ethics, art, and thought; that, unruly as they were, there is something otherwise unruly in the nature that has not received their rhythm. The qualities which it lacks are those which

nerved and tempered the works of the Hellenes.

Why this difference? To say that the Ἔρως παιδικός is to be traced, not in hermaphroditical variants of the norm — these, indeed, come in with vases for the feminine toilet, Ἔρως θῆλυς καὶ νάθος, ὥσπερ εἰς κυνόσαργες συντελῶν τὴν γυναικωνῖτιν[1] — but in the appreciation, or rather in the constitution of a norm,— that everywhere, in the monuments preserved to us, the feminine and masculine influences[2] — one losing its luxuriance, the other its roughness — tend to meet under the reconciling influence of the Love of Boyhood, — and that the scholars who deplore this Love adore his children, — would be true; but it would be too much to make him the ruling spirit.

The ruling spirit was one in which the Ἔρως παιδικός lived, and moved, and had his being, a spirit which he breathed into others, adding his own fervour, but which he himself drew from the air about him. It was this spirit which inspired in bronze the artistic beauty of the

[1] Plutarch. *Eroticus*. 750. F.

[2] It is only Platonic to make the male and female norms approximate one another.

Dio Chrysostom, 21, 3. οὐκ οἶσθα Κριτίαν τὸν τῶν τριάκοντα ὅτι κάλλιστον ἔφη εἶδος ἐν ταῖς ἄρρεσι τὸ θῆλυ ἐν δ' αὖ ταῖς θηλείαις τοὐναντίον.

Polycletan quadrature, this spirit which formed in dull principles the ethical beauty of the *τετράγωνος ἄνευ ψόγου*[1]; it was a manly spirit, as the Greeks conceived manliness, blended of strength and gentleness: it was the Philosophical Eros.

Through this spirit the *Ἔρως παιδικός* was in touch with the highest, and in relation with the life around him; and, when he left his mark[2] on the finger of the Olympian Zeus, he expressed by that one act his unity with the supreme ideal: an ideal human, for it was religious, philosophical, because it was masculine: a God who had pleasure in the strength of a horse, and delighted in the legs of runners, but who also made the heavens to shake with his nod: the *ἀνθρώπινον σῶμα* worshipped by

[1] Aristotle. *Nicomachean Ethics*. Book 1. Chapter X. Section II. From Simonides. Bergk. *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*[4], Simonides. 5.

[2] Overbeck. Die Antiken Schriftquellen. 740-743 & 696 *cf.* Photius et Suidas s. v.

Ῥαμνουσία Νέμεσις . . . . τὸ δὲ ἄγαλμα Φειδίας ἐπάιηταν . . . . ὃς καὶ Ὀλυμπίασι τῷ δακτύλῳ τοῦ Διὸς ἐπέγραψε "Παντάρκης καλός." ἦν δὲ οὗτος Ἀργεῖος, ἐρώμενος αὐτοῦ. *cf.* also Pausanias v. 11, 3 (of the decoration of the throne of the Olympian Zeus) *τὰν δὲ αὐτὰν ταινίαν τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀναδούμενον ἑπικεῖται τὸ εἴδος Παντάρκει λέγουσι, μειράκιον δὲ Ἠλεῖον τὸν Παντάρκην παιδικὰ εἶναι τοῦ*

all Hellas *ὡς ἀγγεῖον φρονήσεως καὶ λόγου.*[1]

In this we may behold the symbol of that right relation, or legitimacy, which, if the boy-lover is to be satisfied, must obtain between his love and the consummate aim of all ambition. Zeus, who governs the world, is the Hellenic type of the "Wisdom that cometh from above and ordereth all things sweetly", and he bears the impress of the *Ἔρως παιδικός*, and is man. Under such rule this love must indeed remain permissive, but only as all love must always be permissive. It is part of a greater world, but in this greater world the lover has a share and rightful place. The agonistic and the erotic are at one.

The greater world is not the geographical stretch around him; it is no longer the modern world. The legitimacy obtained is not a right relation to current ideas, nor a franchise in any place. It matters little to him what is casually thought by his neighbours, or rather it matters as little to him as it can matter to any serious human being craving fellowship. But he has

Φειδίου· ἀνείλετο δὲ καὶ ἐν παισὶν ὁ Παντάρκης πάλης νίκην ὀλυμπίαδι ἕκτῃ πρὸς ταῖς ὀγδοήκοντα cf. also Overbeck ut supra 836 of Agoracritus ending "*καὶ ἄλλως ἐπτόητο περὶ τὰ παιδικά.*"

[1] Dio Chrysostom. *De Dei Cognitione*, ending 404 R.

desired, and desired earnestly, to know that he is legitimately in relation with what is morally great and healthy. His love has led him to search for it in Greece where he finds a conception and scheme of values correspondent to his best and wisest desires.

It is according to this conception and scheme that he now judges, and forms his idea of what is great in this world, that is to say, what would be that greater world of which he is the legitimate and exiled citizen. He sees it as something real, because it rests on real values, unreal, because it is never realized, a "vision truer than truth"[1]. It corresponds line for line with his canon of artistic beauty, and it is, indeed the creation of the beauty which he has loved, the reflexion of the beloved on the sky[2]. As Beatrice

[1] Swinburne *Songs of the Springtides.* Thalassius.

[2] Théophile Gautier. *Le Triomphe de Petrarque.*

'Faire sortir les ours de leur caverne noire,
En agneaux caressants transformer les lions,
O poètes! voilà la véritable gloire;

Et non pas de pousser à des rébellions
Tous ces mauvais instincts, bêtes fauves de l'âme,
Que l'on déchaine au jour des révolutions.

Sur l'autel idéal entretenez la flamme,
Guidez le peuple au bien par le chemin du beau,
Par l'admiration et l'amour de la femme.' [cont.

becomes more than Beatrice, the wisdom of the heavenly city, so the boy, grown stronger, but still with the freshness of everlasting youth, has become the ἥρως κτίστωρ of the Uranian city. This city is

built
To Music, therefore never built at all
And therefore built forever.[1]

By its rules the lover measures the approximations to virtue of our frail humanity, and the aberrations of the modern world. He looks upon our pulsing sensitive nature as a thing to be not so much loved as formed. It will offer resistance. At present it is not satisfied with the

In short a feminine version (agneaux caressants) of a legitimate virtue, self-control, is recommended, and is to be reached politically (le peuple, révolutions) by the love of woman, and under the guidance of her beauty. The statutory ideal results from the erotic and "corresponds to it line for line."

There is a caricature of this idea in Cherbuliez: *Amours Fragiles. Le Roi Apépi.* Chapter III. Madame Corneuil writes: "Les rois s'en vont, laissons-les partir; mais ne souffrons pas qu'ils emportent avec eux la royauté, dont les bienfaits sont nécessaires aux républiques elles-mêmes. Sur le trône qu'ils laissent vide, faisons asseoir la femme; avec elle régneront la vertu, le génie, les aspirations sublimes, les délicatesses du coeur, les sentiments désintéressés, les nobles dévouements et les nobles mépris".

[1] Tennyson. *Idyls of the King.* Gareth and Lynette. 272-274.

peace and comfort necessary to the stratification of rocky strength, but, with feminine devotion, must find in its holy spirit a comforter.[1] The Uranian looks further. Love, for him, is not the fulfilling of the law, nor law a schoolmaster to bring us to love. Rather love is the schoolmaster which brings us to understand the beauty of a law beyond it. And, if the law was made for man, as he firmly holds, it was because man reaches his utmost strength and beauty by exercising himself in the law.[2] Some sign of his own training he perceives in his spontaneous adherence to the narrower canons of a strict beauty become desirable. The voluptuous no longer solicits him; the luxurious is gone; the proud in abasement; yet the humilitarian virtues and the humanitarian follies have not conquered. The sterner and stronger have maintained their ground. That hard master, the *Ἔρως παιδικός*, gave him the lovely feeling of flesh only to lead him where love and endurance, gentleness and strength, unite in *ἀρετὴ ἀνδρεία*.

[1] The criticism does not perhaps apply to the theological sense of the word: confortator.

[2] Maximus Tyrius. 13. 5. *ἡ μὲν οὖν ἀγαθὴ ψυχὴ καὶ διαπεπονημένη καὶ ἠσκημένη.*

In the Greek examples and formulæ of that virtue he is at home. Here the world of visible effort and satisfaction lies around him. He is touched by their valour, their praise, their discipline, their monuments. Pantarkes and Epaminondas are his friends. Plato and Pindar breathe his *εὐχαί*.[1] Plutarch traverses his ground. Not only are their transitions from sacred to profane love most natural to him; but he recognizes even the driest principle from an ethical storehouse with the passion of a tragic *ἀναγνώρισις*, and with the more passion, if he be somewhat ignorant, — as a face lit in the dark. The slightest sight of these principles affects him with no indeterminate affection. These laws are real to him because they square with his disposition.

He diverges sensibly from the moral and political principles which are the logical conclusions of Christian charity. His enthusiasm for the masculine best may end in the victory and safety of humanity, but it is not synonymous with what is often understood as the enthusiasm for humanity. Rather his enthusiasm for a canon precludes this

[1] The reference is not to the *εὐχαί* of *The Laws*. Book VIII. 841c.

enthusiasm. He is severe and would root out the feeble plants which flourish in the soft atmosphere of Christian love. He measures not by the inferior happiness, but admits this happiness according to the measure of its service to the superior. It may not suffice him to find a miserable civilisation distinguished by a reactionary poet or saint, for his end is man; but neither will it satisfy him to find an uniform level of undistinguished happiness. In essence his thought cannot be democratic, even if he hopes to reach his end by democratic means.[1] He cannot be thoroughly a lover of freedom, though he may understand how liberty contributes to manhood. He criticizes "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" according to the noble men produced by the plebeian programme.

And he does not stop short at general criticism. He criticizes himself. His own happiness must be similarly certified. Nor is criticism of self enough. He is not content with his beloved — not even with the boy whom he can never love more, who can never be more beautiful, and who, perhaps, will

[1] Homer, Iliad. I. 116-117 ἀντί νυ τοῦ πολλῶν
λαῶν ἐστὶν ἀνὴρ ὃν τε Ζεὺς κῆρι φιλήσῃ.

never be more happy, — unless he is on the way to a happiness, externally less beautiful, but inwardly more noble — the self-mastery of an athletic philosophy.

If ever the lover — more devoted to the tangible than to the unseen — has stood before the abstract fulfilment and imaginary completion of the imperfect and convergent lines of our nature, he has sung a hymn to no Asia, and has remembered no Beatrice, but has divined a perfection for which beauty is too frail a word, and love too slight a service. Passing thus beyond the aesthetic, he escapes the dangers of music.[1] Amphion has left behind him a fortress.

[1] Plato. Republic. III. 18.

VIII

THE DOUBT OF THE PERSONAL EROS

WE now come to a turning-point, to the contradiction or resumption — in any case the ordering — of early thoughts.

It may be remembered that the lover, when young, was loth to reconcile himself with the Christian conception of the God of Love, or with the application of that conception to loves on earth. The emotion which was inculcated, and the respect due to that emotion, appeared to him to control worshippers neither in their worship nor in their morals. His estimate of love by its intensity was not adopted by them.

It is now long since he discarded the traditional hierarchy of values, but it is also long since he ceased to interpret common actions by his own intensity. The vulgar — which he took for a romantic exception — is now vulgar

to him, as it is thought by the vulgar who practise it; the higher has its distinction, even when it does not burn like the Flaming Heart. Besides this he has learnt from Pindar a standard which is not emotional, and from his beloved a healthy content in ordinary life and action. It may almost be said that he dreads the romantic, though romance is his prime motive, as it is for Pindar. The highest accomplishment which he sets before himself is a translation of imagined beauty into fact, not sublimation of emotion in the undefined. Clear outlines at least his love and the Greek tradition have taught him. His ideal must stand and discover itself. It must be no more afraid of the fact than Beethoven is afraid of the tonic.

He now fronts a dilemma of his own: a dilemma which, being his own, does not consist in an unwelcome opposition between his natural beliefs and a creed, but which is not to be escaped by abandonment of a creed.

The Ἔρως παιδικός has brought him under the dominion of the Philosophical Eros. This Philosophical Eros now dictates laws to the Ἔρως παιδικός — to the boy-lover's passion. He has always been, or endeavoured to be, under the control of conscience, and to live

with regard to the aim of a greater world. Now the personal has defined the higher love; and this definition, the Philosophical Eros, has cleared the aim of conscience, and contented it by putting the boy-lover in relation with the world so far as it is, or may be, or has been, great and high. But this theogony implies a revolution. The position of the Ἔρως παιδικός toward the new master, has to be determined, — the limits of his province, a province now both permissive and legitimate.

The boy-lover, taking ideas from both Christian and Pagan, but rather from the latter, determines it according to the philosophy which he has accepted, and according to the conditions of a world never wholly subject to any philosophy.

The Incarnate Love of the Christians, not meant to take even wifely love under his protection, save as a matter of sexual order, has, in the course of centuries, extended his control to all love, and, if love is the object of life, as in the Christian and humanitarian theories, well earned his dominance. By comparison with him the flighty Eros of Greek days would be no god to us. But indeed he was a minor god to the ancients, most

powerful, yet seldom worshipped. If it were the lover's purpose to exalt Ἔρως — whether Ἔρως, the friend of boys[1], or Ἔρως, the friend of wisdom — to the place held in Christian worship by Love, he must incorporate in him all the qualities which Christians intend when they say that "God is Love". But that which is sublime is not apt to be sensible, and he does not want to light a flame in which man may expire as a moth in a candle. The earthly Eros is subject to the chill of his philosophical master's control; the Master-Love himself bows in worship before the final perfection. The law that guides that worship could be formulated in

[1] For caution let us remember the Greek maxim: ὡς λύκοι ἄρν' ἀγαπῶσ' ὡς παῖδα φιλοῦσιν ἐρασταί. So the sportsman loves wild animals more than those who have his cruelty on their conscience. So the Pandemian is less troubled by the fall of a woman than the Uranian. So the father is fonder of his daughter, and more harshly determined that she shall be pure, than a boy-lover. In all these cases he who loves considers selfishly the use to which the beings loved can be put. He considers them vessels unto honour and dishonour. If love is absent, they are considered only for their happiness, not for the happiness of lovers. Yet in general lovers possibly leave them happier. The sportsman will know whether foxes are diseased, and will rejuvenate the stock. And one cares to be loved though one suffers by love.

marble as well as in flesh. If the master thus humbles himself, much more the servant. The philosophical Eros has become the justiciary of his earthly namesake, and, as the Christian love of woman justifies itself by the love of God, and crucifies itself for the love of the Crucified, so now no love whatever may hold its place in the Uranian hierarchy save under licence from the highest love to be known, the philosophical love, of whose commands it is minister.

The boy-lover thus approaches the formalism, or control of an idea, which he reprehended in early days — by a logical approach, for his standard is no longer intensity of emotion — in other words, though he believes that love is a god and his special patron and liege lord, he no longer accepts the dogma which caused confusion, the Christian dogma that God is Love. Else love would have nought greater than himself to worship.

He must therefore diminish the importance of the personal love in his system. Soberly considering the aims and conditions of human existence, he thinks it enough to assign to him the place of helper, *παντοίας ἀρετᾶς*

συνεργός,[1] and to recognize *τὸ καλόν* as the object of *οἱ καλοί*. His end is, not less than of old an incarnation. *τὸ καλόν* must appear in the flesh as a perfected *εὐφυία*. But that *εὐφυία* cannot be perfected in one youth, nor in youth at all, though youth is its most perfect expression outwardly, and inwardly does not fail of some of its final merits. So that erastic passion is only a worship of a part of *τὸ καλόν*, insofar as the boy, the beauty of the end, does not reach it in all moral and intellectual nobleness.

The lover, therefore, becomes watchful of the personal — in his case the paederastic — Eros. His first caution is a common one. He now believes the violent love — the love of Tristram and Romeo — a love much fondled by romantic poets and novelists, to be, in sum, a pitfall to manhood.

ἔρωτες ὑπὲρ μὲν ἄγαν ἐλθόντες οὐκ εὐδοξίαν
οὐδ' ἀρετὰν παρέδωκαν ἀνδράσιν[2].

Not that he abandons his early belief in the worldliness of the world, or in passion

"Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown."[3]

[1] Euripides. *Medea*. 845.

[2] Euripides. *Medea*. 627.

[3] E. A. Poe. Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian, Boston 1827: reprinted under the title *Tamerlane and other*

He would think himself a renegade, if he abated one jot of his reverence for the rare depths and intensities of the human soul. But he has a high ambition for the male, and must subdue that which subdues the male, the personal Eros overstepping his province.

We have followed him through experiences which would have brought a man observant only of experience to real faithlessness unto this Eros: the disasters and deaths of love, and the imperfect responses of the beloved to his affection. The lapse from this ground into depths is the commonsense of vulgar souls. Continence — a medicine easier to prescribe than to take — is the soul-cure of saints. And the prescription of modern love is a mixture of heavenly and earthly, an "ideal" marriage, wherein either constituent loses somewhat of its effect. The sensual is scanted of its food, and the philosophical Eros is made to carry bundles.

> "A servant with this clause
> Makes drudgery divine."[1]

Poems by Edgar Allan Poe. London George Redway 1884. The quotation is the last line of a poem beginning "In youth have I known".

[1] George Herbert. *The Elixir.*

Very well; but *ὁμολογεῖται κρεῖττον εἶναι θαρρεῖν ἢ φοβεῖσθαι καὶ ἐλεύθερον εἶναι ἢ δουλεύειν*,[1] and the latter alternatives apply to the lover of a boy: *ἢ μὰν τρομέω νιν ἐπερχόμενον*.[2]

It is not strange and it is not illogical that the lover sometimes asks himself whether the lowest love, mere corporal pleasure, is not the most serviceable to man. St. Paul's notion of marriage was rather the admission of the flesh than the invocation of a spirit. He is close on Briseis, whom we remember with gratitude, because she left Achilles free for Patroclus and the *κλέα ἀνδρῶν*.

The serious Lucretius goes further still:

> Sed fugitare decet simulacra, et pabula amoris
> absterrere sibi, atque alio convertere mentem,
> et iacere umorem collectum in corpora quaeque
> nec retinere semel conversum unius amore.[3]
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Nec Veneris fructu caret is qui vitat amorem,
> sed potius quae sunt sine poena commoda sumit;
> nam certe purast sanis magis inde voluptas
> quam miseris.[4]

[1] Xenophon. *Symposium*. Chapter IV. Section 29.

[2] Bergk. *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*.[4] Melici. Ibycus 2.

[3] *Lucretius*. IV. 1063-1066.

[4] *Lucretius*. IV. 1073-1075.

If the ideal is seldom or never to be found in the real, why search for it there? Why not accept all personal objects of affection as symbols, and avoid the derangement of search? Love may be poor but honest. Hypocrisy begins with worship. Masculine asceticism is not confined to the sexually moral; and there is a simple taste which prefers substance to a larger shadow, and act to emotion. Is there not a wholesome abstinence from the spiritual'?

Moreover, whatever the laws of the ideal city may be, we live in this world. It is hard to imagine how it could have existed and borne its sparse glories, if it had been faithful to the precepts of moralists for one day. We evade the question when we say that great men have been great "in spite of their errors". Who knows what experience has given them their equipoise and mastery? Does not the

' Let not love on me bestow
Soft distress and tender woe!
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses!
I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleasure mixed with pain!
Then, prithee, give me, gentle Boy!
None of thy grief, but all thy joy!
Captain Sir Richard Steele.

sensuality of men feed the manliness which women admire? Is it not the free pasturage which makes them worth breaking in? Art depends not only on the archetypal models, but on the models of the studio. And, by the interaction of laws, it is the freedom of men which restrains women, which gives them a citadel whose protection is their honour, and which keeps them from issuing forth, sheltered by "chivalry", an omnipresent and holy curse.

And were it not so, yet in this modern world, which is antagonistic to the boy-lover, what moral boy-love can be expected? And, were it to be expected, what shall we do while expecting it? If it comes, will it not follow the trail of disobedience? Was ever principle conceded till it had been assumed in flagrant practice? What law was ever made save by alternate tyranny and rebellion?

All these thoughts pass before the boy-lover's mind. They are not distinguishable from the precepts of immorality, yet they seem to be the last word of the philosophic Eros, and his licence may amount to a command. The lover must obey the laws laid down by the truest lovers of manhood, reconciling them as he may; and the laws which protect "morality"

to the uttermost appear to him to have been made by those who had womanhood for a conscience, and for their only conscience, by men who were, in short, morally feminist. The interests of man and woman may, for ought he knows, be antagonistic, as ancient morals are antagonistic to the modern. For women purity may be the only safeguard, but he fails to find it the only safeguard of men. Woman is not the saviour, nor purity the salvation. Purity does not involve manliness, and manliness is more than purity.

He desires "*ἄνδρες Μαραθωνομάχαι*,"[1] — so much so that, if his love were destined to stifle the air and to choke healthy growth, he would rather it were throttled at its birth; but, according to the vases, these warriors were no further removed from the slack Antimachus[2] than from St. Lewis of Gonzaga,[3] and equally removed from the idealistic love of Plato and Praxiteles and from "ideal" marriage. If they were "true to the kindred points of heaven and home"[4], it was with a troth punctilious only in death.

[1] Aristophanes. *Clouds*. 986.
[2] Aristophanes. *Clouds*. 1022-1023.
[3] *Breviarium Romanum*. XXI. Jun. In Secundo Nocturno.
[4] Wordsworth. *To a Skylar..* (Ethereal Minstrel.)

So considered the problem is serious; but we may leave it to the lover without too much fear that he will solve it amiss. His morality is real, though it is not the current morality. He resents secular degradation of his hieratic ideal, and loves masculine *ἐγκράτεια*, though he cannot be trusted to order himself according to Christian rules. He has his citadel to guard, though he must guard it against feminist morals. His honour is his own. His reaction is from Plato and Praxiteles to the strict Lysippus whose Love is less of a god. The modern ideal is among his dangers because it presses the philosophical rather than the personal into service, the husband[1] rather than the wife, and because it constitutes as final the Love which is only our step to the Law. How deep is this reaction, tiding back over all his theory, we shall see when we contrast the teaching of the Heavenly Wisdom with that of the *Ἔρως φιλόσοφος*.

[1] Laws which exact the same fidelity from the husband as from the wife, on pain of divorce, appear to the boy-lover "irreverent".

IX

THE DOUBT OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL EROS

ON the doubt of the sacredness of the Ἔρως παιδικός there follows the doubt of his philosophic counterpart. The boy-lover may give himself airs and talk mysteries about him, and may trumpet forth the praise of man, but what is there more wonderful in man than in the grass to which he is likened? It, too, has its flowering time and seed-time. It, too, is fair in its day, and loses freshness as it waxes in strength. Yet the lover does not wonder at it. He acknowledges the mystery of life, but the mystery does not interest him. Why should man interest him? He finds nothing admirable in the sphery motions of the planets, and is not disposed to talk μάλα σεμνῶς of the maze of myriad orbs unseen. The innumerable series of years and the flights of seasons are one day to

him.[1] Why should man, whether in his

[1] For the opposite view, cf. Edward Fitzgerald, Letter to R. B. Cowell (1847). "Yet, as I often think, it is not the poetical imagination, but bare science that every day more and more unrolls a greater Epic than the Iliad; the history of the World, the infinitudes of Space and Time. I never take up a book of Geology or Astronomy but this strikes me. . . . . one fancies that the Poet of today may as well fold his hands, or turn them to dig and delve, considering how soon the march of discovery will distance all his imaginations, dissolve the language in which they are uttered. Martial, as you say, lives now, after two thousand years; a space that seems long to us whose lives are so brief; but a moment, the twinkling of an eye, if compared (not to Eternity alone) but to ages which it is now known the world must have existed, and (unless for some external violence) must continue to exist. Lyell in his book about America, says that the falls of Niagara, if (as seems certain) they have worked their way back southwards for seven miles, must have taken 35,000 years to do so, at the rate of something over a foot a year! Sometimes they fall back on a stratum that crumbles away from behind them more easily: but then again they have to roll over rock that yields to them scarcely more perceptibly than the anvil to the serpent. And those very soft strata which the Cataract now erodes contain evidences of a race of animals, and of the action of seas washing over them, long before Niagara came to have a distinct current; and the rocks were compounded ages and ages before those strata! So that, as Lyell says, the geologist looking at Niagara forgets even the roar of its waters in the contemplation of the awful processes of time that it suggests. It is not only that this vision of Time must wither the Poet's hope of immortality; but it is in itself more wonderful than all the conceptions of Dante and Milton."

individual, or in his aeonic development, be more admirable?

Perhaps he once liked a dog, and was sorry when he died. But afterward he got another dog, and was confused when he found that, though the second dog had never seen the first, he was the same in his winning ways. Was there much to love in the law whereby they were alike? or did his love rest on the fact that each dog had his own little self-conscious soul? If so, would there be any purpose, or added richness, in the collection of a series of such treasurable souls?

Lads are more different from each other than dogs: but, if anything is wonderful, it is the sameness of the needs of healthy lads, such as the boy-lover likes. Every one plays games. Every one wants a jack-knife, a ball, a dog — if possible, a horse. The requirements are about as constant as the requirements of houses. A land studded with prosperous little houses, every one of them containing the requisites of a decent life, may be the ideal of a political economist; but is there any purpose for the lover in such reiteration[1] of the desirable

[1] *Land and Water*. Oct. 11, 1917. p. 10

"At the time of my visit to Babylon I found the German scientists excavating there in a terrible state, because

conditions? Few boys may be worth his love, and rarity may lend value; but the value of a rarity is nil, unless you want the thing. Why do you want it? and is it the law or the being that you love? and why do you love either?

The voice of Doubt cries within the lover: "You found the conversation of drawing-rooms endlessly dull, and you devised an endless explanation of its dullness; but what was your

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the raising of the water in the old Euphrates threatened to defeat forever their long-cherished plan to delve deep under the ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's capital to uncover a prehistoric city of equal size which existed on the same site. It was feared that the increased soakage from the raised water level would make it out of the question to carry on excavations at any depth at this point. The spectacled Teutonic savants were in a high state of indignation at the prospect, but to the average individual half a million live and prosperous farmers would weigh rather more heavily in the balance of expediency than a row of cases filled with bones and ornaments of dead men, and a ponderous tome filled with theories regarding life in a dead city."

C. Whibley. Jonathan Swift. "It is plain also that Swift accepts as his own the generous creed of the Kings of Brobdingnag, 'That whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.' Two hundred years after Swift we have rediscovered the truth of this simple doctrine."

explanation? The erotic principle was absent. Very well. Every creature desires to fill its belly, and to gratify its carnal desire. You, after satisfying the first desire, found your own way to fulfil the second. But, to justify your taste for food, you did not think necessary to establish it in heaven, and to give it a guard of angels. What need to justify the second? No doubt each reason which you give for doing just what you like will be sublimer than the last. But whence sprang the need of a reason? From nothing sublime.

"Are you not hoodwinked by nature? She has the art of deception. With a small bait of flesh and the gauzy wings of a double and ideal life, she lands her prey in the net of marriage, and thenceforth husband and wife must labour in field and house to fulfil her purposes. This net is spread in your sight. You do not fall into it, but you fall into another. At first you thought your love indifferent to sex and superior to it. Then you found that you were tied down to one sex no less than a woman-lover. You thought you would worship the noblest being, man, and you found your self tied down to a boy, and resigned yourself to become, in some

respects, a man. You were to be above nature, and you are a victim of nature.

"And this flower of your conceit, sprung again from a winter of two thousand years, this philosophical Eros, who carries off the spoils of moral teaching, sacred and profane, Christian and Pagan; who holds you to your desk, and sets you on your horse; who empties your money-bag, and fills your head; your master and liege lord: why did you need him but that you are one with the beasts that perish? What is he but a brilliant butterfly emerged from a lusty caterpillar? You don't think that, if the procreation of the species depended on an ardent love of astronomy, it would long survive. Why make your earthly love dependent on this star-gazing? It is your defence which condemns you. Follow your nature and have done with it, and don't talk nonsense about the Heavenly City".

Such and many more such *iurgia saeva* resound in the boy-lover's ears. They do not distress him, because he never dreamt of separating himself from the earth, his mother, and because he had always found in the flesh the visible counterpart, if not the origin,

of spiritual desire. He thinks of the two as one thing, the secret of St. Theresa and of Catullus, of Caesar and of Jesus.

ἐπάμεροι· τί δέ τις; τί δ' οὔ; σκιᾶς ὄναρ
ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ' ὅταν αἴγλα διόσδοτος ἔλθῃ,
λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπεστιν ἀνδρῶν[1].

Why does he care for this *αἴγλα διόσδοτος*?

It is no secret from him that the reason is erotic; that love casts the glamour over life; that, in this strange world, he is our only stay and steadiness, when we look into the abyss of things: the aboriginal terror and unreason. For those who do not love, there is no reason why they should love life: the earthly arguments are too slight, the heavenly too uncertain. They are most to be pitied, being born to that which they can never embrace — to that which we embrace only because we possess a love that knows no reason. What we see is nought, and we are nought; but we are born to love it, and love gives it value. In this sense, if we admit the identity of spirit and flesh, Nietzsche's statement that the phallus[2] is the sublimest symbol is but the plain truth.

[1] Pindar, Pythian. VIII. Last strophe.

[2] Nietzsche Gotter-Dämmerung 4, but not with the intention of the text.

Love keeps us in a charmed circle, which is a *circulus in definiendo*. We live because we love, and we love because we live. He who breaks through this circle destroys the circumscription of his own happiness and nobleness.

The lover knows that he is not different from the beasts of the field, save in the knowledge of his condition. There is no reason for the nobleness that he loves, for the flush of divine light over mortals save the reason of flesh, unexplained on earth, and projected on the sky.

Nay thee, Love, he gave
His terrors to cover
And turn to a lover
His insolent slave.[1]

[1] Robert Bridges. O Love, I complain.

NOTE

The reference, indicated in the footnote on page 100, *will be found overleaf.*

Since the nature of Greek attachments is disputable, let us consider the evidence concerning the Sacred Band.

When Philip, after the battle of Chaeronea, surveyed the bodies of these men, all wounded in front by Macedonian pikes, he is reported to have said: Ἀπόλοιντο κακῶς οἱ τούτους τι ποιεῖν ἢ πάσχειν αἰσχρὸν ὑπονοοῦντες (Plutarch. *Pelopidas* XVIII *ad fin.*).

The saying may have only a general meaning: A plague on those who speak ill of such men; but it comes close to *Honi soit qui mal y pense*: Let us not harbour unworthy suspicions, and could be taken to mean that the attachment of the ἐρασταί and ἐρώμενοι who constituted the band was only spiritual.

Now Philip should have known the facts. He was brought to Thebes at the age of fourteen or thereabouts by Pelopidas. The Sacred Band was already constituted and was usually led by Pelopidas. Philip was consigned to the tutorship of Pammenes and became an admirer of Epaminondas τὸ περὶ τοὺς πολέμους καὶ τὰς στρατηγίας δραστήριον ἴσως κατανοήσας, ὃ μικρὸν ἦν τῆς τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀρετῆς μόριον, ἐγκρατείας δὲ καὶ δικαιοσύνης καὶ μεγαλοψυχίας καὶ πραότητος, οἷς

ἦν ἀληθῶς μέγας ἐκεῖνος, οὐδὲν οὔτε φύσει Φίλιππος οὔτε μιμήσει μετέσχε (Plutarch. *Pelopidas* XXVI *ad fin.*).

The Sacred Band had been founded (some say) by Epaminondas himself (others by Gorgidas). In any case, Philip, who remained in Thebes about four years, must have been intimately informed. Further, Pammenes is cited (*loc. cit.* XVIII) as having said μετὰ παιδίας that ἐρασταί should in battle be placed beside their ἐρώμενοι, and to have so arranged his hoplites, in order that they might be put on their mettle to defend each other.

Philip, then, so far as knowledge of the facts could go, would have had a right to speak of the moral question; but the character given him by Plutarch (*vide supra*) does not suggest punctilios: and his death in connexion with a double imbroglio of boy-loves (Diodorus Siculus XVI, 93) sufficiently shows that his was not the sensitive conscience to which one would appeal as one might have appealed, say, to Agesilaus. The history of murders in the Macedonian family is marked by a rough readiness for direct action.

But let us suppose Philip's authority valid *in*

foro conscientiae. Our next question must be whether his saying was rightly reported. We do not know from whom Plutarch got it; we do not know that he reported it exactly, we do know that in his *Amatorius* (761 B) one of his characters assumes the contrary, by no means echoing the supposed Puritanism of Philip. But we have yet safer evidence, to wit, the original texts of Plato and Xenophon. They would be as well informed as Philip, because the conspiracy for the recapture of the Cadmeia was devised in Athens by the exiled Pelopidas and was fostered by Athenians as a return of favours, Thebes having favoured the analogous enterprise of Thrasybulus, which also resulted in liberation from Spartan rule.

Xenophon and Plato are at variance, not concerning the facts (neither of them mentions the Sacred Band directly) but concerning the theory advanced by Pammenes, which Xenophon (*Sympasium* VIII, 32) attributes to Pausanias, Plato (*Symposium* 189) to Phaedrus; but it is the same thesis. Xenophon rejects it. Plato, in this matter as throughout his discussions of boy-love, speaks with reserve and hides behind the masks of his *dramatis personae*,

but his reserve is not merely unwillingness to approve outright but also unwillingness to condemn the practice *in toto*. In any case the discussion is evidence of a strong suspicion or belief that it prevailed in the Band.

Now, if we consider the tradition of Thebes with the vows at the grave of Iolaus and the Boeotian law, which permitted the full expression of such love, we shall be running counter to human probability if we take Philip's dubius utterance as conclusive disproof.

The four corner-stones on which to base a consideration of the subject are the two *Symposia*, the *Amatorius* of Plutarch and the *Erotes* printed in Lucian's works, to which one may add the thirteenth book of Athenaeus; but casual references in authors who do not discuss the matter, incidental allusions, for instance, made by writers of history are often impressive arguments of the reality because they have no argumentative purpose; and sometimes, quite apart from love, the ideal appears distinctly as in the following passage (Plutarch, *Agesilaus* XXXIV *ad fin.*):

Ἰσιδαν δὲ δοκῶ τὸν Φοιβίδου υἱὸν οὐ τοῖς πολίταις μόνον ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς πολεμίοις θέαμα

φανῆναι καλὸν καὶ ἀγαστόν, ἦν μὲν γὰρ ἐκπρεπὴς τὸ εἶδος καὶ τὸ μέγεθος τοῦ σώματος, ὥραν δ' ἐν ᾗ τὸ ἥδιστον ἀνθοῦσιν ἄνθρωποι παριόντες εἰς ἄνδρας ἐκ παίδων εἶχε, γυμνὸς δὲ καὶ ὅπλων τῶν σκεπόντων καὶ ἱματίων, λίπα χρισάμενος τὸ σῶμα καὶ τῇ μὲν ἔχων χειρὶ λόγχην τῇ δὲ τὸ ξίφος, ἐξήλατο τῆς οἰκίας, καὶ διὰ μέσων τῶν μαχομένων ὠσάμενος, ἐν τοῖς πολεμίοις ἀνεστρέφετο παίων τὸν προστυχόντα καὶ καταβάλλων. ἐτρώθη δ' ὑπ' οὐδένος, εἴτε θεοῦ δι' ἀρετὴν φυλαττόντος αὐτόν εἴτε μείζοντι καὶ κρείττον ἀνθρώπου φανεῖς τοῖς ἐναντίοις, ἐπὶ τούτῳ δὲ λέγεται τοὺς ἐφόρους στεφανώσαντας αὐτόν, εἶτα χιλίων δραχμῶν ἐπιβαλεῖν ζημίαν, ὅτι χωρὶς ὅπλων διακινδυνεύειν ἐτόλμησεν.