Karl Heinrich Ulrichs:
Sailor Stories and Other Writings by the First Known Gay Activist

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Afterword by Paul J. Nash, MA

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ABOUT THE EDITOR

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Paul J. Nash

and in memory of

Vern L. Bullough


and in memory of

Massimo Consoli
Celebration 2000: Ulrichs' 175th birthday anniversary gathering of folks from
Italy, Germany, Austria and the United States

Top row: Kurt, Massimilliano, Gabrielle, Daniel, Peter, Hans-Peter, Thomas, Massimo, Wolfram, Alberto, Paul; Bottom row: Marino, Giorgio, Wolfgang, Roberto, Anselmo, Stefan, Jochen. Photo: M. Lombardi-Nash
At the beginning of the 1970's, Ulrichs was nothing to me but a name on a list of persons who deserved to be cited in some gay history article because of something they had done in that field; however, those same authors of the articles were unable to elaborate on those persons. I had read about them here and there in books I all too frequently bought, but I seemed unable to quench my thirst for knowledge. Ten years prior to that, I thought I was the only homosexual on the face of the earth, and ten years after that, I discovered that the world was filled with them, that history was filled with them and that they had always existed.

The only problem, really, was that the books I was buying always spoke about the past, the remote past at that. By that time I had known about ancient Rome, classical Greece and the Arab world, but there was only silence about what had happened yesterday or the day before yesterday. It seemed as if the only concession was a bit of information about Oscar Wilde and his trials. And this was reflected, obviously, in my writings. At that time, my articles were filled with classical allusions but extremely limited when it came to information about the past century.

Then in 1973 David Thorstad sent me a book he had just published with John Lauritsen in New York.

*It was The Homosexual Rights Movement,* and it was truly an eye-opener.

I never would have suspected that between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries Germany had been the most modern, educated and hospitable country, and, most of all, I
never would have imagined that the first movement for the rights of homosexuals had been born right there, in the country of the Nazis, of persecution, of exterminations.

In their brief essays, the two American authors recounted several important matters. Above all, for the first time the theories of this mysterious Karl Heinrich Ulrichs were unfolded and from them I was able to learn a bit more about his life.

The book was published later in Italy, contained in a work by many hands (Lauritsen, Thorstadt, Graf, Steglitz, Guérin, Irigaray, Pucciani and Guattari, Gay Gay: Storia e conscienza omosessuale [Milano: La Salamandra], 1976), and then alone (John Lauritsen and David Thorstad, Per una storia del movimento dei diritti omosessuali [1864-1935], [Roma: Savelli], 1979). It would not be far from the truth to say that it is probably the work that had the greatest influence on the gay movement in my country.

I do not think I was particularly impressed by the fact that Ulrichs had chosen to spend the rest of his days in L'Aquila. I had already known that many travelers from northern Europe liked Italy in particular. Oscar Wilde tried to evade prosecution in England by taking refuge in Rome and Capri. John Addington Symonds took home a gondolier from Venice. Also coming here were Johann Joachim Winckelmann, Wolfgang Goethe, August von Platen, Friedrich Hölderlin, Wilhelm von Glöden, Wilhelm Plüschow (the myth of the "Italian male" was born really with the photographs of adolescent Sicilians taken by the latter two), Alfred Krupp and many, many more, to the extent that one of the most common and most vulgar expressions to indicate a gay person today is namely frocio. The origins seem to indicate the Pope's Swiss Guard who came from the German cantons of the Swiss Confederation.

What endeared Ulrichs to me from the very first was the courage he demonstrated
in defending *urnings*.iii His courage was united with a passionate desire to change a sad fate by means of the scientific and cultural information he had at his disposal. He showed unusual courage for that time, and he had to pay dearly for it.

Then I was struck by his speaking of a "class."iv When I first became an activist, I, too, more or less discerned a "homosexual class." In fact, in the first issue of *Movimento Politico degli Omosessuali* (*Ompo*, April 1975), I made public the by-laws of "a political organization of the homosexual *class* and of all homosexuals, without regard to sex, religion, nationality or language.

"Its dimensions include the struggle for the independence and liberty of the *class* which it represents; for the transformation of the status quo from authoritarianism and repression to liberty and progress; for the elimination of the exploitation of one person by another; for the end to the discrimination of individuals into the ones who command and the ones who obey; for building socialism...."

On his part, Ulrichs explained that "There is a *class* of congenital urnalings, a class of individuals born with feminine sexual impulses while having a purely masculine body. They are a variety of men in whom uralian love is inborn." He went on to say, "Today the uralian *class* should be strong enough to demand equal rights." And again, "However, after an accurate investigation, perhaps it is not difficult for scientists to arrive at supporting what follows: nature awakens the love for men in a certain *class* of these individuals."v

Finally, another thing that endeared Ulrichs to me was his exile. I do not think anyone can truly understand what it means to be forced to live in another country, with other customs, if one has not been personally confronted by the same experience.
Then, between 1980 and 1984, and between 1986 and 1987, in America I purchased about two thousand books, mostly on history, especially gay history and culture, to expand my archives on the issue, situated in Italy.

In New York, my best friend was Amerigo Marras, who contributed to the Canadian gay movement and to *The Body Politic*, and then founded the Gay History Archives, one of the richest collections of material on homosexuality. I spent entire days with him talking about the heroes who had preceded us, and it was he, if I remember correctly, who had advised me to buy the translations published by Michael Lombardi [now Lombardi-Nash] in California, someone I had not known.

I sent for a catalog of his publications, which, indicatively, was called "Urania Manuscripts," and, all at once I bought 25 to 27 of his little books, the greater majority of which were actually by or about Ulrichs.

In 1988, the first edition of a fundamental book about our hero from Westerfeld was published##Ulrichs: The Life and Works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, Pioneer of the Modern Gay Movement by Hubert Kennedy (Boston: Alyson Publications, Inc.), and that was the book that I was finally able to present to Italian readers in 2005.

However, having said that, already in 1984 or 1985 I had gone to L'Aquila in search of Ulrichs' grave.

In February 1984 I published the first edition of *Homocaust*,⁶ a story detailing the rapport between homosexuals and the Nazis, in which I included references to the scholar from Hanover. Also for this reason no sooner had I returned to Italy from the United States, one of my prime preoccupations was to go and find his grave.

But the first two visits left me empty handed. Amerigo Marras and Steve Forgione
(at that time a contributor to *The Advocate*) urged me to undertake the visit again, and the
booklets by Michael Lombardi gave me the extra push. On July 10, 1988 (four days
before the [93rd] anniversary of Ulrichs' death), I tried again, accompanied by a young
professor of Physical Education in L'Aquila, the capital of Abruzzo, and aided by
Kennedy's book. I decided that when I returned I would ask for help from Nello Grego,
the cemetery custodian and a monk.

And this time the "treasure hunt" proved to be fruitful. Being in possession of the
most important data###Ulrichs' surname and date of death###the padre searched for the
*Libro dei morti* of the last decade of the nineteenth century and handed it to me. I
searched feverishly under July 14, 1895###nothing! But in a column further down under
July 15, there was a revelation. That day, under number 5095, "Carlo Arrigo Ulrichs" had
been buried in a "common grave." Then, later, the wording "common grave" was struck
out, and a different one, in another handwriting, most delicate and faint, was substituted
by "burial," with the addition of "near the Persichetti mausoleum."

This was the key that helped resolve the mystery. The Persichetti family was
important in nineteenth-century L'Aquila, and the Marquis Niccolò Persichetti was
Ulrichs' friend and patron. The guardian of the cemetery knew well where to find the
Persichetti monument and gave me directions###a quick right at the main entrance of the
cemetery, to the end of the slope, just left of the curve.

Yet, inside the mausoleum there were only members of the Persichetti family. In
the surroundings nothing could be seen of Ulrichs' grave anywhere. I was almost
desperate when, at a certain point, I got the idea to inspect the marble gravestones
covered by leaf litter and baked by the sun of a summer that was particularly dry. While I
was going around the mausoleum I stumbled on two graves and lamented aloud about
how another was dangerously sticking up out of the ground like that.

    Above, there was writing that was already consumed by time. I bent down to
clean the marble, using a newspaper to help me blow and sweep away the pine needles
and leaf litter. It was not made of stone; it was a marble slab that covered a grave. It was
a little difficult, but I was able to read the first, most important words:

    CAROLVS HENRICVS VLRICHVS

    Eureka!

    Abandoned to itself, concealed, as it were, ashamed of being seen by all, cracked
in a few places, Ulrichs' grave was still here.

    There were tears in my eyes, and I could not help saying, "Here I am! Did you see
what I have done? I have finally found you!"

    I felt like a winner. I took a few photographs of the marble slab, of Padre Nello
Grego kneeling in the vicinity of the slab, of the Physical Education professor, of the
Persichetti mausoleum and everything around there.

    Having returned to Rome, I immediately wrote an article to publish what I
considered to be extraordinary news.\textsuperscript{vii} I had several copies made of the photos and sent
them to anyone whom I thought would appreciate them, but first of all to Michael
Lombardi and Hubert Kennedy.

    From that time I have made it a habit to return
often to the cemetery in L'Aquila, especially every
August 28, to celebrate Ulrichs' birthday with him.

    At first I went alone, then Anselmo Cadelli\textsuperscript{viii}
began to accompany me. Another time, we were joined by Antonio Di Giacomo, and, as time went by, there was always a new face.

In 1990 I published an important book, *Stonewall*, in which (finally!) I spoke much about Ulrichs, placing him in historical context and restoring the importance he had at the beginning of our movement.

In 1991, the second edition of *Homocaust* was published, greatly expanded, with several photos and also with many references to Ulrichs, to his impact on the homosexual movement of the nineteenth century, even on the actions of Marx and Engels.

The newspapers began to write about this singular pilgrimage for the first time in 1995.

The next year, I had someone make little bags into which I put a bit of soil gathered from around Ulrichs' grave, and I sent them to Ulrichs' fans, just as I had done the preceding year with bits of soil from Pier Paolo Pasolini's gravesite.

The interest surrounding our hero since then has increased more and more, stimulating also numerous initiatives at every anniversary.

In August 1998 I published and distributed free the first edition of "*In memoria di Karl Heinrich Ulrichs*", the memorial written by Marquis Niccolò Persichetti in 1896 to announce a plan to raise funds to make it possible to have a gravestone made for the German scholar.

In September 1999, in *Ompo* 208, a long list of personalities and their opinion of Ulrichs was published (Sergio Lo Giudice, president of Arcigay in Italy; Todd White, ONE Institute [Los Angeles] in the USA; Jacques Girard, French historian; Les Wright, American historian; Paul J. Nash and Michael Lombardi-Nash, American historians;
Barry Adams, American writer; Jean-Claude Feray, French writer; Wolfram Setz, German writer; Vern L. Bullough, American historian; Peter Boom, Dutch writer; Franco Grillini, Italian politician; Hubert Kennedy, American historian; Louis Crompton, American professor; Bill Kaiser, ONE Institute, USA; Mauro Cioffari, Italian journalist; Fabio Croce, Italian publisher).

In November of the same year [1999], I published a book of photographs filled with documents, where, at the beginning of "Cronologia Gay Italiana," I put in front the book cover of the sole copy of Uranus beside a drawing of he who had written it in 1870. It was my way of paying respect and of giving a gesture of love to the one whom I consider to be the true initiator of our history.

In 2000 I published the only translation ever to be issued in Italy of his first piece of writing, Vindex from 1864. Then, being the 175th anniversary of Ulrichs' birth, the participation in his by now traditional commemoration became more international, with writers, journalists, publishers and booksellers, all particularly interested in the ceremony. (Among others, my friend Roberto Massari participated. He is the publisher of [the Italian version of Kennedy's biography of Ulrichs, the introduction to which (in Italian) is this Foreword]. Roberto is a hetero supporter of the gay movement. His birthday also falls on August 28.)

Encouraged by the public notices each year in the local newspapers, a group of activists was finally born in L'Aquila, too. It is called Movimento omosessuale aquilano (Moa), animated by Giorgio Piccinini, a young, courageous and intelligent man who will sign on to some of the most important initiatives to recuperate some of our history.

However, it was also the year of the Giubileo and of World Gay Pride in Rome.
And for the occasion, Massari published my Independence Gay, another work on the gay movement, in which I returned to unfolding who Ulrichs was, what he had done and why he was so important to our history.

The year 2001 was the saddest one. The preceding October, in Nice, Amerigo Marras had died. It was he who over the many years together in New York urged me more than anyone to search for the forgotten grave. And it was just 13 days before the ceremony that Anselmo Cadelli also died. He was the first one to follow me on several pilgrimages to L'Aquila. I, too, had just had an operation for cancer and had spent a long time in hospital: this had been the first time I had left the house.

I decided in 2002 that if I, myself, should die, I wanted at least my name to be always remembered along with this hero of liberty. So, I took a deep breath and immersed myself in my work, seeking ways to publish as many of Ulrichs' most important writings as possible.

I began with *Gladius furens*, which I translated actually when I was spending many days convalescing. Then "Manor," "Regole per una Unione degli urningi" (Bylaws for an urning union), and an article with regard to one of Ulrichs' relatives, probably an urning, too, who ended up becoming an Indiana senator in the United States.

The commemoration of that year was memorable for the bad weather that battered all of central Italy for the entire day. Inclement weather notwithstanding, Wolfram Setz showed up punctually in front of the cemetery in L'Aquila.

I was not satisfied yet. Having returned home, I felt like I had omitted something, that I had not done enough. I had to do more for that great German who had succeeded in
uniting so many people from so many countries.

My health was not hopeless. So, the following September 25th I got into the car and returned to Ulrichs once again. I see that the diary entry for those days, which turned out to be two particularly adventurous ones, is written under the night of the 27th. The entry was later published in a monthly, and it is rendered below:

L'Aquila, September 25 to 26, 2002 (Diary note):

I arrived in L'Aquila by car at nine in the morning of September 25, a Wednesday. I left my baggage at the Hotel Duca degli Abruzzi and immediately took off by foot for the Provincial Library.

I walked down Giovanni XXIII Street, crossed the roadway bridge and took Niccolò Persichetti Street. The choice was motivated exclusively because of the name of the person, being that, looking at the city map, I had to go well out of my way to get to the library.

I photographed the street sign and, having entered Roio Street, at number 12 of the Dragonetti building, I put myself down for an appointment with some regional (or provincial, I do not remember) official in charge of cultural affairs. I thought about using this occasion, and I asked the keeper who guarded the entrance if I could speak to someone in charge.

I was introduced to Dr. Amalia Salustro, with whom I had an interesting conversation that lasted about an hour. Everything was centered around Ulrichs, about his objective importance as the precursor who inspired the gay, lesbian, bisex and trans (glbt)
movement on a worldwide scale, and about how as a Latinist he had been admired by the elite of the nineteenth century.

I underscore "objective importance" because beyond the gay issue, people who are occupied with culture should address certain personages. If I had shown that on Roio Street Adolf Hitler had appeared during a secret trip to Italy, and that on Sallustio Street Joseph Stalin had gone for a pizza at the "Perla nera" in Palazzo Square, well, then, an institution that promotes local culture would have among its institutional tasks those that would make those presences known, independent of being in sympathy with or being opposed to the ideology implied.

Because, the homosexuality of Ulrichs should not only not be an obstacle to appreciating his person, but it is the principal reason for his importance, being that gay history is at last recognized as a cultural issue on a par with the history of any other community.

Dr. Salustro totally agreed with my logic, lamenting her lack of information about Ulrichs and showing enthusiasm when I offered to put books and articles on the subject at her disposal. She asked what she could do to that aim and what my suggestions were.

I replied I had come to L'Aquila to do research on Ulrichs and to stop by her office only to inform her of the historic presence of a great personage in her city, of how she might take action and do something of consequence, and above all, of my availability to render any assistance necessary for any initiative on the part of L'Aquila. The participation of [the gay group in L'Aquila], the Moa, in this matter was implicit and explicit.

I also showed on her computer how many times Ulrichs was cited on the Internet,
and, what is more important still, how many times he is cited together with the city (especially on the site of Lombardi and Nash), xxv pointing out particularly that "Manor" (a vampire story that directly preceded Dracula [and rendered below]), had been written right in L'Aquila.

Then I arrived at the Provincial Library where I asked to speak to the director, Dr. Paolo Colacciani. I presented him with a copy of Spada Furente (Raging Sword) and of Bandiera Gay, explaining that I wanted to do research with regard to Ulrichs, Persichetti, Alaudae (Larks) xxvi and related matters.

I was sent to Mrs. Anna Babbo, who was happy to help me in the library. She found a few items and made photocopies for me of what was available (in particular the entire collection of Alaudae).

Mrs. Babbo lamented that many people had asked her about Ulrichs, and she was in no way helpful. She was very happy to have the opportunity finally to learn more and asked me several times to keep the promise I had made to make books and articles on Ulrichs available to her, too.

I spent the rest of the day walking (a lot! this was in fact my first great physical effort since the previous March, after the operation), and I photographed all the places associated in any way with Ulrichs.

I took more photos the next day (especially of the Aterno River, much loved by our forebear) and then made two visits to the grave. I was alone the first time and with Padre Nello Grego the second time, who talked about many important matters.

The most important matter, about which I intend to make an official announcement and for which I plan to set up a public fund, is the following:
Ulrichs' grave has two problems, one worse than the other.

The first one consists of the progressive crumbling of the gravestone due to time (the stone has existed now for more than a century), and the condition has been aggravated by the pine resin that seems to have had a corrosive effect.

The second problem is that the entire grave is sinking. That was the sensation I got during the first visit yesterday while performing my usual ritual on those occasions. Where I placed my feet I noticed that the point where the ground sloped tended to be sinking a lot. Yet, I thought that perhaps I had removed the soil for who knows what reason to keep the place up. I also thought about the usual rainfall during that season having contributed to giving that impression. As for the rest, on August 28 I did not notice it. But that is also understandable, because in that major storm it was practically impossible to perceive anything like that if one was not intentionally testing for it.

Padre Nello Grego, the long-time keeper at the cemetery who in 1988 helped me track down the grave, was very pleased to see me. He told me that ever since I had visited L'Aquila and had published the notice of the "discovery" (as we call it), many people had come to visit it, and they had turned to him for information. At any rate, displayed in his office is a copy of the inscription on the gravestone (which I had translated [into Italian, using Lombardi-Nash's English translation of the original Latin] and published later), which the Brother had probably downloaded from the Internet to give to some of those visitors.

Padre Grego repeated to me dozens of times that if nothing was done, in two or three years the grave would sink, that it would be expensive to restore, and that we should devote ourselves to the problem by acting to avoid that disaster from happening.
Stated by a Brother, it all sounded a bit strange, but he was truly content with Ulrichs' presence in "his" cemetery. We spoke much about homosexuality, the gay movement and international current affairs. I gave him a copy of *Spada Furente* (Raging Sword), which he was happy to accept, saying he would read it at once. By so saying meant he knew well who Ulrichs was.

I had spent about an hour with him as well, during which he recommended that I track down descendants of the Persichetti family, that I contact the newspapers and local historians, and that I appeal to the city, all the while giving me suggestions and advice.

In all, it was an important trip filled with stimuli for future initiatives and, above all, I launched an international fund-raiser for the restoration of Ulrichs' grave. Yesterday, Thursday, September 26, I took off for Frattocchie [home] immediately after my meeting with the friar. It was sometime in the morning. After leaving the city-train, I went directly to the bank for information about how to open an account to deposit the collected funds. I thought that by soliciting the support of institutions by creating opportunities to sensitize them (such as the cultural office mentioned above, the library and all that is to be sensitized in L'Aquila and in Abruzzo, which, I am sure, is much more than what the same guys of Moa thought of doing), the Comune of L'Aquila would be made to understand that it is shameful to have to ask for money and depend on the generosity of the rest of the world, as if Ulrichs were a person made homeless by a flood, in order to get done what the Comune should do instead: restore the tomb of an illustrious citizen who should receive honorary mention by the Comune besides a street named after him.
On December 12 of that year (2002), on the occasion of my traditional birthday party, as always held at the Mario Mieli circle in Rome, I introduced the "For Reading" wine that publisher Massari dedicated to Ulrichs: *Rosso Gayardo*.

The wine is a precious Nebbiolo d'Alba from the Cantina Araldica di Castel Boglione (Asti) "Rosso" because of its color, intense with brick reflections; "Gayardo" because of the play on the word "gagliardo," which in Rome's slang becomes "gajardo," and on the word "gay," which needs no explaining. However, merit for the idea for the title goes to Liben Massari, the publisher's young son.

The label, (green, the traditional gay color) was printed in three "editions" Italian, German and English while the text is an abstract from some of my writings on Ulrichs, aided by Hubert Kennedy.

The wine was well received by the press half-way around the world. An American daily downright dedicated a full page to it.

Massari, the publisher, has his own particular fondness for Ulrichs, extending also from the fact that Massari was born on August 28 (the same day as Ulrichs, even if 121 years later). Massari also asked me many times to translate into Italian the biography written by Hubert Kennedy (in English), along with a few words of introduction (which is now the Foreword to Michael's book).

Well, then, my health did not permit me to translate Kennedy's book personally, but this debit is balanced by the telling of my story and of my memories of Ulrichs.

I wish that Ulrichs' example can serve the next generation, that the latter claim him with love and pride, and that the succeeding age group learn from him to be proud of those we love and of how we love.
Originally the Introduction, written in Italian by Massimo Consoli, to *Ulrichs* by Hubert Kennedy, translated into Italian by Roberto Cruciani (Bolsena [VT], Italy: Massari Editore), 2005. (Trans.)


Ulrichs' word for gay men, coined in 1862. (Trans.)

Consoli anticipates Ulrichs' references to class on pages 52 and 180, below.


One of the first and foremost Italian activists, died on August 15, 2001.
Preserved in my archives are many photos taken by him of Ulrichs' grave during the course of various celebrations.

ix Founder of the gay club "Michelagniolo" [cp. Angelo (trans.)] in Rome.


xv Uranus, journal planned by Ulrichs in 1866, published in 1870 as Prometheus: Contributions to the Research into the Riddle of Nature and of Uranism: Discussions on the Moral and Social Interests of Uranism. See Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, The Riddle of

xvi Rome Gay News 232 (August 2000). Perhaps it is worth remembering that in Italy nothing by Ulrichs had ever appeared up to that time.

xvii As of this printing, the Web address for the gay group in L’Aquila, now known as the Karl Heinrich Ulrichs Study Center, (CSULA), is http://xoomer.alice.it/csulaquila/_sgg/m2_1.htm (Trans.)


xix Gladius furens (Spada Furente) (Roma: Fabio Croce Editore), 2002 [Raging Sword].


xxi Ompo 232 (July 2002).

xxii Wolfgang Böker and Jochen Engling, "Johann Diederich Sarnighausen e Karl Heinrich Ulrichs: due urninghi," translated by Massimo Consoli, Ompo 235 (October 2002).
Setz is responsible for a large amount of secondary literature of Ulrichs and a great number of reprints of Ulrichs' works; Setz is also the first person ever to have a street named after Ulrichs (in Munich). (Trans.)

"Reportage aquilano: Ulrichs italiano d'adozione: La città non sa nulla di uno dei suoi personaggi più illustri," Guidemagazine (Milano), November 2002 [Ulrichs, Italian by adoption: the city knows nothing about one of its most illustrious persons].


Alaudae, 33 volumes (L'Aquila), March 1889-February 1895, 388 pp. (Trans.)

Piazzale Karl Heinrich Ulrichs became an official castle-side promenade in 2007, thanks to the gays in L'Aquila. (Trans.)

Angela Frucci, "It's here, it's queer, start drinking it," San Francisco Chronicle, January 3, 2003. It is subtitled "Out of Rome comes Rosso Gayardo, the first wine celebrating gay culture. The label has a dedication to Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895), considered the first gay activist."
In the 1860s, even before the word "homosexuality" had been coined and while "experts" had been scrambling to decide whether same-sex sexual relationships were sinful, criminal or pathological, Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895), the first known out-of-the-closet homosexual (he called himself an urning), was maintaining that such contacts were none of the above. Ulrichs began a trend of thinking unknown up to then. In his estimation, not only were same-sex lovers not perverted heterosexuals, but rather were unique entities, and homosexuality was, to him, a perfectly natural and normal fact of all life.

It follows, then, to open this volume with Paul J. Nash's contribution. From a wide range of Ulrichs' literature, in "Sacred Forest" Nash has compiled poetry and prose with regard to Ulrichs' hot topics. Ulrichs' anticipating most of the issues confronting gays today becomes evident in the scope of Ulrichs' imagination.

Next are Ulrichs' "Sailor Stories," four haunting tales from Old Norse lore. One of the tales, "Manor," is the first known gay male vampire story. A preface to the stories in the form of a poem tells of Ulrichs' Italian journey in 1880.

Ulrichs' letters to his publishers and other correspondence give a glimpse into his personal life. His four coming-out letters to his kinsfolk in 1862, the first known of their kind, have already been published. Included in this volume are excerpts from letters by John Addington Symonds, who visited Ulrichs in L'Aquila in 1891.

"A Casket of Cypress Wood: Lyric Poems in Memory of Ludwig II, King of Bavaria" (1886) by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, reveals the author's fondness for royalty.
Ulrichs admired Bavaria for having no law against "uranism." Ulrichs took up writing mostly in Latin in Italy, and Latin is the original language of this piece, written upon the death of the Bavarian monarch.

The Afterword by Paul J. Nash, who for three decades has taken the time and has made the effort to ensure writings by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs were translated and that Ulrichs' name became more widely recognized, wraps up the book with personal experiences that complement those found in Massimo Consoli's Foreword to this book.

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs was a dynamic personality and prolific writer of German and Latin poetry and prose during the second half of the nineteenth century. This book hopes to provide English-speaking readers with an intimate glimpse into the life of the first known gay activist through his own works and through the writings of others. Ulrichs' major writings on "uranism," the word he coined in 1862 for homosexuality, have been translated into English, and a substantial biography of Ulrichs exists in English. This volume is different because it is meant to be a reader which, while representing only a tiny fraction of Ulrichs' works, offers a few interesting selections from a wide variety of the best of this influential and inspirational man's body of work and of what others have written about him. Each piece is prefaced by a short introduction, and endnotes appear at the conclusion of each item. A bibliography is found at the back of the book.

If it had not been for his unfortunate death (June 2006), this volume would have been offered to Dr. Vern L. Bullough for his next project as editor of the Harrington Park Press book series Sexual Minorities in Historical Context, thus continuing his own "sex classics in translation series."
Finally, and sadly, Massimo Consoli, who died in November 2007, will be sorely missed by all the folks who joined in the task of preserving the history of the life and works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs.

Michael A. Lombardi-Nash, PhD
Jacksonville, Florida

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Thanks, finally, to the late Dr. Vern Bullough, for having taken me under his wing.
Sacred Forest (Nemus Sacrum): Uranian Poetry and Quotations

by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (Numa Numantius)

Paul J. Nash

KEYWORDS. Homosexuality, Germany, history, 19th century

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs was a nineteenth-century one-man gay movement. Paul J. Nash's contribution offers Ulrichs on hot topics Ulrichs' own personal experiences with the fear and love that led him to anticipate most of the issues facing homosexuals in the twenty-first century.

SACRED FOREST (NEMUS SACRUM): URANIAN POETRY

AND QUOTATIONS BY KARL HEINRICH ULRICH

(NUMA NUMANTIUS)

Give me a place to stand: and I

Will turn your system of

Persecution upside down.

###N. Num., Vindex, 1864

I shatter the chains.

###Carl Heinrich Ulrichs (Numa Numantius), Research on the Riddle of

###Carl Heinrich Ulrichs (Numa Numantius), Research on the Riddle of
Man-Manly Love [1864-1879]

As surely as the suns keep burning,
Thus will it be revealed to you
That this joy glows by the hand of the Creator.

N. Num., Inclusa, 1864

I have the beard of a man,
My limbs, my body are those of a male;
However, inside I am and remain a female.

N. Num., Inclusa, 1864

Behold, upon this land you will find
A secure place to put your feet.

N. Num., Inclusa, 1864

I am a north pole, sighing,
Frightened away by the north pole:
Nevertheless, to it,
North pole to north pole,
Inexplicably,
Yet irresistibly I am drawn.

N. Num., Inclusa, 1864
Luxemburg (Riddle)

These people come from China.
The original Asian name is:
Dsunschintschonschen.

Guess what their name is in German?
(In German: Die Sonne scheint schon schoen.)

[The sun is already shining brightly.]

Stuttgart, June 22, 1877

Apicula Latina (Little Latin Bee), 1880

Riddle

If you eat it, you will die from it;
The dead eat it. Corpses come
Alive in their coffins when they eat it.

What is it?
["Nothing." If you eat nothing, etc.]

Stuttgart, Oct. 1873

Apicula Latina, 1880

Soup à la Bismarck

"Waiter, take this soup back. I don't like
Bouillon à la Bismarck." That is what a guest in a hotel said.
"I am sorry; it is only soup cooked in the usual manner."

"Is that so? Well, do you always serve it with three hairs in it?"

Stuttgart, May 2, 1873

*Apicula Latina*, 1880

The eternal masculine

Attracts us.\textsuperscript{vi}

*Formatrix*, 1864\textsuperscript{vii}

In morals there are not only duties

But also rights. A heart has a right,

A noble right: even a Uranian heart.

N. Num., *Refuge of Hope*, 1864\textsuperscript{viii}

Our moral duty, morality,

Our own as well as others',

And rational judgment stand high

Above our instincts and natural drives.

N. Num., *Refuge of Hope*, 1864
Confirmation of the Morality of Uranian Love

O, do not be angry that I extend
My hands eastward and send
You greetings from Eros:
A deity sends me to you.
He colored your rosy cheeks so
That they awaken the yearning
By which everything rejoices in me.
To ...

N. Num., *Refuge of Hope*, 1864

The Child's Refuge

You found refuge here. You fell
Asleep. In the arms of your
Mother
You rest so peacefully. The pain still
Hangs from your eyes like a pearl.

Stuttgart, June 14, 1874

*Apicula Latina*, 1880

Zither Lessons

Gertrude and Grandmamma

"Well, now, Gertrude, where are you going?"
"To take zither (Ger.= either) lessons. I'll be home for dinner. So, bye, bye, Grandmother."

"I say! Well, this is too much! Why do you have to learn how to quiver (Ger.= zitter')? Just grow old, my child, and you will learn to quiver all by yourself."

Stuttgart, Sept. 1877, Sept. 1878 (sic)

Apicula Latina, 1880

Inner voice:

Speak, speak or be judged!

Raging Sword, 1867

To Sidonius

Greetings,

If you are still alive and well,

If these wandering words meet your gaze,

Let them be a message to you that I will Never forget you.

Karl, Memnon, 1868

Each step forward in the research

Of the nature of Uranism

Is a shovel of earth
Hybla and Enna

Swimming to Trinacria's shore a dolphin carried me,
And I saw the springtime stepping over her pastures;
Where high above Etna's dark blue ice the ether reigns,
Where in the valley Eros and Cythera live in quiet groves.

"Rejoice, rejoice," spoke the goddess of all-loving nature;
"Shout with joy, with joy! because I gave the springtime to all creatures.
Hybla, clothe your hills with the flowers from your womb:
You, Enna, ornament your cool valley.
Hybla, your violets smell sweet; icy, Enna's valley remains rigid;
Wait, Enna, a while: springtime will soon be here, too."

And Hybla's hills glisten happily in the sun's rays:
It finally sends its greetings to Enna's valley also.
Do you see how from a thousand buds the springtime gently springs?
Do you hear how the swallows sing their songs of joy from the cliffs?
Look, Enna, upon your lilies sparkle dew drops and the dawn.
Amathusia has awakened life from death.
Hymettus' holy springs gush through groves of lilac,
And Hyacinthus exchanges glances with the blossoms of Narcissus.

On Juno's mountains the deer drink the morning dew,
And from Eryx the eagle climbs high toward the sun.
Like a ship with white sails the swan rudders down the stream,
And on a blue wave the heaven's ocean is reflected.
And a little bird sings in the branches, charmed by the springtime,
By the beating of its heart and by the joy of love.

Only I, alone, I am grieved; alas, my springtime has not yet come:
Will the springtime ever burst my chains of ice?
"Stay a little while; wait like Enna's valley:
Uranide, Uranide! Your springtime will arrive one day!"

Numa Numantius, Jan. 15, 1862

Prometheus, 1869

Grieving

I saw you for the first time
On a lucky day in Davern's grove;
I felt the springtime penetrate me,
And my heart was filled with the bloom of life.
I took your hand in mine
And glued my eyes on you.

You were so pretty, you were so beautiful.

Your glance shook me to the quick.

My heart pounded at the sight of you,

It could have ceased beating for joy.

During the evening hours in the quiet

The air rustled through young branches;

Our lips met

To exchange silent kisses.

One word, one word ignited me,

That fell from your rosy lips;

But why were you so good and true?

You, you spoke that word,

That dear word: you broke it!

How I could have built on that word!

The evening breeze kisses my cheeks;

I wander through the grove of beech trees.

A little rose blossoms on the hill's slope

And brings a smile to my face.

As for me, I do not know where I am going,

I do not understand its rosy redness;
I am dreaming that you are still mine.

An uncertain fear hangs over my head
And anew drives a wild yearning into my
Heart, which is without peace.

Numa Numantius, Achim, June 17, 1851

To Andreas F., hussar

Memnon, 1868

Thirst

In my dream I am drinking
From water so crystal clear;
Yet my thirst is never quenched
At this charm-filled spring.

I thirst for your love.
And yet I am exiled
To a country of torment and wonder
At the gruesome hand that reigns there.

Indeed, you gave me, mercifully,
For the desire of my longing,
A drink with your glance:
And I became even thirstier.
Indeed, you have water that soothes,
Indeed, you cooled my torment;
Yet, the drink from the magic well
Only fills me with thirst anew.

N. Num., Hanover, April 1855
To Heinrich v. St.
Memnon, 1868

Prisoner at Fort Minden
A Reminiscence

Through the burgundy glass the careworn world
Appears rosy;

Porta, the beautiful, is pale, seen through
Fortress walls.

Stuttgart, May 11/12, 1874
Auf Bienchens Fluegeln, 1875

Antinous
I

Nile River Journey

That ship, the Antinoea, flying the emperor's pennant
In the port of Alexandria before the cheering crowd lighted
By the aurora borealis, is weighing anchor and, by the billowing sails filled by the

North wind,

Is now taking the southward course between the cliffs down

The Nile.

Can you see the emperor there on the glittering purple

Prow?

That His Highness is united with happiness is obvious on the noble Roman's face,

For Antinous is leaning over the railings. And look, in the

Sky,

He is hurling a spear to hunt the

Falcon.

Does he not stand there as if he were a god from Olympus?

He has curly hair and well-developed limbs,

His eyes are sparkling and are filled with divine

Innocence.

Look there, they are the winged wonder boys flying above.

Eros and Himeros are both sending lightening bolts

Into the hearts of the women and of all the sons of Uranus.

The emperor whiles away the hours looking into Antinous' eyes;

On Antinous' lips he forgets about death and Hades.

With him he would gladly sail to some exotic
Island;
With him he would gladly live in the snow of the Germanic North;
With him he would gladly spend time among the peoples of India;
With him he would gladly travel to the ends of the earth.

O joyful emperor!

For that reason he would humbly pray to the omnipotent gods,
That no evil fate should rob him of his splendid boy.

Alas, you failed to recognize the Gloomy decision of the gods.

Alas, how could you know three treacherous Nymphs
Were scheming against you on the river's shore?

And the powerful keel of the beautifully shaped trireme,
Kept in time by the beat of the muscular arms of the Oarsman,
Cuts across the reflecting river like a paddling Swan.

II
Fate

Except that destiny lives on high in the halls of
Olympus

Incomprehensible and imposing; and, the gods begrudge men of

Earthly happiness, especially when it borders on divine

Bliss.

For that reason they now called down to the dismal gorges of

Orcus,

To Megara, one of the Furies, whose frightful head is surrounded by hissing vipers:

To search for someone on the dancing waves of the Nile,

One of the youths aboard the Antinoea, who is supposed to be built like a young god and

Handsome,

To darken his reason with the fog of

Night.

III

Clouds and Light

And they left the waterfalls of the Nile###

Antinous sat on the gilded edge of the ship, and, his

Eyes filled with melancholy, he looked

Silently into the crystal green gleaming depths of the

River,

And the curls on his head were playfully tossed by the Zephyr.

On the deck under the tent in the shadow of Indian
Sat Hadrian thinking. He was worried about the boy.

He could not sit still. He left the tent

In a hurry, as if a wild god were in his breast.

His eyes became fixed there on the prow, and he could contain himself no longer:

"Antinous, o my beloved!

My boy, filled with innocence,

I call you, and you do not hear me;

Don't you know how much

My life depends on you?"

Antinous came out of his dream and combed his fingers lightly through his

Curls

To clear his forehead, as if he were unable to wake up.

But when he saw the emperor, his lover,

He thought of him as unlike anyone else on

Earth,

No woman in the world, no father and no mother:

Then his heart became gladdened, and he gave him a

Smile.

And Hadrian was shaken by the force of Eros#

But only for one moment! For he saw a melancholy look

Cover the face and the eyes of his dearest one.
IV

The Nymphs

Through the waters of Xynthos, which pour down the Pontic Mountains

Between aromatic meadows and groves came swimming,

Dancing vigorously in the Waves

Snow-white Nymphs, Nychea, crowned with reeds,

Carula and Aquosa, down to the salty waters and the billowing stream of the sky-blue Propontis.

For the evening breeze whispered to them in the groves:

With the most handsome of men, from where Bithynia's streams originate,

One who has lived through just seventeen springtimes,

The ruler of Roman lands is journeying through the countries

Of the world and their watered fields.

And the Nymphs recall how a thousand years ago

They once

Slyly triumphed over Hercules by cutting off his golden hair.

And now they wanted to put their hands on this Youth.

The Nymphs are now swimming through the ford's Breakers
At the Aegean Sea. On the delta of seven arms they rest for one day, faint from the

Exhausting journey,

Then they continue to swim up the Nile toward the Antinoea.

V

The Abduction

And Antinous, filled with melancholy, was sitting and again was looking out to sea,

And he stretched out his hands to

Meet it.

He looked out for a long time. There he saw the waves moving,

Thousands of them going up and down.

Look there, how three snowy lotus blossoms are popping up.

One with a golden calyx, the other bright blue, the third

Glazed purple-red. The ship sailed quietly by

The palm-lined shores and Memnon's columns sounding:

But the Antinoea did not escape the three blossoms.

Instead they stayed with the ship and played teasingly along

The way.

And Antinous watched the game and thought about

Stealing one of the blossoms, so he walked up to the

Water.

For, on the left side of the ship there was a wooden ladder

Running from the railing to the surface of the river.
He reached out his hand to catch one of the tottering stems.

But as he reached out to the river, as he so often had reached out to the sea, now,

Suddenly, out of the water hands

Appeared and pulled him into the depths.

And even though the Nymphs hear, "Antinous!" calls of

Distress

That would have crushed a stone,

The Nymphs were harder than stone and did not return their prey.

VI

The Constellation

As his distressed heart was tearing apart with unspeakable woe,

Now, mercifully, the gods formed in Uranus' blue fields

Beside the white stream that winds around the

Planets

A star to console him, "Antinous" it is called.

So that, when all the temples and marble statues have been

Destroyed, the ones which this saddened love had caused to be erected to Antinous,

His dazzling image will continue to look down from the sky on high:

For our race a language, which, at one time heralding

Joy,

Consoles and awakens yearning, a witness to Uranian love,

Until the earth perishes, and the stars stop shining.
The Trunk of the Old Beech Tree

Come, yes come in the quiet midnight hours,

   Sweet enemy of my peace,

When the moon peeps through the young branches

   On the trunk of the old beech tree.

Our place is very close to it;

   The bark has seven wounds,

Has suffered and grown: it has your name;

   The name grew with our love!

Let us rest here hand in hand.

   Let us confide in each other there.

Free of outrage I may take you

   Into my arms,

And my hand may stroke

   Your cheek softly.

No entrapment will happen here
Where we enjoy our secret.
We will be seen only by a silver eye:
   The moon, our intimate friend!

Blond youth with eyes like violets

Their dark blue pools
Have robbed me of any rest:
   Return my peace to me!

   Numa Numantius, Burgdorf, May 27, 1865
   in the p.m., Memnon, 1868

Selections from Ulrichs' Writings

Utrichs on:

Sexual Development

   In each embryo a double sexual germ is present, a latent masculinity and besides this a latent femininity, from which, however, only one development takes place, while the other is retarded.

   The assumption...is all the more probable when we look around at creation. Here we find that in several of the plant species masculine and feminine elements exist side by side not only in the germ, but also at the time of full development.

   We find the same in the animal kingdom, for example, in snails. Each individual snail carries in itself the sexual dualism not only in its germination, but also develops into
male and female in its full development, so that two snails can simultaneously impregnate and simultaneously fertilize.

_Four Letters to His Kinsfolk, 1862_\textsuperscript{xviii}

**Coming out**

The Uranian class must surely be powerful enough now to demand equal rights....

Demanding equality in this matter means finding the courage to overcome hitherto existing hesitation and coming bravely forward.

**Prosecution**

The prosecution and infamy of Urnings is gruesome, unjust and senseless. And if it were in his power, it would be just as senseless for some Urning to punish Dionings (heterosexuals) because they find sexual satisfaction in the embrace of young women. This persecution is as senseless as if you will allow the comparison of punishing hens for laying eggs instead of chicks, or cows for bearing calves instead of laying eggs.

**Extramarital Relations**

Each act of love performed outside of marriage, particularly our own, is considered more often than not as lewdness. This viewpoint of extramarital relationships is thoroughly uncalled-for.

It is conceivable that, although church or state may command that each one of us prays before each meal, many do not follow this commandment for some reason or other. In other words, they take their meals without any ritual. In this case would it not be
senseless to call people such as these gluttons? Indeed, they may be gluttons. But then they may also be persons who, apart from their non-observation of any ritual, are doing nothing but satisfying their hunger drive. They may be considered just as those who do observe the prayers. This is similar to extramarital relationships. Truly, they may be lewd, but then they may also be nothing more than the satisfaction of the sex drive. Finally, they may be just as fulfilling as marital sex. Your viewpoint of lewdness is, therefore, placed in opposition to the viewpoint of the satisfaction of natural behavior.

Marriage

The positive institution of marriage is not the institution for us. There is no priest or justice of the peace who would bind in marriage one of us and our beloved. Therefore, the natural state of the species exists for us: as for the birds in the sky and the animals in the field, i.e., marriage cannot be the prerequisite of a moral license to gratify any relationship.

Self-acceptance

It is our dutiful responsibility not to resist, but to follow the dictates of our orientation, which was planted in us by a higher being. This is our sole responsibility. That this orientation was planted in us by a higher being and possibly is against the nature of others is not our concern. We have had no say in the matter. It is sufficient that we go to no excesses and do not exercise force or threat of force. This is our inalienable right.
Being a Third Sex

As a third sex, we are on the same level as the male or female sex, but we are independent of the male or female sex, fully separate from both. We are not fully men or women, but by nature we are different.

*Vindex*, 1864

Origins of Sexual Love

It is erroneous to maintain: With the possession of testicles there is always a natural male sexual love; it is, so to speak, in the testicles," or "female sexual love exists naturally were there are ovaries."

The origin of sexual love may perhaps even exist somewhere else other than in the sexual organs, such as in the brain.

Who Should Judge Urnings

I would expect a totally impartial judgment only from the totally asexual, the angels in heaven. Contiguously also from the aged, and from children, in whom it is not yet awakened.

And scientifically educated women...because any antipathy is obstructed...because I believe they are capable, because of their feminine nature, of understanding our love with the same perceptive facility, i.e., of sympathizing....
Uranian Character

Our character, the way we feel, our entire mood, is not masculine, it is decisively feminine.

In spite of all the artificial masculinity of our being, the feminine element obviously breaks through at each opportunity and is recognizable: in the manner in which we present ourselves, in our behavior with companions, in manners, facial expressions and gestures, in our mien, in almost every movement of our limbs, of our arms, hands, laugh and smile....

We are possessed with a certain gentleness of character, a certain mood which is extremely sensitive. This gentleness is noticeable in the manner in which we express joy, pain, compassion, emotion....

What We Call One Another

When Uranians get together, they mostly give themselves feminine nicknames, and I suppose this is because they feel like women, and even if this is only subconsciously: for example, "Laura," "Georgina" (instead of George), "Matilda," "Madonna," "Queen of the Night." They also call each other "sister"....

Touching

When we are embraced by him, it is as if our entire body is suddenly transformed into a single organ of taste, I would almost say into a single tongue. For no matter whatever part of our body should touch whatever part of his body, it always resembles the taste of choice food, the taste of ambrosia and nectar which we experience right at
that very spot of our body and simultaneously taste.

**Love and Nature**

A love which is against nature would hardly be ardent and struck with yearning. Yet, a satisfaction of the sexual love drive which is against nature would hardly be accompanied by any kind of love. Love against nature is a paradox in itself. There is no love against nature. Where true love exists, nature also exists.

**Being in Love**

When we are in love we certainly never find our love crude, ugly, limited and dumb.... Lover and beloved are alkali and acid.

*Inclusa, 1864*

####

**Newspapers**

It is the press that should be mindful of the defense of inalienable rights.... Simple-minded people believe everything they read in the newspapers.

**Consenting Relationships**

Consenting to a relationship is not the same as enjoying a relationship. This is a decisive fact. The question, whether it is unnatural for the Dioning (heterosexual) to enjoy a relationship with an Urning, is irrelevant. If this were so, then his action would
still not be considered contrary to nature, because he is consenting to a relationship without taking an active part.

Even today young Dionings are less moved by their inner horror than by the fear of social rejection. Those who are unaffected by defamation are very open in public.

Coming Out

I ask everyone immediately to declare their sexual orientation, as Urning, Dioning...or at least to give a reason why no declaration is made.

Rod of Freedom, 1864

Consent

The state has no right at all to interfere with either party of a relationship as long as consent was mutual.

Sexual Pleasure

All sexual pleasure has two sides. One side is open and need not avoid the day (wooing, kissing, etc.); the other, following one's instincts, which we call "modesty," searches the night.

Erotic Attraction

The erotic attraction a youth has for us literally compares to the attraction of a magnet. It impels us to all sorts of physical contact.... The attraction precedes touching.
We feel it before we know the sweetness of any physical contact.

Tears

Tears well up in my eyes immediately upon hearing, seeing or reading about a noble deed or passionate love, be it sexual love, Dionian or Uranian, or be it motherly love. I have often composed love poems. Indeed, more than half of these manuscripts are moist from tears.

*Formatrix*, 1865

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**Certificate**

for

*Roundelay*

The committee formed by the editorial staff of the *Alma Mater* for the purpose of awarding the prize proclaimed for the best student song, following a thorough consultation and the most careful consideration at the session dated June 30, 1879, has awarded the tune:

*Roundelay and Beer*

with the motto: Vesper from Olympus is raising his light,

composed by K. H. Ulrichs,

and the

merit of being entered into the students' song

book of the Viennese students,
which will be published at the beginning of the academic year 1879/80 by Max Breitenstein, editor of the *Alma Mater*.

Vienna, July 10, 1879

In witness whereof the signatures of the judges in their own handwriting:

Secretary: 
Ludw. Ruprecht.
R. Heuberger.
Johann von Halinczuk.

President: 
Dr. Staniek.
Dr. v. Gelli.
Max Breitenstein.


**Certificate**

for

*The Story of the Musician and the Crocodile*

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Johann von Halinczuk.  Max Breitenstein.


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i "Sacred Forest," whose material dates from the 1850s to the 1880s, is a collection of a variety of poetry and prose. In 1863, Ulrichs, himself, intended to publish a work titled *Nemus Sacrum*, which is "Sacred Forest" in Latin. Unfortunately, his manuscripts were confiscated from his home by the Prussian police when he was arrested in 1866 for his political activities. He publicly defended the King of Hanover in opposition to Prussia's Otto von Bismarck, the first chancellor of the German Empire from 1871 to 1890. Ulrichs' work was to contain the Uranian writings of contemporaries and ancients alike; however, the present work is limited to the poetry and prose of Ulrichs alone.

---

ii Compare Archimedes: "Give me a place to stand and a lever long enough, and I will move the earth."


vi Goethe, Faust II, final line: "The eternal feminine attracts us."


The reference is to Paragraph 175, abolished in 1968 in the German Democratic Republic and in 1969 in the Federal Republic of Germany.


Porta is the region in Westphalia surrounding Fort Minden.


Antinous, the star, is historically shown close to the star Altair in the constellation Aquila, the Eagle.

The German noun for "race" is the same as the noun "sex."

Sailor Stories

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

KEYWORDS. Homosexuality, Germany, literature, vampirism, 19th century

Ulrichs went into self-exile in 1880, when Austria, the final hold-out, joined Prussia and imposed the latter's anti-homosexual law. He traveled by foot, boat and horse-drawn wagon from south Germany to Naples, Italy; however, by 1883 he had settled in L'Aquila, located in the center of the peninsula. One of his first writing projects was to pen his Sailor Stories (1883/1884), which are Old Norse tales about the sea. A poem serves as his preface and tells of his southward journey, which can be traced on a map.

The book consists of four stories, titled "Sulitelma," "Atlantis," "Manor," and "The Monk of Sumboe." The "Sulitelma" is a haunted ship; "Atlantis" continues where "Sulitelma" ends. "Manor" is the first known gay male vampire story, and "The Monk" in "The Monk of Sumboe" is a mountain under which lives a mermaid, one who is nothing but trouble for sailors. The source of the translation is Ulrichs' Matrosengeschichten (Leipzig: F. E. Fischer), 1885. It was originally printed by Louis Vosheuyer's in Cannstatt.

TO MY LITTLE BEE

Little bee, you flew with me when I went wandering southward over the
Alps

With a light heart, into Italy's pastures.

You buzzed

Around me when the keel, gliding over the seas,

Divided the bluish streams shadowed by the

cliffs at Riva.

It took its course that way, where into the sea

Sirmio stretches out its oddly narrow reef

covered with olive trees.

Up to the caves of Catullo on the other end of

the tongue, ii

Where, as the eye perceives northward, the

charming backward view is,

You followed me into the sylvan glade, and I

listened to the coarse grasshoppers

Chirping out their song hiding in the trees.

Then

You flew with me into the city where at one time

East Rome's archons carried

The scepter, and to the cellar which Amalasunta

arched up as a grave for her father,

Which she crowned with an Istrian boulder, whose

foundation has gradually sunk into the soft earth;
Also into the small chapel, the vault with
coffins of marble,
Into whose sinking monument I entered, removing
my hat,
Grieving. How still the room is! There I stood at
the
Coffin; therein rests Placidia, a shield of
late Roman honor still,
Which stands up against the ruin, because the
walls shook
And because column after column has crashed upon
the building.

You were with me in the south on the ridge of the
Pertosa Pietra,
Whose divide proudly stretches up into the heavens,
While the river suddenly falls vertically into
the Basento stream,
Which pours into the gulf, to soak the dolphins
in the flowing waters;
You were on the stone ledge on the other shore of
the river,
Where blades of green grass, shifting their colors,
crept around in the weeds.
You flew with me when I stepped into the lovely

Belino Valley,
Which, born out of crags, wildly rushes and roars
along in bright green waves
Turning up the banks and the
Riverbed.
Do you still remember the inscription set there
on the wall in the
Tower,
But made lower than the head, which Titus Clemens
at one time
Engraved into the stone for himself and Erotica,
his companion,
Above the little place of rest and on the site of
eternal peace? Titus he called himself. His bond of servitude
was gently
Untied, and that esteemed prince loaned it
his own name, whose home was here in the valley.
My yearning was also fulfilled here, when I
found the green
Forest.
Forest, oh forest, for which I had long
Sought in vain! Happily I stepped inside between
old chestnut trees
Under the maze of branches and breathed in the
fragrant forest air.
How soft the ground felt in the hall of vaulting
Boughs, where under the ceiling of the tall
shadows I saw the green leaves above gilded by the sun!

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I then turned my path this way into the valley
of the Aterno,
Through the bushy meadows and columns that lay
ruined on the ground,
Whose banks are fringed with violets that breathe
out fragrance,
Where all around the crescents and summits shimmer in show,
While the almond trees begin to bud on sunny hills
And peach trees cover themselves with a shiny red
gown of blossoms.
Here in the valley is a lake overgrown with rush
and
Reeds,
A field of wild fowl, ducks swimming and
Diving.
Beside the lake's outlet on the low hills,
Feronia's grotto had become green, and her temple stood in the grotto.
Look, there still remains the weathered ruins of the temple;
Bend down; creep inside; then you are standing in the small rotunda,
Whose walls are ornamented all around with small stones and shells.
Hail, Stifa, where a brook of a wide stream waltzes forth
Out of the midst of the naked breast of the cliff,
Pouring cascades of foam over rocks and boulders into the Canyon,
Finally washing over the pinnacle, a natural obelisk made of Soft green-gray branches rising up in the middle of the deep.
Splendid valley! A high valley in the Apennines!
Looking into it,
Rising up boldly and audaciously, is Gran Sasso's
stone pyramid,
Which stretches its head above the clouds into the
ether,
Which looks upon two distant seas beyond the land at
its feet
And upon the silver arteries of the streams and the
islands on the coast of Spalatro.
When Sol hides behind the mountains and the flaming
Discus
Sinks and the day dies out, bluish shadows
Gently move into the valley and envelop it: then
I saw the miracle,
As you, towering head, hit with parting rays,
colored yourself a fiery red and immersed
Your brow in a purple
Glow!

You followed me everywhere, my loyal companion,
oh little bee.
Now soar away again; today I am sending you out
into the distance.
Spread your wings; do not tire yourself. It will
take a long time to climb
Back over the Alps, far above to the thundering
North Sea,
There, where the sailor, under the protection of
the narrow fords,
Who has dropped anchor to the bottom of the
Deep waters,
No longer fears the storm and the wildly tossed
surf.
Fly, my little bee, on board Norwegian ships.
There you will
Hear: "Trim the sails!" You will see how they run
up the flag
Or smartly climb up into the mesh of rigging.
All around the deck, on the staves, on the spars
and masts
You will see many a sinewy arm, many a
weather-bronzed,
Fresh, smooth face of some fellow, also see
Many a trusting glance. Alight there and
listen,
When, camped in a circle, you hear sailors tell ancient
stories
Of ships tossed in stormy seas.
L'Aquila in the Abruzzi Mountains, April and June 1884 C. E. Ulrichs

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i "Sulitelma" was also partially serialized in Ulrichs' Latin journal *Alaudae* (Larks). Wolfram Setz calls *Alaudae* "An obscure journal, written entirely in Latin yet one that lies at the core of gay literary history." Ulrichs published it in L'Aquila from 1889 to 1895. In 2004 Setz published the entire run in Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, *Alaudae*. Much, if not most, of Ulrichs' work has been reprinted by Setz in his Bibliothek rosa Winkel (Pink Triangle Library) series. Setz was also responsible in 1998 for having a square named after Ulrichs in Munich (Karl-Heinrich-Ulrichs-Platz).

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ii Sirmio is a promontory at the southern end of Lake Garda, projecting 21 miles into the Lake. It is celebrated by its connection with Catullus, because the large ruins of a Roman villa on the promontory are supposed to have been his country house. Sirmione is a commune in the province of Brescia, in Lombardy (northern Italy).

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iii Karl Heinrich Ulrichs identified himself in Italy as Carlo Enrico.
A brook ripples along a lonely ravine toward the sea on the east coast of Scotland. It spills its clear stream thither among moss and rocks. It has been doing just that for a long time and also was on the day about which I am telling. The brook disappeared long ago with the passage of time. The right slope of the valley is soft. At the time, a thicket of evergreens covered it. The left side was formed by the Kaorhan, a jagged comb of rock that stretched toward the heavens. Not much higher than the stream stood the oaks on both sides of the valley. Their crowns were still leafless on that day. But the buds on their branches already were beginning to swell, announcing the onset of springtime. Below, on the ground, between the rocky boulders, against which the stream washed, it was already beginning to show some green, and plants were sprouting. There the first flowers were displaying their buds.

It was a sunny morning after a dark, stormy night.

A boy and a girl from one of the local fishing villages, Inisfaer, were sitting on one of the rocky boulders. They were brother and sister, with blond hair and fresh, pretty faces. He was 13 years of age; she about three years older. They were looking at the white clouds approaching them one by one.

He: That long one there looks just like a boat. I would like to be sitting on it and travel through the air. Oh, Thyra, if only that were possible!
She: So, you have heard already? The storm ship was here last night when it was stormy.

He: The storm ship?

She: Yes. Listen. Mother and grandmother were whispering to each other this morning. They didn't know that I was in the room standing behind the door and could hear everything. Mother saw something sailing last night. Grandmother at once said:

"For heaven's sake! That was the storm ship!"

He: What kind of ship is that?

She: Haven't you ever heard about the storm ship?

He: Oh, of course. But I never believed it when the boys in the village spoke about it.

She: It is a huge ship that sails at night in the winds of the storm. They say that it is made out of clouds. But how can someone know that? No human soul has ever been aboard it who could tell people what it was made of. Grandmother was afraid. "The storm ship brings misfortune," she said; "Everyone should beware of the storm ship. We'll be lucky if no misfortune befalls us even now!" Mother saw it passing by the top of the ridge of the Kaorhan. Look. Over there.

She pointed with her finger toward the highest tooth of the row of rocks on the cliff that lay before them.

The boy looked over. He turned his gaze for a long time toward the peak. He listened, watchfully and tensely. He gave no reply.

He, too, had seen something the night before, between the clouds in the dim shimmer of the moon. It was shaped so that it could have been a ship. But he thought it
had been a cloud formation.

    With a dreamy look in his eyes he sat there deep in thought.

"Let's go," his sister said after a while, "Let's go home."

He: Go ahead. I'm staying.

She: Come on; mother is waiting for us.

They parted.

Erich was quiet the whole day.

There was all kinds of talk going around in the village about the ship. They were
telling each other about the clever man who at one time had been successful and had gone
on board. But he had plunged down and had broken his neck. Some even maintained that
it had its own name, like other large ships. But none was able to state it exactly. One
person even said that he heard from his grandmother or great-grandmother that a long,
long time ago three sailors of the storm ship once had been in Inisfaer.

[II]

That evening Thyra noticed Erich stealing out of the cabin. She followed him at a
distance. He turned toward the ravine.

    However, he soon abandoned the coarse of the stream and began to climb up the
side of the Kaorhan. A daring enterprise! He held fast on to one boulder to the next. He
soon had to crawl between two crags, soon ascend a cliff to descend again on the other
side, soon to scale another wall on the cliff. Also, the danger of this bold venture was in
no way diminished by the fact that the crescent of the moon now and then broke through
the clouds. On the contrary, the danger became all the more evident to the eye. And again, as during the night before, the clouds were chased by the storm. The wind howled inhuman sounds into his ears.

But he stepped unflaggingly.

However, his sister patiently followed him unseen. She was not far behind him. But she finally began to tire. She had reached about a little more than a third of the way up the cliff.

She then called up to him. "Erich!" She called through the night, and the echo repeated, Erich!"

Like a sleepwalker who heard his name being called he shuddered. He let out a loud sigh.

"For heaven's sake!" she shouted. "Where are you going?"

She begged him to turn around. It was in vain.

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone," was all he answered.

The storm gathered more and more clouds, and the clouds became even thicker. However, the sky was not totally covered. The background was clear, and a part of the clouds now and then was lighted by the crescent moon.

He climbed and climbed, upward, never at rest. She climbed behind him, as far as she could. But now she could go no further. The cliff was just too steep. She stopped on a small, flat boulder and began to cry bitterly. By this time they both were very close to the point of the horn. Also, she was standing at a height almost equal to his. Then she saw how he gradually overcame the difficulties with effort and urgency and finally actually reached the dizzying height. He clamped his left arm around the peak of the highest
spike.

Like a visionary he now stood there in the half-lit sky and stared out into the oncoming storm clouds. The clouds came from the left, toward her left side.

Meanwhile, it must have reached midnight.

Then, among thunder and lightening, black clouds approached. They were so thickly packed together that you could have said:

"I could grab them with my hand and take hold of them."

One cloud chased the other. They looked like a wild army. They formed a long marching contingent. It appeared to the children that an immense train of dead men was approaching.

It was as if they could hear another sound besides the tumult of the storm, a soft sound coming from the left, from where the clouds were coming out from the distance.

What was that? She listened. She saw how her brother, too, was listening attentively.

Now she thought she heard singing. The sound then became weaker, then perceptible again, as if the singing were coming nearer. It had a distant likeness to the singing of sailors. Now the melody gained gravity and became solemn, as the melodies of the sailors' songs she recognized. The singing had something wild about it, and at the same time something festive.

But she was permitted only a few moments to hear the wonderful tones. The singing grew silent. But now she clearly heard a sound that came out of the train of clouds and already certainly quite near her.

"Ahoy, Ahoy!" they called, exactly as they call out on the ships at sea.
Suddenly there was something to be seen. Something like the side of a ship emerged from behind a cloud, a high, gray ship with ice-gray sails and masts. No, that was no cloud formation: that was a ship. Well, it was built entirely differently than all other ships they had ever seen. In more than one place they could see small, bluish sparks or little flames.

At a swift speed it sailed to the right, right to the rock upon which Erich was standing.

In the moonlight Thyra now could recognize that there were forms moving on board, gray, ghostlike forms which were dressed like sailors. Some of the same were standing along the side. They appeared to have noticed Erich. She watched as they threw a rope toward the peak of the rock. Erich let go of the spike and, in a dangerous position, held out both arms toward them. She then saw the ship touch the peak and how one of the sailors released him from this threatening position by extending his hand to the person imploring him and helped him quickly to make the short jump on board exactly at the right moment.

The rope was then drawn in. It had not at all been tightly wound around the rocky spike and, without really coming to a halt, the ship sailed and howled farther, to the right on the other side of the peak. Erich appeared to be walking along on board holding the hand of the gray sailor.

When the ship was sailing away, Thyra caught a glimpse at the stern of the enormous vessel, where one usually finds the name of the ship, and for an instant she did see letters there. She thought she was able to make out
It appeared to be the beginning of the name. A cloud hid the rest from her view.

There then came new clouds that took the ghostly ship totally out of her sight.

Now that serious, wild singing sounded again. It soon became weaker and fainter.

After a while she saw masts and sails appear again out of the clouds. But the ship was already well on its way. It again became concealed by clouds. Then she saw nothing more of the strange apparition.

[III]

Now she was all alone in the awful emptiness of the high boulders. And where was her brother? She was so tired that she sank to the flat rock and soon fell asleep. She was haunted by horrible dreams. Again and again she saw Erich falling out of the storm ship. She wanted to call out but could not shout.

The morning sun awoke her. There were no storm and no clouds. At her feet lay the charming valley and at the mouth of the valley, at the shore, lay the fishing huts of Inisfaer in the morning sunshine.

What actually had occurred, what was confused in her mind? Had she only dreamed she had lost Erich? seen a ghost ship in her dreams? But if she had only dreamed, how had she come to be between these huge rocks, right under the highest peak of the Kaorhan?

Unclear about the occurrence during the night and about herself, she began the return trip. As if stupefied she climbed down one rock after the other, from boulder to
boulder, from crag to crag. Her mother and grandmother noticed her troubled look when she returned home.  

She was stormed by questions and answered as if unconscious. She spoke unintelligible and incoherent words.  

"Go to bed," her mother said. "You're ill."

She lay down. She shook with fever. But she soon got up again.

"I've got to go! I've got to look for Erich. I'm not ill. Leave me alone!"

They prevented her from so doing. "We'll go look for him." The women went. They looked for him all over the village. But she no longer could be detained. They finally allowed her to go. She went. Half unconscious, she followed the direction where the ship had sailed away. She went to the shore. It was as if she had to find him again. So, she repeatedly went to the shore. But she always turned away deeply disappointed.

[IV]

Five or six days had passed since that night. Again one day she went to the shore. She had gazed into the clouds for a long time and was about to turn homeward. Then she suddenly saw Erich's face, made radiant by the setting sun. She saw him sitting on a low rock that was being washed by the sea. He did not see her. He had fixed his gaze in the direction of the Kaorhan. She ran to him.

She: Erich, is that really you?

He was as startled as at the time when she called him as they were climbing.
He: It's I, Thyra. But don't disturb me. I couldn't stand it. I have become someone else. It is as if I had been touched by the gods. It is as if I am drunk by it. Just please leave me alone a little while. I am exhausted. Sit by me.

She: Erich, oh, out with it. What do you have to tell me?

He: You, you will get to know everything. But no one else. They are afraid of this wonderful ship.

She: No words shall pass these lips.

He: Well, then listen. I could not resist. "Go! Go! I have to see it, the ship!" I could hear in my mind. And when it came I felt myself seized by a trembling of unspeakable joy.

She: I couldn't miss it, when you stretched out your arms toward the ship.

He: I burned with desire to climb on board. Three gray sailors, dreamily, waved to me. I never saw a look like that before. Silently, one of them extended his hand to me. The side of the ship came so close to me that it would have been easy for me to make the dangerous jump alone. But I was all the more sure when he took my hand. I could feel it. If I had lost my step, he would have held me and pulled me up to him.

Oh, Thyra! in Thrudwang and Folkwang, in all twelve fortresses of the heavens it can not be better than aboard this ship. I believed I was among the gods. How happy I felt to walk among these forms: Svend and Harald and Ulf and Skiold and all their names. How glad I was to be with them! It was as if I were experiencing a new life. Being close to them had a magnetic effect on me.

And they like to visit us. Ulf said to me:

"We are driven to see mortals. We do not come down to you to take you up with
us. But those who approach us voluntarily, we like to take them up with us. We like to make friends with humans. Many have already come to us on board in the course of time. Those who wish to leave the ship again are returned by us to earth in one of our boats."

At first glance all of them appeared to be surrounded by fog or dreamy cloud formations. Only gradually did you recognize their faces, and you could see that they were made of flesh and blood as we. They are not gods; they are only in the service of the gods. But they are noble characters and all of them make a show of their youthfulness.

Skiold sang:

"Iduna says Iduna says
Ride the gray hack
And death will turn back.
Age is abated; you are enchanted,
Eternal youth is granted."

A couple of times we sailed across a storm. Then they were as if transformed. Then they appeared to be formed out of dark clouds. But then it was as if a stream of fire glowed deep inside them, and when lightening struck I saw how a fire similar to lightening started convulsively in their eyes.

Svend showed me how the ship was built. It had masts, sails, deck and steering gear, several anchors and boats, in short, everything that belonged on a ship. Except that everything is made of ice. Planks, beams and masts, everything consisted of sheets of ice and pieces of ice. He said:
"The anchors are made of hardened ice forged in Surtur's forge."

The chains on the anchors, too, are made of such ice-steel, and the planks and beams are joined with ice-steel nails.

But everything is covered over with a soft mass of ice crystals, as in winter the trees in the forest when the hoar-frost comes. And over it is placed a soft half-transparent down of clouds that swells and rolls, spreads and then contracts and becomes thin again. That is the reason why the ship often appears like a cloud formation.

When we sailed from clear skies into clouds, the clouds would often hang on to the ship, then they would pull themselves away from it, so that at times we had a whole train of clouds behind us.

At the stern sat an old pilot, ever silent, with a long beard and always with a stone face. His beard was made of icicles that would at first become long then melt down again. With his ice-gray face he sat almost motionless there, and I never heard him speak.

Masts, spars, sail posts, in general everything that had a spike or a peak, gave out little bluish flames at night. A little more strange is the material that the sails are made of. Ulf said:

"Freya's maids
in Folkwang spin
clouds and fog
into fine thread
and weave linen
out of the thread they spun"
and bleach the linen
in Folkwang's garden
on green lawns
and send it to us."

Because of the bleaching on that lawn the material at the same time gets the necessary firmness. The sails are made of this material.

The sailors wear clothing of half-bleached linen that is somewhat more finely spun and likewise comes from Folkwang. Everything is sewn and seamed with white fog thread.

The sails, too, are coated with those soft ice crystals. How these little ice splinters simmered at night in the shine from the little blue flames or by the northern lights and in the early morning by the dawn!

I have never heard of a load so strange as the one which this ship carried. It consists of finger nail cuttings that are cut from dead people. None from the living is permissible. Because of these nails the ship is called Naglfar or Nagelfahr. Svend wanted to show them to me. But I was terrified; I did not want to see them. But with these nails of the dead the twilight of the gods is delayed, when Odin himself, with Thor and Zin and all the gods would board the ship.

I felt especially attracted to one of the sailors. He was a serious-looking fellow, the same one who helped me to jump aboard.

Thyra: I noticed how friendly he was when he gave you his hand.

He: Oh, that I lost him so quickly!
The ice breathed out a cutting coldness. Besides that, we were sailing very high up. I was so cold I was shivering.

He noticed. They had just begun to sing. Then he came over to me.

"I'll warm you up," he said. He put his arms around me and pressed me against his chest. I didn't know what was happening to me. I felt as if I were being embraced by a god, and new life, fire, courage and strength streamed through me. All sorrow and all troubles just melted away. Then he let go of me and said, while the others were still singing:

"Boy, what's your name?"

"Erich," I said.

He: Erich? And I'm Harald. "Erich," he said then and stroked my cheek confidingly, "would you like to stay with me?"

I: Yes, Harald!

He: I will teach you to trim the sails and throw the line. I will be yours and truly be loyal. I will battle with Iduna for you and wrestle her for your eternal youth. If I am defeated I will give you a piece of mine. You will become one of us.

The sun then came up, and the order went out:

"Trim the sails!" As light as air Harald jumped away with the others.

Thyra: So, he was the one who first gave you his hand. So, I did see him, too. He was handsome and well built!

Erich: Thyra, you should just look him in the eyes. The young fellows in Inisfaer are nothing compared to him. You recently said that Hedni was the most handsome one among them. You wouldn't grace him with a second look.

She, joyfully: My eye caught him. So, I do not regret my dangerous night trip!
Erich: Svend said:

"The sun could melt us. Under its rays we have seen whole parts melt, which, of course, are repaired by themselves as soon as we get into the shadows of the clouds or get high enough into the atmosphere, because the core of the ship continuously radiates new ice. We do not sail at all in summer. As soon as it begins we sail to Norway and anchor between the two ice-covered tops of the high Sulitelma. We remain anchored there the entire summer. We take in the sails. The downy clouds spread out, and down in the valley the people consider the ship to be one of the clouds that surround the Sulitelma. But when the storms begin and the days and nights are equal, in the fall, then we follow the example of the snails, which extend their horns that were pulled in. Then we raise the masts and sails, raise the anchor and hi-ho! We pursue the wild storms through the air. And because the Sulitelma is the place where we set out from, we have named the ship after it. The name

SULITELMA

you will find on our stern. But the 'Sulitelma' will sail until Doomsday, until the end of the world and until the stars no longer shine."

Because the sun came up and reflected in the ice moss, the sunny side of the ship suddenly appeared to be covered all over with the sparkling of diamonds. Since Harald had sprung away, I went to the stern and could not get enough of the wonderful sight. I was also charmed by the sight of the earth and the sea. We were hovering so high. I leaned over the railing on the side of the ship. In the depths I saw everything beneath me slowly passing by.
Then my downfall rushed toward me. The sun was shining warmly. It had already begun to melt around the side of the ship a bit and make it soft, as Harald and Ulf saw me standing there. They called out to me hastily and with a worried look on their faces.

Harald: To the shady side, Erich!
Ulf: Away from the starboard! It's dangerous there!
Harald: Away! Away!

But it was already too late. I could not pull away. The railing collapsed. With a sudden crash I fell into the depths, and a load of pieces of ice crumbled down with me. It was my good fortune that there was the open sea below me. I swam until I was picked up by a Danish brig, where I was dried and set on land. I've wandered since then. I found food and shelter in the homes of good folk.

But how odd! When I was falling it was as if a light, airy pod surrounded me and carried me back up. Since then I have had the feeling that there must be a kind of double of me on board. And since then any light touch causes me pain. My skin has become very sensitive, as if it were thinner than before.

Just look; I still have a piece of the odd linen on me. He took the little piece of material off him and showed it to her.

She: The weave is peculiar. But it is so tight. And how strange it feels!
He: A sail was being repaired and pieces they had thrown away lay around. I asked Ulf if I might have a piece of it.

They went home. He pretended that he had taken a boat out to sea that night and had crashed upon the rocks, but he had swum to a ship. He was taken aboard the ship and set on land far away from Inisfaer.
His grandmother shook her head in disbelief. "They have other things on their mind," she said to her daughter. "How pale and unsettled they have been ever since the storm ship showed up. What will become of it all?"

It is to be regretted that Erich did not take care to preserve the piece of cloud linen he had brought back from the ship. Otherwise, it now might have become a rarity in the British Museum in London.

Part Two

[I]

A long time had passed since then. Springtime had arrived in the country and summer after that. The crowns of the oaks were now green.

Thyra and Erich often went to the stream in the ravine and picked blue flowers that grew in the grass between the boulders, or wild, pink roses that twined around the rocks, and made wreathes with the roses, and sat down on that rock upon which we had already seen them seated.

From there they looked up toward the high peaks of the Kaorhan.

"Sulitelma!" Erich cried out, sighing. "I cannot forget the storm ship."

Now Thyra, too, filled with yearning, looked toward the peak of the rocks. She did not tire of asking questions about the wonderful vessel, and for him it was a pleasure to tell about it. And she always brought the conversation around to Harald. He had to tell her more about him than all of the others on the ship.

Meanwhile, handsome Hedni began to approach her to court her. But she turned
him away, to the regret of her mother and grandmother. Her grandmother spun flax and weaved fine sheets for her bridal bed. She paid no heed.

"Now they are anchored in Norway, at the high Sulitelma," Erich said, as it had become summer, "and have taken down the sails and masts and the ship looks like a cloud. And when in the fall the storms come ... "

"They will return!" Thyra cried, her eyes brightening.

But she immediately lowered her dark, blue eyes. She was tormented and was quietly grieving.

"Will Harald return," she added hesitatingly after a while, "Your Harald?"

He: Harald will come! And I, I'm telling you, do whatever you want to, I'm returning to him on board. I don't belong down here. I want to be Harald's cabin-boy.

She: And he, he will caress your cheeks again!

"What is this, Thyra," he shouted, shocked, "Why are you looking at me with such a mournful look?"

[II]

The wild roses were past blossoming. The bleak fall equinox had arrived along with its dark clouds and storms.

It was lively again on the ice and snow fields of the high Sulitelma. The gray sailors prepared the gray ship that lay anchored like a cloud. The
Hi-ho, hi-ho resounded anew, and they sailed out again in a riotous voyage through the air. And again they directed their course toward Scotland.

Thyra and Erich were a half-year older. But they were happily displaying their eternal youth and had remained doing so since the springtime.

Thyra was now like a rosebud that was just waiting for a kiss from a warm west wind to open it up.

Then one night the boy dreamed Harald was standing at the stern and waving to him. On the next evening he left the cabin again. Shivering and trembling, he climbed the Kaorhan and reached the peak.

And see, at midnight the ship approached, and Harald was standing at the stern.

But what was that? Well, who was that standing next to Harald, so foggy and shadowy? It was Erich's image, Erich's double that had stayed behind with Harald.

Erich climbed on board again with Harald's help.

Erich: Harald, here I am again! Let me stay as your cabin-boy. Now I'll be more careful on the sunny side. Now I'll stay with you forever!

And Thyra again stood on the flat rock. Yearning, she looked up at Harald. But she envied her brother because Harald reached out his hand to him.

"He should have reached out for me!" she said to herself. And as if begging she stretched out her hands to the departing ship.

"We'll pick you up tomorrow," Erich shouted to her. "Right, Harald?"

She noticed Harald nodding his head.
No sooner was Erich on board when his double stepped up to him and joined with him. He now felt whole again.

"You've gotten bigger, Erich," Harald said. "How often I have thought about you. Your silent double here on board was a constant reminder of you: but he was no substitute for you. Indeed, I could not talk to him. I saw you failing and swimming and how you saved yourself. I was sure you would return.

[III]

Thyra returned to the stream the next day. She gathered reeds on its banks and white fall flowers in the grass between the boulders. "These are my roses," she said softly. The wild roses were still growing around the rocks. But the little roses were no longer in blossom.

"I'm going to make myself up. I'm going to make myself up for him."

Then she made a wreath and set it in her hair. The wreath's white flowers looked like the roses on her cheeks. For, these had become pale because she had grieved for so long.

She sat down on the old rock and looked out in front of her and sighed and waited until evening fell.

And when evening came, she stood up and began to climb and climbed and climbed until she came to the flat rock, where she sat down, half unconscious. Climbing straight upward, she finally made it to the tip of the peak.

And when at midnight the vessel arrived, the pale girl stood there in her wreath of
reeds, and Erich called to her:

"Come on, little sister, we've come to get you!"

She made no reply.

This time they really did make a stop. A rope was tossed from the starboard and fastened to the peak with a knot.

And as Erich and Harald both reached out their hands for her, she grasped Harald's hand and jumped on board to him. She looked at him, and her cheeks became slightly flushed.

The ship traveled on. A command was issued by the captain:

"Trim the sails!"

Harald had to leave the brother and sister alone and go with the others. She watched him leave. She did not speak to her brother.

The work was completed, and Harald returned.

Harald: Erich, what is your sister's name?

Erich: Thyra.

Harald: You have such a nice, pale sister. You never told me about her before.

Then he seized Erich's hand and said:

"Look, Thyra, your brother is now my cabin-boy."

But she just looked at the ground angrily.

She was seized by a hopeless rage. Harald had to leave again.
She: Erich, show me around the ship.

He took her around the ship. They came upon a hatch. He went to open it to show her the view outside. But as he was bending to open it, she quickly and wildly grasped his feet, lifted him into the air and threw him down into the terrible depths.

"I'll find no peace," she yelled, "as long as you're alive!" She sighed deeply.

Harald saw the deed without her noticing.

A gloomy castle with battlements and towers swept by, built on rocks, with prominent towers, formed like a cloud formation.

Harald looked on. It was encircled by red lightening. He recognized the castle. Also, he knew what the lightening meant.

Erich was dashed to pieces on a rock. Harald was sad, because he lost his good cabin-boy. Thyra, however, pulled herself together and went to Harald.

"Harald," she said, "Erich fell out of the hatch. He leaned out too far and lost his balance. But what was he to you? Now that you have me. Love me! Love me, Harald! Even if half as passionately as I love you. Oh, unfortunate me!"

Harald: Indeed, Thyra, I will love you. You are so pale and so pretty.

She: Harald! Caress my cheeks. The way you caressed my brother's, so that I will finally have some peace!

And he did caress her cheeks, just as he had caressed Erich's.

Then a shadowy form stepped forth from behind the great mast, a form which did not walk but hovered, but in a way that the feet were just above the ground. It was Erich's doubleganger, who had now released himself from him again and had returned on board.

Harald: Look, it's Erich, your dear brother.
Thyra turned white.

"Leave him! Leave him!—Back, you ghost, back, I tell you!—I can stand it here no longer! There is no peace here on this ship.—What do you say, Harald, let's leave the ship. Let's get into a boat and sail down to Inisfaer, so that I will never be separated from you, never and nevermore. To Inisfaer! I have a bridal-bed there! Oh, it is so soft, and it is as white as snow. My grandmother spun the thread herself and wove from its flax. She gave it to me as a wedding-day present."

He: It is okay by me if we should leave the ship. I'll separate a boat from the ship. But I cannot go down to Inisfaer with you. There is no snow there yet. For, only where snow or ice lays can I set foot on earth. Otherwise, nowhere. But I do know another place where I can touch down, and a little place likewise where a soft, clean bridal-bed stands prepared.

She: Wherever you wish, I will follow you. As long as I'm with you. Let's get into the boat.

In the early morning hours he secretly separated the small boat from the ship. Svend and Ulf saw him do it. But they kept silent and let him do it. She climbed in, the wreath of reeds in her hair. He sat beside her at the rudder. As quick as an arrow the boat flew high over the ocean.

He: I've already been to Inisfaer once. It was in wintertime, and there was ice and snow. I took a vacation with two of my friends. We sailed down in this boat. There were parties and music to dance to down there. We looked on as the fellows danced on the ice with their girls. We mingled with them, and at that time I danced and made love to a girl like you.
She, shuddering: What? You already shared your kisses with another girl? With a girl from Inisfaer? Oh, Harald! Just what was the girl's name? Just so I'll know who my rival is. I have to know!

He: Be quiet, Thyra. That was years and years ago. Four hundred or 500 years have passed since then.

She: I can breathe again. Just tell me, was the girl pretty? Oh, please tell me!

He: Yes, she was pretty. But you are prettier, Thyra.

At these words she calmed down.

But she was worried, because she looked down into the depths. And it was so icy cold high up in the air. She shivered. Also, now and then she looked behind her to see if the doubleganger was not behind her. Her blue eyes wandered around restlessly.

But the strength of her love overcame everything, frost, shivering and anxiety.

"Harald, looking at you is an intoxicating comfort! Kiss me! Kiss me! Look, this is my bridal wreath. I wove it before I climbed the rocks, so that I could come to you, oh, Harald. Kiss me! Ugh! I'm so afraid!"

Then he kissed her and embraced her, and fire and delight ran through her body.

"Where are we sailing to?" she inquired, as if waking up from a dream.

He: To the snow fields of the Sulitelma.

"To the snow fields of the Sulitelma?" she repeated in a toneless voice.

He: Don't you like that, my little white rose of Inisfaer?

She: Oh, I'd travel to the ends of the world with you!

She began to shiver again. "It's so cold," she said faintly. "And if I have to die, then let me die in your arms."
He took her in his arms and kissed her.

He: The earth is stiff and hard on the Sulitelma. There are little rooms buried in the frozen earth. The wind blows soft snow coverings into them. They are a little narrow to be sure, but are large enough for one or even for two to sleep in. And it feels so comfortable on the soft covers. You would think that you are lying on downy feathers. Many people are already sleeping in these little rooms. But one is always unoccupied. I'm taking you to that one.

She: Then the little room is not a good place for a bridal-bed if others are sleeping beside it.

He: You can rest your mind, my dearest darling. They will not disturb us. They will not wake up when we arrive.

She held him tightly, and he protected her in his arms and refreshed her with his kisses.

"How good I feel!" she said and smiled at him.

Meanwhile, frost, fear and the passion of love wore away at her. It was too much for a mortal.

They were finally hovering above the snow fields. The boat lowered itself; the boat touched the earth; the boat stood still.

But even now she could not move her limbs. For that reason he carried her in his arms. She looked at him with an indescribable look of love. She could speak no longer.

He: Sleep, my sweet, little bride! You're tired. Go to sleep in my arms.

And she did fall asleep in his arms.

He gave her a last kiss on her pale lips and then laid the sleeping girl with the
bridal wreath in the unoccupied little room in the frozen earth. And see, the wind did blow in a soft down of white snow.

Then it began to snow again, and the flakes that dropped wove a soft blanket over her and covered her.

[V]

That grim castle built in the clouds, engulfed by lightening, the one that Harald recognized, was Freya's castle. He understood the language of the lightening. For, the forks of lightening were letters of the alphabet for those in the know. In them he read the will of the heavenly ones, and he read:

"She has fallen victim to her fate."

He thought: The heavenly ones did often punish for the excess of love for an immortal: I am not the judge over this mortal. But I make myself the executioner of the will of the gods. So that no rude hand touches this little rose, I want to be her executioner.

Indeed, it was the excess of her love for him that had lead her to fratricide.

Meanwhile, he had been afraid that the captain would not have allowed him to leave the ship and take a vacation. He knew the captain. He had thought it better to keep his intentions secret.

A little, open room was always kept prepared in the snow fields for mortals who came on board the "Sulitelma." He brought the white rose of Inisfaer to hers. His task was thereby completed.

He remained in the snow fields for the rest of the winter as guard of the pretty
sleeping girl. He stayed until his ship returned to the Sulitelma and set anchor again in the snow fields.

As he saw the train of clouds from afar, in whose midst it was sailing, he stepped to the side of her little chamber and said with a soft voice:

"Sleep, until the day when Heimdall's horn wakes all those who are sleeping!

Freya, the all-merciful, found sympathy for poor Erich. She took his young soul up to her, to her motherly bosom, which I will talk about at another time, and about him finding Harald again. Thyra's little room, too, dear reader, keep in mind. I would like to take you back there again.

[VI]

The ship came closer, and the anchor chain rattled down, and the teeth bit in. He took the boat upon his shoulders and climbed aboard and put it in its proper place.

He was happy now to be back on his ship after such a long time and be among his friends. He knew what stood before him. Namely, what he had undertaken would in no way be taken lightly on board, as it would in cases of folks who have soft hearts. I mean you and me, dear reader. For, if you have followed me this far, you certainly do have a heart as gentle as my own.

Harald had to go immediately before the captain and to meet with the chief
boatswain's mate. He was given hard labor because of repeatedly leaving the ship without permission and for repeatedly using the boat for private ends.

"We must have order," the captain reminded him a little roughly. And, turning to the chief boatswain's mate, he added:

“A brave fellow; but the clown of the entire Second Company."

The moon goddess looked at him through the window of the place where he was imprisoned. She was smiling sympathetically.

"You no doubt had another little adventure," Svend said as Harald was preparing the sails for the first time again with his friends.

But he remained quiet and introverted and did not answer such an insensitive remark.

He did not even find the double of his cabin-boy on board.

"For a long time," Ulf told him, "we could see the figure every morning walking on the port side. Then it fixed its gaze in the direction where you left with the boat that time, as if it were waiting for your return. But when you never did come back, one day we saw how it breathed its last like a fog."

The spring equinox returned, and the others began to sing:

"Up, sailors, anchors aweigh!"

But he did not sing along. And when they arrived at the coast of Scotland again, and the boat sailed by the Kaorhan, he stood at the stern, and his eyes became moist. The rocks were so desolate and empty.
"There they stood," he murmured, "and stretched out their hands to me."

In Inisfaer the mother and grandmother waited impatiently for the children to return. "Now we've lost both of them," they said finally and sighed. The bridal bed stood empty. They did not know that Thyra was sleeping in another bridal bed. At the brook the climbing roses were blossoming again. But now they were blooming all alone.

—Written in Naples and L'Aquila in the Abruzzi Mountains, 1883 and 1884.

—Carlo Enrico Ulrichs.
The storm drove the snow onto the desolate snow fields on the high Sulitelma. The ice-gray, motionless ship lay anchored there above. Masts and sails were drawn in, but all its cloud spores were stretched out along with its cloudy down and now looked like a large, chained up cloud.

Life on the odd ice-and-cloud ship passed one day to the next without incident. On board they patched, caulked, tarred. The sailors got bored. They were permitted to take walks around the snow fields. Indeed: with time that became a little monotonous.

Harald was still shaken by Thyra's fate. He wanted to get away from the proximity of her grave. "I need to recuperate," he thought. "A change of air certainly would do me good, or a little diversion." For a long time the one in need of amusement wished at least once to see southern regions where the "Sulitelma" had never touched on its travels.

At that time the wonderful island of Atlantis lay in the great ocean. It lay outside of the circle of peopled lands, was a special possession of the southern Gods and was
kept protected from the Phaetontic world fire and the Deucalionic flood.

A beautiful valley lay on its eastern half. Forested mountains enclosed it. Two high peaks of a gray granite rock were prominent at its upper end. A little river cut through it, which poured eastward into the sea.

To the right, beside the mouth, foothills stretched far out into the foamy breakers of the sea, directly across the morning sun, the "Mountain Ridge of the Sun God." On its greatest peak stood an old palm, which majestically extended its long, nicely inclined fan. It was the Phoenix Palm, the palm of the Phoenix bird.

The valley was a small paradise. Forest and shrubbery alternated with grasses, groups of boulders and rippling springs. The foliage consisted of coconut palms and date palms, balsam palms, pomegranate trees, mimosas and tamarinds. The trunks were often connected one to the other by blossoming climbing plants, as by hanging garlands of flowers. These trees formed the grove of the Sun God. Eternal springtime dominated this enchanted valley. In the middle of winter the grove greened and pushed up germinating seeds and young foliage.

The springs that broke through the rocks and stones in the sunny grove had a peculiarly beautiful rippling. From afar, you would believe you were hearing only a murmur or a splashing. But when you came closer, then you perceived soft, quiet singing resounding from the rippling besides the murmuring.

All the waters of the valley were occupied by water nymphs and Naiads. At night, in the moonlight, they stepped forth cautiously out of the water. Or, when Sirius shot down sparkling rays, they gathered, floating, to dance gay roundelays in the mild air on the green grass under the palms and mimosas. Moist Nereids, too, at times climbed out of
the sea. After climbing the wall of rocks on the banks with their white arms, they stepped into the grove and danced with the Naiads.

During the day, when the sun shined, there was fluttering around the flowers: butterflies on wings of blue-green or purple, and graceful hummingbirds, their heads and necks set with glittering gold-green emerald feathers. They competed with each other for the rights to the honey.

In several places in the valley there were lawns. The prettiest one lay in the middle of the grove, surrounded by shade trees and dark forest thicket, as well as a row of boulders in groups that made a crooked semicircle. Clear springs rippled out of these groups of boulders. The largest one was Caerula's spring. It formed a waterfall over one of the groups of boulders and flowed through a transparent water basin, whose rim was overgrown with reeds and with blue iris, onto gravel on the ground. The nymph had her crystal house under the waterfall.

Place yourself in the middle of this lawn. Left of Caerula's spring you will see a small hut made of palm leaves. On the right, beside the waterfall, a powerful tamarind tree with its dark-green top is brought into prominence. A few steps farther to the right stand two rose bushes, whose buds and blossoms bloom so freshly you would think they had been carefully moistened by a human hand. Two balsam bushes and a myrtle tree stand there, too; and rose, balsam and myrtle branches form a grove of foliage over the green grass.

Phoenix, the bird, lives in this grove. Phoenix was a credit to creation. It was built like an eagle. Its feathers were black, the ones on its breast deep blue and shimmering. The embellishment of soft feathers that crowned its head were of the purest gold color of
the most splendid and darkest polished gold. These feathers were grouped closely
together to form a small crown. The gift of song was given to it, and its singing was as
pure and as beautiful as that of the dying swan.

When the northern lights began to redden the eastern heaven, when the stars
became pale in Aurora's rosy light, Phoenix dipped into the clear water basin over the
gravel three times and drank three times from the living spring. Now he swung himself
into the air, flew to the old palm in the foothills, set down on one of its strong fans, and,
its gaze turned toward the east, it waited for the star to rise. And when the upper limb of
the beaming disk emerged from out of the waters, Phoenix then poured forth his song into
the morning air and greeted the shimmering god with festive tones.

And touched by the first rays, two peaks of the rocks resounded in the background
of the valley at the same time, as Memnon's\textsuperscript{1} columns or as sonorous bells of a clock.

[III]

Harald stepped into the captain's cabin. In fitting expressions he requested a few
days leave to go out with one of the small boats.

Cap.: But I hope not for another love adventure?

Har.: For reasons of health, captain.

Cap.: For reasons of health? You? Well, I'll be ... ! You're so healthy###as a fish!

Har.: Recently, on deck, I've had a bad case of rheumatism.

Cap.: God forbid! Well, where is it affecting you?

Har.: In the right shoulder, captain. Can't stand the harsh Norwegian climate at all.
The captain smiled.

Har.: Indeed, and so it would be good for me to leave this icy region for a while and breathe the mild air of the south. For that reason, captain, I would like to request at the same time you dispense with the prohibition of stepping on land free of ice and snow for that amount of time.

Today the captain was well disposed. Also, Harald recently had conducted himself much to his liking. He was not at all as bad as he was cracked up to be.

So, the leave and dispensation he requested were granted.

Cap.: But only for nine days, do you hear? I can't do without diligent people like you in the service. So, in nine days be back on board! Understood?

Har.: Understood, captain!

Cap. to the chief boatswain's mate: Report to me whether Seaman Harald of the Second Company is on board again punctually in nine days.

Chief boats.: Yes, captain!

After Erich broke through the starboard, they made a significant improvement. The "Sulitelma" needed new caulking, and at the same time, they put a very strong coat of sun-resistant ice over the bond of ice. This coating allowed the ship, when necessary, to set out in the sun without danger of melting away. The boats were likewise provided.

In the course of time they certainly did change many kinds of things in general on board. For example, sailors originally could change into clouds at any moment and fly around beside the ship or above it or under it. This negatively affected their service or if one should have been under arrest. If the sails had to be patched or if there was some boring work on deck, the whole company would take flight. The captain demanded strict
discipline in every case, and Odin finally took this ability entirely away from them and instead granted winged shoes. And these, too, gradually were abused.

Skiold was in the mood to go along with Harald on his trip. "Always hanging around the show fields," he said, "is a boring pleasure." Both also persuaded Ulf and Svend. They were good fellows, the three of them, harmless and gay, from a fine company, never getting into trouble. They immediately were granted the nine-day leave without question or harassment.

Harald had quarreled with the chief boatswain's mate. But the others were on good terms with him. "Come here!" the chief boatswain's mate said to Skiold and took him into the clothing room. There, in a corner, was a great pile of old boots and shoes, out of which he took some winged ones. They were still good, even though they were used.

Chief boats.: There, there's three pair, for you, Ulf and Svend; if you want to go around in the air some time. They fit quite well.

But no sooner had he turned around when Skiold quickly grabbed a fourth pair and shoved it under his jacket. "So that Harald will have a pair, too," he thought.

Phoenix was a bird of a different feather. There was not another one of its race on earth. Consequently, it could not even find a mate. Of course, he did not feel too unfortunate about that. He knew nothing at all about the torments of love. A Roman poet was even envious of him. He says:
Lucky you, who is not given to
Binding yourself in marriage!

The poor man had a bitter and evil wife! Meanwhile, a means of procreation was provided. He burned himself every hundred years in order to rise up out of his ashes in a rejuvenated form as a new Phoenix. This is what the poets say about him:

By means of a short intervention in the midst of the fire
the boundary line of the double life is separated.

You are granted birth by ashes. It is not you who dies; your old self dies.

He is his own father and his own heir.

Each time of the burning, he has to leave the island. It occurs far from there on the top of a holy mountain at the source of the Nile. It happens in a nest of scented nard, of cassia, balsam, myrtle and amber tree, built for him by other birds. Surrounded by blazing flames, he begins his last song, which, when the flame gets higher, gets fainter and fainter until the song dies off and he exhales his last breath of life.

His residence was the entire sunny grove. From time to time he circled around his area in a whirl. Otherwise, he mostly stayed by the waterfall and at the palm hut. He
usually sat on the branches of the large tamarind. He was old at that time. His hundredth birthday stood before him, the day of his burning. This time it was difficult for him to leave the grove, harder than before, because he consequently had to leave the palm hut and its resident, the little daughter of the sun.

Silvia was the sixteen-year-old child of a priest of the Sun God. The priest had died on the island a few years before. Now and then by special decree the gods granted mortals entrance into the blessed isle, but only those with natures as gentle as doves and who were descendants of the people of the Golden Age. Dying, the priest consecrated his daughter to the Sun God. She was raised under the protection of the god and in the society of the nymphs. She blossomed in the quietness like a forest flower, un molested by the rough hands of humanity, under the dewy sky, under the green canopy of the branches.

Phoenix was used to seeing her skipping out of the hut every morning. He looked down from his branch as she cut through the rippling of the spring so gently with her naked feet, and how she picked dark-blue violets and white jasmine and green ivy and wound garlands from them and, laughing, crowned her dark curls with them. Or, he watched as she planted night violets and drew water out of the spring and poured it. But at night, in the moonshine, he saw her dancing on soft grass with Naiads and Nereids. At times the good child also got on her toes and caught hold of one of the branches hanging low on his tamarind. She would pull down the branch to hang a wreath on it for him. For that reason he sang his most beautiful song as a goodbye greeting to his favorite every day before the impending hour.
He was sitting in his tree and singing in this manner. Then something came sailing through the air — a narrow boat with four gray forms. A voice called from the boat:

"Land-ho!"

One of them, named Skiold, said, "This is the most beautiful piece of earth I've ever seen!"

Ulf: Let's set down here.

The boat lowered. It approached the crown of a high dragon tree. Busy hands anchored it firmly to the branches, and four gay, young fellows disembarked, slender in build and winged shoes on their feet, and glided down through the air and let themselves down on the ground. The nearer they came the more they lost the grayness of their appearance. Close up they looked like Norwegian sailors: smooth cheeks, blue eyes, blond hair, fresh sailor-colored faces.

They looked around and listened. A wonderful birdsong resounded. But it immediately got silent, because the bird saw, shocked and astounded at the same time, that the grove's solitude had been disturbed by the forms of humans.

Ulf: What kind of bird could that be?

Svend: Dumb head! Can't you recognize a turkey?

Ulf: Is that a turkey?
Skiold: No way; that's no turkey!

Svend: It certainly is a turkey.

They walked through the forest and listened to the song of the rippling spring.

The Sun God was setting. The shadows got longer. His last rays colored the gray rock of the two spires of granite with a purple glow.

The moon's silver face arose gleaming in the blue of the paling vault of the sky.

The sailors made camp near the group of boulders out of which the spring rippled forth. Now it was half dark under the palms. The shadows of the feathered fan cut short Luna's silver rays.

Then they saw a heaving in the water of the springs. Pretty maidens stepped out from them wrapped in wet clothing. Their clothing was woven out of fluid spring water. It consisted of nothing but drops that were in constant motion and shimmered in the moonshine and glistened. In their hair they wore green wreaths of reeds.

They gathered on a dewy place on the grass. Little winged glowworms with flashing lights were flying about in the warm air. They began to sing softly, sweet melodies, the same ones the springs had sung before. Nereids, too, slipped through the thicket and came by. They put their arms around each other and began their dance. But their arms and bosoms were so white, as white as the snow on the high Sulitelma.

"Where is Caerula?" one of the nymphs called out, and another, "Let's wait until our queen arrives."

Both glanced toward the spring, the one formed by the waterfall. A rustling came out of this spring, and with sublime movements a maiden climbed forth. She was wearing a pale-blue, shimmering dress, a wreath of reeds and dark-blue irises.
"Caerula, come on!" voices rang out from the grass.

But hardly had the nix queen climbed onto the ground when her glance fell upon the sailors. She let out a scream, collapsed in the form of water and froth and flowed away. Only the wreath of irises remained on the ground. The tattered drops, however, flowed back into the spring. Her sisters, too, screamed and fled back to their springs, the Nereids, of course, to the little river in the valley, to sink down into its sweet waves and to accompany the waves back to the sea.

Harald was seized by the beauty of the form he had seen. He followed the splashed drops, stepped up to the spring and called:

"Oh, Caerula!" But no answer came. The spring rippled and splashed as before; only that the rippling now sounded a little scornful.

On the following evening the sun had hardly set when the sailors immediately occupied the battlefield. They began to dance with each other; they imitated the dances of the girls of the day before.

Not long after that the nymphs climbed out of the springs and walked to the grass. But they let out screams such as the ones the day before. They fled, burst and became water drops that slid back into the wells.

Meanwhile, two or three did something different. Without flowing away, they did certainly creep back to the spring and hid between sedge and reeds and iris blossoms. A second later, however, they raised up their little wreathed heads out of hiding, drew the reeds a little to the side and looked, curious, at the sailors, who had been so bold as to have occupied their dance floor.

The little war continued the following nights. The nixes became bolder and bolder
and collapsed less often. Peace finally was concluded, and the sailors were allowed to
share the lawn. A message was sent to the Nereids. Again they emerged from the
foam-crowned sea and climbed up the wall of the shore. The bird no longer ceased
singing when he saw the sailors coming. He liked to show off his feathers to them.

"I believe it really is not a turkey," Svend said.

From now on there were gay dances and competition singing on the grass every
night. While dancing, the sailors lifted themselves up just a little by their winged shoes
and danced with the nixes hovering below. Or, they raised themselves higher, danced
above them, almost hitting their heads on the branches of the trees. Or, they put their
arms around their white shoulders and lifted the light burden into the air with them. When
they sang, their melodies, serious and wild, were like the ones Erich and Thyra had heard
high up on the Kaorhan. The Naiads sang, murmuring and mild, their spring songs. But
the Nereids sang of the sea's swelling thunder and of the storm and of the heaving
harp-playing of surging waves.

Even Caerula appeared, who until recently had only mocking splashes for
Harald's gentle calling. She did not reject him now when he asked to dance around the
grass with her. Smiling, she let herself be lifted into the air so high by him that her blue
iris wreath brushed against the white blossom-snow of the high mimosas and tamarinds.

And someone else entered into the circle. Walking in on Caerula's hand, light and
lively on her naked feet, came the little dark-eyed daughter of the sun. Harald almost
became sad when he saw the forest flower. He could not get enough of her dark eyes. He
hardly dared to speak to her.

"Oh, pale Thyra," he said, "I never loved you!"
And she: every time his eyes were upon her, she dropped her eyes to the ground, embarrassed.

[VI]

In this manner did the days and nights pass in little battles and truces, in song and dance in ogling and caressing. The warm forest air pleased them. They had no desire to return to their gray ship of clouds.

Ulf: Well, what's this? I think, Skiold, you're getting a little moustache.

Skiold, rubbing his finger over his lip: That might be!

Svend: Well, well! Now he'll be a real hit with the nixes!

Ulf: It must be because of this warm air.

Svend: Perhaps we stay young only in the coldness.

Skiold: You're right! Then we had better prepare to leave.

The eighth day was up. Skiold wanted to set sail. Svend and Ulf agreed with him. Harald did not want to hear anything about setting sail. He was as if charmed by magic.

Skiold: Do you want to return with us with a beard or with wrinkles on your face?

Har.: I don't have any stubble on my face like you.

Skiold: Me today, you tomorrow. Who knows?!

Har.: If I should pay for the joy of love with my eternal youth, then the joy of love it is!

They embarked the boat and sailed away. He stayed, and now new bliss blossomed for him. A springtime of love came on as he had never experienced before,
and in the possession of the blond sailor, Silvia felt an ecstasy she never before imagined.

The aged bird was glad about the happiness of his favorite. Then he received the sign that his time had arrived. One morning he brought his song offering to the rising god, and the granite peaks resounded. Then he saw the god shaking his crown of rays. Many of the golden rays scattered out and hurled around in the air like a group of glistening arrows. The god's hand grasped one of these rays and slung it at the Phoenix, which he caught in his beak.

Singing, he now took leave of his favorite. But he was terribly worried. His song had a ring in it as if he wanted to say, "I shall never see you again, my child!"

He flew away with the sun ray in his beak. Birds of all kinds flew by to accompany him and to build his nest, from eagles to swallows, from owls to wrens. One bird, which saw the sun ray in the Phoenix's beak, joined the procession. Even the small hummingbirds came by, leaving the calyxes of the flowers and the rights to the honey to the butterflies. Slowly and ceremoniously the immense procession flew over the ocean.

Silvia looked at the procession, and a tear glistened in her eye.

Part Two

Everything that took place during these days and nights in the sun grove was observed by a golden eye and a silver eye. The Sun God and the Moon Goddess see everything that happens on earth. Except what happens behind a corner. For, they cannot peek around a corner just as you. Luna's eyes are not worth much during the day. She is
then as shortsighted as an owl. For all that, she sees all the more sharply at night. In her nightly passing over the island she notices all kinds of things, things which she would not at all know how to explain. Between the palms in the sun grove, half hidden by the branches, she saw human forms and at the same time heard the screams of nixes.

One evening the dancing on the grass had just ended. Caerula had retreated into her crystal house under the waterfall and Silvia into her hut. Harald lay down on the grass in the grotto of foliage, which he had chosen to camp out in, and fell asleep. Quietly Luna directed her dual horse-drawn car across the vaulted sky and looked down into the grove.

Then there came flying a winged boy with bow and arrow and stopped to talk with her. He was cute and smiling, but bold without compare and a cunning scamp. His name was Cupid. His arrow penetrated her heart, and he pointed down to the foliated grotto. The wounded female saw Harald sleeping under the myrtle tree.

A few years ago he had come flying like this and played a roguish trick, so that at that time she fell in love with a Bithynian shepherd boy whose name was Endymion. He was the farm hand of a rich farmer in Asia Minor. He was likewise sleeping out in the open. At night he had to stay with his sheep. While he was sleeping she crept down to him in Latmus Valley. Her brother, the Sun God, discovered this and criticized her sorely for it. "That is beneath your dignity!" he said.

She found this sleeping young man more handsome than the farm hand. His beauty was more overpowering. The torment of desire stole into her heart. No other forms were to be seen in the entire grove. Everything was quiet. Nothing stirred; nothing moved.

"If I" she said, "if I deviate again from the prescribed path, in this case it really
would be worth the trouble."

The East Friesians say, "An egg is an egg, the pastor says and grabs the fattest one." Exactly the same thing applies to the heart. It always grabs for the best that sits on the plate. If it is not the best it leaves it alone.

In fact: she deviated. The rogue left her no peace.

"Dig in!" he said imperiously, and there was something commanding in his tone.

"Never a more beautiful one sat on a plate."

She, softly: If only my brother would not find out!

"But he can't see anything," he answered gently. "How can he ever find out?"

So, she halted her horses and got off. She was right beside the star Aldebaran, that to us looks like the head of a silver pin, and the pin is a very obedient thing, which stays driven into the heavenly pasture, with a head almost as thick as the top of a tower. Now the boy showed himself to be exceptionally pleasant. He was there to help her to hitch the car to the pin. One, two three! and it was done. She kept the horses' reins loose. "You can graze around a little." She now floated down with him, let herself down in the sun-grove and stepped onto the earth at the grassy spot. With a quiet step she walked toward the foliated grotto, dressed like a priestess in a long, white gown, wearing an ornament in the shape of a crescent on her forehead. Smiling, Cupid graciously fluttered in front of her.

The glare of the light passing by lit up Caerula's transparent house and woke the slumbering nymph.

The maidenly goddess shook with excitement. She held her breath. Her heart pounded. She stepped cautiously. The closer she came the less she dared to proceed. "No, I'm turning back!" But the rogue flew up to her and seized the little finger of her left
hand. He clasped it and pulled her forward. "The little young thing, what strong arms he has!" She fought against him. She wanted to get free. But she lost her resistance.

"It's your fault," she told him and let herself be pulled forward. He laughed as if to say: "Indeed, I am a hair in your soup. Go ahead and drink it anyway. I put hair in a lot of people's soup!"

Now she stood in front of Harald. She thought she had not been noticed. She was just about to press a kiss against his lips when in the spring the water began to bluster and foam, and the nymph stepped forth. She hurried toward the goddess. A noble scorn hastened her speed.

Caerula: You wicked woman. You forget your duty! What are you up to? The sleeping man is not yours!

Luna: How could I know he was yours?

Cae.: I didn't say he was mine.

Lu.: He's not yours? Who are you, then, to spy on me?

A war of words began between the women. No wonder that Harald woke up. He was totally blinded by the bright light streaming upon him; was astounded at seeing the sublime goddess with the crescent moon so near him. He discovered all too soon the reason for the exchange of words and who was the recipient of the nocturnal visit. He stepped back a foot indignantly and measured her with a look of scorn and despise.

Meanwhile, the noise attracted a group of the other nymphs and Silvia. The scoundrel, however, who had started it all, went on the lam. He was gone in a flash. The girls just watched as he flew away.

Lu.: I think the scales just dropped from my eyes. I do know you. You're a sailor
on board the "Sulitelma," from the Second Company. I often saw you sailing back and forth between Norway and Iceland and Scotland. You stood watch on deck. We're old friends! And it was not very long ago when you were sitting in jail and I was looking at you through the window with downright pity, you ungrateful person! Don't you remember? Because of the love affair with the Scottish fisherman's daughter?

   He wished the earth would open and he could fall through.

   Silvia: Oh, Harald, you've been in jail?
   Lu.: Ha! How many times! He's all punished out!
   Cae.: And you wanted to kiss someone who has been punished so many times?
   Luna bit her lip.
   Sil.: And not long ago you had an affair with a fisherman's daughter, eh? One still so young and pretty and ruined?

   He: Don't believe a word that slanderer says! Believe me, sweetheart! I love only you! You're the only one I have ever loved! I am yours forever!

   Then he kissed her, and she believed him.

   [II]

   Filled with the total passion of unrequited love Luna swung back to Aldebaran, where she had hitched her car. She took hold of her white horses and reharnessed them. They had eaten up all the grass around the blue meadow. Now she had to attach the car without a helping hand. With her hand she gave the horses a friendly slap on their shoulder joints and withers. They neighed; Luna was on her way. She had to make up for
lost time. So, she cracked the whip relentlessly at the poor animals, like a circus-rider; and galloping at a riotous pace, as quickly as a lightening bolt, she drove through the high vault, so that foam was flying from the horses' bits.

Luna said to herself, "How did he get on the island, anyway? It's so far from the limitations of his ship. So far south! He probably stole away secretly; or is absent without leave. I can tell he's up to something. Well then, this love affair will have to be brought to an end."

And again she deviated from her path, in such a way that she made a disgrace of the calculations of the astronomers in all of god's lands and made wild the ebbs and tides. She turned her journey toward the north. Boarded the ship of clouds. Entered the captain's cabin.

She: Do I have the pleasure of addressing the commander of the "Sulitelma?"

He: I am he. But to what do I owe this pleasure?

She: Forgive me, commander. Perhaps you are missing one Seaman Harald of the Second Company?

He: What do you know about him?

She: He's carousing in a palm grove having a love affair with the water nymphs.

He: Well, I'll be ...

She: And with a girl who is almost still a child.

He: How terrible!

She: And wears no shoes or socks.

He: Shocking! I thought as much. I gave three others leave with him. They returned at the designated time. They were unwilling to explain themselves. Also, they
could not say where the island was. They were hardly able to return.

She: I am very pleased, commander, to be of service to you! I can show you exactly how to get there.

Meanwhile, the chief boatswain's mate finally had the stack of shoes in the corner of the clothes room put in order. When they were counted they found a pair of winged shoes missing. "It appears that someone appropriated a pair of winged shoes without asking, and took them away," he told the captain.

[III]

The island of Atlantis offered a spectacle never seen before. The powerful, gray ice and cloud ship came sailing through the air majestically with full sails. Luna, showing the way, rode with her white horses in front of the stern-post. The keel stayed hovering in the air above the island, while Luna, this time, went right down to earth. She got out and took care of the horses. They were happy for once to eat their fill of the green grass of the earth instead of the blue grass of the heavenly meadows.

The captain got into the large boat with the chief boatswain's mate and a few sailors. But not with Svend and Ulf. He knew well enough that those of the Second Company held together like links in a chain, and that the First and Second Companies were not exactly well disposed toward each other. Consequently, he had given orders to people in the First Company. The boat sank down.

Just then, Harald was standing with Silvia on the lawn, surrounded by twelve dancing nymphs.
Harald, seeing the ship and the boat: They've come to fetch me! We must part, sweetheart. Give me a last kiss.

Silvia, filled with angst: Flee! Hide in the thicket in the forest at the foot of the granite boulders. Flee!

But he did not want to flee. The captain and those accompanying him got out.

Luna: There he is, right in the middle of his water nixes!

They approached.

Luna, half aloud to Harald: Ha! How sweet is revenge!

Har.: Betrayed!

Cap.: So, these are your reasons of health. Well, we'll drive the rheumatism right out of you.

To the sailors: Arrest him!

Silvia, her anxiety increased: Oh, flee!

Then he lifted himself into the air.

On the advice of the chief boatswain's mate, they, too, had taken along winged shoes, which were in the boat. The sailors got them as quickly as they could, put them on and flew after him. Meanwhile, he had gotten a good head start. Unfortunately, however, the left wing on his right shoe got lame. So, they caught him and brought him down again to the grassy area. They brought him before the captain.

Cap.: Throw him in chains!

They begin to put him in chains. The nymphs try to free him. A battle ensues. The chief boatswain's mate, himself, seizes him. The nymphs firmly hold the arms of the attacker.
Chief boatsw., his brow bathed in sweat: What a lot of fuss these women are making! They could make you go crazy. I am not at all used to dealing with them any more. Never could, come to think of it!

Meanwhile, the efforts of the nympha were in vain. Silvia, wringing her hands, threw herself at the captain's feet.

Cap., lifting her up: Truly a fine young woman!

Chief boatsw.: His taste is not at all that bad.

Cap.: I can imagine what he has been putting into the poor thing's head. I can see it's about time we took the rascal off this turkey island.

They dragged him in chains into the boat, and the boat swept away from there with the prisoner.

Silvia, sobbing: Live long!

Harald: Live long!

The boat reached the ship. The commands rang out. The "Sulitelma" set into motion. The man with the beard of ice turned the steering wheel. The keel moved its course toward the north.

[IV]

Once upon a time Harald had climbed up a buckthorn tree, picked berries, had thrown them down into Silvia’s apron, and had stuck his finger with a thorn. Blood had covered one of the berries; she had eaten all of them. She had tasted such a drop of his charmed blood; so, she now had to die without him. She went into the foliated grotto,
moistened the green grass with her tears, the place where her handsome blond had rested. She no longer took food or drink and died of grief and sorrow.

On a moonless night the nymphs buried her under the stars. They laid her to rest in the earth of the foliated grotto under the myrtle tree. They bewailed her for seven nights. In the early morning the roses on the rosebushes let their dew drop down, and the balsam bushes cried tears of balsam on the fresh grave.

The ice ship held up well during the voyage. The sun-fast coating had protected it. Only the crude pilot got warm in the mild air. Drops fell from his beard of icicles, and by the time the ship sailed, it was almost half melted away from his face.

Luna had cooled her rage. Also, things had gone better than she had expected. The Sun God saw her guiding the ship to the island; also saw the scene on the grassy spot. "My sister is persecuting an evildoer," he thought. Fortunately, this time he found out nothing more. Nevertheless, she was upset. She was plagued with more unrest.

"These unpleasant storytellers!" she screamed angrily. "They just won't let me have my privacy and spill all the beans. I heard that they even put the Latmus affair into rhymes. They'll probably babble about this silly story, too. All they need now is to put it into some guide book, and the tourists will start wandering all over the island to see the waterfall and look for the little place beside it where I had that dumb dispute. How annoying!"

[V]

Phoenix returned from the source of the Nile. He was in his youthful form and
entered the sunny grove, again accompanied by long trains of birds. He took leave of them so that he could withdraw into his old surroundings. He greeted the grass with a resonant song, along with the groups of rocks, the palm hut, and again sat up in his tamarind. But he felt that things were so empty and so quiet around him. The springs shouted for joy at him with a trusty murmuring. But the little daughter of the sun did not skip along to greet him, and he could not find her any more. At night, as before, he saw the Naiads dancing with the Nereids on the soft grass. She was no longer dancing among them. The wreaths, dried out, were still hanging there on the branches of his tree where she had hung them. But the roses and the balsam bushes, he saw, were crying tears onto a fresh mound.

From then on his song was sad and ceased soon after. He began to get ill. When the Sun God traveled over for the twelfth time, he, too, ceased to be.

That is the reason why you no longer see Phoenix. Now there are only legends about him.

Also, the island of Atlantis no longer exists. The ocean swallowed it up, the one they now call the Atlantic, named after it. Volcanic forces had pushed it up out of the floor of the sea a thousand years before. Tellus no longer favored the gods with the prized possession. She again swallowed up what she once had pushed up. Atlantis slowly sank in the flood. Because the sea's powerful waves rolled and foamed over the green grasses and groups of boulders and the singing springs, the Naiads fell into the salty deluge and became Nereids.

Gods and goddesses were saddened by the fall of the beautiful island. There was only one of them who rejoiced in the still of her heart. Now the awful story could not find
its way into the tourist handbooks. But of course, they still babble about it.

When seamen steer westward on the wide ocean, when the last of the Azores disappear out of sight, then they see only the sky, their ships and the unending sea. At times there is one point, when the sea is calm, when they can catch sight of two rocks appearing through the water. These were once the two highest peaks on the island where the little daughter of the sun and the blond sailor fell in love.

—Aquila in the Abruzzi, 1884

Carlo Enrico Ulrichs.

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i On May 4, 1868, Ulrichs wrote in Memnon, his seventh in a series of 12 books, "I am already breathing in freedom...In the desert waste my voice sounds at the dawn of day, as Memnon's columns did." With Memnon he also dropped the pseudonym Numa Numantius.

ii Ulrichs was born in East Friesland and had many relatives who were pastors.
Dead center of the Norwegian Sea lies a group of thirty-five solitary and desolate islands. Located equidistantly from Scotland, Iceland and Norway, the Faeroe Islands are barren, rocky and covered by fog. The melancholy cry of restless seagulls resounds everywhere. As far as the eye can see, everything is intoxicated by the billowing waves that surge out from under a heavy mist. The mountains reach to heights between 1800 and 3000 feet above sea level. Rugged cliffs loom above, and gorges wane below. There are dense pine tree forests, and thousands of waterfalls pour from great heights, crashing from boulder to boulder. The river banks, deeply engraved by brooks and fjords, are made almost inaccessible by towering cliffs. The sea, constrained by rocks and reefs and completely blocked up here and there, is tossed wildly into whirlpools and rapids along its downward path.

Seventeen of the Faeroe Islands are inhabited. Two of them, Stroemoe and Wagoe, are separated only by a narrow strait calm enough for a brave swimmer to cross. Many place names recall the distant past, before the Church had been established. For example, Thorshavn, on the shore of Stroemoe, was named in honor of the god of thunder in Norse mythology represented as armed with a hammer.

Once upon a time a fisherman and his 15-year-old son left Thorshavn in a rowboat. The boat capsized off the coast of Wagoe during a storm, and the boy was
thrown among the reefs. A young sailor spotted him, dived into the waves and swam
between the reefs. After rescuing the boy, he laid him across a boulder. He lifted the
semiconscious body onto his lap and held him in his arms. Then the boy opened his eyes.

The sailor asked, "What's your name?"

"Har. I'm from Stroemoe," the boy replied.

The sailor rowed him back across the strait to Stroemoe and brought him to Lara,
Har's mother. Thankfully, the boy threw his arms around his rescuer, who was about to
leave. The lifeless body of the boy's father was later washed ashore.

The sailor's name was Manor. He was an orphan four years older than Har. Manor
grew fond of Har and longed to see him again. Now and then he would row across to
Stroemoe, or, on summer evenings after work, he would swim across in the warm water.
Har would wait for him at the shore, climb over the reef and wave his kerchief when he
would see Manor's skiff approaching from afar. They would spend an hour or two
together on the boat singing sailors' songs, then row out into the calm sea. Or, they would
undress, dive into the waves and swim to the nearest sandy beach to watch the seals.
Sometimes they would go into the dark, green forest of tall pine trees, whose rustling tops
heralded Thor's voice, they say. Other times they would find a rock beneath some beech
tree, where they would chat and make plans. For instance, whenever a whaleboat sailed
through the strait, they would plan to join together, and Manor would put his arm around
Har's shoulders and call him "My Boy."

And the boy was never more pleased than when Manor embraced him so. And if
ever Manor arrived late, he would go to the shade of the lilac bush and knock on Har's
window pane. Har would wake up and steal out of the house to meet him. In fact, only in
Manor's presence was he happy.

[II]

Once there came a Danish three-master to cast anchor in Wagoe's trusty harbor to recruit sailors for a two-month whaling voyage. Manor boarded the ship, and the captain immediately hired the lanky, nimble youth. Har, too, offered to join as a cabin-boy. When she heard of this, Lara lamented, "You're my only child. The sea has claimed your father. Do you want to leave me, too?" Har stayed behind. Manor sailed with the three-master.

Two months had passed, and winter was already in the air again. As usual, Har continued to climb the reef and look out into the distance. One morning he saw a ship approaching. Joyfully, he waved his kerchief. But it was stormy, and the surf was high. The ship steered toward the harbor of Wagoe. Unable to reach the island, it was driven dangerously off its course onto the reefs of Stroemoe, stranded before Har's eyes. He could even see the shipwrecked sailors battling the waves. He witnessed one strong arm grab hold of a plank. But moments later he saw both man and plank disappear beneath a torrent of waves. He even knew who it was. It was Manor.

Many lifeless bodies were washed ashore. They were laid side by side onto straw. Har helped to inspect the bodies. Then Manor's body was finally brought ashore. Har examined his dripping wet hair. His eyes were shut, and his lips and cheeks were pale. His cold, slender body, even in death, cut a handsome figure. "Well, then, Manor, this is how it all turned out to be," he cried, throwing himself over the body that he loved. For one moment, sobbing, he savored the joy of a last embrace. They took the bodies out of
the narrow waterway; they buried them in the sand dunes of Wagoe on the same day.

[III]

Har quietly spent that evening in his hut. He was sad, and Lara tried to console him. But he would have none of it. He cursed the gods as he went to bed where he spent the night without sleep.

Toward midnight he was falling into a slumber but was suddenly awakened by a noise. He looked up. It had come from outside of his window. The branches of the lilac bush cracked, and its dry leaves began to rustle. The window was opened, and someone climbed in. Har was shaken out of his wits. He recognized the build. In spite of the darkness, he knew who it was. The form approached him slowly, then got into bed beside him. The boy trembled but did not dare to move. His cheek was stroked by a cold hand. Oh, so cold, so cold. Shivers ran down his back. His warm quivering lips were kissed by ones that were icy. The youth could feel the wet clothing of his beloved, and he could see his hair hanging over his forehead. Fear seized him, but it was mingled with joy. The form sighed as if to say, "A yearning drove me here to you. I have found no peace in my grave."

Har dared not to utter a word, let alone to breathe. Then Manor stood up and whispered, "I must return now." He climbed through the window and left just as he had arrived.

"That was Manor," Har whispered to himself.

The very same night there was a fisherman from Stroemoe rowing in the strait.
The sea was glimmering. Little sparks seemed to radiate from his oars. Then, shortly before midnight, he heard some strange sounds. He saw something shoot across the sparkling water. He could not distinguish the form, because it moved with the swiftness of a large fish. But, in spite of the darkness, he knew it was not a fish.

Manor returned the next evening. He was as icy cold as the previous visit and was more demanding. He embraced the boy, kissed his cheeks and his lips, then placed his head on Har's tender chest. Har shook with terror. His heart pounded in his breast thus embraced.

Manor lay his head on the spot where Har's breast pounded. His chilly lips searched the soft swollen chest above Har's heart. His entire chest throbbed to the beat of his heart. Manor began to suck his teat, filled with yearning and thirstily, like an infant at its mother's breast. However, before much time had passed, he discontinued, raised himself and left. Har felt as if an animal had sucked him dry.

On this evening, too, the fisherman was busy in the strait. At exactly the same time as the previous night he heard similar sounds. But, this time they came much closer. In the pale light of the moon he recognized the swimmer as a man. He was swimming in the manner of a sailor, on his right side, but he was wearing the clothes of the dead. It seemed as if the swimmer was looking right through him, because his face was turned toward him. He was swimming with his eyes shut. The sight so estranged the fisherman that he grew uneasy and pulled in his net and headed back to shore.

Manor continued to return the following nights. He even embraced the youth while he was sleeping. Indeed, now and then Har was overcome by sleep, until Manor arrived. He would awaken and be in his arms. Every time, Manor's lips would explore the
tender mound above his heart. At daybreak Har began to notice a tiny drop of blood seeping through his left nipple. He would wipe it away with his shirt. Sometimes he would find the little drop already on his shirt. He appeared only when it was not a night of the full moon.

The dead are often driven by an uncontrollable yearning to visit some of their beloved survivors. The drive can be so powerful that they leave their graves at night to visit them. For, it is an ancient belief that Urda, who possesses strange demonic powers, is responsible for the short span of life bestowed upon the living dead. Urda is especially concerned with people whose life has been snatched away by a bitter death at an early age. It is said that an overwhelming need for life and warmth fills the hearts of those who return. They thrive on the blood of the living and, like a beloved, long for their embrace. But their yearning causes everyone nothing but grief.

Such was the case in this instance. Har was tormented the whole day long and pined. But he waited impatiently for night to come and yearned for the blissful thrill of the midnight embrace.

[IV]

Twelve days passed.

Lara said, "You're as white as a ghost. What's the matter, Har?"

"Nothing, mother," he moaned.

She said, "You're so quiet."

He sighed...
In a little house on the edge of the village lived a wise old woman who practiced witchcraft. Har's mother, overcome by worry, went to visit her. The old woman threw sticks that had runic writing on them.

"He is being visited by the dead," she said.

"The dead?" Lara questioned.

The wise woman replied, "Yes, during the night, and someone will die if something's not done soon to prevent it."

Perplexed, Lara returned home.

"Is it true, Har," she asked, "that you are being visited by the dead?"

His eyes fell to the floor. "It's Manor," he whispered, and dried his tears on her breast.

"May the gods have mercy on you," she said.

"The gods," he said, "Pfui, they mean nothing to me. When he was clinging wildly to the plank, then, oh, then was the time to have mercy on me. But they let him drown mercilessly. Oh, how I loved him so."

When she discovered traces of blood on his shirt, Lara went to visit the elders of the village. They rowed across to Wagoe with the mother and her son, taking along the old woman.

To the people of Wagoe she said, "The insecurity of your graves has exposed one of us to danger. A man here is leaving his grave every evening, coming over to us and sucking his fill of blood from this poor youth."

"We'll try to secure it properly," the people of Wagoe said.

They cut a stake made of pine. It was as tall as a man and as thick as an arm. With
a hatchet they hewed the surface square; below, the tip had a point a foot long. They went to the dune where the sailors were buried. One man carried the stake, another a heavy axe. They opened Manor's grave.

One of the people of Wagoe said, "Look, he hasn't moved since the day we buried him."

"That's because he gets into the same spot each time he returns," the wise woman replied.

Another person from Wagoe said, "He almost looks better now than the day we buried him." "That's no wonder," the old woman replied, "All the more reason why Har is so pale."

Har approached and again threw himself over the body of his beloved.

"Manor, Manor," he cried, his voice quivering. "They're going to drive a stake into your heart. Manor, wake up. Open your eyes. It's me, your Har."

But Manor did not open his eyes. He lay motionless in Har's embrace, now, just as he had two weeks earlier on the straw on the beach.

Har refused to release him. They tore him away and placed the tip of the stake on Manor's chest. Har turned away, heartbroken. He threw his arms around his mother and buried his face in her shoulder.

"Mother," he cried out, "how could you do this to me?"

He heard the axe-hammer hit the stake, which groaned. One heavy blow followed another.

"There, that should do it," one of the men from Wagoe was heard to say.

Another said, "If that doesn't keep him in his place, nothing will."
They had to carry Har, who was half unconscious. "He'll bother you no longer my dear child," Lara said when they had returned home.

Grieved, he went to bed. "Now I'll never see him again," he said aloud, filled with sadness. He was tired and weak. He tossed and turned in his bed. Minutes passed so slowly they seemed like hours. Midnight came and still no sleep had passed over his eyes.

Listen. What was that? In the lilac bush ... But, no, it's impossible, he thought. And, yet. Indeed, just as before, he heard the rustling in the bush. The window was being opened. It was Manor again. The sight took Har's breath away. Manor's body displayed a gaping square wound that went right through his back. He lay beside Har, embraced him and began to suck. He sucked thirstily and with a greater ardor.

However, on this night Lara awakened. She listened in fear for her life. Early that morning she entered Har's room and approached his bed.

"My poor child. It was he again," she said, "wasn't it?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, "it was."

The bed was smeared with the dead man's blood that had drained from his deep wound.

[V]

Some hours later Lara, the old wise woman and the elders of Stroemoe rowed across the strait, but without Har. They returned to the dune and reopened the grave. The square stake was still driven into the ground, but it was no longer in Manor's chest.
However, he was lying beside the stake, and his knees were touching his chin. The stake had prevented him from stretching out.

"He freed himself," the wise woman said, "for, the stake's the same width from top to bottom."

One of the people from Wagoe said, "He shimmied up the stake to get free."

"But that must have required inhuman strength to do," another said.

Upon the advice of the wise woman they made a sturdier stake, doubly thick at the top. Like a nail with a head. Pulling the old stake free, they pierced Manor with the new one.

"There, now he's nailed down good," the axe-man said, giving the stake one final blow on the head.

Another man from Wagoe said, "No matter what, he'll never leave his grave again."

Lara returned to Har to tell him what had happened. "It's all over now," he thought to himself, going to his tiny bed. He lay awake as midnight approached. Everything so still. Nothing stirred the branches of the lilac bush outside his window. The fisherman, no longer frightened by a blind swimmer crossing the strait, continued to fish.

Lara said, "Now he'll leave you in peace. He used to torment you so."

"Mother, dear mother, he didn't torment me," he pined, yearning in vain.

"Mother," he said, "I've nothing to live for."

"It's that you're so tired and weak, my son," she said.

He had become so emaciated that he could no longer leave his bed.

"I can hear him calling me," he whispered.
A month had passed since the shipwreck. Early one morning Lara was sitting on her son's bed while he was still asleep. She began to cry, and he opened his eyes.

"Mother," he said in a weak voice, "I'm going to die soon."

"No, no, my child," she said, "you're much too young to die."

"But, I am going to die soon. Manor was here with me again. We talked to each other," he said. "We sat on a rock, as usual, under the old beech tree, and he put his arm around my shoulders and called me 'My Boy.' He'll come again tonight to fetch me. He promised me so. I can't bear to live without him."

She leaned over him, and tears welled up in her eyes. "My poor child," she sobbed, placing her hand on his forehead. When night approached she lit a lamp and kept a vigil at his bedside. He lay there still awake, staring silently into the distance.

"Mother," he said.

"What is it, my dear son?" she asked.

"Bury me in his grave, won't you?" he requested. "And do please remove that horrible stake from his chest."

She promised him this, squeezed his hand and kissed him.

"Indeed," he said, "I can't wait until I join him in his grave."

Midnight struck. Suddenly transfigured, he raised his head slightly as if listening intensely. His eyes shining, he looked toward the window and the branches of the lilac bush.

"Look, mother, there he is."

Those were his final words. His eyes rolled back. He sank into his pillow and passed away.
And they did as he requested.

L'Aquila, July 22-30, 1884.


*****


Researched at the Gay Archives, Los Angeles, Jim Kepner, curator.
The Faeroes include a trail of islands running toward the south. Suderoe and Sumboe belong to these southern Faeroes. Suderoe has a remarkable mountain, with a small lake at its summit, which exhibits the tides at the same time as the ocean.

In front of the little island Sumboe, a high, gray rock, called "The Monk," sticks straight out of the wild roar of the sea up into the air. Line up about a thousand whales from the island, and you are there. When you stand on the shore of the island, you think you are looking out at the wall of some kind of tower or castle, with alcoves and battlements built up in the middle of the sea so far from the coast. Of course, you cannot always see it, because it is often hidden in fog.

It is surrounded by boulders and reefs, most of them blind, but many can be seen sticking up. Wild currents shoot and drive between them, and lapping water funnels and whirlpools swirl down into the deep. Namely, at this spot this reef borders on a sea current named the Sumboe, more dangerous and wilder than any other in Norwegian waters, including the maelstrom.
Also, ships carefully avoid The Monk and all of its surroundings. Terns and ducks nest undisturbed in its rifts. It is impossible for ships with masts to reach it, because the sea is barricaded all around it by boulders. It is possible by boat. Of course, it is a venture to be undertaken only by the most able. The currents between the crags are too dangerous. But many a storm has driven ships there, where they met their fate in the reefs. These rocks are called "The Monk's Garden" or sometimes "The Monk's Cemetery," "Munkens Have," "Munkens Kirdegaard" or "Hvilested." Skeletons of the unfortunate lie around them between mussels and seaweed, bleached white by wind and rain.

Turo and Axar were boys on Sumboe. They grew up together.

Turo to his mother: Just to The Monk. I am old enough to go there.

Mother: To The Monk? No one goes to The Monk.

He: But why not? I want to go.

Mo.: Because a little woman lives under the sea there.

He: The mermaid?

Mo.: Yes, a nix, who brings death and destruction to sailors. She has her house on the bottom of the sea, right at the foot of The Monk. She comes out sometimes and shows herself at night in the moonshine.

Turo told his playmate what his mother had said.

Tu.: Listen, as soon as I'm big enough I'm going to row out there sometime. I want to know what's actually out there. Do you want to come along?

Axar: Yes, but during the day. I don't want to do it in the moonshine. That way, we won't see the nix.
Tu.: But I do want to see the nix, at least once.

In fact, some sailors passing by claimed they did see her at times during the nights when there was moonshine, how a form raised itself out of the foam on the crests of the waves, who climbed the gray rock with her white arms. But of all of those who had seen her, none had had the desire for a closer look. On the contrary, they would pull up the sails they had already taken down as soon as they had the slightest indication of her presence, all the quicker to escape her dangerous proximity. One of them even said that the mermaid possibly was extraordinarily beautiful. Those in the know, however, shook their heads. "She charms you when you look at her," they told him.

Whenever the boys were on the strand, Turo often stayed behind, standing and looking resolutely at The Monk.

[II]

Several years passed. Turo and Axar now were young seamen, both slender and spruce, both also cunning and fearless at sea. Axar had given his heart to a faithful, blue-eyed sweetheart. Turo's heart was still free. But Axar and his girl had invited him to go to the neighboring island, to Suderoe, to go courting sometime. So, one day he jumped into his boat, all dressed up from head to toe, pulled in the rope, turned the rudder and went out to sea. The wind was still, and the sea was calm. He wanted to be back in Sumboe by sundown. That is what he promised his mother, who sent him on his way with her best wishes.

His voyage was not to be one for going courting. It was to be a tearful one for his
poor mother and at the same time for Axar's young fiancée. Turo sailed out at low tide. But the tide drew him out farther and farther away from land; pulled him much too far. Instead of coming closer to Suderoe, he got caught in a current that pulled him way out into the open sea. Only after hours of effort was he finally able to get out of the current. Except, now the islands had disappeared. There was a white fog-bank under which they had to be hidden, and the fog-bank lay at a great distance. Therefore, he doubled his efforts. It soon began to get dark. The fog moved from its place. After rowing for a while he suddenly got a very clear view of the upper portion of The Monk, which on his left side was sticking out of a layer of fog. At the same time, the moon came up. Then he remembered the wish he had had in past days. Now he had an opportunity to carry it out on the spot, when the night was young and in bright moonlight. The old desire again awoke in him. But, he now had become more sensible. "No," he thought, "it would be better if I kept to the right." So, he kept to the right to make a big circle around The Monk's Cemetery. But a hefty current caught the skiff, and the current pulled him into the middle of the substantial fog that had fallen there so deceptively, as if it were land with a building and tower that the fog had hidden. What was it hiding? All his efforts to pull out of the wild waters were in vain. This current's force was not to be resisted. So, into the fog he went.

Meanwhile, the fog gradually began to lift. Now he saw himself in the area of the "Cemetery." The powerful mass of stone of The Monk towered up in front of him. Left and right of The Monk were shorter boulders, peaks and points, The Monk's outer walls and towers. Fog formations passed over the towers like ghosts. The light skiff, whipped by waves and rocking, pushed between towering boulders and crags. So, now he was in
the "Garden" of The Monk he had tried to flee from. It appeared to him as if it were under a strange climate. He was not able to guard himself against the fear that crept into his thoughts, about the danger that hovered over these wet fields.

Then something appeared in the near distance. In the shimmer of the moon he saw it emerge from the foaming waves. It was the outline of a form. He thought he saw a head, the hanging ornamentation of fluttering hair, white arms, a young woman's bosom and a body that was wrapped in a gown of fog. His heart pounded. Gliding thither on the waves, she drew near The Monk, climbed upward or slid upward up its rocky crags.

Turo sailed right below The Monk. The sky had cleared. Only the moon was now hidden behind clouds. To the north, purple rays shot up in the dark firmament. They lit up the entire top of The Monk and the walls and towers of the bulwark. He looked up. High above he saw the young woman sitting on a projection, her cheeks made rosy by the pink glow of the moon. She looked down at him. Their eyes met. That was his misfortune.

Suddenly he noticed the current pushed toward a grotto at the foot of a mass of rocks on the left side of The Monk. It seemed to go through all the way, although he could only see in, but not through it. It had to be a grotto where the water flowed through. The current was wilder the nearer it approached the grotto. Then he found himself close to the entrance. Inside of the arch, left and right of the wide, inundating current, he saw boulders jutting out, and lying on the rocks were skeletons and skulls that reflected white. With all the might he had remaining he strained every nerve to stay out of this cavern. And just look, he was able to bring the boat to a halt in calmer waters by seizing a rock that was jutting out of one of the flanks. From then on everything went well. He saw a gate formed by two towers on the right side of The Monk. He turned his direction toward
it. He succeeded in reaching it and happily rowed through it. In this way he came out of
the garden of rocks. He finally made it back to Sumboe. The fairy-like appearance left a
lasting impression on him. He saw the mermaid again in his dreams.

[III]

Disturbed and confused, the following day he went to the shore, to the spot where
you can see The Monk in front of you. He met Axar there, who was caulking his boat. He
told him what he had encountered during the night. Axar listened attentively, more
attentively than he wanted. Axar was not able to avoid being deeply impressed by the
appearance.

Turo: My, but you are very attentive. Be glad you didn't see the mermaid. Such a
sight would not be good for those who have given their heart to someone else. Get The
Monk out of your mind! Never get the desire to see Hayafialla!

Axar did not answer. He remained silent. Today, Turo was melancholy. He did
not exchange a word for the rest of the day.

Turo said less than nothing to his mother about The Monk.

Mother: It doesn't matter. Take a girl from Sumboe.

But he was no longer thinking about going courting on Suderoe or about the girls
on Sumboe.

Early on the next night someone else was sailing out into The Monk's Garden. It
was Axar. He carefully kept his intention secret from Turo. He, too, caught sight of the
beautiful woman. She was swimming in a crystal valley of water between two powerful
waves that reared up high in rolling forward, and the crystal valley was separated from him only by a low, narrow reef. Long, blonde, wavy hair stroked the water behind her. He saw snowy arms stretch and draw circles and draw in again. He saw how her rising bosom, gently curling pearls of foam, raised and pushed the wave. The charming body slid with the waters where it was splashing with foam and breaking, pattering at the foot of The Monk. She climbed up to her seat. Up there she began to sing, plaintive melodies, melting and soft. And the sounds captured his heart.

But before he knew it, his boat was dragged into the arch of the grotto between the skulls and skeletons. The place was dimly lit by the reflection of the moon. He was trying to stop the boat at one of the rocks, when he saw another boat coming. It was Turo's skiff. Turo was standing up in it, looking upward, listening to the sweet sounds in which all kinds of danger lurked, which made everyone forget — and he, too, was swallowed away into the dark archway.

Turo: Who besides me is in the cavern?
Axar: Who wants to know?
Turo: Aha! Axar's voice! Traitor, what are you doing here?
Axar: Boy! What do you want from me?
Turo: Did I trust you with my secret so that you could underhandedly sneak in and poke your nose into my business?
Axar: The sea and the reefs are free! Or, do they only belong to you and not me? I can climb the Slattaretindur and sail to The Monk as often as I please, day or night, and I would like to see the scoundrel who tries to stop me!

Both jumped off at the jutting rock and pulled out their knives. Axar fought off
his opponent and left a wound in his chest. Turo sank. He fell down into the raging waters. He floated into the dark arch. But the current threw him out the other side. Meanwhile, Axar's boat, too, was seized by the current and pushed away. To be sure, he was able to grasp onto Turo's boat. But sailing against the current was impossible. Nothing was left for him to do but to go the same way his wounded opponent had gone and voluntarily allowed himself to be driven onward into the frightening darkness. In the boat, he came out again on the other side into the light. With great effort he was able to wind through the reefs on the other side. Exhausted, he reached Sumboe. He called to his fiancée:

"I don't love you any more! I have seen Hayafialla!"

Turo colored the water with his blood. He pushed toward a lower reef and found enough strength to climb up on it. Torturously he was able to wind himself up it and lay his head on a rock covered with moss. But he had lost a lot of blood, and the wound was deep.

Night returned, and the northern lights flamed up in the north, and in the light of the northern lights, high above the reef, he saw the cheeks glowing, which ensnared him with magic, as when the first time he saw them. Or, why, then, had he returned to the realm of danger and of horror? Was it not because of these cheeks? To see these cheeks again? A gentle expression of delight spread over his pale face, and solace was reflected on his weary countenance.

Then she saw him on the naked rock in pain and agony. And again their eyes met and one gazed at the other. Sweet mercy seized her heart. She raised herself off of her stony seat, she in her fragrant gown of fog, and jumped down from the top of The Monk
into the foamy sea as easily as water falls over a waterfall into the deep water. She swam over to the reef where Turo lay, who could neither live nor die. She walked over to him. She touched his cheek and forehead with her soft hand. She looked down at him in sympathy. "Hayafialla!" he said in a weak voice. Then she kissed him on his lips, and he died.

Axar returned to The Monk’s Garden the same night, as charmed as was Turo. A raging wave slapped and lapped his boat and capsized it. The whirlpool lay hold of him. He was swallowed up into the depths. The waves spit him out again, dead, at the rim of the reef where Turo lay. One dead body beside the other.

Storms rose out of the sea above the desolate reefs of The Monk's Cemetery. Wind and rain did their sad duty. And when a year had passed, on clear nights the moon shone on Axar's and Turo's bones, bleached as white as snow.

L'Aquila, in the Palazzo Franchi
October 3 - 6, 1884.

C. E. Ulrichs.
Letters to His Publishers and Other Correspondence
(1862-1894)

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

Collected and translated by Michael A. Lombardi-Nash

KEYWORDS. Homosexuality, Germany, history, 19th century

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs' letters have been recovered by a few researchers over the past couple of decades. The letters aid in piecing together the man who was to become the first gay person in world history to accomplish brave deeds in the field of homosexuality and civil rights in the middle of the nineteenth century almost a one-man Stonewall Rebellion of a century later.

LETTERS TO HIS PUBLISHERS AND OTHER CORRESPONDENCE
(1862-1894)

LIST OF THE LETTERS

The Cotta Archives Collection

1862
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(3) To Cotta from Frankfurt-on-Main (April 10)
(4) To Dieffenbach from Frankfurt (April 11)
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(21) From Augsburg to Ulrichs (June 20)
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1894
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO THE COTTA ARCHIVES COLLECTION

The collection consists of 26 letters. Only one of them, dated June 20, 1865, is not written by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, but to him. This letter, authored by a Dr. Bork, an editor with the Allgemeine Zeitung (Popular News), exists because Ulrichs, himself, made a copy of it to send to a lawyer, an acquaintance of his, in reference to a dispute between Ulrichs and the Cotta Publishing Company, to whose newspapers Ulrichs was a contributor. There is no indication of the outcome of this dispute.

All these letters are preserved in the Schiller National Museum, Cotta Archives (Stuttgart Times Foundation) in Marbach-on-Neckar. The Cotta Publishing House, an enterprise of industrialist Johann Friedrich Cotta (1764-1832), is famous for having published the works by the German classicists Schiller and Goethe.

The correspondence, written from Frankfurt-on-Main, Würzburg, Bremen, Achim near Bremen, Burgdorf and Stuttgart, includes, for example, a receipt for money received, a news-brief on a shooting festival, and a post card. Ulrichs describes his work, and many times he asks for a raise.

Most of the letters (14 of them) were written in 1862. Ten originate between 1863 and 1865, one in 1867 and one in 1874. The recipients were the editorial staffs of the Allgemeine Zeitung in Stuttgart and Augsburg; the Frankfurter Journal; the Staatsanzeiger für Württemberg (State Gazette for Württemberg) in Stuttgart; and Lorenz Dieffenbach, a lawyer in Lornheim near Frankfurt.

Some of this correspondence contains matters of interest to Ulrichs other than his
writing for the newspaper. For example, he had made a substantial loan to a friend against a life insurance policy. But his friend, writer Christian Höppl, committed suicide and rendered the policy void. The fact that Ulrichs consequently lost a large portion of his life's savings and that he had requested some other friends to aid Höppl financially, generated more letters.

Ulrichs made the attempt to have some of his first articles on Uranism published in newspapers (see letter dated September 2, 1862). In one of his books, Ulrichs expressed his desire to shock middle-class German men at the breakfast table, by having them read about "man-manly" in their morning newspapers. Nothing would have pleased Ulrichs more than having his article on the "enigmatic riddle of nature" published in one of the pages of the dailies.
The Cotta Letters

Frankfurt, March 8, 1862
Respectfully submitted to the Cotta Publishing House.

Since March 1860 I have had the honor of writing for the Allgemeine Zeitung (General News), even if intermittently. Because I have been writing regularly since November 1861, I requested payment of fees four weeks ago (by means of the kind intervention of the editorial staff) up to the closing of the quarter just past, that is, up to the end of December 1861. I noted that in 1860, four (or more) articles of mine were accepted (namely, in March 1860), in 1861 two (or more), (namely, in November and December 1861).

Since no one has as yet responded to my request, then may I at least kindly ask you to explain why it has not been answered and when I might look forward to the payment?

Sincerely,
K. Ulrichs
Amtsassessor [government lawyer], retired
Private secretary
Reuterweg 10.

please turn over

P.S. I would also like to know if you wish me to pay for the postage of my letter to Augsburg?
Frankfurt-on-Main        March 20, 1862

(Rec'd on the 26th, M [initials])

Dear Sir:

Thank you very much for your kind response on the 12th inst. (of this month). Of course, I agree to be paid on the 1st of June of this year for my earlier articles (and the period before December 1, 1861), if an earlier payment should be denied due to circumstances. However, should this not be the case, then I certainly would prefer an early payment, one reason being that at that time I did not follow up exactly what had been accepted and what had been written when, and extended delays could have given rise to errors, because I was only partly acquainted with the conditions of the fees in general.

At any rate, I would still like to receive payment from the editorial office of the Publishing House. On the 12th inst., as you know, you passed on to me an enclosure, a manuscript which the Allgemeine Zeitung returned to you. Unaware of this, I sent the editor a more comprehensive manuscript "on the historical, judicial and political aspects of the special representation of Maldeck and Reuß in the Federation," requesting that it eventually be returned. Since it appears they have decided not to accept it, then I would like to ask you, this time by way of exception, kindly to arrange to have the same returned to me. I will pay the postage.

With regard to your letter and the postage for the correspondence, I would be glad to pay it, and I remain most sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs
Amtsassessor (civil servant who has passed the bar)
Reuterweg 10.
Frankfurt, April 10, 1862

Respectfully submitted to the Cotta Publishing House

The present writing does not concern my recent request for payment of fees for my articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, up to the end of November last year, but rather a question about publication. (Postscript of 11th inst. I received a check for 59.50 florins from Grunelius & Co. by mail on the 1st inst.)

I have almost completed a manuscript, "On the Constitutional Relationship of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis to the State Governments," to those states in which he has the rights to the post office, especially containing the proof that he is not subject to taxation by these states. The most recent proceedings in Hanover-Darmstadt especially gave rise to this manuscript. Consequently, the theme should be of interest to all states, including Kurhessen, Hessen, Darmstadt, Nassau, the duchies of Saxony, the free cities, Hohenzollern, Lippe, etc.

On the three enclosures, which I request be returned, you will observe that I have already written two articles of this kind, and that they have been critiqued thoroughly by Professor Zöpfl in the *Heidelberger Jahrbücher* (Heidelberg Year Books). The writing presently in question is similar to the shorter of the two enclosed ones, the one concerning Nassau and Taxis; however, it is approximately one printed page longer.

There is a question I now would like to ask: Would you not be inclined to undertake the publication in a way that to begin with, you sustained the costs, paid me 50 percent of the eventual net profit which would come later; however, in case the costs were not covered, I reimburse you for the deficit? For the sake of such a reimbursement, I
am prepared right now to give you a guarantee, and would only request that you inform me by whatever means you wish me to supply this guarantee, whether a house would be sufficient as security (and up to what amount)?

I am sending you the present writing through the editorial offices of the _Staatsanzeiger für Württemberg_ (State Gazette for Württemberg), a newspaper likewise for which I have begun to write a short time ago.

Sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor

Reuterweg 10.

The manuscript has a heavy legal content.

I would by far give preference to your publishing it rather than Giessen, publishers by commission, because of probable superior consignment.

Perhaps you will kindly return the three enclosures by book rate. I hope to receive a reply by mail.
Frankfurt, April 11, 1862

Dear Doctor Dieffenbach (with regard to intercession)

   A year ago I had the honor of making your acquaintance through Dr. Peez (now in
Reichenberg in Bohemia), also, at your home you were kind enough to give me
information on some works used in the *Edda* (fiulvinsmal).

   Today I am taking the liberty to ask you a favor for a friend, but ask for discretion
before I reveal his name. In confidence (since he actually strongly forbade me to tell
anyone of his condition), I am informing you that Mr. Christian Höppl, the poet, whom it
appears you know, presently finds himself in the most painful situation. He is in
Switzerland and is suffering from extreme hunger. He complained to me about his
suffering; I immediately sent him 10 florins since, fortunately, I had just this left over.
Yesterday evening, too, I requested a guilder for him from a local Catholic (a strongly
religious one), who did grant me the same, although both do not know each other, and I
told the Catholic that he was neither of my or his religious faith (I am Lutheran), but
rather an atheist. My request to you is to be so philanthropic likewise as to grant him a
guilder. In case that you would prefer to send him the same directly, I am giving you his
address: c/o H. Sijfrig, lower Feldeggstrasse, in Seefeld near Zurich. In case you want to
entrust me with the same, I am prepared to send it to him with the one I mentioned.

   I am not very well known among the local writers, otherwise I would impress
upon still others to aid an associate presently in need. Otherwise, there is not much more I
can do for him.

   Yours sincerely,
Höppl wrote to me on the 7th inst.:

"I read a notice about me in the current issue of Didascalia [It. (Theat.) Stage Directions.] (March 23) which appears to be truly comical in comparison to my misery. It is obvious that L[orenz] D[iefenbach] does not realize how much I am suffering."

I hope you will at least forgive me for taking this liberty in case of refusal.
Frankfurt, April 20, 1862

To the Cotta Publishing House

(With regard to articles in the *Allg. Z.*)

I am very much obliged to you for having received the check from Grunelius Co. on the 11th inst. for 59.50 Rhenish florins as fees for 17 articles in the *Allg. Z.*

It appears that your calculations of March 1860 totally agree with my own, except for one single item. Following are my records:

1860 Mar. 8 "Adoption of the Holstein Motion and Publication of the Protocol of the Federal Diet." (accepted

" 9 "The Conditions of War: Hanover's Deputy Schultz vs. the Prussian Deputy: A Political Essay." (accepted

" 9 "The Order of the Knights of St. John: Regulation of the Liabilities." (accepted

" 12 "Holstein: A Reconciliation: Luxemburg, Denmark, Coburg." (accepted

Following these, four articles for the correspondence column dated March 1860 were accepted; and these, in fact, were submitted separately; also, they were accepted separately, while according to your calculations only three were accepted. Perhaps your error occurred because I, myself, [illegible because of a tear in the page] twice changed four articles at that time, if I am not mistaken with [illegible] articles. For example, I mean that I [illegible; signed?] the articles on the Order of the Knights of St. John with an "O."

The manuscript mentioned earlier was received, and I thank you for your kind
intervention.

Likewise, I also received the article I wrote about Thurn and Taxis which was sent to you.

Respectfully,

K. Ulrichs (No. 830.)

May I please ask you to kindly forward both enclosures (perhaps by city post)?

[Envelope]

[Postmark]: Frankfurt-on-Main Railway Station

21-4

9 1/2 - 10

To the Cotta Publishing house in Stuttgart

Ulrichs Reuterweg

Frankf. a/M

[Seal]
Frankfurt, May 15, 1862

To the Editorial Offices of the *Morgenblatt* (Morning News)

Stuttgart

In reference to the safe return of "Hybla and Enna," a short poem I sent to you, I would like to take the opportunity of your kind suggestion of April 25 of this year to give you further information.

I am in the position to deliver to you four different essays, two of which I am enclosing, the other two being incomplete, for which reason they could be sent only later.

1. [In the margin: (1.) (enclosed.) (by Schraflau and me together).] "The Hedning Deadly Magic." From the *Edda*; by Bruno Schraflau (whose *Sounds of the North* has been published in its second edition by Rünsler in Hanover) and me together. In four parts: I. The Danger; II. The Legation; III. The Slaughter; IV. The Magic Spell. In this poem you will find Nordic spelling for rhyme and alliteration, which could be explained in a footnote at the beginning. It is filled with the mythology of the *Edda* (perhaps to overflowing). Old Germanic warfare customs are made use of. Parts III. and IV. ("Slaughter" and "Magic Spell") obviously turned out better than both of the first, which are more drawn out. The final stanza of each part has a special meter. In order not to delay getting the poem to you, I have not made a copy, although perhaps it could have been written better.

(I would not at all be against your entirely omitting Part I. or Part II. or even I. and II. and wanting to give their content in a few lines.)

2. [In the margin: (2.) (enclosed) (by me).] "On the Power of the Vernacular in the Creation and Giving of Proper Names." With 38 (perhaps somewhat interesting) examples collected by me from North and Central Germany. First article of the aforesaid —by me.

The contents—nourishing food with strong, healthy, and native spices. Nowhere a trace of sentimentality. (If your readers should desire the latter, they will not find any in the article.) It is truly a contribution to knowledge: "how people think and speak."

(For aesthetic reasons, I would have nothing against your by chance wishing to strike example 4. "Messmaaker.")
3. [In the margin: (3.) (not enclosed) (by me).] (Still incomplete.) "On Alliteration and Color through Spelling" (*Buchstabenfärbung*) and their present usage in a poem by me employing material from German mythology. *Buchstabenfärbung* is "the coloring of a poem through spelling;" certainly somewhat similar to alliteration; as somewhat self-supporting, but first established by me: about which I gave a speech at the local "Academy." However, a poem that is colored through spelling is something totally new to our literature. Whether it is somewhat more beautiful than an uncolored poem, that is exactly what I would like to submit to public taste.

4. [In the margin: (4.) (not enclosed.) (by me.) (still unfinished).] "On the Greek Saga of Selene and Endymion," including a poem based on the bas relief on the sarcophagus of the aforesaid on the capitol at Rome, depicting this saga. The poem is in classic (Pherecratic) meters.

In the event that they are not accepted, I would like to request that they be returned to me. If accepted, may I please have three printed copies, if such a concession is customary. I would appreciate it very much.

Sincerely,
K. Ulrichs
Amtsassessor, retired
Private secretary with the Minister of the Federal Diet
[Justin T. B.] v[on] L[inde]
Reuterweg No. 10.

[Envelope]
[Postmark]: Frankfurt a. M. 15.5

Enclosed a package to the same address
To: Editorial Office of the *Morgenblatt*
Stuttgart

Ulrichs
Frankf. a/M, Reuterweg [Seal]
To the Editor's Office of the Frankfurter Journal

[Postmark] May 20 [1862]

To the Editorial Staff of the Frankfurter Journal

With regard to examination of the writings referring to
the death of Christian Höppl.

Yesterday I was granted permission to examine Didascalia of the 8th inst. with obliging readiness.

Now I am personally very interested:

(1) whether Höppl in fact is dead, that is, that
his death is authenticated;

(2) whether the reason for his death was not perhaps an accident in the lake but manifest suicide.

Therefore, I would be greatly indebted if you would allow me to inspect:

(a) the article in the Züricher Zeitung to which the Didascalia refers,

(b) the original writing which was signed by
R. Ernst, so that I, who for years have
been very familiar with Höppl's
handwriting, on my part, can form an opinion
whether the letter was written by his hand.

To illustrate my interest in this case, I had been one of Höppl's close friends for
about six years, that I am one of those from whom he, as the obituary mentions,
"contracted debts," that is, more than once I loaned him somewhat considerable sums,
partly for his trip to Düsseldorf, to establish a publication, *Der Rhein*, to pay for old debts,
(I also even supported him repeatedly during the most recent times with money by way of
donation, so, for example, I gave him 10 fl. just on the 9th of April of this year). Since he
had no other security to offer, I was satisfied with a life insurance policy, which, as you
know, is invalid, however, in cases of suicide.

Perhaps you will allow me to inquire in person at the office on Thursday whether
you are able to grant me this favor?

Sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor

Reuterweg 10
Frankf., May 30, 1862

Dear Sir:

Poor Höppl! After I sent him 10 fl. about 14 days before his end, I attempted to collect contributions from several persons. When I received yours and another two, I turned to Presber, to whom I sent a kind of circular which he also promised to distribute. While I was waiting for the results of Presber's attempts, I found out about Höppl's fate only very recently, because the relevant articles in the newspapers escaped me. I am sorry that under the circumstances I did not immediately send your contribution, because he still would have been alive. Enclosed I am returning it with sad feelings, as it was useless. But perhaps you could dry the tears of a person in need of the same.

Höppl's fate is a great blow to me! And certainly not just because he was a friend of mine. For many years on several occasions I had been lending him money from an inheritance I received, altogether about 1,400 fl., about half my savings, and I certainly do find myself in an unhappy financial situation. It was a show of friendship from me performed for him because he lamented to me, imploring. I was satisfied with a life insurance policy as security, never dreaming that he would render it invalid by committing suicide!!

Sincerely,
K. Ulrichs
Amtsassessor [civil servant who has passed the bar]
Reuterweg No. 10.
Frankfurt, June 20, 1862

To the Cotta Publishing House.

I confirm having received the fee statement dated the 1st of the month, including a check from Grunelius for 38.50 fl.

However, in the fee statement I believe that this time, too, and to be sure, I mean legitimately this time, too, I have a claim to another article.

No. 141 contains an article dated May 19 with my usual by-line "=." Content: "Special Meeting of the Federal Diet: Kurhessen Joins the Confederation, Not Prussia."

No. 142 contains an article dated May 19 with my special by-line "***." Contents: "Revival of Military Outrages."

The editorial staff even printed the articles in different issues. I mean, if the editorial staff had combined them only as one single article, then they would also have to be considered as a single one.

But actually, only as a coincidence do they share the same date. However, if it were a matter of the date, I could have just as well as put the 18th or the 20th instead of the 19th for both articles. Consequently, I would like to propose that one article dated May 19, 1862, be put to my account in the next calculation.

Sincerely,
K. Ulrichs
Reuterweg 10.

Sent by the intervention of the editor's office of the Staatsanzeiger für Stutt. (State Gazette for Stuttgart): hence only on this bit of paper!

[Envelope]
[Seal]

To the Cotta Publishing House
Stuttgart

From:
Ulrichs
Frankf. a/M
Reuterweg
Frankfurt, July 19, 1862

To the Cotta Publishing House.

As you can see, I have followed up your kind invitation to represent the interests of the *Allg. Z.* at the Shooting Festival. In doing so, however, may I express my confidence that the Publishing House, on its part, will fulfill my reasonable expectations.

The articles on the Shooting Festival are substantially longer than my usual reports on the Federal Diet. In reporting the Shooting Festival, furthermore, I am forced to be at the site almost the whole day, consequently unable to devote time to my other business. Therefore, it is a very tiring and trying undertaking, especially since I often have to wait until evening to write the stories (more than once only after midnight). Finally, I have had cash expenses (breakfast, lunch, dinner, and beverages), because one gets hungry and thirsty in the festival tent, but where everything is two to three times more expensive than at the market.

Consequently, I would like to express the friendly expectation and confidence, that the esteemed Publishing House allow for a raise in the fee conceded to me for the Shooting Festival article. How much? That I will leave up to the discretion and judgment of the Publishing House.

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor

Reuterweg No. 10

[Envelope]

To the Cotta Book Publishing Company

Stuttgart
Frankf., Sept. 2, 1862

Today I would like to ask the esteemed Cotta Publishing House for two favors.

(1) On Aug. 15 about six p.m. I sent "The wording of the motion at the meeting of the delegation" (first half) to the Allg. Z. At ten o'clock in the evening I sent the ending of it. The "Wording" was printed, but without my by-line. Now I would like to ask you kindly to confirm appropriately that this "Wording" originated with me.

(2) On Aug. 19 I sent an additional lengthy scientific article titled:

"The puzzling phenomenon in the natural history of the species: an opposing opinion giving rise to an unbiased, scientific, and social evaluation of the same: particularly to a demonstration of the need of a special reform of German penal legislation."

I recommended publication in an accompanying letter, even though the article treated a subject which is considered untouchable; however because of the outcry for justice, at least, it should not be denied a hearing. A special case is at hand. I submitted still other very specific reasons why the publication (in my opinion) would also be in the interest of the ADZ. I urge the editorial staff to publish it. I want you to know that I would allow only a widely-read and reputable newspaper publish it. Consequently, I would like to state here that if it is published, I will not require a fee.

The article has never been published.

My request is: to take note of the essay and, if possible, of those special reasons in my accompanying letter, and eventually to recommend to the editorial staff to publish it:

Otherwise, by way of exception, please kindly return the manuscript, a request
which I have already made in the cover letter.

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor

P.S. Very shortly (maybe today or tomorrow)
I will finally be in the position to report again on the fate of both of the reform propositions, because I have the honor of being the private secretary to one of the expert advisers on the committee. (Just please handle this news with discretion.)

(I would consider myself very especially obliged to you for the publication of "The Puzzling Phenomenon." I would even be prepared to take a reduction in my fees.)
Telegram to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*

1862 August

14th  Meeting of the Federal Diet
     With Regard to Reform Proposition;
     Published, 7 lines
     Expenses: 1 fl. 26 xr
     [1 florin, 26 crowns]

17th  Austrian Federal Court Project and
      Aust. Memorandum;  (not published; 2 fl. 50 xr

October 9th Federal Diet Assembly;  (unpublished;  1 fl. 05 "

27th Greater Germany Assembly, paper;
     (published; 5 lines; 1 fl. 05 xr

28th  "     "     "  1st Main Diet;
     (published; 6 lines; 1 fl. 05  "

29th  "     "     "  2nd Main Diet;
     (one line published* 1 fl. 05 "
     Total Expenses: 8 fl. 36 xr

F'furt, Nov. 27, 1862

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*The Allg. Z. used two telegrams dated Oct. 29, 1862, merged into one. One line, to wit, the words: "von Gagern was the first signatory" were solely my words. The remainder of the content of the jointly-written telegram, too, was just as much my words as the ones of the other correspondent who telegraphed.

---------------------------

Concerning Telegram.

The editorial staff published only part of my telegram. Consequently, I would like to ask for more information about the conditions concerning telegrams, namely if in the future I, alone, have to bear the costs in cases of non-publication?
F'furt, November 27, '62

Respectfully submitted to the Cotta Publishing House.

I was informed that a Catholic's review of the book: *Austria's Reconstruction and the Relationship of the Empire to the Church: The Treaty between the Roman Catholic Church and the State* by Dr. Busz, part 1, Vienna, 1862, was rejected by the editorial staff of the *Allg. Z.*

We would never expect a Protestant to be capable of evaluating Catholic relations and remain completely unbiased; therefore, please consent to the review. (I would not directly address the editorial staff—because they usually never respond to questions,)

—whether that article ever should be discussed, or whether a totally unbiased review ever could be printed?

In the latter case I would send you such a review by me (or to the editorial office if you prefer). In the former case I would not undertake to submit the rather comprehensive article of 494 pages to a basic, thorough reading.

Sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor, retired

P.S. In the impending statement of the fee account, may I please request that those wishes I expressed in writing dated Jul. 19 be attended to, the ones with regard to the special fees of my Shooting Festival article, (1) because of its length, (2) because of its difficulty, having had to work on it in the evening, and (3) because of the expenses I, myself, had to cover. Likewise, may I perhaps expect a raise in the fees also for those of my articles on
the "Greater German conventions," which filled up many a column.

Sent on Dec. 2, '62.

[Envelope]

[Seal]

To the Cotta Book Publishing House

Stuttgart

[Postmark]: Frankfurt a/M 2 Dec

4 - 8

From:

Ulrichs

Reuterweg 10.
Respectfully submitted to the Cotta Publishing House.

Confirming receipt of 266 fl. 36 xr. (crowns) for 2nd semester 1862, and I cannot fail to express my special gratitude for the very suitable fee. Now that I have become a regular contributor to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, may I ask if you could send me a complimentary copy for 1 Jan 63? That is, if yes, should I order the same here at the post office and thereupon be reimbursed by you with regard to the amount?

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs
F'furt, 21 Jan 63

With regard to the request I made for a complimentary copy of the Allg. Z., I assumed that it was customary in general for you to grant complimentary copies to regular correspondents, as is the case with other newspapers I know. Since I have had the honor of being counted as one of your regular correspondents for some time now, I took the liberty to ask you this favor. The making of this request in this way, therefore, was almost a matter of honor, namely in that I, myself, would be sharing in those privileges in which, as I mentioned, the other regular corresp. were sharing. Since I was advised otherwise by your very welcome letter of the 15th inst., I would like to request that this wish of mine be totally disregarded. It would never occur to me to request a concession that was not shared by any other. I only have to add my repeated deep appreciation for your noble calculations of my fees.

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs
Frankfurt am., 18 March 1863

To the Editorial Staff of the Morgenblatt (Morning News).

A few months ago I introduced myself in a letter as a correspondent for the Allg. Ztg, and in your kind reply you did not reject the possibility of publishing something of mine at some time: even if the sample I sent you at that time could not be considered suitable.

Consequently, I am taking it upon myself to send a few lines of verse. I would consider the publication of them almost as an honor. I would even refuse a fee.

Perhaps the content may be unclear. It touches upon the results of a separation of friends who share an extraordinary and gentle relationship, one which may be singular in kind. (I consider placing any words of explanation in a footnote as hardly necessary.)

Since the Morgenblatt is inaccessible to me at this time, I would very much appreciate:

a. to be informed either in a short letter should you publish my work (or preferably by sending a copy of the newspaper)

b. if not accepted, to return the manuscript "return postage guaranteed."

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs

Jurist, Private Secretary, Reuterweg No. 10.
Receipt for 158 fl. 43 xr.

I confirm having duly received from the Cotta Publishing House

58 fl. 43 xr. [kroner] by check from Grunelius in Frankfurt for articles in the Allgemeine Zeitung from 1 Dec 1862 to 1 June 1863.

Würzburg, 14 July 1863

K. Ulrichs, Amtsassessor

[ENVELOPE]

To the Cotta Publishing House

Stuttgart
Würzburg, 17 Jul. 1863

I have the honor of sending to you an article on Germany's sacred springs, with the request that you kindly send it back to me (unstamped and without a cover letter) in case of its not being accepted, or to please send me a copy in case it is printed. Instead of the usual by-line "OÜ," you could print my name, thus:

By

Karl Ulrichs.

Sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor, retired

Würzburg, in the Schönbronnen Hotel
(By enclosure)

The Esteemed Cotta Publishing House

is kindly requested to please dispatch the fee statement due for 1 Dec. of this year to

Achim, Kingdom of Hanover.

Since Achim is very close to Bremen, you would be advised—in case you want to send a bill of exchange—to draw the bill on an exchange office in Bremen, eventually on such a one in Hanover.

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor, retired (830.)

Achim, 14 Nov. 1863

At the same time I would like to know whether the editorial staff of the *Morgenblatt* accepted an article "On the Sacred Springs of Germany" which I sent for the current issue with the request for eventual returning of the manuscript?

K. Ulrichs.

[In the margin: Returned 23 August to your address in Würzburg]
Burgdorf near Hanover, 17 Aug. 1864.

Dear Dr. Dieffenbach,

During my presence in Frankfurt, when I had the honor of making your acquaintance through Dr. Alex. Peez, you more than once referred your interests to me. Today I am challenging you solely as a human, i.e., I am putting forward a claim solely to your pure and universal human and moral feelings for truth and justice in face of a traditional aversion, of an established notion of some untouchable nature: namely because this aversion is a totally false one and has led to the most outrageous injustice. I believe that the zeal for truth should break through the false aversion. It is a matter of life and death for an entire class of persons, of thousands in Germany alone, of their public regard, of their happiness in life, of freedom, of social existence.

Therefore, I beseech you victoriously to break through the false aversion and, translated into the practical: impartially and fairly to discuss the content of Vindex, a copy of which you will find enclosed, in Didascalia!

Sincerely,

K. Ulrichs

Who is the author?
Surely you do have an idea. Please be discreet.

I would also be pleased if you would kindly send me one or two copies in a postal
wrapper.

Address:

To Mr. K. Ulrichs

in Burgdorf

near Hanover

Two paperback books already have been published, still another four will be issued (3 prose, poetry, as was announced already); paperback book III. (prose) is being printed.

I leave it to you whether the discussion I requested is not perhaps just as suitable for the *Journal*, itself, as for *Didascalia*. 
Dear Sir:

Before your offer to report on the Shooting Festival in Bremen arrived, we were requested by one of our Bremen correspondents with regard to the report in question. Since there was so much there to observe, a second report in no way would be superfluous. Except that you must allow us to strike out in case a repetition occurs.

Moreover, we request that you treat the festival as much as possible as a national festival, that you emphasize the South German visitors without snubbing the North Germans, so that the Nationals do not stage an unfriendly demonstration, that you do nothing to excite them and in general not so much take the part of the Greater German standpoint as the German.

As it appears, the Germans from America in Bremen will play an important part, and that is delightful.

Respectfully,

Ed. of the A. Z.

Dr. Bork
Bremen, 17 Jul. 1865

To the Esteemed Editorial Staff.

I was surprised by your letter of the 15th inst. which has just been received. Because I was a daily correspondent with one other person for the Frankfurt shooting festival, indeed, in the entire 2nd half having sent in as many as two articles per day, all of which were accepted, I assumed that my article on the Bremen shooting festival also would be welcomed, and especially my writing, which is based on a wide variety of interests and on detail. Also, (in a letter of instruction concerning the 1st Greater Germany Assembly), the editorial staff took the opportunity to express its praise of the manner in which I handled the Frankfurt shooting festival story. Consequently, the editorial staff did directly accept my offer in writing on 20 June, giving me special instructions, and reserving the right not to publish my writing should repetitions occur (in reference to the other correspondent). Consequently, I interrupted my usual business up to the 24th inst., traveled here, accumulated expenses, and now? Now you are asking me "to desist from sending anything for the present" for all the reasons which, in fact, were known to you already on 20 June.

If you would put yourself in my position, then you would know how inconvenient such a manifest request "for the present" must be to me, and I beseech you from now on to please accept my contributions under the following conditions, to which I gladly submit.
1. I will limit myself to the most important and most interesting, thus not consider speeches (unless by chance again there should resound a controversial one between Wildau and Metz)

2. As your letter of instruction of 20 June already indicated, I will focus preferably on Austria and Bavaria.

3. I will write chiefly about observations and events which apparently are not for insertion in holiday editions.

4. I will write only one article daily unless something of special importance occurs.

You will acknowledge that I am making my request in all fairness. I beg, therefore, that you thoroughly reconsider.

Sincerely,
K. Ulrichs
Addr: Bremen Post Office

Indeed, last year you were satisfied with my article about the Assembly of Jurists in Brunswick, as you published it in its entirety, in fact, unabridged.

"=" Banquet Hall in Bremen, 17 Jul. There were more than 200 shooters present from Austria. Many did not take part in the parade because of the heat. The duchy, because of Vienna, was represented the most, then the Tyrol. Also represented, however, were Bohemia, Styria, and Carinthia. No one appeared from the kingdoms on the other side of the Leitha, where there are many Germans. The first place shooter was Knuetij from Basel, second was Hammerer from Augsburg.
Burgdorf, near Hanover, 28 Sept. 1865

To the Esteemed Cotta Publishing House.

(Contains grievances against the editorial staff of the A. Z.)

I offered the editorial staff of the Allg. Z. an article from Bremen on this year's Shooting Festival and whereupon I received a copy of the following letter from the editorial staff dated 29 June, in which I and any jurist would perceive a conflict, especially where I am given formal instructions. The editorial staff reserves the right to omit only in cases of repetition.

Now, in a letter dated 15 July, the editorial staff requested I no longer submit any articles. The letter contained no pertinent legal ground for a biased solution to the conflict. I received the letter only after I had spent the money to travel to Bremen, remaining there for some days and also sending articles from there. Accordingly, I replied that I could not agree to the biased resolution of the ensuing conflict, which had no legal basis, and continued my reports.

In the case of a conflict such as this, especially when the right is reserved to omit expressly only in case of repetitions, I cannot permit an acceptance or rejection according to the sole judgment of the editorial staff. On the contrary, I believe I should lay claim to the fees for all my articles: which—when it comes to the high cost of my stay in Bremen—moreover, should also conform to the moral feeling of fairness.

Those articles which I sent two on one and the same day, for example, one at noon and one in the evening, are to be counted as two items, conforming to custom, that custom which began between us three years ago when I reported on the Frankfurt
Shooting Festival.

Consequently, I believe I should request fees for the following articles which I sent:

**Accepted**

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Fifteen articles, only seven of them accepted.

Accordingly, may I request that instead of the 7 accepted articles, that I receive the usual fee for all 15?

I cannot deny that this disregard has upset me a little, and, in fact, even more so when I think how the former editorial staff complemented me for my handling of the Frankfurt Shooting Festival. This [Bremen] Festival, however, was doubtless just as splendid and was as important to the *Allg. Z.* as the other one; and which is confirmed by
the editorial staff, itself, in the following letter (by the hiring of a second correspondent).

I hope the esteemed Publishing Company will excuse me for having openly set forth my legal opinions on this conflict in the foregoing.

Sincerely,

and in the hope that this (untoward) incident in our prevailing relationship of several years does not sadden you,

Respectfully,  

K. Ulrichs  

Jurist, retired  

in Burgdorf near  

Hanover  

(830.)
Burgdorf, 1 Nov. 1865

Dear Professor:

With regard to a misunderstanding which has arisen between the Cotta Publishing House there and me, I formally and politely request your services and your kind intervention. The misunderstanding was caused by a proceeding of the editorial staff of the *Allg. Ztg.* against me, which any impartial person would call unusual at least.

The editorial staff sent me the enclosed letter (1.) (which I kindly request you submit to the Cotta Pub. House in case you undertake to do me this favor). Having this letter and having the unsaid approval of the *Staatsanzeiger* (Official Gazette), I traveled to the German Federal Shooting Festival in Bremen. Hardly had I sent in the first five articles to Augsburg on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of July of this year when I received a
letter (2.), dated 15 July, from the editorial staff, in which they ask me to stop submitting
stories, and I immediately lodged a protest against the editorial staff.

I also lodged a complaint against this action with the Cotta Publishing House on
28 Sept. of this year. I respectfully stated that it was my legal opinion that the first letter
did engage me, that, therefore, the editorial staff could dissolve the engagement by
mutual, (not one-sided), but by joint consent, and that I, therefore, have the right to lay
claim to fees for every article, as long as it contains no repetitions. I said I believed that
my opinions seemed to me at least to speak for reasons of fairness. I intended all of this
to be said in a polite tone.

Then the Publishing House stated to me on 20 Oct. of this year that for certain
reasons they were rejecting my opinion. The tenor of their reply was entirely provoking. I
believed that a simple misunderstanding did not deserve this. They and I had enjoyed a
mutually agreeable relationship for five years, and so one of the parties should be allowed
to make at least one complaint if it is made politely.

Since the Publishing House suggested I take legal action, then I declare: I shall
entirely drop the legal grounds for my opinion and stand only on my reasons of fairness,
and I shall change these by all means upon the suitable resolution and judgment of the
Cotta Pub. Co.

My dear Professor, would you please personally inform the same of this? I
thereby would be much indebted to you, because I do not want to break off my
association with such a distinguished and in every respect estimable newspaper as the
Allg. Z. On this very matter, the Publishing Company, however, directly indicated in a
letter I received today that it, too, as the editorial staff, considered the association with me
as dissolved. In truth I do not know how I deserved such an extreme measure in answer to a polite complaint in an entirely professional difference of opinion.

I would be very pleased to receive an explanation from the Publishing House (even if orally) that the misunderstanding and all of its effects have been settled and that the prevailing association is considered as repaired.

Very sincerely yours,

K. Ulrichs

My residence is Burgdorf again.

May I ask you to kindly forward the enclosed by post?

Addr.:

Ulrichs, Amtsassessor, retired in Burgdorf near Hanover

The Publishing Company kindly asked to examine the enclosed 2nd letter of 15 Jul. of this year.
Würzburg, 31 Dec. 1867

The Estimable Publishing House

is informed of my present address. Accordingly I would like to request that the fees payable for contributions to the Allg. Ztg. henceforth be sent to the following address. I believe that two of my articles were accepted.

1. Date line Seesen for Jun. 1866 (about the northern seat of war)

1. Date line Würzburg, Jul. or Aug. 1867.

I do not believe there are any other briefs from my pen.

Sincerely yours,

Ulrichs, 830.

Address:

Ulrichs,
Independent Scholar
Amtsassessor, retired
Würzburg
District II, No. 374. Martinistraße.
[Front]

Kingdom of Württemberg Post Office

POST CARD

To the Cotta Book Printing Company.

in Stuttgart

[Reverse]

Stuttgart, 17 Oct. 74

From your former proof reader, Stoll, I discovered that the following was printed by you [illegible] ago: a [illegible] translation of the Latin text Mos ... [illegible] Ansonius, translated either by Ling or by Linkel. By this means I would like to ask you: who published this work? (The Cotta Publishing House?) also the title and the price of the book. Perhaps it was published as part of a larger work of the author.

I inquired at the
Cotta and Weise
Publishing Houses
without any results.

Yours sincerely,
Ulrichs,
Independent Scholar
Silberbgstr. 102

[This concludes the Cotta collection]
To

the Honorable Magistrates

of the City of Uslar

Sirs:

On the 13th of this month I had the honor of personally submitting my application for the vacant position of mayor there to all the honorable persons entitled to vote. I am resubmitting my application herewith in the hope that the city will strive for the right to be an independent city.

Enclosed I have the privilege of placing before you seven different pieces of identification and references (two of which are printed legal writings), reserving the right to send even more of them in the next few days; with regard to my person, I also believe I can refer you to a reference which lawyer and notary Dr. Tewes, LLD, of Achim near Verden sent around the 14th of this month to Dr. Wedekind, LLD, in Uslar, and which I ask the magistrate to have Dr. Wedekind produce it if this has not yet occurred.

Solely as a confidential statement (if possible separately), I ask the honorable persons entitled to vote to have the enclosed copy of a "reverent request" go straight to the royal district of Lüneburg; however, to have the remaining enclosures sent to the same in the usual business manner.

I beg the persons entitled to vote to please be assured that I am well aware of the difference between the greater independence of a private man and the duties that assuming public office imposes with regard to private life, and if this occurs, that I will
know how to strictly fulfill my duties and will devote all my energies loyally and conscientiously to the welfare and prosperity of the city.

Your obedient servant,

K. H. Ulrichs

Retired judge in His Majesty's service

Burgdorf

March 16, 1865

Source of the translation:
Jochen Engling, "Ulrichs' Bewerbung um die Bürgermeisterstelle in Uslar" in Neue Funde und Studien zu Karl Heinrich Ulrichs ed. by Wolfram Setz (Hamburg: MännerschwarmSkript Verlag, 2004), pp. 21-22. Engling, with Wolfgang Böker and members of the Göttingen gay organization, have visited L'Aquila, had a plaque put in place in Göttingen where Ulrichs lived, and have researched Ulrichs' ancestry extensively.

Würzburg, 17 June 1868

To

the High Senate

of the Free City of Bremen

With regard to questions of legislation and administration of justice

Has 3 enclosures

(printed matter)

under separate cover:

answer received of 11 May of this year

resulting from the remittance of the
The criminal investigation of the local theater director Feldtmann and associates and the penal sentence of the Bremen court of inquest of 20 Dec. 1867 bring to light a sad view of the practice of criminal law with regard to a legal procedure which has remained untouched by all progressive legislation up to the present day and is founded on medieval views, indeed pre-medieval ones, which today no thinking person would consider as anything but fable and fairy-tale. The Bremen court of inquiry there, in order to justify the imprisonment of Feldtmann, cited Emperor 's Novella 77 from the year 538 AD, a so-called law which expressly condemns man-manly love to punishment on the grounds: "that it results in famine, pestilence and earthquakes for the state"!

Recent legislation, which more and more is embracing the principle of the constitutional state, declares that the consequence of man-manly love (as in general sexual love of any kind) is simply innocent as long as rights are not injured by it or no direct disturbance of the peace is raised (see the enclosed publications Memnon § 63; compare Gladius furens [Raging Sword]). France, Bavaria, Württemberg, Brunswick, and Austria (see Raging Sword) already have embraced this principle.

It must be all the more innocent, however, because the prevailing point of view which still remains in penal legal procedure which proclaims it to be unnatural, scientifically has been proven to be completely false. Compare the findings of the following authorities of science:
von Ramdohr, deceased

Arthur Schopenhauer, deceased

Prof. Casper, Privy Medical Advisor, Berlin, deceased

Prof. of Med. Virchow, Berlin

Dr. Langheinz, M.D., Darmstadt

Prof. of Med. and Privy Councilor von Bamberger, Würzburg

(These findings are given in *Memnon* I, § 45; *Memnon* II, § 90, § 131.) Compare also my statements: *Memnon*, §§ 49-57 and *Memnon* II, §§ 83, 84; then the findings in *Memnon* II, § 107 (a).

Legislators, however, have no right to consider inborn love as long as it, to wit, neither injures rights nor creates annoyance. By so doing, they would be attacking a higher justice, the inalienable rights of human beings. They do not have the right to punish people who are following the inclinations of a sexual nature which they did not give to themselves, but rather got from the creator; they do not have the right to punish them for nature's sake, for a nature which was implanted in them already in the mother's womb, to punish them for the sake of their sexual love.—To cloak injustice in the form of law is not a changing into legitimacy. Indeed, they used to condemn witches and heretics under legitimate forms.

In the name of science, which in the 19th century certainly no hall of justice or legislative chamber would reject, and as a representative of science, I herewith very respectfully suggest and move:

I. that Legislative Act *Novella* 77, furthermore, Cap. 13 & 14 in Case 32, Inquiry 7 of Decree Gratiani, and Penal Legal Procedure Art. 116 henceforth be
declared as repealed, however, to ordinance a law against disturbance of the peace (confer *Gladius furens* [Raging Sword]);

II. by virtue of justice and proper administration of the law and by a particular motion and without waiting for a plea of mercy immediately to release the above-mentioned Feldtmann who is still held in prison, but who in no way is guilty of any crime according to natural law.

There is sufficient grounds already now present on this question independent of north German realms to lay down the law (just as Saxony, too, independently just now has abolished capital punishment): namely in urgent necessity finally to grant justice to a class of people whose own sexual nature is inextinguishable and congenital and who to the present day have been prosecuted without any legal basis!

Very truly yours,

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

Independent scholar

Würzburg, District II

Postscript. Should turns of expressions here and there in the 3 publications be considered improper (since the publications were not printed for the purpose of discussion by administrative authorities), please consider them as expurgated, i.e., to be overlooked, and I declare in advance that I hereby withdraw them because in no way do I wish or hope to wish to violate any member of Bremen's legislature or justice department. Ulrichs.
Würzburg, 13 November 1868

To
the High Senate
of the Free Hanseatic Town of Bremen

Honorable Representative:

With regard to the pardon of Feldtmann, the theater director convicted on charges of man-manly love.

I was informed that Feldtmann is still being held prisoner, indeed, that the manner in which he is being treated is similar to some extent to that of thieves and robbers.

In the name of science may I again be permitted to suggest actual amnesty for him, and partly for the following reasons: (a) the scientifically proven congenital nature of that love; (b) the present state of the administration of justice in this matter.

Feldtmann stated the following in his defense before the court, words which summarized everything which could be said.

"As much as you, my judges, have the right to love women, equally do I have the right to love men. We both have this right from God. If you hesitate to acknowledge this, then you are violating God's law, for the love drive lies within my heart as within yours. You have the power to condemn me. I dispute whether you have the right!"

The present administration of justice in Central Europe is such that, for what Feldtmann did—(perhaps with the sole exception of Hamburg, Lübeck, Holstein, and Mecklenburg, where unchanged legislation throughout has remained in effect—in no way would he have been punished in any realm, but rather entirely acquitted everywhere. In
France, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, in general in countries of the *Code Pénal*,
furthermore, in Bavaria, where the practice of man-manly love already has been stricken
altogether from the lists of punishable offenses, (what Austria is in the process of doing);
in Prussia, Austria, Nassau, Baden, Darmstadt, etc. only actual pederasty (exclusive of
sodomy) is still punished; such behavior on the other hand such as Feldtmann's,
according to the tenor of the sentence, i.e., which did not include any physical
penetration, in that case, too, is fully exempt from punishment.

For Prussia this is particularly reiterated and very decisively stated in various
upper tribunal decisions (for example the one of 13 April 1863), cited in Goltdammer,
425-432.

In other regions, for example Hessen-Darmstadt, this is established by explicit
ordinance. Feldtmann's imprisonment consequently is incompatible with the present state
of the administration of justice in all the civilized states of Central Europe, with the sole
exception of those in which the unchanged legislation has remained in effect.

In weighing what has been stated with regard to natural justice, humanity and
mercy, may the Senate
now by way of clemency—whose task
indeed is to balance all rigor of
the administration of
justice—decree Feldtmann's release.

Sincerely,
Karl Heinrich Ulrichs
Independent scholar
Würzburg, Martinistraße.
Five Letters by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

The following five letters were reprinted in Männerliebe im alten Deutschland: Sozialgeschichtliche Abhandlungen ed. R. Lautmann, Berlin: Verlag rosa Winkel (Pink Triangle) = Sozialwissenschaftliche Studien zur Homosexualität, vol. 5 (Men-Love in Ancient Germany: Social and Historical Discussions: Social Science Studies on Homosexuality).

The letters appeared in the contribution by Jörg Hutter, "Die Entstehung des § 175 im Strafgesetzbuch und die Geburt der deutschen Sexualwissenschaft" (The Rise of Paragraph 175 in the Penal Code Book and the Birth of German Sex Science).

Hubert Kennedy kindly brought the letters to my attention. The letters are preserved in the Zentrales Staatsarchiv Potsdam, Repositur des Reichskanzleramtes 14.01 (Potsdam State Central Archives, Repository of the Imperial Chancellery Office 14.01).

Jörg Hutter and the Bremen gay organization were also responsible for the naming of a square after Ulrichs, Ulrichsplatz, in 2002.
To: The Commission for the deliberation of the Outline of a Penal Code Book for the North German Confederation

I respectfully present printed material, containing legislative principles for the declaration of punishment for behavior of sexual love (crimes of the flesh)

The fundamental question and the prejudicial question:

"which behavior shall the state punish? On the other hand, which to leave to individual freedom?"

is answered differently by different legislators. For its part, the Commission, in the answering of the same, no doubt will particularly consider

(a) the principles of the constitutional state,
(b) the different natural rights born, as it were, with the individual person,
(c) the present stand of science in general.

In this presupposition perhaps you will permit me respectfully to lay down before you a legislative theory for the so-called crimes of the flesh possibly suitable for consideration.

This theory is based on the principle of the constitutional state with regard to all crimes of the flesh in general.

On the other hand, with regard to sexual acts of a special class that up until now have been considered crimes of the flesh, namely considering the different kinds of expression of that sexual love, which is called Uranian love by me, this theory, besides, is based, moreover, on, as it were, inborn natural rights and also the present stand of science, which as a logical consequence namely asks for the acknowledgment of such
natural rights. Namely, from science it is presently recognized that the Uranian sexual love is *thoroughly not* an inclination *against nature*, as it was usually considered up until now;

(See the statements by the late privy medical councilor Casper of Berlin and by Professor of Medicine Virchow of Berlin [see *Memnon* I], by Professor of Medicine von Bamberger" of Würzburg [see *Memnon* II], and the remaining statements reproduced in *Memnon* I, § 45, for example by von Ramdohr and Arthur Schopenhauer);

that it is more likely based on a *physical-psychical hermaphroditism*, expressed by the formula "the soul of a female in the body of a male" (Virchow, ibid.).

   It is *impossible* to demand, it *cannot and may not* be demanded of a female soul (i.e., of a soul which is endowed with a feminine kind of sexual love), that it shall feel sexually attracted to women (i.e., to like poles), on the other hand, that it shall not follow the attraction, that is, to men that is sexually *natural to it alone*, (because of unlike poles). The hermaphrodite with a feminine soul in a male body is a person, and his sexual love, too, has taken its *rights* from nature.

   According to the same law, according to which the practice of love between *man* and *woman* remains unpunished as long as neither rights have been injured nor public annoyance has been incited, the practice of love between *hermaphrodite* and *man* will have to remain decriminalized for just as long. To do otherwise is to do injustice to the first elements of natural law; it obviously would be called "measuring with double standards."

   The hermaphrodite is not only a person; he is also an entitled citizen of the constitutional state: and as such he may claim that as long as he does not injure rights or incite public disturbance, he, too, cannot be punished for expressions of his sexual love.

   That legislative theory is formulated: *Memnon* II, Introduction (see, meanwhile, *Memnon* II, §134 [3], and *Gladius furens* [Raging Sword]). It is a special theme: *Gladius furens*, Appendixes II, IV, V, and VI, considering the cases of inciting public disturbance:
Gladius furens, Appendix III.

I hereby would like to supply an outline for the entire Paragraph on the crimes of the flesh formulated according to the above principles.

Würzburg, Sept. 30, 1868

Respectfully,
Karl Heinrich Ulrichs
Independent Scholar,
Residence:
2 Martini Street, Würzburg

P.S. May I please ask that you acknowledge receipt of the enclosed printed matter

(Gladius furens follows in a separate mailing). Ulrichs
To: The Prussian Royal Minister of Justice,

    His Excellency, in Berlin

Complaint respectfully submitted by Ulrichs, retired lawyer, of Würzburg, 2 Martini Street, Dist. II.

Concerning the possible pardon of persons, who based on the Prussian Penal Code Book, § 143, find themselves imprisoned at this time.

According to public news (see the Berliner Börsenzeitung [Financial Times] of Feb. 20, 1869, and the D. Allg. Ztg. [German News] of Jan. 24) members of the Federal Commission for the Penal Code Book decided (obviously with the full agreement and cooperation of the Prussian Royal Ministry of Justice): not to admit a punishment for the behavior of sexual love among adult males as long as there is no question of public disturbance or force. Since there is a large class of individuals in whose case that sexual love is inextinguishable and inborn, also in whose case not only inalienable rights but also civil rights are due according to natural law, then this decision accordingly may be called humane as well as satisfying the claims of justice. Now, the bases of the same are, however, obviously not only for the future, but also the basis for the present to the same degree. For, as soon as it is no longer recognized as justified to pronounce judgments for punishment for that behavior, then, in my opinion, it cannot be possible to acknowledge as justified continuing to hold persons in prison as punishment for such behavior. Since I know a number of such persons, (one among whom, a 71-year-old man educated in
science, in the course of the winter, I am informed, according to daily routine has not even any heat or light from the onset of dusk onward), I would respectfully like to ask: whether in the light of the present facts those condemned persons might expect the most gracious intercession from Your Excellency for the granting of a reasonable formal request for pardon from His Majesty?

Würzburg, March 4, 1869

Respectfully,

K. Ulrichs
Excellency:

In 1852, when I had the honor of being examined by You in the second state tests, Your Excellency showed unanimous goodwill toward me. Today, would You also grant me the same in a serious and truly worthy cause, in a protest namely that I am, besides, officially submitting to the Royal Ministry of Justice concerning the pardon of convicted companions of my nature. May I hold hope for these unfortunates, with regard to the decision of the Federal Commission made just now for the future.

Excellency, if Your predecessors in office have earned the questionable merit of having the persecution and prosecution of inborn nature wrongly planted where it did not exist by the introduction of the Prussian Penal Code in Hanover: then You merit all the more for having opened the gates of the dungeons for those persecuted because of their nature! Let Yourselves be showered with the tears of thanksgiving from those whose freedom was returned.

So, perhaps You will grant me this request. Since leaving the civil service I have made it my personal task to represent those persecuted.

Respectfully,

K. Ulrichs

Amtsassessor, retired

2 Martini Street, Dist. II
To: The Commission for the Deliberation of the Outline for the North German Penal Code, Berlin

Statements of expert opinions on the Outline respectfully submitted.

Two enclosures: printed material *Gladius furens* (Raging Sword) and *Argonauticus*.

With reference to the public call by the Commission dated Oct. 19, 1869, I respectfully submit statements of expert opinions which concern:

(a) the punishment of so-called "unnatural fornication" taken up again in the Outline—by which approximately 1,500 citizens of the North German Confederation will be stamped inborn criminals by the stroke of a pen—: *Argonauticus*, Preface (2), § 50, § 51, § 77, § 78; and *Gladius furens* in its entirety;

(b) the punishment for the incitement of public disturbance by sexual behavior: *Gladius furens*.

May the members of the Commission at least in principle not disregard my statements (which noted representatives of science since have supported).

Würzburg, Nov. 28, 1869

Respectfully,
Karl Heinrich Ulrichs
Hanoverian legal advisor, retired at Würzburg, 2 Martini Street
To: His Excellency the Royal Prussian Minister of Justice

Since an agreement between the administration and the German parliament about the outline of a North German Penal Code Book still has not been reached, I thereby dare to take a final step to free the nature of the Urning from penal law—and approach His Excellency and the German parliament besides. I request, in case § 173 is not to be simply stricken, at least only the addition:

"Not falling under the preceding are those whose practice of sexual behavior is in accord with their inborn sex drive."

I thereby beg Your Excellency at least to consider the first three short paragraphs of the enclosed writing.

May Your Excellency consider me a spokesperson for the thousands of Your contemporaries, who again are to be stamped criminals and tortured without sufficient legal basis. In the name of justice and in the name of humanity I beg to be heard!

Würzburg, May 4, 1870

Respectfully,
K. H. Ulrichs
Amtsassessor, retired
Independent Scholar
Two Letters to Paul Heyse

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

These letters were published and briefly commented on by Manfred Herzer, who discovered the letters. They were sent to Heyse in Munich, and the originals can be found in the Heyse literary remains at the Bavarian State Library in Munich.

The recipient of the letters, Paul Heyse (1830-1914), was born in Berlin and became one of the leading neo-classicists in Munich, where he died. In 1910 he received the Nobel Prize for literature.

Heyse treated the homosexual theme in his tragedy Hadrian. In a publisher's blurb in Argonauticus, Ulrichs wrote, "This is a tragedy from the pen of a Dioning (non-gay); a poetic treatment of the relationship between Hadrian and Antinous written sympathetically as well as attractively."

The subject of these letters is the 251-page "novella" Rubi by Karl Robert Egells (died December 1904). Ulrichs separately criticizes the theme and content of Egells' work. While he defends the subject matter, Ulrichs condemns the content as being sensational. Ulrichs made the following comments on Rubi in a publisher's blurb in Critische Pfeile (Critical Arrows), Ulrichs' final non-fiction writing on the gay theme:

"This book is prefaced by the quotation 'There are vain and idle things which to serve untiringly is the highest virtue.' The book is supposed to serve, to wit, the Uranian matter, a matter whose justification the author acknowledged as I have. It depicts the mutual love of two youths, the younger of whom is named Rubi. I, for my part, would
like to say, "There are legal matters which to serve untiringly cannot be in vain."

—Ulrichs.\textsuperscript{vi}

Through letters from Ulrichs to Egells, Karoly Maria Kertbeny (1824-1882) was established as the author of unsigned open letters to the Prussian Minister of Justice in 1869. Significantly, until recently it was thought that Kertbeny first used the word "homosexual," the word he himself had coined, in Kertbeny's own unsigned letters of 1869. However, Kertbeny used the word "homosexual" in a letter to Ulrichs dated 1868.\textsuperscript{vii}

The Ulrichs-Egells correspondence was passed on to Professor Ferdinand Karsch (1853-1936), an anthropologist and biographer, who stated,

"In one of his last letters to Egells from L'Aquila dated 10 May 1884, Ulrichs wrote, 'Kertbeny is the anonymous author of the writing.' Although the writing about Paragraph 143 is not directly mentioned, it can only be this one, because Ulrichs says that Kertbeny did not want to use his (Ulrichs') expression out of jealousy, but coined his own, using 'Homosexual' for 'Urning.' He tells us that he had corresponded with Kertbeny for a long time. He wanted Egells to know how he found out that the author of this anonymous writing was no one else but Kertbeny, namely in no way was it himself." In spite of the alleged jealousy, Kertbeny had written to Ulrichs that he had been inspired by his (Ulrichs') book to write on the subject of homosexuality.

In a later letter of 21 May 1884 to Egells, Ulrichs directly points to Kertbeny as the author of the letters regarding Paragraph 143. Ulrichs had become acquainted with Kertbeny in 1864 or 1865 as one of his first "colleagues."

Karsch stated his intentions of publishing the letters between Ulrichs and Egells,
"which contain many interesting details and which reveal Ulrichs' wide range of thinking and the occupations of the apostle of Urnings."viii No such publication has yet been discovered.

In his commentary, Herzer states, "...by applying the method of argumentative persuasion, Ulrichs attempted to solicit for his view of the true nature of Urnings and Urninds (lesbians)." Herzer also informs us that "Heyse's letter to Egells, to which Ulrichs is referring, is lost, as is Heyse's reply to Ulrichs" and that "the book which Ulrichs sent Heyse with his first letter was probably...Critical Arrows."
The Letters

[1]

Silberbgstraße 102
Stuttgart
1 Oct 1879

Dear Sir,

The author of Rubi shared with me a copy of the letter which you kindly sent him on the 16th of last month. Perhaps you will allow me to say a few words in reply. I permitted myself to have a book sent to you from Leipzig, which will probably be in your hands at the same time as this letter. If you could find the time to glance through it, then at least you will not consider me unauthorized and reject such a reply. At the same time, I would like to ask you for a special favor (concerning Platen).ix

(I.) I am going to concern myself with just a part of your letter, namely only to the three expressions "degeneration against nature," "inveterate" (einnisten), and "vice."

Without wishing to offend you personally, I must, however, protest against these expressions in the name of the rights of nature and of scientific truth. However, rather than protest, I would prefer to persuade. I would like you to be able to be convinced by virtue of reason that those expressions arise from an indefensible position. It is the view of the unlearned masses whose judgments go unexamined, and, it is generally understood, of those who are born loving women, and for that reason, it is the biased masses. It is not based on reason but on emotional and subjective aversion, for which there is no objective cause. It is based on an unscientific standpoint. It only has one thing
going for it: that it is the interpretation of an oppressive majority. Perhaps the cause for its committing the sin against the holy spirit of science is that it believes it is exempt from the facts and the proof. I am appealing to your humanity, however, and to your sense of justice, by asking you to please:

put the following passages from the book mentioned to the test
without emotion, bias and prejudice: the Introduction and
Paragraphs 1, 3, 6, 7, 10, 11, 13, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29,
34, (51), 53, (54).

In truth, I hope that after such proof, a thinking person would be convinced of the fact that the expression "Uranian love is a vice" is nothing but a passionate power dictum of the reigning majority.

(II.) Whether Uranian love is a "pathological malformation" or a disease, as you offhand maintain besides, I would please ask you first to read Paragraphs 125 and 126 of that book.

(III.) On the other hand, I subscribe to all the remaining content of your letter. Many passages in Rubi really invoked my indignation. If at that time I had read it all the way through, I probably would not at all have deemed it worthy of mention at the conclusion of my book. I completely agree with your speaking about "exceeding in oppressive (schwülen) sensuality." And furthermore: I had provided my copy of Rubi with marginal notes shortly before I saw the contents of your letter. In the notes I continuously made use of the words: affected, sensationalism, and pretentious. Indeed, I
even find the word pretentious in your letter.

(IV.) Now for the favor I mentioned: namely to please kindly tell me: where and: *in whose hands are the Diaries of Platen* to be found? I repeatedly make mention of Platen in my earlier works, and, to be sure, in a similar sense as now on page 39 above [in the original German version ***trans.***], on the great Urnings of antiquity (compare also p. 3 above [in the original German version ***trans.***]). Platen must be vindicated. At least medical doctors (paragraph 125) such as Professor v. Krafft-Ebing, I believe, should not be prevented from taking a look at the diaries.

Yours sincerely,

Karl Heinr. Ulrichs
Dear Sir,

Please accept my sincere thanks for your letter of the 4th of last month, indeed, for each word that you expressed in it. I congratulate myself in that we have finally, finally reached the point where thinking people test the matter, that thinkers have begun to subject it to a genuine, serious and objective examination and introduce discussions on it, instead of disregarding it with such a fuss, which has been the custom up until very recently. In this way we will make progress! I, too, am completely prepared to hold further in-depth discussions with you of the views you now take, and (since "discussion" is no longer the right word, because in truth no opposition in principle exists any longer between you and me), to present further grounds for your consideration; I accept your views so completely that I consider them a basis for further consultation and deliberation. Since the matter is not pressing, and also since that which I still would like to maintain in relation to you cannot be expressed in a few short words, finally, since the same also perhaps could be of interest to wider circles, then I will forgo imparting the same to you now. In my accustomed fashion I have written it down briefly on paper. It will depend on the volume it assumes when I have completed it whether it will be suited for sending you in letter form, or if it will be suited for incorporation into the form of another printed writing on the subject for publication. As far as I can see at the moment, I will probably decide on the latter. In any case, I will send you a copy. Today I will kindly ask you to
please accept the enclosed copy of my *Apicula* (Little Bee). If you feel that the verses are worth discussing, then I obviously would be pleased if you would have the kindness to publish a few lines on the same in some publication.

Sincerely,

K. H. Ulrichs
Final known Letter

To

The Honorable Members of the

Austrian Royal and Imperial Ministry of Justice

I should like to offer a transcript—for favorable information and eventual utilization—of a petition I submitted to the committee of the Upper and Lower Houses to be taken under consideration with regard to the penal code:

Transcript.

To etc.

With the aim of a favorable utilization in the discussion of § 129 please allow me to send *Kritische Pfeile* (*Critical* my memorandum to the legislators. In a few days I will send two short explanations:

(I) on the "decline of many races" and the fixed fundamental principle of all legislation: To inflict punishment on innocent people is unjust. This is the law. ("Decline of many races"—a daring statement made in the committee; Krafft-Ebing's *Memorandum*, pp. 23 and 26.)

(II) on an age of consent that cannot be justified, i.e., too high; age 18, suggested by Krafft-Ebing (his *Memorandum*, p. 33).
Today, please allow me to note just one thing: I must declare 's theory of the diseased nature of the matter in question to be in error. Moreover, his theory is also characterized by a confusion of the question of the proposed law and poses it in a false light. For example, in the committee, some members even spoke about, as it were, the ruling out of responsibility, obviously occasioned by such theories (ibid., p. 24, above). Even when it concerns the polemics against the Paragraphs does it not have to do with the absence of responsibility. The "Urning" is physically and mentally healthy, therefore, is just as responsible as any non-Urning. If you would consider what I said about it already in 1879: *Critical Arrows*, pp. 92 and 96 [in the original German version ###trans.]. On the contrary, in the case of this controversy, it has to do with just one thing: that, through no fault of their own, man-manly sexual love is inborn in a certain class of individuals, that this, their orientation of the sexual love, is inextinguishable and is congenital and unchangeable: a fact that was fully unknown to earlier lawmakers. Therefore, in their discussions, let the honorable members of the committee please focus on the question, which unfortunately up until now seems to have been put aside, which obviously is the cardinal question:

Those who are born as "Urnings," thus those who through no fault of their own feel sexually attracted exclusively to male individuals, who accordingly cannot at all love women: do they deserve to be prosecuted for something that their particular sexual nature drives them to, a nature which demands from them a tribute with such vehemence which, at the same time, prescribes to them what to them is a natural necessity and vital for life?
therefore, for them is not at all even against nature? (See *Critical Arrows*, pages 27 and 35 [in the original German version ***trans.***].) (Followed by the date and my signature.)

This is the end of my petition. I can assume you are familiar with 's *Memorandum*. I have the honor also of sending a copy of my own *Critical Arrows* to the honorable members of the Ministry of Justice.

Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

Retired assessor for the Kingdom of Hanover, independent scholar, publisher of the magazine *Alaudae* (Larks)

Aquila in the Abruzzi Mountains, Italy

June 18, 1894

__________________________

Source for this letter: Austrian State Archives, Republic of Austria.

Reprinted in: Hannes Sulzenbacher, "Acht Petitionen gegen den österreichischen Unzuchs-Paragraphen" (Eight Petitions against the Austrian Fornication Laws), *Capri* 17 (1994): 21-29. The letter was kindly brought to my attention by Hubert Kennedy. (Trans.)
Switzerland, Oct. 10, 1890

To Rev. Arthur Galton:

It is also a mistake to suppose that the brain breaks down under "natural" pleasures any more than under the "vulgar and trivial ways of coition." On this point the cases collected by and the testimony of Ulrichs in his are conclusive .... Were it to be established that this view of the phenomenon is correct, there would be no contradiction in the character of people like Tiberius—only a peculiar diathesis, due perhaps (as Ulrichs suggests) to an imperfect differentiation of sex in the embryonic stages of growth.
Davos, January 23, 1891

To Henry Graham Dakyns:

I am in daily correspondence with Ulrichs. He lives at Aquila, and edits a newspaper in Latin there—styled *Alaudae* [Larks]. He does not seem to care for Urnings anymore. How odd! The last letter I got from him (tonight) was a request to interpret Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar." He wanted me to translate two difficult passages into any language except Latin. I did them into Italian. It seems that he had got (through an American newspaper) a copy of one of the many Latin versions wh (sic) H. M. Butler has made of this poem: he could make the Latin out, but not the English. "The bar" stumped him up. Butler sent me his little book of translations .... They are very clever. But I think Ulrichs is right in saying that the Latin does not correspond to the violent (violently colored and symbolic) language of the magnificent original poem. Is it not funny for me and Ulrichs, me only interested in him because he championed the slave-cause of the Urnings, and him mainly interested in me because I can expound Tennyson's odd English—is it not funny, I say, for us to be brought together upon this extraordinarily trivial trifle—the Master of Trinity's Latin translation of the Poet Laureate's "Vale" to the public—when our original rapport was in the hearts and viscera and potent needs of thousands of our fellow-creatures. So goes the world. And—well I will not say what I was going to say: only I fear that a free legal course, with social sympathy attending, will not be given to my brethren—the Urnings.
Davos, March 10, 1891

To Horatio Forbes Brown:

Strange wild feminine letters from Ulrichs. xv

Rome, October 29, 1891

To Horatio F. Brown:

Next, by Orte and Terni, into the very heart of hearts of the Apennines, to Aquila below the Gran Sasso d'Italia (Great Stone Mountain of Italy). They are ugly mountains, with no grace but that of rarely manifested atmospheric charm. Still Aquila is worth a long journey. It has great character, and some unexpected beauties of art. The main thing there was Ulrichs. I spent a whole afternoon and evening in his company. Ulrichs is Chrysostomos [honey-mouthed] to the last degree, sweet, noble, a true gentleman and man of genius. He must have been at one time a man of singular personal distinction, so finely cut are his features, and so grand the lines of his skull. xvi

Rome, October 29, 1891

To Janet Ross:

Aquila is worth a long journey. xvii
Switzerland, January 15, 1892

To Henry Graham Dakyns:

Ulrichs is a beautiful and dignified old man, living in great poverty. We talked much about "inverted sexuality." I wish I could see more of him. Fancy, he supports himself entirely by the sale of a little Latin newspaper which he writes himself. If you think him worth helping, write to Sign. Carlo Enrico Ulrichs, Aquila, Italy and ask to be abonné [ask for a subscription] to Alaudae [Larks].

Davos, February 23, 1892

To Horatio F. Brown:

Robinson Ellis has translated into Latin elegies four sonnets of my "Stella Maris [Star of the Sea]." He is going to send them, and says I may pass them on to Ulrichs to print in Alaudae. How oddly the whirligig of the world moves! Ellis says he thinks "Stella Maris" "very fine," but cannot follow the drift of the emotion. But suffers and submits to it. And so he, I, and Ulrichs meet in a Latin version of my verses.
Switzerland, February 7, 1893

To Edward Carpenter:

Did you ever come across any of Ulrichs' works? They are very curious. He must be regarded as the real originator of a scientific handling of the phenomenon. I went to visit him in November 1891. He lives exiled and in great poverty at Aquila in the Abruzzi, under the snowy crests of "Gran Sasso d'Italia." There is a singular charm about the old man, great sweetness, the remains of refined beauty. His squalor was appalling. I drove to his house in a carriage, and then persuaded him to take a drive with me, which he did. He had no shirt and no stockings on. My magnificent Venetian gondolier and manservant was appalled at the sight of this poor beggar sitting next to his padrone. However, I told Angelo [Fusato] that the old man was one of the men I prized and respected most in Europe. And Angelo got to like him in spite of his rags. xx

Switzerland, February 12, 1893

To Havelock Ellis:

You will observe my method in eliciting these confessions. I framed a set of questions upon the points which seemed to be of most importance after a study of Ulrichs and Krafft-Ebing. xxi

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i The Poem appears in Paul J. Nash's contribution above.

ii Justinian combined canon law and Roman law, thereby sanctioning the punishment of homosexuality by the state based on proscriptions found in the Bible.
After the war of 1866, the North German Confederation swallowed Ulrichs' home of the Kingdom of Hanover (twenty-one states of northern Germany all told).


Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, Argonauticus (Leipzig: A. Serbe Vg.), 1869, p. 158.


Among the urnings, Ulrichs counted Count August von Platen (1796-1835), the German dramatist, as one of them.

Paragraph 129 forbade "fornication-like" acts between men and between women as well as "self-abuse" by using the body of a person of the same sex.


Ibid.


Schueller and Peters, *The Letters* ...

Ibid.

H. F. Brown, *Letters* ...

Schueller and Peters, *The Letters* ...

Ibid.
A Casket of Cypress Wood

Lyric Poems in Memory of
Ludwig II, King of Bavaria

### June 13, 1886

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs

**KEYWORDS.** Homosexuality, Germany, history, 19th century

*Karl Heinrich Ulrichs (1825-1895) is considered not only to be the first modern gay activist by historians today, but his contemporaries designated him, a German, as the foremost Latinist of the day. Cupressi is not Ulrichs' only work in Latin. Among other writings, Alaudae (Larks, 1889-1895), a newspaper, and Apicula Latina (The Little Latin Bee, 1880), a collection of student songs he authored, were also written in the ancient Roman language. In the category of non-fiction he wrote De Foro Reconventiones (On the Right of Assembly) in 1846 as a graduate thesis at the University of Göttingen, and a dissertation titled De Pace Westphalica (On the Peace of Westphalia) in 1848, for which he was awarded a gold medal from the University of Berlin. Moreover, 11 of the 12 books that make up his Research on the Riddle of "Man-Manly" Love have a Latin title.

*Source of the translation: Cupressi: Carmina in memoriam Ludovici II regis Bavariae (Berlin: W. Pinn), 1887.*
CUPRESSI.

Darmen in memoriam
LUDOVICI II REGIS BAVARIAE

13 Juni 1808.

Additionem aliquot, idilio elegante, "In infantia" et lamentationem in unum summi genere.

Cypressenzweige

von

König Ludwig's Grab.

Angehöriger, desgl. Buch: "Auf der rechten Hand".

Aus der Stadt ein Nieder.

Von

Walter Kriese Meiss.

Hier, wo einst meine toten Wurzeln wurzeln,

Die heiligen Zweige blühen, sanft, in Ruhe.

-Conco 1887.

85 Tappen.
A CASKET OF CYPRESS WOOD

Dis, god of the lower world, sacred to the spirits of the dead.

1.

Outside, this sepulchral mound is wreathed 'round with cypress twigs,

This, with ivy, is joined together to encircle your grave.

2.

YOUR WATERS WERE CALM. YOU DISPLAYED A SUBLIME MIND.
YOU LED A LIFE OF BEAUTIFUL POETRY.

3.

"Why did I suffer to such an extent? The fates' mighty power has struck
Me to the ground and made me to rest in the grave. May these
tears avert this misfortune of mine!"

4.

A lake of blue water was your greatest gateway to soundness.
At that place you found the entrance to peace.

5.

The eternal waters having shattered your fetters, you searched for
The sleep of death, and, unrestrained, you trample fate under foot.

6.

"I was once a king! I will not become an idle king!" To pass under the
Rule of a shady place: this is fitting. Considering it otherwise
Unworthy, fearfully you exercised authority.

7. Hohenschwangau Castle
The spirits of the dead pass into your inner chambers and
Wrest the royal and paternal staff away from you,
Sire. He who carried the scepter,

Who was crowned

With a royal headband, is surrounded now, watchfully, by a hedge.
You tear out every piece of that loyal heart of yours, and hold
It up, roaring! It does not know how to suffer the
Enclosure, and it feels confined
And restrained.
"Will I now be captured? Will they take me prisoner under the yoke?
Do they believe that I will suffer
The restraints?
Do they expect me to be docile?"

He ground his teeth.

He became very pale, and he groaned.
Then, with his heart palpitating, he held back his sighs.
"What, then, is to become of me? Will there be no means of
Deliverance?"
8. The Royal Villa Berg

The hoary stream murmurs. It resounds and, stirring along its shores,
Twists
'Round the gentle bending of its banks
With a song. Perhaps its gentle murmur is pouring out to you?
The foam, resounding and shimmering, flows to a white crown,
Silently singing a song
Of sleep, the mild sleep
Of death. The calm lake is covered by the blue silently shining from
The vaulted sky. And the serene lake is clear and warm.
There is a water-nymph:
IT IS PEACEFUL HERE. THE WATER IS CLEAR:
COME!
Does he not hear? COME ON!
IT IS HERE WHERE THE ENTRANCE TO THE HEART OF THE WATERS WHICH
BRING FORGETFULNESS IS OPEN TO YOU. HERE, UNDER THE WATER,
IS THE WAY.
LISTEN.
This blue water of yours
In a way has been the boat to liberty.
9. The Highest Mother.

The water-nymph bids you good morning.
   Peace is singing here under the water;
   She will bring herself to sigh and say good-bye
       Now and for the last time.
10. Your Linden Trees.

Far, far away is the place
In Colchis
Where the mouth of the Phasis from thither
Rushes along through Saxa,
Where the Caucasus'
Noble valleys
Reach beautiful green
Palm beaches,
Where gangways into the open
Blue sea,
A liquid mirror,
Displays images of sailors.

The sublime forest
Of those lofty palms
And cedars
And tamarinds,
With greenish-gray foliage
And exuberant growth
Of large leaves
Stretching out:
These of Colchis'
Sacred cultivated soil
Formerly tilled
By a native of the land.
Indeed, those poplar trees
Of the ancient world
Had great
Gods dwelling
In their high trunks,
And inhabiting
The underside of the leaves,
Determined guardian spirits
Of life,
Respectful of the majesty of death.

Those who get to know
How to listen to the sounds
Of the tremulous branches
Thoroughly understand the whispering
Announcements of the fates in the thin leaves.

__________

How do you honor
These three linden trees?
How do you rejoice
Being solemnly surrounded in this fashion
By their cultivated soil?
They are distant friends.
No one sees you.
Under the green foliage
You go into the shade
Of the crooked branches;
You give an embrace
To these linden trees of yours
And kisses to their trunks.
And you are concealed
Silently by the branches,
Having been covered with earth on all sides.
With what sorrowful troubles,
Which no one will ever know,
Do you retire
Your weary brow
And pale cold cheeks,
As the yielding leaf,
After many sleepless nights,
Bringing to an end the light of life.

Do you not hear the sounds?
Do you not hear the whispers
Coming from these leaves?
Out of the foliage do you hear
The magical sounds?
Do you perceive the murmuring
Out of the bark of the trees?
Do you not hear the words?
Do you exchange
Secret words
In gentle voices?
Who is speaking
To you out of the trees?
To hear the words,
You, now,
As no one else,
Have the power to hear.
Nympha, who lives in the tree,
Is gently singing sorrowful
Words to you,
And you hear
The subdued melody of three Dryads,
Which brings comfort to the heart.

By night and once and for all,
The Nymphs bring forward,
While they are hovering
As a cloud in the sky,
Covered in darkness and
Making everything obscure,
The ultimate fate
To you;
"Soon, soon!" the Parcae have advised.
"Pale, here I lie resting. Home is narrow, and I do
Not see the day. The grave divides not the lovely light
From the dawn nor the rising of the stars of Boötes."

["Above all the tree tops is peace." ###Goethe.]

The resting place of all the twigs and leaves
Is the silent sacred grove. Having contained your wings,
The night protects your sleep, and not one sound
Rises up to your ears.

Why does your heart throb restlessly?
To each one peace will come at some future time.
And to you, at last, sleep will come, and in time,
Before you become aware of it, you will rest in peace.
13. From His Childhood.

In the dark of the night,
   When my weary limbs
Fell into a deep sleep,
I saw a shelter
And the dwelling of my father.
A little forest
Appeared in a park.
I perceived a pair of
Ancient linden trees.
Both opened out
Their long-lived branches
Into the sky.
The bark of both
Were covered
With old moss.
The shade of the leaves on the
Branches concealed me.
At the top of the shelter
The azure of the sky went outward,
Consumed by the vaulted sky,
Slowly winding
And twisting around the spheres.

"What, Hylax, are you barking at?
"Do you not recognize me?
Now recognizing
My voice,
The guardian
Celebrates the triumph.
He springs up to me,
Shaggy and prickly,
As he has always done.
How impetuous
His unrestrained gladness!
His heart leaps;
I can stand only
With difficulty.
He went off a little way
To stretch out on the ground.
He grows quiet hereafter
And licks my hand.
It was always here,
Always we were
Good friends.

Standing in a heap of
Chaff a cock,
Stiff-toothed,
Whose comb is red,
Flapping his wings with a
Great clattering,
Hastens into the wind.

Behold! the young
Hens cackling.
How happy I always am
To see them!
A long train
Of very small offspring
Follows the mother.
And they run on their 
Little soft 
Yellow legs 
Covered with down. 
How you wanted to hold them!
Hither and thither they run 
Around in every direction. 
They will scatter in flight 
These white-colored seeds 
And, as they consume these, 
He calls them to him. 
He calls; they come running. 
How sweet is 
This small troop! 
He now sits down 
In the open sun. 
They crawl under 
The mother's wings, 
Joyful and sated. 
Trusty guardian! 
They all gather 
Under the wings, 
And the soft feathers, 
Which keep them warm, 
Are thrown into disorder. 
Lo! out of the feathers 
One of the heads pops out, 
Looking at the big 
World through an eye 
Of little experience. 

And for a short time now,
Under the peaceful grassy
Turf covered by the
Vaulted heaven, the resting place
Has been laid. It was here,
When I was still small, that
He fell to his knees
And he dutifully folded
His boyish fingers,
And he taught me prayers,
And I watched as he,
Taking a deep breath,
Stretched out his arms.
"May I not ask," he sighs,
"To hope for forgiveness?"

Only child!
Will your heart not
Be able to forget
Anything?
Does everything
Fall into oblivion
In the eternal waters?
Why, oh why
Is time, whose image
Is etched on my heart,
So far in the distance?

It is so distant. But even now
I see the azure of the sky
Twisting 'round
From the top of an
Ancient grotto,
Like vapor
Between the branches.

A Glittering Drop.

Behold the greening of the boy's grave. A wreath
Of roses and myrtle is lying in the grass.
Sticking to the flowers and green foliage is
A glittering drop.

Sacred Dew.

This fluid is sacred dew. What is that which
Is glittering now and then on the faces? The night
Does not form this dew. These things are
Teardrops.

"Oh, my son! I am coming."

"To me, mother! Please come to the grave
And, above the mound of roses,
Which has soaked up your abundant tears,
Place a wreath of flowers!"
THE NATIVE ABODE ABOUT WHICH I AM SPEAKING IS

the country of Westerfeld in Friesland.###

Twelve of these lyric poems were written on the other side of the Alps by the year 1879;

the others, this very year of 1886, on this side of them, under the Italian sky, here,

namely, where I have appointed as the place:

WHERE THE SACRED MYRTLE
SPROUTS FORTH, AND CLUSTERS OF GRAPES RIPEN,

*  

*  

*  

HERE, WHERE GLISTENING DORIC COLUMNS
SURROUNDED BY IVY AND THE TEMPLES OF VESTA
LIE OPEN TO THE VAULTED SKY,
WHICH GAZES AT THE ANCIENT
STONE AND RUINS.

In Aquila, near the Aterno River, amid the rocky mountains of the Apennines, in the month of Dec. 1886.

Carlo Arrigo Ulrichs.

1 See Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, *The Riddle of “Man-Manly” Love: The Pioneering Work on Male Homosexuality*. 1864-1879; translated by Michael Lombardi-Nash. 2 vols. Buffalo, New York: Prometheus Books, 1994; contains "Vindex" (The Vindicator), "Inclusa" (the sexual desire of one sex "Inside" the other sex), "Vindicta" (Rod of Freedom, used to free slaves), "Formatrix" (She [Nature] Who Creates), "Ara Spei"
(Refuge/Altar of Hope), "Gladius furens" (Raging Sword), "Memnon I" and "Memnon II" (Memnon's columns sing when the wind blows), "Prometheus" (credited with having crisscrossed sex organs while creating humans), "Argonauticus," "Araxas" (river that tore down a bridge), and (title not in Latin), "Kritische Pfeile" (Critical Arrows).

\[\text{ii} \]
Afterword
Paul J. Nash

**KEYWORDS.** Homosexuality, Germany, coming out

*Paul J. Nash wrote the following two pieces, which, as it turned out, sum up not only thoughts around translation, activism and being gay, but also somewhat around the events leading up to this volume of primary and secondary works of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs. Ulrichs contended that the all-important action was to come out of the closet and be counted; urnings could win rights on account of their sheer numbers, and he encouraged everyone to enter the lists. Paul did.*

[I]

**MEETING KARL HEINRICH ULRICHS: A PERSONAL STORY** (1999)

The year was 1977 when I first made contact with Karl Heinrich Ulrichs. Who would have known at the time how he would change a life, even though he had been dead for 82 years.

In 1972 I met and started a relationship with Michael Lombardi (now Lombardi-Nash). He was studying German at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) and was very active in the anti-Vietnam War movement. I was a closeted gay man attending Los Angeles City College (LACC). Wanting to become gay activists but
not doing much about it, we watched the gay pride parades, held in Hollywood in those
days, and we would join in at the end of the marches and attend rallies. That was the
extent of our activism.

Michael spent most of his time in classes or studying for them. If some anti-war
demonstration or march was taking place, he was always there. Because I wanted to
spend as much time with him as possible, I started going to those events with him. I also
began reading a few of the books he needed for class assignments (of course, I read the
English translations while he had to read them in German). I quickly found that I really
enjoyed both these activities, and they helped our relationship grow stronger.

In 1975, while Michael and I were in Germany for several months, we attended
meetings of the Homosexual Initiative in Essen. By 1976 the experience of the German
activism got mixed in with our desire to become activists.

One day in 1977 Michael came home from UCLA and said he had gone to the
section of the campus research library that housed books pertaining to homosexuality. He
related how, as he was browsing among the many books on the subject, one book, in
German, seemed to pull his hand to it and make him take it off the shelf. He scanned the
book, found it might be interesting, and brought it home to read.

He became engrossed and kept saying things like "Wow, listen to this" or "listen
to what he writes here," or "I wish you could read this." It seemed every five minutes he
was interrupting my studies and concentration. I became so vexed and irritated by the
intrusions that I told him to stop bothering me, that if he wanted me to read it, to translate
the thing and I would. The book that had "chosen him" was an original copy of one of the
12 books of research written by Karl Heinrich Ulrichs. I had inadvertently pointed
Michael's activism in the direction of translating Ulrichs' works.

It just so happened I was taking journalism at LACC and besides had been assigned to work on the weekly school newspaper. I had written a few reviews and feature articles when one day the class advisor assigned me an opinion column to be published in two weeks. At the same time, my speech instructor had assigned that class to prepare and give a speech to inspire. A week went by. I still had not chosen a subject for either class. It was the Saturday before my assignments were due and I was reading through several gay newspapers picked up from the local bar. The stories were not what would be classified as good news, mostly beatings, killings, raids of bars and electro-shock therapy for homosexual behavior. Depressing stuff. I was sitting on the sun porch musing about my school assignments and commented to Michael that I should probably write and speak about homosexuality but didn't have the nerve, and I proceeded to mewl and pule about my school work.

"Here," Michael said, as he handed me several sheets of paper. "You wanted me to translate the Ulrichs I was reading, so here it is. Maybe this will inspire you."

It was titled "Raging Sword" (Gladius furens).¹ I was intrigued immediately by the title and then the first words: "Speak, speak, or be judged!" I sat in the California sun and was mesmerized by what I was reading. It blew me away, as we were fond of saying in those days.

After reading the book, I sat down at the typewriter, and, using "Raging Sword" as inspiration, dashed off an opinion piece about coming out. I then took the same material and turned it into a speech to inspire. Finally, I wrote to all of my family. The article was printed. I gave my speech in front of the class. My family reacted favorably. I
was scared but with those three steps I was out and happily out for good. To add to my new sense of worth, both assignments won me prizes, and a couple of family members came out to me.

Michael was urged by other friends and myself to translate Ulrichs' remaining books and to find a publisher. He did translate them but a publisher was difficult to find, so we hit upon the idea to publish them ourselves in manuscript form, which we did for the next 17 years. Our purpose has always been three: to make early writings such as this work available in English; to show that the gay rights movement started long before the 1969 Stonewall riots; and to popularize Ulrichs' life and work. As far as we know, Ulrichs is indeed the leader of the pack in defense of same-sex love. His life was so dramatic and tragic, his works so historic and inspirational, that Michael and I decided to do all we could to keep the name and work of this heroic pioneer alive.

After more than a dozen years of translating Ulrichs, Vern Bullough, a distinguished professor and a consulting editor at Prometheus Books, contacted Michael in 1990. Dr. Bullough had a sex classics in translation series in mind and offered to help publish Ulrichs' books. He also asked Michael to translate two works by Magnus Hirschfeld, the next really important person after Karl Heinrich Ulrichs to propel the gay movement forward in a positive direction.

Karl Heinrich Ulrichs entered my heart on that Saturday and has been with me ever since. His inspiration lifted all the dark clouds of being a homosexual that had hovered over me for more than 35 years, and since then I have devoted most of my life popularizing Ulrichs' life and work. Michael, who had been leaning toward teaching German, instead became a translator. I hope you have enjoyed this contribution of his.
Massimo "Max" Consoli has held a memorial service in L’Aquila, Italy, every year at Karl Heinrich Ulrichs' grave since 1988. Michael and I wanted to help spread the word about the event. Here is how it all got started...

After living with someone for 28 years, finding a suitable present for that person on a special occasion can often be difficult. My dilemma in 1999 was double. It was Michael's birthday, and the book, *The Homosexuality of Men and Women* by Magnus Hirschfeld, which Michael had taken six years to translate, was to hit the bookstores during his birthday week. Since he had been using the same computer for 15 years and had begun to express an interest in the Internet, the answer to the predicament became obvious—a new computer.

The decision to buy a new computer also brought about the series of events leading to our "Memory Book," a festschrift commemorating the 175th jubilee birthday anniversary of Karl Heinrich Ulrichs. As anyone who receives a new computer knows, the machine is amazing, and the head becomes dizzy with the power and potential of this new wonder.

As he began to explore the Web, Michael off-handedly commented on how many people could be reached with just the push of a few buttons. Unconsciously, that single remark gave birth to an idea that consumed me for the next year.
Since 1978 Michael and I had sent out to gay newspapers and organizations a notice reminding people of Ulrichs' birthday, which, like Michael's, is in August. The mailing was done through U.S. mail and was limited by how much cash we had to spend on the project. We made two flyers to include in the mailing. One was a general flyer and the other a flyer announcing the offerings from Urania Manuscripts, what Michael called his series of translations. The flyers, printed and distributed in 1977, may have been the first time that Ulrichs' image had been reproduced in 78 years. The most reminders ever sent in any given year was 150 pieces of mail. The budget, of course, restricted the number of people to be reached. Before I had decided to present Michael with a new computer, the announcement for Ulrichs' 174th birthday anniversary in 1999 had been mailed, and we had already decided to go to L'Aquila for an Ulrichs' 175th jubilee celebration.

More than a decade ago, through one of those annual letters, Michael and I struck up a correspondence with Massimo "Max" Consoli in Rome. The letters informed him of Ulrichs' place of death. In the 1980s Max went to L'Aquila a couple of times to find Ulrichs' grave. Finally, one year, and with the help of Nello Grego, the custodian, Max discovered its location. Since then Max has held a celebration every August 28 at the gravesite. At first he was the only one to attend, but as the years passed and Ulrichs' fame and importance began to grow, the number of people who accompanied Max increased. Max, who now enjoyed a lively, instantaneous e-mail correspondence with Michael, reported he expected more people than ever to attend in 1999, and that several Italian newspapers were to publish articles concerning the event. And, indeed, on August 29, 1999, Max wrote Michael in a happy e-mail that 15 people had attended, making this the
largest gathering of people to pay tribute at Ulrichs' grave since his burial. Several newspapers did report the event. With this news from Max and discovering the wonders of the new computer, I was suddenly inspired by Venus Urania (as I like to say) with a splendid idea. I had come across an awesome Web site about Matthew Hensen, the Afro-American explorer who, along with Admiral Perry, was one of the first persons to reach the North Pole. I was well aware of the story of Perry, but the pictures and story of Hensen and his accomplishments as an Afro-American man were astonishing and completely new. "Celebration 2000: 175 Years of Pride," the title of my Web site (www.angelfire.com/fl3/celebration2000), was born the moment I looked at the picture of the beautiful face of Hensen in his parka. I got Michael a book about making a Web page in a weekend as a belated birthday gift, and we were on our way to learning HTML, the computer language used to make Web sites. Creating a Web page to honor Ulrichs became a reality.

Because Michael and I believe anti-gay people hate gay people and work so hard to take their fun away, we decided in turn to take a bite out of homophobia by creating the Ulrichs' Web page in the form of an invitation. Michael and I would ask everyone to celebrate this great pioneer's life. If people could not go to L'Aquila to join Max, then birthday suggestions were given so gay people might celebrate in some other way.

The next task was getting the word out. Michael and I each spent at least three hours a day for a year searching the Web for people who might be interested in the Web page. A form letter was found to be most expedient, and it was personalized whenever possible. Extreme caution was taken to avoid the impression of "spamming." Also, for the sake of privacy no e-mail address lists were maintained, unless someone specifically
asked to be kept informed. The invitation was made as personal as possible.

In 1995, on the hundredth year of Ulrichs' death, Michael and I wanted to try to get people to write a homage for a festschrift in his honor. We did not have the proper resources at that time, so those plans never came to fruition. But it soon occurred to us that we could do it for the 175th celebration and publish an "electronic" memory book/festschrift in 2000. An idea was born as a result.

Michael and I learned, through hundreds of e-mails, that we had added to the appreciation of, or perhaps had introduced people to, Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, the out gay man who first stood up publicly to say same-sex love is natural. Thought on the subject has never been the same. Michael’s translations give food for thought; maybe you will be inspired, too.

Paul J. Nash


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PAUL JEROME NASH was born on February 20, 1934, the son of Denis Nash and Hazel Irwin, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Paul was a middle child, with two older brothers, Peter and Vic, and three younger siblings, Shaun, Mary Jo and Denis.

Paul matriculated at North Adams State Teachers, where he took his Bachelor of Science in Education degree in 1958. In the mid 1980s Paul took his Master of Arts degree in Homophile Studies from One Institute Graduate School in Los Angeles.

Paul received an honorable discharge from the US Navy in 1954. A year later, after Paul's father was hit by a car and killed, Paul and his siblings moved their mother to Jacksonville, Florida, where Vic had been stationed while serving in the US Navy.

Since Paul was not one to hide his homosexuality, and was gregarious, he was driven from the teaching position he had held at Nathan Bedford Forrest High School from 1960 to 1962. Paul grabbed his to-be lifelong friend John Michael Roddy and drove to Los Angeles to meet Ron Williams, one of Paul's friends from Massachusetts.

In Los Angeles, Paul first worked in Gay bars but later became an admitting supervisor at a hospital. Paul had met Don Giguere, whom he had lived with until the early 1970s. By 1972, Susan Lenti and Patrick Small, who both worked at the hospital, had befriended Paul. They, too, became his earliest lifelong friends.

During this time Paul was living in a bachelor's apartment on Sunset Boulevard. He had broken up with Don but had a neat circle of friends from work, bars and from a personal ad in "The Advocate." I, too, wanted "fun and friendship" (and a roommate near school), so, I answered the ad.

While Paul introduced me to his Gay world, which I entered in May 1972, he became acquainted with mine. I had been living with my parents in south central Los Angeles, tutoring at Compton College as well as studying German at the University of California. I was also an anti-Nixon activist. Paul almost immediately specifically wanted a wedding ring from me.

As we honeymooned (he got the ring for Christmas), Paul described the discrimination, persecution and prosecution of Gay people, and I talked about my disgust with politics, and about my German studies. We helped each other come out to family and friends. We
traveled far and wide, and went beyond the narrow limits of a sickening, suicide-
encouraging society. Our adventure as a couple had begun with joining forces, as it were.

To improve my German, Paul and I traveled to Germany in 1975 and met with Gay
activists there. Back in Los Angeles, Paul gave speeches and wrote many articles about
and in defense of the rights of Gay people. He participated in three Marches on
Washington, at one of which, in the mid 1980s, we were wed. Paul voted in every single
election. He told me to translate seminal Gay history books from German into English,
the publication of which he later subsidized. He also sponsored a Gay Cuban refugee in
1980 for six months. From Jacksonville, we traveled to Italy in 2000 to celebrate with
Gays from many countries. Karl Heinrich Ulrichs, the first known Gay activist, is buried
there, and Paul had worked to informally gather Gay activists worldwide at Ulrichs' grave
site. In 1999 Paul created his Ulrichs Web site, which is also another one of Paul's
legacies.

Paul, who had moved back to Jacksonville in 1989 because I wanted the house his sister
there had offered to sell to us, lived a well-grounded life working as a clerk to keep
poverty at a comfortable distance. When he retired, he did his chores and ran errands at
his leisure. He enjoyed a week's vacation once a year. He upgraded his house while
enjoying the grounds around it. While keeping the home fires burning, he liked to read,
do crossword puzzles, watch sports on TV and write to family and friends. Then there
were all the smokes, including the ones he shared during vespers. Paul would have
celebrated his 38th year with me on May 13, 2010.

I owe Paul a huge debt of gratitude for having made my personal dreams -- the lifetime
relationship, the education and the publications -- and the American Dream -- the house,
car and chicken in every pot -- come true.

Paul died on May 7, 2010, at age 76, the results of a year-long of suffering from a brain
tumor. His spirit roams now just as he had walked forth in life: taking every opportunity
to witness what he can share on earth and turn to happiness.

-- Michael Lombard-Nash, Jacksonville, Florida, May 9, 2010