

The Collected Works & Commissioned Biography of Edward Perry Warren



Volume I

Edited with an introduction and notes by Michael Matthew Kaylor

EDWARD PERRY WARREN

COLLECTED WORKS

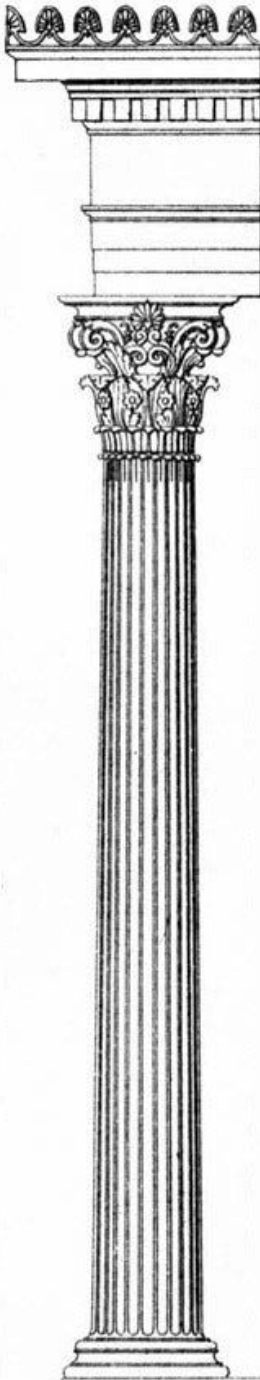
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COMMISSIONED BIOGRAPHY

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EDWARD PERRY WARREN
IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES



*The
Collected Works
&
Commissioned
Biography
of
Edward Perry
Warren*

VOLUME I

*Edward Perry Warren:
The Biography of a Connoisseur*
by Osbert Burdett & E. H. Goddard

“An Imaginary Conversation”
by Osbert Burdett

A Tale of Pausanian Love
by A. L. R. (Edward Perry Warren)

Edited with an introduction
and notes by
Michael Matthew Kaylor

With translations from the Greek and Latin
by Mark Robert Miner

MASARYK UNIVERSITY PRESS



The Collected Works and Commissioned Biography of Edward Perry Warren, in 2 volumes
First Masaryk University Press edition, November 2013

Volume I:

Edward Perry Warren: The Biography of a Connoisseur by Osbert Burdett and E. H. Goddard, as published in 1941 by Christophers of London

“An Imaginary Conversation,” from *The Art of Living* by Osbert Burdett, as published in 1933 by Eyre & Spottiswoode of London

A Tale of Pausanian Love by E. P. Warren, writing as “A.L.R.” (for “Arthur Lyon Raile”), as privately printed in 1927, for the author, by the Cayme Press of Kensington, London

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The Art of Living © 1933 by Osbert Burdett

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Introduction and entire edition © 2013 by Michael Matthew Kaylor

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CONTENTS

Preface <i>by Michael Matthew Kaylor</i>	vii
Introduction <i>by Michael Matthew Kaylor</i>	xi
About the Editor and the Principal Translator	cvi
Chronology of E. P. Warren	cvii
Note on the Texts	cxii
Note on the Translations	cxxi
Note on This Collection	cxxiii
Acknowledgements	cxl
EDWARD PERRY WARREN: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CONNOISSEUR <i>by Osbert Burdett and E. H. Goddard</i>	1
AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION <i>by Osbert Burdett</i>	463
A TALE OF PAUSANIAN LOVE <i>by A. L. R. (Edward Perry Warren)</i>	477



MOULD FOR A YOUTH

Greek, South Italian, ca. 300 BCE

Terra-cotta (No. 01.7940)

The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Purchased by the MFA from Warren, 1901

[Not currently on view]

PREFACE

THE present *Collected Works & Commissioned Biography* arose from a realization that, despite their potential importance to a range of the Humanities, the writings of the Classical antiquities collector and connoisseur, the Uranian poet and philosopher Edward Perry Warren (1860-1928) had never been re-issued. Their rarity is only explicable in terms of the traditional societal imperative to ignore, dismiss, or decry the paederastic/homoerotic content and sensibility that these items compass and promote. While editing the 2009 Valancourt Books edition of Warren's *Defence of Uranian Love*, the major paederastic apologia in the language, I became acutely aware of the ingrained refusal—even among Classicists, archaeologists, art historians, literary scholars, and Gay Studies practitioners—to engage Warren historically, aesthetically, philosophically, biographically, morally, and practically. Like the erotic items he acquired for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Warren's writings have, for a century, been banished to absolute obscurity, hidden away in locked cabinets, and engaged, if at all, through hesitant nods or discreet footnotes . . . or through obfuscations or lies of omission. The latter are the most disturbing, since they are usually couched in just enough truth to lend them apparent legitimacy.

Recently, Warren's role as eminent collector was duly acknowledged in "The Mythology of Desire," a feature in *Apollo* magazine in February 2012. In that article, Christine Kondoleon, the George D. and Margo Behrakis Senior Curator of Greek and Roman Art at the Museum of Fine Arts, describes *Aphrodite and the Gods of Love*, "an exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston [that] explores the themes of beauty, love and sexual desire in the ancient world."¹ "The

¹ Christine Kondoleon, "The Mythology of Desire," *Apollo: The International Art Magazine*, Vol. CLXXV, issue 595 (February 2012), pp. 30-35 (The passage above is from its summary, on p. 30); the companion article devoted solely to Warren appears on p. 36. See also the following reviews of the exhibition: Sebastian Smee, "More to Aphrodite than Meets the

Mythology of Desire” and especially the supplemental article that follows it—“Edward Perry Warren (1860-1928)—observe that “many of these classical pieces, with their often overt erotic depictions of playful gods, were collected by the philanthropic gentleman scholar Edward Perry Warren.” Warren was indeed philanthropic, was indeed a gentleman and a scholar . . . but what exactly lingers behind the rather bland dub “the philanthropic gentleman scholar”? The supplemental article decently answers this, accentuating that Warren, assisted by his lover John Marshall, “acquired some of the finest objects available at the end of the 19th century.” This supplement also lauds the Boston Museum’s recent boldness: “In the ‘Aphrodite’ show, Warren’s penchant for erotic subjects is highlighted, in stark contrast to the treatment given to many of his acquisitions in the past, which were hidden away from public view.”

This boldness is as important for Warren’s rejuvenation as it is for the objects he collected. Thomas K. Hubbard, Professor of Classics at the University of Texas at Austin, describes Warren as “the most important American collector and connoisseur of Greek art, the man whose enthusiasm laid the foundation for the great collections of Boston and New York”; and Whitney Davis, the George C. and Helen N. Pardee Professor of Art History at the University of California at Berkeley, observes aptly that “Warren’s contribution to the historiography of same-sex love has been vastly underestimated.”¹ In terms of the Graeco-Roman antiquities that found their way across the Atlantic, particularly those that bespoke suspect desires, Warren was “*the* philanthropic gentleman scholar,” and the emphasis here is vital: Warren has

Eye: Exhibit Explores Sexual Power,” *The Boston Globe* (30 October 2011); H. A. Shapiro, “No Longer Banned in Boston,” *American Journal of Archaeology*, Vol. LXVI, issue 2 (2012), pp. 369-375. This exhibit later travelled to the J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles.

¹ Both quotations are from the dust cover of Michael Matthew Kaylor, edited, with an introduction and notes, Edward Perry Warren (writing as Arthur Lyon Raile), *A Defence of Uranian Love*, 3 volumes in 1, with translations from the Greek and Latin, notes, and an afterword by Mark Robert Miner, and with a foreword by William Armstrong Percy III (Kansas City, MO: Valancourt Books, 2009).

forever left his bold Uranian imprint on the America that, in Puritan fashion, has often scorned him, recognizing, consciously or not, that each of his collecting practices, acts of connoisseurship, poetical effusions, and philosophical claims “was truly a paederastic evangel,” as he himself confessed.

As a literary historian, rather than a moral philosopher, I have scant skill or desire to consider, in any marked way, the validity of Warren’s “paederastic evangelism.” However, it is within my purview to address and perhaps rectify another cause of this present “underestimation”: the general inaccessibility of his writings. While editing Warren’s *Defence of Uranian Love*, I seriously considered expanding that project into the present *Collected Works & Commissioned Biography*, but ultimately decided that, given that Warren’s *Defence* was his *magnum opus*, was the premier Uranian apologia, was self-contained despite appearing originally in three volumes, and only survived as a privately printed edition of 50 copies, it warranted a volume all its own. While I still consider that decision apt, the gem of his writings, the *Defence*, nonetheless deserves an expanded setting and a fuller contextualization, both of which are provided by the present volumes.

His commissioned biographers Osbert Burdett and E. H. Goddard claimed that “Whether approved or disapproved as a man or a moralist, it was impossible not to respect the author [Warren]. That respect gives him a right to be heard.”¹ Now, for the first time, readers outside of institutions such as the British Library can hear that author’s voice in full, through his correspondence and other residues that constitute his commissioned biography *Edward Perry Warren: The Biography of a Connoisseur* (1941), through his conversation, as captured in Burdett’s dialogue “An Imaginary Conversation” (1933), through his novel *A Tale of Pausanian Love* (1927), published for the first time, and his collection *The Wild Rose: A Volume of Poems* (1928), through his fairy-tale *The Prince Who*

¹ Osbert Burdett & E. H. Goddard, *Edward Perry Warren: The Biography of a Connoisseur* (London: Christophers, 1941), p. 302 (in the present *Collected Works & Commissioned Biography*, Vol. I, p. 333). The present *Collected Works & Commissioned Biography of Edward Perry Warren* is henceforth abbreviated as either *Collected Works* or *CW*.

PREFACE

Did Not Exist (1900) and his scathing scholarly article “The Scandal of the Museo di Villa Giulia” (1902), through his pamphlet *Classical & American Education* (1918) and his retelling of three obscure Greek legends in *Alcmaeon, Hypermestra, Caeneus* (1919), and through his *magnum opus*, the formidable apologia *A Defence of Uranian Love* (1928-1930). Whether one finds his claims convincing or exaggerated, his sentiments justified or vile, his appeals to Eros, “the unknown god of obsolete desire,” prophetic or anachronistic, one will likely conclude, after a judicious reading, that Warren’s is a bold and sophisticated voice, one that dares articulate what, for others, both past and present, has often been the proverbial “Love that dare not speak its name.”

MICHAEL MATTHEW KAYLOR
Brno

December, 2012



FRAGMENT OF A DRINKING CUP (KYLIX)

Decorated in the manner of Antiphon
Greek, Late Archaic Period, ca. 500 BCE
Red-figure ceramic (No. 03.840)
The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Purchased by the MFA from Warren, 1903
[Not currently on view]

INTRODUCTION

EDWARD PERRY WARREN, who was usually addressed as “Ned,” was an elitist blessed with intellect, breeding, and enough money to actualize his dreams.¹ This rare combination fostered in Warren a sense of self-sufficiency and an unapologetic eccentricity that certainly appears even more disconcerting today than it did during the Victorian and Edwardian periods.

Warren’s sense of pride and privilege is perhaps best exemplified by the circumstances surrounding his revival of the Praelectorship in Greek at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.²

¹ “It was [his father Samuel D. Warren’s] money that enabled Warren to live out his purpose and was the occasion of much that was most important and interesting in his life”—Osbert Burdett & E. H. Goddard, *Edward Perry Warren: The Biography of a Connoisseur* (London: Christophers, 1941), p. 68 (in the present *Collected Works*, Vol. I, p. 78). The first three chapters of this commissioned biography are, in fact, the initial chapters of an unfinished autobiography begun by Warren and dated “1923.” All subsequent references to Burdett & Goddard’s *Edward Perry Warren* will accord with the pagination in the present collection.

In *Bachelors of Art: Edward Perry Warren & The Leazes House Brotherhood* (London: Fourth Estate, 1991), David Sox—who also supplied the entry for Warren in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—explains why Burdett and Goddard are the *only* source from which most of the primary biographical details regarding Warren can be gleaned: “Unfortunately, the sources used by Burdett and Goddard have largely disappeared, and for that reason both [Martin] Green and I have often had to rely on their version of events. It was, however, fortunate that Burdett and Goddard presented Warren’s autobiographical fragment in its entirety and included a large amount of correspondence between Warren and Marshall” (p. x). See Goddard’s “Preface,” in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 3.

Given the limited biographical material on Warren, the present introduction is heavily indebted to Burdett and Goddard, to a lesser extent to Sox and Green. For material on the Warren family and its American contexts, see Martin Green, *The Mount Vernon Street Warrens: A Boston Story, 1860-1910* (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1989). Green describes Burdett and Goddard’s biography as “one of the worst biographies known to man; being written in a fit, or series of fits, of absentmindedness” (p. xiii).

² At Oxford, a Praelector is a tutor responsible for handling an Honours School in place of a Fellow, though he often has a Fellowship elsewhere.

In regard to Classics at Oxford, Warren hoped for “the ‘fortification’ of one college as a specially Greek College,”¹ and he set his eye on Corpus Christi College. Even before graduating from Oxford, Warren, who was soon to inherit a significant fortune, had already decided to establish a novel, post-graduate College specializing in Greats, or Classics:

Thus, when, soon after going down [from New College, Oxford,] in 1888, Warren was thinking about his post-graduate College, and investigating sites, it was in the district round Corpus that he was most interested . . .

The scheme for the establishment and endowment of this College was seriously under consideration, but it met with much opposition, some from Conservatives in Oxford who resented a new idea, much from landowners, and a good deal from the members of the Warren family upon whom Warren would have had to draw for funds.²

Since his dream of a post-graduate College had been thwarted by the apathy or opposition of others, Warren later decided instead to provide an endowment for Corpus—a “scheme for the promotion of Classical Education by Tutors and Lecturers within the College, and the intention to provide for the College a sum of at least £20,000.”³ This prom-

E. P. Warren, *Classical & American Education* (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell, 1918): “[Of the more ‘practical’ sciences,] schoolmen are not loth to recognize their value, and many would welcome compulsory science in the preliminary examinations of Oxford. . . . But, when it is proposed to oust compulsory Greek and to allow the practical standard of the world to lead the University, there are, and there must be, objections” (in the present *Collected Works*, Vol. II, p. 240). “Humane letters, so far as they are unpractical, help to determine the end to which practical energy should be directed and so prevent nature from being ‘subdued to that it works in like the dyer’s hand’” (*ibid.*; the quotation is from Shakespeare’s *Sonnet CXI*).

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 398.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 403-404. “Small welcome was given to [Warren’s] offer to found and endow a college, mainly for the study of Greek sculpture, and [this lack of interest made it obvious that] the work for Greek art had to be done otherwise”—Rev. A. G. B. West, “Mr. E. P. Warren,” *The Times* (5 January 1929), p. 14; reprinted in “Appendix IV,” in *CW*, Vol. II.

³ See Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 400-404; Green, *Warrens*, pp. 182-183—“In a letter of 1906 he assures Case that ‘The clause is in my Will.’” The value of £20,000 in 1906 ≈ £10.2 million today.

ised endowment to Corpus Christi College—as well as his other benefactions to the College and his friendship with Thomas Case (1844-1925), Professor of Moral Philosophy and President of the College from 1904-1924—prompted Corpus to elect him, rather surprisingly, an Honorary Fellow in March 1915.¹

By November 1915, Warren had decided that the largest portion of this bequest should take the form of an endowment for reviving the College's Praelectorship in Greek. Although the amount the College received after Warren's death had dwindled from the anticipated £30,000 to a mere £13,000²—based on various financial circumstances at the time, specifically the Wall Street Crash of 1929—the College was nonetheless pleased with this generous endowment, pleased until the tangential stipulations placed upon it were fully grasped, stipulations that proved so problematic that the first appointment was not made until decades later:

Legal complications surrounding Warren's bequest meant that the post was not occupied until 1954 (by Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones) . . . Warren's will trust placed a number of restrictions on the Praelector intended to make sure that he had a close relationship to his students; the Praelector was to live in College, or, if married, he had to live in a College house and be available to students day and night *via* a tunnel under Merton Street; he was also forbidden to teach women (a clear indication of Warren's own gender preferences). All these restrictions were gradually removed by negotiation with the Privy Council; [Ewen Bowie, the third holder of the Praelectorship,]

¹ For an announcement of Warren's election as an Honorary Fellow, see "University Intelligence: Oxford, March 9," *The Times* (10 March 1915), p. 15. For period photographs of Corpus, see *CW*, Vol. I, p. cxlvii.

² The value of £30,000 in 1915 \approx £11.3 million today; £13,000 in 1931 \approx £3.3 million. In the present *Collected Works*, monetary value is "measured using the relative average income that would be used to buy a commodity" (known as the "Income Value"), as calculated *via* either "Seven Ways to Compute the Relative Value of a U.S. Dollar Amount, 1774 to Present," or "Five Ways to Compute the Relative Value of a U.K. Pound Amount, 1270 to Present" <<http://www.measuringworth.com>> (2013), by Samuel H. Williamson and Lawrence H. Officer, Professors of Economics at the University of Illinois at Chicago.

INTRODUCTION

was the first Praelector to teach women and was obliged to retain formal living quarters in College until 1989.¹

That hypothetical tunnel, mentioned above but never built, garnered a brief article in 1950, in the magazine *Time*:

As an undergraduate . . . in the 1880s, Massachusetts-born Edward Perry Warren was bitterly annoyed by the 9 p.m. curfew. He was also annoyed by the fines for curfew stragglers, which sometimes ran as high as £5 after midnight. Before he died in 1928, wealthy (from paper mills), eccentric Edward Warren sat down and wrote a 59-page Will. One among many bequests: a straight-faced offer of £3,000 to Corpus Christi, provided College authorities would use the money to build a tunnel under the walls so that stragglers could get to bed without 1.) paying fines, or 2.) climbing walls. The Will allowed Corpus Christi officials 20 years to think it over.

Last week, after 22 years and still no sign of a tunnel, the money went by default to secondary legatees, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Bowdoin College. Corpus Christi officials were in a no-comment mood about the whole thing. The official attitude: the tunnel had always seemed rather unnecessary.²

When it came to what was “necessary,” Warren almost always diverged from “the practical standard of the world,” which is also displayed in another benefaction he made to Corpus, money with which was bought

a parcel of land adjoining the Corpus playing fields as a reserve for the bathers there. [Warren] was keen on

¹ Stephen Harrison and Simon Swain, Preface to *Severan Culture*, edited by Simon Swain, Stephen Harrison, and Jaś Elsner (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. xxi-xxxiii (p. xxi). For why Corpus had to wait “for enough interest to accrue before they [could] appoint such a Praelector” (Green, *Warrens*, p. 232), see p. lxxx, footnote 2, of the present introduction.

² “No Tunnel,” *Time* (Atlantic Overseas Edition), Vol. LV, issue 12 (20 March 1950), p. 27. See also J. R. Symonds, “Greece, Women, and the Tunnel: E. P. Warren and His Corpus Connection,” *The Pelican Record* (Corpus Christi College, Oxford), Vol. XXXIX, number 2 (1994-1996), pp. 12-21. The value of £3,000 in 1950 ≈ £271,000 today.

swimming because it afforded the one opportunity under modern conditions for the display and exercise of the naked human body, and for something like the atmosphere of the Palaestra.¹

Warren's various endowments, benefactions, and plans for Corpus—whether these were, in the end, handled in the fashion he had intended or not—truly reveal the sense of pride and privilege, the self-sufficiency and unapologetic eccentricity that came to define his life. Nevertheless, Warren should not be judged too harshly in this regard, since someone with *his* wealth could easily have squandered his life and fortune as a Late Victorian cultured playboy, as a wealthy Decadent aesthete. This Warren did not do:

In some ways Warren had lived lavishly. For much of his expenditure there was little apparent return. But he had spent a very large sum in benefactions of all kinds,—upon himself comparatively little. He had gathered about him a considerable number of people whom he enabled to live a much fuller, in some cases a much wiser, life than they could otherwise have done. He had made himself patron and protector, guide and inspiration,—and among so many who were intolerant of one another, he was tolerant of all. In his own eyes his greatest achievements were his friendship with Johnny [Marshall] and the Classical collections in the American museums.²

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 402.

² *Ibid.*, p. 90. “Although very well known to students of Greek archaeology, to museums and to a circle of intimates at Oxford where in 1915 he became an Honorary Fellow of Corpus, Warren had shunned publicity so long that his death on December 28th, 1928, might have passed unobserved, had not a few friends come forward to bear witness to his quality” (p. 91). His most prominent American obituary—“Edward Perry Warren; Archaeologist and Collector for Museums Dies in England,” *The New York Times* (30 December 1928), p. 17—is little more than a notice.

Warren's vision of “the ‘fortification’ of one college as a specially Greek College” still survives at Corpus, where his endowment has encouraged accomplishments such as the following: In 1993, Ewen Bowie, the E. P. Warren Praelector in Classics from 1965-2007, became the first Director of Corpus Christi College's Centre for the Study of Greek and Roman Antiquity. Such a centre was Warren's principal dream for Corpus.



EDWARD PERRY WARREN & JOHN MARSHALL:
WITH A ST. BERNARD

Photograph by Edward Reeves (1824-1905)¹
ca. late 1890s

¹ Edward Reeves had a local photography studio and office at 159 High St., in Lewes, East Sussex. He and his firm were set the task, when needed, of photographing the various items that Warren had collected, as well as taking occasional photographs of Lewes House and its members. However, in a letter from Lewes House, dated 19 September 1910 (Private collection), Warren relates to the Italian collector Tommaso “Tom” Virzi his own preference for the photographs of Frederick Hollyer (1837-1933), rather than the merely adequate photographs taken by his own staff or by the provincial firm of Edward Reeves: “In important cases I go to Hollyer . . . for photos. He is famous, but rather expensive.”

WARREN IN NEW ENGLAND

Clearly a man with such ideas and with such a soul would be a misfit in every way imaginable in New England society.¹

NED WARREN was born on 8 June 1860, at Waltham, Massachusetts, near Boston, the son of Samuel Dennis Warren (1817-1888), a wealthy paper-manufacturer,² and his wife Susan Cornelia Warren, *née* Clarke (1825-1901).³ Three years later, this family—which now included five children: Samuel Dennis (1852-1910), Henry Clarke (1854-1899), Cornelia Lyman (1857-1921), Edward “Ned” Perry (1860-1928), and

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 77.

² For a photograph of Ned Warren’s birthplace, see *CW*, Vol. II, p. 674.

One of the peripheral benefits of his father’s profession certainly had the potential to influence young Warren: “Papa was a paper-maker. These books [in the front library: ‘well-bound and stately’] were, I fancy, sent to him as complimentary copies by the publishers to whom he had furnished paper. I acquired knowledge of the names of celebrated authors, but, being without guidance, I dipped into them at random” (Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 15). See Green, *Warrens*, pp. 27-29—“Mr. [Samuel] Warren also appears on the edge of literary history by the way he intervened in the development of Houghton Mifflin, the Boston publishers.” However, young Warren never became a “lover of reading”: “Books, save my lesson books, I didn’t read. There were at all events only two books that exercised any particular influence over me. *Corinne* [by Madame de Staël] was one, and the chief. Besides this there was *Yeast* by Charles Kingsley” (Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 24). The above disinterest may, in retrospect, have proven beneficial: “Having his natural impulses—or as modern psychology might prefer to say, being born with a strong visual and tactile sense—Warren never fell into the common error of over-emphasis on the literary and philological side of the Classics. Just as it had been necessary for him to go to the length of wearing the toga [See p. 395], it was necessary also that he should rather grow into, than learn about, the Greek spirit” (p. 396).

³ “My mother . . . was not emotional; she maintained a grand considerate placitude” (*ibid.*, p. 17). Nevertheless, she and Warren were particularly close: “I loved my mother very much, and was her favourite child. She could not, I think, help showing her preference, though it was against her principles to favour one child more than another” (p. 20).

Frederick Fiske (1862-1938)—moved to 67 Mount Vernon Street, in the elegant Beacon Hill area of Boston.¹

This house—designed in 1847 by George Minot Dexter, the architect who oversaw the construction of the Boston Athenaeum—became a family seat that suited their world of privilege, a world replete with tours of Europe, art collecting, lessons with prominent musicians, and prestigious schools. Of “these visits to Europe [that] gave me my only sense of real life,”² Warren recalls:

I was abroad in 1868, that is to say when I was eight years old, and again, I believe, in 1873. During the first visit, Pope Pius the Ninth blessed me from his carriage in the town, and in the Tuileries gardens, playing with my hoop, I ran into the Emperor Napoleon III, who took my impact very politely.³

These trips abroad fostered more than contact with prominent “social” figures:

The visit to Europe had no doubt a very important and lasting effect. I remember particularly the museums, and being left alone at my wish in the galleries of sculpture or plastic casts while the rest went to see the pictures. My interest in the sculpture was not wholly artistic. I cared mainly for the nude, male or female, the male as much as the female. . . . Of a piece with this was my desire to be a missionary. It was thought, I dare say, a very creditable ambition, but no one knew that I had chosen the career because the Indians wore no clothes.⁴

The human figure—whether sculptural or fleshy—never lost its appeal for Warren,⁵ as is evinced by the following passage

¹ For photographs of the Warren family house at 67 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, see *CW*, Vol. I, p. cxliv, and Vol. II, p. 679.

² Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 24.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

⁵ “The fact that the connoisseur collects fragments of statues, handles them, and puts them together again, must also have imbued the work of the collector with an erotic glamour for [Warren] . . . Here again the intellectual activity of the connoisseur coincided with the voyeuristic pleasure

from *A Tale of Pausanian Love*, a novel he wrote while an undergraduate at Oxford:

We had the advantage of a warm swimming-bath near by; and Belthorpe, well developed and light in build, every muscle showing without exaggeration, was like a moving bronze. He never stood or stooped without the beauty of a plastic composition . . . He was not in the least shy nor touchy, and stripped for me at home, where I mustered my poor forces for a drawing.¹

Beyond the occasional education he received in the grand galleries of Europe, Warren was also afforded a formal education intended to prepare him for the premier American university of his day, Harvard.

of the homosexual; the mind legitimized the imagination's intrusion into the forbidden, into the secret places of the body" (Green, *Warrens*, p. 88).

¹ Edward Perry Warren, writing as A[rthur] L[yon] R[aile], *A Tale of Pausanian Love* (Kensington, London: Printed by the Cayme Press, 1927), pp. 23-24 (in the present *Collected Works*, Vol. I, p. 494). All subsequent references to *A Tale of Pausanian Love* will accord with the pagination in the present collection.

Consider Warren's holistic comment about his writings (quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 95):

My other prose manuscripts [(Biographers' gloss:) i.e., other than his "M.O." or Magnum Opus in prose, the *Defence*] have been preserved to help me in my autobiography. None is worth publication for itself; but I authorize my literary executors to use them freely, provided they make it clear that I do not regard them as "works." . . . The tale of Rathbone, or whatever he is called, at Oxford will probably be most useful.

The tale is not good, but especially from the tale—a play is also mentioned—passages may be derived for a biography.

The "tale" to which he refers in both passages is *A Tale of Pausanian Love*. About this novel, Green writes: "Its closeness to the facts [regarding the earliest portion of the relationship between Warren and John Marshall] is guaranteed by some of Marshall's papers now in the Ashmolean" (*Warrens*, p. 97). Its title derives from Pausanias' famous speech differentiating "vulgar" from "heavenly" eros—in Plato's *Symposium*, 180 C – 185 C. See the present introduction, pp. xxxvi, footnote 1, and lxxviii, footnote 2. See Anonymous, "Some Recent Verse," *The Times Literary Supplement* (22 January 1904), p. 21; reprinted in "Appendix IV," in *CW*, Vol. II.

After kindergarten, Warren was sent to Phillips Grammar School, at the corner of Pinckney and Anderson Streets, where he was nicknamed “Tassels.”¹ As Warren relates, his experiences there were mixed: “With one of [my particular friends] I fell mildly in love. He had an elastic step and fair hair. In general, however, I was alone, more or less hustled about and despised. The school was a prison to me . . .”² He was subsequently sent to the Hopkinson School, in Boylston Place, an environment in which he was to prove an oddity: “In my trouser pocket I kept a small copy of the Venus of Milo in silver. . . . My statuettes and photos [of sculptures] must have made me seem different from other boys.”³ This sense of difference would ever remain for Warren.

Even as a boy, the patrician world that he inhabited exercised a unique influence upon him, forecasting, in a curious way, his future antics as an acquirer of antiquities:

It was at this time that he used to go “anticking,” as his family called it, about the countryside in a Roman toga of his own making.⁴

Like his clothing preference, Warren’s erotic preference was also Graeco-Roman and manifested as early:

My fancies had fallen lightly on two or three boys at the Phillips Grammar School. They began to burn for a youth at school to whom I wrote a poem comparing him to the Maker’s model for Humanity and to Antinoüs. They flamed forth in an ode to a member of the first class (in America the 1st is the uppermost).

I worshipped him at a distance. I knew where he lived, and as the window shade was often not quite drawn I could stand in the street at night and see the curly head bent over his books. Sometimes the shade was down and I had come in vain. He never knew of these visits. One night as I was looking at him I heard a

¹ For the story behind this nickname, see Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 18-19.

² *Ibid.*, p. 20.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 395. See Green, *Warrens*, pp. 40-43.

laugh behind me. It was our French maid who had tracked me.

The maid was taken into confidence. She had known him as a child when she served an aunt of his and was able to borrow a photograph of him of which I had a tintype taken before returning it. This tintype was one of my treasures. Another was his autograph which he had given me. This I put into an envelope, cut a hole that I might see it, and glazed the opening with transparent paper to keep it clean. His Greek exercises I surreptitiously acquired from the waste-paper box and pieced together as well as might be. To him I wrote an ode which expressed the first transition from an ideal to a real love.¹

After watching this youth's exploits on the football field, young Warren captured him in verse:

Clothed in the sweat of action, powerful, great
With health and sinews mighty, born to live,
To live and not to die, to seize the world
Not vanish from it . . .²

Clearly, Warren was cognizant of his unconventional erotic desires long before arriving at Harvard College in the autumn of 1879 as a member of the "Class of '83." Further, he was a budding Classicist at a university where Puritan

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 29. In Warren's pseudonymous *A Tale of Pausanian Love*, the narrator Claud Sinclair, while reading Plato's *Symposium*, admits: "A very affectionate, imaginative attachment of my early youth to a fellow schoolboy in Germany came up before my recollection as I read on. [The *Symposium*] had not led to any theories, but it expressed to me much that might have been dark to me otherwise, and prepared me to admit much which never had occurred to me" (Vol. I, p. 495, of the present *Collected Works*). Green writes: "In *A Defence of Uranian Love*, Warren talks, though obliquely, about his discovery of his own sexuality in his adolescence" (*Warrens*, p. 87).

² Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 29. "Another ode was written to a boy whom I didn't know save by name and had only seen in a window. This ode was the first wherein a love of 'intensity' versus 'height' was expressed. It was becoming evident that the two kinds of emotion, the intense and the high, were equally to claim me" (p. 30). See p. xxvii, footnote 1, of the present introduction.

practicality was the understood gloss for its motto *Veritas, Christo et Ecclesiae*—"Truth, for Christ and the Church":

I had been ready for Harvard one year earlier as far as studies were concerned; but it had been thought better that I should wait another year. My proficiency was in Latin and Greek, not at all in Mathematics, and in Latin and Greek it was not a knowledge of many authors but a linguistic aptitude.¹

Partly because of its stringent social stratification, Warren never warmed to Harvard, and felt that "To others I must have seemed a strange mixture of snobbishness, bad form and refinement."² Much later, in his pamphlet *Classical & American Education*, Warren would provide his lasting impression of Harvard:

Not but that Harvard was exclusive in its own way. You might come and not be received. It insisted on dress, on manners, and on a tremulous adherence to conventions in general. Opinions not dominant in Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue were obviously fads, and marked you as yourself incorrect. The principle seemed to be agreement, easiest in an atmosphere purged of debate, for the purpose of cooperation, made easy by social experience.³

Ever the Anglophile, he later made a habit of contrasting Harvard unfavourably with the Oxford he had come to love:

At Oxford the discordant elements are partly sluiced off in different colleges, partly they mingle because a University acquaintance involves so little. The separate social spheres will keep people apart sufficiently afterwards. Where a difference is taken for granted it can be ignored at times. And in England, where roughly speak-

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 37. *The Harvard Register*, Vol. II, number 2 (August 1880) (Cambridge, MA: Moses King at Harvard College, 1880-1881), p. 167: "The two freshmen named below received the maximum mark of 100%: Edward Perry Warren, of Boston, in Greek lectures; Arthur Clark Denniston . . ."

² Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 39.

³ Warren, *Classical & American*, in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 248.

ing the differences at a university are not so marked as in America, it is all the more easy to pass them over for the time being.¹

Although, in general, his assessment was that his “Freshman year [at Harvard] was passed in stupidity,”² Warren nonetheless encountered several influences that would increasingly alter his sensibilities and his sense of self, among them Walt Whitman:

During the Freshman year I had plunged into Walt Whitman’s poems, trying to discover whether he had what he seemed to profess to have, a secret or gospel. I did not find any, but most warmly I agreed with his acceptance of the flesh, overstated but in substance true, “not an inch, not a particle of an inch is vile or shall be less familiar than the rest.” This accorded with my nature.³

Because of this “acceptance of the flesh”—which involved an acquiescence to those erotic desires that “accorded with [his] nature”—Warren came to the realization that “I found

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 41. About Oxford friendships, Warren observes: “[A friend’s] collegiate life with you implied no more than collegiate life. It was free and courteous because no one expected more. The intercourse was not hemmed in by policy, or by fear of social invasion, as at Harvard. . . . Thus all moved happily and smoothly. There were no fights as at Harvard and there was healthy contentment in the life at hand” (p. 67).

² *Ibid.*, p. 38. For a period photograph of Beck Hall, where Warren resided while at Harvard, and of the College Yard, see *CW*, Vol. I, p. cxlv.

³ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 41. The exact phrasing is “Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be less familiar than the rest”—Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*, in *Leaves of Grass: Comprehensive Reader’s Edition*, edited by Harold W. Blodgett and Sculley Bradley (New York: New York University Press, 1965), pp. 28-89 (line 58). One of Warren’s influences at Harvard was Charles Eliot Norton (1827-1908), whose lectures on the History of Art were tinged with Pre-Raphaelite aestheticism (See Green, *Warrens*, pp. 74-76). Norton anonymously reviewed *Leaves of Grass*, which he describes as “this gross yet elevated, this superficial yet profound, this preposterous yet somehow fascinating book”—*Putnam’s Monthly: A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art*, Vol. VI (September 1855), pp. 321-323 (p. 321).

no final contrariety between the ideal and the fleshly.”¹ This “acceptance of the flesh” also contributed to Warren’s loss of faith in Christianity: “I passed out of the faith with pomp and rejoicing. My revolt was ethical, fundamental. I was no ‘Agnostic’—I disbelieved and was glad.”²

However, this self-acceptance—which gradually developed between 1880 and 1882, and involved “not only the theological but also the erotic excitement”³—threatened to stigmatize Warren socially, especially after his innermost feelings had become publicly disclosed at Harvard, by seeming mischance:

The pronouncements of respectable people so ignored love that they were no less than “superficial,” which was my word of anathema. It meant that you passed over something sacred. All the friendships which I saw at Harvard seemed to me superficial. Love was not understood; and not to understand it was blasphemy. I was more or less in love at this time with a fellow-collegian who was preparing for the Church, and in a collegiate paper I described a morning visit made while he was still in bed. These verses were assigned in the index by mistake to my friend; but my affection was noticed. When he came into lunch a classmate said of me: “See, how he starts!”⁴

Published in the Harvard student biweekly *The Crimson* on 3 June 1881, Warren’s poem “The Angel in the House” is dumbfoundingly confessional and tactile, with a degree of homoeroticism that would indeed have caught the attention

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 42.

² *Ibid.*, p. 57. “From my last year at school, ’78-79, to the Junior year at College, ’81-82, the religious question was to be foremost [on my mind]” (p. 30).

³ *Ibid.*, p. 57.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 42-43. This “mistake” was likely his own, for these verses appear in *The Crimson*, a student newspaper for which Warren was an editor (pp. 44 and 54). The 11 February 1881 issue of *The Crimson* notes: “The following gentlemen compose the Editorial Board of *The Crimson* from [the Class of] 1883: Stanton Day, Herbert Marshall Lloyd, Franklin Woodruff Moulton, Herbert Putnam, and Edward Perry Warren. Business Editor, Charles Page Perin.”

of his university fellows. Taken from the most (in)famous Victorian tribute to conjugal bliss—Coventry Patmore’s saccharine *The Angel in the House* (first published in 1854)—this borrowed title provides Warren’s poem with added, prurient suggestiveness and a context that, fortunately for Warren, his fellows handled with jest rather than aggression, especially when one considers the poem in its entirety:

STILL in bed I found him lying
 Whom I always love to see;
 Haply he had feignèd slumber
 To another friend than me;
 But as I was hesitating,
 Quarrelling with my own heart,
 Half unwilling to awake him,
 All unwilling to depart,—
 Called he me by name, and turning,
 Let me take the wished-for place
 By his bedside, leaning o’er him,
 Circling him with large embrace.
 Just above the snow-white linen
 Cherub-like appeared his head,
 Seeming like an infant angel
 Lacking only wings out-spread;
 Almost it might upward flutter,
 Wing its way above the sky,
 Leave its fond but earthly lover,
 And with saints and angels hover,
 Face to face with God most high.
 Yet, as ministers of Heaven
 May sometimes with mortals dwell,
 So thy presence sweet is given
 Unto him who loves thee well!

Wistfully he now regards thee,
 Knowing not if more is gained
 By an outburst of affection,
 Or by passion half restrained.
 Filled with deep dissatisfaction,
 With perfection of unrest,
 With a strange and nameless yearning
 For some good he has not guessed,—
 Knowing only that this longing

INTRODUCTION

Soars all other joys above,—
If he e'er finds satisfaction,
It will only be in love!

Gustavus Tuckerman (1856-1934), the friend to whom the index of that issue of *The Crimson* misattributes the poem,¹ must have been as startled as Warren to discover that, by this misattribution, Warren's love for him had been publicized.

Though now officially "outed," Warren nonetheless continued to ponder a blending of friendship and love, and increasingly to teeter between happiness and depression:

Meanwhile my life at Harvard was beginning to be fruitful in love and melancholy. I was not yet aware of myself. I was searching for something, but did not know what, or whether I should find it. Friendship with me passed very naturally into love. I held the two to be of the same kind.

¹ The poem is from *The Crimson*, Vol. XVII, number 8 (3 June 1881) (Cambridge, MA: Students of Harvard College, 1875-1883), pp. 90-91. The first time the poem and the friend described in it were identified by a scholar was in my 2009 Valancourt Books edition of Warren's *Defence*, though the index (on p. iv) of the copy of *The Crimson* in the Pusey Library at Harvard has the attribution to "G. Tuckerman, '82" crossed out in ink, with "E. P. Warren 83" written under it in an unknown hand.

In 1886, Gustavus Tuckerman graduated from the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "Tuckerman is rector of St. Stephen's Mission Church in St. Louis . . . [and is] married to Miss Katharine Lowndes Maury . . . and has three children"—Harvard College, Class of 1882, *Secretary's Report*, Number V (1901) (Boston: Printed by George H. Ellis, 1901), p. 68. He retained that post for twenty-five years.

The disclosure of Warren's desires must not have proven *too* scandalous, since *The Crimson* of 21 April 1882 announces the outcome of the '83 Class Meeting as: "It was voted to have the class dinner the first Monday after the class races. The committee appointed to attend to the dinner are Messrs. Denniston, Chapman and Lloyd. Mr. Perrin was elected toastmaster; Mr. Hubbard, orator; Mr. Warren, poet; and Mr. Dorr, chorister." The 21 November 1882 issue notes a change: "Poet—Henry Grafton Chapman of New York, N.Y. . . . Chorister—Edward Perry Warren of Boston."

Besides serving as an editor for *The Crimson*, while at Harvard Warren was also a member of Alpha Delta Phi (a fraternity), the Glee Club, the Hasty Pudding Club and the Institute of 1770 (two social clubs), the O. K. Society (a group of *Advocate* editors), and the St. Paul's Society (a religious society). See Harvard College, Class of 1883, *Secretary's Report*, Number I (1883) (Cambridge, MA: Printed for the Class), pp. 31-36.

One was a more intense form of the other. . . . Surely friendship between man and man, and between man and woman, started without any recognition of the body. At a certain point it bloomed into love and thus became aware of the body. But so long as love was there what mattered it whether the body could or could not be gratified? . . . My friends were affectionate, but their affection did not pass beyond a certain point, or had not as yet. They seemed to me not to differentiate between a casual friendship and that final recognition of their friendship which involved their holding together.¹

This tension between “love and melancholy” reached its apogee during a late-night reconsideration of his life:

On the eve of my birthday, if I remember, June 7th, 1882, I could not sleep. I went to the wooden bridge nearest Harvard and sat on a pier from three to six in the morning watching the slow dawn. Then my past died. I could no longer play music with expression; I had no overmastering sentiments; I felt commonplace; the world appeared to me as others saw it, if I might judge by their words; I could now understand them. I rejected their conventions, but what was “superficial” seemed natural. I did not want to continue at Harvard. . . . I was alone.²

The above was later encapsulated in a passage in *Pausanian Love*: “The new world opened to me was full of doubts, and difficulties, but also of beauties. I felt myself much unsettled, both attracted and dissatisfied.”³ Even forty years later, while writing his autobiography, Warren was unable to explain adequately his progress into this “new world”:

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 50-51. “I had already condemned my companions because their friendship was superficial, i.e., not really love. It should have been more intense to become love. Intensity then seemed to be the mark of love” (p. 44). For similar comments in his *Defence*, see *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 347-349 and 421-423.

² Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 57-58. For comparison, see *The Cult of the Purple Rose: A Phase of Harvard Life* (1902), a novel by Shirley Everton Johnson (1871-1911) that provides a picture of Harvard College a decade after Warren’s graduation.

³ Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 496.

INTRODUCTION

It will be impossible in writing of this winter of '81-82 to reproduce with any closeness the stress of passion which was on me throughout. The phrases struck under the press of emotion are not to be recalled. . . . As a connoisseur of emotions the accurate definition of this process was a matter of no small moment to me—a definition which could only be rightly accomplished in poetry.¹

Since it “could only be rightly accomplished in poetry,” it was to poetry that Warren turned. In verse, Warren confronted his world and began to develop a theory of love. Consider several poems from that cluster:

From “Desires” (dated 12 April 1882):

My soul is famine-fed, my sense
aches, and a smothered fire
feeds on my heart. Ah! whither tends
the unsubdued magnificence
of limitless desire,—

the soul that no confinement bends,
that grasps at joys unknown,
nor scorns the languid impulses
and soft delights of sense, though friends
no kindred feeling own!²

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 52-53. “About this time Mr. Oscar Wilde came to Boston. I got his poems and lost my head at once. . . . I made a fruitless endeavour to see the poet” (p. 54). “[While my brother Sam shared my appreciation for Shelley,] of Oscar Wilde he had a less favourable opinion. So had I, but Sam’s opinion was practically condemnation. Had he read Wilde’s poems? No . . .” (p. 55). “[Sam] would prefer that I should not try to see Wilde. I didn’t then, but I did afterward in New York” (*ibid.*).

² First published in Arthur Lyon Raile [Warren’s pseudonym], *Itamos: A Volume of Poems* (London: Grant Richards, 1903), pp. 4-6. The above is the version published in Arthur Lyon Raile, *The Wild Rose: A Volume of Poems*, enlarged edition with preface (London: Duckworth, 1928); in the present *Collected Works*, Vol. II, pp. 16-17, lines 1-10. The first eighty pages of *The Wild Rose* incorporate almost all of *Itamos*, including its dedication “To J. M.” (John Marshall). All subsequent references to Warren’s published poems accord with the pagination of *The Wild Rose* (1928)—“the definitive edition”—in the present collection (See p. xxx, footnote 1).

From “Before the Iron Doors” (dated 11 May 1882):

Before the iron doors of righteousness,
with grace of outstretched limbs and faint caress
of the hard stone, whose quiet firmness stayed
and comforted his languor, was there laid
the spirit of a youth; and slumbrous beams,
shot from the half-drawn curtains of his dreams,
and amorous lips up-curved, as if in lust
sweetened by heavy pleasure of disgust,
hinted his mind.¹

In April 1883, this sense of being “alone” under “the stress of passion” found poetic expression through “The Spring-Wind,” a poem Warren eventually came to label “a regretful reminiscence,” a reminiscence of all those bitter-sweet experiences at the Harvard he was leaving behind:

O time when such dear joys I had,
such pleasure and love to make me glad
that brain and sense came nigh to swoon,
and all men, seeing, thought me mad
hearing the unutterable tune
that the stars sang at night’s dark noon!

If it be not profane to speak
of things which I am now too weak
in faith and fire and heat of heart
to touch as then, who vainly seek
to evoke by imaged song and art
the old sweet dead love’s pale counterpart,

once more . . .²

A decade after receiving an *Artium Baccalaureus* (A.B.) from Harvard, Warren would still be contemplating the disparity and the interplay that exist between love and friendship, with his poem “Amor Amicitia” (dated 22 June 1893) ending with a question he would ponder for the rest of his life:

¹ “Before the Iron Doors” (lines 1-9), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 19.

² “The Spring-Wind” (lines 13-25), in *ibid.*, pp. 20-21.

INTRODUCTION

Thus twice hath friendship barred the way
to what I hoped for most of all;
but what is love, if it obey
not friendship's call?¹

Beyond the intimate concerns that these poems evince and forecast, other problems were also looming before Warren in 1883, particularly the prospect of an unappealing profession sanctioned by his father, and likely to involve working at the family's offices in Devonshire Street in Boston or at the Cumberland Mills in Maine:

I lived in terror of what my mother called "real life." I don't remember that she defined the term, but to me it meant life in my father's office, without a chance to read. My education, I thought, would come to an end with graduation.²

His fears were unfounded. Although Warren "had caused his father considerable anxiety and annoyance by his whims and apparent perverseness," Samuel Warren was more acquiescent to his son's fancies than one might have anticipated from a father who was far from doting:

But though he disagreed, the father had the generosity of heart and spirit to let his unorthodox son go his own way. He allowed him to go to Oxford, and to read Classics, and did not even compel him to follow the rest of the family and go into business.³

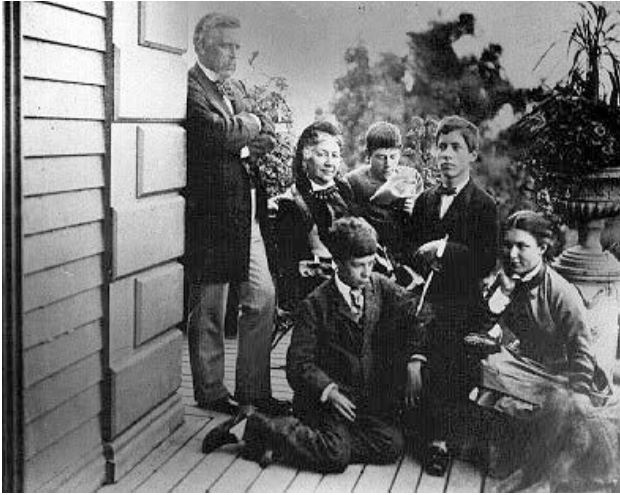
So, with his father's gracious support, financial and otherwise, Warren embarked for the Old World—his "new world."

¹ "Amor Amicitia" (lines 13-16), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 25. Regarding its title, see the note at the bottom of the next page, by Mark Robert Miner, the principal translator of the present *Collected Works*.

See "Appendix I," in *CW*, Vol. II, which prints the numerous handwritten annotations that Warren made in a copy of *The Wild Rose* (1913) that is now in the Columbia University Library. Those annotations are correlated with the edition of *The Wild Rose* in the present collection.

² Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 44.

³ Both passages are from Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 77.



THE WARREN FAMILY ¹

Photograph, ca. 1870s

Samuel Dennis Warren (standing), Mrs. Susan Warren
(in a chair), Edward Perry Warren (beside her),
Samuel D. Warren II, Cornelia Warren,
Frederick Fiske Warren (front)

Warren Memorial Library, Westbrook, Maine

¹ For details regarding the Warren family, see *The Warren-Clarke Genealogy: A Record of Persons Related within the Sixth Degree to the Children of Samuel Dennis Warren and Susan Cornelia Clarke*, compiled by Rev. Charles White Huntington (Cambridge, MA: Privately printed by John Wilson & Son at the University Press, 1894).

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE FOR *AMOR AMICITIA*:

The poem's title conjoins *Amor* ["Love"] and *Amicitia* ["Friendship"] in order to comment ironically on how close these two ideals are in the lover's mind, but how far apart they are in the mind of the unwilling, uninterested "belovèd." In terms of Warren's poem, the feeling-tone is close to that of the novelist Terence Hanbury White's letter, dated 18 September 1957, regarding his own beloved boy: "I have fallen in love with Zed. . . . It would be unthinkable to make Zed unhappy with the weight of this impractical, unsuitable love"—as quoted in Sylvia Townsend Warner, *T. H. White: A Biography* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1967), pp. 277-278. Such contemplations of "impractical, unsuitable love" characteristically lead to a battle between blissful self-indulgence and painful self-restraint.

WARREN IN THE OLD WORLD

Dead heathen god, that fillest all my brain . . . ¹

Love, good or bad, takes on the form provided for it
by social surroundings. It can't escape from them.²

IN THEIR biography, Osbert Henry Burdett (1885-1936) and Edgar Henry Goddard (1896-1983), Warren's literary executors and commissioned biographers, note that

Without a break the autobiography passes to Oxford. It is characteristic of Warren that it makes no mention of the reason for his passing to a second university nor even of the taking of his Harvard degree. From passing references we can gather that the young Warren, already accustomed to travel and with some experience of Europe, was feeling starved imaginatively in America, that he was not wholly satisfied with the quality of life at home, and that he was not inclined to enter his father's office at Cumberland Mills. . . . At the age of twenty-three his appetite for culture was stronger than ever . . .³

Like his famous contemporaries J. A. M. Whistler, J. S. Sargent, and Henry James, Warren became an expatriate, seeking a more cultivated life in the Old World, a life that New England could never have afforded him. Hence, to the surprise of his family and friends, Warren decided to study at either the University of Oxford or Cambridge. In the end, he opted for Oxford, and began the admissions process for the most academically prestigious of Victorian colleges, Balliol:

¹ "Hymn to Love" (line 5), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 46-48.

² Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 558.

³ Biographers' gloss, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 61. About Warren's Will, Green notes: "Goddard, Burdett, and C[h]arles R[eginald] S[chiller] Harris of All Souls College, Oxford, were made literary executors, with the implicit charge to write a biography" (*Warrens*, p. 233). See the "Note on This Collection," in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. cxxx-cxxxv.

I did indeed put in a provisional application for admission to Balliol. [Benjamin] Jowett, in consequence, asked me to tea, but I received his invitation in Bavaria, where I was tramping towards Innsbruck with a pack on my back . . . Later I saw Jowett, who tried me in Greek . . . I told him that I didn't want to study Greek but to skip it and run straight for philosophy.¹

For various reasons, partially aesthetic, he decided instead for New College, at which he matriculated on 12 October 1883.²

Oxford enveloped Warren in an atmosphere "sacred, austere, secluded,"³ an atmosphere he captures in his novel *A Tale of Pausanian Love*:

The sense of mysterious peace, and of the still more mysterious lesson which Oxford had to teach me, not only through books and lectures, but through the subtle influence of its venerable traditions and beauties, the feeling that Oxford alone had a region of arcana and delight, which the world at large neither knew nor cared to know, filled my mind as I passed up the staircase where the damp drifted in and trickled from the walls, and along through the dark lobby to my room. Here Plato and my notebook lay open.⁴

Warren flourished in this atmosphere, for, as he explains concisely, "I had come home."⁵ In fact, Warren, ever the consummate Anglophile, soon "absorbed so many English char-

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 62. "Though a partisan of Greek and a good scholar at school, I had dropped it at Harvard, and should have dropped it at Oxford and thus missed the natural completion of 'my thought' had I not been countered. I was not, however, vexed" (*ibid.*). Benjamin Jowett (1817-1893) was Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, Master of Balliol College, and the principal translator of Plato during the Victorian period.

² *Alumni Oxonienses: The Members of the University of Oxford, 1775-1886*, in 4 vols, compiled by Joseph Foster (based on *The Matriculation Register of the University*) (Oxford: Parker & Co., 1888), IV, p. 1504: "Warren, Edward Perry, 5s. Samuel Dennis, of Waltham, Mass., gent. NEW COLL., matric. 12 Oct., 1883, aged 23; B.A. 1888." See Green, *Warrens*, p. 86.

³ Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 490.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 484. For period photographs of New College, see p. cxlvi.

⁵ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 65.

acteristics that some of his countrymen at Oxford were unaware that he was one of them.”¹

Warren had come to Oxford with the intention of studying *Literae Humaniores*, or Classics: “This education has been the glory of Oxford; it has not been obtainable elsewhere . . .”² Beyond being “the glory of Oxford,” or perhaps because of this, *Literae Humaniores* was also one of those halcyon spaces where personal affections came coupled with the beauty Warren admired—

It is only at Oxford, and only alas! for four years, that the flower of youth can be observed in all its graceful lightness.³

In such an environment, those personal affections were unlikely to be dismissed as merely “the Love that dare not speak its name.” However, Warren later came to appreciate that he had, unfortunately, left Oxford just before the period that would have suited him best—1888-1895—the period of High Decadence that diminished in its intensity after Oscar Wilde’s trials:

I was on the look-out for affections between my own sex, real affections. . . . I had come too soon to Oxford. There was little of the carnal, and no development of the spiritual, unless in those cases which never come to light. Nevertheless I did find more appreciation of the beauty and charm of youth at Oxford than at Harvard. It was said that a certain school set had split into two, one part, which went to Cambridge, accepting only the spiritual element, and the other part, which came to Oxford, admitting the idea of physical love. I seemed to be always on the verge of a discovery of what I did not find.

¹ Sox, *Bachelors*, p. 16.

² Warren, *Classical & American*, in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 241. According to Byng-ham, “Plato was to be used, like the whole school of *Literae Humaniores*, as a palaestra for imagination and thought” (Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 520).

³ Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 494. See Linda Dowling, *Hellenism and Homosexuality in Victorian Oxford* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1994).

You might indeed have thought that our continual mimicry of love with such addresses as “beautiful creature” meant a great deal, but it did not. Yet it meant that companionship was a sentimental need.¹

In 1887—the year before the Uranian movement proper began, according to Timothy d’Arch Smith—Warren, on holiday in Naples, wrote *A Tale of Pausanian Love*, a homoerotic romance that captures, as a form of wish fulfilment, this search “for affections between my own sex.” The narrator, Claud Sinclair—affectionately nicknamed “Jiffy”—is a decent caricature of Warren as an Oxford undergraduate.² Sinclair, like Warren, “seemed to be always on the verge of a discovery of what I did not find”—the homoerotic love that

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 68. By recalling the scandal involving Lord Russell and Lionel Johnson, Green casts plausible doubt on this claim: “One homosexual scandal that must have come to Warren’s attention involved the sending down, in 1885, of Lord Russell . . . This was not publicly acknowledged at the time. We know about it from [George] Santayana . . . Warren knew Johnson quite well . . .” (*Warrens*, p. 87). John Francis Stanley Russell (1865-1931; 2nd Earl Russell) was the elder brother of Bertrand Russell. “[Lord Russell] was admitted to Balliol College, Oxford, in 1883. Towards the end of his second year there, he was sent down for a month by Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor of the University. After a bitter argument with Jowett, Russell left Balliol and Oxford permanently”—George Santayana, *The Letters of George Santayana, 1941-1947*, edited by William G. Holzberger (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 2006), p. 99, note. Lord Russell also became a friend of Charles Edward Sayle (1864-1924), one of the prominent Uranians. For this connection as well as details concerning Lord Russell’s intimacy with Johnson, see J. C. T. Oates, “Charles Edward Sayle,” in *Transactions of the Cambridge Bibliographical Society*, Vol. VIII, part 2 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Library, 1982), pp. 236-269. In Norman Henfrey’s edition of the *Selected Critical Writings of George Santayana*, in 2 vols (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1968), the portrait “John Francis Stanley Russell” (I, pp. 310-317) is appropriately wedged between those for “Howard Sturgis” and “Lionel Johnson.”

² “There is no evidence that the story itself is a transcript of actual experience, nor can any character in the story, except the teller, who is its author’s likeness, be certainly identified with any particular friend” (Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 95-96). “Claud” (an uncommon spelling) is how it appears throughout *A Tale of Pausanian Love* (1927), perhaps suggesting that his given name is “Claudius.” Burdett and Goddard have a habit of misspelling it “Claude.”

gave the novel its title.¹ Ever prompted by what he describes as “my vehement curiosity about anything that concerned my two friends [Alfred Byngham and Ralph Belthorpe],”² Sinclair recalls various moments that *almost* disclosed this dangerous form of intimacy:

I had burst into [Byngham’s] room to announce a college victory on the football field, and come across an affectionate good-bye between him and Belthorpe, certainly unusually demonstrative, though at the time I thought nothing of it.

All the world knew they were intimate friends. I began to suspect more, and whenever I came to this point, I was seized with a certain fear of Byngham—as a man who might dare, since he could dare anything, to be bad. He became a little black to me, with a blackness that troubled me the more, because it rather “took” me, because it corresponded to that in my nature which, if let loose, might carry me far.³

Later, at his home in Georgenborn, Germany, Sinclair finds himself alone with Byngham, in a compromising situation:

“Well, it’s time for me to go to bed. Would you put me to bed, as you used to do at Oxford?”

I accompanied him upstairs. The passage was dark. . . . I searched for a light.

“Whose room?” he asked. “Yours,” I replied.

There was a moment’s silence. He took my hand, the hand that was trying for the match, and pressed it very strongly. I could just see that he was leaning against the wall. He drew my hand against his heart. It was beating violently. I was almost afraid for him.⁴

¹ About Warren’s use of the term “Pausanian,” see Richard Hunter, *Plato’s Symposium*, in the *Oxford Approaches to Classical Literature Series* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), p. 116.

² Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 499. Green’s claim that Byngham is based on John Marshall (*Warrens*, p. 97) is plausible, given the biographical details.

³ Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 496-497.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 534.

As a result of this and other intimations from Byngham and his companion Belthorpe, Sinclair observes: "I felt that, without help, the stirrings within me might become terrible. A dormant nature was being roused with the force accrued in years of repose and inexperience."¹ However, through a series of personal and relationship adjustments, the novel moves to its author's ultimate, unfulfilled wish, as Byngham pleads, by letter, for Sinclair's companionship: "Will you come to me, Jiffy, will you come?"²

In a poem from the autumn of the same year, a poem that he claims "shows my disdain of the commonplace homogeneous love and my yearning for a renewal of Greek love,"³ Warren praises the "friendships" the Ancients knew:

If some of you were living, O my friends
of elder day, my soul to you would flee
for sacred solace . . .

shall I to these resort, and bid them give
their tarnished consolation, or devise
unreal companionship of all the wise
that have been, and with memories lonely live?

Among his New College friends were several who were sympathetic to such views, particularly the poet Lionel Pigot Johnson (1867-1902), a disciple and later friend of Walter Pater, and the person who would fatefully introduce his friends Lord Alfred Douglas and Oscar Wilde. In 1887, Johnson wrote "Counsel," a poem he dedicated to Warren:

Milky pearls of India
For the braiding of her hair:
Spice from swart Arabia
For the fragrance of her air:
Coil the pure pearls, wake the sweet spells,

¹ Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 542.

² *Ibid.*, p. 579.

³ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 68-69. "If Some of You Were Living" is provided in full in Warren's unfinished autobiography. The lines above (1-3 and 13-16) are from the version of the poem, dated only "1887," in *Wild Rose* (1928)—in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 24.

INTRODUCTION

Let lutes and hollow shells
Flatter her, fair, if morn be fair.

...

She loves too much,
To feel the solemn touch
Of Plato's thought, that masters thee.¹

Johnson knew Warren well: "the braiding of her hair" would ever remain, for Warren, the antipathy of "Plato's thought" and a symbol of all that he found irksome and repulsive in emasculated Western culture. In the company of intimates such as Johnson, Warren could freely express his desire "to feel the solemn touch / Of Plato's thought," a desire most fully expressed through his later collecting and other activities that certainly warrant what Martin Green asserts: "Ned was a figure in the aesthetic movement, indeed deserves to be considered one of its key examples."²

While still at New College, Warren befriended his future beloved, John Marshall (1862-1928), whom Warren intimately nicknamed "Puppy,"³ a fitting dub indeed for a stray pup that Warren had gathered to himself with masterful affection:

Mr. Marshall came from Liverpool. I became acquainted with him at New College, Oxford, in 1884. He was a year or two my senior and had had a brilliant record scholastically, but had not been elected a member of the Essay Society. At that time, the College was divided. It had belonged to men from Winchester School, and the Winchester men still held apart from those who came from other schools. Marshall happened to take a wrong place in Chapel and some Winchester men called him to order.

¹ Lionel Johnson, "Counsel," in *Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* (London: Elkin Mathews, 1917), pp. 244-245 (lines 1-7 and 12-14).

² Green, *Warrens*, p. 49. Warren was acquainted with other paederasts and homosexuals, such as Oscar Browning (See *ibid.*, p. 92).

³ "It was a jest between them to call each other 'Puppy'" (Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 184, footnote). Consider its use in a letter Marshall wrote to Warren from Rome on 6 November 1892: "Puppy comfort himself . . . Puppy must not overspend . . . Puppy must always think" (as quoted on pp. 183-185).

Marshall exaggerated the offence. He was a shrinking sensitive person, and fell out of the College life. In fact at Oxford well-nigh his only friend was a man belonging to another College. Marshall lived much alone, looked rather pasty-faced, and was, in fact, by no means well. He took his final examination as he had taken his Moderations, with a First Class in Honours, and Classical Honours, of course; and was invited to apply for a Fellowship at Merton: but this, for some reason, he would not do. At that time he used to speak of all university appointments as given for other than scholarly merits, and he used to quote Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* in support of his views. He retired to Liverpool, and seemed to be very much like a light that was burning out.¹

From among his fellow Oxonians, Warren was busily acquiring a circle of lifelong friends; meanwhile, a lifelong ailment was threatening to nullify his studies there: "Back at Oxford my eyes began to ache again. I had to abandon my studies. . . . It was useless to remain in Oxford unable to read."² Not given to squandering time, Warren decided to take a sabbatical from his ocularly restricted studies to accompany William Amory Gardner (1863-1930), a college friend from Boston, on a journey to Greece, where they visited Athens, Mycenae, and Delphi.³ After this holiday, Warren—prompted by his unimproved eyesight and by various

¹ From a 1928 letter from Warren to Prof. Ludwig Curtius (1874-1954), as quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 120. Marshall was an undergraduate from 1881-1885.

Green writes: "From this fate [of being an academic or school teacher] Warren rescued him with an offer of sexual friendship and cooperation in Classical studies" (*Warrens*, p. 96).

² Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 70. "During my school-life I walked a good deal after dark because my eyes were bad, and studied as little as possible by evening light" (p. 39).

³ Of the wealthy patroness and socialite Isabella Stewart Gardner (1840-1924) of Fenway Court in Boston, Douglass Shand-Tucci relates: "[Mrs.] Gardner's sensitivity to gay young men . . . was rooted in her experience with the three orphaned nephews of her husband, whom the Gardners raised. 'Those brilliant boys,' Henry James called them. Joseph Peabody Gardner, William Amory Gardner, and Augustus Peabody Gardner"—*Boston Bohemia, 1881-1900: Ralph Adams Cram—Life and Architecture* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), p. 231.

family concerns—made a lengthy visit to America, though he eventually returned to Oxford to finish his studies:

After the four years which should have been my undergraduate years I was back in Oxford, too late for Final Honours (but I should never have understood philosophy), and meaning only by the aid of French to take a pass degree.¹

Beyond his troublesome eyesight, which made his exam preparations all the more taxing, Warren had other concerns in 1888. Directly before a Bachelor of Arts degree was conferred upon him by Oxford, Warren found himself, as he had at the time of his Harvard graduation, plagued by the prospect of a profession:

At this time I was asking myself whether I could be excused from the world's work of business or other terrors—could justifiably live without earning money provided I spent little. So only could I “develop my thought.”²

However, those worries subsided almost immediately: in May of that year, Warren's father died, leaving behind an estate worth \$1.9 million (≈ \$410 million today). By mutual consent, the Warren family decided that this fortune should be held in Trust, a Trust to be administered by the eldest brother, Sam, who had also inherited his father's business savvy and who gave up a promising legal partnership with Louis Dembitz Brandeis (1856-1941; the future Supreme Court Justice) to assume this role.³ As a result of these financial arrangements, Warren suddenly found himself with the leisure and means to formulate a life of which others who shared his aesthetic, scholarly, and erotic tastes could only have dreamed. In fact, knowing that his father's death would

¹ Warren, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 75. “My second year, 1884-85, was still lonely, but I had much to do because my father wished me to obtain a First Class in the Honour Schools. I was not eager for it” (p. 65).

² Warren, in *ibid.*, p. 70.

³ See “Appendix II,” in *CW*, Vol. II.

someday come, Warren had already begun formulating plans for his inheritance:

The income his father had left him, of about £4,000 a year, would enable him to consider seriously plans that had been long in his mind: plans for encouraging the Classics at Oxford, for setting up a country house somewhere in the Home Counties, and for surrounding himself with men of whom John Marshall was the exemplar.¹

Those plans did not include—at least at this point in his life—residing in America, his feelings for which are elucidated in a letter he wrote to Marshall from Boston in February 1887:

My Neo-paganism seems here like a dream of the past. There is just enough resemblance between the beautiful English life and the Greek to throw one into the spirit of the Oxford Renaissance. Music and gymnastics correspond roughly to *Literae Humaniores* and athletics. Here with cold winds and snow, the traditions of Puritanism, the ugliness of the men and the absence of aesthetic sympathy, all Greece is frozen out.²

The bountiful inheritance that he would soon receive after his father's death on 11 May 1888, followed by the conferring upon him of his Oxford degree on 30 June³—these nullified most of Warren's worries, replacing the question *What shall I do?*² with the puzzling *Who shall assist me in doing it?*

When he left Oxford, Warren was looking for a friend with whom to share his fortune, his projects, and his heart. It was natural that he should consider first those with whom he had been intimate at Oxford. These included Arthur West, Harold Scott, G. V. Harding, Richard Fisher, M. S. Prichard, and Marshall. He remained in

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 78. To put this in American terms: "Warren came into an income of over ten thousand a year" (p. 121). The value of £4,000 (\$19,500) in 1888 ≈ £2.6 million today.

² As quoted in *ibid.*, p. 123.

³ For the list of degrees conferred by Oxford on 30 June 1888, see "University Intelligence: Oxford, June 30," *The Times* (2 July 1888), p. 11.

INTRODUCTION

touch with them all, nor was it at first clear with whom he would eventually align himself. Most of them were already entering their chosen professions, and the problem was to find a friend of kindred tastes who was unattached, was not likely to marry, and was prepared to make Warren's projects his own.¹

Warren did "eventually align himself"—with John Marshall—to whom he wrote from Oxford in June 1889, attempting to quell his friend's reservations about being "unequally yoked" to a young man of wealth:

I think, my boy, that when you have spent some months at the house I am hunting for, you will feel happier and stronger and be less inclined to take into account differences of property, etc., which are external, as you well know.²

The summer passed; and, by September 1889, Marshall's reservations seem to have subsided, replaced by a tone that is noticeably that of a lover:

You were to me at first a quality, then a collection of qualities, and at last (I date it from my last visit to Oxford) well! you were Warren: and now everything you say and do seems inseparable from you and from my love to you.³

In a letter dated 16 November 1889, Warren, just after waxing lyrical about Marshall's qualities, seems to warn him about becoming so enamoured so soon:

But I see this distinctly: that it is all very serious to you, that you are living, imaginative, passionate, whereas I am prosy, commonplace, and, as far as such things are concerned, dead. My chief fear is that I shall "hurt" you.⁴

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 122.

² As quoted in *ibid.*, p. 130. Marshall's health did indeed improve at Lewes House, the property Warren subsequently leased (See pp. 158-161).

³ From a letter from John Marshall to Warren, as quoted in *ibid.*, p. 139.

⁴ As quoted in *ibid.*

Perhaps given the above, Marshall's reservations surfaced again, prompting Warren to write playfully on 29 November:

Could I go to Germany without you? Could I do without you all the work I shall do? Could I have such a good time bicycling without you? . . . Come now; summon your faith, and venture out. I have many needs, a bicycle as well as a Plato, and some fun as well as some work.¹

In response to this letter, Marshall replied with phrasing that recalls his role as "Puppy":

DEAR MASTER: I like Master. I don't think Herbert loved it better, nor was his half so good. You have been my providence for a long while.²

¹ As quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 140. This letter recalls Byngham's plea for Sinclair's companionship in *Pausanian Love*: "Will you come to me, Jiffy, will you come?" (*CW*, Vol. I, p. 579).

² As quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 140. It is indeed noteworthy that "Marshall made five drafts of [this] final letter of acceptance" (Green, *Warrens*, p. 97). The allusion to Herbert recalls the following: "To testify his independency upon all others, and to quicken his diligence in this kind, [George Herbert] used in his ordinary speech, when he made mention of the blessed name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, to add, My Master"—*The Works of George Herbert in Prose and Verse*, in 2 vols (London: Bell & Daldy, 1859), II, p. xxiv. Given both his role as "Puppy" and Warren's proposal of a trip to Germany, Marshall likely had in mind Herbert's poem "The Collar" (II, pp. 173-174, lines 19-36):

Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of *what is fit, and not*: forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed:
I will abroad.

...

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, *Child*:
And I replied, *My Lord!*

The correspondence above displays the subtle evolution of a fierce friendship into love, a development like that for which Warren had been craving since at least his Freshman year at Harvard.

Although this homoerotic relationship—which Marshall later dubbed “a Roman act of friendship”—came to encapsulate all Warren’s hopes for companionship, there would always remain, at least for Marshall, an unpleasant sense of being “unequally yoked,” a sense that subsided only to gather force again, as it does in a letter he wrote to Warren in September 1891. This letter is particularly curious, crafted to objectify Warren, as if Marshall were talking about him to a third-party rather than addressing him directly:

Were I in good health and likely to live long, I should pride myself on a Roman act of friendship in this counsel; but now—he knows I like him but he doesn’t know how much I like him—he must forget me, for I have disappointed his hopes. I was never untrue, but I didn’t work hard enough nor regularly, and so when the scissors seem closing there seems little done—not anything worth a thousandth part of what he has sacrificed for it. I was a born lover, I think, and not quite right for a scholar: though I loved scholarship above all things, I always loved some man better.¹

While in Rome in early March 1889, Warren wrote a letter to Marshall that touches upon several themes that would soon merge into an East Sussex version of Plato’s Academe:

Plato has given me help and confirmed some of my ideas, but I must use his evidence indirectly and not pose as a Greek astray, although I feel my separation from modern life often.

¹ As quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 148. The word “counsel” seems to be homoerotic code: see Lionel Johnson’s poem “Counsel” (1887), dedicated to Warren (pp. xxxvii-xxxviii, of the present introduction); Warren, *Defence*, in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 542, footnote 2, and 622; and Michael Matthew Kaylor, *Secreted Desires: The Major Uranians: Hopkins, Pater and Wilde* (Brno, Czech Republic: Masaryk University Press, 2006), pp. 260 and 269.

I am very anxious to find a house in England, perhaps in Surrey, or in Sussex near the Downs, where I can ride and read and establish myself more or less.¹

In the coming years, Warren would actualize this merger at Lewes House, a spacious Georgian house in the High Street of Lewes, East Sussex, a refined residence with two-and-a-half acres of gardens and grounds. This house, which he began leasing in April 1890 for £150 per annum, he would purchase outright in 1913 for £3,750.² By the end of his life, he would also become the owner of two other Lewes properties: School Hill House, the Georgian townhouse next door; and The Shelleys, a mansion down the High Street.³

It was at Lewes House, which he soon filled with “beautiful things of all periods,”⁴ that a masculine, communal environment quickly took shape under Warren’s direction. Here he also collected young men whose erotic sensibilities, scholarly pursuits, and aesthetic tastes were particularly Grecian: “Ned finally found and bought the house he wanted to live in and to make the seed cell of his Uranian creed and cause.”⁵ Besides himself and Marshall, this community—

¹ As quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 129. “Warren . . . took the Greek ideal of homosexuality deadly seriously, not merely as an inspiration but as a model to be imitated in modern life”—Nicholas C. Edsall, *Toward Stonewall: Homosexuality and Society in the Modern Western World* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2003), p. 191.

² The value of £150 in 1890 ≈ £93,000 today; £3,750 in 1913 ≈ £1.7 million.

³ For photographs of Lewes House, School Hill House, The Shelleys, and the South Downs, see *CW*, Vol. I, pp. cxlviii-cliv, 110, and 580. “[Warren] funded a Military Hospital next door [at School Hill House] during the war”—Diana Crook, edited, Mrs. Henry Dudeney, *A Lewes Diary, 1916-1944* (Heathfield: Tartarus Press, 1998), p. 15, footnote.

⁴ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 280. See the items auctioned in 1929 (*CW*, Vol. I, p. lxxxii). Sox describes the house as a “sheer glut of silver, china, glass, antiques and paintings” (*Bachelors*, p. 45); however, period descriptions and photographs do not support this (See Green, *Warrens*, between pp. 144-145; Sox, *Bachelors*, between pp. 148-149), especially when one considers the “heavy hangings, inlaid furniture, painted ceilings and proliferating bronze, marble and china bric-à-brac [that] is frequently met in later Victorian England”—Mark Girouard, *The English Town* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 1990), p. 300.

⁵ Green, *Warrens*, p. 112. See “Appendix II,” in *CW*, Vol. II.

later dubbed “The Lewes House Brotherhood”—included, at various times, Matthew Stewart Prichard, John Rowland Fothergill, Harold Woodbury Parsons, Richard Fisher, and others. Notably, as Green explains: “Since Oscar Wilde’s death in 1900, Lewes House had sheltered former members of his circle,”¹ particularly Prichard and Fothergill.

This communal environment was fashioned to accord with the motto Warren had chosen for Lewes House, a passage from the *Sikvae* of Statius:

*Hic premitur fecunda quies, virtusque serena
Fronte gravis, sanusque nitor, luxuque carentes
Deliciae.*²

[Here are contained: productive quiet; serene virtue, grave of brow; uncorrupted splendour; and delightful companions, not lacking in discipline.]

Put simply, the Lewes House Brotherhood was a self-contained world bountiful in Classical scholarship, Arabian stallions, St. Bernards, and male companionship:

It was to be a house for bachelors and scholars, and the “good life” was to include much fun and good fellowship, with horses to keep the men fit and good wine and food to complete their well-being.

¹ Green, *Warrens*, p. 4. See also pp. 115-120, for relevant details about Prichard and Fothergill, as well as Robert Ross—“the one person outside the Lewes House set with whom Warren corresponded regularly [and who] seems to have visited Lewes House in the summers” (p. 119). See John Fothergill, *My Three Inns* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1949), p. 238.

Lord Alfred Douglas dedicated his poem “VAE VICTIS!” (1895) to Prichard—see Caspar Wintermans, *Alfred Douglas: A Poet’s Life and His Finest Work* (London: Peter Owen, 2007), pp. 227-228 and 293-294, note. Fothergill was “one of those to be given an inscribed copy of ‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol,’ when Wilde emerged from prison” (Green, *Warrens*, p. 120). “The friends were not all, perhaps none of them were, ardent Uranians in Warren’s sense. But they were homosexual or bisexual, and simply by virtue of their work at Lewes House, they were agents in Ned’s enterprise” (*ibid.*, p. 115).

² *Sikvae*, I 3, lines 91-93, describing Vopiscus’ villa (translated by Mark Robert Miner). Though implying his circle of disciplined, scholarly bachelors, *deliciae* generally means “pets, favourites, catamites.”

All things were supposed to be common property, and hats, coats, trunks, were borrowed at a moment's notice without a thought to whom they belonged. This extended even to towels, sponges and so on, and the bathroom was a truly communal spot. The bath was large enough to hold two men at a pinch, and when people returned from riding, games or exercises, the room would be full. One of the friends on his departure received the following farewell: "We shall miss you from the bathroom."¹

Beyond properties, pets, and private secretaries, he also collected a more questionable assortment of playthings that his official biographers describe with tact rather than naïveté:

He delighted to take under his wing any boys or young men who, whether they were promising or not, happened to cross his path. He enjoyed their company. He delighted to give them a good time, and he welcomed rather than feared the problem, for which he thus made himself responsible, of their future.²

However, Warren's "Puppy" was always given pride of place. In response to Marshall's occasional disputes with and jealousies over the other members of the Lewes House Brotherhood—as well as Warren's incidental attachments to those boys and young men—a letter from Warren to Marshall in September 1892 shows how those problems were usually handled, as the "Master" stroked his favourite pet: "Don't bother, my dear boy. Lewes House belongs to you and not to him; and so do I."³

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 144 and 156.

² *Ibid.*, p. 144. See also p. 85: "There was seldom a time when he had not five or six young men or boys on his hands," in some way looking after their educations, livelihoods, etc. (though his biographers are certainly hinting at more than that). For comment on Osbert Burdett's own homosexuality and Uranian affinities, see Green, *Warrens*, p. 123, and Forrest Reid, *The Tom Barber Trilogy*, in 2 vols, edited with a study and notes by Michael Matthew Kaylor (Kansas City, MO: Valancourt Books, 2011), II, pp. 139, 208-212, 303, 316, 559-563, and 575-576.

³ As quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 170. "Naturally the affection of two men of such different stamp was bound to show

Despite the cloistral atmosphere of Lewes House, Warren felt the need for an even more private retreat, a space where he could be alone with his thoughts, his treasures, and his intimacies:

Over the coach-house, which, never used for a carriage or a car, was later to shelter Rodin's *Le Baiser* ["The Kiss"], Warren built his private study. This was called "Thebes," a name suggestive of seclusion, and here he was safe from disturbance when at work.

The room, half panelled in new oak, and ornamented only by an Elizabethan portrait group and by two modern carved corbels on which the sloping ends of the roof-beams rested, was reached by an oak stair with a door at the foot that could be locked. There were two other rooms in Thebes as well. These could be bedrooms in emergencies, but were generally filled with books, papers and the litter of scholarship and archaeology. The passage connecting the rooms had oak cupboards where more books, Greek vases, cups, pieces of jewellery, ancient gems, and a little tin trunk known as "the Will box," were stored. The key of Thebes was worn on a gold chain round Warren's neck, and when, as sometimes happened, this was left about, it was the first duty of the finder to hang it again round the neck of the owner.

Of the entire house Thebes was the *penetralia* ["most private part"]. The most delightful or private of all conversations used to take place there.¹

However, the Lewes House Brotherhood was much more than what has thus far been described, for Warren had another intention behind collecting young men who shared his Graeco-Roman erotic sensibilities, scholarly pursuits, and aesthetic tastes. Like most individuals with such wealth,

itself in different ways—Johnny's in jealousy, Ned's in worry" (ibid., p. 246). Green writes: "Exactly what their sexual relations were cannot be said . . . It seems likely that other, younger men were soon more attractive to both of them" (*Warrens*, p. 97).

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 141-142. *Penetralia* derives from *penetrare* ("to penetrate"), hence is erotically suggestive here. See the entry for 8 October 1940, in Dudeney, *A Lewes Diary*, p. 202.

Warren wanted to go shopping, and his Brothers had the task of assisting him in what was to prove a most unconventional shopping spree.

In May 1892, the Adolphe van Branteghem sale was held in Paris, and Warren made several exquisite purchases there—the most notable being an Attic red-figure *kylix*, or drinking cup, fashioned and signed by Euphronios (perhaps the greatest Greek potter) and decorated by Onesimos. At this sale, Warren, assisted by Marshall, began a decade-long career as a prominent collector,¹ a collector so astute that

He and Marshall had the market so effectively in their hands that [Alexander] Murray of the British Museum could observe: “There is nothing to be got nowadays, since Warren and Marshall are always on the spot first.”²

¹ For a résumé of Warren’s collecting activities, see “Letter from Mr. H. A. Thomas to the President of Corpus” (from Lewes, 28 November 1912), printed as Appendix II of Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 439-442.

“The Van Branteghem sale began to make Warren and Marshall known to the dealers, and from this time forward they were nearing the centre of the highly complicated market where diplomacy, foreign chicane, and skilled tactics were unavoidable to gain the prizes and to escape the frauds” (Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 165).

The *kylix* in question is Kylix 95.27. KOMOS. PANAITIOS PAINTER, catalogued in L. D. Caskey and J. D. Beazley, *Attic Vase Painting in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*, Part II (London: Published for the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, by Oxford University Press, 1954), pp. 31-33 and plates XLI-II: [Item 79] 95.27. Cup [from the Late Archaic Period, 490-480 BCE]. “[Supposedly, it] was found by Pietro Saveri in a property of his, three miles from Viterbo. Not long after, it was acquired from the dealer De Dominicis by the Rev. J. and Mrs. [Elizabeth Caroline] Hamilton Gray. In 1855 it was deposited . . . in the Museum of Bethnal Green, London, where it remained till 1887, when it was acquired by Adolphe van Branteghem. It was no. 52 in the Branteghem sale catalogue in 1892, and was purchased by Edward Warren for the Museum of Fine Arts” (p. 31). “The cup, of type B, was fashioned by the potter Euphronios, as the inscription says . . . It is very nearly as large as the great Theseus cup, also signed by Euphronios, in the Louvre” (p. 32). This *kylix* (MFA 95.27) is particularly paederastic, with inscriptions such as PANAITIOS KALOS—“Panaitios is pretty” (inscribed twice) and KALOS HO PAIS—“The boy is pretty.” For a photograph of this cup, see the next page.

² Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 88. “[Warren’s] fine and newly-formed collection has only one fault in English eyes—its contents



DRINKING CUP (KYLIX)

Signed by the potter Euphronios
and probably decorated by Onesimos
Greek, Late Archaic Period, ca. 490-480 BCE
Red-figure ceramic (No. 95.27)
The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

However, since “Greek pots were not then much appreciated in Boston,”¹ his Euphronios purchase elicited little interest on the other side of the Atlantic. In fact, Warren felt compelled to justify this and similar purchases to his mother, which he does in a letter from autumn 1892, this young connoisseur expounding to her the significance of such Greek vases: “They are particularly needful for an American museum because only in vases and coins can it hope to obtain a collection representing all phases and times, and illustrating all that we read about.”²

tend to find their way to the Boston Museum”—Anonymous, “Greek Art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club,” *The Times* (18 May 1903), p. 7.

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 163.

² As quoted in *ibid.*, p. 164. Warren’s mother became an important collector in her own right, which occasionally brought her into intense competition with Isabella Stewart Gardner, whose collection became the Boston museum that bears her name. Green writes: “[Mrs. Warren] was a pioneer

Warren's finesse as a buyer became strikingly evident when he acquired the collection of antique gems formerly owned by Michel Tyszkiewicz (1828-1897), a Polish count who had been one of the great collectors of his day:

The Tyszkiewicz sale opened on June 9th [1898] and the prices for the good things were fantastic. The great tussle was over the gems. The Hermitage were in the bidding and had been authorised by the Tsar to go up to 100,000 francs. . . . Warren took the plunge and got the collection—64 pieces—for 106,000 francs [≈ £2.5 million today].¹

As a result of this and other exquisite purchases, Warren and Marshall were asked by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston—which had been incorporated in 1870 and had Warren's brother Sam as one of its Trustees—to serve as its principal purchasing agents for Graeco-Roman antiquities, a role Warren had forecasted for himself in *A Tale of Pausanian Love*:

“You should go in for Greek vases and archaeology,” [Byngham] said. I had done that just a little, with an interest that was to develop into a passion.²

However, Warren's “passion” for collecting was not always shared, at least in its intensity and selectivity, by the Museum, which often seemed more interested in quantity and price than in quality and rarity:

among Americans as a collector. . . . Mrs. Warren collected old master originals . . . [and] was, in a less important way than Ned, a priest of the cult of authenticity, cherishing the pristine source, scorning educative facsimiles” (*Warrens*, p. 39). See “Appendix VI,” in *CW*, Vol. II.

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 225. For the items in this sale, see Wilhelm Fröhner, *Collection d'antiquités du comte Michel Tyszkiewicz* [catalogue sommaire]: *vente aux enchères publiques*: [Paris, Hôtel Drouot, 8, 9 et 10 juin 1898] . . . (Paris: Imprimerie de l'Art, E. Moreau et Cie, 1898). In 1921, “it was decided to divide [these gems] up into five equal parcels, each one of which might be bought by the [Boston] Museum without obligation to buy the remainder. . . . The last lot was purchased in February, 1928”—Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 382.

² Warren, *Pausanian Love* (written in 1887), in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 482. The earliest known receipt from a Warren purchase is for an Etruscan vase, purchased in 1885 from W. Ogden, an Oxford dealer (See J. D. Beazley, in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 363).

The agreements with the Boston Museum emerged only gradually, and even in its most generous period the Museum there could not buy all, or nearly all, that Warren and Marshall had acquired.¹

Ned did not bear in mind that to those not in the heat of the collecting, and not passionately devoted as he was to the Hellenic Eros, it did not always seem to be of first-class importance whether they acquired some particular antiquity or not. It says much for his enthusiasm and self-sacrifice that he bought and held for years such things as the Chios Head, the Heracles, the coins and gems and the Boston Throne . . . until the Museum could be induced to take them over.²

For Warren, those acts of acquisition were also intimate expressions, for only “love can revive the old Hellenic day”³:

With Ned Warren love and collecting were inexorably entwined and the extent and direction of that collecting took shape in the context of the love of his life, John Marshall, his “Puppy.”⁴

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 79. “It is popularly held that the great American collections are entirely the result of regardless expenditure; a comfortable doctrine, far from the truth. The sums spent by Boston were not very large, and would have been idle without the devotion and knowledge of the two friends [Warren and Marshall]”—Prof. J. D. Beazley, “Mr. E. P. Warren” (A Tribute), *The Times* (7 January 1929), p. 19. However, the sums spent for antiquities were not nominal (which Prof. Beazley seems to imply) during “the massive acquisition program of the Warren era, when \$676,904 from a total acquisitions budget of \$1,202,894 was spent on Classical art and more than four thousand objects were acquired”—Stephen L. Dyson, *Ancient Marbles to American Shores: Classical Archaeology in the United States* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1998), p. 155. The value of \$1.2 million in 1902 ≈ \$195 million today.

² Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 81. The items specified are, respectively: *Head of a Goddess* (MFA 10.70), *Hercules* (MFA 95.76), and *Three-sided Relief* (MFA 08.205).

³ Line 12 of the poem “Still Waters” (dated “June 1894”), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 26-27. Green writes: “[Warren] had decided that the Hellenic idea was unintelligible without art—meaning above all Greek sculpture, but also vases, coins, intaglios, and cameos” (*Warrens*, p. 92).

⁴ Sox, *Bachelors*, p. 37.

However, seen in a larger context, this collecting was motivated by the same impulse that infuses his paederastic apologia *A Defence of Uranian Love*, for both arose, as Warren explains, from

rebellion against [my brother] Sam and against all to whom I had objected from youth, the worldly wisdom which was inconsistent with love and enthusiasm. . . . I have always said and believed that it was hate of Boston that made me work for Boston . . . The collection was my plea against that in Boston which contradicted my (Pagan) love.¹

Burdett and Goddard explicate the above:

For some time his activity was devoted toward the collection of antiquities for the Boston Museum, and, to a lesser extent, New York. Those collections were, in a real sense, a labour of love, intended to convey the true Classical message to any American capable of hearing it. Each piece, whether coin, vase, terra-cotta or sculpture, was carefully chosen, not because it was *archäologisch wichtig* ["archaeologically significant"], but because it displayed to a renegade world something of what Greece meant. That message however must to some extent be a personal one: Hellenic "education" depended in its final object upon the relation between the young pupil and an older wiser man, who did not teach as a lecturer, but who drew out the true virtue of the younger, encouraging hardness, courage, and above all, the "love of wisdom" — which we *mistranslate* "philosophy," losing thereby all notion of the love that is needed, and all understanding of that divine inspiration which is the root of all wisdom. Because for this *philosophia* the personal touch was essential, and because in the ordinary circumstances of the modern world its substitutes, in marriage or in adolescent friendship, seemed so inadequate, Warren remained al-

¹ From an autobiographical fragment written by Warren (as quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 157). Green glosses this as: "Ned openly hated all that 'Boston' stood for and intended his nude Greek sculptures to lead to the subversion of Boston values" (*Warrens*, p. 4).

most obstinately wedded to his eager passion for a scheme which would make it possible.¹

Though his collecting activities certainly arose in the context of love, it was paederastic love—not, as David Sox suggests, his Pausanian love for Marshall. Warren makes this pointedly clear after his friend’s death and just before his own:

I puzzle too about love. It makes so much disturbance; people suffer from it; yet the good things of life come chiefly from it. Should I be content to remember only that something has been done for the Museums, content with the less personal result of love? For the Museum was truly a paederastic evangel. It must be counted a result of love. All goes together, the love, the suffering, the Museum, and perhaps my mistakes towards my people and towards Johnny.²

Nowhere is this commingling of collecting and paederastic love more evident than in Warren’s acquisition in 1911, for £2,000 (≈ £971,000 today), of a silver Roman *scyphus*, or drinking vessel, decorated with explicit paederastic scenes.³ This vessel—said to have been discovered in Bittir (ancient Bethther), near Jerusalem,⁴ and later dubbed “The Warren Cup”—was acquired by the British Museum in 1999, for £1.8 million, and is now on permanent exhibit in its Wolfson Gallery of Roman Antiquities:

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 397-398.

² As quoted in *ibid.*, p. 429. Green writes: “[Warren] was not at all ambivalent about another immoralist intent put into effect through this work: the subversion of sexual ‘normality’ in America” (*Warrens*, p. 127). See John Potvin, “*Askesis* as Aesthetic Home: Edward Perry Warren, Lewes House, and the Ideal of Greek Love,” *Home Cultures*, Vol. VIII, issue 1 (2011), pp. 71-89 (p. 86): “His friend and fellow pederast George Santayana was direct in his criticism of Warren’s obsessive Hellenism, stating that it had become an embarrassment and threatened his credibility and reputation.”

³ See Dyfri Williams, *The Warren Cup* (in the *British Museum Objects in Focus* series) (London: The British Museum Press, 2006), p. 25.

⁴ For details regarding the provenance of “The Warren Cup,” see John R. Clarke, “The Warren Cup and the Contexts for Representations of Male-to-Male Lovemaking in Augustan and Early Julio-Claudian Art,” *The Art Bulletin*, Vol. LXXV, number 2 (1993), pp. 275-294 (p. 276).



SCYPHUS / “THE WARREN CUP”

Roman, Imperial Period, ca. 5-15 CE
Said to have come from Bittir, near Jerusalem
Silver (No. GR 1999.4-26.1)
The British Museum, London



One of the most exquisite works of toreutic art to have been created in the early Roman Imperial period is a silver ovoid *scyphus*, or drinking vessel, approximately 6 inches (15 cm) high, known as the Warren Cup . . . The Warren Cup is remarkable especially for its representation of two homoerotic scenes, each featuring an older, idealized male “pedicating” (that is, anally penetrating) a younger male. Unlike scenes of heterosexual intercourse, those of a homoerotic nature are relatively uncommon in Roman art, with the Warren Cup providing the only known representation of homosexual copulation in the medium of decorative Roman silver.¹

Over time, Warren became an important benefactor of the burgeoning collection of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, as well as the collections of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, the Rhode Island School of Design, and the Antikenmuseum der Universität Leipzig, among others. However, those Museums were not always comfortable with the items that Warren had procured for, or donated to them. A notable example is his 1908 donation of a major collection of Greek, Etruscan, and Roman antiquities to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, which, after accepting this gift, labelled the items “erotica” and refused even to catalogue them until the 1950s.² The reason why even refined Bostonians re-

¹ John Pollini, “The Warren Cup: Homoerotic Love and Symposial Rhetoric in Silver,” *The Art Bulletin*, Vol. LXXXI, number 1 (1999), pp. 21-52 (p. 21). *Toreutic* means “embossed metalwork.” Warren would have recognized the overlap between this cup and the following from his earlier *Tale of Pausanian Love*: “The number at hall shrank till each had his own silver cup—the sight of those boys, drinking out of silver cups against the dark wainscot with their gowns hanging from their shoulders, was very pretty” (in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 493). See “Appendices V and VI,” in Vol. II.

² See Sox, *Bachelors*, p. 253; Stuart Frost, “The Warren Cup: Highlighting Hidden Histories,” *Journal of Art & Design Education*, Vol. XXVI, issue 1 (2007), pp. 63-72 (p. 69). Green observes: “It is also notable that after Sam’s departure from the presidency [of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston], Ned resumed his relationship with the Museum. He was good friends with Arthur Fairbanks, the new Director. In 1908, for instance, Ned sent the Museum as a gift his collection of obscene art, known at the Museum as the Warren Gift Collection” (*Warrens*, p. 204). See Christine Temin,

garded such antiquities as problematic is obvious: Warren's collecting for the Museum "was truly a paederastic evangel [and] must be counted a result of love," a love that proper society preferred to expurgate from its conversations, its texts, and its art collections. Warren was attempting to force his contemporary Bostonians to countenance that, at least in regard to the antiquities they had left behind, "what the Greeks called *paiderastia*, or boy-love, was a phenomenon of one of the most brilliant periods of human culture."¹ *That* Boston was not prepared to admit.

Despite several friends and associates leaving the Brotherhood after 1900,² Warren's collecting activities were progressing in style—that is, until roughly 1902, the same year as he anonymously published an article in *The Monthly Review* entitled "The Scandal of the Museo di Villa Giulia," detailing fraudulent practices by Italian archaeologists and curators.³ One of those whom Warren lambasts, Prof. Felice Barnabei (1842-1922), Director of both Antiquities and Fine Arts and the Museo di Villa Giulia, was involved in formulating laws making export licenses difficult to obtain. This made it hard for foreign collectors to continue acquiring Italian antiquities in a legal or ethical fashion, not that they had always done so before 1902. Two decades later, while glossing a poem in *The Wild Rose*, Warren confesses:

"Lifting the Curtain: The MFA and Other Museums Offer a Peek at the Kind of Erotic Art Traditionally Kept Out of View," *Boston Globe* (4 February 2001), p. M.1. Regarding these "Reserved" items not on display, see the note that constitutes p. lxxxiv of the present introduction.

¹ J. A. Symonds, *A Problem in Greek Ethics: Being an Inquiry into the Phenomenon of Sexual Inversion* (London: Privately printed, 1901), p. 1.

² In 1901, Matthew Prichard left to take a post at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; Richard Fisher accompanied him to New England, to serve as private tutor to the children of Warren's brother Sam. Prichard later became useful to another influential patron, Isabella Stewart Gardner, for whose rather-domestic museum in Boston, Fenway Court (later renamed after her), Prichard would serve as Assistant Director. For Warren's friendship with Mrs. Gardner's nephew, see *CW*, Vol. I, p. xxxix.

³ See Green, *Warrens*, pp. 174-176. Auditor [Edward Perry Warren], "The Scandal of the Museo di Villa Giulia," *The Monthly Review*, Number 17, Vol. VI, issue 2 (February 1902), pp. 78-101. This article is reprinted in the present *Collected Works*, Vol. II, pp. 211-236.

["The Naiads"] was occasioned by doubt whether the author had been right in his conduct of a certain matter of business with Italians, substantially, whether in Rome you should do as the Romans do. Their indistinct conception of moral principles may be adduced to excuse their disregard of precept, and a stranger cannot appeal to what is not in them. . . . You are convinced that it would be wrong to judge Southerners as Northerners; you doubt that it would be reasonable to measure your dealings with Southerners by a Northern standard. You must admit half-lights in morals.¹

Beyond those vitriolic contentions with the Italian authorities, 1902 also saw the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston—then under the direction of his brother Sam—deciding to continue building, but not its Classical collection:

Just when they were beginning to buy pieces of first-rate importance and at prices not yet prohibitive, [the Trustees] decided to spend their money instead on the new Museum building [on Huntington Avenue], and their connection with Lewes House came virtually to an end.

Warren, naturally, was bitterly disappointed.²

Besides collecting antiquities, Warren also collected Renaissance and contemporary artworks, including five sculptures by Auguste Rodin (1840-1917). After seeing a version of Rodin's *La Foi*, or "The Troth," in Paris, Warren

¹ From "Preface to a New Edition" (dated "1922"), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 6-7. See "Appendix I," in *CW*, Vol. II (p. 652).

² Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 244. See Green, *Warrens*, pp. 9 and 172. For period photographs of the Museum of Fine Arts buildings, see *CW*, Vol. I, pp. cxlii-cxliii.

Although the period of Warren's prominent collecting was 1892-1902, Beazley dates this differently: "The great period of collecting was the ten years 1894 to 1904. Warren never ceased to collect, but after 1904 the activity was on a smaller scale" (in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 372), because "in 1904 [Sam Warren] announced a purchase of antiquities that he stated must be their last" (Green, *Warrens*, p. 172).

For the initial sections of its new building, the Trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston commissioned the architect Guy Lowell (1870-1927), whose Neoclassical design—with its massive façade of cut granite—was actualized in 1909. See *CW*, Vol. I, p. cxlii.

offered £1,000 for this sculpture group,¹ which depicts the adulterous lovers Paolo Malatesta and Francesca da Rimini (the Paolo and Francesca of Dante's *Inferno*). Unfortunately, that particular sculpture—of which several versions, in various sizes, had already been made—was the property of the French Government. At this point, William Rothenstein (1872-1945) began negotiating on Warren's behalf for a replica in Pentelican marble, a replica to be titled *Le Baiser*, or "The Kiss." "In the autumn of 1900 Rodin undertook to make a perfect replica in eighteen months"—however, Clause 4 of the contract stipulated one alteration: *L'organe génital de l'homme doit être complété* ["The genitals of the man must be completed"].² On 28 July 1904, Rodin wrote to inform Warren that the sculpture was ready to be sent; however, before it arrived at Lewes House, it was exhibited, upon the request of Rodin, at the Düsseldorf Exhibition, and then at the New Gallery (until the end of March 1906), upon the request of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, for which Rodin was the president.³

With his period as a prominent collector coming to an end, Warren turned again to the writing of highly autobiographical verse. The resulting cluster of poems came to constitute the bulk of *Itamos: A Volume of Poems*, published in 1903—under his pseudonym "Arthur Lyon Raile"—by Grant Richards of London.⁴ Although this volume is dedicated "To J. M." (John Marshall), it is clear from the content that Warren's desires were becoming increasingly paederastic in bent, and directed at someone far younger than "Puppy."⁵

¹ The value of £1,000 in 1901 ≈ £524,000 today.

² See Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 278-286; Green, *Warrens*, p. 179.

³ See Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 285-286.

⁴ Warren's decision to employ a pseudonym partially arose from the fact that this volume was not privately printed: it even contains an announcement of other volumes by the same publisher. About his pseudonym, "when asked why he chose this name, he replied because the word 'Raile' would be 'easy to rhyme to'" (ibid., p. 302).

⁵ ITAMOS means "enthusiastic," as well as "headlong," "hasty," and "reckless." Warren's contemporaries were cognizant of the paederastic import of his poems, which is evinced by Forrest Reid's essay "Pagan Poetry," pub-

Perhaps the most sympathetic and encompassing analysis of these poems—though he dealt with them in the 1928 edition, *The Wild Rose*—is from a contemporary who shared his erotic interests, the Ulster author Forrest Reid (1875-1947). Although Reid asserts that this “is not great poetry, is not always even very readable verse,” he praises the volume for the amount of lived experience that it distils:

It is the desire for that complete union with another being in which the very idea of self is lost and found. Out of this desire the mythopoeic imagination of boyhood creates a dream image, a breathing shape, the soul-mate who never was and never can be. The years of youth are haunted by the pursuit of this beloved phantom: for a moment perhaps it seems almost grasped, but next moment it is gone; what is flesh cannot become spirit, nor can the spirit become flesh. The momentary illusion is all that remains: upon it is founded a hope that somehow, somewhere, the reality exists.¹

Consider several of those poems Reid believed had sprung “directly out of such a spiritual and emotional experience”²:

In “Love’s Word” (dated February 1902), Warren figures himself as the “child of shadowed ways” whom Love praises for his constancy and rewards with the fulfilment of his desires—“I lay across thy limbs the limbs of boys . . . I promise thee yet more”:

lished in the *Irish Statesman* in April 1928; reprinted as “Arthur Lyon Raile” in Reid’s *Retrospective Adventures* (London: Faber & Faber, 1941), pp. 171-175. “It would be easy to do less than justice to Raile’s poetry, so difficult in manner, so unusual in content. On the face of it, anything less likely to be popular would be hard to imagine . . .” (Reid, *Retrospective Adventures*, p. 171); “With the exception of a few pieces the entire collection [*Wild Rose*] really forms one single poem—an *apologia pro vita sua*, a confession, a creed” (p. 172).

While at Cambridge and afterwards, Forrest Reid was a friend of Osbert Burdett, Warren’s principal biographer. See p. xlvii, footnote 2, of the present introduction. Burdett gave Reid one of the fifty copies of Warren’s privately printed *Defence*.

¹ Reid, “Arthur Lyon Raile,” in *Retrospective Adventures*, pp. 174-175.

² *Ibid.*, p. 175.

Listen, O child, my child of shadowed ways.
’Tis I, thy master whom afar or nigh
blindly to follow with a hopeless cry
was all thy life, and for my sake to die
the loving death in staunch distressful days.

I gather thee within the clasping cloud
of purple plumes unto my hard bare breast;
I welcome thee to mine eternal rest;
avow thee worthy of thy life-long quest,
pursued through many midnights crying loud;

I lay across thy limbs the limbs of boys,
serene fulfilment of the prayers of yore;
I give thee much, I promise thee yet more . . . ¹

In “Hymn to Love” (dated 30 March 1902), Warren captures the clandestine nature of such an intimacy, its stolen moments tinct with danger, the impending threat that it might be discovered and prove ruinous:

With healing in thy wings re-risen to bless
thou comest in Hellenic nakedness,
spurning each terror-stricken soul
that shuns thee whole;

. . .

and I receive thee, as a lover’s call
the lad that heareth footsteps in the hall,
and starteth trembling in his seat to catch
the lifting latch.

I worship thee, and from thy mandate take
the conduct that will make me or unmake . . . ²

In “Lad’s Love” (dated 4 April 1902), Warren characterizes the responses that his paederastic desires have garnered from his friends, a number of whom dismiss his desires “as love diverted to ignoble ends.” Nevertheless, whenever he finds

¹ “Love’s Word” (lines 1-13), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 42-43.

² “Hymn to Love” (lines 13-16 and 25-30), in *ibid.*, pp. 46-48.

himself in the presence of a beautiful boy, Warren is brought to the recognition that, whatever the responses of others, his love is too “precious” to deny:

Though less my pride,
 a little I knew unwitting, and my friends
 that little truth denied,
 as love diverted to ignoble ends—

love precious now,
 the bloom of boyhood and the flush of Spring.¹

In “The Joy” (dated 9 April 1902), he is pleased to find his desires reciprocated and “the bloom of boyhood” responsive:

Here was the magic joy:
 thine eyes, and lovely colour, and the thought
 that even as it ought
 doth every impulse rise in thee, my boy.²

In “The Loss” (dated 17 April 1902), Warren claims that he would willingly exchange physical intimacy—would forever bear his “pent desire”—for a lasting relationship with what Reid labels “a dream image, a breathing shape, the soul-mate.” However, Warren soon discovers that his prospective beloved does not or cannot reciprocate his desires, due in part to the disparity between their ages and experiences:

Ah, could I bind him to my soul,—
 if I could have his being whole,
 I should not fear; I should not tire
 with pent desire.

Ah, if his arms the welcome gave,
 the welcome which I miss, and crave,
 I should not find my suffering less
 than happiness.

...

¹ “Lad’s Love” (lines 21-26), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 49-50.

² “The Joy” (lines 25-28), in *ibid.*, pp. 51-52.

I fly to him, and find him cold,
for “he is young, and I am old”;
I come in love, and meet a rough
and hard rebuff.¹

In “Delay” (dated 9 May 1902), Warren, the grand collector of and apologist for all things Grecian, ponders the striking difference between paederastic theory and paederastic practice, and seems to condemn himself for his own timidity as far as practice is concerned:

and all my heart saith only this:
“I fail to live my love, and miss
the best.”²

In “Ἀφέλεια: To a Greek Athlete” (dated 15 September 1902), Warren continues in the same vein, postulating that what makes him “fail to live [his] love” are the “mind-forg’d manacles” that William Blake rightly attributed to societal enculturation, manacles that Warren hopes can be loosened by becoming yet more Grecian, both in thought and act:

Lead me beyond the earth, and strip me bare
in vacant places of the air;
the coils that cumber, and the belts that bind
unloosen from the mind;
for, ere I pass, my soul would be,
O loved Hellenic athlete, like to thee,

and I am famished for the nobler food;
unto more hardy brotherhood
I yearn, enriched and laden with the past . . .³

Such were the intimate, paederastic longings that found expression in Hellenic verse, if not Hellenic act. However, there were practical considerations that were also vying for his attention, considerations set, conversely, in New England, “with [its] cold winds and snow, the traditions of Puri-

¹ “The Loss” (lines 1-8 and 17-20), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 57-58.

² “Delay” (lines 10-12), in *ibid.*, pp. 60-61.

³ “Ἀφέλεια” [*or* “Simplicity”] (lines 1-9), in *ibid.*, pp. 76-78.

tanism, the ugliness of the men and the absence of aesthetic sympathy, [where] all Greece is frozen out.”¹

At this time, amidst concerns about the management of the Family Trust, Warren began spending extensive periods in Boston, as well as at Fewacres, his rural retreat in Gorham, Maine, only a few miles from the Cumberland Mills, the centre of his family’s paper-manufacturing empire:

Warren in 1903 leased Fewacres, an old Colonial house in Maine which he gradually turned into a delightful home for an American gentleman. The house became a happy summer home, especially in the last years of his life, and well repaid the comparatively little spent on it.²

One person whose impression of this atmosphere should be considered is the Great War poet Siegfried Sassoon (1886-1967), whose visit to Fewacres in July 1920 was extended into a month’s holiday:

Warren’s American estate, Fewacres, was run by the son of one of his ex-lovers, . . . Charles Murray West, who organized his life there along English country house lines, complete with a butler who served afternoon tea. . . . Though modest in scale, Fewacres was an aesthete’s delight of “Doric porches, golden torsos, etc.,” according to Sassoon. . . . The house was surrounded by half-wild countryside, which gave Sassoon the impression that “the landscape was its garden and the darkness of the distant wood its boundary.” From the plain but perfect country food to his host’s daily study of the Classics, [Sassoon] is at pains to suggest an atmosphere of high-minded but luxurious simplicity.³

¹ From a letter from Warren to John Marshall, dated 27 February 1887, as quoted in Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 123.

² Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, pp. 83-84. For photographs of Fewacres, see *CW*, Vol. I, p. clv. “[Warren] bought a house . . . called ‘Broadacres’ and, saying that since his acres were no broader than anyone else’s, and not so many, he called it ‘Fewacres’ which, I hope, is its name still, and filled it with Greek things”—Fothergill, *My Three Inns*, p. 234. See also the footnotes for pp. 721-723, in *CW*, Vol. II.

³ Jean Moorcroft Wilson, *Siegfried Sassoon: The Journey from the Trenches: A Biography (1918-1967)* (New York: Routledge, 2003), p. 95. “For the first

Sassoon's other impressions, though only discreetly allusive, are also worth noting, especially given that he shared many of Warren's erotic desires and had had only the briefest of meetings with Warren prior to visiting him at Fewacres:

[Sassoon] does not mention something he almost certainly knew, which is that Warren's "serenely civilized existence" centred round his still unfinished *magnum opus* [*A Defence of Uranian Love*], his attempt to justify what he euphemistically termed "lad's love."

Read in this light, Sassoon's description of his visit abounds in ironies. When, for example, he wrote that Warren had a temperament "which excels in intimacy with the young," it is difficult not to read that as an oblique reference to his paederasty. Or when Sassoon claims that Warren found his stay "memorably delightful," the reader starts to wonder exactly what kind of relationship the older man had with his attractive, still very youthful-looking guest.¹

Such was the atmosphere at Fewacres. Yet there was, almost two decades before Sassoon's arrival, John Marshall to consider, and Warren's poem "The Flight of Love over the Sea" (dated 15 January 1903) seems a rather pathetic attempt to placate a beloved friend left alone for extensive periods while Warren was across the Atlantic:

Love flieth out to thee over the sea,
sheering the misty spray;

...

Strong from the travel far and fleet,
fresh from the airy quest,
bright from windy shiverings,
soon shall he gather thee under his breast,

time since the war . . . he felt he was in 'Arcadia' and Warren had no difficulty in persuading him to remain [at Fewacres] far longer than he had intended" (p. 96). For C. J. Murray West at Fewacres, later called "DeWitt Manor," see the footnotes for pp. 721-723, in *CW*, Vol. II.

¹ Wilson, *Sassoon*, p. 95. As they were printed, the various volumes of Warren's *Defence* were sent to Sassoon (See the present *Collected Works*, Vol. I, p. cxviii, footnote 1).

INTRODUCTION

soon shall he bury thee under his wings,
draw thee to him with arms and feet,
cover thee with his heat.¹

Besides an ocean, Warren and Marshall were also increasingly divided by the presence of the person to whom the poem above was *actually* addressed, Warren's new protégé:

Not only did [Marshall] feel he was playing second fiddle to Boston, Marshall was also aware of the growing importance of Ned's new set of friends. One, Harold Parsons, Marshall came to despise. Of the other, Harry Thomas, he was bitterly jealous. In 1906, Ned paraded his young and handsome protégé, Harry, around Boston and Fewacres. This was especially hard for Marshall to swallow as some saw Harry as "Ned's new boy-friend."²

In the commissioned biography, Burdett and Goddard are far more oblique about the Marshall–Warren–Thomas dynamic:

The next year, 1906, was perhaps the worst for the friendship [between Warren and Marshall]. Warren always referred to the "terrible autumn" of 1906. In the spring he took Thomas to Contrexéville [in France], then to Fewacres, nominally for two months. Johnny thought the visit to America unnecessary, and regarded it only as an excuse for getting away from him.³

However, the poems in *Itamos* suggest that, by 1902, Warren had already become involved in a tempestuous, erotic relationship with an unnamed boy or young man:

¹ "The Flight of Love over the Sea" (lines 1-2 and 15-21), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 105. See "Appendix I," in *ibid.* (pp. 632-633).

² Sox, *Bachelors*, p. 77. Green lists several interests shared by Warren and Thomas: "Ned played Bach, Mozart, Handel, and Haydn beautifully, as did his 'delightful and handsome boy-friend, Harry Thomas, who was also an excellent horseman'" (*Warrens*, p. 115; the imbedded quotation is from Harold Woodbury Parsons). Thomas was born in Birkenhead, England, and schooled at Ashford House, Cheshire. Probably through Warren's influence, he studied at Harvard College from 1903-1904. During the Great War, he served as a Captain in the Royal Artillery (from July 1914).

³ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 256.

The relief in 1902 probably came soon after the arrival of another and much younger friend. None ever ousted Marshall. . . . In a sense, Marshall was unreasonable. He withdrew and was still first, but he did not like the idea of anyone else taking the place he had surrendered.¹

The above is intentionally vague, with Goddard, in particular, choosing not to name the “much younger friend,” Harold “Harry” Asa Thomas (1883-1953), who was still living when the biography appeared. About this, Sox writes:

The dedication for *The Wild Rose* was to J.M.—John Marshall, but as Ned’s biographers, Burdett and Goddard, commented, he was “not the subject of most of the love poems.” That was H.—Harry Thomas. Having said this, Burdett and Goddard felt compelled to add: “The biographer especially must be wary of precise personal inferences.” That comment is about as effective as the judge advising the jury to disregard a provocative statement made in a trial. The earliest poem of the collection is dated 1882, the latest 1910, but most of the poems were written from 1902 onward—after Ned had met Harry Thomas.²

In verse, Warren traces the evolving dynamics and concerns, the flaming and the subsiding of this relationship, as in “Disappointment” (dated 15 March 1903), a poem that implores young Thomas to reconsider Warren’s love for him, but only after gaining enough experience *via* other loves to appreciate “the love that hung betwixt thy face and mine”:

Dear boy, I blame thee not;
for youth is hot;
thou dost not know that love is worth the soul
that gives it, and no more . . .

And why should be mine own
thy life? Alone
try what of love thou covetest unbidden.

¹ Burdett & Goddard, *Biography*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 304.

² Sox, *Bachelors*, pp. 86-87; see also pp. 78-79. See Warren’s annotation on “a series of H. A. T. poems,” in “Appendix I,” in *CW*, Vol. II (pp. 632-633).

INTRODUCTION

Pass on thy way and try.
Prove what shall please thee better far than I.
Pass on thy way, unfaithful and unchidden;—

...

I, faithful, thus have peace,
nor for thee cease
the blessings of a constant watch and true.
But ah! couldst thou divine
the love that hung betwixt thy face and mine,
then shouldst thou turn again, and bless me too.¹

In the ditty “Worship” (dated 25 March 1903), Warren voices a conventional lover’s claim that he is and ever will be unable, in words, to capture adequately the effect upon him that Thomas produces:

I cannot sing thee, cannot say
to-day—to-morrow—more than yesterday.
Thy voice alone is more than words:
it sweepeth all the chords
of all my being that, without, within,
throbs as the body of a violin.²

In “Courage” (dated 9 April 1903), Warren recalls the disparity between theory and practice that he condemns in his earlier poem “Delay,” and musters the courage to fulfil “the creed”—clearly his paederastic creed—“not by faith but deed.” This involves, for him, a paederastic exercise of “flesh” rather than “prayer”:

Betwixt the twain though Eros stand august
and rule my life, yet is his lesson clear:
that now and here
and not by faith but deed
is the fulfilling of the creed;
his heaven is human, and his home is dust.³

¹ “Disappointment” (lines 1-12 and 19-24), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 114-115.

² “Worship,” in *ibid.*, p. 116.

³ “Courage” (lines 25-30), in *ibid.*, pp. 119-120.

In “When I Am Old” (dated 24 April 1903), Warren revisits the theme of “Disappointment,” though in this case he forecasts that, after experiencing other physical intimacies (likely of the heterosexual sort), his “my lad” Thomas will return, in the eleventh hour, to express his thankfulness for the intimacy they had shared in former days:

“I have tried another way,
and sweet hath been the bed whereon I have lain.
I have left thee to love again;
but—take my hand to-day

and hear—for I will say it . . .
pleasure indeed I have learned,
have given my heart sincere,

have better loved, and found a love that now
shame were to disavow,
but not more true and perfect to the end
than thine, O perfect friend,
nor holier than thou.”¹

In “The Ensample,” a short undated ditty, Warren elevates his beloved Thomas above his own paederastic scholarship, scholarship that he had begun solidifying into *A Defence of Uranian Love*. Warren again asserts boldly that “not by faith but deed / is the fulfilling of the creed”:

What books cannot convey
thou bringest me.
What scholars cannot be,
who blind their eyes to see
the sacred way,
the better part,
thyself thou art.²

¹ “When I Am Old,” in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 122.

On 28 October 1908, Thomas married Hannah Devey of Grinton, England, with whom he fathered Pamela Asa (b. 1912) and Edward Asa (b. 1914). In 1932, his wife petitioned for divorce, which was granted. In August 1933, he married Mary Joyce Fletcher (See *Burke’s Peerage, Baronetage & Knightage*, 107th edition, Vol. III, p. 3793).

² “The Ensample,” in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 141.

In “Parting” (dated 23 November 1903), Warren reminds Thomas, whom he appears to be losing to the charms of a female, that he has “known” him—“known” him in the fullest biblical sense. Rather disingenuously, Warren attempts to elicit guilt in this straying youth by reminding him of the “sins” they have shared, as well as by highlighting the social stigma and criminality associated with those “sins” by addressing him as “son of England.” The poem also encapsulates a subtle threat: that Warren’s erotic “hunger,” formerly satisfied through sexually “knowing” Thomas, must needs now find other sustenance, even if Warren must “content [himself] with lesser stuff,” with boys far younger and perhaps from the lower classes, hinting at illicit pleasures lubricated by his own considerable wealth:

I have known thee, and to know,
son of England, is enough,
though my hunger hence must show
as content with lesser stuff.

I have seen thy natural truth,—
seen simplicity of line
bound infinity of youth,—
clasp in one the one divine.

Love from Heaven, let my word,—
let my memory and my creed
be not as an image blurred,
but thy very act and deed.¹

In “The Waning of Love,” another undated poem, the same themes are again considered—this time more explicitly—with Warren watching his own desires wane as Thomas crosses the line that demarcates boyhood from manhood²:

¹ “Parting,” in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 145. The last stanza of this poem serves as an epigraph for “Part the First: The Boy-Lover,” in Warren’s *Defence*. The theme above resembles the sexual pun in Fothergill’s “Harry Asa Thomas, our treasurer, without whom Ned would have *denuded* Italy and ruined himself” (*My Three Inns*, p. 232; emphasis added). See Warren, *Pausanian Love*, in *CW*, Vol. I, p. 574, footnote 2.

² This “line of demarcation” is also evident in his scholarship: “Edward Perry Warren, using the pseudonym Arthur Lyon Raile, first among writers

To love thee brings me sadness, for I know
each time the time will never come again,—
that every moment brings the darker stain
of riper manhood. Liker as we grow,
Love stirs his wings, impatient to remain.

Each night of love from such a love doth part
thy forward-looking self. At each remove
from boyhood thou art further from my love,
though nearer to the knowledge of my heart.
Love joineth us the closer to dispart.

Then thou and I to younger arms shall flee;
but thou, I think, in girlish form wilt find
what I, who know thee thoroughly, flesh and mind,
and never knew another like to thee,
shall never compass, leaving thee behind.¹

In “Home of My Heart (Returning)” (dated 23 December 1903), Thomas, having strayed into the arms of a “girlish form,” nonetheless returns to Warren’s loving embrace. “Compassed” round by a sexual atmosphere that needs no words, this moment—however fleeting or histrionic or fantastical its actuality might have been—comes close to fulfilling what Reid describes as Warren’s “desire for that complete union with another being in which the very idea of self is lost and found”:

Home of my heart, I sink my self in thine.
Our arms entwine . . .

We love, and we have nought to ask or give;
only to live
together. If my waking eyelids see
the ever-present miracle of thee,

in English drew the line of demarcation clearly and accurately between the pederasty of Graeco-Roman civilization and the androphile homosexuality that pervades modern Europe and North America”—William Armstrong Percy III, *Pederasty and Pedagogy in Archaic Greece* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1996), p. 9.

¹ “The Waning of Love,” in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, p. 148.

INTRODUCTION

thou liftest all my terror, for thou art
willing to shield me, lying against my heart.

No secrets are to tell, because we know
that all is so
though all unuttered; only to drink in
peace without end and pleasure without sin;
only to wonder; only to embrace
with happy kisses on the happy face.¹

In “Sleep and Health” (dated 21 January 1904), Warren reveals that the “courage” he was seeking in the poem by that name is now his, through intimacy with Thomas:

Take thou my love of body and of soul;
whether thou hold it dear or hold it light,
thou hast a man to love thee true and whole.

...

I brought to thee my courage to endure.
Thou gavest me the comfort to resign
endurance, and I rise and sleep secure
remembering those gentle arms of thine.²

In “Scientia Tvtrix” (dated 19 May 1904), Warren again considers the waning of the erotic desires he and Thomas have shared, a waning to which Warren has himself contributed, since his desires—here paederastic, rather than Pausanian—depend on the transitory boy *remaining a boy*:

Thou of the smooth and broadening manly shoulder
whose pleasure carolled as a bird in the sky,
must thou lay pleasure by?
And I, who loved the carol, must I now
begin thy gladsome head to bow
'neath heavy thought because thou growest older?³

¹ “Home of My Heart (Returning)” (lines 1-2 and 7-18), in Warren, *Wild Rose* (1928), in *CW*, Vol. II, pp. 149-150.

² “Sleep and Health” (lines 1-3 and 7-10), in *ibid.*, p. 151.

³ “Scientia Tvtrix” (lines 1-6) in *ibid.*, p. 155. Its title translates as “Knowledge, the Teacher.”