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with reality), a certain type of homosexual soon develops and nurtures this desire for power, these feelings of invulnerability. The case of the poet in «The Sonnets» forms a very mild illustration of this. We can see more clearly in the lives of Frederick the Great and Nathan Leopold how this thirst for power, these oceanic feelings managed to destroy the balance of the personality. Willa Cather wrote a story, «Paul's Case», where she showed the irrational acts of a young homosexual, touched with this grandioseness. Paul, in this story, desires the power to claim the passing moment and to make it his. Music calls up these cosmic emotions in him. He has a longing for what Miss Cather calls «the world-shine». At the end he comes to ruin, he cannot see himself as an unfinished person, he is unable to visualize himself within the concrete situation. However the illusion of omnipotence need not result in disaster as in this case or the case of Alcibiades. No, if the feelings of omnipotence can somehow (and a dark world lies within that word «somehow») be channelled, they may bring about fine poetry, (e. g., Crane, Whitman, Marlowe.)

For the most part human beings, whatever the object of their love, achieve good relationships to the degree that they destroy pride and absoluteness. A partial solution for homosexuals is the creation of an interdependence where now one is the child, now the other. That does represent a step forward. A more difficult life-solution is where the poetic creativity becomes, as it were, the child and no single partner is needed, but many.

In any event, if two people are serious (whether homosexual or heterosexual), they will learn to understand the true nature of their limitations and that in itself may strongly unite them.

H. G.

## S O N N E T

*Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;  
 To thee I send this written ambassage  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit.  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tottered loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:  
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,  
 Till then, not show my head where thou mayst prove me.*

*William Shakespeare*