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had gone off with a woman. I expected to see him back on board. At that, they had to leave it.

Right until the gangway came up I hoped to see him come back. I even watched for him on the launch that came to pick up the pilot after we cleared the harbour.

We cleared the harbour just on midnight. It was midnight when Manuel did his act in the café. I could see Mike sitting there, a bottle of wine in front of him, and Manuel dancing. I could hear the clickety-click of his castanets, and the clackety-clack of his heels, and the ting-tang-tong of the guitars, and the shrill Flamenco song. I could see Mike's eyes fixed on Manuel, and Manuel's flashing smile, sometimes at the audience, but mostly at Mike. I knew I was forgotten.

We gathered speed as the lights of Malaga faded. Feeling desperate and alone, I went below to our more than empty cabin.

Stornoway.

Is there an American Homosexual and a European Homosexual?

by

Howard Griffin

Since World War 2 an open systematic revolt against Puritanism, (as well as the desire to escape mother), has sent thousands of young Americans to the more liberal havens of Amsterdam, Portofino or Ischia. As a result, the continent has acquired a population of 'floating homosexuals', who spend their time drinking in obscure bars, by virtue of a small (or large) remittance from home. For the most part, they seem to nourish contempt not only for things American but for each other; it is this scorn and nonacceptance which keeps them drifting like precocious children dominated by sex on the mother-continent, where they are not cherished except for their income. — It is easy to predict what will happen when people without character go to a country with character.

Because they cannot find 8th Street at the Piazza di Spagna or the Café Flore, they continue to sit around Paris or Rome, as if it were a dull suburb of New York, halfheartedly expecting a good time (with aesthetic inspiration), but Europe being the hard shrewd party she is, is not giving anything away.

What happens when a not untypical American goes to Italy?

Morris Cohen is a short, dark, homosexual Jew, whose father disappeared when he was six. He had an awful home life and could not wait to leave America to realize for himself what he thought would be the desired haven, his true psychological home. In New York City he lived for five years with his lover, a young musician, but their relationship was sexually unhappy; the latter had sporadic vomiting spells; the former, migraines and insomnia. With scarcely any money, Morris struggled to escape his obsessive feelings of illegitimacy as well as his sense of the positive hostility of environment. For about ten years he

tried to become an artist and to achieve a name. Underneath this, he desired, above all, to be independent and to belong to the same social class as his father who'd cheated him out of his birthright. In his early thirties, Morris got together money to visit Italy where he lived in great poverty but at first very happy. He lived in Rome and, by a curious coincidence, ceased to be bothered with migraines or insomnia. But, of course, his lover who stayed in New York was no longer subject to vomiting!

Morris fell in love with the Roman smiles, the sun, the Roman way of life. The people he found charming, quick to establish contact on a physical plane (and, too, they often assumed straight off he was Italian.) He picked up the language; he picked up the polymorphous perverse Italians; his emotionally starved nature found emotionalism at almost every street-corner. Even among the very young, he observed a free and natural sensuality (not facing the fact that beneath the convenient laxness lurked the dark memory of war and what it had brought in its train.) In open squares and piazzas he saw the comradeship between man and man, any violence being usually of a verbal sort. He came to the conclusion that, for a variety of reasons including climate and the liberal attitude of the Church, (which concours with the prevailing temper of the country it happens to be in), Italians expressed their uninhibited natures with great spontaneity. Morris was not surprised that many an Italian attached himself to an American, knowing that for intermittent affection he'd be rewarded financially. To the average Italian, money had a realistic (rather than emotional) meaning. And, in all probability, it would be spent: one-third for the Church when he next attended confession; one-third as a gift to his girl friend and the remainder for himself. Not by this practicality about money was Morris, finally, disenchanted but by other things: the noise, the dirt and the diet. Furthermore, the local wine gave him dysentery and he erupted in running sores; his skin began to be afflicted by what he called «the melancholy of the body.» He got an odd job or two translating and, by phenaigling and economy, managed to travel through France and England and to become in fact the equivalent of the Graustarkian adventurer (nowadays frankly homosexual), who is encountered scribbing a poem on the banks of the Arno, writing a letter from a small Montparnasse hotel or visiting late at night the Munich Volksbad near the river.

— Across the North Sea lies Denmark, a country where the ban against homosexuality is lifted. The Danes are a direct, comradely people. Trying to establish a certain point, a well-traveled friend of mine said: «The Danes look at you as if you were the sky. The French and Italians look at you as if you were the bill of fare.»

Of course in France a liberal attitude toward homosexuality exists, but one must not forget that individual judges, controlled by hostility or unconscious forces, can interpret the law harshly. Among the French themselves there is little homosexuality — perhaps because of the general tolerance. In France whatever homosexuality does exist — apart from the American import — is naturally absorbed into the social background.

Quite a different state of affairs exists across the Channel. The English class system (less strict now anyway) is transcended by the homosexual emotion which cuts across these perfectly arbitrary barriers. Two examples of this: the relationship between Hugh Walpole and Cheevers; that between Edward Fitzgerald and Posh.

Deeply rooted in the public school system, homosexuality remains a common phenomenon in the British Isles but it became the subject of overt indignation and inquiry when, toward November of 1953, a «marked increase in homosexual offenses, coupled with recent court cases of such offenses involving men of high position» (i. e., the Gielgud case and the Montague-Peter Wildeblood case), «troubled magistrates and alarmed the serious sections of the press.» Since 1953 the Interim Report of the Anglican Church and lively press discussion succeeded in bringing about a more tolerant climate of opinion. On this question the average Englishman is ill-informed and/or indifferent. Following the Montague Case, which received enormous publicity on both sides of the Atlantic, came the revelation that two of England's military heroes — men of action, sensitive and religiously inclined — were, in private, homosexual or strongly homophile. These two nationally revered figures were T. E. Lawrence and General Gordon, the defender of Khartoum.

The British and American attitudes toward homosexuality in high places differ. It may not be too widely known that the vast espionage network in the American army during the last war was used less for enemy observation than to ferret out homosexuality in our own forces, through the *agent provacateur* and other methods. Now the usual British point of view is: *Be discreet. It's a personal matter.* If the English officer knows the spies have a dossier of homosexual data under his name he will, of course, fear scandal. If none threatens, and none may — (they were amazingly tolerant in Gordon's case) — he will continue to indulge his sexual preferences. But in America this type of scandal is more darkly embedded in the whole atmosphere of guilt, blackmail and rationalization.

Toward his particular situation Oscar Wilde assumed an attitude that was part-British, part-French. It ws typically English that he decided (due, no doubt, to his mother's influence), to face the music. But his way of dealing with the trial was very stylized and full of Gallic *elan.* He continually strove to make something aesthetic of the legal examination. Nothing could be done; it was too late. But Wilde insisted on treating the scandal as only a stumbling-block. With considerable spirit he accepted the situation; he regarded it as a challenge to his charm.

(To be concluded.)

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