



# *szwisch or swim*

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Of the two things that ONE has to do, it has done wonders with the first. For the first thing was to make the majority understand, respect and 'do right by' this large persecuted minority. But, though this first service took precedence of urgency over the second, in the end the second service may well prove the greater. For social history has shown us that if you give a down trodden people freedom from tyranny without giving them understanding of themselves they cannot benefit by their freedom. They often lose it again, or worse, they, in turn, persecute (as churches, e.g. the Pilgrim Fathers) their own minorities. This is particularly true when such a people's problem has not been so much economic or political as psychosocial and psychophysical. ONE has begun this second task; self-education, self-knowledge for the homophile. Increasingly this will become its main task. ONE and all other informational and instructive centers and circulations must bend their efforts toward the homophile to understand himself.

If he is to do so he must have an accurate impression of himself and what nature is doing with his sort and with all mankind.

One of the basic blunders of pre-anthropological, pre-psychophysical humanitarianism was the bland assumption that everyone of any race or culture really wanted to be what we thought we were: i.e. rational, utilitarian persons who spent all our time making money, making machines to make more money, who dressed drearily, built uglily, shunned amusement and worked ourselves to death in order to "leave a fortune." We put those who fell into our money-power into our dismal clothes and, so liveried, sent them on our dismal vicious circle of making more money to make more money. It is amazing and terrible what fanatic self-assurance can do, whether it spring from Puritan capitalism, mechanistic communism, or "just being normal."

Native cultures, free, easy, uninhibited, amiable, beautiful, have time

and again been given a sense of guilt just because they weren't dogmatic, persecutory. Gentle and friendly, they have actually wished out of courtesy and the natural humility of the undogmatic to see if they could oblige by conforming and so become captives and slaves. This danger does confront the homophile unless he has a clear understanding of his nature and his place, of his gifts and his contribution.

For the homophile is so impressed (as was the pre-Westernised Japanese or Polynesian) by the offer to be treated as other than a semi-beast or a fantastic zany that he longs to show that really he is quite normal save for a small private quirk similar to some men's liking for an occasional geisha affair or a woman's taste for lacquering her toe nails. So he sallies out in hyper-male tweeds, Ivy-cut suits, a crew-cut (that shorn head that was always the convict's mark of disgrace) and a phallic pipe between his teeth. As "Tea and Sympathy" showed he teaches himself the lurching gorrilla amble of the muscle-bound. This is absurd and as harmful as the mistaken violence with which parents used to compel their left-handed child to use his right. But worse, because more cowardly-cruel, is the way in which most homophiles seem bent on currying favor with the cultists of hyper-maleness by continually throwing contempt on any who do not wear the present dismal male livery or carry themselves with the tough-guy slouch and so look, sound and smell indistinguishable from the mass.

ONE's sib the *Mattachine Review*, in its October number does raise this issue. But the attempted distinction between "effeminate" (which the article says is to be tolerated) and the "affected" (which is marked as "offensive") is, as a moment's reflection shows, quite indefensible. The more homophilia is studied with adequate

anthropological and psychophysical information the clearer it becomes that the inborn homophile's inherent desire is to be a median type. Insofar as he is driven to play the woman, this is simply due to the fact that, in the present male muddle-headedness, freedom of decor and style have been retained by the female and she has made the male into a dismal foil by calling him effeminate if he dare relieve the dreary monotony of his servileness. This is an unnatural transversion of the two sexes' roles, as we see in nature, where the male exhibits and the female is inconspicuous.

Today men who want to stress their male independence are at last counter-attacking. In that enigmatically clever magazine *Esquire* that cultivates the males' revolt, not only is there a steady and skillful advocacy of more male-revealing dress but in last August's number appeared a brilliant article by two doctors titled the "Smell of Love." It showed, what every naturalist and psychophysicologist has long known, that smell is the surest symptom of vitality. The rhinecephalon nerve—the nose nerve that picks up a scent and transmits it straight to the emotion centre of the brain—tells us more about a person's health, tone and mood than can any other sense. The doctors' advice: don't try not to smell: that's devitalised nonsense: smell well and smell strongly. We've long known about "the smell of fear" that makes dogs bite people who fear the dog will bite. That smell reaction is because the fear has made the suprarenals alter the normal sweat smell. Now we know this smell has a positive side. The rise of the use of incense in religion, the Egyptian Book of the Dead tells us, was to assure the worshippers in the dark that the God had materialised and was friendly because his sweat smelt so sweet. Animals, and man because physically he is an animal, can always be attracted

by the right smell, the smell of vitality and this (the James Lange cycle) acts as the most effective autosuggestion. By smelling right to yourself you have the self-assurance that makes others feel you are the hound that has found the scent. "Flair", the favorite French word for insight, means, after all, the gift of being able to smell and appreciate odor especially the rich and informative variety of the constantly modulating human odors.

The so-called normal man is presently tending to recover his proper fashion and cosmetic rights and in so doing is warming up the Puritan ice-age retreat. In this, the homophile should no longer be a timid camp-follower. The he-man is opening the way. This is shown by his resumption of franker pants—the return of the navy to its emphatic prow-cut was more than a straw in the wind—the use of jewelry, the reappearance of the vest and pleated shirt, the western shoe, the many "shave lotions." The preservation of Liberty is constant exercise. We know that nature in man is aiming at two things: (1) the reblending of those *specialisations* that have tended to diverge too widely, (2) the production of as many *varieties* and *combinations* as possible.

Nature has in man, as Carl Jung has long asserted, aimed at producing (as the difference between the sexes disappears with civilization) what he calls the great hermaphrodite. A better classical name for this, as has been proposed, is the Apollodian—the type which incorporates in his person the artist Apollo with Apollo's twin sister, the huntress Diana-Artemis.

The repression of the profound need for expression is very often the root cause of deep neurosis. Lately an increasing number of psychiatrists are abandoning the old negative method of digging up the buried

kitchen middens and abandoned toilets of infancy. Grasping the new truth of evolution, they are curing their patients by encouraging them to construct the future they would like to have and helping them to live out and up to their creative fantasies. First by studying the relief and release results from the use of the carnival, the masked ball and fancy dress, these forward looking psychonaturalists have obtained remarkable results in cases long unamenable to all other procedures. The method had best be called sartotherapy. The analysand is first invited to describe himself as he would really like to appear, behave, look and smell. When, after a session or two, he finds his tentative hints are not snubbed or explained away but welcomed (for he discovers in the process that he is not wanting to hurt others but only to be let live), he becomes bold enough to be quite truthful and detailedly frank. It is interesting but not surprising that the subject sees himself not as a woman but in some variety of exhibitionist male costume. Encouragement to wear this in the privacy of the home has frequently proved sufficient to put him on the road to cheerful mental poise. As the head of one of our biggest mental homes said to the writer: "the refusal to let people play any but one stiff conventional jejune role is one of the chief sources of mental trouble."

Homophiles need to tolerate their own kind. We cannot tolerate what we will not try to understand. As all 'hetero-sexuals' have a "homosexual component" in their makeup, every male body has breasts and nipples; and as the majority must understand the minority—so the minority must also understand its Apollodian component. In every homophile there is a deep desire and need to express and to feel himself in a part that expresses and displays character and role which our arthritic, timid, "outer-directed,"

conformist society is too timid to permit. That is why so many actors are homophile. But acting a part in a play is not enough, indeed it is often frustrating. Dr. Moreno's psychodrama points the way. But this therapy must be practised by the subject himself and regularly, as men who keep fit don't go to a doctor every time they wish to exercise. Such exercises, such systematic gymnastics are not "affected." They are necessary expansions and dilations whereby the increasing number of variations of the Apollodian ("Dianephoebe", "Mercurivene", etc.) gain necessary periodic relief from the otherwise intolerable restriction imposed by a society controlled by paralysed conformists. Our intense increase in insanity shows that, if we will not permit harmless expressions, then either the repression will drive the victim to mental suicide (schizophrenic withdrawal) or to defiance (provocative exposure) or to an attack on his oppressors (paranoia or simple criminality). And here the first step lies with the disguised homosexual. Because he has to keep under cover, he at least can abstain from denouncing those who, out of courage or sheer necessity, must preserve a modicum of frankness, a personal witness to and signal of integrity which if they wore the complete mask would drive them mad. They must fly some flag however small to show the discriminating they are not sailing under wholly false colors.

The very number of the *Mattachine Review* which carried the article which sentenced the "affected" to be tagged "offensive" (an unhappy choice of condemnatory specification considering that the affected are certainly defensive not offensive) had in the next article a well written charge against censorship in a report on the latest British official discussion on that problem. The reporter showed that

the commission carefully questioned all the officials, bureaucrats, lawyers and police and nearly all those non-government pressure group busy-bodies who are always urging stricter laws, harsher punishments and more Comstock surveillance of the written word, the spoken line, the drawing, print and photo. The ordinary reader and listener was never consulted. Here, the reporter rightly pointed out, was a government and self-appointed interferers deciding what the public might see and hear. This is of course completely undemocratic. "The duty of the state," said a liberal Prime Minister fighting to keep the coercive power from being used to impose moral or religious prejudices, "is to keep the peace and to sustain contracts." Any further extension of the state is the beginning of tyranny and the destruction of the community.

The writer of the report in the *Mattachine Review* went on to say what a relief it would have been if in this atmosphere of official hocus-pocus where such hopelessly vague terms as "lewd" (which means lay not clerical) and "apt to corrupt thought" were being bandied about, at least one ordinary person, one common man could have remarked that he liked sexual display. Then it would have been possible to ask Why shouldn't he? What harm does it actually do? What are the sick-costs of repression? The Puritan despotism is dying. Its record is a horrible one of cruelty and insanity. Everyone who believes in mental health should support the right to non-violent liberty of expression. The higher the form of life the more elaborate and variegated are its aspects, the more manifold and original its patterns and decor. The homophile that sneers at his fellow homophiles' idiosyncrasies is doing almost the worst service to his own cause and the cause of liberty and the cause of life.