The Silent Observer

INTRODUCTION

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Biography is being written to straighten things out, to give a truthful, reliable picture of the past. Biography is written to keep a record of the changes in man and his society. Most men whose biographies are worth writing belong to the energetically strong, emotionally overflowing animal specimens. Otherwise they could not have accomplished what they did.

If a biographer is himself bioenergetically half-hearted, so to speak, if he has not emerged fully from the rigidities of his arming, he will inevitably misconstrue the subject of the biography. The best biographies are therefore written by honest men about themselves. Otherwise, a Balzac is made to appear sexually ridiculous by a Viennese culturalist like Stephan Zweig, or Beethoven is made petty in money matters by a little man in the art business, or genius in general is made to appear as a kind of criminal existence.

The story of Wilhelm Reich (WR), his work and his life, must be written by someone who knows this story intimately, in its good as well as its bad aspects, in its greatnesses and foolishnesses. It must be written without malice, with ardent love for truth. But the waves of human hatred against the living still surge high, smashing whatever is not strong enough to withstand their impact or knowledgeable enough to see the dangers. WR’s story must not fall into the hands of frustrated life, ready to kill the honor and body of anyone who dares to bring the living back into life.

But how should this story be written? There is too much material, much too complicated stuff. A book on WR written as a simple chronological biography is not possible. His life was too complicated. And recently he has felt that it would be un-
wise for him to write his own story. It could not be true enough. The wounds are not yet healed; there are still tender scars, painful to touch. Though quiet lately, many enemies are still alive, sitting on their gossip soap box, as they did twenty-five years ago, waiting for new opportunities to slander. WR’s story must somehow be written in a most truthful manner by someone reliable.

There are many letters, manuscripts, documents, and other important historical material in the archives of WR’s institute. How about publishing only source material, original evidence, to be dealt with by others? This may work the proper way. Let the Silent Observer tell only what a good, impartial friend at the time could have seen and what WR actually has seen.

THE YEARNING FOR THE HIDDEN SWEETNESS

In the 20th Century, in the century of mass murder and universal agony, WR was the only man who knew the right answer to fascism, which had grown from the armoring of man. The world was split. Freud had discovered the unconscious mind; Marx had discovered the living nature of value production. The Russian dictators hated Freud and the American politicians feared but did not completely ban Marx. Around 1950, there was a general, though seldom expressed, awareness in the USA that the imperialist, reactionary, slave-driving, spying, snooping, “Little Man” Russia had almost nothing to do with Marx. It only misused and abused his great name for its evil purposes. It rode high on the backs of millions of people who were yearning for happiness on earth and dying from many miseries, rendered helpless by the armoring of their bodies. Governments were utterly ignorant of and helpless in the face of these serious matters, and they tried to apply the old political remedies: the gallows, prison, arming and rearming, and political rigmarole. Everybody knew, or at least sensed, that this would not accomplish anything. Both the dynamics of the unconscious mind and the living nature of value production were drowned in wrong ideas which harassed the life of the toiling people. One could do nothing with the unconscious mind in everyday life, and although people produced value in countless billions for the private capitalist or the state capitalist or for themselves as American small shareholders, they cared little about the nature of the values they produced. They thought and felt only in terms of love in the body and a bit of happiness for the soul, here, on earth, and not only later in heaven. WR had learned this from his great sociological experiences. It was therefore his ill fate and grave responsibility to keep the issue clear, no matter what happened.

The discovery of the life energy had not only evolved directly from his experience of the emotional plague (EP) in the psychoanalytic and Marxist movements, but it also harbored the answer to that pestilence on the deepest level when, in 1940, WR identified the atmospheric and thus the cosmic orgone energy. This discovery hooked up with the two major philosophies of the time in the following manner: The workings of the unconscious mind, as well as the production values, were rooted in man’s bioenergetic nature or structure. It was essentially the hidden, defamed, continuously thwarted knowledge of the streaming of life and love in the limbs of man, whether he is armored or unarmored, that increasingly made possible the successful opposition to the EP.

This new knowledge led into the very foundations of man’s cosmic existence and thus made contact with the core of all religious thought. It far transcended the sharply defined economic class boundaries of Karl Marx, while the essence of Freud’s “unconscious mind” appeared to WR as only the result of the abuse of the human soul for a few thousand years. And a few thousand years meant little or nothing in terms of man’s evolution. Compared with the cosmic orgone energy, the problem of a capitalist culture of two or three hundred years, or a slave-driving Asiatic patriarchy of ten thousand years, or the crooked, ignorant machinations of a Peter the Great or Djugashvili* the Horrible did not matter at all. Freud and Marx appeared merely as steps in man’s continuous attempts to understand himself and his society.

*Stalin’s given name. [Eds.]
For many years WR carefully avoided the full consequence of the discovery of the cosmic life energy. Although he presented the crucial stages of the discovery in many writings, he never told the story of what had enabled him to make this discovery. Still, knowing the private, intimate story of a discovery is like knowing a woman in the embrace or the personal secrets of a great nation’s ruler. The telling of this story can no longer be avoided.

In about 1924, for the first time in the history of natural science, WR gave a medical account of orgasmic potency in men and women. It was presented in 1927 in his book *Die Funktion des Orgasmus* and later included in another book under the same title first published in the United States in 1942. This account has shaken all psychiatry and great parts of organic medicine. It has enraged some and enchanted many. It provided the key to “psychosomatic” illness and to human behavior. It had consequences of a social and emotional nature which were as yet incalculable. Yet, WR had not fully told the world what he knew to be true of all living people and what was crucial to the understanding of the “rooting of man in nature.”

Nearly thirty years after the first formulation of orgasmic potency, he published a book entitled *Cosmic Superimposition* where he connected man in the embrace with the forming of a galaxy. But still he kept quiet about what he knew was the most crucial piece of human knowledge, which certainly was at the root of all religious systems and would one day openly rule the world as the characterological basis of peace and happiness.

Why did WR not tell what he knew to be so crucial? He did not tell because, first, it involved his own most intimate secrets; second, the world was not ready to listen; third, because WR could have been murdered by some religious or political lunatic if he had told the story.

The thing he knew and did tell was how the sweetness of streaming life functions in living man when he loves or becomes ready to love. WR had been loved by many women. Nearly all of them had told him that he was so very different, in fact, unique in his way of embracing the woman he loved. Most of them had never experienced what they did in the embrace with him or, if they had, they had never felt it as deeply, touching their innermost selves. WR always refused to acknowledge his uniqueness, in this or in other respects. He refused to be pushed into a lonely corner of life. He used to say that a man can be killed in two ways, with a pistol or a pedestal. He wanted to be with people. He was scared at the idea of having to live apart from them, not partaking in their big and small, beautiful and ugly chattings and doings. Yet, after many years, WR understood what they were talking about when they said he was so very different. His own experiences confirmed it.

One of his basic characteristics was always that he learned through experience. He was completely involved in whatever he did and he refrained from opinions about things he did not know with his whole organism. Sigmund Freud had condemned red fascism before he knew anything about it. WR first went through the experience of red fascism before he condemned it and separated it from so-called scientific socialism.

In his past was the experience of an embrace with a young woman in the village where he had been stationed with his regiment in 1916. WR was then nineteen years old. He had known the genital embrace since he was thirteen, without suffering from any kind of impotence, with great pleasure and even satisfaction. But here, for the first time, he experienced what later was to be called “orgastic potency.” He experienced the true meaning of love. With this woman the embrace was entirely different from any he had ever known. He could find no words to accurately describe this difference. Terms such as “sweet,” “melting,” “floating in space,” “freed from the pull of the earth” seemed to come closest.

Usually, in the genital embrace the mind somehow remains aloof and the genital organ appears detached from the rest of the body, doing its “business” of pleasure. The partner is felt as “somebody else,” if not as completely alien or disgustingly foreign. The “touch” of the body and of the genital organs in particular, though pleasant and warm, does not affect the whole self. The self is the doer rather than the object of love. This seems to be expressed in the American term “making love,” which designates the embrace. WR had known this kind of
“making love” for many years, as did other men in adolescence who had broken through the fences of a tightly shut public morality. But here, for the first time, he “fell in love.” He was not merely a male in union with a female. He was lost in the experience. There was no boundary line between him and the girl. There was not the least experiential distinction between the two organisms. They were one organism, as if united or melted into each other. Everything in this unity was flowing and floating. There was no “thought” or “idea” of “doing this” or “trying” that, and there could be none. The melting, streaming merger was calm and majestic, in no rush to reach the final fulfillment. Her love organ embraced and gently caressed his organ. Appreciation and a deep seriousness filled the twin unity. When the orgasm finally overtook them they burst into tears of joy and sorrow. Appreciation and a deep seriousness filled the twin unity. When the orgasm finally overtook them they burst into tears in a calm but intense manner, and they sank deeper and deeper into each other. When the sweet waves had passed away, there was still a rolling, like the gentle rocking of a boat. They rested quietly within each other for a long time until they fell asleep in complete happiness. The unity of the two organisms was there all through the deep sleep. In the morning their limbs felt pure and light. There was perfect clarity in the senses and cleanliness of emotion. No evil or ugly thought could have arisen in their minds in this emotional state. They were lovely and loving.

From that day on, WR knew what “it” was like. And he found it later in life again and again. He protected it against dirt and frustration as a precious, secret gift which endowed him with the simplicity and gentleness which his friends, male and female alike, sensed in him and which made him “different.” Here, basically, the discovery of the life energy had its source of courage, persistence, and strength.

In this first crucial experience of the sweet streaming of living life are rooted most of WR’s major accomplishments:

• The technique of dissolving the character armor, which inhibits the flow of life energy in the body.
• The perfect understanding of the “preorgastic” and “orgastic anxiety” in men and women who are unable to swing out fully with their life energy and fall prey to the sudden blocking exerted by the armor. (This results in the hateful “pushing” through the armor which WR saw in so many desperately frustrated men and women in the mental hygiene clinics.)

• The discovery of the plasmatic streamings in amebae.
• The idea of producing bions which led to the actual discovery of the life energy in the atmosphere.
• The insight into the lack of understanding for such crucial sexual experiences on the part of well-armored mechanistic scientists.
• The comprehension of the essence of “Prana” in Hindu philosophy and of so many of Jesus Christ’s experiences and teachings, for example, his words “God is within you.”
• The understanding of the murder of Christ, because murder must follow such revelations of the discrepancy between pure, lovely nature and armored man.

WR had to keep all this secret for such a long time because clinical experience had shown him the murderous reactions to these things in people who feel the streamings but can never stretch out in love and softness. They must break out of prison, as it were, burst open themselves or somebody else, preferably the one who has touched upon their secret or their misery. And WR was threatened with extinction many times.* Still, he knew he must not destroy his personal records. He had to leave behind the truth so that generations to come would know what had happened in this murderous 20th century.

WR guarded his great secret well, but he revealed as much as he safely could and based it on objective evidence. He studied the “orgonotic streamings” in amebae, measured them with exact devices, and then divulged his findings to the public. In response, the defamatory rumor that he had become “schizophrenic” was started. Schizophrenics, in contradistinction to well-armored, hardened neurotics, feel the plasmatic streamings but they distort and misinterpret them.** Homines

*No, WR was not paranoid; he did not suffer from persecution ideas. He was actually persecuted and his life was threatened. Yet, he slept alone in the observatory without guards or fences, even without a watchdog.

**Cf. Character Analysis. [Eds.]
normales could not distinguish the sick from the healthy experience of these streamings and the corresponding orgonotic sensations. So they defamed WR as a schizophrenic.

WR lived his life fully, but he was never what is called a "wolf." He did not pick up women on the street; only once, he met a woman in a Vienna park on a spring evening with whom he was later happy for about a year. Women used to approach WR easily and without restraint or dirty intentions. They sensed the male animal in him and wanted to embrace him. And many said so frankly. WR never worried about "how to find a woman." On the contrary, he often had a hard time fending off women. This is not meant to deprecate those women. They were decent, orderly, highly moral, and socially well-situated. They were not prostitutes or "loose women." Prostitutes rarely approached WR. These women simply felt that he could love them and give them what they did not otherwise have. This often put him into embarrassing situations. Life runs a course which is totally different and frequently at variance with the spell-bound ideas sexology and psychology professors have about what "sex" should be like. WR never fell for such unreal ideas because he lived his love life fully, decently, without much noise or ostentation. In an age when pornographic devices, pictures, thoughts, exhibits, secret photographs, and sex magazines were swamping the literature stands of the world, WR lived without ever having looked at dirty photographs, read dirty sex magazines, or, even during puberty, having used any of the devices which served many of his contemporaries as stimulants in a sick gratification. This WR owed to his early developed and strongly functioning malehood. Rarely did he suffer from prolonged frustration.

Such a life appears extraordinary by general moral standards. It is not uncommon, however, among rural or working-class youth, as is well known to anyone who has not written his sociological treatises entirely removed from people's intimate lives. The fact that such books as From Here to Eternity and The Naked and the Dead find public acclaim proves the point. Also, the investigations by unbiased researchers like Hodann in Europe and Kinsey in the USA leave no doubt as to the ubiquitousness of this intimate, private element in the life of men and women. That it does not appear in any academic treatise, that it is eschewed completely by everyone who holds official positions, is only further proof of man's "evasion of the essential."

But there is more to it. There is terror, deep terror connected with this private sexual realm. It is truly social dynamite, little understood, somehow too deeply rooted in the bioenergetic functioning of the human animal to be tackled easily. This domain of human life is an expression of man's cosmic existence and closer than anything else to his religiosity. WR arrived at this fact very late in his life, around 1945. He reached the conclusion that the genital embrace in the whole biological realm is a variant of the superimposition of cosmic primordial energy as expressed, e.g., in the formation of spiral galaxies and hurricanes. To shut this realm completely from man's awareness is to travel on a boat across the Atlantic and refuse to realize that one is confined in a tiny shell with thin walls over a depth of thousands of fathoms of ocean. However, it will no longer be possible to avoid this fact. The barriers of prejudice against it are breaking down everywhere as the human multitudes have begun to pour onto the social scene, bringing with them this down-to-earth fact of intimate human existence, the yearning for the genital embrace. This yearning is of cosmic dimensions and awareness of it is quite general today, especially among artists and writers. The great writers from Balzac to Strindberg, from Tolstoy to Dostojeski, from Dreiser to the dime love novel are witness to its scope.

WR had known this domain well, personally, professionally, scientifically, and emotionally. He knew it in great detail. And thus he knew the secrets, hopes, and fears of the multitudes. This gave him the strength to stick to his guns and to forego the usual considerations for empty public acclaim, medals, honors, etc. It was not the sense of the crucial importance of the function of mating which distinguished WR from his contemporaries; this knowledge was quite general, though hidden, distorted, or unexpressed. It was the ability to experience the cosmic meaning of the genital embrace, the strength not to let go of this crucial hub of life, and the scientific grasp on this func-
tion which set WR apart from his age and, for that matter, from many ages of mankind. His great scientific accomplishments, his perfect sense of balance in the scrutiny of natural functions, his sensitive nose for new functions to be observed and worked out, and the inner equilibrium which enabled him to commit grave mistakes or dive into foolish adventures only to emerge again riding high on the waves of life all derived from his own organismic experience during the embrace.

What appeared too complicated, "too much," overriding all set rules and boundaries was merely an expression of the alive-ness of WR’s senses and his nose for the common functioning principle in all things, living and nonliving. Therefore, he managed to be the great unifier and integrator. This made it possible for him to understand the babies of all races, to experience with equal depth the problems of both Roman and Moscow Catholicism, to see what Christ and Moses, or Freud and Marx had in common, to integrate the mechanical functions into his functional equations, not to lose what he had in common with the psychoanalysts, even after some among them had slandered him abominably, to realize the common denominator of democratic Marxism and true democratic America, to integrate "static" electricity with his cosmic energy, to find Bergson’s élan vital of 1910 in the physical functions at the Geiger counter in 1950.

Integration and unification in science require integrated, uni-fied, harmonic organismic functioning in the scientist. Men who are split up will split up everything, and emotionally blocked men will block all movement, just as emotionally imprisoned men will get into prison, be it as jailer or inmate.

The ability to swing out fully, to let himself go completely if need be, made it possible for WR to keep experiencing the problems of the people of many races and nations, even though he knew only too well what made them so helpless and he held them responsible for their inertia and their great fear of respon-sibility and truth.

In order to properly evaluate people’s ways, to be able to see their weaknesses clearly—and how could anything ever change for the better unless this was done?—one had to know their lit-
tle, private, intimate secrets. Here, their yearning for happiness in love and twisted ways of getting it constituted the core of the problem, dreaded by many psychiatrists.

WR never gave up before trying hard; most other people do. He did not give up living a clean life before he tried to live it, and he succeeded. He succeeded because he kept moving. When his beloved mother died in 1910, WR was ripped from the ways of a sitting life forever and set on the road of continuous motion. Death will stop him, but only physically. As a force in the development of man’s life he will keep moving for many ages, since the functions he put to the service of man are mobile functions, pregnant with incalculable future possibilities. When his father died in 1914 from grief over his mother’s death, WR, at the age of seventeen, became a mature, grown man overnight. Then came the war which destroyed his home, his fortune, his way of life. He joined the army. There was nothing else to do.

He tried to be a good lieutenant and company commander, identifying himself fully with his military duties. When he left army life he knew well how it works and what it was like.

He moved away from his family completely in 1919 after having experienced the restrictive ways of family life and seeing what a family usually does to free minds. He understood how murder in family life comes about and how family life creates neurosis and crime en masse. He thus learned to distinguish nat-ural family bonds from ugly family compulsion. He went through all the subjects of mechanistic medicine and did well, but he moved on. He did not get stuck as a private practitioner or a specialist in neurology or psychiatry. He went through all the steps that lead to an academic career, such as unpaid work in a university hospital, unpaid written and published papers on medical matters. He gave courses, instructed university students, but he did not get stuck in an academic career as did the colleagues who served with him at the university clinic.

He studied natural philosophy and classical and modern mu-sic and participated in diverse literary circles, but he did not get stuck in any of them. He gave himself over fully to psy-

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saw how Freud was bogging down, he pulled out and went to Berlin in 1930.

In 1919, he loved a girl from an industrial workers’ background. When winter came and they could not roam about the countryside, or embrace on bright, moonlit meadows but had to visit ugly hotels and sit around in ugly Viennese coffee houses, so that their love began to dry up, he told her frankly that although he loved her he could not go on living that way. And he pulled out. She understood and agreed. They both retained a beautiful memory of their love.

He married in 1922 and established a home for his wife, embarked on a safe career as a famous Viennese physician, had two children whom he adored and who loved him dearly. But then, in the mental hygiene clinics, he hit upon the general family misery. When he saw that his wife had gone dead and hated his work in social hygiene because she feared for her own marriage, he left and went to Berlin, leaving behind a well-established practice, his wife, and his children. Is there any wonder why, four years later, a psychoanalytic Mocenigo* called him a psychopath. WR was no psychopath. He was in full command of his responsibility, of his intelligence, and his enormous capacity to work and to love. But he did not yield to the social forces which tie down a productive man. And he was proven right. He had fled from circumstances and people and organizations which a few years later had ceased to function. The people he left behind were “sitting” in little, tight circles, based on little tight, set, wrong ideas.

WR devoted himself to the workers’ movement in all its forms, political, athletic, literary, philosophical. He sacrificed his bourgeois positions and much of his privately earned money. He taught the laws of freedom to student organizations. He helped the sick. He defended workers’ children against police attacks during parades in the streets of Vienna and Berlin. He fought the “little man” bureaucrat and future Djugashvili in the workers’ movement. But when he learned that they were dead emotionally and did not want to move on and just sat on old precepts, mumbling socialist litanies, he left them without a trace of regret. And he took crucial problems and solutions pertaining to the workers’ movement with him into the unknown.

In 1932, in Berlin, he tried again to make a go of his old marriage. When it did not work, he took another love and asked his wife for a divorce. He did this without any premonition of the slander that would eventually come his way because he left her.

His beloved second wife, Elsa Lindenberg, went with him into exile in Scandinavia, giving up her career as a professional dancer in Berlin. She lived and worked with him for seven years. They were happy together; she was his appropriate mate. But when, in 1937, he got into trouble in Norway with the Mocenigos of bacteriology, cancer pathology, biology, and psychiatry, she could not take it any longer. When he was to leave Norway for the United States, she wanted him to go alone to prepare a new life there for her. Then she would follow. But he felt that she was through with him and he asked her to stay in Norway and to find another man. She did find someone else after several years of agony because of her love for WR.

Great lives are not lived cheaply or furtively. Great lives are lived with risk, frankly, courageously, with continuity. Such life hurts. Such life exhilarates. Few can live such lives without touching on criminality. Such lives save many lives. Such lives thrust the world of man forward.

WR had accepted Marx’s basic idea of the living quality of productive power, “work power.” But when he realized that the industrial workers themselves rejected the true Marx and their functionaries were mostly little, petty, only wage-minded bureaucratic future führers, fearful of life, basically reactionary, if not outright fascist, cruel, sly, underhanded, lacking any sense for truth or history or humanness, many of them plain bums who found out how easy it is to push the buttons on a political power machine instead of toiling at a powered industrial machine, he left them and their awful world and devoted himself to the search for the common denominator of all those petty, ruinous doings of psychoanalysts, Catholics, Marxists, union

*A 16th century Italian nobleman who delivered Giordano Bruno to the inquisition. Reich is using this name to denote a malicious personality. Cf. The Murder of Christ, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York. 1972. [Eds.]
squeezed, miserable, impotent, love-starved little man as the root of the misery, as the sole responsible agent in man's sea of agony, as the still undetected germ carrier of the emotional plague. And he said so plainly, openly, in the spoken and written word. And some people hated him for this good deed, though many paid homage to his daring.

In the USA, a new, steady way of life seemed to offer itself to WR. For many years (1939–1950) he worked hard, built up the institute he directed, trained physicians, educators, scientists, gave himself fully to the job, without regard to time or effort. He developed Orgonon* as a future home of orgonomy and devoted all his work power to bind together his students and the work. But when he discovered that they flocked around him only to “sit” with open mouths listening to his words, staring with wide eyes at the wondrous monster, but doing nothing in a practical way, and, finally, when he discovered that they were filling their empty souls with his riches and only took and took from him, he left them because he felt they were, as they were, a menace to his life and work.

WR never ceased fighting for the clarity, cleanliness, and independence of his existence. What all religions call the “soul” is the feeling of the self, a kind of self-perception. If the body is frustrated too long, the soul becomes muddy. Then, after much agony, the soul gets bitter and hateful. WR knew this and dreaded it. Therefore he kept his life free of entanglements which would have muddied his soul.

A Mocenigo would say: Aha! He lived immorally. Tell me, how did he live? Did he have many women? How many? Was he a Don Juan? I am, of course, not interested in such matters. Or am I?

No, my dear Mocenigo, things pertaining to love, as nature has it, are very different from what you think. Love has nothing to do with morality or immorality. If morality is cleanliness of body and soul, then love is always moral, no matter what short-lived custom or law thinks of it.

No, Mocenigo, WR was no Don Juan. On the contrary, he was, in a certain sense, shy and he kept away from women. Serious men are never Don Juans. They love a woman or they don’t, but they do not “seduce” women. Seduced women do not love the way nature loves. Nature plays hide and seek, but it does not seduce the way you see it in bad films about Arabian harems. WR did not have to seduce women, nor did they seduce him. He either took them or he did not, and he always clearly showed what he wanted. He was never furtive. Some women who had great charm but also slight genital anxiety feared WR, perhaps because they feared the complete surrender which meant “danger” to them. They feared his maleness. This does not mean toughness or hardness, as you may think. The idea that males are tough is again born in the world of frustrated people. The idea of seduction requires the idea of toughness in the male and weakness in the female. All this is cock’eyed! Healthy men and women feel and love each other or they don’t. Rarely will a man or a woman continue to desire someone if the response in the touch and feel does not come easily and soon. There are others who will respond. The inner confidence that you will always be able to find a mate is one of the cardinal pillars of human strength. Few people have it today, but more and more are acquiring it. This is an essential part of the current sexual revolution. The sexless or sex-frightened male or female is a thing of the past, as is the ideal of virginity in both sexes, the ideal of the passive woman, the idea of an “innocent” childhood. Many other ideas and ideals are going down the drain of history. Here, as in many other matters pertaining to life, people are far ahead of their governments and social leaders. People know. Governments pretend not to know, or they know the wrong way.

The hypocrisy which engulfs man’s natural feelings of love ruins his life in all respects. A man who hides his desires from himself hides his face from his fellow man. A woman whose sweetness must not reach her genital organ before or during the embrace must hide her soul from her mate or friend or child.

*Property in Rangeley, Maine purchased by Reich in 1942 and maintained now as The Wilhelm Reich Museum. [Eds.]
She will be hard or dry or harsh or insensitive, and her eyes will be flat or veiled or evasive or just dull. A soul cannot sparkle with life without sweetness in every organ of the body. And this sweetness cannot exist with continuous frustration. It can only be there if one is secure in the capacity to reach the delight of mating easily and completely.

Nietzsche, who was imprisoned as a madman and whose name has gone down in history as such, wrote the sanest words in the lunatic asylum. Never did he tell the truth as clearly, as penetratingly, as in My Sister and I. His sister used to have crawled into his bed to get gratification from him. Then she feared he would betray her secret to the world. So she and her frustrated, hateful mother managed to get Nietzsche into the lunatic asylum. His last work was not published until years after the death of many people united the great insight of a bestseller From Here to Eternity, depicting the need for “a hot ass,” with one of the greatest philosophers in the history of mankind. Even Nietzsche’s anti-Christian zeal seemed to break down before this alliance of “hot ass” and high philosophy, as it does in every case of schizophrenia where the sharply divided borderline between the genital and good morals is ultimately transcended. Here, the truth, the full truth finally triumphed—in the lunatic asylum. Poor truth! How many times has the carcass of a homo normalis imprisoned you, tortured you, defiled you! And, always, because he feared the disclosure of his most sacred secret, his anguished yearning for a “hot ass,” which he never could get. Either the church said, “no,” or the girl said, “no, first a marriage license and home security,” or because, after he had given her a marriage license and home security, the “ass” turned out to be cold or dead, with no juice or sweetness whatever in it, or because it closed up just before he finally managed to get ante portas but, unlike Hannibal, unable to get through. It is truly incredible what tremendous and complicated machineries homo normalis has developed over thousands of years to keep his greatest secret secret, impregnable to any inquiry until WR dragged it into the open, nearly getting killed in the process. How many souls had to go to hell, how many little children had to suffer agonies of fright and nightmares, how many wombs had to develop cancer and to drag their owners into the grave, how many murders had to be committed to keep the yearning for the “hot ass” out of sight.

There can be no doubt, it is homo normalis who is crazy. Ibsen in his Peer Gynt reverses the situation and has the asylum inmates guard the doctors and nurses. The inmates had told the truth all the while and the physicians had always lied, or kept silent, or shocked the ones who told the truth because they had told the truth. And Strindberg had always been right about women and “wives.” Therefore he was declared and really driven insane. There is no place for the many Christs who tell the truth about love, no place whatever on this earth. And today we know there will be no peace on this earth until homo normalis will be completely unmasked and the frustrated cries for “hot asses” from twisted mouths of human animals will have ceased to ring through the nights.