

## *Wrong Thinking Kills\**

Thinking is our sixth sense. It feels out our world, controls our actions. It amasses experiences and draws conclusions, so that our behavior is altered. Since no living creature wants to die, correction of our behavior through thinking can only have the function of protecting our life, as does sight, hearing, touch, and smell. Thought is a function of plasmatic life, a unique manifestation of our organ sensations. We do not think with our brain, but with our whole body system. To bind thinking to the brain or even to individual brain cells is like equating a trip across country with turning the steering wheel of an automobile. It is impossible to drive without turning the wheel, but just turning the steering wheel will not get you from New York to Maine.

The notion that the brain is the apparatus of thought is therefore concrete evidence of wrong thinking. Like everything else, there is a reason for it. Man does not understand his sixth sense, just as he does not understand his visual faculty, despite all his knowledge of optics. Further, he *must not* understand his thought function. If he understood it, his wrong thinking would collapse. There must be reasons why man so strongly resists grasping his faculty of thought. And these reasons must be serious, because man pays a high price for his wrong thinking. Wasteful use of vital energy, endangering of life, anger and misunderstanding, war and disease are all the results of wrong thinking.

Life can be threatened by ignorance or by imperfect technique. No one is to blame for an earthquake. The bubonic plague was the result of a lack of knowledge. Endemic cancer and heart disease, on the other hand, are acts of suicide and, obviously, all suicidal acts originate in wrong thinking.

Man does not understand his own visual faculty or a dog's sense of smell, because he lacks knowledge of the energy which

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alone could make these functions intelligible. Man waits patiently, writes no articles, does not prattle, does not philosophize, does not argue, when he is lacking knowledge. He endures and keeps silent, dies, or sees others die. However, when he *resists* knowledge, he degenerates into a strange monster which senses what it is unwilling to experience and strikes out at it. To be sure, man thus betrays his real feelings. But his wild gestures thrust him into a false pathos, into a world that is remote from his desires and things he does not really know.

*Wrong thinking is a disease, a biopathy of mankind.* It is as if a person willingly took all sorts of worthless medication to treat pneumonia, but went into a fit of rage when offered one that might help him.

Right thinking goes with strong, pleasurable organ sensations, and often with a shudder of delight. There is an ecstatic feeling of well-being that comes with true insight. Man does not resist correct thinking because he is "stupid" or "bad," but for the simple reason that he is frightened of contact with things, and above all, because *he is afraid of bodily pleasure*. Such feelings remind him of intense sexual pleasure, against which he once struggled, which was forbidden to him, which caused him pain *because* it was forbidden, and which he learned to avoid and finally to hate. He thinks wrongly, and continues to do so, if he fears the honest experience of pleasure. On the other hand, wrong, superficial, hit-and-miss thinking go with a desire for lewd experiences. Lust is a caricature of love, like the tickling of an aborted orgasm. The decaying product of a miscarriage is not a bright-eyed baby, even though both come from an egg and sperm cells.

Man thinks wrongly when he calls his titillation sexuality. He does this to avoid true sexual experience. He is afraid of it. And because he is afraid of it, he fears everything, without exception, that moves forward in the stream of the living. He sets himself against it, he besmirches it, misconstrues it and, because he cannot stop it, he destroys himself.

As I was writing this, I felt something restrain me, something like a paralysis that froze the energy in my muscles. Is it worthwhile to demand honest thinking? People do not *want* to think

correctly, they are *afraid* of the consequences of thinking. How often have we heard the expressions: "fear of the new," "phlegmatic masses," "stupid herd animals"? What practical changes for the better have Nietzsche's thought and suffering brought about? None whatsoever! People generally know his name, but not his work. The herd animal has an extraordinarily naive way of *not* taking true thinking seriously, of shutting it out when the name of the thinker sounds in his ears. He succeeds in protecting himself against clear thinking by raising the thinker to the status of an unintelligible authority. "This man was too great for us ordinary mortals." This comment does not seek to absorb, to drink in the authority, or to honor him. No, quite the contrary! It seeks to render him harmless; he was too great for us ordinary mortals. This attitude might serve to halt all thinking for all time with a shrug of "it's not worth it," were thinking not an autonomous manifestation of life which insists on understanding itself and on existing at all costs. Understanding is as essential to it as breathing is to life. One does not think correctly for the sake of others. Anyone who imagines this is already guilty of erroneous thinking. To think for other's sake means to want to be understood, to want to please. If human thought were not generally inimical to life, then it would be possible to think that way.

Right thinking is slow, deep-rooted; it grows organically like a tree. Wrong thinking is hasty, unorganic, suited to the moment, commonplace, and ephemeral. It avoids the precipice. It thinks around the root of things. It is the same sick thinking that shifts itself to the brain, so as to remove itself as far as possible from the sex organs. It sets itself in sharp opposition to feeling and becomes the weapon of the pharisees. This antisexual thinking governs all our sociology and economics. It has so completely ignored the creative man, it is so conceitedly intent on imposing itself and on controlling life, that it only feels comfortable in war. There, it can finally achieve the mass death of what it hates the most, the living, which is its deadly enemy, just as it is itself the deadly enemy of the growth of flowers. Have you ever seen a true-blue economist or sociologist come down to earth, come close to real people? As statisticians, they

are the gnats that swarm around the cadaver. Their thinking is wrong primarily because right thinking would eliminate them, and the economy of society would then appear as a rational biological phenomenon in the service of biological needs. For them, however, the need is simply the shelf on which they display their economic factors.

In these years of deepest human need, no economist was able to calculate what enormous elimination of human suffering could be brought about by a week of unrestrained crying. Because their thinking is anti-life, this is understandable. If man's thinking were in step with life, there would be no war.

Why am I writing this? It goes against my conviction that right thinking is not acceptable to people today. But since I am putting it down on paper, it must be that I believe it is the right thing to do. Since my thoughts are dictated by my interest in the living, they follow the tug of logic that says the living is invincible. Some day, long before the destruction of this planet, right thinking will become general. This will happen when mass death compels people to recognize that, in order to endure, they must think in the right way, i.e., they must think with their sex organs, as all honest people do today, and as man did in primitive times when he was in harmony with nature. Today, the notion of thinking with one's genitals sounds blasphemous, but only to rigid, sick, conceited people—the impotent, the philistine, the statesman, the general, the usurer—not to the thinker, the genius, the researcher, the farmer, or the lumberjack.

Unless we think with our genitals and thus with the source of love and vitality, we cannot understand Hitler. This impotent sadist felt the urge to mass murder with particular intensity in the Spring. This has been noted by several authors, but the connection with his love life, transformed into sadism, has been overlooked. We need only look at one sadistic mercenary to see them all and to realize that aborted love in the form of sadistic brutality drove all the actions of the carriers of the German plague. Hitler was taken seriously and seen as rational by statesmen of the entire world. This is why that brutal, mentally deranged butcher and the aspiring butchers were not locked up.

People in fact negotiated with him. We shoot mad dogs and lock up the mentally ill. But we let carriers of the emotional plague run around free. They are merely an exaggeration of what has gone on in society for thousands of years. Democracy sees it all as serious and rational, instead of treating it as an illness. Even today, in the middle of the third year of the mass murder, no one has succeeded in drawing the proper conclusions from the dawning realization that we are dealing with mental illness and nothing else. Wrong thinking takes root in Hitlerism and prevents us from noticing the numerous steps that lead from everyday habits to Hitlerism.

*Why Our Thinking is Wrong*

Thought is a biological sense like sight. When I see a tree trunk in my way, I sidestep it so as not to fall. It might happen that I see the tree trunk, but do not see its connection with my ability to proceed on my way; then I trip over it and end up with a bloody nose.

Men think in vain. They saw Hitlerism long before Hitler came to power. They knew about militarism just as they knew about diplomacy, rigidity, and artificiality, just as they knew about obscene acts and intrigues. Despite this, they ran headlong into Hitlerism. Why?

Their knowledge of life was antisocial; they saw with the eyes of a social order based on the oppression of the living. This oppression and misinterpretation of life functions is some thousands of years old, as old as patriarchy. Once, society's organization was in harmony with basic life functions, which worked spontaneously, without scientific comprehension or guidance, driven simply by an organic sense of life. The first steps towards economic patriarchy were also the first steps of the intellect in the direction of technical control of the exchange of goods. Today's commerce grew out of this primitive exchange of goods. Originally a biological function to better care for races of men that had come together as nations, the exchange of goods became social plundering of defeated races, predatory war, and oppression of the living in the defeated. Yet the conquerors, the powerful, did not themselves escape the fate of this initial mis-

development of nature. They had to distance themselves from the oppressed, who had nothing left but their pain-filled disposition for life. (Consider today's negro spirituals!) They became rigid; they developed lifestyles that were alien and inaccessible to the economically oppressed. The "conventions" of the ruling class could only be inimical to the living because it was represented by the "conventionless" masses of the oppressed. Gradually the masses came to adopt the habits and rigidities of their oppressors. This led to new attempts by the ruling class to distance itself, to the extent possible, from a society still rooted to the soil. They culminated in a feudal attitude, characterized essentially by a denial of the existence of natural functions. It lost contact with that against which it attempted to raise barriers. The deeper the neglect and the displacement of nature, the more unnatural will be the lifestyle of this class of people. Out of it develops the warrior caste, the warrior nobility. The masses take no part in this development, which proceeds at the hands of mercenaries, drawn from a group of lawbreakers. Even in the Middle Ages, indeed even in the time of Napoleon, there was no standing army, only mercenaries. War is alien to the ordinary masses of farmers, artisans, and tradespeople who are close to the soil. The warrior is the ruler, the knight, the nobleman, the swordman and fighter, but in reality he is a do-nothing, a parasite of society. The ever-increasing masses of ordinary people lie deeply enslaved. They do not lose contact with their primordial life feelings, but they become more and more ashamed of them. The Church does its part to plant the seeds of anti-nature by making God into an anti-instinctual, antisexual ideal. "God," in all phases of life's development, is clearly nothing more than a continuation of the primordial feeling for life that men have lost. Thus all religious ideologies have some form of return to nature as their content. The idea of "redemption" has a real meaning. "Community with God," his "omnipresence," and the dependence on him are clear reflections of an obscure natural feeling that is experienced mystically. It is the tragedy of man that he prays for what he lost, once prayed for, and now mistrusts and resists. With every step that takes man away from his animal origins, it becomes more and more clear that "God"

is this very origin. Still, this distancing from the animal is only apparent. Man cannot free himself from his plasmatic organization. He always remains closer to the animal than to whatever he dreams of being or becoming. The laws of nature follow him in all his illusions and dreams. He has sacrificed the experience of orgasm in the sex act on the altar of ideas, but God has joined their names. He has described nature as sinful, but he flagellates himself in order to again experience his plasmatic convulsion. He dreams of a sin-free paradise and ignores the original state in which natural love was not yet a sin or a disgusting perversion.

Humans cannot escape from the animal, from the body, from orgasmic feeling. Every thought of their scholars, every hymn of their poets, every performance by their actors, converges on one theme: *love*. "Redemption," "paradise," "freedom from sin," "nearness to God" are merely and remain eternally one gigantic, many-faceted cry for a return to organic life feelings. But how can the society of biologically miscarried human masses be freed, whether they be warriors, priests, scholars, poets, musicians? In each, life development follows the flight away from the living toward the living. It distorts, mistrusts and misuses, fears and crushes it. But the living remains indestructible. Man, like a jellyfish or a goldfish, cannot escape moving convulsively. The attempt to do so is his tragedy, his ruin, the source of all his dreams and myths, his illnesses and his intellectual production. He flees into higher mathematics. This only brings him closer to his cosmic feelings. He fantasizes that his earth is the center of the universe. But mathematics teaches him that his earth is a little star amid billions of starry worlds. He has lost the ability to expand. He is constricted, frightened, small, broken, whether he is hoarding money, killing in war, or struggling to educate himself. As he flees from the feeling of expansion, he must admit that the cosmos is expanding, that it is not rigid, as he would like to believe. His organization, the Church, which he created in order to keep us from the plasmatic convulsion, made a martyr of Galileo, who tried to bring men back to the truth. (The priests travel the bridges that Galileo created, fly in the aircraft that Galileo's closeness to nature prepared men

to build.) He does not rightly know who Galileo was. He is blocked and thirsting for pleasure, because he is incapable of pleasure and thus becomes ungrateful and shallow. Today, he hears jazz and bad jokes on the radio, but does not know who gave him the radio. He has petting parties in the back seats of cars, but does he know who invented the automobile? He does not know and has no desire to know, because that would force him to look into himself. And he has learned to hate himself. He does not want to return to his true self, to the way he was thousands of years ago and still is deep-down. But in that gap between his thinking and willing on the one hand, and his bond with nature on the other, lies the source of his perversity and criminality, his cowardice and indolence, his brutality and baseness. This is what he has become. This is not what he was. If he seeks to understand his condition, his place in the enormous realm of living things, he stumbles over the beast that he has become. He hates and fears himself as a beast. He tries to free himself from the beast, sometimes by claiming that he is not descended from the animal. Another time, he trumpets that the animal in man is in opposition to God, thus overlooking that God is the true, proper, decent animal within him. He also teaches and proclaims that his higher ideals are more important than sexuality, that, for example, he can and will fly and therefore children are not allowed to know where their brothers and sisters come from. At other times, he attributes to animals what the beast within him feels. He mistrusts and fears himself. He has lost self-respect to such an extent that he drags down all his fellowmen, destroys them one way or another if they dare to take him seriously, to trust him, to consider him a decent person. He smiles wistfully when he is reminded of his own desires. He is sarcastic because he is afraid to be deep, because he wants to love and cannot love. Above all else, he uses most of his strength and intelligence to prove that he has no genitals, that he is not an animal, did not evolve from amoebae, in other words, that he is cultured, knowledgeable, a national warrior, or a diplomat. When he can no longer help himself without castrating himself, he goes "girling," without failing to be morally indignant on hearing that love is possible between

15-year-olds. He feels national pride, attaches great importance to the family, is against the Bolsheviks, without knowing what any of these things are. He has the political opinions of his time and believes in going to Church. He is the pillar of society and admires the intellectual giants whom he would stone if they belonged to his time. He is against radical thinking and for the golden middle road. When a Hitler turns up, he appears as a strong man. He considers social hygiene as superfluous.

These are things that have been said often and better. Why then are the Babbitts of this world still in control, despite all the efforts and self-sacrifice of bigger men, entire classes of men, of great nations? Because we do not yet know or still deny the sexual background of the Babbitts. Man thus denies the philistine in himself. As a young student, I wrote in my diary that the mark of the philistine is his unreadiness for bodily experience. That was almost 20 years ago. It is even truer today than it was then. I know that it will serve no purpose if I write it down, cry it out, found a party to combat it, and enlist the greatest discovery in the battle against it. The problem remains the philistine and the sway he holds. That is the whole depressing fact of the matter. Revolutions are set in motion against the philistine and are put down in blood. Wars are waged, reducing entire peoples to misery. Great thinkers have died martyrs' deaths. In vain! Impotence still reigns supreme. And the living slinks down the back stairs in search of its rights, despairing, threatened, calumniated, disgraced, tracked, besmirched. It has no home, no protection! The palaces of science show it the door. Helpless, it is given freely to every executioner, every pig, every pervert, and every living corpse. The living knows that, scientifically comprehended, socially organized, and democratically interpreted, it would conquer the entire world. Nothing, absolutely nothing, could resist it. Without a trace of violence, everything that today kills the living would be swept away by it. It has no brazen stride, but it pulsates to the rhythm of the universe. It knows no "economic factors" and no "unrelenting course of history," but it would not let any living creature go hungry or suffer. This would be solved automatically, so much is oppression alien to it. It organizes no political parties, because

it lives in all beings, guides all thinking, is active in creation, pulsates in love's ecstasy. It founds no churches and creates no religions, because the sphere of the stars is its home and "God" is itself. It establishes no diplomatic missions, because it knows only one way, the truth, the simple, straightforward truth.

It does not understand what "tactics" are. Politeness is inherent in it, but it becomes impolite, isolates itself, when it finds itself constrained within an image. It does not understand why people bring up children to be submissive. It is not afraid of children because it is itself a child. It learns gladly from the butterfly and the dog. When it sees or hears a university professor teach, it looks on bewildered and helpless. "You take such roundabout paths to discover me? I am here and everywhere. But I am not in the places where men seek me. That is why I am not visible." When it is betrayed, it would like to fly into a rage, but it prefers to wait. The betrayer finds himself ultimately betrayed. *Life cannot be betrayed.* It thinks that God is being sought in the wrong place. He is precisely where man imagines the Devil. He is not in jazz, but in Beethoven's feeling for life.