



Semantography-Blissymbolics Series No. 205

MY FIRST 23 YEARS

Biographical Notes

Started to write: 5 Sept 66

Today, the 5th September 1966 is my 69th birthday. I am now entering my 70th year. This figure 70 is an awesome milestone in any life. May I be blessed to reach the figure 80. I want this, but not more. Because Claire had reached this figure on the 28th July 1961 when we celebrated quietly her 79th birthday by driving through our beloved Centennial Park, and seeing once again the signs of spring. She was then a very sick woman, but bright in mind, and cheerful. "You are now entering your 80th year," I told her, "and this is something to be proud of." But it was not for long. The end came soon, two and a half weeks later, on the 14th August 1961.

I was then 15 years younger than she. In the days, weeks and months that followed, I went through agonies of desolation. Unable to fathom her death, I began to believe that the departed are departed only in body, but not in spirit. My writing during this time reflects this philosophy. I believed that I shall not live much longer than she. In fact, I wanted to die soon. My heartbreak was too great. In order to relieve it, I began to count my blessings. Not the fact that I am still alive and in good health. My blessings were in the past, the years that have gone by since that fateful day in September 1920 when I met Claire. What she felt at this moment I did not know. I always believed that her feelings were the same as with any other casual acquaintance. But about 2 years ago, Claire's old friend from her young days, Emmi told me in a letter that Claire had told her that the moment I entered her life she felt that fate had come to her to change her life.

I have told the long story of My Life with Claire in over 100 pages like these under the title "In Memory of Claire!" It forms No.210 of this Series. By reliving the 41 years of our life together, I relieved my great heartbreak, and I began to be thankful for this wonderful blessed life with her. It took me 2 years to recover from my despair, and then I began to wish that I shall live as long as she did, in order to finish my work on my Semantography. Another 15 years of life for me? It seemed incredible to me in 1961 and after.

But now - one third of this lifespan has passed. Two weeks ago I mourned the 5th anniversary of Claire's death, secure in my love to her, and hoping that my life will be as long as hers. Will I live through another 10 years? I hope I will, and I want fervently that I shall reach this age, because I have still so much to do. Especially, during the last few weeks a new idea has taken shape, the desire to give to the world another book in order to help humanity in another way. The purpose of this book will become clear in the following pages. And in this book I would have to start to tell the story of my early life, my childhood, my boyhood, and my young manhood. When I finished to tell the story of My Life with Claire, beginning with the begin of my 24th year in 1920, I thought that I may one day add to it the Story of my First 23 Years to complete my Life Story. But I always found other more important things to do. I had reserved the number 205 in my Semantography Series for this story, but I believed that I may never find the time to write it, simply because I did not find my life so important for telling it to the world.

But now, and quite suddenly, the first 23 years of my life have taken on a great importance. I went through the agonies of unhappiness through which almost all children, boys, and young men have to go through. During the last 20 years I hammered away on my typewriter in thousands of pages the fact that children are not taught in any school how to recognize those words which cause unhappiness to others. I dwelt again and again on the fact that women are driving their husbands mad with incessant nagging. But now I began to wonder why women are causing the unhappiness of their husbands. I believe now that women must feel betrayed of their birthright by their husbands. What is their birthright, and why and

how are they betrayed of it? If it is the birthright of every nagging women, then it must have been given to her as a girl, as a child, as a newly born baby. What is this birthright?

In this paper I shall try to explain what I mean by telling the story of my own childhood, boyhood and young manhood. Because it was my firm conviction for many years, that we both boys and girls have been shamefully betrayed of our birthright, and this has made us very unhappy in our youth, and very unhappy in our womanhood and manhood. If I tried during the last 24 years to show that a better knowledge of language could prevent further unhappiness, in this story I shall try to show how the unhappiness which leads to unhappy words have arisen. Indeed, it is my firm believe that the unhappiness caused by bitter words is caused in turn by the unhappiness caused by the bitter experiences through which every girl and every boy must go through.

And I shall show that we all have been betrayed of our birthright of happiness by men who are responsible for this, our mental and moral teachers and preachers. To cause the death of a person is a great crime. But few people die in a private or national war in proportion to the billions which are born and die a natural death. The crime committed on them by our teachers and preachers is the greatest of all. And this I shall tell in the coming pages by telling my story.

A day and a night have passed since I wrote the paragraphs above. As usual, I find that I can write best after a good night's sleep, and undisturbed by anyone. To do my creative writing, I go up at 4 a.m. when all are still asleep. At 6 a.m. I must stop, because then I begin to make breakfast for my guests in my little "hotel" which provides my livelihood, and my means for writing and working on my semantography, and now on this new book I have in mind. But when I re-read what I have written the morning before, I feel unhappy, as most writers are who are never satisfied with what they have written. Moreover, as I work without a firm plan for the sequence of paragraphs and what they should contain, I write as the thoughts are coming into my mind, thoughts which I have not thought before. This non-system of working produces rambling writing, but I can't help it. So much is there for me to do on my desk, that I have not the time to make drafts and drafts until I type the final manuscript. I type directly on to the wax stencil, and this method produces often awkward sentences, and incoherent sequences. I am sorry for this, but I cannot help it.

But this time, these pages are my draft pages. I'll let my mind go free to wander back into my memory, and much later I shall then try to work out the final manuscript for publication. So, please dear reader bear in mind that these pages are the forerunner of my final manuscript, and I hope I shall live to see it before me, and then in final print as a book to go out into the world, and into the minds of the millions upon millions of teenagers for whom I am writing it. And now on with the story of my first 23 years.

I was born on the 5th September 1897 as the first-born son of Mr. Michael Antchel Blitz, and Mrs. Jeanette Jochewed Blitz, born Seidmann. My young parents lived then in a small cottage in the Cecinagasse of Czernowitz, the capital of the Eastern-most province Bukowina of the old Austrian-Hungarian Empire. My father was then a journeyman at the foremost optician in town, a man with the name of Dornbaum. Soon after my birth my father made himself an independent man by opening his own optician workshop a few houses down the main street from Dornbaum. When my father married my mother he was a poor man. But his bearings were fine, and my mother was a young beautiful woman. Before me on the wall is the youngest photo I have of them. This photo is reproduced in my second edition of my book on Semantography on page 811.

To open a shop, to instal a complete workshop, and to put goods on the shelves and into the shopwindow, money is needed. No doubt, this money was provided by my grandfather, as the dowry which he gave to his first-born daughter. In these times, Jewish fathers were very unhappy when the midwife came out of the bedroom to tell him "It's a girl!" The father usually answered with a groan, because this means a harder life for him. In fact, he began to save for the dowry of his daughter the moment she was born. To have a son was a blessing. To have a daughter was a curse. And imagine my grandfather had 3 girls in succession, and no son.

But he had children before. My grandfather must have been a remarkable man in his younger years, remarkable in many ways. One remarkable aspect of his life was that he had 3 wives in succession, and all bore him children. But the first

two of his wives didn't die. He divorced them. They re-married later, but friendly relations with their former husband (my grandfather) were kept alive, as I well remember as a little boy having seen them visiting grandfather, and knowing well their children. They came to grandfather to get financial help, and, as they came again and again, they must have gotten money again and again from grandfather. After he died, my mother continued the charitable work, and helped the children, and their mothers.

No, I must be wrong, believing that the two former wives of my grandfather had children from him. If this were so, I am sure I would have known that I have stepbrothers and stepsisters. It is hard for me going now so suddenly back into my memory of more than 65 years ago. I am sure now that my grandfather had no children from his first 2 wives. And this would offer an explanation why he divorced them. Or perhaps not. Because the divorced wives re-married and had children. I knew them, because they came with their mothers to pay visits to my grandfather. One of his former wives lived with her new husband in Gurahumora, and I knew well their two sons, one of them came to Czernowitz where he learned the trade of making furniture. In fact, I remember that he later on made the complete shop fittings of my father's new shop in about 1911, and later on, he made the furniture for my married aunt Hermine (whose 3 children live here in Sydney). The other former wife of my grandfather lived in Seret, also (like Gurahumora) in the Bukowina. She had three sons whom I knew very well. My own mother went to live in Seret when the Russians occupied Czernowitz during the second world war, and she died there in 1947 at the age of 75 years. Under her pillow was the entry permit for Australia, and only few months separated her from coming to me to Sydney to live with my Claire.

The recollections above prove that my grandfather did not divorce his first two wives because they were barren and could not bear him children. Neither was my grandfather barren, because he produced three daughters with my grandmother. This leaves only one possible explanation open, an explanation which would also explain a conviction of mine which I began to voice as a young man, and which I maintained throughout my long life. I said often that I would not be able to go on living with a wife I do not love, or a wife who makes my own life miserable. And indeed, when this latter situation happened, I divorced my first wife Rosika. That was in 1927. And just two weeks ago, someone wrote this story of mine. And that someone came yesterday to me and said "Happy Birthday dear Charles" and gave me a kiss on my forehead. I look into the mirror, and all I can see is an old man with the miserable features of an old face, with a bald pate, and a bit of white hair at the sides - and yet, that someone found it worthwhile and proper to give me a kiss, and to remember my birthday and to give me a card which she had selected carefully out of the many cards at the stationary shop, because, as she said, the verses are so true:

"Among my favorite memories
Are those I share with you...
The way we used to sit and talk,
The happy times we knew,
And so I want to wish you
Birthday happiness, and then,
"Hope some day soon will find us
Making memories again."

That someone is a young and beautiful woman. I shared her happiness of her love to a wonderful young composer, and in a small way, I helped to bring about her marriage to him. Just two weeks ago was her wedding day. And it is she who inspired me to write these memories, and the new book I am planning, which I want to dedicate to her. She is Maureen my typist, my secretary, my co-worker, my confidant, my confessor, my disciple, and the most wonderful thing which could happen to me during these days around my 69th birthday.

My Story of Maureen will form an issue of my writings. Already I am collecting things and words, and writings about her, the first is my little speech at her wedding just 2 weeks ago, on the 22nd August 1966. I gave her little things for her home. But she gave me her wedding present, a Story of myself, which she titled "Mr. C. K. Bliss." It will form a special issue of my writing, and every time I look into it, my heart is full of warmth and happiness, because she instilled in me the belief that I can still talk to teenagers, and there are teenagers who will listen to me. Alas, I did not believe this during the last 15 years, when I (and even beautiful whitehaired Claire) was the subject of neglect and even abuse by the children and teenagers of my family. Maureen gave me the belief that I have something worthwhile to tell to teenagers. And so I will. She then is the inspirator of this my writing and of my forthcoming book. God bless her!

I remembered well my grandfather. I have a picture of him with a patriarchal beard, and a mischievous smile, indicating that he enjoyed life to the full. I have told about him in my writing "My Brother Henry" (S.S. No. 213), and I shall try to remember more of him. Maureen will leave within a few months for England with her young husband. She is right, though I am unhappy to lose her. But just yesterday she told me that she got her first acting role on TV. She is a dancer and just last Sunday she caught the eye of a TV producer, and after a short try yesterday morning he gave her the part. But before she leaves for England, I want that she should help me in sorting out and writing down the story of my early life, and one of these assignments will be a sorting of the early pictures I have and a story to go with every picture. And the first picture and story in this new issue will be the picture of my grandfather.

He had a fine house just around the corner of Cecinagasse where my birthplace was. His house was Winzergasse No. 20. It was a 2 story house, in which he, the landlord occupied the "finest" flat, consisting of two rooms and a small kitchen. All other flats in the house consisted of one room only and a small kitchen. All this was "luxury" in those early days around the turn of the century. There were no bathrooms anywhere in his house, nor in any other house in our town. A bathtub was filled with hot water, and the family used the hot water in turn. There were no toilets in the house. Toilets were in an outhouse in the backyard. Indeed, this was the situation in all the flats my parents occupied during my life with them, and it was similar in the Vienna after the first world war. It seems old and odd, but two years ago I read a report which stated that more than half of all the houses in Paris have no running water, and this means no bathrooms and no toilets. And this shows that there is still much to do to make the lives of all easier and happier. Alas, the rulers are too preoccupied to prepare for war, and a great part of the taxes collected from the people goes into the making of weapons for war. War against whom? The ordinary Frenchman doesn't want to go to war with the ordinary German, or Russian, or Englishman. Only our rulers induce us to wage war, war for what? To ensure their own safety.

Excuse my ramblings, of which I have warned you before. Maureen, who wrote my life story, said in the introduction that the happenings in the life of a person are only part of the story. More important is the "personality" which is made up by the thoughts which motivate a person. And this explains why I cannot help making remarks to tell of my thoughts which come into my mind when I write this.

I am trying to remember when I began to think and to remember. I don't think that I can recollect anything before my 3rd birthday. But I believe to be sure that I remember happenings in my 4th year. Why the 4th year? Because of the Jewish people, who lived for nearly 2000 years in the diaspora (literally Dispersion). It began with the Jews being driven into the captivity of Babylon, and later being driven into the whole world after Titus destroyed the temple in 70 A.C. During these trying times when the Jews had no homeland, and no nationhood, and just nothing which could hold them together, except the hatred of the people around them, they had only one thing which held them together - their scriptures. And the Jews found out, what new educators, and new educational publishers are now trying to exploit for their own ends, namely that children can be taught to read at the age of 4 and even below. Just a few weeks ago, TIME magazine published a story under the title TEACHING BABY TO READ, and telling of rapacious publishers who have no qualm to publish booklets, and charts, and big cardboard kits with words printed on, for teaching baby to read to the tune of up to \$ 70 per set. They know that parents will slave and save to give their children a good education. And this was, and still is the case with the Jews of old, and the Jews of now. There is simply no such Jew as an illiterate Jew in the world. They all have been taught already in the 4th year to read and write.

But here the great trouble with me arose. I was forced to learn to read and write in Hebrew, and this at a time when I spoke fluently German. German was my mother tongue, but it was not my mother's mother tongue. She spoke with her husband, and with all the Jewish people in town in Yiddish, which is the German of the 12th century, when the crusaders rode through German towns, and began their training of killing infidels, be they Jews or Moslems. The Jews fled to Poland and Russia, and preserved there for 7 centuries their old German.

But I myself could not speak that old German, called Yiddish. Why not? Because my parents when they spoke to me and to my brothers, they spoke only in German, the modern German that is. This was the official language of the Austrian Empire, and it was the language of culture. And my parents wanted to give me a fine background, though it must have been difficult for them to speak to

me in a language other than their own. But father and mother were not only forced to speak German. They had to learn to talk in Ukrainian, Polish, Russian as well, and later on in Roumanian. The Bukowina was a land of colonists called in by the Empress Maria Theresia who acquired the province from the Turks. Father and mother stood in their little shop and had to talk to different customers in different languages. When I was a baby I listened to my mother speaking to the housemaid in Ukrainian, to the milkman in Polish, to the Grocer in Yiddish, and to me and my brothers in German.

But I refused to pick up words of the other languages. It seemed to me utterly illogical and nonsensical that the table I knew so well, and which had the name of "Tisch" in German, should be spoken of in totally different words in the other languages. A table is a table, I reasoned in German, and nothing else by any other name. It is a well known fact that little children pick up foreign languages much quicker than adults. But it was not the case with me. One could argue that an aptitude for languages was not hereditary in the Bliss family. But this was not the case, because my two younger brothers Isidor and Heinrich, they picked up the other languages with ease. And they even became proficient in a dead language not spoken anywhere except in prayers - Hebrew. Later, they even learned the modern Hebrew as pronounced among the young zionists ready to go to Palestine.

I have written about my aversion against the Babel of languages in other parts of my writings, and I have traced my interest in a universal language to this fact. But of all the languages, the worst appeared to me Hebrew. As told before, I started to learn to read and write Hebrew as the age of 4. The school or "Schule" in German was the synagogue. Incidentally, the name in Yiddish was not synagogue, or temple, but School, pronounced like in German Shool, but with an i - Shil. In the Russian Yiddish the old German pronunciation Shool was still maintained. But how did I, a little boy of 4 go to school? Alone, in the bitter cold wintermonths with snow covering the streets? I was transported to the school. Here in Sydney I see private cars picking up 4 years old for private kindergartens. In my time, it was a poor teacher who went from house to house collecting the little children. Sometimes they were not up, or not yet dressed, and he had to dress me, because Mama was busy making preparations to go with Papa into the shop. Imagine being torn out of the warm bed, and taken out into the cold street, making the rounds with the other children, until we headed for an unheated synagogue. But worse was to come. Our teacher, the rabbi, was a stern man, and he used on us what teachers here in Australia are still allowed to use: the cane. With the rabbi, it was his walking cane, and he used to poke me into my ribs and my chest whenever I made a mistake in spelling and pronunciation. It hurt very much, and it created in me a violent aversion against Hebrew

But the rabbi taught us not only to read the Bible in Hebrew, but also to pray in Hebrew. When I began to fathom the ordeal of the daily prayer I was thunderstruck by the enormity of prayer after prayer. In later years I had to read not less than 126^{pages} (I remember well that monstrous figure) in Hebrew in my daily prayerbook. To read aloud this mass of prayers would have taken me in my later boyhood years a number of hours. How do the adults manage to say it all? They all had to go to work, because life was hard, but they all had to say also all the prescribed prayers from 126 pages. Devout praying Jews all over the world have overcome this ordeal by rattling the prayers with lightning speed in a mumbling voice where it was impossible to distinguish one single word. And so I followed this practice, mumbling and mumbling without regard to pronunciation.

My prayerbook contained the German translation of the most important prayers. Thus I could at least realize what I am saying, or mumbling, in Hebrew. And as I remember vividly, I was struck by two illogical facts. The first was that the God of the Jews apparently understands only Hebrew. But I soon learned that the same God was also the God of the Germans, the Ukrainians, and the others who prayed to him in their own languages. If German was the only language I was fluent in, why cannot I say my prayers in German? And why is not one hearty prayer, sincerely spoken and meant, enough to ask for God's guidance and help? Why some hundreds of prayers to be said every day, so that nothing remains for all the Jews than to rattle it off in half an hour in incoherent and incomprehensible mumbling?

The second disturbing fact was the content of the prayers. It was an endless praise of the virtues of God. At that time I was already familiar with the fact that people say many things without meaning them, even lying about them. I was familiar with the way of flattering with words to play to the vanity of persons whom people need, and whom they lauded beyond measure for getting something in

return. Already in my boyhood I was shocked by the hypocrisy of the prayers, of their incessant flattering. How can a wise God stand this lauding again and again in prayer after prayer? Any upright human being would tell a flatterer and sycophant to shut up. But apparently, so I learned, God wanted to be lauded in such extravagant and exaggerated words. The rabbi said so, and prayed so, and all the adult Jews obeyed and prayed in the same way and with the same words. To disobey would mean to incur the wrath of God, and this was something fearful, because the Jewish God was a stern God of wrath and vengeance.

And so, already in my early youth I began to defy the authority of God. It was a courageous thing to do, and it was punished by death, and damnation in hell. And yet, I the small boy began to doubt the existence of God, and his wisdom, and the way he wants to be worshipped. I disobeyed. I stood there in a corner and mumbled some rattling sounds which to the onlooker looked as prayer. But I knew very well that if I can deceive my parents, and other people, I surely cannot deceive God. He definitely knew that I wasn't praying at all. On the contrary. Every morning I performed a shameless act deceiving everybody, and trying even to deceive God. I was terrified then, but I did it nevertheless.

There was one particular act of prayer which, so I was told by boys and adults, could bring instant death at the hands of God. During the high festivals, after about 3 hours of prayer there came the special blessing of the community carried out by those Jews who were descendant of the old caste of Priests, the cohanim. Every Jew anywhere in the world whose name is Cohn, or Cohen, or Kohn, is a priest, and at the high festivals he is called upon to say the special prayer of blessing. The cohanim take up a position near the altar and facing the community. Everybody must then bow his head, and never, under no circumstance, must anyone ever look up and see the priests, and the magic sign they make with their hands. The first years I was terrified by the procedure. My father bent my head and my upper body deep low, and so did everyone present. The cohanim then, began the prayer in a dreadful and frightening singsong. There were young and old priests, and many of them couldn't sing, and couldn't keep their voices tuned together. It was a dreadful wailing of high and low pitched voices which simply terrified me. To this came the fact that I must not look up - or God will strike me dead the very same moment.

Well, I defied again God. I defied death. I looked up. I saw the cohanim shroded in their prayershaws, their own faces hidden, and their arms held high, and their fingers held in a mysterious magic sign. It was terrifying for me to see it all, and I feared the wrath of God. But I did look up. I did defy the authority of God, of the rabbi, and of everyone else who told me that I will surely die. And I did not die.

Looking back, I believe that here was my beginning of my defiance against any authority, and any authoritative opinion by experts and priests. In my later boyhood I began to question in defiance the wisdom and the truth of all I was told by my teachers and preachers. This is why I took a great liking to the physical sciences where I could prove the truth for myself. And this is why I doubted the truth in the teaching of my language teachers, and my religious teachers. From this trait came my incessant questioning of every opinion I heard, until today I have realized that indeed with many conventional beliefs and opinions, the opposite is true. Much of my success in industry, in law, and now in language and logic is due to this questioning and doubting. But by questioning the opinions of my friends and others, I made them my enemies. They wouldn't play the game of trying to find out the truth. Instead, they derided me, or abused me, and in the end I became a lonely man.

In previous writings I have dwelt on my first encounters with language in the home, the town, the primary school, and the secondary school. I have tried to trace my interest and my opposition to linguistics back to my early boyhood. Now is the time for telling my first encounter with language and with prayer. It surely must go back to my 3rd year, to a time when I had not been forced to learn Hebrew. And here my mother comes into the picture. Somehow, she must have sensed my own feelings. Or rather, she too had the same feelings and the same doubts about the validity of praying in Hebrew only. And so she taught me my first prayer - in German. To every God fearing Jew, and to every rabbi this must seem like heresy, but nobody knew about it except my mother and I, and my father too. As I found out in later years, my father was a devout atheist who did not give a damn about prayer, and who even did the most unheard-of thing. Instead of fasting at the day of atonement, he went to eat at the

table of one of his friends - a Christian, and there he ate not "kosher" food, not prepared according to the Jewish ritual. It was sin upon sin, but no one of us knew about it, not even my mother. I learned about it only years after his death. My father's atheism accounts also for the fact that he was lenient towards me, towards my atrocious Hebrew, towards my mumbling prayers, etc. etc.

Now, my mother taught me my first prayer in German at the age of 3, I believe. It was a little poem of 4 lines, and it runs in German (and translated into English):

Muede bin ich, geh zur Ruh'	Tired am I, go to rest,
Schliesse beide Aeuglein zu.	Closing both my eyes
Vater lass die Augen Dein	Father let the eyes (of) yours
Ueber meinem Bette sein	Be above my bed.

The significant thing about this little poem was that God was not mentioned at all. At that time, probably I didn't even know the meaning of "father." My father was for me Papa all the time. Neither do I remember that Mama told me that "Vater" means God. And to this comes the poetical twisting of the sentences. I had learned to speak in the normal and ordinary manner. If I wanted to say "I am tired" I would never have said "Tired am I." And the turn-around of the words "Eyes yours" (Augen Dein) instead of "Your eyes" "Deine Augen" was totally above my comprehension. But the worst, and the most significant misunderstanding occurred in the first line "Muede bin ich, geh zur Ruh'!"

In German the z is not pronounced like in English where it represents a kind of sawing hum, like the z z z z as indicating snoring sleep in cartoons. In German the z is pronounced ts. This is why the name of Leibniz, as it is properly written in German, is written in French and English by adding a t, as spelt Leibnitz. Otherwise English-speaking people would pronounce it Leibnizzzzz. Consequently, when my mother taught me the little prayer, there crept a t in when the "zur" was pronounced, as "geh tzur Ruh!" Words in sequence are pronounced together, flowing into each other, and unfortunately, when I said "gehtzurRuh!" Now, the verb in German takes on different endings with different personal cases (as it is with the 3rd case in English). In English we say

I go	In German we say	Ich geh
You go		Du gehst
He goes (or she goes)		Er geht (Sie geht)

In short, suddenly a third person crept into the prayer, because I read the pronounced t in "zur" as if it would belong to the foregoing word "geh". It became "geht". Therefore the line read for me:

Muede bin ich <u>geht</u> zur Ruh	Tired am I <u>goes</u> to rest
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I remember vividly that I began to wonder who that person is who goes to sleep. Surely not me, because then the sentence would run "Ich geh zur Ruh" - "I go to rest." And soon I found out who that third person was. For me: the little boy of 3, the turnabout sentence "Muede bin ich" - "Tired am I" made no sense at all. I knew that it had to be "I am tired," not "Tired am I!" Spoken together in fluent speech it came out as "Muedebinich" - "Tiredani!" I concluded that this strange word "Tiredani" must be the name of that person who goes to rest. Who was that mysterious "Muedebinich?" I asked myself.

I soon found out. It must be a little girl with the name of "Muedebinich" - "Tiredani!" It was quite a strange fantastic name for a girl, such as I never heard before. And so, every night when Mama bedded me down, I put my hands together in prayer and said with closed eyes

"Muedebinich geht zur Ruh"

and thinking of that little girl "Muedebinich" who goes to rest, and wondering how she looked like. Was she blond, or with dark hair? I remember vividly that in my closed eyes crept the sight of a little girl with dark hair, and great dark eyes, and a very pretty face. My mother believed she had taught me a prayer about Godfather. She might have been horrified that instead I went to bed every night with the thoughts of a little girl called "Muedebinich!" But she never knew that I went to bed with a little girl, and dreamt about her, before falling into sleep. It was my little sweet secret, and I told it to nobody. Sex had entered my life at the age of 3, incredible as it may seem.

But sex had entered my life also in another way. That other way is today the basis of a multimillion dollar industry, the taking of pictures of beautiful girls with their bosom half or fully exposed, beautiful girls, and millions of them, their pictures being reproduced in millions of copies in various magazines and in fact, in almost every magazine and every newspaper. You can hardly open your morning paper without founding a beautiful beach girl in a daring pose.

What is the meaning behind all this? Does it mean lax morality, and all that? Not at all. It is the reminder of all boys of their first fine experience as a baby. The outside world was hostile. That's why babies cry. But there was one wonderful spot which gave warmth, and food, and friendly shelter: mama's breasts. Indeed, mama is an international word recurring in all languages, because it represents the sucking sound m-m-m-m which all babies make.

That wonderful experience, mama's breasts, remains with all boys throughout all their life. And hence, a woman's breast is for every man something wonderful to behold. In fact, he can't stop looking at it, and he wants to see more and more of it. And he is ready to pay every week for magazines which show girls and women with full breasts. Full breasts, not skinny, limpy ones. That's why the measurements of girls with full breasts are repeated with awe in magazines and newspapers, Sabrina, Mansfield, and the others. That's why full-breasted women, and full-bodied women, even very fat women, never stay spinsters. They marry soon, because their husbands are fascinated by their full breasts and full bodies, which reminds them of their early babyhood, and their happiest experience then.

I make no exception. In fact, I have something to report which goes perhaps back to my second year, something which would horrify many moralists. My parents were poor. All they could afford was a room and a small kitchen, nothing more, and nothing for the children in their early years and later. The only room was not big enough to put two beds next to each other. A double bed was unknown in our hometown. In the small room my parents rented, the two beds had to stand one behind the other in a row, end to end. There was only a small gangway left between the beds and the wall. As soon as I outgrew the cradle, I could not have a bed of my own. I had to sleep with Mama. In Czernowitz, a town open to the howling winds of snowbound Russia the winters were terribly cold. I had to huddle up to Mama, and her warm full body. And there were her full breasts. I remember that I could not help but fondling them. Mama was not horrified, nor morally shocked. She let me do it, well in my 3rd year, and perhaps later.

I have often wondered what would have happened if Mama had restrained me, or even if she had told me to go and sleep with Papa. May be, I would have developed into a homosexual. I don't know. But I believe that these early years have a decisive influence on the sexual behaviour of the later man. I don't remember having read in any book warnings of psychologists and other talkers as to the early experience of little children with their parents and the resulting sexual make-up in later life. But I believe that this is a very important point. With me, it was in a way decisive. My mother became my early love, and my first love. The result in later years was that I began to love girls and young women older than I. Not only because of an "instinct" within me to huddle up to someone older than I, but also because my good mother was a very intelligent woman. Never had I seen her behaving to Papa in an unreasonable way, as so many young wives are often doing. Consequently, young and silly girls had no attraction for me. The end result was that I married Claire who was 15 years my senior. It was a wonderful match, because she too was highly intelligent, and made my life rich and happy.

I believe everyone in our town would have been horrified had he or she known that Mama let me fondle her breast, even at the age of 3. And every Jew and Jewess might have equally been horrified had they known that Mama has taught me to pray in German, not in Hebrew. She wanted me to understand what I am saying. But unfortunately, she being a poetical nature, and loving poetry, she taught me a poem in twisted poetical sentences with the sorry result that it all ended up for me with sleeping with a little girl called "Muedebinich." Mama, of course, did not know it. It was my sweet little secret, and in a way Muedebinich was my first girl I loved.

Another remarkable trend with my mother and father was that they never threatened me with hell and the devil, nor with any "big bad man," or witch, or any other monster from Grimm's fairy tales. But they did threaten me with a man, the policeman, if I misbehave. This appears me to be a very sensible approach, but only in a democratic state, not in a police state. Fortunately, Austria was a democratic monarchy, and criticism of the government was allowed. Criticism of the monarch, the old emperor Franz Joseph, was of course not allowed, but there was no necessity for this, because he was an old man without any real power.

There is a little story I can relate from my earliest boyhood, perhaps I was 4 years of age then. It relates to my fear of the policeman. Mama was in bed ill. This was a good opportunity for me to sneak up into the kitchen, and into the jar with cookies, and the jar with jam. It was a clandestine affair, and I felt very guilty about it. Bidding Mama good-bye I went out into the street, when I

suddenly saw a policeman in the doorframe of the house walking towards me. I realized in horror that he must know about my theft of cookies and jam, and that he is coming to get me off to jail. Horrified I raced back to Mama, jumped into her bed, and waited for the dreadful things to happen. But the policeman did not come to fetch me. This little story shows how a little child feels secure only with Mama. Indeed, we can see the same thing happen in the animal world. Terrified little chicks run towards the mother hen, and hide behind her feathers under her warm body. Little kitten and puppies race back to Mama, and it is the same with lion and tiger cubs.

Now is the time to tell about the various phases of sexual behaviour through which almost every child, or every healthy child goes through. I have learned of these phases in a popular book on the teachings of Sigmund Freud. Whenever I tell of these phases to other people they are amazed that a Freud was needed to see clearly the situation. At the same time they were grateful to me for having told them something of the teachings of the great Freud. Usually, whatever psychologists and other professorial talkers are talking or writing about Freud and sex, and other matters affecting our psyche, is done in such gruesome highbrow language that the common people feel unable to understand it. Even the popular book on the teachings of Freud was written in a way which made comprehension difficult. However, I always found I have a knack of explaining difficult scientific theories in simple language, and so here is something about that book.

Freud discerns the following sexual phases in the earliest years of babyhood and childhood. First, there is the oral phase. Oral meaning mouth is the first stumbling block for people who don't know the meaning of oral, orifice, etc. But in simple language it says that the baby is first and foremost attracted by his or her mouth, and it tries to take anything into its mouth. No doubt, this goes back to baby's first experience, the nipples of Mama's breasts, which gave forth such wonderful sweet and warm and satisfying food. I have often wondered whether babies and animal babies discover the purpose of the nipples by accident, or whether they have somehow a foreknowledge that somewhere there is a nipple. I believe now that the baby organism is imbued with the knowledge of the nipple, and I have seen little kitten, blind and helpless, trying to find the nipples of the mother cat. The final proof is for me the baby kangaroo which comes out of the vagina, and heads for the pouch. The nipple is in the pouch. Observers have seen the baby kangaroo, which is not larger than $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, crawling past the pouch. But then it wavers, stands still, turns around and finds the pouch. This incredible "instinct" is only possible when we assume that the baby organism goes out deliberately in search of the nipple, knowing unconsciously that it is somewhere, and it finds it eventually.

The oral phase has been exploited by mothers who want to stop baby crying. To do so, the mother puts a rubber nipple into baby's mouth. When there is no such rubber substitute available the baby soon finds that the thumb does admirably for the same purpose. In the early months, even the thumb of the foot goes into baby's mouth to be happily sucked. But some children don't get rid of the oral phase, with the result that they often put a finger into their mouth, and more than often, the end of a pencil. Children chew their nails, and chew their pencils, all in subconscious repetition of suckling. I have seen often solemn professors, solicitors, and other representable men putting things into their mouth. They would take off their glasses and chew the ends of the bows.

One of the largest industries exploits profitably the oral phase in adults. It is the tobacco industry. It appears that most adults cannot get relaxation for thought, unless they have something in their mouth, a cigaret or a cigar, which confers upon them the status of sophisticated people. I remember vividly my father's shop where he sold elaborate cigaret holders. He had also cigaret holders which carried a dummy cigaret at the end, complete even with imitation glow of burning tobacco. Inside was a bit of menthol, and the whole contraption was designed to help those who want to give up smoking. Now, cigarettes ^{are} on the market which contain menthol and which give a "cool" feeling. But the most important part of any cigaret is the endtip for sucking according to the oral phase. Pipesmokers may go around for hours with their pipe in their mouth and sucking it, though there is no tobacco in it.

The next phase in the sexual experience of any baby may stay with many adults for their whole life. Actually there are two phases, and both connected with the excrements, the solid excrements coming from the behind, and the urine. Let us deal first with the solid excrements. A baby will soon discover this

this strange mass of pungent smell which dirties first its napkins and then its pants. Some children are fascinated with it. They will dip their fingers into it and smear themselves with it. Some teenagers and adults do likewise. One can sometimes find public lavatories with excrement smears on the wall. One can see that the smear comes from the tip of a finger, sometimes from all five fingers forming five distinct streaks. This can only be explained by the doers deliberately dipping their fingers into their behind, and doing so by an inexorable desire to dirty themselves. Usually children do this, but some adults do it too.

The fascination with the excrements stays with very many people all their lives, and as usual, there is a whole industry, and a large industry at that, which exploits it to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars, the laxative industry. They have admirably succeeded in convincing whole nations, and even the doctors of the nations, that "regular" bowel movement is good for health. By "regular" they understand, and make everybody understand, that "once a day" is "good for health."

After studying this trend throughout my long life, after speaking with many a doctor, I can say that the whole laxative industry is nothing but exploiting robbery. The exploitation is done by words. Kellogg advertises the All Bran product with the exhortation "Be a Regular" or in copying the British Army advertising slogan "Join the regular Army", Kellogg, and other manufacturers, cry out in many advertisements "Join the Regulars!" Other laxative advertisers are even brasher, and do not shrink back from outright lying. Every day I see in the papers and on TV the lies of Andrews liver salt "Inner cleanliness comes first." The lie should be obvious, because if "cleanliness" means the body and the bowels being free of excrements, every adult should know that the eaten food goes through the body all the time, and is all the time being converted into excrements, until it arrives in the last big intestine, the rectum. The body can never be "clean."

This laxative story is such a sorry story that we must dwell upon it a little longer. The health of all the people is involved, endangered, and outright ruined. I am a chemist, and I for one knows that we don't know anything really about the working of our body in breaking down and converting the intaking food. Neither do the doctors know. When I was a soldier, and confined to a hospital, there was a university professor with the name of Dr. Schur there who used us as guinea pigs for experiments in digestion. From that time on, I became interested in the subject, and when I find anything about it in papers and magazines I read it from beginning to end. And for the last 50 years, all the research reports have convinced me that doctors still don't know what happens, why, and how. It is the most intricate chemistry imaginable. During the last 2 decades of the affluence of Western nations a new large industry has emerged, the "reducing" industry, which tries to help people reducing their weight. They have doctors on their boards, or in their laboratories, or as consultants in the hospitals and surgeries of the town - and they all don't know what to do, to make people "reduce." Some use outright laxatives, trying to break down the food quicker than the body does it. Others offer some bulk cellulose stuff which fills the stomach, and gives a feeling of fullness, obliterating the feeling of hunger. Others use drugs which are outright dangerous, poisonous, and destructive to health - and all is done for the sake of money, money, money.

The newspapers are usually silent. These fraudulent manufacturers are some of their best customers. As usual, the things you really don't need, are advertised most, liquor, tobacco, and patent medicines. Rarely will you find an outcry from an honest doctor. Usually he cries out at a congress, and then the papers have to report it, but they do it in such a negligent way that only the reader looking for it will find it. Even if an article is printed about the saying of that doctor, he is made to look like a crank, because the advertisements on the other pages refute his exhortations in large print.

It should be obvious to every sane person that the human body does an admirable job in dealing with the food intake, even the grossest gluttony on some festive occasion. It gives us an overfull stomach, it makes us lazy and tired and within a day or so we happily dispose of the accumulated waste matter, and are happy to see the large volume of excrements in the toilet bowl. Usually there is no need to take any laxative. And usually there is no need to have bowel movements every day. Some have it usually every second day. Some may have two bowel movements in one week, which means every third and fourth day, and it will still be "regular" and be healthy for that individual. It is obvious that it all depends on the particular food one eats.

You dear reader may now wonder what all this has to do with the sexual phases of a child. Very much, as you will soon read. The whole subject must be treated thoroughly and from every angle, until you will be able to see everything in a true and new light. All this is not described in any book for common readers. But it has to be said at last. As told in the beginning of this my life story, these mimeographed pages are only the draft pages for a small book to be read by everyone. Whatever I say here, has to be said there too, but in a condensed form. But in order to condense something, you have to see it first in all its bulkiness. I have to remember my own childhood, and all my experiences in later life. Only then shall I be able to tell it all in a short and condensed way. So, dear reader please have patience with me, and bear with my overlong rambling.

As said before, manufacturers - and doctors (see later) - have been able to convince all the people that "regular" bowel movements, which means "once a day" is absolutely necessary for "good health." In convincing the nations, they have created - and deliberately so - millions of neurotics. One of them was my late wife Claire. All her life she was constantly worried, and even obsessed with the "regularity" of her "stool" (in English, and "stuhl" in German). There was no use trying to convince her otherwise. She saw the contrary daily in large print in the newspapers, and she heard it from every doctor. I, her husband, am not a doctor, and "only doctors know" is the conviction of almost every person with the exception of such doubters as I am. All of our life together, and this means 41 years, she never ceased to worry about her "stuhl." She would feel her stomach full, overfull, and having relieved herself of a tiny bit of excrement, she would feel suddenly "empty", and feeling fine. It was all imagination, of course, but it was real for her. In her last days, when she was unable to crawl out of bed alone and go to the bathroom, I had to lift her up bodily and place her on a portable toilet. She was half unconscious all the time, because she did not remember when I told it later to her, but she was demanding to be seated almost every 10 minutes, though she discharged nothing. At the time of her death she did not suffer any digestion ailment. It was simply her heart and her whole body which declined in function gradually. But her lifelong craving for bowel movement remained with her to her last day.

And this goes back to her own childhood, of which she told me sometimes. I have to tell it here, because it may well be the same story with almost every girl. Perhaps it was more severe with Claire, because she was born in Prussia in the year 1882, the age which Englishmen call the Victorian age, and which was marked by an incredible prudery in all matters concerning the body, and Heaven forbid, sex too. With Claire it was more severe, because she was born a Roman-Catholic and reared by nuns in a cloister school. She lived of course with her parents, the youngest of three daughters, but she went to school in a nunnery, and they instilled in her an abject abhorrence of the naked body, so much so that she had to do what nuns usually do. They bath clad with a long shirt which covers their whole body. They soap themselves, and cleanse themselves, and all the time they do not see more of her own bodies than their hands and feet - incredible but true. But this means also an abhorrence with all the bodily functions, and foremost the hindmost: the movement of the bowels.

Continued after 5 years today my 74th birthday 5th Sept. 71

Five years have gone by and I have not touched these stencils and not continued my story of Freud's sexual phases in a human being. Why have I stopped writing? May be, I was disgusted by telling all these interests in the excrements which almost all babies show, and with many adults the interest continues. Just a few weeks ago a new book appeared "Coprophilia" which is a combination of two Greek words *Kopro* excrements and *Philia*, *philos* love. So Coprophilia means love of excrements. One should think that such a book will arouse little interest and will be too disgusting to be discussed and reviewed in newspapers and magazines. But no! Every paper in Sydney brought a long review of it and as the first review on the book pages. This indicates surely that many more people are interested in this aberration than we dare to think. And the laxative industry collects many millions per year from this interest. Well, enough of it. Let us know that every baby soon grows out of this habit to spear itself with its own excrements. As for me, I don't remember that I ever had this habit, but then it appears in perhaps the first year of a baby and my recollections go back to my 3rd or 4th year. May be I had it as most babies have it.

Soon however this anal stage ceases to be a factor in the sexual growth of a little child and the next phase begins, the actual sexual phase. But here we have

have two subphases which may call the homosexual phase and the heterosexual phase. That blasted word home has given me a headache all my life and has made me hate the use of foreign words. The trouble is that most people don't know that the same word homo has two different meanings, the one in Latin meaning man (as in homo sapiens, man as an organic species) and the meaning in Greek homo meaning one and the same. Consequently homosexual means the same sex, and heterosexual from the Greek heteros meaning other. In this context homosexual means a love of the same sex, and heterosexual means a love of the other sex. The first meaning homosexual splits up again in two subphases an interest and even a love of the own sexual organ, and the second subphase a love and interest of the same sex in another human being. The first subphase deals with masturbation, be it by a boy or a girl, and the second subphase means sexual intercourse with a partner of the same sex. When this happens between two females it is also called lesbian from the name of the Greek island Lesbos where in antiquity women engaged in homosexual love among themselves. This love was immortalised in literature by the great Greek woman writer Sappho.

So let's deal first with the first subphase, the awakening interest in a little child in its own sexual organ. Little children roam around their own body and of course come into contact with their own sexual organ. Soon it will discover that this creates a pleasure, and thus the child will do it again and again. This is called masturbation from the Latin masturbari meaning the practise of onanism. In the German language the word masturbation is practically unknown. The word used is Onanie which is derived from the Bible story of Onan who refused to impregnate his wife and turned instead his penis towards the ground and discharged his semen there. In German only the word "Onanie" is used. In English only the word "Masturbation" is used, though both words means the same, the sexual relief by mechanically manipulating the sexual organs by boys and girls.

As said before, a boy and a girl - if they have not been catastrophically imbued with a horror of their own body by stupid parents - will soon, perhaps in their 5th year, begin to masturbate, and do it with the greatest of pleasure. I have especially in my last book "The Invention and Discovery that will change our Lives" dealt frequently with that greatest of all pleasures, the sexual pleasure. Only, I have given it there the highest meaning possible. I referred there to the natural reactions in electromagnetism, that there is either attraction or repulsion between material bodies charged with positive or negative electromagnetism. From this fact I went to the other opposing polarities in Life, Creation and Destruction. Creation always gives pleasure be it the creation of a poem, or a sandcastle, or a bookshelf which you have made with your own hands, or a machine which you have constructed as an engineer, but the greatest happiness overwhelms you, and any other creature, by the creation of a new creature in the unifying love of sexual intercourse. Just a few days ago I read the review of a new book about that great botanist and zoologist Carl Linnaeus who gave mankind the first consistent nomenclature of botany and zoology, inventing Latin names for the family of species (the first Latin word) and giving each species a special name in the second Latin word. These names are called binomials, and they are still used by all botanists and in all botanical gardens.

But what is so remarkable about Linnaeus is that he early discovered that even the plants and the flowers have sex and use all sorts of ingenious methods to create new offsprings in sexual intercourse. Here are a few words from his famous work "Systema Naturae" which he wrote ^(probably) in Latin, the language of scholars in his time, the 18th century. This is what he wrote: "Yes, love comes even to the plants. Males and females, even the hermaphrodites, hold their nuptials, showing by their sexual organs which are males, which females, which hermaphrodites. The actual petals of a flower contribute nothing to generation, serving only as the bridal bed which the Creator has so gloriously prepared, adorned with such precious bedcurtains, and perfumed with so many sweet scents in order that the bride and bridegroom may therein celebrate their nuptials with the greatest solemnity. When the bed has thus been made ready, then is the time for the bridegroom to embrace his beloved bride and surrender himself to her..." Linnaeus went on to describe the functions of stamens and pistils in pollination (the sexual act). Pollen was the sperm, seeds the ova, and so on.

These excerpts are from the new book titled "The Compleat Naturalist" by Wilfrid Blunt (published by Collins 1971). The reviewer continues and tells something which seems to me very important in my present story. He, the reviewer tells how the Swedish public took to Linnaeus exhilarating story of sex among the plants. He says: "It was pretty heady stuff for the Sweden of the 1730s. The strait-laced were shocked. His 'lewd system with its loathsome harlotry' was denounced as something the Creator would never have tolerated in the vegetable kingdom. 'Who', one critic demanded, 'would have thought that bluebells, lilies and onions could be up to such immorality?' This 'immorality' of Linnaeus is something of which I want to dwell in connection with my story on masturbation which too was and still is considered as 'immoral.'"

This "immorality" of sex is one of the greatest frauds which has ever been put over Western mankind, and I trace this back to one Jewish salesman whose name was Saulus and who changed it into Paulus and in due course became known as St. Paul. Here is what I wrote in my book "The Invention and Discovery" on page 254 under the title

SEX AND SIN FOR RELIGIOUS REVENUE

"In some of his gospel letters Paul is obsessed with two things: fornication and donation. He travelled in the Mediterranean and saw everywhere the hated Greek and Roman culture with their friendly attitude to sex as a natural bodily function. He hated it.

His church, the new church of Christianity, needed money. And he needed money too. Having abandoned the Jewish God of Fear for the Lord of Love, fear was no draw. How to invent sins, and make people sin - and pay in repentance? Sex was a natural. Human beings feel their sex glands and their other glands. Refuse a man food, and he will crave for food. Refuse him the relief of his sex glands, and he will crave for fornication.

By declaring sex a sin - no, the "original sin", our churchfathers had hit on a diamond mine. This semantic swindle brings in the billions, and makes life miserable for countless millions of men and women. Indeed, the sex crimes and perversions can be traced to this verbal fraud. If sin means the creation of misery, then our churchfathers have sinned against God, not we."

I think this is true. We need not think of the celibacy law of the Roman Catholic Church, with their refusal to grant divorces (except to the rich and powerful) and their forcing millions of men and women to live "in sin" who cannot remarry, etc. etc. down to the catastrophic declaration of sex as "immoral" and hence the resulting ignorance of countless millions of men and women who wreck their marriage, down to the torments of children about their "sin of masturbation." All the result of that Jewish salesman Saul alias Paul who needed money.

For Jews, for Mohammedans, for Hindus, for Buddhists and other adherents of other religions sex is no sin at all. Many years ago I read the book of a Czech author. I have forgotten practically everything of this book, except one sentence. He said that out of the glory of enlightenment of Greek culture there grew up a poisonous plant which overshadowed Europe and brought the dark ages about. This poisonous plant is Christianity with its "original sin of sex" - for revenue.

If you dear reader are a devout Christian you should not become incensed about this denunciation of this catastrophic facet of the Christian religion. This is totally apart from all the good teachings of the Christian religion, but what the ancient and the present churchfathers have done and are still doing about sex is perhaps the greatest crime and the greatest sin ever committed.

Now let's turn back to me, a boy of 11 years of age, and helpless against the overwhelming urge to masturbate. Naturally, we discussed this, we boys of the same age, and the wildest stories circulated and were believed - with catastrophic effect. One belief was that the testicles can produce so much of semen, and not more, and if a young boy dissipates this treasure, he will surely become impotent. This tremendous fear coincides with Freud's theory of the fear of all boys and men to be castrated. And yet, and yet, we all masturbated and suffered hellish fear. However, I did not take part in group masturbation as it is so common with packs of boys on vacant lots and in the shrubberies.

One morning something terrible happened. I was up very early with Mama, and Papa was still in his bed and apparently asleep, as his eyes were closed. I had to go near to him to take something from his bed table, and to my consternation I realised that my father masturbated. There was no mistake, the movement underneath the blanket all so well known to me. I was shocked. Papa who need not masturbate, who could relieve all his sexual pressure when in bed with Mama, and he too masturbated. It made no sense to me. Only in later years did I comprehend. My good mother told me that all the time the sexual act was something utterly revolting to her. As it happened, I had to sleep in the same bedroom with my parents, and sometimes I was awake and heard my father saying sweet words in Mama's ear, and then I heard him move and copulate. Mama did not say a word. Apparently, as I learned from her in later years, she did not feel any excitement, only revulsion. In other words she was frigid. I learned already as a young boy from other boys that almost all women are actually frigid, and those few women who get excited are perverted to nymphomaniacs. Only in later years did I realise that women are not frigid and it is only the fault of men not being able, and not knowing how to arouse them. I shall return to this fact later on, as it has a tremendous bearing on my later sexual life. Alas, today more than 60 years later, I read in the papers that 95% of all women are still considered frigid. What a disastrous lie! What catastrophic ignorance on the part of their males!

I have a peculiar twist of mind, one which is very important to me as I contribute all my successes in life to this trend. These my successes are in the mental field, and I later confirmed it with my successes in the factory, in the patent law courts, and lastly in my success of having evolved Semantography. This my trend is to question all the ideas and theories which I heard from the others.

For instance, there was the smoking to which all adults fell victim. Naturally I too tried smoking and vomited. I was told by my young fellow smokers that my vomiting will cease, and then only enjoyment will be mine. My vomiting ceased indeed, but I was perturbed about the idea that something which should be enjoyed was not enjoyable at all at first. Now, in my previous biographical writings I told about my fascination with chemistry (see especially my biographical notes which you can trace with the index in my book "The Invention and Discovery"). I soon realised therefore that smoking has much to do with chemistry, and that nicotine is a drug and a very dangerous drug. One drop of pure nicotinic acid can kill a man outright. Of course, the amount of nicotine absorbed by the body with one cigarette was small, but the fact that it was a poison was disturbing. I looked at my poor father who smoked. I looked at his yellow teeth, his yellow fingers, and I heard him cough every morning. I came to the conclusion that smoking is not good for health - and I gave it up, in spite of the jeering insults of my fellow boys. Today in my 75th year I am healthy, and I contribute this to my non-smoking throughout all my life. I shall relate other considerations all in contrast to and contrary to the ideas and theories believed by everyone.

Now I want to return to my great worry about my masturbating, and want to show how my querying mind overcame this great worry of mine. First I realised that by using my hand in rubbing my penis I did the very same thing which the wall of the female vagina is doing to the penetrating penis. The sexual excitement by intercourse and by masturbation is therefore a mechanical affair, and there is therefore no difference between both. Hence, masturbation cannot be dangerous to health - unless you overdo it. This is indeed the argument of many doctors who say that masturbation is not dangerous at all, it is only dangerous because the boy (or girl) has much opportunity to indulge in it, much more than actual sexual intercourse. But this is what doctors say: today. In my time there was nobody to tell me this. Indeed, some doctors prescribed to worried parents whose boy masturbated to bind his hands to the bed - a dreadful advice.

However, I realised already as a boy that overdoing is dangerous. But there was no need to overdo it. As soon as I crawled into my warm bed, and began to feel my penis stiffening, and began to rub it gently until my semen came out, it was a heavenly relaxation which came over me, and very soon I fell asleep and slept well into the morning. It was only when I fought masturbation and tried not to do it, that I could not fall asleep and indeed had a very bad night. And so, in spite of all the dreadful stories of impotence, of paralysis, of madness which was in store for all boys who masturbated, I went on doing it, and felt a wonderful relaxation afterwards. Indeed, I think that masturbation helped me greatly and decisively NOT to acquire a venereal disease, and helped me in later life NOT to fall into the hands of a scheming girl who wanted to marry me - by forcing me to copulate with her, and then being faced with the disclosure that I have made her pregnant and must marry her. This happened a number of times. But, being always relaxed, being not pestered by my sexual desires I was not forced to go to the bordello, and no girl could force me into bed with her. I realised later how much I humiliated those girls who crawled into my bed and forced themselves upon me, and I not taking the advantage and thus not being captured by them - simply because I was relaxed and not pestered by my pent-up sexual desires which would make me lose my head. Much later in life, I learned from my aunt that this is a common practice in Jewish families how to marry off a daughter who has no, or a small, dowry and who has therefore little chance to marry well. A great party was arranged, and liquor flowed freely well into the night - until, after all the guests had departed the prospective would-be bridegroom was told that it is too late to go home. A bed will be made for him in the lounge. The boy, half-dazed with alcohol, accepted, and when all the family went to sleep, the girl would come to him, slip into his bed, and he, dazed with drink would have intercourse with her. Then about 4 weeks later, the girl told him that she is pregnant, and thus he must marry her to save her honour. When the marriage was consummated, and the girl was never pregnant, she then told her young husband that she had a miscarriage, and she would even produce a night shirt full with blood (from her normal menstruation) to convince him of the abortion. But the damage was done and the boy looked for life. I did not fall into this trap, prepared for me a few times, first because I was sexually relaxed and in no need of intercourse, and secondly, because I had become a teatotaler, just I had become a non-smoker, and for the same chemical reasons. I realised the dangers in alcohol.

Today I think back, back to the many generations, to the many millions of boys and girls who masturbated, because they could not do otherwise, and who suffered hellish pain, mental pain to be sure. Today I think back through the generations of the many millions of young men and women who were not told how to make a marriage work, and how to gain complete satisfaction from that most wonderful of all human experiences, the sexual joy. Instead, they felt miserable, and even if their marriages were held intact because of the children, the love and sexual affection between them had long ago departed from their bedchamber. And I realise now and even as a young man the catastrophe caused by the Christian dogma that sex is sin.

For a change, I shall stop now relating my own experiences, and how I learned by myself to make a girl really happy. I shall quote now from a few articles which I have accumulated during the last years, which articles prove that almost nothing has changed. Sex education is still taboo with millions of parents, and millions of teachers, and even with many, many doctors and professors of medicine. You have to go to them only when it is too late. Most professors of medicine are doctors with a private practice, and they make good money from those who come to them with a venereal disease, or with a marriage problem which is almost impossible to resolve. All they can do at present is to write books which become bestsellers, because the people of all countries are desperately in need of guidance, and pay handsomely the authors who become millionaires.

So let's take the book "Human Sexual Response" by Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson. They established a research institute and induced a few hundreds of men and women to come and copulate and masturbate in the presence of the researchers who measured everything, from heartbeat to the length of the penis. The book is written in a devastating science slang to please the doctors who want to read that they are still the ultimate arbiter to whom the troubled patients should come. There is almost nothing, just nothing new in this book. The nipples become erect and change to a deep red - as if we wouldn't know. The penis and the labias (the outer and inner lips surrounding the vagina) become filled with blood, extended and deep red - as if we wouldn't know. And so on, and so on with the best-sellers which made them both rich.

Now here is something apparently new - though almost every boy and girl knows it, namely this, quoted from a science reviewer in Life who wrote: "Among other startling findings is the fact that automanipulation consistently provides orgasms more intense than those attained during intercourse." This is true and not true too. It is true with men and women who had never a satisfying sexual intercourse, and who found that masturbation is to be preferred, as it gives more pleasure. Yes, provided the man and woman who masturbate let their imagination go and let the most desirable partner appear in their waking night dreams and have intercourse with him or her.

But it is catastrophically untrue with a couple who genuinely love each other, and with a man who has patiently educated his wife to have the orgasm about the same time as he has. If such a couple come at the same time to the height of their sensual feelings - then the heaven opens up. I have experienced this wonderful sensation with women I loved, and I cannot find words to describe the transports of bliss. Against this experience, the intercourse with prostitutes, or women you don't love, or masturbation is an almost dreadful substitute. You get your orgasm, and almost immediately afterwards you hate yourself and your sexual partner.

But not with a woman you love, and of whom you know that she loves you. There is constant bliss afterwards, until your penis gets erected again and the intense bliss starts again to envelop you both. I vividly remember my love to a young and beautiful nurse in a military hospital where I stayed a short time as a soldier. There came the time we had to part, as I had to return to my regiment. We fell into each other arms and cried in bliss and extreme unhappiness because our parting may be forever. Within 10 minutes we had our orgasm four times, something I did not believe that it could happen. Again the intensity of our feelings of love cannot be described. One is beyond this our world, one is floating within the stars and suns of the universe. It is indeed indescribable.

Apparently Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson did not find one couple who told them this. In due course, Mrs. Masters divorced her husband, apparently because of his pre-occupation with Mrs. Johnson. However, though their book is instructive, it is noteworthy for one item as described by another reviewer in Scientific American who wrote: "The lack of knowledge (in sexual

matters) is not peculiar to the general public but is also characteristic of the medical profession. According to Masters and Johnson, medical schools have shown a "consistent refusal...to instruct in human physiology concerning sex."

We didn't need Masters and Johnson to tell us this. A few years before I wrote in my last book "The Invention and Discovery" on page 326 (and also on other pages) this: "The professors of medicine committed the greatest criminal neglect of not informing the people of their sexual bodily functions, of how to make a marriage work, of the dangers of venereal diseases, of the miseries of unwanted children, of the catastrophe of abortion, etc. etc. The miseries created by all those professors are beyond imagination, and beyond excuse. It's criminal."

So let me quote from a most interesting article which appeared in the German newsmagazine "Der Spiegel" (The Mirror) which appeared in Nr. 29 of 1970. What is told there about the medical profession and their stand to sex, or rather against sex is so horrible that I feel I must quote the whole article. There is also a drawing there of a torturous contraption fitted to a boy, a kind of corset which encloses the penis and makes it impossible for the boy to masturbate. It is described as a corset which contains the penis in a metal or leather sack, and of course, recommended by doctors. Here is the complete article translated from the German:

A DISTORTED IMAGE OF SEXUALITY

A doctor of Hamburg, Dr. Volkmar Sigusch diagnosed a chronic malady suffered by his fellow doctors: they have a distorted relationship to sexuality. "Helplessness and Ignorance" this is the relationship of the German doctors to sex. Dr. Sigusch came to this finding as co-worker at the Hamburg Institute for sexual research, and read a paper about it at the 6th German Clinic Meeting at Hannover. Though the importance of sexual disturbances was known for a long time, criticised Sigusch, the fact remains that the German "schoolmedicine does not consider at all the sphere of human sexuality as being their own business."

In his lecture Sigusch criticised especially the following points:

1. German doctors fail to recognise sexual bodily disturbances because they were never taught to look for them, or they consciously ignore the problems of sex.
2. German doctors treat sexual disorders often with radical cures which indicate that these doctors take up a "militant" attitude against human sexuality.
3. German medical research has neglected and even forgotten to consider the field of sexuality without prejudice. This, says Sigusch, is a unique phenomenon in the history of the natural sciences.
4. German established medical science take their "understanding" or "non-understanding" in accordance with the "Cliches of Society", or in other words, German doctors degrade themselves to being caretakers of the official sexual ideology.

This anachronistic attitude of German doctors has resulted in praxis to a catastrophic malfunction, and Sigusch has tried to recognise the causes of this catastrophe in the history of medicine which, as Sigusch has proved, has become a "History of the Battle against human Sexuality!"

At the beginning of modern medicine, about the beginning of the 18th century, there was the generally acknowledged and taught theory that almost all diseases are the result of sexual activity. Especially masturbation (sexual self-satisfaction) was made responsible for the emergence of many ills. The list begins with harmless constipation goes on to rheumatism, tuberculosis, blindness, and even madness.

Up to the middle of this century the German doctors tried to combat this evil perversion with "brutal" and "martial" methods. They constructed "venus girdles" (like those the crusaders put onto their wives who remained behind, when the crusaders departed for the Holy Land). These celibacy girdles for men and women constructed by German doctors in our time did not allow any touching of the male or female genitals. They were made out of metal and worn with leather belts. But the doctors went even further. They disconnected surgically the foreskin, or the nerves of the penis. With women they took out the ovaries, or cut off the clitoris. Sometimes the doctors sowed together the lips (labias) surrounding the vagina. And this has happened as recently as 1938.

At the same time, said Sigusch, the German school medicine cultivated, without any criticism, a "totally distorted, and buried image of sexuality" which could be fitted without any change into the Christian morality ideology. Take for instance Stoeckel's "Textbook of Obstetrics" (said Sigusch) which even today is still the standard work on female medicine. Stoeckel said that the ability to enjoy the sexual act is to be considered only (with humans and animals) with regard to the conception of an offspring and nothing else.

The gynaecolog August Mayer who died 1968 wrote in his books, which found wide acceptance and use, that birthcontrol is to be disregarded and not to be practised. "Contraception" said Mayer "takes away the heroism of women which they display on their own battlefield." Mayer thinks that even the poor women should preserve this

heroism, though for them birth control, especially in the under-developed countries is a question of existence. Mayer says that, seen from the viewpoint of the doctor, it is unreasonable and irrelevant to try to conquer economical misery with medical means.

To this very day, says Sigusch, German school medicine is fixated to the outdated "reproduction ideology" according to which sexuality is only to be used for the conception of offsprings. To the German medical men, sexuality as used for human pleasure, is suspect, and it is something of a disease and not healthy at all. For instance, the professors Franz and Margarete Fleck of the East German Republic are counting in their textbook published in 1968 among sexual diseases not only masturbation and homosexuality as "sexual abnormalities and aberrations" but consider as pathological even petting and sexual intercourse outside of marriage.

Sigusch goes on to say that doctors are inclined to consider sexuality as a "disease, a perversion, and something criminal" from another viewpoint, the viewpoint of the professional doctor. They see sexuality only there where it appears as a disease and disturbance, especially in the inmates of clinics, nerveclinics, and penitentiaries. And this in turn leads German doctors to think that sexuality is a very bad evil. Hence they try to combat it with all their might.

Therefore, medical attempts to treat sex patients are not carried out to help and heal the disturbed sexual desires, but to destroy them. For instance, homosexuals are treated with brain operations or electroshocks. Sigusch considers such treatments as "macabre". He sees in them the determination of the medical profession to consider sexuality as the enemy, and to treat patients, in cases with brutal methods in order to align them in accordance with the established moral order.

It is high time, says Sigusch, that German school medicine must free itself from the established sexual ideology. However he has no hope that a change will come soon. He ended his lecture by saying that in his opinion today's doctors are unable to view critically their stand in this problem.

I have nothing to add to this lamentable stand of German medicine today in the 70th decade. It was the same when I was a boy 60 years ago. Considering that in my time the Viennese school of medicine was famous throughout the world and British and American doctors came to Vienna and Berlin to learn from German professors, I must assume today that this catastrophic stand against sexuality was the same in the whole world of medicine in my time.

The more so do I pride myself that I, a ignorant boy came to opposite conclusions, contrary to the opinion of all doctors in my hometown. I considered masturbation as something perfectly harmless and of immense value as it freed myself from all torments of sex through which every able bodied boy and girl must go through. No wonder that I am recommending gentle masturbation to people who are deprived of a mate, as for instance married men whose wives are very sick, or widows and widowers who are unable to find a real friend for sexual intercourse.

In the first pages of these reminiscences I said that I wanted to write a small book with the title **SEXUAL SELF-HELP FOR TEEN-AGE AGONIES AND ALL-AGE AGONIES** in which I would recommend masturbation. Imagine my surprise when I read (also in the German **SPIEGEL**) that a German author wrote and published a sexual manual in which he recommended masturbation especially for girls who never had any sexual intercourse and who are about to enter marriage without having been aroused sexually. As such a marriage may turn out a disaster, especially if the husband is unwilling and ignorant how to arouse his wife, his bride should start masturbating in order to wake up to the utter sweetness of sexual fulfillment. If she does this often enough she would then be able to achieve quickly her orgasm, perhaps at the same time as her husband. Thus their marriage would not only be saved. It would become a strong affectionate bond for them.

And what happened to the book and the author? The book was confiscated and the author was sent to prison. And this happened a few years ago about 1969.

Let me now quote from a few more articles which I have collected for this issue. It is about a book titled "Alienation" by Willem Mertens published first in 1914 and now re-published in English with apparently the same text and the same problem which means that nothing has changed since 1914 when I was a teenager. Mertens is concerned with his individuality and "the plain lie of respectability." "He was a young man, destroyed by the guilt that has grown from childhood masturbation" says the reviewer and he quotes Mertens own words who wrote "it makes you raving mad, eats away your bones till big black holes appear in your mug" And the reviewer continues: "this guilt make work, love, self-respect, even self-existence impossible. Throughout the story the author drifts from clotted fantasies of self-disgust and despair into alcoholism, alienation, madness and suicide. Since the character is chiefly an accumulation of his fantasies, emphasis falls very much on the manner of the writing which is ornate and necessarily rather claustrophobic.

But there is no doubt about the author's hatred of destructive social conventions.

Another item from another book is worth recording. The book is "Love in the South Seas" and it has been written by one of the companions of Thor Heyderdhal who made with him the famous Kon-Tiki drift from Peru. He tells of the healthy and innocent attitude to sex of the South Sea Islander who have discarded the tales of evil sex by countless missionaries. What does a Western mother do when the child cries? It gives it a beating, or a rubber dummy into its mouth, or some sweets, or takes it into her arms in order to stifle its crying. The South Sea mother has an even better method. She rubs gently the genitals of the child and sure enough, the sweet sensation is effectful, and the child stops crying.

What do teenagers do in the South Seas? They have their innocent "parlour games" playing sex with each other, father and mother and other plays which however stops short of the sexual act, of the immission of the penis into the still closed vagina. This reminds me of the "parlour games" of my youth. We too played father and mother. We too had to answer questions and solve riddles, and were rewarded or punished to go into a darkened room with a girl for kissing and petting, but not more. Of course, we knew it was wrong, and nobody should know about it, but somehow we too realised the innocence of it all, and were not troubled by our conscience.

And what do the South Sea fathers and mothers do when the boy or the girl come of maturity? This is worth knowing. The mother takes the boy and brings him to a knowledgable aunt. She is well versed in the art of love making, and she teaches the boy how to make his future bride happy and enjoying sex. Equally the father takes his daughter to a knowledgable uncle who acts in much the same way as the aunt, explaining to the girl how to make her future bridegroom happy, how to agree to happy diversity in the sexual act, and how to go about having her orgasm at the same time as her husband has his. What a wonderful method to bring up happy couples who really enjoy their wonderful sexual plays and experiences. What a dreadful difference compared with the catastrophic attitude of Christian parents the world over.

Another interesting item which came to my knowledge when reading about the Dutch in Indonesia. The Dutch people have a contraption which is actually a ^{stuffed} sack, about 1 foot in diameter, and looking much like one of those sacks used in boxing training which the boxer hits with his fist. Only the Dutch have a more gentle use for it. It is always covered with a clean pillowcase and is kept in the bed. The book tells a story which says that in the tropical climate the body gets wet by the sweat and as this is disagreeable, boys and girls, men and women take this clean and cool sack between their legs when sleeping, in much the same way as a lover would hold his girl between his legs or vice versa. The book does not mention the fact that such a contraption, feeling much similar to a bed companion is used for gentle masturbation. But the book names the name by which the Dutch know it. They call it a "Dutch wife." This explains the use of this sack perfectly. With boys and girls they will use it for gentle body movement and orgasm. With husband and wife it has its uses too. A woman is not always ready for sexual intercourse. She may have her menstruation period, or she may be in her fertile cycle and may thus try to avoid conception, or she may be heavy with child, or just too tired to please her husband. The husband however, has a substitute, his "Dutch wife" for getting his orgasm.

This avoidance of conception brings me to a famous and courageous woman Margaret Sanders who fought more than 50 years ago for birth control, and who opened up the first birth control center in Brooklyn, where she gave contraceptives to desperate mothers and told them the secrets of having intercourse with her husband without adding to their family which was already too large for their income. We remember the wonderful film in which Greer Garson played Margaret Sanders, and which showed the fight of this courageous woman and all the vilifications she had to go through during her life time. Today birth control is an accepted fact. It is good to know that Margaret Sanders lived to ^{see} this happen. She died in 1969 at the ripe age of 83 in a nursing home in Tucson, Arizona. That she had to die in one of those dreadful nursing homes is proof that she did not make any money from her activities, and died penniless, though she should have deserved a better deal from the American women.

Other notes from a book ^{of} which I forgot to note down the title say about masturbation: "it leads to madness, impotence, falling out of hair and teeth - "playing with oneself" is disgusting, is "dirtying oneself", is "self abuse" etc. Bed wetting is a symptom of repressed desires to masturbate, etc. etc.

Another quote is from a book titled "Why wait till Marriage?" by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall. A condensed article appeared in the Sydney Magazine "People." She tells of all the difficulties which boys and girls go through during their teenage period and recommends celibacy until marriage. However, she explains too that this is very difficult as the sexual urge is often too strong. What does she recommend in such a case? She says: "You can avoid being trapped into going further in the intimate expression of your feelings by taking such practical safeguards as 1. Becoming aware of your own lonely, rebellious, and love-

love-making and love-hungry needs, and devising acceptable ways of getting back on an even keel emotionally without letting your feelings trick you into behaviour you will regret later."

But how to do this? How to get back on an "even keel?" She doesn't say and let the tormented reader think for himself or herself. The easiest device to get back on an "even keel" would be to masturbate, and through the orgasm achieve a wonderful feeling of release and happiness - but this the good doctor does not recommend. Instead she hints of "behaviour you will regret later." What's this? For the tormented teenager it can have only one meaning: DON'T MASTURBATE! You will regret it later. But why? The teenager is left without an answer.

In other paragraphs she tells how difficult it is for a girl to resist the boy she loves. How she is afraid of a pregnancy before marriage. But there is not one word in the article to take precautions by demanding that the boy uses a condom to avoid making her pregnant. And of course there is not a single word about the girl uses a contraceptive herself. It's all wishy washy talk with give no direct practical advice what to do in such situations. Furthermore, she does not mention with one single word that petting (without letting the boy entering her vagina) until orgasm is achieved for both is a wonderful device to get satisfied and happy and relaxed.

This wishy washy talk is especially developed in the family magazine "The Readers Digest." Almost every issue contains an article on sex. But all the wording is in such vague terms that the anxious reader never gets a good answer as to what to do to satisfy the sexual urge. I am refraining from quoting from such articles which say nothing how to satisfy sexual desires without any danger as to a pregnancy for teenage lovers or married couples. I have collected quite a number of them, and they are available for the serious researcher in my collection.

What is the practical advice I want to give to teenage lovers and married couples? I have spoken before of the self-help for lonely teenagers who are alone in their bedroom and plagued by sexual desires. I have said that boys should masturbate and get relief and relaxation. I recommend the same to girls, but with a difference. Some girls masturbate by inserting a candle into her vagina. By doing so, she will sooner or later tear her hymen, and thus lose her proof of virginity. She should not do this. She should be able to prove to her future husband that she is indeed a virgin. How can she masturbate without endangering her hymen? This is very simple. Doctors tell of two different stimulations to orgasm. The first is the excitement of the clitoris, that small penis-like promontory on the top of the vagina. The second stimulation is through the rubbing of the inside walls of the vagina. Hence doctors speak of the clitoris orgasm and the vaginal orgasm. But some doctors deny the stimulation through the vaginal friction. But all doctors agree that the clitoris is first and foremost the "erogene" zone for the orgasm. Wonderful for the lonely girl. All she has to do is to rub gently her clitoris, in much the same way as a boy rubs his penis. And the sweet orgasm comes and with it relaxation and happiness - provided you know that all this is not dangerous, not disgusting and not immoral. In fact, I have seen dogs and cats who rub their genitals on some soft protruding leg of a chair or the like. Surely the cats and dogs have no moral scruples. They are hindered to find a mate. They have to get rid of their pent-up sexual emotion, and they do it by masturbating.

In previous chapters I told of my desire years ago to write a small book about masturbation for which book I conceived the following title "Sexual Self-Help for All who suffer sexual Agonies." And within my notes I find the first draft of the first paragraphs, and I shall quote them herebelow:

"When I write this book I am in my 70th year. Yet, I can still hike on Sundays 20 miles and more, and I can still go to bed with a woman and be a better lover than most young men. Young men are not taught how to make a woman happy. I had to teach it to myself after many agonies. I brought despair to a girl by making her pregnant when I was 13, and to another when I was 18. Fortunately both lost their pregnancy through an abortus, but the dreadful agonies we suffered make me still shiver, and make me remember the terrible times I went through as a teenager and young man, until I began to learn by myself how to overcome all this, and how to stay happy nevertheless.

This book therefore does not deal so much with the problem how to make love. It should teach how not to make much love, and still stay sexually happy and contented. I have long thought of a good word for it, and I cannot find a better one than "sexual self-help." Self-help not only for those who need it most, the teenagers, but also self-help for children and adults, husbands and wives, widows and widowers.

I have searched far and wide for such a book. I have found nothing, or very little here and there in some books, and this little too was negative and contrary what I have to tell. Never have I read a book or an article on "sexual self-help" simply because the established name for this "self-help" is "onany" or "masturbation" and both terms are abhorrent to all.

I am sure such a book or booklet would create abhorrence and rejection. Let me therefore add a paragraph from my first draft:

"I feel I have to write this book because the sexual agonies of people, including many "happily married couples" (who are at times disinclined to go through the sexual act, which means that one partner wants it badly, whereas the other partner is too tired, or she may have her menstruation, or she may be pregnant) the sexual agonies of unmarried and even married people are at times overwhelming. In my waking hours at night I see them all over the world wrangling and wrestling with their sexual urge, and often being wrecked by it.

Should my book appear then the common people and even the professors of medicine will feel outraged and will prohibit its sale and even its free distribution. But I have already outraged professors of biology and anthropology, logic and linguistics. A few great men who have studied my work on semantography have realised the greatness and importance of my pioneering work. I studied the history of scholarly pioneers and found invariably that the professors whose theories have been overturned by the pioneer innovators were up in arms against the man with the new idea. As for me and my work on semantography I know that I shall not see it being taught in the schools of the world. But as to the theme of this idea of which I would like to write a book I feel that it would be timely. Indeed, teenagers and single women have come to me with their sexual troubles, and their agonies have told me that I must go on overturning accepted theories and customs on "self-help."

A few weeks ago, I gave a young married pregnant woman the book by Dr. Grantly Dick-Read "Childbirth without Fear." Dick-Read has realised that pregnant women of primitive tribes are not afraid of child birth, and indeed suffer little or no pain. The usual thing for ^{such} women about to give birth to their baby is to go out in the morning in the field to work. When she feels the labours coming on, she will retire behind a bush, and there assisted by another woman will have her baby and then return to work. Why then are women of the "advanced civilisations" so afraid of child birth, and why do they suffer so much pain that only sedation, hypnosis, or dreadful instruments must be used to extract the baby in order to end the excruciating pain?

Dick-Read realised that the fears are induced by horror tales from other women until the young woman about to have her first baby is frozen in fear, and naturally screams at the slightest pain of labour. Dick-Read too used tales for such women but not horror tales. On the contrary. He told them of the most wonderful thing in their life which is about to happen: they will give birth to their own baby which they have felt moving for months within their womb. Naturally, the vagina has to be extended to let the big baby out into the world. This may cause a little pain, but it can easily be suffered. If you want to scream in pain, he advised young women scream in utter happiness that you are going to have a wonderful baby.

And Dick-Read's medical "treatment" worked wonders. There was no pain with many women. On the contrary. They laughed and cried under tears out of sheer happiness. No wonder that Dick-Read titled his book "Childbirth without Fear."

Dick-Read published his book more than 30 years ago. In one of the later editions he related the opposition by the medical profession against his "treatment" and he sums up the treatment meted out to originators of new ideas in all fields of science, not only in medicine. These stages are:

1. Amusement, 2. Opposition, 3. Hostility, 4. Vituperation, 5. Grudging Acceptance, 6. Acquiescence, 7. Denigration with the saying "It is nothing new. We have been teaching it for years."

They haven't. They have taught and done the contrary. And they still treat the fearing women with pills and tables, injections and anaesthetics, and with forceps and even the opening up of the abdomen and taking the child out from there when there was no surgical need to do this. In the big courtcase involving the use of Thalidomide which made women bear children without arms and legs, the defendants should not only be the manufacturers and suppliers, but also the doctors who subscribe pills and pills and pills without being worried whether these pills can interfere with the normal working of the body."

I wrote these paragraphs about 5 years ago. Today in 1971 I know that I shall not publish such a book. I am too old, and besides the unfinished issues of my Semantography Series (of which this issue is only one) need to be finished and deposited in the great libraries of mankind. May be, these my pages will inspire someone else to write such a book and to help men and women over the sexual agonies. Let me now continue my tale of my youth.

I told of the sexual stages as indicated by Freud: the oral stage (mouth), the anal stage (behind and excrements) and the homosexual stage which involves interest in the sexual organs of a little boy and girl. This stage is to be divided in two different substages, whether the child plays with its own genitals or whether two children are involved, two boys or two girls, the latter situation is called the lesbian stage, from the Greek island of Lesbos where women

in antiquity made love to each other. We shall deal with this sexual phenomenon soon. Let us start first with homosexual manipulation between two boys. We know that boys gather in vacant lots and behind bushes and masturbate, but they rub their own penis. Then comes at times a stage when two boys try to imitate the sexual act by one boy pushing his penis into the anus of the other boy. The anus is firmly closed by a special muscle, the doorkeeper muscle in common language. It closes the intestines securely and does not allow any excrements come through. Hence, a considerable force must be exerted by a very stiff penis to get through. This causes pain for the boy whose anus is to be penetrated. Usually the penis excretes a lubricating liquid which helps the penis get into the vagina and in this case into the anus. If there is not enough liquid, or if the boy in pain closes the anus by exerting his muscles, then no penetration can occur. But once the penis is within the wide intestine all goes fairly smoothly.

Naturally I too experimented with this kind of homosexual action, but only with two other boys. I did not find the experience satisfying, on the contrary, rather frustrating and painful whether I was the boy with the penis or the boy with the anus. Thus I was saved a horrid fate of going through life as a homosexual. But I believe that it was my self-help which helped me get over this sexual stage. I was not desperate about sexual intercourse. I could not get a girl into my bed (about this see later), and I did not feel that masturbation was dangerous and immoral.

But with many boys who abhor or are afraid of masturbation, and who cannot get a girl for sexual intercourse, this stage remains the only satisfying experience. They will stick to it all through their lives. Their marriages would be wrecked right from the beginning, and as homosexuality was a crime, they lived always in fear of the prison and in fear of being blackmailed. Today, homosexuality is not a crime any more in some countries, but it is still a wretched business.

What can be done to help those unhappy victims who got stuck in this sexual stage. First I tried to understand their difficulties by considering the circumstances under which they remained in this homosexual stage, without proceeding to the heterosexual stage, intercourse with a woman. I do believe that many who had homosexual intercourse with other boys or men soon change over to have intercourse with a woman. But here catastrophe may set in. The novel experience may frighten them. Besides, neither their parents, nor their teachers have taught them how to do it properly. In this stage of fear and ignorance they may get frantic, and it may happen that their penis doesn't get erected at all. This is a terrible situation for the boy. For the girl it is something humiliating, as she must think that this is due to her, that she is to be blamed for not being able to excite her boy. Here again, ignorance plays a disastrous part. Nobody told the girl (and the later woman) that she must take things in her hand, quite literally, to get her lover with an erected penis. She must take his penis in her hand and must rub it gently. And the boy (or husband) must realise that this is a natural act, and that he should not be ashamed, but should gently help his mate to excite him.

But the girl may be one who is already very experienced, having had intercourse with lots of boys, and all of them with a strong erected penis. For her, that poor boy before her with his penis hanging limply down, this must be a comical sight. And indeed, she may laugh out loud, either because she can't help laughing, or because she wants to humiliate that boy. He will retreat in utter shame and unhappiness. What will he do next? He will go back to his lover boy, and be his "girl" opening his anus for him, and later, feeling his penis erect, will have his satisfying orgasm. Such a boy may never, never return to any woman. He may remain a homosexual all his life. Sexually, and mentally he will become a cripple.

What can be done to help a homosexual? I have thought long about this and have read about all the treatments meted out by doctors. Some tried it with words, some tried it with electrical shocks. They exposed the patient to lurid pictures of naked men and women. Each time a naked man with his penis and behind exposed, the patient got an electric shock. But a picture of a woman would not give a shock. No wonder that such a treatment is very crude, and it does not help at all often.

Those two money makers of whom I spoke before, Masters and Johnson could not devise a treatment for male homosexuals. But they used a treatment for heterosexual disturbances of married couples. A married man who could not copulate satisfactorily would be introduced to a prostitute who helped him get his penis erect and into her vagina, and would see to it in her experience to help him to a satisfying orgasm. In such cases, his wife would have to be told what she has to do, and that her husband is quite normal, and it is up to her to help him to his orgasm. Similarly, when a man was quite normal, but his wife could not find satisfaction, the Masters and Johnson engaged an experienced man to copulate with that woman and to help her get her orgasm. In short, this treatment is exactly the same as the one I reported about the South Sea Islanders, only there it is a natural education of the young man and woman before their marriage, the teacher being a aunt or an uncle who teaches the teenager boy or girl how to be happy and to make his or her future mate happy too.

I do believe that a similar treatment could help homosexuals, especially those who are married, to get rid of their sexual aberration. A doctor would choose a prostitute whose face is somehow mannish, and not womanlike. She would have to crop her hair, get into man's clothes, and learn to act and behave like a man. Then she would be introduced to that patient of that doctor, but he would not be told that she is in fact a woman. On the contrary. He should be told that the new acquaintance is a man and ready to go into bed with him. She would have to hide her breasts, by binding them tightly and not exposing them at all. She would have to wear a "godmiche" the French name for an artificial penis which are today manufactured and exported from Japan, and which give even the feeling and softness and stiffness of a penis. Once in bed, the couple will have their intercourse both ways, and the experienced prostitute will do her best to make her lover happy both ways, with his penis and with his anus. He will find the experience extremely satisfying, and will repeat it. For the prostitute this could be a very lucrative way of making money and be of medical help too. And once that male homosexual is really sexually "bound" to his partner, only then could the doctor tell his patient that he had all the time intercourse with a woman. He would not believe it perhaps, until the woman removes her artificial penis and shows him her vagina, and then gently and caressing allows his penis to enter her vagina and have a satisfying orgasm. That patient may be cured for good.

If that patient is married, then the doctor should take his wife into his confidence and could explain to her what she has to do to make her husband happy. She would have to change into man's clothes, have an artificial penis fixed to her vagina, and would have to learn to enter the anus of her husband, or vice versa. In both cases, pain can be avoided by using a lubricant, as for instance petrol jelly a cheap lubricant selling not so cheaply under the trade name of vaseline, but available in every chemist shop under the name of petrol jelly.

Would this work? Of course it would. There are thousands of husbands who, in the privacy of their bedroom change into their women's underwear, stockings and all, and would like to be treated for once as a woman. For their women, such an experience may be utterly revolting, but not if they are told by their doctors that their husband has a hangover from his boyhood homosexuality and it is up to the wife to help him get rid of it. I am sure it would work.

There are millions of women who are utterly unhappy because their husband prefers to go to the pub and stay with the boys. He may be utterly devoted to his wife and may not be a homosexual at all, but somehow he is still in the homosexual stage, and he likes to be with the other boys and with his mates. He does not know this. Of course, it may be the drinks he likes, but once he is told that his mate-ship preferences are a hangover of his boyhood he may change. But such an education is not easy, and there is still the abhorrence about homosexual intercourse, etc.

And here we come to a curious anomaly. Homosexual intercourse between men has been and still is considered a punishable crime in many countries, whereas homosexual intercourse between two women is not a crime at all. I believe that the governments of all the centuries had to declare male homosexuality a crime because the fatherland needs soldiers, and the man who deserts his task to produce offspring must be punished. But, apparently the woman who goes lesbian deserts her task too. Yet, she is not punished. Why do women go lesbian?

It starts of course first in the early girl stage when they sleep together, and when the older and more experienced girl teaches the other girl how to rub her clitoris gently and have the sweetest feelings. They may lay together in sweet embrace and may rub each other clitoris and have their happy orgasm and be extremely happy, and continue this in later life. This they will do, especially if they have bad experiences with boys or men who are ignorant how to make her happy, or who are too careless and thinking only of having their orgasm and to hell with the girl's happiness. I related in previous pages, that when I was a boy we all believed (and the adults too) that almost all women are frigid, and there is nothing which can be done about it. And most women believe this too. Amazingly, this belief is prevalent even today, as I found out. Frigidity is still with the majority of women and their husbands are utterly helpless and ignorant what to do about it. I shall later tell how I myself got over this hurdle. Here I want to relate only one story from the Readers Digest. I have said in previous paragraphs that the Readers Digest has an article on sex in almost every issue, but does not tell exactly what to do in the case of a unhappy sexual relationship. I shall now relate one such story which is significant.

The story tells of two married couples, both with a number of children and both apparently happily married. One day they decide to go together on a camping holiday with their children. They spent happy weeks together, but then one husband has to return to the city one day earlier. By some co-incidence, the wife of the other husband has to be back home too. So, the first husband, and the second wife decide to leave together one day earlier. It's a long way home, and

they have to stop over for the night in a motel. For convenience sake, as it is much cheaper, they take a double bedroom, and there it happened. That man is an experienced lover. But that woman never had an orgasm in all her life. She submitted to the caress of her husband, but felt no sexual happiness about it. And suddenly that other husband gives her an orgasm. She feels as if the heavens have opened up. Nothing like this, nothing like this overwhelming sweetness has ever occurred to her. She feels betrayed by her rightful husband. Why cannot give he that wonderful love which the other husband gave her so wonderfully?

To be sure, the words above are not to be found in the Readers Digest story. There it is only a wishy washy way of telling what happened. But the ensuing catastrophe is easily told in the story. That woman, awakened to love, leaves her husband, leaves her children, and cling to that man who gave her such happiness. The results are indeed catastrophe as there are double separation and double divorce and multifold misery for all the children.

And here again, the Readers Digest does not tell in plain words, and not even in veiled words what should be done in such a case. I say that it should be easy for the family doctor to speak with all 4 persons and to find out how they perform their sexual acts. Then, he should induce them into bed, and perhaps in the presence of all 4 persons, or in his presence only, he should advise that fumbling husband what he has to do to equal the performance of that other very experienced husband. By taking all 4 persons into their confidence, the catastrophe could have been avoided. Indeed, I would not hesitate even to recommend to those 2 couples that at times they could have a go of swapping their mates. Wife swapping is now something which is openly talked about and openly advertised in the want ad columns, and openly done between married couples who are somewhat fed up with each other. But the dangers are terrific. The dangers of an unwanted pregnancy, the dangers of a venereal disease, and the dangers to both marriages and the dangers to the lives of the existing children. But I think that in such a case, as told by the Readers Digest, mate swapping - sometimes - could save both marriages, and could save all the children. But the Readers Digest does not say a word what is to be done, except wishy washing about with words.

Re-reading the last pages I see that I have forgotten a very important point. I told of the possibility to cure a male homosexual by introducing him to a prostitute who would dress and act like a man, and who would open up her anus to his penis. And I said that a married woman who is married to a homosexual husband could do the same thing. And this brings us to one of the "positions" (there are many) which a couple can take up for variety sake. In this case the proper name is anal intercourse, when the husband puts his penis into the anus of his wife. The wife is willing and does not contract her anus muscle, and does help her husband by lubricating her anus and the first part of her intestine.

Anus intercourse could be a real boon for married couples. For instance, a woman may have had quite a number of children, and in consequence, her vagina has become distended and much too wide. Her husband, entering his penis in this much too wide vagina does not feel that sweet pressure exerted by a constricted small vagina, and does not feel happy at all, may even miss out on his orgasm. In this case, anal intercourse would provide him with a very narrow entrance and a very satisfying orgasm. Now, this seems to be again abhorring to some people. But it is a fact that anal intercourse is the rule with the people of Italy and Greece, and in other countries. There they call it "the poor man's contraceptive." The wife is happy to know that there will no new pregnancy and no new children. And when she is clever, she will, by pressing her legs together in the same rhythm as her husband's movement may achieve her orgasm at the same time.

I was not surprised when I heard that dancers in Sydney who appear in night clubs, and who are under heavy pressure to go to bed with men, especially if one of them is a man she really loves, avoid all further troubles by gently coaxing the penis of her consort into her readily lubricated and wide anus, and the man being totally unaware that his penis has not entered the vagina at all.

And indeed, I think that anal intercourse should be taught to married men and women as a way out of many troubles. The woman may be pregnant, she may have her menstruation, she may suffer pain for one reason or another by the normal act. In such cases, anal intercourse is a wonderful remedy, and it has also another advantage. This sort of intercourse is usually carried out by both partners laying on their sides. With the normal intercourse position, the woman is usually under the very heavy pressure of her husband's weight, something which enables her only to feel disagreeable discomfort, not happiness. But by carrying out the sexual act laying sidewise, no pressure is exerted, and utter happiness can be the result.

And this anal intercourse brings me to a dreadful story which I read in Time magazine. In some States of the U.S.A. anal intercourse, even between a married couple is a crime punishable by many years in prison. There was a couple in a State, the name of which I have forgotten. They got on sexually well, and even

enjoyed occasionally anal intercourse. Unfortunately, they quarreled sometimes violently. And one time, after a particularly dreadful quarrel, the wife decided to teach her husband a lesson. She went to the district attorney and denounced her husband of forcing her to anal intercourse. The next day she realised in horror what she had done. She run to the district attorney and withdrew her accusation.

It was too late. The machinery of "justice" had begun to grind its course, and in due course the husband was sentenced to 12 years in prison. Fortunately, after 3 years of being in hell, Heffner of "Playboy" fame learned of the dreadful fate of that man. He had established a fund to fight archaic sexual laws in the U.S.A. and to help victims of such laws. He provided the money for re-opening the case. The man was freed, but his life has been wrecked. I hope he has found another wife and lives in another State where anal intercourse is not a crime.

Now the last pages with their intricate details of the anus, penis and their relationship in homosexual, and even heterosexual intercourse, may have annoyed and disgusted you, dear reader. But please realise that almost every magazine and every newspaper has a story on sexual relations nowadays without telling the men and women who look for guidance in difficult situation what should be done. Nowhere do you find such descriptions, except in so-called "sex dictionaries". There you will find under the first letter A the words "anal intercourse" and the information that it is harmless, and is nobody's business, except the couples who perform it in their sexual plays to get a little variety in their sweet encounters.

So let us leave this part for good, and let us return to me, the teenager who has successfully by-passed the homosexual stage with other boys, and has graduated to heterosex. I got interested in girls. I was then about 13 years of age. And here again sexual agonies began to plague me, but not connected with sexual intercourse. My occasional masturbation did not help me at all. I began to love girls. On my way to school I met a lot of them going to the Lyceum, the girls' highschool. At that time I took also an interest in the picture postcards in the shop windows of stationary shops. And at that time something happened with me. I began to hate myself. May be you know, but most probably you don't know, that in those years around 1910 an American artist became world famous. His name was Gibson and he created what is called the "Gibson girl." Months after months new series of picture postcards appeared in the stationary shops and were sold. And all they portrayed was the American girl. I remember vividly that beautiful face finely chiselled with a little sweet nose and wide blue eyes, and blond, blond hair falling all around her face and waving in the wind - a wonderful sight. Every age has its beauty ideal as every lover of art knows so well. And when I was a teenager the Gibson girl became the beauty ideal of the world, and my ideal too. She was my queen, and I could stare and stare into the stationary windows and could not get enough of her sweet face in different poses, but always the same girl.

And I was black-haired. The contrast was catastrophic. But worse was to come. I had a school friend Liguornik with name. One day he brought another friend. His name was Franz Iring. He was one grade higher in highschool being one year older. Fritz Liguornik was a Jew also with black hair. But Franz was an "Arian." with wavy blond hair, and he was very tall. He was taller than I by at least one and a half heads. And somehow we too became the closest friends in highschool. But this was my undoing. In my photographic collection which will be preserved in the National Library of Australia you will see Franz and me as soldiers in the Austrian army. Franz had a beautiful face. In fact he had the same fine chiselled face as the Gibson girl, the same fine nose, the same blue eyes, and the same wavy silky blond hair. And I was black and ugly.

Imagine we two, inseparable in our free time walking the streets. Suddenly a bevy of girls came towards us, young, beautiful, charming and with flashing eyes looking out for boys. I devoured them with my own eyes and I looked into their eyes, hoping to meet the eyes of at least one girl. But next to me walked Franz, tall, beautiful, with blue eyes and silky blond hair, and all the girls, ALL the girls, looked only at him and none looked at me, none, NONE, N O N E !!!

I cannot describe my unhappiness. Perhaps one incident will highlight my sorrow. At that time I read the first drama by Friedrich Schiller "Die Raeuber" (The Robbers). Schiller was a rebel, and his first drama portrayed a noble rebel Karl Moor who left society to become a captain of a robber gang who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. His counter actor was his brother Franz, who was the opposite of Karl. Franz was ugly, was scheming, was bad, was evil, and he hated his brother. Karl was beautiful, was noble, was good, was the exact opposite of Franz.

There is one scene in the drama when Franz looks into the mirror and is revolted by his own ugly face staring at him. And he asks fate in bitterness: "Warum mir diese Hottentotten Nase" - "Why for me this Hottentotten Nose? Why these ugly eyes, why this ugly hair, this ugly face. Why must Karl have all the goodness in the world? Why not me?" And so on. I began to stare into the

mirror, began to hate my black and unruly hair, my too large and too hooked nose my short forehead, my altogether ugly face. But worse was to come. I learned of the pseudo-science of phrenology which was taught in the 19th century and became almost a parlour game. Naturally, it was carried over into the 20th century, when I was a teenager. According to this false "science" the form of the skull is indicative of mental faculties and traits of character (as quoted from Webster). Well I got hold of a brochure on Phrenology and began to examine the shape of my skull - with disastrous results. Especially my low forehead, and worse, that this forehead is not vertical but very much inclined backwards, gave me terrible fright. The brochure said that a low forehead is indicative of low intelligence, and that inclined forehead running backwards is a sure sign of a criminal disposition. And to be sure, the booklet was full with dreadful faces of criminals and mentally retarded people with the proper lurid descriptions.

Somehow I got over that criminal disposition of mine, but I could never get over that low forehead. I studied the pictures of great philosophers, and without a doubt, they all had high foreheads. The fool I was! What I did not realise was that these men were all high in age, and have lost most of their hair. No wonder that they had a high forehead devoid of hair. And sure enough, much, much later in life, when my front hair began to thin out - lo and behold, I had a high forehead like a philosopher.

But I did not get over that first impression that I am devoid of great thoughts. I shall never make a philosopher, this thought I carried with me well into my 60th year. What then do I want to become if not a philosopher? Well, I had inherited from my good father a great sense of humour. My father was at his best when he could tell Jewish jokes, and had them all rolling in the aisles. And somehow I too had a good memory for jokes and could tell them off with a bang. This my character trait proved life-saving in the concentration camp when I kept myself and my fellow prisoners alive by telling them jokes and making them laugh.

And so I thought that I envy only one man and this is Charly Chaplin. I was unhappy about my chosen profession of being a chemical engineer. I wanted all the time to be a great comedian who could make the whole world laugh as Chaplin did.

And what happened? Well, you know that every professional comedian is somehow unhappy about the lowliness of his profession. Every comedian is sure that he could make a great tragic actor "To be or not to be, this is the question!" In short, comedians want to be philosophers. And I wanted to be a comedian all the time and (confound it) I happened to be a philosopher since my boyhood and now more than ever.

My face was Jewish, or rather ugly Jewish, and I did not like what I saw in the mirror. There was my hair. It was unruly. I would make it wet in the morning, would comb it neatly down, and when I looked later in the mirror it stood up and in all directions like the bristles of a pig. Some of my Jewish friends had black hair too, but it was shining and glistening and smooth in beautiful curls and neatly divided, and it stayed so all the day. The fool I was again. I did not realise that my fellow students put lots of sneaky vaseline on their hair, and combed it down, and no wonder it was shiny and glistening and stayed so all the day. I did not ask them what I should do, believing that their shiny hair is an inborn thing, and my bristly pig hair is my inborn thing, confound it!

In later years I learned that such stupid thoughts, and such gazing in the mirror, is something done by almost all the boys, and of course all the girls. No teacher told them to realise their silly thoughts. No teacher told us that it is up to us to study and to learn and to be kind and thoughtful to others, and that by doing so, even an ugly face could be illuminated from within and become beautiful, and lovable. Such thoughts about the waste of time in school, of not learning how to overcome the tragedies of our young years, such thoughts were the beginning of thoughts about drastic changes of our education.

And so, I was plagued by the terrible thought that I was ugly and that nothing can be done about it, and therefore no girl would ever look at me, nor love me. This thought darkened my days and haunted me at night and plagued me throughout my teenage years, and even as a soldier. It was in 1915-1916 when I was a soldier in the Austrian army and an officers cadet in the officers school at Jaegerndorf in Silesia. It was a beautiful old town full of nice and kind people who invited the young officer cadets into their homes. Imagine the evenings in the barracks when almost all the cadets put on their nicest uniform, polished their shoes, and looking slick and span went off to meet girls and nice families and spent happy evenings there - only I was left behind. Dressed and terribly unhappy, I went into the deserted streets crying out to my creator why I have to be so lonely, why I have to be so ugly, and why I have to be so short. This was another trouble which began to trouble me when in the army. I was short, about 5 feet 3 inches, and in the company rows I was always standing at the end, as the standing in the rows was adjusted to the highest soldiers being always in front. Imagine how unhappy I was

every morning and afternoon when the companies marched to the exercise ground. We had to march through the whole town with the streets full of people and girls. Imagine me hobbling along with other unfortunate cadets who were also short and who had to march always in the last rows. It was terrible.

But the time of my tale is still 1910 when I woke up to look at girls and love them. My army days and the coming war were 4 years ahead in the future. Among the many nice girls whom I met when going to school in the morning there were a few favourites and I loved them dearly; of course there was always only one who was my Queen. When I saw her suddenly, my heart missed a beat and a sweet pain went through it. I looked at her, looked into her eyes, but she looked elsewhere, and when I was lucky and she looked at me, alas, she soon turned her eyes away as if I did not exist. When I met her on Saturday or Sunday in the street I would follow her, but not a few paces behind. I was perhaps a hundred yards behind. I was so shy and was so afraid that she may give me a scornful look, that I trailed her from afar and went after her until she disappeared in the doorway of the house where she lived. When I was lucky I could get a glimpse of her at the window, and in the evening I considered myself lucky when I discerned a shadow at the window which might be she. The incredible thing was that my "flames" (Flamme) did not know of my love and my following them, and loving them dearly.

And so I discovered that the days of our youth are not happy days at all. I was deeply unhappy, and there was nobody to whom I could turn for help and advice. And to make it all worse, there was my inseparable companion Franz the Beautiful.

With him, it was quite different. He was a beautiful, tall and most desirable young man, and the girls went after him. What he told me made my unhappiness even greater. Not that he had sexual intercourse with them. They played at sex without making actual sexual love. They embraced each other, rubbed their bodies and the lower parts of them until they had both their orgasm. And this brings me back to my wrangling with sex. In previous pages I told how I escaped the clutches of aggressive girls (who wanted to marry me) simply by getting my orgasm during the night, and being calm at daytime and when with the girl. This happened when I was already an eligible bachelor, when I was 20 and older. When I was a boy of 13, my occasional masturbation did not help me at all. Why not?

Because I believed in the moral code of my time that sexual intercourse is something animalistic, and that it could not come into true love. And being an idealist, I simply could not conceive the idea to go to bed with the girl I truly loved. She was my Queen, I put her on a pedestal, and I put all thoughts of sexual intercourse out of my mind. When I thought of ever having sexual intercourse with a girl I truly loved (though she did not know about it) it was like dreaming of a holy act, of transcending this earthly world and being carried into the clouds and into the universe on transports of bliss. When I masturbated because my testicles were full with semen and bothered me too much, it was always some voluptuous overripe woman I had intercourse with in my imagination, never the girl I loved. Amazingly, this idealistic tendency is still with me now that I am over 74. When I see a wonderful girl, a creature of the heaven, a creature I could love so dearly, I never think of ever going to bed with her. In 1961 when my good wife Claire was on her deathbed two sisters from London came to live in our little hotel, Frieda and Peggy Carr. Frieda soon went home and then to Canada, but Peggy stayed with us, and after the death of Claire she was somehow the creature I had to find in my desolation at Claire's death. Peggy was the Queen of the house and somehow I felt consolation that there is a woman in the house who sympathizes with my sorrow and who helps me enduring it. But my relation to Peggy was purely idealistic. I never touched her, never allowed myself any intimacy. I was glad that she lives in the same house with me, and somehow she was the same innocent flame for me as in my boyhood days. Then in 1968 something terrible happened. A young man, and a communist to boot, took lodgings in my hotel. Somehow Peggy liked him very much. But I was for him only the capitalist landlord whom he had to despise. When he realised that Peggy is my secret love and that I thought almost every day of showing her my secret love with some flowers, or other nice things for her room, that blasted man did everything to make hell for me, and he even succeeded to make Peggy sometimes unkind towards me. And so, in my 71st year, I was in the same torments as I was when I was a boy of 13 and found that the girl I love did not return my secret love. Just as I wandered through the streets at night when I was an officer cadet at 18, in much the same way I could not find sleep and I wandered the streets of Sydney crying out in hellish pain about the little insults I had to endure from Peggy on the instigation of that dreadful communist. During those dreadful days and nights I kept a diary and I wanted to show it to Peggy one day, but when I at last wrote her a short letter begging her to stop hurting me, she at last realised what she had done, apologised and left my house. Now she is in London and I am going to send her a copy of my last book because she had helped me with reading the manuscript. Somehow she is still my Queen, and I am still at heart

the boy of 13 to whom idealistic love means no sex at all in his admiration of his Queen of Hearts. In those desperate days and nights when I smarted under Peggy's little insults, my consolation was for me the thought that at 71 I can still be unhappy because of idealistic love, and this is surely a sign that I am still young at heart.

Let's go back to my hometown when I was still a boy of 13. What was the sexual relation between Franz and me? None. We both were idealists. We both had passed the homosexual stage. And we both got relief from occasional masturbation (though Franz had some girls for heavy petting - and I had none). We never masturbated together as many boys do. But we were resolved in one point. At that time, we bought a book with the title "Wir jungen Maenner" - "We young Men" and this book had a decisive influence upon us. It exhorted the young men to stay away from actual sexual intercourse with girls - until marriage. It warned of the dangers of venereal disease, and hence it warned of ever going to a prostitute. It warned of the danger of a pregnancy to an innocent and immature girl - but it offered no practical help for relieving the sexual pressure in our young bodies. Masturbation was taboo in any book on sex in those days. Naturally, Franz and I (without speaking about it) masturbated, simply because we could not help it. But otherwise we kept away from prostitutes, and Franz kept away from actual intercourse with his girls. As for me, there was no need to keep away from girls. They kept away from me.

And then it happened. Disaster descended upon me. My days and nights were turned into hell. I was almost "raped" by a young woman from the country, and by doing so I made her pregnant.

In those days almost every family in the town had a peasant girl as a home servant. The girls came gladly from their Ukrainian, or Roumanian, or Polish village to serve in Czernowitz the capital of the province of Bukowina of the Austrian Empire. German was the language of authority, of culture and of everybody in the town. Those peasant girls learned to speak German, could earn good money, could save for their dowry, and could marry a better man later.

Well, such a girl took employment with my family. I made no advances whatever. But she made advances towards me. She was a sexually active girl, and I was - well, I was a "virgin." We all know that almost every man has one great desire: to have intercourse with a virgin, to deflorate a girl, to break her hymen, and to watch her reaction. Apparently, something similar must be in the minds of sexually active women, especially married women who are out for a young boy. We boys learned with a shiver of disbelief of the old "Jus primae noctis" - "The Law of the first Night" - practised by the feudal lords who demanded the right to deflor every bride of their villagers, of their slaves, of their retinue. And in our country, feudalism was only a hundred years gone.

And so our girl servant wanted to have the "primae noctis" with me. And she set herself to the task with vehemence. I was easily aroused - and in disbelief I realised that here indeed was a young and beautiful woman who wants ME, whom no girl ever wanted. We could not do it in the little flat. Every moment my brothers, my sister, my mother or father could appear. But there was a series of toilets on the gangway and quite far away from our flat. There she led me, sat herself on the toilet seat, uncovered her body and put my erect penis into her vagina. Well, it was over in a few seconds, and it was a tremendous experience, something utterly sweet, and I was full of joy of having at last tasted real sexual intercourse. It was deep winter then, and I went off with my skates to meet Franz on the ice. I wandered through the public park with all the trees covered with snow, and I was jubilant. When I met Franz I told him with pride in my voice that I had intercourse with our maid servant. And I still treasure those few minutes of joy.

But my joy turned into despair when 5 weeks later the girl told me that she is pregnant. Such pregnancies between a maid servant and a very young boy had happened in our town, and they were the talk of the town. For the parents of the boy it was a thing of utter shame, apart from the worry what to do with the child. In some cases, the girl went to court to claim alimony from the parents. I felt that my mother will sink into the ground of utter shame when I and my parents would become the laughing stock of the town. My days and my nights were one continuous agony. I remember vividly that we learned biology in our class, and the teacher explained to us the "protoplasma" the formative material which leads to the build-up of cells and creatures. I swooned and almost fainted. I begged the teacher to be allowed to go to the lavatory, and there I vomited in wretchedness.

Our girl servant was an experienced woman. She knew what to do. She asked me to get her 6 Crowns to enable her to go to a midwife who would give her certain herbs to have an abortus. Somehow I managed to get this sum, though it was almost a fortune for me, and one day she showed me her undershirt full of blood. She had aborted the foetus, and she and I breathed in utter relief.

After that dreadful experience I bought a condom and kept it always in my wallet, in case I should again be "raped" by a woman, because I had not the courage

courage to get a girl to have intercourse with me. But was it only lack of courage which kept me from this act? I don't think so. And here I come to a character trait of mine which has given me lots of worry throughout my life - until in my old age I have become reconciled with it, and indeed have come to believe that this trait is responsible for much of what I have achieved in life.

With the other boys in school there was a lot of talk about sexual adventures and sexual victories. Some of the boys told fantastic stories how they had subdued girls who had to yield to them by sheer force. This is what girls want, they told me, they want to be raped, they want to be subdued by superior physical strength, they want to be taken and penetrated. And this is how those boys achieved their great successes with the girls. I was a fool not to realise that they were bragging.

I heard their stories in utter sadness. I felt I can never have the courage to subdue a girl against her will, against her violent struggling. I simply could not do it, never. And I translated this my "cowardice" to other manly virtues of which I had none. Men, I believed, must be domineering if they want to lead (or subdue) men and women. Only this character trait leads to success in life. And I had not this trait. I was utterly devoid of it. In later years when I was a manager in a factory I suffered under the lack of domineering spirit, and some of the workers male and female soon realised my weakness and played their game with me, lying

to me when I demanded that they do a certain amount of piecework, etc. etc. Indeed, it made me hate my managerial job, the more so as my production of electric torch batteries was only a seasonal one (when the dark winter nights increased the demand for torch batteries). This means that when spring came I had to dismiss a lot of girls and women who trembled in fear of dismissal because they depended on the money earned. Well, I simply could not dismiss them, and my boss had to do it, and this did not help me in his esteem. In vain I proposed that we combine the production of a winter product with the production of a product used and bought in summer. In such an arrangement we could keep the whole workforce and could have their devotion for a steady job and income. But this was only a dream.

I was bullied in school, and I was bullied in the army, and I was bullied by other engineers in the factory. They realised that I had not the courage to challenge them, and to shame them. How then could I help myself in such dreadful circumstances? I asked to be relieved of being a slave driver in the factory. I went into the chemical laboratory to work alone on the tasks given to me. I had only two laboratory assistants, and somehow I made them like me and help me. Later when I went into the patent department I had one typist and later three, but here again I was able to get their respect by my utter devotion and industry.

But I could not dominate and overpower a girl and throw her on my bed. It was utterly impossible. I waited for some advances, smiles, gestures, indicating that she is ready to go to bed with me. But this did not come. And hence my unhappiness was still with me when 1915 came around and I was enlisted in the army at the age of 18. There was a war on, and I was glad to become a soldier, out of my enthusiasm for serving the Fatherland, and even dying for it. Indeed, when war broke out in 1914 I, together with a friend of mine Paul Klein, we went from one recruiting office to the other trying to enlist as volunteers. But when we told that we are only 17, and that father's consent would have been necessary we were sent home. "Go home, you boys," said the Sergeant Major, "go home to mother, you don't know what war is."

But we were undaunted. And so we enlisted with a Red Cross field ambulance. Our hometown was only 20 miles away from the Russian frontier, and the war was soon with us. We had to go out into the battlefield and collect dead and wounded soldiers. I cannot describe the first impression I had when I saw the waxen faces of the dead, and when I was covered with the blood of a grievously wounded soldier whom I had to lift and put into the ambulance on the way to the hospital. For days and days I could not eat at all, to the distress of my mother. And then the war came to our town. Across the river the Russian artillery took up position and exchanged fire with the Austrian artillery. I was unafraid and I ventured into the vicinity of the Austrian guns. The fool I was. I saw the shrapnels bursting around me and I was not afraid. Indeed, I was happy because here I could prove to myself that I have indeed courage and that I defied death when necessary.

Why then did I not have the courage to rape a girl who wanted to be raped. The answer was (though I did not know of it) that somehow I am of a peaceful nature, and had no aggressive trait neither towards girls nor men. And this indeed was the reason why I could not "take" a girl against her will.

Until I met a girl who saw that I am a kind young man and that I should be rewarded with the love I deserve. She was a nurse in a military hospital, and her sweet name was Dolly. I have in my collection a lot of photographs and I still rejoice in the memory of that wonderful love affair. She took me to her home and we went to bed and it was just wonderful as I loved her dearly and therefore it was utter joy and utter bliss all the time - until the time came when we had

to part. I had to rejoin my regiment which was in Hungary, and then go to the front and to war, and we may never see each other again. We embraced each other with tears running profusely down our cheeks. We fell onto the bed and we had 4 orgasms one after the other. I never believed that this is possible, but it happened. As soon as I had ejaculated my semen I went without slackening my penis to the next orgasm and the next and the next. It was utter bliss and utter sadness. And then, as I had to catch my train, one more wild embrace, one more desperate kiss, and I left.

We exchanged letters almost every day, and then I learned of the terrible thing: I had made her pregnant. I could not understand how it happened, because I had a condom, but apparently the mass of semen out of 4 consecutive orgasms has swamped her vagina and one sperm has penetrated her uterus. I was in utter despair. Of course marriage would be the way out, but who am I? A nobody, with no trade in my hand, and a soldier soon to go to the front. I could not support her, nor our baby. I lived through days and weeks of utter desolation. Then I learned the good news that she - a nurse - had been able to get rid of her foetus. But it gave me the jitters for all my life, and my memory of those dark days is still with me.

But now I was freed from the depressive feeling of my boyhood. I knew that I am not a beautiful man, but I knew at last that this is not necessary. I could find a girl who could recognise the virtues of my character and who could love me. But marriage was still far off. I was lucky to come out of the war alive, and to come home at the end of 1918. I enrolled in the university, and to earn a little money I became a music teacher. I had a number of girl pupils, and among them there was a beautiful and volutuous young woman, and we had a love affair - purely for sexual relief. At last I could practise what Franz had told me, namely that a boy and a girl could both have their orgasm together without the penis penetrating the vagina at all. We embraced each other, rubbed our bodies against each other and got excited until we both had our orgasm.

And this very fact proved to me that the tale of woman frigidity must be a myth. I realised that I came to the orgasm very quickly, but my girl had to get excited for much a longer time. Here I saw was the explanation. Men simply do not do what is called "love play" long enough in order to excite their girl. They get excited too quickly and they have their orgasm too quickly for the girl who remains unexcited, and even nervously frustrated, because she just began to have those sweet feelings when suddenly all was stopped. The man had his orgasm, his interest in the female body stopped suddenly, and more than often he turned around and fell asleep, leaving the girl unhappily aroused and without fulfilment. I realised in my love plays with that girl that I had to restrain myself very much, had to stop suddenly when my excitement would go out of hands, had to tell the girl that I must pause in order not to get my orgasm too quickly. She understood, and waited with me, and my gentle rubbing of her genitals led her further and further to the heights of enjoyment. Then when I felt how her movements became more and more excited, when I felt that she is near her orgasm, I could then let my excitement take over again and it was utter bliss when we both had our orgasm at the same time and felt extreme happiness.

And so, by my own thoughts and experiments I learned what nobody had told me, namely how to make a woman really happy. It was not easy to withhold and suppress my own excitement. Indeed, sometimes it became an almost unbearable wrenching with myself. I felt how the girl is still not excited, whereas my own excitement went up to fever pitch. In order to give the girl the sexual pleasure she wants I put my erect penis not into her vagina, but just next to it, and next to her clitoris, the source of sexual excitement. She pressed her upper legs against my penis and by gentle movement of mine and hers she got slowly excited. Naturally, I had a condom over my penis, but as my excited penis began to secrete the natural lubricant, my condom became slippery, and I feared it will slip off and my semen will get into her vagina and make her pregnant. In desperation I held on to the rim of my condom in order to keep it up, and in more desperation I tried to suppress my excitement, sometimes by thinking quite different thoughts as for instance the trouble I have in my factory and what am I am going to do about it next day - until I felt that she is at her pitch already, and then we let go and were happy.

In my subsequent love affairs I made my partner extremely happy, and happy not only because she felt the momentary happiness, but happy in the thought that she is not frigid at all. I had affairs with women who had intercourse before and never, never felt any excitement, and who came to the sad conclusion that they are frigid, and that nothing can be done about it. When I gently excited them, sometimes with an almost superhuman effort to suppress my own excitement, and when I brought them to their height of joy which I recognised by their violent movements until with one burst and one pressing of her body against mine, she had her orgasm in utter bliss - what did they do then, the girls and women I gave so much joy. This some of them said: "Karl, you are a magician." or "Karl, you have transformed my life" or "I never believed that such sweetness could be

possible." or "Such sweet feelings of love cannot be a sin." and many such words more. But to bring a woman to her first orgasm is not very easy. It can only be done by a man who disregards his own needs, and who wants to be happy by giving happiness to others, and this indeed is one of my character traits.

I must finish this tale of my youthful adventures into sex. Let me now tell of one catastrophic misunderstanding caused by language. It is the meaning of "coitus interruptus" the idea to interrupt the ejaculation of your semen during the orgasm. Unfortunately there is a misunderstanding about this meaning which has caused many unwanted pregnancies and miseries. Naturally the boy and the girl don't want to make a baby. And the boy and the millions of young men and even married men who scorn the manipulation of putting on a condom think that they can avoid making her woman pregnant by "interrupting" their coitus. But they understand by this, that in the moment of ejaculation by orgasm they withdraw suddenly their naked penis from the vagina, and ejaculate the semen outside the vagina. But this fraction of a second is difficult to judge in utter excitement. One fraction of a second too late and part of the semen goes into the vagina and the uterus.

I soon found that such practice is extremely dangerous and may indeed lead to an unwanted pregnancy. And so I concluded that "coitus interruptus" must mean something else. By the practice explained above the coitus is not interrupted as the semen spouts out during the fulfilled orgasm. Only the deposition of the semen is changed - sometimes, and sometimes not when the semen goes into the vagina.

I then found the real meaning of "coitus interruptus" and in later years I read that one religious sect in the Middle Ages practised this sexual intercourse with great success, the Adamites. I learned it by myself. When I was with my girl and when we had excited ourselves almost to the orgasm (but with no semen coming out yet) I said to her "Stop!" We separated our bodies and laid apart from 5 to 10 minutes, kissing each other, saying sweet things, or even discussing our next hike on coming Sunday, until we again joined our bodies and began the sweet rubbing until orgasm could be very near - when we separated again, and in doing so we could prolong our love plays for hours and feel as if we had a hundred orgasms. This is the true meaning of "coitus interruptus" because we indeed "interrupted" our coitus, and thus had utter joy sometimes for hours, until sleep overcame us - without having had our orgasm. Then waking up we were still ready to go on playing until to the final orgasm. Men think that the Romans are right who said "Post coitus animal triste" "After the coitus the animal gets sad." This may be true if you had intercourse with a prostitute and are revolted by the very act, or if you had intercourse with a woman under disagreeable circumstances. But it is not true if you had your coitus the way I taught myself to have together with my girl. It was utter, utter, utter joy with no sad or trist feelings at all.

And so let me come to the end of this my long tale, which I told only in the hope that my knowledge may help other young people to do likewise. Let me then not go into the details of my other youthful life, my school days, my days and years as a soldier. Allow me therefore to register only the periods of my life from my birth in 1897 to the year 1920 - "The first 21 Years of my Life" when then in 1920 I met Claire. My life with her I have described at length in my story of 113 pages under the title "In Memory of Claire" (S.S. No.210) which I wrote in utter desolation after her death and in order to realise that I had a life of happiness with her and therefore I should not despair, and should be happy instead of having had such a rich and wonderful life with such a wonderful woman.

Periods of my first 23 Years.

- 1897 I was born on the 5th September
 - 1901 I enrolled in the Hebrew School in our Synagogue where I learned Hebrew and learned to hate it - my first confrontation with the Babel of Languages.
 - 1904 I was 7 years of age when I enrolled in the primary school and again wrestled with the grammar of languages - only to lose out and hate it even more.
 - 1908 I was 11 years of age when I enrolled in the highschool
 - 1914 When I concluded the 6th term in my 15th year the war broke out. I went to Vienna (as my hometown was under Russian invasion) and finished there in
 - 1915 I graduated from the highschool in Vienna and was called up for service
 - 1915 - 1918 I was a soldier in the Austrian army and came home in November 1918
 - 1918 - 1919 I studied physics and chemistry at the University of Czernowitz my hometown, but as it came under Roumanian rule I went to Vienna.
 - 1919 - 1922 I studied and graduated from the Technical University of Vienna as a chemical engineer. I studied so hard that I was able to finish the 4 years course in 3 years. Actually, according to British standards I should be called a Master of Science Chemical Engineering (M.Sc.) but I call myself a B.Sc.(Bachelor) it does not matter really.
 - 1920 I met Claire on a hiking tour in the Austrian Alps, and my whole life changed.
- I have written the story of My Life with Claire a few months after Claire died in 1961 under the title "In Memory of Claire" (S.S.210) We lived in love. The End