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PARACULTURE

A Pamphlet

A production by Peter Fritz Walter.

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I.

Svjatoslav Richter was a unique pianist. Because he was not only a pianist, but a musical philosopher and revolutionary communicator; also, a schizophrenic. Which made him more



human because otherwise we would have forgotten that the giant belongs to our race. In Paraculture, geniuses can only be recognized as geniuses when they are paranoid.

Dali has made his way as an artistic genius because his analysis of paraculture was correct; he knew to profit from it as well.

Paraculture is founded upon the Mona Lisa complex, the hero cult and paranoid enslavement. But there is a way out of the historic dilemma. This will be shown exemplarily with the love story between Count Hotspots and Princess Jaglinda.

But first, let me compare the personalities of Svjatoslav Richter, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli and Thelonius Monk, for there is an entanglement between the personalities of great people and the Zeitgeist in every given epoch.

My piano teacher, the pianist Alexander Sellier, professor at our local conservatory and student of Wilhelm Backhaus, Walter Gieseking and Edwin Fischer, used to say:

—I prefer Michelangeli over your Richter!

I then would reply that Richter was not my Richter. In the basement of the modern villa, his wife cooked *Sauerkraut* which did not really sweeten our morning lesson. And little Anselm ducked into the room and played the first Beethoven sonata that I was practicing since weeks. And he played it



well. Anselm was four years old. I was twenty years old. And I couldn't play the sonata.

—How is it possible, the professor asked, that my little Anselm can play the Beethoven sonata and you not? And yet he practices the sonata only since short, whereas you work on this piece since two months ...

When he saw me sitting there in silence, embarrassed, he insisted:

—Do you not practice at home?

—I practice so much that ours neighbors have threatened us with a court action.

—How many hours per day?

—Eight to ten.

—That's too much.

—So what?

—I don't understand that.

—I could explain it to you but I'm afraid you won't understand the explanation either.

—Why not?

—Because it has nothing to do with piano playing.



—With what, then? What do you mean ... ?

—See, dear professor, I'm the madman of the family that I have ambitions at all, that I do not watch television after school, that I want to achieve something, that I constantly learn and yet fail because of lacking mastership which is primarily a result of fear—fear that I carry in me since my earliest childhood. Every activity where I truly express myself and that is somehow connected to my soul instills fear in me. Because I am afraid to be myself, as I never had the right to be myself, but My-Son-Don't-Make-Me-Sorrow ...

—Well ...

—I knew you won't understand.

Sellier remained silent. And I felt that my head had become red like a tomato. I decided on the spot to quit and better use the money I wasted for these lessons for another purpose.

II.

Mona Lisa has misguided humanity, and intently so. She used Leonardo's genius to give herself a value that she never had. She misinformed millions about Leonardo's true love wishes. The consequences of this fatal and destructive cultural feat are to be felt on an ecological level, so to say, for Mona Lisa has become an authority in various respects, geographi-



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cally and psychologically. Which class of school children has not done the pilgrimage to the Louvre in Paris in order to stand face to face with the hypocrite virgin?

Nowadays she is put behind thick glass in order to somewhat filter her powerful aura. But it is all in vain, her radiation has a phenomenally destructive effect upon the brains of school children.

This is well-known with intelligence agencies around the globe and it is consciously exploited for heterosexual conditioning of the youth. That she engaged in such dirty services, even her best friends and supporters could not believe. But it's as it is. In the same cunning spirit, she has held back Leonardo innumerable times from the Last Supper.

But what had the greatest influence upon the history of mores in Europe and North America was her strategy to painstakingly veil Leonardo's boylove. It is possible that she was a pretext Leonardo used when he faced the Inquisition. For even people not versed in painting will not easily believe that somebody who loves boys can paint a woman so well. Is there a better proof for Leonardo's genius? Nobody ever doubted that Goya loved his little Maya. And in his case we know they did it with each other, while the girl was only about five or six years old. With Leonardo things are not that easy. Mona Lisa is more than a painting. Mona Lisa lives! And she is one of the most astute politicians Europe ever had.



However, the politics she makes is neither a heritage of her creator, nor is it in the best interest of Europe or, generally, the Western culture. It is an extremely right-wing, fascist kind of politics. I believe Mona Lisa was the first right-wing extremist of Europe, long before Hitler and the NSDAP.

III.

When I played Chopin's, Etude op. 10, 1, Sellier was dumbfounded.

—How is it possible? he wondered. You can't play Berens' easy pieces and you never mastered Beethoven's first sonata, and now you played this monstrous Chopin etude that I myself have great difficulties to play. And you played it faster than I ever dared to play it. It's unbelievable.

I did not reply anything. I was bathed in sweat and my heart bumped up until my throat. I was K.O.

—The only pianist who can play this etude perfectly well is Pollini, the professor pursued. Even Edwin Fischer had its difficulties with it, he added, after a pause.

I somehow recovered and wiped my wet hands over my trousers.

—You are wrong! I replied.



—What do you mean? the professor asked, almost shocked at my unexpected and daring speaking up.

—Let me explain, then. I mean that Pollini truly plays this etude brilliantly but only one pianist plays it musically.

—Of course, your Richter, I guess.

—Yes, indeed.

—I do not know the recording.

—He plays the etude not as an etude but as a musical piece. For what does the right hand in this etude do other than making up a sound carpet?

—Yes, that's true. It's a kind of accompaniment.

—That's what I mean. Richter plays the octaves in the left hand like a massive choral, almost brutally, and he hammers out the structure, the bones of the piece. And logically, the right hand provides the sound carpet upon which the musical line of the left walks.

—Hm ..., you observe this very well, in fact. But this is really transcendent piano play. I know this from the Liszt Etudes, but Chopin's opus 10/1 is a pianistic monstrosity because of the extremely large intervals that the hand has to master in presto speed. It's a torture, nothing less than that, because it's almost impossible to play all the notes dynami-



cally equal, so that each one really sounds as loud as any other.

Especially in the piano passages, this is horrendously difficult to master. Fortunately there are only few piano passages, as for the most part the piece has to be played in a healthy forte.

The professor looked at me in delight, seemingly excited about at his brilliant analysis of the piece.

—See, this is exactly what I wished to convey, I commented. Richter plays this etude so well because he reconstructed it on the lines of its composer.

This day the professor looked at me differently when he accompanied me to the door at the end of our lesson. His whole behavior seemed to have changed.

—I would not have thought you can do that, he ended, softly.

It sounded almost like a compliment. Not one of those master class compliments that sound paternalistic, but something like a recognition.

—I still can't understand it. The little pieces you play with the technique of a child and this etude you played it right now with the technique of a master. I will never understand this. You are the most mysterious student I ever had in class.



I breathed heavily. I had lots of respect for him, as he was a famous pianist in our region and even nationally. But I was angry at him. Because of Berens.

—One can do well what one loves, however difficult it may be, I ended, and went home.

To be honest, I would not have quit the lessons with Sel-lier had not another event really brought me up against him. For Christmas I had dedicated to him a little piano etude I had myself composed, an etude in the style of Chopin that was so difficult that I myself could not play it. (I thought he could play it without problem).

But he scarcely looked at my hand-written score, while making me compliments that I did not want. Then he put the score away and we studied Berens.

Quite some time later I asked him again about my etude and if he could play it for me? He randomly noted that he did not know where the score was and that perhaps Anselm had played in the score chamber and my score had disappeared. I felt scandalized. I had given him the original and kept only an interim copy that was not the final version.

IV.

This is how Richter became my piano teacher, my true teacher. I listened to his recordings every day, and for hours. I



deeply thought about his play, his technique, listened to interviews with him, tried to get all the clippings about him I could find, finally owned the entire collection of his recordings—and was facing a riddle. Who was this man?

I got to know Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli only much later. The first recording I got with him were the Debussy Preludes. When I listened to the record in the shop, I was paralyzed. A revelation! Yet I was still more impressed by Michelangeli's recording of Debussy's Images. While Richter and Michelangeli are very different as persons, and as pianists, what they have in common is their extreme individualism, their absolutely unique musical personality, originality and expressiveness. While Richter is more on the drama side, Michelangeli produces the richer pianistic layer structure and simply better sounds. And he's much more contemplative and simply plays Debussy better than Richter and better than all pianists I ever knew.

In Jazz, I can only mention Thelonius Monk. Lonesome rider like Richter and Michelangeli, Monk is in Jazz an almost unknown giant, composer more than pianist, genial in both. His piano style is unheard-of, new, tender, bizarre, precious, slim and sometimes even frugal, but always colorful, producing color from monstrous alterations, pseudo-dilettante, naïve, shy and child-like. To see how he interprets his composition 'Round about Midnight and other standards composed



by him, Eronel, Portrait of an Eremite, Manganese, Well You Needn't, Reflections, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes and Off Minor! Smoke Gets in Your Eyes has become an all-too-often repeated standard and when you hear it played by mediocre jazz bands, there is little left of Monk's original composition.

During that time of my first piano lessons when just everybody found me crazy or judged me as a terrorist of home sweet home, I copied note for note Monk's interpretation of this tune, and without pride I must say that after two weeks of thorough effort, I was able to imitate Monk's play so well that my version was an exact copy of Monks' interpretation.

Testing my perception and blindfolding myself, I had to admit I was unable to say which version I was listening to, Monk's original or my copy of it. And I had to think again of what Sellier had said about my uncanny ability to play the first Chopin etude while pitifully failing to play an easy Mozart or Beethoven sonata. As I had absolutely nobody whom I could present the piece, my mother being against my art, and lacking friends, I did not give any value to my achievement. It was just like all I did in life, and that I did perfectly.

Nobody ever appreciated it. Probably because I myself did not bestow any lasting attention upon what I was loving to do. So I put Monk and Smoke gets in Your Eyes in the drawer of the unforgettables—and forgot it. And that was it. In a few



days I had forgotten the whole score that as yet I had memorized so painfully and note for note.

Monk's genius has little in common with the brilliance of giants like Art Tatum or an Oscar Peterson. His play is that of a composer and rather reminds old recordings of Ravel plays Ravel, Rachmaninov plays Rachmaninov, Prokofiev plays Prokofiev, Gershwin plays Gershwin. Of course, Martha Argerich plays Ravel's music much better than Ravel himself, and yet something, and perhaps the most important is missing, the soul. Ravel simply did not have the almost diabolic virtuosity of The Argerich, and he did not need it. Some pianists play better than they should. Technical brilliance often covers up and veils the essential values of music among which the first is love. The unique thing in Monk's play namely is his obvious lack of perfection, his imperfection, thus. Somebody once said that Rachmaninov always composed more notes than necessary for a good score. Monk however plays less notes than he leaves out. But those he leaves out are magically implicated by the few he plays. This is something almost metaphysical and is unheard-of in musical history.

The perfection of Monk's play is not the density of his Jazz vocabulary, but his hyper-pristine phraseology. When you listen attentively to how Monk plays, you will become aware that his phraseology is so perfect that it sounds exaggerated.



Now, what do Richter, Michelangeli and Monk have in common, apart from their genius that probably today nobody seriously doubts? It's the paranoid part of their art, the search for extremes, the total transcendence of the medium piano into something metaphysical and pure. Therefore they are founding fathers of Paraculture. As Dali was in painting and Freud and Reich in the psychoanalysis of culture.

V.

Paraculture needs martyrs. Dali was a perfect martyr. In reality Dali loved Princess Jaglinda. His tragedy was that Jaglinda was already fiancéed with Count Hotspots, for the princess knew that it was her task to release the count from a magic spell a witch had cast upon him; in fact he was transformed into a gruesome spider. And after his liberation from the realm of predators he was supposed to enter the throne of the old Hotspots empire.

Princess Jaglinda is an almost mythic creature: small Lolita of eight years, dazzling, beautiful, erotic, captivating, intelligent and charming. She has nothing in common with the Lolita from Nabokov's famous novel. Some years before that time, when Jaglinda was just five years old and had developed already all her sex appeal, she declared in a press conference in Hotspotville that she formally despised Nabokov's Lolita and that she did not believe the story was true.



In her opinion Nabokov had consciously distorted the main character Humbert Humbert, and this in the intention to convey his personal opinion about childlove and the impossibility of living this love within *Oedipal Culture*, except in a reprehensible criminal manner.

In the same press conference the princess did not attempt to hide her premature love with Count Hotspots; she declared relationships of this kind as holy within the Hotspots empire. The count is said to have offered to his little fairy a wonderful fur coat after he had taken her to his castle in the Hotspots mountains where the couple spent their honeymoon.

Vladimir Nabokov indeed is one of the pillars of paranoid culture. There are rumors saying that, when he was living in the ultra-conservative town of Montreux in Switzerland, Nabokov was having underage concubines and it was the latter that inspired him for his daring novel. But all those rumors have to be looked at with caution, for the Russian noble was having rather respectable cultural exchanges and we have no indices to assume that with regard to his love this was different. One thing we can however be sure about, that is that Vladimir Nabokov did not paint princess love in a rosy light and rather took a distance to his main character. The question is thus why Nabokov projected only his negative shadow in Humbert, and not also his positive thoughts about childlove?



My answer simply is that Nabokov wanted to serve. He wanted to serve Paraculture, and not an enlightened culture of mature humans who give a clear preference to love and who are therefore little affected by the fascist anxieties of paranoiacs. And last not least he may simply have appreciated that it pays to serve the ruler caste! It pays cash. *Lolita* became a world-bestseller. Until today. And that would surely not have been the case if Nabokov had depicted childlove in the way it really is, with its infinite shadows and grays, instead of molding it into the stupid and perverse residue mindset of little man.

Another rumor says that Princess Jaglinda once dispatched a brief note to Nabokov in which she wrote: Humbert Humbert is an ass. And his creator?

Nabokov is known to have replied with a long letter in which he extensively described the hidden positive traits of H.H. and put the fault for Humbert's confusion on *Lolita*. He had depicted *Lolita* as a provocative little whore and perverse nymphomaniac who systematically entrapped her admirer in the hellfire of nymphet love. As rumors were, the princess was said to have framed Nabokov's letter and hung it over her bed, having laughed for almost half an hour while rolling on her bed and repeating the words:

—I fuck you Nabokovly, I fuck you, Nabokovly ...



Finally, it is reported that the princess invited the illustrious writer to the Hotspots empire for reconciliation. At this occasion, the rumors went she tried to seduce the old man who however fled the virgin's chamber. Rumors go about the motives for this flight. Some say Nabokov feared the jealousy of the count, others thought the artist only liked nymphets from about ten years of age, others countered an eight-year old had already been too old for him ...

From a literary point of view, Nabokov's *Lolita* is unique, a great piece of writing that clearly marked literary history for all times. Princess Jaglinda is said to have read it three hundred fifty times, and this despite her antipathy with regard to H.H. Jokingly she began to call Count Hotspots with the nickname County H., which is said to have terribly upset the old vicar.

It is almost unbelievable that this milestone of literary history was never imitated with similar productions, as this is the case with almost all great inventions, be they artistic or industrial. There seems to be an abhorrent fear in front of the most natural love there is, the love of noble men with young virgins or princesses. In the old Vedas and many other religious texts, as well as the *Kama Sutra*, however, the love with young virgins is described as the highest form of love for every noble man.



VI.

Asked for who was my *Vorbild* as a writer, my answer is without hesitation: Goethe. But I would add that it's almost insulting Goethe to call him a writer. For, like Leonardo, Goethe was a universal genius. And he loved children. Leonardo, Goethe, and there are others of our great ones who knew to appreciate the green world of fresh fruits. Thus, after all, with my love I am in good company!

Leonardo and Goethe were the avatars of a new culture, a new society. This new culture is what the New Age pretends to be, but is not, and will never be. The new culture is renewed old culture – true culture. No, it's of course more than old culture. It is old culture on a mundane level. This is an important difference, for that old culture was a colonially spread European culture. The new culture however will be a culture that is merely initiated by Europe, but will be a global culture; hence it will be a culture that is no more exclusively founded upon the values of old Europe, but as well upon the values of Asian, African, American, Latino-American and tribal cultures around the world.

Europe today is enriched more and more by what formerly it persecuted and tried to destroy: natural tribal cultures with their immense wisdom about nature and natural living.



Today Europe is caught in many agonies, and yet it gets up from its habitual procrastination and regenerates, rejuvenates, and this against, and despite of, all expert predictions.

And it does that by being inseminated. It lets the semen of a multitude of non-European cultures fall upon its ground and within its matrix, and this daring mix brings about the New Europe, and this new Europe will be the Europe for Leonardo and Goethe to come back—reincarnated. It shall be the Europe of the *nova intelligentsia*, the new elite, and it will be the Europe of cosmopolites and world-strategists, and of holistic expert ecologists. This new Europe will form strong bonds with New Asia, the greatest power of the new world. And Uncle Sam will look pitiful by then, and passively watch how a block of knowledge, power and enlightenment will subtly spin its global network. And America will step back in its Atlantean arrogance and do what it never did since it was born: listen.

For America will have lots of time to listen because it has nothing anymore to say! And it will be surprised about all it ignores and never knew and that is yet true outside the United States of Hypocrites. And it will be surprised to learn that virtually from one day to the other it is no more number one in the world. And not even number two. And not even number three. And not even number four.



And USH will wonder what it did wrong? And the dollar will not be the world religion anymore. For Europe will have understood that it borders madness to establish a whole world economy on a paper currency that is all in light green color, with no chance to distinguish the one-dollar note from the hundred-dollar note. And thus the elite of New Europe did not sit quietly back to wait until the last paper currency crashed, but acted before-hand, and so to speak preventively. The bankers in New Europe were not sitting back for too long, and rather started to work. They wanted to prove that Europe, against all skeptics, existed. They built a huge pool in which buffer currencies were put that officially were said to back the dollar up but that unofficially served to buy all dollar reserves of the world, in the moment when the dollar was again critically low.

In this historical moment the old new Europe took over the rulership of the world. First economically, then also politically. USH had nothing further to say and looked absolutely silly in its fashion wear. The American Way of Life was smoothly replaced by the New European Way of Life.

Admittedly, without Asia, Europe wouldn't have achieved great power. It would have failed in its world mission if not its leaders had in the last minute decided to form a secret pact with China. This happened virtually overnight, exactly twenty-four hours before the dollar was overtaken by its



new tutelary spirits. This time no war decided about the future of mankind, womankind and childkind.

And what did the USH? The most ridiculous one can think of, it prepared for war. In exactly four minutes it was overthrown, without shedding one tear and without one single casualty. The USH thanked for the game and left the ring. And Mister President said he had eventually merited eternal retirement because of chronic fatigue. This retirement was not for their disadvantage. They accepted the pact with NEAPO (New European Eurasian Powers) and continued to prosper. The NEAPO states were glad because they had no reason to hate the USH. They rather thought that there was too much conflict in the past between Europe, Asia and America. They welcomed the fusion, the new cooperation that showed its first fruits. However, the USH had to change in matters of moralism and control of the citizen. It had to abolish its draconian criminal laws and form its new legislation after the example of NEAPO. Of course, the USH was very much at pains to carry out this change especially in matters of sex laws. It had to completely decriminalize the love between adults and children when there was no aggravated form of violence linked to the sexual interaction. All laws of consent had to be abolished.

Eventually the USH remembered its past and began to dig out the old liberal laws that by and by had been falsified



and changed into a draconian body of laws under the long reign of fascism that the USH arrogantly called New World Order. A great number of American scientists and lawyers that since long had developed alternative opinions and that had been oppressed and silenced now began to publish their papers and brought to daylight the most scandalizing facts:

—Reports about child trauma after sexual interaction of adults and children had been falsely made up by secret services respectively experts, scientists or physicians who undercover worked for intelligence forces;

—Children were reported to have been threatened or paid for testifying sexual acts or abusive behavior they had suffered from the part of adults, parents or strangers;

—Parents testified to have been blackmailed to report sexual attacks upon their children from the side of strangers or family friends ... and more of this kind.

In Latin America relief was shown everywhere. Government voices declared that in this field public opinion had always been liberal but that because of USH's political pressure governments had to enforce 'outdated sex laws' much harder than ever before in history.

Some voices admitted that the murder of street children by security forces had taken place on the order of intelligence agents from abroad. The official justification for these mur-



ders, namely that those children had been repeatedly caught for theft or prostitution, eventually was revealed to have been a pretext. The USH government had declared to cancel any development aid if Latino governments were not ready to carry out its moralistic policies.

USH government representatives reacted 'with embarrassment' to these declarations. They were not rejected nor confirmed. It was alleged that 'certain leading officials' had acted against their official mandates. A low profile was run and effort was taken to carry out the fusion with NEAPO as smoothly as possible.

VII.

The hero cult is a variant of the Oedipal problem. This may seem a daring allegation even for initiates of Freudian terminology! Thus I have to explain more in detail why this is so.

The Oedipus Complex is not Freud's invention. It's a universal archetype or archetypal behavior code that is part of the collective subconscious. If one believes it or not that the little boy really wants to sexually possess his mother or just take her away from the father, matter is that he wants her for himself. Thus we face here a universal problem of vital and virulent jealousy.

Father. Mother. Son. That is two men and one woman.



And when the child is a girl, we got one man and two women. Unfortunately jealousy is a violent emotion and this feeling triggers other feelings, and first of all guilt feelings. Now this is really what we are talking about. For compensating for his guilt feelings Oedipus must become a hero: a hero for Her Majesty His Mom. His heroic life veils the guilt karma and in a way pays it off. For all is permitted to heroes in Paraculture; all patriarchal heroes were rapists. Mona Lisa castrated Oedipus.

And Leonardo! She smiled too much. And in the wrong moment. Had Leonardo played Jazz he would not have been addicted to her smile. But unfortunately at that time Leonardo was not yet interested in Jazz. Today this is different.

Leonardo did not resist the siren. That is why he had guilt feelings. And that is the reason why he painted her. It is the only reason.

VIII.

When classes journey to the Louvre, Mona Lisa smiles imperceptibly more than at other moments. She knows that children like her smile. And certain secret services have asked her to smile seductively when school children come to visit her.

Had Leonardo known what he was going to bring about when painting Mona Lisa, he surely would have stayed with



the Last Supper and would not have been moved and molded by the midsummer-night flair of the bitch. But Leonardo saw in Mona Lisa a little girl, a fairy without skirt, and without underpants. And when you really look closely at the painting, you will see that Mona Lisa's lips are not the lips of a woman, but the lips of a little girl's plum. Some say that Mona Lisa's lips were the decisive factor for Leonardo's decision to paint her. Mona Lisa's lips are absolutely shameless. They are genitals. And that is why they are so much of interest for school children – and for secret services.

If somebody is responsible for the decadence of sexual mores, it is Mona Lisa. She seduced Leonardo and countless school children. And yet she was elected as First Educating Lady in Europe. She teaches the high school of perversity!

Mona Lisa can be said to be a negative princess. She has had all to become an excellent witch, a sorceress. But she found the job a bit extremist, after all, while our era loves Kali characters, even those in Mona Lisa dress.

Some lucid school teachers became aware of the danger and forbade the Mona Lisa trip. Teachers are hidden heroes. Their social status unfortunately does not match their great inner setup.

It is therefore no wonder that many teachers want to see their pupils become hidden heroes as well. The problem with



this kind of education is that the children themselves want to become known and famed heroes, and not hidden ones. This is confirmed by fairy tales. The good young man will at the end always be famous among men and in the world.

But for Paraculture it is typical that it loves hidden heroes, and not openly acclaimed ones. Socrates, as long as he was a hidden hero, was loved by everyone in Athens. Only when he came out to be an open and famous hero, he was charged with invented crimes and got the death penalty.

Paral also is part of Paraculture. Nomen est omen. Paral insecticide has had a significant impact upon me during my entire childhood. It was all-present around my mother. It was almost a part of her aura.

—We have to Paralyze the flat! she used to say in hasty nervousness when we went, what happened very rarely, on a holiday trip. She explained that because of Paral's extremely noxious nature, I had to begin spraying at the most remote corner of the flat, and then, while spraying and with holding my breath, go backwards, holding Paral, like a weapon, in front of my chest. And without being fainthearted.

To incense the apartment with Paral thus required going backwards. And be it because of the Cancer-nature of my mother, with her Sun in Cancer and her Ascendant equally in Cancer, she managed better than I going backwards and



spraying Paral with unwavering ruthlessness: she was killing insects with more virtuosity than I. And yet I made progress, eager to learn. I learnt to use Paral strategically correct.

When my mother exclaimed 'Motten!' it sounded like a desperate signal for a certainly holy but nonetheless in most cases ineffective war.

I should have done breathing exercises. For I was unable to hold my breath until I reached the door. Thus I began to cheat. First I found that the gassed air smelled terribly. Then, however, the Paral firm added a perfume to the spray which brought me to cheat even more. I breathed deeply and filled my lungs with Paral. Should this spray be really so bad for flies? I was not sure. However, an increasing number of dead fly bodies around our flower pots on the window sills spoke a convincing language.

My mother never could build complete trust in Paral, despite the fact that she bought it again and again. Her doubts were totally unjustified, and her expectations of the product partly irrational. She required of a good Paral to do some kind of prophylaxis against moths: that it impeded moths from procreating and putting their eggs inside our clothes.



She positioned one can of Paral at the entry door, on the floor. The door had to be closed rapidly so as to avoid precious Paral escaping into the staircase.

The flat was filled with white smoke. A second, new can of Paral was in the suitcase. Thus, we were prepared. Now the moths could come.

Today I think differently about moths and flies as when I was an adolescent. I must openly admit that I regret the ignorance of my youth. Today I have compassion for insects and wonder why people are so cruel to them? Not that I have something against Paral. It is a very important product, if not one of the pillars of Para(l)culture, as one could argue that all gassed moths and flies die as heroes.

Hero culture is not limited to the West. It has an even greater significance in Asia. Read the oeuvre of the Japanese writer Yukio Mishima. However, hero culture is not universal. It is a byproduct of our patriarchal heritage and therefore not to be found in tribal cultures that are predominantly matriarchal. The existence of hero culture has not genetic, but psychological reasons.

Hero culture is *eo ipso* paranoid. Today's Paraculture developed from hero culture. The hero cult first came up in ancient times and has its roots even farther back in history. The hero generally is a most powerful archetype. We find it in the



Tarot, in the incarnation of the Magician, the first major arcane.

IX.

Herman Grimm, son of the famous fairy tale writer Wilhelm Grimm, writes in his monograph *Life of Michelangelo*, about Leonardo:

—Leonardo is not a man that you can pass at ease, but a force that we are bound with and whose charm we cannot escape when it once has touched us. Whoever has seen Mona Lisa smile, is followed eternally by this smile, just as by Lear's fury, Macbeth's ambition, Hamlet's depression or Iphigenia's moving purity.

(Herman Grimm, *Leben Michelangelos*, Wien, Leipzig: Phaidon Verlag, ohne Jahresangabe, 42 (Translation mine).

Michelangelo and Leonardo were heroes of the first breed. Leonardo however was a hero in a more spectacular way than his equally genial compatriot.

This was so because Leonardo, as all youth lovers, was a born actor. Not only that he, like Goethe, played a foremost role in science but just as with Goethe his charm and fame were magically impacting upon his contemporaries. Grimm further writes about him:

—It is as if Leonardo had within himself the need of the most daring contradictions in relation to the truly wonderful beings he was able to create. He himself, handsome, and strong as a titan, generous,



surrounded with numerous servants and horses, and fantastic household, a perfect musician, charming and lovely in sight of high and low, poet, sculptor, architect, civil engineer, mechanic, a friend of counts and kings and yet as citizen of his nation a dark existence who, seldom leaving the semi-dark atmosphere of his being, finds no opportunity to invest his forces simply and freely for a great endeavor. (Id., 43, 44, translation mine)

Leonardo, as all geniuses, was not understood by his contemporaries. But that did not disturb him. The people he was having social intercourse with, loved and appreciated him. It is significant for all geniuses that their pleasure in life is not dependent upon the fact that others accept their lifestyle or way of behaving. Grimm remarks with regard to Leonardo:

—Such natures, that with their extraordinary talents seem to be born only for adventure and who have kept even in the most serious and deepest endeavors of their mind a child-like playfulness, are rare, but possible appearances. Such men are of high descent; genial, beautiful, independent and glowing of yet undefined action, they walk into the world. All is open to them and in no way they encounter real, oppressive sorrow; they mold their lives that nobody than themselves understands because nobody has been born under conditions that exactly led to such a fantastic yet necessary and inescapable destiny. (Id., 44. translation mine)

I find that Grimm's picture of Leonardo lacks personal touch; it seems almost sterile. Grimm did not depict, and even less appreciate, the personal identity of the genius but painted him as a genius.



Needless to add that he did not report Leonardo's boy-love, except perhaps when he remarks that his ways are often hidden and dark. To most little men, the life of great people appears hidden and dark. But this has no impact upon the creative power of our great men. We form ourselves our world; we do this in the way we face the world around us. When we believe that the world is suffering and that we must fight, then we see suffering all around us and we fight, and thus all will be somber and sad. If however we believe that the world is there for giving us joy and blesses us with good fortune, we will live in joy and have good fortune.

Many people do not know the universal truth that they create their own reality, but still more people do not want to know this secret. Simply because they need to complain, and on a daily level, about life; they also need to blame others for their miserable existence.

It's a compensatory reaction toward their own misery to throw shit on others who are creative and successful. It's to escape responsibility for their own life and actions. Wilhelm Reich had to suffer from this throughout his life. His revolutionary research, his paradigm-changing insights and his daring successes in healing were a thorn in the eye of many. He was a hundred years in advance of his time, just as Leonardo. Only today our avant-garde science slowly makes out the secrets of Reich's scientific life.



That all mass is energy, Einstein has shown us, but Reich proved that this principle is equally valid for energetic processes in sexuality and procreation. This however was an insight that the narrow minds of his contemporaries could not grasp because of their emotional stuckness. Some of Reich's professional colleagues declared him to be sex-obsessed and paranoid, to a point that most press agencies believed these hallucinations of jealous pharisaics. And this despite the fact that traditional healing in China and India is based upon the very principles whose validity for modern science Reich tried to prove. But who in the West, except a few scientists, knew and knows that? Reich's cancer biopathy is so revolutionary that even the most avant-garde alternative cancer healers today have not exploited its hidden treasures and are ignorant to put to use all the insights that are to be found in Reich's numerous publications. For that to happen, we have to wait another hundred years, or more.

The typical feat of paraculture is its blindness. This blindness is wanted. That is why it blames everybody who is intelligent and brilliant, to be a clairvoyant, and thus to be lucidly paranoid. Paraculture is pathological culture. It is psychopathological in the sense that it defies and shuns the pure, great and exceptional and blesses the mediocre. It is truly fascist in its overall mindset.



Dali knew that. That is why he took the decision to defy Paraculture, already when he was a child. He declared himself to be a genius! He did not wait for paraculture to recognize his genius. He went to attack the culture because whoever knows human nature knows that in most cases defense means to lose and attack means to win.

Dali and Reich were geniuses. Dali as artist, Reich as scientist. Mona Lisa is genial in a more sublime way. She is hung there in the Louvre and does apparently nothing. But this passivity is deceptive! Mona Lisa, in reality, is very busy.