

CHAPTER III

THE GENITAL EMBRACE

The longing for the fusion with another organism in the genital embrace is just as strong in the armored organism as it is in the unarmored one. It will most of the time be even stronger, since the full satisfaction is blocked. Where Life simply loves, armored life "fucks." Where Life functions freely in its love relations as it does in everything else and lets its functions grow slowly from first beginnings to peaks of joyful accomplishment, no matter whether it is the growth of a plant from a tiny seedling to the blossoming and fruit-bearing stage, or the growth of a liberating thought system; so Life also lets its love relationships grow slowly from a first comprehensive glance to the fullest yielding during the quivering embrace. Life does not rush toward the embrace. It is in no hurry, except when long periods of full abstinence have made instant discharge of life energy imperative. Armored man, on the other hand, confined in his organismic prison, rushes at the fuck. His awful language already betrays the emotional feel of "taking her" against her will by force or seduction. To be with a human being of the other sex alone in a room for any length of time without "trying" whether "he can have her," or her fearing that he might attack her, appears unthinkable. From this derives the disgrace to any human dignity in the form of the chaperon. In these days it is on its way out, since natural genitality began to occupy the public mind.

Life can even be in bed together with a mate without thinking of the embrace if there is no spontaneous development toward it. Life does not begin with the fulfillment; it grows into fulfillment. It does it from love, for love, as it behaves in any other realm of functioning. Life does not write books in order to have written a book "too"; it does not perform its work in order to be written up right away in the newspapers; it does not write "for people" but *about processes and facts*. Life builds a bridge safely in order to cross a stream and not in order to get a reward at the next annual convention of the Society of Engineers.

So also, Life does not, in meeting a mate, begin with the idea of the embrace. Life meets because it just meets. It can separate again; it can walk together a stretch and then separate; or it may go all the way toward the full merger. Life has no preconceived idea of what will happen in the

future. Life lets things run their natural course. The future here develops out of the continuous stream of the present, as the present in turn emerges from the past. There are certainly thoughts, dreams, hopes about the future; but the future does not govern the present as it does in the domain of armored life. Life, if it grows freely, is interested in functioning itself, and slowly develops certain skills to function well. The biologist or physician thus grows out of skills developing naturally from handling certain functions. Armored life dreams of being a famous physician, a surgeon with a big name who is admired by the population and strives for big write-ups about his big clinic in the big newspaper in a big land, and finally gets into big money. This is the armored man's idea of "success." One can vary this example *ad libitum* to suit the big fuehrer of the nation or the big leader of the people or the great father of the great Russians in greater Russia in the greater part of the globe. It is and remains always the same music, the same way of anticipating what should grow organically, of beginning with the end. Old cancer pathology began with the intention of solving the riddle of the origin of the cancer cell, and bogged down in airgerms. The riddle was solved exactly where it was least sought for: in the observation of silly grassblades soaking in silly simple water. Life does not start writing a book with the title and preface. The preface and the title are the last things to be written, since they are to encompass the whole, and one cannot survey the whole before it is finished. One does not start a home with the inner furnishing but with the rock foundations. But the layout of the foundations must be preceded by the general idea of what the inside will finally look like.

All sentimental marriage dreams start with the defloration in the wedding night, and land in the gutter of marriage misery. It is again armored man who keeps people from knowing that marriage has to grow slowly from the seedling toward the fruit. And it takes years to grow a fruit-bearing tree. Marital *love* has nothing to do with the marriage *license*. The growing of marital love is simple. It can easily be done. The growing itself, the constant experience of a new step, the discovery of a new kind of look, the revelation of another feature in the partner's make-up, no matter whether pleasant or unpleasant, in itself is great delight. It keeps you moving. It keeps you changing in your own natural direction of development. It keeps your appearance better looking than any advertised soap could ever do, and it keeps your face capable of flushing at the right moment. It takes many months, sometimes years, to learn to know your love partner in the body. The finding of the body of the beloved one itself is gratification of the first order. So is the victorious overcoming of the first difficulties in the adjustment of two alive organisms. He may not be

gentle enough during high excitation, and she may be afraid of full sweetness in surrendering to the involuntary. He may at first be too "quick" and she too "slow," or the other way around. The search for the common experience of supreme delight in the complete merger of the two streaming energy systems we came to call male and female — this search itself and the mutual wordless finding one's way into the beloved's sensations and truly cosmic quivering, is pure delight, clean like water in a mountain brook, and delicious like the smell of a beautiful flower in the early spring morning. This heart-warming, continuous experience of love and contact and mutual surrender and body delight is the decent bondage which goes with every naturally growing marriage. The genital embrace emerges as the fulfillment of this constant delight, as a high point on a long mountain hike which takes you again and again back into the valleys, into the dark nights and into stormy weather. You know you are moving onward to new heights far above deep dark mountain valleys. And each time you reach another peak it is different from all former experience, since life is never quite the same even in two consecutive seconds of one and the same operation. You do not have the ambition to be "on top," to look down into the valleys or to tell others how many mountain peaks you have conquered in a fortnight. Your basic mood is silence. You simply keep moving along and you rejoice in every new height after the steady ascent. The preparation of the climb is just as delightful as the climbing itself. Resting after reaching the peak is just as beautiful as the first thrilling excitement when you first reach out for the landscape with your eyes and the rest of your body. You do not keep asking yourself painfully all through the preparations and the climbing whether you will ever reach the peak. And you do not invent a special pocket motor to get you safely over the last few feet. You do not choke the scream of delight in your throat when you reach the peak, and you do not start getting cramps when you feel the oncoming of delight. You just live fully each single step of it all. You know deep down that there is really not much to reaching the peak if you take care of every step toward it. You are sure of yourself, since you have reached many peaks before and you know the basic taste of it. You do not permit anybody to carry you up toward the top, and you do not think at all of what your malicious neighbor would think or say if he knew about what you are doing. You left them all far behind you, either doing the same or longing to do the same.

The full natural embrace is like such mountain climbing; it does not differ basically from any other life activity, be it of great or little importance. Full living means full surrender to any kind of functioning. No

matter whether working, or talking to friends, or rearing a child, or listening to a talk, or painting or anything else.

The genital embrace grows out naturally from a slowly developing total body urge to merge with another body. One can easily see this basic characteristic in birds, toads, butterflies, snails, in mating deer and other freely living animals. The final delight of total energy discharge in the orgasm is the spontaneous result of a long continued build-up of smaller delights. These little delights have the faculty of providing happiness, yet creating desire for more. Not always do the smaller delights lead toward the final supreme delight. Two butterflies, male and female, may play with each other for hours and then separate again without embrace. They may go further and superimpose without penetration. But once they merge with their body energy systems, they go through with it to the end. They do not frustrate each other unless interrupted by a butterfly collector or a hungry bird. The total organismic excitation precedes the special genital excitation. The orgasmic potency grows out of this total body delight and not from the genital. The genital organs are merely the means of physical penetration *after* the mutual merger of the orgone energy fields has occurred a long while before the last fulfillment. The contacts are gentle. There is no grabbing, grasping, clutching, pressing, pushing, squeezing, pinching in them. They go as far as is given in the special approach and no farther. A man may love a woman dearly for months, desire her deep down to the fullest, meet her every single day, and yet he may not go beyond a warm hand clasp or a kiss on the lips. When the embrace becomes necessary for both of them, it will happen, inevitably, and they both will know the moment without telling each other in words when they are ready. But then nature will develop its most beautiful powers of unification of two living beings.

Just as these organisms have permitted their love to grow organically and slowly, as far as it wanted to reach; just as they knew at the right moment to make the right move, their bodies will know exactly how to meet in the embrace. They will search each other's sensations and they will feel delight in finding them. They will find each other's curves of the body and the degree of mutual giving in each moment, the inevitably sure way. They may feel that their bodies were ready this first time to go so far and no farther. Unless the genital merger grows naturally out of what preceded this phase, they will not merge and will separate again, for good or for a few days only. They will "structuralize" their mutual experience, get accustomed to each other in preparation for greater fulfillments. No trace of possessing the partner, or of having to prove one's potency will

darken the delight. Nothing is there to "prove" or to "achieve" or to "get."

The sweet melting together, is there or it is not there. It may come for moments and it may leave again. It cannot be forced or be kept by force. Unless it stays on and grows, no embrace will develop into genital merger. If genital merger develops ultimately, without the corresponding growth of the feelings of sweetness and melting, they will regret it later; it will blacken their delight and may ruin it forever. Thus the safeguarding of the full supreme delight is the best safeguard of the self-regulatory behaviour in the organotic superimposition of male and female.

The orgasm itself occurs when it has to occur, not when he or she "wants" it. You cannot "want" an orgasm and "get" it as you get a bottle of beer at the counter.

The orgasm in its true biological sense is a result of steadily growing waves of excitation and not something readymade to get by hard labor. It is a unitary convulsion of one single energy unit which long before the merger was two units, and which after the merger will divide again into two individual existences. Bio-energetically, the orgasm amounts to a true loss of one's individuality into an entirely different state of being: it is not the getting of an orgasm on her part from him and on his part from her, as the sick mind of man in the first as in the twentieth century was wont to believe. The proof of this is the fact that such "getting" the orgasm vanishes completely upon medical treatment, whereas the true bio-energetic merger does not vanish but rather increases in its vigor. These matters are crucial.

The orgasm is an event which *happens* in two living organisms, and not something "to be achieved." It is like the sudden protrusion of protoplasm in a moving ameba. An orgasm cannot be "had" with everyone. Fucking is possible with everyone since all it requires is enough friction of the genital organ to produce discharge of seminal fluid or a feeling of strong itching. An orgasm is more than and basically different from a strong itching. One cannot "obtain" an orgasm by scratching or biting. The scratching and biting male and female is struggling to obtain bio-energetic contact by all means. Orgastic contact *happens* to the organism. One does not have to "make" it. It is there only with certain other organisms and is absent in most other instances. Thus it is the foundation of true sexual morality.

The fucking organism has to "rush" at it in order to "accomplish" it. It ends in "rubbing it off" or "making love." The loving organism lets himself submerge in the flow of feelings and drifts on the current as master of every move like an expert canoe rider is in perfect control of his boat

on a wild mountain river. The expert rider of a full-blooded horse lets himself be carried away and still is fully master of the horse. The hardened organism labors for it, comparable to a runner whose legs are impeded by a bag around the feet. He can only hobble along with great effort. In the end he is exhausted and there was only misery in the run. The fucking organism keeps a cool head all through the "act" (the word "act" alone is significant of what is going on). He can "do it," "perform it," "make it," "accomplish it," "go through with it" anywhere and everywhere, like a frustrated, raving bull or stallion who was away from any female for years on end. And there are special, skillfully developed techniques to get at the female and to seduce her. The life value of such activity is worth as much as the pushing along of a disabled automobile on the road by way of a hauling truck — the two front wheels high up in the air.

The inner make-up of the love function determines every single feature in every single other activity of the individual. The fucker will always get it, push for it, rub it in or off, have special techniques for reaching his objective in an efficient manner; the suffering type will remain a victim to what the pusher does to him or her. The genital character, on the other hand, will always let things function and happen; he will submerge actively in whatever he is undertaking, from loving a woman or man to building up an organization or a job.

The pusher and the sufferer each will flock around the genital character to learn how to be like him. From this first impulse of the armor-ridden organism to emulate the freely functioning Christ, the tragedy ensues with steel-like logic. There is no escape from the final tragedy for both, Christ as well as pusher and sufferer, at any time, in any land, in any social stratum, as long as these two ways of life confront each other. In the No-Man's-Land between these two camps, the Children of the Future will needs grow up. To find an answer as to how to protect them from the emotional plague resulting from this tragedy is paramount to any future rational education. There is no problem of early or late upbringing that does not more or less depend on its structure and outcome from the conditions leading up to the Murder of Christ.

To the organomic characterologist of the twentieth century, Christ had all the characteristics of a genital character. He could not possibly have loved children, people, nature, have felt life and have acted with such great grace, had he suffered from genital frustration. The well-known signs of genital frustration — dirty thoughts, lasciviousness, cruelty, direct or moralistic, fake mildness — are absurd in the picture of Christ, as it came down to us, to such an extent that our attention centers spontaneously

upon the riddle as to why no one has ever understood it. This is entirely in line with the fact that no biologist has ever mentioned the wavy, orgasmic pulsation in living things, and that no mental hygienist has ever mentioned the ravages of genital frustration in puberty.

Christ could not possibly have been clean like brook water and sharp-sensed like a deer, had he been filled with the filth of perverted sex due to frustration of the natural embrace. There can be no doubt: *Christ knew love in the body and women as he knew so many other things natural.* Christ's benignity, his gleaming contactfulness, understanding of human frailty, of adulteresses, sinners, harlots, and the lowly in spirit, could not possibly fit with any other biological picture of Christ. We know that women loved Christ – decent, beautiful, full-blooded women. This, too, is crucial to an understanding of the final murder of Christ. To think otherwise, appears to be out of the way of things completely. Independent writers such as Renan, have clearly expressed this thought, and every clear-minded knower of Christ's way knows the secret.

The greater is the riddle that from his life emerged a religion which, contrary to its originator, has banned the core of natural functioning from its domain, and has persecuted nothing more than love of the body. This, too, will find its rational answer.