

3. SATZ

APRIL 27 1952

AS I SEE IT

Starts soon  
Dec. 1952

96

## Introduction

I was often asked to write my biography. But I can't follow the usually trend. I couldn't do that. It is to silly.

And I have so many things totally forgotten. Such biography would become necessarily a failure. I have the happy inclination to forget very easily. Of course not humiliations, which stick.

Sexual life? Of course plenty, please, take every thing for granted – nothing worthwhile to hide.

Mistakes? More than enough and even still more possible.

Misdeeds? OH yes also enough.

Excuses a lot – human all too human; and in so far very like most other people

But what is life without work? In fact what I worked is the only thing which might count. My work rolled around and through my whole life.

So In loose form I bring my work to the reader – and certainly my leading ideas too; which I developed at the begin(ing) instinctively, later coming to clearer conclusions, won by painstaking self observation, what sometimes is embarrassing. Every thing starts primitive to become finally complicated.

I put in a lot of pictures – my language. What has the purpose to transmit what the man did, who has that guts to tell his hard won convictions about art and some unpleasant by products. This has furthermore the advantage that the reader can himself judge what is all about me – and whether I have the justification to be as I am.

I look straight and cool in the eyes of my opponents I would never form myself after their ideas. My own ideas wouldn't allow that. It is hard to get oneself ones.

My book is somewhat queer. I admit being myself queer – without being abnormal.

I have what we like to call in our modern language "split personality." But it is rather controlled schizophrenia. I allow myself to call it radius.

I know some of readers will smile, and many even refuse to take me as a contemporary. I must admit that I have still visible connections with the past – and I am proud of it. I pity others that they have none. Yet they have too some past, but won't admit it. Alright then, have none.

How I become a contemporary I must tell you.

When we come to viable life by the unknown laws of nature, it is like to be brought under an overwhelming light, which after somber darkness blinds us, extinguishing all happenings before. It is not easy to talk about that, what is hidden behind thick veils of our actual life. Which life is the only thing we know – or think we know – Psychology couldn't lift much veils; because this science is