

OFFSHOOTS of ORGONOMY

ORGONE
AND
YOU

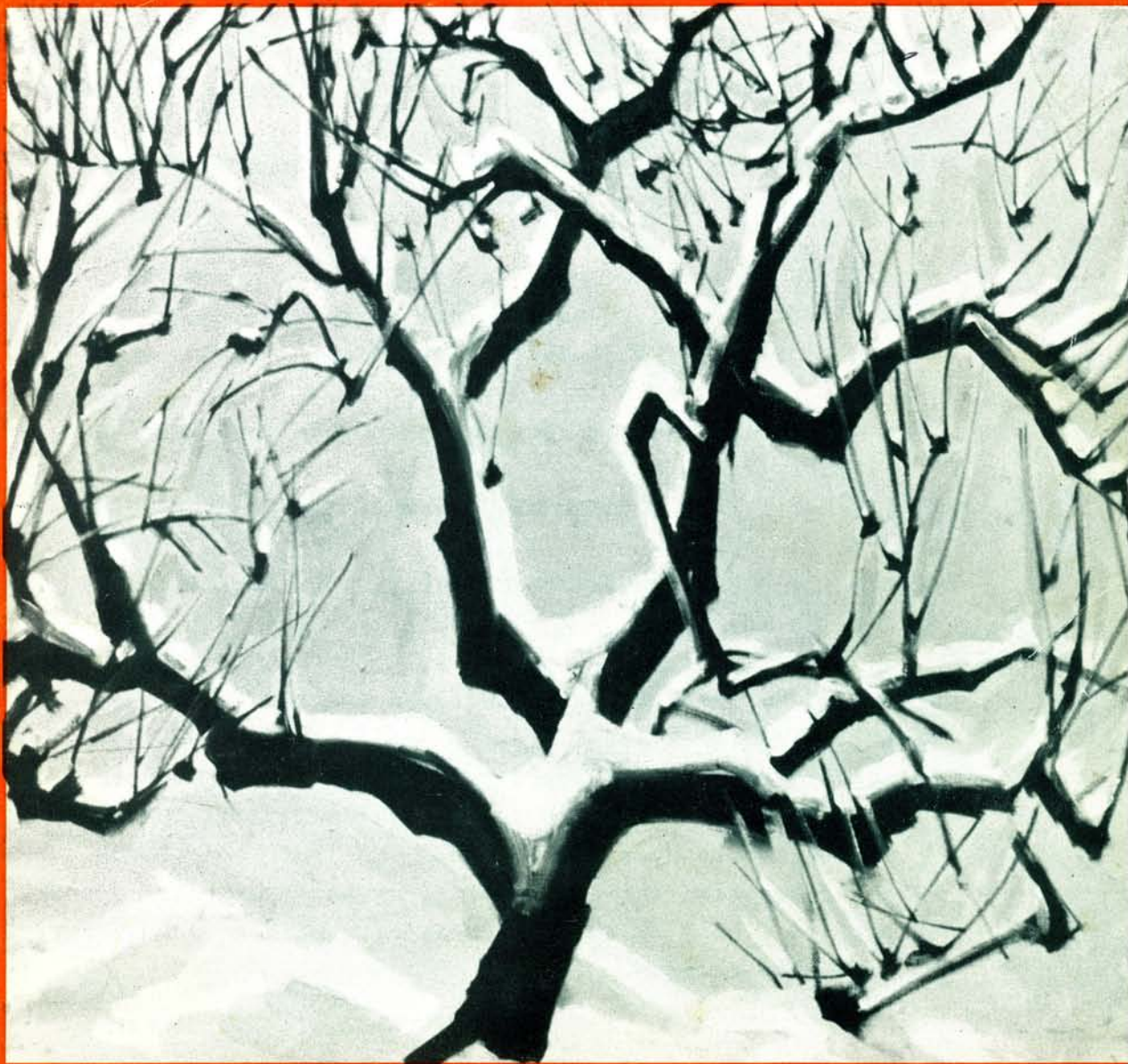
ORGONE
AND
GOD

THREE
PREGNANCIES
AND
MOTHERING
TWO
BABY
BOYS

THE
FIFTEENTH
STREET
SCHOOL

THE
COSMIC
CHOREOGRAPHY
OF
BIRD
FLIGHT

"...IT WAS
AS IF
A LIGHT
CAME ON."



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No.1, Autumn 1980 - \$5.50

We Are Transmitters

By D. H. Lawrence

*As we live, we are transmitters of life.
And when we fail to transmit life, life fails to flow through us.*

*That is part of the mystery of sex, it is a flow onwards.
Sexless people transmit nothing.*

*And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work,
life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready
and we ripple with life through the days.*

*Even if it is a woman making an apple dumpling, or a man a
stool,
if life goes into the pudding, good is the pudding,
good is the stool,
content is the woman, with fresh life rippling in to her,
content is the man.*

*Give, and it shall be given unto you
is still the truth about life.
But giving life is not so easy.
It doesn't mean handing it out to some mean fool, or letting
the living dead eat you up.
It means kindling the life-quality where it was not,
even if it's only in the whiteness of a washed pocket-
handkerchief.*

OFFSHOOTS of ORGONOMY

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No. 1, Autumn 1980

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Dear Reader,

THANK YOU for taking a five-dollar-and-fifty-cents chance on the inaugural issue of *Offshoots of Orgonomy*. (May you feel you've won the jackpot!) That is an important monetary contribution to a project that aims to find out whether, in the forty years since Wilhelm Reich brought it to America, orgonomy has been understood and used to good effect in the lives of the people it has touched.

Equally important will be your contributions of articles, reviews, photos, and art work. Orgonomy is a science, so few who are not doctors can contribute to its professional journals. Yet orgonomy can and does contribute to all of us in myriad ways that we can share.

For instance, a woman in Minnesota used the orgone accumulator (orac) to increase the size of her plants by irradiating the seeds, while a Canadian found that direct irradiation of plants made them grow faster---and die sooner. A fellow in South Africa used the orac to preserve food; it worked, but he didn't know how it worked, so his communication went unpublished. These and other offshoots of orgonomy could turn into full-fledged plants if tended and aired by publication, especially were a little crossfertilization to come into play.

So we hope you will have the courage of your convictions and talents, and decide to share your discoveries and experiences---but, please, nothing medical or meteorological or mystical, which we can safely leave to the doctors, meteorologists, and spiritualists respectively. That should not be too much of a limitation, however, as orgonomy applies in many realms: self-regulation in practice; the non-medical use of the orac and dor-buster; dance and all forms of living movement; the social and political fields; the arts; history and today's events; a sense of values, etc.---even to UFO phenomena.

We don't invite testimonials on the efficacy of psychiatric orgone therapy. The way liberated feelings and new knowledge are used to better understand aspects of this world and to relate more fully to each other is testimony enough. If new insights have been gained through therapy, they can be conveyed without discussion of an individual's therapy. Orgone therapy opened my eyes to the orgone sparkle at night, but how this was accomplished is a medical procedure no more relevant to the purpose of this magazine than a description of a leg operation would be to an account of a dancer's technique.

Aside from the help of our advisor and the contributions of authors and photographers, which are gratefully acknowledged, this first issue has been produced singlehandedly. (Hence the frequent use of the editorial "we," the first person singular having appeared an embarrassing number of times.) We fervently hope the editorial, production, and office staffs will expand. But for such assistance, as well as for contributions of articles, art work, and photographs, there can be no remuneration until that mythical day when the magazine may be able to cover costs and show a suitable profit. Many small publishing houses have been liquidated in recent years due to the high cost of paper, printing, and postage. Nowadays, magazines are financed primarily by ads, of which we have none. Our one advantage is that we have no overhead for salaries or author's fees. Time, energy, and expertise are expended for the sheer satisfaction of producing *Offshoots of Orgonomy*.

The second issue will include PRO AND CON, letters from readers---informative, disputative, agreeable, disagreeable---in a word, communicative. We will also try out a QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS page if enough answerable questions of general interest are asked.

If there are enough people out there who want to share their orgonomic adventures and insights---and read about those of others---this magazine will have a future.

The Editor

Orgone and You

(a serialized book)

by - Lois Wyvell

- I - INTRODUCTIONS

What this book is all about

Appearances sometimes to the contrary, this book is wholly about orgone energy and its relationship to you and me. It is the closest relationship we have to anything, since we are energy vesicles and our lives are absolutely and inescapably controlled by the laws of the energy that flows through us, whether we like it or not, approve it or not, admit it or not. The basic premise is that the more we know about the energy that permeates us, moves us, and relates us to all other living creatures and the universe, the better for you, me, and everybody - especially the children of today and tomorrow.

Therefore, some chapters will present a simplified overview of Reich's work. A brilliant Swiss-American psychiatrist, Dr. Theodore P. Wolfe, Reich's Man Friday in the forties, tried to do this but gave up, probably because he knew too much. I don't have that handicap. Besides, I'm writing to my peers, whereas he was writing down to the layman, a more difficult task.

I'll also tell you what I learned while working with Reich for seven years, including how you can prove the existence of orgone energy to your own satisfaction as Reich had all his students and co-workers do. Reich himself will come into focus at times, too, for some verbal snapshots from the days of our friendship turn up inevitably - Reich as he paced back and forth on the Observatory balcony overlooking Saddleback Mountain, feeling caged, or fuming at the carelessness of other drivers as we drove up to the Eustis Ridge outlook, or resting

quietly before the blazing fire in his study.

And, beginning in this issue with "Orgone and God," I'll tell you how my layman's knowledge of orgonomy has given me a deeply satisfying orientation to myself, the world, and the universe, as well as an explanation of the tragedy of man's history and a hope that we can gradually change those acquired characteristics deplored as "all too human" - greed, hate, lust for power, cruelty and perversion.

*For the uninitiated - a word
about orgone energy*

The ocean of air in which we live, as fish live in water, is composed not only of oxygen, nitrogen, and other gases, but of an odorless, tasteless, visible and sparkling energy. Wilhelm Reich called this atmospheric energy "orgone." As it is also the primordial energy from which everything in the universe is made, he also called it "cosmic energy," and, as it has biological and botanical manifestations, "life energy." Orgone reveals itself in various light phenomena and can be measured by the electroscope and other instruments. Anyone who wants to can see it and measure it. It can be felt, for when it moves freely through our bodies, it creates pleasurable sensations. When it moves sluggishly or is dammed up, we enjoy nothing; we get sick. It can be objectively demonstrated in many ways and is known to us subjectively through our orgonotic and organ senses. Ways of

verifying these claims will be specified.

Orgone is as real as you and I are, but how real it seems to you will probably depend on how real you are to yourself, though many adults who have become strangers to themselves recognize it from what they remember of their childhood before they lost touch with themselves and it. For instance, some remember seeing the orgone sparkle in the air.

On being told about Reich's discovery of orgone energy, one perspicacious woman protested, "Discover life energy? Isn't it obvious?" You might think so, but the Federal Food and Drug Administration ruled that cosmic life energy does not exist, a colossal official blunder equalled only by the dictatorial ruling in Communist countries that there is no God, no Creative Life Force. The fact is that, though man discovered and learned a lot about electricity, x-rays, nuclear radiation, and the whole electromagnetic spectrum, before Reich we were not acquainted in any real way with the energy man could have been expected to have discovered first of all - his own. The energy that radiates from us, that creates the cells of our bodies and moves us to feeling, has been tabu. All who have worked with life energy, such as Franz Anton Mesmer and, more recently, Henry Moray, were as vilified and harassed as was Reich, even though they had not related it to sexuality, let alone the function of the orgasm, Reich's special vulnerability.

A fair warning

This introduction is meant to let you know in advance what to expect so you won't unwittingly be led into something of which you'd rather be ignorant. Although it seems that only knowledge of his bioenergetic functions can set man free from his neurosis, learning the truth can be painful and is even dangerous to some individuals. Reich spoke of "the victims of orgonomy," referring to those who are not able to cope with these new insights that threaten to dissolve the armor that protects them from anxiety, insights that also contradict cherished beliefs and challenge deeply inbred sexual prohibitions. The vigorous opposition to Reich's work has this rational side to it - it creates severe anxiety in armored man. We begin armoring in infancy, protectively cutting ourselves off from unbearable rejection and pain but also from free-flowing, pleasurable

feelings and from any possibility of knowing ourselves and knowing about our life energy.

Fear of Reich's work led those most disturbed by it, the people Reich diagnosed medically as plague characters, to spread distorted views and downright lies about him and his work, so a popular misconception developed and many people believed that Reich, though once a respected member of Freud's coterie, had become unbalanced and made wild claims about having invented a box that had something to do with increasing sexual potency, or, in the vernacular, with "having better orgasms." Gossip had it that Reich was a sex maniac with paranoid delusions of persecution as well as delusions of grandeur.

In fact, Reich always emphasized the importance of a loving sexual embrace, and he is now considered virtually puritanical by a generation of "swingers." So much for the sex-mania slander. That he was driven from country to country, finally jailed, and in effect murdered by his opponents would seem to substantiate his belief that he was being persecuted. And, though a modest man who considered himself to be only a tool of the Creative Life Force, he did in fact discover orgone energy and many of the laws of life, so the grandeur, too, would seem to be fact, not illusion.

It behooves us to respect the fear that pushes people to attack orgonomy - but not to excuse the attacker. So I tell myself not to proselytize. Anyone's resistance to knowing about orgonomy should be respected, and I check up on myself periodically to be sure my own anxiety isn't making me plaguey.

An introduction to Wilhelm Reich

When someone asks, "Who is Wilhelm Reich?" I am tempted to reply, "He is the only distinguished scientist to have suffered the unsought distinction of having his books burned in the United States of America in the twentieth century after they'd been burned in Nazi Germany and Communist Russia." More to the point, however, and much more dramatic is the standard reply: "He's the man who discovered cosmic life energy."

Of course, this Austrian-American professor, medical doctor, and scientist discovered many things besides orgone. To name a few: two other forms of energy, the function of the orgasm, muscular armor, the emotional plague, biogenesis,

and cosmic superimposition. He also devised therapeutic techniques and invented a device to intensify atmospheric orgone, and another for orgonomic weather control; and, since social conditioning creates the neuroses that mess us up, he investigated the social phenomena of his world too, and introduced a sexual revolution. *Time* magazine rightly called him the father of the Second Sexual Revolution - a revolution that has gone sadly awry through no fault of his.

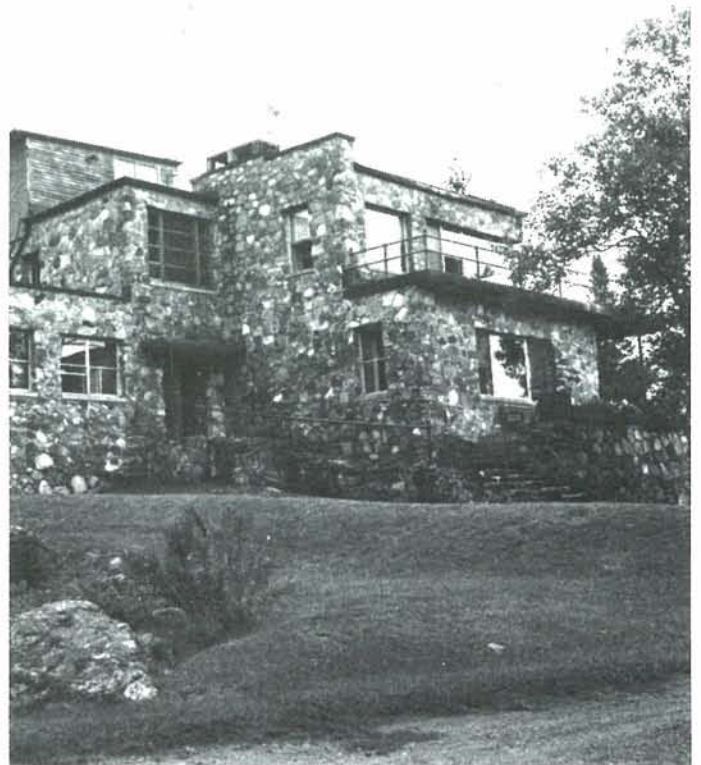
After this preamble about his work, I'd like to take you into Herr Doktor Reich's booklined study in his home in Forest Hills, New York and introduce you to him as he was in 1946 when I met him. You see, seated behind a big oak desk piled high with neat stacks of paper, a full-bodied man of medium height but impressive stature, wearing a white lab coat. The white mane that crowns his head is rumpled. His warm brown eyes look at you with kindly interest and keen awareness, though not with the piercing inspection that makes for discomfort. Despite a definite professional formality, you feel an affectionate warmth from him as he rises and approaches you with hand outstretched as I say, "Dr. Reich, here is a friend." You'd have to take it from there, but I'm sure that you'd find, brief as the handshake is, it is like touching warm velvet, a velvety cushion of life. At the moment, you feel simply liked. This is the way Dr. Reich greeted me, and he would surely have been as pleased to greet you.

He was ready to be pleased in those days and still looked with interest and brimming hope on whomever came to him, though he had already suffered slander, betrayal by friends, desertion by the women he loved, the loss of his family, his home, his fortune, and his livelihood, and been three times exiled. A man of deep attachments, he was wrenched by such losses - at times to the point of death. Being also a man of proper pride, the vilification hurt and infuriated him, so he had begun to put up some formal barriers to protect himself and his work.

... and a mini biography

A mini biography should begin with something familiar to locate its subject in time, place, and history, so let's begin with the fact that Reich was as a very young man one of Sigmund Freud's most able students and a favored member of Freud's circle of brilliant disciples.

Reich had become interested in psychoanalysis while a medical student, and, for over a decade, Freud was his mentor and friend. In 1922, by the time he was twenty-five, Reich had obtained his medical degree from the University of Vienna, he was practicing psychoanalysis and psychiatry privately, and he had been appointed first clinical assistant at Freud's psychoanalytic clinic in Vienna. While still in school, he became a member of the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society by presenting clinical and theoretical papers. He was vice director of the Vienna clinic from 1928 until 1930 and elected leader of the Seminar for Psychoanalytic Therapy from 1924 until 1930. These are extraordinary distinctions and responsibilities for anyone, let alone so young a man.



JIM LASER

Reich's Observatory at Orgonon

Distressed by the plight of the people who attended the clinics, by their sexual misery and inability to improve their poor living conditions, Reich - never one to be confronted with a problem without trying to solve it - founded mental hygiene consultation centers in Vienna (and later in Berlin and other cities) primarily to teach the people to help themselves. He himself administered

the Viennese clinics from 1928 through 1930, while working at the Psychoanalytic Clinic and the Worker's College in Berlin. This work was done under the aegis of the Communist Party, but the non-political character of the clinics and the fact that Reich helped the proletariat to help themselves and thus rendered them indifferent to the revolution, made the Communist Party disown Reich. Reich's brief and passionate association with Communism was less political than humanitarian. As he explained, he felt something must be done about the dreadful poverty and sexual misery of the lower classes, and he mistakenly believed that the Communists were the most concerned and in touch with the people. He later saw that poverty is due to man's impotence and consequent helplessness, not to capitalism. He came to believe that economic freedom is prerequisite for all political freedom and that Communism is by its very nature fascistic. This insight into red fascism was helped along by the rise of black fascism in Germany.

Reich's clinical and private practice afforded him an opportunity for first-hand observation of all classes of people at their most vulnerable, "in the raw" as it were, and he came to realize that dictatorship originates in sexual impotence and the consequent helplessness of the many and power lust of the few. He explained this tragic phenomenon in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, using both red and black fascism to illustrate the theme. This book alone made him a candidate for the concentration camps in Germany, but to the Nazis, he was a natural enemy on three additional counts: his leadership in psychoanalysis, his association with Marxist organizations, and his ancestry.

Though Reich's ancestors were Jews, for generations his family had not followed orthodox Judaism, and Reich grew up in a family devoid of Jewish traditions, cultural or religious; but such distinctions were irrelevant to Nazis. When Hitler came to power in 1933, Reich escaped to Switzerland and eventually made his hazardous way back through Germany to Norway.

For five years, he lectured at the Psychological Institute of the University of Oslo and continued his research in orgone biophysics, only to be confronted by a vicious newspaper campaign. The orgone energy was getting under people's skin. Since orgone is quite literally under their skins, they sometimes intuitively perceived the direction of Reich's

work before he did. They accused him of claiming a cancer cure before it had even occurred to him to approach this area of investigation. Others who try to find a cancer cure are not vilified for it; obviously what got under the Norwegian's skin was not a nonexistent claim to a cancer cure but Reich's discovery of life energy in the bions. So he was hounded out of his third refuge (he had already been welcomed and then driven out of Sweden and Denmark for comparable reasons) and lost his second wife, the dancer Elsa Lindenberg. (Antagonism toward his work had caused his first wife, Annie Reich, a psychoanalyst, to leave him, taking their two daughters with her.)

He left Norway for the U.S.A. in 1939, encouraged by Theodore P. Wolfe, a doctor of psychosomatic medicine, who had gone to Europe to study with Reich. Wolfe got Reich an appointment as Associate Professor of Medical Psychology at the New School for Social Research in New York, and Reich continued orgonomic research in his new home in Forest Hills a suburban community near Manhattan.

Five years later, Reich bought an estate of 200 acres of pinewoods and meadows on a small lake in the Maine mountains near the village of Rangeley. First, he built a cottage where he lived with his wife, Ilse Ollendorff, and their son, Peter, near Dodge Pond. Then, he built the Students Laboratory half way up the high hill, and, eventually, at the top of the hill, he built a spacious four-story Observatory of native rock. The clinics, hospital, children's home, and library he planned are yet to be built, since his life was so tragically abbreviated.

In 1942, the Federal Food and Drug Administration, then heavily infiltrated by Communists, began an harassment called an investigation. It was hardly coincidental that the attack began after the *New York Times* listed Reich's *Mass Psychology of Fascism* as the most popular nonfiction book in the Circulating Department of the New York Public Library. Reich believed the attack by the FDA was initiated by Communists for the purpose of destroying him. Slandorous articles on Reich were planted in such Marxist magazines as *The Nation* and *The New Republic* around this time, and the campaign was on - fifteen years of attack by the enemies of orgonomy that ended with Reich's death in prison.

In New York in the early forties, Reich attracted medical doctors whom he trained as orgone therapists. But in

his endless search for the laws of orgonomy, he was always essentially alone except for the assistance of Ilse Ollendorff, the laboratory technician whom he married. Though the loneliness did not deter him, he felt it acutely and it made him susceptible to the blandishments of Michael Silvert, who maneuvered him into jail.

Instead of concluding this mini biography with Reich's death, I'd like to celebrate his life by mentioning two of his more remarkable experiments. In Experiment XX, Reich produced life from nothing but sterilized water and orgone energy, and proved the genesis of life on earth. In the Oranur Experiment, the introduction of a minute amount of radium into an atmosphere highly charged with orgone energy produced a deadly emergency but led Reich to the discovery of two other energies, oranur and dor, and to begin work in organomic meteorology. If - when - scientists dare to acknowledge the validity of Reich's discoveries, we will see a new age on Planet Earth, an Organomic Age. And that will be the last chapter in the life of Wilhelm Reich.

All told, what did Reich accomplish?

Having entered totally unexplored country, Reich found it beckoned him from many directions, but he followed his "red thread," his term for the logical development of his work. He compared his progress to that of the early American pioneers, step by step in an unexplored wilderness, the penetration of one area leading to new horizons and the inevitable opening up of the next area. Despite the clear, logical development, Reich's major discoveries challenge belief.

Before he came to America, he had developed the technique of character analysis that is now widely used throughout the world, and he had discovered muscular armor and the respiratory block, on which neurosis and sexual impotence are based, as well as the function of the orgasm, bioenergetic self-regulation, and sex-economy. All were instrumental in producing the sexual revolution and today's myriad body therapies. He had also elaborated the distinction between primary (natural) drives and secondary (perverse) drives and had pointed to the bioenergetic nature of sexuality and anxiety. And he had discovered life energy, bions (microscopic vesicles connecting the inanimate and the living), the cancer biopathy, and the origin of dictatorship

in the neuroses of the masses. His work in the United States covered the invention of the orgone accumulator, the orgonoscope, the orgone field meter the orgone motor, organometric equations, the discovery of primary biogenesis and the emotional plague disease (evil) in man, as well as cosmic superimposition and the conversion of atmospheric orgone into dor and oranur when it is irritated by nuclear energy, from which he postulated the origin of deserts. He also devised a medical dorbuster to remove dor from patients and a cloud-buster for organomic weather control.

I'm sure I've left out a number of discoveries, but that list will convey the scope of Reich's work. Hundreds of professors, medical doctors, and scientists, as well as thousands of laymen throughout the world, believe that the natural laws of life energy, atmospheric energy, and cosmic energy that Reich discovered are the most important ones we can know for the sake of our health our happiness, and our survival. These laws can be understood by any literate youth or adult, though not in such depth and detail as they are known to the doctor or physicist - but sufficiently well to apply some of them to their daily life and philosophy of life

Who am I to say so?

It occurs to me that I should introduce myself, too, to answer a question you may ask, as I have asked myself: Why should you be interested in what I write on orgonomy and Reich? I believe I have a somewhat special knowledge of these subjects as a layman, having worked with Reich for seven years and known him personally for three of those years, and having worked in orgonomy for over twenty nonconsecutive years, handling the production and distribution of publications for the Wilhelm Reich Foundation as executive director of publications and now serving as managing editor of Organomic Publications, Inc. I am also executive secretary of the American College of Orgonomy.

My opportunities to witness Reich's life and work were on two levels: First as co-worker, and then as close friend. I saw Reich for hours daily when he was writing *Murder of Christ* and *People in Trouble* when only a remnant of his family and staff remained at Orgonon due to the havoc of the Oranur Experiment. As he brought to mind those years he

was analyzing for their sociopolitical significance, he also relived his life, and, not wanting to include the more personal aspects in the book, he expressed them to me verbally, day after day. He predicted that someday I would surely write a biography of him, and I invariably replied that I was not so inclined because I didn't think his private life was the concern of anyone other than his family and close friends. At which he would laugh indulgently and repeat that someday I'd write about him, a prediction I staunchly resisted because I felt it would entail exposure of personal events he had confided and that I had shared with him. I have revised my views and accept the burden of evaluating what should and should not be said.

Aurora Karrer Reich, his last wife, has had an easier row to hoe, for she has written up her years with Reich in toto, without having to censor anything, since she deposited her account with the Library of Congress stipulating it is not to be released to anyone until fifty years after the date of Reich's death. Hers will be the definitive work on Reich's last years.

Despite Reich's prediction, I didn't consider writing anything until several students who attended a lecture on Reich I gave at New York University begged me to write a book. When that lecture was published in the *Journal of Orgonomy*, others urged me to write more, and then J. D. Salinger, whose writing I had long cherished, read that article and wrote to me suggesting I write a book, saying he believed that anything I "chose to write would work out just fine." That settled it, for he seemed to me to say that I didn't have to write a biography, I could write whatever I chose to write, and that's what I've done.

Because I'm not an orgonomist, I still have qualms, however, for orgonomy is science and medicine, and I have no professional credentials. Elsworth F. Baker, who has kept orgonomy alive and well since Reich's demise, bestowed on me an honorary membership in the American College of Orgonomy and approved of my writing occasionally for the *Journal of Orgonomy*, and, since Reich, too, didn't consider my writing on orgonomy a presumption, I've concluded I'm not disqualified - but keep in mind that I write as a layman.

Now, what about me personally is relevant to my writing about orgonomy? You should know where my prejudices lie.

I was born into a normally repressive, conservative, Christian, second-generation Anglo-Norwegian-American family in Minneapolis in 1912. I grew up to be medium height, moderately good looking, and blessed with a few mediocre gifts and an I.Q. above average but unremarkable. That I am an altogether average person may be one of my best qualifications for writing this book for average people - though, of course, we're all too unique to be really average. Nevertheless, I was a pretty typical Midwesterner except that I was more dedicated than most to the proposition that there must be a way for men and women to keep alive the capacity for love with which they are born.

By the time I matriculated at the University of Minnesota, I was painfully aware that I was becoming progressively less alive and less loving every year and that both I and other adults seemed to be acting our lives rather than living them. So everything clicked into place in 1946 when I read Reich's *Function of the Orgasm* and learned about the gradual deadening of feelings that takes place as we grow up and put on a protective muscular and characterological armor that immobilizes the biological energy that should flow freely in all living creatures. Most important to me then was Reich's explanation of why our sexual experiences are so warped and ungratifying, and how infinitely tender sex can be when expressed naturally, with love, rather than unnaturally as a conquest, a domination, a submission, or with cruelty or anxiety.

I know enough about orgasmic potency to be sure I'm not a genital character, though I simulate one rather well at moments and almost fool myself. (Genital characters are few and far between in any society today, including the orgonomic one; they have probably been equally rare for thousands of years; they are the people of the future. Maybe they abound even today on other planets in other solar systems. On Earth, there are always a few, those who seem to have escaped armoring either accidentally or by fortuitous circumstances of birth and rearing, and the very few whom therapy cures of neurosis. Because orgasmic potency is rare as yet and not attained by the originators of the various neo-Reichian therapies, they deny its existence, a great disservice to their patients and humanity.) So, if not a genital character, how do I know, in a contactful way, what I claim to know? I

always had "holes" in my armor and sometimes experienced the truth whole, especially when confronted with it in the person of Wilhelm Reich. Later, with most of the armor dissolved by the joint heroic efforts of Dr. Elsworth Baker and myself in many years of therapy, I understood much better. Psychiatric orgone therapy moves one in the direction of such knowing.

After reading the two volumes of *The Discovery of the Orgone*, I wanted to work in orgonomy, as it was the first thing I'd truly believed in. I'd never believed in the Baptist God of my mother or the Mind-God I was taught about in a Christian Science Sunday school, or in any socialist religion or in the infallibility of mechanistic science--not even in Santa Claus. Despite all this healthy disbelief, the sexual guilt then inflicted on children by all Christians had "taken" with a vengeance by the time I was in kindergarten, and I had become safely immune to the joys of sexual love, with the prohibiting guilt locked into place by the standard amount of armor.



Wilhelm Reich, 1958

Orgonomy answered the question that had been with me since I was four years old when I had seen that members of my family wanted to love and be loved, yet were doing everything conceivable to hurt each other and make love impossible. Which is not to denigrate my family, for they were salt of the earth--hard-working, independent and dependable, church-going (at times), respectable, thoroughly "good" and repressive. I wanted desperately to know why they behaved so badly when I knew they wanted just to love and be loved. I innocently believed that if the cause were known a remedy would immediately be at hand. None of the explanations of man's aberration I'd come across in thirty years of searching were convincing until I read Reich's. Freud's theories were too intangible, the psyche too nebulous; something was missing. When I read Reich, I knew what was missing and immediately applied to him for a job. There was only one paid position in orgonomy at that time--running the Orgone Institute Press office--and I got the job.

Reich didn't suggest that I should withhold anything I wrote on him for fifty years after his death, and I feel he would be saying to me now what he said when he was condemned to serve a jail sentence: "You know what it's all about, but what are you doing about it?" I then wrote, published, and distributed a small pamphlet entitled "The Jailing of a Great Scientist in the U.S.A." * for which he thanked me. Were he alive, I believe he would be pleased that I am trying to pass along what I have learned.

Youth and the sexual revolution

Reich pointed out something every history book amply proves that is nonetheless universally ignored - that man cannot solve his problems by changing his political system or his economic system or his diet or by prayer. For how many thousands of years have these panaceas been tried and found wanting? The young of the Western world today so often feel hopeless because they have recognized the failure of politics, the Christian-Judaic religion, and mechanistic science to change man's behavior, to prevent wars, and to protect the natural good in every child. In desperation, they turn to ancient, oriental religions,

* Available free upon request.

without noticing that the people who have practiced these systems for millennia are just as neurotic and unloving as are the Christians and Jews. Or they try to escape the hopelessness and to break through their own armor by taking drugs or alcohol and often destroy themselves. Sexually, they have an unprecedented freedom from social censor, but they, too, being armored, are unable to establish a gratifying and truly loving relationship for the most part. The sexual revolution has definitely helped a few but confused and frightened more, those who resort to uni-sex or homosexuality or drugs to handle their fear of the threatening sexual freedom.

We have no statistics, but it seems that most of the young who study orgonomy soon have no use for either the chemical or mystical drugs to cope with meaninglessness and despair. They find that the situation is no longer hopeless now that the armor has been seen, documented, and found to be potentially preventable and even partially curable. These youths are beginning to understand the cause of their anxiety, as well as the cause of their dullness and painful boredom; they have begun to fight for their genitality, for their right to be healthy and happy, a right Reich first enunciated and fought for. Despite the confusion and distortions of the sexual revolution, there is some genuine release into freedom and thus some joy, which is promising for the future.

Hope - and the future of orgonomy

The more well known orgonomy becomes, the more it will need to know how to fight for survival against those who uphold the entrenched institutions - the church, fascistic politics, the authoritarian (or ultra permissive) family and school, and mechanistic science and medicine. The implications of Reich's work demand drastic changes that will take a long time, for it means turning away from the authoritarian, compulsive and routine, as well as the mystical and undisciplined, to natural, self-regulated functioning, about which we know very little. Reich used to ask, "How long will it take? A hundred years? A thousand?" Hopefully, the orgonomic revolution won't be quite as slow as evolution, for already thousands have read Reich's books and orgonomic journals and are able to apply the new insights to their personal lives and work. Orgonomy has had a powerful effect on the Western

world in the past fifty years, way out of proportion to the number of people who know Reich's work first-hand, since it influenced the intellectual community, especially prominent writers and analysts who often used and use his ideas without acknowledging the source. The ideas have been distorted as they passed through armored bodies and brains, but have, even so, provided an awakening and a source of healthy change.

But orgonomy offers no instant salvation. Paradise is possible only in a mythical Eden, a warm, fruitful world with just one man and one woman, where no competition, no jealousy, and no threat to survival exist. Young lovers may live in paradise briefly when they have eyes only for each other and shut out the world, but always the intrusion of the world's problems - and their own - ends their moment of paradise. Instead of salvation, orgonomy offers us tools we can use to gradually improve our daily lives. Knowledge of orgonomy may provide a better understanding of oneself and one's children, or a way to improve agronomy. Or it may be most useful in engendering hope and opening new horizons.

Regardless of immediate tangible benefits, it is only by learning how life energy functions that we can begin to construct a healthier society, and that depends on us so-called common men and women, not alone on the professors, doctors, scientists, educators, economists, and statesmen, for socially their work has significance only as we come to use it. That, too, is Reich's message in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*. I feel we're fortunate to have even a small part in the exciting early days of the orgonomic revolution.

I can hear Reich warning, as he so often did, "It isn't that easy. We know nothing about babies and what is natural in the Living." True, and we know very little about how to clean Earth's atmosphere. But the orgonomists are finding out, and we can help them. If there is a rational hope that the truth won't be totally distorted or obliterated this time around, it lies in the American College of Orgonomy and its dedicated, highly qualified scientists, doctors, and teachers.

If orgonomy does not become a dogma, grows slowly, remains in the hands of orgonomists associated for work, not power, there is hope. If the orgonomists resist the temptation to compromise in order to be "accepted" or to

acquire fame or get grants for research, there is hope. If we help them by supporting and protecting their work and making orgonomy part of our daily lives, there is hope. Hope depends on our recognizing that orgonomy means a return to life in its natural state - not a naive back-to-nature movement, but a deep commitment to protecting unarmored

life. It depends not on the "common man" (no one is common), nor on the "little man" (he is whom we fight in ourselves), and certainly not on "the masses" that have no face and no independent mind, but on each of us independent individuals who make up "we the people."

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- II - ORGONE AND GOD

Those who begin to understand the world and themselves in terms of cosmic life energy must necessarily lose, if they have not already lost, their religious faith and probably their philosophy of life, since traditional philosophies have been based on mechanical or mystical, rather than functional, concepts. They find themselves isolated outside the religious, social, and even the educational institutions of today; but worse, they may find themselves in limbo, without any concept of the force universally called "God," and without concepts of morality and purpose - in short, without answers to the basic questions about life and death that have been asked by the children of man in all ages and on all continents. Answers have been given by the priests and other leaders of each "tribe" on earth and codified into religious myths and social patterns that are incompatible with orgonomic discoveries. Reich, however, has provided orgonomic, functional answers to all of these questions; we find them scattered throughout his writings. This chapter narrates my own, to me most satisfying, interpretation of Reich's answers. The first question concerns his attitude toward the relation between God and orgone.

"The first scientist to study God!"

Often, people who phoned the Orgone Institute Press in the late forties were eager to talk about Reich and orgonomy, having found little response among friends and relatives. One such young man, in the midst of our conversation suddenly

exclaimed, as though surprised by a discovery, "Reich is the first scientist to study God!"

Though Reich often pointed out the similarities between the qualities man has attributed to God and the qualities of orgone energy, he didn't tend to think or speak in terms of God but of energy. Nonetheless, in *Listen, Little Man!*, he wrote, "I know that what you call 'God' actually exists, but in a different way from what you think: as the primal cosmic energy in the universe, as your love in your body, as your honesty and your feeling of nature in you and around you." Almost a decade later, in his appeal to President Eisenhower for clemency, he again equated God and orgone quite clearly: "I have 'done wrong' in having discovered and made practically accessible the basic force in nature that for millennia was called GOD in many tongues. God was made earthy, reachable and understandable within man's heart and intellect, and without in astrophysical manifestations."

When I was working at Orgonon, Reich asked me on several occasions to consult the Bible to find out how its authors had explained various phenomena such as "original sin," yet he didn't talk about God. He did refer to himself in his work as a tool of orgone energy, and he often capitalized it - Orgone or Life Energy - which would seem to imply that he felt himself to be a tool of God, but he never said so. He didn't think in terms of God, partly because he'd had no religious training as a child - God was not a member of his family, as it were - but primarily because the word "God" has been thoroughly mystified,

associated with authoritarian, anti-sexual commandments, and encrusted with superstitions and myths that defy all reason let alone the findings of science. In *The Function of the Orgasm*, Reich says, "Only when God and natural law are identical can science and religion be reconciled."

Whereas the religious believe that God reveals his nature to us through the gift of our senses, as well as through mystical revelation, Reich suggested God is coming to know Itself through our senses and self-consciousness, that Nature becomes self-aware in man. This gigantic leap away from the universally held belief that God has a consciousness like man's is a beautiful example of Reich's capacity for thinking the unthinkable.

Though Reich didn't speak of God in daily parlance but only when he was discussing the concept of God in relation to orgone energy, as in *Ether, God and Devil*, he was never embarrassed to talk about God, as the liberal intellectuals are today. The latter have discredited the power of a mystified God in favor of a purely mechanistic and unfeeling power of the Intellect to account for everything. Sex used to be an unmentionable topic in social gatherings; now God is taboo. Talk about God at a cocktail party - except as a topic of clever intellectual speculation - would be an unforgivable blunder, for an awkwardness would descend on the scene. Reich was never uncomfortable in the presence of the word "God" no matter how it was introduced, and I believe that was because he was a profoundly religious man, if "religious" is defined as "devoted to... that which is held to be of ultimate importance," one of Webster's definitions.

Brought up without religious instruction other than reading the Jewish and Christian scripture as history, he never subscribed to any religious belief, but Reich had a deep sense of reverence for nature and an insatiable desire to understand it, to discover more about life and the universe. This is, ultimately, what made him a great scientist. He was forever speculating about how and why things are as they are, both the natural and unnatural (in particular man's neurosis), and he as ardently yearned to know answers to these questions as he yearned to embrace the woman he loved. Which brought him to enunciate his code: "Love, work and knowledge are the well-springs of our life. They should also govern it." Figuratively speaking, his head was as glowing as his genitals.

As far as I know, Reich did not speculate about the origin of cosmic orgone energy, didn't expound any theory about where it came from or when or why. The only scientific theory I know of that presumes to explain the origin of the universe and therefore of energy is the one that says it all began with a big bang. The idea that the universe was introduced by a vast explosion seems no less absurd than primitive religious myths about the origin of God. One asks oneself the same questions that Charles Konia asked in his critique of the big bang theory in the May 1979 issue of the *Journal of Orgonomy*: "Where did the energy for the big bang originate? How can an 'explosion' theory, no matter how sophisticated... account for the process of creation?... Explosions are associated with destruction not creation." He points out that the elaborate, speculative, mathematical formulations that would justify the big bang theory cannot be reconciled with orgone physics. One wonders if the big bang theory isn't what we might expect of armored men who feel a terrible need for release inside themselves. In our present state of knowledge, or ignorance, ultimate origins are as inexplicable as ultimate ends and irrelevant to man's immediate great problems.

... "orgone" or "Orgone"?

Monotheists universally capitalize the first letter of the word "God." Polytheists had no need to do so, as each God had his or her own proper name. Though today's orgonomists do not capitalize "orgone" in their publications, Reich sometimes did, depending on how he was using the word. And most of the persons who wrote to the Orgone Institute Press in Reich's day and who write to Orgonomic Publications, Inc. today capitalize the first letter of the word, as though they instinctively equate orgone with God. They do not capitalize the words "nuclear energy" or "kinetic energy" or "electromagnetic energy" or "atomic energy"--only "Orgone energy." It may very well be an indication that they have mystified orgone energy (while those working in the field are careful not to capitalize it to avoid giving it mystical overtones), but it also indicates that they grasp the fact that it is the all-inclusive, creative force.

Though acknowledging orgone as the Creative Force, I choose not to capital-

ize the word in order to keep it familiar, close, and usable and prevent putting it at a mystical distance. Yet, when specifically referring to orgone as the creative force, I choose to call it "It."

It must be lawabiding

Orgone properties and functions have been ascribed to God over and over, as Reich pointed out, since it is the stuff from which all creation is made, as well as the process of creation. Whether we call it a Process, a Designing Intelligence, or God, It is devising a universe out of cosmic energy - sun-stars and worlds, and all the rooted, swimming, flying, creeping, running life - but It has no magic or miracle to work with; It must always be lawabiding. It has ever to make a new creation evolve out of and function in relation to what is already created. It can take another step, but it must be an evolution. Then what a trap It must often find Itself in! It gets things to spinning and begins to make matter out of energy, and then, with different rhythms of energy, It makes different substances, but they must all have a functional relationship to the preceding one and all others - and It keeps spinning ways of this and that, of nebulae, of stars and planets and gases and other clouds, of fire and light and twinkle and flash and glory - and with forces moving and bodies moving, great winds and small breezes - and water and rains, and then the sun-fire's energies through space combining with free orgone and soaking water so a bit of green chlorophyll is made and then a growing plant.

But, asks the disillusioned Persian poet, "Would not we shatter it to bits and then rebuild it nearer to the heart's desire?" With what tools? DNA recombinant? What man is wise enough to rebuild man and the universe better when, as Reich warned, none are yet able to cure the common cold or rear children free from armor?

Since we are an expression of, and express, the same intelligence that orgone uses in making us, sometimes unarmored men can alter aspects of nature without being destructive. Reich did when he used the cloudbuster to divert a hurricane. Burbank made a grapefruit. But armored men's tinkering with nature invariably results in monstrosities and mistakes. They do not know how to be lawabiding in their experiments.

Some may argue that nature's muta-

tions are not lawful, but we don't know that; that concept may be due to our ignorance.

God and orgone - similarities

Reich compared orthodox concepts of God with orgone energy, showing that man perceives orgone phenomena, but mystifies them and calls them "God." Let's see.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines "God" as "the supreme or ultimate reality...perfect in power, wisdom, and goodness...creator and ruler of the universe." (I have left out only "the Being...whom men worship.") Let's test this definition in relation to orgone energy.

Orgone is the specific biological energy, the specific atmospheric energy, and the primordial cosmic energy from which everything is derived. It knows how to create everything, so it must be the source of wisdom - or It is wisdom. It creates and preserves life, so we, the living, call it good - it is good for us. Though there is a counterforce, the so-called Devil, the destructive power that Reich discovered to be another form of energy (dor - deadly orgone, this force, too, derives from orgone and is one of its tools to keep life flowing and changing by killing off the old to make room for new life. Therefore, orgone is the "ultimate reality," powerful, wise, and good. Reich's three most notable experiments substantiate this claim.

In the Bion Experiment, Reich discovered that, under sterile conditions, a vesicle between the living and non-living, a "bion," could be formed from dust, water and heat: Boiled earth, or flamed iron or coat dust, put into sterile water, produced bions that could combine to produce unicellular animals.

Through Experiment XX, Reich discovered that orgone energy is the creative force of life. Water in which earth had been boiled was filtered, autoclaved at temperatures so high no bacteria could survive in it, and then frozen. When thawed under sterile conditions, unicellular life developed from this orgone-charged water. Orgone energy, water, and heat had produced life.

In the Oranur Experiment, Reich found that highly excited orgone energy produces dust, the third basic ingredient of life.

Thus the biblical definition of life, "Dust thou art," has more than a

grain of truth in it. Dust (earth, coal, soot, or carbon) with orgone, water, and heat added is transformed into life, and, with orgone, water, or heat sufficiently diminished, life dies and returns to dust.

Wherefore, it seems the similarities between orgone and God are notable.

*Omnipotence, omniscience,
and omnipresence*

Orgone energy is clearly omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, qualities customarily ascribed to God.

Omnipotence refers to being all-powerful, an unlimited, infinite power, and it would seem that, since orgone is the creative power (process and substance) throughout the universe, as well as the animating energy of life, it can be considered omnipotent to the same extent that God can be so considered—both being limited only by Natural Law and by the opposing power of evil (the Devil, dor), the destructive, disintegrative force. A major difference between the God concept and the orgone reality in this area, however, is that the Devil is seldom acknowledged to be part of the godhead, but dor is known to be an aspect of orgone and to have its place in ecology, for all life is gradually killed by dor, which makes place for new life.

As for omniscience, can we say with any assurance that cosmic intelligence is the same as orgone energy? This question was a stumbling block for me for a time, but, inasmuch as orgone "knows" how to create everything, inasmuch as the life energy in us "knows" how to metabolize our food and combine chemicals into blood, bone and flesh, and "knew" how to create the universe, it would seem to be omniscient. Of course, if you prefer, you can phantasize that there is an energyless, substanceless spirit or thought process that uses the idea of orgone in its creations.

Omnipresence is most easily demonstrated, for we can see that we are surrounded by cosmic life energy constantly without a moment of surcease from the moment of birth until we die, embraced, as a hymn has it, by the "everlasting arms of love that are around, below, and above." Not only is it obvious that free, unbound orgone is omnipresent in the atmosphere, but Reich inadvertently demonstrated that it penetrates everything when, during the Oranur Experiment, he could find no way to shield the nuclear material from orgone. The orgone energy

penetrated steel, lead, and the earth. Earlier, he had found that the Faraday Cage cannot screen out orgone energy. The religious tell us that we are ever in the presence of God, as God is everywhere. Undeniably, we are always in the presence of orgone energy, for it fills all space and penetrates all matter.

Blueness, haloes, and light

Man projects heaven, his concept of eternal bliss, into the sky and speaks of "heavenly blue," intuitively knowing that the blue orgone of the sky is the source of his life and pleasure. In the unclouded sky, we see a great depth of orgone, varying in shade depending on the state it is in—from a soft baby blue or a gentle grey-blue to the angry purplish-blue of oranur and the blackish blue of thunder clouds. The energy field of the earth is blue, which Reich knew, explained, and measured accurately mathematically long before photos from space satellites showed it to be true. An excited vacor tube displays a lovely "dawn blue" as Reich called it. Whereas the colors of oranur and dor are red and black respectively, colors assigned to the Devil and death.

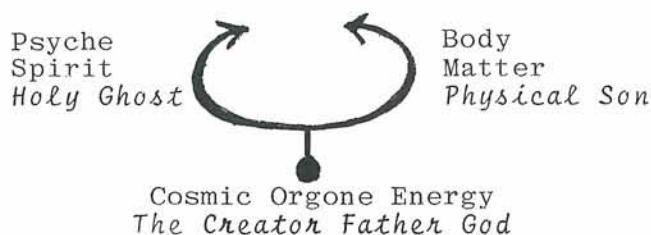
Besides being evident as blue in the sky, orgone is manifested as radiance and a sparkle in the air—as light. If I remember aright, God's presence is often depicted as being accompanied by a glowing radiance.

Also, the energy field of each living creature, from that of a living red blood cell seen under the microscope to a man's halo, demonstrates that orgone glows and is blue, though the human field varies according to the emotional state. These haloes, which have been associated with the godhead, as depicted in paintings of Jesus and Krishna, for instance have been seen by many people, including Drs. Elsworth Baker and Barbara Koopman, but Dr. Baker said it so strained his eyes and so exhausted him that he tried it only once or twice. The haloes are seen readily by many schizophrenics, whose vision is out of focus. Haloes surround every living organism, even leaves, as the pulsating energy field. They have been photographed in glowing color by Kari Berggrav, who was once Reich's microphotographer. Kirlian photography apparently depicts the orgone field surrounding leaves, but there is some controversy about just what the Kirlian aura actually represents.

The Trinity

All of man's great concepts derive from biological and physical verities, though many have been transformed by mystical interpretations, and it seems highly probable that the trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which is intrinsic to Christian theology, was derived from a trinity that is basic to orgonomy. That is, the concept of the Christian trinity may conceivably have been (consciously or unconsciously) derived from man's intrinsic knowledge of the cosmic, biological energy. Thus the creative cosmic orgone was converted in men's minds to a supernatural Father-God, while the created offspring, the tangible body, became the Son, and the intangible mind-soul-spirit was made transnatural as the Holy Ghost.

This proposition relates correctly to Reich's schema for functional relationships between God and orgone as given in *Ether, God and Devil* as follows (to Reich's words I have added the words that are italicized):



Since the Holy Ghost is spirit, psyche, soul, the Son is body and matter, and God the Father the creator, this projection would seem to be logical and correct.

Happily, Reich's work had disproved the dichotomy between mind-spirit and body that was first promulgated by churchmen and intensified by mechanistic scientists. Reich showed that the mind and body are not separate, distinct things but integrals deriving simultaneously from a Common Cause, that they are as integral a part of It as my fingers are of my hand.

God as love and the Devil as dor

Except for a few dorish gods and goddesses such as the Hindu Kali, Goddess of Black Death, and Vishnu, the Destroyer, God is conceived as loving or is defined as love. Reich explains this in "Biophysical Functionalism and Mechanistic Natural

Science" (*The Journal of Orgonomy*, May 1974) when he says, "The idea of God is identical with the orgasmic excitation in the autonomic life system."

Dor, the stagnant, life-inimical energy Reich discovered in the Oranur Experiment, is comparable to the theological concept of the Devil and sin. Dor is the agent of sickness and hatred; blocked biological energy turns into dor and sickens mind and body. Or, as the religious put it, "Sin pollutes God's world." Dor is dirty. It appears in the atmosphere as dirty shades of grey and yellowish brown, so, quite logically, Jesus' healing of the ten lepers was equated with making the world cleaner.

In the universe, orgone is triumphant over dor (good triumphant over evil), for creation supersedes destruction. However, destruction is inevitable and necessary wherever there is creation for all things change and come to an end, and orgone only creates. Dor is needed to break down that creation into free energy that can be used in new creations, in an endless cycle.

There is a natural orgone/dor metabolism throughout the universe and in animal and plant life; so, in its proper proportions, dor is not inimical to creation. Normally, in the living organism dor is sufficiently eliminated in feces, sweat, and urine if the atmosphere is not overloaded with dor as it has become since Madame Curie's great discovery of radium was used to make atomic bombs and nuclear plants. When dor becomes excessive in us, as it does due to our armor and dorish weather, as well as in the degenerative diseases of old age, we strive to eliminate it; we protest and fight dor sickness, old age, and death.

We could not and would not eliminate dor from the universe, but what we can change is the unnatural, excessive dor produced by the misuse of radium and by the armor that makes man emotionally sick in a way Reich called "the emotional plague" and the church calls "evil." The religious fight dor, evil, by prohibitions; orgonomists fight it by trying to remove the unnatural conditions that create dor in the atmosphere and in men. Religious people, due to their creeds, often cannot distinguish between healthy and unhealthy functioning in some areas, especially in the sexual realm, and thus they call evil and prohibit such good, healthy expressions as natural adolescent love.

The similarities between man's historical concept of God and Cosmic Life

Energy are limited, of course. We cannot project orgone as a kindly but punishing father to whom one can pray for guidance and deliverance from tragedy and evil, a God who delivers whom he wants to deliver, condemns whom he wants to condemn and responds to begging --- hardly a God to make men self-reliant and self-regulated. I for one prefer a God through which we are regulated by the natural laws of life. What we are and what we do come from the Cosmic Life Energy, are part of it. Our very cells know how to go about their business of living functioning. A God that cannot behave in an arbitrary fashion, even though our ignorance of many of the cosmic and terrestrial laws makes it seem otherwise at times, is dependable.

Confronted with man's sexual aberration and consequent "sins," mankind has for millennia prayed for God to forgive and remove the sins. Reich tackled the problem as one that could be solved by understanding the laws of life, and he found the key when he discovered the function of the orgasm. This is the major dissimilarity between the religious and the organomic reactions to "sins."

MYSTIFICATION

I believe it was St. Augustine who said, "There is no such thing as a miracle that confounds natural law; there is only man's ignorance of natural law." Reich was in accord with that view: All that is was created according to immutable laws, and that intelligent force called God does not---can not---interfere with those laws by supernatural means.

So we may say with some assurance that another reason Reich had no desire to call cosmic orgone energy "God" was because that word had become mystified and associated with such unlawful, erratic, and unexplicable events as miracles. The lawful event of life is miracle enough, far greater than a momentary abolition of one of the great laws of the universe. In a scientific age and with the introduction of orgonomy, we can study life and God as energy and need no longer be limited by the mystic. To say that something is a miracle is merely to say that it is inexplicable, whereas lawfulness is as wide as the universe and invites us to discover an endless array of unknown laws that fit in with, elaborate, broaden and sometimes correct the known laws.

Many mystics attribute reality to

distorted perceptions much like a schizophrenic projection wherein the patient suffering an unbearable anxiety projects his feelings to, say, the corner of the room and believes he is being attacked from there or hearing voices coming from that direction. This kind of projection seems to be the basis for the so-called out-of-body experience, too. Which isn't to say that the mystic, the schizophrenic, and the person who believes he leaves his body aren't experiencing something real, only that it is misinterpreted.

Reich did not deny the reality of the phenomena that concern the mystic, only the validity of the mystical interpretation. He says, in *The Function of the Orgasm*, "...but even mysticism is 'right' in some way. It was mystical only as long as one could not correctly state in what way it was right, or where correct things were expressed incorrectly."

Mystification is not an exclusive attribute of occultists and religious mystics. We all show signs of it from time to time, and I'm well acquainted with the experience. Rereading one of the intermittent notes I took at Orgonon made me realize how much I learned about mysticism from the struggle between Reich and me regarding the look of mystical adoration with which I favored him at times. To wit:

Recently, when he (Reich) said for about the tenth time, "Don't look at me like that---as though I were a god, something strange!" I suddenly realized exactly what I was doing, looking at him with mystical reverence, as though he were on high, above me, wonderful, unbelievable, a legend. It separates me from him, makes him unreal; makes me feel empty, staring, stupid; it makes it impossible for me to be in it with him, to feel it for myself, and to take responsibility. After identifying the feeling in me that accompanies this stupified look of wonder, it has become a horror to me whenever it occurs. An emptiness in me is "adoring" the fullness of him ... Perhaps it is a cover up for a hate that would loom in its stead if it weren't instantly converted into blank, paralyzed "adoration."

And to think that he sees this on most every face sooner or later, this look that shuts off human contact... This thou-great-man look puts him at a distance. Now that I recognize it, I can stop it. Stopping it feels like "coming back to earth." Then he is real, the room is real, the subject is real, and I am real---all together.

In order to ward him off, the mystical look sees him at a distance as though he were removed from the scene.

The surprising thing in retrospect is that facing the reality wasn't unbearable at all, and that by making an effort, especially in the eyes, to see Reich as flesh and blood, I could touch him with my eyes and he became utterly real. True contact simply eliminates mystification.

The anti-sexual, sensual mystics

Reich found that mystics are heavily armored in the genital area but not elsewhere, so the energy is free-flowing, but it bypasses the genitals and flows upward to the head. This clearly applies to the mystics whose profession as minister, astrologer, or clairvoyant is related to a passionate but distorted perception of life. The bypassing of the energy-regulating, prime pleasure-inducing area not only distorts perception but leaves them hungry for gratification, so they assiduously cultivate the cosmic mystical experience, for it is an energy expansion and as such a pleasurable substitute for genital pleasure. It accounts for the anti-sexual but highly sensual aspects of religious mysticism.

Religious ecstasy is often couched in terms of sexual love, as everyone knows who has read the Song of Solomon in the Bible or sung hymns. Nuns call themselves the "Brides of Christ"; they are wed to Jesus. In my rebellious youth, before I quit the church altogether, I took a perverse pleasure in singing some of the hymns as passionate love songs, having found one need not change a word to suit this purpose.

More than most young contemporary writers, Mark Vonnegut (not to be confused with his famous father Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.) clearly depicts the sensual aspect of religious mysticism. In *The Eden Express*, he says he became a "grace addict" because it felt so good. It didn't lift him up and drop him down lower like drugs did. "Grace" experiences are, from an orgonomic standpoint, a pleasurable energy expansion, a flow of orgone in cosmic longing. Vonnegut asks, "What was it that felt so good? There was a sensual rush involved. A rush of warm well-being. Sometimes that was all there was to it. Just feeling good.... I was graceful and beautiful. We were moving very well together.... I was flowing." And later, "The message part of grace was something

I was never quite at home with. It always made me a little uneasy.... At any rate, there is no message I'm sure I got right." It would seem he interpreted this truly sexual experience in mystical terms because he knew no other way of explaining it.

The sexual connotations in religious literature are obvious, and, though the Christian mystics seldom if ever admit it, Indian mystics acknowledge the close relationship of sex and religion---only to recommend sexual repression.

Maurice Rowdon, in *The Indian Crucifixion*, speaks of the importance of sex and its connection with light and illumination. He says that intellectualizing religion is barbarianism, and the idea that a logical and rational study of nature provides the correct path to "illumination" is a fallacy. "Rationalism and empirical science...were in fact barbarian reversions," and the intellectual emphasis in the "barbarian" (the scientist) was his way of freeing himself from the hot demands of the body. Except for the "barbarian reversion" concept, that is orgonomically correct. Rowdon also says, "The sex-cruelty identification derives from an intellectualized state of removal from the body, rather than from an excessive absorption in it." True again. The Indian mystic recognizes the intellectual's aberration but not his own. We have only to recall the hundreds of thousands of intensely religious Hindus and Mohammedans who murdered each other with pitchforks and knives when the British withdrew from India to know what kind of barbarism hides behind the Indian's mystic facade.

The kundalini recognizes the genital areas as the source of "all creativity and human evolution" and that sex promises pleasure and contains stupendous dynamic energies, but, says Rowdon, for the ultimate ecstasy or "illumination," one must avoid direct sex: "The deeper the barbarian reversion, the deeper the plunge into sex-activity," and, ideally, one should divert the energy to the head where a greater illumination takes place, a greater ecstasy. Were the kundalini capable of orgasmic illumination, would he need to seek a spiritual "orgasm"? But Rowdon has described what the intellectualist has done---without benefit of ecstasy---divert the energy to the head.

Incidentally, "intellectualist" is used here to mean one whose head and body are separated by armor and whose intellection is carried on at the expense of the body, as differentiated from an in-

tellektual whose thinking derives from his entire body including the head. Reich was a highly intellectual man and never decried natural intellectual activity, as he is mistakenly supposed to have done because he deplored the intellectualism that is based on pulling the energy into the head.

Reich speculated that orgonomy would catch on first in India because of the Indians' awareness of sexuality as part of cosmic energy, even though they mystify energy. He seemed to believe that intellectualization is more of a barrier to understanding orgonomy than is mysticism. They appear now to be equally tenacious in holding to their fallacies; if anything, the mystic may be the more determined to avoid sexual expression because he feels the energy moving in himself and must feel anxiety more acutely.

Two things are obvious from the above: that "illumination" is a substitute for an orgasmic discharge, and that the Indian mystic, while identifying sexuality and religious ecstasy, having felt the sweet excitement of sex but being unable to achieve the "illumination" of an orgasm, bases his religion on a desire for an orgasmic fulfillment, which he correctly anticipates as a blending with the cosmos in Nirvana. To a lesser degree, the same is true of Christianity, though its sex-repressive morality has been more effective in avoiding sexual expression.

Both materialists and mystics are motivated by the pleasure principle no less than a functionalist. The woman who craves a mink coat believes it will give her the pleasure she misses in her love relationships, and the mystic enjoys the sensual religious ecstasies and looks forward to being rewarded with greater sexual pleasure in the hereafter. The Mohammedan makes no bones about it; most Christians camouflage it. No matter how stern and puritanical the theology and life-style, it is always based on an expectation of eventual pleasurable reward.

Earthly love has certainly been disappointing enough to many to warrant an utter disillusionment with it as a source of pleasure, so it is no wonder many turn to material substitutes and others to so-called spiritual substitutes, giving up the sexual embrace for a lifetime. But the sexual revolution has penetrated the cloisters, too, and priests and even a few nuns are claiming the right to sexual love in the belief that it will not diminish--will perhaps enhance--their love of God. We could not agree with them more.

The mystification of orgonotic senses

"Mystical" is defined by Webster's Dictionary as "having a spiritual meaning or reality that is neither apparent to the senses nor obvious to the intelligence....based on intuition, insight, or similar subjective experiences....(and) relating to direct communion with God or ultimate reality." What is apprehended without recourse to the organ senses---seeing, hearing, etc.---is known through the orgonotic senses, that is, intuition, telepathy, and contact. Thus, from an orgonomic point of view, mysticism can be said to be a distorted interpretation of phenomena known through our orgonotic senses. These senses are not so much dependent on a particular cellular, flesh and blood organ of perception as on the plasmatic flow in the total organism.

Because of his armor, man is more or less cut off from his orgonotic senses and functions, since they operate on the freeflow of energy in the body. Were he not so out of touch with his orgonotic senses, he'd take them for granted as normal, natural sensory equipment like seeing and hearing. Being cut off, orgonotic perceptions are no longer part of his daily life. Yet, when an unusual upsurge of energy breaks through the armor, usually in crises, he is momentarily in orgonotic contact, but it is strange to him and seems other-worldly. Instead of recognizing this as the ultimate physical reality, he attributes it to something "not apparent to the senses," a mysterious God, because it really is a mystery to him. Nonetheless, he does recognize it as the ultimate reality---one stage removed by mystical adoration. Primordial energy is precisely the ultimate reality. The word "physical" is applied to what is perceived directly by the organ senses as contrasted with the spiritual. Therefore, one may correctly call orgone energy "physical," as it is perceived directly by both the orgonotic and organ senses.

The Bible speaks of the beauty of the spirit that is greater than the beauty of the flesh and that beheld by the senses, referring to the orgonotic core of the living and orgonotic perception of this "core" or "soul." The beauty of an expression of love in the eyes, even in an otherwise ugly face, may transcend the ugliness and make the face even beautiful. But this beauty isn't spiritual or other-worldly, it is an emotional expression dependent on physical energy. It seems like some nebulous spirit both because orgonotic contact is foreign to

armored man and because, having assiduously avoided knowledge of life energy, he knows of no other way to explain it. Mankind has generally called "soul" or "spirit" all that he experiences through his orgonotic senses---the feeling of streaming in the body, intuition, telepathy, and the knowing that comes from immediate orgonotic contact with the object of perception.

College president Julius Seelye Bixler, in an address disabusing students of the notion that science and religion need be in conflict, noted that the scientific search for truth is "critical and reflective," while the mystical search is intuitive. We see here, again, an everyday, mundane, orgonotic sense, intuition, that we admit in simpler animals without calling it "spirit" or "soul," is mystified in man.

Telepathy, telescoping of time, intuition, the so-called paranormal phenomena that are outside the realm of most people's everyday life are real but difficult to investigate, not only because they occur sporadically but because they are part of our orgonotic sensing and thus depend on an unarmored condition for accurate comprehension. Until we can understand our everyday life and handle contact on an everyday basis, investigation of the phenomena of the more ephemeral orgonotic senses will be distorted. Efforts to investigate the "paranormal," much as they have been intensified in recent years, have yielded little and will probably continue to do so until the studies are done by unarmored beings to whom it is perfectly normal.

While the "parapsychological" intrigues most of us from time to time, the mystical interpretations and belief in such things as out-of-body experiences are repugnant because they make a mockery of Nature, a mockery of our marvelous senses and what we have learned through them. What is paranormal contradicts what is normal.

There well may be universes and phenomena we can't comprehend with our limited senses, universes not on our energy wavelength but with which we sometimes make a fleeting contact. But, until we can use our orgonotic senses without distortion, we are bound to misinterpret these things and add more misapprehensions to the vast number of errors man has made so far, as witness the sorry state of ecology on Earth and our own sorry love lives.

Yet fascinating potentials are indicated by parapsychological work. Einstein is said to have believed the mind of man

could disassemble and reassemble matter, that is, atoms and molecules. He considered it a hypothetical possibility since the energy of man's mind can conceivably interfere with the energy pattern of atoms. What Einstein is reputed to have hypothesized may be found to be true someday, but it may take an evolutionary change in man, or his dearmoring, to bring it about, for, to date, both spiritualists and scientists have been singularly unable to substantiate any such claims even when they earnestly try as they did in the case of Uri Geller who claimed that he bent silverware and keys with his mind, and that he could dematerialize physical objects---including himself---and reconstitute them at some distant point.

A sideways approach to orgone

The fascination of parapsychology, yoga, spiritualism, mind control, and meditation today stems, it would seem, from there being a sideways approach to life energy, an energy armored man is afraid to confront directly. Thousands of case histories have revealed this universal fear, which is rooted in universally repressive cultures. Life energy is more easily approached obliquely, from the occult, religious-mystical, or parapsychological realms because then it doesn't seem so real, it isn't sexual and threatening, but is still terribly exciting.

Yoga, meditation, and mind control are processes of relaxed concentration that slow down the autonomic functions (breathing, heart beat, etc.) whereby the intuitive and telepathic processes are tapped. Demonstrably, they work, despite the mystical trappings usually associated with them; but, for most, they lessen contact with their direct organ perceptions. This was as true for me when I took courses in mind control and meditation, as it was for some of my classmates. Yet, when these orgonotic senses are used spontaneously and naturally, they have no side effects. Dr. Elsworth Baker says he habitually uses this kind of contact in treating patients, but he doesn't hold his breath or slow down his heartbeat. When I, on rare occasions, have spontaneously had telepathic and intuitive experiences, they have not been accompanied by any detectable changes in other functions. This is not conclusive, but it is fairly good circumstantial evidence that mind

control, meditation, and yoga are artificial, forced ways of achieving what is natural to the unarmored. The deliberate efforts to attain orgonotic sensory perception tend to fail or are at least miniscule in their results compared to the great effort put into them, probably because they are an effort to force an orgonotic function, and that doesn't work any better than does trying to force love or human contact---they are purely spontaneous events that occur from the free flow of energy.

A higher consciousness?

The effort to reach a "higher consciousness" and the groping for mysterious depths seem often to be based on an inability to make contact with life on the sensory level. Since living in the mundane world is boring and dull to those out of touch with the energy that throbs through everything alive and dazzles in the atmosphere, it is no wonder they seek another level of existence they call "higher." On the other hand, many religious mystics are keenly alive and aware of the wonder and beauty of the mundane world but have chosen to serve God according to the prescriptions of their faith, and they are admirably and genuinely humble in this service.

In my experience, it is mostly the spiritualists who base their sense of superiority on the striving for a "higher" consciousness and feel that those who don't are soulless and contemptible for accepting material limitations. The illusion that they are challenging man's limitations is based on their being caged by their armor, which severely limits their range of feelings and knowledge. To a natural man, the possibilities of learning from Nature are infinite, and the range of emotions infinite, too, in subtlety and variation.

Life after death?

I will no more than touch on this touchy subject, since it does not lend itself to a reality test. Nonetheless, orgonomy suggests pertinent points. For instance, for there to be a life after death, the spirit must exist independently of the body, and Christian fundamentalists believe this despite the fact that there is ample proof that an injured brain can change the "soul" characteristics.

Reich challenged this dualistic concept even as it applied to psychosomatic medicine, which separated psyche and soma. His concept of psychosomatic identity and antithesis does away with the dichotomy that made of body and soul separate entities.

So, it is my understanding that the qualities of mind and spirit are shaped both simultaneously and inextricably, that they are identical energy patterns and the cohesion of energy into you and me is an energy event in flux, constantly growing and dying. One cannot change or even exist without the other. Which is my one firm argument against the prospect of an afterlife: A life without the living body is a contradiction.

What's the harm in mystification?

Why is mystifying orgone and God objectionable? What's the harm in it? First, I suppose, because mystification of God has not solved man's worst problems in thousands of years but rather contributed to them, even though, admittedly, the mystically oriented moral code has also acted as a brake to modify the evil effects of its distortion. Secondly---or perhaps this should be first---we should cite the simple fact that it is a distortion, and that man can never get at the truth about life as long as he mystifies his sexual and cosmic experiences, for he then puts God and therefore life energy out of reach, as I had put the "godlike" Reich out of reach by looking at him with mystical adoration, as described earlier.

The third objection to mystification is related to Reich's finding that the hate dammed up in mystics is more virulent and dangerous than that of other neurotics, since mystics are capable of the most intense feelings. Hitler's appeal was partly to the mysticism in people who could no longer find a home for it in the church, and the horror of religious and political mysticism as expressed in black fascism is no whit different from the horror of Communist red fascism today or of the Inquisition of the past.

A fourth objection is that many practicing mystics use their assumed powers to exploit the sick and sorrowful. The most famous in recent times, the Brazilian peasant Arrigo, purportedly performed successful operations using a rusty pocket knife, no antiseptics, and knowledge gained from the

spirit of some deceased German doctor. No one knows whether he was fooling himself or only his patients. Arrigo's claims were comparable to those of the equally ignorant "psychic surgeons" who abound today in the Philippine hinterlands. Such practices thrive only in communities of uneducated, superstition-riddled people, though individual sophisticates subscribe to them if they are desperately ill and Western medicine has found no cure for their ailment or they are anxious to believe in supernatural powers.

Many practitioners are charlatans looking for a lucrative fraud, but some are self-deluded, as is probably the case with Kathryn Kuhlman to whose faith-healing thousands come for cures, as reported by William A. Nolen in his book *Healing: A Doctor in Search of a Miracle*. This New York surgeon investigated many healers, hoping to discover some authentic aids to medicine, something comparable to Chinese acupuncture. In the Philippines, he visited the "psychic surgeons" and found that the "operations" were cleverly staged, so only a real surgeon could detect the fraud. Dr. Nolen writes with sympathy for some of the would-be healers but more for their victims. His book confirms the harm done by mysticism when it tries to enter the field of medicine.

Mechanism - antithesis of mysticism

Before concluding this discussion of mysticism, a word about mechanism, the other side of the coin, may not be amiss. While mystics may worship Nature or deny its reality to escape their keen anxieties, misconstruing what they feel, the mechanist has little feeling for what is natural and usually wants to control Nature. In his efforts at control, he has accomplished prodigious feats, such as the great dams that control flood waters and produce electricity; but, working as an antagonist rather than an accomplice of Nature, he has primarily stomped on life and unwittingly ruined ecological balances and poisoned the very air we breathe.

Scientist Theo Lobsäck asked if man is one of Nature's errors. The question arose when he contemplated man's tampering with the laws of Nature that control his very existence, and his creation of an artificial world that gets more and more complex and remote from Nature, a world in which he finds it ever more

difficult to survive. Lobsäck also notes that "by using his brain," man has alienated himself from Nature and that he survives in this society by destroying the very foundations of his life.

All too true except that it isn't because man uses his brain, which is, after all, part of Nature. Rather, as Reich indicated, the artificial constructs and behavior that are antithetical to Nature derive from man's using his brain mechanically, without any feeling for Nature. Of course, that lack of feeling is due to the armor that binds his whole body in a tight muscular girdle and allows little contact with Nature. Did we not know about man's armor, we would have to agree that man is a mistake of Nature; but, as it is, we can say that the armor is the aberration, not the species *homo sapiens*, though this is slight consolation, since man's energy functions have been thrown off balance to such a degree that one must doubt that he can right himself in time to avoid self-annihilation. If man's armor was put on in the first place to protect him from some natural catastrophe such as an influx of *dor* from the cosmos, then man's sickness, his neurosis, could perhaps be said to be due to a mistake of Nature. In any event, an excessive man-made *dor* makes us dangerously sick now, so we have to find a way to eliminate the excessive *dor* in the atmosphere, as well as that produced by armor.

Even a cursory elucidation of mechanism would take a chapter by itself, so suffice it to say here that the mechanistic approach to living has at least produced marvelous mechanical tools—automobiles, airplanes, spaceships, TV, electrical appliances, etc.—that have enhanced human life even though the means of production have damaged the environment. The mechanical laws are part of Nature, too, and detrimental only when used without reference to the functional laws of Nature.

KNOWING GOD AND GOD'S KNOWING

Man flounders pathetically when he is cut off from organotic contact with himself and the universe around him. His mechanical sensory contact may be unimpaired, but, if he has lost the use of his organotic senses, he doesn't really know anything about life and God in the same real way he knows about those

things his organ senses perceive. Hence the need for faith. Each man chooses --- or more likely has chosen for him by his family or social environment --- his premise or basic truth, from which he can then logically explain the world, the universe, and all that in them is; but the original premise is not proven, it is a matter of faith.

The infallibility of the Bible is such a premise, faith in which leads to an acceptance of a patriarchal God and a set of moral laws presumably given by this God. For those who can rely on their organotic senses, as well as their organ senses, without mystifying them, people literally "in touch" organotically, God or It is real. They don't need to assume the basic premise from which all else stems; they know It not as a matter of faith but as an experience.

So, to the question, "Is God knowable?" the organomic answer would seem to be a qualified "yes." Qualified because these formulations are tentative, mere suggestions to indicate directions, certainly not conclusive, and not undisputable.

Though orgone energy moves in every living organism --- the rooted, the ambulatory, the "aviatory," and the aquatic --- though it is the very substrate of the living cells and the atoms of the cells, and though we can say it is the Creative Power, we still do not know God in the sense of knowing answers to ultimate questions of purpose, eternity, and infinity. Still, we can say that, besides what we know of God through cosmic contact, the intuitive perception of great artists, and the discoveries of the great scientists of the past, God is being discovered every day by biologists, chemists, astronomers, organomists, artists, and even by the uncommon "common people." The laws of creation, which were discovered slowly in the past, are now being revealed at an accelerated pace; but, since God encompasses the infinitely great, as well as the infinitely small and all things in between, as well as things now far beyond our ken, man can be confident that he won't ever run out of mysteries to pursue.

Studying organomic processes is one sure way to find out more about the creative process or God. For instance, Reich discovered the orgone form to be basic to life patterns and the spinning wave basic to the creation of matter; and Dr. Courtney Baker has related some of the elements of the spinning wave to such things as the lateral branching of plants

and the shape of ocean waves, planetary motion, and the functions of the intestines, nerve impulses, and the heart, which he expounded in the November 1979 issue of the *Journal of Orgonomy*.

We know God, too, through our identical emotions, for God is emotional, raging in storms, or, on a day when the very leaves on the trees shimmer and laugh, smiling. Dr. Elsworth Baker once spoke to Reich of the orgone moaning in the wind, and Reich agreed, saying, "Where did we get our emotions if not from orgone energy?"

If God is Nature, we are part of God. Most of the religious I have known agree that God is in us, yet they think of God as a mysterious, protective force outside of themselves and quite separate. It seems safer. That all living entities are interacting as part of Natural Law to enhance or diminish each other is more frightening than a God "out there" to whom we may turn for help and comfort, to whom we may pray for sustenance and succor. But, when one gets used to the idea, one may find that being able to depend on Natural Law is really much safer than being dependent on an arbitrary, despotic paternal Being.

Fundamentalist Christians still cherish as historical fact the biblical stories about God's revealing Himself to favored individuals in thunderous words or in whispers or in words struck magically into stone for the edification of Moses and his people. Taken as myth, there are profound truths to be found in these Bible stories, but taken literally, as thousands of Christian fundamentalists take them, they seem puerile, a kind of wizard's trickery, compared to the way the Creative Force reveals itself to us through eyes, ears, and other fabulous senses through which we experience true "revelations" of God abounding on all sides. I feel more grateful to a Creative Power that has given me the ability to discover It and learn Its ways through my own experience of lawful creation than I would to a God who demanded blind faith and professed Himself in miracles.

In the realm of knowing God, Christian-Judaic man has been haunted by a maddening contradiction. He is told in the first book of the Bible (the Torah) that he must not try to know God; he is forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and be like God, yet he is bidden to be like God in his attributes of goodness, kindness, intelligence, charity, etc. Thus he is admonished to emulate that which he is not supposed to

know. Many Christians and Jews have not taken the prohibition literally, of course, and have devoted their lives to trying to find God through the acquisition of knowledge --- and not a few have suffered ambivalence and guilt, not to mention the Inquisition for this transgression.

The prohibition by scriptures and priests has reinforced man's fear of knowing God, but the fear most probably did not originate with the prohibition; for, when man armored, he became afraid to feel the living energy streaming in his body and to experience the most profound expression of love, the blending with the cosmos (God) in the orgasm. In many lands and in all ages, priests have cornered the market on holiness and dispensed God's favors for a price to attain power, but they didn't invent the fear, they merely cashed in on the fear that was already present, reinforced it, and prescribed prohibitions to make sure it was carried on generation after generation. A truly fearless, guiltless, that is, orgasmically potent, man could not be fooled or coerced by priests.

Naming God

To the reluctance to know God in its immediacy may be attributed the awkwardness many feel in using the name Reich gave to the cosmic life energy, "orgone." The Ancient Hebrews were reluctant to name It, too, and had a name for It that none of the laity were permitted to know, only the initiate. It would seem that today this attitude applies to orgone, too. I have known and know innumerable people who have read Reich and claim to agree with organomic concepts who persistently refer to orgone as just "energy" or even "electricity"--never as "orgone." One doctor who left the field after years of work as a psychiatric organomist said it outright: "Yes, I feel it in me, and I work with it, but why call it 'orgone'?"

The ingrained inner prohibitions and social prohibitions against knowing God that have made men afraid to name God are powerful and stem from the terror armored man feels when he begins to get in touch with his own energy streamings, the feeling of God in himself. Genuine mystics feel it and call it "soul" or "spirit" when they feel it move in themselves. The terror has been felt by thousands of orgone therapy patients who have gone far enough in therapy to feel the dread anxiety that accompanies

the freeing of energy in their bodies.

Perception of God as energy today

Despite the fear of knowing about orgone energy, to prove which we need only the witness of Reich's persecution and the big silence surrounding his work even as it is stolen piecemeal on all sides, on a deep, intuitive level, everyone has some perception of the relationship between life energy and God. Today, a widespread perception of God as energy or an energetic process is evident, even among the clergy.

A Protestant pastor asserted on a radio broadcast recently, "Yes, Jesus is a great teacher, but He is more than that. He is life itself, and life is energy. God is energy. If you need strength, give yourself to Christ, to God, and you will have more strength. (The special privileges accorded priests permitted him to make such a declaration without having to explain what "giving yourself to energy" means or how it will make you stronger. Surely he was not referring to the orgone energy accumulator.)

On another radio program, with less direct awareness, a Roman Catholic priest proclaimed, "We are in the flow of life through Him, and He is in us."

A Rabbi asked, "Since God is life, knowledge, goodness --- what else can He be but an energy process?"

And then there are the many hymns and spirituals that clearly express a perception of streaming energy as spirit. "Every time I feel the spirit moving in me, I pray," exalts the blues singer.

Why is this widespread perception of God as energy, still in this scientific age, so mystified? Because it is coming too close to knowing God, to touching God? Reich pointed out that armored man is even more afraid to know about his Life Energy than he is to know about orgasmic potency, his paradise lost. The streaming "spirit" cannot be identified as reality until it includes genitality. As long as the flow of life energy bypasses the genitals but is nonetheless felt as pleasurably exciting and cosmic longing, orgone energy will be mystified as God; and the obverse side of this is that the suppressed hate from sexual frustration that is dammed up behind the holiness will bring on more wars and other life-inimical expressions.

We are acquainted with poets like D. H. Lawrence and William Blake, and philosophers like Henri Bergson, who

have acknowledged God as primordial energy but nonetheless tended to mystify It. Physicians, too, have this tendency, as succinctly expressed by Eric P. Mosse in his *Conquest of Loneliness*, when speaking about the enigma of life:

It makes very little difference, then, whether one talks in terms of the community of God's children or of a common substance that has, through millions of aeons of evolution, developed into the differing aspects of stars, animals and men. Nor do I think the name it is given is of decided importance; any one is simply a confession of ignorance. Indeed, it is more important that one asks the question than that one finds the answer. For the simple fact that this issue is raised is the broadest, most basic and irrefutable proof that man, unlike any other form of creation, feels the need to relate himself to the vast universe in which he has his being.

Orgonomy contradicts that view, for it demonstrates that the way one approaches understanding---in terms of a mystical God or a "common substance"---makes all the difference. It also proves that the inquiry need not be only a helpless confession of ignorance and that it is no less important to find the answer than to raise the question. Orgonomists also suggest that man is not the only form of creation that relates to the vast universe, but rather that man is the only form of earthly life that has cut itself off from its relationship to the vast universe.

Does God know us?

The question of our knowing God suggests another: Does God know us? Rationally, we must answer in the negative. Nonetheless, God knows, for It created all that is---though how It knows we don't know. Life itself knows. I like the way Professor John Bell put it in one of his New York University lectures: "Living tissue that has ideas." But does It know us individually? Or is Nature utterly impersonal? It creates endless individuals, astronomical numbers of leaves and snowflakes, all individuals, as is each fish, fowl, insect, worm, bird, and man, all highly individualized "persons" turned out in droves but never mechanically enmass. Yet, in that Its laws are universal, implacable, and applied without favor or indulgence, yes, It is impersonal. It probably doesn't know us in the same sensory way we know ourselves

and each other. Yet, we might say that God knows us quite personally when we know ourselves or others know us, for we are part of the knowing Life. This concept is in keeping with Reich's idea that God is coming to know Itself through man's awareness.

If you believe in an impersonal God, a creative energy, you are deprived of the dependence and comfort afforded by a God who knows you personally, a Father-Mother-God who takes care of you if you are good and faithful, forgives you if you are bad and repent, and gathers you into heaven on your demise. You are deprived of this great comfort and assurance in a threatening world. But there are compensations.

The intelligence, strength, and substance of orgone energy are available to all the living, and we can depend on Its functional laws to guide us if we are in touch with It. The armored still feel a need for a personal God, so, despite my unbelief, I have prayed to a personal God when I desperately needed something I felt I couldn't provide for myself or do by myself, a cry of ultimate, helpless desperation, not really believing the plea was heard. It has occurred to me that perhaps this directing of my yearning may have helped by arousing the God in me to fulfill the need. Though at rare moments, in shivering vulnerability, I have wished I could believe in a protecting God, more than ninety-nine percent of the time I am glad I don't believe in an arbitrary God who can cancel out the universal laws of cause and effect in order to respond to someone's plea.

While thus considering the importance of knowing God, I recalled that the Persian poet Omar Khayyam softly bemoans our fate: "Into this universe, the Why not knowing - nor Whence, like water willy-nilly flowing - And out of it like wind along the waste - I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing." He resorts to the tippler's remedy, saying it will take "many a cup of that forbidden wine to drown the memory of this insolence." Not knowing why or whence or whither is no insolence, for this Great Mystery is the prototype for all mystery stories, and the poet should have considered how tame everything would be if we knew it all. The quest, the adventure into the unknown, is essential for being a man or even a cat. But basically, the grail must always be a search for the love that was lost when men armored. - (To be continued.)

Three Pregnancies and Mothering Two Baby Boys

by - Mary Rogove, M.A.

*And now the privilege of growing-seed; a privilege that she,
the woman, inherits; an honor that she, the woman, fulfills.*
(from *Hanta Yo* by Ruth Beebe Hill)

I have two boys, one and fourteen. I have been pregnant three times. All three pregnancies were very different in feeling. The first two pregnancies were not considered decisions and caused many problems.

My first pregnancy was aborted. I had just "finished" therapy. I was newly in love, glowing, and exhilarated, and then, through carelessness, I was pregnant. I had no contact with the price I would pay for taking the orgonotic function of pregnancy so lightly after I had experienced it with so much feeling.

I was pregnant for two months. Emotionally, I was very expressive, but short of orgasmic potency. I was amazed at the amount of pleasure I felt, the palpable feeling of ripening, with pelvic streamings that occurred for no reason at all, just walking down New York City streets. I was sure it was a girl (I was always sure it was a girl) and that she was the deepest part of me.

I felt it was right, emotionally, to have this baby despite bad financial circumstances, but I had the abortion because, had I not, I would have been dismissed from college before my imminent graduation. I was frightened because it was illegal, but relieved that the doctor was competent and that I was among five other girls. I was on a peculiar high compared to the other girls, who were depressed or cynical. I felt a strange excitement, for my body refused to give up feeling that I was about to give birth. After it was over and the pain was gone, I still felt pregnant. I was extra careful when crossing the street, as though I had something to protect. Yet I felt vastly and unjustly empty. I felt as though my nature, all nature, had been

deeply violated and something so much a part of me had been ripped out with shreds and pieces left inside. It had nothing to do with guilt or religious considerations. It was a real murder. I was deeply depressed for two months, like some hollow, sexless person whose guts are burned out after being in a concentration camp. I felt the emotional scars of it for years afterwards.

I became pregnant again a few months later. I was having marriage problems and had by then experienced orgasm anxiety for the first time, in the form of streamings in the pelvis and thighs accompanied by a terror that my husband was going to kill me. I decided to remain pregnant, mostly because I couldn't face the anguish of another abortion, but also because this time it wouldn't interfere with graduation.

Although I was emotionally excited and very interested in this pregnancy, I was disappointed that it rarely matched the first in streamings and contact. I was unarmored and felt alive but sad and anxious about my marriage. My city teaching job in a bad area made me emotionally tense, and I had to find ways to relax. At six months gestation, I was happy and expressive for a while, and the fetus had periods of extreme activity during this expansion, as though making up for lost time. But then the marital storms continued, and, although I felt well being pregnant, my sexual desire waned, and the fetus was relatively quiet afterwards.

Labor took six hours. My contact with the baby was good, and I felt happy and exhilarated, as though my insides had been swept clean, with strong genital

feelings while holding and nursing him. Later, I developed fleeting periods of intense genital anxiety, and the baby became anxious, too. By the end of the first year, because of my unsettled life and finances, and the haphazard, far-from-ideal arrangements made for his care while I was working, the baby became quite armored. I described all these problems in the November 1969 issue of the *Journal of Orgonomy*.

Thirteen years later, when my third pregnancy occurred, I was back in therapy again. Even though I had rearmored, I felt generally more capable and mature than I had during my first therapy. By then, I was having marriage problems again, but the baby was very much wanted and planned for. Being a multipara pleased me, but pregnancy wasn't the emotional big event it was with the second child, nor did I feel the incredible streamings I'd had with the first. But, I think I had a higher organotic charge than with the second pregnancy. I had some initial, vague nausea. Looking at fetal pictures was repugnant and anxiety-provoking. I was much more comfortable with the pregnancy when feeling it subjectively. I loved it; it was part of me and felt right. Because of this, and as before, I was sure it was a girl. Despite my sadness and problems, I felt with pleasure the increasing charge of the fetal energy field interacting with mine.

Sexual desire increased tremendously to the end, but my expression was inhibited, and I was never fully satisfied. I would experience this desire in overwhelming waves, from the neck down, often at inappropriate times, as though my uterus were too thin to contain the energy and baby and my bottom was going to fall out. I took little steps, just in case, so that the public wouldn't have to witness this impending catastrophe. "Oh, no. Not this again," I would tell myself. I fidgeted enormously and chewed gum frantically, and made what seemed like a superhuman effort to appear nonchalant and not to look "horny" in front of my fellow students in a college class. (Aside from my teacher, I was the oldest one there.) I set short-range goals for myself: just to get by and appear normal for the next few minutes.

Although the fetus didn't show the intensity of movement that had occurred during the first six months of the second pregnancy, it was more consistently active from three months to the end. I even felt a deliberate kick during labor transition, when fetuses are usually quiet. By the end of the pregnancy, I was expressing doubts

about having a girl, since a lady wrestler wasn't exactly what I had in mind. I didn't want a girl that bad.

Labor took five hours. The first stage was short and painful, but I was able to control my feelings of panic by controlled breathing and by keeping my eyes in contact. I was looking forward to the second stage and experiencing the euphoric and pleasurable downward push of baby and energy that I felt with my first child. But nature is never neat and pat. The second stage was long and difficult. I became exhausted and had the utterly helpless feeling that the baby was stuck and that I could do nothing about it. (He was much larger than the first.) I welcomed the lower forceps delivery and was grateful that the doctor wanted to work with my pushes rather than just pulling the baby out. Finally, while pushing the head out, I was relieved that I managed to experience the discharge with some pleasure and contact before the seemingly endless ordeal was over.

I saw this well-developed little creature on the examining table, and I fell in love with him. He was the most vigorous baby in the nursery, and the doctors and nurses nicknamed him "tiger." But he had been badly frightened by his experience. He looked like he had been in a nine-round boxing match and had lost. His face was swollen and bruised, with a forceps cut under his eye. The cut soon healed without being stitched. So I talked to him and soothed him until he could relax slowly into sleep. I was sympathetic for him but not upset. I felt very happy and confident that my love for him would in time help him overcome his trauma. Later, he would cautiously open one eye at a time to have a look at the world only when he was in a position of safety at my breast. I thought this charming and humorous.

I felt great pleasure when holding and nursing him, but then I felt anxiety and guilt that such a handsome little boy was the cause of all these feelings. I remembered old American and European photos of little boys decked out in long curls and dresses; and I realized this practice was the mothers' way of handling their anxiety towards their infant boys. I armored against my anxiety by clamping down in my jaw. Luckily, I was in therapy, and my feelings of pleasure would always return, until the next anxiety attack and clamping down.

The baby was so lively and responsive and precocious from his first week, that he was a joy to be with. He was everything

I could ever want in a baby. But, for several weeks, he continued generally anxious and worried and had trouble sleeping by himself. He needed to be held a lot, and only wanted me. At two months, I felt he was holding in his jaw when crying and that his mouth seemed frustrated. I took him to an organomist for a session, after which he seemed greatly relieved.

I had missed that special charge of pregnancy, but I felt it all over again when I held the baby. It was so gratifying that I never begrudged the many times a day that he wanted me to hold him. One day, I tried carrying him around all day in a baby sack while I did my work, but I was bent over and exhausted by the end of the day. It was more satisfying to have him separate from me and just pick him up when he needed reassurance, hold him for a few minutes, and then put him down again. Then he would be content for awhile. These periods of contentment gradually lengthened, and, toward the end of his first year, he would entertain himself every morning in a safe place for two-and-a-half hours before becoming upset. It seemed as though our energy fields excited each other, and, because of the long and familiar association of pregnancy, we were comfortable together. I would spontaneously breathe more heavily with the feeling of it—so soft and gentle that there was no room for anxiety or impatience. I loved our long hours alone together.

By four months, the baby seemed totally recovered from his birth experience, showed very little anxiety, and could reach out and enjoy other people more, too. He could relax in my arms very well, went to sleep easily, and took regular naps. Sometimes, I would notice his mouth quiver and relax into a smile as he let go of the nipple. Occasionally, he was tense at the end of the day; he was tired, nothing pleased him, yet he couldn't go to sleep. I would let him scream in my arms or in his crib for a few minutes to let off steam. Then he would be able to relax in my arms as usual and go to sleep.

On some days, he follows me around and clings and wants a lot of contact. Perhaps he is teething or feeling under par. So I just enjoy him and get less work done. On most days, I have to follow him around to see what he is up to. He could be standing precariously on top of the couch arm, or crawling away into the sunset without as much as a backward glance. Exploring is his main interest, although he also loves playing with his toys and looking at his books. He goes about his business and doesn't get anxious when I leave the



"Exploring is his main interest."

room or the house. If he does cry when I leave, it's usually because he wants to go outside, too.

For two weeks, he became frustrated and demanding. He would not eat solid foods. He insisted that I teach him how to walk by grabbing my hands and pulling me to walk around with him many times a day. It was the only thing that made him happy. If he saw books or toys of interest along the way, he wanted me to sit down and play or read to him, but he didn't want to let go of my hands so we could be sure to continue "walking" when the other activity was over. I didn't know who was happier—the baby or me—when he could walk by himself. He was delighted with his achievement, resumed eating, and was his sweet, contented self again, extra busy with this major achievement. I had to laugh many times a day to see him gleefully running now, with arms extended in front of him for balance, like a baby Frankenstein.

Organomy has been very helpful to me in understanding that discipline is very important to the young child's development, but that it should be gentle, not harsh. I understand that babies are all impulse until at least eighteen months, and that it is unfair to expect them to use their brain to control themselves by shouting harshly and repeatedly "No!"

from a distance. So far (twelve months), I find that a loving "No" while gently taking the baby away from the forbidden object, together with one of those gratifying hugs, is very effective. It's effective because he loves being picked up by me, and because he is only too delighted by the prospect of trying for the same object all over again. He busies his little monkey hands on something else I show him, until he remembers the original object, and my intervention has to be repeated umpteen times a day. It's tiring, but I can admire his turtle-like persistence, especially when I know that sleep time isn't too far away. I find this kind of discipline effective because nobody else's things are interfered with, and the baby doesn't stiffen up with anger and negativism at every inconsequential thing.

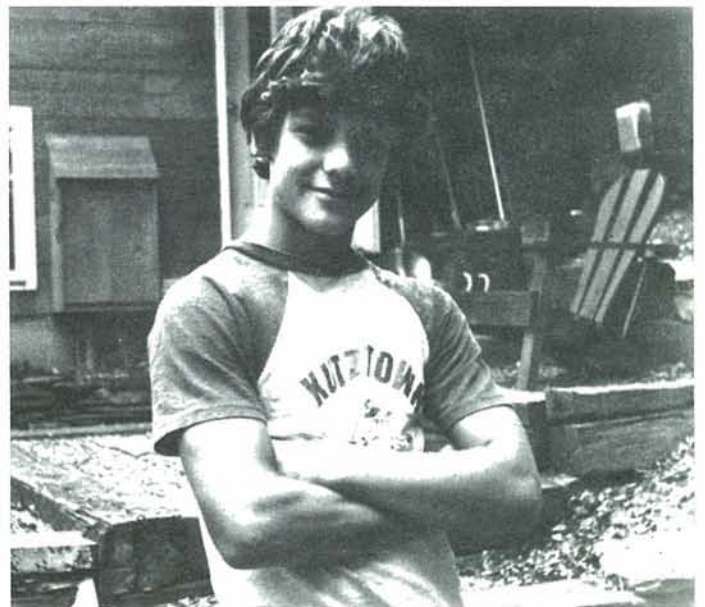
With my second child, I deliberately avoided reading the "how to" child-rearing literature ("when the baby does this, you do that") that I had read with such interest with my first child. I think that many of these books, meant to be a help, have, in effect, been very destructive because they have undermined parents' confidence in responding with gut feelings (contact) to particular situations. Instead, parents respond only with heads filled with unfelt notions and formulas from books, and the child becomes miserable and insecure. I am happy that I was careful not to repollute my mind with the ideas of these self-appointed, moralistic, and meddling authorities. The baby can feel confident about getting a consistently gentle, loving, yet firm response from me because I really feel the daily delight of being with him, of reacting to him harmoniously as a separate entity. He can be confident that my attitude is not at all the same as the assumed, stoically patient attitude acquired from books. I enjoyed reading nonjudgemental descriptions of child-parent behavior (for example, *Infants and Mothers: Differences in Development* by T. Berry Brazelton, M.D.), and I found the growing body of organomic insights about children (in lectures and articles) to be a real and true help.

I want to offer one last observation, but in this I am speculating and generalizing on the basis of only two children, and I could be, as I so often am, wrong.

My first child was more passive in pregnancy and was a calm, serene child in his first few weeks. Gradually, he became more intensely expressive. He kicked his limbs with great strength when excited by

his mobile. At four months, he started loud vocalizing and arm-waving to express his excitement at solids feedings. He made excited "gorilla" sounds when looking around. He screamed and screamed with joy when he learned to walk. He was quick to become angry and upset. All this drive for expression made him harder to live with. Even now, at fourteen, he is noisier than the baby. He needs to excel in a lot of activities and to work hard in order to be happy.

The second child was more active in the pregnancy (even though he was bigger, and presumably had less physical room in which to move), and, during his first weeks, was a plastic bundle of high-strung energy. He was hardly serene. He constantly made faces and was busy with rooting movements and sucking his fist, and he hated lying in the insecure position, on his back. My impulse was to relax rather than stimulate him. Then, while he retained all the early responsiveness and motor precocity of the active-type baby, he became more and more quiet and calm. He never expressed as much visible movement when excited by his mobile as did the first child. An appreciative smile was often enough. He purred with satisfaction when manipulating objects. He accepted solids feedings with matter-of-fact interest. Although he has a loud, very assertive voice, he was never as vocal as the first baby. He is not quick to anger. He would just as soon suck his thumb when hungry or tired (unless he has to wait too long) rather than carry on. He is much easier to live with.



"He needs to excell."

I wonder how much this difference in the need for expression has to do with the amount of fetal expression in the womb (suggested in "A Further Study of Genital Anxiety in Nursing Mothers" by Elsworth F. Baker, in the March 1969 issue of the *Journal of Orgonomy*). Multiparas often insist they feel fetal life earlier and more frequently in subsequent pregnancies. Doctors have traditionally explained this away by saying the first fetus was probably just as active, but the mother just didn't know what to feel for. I think the mothers are right. I think it is safe to assume that mothers usually can tolerate a greater charge in subsequent pregnancies (simply because they are more used to it), and that the fetus responds with more activity. Mothers in and out of therapy often say they had better rapport with their second child. According to the mothers, these second children have fewer problems, are more content and independent, and they are easier to live with. Traditionally, this has been explained by the fact that the mothers are more anxious with the first and more experienced and relaxed with the second. Of course, this is true, but I think this anxiety and relaxation also apply to the pregnancies, as well, and that, as a result, children really are qualitatively different, not just our approach to them.

A significant majority of the world's greatest men (scientists, explorers, etc.) have been first-borns. Usually they have had more severe personal struggles than their younger siblings and had a greater push for expression and achievement. The usual explanation for the superior achievement of first-borns is that they were showered with more personal attention from parents, even if it was anxious. But, I wonder how much this really unexplained drive for expression has to do with behavior in the womb.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mary Rogove was raised in city, suburb, and farm. Summers spent on her grandparents' farm on Long Island engendered a love of the country that had led her and her family to make their home in the farmland country of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Having weathered five years of teaching in the New York City school jungle, Mary Rogove definitely opts for teaching in rural areas and plans to return to this vocation when her baby no longer needs all-day mothering. Fifteen years ago, not wanting to leave her first baby while she went out working, she started a cooperative pre-school group in Greenwich Village in New York, which is still a going concern. Although deeply involved with preserving and expanding our political freedoms, Mary Rogove's main interest is children—her own and others. For her, the struggles and rewards of mothering and teaching are above all else most absorbing and gratifying.

(Her address is: R.D.#1, Box 11-H, Kempton, Pa. 19529.)



Mary Rogove

*When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast
And everything else is still.*

*Songs of Innocence
William Blake*

The Cosmic Choreography of Bird-Flight

by - David Dressler

I noticed a very interesting phenomenon tonight, which I would like to relate, along with some conclusions I drew from it.

For some time, I have wondered about what makes birds soar in such exquisite unison, as when migrating. I have noticed that, before they migrate or just fly in unison anyplace, they spend a long time gathered in a "bird convention," perched on some branches or building, screeching at the top of their lungs and luminating vividly. I had noticed, too, that when they fly in unison, they luminate. Somehow, I felt these activities, particularly flying in unison, to be essentially orgonotic phenomena: a manifestation of orgone energy at work, that bird-flight and migration are essentially functions of primal energy. Tonight, I believe I caught sight of something formerly hidden from me.

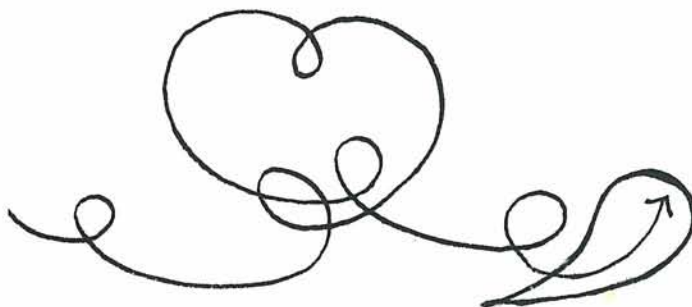
I happened to be reading "The Spinning Wave: II," by Courtney Baker in the *Journal of Orgonomy* (Vol. 13, No. 1) just before I saw the birds, so possibly my interpretation was influenced or guided by my reading about the *Kreiselwelle* (or spinning wave).

The weather was unusually warm for winter, the air rather still and heavy. A massive flock of birds was wheeling overhead about dusk. At first, I was simply excited at witnessing hundreds of darting specks moving in unison and in such a perfect pattern. As I watched, however, my attention moved from seeing individual birds to being aware of the mass as a whole. I began to see the moving mass of birds as a huge, pulsating form that slowly wheeled and spiralled in the heavens. Indeed, that is just what it was! When I perceived the phenomenon as a whole, it resembled the form and movement of a jellyfish under water, while the pulsatory quality made the whole mass seem to breathe. The essential mass was always teardrop-shaped, and it pulsated

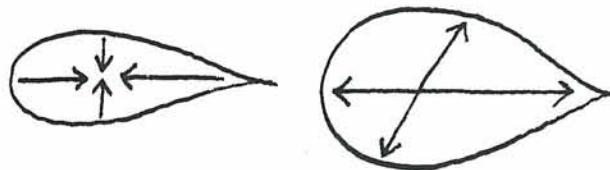
as it moved in spirals. I have drawn the basic shape, which you can see is the form of the orgonome!



And the path of travel is that of the spinning wave!



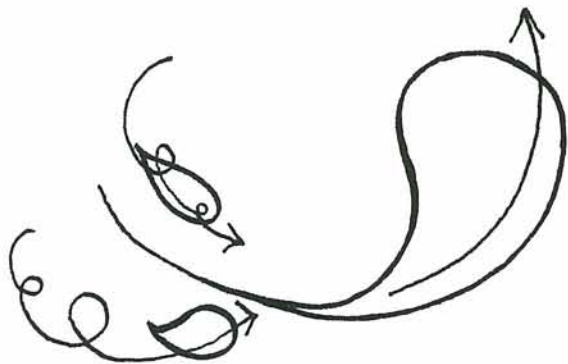
Moreover, there is an unmistakable living quality to the form: It expands, contracts, elongates, and compresses, in a distinctly rhythmic way reminiscent of breathing.



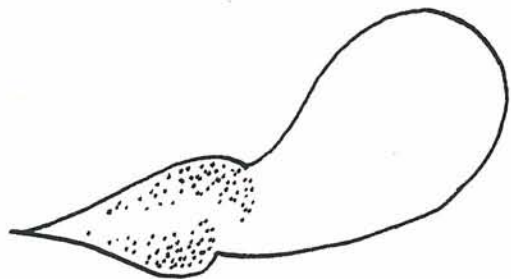
All the while, the individual birds are luminating, so the whole mass is subtly alive with light.

It happened that two smaller pulsing masses of birds glided into the vicinity of the larger mass, which was still spiralling majestically in the heavens. Almost at once, both smaller masses began to follow the larger mass, as though inexorably attracted to it, and the three pulsing masses, still distinctly separate,

were spiralling together.



This continued until the two smaller masses became assimilated into the larger mass, swelling its size as it continued pulsating and circling overhead.



This assimilation occurred so harmoniously, without the slightest collision or disruption, that I had the awesome impression of mysterious power guiding those tiny winged bodies. Then it dawned on me that I might have just witnessed the superimposition of orgone energy systems!

The impression I had was that the flying flock seemed to be "of a single mind," "many individuals, a single soul," that the flock was like a living organism functioning according to a law that transcends the individuals in it. As I looked carefully, I realized that there were neither leaders nor followers in the flock; the same bird that might be at the head of the flock at one moment was near the tail end of the flock at another time, without the slightest perturbation.

I also noticed that the mass always moved from the largest end forward, from where the greatest lumination presumably was concentrated (because there were always more birds at the large end of the pulsating mass).

Darkness closed in, so I was not able to see what became of the birds.

From the above observations, I drew the following tentative conclusions:

1. The overall form of at least some bird flocks is that of the orgonome.

2. The mass constantly pulsates; that is, the distance between individual birds decreases and increases in a distinctly rhythmic way. This may be a function of charge and discharge of energy in the individual members of the flock (closer together in charge, farther apart in discharge?).

3. The trajectory of the flock, at least some flocks, is spiralic--the spinning wave.

4. The mass luminates.

5. The mass always moves forward from the larger end, just as a fish does. In fact, the form the flock takes, together with its pulsatory movement, makes it appear to be moving like a fish under water. It is possible that the larger number of birds at the head end of the moving mass indicates a greater concentration of orgone energy at that end. This could be a manifestation of another organomic principle, namely, that the greater concentration of orgone energy draws lower concentrations to it. In this way, the greater number of birds concentrated at the large, head end of the flock would energetically attract to that end the relatively fewer birds at the trailing end of the flock. This would tend to keep the moving mass together and pulsating.

6. The larger mass of birds always attracts the smaller masses external to it, never the other way around. When masses near each other, the smaller ones are absorbed into the largest one. The trajectory of approaching masses, in light of their pulsatory behavior, creates spinning waves that superimpose, forming a single larger mass that (instead of rotating as in the case of superimposing energy vesicles or cosmic energy streams) continues in a spiral wave course.

7. The direction of the mass is not determined by the individuals in it, seemingly, but by the energy generated by the individuals, acting according to a law of its own. It appears that, by screeching and whipping up excitement, individual birds generate a tremendous charge in the space between themselves, until the charge in that space begins to react back on the individuals who generated it. At this point, the individuals are moved by this energy according to a direction that transcends and unifies the individuals who, through their separate "intentions" (charges and discharges), "created" it. A sort of group consciousness occurs, and the seemingly random confusion of birds wheels silently into

the sky to perform a dance choreographed by Cosmic Orgone Energy! It is as though the Life Force itself, or God, were dancing!

As one witnesses this majestic wheeling in the heavens, following it with

one's head, one feels this same cosmic spiral movement working in one's own spine. "As above, so below." Thus, a "common" event takes on a deep, cosmic and human significance. ~o o o o o~

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Dressler is a professional dancer, choreographer, and dance teacher whose work in modern and experimental dance, jazz, and body-awareness has coalesced into an approach and a school that he calls Dancenergy. He has long been experimenting with dance as energy, to integrate mind and body, discover feelings, and gain new insights. His life is devoted to dance as emotional expression, as therapy, and as a performing art. He is currently concentrating on the therapeutic

effect of the excited, expanded energy field that is produced by dancing.

Approaching movement as energy flow has sensitized him to energy phenomena in the environment, he tells us, which is how he came to notice the energy pattern in bird-flight.

Mr. Dressler is also a free-lance dance critic for Victoria's *Monday Magazine*. (He may be reached at: Dancenergy, 1322A Government Street, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 1Y8.)



WILLIAM BARTLETT

*Dance as Emotional Expression:
David Dressler as an angry, menacing, predatory bird.*

The Fifteenth Street School

by - Patricia Greene, M.A.

Patricia Greene (now Mrs. Gordon Humphrey), formerly directress of the Fifteenth Street School in New York City, gave the following lecture at a course on orgonomy at New York University in 1974. She received an enthusiastic ovation from the class at the end of the lecture, for the college students had recognized the unvarnished truth told as they had never heard it before. Since the author's insights are as relevant today as they were yesterday, we are pleased to bring you this helpful analysis of the educational scene, which is reprinted from Volume 8, No.2 of The Journal of Orgonomy, with the kind permission of the editor, Dr. Elsworth F. Baker.

A visitor walking into our school would first see a bunch of children of all ages (4-12) playing unsupervised in a room that takes up the ground floor, which we call the gym. Organized pandemonium prevails. Some of the little children are flying around the room in capes, playing batman. Two little girls are playing mommy and baby on a mat in a corner of the gym. Two of the older boys have constructed a tunnel and a private club out of styrofoam mats, and another group is playing freeze tag in and around the other activities. Everyone is in motion, but there is no fighting. It might look like chaos to the visitor, but to us who know the children, each activity appears organized. Children drift in and out of the gym as the visitor watches. We follow one of them up to the second floor where the office and the classrooms of the third to sixth grades are located. One teacher, Karl, is teaching German to six children in the office. While he is doing this, children are working and playing in his classroom—also unsupervised—and others are coming and going. Lori and Wanda are playing with their mice, Fred is working on his pool table at the wood bench. John and Bill have just come back from outside with meatball hero sandwiches, which they proceed to eat. Steve, Karl,

and Seth are making a dinosaur habitat out of playdough, and all of this is going on without a teacher in the room or his absence even being noted. As the visitor and I proceed through the building, we see children in every nook and cranny, some on the stairs, some under, some parading around in costumes, some gossiping, others doing special projects in the art room. Nobody pays attention to the visitor or me as we make our rounds. To the children, the appearance or disappearance of adults is not considered an event of much importance.

As we visit the classrooms, most of the children are working on projects on their own or with a teacher in a small group. If it is a nice day, some children are out on the terraces playing in the sand boxes or up on the roof. The visitor remarks that the children seem very lively and happy. I think to myself that we are having a good day: relaxed, calm, and busy.

In total, what the visitor has seen in his stroll through the school are eighty children, ranging in age from 4 to 12, in a building with four floors. The ground floor is the gym—essentially an indoor playing field, a large, carpeted room with secret houses and large,



THE FIFTEENTH STREET SCHOOL—1980
(Photos by Alfred Miller)

Arts and crafts



Freedom of expression



Free Enterprise

Orderly pandemonium in the gym



soft, geometric objects for the children to play with. The second floor houses the office and two classrooms: one, the third grade homeroom, the other, the central meeting place for fourth, fifth, and sixth graders. First and second grades and the art room occupy the third floor, and the nursery-kindergarten has the run of the entire top floor. The roof provides a fenced-in outdoor playground with play-houses and climbing equipment.

This domain is presided over by five teachers, two assistant teachers, myself and my secretary. We are a school started ten years ago by Orson Bean, patterned, at least in spirit and belief, after Summerhill, A.S. Neill's school in England.

Orson's reasons for starting the school and feelings about it are recorded in his book *Me and the Orgone*. Briefly, he felt the world could improve only through raising healthier children and that a school could contribute to this. Reading *Summerhill*, undergoing orgone therapy, and having a four-year-old daughter about to go to school and some loose cash in his pocket culminated in his founding of the Fifteenth Street School. He had hated school himself and didn't want his daughter to go through the same experience. Orson was inspired by Summerhill but never slavishly tried to follow it. He shared Neill's basic attitude about freedom and the importance of seeking pleasure and happiness in life, but he found his own way of setting up a school, dealing with children, and solving the problems of freedom and license.

Orson ran the school for six years, the last two with my help, and then left New York and the school for Australia. I had been a teacher in public and private schools around New York when I came to the Fifteenth Street School, having heard about it from Dr. Elsworth Baker while in therapy with him. I started out as a first grade teacher, and then, when the Rippys, who had run the school with Orson, left, I took their job. When Orson himself left, I kept it open, having worked with him for three years. I had always felt since I had been a young child that someday I would have my own school. I was inspired then not by Summerhill, but by Louisa May Alcott's *Little Men*, which was about a school for orphan boys. I recently reread the book to see why I had loved it so and found that there was a great sense of freedom and health expressed in the book, and that it was, in fact, a very early version of a free school—a precursor of Summerhill. At any rate,

my few qualifications for being here tonight are that I have been a teacher for twelve years and that I have been director of the Fifteenth Street School for six. My relationship to orgonomy is that of a patient. I have no special insights or training in orgonomy, although I feel that my therapy made it possible for me to run a school, and that without it I would not have been able to. I am not an authority on orgonomy and do not intend to talk about the school or children strictly in orgonomic terms, but just descriptively from my experience as a teacher.

At any rate, the school is technically not a branch of orgonomy, but an educational institution. We practice no therapy there of any kind. Orson, myself, and several other teachers over the years have been patients of orgonomists, which has influenced our beliefs and feelings considerably, but there is no official connection.

The school's relationship to A.S. Neill is also basically one of a shared attitude or belief. Our school, like Neill's, has as its goal self-regulation for children in all aspects of their energetic functioning. That means that, as at Summerhill, all individual expression which does not interfere with the rights of others or with health and safety is encouraged. The children don't have to do anything they don't want to do except comply with certain safety and health regulations (no eating in the halls, no leaving the building without permission) and certain socially cooperative measures (clean-up) that group living requires. As at Summerhill, there is a program of academic classes that the children can participate in at will. But children need not take formal lessons at all. Behind all this is a belief shared with Neill, a belief in the basic decency of nature and of human nature left to follow its course free from interference by a sick and anxious adult world.

However, there are many differences between our school and Summerhill, some technical and some profound. As I mentioned, we do not practice therapy, which Neill did, at least in the early years of his school, although he eventually gave it up. Other differences are that we are a day school, not a community, and that our children are young. Partly for these reasons, we do not have a school government based on complete equality between adults and children.

Essentially, we do not have student government for still another reason: We do not believe that, in the nature of things, children and adults are completely equal. We believe that there is a natural authority that adults have over children, and that the abuse of this natural authority is the authoritarianism that most adults practice. It is as much a mistake to ignore or deny that natural authority as to abuse it with excessive force and control. The younger the child, the more the adult authority holds sway. It should always be used, as it is in the rest of the animal world, to nurture and protect the child and to train him for adult life. It should never be used to interfere with his natural development. To deny the existence of that authority is to distort nature in a new way and to deprive the child of a type of contact that he desperately needs. Basically, student government with young students, where adults and students have equal say, is a distortion of natural functioning in the direction of permissiveness and is bad for the child. I was interested to see in the movie *Cry of the Wild* that the photographer observed the mother wolf would not allow the cubs to fight; she separated them. We do the same thing with the children when they get into a bad fight--on the grounds that they might hurt themselves seriously or get carried away by their feelings. We do not moralize about fights; we just step in to keep the fight from getting out of hand.

To me, the essential difference between our school and Summerhill is based on the fact that there has been a dramatic change in the world since the time when Neill started Summerhill. As a result, children and their problems are different and the task of the school becomes different, too. When Neill started Summerhill fifty years ago, it was as an antidote to the excessive authoritarianism and repressiveness of the Victorian Era. But times have changed: Child-rearing practices have changed, and character structure, as a result, has changed, too. I came to understand this more fully by reading "Rise of the Psychopath" by Dr. Barbara Koopman in the *Journal of Orgonomy* (Vol. 7, No. 1, 1973). To compensate for the harsh rigidity and repressiveness of their early lives, Neill allowed children to rule the school and submitted himself to majority regulations established by the student government. Sometimes he would encourage children to break windows and steal, knowing that once their angry rebellion had been expressed,

the natural, creative, life-positive forces could take over. Children from authoritarian homes, although mean and angry, have essentially sound structures, which emerge once the anger and sadness have been expressed.

Whereas the battle for life had to be fought in those days against excessive structure and rigidity, today we are faced with the opposite, a battle against the forces of disintegration--things seem to be coming apart at the seams. Due to permissiveness at home, to the abandonment by parents of their natural authority, to the loss of energetic and emotional content in life, and to an intellectualization of feelings, parents are raising children whose structures are very weakly held together, who are holding on to themselves and to life by a slender thread. Some of the children are allowed to go to bed whenever they please, no matter how tired they are or how late the hour. They are subjected to the painful experience of watching their parents smoke marijuana--or worse. In at least one case we know of, a child regularly watched his parents having sexual intercourse. Children are taught by their parents to despise the President of the United States, to deride God, to have contempt for their country. When Nixon's name is mentioned, the children boo. One little girl wrote, "I hate God because he does not exist." Children are even deprived of the innocent enjoyment of Christmas or other sentimental occasions. One family makes it a principle not to celebrate Christmas because of the lack of spontaneity in setting aside a day for gift-giving. But in doing that, the parents are depriving the children of the most thrilling and magical day of the year. In the interests of openness and enlightenment one of our 8-year-olds was taken by his parents to see, among other movies, *A Clockwork Orange* and *The Exorcist*. Ostensibly "peace-and-freedom-loving" parents deny their boys the natural outlet of playing with toy guns, thereby creating a tremendous hunger in them to do so and at the same time a fear of expressing aggression. Children subjected to such intellectual strains and permissiveness in place of the freedom to express natural feeling are understandably not very capable of self-regulation. Freedom itself and any kind of excitement rouse in them great anxiety and cause outbreaks of anger or brattiness that we simply cannot handle. So, at the

same time that we allow the children expression of their basic energetic functions, we also try to hold them together so that this opportunity for real expression won't frighten them to the point where they fall apart.

It is not always good for children to be permitted unbridled rage, for the hate that is in some of them is very deep and pervasive. If allowed expression, this hate, in conjunction with an unstable structure, can drive a child to the brink of psychosis and can sweep through the school like an epidemic. One child used a weak teacher who couldn't stand up to her to vent all her rage and venom against her parents, until finally she actually reached such a deep level of anger that she had no control over her destructive fits and had to leave the school.

Because a number of children in our school have these unstable structures, in order for there to be any real self-expression, calm must prevail and anxiety levels must be kept down, or the children will simply fall to pieces. When the anxiety level does rise, the teachers step in. A teacher will simply insist that the children come together for a quiet time because they are too excited. Wherever we feel that the children cannot handle their emotions, we step in--- to make children stay in the room for awhile, to forbid them to play with a friend, to insist that they get busy with a specific task because they have not been able to handle themselves on their own. All discipline of this sort is and must be based on an understanding between the teacher and the child. Discipline must be carried out on the basis of that understanding and not because certain things are expected as a matter of course. We provide an external structure to compensate for a lack of internal cohesion, so that the child won't go mad. The external structure acts as a crutch; it enables the child to function. It is a necessary antidote to the permissiveness with which the children have been raised and is very different from Summerhill.

We can only give the children as much freedom as they can tolerate. Where they stop being able to tolerate freedom, their behavior degenerates into license. Recognizing the difference between freedom and license and learning how to deal with both are central problems of a school like ours and of all relatively free, democratic societies. It seems to me that freedom is the opportunity to express all the basic energetic impulses

emanating from the core (emotional, physical, and intellectual), and that this expression becomes license when the movement is from the secondary layer. One has the freedom to express one's rational core self (as long as it doesn't interfere with the rights of others). The emotions that derive from the secondary layer are irrational and always interfere with life, and hence with the rights of others. They are therefore always licentious. Such expression should be reserved, if possible, for therapy, where it can be dealt with constructively. Contempt, hatred, greed, jealousy, and stubbornness are continually coming out of the children. The unchanneled expression of these secondary emotions, which were caused originally by emotional deprivation and the inability to express the anger resulting from it, is license. Because they are not straight and real expressions of anger, letting them out does the children no good. The real anger is still buried. Moreover, allowing children full expression of secondary emotions creates intolerable anxiety in them and sets in motion a process of disintegration, leading, as they get older, to drugs, political nihilism, etc. At the school, since we do no therapy, we must put a lid on these secondary emotions, allowing the child expression of his core self to whatever extent possible. It is not a solution to the children's misery, but making the distinction clear between freedom and license and allowing full expression of what is best in the child is all we feel we can do.

Behind every distorted feeling and every confused situation is a real feeling. A school like ours can survive only if the teachers have sufficient contact to see what is really going on. Confusion and licentious behavior can be stopped only for the real and right reason and in the right way. For example, this year two of our 10-year-old girls have been doing quite a bit of stealing and disobeying. They took a number of toys from the kindergarten and hid them in the basement. They stole certain treasures and probably money, too, out of the children's cubbies. They found some old roller skates and insisted repeatedly on skating in the classroom, although they had been forbidden to because of the danger. After each of these events, we would have a talk, and they would say that they were bored or angry at someone. We would discuss the things there are to do at the school, and they would agree not to steal or disobey again. But the behavior continued. It

occurred to their teacher that they didn't want freedom, partly because the responsibility was too great and partly because they wanted more attention from us on account of great deprivation at home. Their teacher told them that they were stealing and disobeying because they didn't want to be free and wanted someone to pay attention to them and tell them what to do. She put them on a tight schedule that she worked out together with them. They scheduled in several activities that they had previously refused to do when given a choice. They seemed very proud of their schedule and cheered up tremendously. If the teacher had made them follow a schedule as punishment simply because they had misbehaved, they would probably have resented it, although she would have been justified in doing so based on their behavior. But, because she found the reason behind their disobedience, they accepted the schedule gladly and agreed themselves that it was what they really wanted.

Recently, three boys, after having a fight with me about singing the right words to songs in music class, were marching around the school singing, "Glory, glory hallelujah, teacher hit me with a ruler." I had told them that outside of music class they could sing any lyrics they choose, but that they had to sing the proper ones with the music teacher. They were testing this statement out by stomping through the school in large paper hats and singing as loudly as possible in front of a group of visitors whom I was showing around. I asked them why they were singing the song that way, and they said it was because they liked those words better. I told them they were only doing it to spite me because they were angry with me and that if they really liked the lyrics they would sit quietly and sing them without making a spectacle of themselves and disturbing the whole school. They quieted down and the smirks disappeared from their faces. If I had just objected to the singing on its own grounds, they would probably have stayed very angry, but explaining to children what is really going on helps them to make sense of their own behavior and evokes a rational response from them in return. In that case, it was the way the boys were singing, not the singing in itself, that made their behavior license. Often children will do the right thing (clean-up, for instance) in a spiteful or contemptuous way. Their manner of doing things, and what is behind it, is just as important as what they do or say.

Children will sometimes make an awful fuss about doing a given piece of academic work. At our school, if you choose to attend class, you are expected to come regularly and do the work as well as you can. Usually, if a child becomes hysterical over a piece of work, it is because he is afraid he can't do it. A teacher who deals just with the child's refusal and insists on forcing him to do the work will seem cruel and arbitrary to the child, even though the child knows that he has agreed to do all the work. You must deal with the fear behind the refusal or you end up with the same sort of recalcitrance that you see at other schools.

Carter, a 10-year-old boy, hates reading because it is hard for him. He chose to write a biography of Babe Ruth, but howled painfully each time he was supposed to sit down and work on it. He kept saying that he didn't like the particular book about Babe Ruth, although it was actually a fascinating account of his early life told in the Babe's own words. Eventually, Carter's teacher discovered that the difficulty was that the print was too small. As soon as he was reading a biography with big print, Carter worked long and happily on his report, even though the second book was on George Washington Carver, a man much less interesting to him than Babe Ruth.

Often elements beyond our control such as the weather and atmospheric conditions will have a bad effect on the children. Hot, humid, airless days will raise their anxiety level considerably (not to mention the level of noise). Sometimes, just explaining to them what is really bothering them (i.e., the weather) will help to calm them down even though the situation itself cannot be changed.

Usually any exciting activity such as games in the gym or music will set off the unstable ones. If there are outbreaks of fighting during games in the gym or giggling and silliness during singing, it is pointless to deal with the behavior itself, since it is just an indication that the children's feelings have been excited beyond their ability to tolerate them. Pointing out to the children that they are being silly or angry because they are overexcited makes much more sense to them than just telling them it is wrong to get angry or to giggle.

Thus we help the children distinguish between freedom and license, and, in addition to staying in contact with themselves---to get them to feel their real selves and to see the world around

Reading and current events



Halloween Fun

Concentrating on studies



A casual game of chess



them as it is. The inability to see things as a whole or the relationships between elements of a situation, or to focus on tasks or on their own behavior seems to be an almost universal problem among the children, probably due largely to armoring in the ocular segment. We are continually encouraging the children to look at us and to look at what they are doing, as they knock about the room and splatter paint all around while washing the paint brushes at the sink. Many of the children are severely out of contact. They can't concentrate on school work; they are unaware of others. Their perception of what people do or say to them is distorted. They can't look you straight in the eye, or, in some cases, bear for you to look at them. Often, they are out of contact with even their own superficial behavior such as brattiness, making faces, etc., much less the deeper feelings that underlie it. Helping them to see what they are doing and to know what they really feel brings them into contact somewhat, and encouraging them to use their eyes helps, too, but the problem of the children's lack of contact is one of the most difficult we have to deal with.

All of this can be aggravated by a teacher's going out of contact, too. When you go into a classroom and feel that the grown-up in it is a fuzzy blur instead of a clear, sharp focus in the room, usually you see the anxiety of the children, in reaction, starting to spill over and the confusion mounting.

So far, I have mainly been talking about the school from the point of view of the teachers and how they deal with the problems that arise when children are allowed a considerable amount of freedom. A free school can work only when the adults themselves can handle the freedom. People always ask me what criteria I use in hiring my teachers. Although hiring is always based largely on instinct and on impressions that are difficult to put into words, it seems to me that there are certain qualities that I have learned to look for. The first of these is some degree of health and vitality. I look for teachers who seem to be able to get something out of life, to have emotional calm, and, most of all, a sense of self---what Reich might call contact with the core. That sense of self is very important because it is essentially through that that they know the difference between freedom and license. The teachers must feel their own rights naturally. From this flows the teacher's recognition of the children's rights, as well

as the children's own sense of rights and limitations. That sense of self is also what gives the teacher his natural authority. It is something the children feel and naturally accept as being right. From the teacher's health also comes his ability to tolerate freedom. People who are contracted, anxious, and guilt-ridden cannot let go, themselves, no matter how eagerly they embrace the idea of freedom intellectually, and find it very difficult to function without anxiety in the expansive atmosphere of the school.

In addition to health, I look for someone who seems interesting, i.e., someone who has something to teach about the world that he is interested in and that would interest the children. The children are very eager to learn, and benefit more from people with real knowledge than from those who just want to love or help them or who have amorphous ideas about changing society via education by manipulating children. Within these criteria, a wide range of interests and types is possible, and it is in fact good to have variety in a staff. Too much homogeneity can get dull.

Actually, there is really only one type of person who simply cannot teach at a free school. That is a person who cannot tolerate freedom, based on a structure that is too anxious, contracted, or deadened emotionally to do so, and whose substitute contact with the world is therefore based on intellect alone. Many people are attracted to a school like ours for the wrong reasons. They want to work out their own anger and rebellion (or other problems) through stirring up children, or they have an interest in freedom based on certain intellectual and idealistic principles without the corresponding health that is necessary to be able to live them through. This type of naive, anxious, guilt-ridden intellectual is usually obsessively too nice to children and has too little contact to be able to deal with them on a common sense level.

Recently, against my better judgment, I hired a man who had these problems, because, even though it was apparent that he was very intellectual and that his notions of childhood and children were based on propaganda from education institutions and books, he seemed like a decent chap and as if he might learn. He was always guided by his ideal, however, in dealing with the children, no matter how badly they seemed to work out in practice. Based on the

notion, behind which there was a lot of guilt, that if you are always sweet to children and never get angry, they will be kind in return, he was always overly nice to them, regardless of how they treated him. Another of his principles was that everyone would become equal regardless of ability if you treated them as if they were equal. This resulted in an exaggerated sense of fairness so that, instead of choosing the best person for a job (newspaper editor, for example), he would choose someone who hadn't had a turn, even if he obviously wasn't capable of assuming the responsibility. That sort of blind, contactless adherence to principle drove the children to a high level of irritability.

Another problem was that his belief in freedom was only theoretical. In practice, he was terrified of the amount of freedom the children have. He was scared to let them leave the room or the building and complained of a loss of control, so that, even though he abided by the policies of the school, the children, sensing his desire for control underneath, started complaining that he was too strict, that they wanted their rights, etc. They rapidly began acting like radicals and revolutionaries. His intellectuality, lack of contact, and secret desire for control, based on fear, immediately brought out a licentious, angry rebellion in the children. It was a microcosm of what has been happening on a large scale at our universities and throughout the country where those in charge lose contact with reality and abdicate their natural authority.

The outbreak of license could not be stopped while he was there. I had to ask him to leave, and we are still, three months later, suffering the aftermath of that episode, which shows how important the staff is to a school. The children who reacted most violently to him were the ones who have that same intellectual contactlessness at home and who are very angry and poorly held together because of it. They seized upon his weakness to express every nasty feeling they had against the world. When he left, they could see that their hatred had been all out of proportion to the situation, and that scared them. The school, which to them had always been a fortress, shoring up their weaknesses and allowing full expression of their strengths, had suddenly shown a crack in the wall, through which all their hatred had rushed. They resented me for allowing that to happen, and they are nervous about the fact that it could happen again.

Freedom can be expressed only individually, not collectively. Individuals make choices and take responsibility for those choices. The children, therefore, although part of a group, are primarily thought of and treated as individuals. They are neither encouraged nor discouraged from joining group activities. They are not expected to love or even like one another, but merely to respect each other's rights. The goal is not socialization--adjustment to group norms, etc.--but individual self-regulation. We have had children at the school who are almost always working or playing alone. As long as they take responsibility for themselves, we affirm their right to do so. We do not consider that we have failed or that there is necessarily something wrong with them if they don't eventually join the group. Likewise, although we may be working with children in groups, we try never to treat them as a collectivity, but as a collection of individuals. We look always for the individual causes in anything good or bad that happens to a group. One group of children started spontaneously cleaning their room each day while their teacher, Carol, was at lunch. They did it to surprise her and to show how independent they were. Although they all helped, one child had had the idea and was responsible for their actions. Without him, the event would not have taken place. Sometimes, a group of children will become noisy and irritable to a point where it will seem as if they are collectively to blame, but there is always an individual cause to such behavior, and remedying it by collective measures is always a mistake.

For instance, one day, one class was very slow to get settled for cleanup (at best, a low point in the day), and the teacher told them that because they had taken so long to clean up, they wouldn't be able to have milk. Actually, what had put the children in a bad mood was an earlier outburst of one of the girls who was going through a difficult time. The children did not know that they were behaving badly as a result of the scene with Sally, and depriving them of the milk did nothing to improve their behavior, because collectively they were not responsible for what had happened and did not even understand it. Treating them collectively merely developed in them a collective resentment. Only dealing with Sally individually as the cause and explaining it to the others would have helped.

The progressive movement in education

of the 20s and 30s emphasized treating the child as an individual. Individuality to the progressives was largely an intellectual concept (although they talked of "the whole child"). It consisted mainly of allowing the child to choose between project A or project B, making Mexican tortillas or Indian pudding. And, if the child didn't feel like doing it at 10:30, he could postpone the task till 2:00. Children's psyches were prodded and probed with loving concern as the teachers gently forced and beguiled them into following the prescribed curriculum.

Another strong strain in progressive education was the emphasis on the child as part of a social group, and one of the goals was socialization of the child. The group was good, and if the child did not fit into it, there was something wrong with the child. It was the progressives who invented social studies---learning how different cultures live in groups by pretending to live as they did.

The open classroom of today is partly a reaction to the progressive movement. Gone are the learn-by-doing group activities. They have been replaced by a rigidly mechanized notion of individualization, even more intellectual than before. Learning is broken down into discrete units, and the child absorbs each unit by working with a machine or some other piece of programmed material. The teacher serves as a resource, distributing and correcting work. All children work alone at their own speed. In the mechanized version of the open classroom, contact with education as unification of knowledge, with teachers as wise or interesting people, and with friends has been almost completely destroyed. The child is viewed as a machine interrelating with other pieces of machinery. Individuality has the narrow meaning of variations in ability to digest particles of information fed into the child by machines.

Our version of "treating the children as individuals" or "dealing with the whole child," as the clichés go, is different from both of these methods. We attempt to make direct contact with the child's core, without hovering over him or treating him in the usual analytical-psychological fashion. We do not discuss characteristics, problems, or events with children. We acknowledge them directly as facts and deal with them matter-of-factly. For instance, we can see that Hans can't sit still very long, so we allow him to move around as much as he

wants. If he gets too wound up, we try to slow him down by bringing him into contact with what he is doing. The essence of Hans is his nervous energy and the fear behind it. Understanding that colors all dealings with him and all of his behavior. Treating him as an individual means letting him run around, helping him learn the things he wants to know, being firm but never getting angry with him so you don't scare him. It doesn't mean talking to him about his problems or manipulating him into trying to sit still longer than he can bear to.

Gerald is stubborn, methodical, intellectual, and serious. He insists on doing things in his own way, and he can't tolerate much contact---he misconstrues it as a form of pressure. He has low energy and is easily irritated. He has definite interests and disinterests. You always have to deal with Gerald coolly and from a distance. You can't look too directly at him or touch him. He learns best through facts and reasoning. He likes to be alone and to have peace and quiet. These are facts about Gerald. We teach him by suggesting books for him to read and by helping him do science experiments on his own. We don't try to get closer to him or persuade him to join the group or be more like the other children.

And so it goes with each of them. We try to feel them as they are and accept that. By seeing them clearly, we give them a clearer and more rational view of themselves.

Individual self-regulation implies not just expressing oneself, but doing right by oneself and taking responsibility for one's actions. I have discussed the fact that many of the children are not capable of self-regulation. I have not talked of the ones who over the years have developed a fine sense of independence and responsibility and who have become self-regulated, at least in the social sphere. Many of the children learn to take a large degree of responsibility for themselves. They will clean up their messes; they will respect each other's possessions; they will subject themselves voluntarily---especially as they get older---to classes they don't like, because they think they ought to; they will behave fairly and decently to each other and do their school work cheerfully and well.

Two boys, Billy and Peter, are especially good examples of what I mean. I was their teacher in first grade. I

don't remember Billy very well. He spent the entire year in the gym. Peter came in each day and built warships at the work bench out of scrap wood. Both were always very decent, neither particularly bright. Peter was very slow in learning to read and always had trouble with reading and writing. In fact, it was so difficult for him that when he became frustrated he used to stab himself with his pencil and have sobbing fits, but he voluntarily kept at it. Both boys always loved the gym best and were fine athletes. Gradually, as the years went by, they assumed more responsibilities. They took more academic classes, and even started going to music class, which the boys had previously avoided. Now that they have graduated, they are going to a traditional private school in Brooklyn. They are getting B's and C's by conscientiously doing reams of homework every night, wanting to improve their grades. They are completely philosophical about the regimentation at their new school, even rather liking it as a novelty. They seem reasonable about everything and able to handle their own lives. The Fifteenth Street School is a fond memory, but they feel they have outgrown it. There are many examples like this. Many of the children would have done well at any school, but were lucky to have the opportunity to find their own way at ours instead of just being herded through the system. There is a big difference between doing well to please others or because that is what you want.

Sometimes children take responsibility for themselves in a way that their parents can't tolerate. They demonstrate that they are too independent. Seth, who had had a bad experience in a previous school and whose parents were in the process of splitting up, didn't attend any classes for several years. When he was eight, he still didn't do any formal academic work. However, he watched classes very carefully and learned. Because parental pressure for achievement was very great, he was afraid to test his powers against the other children. Nonetheless, he was very responsible about teaching himself and keeping up with the class on his own. He asked questions, practiced math and writing by himself, and did work at home. How much he accomplished entirely on his own was remarkable. His parents interpreted his behavior as a failure to join the others because of fear. We looked at it as an achievement of individuality and independence. We asked the parents to take a positive attitude and praise Seth for his achievement. We felt that this and his natural interest in learning would eventually

lead to his joining classes and submitting himself to comparison with other children. And, in fact, that started to happen just before he was withdrawn from the school. He would participate in certain games and contests, and he would always tell the teacher just what he knew and what he didn't of the curriculum. His parents could not wait, however, and he was sent to another school where certain kinds and amounts of work are demanded of him. I feel it a shame that they didn't appreciate his sense of responsibility and give him the opportunity of coming by himself to the point where he could join a class. I feel confident that he would have. He probably feels relieved not to have the pressure from his parents anymore, but he has been deprived of the chance to do things his own way and in his own good time.

Seth's parents are typical of our parent body: college educated, oriented toward the arts, politically liberal or even radical, and, as in the case of one third of the children's families, divorced. We have staunch supporters among the parents, and some who cannot tolerate our school. Our detractors fall into two categories: those who withdraw their children quietly and those who, in the process of withdrawing, feel they must destroy the school or at least try to loathe it. There is a third group of parents who send their children to the school because it is in the neighborhood. They accept what we do and don't take much interest one way or the other.

Generally, those parents who grow to dislike the school do so because their children don't function in it the way the parents had in mind. In some instances, the school really does not suit the child. In one case, a brilliant but stubborn and withdrawn little girl was switched to a formal school after she spent her first grade year pasting feathers onto herself every day and doing very little else. I approved of the change because it seemed that Winifred would never be able to tolerate the expansive atmosphere of the school. A school like ours gives a child the opportunity to reach out if he is capable of expansion, but it can have the opposite effect. A child can react to the openness by shrinking more than he would in an atmosphere that is less expansive. Winifred had spent the first four years of her life in a remote house in Vermont with her parents and had had practically no contact with other people. It seemed

as if the school was too much for her and as if a more formal, intellectual place would suit her temperament better.

Many parents, however, withdraw children for irrational reasons. The children are free to be themselves, and the parents don't like what they see. A number of children, given the opportunity, will want to play most of the day, not availing themselves of lessons and other formal activities that the school offers. This will understandably lead to parental nervousness and sometimes to withdrawal of the child. The parent simply cannot tolerate the child's lack of interest in achievement. But usually, the reason for the lack of interest is the implicit pressure from the parents, which the child has felt all along. One little boy, Bruce, who had an I.Q. of 170, didn't learn to read until he was seven. A child that bright could only delay learning to read until that age by assiduously avoiding it. He used to tell his mother that he would learn to read when he was ready to. From the first, he had a perfect understanding of the school and of how important it was to him. He was a child who had to do things his own way. His mother could not tolerate his independence and his refusal to capitulate to her anxieties over his achievement, and she put him in another school. She told me when I ran into her several years later that Bruce never passed the school without his eyes filling with tears. But she still felt that she had done the right thing.

From time to time, parents will suddenly stop worrying about their children. One mother stopped because she went to work and just didn't have time. The change in her son Larry was remarkable. He used to act too cute and had fits about learning and hated it. He became more natural and started to participate in many things. He even began to enjoy academic work and to love music.

One family, when their oldest daughter attended the school, were our staunchest supporters. She was very intellectual and worked hard. She enthusiastically participated in every organized activity that the school offered. The parents were thrilled.

Freedom worked! I was always suspicious of their support, even though they were terribly nice and gave us a lot of money, because they were so intellectual, anxious, and guilt-ridden themselves. As it turned out, their three younger children, although extremely happy in the school, very bright and learning well, did not have the breadth of interests that the oldest demonstrated. They were withdrawn from the school at younger ages in order to be

given a push by some other institution. For those parents, freedom worked only if the child ended up doing just what the parents had in mind---actually they were too anxious and guilt-ridden to let their children be.

It is much better for parents, if they are not going to be able to tolerate the school, to realize it at once rather than subject their children to the conflicts of school vs. parents. We had a visit last year from a child psychiatrist and his 4-year-old daughter. There was no mother. They happened to visit on a very good day for the school. The little girl left her father readily and went up to the kindergarten to play. I showed the father around the school, where total harmony prevailed. There were children in every crack and crevice, playing, working on projects, studying, everybody busy and happy. The psychiatrist asked me what I thought of women's liberation. I told him we didn't propagandize with the children, but allowed them to do, be, and play with what and whom they wanted. He said he was particularly interested in inculcating certain liberative notions about the role of women in his daughter. He then proceeded to say that he felt his daughter would be too happy at the school; she wouldn't be confronted with social problems and other grim realities. I asked him if he didn't want his daughter to be happy. He said that he did but that he was afraid that, if she were too happy, she wouldn't be able to face life later on. I said that we did not support his notion that you had to force children to be miserable now in order to prepare them for the inevitable misery of their adult lives. I said that I felt happiness in childhood was the only preparation for withstanding possible future unhappiness. The child psychiatrist said he would have to think the whole thing over. We went to fetch his daughter, the future liberated woman, who by this time had bedecked herself in every lace petticoat, bauble, and trinket in the kindergarten supply. She started hitting her father when he said it was time to leave, and he had quite a struggle getting the costume off her and removing her from the building. She did not come to the school because her father could not stand the sweet, simple happiness that he saw there that day. But it was better for him to realize it then than to make a mess later on.

The children are free to do more or less as they please at the school. They use their time quite differently, accord-

ing to both age and sex. The youngest ones mostly play, and the boys and girls of all ages play and work in a different way, although, in the vernacular of modern math, there is some interaction between the two sets.

The four- five- and six-year-olds live in a world of dreams and fantasies. The girls play house and dress up. Sometimes they will get the boys to play with them to be the father, but mostly they play by themselves. They love to do art work. They like music and dancing. The boys run around the school playing superman, batman, and cops and robbers. They, too, like costumes---men's clothes, hats, or capes made out of rags, uniforms, etc. They like to do feats of strength, build with blocks, do woodworking, play with model soldiers in the sandbox, and build space ships and go into outer space. Both boys and girls, once they develop a satisfying fantasy, will stick with it for months. One year, a group of boys built a spaceship out of blocks every day and took off for outer space, assuming magical powers and new identities: "I'm Dick Bob and I'm thirty years old." "I'm Harry Joe, and I'm forty-two, and I have an X-ray vision." Both boys and girls will imitate animals, crawling around the school, even drinking their milk from bowls on the floor like kittens, or drawing whiskers on their faces and applying ears and tails. Sometimes, older children will come up to the kindergarten and crawl around with the little ones. The other day, two of the eleven-year-old girls played all day in the kindergarten with the kitchen equipment, preparing and serving meals. They were so tall that, in order to reach it comfortably, they had to get down on their knees.

Contrary to popular belief, the differences between boys and girls seem to be more pronounced in the younger ones and to neutralize as they get older. The little girls are essentially princesses at heart. They are dainty, flirtatious, graceful, demanding of attention. They love to dress up in finery and even wear crowns. The little boys' essential nature seems to be the superhero. They love feats of prowess and daring and are in perpetual motion. As they get older, the girls lose their brazen femininity, and the boys their machismo. It is subdued and sometimes destroyed by the anti-sexuality of the adult world, so that instead of the male and female roles becoming more clearly defined and developed with age, they become less so, and much of the excitement and joy disappears from the children's lives.

There is very little sex-play between the boys and girls at the school. The four- and five-year-olds are more openly and innocently interested in sex. They kiss, and take naps together, and have a lot of unconscious sex play in their fantasies. The girls play waitress and serve the boys food, etc. I heard one little girl recently saying to one of the boys, "For God's sake, Norman, put on your pajamas and come to bed." But she didn't mean the real thing! From the ages of six to eleven, interest in the opposite sex is mostly repressed or pornographic. The children swear a lot and tell dirty jokes. The boys read *Playboy*. From time to time, boys have chased the girls to pull down their pants. They always attack the most hysterical girls. Around the ages of nine to ten, the girls form very intense and possessive friendships with each other, almost like love affairs. One pair of girl friends even had a wedding ceremony attended by invitation only. Another girl's affections are being contested by two of her friends. Recently, we found them literally pulling her apart, one on each arm, until she began to cry.

There has been only one acknowledged heterosexual romance in the school, between two eleven-year-olds, which quickly assumed some of the worst aspects of adult marriage: bickering, bitchiness, infidelity, etc. It lasted only about three weeks, and in that period became very hysterical. All the other children got stirred up as a result of it. The participants gave it up very quickly; it was more than they could handle.

Basically, the boys and girls don't play together very much and don't share the same interests. They go through a full-blown latency period and leave the school before coming out of it. According to Reich, latency is a product of repression. The children we have in school are not healthy, so I can only describe what does happen and not what would happen if they were.

On the whole, the girls settle down to academic work before the boys. They love learning through art and stories. The boys around the age of eight get intensely interested in the world, in science, in how things work, and in building machines and structures. Their linguistic ability develops later than the girls', and, as a group, the boys always remain more interested in math and science. Both boys and girls continue to be very interested in animals. Their interest is transformed from being animals to learning more about them. The animal population of the school

this year is one cat, four guinea pigs, four salamanders, numerous gerbils and fish, one snake, and two birds. At about the age of seven, the children are old enough to take care of the animals.

Food is another time-consuming interest of the children. They bring their own lunches, except for the older ones, who are allowed to buy theirs outside the school. They seem to enjoy having snacks all day rather than eating one large meal. As a rule, they choose a very unhealthy diet: coke, sweets, and potato chips. They are probably addicted to these foods. Children suddenly forced onto a healthy diet by parents who have an abrupt change of heart resent it and start stealing food from other children's lunch boxes. Once the children's diet has been corrupted by bad foods, it is difficult to get them to eat healthily again. The children also love to talk about food, while they eat and in their fantasy games.

By the time they are seven or eight, virtually all of the children are taking formal academic lessons—voluntarily; and they all know how to read very well by that age, too. Techniques of teaching and curriculum are a large topic for another time, but I will touch upon them briefly now. In our formal lessons, we expect attention and hard work. The children like to have fun in lessons, but, more than that, they love clarity and meaningfulness in their work. The more structured the work is, the better they like it. They also like to have a clear idea of their own progress in the work, how one thing relates to another, and how well they have mastered each step. They love workbooks, worksheets, and programmed materials. Of course, they like the lessons to be lively and imaginative, too. They like to learn through games. Spirit of gaiety, adventure, and magic in the classroom corresponds to the child's own spirit, and, all things being equal, the teacher who can think with the mind of a child, actually on the same wave length, will teach the best.

All the children want to learn to read, write, and do arithmetic. Every one of our children eventually becomes a good reader, and, over the years, all except one boy have learned to use numbers at least adequately, and many at a very advanced level. About two-thirds of the children like to do art in some form, either drawing and painting on their own or arts and crafts with a teacher. About half actively like music, although almost all like to sing. About one-third are inter-

ested in formal science classes, and about a tenth are interested in history and learning languages. Several children, as an experiment, are taking symbolic logic and are loving it.

Attitude and timing are the most important ingredients, other than the skill and knowledge of the teacher, in successful learning. The children want to learn about the world and to learn physical and intellectual skills. Having chosen voluntarily to join a given class, they need no further motivational gimmicks to stimulate their interest. We teach all subjects in a straightforward way, allowing the intrinsic interest of the subject to carry them along. And always, the timing must be right. We have to be patient and wait for the child to come to us. They will learn well, in spite of handicaps and disabilities, if they don't start too early.

In this connection, a word should be said specifically about teaching reading, a subject of great controversy in recent times. We have found that even children with "perceptual problems"—i.e., a certain kind of ocular armoring—can be taught quite easily if we wait until they are old enough. In reading, readiness is the key; method is secondary, although some sort of systematic approach seems preferable. Phonics works well for a majority of children, but there are some who can't learn through sounds and must be taught some other way.

Contrary to popular belief, content is not important in the early stages of teaching reading. The children are busy mastering the skill and don't notice what they are reading. Later, content becomes very important, and the child's interests should be taken into consideration. We have children come to the school at the age of three-and-a-half already knowing how to read. Some start learning at five, a majority at six and seven, and, in the ten years of the school's existence, every child has learned to read quite well by the age of eight.

Hans and Jon are good examples of children who didn't learn until they were eight. For their first few years at the school, they mostly ran around getting into mischief. They were boys who couldn't concentrate or sit still but who were intensely interested in nature, comics, history, crime, fantasy, and stories. Eventually, they started collecting books on these subjects in a special bookcase that we gave them, and they spent hours leafing through them and looking at the pictures. Gradually, they started taking lessons.

At first, their progress was slow and painful; Jon sometimes forgot what the letters were, even at the age of seven, and Hans saw many words and letters backwards. But they stuck to it, and eventually surpassed all the children their age in their ability to read, although their writing and spelling remained below average. I think part of their great love of reading came from their relief at having overcome a handicap without having been made to feel bad about it.

At this point, it seems that an assessment of free schools is in order. Does freedom work, and, if so, what and how much can it do? Schools cannot change the structure of children, and, in that sense, all schools are of limited value to our sick world and the suffering children in it. However, within that very severe limitation, some schools can be better than others. The better a school is for children, the more the healthier can respond to it and get something out of it. Freedom alone cannot cure. It operates as a mirror, reflecting what is there. It does not help very disorganized, deprived, or angry children, but at least it does not make things worse. We have found that many children who seem responsible, friendly, and open while at school, within the framework of responsible freedom, will become brats and wise-guys the minute they get into a situation with parents or other adults that allows their licentious behavior to come out. That can happen at school, too, if a teacher lacks contact or authority. What this means is that many of the children have not really assimilated the lessons of responsible freedom. They are able to act decently and responsibly only if following external cues from adults. When those are taken away, the angry impulses take over again. However, some few of the children, maybe ten to twenty percent, manage to derive tremendous benefit from the school. They are alive, friendly, self-reliant, responsible, reasonable, hard-working, interested in learning, and tolerant of people and situations less rational than themselves. Usually, the ones who leave the school in such good shape had a considerable amount of life and health in them to begin with, and the health in them responded to the freedom and contact, allowing them to become their best selves and to have contact with that. These are the children who would have done well at most decent schools, but who thrived under additional opportunity to really be themselves and to express their own interests. I believe these children have a contact

with themselves and a sense of their own independence and worth that no school which ushers children through a fixed program can provide. For them, freedom worked because they had the initial health and strength to handle it.

Working with children in New York City in the Atomic Age is a wearying task. Many, maybe most, of the children have sad, even tragic lives. Their sweet innocence has been destroyed by loveless homes, city sophistication, divorce, and separation from nature. They are battling angrily and in a great confusion to get a hand-hold on life—in spite of everything. Sometimes, I watch their life-and-death struggle and become, myself, sad and hopeless. But then when I think of certain ones, I cheer up. I see Robert, a six-year-old who refused to continue first grade at public school because he couldn't stand being pushed around by the teacher and the children. When I told him on his first visit to the school that at our school he wouldn't have to do anything he didn't want to, he looked at me with his deep, clear blue eyes, and his whole body attitude and expression changed. Now he spends the day in the gym or running around the school, and whenever I see him, he gives me that same deep look, as if his whole self were reaching into me for contact and with thanks. And I see merry little Brett. She is only four, and she bounces around the school happily like a soft, fuzzy little ball. And then I see Chris, whose mother, the wife of a New York City patrolman, read and understood Orson Bean's book and wants her son to be happy. When I think of her, of Brett, or Robert and the other living children and parents who have been with us and who will come, it seems worthwhile—in spite of the limitations—that Orson started the school and that it is still there.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In 1967, Orson Bean invited Patricia Greene, a teacher at the Dalton School in New York, to direct the Fifteenth Street School, which he had founded in 1964. She accepted the challenge and soon became so deeply involved with the school that she bought it when Orson Bean decided to return to the stage in 1970. She continued as a devoted and wise teacher and director of the school until 1977 when her

interest in politics and her concern for the sorry state of the Union took precedence, and she left the school in the capable hands of Dona Persell, her assistant. Patty Greene campaigned that year with Gordon Humphrey in his bid for a seat in the United States Senate, and she has continued her political activities in Washington, D.C. as the wife of the Republican Senator from New Hampshire. Her interest in the school and in education has not flagged, however, and she plans to continue writing in this field.

FIFTEENTH STREET SCHOOL UPDATE 1980

Now in its seventeenth year, the Fifteenth Street School has survived the fashionable and chaotic Free School and Free Everything movements of the 60s and 70s, and continues on into the 80s to offer parents a wholesome, stimulating educational environment for their children. Our philosophical bedrock continues to be freedom, not license, which may be why we have survived the many social upheavals and fickle public opinion regarding "new" methods of education. The school still thrives on good, "old fashioned," common sense and the emotional capacity and pedagogical expertise of its teachers.

Patricia Greene Humphrey left the school in 1977 to conquer other worlds, leaving her post to Donna Persell, whose directorship maintains the atmosphere of excitement in learning, focus on the individual, and a lot of fun for New York City children starved for breathing space and genuine freedom.

Our primary problem is still the universal one of the child alienated from his own best nature by emotional barrenness in the home and thus limited in his ability for real expression. The school affords every child at least the opportunity to move out---emotionally, physically, and intellectually---and most can use it to advantage in a way that will have lifetime effects.

Since Patricia Humphrey's article appeared in 1974, the strong basic 3Rs curriculum has been expanded to include formal classes in French and Italian and an annual, full-scale musical production (to date, "Guys and Dolls," "Oklahoma," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "Brigadoon," and



CHARLES WIESEHAHN

Patricia Greene Humphrey

"Babes in Arms" among others). We are in the process of developing a program to meet the children's growing clamor for more science--- chemistry, astronomy, and all that is "magical" about nature. The gym continues to be the spillway for the inexhaustible energy of childhood, and, without it, we could not offer the freedom and mobility that children need, particularly city children.

The school varies slightly from year to year with the collective character of the student body and an occasional turnover in staff, but its spine and spirit remain intact.

Visitors are welcome by appointment on one designated visiting day a week, and brochures and more information about the school are available upon request.

Alfred Miller
Assistant Director
The Fifteenth Street School
206 West 15th Street
New York, N. Y. 10011
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We hold that only a mosaic made up of many views can convey a true picture of Reich and the events of his life, and that inlaying footnotes may add color and important details to the portrait. To that end, we solicit contributions to FOOTNOTES TO THE HISTORY OF ORGONOMY, first-hand accounts (or validated second-hand accounts) of encounters with Reich or any of his associates that are relevant to understanding Reich and the development of orgonomy.

“...it was as if a light came on.”

AN INTERVIEW WITH WANDA FERGUSON - June 1980

Explanatory Note by the Interviewer

The Orgone Institute Press was moved from New York City to Rangeley, Maine in the Fall of 1951, and its office was for a season located in my apartment on Main Street in Rangeley, overlooking Haley Pond. When I advertised in the local newspaper for clerical help, only one person responded, a lovely, gentle young girl named Wanda Ellis. Though a native of Rangeley, she had lived most of her life in New Jersey and had just returned to that village, for she had spent many summers in Rangeley and loved its great lake and the surrounding pine-wooded mountains. I hired Wanda on sight, and she worked efficiently and happily for the Press until the Oranur Experiment drove her away. She married young Holman Ferguson, then an auto mechanic, who has since developed his own construction company and built many fine summer homes in the Rangeley region. Their four children are now teenagers except for one married daughter. The Fergusons are a healthy, happy, and loving family. Wanda has become an expert horticulturist, has long supplied the *Rangeley Highlander* with a column on gardening, and her articles are widely published in magazines. (Wanda was good enough to share her memories with us, and we trust that readers who visit Rangeley will respect her privacy.) - Lois Wyvell



Wanda Ferguson
gardener

THE INTERVIEW

Q - Wanda, what was your association with Reich and Orgonon, and when did you work there?

A - I began, I think, in January, 1951. I was eighteen years old at the time, and I worked there about eighteen months. The job I had was working in the mailing of the journal - that was my main job throughout the eighteen months. During the summer of 1951 - I think it was then - we moved out to the lab at Orgonon, and during that summer, I was given the responsibility of taking care of the experimental mice, which I loved. I fed them and cleaned them.

Q - What kind of man did Reich seem to be?

A - Well, he seemed to be a giant of a man. We didn't see him on a regular basis; he would come in and talk with you and leave. But I was always in awe of him. He seemed to be a very large man with this white shock of hair, and when he would go by, I'd say, "Oh, my lord!" You'd have to look at him. He seemed to be a very kind man, and I really think he was very concerned about the welfare of all his workers out there. I didn't speak to him too often; once in a while he'd say something to me, and he always seemed gentle and kind. He had eyes that sort of looked through you, but, even so, it was a friendly look. I was never afraid of him; I was in awe of him always.

Q - You told me that every time he passed you, your toes curled. Do you remember that?

A - (with a laugh) Right!

Q - Did you have any preconceived ideas about Reich or Orgonon or the work that was going on there before you went to work for the Orgone Institute Press?

A - No, I knew absolutely nothing about it. I was simply looking for a job and that was an opening I took, but I enjoyed it. I knew nothing about it at all until I'd worked there a while.

Q - Do you remember anything about the Oranur Experiment?

A - I knew an experiment was going on that seemed to be important, but I didn't really understand it. It didn't go well. When we worked in the laboratory building, we had to open the windows and turn the fan on and clear the air out every

couple of hours, which made it very hard working there in the winter. With mittens on, you couldn't type very well. And then, toward spring, things seemed to get a little worse, and eventually my desk was moved into the laboratory room where the mice had been kept, and it was in this room that I had the final experience that sent me flying out the front door. I just became totally confused. I was looking through the address file for an address I knew was in the file, and I just couldn't find it; and then one thing led to another, and I became totally confused. It seemed like the walls were caving in on me, and I just leaped out of the seat and took off running into the fresh air. I was fine after I calmed down, though. It wasn't something I felt was a life or death situation.

Q - I think at that time you said you would like to leave?

A - Yes, I had the feeling, even though I enjoyed working there, that this was not that important to me and I did have to get away - I just had to get out of that building!

Q - I remember Reich saying it was right for you to leave, that you were young and healthy - that you were much healthier than the rest of us and more in touch with what was happening to you, so you were more frightened, and that you had not dedicated yourself to Orgonon as had the rest of us, so you should leave. The Oranur Experiment should not hurt you. The rest of us had presumably decided to make a sacrifice if necessary, but you were not involved. Do you remember that?

A - Right. But I had become very fond of all of you and I did not want to leave. I enjoyed the work; it was just that I was frightened.

Q - What was the reaction of the townsfolk to Reich and Orgonon when you were working there?

A - Very negative. A lot of people thought that he was some sort of terrible monster who had come to their town to do them in - that he was a Communist. I had many people verbally attack me for working there. They would say, "Keep your eyes open. You'd better watch out. You'd better find out what's going on there and let the authorities know." They felt Reich was very dangerous. I didn't know any of this when I took the job and people were surprised that I accepted

the position. There weren't too many people in town, I guess, who would work out there. And those who did did a lot of joking and snickering with townsfolk about things that happened out there. I never saw anything wrong while I worked there. I was interested in what was going on, and I read a little and watched a little. If I wanted a question answered, they would answer. But it wasn't good in town, and, after I'd worked there a while and people knew I was going to continue to work there, they persecuted me a little. The children would dart out of the doorway of Scribner's store and yell, "Hey, Oggy! Hi, Oggy! Where you goin', Oggy?" and that sort of silly stuff. I had a grown man ask me if it wasn't true that when we took care of the mice I had to take all my clothes off and wear a sheer, white uniform. I said, "For what purpose?" and I began to chuckle because we did wear white coats, but they were usually pretty dirty since we were cleaning the mice cages. They had some very strange ideas about what was going on out there.

I remember I had an ulcer--a bone ulcer?--anyway, an ulcer on my leg, and Dr. (Simeon) Tropp was helping me with that. One time, out at the lab, he put me on the table, and when he put the accumulator blanket on my ankle, it felt as though there were a million little worms crawling around because of the energy coming from it, and it was tickling me and making me laugh. Here I am, lying there on the table laughing while he's working on my leg, and I look out the window and there are two local carpenters outside the building looking in, and they are very interested in what was going on. I suppose they thought this was some of the sexual stuff they'd been hearing about. So, when I rode home with them that night - they were going to town and I took a ride in with them - they were very quiet, and I knew they were going to ask me questions, so I explained it all and they seemed to accept it. But all those rumors that were going on in town hurt my feelings because I wouldn't be involved with that sort of people, and I knew that the people out at Orgonon were very fine people. So I stood up to the gossips and, because of this, I was persecuted a little, too.

Q - What was that about some woman who was afraid to pass my apartment in Rangeley?

A - Yes. When you had your desk in the large window of your apartment where we

worked, this woman apparently lived in one of the cottages on the shore there, and she had to pass your window to get to the main street of town. She used to consider you a witch, and she said she was afraid to pass under your window if you were sitting at your desk looking out at Haley Pond, because she was afraid you'd put a spell on her.

Q - What is the reaction of both the townsfolk and summer residents today towards Reich and orgonomy?

A - I think it is very positive now. Whenever I go anywhere socially and any one finds out I worked at Orgonon, they are interested, and it is not in a negative way that they ask me questions. I love to discuss it, but I'm very careful because I really didn't get into it that much. I had good feelings about the place, but I don't feel I should discuss it too much because I don't know much about it.

The school had a program where they listed Reich's works and told a little bit about him. The school children are interested in him, and I think that in general the feeling of the community is very positive. I don't think there are any more people around who worry and think the people at Orgonon were vicious and bad.

Q - How do you account for this change?

A - Well... (long pause)

Q - Do you think it is possibly that people have become more tolerant due to the sexual revolution or that the townsfolk have become more aware of what orgonomy is about?

A - Absolutely, because there are a number of people in town who did read the books and did agree with them. Everything is sort of low-keyed, though; they have kept it low-keyed. I know I did, and even after I married and had children, I kept it very low-keyed because I didn't want my children to be subjected to the persecution I had been subjected to, even though it wasn't that bad; I just didn't want them to feel unhappy. But I think the town now knows there wasn't anything terrible going on over there. The children who grew up when Reich was there are now adults, and a lot of them have had a chance to read some of his works - I know a lot of school children have. As you say, it is the general opening up and educating of the people.

Q - Do you use the orgone accumulator,

and, if so, how does it help you?

A - I have arthritis, and I use it to ease the pain in my legs. I use it for headaches, burns, muscle aches, strains, bruises, and for just general lousy feelings sometimes.

Q - Does anyone else in your family use it?

A - Yes, my son and my daughters - all my children have - and my cats!

Q - You use just the blanket accumulator?

A - Yes.

Q - In what way have orgonomic concepts influenced your life, if at all?

A - Well, at the time I began working at Orgonon, I was eighteen, a very vulnerable stage of my life. A lot of doors were closed to me, and working at Orgonon and reading what little I did - but it wasn't so much the reading and learning. Everything I got from orgonomy was through feelings; it reinforced what I knew deep inside me was right and what everyone around me at that time was trying to deny. And it opened doors for me in the right direction. It made me feel more secure in my own feelings because then I knew that somewhere there were a lot of people who agreed with me, that I wasn't the odd ball, that my good feelings were good, not negative.

Q - What do you mean by good feelings? Sexual feelings?

A - Yes.

Q - That they weren't something to be ashamed of?

A - Yes, that they weren't dirty, that I shouldn't be ashamed of them. Why should I be ashamed of love? And there was



Wanda Ferguson - author

so much hate around me and so many doors were closed to me. This whole experience with Orgonon, it headed me in the right direction, which I think I've continued with down the road. It helped me with my family. Even now, I'm still going on gut feelings, but my feelings of what is right were reinforced by what I saw at Orgonon and what I learned there. It was a very good experience. I thank God wherever He is or whatever He is that I came there to Orgonon! That was what saved me. There were many times, you know, when I thought this life isn't worth it, it's just too much; there are too many people trying to drag me down into their own dark hell. And when I went to work there at Orgonon, it was as if a light came on.

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*I give nothing as duties,
What others give as duties, I give as living impulses,
(Shall I give the heart's action as a duty?)*

*For the sake of him I typify, for the common average man's sake,
for your sake if you be he!
And that where I am nor you are this present day, there is the centre
of all days, all races,
And there is the meaning to us of all that has ever come of races
and days, or ever will come.*

from *Leaves of Grass*
by Walt Whitman

→ REVIEWS

MAN IN THE TRAP. By Elsworth F. Baker, M.D. 354 pages, 1967. A Macmillan Quality Paperback. Available from Orgonomic Publications, Inc., Box 565, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023. \$5.95 plus \$1.00 postage & handling.

Dr. Elsworth F. Baker worked closely with Wilhelm Reich for eleven years. After Reich's death, he assumed the heavy responsibility for continuing orgonomy along the lines laid out by WR. With great courage, devotion and determination, Dr. Baker has walked the difficult and straight path established by Reich--training physicians in psychiatric orgone therapy, establishing the American College of Orgonomy, the *Journal of Orgonomy*, conducting seminars, writing innumerable articles, and, all the while, maintaining his private practice. This despite continuous attacks from the emotional plague.

This classic work on human character structure has now been republished in a soft-cover edition. Based solidly on WR's pioneering discoveries, *Man in the Trap* presents Reich's clinical concepts in a fresh and clear manner. The book is rich in case histories of the various character types and what motivates them. It demonstrates how character structure is the basis of human action, that one's emotional health determines one's ability to act rationally or irrationally. It spells out the identity of sexual illness and psychopathic social and political behavior. It exposes for the first time why Communism today is an expression of pathological drives, organized as the emotional plague.

Man in the Trap is a deep river of scientific wisdom, not only for the student-physician and practicing medical orgonomist, but also for the layman. It reveals how adults ruin their children, who later, as adults themselves, perpetuate the misery by ruining their children. Humanity is in a trap--a self-perpetuating hell, a self-limiting prison wherein the convicts are in truth their own jailers.

There is only one way to get out of

the trap: We must recognize and acknowledge its existence, and then raise our children so they are not trapped in the first place.

Man in the Trap is a treasure to own, to study, to give as a guide to anyone seeking factual answers to life's deepest problems. It is a gift of wisdom, a pearl of great price. It should be studied by every parent or would-be parent, by educators and physicians. There is no one who could not benefit from this book except the emotional-plague character who will find it mortally revealing and intolerable, and who will therefore seek to destroy it by silence, undermining distortion and slander, or by way of the incinerator.

While humanity owes an incalculable debt to men like Wilhelm Reich, orgonomy lives today because of the efforts and sacrifice of a very few like Dr. Elsworth Baker.

---Jerome Eden*

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A WORD by Elsworth F. Baker
from *Man in the Trap*

Destructive knowledge is accepted at once. Man has lost his ability to surrender to his nature, a surrender which sends energy streaming through his pelvis, a surrender where love is really felt and oneness with nature exists. Such natural findings cannot be accepted thus because they cannot be felt or tolerated within the organism, and so we fight against them, or do not see them, or explain them away.

Our greatest weapon against such restrictions is knowledge. Our hope must be to know what is really true and what is natural and why man fights against it so fiercely. Reich has told us much that is true about man, if we can listen and remain objective even though we wish to run from it.

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LIFE IN THE SOVIET UNION--A REPORT CARD ON SOCIALISM. By Svetozar Pejovich. 110 pages; paperback, \$4.95; cloth, \$9.95. Published by The Fisher Institute, 6350 L.J. Freeway, Dallas, Texas 75240.

This primer on social and political life in the U.S.S.R. is recommended for those who want to know what it is like to live under the Russian brand of Communist tyr-

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ILLUSIONS - The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah. By Richard Bach. 192 pages, 1979. A Dell paperback, \$2.50.

Anyone who enjoyed Richard Bach's *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* will surely revel in *Illusions*. Although one major theme, the unreality of reality, is hardly helpful to those who are trying to make a closer contact with the reality of the real world, there are gems of wisdom here for all of us and sheer delight to be had from Bach's daring unconventionality and irreverence. The prologue begins "There was a Master come unto the earth, born in the holyland of Indiana, raised in the mystical hills east of Fort Wayne...and he grew in his trade as a mechanic of automobiles."

Briefly, the story is about the friendship of two young men who are barnstorming today, landing their 1929 biplanes in farm fields near small towns and offering ten-minute rides for three dollars. One of them (named Richard, of course) is a confused, normal mortal hankering for freedom (a clone of J.D. Salinger's Holden). Don, the other young man, is a happy-go-lucky, Jesus-come-lately who isn't too keen about the saviour role thrust on him by virtue of his "miraculous" abilities. The pithy aphorisms sprinkled throughout the book come from The Messiah's Handbook that Don gives Richard to study. Bach revels in paradoxes as much as he just plain revels. "You teach best what you most need to learn." "There is no such thing as a problem without a gift for you in its hands. You seek problems because you

anny. Professor Pejovich does not provide a study in depth, and his treatment of the economics and the military developments of this self-proclaimed enemy of America ("We will bury you" is no idle boast) is quite inadequate; but he does provide a reliable and fascinating introduction for those who do not have the time or the inclination to make a more thorough study. Or, perhaps, as reviewer M.J. Rossini says, this small book (one evening's reading) may whet the reader's appetite for further study.

He adds, "Pejovich argues that if it is true that we are the Athenians of our age, and the Soviets the modern Spartans, we must learn to press the one political advantage an infinity of 'five year plans' will not provide the Kremlin: a mind unfettered by the slavery of ideology.

need their gifts."

To tell you what this Messiah did when "the throng pressed him with its woes, beseeching him to heal for it and learn for it and feed it nonstop" would be to give away the punch line. I'm sure Reich would have relished his response as well as the clarity of Bach's portrayal of man's pleasure anxiety.

When Don, the Master, asks the multitude if a man who wants to help the suffering in this world should do what God tells him to do no matter the price to himself, they cry out, "Of course, Master! It should be pleasure for him to suffer the tortures of hell itself, should God ask it!...Honor to be hanged, glory to be nailed to a tree and burned, if so be that God has asked." So Don then asks them, "What would you do if God spoke directly to your face and said 'I command that you be happy in the world as long as you live.' What would you do then?"

And the multitude was silent,
not a sound was heard upon the
hillsides, across the valleys
where they stood...

A stupendous rendition of the truth that Freud first delineated and Reich proved.

The author conveys his belief that it is a much greater thing to be happy than to be crucified, and he does it with a whimsical humor and a grace that have not been matched since Salinger wrote *Catcher in the Rye*. Except for the pitch about the unreality of reality (and I may have misread that), the book is, as the blurb says, a great way of looking at life

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In Memory of WILLIAM SYDNEY MOISE

ARTIST, TEACHER, AND FRIEND OF WILHELM REICH

WILLIAM SYDNEY MOISE, whose painting of a winter scene graces our cover, painted in vibrant, glowing colors to celebrate the joy he felt in observing nature. He was not only a recognized artist (he was listed in *Who's Who in American Art*) and a gifted art teacher beloved throughout the Hancock, Maine area, but he was an able assistant to his father-in-law, Wilhelm Reich, notably in weather-control.

His life was suddenly forfeited last August, in his 58th year, while he was playing his weekly game of tennis. His legacy to the world is not only his fine paintings, but the words of wisdom and inspiration he left his many students. The *Ellsworth American* quoted him as saying to his students, "Half of the job, if not more, will be in you, the artist... to be sensitive, and to respond to your own sensation so that you will recognize when something triggers the ringing of bells."

Though emphasizing the artist's need for deep feelings, Bill (he was "Bill" to everyone) believed in the need for a sound education. He himself graduated *cum laude* from the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee and with honors from New York's Cooper Union Art School, and he took a Master's degree from Teachers College at Columbia University.

In *The Taste of Color, The Touch of Love*, which he wrote in 1970, Bill summed up his philosophy of art in these words:

We don't make love. We don't make color and we don't make a painting. It should feel as though love created the color, as though color then brought forth form, that form produced the painting, and finally that the painting then gave birth to the artist. A work of art should express the feeling that the artist felt in love with it during its creation.

His understanding that one doesn't make love doubtless derived from Reich, who was wont to say that a loving embrace happens of its own accord and thus one cannot make love. The effect of orgonomy on Bill's art work was perhaps most evident in the changing of his palette from a rather subdued, greenish monotone to an eclectic choice of exuberant colors.

The *Ellsworth American's* article on

Bill Moise noted that "He always painted while standing, often dancing in front of his canvas because he believed this gave the painting movement, life and depth."

Bill's daughter, Renata (Reich's granddaughter) had "dabbled" in her father's studio since she was three. He had told her that she was welcome to paint there any time she wanted to, and she took him up on the offer when she was around five. She came to him in the middle of the night and said, "Daddy, I want to paint now." Honoring his word and her seriousness, he got up and painted with her then and there, which is in keeping with his respect for all students of art. When Bill talked about teaching, it was about the students, their problems and how they solved them, never about himself--the earmark of a true professor.

Not long after Bill had married Eva Reich and met Reich at Orgonon, Reich decided that Bill's keen eye for the truth in nature and the weather would make him a natural as an operator of the cloudbuster. Under Reich's careful tutelage, Bill became expert in operating that device, even while he continued to teach art in public schools.

The Korean War intervened then, but after a few years as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy, serving aboard light cruisers in the Atlantic and Pacific, Bill returned to Hancock and resumed normal life.

In 1954, he was awarded a research grant from the Wilhelm Reich Foundation and joined Reich in weather-control work. He became clerk of the foundation and, in the years before Reich's incarceration, he acted as Reich's assistant and private secretary. After Reich's death, he settled permanently in Hancock.

This fall, Bill's works were to have been shown in New York, Atlanta, and Mexico City, but the only show to be held posthumously was a joint showing of his work with that of his now twenty-year-old daughter, a show he jokingly referred to as "Renata's world premiere."

Bill Moise will long be remembered by many with grief, joy, and gratitude. We thank Renata Moise for letting us reproduce one of his paintings in his honor and for our enjoyment.



Major Orgonomic Centers in Europe

Walter Hoppe, M.D. (Portiastr. 14, 8 München, West Germany), dean of orgonomy in Europe, is a psychiatric orgone therapist and heads research activity in Germany.

Giuseppe Cammarella, M.D., a thoroughly qualified psychiatric orgone therapist, practices in Rome, as well as at Avenue Du Parc Liserb, Allee du Chene Vert, La Rose des Sables, Nice-Cimiez, France, where he edits and produces *Scienza Orgonomica*.

Inquiries about orgonomic work or the authenticity of Reichian organizations or practitioners may be directed to them.

The Wilhelm Reich Museum at Orgonon

The Wilhelm Reich Museum at Orgonon (Rangeley, Maine 04970) is open two days a week in July and August and offers conducted tours. The museum curator, Barbara Bruce, has arranged an excellent exhibit of the history of orgonomy. Tom Ross enjoys his role as guide to the grounds and takes visitors to Reich's tomb. The museum celebrated its 20th anniversary last August with three lectures, only one of which was about Reich: "Regional Self-Reliance," "Historic Franklin County," and "The Legacy of Wilhelm Reich."

With no research or other orgonomic work going on there, the Students' Laboratory is now the Conference Building, a community center. Last summer, a Continental breakfast was served there to the 44 members of the Rangeley Ladies Breakfast Club. A slide show about the museum was shown at the June ladies meeting of the Rangeley Rotary Club. Etc. And orgonomy? It is ancient history, a harmless memory, at Orgonon, and Reich a beneficent ghost who sponsors the Ladies Breakfast Club.

Those Ubiquitous "Reichian" Therapists

A New York medical doctor who for years had competently practiced homeopathy, apparently found that his clientele was diminishing due to the hordes of untrained, self-appointed "therapists" who have flooded the country in recent years, so he decided to become a holistic practitioner. Anyone who now enters his office is handed a list of his forty specialities. Homeopathy is about tenth down on the list and orgone or "Reichian" therapy near the end.

A qualified orgone therapist has an M.D. degree (this he had), a psychiatric residency, successful characterological restructuring by a qualified medical

orgonomist, and extensive training in psychiatric orgone therapy (which he had not). When queried about his qualifications, he finally admitted he based his claim to expertise on a single lecture he'd heard at New York University.

A typical example of West Coast Reichian therapy was advertised in a flier headed "Reichian Body-Work": "I am now taking new clients for a reduced fee. I will start our work together by giving you a psychic reading to see where your energy...is blocked. We will then move into breath and body work (Reichian, Bio-energetic and Massage)...I am state certified in massage... My sliding scale is very reasonable."

Such cases make it easier to understand why Reich asserted emphatically that, just as Freud had averred that he himself was not a "Freudian," he himself was not a "Reichian."

One might suppose that unqualified therapists are simply a modern version of the itinerant con man who sold colored sugar water to cure anything from dandruff to tuberculosis. But it isn't that simple. Whereas sugar water might act as a harmless placebo, tampering with the powerful energies of blocked emotions can be extremely dangerous. Both the traveling medicine man of yore and today's fraudulent therapists are preventing sick persons from seeking treatment that might really help them.

Orgonomic Socio-political Views "Not Acceptable" in France

Payot, a French publisher who contracted to publish a book composed of translations by Eric Schvartz of *Journal of Orgonomy* articles, has, after typesetting the book, come to the conclusion that the articles by Professor Paul Mathews present an interpretation of political events "that cannot possibly be accepted in France and will only confirm the position of those who reject Reich's 'American' work summarily, calling it 'paranoid' and 'reactionary.'" What better proof of the political source of the calumny about Reich's being paranoid?

Eric Schvartz and the journal's lawyer have refused to accept Payot's proposal that this material be deleted. So we may close this issue with a Hip, Hip Hooray!

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ORGONOMIC BOOKS & PERIODICALS

WILHELM REICH ★

<u>Cancer Biopathy</u>		<u>The Invasion of Compulsory Sex-Morality</u>		<u>People in Trouble</u>	
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ELSWORTH F. BAKER

Man in the Trap. Collier paperback, \$5.95. Available from Orgonomic Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 565, Ansonia Station, New York, NY 10023, at \$5.95 + \$1.00 postage; 2 copies, \$11.95; 3 copies, \$16.95.

PETER REICH

A Book of Dreams. Cloth, \$5.95 (OSI). Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, NY 10022.

JEROME EDEN

Orgone Energy--The Answer to Atomic Suicide. Cloth, \$7.50 + 75¢ postage.

Planet in Trouble: The UFO Assault on Earth. Cloth, \$8.50 + 75¢ postage.

View from Eden. Cloth, \$8.00 + 75¢ postage

Exposition Press, 325 Kings Highway, Smithtown, Pa. 11787.

ORSON BEAN

Me and the Orgone, 2nd ed. Paperback, \$3.95. St. Martin's Press, 175 5th Ave., New York, NY 10010

THE JOURNAL OF ORGONOMY - Published semi-annually, in May and November, by the American College of Orgonomy. Scientific articles on orgone physics, biology, astronomy, etc.; clinical articles on psychiatric orgone therapy and the biopathic diatheses; & scholarly articles on socio-politics, literature, and the arts. \$7.50 per single copy; \$15.00 per year; \$40.00 for three years. (Foreign subscribers: add 50¢ per issue or \$1.00 per year for postage & handling, and remit by international check or international money order.) Orgonomic Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 565, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023.

EDEN BULLETIN - Published quarterly by the Eden Press, Box 34, Careywood, ID 83890. \$8.00 per year. Covers many aspects of orgonomy, with emphasis on UFO phenomena and orgonomic weather control.

"I want you to stop being an Untermensch and want you to become *yourself*. Yourself, instead of the newspaper you read or the poor opinion that you hear from your vicious neighbor. I know that you do not know what and how you really are deep down. In the depth, you are what a deer is, or your God, your poet or your wise man. But you believe that you are a member of the Legion, the bowling club or the Klu-Klux-Klan. And, since you believe this, you act as you do."

From LISTEN, LITTLE MAN!

by Wilhelm Reich

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