

OFFSHOOTS of ORGONOMY



*Looking across the Atlantic Ocean
from the cottage in Pargones, Cornwall England April 20, 1980*

ORGONE AND YOU + RAISING TWO CHILDREN + A TEENAGE WASTELAND

LETTERS FROM PORTUGAL + REALITIES OF TEACHING + POEMS

CONTACT AND READING POETRY + DEAN OF ORGONOMISTS + A GLOSSARY

No. 2, Spring 1981 - \$5.50

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Trees

By Howard Nemerov

To be a giant and keep quiet about it,
To stay in one's own place;
To stand for the constant presence of process
And always to seem the same;
To be steady as a rock and always trembling,
Having the hard appearance of death
With the soft, fluent nature of growth,
One's Being deceptively armored,
One's Becoming deceptively vulnerable;
To be so tough and take the light so well,
Freely providing forbidden knowledge
Of so many things about heaven and earth
For which we should otherwise have no word--

Poems or people are rarely so lovely,
And even when they have great qualities
They tend to tell you rather than exemplify
What they believe themselves to be about,
While from the moving silence of trees,
Whether in storm or calm, in leaf and naked,
Night or day, we draw conclusions of our own,
Sustaining and unnoticed as our breath,
And perilous also ---though there has never been
A critical tree--- about the nature of things.

Cover: "Looking toward the Atlantic Ocean from
the Cottage in Penzance, Cornwall, England"
by Howard A. Schneider (1980). See page 64.

OFFSHOOTS of ORGONOMY

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Dear Reader,

OFFSHOOTS OF ORGONOMY #1 was enthusiastically welcomed into this world by approximately 600 subscribers and is now read in 46 states of the Union and in twenty foreign countries. We are confident that we will reach our goal of a thousand readers by 1982. Parents have sent copies to their children, and vice versa, friends have sent them to friends, graduates to their alma maters, and one enterprising youth subscribed for his teacher!

The Editorial Staff has been expanded, and we welcome Patricia Humphrey, educator, as Education Editor; J. J. Van Name, poet and teacher, as Poetry Editor; and Sharron Whitten, garden and graphics designer, as Graphics Consultant.

In this issue, Mariama Blumenson has initiated what we hope will become a feature of this magazine, articles from today's youths. They have a lot to teach their teachers and each other. Reich's concept for infant and child research was that they should be the teachers and the adults the recorders and students. This is a very small effort in that direction, as is the publication of articles by observing parents and teachers.

Our need for the continuance of the Fifteenth Street School, which is having a dire struggle to survive, was emphasized by an impressive coincidence of testimony by three of our authors in this issue. They confirm the fact that, whether authoritarian or permissive, the present teaching systems aim at making the students fit a single mold on the premise that "one size fits all." We need the Fifteenth Street School (and more like it!) and it needs our support. Please send contributions or parents and students, or help of any kind to the Directress, The Fifteenth Street School, 205 West 15th St., New York, N.Y. 10011.

Some "Reichians" and "neo-Reichians" have approached Offshoots' editors, apparently feeling they could establish a rapprochement with us that they had not been able to establish with the orgonomists. So, be it known: The orientation of Offshoots is and will continue to be wholly orgonomic, not "Reichian." The "Reichians" and bioenergeticists have discarded one or more of the fundamental principles of orgonomy. In most cases, the function of the orgasm as the prime energy regulator is denied, though Reich said it is the very fount and foundation of his work. Or they doubt the validity of his research and the reality of orgone energy. Or they try to amalgamate Reich's work with Marxism and use it to bolster Communism, though nothing could be further from self-regulation than enslaving Communism in all its forms. Reich pointed out his own early errors with regard to Marxism as early as 1936 (as published in 1944 in the *International Journal of Sex-economy and Orgone Research*) when he stated, "I am not a Marxist."

Saviours---is that what they want, these people who are forever criticizing others for not doing enough? Most of us would like to have a saviour, but there are none. Reich kept saying impatiently that he was no saviour, meaning everyone has to work out his own salvation, and that to ask someone to be your saviour is putting a burden on him and handicapping yourself. All this came to mind when I heard yet again a complaint that the orgonomists aren't doing enough---they should be cleaning up this foul atmosphere, they should rediscover and use the motor force in orgone energy, and a dozen other "they should" commandments. All of the orgonomists are carrying a full load of professional work in addition to supporting the work of the American College of Orgonomy, writing articles and books, giving lectures, doing research, fighting the emotional plague that is always around, and a myriad of other activities to keep in good health and enjoy a loving partner and loving family. So we say to the critics, "What are you doing? If you want more done---do it! If you haven't the educational background, get it. Research takes money; contribute to it. Don't ask others to do it all for you. Be your own saviour."

Please remember, your comments and suggestions are welcome.

The Editor

Orgone and You

(a serialized book)

by - Lois Wyvell

- II - ORGONE AND GOD (continued)

An orgonomic religion?

Whether knowledge of God as primordial, creative orgone energy and a natural morality based on self-regulation should be organized into a religion is a moot question now, but it may be inevitable. For, as men get in touch with their own Life again and understand themselves and their world better through orgonomy, they will be moved to devise new philosophies and to create literature, music, and art different from and perhaps greater than those based on mystical concepts. These new expressions may be integrated to form a nonmystical religion as different from the Judeo-Christian religion as the Judeo-Christian religion is from voodooism.

Since orgonomy offers us a way to know God through our eyes, ears, and other organ senses, as well as through our organotic senses, without mystification, we need no longer be limited to a choice between the vague ecstasy of a mystical faith or the unimpassioned aridity of intellectual rationalism in seeking to relate to the creative power.

Inasmuch as all monotheistic religions define God as the Creator or Creative Force, and, since orgone energy is that creative force, it seems reasonable to predict that eventually an orgonomic religion will arise, especially since orgonomy has the potential to

supply all the aspects of religion that promote life-enhancing functions: a way to seek greater knowledge of the Creator; a basis for a system of values and moral behavior; a means of giving meaning to life; a means to pray; a way to attain the greatest sensual pleasure; and a way to overcome the fear of death.

Such a religion might not appeal to many now, however, because it would fall short of offering the kind of comfort so often sought in religion, the feeling---no matter how irrational---of being protected by a loving Father-Mother God, and the promise of eternal life. Orgonomy would seem to offer no hope to the helpless who now supplicate a mystical Father-God; yet, inasmuch as it induces greater movement of life energy in the body and thus bioenergetic health, it engenders the very basis for hope. Free-flowing life energy generates hope even more successfully than blind faith. The hope of mystics, too, is based on their feeling of being alive.

Though many qualities of God as expressed by the great religions are qualities of orgone energy, and despite the fact that Reich scientifically revealed the creative power of cosmic orgone energy, it may be a contradiction for orgonomy to be the basis of an organized religion, for religion presupposes ritual and dogma.

Historically and currently, these rituals and dogmas pertain to mystical revelations and rules to regulate behavior and to propitiate God, as well as expressing deep feelings about God and creation. An orgonomic religion would do away with the mysticism and compulsive morality, but it might become stultified by being organized. Ritual, alive at its origin, becomes mechanical with repetition and thus is a deviation from God. In most churches I have been familiar with, the universal qualities of God have been obscured by dogmas, pettiness, and provincialism---by the DOR in armored man. Ritual is rigidified feeling and thought, and, since feeling is nothing if not spontaneous, religion is too often a substitute for feeling---a "mirror image" to use Reich's term.

So, while trying to avoid stultifying dogmatism and ritual, an orgonomic religion would also avoid the various life-destructive aspects that have now widely discredited orthodox religions, in particular, compulsive morality, mystification of God, and inculcating sexual guilt. Were such a religion to become widely adopted now, however, it would pose a dilemma, for the moral strictures of Christianity and other orthodoxies are still needed to regulate armored man's secondary impulses, as Reich said.

Until man is less armored, the threat of hell and the promise of reward for the repression of antisocial behavior are necessary. This system of rewards and punishments is woven into a mystical tapestry of theology, ritual, music and other sensuous arts that offer partial fulfillment of the frustrated sexual drives, of man's cosmic longing; and the tapestry is protected by the structure of the churches with all their great wealth and the power of their bureaucratic, political organization. Thus, the dilemma is hardly imminent. An orgonomic religion will for a long time belong to only a few individuals who invent it for themselves.

In any event, whether the invention of an individual for himself alone or the work of some great orgonomist that has universal appeal, an orgonomic religion must preserve the profound insights of the great religious leaders of the past, as they are the core of whatever civilization exists.

Apparently, great religious concepts were originally valid, but when they became mystified, dogmatized, and

ritualized, they became a hindrance to the further discovery of God; they stopped the flow of God in the body and became a substitute for this contact with God. Yet religion is, even so, and above all, an expression of what is left of cosmic contact in man---hence the great music of Bach, the great cathedrals, the Bible, the Koran, the Upanishad, the Book of the Dead, and the powerful, unending appeal of religion throughout the world.

When cosmic longing was severed from periodic orgasmic fulfillment, it was mystified and became the core of the religious experience.

As Reich explained, the church, in its efforts to control the secondary drives of armored man, became the major source of sexual repression---and simultaneously intensified the hidden evil by repressing nature in babies and children. The church is so hard to oppose because it is needed to repress the evil it has unknowingly engendered and because it contains man's most inspired expressions of cosmic love. So we probably need not worry about too sudden a demise of today's religions.

Nor need we worry about the potential problems inherent in an orgonomic religion, though we might do well to be forewarned. To me, orthodoxy seems to be the greatest danger. "Orthodox" does not apply to orgonomy, since it is a science not a doctrine. But it does apply to "Reichians" and could come to apply to adherents of an orgonomic religion. Reich said emphatically that he himself was not a Reichian, that is, that he didn't conform to any dogma or doctrine based on his scientific discoveries. I am aware, however, that I and others do at times have a tendency to orthodoxy in our adherence to orgonomy that must be checked.

We are all groping toward an understanding

The world would be a fairer place if the orthodox of whatever persuasion would acknowledge that God (or Nature or Truth) is not Christian or Jewish or Buddhist or Mohammedan or Capitalistic or Communist or Freudian---or Reichian. We should all take note that Nature doesn't favor the theist over the atheist but quite impartially buries both in lava when Mt. Vesuvius erupts.

Though the supporters of each school

of science, economics, and politics, as well as adherents of each religion, believe they have a more or less exclusive and superior understanding of the Truth, the American dream (partially realized) is to let our ideas compete freely, as that is the only way Truth will eventually win. Those missionaries of political or religious---or scientific---dogmas who want to impose their ideas on others obviously doubt their validity, fearing their views might not prove to be true if tested in an open forum.

If all would admit that in our differing beliefs we are all groping toward understanding in the way best suited to us given our background and individual inclinations, then at least there would be no more torturing inquisitions in the name of a loving God. Orgonomy should be able to further this devoutly desired goal, as it can help people to be more loving by reinforcing and protecting man's naturally loving nature.

An individual concept of God

A word about my own experience may not be amiss here, to illustrate where some knowledge of orgonomic truths has led one woman who had totally lost a very uncertain Christian faith in early adolescence.

I reached my fifties without being consciously aware of a need for a concept of God, though I frequently went to one or another church on Sunday for the music or an uplifting sermon. Then, one mid-summer morning, while walking alone down a country lane in Devon, I was suddenly flooded with the feeling that I was looking at the very face of God in the shining clouds, the azure sky, the black-birds' iridescent wings, the tender pink of budding blossoms, and the diamond sparkle of orgone in the air. So I asked myself, "What is God to me?"

The answer came gropingly: "God is...the flow of pleasure in my body right now...and this sparkling orgone ocean around me, filling the day and filling me. God is the starlight from eons away, a hot white light from unfathomable spaces yet visible to my tiny pulsating eyes, which, too, are God..." And I have gone on defining God for myself every day since. That is how I pray, prayers of sheer delight and gratitude. Now that I can take pleasure in the visible, auditory, olfactory, and moving

essence of the Creator, and in the orgone sparkle and glow and lightning-like flashes that decorate the dark and make the creative force real to me, the daily defining of God has become a daily prayer that is always the same yet never the same, for each day it celebrates the awareness and discoveries of that day. The variations keep it from becoming repetitious and dull.

So, when by night or day I see the orgone twinkling above, below and all around me, I feel sure I'm surrounded by God and I am grateful. That is the basis of my religion---the ultimate reality, primordial orgone energy. Since I was brought up as a Christian Scientist and taught that there is no reality in matter, I've come a long way. I can now say, to paraphrase Mary Baker Eddy's statement about the unreality of matter, that there is life, truth, intelligence and substance in matter as well as in the cosmic energy that creates it.

Put another way, if I am only the stuff dreams are made of, or a figment of some gigantic imagination, or a flawed representation of the platonic perfect image, I'm still a dream incorporated in firm flesh and standing on a solid planet in infinite space, a dream that abides by the incontrovertible laws of life. A dream so fleshy and tangible I can feel its heat, its cold, its breath, its pleasure and pain, and this is reality enough for me.

So I can still say, "Glory to God in the highest" to celebrate the star-spangled night, which is all we know of infinity; even as I say, "Glory to God in the lowliest" to celebrate the equally wonderful good Earth and all aspects of life on Earth, from microbes to man.

Competing with God

"Pride goeth before a fall" bespeaks Lucifer, the fallen angel who dare to compete with God---that is, to act outside the realm of Nature. Men are still trying to best Nature. The theme song of a Broadway musical, "Your Arm's too Short to Box with God," expresses a truism, for man always comes a cropper when he tries.

Reich had no desire to compete with Nature, but rather a humble desire to understand It, reminding us often that we cannot change a single law of Nature. Our lives and our products are beautiful

and good only when they are in harmony with those laws; when we ignore or defy them, the result is a distortion or a monstrosity. Many arrogant Lucifers in the scientific world today are trying to best God by producing clones, two-headed dogs, and other hideous abnormalities.

The accomplishments of man can be viewed as part of Nature to the extent that man has remained natural, but even the most useful (the harnessing of electricity for instance) and the noblest (say an eloquent symphony) are diminished by Nature's events. How palid is electricity compared to the sun, and how puny Beethoven's majestic "Ninth Symphony" compared to a full aurora borealis! This is a perspective Reich never lost.

Bees build hives, ants apartments, and birds nests in perfect conformity to orgonotic intelligence without a sense of competition, without a desire to outdo the other fellow. If nest-building territories or materials are scarce, they fight, but not to see which can make the bigger, fancier nest. The nests are built in accord with function and need, not according to pride. Many animals besides man compete for mates and leadership, but, again, it is an imperative function that dictates the need, not ego. What happened to make man different? Was it when man recognized his special godlike capacity to think and create that the competitive false pride was born? Or was it due to armoring? Was it that when man armored and lost his capacity for orgastic potency he developed a false sense of competition and pride to compensate for his impotence? If so, the dictum "pride goeth before a fall" reverses the sequence of events: False pride follows the fall from grace, the loss of orgastic potency.

The insight of at least one great religious leader substantiates this, for Thomas Aquinas, if I remember rightly, defined what pride is but not how it came to be except to say that it arose in Lucifer as a deprivation of the proper form, that it was not given by God but was a distortion of God. Impotence is indisputably a deprivation of the proper form; and armoring is caused not by orgone but by its distorted form, DOR.

Not that there is anything wrong with a proper natural pride in oneself and one's accomplishments; the reference here is to arrogant, false pride. No one was more proud of his accomplishments

than Reich. He would have had to be a fool not to know the value of himself and his work. But his pride was not the chest-beating variety nor the kind that belittles others. It was a shy delight, almost a surprised delight, in what he had done. His pride and his humility went hand-in-hand. At his proudest, he was most humbly grateful for the gifts that allowed him to do such work

The human sacrifice

Reich cried out in wrath and anguish, "The young and the beautiful, the great and the wise shall no longer accept martyrdom! They shall no longer submit to being sacrificed to appease the anger of gods, which is really the hatred of impotent men and women!" But he couldn't stop them from killing him.

In pagan Greece, the most beautiful virgin males and females were sacrificed in ritualistic murders that were excused as acts to propitiate the gods. In *The Murder of Christ*, Reich wrote a book about other socially accepted murders. He explained the stifling and even the outright killing of the life in babies and the persecution of great men as due to the intolerance of unarmored life by the armored whose own life had been stifled and half killed. Though the sacrifice of human life by slaughter on an altar is taboo, the desire for such sacrifice is as strong as ever. How does the weekly celebration of the crucifixion of Jesus differ from the pagan sacrifice of human life except that it is experienced symbolically?

The Christian dogma, no less than the pagan, expiates the guilt of the celebrants by claiming that the murder was acceptable to God. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Presumably, nothing speaks so eloquently to us of God's love as His permitting the crucifixion of Jesus. Yet any human father who so sacrificed his son would be considered a monster. Sunday school children are invited to look upon statues of Christ hanging agonized on the cross and ponder how much God must have loved them to have condoned this terrible suffering for their sake. Does the weekly symbolical crucifixion for their personal salvation make the communicant feel guilty?

Presumably not, for Jesus beseeched God to "Forgive them for they know not what they do." The significance of the crucifixion is much more complex than this, of course. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," said John; but Jesus' love surpassed even this, as he gave his life for his enemies and asked his Father to forgive them. However, we are concerned here only with the sacrificial aspects of the tragedy.

Jesus is supposed to have loved his murderers so much that he forgave them and even persuaded God to forgive them, though God had allowed it to happen? This sounds utterly irrational, but, as do other myths, it may serve a rational purpose. Perhaps the weekly celebration of this myth serves to alleviate some of the guilt most of us must feel for the sin of the everyday smothering or neglect of life. For, armored as we are, we still know dimly at our core that we are murdering life when we repress sexual love and other natural expressions in our children and neglect those who need us.

If Jesus gave his life for us, why did he call out to God asking why He had forsaken him? If Jesus offered himself to be sacrificed or God ordained it, why blame Judas, who was then only an instrument of God's will? The contradictions confuse and serve a purpose, for Jesus is supposed to have borne our sins and taken them away, though nobody has ever said how this was done and it is the most mystical, inexplicable "explanation" of all. Myths need not be rational, logical, or factual; they are made up to suit our neurotic needs. If Jesus had indeed taken away man's sins, Christians would be good, but they are no better than they were in his day after two centuries of believing that Christ's suffering on the cross was for their benefit. The holocaust in Germany perpetrated by many Lutheran Nazis among others was no whit different from the genocide in Cambodia by anti-Christ Communists.

Has orgonomy anything to offer to stop this horrible ancient and contemporary custom of sacrificial murder? Possibly, if exposing its meaning diminishes its acceptance.

Reich was powerfully opposed to all such sacrifice, especially denouncing the complacency with which people accept the idea that the man or woman of genius who makes discoveries that benefit mankind or creates works of art that bring

joy must suffer for the privilege of being so alive and gifted. He wanted the victims, as well as the perpetrators, to realize that it is not inevitable that the truly alive, the good and beautiful, and the talented, superior human beings must be sacrificed to pacify the inferior and half dead.

Further, Reich did not for one minute, during the years when I knew him, subscribe to his own martyrdom, the opinion of some of his colleagues to the contrary. This has been confirmed by Aurora Karrer Reich, who was his closest companion in the last years of his martyrdom. Wilhelm Reich was a most unwilling martyr.

Death and eternal life

A precious component of most religions is the promise of life after death, the negation of man's fear of death by denying death itself. How might an organomically oriented philosophy deal with man's desire for immortality and fear of death?

To Reich, the idea of an afterlife was so utterly impossibly improbable or a matter of such indifference that I could not engage him in a discussion of the subject. Apparently, the only immortality he looked forward to was the endurance of his work and the survival of his children's children. Elsworth Baker has expressed much the same attitude, and one might suppose that to anyone who is organomically oriented life after death would seem to be an anomaly. For each life, whether a plant, an amoeba, or a man, is a small organism animated by pulsating life energy at conception, that grows as it pulsates, and that dies when the pulsation stops.

An afterlife is unbelievable to one who gives no credence to mystical faith in a soul that is separate from the body and precedes and survives it. Whatever is inherent in the seed or sperm or ovum is relatively immortal---at least it doesn't die with the plant or person if it is passed on to the next generation---but it is our uniqueness, our individuality that we want to immortalize. We're not noticeably upset by the death of the potential individuals in all the spermatozoa and ova that die in each of us. So, it would seem that what we want to last forever is what we have become on earth. I have always thought that the unbearable thing about contemplating one's

own demise is the total, final obliteration of the self, a thought I found confirmed in *The Book of the Dead*, which records a poignant voice from ancient Egypt crying out, "In the dark night of counting all the years, Oh let my name be given back to me!"

Our desire for immortality seems to be based on this prizing of our own most precious egos---though we also want whatever we love to join us in eternity. I know of no way in which orgonomy can offer solace for this loss of the self other than by helping people to secure a relative immortality by having healthy offspring and by producing lasting works or living a life that has a relatively lasting affect on others.

Dr. Elsworth Baker has suggested that the acute immediate fear of dying is an expression of orgasm anxiety, the fear of letting go, of losing oneself, of blending with the cosmos. If so, orgasmically potent men and women are not afraid of death, though they would fight most strongly for survival, having a strong love of life. Baker's theory---which he holds only tentatively---might explain why the most lively people are braver in the face of death than the dullards, though the more potent have more to lose, and also why we risk our lives when we are young as we never so willing to do when we are older and more rigid. Anyway, it would mean that, inasmuch as orgone therapy and the self-regulatory upbringing of children promote potency, orgonomy quells the fear of death.

Reich explained that the Living cannot really visualize itself dead, as all the Living knows is to be. Thus, a suicide is not really trying to kill himself but to escape from insoluble problems; on the deepest level, he confidently expects his life to go right on. Perhaps man's belief in a life hereafter is partially based on this inability of life to conceive of its own death except intellectually.

I'm not aware that the doctrine of eternal life with reward in heaven for being "good" as an alternative to hell's fires and damnation has been used to exploit and suppress the poor and ignorant, but that's a political theme that has no place in the present context. More relevant here is the fact that a hope of heaven had to be invented for mercy's sake, since it makes unbearable deprivations and tragedies bearable. I would not deprive a single soul who

needs it of this belief, so I assure myself that any orthodox Christian or adherent of any other fundamentalist faith who might accidentally read this book will not be affected by it. I remember that my rational arguments (in the days when I was young and rash and inconsiderate enough to argue such things) produced nary a flicker of doubt in any true believers. They just felt sorry for me, which, according to their lights, they rightly should.

But I myself do not feel sorry for those of us who believe that the death of each individual is the end of that unique expression of life, that death is part of the flow of creation, and that its very mortality gives each life its special value. This is what I have arrived at for myself from my knowledge of orgonomy; I do not propose it as a philosophy for anyone else, only to show that orgonomy can help one to devise one's own *weltanschauung*.

Virtues, vices, and values

Untold thousands, including many whose lives center around orgonomy, are today living their private lives in a social limbo. They have no place in which they belong and no guiding creed or moral code except that which they may have devised for themselves. Though we have been considerably influenced by the Christian ethic of Western society, that ethic has had to be largely discarded by those who can't subscribe to its mystical and anti-sexual bases. In the past, religion offered established patterns of good behavior, so each individual had no need to devise his own moral code. Through dogmas, creeds, and personal ministry, religion offered guidance in the rearing of children, comfort to the bereaved and the aged, and counsel to the preplexed adult about family, business, and professional problems. The church was a community of people working together toward common goals, its members sharing life in a group large enough to expand family horizons but small enough so they could relate to each other, find some congenial, like-minded friends, and feel themselves part of a community.

Today, our society is fragmented, both East and West. Not only is the traditional church a lost cause for millions, but even the nuclear family is often disbanded; family life is tenuous and often

threatened with dissolution. By the thousands, we desperately need both a caring group and a creed to which to belong. Later, we will explore the idea that orgonomy may be able to provide an approach to fulfilling these needs.

All current systems of ethics, including the ten Christian commandments, are primarily composed of admonitions to control secondary drives. There is another possible ethical system, the deontological, an ethics based on the concept that right and wrong, moral obligations, and duties are known to us by intuition, without reference to precepts of good. Reich assented to this concept when he proposed that a self-regulated human being is not only healthy, but morally responsible, kind, and generous. Self-regulation presupposes full genitality, however; neurotics need precepts, commandments, and the police to enforce the prerequisites for a viable society, namely, moral obligations, duties, and justice.

A widespread misinterpretation of the concept of healthy self-regulation is that one is being self-regulated if one does "one's thing" without considering the consequences to others or even to oneself. A truly healthy person naturally considers these consequences, as this is part of being in contact with oneself and others. Inconsiderate behavior, the giving in to impulses regardless of the consequences, defines the neurotic or psychotic character out of touch with himself and incapable of self-regulation, which he confuses with self-indulgence.

Despite major differences in other aspects, each of the great religions preach what is basically the same moral code: Thou shalt not kill, steal, lie, cheat, or freely enjoy a natural sexuality. Devised in different centuries in unlike cultures, some base their moral persuasion on a promise of reward in heaven and threat of punishment in hell; others base it on reincarnation; and a few, those that do not believe in a life after death, base moral persuasion on the promise that it brings the greatest rewards here and now. But each speaks to the condition of armored man and are in accord in wanting to restrain his perverted sexuality, and in the endeavor also restrain natural sexuality.

The major religions also preach that man should be loving and good. Since he can't be loving and good in his stiff

armor, he fakes it, behaving as if he were loving and good. He is conditioned to behavior that would be spontaneous and dependable were he not armored, but this behavior is not dependable since it hides powerful anisocial rage that can break through under stress, as well as petty spite, which causes gossip and other harmful activities that take a daily toll.

The futility of preaching

Christians, as well as other religious persons (demon worshippers and such aside), admonish us that we should be kind and loving, that we should not steal or cheat or hurt or kill any living thing. The minister in his pulpit urges us to love one another, and this creates a yearning to do so and a slight expansion, so momentarily the congregants feel uplifted and believe they can and will. Through such hope no less than through fear of punishment by God or man, and through fear of being exposed as unloving, our society maintains an astonishingly effective semblance of a love-imbued community---until the inevitable day of reckoning when the repressed "sin" in the secondary layer shows up in a lynch mob or in the atrocities of war, or, as it does daily in most families and other societal groups, in selfishness and petty cruelties that are just as deadly. Not that there isn't some real love, but it is ambivalent.

To preach love to armored man does not help him much because, for the most part, he can't love; he can only playact love. While the top layer of his character structure is intact, his behavior is decent, cooperative, polite, and appears to be loving; he believes it is loving, and to a degree it often is, but it is not dependable. Behind the good behavior is the dammed up rage that Christians call sin. To get rid of it, they repress it, they bury it in themselves. Neither Christianity nor any other religion has ever told us how to get rid of this "sin," how to get rid of the armor that cuts us off from the source of love. They have told us to love one another, and we have tried to do so for thousands of years and have ended up with genocidal holocausts in both the Occident and the Orient.

The most pacific of all worshippers, the Buddhistic East Indians, whose love of life is supposedly so great

that all life is sacred to them and not even an insect is expendable, turned out to be the most bloodthirsty and vengeful of all when the buried rage was released after English controls were withdrawn.

Ultimately, sermons fail. Preaching, as well as punitive civil law, does serve to suppress man's hatred and violence for a time so he can construct communities and live communally. Since this good behavior is not based on self-regulation and love but on fear and guilt, eventually the repressed hate erupts in private tragedies and in vast upheavals called wars.

The preaching may serve the purpose of keeping us in touch with our great potential, of keeping us striving; but it can never achieve its goal because it doesn't get rid of the hidden beastliness in man's middle layer.

Jesus preached the first love-one-another message to which the whole world hearkened. It reinforced the ideals of goodness and love on the top layer so there has been more apparent compassion among men, but, in the long run, it did little good because preaching isn't enough to change men's character structures, much as we may wish it were. That's why orgonomy seems to be our only hope, for it can change character structure (eventually the character structure of the whole human race) by helping us to learn how to prevent the crushing of natural goodness in children--how to stop the armoring of generation after generation.

A functional morality

As a science that has provided new knowledge about human behavior and transformed the way in which we view the world, orgonomy implies a new morality based on natural functioning. Such an ethic cannot be rigidly codified, as other social institutions codify morality, but general organomic principles do apply. They cannot be imposed. The very nature of these principles requires that in application they be acted on spontaneously, that the motivation come from core feelings, not from a principle.

Nonetheless, principles as a guide to behavior are important now, since, due to our armor, we are not often in touch with the core feelings, and our impulses are too often motivated by

the break-through of repressed anti-social feelings. We're all subject to occasional spiteful or destructive urges that derive from jealousy, frustration, and fear of the free expressions of the relatively unarmored. We usually curb these impulses on principle for the sake of ourselves as well as the potential victim. Reich pointed out in *Listen, Little Man!* that a primary difference between the little man and the great man is that the latter recognizes his destructive impulses and doesn't act on them. Which gives a measure of greatness to anyone who recognizes his evil inclinations and denies them expression.

I am confident that orgonomy can provide ethical guidance because, for me and many others, an intellectual knowledge of orgonomy, in conjunction with the increasing feeling of life in our bodies, has solved a number of knotty problems the answers to which were previously missing. Both physical awareness and mental knowledge of the presence of orgone energy in our bodies and in the atmosphere are necessary. Babies are more or less unarmored but are no more aware of the streaming of life through their bodies than are cats. This lack of intellectual awareness of streamings applies also, apparently, to the few adult men and women who remain relatively unarmored, since the streaming of energy is the everyday, taken-for-granted essence of their lives, and they don't know that others don't feel it as they do. Reich, for instance, had no idea other people felt the sexual embrace differently than he did until, in the sexological seminars, the medical students described their feelings and concepts, which were foreign to him.

Those who feel their own energy streamings and the flow of energy in all of Nature, yet know nothing about that energy as an objective, real force, will either make up a personal creed or accept a modified version of some established mystical creed, and, due to their good health, usually live full, creative lives; but they, too, are hampered by the mystical/mechanistic mold of their social milieu. Equally stuck in this mold are those armored men and women who diligently study orgonomy but have no core contact with it and thus continue to interpret it mystically or mechanistically. So, knowledge of organomic discoveries and some contactful understanding of that knowledge are necessary for

devising and using an organomic ethic.

Orgonomy offers a sound basis for a philosophy of life, for it explains man's behavior and his place in the universe in terms of cosmic life energy, and it relates to the question of man's inherent goodness or evil, the perennial theme of "original sin." Reich's view was that man is born neither good nor bad, that he is born with the capacity for both, the capacity to love and to hate, and with the capacity to fight if he is frustrated or threatened, an aggression that is in itself a great good as it protects life. However, he was careful to add that aggression will be considered good only if one considers it good to protect and cherish life---plant life, animal life, human life---thus indicating that that all ethical systems must begin with a premise.

One's concept of virtue, moral excellence, is based on one's premise as to what constitutes the ultimate good and ultimately desirable goals. Premises vary and are a matter of choice. The premise on which organomic research is based is that the many different forms of life on Earth are precious and that it is desirable to protect this life. Whatever is beneficial to the full, free living of life on Earth, and in particular man's life, organomists assume is good and right. Naturally, humans put their own survival before that of other forms of life that they use (as food, for instance) for their own survival. (Fortunately, for the most part, the survival and good health of other life forms are beneficial to man, as we are increasingly coming to know ecologically, if not always humanely.)

Is there another, different point of view that may be valid and hence other possible valid values? Assuredly, for it all depends on one's premise. Organomic values are firmly based on natural law and scientific, verifiable knowledge rather than on mystical revelations and commandments that presumably derive from a supernatural God and that may even be at odds with Nature. If one begins with the premise that each person has an immortal soul compared to which one's physical life on Earth is insignificant and that one perfects one's soul by obeying the commandments of a few men chosen by God to convey His commandments to us---obeying even when the directives crush man's nature by sexual taboos---some of one's basic values must be quite

different from those based on orgonomy.

Belief in an immortal soul is a matter of faith---unproven, unprovable. We cannot disprove that there is a life after death or that the biblical miracles happened any more than Christians can prove their validity. The Christian premise is based on conversion and blind faith. The very blindness of faith is even sometimes construed to be a special virtue. Our premise is based on trusting the evidence of all of our senses, including the organomic senses. (Emphasis is put on the latter only because the organomic senses---intuition, telepathy, and contact---are taken to be aspects of an ethereal soul because they aren't dependent on a specific, tangible sense organ.)

Since many of the world's most profound and learned men and women cherish a belief in the immortality of a spiritual soul, it cannot be preemptorily dismissed. What if we do have an immortal soul? I believe an organomist might reply that, since, from all worldly evidence, men, women and children are kinder, more generous, more creative, and more loving---in short, more Christian, more Buddhistic, if you like---when all of their bodily needs are gratified, including the sexual needs, the natural gratification of all of the body's needs can only enhance the immortal soul, if any.

*Happiness as a prerequisite
for genuine virtue*

Given the premise that the healthy, happy survival and growth of life, and in particular human life, on Earth is the greatest good, it follows that virtue consists of all efforts that promote this greatest good. We can also logically say that happiness promotes virtue because, to be happy, one must be in good health and in love, and these attributes naturally lead one to be kind, creative, productive, and responsible.

One of the most practical philosophical questions---practical because our answer to it determines our behavior---is "What is happiness?" We might say that happiness is streamings, for it is impossible to feel the pleasurable flow of streamings in your body and be altogether unhappy, though you may be sad or lonely; and, of course, vice versa---it is impossible to be happy when your energy is contracted or "stuck," which is when you are in

pain or depressed. An apparent contradiction is the fact that it is possible to feel enjoyable streamings at the same time, say, that a sore foot is hurting, but this is so only if the discomfort is not sufficient to make you contract and stop the energy expansion.

Though some puritanical souls seem to feel that it is downright immoral to equate happiness and sensual pleasure, even the most self-sacrificing, self-abnegating mystic looks forward to the time when he or she will be rewarded in a pleasurable way. After all, heaven is a place of pleasurable reward. The only time we human beings, including the most ascetic, feel truly happy is when we feel the pleasurable streaming of our life energy, moving outward, expanding. (The sudden contraction of energy produces a thrill--the thrill of fear that makes ghost stories and rollercoaster rides so popular--but that isn't a happy feeling.) If heaven is a place of happy rewards, the soul must be supplied with another body through which energy can flow.

According to Reich, the goal of pleasurable fulfillment even applies to those mystics whose goal is nirvana, a state of total oblivion. He said they have, unknowingly, set for themselves as an ultimate goal the sexual orgasm in which momentarily the self (individual consciousness) disappears into the cosmos.

Reich claimed that happiness is everybody's goal, even the masochist's and the suicide's. Even the hardest work has such a goal--the pleasurable gratification of accomplishment or fulfillment of a need (for food, for instance) or alleviation of pain or discomfort.

We might say that happiness is a by-product of orgone streaming through the body. T.H. White in *The Book of Merlyn* makes this point succinctly, though he doesn't understand it in terms of orgone energy: "For happiness is only a by-product of function, as light is a by-product of the electric current running through the wires. If the current cannot run efficiently, the light does not come."

Happiness and "things"

Periodically, there is a wave of rebellion by youths and adult idealists against the "materialists," as was the case with the "flower children," beatniks, and assorted radical politicians of the sixties

who deplored the materialism of Americans whose primary aim is, according to them, the acquisition of things--- TVs, radios, clothes, fine homes, wall-to-wall carpeting, electrical appliances, new cars, cameras, and so forth. The goal, of course, never was and is not to acquire "things" but to be happy. The "things" are supposed to add to happiness, but this they can do only if the individual is already capable of real feeling and love. We all know that the wealthy and famous may live in emotional poverty and misery. Thus, part of the flower child's philosophy is true, but taking away the luxuries makes no difference because armor is not removed by tossing aside one's possessions, which is why the flower children wilted away. They were merely a small postscript to St. Francis and the other Christian and Hindu mendicants who, most notably, have not reclaimed mankind.

Most of the decried material possessions are instruments to provide pleasure or surcease from pain or discomfort. The pleasure may be trivial or profound, fleeting or enduring, so the amount of virtue the instrument provides is relative. Pleasure in flowered bed sheets is miniscule for me compared to being moved by the wide sky, but some women can be equally thrilled by a closet full of fine linens. There's solid satisfaction in a full linen closet that can enhance pleasure--if it is already there. Things in themselves cannot provide happiness, though people strive mightily to acquire them because they confuse the stage setting with the play. Imagine going to the theatre to behold the stage settings without the actors, without the living drama unfolding on the stage.

There's nothing reprehensible and even something admirable about the acquisition of things that add to gracious, comfortable, healthy living if the things aren't a substitute for love, as money is to the miser and power to the fascistic politician or the autocratic tycoon. Esthetic pleasure may be derived from a poem or a mixmaster. Is there any difference between the thrill of pleasure one feels in seeing a swallow fly and seeing a graceful yacht skim the waves? The creative performance of God is more complex and has the special quality of life, and I can make better contact with a bird than a ship; but I believe there are people who genuinely appreciate man's accomplishments more than God's. I tend

to believe that is because they are cut off from Nature, but I may be wrong. Since we are part of Nature, a yacht is, in a way, a product of Nature, too, and I may err on the side of not giving man enough credit. Ayn Rand, apologist for industrialization, finds beauty in grey factory buildings and oil tanks, for they signify a supreme value for her. Beauty (and thus pleasure) resides also in the beholder's values.

Luxuries purchased in the marketplace are not the only "things" that are over-valued. One of the "beautiful people" (meaning rich, handsome, and possessed of status through fame or professional credits) wondered what pleasure there can be in the life of a woman who has neither wealth nor beauty nor status. There may be love and the sheer excitement of being alive and curious; there may be the pleasure of seeing, hearing, smelling, thinking, learning, working, discovering, and creating; and the joy of friends and children and other animals---that is to say, again, of love. Being beautiful, rich, and famous isn't necessarily accompanied by the capacity to love or to be moved by the glory of the world. Were it not so, so many of the "beautiful people" would not need drugs and "trips" of one kind or another, rushing around the world from one place to another, trying on communal living one year, jet-set jive another, and, despite having a beautiful spouse, fine children, fame, and money, being restless, empty, and bored.

Material things and status cannot provide pleasure unless the prerequisites for pleasure are already present---good health and the capacity to love. And, if we are loving and loved, and in good health, we will quite naturally and successfully strive for the pleasures provided by a good education, beautiful surroundings, security, and acclaim. So we need have no quarrel with, or even envy of, fine "things" or beauty or wealth or fame.

*In disrepute---conservative
virtues and natural functions*

In this country today, many fundamental conservative virtues are in disrepute, labelled "old-fashioned," "naive," and "simplistic." This tendency can be traced in large part to the pernicious influence of Communist ideology on American

liberals. Loyalty to family, friends, country, and the truth, for instance, would seem to an indispensable virtue second only to love (which generates loyalty); but it is called "chauvinism." The same elements that despise loyalty put truth second to expediency, which they condone as "the ends justifying the means." So the lie is supposed to serve man's welfare better than the truth. This self-serving proposition has always been used by corrupt individuals, but now, as Reich pointed out, it is no longer just the excuse of corrupt individuals; Communism has institutionalized it on an international scale as a legitimate, acceptable guide to behavior. There is no doubt that we have this to "thank" for the proliferation of terrorism throughout the world.

Liberal opprobrium attaches also to the critical, analytical faculty and methodical procedures, which are looked on with contempt today, not only by the anarchistic who want to be free from all restraints, but by many others, including some "Reichians" who equate these functions with the compulsive and mechanistic.

The analytical faculty is as valuable as any other human faculty, and in itself no more mechanical than any other. It works with direct sensory and intuitive experience no less than with mathematical, statistical, and graphed data.

Method is part of Nature. It pertains to system and orderliness. Since Nature is replete with order, since nothing but chaos exists without order, why have orderliness, systematicness, and methodology, as well as the analytical faculty that is their prerequisite, come to be debased in the scale of values held by so many young people and by so many persons interested in orgonomy? Does it tie into their rebellion against authority? It is a misguided way to fight authoritarianism, for to be truly free, free enough to be able to let go entirely and become one with the cosmos (the universal aim), doesn't mean to be chaotic and anarchistic. If contact with the cosmos is established, the rebels find that the cosmos is a thing of order, and system. If they overthrow one kind of order, they must replace it with another. To create anything requires a knowledge of method and systems, whether it be a man creating music or God creating a man. The individual variation, the personal expression that has the highest value for us, has meaning, even

existence, only within the framework of many systems.

Another traditional principle, the individual citizen's right to be protected against criminals, has been severely challenged in recent years and weakened. Should we not, the liberals have argued, forgive criminals "because they know not what they do"? Is that compassionate plea part of Jesus' wisdom or one of his major mistakes? Or is it that he was pleading with God in His infinite mercy to forgive us all on Judgment Day? It is doubtful that he meant we should let the criminal go free without deterrence or punishment, for he himself drove the money changers out of the temple with some violence, not with sweet, cajoling words, nor with forgiveness. Whatever he meant--and it is anyone's guess--it is certainly one of the factors that has brought us to our present sorry state of lawlessness, for the liberal intellectuals have taken that precept to heart, even though they may not have remembered the source of their inspiration. They grew up in a Christian society and were imbued with Christian doctrines, one of which was forgiveness of the sins (crimes) of the repentant, an idea that was reinforced by an understanding of the culprit in Freudian terms, implying his inability to behave other than the way he does.

It is questionable that leniency has helped the criminal, since criminality has proliferated in the last decades; it certainly has neither helped society nor protected the victims. But there is a partial truth here, too, commending compassion and understanding rather than hate and revenge as the basis for whatever system is set up to deal with criminals. Reich recommended sequestration, the confinement of the criminal plague character to separate him from the rest of society so he cannot harm or contaminate others.

Self-sacrifice versus self-love

By its very nature, orgonomy has challenged basic social institutions and values, beginning with sexual taboos against adolescent sexuality and premarital intercourse, which is partly why Reich was persecuted, though only the healthy part of the mostly misbegotten sexual revolution was and is influenced by orgonomic findings. Another one of its challenges that has had a notable affect

on society is its opposition to the demand that one should be self-abnegating, humble, and self-sacrificing. Let's examine the claim that sacrifice is a virtue and self-love a vice.

Sacrifice, in the sense of voluntarily giving up something precious for the sake of someone or something else, an act of deliberately depriving oneself and suffering a loss, has always seemed to me to be an anomaly or paradox. If we sacrifice for one we love or for something we value highly, we do it because it gives us pleasure or satisfaction to do so and we would be more unhappy if the "sacrifice" were not made. So, how is it a loss or suffering? I contend that anyone who makes a sacrifice expects it to give them gratification or pleasure in the long run--wherefore it is no self-abnegating sacrifice. (Incidentally, I doubt that Reich agreed with this concept, for I heard him say, more than once, that he had made sacrifices to send his daughter to medical school. At these moments, he was not in a mood for objective discussion, so I never discussed it with him.) Anyway, sacrificing oneself for the good of others is definitely a Christian virtue; but I never knew a Christian who didn't expect to be rewarded for it, so they are ultimately doing what is good for themselves.

A sacrifice that is made out of love is its own reward, it doesn't ask for gratitude. It is a gift, given freely, without strings, or else it is not the gift of "sacrifice" but bartering. But sacrificing oneself is closely tied into the system of rewards and punishments, and it is perhaps a necessary inducement to make armored men and women do what would come naturally if they were genuinely loving. And that brings us to self-love.

Moral principles that expound the goodness of putting others before oneself imply that one doesn't matter as much as the other fellow, which is obviously an irrational proposition--and one that doesn't work. If I don't matter to myself, then nobody else matters to me either. The only way we can really know that someone else matters is that we feel we ourselves matter. Paradoxically, self-love is not selfishness; on the contrary, it is the only basis for genuine, non-selfish regard for others through identification and love.

Unfortunately, the primary importance of oneself to oneself that is

invariably projected from Reich's writings has been misapprehended by people who aren't capable of loving themselves and who then use it as a license for selfishness, for putting themselves first at the expense of others. So, again, we have to be guided by moral commandments--do unto others as you would they would do unto you---if the very fiber of our society is to remain sufficiently intact to function during the evolution to true self-regulation based on a genuine self-love. Society is being shredded today by those whose self-interest is motivated by hate and distrust rather than love. We still need compulsive morality as a guide to decency until we can be guided by our own healthy desires. Reich meant just this when he said the only decency left in this world is among the conservatives, who have preserved traditional (albeit compulsive) standards in this chaotic age.

Real morality can't be taught any more than love can be taught, so commandments prohibiting antisocial behavior---lying, stealing, raping, murder, and every way of injuring others---are needed to restrain the secondary, evil impulses in man, which are motivated by fear, jealousy, greed and sexual frustration. But behavior based on prohibitions is not as dependable as that based on natural morality, the decency of a loving person who has no desire to steal, cheat, rape, or murder.

Ultimate answers and the purpose of life

In the past, almost all people relied on religion to supply the answer to questions about the meaning and purpose of living and other ultimate truths; but, in a scientific age, since traditional religions have no answers other than "God only knows" and wishful phantasy about immortality and heaven based on "revelations," for many its answers have ceased to be believable.

The desire to know the ultimate truth seems to be part of man's cosmic longing, or so it seems to me as I witness the universality of myths that "explain" creation and man's purpose, and remember that, as a child, I believed that when I died I'd not so much go to some other place, as I'd been taught, but that I'd simply know what God knows. Heaven was to be not so much a place as a state of mind in which I would know

what I couldn't know here because of the deplorable limitations of my senses. I'd find out what life is, what its destiny is, what infinite time and space are, where it all came from, what it all portends, and be given specific answers to such questions as why God had ordained that most of His creatures on Earth must kill and eat each other to live. The need of the living to eat each other appears to be evil since it causes anxiety, terror, pain, and hate.

So it seemed to me that, had I the limitless power and wisdom of God, I could have conceived and executed a much better plan for the living than cat-eat-mouse. The only "excuse" for such a plan I could think of was that it motivates activity; but I thought God probably had a better answer and someday, after I'd died, I'd know what it was and could then forgive God for inflicting this pain on sensitive creatures He has made and whom---so I was told---He loved.

Since then, I have found that there is no real evidence of individual consciousness after death, and I have lost my ambition to know ALL. I'm content that we human creatures are coming to know these things bit by bit through our own efforts, through our wonderful---not deplorably limited---senses and intelligence. This is in itself an adequate purpose.

Repeatedly, Reich said that "the purpose of life is to live." In the face of elaborate philosophical and theological doctrines on the purpose of life, that may seem puerile, or, as the liberal intellectuals are so apt to say today, simplistic and naive. It is one of the self-evident truths, yet one knows what it means only when one feels truly alive. Without self-contact and world-contact, it is meaningless.

Since a belief in his life's having purpose and meaning seems to be an integral need for thinking, armored man, he has necessarily had to attribute a mystical purpose to life, not being able to feel it directly. Since science has flatly refuted many of the mystical beliefs, many if not most educated people today cannot believe in orthodox religious concepts---even though, to avoid a feeling of being alone in chaos, many still cling desperately to rituals that have become empty.

Donald Gootschalk said that because man cannot tolerate complete meaninglessness but can no longer believe in mystical answers, he opted for existentialism,

which accepts "the radical aloneness of each man in a world of contradiction and absurdity." The existentialist's rejection of nihilism is brave, but he resorts to sophistry when he says that man must accept a collective "truth" even though it is an illusion, to serve as a *modus operandi*, and that these "truths"---capitalism, Communism, Hinduism, Christianity, etc.---are therefore pragmatically justified but not necessarily valid, and that all "truths" are subjective and hence there is no criterion for truth *per se*. Such an attitude can be held only by those who have little or no contact with the world and themselves, so they don't know the reality---that is, the truth---of either. Existentialism would seem to be based on contactlessness. It is a quixotic gesture in the face of what appears to the existentialist to be cosmic chaos.

As Konrad Lorenz says in *Behind the Mirror*, "The knowledge of one's own existence. . . remains the most certain knowledge of all." Those who are in touch know that "life is real and life is earnest," not absurd, and that the grave is indeed not its goal, that its goal is living.

I subscribe to the philosophy of a fictional spaceman who believed that the human purpose is to acquire knowledge step by step. He had come to Earth in a spaceship that had in it data and instruments that could provide all the information needed to bring mankind up to the scientific, technical, and philosophical level of his own people, who were millions of years ahead of earthmen in their evolution. On crash-landing, his ship had been rendered irreparably damaged, so he was stranded here and adapted to living among us, keeping his origin and his home on the ship a secret. Eventually, someone surmised he had a secret, followed him, and discovered the ship. He refused to admit anyone into the ship, and when men came to take it by force, he destroyed the ship and, necessarily, himself. He acted, not out of fear, but on the conviction that, for humans, the purpose of living is to discover the secrets of life and the universe by themselves, step by step. By permitting earthmen to acquire the advanced knowledge of his own people, he would have deprived us of our greatest adventure and one of our greatest pleasures. and lessened our purpose in living.

(I might add that Reich pointed out another, equally valid reason for destroying such pregnant insights and knowledge: Man is not able to handle himself in his environment now, not because he hasn't the means, but because his armor produces in him greed, fear, anxiety, sadism, masochism, brutality, and stupidity, and he uses each new discovery to do more harm than good, as is most strikingly illustrated by nuclear energy. That is why Reich did not divulge the key to the motor force in orgone energy.)

So, as to the meaning of life, I have come to concur wholeheartedly with Reich's dictum, expressed in *The Function of the Orgasm*, first edition, page 205: "*The living simply functions*, it has no 'meaning.'" He noted that all animals are utterly absorbed in the life process, and that man, when he is unarmored and fully alive, feels deeply and knows profoundly that living is its own excuse for being.

When fully involved in living, we don't desperately ask why we are alive. Only because we are condemned to live in the prison of our armor do we worry about the purpose of life. The desperation and worry are not to be confused with natural curiosity about man's antecedents, future, and possible goals. But, when we cry out in distress, "What is the meaning of it all? Why are we alive? Why should I struggle to survive and fight to find the truth when life is transitory?"---we are deprived of love and even the hope of love. For love itself---the core of being fully alive---is the reason for being. Most mystics say that, too, when they claim that God is love. The "meaning" of life can be known completely and satisfactorily only through the feeling of love. Lovers never question why they are alive or whether they should go on living---unless they are prevented from expressing their love.

Ultimate answers

Did Reich think in terms of an intelligent, creative force with a set purpose, a preconceived design for the future of the living? He implied the creative life force had no such plan, that there is no blueprint for continuing the evolution of life, that the creative act follows inevitably from established functions of orgone energy and that new forms, even

mutations, are lawfully derived. Since new life forms seem always to be experimental, some surviving for millenia and others perishing quickly, it would seem evident that there is indeed no blueprint and no infallibility.

Religion's answers to the ultimate questions are based on faith and wishful thinking; it knows nothing for sure. Reich, who made no profession of faith, yet believed himself to be a tool of Something, accepted only the evidence of his senses and intelligence, including especially his orgonotic senses--contact, intuition, and telepathy. Reich was an animist, revering the known aspects of God, the life around us and in us, and the wonders of the world and the universe as revealed through his senses. Had he lived out his full span of years, he might have paid more attention to the ultimate questions--or, he may already have concluded that it would be as presumptuous of him to expect to understand the ultimate purpose of Creation as it would be for one of the cells of his stomach wall to try to understand his actions and purposes.

Orgonomy has no ultimate answers. Apparently there are none--only dreams and cosmic longing, the desire for an ultimate fulfillment, which a fortunate few attain periodically, even now, in orgasmic gratification. On the other hand, we are gifted with senses to perceive the world and the heavens, with intelligence and reason to apprehend what our senses convey, with hands to hold and manipulate and record our findings, with feet so we can travel all over this world and other worlds, and with a voice to communicate--all the tools with which to find more answers, approaching an ultimate answer that recedes as we approach it.

I wonder if we really want ultimate answers, if that wish isn't due to either an unfulfilled cosmic longing or to what Reich describes in *Ether, God and Devil* as armored man's need for something that is fixed, stationary, and still to silence his raging anxiety in the face of the tremendous flux of the creative energies that never stop spinning what isn't and demolishing what is.

Anthropomorphism

Nobody could be more fully aware of man as an expression of Nature than was Reich, but he repeatedly warned us against anthro-

pomorphism, attributing human characteristics to other animals or to Nature--making God in our image and likeness. Looking for the truth that Reich claimed resides in every serious concept, we see that this is an upside-down truth, for it is we who are part of Nature and thus made in the image and likeness of God, and that by studying ourselves we can extrapolate truths about God. In Medieval art, God was often given a human form. In Michelangelo's painting of God awakening Adam with a touch of His hand, God was given a benevolent face. It is true that benevolence is one of the "faces" of man and hence of Nature. Reich and Elsworth Baker agreed that the wind moans. So, if It moans, It can be benevolent and loving?

That's a difficult concept, one coming very close to mysticism, and it calls for careful investigation and thought. I can't resolve it with any clarity, yet it feels right. It especially feels right to me when at night I see the sparkling orgone all around me as "the everlasting arms of love...around, beneath, above," or recall the words of perceptive writers. Ibsen referred to "the eternal energies of love."

This concept must be distinguished from the anthropomorphic, however. As children, we are told that God loves us personally. A child's prayer concludes, "Father-Mother-God, loving me, guide my little feet up to Thee. Amen." Christians, Hebrews, Buddhists--all ascribe emotions to God and project their yearning for loving parents onto Nature and call It "Father-God" or "Mother-God." Since Nature is all we know of God, this feeling must derive from Nature or from mystical wish-thinking or perhaps from both. Believing that God loves each of us, it might very well follow that God-Nature has favorites and loves some better than others for their Christian, Buddhist, or Muhammadan virtues or faith, as the followers of these doctrines believe, though it would appear rationally that It is not one whit more impressed by the Pope, the Grand Mufti or a saint than It is with you and me. The sun and wind smite or caress them with the same force or tenderness as they do you and me. The Pope *et al* are subject to exactly the same need for food and drink, the same bladder demands, and they are equally vulnerable to an earthquake. God exempts them from none of Its laws. So God must be utterly impartial.

Can we say with any degree of reason that God is loving? Love is a human concept derived from our sense of pleasure; we say we love whatever gives us the most pleasure: our mates, babies, friends, and other animals, sunsets, flowers, music, dancing, etc. So human love is based on the pleasure principle. Do we know that God feels pleasure? We perceive a "happy" day when the weather seems to smile, when the orgone energy is expanding. Nature has the same moods we have--- or, rather, since we are Its derivatives, we reflect the moods of Nature. But that God is pleased with or loves a particular individual? Reasonably, it would seem that only to the extent that, as expressions of Nature, we love can Nature be said to be loving; only inasmuch as we love one another can we be said to be loved individually by God.

Perhaps man has conceived of God in his own likeness because he is so love-starved and in his loneliness projects a loving God. Putting aside the mythology of a virgin conception, Christmas is a celebration of the birth of all of us, for, as Reich put it, Christ is alive in every newborn. It is an expression of our aching longing to give and receive love.

One Christmas morning, I turned on the radio to get a weather forecast and instead heard a young minister say that the meaning of Christmas is that we are loved and that, being loved, we can then love---an exquisitely simple summary of the significance of the Christmas legend and an explanation of our lavish gift-giving at this season. As children, we were inadequately loved, so our capacity for accepting and giving love is diminished or altogether undeveloped; yet we everlastingly yearn for love. It is our *raison d'être*. When, at whatever age, we give up the hope of ever being loved or of loving, we fall into despair and turn cruel and murderous or resigned and cancerous, or else we exploit others in a lust for power as a substitute for love. In one way or another, we turn against life and hurt others or ourselves. It is the core of Reich's message in *The Murder of Christ*: We are born Christlike, but, in our armored world, the Christ in each of us is repressed, squelched, crushed, denied, and eventually more or less murdered. So man converted the loving man Jesus into Christ to give himself a loving, tangible God, while representing himself as the sweet, innocent babe born with an infinite capacity for goodness

and love, forgetting the equal potential for hate.

Parenthetically: It occurs to me that the myth of the Virgin conception of Jesus may indicate that man knows, subconsciously, that his warped sexuality, is what makes the longed-for love impossible, so in this wondrous fable, he bypasses human sexuality, which is impure in its neurotic form, and has God, the source of love and natural sexuality, embrace and impregnate a virgin-pure Mary who has not been besmirched by neurotic sex.

Our "love" of God is largely anthropomorphic, too, little children being admonished to love their Father God. Of course, it is futile to demand of little children---or of adults---that they love, God, for love cannot be had on demand. The children have to experience other loves before they are ready to love the Creative Energy and its beautiful, intermeshed laws. First, as a baby, we narcissistically love only ourselves; then we love those closest to us, our parents (if we are lucky and they don't destroy our capacity for love). Thereafter, our circle enlarges to embrace relatives, friends, dogs, cats and other living creatures, and then it includes a group---our school or club---and then larger and larger groups---our country, our world, and then perhaps love of God. On the other hand, the love of God that is felt as cosmic longing is felt keenly, not only by children but by some simian primates.

Yet, aside from the various aspects of God perceived by our senses---the living, the sun, the stars, etc.---God is known only as an idea or a set of laws. We say, "I love to think that..." but can we truly love an idea? If the idea gives us pleasure, comfort, protection? People fight and die to defend their concepts of the Truth or God, the same as they fight to protect their loved ones. And perhaps some can love an anthropomorphized God as a creature of their imaginations, as children have invisible playmates or protectors they love as friends.

What learned theologians think of all this I'm not concerned with, for what I have read of their writings has had little meaning for me. From speaking with more or less average men and women, I have gathered that God is primarily a surrogate parent to them and that any love of God they have is erratic, a Sunday thrill in response to a moving sermon

or a fine organ recital, but coming through mostly in crises and in prayers of petition, and then it isn't so much that they love God as that they want to believe that God loves them. When they see a glorious sunset or the new buds in spring or a newborn baby, they are thankful to God, but what they are loving, being moved by, is this particular material expression of God---and in that perhaps they do love God.

I cannot love God as an abstract notion, only by loving the direct evidence of God, for all love is sensual, deriving from the caressing hands of a man, the joy of the sexual embrace, or the thrill of surprise at a new thought. When we touch the lips of a beloved man, woman, child, friend, lover, or mother, or father, we are, in a sense, kissing God. Reich made it abundantly clear that we love only those things that move us, that love is an expansive, pleasurable movement of energy, and that we all know this, for we say, "I was moved," meaning we felt a deep emotion. The very word "emotion," as he pointed out, says it: Let "e" stand for "energy," and you have "energy in motion." Love of God can be none other than pleasurable expansion, a cosmic longing, and that longing gratified, with its ultimate gratification in the genital embrace.

The abiding hope

In some circles today, disillusioned, despairing man says, "God is dead." If God is equated with cosmic energy, then God is certainly neither dead nor dying in the universe; but, on Earth, God is sick and Life is dying. The drought is evidence, acid rain is evidence, the increasing violence and pornography are evidence. They are symptoms of a world-wide DOR sickness. The earth, the air, and the waters are polluted by what man in his armored state has done to them. Is there any hope of recovery? Since babies are still born relatively free of armor, we may as yet indulge in a slim hope that Life won't die and Earth become a barren rock---if the energetic good will and brilliance that armored men exhibit in crises, when their core is touched, can stem the tide of destruction until healthier generations of human beings can be raised to take over the future.

"Nightingale #1" is a poignant folk song

that tells about young Jacob who wanted to find "the final truth, to set his soul free of doubt." Jacob climbed the mountain "with his head bent, searching for reasons." He walked with his eyes on the ground, unseeing, while "the wind swept the sunlight through the wheatfield" and the nightingale sang as she "flew up through the rain with the sun silver-bright on her feathers." But Jacob neither saw nor heard, as he was locked up in his head. So he finally walked down again sighing, "God doesn't answer me, and He never will." Jacob's is the story of man's reception of the Creative Life Force's discovery. Orgonomy is not the "final truth," but it is the greatest revelation of God that anyone on this planet has found to date, and it is just as obvious and unseen and unheard by most as every obvious aspect of God was to Jacob--- he who has eyes and dare not see, ears and dare not hear, and an orgonotic core of love that he dare not touch.

The only hope is to help our children to be unafraid to love, by nurturing them wisely, teaching them what they need to know to be social creatures, setting limits so they don't flounder in chaos, but never interfering with their deep biological impulses, including the sexual drive, which are naturally self-regulating. If we can permit our children to grow up unarmored, they need never lose touch with the cosmic energy in themselves and throughout the world---they need not lose touch with God---and they will cleanse the world.

In one way, it is fortunate that the advent of Wilhelm Reich has been hushed. The second coming of Christ--that is, of a better understanding of life and love--was to be as "a thief in the night," and Reich's message of love is coming through just so, stealing its way into the bodies and hearts and minds of men who are afraid to confront it in the light of day, face to face. Yet the very slowness of this revolution, necessary as the snail's pace is for it to succeed, means it may come too late to save man and his world from destruction. That is orgonomy's---and our---primary dilemma.



"It is doubtful whether hope---or any other manifestation of creativity---can sustain itself without an impulse injected by love."

from Thornton Wilder's *The Eighth Day*

Raising Two Children

by - Maria Yakkub, B.A.

with illustrations by the author

Last summer, there was a very successful horror movie, "The Alien," wherein the monster from outer space looked like a pulsating embryo. It even managed to grow inside one crewman and then tear its way through his stomach in a travesty of birth. The movie chose to make a mockery of the deepest part of ourselves. The pulsation of our guts was deformed into something violent, disgusting, and "alien" that we would be justified in destroying--- the same attitude that makes society say the baby is born a wild beast that needs to be civilized. It is the attitude that says life's murder and betrayal is "deserved" and "necessary" in order that our knee-jerk fear of pulsation may be rationalized and our responsibility as murderers avoided. The movie made me aware, again, of the constant pressure all around us to side against ourselves. This paper is about how I tried not to feel "alien" to the life in myself and my children.

As a child, I had experienced the hatred of life, as all children do, and seen how grownups refused to take responsibility for the hatred they felt. They would disguise it by saying, "This is for your own good," or "It is to prevent worse things from happening to you," or, in the case of the almost unspoken taboo against masturbation in my childhood, "It isn't nice." I was constantly distracted when I touched my genitals, but not really scolded or attacked. And, when I got older and answered my parents' questions or attacks by saying, "Because I feel...", they would mock the use of both words. They would say I was born a blank page, my being entirely determined by parents and society. They would say that feeling was not to be trusted. It was a dangerous guide to action and would lead me to make terrible, dangerous mistakes. I should learn from books and not trust myself.

Like every child, I struggled to keep



Real killers of life never go to prison.

the feeling that my instincts and body were me. I wanted my children to have less of a struggle. I wanted above all to respect their bodies and feelings, and to take responsibility for everything I felt and did to them. The intensity of pregnancy, birth, and just being with a child helped me have moments of contact with them that were deep and unafraid; and honesty seemed to keep the contact alive even at the times I couldn't function very well.

I have two children, a boy and a girl. They are nineteen and seventeen now, born a year and nine months apart. They were raised mostly in New York City, where my husband and I moved after college. He loved and understood the children when they were little, and their early childhood was quite happy. When they were four and two, we were divorced, and, at that time, I went into orgone therapy. If I hadn't gone into therapy, the children would not have had as much chance of happiness as they do today.

The strongest influences on me, the ones that eventually led me to therapy, were growing up mainly in the country and seeing the pets we had living their fairly undistorted lives. And there are two memories that have never left me, one mostly positive and one negative.

First, in common with many children, I didn't want to be human. People torture their children; the dog just loved hers. And when I saw her lying happily with the squirming, rolling puppies, I wished she were my mother. I remember feeling, "If my parents love me as they say they do, why do they hate my body and want me to hate it too, as though it isn't me?" I also hated the puppies for being happier than I was and for squirming and being helpless, like me. This is one of my earliest memories and happened before I was three. (Actually, my parents were quite wonderful, better than many. But, for a long time, I didn't understand how their sufferings through the years had

made them impervious to mine.

Much later, in a college biology class, we were dissecting worms. My worm writhed slowly, and I had one vivid stab of pleasure as I pinned a flap of its skin to the board. I have always felt that that feeling was a sin—not the killing, but the pleasure. It was a shock to realize that there was an inadvertent monster in me, something I didn't want to have there and whose existence was painful to acknowledge. By the time I had my own children, I knew I had some sickness in me, but most people seemed even sicker.

Pregnancy and the early years

The safest, deepest guide for me in raising my children was to trust my instincts (what was left of them) no matter what other people or the books said. It seemed right and normal to have the same relationship to my babies that the dogs and cats had to theirs, and I clung to that. In their early lives, their happiness would be entirely up to me.

But many of the people I came in contact with did not feel that a pregnant lady should trust herself; it made them uneasy. "Well-meaning"

acquaintances were eager to tell me how painful birth would be; how I should let the baby cry, it would "strengthen its lungs"; how I should feed it on schedule for its own sake (it didn't really know when it needed to eat) and to save myself trouble; how I should buy a rectal thermometer for its "protection" so I could tell the instant it was sick; how picking it up whenever it cried would "spoil" it; how toilet-training would be a terrible battle and that I should start early so I could "win" more easily (my mother-in-law proudly said she'd trained her son by eight months); and, finally, just wait until it becomes a sullen, slovenly teenager! Then it would turn on me viciously and not be grateful for all the sacrifices I'd made and all the things I'd done for its own good.

I was terrified that "THEY" were stronger and that "THEY" would win, that



*Maria Yakhub with David and Mariama
now nineteen and seventeen*

"THEY" would snatch the raising of my child out of my hands. Some of the panic was extreme because pregnancy made everything more intense. I was frantically determined that "THEY" would not get between me and my baby.

I'd hated the baby books given to us before our son was born and, after reading a few pages, threw them out except for two: one described symptoms of common childhood diseases and the other was a book on natural childbirth that comforted me by saying women could give birth as peacefully and beautifully as animals. I threw out all the baby furniture given us, too, except for a crib and one baby seat. Books and furniture seemed to be saying, "Don't touch!" They were provided to keep the baby at arm's length by intellectualizing or by literally putting him in padded receptacles to avoid touching and holding him. What I hung on to was the fact that fear was never quite as deep as the good physical feelings. When I wasn't anxious, the pregnancy felt as though the happiness I wanted was there inside me, and I didn't have to feel the longing any more. Then, wherever I was standing at the moment felt like "home." Beneath the fear, I was happy, as though I knew what was meant by the line in the "Messiah" that said, "And the flesh shall sing together."

Early in pregnancy, I had a lot of morning sickness. I guess I couldn't stand the increase in energy, and it made me sick until I got used to it. I felt much better when I didn't fight it but just gave in and threw up.

As the months passed, I could feel him there inside me, sometimes as a distinct being and sometimes entwined in the core of my own. I felt he was increasingly aware of me and loved me.

His birth was long and, towards the end, exhausting. He was breach, and his foot was "born" before we reached the hospital. Labor was thirteen hours after that, and I had a shot of demerol at the time of delivery, as I was too tired to refuse it.

Remembering my own, not unusual childhood, I never used rectal thermometers or enemas on my children, nor took them for shots, nor took them to a doctor, nor told them they could not masturbate. I thought these were things we pretend are for the child's good but that they are really sneaky ways to cripple children---and all the more terrible because they are taken for granted. If the children

had ever been really ill, they would have been taken to a doctor; fortunately, they never were. They had the usual childhood diseases, and then I just tried to see what they wanted, rocked them, and held them more if they were cranky, and let the disease work itself out. It seemed to me that most of the time the suggested cures were more destructive than the disease. If they'd ever been seriously ill, I somehow felt that I would have known. They did have shots when they entered school, but they were older then and could understand when I explained---they wouldn't feel it was an attack on them.

I wanted them to know that their bodies were their own, precious and inviolable, not to be encroached on unless it was a matter of life or death, and that I would put my life on the line for their wholeness. I failed to the extent that I didn't feel that "wholeness" in my own body, and to the extent that I didn't understand the emotional plague. There were times when I was oblivious to my son's pain because of my own contactlessness, anxiety, and possibly sadism---the knee-jerk hatred of pulsation.

After the ordeal of spending four days in the hospital, my son was fretful and colicky for the first two weeks after we came home. He had been fairly big (8½ pounds), rosy, and peaceful-looking at birth, but, by the time I took him home, he was angry and sickened by what he had been through at the hospital. I had flashes of rage, when I hated him for crying and refusing to be comforted, and I was afraid of him because he was a boy, a strange being that I couldn't understand and was afraid I would mess up. Most of the time, anxiety froze me solid from the moment he was born through the first two weeks, and I didn't feel much of anything except when he nursed. Then the numbness began to be replaced by surprisingly pleasant feelings. We both came slowly back into contact with each other in this way.

Later, when he was almost nine, I thought the right thing to do was to tell him the truth (as far as I could stand to know it), since he knew unconsciously everything I had felt towards him. I told him I'd had moments of hating him when he was a baby, not because of his faults but because I had been afraid. It seemed important for him that he know the responsibility was mine. We talked about this at a time when we were open to each other. Trying to be honest about negative things at an appropriate time seemed to bring

the children and me closer together--perhaps because covering up the painful things is a way of avoiding contact.

When I told my son that I'd cut off my hand if in exchange I could go back and undo the bad things, he looked at me seriously to see if I meant it and then leaned close to me. By forgiving me, he accepted responsibility and tried hard to understand things almost beyond his comprehension.

During the first pregnancy and for the year after the delivery (except for the first two weeks), I often felt extremely alive. Thinking was not important. I was carried along on the currents of my own blood and felt I was living just before a storm. The air was full of almost unbearable excitement, and there was a sense of motion all around me that I could not see.

I felt our son gave us love, trust, and support, starting even before he had been born, and that this was one reason for the good feelings of pregnancy and during that year. He had more love and faith in me than I was able to have in myself or in him, and, all though his childhood, he demanded a contact I was not always capable of.



"...our son gave us love, trust, and support..."



Our daughter, "rosy, serious, & contented."

My daughter was conceived at a bad time in our marriage, when I didn't feel as much desire for my husband as I had. Ultimately, loss of desire and a feeling of being trapped drove me to get a divorce. During this pregnancy, I felt soggy and less intense, and I gained too much weight. I also took dramamine to alleviate the morning sickness and now think that that might have interfered in some way with pulsation.

But my daughter's actual birth gave me pleasure. I waited until the last min-

ute to go to the hospital, finally dressing in my husband's pajamas and coat--the only things I could manage in the last stages of labor. We arrived during visiting hours, and the elevator was full, but room was made for me. I felt radiant and like a giant, as though I "filled" the whole elevator. I felt like embracing the world, but the portion of it near me was shrinking, in embarrassed discomfort, against the walls. The last thing they wanted was contact with me. The elevator operator was disgusted. "Are you Its husband?" he asked when my husband dashed in from parking the car.

I had time to wallow onto a stretcher in the hall, and ten minutes later, she was born. The last two contractions were pleasant, as though my body were flowing downward like sand drawn out by a wave. The doctor was a practitioner of the Lamaze method. My husband and I had been to a few classes, and he was with me at her birth. The doctor had seemed grim and stern during my pregnancy, but he burst out singing as she was being born. As he placed her on my stomach, he himself looked expanded with happiness. Later, when we thanked him, his face softened and he said, "This is what I live for."

I had to remain on the table for an hour (hospital rules in case one hemorrhaged), while the baby lay in a basinet nearby making small snorting noises to clear her nose. I sang her hymns and lullabies to tell her how much I loved her. We went home the next morning. Labor had been about two-and-a-half hours.

Both children nursed for a year and three months and, during nursing, I had the strongest pleasant feelings I'd ever had (except for sex), as though love came from somewhere below my womb and moved out to envelope us.

I'm not sure, but I believe both children had oral orgasms. Their lips would tremble, they would shiver, and their eyes seemed to roll up. I don't know if their eyes rolled up because they were on the brink of sleep or if it was part of the reflex. At first, it was startling, and we were afraid our son might be ill, but otherwise he didn't seem sick at all. After it had happened a few times, we thought it was probably nothing to worry about.

The children were never consciously toilet trained, "going" on the floor or in diapers until they trained themselves. We bought a potty chair when our son was about two and left it on the floor after

explaining what it was for. A month or so later, he used it, and then, one day, he decided to use it exclusively in preference to the floor or diapers. Daddy used a toilet, and he wanted to be like him.

Even though my sexual feeling for my husband had ebbed away, we were in agreement about how to treat the children. He fended off his parents, and I was wary of mine. We did not leave the children with people we sensed did not understand and respect their life, especially as babies, because I felt that their helplessness would provoke someone to abuse them. I'd been the recipient of irrational hatred as a child (who hasn't!), had felt it in myself at moments, even towards my own children, and was not about to trust many people.

The divorce

The children seemed fairly happy until our divorce---for the most part, they were rosy, serious, and contented. Our son seemed more passionate and sensitive, our daughter more solemn and self-contained.

Things became bad, especially for our son, when we were divorced. When my husband and I separated, the boy was devastated. He was nearly four and loved his father deeply. Even though we made arrangements for him to see his dad every weekend, he did not understand why daddy wouldn't live at home any more, and he felt responsible, as though his love for us had not been strong enough to keep us together. He took all the responsibility for our separation out of the depth of his love.

The day he left home, his father knelt down and hugged him and, with tears in his voice, said goodbye. Our son looked into his face with a lost look and, when his daddy stood up to leave, clung to his legs in desperation. Daddy removed his hands and, crying openly, went out the door. Our son threw himself against the door as it closed, screaming, "Daddy, daddy!" It was too much to bear, and he had the only tantrum of his life.

After this, he became too serious, and his eyes looked bruised and lost. Later, after I was in therapy myself, we went to an orgonomist, and in her office I was able to cry and tell him that I was sorry to have hurt him but I couldn't live with a man I didn't want to hug---but that it was all right for him to love his daddy with all his heart and

that he would always be able to see him. At the therapist's suggestion, we had sessions at home where I used a flashlight on his eyes and he would bite on a towel and hit me (through a pillow). His eyes began to look brighter.

But the sense of that loss will always be with them.

I worried more for my son since he, as a boy, needed a man to love. Plucking him away, as though his link to his father counted for less than his link to me, had been damaging, even though it was unavoidable. I felt that he was better off with me, not only because my husband worked all day, but because he was still so young. Living a lie with my husband was impossible and would ultimately have set the child a far worse example of resignation. But I felt that, if I treated men, especially ones he loved, as though they didn't count, it might make him feel either that he didn't count or that he was the only "man" who did count in my life. I knew that I had problems with men and felt, again, that honesty to him (to the best of my ability) would see us through.

Soon after my husband and I separated, I began living with another man, George. When my son's worry at my behavior was still fresh, some friends came to visit, and one of them put his arms around me. He had sexual feelings for me, and my son seemed to know it, for he began to get loud and noisy in the next room, and a sense of his panic came to me. When I went in to him, he was nearly in tears, and I had to grab and hold him to get him to look at me. Then I promised him that I'd never hug that man the way I'd hugged daddy or George. He seemed utterly relieved, and I was glad he trusted me. I didn't break my word, and I think that was important. He could accept my living with another man once it had been clearly explained, but, if I'd been promiscuous, he would have felt it as a betrayal of both his father and himself.

I did whatever I was capable of doing to respect my son's difference as a man. He had privacy when he began to feel the need for it. Starting at about eight years of age, he had a room of his own. I had to knock before going in and kept out when he said, "Don't come in!" It was the same with my daughter. Their rooms were theirs, just as their bodies were theirs. The only times I invaded when they had said, "Keep out!" was when I felt they really wanted me to (when they were hurt and really wanted me to pull them back

into contact). I took care not to wear provocative nightclothes in front of my son, since it seemed a sign of disrespect to him to do so. Most important of all, his father was always available to him---he was daddy and constant in his life, even though I went out with other men. In this way, I hoped he would be able to feel some undistorted tenderness for women when the time came, from a sense of strength and worth within himself.

When they were five and four, for a brief and very happy time, we lived in the country. One of the happiest moments of that time came one day when the children and I were jumping around on my bed, leaping onto the mattress from the high headboard. They started a game, saying: "God is in the window, God is in my belly-button," etc., as they jumped. Suddenly, my daughter looked shyly right into my eyes, with the impulse strong in her from all that wild activity, and said, "God is in my pee pee." I felt a burst of happiness when she said it. As I looked out of the window, the motion of the trees, sky, and grass began to make me dizzy, as though everything was dancing just beyond the reach of my sight and only a frail barrier stopped me from being swept away in that dance, too. And I stopped the feeling because I was afraid. Later, I remembered a line in a beautiful Medieval carol that says when Christ was born, "the stars and the elements all trembled with glee," and I thought how so many people had felt life moving all through the ages but had been afraid, like me. It seemed that we are so much richer than we could ever stand to know.

When the children were six and four, we moved back again into New York City, and, for the next year-and-a-half, I was in a tizzy about my own life. Working and shuttling them back and forth from school took too much time---anxiety alone was a full time job! There was little sex in my life. I basically ignored the kids and, when I noticed them, it was to yell. My son wrote in second grade: "When my mother comes home from work, she looks to see if anything is wrong." He drew large, strong knights in armor and wrote admiring poems about wolves: "A wolf is an animal with a lot of power...a wolf will not give up until he is dead." He wished for protection from his unhappiness at home, for armor and strength so that he would not feel hurt and vulnerable; but, no matter what, he was bravely determined to fight for his life. His

eyes looked sad, and he began to gain weight. He drew horrible pictures of monsters and wrote "Mommy" under them and presented them to me. My daughter dreamed that I was a witch and described me in lurid detail. I'd feel helpless. I could accept the pictures and dreams, but what could I do to change things immediately? Dr. Baker pointed out that at least they could express their negative feelings about me and I didn't squelch those.

There were two positive things in their lives at this time. One was the Fifteenth Street School. A teacher there loved my son deeply; she told him she loved him so much she just wanted to take him home with her, hugged him often, and appreciated him when I couldn't.

The second good thing for them was a man I met at this time whom they loved virtually as a father for the next ten years. He was a Catholic, but, when the chips were down, his heart was stronger than doctrine. (In some sense, that doctrine supported his deep feelings.)

This time in my life suggests something else that seems important to me as a parent: that children need all the real love they can get, and no twinge of jealousy on the parent's part should keep them from getting it. It's a struggle for the child's sake to allow him to be loved, and to love somebody else even better than a parent, as he will at times. It was very hard for me when my daughter said she would rather have one of my best friends for a mother. I felt stabbed to the quick and jealous, and I was furious with her. But her feelings were right. I'd wanted her to think that I was marvelous without having earned it by contactfulness with her.

School

My son went to the Fifteenth Street School from the first through the sixth grades, to a parochial school for the seventh and eighth grades, and then to a Catholic military high school.

My daughter went to the Fifteenth Street School from from the first through the third grades, public school from the fourth through the first half of the sixth grade, and then to a Catholic school through the eighth grade. She dropped out of high school in her sophomore year and got her equivalency diploma a year later.

Both children are now in college.

They went through three very different

educational institutions before going to college. The Fifteenth Street School in Manhattan was the best. It laid a foundation of self-reliance and happiness that helped them weather the distortions in education at the other two.

Both children did very well academically and emotionally in the schools they went to after leaving the Fifteenth Street School. My son went to a Catholic school because the public junior high school in our neighborhood was full of spineless administrators, the insolent "disadvantaged," and drugs. My daughter went into fourth grade at a public school. It turned out to be a nightmare two years later, but initially it seemed all right.

The fact that children do well in more traditional schools after attending The Fifteenth Street School is often given as proof that such a school "works." Two other proofs seem more important to me. One is the fact that the children loved the school and were happy there. At the end of the day, they often looked as though they'd just come in from playing in the country, with red faces and confident eyes. Secondly, they were respected and loved as individuals and learned how to take responsibility for themselves. No other school had such fundamental respect for their life.

As for the other schools, public school was far more destructive than any of the Catholic schools they attended. The basic difference seemed to be that authoritarian educators (Catholic in this case) left the child with a self, molded and squeezed by "thou shalts" and "thou shalt nots"; but the self was what the liberal educator in the public school seemed to be out to destroy. It seemed that the authoritarians wanted to mold the core, and the liberals to destroy it. Patricia Greene Humphrey and Dr. Barbara Koopman have written in depth about the change in society from repressive to permissive. My observations from experience and those of my daughter in the article following this one bear out what they say.

The public school my daughter went to was in a wealthy, liberal neighborhood. The principal and counselors were liberal, but the fourth grade teacher was sound, dedicated, and quite wonderful; she made all the difference to my daughter that year. But, in the middle of the sixth grade, with another teacher, she ran into trouble. Coming home one day, she said that she has been to a "rap" session, seemed to be uneasy and wanted to talk.

She hadn't wanted to say anything bad about me, she explained, and had been kicked out of that session. She didn't want to go back to another one.

From what she told me and what I subsequently learned, it seemed that, in a "rap" session, a counselor talked informally with the class once a week. These, with variations in specifics, were the stages followed: The counselor got everyone to name his favorite color, what he liked most to do on vacation, his favorite animal, etc. Then, as the kids became more open, he went on to questions like: "What do you do that makes mommy most angry?" "Do you get upset when mommy yells and want to hit her back?" And the inquisition continued with more and more searching questions until the child was pushed into "acting out" his hate. Peer group pressure, instigated by the counselor, often forced the child into letting out more feelings than he could stand. I heard from one friend in California that she knew of a boy who was driven to suicide in a group like this. Things had not gone that far in our school; there was no "acting out"—yet. But the children were pressured to discuss their parents.

The counselor of the "rap" session usually had little or no training, but that didn't stop him. Along with this irresponsibility went attacks on individuality and feeling. This was one experience my daughter had:

The counselor, after asking the kids what their favorite color was, said to my daughter, "All of us like red the best, Mariama. You're the only one who likes blue. There must be something wrong with us. I know! We'll all like blue with you today, and you can like red with us tomorrow. That's fair, isn't it?" The child was made to feel that being alone in her opinion was automatically wrong. This was an attack on her life itself. The child's feelings were vitiated by making everything "pretend" (in the service of the superficial layer) while expression from the core ("liking," even something as trivial as a color) was not allowed. Fortunately, my daughter trusted her feelings and fought back even though she didn't understand what was going on. Her reply was that, if they all changed and liked blue with her, then she would choose red. The counselor angrily said she was silly and uncooperative.

My daughter didn't tell me about this at the time it happened nor about any of the more subtle forms of pressure the

school applied, both because she felt she could fight back and because she didn't understand these sneak attacks enough to explain them to me. So I was not aware of what had been happening until the day she told me she had refused to discuss my shortcomings in a "rap" session.

I went to see the head counselor at the school. She spoke in her office of her concern: how important it was that children get along with one another; how "rap" sessions would help the child by uncovering problems he had at home that interfered with his adjustment to school; how "old fashioned" values have no place in modern education. All this while a small boy had been sitting in a chair outside the door as punishment for something or other. He was only about six, and sitting still seemed hard for him. He accidentally dropped the book he had been given to read. The counselor stopped in mid-sentence and pounced, squeezing his arm. "Sit STILL!" Her rage hissed out like steam through the tiny vent in a pressure cooker. Her hate went much deeper than anger at his behavior. Her touch seemed greedy and yet she was repelled. She wanted to drink down his life and make him as empty as she was.

I felt that public school was utterly destructive and withdrew my daughter that day. She was accepted in the neighborhood Catholic school immediately when I

explained the circumstances to the principal, a nun. She had a strong sense of values and a real respect and love for the individuality of the children. She saw and loved the life in them down to the point of sexuality. At the age the children entered Catholic school (both at eleven years), I felt they could cope with the anti-sexuality, but I would not willingly have exposed them to it in the lower grades.

In summation, the parochial schools still maintained the belief in the importance of values—integrity, responsibility, and individuality (all concepts that concern the core).

The public school, showing its true colors, spawned a Communist cell. They didn't call it that, but it operated on the same principle: an attack on life that masqueraded as something loving and beneficial. That seems to be the essence of Communism. It is the kiss of Judas on a global scale.

Both public and parochial schools have degenerated even more since the time when my daughter attended them in 1974.

Teenagers

When they were teenagers, I felt my children would need all my support because that would be the time they'd really begin to look at the world with knowledge, and, if their eyes were good, it might be very hard for them to bear. That is where orgonomy has been invaluable to us. They needed knowledge to defend their lives or else they would be destroyed as surely as the American Indians were. Orgonomy has provided a basis in fact for understanding their deepest feelings. Nothing went deeper than Reich.

They did not rebel as teenagers. I kept waiting for the years of teenage rebellion, but they never came. We get angry at each other and blow up, as we have all along, but the anger never goes as deep as the love and trust.

Since they felt pretty much that they were living for themselves, they didn't seem to feel that they had to rebel against me in ways that were self-destructive. I feel that is one reason they didn't try pot and other drugs.

It isn't that they don't have problems but they seem to want to cope with them themselves.

It was hard not to push them sometimes. My daughter dropped out of high



school in her sophomore year and stayed in the house for six months in a state of absolute indecision. Her father, who had, over the years, blossomed into more and more of a liberal, threatened to take her to court and force her to go back to school "for her own good" since she was still a minor. He automatically believed school was good without really seeing his own daughter or the school. It took my promise to her that I'd never allow that to happen, plus a phone call to him saying the same thing, to calm her down. But she still felt betrayed. When I told him that he would lose his child's love and it would be his own fault, and not to expect me to back him up, he backed down. But it was a bad time for us. It was hard for me not to push her to do something (anything!) out of my own anxiety. But all on her own, when she was ready, she went and got her High School Equivalency Diploma and did well enough to be accepted at Hunter College.

My son and daughter are spontaneously conservative and love America with a real feeling for what freedom is. They lived true freedom in the Fifteenth Street School and so had a foundation for understanding what their country's freedom means.

They are less dulled than I am. That has sometimes made me feel that I'm missing something (but I don't know what) when they get upset. Things that I've become inured to, or just ignore because it's easier, fill them with rage and sadness. I support them as far as I can.

My son came home in a bad mood one night, looking angry and sad. Everything I said provoked a snarl, so we were silent. After a while, I said that I know how hard it is to find a girl friend. He started crying and wanted to be alone. Later, we talked, and he said his friends take sex lightly and make fun of any of their number who is respectful and serious towards girls. We talked about how friends sometimes support you more than anyone up to a point and then, when you go beyond what they can tolerate, they are more inhibiting than strangers.

One night, my daughter cried as though her heart would break. I heard her sobs coming through the storm of a Beethoven symphony. I went into her room and asked her if she wanted me to be there. She threw herself into my arms and cried. She said she's all alone, that everybody thinks she's crazy, that sometimes she thinks she's crazy herself, that her dad

would love it is she got sick because that would prove that he was right. She cried and beat the bed. As she gradually subsided, I said, "I know what you feel." She answered, "No, only I do. I'm the only one on my side; even you don't understand." I agreed with her.

It's a struggle for her to trust herself because that is what the world attacks. I hugged her and told her that she was right, to always trust herself, and that I loved her and would stand by her. There is a fine line between backing them up and allowing sensitivity to become an excuse for not facing the world. (It's especially hard for me to draw that line, since I'm not too good at facing the world myself.) But, at the times when they cry because they feel the tragedy of things and let their feelings out, I am entirely on their side. And orgonomy has supported the life in us all.

In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, when the gamekeeper says to his pregnant lover that it seems like treachery to the unborn child to bring it into such a world, she answers, "Be tender to it, and that will be its future." That is the same incredible tenderness therapy has had to the "unborn" life in us all. Thank you, Dr. Baker.



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

My father is a Syrian Christian from Southern India and my mother is Scotch-Irish from the Kentucky mountains. I grew up in the country in Kentucky, Virginia, and Vermont.

After attending Wellesley College for four years on a scholarship and graduating with a B.A. in Latin, I got married and had two children. I worked in the publishing field and as a waitress as my children were growing up.

Having unusual parents, not having any religious training, and going into orgone therapy were the three main factors that made me raise the children the way I did.

In *The Murder of Christ*, Reich says:



Maria Yakkub

"It appeared most likely that the first few generations of the Children of the Future will not be able to withstand the manifold impacts of the emotional plague. They would certainly have to yield here and there; we do not know exactly in what way."

The major effort of my life so far has been to help my children (to the limit of my perception) yield as little as possible without destroying themselves in the process.

(Maria Vahkub lives at: 1901 21st Road, Astoria, New York 11105.)

ORGONOMIC EDUCATION ON THE EAST COAST - An excellent introductory course on The Life and Work of Wilhelm Reich is given in two parts (fall and spring semesters) in evening sessions at New York University in New York City. The course is conducted by Professor Paul Mathews in conjunction with Professor John M. Bell, Associate Professor of Humanities at the university. The lectures are given by orgonomic scientists and medical doctors, as well as by the two professors. For information, call the Division of Liberal Studies (212-598-2373) or write the division at 2 University Place, Room 21, New York, N.Y. 10009.

A Seminar in Social Orgonomy, also conducted by Professors Bell and Mathews, is given twice yearly. Participants present papers on some aspect of orgonomy, and the presentations are followed by lively discussions. For information call or write: Professor John M. Bell, 265 West 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10001 (212-675-0829) or Professor Paul Mathews, 41 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238 (212-638-6853).

A RELUCTANT CONSERVATIVE? - Max Lerner, America's most famous and brilliant exponent of the liberal (and earlier the radical) cause, is, at 78, thoroughly disenchanted by the liberals, according to himself when he was interviewed by Bill Moyers on Channel 13, May 29, 1980. He said he has moved far from his Marxist position of the 40s when he was editor of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, but he will not identify himself as an anti-Marxist, either, as he is now worried about both corporate and left-wing power. He is obviously embarrassed about his radical past but uncomfortable in the role of turn-coat, which he therefore rejects. The essential thing, he says, is whether one is tender-minded or tough-minded, since the tough-minded face reality even if it has a Medusa head, while the tender-minded hide from reality and try to live by ideals and dreams. He then said, "I think this is what has happened to liberalism." That is an extraordinary insight for a confirmed liberal! He blamed the present "unraveling" state of the nation on the liberals; but, as a "possibilist," he thinks we have at least a chance of recovering, that the unraveling can be halted. He even admitted that "the new conservative's emphasis on the military is unfortunate but necessary."

Of course, Max Lerner isn't the only liberal to find himself swinging right. We can almost imagine that he was one of those who did a right face at the ballot box and helped elect President Reagan.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC "FUND RAISER" - Joel Carlinsky was arraigned in the robbery at the Wilhelm Reich Museum at Orgonon last September. According to the *Portland Press* of October 2, 1980: A window of the museum was forced open and entry was made into the office, where various papers and slides were stolen from the archives. Carlinsky was apprehended by the Nassau County, New York, police and caught red-handed with the documents from the archives, a number of stolen credit cards and passports, and a variety of identifications. He was arraigned and held on \$30,000 bail. Ira Bauer was instrumental in his being caught and testified that Carlinsky had offered to sell the documents to him.

A UPI release of February 4, 1981 reported: State Supreme Court Justice Andrew DiPaolo ruled Tuesday that Joel Carlinsky must be extradited to Rangeley, Maine where he is charged with breaking into the museum and stealing copies of Reich's manuscripts. He was charged with attempting to sell the papers for \$5,000. (Then came the clincher.) Carlinsky told the court he has no permanent home address but is a "fund raiser" for those interested in adapting Reich's theories to alleviate drought. A unique way of raising funds.

"He felt the first necessity in life was to make the universal specific, the general particular, the collective individual, and what was unconscious in us conscious." --- *The Seed and the Sower* by Laurens van der Post

A Teenage Wasteland

by - Mariama Blumenson

I am now a freshman student at Hunter College in Manhattan. I am almost eighteen years old, and I am female. I am writing about what I saw at the schools I've attended.

The best school I ever went to was the Fifteenth Street School,* which is also in Manhattan. I was there from the first to the third grade. I was raised with very much freedom, but it was not the destructive, liberal kind of freedom. It was the kind where I could do what I wanted to do as long as I knew I was responsible. Having given me this, my mother enrolled me in the Fifteenth Street School.

I really loved that school. Instead of attacking your individuality, the teachers left you alone. But you could always talk to them if you wanted to. Classes weren't mandatory, but they were encouraged. I took mainly math and reading the three years I was there. I spent the rest of my time drawing, flirting, and running around in the gym. When I completed third grade and my brother graduated from sixth grade (he, too, was in the Fifteenth Street School), we moved to Queens, another borough of New York City.

I started fourth grade in public school, P.S. 101. My first year there was tolerable because I had a wonderful teacher, but my second and last years there were worse. The majority of teachers were mean and sneaky. I got the feeling they could stab you and tell you they loved you at the same time. I was a quiet kid, so they didn't really bother me, but the "wilder" children were calmed down with hidden pinches or pokes by the teachers.

What I really didn't like was that

there wasn't anyone to look up to. The kids were so much stronger than the teachers that the teachers were afraid of the kids and used every opportunity to "calm" them down or to attack them by using the school's rules. Any sign of spunk the kids showed was either politely stifled or turned to hatred and aimed at the parents by means of "rap" sessions.

Attendance at these "rap" sessions was supposed to be voluntary, but the teachers didn't tell you that. These sessions took place in a classroom where all the kids sat in a circle with the teacher. The teacher would get the kids to take turns in answering simple questions like, "What's your favorite or least favorite food (color, book, etc.)?" She would then proceed to get more and more personal. She would suggest why we felt how we did, and, more often than not, she would blame anything negative on the parents. She would say things like, "Johnny, don't you think you hit Billy because you're mad at your mother?" The idea was to make the school "a home away from home" by destroying the kids' dependency on their parents. Then, when the kids had no one to turn to, they hoped they'd turn to the school.

I was lucky, for I was kicked out of these "rap" sessions because I was "uncooperative." The teacher told me I was shy, and that it was probably because no one listened to me at home. She told me that everyone here was a friend and that I should feel free to participate. I told them I didn't want to participate because I didn't trust them. I don't know why, but I then told the teacher I loved my mother. This she couldn't tolerate, so I wasn't "cooperating."

Before I had completed sixth grade, I was transferred to Our Lady Queen of

* An article on the Fifteenth Street School appeared in *Offshoots of Orgonomy*, No. 1.

Martyrs School (a parochial school). It was an absolute contrast to public school. At this school, the teachers were honest. If they hated you or liked you, you were the first to know it. The teachers were very strict, they taught very well, and they graded you on your merit. The only bad memories I have of my time at this school are about the times I received some nasty teasing because I am not Catholic, but only a few of the kids teased me. The principal, a very Catholic nun, liked me, though, and it was just because she thought I was a good kid, Catholic or not. I graduated from the eighth grade, and we moved to Astoria.

I enrolled in Long Island City High School, which brings back the worst memories of my life.

When I first started classes there, I made some friends and enjoyed my classes. But soon after I enrolled, there was a change of principals, and the rules, which had been strict for a public school, crumbled.

I had never been exposed to drugs or to the people who use them, but, all of a sudden, they seemed to be everywhere and taken by the majority of students in the school. My mother had told me that marijuana was dangerous, and I was not in the least suicidal, so drugs didn't appeal to me. As a matter of fact, they scared me.

I remember how all of my friends and I swore we would never try marijuana. But, one after the other, my friends began to smoke it until all of them were smoking it regularly. It didn't seem to change them at first, except that they were determined to get me to try it. When a girl friend who sold drugs gave me two quaaludes ("uppers" and "downers" to stimulate or tranquilize) for free (they were very expensive I had heard), she scared me away from drugs for good. I knew she wasn't coaxing me to take them out of friendship, and I didn't take them.

Since I wasn't part of the "drug scene," I could see what was happening to the kids that were. Most of them started out with very deep feelings, but no one allowed them to show their feelings, and they became miserable, as though they had an unbearable amount of feeling. If they showed their feelings, they were persecuted because the teachers and kids who had destroyed their own emotions couldn't stand emotion in anyone else.

People seem to think there was then (and is now) more emotional freedom than there used to be. I don't think so. Kids

aren't raised religiously about sex, but they are raised much worse. They are prompted to "sleep with the world" and to "share themselves with the world," which leaves them with nothing left to be sexual with. These were the kids who were drawn to marijuana, and they were the ones who claimed to understand the "problems" of the healthy but unhappy kids. These "pot heads" couldn't stand to have anyone feel strongly. If you could, they sensed it and tried their hardest to get you to smoke marijuana also.

The kids on drugs thought they felt things strongly, but they only felt with their minds. Their bodies became dehydrated, and they were like a colony of self-destructive, miserable heads. They always cut classes to smoke marijuana and listen to rock-and-roll music. Marijuana and rock music went hand-in-hand. The lyrics and beat of rock-and-roll seemed to say, "We understand you. Come be one of us. Commit suicide." The word-of-mouth slogan of the marijuana users was "Drugs, Sex, and Rock n' Roll," meaning kill your feelings, it's okay to have promiscuous sex, and rock music will back you up. I see that slogan all the time now on buttons and T-shirts. All of this was going on with the silent consent of the teachers.

The teachers were such a sorry-looking bunch of people, all bent out of shape and unhappy. They were also totally and actively liberal. They were to the mind what cancer is to the body.

I am very conservative, and when the teachers asked for papers and such on the Women's Lib movement, the prejudice whites have against blacks, or just on America in general, I was the only kid with the "wrong" opinions. I remember one English teacher who was constantly putting down the Marines. She would always say something that made them seem to be murderers and responsible for getting us into wars. At one point, I couldn't stand it anymore. She was saying that they were actually paid to kill people. I raised my hand and said that you couldn't pay someone nearly enough to risk his life, especially for ungrateful people. I thought if I exposed her to the class, the kids would be on my side. But the class looked on with approval as she apologized for me, saying, "Dear, that's what you're supposed to think." I looked at her and hated her with a passion. I thought of the men who were in the Marines for me, and I felt like laughing because I knew I was right---

and crying because they thought they were.

I knew I was right about most things, but I couldn't stand up for them. These propagandizing creatures passing as teachers had authority over me because they were teachers and I was a student. I couldn't stand school any more when I realized I was accepting more and more of what they said. I'd laugh at some of their jokes and accept some of their leftist sneers, but, when I got home, I'd cry. I'd have to remind myself why they were wrong. It was scary. I couldn't see that I was changing until I got home. These teachers were as cunning as the newscasters who can get you to laugh at their anti-America sneers.

Pretty soon, I dreaded going to school. It was like a morgue, except that the dead bodies were moving around, walking and talking. I would wake up crying and ask my mother if I could stay home. I couldn't explain why I was upset, but she trusted me and often let me stay home.

By the end of tenth grade, school had become unbearable. I either had to go to school and give up part of me or stay away. I didn't think I was strong enough to finish school and still come out me. I knew my values were being attacked, but I didn't know how to defend them.

Right before the end of the tenth grade, I dropped out of school. I ended all my friendships and stayed alone as much as possible. I thought a lot and decided that I had to face the world and fight sooner or later. My mother helped me to decide to make it sooner. I went out and got a job at a discount store.

I worked for about four months, and then I quit. I knew that I wouldn't get many career opportunities without a legitimate education. My brother constantly told me to go back to school or to get my high school equivalency diploma. I wasn't about to go back to high school, where I'd be way behind, so I decided to get the high school equivalency diploma.

I went to a night school that prepared you for the HSE. There they told me that if I did well on the test, I could probably go to college. I did well on the test and applied to Hunter College. I was accepted, and that's where I go now.

I was more interested in politics than anything else at the beginning of the first semester, so I took a Political Science course. My political career was soon ended. I couldn't have stood going through another Political Science course.

The class was called "Introduction to American Government and Politics," but my teacher didn't happen to mention the Constitution of the United States. Instead, he spent my time saying, "Everyone is equal except Ronald Reagan" and sneering at anything not liberal. He never even brought notes to the lectures. The textbook at least mentioned the Constitution, but it gave us the impression that we should be afraid of the power of Congress because it would take a miracle to save us if the conservatives ever got the majority of chairs in Congress. The book informed us of the wonderful things being done to weaken Congress. This was my worst class, but Economics was a close second.

In Economics, my teacher said he was teaching with no viewpoint. He taught with no viewpoint if you considered Karl Marx to be on the same level as Adam Smith, and if you considered John Maynard Keynes the greatest economist of all time. If that was no viewpoint, I wished he'd teach with an American one. It would have been great to have an economics teacher who could praise the free, competitive market system.

My other classes were all right, and I even had a Latin teacher who loved Latin. All in all, these teachers didn't threaten me with what they said or did, which were easy enough to accept or fight, but they did threaten me physically. I can't explain this, but it's sort of as though they're Dracula and I'm the blood. Their presence (along with the fluorescent lights) drained me. They made me ache like I had the flu.

The students had, and have, pretty much the same effect. Most of the students I see at Hunter are the products of the high school "Drugs, Sex, and Rock 'n Roll" scene. A lot of them have "grown out of" drugs, but that really doesn't much matter because they've stifled or destroyed anything good in them and any quality that hints of real happiness. Everything is sad and squeezed. People's bodies are not just thin or fat, they have bulges or blobs coming out every place, unevenly, where they don't belong. Even lovers are sad. I don't blame them; half of them don't care if they're men or women, and they don't care about anything like morals.

I haven't met one person at Hunter who agrees with me politically. I wear "Stop ERA" buttons in hopes that someone who agrees with me might find me. I always argue about politics; but, in college,

people who disagree just laugh, shake their heads, and say they don't want to get upset. To them, my aggression is like a contagious disease, and they never fail to get away from me when I do anything to disrupt their "mellow" atmosphere. I guess we share mutual feelings about each other. I only wish I could find someone who agrees with me.

I really don't know why I'm in college, because I don't want a career. I'd just like to marry a happy, conservative man and have a bunch of happy, conservative children. My friends believe I'm insane for wanting this. They say I'll get sick of being a housewife after my first child. I don't know if I'll get a chance to find out; I won't at Hunter, anyway. I can't find a guy who doesn't like ERA, and it's fashionable for "partners to be equal" (for guys to

shirk their responsibilities and be gutless). But, when I think of Dr. Elsworth F. Baker, Jesse Helms, Ronald Reagan, and John Wayne, it reminds me that there are men, real men.

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*Mariama Blumenson in Vermont*

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Asked about herself, Mariama replied simply: "I was born in Manhattan and lived there and in Queens most of my life. I love the country, children, and classical music.

And I love America." (Her address is: 1901 21st Road, Astoria, New York 11105.)

Note: Mariama suggested that her article be followed by all four stanzas of our national anthem, which seems like a good idea. As you read it, may you seem to hear it in full orchestra with a choir of two hundred million voices!

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

\* \* \* \* \*

by Francis Scott Key (1779-1843)

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,  
whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous  
fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore  
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?  
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'  
pollution,  
No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!  
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!  
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



# Two Poems

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by - Emanuele di Pasquale

## THREAD

How wonderfully life defies death,  
denies oblivion, end. Somewhere  
a friend may remember me--- even now  
as I call out my children's names---  
Laura, Paul--an incantation, a fierce love.  
Life is more than memories;  
it is the nightly going on,  
the one bright star,  
long lonely hikes at dawn,  
murmured thanks to the warm sun,  
the wait for love---  
even as the milk of paradise returns,  
slurps sweetly in our yearning tongues---  
even as our limbs shake,  
even as our bellies give  
and our blood richly glows.

## MID-MARCH NIGHT

Last night, the north star danced  
and like a fiery amoeba  
shot swirling arms at me.  
I walked out in the snow  
and nodded and waved at my star---  
my star that from far far away  
danced and cavorted inside of me---  
did indeed dance and swirl,  
and my very blood sang.  
And the smaller, more distant stars  
did their dance. Light blue  
grey tumblers, they somersaulted  
over east and northeast.

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Emanuele di Pasquale was born in Sicily in 1943 and emigrated to America when he was fourteen. He earned an M.A. in English from New York University in 1968 and has been teaching college English ever since. His poems have appeared in the *New York Quarterly*, the *New York Times*, *The Nation*, the *Sewanee Review*, *Poetry Now*, *Poem*, *Southern Poetry Review*, and various other publications. They have also been published in textbooks, including *Literature* and *An Introduction to Poetry*, both edited by X.J. Kennedy, and in anthologies, including *Poems One Line and Longer*, edited by William Cole, *Tygers of Wrath*, edited by X.J. Kennedy, *An Anthology of Verse*, edited by Alan Pater, and *Friendships*, edited by E.V. Griffith. Mr. di Pasquale is listed in *A Directory of American Poets*. He lives in Edison, New Jersey, with his wife, Mari, and his two children, Laura and Paul.

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# Letters from Portugal

by - Jutta Espanca

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Lagos, 29 Oct., 1980

Dear Mrs. Wyvell,

With great pleasure, I received your announcement of the new magazine. It is so important, if one works with orgone energy or just observes it or whatever, to communicate with someone who understands...and there is nothing more likely to resolve this need than a regular publication.

Well, to give you an idea of who is talking, I am a German country girl, married for thirteen years to a Portuguese high school teacher, and have lived about fourteen years in the south of Portugal. I had my own small farm in Germany where I worked many years. I grew up and lived with my grandmother who was in some ways my first teacher in energy phenomena. Her image of god was that of an all-present universal energy; she would even talk about the color of this energy and describe streaming sensations, even if it was a bit mystified. As we lived in close and deep contact with nature, the energy concept always seemed the most natural and logical thing to me, especially as I experienced it in so many ways in my daily life and work. Meeting Reich's writings here in Portugal confirmed all the things we always knew and felt and gave answers to all the questions. I can say without exaggeration that it was one of the most important events of my life.

This was many years ago. Since then, I've read all the available writings of Reich...was lucky enough to meet Dr. Hoppe, who impressed me deeply...and with whose help I became a subscriber to the *Journal of Orgonomy*, a very good publication from which I have been learning a great deal through all the years.

A few years ago, I started working with bion water, first on my houseplants, with quite amazing results. After finding a small garden outside of town, I used it on my vegetable plantings too. Your nice letter of May 26, 1979 gave me the idea of the soaking of seeds in bion water. I tried that this spring with tomato and paprika seeds. The results were very positive, but I shall repeat this experiment next spring to be more sure about the results and to get more clear and definite answers. There are always many factors that have to be considered, checked, and rechecked many times before we can be sure.

Since March 1980, I have a three-layer ORAC at home for physical treatment, and I have built several smaller ones for seeds and small-plant radiation; big plants I treat in the big ORAC. Sometimes, it is almost unbelievable to see the effects of the orgone energy on the growth of plants.

I am glad to be able to work with the help and advice of a friend, Dr. Thomas von Grudzinski of Munich...a man deeply dedicated to orgonomy. He has done translations of Reich and Raknes and is doing orgone research too.

Of course, the few things I do are done on a very modest scale, as I have only a very small piece of land to work with, not much money, and no help from anyone else here. Portuguese people have, it seems to me, great problems in accepting orgonomy. I have found just one young couple, farmers, too, who are open and interested in energy experiments and quite familiar with some of Reich's work.

The only way to begin to understand the functioning of orgone energy is to work with it, to use the accumulator on yourself,



to be open-minded and willing to learn and, of course, to have a great deal of patience, something I fortunately have. At the moment, I am doing an experiment with different kinds of vegetable seeds to see which respond best to orgone treatment. Something I noticed: The treated seeds (treated in a 3-fold ORAC inside another 3-fold) felt firmer, fresher, and more alive, especially noticeable in the bigger ones like spinach, red beets, and rampion, while the controls felt dry and a bit withered.

So far, I have had more positive than negative results, but I haven't done many experiments yet; anyway, it might also be because our atmosphere in Portugal, especially in the south, is still more or less healthy. We have the bluest sky you can imagine, a very clean blue sea, and mountains that are mostly blue or blue-gray. Everything sparkles and smells wonderful. I guess orgone has an odor, too, for I can tell just by smelling if it is a healthy day or not. I have done weather observations for about two years. Once in a while, we get more disturbed days, typical oranur weather, and, especially in summer, we have days where the DOR-level is high; but they are still rare, and, most of the time, the atmosphere is sparkling and the orgone flow is easy to observe, with a little experience.

Our winter is like a rainy middle-European summer. It is the main season in agriculture, and everything is green and alive. The humidity is higher in winter than in summer. We have about four months without rain in summer. There are no forests and very few trees here in the south, and it is very hot in the summer. Vegetation is desert-like then, dry and prickly. When the first rain appears, it all changes quickly.

Of course, in years to come, the weather might change here, too, as it has already all over Europe. Many atomic reactors are working in Spain; the Portuguese one is not yet in operation.

At night, I can watch the orgone flow very well from my balcony, as I live on the second floor. It is fascinating because it differs from day to day and, often, especially in winter, from hour to hour.

I am interested in food preservation, too, but I haven't done much yet. I need to reconstruct my big ORAC first.

I am still a beginner, working hard and learning more and more every day. The realm of orgone energy is endless.

Reich, with his unique sense and awareness of natural phenomena, be it in man, in the atmosphere, or in the cosmos, has opened up for us a new universe, the one of love, work, and knowledge, has brought us back to our roots and has given mankind enough basic knowledge to work on for centuries to come. Even if just a few people are today aware of the immense importance of this great man and his discoveries, orgonomy will grow.

I sometimes think that it may be more effective if orgonomy works its way up slowly from the bottom to the top, rather than doing it the contrary way. If people start working more and more in all the many different realms of orgonomy, if they can exchange their experiences, talk about it, and make it public, they may interest other people in the work and slowly but steadily the seeds of the science of life energy may spread all over the continents. It is something I have noticed from my own experience: If we put some facts in front of a person, as for example a plant that, after orgone treatment, developed new leaves that grew almost double the size of the older ones, the person accepts and understands much more easily what is happening than from hours of the best theoretical explanations.

Of course, the whole task is very difficult. We can't simplify it and be too optimistic, for we have to take into account man's limited structure and his inability to understand. Every day, we fight this structure in ourselves. I think, if we just can help the truth to advance a little bit, if we can give with our work a small share of our good will and our best effort to an important task, if we are willing to learn, listen, look, observe, and work on ourselves, there could already be a hope for a better future, be it ever so far away....

Respectfully yours,

Jutta Espanca

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Lagos, 15 Dec., 1980

Dear Mrs. Wyvell,

Thank you so much for your beautiful letter. It made me very happy. It took me some time to answer you, but I have been





ORAC III  
*Treating spinach seedlings*

very busy building two new ORACs, one big one of three layers for my physical use, because my friend Peter took his, and I needed a new one. Then, another three-layer one for the garden, which you see in the photos. Building this one, I had in mind Reich's remark that two OR layers, facing each other, create a strong OR energy field. It's the first time I made one this shape, and the first one for use outdoors. After Christmas, I'll start working with it regularly to see how it functions. It will be applied to irradiate young seeds and small plants....

I think publishing my address is a good idea; this way, I might get in direct contact with people who are interested in the same work.

Photos numbers 1 and 2

are from a very small experiment with red pepper seeds. On photo 1, you have the treated plant; on 2, the two control plants. While the treated one is more than double in size, the fruit is almost ripe, and the plant has already lost its leaves, the controls still have green fruit, very few are ripe, and the plants are still green and much smaller.

The seed of the plant on photo 1 had been soaked in bion water for 8 days, and, after planting and sprouting, the seedling was treated in a small, three-layer ORAC several times. Even as a small plant only 6 cm high, it had already developed new branches. When I planted it in the garden, it was 10 cm high and looked like a little bush, full of branches. The control had no branches at all, even though it was almost the same size.

After being planted outside, the treated plant developed much faster than the control. When I came back from Germany, it was almost double the size of the controls. The fruit are better developed, too, on the treated plant.

This experiment was only a small part of the bion-paprika experiment, but the results, as you can easily see, are smashing. Usually, a red pepper plant attains this size and volume only in the second year.

Photo 3 is just as smashing. It is of an experiment I'm doing with two Diefen-



ORAC III in action. In the back, you see civilization advancing. Near my garden, they are building a complex of school buildings.



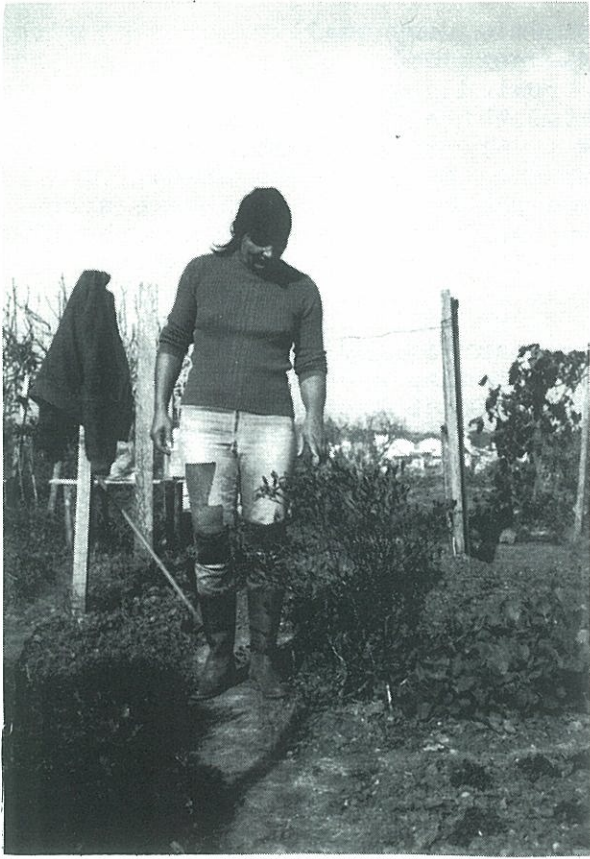


PHOTO #1



PHOTO #2



PHOTO #3



bachia plants indoors. I'll give you a short description now: I cut the top of two plants to the same size, planted them in the same kind of ground, and treated one in the big ORAC several times. The result you see on the photo. It is not difficult to see which is the treated plant. The control got a new shoot, but the leaves are much smaller and weaker, and they are not so dark a green as the treated plant's.

I hope I'll have some results from my present experiments by the next issue of "Offshoots of Orgonomy"...

I understand that your experiments may have been too complicated. My approach is, on the contrary, probably too simple a one, as I lack sufficient theoretical knowledge. I simply radiate the seeds in ORACs or soak them in bion water, and after I put them into the ground, I watch! That's it. But even from the few things I have done so far, I notice that we learn a lot from every new thing we do. We see the importance of the weather condition and learn to understand its functioning, its influence on the growth and development of the plants. The condition of the soil is important too. Sometimes, I think that even the energy field of the farmer might have a certain influence. I still remember that, in my village, we used to say this or that person has a good hand for plants.

You ask where I come from. My home was a small village of about 200 inhabitants in the middle of the Taunus Mountains, about 60 km away from Frankfurt and 20 km from Wiesbaden.

About my education, I must disappoint you: I had just eight years of what we call grammar school, then three years of a so-called professional school for farmers, and after that, I had one year of Berlitz school and one year of a commercial school. At the age of twenty-four, I started working in the Personnel Administration Office of the U.S. Air Force Headquarters in Wiesbaden as an appointment clerk, a job I liked very much because I met many people and enjoyed the administrative work.

I stayed with the Air Force for four years. It was there that I met my husband, who was working as an interpreter. When he quit his job, I followed him to Portugal where we married, and here I am.

I would have liked to have had a better education, but we had many problems, including a financial one. My father died in World War II, and my mother

never lived with me. From the age of six months, I was with my grandmother. Our village was completely isolated, no transportation; we lived as though we were on an island and, to get to the next town, we had to walk 5 km. But I loved my free country life, enjoyed every minute of working the ground, treating the animals, painting, making music, dancing, and singing, doing everything ourselves and relying totally on our own capacity and strength. It was the best education I could get. Today, I profit from it, as I live again in a primitive country where we are forced to do everything by ourselves. I love handwork; it gives me a deep satisfaction to do things with my hands, to produce, as I call it. I am a whole factory. I do everything, and, if I don't know how, I learn. I think we can discover new talents in ourselves for a whole lifetime. And we do learn, too, for a whole lifetime. Our perfect society with all the ready-made goods destroys systematically the natural creativity in people; they can't do anything themselves anymore and rely totally on the system for every little thing, from cloth to ready-made food. I think it is very bad and that perhaps one day we may feel the consequences of it when some crisis arises....

Writing is another thing I like to do. I always had a great correspondence with people from all over the world, as I lived much of my life very isolated. That's why my letters are always big!


I suppose one very important education is life itself, if we are just willing to learn its lessons.

Talking about Dr. Hoppe, I met him again this summer. He gives a great comfort to people just by his streaming, heart-warming personality, his refreshing humor, and his great humanity and understanding. He was very proud to have completed his eightieth birthday and liked to hear that he looked younger. I really love him.... I am waiting for his book to come out; I am sure it is a very good and important work....

....and wish you the best for the coming year.

Very sincerely yours,  
Jutta Espanca

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8600 Lagos, Portugal

  
We may look forward to further communications from Jutta Espanca this fall.



# Realities of Teaching

by - Mary Rogove, M.A.

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My college training for elementary school teaching stood in sharp contrast to the realities of teaching in the public schools. I learned to teach the hard way. While my undergraduate college training was of little help to me in dealing with children, my own therapy and my understanding of Reich's description of character armor helped me to become an effective teacher even in the worst situations.

With my undergraduate training began the vast conspiracy of silence (based on guilt, lies, and immobility) about how bad the schools really were. Everyone wanted to avoid the subject. Board of Education presidents feigned outrage at reports of student violence against the teachers, when, in fact, such violence was an everyday occurrence. Years later, rural teachers weren't interested in my descriptions of the problems of city teaching. Even teachers who found themselves in the thick of urban violence refused to face it. The conspiracy of silence about how bad the schools are is similar to the conspiracy of silence about Communism. No one wants to hear about it. It is not part of our superficial everyday world, and we just don't want to recognize its nature and deal with it.

## *My first teaching experience*

My first assignment was in Harlem fifteen years ago. I took over a sixth grade in the middle of the school year for a black teacher who had requested transfer to be a librarian in the same school. The switch came as a surprise to the children. Most were black and middle class Cuban refugees who spoke English poorly. I started out by being friendly to them, smiling, reassuring them about

their new situation, and trying to get to know them as individuals. I felt ill-prepared for the job because, compared to the other subjects I had studied, my elementary education courses seemed to have been filled with vague and wishy-washy platitudes about children---nothing to prepare me for the realities I had to face now. The more aggressive children in the class soon interpreted my niceness as weakness, and they used me as a receptacle for all the hate and contempt they had stored up against adults.

It was an impossible situation. The children resented me for replacing their teacher in the middle of the year and said so. But what they really resented was that she hadn't bothered to prepare them for this transition, to make it smooth for them (or me). Although she continued to work in the same building, she never said a word to me. She had allowed her racial resentments to interfere with her professionalism and her concern for the children. She hadn't treated them as real people, and they felt cheated by the surprise.

Some of the students' anger was rational; they had been bossed around by teachers for years, and now they could express their resentment in the face of a teacher they didn't have to fear. But the rational anger was overwhelmed by an outpouring of secondary emotions: contempt, impulsive "acting out," spite, generalized hatred of learning, and dangerous belligerence toward each other. I had to put the lid back on.

I became more strict. I yelled until I was hoarse, but it didn't work. It was too late. The Pandora's box had been opened. Many continued to be openly defiant and abusive, and I had to rely on a near-by male teacher to discipline the boys.



I went home every day feeling shaken and exhausted. The brutalization of the child had always been condemned in my college courses, but I had never heard a word about the brutalization of the teacher.

I was strict about the work I required, and spent long hours grading papers. The children almost enjoyed a few lessons, but, mostly, they did their work grudgingly. Although the children could be decent and friendly to me on an individual basis, as a group, they resumed their habitual brattishness. Their constant complaining became an annoying "put-on," a "Let's-show-her-we-don't-like-her-no-matter-what-she-does" game; so they complained when they got homework and complained even louder, with smirks, when they didn't get homework.

On top of all this, I had other worries. I was pressured by a militant teacher to join the expensive teachers' union. She made it sound compulsory. I attended one meeting and got the picture: the teachers were interested only in the further personal benefits they should demand, without the concomitant concern for how they could improve the quality of their own work or the school situation. They were interested in my dues money, but none expressed interest in my problems as a new teacher. I continued to resist joining, but came to dread that pale, obnoxious face popping in every payday after class, demanding that I join, wearing me down.

Also, I had to devise clever ways of dressing to conceal my advancing pregnancy, since it was school policy then that teachers had to leave when four months pregnant. I worried that every day might be my last, but there was still a shortage of teachers in certain areas that year, and no one came to replace me.

The principal knew I was having class problems, but he commended me for sticking it out. Indeed, that was my only virtue that semester. I had completely failed with the children. I had allowed too many secondary expressions to come out of them. Although their skills improved, they hated me, and, by association, they hated learning. Reich said that love, work, and knowledge are the well springs of our life, and that semester I had failed with the knowledge part.

The school was conducted on the basis of many lies, but I was too overwhelmed to see them. For instance, although I resisted joining, I was intimidated into thinking that union membership was compulsory. Also, behind the official policy

of letting teachers go when their pregnancies began showing (the pre sex education era) was a concern not to destroy the myth of the stork for the children.

### *What went wrong*

But the real lies began in my college preparation for elementary school teaching. I was trained for teaching at a city college from which new teachers were usually assigned to the difficult areas of the city. Yet we received no special theoretical training to cope with the realities we would face. It was like being sent to the front lines without ammunition. Children were presented as idealized humans, as sensitive, emotional barometers registering the pressures of the cruel adult world. They would be nice to us if only we were nice to them. The starry-eyed sentimentality of some of the education professors ("Children are so wonderful!" "We can improve our characters so much by associating with these honest creatures!") gave us about as much preparation for the realities of teaching as attending an old ladies' tea party.

College educators refused to recognize that the very nature of the compulsory system of education required force and pressure from the adult and fear (known as "respect") from the child to make him do the work. No matter how individualized, how experimental, how enjoyable they tried to make the learning programs, we were still pushing children around, we were not respecting them, and we were spending billions of tax dollars constantly redesigning schools and programs to try to solve the problem of the children's continued recalcitrance. Educators refused to recognize that no gimmick could make a child self-motivated and that teachers still had to boss the children into learning. They refused to describe realistically the teacher's palpable need for power over the children in the classroom.

Because college educators refused to call a spade a spade, techniques of classroom discipline were never discussed. The pat attitude was that a well-prepared, highly motivating lesson would, in itself, eliminate all discipline problems. That could be true in limited instances, but this pat answer never dealt with the strain teachers had to face in always trying to motivate kids externally who had no internal motivation. No teacher could



prepare seven fantastically exciting lessons - a day every day of the school year. Even if she did, some students would still be turned off. Thus, college educators avoided entirely the issue of discipline and put all the burden of failure and guilt on the teachers.

Although there was a heavy emphasis on child psychology, the children's real problem (their armor) was not discussed. Callousness (armor) in teachers was recognized, however; but nothing constructive was done about it. College educators rightly emphasized the pervasive problem of teachers' general callousness toward the needs of children. Their mistake was that callous teachers were always presented as "the others." Certainly, we "nice" college students were ready to do right by the children. There was an assumption that we were superior to other humans in some way (a common assumption of college students and teachers who have displaced a lot of energy into their heads). It is a mistake not to recognize that callousness is a general problem with most adults, as well as with children, and it is a colossal mistake not to learn to recognize it and deal with it in ourselves and the children. Although emotional contact between teacher and child cannot be taught, at least much of the confusion which precludes it can be swept away.

We were not taught how to establish the necessary authority over the children. New teachers had to be shocked into finding their own methods of discipline. Nor were we taught, once we had established our boss role over the children, how not to abuse our power over them, how not to react in kind to the children's nasty expressions. The manner in which teachers established their authority over the children depended entirely on their own judgment and on the degree of meanness or decency in their own characters.

Unfortunately, power corrupts, and many teachers, old and new, lord it over the kids. In addition to bossing them, they make them unnecessarily fearful, they upset them, they subject them repeatedly to boring lessons, and they humiliate them and make them feel badly about themselves. When the adult power is defective, the kids lord it over the teachers to get even, and they can behave even more monstrously, as they often have less control over themselves. Thus, the cruel teachers feel vindicated in having no sympathy for the child, in brutalizing him ("See what monsters the children can

be!"). So, the cycle continues. Somewhere, within the context of the compulsory education system, there is a happy medium, but it is not taught at college. It is left to the individual teacher to discover haphazardly, if at all.

Even the things we were to teach the children were not presented well. The social studies consisted of platitudes and collectivist propaganda that had little to do with the children's real world. We studied Piaget's calendar of child mental development, yet we were asked to teach sophisticated abstractions of the new math to young children. The average child in my sixth grade class found the new math incomprehensible, no matter how carefully I explained it. They expressed genuine relief (rare in my class at the time) when I switched to old math computations. Techniques for teaching the skills of reading and writing were fuzzy. The nonsense taught in our elementary education classes cheated us of our right to be experts at what we were to teach. Even today, elementary school teachers have no expertise in these fields. Most rely on the judgments of educational companies in the business (who hire experts to advise them) and follow instruction manuals slavishly.

#### *Another try at teaching*

I stayed away from teaching for awhile and took part-time jobs. I had a young child and didn't want the responsibility and aggravation of a regular teaching job. Who wanted to be a walking garbage can? I enjoyed this respite, but then I couldn't resist. I decided to try my hand at substitute teaching in different areas, maybe one day a month.

My first substitute job was at an elementary school for a sixth grade. I was myself, relaxed, but feeling in charge and happy to be a teacher again. As soon as the children saw that their regular teacher was absent, they walked in late, defiant, noisy, and out of control. Some boys swaggered in with afros and black power buttons. This was new to me. It wasn't the ordinary brattiness, but some kind of new propagandized anger that had spread from the adults to the children. I felt genuinely shocked and outraged. I slammed the door and screamed, "What do you think this is? A zoo? What are these black power buttons?! I want brain power! Everyone get into your seats!"



The class immediately fell silent, and the children slid into their seats. I heard someone whisper, to my secret satisfaction, "Boy! She's tough!" They were well behaved all day, and I never had to shout again. They did their assigned work. I allowed them to whisper help to each other during certain work periods. They appreciated this bit of freedom and handled it well. (I noticed that on and off adult faces hovered outside the classroom door.) Toward the end of the day, I read to them a great story I had brought, together with motivating pictures I had drawn from age-appropriate literature. They caught my excitement, and we all relaxed. They and I became totally absorbed in the story. It captured their imaginations and transformed all of us for one magic hour.

When the day was over, two parent aides came in and asked how I had managed to control the children since this was a notoriously bad class. I had no idea. "I guess they just couldn't figure you out," one said. It was my first day of triumph in the city schools.

A month later, I returned to the same class. They remembered me because of the story, and there was whispered excitement in the room. I had another great story prepared for them and anticipated teaching them with excitement. This time, I walked in smiling, happy to see them again and delighted that the feeling was mutual. I was dismayed to see that a lady teacher (black in this case), who had not introduced herself to me, was sitting with the children, working on some papers but also watching me, stony faced, anonymous, exuding slightly hostile vibrations, and ostensibly there to observe my technique all day. This professional rudeness unnerved me, since my confidence was still new. I was going mostly on instinct. The day wasn't nearly as magic as it could have been. I was disappointed that I couldn't be alone with the children, to be myself with them.

I substituted sporadically. Between times, I was rested and relaxed, so I was happy to teach any class, no matter how bad the neighborhood. Second grade had always been my favorite. At this age, the children were still sweet. But I was low man on the sub list, and I became locked into the more difficult classes in the higher grades.

Occasionally, when I got a chance to teach in the lower grades, I was ecstatic. I threw all caution to the wind. Who

cared about problems in sustaining discipline for the day? I was having these kids for only one day, and I was going to enjoy them and love them. I came into a second grade with my exciting lessons for the day all worked out, so each subject was integrated into one whole reality that the children could relate to. The aliveness of those lessons would have put a teacher's manual to shame. When I walked in, the children were being noisy and difficult for an aide, who was shouting at them. I radiated my happiness at seeing them. The children quieted as soon as they saw me and realized I was there for them. They responded eagerly to my happiness, and it was love at first sight. I talked to them in whispers. I told them their teacher was sick and explained exactly what we would be doing that day. There was great anticipation. I could allow a lot of freedom of movement and talking because they were eager and excited about their activities and didn't go wild. It was pure pleasure all day.

Reich's description of character armor helped me very much as a teacher. I knew there was a core of deep and decent feelings in the children, a secondary layer of neurotically destructive emotions, and a third layer of superficial cooperation. Many of my city students had a poorly developed third layer. Unlike other children, their secondary layer expressions were unrepressed and out in the open. I knew that allowing the children to express these neurotic emotions in the social arena would give no relief to the child and would be exhausting for everyone. They would hate themselves, hate others, and hate learning. It was tiring to keep secondary expressions down, but there was a reward to it: More life-positive qualities in the children had a chance to blossom. Allowing these secondary expressions was exhausting, and there was no reward for anybody at all.

Sometimes, I could appeal to the children's deep core feelings directly, and the children would automatically behave. But my contact with the children wasn't always that good. I definitely had to have the energy to match theirs. When I was tired, when I had taught too many days in a row, when my stock of effective lessons had grown thin, or when I had emotionally disturbed children who were biting others and standing on their desks, I had to shout more to get their attention and to keep the classroom situation from deteriorating further, from becoming diffuse,



random, and unsatisfying for everyone. Were they acting up because I was tired, or did I get tired from them? I don't really know. But, I would go home on those days utterly exhausted.

While others dreaded the task of subbing, for me, it became a good solution to teaching in the city. The pay was good, and I could take off when I wanted to. The city children I had taught so far had presented more than the usual problems, and it took extra energy to keep them under control. After subbing for the same class for a week or more, I knew I didn't want the day-to-day strain of alternately having to motivate or police them into learning. The role of martinet that other elementary school teachers had assumed didn't appeal to me. I was afraid that, over the long run, it would take its toll on my personality, as it had on theirs. If I made mistakes in discipline, I could improve my techniques in a new class. It was easier on me to use up my best lessons on a variety of children rather than to have to stand on my head trying to motivate the same bunch day after day.

So, I liked my job. I was successful at it because I didn't give the children an inch when it came to expressing their secondary emotions, and because, most of the time, I had good contact with the deeper feelings in them. I was clearly their boss for the time being, strict, but nice. I could offer them some choices in what they wanted to do, and the children felt comfortable with me. I wanted to start subbing in earnest.

#### *A different--and worse---situation*

Since there was a long rotation list of subs in the better schools, I applied to a school in a particularly bad area, where I knew other subs would be reluctant to go. I walked into a building that said "P.S." outside, thinking it was an elementary school. The secretary was happy to take my application and assured me I would be called soon. I left her office during the change of classes and saw that the children were big. It was a junior high. Aghast, I apologized and tried to withdraw my application. This was the most difficult age in any area, let alone this one, and I had no training in teaching high school. The secretary grabbed me by the elbow and begged me to try it; I'd have a different class every forty-five minutes and four free periods

a day. It had its advantages.

I was soon called. I brought my notebook of good lessons for every subject. I came in like gang-busters, like a top sergeant, armed with my materials. I looked like one of the students, but I had a big voice. I had my aggression at my disposal and could get angrier than they. In each period, as I called the roll, I inconspicuously jotted down where each child was sitting. I knew from past experience that I should never expect to find them in their assigned seats. Within two minutes, I knew everybody's name. The students were shocked that they hadn't fooled me by sitting in the wrong seats and that they weren't as free to act up now under their presumed cloaks of anonymity. Later, when they caught onto how I knew their names so quickly, some classes tried new ways to fool me. They started answering for each other or for an absent person during roll call. When I saw the children were lying about their names, I scrapped the lesson I had planned for them and immediately assigned them drill work from the blackboard. My goal was to keep them as busy as possible for a few minutes before any insurrection had time to get started. I reminded them to put their names on their papers or face getting a zero for all their efforts. As I went around checking their work, I quickly jotted down where each person was sitting. Again, they were amazed that I had outsmarted them and that I was able to find out exactly who they were. But it wasn't a matter of brains; it was a matter of survival for me as a substitute.

I started in that first week with my usual stock of good stories. The students were enthralled. You could hear a pin drop. The dean and a male teacher congratulated me on my success. ("Good things come in small packages," said the dean.)

Obviously, children aren't the wonderful creatures described in college, but they are more pliable than adults. Because they crave emotional empathy from adults, their core feelings can reach out of their armor and respond in a real way when the adults are real to them. Children take their cues from adults, and most children are quick to spot character peculiarities, contactlessness, insincerity, weakness, and fear in the adult. These children were particularly quick to act on their impressions as well.

I liked the system of forty-five minute periods and withdrew my name from the elementary schools. If I had to face



a bunch of really bad kids, at least I wouldn't be stuck with them all day. I applied to two other bad junior highs in the same neighborhood. The children were from the same backgrounds, but, when I taught in these other two schools, I soon found that the students' behavior was generally worse than in the first junior high in which I'd taught, because the administrations were a lot weaker. I could see why teachers needed the four free periods—so they could recover, literally, from the four teaching periods. One newer school even had cots for the teachers to lie down on. I was called by at least one of the three schools every day, and, when I had a choice, I went to the school with the strongest administration.

The schools were microcosms of terrorist societies. Because of the parents' own rebellion against authority at that time, they refused to allow policemen or guards in these schools. They identified with the children's secondary expressions and viewed the policemen as persecutors rather than as protectors of their children. The students robbed and beat each other daily. Every week I heard of new attacks on teachers. Some cases were brought to court, but the victimized teachers continued to have to face their attackers every day in their classes, while the families of the errant children repeatedly failed to show up in court, and the cases were eventually dropped.

Almost all of the children's families were on welfare. Most of the teachers and administrators were white; the children weren't. This, too, aggravated the situation. In addition, many of the children were continually "hopped up" on pills and other drugs, contactlessly angry, impulsive, and extremely aggressive. Some carried weapons. The drug situation was so bad at times that I was thankful for the heroin addicts because they were passive compared to the impulsive kids, and they would peacefully "nod off" in my classes.

Some children survived their daily terrors through severe passivity and withdrawal; others survived through severe behavior disorders where they literally went crazy. Most survived by taking drugs and by showing nerves of steel, by acting tougher and more intimidating than the next guy. I knew that, underneath the tough act, there was a lot of terror in each of them. I was afraid of the children; they were big enough to be dan-

gerous. It was important that I used my authority as an adult and that I never showed my fear of them. My showing fear would only remind them of their own fears, and, within minutes, the classroom situation could deteriorate into a frantic mayhem, dangerous to everybody (e.g., throwing desks around) and reenforcing everybody's terror. I had to look them in the eye unafraid. I had to be the boss, more strict or more understanding depending on the situation. Underneath their unusually bad behavior, they had the same craving all children have for emotional contact with adults.

*Hell*

One weak school had an administration that tried to be strong for the children but didn't succeed. I never let the children have their scheduled study halls because they never did any work anyway, and they became completely wild and dangerous within minutes. I became only a policeman and went home very tired. It was better for all of us if I gave them plenty of unscheduled drill work ("We will not have a study hall this period," in my strict teacher's voice) and kept them busy.

This administration relied on home visits and parent conferences as much as possible, but with limited success. One valiant and caring, black assistant principal described his general distress to me: "What can we do? We have this girl who throws fits all day, kicking and thrashing around on the floor like an epileptic. I finally got her mother in to talk about her daughter's behavior. The mother got upset, and then they were both kicking and thrashing on the floor. What can we do?" He felt that, bad as the situation was there, the situation was worse in the suburban integrated schools, where organized racial strife between blacks and whites compounded the other problems. I knew there were different problems in other schools, but there was no way he could convince me that I should take a regular job at his school.

The weakest school was run by white, liberal types. The administrators were cowardly and tried to appease the children. They had completely abandoned their adult authority. They allowed the children's secondary expressions to run rampant, thus destroying anything that could possibly be life-positive in that school: peer



friendships, relaxed teacher-pupil relationships, real learning. The administration's weakness kept intruding on my effectiveness as a teacher, and I eventually had to leave. I never did come to know the children there very well. This school was the most desperate for effective subs, and the secretary always called me "honey" over the phone in the morning: "Please come, honey." "Honey, we need you today." Children brought weapons to school and nothing much seemed to be done about it. There were huge, teenaged mob wars in the park right after school. Regular teachers often disappeared at noon, never to return. The teacher turnover was so great that some kids thought I was their regular teacher when I showed up for the same classes more than two days in a row. Although I could handle my classes pretty well, there was serious violence going on all around me.

On one day when I was there, four teachers were attacked physically. I was the "traveling sub," having to go to different rooms to teach. When I returned with my original class to the homeroom, I was shocked. All the desks had been overturned, and the teacher's papers and class materials were ripped to shreds. The children mirrored my upset and were outraged that their room had been messed up. I knew in the back of my mind that, had my relationship with them been different, they could easily have joined in the fracas. We cleaned up as best we could, and I left a remorseful note for the absent teacher saying that I wasn't in charge at the time, that I didn't know what had happened, and that I was very sorry. The school situation was so chaotic that day that I never did find out what happened. Every adult was involved with his own survival.

At the same school, I was the music sub for the day in charge of seventy children at a time for double periods. The whole school was called to assemble for a special presentation, and I took my class to the auditorium. The children booed the principal's announcements, and then, somehow, the lights went out, whereupon general pandemonium reigned. The administration had no way of controlling the kids with the lights on, let alone in the dark. I felt my behind being pinched. I certainly wasn't going to stand for this, and I went back to my classroom. Then the children were dismissed and sent back to their rooms; they never did see their special program.

As my students filed in, I saw some laughing and smirking, "Yeah. You really did it to the teacher!" In my most authoritative voice, I ordered all seventy to sit down. I felt the outrage build in my chest over the incident, and I felt my adrenalin shoot up as I knew I was about to face a chaotic situation, similar to the one in the auditorium, if I didn't act immediately. All seventy sat down quickly, quietly, curious about me. "You!" I pointed my finger strongly, "Come up here." He came up sheepishly. "Turn around." He turned, and I pinched his behind. Everyone laughed, including him. No one had put anything over on the teacher, and we proceeded with an orderly but noisy music lesson.

I continued going to this school occasionally because I was able to handle my classes and hold up my end of the bargain. But it became more terrifyingly apparent to me that the administration couldn't hold up its end, and I eventually had to leave. I felt very bad for the children. The administration had completely turned its back on them and left them to face each day's terrors on their own. Gangs off the street were allowed to roam the halls. I would witness terrible scenes, helpless to do anything about them. I walked into one class a few minutes early to wait for my students. Some children from the last class were there, but their teacher had already gone. A gang of big girls with hats and coats on were standing there, girls who obviously had come in from outside and didn't belong in the building. They stood surrounding a seated, quiet, Chinese girl. They talked in low voices to her, and, whatever they were saying, they were making sweat literally pour down the girl's forehead. Fortunately for me, I didn't have to deal with them. They all left when my students walked in.

On the last day I taught there, I was teaching a class that was good except for one boy who didn't belong there and who was walking around, avoiding my glance, and throwing a knife at the walls. I was afraid to say, "Give it to me," not knowing how he would interpret my words, so I taught near the doorway. I had to conceal my panic so that it wouldn't spread to the class and to the boy before I could get help. I quietly asked two assistant principals passing by to remove the unknown boy from the room. Both told me they weren't in charge of the ninth grade and left. I was dismayed. Finally, the ninth grade principal came. He decided to



lecture the whole class, mistakenly presuming they were all causing trouble. Most of the students threw their books at him. He left in the middle of the insurrection, leaving me with a mess that he had contactlessly triggered, but he did manage to take the knife-throwing boy out quietly. I told the kids that was a terrible way to treat their principal, and they obediently picked up their books. They told me matter-of-factly that they behaved that way to all the administrators because they were a bunch of "stupid assholes." I secretly had to agree with them but told them they should behave more respectfully. A few minutes later, the same knife-throwing boy wandered back into my class, and I had no way of knowing whether he was still armed. I pictured the principal telling him to "be nice" and put the knife back in his pocket.

On the same day, I had a free last period, and it was rumored that another boy was wielding a knife on the third floor. Since I couldn't depend on anyone in charge to correct the situation, I decided to mark papers in the safety of the principal's office on the first floor. Other teachers were there, too.

Then two strange, mature teenaged girls came in and subjected us to a psychological reign of terror. First, they picked on me, an unfamiliar face. They shouted at me. They accused me of being Jewish, described how they would like to torture me, and hurled homosexual threats and insults. Had I been on the street, I would have beaten them physically. But, instead, there I was sitting and working on my papers, getting more and more paralyzed by my role of dignified teacher, depending on the men present to do something, to make them stop. I was afraid that, if I stood up and scuffled with them, no one else would make a move to help me. So I sat there. I went into shock, but the principal sat at his desk, working and ignoring us. Then the girls saw my name on my papers and thought it was Spanish. They backed off in amazement, as though they had been attacking their mother, and started abusing the others. Finally, the girls became bored with the silent treatment they received for their rantings and left, presumably, to cause trouble elsewhere.

"Who were they?" and "Why didn't you do something?" I asked. Only one teacher responded, slightly bemused by my look of horror. She said that the girls were

insane, that there was no way to get them out of the school, and that, last year, the teachers had chipped in out of their own pockets to pay air passage to California as a "vacation" for the girls. Was this "payoff" a joke? There was no indication from the withdrawn, nonhuman faces of the other teachers, and I had the feeling that this whole school, from the administration down, was a loony bin.

"Thank you and see you tomorrow," the principal said as I left the building. I laughed. "You can laugh after a day like today?" he asked, the first indication that the events of the day had moved him. "Yes, because I don't have to come back here."

I stopped laughing once outside, however, and wondered whether it would be safer to pass out on the street or the bus. Only the vivid knowledge that neither place was safe kept me from passing out, and I managed to get home. I never went back to that school. The administration was so totally spineless in appeasing the children's aggression, so totally out of contact with how they were making the school worse, that I wanted no part of the hell they had created. Let them face their own hell.

#### *Making a bad situation better*

In comparison, I was happy to go to the third school, the one with the strongest administration. It was rumored that the dean, a former cop, a big man with a friendly face, who commuted to the school from out-of-state, beat errant children behind closed doors. He apparently managed to instill enough fear in them to render impotent the children's threatened criminal revenge against him after school and to keep knowledge of his actions from city authorities. He was a one-man vigilante team who took the law into his own hands. I was in the habit of handling my own discipline problems, and, in the two-and-a-half years that I subbed at that school, I depended on the dean's direct influence only once. During one period, the whole class was rapidly turning into an aggressive mob, and I had to pull out my last trump card. When I threatened to call in the dean, they straightened out immediately. I don't know what he did to the children, but I appreciated this man's function very much.

If the dean's function seems cruel and arbitrary to you, let me assure you that



he was by no means a sadist. He literally basked in making the school a safer place for all of us, the children as well as the teachers. He shouldered his burden without complaining and at considerable risk to himself, both physically and legally. I know he appreciated my never having to bother him with my problems. He kept a lid on the children's explosive secondary layers, which, full-blown and brutal as they were, required brute force to control in the school situation.

Of the three schools within fifteen blocks, this was the only one where the children could feel relatively safe from each other and where they could count on the adults to protect them against daily injustices and outrages. They were more relaxed. They laughed a lot more. They formed real friendships, and their nicer qualities had a chance to blossom. I was happy to see them and they me. I could teach them real lessons and get a lot of work out of them.

In order for my strictness to be effective, I also had to like the children and to show that I liked them. It was my business as a teacher to like the children in my charge, and, after I had made them behave, I did, indeed, find things to love about them. (This love stopped at 3 p.m., however, since I had my own life to lead.) At this school, where I went most often, I grew to appreciate the children's genuine aliveness and warmth, their varying shades of brown and tan, their adolescent good looks, their directness and unpretentiousness, and their remarkable intuitiveness. They showed excellent talents during some ESP experiments we did in some classes.

Indeed, I missed these qualities later when I subbed for a short time in a good suburban high school. In contrast, the children there were less alive, passively contactless hippies, living more in their heads, and more cynical. I had gotten so used to the dark faces that reaccustoming myself to the sea of light faces, distinguishing between the varying shades of pale was a novelty.

The students appreciated my authority and my liking for them, so they could relax and be intimate with me. A few of the ninth grade boys became very interested in the excerpts of a book I had read to them in class. I lent them my copies, and they looked forward to reading further at home. They returned the books soon, having been very disappointed that the materials were too hard for them

to read on their own. They felt the pain, in a mature way and for the first time, of their lack of basic skills. Since I wasn't their regular teacher and saw them only sporadically, I explained what techniques they could use to help themselves at home. They took my advice seriously and reported some progress later on. (In retrospect, I think it was their own motivation that helped them improve, because I don't think, now, that the methods I told them to use were very effective.)

Once, during a girls' health class, I substituted for a man teacher. I asked the girls if there was anything they wanted to ask me that they might have found embarrassing to ask their regular teacher. They appreciated my offer and poured out problems they had about sexual pressures from boyfriends. I listened to them talk, but I didn't say much. There was something unreal about the way they presented their problems; there were confusions, distortions, and many conflicts about sex, and I didn't know their situations well enough to give any common sense advice.

One girl had a real, immediate problem, however. She was pregnant and needed her parents' consent to have an abortion. She was terrified that her mother would throw her out of the house, though, if she found out about it. Through discussion, we found out there was one understanding aunt whom she could count on to pose as her mother without informing and upsetting the parents. By this time, the girls had pulled their chairs around me in a semi-circle. The rest were sympathetic to the girl's plight, and there was earnestness and relief in the air. But the discussion proved too much for one tall, masculine-looking girl. She stood on top of the desk and started loudly singing an operatic song. The girls told her to calm down and not to start up again. They wanted to continue our discussion. I gently implored her to sit down (shouting would have ruined the intimacy of the class), but that did no good. We tried to ignore her and continue. The girl then jumped down, lifted the garbage can over her head and threatened to smash me with it if I said another word or if I got up out of my seat. She had me at a decided disadvantage. I sat paralyzed in my seat. Even the girls who knew her and had tried to calm her down grew silent. She was unapproachable. So, for the last five minutes of class, I kept saying calmly, disguising my terror, "Now, don't be



silly. Put down that can." The buzzer rang. For some reason, she obeyed it, and they all left. I hurried to the assistant principal's office to find out about this girl. He said he was very sorry about my experience, that he should have warned me about her, that she was mentally unbalanced but couldn't be committed anywhere for help because her parents were insane, too. Then I remembered that I had had the same girl previously, in a home economics class. At the beginning of the period, she had grabbed my papers off the desk, threatening to rip them up and daring me to get them back. My adrenalin shot up. I was furious and ready to tear her apart physically. She said, "Make me." I said, "You make the first move," intending that she should hit me first so I would have an excuse to beat her. She put the papers back on my desk and sat for the rest of the period. Otherwise, the class had gone well, and I had made a point of looking at her while presenting the lesson to show that I bore her no malice. I was the adult in charge, and she was my kid. She had sat there, quiet but resentful.

This was the good school. There were plenty of real problems, including sporadic attacks on teachers, but most of the children were reachable. They were always testing me, but "I knew their number" and was eager to call their bluff. They loved being "found out," showing that they were still children after all and in need of real empathy and appreciation from adults.

One day, when I walked into a particular English class for the first time, there was a handsome black boy, in a black jacket, a big afro, and sunglasses, standing near the doorway, arms akimbo in a menacing attitude, sizing me up. He was head and shoulders above the rest and obviously the leader. Naturally, my adrenalin shot up, but I remembered him from somewhere. I walked toward him and curiously peered up into his face. "Weren't you a really little guy last year?" I asked in a high voice, genuinely delighted and surprised by his striking development. He dropped his arms and his disguise and melted into boyish smiles. "Yeah," he said, amazed and delighted that I had recognized him. The other kids were impressed by his softening and followed his lead by sitting down. We had a good, nose-to-the-grindstone grammar lesson, spiked occasionally by his rather enjoyable sense of humor.

The kids knew that I liked them, that I was strict but respected them and treated them like real people when they behaved like real people. I was clear about what work I expected from them and kept my promise to correct and return their papers to their teacher's mailbox the next day, even though I had to report to a different school the next day, and even though I might not see the same group for a month or more. My respect for their efforts paid off, and they worked extra hard when they had me again. Some confessed that I got more work out of them than their regular teachers, a fact I had already suspected.

Because the children knew that I liked them, that I was interested in them, and because I also presented myself as having interesting, important knowledge to offer them, I could also "give it to them straight" and present to them the reality of their behavior without insulting or patronizing them.

I never mentioned drugs. The use of a variety of drugs seemed ubiquitous, and I wasn't with the same bunch of kids consistently enough to get a handle on how to approach the problem. But, in the social studies classes, we discussed many other real problems. I asked them about all the "free" services they received (welfare, schools, clinics) and about the irresponsibility with which they accepted these services. Why did they throw garbage out the windows at home when they had free garbage collections right downstairs? Why did they urinate in the halls when they had bathrooms? Why did they vandalize and strip the schools of everything? Who did they think paid for all these free services? Most had no idea. Some suggested the money came from heaven or the mayor's pocket. I explained that the free services were paid for by the tax money of people who worked, including me. They were truly amazed by the idea that strangers had to personally take on the financial burdens for other strangers who squandered and wasted. I remember their open-mouthed amazement. No one had ever told them before.

Word got around about me. In the good school, the more aggressive children started cutting their regular classes to attend mine as soon as they found out I would be in for the day. Their regular teachers were happy to let them go, relieved that they weren't simply roaming the halls and causing trouble. I was slightly flattered, but it was more to



the children's credit than to mine. They were searching for some reality to latch on to. But there was a limit to what I could give. I dreaded the extra large classes, the extra problems, and the noise. The classes started to take on the atmosphere of a picnic, with independent conversations going on in the room. I just didn't have the energy to teach effectively, and both the children and I soon lost interest in this "arrangement."

In all three schools, the teenaged boys broke into frequent fights in the classrooms, but, for some reason, I never had trouble breaking them up. If I were rested and feeling energetic that day, I would simply get angrier than they were ("What are you doing, kidding me?") as I pulled them apart. They were sufficiently impressed by my stronger anger to stop. If I were feeling tired and less energetic and confident, I would appeal to their sense of chivalry or to their sense of humor by tickling them or pretending I was their mother about to spank them. Their anger would dissolve in laughter or appreciation. Fights among the girls were rare and usually occurred in the halls. But, when they did fight, they were so unbelievably vicious, with tearing, biting and scratching, that I never had the courage to stop them and had to call for help from others in the hall. I was puzzled by my better effect on the boys and thought it had to do with being of the opposite sex. I asked the men teachers if they had an easier time breaking up the girls' fights. They said no, that they, too, had a harder time with the girls. When the girls went bad, they were worse than the boys and much more inaccessible, somehow.

But even at the good school, the situation was getting worse. A new assistant principal had been hired. He took charge like gang-busters, but he treated the children hatefully. There was something insane about the way he ranted and raved at the children and even at the teachers, as if the teachers weren't already having trouble enough. He seemed to create upsets and commotions wherever he went. The children feared him but also had contempt for him and felt he was crazy. They started complaining and rebelling. All it had taken to cause this new situation was one rotten apple at the top.

*The children are still there*

All these events took place many years ago. I moved away from the city. I was

glad to have taught in the city schools, but even happier that it was all behind me. I felt I was now a real teacher, capable of handling anything anywhere. But my success was hard-earned. Teaching in these schools had taken an emotional toll on me. I always went to school in a contracted state, anticipating trouble, because I had to deal with the children's unrepressed secondary layer every day and because I feared for my life. I never knew what each day would bring, and my adrenalin was up and ready. On bad days, the terror was full-blown. On good days, the fear was still there; it just became an undercurrent lurking in the background. Even when I could relax with the kids, my expansion always had to push out from this palpable, underlying contraction.

The children came to school with worse fears than I had. The older ones looked especially contracted at the bad school, where order had broken down. They were grim and tough and rarely smiled. The very young ones had unspeakable fears. They were not afraid of death. They had the much more profound terror of having their liveliness mangled by a contactless, loveless adult world: in this case, the chaotic home and the city factory school. I can remember this terror well from my own childhood. The ghetto elementary schools I went to had only regimentation and very little else. We were always treated collectively; nothing was explained to us in a contactful way (the only way to get through to a child). We found ourselves standing in lone lines in the gym, waiting to be examined for who knows what--a dental, physical, or head lice check. I waited in line with terrible dread. I was sure, because of the regimentation in the school, that the doctor was there to measure our body lengths on a school machine: If we were too short, he would stretch us out. If we were too long, he would somehow cut us down to fit. For three years, from grades one through three, I lived in daily terror that the doctor would be there for that reason, and it was too frightening even to talk about, ever. It wasn't until years later that I dared entertain the possibility that this was only an imagined nightmare, and later still that I realized it was a projection of the real situation--they were indeed trying to cut us down to size.

It wasn't the aggression of the other elementary school children, and it wasn't the strictness of the schools *per se*



that was so terrifying; I even remember arriving there with relief in the mornings. (We knew we wouldn't be punished if we obeyed the rules, and it was safer and more consistent there than at home.) It was, rather, the lack of emotional contact, the being treated like cattle by the adults that was so frightening.

Yes, the children I taught fared a lot worse than I did as their teacher. I could stay at home and relax when I wanted to, and I could always quit. Where school order broke down, the children felt as unsafe as they did at home. They had no place to relax, and they were compelled by law to come day after day to those horrible public institutions called schools.



(Part II: Rural Schools will appear in a future issue.)

#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

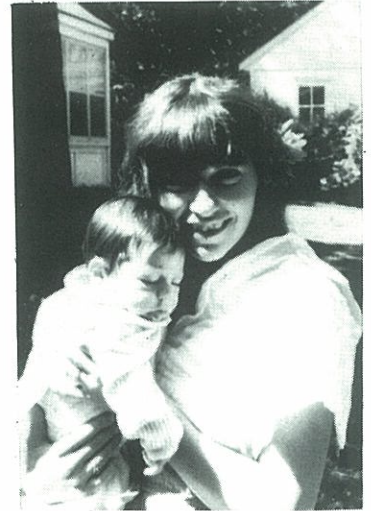
An autobiographical note followed Mary Rogove's "Three Pregnancies and Mothering Two Baby Boys," which appeared in the first issue of this magazine. For those who are new to *Offshoots*, we re-

peat the most relevant facts:

Mary Rogove was raised in city, suburb, and farm. Summers spent on her grandparent's farm engendered a love of the country that led her and her family to make their home in the Eastern Pennsylvania farm country where she taught for several years.

Having weathered five years of teaching in the New York City public schools, she definitely opts for teaching in rural areas and plans to return to this vocation when her baby no longer needs all-day mothering. Although deeply involved with preserving and expanding our political freedoms, Mary Rogove's main interest is children, her own and others.

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Mary Rogove & John David

#### THE UNFREE CHILD

His name is Legion. He lives in every corner of the world. He lives in our town, round the first corner; he sits at a dull desk in a million barrack schools, and later at a duller desk in office and shop. He is docile, prone to obedience to authority, fearful of criticism and almost fanatical in his desire to be normal, conventional, correct. He accepts what he has been taught, and he hands all his complexes and fears and frustrations on to his children. . . .

Psychologists have contended that most of the psychic damage to a child has been done in the first five years of its life. It is possibly nearer the truth to say that the first five months, or weeks, or perhaps minutes can do damage that will last a lifetime. Unfreedom begins with birth . . . . It may be no exaggeration to say that all children in our civilisation are born into a life-disapproving atmosphere. A woman complained because my daughter bathed in the sea naked. Zoë was then one year old.

--- A. S. Neill, *The Free Child*



# Contact and Reading Poetry

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by - J. J. Van Name, B.A.

*This brief article (which appeared in a recent newsletter of the Long Island Poetry Collective, Inc.) and the poems and biographical note that follow it introduce our new Poetry Editor. Here she is speaking directly to fellow poets, but her discussion of poetry-reading styles has pertinence for all who read poetry aloud from time to time to their friends or children, as well as to performers.*

When I began attending poetry readings, about a year and a half ago, I was struck by the way in which the vast majority of poets read their work aloud. It was usually in a lower vocal register and in a "straight line" monotone with variations from time to time of a "sing-song" quality. However, these tonal variations had no apparent connection to the poem itself; no specific relationship to the specific words or lines. How odd, I thought, that they should read this way. I asked a friend who was also a poet why this was the case and learned that this "school of thought" holds that poems should be read as flatly as possible with none of the author's own inflections (as a result of his or her own feelings). The purpose? To allow listeners to interpret the material in their own way without any bias. Something about this theory never "sat right" with me. Instead of leaving room for my own interpretation of the meaning of the poem, I found such readings, in fact, distracted from any kind of feeling or understanding of the poem on my part. The sound of the poet's voice was actually irritating after a while and all I heard was that deadened, flat voice coupled with a "trendy" sing-song quality that was arbitrarily injected into the reading. The words and meanings were lost.

I have also encountered the other end of that spectrum---the "bombastic" poets who hammer their poetry at the audience. Too much feeling feels false and is as contactless as too little---something akin to over-acting. This, too, only distracts from the content of the poem and, instead of leaving room for each listener's in-

terpretation, actually makes many feel uneasy. "Is he (or she) going to lose control, jump off the podium, and slug me?" I have actually felt that sort of discomfort and fear in myself and in the audience around me at such readings.

So, why does this happen? And what's the solution? I feel that the problem is due to the poets' distancing themselves from their own work because of fear. Poetry, good poetry, is powerful. Ideally, it is the clearest line of thought using the fewest, most creative words to express it. It comes from the poet's core. And when he or she reads his or her work aloud, it is not an actor performing someone else's script, or someone who doesn't feel anything for the work or care how it sounds. It is the poet feeling and reading his or her own words. This is a vulnerable position, and the fear is understandable.

The solution, in my opinion, is to gradually allow yourself to have fuller contact with your poems---to feel them. Each word, each line came from you because you felt it.

The technical study of oral interpretation of poetry, in which you are taught to express "ocean" or "rocky" or "floral" or "jagged" with variety vocally so that they sound like what they are and your audience can see and feel them, is a valid study. But it is only a catalyst to make you aware of all the possibilities for being expressive and engaging your audience. Underneath it, you must feel those words genuinely, from your own core of experience, before any such study will be useful. This is not to say you have a "free" rein of expression. You need to exercise self-



regulation as you learn to feel your poems.

Now that I have heard several fine poets read their poetry in a more natural, contactful manner, where they didn't deaden their feelings so that it sounded flat or threatened the audience by being emotionally out of control, I know it is possible to give a natural and effective poetry-reading with real feeling. At such readings, I was not distracted and was free to feel the poems, too, in my own way.

Contactful poetry-reading is not an

easy proposition. I am struggling with it myself as I give more readings of my poems in public, trying to find that delicate balance between being in contact with my feelings and in control of them at the same time. It can happen, and, when it does, you make a real connection with your audience that is gratifying, because then others hear your poetry, see it, feel it, and derive meaning from it through their core, too.



## Two Poems

by - J. J. Van Name

### STREAMINGS

#### I.

Gull sounds  
fall lightly  
over my head---  
Breezes move into jacket cool---  
Forsythia paints the ground with yellow---  
Cherry trees blush through in rose and pinks---  
I lean toward the sea---  
Shells carry the whole world inside of them  
and lean into my palm---

My core is softening,  
letting the easier salt sounds drift in  
letting the lighter colors float through---  
I form these sea books inside of me  
feel their words  
ease out  
from this rocky shoreline---

#### II.

Water moves so easy  
travels, rocks,  
sends life skyward---  
Inside of the sea  
there is no drowning---  
Water fills life like a billowed sail---  
We are all gifts from the sea  
and respect our mother---

I move  
with the tides  
allowing their travel  
to take me---



MEETING WITH THE MOON  
(on Breadloaf Mountain, Vermont)

The Moon  
has been waiting up for me all week.  
This evening  
I rise up  
to meet her.  
She is balanced in a bright curve  
saddling her darker side.  
Just below,  
Birch tops silhouetted in the blue-grey  
are bending back and forth to each other  
whispering dark secrets.  
And these mountains that the westerners call "hills"  
are closing in.

She is the only light now;  
splendid in her own arms  
she could rock the sky to sleep.

"Moon,  
I feel your pulling, your movement.  
I want your power of peacefulness  
the power to hold on  
to the light and darker sides  
together.  
But my arms are not as strong as yours,  
and I am afraid of the dark  
alone."

Suddenly  
all the trees begin talking at once,  
the grass leans into my legs,  
the whole landscape is alive with light  
and I feel my own curves  
thick,  
warm,  
turning up to the moon  
and moving.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J. J. Van Name enjoys living in an old Victorian house in Sea Cliff where she does much of her writing ("Streamings" was written in a Sea Cliff park overlooking Long Island Sound). She has a B.A. in Theatre and Communications, has done graduate work toward an M.F.A. in acting, and was accepted at the Breadloaf Writers' Conference in Middlebury, Vermont last summer to study poetry. J.J. is involved in many areas, but primarily she innovates programs and conducts workshops in poetry, acting, and movement at LEVELS, a cultural center and meeting place for teenagers in Great Neck. She also teaches creative dramatics and movement to children in Manhasset. As a member of the Board of Directors of the Long Island Poetry Collective (which publishes Xanadu magazine), she helps run poetry programming on the island, and she helps host "The Sound of Poetry" radio program from Garden City. Additionally, she gives readings of her own poetry throughout the New York area. And now she is Poetry Editor for *Offshoots of Orgonomy*. In her free time, J.J. likes to collect beach glass. (Her address is: 135 Dayton Street, Sea Cliff, Long Island, New York 11579.)



J. J. Van Name



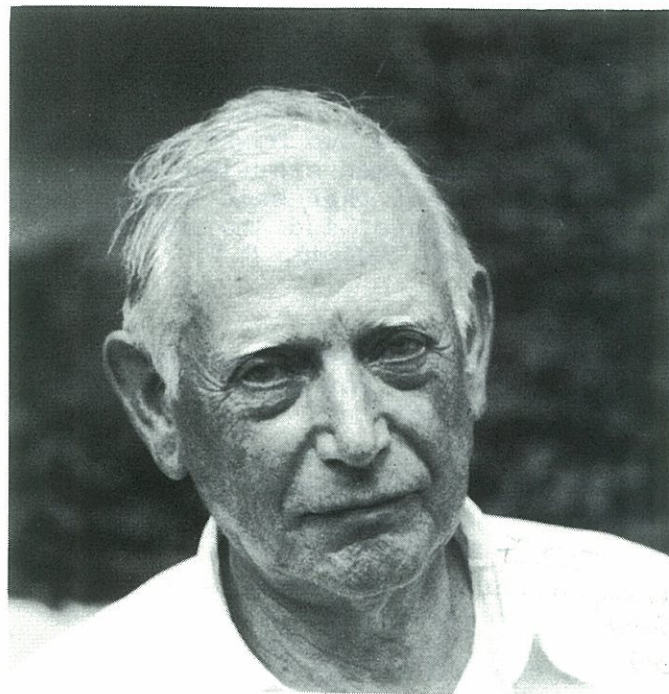
*We hold that only a mosaic made up of many views can convey a true picture of Reich and the events of his life, and that inlaying footnotes may add color and important details to the portrait. To that end, we solicit contributions to FOOTNOTES TO THE HISTORY OF ORGONOMY, first-hand accounts (or validated second-hand accounts) of encounters with Reich or any of his associates that are relevant to understanding Reich and the development of orgonomy.*

## Dean of Orgonomists

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AN INTERVIEW WITH OLA RAKNES--1972

*(When Dr. Ola Raknes died, in 1975, Dr. Elsworth F. Baker paid tribute to him in the Journal of Orgonomy, saying in part: "Dr. Raknes was the dean of orgonomists both in age and length of service. For nearly forty years, he remained faithful to the principles of orgonomy and was the mainstay of orgonomy in Europe. He practiced orgone therapy in Oslo, Norway and trained therapists in Norway and in England.... His latest book, Wilhelm Reich and Orgonomy,\* has proved to be a valuable introduction to orgonomy and the extensive writings of Wilhelm Reich. ...He turned no one away, said no to no one, but spent his life trying to help people live more satisfying and useful lives...")*



*Ola Raknes in 1972*

### Introduction by the Interviewer

In 1972, I had the chance to travel to Europe, something I wanted to do largely to meet Dr. Ola Raknes. At the time, I was a college student, had been in orgone therapy for just over a year, and was excited intellectually by what I'd read about Orgonomy, although it took my protoplasm a little longer to respond. Dr. Raknes wrote that he would be willing to see me in response to a letter I sent months ahead. Soon after our meeting, I wrote down from memory the questions I'd asked and his responses, which follow.

Oslo impressed me by its cleanliness. The streets were spotless; the air sparkled. Not knowing any Norwegian, I felt a little out of place, but with help found my

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\* Available from Universitetsforlaget, Blindern, Oslo 3, Norway.



way to Dr. Raknes' house on a surface train that wound its way up into the rolling hills above the city. His was an unassuming house on a quiet street, in a neat, prosperous neighborhood.

When my appointment time came, Dr. Raknes came to the door, greeted me warmly, and asked me inside. I remember his snow-white hair, his clear, bright blue eyes that belied his age of 85. He was a little portly. He took me downstairs to his office and treatment room. One wall was covered with bookshelves, filled mostly with orgonomic publications. He sat down behind a desk in front of the books, gesturing me to a chair near his treatment couch. He asked me what I wanted to know. I found myself speechless, suddenly uncertain of why I was there. (In retrospect, I think this reflects some mystical expectations I had of the meeting.) Despite my confusion, he was gentle and kind with me, suggesting I think carefully overnight about what I wanted to ask him and return the following day, May twelfth.

The next day, I arrived early and bumped into him a few blocks from his house, as he walked two frisky dachshunds on leashes. He looked startled, peered at me closely, and then said hello. We walked to his house, and the interview began. - *Peter S. DeCamp, M.D.*

### The Interview

Q - What led you to become a psychoanalyst? Knowing what you know now, would you do that again?

A - No, I would not become a psychoanalyst again; I would become a medical orgonomist! Although some of the things I learned as a psychoanalyst are useful now. I did work in religion, and, in trying to understand that, I felt a need to understand the unconscious. At that time, in the 1920s, the only way to do that was through psychoanalysis. I had a wife and five children whom I supported by income from a French-Norwegian dictionary I had written. I borrowed money and went to Vienna to study. (This money wasn't paid off until I was 60, when a life insurance policy came due. One-half of this money went to pay the debt; one-half went to pay for my first airplane trip to America. When I returned from this trip, I had nothing.)

I realized that suppressed thoughts and feelings break through into consciousness and are perceived as some-

thing strange, and are then given a mystical interpretation. The educational systems in all societies suppress the spontaneous feeling of life in the child, and then different religions attempt to explain the orgonotic feelings.

Q - And your involvement in orgonomy?

A - At first, I criticized some of Reich's theories, and, because of my rigidity and age, he was reluctant to take me on. But then I told him that I would disprove him on some points, and I think he heard that as a challenge.

Q - Do you find any fault with Reich's psychological work?

A - No, none at all. I am more and more convinced of the importance of patients feeling the streaming of energy in their bodies for them to feel the unity of their bodies and their minds. I agree with Reich's psychological work very closely; but in therapy, I never think of Reich. I never think, "What would Reich have done?" But I did have over 300 sessions in therapy with Reich.

Q - Have people changed, say, since the 1950s?

A - Yes, there have been some changes. Prejudice against sex is not so firm now, and children are handled better. My brother once said, "One never hears children crying desperately now as they did when we were children, or as my children did."

Q - What about Reich's experiments with orgone energy?

A - I am not a physicist, and I cannot criticize Reich's physical work. The only experiments I did were during the three months I worked with Reich in his lab in Forest Hills. Whitehead recognized the need to find a new philosophy to unite the spiritual and the material, and I feel that Reich's orgone theory provides this link.

Q - There have been many statements made about Reich's mental state late in his life. Could you say something about this?

A - Toward the end of his life, Reich became afraid, as he had been persecuted for so long. But that was quite separate from his scientific work.

Q - What should one know about oneself and about a woman before making a decision to marry?



A - You should not know everything about her. You should be in love with her and should know that she is as deeply in love with you as you are with her. You should have the understanding that whatever happiness you may have, you may not have forever, and she should not love in such a way that she looks to you to make her whole life. It was Freud's opinion that one shouldn't make any life-important decision while one is in therapy, but I don't agree. I feel one should make decisions that feel natural and live them out.

Q - Do you have any advice to give to someone who wants to work in orgonomy?

A - Try to understand as closely as you can what you are reading and learning from your teachers, but keep your own opinions. Reich thought that originality came from following a teacher's system closely until one finds a fault in it. If you find something that doesn't work, question it.



Readers interested in learning more about Dr. Raknes should consult "A Dean of Orgonomists," in Vol. 3, No. 1 of the Journal of Orgonomy, and "In Memoriam: Ola Raknes, Ph.D." in Vol. 9, No. 1 of the same journal.)

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## A Poem

by - Lenora Lowe

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BE

*Be not concerned with the turning out and the aftermath of things.*

*Instead, let them be:*

*let them be free and have positive existence;*

*let them be free and not be violated by analysis;*

*let them be free and not be corrupted by judgments;*

*let them be free and not be scorned by fear.*

*Let them be free!*

*Let them be as they are.*

*Let them be!*

*Let them.*

---

Leonora Lowe is a musician-singer and author. When only five, she began performing, and, at eight, began writing poetry and playing the guitar. Ms. Lowe has worked as a teacher, singer, actress and dancer with the New York City Opera Company, the Houston Grand Opera, Radio City Music Hall, and Theatre, Inc. Her poetry, music, song lyrics, essays, short stories, and psychological commentaries have been published in the *American Review of Art and Science*, *Poetry Today*, *Unity*, and the *Journal of Contemporary Poets*, among other journals. A *Universal Dialogue*, published by Dorrance & Company, contains two collections of her poetry: "When the Earth Sings," a celebration of nature, and "Prerogatives of the Heart," a sensitive exploration of human passions.



# A GLOSSARY OF ORGONOMIC TERMS

*The definitions in most glossaries of orgonomic terms are terse and difficult for the uninitiated to understand, so this glossary amplifies definitions. Other orgonomic terms, such as "work democracy," "bions," and "emotional plague" will be defined in later issues as the need arises in relation to the content of the articles. Please let us know what terms you would like to have defined (barring psychiatric and medical terms for which you may consult Man in the Trap by Elsworth F. Baker).*

**ANXIETY & PLEASURE** **ANXIETY** - Anxiety is an unbearable feeling of more or less acute but vague fear and discomfort due to the inhibition of an energy expansion in the body. The holding back of a push of energy (expansion) causes an active conflict that will range from mildly unpleasant to terrifying. (Anxiety is similar to fear. In a threatening situation, we contract and feel fear until we act, which discharges the fear or held energy. However, fear is a response to a real, external threat, whereas anxiety is a response to an internalized threat when nothing in the real world is actually threatening.) **Armor** is developed in the first place to deaden the anxiety that is felt when natural impulses are forbidden and must be held back. The chronic tension of armored muscles contains the energy. As the armor is gradually removed in therapy, pleasurable movements of energy increase and anxiety is quickened (**PLEASURE ANXIETY**) and persists until the organism learns to tolerate the expansion of energy---that is, to tolerate pleasure.

**ARMOR & CHARACTER ARMOR** - Chronically tight muscles that hold back feelings, emotions, and impulses that as children we were forced to repress constitute armor. Crying is held back by tensed mouth, throat, and chest muscles; anger is held back in the muscles used for kicking, hitting, biting, and screaming; sexual excitement is held back by a retracted pelvis in particular but also by the total body armor; etc. The muscular armor is formed simultaneously with **CHARACTER ARMOR**, attitudes developed as a defense against anxiety, producing character rigidity and a lack of feeling. For example, too early, severe toilet training produces chronically tight anal muscles and an anal character type, one who is compulsive and parsimonious, hanging on tightly to emotions, money, etc. as he once had to hang on to his feces. The armor is protective, but it reduces

our ability to feel and enjoy life, and it makes us sexually impotent. The armor had better be left intact unless it is removed by a competent doctor, however, because it acts as a dam to hold back a flood of anti-social emotions which have to be released gradually if no harm is to be done to the patient or others. The gradual removal of armor reveals the natural person it hides and the loving core.

**CHARACTER ARMOR** - see **ARMOR**

**CONTACT** - An orgonotic sense (a sense that depends on orgonotic streamings rather than a physical organ) whereby we are in touch with, know, and feel ourselves and the essence or emotional state of other human beings, other animals, and non-living orgonotic phenomena like the weather. (It is distinct from intuition and telepathy, two other orgonotic senses that are often mistakenly thought to be something mystical.)

**CORE** - The core is the biological nucleus of every living organism (the protoplasm and involuntary nervous system) from which all natural impulses arise.

**DOR & ORANUR** - **DOR** is Deadly Orgone Energy, the life-inimical atmospheric energy that Reich discovered in the Oranur Experiment. The introduction of a minute amount of radium into a concentrated orgone atmosphere produced first a great excitation of the orgone (oranur), and then a counter reaction---a contraction and slowing down of the energy, a stagnation, which Reich called **DOR** because it is not sparkling and life-enhancing like orgone, but dull, dirty, and sickening. When **DOR** takes over, the sparkle disappears, birds stop singing, animals move sluggishly if at all, the evergreen trees look blackish, and all life is relatively paralyzed. Atomic explosions, nuclear waste radiation, and other pollutants have changed much of the fresh, gentle orgone in the World's atmosphere to oranur and **DOR**.

**FUNCTIONALISM** - A functional approach to understanding nature as contrasted to



the mechanistic and mystical, based purely on the way nature functions. The core of functionalism is identity and antithesis, which says that opposites (male/female, for instance) are identical in having a single root in common (male and female are identical in being human).

**ORGASM** - A total discharge of excess life energy in involuntary convulsions at the acme of the sexual embrace. The orgasm formula is a four-beat pattern: tension---charge---discharge---relaxation. The orgasm is the most intensely pleasurable and gratifying function of life and a prototype for all love and pleasure, which is why all but the most heavily armored or frightened people yearn for sexual love as long as they live. The orgonomic concept of an orgasm should be distinguished from both the classical medical and the popular concept that an orgasm is merely the climax of a sexual embrace, which may be accomplished with scarcely any energy discharge and hence little or no pleasure.

**ORGASTIC POTENCY** - The ability of any living organism to fully discharge its excess, built-up energy in the sexual embrace in totally involuntary convulsions. In single cells, this discharge is accomplished by mitosis. Both processes, the orgasm and mitosis, serve the primary function of regulating the energy economy (see SEX-ECONOMY), and secondarily are essential for reproduction. The pre-condition for orgastic potency is the free flow of energy into the pelvis and the ability to surrender to the involuntary movements.

**ORGONE** - The primordial, cosmic energy, which is also the life energy. It is simultaneously the energy and the function of all that is. All matter and all other energies are derived from orgone.

**ORGONE ACCUMULATOR** - A device to concentrate atmospheric energy. It was used prophylactically to prevent colds, etc. before the atmosphere was polluted in a way that turned life-positive orgone into DOR and oranur. It is now used cautiously in experiments, but is not recommended for daily use as a health measure. It was (and in a clean atmosphere still is) used to build up the bioenergy level. (It was never, nor was there ever any claim that it was, a device to improve orgastic potency or prowess; that is an armored man's phantasy.)

**ORANUR** - see DOR

**PLEASURE ANXIETY** - see ANXIETY

**PRIMARY DRIVES** - The impulses that originate from the core and express natural, loving sexuality, life-protective aggression and anger, etc.

**SECONDARY DRIVES** - Primary drive impulses that have been inhibited and then distorted by armor, expressing perverted, pornographic sexuality and destructive aggression that attacks life.

**SEX-ECONOMY** - The branch of orgonomic science that deals with the regulation of biological orgone energy in all living bodies.

**STREAMINGS** - The free-flowing movement of of orgone in the body. When the energy expands (moves freely from the core to the periphery), we feel pleasure. In fact, this is pleasure. Without this movement of energy, there is no sensation of pleasure, though adults in a situation that should be pleasurable often think they are feeling pleasure. In a threatening or painful situation, the energy contracts, and this sudden movement of energy produces a kind of thrill (hence the popularity of ghost stories and horror films). However, the term "streamings" refers to the pleasurable, expansive movement of orgone energy.



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#### CHILDREN OF THE EIGHTH DAY

*"Nature never sleeps. The process of life never stands still. The creation has not come to an end. The Bible says that God created man on the sixth day and rested, but each of those days was many millions of years long. That day of rest must have been a short one. Man is not an end but a beginning. We are at the beginning of the second week. We are children of the eighth day." --- from The Eighth Day*

by Thornton Wilder

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#### EDITORIAL POLICY

A biographical note, a photograph, and an address are appended to articles if the author so desires. We have found that persons interested in orgonomy like to know who's who and to communicate directly with those who have similar interests. We do not give out the address of any author without permission, but will forward letters addressed to any author who prefers not to have his address listed.



**THE QUEST FOR WILHELM REICH---A Critical Biography.** By *Colin Wilson*. Anchor/Doubleday, New York, 1981. 272 pages, \$12.95.

Colin Wilson, a well-known British writer, has joined the ever-increasing number of intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic who are attracted to the work of Wilhelm Reich and simultaneously have a powerful drive to destroy him. In *The Quest for Wilhelm Reich*, he also "does a job" on Freud:

*What bothered me was not simply that Freud was a neurotic bully, an intellectual dictator with certain affinities with Stalin, but rather the recognition that the sexual theory was Freud's attempt to explain certain observations....And when I came to look closely at this evidence, it struck me quite simply that Freud was totally mistaken.*

Early on, the author sets the scene for his opinion of Reich: "THE MURDER OF CHRIST and LISTEN, LITTLE MAN! reveal massive self-deception and full-blown paranoia." And, even where he "felt that Reich was correct," it only opens up "intellectual vistas" for Colin Wilson and never relates to his body or feelings. "Unwise parents," he says, "may threaten to cut off their male children's penises, but it seldom causes any deep disturbance."

Since Mr. Wilson fails completely to understand Reich's crucial discovery---the function of the orgasm---he can easily accuse Reich of imagining "that neurosis can be cured merely by an orgasm," which he says is "crude and shallow nonsense." And Mr. Wilson is quite unaware of the scientific significance of his own testimony about the effect of the orgone accumulator. Though he reports, "...I emerged from the box and Ollendorff took my temperature; it had risen by 2.5 degrees Fahrenheit," 205 pages later, he is able to say, "His (Reich's) 'scientific' discoveries became ever more

preposterous---the orgone accumulator, the cloudbuster, even a motor that was supposed to work off orgone energy."

One is awed by Colin Wilson's monumental arrogance and just plain ignorance of simple, basic emotions and facts. Such a book can arise only out of a study of books rather than through real contact with the material and with oneself. In the final analysis, this book is a typical outcome of intellectual activities that are completely directed and controlled from the head that is separated from the body and feelings.

Patricia Meyerowitz  
New York City

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE WONDERFUL STORY OF HOW YOU WERE BORN.** By *Sidonie Matsner*. Gruenberg, New York, 1952. 22 pages, \$1.49.

In an ideal world, children would learn about sex and childbirth in a gradual and self-regulated way. They would progress from awareness of their own genital pleasure to a fuller comprehension of the superimposition of two energy systems in the genital embrace. This presupposes healthy adults as role models and good contact between parents and children to handle questions as they arise.

But this is not an ideal world, and most children get distorted, incomplete, or no response to their inquiries about sex. In my own case, when I was ten, I asked my mother why God put babies only in married women's bellies. She blushed, stammered, and three days later presented me with a stack of "birds and the bees" books. I doubt that today's children, bathed in the soft-core pornography so prevalent in our culture, are any better off than I was. A straightforward account



of the genital embrace and "how you were born" is needed as much by the children of the 80s as it was by those of the 40s and 50s.

There should, then, be a place for good sex education books for children, and *The Wonderful Story of How You Were Born* is the best I've seen. However, I have mixed feelings about how well it meets the need.

Written, apparently, for 8-to-11-year-olds, the book begins by reassuring the young reader that no one remembers being a baby. (The armor spares most of us reliving that, of course.) The ensuing discussion about the infant's growth and change is quite good. The child is reminded of its increasingly greater capacity for coordination, emotional complexity, and verbal and intellectual development. To illustrate the point, this section is illustrated by a marvelous drawing of a baby stretching and observing its fingers in fascinated curiosity. Myths about where babies come from are gently debunked: "...the true story is far more interesting than any made-up story."

The discussion moves on to link the human birth process with that of all other living creatures. It then describes the changes in the mother's body, the pleasure she feels when the baby moves inside her, and the changes in the size and shape of the fetus.

Fans of child-centered birth may not appreciate the explanation of why most babies in this country are born in hospitals--maximum convenience (for whom?), the need for a doctor and nurse to help the mother and to cut the cord, etc. No mention is made of the baby's reactions. Then the author explains that "it sometimes hurts a mother to give birth to a baby...(but) most mothers don't mind the pain at all...the joy she feels is often much stronger than the pain."

Following a very good discussion of male and female genitals, a psychological concept is introduced: "Sometimes a little girl feels terribly cheated because her brother has a penis. And so far as she can see, she has nothing at all. However, her brother may feel that girls have all the luck; when they grow up, they can have babies but boys can't. Of course you know now how very important each is in his or her own way." One wonders what effect this may have on children who may have recently buried these feelings, or on parents who may

not have resolved them for themselves.

The book goes on to say that the good, warm feeling of hugging your mother leads to those of a man and woman feeling close to each other, and adds, "...they also feel a special closeness with their bodies. They join their bodies together because they love each other. When they join their bodies, the man's penis enters the woman's vagina. This is how the sperm can fertilize the egg." No mention is made of sexual pleasure. This omission is almost obscured by the lovely, sensitive drawings and the often excellent text.

In his mass sex education work in the thirties, Reich recognized a deep, urgent hunger for straightforward information about sex, a hunger felt universally by children. In telling children about "the facts of life," we must be careful, however. Dr. Elsworth Baker told me we can overload children with information before they are ready for it, which confuses them. He advises us to supply only the information the child asks for, even if this covers only part of the subject. The child will ask further questions when ready.

Though this book never once mentions simple genital pleasure and implies that the sexual embrace exists for the sole purpose of conception, it may help some parents to answer their children's questions while we wait for a book that does not evade the core issue of the deeply pleasurable sexual embrace being the way we discharge energy and keep healthy and loving.

Sharron Whitten  
Cold Spring, N.Y.

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#### *A Note on Leboyer in New South Wales, Australia ---*

According to the *National Times* of New South Wales, Dr. Frederick Leboyer's book *Birth Without Violence* has sparked a revolution in childbirth techniques in that area. The revolution must be among midwives and parents only because the article states that "most of the Australian doctors surveyed agreed that the sudden shock of light, sound and cold were all essential external stimuli for the child. Most of them admitted that they cut the umbilical cord 45 to 60 seconds after the baby is delivered."



# Etc., Etc.

## LETTERS

\* My congratulations on *Offshoots*. I recommend it everywhere. Your definition of mysticism is very clear, and I find other things of special interest.... For years I have observed the flight of birds and some years ago in the under-water observatory in Eilath (the Red Sea) the movements of masses of fish. I agree completely with the presentation (of bird flight patterns) in Dressler's article.

Walter Hoppe, M.D.  
München, West Germany

\* In your next issue, would it be too elementary to have a glossary of such terms as "armor," "oranur," and "DOR"? The subject of orgonomy is not your everyday, run-of-the-mill topic of conversation at the supermarket.

Elizabeth Harrison  
Sun City, Arizona

(A good idea, so we obliged in this issue.)

\* *Offshoots* brings a breath of fresh air to orgonomy.

Dr. Sean Haldane  
Vancouver, Canada

\* I've read (the first issue) through twice and find it revealing more and more useful and thought-provoking material---particularly the section on Orgone and God. Our 17-year-old son, to whom we have repeatedly tried to "explain" orgonomy, found it particularly enlightening.

Larry Gottheim  
Binghamton, New York

\* Mary Rogove's article, with her deep and sensitive understanding of babies and children is heart-warming; she really looks sweet and beautiful. I love living faces.

Jutta Espanca  
Lagos, Portugal

\* I especially enjoyed "As If a Light Came On." Somehow I identified with it and just loved it.

Pamela Lee  
New York City

\* The article (on Orgone and You) is a real achievement in describing orgonomy simply and accurately.... I also was touched by Wanda's article, which has historical value. The articles on birds and pregnancies were excellent. Though written for the layman, *Offshoots* does not dilute orgonomy---an achievement to be proud of.

Dr. Myron R. Shara  
Newton, Massachusetts

\* I particularly relished the article on bird flight; I'll never watch a flock of birds the same way again.

Morton Herskowitz, D.O.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

...and his daughter wrote:

\* What a terrific idea! Robin Herskowitz  
New Haven, Connecticut

\* Before even finishing your inaugural copy, I had to take pen in hand to write this letter. We have waited so long for a publication that explains Reich's work so completely, so clearly, in such a concise manner....

Lawrence Rabinowitz  
New York City

Editor's Comment: The accolades are heartening and we're pleased to share them. Now how about some controversy? Opinions? Agreements? Disagreements?

## QUESTIONS FOR THE READER

We have not received enough questions for a Questions and Answers department, so here is an alternative idea that might have more fruitful and enlightening results: We will pose the questions and you will give the answers from the wealth of your experience. But please keep replies relatively brief, no more than 150 words. We reserve the right to publish only the pithy part of a prolonged reply.

1. What do you think about corporal punishment of children, even the gentle swat on the buttocks? Can it be helpful at times, or is it invariably harmful to the child?
2. What are your views on a choice between prolonged abstinence and a loveless embrace?
3. How have you used work democracy in your office or home life?

WHEN THE EDITOR NEEDS EDITING: Apologies for an erratum in No. 1 pointed out by Mari Yahkub: On page 15, the Hindu god Vishnu is identified as "the Destroyer," whereas he should have been called "the Preserver." Shiva is the Destroyer. We welcome corrections, so our readers won't be misinformed by our misinformation, and thank Ms. Yahkub.



AROUND the WORLD

(Most of the following items were taken from Occasional Memo, a newsletter for orgonomists from the office of Orgonomic Publications, Inc., and are reprinted here with the permission of Dr. Elsworth F. Baker.)

ARGENTINA - Interest in orgonomy among Argentinians had been dormant for many years when, in late 1980, several Argentinians subscribed to the *Journal of Orgonomy* and a letter was received from the Instituto Wilhelm Reich s.As. (Padilla 1180 -8vo. "A", 1414 Capital Federal, Argentina) explaining that their activities include courses on the work of Reich, conferences by specialists from all over the world who are investigating orgone energy, and publication.

AUSTRALIA - From a letter by Lew Luton (P.O.Box 123, Fitzroy 3065, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia):

"There is much interest in Wilhelm Reich's work in Australia. Alas, there is much distortion too. I founded the Wilhelm Reich Centre about three years ago now to counter some of the distortion. We have a group which includes medics, scientists, psychiatrists, psychologists, and engineers. We also have an information sharing cum social group 'The Friends of Wilhelm Reich' which meets once a month. This group is open to the public. We try to get information on Orgonomy across in as undistorted a way as possible. However, we are rather on the edge of a wheel in Australia—well removed from the hub of things.

"So we have to contend with a lot of travelling gurus, left-wing politicians, visiting therapists who distort the whole thrust of orgonomy. Usually, it is something like the standard Marxist line, 'Wilhelm Reich discovered Orgone Energy and went mad.' In Australia, we have a strong ex-communist grouping who are self-proclaimed 'Reichians.' ... There is of course Dr. Jim Cairns, ex-Deputy Prime Minister of Australia, who until lately led the 'Down to Earth Movement.' ... Cairns and Reich are being linked publicly in Australia. I was approached by Cairns to assist him at the end of last year. I refused. .... We have our own resources and have kept clear of the left-wing freedom peddling."

DENMARK - A group of university students

and professionals have set up a library and a laboratory called Taenknulogisk Fakultet for the study of orgonomy. They are repeating Reich's biophysical experiments and putting their money into microscopes and other equipment for this purpose. Simon Lowy is doing research on the effect of magnetic fields on living organs and limbs. If interested, write: Jesper Overgaard, Taenknulogist Fakultet, Sandgravvej 3B, Aarhus 8000 C., Denmark (or) Simon Lowy, Skovvejen 19B 4tv, Aarhus 8000 C., Denmark.

GERMANY - Last year, Helmut Kolitzus, M.D. (a student of Dr. Walter Hoppe, who heads orgonomic work in Europe) wrote that he and Dr. Opfermann-Fuckert were using the ORAC in a small hospital close to Munich and that, some time earlier, Dr. Thomas Opfermann-Fuckert had started orgonomic laboratory work, using his ZEISS microscope. The results of the use of the ORAC and the Reich blood tests have been reported to Dr. Hoppe, who says they will be published in time. Kolitzus also reported that several young scientists and students are pursuing their studies with the goal of concentrating on orgonomy and have thought of unifying their activities by founding a Society of Orgonomy.

Thomas von Grudzinski of the Institute for Histology and Experimental Biologie at the University of Munich wrote in 1980: "I have started a project on orgone physics together with a private institute for physics, where we are going to investigate the orgonotic functions of electroscopic discharge, temperature difference, VACOR tubes, and the GM-counter. We will try to coordinate the meteorological functions and are very interested to observe the changes of orgonotic potential in bion water in this connection." He applied to the American orgonomic scientists for assistance with the experimental setup.

ICELAND - Guomundur S. Jonasson, now studying in Sweden, wrote: "I am a young student of psychology from Iceland and very interested in the work of Wilhelm Reich. In my country, his work is almost unknown but a seminar on sexology which I led some months ago, entirely based on his theories, was enthusiastically received by many people."

ITALY & FRANCE - are both fortunate to have the services of Giuseppe Cammarella, M.D., the only qualified medical orgonomist in those countries. Returning to



Italy after his therapy and training in the U.S.A. in 1979, Dr. Cammarella saw a copy of *Pulsazione*, a magazine of the Bioenergetic Institute that "mixes bioenergetics, biofeedback, Zen, and leftish politics," and he decided to put out a REAL orgonomic journal in Italy--and he did, just six months later! *Scienza Orgonomica* may be obtained from Dr. Cammarella at Avenue Du Parc Liserb, Allee du Chene Vert, La Rose des Sables, Nice-Cimiez, France, where he now lives.

Having frustrated the hopes of the Italian "Reichian" leftists that he would become their leader, he found himself isolated at first, and had for a while to earn his living as a family doctor but was glad of the four patients he had to begin with in orgone therapy. But the story has a happy ending, for the good doctor's ability as a therapist was quickly recognized, so he now sees orgonomic patients part time in France and commutes to Rome each week to see his many Italian patients. He also continues to put out the first authentic orgonomic journal in that area of the world with the help of his wife, Moussia Gamaleia, who designed the journal, copy-edits it, and does the illustrations, graphs and cartoons. Kudos to both of them!

JAPAN - Yuji Ogawa of Kanagawa wrote: "A small study group, the Orgone Energy Research Network, was organized last spring. The major part of its activity has been to translate English articles (on orgonomy) into Japanese, and to exchange them with each other.... On the 30th of November, I lectured on Orgone at the PS Institute of Japan. It was not only hard work for me to prepare for this, but it was also beneficial. I now have a clearer concept of what orgone is; but, on the other hand, it appeared that my knowledge of orgone is still poor. I am so busy with my task that I have little time for my research. I would like to continue study without hurry."

If any of our readers are interested in touching hands-across-the-sea, his address is: Itabashi-so 2F, Suge 467, Tama ku, Kawasaki City, Kanagawa 214, Japan.

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"One of the greatest sources of energy is pride in what you are doing." --- Spokes, as quoted in the *National Enquirer*

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HOWARD A. SCHNEIDER - who sketched the lovely scene on our cover, was born and bred in New York City but has long since moved to Provincetown in Massachusetts. His syndicated comic strip "Eek & Meek" appears in over 400 newspapers around the world, and his cartoons have been collected in books published by Doubleday and have appeared in various periodicals such as the *New Yorker* and *Red Book*--but most notably in the *Journal of Orgonomy*, to which he generously contributed sparkling cartoon commentaries on Elsworth Baker's editorials from 1967 through 1975. When queried about his hobbies, "Howie" mentioned his involvement in the local environmental movement and his love of sailing.

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Charles Wieseahn

Lois Wyvell

Greetings from the Editor (especially to those who pointed out that this picture was missing and asked that the oversight be remedied).

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"There is one thing that is stronger than all the armies of the world: and that is an idea whose time has come." --- Victor Hugo

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NOTE: See page 1 for instructions to contributors.



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One of Wilhelm Reich's favorite quotations:

*"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." --- Isaac Newton*

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