

ORGONE ENERGY BULLETIN

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The ORGONE ENERGY BULLETIN

is published four times a year

Subscription: \$4.00 per year

Single number: \$1.25

MANUSCRIPTS must be typewritten, in final form, on paper 8½ x 11 inches, on one side only, double spaced, with left-hand margin of not less than one inch. Address all communications to the *Orgone Energy Bulletin*, Orgonon, Rangeley, Me.

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The responsibility for the contents of original papers and communications rests on the writer and not on the editor. The *Bulletin* grants free expression of opinion which is not always and not necessarily the opinion of the editing staff.

*Love, work and knowledge
are the well-springs of our life.
They should also govern it.*

ORGONE INSTITUTE PRESS

Orgonon

P. O. Box 153

Rangeley, Maine

Orgone Energy Bulletin

VOL. V, NOS. 1, 2

MARCH, 1953

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Vol. V, No. 1 issue of the *Orgone Energy Bulletin*, 1953, was scheduled to appear during January of the current year. The great delay in its publication was due to the disruption of all routine activities at Orgonon in consequence of the Oranur Experiment. The disruption is so severe that stopping the publication of the bulletin for one year has been contemplated. Should such a step become necessary, we hope that our readers will understand this necessity.

Many of the events which occurred during the past two years are in many respects so puzzling and incomprehensible, that only *one* decision seemed appropriate: This decision was to give oneself time enough for things to mature and to divulge their functions spontaneously. The report on the "Blackening Rocks" will certainly convey a view of the direction in which events at Orgonon moved on. It should also be noted that such things as "Blackening Rocks," vesicular disintegration of granite, blackish "DOR clouds," etc., are at present not confined to the Rangeley region, but are infesting vast areas of the globe.

THE EDITOR.

New Year, 1953.



NEWBORN

Drawing by Eva Reich

ON LAWS NEEDED FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE IN NEWBORNS AND OF TRUTH*

A careful study of the realm of social pathology reveals the fact that there exists no law in the USA which would directly protect factual truth against underhanded lie and attack motivated by irrational interests. Truth is at present at the mercy of chance. It depends entirely on whether a law officer is personally honest or dishonest, emotionally rational or irrational, subjectively inclined toward or against factual functions. It is most difficult to operate as a pioneer in new fields of human endeavour, if any emotionally sick individual anywhere on the social scene can—unhampered—destroy work or knowledge he dislikes, and if truth is in no position to defend itself against underhanded attack. It is obvious that the future of the USA and the world at large depends on the rational upbringing of the newborns in each generation which will enable them to make rational decisions as grown-ups. (See Wilhelm Reich: Children of the Future, OEB, October, 1951.) There do not exist any laws as yet to protect newborns against harm inflicted upon them by emotionally sick mothers and other sick individuals. However, there are many old laws, rendered obsolete long ago by progress in the understanding of the biology of man, which threaten progressive educators with extinction if they transgress technically these old laws. These facts, together with the operation on the social scene of emotionally sick individuals, block progress and the search for better ways in medicine and education. Although laws which are serving the welfare of people at large can never accomplish factual changes, life affirmative laws can protect those who strive practically for betterment of the fate of humanity. Therefore, two laws, one to protect LIFE in newborns, and a second to protect TRUTH against underhanded attacks (beyond the scope of libel laws which are not suited for this purpose) should be

* This is the text of a proposal made to the Congressional Committee on Foundations of the USA in November, 1952 by The Wilhelm Reich Foundation.

studied and formulated by legislatures, institutions of learning and foundations whose work is primarily devoted to securing human welfare and happiness.

To illustrate: Truthful and thorough investigation of natural love life in children and adolescents, one of the most crucial tasks in present day mental hygiene, is held up and rendered helpless by the single fact that any biopathic individual who himself has been emotionally warped in childhood or adolescence through frustration of his needs for love, is in a position to put in a complaint to an Attorney General's Office to the effect that those who investigate the subject of love life in childhood and adolescence, and make certain suggestions as to its solution, are committing a crime, the crime of "seduction of minors." If the attorney happens to agree emotionally with the complainant, the investigation of fact is completely at the mercy of chance. There exists, according to rich experience in actual situations, no provisions on the statute books, to prosecute the biopathic individual on the basis that his motivation is not truth-seeking, or helping children or adolescents, but only hate of such scientific procedures. The motivation of an accusation should always be taken into consideration, just as the motive for a murder is taken into consideration.

This example must suffice to illustrate the situation. The Archives of the Orgone Institute contain enough factual evidence to prove that the situation is bad indeed where pioneering efforts are burdened with the rather hopeless struggle with such irrationalism in addition to the factual difficulties entailed in the pioneering job.

From THE MURDER OF CHRIST*

THE TRAP

... *It IS possible to get out of a trap.* However, in order to break out of a prison, one first must confess to *being in a prison.* The trap is man's emotional structure, his character structure. There is little use in devising systems of thought about the nature of the trap if the only thing to do in order to get out of the trap is to know the trap and to find the exit. Everything else is utterly useless: Singing hymns about the suffering in the trap, as the enslaved Negro does; or making poems about the beauty of freedom *outside* of the trap, dreamed of *within* the trap; or promising a life outside the trap after death, as Catholicism promises its congregations; or confessing a *semper ignorabimus* as do the resigned philosophers; or building a philosophic system around the despair of life within the trap, as did Schopenhauer; or dreaming up a superman who would be so much different from the man in the trap, as Nietzsche did, until, trapped in a lunatic asylum, he wrote, finally, the full truth about himself—too late. . . .

The first thing to do is to find the exit out of the trap.

The nature of the trap has no interest whatsoever beyond this one crucial point: WHERE IS THE EXIT OUT OF THE TRAP?

One can decorate a trap to make life more comfortable in it. This is done by the Michelangelos and the Shakespeares and the Goethes. One can invent makeshift contraptions to secure longer life in the trap. This is done by the great scientists and physicians, the Meyers and the Pasteurs and the Flemings. One can devise great art in healing broken bones when one falls into the trap.

The crucial point still is and remains: to find the exit out of the trap. WHERE IS THE EXIT INTO THE ENDLESS OPEN SPACE?

The exit remains hidden. It is the greatest riddle of all. The most ridiculous as well as tragic thing is this:

THE EXIT IS CLEARLY VISIBLE TO ALL TRAPPED IN THE HOLE. YET NOBODY SEEMS TO SEE IT. EVERYBODY KNOWS WHERE THE EXIT IS. YET NOBODY SEEMS TO MAKE A

* THE MURDER OF CHRIST, the first volume of Biographical Material on Wilhelm Reich and The History of the Discovery of the Life Energy, will appear in the spring, 1953.

MOVE TOWARD IT, MORE: WHOEVER MOVES TOWARD THE EXIT, OR WHOEVER POINTS TOWARD IT IS DECLARED CRAZY OR A CRIMINAL OR A SINNER TO BURN IN HELL.

It turns out that the trouble is not with the trap or even with finding the exit. The trouble is WITHIN THE TRAPPED ONES.

All this is, seen from outside the trap, incomprehensible to a simple mind. It is even somehow insane. *Why don't they see and move toward the clearly visible exit?* As soon as they get close to the exit they start screaming and run away from it. As soon as anyone among them tries to get out, they kill him. Only a very few slip out of the trap in the dark night when everybody is asleep.

This is the situation in which Jesus Christ finds himself. And this is the behaviour of the victims in the trap when they will kill him.

The functioning of living Life is all around us, within us, in our senses, before our noses, clearly visible in every single animal or tree or flower. We feel it in our bodies and in our blood. Yet it remained for the trapped ones the greatest, most inaccessible riddle of all.

However, Life was not the riddle. The riddle is how it could have remained unsolved for such a long period of time. The great problem of biogenesis and bio-energetics is easily accessible by direct observation. The great problem of Life and the origin of Life is a *psychiatric* one; it is a problem of the character structure of Man who succeeded so long in evading its solution. The cancer scourge is not the big problem it seems to be. The problem is the character structure of the cancer pathologists who in so masterly a way have obfuscated it.

It is the BASIC EVASION OF THE ESSENTIAL which is the problem of man. This evasion and evasiveness is a part of the deep structure of man. The running away from the exit out of the trap is the result of this structure of man. Man fears and hates the exit from the trap. He guards cruelly against any attempt at finding the exit. This is the great riddle.

All this certainly sounds crazy to the living beings in the trap. It would mean certain death for the speaker of such crazy things if he were within the trap together with them; if he were a member of a scientific academy which spends much time and money on studying the details of the walls of the trap. Or, if he were a member of a church congregation which prays, in resignation or hope, to get out of the trap. Or if he were the provider for a family whose only concern is not to starve in the trap. Or if he were an employee of an industrial concern which does its best to make life in the trap

as comfortable as possible. It would mean death in one form or another: by ostracism, or by being jailed for the violation of some law, or, under appropriate conditions, the electric chair. Criminals are people who find the exit from the trap and rush toward it, with violence toward the fellow man in the trap. Lunatics who rot away in institutions and are made to twitch, like witches in the Middle Ages, by way of electric shock, are also trapped men who saw the exit but could not overcome the common horror of approaching it.

Outside the trap, right close by, is living Life, all around one, in everything the eye can see and the ear can hear and the nose can smell. To the victims within the trap it is eternal agony, a temptation as for Tantalus. You see it, you feel it, you smell it, you eternally long for it, yet you can never, never get through the exit out of the trap. To get out of the trap simply has become an impossibility. It can only be had in dreams and in poems and in great music and paintings, but it is no longer in your motility. The keys to the exit are cemented into your own character armor and into the mechanical rigidity of your body and soul.

This is the great tragedy. And Christ happened to know it.

If you live in a dark cellar too long, you will hate the sunshine. You may even have lost the power of the eye to tolerate light. From this comes hate toward sunlight.

The living beings in the trap, in order to adjust their offspring to the life in the trap, develop elaborate techniques to keep life going on a tight, low level. There is not space enough in the trap for great swings of thought or action. Every move is restricted on all sides. This has, in the long run of time, had the effect of crippling the very organs of living Life. The sense of a full life itself has gone from the creatures in the trap.

Still, a deep longing for happiness in life and a memory of a happy Life long past, before the entrapment, has remained. But longing and memory cannot be lived in real life. Therefore, *hatred of Life* has grown from this tightness.

Let us subsume all manifestations of this hatred against the Living under the heading "MURDER OF CHRIST." Jesus Christ had fallen prey to the *Hatred of the Living* on the part of his contemporaries. His tragic fate offers itself as a lesson in what our future generations will encounter when they will reestablish the laws of Life. Their fundamental task will be coping with human malignancy ("Sin"). As we search along this trail, trying to get a

glimpse of future possibilities, good and bad, Christ's story acquires a tragic significance. . . .

MOCENIGO

The Murder of Christ in Giordano Bruno

There are empty souls which thirst for excitement of some kind to fill their desert minds. They will, accordingly, hatch evil. Not all of them, true, but a few will do it, and their victims will most likely be a Giordano Bruno. And Giordano Bruno is chosen as a victim because he rediscovered Christ in the Universe, i.e., the love of God in terms of astrophysics.

Bruno had, in the sixteenth century, by mere thought, anticipated the factual discovery of the cosmic orgone energy in the twentieth century. He had discovered and captured in a system of thought, the interrelations between the body and the mind, the single organism and its environment, the basic unity and multiplicity of the universe, an infinite universe embracing infinitely numerous worlds. Everything exists for itself, and yet it is an integral part of a whole. Therefore, the individual unit or soul exists for itself and, at the same time, is a part of the whole which is infinite, one and multiple at the same time. Bruno believed in a universal soul which animated the world; this soul to him was identical with God. Bruno was basically a functionalist. He knew about the simultaneous functional identity and antithesis, even if only in an abstract manner. He moved within the general stream that carried human thought to the concrete formulation of functional organometric equations four hundred years later. He described, according to his organotic sense, many qualities of the atmospheric orgone energy which the discoverer of the Life Energy in the twentieth century made visible, manageable and usable in a practical, bio-energetic way. To Bruno, the universe and all its parts had qualities identical with life. In his system there was no unbridgeable contradiction between individualism and universalism, since the individual was an integral part of an all-encompassing whole, and not a mere number to a part in a sum of parts, as in mechanical mathematics. The "World Soul" was in everything, acting as an *individual* soul and, *at the same time*, as an integral part of the *universal* soul. These views are, in spite of astrophysical formulation, in accord with modern organomic functionalism.

Bruno had discovered the road that leads to knowing God, and therefore

he had to die. And die he did, indeed, a death of nine long years, from 1591 till 1600, when on February 16th in the early morning he was led, with prayers, by the heirs of Jesus Christ, to the stake and given over to the flames, all in the name of love of the Creator.

Though the Catholic Church, due to the great power it exerted over millions of human souls, had developed the cruel techniques of empire builders; though it developed them into a great art, among them the burning at the stake of dangerous searchers of the realities of Christ's world, it would be wrong to attribute these ways of the devil to the church only. The church is no more responsible for the creation and maintenance of the methods of the emotional plague than was Nero or Caligula or Genghis Khan or, in modern times, the Hitlers and the Stalins. The plague has developed its rampant malignancy wherever leaders had to face the grave task of holding sick, deadened, cruel multitudes together in unity and cooperation.

Bruno's teachings, in the right direction as they were, carried with them too much force, too much power to change the order which kept the still-slumbering mass of human animals together—a mass which within the next three centuries would develop its dreams into upheavals that were destined to shake the world of man to its very foundations. To permit the discovery of God and his Kingdom to become a practical reality, to let men grasp with their minds and hearts and their practical lives what the church had transformed into a mystery, removed far away into unreachable heavens, would have amounted to precipitation of an early general disaster. This is the tragedy of all knowledge which emerges at the wrong time into an unprepared world. Therefore, Bruno the Nolan had to die.

It is rarely the inquisitors in high places, the attorney generals, the high pontiffs of established beliefs, who start the trouble. It is not the multitude of passive, suffering and dreaming mankind which takes the Brunos before the tribunal of inquisitors, condemned in advance to die, and thereupon delivered to the stake to burn. Neither inquisitor nor sleeping mass of mankind are or feel responsible for the death of a knower. The sleeping men are entirely unaware of what is perpetrated in their behalf, and the inquisitor only follows the set rules of certain laws, mechanically, in a wooden manner, like a robot, without mercy or freedom to act otherwise.

The true killer who starts the ugly show, is usually an inconspicuous, "upright" citizen who has nothing to do with either the problem of the sleeping and dreaming herd of men or with the grave administrative respon-

sibilities of the inquisitors and judges. The true killer is the bloodhound who stirs up the escaped prisoner, not because he hates the prisoner or because he is out to restore justice or because he knows anything at all what it is all about. *The true killer is an accidental nuisance*, a mishap that strikes the victim without rhyme or reason, like a stray bullet from the gun of a hunter who misses a deer and kills a casually by-passing game warden.

The true killer does not intend to kill this specific person or any other individual. The victim becomes the prey of the pestilent killer for reasons which have nothing whatsoever to do with his true life or with his beliefs or his relationship to the killer. The victim only happened to cross the way of the killer at a certain moment; a moment which bears importance to the life of the *killer*, but not to the life of the victim. An executioner who is paid for his job of killing, does not hate his victim, he does not choose it or wish it evil. The executioner kills because he chose the profession of killing, no matter who happens to be under his ax or guillotine blade or in the electric chair. The killer, on the other hand, kills because he *must kill*. The victim happens to be a victim only because he happened to be around at a certain opportune moment.

The killer of Giordano Bruno happened to be a Venetian nobleman by the utterly unimportant name of *Giovanni Mocenigo*. This name has no rational meaning whatsoever. Nobody had heard of it before the killing, and nobody even cared to remember it after the killing. His name could have just as well been Cocenigo or Martenigo. It wouldn't matter at all. Mocenigo is a nonentity of some proportion. He knows nothing, does nothing, loves nothing, cares for nothing except for his complete nothingness. He sits around or walks around, not necessarily always in a palace, habitually breeding evil. He produces dreams of evil like a hen lays eggs, one every once in awhile. He is too smart to just do evil like a simple, daring, foolhardy criminal, such as robbing a bank to get money the easy way, or attacking a girl on the street at night out of sex-starvation. The pestilent killer does not even produce a sound reason for his evil deed. Since there is no sound reason within himself to commit a crime, he must search in someone else for a reason to kill. His own barrenness of soul and emptiness of mind is no good reason to kill; why should he kill somebody else if he himself is empty like a desert? Therefore, the pestilent character will hatch out a most elaborate reason to kill somebody, no matter whom. The victim must only have one characteristic to provide the good reason to be murdered: He must in some way be at variance

with the ways of the sleeping or sitting crowd, preferably a soul like Christ who knows the smell of eternity.

The pestilent killer will, in contradistinction to the reasonable killer who goes after money or rape, gain nothing from the murder. He murders his victim simply because he cannot stand the existence of such souls as Bruno's or Christ's or Ghandi's or Lincoln's. He may be anybody in any government or commercial office, in a bacteriological university institute or in a cancer society. He may be young or old, a man or a woman. What matters is only one thing: *He breeds evil out of frustrated, cruelly perverted genital desire, and hates the Love of God which he is resolved to kill in the name of God or Christ or national honor.*

Accordingly, Mocenigo, the empty do-nothing nobleman from Venice, writes two letters to Bruno, who at that time lived in Frankfurt, inviting the scholar to teach him the "art of memory and invention." That means: Mocenigo knows Bruno is very rich in a quite different manner than he himself, and he plans to suck dry his future victim. Bruno believes in the power of love which binds all together in all and is the urge to all good. Therefore, he is scheduled to be killed by Mocenigo. Believing firmly in the great love in the universe which binds all men together into one and creates the great good in man, just as Jesus Christ believed in the power of Love as the great force in the Kingdom of God, Bruno agrees to move into the home of his murderer.

Bruno is expected to impart his knowledge of the great art of thinking to his murderer, Mocenigo. He is not supposed to give this knowledge to anybody else. When Bruno expresses his desire to return to Frankfurt to get some works printed, Mocenigo objects and threatens Bruno with the holy office. Mocenigo, of course, as every similar killer, has his connections with the Inquisition. He is going to use them to the detriment of the rich giver should the latter not be willing to convey upon the killer his great art of thinking and memory. Mocenigo is firmly set to get what he wants, even at the price of murder. Of course, Mocenigo does not care for knowledge. He would not know what to do with it, how to handle it, how to let it grow or how to apply it.

He is only capable of sitting and breeding evil out of dead genitals. He does not care in the least for knowledge for the sake of knowing or learning or finding or solving riddles. He just wants knowledge as you want a nice car or a juke box to play gay tunes, or a rowboat or a girl from a certain bar, or just a dish of fish to fill your belly. *It is the getting*, the getting it from

somebody else who has worked and toiled hard for it, *that matters*. Mocenigo must be filled up with knowledge which he can neither produce nor digest himself when he gets it. He cannot stand anybody else having knowledge or the skill of obtaining wisdom. He cannot bear seeing somebody, even a thousand miles away, enjoying the belief in love and a universal soul which, possibly, sometime in an uncertain future, could or even factually would bind men together in peace. Whether you call them Mocenigo or Caiaphas or Judas or Saul of Tarsus or Stalin, it is and remains always the same old story. They just cannot stand it; it makes them green with envy; it fills them with unbearable desire for something they are utterly incapable of possessing, and therefore, they will deliver Christ to the cross and Bruno to the stake or scientific sociology to the dogs. The closer the future victim is to the Kingdom of God with his knowledge, the surer will he be chosen to be murdered by the pestilent character.

All this goes on with not a single soul, not even the murderer himself being aware of what is happening. When Bruno insists on departure, perhaps sensing the malignancy of his murderer, Mocenigo seizes him at night from his bed with the help of an "arm of the Law." From here onward the machinery of the organized emotional plague of all ages takes over like a robot grindstone, never to stop until the victim is squeezed to pulp. The envy and evil plotting of Mocenigo does not count and does not even appear among the arguments in the protocols. The true motive of the murder is not mentioned or even admitted to court at any time, neither in 1592 nor in 1952; neither in Italy nor in the USA or in the USSR. The true motive of the cowardly killer is banned from inquiry all over this planet, except where simple routine murders are concerned, never in cases of the Murder of Christ. The Bar Associations of all lands do not tolerate even the discussion of the motivation of such killing. The judges who sentence and the executioners go free, no matter how innocent the victim. If, occasionally, after decades, the error can no longer be kept hidden, the victim, if alive, must say, "Thank you very much," or, if dead, somebody kneels in prayer at his grave. But nobody dares to attack the true killer.

From now onward, it is of no importance whatsoever what fills the protocols, whether it is forbidden to have the earth circle around the sun or to believe in a Soul of the Universe or in Universal Love or whether one has lectured here or lectured there, whether one has been decent all his life and committed only the blunder of meeting accidentally a pestilent sniper shoot-

ing from ambush. Nothing matters, since the true motive is the murder of Christ who could actually accomplish the dreaded realization of the Kingdom of God on Earth. It does not matter whether Jesus actually proclaimed himself as the King of the Jews or not. It is merely a pretext, and everybody is aware of this; therefore, nobody mentions it or does anything about it. The established law is geared to eternal *seeking* of the Kingdom of God, but not to the *finding* of the Kingdom of Heaven, not to the ways of Christ who knows the ways of the Kingdom of God. Only formalities count. Every appearance of fairness and precaution *not* to commit a judicial murder will be carefully guarded in order to commit the murder in the "proper, legal" ways. No one should ever be accused of injustice. The record of honor must remain clean. Everybody knows what has been done, and nobody moves a finger.

Much later, when the victim will have been long dead, when his screams to heaven in the evocation of God will have been silenced forever, when the myth of "justice done" will have evaporated, historians will dig out the facts, when all is fairly safe; and it might happen that a Pope kneels at the grave of one of the victims to restore his posthumous honor. Thank you, Sir! we hear the victim whisper. And God once more turns away from his Godlike creation, Man, and continues to send his prophets to preach in vast, empty deserts. Mocenigo is forgotten. Nobody investigated him, nobody even thought him guilty, though a few may despise him. More, there will be many who will tell you that Christ has been justly crucified, for he has acted as a common rebel against established government, that he had unnecessarily provoked the Scribes, that he would better have sat still and quiet and left the souls of men alone in peace to sit it out ever and ever after. And books will be written and read by the multitude, books that tell you how to escape the truth about the Murder of Christ, how to obtain peace of mind. Don't touch it, ever!

JUDAS ISCARIOT

It will happen in front of the very noses and ears and eyes of the great judges and wise men of all nations, but they will not mention it except in special cases when it belongs to the past and serves their ends only. The people will keep silent, knowing well what the dirty game is, and they will protect the



(Painting by W.R. 1931.)

THE CHRIST

JUDAS ISCARIOT

15

evil betrayer of Christ, not the grace of love.

You can find Judas Iscariot in every land, in every association of men gathering around a rich giver, in any age in the history of mankind. It is the follower, the ardent pupil, the one ready to die for his master ahead of all the rest. It is the Little Man with the tight lips and the pale face, the burning eyes and with steel in his heart. It is the child beaten down into the mud, his soul flattened, grown up to be traitor by structure. It will be the hater and taker, the empty bag full of fury in expectation of heaven. The one who will not grasp with his body a single move or word or sound or look or graceful stroke of his master. It will be the empty bag waiting to be filled with joy he himself can never, never create in others. It will be the sharp-tongued, snake-like admirer of greatness he can never, never live up to. He is not out for thirty shillings of traitor's money. He is out to get the grace of God out of his sight. He must end the torture of daily meetings with the great soul. He is the one who will suffer agonies in having to turn green-yellow envy into a hideous love every single second of his being together with Christ, the Son of Life. He will be the one who has lost his soul and life and joy and childhood and his love for women and children. He will be the one who rides the bandwagon to get rich quick on the back of the giver, to get fame for nothing, knowledge without effort, love without sweetness, and first of all his daily filling up of his empty, dreary soul. He will cling to the rich giver like a leech. And he will feel desperate if he is kept from sucking the giver's riches for a single hour only. He will feel like a dirty rat, but he will not have the courage to kill himself. Therefore, he must kill the constant reminder of his own misery. He must destroy even the picture, the last memory of the torturing, life-giving strength there right in front of him. He can no longer bear to look into an honest face, like a clean brook, a straight expression of quiet, patient love and understanding.

He would never dream of killing a torturer of innocent children. Through the nights he nourishes his nightmares of a lost Life. He knows well his soul will never, never return from the dead. It is dead already and there is nothing to return to. There is no Kingdom of Heaven for him, and why should he wait so long, anyhow? Get going, Master. Get famous and be King of the Jews right away, to comfort my dried-up carcass, to fill me with pride, even if for a brief hour only. Let me feel my hardened heart beat faster with joy at the sight of your triumphs. Why do you always talk of things I cannot

grasp or live or feel or ever hope to reach? Why don't you perform the things I *can* understand; the display of power, the howling of the herd of men, the uprising of all the suppressed of this earth toward a sudden victory of Heaven on Earth? Why should I have to search my soul, to repent, to change my ways, to take the pain of heart-breaking thoughts, to go through transformation of my Self?

It all can be had so much more easily, so much more to my liking, with trumpets and fanfares. If you are the Son of God, why don't you destroy the enemies of my national honor? Why don't you fill my heart with sweet quiver at the sight of a thousand soldiers of the great emperor falling to pieces with one stroke of your fist armed with a flaming sword? Paradise is forever closed to me, and, roaming through this life without purpose, aim or love, sword and fire and death have been my only delights. My God is a God of revenge and thundering wrath. If you are the Son of God, why don't you act like the Son of *My* God? *Your* God is strange and out of my reach. Love is not of this world and never will be. You must force Man toward love, if love must be. I cannot bear your love. I cannot any longer bear the pure rays of heavenly light. I must kill you, I must, I must, because I love you, and need you and cannot live without you any longer. And live I must, so die *you* must.

I must not ever go to his enemies, but I will. In heaven's name, I must not betray my Master, but I surely will. I cannot forego the thrill of supreme hatred, the tickle of remorse, the emotion of feeling like a stinking skunk. So betray I must. Christ must and will *prove* that he is the Son of God. He will rescue himself. He will at the last moment perform the great miracle to give me the faith I so badly lack.

I shall not really do him any harm. *I shall force him finally to reveal himself as God's true Son.* He is my beloved master, isn't he? I trust his strength, his godlike power. I shall not do him any harm. I do not want to do him any harm. But test I must his ways. He is too modest; he is not what I want him, must have him to be. He hides his power. He must prove it, show it, so I can be redeemed, freed from my eternal misery.

THE BIO-ENERGETIC MEANING OF TRUTH

Truth is full, immediate contact between the Living that perceives and Life that is perceived. The truthful experience is the fuller the better the contact. Truth is the more comprehensive the better coordinated are the

functions of living perception. And the living perception is coordinated exactly to the extent of the coordination of the motion of the living protoplasm. *Thus truth is a natural function in the interplay between the Living and that which is lived.*

Truth, basically, is not, as many believe, an ethical ideal. It became an ethical ideal when it was lost with the loss of "paradise," i.e., the loss of the full functioning of the Living in Man. Then truth was suppressed and the ideal mirror image of truth seeking appeared. Neither is truth something to be striven for. You do not strive to make your heart beat or your legs move, and you do not, by the same token, "strive" for or seek truth. Truth is in you and works in you just as your heart or your eyes work, well or badly, according to the condition of your organism.

The Living, in its constant interplay with its environment, *lives* truthfully to the degree in which it is in contact with its own needs or, which means the same, with the influencing of the environment to satisfy the natural needs. The cave man, in order to survive, had to know the ways of the wild animals, i.e., he had to know the truth about their manner of living and acting. The modern flier, in order to arrive safely at his destination, must be in full contact with and fully reactive to every gust of wind, to the slightest change in the balance of his plane, to the clarity of his own senses and to the movements of his body. He flies truthfully. The slightest blurring of his sensory reaction to his inner and outer environment would kill him. Thus he lives truthfully when he manages the elements and survives. Yet, he does not "search" or "strive" for truth while flying.

Truth, therefore, is a natural function, just as is walking or running or hunting the bear by the Eskimo or finding the tracks of the enemy by the Indian. It is, within the framework of the totality of natural functioning, an integral part of the organism and it depends on the integrity as well as integration of all the senses. *The first, ORGONOTIC sense must be intact.* Truth, no matter in what realm of life or whatever its scope, is thus a tool of the Living, in line with all other tools that are given or shaped by the senses and the organismic motility. The use of the weapon of truth is, therefore, the use of the fullest possible contact with all situations of life, the sensing, the knowing, the contacting and the influencing of everything within and without. Therefore, truth is a function most akin to growth, since development is reaction of expansion and variation to various outer and inner stimuli. Only the truthful

organism can grow experientially, and the organism that cannot grow is not truthful, i.e., not in accord with its own bio-energetic necessities. It remains sitting on the spot.

There are certain truths which are *a priori* given by one's senses and movements. That Life, Living, is constant MOTION, is such a self-evident truth itself. That Love is the merger of two organisms, is another such truth, self-evident from the sense of longing for merger, actual merging and loosing one's circumscribed individual identity during the embrace. That there exists something very alive and emotionally enlivening and vibrating and life-giving in the atmosphere around us, is another such self-evident truth, no matter whether it is called God or the Universal Spirit or the Great Father or the Kingdom of Heaven or Orgone Energy. This experience is common to all men and indelible. It is far older and more persistent than any other, less comprehensive perception of one's being. Watch a cocker-spaniel deliver and care for its puppies, and you know what is meant here, *what naturally given truth is*. Truth is not something to be learned or imparted to the organism. It is born as a crucial function within the organism and it develops as long as the organism maintains its unitary functioning, which means full orgonotic sensing.

With the loss of paradise, that is, with the loss of living Life, with the exclusion of crucial functions from man's senses, such as the genital embrace according to natural needs, the "TRUTH SEEKER" broke into this world of a ravaged humanity. What is called "Sin" by the Christian world, "Sabotage" by the Red Fascists, "Ignorance" by the scientist is the expression of the loss of the full orgonotic contact with one's life; accordingly, *substitute, false, inadequate contacts* had to develop to maintain life, as if on crutches. (About "contactlessness" see CHARACTER ANALYSIS, 3rd ed., 1948.) And this is the plague at its inception. With the sin, the prophet came about; with sickness, the medicine man. And among them there was rarely, very rarely, a Christ who dared to touch upon reality fully, without restriction, still here and there being bound down by the apron-strings of his time, his culture or his people's customs.

It is so very significant for the understanding of the emotional plague that the searching for truth becomes the more artificial and futile the closer what it searches for is to the genital emotions of mankind. Because Christ had touched exactly upon man's loss of living Life within himself, which is, ultimately, the loss of his genital functioning replaced by the dry, empty,

frustrating 4-lettering, pushing desperately toward the lost paradise, his truth was deep, of cosmic dimensions, and it won a great part of the world—and was distorted *worst* of all, the distortion centering upon the "Sin of the Flesh." With the seeking of the truth, instead of the living of the truth, the EVASION OF TRUTH became the inseparable companion of truth-seeking. *Evasion of truth, not truth-seeking has prevailed so far.*

This is easily understandable. Truth, as a manifestation of Life's fullest contact with itself and its environment, is inextricably bound up with Life's energy economy. Truth, accordingly, if lived fully, stirs up the deepest emotions, and with the deepest emotions it stirs to high activity the urge for the genital embrace. *Since, now, the core of the energy release of the Living has been excluded and ostracized by men for ages, truth needs must be evaded, too.* Every movement toward truth inevitably brought man closer to the lost function. It is, therefore, no wonder that every truth-seeker was accused of "immorality" at all times and in all cultures built on genital suppression, and that the reactionary mind always fought truth as the way of the devil toward "immorality."

The more genitality is excluded from men's senses and activities, the harder the fight against the truth, the more complete is the transformation of a *biological* truth into a *mystical* "truth." The Christian religion is a *mystified* religion of the Living, directed against the very reality of what it represents and adores as an ideal. All lost *actual* virtues of nature reappear as *ideal* virtues, to be striven after. With this the dichotomy between the devil, who is a perverted God, and the realm of ethics is ever being born.

THE EVASION OF THE TRUTH, so characteristic of man who lost paradise, i.e., who lost the feeling of God in his body, has, accordingly, its well justified *raison d'être*. Truth, under the conditions of the full suppression of the laws of Life, stirs exactly those emotions which would upset the orderly way of life which became crucial to *armored* man's existence. Truth, penetrating to the core of man's misery, would *impede* the joys he learned to obtain in his substitute life: the little, secret love affairs, the little two weeks' vacation, the little joy in listening to the radio, the little squanderance. It would disturb severely his *necessary* adjustments to the hard way of life under given structural and work conditions. Let an American Indian or a northern Eskimo or even a Chinese peasant live in full use of the most advanced technical acquisitions of civilization, and they would be rendered helpless in their usual way of life. These are banal things. What is meant here, essen-

tially, is that the crooked character structure of present-day man has its *rational* meaning and function which cannot be lightly discarded as the freedom peddlers of all nations would advocate doing. They are ignorant of what "adjustment" means. They could not manage a single nervous breakdown due to inability to function actually according to the dreams.

Even the dream of paradise, no matter in what form it appears, is rational and necessary. It fills the heart with a remainder of the old glow of Life within a dreary actuality, as a pin-up girl adds strength to the soldiers' guts in the firing line. The pin-up girl acts as a continuous torture, true, but it also helps to maintain the dream of life.

All this tells us that, though crucial and the only weapon capable of disarming the plague as the truth is, it cannot possibly be commanded or injected or taught or forced upon anybody who has not grown it in his organism from the very beginning. TRUTH IS BEING EVADED BECAUSE IT IS UNBEARABLE AND DANGEROUS TO THE ORGANISM WHICH IS INCAPABLE OF USING IT.

Truth means full contact with oneself as well as with the environment. Truth means knowing one's own ways as distinct from the ways of others. To force upon the fellow man truth which he cannot live, means stirring up emotions impossible for him to carry; it means endangering his existence; it means kicking off balance a well-set, even if disastrous, way of life.

Truth is not what the Russian political prostitute thinks it ought to be: a tool of power, to be changed at will. One cannot change truth, as one cannot change one's basic character structure.

This must be constantly born in mind as a protection against the prophets who, it is true, see the light but do not know how to enable their fellow men to take it in peace and full enjoyment. This, now, amounts to advocating the devil.

There is, however, an irrational rationale in the persecution of the truth, which cannot be overlooked if truthful living is eventually to prevail. Truth turns critically toward itself, as it were. If it has been persecuted through the ages, it reasons truthfully, there must be a good reason for it. There was a good reason in the rise of fascism of both the black and the red variety: *Fascism has awakened a sleeping world to the realities of the irrational, mystical character structure of the people of the world.* The rationale of the evil influence of fascism in the twentieth century upon the Asiatic masses is a serious reminder of what harm the mystical transformation of living Life has done to billions of human beings over the ages. Such rational functions

within the ugly irrational are a part of living Life, and the truthful organism will acknowledge it. If we do not exactly agree with the command to love one's enemy, we can readily agree that "Love Your Enemy" had the meaning of "*Understand the motives of your Enemy.*" Not a single leading politician in Germany before Hitler's ascent to the reign of terror had really studied Hitler's gospel. So they kept babbling about his being a "bought servant of the bourgeoisie." *To know the rational in the deeply irrational is the mark of truthful living,* that is, of fully alive perception of the conditions of one's life. Only the stupid self-righteousness within the empty bag of a freedom-peddler manages to believe itself fully perfect and the enemy fully bad. There is a rational motive in the most evil happenings. The grave situation in which adolescent youth finds itself today, the so-called juvenile delinquency, which means in six out of ten cases simply the performing of the natural embrace under the most devastating circumstances, inner as well as outer,—this situation is truly a reminder, directed toward a sitting world, of the laws of living Life within a maturing organism. And this voice will not stop screaming until the world stops sitting and starts moving onward.

The evasion of the truth in matters of adolescents' plight is *rational* on the part of the educational and medical bodies carrying grave responsibilities; they *would not know how* to start doing, *what* to do, *where* to proceed in a single case of adolescent misery. They have, due to the chronic evasion and the continuous misrepresentation of the issue, lost the ability to learn and to know how to act. The old laws do not fit. They never did. The police is not the proper agency to deal with juvenile misery, except in cases of full crime against life and safety. The physicians brought up in medical schools which either eschew the subject completely ("DO NOT EVER TOUCH IT") or adhere to old, wrong, outworn concepts given by old, outworn, dried-out lifeless parents and educators, cannot possibly take responsibility or do anything. The educators are in a similar situation. Therefore, the plague maintains itself. Evasion of the issue becomes rational in a very bad way. And proclaiming the full truth about the plague without preparation for its successful extermination would be equally criminal. What could millions of adolescents without parents who understand their plight, without public support, without help of any kind, and, in addition, with a frustrated structure and with sick minds, do with the full truth about their lives?

The knower of the misery of adolescence keeps off the way of the freedom peddler. The peddler peddles "freedom of sex" for adolescents as he used to

peddle "bread and freedom," not having the slightest whiff of an idea as to how bread and freedom are to be had; so he would, as he actually *did* for a while until he was stopped, peddle "freedom of sex for youth" in a most dangerous manner. No solution of any major social problem is possible without the full support of the public and without full knowledge of what is entailed. We must, by all means, nip in the bud the flourishing of a new brand of social nuisance, the *Truth Peddler*. He will do more harm than any lie has ever done.

The solution of the problem of adolescence and with it of juvenile delinquency requires:

A complete turn in matters of extramarital living together of boys and girls, secured by law.

Full cooperation of the parents based on rational, medical understanding of adolescence.

An upbringing of children *from infancy onward* which would insure a character structure which could take the severe jolts of a rich life and would be capable of full adaptation to the laws of bio-energy.

Full support on the part of the social administration.

Housing of the population which would take into account the need for privacy for adolescents.

Sufficient numbers of educators and physicians, *healthy themselves*, who would stand by in emergencies. This would require full public recognition of the evasion of truth on the part of psychoanalysts who today help to form public opinion on mental health.

A thorough revision of our ancient laws concerning rape and seduction of minors, to distinguish between *love in adolescence* and true criminal *seduction*.

Full endorsement of the subject of human biology (in the *orgonomic* sense) in the schools.

Adequate protection against the emotional plague which could and certainly would wreak havoc among the young ones who live happily.

And many other grave matters which would turn up in due time.

All this is unknown, and if known, it is inaccessible to the *freedom peddler*. It will be equally inaccessible to the *truth peddler*. Their only interest is to get youth into their organizations by way of political exploitation of the sexual misery of youth. The freedom peddler will in the future, as he so

often has done in the past, start youth movements and later betray the very core of the life of adolescents by becoming more reactionary than the old, good conservative, since he had promised more than he could possibly fulfill. Beware of the freedom peddler in matters of love and Life. He does not mean what he says. He does not know anything about Life and the obstacles in its way. He transforms all realities into formalities and all practical problems of living Life into ideas about a future paradise of humanity. Actually, in this very manner, he lands himself and, if brought to power by gullible masses of people, he lands the whole population, too, in utter misery.

The freedom peddler makes out of matters of truth a bait to lure people into a trap. Truth to him is an "ideal" and not a daily *way* of doing things. He believes that he defends the truth if he is righteous. The conservative, who, out of an instinctive knowledge of the great difficulties connected with the pursuit of truth, defends the *status quo* in social living, is by far more honest. He has, at least, a chance of remaining decent. The freedom peddler *must*, if he wishes to get along, sign his soul over to the devil.

Truth should be used cautiously against the *fear* of truth *which is justified* by actual conditions. Truth cannot be used as a tool without the infliction of pain, often severe pain; but neither can it be used like a medical drug. It is an integral part of the way of life of the future and *has to grow organically within the senses and primal movements in our children from the very beginning in infancy*. And this requires social and legal protection which no freedom or truth peddler is ready or able to give.

All truth as *a way of living* requires is an opportunity to express itself freely. It then will grow by its own devices. All it needs is an equal chance with the lie and the gossip and the maligning and the killing of Life.

Is this too much to ask for?

Truth can be used as a weapon against the Murder of Christ only if it has grown straight like a tree and is branching out like an oak in the forest.

A body that lies by way of its very movement, a soul which lies in the way it expresses itself, not being able to help it, cannot have truth implanted or injected into its veins. Truth in such containers would turn into a far worse lie than the simple lie that had been developed for the protection of the remainder of one's Self. Such truth, injected and turned into a lie, would be a horrible killer. It would have to *prove* continuously that it is *NOT* a lie, that it is *TRUTH PER SE*, that *not* to believe that it is the very essence of truth is sacrilege versus the holy smoke of the church or the state or the patron

or the matron or the ruler or the nation or the this or the that. Listen to the proclamation of "true bolshevist truths" and you will know right away what truth injected into crooked bodies and turned into lies looks like and what it does.

Therefore, beware of the freedom peddler who peddles truths like shoe-strings in the market place. He is worse than a horse thief. The horse thief does not promise heaven on earth; he just steals a horse. The horse thief is strung up by the neck with a rope from the tree, but the freedom peddler goes free.

The freedom peddler refuses to learn why there has been lying in the world for so long a time and in so many people.

Learn how to recognize the freedom peddler by his righteousness, by his stalwart uprightness, by his erect forefinger kept up high in the air like a teacher's rod; learn to know him by his cruelly glowing eyes and his rasping voice, by his rigid mouth and his inhuman absoluteness in his quest for the impossible.

The truth which grew organically in a truthful body is a truth that combats the fake truth grown in rigid minds which deny the reality of nature and its manifestations. The sap of Life has gone from their blood. Here they believe that truth is what follows logically from a given premise. The truth is what reveals to you first of all why truth is so rare and so difficult to obtain, and why there exist impostors of truth who disclaim the reality of our existence.

The system of a lunatic is not truthful though it follows logically from its premises. However, there is *some* kernel of truth in everything proclaimed by men.

People avoid the truth because the first bit of truth uttered and lived would draw more truth into action and so on indefinitely, and this would rip most people right off the customary tracks of their lives. But people, basically, know what is true and what is not, even if they so often render help to the lie. They support the lie because the lie has become a crutch without which life would not be possible. Therefore, in common human intercourse, the truth, and not the lie, is suspected as being phony.

From the lie in daily living has developed a technique to know the lie and be reconciled to it, to live with it, as it were. To use the truth against this lie would set the crusader beyond the pale of the human community.

It is not a matter of "proclaiming truth" but of *living truth ahead of one's fellow man*. And this is possible, but only if the truth is a *true* truth, and not

a made-up, cooked-up, proposed or propagated truth. The truth must be a piece of your Self as is your leg or your brain or your liver. Otherwise, do not try to live a truth which is not akin to your whole being. It will turn into a lie in no time, and into a worse one to boot, than the lie which has grown organically in the makeshifts of social living.

And this is the true difficulty in getting across the truth one lives. You are in danger of being a voice in the desert if you preach the truth. *Don't preach truth*. Show people by example how to find the way to *their own* resources of truthful living. Let people live *their own* truths, *not* your truth. What is organic truth to one is no truth at all to another man or woman. There is no absolute truth just as there are no two faces alike. And yet there are basic functions in nature which are common to all truth. But the individual expression varies from body to body, from soul to soul. It is true that all trees have roots in the soil. But the concrete tree A could not use the roots of the concrete tree B to draw nourishment from the soil since they are not his. To maintain the special in the common, the variation in the rule is the essence of wisdom. The variation, divorced from the common, the differentness is the way of the freedom peddler in his *youth*. The way of the common and the dictatorial rule for all is the way of the freedom peddler *when his youth has gone out of him*.

The world is split up between the one and the other. It is called "individualism" and "statism" at present, and will be called many other names before it will vanish from the surface of the earth. The children have not been born yet who will live the laws of Life as they are in the trees of a forest or in the birds or in the corn in the fields.

Freedom peddling robs the truth of its opportunity to prove itself, to sharpen its tools, to structuralize its conduct, to know its enemy, to cope with trouble, to persist in danger, to learn where it can turn into a lie worse than the native lie. Therefore, no rules can be given as to how to use the weapon of truth, as many a reader may have expected from these pages. It is again a sign of the mystification of Christ that rules of conduct common to *all* are expected from *another* prophet. This is to escape the trouble of finding your own special truth within your own special Self as it fits *you*, and not somebody else.

There is only *one* common rule valid in finding the special truth valid for you. That is to learn to listen patiently into yourself, to give yourself a chance to find your own way which is yours and nobody else's way. This leads not

into chaos and wild anarchism but ultimately into the realm where the *common truth for all* is rooted. The ways of approach are manifold and none alike. The source from where the sap of truth is streaming is common to all living beings, far beyond the animal man. This must be so because all truth is a function of living Life, and living Life is basically the same in everything that moves by way of pulsation. Therefore, the basic truth in all teachings of mankind are alike and amount to only one common thing: *To find your way to the thing you feel when you love dearly, or when you create, or when you build your home, or when you give birth to your children or when you look at the stars at night.*

Accordingly, common to all sages who knew the truth or were searching for truth, was the expression in their eyes and the meaning of the alive movement in their faces. It is sad but true that the great clown in the circus carries this expression behind his mask. He has touched upon great truths. It is the exact opposite of the howling of a mob throwing stones into windows. It is far from the giggle of a coquettish girl who lures men to find out again and again how dangerous a man could be to her. It is contrary to the looks of an executioner or the expression in the face of a dried-up, cruel, cunning, sneaking, hiding, ruthless, unscrupulous liberator of peoples. *Know the faces of the fake liberators.* Learn to see them wherever they turn up, potential ones and mature ones. Learn to know the clever bandwagon rider who cannot look straight into your eyes. And you will know, by contrast, what the truth looks like.

Truth knows no party lines, nor national boundaries, nor the difference of the sexes or of ages or of language. It is a way of being common to all, and potentially ready to act in all. This is the great hope.

But truth is only *potentially* there; it is not ready to act as yet, like the seed in the field is only potentially there to yield the bread in the fruit. Draught and freezing cold can stop it where it is and prevent it from bearing fruit.

The emotional plague is the freezing cold and the draught that keeps the seed of truth from yielding the fruit. The plague reigns where it is not possible for the truth to live. The eye, therefore, should be centered primarily on the plague and not on the truth, on the prevention of draught and freezing rather than on what the seedling will or might do. The seedling will know its ways toward the Life-giving sun. It is the plague that kills the movement of the stem and it, therefore, requires all our attention. It is not

the learning to walk in the infant, but the rock or the precipice in its way that is to be watched. It is a part of the tragedy of man that he did not see the precipice and believed in a perfect, readymade walking of the infant, instead of removing the obstacle in the way of the growing truth.

The Blackening Rocks

Melanor

By WILHELM REICH

Note, December 20, 1952: The following reports appear here as they were dictated in March, April, and September, 1952. Since then, however, many of the "weird" phenomena, reported here, have found their explanation in terms of orgone physical principles. A functional relationship to phenomena in deserts has been detected and will be dealt with when the new facts fall in line with our basic theoretical assumptions. The emergency at Orgonon continues unabated at this date.

Events at Orgonon, Monday, March 24, 1952

I spent the night from Sunday to Monday, March 23 to 24, 1952, at the observatory. I slept as usual in a bedroom which adjoins the bathroom. I woke up thirsty several times during the night and felt very uncomfortable. In the early morning, tremors shook my body. I dressed in the bathroom and felt unusually strong Oranur effects. The situation quickly worsened. I felt nauseated but could not vomit. My gums bled and my tongue showed a yellow-whitish coating. The tongue epithelium was highly blood-injected. I knew that something dangerous was going on.

The SU-5 Tracerlab Survey Meter gave to my surprise 100 to 150 cpm close to the wall of the metal bathtub; on the other side of the wall, in my bedroom at the level of the bathtub, the count was as high as 80 cpm. The reason for the high Oranur action was not immediately evident. The background counts in the study and in the laboratory hall were high—between 60 and 100. My log book shows that the background counts in the observatory during the period from November 29, 1951 till January 30, 1952, measured daily, had

never exceeded 50 cpm, varying between 25 and 45 on the average. The high counts in the building were, accordingly, the more striking.

At first I was under the impression that this activity was due to the bionous disintegration of the rocks at the fireplace, which has been in progress for some time. However, the counts at the affected rocks were not higher than about 60-70 cpm, and therefore could not account for the tremendous reactions which could be felt subjectively and, as it turned out later, were rather high in the atmosphere outside the building. At the first floor open terrace of the observatory, the counts *climbed suddenly to 400-600 cpm several feet away from the rock wall*. Close to the wall, the activity was nearly normal. At that point I was still under the impression that it was the rocks which were responsible for the high count. Some of these rocks on the outside wall showed clear signs of erosion, such as "spongy" surface, a darkening of the surface and rounded holes of as much as a quarter of an inch in depth. These were tremendous reactions which, of course, were utterly incomprehensible at that time, and which have remained unintelligible to this date, September 10, 1952.

Still under the impression that it was the rocks which were responsible for the high activity, I attempted to get relief from my increasing discomfort by removing myself as far as possible from the observatory. To my amazement, instead of decreasing, my discomfort *increased* rapidly as I moved into the open space. I felt dizzy, close to loss of balance; my nausea was unbearable, though I could not vomit; I had to sit down several times in order not to fall down, and the two assistants who were with me were frightened by the sight of me. Later, they confessed that they had felt deeply frightened by my appearance, which was the following:

To the observers around me I looked, according to their own words, like one "coming from another world," as if I "had been put away for a hundred and fifty years like Rip Van Winkle," according to one physician who knew me well. I appeared to the observers as if I were surrounded by a haze, as if I had "become transparent," as if there were "no sharp boundary between me and the haze around me." According to the description of four observers, I did *not* look as if I had a severe sickness or as if I had just emerged from a dungeon. It was not paleness that characterized my appearance, but, again according to these concurrent descriptions, I looked aged and somehow smaller than usual. And I had to admit that I felt inside the way they de-

scribed me from outside: *shrinking*. These facts are not related for the sake of sensationalism. It is of *crucial* importance to learn what Oranur can do to life and health; how much DOR an organism can take; how close to death one can come, and still return to full health.

At about 9:30 A.M., at the observatory, my hands and palms were bright red and mottled. This sight frightened some of my friends who knew the significance of bright red blood. They had seen my hands mottled before, but never so bright red before.

I suggest that attention be paid to the emphasis put on the description "*bright red*," since the CO-hemoglobin reaction of blood is typically bright red and reflects a state of hemoglobin being bound by CO, thus unable to take up O₂. This corresponds to a process of *inner suffocation*. We all still had in mind the sight of the cyanotic mice who had died in droves from Oranur in the laboratory in February, 1951.

My palms were not only mottled, but seemed moist-looking. I looked "*livid*" and "*puffed up*" in the face.

For the first time in sixteen years of orgone energy experimentation I could not see quite sharply; it was as if a *purple haze* was hovering between my eyes and the objects of vision. Standing about 100 feet away from the observatory and looking through the leafless tree branches at the rock walls of the observatory some 100 feet behind the trees, the walls appeared to several observers, quite independently, as "*dark*," "*nearly black*," and "*smokey*." However, the walls brightened up to the eye of each single observer as soon as he moved away from the trees which were between himself and the wall, and when he looked directly at the rock walls of the observatory. This means: the impression of the purple haze was not due to an emanation from the walls of the observatory, but it was due to "*something between the tree branches that caused the building to look purple and foggy*." If the building itself had caused this impression, it could not possibly have changed with the position of the observer in relation to the rock walls and the trees.

There was further important evidence for the objective nature of these observations. Our caretaker stated quite independently that he had felt something "*changed*" in the observatory building when he had come up early in the morning. The building had seemed to him more charged and "*heavy*." He recalled that it had seemed just as bad about the same time last spring, in 1951. He had also, quite independently, seen the haze around the building,

and he had felt a prickling in his fingers when he had walked into the building. He also had seen the *blackening of the rocks*. We also made the observation that the trees around the observatory, especially the evergreens, were much brighter than elsewhere far away from Orgonon, and that about a mile and a half from Orgonon, especially on the hillside facing east, away from Orgonon, the trees were darker again, in contradistinction to Orgonon where the trees were bright green; the needles were rich and full with sap already in the beginning of March, and the birches and the maples at Orgonon had buds that seemed prematurely developed for March, 1800 feet above sea level.

There were other interconnections of importance. The vernal equinox in 1952 fell on March 20 at 11:40 A.M.; according to the caretaker of Orgonon, the atmosphere had seemed to act the same way in 1951 at the time of the equinox. The equinox in 1952 had fallen on Thursday, March 20; on Friday, March 21, a severe tornado had hit Texas, Louisiana, Kansas, Tennessee and Kentucky in the United States, moving *from southwest to northeast*.

Excerpts from a news report on the Southern Tornadoes of March 21, 1952 in The New York Times of March 23, 1952:

"The toll of the early spring tornadoes that struck six Southern States along the Mississippi River Friday mounted yesterday to 232 dead and more than 1,000 injured. . . . In hundreds of communities in Arkansas, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi and Kentucky, thousands were made homeless by the big black funnels of wind that swooped out of dark skies, snatched up persons, houses and cars and blew them scores or hundreds of yards through the air, leaving devastation and suffering. . . . The tornadoes were reported to be the most violent in the United States since 286 were killed in Alabama in 1932. The deadliest on record was in 1925, when 719 perished and 3,000 were injured seriously in Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. Friday's were the worst tornadoes in the history of Arkansas. . . . In rural areas whole towns were levelled. . . . Weather bureau officials said they had no expectation that the twisters would rip across such widespread areas. . . . Friday's tornadoes began about 3 P.M. and lasted until after midnight. It is not known how many separate tornadoes struck, but there appeared to be three major fronts on a 100-mile wide area. . . . The first tornado struck at Dierks, Arkansas. . . . It cut across the state at a 45-degree angle, following past storms 'tornado' trail *from southwest to northeast* [underscored by Ed.] . . . When the tornado struck the hamlet of England it sounded like 'a hundred B-36's flying low'

and was 'the most perfectly shaped funnel you've ever seen,' according to Omer Henley, a truck driver. . . . As the tornadoes swept across the Mississippi River into Mississippi and Tennessee, they made a huge semi-circle from Byhalia, in northwest Mississippi about forty-five miles southeast of Memphis, to Dyersburg, in west Tennessee, about seventy-five miles north of Memphis. . . . Alf Green of Cottonwood Point said: 'I heard a roar and then it became very, very still. Then there was some lightning and in a few minutes houses were toppled over and fields were leveled.' "



The New York Times

March 23, 1952

WHERE STORM CUT DESTRUCTIVE SWATH

According to another *New York Times* report of March 23, 1952, the U. S. Weather Bureau explained the disaster as follows:

TORNADO TRACED TO CLASH WITHIN AIR MASS;
50° TEMPERATURE DROP HELPS "SPIN" STORM

Warm, moist air that comes in conflict with an upper zone of the cooler and dryer air creates an unstable atmospheric condition that helps bring on tornadoes, such as the one buffeting the South.

This condition results in a "conflict" in nature that speeds up the counter clockwise motion of the winds and produces the effect of a spinning top. The vortex whirls at speeds up to several hundred miles an hour and is caught up in the general air mass that extends across several states, perhaps, and possibly as high as three miles and that moves at lower speeds than the storm itself.

The tornado spins across land, twisting out of shape the objects it strikes, while the general stream of the atmosphere moves it five, ten or fifteen miles an hour from place to place.

The destructive power of the tornado lies in the mass of air, rotating counterclockwise, that normally moves from the Southwest to the Northeast. This is the ordinary route that the great mass of the atmosphere takes and it carries the tornado along.

A contributing factor in the tornado in the South is that along the Gulf Coast in Louisiana there were temperatures of 70 degrees, while just north in Arkansas temperatures fell to below 20 degrees.

This set up the required condition of warm and moist air striking under the cool, dry air. Intense variations in pressure result.

Under average circumstances a tornado usually is dissipated at night because the effects of the sun in warming the moist air are reduced.

It is a rarity for a tornado to hit the Eastern coastal areas because mountainous areas there help to dissipate tornadoes. But such storms have struck along the coast.

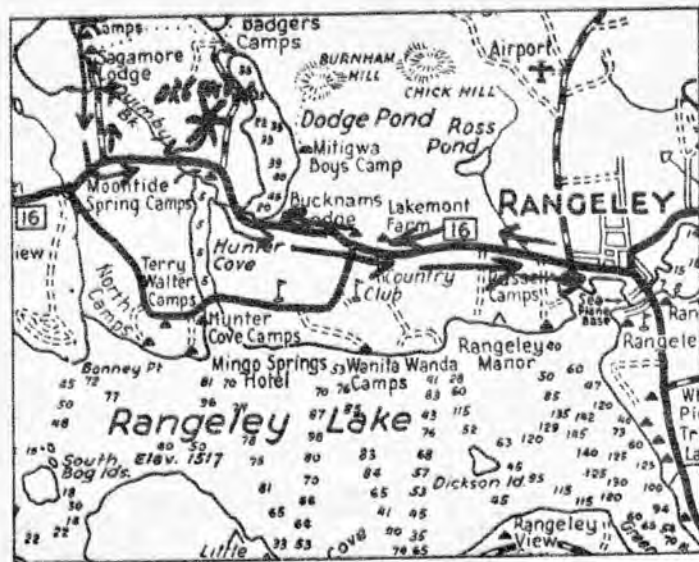
Since a tornado is like a cork carried in a stream affected by atmospheric conditions, the tornado may suddenly disappear when these conditions change sufficiently. It may be that the deep layer of warm, moist air that is a prerequisite for the storm to develop may change or that other contributing factors are removed and the tornado with its frightening, funnel-shaped outline disappears.

Obviously, the mechanistic-thermal explanation of a tornado does not satisfy our inquiry in the least, since the mechanical and thermal events themselves require explanation; they are secondary and not *primary* functions of nature.

Two days after the tornado had hit the Middle West in the USA, the orgone energy ran amok at the Orgone Energy Observatory at Orgonon, Maine, 1,500 to 2,000 miles to the northeast. This could not possibly be merely incidental; there was logic in this sequence of events. The logic of this sequence turned up in a most unexpected manner, never experienced before by anyone in atomic or orgonomic (pre-atomic) physics, constituting an amazing surprise to those who witnessed it:

When the fresh, clear air some 150 feet from the observatory building did not alleviate my pathological vegetative reactions, as it was supposed to do, the idea flashed through my mind that it was *not the rocks at the observatory but the atmosphere surrounding the rocks which was responsible for my bio-energetic reactions of distress*. In order to calm down my bio-energetic reaction, I had my companions drive me down to the lower cabin where the Oranur effects were least developed, and there I measured the atmospheric orgone reactions again. The counts were even higher, up to 500-600 cpm, about 8 feet above the ground in the open air with the counter tube unshielded. The ground itself gave less, about 200, 300 or 100 cpm. At first we did not understand at all how it came about that the atmosphere showed an activity of about 600 cpm or about 0.2 M/R per hour. There was no precedent in our experimental work to account for this phenomenon.

We took the car and drove down the road two miles to the west and back six miles to the east on the Rangeley-Oquossoc road, measuring the atmospheric OR energy activity about 7 to 8 feet above the ground at the road in front of every single building or farm along the way.



AREA SURVEYED AND MONITORED, MARCH 24, 1952

Before reporting on the counts along the road, I would like to repeat the results of the measurements at the Orgonon observatory building; this will help to illuminate the true situation.

Both bathtubs in the observatory had yielded 100 to 200 cpm at the wall *before* water was poured into them, and 40-50 cpm *after* the water was poured into them. My bed had given ca. 100 cpm before and about 40-50 cpm after the water was poured into the bathtub on the other side of the wall. This result seems quite consistent, since water is known to absorb OR energy.

The link from these measurements to the measurements along the road is given by the astonishing fact that at the observatory terrace on the second floor close to the rock, the reaction was 50-100 cpm, while FIVE FEET AWAY FROM THE ROCKS IT WAS 300 cpm, AND NINE FEET FROM THE ROCKS IT WAS 400-500 cpm. Thus, somehow, the walls of the observatory appeared in a normal state as against the surrounding atmosphere, a sharp energetic difference evidenced by the respective GM activity. This fact later, in May and June, gained great importance in the understanding of the so-called "DOR-Clouds" which forced their removal from this region and, in pursuit of this task, led to cloud-busting.

At the lower wooden cabin the counts within the cabin and on its porch were *far lower* than far outside in the open atmosphere:

- 80 cpm at table in living room
- 100 cpm in air of living room
- 200 cpm at cabin entrance *inside* hall
- 300 cpm at cabin entrance *outside* hall
- 400 cpm 40 feet away from the cabin in the open air.

The following table gives a rough picture of the counts at the observatory, at the lower cabin and along the road:

*Results of Monitoring with Tracerlab SU-5 Beta-Gamma-Survey-Meter,
March 24, 1952, 1:45-3:45 P.M. All Counts with Unshielded Tube.*

No.	Place of Monitoring	Approx. Distance	Approx. CPM	Remarks
1.	Observatory bathtub	Foot above water in tub and 2 cm. from side of tub (Other measurements in general vicinity of tub)	40-50	80-150 CPM before water was poured
2.	Observ. bed	2 cm. from wall and general vicinity of bed	40-50	
3.	Observ. fireplace (Second floor)	2 cm. from inner rock wall	40-50	Normal
4.	Observ. second floor porch	2 cm. from outer rock wall	50-100	
5.	Observ. porch	5 ft. from outer rock wall	300(!)	Surrounding air excited!
6.	Observ. porch	9 ft. from outer rock wall	400-500(!)	
7.	Observ. porch	5 ft. from outer rock wall	400(!)	
8.	Lower cabin	40 ft. from cabin	400	Same phenomenon as points 3-7. THIS IS PROOF OF THE FACT THAT IT WAS NOT THE ROCKS BUT THE SURROUNDING ATMOSPHERE WHICH CAUSED THE GM COUNTER TO RACE. (See also THE ORANUR EXPERIMENT, First Report, 1947-1951)
9.	Cabin entrance		300	
10.	Cabin entrance hall		200	
11.	Cabin living room		100	
12.	Over table in living room		80	
13.	Porch cabin		300	
14.	Cabin car garage		150	

No.	Place of Monitoring	Approx. Distance	Approx. CPM	Remarks
15.	Part of cabin where safe containing NR had been, 1951		70-80	
16.	Tube in snow	6 ft. from wall of cabin	200	
17.	Tube in snow	6 ft. from cabin porch	400	
18.	Near cabin	8 ft. in air over snow	500	
19.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road	80 ft. from cabin	300	Tubes 8 ft. in air unless otherwise stated from now on.
20.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road	100 ft. from cabin	400	
21.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road	120 ft. from cabin	600	
22.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road—Under electric tension wire		600(!)	
23.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road—Tube in snow	160 ft. from cabin	200	
24.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road—On taking tube out of snow	3 ft. in air 160 ft. from cabin	800-900(!)	
25.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road	200 ft. from cabin	700	
26.	Cabin road to Dodge Pond Road—Tube in wet sand	250 ft. from cabin	500	
27.	Dodge Pond Road	50 ft. east of cabin road	500	Tube in air outside auto unless otherwise stated from now on.
28.	Dodge Pond Road—Main Road corner		300	
29.	Road in front of Moontide Springs		300	

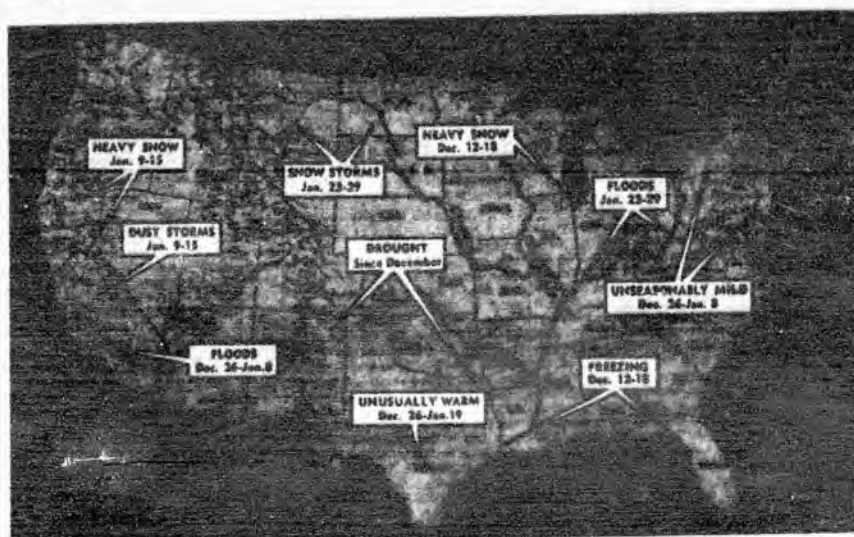
No.	Place of Monitoring	Approx. Distance	Approx. CPM	Remarks
30.	Niles' House—Main Road		500	
31.	Main Road—Quimby Road		600	
32.	Along Quimby Road		600-650	
33.	Along Quimby Road— <i>In car</i>		100	
34.	Quimby's farm—On road		400	
35.	Approaching Ellis' farm—On road		300	
36.	Passing Ellis' farm—On road		500	
37.	Approaching Wyvell's house—On road		400	
38.	Yard—Wyvell's house		400	
39.	Porch—Wyvell's house		150	
40.	Wyvell's living room after a minute		50	Wyvell looked haggard.
41.	Love's house—Main road (<i>In car</i>)		50	S. Tropp reports feeling more prickling outside car in air than in car.
42.	Love's house—Main road (<i>Outside car</i>)		400	
43.	Raymond's House—Main road (<i>In car</i>)		60	
44.	Yard—Raymond's house (<i>Outside car</i>)		600(!)	
45.	Raymond's house (<i>Inside house</i>)		200	
46.	Raymond's house (<i>Close to wall inside house</i>)		60	

No.	Place of Monitoring	Approx. Distance	Approx. CPM	Remarks
47.	Bucknam's Lodge—Main road		350	
48.	Near Hinton's Entrance—Main road		300	
49.	Webster's Camps		300	
50.	Collins' workshop—Yard		300	Collins' workers' eyes injected.
51.	Collins' workshop—Inside		100	Three accus. assembled in shop.
52.	Collins' workshop—Room where accus. stored		150	
53.	Collins' workshop—Inside accumulator in building room		50	
54.	Collins' workshop—Above metal stock in building room		60-70	
55.	Collins' workshop—Outside shop—Yard (Ca. 15 minutes after first count outside shop—No. 50)		40	GM stopped working at this point.
56.	S. Tropp's house—Entrance		60	
57.	S. Tropp's house—Living room		15-20(?)	Jamming. No reaction of GM to radium on WR's watch.
58.	S. Tropp's house—Road outside		No reaction	Device out of order. Jamming and failing.

Weather on the 24th of March during measurements: Overcast, raw, air heavy.

It should be noticed that the weather conditions were "unusual" in the USA

during the winter 1951-1952. *The New York Times* published the following chart:



The New York Times

TEN HIGHLIGHTS OF AN "UNUSUAL" WINTER (1951/52)

Protocol, March 28th, 1952, Dictated at Observatory

At this date, March 28, 1952, the situation concerning the change taking place in the rocks from which the Orgone Energy Observatory at Orgonon was built, is as follows:

At the Fireplace in the Study of the Observatory

This fireplace was built with special care by an excellent mason. Every single rock was hand picked and inspected as to its suitability to go into the fireplace wall, which is 10 feet wide, 8½ feet high, and some 6 feet deep. Particular attention was paid to the fulfillment of the requirement that the rocks be of an *even gray* color, preferably *granite*, that the *surfaces* be *smooth* and *spotless*. Especial care was taken that no black, rusty or green, i.e., iron- or arsenic-containing rocks be used. Thus, smoothness of surface, evenness of color and absence of ferrous or other metallic admixture was secured.

The picture today is this: The even gray color is gone. About half of the rock surfaces look dark gray to black. In one and the same rock, which only

a few months ago was an even smooth gray, one can see black spots, black blotches, alternating with its original pale gray. One can see black rounded or streaky blotches spreading either from the corner toward the center or the other way around, as the days pass by. In many rocks the surfaces have lost their smoothness; the rock surface looks "spongy," as if the rock has been drilled and innumerable holes of about 1/16th or 1/8th of an inch diameter and depth had been hewn into the surface. In other places, a margin shows the original gray, which is elevated, while major surface areas of the same rock are sunken and blackened as if chemical acid had eaten into it. In other rocks, the original smooth and even gray of the surface was gradually replaced by a very bright whitish-gray on a sunken level, with rock showing a spongy structure. Within these sunken semi-holes, black, coal-like points, dots, streaks and blotches appear and are spreading over the whole surface. These black, coal-like blotches seem to develop especially within grooves, i.e., in places where the rock deteriorated first. We shall hear more about the microscopic picture of the material taken from these grooves. Let us continue with the appearance in the changed rock.

One special rock to the right of the fireplace (seen from the fireplace outward), developed several holes where a fingertip can easily be placed about a quarter to half an inch deep. This special rock was originally of a slightly darker gray hue. The holes are whitish and of a powder-like consistency that can be easily taken off by simply wiping the surface with the finger. Over the past two months this rock was especially observed and the progress of the deterioration could be followed from day to day, beginning with the one single, small, flat hole up to the present state of dozens of holes on the surface of the rock. Until a few days ago, the powder-like surface structure of the rock substance within these holes remained the same. Today, however, on March 28th, 1952, there are clearly visible, blackish dots and streaks which had not been there before. Thus, to all appearances, *the powdery substance began to change into the blackish harder substance*. Now, this coincides and agrees in a perfect manner with the microscopic picture of the different phases of the disintegration processes.

The original gray hard rock, if scraped off and looked at with a microscopic magnification of about 400x appears *crystal-like*, smooth, with shiny surfaces having no structure in them at all, or with a streaky structure with only a very few bions interspersed. On the other hand, the powder-like substance is thoroughly and completely *bionous*, i.e., consisting of OR energy

vesicles seen microscopically with not a trace of the original crystalline structure left. Nothing is visible but large bions or energy vesicles of a type described by me as PA bions for the first time fifteen years ago and communicated to the French Academy of Science, Paris, 1937.

In the microscope one can see, with only 300-400x magnification, that parts of the bionous mass of the disintegrated rock *reorganize into a new crystalline structure* which, under the microscope, looks like coal; black, with sharp



MELANOR
on granite

edges and structureless inside. However, this substance is not coal, since it does not burn in a flame. It is, at the present moment, entirely impossible to say what this blackish substance consists of chemically. Steps will be taken for such chemical analysis.

These black spots, blotches and dots seem to harbor the answer as to what

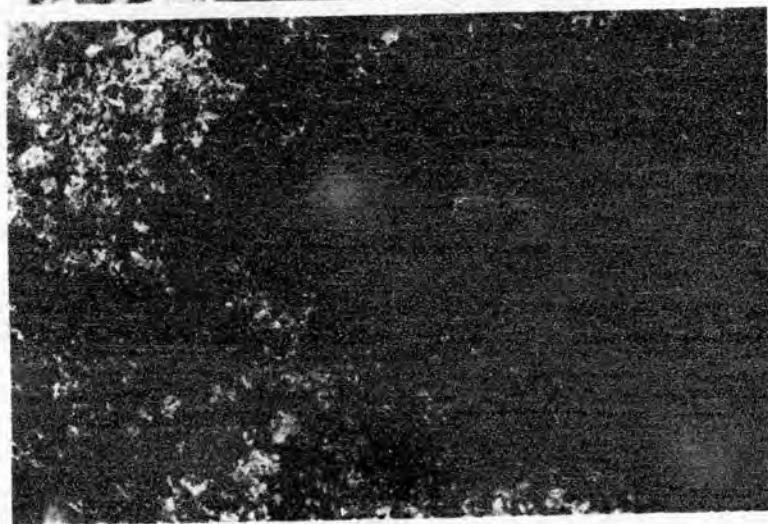
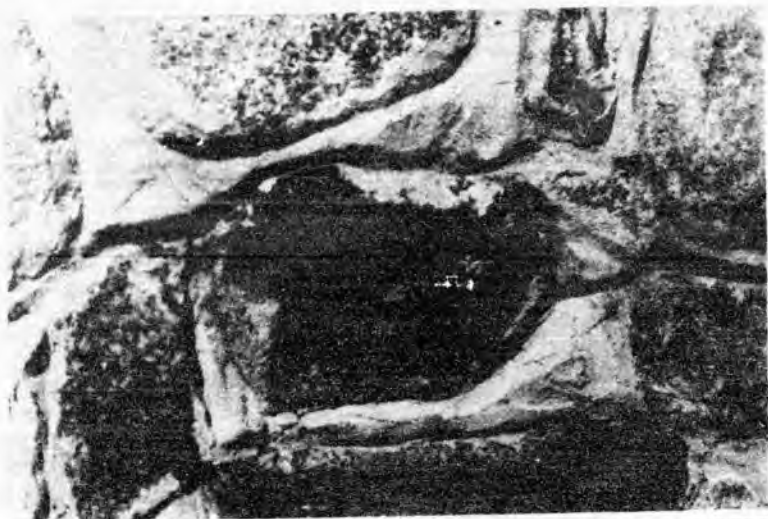
kind of physical function may be concealed in the as yet inscrutable happenings emerging from these rocks. The black substance which develops through crystallization from bionous matter of disintegrating rock was termed by me:

MELANOR

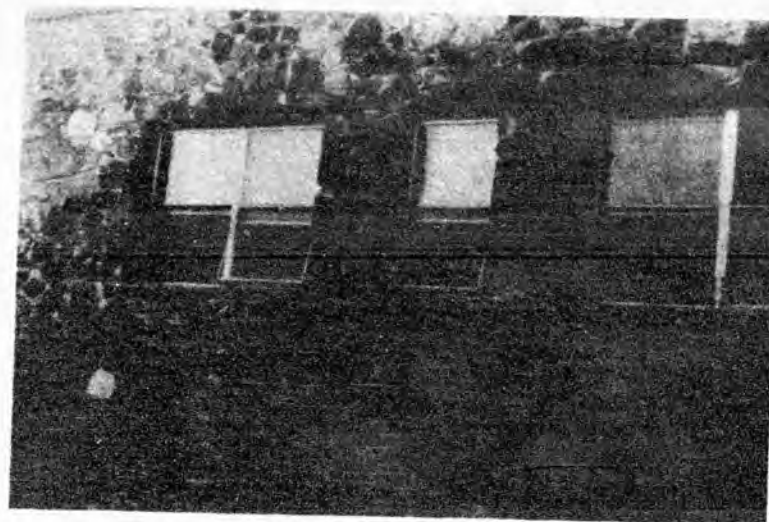
i.e., "Black OR."

The preceding report on the changing rocks was dictated on March 28, 1952, in my study at Orgonon where the active fireplace rocks are located. I had the impression, and an impression only, that the rocks were blackening visibly as I looked at them. This is not meant literally, of course, but one could clearly notice that the blackening of the rocks proceeded apace from hour to hour. Also, I had marked a few spots at the fireplace where the rock was deteriorated or blackened in such a manner that any additional blackening or deterioration had to become visible as a transgression of the red line. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, I felt very tired and worn out, and without having eaten lunch, I went to bed. My tiredness was so severe that I failed to open the window in my bedroom as I always was careful to do. I woke up at 21.00 hour from a heavy sleep with a dull head, and had difficulty in getting up. The bed on which I had slept is located at the wall opposite the bathtub. This bathtub had, as the reader will remember, yielded a count of up to 150 cpm on March 24, two days after the tornado struck in the Middle West. When I got up from the bed, I felt shaken and as if I were not in full possession of my balance. I stumbled out of the room after opening the window and began to attend to some instruments in the laboratory hall below. The opening of the windows alleviated the worst of the DOR effects after a short while, but the main impairment did not seem to budge.

After about two hours work, from 21.30 to 0.30 hour, I left the observatory building which in the meantime had become unbearably charged. I simply could not stay there any longer. I was nauseated; it was difficult to keep upright on my legs which felt heavy, as if the pull of gravity had increased many fold. The air was oppressive in spite of the wide-open windows. As I walked down the stairs toward the car, I had the feeling, which of course I could not corroborate objectively, that I "could not keep my body heat." It was no more than a feeling, but very distinct. It was as if the "sap of life" were draining out of me, as if the power of replenishing it were gone from me.



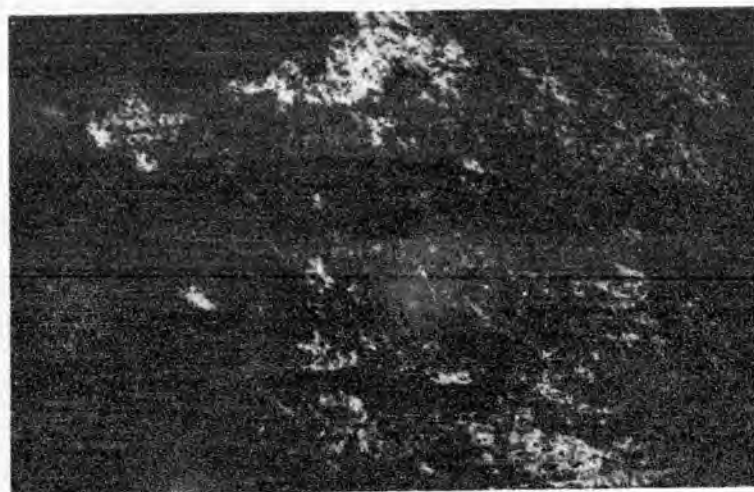
Two views of
SPONGY SURFACE
or *Melanor*-filled granite



MELANOR-AFFECTED ROCK WALL
at OR Energy Observatory

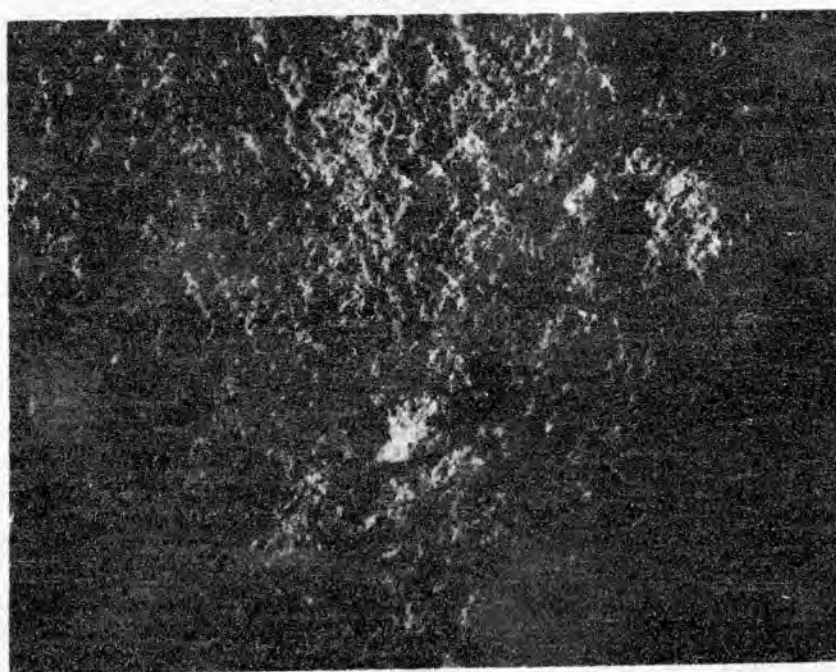


MELANOR
on rock surfaces



MELANOR

within powdery, gray granite rock surface



DOR AFFECTED ROCK

"Spongy" surface and powdery holes (encircled)

THE BLACKENING ROCKS

47

This frightened me somewhat, but not too much. It was as if I had not the power in me even to be interested in what was happening to me. When I reached the open fresh air, the situation improved slightly; however, I reached my car with difficulty, as if wavering. I waited for about fifteen minutes before I drove away. I did not trust my sense of balance since I was quivering severely deep inside. I drove down the half mile to the lower house, stopped my car just where I happened to be, walked into the house and had not the strength to undress. I threw myself on a small cot without undressing; I was only careful to have the window wide open.

It is of crucial importance to get hold of as many and as detailed manifestations of the DOR sickness as possible. This, I assure the reader, is the sole reason why I am describing details at such length. It is all new, and if mistakes from lack of knowledge are to be avoided in the course of further events, such procedure is obligatory.

I was unable to fall asleep. The inner quivering increased. Tremors ran wave-like up and down my body. I felt fascicular fibrillations in the musculature of my face, and my legs became numb. I was frightened. The power of reasoning was not impaired. On the contrary. It was as if the intellect were increasing its power of reasoning where the organism began to lose ground in the realm of autonomic functioning. I became thirsty and got up, but I could not stand on my legs. My reason told me that what I just went through subjectively, I had witnessed a year ago in many mice which had been exposed to Oranur and DOR. We had seen fascicular fibrillations, tremors, shiverings running wave-like up and down the organism, paralysis of the legs, loss of balance and cold perspiration as a sign of a lowered temperature, over a period of many months in hundreds of mice. It was astonishing to me that with this grave impairment of the autonomic functioning, the intellect could still be so highly active. I wondered whether these were the signs of DOR death, and for about an hour I felt that I would not live to see the morning.

I'm reporting this for entirely different reasons than to appear interesting or thrilling. All through that last year, when I lived continuously in the high-charged Oranur atmosphere in the observatory, there was, among others, one supreme thought in my mind:

HOW MUCH ORANUR AND DOR CAN AN ORGANISM TAKE: HOW CLOSE CAN AN ORGANISM GET TO ACTUAL CESSATION OF FUNCTIONING, i.e., DEATH, AND STILL RECUPERATE IN FRESH AIR?

The serious student of the Oranur Experiment will understand why this problem appeared to be of such crucial importance. There could be little doubt that Oranur, as DOR, can kill and *does* kill if a certain limit of tolerance is transcended. In the hundreds of mice which had died of Oranur disease, we had purposely gone to the utter limit. It was my intention to reach out as far as possible into the realm of death through Oranur, and then slowly to retrace my steps back toward the point where the Oranur dose is still deadly (DOR) and yet not deadly enough not to be removed by simple air ventilation. I had not, of course, intended to test it on my own organism; but when DOR had struck me so hard on that Friday, March 28, my mind operated feverishly to get the most out of it in case I should survive. It is plain what nearly had killed me: The going to sleep with closed windows for six hours in a highly charged and active Oranur + DOR atmosphere. Even with the appearance of the worst of deathly symptoms, my optimism did not seem to budge. Somehow, I felt that nothing bad would happen to me.

To return: I reached the water faucet, drank two full glasses of water, felt a filling up, as it were, of my insides right away, went back to bed and fell to sleep. After a few hours I woke up shivering from an inner "cold," although I had my heavy winter coat on. When I got up, I was still shaken, quivering and not in full command of my balance. Ilse Ollendorff, who saw me in the morning, said I looked bluish and sort of puffed up in the face, especially in eyes and jaw. This objective statement was clearly reflected in my inner feeling which was that of a severe deadly illness. Fresh air did not seem to relieve the pressure. I went to bed again. It is precisely here, at the point where the usual relief by airing failed, that one of our new problems sets in: *What is, exactly, the relationship of deadly Oranur, called DOR, to the atmospheric oxygen?* DOR seems to use up O_2 like fire. Oxygen relieves severe DOR distress.

Acceleration of the Blackening of the Rocks

Until Saturday, March 29, 1952, when I began to recuperate from DOR, I had not paid too much attention and had not worried too much about the deterioration of the rocks in my study. It is true, I knew that the rock was radiating through bionous disintegration, as the Sapa bions had done thirteen years back, in January, 1939, in Oslo, Norway. On March 30, in the early

morning, I went up to the observatory again. What I saw there that Sunday was truly frightening:

The front wall which had been built in 1948 from carefully selected rocks, and had presented a beautiful pattern of alternating gray, smooth rock and cement, showed half a dozen rocks which were black, like coal. I had seen blackening on the outside of the rock wall a week and two weeks before that day, but this blackening was restricted to single dots or spots which had attracted my attention but had not alarmed me. Now, however, when I saw many completely blackened rocks, like pitchblende, on the outside wall of the observatory, I knew that something of the utmost importance was happening. Today, September 10, 1952 *all* rocks in the building have been affected.

I would like to enumerate only a very few of the objective means of observing such phenomena.

We can mark certain rocks where we believe we have seen a darkening or a blackening, with red pencil or red ink and wait a day or two to see what happens to the marked area. Does it remain the same? Does it become narrower, or does it spread?

We could take photographs, colored and black and white. But we detect very soon that all our cameras which were located in the Oranur-infested atmosphere, have been knocked out of function. These cameras themselves, no matter whether film cameras or other cameras, have turned into Oranur-radiating devices themselves, and, accordingly, will ruin every single photographic plate, no matter whether kodachrome or black and white, which is put into them for as short a period as only one hour. One film after another in one camera after another refused to produce a picture. This had happened during the first weeks of the Oranur experiment in early 1951, and it was repeated in 1952, a year later, when I called a photographer from nearby Farmington to take colored pictures of some paintings in the observatory. It turned out that, with one exception, all kodachrome films were black, with blue color shining through. Blue, however, is the specific color of highly excited OR energy. Linked up with the basically bluish color of all orgone functions which become visible, and with the formerly successful photographs, taken on colored film, of orgone energy in high vacuum, it makes good sense. There are no ghosts around who supposedly spoil the camera. More will be said about this problem in a different context.

Another tool for controlling the connection between the blackening of the

rocks and the assumed high OR activity in the atmosphere is to put your palm at about 2 to 5 cm. distance from the blackened rock, and the other palm at about the same distance from an untouched rock. The difference in the sensation of heat and prickling is marked. Now one replaces the palms by thermometers and sees clearly the difference in temperature between the darkened and the undarkened rocks.

A further proof of the high OR activity of blackened rocks is the fact that one cannot sleep in the vicinity of such rocks for several hours without waking up parched, nauseated, exhausted, with loss of equilibrium and the other symptoms which were extensively described at the beginning of this account as signs of DOR sickness.

The blackening of the rocks appeared, beyond any doubt, a day or two after the tornado in the Middle West had struck on March 21, 1952. Now the blackening of the rocks seemed to progress at an accelerated pace. It was particularly striking that at the *outside* wall of the observatory building, that is, in the fresh, open air, the blackening seemed to go on at an even faster pace and more intensely. Here, too, the rocks from which the observatory was built were hand-picked gray rocks with smooth surfaces. In certain places, now, the rocks developed completely black surfaces, and the blackness spread quickly to several formerly gray rocks in the vicinity.

There were rocks which still showed a bright gray frame within which a streaky black structure appeared. The radiation from these rocks was unmistakably distinguishable with outstretched tongue, as heat and prickling at the palm, and especially as an intolerable sensory perception, in its close vicinity. However, the GM Counter did not react to the rock, but only at some distance, several feet away from the rock. It was the OR energy in the atmosphere which reacted to or against Melanor.

Now, the changes in the rocks within the building were easily understandable on the basis of the accumulation of OR energy in unventilated, closed rooms. However, an accumulation of OR effects in the free, open space, was quite a novelty, even to me, who in the course of many years had become quite accustomed to such surprises. It was not readily comprehensible what FUNCTION manifested itself in this blackening of the *outside* rock. There was no NR in the vicinity of the observatory, to explain the irritation. The old NR sources of 1951 (3mg. Ra) had been long ago removed to about three-quarters of a mile distance for the observatory. It was clearly demonstrable

by way of the Geiger Müller Counter, that the OR field of the observatory extended no more than from fifty to a hundred feet beyond the outer walls; accordingly, there seemed to be no explanation whatsoever for the irritant agent. The NR source, three-quarters of a mile away, could not be it.

The puzzle remained unsolved for several days which were filled with worries and desperate attempts to solve the riddle of the oppressive blackening rocks. The basic problem to be solved was: Would these reactions increase endlessly, and HOW, IF AT ALL, COULD IT BE STOPPED?

Before it would be at all possible to stop the reaction, one had necessarily to understand how it came about that *outside* rocks became active, with no irritant factor in the vicinity. An irritation by the distant NR sources of 3 mg. Ra had to be excluded since these sources were too far removed to constitute an irritant of such potency.

An answer began to form when, to our great distress, the "lower cabin," where my family lived, and which had been free of ill effects until then, began to become intolerable with heavy pressure and all the severe DOR reaction symptoms. It was incomprehensible how this change came about. Not until the following day did the origin of this change become clear. *A few rocks at the fireplace in the living room began to blacken.* I was at that moment the only one who saw it. Those who were with me seemed too uncertain in their judgement and sometimes their judgement was even impaired by understandable fear. I was careful to observe single rocks, and there could be no doubt about it at all. One special rock, about ten inches long and one inch wide, turned completely black. There were others. Careful markings with read pencil demonstrated the progressive nature of this process. On March 30, my distress reached a very high degree of desperation combined with a feeling of certainty that the problem would solve itself in a beneficial manner; however, the despair was grave. That evening, two persons began unequivocally to see what I had seen already twenty-four hours before. There could be no doubt about it. The whole fireplace darkened progressively. An evacuation of the whole of Orgonon seemed to become necessary as long as it was impossible to understand the DOR reaction and to stop it.

I repeat: The presence of 3 mg. NR far out in the fields could not possibly explain what was going on, and therefore a removal of this NR source was at first not contemplated.

The night was passed in sleeplessness and distress. The gravity of the reaction was the more striking since the weather on that Sunday night had

cleared up completely. A beautiful, starry sky and a dry air severely contradicted the heavy DOR reaction. Also, a beautiful aurora display with a clear-cut R-76 (see COSMIC SUPERIMPOSITION) added to the beauty of that night.

I must assume that I had been strongly impressed by the aurora display that night, which was particularly clearly expressed in strongly outgoing pulsatory movements which seemed to reach out into space, as it were, in a desperate manner and with resolution. This, of course, was only my emotional reaction to the strongly impressive aurora display, corresponding to its own strong orgone-physical movements. However, the following morning, a peculiar thought struck my mind:

COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT THE ACTIVE ROCKS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE OBSERVATORY WALLS WERE REACHING OUT WITH THEIR OR FIELD ENERGY AS IF TO REACH AND TO COMBAT THE 3 MG NR SOURCE WHICH WAS ACTUALLY OUT OF ITS REACH?

In order to illustrate this peculiar thought, imagine an animal in a cage, clearly seeing, feeling and smelling an irritant object a few feet away from the cage, but unable to reach it. The inevitable result, this is quite evident, would be that the Life Energy *within* this animal would get more and more excited and would try to reach out from the prison and get at that irritating, ghastly, impossible thing *out there*, which was right in front of its nose, and yet so hopelessly unreachable.

Once again, the bio-energetic, emotional aspect of orgone energy helped to solve a merely physical problem by way of their common basic identity. Hunters use this reaching-out in training hunting dogs to run after a rabbit which is constantly kept at an unbridgeable distance ahead of the nose of the frustrated animal. The longer I thought about it, the less peculiar the fact appeared to me, the more convinced I became that I had reached the proper answer to the riddle.

I discussed this thought with a worker who understood it right away, and we agreed that the source of 3 mg. NR should be removed far out of sight and reach. It was decided to deposit it eleven miles away in a safe place, in a gravel pit a hundred feet away from the road from Oquossoc to Rumford, on Route 17, and to have it marked in red with "Keep Off" and "Danger." Sheriff Dyer from Rangeley was informed by letter, the following day, of the deposition of the NR source, which, far removed from concentrated OR energy, in a little-inhabited area of about forty-five miles between Oquossoc and Rumford, could not possibly do any harm. At that moment, I did not

know of other irritants which would irritate OR still more than NR ever could.

Two workers who had transported the 3 mg. NR eleven miles, reported that they had felt a "pull-like sensation" during the entire trip, which came from the NR source some six to seven feet away from them in the back of the truck. Only a year ago, before Oranur had come under way, I myself and many of my assistants didn't feel at all an NR source as close as twelve inches away. Thus, Oranur had made possible a deep and practically very efficient awareness as well as abhorrence of nuclear material.

However, we soon learned that the removal of the NR did not alleviate the distress. I still thought in too narrow ways.

The Black Disappears from the Rocks

The most careful controls were conducted in order to keep the objective evidence cleanly separated from the subjective observations. Among these objective controls, I have mentioned on many occasions the inner logic which, completely independent of my own desires, wishes or expectations, was inherent in the great developments in orgone research. I have mentioned shortly before, that true findings corroborate themselves by further factual developments:

When I saw the rocks blackening for the first time, I did not trust my own senses; I repudiated the clearest impressions; I refused to believe that such a thing as blackening of bright gray rocks could ever be possible. I repudiated it in spite of the concurrent thought that quite logically, every kind of mineral substance must have developed from something else sometime long ago. I could not dispel the other logical thought that, since I was operating with the primordial cosmic energy, functions would naturally turn up which would point in the direction of the most remote astrophysical or geological developments. I had been fully aware all the time, since about 1936, that in the shape of OR, man was about to discover what he called "God" or "Creator." Thus, I was emotionally and intellectually well prepared to meet the changes in the rocks of my observatory.

THE OBJECTIVE CORROBORATION OF AND LOGICAL SEQUENCE TO THE BLACKENING OF THE ROCK WAS THE *recession of the blackness* A FEW HOURS AFTER THE IRRITATING NU MATERIAL HAD BEEN REMOVED TO A DISTANCE OF ELEVEN MILES. This recession was clearly observable, though the same hesitation to admit the observation as in the process of blackening, was also present in its recession.

Completely blackened rocks which had been marked as such with red pencil, began, after a few hours and over the following two days, increasingly to show bright grayish streaks and spots in many places which extended very slowly, usually from the periphery of the rock toward the central parts.

Spontaneous Cessation of DOR

On March 31, 1952, at 9:40 A.M., shortly after the NR source was removed from Orgonon, a sudden relief from the heavy pressure in the atmosphere was felt by all present, five people in all. The pressure emanating from the darkening fireplace ceased. This was corroborated by one person who was typing. She said spontaneously, "About ten minutes ago, my head suddenly cleared." Another one said, "I felt suddenly about the same time, an upsurge of heat." A third person, too, felt a yielding of the pressure at about the same time. She said that when she came down to Orgonon that morning and had reached Dodge Pond, she felt a severe pressure of Oranur; until a few minutes ago the pressure was still there, and she had felt a sudden cessation of this pressure.

About half an hour later, the following happened: I was dictating to a secretary the events of March 28-30, when my eye fell quite accidentally on a narrow rock of about three-quarters of an inch in width at the fireplace in the lower cabin, which rock, from my memory of yesterday, had stood out as a rock completely blackened. To my amazement, the blackness in the rock receded, or, to express it more in accordance with my amazement, seemed to recede. The original gray color of the rock substance seemed to recur. The speed of the brightening roughly corresponded to the speed of the blackening. However, there was no way of exactly measuring the progress of these functions since they varied greatly in different rocks, in different places, and also with their position inside or outside the building. Also, the geographic direction of their position seemed to play some role. A very rough, uncertain conjecture would put the maximum at about 1/8th of an inch in a day, and the minimum at the same amount within several days.

When I returned to the observatory on Monday, March 31, in the afternoon, several hours after the removal of the NR source, and 48 hours after my collapse, when the rocks had appeared blackest, a clearing up and brightening was clearly discernible to my eyes as well as to the eyes of our caretaker and other observers.

The microscopic examination of samples from the still blackish and already grayish-whitish parts of the affected rocks, corroborated fully the gross observation; this will be reported at a later date.

How Far Do Oranur and DOR Reach?

On Thursday, April 17, the pressure at Orgonon became unbearable again. The urge to get out of the vicinity of Orgonon was insuperable. Within a few minutes, a suitcase was packed and I left for Farmington, 44 miles away. On the way down from Rangeley, I could clearly feel the pressure lessening until at a distance from Orgonon of about 15 miles, I felt relieved. It was a pleasure to stop at the roadside, to open all doors and windows and compartments of the car and to let everything "air out." The car, too, had been overcharged, just as our workers had reported over the year from many places. My face was flushed, my eyes were heavily injected and burned. I looked as though I were severely sunburned, even on my body which was covered with apparel. I still felt nauseated and restless. But the pressure had undoubtedly diminished. The pressure returned in the vicinity of the car, but some 100 feet away it lessened clearly. As soon as I got into the car again and began to drive, the pressure and the discomfort returned. It was necessary to pause several times and to get away from the car.

At Farmington, upon entering the hotel room, I felt as if I had taken DOR with me. The windows had to be kept opened. With windows closed, the atmosphere felt unbearable after only a few minutes.

Saturday morning, I returned to Orgonon in order to equip myself with some books and other necessities. On the way up to Rangeley, the pressure set in unmistakably where it had left me the previous day on the way down to Farmington, i.e., some 15 miles from Orgonon. At the place of change, the vegetation also seemed clearly to change. There was more sap in the trees, the tips of the branches were redder in the birches and the buds were larger where the pressure was felt. I had noticed that Farmington, several hundred feet closer to sea level than Orgonon, was far behind the latter in the development of the buds of the trees. I could stay at Orgonon only very briefly and had to "run" again down to Farmington.

It is essential to mention these details. *IF* Oranur travels and can no longer be controlled, it would seem of paramount importance to learn what it can do to various organisms in various situations of an emotional or atmospheric nature.

At noon the following day, I met my daughter Eva who had arrived from Gorham where she went for her Easter vacation. She had a lot to tell.

She mentioned the fact that she could not stand the vicinity of any X-ray machine, and that her microscope, which had been exposed to Oranur at Orgonon one year ago, affected certain people in the hospital, causing malaise, discomforts of various kinds, and even disequilibrium. The picture of Oranur sickness thus continued to go toward completion and to become more distinct as to the typical and atypical symptoms.

In the hospital where my daughter worked with newborn infants, she was able to observe many Oranur effects which had been established merely by the presence of an oranurized microscope. Some physicians and patients had reacted to Oranur, others had not. Eva had to remove her radium-dialed wrist watch. This gave me the idea that a swelling on my left hand may have been caused by wearing my laboratory radium-dialed wrist watch. I had disregarded this watch because I had thought that OR had rendered Ra harmless. However, it now seemed clear that the swelling of my left hand could have been caused by Oranur reaction of my arm to the Ra wrist watch. An edema, two inches in diameter, had developed where the veins on the back of the hand branch out toward the wrist. The return flow of the blood had been impeded. The swelling had developed a few weeks before I became aware of its cause, and it was painful. Also the severe Oranur reaction in the car may have been due to Ra action upon Oranur. I had a watchmaker remove the radium from the dial of my wrist watch, and orders were given that all other Ra painted watches should be taken out of the vicinity of Oranur. The swelling later disappeared from my left wrist.

Travelling in the car for any length of time was not possible even after the removal of the Ra wrist watch. At every feasible occasion, we stopped at the roadside and opened all compartments for airing. Otherwise, after a while, it felt like sitting under an ultra-violet sunlamp. Our faces were burned up, flushed and hot. On the whole, the physical and emotional situation under Oranur felt like a *chronic, mild SUN-STROKE*.

These preliminary steps were important for the 250-mile trip I planned in connection with the testing of Oranur around Orgonon. I would have done it long ago had my portable GM counter not gone out of order, and had replacements been readily available.

April 21, 1952

I returned to Orgonon in the early morning bringing my son to Rangeley school from Farmington 44 miles away where he had taken a rest. I stayed at Orgonon during the day and the following night. The pressure and discomfort were unbearable. Toward evening, nausea set in and it increased during the night to such an extent that sleep was made impossible. I felt parched, dried out, as if I were shrinking from lack of water. The observatory remained unusable. In the evening, I noticed that the GM Counter SU-5 was operating again. After an initial strong discharge effect of up to 20,000 cpm, the indicator needle returned very slowly to about 100 cpm and later to about 60-80 cpm, still a rather high activity. After several hours and again on the following morning, the initial discharge effect was again noticeable in the vicinity of the same range of about 20,000 cpm, and again the needle returned to about twice the normal background count.

The disturbances which appear in the portable battery-operated survey meter are still not comprehensible. However, a few clarifying outlines may be mentioned:

When an atmospheric hyperactivity of more than 100,000 cpm affect the device over a long period of time (half an hour or more), the device "*jams*." This is first visible in that the indicator needle rushes, on all scales, toward the highest count and beyond. This first reaction is usually followed by an apparent weakening and fading out of the indicator. The batteries seem to be completely exhausted. This reaction is stronger in cold weather than in warm weather. However, it is not a matter of weakened or exhausted batteries. Otherwise, the function could not return as it does to normal.

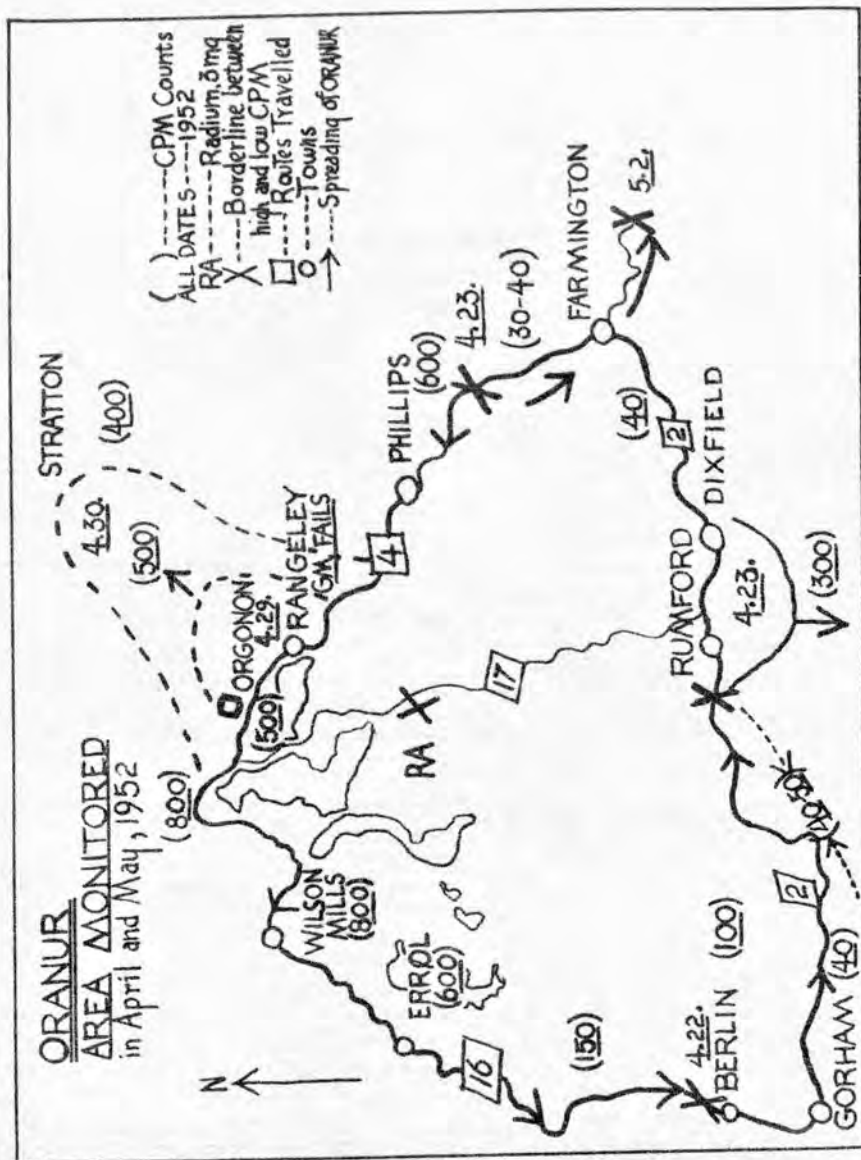
The following morning, with the reservation that the device may have gone out of order, I obtained the following results:

Time	Place	CPM
7 A.M.	Lower cabin	60-100
7:15 A.M.	Students' Laboratory	200-80
7:30 A.M.	Doc Grant's Restaurant, Rangeley, town 4 miles away, on street	200-300
7:55 A.M.	Inside Doc Grant's Restaurant	200; 400; 800; 600; 250; 300; 140

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The diagram on page 58 depicts graphically the results of a 230-mile round trip which I made April 22 and 23, 1952, in order to determine, if possible, the borderlines of the high atmospheric activity. It shows an area of about 50 miles diameter under excitement. Note particularly the following facts:

- (To be continued)



A Grave Therapeutic Problem

By ELSWORTH F. BAKER, M.D.

One of the tasks of the Orgonomist is to accustom the individual to tolerate functioning at higher energy levels. This may be a very trying and even disastrous undertaking in a patient of high charge and little or no ability to make the adjustment.

Such was the case of a thirty-one-year old housewife who complained of extreme nervousness and said she felt frightened about something, she could not define what and had been this way for the past six months or one month following the birth of her fourth baby. At the onset she felt something slowly creeping up the back of her neck and thought she had developed tuberculosis. She had a feeling of pressure in her head and was afraid of losing her mind. Her legs were weak, particularly in the morning when she was especially nervous. She had had a constant ringing in her ears which had since disappeared, palpitation of her heart, an occasional headache and a variable appetite. Her bowels were constipated, she was sleepless at night, was afraid of harming her children and worried constantly about her husband's safety. She had a paralyzing fear of thunderstorms. She consulted various physicians, improved temporarily, but during the past week her nervousness had increased to the point where she could not remain alone. Her husband had to leave his work and stay with her. She felt much better when he was present. She had been married seven years, having known her husband eight months prior to her marriage. He was her only love and she insisted that the marriage had been entirely congenial. Both were Roman Catholic, but she claimed that she was not very religious while he was quite devout. Sexually, she had been anesthetic particularly since the birth of her last baby. Prior to this she had had occasional genital sensation and prior to her marriage she experienced some pleasure in the sexual act but had never had a climax. She had had no genital

contact with anyone except her husband. She had never been able to masturbate, within her memory. The sexual act was not disgusting; she merely experienced no pleasure. Because of her worry over becoming pregnant for a fifth time she persuaded her husband to agree to contraception (that is a diaphragm) although it was against his principles. She had no complaints about her children but admitted she did not enjoy them as much as she did before her illness. Her father, to whom she was much attached, died suddenly of a heart attack when she was sixteen. He was an alcoholic. Her mother was living and well, cold and dominant.

She was very much frightened about her condition and extremely anxious to be helped. She impressed me as being serious and honest and agreed readily to cooperate with any treatment necessary. She was a rather large, stately, well proportioned, beautiful, business-looking woman. On the couch she presented a striking picture of rigidity. One felt she could be lifted up by her head without bending. Her arms hugged her sides, shoulders were tight, her legs were crossed and her head was held fixed by a very prominent spastic neck. Her jaws were tightly closed, her eyes were wide open and anxious to the point of panic. She watched me constantly with a marked suspicion. Her pupils were widely dilated, pulse 96, her face was frozen, her neck and face were flushed, her body was quite warm, except her legs and thighs which were cool. Her chest was held high, not moving. Her spinal muscles were hard and spastic, pelvis was immovable and her thighs which she held tightly together were very spastic and tender. Everything about her indicated that she was holding in against great tension and seemed about ready to explode. She was quite bristly and ready to argue against any suggestion. Finding herself on the couch was very embarrassing to her and she complained that she was not accustomed to lying with so little clothes on in front of a man. I reminded her that I was a physician and recalled her four pregnancies. Just the same she felt exposed and threatened but denied any fear of me. She scoffed at any thoughts of a sexual attack and said she understood the necessity of the examination. She finally admitted that she was most concerned because her abdomen was "not flat" and she had worried very much about her shape since the birth of her babies. She said she could not help being embarrassed but wanted to cooperate and would do anything to get well. She added that she had heard a great deal about me and had complete confidence in me. She wanted to continue. Her forehead and cheeks were stiff and she could scarcely move them. But when I asked her to make a face she

showed the most murderous hate I have ever seen on the couch. However, she had no contact whatever with this expression nor did she have with her suspicion, and with the latter she never did acquire any contact. I asked her to express rage; she stiffened even more and said, "I won't do that—it's foolish." I got the same reaction with every attempt at getting her to express any emotion or sound. I explained that some day she would have to respond to all of these were she ever to get well and if this seemed too much she was free to stop right now. She was determined to go on and pleaded that I just give her time, she would cooperate. Thus started my greatest battle against human defenses, calling for all my patience, determination and ingenuity for 177 sessions, and I lost.

In the following sessions I explained her biophysical state in detail—her high energy, her defenses against its free flowing sensations, our aim to break down her defenses which would release energy that must be drained off by emotional expression or it would only result in an increase of her panic; thus the necessity that she learn to give in to her feelings and express them. I reassured her about her anxiety, pointing out that although it was distressing, it meant that she was very much alive but merely afraid of that life. I tried repeatedly to make her aware of her suspicion but she denied any awareness of it or any mistrust of me. Her embarrassment continued and I may say that except for short periods, it persisted with the suspicion to the bitter end. She seemed to understand very clearly my explanations and I felt that at least I could depend on her best ability to help. I now asked her to breathe as fully as she could, emphasizing breathing out, and to be embarrassed if she must but not to let it interfere with her cooperation. She objected even to breathing, belittled the request, said she thought it was silly and what would it accomplish anyway. I pointed out her defense, reminded her that I had explained all of this before and that I had no intention of arguing every point with her. Also that her bristlyness was covering up her fear and her suspicion of me. I asked her if she thought I just wanted her to appear foolish and if she thought I would ask her to do foolish things. She promised to cooperate and challenged me to continue, making feeble efforts at breathing but without moving her chest. I applied light pressure on her chest and she immediately became very upset, belligerent and said she would not stand for such treatment. I sat back, patiently explained everything again and asked her if she wanted to stop. Again her promises to cooperate and her determination to continue. I may say that each succeeding step followed a similar pattern until

it became almost routine to say we have to take another machine gun nest. Finally I mobilized her chest fairly well and got her to make sighing sounds although she objected at first because it sounded "too sexual." She also objected that the position she assumed on the couch was too sexual. I then set about loosening her jaws, spinal muscles and her neck. This was a real problem. Her neck and shoulders refused to give and I pointed out her stiff-necked attitude, her righteousness, the necessity to be strong, always blaming others and unable to accept blame herself. She was a perfectionist. She finally admitted that she thought it was weak to show one's feelings. She reproached me that she wasn't an animal and said she was afraid I wanted to make an animal out of her. I remarked that animals were more rational than humans and that if her beliefs would not allow her to be just a human animal I could not help her and she should stop. She said health meant more to her than her religion, and we continued.

Now I tried to get her to express fear by screaming, but ran into a complete block. She became very bristly, belittling and said she would do no such thing. She asked if I wanted people to think she was crazy. I told her I did not accept "won't" and if it was that she could stop. If, however, it was a matter of "can't" I could understand and we would just have to try to find out why. Finally with great difficulty she did admit that she could not scream. No sound would come. She did not know how to go about it and the thought of screaming made her panicky. We concentrated on mobilizing her forehead and eyes, particularly looking anxiously from side to side and trying to make contact with her suspicion. I encouraged her to breathe in gasps and repeatedly tried to get her to scream. She simply could not. All I accomplished was to make her more upset without any release. Her facial expression when not frozen continued to show the murderous hate. I decided that this must be faced first, feeling that her panic was at least in part due to the fear of her own murderous impulses. I tried to accustom her to this face. She made it several times. I imitated it but she still claimed that she did not feel it. I finally got her to make sounds with her hateful expression and encouraged her to hit the couch. All of this was accomplished over the usual protests, belittling remarks and "I won'ts." She hit timidly. I began to irritate her. I told her that she was too nice to hate, that she must be strong and keep in her emotions, and I reminded her that she was no animal. Finally she became explosively angry and started hitting me harder and harder

until I was quite bruised. I allowed her to continue because here at least was some success and I did not want to discourage it. For several sessions she beat me, twisted my arm, beat the couch and bit a towel. She preferred beating me. Each outburst was followed by trembling which embarrassed her. During one session she suddenly recalled that as a little girl 8 or 9 years old, she was sitting alone in a room and suddenly saw a man's face at the window. She became very frightened and now she recognized it as the face she had been making. However, she continued to make the murderous face and still she raged, hurling epithets at me. She seemed to enjoy it. She said I didn't understand her, that I was trying to make an animal out of her, etc. Finally I suspected that this could go on forever if we allowed it and that her continued expression of hate was covering up something deeper. She raged and screamed but still her neck and shoulders remained as rigid as ever. Her pupils, however, were no longer dilated and her pulse remained in the low 80's. I finally told her I thought she had expressed enough rage, that I thought she was using it to cover up something else and I wanted her to stop. I continued to point out her need to be strong, her fear of being weak, her competition with men and her resentment of them, reminding her of her bristly attitude, her belittling remarks, her attempts to make me ineffective by her "I won'ts" and how she crippled her husband by making him stay at home and be a nursemaid. She kept denying the validity of my remarks, complaining that really she was weak or she would be able to stay alone and that all she wanted was to get over her anxiety so she could be a good wife and mother. She sobbed frequently but each time tried to control her sobbing and became provoked at herself for being so weak. I discussed my concern over the fact that she found it so difficult to give in to her emotions and I did not know how far it was possible for her to go. Her invariable reply was that she had to get well. I had still made no progress with her neck and shoulders but in spite of this and with some misgivings I set about mobilizing her pelvis and thighs. Here she objected almost ferociously. She held her thighs tightly together and said she would stand for no such treatment. Again the explanations, the aim of therapy and the reminder that she could stop. Again we proceeded. To my great amazement, when her thighs became soft her shoulders and neck gave spontaneously and her breathing was much easier with the impulse going well into the pelvis. I had her strike the couch with her pelvis and to try to feel the hate that was there and bring it out. She now accused me of being a sexual beast. She said that all I thought of was sex

and I was trying to make her feel the same. With much embarrassment and a great deal of reproach she admitted beginning to feel sexually excited on the couch. We discussed her sexual life in detail. She resented her puritan upbringing, felt that she should have had more sexual experience. She resented her husband being so devout and that it had been necessary to force birth control on him against his religion. She dared not look at other men, although she found them attractive and interesting to speculate about. Genital feelings began to develop for the first time since the birth of her oldest child. I suggested that her fears of being alone or of going out might be a fear of immorality and that she needed her husband to protect her from herself. On a deeper level she was afraid to surrender. She lost the suspicion in her eyes and gradually developed a strong attraction to me. Her lips began to quiver and I had her give in to the urge with longing and reaching. She admitted that she was in love with me but made sure that I did not get the idea that she wanted an affair. She felt much better, became comfortable, could remain alone in the house and go to town by herself. Genital contact with her husband became pleasurable and she even reported an occasional climax—something she had never experienced before.

However, after a short respite of a few weeks, her anxiety returned. Her fears of insanity became acute, summer was coming and her old fear of lightning returned which I told her was a fear of her own streamings. She remembered as a child having this same fear. Her mother, too, was afraid of lightning. She no longer could go out. She feared sudden death and developed an intense fear of falling. Even when walking on the level floor she had to hang onto chairs. She dared not go out on the street. Climbing stairs was a real problem and she could not go on the second floor unless her husband were with her. I explained her orgasm anxiety and encouraged her to give in during the genital embrace. She noticed that as sensation increased she would stiffen and hold her breath. She was afraid of making noises. That would be insanity. I held her head back and encouraged her to surrender to her body. She struggled for a moment as one drowning but finally breathed fully and the reflex appeared. She immediately felt very relaxed, the panic disappeared from her face and she was radiant and soft. I relaxed and sighed a deep sigh. Therapy so far had required 90 bitterly fought hours. This state lasted for two days during which she felt very alive and well, full of confidence and without anxiety. Suddenly her former state reappeared and I never achieved as much again. She had touched the door of health but could

not maintain it. On looking back, it seemed that I had essentially forced each step on her and with each she seemed equally unprepared. She had entered into nothing willingly even though she persisted in continuing and never seemed to have any real contact with what was happening. Her anxiety reappeared together with her suspicion, the murderous look in her face, her bristly, belittling attitude and her stiff neck. Genital feelings remained. There was nothing to do but start all over again, particularly keeping in mind the necessity of establishing real contact. She had never felt her suspicion nor overcome her embarrassment. Repeated explanations, discussion and her own experiences in therapy never overcame the bitter fight necessary for each new step. Frankly, she had gone through 90 sessions without accepting anything. I concentrated on her suspicion and her stiff necked, unyielding attitude and discussed in greater detail her sexual life, her thoughts and her fantasies. I learned nothing new. She loved her husband. There was not a thing against him, he was ideal, certainly she would leave him if she did not love him, her religion would not stand in her way nor would she keep the home together just because of the four children. She wanted to get well, in fact she had to and she was sick of being so miserable. I turned to discussions of her father. She loved to talk about him but these discussions were equally unproductive. He was the most admired person in her life, in fact she married her husband because he was in many ways like her father. He was kind and understanding and she felt safe with him as she did with her father. She recalled many wonderful days when she went on trips with her father, many delightful evenings talking to him; she resented her mother who seemed jealous of their companionship. She was much broken up when he died suddenly. Although her father was alcoholic she rather remarkably recalled no unpleasant experiences in this respect and consistently minimized this habit. She could recall no sexual thoughts or feelings toward him, just admiration and a feeling of contact. In fact, she remembered no genital urge prior to falling in love with her husband. She could fantasy genital contact with him without disgust but at the same time without feeling, as she insisted she had never had any such urge nor did she now.

While we were in the midst of this discussion her mother-in-law made plans to visit them for a month. As time drew closer for the visit she became increasingly angry. She brought out many bitter things against her, against her husband's whole family and finally against her husband. She remained

angry until her mother-in-law left. She complained bitterly that her husband was spineless, that he seemed more concerned about his mother's feelings than he did hers. He wasn't man enough to send his mother away when he found how it upset her. He insisted on taking his mother to church every Sunday and she had to be dragged along to avoid family scenes. She finally decided she would leave him; at last she knew she never loved him but put up with him because he resembled her father. Emotionally she felt much better. She again could remain alone, in fact much preferred it to being with her mother-in-law. She went out at every opportunity to escape the woman she hated so much, and even came to therapy without her husband, which was something really new for her. She looked admiringly at other men and one man in particular excited her sexually. She began to lose genital feelings for her husband but her desire was there and continued unfulfilled. She had no desire to masturbate but denied any feelings against it. For about six weeks she was thus comparatively comfortable but sexually unfulfilled. Finally her mother-in-law left and gradually she began to see her husband once more in a better light. She even began to deny the hatred she had expressed for him. She was sure she loved him and he was the only man she had ever loved. However, she rapidly lost genital sensation, finally becoming as anesthetic as before. Her anxiety returned with increasing intensity; her stiff neck and her suspiciousness remained fixed. I persisted in following up her suspicion, her stiff neck and repeatedly pointed out her righteousness, her perfectionism, the need to be strong and her fear of leaving her husband in spite of her resentment toward him. She began to turn on me. I was trying to break up her home, I was just a sexual beast, I did not adequately handle her transference for me, I skipped over it too quickly, I had not understood it properly and would not let her talk about it enough, in fact all I was interested in was making an animal out of her. The issue of her transference came up many times and I felt she must be right, that I had not handled it properly but I could find no more clues as to what I had done wrong. (I suspect it was not so much how I handled it but that she could not accept her failure to win me.) I became quite concerned about her condition and suggested a consultation with Wilhelm Reich. She consistently refused until Reich had left for Maine when she agreed to see him and later used this repeatedly to plague me because I had not arranged a consultation. I frankly told her my concern, suggested that she go to another therapist who might

see what I had missed, but she turned down each suggestion. At the same time she kept taunting me to do something. Each time I would demonstrate that her taunting was only effective in frustrating me because when I tried she would only stiffen, say "I won't" and finally beg off until the next session. I showed her how she was castrating me and castrating therapy and suggested that she stop since it seemed useless to continue. Her answer was always the same. She wanted to go on, she had to get well. I discussed her situation and said I did not know if she could get well, whether she could stand health and full genitality. At the same time I hesitated to simply discharge her because of her acute anxiety and her distressing symptoms. Instead of easing, as I hoped, they became more intense as the days passed. She feared imminent death, felt she was going to explode, was certain she was going violently insane and developed a severe dizziness. I kept reassuring her and explaining her orgasm anxiety. She maintained that she loved her husband. I finally told her that she would simply have to understand what was happening and give in, to surrender to her feelings as she had once done, and make up her mind to face her daily living in spite of her anxiety. With this I lengthened the time between sessions, at first twice a month then once a month. This continued for a whole year. To my surprise she adjusted fairly well, reporting each time that she had not been too miserable until a day or two before she was due to return and I suggested that she go on her own and call me only if she really needed me.

I saw her twice in the next six months at the end of which she called for an appointment, came in and sat down, said she did not want to be on the couch but wanted to know what I intended to do for her, saying that she had been coming a long time and was no better. I told her I could promise her nothing, had never promised her anything and suggested she see someone else. She wanted to know if she could see Reich. I told her I would arrange it if she would be willing to make the trip to Maine. She asked for an appointment the following week. This time she got on the couch. I pointed out her suspicious attitude, her hostility. Her neck was as spastic as ever, she had considerable stasis and her spine muscles were hard and tender. I was able to release her spine and dissolved much of the spasm in her neck, in fact her neck became quite soft and she felt much better after the session.

I then heard nothing for two months when I received a call from her husband. He told me that his wife was very miserable, that he had to stay home with her and that he could not go on indefinitely away from his work,

that she had had a great deal of confidence in me and had come a long time without benefit and now they found it necessary to take her to a good psychiatrist and pay fifteen or twenty dollars a session which he could scarcely afford, so that he felt they had got a "raw deal." He told me that I had asked her once if she wanted her money back and that now she did. I asked him if she had told him the rest of the story: that once when she made a slurring remark about therapy I had asked her if she wanted her money back and to stop, but she refused and continued coming. I did not feel that that offer still held. He then asked me what suggestions I had and I told him I was not in a very good position to make suggestions, that he would have to decide for himself. An appointment was made for both of them to see me and discuss the situation.

At this interview it was quite apparent that she was the dominant one. He sat meekly and said nothing except to support her when she asked him to. Her eyes were wide open, suspicious, her face was filled with hate as she told me what a "raw deal" she had gotten from me. She said that at one time I had been a respected analyst, recommended by the physicians in the county and that she had come full of confidence, that she had expected that I would analyze her but instead I experimented on her with Orgone Therapy. She felt she should have been analyzed as she was not a case for Orgone Therapy and I should have known it. I had wasted her time and money and did not help her, the least I could do was to return her money, that Orgone Therapy was not accepted by the medical profession and that I was now thought very poorly of by the doctors in the county and several of my other patients felt that they had had a similarly "raw deal." Now she was forced to go to a psychiatrist who would analyze her. He had told her it would take a year and if I would not return her money I should at least pay his fees. I reminded her that I had never promised her a cure, that she had not paid for a cure but had paid for my time and experience, that I had charged her only half of my regular fee, had given her longer than the usual sessions and had contributed my best ability. I did not feel obligated to her in any way although I was sincerely sorry I had been unable to help her. I told her I did not pretend to help everyone. She replied by saying that she would take it to court. I told her that was her privilege. I have heard nothing since.

We have seen here a case of a very alive woman with a high charge and an insuperable pelvic block who was driven by therapy closer and closer to a genitality she could not tolerate. She had no course other than to turn on the

one who drove her to such misery and attempt to destroy him. There was much that was right in her attack on me. Quite probably she would have been better off had I refused to treat her. I feel that had I been less successful therapeutically I would have been in her better graces today. I hesitate to think what might have happened had I been even more successful. I did not realize this at first, but as time went on I became increasingly aware of the gravity of the problem. We know that the organism is justified when it refuses to break down its defenses.

My first impression of her was that she was the usual phallic whose defenses were beginning to weaken, but the problem was not that simple. Most of the signs Reich has pointed out as reason to discontinue therapy were present, particularly the tenacious persistence of blocks. I knew in the course of her therapy that I should heed them but her misery and her determination and pleading kept me going. Besides it was difficult to admit defeat. Few patients have I wanted more to help. I may add that difficult as she was, I personally liked and respected her.

May 7, 1952

Medical Effects of Orgone Energy*

By KENNETH M. BREMER, M.D.

This is a report on a number of observations made over the past five years during which time I have used an Orgone Energy Accumulator. Orgone Energy was discovered by Wilhelm Reich, M.D., between 1936-39; in certain bion cultures in 1939, and in the atmosphere and soil in 1940, and also in sun radiation, and in the living organism. The accumulator was invented by Reich in 1940, and he was the first to use it in the treatment of patients. The accumulator is an enclosure measuring approximately 4 x 2½ x 2 feet, inside of which the patient seats himself during treatments. The walls, ceiling, and flooring are constructed of an organic and an inorganic layer. The organic materials found to be effective are wool, cotton, celotex, plastics, and others. The inorganic material used in medical work is a fine-gauge sheet iron, or a fine-mesh iron screening. The diagram on the board illustrates the construction, the shading representing organic matter, and the inner solid line, the metallic layer.

The atmospheric orgone radiation is attracted to and absorbed by organic material, and both attracted to and repelled by the inorganic material, thus setting up a direction of movement of orgone from the atmosphere toward the interior of the enclosure. This accumulated energy within the enclosure is then attracted to the organic matter which constitutes the patient's body. In this diagram on the blackboard, M is a small amount of tinfoil (metallic) and O is a piece of cork (organic) suspended on strings so that they hang close to this metal sphere. If this polystyrene rod is brought near the tinfoil, and the rod is not "charged," there will be no reaction. If the rod is "charged"

* Lecture given at Orange Memorial Hospital, November 25, 1952.

by rubbing it over one's body, or hair, it picks up energy from the body, and when then brought near the tinfoil, the latter is attracted and clings to the rod. The rest of this diagram shows a wiring from the metal sphere to the electroscope. If a "charged" polystyrene rod touches the post of the electroscope, this charge of energy, derived from the body, is transmitted and deflects the aluminum leaf, and sets up an Orgone Field around the metal sphere. The organic cork is attracted to the metal sphere, and the inorganic tinfoil is first attracted, and immediately repelled away from the metal sphere. In the diagram of the accumulator, atmospheric orgone energy is attracted to the outer organic layer and absorbed, then is transmitted to the inorganic sheet iron to which it is attracted and in some way, still unknown, travels through this metal. Once it is inside, it is repelled from all metallic walls, and travels back and forth in all directions. It thus tends to be accumulated inside, and a direction of movement of orgone is established from atmosphere to the interior of the accumulator. When a person sits inside the accumulator the atmospheric energy is attracted to the organic matter of the person, and the organotic fields of the person and the atmospheric accumulation interact.

The amount of radiation a person receives can be increased by adding more organic and inorganic layers to the enclosure. Thus, 5 layerings would make a 5-fold accumulator, although this orgone concentration does not increase in exactly linear proportions. Utilizing this principle of attraction-absorption to organic and attraction-repulsion to inorganic material, other forms of accumulators have been invented. A bed-ridden person can be treated with an Orgone Blanket constructed of fabrikoid, wool and pliable iron-screening placed in layers over the bed sheet, and under the drawsheet. Or, local applications may be provided by a sheet-metal funnel covered with wool. A one-foot cubic box to which a hollow metal cable with a metal funnel is attached, can be directed at a local area, such as the heart. Cardboard cartons, such as are used for coffee-containers, are made of organic material, and when filled correctly with layers of Pliofilm, and window-screening, constitute a "Pocket Shooter" for local irradiation.

The walls of the accumulator are always cold to the touch, whether this is on the hottest day of summer, or the coldest day of winter. Yet, 10 cms. from the wall on the inside, heat is felt at the hand. Kinetic energy when stopped is converted into heat. The atmospheric orgone energy moving in-

ward meets the hand and is stopped, or it is stopped by the opposite metallic wall, and heat is generated. Heat rises and is measurable in its greatest amount at thermometer T_0 above the metal plate. There is a constant temperature difference as compared with the thermometer reading T in the outside air. The temperature difference varies from 0.3 to 1 degree centigrade.

There is no electrical connection; the only source of energy is the surrounding atmosphere. Atmospheric conditions are variable, and have their influence upon the amount of radiation a patient receives in the accumulator. It is a common observation that on sunny days, stretched out on the sandy beach we feel relaxed; and that on humid days we feel uncomfortable. The arthritic patient can rather accurately foretell the coming of rain by the increase in pain. At full moon, each month, institutionalized patients go to their windows at night and give voice to melodious lamentations and beautiful singing. Orgone tension in the body, and in the atmosphere and accumulator can be measured by thermometer, barometer, and electroscope and correlated with physiological changes. Patients' oral temperatures rise while in the accumulator from 0.3 degrees to $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees centigrade. I have measured the temperatures inside and outside of the accumulator, and the rate of discharge of an electroscope, and made daily records of the barometric variations, correlating these with observations of the weather. There is a constant temperature difference which is greatest in good weather; and there is a faster rate of electroscopic discharge in bad weather than in good weather. The barometer readings show a drop in bad weather. I cannot discuss this fully as there are many gaps in my own knowledge in the pertinent fields of physics, astronomy, meteorology, etc.

The frequency of patients' observations that they feel warmth, comfort, relaxation and sleepiness within the accumulator, and my observations of the reddening of their skin, palpable warming of the skin, constriction of their pupils, slowing of their pulse rates, sighing and yawning, increased tympany of their abdomens from expansion of intestinal gases are all indications of a vagotonic reaction, as first described by Wilhelm Reich.

Before proceeding with a few case histories of patients treated during the past two years, I would like to mention the effects I have observed of the accumulator used upon a plant, a dog, a turtle, and a fish. The leaves of this plant had lost their shine, and looked dull and felt dry to the touch, despite routine watering. After standing in the accumulator for 24 hours, the leaves

became bright and glistening, and felt like satin. The dog had been boarded at an animal hospital during my 6-day vacation. It suffered from loneliness and strange surroundings, refusing food. Upon its return home the dog was weak, regurgitated mucus, had spells of gasping for breath, and when she tried to walk, extended her legs in a rigid manner, dragging the hind limbs, and shaking all over. Some characteristics resembled epileptiform seizures. After two days of affectionate care from members of my family, she showed no improvement, and therefore an accumulator with only two walls was rigged beneath a bed. Although this was not her customary resting place, she sought this out, and used it for periods varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to 2 hours, during the next two days. After her first treatment she was still slow in her gait; after a lengthy second treatment she revived her usual interest in her surroundings, and with further treatments on the next day she had a return of appetite, and even romped on the lawn without any more seizures. When she had become well, she no longer sought this accumulator.

A small mud turtle, a household pet, was thought to be dead, as it showed no sign of life when prodded, and had a distinctly putrid odor. Some of the coloring had gone out of its shell, and the shell felt somewhat mushy when I picked it up. I was on the point of incinerating it, when I thought of placing it in the large accumulator instead, and after 12 hours in the accumulator it revived and continued an active existence for another 6 months.

A goldfish which had been accidentally spilled from its bowl was found approximately 10 minutes later making gasping motions when picked up, but it was unable to thrash around. Returned to its bowl it was very languid until $\frac{1}{2}$ hour later when a "pocket shooter" was directed at it. It promptly began to make lively motions, and swam toward the irradiating "shooter" no matter where this was placed.

I have found confirmation of the observation, initially Reich's, that the healing process is observable and accelerated by the use of orgone: a blister developed on my foot, and the dome-shaped epidermis ballooned out with no break in the skin. This and the underlying base of the blister were dead-white in color. After three minutes of irradiation with a "pocket shooter" the color changed to a soft red hue. Fluid which was palpable before treatment, gradually disappeared as the process of flattening out occurred. Healing was complete in one day. Previously when such blisters were left untreated a wrinkled, white epidermal layer lingered for several days, even-

tually peeling off and exposing a sensitive, delicate new growth of epidermis, which usually required additional protection against trauma.

I participated in a unique test for the effects of concentrated orgone energy in the soil: freshly dug earth was boiled with water, and filtered when cool. The mud and filter paper were placed in a cloth. When I held this against my wrist the initially cool, damp feeling changed in 60 seconds into a pronounced burning sensation, and upon removing the mud and cloth a red area was seen which did not immediately blanch.

Turning to some case histories:

Case 1.—(8/19/52):

A 35-year-old man severely contused his left 4th finger when he caught a baseball on the tip of it. Pain was severe, and the resultant swelling was made worse by his wearing a tightly-fitting, wide and thick wedding-band which interfered with the return of circulation. The first treatment in the 5-fold accumulator was seven hours later, at which time the ring could not be removed. While in the accumulator he was seated on the 1-foot cubic tube-box and directed its cable and funnel at the injured finger for 15 minutes. The relief was so great that he neglected to use other remedies suggested (use of a sling, and warm, saline soaks), and he slept well the entire night. In the morning swelling was somewhat decreased, but he was without pain, and went to work doing his usual manual labor. By mid-afternoon pain had become severe again, and was accompanied by slight nausea. The redness had turned to a cold blue over the extensor surface distal to the ring. On the flexor surface there was an areola of red surrounding a grayish-white center. There was circumoral pallor, and acceleration of the pulse. He used the accumulator and tube-box again for 15 minutes, with prompt relief from pain and nausea. He was reluctant to bother with a warm saline soak for 10 minutes later in the evening, but did so, and then kept a social engagement, and subsequently slept throughout the night without pain. After another day of work, he came to the office; the ring was looser, swelling had almost gone, the extensor surface was a healthy pink color, and there was slight redness where the gray-white area had been on the extensor surface.

Case 2. Trigem. Neuralgia—(6/10/51):

The second case is that of a 27-year-old man who complained of sudden attacks of severe, stabbing pain in the right upper jaw, right temple, and

locking of the jaws with inability to move his lips, swallow or speak. This was not an actual paralytic inability, but more an inhibition due to the pain movement induced. This is typical of trigeminal neuralgia, a condition concerning the etiology of which neurologists are divided: some believe that there is organic pathology, and others consider the cause to be idiopathic, or unknown. After tooth extraction had failed to relieve the excruciating pain, he tore the telephone off the wall, and smashed a picture, and kicked a television set. He was taken to a hospital accident room for observation. Later the removal of all teeth was recommended by a dentist. At this point he came to my office. His pain was brought on by scratching his upper lip lightly, or by putting cold water on his face, or by eating. He experienced intermittent precordial pains, and also chronic constipation. His face was expressionless below the eyes, lips moving not at all in speaking, and the face was strikingly pale, and mask-like. Moderate relief from pain was obtained after the first 20-minute treatment in a 5-fold accumulator, during which he also irradiated his affected cheek with the tube-box funnel. After the 4th day of such treatment he experienced great relief. The time of the 6th treatment was decreased to 10 minutes. Progress continued; the pallor turned into redness of the affected cheek; attacks became less severe and less frequent; and he ate slowly again, without the necessity of gulping his food. Constipation was corrected; and the precordial pains did not recur. He spoke volubly and his face became expressive.

Case 3.—(2/27/52):

A 58-year-old lady injured her left ankle one slippery day when she twisted her foot and fell on her left leg and hip. She felt nauseated and faint from the severe pain. She used a 3-fold accumulator twice, 2 and 8 hours after the injury, for 15 minutes each time, while irradiating the ankle with the cable and funnel attached to the smaller accumulator upon which she sat. She was able to perform household chores between treatments. By the following morning, 16 hours later, she had no pain, and the swelling was nearly gone, and the ankle functioning fully. Discoloration also disappeared in the next few days more rapidly than would otherwise be expected.

Among other things noticed by this patient, in the course of daily use of the accumulator for 2 years, were: the rapid and painless healing of minor burns, better digestion, less constipation, disappearance of cardiac palpitation,

slowing of the pulse, regrowth of normal hair, increased vitality, improvement in varicose veins.

At this point I would like to emphasize that although various conditions have been favorably influenced by use of the accumulator, it is not a "miracle," or a "cure-all"; it is a healing instrument, and its contra-indications will be mentioned later.

Case 4. Gingivectomy—(6/8/52):

A 36-year-old man developed subacute gingival pyorrhea (or chronic trench mouth). The gums were sore, and would bleed when touched. The affected gums were retracted from the teeth. The patient experimented using a plastic straw filled with steel wool, and attached to the tube of a one-foot cubic accumulator box. Although this caused a sharp burning sensation, it relieved the constancy of the sensation of soreness. Thereafter he irradiated his gums with only the tube attached to the accumulator box without feeling the burn, and with continued relief from soreness. Irradiation was for 1 or 2 minutes daily. In addition, he had frequently used a 3-fold accumulator for 5-15 minutes a day during the previous 21 months. His dentist referred him to a specialist in periodontia for gingivectomy, a surgical procedure to re-contour the gums. Pre-operatively he regularly used the 3-fold accumulator for 10-20 minutes a day. The operation was done under a local anesthesia, and a packing consisting of a metallic mixture and an anesthetic agent was used for dressing the wound. Post-operatively, pain and discomfort were considerable, and he used the tube-box at one, two, and five hours after the operation, irradiating the area locally for 15 minutes each time. There was no more pain. The ensuing days of very clear weather were also pain-free and he felt that he had had enough irradiation in 5 minutes in the 3-fold accumulator. Seven days post-operatively the packing was removed from the gum incision by the periodontist, who commented that "Healing was very fine; and I usually do not see it like this until two weeks after surgery." Further surgery was done on the gums adjacent to four more teeth of the lower jaw one week after the original procedure. Less anesthesia was used. The orgone tube-box "shooter" was used after it for 5 minutes, with alleviation of pain one hour later.

Four months later, a similar gingivectomy involving the gums of 6 front teeth of the upper jaw was done. A short-acting anesthetic (lidocaine hydro-

chloride) was injected into the surgical site, and had worn off a half-hour later. The peridontist had become interested in the effects of orgone and as a test of the efficacy of orgone had asked the patient to remove the anesthetic packing on the 2nd day instead of the customary 7th day post-operatively. An orgone tube-box "shooter" was used at one, two and three hours post-operatively for 15 minutes each time. At the end of this time, the pain, which had been severe enough to induce crying, had disappeared. When he removed the packing on the 2nd day, instead of pain, he experienced only a mild smarting sensation. Upon re-examining him on the 4th post-operative day the peridontist said that healing again was "amazing; something not usually seen until the 10th day," and added: "there must be something to the orgone."

This patient, in the two-year period of using the 3-fold accumulator, has found that the common cold once it develops, is relieved in one or two days of additional treatments; that, if the accumulator is used at the very first sign of a cold, it never develops into the usual cold; and that colds have become very rare with him. Also, during an attack of painful external hemorrhoids a few minutes' irradiation locally with the tube-box funnel relieved the pain somewhat, and this condition, which had occurred twice before accumulator treatments had begun, has not recurred. Increased peristalsis could be heard and accumulator treatments were often followed by a bowel movement. A long-standing, alternate constipation and diarrhea have been corrected.

Case 5. Rheumatic Heart:

This lady, at age 44, and looking several years older than that, had had several attacks of rheumatic fever with heart involvement: at puberty, and in her late 20's, and late 30's, followed more frequently by bouts of cardiac failure. The disorderly, rapid rhythm of auricular fibrillation had persisted over the past 2½ years. At 43, a cerebral embolus produced transitory paralysis of the left side of her face, right forearm, wrist and hand, and the right ankle and foot. She also encountered difficulty in the correct selection of words. Upon my examination a residual weakness of wrist and ankle remained. Recently she had been hospitalized four times in seven months as edema fluid re-accumulated when the work of the heart, with its four damaged valves, failed. A cardiologist had employed customary medical measures. He reported that the multiple valve defects made her unsuitable for the newly-publicized commissurotomy operation, of which she had read. De-

pressed and anxious, she had returned for the 4th hospitalization requiring thoracentesis to drain off the fluid pressing uncomfortably against her lung.

Reverting to her previous history, briefly: Her first marriage at 20 terminated 8 years later after a miscarriage subsequent to a quarrel with her husband. Her second marriage was also unsatisfactory, and then unpleasant divorce proceedings, her mother's death, and the patient's gall-bladder removal, and the menopause followed one another in uncomfortably close succession. She made several visits to a psychiatrist, for chest pains assumed to be unrelated to her cardiac condition. Soon after stopping treatment with the psychiatrist, she was disappointed in a courtship with a man whose alcoholic sprees finally determined her decision to stop seeing him—and with this, her recent accelerated decline in health began.

My consultation at the hospital related to several things: her nervous depression and anxiety over her belief that she was too sick to be helped even by the most modern, heart-operation technique; her grief over relatives neglecting to visit her; and a baffling sense of futility felt consequent to her three unfortunate experiences with men.

Difficulty in breathing and the need to get air at an open window to avoid suffocating, by day and night, weakened her and disrupted her restless sleep by making the sitting-up position necessary. Food eaten was often vomited, more so after any "needles" for treatment or diagnosis (mercurial diuretics three times a week, or blood test). "Blackouts," or impending ones, precipitated hospitalizations.

She was reluctant to leave in this unsettled mental and semi-ambulatory physical condition, still plagued with incessant feelings of "snakes eating other snakes," "grapes jiggling" and "knives twisting" inside her chest, to find out what the accumulator might do for her. She arrived at my office assisted by her taxi-driver, moved slowly, expending her breath in halting phrases. In the lower right chest posteriorly breath sounds were absent, resonance dulled and vocal vibration was not transmitted. Gentle percussion of the right upper abdominal quadrant induced pain; liver enlargement extended three fingers below the costal margin. The abdomen was distended and tympanitic. A cardiac thrill, full blowing, systolic and pre-systolic Grade III valve murmurs transmitted even to her back were present. There was a grossly irregular rhythm and an apical rate of 140 with a pulse deficit, only half of the heart beats reaching the radial artery at the wrist. The right

forearm, dusky red and edematous, was held loosely against the chest with elbow flexed and wrist drooping. The grip was moderately firm, but only briefly sustained. The right leg was flushed and edematous with marked indenting on pressure at the ankle, and fluid palpable to the knee. Breathing was so difficult lying down that she immediately required propping with three pillows for relief.

Medication consisted of Digoxin,* 0.25 mgm., taken at noon and night during the first week, and only one dose daily during the second week; or more accurately: 0.50 mgm. on the first 4 days, 0.25 mgm. on the 5th and 6th days, 0.50 mgm. on the 7th, 8th, and 9th days, and 0.25 mgm. thereafter, excepting the 17th and 22nd days which required the 0.50 mgm. dose. Comparing the 21-day period *before* with that *during* use of the accumulator, there was a reduction in total dosage of mercurial diuretic from 9 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ units injected. After her first eleven treatments she omitted for 2-3 days at a time her one or two $\frac{1}{2}$ -grain doses of a barbiturate, and a similar reduction in mild analgesics occurred.

As irradiation within a 5-fold accumulator was increased in daily sessions of 16-50 minutes, charging of the body occurred and her heart rate slowed gradually. She devotedly took one panel of the orgone blanket home on the 8th day to relieve her attacks of chest discomfort. By the 10th day the apical rate had decreased from 140 to as low as 83. In the second and third weeks two panels of the orgone blanket were used while she sat in the accumulator, and the tube-box attachment was directed at heart and solar plexus.

From being restricted to short strolls in a hospital, she progressed by stages through the necessity to use a taxi to get to the office, then the ability to travel by bus, which entailed a 3-block walk, onward to a shopping trip, and a visit to a hospital laboratory. Meals were less frequently served in bed, requiring her to do stair-climbing. The numbness of a deadened right arm gave place to returning sensation in the form of painful pulling and tearing for a few days, a trend exactly reversing that previously noted at the onset of her paralysis. Oil painting was resumed when she found added strength in her hands a year after her cerebral embolism. Both hands took part in ordinary daily activities which she could not formerly perform.

As her heart improved and the rate decreased she was less bothered by the chaotic rhythm in her chest. Although auricular fibrillation persisted, it presumably was not accompanied by those arterial muscle spasms and other

* B. W. & Co.: a more rapidly-eliminated form of digitalis.

tissue tensions of varying intensities in and around the great blood vessels entering and leaving the heart, which, I presume, might have accounted for her expressions of "eating," "jiggling," and "twisting" in the upper anterior chest and left side of the neck. Relief from these torturing symptoms made her enthusiasm for the treatment increase. Within the accumulator she perspired freely, her color reddened, she became drowsy; and her heart sounds assumed a quieter quality on stethoscopic examination. On one occasion she arrived at the office with a heart rate of 140 and a pulse deficit of 50 beats per minute; yet, within the accumulator the rate dropped to 94, the radial pulse waves once again uniformly following the cardiac impulse! With three brief exceptions the correction of the pulse deficit was even maintained between treatment sessions during the last 11 days of my observation of her.

The vomiting of food ceased; appetite became ravenous hunger; and she ate accordingly. She could discontinue the use of three pillows, and sleep on her abdomen once more. Expansion of intestinal gases occurred, and flatus was soon passed. The abdomen, tender and tympanitic before her first accumulator treatment, became soft and flat during the second week. Liver enlargement diminished and the tenderness disappeared. Transmission of breath sounds and vocal vibration returned in the chest. Edema of the forearm and leg diminished. Some fluid was lost in her copious perspiring and in, as she termed it, her "blubbery like a baby" during tearful release from pent-up depression and anxiety. Diarrhea accounted for further dehydration. Best of all, bladder functioning returned, accompanied by feeling "natural" in voiding fully and freely. In all, weight loss of fluid amounted to 8 pounds by the 12th day of treatment.

Most important for the patient was her ability to breathe better. She no longer spoke of gasping for air at an open window. Instead of her usual "closed-in" or suffocating feeling, which one might expect would increase inside an enclosure as small as the accumulator, she experienced tremendous relief within a few minutes. Quite appropriately, she called it her "Inhalator." She could take her "first long breath in years without the knife sticking me." She felt that she "had been snatched from the jaws of death." And: "If my house caught afire, the first thing I would grab would be the orgone blanket."

On her 12th day, her cardiologist re-examining her, said he was "amazed at her improvement, and especially in finding, in her chronic condition, a correction of the pulse deficit."

On the 16th day, consistent with her progress, a laboratory reported her sedimentation rate as 10 mm., a drop of 7 mm. Her red cell count rose to 5,300,000—an increase of 1,320,000. Hemoglobin content went up to 14.8 grams, from its previous 12 grams. Albumen in the urine decreased from 2 plus to a "trace." This is tabulated on the blackboard:

	<i>Sediment. Rate</i>	<i>Red Cells</i>	<i>Hemoglobin</i>	<i>Albuminuria</i>
4/30/52	17 mm.	3,980,000	12 grams (78%)	2 plus
5/21/52	10 mm.	5,300,000	14.8 grams (101%)	a trace

As her physical condition improved she became more interested in returning to work, developing her hobbies, and reviving her love affair. Counselling her to be cautious regarding her hopes which were so dependent upon the whims of her unreliable, alcoholic, former suitor, and working on her ambivalent attitudes were ineffectual in the presence of her resurgent bio-energy. With relatives still ignoring her, and the anticipated "date" failing to materialize as planned, she became frantic and dyspneic. She called another physician who had treated her several years ago and received conflicting advice. Her housekeeper recommended a religious cult and osteopathy. The patient called a mental hospital seeking private accommodations, which were not available.

On the following day her pulse deficit had returned, and in my office while relating her disappointments of the previous day she was reduced to a teeth-gnashing fury. Later that day, however, she made a shopping trip, and in the evening, upon an unexpected visit from relatives, she quite surprised them by her good spirits and physical stamina. Her pulse deficit continued for another day, and edema of the limbs returned but did not extend to her lungs. A second visit from her relatives brought out old jealousies. On the next day she refused her 23rd treatment, and at a late afternoon house-call she still had not taken even her single dose of digoxin, but she had no pulse deficit.

On the blackboard there is a graphic representation of the daily apical and radial pulse rates taken prior to each accumulator treatment, the number of minutes spent in the 5-fold accumulator with letters to indicate the weather on each day, the two doses of the mercurial diuretic given, and the daily digoxin dose. Two accumulator treatments were given on the 10th and 12th days. The accumulator was used at 11 A.M.; the digoxin was taken at noon and supper time. Therefore, the elimination of a pulse deficit of 50 on the

17th day between the time she entered the accumulator with a pulse of 140, and the time she left the accumulator with pulses synchronous at 90, could not have been influenced by the added dose of digoxin taken subsequently. In determining the amount of irradiation she was to receive, a rough estimation of the weather on that day, and therefore of the orgone concentration was made, and the length of treatment was varied in accordance with this and her symptoms and signs.

This other tabulation indicates a few of the pulse readings Before and During each Accumulator treatment:

<i>Rx day</i>	<i>Before Rx</i>		<i>During Rx</i>	
	<i>Apical Rate</i>	<i>Radial Rate</i>	<i>Apical Rate</i>	<i>Radial Rate</i>
1st	140	90	110	90
2nd	115	72	96	72
10th	83	83	82	82
13th	88	88	85	85
17th	140	90	97	94
20th	93	93	91	91

In conclusion, concerning this case: a pulse deficit was eliminated, a secondary anemia was corrected, and the sedimentation rate returned to normal. The subjective sensations of relief from pain and shortness of breath are noted. The effectiveness of the accumulator in slowing the pulse between the time of her entering and the time of her leaving the accumulator is of considerable significance. Paralleling her subjective sense of improvement, and the objective findings of tangible progress runs the patient's enthusiasm for this therapy.

As there is insufficient time left for presenting more cases, I want to conclude by listing some contra-indications for the use of the accumulator. These are: Coronary sclerosis, cerebral arteriosclerosis, brain tumor, poison ivy with bleb formation, high blood pressure of over 180 systolic. (I have used the accumulator in one case in which the elevation of blood pressure was fluctuant, between 160-190 systolic, and 90-110 diastolic, with relief from the associated "head noises," headaches, and dizziness.)

Finally, no one should attempt to treat patients with an accumulator of more than one layer without having a complete orientation in the manner prescribed by Reich: this to include reading the literature and performing some of the many experiments he has worked out in orgone physics, as a minimum.

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Modju at Work in Journalism

NO-SEE-'EM'S

In Maine, USA, during a certain brief period in early summer, people are plagued by tiny insects which are so small that they can hardly be seen. The inhabitants of this region took over from the Indians the name of these insects, which in English translation is NO-SEE-'EM's, which means they cannot be seen.

We would like to introduce the term NO-SEE-'EM's for the Modjus of all nations, denominations and abominations who are at work to undermine human life and labor. They, too, behave like No-See-'Em's. In other words, it is as if they thought that they *cannot* be seen, that they do not want to be seen, or that we actually do not see them. Some of us, however, have begun to know how to see 'em, and accordingly, we shall very soon be able to answer "me-see-'em." We can only hope that this ME-SEE-'EM will soon surpass and finally put beyond the confines of this planet the No-See-'Em's, without any resort to DDT.

A brief, typical example of Modju at work in the shape of No-See-'Em should help to enhance the Me-See-'Em. Here are a few of the typical characteristics of Modju at work:

First: He tries very hard to appear fair to the fair-minded and rational to the rationally minded, and he even succeeds in appearing fair and rational. The No-See-'Em characteristic comes in the following way: The motive of appearing fair and rational is not to *BE* fair and rational, but only to *appear* fair and rational in order to hide in a most cunning way the being unfair and damagingly irrational.

Second: The motive of writing an article is in the case of Modju, not to find if a thing is true or not, not to weigh evidence against counter evidence, but to destroy the reputation of the victim by all means. Accordingly, Modju will arrange all material which speaks against the victim of the defamation in such a manner and in such a subtle composition that no one will either

bother or even think of going to the sources to find out whether the cleverly woven network of distortion is based on fact or not.

A certain Modju, for example, took over from another Modju who preceded him by about five years, a statement about Orgonomy which reads: "The Norwegian scientists, however, found his (that is WR's) work without merit." How does No-See-'Em operate in this case? It operates in the following way. No-See-'Em rests assured that the gullible mass individual will certainly not try to find out *which* "Norwegian scientist" found orgonomic research and in *what point* "without merit." He carefully avoids quoting or touching the extensive refutation of the Modjus in Norway. The whole thing is a cooked-up fantasy and lie which wasn't true to begin with since no Norwegian scientist has ever published anything that would in a factual manner disprove any statement of orgonomic research.

Modju is unfair in that he does not tell the innocent reader, thus misleading him, that many scientists, physicians and educators of great repute *have confirmed* orgonomic findings, and have operated on their own with the orgonomic theory for about two decades, and with great success to boot. Now, Modju thinks that we don't see-'em since he behaves like a No-See-'Em, but *we see 'em*. We see him very clearly and we feel the sting of the pest, but how is it now possible that Modju's No-See-'Emism can be so successful that it can hold up and confuse peace negotiations at Panmunjon for months on end; that it can keep men dying by the tens of thousands; and that it can imbue honest negotiators with the belief that what we were dealing with here were real, true negotiations—which is wrong, since Modju has not the slightest intention to negotiate anything. There is no difference whatsoever between a little Modju and a big Modju. In both cases, he acts like a No-See-'Em, and peculiarly enough, he succeeds. He succeeds because he knows human weakness very well from *his own* inner feelings, and he builds his tactics on this knowledge of human gullibility and bad conscience.

Thirdly: When No-See-'Em stings, it does not sting openly and frankly like a bee or a wasp; it stings like a No-See-'Em. For example: Modju knows well that everybody is ashamed of his anus, and to mention the anus together with sexual excitation in one breath is a very clever device to exert a No-See-'Em sting. WR has published several dozen photograms of the bio-electrical functions of the organism. Among them, *one* of an excitation which

appeared at the mucous membrane of the anus in a woman. In its proper context and interrelationship, this is perfectly all right, and not even a bashful, inhibited spinster could object to it as it appears in the book. What does Modju do? He picks out from amongst dozens of pages and pictures the "perfect example" and writes: "One of the oscillograph plates reproduced in *The Function of the Orgasm* is captioned 'Mucous membrane of the anus in a woman in a state of sexual excitation.'" The scoundrel No-See-'Em (but luckily and finally we *Do-See-'Em*) aims at the following: The reader must necessarily get the impression that Wilhelm Reich was tickling, for reasons of personal perverted sex satisfaction, the mucous membranes of the anuses of women. And No-See-'Em is convinced we don't see 'em. And here he is stupid, because we have seen him at work for decades and we know exactly how he operates. Now why didn't we say that long ago? We didn't say it for a reason . . . which is again in the interest of Modju. A researcher is so busy with thousands of things, as for example, with constructing devices to measure the bio-electric phenomena which accompany emotional states in the living organism, with controlling his experiments over years to be sure that he does not commit any mistakes, so that Modju's grandmother and grandchild may be saved from sickness and death, and to painstakingly produce hundreds of pieces of evidence from which to choose a dozen or two photograms to prove his point. Now, after he has worked for years to safeguard the truth, and to exclude as much error as possible, who enters the scene? *No-See-'Em!* No-See-'Em doesn't intend to save a grandmother or a child. He has not the slightest intention whatsoever to find any truth at all. On the contrary, his sole objective is to kill truth wherever he can find it, and in order to do so, Modju presents WR to the world as a man who likes to tickle the mucous membranes of the anuses of women, under the disguise of scientific research. He actually did that under a different name then, during the campaign of Modjus in Norway, inspired by Modjus from Moscow who are the master Modjus of all the Modjus.

Modju is very cunning and smart, and since all people would like to be cunning and smart, they admire Modju. Modju reports that WR is treating "all opposition" to his work as signs of the emotional plague. It does not matter at this point to No-See-'Em that this is utterly untrue and an invention of a sick mind which has no sense for truth whatsoever. Now, since Modju has no sense for truth, and since Modju has bent his whole life upon destroy-

ing decency, truth and human toiling which does not serve his purposes, he does not know that there is such a thing as a *Sense for Truth*—Truth which does not care whether the Modju general will shoot or not.

Emotional Plague was clearly defined in Character Analysis and distinguished from simple neuroses by the following definition: *A simple neurotic is the one who suffers from impairment of his emotional balance and effectiveness and who suffers in silence. The pestilent character is the one who uses his own sufferings to destroy others who had a better fate in life.* That means, Modju is a severe neurotic who lives out his neuroses on the social scene in a disastrous manner. And here there is no difference whatsoever between the private in the Modju army and the general in the Modju army.

What No-See-'Em Modju is actually worried about is that technological handling of cosmic orgone energy in the Western world could or would succeed in preventing such grave disasters as the drought in Australia in 1952 which killed one-hundred-and-fifty thousand cattle by June and threatened to kill four million. Now, while No-See-'Em Modju is desperately and cunningly trying to prevent cosmic orgone energy from saving millions of cattle in the West, thus threatening innumerable infants, mothers, children, etc., the well-chosen target of No-See-'Em Modju is ready and even capable of letting orgone energy work for their children and cattle to the farthest corner of the East. However, Modju can never permit anyone to help his children because if he did do so, he would have to stop doing Modjuism for political power reasons, which is more important to him than life or love or happiness or anything that threatens his frustrated character structure.

The lack of a sense for truth in Modju shows up in the fact that he has a perfect nose for Modju predecessors, that is, he will smell out every other No-See-'Em who could support his own point of view. But he will omit and in the most artistic manner avoid contact with anyone or anything that would balance his statements or even put them out of function. That means that Modju is not only a No-See-'Em but also a scoundrel. He didn't look into a microscope, ever; he never saw a bion; he never built an accumulator; he never took a measurement of any kind; he never put radium into a twenty-fold charger; he didn't do a single God-damn rotten thing, but in the eyes of a gullible public, due to his No-See-'Em tactics, he appears as an authority on things he never invented, never suffered from or about, with no sense, rhyme or reason in any of his doings. The whole life activity of a Modju is to try to get rid of a sense of the futility, frustration, and senselessness of his

whole life which is driven to high pitch by the mere sight of the least little bit of clean, decent sunlit truth and happiness.

No-See-'Em Modju writes in the end of a piece of attempted slander: "Of course, one way to find out exactly what happened would be to call in a nuclear physicist, but it is doubtful if Reich will deem this necessary." We suggest that the reader look up pages 337-342 of *THE ORANUR EXPERIMENT, First Report (1947-1951)* in order to know practically what a perfect Modju is, who shouts frantically, "Hold the Thief!"

The problem is not how and why Modju acts as a No-See-'Em and keeps stinging, but how it comes about that the whole world can be driven to the brink of disaster, as in the middle of this century, by a nuisance No-See-'Em as a special type of distorted living matter. However, there is hope that this riddle, too, as so many others, will be solved in a very practical manner. We begin to see the No-See-'Em's.

Introduction to the Documentary Volumes on Wilhelm Reich, History of Orgonomy (1897-1952)

Discoveries such as the COSMIC LIFE ENERGY (ORGONE ENERGY) require on the part of the discoverer knowledge, cleanliness of emotions, economic disinterestedness, faithful adherence to painstaking work over decades, aloofness from what otherwise drives men and women toward accomplishment, such as early fame, or riches, or any kind of comfort. Once the discovery has been made and secured, it belongs to the world. It can do with it as it pleases; use it or abuse it; preserve it and develop it further; distort it and squelch it. The world may even choose to kill the discoverer or to bury the new knowledge for good. All this the world can do, and nobody is in any position to change the course once it is given in the social trends of the times.

However, the true historian has a quite different obligation to carry out: He must, if he shall deserve the name Historian, be faithful in preserving the historical facts. And preservation of the historical facts is not possible, unless the facts have been set down on documents, letters, manuscripts, etc., and have been deposited in such a manner that they be accessible to the true historian.

The DOCUMENTARY VOLUMES about WR's Life and Work, which were fully devoted to the discovery and elaboration of the Cosmic Life Energy, are presented to the public as a service in *securing the factual evidence* as against mere opinions, favorable or slanderous points of view which were rampant by the million over the decades which encompassed the actual process of discovery. And there is no better guarantee of objectivity and fair play than *letting the documents speak*. No comments or footnotes were added to the factual evidence during the period of the compilation and editorial arrangements. Where obscure matters required elucidation, it was accomplished in

HISTORY OF ORGONOMY

the form of correspondence on the subject in question among the members of the editing staff of The Wilhelm Reich Foundation.

No *post hoc* or *ad hoc* interpretation was attempted. It would only have blurred the true picture of the emotional and social scene which formed the background and stage of the Discovery of the Life Energy in the twentieth century.

WR's personal views about himself have been separated under the title "*The Silent Observer*" in the last volume of the series.

Thus, the world of science, art and philosophy as well as other branches of human effort are, with respect to the factual historical and biographical evidence regarding orgonomy, entirely on their own as far as *responsibility* for the preservation of the true circumstances and involvements are concerned. It is from now on up to the public at large to decide, independent of private opinions and mere guesses, what was true and what was false, who cheated and who did not, who tried to kill orgonomy by slander and who tried to preserve the findings. Documents cannot lie. They came about as witnesses to actual processes of living Life as it runs its course. The only influence exerted by the discoverer of the Life Energy upon the historical material was his resolve to save, during the years of social catastrophes, as much authentic material as possible; to collect as much as he could and to keep the material in proper shape for future use. He succeeded in this undertaking to a rather complete extent, although many documents were lost during the first days of the Hitler regime, in 1933.

More has been done to secure the highest possible degree of historical truth: Original copies of many documents have been deposited with various people; the most important documents of the period 1919-1934, the so-called "Psychoanalytic Period," were deposited through the *Sigmund Freud Archives* with the *Library of Congress*, Washington, D. C., during 1952. Thus the chance that some political evildoer might succeed in destroying historical evidence or even falsify it, as was done in Imperialist Russia in the 1930's, was reduced to a great extent. And more will be done in this direction in future years.

Interest in the preservation of historical truth by "*letting only documents speak*" was one of several motives of the undertaking. Another motive was the grave concern with which anyone working within the realm of orgonomy was burdened, namely the concern over possible future slander and defamation of WR's clean name and work on the part of emotionally sick individuals, no matter of what sex, profession, age or nationality.

It was one of the foremost reasons to restrict these volumes to factual evidence only: To prevent, if possible, distortions, falsifications, interpretation without basis in facts, slander, maligning, etc. of the Discovery of the Life Energy. What other less exasperating findings have always provoked, namely, distortion and slander, orgonomy has provoked a thousand fold since its facts and tenets are much closer to man's heart and soul than any other teaching, with the exception of the great religions. And, being closer, the emotional reaction against these facts on the part of people who had lost their happiness and lives, past, present and future, was to be expected to be much graver, more severe and less conciliatory, than in other cases of burning disclosures. Therefore, restriction of the evidence to *documents only* was imperative.

A third major reason for the documentary policy in the presentation of the history of orgonomy was, last but not least, the extremely vivid character of the manuscripts, letters and other documents. They show that in the struggle for or against orgonomy, there were no neutrals; no quarters were given; the fight was merciless and unfair on the part of the foes, and it required the greatest of psychiatric skill on the part of the discoverer, lest the discovery were to have been killed on many occasions. The scientific presentations contain only very little of this burning struggle. The documents, such as the "Einstein Affair," the "Duval affair," the "Norwegian campaign," etc., are full of historical fire, and thus in themselves valuable to the historian and scientist alike.

The arrangement of the historical documentary material is as follows

THE PSYCHOANALYTIC PERIOD (Psychiatry)	1919-1934
THE MARXIST PERIOD (Sociology)	1927-1933
THE NORWEGIAN CAMPAIGN (Biogenesis)	1935-1940
THE AMERICAN PERIOD (Cosmic Engineering)	1940-1952
THE SILENT OBSERVER (WR—The Man)	1897-1952

Orgonon, Rangeley, Maine
December, 1952

The Wilhelm Reich Foundation

"Air Germs"

It is much easier to meet a new fact with an empty slogan than to try and understand the new. Orgonomy since its inception has been harassed by the same catch phrases which keep popping up no matter how often and thoroughly they have been refuted. Like the cat with nine lives, the slogans continue to recur, but the analogy stops here because the slogans seem to have no limit to their resurrective capacity. However, if the shallow and meaningless is continually repeated, the truth also must be constantly reiterated.

Reich has subsumed all irrational nuisance criticisms under the general heading "*Air Germs*." The expression is derived from the pithiest of word explanations, the slogan "only air germs" which was misapplied to the discovery of the bions and the natural organization of protozoa. More figuratively, the expression is apt because these phrases it refers to are, as it were, snatched out of the air, and used as a kind of fog to keep the earthy, sharp-edged facts from penetrating. The tenacity of this fog, the way it is usually accepted indifferently, are problems which go to the roots of the human structure of today.

But if that problem of structure itself is tackled, then there is an "air germ" ready to block access to the basis of "air germs" in general. This takes us to perhaps the first and certainly one of the most repeated slogans in orgonomy's history. The problem of human irrationality was first grasped in a basic way when Reich formulated the concepts of "orgastic potency" and "orgastic impotence." The countering catch phrase was, put crudely, "sex isn't everything." In its more sophisticated form, as expressed recently again by Lewis Mumford in his *THE CONDUCT OF LIFE*, it goes as follows: Reich's concept of "orgastic potency" is put forward as a "universal panacea." And that—mind you—is the "fallacy of one-dimensional salvation." We shall answer this, and other "air germs" in the future, by quoting directly from orgonomic literature.

Reich, *CHARACTER ANALYSIS*, pp. 274-275:

"We agree with the adversary: It is perfectly true that sexuality is not everything in life. We can even add the further fact that in healthy individuals sexuality is not a subject for talk and not in the center of thinking.

Why, then, we must ask, does sexuality—in spite of these facts—assume the central spot in the life and the thinking of people? Let us illustrate by an example:

"It goes without saying that the circulation of the steam in a factory is the prerequisite of its functioning. Yet, the workers in this factory never give a thought to the circulation of the steam; they are completely concentrated on the manufacture of their product. The steam energy is indeed not 'everything'; there are other, more important interests, such as the making of machines, etc. But let us assume that suddenly some valves in the circulation system get stuck: the circulation of the energy ceases, the machines stop, and with that, the work. Now, the workers' attention becomes centered exclusively on the disturbance of energy circulation, and on how it could be remedied. But what if some workers were to argue as follows: 'This silly heat theory exaggerates the role of the steam. Yes, it is true that the steam is necessary, but, by golly, that is not everything. Don't you see that we have other interests, that there are economic factors to be considered?' In this case, these 'wise guys' would simply be laughed at and one would first try to eliminate the disturbance in steam circulation before one would 'think of other things.'

"... The tremendous effort of sex-economy consists precisely in trying to help these so-called 'other' things *get their proper due*. That today everything revolves around sexuality is the surest indication of a severe disturbance in the flow of sexual energy in man, and with that in his biosocial functioning. Sex-economy strives to unlock the valves of the biological energy flow so that, as a result, 'other' important things, such as clear thinking, natural decency, and joyful work, can function, so that, in other words, sexuality, in its prevailing pornographic form, ceases to comprise *all* thinking as it does today."

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