There is a book entitled "Dachau," written by a man who calls himself Walter Hornung and who was himself a prisoner in the concentration camp of Dachau. I shall quote his description of the arrival of a new group of prisoners at the camp.

There were twenty-five of them, mostly young people, but also some older men. At the roll call, they marched up in a separate column, with black and blue marks on their faces, their heads as yet not shaved. An SS man ordered: "Right face, march!" They took them over to the meadow. The wind carried the commands: "Stop . . . Get a move on, you swine! . . . Bend your knees . . . Stretch your arms!"

Soon one heard the sound of the first blows. Then the screaming and the blows continued for quite a while.

"Get up—get down!" "Get up—get down!" Faster and faster. The hobnailed boots landed on hips, buttocks and legs. The prisoners were not longer able to get up; all they could do was to crawl. One of them remained lying, and an SS man pushed his face into the mud.

Then they had to stand in two rows, facing each other: "Hit each other in the mugs!"

The prisoners did not move. "Well?!

The SS men stood behind the rows. When their command was not obeyed, they pushed the rows against each other so that the heads bumped. The people stood there rigidly like marionettes.

Now the SS men walked between the rows and hit each of the prisoners in the face. "That's it! That's the way it's done! Now grab each other's hair and get pulling!"

They did not budge. "Well? I Get a move on!" Some of them began hesitatingly to follow the command.

"What? Nobody yelling?" There were new beatings with the fists and kicks with the hobnailed boots.

"Spit in each other's faces!" The SS men held their pistols cocked. The prisoners spit at each other.

"That what you call spitting? Look here!" An SS captain cleared his throat and spat in the face of one of the prisoners. "That's the way!"

Most of the prisoners cleared their throats and spit at each other. "Now lick the stuff off again! Go ahead!"

Some SS men grabbed the prisoners by the hair, pushed their faces together and forced them to lick it off. Others just stood there, pointing their pistols and roaring with laughter.

This concluded the entrance examination. They were marched off. The SS beating commando left the scene in high spirits.

A good many of these twenty-five were intellectuals. A great part of all the thousands of prisoners in the concentration camps are intellectuals—journalists, artists, teachers, writers. It should be noted—particularly at a time when many circles are inclined to speak disparagingly of the intellectuals—that it is just these intellectuals who, along with the Communists, are considered by the Nazis as unregenerate. It is best, therefore, to liquidate them. There are so many and such easy ways of doing that: shot while trying to escape, suicide, heart attack, appendicitis, etc.
I know that many people will resent being reminded of these things. They would rather think about more pleasant things. But I believe it is extremely important to keep these things in mind. Particularly, as I am going to speak of “The place of literature in the cultural struggle,” is it necessary to remind ourselves of the fact: In this way—and often far worse—are a majority of the men being treated who have played a role in cultural life; this in a country which is not far from ours and which we have always considered closely related to ours and even superior to ours in many respects.

The most important task of literature is this: to reflect the times; to portray reality; to show up and unmask the liars; to show to the swindlers who deceive us how they escape the truth; to show the lies with which we gloss over our own defeats; and the daydreams with which we fool ourselves.

Or put it this way: The task of literature is—right here and now—to utilize such freedom as we still have to prevent if possible a further restriction of this freedom; to prevent a “Dachau” here.

People will object: “But that is all so far away! We have so many other problems to solve. It could never happen here! Think of our national character!”

Well and good. But our national character, great as it may be, can nevertheless not prevent us from being killed by the same kind of bullets, from being poisoned by the same kind of gas, from being whipped with the same kind of lashes, from being confused by the same kind of slogans, or from rotting in the same kind of prisons as people of other nations.

For this reason, I shall disregard for the time being the special task of our own literature and confine myself to what literature has in common in all countries.

There is practically a consensus of opinion in most parties and cultural groups that we find ourselves in a very dark cultural situation. There are signs that the culture of today is on the verge of perishing in its own cubbyholes. Technic develops at a terrific speed and cultural institutions with it. At the same time we see an ever-increasing tendency to what we might call the tyranny of the institution over man.

Wherever we look, we see how the various cultural institutions rapidly become the tombs of the very culture which they were supposed to keep alive. It is almost as if it had become a natural law that any institution, the moment it is created for the purpose of guarding a cultural gain, begins to betray it. In honor of culture, magnificent palaces are erected in which culture is imprisoned in a padded cell.

The Nobel Institute is a typical example. Founded to serve the purposes of peace, this is what it looks like in reality: it seems as if one had to be a general, war minister or member of the munitions industry, otherwise one does not have a chance as a candidate for the Peace prize.

This sinister development is most clearly visible in Germany. There the all-embracing cultural institution, the State, is on the way to becoming a cannibalistic monster. Unblushingly, the new gospel is being preached: Man exists only for the State, for the totalitarian State symbolized in the person of the Führer. And the totalitarian state—explains Ludendorff quite logically—has only one goal: the totalitarian war. We do not have to ask what totalitarian war will result in: it must lead to the total extermination of humanity.

The concentration camp at Dachau is not some accidental excess. It is the way in which the totalitarian state, of necessity, must proceed against its natural enemy, the thinking human. And as long as this state of affairs is not an exceptional one, as long as we see similar conditions in Italy, Japan and other totalitarian countries, as long as this emotional and social state of affairs has the tendency to spread, the most
important task for us who consider this development the worst of all disasters, is to clarify the questions:

Is this inevitable? Why is this so? Is this development an inescapable fate to which the world has to resign itself—or can it be stopped and overcome by correct insight and correct action?

If the reaction—as has happened in past years—goes from one triumph to another, then great masses of people develop a defeatist attitude, which attitude paves the way for new reactionary triumphs. There develops a vicious circle, a phenomenon which could almost make one believe in an “evil principle” at work in this world. In the following pages, we will meet this vicious circle again and again.

To a victory of the reaction, a great many people react like this:

“What's happened and what's happening seems to be unavoidable. It's fate.” Or they think in despair, “After all, there must be something to it, if it is so successful.” Or they think, “It's no use.”

And they become passive, resigned, fatalistic; they fold their hands in their laps and let the evil take its course. It is this fatalistic attitude springing from defeat which paves the way for new defeats. It is this submission to fate which creates fate. The question remains: Is this submission inescapable? Is there no way of dealing with it? Our inner answer to this question determines, indeed, our attitude toward all problems of our time.

To begin with, we find the following: this defeatist attitude spreads apprehensiveness and thus conservatism in all previously liberal camps. For what is the core of all conservatism? Passivity, giving in, defeatism. (It is not by accident that the oldsters, those with a weakened vitality, are “naturally” conservative.)

The conservatives think:

It has always been as it is and it will always be so. There is no use doing anything against it. Furthermore, it would be wrong to do anything against it, because if it is this way it's probably good. But whatever the arguments may be, they say, first and last: There is no use fighting.

Under this slogan, the innermost meaning of which is, “Death is approaching, but there is no use trying to run away from it,” under this slogan incalculable generations of youngsters have been cheated out of life.

One thing is certain: If we give in to this slogan, we betray intellectual life. Conservatism and defeatism never give rise to an intellectual life. The first prerequisite of all intellectual life is: There is use in it.

One of the most dangerous results of the triumphs of the reaction and particularly of Hitler is a new and increasing contempt for the masses. This contempt spreads in all camps and paves the way, by tricky means, for reactionary thinking. A vicious circle.

Hitler has given this contempt of the masses startlingly candid expression (he himself being, emotionally, an outspoken “mass individual”). Again and again he has called the masses “pliable putty,” intrinsically passive and feminine, incapable of thinking, but endowed with strong feelings, with a strong unconscious desire to be brutalized, to be ordered around, to be taken in hand and guided. His success would seem to prove him correct.

Another result of the Fascist triumph is an increasing contempt for the woman, an accentuated anti-feminist attitude in many groups. Another vicious circle.

For about six thousand years, during the whole period of history which we call the patriarchal one, the woman has been more or less suppressed. During the past few generations, weak attempts have been made in many countries to give the woman more equality.

What is the result? We don't have to look far to see that it is a disappointment. This disappointment is not everywhere as tangible as it recently became in Spain.
There, the left parties, after the revolution, achieved for women the right to vote. And then, at the first election, the women went out and voted just as their father confessors had told them to vote: strictly against their own interest, for their own suppression, against their own right to vote and against the very parties which had endeavored to return to them a part of their human rights. That was in Spain. But has not every other country had similar experiences?

After such experiences, one is inclined to think in one's disappointment, "There is no use giving this creature freedom, equality and rights. Plainly, she does not want them." And the reaction triumphs.

But we forget something important. This suppression has existed for thousands of years. It has deposited in all of us an intricate system of ideas, thinking habits and attitudes. The ideas of the inequality of man and woman have become a second nature with us, they have become an organic part of us, they have changed us. Then how could something as external as the right to vote suddenly change all this?

He who is being suppressed must of necessity in the long run adapt himself to the suppression; more than that, he must, if possible, derive advantages from it. But to derive advantages from an existing condition means inevitably to accept it, at least to a certain degree.

But not only the suppressed undergo a change; so does the suppressor. This is particularly evident with regard to man and woman. Get a number of men together and let them talk frankly. Regardless of their class differences or nationality, they will soon agree on one point: Woman is weak, false and a liar. And the women among themselves will soon agree that while the man is strong, and good on the football field, etc., he is at the same time stupid and easy to fool. This mutual hatred, this mutual contempt, is the basis of "love" in our times. Contempt, in the man, breeds brutality. And his brutality breeds—in the woman—slyness, falseness and lying. A vicious circle—to the advantage of all reaction.

If people, from earliest infancy, are brought up to fear, to detest, to condemn and to suppress most of their natural desires, drives and needs, everything that has to do with sexuality; if these people as a result of this repression, gradually become crippled inwardly to such an extent that they themselves continue the suppression even after the external force is removed, they remind one of a person who in the course of time has developed such a fear of all that which is supposedly unclean that he no longer dares ever to clean up his room. He opens the cellar trap and—hastily and looking away—he sweeps everything doubtful down into the cellar and quickly slams the trapdoor again. What he swept down is not necessarily unclean. But when those things go on rotting in the cellar, without light, air and control, and stuff of the same kind is being added to it, it smolders into a heap of forbidden drives, of ungratified desires, of unconscious envy and hatred—until the repressed nature of these good people is as sinister, disgusting and dangerous as they believe the whole nature of bad people to be.

The Evening Sun, the largest conservative newspaper of the country, is the guardian of our morals. It fights against "pornography and sexual enlightenment"; to it, these two things are practically synonymous. It fights against the freedom of youth, against radical literature, against that horror which they call "the sexual chaos," the thing that would arise were one to eliminate the sexual prohibitions.

We laugh about it or we get annoyed, but we should not forget that from the point of view of their level and from their ignorance of that level, the Evening Sun is, in its way, correct.

The Evening Sun's unconscious is
pornographic (see above)—and the Evening Sun has itself an inkling of this fact. It so happens that in that kind of human the cellar trap does not close hermetically. Thus, a whiff of something occasionally ascends from the cellar to the front parlor.

No, they are right, in a way. There is a good reason why the Evening Sun can think of erotic freedom only in terms of brutality, perversions, promiscuity and chaos. There can be no doubt: if one were to free all these good people suddenly, as if by magic, of their sexual inhibitions, bad things would indeed happen. It would be like suddenly letting all the inmates of Sing Sing or Alcatraz out of prison and giving them a loaded gun and saying, Go ahead. Crime and chaos would result.

But we had no intention of liberating the Evening Sun. I even apologize for using its name as symbol for a whole milieu. This milieu will perish from its own defects. What matters is the coming generations, the people who have not yet been ruined, who still have a chance for a richer, freer and happier life.

Here, too, we should guard against illusions. They would have evil consequences for us and for youth. We have to realize clearly the fact that in the process of bringing about more freedom, socially, economically and sexually, there also will occur chaotic things. This is inevitable. We must remember that at the age of twenty, a person already has a long life behind him; as far as character formation is concerned, by far the greatest part of his life. In our society, he is, at that age, already broken and suppressed in one or many ways—or else he would not be in need of our help for liberation. There will be chaotic things which will cause angry shouts and indignant agitation. He who wants to get over a mountain which lies in his path must be willing to go uphill for a time.

Now as to the central problem, in which the reaction finds its most numerous and willing helpers.

In all kinds of ways, on thousands of occasions, directly and indirectly, we have been told: there is, and there always has been, and always will be, a fateful and inescapable, a sad but unavoidable conflict between nature and culture. Intellectual work, in the psychological jargon of our times, stems from the sublimation of the energy of primitive drives. That is, all intellectual work derives its energy, directly or indirectly, from these drives. Conversely, these drives—what is always meant and never mentioned is the sexual drive—if completely gratified, would drain energy, time and interest from intellectual work. Therefore, they are inimical to culture.

Some cultural philosophers have even gone a step further and contend that all culture is based on social injustice. Too bad, they say, but that's the way it has to be. In order to give some people the necessary time and opportunity for cultural work, others have to slave all the harder, at menial work and for less pay, so that there is a surplus for him who sits and thinks. Yes, they say, that is sad and somewhat offensive to our sense of justice, but that's the way it is and always will be.

This cultural philosophy gained some support from Sigmund Freud's later writings. Ordinarily, Freud is thought of as the incarnation of radicalism in psychic life; he was attacked violently for his destructive, revolutionary, poisonous radicalism. Hardly any of those who thus attacked him, however, are aware of the fact that Freud, in his later years, developed into something of a conservative old gentleman. The attackers are unaware of this, because, to be entirely on the safe side, they did not read Freud.

In his early years, Freud made great, epochal discoveries. He discovered infantile sexuality, the existence of which is no longer debated by any thinking person. He found, further, that the prohibition against the natural unfolding of this infantile sexuality, that is, its repression, leads
to all the neuroses which plague the world like a pestilence and represent the most terrifying, the most widespread, the most fateful disease of our times.

By his therapeutic method, Freud was able, in the individual case, to eliminate the neurosis more or less. But it was a method which was costly in time and money and never could become a therapy on a mass scale. What, then, should be done to help the masses of people with their neuroses?

The dependence of the masses, their passivity, their anxiousness and their authoritarian submissiveness which make them easy prey to a Hitler, a Mussolini and all the other demagogues, are caused not alone by poverty, poor housing, and all the inferiority feelings connected with these things. They are caused also by the neurosis which is produced by a kind of education the main function of which is that of suppressing and immobilizing major parts of the vital energies.

We must ask: Must this be so? Is it, indeed, necessary to keep the masses suppressed, in dirt, rags, and poverty, in order to make it possible for culture to exist?

A very high percentage of women in Europe and America are frigid, sexually cold; their central source of life and joy is extinguished; they experience living with the man as a painful burden; they finally begin to hate sexual life and the man; they make living together a hell and transfer their anxiety and their hatred to their children. This is caused in part by ignorance and brutality on the part of the man, an ignorance caused and maintained by anxiety, and in part by a genital anxiety acquired by the woman in childhood.

But that is how things are. One used to think that about half the women were more or less frigid. Later, more extensive investigations showed these figures to be much higher: at least 90 percent of the people are psychic invalids, are broken and rotten in a most essential part of their vital functioning. Should they continue to be invalids in order to make it possible for cultural philosophers to sit in their ivory towers and think?

Here, Freud and his school have evaded the central issue in a definite way and to an increasing degree. They cure the individual case and then, when the sick, frightened individual is delivered from his fears and the sexual life energy becomes free, they try to immobilize it anew. There it is, the energy, but if it were going to be used for what it should be used, well—one might come into conflict with traditional morals. So, the energy has to be sublimated, into intellectual work, esthetic enjoyment, athletic achievements, etc.

In fact, in his later works Freud gave support to the conservative, Christian, puritanical and ascetic concept that culture develops at the expense of natural drives, that, in other words, there is an antithesis between nature and culture.

But other investigators have corrected these errors of Freud and have developed his investigations further. Here, Wilhelm Reich has to be mentioned in the first place. He not only developed further Freud's depth-psychological work, but also utilized depth-psychological findings sociologically, pointing out the inescapable consequences which have to be drawn from this knowledge. Of his works, I wish to mention especially the following:

-Massenpsychologie des Faschismus,
-Einbruch der Sexualmoral, and
-Die Sexualität im Kulturkampf.

Three books which nobody who wants to become acquainted with the cultural problems of our times can afford to ignore.

What do Reich's findings show with regard to the contention of the necessity of a conflict between nature and culture?

Yes, they show, there is such a conflict between nature and culture. But what culture? The authoritarian, patriarchal culture.

This culture, indeed, is based on two
principles: economic exploitation and sexual repression. But why is sexual repression necessary? Because it is one of the essential means of economic enslavement.

Sexual repression is one essential element in an education which has as its main goal that of instilling fear in the child, of giving it guilt feelings, of daining into it all kinds of prohibitions, and of making it quiet, devout, apprehensive and dependent.

The sexual prohibition is the most important of these prohibitions, the most fateful of them, that which requires the greatest amount of energy for its maintenance.

This is really the way it is. The kindly, dependent, apprehensive, warped adult really consumes an essential part of his vital energies in the process of suppressing his vital energies, in obedience to the rules which in early, painful, now forgotten years were drilled into him by his parents who had been suppressed in the same manner; parents who, unwittingly, took revenge on their children for the suffering which was inflicted on themselves when they were children. Here we have the vicious circle at its worst, in its most terrifying form.

In other words, it is not true that suppression of natural drives as such furthers cultural achievement. Rather, this suppression serves the purpose of maintaining a definite social and cultural status quo. It makes man weak, cowardly, indolent and stupid, and at the same time insecure, full of guilt feelings, easy to manage, easy to exploit. It makes him a member of the masses which become putty in the hands of ruthless demagogues.

Now, let us assume that this man, seemingly, rises above the mass. He becomes an intellectual worker and may imagine himself to have attained a position outside and above the struggle of parties and classes, a free man, guided only by his free thinking which he himself creates. But wait a moment. The devil has moved along with him. Sexual repression took hold of his body when he was a child—it is still with him. He is full of inhibitions, full of fear of complete vital fulfilment, though he may put it differently. He may say: he has risen above the animal in himself, or what not. Very frequently, he becomes more and more hateful of those who allow themselves full happiness in life. He may express it like this: he fights for purity. Actually, it means this: with all his intellectual freedom, he nevertheless is an obedient executive of that fear of life which once was forced upon him.

So one has to ask: Will not culture be endangered if the natural vital drives are given the freedom to develop? The answer is: certainly. That culture which is built upon suppression and fear will be endangered. That culture which lives on slavery, that culture which buys one fellow's wealth—no, not even wealth, his burdensome superabundance—with the misery of hundreds of human beings; this culture will be in danger once the natural vital forces are free to unfold in enjoyment and cultural achievement.

In short: the struggle for economic freedom and the struggle for sexual freedom are not two separate kinds of struggle. It is the same struggle, on one and the same front. One can go a step further and say: the fight against the reaction will not be effective until this fact is again recognized as a fact.

What, then, is the task of literature in all this? As we said, the task of literature is to reflect the times and to convey new insights. To this I would like to add: If, in doing so, literature fails to take the side of the weak against the strong, it has, nevertheless, failed in its task.

One may object: does that not mean making the confines of literature too narrow, too programmatical? Think of freedom... Well, freedom is a fine thing, and people, writers no less than others, certainly are entitled to their right of self-
determination. But when a fellow sits down to figure out a particularly clever, patentable water pail at a time when his house is burning over his head, well, we may not take away his right to self-determination, but we will feel that something must be wrong with him. Similarly, when a writer, in these our times, loses himself in exclusively esthetic problems—"art for art's sake"—we may be allowed to say: something must be wrong with him. We cannot be blamed for showing little interest in his esthetic water pail.

In these times, when culture threatens to be buried under cultural institutions, when discipline is proclaimed the greatest virtue, when murder is being made the highest goal in life, in these times literature has more difficult and more important tasks than ever. It has to be a salient and corrosive corrective of present-day circumstances. It seems to me that writers, due to their special characteristics, good and bad, are particularly suited to such sanitation work.

Not because they are superior to their fellow humans, but because they are a little different in a specific way.

Writers are very often people who have found it difficult to fit into a certain social mold. Well, if an object does not fit into a mold, the trouble may be with the mold or it may be with the object. The writers have the advantage of being sort of moving objects in a society which is in danger of becoming immobile. Furthermore, the writer is relatively—I emphasize, relatively— independent of the major cultural institutions. Writers, like artists in general, have the reputation of being a little less easy to rule than people in general. They seem somewhat like problem children.

But the childlike quality which the artists have retained and which in other people is more covered up because of fear of what this and that and the other person would think if they showed it—this quality is nothing but original nature within us. On the strength of this original nature, the artists establish contact with their fellow humans. On the strength of this original, still living nature, literature may fulfill a task in a world in which logic and technic have developed in a crazy, life-hostile form and continue to grow out of bounds like a cancer.

Here we need a yelp from one of these problem children. It was one of these problem children who exclaimed at one time, "But he's got no clothes on!"

We have to keep this in mind: If such a literature is to have any justification for existence, it must go beyond the limits of what is considered fitting. The reason lies in the word itself. What is "fitting" is that which fits the powers that be. But it cannot be the task of literature to suit the powers that be.

If literature is really to be serious and "unfitting," it will inevitably be called irresponsible and immoral. It will be accused of "tearing down that which is sacred."

But there is hardly any indecency in the world which was not declared sacred at one time or another. And hardly any decent thing which was not declared immoral.

Thus, anyone who intends to achieve something positive in our times will have to expect to be called negative. There is even some justification in calling him that. For that which is warped and indecent has authority and power. Thus, anyone who wants to build up something is forced, to begin with, to pull down something else. Anyone who believes in something—really believes, I mean—will have to criticize, to deride, to annoy.

In times like these, characterized by falsehood, excess and abuse as well as by people's stupidity, credulity and readiness to be abused, literature may be forced to use harsh methods. One does not go at a manure pile with a silver spoon.

We have to be prepared to do literary
spade work for a long time, perhaps all our lives, work in the actual everyday struggle, without a chance of seeing results during our lifetime. But we have to do it, we have to be prepared to be that simple. Our predecessors were somewhat too refined.

Our predecessors worked so nicely with intricate equations that the whole world came to forget that two times two still make four. We have to be prepared to pay for that.

This is nothing to cry about, at that. Most writers who in their foolishness sit in their ivory tower and write for eternity achieve nothing but the erection of an eternal monument to their foolishness. Their work usually has no other interest, not even for the present.

To summarize:

It is not true that the often irrational behavior of woman proves her inferiority and that, therefore, the age-old suppression of woman is justified. The truth is that continued suppression always results in inferiority. It is the task of literature to show this.

It is not true that nature and culture are of necessity opposed to each other and that suppression of the natural impulses, fear of a natural life, are prerequisites for intellectual achievement.

The truth is that a healthy enjoyment of life is the soundest basis for intellectual work. And it is one of the tasks of literature to show this. Incidentally, the poets have always been more or less aware of this truth and have defended it, although vaguely. Back to nature, they said, which meant implicitly, Away from culture; instead of: Ahead toward a unification of nature and culture.

It is not true that the masses always have to be passive and receptive, nothing but putty to be shaped by someone, to have their opinions and actions determined by the few and chosen. That is the way it is, the way it often has been, but it does not have to be that way always! That is not fate; it is a transitional stage. Neither is it an inescapable fate that mentally ill demagogues are able to establish contact—just on the strength of their illness—with that which is ill in the masses and thus become able to play "Führer" roles. This is a sad transitional stage. And it is one of the tasks of literature to help in the transition to something else.

It is not true that that which is so and so and has been so and so also has to remain so forever. It is not true that suppression always has to exist in one form or another, creating hatred which in turn leads to revolution and revenge and with that to new suppression and new hatred.

It is not true that humanity is condemned to go around and around forever and ever in this miserable circle of fear and suppression, hatred and revenge. There is a way out of this circle. The way out is knowledge, a new and sharper knowledge.

This, the conveying of a clearer, more open, less apprehensive knowledge in all fields, is the main task of literature.
Projeto Arte Org
Redescobrindo e reinterpretando W. Reich

Caro Leitor

Infelizmente, no que se refere a orgonomia, seguir os passos de Wilhelm Reich e de sua equipe de investigadores é uma questão bastante difícil, polêmica e contraditória, cheia de diferentes interpretações que mais confundem do que ajudam. Por isto, nós decidimos trabalhar com o material bibliográfico presente nos microfilmes (Wilhelm Reich Collected Works Microfilms) em forma de PDF, disponibilizados por Eva Reich que já se encontra circulado pela internet, e que abarca o desenvolvimento da orgonomia de 1941 a 1957.

Dividimos este “material” de acordo com as revistas publicadas pelo instituto de orgonomia do qual o Reich era o diretor.
01- International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research (1942-1945).
02- Orgone Energy Bulletin (1949-1953)
03- CORE Cosmic Orgone Engineering (1954-1956)

E logo dividimos estas revistas de acordo com seus artigos, apresentando-os de forma separada (em PDF), o que facilita a organizá-los por assunto ou temas. Assim, cada qual pode seguir o rumo de suas leituras de acordo com os temas de seu interesse. Todo o material estará disponível em inglês na nuvem e poderá ser acessado a partir de nossas páginas Web.

Sendo que nosso intuito aqui é simplesmente divulgar a orgonomia, e as questões que a ela se refere, de acordo com o próprio Reich e seus colaboradores diretos relativos e restritos ao tempo e momento do próprio Reich. Quanto ao caminho e as postulações de cada um destes colaboradores depois da morte de Reich, já é uma questão que extrapola nossas possibilidades e nossos interesses. Sendo que aqui somente podemos ser responsáveis por nós mesmos e com muitas restrições.

Alguns destes artigos, de acordo com nossas possibilidades e interesse, já estamos traduzindo. Não somos tradutores especializados e, portanto, pedimos a sua compreensão para possíveis erros que venham a encontrar.
Em nome da comunidade Arte Org.

Textos sobre a praga emocional e sociedade.
Texts on the emotional plague and society.

International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research

Emocional Plague and Society

01 Wilhelm Reich. Biophysical Functionalism and Mechanistic Natural Science 1941
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 1 Number 2 1942
Interval 1-11 Pag. 97-107

02 Paul Martin. The Dangers of Freedom 1942
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 1 Number 3 1942
Interval 34-45 Pag. 226-137

03 Stefan Hirning. The Place of Literature in the cultural Struggle 1942
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 1 Number 3 1942
Interval 46-54 Pag. 238-246

04 Wilhelm Reich. Character and Society 1936
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 1 Number 3 1942
Interval 55-64 Pag. 247-256

05 Gunnar Leinstikoy. The newspaper compaign in norway 1942
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 1 Number 3 1942
Interval 74-81 Pag. 266-273

06 Wilhelm Reich. Give Responsability to Vitally Necessary Work 1943
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 2 Numbers 2 3 1943
Interval 1-4 Pag. 93-97

07 Wilhelm Reich. The Biological Miscalculation in Human Struggle for Freedom 1942
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 2 Numbers 2 3 1943
Interval 5-29 Pag. 97-121

08 Wilhelm Reich. Work Democracy Versus Politics 1943.
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 2 Numbers 2 3 1943
09 Dorothy I. Post. Freedom is not so Dangerous 1943
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 2 Numbers 2 3 1943
Interval 56-60 Pag. 148-152

10 Harry Obermayer. Reviews Social reconstruction Without Sex-Economy 1943
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 2 Numbers 2 3 1943
Interval 81-83 Pag. 173-175

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