HEAD AND HEART IN THE SCHOOL

There are broadly two ways of looking at a class of children. One is to see a group of heads: the other is to see a group of hearts. That the teacher usually sees only the heads is not his own fault. The system believes in heads and he has to work within the system. His only concern is with that part of the anatomy extending from the neck upwards.

It is unnecessary for me to give proof of the interest in heads, for the blackboards and textbooks afford all the proof needed. What is more important is to give proof of the absence of interest in hearts. Let us take an imaginary example—John Smith, aged fourteen, sitting at a desk. Let us ask his teacher what he knows of John Smith. The answer might be something like this:

“Oh, Smith? Not a bad chap, but inclined to be lazy. Careless worker and very untidy especially with written work. But I admit he is good at geography and is keen on it. Bit of a nuisance in class: you know, distracts the attention of the others. Arithmetic fair to middling; reading dreadful; drawing not so bad, but his spelling is unbelievably bad.”

Such a reply tells us nothing of any importance about Smith. It is unlikely that his teacher could answer these questions about him:

What about his home life? Has he brothers and sisters, and if so how does he get on with them? Or with his parents? Do they lecture him or punish him? Are they religious? Do they quarrel? Have they favorites in the family? What does John know about sex? Does he masturbate with a guilty conscience?

Do you know anything about his ambitions and his daydreams? What fears does he have... animals, the dark, death? Is he sincere in his attitude to life, or is he a little hypocrite? Have you asked him what he would do if he had a hundred pounds? Have you tested his values by asking him questions like this: Who is more important, a doctor or a soldier? Jesus or Napoleon?

I could think of a hundred further questions for his teacher. It is obvious that my questions go much deeper than any questions about ability in lessons, obvious that they deal with heart and not head, obvious, too, that they would interest John profoundly. They would touch the real John, not the shell of the classroom.

I want to see every school a place in which every teacher knows the essential things about every child, that is has an emotional interest in the emotions of every child. There is a difference between talking to and talking with, between being in front of a class and being in a class. You cannot see anything from the teacher’s desk.

It should be made possible for every teacher to have frequent contact with each child individually, sitting face to face as friends in a private room. The tragedy of many a child’s life is that he has no one to confide in. His parents are not the people, for there is an emotional barrier between parents and child; if he has not the chance to confide in his teacher there is no one else he can go to. Here I am taking it for granted that his teacher is not an authority to be feared, not one who is considered a detective by the child. The least touch of authority or dignity in a teacher makes it impossible for him or her to help...
a child in any emotional difficulty. You
cannot address a man as “Sir” and confess
your troubles to him.
Nor should the teacher be an adviser.
His role should be a receptive one, that of
a sympathetic listener. I do not say that
he should be completely negative. If John
Smith confessed to me that his conscience
was worrying him because he stole a
packet of fags from an automatic machine
with a dud foreign coin, I should be in-
clined to smile and tell him about similar
ventures in my own life, not in order to
console him, but only to convince him that
he was talking to a fellow sinner, that is,
talking to an equal and not to a top-hatted
superior. Guessing that his stealing was
the result of unhappiness I should then
encourage him to tell me about his home
life and his feeling of being unloved or
unjustly treated. Here any moral attitude
would be fatal. If a teacher said: “But,
John, it is your duty to love your brother,”
or a similar platitudinous inanity, the emo-
tional reaction of the boy to his teacher
would be a hate one, and his chance of
progress would be much lessened.

It is so necessary to realise that you can-
not teach anything of value by speaking.
This is so true of moral education ...
“But, dear, surely you must know that
your sister feels pain when you hit her
with that stick.” ... “But don’t you know
it is wrong to steal?” ... (or worst of all)
“God does not love little boys who pull
the cat’s whiskers.” Such remarks never
cure the child; they make him more de-
fiant. At the same time I do not say that
these remarks have no effect at all; unfor-
nately they sink into the unconscious
and their cumulative effect is to make a
personality that hates life. The law makes
the crime, and morality makes the sin.

Am I asking too much of the teacher?
I don’t think so; all I ask is that he makes
the effort to understand the child, to side
with the child, always to be on his side.
I am asking the teacher to belittle symp-
toms and seek for root causes. It is a hard
and difficult task; it will have successes
and failures, because sometimes the root
cause of a trouble is beyond the help of
the teacher.

I contend that every teacher in every
school should know as much about each
child as I have to know in Summerhill.
After all I have 75 of them, more than any
State school class, but I confess to the ad-
vantage of having them in the school all
the time. The disadvantage of this is the
price I pay in noise and nerve strain for
the privilege of living always with chil-
dren. I confess too that my time is not
compulsorily devoted to teaching lessons
and correcting exercise books. It must be
stated, however, that if my ideals of edu-
cation were the usual ones, I could and
would spend my life worrying about read-
ing and writing ... and heads.

Now the truth is that a great number of
teachers agree with the point of view I
am now putting forward, especially the
younger teachers. They too see the shallow-
ness of head education, and they burn to
reform the schools. Some of them come
to me in despair crying: “We can’t do any-
thing. The Headmaster won’t let us move;
the Code impels us to deal only with
heads; the classroom is a prison.”

The teaching profession badly needs an
organized Left Wing. Its official National
Union of Teachers is not good enough for
the new generation of teachers ... There
is the New Education Fellowship which
attempts to be an organisation of teachers
who want progress, and it does good work.
Of late, however, it has tended to be re-
spectable and liberal rather than revolu-
tionary. It never invites me to take part in
its conferences because I am “too revolu-
tionary.” That I do not mind, for confer-
ences are things I dislike intensely, but it
shows how the N.E.F. wind is blowing
these days. To me it is a hopeful sign that
requests for my lectures come mainly from
local branches of the N.U.T., and in all
these lectures I find an interest and enthusiasm which is a joy to me.

The organizing of a Left Wing association would not be easy in a profession that is scattered so far and wide. The best way might be to organize first of all something in the nature of the Left Book Club. If any publisher cared to risk the venture I, for one, would gladly help on the editorial committee... This Book Club would ignore completely everything connected with teaching methods and subjects. It would have its weekly magazine which would deal only with psychology, sociology, and sexology. Much space would be given to answering questions sent in by readers, and unknown readers would be urged to send in contributions. ... The motto of the Club would have to be: No compromise. Life and sex would be dealt with openly and sincerely, although there would be some danger in this, for we are only allowed to deal with sex in a pornographic way as in the music halls.

One enormous difficulty would be to keep the Club clean. I mean by that, keep it clear of cranks and neurotics. Any society that deals with sex is apt to attract many of the wrong sort of people, the unconscious homosexuals and voyeurs and exhibitionists. We should have to fight hard to keep out the man with a bee in his bonnet or a Charles the First's head under his arm. We are all potential dangers. At the moment if I were in control of such a club I might be inclined to over-emphasize the importance of Reich's psychology, while another man might concentrate on Freud or Adler or Krishnamurti or Rudolf Steiner. We should have to seek truth amid a multitude of theories and beliefs, but we could not be too broad-minded: we could not accept a book on, say, The Benefits of Scientific Flogging.

The purpose of such an organization would be to concentrate on the heart instead of the head. It would begin to bring education to where it belongs—the unconscious of the child. It would give teachers a direction into a province that has been too long neglected, and it would enable them to see in perspective the bleak landscape of desk schools.

**THE TEACHER AND SOCIETY**

I can hear a young teacher say: "What the devil does social status matter?" I am afraid that it matters a lot, especially in small towns and country districts. The teacher in London can be content in his own social status; he is not compelled to feel himself an inferior; his life is not open to all; he can associate with whom he likes. Snobbery isn't being continually thrust upon him. He is lucky in comparison with the teacher in the small town. The latter knows that socially he is a nobody, and having no opportunity of mixing in a class of his own, he is almost forced to measure himself against the local people who form society. He can have no freedom in his life; he must always behave respectfully. The London bachelor or spinster teacher can live "in sin" without fear of discovery, but the village teacher dare not be seen giving the glad eye to a barmaid, why it is difficult to understand, for socially he is not considered very high above the barmaid. There are few people who can get away from class distinction. None of us can get completely free from it. ... Snobbery is like religion: if you get it young you can never get rid of the poison.

It can scarcely be denied that the teaching profession is of greater importance than any of the other professions. The teacher should be a pillar of society, and if he should have no dignity his profession ought to have. There are no teacher peers, no baronets; I never heard of even a teacher knight. No self-respecting teacher would want to have a title or accept one if it were offered to him. The point is that a title is not offered to him because he is not considered valuable enough. In a world of successful motor manufacturers...
and brewers the honor goes to the people who matter most. To use a military simile, the business men are like commissioned officers while the teachers are like non-commissioned officers.

I can imagine what kind of a speech some of the younger men could make if they were in the position of the president of the National Union of Teachers. I am not a young man myself, but I should like to give a presidential address like this:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have chosen for my presidential address the subject of Truth. I want to make you ask yourselves the question: How much truth is in education? Or the cognate question: Are we living a lie?

I say we are. We have charge of the next generation and we are giving it the lies of our own generation. We are not doing this deliberately; we are doing it because we have never really thought deeply about education. We have not had the power to look ahead; our horizon has been a severely limited one.

Let us make this concrete. Today (1939) we see the nations arming to the teeth. At any moment the world may be plunged in an inferno of despair and terror and agony. It seems highly probable that millions of children sitting in schools today will be killed. When the war is finished what is left of humanity will be faced with the herculean task of building up a new kind of civilization. It will be one that will differ from the present one in many ways; its most probable form will be universal Socialism. Fascism cannot in the end win because it belongs to the old way of life, to profit and class distinction, and imperialistic conquest. It puts the clock back.

The pupils of our schools, those who survive, will build the new world. Are we doing anything to prepare them for this task? What will our little lessons on school subjects do to help them to a new life? Will their silly little examination successes help them to endure the misery they may first have to face? Will that iniquity, home lessons, help to make them conscientious citizens of a new world?

Teachers, if we really believed in truth we should stand together and strike down this system of playing at education. We should train the young to be citizens by allowing them to be free citizens now. When a boy of seven was stealing, our Summerhill citizens government passed a law that he be compelled to steal something every day, else he would be fined his pocket-money. That was citizenship with psychological understanding, citizenship far removed from that of adults who punish by birch or prison. Such children can face a new world with a new spirit, a new orientation to social behavior.

How can we allow children freedom to make the new world when our ruling class decrees what we should teach and how we should discipline? You know you are not free. The mere fact that you have to celebrate Empire Day shows how unfree you are. Empire Day, the celebration of centuries of imperialism, of the kind of robbery that we so violently condemned when applied to Abyssinia by Italy. Empire Day when the millions of India are underfed slaves, when millions of African natives are dispossessed of their lands and freedom. If you are reasonably honest you must realize that you are celebrating a lie, the lie that a nation can be great and just when only the few benefit and the vast majority are exploited at home and abroad.

Teachers, it is your urgent duty to see that the children have the opportunity to see what is behind the pomp and pageantry of Empire. You dare not let them know only the Daily Mail side of life, the history book side of life. Don't waste your time with decimal fractions and similar futilities; tell the children what society means, what is behind what they see.

I am asking you to be one-sided because you have so many rival teachers who, like
the devil, have all the best tunes. Most of your pupils go to the cinema. In the news reels they see the superficial side of life—the tanks rolling by, royalty smiling graciously, the prime minister alighting from a Munich aeroplane. The news reel is in its cinema and all's right with the world.

Then they see the capitalist society story feature, nearly always one where the scene is laid in high society. Only a sincere actress like Luise Rainer would dare to hide her beauty in the rags of *The Good Earth*. Your children see love stories that end in an eternal marriage, played by actors and actresses who change their mates by divorce every few months. They see love scenes that arouse in them sexual emotions that they dare not allow expression in society. They see perverted history as in the film *Victoria the Great* when the corn laws are repealed because the dear old queen was so sorry for the poor. They see a film like *The Shape of Things to Come*, where H. G. Wells makes woman a mere cipher, seeking only love, and where he leaves out the working people. About the only true pictures they see are the Disney Cartoons.

Now the influence of the cinema is greater than that of the school, for the reason that what it acquired through pleasurable emotions has a much stronger and deeper effect on a child than what is acquired in a dull classroom. While you are teaching dull subjects the world outside is educating the children, and educating them in the wrong way. Your arithmetic and history do not give the children a standard of life, but the films do—the soul-destroying standard of Hollywood with its individualism in the center of butlered houses and expensive clothes.

By refusing to face the problem of sex in children, you drive them to the tender mercies of the enemies of life—the preachers and the moralists, so that the future adult is faced with two influences pulling different ways—the ego-centric luxury of film life, and the ego-centric aim to save his own soul.

Teachers, cannot you see that your whole system is out of date? That your school subjects do not touch the life of today? Children learn to read and when they leave school they have no standard of reading; they learn to count and most of them will never have more than their wages to count; they learn of countries they will never see, and they study languages they will never use.

Why do you not teach them what is going on around them? They should know in detail why there is an army of unemployed; they should know what industry means and why the many are poor; they should be told what forces are behind the war-mongering and imperialism of the world. But teaching what will make for good citizenship is not enough. You must kick away all the shackles that bind children, the discipline, the fear, the passivity. You can really only learn by doing, and one public meeting in a school, where every child can speak fearlessly, is worth a hundred talks on citizenship.

Teachers, your job is not in the school; it is in society. Often a kindergarten teacher will say to me: "My children are happy and free and busy all day long, but next year the bigger ones will have to pass on to the desk schools, and it breaks my heart to think that they have this free system for a short time, only to pass into the horrible mill of sedentary desk work and discipline." But, teachers, you are all in such a position; however faithfully you teach, however freely you teach, your children are destined for the mill of industrialism. Really you are in very much the same situation as the man who rears pigs for slaughter, but his is the more honest job. Pigs are at least scientifically fed, while your pupils are unproductively spoon-fed with indigestible hash.

You have the unconscious feeling that education stops at the age of fifteen. I have
said you cannot see the end of your work, yet it is essential that you should. A school should be a place to which old pupils return eagerly and often. It cannot be so long as teachers take the short and narrow view that their job is teaching the alphabet of life's language.

It is not for me to tell you how to alter matters. That is for your social conscience to decide. I can, however, make a suggestion—that you demand to play your part in the emotional life of your pupils and of the world. Thinking, like Nurse Cavell's patriotism, is not enough; the intellectual training of the classroom is not enough. Your job is to get hold of the emotions of the children before the Cinema and the church and the racecourse and the football field win them for ever. Teach the Three R's by all means, but insist on spending most of the time in emotional creative activity. If your children can write and act their own plays I do not say that they won't go to the cinema, but I do say that they will go with a decided standard of their own, go with the critical eye of the artist who writes plays. If they have ample time to play football they will not later be so ready to stand as thousands do content to watch a game. In Norway you will find huge crowds go to watch a jumping or slalom competition, but the crowd is on skis.

If your children are not taught that love is wicked, the lure of the sex appeal film will tend to make conscious their sexual misery, and the morbid compulsion to stare at beautiful screen actresses will disappear.

And if their school life is full of happy creation they will not tacitly accept the factory slavery that awaits most of them. They will have to tolerate it for economic reasons, but their emotional freedom will make them work to better their class's conditions.

Naturally if you demand that creation should be the chief factor in the school you will find yourselves up against the powers that rule you. They are not afraid of what the workers know; they are afraid of what the workers might be. Do not make the mistake of undervaluing your masters. They are wise old birds even though much of their wisdom is unconscious.

Now if you were all united, if you could go in a body to the rulers and say: "We are making our own schemes of education, and we are amending the timetable so that emotional education will come first," your rulers will not require to think this out; they will know, as if by instinct, that there is a danger in your scheme, although consciously they may be quite unaware of the reason why they believe so. Their objection will soon crystallise into rationalisations... What! we don't want artists and dancers and writers in our mills and offices. The idea is absurd. Will ten years of drawing and acting make a girl an efficient typist? God knows that the present education is bad enough... I can't ever get an apprentice who can spell decently... but we do not want a generation of illiterates who can only dance or play games.

To be fair to capitalism it must be said that something like this happened in Russia. It set out with a great gesture of educational freedom, with self-government, creation galore; then gradually it changed; the State said in effect: This is all very well, but we are in a hurry to build up a socialist civilization; we need skilled workers—engineers, teachers, doctors, managers, and we cannot afford to risk the slow process of complete freedom.

Some of you may be doubtful about the importance of emotion. Believe me, and I speak from a long experience, if you educate the emotions the intellect will look after itself. When a boy loses his guilty conscience about masturbation he always learns his lessons more easily and willingly. I use this illustration because, strictly speaking, one cannot educate the
emotions; the most one can do is to try to destroy the bonds that have tied up emotion and changed it into guilt and hate. All you can do is to furnish outlets for emotion, and these outlets should be material rather than human. It is better for a child to be creatively emotional in painting a picture than destructively emotional in hating his teacher, but, if schools had a complete apparatus for emotional outlet on material, hating the teacher would disappear.

Apart from your work altogether you must find your own social freedom. No, that is false: you will find social freedom when you make your work a creative thing worth living for. Your social status will rise as your work status rises. So long as you produce slaves you will be slaves.

Here I want to speak to youth. The world has seen hierarchies, patriarchal and matriarchal rule. Today patriarchal rule is dominant, and it looks as if it were to commit suicide. Is it not possible to substitute for it a rule of youth? Are you content with a state of society that makes a man of seventy its prime minister? That expresses surprise if a man of forty gets a cabinet post? Are you on the side of the old men of Transport House or of the young men of the shops rank and file? It is a question you must face. But to face it squarely and frankly you will have to challenge the conventional view that old men are wiser than you are. It is a lie, a flaming lie, a lie founded on the belief that youth is hot-headed and acts and thinks afterwards, while age is calm and thinks before it acts . . . and usually does not act at all. Ah, but age has had experience!

Here is an excerpt from Lady Windermere’s Fan.

Lord Darlington. You talk as if you were a man of experience.

Cecil Graham. I am.

Lord Darlington. You are far too young. Cecil Graham. That is a great error. Experience is a question of instinct about life. I have got it. Tuppy hasn’t. Experience is the name Tuppy gives to his mistakes. That is all.

Oscar Wilde was a cynic, but he sometimes went deeper than perhaps he knew. Experience is not a matter of age . . . one can see that in the faces of the children of Barcelona when one compares them with those of children who never knew terror. A guttersnipe boy in London could buy and sell a rustic six times his age. No, age uses its experience to keep the young down, for it fears youth and hates youth. “Children should be seen and not heard” summed up the philosophy of patriarchal society. Unfortunately it also sums up a lot of so-called education at school and at the university. It is a rotten system in which the teacher asks all the questions, and I have every sympathy with the boy who wondered why his teacher asked him the capital of China, since presumably he, the teacher, knew it already. This boy always makes me think of the school cleaner, who, seeing the words, “Find L.C.M.” written on the blackboard, cried: “Haven’t they found that damned thing yet? They were looking for it when I was a boy.” I think both stories contain a fine criticism of education, and I have the feeling that a collection of school stories would make an excellent indictment of our system, for those who could read between the lines.

Teacher should be seen and not heard. That is really your position in society today, those of you who are young. More than half of you young teachers are prevented from teaching in the way you want. And why? Because your schools are ruled by the old men and women. I want to see you young teachers demanding self government for school staffs. I am on the verge of being an old man myself, but I have never once interfered with my staff or told them how I wanted them to teach. When they make the timetable at the
commencement of each term I am never there, partly I admit because I have so little interest in timetables and teaching, but mainly because I feel that they know their own job best. True I have the power to engage a teacher or to dismiss one, for I also am in the way of being a capitalist and an individualist, so that when some members of the staff proposed that the school be changed into a co-operative one, where all were equal, I refused to do so on the ground that I had planned and created the school, and had to retain the ultimate control of policy.

Here you will no doubt be inclined to say: You don't practice what you preach: you tell us to demand self-determination, but in your own school you approve of the rule of the Old Man. I admit the justness of the criticism; I grant that here you have the clinging to power of the Old Man. I constitute the ruling class in my school and like all ruling classes I want to remain master of the situation.

Yet, you know, I have a defense, one, perhaps that is a rationalization like most defenses of autocracy. There is a difference between my school and your schools. You have no choice. Your living depends on your serving the State, and working in the manner that the State demands. My staff come to me freely; they are men and women who prefer to work in freedom for a salary that is a bad fraction of the salary they could get under the Burnham Scale. They are free to live their own lives without pretense, free to love as they like, free to do as much political work as they want to, free to dress as they wish, free to teach as they like.

Most salient of all they believe in the work they are doing, and have no occasion to kick against the pricks. They accept sincerely the psychological policy of the school; they believe in school self-government, in complete freedom to attend or stay away from lessons, in the psychological treatment of behavior in the case of stealing or bullying or destructiveness.

The wish to make the school a co-operative one comes from the most politically conscious of the staff, the socialist element. Naturally they want educational Communism in the school, a communal responsibility. And, you know, they are right, for the future belongs to co-operation. The days of the one man show are passing, and, frankly, Summerhill is a one-man show in this, that prospective parents do not consider my staff when they apply for a prospectus; they apply because they have read my books, and they ask for me when they visit the school. I am always hearing the criticism: "The fault of schools like Summerhill is that they depend on one man's personality and views. Look at the Little Commonwealth: it depended entirely on Homer Lane's personality."

This should not be. And fundamentally is not true. Personalities are important only because they are what you might call milestones on a new road. Their personality does not make the movement; the movement calls forth the personality. Hitler did not make Nazism; it made him. My own work could never have been attempted had I not been influenced by a movement that had men like Homer Lane, Freud, Stekel, Reich, E. F. O'Neill, Edmund Holmes, MacMunn and many others. Personalities are only the scouts of a progressive army, and even when scouts die the army marches on, sending out new scouts. I know that in fifty years my name will be writ in water, but I know that education will have marched far ahead by then.

My view is that movements spring up in the unconscious of the people, so that it is possible to find outcroppings of the new in Europe and America at the same time. In the past these outcroppings have been associated with individuals, but it is likely that in the future they will be associated with whole groups of people.

Today in the international situation we
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are inclined to overestimate the value of personalities; the world waits breathlessly for the speeches of a Chamberlain, a Hitler, a Mussolini, a Roosevelt; they appear to have the power of life and death over the world. Yet they are mere puppets, mouthpieces of collective forces that they do not control, that control them. True, one of them can launch a bloody war at any moment, but, if a national leader died, the policy of his nation would go on inevitably to its end.

So it is in education. The upward movement goes on, and the Neills of life are not leaders; they are being led. In the same way the diehards of education are being led, so that the battle is not one between Summerhill and a Public School; it is one between a moving force and a static force, between progress and tradition. You young teachers are many of you unwilling conscripts in the army of tradition, and your eyes are turned to the banners of the new order.

But beware of waiting for a leader. Only the backward forces follow a leader, and in any case the Promised Land is never reached; the tragedy of the leader is that his aims are always negatived by the mass desire . . . There is no end to progress, no Ultima Thule. “It is better to travel than to arrive.” Stevenson was profound when he wrote these words. Wilde puts the same thought differently . . . “In this world there are only two tragedies. One is not getting what one wants, and the other is getting it. The last is much the worst; the last is a real tragedy.”

Ideals are only dangerous because they are fixed. I sometimes feel I could sell my soul to play golf like Henry Cotton, realizing all the time that, if I could, I should no doubt want to be able to sing like Paul Robeson. No man should ever arrive. Must we then set out on our journey without an aim? Oh, no, but our aim should be the next milestone . . .

I can imagine a youth movement in your ranks leading a campaign to convert parents to your views, meeting them on every possible occasion, and trying to show them your standpoint. To begin with you might try to enlighten them on the subject of child psychology. Millions of fathers and mothers are ignorant of child nature. They have never thought about education, have accepted it as they accept religion or class rule or poverty. I talked to a group of working mothers not long ago, and was most agreeably surprised at their interest and understanding. Some of them had been spanking their children automatically, and were genuinely astonished to learn that there were other ways of keeping discipline in the home.

Then you could try to make the parents aware of the political aspects of education, showing them how inadequate a school education is, how in the narrow sense of preparing for life it is a failure.

At the same time you should fight to give your profession self-determination, and to begin with you might start a campaign against inspection of schools. I have never heard practicing lawyers and clergymen have government inspectors who appear at odd moments to see whether they are doing their work properly. Teachers are on a level with bus conductors. Every time an inspector asks me for my tram or bus ticket I feel that humanity is degraded, for his one function is to discover whether the workers are cheating the company or not; the inspector is the super-symbol of man's distrust of his fellow men. And, camouflage it how we will, the inspector of schools is a spy, a licensed Nosey Parker . . . He is very often, perhaps always, appointed on his academic qualifications; he may know nothing whatsoever about child psychology, nothing about economics. Possibly he may know so much about educational theory that he is incapable of realizing that there should be no educational theory. He may never have taught a class in his life . . .
spected profession cannot help having the social status of tram conductors, and the timid attitude to authority that every tram conductor must have. Many of you fear the arrival of the inspector; most of you must do. Those of you who have had a religious education will fear the inspector wholeheartedly, for to your unconscious he is the inspector of the Judgment Day.

The inspectorate constitutes a significant proof of the wrongness of schooling. You can examine a class in arithmetic which does not matter, but you cannot examine it in character or happiness which do matter . . .

Go on, young teachers. Fight for your freedom, your self respect. Until you get rid of inspectors you will be slaves and inferiors. Scorn the governmental help in methods of teaching; insist that, if any help is to be given, it shall be given by men and women who have something important to give. Let the government send round people who will help you to understand what children are, who will assist you to understand the many psychological problems in your classrooms. You don't need inspectors to tell you how to teach school subjects.

But, the doubter might say, what about the slack teacher? . . . Well, I once knew two village schools about three miles apart; one had a good teacher, the other a bad one. I never saw any evidence that the children from the good school succeeded any better in life than those from the bad one. At the same time I am willing to agree that it is better to have a good teacher than a bad one even when what they teach is not education. But the cure for bad teaching isn't inspection; it is a social conscience in the body corporate of teachers. It is more than this: it is a radical change in the content of education, a change that by making education creative will attract the men and women who are creative. Education today can attract the dullard, because it is essentially work for dullards, for men who are content to teach by rote—robots in a machine-made world.

Ah, but behind the subjects is the real thing in education—the personality of the teacher! Yes, I grant that your personalities are of great importance for good or evil in the school. You can give out love or hate or fear, but as long as your profession is an inferior one you will be in danger of giving out more fear than love, because an inferior always has some fear coming from above—headmaster, inspector, local authority—and this fear is always shunted on to those who are inferior to you, the pupils . . . The motto over the gateway of every school should be: Casting Out Fear, because fear is the greatest curse of life. But only a fearless man can cast out fear, so that as a profession you should contend against all the forces that bring fear into your own lives.

In my daydreams I see the school as the center of the village or town, a club for children by day and for adults by night; a place where fathers and mothers can meet to talk or sing or dance, to work a their hobbies, to read books and magazines, to listen to lectures on all subjects, not only education. I would even give it a club license so that it could compete with the local public houses. It would be Liberty Hall by day and by night. The snag would be that the believers in uplift might wrangle the control of it, and make it a higher life center with uplifting educational films instead of Charlie Chaplin, with dull lectures after the style of the lectures so often given in Rural Institutes. And the lady of the manor would have to be told that she could attend only as a unit in the village, and not as a leader of any kind. All dangers, however, would be capable of being faced and overcome by the combined social conscience of parents and teachers. The school would belong to the trio—children, parents, teachers.
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 da área do desenvolvimento infantil

Texts from the area of child development

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