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.
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 orgonomic equations four hundred years later. He described, according to his orgonomic 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 orgonomic 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-somnambulant 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-
own barrenness of soul and emptiness of mind is no good reason to kill; why at night out of sex-starvation. The pestilent killer does not even produce a opportune moment.

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, 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 Caïphas 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 hidden 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 shooting 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 should have been content to sit still and quiet and leave 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
JUDAS ISCARIOT

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 huckster 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 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 destroy the enemies of my national honor? Why don't you fill my heart with sweet love, sword and fire and death have been my only delights. My God is a God of revenge and thundering wrath.

Lave is not of this world and never will be. You must force Man toward Lave, if Lave must be. I cannot bear your Lave. 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, organic 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 a 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,
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 even 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 delin-
quency 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 ergonomic
sense) in the schools.

Adequate protection against the emotional plague which could and cer-
tainly 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 ful-
fill. 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 prob-
lems 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 organi-
cally 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 shoestrings 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 tope 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 proclaim the reality of their 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 make-shifts of social living.

And this is the true difficulty in getting across the truth one lives. You are in danger of being a liar 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 truth. 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
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
--------------------
Emotional 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 compaining 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
Interval 30-48 Pag. 122-140

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

11 Theodore P. Wolfe. On a Common Motive for Defamation 1944
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 3 Number 1 1944
Interval 76-78 Pag. 71-73
12 Harry Obermayer. Reviews The Psychology of Facism 1944
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 3 Number 1 1944
Interval 86-87 Pag. 81-82

13 Wilhelm Reich. Some Mechanism of the Emotional Plague 1945
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 4 Number 1 1945
Interval 36-55 Pag. 34-53

14 Gladys Meyer. Review The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy 1945
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 4 Number 1 1945
Interval 107-116 Pag. 105-114

15 Wilhelm Reich. The Development of the Authoritarian State Apparatus from Rational Social interrelationships 1945
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 4 Numbers 2 3 1945
Interval 25-33 Pag. 147-155

16 Gladys Meyer. The Making of Fascists 1945
International Journal of Sex Economy and Orgone Research Volume 4 Numbers 2 3 1945
Interval 69-77 Pag. 191-199

17 Wilhelm Reich. Work Democracy in Action 1944
McF 207 Annals of the Orgone Institute, Number 1. 1947
Interval 6-21 Pag. 4-35

18 Anthony I. Swaroswsky. Thoughts on the Sex Behavior of American Soldiers in the Eto 1947
McF 207 Annals of the Orgone Institute, Number 1. 1947
Interval 54-57 Pag. 101-107

19 T.P. Wolfe. Emotional Plague versus Orgone Biophysics 1948
McF 515 T.P. Wolfe. Emotional Plague versus Orgone Biophysics 1948
Interval 1-26 Pag. 1-49

-------------

Orgone Energy Bulletin
-------------

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Emotional Plague and Society
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------

01 Myron Scharaf. A Danger Tendency in Contemporary Thought 1949
Interval 19-20 Pag. 30-33

14 Wilhelm Reich. The Murder of Chist 1953
Interval 4-15 Pag. 5-27

15 Archives of the Orgone Institute. Modju at Works in Journalism 1953
Interval 44-46 Pag. 85-89