

Introduction to the world of Wilhelm Reich

Films

Dance

Music

Readings

**Friday
6/6/2014
19:00**



**Lauttasaaren
Nuorisotalo**



**Pajalahdentie 10 A b
Helsinki**



First Nordic-Baltic Conference, Helsinki, 7-8 June 2014
Health, Therapy, Society: the Contemporary Relevance of Wilhelm Reich's Discoveries

<http://wilhelmreich.fi>

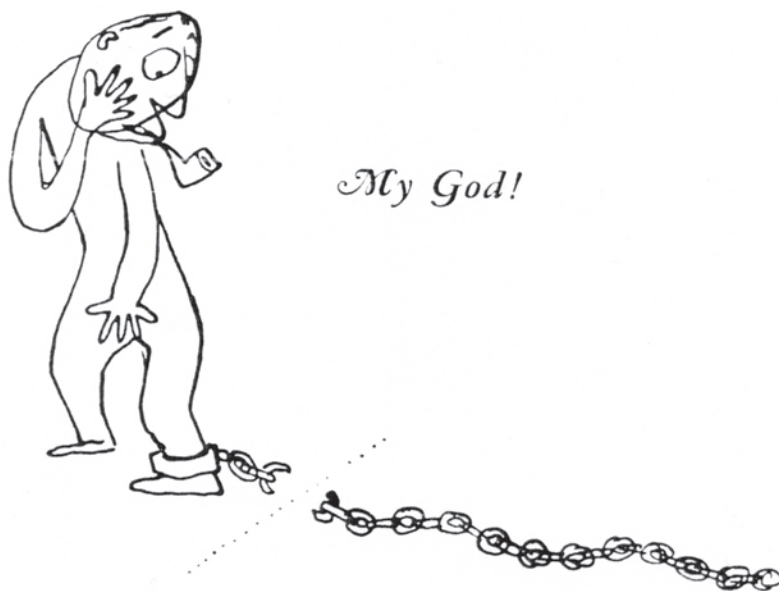
Introduction to the world of Wilhelm Reich

A carefully selected introductory multimedia presentation
on Reich and his work with films, music, readings, dance...

Friday 6th of June 2014 at 19:00

Lauttasaaren Nuoristalo
Pajalahdentie 10 A b
Helsinki

<http://wilhelmreich.fi>



The graphics of this booklet are from the works of William Steig:
The Agony in the Kindergarten
Listen, Little Man!

Man's right to know, to learn, to inquire, to make bona fide errors, to investigate human emotions must, by all means, be safe, if the word FREEDOM should ever be more than an empty political slogan.

Response to FDA complaint, Feb. 22, 1954



Man's Right to Know: The Wilhelm Reich Story

This introductory biography about Wilhelm Reich, M.D. was produced by The Wilhelm Reich Infant Trust in 2002 as both the opening exhibit for visitors to the Wilhelm Reich Museum and as an educational tool for wider audiences. It provides a concise overview of Reich's life and work. Comprised of archival photographs and film footage, plus computer animation, this biography is not intended as a substitute for Reich's literature, but rather as an easy-to-understand introduction to Reich's life and to his discovery and investigations of orgone energy. This production also provides a succinct and dramatic account of the Food and Drug Administration's campaign to destroy Reich's work.

Film duration: ~28 minutes

Production: <https://www.wilhelmreichtrust.org/mrtk.html>

Online source: https://archive.org/details/wilhelm_reich

The Source of the Human "No"

Little men don't cry



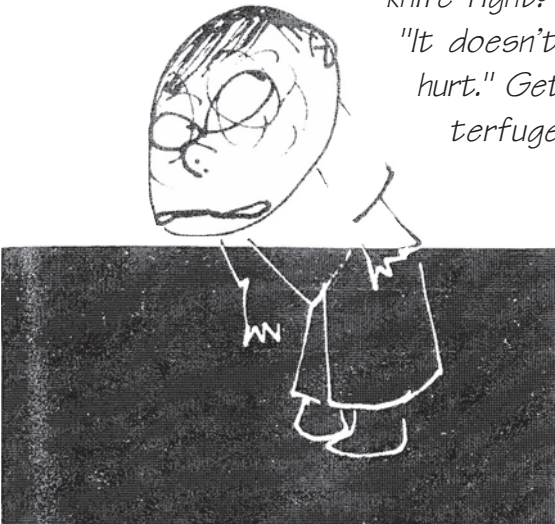
When a child is born, it comes out of a warm uterus, 37 degrees centigrade, into about 18 or 20 degrees centigrade. That's bad enough. The shock of birth... bad enough. But it could survive that if the following didn't happen: As it comes out, it is picked up by the legs and slapped on the buttocks. The first greeting is a slap. The next greeting: Take it away from the mother. Right? Take it away from the mother. I want you to listen here. It will sound incredible in a hundred years. Take it away from the mother. The mother must not touch or see the baby. The baby has

no body contact after having had nine months of body contact at a very high temperature - what we call the "orgonotic body energy contact" the field action between them, the warmth and the heat. Then, the Jews introduced something about six or seven thousand years ago. And that is circumcision. I don't know why they introduced it. It's still a riddle. Take that poor penis. Take a



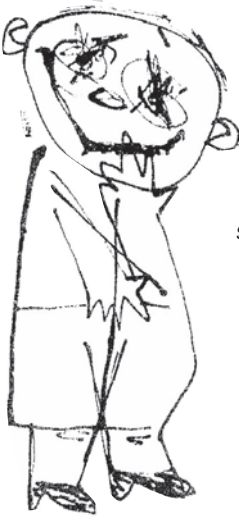
QUIET

knife-right? And start cutting. And everybody says, "It doesn't hurt." Everybody says, "No, it doesn't hurt." Get it? That's an excuse, of course, a subterfuge. They say that the sheaths of the nerve are not yet developed. Therefore, the sensation in the nerves is not yet developed. Therefore, the child doesn't feel a thing. Now, that's murder! Circumcision is one of the worst treatments of children. And what happens to them? You just look at them. They can't talk to you. They just cry. What they do is shrink. They contract, get away into the inside, away from that



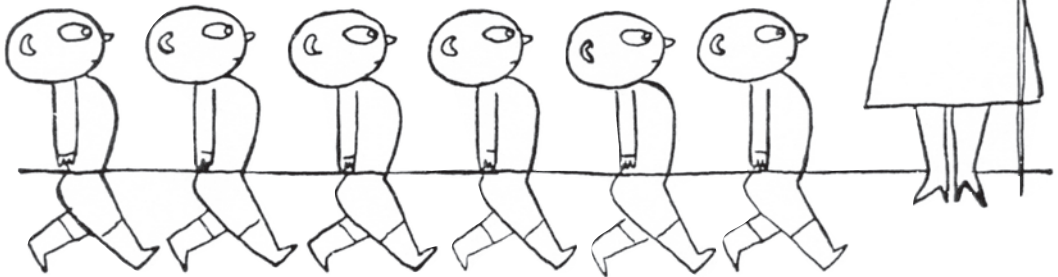
How would you like a good crack on the head?

Wipe that smile off your face



ugly world. I express it very crudely, but you understand what I mean. Now, that's the greeting: Taking it away from the mother. Mother mustn't see it. Twenty-four or forty-eight hours, eat nothing. Right? Penis cut. And then comes the worst: This poor child, poor infant, tries always to stretch out and to find some warmth, something to hold on to. It goes to the mother, puts its lips to the mother's nipple. And what happens? The nipple is cold, or doesn't erect, or the milk doesn't come, or the milk is bad. And that is quite general. That is not one case in a thousand. That is general. That's average. So what does that infant do? How does it respond to that? How does it have to respond to that bioenergetically? It can't come to you and tell you, "Oh, listen, I'm suffering so much, so much." It doesn't say "no" in words, you understand, but that is the emotional situation. And we orgonomists know it. We get it out of our patients. We get it out of their emotional structure, out of their behavior, not out of their words. Words can't express it. Here, in the very beginning, the spite develops. Here, the "no" develops, the big "NO" of humanity. And then you ask why the world is in a mess.

Interview with Kurt Eissler, Oct. 18, 1952



*When I think of your children,
how you torment the life out of them,
trying to make them "normal" like yourself*

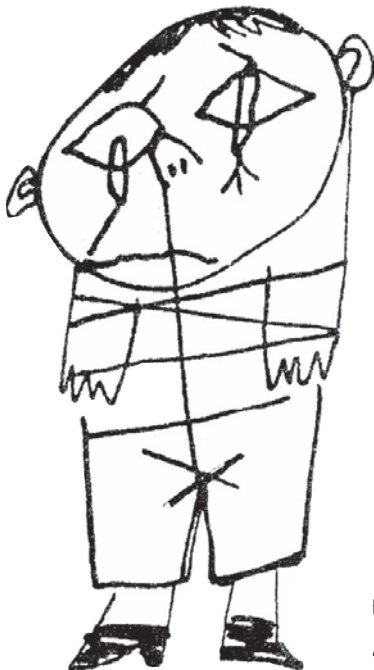
The Genital Embrace

God is watching



The longing for the fusion with another organism in the genital embrace is just as strong in the armored organism as it is in the unarmored one. It will most of the time be even stronger, since the full satisfaction is blocked. Where Life simply loves, armored life "fucks". Where Life functions freely in its love relations as it does in everything else and lets its functions grow slowly from first beginnings to peaks of joyful accomplishment, no matter whether it is growth of a plant from a tiny seedling to the blossoming and fruit-bearing stage, or the growth of a liberating thought system; so Life also lets its love relationships grow slowly from a first comprehensive glance to the fullest yielding during the quivering embrace. Life does

not rush toward the embrace. It is in no hurry, except when long periods of full abstinence have made instant discharge of life energy imperative. Armored man, on the other hand, confined in his organismic prison, rushes at the fuck. His awful language already betrays the emotional feel of "taking her" against her will by force or seduction. To be with a human being of the other sex alone in a room for any length of time without "trying" whether "he can have her", or her fearing that he might attack her, appears unthinkable.

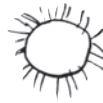


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The genital embrace emerges as the fulfillment of this constant delight, as a high point on a long mountain hike which takes you again and again back into the valleys, into the dark nights and into stormy weather. You know you are moving onward to new heights far above deep dark mountain valleys. And each time you reach another peak it is different from all former experience, since life is never quite the same even in two consecutive seconds of one and the same operation. You do not have the ambition to be "on top", to look down into the valleys or to tell others how many mountain peaks you have conquered in a fortnight. Your basic mood is silence. You simply keep moving along and you rejoice in every new height after the steady



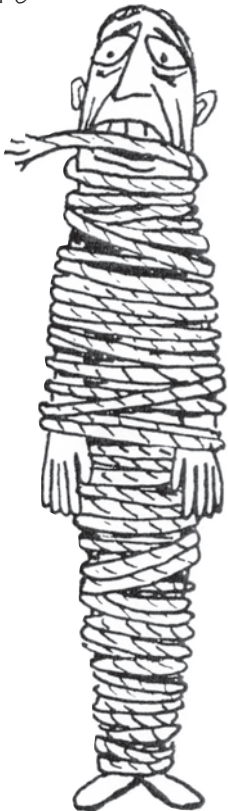
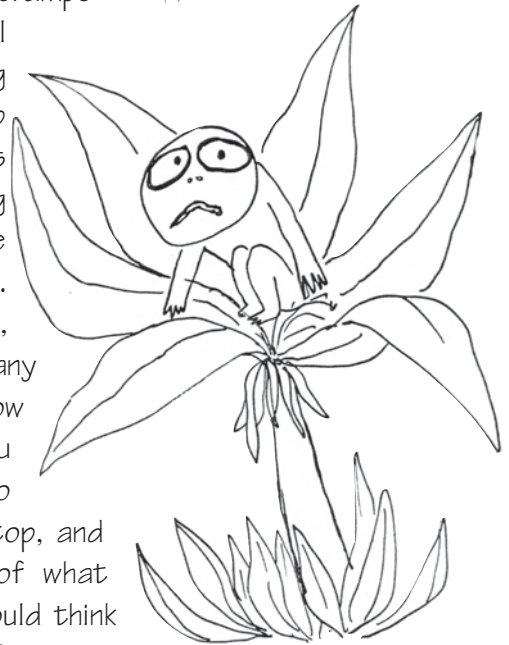
ascent. The preparation of the climb is just as delightful as the climbing itself. Resting after reaching the peak is just as beautiful as the first thrilling excitement when you first reach out for the landscape with your eyes and the rest of your body. You do not keep asking yourself painfully all through the preparations and the climbing whether you will ever reach the peak. And you do not invent a special pocket motor to get you safely over the last few feet. You do not choke the scream of delight in your throat when you reach the peak, and you do not start getting cramps when you feel



«Willie!»

of delight. You just live fully each single step of it all. You know deep down that there is re-

the oncoming ally not much to reaching the peak if you take care of every step toward it. You are sure of yourself, since you have reached many peaks before and you know the basic taste of it. You do not permit anybody to carry you up toward the top, and you do not think at all of what your malicious neighbor would think or say if he knew about what you are doing. You left them all far behind you, either doing the same or longing to do the same.



You 're afraid of life

The Emotional Plague of Mankind:
Vol.1, The Murder of Christ, 1953

Only you yourself
can be your
liberator

Kate Bush: Cloudbusting

From the album Hounds of Love, 1985

Inspired from Peter Reich's book

"A book of dreams"



I still dream of Orgonon.
I wake up cryin'.
You're making rain,
And you're just in reach,
When you and sleep escape
me.

You're like my yo-yo
That glowed in the dark.
What made it special
Made it dangerous,
So I bury it
And forget.

But every time it rains,
You're here in my head,
Like the sun coming out--
Ooh, I just know that something good is gonna happen.
And I don't know when,
But just saying it could even make it happen.

On top of the world,
Looking over the edge,
You could see them coming.
You looked too small
In their big, black car,
To be a threat to the men in power.

I hid my yo-yo
In the garden.
I can't hide you
From the government.
Oh, God, Daddy--
I won't forget.

Cause every time it rains,
You're here in my head,
Like the sun coming out--
Ooh, I just know that something good is gonna happen.
And I don't know when,
But just saying it could even make it happen.

It's you and me, Daddy.

It's you and me... Daddy---

It's you and me... Daddy---

E-yeah yeah yeah yeah yo-ohhhhhhhhhh

And every time it rains
You're here in my head
Like the sun coming out.
Your son's coming out.

Ooh, I just know that something good is gonna happen.
And I don't know when,
But just saying it could even make it happen.

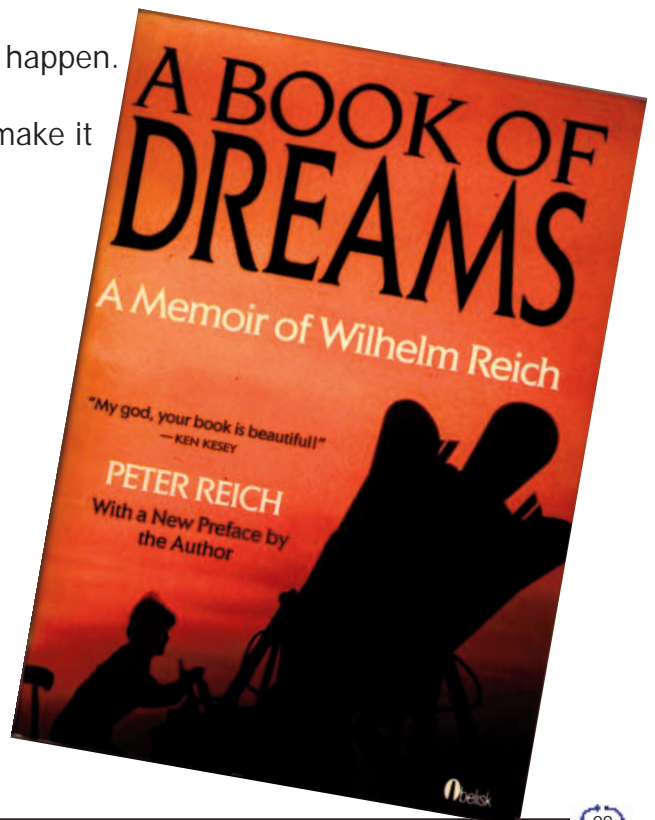
Ooo-ohh, just saying it could even make it
happen.

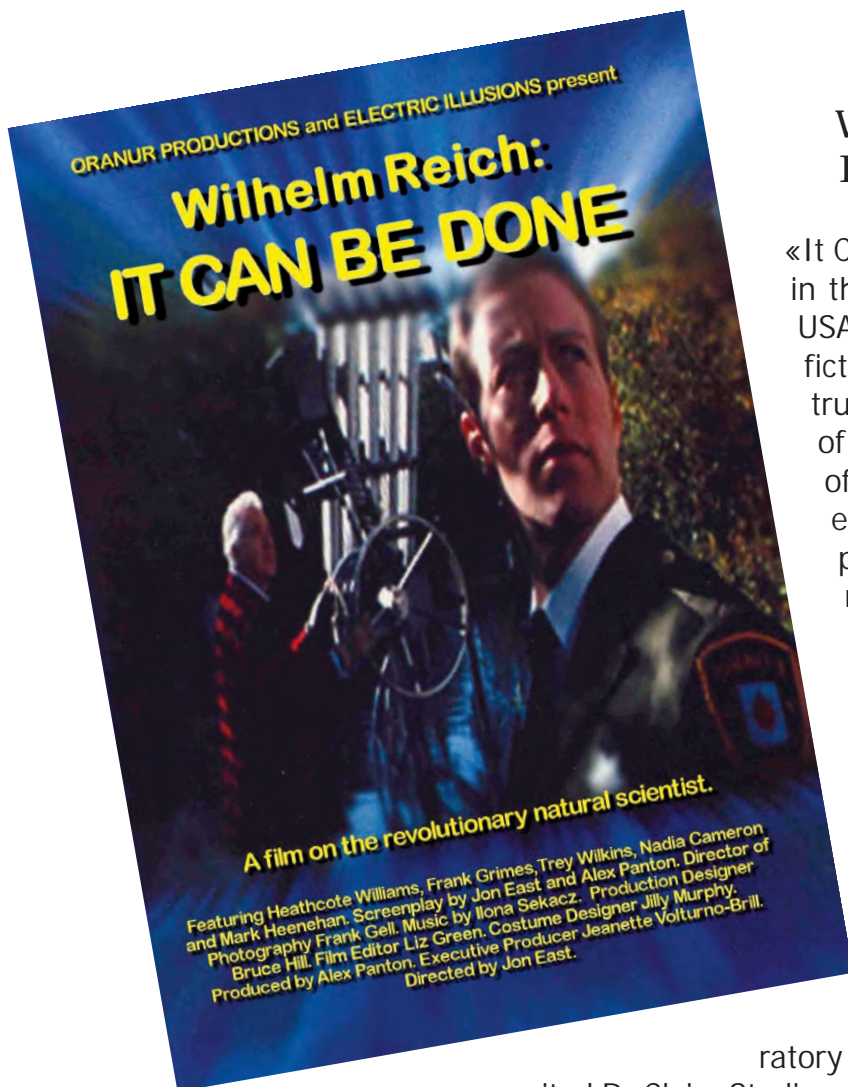
I'm Cloudbusting Daddy.

Your son's coming out.
Your son's coming out.

Song - Film duration:
~7 minutes

Online source:
<https://youtu.be/plIRW9wETzw>





Wilhelm Reich: It Can Be Done

«It Can Be Done» is set deep in the backwoods of Maine, USA, during 1956 and - in a fictional interpretation of true events - tells the story of a fateful day in the life of Dr Wilhelm Reich, maverick psycho-analyst, biophysicist and sexual revolutionary. Amidst a climate of McCarthyite paranoia and 50s fear of sexuality, a team of federal agents swoop on Dr Reich's headquarters. Intent on closing down the operations of a lone madman they instead discover a busy research laboratory and encounter the spirited Dr Claire Sterling. She fights a losing battle to stop the agents destroying the laboratory. Meanwhile, Reich struggles to save a cancer patient - John Armstrong - with his controversial "orgone accumulator" and radical body psycho-therapy. As the agents start incinerating Reich's books and axing his equipment, Reich emerges to witness the devastation which he had fled Nazi Germany to avoid. Armstrong, now revealed as the local sheriff, tries in vain to stop the men from Washington. Reich however turns to his fantastic invention - the cloudbuster - to take the upper hand.

Film duration: ~21 minutes
 Production: Jon East, joneast@mac.com
 Online source: <https://vimeo.com/album/1559388>

The Disease of Business

"Business" is a special variety of the pestilence which devastates human society. True, it makes sense to exchange vitally necessary goods, to carry them from one country and from one place to another. True, it makes sense that people make a profession of carrying on this exchange. But just as Hitlerism confuses fucking with loving, so it confuses "business" with the necessary exchange of goods.

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Where the businessman smells a profitable deal he sheds the cloak of nationalism. "The market" is a manifestation of the pestilence which manages to pull the wool over the eyes of millions of thinking people so that they are unable to see these atrocities. "Business" is a pestilence which stops at nothing. Basic dishonesty is as essential for the practice of this profession as is manual dexterity for the pickpocket. To provide the consumers with good consumers' goods is an activity

of vital significance. But to seduce people into buying things is fraud. Business is the pestilence which keeps great medical discoveries from becoming common property. Business in

radium is the pest which impedes cancer research. Sci-

entific workers become the tools of rackets which, for the sake of business, advertise all kinds of

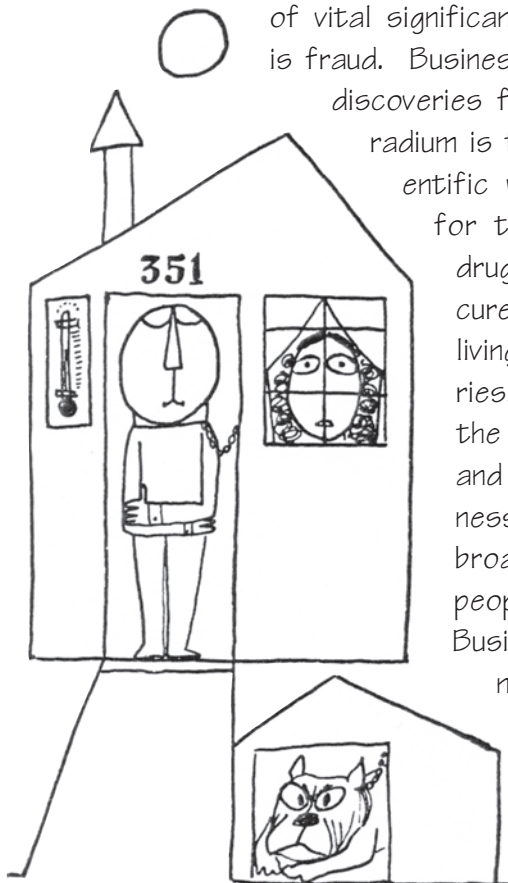
drugs and appliances for the easy and certain cure[s]... People need respite from work, hygienic living, possibilities of rearing children without wor-

ries, and sexual happiness. If they have these, all the widely advertised remedies for constipation

and hemorrhoids will become unnecessary. "Business" is the rottenness which interrupts a radio-

broadcast about the deaths of thousands of people, to talk about "Glamourdent Toothpaste."

Business should again become the distribution of needed goods. It should not happen again that huge loads of wheat and coffee are destroyed while children go hungry...



**You plead for happiness in life
but security means more to you**

Further Problems of Work Democracy, 1940

Patti Smith Horses



Patti Smith: Birdland

From the album Horses, 1975
Inspired from Peter Reich's book
"A book of dreams"

His father died and left
him a little farm in New
England.

All the long black funeral
cars left the scene
And the boy was just
standing there alone
Looking at the shiny
red tractor
Him and his daddy
used to sit inside
And circle the blue
fields and grease
the night.

It was if someone
had spread butter on all the
fine points of the stars

Cause when he looked up they started to slip.

Then he put his head in the crux of his arm
And he started to drift, drift to the belly of a ship,
Let the ship slide open, and he went inside of it
And saw his daddy 'hind the control board streamin' beads of light,
He saw his daddy 'hind the control board,
And he was very different tonight
Cause he was not human, he was not human.

And then the little boy's face lit up with such naked joy
That the sun burned around his lids and his eyes were like two suns,
White lids, white opals, seeing everything just a little bit too clearly
And he looked around and there was no black ship in sight,
No black funeral cars, nothing except for him the raven
And fell on his knees and looked up and cried out,
"No, daddy, don't leave me here alone,
Take me up, daddy, to the belly of your ship,
Let the ship slide open and I'll go inside of it
Where you're not human, you are not human.

But nobody heard the boy's cry of alarm.
Nobody there 'cept for the birds around the New England farm
And they gathered in all directions, like roses they scattered
And they were like compass grass coming together into the head of a shaman
bouquet
Slit in his nose and all the others went shooting
And he saw the lights of traffic beckoning like the hands of Blake
Grabbing at his cheeks, taking out his neck,
All his limbs, everything was twisted and he said,
"I won't give up, won't give up, don't let me give up,
I won't give up, come here, let me go up fast,
Take me up quick, take me up, up to the belly of a ship
And the ship slides open and I go inside of it where I am not human.

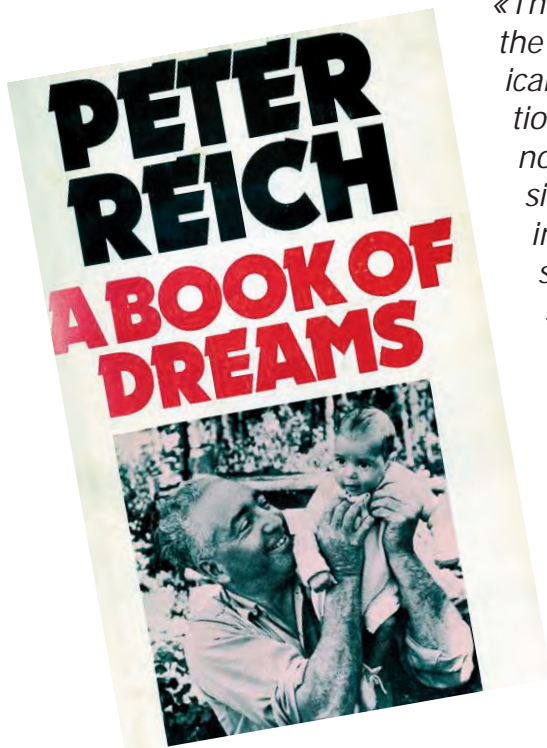
I am helium raven and this movie is mine,
So he cried out as he stretched the sky,
Pushing it all out like latex cartoon, am I all alone in this generation?
We'll just be dreaming of animation night and day
And won't let up, won't let up and I see them coming in,
Oh, I couldn't hear them before, but I hear 'em now,
It's a radar scope in all silver and all platinum lights
Moving in like black ships, they were moving in, streams of them,
And he put up his hands and he said, "It's me, it's me,
I'll give you my eyes, take me up, oh now please take me up,
I'm helium raven waitin' for you, please take me up,
Don't leave me here!
The son, the sign, the cross,
Like the shape of a tortured woman, the true shape of a tortured woman,
The mother standing in the doorway letting her sons
No longer presidents but prophets
They're all dreaming they're gonna bear the prophet,
He's gonna run through the fields dreaming in animation
It's all gonna split his skull
It's gonna come out like a black bouquet shining
Like a fist that's gonna shoot them up
Like light, like Mohamed Boxer
Take them up up up up up up up
Oh, let's go up, up, take me up, I'll go up,
I'm going up, I'm going up
Take me up, I'm going up, I'll go up there
Go up go up go up go up up up up up up up
Up, up to the belly of a ship.
Let the ship slide open and we'll go inside of it

Where we are not human, we're not human.

Well, there was sand, there were tiles,
The sun had melted the sand and it coagulated
Like a river of glass
When it hardened he looked at the surface
He saw his face
And where there were eyes were just two white opals, two white opals,
Where there were eyes there were just two white opals
And he looked up and the rays shot
And he saw raven comin' in
And he crawled on his back and he went up
Up up up up up
Sha da do wop, da shaman do way, sha da do wop, da shaman do way,
Sha da do wop, da shaman do way, sha da do wop, da shaman do way,
Sha da do wop, da shaman do way,
We like Birdland.

Song duration: ~7 minutes

Online source: <https://youtu.be/47leRbuaOxo>



«The song was inspired by *The Book of Dreams*, the childhood memoir of Peter Reich, son of radical psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich. 'There's a section in it where Peter describes a birthday party not long after his father died. He wandered outside and became convinced his father was coming down to get him and take him off in a spaceship.' But what he thought was a squadron of UFOs revealed itself to be a flock of blackbirds. 'This story haunted me, and when we recorded "Birdland", which was totally improvised, that's where the track went to.' Starting with the young Reich hallucinating his father at the controls of the flying saucer, there's a motif running through the song: 'You are not human' turns to 'I am not human' and then 'we are not human'.»

Patti Smith interview,
The Observer, 2005