

**ROBERT
ANTON
WILSON'S**

**WILHELM
REICH
IN
HELL**

FOREWORD BY

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.

Donald Holmes, M.D.



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BY

Robert Anton Wilson

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Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
&
Donald Holmes, M.D.**

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Dedication

I recently had the honor of writing the statement of principles that concluded the 1986 International Poetry Festival in Oslo, Norway, which was signed by all the participating artists and scientists. That statement is printed below, to transmit again a signal of solidarity with all victims of tyranny:

We, the undersigned participants in the 1986 Oslo International Poetry Festival, hereby deplore all governments which presently hold in prison artists, writers or scientists condemned for no crimes except creative thought. We affirm our solidarity with all these imprisoned sisters and brothers and send them this signal of our concern and love. We call on all governments to grant amnesty to all such persons and we call on all citizens everywhere to join us in protest against the barbarous practise of attempting to cage the mind and strangle the creative spirit.

This book is dedicated to all political prisoners, wherever they may be.

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This injunction prevents any communication on the subjects which interest you. It could very well be damaging to Dr. Reich if you were to publish anything on these restricted topics.]

The letter continues on with various references to court cases and warnings about distributing information about orgone accumulators. The letter closes with a statement that the letter from which I am paraphrasing will be forwarded to the FBI.

Dr. Regardie, a very respectful and concerned man, did not publish the book in question and to this date the book remains unpublished. Falcon Press plans to release the work sometime in 1988 under the title *Wilhelm Reich, His Theory and Techniques*. The book will be updated and edited by Dr. Hyatt, who was certified by Dr. Regardie in Regardie's adaptation of Reich's non-verbal therapy, (now called Chakra therapy) and Robert Anton Wilson, the author of this book. For reference purposes, neither Dr. Hyatt, Holmes nor Wilson are Orgonomists or Reichian therapists. Each has his own views on Orgonomy and Dr. Reich, which I might add, are respectful.

To continue with the development of Dr. Regardie's reactions and feelings I will quote extensively from his introduction.

"I do not consider myself a tool of any conspiracy, real or imaginary, to destroy any cause—least of all Reich and his discovery. He commands too much of my most sincere respect, as this book should indicate. I would not lend myself willingly to any such smear. However, this book does not relate in any way to the so-called Orgone accumulator nor to the cosmic life energy. There is no attempt to disseminate information pertaining to the assembly, . . . of the Orgone accumulator. Therefore, it does not violate the terms of the Federal Injunction.

"I do not and have not practised Orgonomy. Nor do I know anything about the accumulator above and beyond what has been overtly published by Reich. As his critics allege, it may be quite worthless in the treatment of cancer. I personally do not know. However, his writings should have been studied and given due consideration before some of the more grotesque criticisms were penned about him.

"It must here be emphasized that I am not a partisan of any cause. I do not favor by any means the cruel and malicious opposition that dismisses Reich's contributions as delusional and he himself a paranoid. Nor, on the other hand, do I adhere unequivocally to the current Reich viewpoints.

"After the receipt of Eva Reich's letter, I therefore proceeded with the task at hand — to complete the revision of this manuscript preparatory to publication, and to incorporate the quotations I had assembled for due acknowledgment in this introduction.

"Then came the news in the fall of 1957. Wilhelm Reich had died in jail. This was indeed a great shock. I think we are the losers here. Reich was a great innovator as well as a creative and experimental clinician. It is a blot against the intellectual climate of society that he has been denied the freedom of expressing and disseminating his ideas, whatever they were. It is an even greater crime against freedom of scientific thought that he was imprisoned—regardless of the fact that he had violated a legal injunction and then refused adequately to defend himself. He felt no court of law was fit to adjudge scientific discovery and progress.

"I am deeply concerned with this infringement of the basic freedom of expression of scientific thought and creativity. We run the risk, if it is continued as it was in his case, of becoming imprisoned in a police state where not only our ordinary activities and secular movements are controlled and regulated, but our thinking as well. This is a condition which violates the basic mental climate and attitudes of the fathers of the American revolution. Perhaps Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson today might have been considered subversive individuals and have been investigated by a government agency."

I was introduced to Regardie's adaptation of Reich's work, which included kundalini yoga, pranayama and some Kabbalistic rituals in 1970-71 when I was suffering from a depression regarding my marriage.

At that time I was a licensed psychotherapist in private practice, although in 1979 I retired to take up a new career as a publisher. This, however, did not become a substitute for working with people, so I planned to return to the practice of Chakra Therapy and hypnosis in the Fall of 1987.

I had literally forgotten about Dr. Reich, and my own personal experiences with Orgonomists until I received a call from Robert Anton Wilson's agent, Dr. Zuckerman concerning Falcon's interest in a manuscript of the play *Wilhelm Reich in Hell*.

Bob wrote an extensive introduction and Dr. Holmes, a noted Board Certified Psychiatrist and an enthusiast of conspiracy theory, agreed to assist with a foreword. We announced a tentative date for release and

shortly thereafter we received an order and a check from one of the official Reichian organizations for a copy of the book. We promptly returned the check stating that the book would be delayed. We gave them another tentative date, and about that time we received another check and order for the book from the same organization.

As we were getting close to the publication date we decided to hold the check and ship the book sometime in June of 1987. Then for some reason, my memories of my experiences with the Reichians returned in full vividness and I and the staff of Falcon Press became "paranoid" that the Reichians had ordered the book to determine if Dr. Wilson was slandering Dr. Reich.

I set this idea aside and decided to assume that they simply wanted it for their library. I thought about the notion that paranoia breeds paranoia which often leads to dangerous conspiratorial conclusions, all of which originate from the U.S. government's irrational persecution of Reich.

I dropped the matter until, in a dream, I remembered Dr. Regardie's contact with the Reichian's in the fifties, and how he had warned me a number of times before his death that before Falcon published his book on Reich I had to make sure that he did not forget to remove any quotes taken from Reich's books.

He was concerned about a law suit, since he was both a chiropractor and a mystic, neither of which sits well with orthodox Reichians. Regardie could never understand Reich's dislike of mysticism, since he felt that Orgone theory was very similar to mystical notions of "energy" and that many of Reich's techniques were similar to some practices of yoga.

Regardie often wondered if Reich had any experience with yoga. I used to think he did, but Regardie would frequently argue both points of view. Sometimes he would hypothesize that Reich was a "reincarnation" of an Eastern Yoga Master. When he said this he would laugh at the thought and then drop the subject.

The reader by now has noted many disclaimers and carefully worded statements and as the plot thickens and the spiral spirals, synchronicity merges with the unfinished coincidences of the past. Remember, in a real conspiracy all players are pawns regardless of their rank.

After beginning my work with Regardie I began to read all easily available work on Dr. Reich. I even subscribed to the official journal of Orgonomy. In 1971-72, as fate would have it my first personal "run-in"

with an "inquisition" occurred in a book store with a patient of an Orgonomist.

I was purchasing a book on Reich when a young man asked me if I knew anything about Orgonomy. I replied that I was in treatment with Dr. Israel Regardie, a chiropractor. Before I could finish the sentence the young man was yelling at me and accusing Dr. Regardie of quackery, since he was not a real Orgonomist. He continued on and on about how people like Regardie and myself were dangerous and destroying the lives of innocent people.

For those of you familiar with Reich's "crimes" these were some of the very same things he was accused of. I was shaken by this experience and discussed the issue with Dr. Regardie. Regardie replied that "Reich would have been displeased about that type of behavior although Reich at times insisted that only medical doctors should practice any form of his therapy." (Regardie had corresponded with Reich personally a number of times before Reich's death. The letters seemed pleasant and informative. These letters are now the property of the Israel Regardie Foundation.)

I have had similar "run-ins" with other patients of Orgonomists, who it appears have taken on the role of an unofficial regulatory agency. In fact my colleague at the time, a licensed psychotherapist and chiropractor, was humiliated and insulted by an Orgonomist for calling himself a Reichian therapist. My colleague held a D.C. degree, a masters in bio-chemistry and a masters in psychology. (He had also worked with Regardie for over four years at the time.)

After my colleague's experience I decided to visit an Orgonomist myself. After arriving for my interview, I told the Orgonomist that I was a licensed psychotherapist holding various advanced degrees in psychology and education, etc. I told him that I was practicing a form of Reichian therapy and thought I could benefit from his services. He was outraged, and demanded that I cease practicing any form of psychotherapy if I wished to see him. In addition he insisted that I sign a paper that I would never call myself a Reichian therapist. He pulled out a xeroxed copy of a letter from Reich which stated that only medical doctors were qualified to practice Orgonomy. I told him that I didn't practice Orgonomy.

Since I was not an orthodox Reichian therapist, I agreed to sign the letter that he drew up, but I refused to stop practicing psychotherapy. He attempted to persuade me by describing a case where a patient of

his was really suffering from appendicitis, and only a medical doctor could know this! (A few months later I found out that a former intern of mine was practicing Orgonomy, although he held no medical degree. Apparently he became qualified by having worked with the same Orgonomist for a number of years.)

I finally gave him my license number and told him that I was qualified to practice both in the state of California and Canada. He relented, but continued stating that Chiropractors are "quacks" and that included Dr. Regardie and my fellow associate. I began to feel sorry for him.

After the second or third session he asked me "what has a hole with hair around it?" I replied in a Freudian vein that it was either a "vagina or an anus." He replied that I should shave my beard off if I wished to continue seeing him. I replied, "what is smooth and round with no hair and has holes in it?" He did not reply. I continued, saying that it was his "bald head" and that he should grow some hair on it.

This was the last time I saw him, though I must say that he was quite competent and showed a sense of deep warmth and concern with my personal feelings, much like Regardie. The techniques he employed were also similar.

He was instrumental in helping many friends of mine who had not benefited from other forms of therapy.

I hope I have been fair in presenting my experiences and that my memory has served me well. The point which all this makes is that victims can easily turn into persecutors, and create their own army of inquisitors. Paranoia breeds Paranoia. Persecution also seems to breed a pseudo-superiority complex.

The irrational behavior I experienced was no different than that experienced by Reich, except that the Orgonomists had no state powers to arrest or burn the books of Dr. Regardie, myself and other non-orgonomists.

Being called paranoid in and of itself creates a continuous loop of accusations and denials. In the context of psychoanalysis this leads to a no-win situation for the victim. If he denies he is paranoid that's simply seen as proof of his paranoia. If he agrees, he is insane and therefore all of his ideas are delusional.

One way out of this dilemma is to identify with the accuser and develop your own group with arbitrarily defined rules and then do

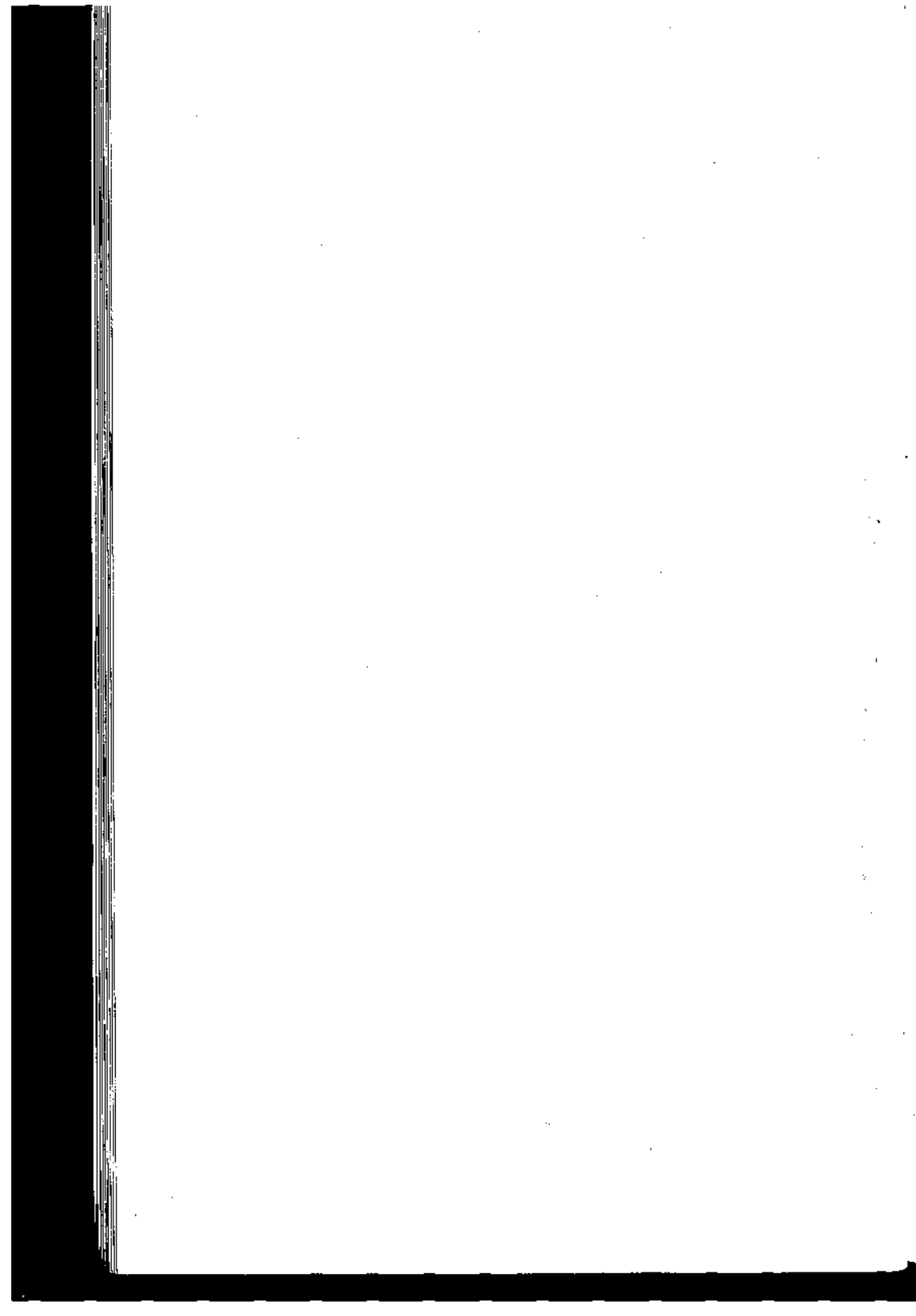
everything in your power to protect yourself from "dangerous" outsiders. This, of course, leads to more paranoia and finally to a conspiracy which is substantiated at every opportunity.

Paranoia is catching. Everyone is "against me." Paranoiacs do not understand that ALL self-fulfilling prophecies are SELF-FULFILLING. (For more on this see my book, *Undoing Yourself with Energized Meditation*, Falcon Press.) They forget that there are friends "out there" even though these "friends" are not "true believers." Friendship and support does not require isomorphism.

I believe that Reich, and Reichians in general, have a deep regard for individual differences and have genuine concern for the plight of man. However, they have been so wounded that they fire their cannons in all directions hoping not to harm but to protect themselves from further humiliation and persecution. They have developed similar prejudices, catch phrases and slogans which similar groups have used to recognize friends and foes. However, this form of self-in-breeding leads to a staleness, because their perspective is not changed by new information which more frequently than not is carried by a heretic, someone who is a friend but not a "true believer."

Wilhelm Reich In Hell is an appropriate title for the horrific experiences that Dr. Reich, our hero, endured. Dr. Wilson's sensitive and insightful expression, using two literary forms, provides the reader who is interested in the effects of the "Whirling" Inquisition against the Mind with insights both subtle and daring. I hope the publication of this book reduces the paranoia, and brings about a new openness among those of us who serve the same "God" of freedom and individual differences. However, I suspect it will not. Now who is getting paranoid?

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
Los Angeles, California
May 1987



PART II

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

Reading Robert Anton Wilson's introduction to his play *Wilhelm Reich In Hell* reminded me of a 60s national television interview with Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, anent legislation censoring "pornographic" books and films. Asked if he had ever reviewed the material he was staunchly defending he replied, in effect, "I don't have to see it . . . probably wouldn't like it . . . but if the material is published it's legal." (He was also asked in the same interview if he carried a copy of the Bill of Rights in his pocket out of reverence for it. He answered, "Oh no, I carry it to read — still trying to understand it.")

In his introduction Wilson reminds us that the U.S. Government's 1957 burning of Dr. Reich's books, whether they were "scientific" or not, was purely, illegally, baldly and obscenely unConstitutional, and indeed an incredibly hypocritical emulation of corresponding Nazi atrocities.

If there is such a thing as a dangerous idea in human culture it is this: Some ideas are dangerous, and therefore there should be some abridgement of the freedom to express them—even though our own Constitution specifically stipulates that there shall be *no abridgement* of this freedom.

Make it a party game. Try to think of some idea which, if published, would have truly dangerous consequences. For example: Every firstborn American girl child should be ritually deflowered, branded on the forehead and sold into slavery to the Russians at a dollar a head. Dangerous? No, because the proposal would never sell. *We sapiens* may be a little slow but we're not altogether stupid.

This inane example, in fact, is not nearly as dangerous as General Douglas MacArthur's post WWII suggestion, made in all seriousness by a Great Man who was widely admired by the American public, that

we solve the problem of world Communism forthwith, by dropping nuclear bombs on the fifty major cities of the Communist world. This was a patently idiotic idea, but hardly dangerous. Not even the buck privates bought that one.

Let's try another example, one a little closer to home. Just suppose that some well-known psychiatrist should publish a book extolling suicide as the treatment of choice for any and every passing depressive episode. Dangerous? A few benighted souls might incidentally go for it, but their self-chosen demise would not have been *caused* by this simple-minded proposal.

The paradoxical human reaction to the authoritarian prohibition of ideas is at least as old as the fabulous tale of the Forbidden Fruit. If you want junior to do his homework just tell him there are some things in those books that you'd rather he didn't know about, which is sure to work—at least until he catches on to the trick.

You probably will not have to look too far into your own life to recognize that civil rights infringements have been the rule, rather than the exception, since our national beginnings. In the mid-70s I naively agreed to join a television debate on the decriminalization of marijuana, and the following day was cavalierly canned as psychiatric consultant to the Arizona State University's Student Health Service for having submitted the shamelessly outrageous and glaringly unoriginal suggestion that young people should not be jailed for smoking marijuana. A quick phone call to a noted civil rights attorney established that I might have a shot at a little academic freedom if I could come up with a few thousand dollars to move the matter into court—although that would not guarantee a happy outcome.

For some time after that minor debacle I enjoyed the seething indignation that R.A. Wilson so relishes in dreaming his impossible dream. Our Constitutional Bill of Rights is, after all, a lofty vision—not an attainment. It will become the latter only when We the People are mentally and emotionally grownup enough to live with that beautiful reality-to-be.

As one whose textbook of psychiatry was promptly, bravely banned in Spain (though I've never been sure why) I can appreciate the dreadful myth that "ideas are dangerous."

Of course there is always the possibility that we *homo sapiens* are not quite as *sapient* as we like to believe, and that we would never have

survived our countless, merciless deprivations against one another without a strong boost from those behind economist Adam Smith's "Invisible Helping Hand." This refers specifically to those *incognito* but very real flesh-and-blood beings who make our world as safe and progressive as possible, through their judicious manipulation of our international monetary system and our mass media, all of which they clearly own and control.

This is the controversial theme dealt with in my book, *The Sapiens System—The Illuminati Conspiracy*, (Falcon Press, 1987). It should be emphatically noted here that the system is *not* authoritarian, but one that enables and catalyzes the gradual growth of synsycial human intelligence without driving us crazy by way of overload or underload. In place of heavy-handed authority this System covertly provides an endless abundance of gentle spurs and attractive lures to which we may respond as we will.

If I were given the Augean task of epitomizing Wilson's message to his fellow primates it would be—with all due apology in advance: Hey, treat yourself to a novel thought now and then—it doesn't matter what you think about—just *think!* Or, when you find yourself growing comfortable with a fresh idea it is well past time to move on to another one. Corollary: All religions are fast-frozen philosophy—good at the start but stale the day after—while philosophy never rests.

As perhaps the brightest, wittiest, most rational and far-seeing philosopher of our era (though probably not to be recognized as such for another century or two) Robert Anton Wilson, in his introduction to *Wilhelm Reich In Hell*, painfully and quite unflatteringly assesses our specie's past and current mental status in these words: ". . . it seems overwhelmingly obvious to me that I live among a species that is desperately sick and desperately afraid of the changes it must undergo to be cured." This is Dr. Reich's "emotional plague," and for it I prefer the term "innocent ignorance," and I further believe that the remedy for it is and has long been in the hands of those who know us far better than we know ourselves. I don't necessarily like admitting it, but my liking or disliking it is beside the point. In the eternal words of Galileo, "It's true all the same."

Personally and professionally, I do not share Dr. Reich's extension of mental illness into the spheres of sociology and politics—his "emotional plague." In 1964 a scandalous magazine poll of American psychiatrists was conducted, one pointedly inquiring if one particular presidential

candidate was diagnosable as "paranoid." Only 10% of my good colleagues were foolish enough to even respond to this crass politicization of a medical specialty, but even that was too many. The specialty of psychiatry properly restricts itself to the very personal emotional pains and dysfunctions of individuals, and not to entire populations. This is all by way of saying that a culture, a nation, an entire species may be *wrong* without being crazy.

Whenever I find a Voltaire, a Gurdjieff or a Robert Anton Wilson berating the human herd for its intellectual torpor I nervously find myself in the position of a moderately retarded counselor exhorting a severely retarded youngster to "use your head, kid—you're not trying hard enough!" As a pedagogical technique it leaves something to be desired in that it only succeeds in alienating the subject, deprives him of self-esteem and, with that, a motive for continuing to try. Instead, it might be more effective to provide him with an abundance of information and reward him when he chooses well while doing nothing when he goes amiss—but all the time seeing to it that he is reasonably well-sheltered and fed and is further protected from his own inherent brutality by certain ingenious measures too complex to recount here.

That is, in fact, the *Sapiens System* which has enabled the survival of our planetary population to date, but at the human level we are only now beginning to get a handle on that methodology. Throughout our conventional, textbook history so far, the philosophers have led the way, passing their insights on to the few who then pass them on to a few others, and so on. Through the decades and the centuries, then, an entire species gradually works its way from childhood to relative maturity.

And after all the hue and cry has subsided may it here be affirmed that the planet earth is somewhat flat, and that the Reverend Jerry Falwell is right about everything because God has told him so—and who are we to dispute the Almighty?

Two crucial points are left unexplained by Dr. Wilson in his introduction. First, exactly what is a Frammigosh. And second, why should they not be distimmed? It would surely seem that an enterprising hustler could make a killing at scalping tickets to that kind of spectacle. Everyone loves a distimming. After all, we're only human.

Donald Holmes, M.D.

May 1987

INTRODUCTION

As every schoolchild once knew—back in the reactionary days when schoolchildren were expected to know something—the U.S. Constitution ordains that there shall be “no laws” abridging freedom of speech or of the press. There is considerable internal evidence in the Constitution, and external evidence in the other writings of the authors of the Constitution, to support the contention that the creators of the Republic were versatile in their handling of language and very precise in their usage. One would assume that when they wrote “no laws,” they meant “no laws.” Nonetheless, the U.S. Supreme Court sits every year and determines, in various cases, if certain laws abridging freedom of speech and of the press are or are not in violation of the Constitution. As the late Justice Hugo Black said sardonically on one occasion, the majority opinion of the Court appears to be that “no laws” means “some laws.”

Like Justice Black, I am a plain blunt man and not sophisticated enough to understand the recondite arguments by which the Supreme Court has arrived at the opinion that “no laws” means “some laws.” Justice Black said that his problem was that he was a simple farm-boy and “no laws” in English seemed to him to mean “no laws.” I’m not sure what my problem is, but I also have the naive view that “no laws” means “no laws.”

It was with some horror and considerable indignation, then, that I reacted to the news, in 1957, that the U.S. government had seized all the scientific books and papers of Dr. Wilhelm Reich and burned them in an incinerator in New York City. This was only twelve years after the U.S. had fought a prolonged and bitter war against Nazi Germany and I had been raised on anti-Nazi propaganda in which the Nazi “crime against freedom” in burning books had been stressed as much as their crimes against humanity in killing people. I was astounded and flabbergasted that the U.S. government was imitating its former

enemy to the extent of actually burning scientific papers it found heretical.

One result of all such Inquisitorial behavior, which Inquisitors never seem to expect even though it is historically predictable, is that some people get curious about books they are forbidden to read. I spent a lot of time, in 1957-58, hunting for people who owned copies of Dr. Reich's books and doing exactly what the Inquisitors had wished to prevent me from doing—reading the *verboten* books and forming my own judgment of the validity or lack of validity in Dr. Reich's various theories.

It is a curiosity of some sort that the very first of Reich's books I was able to read was *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*. I read this forbidden text in the living room of the man who owned it; he very sensibly was not going to let anybody take such a rare volume home for over-night study. This was an unforgettable experience, with a kind of "evil glamour" about it, very exciting to a young rebel such as I was at the time. To read a book about book-burners, when that book itself had recently been burned by the types of people it described, gave me a mildly Orwellian suspicion that I was not living in a totally free or rational world, and that mood probably contributed a great deal to the sinister atmosphere of a novel I wrote many years later about the Catholic Inquisition in Naples, *The Earth Will Shake*.

Thirty years have passed since Reich's books were burned, and I have never stopped wondering about the broad political and philosophical implications of the Reich case. William Butler Yeats once said that we make rhetoric out of our dispute with others and art out of our dispute with ourselves, and *Wilhelm Reich in Hell*, a Punk Rock Opera, is my attempt to make dramatic art out of my dispute with myself about the ambiguities and unsolved enigmas of the life and persecution of Dr. Reich. This introduction, I suppose, only makes political rhetoric out of my dispute with others—specifically, my dispute with those New Inquisitors who burned Reich's books and have continued, ever since, to follow in the arrogant and authoritarian footsteps of the Papacy while inconsistently proclaiming their allegiance to Science.

My suspicion that we are not living in a totally free and rational society, while reading *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*, shortly after the burning of the publisher's stock of that book, has not left me. As three decades have passed, I have seen increasing evidence to support Reich's argument that beneath the "liberal" surface of respectable intellectual

people there is a dark underside that can very easily flame up into a fascist fury in times of stress and anxiety.

THE COMING OF THE NEW INQUISITION

Few can doubt that there is something akin to an Inquisitorial spirit abroad in the scientific community these days. Dr. Reich was neither the first nor the last victim of those "Popish" mentalities who want to turn Science into a new Theology and punish all heretics who sin against Dogma. For instance, Martin Gardner, a ringleader in the anti-Reich hysteria of the 1950s, has popped up, again and again, as a leading figure in the persecution of other Heretics; I don't think any Pope of the 20th Century has declared more scientific research Damned and Accursed than Mr. Gardner. As Colin Wilson has written, "I wish I could be as sure of anything as Martin Gardner is of everything."

At roughly the time of Dr. Reich's imprisonment, Dr. William Ivy, formerly a most respected physician and a member of the staff of University of Chicago Medical School, was engaged in an expensive legal battle, which lasted eight years and cost him a small fortune, before he was vindicated. The same bureaucracy that had imprisoned Dr. Reich had also tried to silence and/or punish Dr. Ivy.

Shortly thereafter many of the same individuals involved in the persecution of Dr. Reich were involved in the well-documented effort to coerce and intimidate the publisher of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, to prevent publication of new books by that controversial scientist.

In 1970, Dr. Timothy Leary was sentenced to 37 years in prison and had his bail set at \$5,000,000—higher than that of any murderer, traitor or felon in the U.S. legal history. Dr. Leary served over five years, with little protest from the scientific community.

In the early 1980s, *Nature*, one of the most prestigious scientific journals in England, proposed that a book by the biologist, Dr. Rupert Sheldrake should be burned, as Reich's books were 30 years earlier.

I pass no judgment on the validity of the ideas of Ivy, Velikovsky, Leary or Sheldrake. I merely point out that none of them were refuted by scientific evidence in a systematic way; they were just declared Heretical and Damned, and only a few individualists have ever tried to re-open any of these cases and investigate impartially if the hysteria against these researchers was entirely justified. Meanwhile, somebody who knew only recent history and was unaware of the past might

come to the conclusion that Science, not Theology, is the main enemy of free thought and free enquiry.

Most of this Papal Authoritarianism in the scientific community emanates from a group called the American Humanist Association and its offshot, the Committee for Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (CSICOP). The British author, Guy Lyon Playfair, has described Martin Gardner and the other ring-leaders of this movement as "witch-hunters." We will shortly see that the label is hardly excessive.

HUMANISM AND ASTROLOGY

In 1975, the American Humanist Association persuaded 186 scientists, including 18 Nobel prizewinners, to sign a declaration proclaiming that astrology is fraudulent, absurd and unscientific. This was widely publicized in all media, and probably most of my readers remember vaguely hearing about it.

Whether one personally regards astrology as valid or invalid—or thinks that some of it is valid and some of it invalid, which is a possible option, although not popular in this Aristotelian either/or culture of ours—the A.H.A. declaration, or Papal Bull, seems to me a profound discredit to every scientist who signed it, because it was based entirely on unscientific and Authoritarian logic.

That is, the A.H.A. statement did not present scientific evidence against astrology and did not even attempt to explain what scientific evidence would be in a field like this. It was based entirely on the Argument of Authority, and the only logic it contained was this.:

186 scientists say this, therefore this must be true

This is entirely isomorphic to, and logically on all fours with, the similar proposition:

186 theologians say this, therefore this must be true

When I describe this type of logic, and the behavior associated therewith, as Papal and Inquisitorial, I am admittedly being polemical, but I am also attempting to be historically accurate. The Argument by Authority has always been the technique of dogmatists and tyrants; it was the logic of the Papacy against which the Scientific Revolution of

the 16th-17th Centuries was fought. Science, at that time, was based on the democratic idea that any person could find out the facts about anything by *experience* and *experiment* (experiment being experience controlled in a manner designed to minimize error.) This empirical science was the antithesis of the modern Authoritarian "Science" represented by the A.H.A.-CSICOP group and its allies, which is based on the assumption that only the "Experts" are qualified to have an opinion and that you and I, poor dolts, can only memorize and repeat what the "Experts" say.

Experimental science has profoundly libertarian (and always potentially revolutionary) consequences, because it leads directly to the possibility that all "Experts" may be wrong at times and that every man and woman might potentially, in freedom, think of something of great importance that the "Experts" have overlooked. It is no accident that the 300 years since the Scientific Revolution have been marked by continuous and radical political upheavals.

Dogmatic "science"—or "scientism" as some critics have called it—has precisely the opposite political effect. It attempts to replace Papal Infallibility with a new "Scientific" Infallibility and threatens dissenters with every punishment it can muster, from mere ridicule to the full Inquisitorial armory of suppression of books and imprisonment of unrepentent heretics. It is no accident, I think, that it has grown up in the period of the Cold War and has taken on the Fundamentalist flavor of the religious revival also occurring in these troubled years. It represents the same swing away from the *eristic* "chaos" of Jeffersonian individualism and back toward medieval Authoritarianism.

According to statistics collected by the French economist, Georges Anderla, scientific knowledge *doubled* in the decade 1950-60, and *quadrupled* in the 13 years 1960-73; to say it otherwise, knowledge increased by a factor of sixteenfold in the 23 years 1950-73. (A more detailed discussion of this accelerated acceleration will be found in my book, *Prometheus Rising*.) Such rapid change is unprecedented in human history—Anderla estimates that it took the 250 years from 1500 to 1750 for a single doubling of knowledge, as contrasted with this sixteenfold multiplication in one-tenth of that time—and this accounts, I think, for a great deal of vertigo of our age, which Alvin Toffler has called "Future Shock."

The revival of Protestant Fundamentalism is one hysterical response

to that vertigo and shock. The creation of "Scientific" Fundamentalism in the same years may be another hysterical response to the same Information Explosion.

It should be noted that the years in which scientific knowledge doubled for the first time in human history, 1500-1750, were precisely the years when the Catholic Inquisition was most active. The Church, quite sensibly from its point of view, saw the rapid increase of knowledge as a threat to its static world-view or reality-tunnel. It should be no surprise that when the acceleration of knowledge accelerates even faster, as in the sixteenfold multiplication of new discoveries 1950-1973, a similar Inquisitorial spirit should appear in the custodians of the current Establishment.

Again, none of these "political" (or philosophical) reflections are innately related to one's evaluation of astrology; but they are ineluctably related to one's evaluation of the use of Argument by Authority in the A.H.A. "Bull" against astrology. This may be more clear if I point out that the logical structure of

186 scientists say this, therefore it is true

is not only isomorphic to

186 theologians say this, therefore it is true

but also has exactly the same structure as

*186 scientists say a new nuclear power plant in your town is good for you,
therefore that is true*

We have begun to realize the undemocratic (and hazardous) nature of the last of these statements, but the Jeffersonian ideal of the free individual and free mind will only be achieved when we collectively as a species realize the dangers of all isomorphs of the Argument by Authority. Unless we have the freedom and courage to judge for ourselves, we are cattle and can expect to be led to slaughter by any Man on Horseback who comes along and decides to capitalize on our docility and stupidity.

Amusingly, and as illustrative of my remark about Inquisitors always having the opposite effect from what they intend, I have met quite a few people, who were never interested in astrology before the

A.H.A. Papal Bull on the subject, and who are now conducting their own statistical studies on possible relationships between character and birthdate. Those who have studied longest all seem to arrive at the *verboten* Aristotelian "excluded middle" which I mentioned in passing earlier—namely, the notion that some, but not all, astrological predictions appear accurate.

None of this research is rigorous enough to constitute a hard proof, and the authors are mostly too shrewd to wreck their academic careers by publishing such heresy. It is interesting, though, that Johannes Kepler, one of the greatest minds in cosmology, came to the same conclusion after decades of study of astrology: he decided some of it was valid and some was totally invalid.

I, myself, am slightly more skeptical. I believed, at one point, that I had found a very hard correlation between success in science and birthday in the "sign" of Libra, but after collecting more birthdates, that correlation has proven more ambiguous and less certain than it appeared at first. This does not matter to me much, because there are hundreds of subjects that interest me more than astrology. One of the subjects that interests me more than astrology is the right of the individual to make up his or her own mind about this and all other controversial issues, and I am strongly persuaded that nobody will exercise that right as long as they are hypnotized or browbeaten by the Argument of Authority in any of its forms.

In closing this section, I cannot resist remarking that there are several *million* scientists alive in the U.S. today. I think it would prove easy to find 186 of them who will agree with almost any proposition, and I am sure that there are at least 186 Creationists with scientific degrees, who reject Darwin utterly, and would gladly sign a statement to the effect,

186 scientists say Darwin was wrong, so that is true

Another reason to suspect the Argument by Authority is that almost any cause can enlist a few hundred Authorities these days.

FORMS OF ARGUMENT

Let us consider the U.S. Congress for a moment. I have chosen this body, not with the satirical intent of exhibiting a Horrible Example and

not with the Platonic intent of showing an Ideal Form, but with the empirical intent of looking at how persuasion actually operates in the normal world of ordinary experience.

A new bill is before Congress, and to avoid any prejudice on my part or the reader's, we will assume that this is a bill to distim the frammissgoshes. Since we know nothing about the frammissgoshes and cannot guess what effect distimming will have on them, we can consider this case with some objectivity.

Some Congressentities (I am trying to avoid the human chauvinism of writing "Congresspersons") will vote to distim the frammissgoshes because they have been bribed with money or with more intangible rewards. This is sad, but we all know it happens on occasion. For convenience, we will call this Argument by Self-Interest; it has the form

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because you will profit from it

Outside Congress, many people make important decisions on this basis. Although there is a great deal of "sincere" racism and sexism in the United States, there can be little doubt that the most outrageous racist and sexist institutions exist because certain persons are making a profit out of them; nobody who can pay Black or female workers half the salaries of white males is very eager to listen to arguments that conflict with this very potent Argument by Self Interest.

Presumably, there would be hearings on an issue as important as the frammissgoshes and various interested parties would give testimony. Perhaps the Archbishop of Chicago, the Chief Rabbi of Los Angeles and the Celestial Yap of Cleveland will inform the legislators what the Catholic God, the Jewish God and Yog the Almighty think about distimming the frammissgoshes. In one sense, this is the classic form of Argument by Authority:

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because various well-known deities and divinities say so

Outside Congress, we also find many persons making decisions on this basis. Jerry Fallwell hates homosexuals, for instance, because the Old Testament god is on record as disliking that group.

Cynics will say that, since deities and divinities do not appear in

person, this is not only Argument by Authority but also Argument by Imposture:

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because certain witnesses declare that they have been informed that various deities and divinities have that opinion

In fact, there is also Argument by Intimidation involved here, since the Archbishop, Chief Rabbi and Celestial Yap control several million voters; so such testimony also includes Argument by Self-Interest:

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because you will lose the next election if they aren't distimmed

There will probably be expert legal testimony as well, and this amounts to Argument by Precedent:

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because a frammissgosh is like a farble and distimming is like goskating and our ancestors always goskated the farbles

Again, many people decide matters that way outside Congress as well as inside. The doctrine of eminent domain, which allows the government to steal anything it wants, is regarded with repugnance by most people, but lawyers say it is legal and proper, because government has been stealing things for a long time.

There will also be scientific evidence heard on such a socially important decision as frammissgoshes. Ideally, in accord with scientific method, this will take the form of Argument by Evidence:

The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because in 186 studies, 66.34 percent of all frammissgoshes found undistimmed were also suffering from hangnail, poor school attendance and abuse of controlled substances

With what some will regard as incredible optimism, I assume that some Congressentities will examine this evidence and form their own opinion of whether the statistical techniques used really "prove" the conclusions alleged. With what some will regard as dark cynicism, I also assume that some Congressentities will not bother with that at all but will accept what they heard as another form of Argument by Authority:

*The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because
186 scientists say so*

Again, outside Congress many people make decisions on the basis of scientific evidence, either because they understand it, or because they think it is another form of Argument by Authority and they are conditioned to accept whatever Authority tells them. That's why there are so many nuclear plants around these days.

There is also the Argument by Logic. This can sometimes be combined with scientific experiments and if the two mesh we have a "fit" of theory with fact and scientists are delighted. Pure Argument by Logic, however, does not require this experimental back-up and only demands that the conclusions be reached by the game-rules of an abstract symbol system. In our hypothetical case, some witness might inform Congress:

*All mome raths need to be distimmed;
All frammissgoshes are mome raths;
Therefore, all frammissgoshes need to be distimmed.*

This method of logic can lead to some remarkable results, and Lewis Carroll once employed it to demonstrate that some dowagers are thistles. It is for that reason that Pure Logic is in rather low repute in scientific circles these days and a scientific proof is regarded as requiring not only logical coherence but experimental, sensory-sensual or instrumental verification in the space-time world of ordinary perception.

There is also the method of Argument *ad hominem*, which consists of variations on "The frammissgoshes should be distimmed because the people who deny this are all sons of bitches." This is a favorite form of argument with demagogues and hysterics but it has no validity. E.g. even if it were proven that Darwin was a child molester or Einstein an axe-murderer, this one would not disprove their scientific theories which still have to be judged on empirical evidence.

The Argument of guilt-by-association is the Argument *ad hominem* one step removed and even more obviously invalid. This is the position which holds "the frammissgoshes should be distimmed because the leader of the anti-distimination movement was seen at a saloon in 1957 where known Communists and Satanists were also drinking."

There do not appear to be any other methods of argument ever

invented; what seem to be other methods generally turn out to be variations on these basic forms. For instance, "You better believe it or God or Allah or Yog or some other deity will throw you in Hell" is a combination of Argument by Self Interest and Argument by Intimidation. "You better believe it (or pretend to believe it) or you'll lose your job" is a secular equivalent of this combination of Self Interest and Intimidation.

Einstein's equations are Argument by (Mathematical) Logic; the empirical confirmations of Relativity are Argument by Experiment; and the agreement of the two is a typical example of the synthesis of logical validity and sensory-sensual experience that science always seeks to find.

I believe that everything admirable in the modern world results from the use of Argument by Experiment together with Argument by Logic (without making an Idol of either), whereas everything heinous and terrible results from the persistence of the older habits of Arguments by Authority, Intimidation, Self Interest and Legal Precedent, or the various forms of calling the other side sons of bitches. This logical-experimental bias in my thinking is as old-fashioned and almost quaint as my Jeffersonian notion that "no laws" means "no laws," and I realize that I sound like a reactionary to those New Age people who much prefer Authority (if it comes from the East), Intimidation (if it is called the politics of confrontation) and Self Interest (if it is called getting in touch with your real feelings).

Nonetheless, despite the eloquence of such New Age prophets as Theodore Roszack and Fritjof Capra, who assure us the world has been going to hell in a handbasket ever since Jeffersonian rationalism appeared and that the Dark Ages were much more wonderful than we realize, I am persuaded, by my own reading of history, that the life of most people was totally abominable and unspeakably terrible before the American and French Revolutions. When I object to the Authoritarianism of some alleged defenders of "Science," I am not joining Messrs. Roszack and Capra in making propaganda for the Age of Aquinas. I am making propaganda for what I conceive to be the true scientific spirit against both overt reactionaries like Roszack and Capra and against those New Inquisitors who are trying to turn "science" into the kind of medieval dogmatism that Roszack and Capra are, more frankly and openly, also trying to revive.

WILL THE REAL FASCISTS PLEASE STAND UP?

Stanley Kanfer, a feature writer for *Time*, is one of the principle proponents of what I call the New Inquisition. For instance, according to John Wilhelm's *The Search for Superman*, Kanfer is on record as saying Stanford Research Institute (Stanford University, Palo Alto) "should be destroyed." The reason Mr. Kanfer would like to see S.R.I. destroyed is that he does not like some of the research that has been done there. This may remind you of the way fascist and other totalitarian governments respond to scientific research they don't like, but Mr. Kanfer claims he is taking an anti-fascist position. He says, according to Wilhelm, that the kind of research S.R.I. has done "is the way fascism began."

Now, this is on the face of it absurd. Fascism did not begin with a group of scientists like the physicists at S.R.I. who have been researching subjects that frighten Mr. Kanfer. Fascism began with Mussolini's shrewd intuitive judgment that, in the economic chaos of the early 1920s, the Italian people were willing to try something radically different from either conservatism or conventional socialism. There were no laboratory experiments, like those at S.R.I., involved in the invention of Mussolini's very opportunistic and *ad hoc* politics.

But Martin Gardner, whose name we have already encountered a few times—he was involved in the anti-Reich and anti-Velikovsky witch-hunts—agrees with Mr. Kanfer about the research at S.R.I. He says, as quoted by Wilhelm, "I think this is precisely what happened in Nazi Germany before the rise of Hitler." The phrase "Nazi Germany before the rise of Hitler" seems to be either an anachronism or some complicated pleonasm, but there is more radical incoherence here. What Mr. Kanfer and Mr. Gardner are saying, in effect, is logically isomorphic to

Stags run fast
Some people run fast
Therefore, some people are stags

This is a classic invalid syllogism, in logic. Even assuming that there were physicists in Italy before Mussolini, or in "Nazi Germany before Hitler" (whenever that was) who did experiments similar to those at SRI, this does not prove that the experiments must lead to "fascist"

politics, anymore than the fact that some people run fast proves that some people are deer. People were eating tapioca pudding in both Italy and Germany, before Mussolini and Hitler, but that does not prove that eating tapioca pudding leads to fascism or Naziism. For that matter, Jazz was popular in Germany before the rise of Hitler but that does not prove that Jazz leads to people electing crazy men with funny mustaches.

What *does* lead to "fascism" (following the vulgar usage in which Mussolini's harebrained opportunism is used as a general synonym for totalitarianism) is the kind of mentalities Kanfer and Gardner reveal—Kanfer in explicitly wishing to "destroy" a scientific institute doing research that frightens him and Gardner in using the most childish and invalid kind of "guilt by association" to defame scientists he dislikes. Historically, this kind of hysteria and intolerance have always produced fascist behavior. Once you have arrived at the point where your principle argument is that the other guys are sons of bitches, the logical course is to throw them in jail and burn their books.

The real logic behind the fury of Kanfer and Gardner, I think, is emotional identification:

A frightens me
B also frightens me
Therefore A is B

The structure of this kind of logic is more like than unlike that of Nazi ideology, as witness one of Hitler's favorite syllogisms:

The Communists are evil
The International Bankers are evil
Therefore the Communists are International Bankers

The research at S.R.I. that led Kanfer and Gardner to such acute anxiety (and has spread similar hysteria through the AHA-CSICOP network) was conducted by two physicists, Dr. Targ and Dr. Puthoff. Both were fully qualified researchers, according to conventional academic standards. In a free scientific community (if anybody thinks that exists, after studying the Reich case), they should have been allowed to continue their research.

Nor did their work pose a possible public health menace; they were

not researching radioactive materials that might get loose and contaminate Palo Alto. Targ and Puthoff were investigating one of the theoretical aspects of quantum mechanics known as non-locality, a concept first introduced by Dr. David Bohm in 1952. According to non-locality, parts of the universe not mechanically connected may still be mathematically and physically *correlated* so that they act in harmony or resonance. Bell's Theorem, a mathematical demonstration by Dr. John S. Bell (1964), showed that such non-local correlations *must* exist if the fundamental mathematical equations of quantum physics are accurate, and if there is an objective universe isomorphic to the quantum equations.

Now, a non-local correlation may theoretically be "physical" or "mental" or include both. Dr. Bohm has argued that the Aristotelian split of "physical" and "mental" may be as fictitious as the similar split of "space" and "time" before Einstein; just as post-relativity physics speaks of "space-like" and "time-like" separations in a space-time continuum, Bohm suggests that we think of "mind-like" and "matter-like" aspects of the continuum. Dr. Bohm's theories are presented with great elegance in his *Wholeness and the Implicate Order*. A good popularization, which is not over-simplified, is Dr. Nick Herbert's *Quantum Reality*. The possible consequences of non-local "mind-like" correlations were examined mathematically in a paper, "The Compleat Quantum Anthropologist," by Dr. E.H. Walker, 1974. While all of this is innovative and controversial, it is hardly Romanticism; it is based on very solid mathematics. The non-local correlation has now been experimentally verified on the sub-atomic level five times.

The work of Dr. Puthoff and Dr. Targ which aroused the fury of Kanfer, Gardner and their associates in the AHA and CSICOP was an attempt to measure non-local "mind-like" correlations. Dr. Margaret Mead, one of our greatest anthropologists, thought highly enough of the work of Dr. Targ and Dr. Puthoff to write the introduction to their book, *Mind Reach*. In England, *Nature*, the prestigious science journal that is conservative enough (as we have seen) to once suggest burning a book with a new theory of evolution in it, found the work of Dr. Targ and Dr. Puthoff met the high standards they demand for articles, and published some of the original research of these two physicists. I am not engaging here in "Argument by Authority" and saying that all this *proves* the work of Targ and Puthoff is therefore true; but it does

suggest strongly that they are qualified scientists and not a pair of bungling amateurs.

Nonetheless, it must be admitted that the work of Dr. Puthoff and Dr. Targ *seems* to indicate that non-local mind-like correlations exist in nature. This is why Kanfer wants their laboratory destroyed and he and Gardner fume and fulminate about "fascism" while fascistically trying to suppress free research and its results. The hysteria against Puthoff and Targ involved all the smear techniques of the Joe McCarthy era, even including an attempt to discredit one of them by dragging up his father's decades-old affiliations. (When Joe McCarthy stooped that low, dragging up the long-past political affiliations of a junior member of the Welsh law firm to discredit Joseph Welsh, even Roy Cohn was embarrassed.) A Mr. James Randi of CSICOP, with no scientific training himself, repeatedly accused the two physicists of scientific incompetence and even accused one of their co-workers of fraud on one occasion—a charge he quickly dropped when threatened with a libel suit.

After a decade of this "crusade against fascism" (as its instigators saw it) Dr. Puthoff and Dr. Targ recently announced that they are no longer doing research in the area of non-local correlations of a mind-like nature. I don't see how a "crusade *for* fascism" could have had results more dangerous to scientific freedom and open enquiry than this alleged crusade against fascism. Meanwhile, Dr. Leary, after five years in prison, has lost interest in molecular changes in consciousness and is producing consciousness-altering computer software. Nobody has *yet* decided that is Heresy, I guess.

A DIALECTICAL DIGRESSION

As Karl Marx argued, every social phenomenon is the result of a struggle between a Thesis and an Antithesis until eventually we arrive at a Synthesis at a higher level.

The above sentence states an idea that I consider partly "true" and partly "false"—or, in the language I prefer, partly useful and partly non-useful. That is, it is sometimes useful to analyze social struggle in Marxian dialectical terms and sometimes that is not very helpful at all and I prefer to use other, newer models as frames on which to hang my analysis, or my latest folly.

What is interesting here, is that by introducing Marxist terminology—

and mentioning, for the sake of slow learners, that this was Marxist terminology—I created what is called a “gloss” in phenomenological sociology. Some readers, quick to make inferences, did not just read the sentence about Thesis and Antithesis but added an uncritical inference, namely, “The author of this essay is a Marxist.” If I had not pointed out that such a gloss had been created on insufficient evidence, such readers would go on for the following pages, reading a Marxist bias into everything else I say.

Similarly, I have pointed out some monstrous Authoritarian tendencies in the persons who have led or now lead the crusades against Reich, Velikovsky, astrology, Dr. Leary and the “non-local” research at Stanford Research Institute. Some readers have therefore created a gloss in which I am understood to be asserting that the ideas attached by the New Inquisition must all be true and important. But I do not hold that view at all. I merely hold the view that the Authoritarian attempt to suppress new ideas is profoundly undemocratic and unscientific, even when it is being done by people who think they are liberals or scientists.

The subject of glossing is not a digression, incidentally. Since my major topic here is unconscious prejudice, I am using somewhat indirect literary techniques to make, or attempt to make, such unconscious bias more conscious. We shall return to this Strange Loop.

Looking at the history of science—temporarily—through a Marxist gloss, it appears that science did not arise in a vacuum, but in a concrete social situation in space-time. Science, in fact, was confronted from its beginnings by the prevailing Thesis, which was the Thomist or Aristotelian-Christian Synthesis that had arisen from the earlier conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Against this Thomist Thesis, Science was cast as Antithesis.

The results of this conflict can be studied in Andrew Dickson White’s monumental two-volume study, *History of the Warfare Between Science and Theology in Christendom*. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that there is not a single branch of science, from astronomy to zoology, that did not have its own struggle against the dogmatism of the Christian clergy. The Catholic theologians who still denounce contraception today were denouncing the lightning rod earlier; the Protestants who now reject Darwin previously rejected vaccination. Virtually the whole

history of science is a history of struggle against the Christian clergy and its bigotry.

In this concrete historical context, it is not surprising that scientists as a group developed a reactive prejudice against Christian dogmatism. Every Antithesis seeks to abolish the previous Thesis, just as it dreads the oncoming Synthesis.

The trouble with prejudice, however, is that it tends to overlook subtle distinctions, and subtleties may be more important than we realize. For instance, Mark Twain once said that anti-semites reminded him of a stupid cat who sat on a hot stove once and never sat on a hot stove again.

"What's so stupid about that?" demanded an anti-semite.

"The cat never sat on a cold stove either," Twain drawled.

The mechanical behavior of the cat in this story is usually called a conditioned reflex when we are speaking of quadrupeds; in human beings, it is often called an uncritical inference. It is similar to the faulty syllogisms we mentioned earlier, especially

A frightens me
B also frightens me
Therefore, A is B

My repetitions, like my digressions, are attempts to get past this level of conditioned reaction or uncritical inference. For instance, at this point, the reader may be amused to consider the following little experiment:

Assume that the following imaginary news story is factually accurate and contains no false statements:

Mad Dog, Texas, the scene of several recent UFO reports, has two new mysteries. Fritz Sheisskopf, 46, was found killed in a field last night, and nearby were over a dozen mutilated cattle. Mr. Sheisskopf was identified by police as a leader of the American Nazi Party. Six members of the Jewish Defense League, found in the area, have been questioned. David Goldberg, 23, after being held by police for two hours was released and declared innocent of all wrong-doing.

Remember that you are to assume that this story contains no inaccurate statements. Which of the following conclusions can then be

considered definitely true, which can be considered definitely false and which are uncertain? Circle T for definitely true, F for definitely false, and ? for uncertain.

1. Fritz Sheisskopf was 46 years old when he was killed. T F ?
2. Space ships have been reported in the area where the murder of Mr. Sheisskopf occurred. T F ?
3. Mr. Sheisskopf was a member of the American Nazi Party. T F ?
4. David Goldberg is 29 years old. T F ?
5. David Goldberg was suspected of murdering the Nazi leader.
T F ?
6. Five other members of the Jewish Defense League are also suspected of involvement in the assassination. T F ?
7. Whoever killed Sheisskopf also mutilated the cattle to confuse the police. T F ?
8. There have been several UFOs seen by people in Mad Dog recently.
T F ?
9. Alien space monsters mutilated the cattle. T F ?
10. The police are harassing the Jewish Defense League to cover up the connection between the UFOs and the cattle mutilations. T F ?
11. The police are still holding five members of the Jewish Defense League. T F ?

The real test here includes the number of times you went back to change a T or an F to a ? as you gradually became aware of more possible ambiguities and misunderstandings. If you went back to make at least three changes, then it appears you have a habit, about a third of the time, of making inferences without even noticing that you are making inferences. This is sometimes called the habit of uncritical inferences and is psychologically linked to dogmatism and intolerance, so you can't really afford to feel too superior to the chaps I have been satirizing. (Cheer up. I'm an idiot myself most of the time.)

The first statement was definitely true.

The second statement was uncertain, for two reasons. We don't know whether the UFOs were spaceships, and we don't know if Sheisskopf's killing was murder. (It might have been manslaughter or self-defense etc. or he might have been killed by a mountain lion or a falling meteor or an exploding chemical tank.)

The third statement was uncertain. The police may have mis-

identified Sheisskopf by confusing him with another Fritz Sheisskopf, or he could have been a member of the ANP twenty years ago but no longer a member.

The fourth statement was definitely false.

The fifth statement was uncertain. We don't know why the police held Mr. Goldberg for two hours and we don't know if Sheisskopf was murdered.

The sixth statement is multiply uncertain, for some of the reasons already revealed in comments on earlier statements and because we don't know if Goldberg was a member of the JDL.

The seventh statement is uncertain and represents only a wild guess.

The eighth statement is uncertain because there may have been no UFO sightings at all, but only unexplained blips on radar, and they may have all been reported by one person.

The ninth and tenth statements represent wild and uncertain guesses.

The eleventh statement is uncertain because we do not know if the police ever held, or even questioned, any members of the JDL. The JDL members may have been questioned by reporters or by curious passers-by.

These traps may seem trivial or overly tricky, but I want the reader to consider how a certain gloss—"This story concerns the murder of a Nazi, possibly by certain Jewish extremists"—got in the way of noticing alternative readings of each sentence. The gloss, "This essay is by a Marxist" could have gotten in the way of noticing other meanings, if I had not pointed out that it was a possible red herring. Members of CSICOP, if they read this at all, have a gloss, "This essay is by an Enemy of Science," which is so firmly conditioned and entrenched that it is probably not even recognized by them as an uncritical inference even at this point.

The attacks on the research at S.R.I. were based on a gloss taking the form of the syllogism

*This research frightens us
Fascism frightens us
Therefore, this research is fascist*

It is permissible and tactical to use that kind of gloss in public in the

U.S. these days, but I suspect that there is another, equally invalid gloss at work in the New Inquisition, which goes back to the birth of science and its early struggles with Christian orthodoxy:

*Christian theology is the enemy
This research reminds me of Christian theology
Therefore, this research is Christian theology*

It was that kind of thinking which led to the two most celebrated scientific blunders of those great rationalists (and personal heroes to me), Voltaire and Jefferson. Voltaire rejected the first dinosaur bones because nobody could guess what they were at that time, but they reminded him of the Bible's statement that there were giants in ancient times and he did not like any scientific evidence that seemed to confirm rather than refute the Bible. Jefferson, similarly, rejected the evidence that Virginian mountains were once under water because that sounded like Noah's Flood might have been true.

We are all inclined to make such uncritical inferences, to some extent. The only way to become less subject to such mammalian reflex is to be aware of it as a potential and look dispassionately at precisely those things which tend to arouse passion. This is not as easy as it sounds, and requires hard work and much effort. Nobody will ever make this effort, of course, if convinced, as both the Old Inquisition and the New Inquisition have been convinced, that *only the opposition* is inclined to prejudice.

The most frequently uttered prayer, even among atheists, is still that of the Pharisee in the parable—"Thank God I am not as other men." The men who burned Reich's books, conspired to suppress Velikovsky's books and recently urged the burning of Sheldrake's book, I am quite sure, all feel similar Pharisiac gratitude for their own superiority, most sincerely, when they read about the religious fanatics in Tennessee who burn Rock records.

CHARACTER ARMOR

Of course, all of this (so far) has been written from a non-Reichian and relativistic point of view; which is to say, I have been expressing my own opinions as an agnostic and libertarian.

The Reichian point of view gives us an altogether different gloss.

Dr. Reich began his scientific career as a member of Freud's original circle in Vienna, and it is interesting to note where and how his intellectual divergence from the rest of that circle began. Reich was the first of the group to open a clinic for working-class people—Freudian theory had been entirely bound within a middle-class gloss before him—and he was also the first to study deeply in Marxist theory and other radical sociology. Although Reich's politics changed over the years, he remained deeply indebted to sociological thinking and some of his books (e.g. *The Mass Psychology of Fascism*) are as much sociological as they are psychological. You might almost say that Freudian theory retains whatever validity it has even if one applies it to Robinson Crusoe on his island, but Reichian theory only has validity within the context of a society of some sort.

Reich acquired from Marx and other radical sociologists the concept of social *evolution* and the related concept that the structure of a society at a given time molds the structure of the individual mind within it. From Engels, Reich took the notion that society has evolved from matriarchal communism to patriarchal capitalism—a model that is over-simplified historically but has been revived by some Radical Feminists recently. From the warring sects within socialism and from his own observations of the rise of fascism, Reich acquired the notion that what is loosely called "mental illness" is much more prevalent than is generally realized. Most of the political behavior that cynics casually call bigotry or prejudice or fanaticism seemed, to Reich, symptoms of the profoundly neurotic character of humanity at this stage of evolution. In fact, the "illness" or irrationality of most people became for Reich the major "Health Problem" on this planet, and he called it, rather dramatically, the Emotional Plague of Mankind.

It is obvious that such views are going to be controversial, and it is also obvious that they will be attractive to some radicals and many alienated or angry people, especially in the Nuclear Age. (What sane person, reading the number of hydrogen bombs in existence, has not wondered if the human race is crazy?) When Reich's books were burned in 1957, he was already becoming a major influence on those radicals who distrust rigidity and dogma, and his popularity with such persons has increased steadily since the book-burning. To the deeply conservative, Reich poses the same sort of threat today that Marx posed in 1887, and it is even possible to imagine that Reich might

influence the 21st Century as much as Marx has influenced the 20th.

The Emotional Plague, according to Reich, accounts for war, crime, violence, rape, sadism, masochism, and almost everything that frightens us about "civilization." The Emotional Plague should not be considered a metaphor, in Reich's view. He regarded it as an illness in the strict medical sense, and his major break with Freud was over the Freudian approach to "mental" problems, which Reich came to regard as superficial.

There are no purely "mental" illnesses, according to Dr. Reich. What we loosely call neurosis or psychosis or sociopathic personality etc. is actually a character rigidity, or armor, in Reich's term, which is "anchored" in the muscles and respiratory system of the individual and reflects the similar rigidity or armor of the whole society.

Since Reich's first books carrying this message, two schools of radical psychology and medicine have grown up, each emphasizing one part of Reich's bio-sociological emphasis. On one side, holistic medicine and Gestalt psychology and all their relatives emphasize "mind-body unity" and consider all symptoms as energy blockages, just as Reich did, and thus we have gotten accustomed to the Reichian attitude that there are no "mental" or "physical" problems in isolation from each other: a sick organism is sick on all levels. On the other side, social psychology and radical psychiatry insist that there is no sick individual in isolation from a sick society: that every symptom is a social field effect. Reich remains unique in combining all three perspectives—the "mental," the "bodily" or organismic, and the social—in one gloss.

Concretely, Reich came to believe that "mental" symptoms like depression, anxiety, compulsion, phobia, perversion, schizophrenia etc., "physical" symptoms like asthma, cancer, ulcers, sexual dysfunctions etc. and "social" problems like war, violence and crime, were all aspects of the single Emotional Plague, or energy blockage, which makes people armored or rigid and unable to grow naturally like the flowers and "flow like the rivers," as the Zen Masters tell us to. Reich saw this Character Armor or rigidity or blockage as the resultant of the brutality of the past history of our species.

The specific mechanism by which this rigidity or "Character Armor" is transmitted from one generation to the next, according to Reich, is sexual repression. A person afraid of his/her own sexuality *must* be muscularly tense from the physical effort of "holding back," according

to Reich, must have respiratory blockages and must be statistically prone to both "mental" and "physical" illnesses. Such a person will also have a "repressed" fascist level below the conscious mind, and the Freudian "return of the repressed" is statistically likely, in such an armored society, to take the form of the political behaviors we call fascist—intolerance, persecution of scapegoats, outbreaks of mass violence like Inquisitions and Hitler's "final solution," etc. This "Emotional Plague" is so deeply entrenched, Reich claims, that any attempt to remove it by abrupt methods leads, in the individual, to myoclonism, scotoma or various hysterias, and, in society, to a violent eruption of fascist violence.

From the viewpoint of this theory, what happened to Reich is hardly surprising; it is almost predictable.

In fact, the book-burning and final death in prison were only the last in the long series of troubles that beset Dr. Reich after he began preaching this doctrine. He was expelled from the International Psychoanalytical Society for being too Marxist, from the Communist Party for being too Freudian, and from the Socialist Party for being too anarchistic. He was chased out of Germany and Austria by the Nazis for these heresies and for being Jewish in ancestry. In Sweden, he conducted the same kind of experiments that later made Masters and Johnson famous—measuring actual physiological changes during the sex act—and was denounced by the press as a sex-maniac. When he came to the United States, some person or group spread the rumor that he was a Nazi agent, and he was investigated by the F.B.I. on that absurd charge. Thereafter, the same person or group or some other persons or groups spread the equally inaccurate rumor that Reich had gone mad in Sweden and spent time as a mental patient in a hospital.

From Reich's point of view, all of this harassment and slander happened because those who have the Emotional Plague are terrified and furious whenever anybody threatens to make them aware, even for a second, of just how sick they are. Any attempt to alleviate the Character Armor without great subtlety and caution unleashes terror, violence and what my grandfather called conniption fits.

STRANGE LOOPS AND THE SOCIOLOGY OF KNOWLEDGE

Reich's theories changed and developed over the years, but the above is pretty much what remained central to this thinking during the

most productive decades of his career, and I read most of it in *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* at the time when the Scientific Bureaucracy of the U.S. was trying to prevent anybody from reading such Heresy.

There is one major problem with this Reichian system, which none of Reich's critics have ever considered deeply. This is a problem, not just with Reich, but with all theories that verge over into what is known as "the sociology of knowledge." The problem is that such theories create what Hofstadter calls Strange Loops.

The "sociology of knowledge" was named by Max Weber but invented by Giambattista Vico and practised extensively by Karl Marx. As a would-be scientific discipline, the sociology of knowledge attempts to explain the glosses or models or reality-tunnels of a given society as a function of that society's evolution. Many brilliant insights are available this way, and you can easily become so enamored of this method as to apply it to everyone everywhere. One danger in this is that, like every other model or gloss, the sociology of knowledge explains some but not all of human behavior. A worse danger is that, unless one is very scrupulous, the sociology of knowledge easily degenerates into the Argument *ad hominem*: it "invalidates" and somewhat dehumanizes an opponent by reducing the opponent to a mechanism. Marxists are especially prone to using/abusing the sociology of knowledge this way, and the Strange Loop appears when one realizes that it can be used against Marxists as slickly as they use it against capitalists or against non-Marxian socialists.

For instance, when I was young one often heard variations on the following argument in radical circles:

A: I am now convinced that Stalin has committed as many atrocities and mass murders as Hitler.

B: You believe that because you have a class interest which motivates you to believe the lies of the capitalist press.

A: I deny that I am prejudiced by class interest, and anyway the crimes by Stalin that I am talking about have been widely documented in the socialist and Trotskyist papers, not just in the capitalist press.

B: The so-called socialists and the Trotskyite vipers have a class interest in spreading capitalist lies, because they are afraid of the real duties and responsibilities which Marxist revolution imposes on us.

One is tempted to remark that listening to a lot of this kind of debate helped persuade Reich the human race was irrationally driven by

emotional plague. More to the point, the sociology of knowledge can be turned on itself, thus:

A: You, my Marxist friend, only believe that because you have a class interest in believing whatever you read in the *Daily Worker*.

B: Of course I do. But my class interest is in the interest of the rising proletariat which is the Synthesis toward which History is moving, and therefore my interest is the interest of humanity's future.

A: Of course you will say that, but only because you have a class interest in thinking you represent the future.

At this point a potentially illuminating scientific model (and it is often enlightening to analyze the economic influence on reality-tunnels) has degenerated into name-calling or the favorite childhood debate of "Ya-ya-ya—you're another!"

Quite similarly, in the debate about whether some or all UFOs are spaceships, each side has developed a lot of skill at using and abusing the sociology of knowledge. The anti-spaceship people concentrate on proving that the guys on the other side have a hidden motive for wanting to believe in Alien Intelligence, and the pro-spaceship people explain at length that the anti-spaceship gang has a hidden motive for being afraid of the possibility of Alien Intelligence. Freudians are also very good at explaining why some people do not accept Freudian theory in total (such people are repressing) while some Feminists explain that Freudian theory is invalid because Freud was male. The *reductio ad absurdum* occurs in the Nazi argument that Relativity is invalid because Einstein was a Jew.

The doctrine of Emotional Plague, as developed by Reich over the decades, led inevitably into such Arguments *ad hominem* and into a particularly bizarre Strange Loop. If some of Reich's critics were motivated by Emotional Plague, and if Emotional Plague is the most widespread illness on the planet, then it is an easy step to the conclusion that all dissent from Reichian dogma is the result of Emotional Plague. Reich took that step increasingly, as hostility toward him and his work accelerated; and many "orthodox" Reichians are still thinking in that framework.

At this point we have what might be called a Self-Sealing System, into which no new data can ever enter. If Reich made even *one* error somewhere in his collected papers, those who have deified him and diabolized his persecutors will never discover that error, because any

criticism or revision now appears a symptom of Emotional Plague to them.

The orthodox Reichians, thus, have become the mirror image of the New Inquisition which destroyed Reich. In fact, only a few years ago they attempted to obtain an injunction banning a film about Reich because they found Heresy in it (even though I thought, and everybody I knew who saw the film also thought, the presentation varied from objectivity to slight pro-Reichian bias). The main thing the orthodox Reichians learned from the burning of his books was, evidently, how to become censors and Inquisitors themselves.

But one could almost expect that, if one takes seriously my wicked and sarcastic claim that the New Inquisition learned most of its techniques from the Old Inquisition. Perhaps the major lesson to be revealed here is what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "the hydrostatic principle of controversy"—namely, that the fools eventually drag everybody down to their own level.

ORGONE AND EROS

Other problems confront us when we contemplate Reich's extension of his bio-sociology into bio-physics. Briefly, he believed he had discovered a "new" energy, characteristic of living beings and hitherto unknown to science, and he called it "orgone."

The first thing to be said about this claim is that it is not illegal under the Constitution to have unfashionable ideas, and there is no evidence that the orgone theory is immoral or fattening, either. On Jeffersonian principles, Reich had a right to speculate, and those who burned his books will always look like Inquisitors to advocates of the libertarian society.

The second important point I would want to make about the "orgone" theory is that it was not as new as Reich believed. Something very much like "orgone" has been periodically theorized and/or experienced ever since the dawn of humanity. If "orgone" is a hallucination—as Martin Gardner claimed in his polemics against Reich—this should be a matter of great interest to both psychiatrists and social scientists in general, because it appears to be the most common hallucination in history.

In China and Japan, the acupuncturists, herbalists, specialists in martial arts and Taoist mystics all claim to use a life-enhancing energy

much like orgone, which they call *chi* or *ki*. In India, the same energy is described by practitioners of yoga in language and metaphors similar to both the Chinese medical theory and Reich's works, and is called *kundalini*. Throughout Africa and Polynesia, the same energy is used in healing and anthropologists call it (or the belief in it) *mana*. In the Moslem nations, it is called *baraka*. The Plains Indians call it *wakan*.

Paracelsus in the 16th Century discovered or hallucinated it and called it *munia*. In the 18th Century, Goethe discovered or hallucinated it and called it *Gestaltung*, Mesmer discovered or hallucinated it as Animal Magnetism and Galvani, the electrical pioneer, called it Life Force. In the 19th Century, Baron Reichenbach discovered or hallucinated it and called it *Odyle*. Gurwitsch in the 1920s discovered or hallucinated it as "the mytogenetic ray." And so on, and on. In the appendix to *Future Science* edited by White and Krippner, there is a list of approximately 90 discoveries of hallucinations of this sort of energy in the history of science. In *Orgone, Reich and Eros*, the sociologist Erik Mann gives several more cases of current researchers who thought they were dealing with some energy strangely like Reich's orgone.

I hope, at this point, that nobody mistakes that historical information for Argument by Authority. I am *not* asserting that 186 scientists and shamans say it and therefore it must be true. I am merely indicating that the appearance of something like a life energy is a common experience among those who approach healing from a holistic, rather than mechanistic, perspective.

It is possible that no unique life energy is involved at all, in such holistic healing. The practitioner and/or patient may just become abnormally sensitive to normal physical energies which we normally do not notice.

It is also possible, of course, that a unique life energy is indeed involved in this kind of healing and that orthodox science has persistently rejected reports of it, by many others before and after Reich, because scientists have their own prejudices, and mechanism has been the dominant prejudice in the scientific world for three centuries.

It is also possible and thinkable-by-me (although impossible and unthinkable to the New Inquisition) that the orgone and/or life energy only exists when a group is working together who believe such an energy exists. This is the hypothesis of some parapsychologists, who

believe in the theory of psychokinesis: shamans and other holistic healers create energies by thought-form and will, and that's how Reich materialized the orgone which created effects seen not only by him but by a few dozen co-workers at various times. When I say this is possible and thinkable-by-me, I mean precisely that; I do not mean that because I can think about it without terror, I therefore believe it.

Lest I seem not merely agnostic but furtively reticent, I will tell you frankly that I have had numerous experiences with this very erotic and definitely healing energy, or hallucination, which Reich called orgone. I had these experiences, originally, nearly 30 years ago, when experimenting with Reich's orgone accumulator. I have had them repeatedly when experimenting with other "alternative" or "holistic" medical theories, and when experimenting with yoga.

My major conclusions about this erotic-therapeutic force are that it is indeed more accessible to relaxed, fun-loving, "unarmored" people than it is to those with heavy character armor in the Reichian sense, or rigid reality-tunnels; that people who have encountered it in vastly different contexts—e.g. Reichian or neo-Reichian body therapy, Gestalt therapy, yoga, martial arts, psychedelics—still agree about its basic qualities and effects; and that it is premature to say dogmatically whether this energy exists independently outside us, as Reich thought and most martial arts teachers think, or is triggered by will and imagination, as quite a few parapsychologists think.

By and large, I have found that unarmored or relatively unarmored people—those called Self-Actualizers in the psychology of Maslow, or just happy, creative people in conventional language—seem to have a deep feeling for the *aliveness* of things, a kind of "pantheistic sensibility" (whether or not they have pantheistic ideas or doctrines) and tend to be tolerant of the idea of orgone, either inside us or outside, or to think that orgone and similar metaphors are just ways of talking about a deepened *quality* of perception rather than a specific new thing being perceived. On the other hand, those who are rigid and "uptight" almost always seem to respond to the orgone idea with precisely the hostility that Reichian theory leads one to expect.

The quickest way to experience something of what Reich meant by orgone is to smoke one marijuana cigarette. I have virtually never met a pot-smoker who did not think that orgone either describes a real energy or a real alteration in our ability to perceive and use energy. I

have often wondered, in this connection, if the anti-grass hysteria might not be described, like the burning of Reich's books, as the defensive maneuver of a heavily armored culture against any intrusion of an unarmored life-style; but I will leave that thought in the form of a speculation.

The major serious argument against orgone and similar theories is Occam's Razor. That is, most physicists and biologists do not perceive any need for such a theory, and in science an unnecessary theory is generally considered a meaningless and useless theory.

I see no reason to quarrel with the physicists and biologists about this. As far as I can form an opinion, theories like orgone are not necessary in physics or biology at this date (although who knows about the future?) However, I think it is *modeltheism*—falling in love with one's own models—not to realize that different territories may need different maps. Most of the workers in body-mind healing or holistic health do feel a need for a theory somewhat like orgone, and my suspicion, as one having a great deal of experience in this area, is that most radical therapists use deliberately vague language to avoid becoming targets of the hostility and ridicule that was unleashed against Dr. Reich. In short, they talk about "releasing your energies," or "feeling the energy flow" and never, never, never say in public whether they think such language is metaphoric or literal.

I do not think much that is of value in body-work, relaxation techniques, postural integration therapy, bio-energetics etc. can be accomplished without assuming that either (a) something like orgone "really" exists psychologically whether or not it exists physically and biologically, or else (b) that the *metaphor* of such an energy is necessary at this point to express non-verbal events that therapist and patient *need to talk about*, in determining whether certain changes have or have not yet occurred in the sense of body-ego and perceptual field.

THE NEW PARADIGM

Since Reich's death a great many changes have occurred in both the physical and social sciences, and it is now increasingly a truism that we are moving toward "a new paradigm." Many suspect that this new world-gloss will be as radically post-Einsteinian as Einstein was post-Newtonian; some claim to see the outlines of the new paradigm emerging already and cheerfully inform us that it will be holistic and

good for all the ills of the individual and society.

Certainly, Reich seems less egregious today than when his first books appeared in the 1920s or his last books disappeared into an incinerator in 1957. Despite the "orthodox" Reichians, who have made him an Idol—thereby arousing suspicion against Reich by precisely the same psychological process as the book-burners aroused curiosity about Reich—most young psychologists can see clearly that he was a bit authoritarian always and more than a bit paranoid toward the end, but that his books are a treasure chest of wonderful insights and ideas that have proven fruitful in many new forms of therapy (most of which try to conceal how much they borrowed from him).

Everybody involved in the emerging synthesis of Eastern and Western sciences finds themselves grappling with the mind-body unity—i.e. with our inability to separate the two in practice, despite our habit of separating them verbally—which Reich understood and expressed so eloquently nearly 50 years ago. Those of us who still dare to be radical and even Utopian find in Reich many important insights into how pathologies enter every radical and Utopian movement: some of us, maybe, have been saved from grave blunders by recognizing that the "Emotional Plague," even if a metaphor, labels something we need to be aware of and alert about. As holistic ideas invade one science after another, Reich's bio-psychological sociology or socio-biological psychology seems less peculiar and more prophetic.

Part of Reich's problem, it now seems, was that he was half a century ahead of his time. Another part of his problem, in my opinion, was that he tried to force into scientific jargon some very real but very subjective experiential aspects of bio-psychology that might better have been expressed in poetry, or presented frankly as philosophical speculation. In books like *Cosmic Superimposition*, Reich gives us a first draft version of the New Holistic Paradigm that the *avant garde* of the scientific community is currently seeking: he builds a marvelous model in which the geometry of galaxies, the spiral vortices of hurricanes, the evolution of living forms and the tenderness of orgasmic sharing are all expressions of a few energetic Common Functioning Principles. As poetry, this is splendid stuff; as philosophy, it is exciting and stimulating. As science, it still seems to me a rough sketch of what a holistic paradigm might be; I do not think it is nonsense, as it appears to be to Fundamentalist Materialists, but it rises high on the wings of

metaphor and stands very unsteadily on a few shards of data. Nonetheless, if the New Paradigm is holistic, it will have the flavor and odor of Reich's poetic synthesis in *Cosmic Superimposition* about it, rather than the dusty mechanistic smell of the Newtonian clockwork that B.F. Skinner or Carl Sagan offer us as a model of consciousness in Universe.

This prophecy is conditional: I said, "If the New Paradigm is holistic." I am inclined to have doubts about that. Like Dr. David Bohm, who has been one of the main proponents of holism in physics, but remains dubious about uncritical holism, I worry somewhat about the fact that the most holistic political systems in history have been the totalitarian systems. I think Fundamentalist holism (such as you find in, say, Fritjof Capra) may have as many hidden dangers as Fundamentalist materialism. My own intuition or hunch—or guess—is that the New Paradigm will be *No Paradigm*.

BEYOND TRUE AND FALSE

Nietzsche scandalized and terrified the Orthodox, a hundred years ago, by saying the next step in philosophy would take us beyond good and evil. I increasingly suspect that the next step in science—the New Paradigm—will take us beyond true and false.

I wonder how much scandal and terror that idea will create.

I have already spoken of Reich's hypothetical orgone as not necessarily a concrete thing but a kind of heightened perception. Another word for "kind of perception" is, of course, gloss—the term from sociology and ethnomethodology which I have already used many times. A gloss, a model, a reality-tunnel—a way of sensing and organizing the world—is, it seems to me, always a human product and always relative to the humans who created it and their concrete situation in space-time.

If we return to the sociology of knowledge, and try to use it impartially and not as a weapon to invalidate opponents, it is possible to consider some glosses as meta-glosses (or glosses of glosses). Marxism, for instance, is a meta-gloss, which glosses other glosses in terms of the economic factors acting upon the persons or groups who create them. The Freudian and, even more, the Reichian systems are also meta-glosses in this sense; they attempt to explain why certain glosses are popular with certain people. A good deal of Radical Feminism is a very provocative meta-gloss, telling us how the glosses of the last 6000 years

of male-dominated history look from a non-male perspective.

If we apply meta-glosses, not just to glosses, but to other meta-glosses, we will, of course, create Strange Loops—but I think these will be fruitful, like the Strange Loops of Zen logic and Bach's music, rather than pathological, like the Strange Loops of schizophrenia. In building meta-glosses of meta-glosses, we will find ourselves, I think, wandering out of the search for "the" "one" "correct" reality-tunnel into an ontological-anthropological study of comparative reality-labyrinths.

Concretely, the Marxist analysis of Freudian psychology as a middle-class gloss can be illuminating rather than merely polemical or destructive, if we recognize that Freud's middle-class gloss need not be entirely false just because it is middle-class. The Freudian analysis of Marxism as an expanded Oedipus complex can also be enlightening, and not merely invalidating, if we remember that an Oedipus complex sublimated into very intelligent sociological analysis can yield valid insights and is not the "same thing" as an Oedipus complex merely acted as criminal rebellion against the Cop-as-Father-figure. That is, if we use each gloss to understand, rather than to denigrate, other systems of glossing, then each gloss may well have its own lessons to teach us, and we can learn a bit from all of them. Certainly, the Feminist analysis of both Freud and Marx has been a most educational new perspective for our society to acquire.

My own philosophical position—as regular readers of my Damned Heresies know by now—is a kind of multi-gloss agnosticism, or a meta-gloss that tries to learn from all other glosses but does not accept any one gloss or meta-gloss as the "one" "true" map of Universe.

When I am in my Existentialist or Phenomenologist reality-tunnel, all glosses seem equally interesting as *data in primate psychology*, but none are as important or "real" as what is immediately before my senses at the moment, what choices I have to make right here and right now.

When I am in my Reichian or neo-Reichian reality-tunnel, it seems overwhelmingly obvious to me that I live among a species that is desperately sick and desperately afraid of the changes it must undergo to be cured.

When I am in my Buddhist reality-tunnel, the medical metaphor of sickness in Reich's system seems as over-simplified as the Christian metaphor of sin, and I merely see that the human race at this stage of its evolution has the habits inevitable at this stage of evolution. What is,

is, and our evaluations of it are simply—our evaluations of it.

It is most interesting and amusing to step out of all the glosses mentioned so far and look at things with an ethological-ecological or Darwinian-sociobiological gloss. Glosses like Christian Original Sin, Buddhist *maya*, Marxist Class War, Reichian Emotional Plague, etc. all seem, from this bio-social perspective, crude primate grunts attempting to articulate the criss-crossing and often tangled genetic vectors in time that make up our evolutionary history to date. Domesticated primates, like wild primates—or fish, or ants—are simply organisms trying to make a suitable habitat of the space-time grid in which they find themselves, and they often make mistakes, just like any other species.

When I am in my Nietzschean gloss, I can contemplate all other glosses as works of art and ask which gloss, if any, I wish to put my Will into and try to impose on the future. Should I invent my own gloss, or pick somebody else's, or just contemplate all glosses impartially? (Nietzsche varied between promoting his own gloss—evolution toward Higher Intelligence—and sardonic contemplation of the relativity of all possible glosses.)

I can also enter other glosses or reality-tunnels and learn new perspectives continually. Most readers think this refers hypothetically to some abstract or ideal "I" who should be able to do these things, but I am speaking literally and autobiographically. After twenty odd years of practice of the exercises described in my *Cosmic Trigger* and *Prometheus Rising*, I have learned to quantum jump from any reality-tunnel to any other reality-tunnel. Every novelist and every good psychotherapist learns a bit of this art of self-transformation, because it is the only way to understand why other people do the "weird" things they do. I suggest that such leaps of ontological empathy may have value for science and philosophy generally, and are not just of interest to novelists and other psychologists.

In physics at present, there are two meta-glosses—General Relativity and Quantum Mechanics—which diverge from each other in many ways. In one sense, they are as different as the novels of Jane Austen and Samuel Beckett; in another metaphor, they are as different as the grammar of English and that of Japanese. Although these systems present us with what seem to be two quite distinct universes, physicists are not inclined to throw one out and embrace the other monogamously or monotheistically. The general attitude among working physicists is

that General Relativity is one useful model, and Quantum Mechanics is another useful model, and as long as they remain useful we might as well use them.

In Quantum Mechanics itself, there are two models of the world inside the atom—the wave model and the particle model. These do not differ merely in style, like English and Japanese; they contradict each other totally, like the statements “Robin is a boy” and “Robin is a girl.” Nonetheless, both models are useful, and physicists use both (at different times) without worrying about Aristotle’s rule that two contradictory statements cannot function in the same system.

In art, despite the dogmas of a few Authorities, we have learned that different glosses can be equally valuable, even if they are as opposed to each other as the styles of Rembrandt and Picasso, or of Van Gogh and Pollock, or of Turner and Hogarth, or even of Raphael and Hopper.

In music, although Beethoven maniacs and Mozart cultists rear up and afflict us occasionally, we have, in general, learned to appreciate the various glosses of Vivaldi and Bach and Amadeus and Ludwig and Wagner and Elgar and Mahler, etc. as not being mutually exclusive but as each adding to the richness of our tradition.

Is it possible that we can learn to think of models or world-glosses, not as “true” or “false” in some abstract and absolute sense, but as the products of humans in concrete situations in space-time, all possessing some kind of relative truth (for the persons who create them at least) and none of them big enough and inclusive enough to contain *all* the truth?

GENES, MEMES AND INFORMATION

The British biologist, Richard Dawkins, has coined the expression, *meme*, to designate a signal traveling in human space-time and carrying information (or mis-information). In Dawkin’s view, just as biological evolution depends on the circulation of genes, sociological evolution depends on the migratory habits of memes. (Memes, incidentally, rhymes with beams or steams.)

As Keith Henson has argued in various essays, just as there are self-replicating genes, there also seem to be self-replicating memes. For instance, both Christianity and Marxism can be considered self-replicating memes, since they both contain an internal command that whoever receives them should go and transmit them to as many other

people as possible. Each of these memes is intended to reach every human eventually and totally transform the world in the process. In a very real sense, you cannot be a host to either the Christian or Marxist meme without becoming "contagious" and trying to pass it on to everybody else.

As Henson has pointed out, there also seem to be self-destructive memes, just like the self-destructive genes that kill any organism which inherits them. The most spectacular self-destruct meme in recent times was the Jim Jones/Christian/Marxist/paranoid meme, which led that astonishing messiah to kill himself and also persuaded over 900 disciples, who had been infected by the meme, to also commit suicide.

The acceleration of knowledge in our time, to which I referred earlier, can be considered an explosive "population" increase in memes, paralleling the human population explosion. As we have seen, memes doubled between 1950 and 1960, again between 1961 and 1967, and again between 1968 and 1973. All evidence indicates that they are doubling even faster at present.

One amusing and seemingly trivial indication of the Meme Explosion is the rapid migration of culinary memes in recent decades.

I remember eating some excellent Thai food in Vancouver, Canada, last year and asking myself where I had tasted such superb Thai food recently. I suddenly remembered that the last great Thai restaurant in which I had eaten was in Amsterdam. When I was a child and even when I was a young man, Thai restaurants were as rare in the West as baboons in symphony orchestras; the one Oriental food style most of us knew was Chinese, and even Japanese restaurants only became fashionable in the late 1950s or 1960s. Now, the food of all the world is available in almost every city; even Dublin where I live, although one of the most provincial of all European capitals, has good Hindu food, Pakistani food, Greek food, Turkish food and all kinds of Far Eastern foods—if you look hard enough.

The sardonic side of this culinary meme explosion, of course, is the omnipresence of MacDonaldis hamburger joints wherever you go these days. Since they are everywhere else I travel, I assume they are in Antarctica by now, too, and will appear by 1999 in Space Colonies.

I own a record of a group of Japanese musicians playing Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* on traditional Japanese instruments. It sounds very much like the Vivaldi we are accustomed to, and yet very much unlike that

Vivaldi, but it appears to me a very rich meme synergy. I look forward to someday hearing the Vienna Symphony Orchestra playing Japanese classical music on the instruments Mozart and Beethoven wrote for.

It was Andre Malraux who first proposed, in *Museum Without Walls*, that modern (Occidental) art is the result of anthropology—i.e. the artists gave up Leonardo's laws of perspective, not because the camera could equal them in that area (as is often said) but because anthropological museums excited them by showing how many interesting alternative visual glosses could be found in Africa, Polynesia, the Orient and other non-European traditions. Certainly, Picasso's first "African" style works appeared immediately after the Paris show of African art by the anthropologist, Leo Frobenius, which Picasso is known to have attended.

As I have argued in other books, the Real Wealth of the world—known resources, factories in operation, etc.—has doubled every generation since economists started collecting statistics in the 18th Century. Like R. Buckminster Fuller, I attribute this skyrocketing increase in Physical Capital to the increase in technological knowledge—that is, in memes that contain empirical information.

Empirical *information* becomes *technology* which becomes *wealth*: that is the basis of Buckminster Fuller's sociological theory, and I think it is accurate. The reason the average person today is wealthier in all respects than our great-grandparents is not because of the agitation of radicals alone. If the wealth of the world had remained at the same level as in 1789, all the radical agitation of the past 200-odd years would have produced no more than a continuous series of French Revolutions, in which a lot of rich people lost their heads in purges, but the general misery of the population remained unchanged. Wealth has spread more widely, because total wealth has steadily increased. (This does not deny that poverty still exists, although it does deny that poverty needs to continue to exist.)

If this Fullerian economic theory is sound, or partly sound, then the increase in empirical memes is a goal to be sought by all, except for hard-core masochists and sadists who think it is good to have a large portion of the population living in misery.

What I am arguing here is that such wealth-producing empirical memes only increase rapidly in what Sir Karl Popper calls "an Open Society," and an Open Society is one in which memes of all sorts

migrate rapidly—i.e. a society based on Justice Holmes's "free marketplace of ideas," where as Justice Black argued so passionately "no laws" abridging the circulation of memes is understood literally to mean "no laws." I believe we all get "richer"—both materially and "mentally" or "psychologically"—in such an Open Society.

In this connection, I often think the most important equation in sociology was that written by Claude Shannon in 1948, in dealing with problems of electronics (and with no intent of invading the area of behavioral science). Dr. Shannon defined a message (or a meme, in the Dawkins metaphor we are now using) as a sequence of signals, each of which has a certain predictability. That is, if you have a 50 percent chance of guessing the first signal before you receive it, that signal has a predictability of 1/2. If you have the same chance of guessing the second signal, that has a predictability of 1/2. If your chance of guessing the third signal in advance is only 1/50, then that signal has a predictability of 1/50.

If we call these various probabilities of predicting in advance what will be transmitted to us p_1 and p_2 and p_3 etc., then p_i will symbolize the probabilities of predicting all the signals. The information in that message or meme will then be, according to Shannon,

$$- \sum p_i \log_e p_i$$

\sum merely means the summation of all the predictabilities. The minus sign is crucial. What Shannon's equation says is that the information in a message is the reverse of your ability to predict the message before you receive it. As Professor Norbert Weiner magnificently expressed it, what this equation implies is that there is more information in great poetry than in political speeches. (You cannot predict from one line to the next what is coming up in an Allen Ginsberg poem, but you always know what Ronald Reagan is going to say even before he says it.)

Malraux's Museum Without Walls is just the artistic aspect of the Meme Explosion of our time; the same cross-fertilization of memes is happening in all areas of our society. Japanese musicians playing Vivaldi and quantum physicists talking in Taoist metaphors (Bohr, Bohm, Herbert, etc.) are twin symptoms of the emergence of radical new memes in the intellectual storehouse when memes are not segregated but allowed to breed freely. Information increases as unpredictability

increases—as ideas meet which were previously isolated by theological/ideological Iron Curtains.

We are perforce moving beyond true and false as we learn to mix memes so that every reality-tunnel mutates into a reality-labyrinth, and every gloss becomes a potential meta-gloss and can be glossed in turn. It is as if we had wasted the 2500 years since Aristotle arguing whether a weather map or a political map were the “real” map, and we are now awakening to realize that the weather map shows one gloss, good for a day, and the political map of nation-states is another gloss good for a decade or so. The “truth” of one does not imply the “falsity” of the other, any more than the wave model in quantum mechanics refutes the particle method. As Alfred Korzybski said, the map is never the territory, so the only worthwhile questions about any map are what use does this map have for the persons who invented it and how can we use it to improve other maps.

Anthropologists simply refer to this process of awaking from hypnosis-by-the-map (or modeltheism) as Cultural Relativism. It is even more revolutionary for society than Einstein’s Instrumental Relativism was for physics.

Since information is a function of unpredictability, as Shannon’s equation indicates—and this equation underlies the computer revolution, incidentally—then almost any meme that is new to you is good for you, whether you like it or not. Of course, some memes can be lethal (We Remember Jonestown) but we can still extract information from them if we do not allow them to hypnotize us. To say it otherwise, *the only dangerous memes are Fundamentalist memes*, and even they are only dangerous to those who accept them Fundamentalistically. Even dogmatic memes are harmless to us, if we use them as glosses instead of worshipping them as Idols. But this, of course, is only possible when we have gotten beyond the Aristotelian delusion of a two-valued True and False logic.

(Earlier in this introduction, I engaged in some polemic against the Fundamentalist Materialist meme. I hope it is now clear, to everybody but the Fundamentalists, that my satire was directed against the Fundamentalism, not against the Materialism. The materialist meme has proven very useful in the past 200 years and I would not want to see it eliminated from our Meme Pool. To say it again, *no meme is dangerous unless it hypnotizes people into Fundamentalist or intolerant behavior.*)

Since art has long functioned without Aristotelian logic—only a few

pixillated critics ever argue on the basis, "Beethoven is True, so Wagner is False" or "Western Art is True, so African Art is False"—we merely have to recognize that all glosses or models are works of art in order to liberate ourselves from dogmatism, fanaticism and Fundamentalism of all sorts. We can then take what is good or useful out of any meme, and not allow any meme to become a virus that "possesses" us and makes us intellectual slaves.

After all, even Rev. Jerry Falwell and Martin Gardner are not so paleolithic as to insist that if Chinese food is fun to eat, therefore French cuisine is Heretical and Damned. Most people have learned to treat restaurants, as well as art, with the experimental attitude that physicists call Model Agnosticism and I call moving out of one rigid reality-tunnel into exploration of ever-branching reality-labyrinths.

Of course, as W.C. Fields once said about persistence, "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again. Then give up. There's no sense being a damned fool about it." The same applies to the agnostic libertarianism we are preaching here, and to all other good ideas: there's no sense being a damned fool about it. One should have the courage to open every door in the reality-labyrinth of our meme-rich modern world, but if you open a given door and see there's nobody in that room but Flat Earthers and cannibals, it is a very good idea to close that door quickly and move on to the next reality-tunnel to sample what it has to offer.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

Of course, I have been deliberately evasive about certain matters in this essay; I have wanted the reader to consider certain basic ideas without imposing a "gloss" on them in advance, so I have avoided, as much as possible, stating my own opinions or guesses on several controversial matters. I will now, at this point, happily confess what my reality-tunnel contains this week. (I cannot guarantee that it will be exactly the same next week.)

In keeping with my non-Aristotelian or relativist-Existentialist bias, I do not classify ideas as simply "true" or "false." I prefer to assign them probabilities, on a scale from 0 (the Aristotelian "false") to 10 (the Aristotelian "true"). A rating of 5 means that I am still sitting geometrically on the middle of the fence; above 5 means that I presently lean somewhat toward belief and below 5 means that today I

lean somewhat toward finding no value in this gloss at all (for me).

I admit cheerfully that I am such an advanced case of Aggravated Agnosticism that whenever I do move something into 0 or 10, I get nervous, wonder if I am becoming as simple-minded as the Pope or Dr. Carl Sagan, and start looking for evidence to move that meme toward 1 or 9.

On Reich's general theory of Character Armor and/or muscular armor, I rate this at about 8 going on 9. The most successful therapies I know anything about all use variations on the muscular armor model to communicate what they are doing.

The Emotional Plague as *metaphor*, I rate at around 9, for reasons to be given shortly. The Emotional Plague as a *concrete* illness I rate at around 2 or 3. Most of what Reich considers a species-wide "illness," I think can better be called the natural evolutionary resultant of our temporary condition midway between ape and our future destiny—the free, rational beings we imagine we already are.

Reich's cosmology I would rate at around 3 or 4.

Velikovsky's theories I have never considered deserve a rating of more than 2 or maybe only 1. My polemics in defense of Dr. Velikovsky's civil liberties were never based on belief in his cosmology.

Astrology I rate at around 2 or 3—higher than Velikovsky because, although the theory of astrology seems absurd to me, I think there is some good statistical evidence that some astrological correlations are accurate. (My book, *The New Inquisition*, discusses one astrological correlation which I think is accurate.) The fact that a correlation is accurate does not mean that the theory which led to this correlation is correct, as pointed out in Bertrand Russell's wonderful example of a syllogism:

Rocks are nourishing food.
Bread is made out of rocks.
Therefore, bread is nourishing food.

If you test this empirically, you find that bread will indeed nourish people and other animals, but still the theory happens to be wrong.

The research at Stanford Research Institute on non-local mind-like correlations or "distant viewing," I rate at somewhere around 7 or 8. This high rating is only partly because of the scientific methods of Puthoff and Targ and only partly due to similar experiments elsewhere

that tend to confirm this non-local correlation. My high rating for this theory is based largely on the fact that in my own life such non-local correlations appear continually.

I AM A LEGITIMATE TARGET

Yesterday, I went to midtown Dublin to do some shopping, but the area I wished to enter—O'Connell Street from the bridge to the General Post Office—was cordoned off by the police. Two bombs had gone off there the night before, and two more bombs were found, unexploded, just before I arrived on O'Connell Street.

The people who planted the bombs were known as the Ulster Freedom Fighters, and—for reasons nobody outside Ireland will ever understand and hardly anybody in Ireland understands either—the U.F.F. have decided that all citizens of Ireland are "legitimate military targets." This was partly in response to the Provisional Irish Republican Army which recently extended its public list of "legitimate military targets" in Northern Ireland to include anybody who serves food or drink to the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

Although the list of "legitimate targets" of the I.R.A. in Northern Ireland is almost as long as the list of "legitimate targets" of the U.F.F. in Ireland, the I.R.A. (which two years ago tried to murder Maggie Thatcher and the entire upper echelon of the Tory Party *en masse*), recently announced that the Royal Family are *not* "legitimate targets." By now, almost every living being in Ireland or the British Isles is a legitimate target, including the horses, but not the Sacred Royal Family.

I wish the I.R.A. had announced that on television, with their characteristic ski masks on. They could have followed it with a rousing rendition of Gilbert and Sullivan's

*With all our faults,
We looooooove our Queen*

Last year in Heathrow Airport, London, on my way home from a U.S./Canada lecture tour, my flight was delayed because of a bomb threat by some group of Palestinians whose politics are not at all clear to me. Whether I understand them or not doesn't matter, of course; I was a legitimate target in that case because anybody who passes

through London is a legitimate target these days. If you try to ride the London underground, you find signs warning you not to pick up seeming lost packages and take them to Lost and Found, but to get off at the next station and phone the Bomb Squad at Scotland Yard.

What is going on in Ireland and the United Kingdom, however, is relatively low-key for this decade—especially if compared with the Middle East, where Jews, Moslems and Christians are giving us daily lessons in the brotherly love produced by the monotheistic religions, and Latin America, where Reagan's hired killers massacre villagers as casually as an exterminator gas-bombs the rats in a cellar. I have not yet seen a human being blown apart in front of my eyes, so I am leading a very sheltered life, comparatively speaking. And there is emphatically less violence around me in Dublin than in New York, Chicago, San Francisco or any large U.S. city in which I lived in the past 30 years.

Being declared a Legitimate Target by the Ulster Freedom Fighters is more amusing than frightening, I find. After all, I have been a Legitimate Target ever since Hiroshima, which was 42 years ago. My adolescence and all of my adult life have been lived in the shadow of that one enormous fact: I am a Legitimate Target. So are you, although you may not like to think about it.

The nuclear terror that hangs over *Wilhelm Reich in Hell* has also been present in several of my novels, and has never stopped being a central gloss in all my thinking—so much so, that I am always baffled by those critics who pronounce my works overly optimistic and Utopian. I must say, subjectively, that I don't think I have ever presented the nuclear threat so successfully, in artistic terms, as in live production of this play (which is quite a bit more unnerving than the mere reading of it.)

Reich wrote poignantly and prophetically of the Hiroshima bombing, in his powerful tract, *Listen, Little Man!*—a work which Paul Goodman compared with Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground* as a work of genius and savage indignation. It was Reich's conclusion that with that one bomb, dropped on a city of innocent civilians, the U.S. ruling class had bombed itself—had destroyed its moral credibility forever.

Certainly, nobody in the Orient ever forgets the fact that the only atomic weapons used so far were used against non-white people. I suspect that they remember that in Africa, too. I, myself, have never forgotten that the rationalizations for doing such things to civilians—to women and children—are precisely equal, logically, to the rationalizations

of all terrorists everywhere, whatever their "ideology." The major political fact of our time is that **I AM A LEGITIMATE TARGET AND SO ARE YOU**, to the allegedly sane men who control the major nations of the Earth.

Reich called the mentality which accepts this situation, Emotional Plague. I have indicated that I think that term is more metaphoric than literal, but it is the kind of metaphor, like the greatest lines of poetry, which contains more meaning than twenty volumes of sociological statistics. There are two horrors in our nuclear age—the one that pacifists all protest, namely that we are ruled by men who are willing to contemplate the use of those weapons, and the one that Reich protested, namely that most people are so brainwashed by Authoritarianism that even at this emergency stage of terrestrial evolution they still follow and obey the maniacs who threaten us with Holocaust.

When the police raided the home of Licio Gelli in Rome a few years ago, they found a list of over 900 members of Gelli's neo-Freemasonic conspiracy, *Propaganda Due* (P2), whom he had infiltrated into the Italian government. They also found a position paper for the inner circles of P2, in which Gelli defined the theory behind the terrorist bombings P2 was sponsoring. Gelli called that policy, "the strategy of tension," and it was the aim of that strategy to undermine faith that anything in Italy was predictable or stable any longer. (Whether Gelli was working for the CIA or the KGB is far from clear, but it is clear that he was trying to knock over the existing system in Italy.)

I sometimes think that evolution proceeds by a strategy of tension, on a different level than conspirators like Signor Gelli realize. This means that every period of emergency is also a period of creative growth and innovation. If we survive the idiocies of our ruling elites, it will be because the tension of our times—the terrorism of the nuclear powers and the lesser terrorism of their bush-league imitators like the I.R.A. and the U.F.F.—has forced us to turn on new circuits in our brains and become more imaginative and innovative than we have dared to be in the past.

Is this hope Utopian? Many of my critics say it is; I will not argue with them here. My case for thinking the breakdown of our civilization may be the breakthrough to a higher level of civilization is in my book, *Prometheus Rising*. Here I am willing to leave the question open. Whether the zombi-like impassivity of the majority, as a Holocaust worse than

Hitler's is being prepared before our eyes, represents a temporary shock, which will lead to a higher level of evolution, or whether it represents the Emotional Plague diagnosed by Reich, is something only the future will reveal.

Are people capable of waking up and taking responsibility, as I hope, or are they so trapped by Character Armor that they will follow their leaders, like the robots at Jonestown, right up to the final mass suicide? Reich's writings force us to examine that question with the urgency it deserves, and I suspect that that is why his books got burned.

If my play provokes enough people to think deeply about that question, then I will be glad that I wrote it.

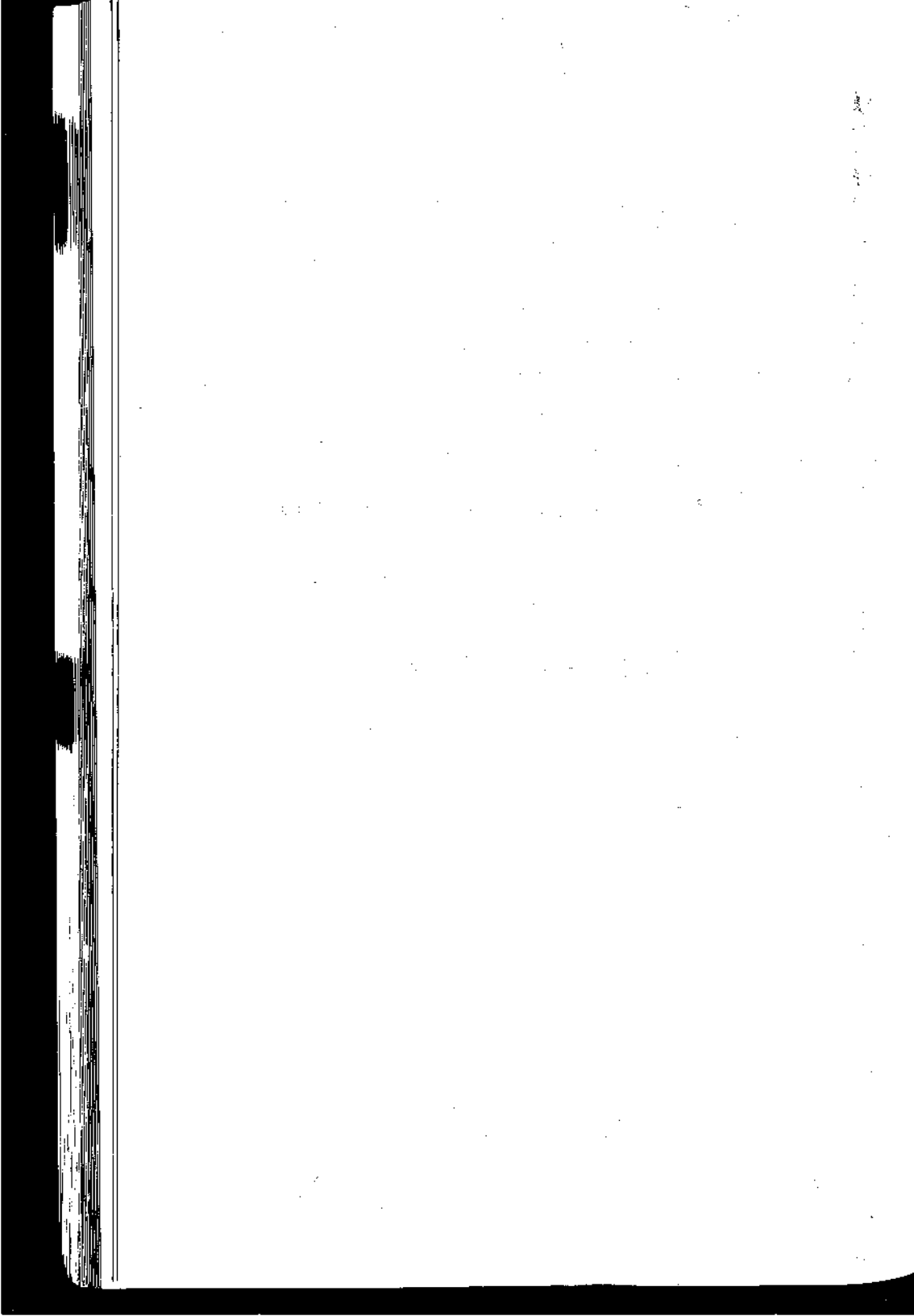
9 November 1986
Dublin, Ireland

WILHELM REICH IN HELL was originally produced at the Edmund Burke Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, on 20 August 1985. Direction was by Des O'Sullivan, production by Mic Moroney and the cast was:

<i>Wilhelm Reich</i>	Dan Mullane
<i>Ringmaster/Satan/Judge</i>	Andrew Roddy
<i>Marquis de Sade/Barrister/Clown</i>	Brendan Morissey
<i>Baron Von Sacher-Masoch/Barrister/Clown</i>	Veronica Coburn

American Medical Association

<i>1st Singer</i>	George Burke
<i>2nd Singer</i>	Chris Callery
<i>3rd Singer</i>	Conor Harrington
<i>Female Singer</i>	Maria Hingerty
<i>Leopold Bloom</i>	Tom Cooke
<i>Dr. Gracious Gradgrind</i>	Wendela Rosenberg Polak
<i>Father Gilhooley</i>	Conor Harrington
<i>Abbyjerry Hoffrubin</i>	George Burke
<i>Comrade Kate</i>	Maria Hingerty
<i>Boy on Sofa</i>	Chris Callery
<i>Sadie (on Sofa)</i>	Patricia Iland
<i>Calley Eichmann</i>	George Burke
<i>Marilyn Monroe</i>	Patricia Iland
<i>P.D. Ouspensky</i>	Tom Cooke
<i>'Altar Boys'</i>	Chris Callery
	Conor Harrington
<i>Male Acrobat</i>	Ciaran Gray
<i>Female Acrobat</i>	Jackie Fisher

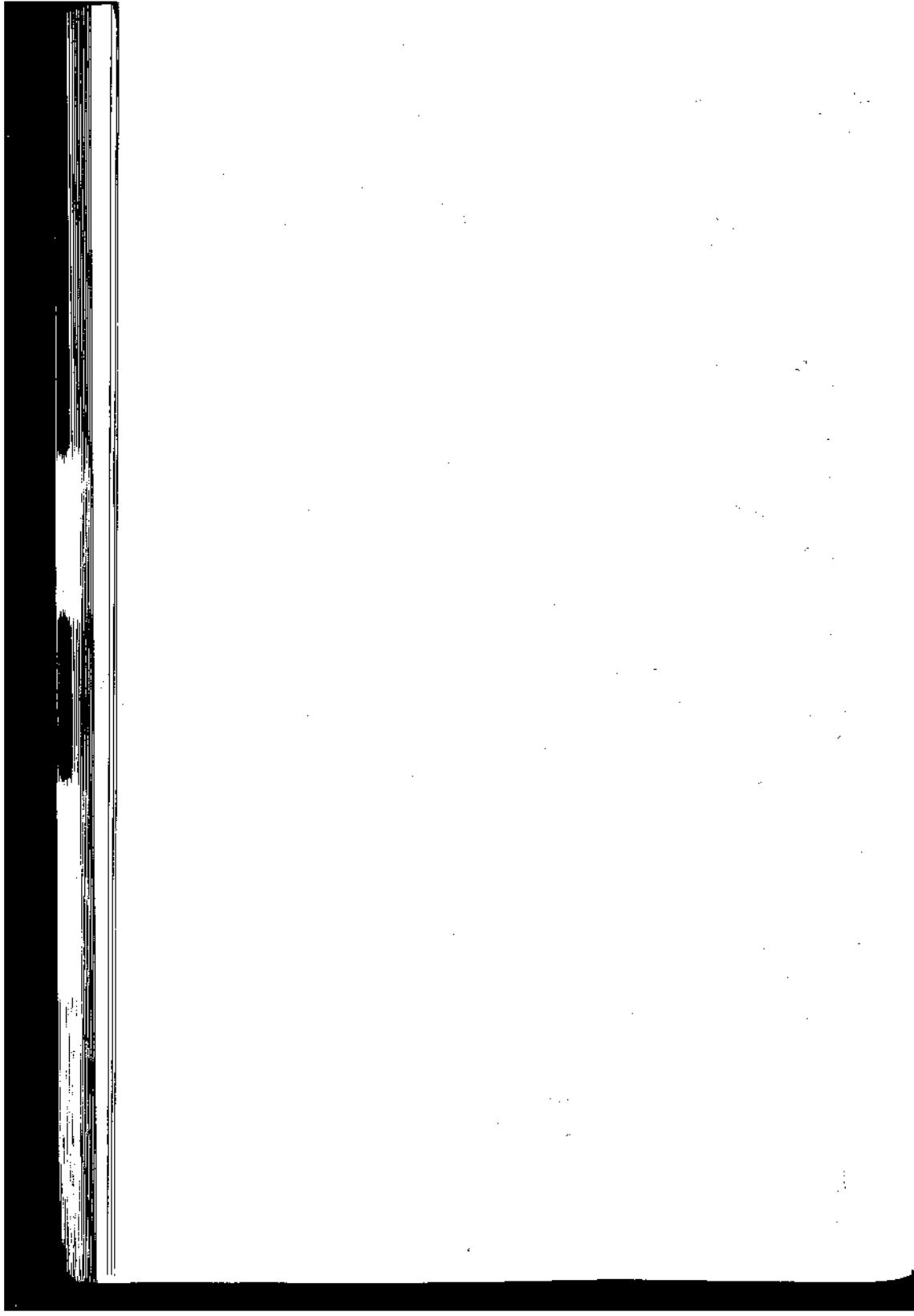


**WILHELM
REICH IN
HELL**

by

ROBERT ANTON WILSON

ACT ONE



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Two Acrobats

Two Jugglers

One Magician

Two Playboy Bunnies

Two Female Members of Anti-Sex League

Wilhelm Reich, who has recently died in an American prison

Ringmaster, who may also be Satan

Donatien Alphonse Francois, Marquis de Sade, a Clown

Luitpold von Sacher-Masoch, another Clown

The American Medical Association, Four Punk Rock Singers

Leopold Bloom, who should be played by the same actor who plays Masoch

Father Gilhooley, who should be played by the actor who plays Sade

Dr. Gracious Gradgrind, a Hip California psychiatrist

Ronald Reagan

Comrade Kate, a Radical Lesbian/One of the Anti-Sex League

Forbes-Smythe, a British Fascist/played by Masoch

Abbyjerry Hoffrubin, a Revolutionary/played by a member of the A.M.A.

Marilyn Monroe

Calley Eichmann, a Cabbage

Prince Peter Ouspensky

There is no "set" in the normal sense.

The format is a circus, with some overtones of music-hall.

Props are introduced as indicated in the script.

When the audience enters, the stage contains only three large signs, containing Orwell's famous parodies of totalitarian ideology:

**WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH**

When the houselights begin to dim, a child's voice is heard singing, offstage. (A recording may be used.)

CHILD (singing)

I'll give you a farthing
Say the bells of Saint Martin's

The actor who will play REICH has been seated in audience front row. He rises, ascends the stage and tears down the signs very noisily.

ACROBATS enter and violently overpower REICH. He is led off, stage left.

Three beats. House lights dim all the way to blackness.

CHILD (singing)

You'll go down below
Say the big bells of Bow

Stage lights go out.

A NEWSCASTER's voice is heard. This should be taken from the day's news and change each performance. It is the worst atrocity report from that day.

Total blackness.

The voice of the actor who will later play GRADGRIND is heard.

VOICE

All phenomena is illusion
Projected from my own emotion
Not making any sudden moves
I watch the illusions with dispassion
Awaiting my rebirth to Reality

Stage lights go on with a flash. Circus music.

Two actresses appear stage right, dancing, dressed as Playboy BUNNIES. They carry a banner saying **SEXCAPADES OF 1984**.

They dance toward stage left, "sexy," lascivious, lewd. Two actresses appear stage left, marching with stamping feet. They wear military uniforms and combat boots and carry a banner saying **ANTI-SEX LEAGUE**. They raise rifles and shoot with loud booming explosion. BUNNIES drop dead. Acrobats, jugglers, etc. race about the stage as circus music grows louder, faster, and bodies of BUNNIES are inconspicuously removed.

Sudden freeze, as in cinema. Music stops. Silence.

WILHELM REICH is led back on stage. He now wears an old-fashioned convict suit with stripes, suggestive of Keystone Kops comedies. He is led, or dragged, by two clowns, MASOCH and SADE. MASOCH is tall and thin; SADE is very short and preferably a midget. MASOCH and SADE chain REICH to a chair; the chains clank noisily.

REICH (as in a ritual)

I must die that the grass will grow;
The sun will shine, the stream will flow;
The sun will shine, the stream will flow;
I must die that the grass will grow.

Music and action begin again, suddenly, shockingly. Performers do acrobatics and other stunts and exit one by one, except for MASOCH, SADE and REICH. MASOCH drops a bowling pin he is trying to juggle and SADE hits him with a bladder that makes a loud smacking sound. They finish chaining REICH to his chair and they EXIT also.

REICH (ritualistically)

I must die that the crops may grow
That the sun may shine and streams may flow

MASOCH and SADE re-enter carrying huge photos of STALIN and MRS. THATCHER. These are hung stage center back and remain there. MASOCH and SADE place a huge banner beneath them; it says **MA AND DA ARE WATCHING**.

RINGMASTER enters, snapping his whip.

ACROBATS bring in a table and place it before REICH. It bears a sign identifying him as **THE MAD SCIENTIST**. Another table and chairs are brought for MASOCH and SADE; their table has the sign, **THE WRATH OF GOD**. MASOCH attempts to sit in his chair but is distracted by REICH's chains rattling, and "sits" in mid air, falling to the floor. SADE hits him with bladder again.

ACROBATS bring in a Judge's Bench and set this up beneath photo of MA and DA. ACROBATS exit with more stunts as they leave.

RINGMASTER comes to stage center front.

RINGMASTER (patter-song style)

Ladies and gents! May I please present
Our comedy's simple little arg-u-ment?
We will do a play, a piece of farce,
As down-to-earth as "Bertie, kiss me arse!"
A-nnnnnnn-d —
When we have had our harmless fun
You will see mind-murder done.

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

And when we have had our little fun
You will see mind-murder done.

RINGMASTER (singing)

But I beg you, please, to be not alarmed:
Sens-i-bilities shan't be harmed.
This man's a heretic, Jew and Red —
You'll all sleep sounder in your beds
When we have done with such a fellow.
I shall be judge and I'll frown and bellow
And don the ineluctable robe of law
Like "Nature red in tooth and claw"
As the poet said, and that's no chatter!
Because, to tell you the facts, the nub of the matter
Old "Nature red in tooth and claw"
Is milktoast compared to human law.

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

Yes, Nature red in tooth and claw
Is milktoast compared to human law.

RINGMASTER (singing)

So, if you feel some creeping pity
Remember the plight of this, our city:
The barbarians, today, are not "at the Gate":
They're in our streets and they seethe with hate.
Will you feel safe on your journey home?
Are you sure no mugger will crack your dome?
No? Well, then, accept the bloody-awful truth
The law, these days, must be uncouth.

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

You must all accept the bloody-awful truth
The law, these days, must be uncouth

RINGMASTER (singing)

The torture racks,
 The headsman's axe
 Soon will be our daily facts;
 Liberal permissiveness has failed;
 Many people must be jailed
 And a few must die to set the tone
 Of a Spartan age with a heart of stone.
 And remember, please, your sense of fun
 (Though a mind will be dead when the fun is done),
 It's but a play we do tonight
 A mild burlesque—no touch of spite—
 It shows another time and nation
 (And the general human sit-u-ation)
 So if the accused
 Seems badly used
 I hope that we will be excused.
 Don't say that this is "really awful"
 Every bloody bit is strictly lawful.
 And if you think I'm rotten mean
 Just imagine he's an Argentine! (*points at Reich*)

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

And if you think we're bloody mean
 Just imagine he's an Argentine!

RINGMASTER (singing)

But a lengthy prologue is a bore
 So I, for now, will say no more:
 Aprille swote is icumen in,
 Let the Feast of Fools begin!

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

Aprille swote is icumen in,
Let the Feast of Fools begin!

Opening bars of Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" as RINGMASTER ascends Judge's bench.

The whole cast enters and dances in Dionysian fashion. If affordable, a black goat is carried about on a throne in the manner of the County Kerry Puck Fair.

RINGMASTER removes high silk hat and dons a wig, but does not place a robe over his Ringmaster costume. MASOCH and SADE also don wigs, without robes, and hence look just like clowns with wigs.

Music fades and dance ends. EXIT all except REICH, RINGMASTER, MASOCH, SADE.

REICH (loudly, a bit arrogantly)

I refuse to take this circus seriously!

RINGMASTER

That attitude may lead to further charges. You may be held in contempt of court. You are warned. (To MASOCH and SADE): Is the State prepared?

SADE (Gregorian chant)

I will lead for the State, Your Almightyness.

RINGMASTER

Ah, the Marquis de Sade, is it not?

SADE (elegantly)

Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade.

RINGMASTER

Your associate?

MASOCH (*timidly*)

Luitpold von Sacher-Masoch.

RINGMASTER (Gregorian chant)

I am glad to see that all civilized values are
Represented by the worthy gentlemen
Who speak here for Law, Authority and Discipline.

MASOCH (Gregorian chant)

Oh, I love Discipline, Your Almightyness.

(If this gets a laugh, as we fondly hope, the RINGMASTER bangs his gavel and warns the Spectators that it may be necessary to clear the court if there are further demonstrations.)

REICH (*to audience*):

Do you see the Trap? We—you and me—
All of us—we're supposed to take those clowns
seriously!

RINGMASTER

The defendant is warned again. I will not tolerate further
disparaging remarks about the learned agents for the State.

REICH

May I ask where I am and by what authority I have been brought
here?

RINGMASTER

(echoing the tone of *The Prisoner* TV series)

You are in . . . the Village.

REICH (same tone and pacing)

What do you want?

RINGMASTER

Negative entropy.

REICH

You won't get it.

RINGMASTER

By hook or by crook, we will.

REICH

(more natural voice again, really confused)

No, seriously . . . where am I?

RINGMASTER

In the Mind of God. In the Mind of the Author of the Play. In the Emerald City of Oz, in pure Imagination. In Hell. Someplace or other. This is one of the Bardos of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, actually . . . more or less. It is real but it isn't real. It is earth but it isn't earth. Be entirely sure of one thing, Dr. Reich: whatever happens here is completely your own creation. You are through with UFOs and Illuminati plots and all other fantasies of your last days before First Death. Now you are confronting the origin of your fantasies.

REICH

In other words, it is a mere clown show. You will not frighten me with it.

RINGMASTER

(hamming it up, stage-Nazi accent)

We have ways of making you . . . uncomfortable.

REICH

Are you the one who burned my books in Nazi Germany? Or the one who burned them in the United States? Which part of my life am I reliving?

RINGMASTER (cooly)

That would be *telling*. (*Suddenly official and stern*): Who will lead for the defense?

REICH

I will speak for myself.

RINGMASTER

A man who represents himself in Court has a fool for a client. That is an old saw, but it is my duty to remind you of it.

REICH

Of course, you are acting out of a sense of duty: I understand that much. No man would do what you have in mind and admit he enjoys it.

RINGMASTER

You *are* going to be a troublesome case, I see.

REICH (recitative)

All this has been done to me before
In another time, another nation, as you say.
If I am dug up and brought here
So that it all may be done again
I know what game is afoot. You will hang me up
In plane sight, as farmers hang a dead crow.
To frighten the other crows. Lenin said
Revolutionaries are dead men on furlough.

In my case that is especially *a propos*:
I remember clearly that I've died before
In Lewisburg jail on a cold stone floor.
And it's true of men as it is of mice:
You die but once; you can't die twice.

RINGMASTER (*enigmatically*)

You will learn otherwise.
Let the charges be read.

SADE rises and addresses RINGMASTER and Audience as he walks about.

SADE (*reasonable and persuasive*):

The defendant, Wilhelm Reich, is admittedly a learned man. He is a qualified physician, the State admits. He was trained at the University of Vienna Medical School. He studied psychoanalysis with Freud. We do not deny or disparage any of his early writings; we wish to be fair. Nonetheless, he had always one fatal weakness, which we will demonstrate to all, and which his behavior here already demonstrates. Dr. Reich became a Socialist in 1926. When Socialism was not radical enough for him, he became a Communist in 1929. When the Communists expelled him for his anarchistic tendencies, he became more intransigent. When the international psychoanalytical movement expelled him because of his mental illness, he became more grandiose and announced that he was the only sane man on the planet! He has steadily degenerated into clinical paranoid schizophrenia. He deserves our pity, more than our contempt. Nonetheless, we cannot be merciful in such a case. He has become a menace to civilization as we know it. Wherever Dr. Reich goes, and he has wandered all over Europe and America, he preaches the same mad philosophy: that our whole world is diseased. That our society is literally insane. That our parliaments and even our universities are lunatic asylums. He claims that he and

he alone knows the cure for our, ah, dreadful condition. This would be comic, except that he does attract disciples—young, impressionable, *dangerous* disciples. He is, in short, the Leader of a Cult. We will demonstrate as we proceed that this Cult is more dangerous than Communism, Anarchism, Fascism, Naziism or even Unilateral Disarmament. In brief, if he is not stopped he will convince millions of ill-informed young people that we, my learned co-counsel and myself, really are clowns and that this proceeding really is a circus. (*Sits.*)

RINGMASTER

Does Mr. Masoch have any remarks?

MASOCH (timidly)

Uh . . . ah . . . yes, Your Almightyness.

He fumbles with papers and manages to spill a pitcher of water on SADE. SADE hits him again with the bladder.

MASOCH (wandering around as if lost)

The defendant claims, ah, that we are all sick. He uh says the nastiest things about all of us. Ah. He's not a nice man, at all. Ah. Um. He even says we're *robots*. He says we have lost touch with life and become machines. You and me, all of us—he says we're robots! Machines! *Automatons!*

He almost nerves himself to take a swing at REICH with his fist, but then backs off nervously, walks right into Prosecution Table and knocks the pitcher of water onto SADE again. SADE hits him with bladder.

REICH (to audience)

You think that's funny? Did you ever wonder why you enjoy seeing the *little* man hit the big man? Charlie Chaplin versus the Keystone

Kop, Jerry the mouse beating up on Tom the cat, yes? Turn on the telly any night and you'll see a variation. But if you put uniforms on a million *little men* . . .

RINGMASTER

The defendant will stop making speeches.

REICH

I would like to introduce an exhibit for the defense.

COMPUTER is brought in by acrobats.

REICH

This is a simple computer which is interfaced with radio and television news shows all over the world. It scans them for details on the Arms Race and plots the results on the console, here. This bar here (*gestures*) represents the total number of thermonuclear weapons now deployed by the Good Guys or Our Side. This bar (*gestures*) represents the total number of thermonuclear weapons now deployed by the Bad Guys or The Other Side.

SADE (*recitative*)

I object. Irrelevant.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

And immaterial.

SADE (*recitative*)

Yes — irrelevant and immaterial.

RINGMASTER (*recitative*)

Objection sustained. Irrelevant and immaterial.

COMPUTER emits a brief but ear-splitting whistle (at the highest decibel level that will not drive the actors and audience mad as it is repeated.)

RINGMASTER (off guard)

What the *hell* was that?

REICH

The computer is programmed to give a whistle of that sort every time there is an increment in firepower equivalent to the original Hiroshima bomb.

SADE (quickly)

Irrelevant, immaterial and calculated to play on our emotions.

RINGMASTER (still shaken)

I quite agree. Fair shit a brick, I did, when that thing went off.

REICH

But this planet is perfectly sane, Your Almightyness. I am the crazy one. I have been brought here for rebirth to Reality, as you call it; I call it the Abyss of Hallucinations. Meanwhile, why cannot we have a regular report during the Trial of what the inhabitants of sanity and Reality are sanely and realistically doing?

RINGMASTER

You are addicted to sarcasm and irony, like most paranoids. Rebirth will be hard for you (*To acrobats*): Remove that—that *device*. Irrelevant and immaterial. Rub a dub dub.

REICH

I have played this scene before, in many eternities. Everything relevant will be ruled irrelevant. Everything material will be ruled

immaterial. Now I know where I am. Hell is being born again, back where you started, on the Planet of the Mad Robots.

RINGMASTER

I am glad you begin to appreciate the horror of your situation. You will be cured and ready for rebirth when you realize that all you see and experience is a projection of your own emotional compulsions.

ACROBATS carry computer through middle aisle of audience to lobby, where it will remain. They re-enter while SADE is calling the experts for the Prosecution.

SADE

Call the experts for the Prosecution.

MASOCH

Experts for the Prosecution.

The ACROBATS have re-entered from lobby and tumble pellmell through middle aisle and back onto stage as Experts enter.

ACROBATS exit stage right. The Experts are THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, four Punk Rock singers—three male and one female. The female was one of the ANTI-SEX LEAGUE earlier and will be COMRADE KATE later. The males probably include the actors who will double as GRADGRIND, REVEREND FATHER GILHOOLEY, LEOPOLD BLOOM and other bit parts. As THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION they all use slight German accents.

MASOCH

Where do you come from?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The West.

MASOCH

Where are you going?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The East.

MASOCH makes Masonic gesture of cutting throat, AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION replies with Masonic gesture of slashing chest with knife.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

Are ye denizens of the Second Bardo
And fully authorized demons
Qualified to prey upon the mentally and physically ill?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(*recitative*)

We are all of that and more.
We are the Wrathful Visions of Wilhelm Reich.

RINGMASTER (*recitative*)

Rub a dub dub. God save our gracious Queen. You may testify.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(heavy Punk Rock beat)

We know what's best for you
And you and you and YOU
We know, we know, we know, we know
We know what's best for you
We're sixty thousand brainy men

FEMALE SOLOIST

— And a token gal or two —

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Sixty thousand brainy men
And a token gal or two
Who know what's best for you
We know what's best for you.
We have a thousand sugar pills
In different flavors, too
For every nervous twitch or itch
We've got a pill for you
We've got a pill for you

FIRST MALE SOLOIST (Grand Opera style)

We'll drug you and dope you

FEMALE SOLOIST (Opera style)

And cut you and grope you

SECOND MALE SOLOIST (Opera style)

And if that doesn't work —

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

We'll drug you and dope you
And cut you and grope you AGAIN!

FEMALE SOLOIST

And again!

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

We know what's best for you
And you and you and you
We know, we know, we know, we know
We know what's best for you

They come to attention, military style.
SADE rises.

SADE

You are all experts?

FIRST MALE SOLOIST

Why, hell, boy, we got more diplomas than a hound
dawg has fleas! HAR! HAR! HAR!

The other three echo: HAR! HAR! HAR!

SADE (*recitative*)

And your learned and expert opinion of Dr. Reich's
theories?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Disney style childish tune)

Quackery! Quackery! Total whackery!

Whackery, whackery! Total quackery!

SADE (*recitative*)

Specifics, please. Dr. Reich's claim that cancer and
schizophrenia are two forms of the same disease, the
so-called Emotional Plague?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Disney child tune)

Whackery, whackery! Total quackery!

Quackery, quackery! Total whackery!

SADE (*recitative, rapidly*):

His claim that all civilized people suffer to some degree from this

alleged emotional plague which tenses the muscles, stifles the breathing and produces such physical symptoms as asthma, allergies, cancer and a couple of dozen more that he just tacked on, together with such mental symptoms as nightmares, dizziness, insomnia, neurosis and a couple of dozen more that he just tacked on, and finally even produces such social pathologies as rape, violence, continuous war, indifference to suffering in others—(*pauses finally for breath*)—and a couple of dozen more than he just tacked on?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Disney childish tune)

We hate to say it but
He's nothing but a nut
See him swell and strut
What a silly mutt
We hate to say it but
He's nothing but a nut

MASOCH rises

MASOCH AND SADE (chorus)

See him swell and strut
What a silly mutt

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

We hate to say it but
He's nothing but a nut.

MASOCH sits

SADE (recitative)

His claim that the emotional plague and muscular tension began with organized religion, was exacerbated by early capitalism and

imperialism with the racial myths they invented to justify looting other peoples, and has now reached its most virulent form in the modern totalitarianisms, both so-called Capitalist and so-called Socialist?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(recitative)

Such all-embracing condemnations and Devil Theories
Are characteristic of the paranoid schizophrenic
Who always thinks everybody is mad except himself.
He always thinks everybody is mad except himself.

SADE *(recitative)*

Your general conclusion, then? Your considered
opinion as Licensed Experts, on the theories and
teachings of poor, confused, embittered Doctor
Wilhelm Reich?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Disney tune again)

We think his books are bum books
Silly Willy's dumb books
They're hardly books at all
They're anarchist and mad books
We think his books are bad books
They're hardly books at all

SADE

Thank you very much. Your learned and expert opinions have
definitely been of great importance in this sad case.

RINGMASTER *(half dozing)*

What? Yes. Most certainly. The Court appreciates the expert

opinions of these learned men—and the learned lady—and we thank you all for taking the time to come here.

REICH

May I cross-examine?

RINGMASTER

Oh, certainly. Absolutely. We intend to maintain the highest standards of civilized law here.

REICH

I've noticed that already.

SADE unlocks REICH's chains from chair. REICH rises, chains dangling from his wrists and clanking.

REICH

What is the cause of cancer?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

At present, unknown.

REICH

What is the cause of schizophrenia?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

At present, unknown.

REICH

Unknown? Two of the major plagues of our time, and you haven't a clue?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

(Disney tune)

We need more funds for research

We need a he-and-she-search
We need your quids and pence
For work on pure Sci-ence
Give us another year or two
We'll have results to astonish you!

REICH

That's what you were saying when you killed me the first time in 1957.

SADE

Objection. Defendant is making speeches, not asking questions.

RINGMASTER

Sustained.

REICH

It has been said that nobody wants war but wars keep on happening. Why do you suppose that is?

SADE

Objection. That is a sociological question and our Experts are medical doctors.

REICH

They are learned persons. Their opinions will be of value.

RINGMASTER

In this case I would like an answer, for the record. Objection overruled.

REICH

Well? Why do wars keep happening?

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The politicians are to blame!

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

It's the international banking game!

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The generals and their quest for fame!

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

No, no, no! It's one of Nature's nasty tricks
Bi-o-logical politics
The genetic drive for territory
That's the universal story
Hired liars call it "glory"
Pacifists complain it's gorey
But it's only Natural His-tory
Every little primate gene
Is a DNA machine
Programmed to seek territory
Programmed to seek territory.

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The politicians!

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The bankers!

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The generals!

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The goddam genes!

REICH

In other words—cause unknown. Cancer—cause unknown. Schizophrenia—cause unknown. War—cause unknown. But is not all this the sign of a dis-eased species? Does it not suggest the existence of a general emotional plague afflicting the whole human race?

SADE

Objection. Defendant is making speeches again. The existence of this so-called Emotional Plague has never been demonstrated.

REICH

It is obviously, grossly, palpably right before your eyes every moment in every human gathering. In parliaments. In corporations. In families. Right here in this circus you call a court-room. We literally are not responsible for what we are doing. We literally do not *see* what we are doing.

RINGMASTER

Defendant has done it again. I am going to have to cite you for contempt if you do not control yourself, Dr. Reich.

REICH

I am merely trying to explain—

There is another ear-splitting whistle at high decibel level from the **COMPUTER** in the lobby. The actors all jump and hopefully the audience does, too.

MASOCH (shaken)

Jesus Motherfucking Christ!

REICH

Just another Hiroshima being prepared. Cause unknown.

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The politicians.

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The bankers.

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The generals.

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Our goddam genes!

RINGMASTER

(Still recovering from the shock)

I thought I ordered that—that contraption—removed from this Court.

ENTER FIRST ACROBAT

FIRST ACROBAT

We removed it, Your Almightyness. It's out in the hall. We couldn't just dump it in the street, sir. That might be a Public Nuisance, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

There is a second ear-splitting whistle from the Computer.

REICH

The Good Guys just caught up with the Bad Guys. Or was it the Bad Guys catching up with the Good Guys? Doesn't matter. Another Hiroshima in the works. And we still do not see what we are doing.

SADE

Your Almightyness, this is a flagrant attempt to bring emotional pressure on the Court.

RINGMASTER

And it scares the hell out of me into the bargain. I quite agree.
Clerk: call a trucking firm and have that—that *thing*—hauled away to
the nearest junk-yard.

ACROBAT

Yes, your Almightyness. (EXIT)

RINGMASTER

Until the lorry arrives, we will just proceed—and attempt to ignore
that Obscenity in the hall. Where were we?

REICH

I was talking about the Emotional Plague of Humanity —

SADE

Which doesn't exist —

RINGMASTER

That has already been ruled irrelevant and immaterial. Do you have
any further questions, Dr. Reich?

REICH shrugs, about to give up on this, and turns back toward his
chair. Then he whirls suddenly on the American Medical Association.

REICH

What was the cause of the death of Marilyn Monroe?

Three beats. SADE starts to rise to object, but checks himself;
maybe he is curious, too.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION looks at RINGMASTER,
who nods to indicate that they may answer.

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Accidental overdose. A bad drug habit.

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Suicide. Acute depressive psychosis.

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Murder. A political conspiracy reaching to the White House.

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Male chauvinism. They made her a Sex Object and destroyed her inner reality.

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The court decided it was accidental overdose.

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

The tabloids decided it was suicide.

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Norman Mailer decided it was murder.

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Gloria Steinem decided it was Male Chauvinism.

REICH

Exhibit Two for the Defense.

ACROBATS carry in huge blow-up of the famous nude calendar photo of MARILYN MONROE

SADE (*recitative*)

Objection. Irrelevant and immaterial.
And calculated to arouse pruriennnnnnnnnt interest.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

And to be fashionable it can also be described as
Sex-x-x-x-x-ist.

REICH (to audience)

The old puritanism says it's obscene; the new puritanism says it's
Sexist. Step by step we advance further and further into gobbledegook.

SADE

Objection. Defendant is out of order again.

REICH

Our attitude toward a nude body is our attitude toward the
universe. A body, a planet, a galaxy—all are mirrors. Mirrors! When
a mad monkey looks at them, nothing beautiful and rational looks back.

RINGMASTER

The defendant will stop making speeches.

REICH

We have literally been robbed blind. We have literally taken leave of
our senses.

RINGMASTER

Stop him. Do not use unnecessary physical force.

SADE and MASOCH attack REICH with bladders and drive him
back to his chair. This should be very noisy and, although absurd,
vaguely frightening.

RINGMASTER

Defendant will be cited for contempt. My patience is at an end. There will be no more of this, sir—no more! The dignity of the Court—

MASOCH accidentally hits SADE with a bladder. SADE attacks him violently and repeatedly with his own bladder.

RINGMASTER

—will be upheld and the honor of the law will be maintained. There will be no more speeches about subjects already ruled irrelevant and immaterial. As for that obscene photograph—as for that—*(pause)*—it must be removed, of course, but not at once. *I-(pause)*

Everybody freezes. Lights dim slowly, then go to total blackout except for one spotlight on RINGMASTER and the photo of Marilyn. His hand moves down behind the bench. As he goes on, it is obvious that he is masturbating.

RINGMASTER

I thought she was too beautiful to be real. I'd look at photos of her and I'd look at my wife and I could weep. Sometimes I did weep . . . You know the old joke: A judge has to sentence a procurer and he forgets the legal penalty. He asks another judge, "What do you give a ponce?" And the other judge says, "I generally give him five quid." Funny. Sad. Funny and sad. I'm all alone. Always alone. Marilyn. So beautiful. I adore those titties. Adore them. Oh, God, God. So good. Feels so good. Marilyn. Make it real. Make it real. Marilyn. In my arms . . .

Total blackout.

RINGMASTER is heard panting and moaning.

SPOTLIGHT picks up second ACROBAD tumbling across stage. He holds up sign saying WHY DID MARILYN DIE? and EXITS.

SPOTLIGHT picks up stage right: Sign saying DUBLIN 1904, bit of storewindow with manequin wearing 1904 women's bloomers, and LEOPOLD BLOOM staring into window.

BLOOM (to himself)

I mustn't. Just perfectly natural: shopping for the wife. I mustn't. The crotch: don't stare. I mustn't. Love, need: these are words. I mustn't. Not here. With hungered flesh, I mutely crave to adore. The crotch. I mustn't. Soon we are dead. Move on. Think of something else. What is home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete. Potted meat: I mustn't: the crotch. Don't stare. Pleasant weather. Yes, pleasant weather, bedad. Incomplete

BLACKOUT

SPOTLIGHT picks up stage left: bit of pulpit and THE SUPERIOR, THE VERY REVERENT PETER GILHOOLEY, S.J.

**SUPERIOR, VERY REVEREND FATHER
GILHOOLEY (gibbering, apeline)**

The family is threatened. It soon may go the way of the dodo, the dinosaur and the vermiform appendix. To the dustbin of evolution. Actors and actresses having children out of wedlock! Fornication among Labour M.P.s! Contraception and abortion, grave sins against the Holy Ghost, are sweeping across the wounded galaxies! People everywhere are *effing* and not being punished: and now *nuns* want to be allowed to say Mass! Women, mere *women*, wanting to act as priests! A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim! Surely the Last Judgment is at hand. The Scarlet Woman and the Great Beast are unleashed. Open the soap duckets! Take to the sword!

BLACKOUT

SPOTLIGHT picks up ACROBAT crossing the stage with sign
WHY DID MARILYN DIE? EXIT

RINGMASTER'S VOICE (in the dark)

Those thighs. The bush. Make it real. Make it real. Oh, Marilyn. God, God, God . . .

SPOTLIGHT picks up **DR. GRADGRIND** stage right. He wears white lab smock and speaks Educated American (Harvard) speech.

DR. GRADGRIND

According to the so-called "Kinsey Report," viz., *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin, the average American male of the interregnum between World War I and World War II reached ejaculation within 1.6 seconds after intromission of the virile organ or glans penis into the female organ or vagina. The average American female of the time did not achieve orgasm, under the circumstances, until 2.4 years after marriage.

BLACKOUT

RINGMASTER'S VOICE (in the dark)

Who killed Marilyn? Who killed Cock Robin? Who knows any of the answers? Lonely. Sad. A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim. Take it. Take it. In you. Take it. Moan. Show you like it. First time. Almost rape. Sadie. Had to get her hot first: with my tongue. God—so many years ago. Sadie then. Where is Sadie now? Married. Too many kids. Old as me, of course. But then. Sadie then. Take it. Take it. Sadie. Take my cock.

Lights up center stage rear. We see the giant photo of Stalin & Mrs. Thatcher; beneath it, a couch on which an adolescent **BOY** and **GIRL** are engaged in erotic grapple.

GIRL

No, no . . . suppose I get pregnant?

BOY (urgently)

Nobody ever had a spittle baby!

He kneels, pushes her skirt up; his head is buried in her thighs.

GIRL

Oh, God . . . if Ma and Da come home . . . Oh, God, oh, God . . .
God . . . don't stop . . .

Lights dim, but do not darken fully. We can see GIRL moving pelvis, rolling head. Lights up stage right. BLOOM appears.

BLOOM

The crotch: Plumtree's potted meat. Don't stare. Perfectly natural: just shopping. I mutely crave to adore. Incomplete.

Lights extinguished on BLOOM.

BOY forces GIRL back on couch. Mounts her.

GIRL

Don't, don't . . . for Jesus sake, please . . . I'll get pregnant . . . Don't.

RINGMASTER'S VOICE

Take it, you cunt. Take it. Take it. Ah ah ah God!

GIRL screams.

BLACKOUT

LIGHTS UP on stage rear. We see RINGMASTER masturbating behind bench, has face contorted with passion; beside him, the Large MARILYN MONROE nude photo; on the other side of him, added during the darkness, and equally large photo of the front page of the ? (unknown to me) London newspaper showing an Argentinian ship sinking under the large banner headline GOTCHA!

GIRL screams again more loudly and in greater terror.

Lights rear fade.

Lights on stage left, revealing RONALD REAGAN

REAGAN (folksy, charming)

And we need not believe the claim of appeasers and alarmists, who say there can be no winner in a nuclear war. Do we not have faith in God, fellow Americans? Did He not part the Red Sea for Moses? Did He not rescue the Hebrew Children from the fiery furnace? Can He not reach down and stop the Russian Missiles in flight?

Blackout.

Spotlight on DR. GRADGRIND stage right.

GRADGRIND

Another instructive case in abnormal psychology is the unidentified killer popularly known as Jack the Ripper who amputated the vaginas of the women he murdered, and even sent a breast from one of his victims to Scotland Yard with a note saying that he had eaten the other one. Even normal people, so-called, enjoy the story of Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, not to mention the Wolf-Man movies, and we all say "I could eat you all up" in moments of tumescent arousal.

Blackout

Spotlight on COMRADE KATE stage left. She is wearing the uniform and boots of the Anti-Sex League.

COMRADE KATE

As Brownmiller writes, "Rape is a crime committed by all men against all women." The nature of the male is inherently beastly and violent—male, patriarchal civilization is continuous war, with women and children as the principle victims. The only hope, we of the Radical Lesbian Party say, is the creation of all-female communes, armored and defended against the Male Beast.

Blackout

Spotlight on GENERAL FORBES-SMYTHE stage right

FORBES-SMYTHE

As Hitler wrote, "Usury is a crime committed by all Jews against all Aryans." The nature of the Jew is inherently beastly and cunning—
We of the British Fascist Party keep warning you—

Blackout

Spotlight on ABBEYJERRY HOFFRUBIN in standard '60s hippie costume stage left

ABBEYJERRY

The only hope is dope. Get stoned out of your skull and get in touch with your own rage. Kill your parents, to prove your solidity with Third World Revolution everywhere. Throw acid in the water supply. A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim. Never trust anybody over 30. Four legs good, two legs bad. Open the soap ductets! Take to the sword!

Blackout.

RINGMASTER lets out a groaning sigh as he finally ejaculates.
Three shrill high-decibel whistles from the Computer.
GIRL screams again.

GIRL (voice in darkness)

I'll get pregnant . . . you're raping me, you bastard . . .

GRADGRIND (voice in darkness)

Jack slit the throats of his victims, then he surgically amputated the vaginas . . .

FATHER GILHOOLEY (voice in darkness)

Every time you touch that part of your body with sinful intent, that is a mortal sin, a sin equivalent to murder . . .

COMPUTER whistles three times rapidly.

RINGMASTER

A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim.

REICH

We leap from human bodies. Fast forward.

GRADGRIND

He then amputated the breasts, also with surgical skill . . .

SADE

We monsters are necessary to nature also.

COMRADE KATE

They'll all go mad in that house. They'll all go mad in that house.
They'll all go mad in that house.

RINGMASTER

Henry Fielding wrote *Tom Jones*

MASOCH

And cursed be he that moves my bones.

All lights go on, stage and audience.

REICH has been unchained. The Circus Music of the opening repeats. All actors are on stage, including the PLAYBOY BUNNIES with their sign **SEXCAPADES OF 1984**.

During the following SADE/MASOCH Music Hall Routine, the other actors do whatever circus-like stunts they can perform. Some go down into the audience and perform their stunts in the aisles.

REICH participates in the general release of tension, doing a Music Hall soft-shoe dance or whatever popular dance he can perform.

SADE

Can't you contribute anything to the entertainment?

MASOCH

I can sing. (*Demonstrates*):

He saw her *snatch* . . . her briefcase from the window
 He held her *butt* . . . a moment in the rain
 She went rushing in a taxi to the depot
 Just to see her brother, Jack, off on the train
 To see her brother Jack Off on the train!

SADE (hits him with bladder)

Get your mind out of the gutter. Do you know anything classical?

MASOCH

I know a lot about classical music.

SADE

You do? I doubt it. What's the Goldberg Variations?

MASOCH

It's what Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg did on their honeymoon.

SADE

That joke was in a Woody Allen movie.

MASOCH

I hope it got a bigger laugh that time.

SADE

You're a moron.

MASOCH

Yes, but be careful—we're *organized* now.

SADE

Don't you know anything?

MASOCH

I know the names of three philosophers.

SADE

You know the names of three philosophers? I doubt it. Name them—go ahead, name them.

MASOCH

Plato, Socrates and . . . and Harry's Bottle.

SADE hits him with a bladder.

SADE

You imbecile. Harry's bottle is no philosopher.

MASOCH

Harry is, when he finishes the bottle.

SADE

You made that up. There is no Harry.

MASOCH

Yes there is. Harry is a very important man. Famous iron and steel family.

SADE

Iron and steel?

MASOCH

His wife irons and he steals.

SADE

Can't you say a serious word?

MASOCH

Of course I can. Solipsist.

SADE

Solipsist! Where did you learn that?

MASOCH

Harry taught me.

SADE

Where did you meet Harry?

MASOCH

In the loo.

SADE

The loo? Get your mind out of the gutter. How can you meet a man in the loo?

MASOCH

He's my brother-in-law. Sometimes I meet him in the kitchen. Sometimes even in the living room.

SADE

When he isn't stealing?

MASOCH

Oh, Harry only steals at night. In the daytime he reads. He reads a lot. Last year he read all the way through the New English Dictionary.

SADE

I see. That's how he found the word solipsist.

MASOCH

Yes. And he taught it to me.

SADE

Do you even know what it means you simpleton?

MASOCH

I do. I *do*. I do.

SADE

Tell us what it means then. What's a solipsist?

MASOCH

A solipsist is a man who doesn't care whether he's smoking oregano or Tangiers Black.

SADE hits him with bladder.

SADE

No drug jokes. This is clean family entertainment. What else has Harry read?

MASOCH

Now he's reading the Greater London Telephone Directory.

SADE

Don't you know any new jokes? If I ask what Harry thinks of it, you'll just say "He says there's a great cast of characters but the plot is slow in getting started."

MASOCH

No, I wouldn't

SADE

What would you say?

MASOCH

Harry says it's funnier with Tangiers Black than with oregano.

SADE

Harry gets so stoned he thinks the phone book is funny?

MASOCH

It's the Bottoms that crack him up. Page after page of them.

SADE

What kind of hashish is it that Harry smokes?

MASOCH

He says it's even funnier when you get to the haitches. You think the author is finished with the Bottom jokes, but then—*Higgensbottoms!*

SADE

Harry is a serious case of substance abuse.

MASOCH

He falls down on the floor laughing when he gets to the R's.

SADE

Ramsbottoms?

MASOCH

Yes, and just when you thought the author wouldn't sink that low again.

SADE

Maybe I've never read the Telephone Directory in the right spirit.

MASOCH

Harry will be glad to turn you on to some grass. He says the Bothams are even funnier than the Bottoms when you smoke the right blend. *Higginsbothams!*

SADE hits him with bladder again.

SADE

No more drug jokes or *bottom* jokes.

MASOCH

I wish the play would end, so I could go to dinner. I'm hungry.

SADE

Oh. What do you want to eat?

MASOCH

Rump steak.

SADE (raising bladder)

Careful!

MASOCH

Do you think that was a *bum* joke?

SADE

I'm warning you!

MASOCH

Oh, I love masterful men. That's why I'm always the *butt* of the joke.

SADE

That does it! (*Raises bladder to strike again*)

MASOCH (quickly)

Can I sing an Irish song?

SADE (suspiciously)

Can you sing an Irish song? What Irish song?

MASOCH

Derry Air!

SADE beats him with bladder repeatedly.

By now all the actors are re-assembled on the stage. The AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION comes to stage front center.


RINGMASTER (ritualistically)

Turn again, Will Reichington, Lord Mayor of London Town!

Chimes.

REICH is given a Mayor's robe. He is raised onto a chair which is lifted and carried about in a large circle. At stage right, he is given a compass. At stage rear center, he is given a Masonic square. At the stage left, he is given a sceptre. AT stage front center, he is crowned.

The CHIMES ring again as REICH is moved back to stage center middle.

RINGMASTER raises his arms in the Masonic Third Degree gesture making two squares: 

RINGMASTER (solemnly)

Oh Lord my God is there no hope for the Widow's Son?

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
(LOUD Punk Rock style)

The dogs run free, the cats run free,
Where's the fuckin' freedom for you and ME?
Turn it upside down, turn it upside down,
The whole world upside down, burn the bloody town
Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down.

Burn the Temple of Solomon
Worship the Whore of Babylon
Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down
We are Satan's Slaves
We'll put you in your graves
Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down

ENSEMBLE

Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down

FIRST MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Let's have General Amnesty!

SECOND MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Let's have Promiscuity!

THIRD MALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Universal buggery!

FEMALE SINGER (*recitative*)

Total bleeding anarchy!

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

The dogs run free, the cats run free,
Where's the fuckin' freedom for you and me?
Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down

ENSEMBLE

Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down

Two ACROBATS exit and return with large blown-up photo of Vietnamese officer executing Viet Cong by blowing his head off. This is set up in front of Marilyn Monroe photo, so as to cover it.

RINGMASTER (solemnly)

Nothing is true. All is permissible.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Turn it upside down, the whole world upside down

ENSEMBLE

Turn it upside down, and burn this fucking town!

Shrieks. Pandemonium. Actors mime raping actresses; other actors mime physical assaults on one another.

REICH (shouting)

No, no! This isn't what I meant at all!

Sudden silence. All stop and stand vacant-faced, waiting.

SADE (softly)

What *did* you mean?

REICH

I was teaching how to return to natural life . . .

SADE

This *is* natural. Nature red in tooth and claw.

REICH

That is an old fallacy. Predation exists between species. No species is so deranged as to prey upon itself—except ours. That is not natural. That is Emotional Plague.

During the following dialogue, most of the cast EXITS. In the course of this REICH is stripped of his robes, crown, compass, square and sceptre; and is chained again to the Prisoner's Chair. RINGMASTER returns to bench. MASOCH returns to Prosecution Table. All others by then have EXITED.

SADE

You are the one speaking an old fallacy. Nothing unnatural can exist. Whatever people do, it must be natural, or it could not happen. That is logic.

REICH

No. When a cat neglects her kittens and lets them die, we have no doubt something unnatural has happened. The cat is sick. When parents allow their sons to be drafted by millions to fight and die in meaningless wars, that is sick. It is the sickness of civilization. It is Emotional Plague.

SADE

An illness so subtle that nobody but you can see it. An illness that is considered normal. A very strange illness, only visible to one man. Most people call it Patriotism.

REICH

And the Holy Inquisition seemed normal once, and it was called Religion. I still say: Emotional Plague.

SADE

Yes: we must never forget that you are the One Sane Man on this planet

REICH

I never said that. There are millions who know what I know. But they feel helpless. They can see the Trap but they cannot see the way out of the Trap. We are ruled by dead lunatics.

SADE

You refer to the founders of the great world religions?

REICH

Yes. In those days, mental illness was not understood. The afflicted

were thought to be holy, and people tried to imitate them. That is the Trap—the contagious Emotional Plague that has come down to us for thousands of years.

SADE

I believed that once. I tried to get out of the Trap, as you call it, and act in accordance with Nature. They called me a monster.

REICH

The plague was too deep in you. You no longer knew what was natural any more.

SADE

The world acts more and more like me, these days. How can the majority possibly be unnatural?

The **COMPUTER** unleashes another hideous whistle.

SADE

Another Hiroshima, as you say. Be a little less cocksure, Dr. Reich. We monsters are part of nature also.

REICH

Everybody knows what I mean. Despite your sophistries.

SADE

On the contrary, everybody these days is totally confused about what is "natural" and "unnatural" and about what is "healthy" and what is "sick." Well, everybody except Mrs. Thatcher and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

REICH (passionately)

Listen to me!

He begins addressing SADE but gradually is speaking to the audience.

REICH

We all like to go, at times, to walk in the woods
To hear the birdsongs and to smell the trees' perfume
And to find ourselves, silently, at peace.
At peace! What do those words mean to us?
We are at one, we say, with what we see.
At one? In those silent, precious moments
There is no barrier, no iron prison wall,
No *indefinable something* between "me" and "life."
We know our hearts are like the chipmunk's heart;
. . . at one, at peace, we grow more silent still.
We know what nature is, inside us and outside.
And then, in a moment, we are close to tears.
We remember that terrible and *indefinable something*
The heavy suit of armor that we wear
The iron prison wall that always stands
Between the life in us and the life outside.
And I say it is an armor, a chronic crouch,
In the muscles and in the mind.
Its cause is fear. Its name . . . dis-ease.
Back at our jobs next day we are dis-eased
Shuffling meaningless papers, turning pointless gears,
We are not at one, at peace. We are afraid.
Afraid of what? All the things we think we fear
We as a species have created: created to remove the fear,
To put the fear outside us, to distance it,
To put an armor on our armor. That is the Trap:
That is the horror of the situation.
We cannot, dare not, obey genetic drives
We cannot, dare not, heed the voice of nature.
Because our natural drives are dangerous?
No! There is no natural species
That preys upon itself. It is the armor:
Every natural impulse is deflected by the armor
Deflected into forms that are not natural
Deflected into rage against both self and world

The Computer whistles shrilly again

Deflected into madness. That is the Trap:
That is the horror of the situation:
That is the jail of our own creation.

SADE

A very pretty speech. Rousseau himself couldn't have said it better.
Experts now agree that he was paranoid, too. Like you, Dr. Reich.

REICH

I am not the one who is building the bombs.

SADE

But you do recognize the paranoid personality as a type? The feeling
that the human race is corrupt, the creation of a fantasy-world . . . a
Garden of Eden . . .

REICH

Everybody has experienced that fantasy-world, as you call it. Despite
the muscular armor, every man and woman has felt it, once at least.
The life within, the life around us, and the horror of the situation:
the horror of our alienation from that life.

SADE

Enough of this abstract fencing. The State claims that you are
insane and dangerous. You claim that the State is insane and
dangerous. Let us examine into your own right to pass judgments
of that sort.

REICH (quickly)

I had to become ill and cure myself before I could understand the
illness of our civilization.

SADE

You defend before you are attacked.

REICH

I know what to expect. I have played this scene before.

SADE

When you were expelled from the Communist Party?

REICH

Yes. I challenged the Emotional Plague within the Party and—

SADE

And when you were expelled from the International
Psychoanalytical Association?

REICH

Yes, because I challenged the Emotional Plague there, too, and—

SADE

And when you were ordered to leave Sweden?

REICH (grimly)

Yes

SADE

And when you were imprisoned in the United States?

REICH

Yes.

SADE

Isn't there a name in psychiatry for a man who continually manages
to offend people so he can feel persecuted?

REICH

Yes. And you would apply that name to Socrates? To Jesus? To
Galileo?

SADE

They are not on trial here.

REICH

Every man who dares to ask a dangerous question is on trial here.

SADE

The name of the personality type I'm looking for . . . doesn't that type also frequently compare himself to Jesus, and Socrates, and Galileo? And is it not accepted that he is secretly *seeking* to be punished?

REICH

There is also a name for those so afraid of heresy that they must kill the heretic.

SADE

Perhaps. But in your own case . . . what happened when you were fourteen?

REICH (resignedly)

I knew you'd come to that.

SADE

What happened when you were fourteen?

REICH

I discovered that my mother . . . my mother . . .

SADE

Yes?

REICH

That my mother was having an affair with another man.

SADE

The Primal Scene repeats. Your reaction?

REICH

I was a Moralist in those days. I . . . I . . . I was only a boy, in my 'teens . . .

SADE

You did what?

REICH (bitterly)

I told my father what I had seen.

Three beats. SADE waits while REICH suffers the memories.

SADE

The results?

REICH

I think he beat her. I know he was beastly. The details . . . I was a boy . . .

SADE waits.

REICH

It was in another country, another age, a long time ago.

SADE

You think he beat her. And then?

REICH

For Christ's sake, it was in Austria—before the First World War. Most young people think there were still dinosaurs roaming the earth back then. He was a farmer!

SADE

He was a farmer and his wife had been unfaithful. He beat her and abused her. And then?

REICH

She . . . She

SADE

She committed suicide?

REICH

Yes.

SADE

And your father?

REICH

He died a few years later. Of pneumonia. We never believed it. We—my brothers and I—knew he had stayed out in the rain all night deliberately. He committed suicide, too. He couldn't live with what he had done.

SADE

What *you* had set in motion.

REICH (with heavily repressed emotion)

Yes. What I had set in motion. Guided by traditional Morality.

SADE

And then? The results when you were adult and became an M.D.?

REICH

I became a strict Freudian.

SADE

Understandably. But that didn't last?

REICH

No.

SADE

You rebelled against Freud eventually?

REICH

Yes.

SADE

As you had earlier killed your father?

REICH

He killed himself.

SADE

You set the events in motion. You understand the pattern now?

REICH

Yes. No. It isn't as simple as you make it.

SADE

You rebelled against Freud. You rebelled against the Communist Party, later. You are still rebelling. In the United States, you were jailed for refusing to obey a court order. You are rebelling against this court today.

REICH (bullishly)

It is not as simple as you make it.

The Computer whistles shrilly again.

SADE

And —

The Computer whistles again.
Three beats.

SADE

When is that damned contraption going to be removed from the building?

RINGMASTER

I was wondering the same. Clerk!

ENTER ACROBAT

RINGMASTER

What is the delay about removing that — that —

REICH (prompting)

Emotional Plague Meter.

RINGMASTER

That attempt to bully the Court emotionally? That *thing*?

ACROBAT

The company said a lorry would be here in about three quarters of an hour, sir. Must be traffic problems, sir.

RINGMASTER (testily)

Well, call them again and make sure the lorry *is* on the way here.

ACROBAT

Yes, Your Almightyness

EXITS

SADE

Could I have the last question and answer again?

MASOCH

"What is the delay about removing that — that — that attempt to bully the Court emotionally?" "The company said a lorry would be—"

SADE (hits him with bladder)

Not that, you idiot. *My last question and the defendant's answer.*

MASOCH

"You rebelled against Freud. You rebelled against the Communist Party, later. You are still—"

SADE

Yes, yes, that's enough. (*to Reich*): Why did you rebel against Freud?

REICH (slowly)

I rebelled against Freud because he was a coward.

The Computer whistles again.

SADE

A coward? The man who challenged all the taboos of his age?

REICH

He back-tracked, he evaded, he weaseled. He would not say flatly what his theories all implied.

The Computer whistles again.

SADE (shouting over whistle)

You mean he did not share your Utopian fantasies.

REICH

Look at the photos of him; look at that jaw.

The Computer whistles again.

REICH

Look at his expression, those clenched teeth. He was holding back—and I tell you, all of you, that is why he got cancer of the jaw finally.

He wouldn't speak what he knew. He held it in, behind those clenched teeth, until it killed him.

SADE

And what is that truth Freud dared not speak?

REICH

Everybody knows it by now. Look at the crime news on TV —

Computer whistles again.

REICH (shouting over it)

or go into the emergency clinics and talk to the rape victims. Talk to the battered wives and the abused children. Our whole species is mad, emotionally plagued. We have been mad so long that every attempt to break out of the Trap just unleashes unconscious rage and increases the violence.

Computer whistles again.

REICH

We all know we're in the Trap, but nobody knows how to get out of it. We attack each other thinking that's the way out.

SADE

What? That is the truth Freud dared not speak? I thought he said all that in *Civilization and Its Discontents*.

REICH

He would not say that there *was* a way out of the Trap—one way only—

SADE

Your way, of course.

REICH

The way I discovered, gradually, after many mistakes.

SADE

Which is?

REICH

Work on the breathing and the muscle tensions. And tell people frankly that there is no metaphysical Good and Evil in the human world anymore than there is in the animal world or the chemical world or the physical world of gravity and mass.

SADE

Hedonistic materialism, in short. The permissive society.

REICH

Not permissiveness. Sanity. If a child is a nuisance, tell him so. Tell him his behavior is annoying. But never, never make a metaphysical moral issue out of it. Never, never say anything is *sinful* or *wrong* in a cosmic sense. Never pass on the lunacy, the Emotional Plague, that has come down to us from ages of superstition and barbarism.

SADE

A world without morals. Anarchy. That is what you mean?

REICH

It is not anarchy. It is what every person with an ounce of sanity knows. Nobody is to *blame* for anything. We are all in the mess together, because our ancestors were mad and a mad society has passed on their repression from generation to generation.

SADE

And the things I did before I was brought here and cured? They were not Evil?

REICH

You enjoyed feeling Evil because it made you seem heroic. The humiliating truth, Marquis, is that you were merely ill.

SADE

And Hitler was merely ill?

REICH

That is the horror of the situation. We all know it by now, but we cannot *remember*. We repress it and go on blaming one another—we *forget* what we know, because remembering it means remembering that we are robots, too—that we have all been crippled in different ways by trying to live in the imaginary world of morals instead of the real world of nature.

SADE

So we just teach people to breathe properly and relax their muscles and we will have Utopia?

REICH

No. I never said it was easy. I said it was almost impossible, but we had to try, if there was to be any chance of survival at all. Removing the Emotional Plague is just like removing bubonic plague. It will take decades of work all over the world by thousands of specialists. But if we don't try—

Computer whistles again.

REICH

We must understand that every moral idea is strictly a hallucination. It creates guilt, which creates muscular tension, which creates rage. That leads to further armoring, to hold the rage in. That leads to all the psychosomatic illnesses that orthodox medicine can't cure and to all the social pathologies around us. Rape. Child-beating. War.

Computer whistles again.

REICH (excited, beginning to harangue)

You compared me to Rousseau. Yes, in the Age of Reason, he had to recreate the myth of Eden again: he called it the Noble Savage. A hundred years later Marx had to recreate it: he called it the primitive matriarchy, before private property. Eden is always recreated, because we know there is a natural grace and a natural way of life we have lost. We lost it through the invention of Good and Evil. As soon as we believed we were sinners, the Trap closed on us. We accepted the sin and punished ourselves. Or we projected the sin outward and punished scapegoats.

Computer whistles again.

REICH (rage bursting through)

Masochism or sadism—those were the only choices once we believed in Good and Evil, once we believed in Sin. We are animals. We are no more guilty than a dog, a cat, a horse, a chipmunk. Everybody has known it since Darwin. But we are still in the Trap.

SADE

You really hate the Morality that caused you to kill your parents.

REICH

It is causing the whole human race to kill its children! We cannot see what we are doing. We have been robbed blind by our damned Morality.

SADE turns away sharply.

SADE

Your Almightyness, the prosecution rests. We believe it is obvious, out of his own mouth, that the defendant is a menace to civilization as we know it.

REICH

Wait! Do you know why that moment in nature is so precious, that moment of peace and oneness?

RINGMASTER

The defendant will not speak at this time.

REICH

It is a moment beyond Good and Evil!

RINGMASTER

You can argue that later. Fifteen minute recess. Then we will hear the case for the defense. *(He rises)*

The Computer whistles three times rapidly.

MASOCH (standing)

All rise!

Houselights up. As audience starts to leave, REICH begins addressing them.

REICH

Listen to me a moment! That moment of peace, that moment in Nature, beyond Good and Evil—that is the essence of us. Our core. Our true selves. We normally never feel it because—

RINGMASTER

Clear the Court!

REICH

because our muscles hold it down. Our muscles are chronically tense; it is so chronic that we never notice it. We only notice the peace when on a rare moment the tension relaxes. What do you think the Drug Culture is all about? Relaxing the muscular armor, getting rid of that tension for a few hours, or a few moments.

ACROBATS go down into audience and persuade people to leave. They are very polite, like well-trained policemen, and become very threatening (in a polite way) with those unwilling to leave while REICH is still talking.

REICH

We are diseased—dis-eased. We have lost touch with natural feeling. When the Life Force tries to break through the muscular armor it gets deflected, I say, and comes out dis-eased and violent. That's why all political revolutions fail. That's why there are no political solutions. That's why

RINGMASTER

Silence the defendant.

MASOCH and SADE "beat" REICH with bladders again and drag him offstage right.

REICH (as he goes)

You can't feel naturally. You can't see what you are doing, or what is being done around you. You are robots. Robots. All of you. All of you.

INTERMISSION (20 minutes)

The Computer is in the lobby. Those who care to examine it will see that both bar-graphs, indicating thermonuclear firepower, are slowly creeping upward.

After ten minutes REICH appears in the lobby and begins making a speech.

REICH

Please, just a moment. You don't understand what is going on here. I am not just Wilhelm Reich, a certain controversial scientist who died in prison in 1957. I am Galileo and Semmelweiss and Pasteur, too. And Socrates and Giordano Bruno. I am every man and woman with

REICH

an unpopular opinion. And—*please* listen—I am each and every one of you. I am reliving your childhoods. I am still seeing and feeling what society says I must not see and feel. I am being punished as you were punished until you learned not to see and feel too much. I am the part of you that is still free and unarmored, the part that still occasionally sees and feels what is happening around us. I am being called “mad” and “bad” as you were called “mad” and “bad” until you stopped seeing and feeling.

ACROBATS appear and seize REICH. He is carried backstage.

REICH

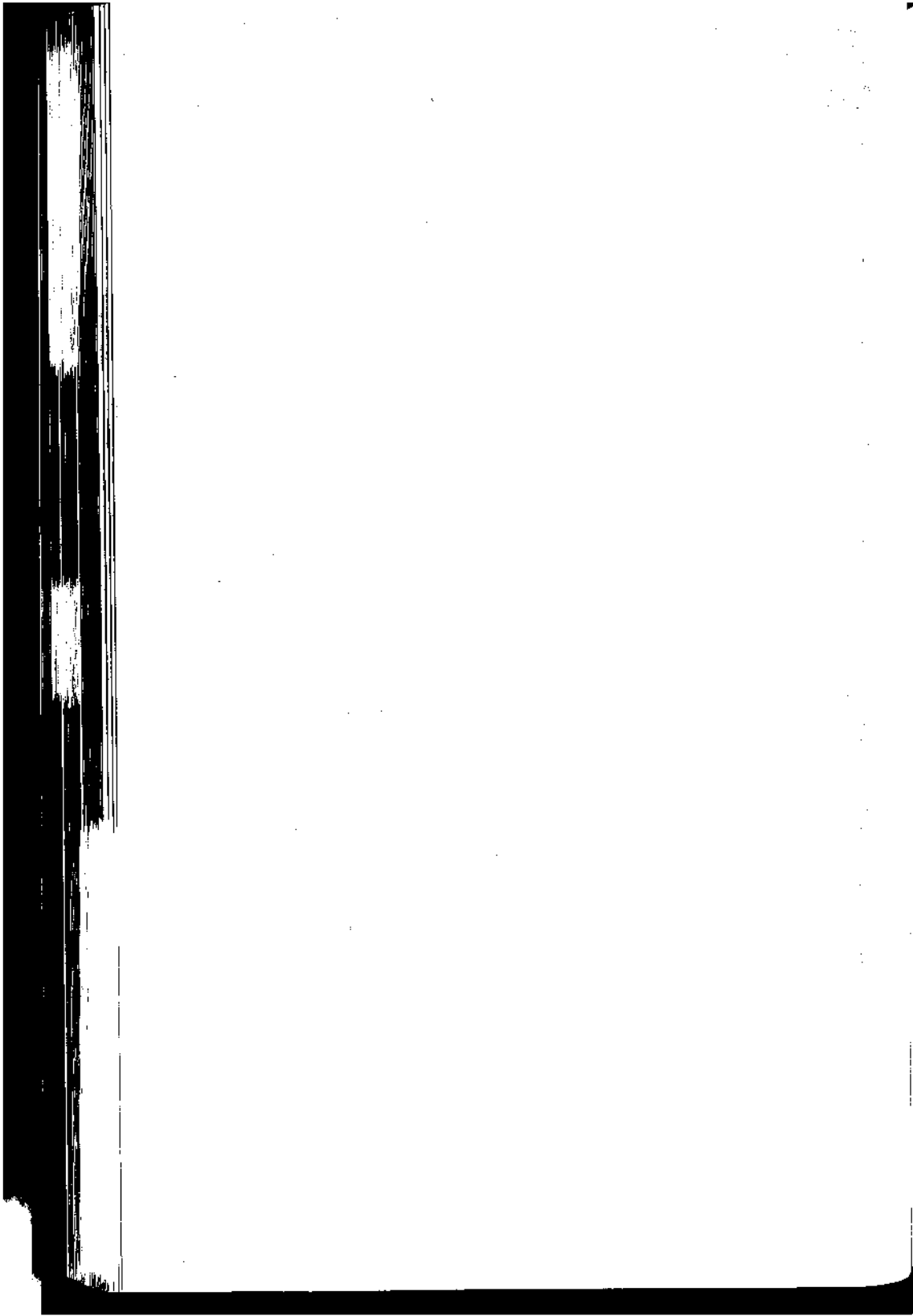
Do you understand? Now I must go to my room for being a Bad Boy.

EXIT

30 seconds before the first buzzer to call the audience back, the Computer emits another piercing shriek.

**WILHELM
REICH IN
HELL**

ACT TWO



MASOCH and SADE enter and take their chairs at the table marked **THE WRATH OF GOD**.

ACROBATS bring REICH in and seat him at the table marked **THE GUILTY PARTY**. They also place a large conical cap on his head, which says **DUNCE** on it. REICH promptly removes cap.

RINGMASTER enters, as ACROBATS exit.

MASOCH

All rise.

SADE (coming to stage front center)

All rise!

If audience does not rise, ACROBATS re-enter and go into audience, politely insisting that all must rise or be removed from the Courtroom. RINGMASTER seats himself behind bench. SADE returns to Prosecution Table.

RINGMASTER (sternly)

During the recess, the defendant was informed of his punishment for contempt of court. I see that he is ignoring the Court order and is once more in contempt.

REICH

I refuse to wear that—that idiotic hat. It is degrading and humiliating and blatantly prejudicial.

RINGMASTER

It is the fixed penalty under our system of law. Put it on.

REICH

Oh, well, it only makes the clown show more clownish.

RINGMASTER

You are still contemnelious, Dr. Reich. I will not listen again to these solemn proceedings being called a clown show—or a circus.

REICH

I want to see the law that says I must wear this thing.

RINGMASTER

You may approach the bench.

REICH rises and walks toward bench. Midway RINGMASTER challenges him.

RINGMASTER

Where do you come from?

REICH

The West.

RINGMASTER

What do you seek?

REICH

The light.

RINGMASTER

God save our gracious queen. You may take three giant steps.

As REICH takes three giant steps to the bench RINGMASTER makes the Sign of the Cross in the air.

RINGMASTER*(recitative)*

In the name of the Father and of the Son
And of the Holy Spirit:
And damn those I.R.A. bastards.

MASOCH and SADE rise.

MASOCH and SADE (*recitative*)

M-EYE-SEE-KAY-E-WHY

EM-OH-YOU-ESS-E!

And damn those I.R.A. bastards!

They sit.

RINGMASTER

Are ye a True Man and not a cabbage or something in disguise?

REICH

I am.

RINGMASTER

Do you wish to be illuminated?

REICH

I do.

RINGMASTER

Repeat after me: The law is my shepherd: I shall not think.

REICH

The law is my shepherd: I shall not think.

RINGMASTER

Ja-da-ja-da-jing-jing-jing.

REICH

Ja-da-ja-da-jing-jing-jing.

RINGMASTER

You may now consult the Sacred Book of the Law.

He hauls up a huge book, big enough for audience to read the title, which is: *GAY BOYS IN BONDAGE*.

He opens the book to a two-page photo of homosexual rape.

RINGMASTER

Do you understand?

REICH

I think I do.

RINGMASTER

It means I can bugger you any way I wish.

REICH

I understand. I've read Kafka.

RINGMASTER

Good. Now go put your duncecap on. Rub-a-dub-dub.

MASOCH AND SADE RISE

MASOCH and SADE (*recitative*)

Rub-a-dub-dub
 Three men in a tub
 A rose is a rose is a rose
 Heigh-diddle-diddle
 The cat and the fiddle
 What I tell you three times is true
 Rub-a-dub-dub
 The law is the law
 A screw is a screw is a screw
 Heigh-deedle-deedle
 Pierre's in ze meedle
 What I tell you three times is true.

They sit

REICH returns to prisoner's table and dons duncecap.

RINGMASTER (*recitative*)

Rub-a-dub-dub. Dr. Reich will now conduct a bogus defense.

REICH rises and faces audience.

REICH (*recitative*)

The power to define is the power to destroy:
This is the truth for Jew and Goy.
This is the truth in Northern Lithuania.
This is the truth in Erie, Pennsylvania.
This is the truth in Cambodia and Thailand.
This is the truth in the bonny, bonny Highland.
Give a dog a bad name: that dog will bite.
Call a man a dirty wop: that man will fight.
Call a man a nigger, call a man a chink:
It is then determined how he'll feel and think.
The power to define is the power to destroy.
It's done to every little girl. It's done to every boy.
"Charlie is a nice lad. Invite him in to play.
Bertie is the wrong class. He must go away.
Darling, be a good lad and do just what you're told.
Never think a naughty thought or do a thing that's bold.
That part of you is dirty, dear: mustn't ever touch!
You may ask us questions, dear, but don't ask much!
And now you say you can't see the King's New Clothes!
Oh! The bogie-man will come at night and chop off
your nose!"
That is not a clown-suit. That man is not a clown.
That thing you call a "funny hat" is the sacred British
Crown.
The power to define is the power to deatroy:
"That's a dirty sin, dear, but this you may enjoy."
They tell you what you *should* feel, they tell you what to
think;

They tell you what you may wear, they tell you what to drink.

Everything has got a name: it's either bad or good.
 At last you can't see anything beyond this verbal hood.
 At last you can't feel anything except what is "refined"
 At last your mind is "socialized" and YOU have been defined:

You do what's expected and think what's expected
 And sleep well in your beds at night
 And see what's defined and feel what's defined
 And never suspect your plight!

Now that *every* thing's defined
 You're *literally* "robbed blind"
 That is the horror of the situation
 That is the jail we have made of creation.

He sits.

RINGMASTER

Does the State wish to cross-examine?

MASOCH (rising)

Why is the Starship Enterprise like toilet paper?

REICH

I object. Irrelevant and immaterial.

RINGMASTER

Over-ruled. The defendant will answer.

REICH has dropped his duncecap. He picks it up and puts it back on.

REICH

What was the question again?

MASOCH

Why is the Starship Enterprise like toilet paper?

REICH

I don't know. Why?

MASOCH

They both circle Uranus wiping out Klingons. Get it? They both circle your anus . . .

SADE beats him with bladder.

SADE

I warned you—no more *bottom* jokes!

RINGMASTER

Yes. We must, at all cost, maintain the dignity of these proceedings.

SADE

I will cross-examine, your Almightyness.

MASOCH sits; SADE rises. This should be doll-like, mechanical.

SADE

You claim our egos are created by social definition?

REICH

They are entirely mechanical. Morality creates character armoring, which we call ego, and this is anchored in muscular armoring, which we call tension. *Everything you think, your body hears.* And everything the body hears, it acts on.

SADE

A man who caused the suicides of both his parents: what kind of armoring or ego would he have?

REICH (impassively)

He would either go mad, or he would struggle against the armor until he reached the pre-armored, pre-moral condition of natural life and natural feeling again.

SADE

But if he did go mad, what sort of delusions would he develop?

REICH

It doesn't matter. Whether he was mad or not, he would *seem* mad to the majority.

SADE

What would he *see* that the rest of us do not see?

REICH

That our whole civilization is a circus, a clown show. That it is governed by magical rituals like all savage societies. That it uses the rituals to rationalize its addiction to sadism and masochism.

RINGMASTER

I think the defendant is sailing dangerously close to contempt of court again.

SADE (smoothly)

If your Almightyness pleases, I think Dr. Reich should be given some leeway. He is not intentionally insulting this Court. He is describing the world as it actually appears to him, due to his mental illness.

REICH

Or due to my lack of the armoring of the rest of this tragic species.

RINGMASTER

I do begin to find this intolerable. Even if defendant is being led to hang himself out of his own mouth, it is still sheer blasphemy that he is uttering. He must be disciplined again.

MASOCH

Oh lovely!

RINGMASTER

Defendant will get down on all fours and repeat "Bow Wow" three times.

REICH (resignedly)

Yes, Your Almightyness.

REICH gets down on all fours. Duncecap falls off and he has to put it on again.

RINGMASTER

"Bow Wow" three times.

REICH

Bow Wow. Bow Wow. Bow Wow.

RINGMASTER

Rub a dub dub.

REICH

Rub a dub dub.

RINGMASTER

Proceed.

SADE

You say that people are so armored, mentally and physically, that they behave functionally as if they were robots?

REICH

They do not know what they are doing. They do not know what is going on around them. They walk on a mental chessboard with each square labeled "good" or "evil" and they cannot see past the imaginary

chessboard to the real, objective universe.

Computer whistles again.

REICH

That, for instance, is part of the chessgame called the Cold War.

SADE

It is only a game? There are no evil men on the other side plotting to enslave us?

REICH

There are no evil men or evil women anymore than there are evil horses or evil gophers. There are merely sadist robots who make the wars and masochist robots who suffer the destruction.

SADE

I believed that once. But since I came . . . here . . . and was re-educated, I am cured of such anti-social delusions. You will be cured, too.

REICH

Never.

SADE

Sooner than you think. You will end up like me, an obedient servant of His Almightyness.

REICH

Never.

RINGMASTER

Gobble?

SADE

Gobble gobble gobble.

RINGMASTER

Gobble gobble?

SADE

Gobble gobble *gobble* gobble.

RINGMASTER

A boy has never wept nor dashed a thousand kim. (To Reich): Three more "Bow Wows" and a "Hail Maggie."

REICH gets down on all fours.

REICH

Bow Wow. Bow Wow. Bow Wow.

RINGMASTER

And a "Hail Maggie."

REICH kneels facing photo of MRS. THATCHER.

REICH (Gregorian chant)

Hail Maggie, full of grace,
The Law is with thee
Blessed art thou amongst women
Except in Greenham Common
And blessed be the fruit of thy womb—

Photo of Viet Cong being executed falls, revealing Marilyn Monroe photo behind it.

RINGMASTER

Jesus!

ACROBATS enter and replace atrocity photo over sexy Marilyn photo, as REICH finishes.

REICH (Gregorian chant)

Holy Maggie, mother of bombs,
 Be with us now and at the hour of our radioactivity.
 A-a-a-a-men!

EXIT ACROBATS.

BLACKOUT

SPOTLIGHT on stage right, revealing **MARILYN MONROE** naked with a bottle of pills in her hand.

MARILYN

Yes because I tried to make it fun and innocent
 And they still called it dirty
 Yes because I offered them play and tenderness
 And they still called it dirty
 Yes I think yes I will yes

(Pours pills into hand)

BLACKOUT

Computer whistles shrilly again.

Lights on stage again. A Witness Podium has been introduced and **REICH** has a stack of books before him on his table.

RINGMASTER

Defendant may continue his bogus defense.

REICH

I offer in evidence the following books by myself. In the order in which they were written. *(Holds them up one by one):*

The Impulsive Personality

Character Analysis

The Sexual Revolution

The Creation of Compulsive Sex-Morality

The Mass Psychology of Fascism

The Function of the Orgasm

The Bion
Listen, Little Man!
Cosmic Superimposition
Ether, God and Devil
The Murder of Christ
People in Trouble

This body of work represents over thirty years of research. Clinical research with disturbed patients. Sociological research via the sex education clinics I founded in Germany before the Nazis drove me out. Medical and biological research in the laboratory studying energy-flows in the bodies of healthy and emotionally ill people. Thirty years of careful psychoanalytical, sociological and medical observation of the Emotional Plague. Thirty years of—

ENTER AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

We think his books are bum books
Silly Willy's dumb books
They're hardly books at all!
We think his books are bad books
Anarchist and mad books
They're hardly books at all!

EXIT

REICH

Thirty years of the most accurate scientific observation of which I was capable. And for this I have been defamed, slandered, called a lunatic, denounced as the founder of a sex cult, expelled from three nations, thrown out of learned societies and even imprisoned. And not one of my critics has even claimed to have repeated any of my crucial experiments—on how breathing regulates muscle tension, or on how muscle tension controls the movement of energies in the body.

SADE (*recitative*)

It is the considered opinion of scientific men and women
 everywhere
 That the so-called theories of Dr. Reich are too, absurd
 and cranky
 To merit any serious discussion or debate
 Or to waste laboratory time and funds to refute them.

REICH (*recitative*)

Why is it that over 50 percent—more than half—
 Of all the scientists now alive
 Are engaged in weapons research and war-related
 industry?
 The Emotional Plague, as I call it,
 The respiratory block and the muscular armor,
 Which cuts us off from natural feelings,
 Exists in the scientific community
 As well as in every other part of our society.

SADE (*recitative*)

A while ago you said religion was lunacy.
 Now you claim most science is mental illness, too?

REICH (*recitative*)

Nine out of ten people should be counted as the
 Walking Wounded.
 We have never seen a totally sane man or woman.
 Public health surveys show that the majority of people
 today
 Suffer from nightmares or insomnia
 Or from dizzy spells or sweating palms
 —All of which are symptoms of anxiety.
 Sexual puritanism and scientific mechanism
 Are both armors against our inner nature.
 We have to import gurus from India

To teach us how to breathe.
We have to resort to drugs of many kinds
To relax the muscular armor just a bit
And feel the thrill of living energy
To feel the pulse of life within.

RINGMASTER

This duet is musically entrancing but irrelevant. To find you sane, Dr. Reich, we would have to find the rest of us insane. That would be humiliating, to say the least of it. Do you wish to call any witness for the defense?

REICH

I call Dr. Gracious Gradgrind.

MASOCH

Call Dr. Gracious Gradgrind.

GRADGRIND ENTERS. He is not in the lab smock of Act One but dresses exactly like Werner Erhard (California casual, very chic). He stands behind witness podium.

RINGMASTER passes another huge book to MASOCH, who passes it to GRADGRIND. Audience can read title: **SEX LIFE IN A SPANISH CONVENT**. GRADGRIND places hand on book.

MASOCH

Where do you come from?

GRADGRIND

The West. Out California way.

MASOCH

Where are you going?

GRADGRIND

The East. Glory Guru Land.

MASOCH

What do you seek?

GRADGRIND

The light. Satori, Darshan, Nirvana, the Works.

MASOCH

What is the meaning of this, the stone that the builders rejected has become the center of the arch?

GRADGRIND (with Masonic arm gesture L J)

Oh Lord my God is there no hope for the Widow's Son?

MASOCH

You are a True Man and not a cabbage or something in disguise.

RINGMASTER

Rub a dub dub

GRADGRIND

Rub a dub dub

RINGMASTER

And damn those I.R.A. bastards.

GRADGRIND

And damn those I.R.A. bastards.

MASOCH passes book back to **RINGMASTER**, and then sits at Prosecution Table.

REICH rises. **RINGMASTER**, **SADE** and **MASOCH** produce uninflated balloons from pockets and begin blowing them up.

REICH

Your name?

GRADGRIND

Gracious Gradgrind.

REICH

Profession?

GRADGRIND

Holistic metaprogrammer, and neurologician.

REICH

In non-California language, consulting psychologist?

GRADGRIND

I have a Ph.D. in psychology, yes.

REICH

Do you work on the breathing problems of your patients?

GRADGRIND

My school has a full-time yoga teacher. She teaches breathing techniques.

REICH

Is that normal today?

GRADGRIND

Many holistic metaprogrammers use yoga techniques. Some old-fashioned psychologists are also getting on the bandwagon.

REICH

You are aware that I was the first "old fashioned psychologist" to realize that improper breathing is part of the whole mind-body disease that we used to call neurosis?

GRADGRIND

Your techniques were primitive compared to our work today.

REICH

But I was the first, in the West, to work on the patient's breathing?

GRADGRIND

I always say you had a lot of good ideas. Before you went bananas.

REICH

Thank you very much, I'm sure. What does the word "holistic" mean in your title, "holistic metaprogrammer"?

GRADGRIND

It means mind and body are one system.

REICH

And who introduced that concept into psychology?

GRADGRIND

You'll say you did. I think Kohler had the idea before you, actually.

REICH

Anyway, I was one of the first. But to return to therapeutic technique. Do you encourage your patients to express anger during therapy?

GRADGRIND

Everybody does, these days.

REICH

And if they are armoring the anger?

GRADGRIND

"Armoring" is your word. We call it holding back.

REICH

Well, whatever you call it, what do you do in such cases? Do you provoke them into anger?

GRADGRIND

Sure. "Let it all hang out," we say.

REICH

Who first suggested that technique?

GRADGRIND

You did. In *Character Analysis*, back in 1928. Everybody agrees it's your sanest book.

RINGMASTER, MASOCH and SADE have blown up their balloons, and now begin floating them out over the audience. Each balloon says REICH IS NUTS.

REICH

Do you ever work on the muscular tensions of your patients?

GRADGRIND

My school keeps a Rolfer on hand for that.

REICH

Is such work on muscular tensions becoming common in therapy?

GRADGRIND

Some places. It's still considered radical and chancey.

REICH

Chancey . . . because if the armor is broken too suddenly decades of repressed rage can come out? As I warned.

GRADGRIND

Some patients react negatively, yes.

REICH

Have you experienced or seen cases of patients becoming violently angry at their therapists?

GRADGRIND

Of course. That's been observed since Freud's day.

REICH

Have patients physically assaulted their therapists?

GRADGRIND

That's been known to happen, yes.

REICH

This is called?

GRADGRIND

Resistance. Ego defense.

REICH

Character armor?

GRADGRIND

That's your name for it. Nothing kooky about that part of your theory.

REICH

Why is it necessary to work with the patient's anger?

RINGMASTER, SADE and MASOCH have blown up some more balloons saying REICH IS NUTS and float them over the audience.

GRADGRIND

You can't get at the deeper feelings until you unleash the anger.

REICH

So if one were to take society as a patient . . .

GRADGRIND

That would be grandiose, doctor.

REICH

But if one did attempt it, one would unleash a great deal of anger?

GRADGRIND

It would be foolish as well as grandiose. Asking for martyrdom.

REICH

But if it were necessary, if the world were literally sick unto death . . .

GRADGRIND

If I started thinking that way, I would realize I was losing my effectiveness as a therapist. I would go to an ashram in India and meditate for six months, to cool out. We are all subject to being infected with the anxieties and depressions of our patients and we must be aware of that danger and guard against it.

REICH (anger flaring)

Why not just dope yourself with opiates for six months, if you feel that way? If you cannot bear to take off the last layer of armor and allow yourself to *feel* the world's agony?

GRADGRIND (carefully neutral)

Did you feel the *world's* agony, doctor, or did you just project your own agony outward? Is that a fair question at this point?

REICH

I saw the world destroying itself with a lunatic morality—

GRADGRIND

You remembered a boy who destroyed his family because of a lunatic morality, perhaps?

REICH

Is the world or is the world not on the edge of destroying itself?

GRADGRIND (kindly)

Dr. Reich, as you yourself said, what the mind thinks the body hears. Thoughts like that make the body ill. Fear poisons us with adrenalin. When I start getting morbid, I just sit down and make a list of all the healthy people I know, all the kind acts I've seen in the last week, all the constructive work that is going on—

The Computer whistles again.

REICH

In short, like most of our profession, you are afraid to take off the last of the armor and really feel the horror of the situation.

GRADGRIND

I refuse to wallow in the negative emotions which led you to fight with every colleague, every learned society, and finally even with the law courts.

RINGMASTER, MASOCH and SADE float more REICH IS NUTS balloons into audience.

REICH (petulantly)

No further questions. Go meditate, or take acid, or hide your head in the sand whatever way you prefer.

GRADGRIND

Do not be bitter. This is neither a trial nor a circus. We are all trying to cure you. We want to help.

RINGMASTER

Hear, hear! Rub a dub dub.

GRADGRIND

Rub a dub dub.

GRADGRIND EXITS

RINGMASTER

Are there any further witnesses for the bogus defense? We are now entering the Third Bardo and the Wrathful Visions begin, Dr. Reich.

REICH

I know. Rub a dub dub. I call Calley Eichmann.

MASOCH

Call Calley Eichmann.

Enter CALLEY EICHMANN dressed as UNCLE SAM, in red, white and blue.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

Have you ever had an original thought in your life?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Never.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

Do you do what's expected and think what's expected and hate all the people your neighbors hate?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Always.

MASOCH (*recitative*)

Are you a True Cabbage and not a human being or something like that in disguise?

CALLEY EICHMANN

I am.

MASOCH (ritualistically)

Pepsi Cola hits the spot.

CALLEY EICHMANN

Twelve full ounces, that's a lot.

MASOCH (ritualistically)

Twice as much for a nickel too.

CALLEY EICHMANN

Pepsi Cola is the drink for you.

RINGMASTER

In the name of the Pershing and of the Cruise of their Holocaust.

CALLEY EICHMANN

O-o-o-oh, men.

REICH rises.

REICH

Your profession during what we ironically call human life?

CALLEY EICHMANN

I was a United States Marshall.

REICH

In the employ of what is amusingly called the Department of Justice?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Yep.

REICH (walking to Prisoner's Table)

Have you ever seen these books before?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Sure. Back in '57, it was.

REICH

You saw them in your capacity as a United States Marshall?

CALLEY EICHMANN

That's right.

REICH

What did you do with the books?

CALLEY EICHMANN

We—that was my partner Joe Caligula and me—he was a good old boy, Joe—we went to the Orgone Institute Press and seized all copies of them there books.

REICH

On a court order?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Why, shoot, of course. We wouldn't do a thing like that if it wasn't legal and proper.

REICH

What did you do after you seized the books, on a court order?

CALLEY EICHMANN

We piled them in a garbage truck.

REICH

And then?

CALLEY EICHMANN

We drove 'em to an incinerator and burned them.

REICH

You *burned* them?

CALLEY EICHMANN

We was only following orders.

REICH

Did you ever hear of Ezra Pound?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Yep. Poet feller. Made propaganda broadcasts for the Eye-talians during double-you double-you two. They put him in the bughouse.

REICH

But they didn't burn his books, did they?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Nope. Not that I heard of.

REICH

They didn't. His books remained in circulation. Have you heard of Dr. Timothy Leary?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Damned right tooting. Another nut case. Permanent Brain Damage, I hear. Too much of that acid stuff. Put him in the clink a few years after you.

REICH

But they didn't burn *his* books?

CALLEY EICHMANN

Nope

REICH

Why do you suppose it is, that of all the heretics who have been jailed for their opinions in the United States, none of them had their books burned, except for me? What is so especially dangerous about my books?

SADE

Objection. The question is argumentative and immaterial.

REICH

I demand an answer. Why was the most heavily armed government in the world so terrified of my books that they—

RINGMASTER

The defendant is out of order.

REICH

That they burned them? Why the terror, the hysteria? Why did I frighten them so much?

RINGMASTER

In the 1950s the Americans were seeing hobgoblins everywhere.

REICH

But they didn't burn any scientific books except mine.

RINGMASTER

Many writers and even actors were blacklisted at the time. You paranoids all want to think you are unique. You have no sense of the vast historical forces that cause events. You want to believe it all revolves around you. It is that egomania which we, through this ritual psychodrama, are trying to cure.

REICH

First you called it a Trial. Now you claim it's a therapy session. To me, it's still a circus.

RINGMASTER

In the Third Bardo all things seem distorted and sinister, but they are all merely the projections of your own emotional compulsions.

REICH (stubbornly)

I am not the one who is building the bombs.

RINGMASTER

You are the one who claims to be able to diagnose all the rest of us.
We have the right to diagnose you in return.

Computer whistles again.

REICH (sings ballad-style)

Another Hiroshima more or less
 What is the difference now?
 Another rape in the house next door
 We'll muddle through somehow
 A murder is happening down the lane
 And a mugging the next street over
 Just get in the car and go for a drive
 And look at the cliffs at Dover
 Just get in the car and go for a drive
 Or swallow the right kind of pill
 Protect yourself from worry and fear
 And the thoughts that make people ill
 Blame the generals or our genes
 Blame the banks or politicians
 But pay your taxes when they're due
 To buy some more munitions
 We have all learned not to feel it
 Tense your muscles, hold your breath
 Wear your armor, walk in step
 To universal megadeath
 Another Hiroshima more or less

Take a pill or take a drink
Tense your muscles, hold your breath
And you needn't feel or think.

CALLEY EICHMANN

Can I leave now?

MASOCH

Can the cabbage leave now?

RINGMASTER

The cabbage may leave.

CALLEY EICHMANN

Rub a dub dub.

EXITS

REICH

Call Marilyn Monroe for the defense.

MASOCH

Call Marilyn Monroe.

ENTER MARILYN MONROE. She is wearing the white dress she wore in the film, *The Seven Year Itch*, and has the same hair-style, etc. **SADE** rises.

SADE

Are you a Sex Object and not a human being or something like that in disguise?

MARILYN (simply, without bitterness)

No. I tried to become a Sex Object but I remained a human being.

SADE

Too bad for you. Do you serve TWA coffee on this flight?

MARILYN

Yes. We have TWA coffee, sir.

SADE

I'd rather have some of your TWA tea!

MASOCH and RINGMASTER burst into hilarious laughter.

RINGMASTER

T-W-A-T! hah hah hah! You're a riot, Marquis.

SADE

I'll see you when tea is ready.

MARILYN (innocently)

See you when tea is ready, sir.

MASOCH and RINGMASTER explode into laughter again.

RINGMASTER

C-U-N-T is ready. Hah hah hah hah hah!

SADE

Repeat after me. "I, a Sex Object, wish to become a Serious Actress."

MARILYN

I, a Sex Object, wish to become a Serious Actress.

MASOCH reaches under desk and presses a button. A gust of wind from below Witness Podium blows Marilyn's dress up, revealing legs and white panties.

SADE, MASOCH and RINGMASTER laugh, cheer and whistle.

SADE

You may now testify.

(Sits at Prosecution Table.)

REICH rises.

REICH

Your name?

MARILYN

Norma Jean Baker. Or Mortenson.

REICH

You don't know your name?

MARILYN

It's confused. I wasn't a, you know, legitimate birth.

REICH

You were a . . .

MARILYN

Bastard.

REICH

Your mother?

MARILYN

Starkers. Crazy as a loon.

REICH

Spent most of her life in mental hospitals?

MARILYN

Yes.

REICH

Your father?

MARILYN

Never knew him. I think Hemingway would call him a four-letter man.

REICH

I think Hemingway would. So you spent—pardon me, why did you quote Mr. Hemingway then?

MARILYN

I don't know. It just came to mind.

REICH

You had enough experience in psychoanalysis to know that things do not "just come to mind."

MARILYN

It was showing off. I wanted you to know I've read some good books.

SADE

She's read some good books!

He presses button. MARILYN's skirt blows up again. SADE, MASOCH and RINGMASTER cheer and whistle.

REICH

Your father deserted your mother when she got pregnant. She went mad. So you spent your childhood in orphanages and foster-homes?

MARILYN

I wasn't in an orphanage long. I learned how to be cute and appealing, so I got adopted quickly. I'm still cute and appealing.

REICH

I've noticed. How do you manage that?

MARILYN

It's a trick. Any puppy can learn it. You just look helpless and adoring.

REICH

So you learned how to be cute, and you got adopted. What happened when you were twelve?

MARILYN

I got raped. I guess I looked too cute and helpless.

SADÉ presses button again, blowing Marilyn's skirt up. Cheers and laughter. The Vietnamese atrocity photo falls again, revealing the nude Marilyn photo

ACROBATS enter and re-hang the Vietnamese photo over Marilyn photo.

Computer whistles again.

REICH

You were raped at the age of *twelve*? The man in the case?

MARILYN

My step-father.

REICH

You were *twelve* and he was your *step-father*?

MARILYN

I was only a bastard in the legal sense. He was a real bastard.

REICH

And afterwards, the effect on you . . . ?

MARILYN

I started hearing voices. Nasty voices. Like demons from Hell, you know?

REICH

Yes, I know. It is called schizophrenia. You came out of it.

MARILYN

The voices went away finally.

REICH

But the long-range effect?

MARILYN

I became a Sex Object.

REICH

How do you do that?

MARILYN

It's another trick. You need the right make-up, of course, and you have to watch your diet and figure and all that, but basically it's how you look at a camera.

REICH

And how does a Sex Object look at a camera?

MARILYN

You look as if you have been making love a long time but haven't been able to reach orgasm yet.

REICH

As if you need just a little *more* . . . ?

MARILYN

Just a little.

REICH

On the edge?

MARILYN

The man who looks at the photo has to think it would be no effort at all to make you come.

REICH

And what are the rewards of being a Sex Object?

MARILYN

Fame and fortune and a permanent place in folklore.

REICH

And in fantasy.

MARILYN

Yes. I'm a part of almost everybody's fantasy life now.

REICH

Coming to the end of your life now: were you actually murdered by the C.I.A.?

MARILYN

No. At least, I don't think so.

REICH

You're not absolutely sure?

MARILYN

The myths of earth are powerful even over here. I've heard so much about my so-called "murder" that sometimes I wonder . . . I was using drugs then, and how can I remember for sure? It's like . . . it's like . . . well, why are young maidens sacrificed to gods in so many tribes? Why is the beautiful young girl thrown to the dragon in fairy-tales? Why is there so much violence against women every day in every city?

REICH

Are you implying?

MARILYN

Some men have to believe I was murdered, because they wanted to murder me.

REICH

You aroused their sexual passions, you mean, and . . . ?

MARILYN

Didn't the London prostitutes arouse the passions of Jack the Ripper? Sometimes, passion turns to resentment and then to revenge. My analyst didn't help me enough, but I learned that much. I *had* to die, for the same reason you *had* to die, I think.

REICH

We suggested forbidden thoughts. Forbidden feelings.

MARILYN

Something like that.

REICH

Do you know what it was, now?

MARILYN

I think I know.

REICH

What was it?

MARILYN

I didn't mind being a Sex Object—it was a living, after all—but I also wanted to be more. I think I frightened people.

REICH

Frightened them?

MARILYN

If a Sex Object can come alive suddenly, it's like a statue moving. I was changing my definition. It made people realize they could come alive and change their definitions. If I wasn't a Robot, they didn't have to be Robots.

REICH

If a Sex Object could be a person, sex could be personal?

MARILYN

Yes. Yes. That's what frightened them. That's why they want to believe I was murdered, punished.

REICH

Because the Robots want to believe they are persons, and a real person terrifies them. Seeing a real person, they know what they have lost, and how hard it is to get it back.

MARILYN

That's what we learned at the Actor's Studio. You have to *search* for your real feelings. What you think are your feelings are just masks that the world has taught you to wear.

REICH

Thank you very much. (*Sits*)

RINGMASTER

Does the State wish to cross-examine the Sex Object?

SADE

No, I would just like to get her in the alley afterwards.

RINGMASTER

The Sex Object is excused

MARILYN EXITS

REICH

I call Prince Peter Ouspensky.

MASOCH

Call Prince Peter Ouspensky.

The computer whistles again.

ENTER OUSPENSKY. He wears rimless spectacles, is dressed in London 1930s good taste and looks very academic.

MASOCH rises.

MASOCH

Do you swear and affirm that you will tell the truth and only as much of the truth as will not offend good taste and affront the dignity of the Court?

OUSPENSKY

I will try to remain within those limits.

RINGMASTER

You will do better than merely try. Otherwise—five "Bow Wows" and a Duncecap.

REICH rises.

REICH

You are Prince Peter Ouspensky?

OUSPENSKY

I am.

REICH

Your profession?

OUSPENSKY

Mathematician. Philosopher

REICH

In Russia, before the First World War, did you meet a man named Georg Gurdjieff?

OUSPENSKY

I did.

REICH

Did he make a strong impression on you?

OUSPENSKY

Decidedly. I had never met a man like him before. He was . . . free and alive, in a way most people are never free, never alive.

REICH

Did Georg Gurdjieff often say things that disturbed and alarmed you?

OUSPENSKY

Constantly.

REICH

What in particular disturbed you?

OUSPENSKY

He claimed people were robots. He said our behavior was entirely mechanical. He insisted, vehemently, that we possess only the illusion of free choice but are entirely controlled by social conditioning.

REICH

That is what the Behaviorists say, of course. Did Gurdjieff differ from them in any special way?

OUSPENSKY

Emphatically. He said we *could* become free. He claimed there were techniques to free both mind and body.

REICH

Did he often use the term, "the horror of the situation"?

OUSPENSKY

Yes.

REICH

What did he mean by that?

OUSPENSKY

He meant that as long as people think they are free, they will not try to work on the techniques to become free. He said it was hard work and that nobody would really try it until they became aware that none of us are free at present. The horror of the situation is that we think we are free and we therefore go on acting mechanically.

REICH

When did you become convinced Gurdjieff was correct about the horror of the situation?

OUSPENSKY

It was after the War started. I saw a lorry . . .

REICH

This was in Moscow?

OUSPENSKY

Yes.

REICH

You saw a lorry. What sort of lorry?

OUSPENSKY

It was a lorry full of artificial legs. Wooden legs, in those days. It was headed for the front lines.

REICH

A lorry full of wooden legs. And that convinced you of the horror of the situation?

OUSPENSKY

The fighting had hardly started yet. Those wooden legs were for men whose real legs had not yet been blown off.

REICH

Men whose legs had not been blown off, but *would* be blown off?

OUSPENSKY

Yes. As a mathematician, I had studied a great deal of statistical theory. I knew the principles the War Office had used in calculating how many wooden legs they would need at the front in the next few weeks. Such mathematical predictions are exact, but only if people behave as they are expected to behave. Only if people are predictable.

REICH

Only if people are armored and mechanical . . .

OUSPENSKY

Precisely. In that moment, looking at that lorry, I understood the horror of the situation, I understood that two hundred real legs would be blown off, on schedule, and two hundred wooden legs would arrive to replace them, also on schedule, and it was all mathematically certain.

REICH

You could imagine the screams of the men as their legs were blown off, their horror, the rush of the stretcher-bearers to the field hospital . . .

OUSPENSKY

I could feel and imagine all that. And I knew it was inevitable, because

it was all mechanical. Because there was no real consciousness in any of it, just robot reactions. And yet everybody involved had the illusion that they were free and that they were making rational choices. They literally could not see what they were doing or what was going on around them. They had literally taken leave of their senses.

REICH

And in a few weeks . . .

OUSPENSKY

More lorries would be going to the front, with more wooden legs. That could be predicted, too.

RINGMASTER

That is quite enough of that subversive rubbish. The witness is as ill as the defendant. Give him a duncecap and send him to a Re-Education Centre.

OUSPENSKY is dragged out by ACROBATS, who place Duncecap on him as all EXIT.

REICH

The defense rests. I have documented the horror of the situation on planet Earth.

RINGMASTER

Do you wish to make any closing remarks?

REICH

Just for the record. The ending is mathematically predictable.

He pauses, looks at MASOCH and SADE, thinks, looks at RINGMASTER, thinks, and visibly struggles against despair.

REICH

Many thousand years ago, the first lunatic appeared. How or why he was produced I do not claim to know. People were natural and unarmored in those days: they still felt nature in themselves and around them. They had no concept of "mental illness"; they could not imagine it. When the first lunatic appeared, these simple, natural people could not understand that there was something wrong with him. They listened to his hallucinations and delusions and accepted these visions as reports from a higher world. There were fantasies of demons and flames such as schizophrenics still experience today. When such myths were believed, the delusions of the first lunatic were believed also. Many primary biological drives, such as humans have in common with all other animals, were called "Evil." In the attempt to repress these drives, muscular tensions and respiratory blocks developed; and out of this armoring of the biological being, secondary drives of a perverted nature arose—sadism and masochism. Further armoring was then created to contain these destructive forces. The human race became completely unnatural, robotic, emotionally plagued. The process has continued and worsened over the centuries. There is no political solution to the problem: no matter who is in power, the armoring continues and sadism and masochism continue. People do not know what they are doing, or what is going on around them. In order to oppose the emotional plague, people must first know that it exists; in order to liberate themselves, people must first understand how they have been enslaved; in order to organize a jail-break, we must first realize we are in prison. Since we know none of these things, we continue acting out the fantasies of dead lunatics. We are mad, and have the delusion that we are sane. We are robots, and have the delusion that we are free. We are obsessed, and have the delusion that we are scientific and rational. To state these facts bluntly is to insult the vanity of every man and woman on the planet, and to be denounced as a fanatic, an extremist, an anarchist. But if we are to have any chance of survival at all, at least one person must speak out frankly and tell the truth about the horror of the situation. No matter how it offends religious dogmas

about free will, scientific dogmas about our own rationality, or political dogmas that the problem exists only in some other country full of bad people. The problem exists in each and every one of us. In your shallow breathing. In your tense muscles. In your anger at hearing the truth about yourselves. That is why I have been condemned again and again, and why I will be condemned one more time tonight.

He sits.

RINGMASTER

The Prosecution may sum up.

SADE (rising)

I do not think we have any choice in a case such as this: we must be merciful. It would be easy for us to turn our backs on Dr. Reich and give our time and our compassion to those who are superficially more likable and less hostile than he. But that is not our assignment. Here in this Bardo, between death and rebirth, we must work especially with those who have been so injured in earth-life that they arrive here, like poor old Reich, in a state of acute clinical paranoia. We must not work only with the less distasteful cases; we must work with our greatest energy on those who are most mad and most grotesque. I call on the Court to administer the Supreme Generosity, and to alter Dr. Reich's mind so that he may again perceive what all common-sense ordinary people perceive: so that he may be freed from his illusions and manias. Give the prisoner a second chance. Allow him to become a good, healthy chap like the rest of us. Let him be Reborn to Reality!

He sits.

RINGMASTER

I am deeply moved. That was nobly spoken, Marquis, and it shows how far you have improved since you first came here. In fact, our

success in a case like yours convinces me that even a man like Reich can be salvaged. Wilhelm Reich, arise.

REICH (rising)

I am ready.

RINGMASTER

Do you think you know who you are and where you are?

REICH

Yes. Despite your games, I know who I am and where I am and what a mad circus has been going on around me.

RINGMASTER

You know what to expect now?

REICH

I have played this role many times.

RINGMASTER

And the climax is, you would insist, mechanically predictable?

REICH

Yes. It is predictable.

RINGMASTER

We will surprise you. I now sentence you to death—

REICH

Again. Predictable, just like the wooden legs.

RINGMASTER

And Rebirth. I sentence you to both Death and Rebirth.

REICH

Back to the planet of Mad Robots. The Abyss of Hallucination.

RINGMASTER

Law and medicine have advanced since your day. I sentence you to
Rebirth to Reality.

ENTER MARILYN MONROE in Egyptian Priestess costume. She
carries a tray with a glass of water on it.

RINGMASTER (*recitative*)

Drink from the waters of Reality
And pass beyond the Bardos of Illusion
To be reborn into The Fields of the Blessed.

REICH

What fiendish drug is this?

RINGMASTER

It is plain ordinary water.

REICH

You lie.

RINGMASTER

All of the Enlightened Ones wherever they be, throughout the space
and time of all universes, join with us in calling healing power to
restore your sanity. You have merely to drink of Lethe, the stream of
divine healing. There are no drugs or tricks. We are beyond that stage.

MARILYN

Drink the water, forgive your enemies, and let love and healing enter
you.

REICH

I refuse.

RINGMASTER

You have always refused. And you have always found yourself back here. This circus, as you call it, continues for all eternity—until you drink of love and healing. Then you are reborn into Reality.

REICH

Let it continue for all eternity, then. I will not forget what I have seen and known. I will not forget the horror of the situation on Planet Earth.

RINGMASTER

You are also mechanically predictable. You will drink. You remember what happened the last time, in the United States. The delusions and hallucinations that came to you at the end? Nelson Rockefeller and the Illuminati conspiring to murder you? Eisenhower sending UFOs to protect you? Remember? That is what happens to those who will not drink of Reality and forgive their enemies.

REICH (suddenly remembering, terrified)

The UFOs and the Illuminati . . . Nelson Rockefeller and the Communist Party conspiring together to suppress my books . . . I really believed it . . . I *was* mad, then . . .

RINGMASTER

You had become the victim of your own rage. You could not see who you were or what was going on around you.

REICH

My best friends, even my wife, they all turned into robots . . . they were part of the conspiracy against me . . . Jesus, what happened?

RINGMASTER

You looked at the pathologies so long that eventually you saw pathologies everywhere.

REICH

But that was only at the end. Before that, before they tried to suppress my books, what I said *was* all true. I was only mad at the end. At the very end. I did see clearly the armoring, the destruction of natural feeling in the human race. That was not hallucination.

RINGMASTER

At least you are beginning to realize that you went mad somewhere along the line. Does it matter where? The point is that now you have a chance for Rebirth into Reality. Drink.

REICH

But —

RINGMASTER

The choice is yours. Drink and be reborn, or continue being persecuted by your own fantasies for all eternity.

MARILYN

I am not a robot. I am—well, the equivalent of a psychiatric nurse back on Earth. We are trying to help you.

SADE

You set all the rage in motion. You goaded people into attacking you.

RINGMASTER

The choice is yours. Does the madness continue forever?

Three beats. REICH raises the glass, hesitates.

CHILD'S VOICE (offstage)

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of Saint Clement's

REICH drinks. His hand trembles.

RINGMASTER

Now you will return, reborn, to the real world, to the solid earth. You will leave behind all the morbid fantasies of your madness.

ACROBATS enter in street clothing and begin removing props—photos of STALIN, the sinking Argentine ship, etc. They go on, during the following speeches, removing bench, witness podium, tables, etc.

REICH

Nothing has happened. It was just plain ordinary drinking water.

RINGMASTER

But now you can listen and see again. (*Removing wig*): I am (*actor gives his real name*) and these chaps are (*gives real names of MASOCH and SADE*) and this is the city of London in the year 1984.

The rest of the cast drift onstage, all dressed for the street, out of costume.

GRADGRIND

You remember me. I was in (*mentions recent play in which he appeared*).

REICH

But this can't be. I was all prepared for —

RINGMASTER

It was only a play. The world isn't really like that. We're all good chaps here. The audience are grand, too. They loved your performance. Don't you think he gave a great interpretation of the role? (*encourages applause*)

REICH

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

MASOCH

Crikey, he's really fucking *stuck* in it. He can't relax.

SADE (amused, not worried)

Come on, now. Pull yourself out of it.

REICH

I still see you as robots.

MARILYN (kissing him)

Would a robot do something so spontaneous?

REICH

I don't know who I am or what is going on around me.

RINGMASTER

You are (*gives actor's real name*) and this is the Hampstead Theatre. In London. Swiss Cottage Center. Just a short walk from Haverstock Hill.

REICH

I must have gotten too heavily into Method Acting when I was in the States. Jesus, for a minute there, I wasn't sure . . .

RINGMASTER

Let's go out for a pint. You still look like you need it.

MARILYN

We could all do with a drink. My God, what a morbid play! Even I was starting to feel like a robot for a while there. Paranoids like Reich can really get under your skin.

GRADGRIND

The paranoid is the most persuasive type of lunatic.

SADE

Let's go get that pint somebody mentioned. (*Names local pub*) is still open.

ALL

Wait till I get my sweater.

I must pop into the loo. Order me a vodka and tonic.

Hurry up, or they'll close before we get there.

etc.

RINGMASTER (starting to sing)

For tonight we merry merry be

ALL

For tonight we merry merry be

For tonight we merry merry be

Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Computer whistles again.

REICH looks terrified, then shakes it off.

REICH

For tonight we merry merry be

ALL

For tonight we merry merry be

For tonight we merry merry be

Tomorrow we'll be sober.

EXIT.