

Tosca Lenci

SPIRIT IN CONVERSATION

Chapter One

A picturesque fire glowed on the hearth. Four men in academic robes of burnished royal blue sat in a half-circle of deeply-pillowed easy chairs. At center, as if a student, a woman sat in a straight-backed wooden chair. The men, all of whom she recognized, looked steadily toward her as if waiting for her first to speak. In the strange circumstances in which she inexplicably found herself, however, all she could think were words of Virgil to Alighieri's sojourner--*better for you to take a different path?...*

She studied the men's faces. She once had seen a photograph of Richard Maurice Bucke; the white beard seemed right. Wilhelm Reich appeared as he had in a late photograph--focus inward, his expression conveying incredulity; while Carl Jung presented a composite of two photographs: mid-life satisfied confidence and age's inevitable wonderment. Gerald Heard's expression was as in his vital years--void of emotion, deep in thought. Now all four visages emanated comfortable self-peace.

Upon their life works the woman had based a lifetime of self-analyses, thus concentrated a great part of her intellect. *Despite their present mortal appearances, can these entities speak?* She wondered. Regardless, though not knowing how she knew, her voice did seem needed first.

"Well, gentleman," she began finally. "Might initially it be considered what would be a reasonable purpose for our...for this...'encounter'? I have this strong feeling that I, like you, no longer am awake in the world; but neither does it seem a dream."

Heard broke the men's silence. "For all of our past theorizations and wishful imaginings of various types," he said, waving a hand to include his companions, "I venture none of us expected *that?*—"he pointed to room's only entrance--"that expertly scrolled sign inside the door?—I quote: '*Room of Expiation for Missing of Marks!*' Seems we have been returned to these 'selves', and I use the term wonderingly, for some specific purpose." He turned to the woman, "And for which we find you?--so pointedly ensconced before us?"

"'Expiation for 'missing marks'...." Jung furrowed his brow. "Interesting words, there."

"And what of this, which I find standing upon the mantle?" Bucke, having arisen, held up a piece of parchment of handsomely inscribed text. "I quote: '*In this room the definition assigned to 'expiation' is 'putting an end to.'*'"

"As opposed to 'atonement'?" Jung wondered aloud.

"I gather so. Moreover, it appears that we have been given three 'rules'—again I quote: (1) *Primary subjects include Hubris, Chauvinism, and Patriarchism;* (2) *the word, "sin," is to be understood in the correct translation of the New Testament original Greek words, 'missing the mark.'*"

"Ah..." Jung again. "I wondered. That, I expect, would be in the sense of Arjuna's lessons from Siva—correct aiming of the arrow of action."

"And the third 'rule'?" Heard prompted Bucke.

"Not an instruction, actually; a comment: '*Because that, not for ill intent, certain 'marks' were missed in social premises of liveness, you are to explore their sources, causes, and validity. The magnified light of that completed work then can transmit through the Treasury of Space to aid the living.*'"

"It seems that we are in that state *you* once suggested--beyond death--" Bucke handed the parchment to Jung's reaching hand, "where existing consciousnesses of the bodily deceased would continue working on Humankind's problems."

"Yes, I recall I did fancy that," Jung responded thoughtfully, returning the parchment.

The furnishings and atmosphere of the room resembled a 19th century private study and library. Oak paneled bookcases framed a large fireplace. Black velvet drapes hung along both sides of the room, behind which, however (Heard chose to look), there were no windows. There was no lamp, yet light enough that did not seem all attributable to the fire's flames.

"Despite our materially mortal appearances, if this indeed *be* post-bodily-death, I am most happy to accept that *Mind*, which concocts thought, does seem to be functioning!" Bucke exclaimed. "If one truly need not return to the world how ideal a state, in which to unselfconsciously examine *capriccios* of human existence. Further, it appears that we each retain our respective 'ego'? As you once remarked, Dr. Jung, one can accomplish nothing absent Mind's stolid residence *in* it."

"I actually may have said that, yes; since I did and do so believe still," Jung replied; "the term denoting that which balances drives and self-concepts to act and present oneself in the world as one believes is necessary, to succeed as the person one desires to be. But others than I may have stated so even if not in the same words."

The woman strongly was inclined to say that *her* recollection was, Sigmund Freud had inaugurated the concept as German *Ich*, becoming English 'Ego'; but, unlike Freud, Jung, believed Ego to be fully conscious, not partially, as did Freud. Heard saved her, however, interjecting, "How common it happened '*back there*'—I mean, in 'the world'--that mental operation came to be ascribed to emanate from imagined constructs, as if Psyche was constituted of fixed areas of contents that contributed consciously or unconsciously via brain into mind, thought, and consequently, behavior. However--as I understood you, Dr. Jung--despite seemingly 'territorial' names, you did not envision specifically identifiable psychic regions."

Jung nodded appreciatively. "And Mind, not Brain, operating in that unlit territory where psychical elements combine in vines and tendrils of tangled passages."

Meanwhile, the woman—irrespective not knowing *how*--curiously felt no impulse to wonder *why* she found herself in this strange assembly. She felt, instead, an inexpressible intuition that she was to be *mistress* there; and, to whom better than to those four, to 'vent'? After all, what might existence in *female* form have been, had life not been lived *per force* subject to the thoughts of Man?

Chapter Two

A pensive lull had followed Jung's last remark. Back in 1865, a clockmaker named Matthäus Hipp gave Utrecht University a chronometer that could time one five-hundredth of a second, which allowed Franciscus Donders, an ophthalmologist and physiologist there, to test speeds of human reactions. Although Donders couldn't track brain's nerve impulses, he did estimate the speed of thought. Sensory data since Donders suggests that neurons can register in only 20 to 30 *milliseconds*.

While the men also fell to pondering their strange extant circumstances. Whether or not thought *could* move at or near the speed of light, the woman's thoughts rapidly traveled their personal histories as she knew them...In the early twentieth century, psychology as a science was in its early stages. During World War I, C. G. Carl Jung, a native of Switzerland some 20 years younger than Freud, was drafted as an army doctor in a Swiss neutrality corps that cared for men who, to escape capture, crossed the border from either warring side. Jung's ultimate specialization was analytical psychology, focusing on differing psychical operations on the self. Establishing practice as a psychological clinician and still as a young man, he authored works that won international recognition. Over time, as chair of the International Psychoanalytical Association, he traveled to and was distinguished speaker at important conferences in both Europe and America.

Looking next at Wilhelm Reich's ruddy countenance evoked a wealth of conjecture that gave the woman's mind considerable pause. An Austrian, 22 years older than Jung, Reich, of the second

generation of psychoanalysts, after Freud, would become perhaps the most radical figure in psychiatry's history. During World War I Reich commanded 40 men from the Austro-Hungarian Army at the Italian front. Later credentialed in neuropsychiatry at 25 he began working at Freud's psychoanalytic outpatient clinic, the Vienna Ambulatorium, where two years later he became Assistant Director. *Circa* 1920 he entered private practice, already publishing papers and, as time went on, books, exposing his primary (and revolutionary) views, which combined psychoanalysis with academically controversial bodily treatment methods and experiments on the premise that the energetic biological state of body was a direct affecter on psyche and its operations.

The life and work of Henry Fitzgerald (Gerald) Heard, born 14 years after Jung, was not to endure the acrimony that pursued Reich's. A highly respected historian, writer, philosopher, and educator both in England and the United States, Heard's work foreran and influenced the consciousness development movement that in the 1960's spread to the western world. Emigrating to the United States in 1937 and eventually settling in California, his activities consistently included involvements in agricultural cooperatives, peace movements, progressive education, prison visiting, public speaking, and social reform. Progress in Physics, he believed, needed to be matched by equal progress in Psychology. A dedicated pacifist, he advocated disciplined nonviolence through meditation, to transform behavior.

Like Heard, the gentle life and work of Dr. Bucke both in life and posthumously had been well received. A prominent 19th century Canadian psychiatrist born 38 years before Jung, Bucke believed that the fundamental principle of the world was love. His studies partly were founded on 'transpersonal' psychology which, within the framework of modern psychology, posed integration of spiritual and consciously-transcended aspects of human experiences--sometimes termed 'spiritual psychology'. Marrying in degrees with Heard's, it envisioned evolutionary development toward "cosmic consciousness"--wider individual embracing of all humankind, its life, psyche, and cosmos. In 1877 he became head of the Asylum for the Insane in London, Ontario, a post held almost the rest of his life....

The woman's reverie was broken by Reich, who arose to place a fresh log upon the fire. It occurred to the woman only then, that there was much more about these men of which she was conscious—a 'maternal' knowledge, almost. It was as if she knew them as they had known their private selves and all of their emotions; and that, in that room, they knew some but not all about her.

"If we have been assembled for what it occurs to me that we have," she began afresh, biting her lip a bit defiantly; a lift of eyebrows belying awareness of a new audacity, "it seems that I am the 'patient' here? At risk of repeating what you already may know, it seems reasonable I tell you—"...but *there* a sudden apparition stopped her. The others turned to see, recognition instant of the somewhat gaunt figure hesitating inside the door, the opening and closing of which none had seen or heard. The woman also registered the glassy-eyed, narrow face, with its shadow of inner suffering.

Jung jumped up. "Freud, old man! Come, come in and join us!"

While another chair was brought, tightening the circle, "Dr. Jung! Dr. Reich!" Freud respectively held out a hand to each; then, taking the offered seat, said, "Others here I am afraid I do not know; and I confess being a bit bewildered altogether. The last thing I recall is an injection, as I lay abed...."

"Dying?" Heard finished for him.

"Perhaps? I cannot say even that.."

Heard's gracious nature knew how to intervene upon awkwardness. "Some introductions, then, definitely are in order." He rose from his chair and circled the group as he spoke. "Drs. Jung and Reich you know as former colleagues."

"Oh, yes--" Freud gave a self-remonstrating shake of his head—"dear Jung! I had *hutspah* to attempt to gather you completely into my theories. My apology...."

Jung smiled. "Unnecessary, to be sure. Without you, our science would not have been born."

"The gentleman at Doctor Jung's right," Heard continued, is Doctor Richard Bucke; and I am Henry Fitzgerald Heard, commonly called Gerald. You saw the sign on the door?"

Freud nodded.

"And here," Bucke handed Freud the parchment, "are some interesting details apparently imposed on this meeting."

"I once had cause to seek the common etymology of *chauvinism*," Heard resumed, when Freud had read and looked up from the parchment. "All here may know already, that the term derived from the name of Nicholas Chauvin, a French soldier retired from the military with honors and pension, who had a singleminded devotion to Napoleon. The term, derived from his name, subsequently came to denote excessive and unreasonable patriotism.

"Here, however...," Heard paused. He refrained from looking at the woman, but she saw suppressed humor lurking about his mouth. "That is, in present company, perhaps I should say 'excessive and unreasonable' *patriarchism*."

Chapter Three

Once Freud comfortably was settled, Bucke shifted in his chair and extended crippled legs toward the fire warmth. "Adolescent Humankind...," he sputtered. "So little of it aware, that it is coming up against a scientific revolution far surpassing collective childhood digestion of heliocentricity!" He pumped the pillow behind his back. "Don't know how long for it to supravene, but so long as the material world continues so shall evolution of consciousness."

"But by that term, 'evolution'...," the woman began but stopped. Instead she lifted the lid of a turquoise box from a narrow table at her right, took from it a cigarette, and put it between her lips. Accepting the obvious hospitality of smoker's accoutrements, she raised the heavy silvered lighter also there and snapped its flint. As the flame reached the cigarette's tip she mused aloud, "Remember these?—*Ronsons*; 'twas a time in world when no decent coffee table was without one."

She blew out the first inhale in a satisfied sigh. "There seem to be compensations, gentlemen, to this 'expiation'. As you once noted, Dr. Jung, a little tobacco assists concentration and can contribute to one's peace of mind. I anticipate--'though I know not how--that, in the coral box by you, you will find the best of Brazilian cigars—your favorite, I understand. And certainly you have not failed to notice that your water-cooled pipe also graciously has been made available."

"Yes, I did notice," Jung replied, placing his hand around it where it rested on the table between him and Freud. "Further, I saw also on this tray my little silver tamp; and I will not be surprised if the teakwood box holds pipe tobacco. Ah...," he had lifted its lid and breathed in an aroma, "the thoughtfulness of our 'host'—whoever or whatever he, she or it may be—is exceedingly gracious, for here is a supply of my very own private mixture."

"It has a name?" Heard queried.

"'Habbakuk'."

"Oh...*Habbacuc*! Now can we guess *why* you so named it?" Dr. Bucke lifted wide his eyes which absorbed the firelight gleam. "Let me see...'*Habbacuc*'...the gent who provided food to the lions in the den so that they would not take a bite out of Daniel."

"Yes!" Freud chimed in chucklingly. "The den into which Daniel was cast for praying to his god after King Darius's edict, that no petitions would be considered for 30 days following Darius' succession—he having been gulled into the edict by foes of Daniel's, who hoped to end the Daniel influence so dramatically worked upon Cyrus the Great."

Jung bent his head forward non-committedly, but an appreciative smile played around his mouth.

"I get it!" now Bucke exclaimed, "a little bit of tobacco to soothe the savage *mental* beast."

Jung laughed outright then.

"Again, inexplicably, I seem to know," the woman pointed, "that for you, Doctors Reich and Freud, that ivory box at your end of the hearth, "holds another fine selection of cigarettes. But as to you, Professor Heard and you, Doctor Bucke," nodding to each, "apparently it was not found whether either of you indulged or, if so, in what manner? However, there are available those handsome Viennese Meerchaums upon the mantel, all nicely broken-in, and I see a selection of tobaccos for them; or, I am sure Doctor Jung would share the cigars if your preference. Lastly, all note there is no want of convenient ashtrays."

There was a quiet then, broken only by rustling the smokers among them made, not altogether controlling haste to avail themselves of their desires; while she felt that particular relief when others whom one respects demonstrate a mutual addiction....

When all was settled peaceably once more, fragrant smoke rising toward heavy oak rafters, Heard looked over to her. "Since you are not our host—or I should say, hostess—there indeed must be reason for your presence among us?"

Her first thought was, *logically? That I am an ideal specimen for continuance of your studies?* "So I have been wondering," was all she replied.

"Perhaps because you are female?" Bucke was wont to conclude the obvious.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Having lived as one certainly caused me subject to 'chauvinism'. And I confess neither have I been free of 'hubris'. I expect that it's significant that I've been an intense student of, and a frequent self-employer of theses advanced by all of you."

Reich motioned for the Ronson and lighted a first cigarette. "Before your arrival, Herr Freud, the subject came up of psychical evolution, and our lovely companion here was about to comment."

The woman hesitated as all five men looked toward her. *Who was she, to think to converse with these erudite personages? But, then, why lose the gifted opportunity?* "As you so keenly wrote," she addressed Bucke, "undeniably there have been examples of human beings who possessed higher awareness—that is, higher evolved consciousness."

There came a tamping of pipe tobacco (Bucke had succumbed), and the charging of the poker as Reich stoked the fire. "Now you cannot be very comfortable on that chair," the latter said to her when he turned from the hearth. "Here..." He crossed to the right curtained wall and drew forward another easy chair. "Take this."

She stood and let him remove the wood chair and position the other. "Thank you!" She said, reclining into it. "This is lovely." He smiled down at her; and she saw it then: that clear, caring vision which, despite his fervid if not wild scientific drive, had caused all those who did to love him.

She, too, was smiling; so pleasant was the comfort. She was about to say, *If I am dead, I don't mind it one whit;* thought better of it, and instead addressed the curiosity the thought had invoked. "I have no idea how I came to be here," she began cautiously. Her lingering smile traveled sweetly around the circle. "However, at the time before my...my 'arrival' 'here'... all of you--"

"You can say it," Heard supplied: "were *dead*."

"Well, then; can you enlighten me, as to what *preceding* recollections you might have?" She acutely was aware of changes in Freud's and Reich's facial expressions--*remembered painfulness?* Like Heard, Jung's and Bucke's faces showed little change. She well knew the deaths of all five....

It could be said that Bucke consciously suffered least. At age 65, still in worthy life, he slipped on a patch of ice, struck his head, and never regaining consciousness died a few hours later. Jung's death after a life of well-honored work was more a 'natural' death, in bed after a short illness, a month shy of his 86th birthday. Heard also could be satisfied with his living accomplishments, although death shortly after age 82 came after several strokes that began five years before. Recollecting the last years of the remaining two men, however, made the woman altogether regret having posed her question....

Freud's death at 83 had been preceded by years of suffering, from what began in 1923 as a benign growth on the mouth. With time the growth became cancerous, Freud's doctor initially not advising Freud of the malignancy. One surgery was performed; Freud learned the truth and was advised to stop smoking; but—1939--the cancer was determined inoperable, while pain became intolerable.

Freud reminded friend doctor, fellow refugee Max Schur that, in earlier anticipation of the condition's terminal stage, they had entered into a "contract." Reportedly, when the time came, Schur would not leave Freud "in the lurch;" and Freud ultimately said, "Now it is nothing but torture, and makes no sense." Reportedly, daughter Anna wanted to postpone her father's death; but Schur convinced her it was pointless and administered euthanasia with a lethal dose of morphine....

For Reich it all began with two critical articles that appeared in popular press, negative notoriety eventually causing an investigation by the United States Food and Drug Administration. Subsequently, the Government obtained an injunction against Reich's work, based on illegal interstate shipment of an unusual invention of his (the 'Orgone box'), which experimentation had shown as possibly health-enhancing and healing. The Government proclaimed it a "fraud of the first magnitude," Reich insisting it was a matter to be adjudged by a scientific, not civil court. He failed to defend the injunction; and, in 1956, was sentenced to two years in prison. Just over a year later, aged 60, he died from heart failure, only days before due to apply for parole.

The sympathetic remembrances having run swiftly through the woman's thought, she did a quick rephrase: "I meant, does anyone remember an immediate 'after-Death' experience?-- because if I now *am* dead I recall nothing." Keeping placid face she nonchalantly extinguished her cigarette.

Response to the reformed question was immediate. "No...," Jung was first to answer. "Odd as it is, no; can't say that I do." "Nor I," Bucke and Heard said simultaneously, then naturally looked expectantly to the other two. Freud and Reich both simply shook their heads; but then Reich spoke, although not to the question. "What *is* peculiar, in this our present state, there seems no awkwardness—some of us knowing much about each other which 'normally' might cause embarrassment."

"Ach, Reich," Freud understood, "indescribably *painful*, when collective ignorance insists on its own ends."

Justifiable anger needs no more than knowledgeable understanding. Reich's hunched shoulders relaxed, together with a long, quiet sigh.

So much for pent-up "Dor!" the woman thought--to have been so beyond common comprehension.... To have had one's life's work not just belittled but books burned, ultimately leaving demolished self to imagine itself an actual product of the stars....

Reich looked directly at her then. "Perhaps your attendance here involves the same deserving need for liberality?"

Chapter Four

Fortunate the writer both moneyed and regularly served by an understanding 'confessor', whether good friend, spouse, or hired counselor. Personal histories of literary figures offer clear comparison of lives and fates of those who had such and those who did not. An Eastern sage once remarked that, in absorbing life's inconsistencies, each person is born with a 'reservoir' of courage and determination, which, steadily drained over Time, one must learn to conserve by practicing "discernment"—that is, recognizing how one's sensitivities if not controlled continue leading one into self-demolishing circumstances.

The deep writing drive is all about observing, exploring, and confessing life's perceptions and receptions, emptying Mind of human dramas sensed in others as well as its own. A reader does not need to know details of Fitzgerald's private history to feel the pathos of "Babylon Revisited." One may

attain literary fame, but retrospection cannot buy back losses the very writing demanded. Such were the woman's thoughts, as she prepared to embark on her 'confession'....

"The journey of the writer in me," she began, fighting the urge for another cigarette, "*per force* ran parallel to the 'domestic' in me." She turned to Jung. "You understand what it is, to be solitary and introverted as a child. You mentioned your belief in later life that you had (which your mother also seemed to have) 'two' personalities—the first, a typical schoolboy of your era; the second, a dignified, authoritative and influential man from the past."

Jung nodded accord, while in Reich's eyes she noted a spark; engendered, possibly, by recall of his drastic 'split' toward the end of his beleaguered journey.

"Naturally," she continued, "the writer in me became a writer *of* me, two disposed identities—the ethnically-cultured, traditional 'Domestic' subject to her ethnic and era's socialization, and the invisible Writer subject to the Muse's—" she smiled at Bucke—"capriccios'. Privately, Psyche staged its drama in three 'acts'. The first sought answers relative to the life-determining course of mature body female versus male sexuality; the second, to compose a cosmos that sensibly explained human perceptions and receptions; and the third, to conquer the crux of Religion against Reality.

"Had I believably remained in the indoctrinated religion of my childhood, 'Domestic' might have gone to a priest to 'confess' her conflicts. You will agree, I think..," she paused and surveyed the circle, "that psychiatry serves its patients to a like extent: listening to patients' sadnesses and confusions about 'missing marks'. However," she inclined her head to Reich, "as you noted in the Vienna days, while psychoanalysis was available to the wealthy it was the masses that truly needed it. So...," she gave in, began another cigarette, and released a deep inhale—"here is 'my' story."

"I was born of immigrant parents into the hands of a midwife in an upstairs flat in a lower-class area of a metropolitan city. When illness downed my father, during my years five to seven, we lived in two rooms (one, a cellar where we slept) beneath the home of a sister of my father. The next home was in a second-floor, back flat built over original horse and carriage stables converted into garages. Entry was gained to our stairway via a small door into a cave-like, former carriageway beneath the building's front units. Beyond was an uncovered yard. A lifelong aversion to wine I attribute to an enormous vat in the corner of that area, where the owner made wine every year; the air permeated by the stench of its dregs that ran over and soaked into the cement.

"Our family numbered four then, with a third sister was on the way. We had no refrigerator; had, instead, a 'cooler' cupboard on the wall outside the door of a small kitchen. Inside, an old-fashioned range had a well for burning light trash; Mother would use its heavy iron lid wrapped in a towel to warm our winter feet in bed. All in all, World War II aside, it wasn't a bad place for a child like me to live. Standing where the cave opened out into the side yard was like being under a proscenium, and I would put on one-girl shows drawn from current Hollywood musicals....

"During our time there, a third girl was born, also via mid-wife. During Mother's last days of pregnancy we even had a telephone, to make the call when time came due. Otherwise, that enchanting niche in the hall wall was bare except when the month of May came, and we erected a little shrine in it to 'The Virgin'. Two years later another sister was born.

"Those four daughters of immigrants could be said to have been among the last, perhaps, to live a promised 'American Dream': descendants of a staunchly loving, ethical, and moral 'clan'--honoring 'new world' opportunities and finding decent blue-collar jobs with only high-school- taught skills. I was raised in an ethnically- cultural female tradition, yes; but in a unique mental environment for developing consciousness. Mother--full-time hard-working wife and homemaker--had been boarded by her widowed father to spent her pre- and teen years in a convent. However, despite our being sent to religious study and receiving the 'sacraments' of First Communion and Confirmation, mother did not attend church. Neither did Father—a literarily erudite man and a poet at heart—employed uncomplainingly as a butcher, but reading Dante every night before sleep.

"My parents' conversation was devoid totally of immaturity, two minds that reasoned logically together. And Father's attitude toward me--a female—expected and summoned reasoning no different had I been male. Despite clear demarcation of male/female family labor, there existed freedom for Consciousness to identify with Intellect regardless gender.

"It is accepted almost commonly—you would agree?--that the greater part of one's nature is fixedly molded in the first five or six years of life, a 'self' undeniably impacted in varying degrees should one witnessedly in childhood intuit silent, sacrificial acceptances of adults. As to my grandparents, I briefly knew only one, sadly aged; of strictly personal possessions, I can recall only two (forget one's own room strewn with toys!). Sisters and I shared one bedroom, closet, and bureau. And, after long noting of adult faces trying to hide worry from us children about family members at 'the front', during World War II, there came those Saturday movie matinee news reels: tractors in a freed concentration camp, moving a mountain of matter that once had been human beings.

"I say all this, not for sympathy--I was fortunated by realized opportunities, But I find it far from hard to comprehend of youths led to 'terrorism', in cases of severe developmental resource deprivations along with absorption of one's caring adults' pains...."

Oh, she thought, in the silence meeting her words. *I've got too carried away--*

"Well, enough of *that*," she concluded. "Let me just add, I married at 18; was a mother at 19 and a second time at 26; worked 35 years as a cleric in both public and private sectors (enabling husband to forge and maintain an academic career, while 'Writer' was forced to yield to 'Domestic' sustenance of family life as *she* was determined to have it. It was not until retirement from public employment, with 'Domestic' a widowed grandmother on a fixed income, that 'Writer' began her struggle to surface."

"What we have heard isn't a 'confession'?" Jung noted. "You only convincingly recounted a story lived by countless women since human civilization began, changing but characteristics and places."

"A prologue, only...," she extinguished her cigarette and, with a lift of torso replied. "After I left home, the mind of Man seemed always a step behind me. The off-and-on-again marriage of culture, psychology, and spirituality--ever overshadowed by masculine-based prehistory and theories--had sinister influence on the female Writer, forced to accept temporal ignominy--"

"Not *you!*" Heard interjected teasingly--

Ah, he *knows!*--

"Yes!--me! "*Then*--age fluttering its last fantasy of immortal consciousness—there surged deep doubt that *anything* of or beyond living awareness could make sense of it all. *Then and only* then is Mind challenged to face the only, the one true reality—the true *here*; the true *now*."

Heard smiled but kept from chuckling. "You mean the true *there*, the true *then*."

"Of course," she shrugged off the obvious. "At any rate, after Descartes, '*I believed, therefore it could be*': that my research and writings could live; that, based on *reason*, there could be established mutual understanding of Nature's force between man and woman, to obviate related life-diminishing conflicts and, particularly, toward preventing lives doomed from the moment of conception. Life—if it must be lived--should be beautiful," she sighed.

"And yours wasn't." Reich's voice held empathy.

"No. I mean, yes—not as beautiful as I could imagine it might have been."

"Was it as it was, because you 'fell in love'?"

"Partly."

"Your mother and father fell in love?"

"Pragmatically, yes in both cases: the latter, they who caused this Consciousness to bigan; the former, through which Writer was lassoed by Domestic—never "a room of her own!"

The cohesional conflict, obvious in changed tone of voice, prompted Heard to change the subject. "East and West continue debate, each side determined by its respective histories, thus,

dispositions: the former, yielding great awareness of Life's expendability, considers anonymous reincarnation; the latter, recipient of greater self-indulgence, contemplates eternal individual identity."

Reich's voice seemed amplified within the overstuffed chair, from which he had been staring at the fire. "Carl," he began, not looking at Jung, "wouldn't you say?--all reduces to identity, and its self-preservation?"

Jung, head tilted to the side, failed a response; but the woman could not contain one. "Security of religious institutions, like of individual collectives, is reflected in its numbers. For myself all present scriptures burned would be no loss. Their lyrical solaces mask realities of all the lives lived beneath them. Only from what the senses absorb for mind's comprehension from *perceived and received* 'reality', do I believe it possible that we *know* anything."

Chapter Five

At that point all six literally jumped in place—*another* knock at the door! The men lifted in their chairs as if to stand but remained paralyzed as a large hamper slid into the room. The woman, quicker, arose and ran toward the door which clicked shut, however, before she reached its knob. "Locked...from the outside."

"Like it has been, all along," Heard said. "You recall I checked when I looked behind the curtains."

Freud, who now left his chair entirely, approached the hamper and lifted its lid. A pungent aroma immediately wafted from it. "My goodness," he said, carrying and setting it down at foot of the fireplace. "I do not recall when last I had occasion to eat, or even think of hunger; yet I confess I have the feeling now."

Agreeing exclamations, "Nor I!" and "I, too!" circled the group, and Bucke was first to hasten the occasion. "Seems we are being rewarded with a bit of joy for our labors here?--eating, you remember, being one of living's truly last joys. Show us what we have!"

"Here-- little meat pies--" Freud answered, passing one to each 'guest,' who placed them on their near tables. "See!--" The Domestic in the woman pointed to hers, ecstatically--"what beautiful browned crusts, and so artfully trimmed 'round the edges."

"And *this*--" Freud extricated a woven golden loaf of sweet bread, which passed from hand to hand, each tearing off and placing a generous piece beside his and her plate. The bread was followed by distribution of gleaming silver place settings. "Hmmm," Freud intoned, "what is the strange emblem on these?"

"Not a cross?" said Heard, taking but before looking at his.

"Nor a monogram," said Jung.

"Why... it's a *bas relief* octagon," the woman concluded when hers arrived. "But, what *more* in the hamper, Dr. Freud?"

"Pudding, it looks like...individual servings; yes, six precisely."

Freud retook his chair, after which the only sound for some time was a hush of forks to mouths and soft bread dipping into meat sauce; then, the puddings passed and soon eaten. Naturally the Domestic in the woman fell to collecting empty plates into, and replacing the hamper near the door. *Coffee now would be perfect!* She thought, returning to her chair. *Well, who knows?--it, too, may appear eventually;* which made her think of "Star Trek." Reseated, lingering well-fed languor prompted copious release of other thoughts. "How long it takes!—to come to terms with life.... Eight decades of living, six loving and losing many loved ones; but never did I grieve so long, so openly, until the most recent death, of Sophie: uncontrollable sobbing when my eyes even just touched a place or thing that had been favored by her. A person of my culture, conditioning, and era experiences may have known

sufficient 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' (she almost had said, 'outrageous *torture*!'). But *never* had my body shed tears anywhere for a human being anywhere near *that* degree, and for a cat!

"After a couple of days, Mind became detached enough to realize that the intense grieving went much deeper than the current loss; that the intensity was related to psychical *aging*. Over the past year I had found myself unexpectedly moved to tears in The Now from emotions suppressed all along life's way—in fact, *self*-grief. Objectively, the crying made me wonder: precisely from where did tears come? And how were they connected to Brain, thus through to Mind; then, Thought, then by Body?"

"It should be made clear that this comes from a person who has had a fairly decent life, highly cognizant of the too many others—most sadly young—with psyches steeped in far worse miseries than advancing age's inescapable resolutions." She wrinkled her nose. "Mind can be a disgusting thing! It never shuts up. That after all best of intentions, struggles, and fulfilled obligations one must be inflicted with new, acute awareness in the approach to the portal of Death! And what price, *stoicism*? One specific question emerged: *could* stifled Psyche cause physical illness?"

Heard arose thoughtfully from his chair and stood at the fireplace. Resting a hand on the mantle his tall, commanding stance presaged import to his words. "Now 'here' it does seem that—if it *be* post-'demise'— he paused slightly at the word—"we are able to exchange knowledge gained from world. And that which you just spoke regarding tears," he looked across to the woman, "relates to work of a professor, William H. Frey the Second, a most estimable pioneer of the *mystery* of human tears. Researching brain biochemistry and changes in it that lead to Alzheimer and other forms of dementia, Frey studied the chemistry of 'psychogenic lacrimation'—that is, *emotional* crying; a major physiological process that separates humans from other animals.

"Frey found that emotional tears differ from naturally moistening or reflexive tearing caused by irritants, in that emotional tears contain *stress hormones*. Dr. Frey perceived psychogenic lacrimation as a vital *excretory* process, as with exhaling, urinating, perspiring, and defecating: crying eliminating harmful substances from brain, that sustained mind/body equilibrium and functioning."

"Is it *not* conceivable?" Heard asked, returning to his chair. "Taking an aging person beset by loss of autonomous identity; brain experiencing strong emotive pressure-- Mind versus Psyche against new reconciliations of conscious and unconscious—that a build- and back-up of unreleased stress toxins could damage cerebral neurons?"

Jung's response was immediate. "Marvelous theory, that!" He rose up and paced pensively around the circle. "It makes good sense"— he mused-- "the autonomic nervous system basically being controlled by the central nervous system at a subconscious level, as you all know."

Well maybe not all of us knew that, the woman thought.

"Yes..." Jung continued thinking aloud, "conflict definitely could be generated between compensating functions of the nervous sub-systems: the sympathetic, which enables 'fight or flight' responses; and the parasympathetic, which biochemically works appositely to adjust return to normal functioning after stress." His body gave an elated whirl. "And unresolved, unconstellated complexes could hold devastating fuel!"

"Wait, wait," the woman then could not resist. "*There* you take us into theorized 'structure' of Psyche, about which I desire finding whether I have understood it as modeled. What now seems 'just last week', I took *my* fragmenting aging self to a psychiatrist, where 'Domestic' spent \$200 for a recapitulation of *her* life, thinking it might free 'Writer'. You, Dr. Jung, theorized that each mind creates its own living drama between Psyche and external life. You, Dr. Freud, strove to free individual suffering from repressed thoughts and feelings. You, Dr. Heard—you worked toward cooperative union of fundamental beliefs." She turned to Bucke. "And you, sir, moved to champion enlightened evolution of individual consciousness. Somewhere in all of that, there must be reasonable *answers*!"

"Ah." Jung laughed. "Give me a moment to replenish my pipe, please, before we pursue the matter...."

Chapter Six

The woman was not as ignorant of Psychology as she initially had attempted politely to feign; she had studied it intensely. Seeing regularity in Jung's puffs, she commenced toward him. "Am I correct? You did not intend Psyche to be understood as occupying strictly separate brain regions." Receiving an affirmative nod, she continued. "Still, in my layperson readings in Psychology, I found a conceptual model useful. I envisioned Psyche as a pyramid. I am curious as to whether my model correctly could serve Psychology's classical concepts."

"I seem to be here to listen," Jung responded.

"All right, then.... At the pyramid's bottom I placed your '*Collective Unconscious*'--as I understood it, a reservoir, so to speak, of ancient and classic characteristics or symbols from accumulated human history."

"The 'pyramid' model can serve," Jung reacted, "with a qualification there as to the Collective Unconscious: *archetypes*, in place of 'characteristics'; 'symbols' potentially separate aspects."

The woman took hold of a third cigarette. "I almost said *archetypes*, but wanted to be sure."

"It might be easier altogether," Jung laid his pipe aside, "if first I related concepts to the model."

"Gladly!"--it was precisely what she wished. She plumped her chair pillow, lighted the cigarette, and settled herself comfortably.

"We'll begin with the *tip* of the pyramid--'*The Conscious*'-- in which sentient consciousness manifests and *through* which world's living experiences enter. The Conscious registers only moment-to-moment thought and sensory reception. A hatch directly beneath it opens into the memory bank of '*The Unconscious*', which would occupy the major central part of the pyramid. It contains all deposits living makes through The Conscious tip, and therefore is unique to each person.

"Deposits *into* The Unconscious can be considered as saved in one or the other of two Memory divisions. The upper division holds deposits received *consciously* via the tip--that is, '*The I*' is *aware* of them when hearing, seeing, or feeling as they are deposited. That upper memory division we can call '*The Personal* (some say '*Private*') *Unconscious*'. Some of its memories are withdrawal at will--like calling up a word definition, a particular sight, details of an experienced event, and so on. Other memories are not withdrawable at will; a simple example there being inability to recall the name of an unexpectedly met acquaintance, while some unwilling self-recalls can be sparked by a new sensing or a dream.

"The lower memory department of the Personal Unconscious holds deposits that did not register sentiently--that *sneaked by* The Conscious tip, so to speak. Examples range from simply registering notes of a background song, to details or confounding emotions during traumatic or otherwise upsetting experiences--"

"That latter example," the woman interrupted, "fits my complete inability to recall my 'First Communion'. Since 'upper' memory allows vivid recalls of lesser events of those younger years, certainly I should remember a pretty new dress and shoes, to say nothing of the ceremony itself? But all I do recall is being over-awed during preceding indoctrination by an exceptionally stern, white winged-hatted nun."

Freud had not interrupted Jung as he might have, in that his own concept of a Personal Unconscious had been a fully repressed region. But the woman's remarks moved him. "That type of buried memory, hypnosis might recall; or be evoked by a dream."

"Good point," Jung nodded; but he omitted mentioning '*Es*' or '*Id*' ("the It")--Freud's concept of permanent unconsciousness powered by instinct; a legacy of "*egos*" of prior generations, and an impelling motivator of all drives of psychic life. Nor had Jung arrived yet at discussing *ego*.

"The pyramid's wide base, finally," Jung resumed instead to the woman, "occupied as you imagined by *'The Collective Unconscious'*, I postulated as a fully consciously-inaccessible warehouse of shared aspects of human psyche's collected development. From that dark cellar, nebulous root-forms of all human experience nebulously can send skeletal tendrils into upper 'regions'—"

"And that psychical 'basement' is where the *archetypes* hide out," concluded the woman.

"Yes--potentials of qualities not individually acquired; instinctive-type impulses that unconsciously can motivate The I's actions. I should caution, however," he could not avoid a glance at Freud, "the Collective Unconscious as so conceived was not completely academically accepted."

Freud acknowledged the comment with a little warm smile, then cleared his throat. The others correctly sensed a wish to comment. "But dear Carl," Freud said, pressing his spine higher against the back of his chair, "we truly were not so far apart, were we--as to The Unconscious?"

"Minimally, Sigmund; just minimally; the only difference, I believe, I gave it a separateness—"

"Whereas," Freud quickly responded, "I saw the collective level of psychic functioning more as only an adjunct to the rest."

"Based on what now seems evident, as to intricacies of synaptic functioning, I welcome standing to a compromise, friend."

"Well done!" Bucke was impelled to exclaim. "I believe you two have given our 'expiatory' task a first honoring."

Following that a softening of the circle almost was palpable, of which the woman decided to take advantage. "I think I'll check that cabinet near the drapes—see?" She pointed and left her chair to walk toward it. "If I'm not wrong, those glasses above it suggest we may be graced with a little after-dinner beverage." Bending to search the cabinet, she continued, "While wine never has interested me, I'm not averse to an occasional *shooter*," she confessed, giving the slang word a tone as if common to her lexicon....

"Aha...see what we have!" A bottle in hand she turned a pose which, outlined by the fire light, made apparent the attractive body worn in her youth, "Brandy, anyone?"

The offer being met with instant hearty acceptances, one by one she removed and carefully filled six short-stemmed, crystal glasses carved in an earlier age. "I recall reading," she handed the first two to Heard and Jung, "how each of you beneficially influenced curing alcohol addiction." Although each returned a smile of humble acknowledgment, she thought better not to elaborate....

Jung, known to have advocated spirituality as possibly a cure where all else failed, strongly had influenced one Rowland Hazard III. Hazard not only took Jung's advice seriously; he in turn influenced one Bill Wilson, a long-time friend, who eventually became co-founder of Alcoholics Anonymous. Also documented was that, if a member of "The Oxford Group," AA's predecessor, sought treatment from Jung, he would say, "I can't do it better than Jesus."

Further, while there would have been nothing objectionable if (omitting the quotation) she had spoke of Jung's influence on Hazard, Heard's experience was another matter. Under the offices of a renowned psychiatrist, Heard had served as 'guide' for a friend's ingestion of the crystalline chemical compound, $C_{20}H_{25}N_3O$, derived from lysergic acid. The friend, the same Bill Wilson, later claimed that the "'LSD'/'acid'/'trip'" caused him to re-experience a prior spiritual experience, which led to his overcoming alcoholism.

Not at all was it, that the woman had no interest in pursuing the subject of "mind-altering" substances. Indeed, she had great interest in exploring the arena of consciousness expansion, particularly its potential for spirituality; for she in her younger days had known some such experimentation. *Now is not the moment, however, she thought; but perhaps one will come before this seemingly 'timeless night' ends...*

"Are you content with the model so far?" Jung regained her attention.

"Yes...very."

Heard, however, had a question. "What of *'complexes'*; where are they contained?"

"Ah, yes—good you reminded me." Jung ran fingers across his chin beneath the lip.

"Complexes are conceived as groupings in the Personal Unconscious of emotionally-related memories and ideas. A commonly described one, of course, is one that holds a fear such as of heights or enclosed spaces. But many other aggregates can exist—as, say, derived from highly personal conflicts. A complex also might have an archetype related to it. The term, *'Constellation'*, denotes connected complex elements, a successful therapeutic piercing of which causing eruption of its compressed contents."

The woman had stopped at the hearth to toss her cigarette butt into the fire. She was sensitive to alcohol; and now when she turned there seemed a new vividness to the room. *Constellation...*," she murmured; then she gave a small cry and intake of breath. "I remember... *I remember!*" came next, her pupils unfocused as when Mind is invaded by a startling recollection. Such a change came over her—rigidness of body along with that vacant stare. All five men half-lifted in care; but it was Reich who jumped, went to and put his arms around her. "Here...drink a bit more brandy," he said, pouring it; and, like a child responding to a loving parent, she did drink.

After a few moments, focus returned and her body relaxed. "I'm sorry," she said, after Reich returned to his chair and she, to hers. "I remembered a dream—one had not long before coming *here*."

"Can you tell it to us?" Freud asked.

Not replying immediately, she lifted her hair off of a perspiring neck and drained her glass; then began hesitantly. "It feels unnecessary... to give all the dream's details.... I think the gist of it will suffice. It had to do with the man—my husband—whom in life, next to my father, I loved most, if Love's height is measured by the degree one desires a beloved's happiness. As is said, there is a fine line between 'love' and 'hate'...."

"Well..," She folded her arms tightly across her waist as if needing to force recitation, "in the dream I was presented with an occasion of childlike foolishness in my husband's behavior. There were incidents in our life together when I suppressed—did not confront consciously—emotional disappointments due to what seemed a certain immaturity in him. But in the dream, it was as if those emotionally-repressed retreats were experienced—were *felt*--all at once. I experienced hateful anger totally foreign to my 'usual' self and took him fully to task--repeatedly calling him *'fool!*'"

"This dream recall makes me think of you, Dr. Freud!" She leaned forward in her chair to look directly at him. "I remember reading denigration of your theory, that all dreams were 'wish-fulfillment'. It now occurs to me that there may have been a superficial understanding. Perhaps 'Self-need-fulfillment' might have been intended."

Freud's face took on almost the look of the young man who had wanted so desperately to nourish mental peace in others which perhaps he, himself, had not known. "You do me a long-awaited justice," he said; and had he ever been a crying man, tears would have accompanied the response.

"There is more," the woman resumed. "When I awakened it almost was to the point of mental pain, as brain pushed out a river of tears. At first I wondered, *is this, what is called a 'nervous breakdown'*?' But when the emotions subsided, Mind received crystal clear apprehension of how it had felt *pity* for him--how the nature developed *in* him had robbed him of much mental comfort, which he tried to conceal--alcohol being a temporary reprieve for soul's torture. What erupted in the dream as sheer, unmitigated hate I know now was, in love's spectrum, the diametrical apposition of hate: *helpless pity*--"

"With *forgiveness* due *both--unintentional* inflictor as well as suffering *victim*," Heard added softly.

"Exactly!"

"From what I have heard so far," Bucke said, in his inimitable pleasant way of forging through painfulness, "we need no better example of a cartharsistical bursting of a 'constellation'!"

The woman couldn't help but laugh; and, having earlier brought the Brandy bottle to her table, she poured herself another half-glass. Then she saw to it that the bottle made another round, pausing before Jung. "The discussion here so far has been revelational for me, as you have seen; but there is more. What of the term, 'ego'?"

It was Jung's turn to laugh. "No one ever accused me of not liking talking shop! However," he glanced around, "I would not like boring the other guests."

"Please—I, for one, would enjoy it," Bucke offered. Heard, Reich and Freud all lent equal assurances, and the woman retook her chair.

Chapter Seven

"Like all sciences," Jung began, "Psychology over time will wind up purged, I think, of jargon; so I will try to keep brief now about Brain's system, which interrelates ideas, external receptions, and resulting emotions to generate impulses that form consciousness and behavior. Dr. Freud's term, *'The Ich'*-- which meant *'The I'*—in the west received the Latinized translation, *'The Ego'*. In my work I gave a slightly different meaning to Ego—although, what say you, Sigmund?—I think we can marry the difference?"

Freud allowed himself, finally, to extract one of the Brazilian cigars from the box between him and Jung. "First let me summarize a bit where we are," he responded, fondling the cigar. "Regarding the term, *'Self'*—commonly used when people refer to themselves—represented for you a wholly integrated Psyche—a union of *'The Conscious'* and *'The Unconscious'*—"

"Which, if unified, Carl termed *'Individuation'*," interposed Reich, who with Heard and Bucke so far had kept silent.

"However, Carl," Freud resumed after Jung's nod, "*before* individuation were to be achieved, do we not refer to Self as *un-individuated'*?"

"Of course," Jung replied. "As to our difference about 'Ego', I imagined it a tight complex of ideas at center of one's field of projected consciousness, yielding strong continuity to identity, and Self its vast surrounding. As I recall, you saw Ego as distilled from the Unconscious, working to harmonize conscious and unconscious drives."

Freud, the cigar end put to his lips, then removed it. "I also deemed The Unconscious as only *one 'region'*—"

"Which you termed *'The Id'*—"

"Yes-- the one of the three divisions of psyche, completely unconscious and source of psychic energy derived from instinctual needs and drives, as opposed to Ego and Superego. But I certainly see no objections to a concept of unconscious 'sub'-regions."

"Nor have I, semantically, *vis-à-vis* Ego," interposed Jung.

Freud motioned to Reich to send over the Ronson. *Go ahead-light up!* The woman thought; *certainly, here, there no longer can be danger from it?*

"What say you then, Carl," Freud lifted the cigar again toward his lips, "to a 'symbiotic 'marriage'--'The I', the consciously-thinking actor; 'The Ego', imposing aspects upon it, some more powerful than others--'Super' as I called those; such as strong parental and, as our companion here demonstrated, religious influences."

"Good!" Jung responded strongly. "Now, as to 'The Ego-I', shall we move on to 'Identity'?"

"Defined as?--" Freud suggested--"that which 'The I' believes it is presenting at any time as its public 'character' or *'Persona'*—which you dramatically described as 'mask'."

Jung now gave several satisfied nods. "All of which brings us full circle," he said, preparing to relight his pipe, "to psychoanalyses' ultimate goal termed *'transcendence'*: conquering inhibiting complexes, great and small; The I's conscious reconciliation with inhibitors in the Personal Unconscious,

to achieve a comfortably living wholeness—*individuation* of Self.”

It occurred, then, to the woman, that H. Rider Haggard’s remark--*thinking could only help to measure out the hopelessness of thought*--she no longer felt as true. Here in the midst of lives’-long thought, much of it through private sufferings, was hope against collective *devolution*. Collegially, Reich may have been considered un-individuated, she thought, looking at him. Yet accurate self-recognition could lie beneath societal view of a persona. She lowered her gaze to clasped hands; but the way she had been looking at Reich perhaps prompted him to say, “What, I wonder, does our companion think about ‘individuation’ as described?”

She lifted her gaze to the fire. “I *am* left with a question. Is Psyche subject to only *one* ‘individuation’? Don’t we experience different psychological configurations in our mortal lives?--the child’s; the youth’s; the adult’s, to say nothing of the aged’s; each with their periodic conscious and unconscious ‘deposits’, all involvable in individuating transcendence.

“Before arriving *here*” she continued, “my psyche was confounded by what seemed need for *another* individuation, one demanded to sustain *longevity*: ‘The I’ caught, as you once expressed it Dr. Jung, ‘between hammer and anvil.’ My present last ‘living’ memory is sitting in my garden on an early fall day--chrysanthemums in color; society garlic showing its last, long-stemmed lavender blossoms. I was feeling *anger*—anger at the seeming futility of individual labors through *all* History’s suffered repetitions; the countless human incarnations and horrors that fail collectively to be stemmed. My thoughts whirled incessantly. How to describe it?--a fragmenting Persona?--“

“Facing loss of ‘The I’ as it until then had ‘known’ itself?” Jung suggested.

“Precisely.”

He raised his eyebrows over thoughtful eyes. “While I did advance an archetype called the ‘*Wise Old Man*’ as an embodiment of wisdom in an individuated Self, I will admit that individual old age *can* demand a ‘re-individuation’....” *Was a pause there due possibly to private memory?* “Unanticipatable realization of loss of autonomy, mental and bodily, certainly can dislodge The Ego-I’s foundation. Psyche consciously on approach to death inevitably is forced to accept, what before was ‘open-endedness’ of Life, becoming ‘closed’--“

“*And*, whatever one theretofore may have accomplished is no consolation, I expect, for what one no longer can *be* and done,” Bucke quietly supplied.

“With modern medicine now capable of prolonging the experience!” The woman added emphatically.

“Indeed,” Heard now allowed himself a comment. “Humankind little guessed what its quest for longevity would entail.”

“Well, I can give testimony.” The woman’s face showed sadness. “My past decade was dense with caring for loved ones through debilitation to death. Ah, little yet is spoke graphically of what is involved in caring for an old body like that of a newborn. One runs the entire gamut from Love to Hate and back; inundated meanwhile, in my era, on the one side by puerile advertisements depicting fearless, happy longevity; on the other by an endless supply of medications proffered as insuring it.... Trim, coiffured couples on a cruise--overactive bladder? We have a medicine for that. Sex not what it used to be?—well, we have a potion or two for *that*, too!”

She well knew that she had gone off on a ‘rant’ that her companions had suffered to endure. But the audience there was one before which she need fear no embarrassment from ‘venting’, and all continued silent until she resumed....

“Believe me I came to understand well, preferring to not know details. My mind, forced to be observer in old-age nursing homes, knew the battle of self-identification with one’s own potential future--when the day’s excretions must be cleaned and gauged by others. That is the depth that

consciousness can reach: methods able to keep body alive far beyond joint will of it *with mind*, by and through which union all Life truly can be known....”

There, mercifully, she was able altogether to stop; and perhaps it was because Bucke’s life had stopped short of such circumstances, that he could make objective response. “It does seem logical to conclude, collective society only is at its beginning of dealing in full sentience with longevity’s realities.”

“Which, individually, demands new, willed braving to deal with Psyche’s related emotions,” Heard added. “It is understandable why some agedly ill persons turn to suicide, while on the horizon bodes a ‘civil right’ issue as to willed euthanasia.”

Only Reich allowed a glance at Freud, and changed the subject. “Five thousand years at least of written history and Humankind still accepts Death—if I may be crass-- like dumb idiots. On point, although I know not from where this data is coming, my head is full of death counts! For example, an estimated 55 million persons die worldwide every year, two-thirds from noncommunicable diseases (the main ones being cardiovascular, cancer, diabetes and lung); one-quarter of the 55 million die from communicable diseases and maternal, perinatal, and nutritional conditions; only nine percent, from accidental injuries.

“Eighty-seven percent of all non-communicable deaths increased 60 percent over three *years in high-income countries*-- cardiovascular diseases alone killing nearly two million more in the present decade than the last, which should tell us something about historically indulgent ‘benefits’ of ‘empire’. Globally, nearly four in every 10 children die under age 15. As of 2011, 6.9 million of them died before a fifth birthday, 99 percent of that, in low- and middle-income countries. In the most recent decade, road traffic, one of top 10 causes of injuries, killed five million a year; some 3500 every day....

“Now, please note—“ Reich appeared mesmerized-- “as the consciously-unbid data in my head insists recounting further!--none of the foregoing counts the many that have died in *war*.” Eyes blank, he seemed to be reading through their backs. “Not back to Troy, nor saying anything of smaller local battlings, the war list tallies ‘only’ Gallic Wars (58-50 b.c.) 1,000,000; Yellow Turban Rebellion (184-205 a.d.) 7,000,000; An Lushan Rebellion (755-763) 36,000,000; Crusades (1095-1291)3,000,000; Mongol conquests (1206-1368) 30,000,000); Late Yuan warfare (1340-1368)30,000,000; French Wars of Religion (1562-1598)4,000,000; Qing Dynasty Conquest (1616-1662) 25,000,000; Thirty Years’ War/Holy Roman Empire (1618-1648) 11,500,000; Polish-Lutheran Commonwealth (1655-1660) 4,000,000; Shaka’s Conquests/Africa (1816-1828) 2,000,000; Taiping Rebellion (1851-1864) 100,000,000; Conquests of Timur-e-Lang (1369-1405) 20,000,000; Napoleonic Wars (1803-1815) 7,000,000; DU Wenxiu Rebellion (1856-1873) 1,000,000; American Civil War (1861-1865) 800,000, Dungan Revolt (1862-1877) 12,000,000; Paraguayan War (1864-1870) 1,200,000; Japan-Empire Conquests (1894-1945) 30,000,000;; Mexican Revolution (1911-1920) 2,000,000; World War I (including deaths from Spanish Flu; 1914-1918) 65,000,000; Russian Civil War (1917-1921) 9,000,000; Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) 1,000,000; World War II (1939-1945) 71,000,000; Korean War (1950-1953) 4,500,000; Nigerian Civil War (1967-1970) 3,000,000; Vietnam War (1955-1975) 3,000,000; War in Afghanistan (1979...) 2,000,000 (plus 1980-1988 Cold War) 2,000,000; Iran-Iraq War (1980-1988, including Al-Anfal Campaign and Invasion of Kuwait, 1980-1988) 2,000,000); Second Sudanese Civil War (1983-2005) 2,000,000; Second Congo War (1998-2003) 5,400,000—and that not yet up-to-date!

“Now, those figures are a ‘high’ estimate,” he concluded; “a few million can be deducted for a ‘low’. However, of a total ‘high’ of 581,000,000, what’s a few million more or less? Then one can explore further: numbers that died in prison camps, floods, landslides, human sacrifice, ritual suicides, and other ‘deadly events’; but you get the picture. Meanwhile, some 360,000 more human beings enter the seemingly God-forsaken world every day.”

After a short period of awe-full silence, the woman spoke. “People since proverbial ‘time immemorial’ have taken solace against intractable reality from soothing platitudes; but what solace, in statements like Tolle’s?: *Gratitude for the present moment, and the fullness of life now, is true*

prosperity; only the present can free you from the past'. What solace?--if Mind's present moment is naught but anguish? That statement needs editing!-- 'if' the present moment is 'full'!"

It was Heard, again, to clear the pall. "Seems fair to conclude that, given Humankind's current state of individual development, it will be some time before a 'Collective-Self' lifts its old foot and puts a new one down. At the moment, however, I vote we resume with 'individuation'—wholesome psychical union in 'The I'."

Jung, frustrated by his pipe's disappointing failure to continue burning well, put it down. "I think a last important term to define is 'drive'." He turned to Freud. "Here we would benefit from your input; your term—*trieb*--incorrectly having come translated as 'instinct'?"

"As to 'instinct'," Freud responded, "which *per se* relatively is unchangeable, that term primarily belongs as to all animal life. What I meant by human animal 'drives' are demands of body life upon mental life, egoistically biologically internal against external conditioning forces."

Ah, the woman thought, *have we arrived finally at 'libido'?*—Freud's term for instinctual psychic energy that in theory derives from primitive biological urges to fuel expression and utilization in conscious activity--a topic she fervently wanted to explore. But suddenly an inescapable sleep enveloped her...

Chapter Eight

The next thing the woman knew was waking and thinking herself home in her bed--*but no...* There was the smoldering fire, the curtained room, and the five gentlemen also awakening simultaneously as if by wave of a magic wand; they, too, all a bit self-conscious...

"*We-ell,*" Heard rubbed a hand across his eyes, "seems we're not done with our 'assignment'?" Then he reached for humor. "Isn't it strange no one needs a bathroom?"

"Okay," Reich laughed outright, "perhaps we can 'cut to the chase'?" He looked directly at the woman. "What more would *you* say is wanted of us?"

It took her a moment to reply, because Mind insisted speculating Reich's use of a phrase which so far as was known had originated in the United States film industry as a directorial scripting admonition: *when in doubt, cut to the chase...*

"I'm sorry!" She finally said. "*I'm* not responsible for this!"

"Oh, you mean some entity up, out, or wherever called for it?"

"I don't know!" Her voice was petulant. "How would I?"

"Wait, *wait--*" Heard's ever-calming voice.... He arose and moved to the fireplace, his lanky form silhouetted as he removed the screen to release the coals' slower heat. "Maybe we should consider emulating the *man, Jesus,*" he turned and faced them, "and unquestioningly answer our 'call'. *Will* ourselves, *like* him, and play out the drama to its destined end. I not being a religious person in the common sense often did think admiringly of that *historical man,* whom I preferred calling 'Yeshu'-- short for Yehohshua, his original Hebrew name."

Heard's words delighted the woman, as he continued. "When co-rebel Peter's youthful ire urged Yeshu to 'raise his arms'—to lead the people to *fight* as had all legitimately lineaged 'Chief Priests' of his history—Yeshu' remonstrated, 'one day you, too, will need to be led by others to where you do not wish to go'."

Following a short silence of shared contemplation, Jung spoke. He began softly, "The messiahnistic' complex...," then stopped to relight his stubborn *Habbacuc,* after which his voice grew stronger. "The 'messiahnistic' complex--elements that can form within the Private Unconscious, supported by deep unconscious roots of human history.... Certainly Jesus' charismatic nature psychically has invoked imitators."

"Would you say, then, that Jesus has become an archetype?" Freud nudged.

Jung hummed thoughtfully. “There you have me, Sigmund, as to whether over epochs ‘new’ archetypes continue to become instillable in the Collective Unconscious. But now I would say, definitely—the concept of ‘messiah’ as a heavenly missionary embodying divine power could perhaps replace archetypes of ancient ‘god’ figures.”

“In which case,” the woman interposed, “if a Persona were to reflect *nothing* but the qualities ascribed to a ‘Messiah’, it would need to be concluded that the entire Ego-I and Identity had been subsumed completely *by* the archetype?”

“I couldn’t argue with that,” Jung acceded.

“Incidentally,” she persisted, “*as to* archetypes lurking in The Collective Unconscious, should there not be a ‘*Wise Old Woman*’ as complement to the ‘*Wise Old Man*’?”

“All right; I surrender.” Jung chuckled, leaning his head against the pillow back. “I confess it is telling to me now, how—due to male conditioning of my personal history and era—I neglected taking ‘feminine’ fully into account, together with all possibly related complex constellations.”

“It seems,” Freud suggested, “that we have progressed with another purpose of this assembly?—seizing in one vein the primary collective symbol that Jesus represents: as *man*—an historical *human being*—”

“Who manifested human Love’s forgiveness,” Bucke supplied.

“Yes—forgiveness of our own Self equal to others,” Heard added. “‘One of you is to betray me;’ ‘One of you is to deny me;’ He said. ‘No! No! No!’ Each responded. He did not argue the point that, of the human condition, *all* already is forgivable; that those who fail courage are proof of that which *he* felt alive to prove: Consciousness married to the Flesh yields *human nature*—Mankind: Body and Psyche indivisible from the tripartite bond with ‘The Word’...*reasoning*; the *Logos*—”

“Which *Spirit*,” Bucke was enthused now, “--as described in the *Book of Hebrews*-- ‘pierces the soul’s body to joints and their marrow’—”

“The *ruahh*,” Jung straightened himself, “the *pneuma*!-- life force of Body *and* Soul.”

This time the woman’s voice was a whisper: “The same force that binds the atom....”

The room felt dense with friendship, with much more wanting to be said.

“In Jesus’ climate--” Heard took it up--“where Rome’s power had eroded the Sanhedrin (call it the ‘Supreme Court’) of the local theocratic government under King David’s original regional representation, how superficial, posterity’s imposition of ‘Divine’ design upon a commonweal union seeking individual rights. Of Time’s mixing of bloods, what manner of visages, what varied colors of skin we only can wonder of peoples all who knew and loved the land and its history as theirs.”

Another lull as Heard retook his seat and Reich rose to stand at the hearth unexpectedly; more so what he proceeded to say. “All present here know...” he half-turned, watching the coals snap, “the driving question for me, to put it simplest, was how much did *Physics* exert force over *Physiology* and, in turn, *Physiology* over *Psychology*—that is, *Energy* over *Matter*, *Matter* over *Mind*. Now, at this point in this room,” he full-faced them again, “as to ‘missed marks’ while in the flesh, it appears our thoughts have been moved toward ‘*collective transcendence*’.”

“*By gum!*” Bucke’s words resounded. “That follows most logically the prior dialogues about individual unions of Unconscious and Conscious.”

“Yes, it matches well,” Jung acknowledged. “Once unconscious content is given meaning, the issue is how Ego-I will relate, come to terms, and be transformed to take the lead.”

“So natural a concept!--” Heard remarked--“reconstitution of individual Ego-I’s eliminating conflicts between sub-collectives to yield greater collective agreements.”

“Our group’s turn of thoughts is indeed remarkable,” was all that Freud could say, echoing the woman’s thought.

“And in that world which we men inhabited, Gerald,” Reich continued, returning to his chair, “—and still in yours”—he indicated her, “war consistently brews between Ego-I’s that cling to universal

creation by a personified 'spirit'—'God'—and those who believe Nature dominates." He gave a small, rueful laugh, perhaps recalling Einstein's hand in discrediting the 'orgone accumulator'. "Would anyone like to predict how many centuries it might take, before 'Relativity' is seized in its totality?"

"*Not until!*"—the woman's emotion underscored by slide of ashtray across the end table—"not until a Collective Ego-I sees and accepts *its* autonomy. So long as 'god' is retained in its personified form, it is impossible for Humankind, *Itself*, reasoningly controlling world and life in it—"

All six this time again jumped in place, the woman interrupted by *another* sound near the door. Swiftly as had the hamper a cart appeared, again no hint of its 'deliverer'. The fragrance of fresh-brewed coffee being unmistakable, Bucke jumped to it....

The circle of chairs as formed after the woman gained equal seating ran Reich, the woman, Freud, Jung, Bucke, and Heard. Bucke carefully wedged the coffee cart between Freud and the woman and asked the latter, gallantly, "Will you do the honors?"

"Cream? Sugar?" she asked in turn, filling delicate porcelain cups and passing them around.

"*Now,*" Reich said, as he received his from her, "maybe our time in this 'Purgatory' will continue efficiently if you take the next lead." The woman took a long sip of coffee. She could not shake the feeling that her presence there *was* singularly purposed, thought now arrested at the threshold of 'libido.' Freud initially proposed it as an overriding instinctual energy associated with the sex drive, with which Jung had disagreed totally. Although Freud later expanded the meaning to mental energy fueling any purposed human activities, non-psychologists had continued to equate the term with "sex drive."

The woman, averse to pointing fingers, once more chose neutrality. "As I understood scholarly differences about libido, you, Dr. Freud, initially took it to be body's one, fundamentally-affecting energy while you, Dr. Jung, de-emphasized it in personality formation, your focus being primarily on psychical interactions." She took their reacting silences as more or less tacit approval. "You, Dr. Reich, concentrated on what could be called a natural science of Physics--the theory of *orgone energy*...."

For Reich, 'orgone' was universally present, primordial cosmic energy, manifesting also bio-energetically in the living organism. According to the 'orgonomic' concept, 'character formation' was removed from static moralistic psychology and seen as biologically functional.

"My friends," she began with a newly assured voice, "this Ego-I wishes to see sex laid to rest, so to speak. She turned to Heard. "You spoke of Dr. Frey's findings, that psychogenic lacrimation is a vital excretory process. *To that list I would add, excretions of energy via the reproductive system.*"

She saw definite appreciation lighten Reich's face. "Yes, Dr. Reich—I'm familiar with work you did relative to that very same premise." She would not, however, refer to his early experimentations, perceived as distastefully erotic. "As I recall," she said instead, "you likened the body to a 'bladder' which, if subjected to unreleased bodily energy in turn could ill pressure psyche; orgonomic science focusing on management of body's biologically energy household."

Reich gave a movement of head that conveyed satisfaction more or less with the description.

"Varying concepts aside, I believe all here will concede," the woman continued, "that sex brings us into being, determines major paths of our lives, *and* --human beings no nearer, if not equal to *being* gods—causes creation of all others of us. Meanwhile there continues—one almost can say *blithely* *unconsciously*—acceptance of Death's avidity, so apparent by statistics Dr. Reich recited. Forgive the vulgarity," she set her cup down, perhaps purposely a bit heavily, "but it does seem time that Humankind gets its head out of its pants."

Bucke looked a trifle dismayed; Freud's and Jung's expressions remained unchanged; Heard's eyes gave a brief amusing roll. There was encouragement, however, in Reich's lift of head and his small but knowing smile.

"I am not suggesting," she resumed, "secular deterrents equal to ancient sectarian ones--that procreation ought to be sex's only employment. Far from it! But in the shallow-witted froth of collected consciousness upon which sexuality now rides the world" (she had intended no pun!), "there persists a

harmful disconnect relative to Nature's procreational force and individual dealing with pent-up accumulation and release."

She extracted yet another cigarette from the ornate box at her side, took it and the Ronson, and was moved to assume the hearth's place of authority. As if on cue, Reich stated, "And it is 'orgasm'--irrespective how achieved—that effects such release."

"I do believe--absolutely." Her following small shakes of head, lips curbing a smile, were altogether feminine. "As a divorced woman crossing the perihelion of Nature's procreational impetus—the 'menopause'--I perceived the imbalance in mental equilibrium related to built-up bio-energy unreleased through orgasm. It precipitated a decided self-study, and one fact significantly necessary in this context is...." There she stopped to light the cigarette, for the more to be said was not without some embarrassment. She expelled a cornucopia of smoke before concluding, "...as part of that private 'study', I obtained a female circumcision."

"What? What is a *female* circumcision?" Bucke exclaimed.

"A minor, outpatient procedure--*not* barbaric clitoral expunging-- genital mutilation as practiced still in some societies. I termed it *laterecision*: a small, simple detachment of the prepuce at the side base of the clitoris."

Talk about confessions, the woman's Psyche moaned; but you've taken it this far; might as well finish....

I was drawn to the idea," she continued, now less self-consciously, "by writings of Swedish anthropologist and entomologist, Felix Bryk, whose work you may have encountered—in Vienna? It was from his 1934 book, *Circumcision in Man and Woman: Its History, Psychology and Ethnology*, I learned evidence (I believe, on an ancient vase?) showed performance on Egyptian women of royal birth."

"Finally, I should make clear that achieving orgasm during intercourse had been far from automatic in me. Positioning was Imperative, but equally important was Psyche's attitude toward the partner and the time of partnering."

Although obviously intrigued, Heard, Jung, Freud, and Bucke (excepting the latter's one exclamation) maintained silence. Only Reich again had objective comfort to press on. "And did the 'procedure' make a difference? I will not drag us into issues of orgasm anxiety *vis-à-vis* repressed genitality, but can we do away with all inhibitions as to *masturbation*?"

"Ah," she responded, "and to '*mistressbation*', as well!: healthy release of nervous energy." And Reich's onstancy was freeing enough for her to ask, "I'm sure you will agree, Dr. Freud?-- that Victorian surgeries performed on '*mistressbating*' little girls--*patriarchly* instigated, to bring the clitoris in '*better*' position for responding to male activity, in themselves were barbarous."

When Freud tilted his head unresponsively, she took her eyes back to her cigarette. "Lastly, of special note there is a study done some 30 or 40 years ago by a woman named Shere Hite. I do not know if there has been a later corroborative study, but Hite's research showed that only 30 percent of women were able *regularly* to climax during intercourse; while a more recent study found that *fifty percent* of ALL female orgasms occur *out of the presence of a partner!*"

That's it! The woman's mind sternly admonished as she snuffed out the cigarette. *No more naked admissions! In the end ('so to speak?'), what purpose can more serve here? Suddenly she felt a great wish for the presence of beloved Einstein.... If he were here, would his 'expiation' be acknowledging premature abandonment of the 'cosmological constant'? How near, but for, they truly had been, Einstein and Reich!....*

If her present state indeed was Death, knowing she had left alive in good health all those still alive whom she had loved, happily would she accept the circumstances which, on rare occasions, she had imagined a 'Heaven' might be: in company of cherished minds one had not the pleasure to know in the flesh. Perhaps there were other rooms here!--one, for instance, in which she might both hear *and* see Rachmaninoff himself play Paganini's theme...."

Chapter Nine

Her mind persisted parroting, however.... *Libido--energy* [physiopsychical?] *transmittable* [to some degree?] *to drives other than sexual, such as intellectual, concomitant with Freud's revision....*

Jung had seen Freud as "bitter" and unable to question himself why he seemed obsessed with sexual energy. Yet, at the same time, he had not believed homosexuality either an illness or neurosis; while Jung saw it as a treatable form of "illness"--that men "could be trained to form a relationship with the 'anima,' thus, woman, with her 'animus'" But after her revelations, it did feel time to change the subject.

"I was considerably older than you were at 38, Dr. Jung" she said, reseating herself, "when you experienced what you called a 'horrible confrontation with the Unconscious', worrying you might be 'menaced by a psychosis'. But as you recorded in your *Red Book*, you took the experience to be of utmost value. It would be of value now, to have more clarification of other features of Psyche's classic modeling—for example, the references to 'anima' and 'animus'. For brevity's sake, take solely my Conscious 'I' fortified by Ego aspects and sitting here atop Psyche's pyramid above the Personal Unconscious, it in turn above the Collected; 'The I' presenting to you a specific Persona of self-perceived Identity in a specific—a female—body--"

"But must not first best be elaborated?" Freud interjected toward Jung, "the unwitting incursions of deep unconscious facets?"

"Such as Anima/Animus involvements, you mean—yes--" Jung responded; then, to the woman: "among the other archetypal elements in the Collective Unconscious that transiently can effect unwilling temporary changes in 'The I'. Should *it* be influenced by an archetype, one might find oneself hapless participant in events that seem to unfold by their own force."

On earth people speak of a 'chance of a lifetime,' was her reactive thought, almost chuckling at the next—*while here is a chance of a 'deathtime?* "What of this?—" it emblazoned to say--"A female 'I' invaded to think herself bride of Christ; another, Siva's Parvati—each 'I' *psychically* thinking itself eternally virginal--feeling that, when Man looks upon her, he sees not what she only sees when their psyches look into a mirror together. Lived *this I* as Woman to say, had Man been able to deify *himself*, it would have helped."

"You seem intent on digging very deeply here," Jung said, fixing his eyes straightly upon her. In that joined gaze she imagined convocation between their 'third' eyes, of all the loves each had known--socially condoned or not--to rationalize. Gladly would she have been either: Emma or that other of whom only breaths were heard....

She turned in her chair then to address thus far quiet Heard. "Sir Heard, you posed an ultimate conjecture. Is it possible for Self to achieve that thing you called 'Perfection'?"

"Who was it that said...Oscar Wilde?--" Heard uncrossed and recrossed his legs--"that it is impossible for a human being ever to voice *any* self-conclusion, because one's self always is changing. However," he cocked his head, "at this point I would say that 'Perfection' would require a soul living fully by natural laws of cooperation."

That appealed to Reich, now so solidly comfortable in his chair he might have been one with it. "Yes!--" he exclaimed, squarely setting down his coffee cup--"as did the good Israel Ehrenberg! Only when 'God' is divested of all personified identity can humans recognize what *they* are: not insignificant, powerless creatures--each able fully, trustfully dependent upon one another for *reasoned* justice. May the Human sub-collectives gain ears to listen, to hear clearly from their combined histories, and save their unborn before a next 'purge': each give to its neighbor, toward effecting global governance which, at its very least, would prove worthy of a 'Paradise' on earth."

"Including *forgiveness*, of which we spoke earlier," the woman added, rising and crossing to an old victrola at left of the massive fireplace. "I had at least four other relevant dreams recently," she half-mused, extracting vinyl records from a cabinet beneath. "In one, a striking thought was released."

"Released'?" Jung's interest was piqued.

"I used that word because it did not feel as if the thought originated in *me*. Strange to say, but the words seemed to come from some cosmic...how can I describe it--"

"Processor'?" Bucke supplied.

"Yes!--she turned toward him—"that thing *at the*, or on the very border between thinking and not-thinking. I wonder," she removed the record from a cover in hand, "does that not relate to your theory of '*Cosmic Consciousness*'?"

Bucke, however, seemed temporarily disinclined then to talk about his theory. "But the thought provoked in your dream?--it was?—"

The record made to turn, the woman lifted the victrola arm and set it in groove. A male voice rose above the scratchy sound of needle.... *Imagine there's no Heaven; I wonder if you can....* She began to hum along, the others pausing to listen except for Jung, whose curiosity wanted to be satisfied. "And the *thought*?" he prodded.

"Oh..., yes..., the thought.... It was, *if there be an era of Humankind of which is said, in it died creed, let it be the era of those you just have left behind.* Perhaps it was archetypal?"

Jung picked up his pipe and proceeded to replenish it with tobacco. "Archetypes do not think *per se*. Their potential is at reaches unprobeable by analysis--psychic symbolic matrices as opposed to an experiential psychic complex. Imperfect a description, I know; but," he turned toward Freud; "do you find it good enough to proceed to another point?"

"Enough," Freud answered, but obviously felt some modification necessary. "It seems, however, that it is effects beneath symbols for which our friend is dredging. In place of 'symbols', perhaps 'genetic origins'—provokers of human nature carried by inherited substance—would better serve? Now, what would be a simple example..." Thoughtfully seeking, he laid the unlit cigar aside. "Ah--If it be Spring full moon one may think, 'Easter', while an 'I' of vast antiquity might think, 'Festival of Isis'--each 'symbolic' thought emanating from a sub-Collective Unconscious of History's time? It's in that respect, that I likened 'archetypal' with evolutionary 'instinct'—"

"Again, not a bothersome distinction," Jung supplied.

"Further," Freud pursued, "it does appear that world science now is saddled somewhat by past classic concept of female psychical nature as *Eros*-- intuitively love, desire, romance; and Man's, *Logos*—reason and logic. We cannot deny that there has been a seeding (or, more correctly, *growth*) in Personal Unconsciousnesses of recognition that neither 'feminine' nor 'mascuine' fundamental psychical aspects necessarily are determined by *form*."

"Well said," Bucke again stamping approval. "It is reasonable.... Civilizing changes in opinion and belief, penetrating and modifying individual psyches over time, eventually *would* be incorporated collectively."

Bucke's words excited the woman. "*Labels...*" She did that nose-wrinkle again. "Several bear updating, if not expunction...evolution in both arenas: Body including Brain via materiality; Psyche via applied Reasoning--'aethereality'? Regardless, take the term, 'gay', for example..."

She stopped her mouth there; no point giving that term's history: *initially originating in England around the 12th century; derived from old German and French to mean carefree, joyful, etc.; in early 17th century, associated with 'immoral addictions'; and, in the 19th, primarily a reference to the having of sex, relative to prostitutes or womanizing men...*

"Heterosexual' and 'non-heterosexual', don't you think?" She instead asked, "would serve currently in *gay*'s place *if* reference is to *sexual* preference. Equally important, use of *gender* in place of 'sex' in all general references *to gender*."

Something else that could stand clarification, she thought further but would not address, is Freud's "Father Complex"—a competitive ball of fear, defiance, and disbelief of father, which he saw as a chief resister to treatment. After the psychoanalytic circle found contradictions, by 1946 the concept had been absorbed into Freud's broader "Oedipus Complex." Even Jung apparently used the Father Complex at some point, noting that one patient suffered a "negative" Father Complex; and remarking that, in a woman, a "positive" Father Complex could yield over-readiness to authority, while a "negative" in her would cause her to see all men as harsh, judgmental, etc.

The entire idea had evoked ire in the woman, when theorized terms ignorantly were cast by males of the youthful intelligentsia of her day as potentially responsible for women not meeting men's expectations. At the moment she wanted to complain; to say, *shouldn't there be, then, also a 'neutral' form of the 'complex'?* Although she bit her tongue, mind could not ignore Jung in an extended stream of consciousness....

And what of his 1927 statement?--that rarely were women capable of attaining something important out of love of a "thing" because that did not agree with woman's 'nature'. That it was man's prerogative to have love for a thing! Is not knowledge a 'thing'? And that other statement--that a man could live in the 'feminine part' of himself and a woman, in her 'masculine part'; but that those 'parts' only were something in the background-- that, in living out the "opposite gender" (here, again, the view being bodily, not Consciousness's form!), one was living in his or her own background and "real individuality" suffered.... How convoluted it all could be!--as with those unconscious, archetypal concepts tied strictly to gender form: Animus--'masculine', archetypal man in woman; Anima--'feminine'; archetypal woman in man....

When she did speak, it was to Bucke. "As you noted, enlightenment individually filtering down long enough must recognize that 'Eros' and 'Logos', and their projections, equally can be manifested by either gender."

"So," Heard interjected, "if a psyche in all manners via Conscious were dealt with genderlessly from its beginning, The Unconscious altogether would be more conducive to a healthier fully-integrated Self."

"As succinctly put by Erich Neumann," the woman responded, "psychologically each individual is a 'hybrid'; and one's integrity is violated by genderly restricting psyche to one or the other of strictly symbolic archetypal expressions."

Jung, who had busied himself refilling his pipe through the theoretical retakes, was ready for a gracious concession. "It *does* appear that..," he smiled 'round-- "—although there yet may not be existential proof of psychical hybridity, some of my concepts do seem in line for adjustments. At this point under the existing premises, we might conceive archetypal 'sub'-projections. Would this—symbolically, of course--be an example? An un-individuated man, personally self-identified as masculine, being unconsciously affected by animus influence on the anima, might find his emotions projected on a powerful female?"

"And conversely!"--exclaimed the woman, "-- an un-individuated woman, personally self-identified as feminine, being unconsciously affected by anima influence on the animus, might find her emotions projected on a weak male??"

"You said it," Heard laughed, thinking an old saying from the East: *never forget that passion is an emotion!* "Can we move on, then?" He asked instead. The others also had laughed, including the woman, who replied (gratefully!), "Fine with *me!*"

"Well, then, Carl," Reich turned to Jung. "Earlier you suggested eventual elimination of some of Psychology's 'jargon', and I couldn't agree more. As you and Sigmund know well, I wanted to eliminate subjective euphemism--take management of sexual release of bio-energy to the level of medical science's knowledge of body's other intimate processes, to yield the same benefits of comfortable health and longevity. Now...as pertains to healthful elimination of accumulated 'libido'...." He paused,

the others waiting while he extracted a cigarette from the box and lighted up. “There has been little progress. On one side persist abjuratory efforts of restraint; on the other, unrealistic theatrical portrayals.”

So evident again was it to the woman, how personal circumstances fueled individual commitments. Freud's life experiences molded his scholarly efforts in a form of negative redemptions. However, as with all presumptuous attempts at conclusory posthumous analyses—such as Freud's privately personal father's-rejection versus mother's reactive protectiveness seemingly underpinning certain of his theses, along with extra-marital relations the various psychoanalysts may have had—all remained speculative.

True, as a young man of Victorian influence, economic circumstances combined with career development delayed Freud's marriage to his fiancée four years. Producing six children, Mrs. Freud was engaged totally with domestic life; Freud, with his work. Albeit some substantiating data indicated an intimate relationship with his younger sister-in-law, who reportedly took active interest in his work. Much more was known about Reich's relationships; but occurrences of seriously working friendships naturally evolving further were far from uncommon, as the woman herself could testify....

Some of Reich's work also exemplified personal redemption. As a secure child he had been encouraged in every endeavor, even provided with a little laboratory. Also reportedly, his mother apparently became intimately involved with Reich's tutor; Reich somehow gave it away to his father; and mother committed suicide. Not so un-understandable, that he devoted a major part of his life championing sexual enlightenment.

But she would say none of it. There were males now awakening to the same immediate anxiety females of her era had known, of what the day would demand and whether Self would be able to meet it all, *to perform: the child or children's needs for the day; making oneself publically presentable for the job; child or children to caretaker or school (if car-less, would the bus be on time? The bicycle hold?); the waiting assigned work-day production; retrieving child or children; preparing dinner (first doing grocery shopping?); keeping content one's partner (should there be one!)*...males 'living like a woman'; doing as she had done: *living like a man!*

No; she would say none of that. Instead, she chose to say: “Perhaps, since much seems divined here, you now comprehend how painfully long it took women of my era to see distinctly the extent of confusion as to conditioned prejudices of *form--being* female and a mother, self-concepts *societally* psychically enforced. It wasn't until I had spent a long time as a single parent, and experienced a brief relationship with an ill-adjusted younger man, that I recognized in myself *both: mother and father* consciousness—which, by the way, reminds me.” Her look took in both Jung and Freud. “At very least the theorized 'Father Complex' could use renaming as *Parental Complex.*”

She realized that at times she *had* come across overbearingly. Both Freud and Jung, the latter holding a burning match over his pipe, had stopped looking her way. She felt the need to toss a fig leaf; but all she could think was of Virginia Woolf's *Room of One's Own*—*not enough outrightly said, with too many words!* So she picked up the carafe. “More coffee, anyone?”

CHAPTER TEN

The surplus coffee in the carafe still was hot despite no obvious source of energy. The woman, casting thoughts for ending the pregnant silence as cups were resupplied, let slip a puckish, “I could use a doobie right now.”

Reich, Freud and Jung looked puzzled; Heard laughed; Bucke said, “What, pray tell, is a—did you say—'dooby?’”

“Slang,” Heard answered, “for a cigarette of a weed tobacco. Two puffs from a cigarette of tobacco from a specifically- and well-organically-bred hemp plant can relax mind like a couple of martinis in jovial socialization. And, as to injuring body’s filtering organs, certainly not more if not less, than alcohol--”

“*Apart*, that is,” the woman added, “from the latter being both legally obtainable *and* so enticingly advertised!”

Jung, whose study of ancient alchemy had been intense, encouraged the hemp topic. “And effects derived from this ‘tobacco’ are the same, as from alcohol?”

The woman looked to Heard, who took the cue. “No. The active constituent is a chemical compound, *tetrahydracannabinol*-- in 20th century jargon, *THC*-- which acts to temporarily ‘free’ The I from the mundane. A modest amount leaves one quite cogent, without the significantly disabling effects of an alcohol amount required to distance The I. THC differs from nicotine’s light abatement of Ego distractions and definitely should not be adjudged with other potent drugs.” Freud-- his use of mind-altering cocaine along with heavy cigar smoking being well known--was spared knowing glances.

“One needs be a bit careful, however!” This time the woman laughed. “THC can influence a grand idea of The I, which, if under the influence *is* initiated, The I afterward may find it has bitten off more than it wishes to chew.”

“Will you give us a personal example?” Heard smilingly teased.

“Oh, once in my younger days,” she felt free to describe, “The I embarked under mild influence to buy a birthday present for one sister and --embued with loving feelings--wound up buying lovely dresses for all three, spending thrice again what realistically was affordable. *You live only once!* The I encouraged. *Why let money rob your loving?*”

“Not enough commonly is known, I think,” Heard remarked, “of the spiritual passion that THC *can* invoke.”

“I would second that,” the woman murmured, wading into memory. The day of that Spring splurge she had been at full-hearted peak of family.... *Those beautiful people with whom it was my good fortune to travel Life!* She had wished to build a dynasty of that admixture of fallen-away Jewish, Catholic, and Witness descendants--a ‘new world’ clan over which Reason ruled with Wisdom and Love seemed part of their very substance, material and psychical.

Freud had conceived it was through “object-relations” that individuals satisfied pleasure-seeking drives--as examples, an infant’s through mother’s breast; a child’s Oedipal sexual gratification through close contact with mother and/or father--under theory, all impacting maturity’s degree in social relationships with persons or things.

Well, the woman thought, if Psychology’s “object relations theory” indeed unconsciously imbued aspects of social behavior, her parents had produced progeny manifesting intolerance of any ambiguities met in all “object drives.” One way only could it be described: love of Love, which latter if perfect encompassed and reflected the highest of civility. Their reasoning required no church to legislate behavior, moral and ethical; a shared family ‘spirit’ that needed no name, description, or rituals, save those done with and in each others’ presences....

Heard came to life first. “My friends, does it matter how world and us were created?— considering (how feebly descriptive this word) *serious* the problems that Humankind suffers still. Does not ‘faith’ founded in personified God-stone *abjure* pure reason? To which question, true thinkers-- even among ‘creationists’--cannot answer but *yes*; for no less would a thinking god expect *of* them. So far as unconscious ‘complexes’ go in sub-collectives, none is more adhesive than that insisting on its own religious ‘truths’.”

Heard's remarks stirred her.... *How few knew? Of how, in the opening statement of the biblical Book of John--"In the Beginning was the Logos"--the meaning of the originally-written Greek word, "Logos," commonly given as "Word," was Reason? And the sentence said not, "the Word was God" but, "Reason was a god."*

"A defrocked Bishop for whom I once worked," she instead selected to remark, "pointed out Jesus' reference to His era's 'System of Things'. It perhaps is encouraging, that the most-recently elected Pope used the very term himself, as to the world's present circumstances. My good bishop also spoke of other mis-transliterations of Jesus' words, such as, *those who have ears to hear, listen!*"

The woman's fond remembrance sparked urge for another cigarette. "Sadly," she continued, succumbing, "in his last years my friend despaired that so few of 'TET's' children reaped fruit of the principled labors and sufferings of antecedent generations. Still he believed. Time *would* see collective humankind obliterate unreason, in thought and deed—as Abraham denied TET human sacrifice."

"Is 'Tet' another word for 'God'?" Bucke was not too squeamish to ask.

She felt some self-consciousness in replying. "No-- that's my term for the *tetragrammaton*: from the Greek; the four letters of the Hebrew *theonym*-- not intended as a *name per se* for 'God' but a term simply denoting God. Possibly derived from the verb, *to be*, in the existential sense of *to exist*, the tetragrammaton commonly was transliterated in biblical recensions to the Latin letters YHWH used in English studies, although alternatives YHVH, JHVH and JHWH also are used, an indication of differing tongues involved in the earliest writings—such as the two accepted linguistic versions in *Genesis*.

"The widest accepted pronunciation is 'Yahweh', while many religions use 'Jehovah'. Samaritans understood the pronunciation as 'Iabe', and some patristic sources show the Greek 'Iao'. Religiously observant Hebrews--forbidden to say or write the tetragrammaton--use 'Adonai', such as when reading the *Torah*; and, although most Christians have no prohibition on vocalizing it, 'Lord' is used in its place in most of their translations."

"In the end, what difference?—" Freud piped up—"whether Psyche's regions are called Id, Ego, Superego, Supraego, The I, Personal Unconscious, Collective Unconscious, or simply even Hell, Purgatory and Heaven—the last, individuated, of course! Self resides in various connections of them at varying times." He almost threw up his hands and, if a soul ever had right, it was his; because *for* him Psyche was a truly inseparable Soul. He had begun his work hopefully envisioning psychoanalysis a method to be used by "secular ministers *of* souls." It made her think of the many who gave all life to belief their work and words could better the world, beautiful Nature united more in kind; *Humankind's* spirit coming to lodge more in reasoning Mind....

Endearingly, it was Reich who gave salve to Freud. "It seems inevitable that some of us are fated to reap a melancholy reality: if truths from individually sacrificed labor is to further Humankind, it must be long after Breath that drove Mind though Hands has ceased. But, then, what's in a name? *In* the end the *work lives*, and upon its foundations—*damn it!* Errors or not—others build."

"As Yeshu said, it is by Man's works that he is known," Heard concluded.

Heard, she knew, had not meant the pronoun exclusively; but it was enough to open a sluiceway for female-body-conditioned *private* unconscious--was 'She' an as-yet-unrecognized *archetype*?--*Woman Unrecognized!*....

The Egyptian mother of Ephraim and Manasseh!... Did Arafat perhaps have reason, to die for Hebron? And what of Azubah? Is there not record?—that 'God' via Moses granted, confirmed by Joshua when the federation reached Shiloh that, in return for the Caleb clan's loyal assistance all along Exodus way, Hebron and its precincts would belong to its descendants unto perpetuity?-- Caleb, right-hand to Moses; in Goshen taught the prospective emigrants use of bow and arrow.... And the nebulous Ephratah? How many women loved and born children to Hebron? Oh yes, there was history!--history commonly unexplored; untaken into account; and wonder?--why hostility could reign still, after two millennia?

“Too many, given to suffer ignominy while living...” Reich, still on his subject, winged out his arms, hands clasped at the back of his head. “What *one* thing does a laborer most yearn for, than another consciousness that understands—“he glanced at and then away from Freud—“who, irrespective missteps, emphathizes with not just one’s work but the deep good one hoped to achieve. Without that, gripped by Time in age’s reality, self weakens.”

Heard was moved by Reich’s veiled admission of pain. “That is where a conceived god is taken to reside--one reason why Jesus has been, is so deeply embraced: one can imagine that *He* knows, what it is to be subject of destiny in the flesh.”

“Yes!--” the woman could not restrain a small guffaw--“where many place their consolation. But what price martyrdom, when secular import is robbed by the price? Perhaps one can be born already too old for religious experience? One cannot fall in love with a concept unless one’s nature is disposed to; and a nature seemed certain in me from The I’s first rememberable thought: *it would not be denied!* If one had to be born, then—by ‘God’!--its Consciousness would live *its* life to the extreme of *its* truth. And *it* has been forced to ask, will History eventually accept Jesus *not* as the self-sacrificing *man* he was, but the last mythological vestige of a divine being conceived in a human woman by a ‘god’?”

Freud had been known to regard ‘God’ as an illusory father figure, and religion--which he admitted had served in civilizing Humankind—dispensable by reason and science. He had remained silent through the discourse following his eruption, but was provoked now again to speak. “Time seems to take little notice of collective need for a believed eternal conveyor of that ‘lovingkindness’ which soothes the soul. However, in separation of ‘church’ and ‘state’, from theocentricity to historicity--barely taking shape collectively-- individually subjective religious beliefs *will* be driven, eventually, to fully principled realization of common existence and societal governance. Thus far only lip service has been given to the truth that History repeats itself. I suspect that ‘upper’ civilization—where resources and security reign; working to make itself god over Nature--is on the brink of another, a very different ‘Reformation’.”

“I believe you are right,” Bucke finally joined the dialogues. “Humankind needs bother no longer looking at why dinosaurs went extinct; look instead at the trillions of its people that have gone extinct struggling for peaceful, reasonable life. Why, if every person who has been born and died on Earth were buried under a gravestone, there would be space for nothing else.”

There was more that the woman might have said, about Time’s graduated separation of ‘church’ and ‘state’. The spiel unfurled in thought *It bore knowing?-- how religious ‘patriarchs’ in the Middle Ages were selected by power of ‘electors’—princes of their territories with monopolies of the then-mineral currencies of gold and silver. Farther back--with representational government no longer existing at the time of historical Jesus--the ‘national’ King Herod the Great, long ‘in bed’ with Rome, had left to Rome the execution of his estate. Rome divided the territory between the Great’s three sons: the north/Galilee to Antipas (mother, Malthus); the central/south/southeast to Archelaus (also of Malthus); and the northeast to Philip (mother an unknown ‘Cleopatra of Jerusalem’).*

When Archelaus at Jerusalem was found unable to control his region and was deposed, it fell under Roman governance as a “client state.” Meanwhile, Antipas (who had eyes on the whole ball-of-wax) had gained possession of young Salome, last flower of the prior independence-winning Hasmoneans, in that her mother, Herodias, had divorced Salome’s father to unite with Antipas (and remember!--under Temple Law, mother-blood was the determinant of legitimate status). Now!...young Salome previously had been betrothed to Philip, of whom one only can wonder: Was the record expunged? Or was he the same Philip who supported Jesus?

For some two prior decades before Roman supravention, the Chief Priest of the regional theocratic government had been one Hananiah (commonly rendered, Annas)-- himself having lost two sons to encroaching foreign empirical design. Upon Rome’s assumption of Archelaus’ territory, Hananiah

was 'retired'; and one Caiphas --who obtained 'legitimacy' by marrying a Hananiah daughter!-- was installed as Chief Priest. Although Rome ostensibly allowed Temple government more or less to continue, it cannot be known how many Roman sympathizers gained seats on its 'Supreme Court'...

As with all historical grabs in conquests for world dominance, there arose a group of young 'rebels' around the charismatic Jesus who happened to be, through his mother, of both royal and chief priestly bloodlines-- consequently, a legitimate threat to Antipas' aims and, soundly knowledgeable of his 'nation's' history, contending the abuse and poverty of the commonweal. His immediate supporting circle, bound by shared principles under 'The Law', consisted of families (notably, mothers); one 'Matthew', a former Herodian tax collector in the north; and two sympathizers on the Sanhedrin court: one 'Yosef' (Joseph), regional representative of Arimathea who received Jesus' body after the execution; and one Nicodemus, with whom Jesus met secretly one night....

The woman had beheld her family's idealized achievement of peacefully secure existence in return for dedicated labors, always toward the *good* between people-- acknowledged brothers and sisters no matter how far under skins and whether of patriarchal or matriarchal tribes. Here there was no need for superfluous words.

"I agree with you, Dr. Freud," she finally managed to say, "about another 'reformation'. However, although there may be hints of a concept of earthly celestuality--of a federation of mortal biodiversity--I believe you will agree that epoch may not see it. Individual psyches are not over Shibboleth; so much less, Hebron; or northern remnants of the memory of Micha...all so long ago!-- while drumbeats resonate anger still, over competitions of homelands...."

She received no reactions, to that.

Instead, "What say us all," Jung retrieved the moment, "to a little after-coffee brandy?"

Chapter Eleven

"It seems," Reich held up his refilled brandy glass, "we have come some way since passing by that sign at the door."

"If anywhere," Heard swallowed a sip, "to greater clarity of how Humankind makes its own world. Absent human psyche, the globe and all its other flesh-and-blood animals would experience only such 'history' as bestowed by Nature, which has no consciousness to take notice, make records, review, predict or amend. All becomes too simple?-- human history will repeat itself to the same extent that human individual types repeat themselves."

Now there was a mind the woman would have found quite compatible. Surely he had knowledge of Trungpa, or at least one Rinpoche's advice: *Give it up; give it all up; give it all UP!*

Heard had touched on the fertile ground of Bucke, whose head gave a sharp turn toward Heard. "Yet!--so long as material world does continue evolving, so will evolution of *consciousness*. We cannot deny that humans of higher conscious awareness *have* existed." Bucke did not bother naming examples from *Cosmic Consciousness*, his book that included Muhammad, Alighieri, Whitman, Buddha, Blake and others, along with Jesus.

The woman, however, had read Bucke's book and been impressed. "I agree wholeheartedly, Dr. Bucke—that over time, evolutionary modification of Individual psyches will be incorporated collectively, by penetration of civilized, consciously changed opinions and beliefs."

Bucke nodded. "But one would see no clear demarcations in that collective evolution, also dependent upon 'generational mutations' in matter, that is Brain, as well as psychical absorptions via the 'word', *reasoning*."

"And I find all that *reasonable* enough"--Reich interjected--"evolution of consciousness happening at as many varying times as there are individuals."

Jung had been pondering. “Science has far to go to learn how genetic inheritance does affect brain function, thus individual psychological responses to, and interrelation of worldly perceptions and receptions. According to some Eastern doctrines, that which puts a soul at different ‘starting’ points of enlightenment does depend upon prior incarnations—genetic inheritances-- some born with greater receptive capacities—”

“Which, at certain points,” Heard interposed, “touches Western antiquity’s concept: that ‘the divine’ can materialize in the flesh only through a divinely determined blood line, all other individuals assured eternal identity; whereas, in the ancient far-Eastern case, a soul possesses fundamental anonymity. Finally,” he finished, “we ought not forget, history also repeats *good* things.”

“Not ignorable in the process, however, are delaying ‘devolutions’,” Jung pointed out. “In every epoch era, an exponential number of plots are lived, not all written, and each influenced by *its* collective. History is replete with evidence of how collectives of particular individual psyches cause *negative* repeats: over-expanded empires sliding back to regional dynasties, those to tribes, tribes to clans, clans to neighbors, neighbors to families; and civil wars along the way—particularly as controlling powers wreak new borders with the word, *Patriotism*, throwing a blanket over their sacrificed youths.”

But Heard, it developed, was not finished. “Ethics and morality have a way to go, to become fixed unconscious principles. Even the East seems to have lost its ancient concept, that every person in one’s path should be treated as one would treat a family member—”

“Assuming environment and resources for love and education exist *for* moral and ethical development in family,” the woman interrupted.

“Meanwhile,” Freud spoke to Jung’s point, “the masses continue hapless victims while secular strife inevitably becomes sectarian carnage. But we waste our breath, thinking that the ‘powers-that-be’, instead of (as I fear) reacting in former ‘collective character,’ look to attitudes and actions historically taken, and side-step them *now*. Which, of course, would require major, new-collective intelligent cooperation.” He turned to the woman. “All eventually need to die; but to live and then die in itself isn’t bad—*not* if life has had logic and beauty in its duration.”

And what courage he had, accepting death face head-on, the woman thought....

Heard then turned to her. “*Should* you ‘return’, let us hope you live to see emergence of a collective human cooperation that *can* turn back History’s repetitively destructive wave--”

Bucke lifted his glass. I’ll drink to that!”

Human cooperation...,” the woman mused. *Had the world perhaps been seeing a tiny hint of that collective beginning--Montague’s first whisper, six decades past?... That cooperation was as much, if not destined with time to supersede in human motivation, beyond competition and survival-of-the-fittest? All do need to die eventually, yes; but one could imagine a world-- all its natural beauty otherwise unchanged--operated by a concerted consciousness of reasoned forethought: Humankind freeing its living condition from a vengeful ‘god’ and taking Life into its own hands....*

She had been looking down at her glass. Now she looked from one to the other man, resting eyes moments upon each face. “Did not each of *you*,” she waved the glass ‘round, “cooperate with your existences, trying to make life better for all? You, Dr. Bucke, wished to establish proof of evolutionary progress in human consciousness; you, Dr. Reich, to find how energy drives body and in turn, mind. And you, Drs. Jung and Freud, to bring mental operations into the light, probing psychological handicaps for fullness of life.” She looked longest at Heard, uncertain how to express it. “And you, good Dr. Heard!,” she exclaimed finally, “to engage conscious *communal* harmony.”

Receiving no responses, she stopped to sip her brandy and then did light another cigarette. “*All* your lives’ works underlay the truth that Humankind’s quality of material existence *is* determined by collection of its individual consciousnesses; *each*, I will add, depending on resources, education, and opportunity. Meanwhile, the digital age has spawned to the deprived around the entire globe a new awareness of what presently *is* possible in life, compared to their.”

The men's protracted silence all the more made her feel that the stage was hers. She smiled inwardly. *May as well make use of it*, she thought. For all she knew, at any moment she might be waking up back *'there'*, with all that would be waiting for Mind and Body. She lifted her arms at her sides, palms forward. "Forgive my demeanor, but what is my purpose here if not to submit to your judgment? I ask that you bear with me a little longer.

"It seems my psyche 'genetically' was formed to be a writer. Thought from its very beginning was consumed with love for words, for books, for learning by and from both. Everything, however—culture, economics, and society—worked against developing that natural vocation, propelling me into early marriage, motherhood, blue-collar clerical employment, and husband-career-supporting wifedom.

"Once my children were raised, more so after retirement, I turned back to what had been relegated *avocation*, but not without great difficulty. By nature I still deeply was involved with ongoing household and extended family developments, conditioned always to first attend to that arena. Thus, as mentioned earlier, there emerged the two vying personas—the 'Domestic', by all externality seemingly 'female'; and the 'Writer', by its internal drive, seemingly 'male'; the Ego a locked Trojan horse; The I battling variously in and by one or the other...perhaps, the 'split' in its simplest form?

"Nonetheless, three ensuing decades saw Writer completing several driven works. That did lead to remission of the duplicitous personas, only to find The I becoming subject to another onerous battle—that of *Aged-I's* combatants: *Conformity vs. Naturality, Autonomy vs. Identity, Longevity vs. Reality*--"

Bucke interjected. "I was neither fortunate nor unfortunate, to reach a point of feeling that Life could dupe one." While Bucke may have been spared old age's ruminations, he certainly in his comparatively shorter life had met considerable challenges. Only then did she notice that he was not wearing a prosthesis for his missing foot-- here there was no need? "But I would expect it not uncommon," he finished, "for a scholar, driven by personal experience to strive for elusive answers, to feel despair toward life's end."

"Psychosociologist Erik Erikson touched on that," Heard offered. "He designated psyche's combatants in later life as *'integrity versus despair'*; while Hesse remarked that the horrible thought could come to some that perhaps all of human life is a bad joke."

"But Hesse also said," Jung held up a hand, "that there can come, too, the thought that perhaps we are not merely half-rational animals but immortal children of the gods. I only can offer that, of many patients I treated in their life's later years, it did seem that what was needed in the last resort was some faith outlook on life."

She turned toward the fire quietly a moment, then lifted her head. "Oh, how I loved the inferences of my childhood's religious indoctrination; how I loved that contemplation!--an all-powerful Spirit who knew my thoughts, emphasized with my feelings, understood my quandaries and guilts and forgave.

"But you see, I—female though I was"—she extinguished her cigarette--"*my* consciousness, too, was able to think of itself as Christ-- not as in his self-unrequested deification; as that which he in his time and place manifested: consciousness destined into the flesh; caught in matter and forced with it to accept its dictated fate. And, exactly as he 'resurrected'—*not* materially but into *collective consciousness*—others of similar fates. *My* Father lives so long as do I, archetypes in one self. But I will stop about that man called 'Jesus', for whom 'Christmas' should be re-inaugurated as a *public* holiday for an *historical* man, wrested from the mythical divinity into which he was cast-- Constantine, if not Constantine's wife, sealing much of that.

"No.... Before you is one female that confronted challenges of her era and of life as fated into its eighth decade, left asking, *what now can Psyche do?*—the *Aged-I* starkly aware not just of its own portal of Death; of the long dirge of life-torn selves of human History stretched on the rack of its stupidities. *En fin*, what I feel I here am seeking is corroboration; and I thank you for listening."

"Corroboration of what?" Heard asked.

“Of my conclusions; for instance, that only the dreamer can usefully interpret his or her dreams. Earlier, relative to my marital relationship, you witnessed the implosion of a constellation prompted by one dream before my arrival here. But also preceding this ‘journey’, I experienced three additional dreams, which I believe relate to the Aged-I’s need to re-assimilate Psyche and find purpose of its new habitation. If you gentlemen will indulge me,” she lifted her head with a suspended gaze, “this is the first...

“As I was driving my car up a steep, vacant mountain road in the dead of night, it suddenly lost momentum and threatened to slip backwards. Backing down meant negotiating the dangerously shadowed serpentine path already traveled. Consciously at a stalemate, I was acutely aware of my uncertain circumstances, and I knew no passerby could save me. There that dream ended...” She stopped to drain her glass.

“In the second dream, The I found itself like a charwoman in an empty house that was not her ‘home’ but one she somehow bore responsibility. The rooms, the walls, all was devoid of personal memorabilia. The last room cleared she knew had been a nursery. Finished--having swept the entire abode and collected large ‘fluffy’ gobs of matter in moving boxes--she proceeded to slide boxes out the ‘back’ door.

“In the third dream there was a girl--at peace; without property, enmeshed simply in Life, begged by no grand quests. The I first briefly encountered herl at a field that needed to be threshed, and the girl cheerfully left to take part in the work. After some time, she came back again-- that girl who so easily could draw love—and we sat together in a park . A short distance away people were reveling at what seemed a village fair, but she sought to sit with me in the shade...”

Her focus then came to rest on Jung. “Now I recalled reading, Doctor, of a dream you had in 1909, from which you interpreted that the house in which you found yourself was a metaphor for Psyche. At the time, as noted in your biography, your mind had been strongly preoccupied with questions of the foundation of psychology. On the basis that concentrated introspection *does* stimulate unconscious psyche, my dreams seem related to my current preoccupation. However whereas, in your dream you were given to explore unconscious levels all the way down to the primitive cave, my dreams do not appear to have proceeded lower than the Personal Unconscious.”

“Excuse me if I interrupt,” Bucke said as he did, “but this has fascinated me. I would say that the first dream’s dilemma of The I reflects an actual stalemate between reconciliation of Self and age’s losses of self-autonomy.”

“With the ‘engine’ of self-determined will stymied, as to how to ensure assured life in the last of time afforded?” Heard chimed in.

“And the second, perhaps a last clearing of the Domestic persona,” Jung offered.

“Hear, hear!” Exclaimed Bucke, then gave her a gentle pat on the knee. “Now, dear woman, *you* suggest your interpretations, including the last.”

“The first given by you, she nodded toward Heard, “rings well; as does *yours*,” nodding toward Jung, “--a last dusting-off and taking out Domestic’s garbage.” Then, after pondering briefly she gave a big smile and added, “It pleases *me* to take the girl as the young Writer-Would-Be, fully free to live as *her* nature dictates, for however much Time now gives her.”

Chapter Twelve

The woman was feeling weary—very weary; but she would not let this time be wasted. She took a deep breath...

“May I now introduce the subject of the Cosmos? I see it as a *closed* system, in which there is no such thing as ‘empty space’: a contiguous energetic continuum in which--depending on the combined action of all force within--are formed varying aggregations of itself, from the infinitesimal to

visible matter; human beings being one form within which exists a sub-aggregate—brain, the functioning of which yields consciousness and, along with body, relies upon the same fundamental energetic medium—“

“Composed of ‘quarks’?” Heard teased.

The woman laughed in spite of herself but, seeing Reich’s raised eyebrows and smile, did not let it go. “It could be described that way: ‘quarks’ in ‘atoms’ in ‘molecules’ in ‘cells’ in brains. It has been established that cells hold ‘information’. Further theoretically, captured in newborn unconscious memory components of previous incarnations held in the ‘hind’ brain that *would* account for Collective Unconscious influences unobtainable in a present incarnation. ”

“So, additionally in that model,” Bucke re-entered the discussion, “there could be posed a *fixed* number of potential eternally imperishable consciousnesses?”

‘Initially I leaned toward that proposition,’ the woman continued after a dubious nod by Jung. “I did consider that the psyche I contained might be, in fact, an albeit anonymous cosmological constituent that had known prior and would know future reincarnations. The question remains, whether functioning Consciousness can survive Brain. Like the theory of a ‘computational theory of mind’, about which much recently is being written, it remains for Science--should it be able!--to answer.”

“Or,” Bucke offered quietly, “as for many who believe in eternal self-identity, answerable after Death.”

The comment decidedly gave the woman pause. What if that *was* where she now was? What was it that Kipling so succinctly had expressed, about ‘metempsychosis’?— *the Fates being so very careful to shut the doors of each successive life behind us...where never man is permitted to look with full knowledge since the Time beginning....”*

“The premise I put before you is that there was created to exist a specific constitution of ‘me’, in a body that held a brain that manifested a psyche recognizing a self needing to integrate distinguishable manifestations of Identities/personas of a mentality originally genderless. For it, Dr. Freud, I will employ your word, *soul*; that my soul’s’ life and thoughts were molded by all exigent psychical reactions to experienced touches, sounds (including words!) and sights processed via a specific genetic, that is, material energetically-fueled constitution, and *externally in societal accordance with bodily form.*”

Was It time, to put end to certain Freudianism?

“Forgive me, Dr. Freud, but while ‘sublimated’ divergence of the need to release ‘libido’ via non-sexual pursuits to some degree undoubtedly works, the theoretical influence of psychology over physiology that in your era led to particular analyses in *females*, as to where sexual responses could go amiss--*particularly* as to unsatisfactory servicing of males--created a vicious cycle of false concepts about inability of woman to change the natural workings of her body, mind its choiceless accompanier.

“Female orgasmic response in a partnered relationship (and I do not think myself an anomaly in this belief) depends on fixed elements: anatomy, in that it appears ‘god’ did not deem to put the clitoris in as convenient place possible; and, that the receiving *body* is generating ardor, which generally occurs in the female body at wider intervals than in males. I will not discount the effect, however, of a knowledgeably sensitive partner. But no less than earth in its ellipse could I have changed the responses my body determined. *Might* I have, life would have been much easier!”

She then turned to Jung. “You, sir, spoke of Consciousness’s panic at being swallowed by Instinct, saying ‘physical and spiritual passion are at once deadly enemies and brothers-in-arms’. While that may be a sublime field of transcendence battle for religious aesthetes, for Nature’s human female/male couplings some *changes* in that Faustian remark, quoted in your glorious essay on the nature of Psyche, would serve: ‘*Man is* conscious only of the single urge; O may *he* never learn to know the other.’”

Consciousness of her arrogance did not stop her from turning next to Heard. “You suggested that the ‘symptom’ of lust peculiar to humans represented a ‘balked’ reservoir of vital force that if turned to higher faculty relieved body from anguish and conflict, which equates with the concept of sublimation. No question, that mind can be backed up by undischarged bodily energy. Science should concentrate on exploring the physiological bases, in order to master Nature with objective reason.”

She lit another cigarette and blew out a deep inhale. “As covered by current media, sexuality is exhibited as a, if not *the* crucial problem of life; but what is portrayed are *relationship issues* that emanate *from sex*. Between the average person who needs just reasonable explanation for, and practical means to deal with the processing of Nature’s procreational urge, and the blissful countenance of a celibate, rests an unconfessed litany and the uncontroverted suggestion that one can be human without being human.”

“You’re maintaining,” Heard responded, “humans best would be served by concentrating on understanding their material fundament relative to procreation, rather than speculating the participation of Consciousness, which is separate from the very state in which it only can know that which subjectively is known.... Mouthful, that!” He finished with a chuckle.

Reich’s reserve to that point had caused him to be all but forgotten, so the sound of his vibrant voice came as a surprise. “Obviously the highly personal experience of sex does not submit easily to full scientific study, which can fall before considerable controversy.”

“No one could be better judge of that, than you,” Freud interjected, his tone of voice carrying not humor but comprehension. He paused to extract a cigar and, only holding it, what he then proceeded to say astounded the woman--not a complete confession; but for the gently private man he had been, ‘expiation’ nonetheless....

“Without revelation of the ‘sexual’ or ‘non-sexual’ lives of authorities on the very subject, how complete can such a study be? And how much of what *has* been stated by them [he was not able to say, *us*] is in the abstract, from which the average person receives no *naked* facts.” There, giving an out-of-character grin, he reached to the woman for the Ronson. “One only can guess how the ‘libido’ is coped with behind closed doors, not just by common human beings but by spiritual advocates, whose vocation ordains implacability.”

“And you—” Heard’s voice took command despite its softness; nor was what he said to the woman rhetorical-- “you made yourself an anonymous, obligated witness: submitting to the ‘laterecision’ to objectively impart *one* female’s bodily experiences for the benefit of others.”

“Unfortunately,” Freud was prompted to qualify, “one’s best intentions can go awry in the process.”

“As you well know, Sigmund—” Jung was moved to add—“needing to wait posthumously for Bettelheim’s clarifications of *your* theories, subjected to the West’s unconscious emotions.” Freud’s appreciation showing in his face, the woman thought, *all redounds to words-- to language, in any quest to bring individuals to harmony....*

Chapter Thirteen

The hearth meanwhile had turned cold.

“It feels as if it should be morning, doesn’t it?” Bucke asked, in fact thinking about breakfast.

“Not knowing when if ever we are to be released, how about I reset the fire,” Reich offered.

After a few preoccupied nods, he busied himself most efficiently, laying a fresh faggot beneath logs from the stack at the fire pit’s side. *How he must have missed Organon during the days in prison*, the woman thought.

Up to that point, contemplation of never going 'back' had titillated the woman's thought. *Might there be yet another room, a Physics 'get-together'?-- Galileo, Newton, Hershel, John Mitchell—all good fellows down to Einstein ; and Madame Curie with female guests she would invite!* Of a sudden now, however, she felt but one desperate want--*to get out!* *All the words passed amongst us...what good to the world?* On shelves at home a collection of books held more words than there were stars—words of labors that had broken many the heart of those driven to improve life, while Collective Humankind always came to its senses in retrospect. As with same-gender loving partners, for example. What good belated honor done Turing--59 years after his oh-so-undeserved end, to receive Her Majesty's pardon? *When would agape reign?*

Death.... Ends of Selves without living validation, leaving the inevitable question-- why? Ultimately, what point at all was there, to living? If one had not been created, one never would have known the difference! But could Humankind stop its own creation?--

Oh! She had *her* answer!—

But then, as if answering instead Bucke's breakfast thought, there was another sly delivery into the room.

"Bacon and eggs, if I'm not mistaken!" Heard exclaimed, jumping up, moving the coffee tray away and the new one to the front of the circle. A delicious aroma indeed arose, of scrambled eggs and crisp bacon sided by fruit, toast, and more coffee.

With Reich's fire blazing nicely, once more all deliberations gave way to private pleasures. By the time the last lips-wiped napkins were set aside and fresh coffee distributed, the woman was prepared for her hoped-for exit. If, as Dante, she *did* return to world after this 'journey', it would *not* be still nailed to a cross of speculations. She would live by *reasoned* premises--a whole picture: if human bodies with minds were to continue being created, the reason for it must be that which *they*, not God determined.

"Dr. Heard—" she set down her coffee cup—"you summarized the human quandary succinctly, when *you* asked whether there was any purpose to existence: to 'being born and living a fleeting three score and 10 years, then disappearing'. You asked, was the whole thing but 'an idiot-told tale'?"

She relifted her cup, expecting to receive at least one comment. None coming, she put her coffee cup back down. "Given that everyone *into* Life seeks and, if lucky, rationalizes solacing purposes along the way. Now here's a statistic it would be interesting to measure. How many persons world-wide would choose, if given the possibility, to never have been born to know their life at all? Which brings me to the issue of birth control."

No longer caring whether she received responses, she recommenced: "This I chooses not to cling to vestigial hope of an eternal self in current identity. That leaves present Mind simply in a lone bit of Humankind with but one certainty: it did not come to exist because at some distant time a god needed company. *Nature* ruled: *This 'I'* simply was born *because a man and a woman caused its conception*. Now this 'I' says, it's too simple--like one and one equal two. Where is the logic, continuing astronomical creation of people without reasonable insurance they will have decent lives? "

She managed to keep from shouting.... *This very moment!--arbitrarily created children are being killed, dismembered!--*said, only, "Meanwhile in the various sub-collectives, illogical controversies go on and on over birth control, sensible abortions, and 'women's' rights. And why is that latter term limited to women, to potential *motherhood-- monogenesis* being obviated!--when equally involved is potential *fatherhood-- men's 'rights'?*"

Freud (*bless his heart!*) spoke then. ""As to those 'sub-collectives', they embrace the two reasons why Humankind needs cling to a personified, law-giving god: solace for its self-inflicted miseries, and reliance that identity does not die with body--that Self will enjoy permanence and reward for its living struggles."

“So true,” the woman sighed. “In the end it matters not how World was created; all that matters is that its pain be abated. Yet slowly are the ‘veils of Maya’ raised as a soul faces final days. My grandmother in her last days said, ‘I have a “big thing” left to do.’ But *this* I does not wish to lose its’ Self in anticipation of body’s death; *this* I wishes to kill deaths in Consciousness--annihilate all unreleased emotions of all this *Body’s* ‘selves’ and consciously, *genderlessly* surpass prior personas while body still lives.”

“*Even if* sadly,” Heard responded, “the ‘cleansed’ psyche knowing it will not exist long enough to witness a preponderant Collective effect a just and reasonable , collectively cultural, ‘econosocio’ global civilization—a human ‘paradise’ on earth?”

“But I can—I will!--give all writing labor toward it.”

Reich and Freud both spoke at once, their words interjecting: “Not caring about...*despite the...* acrimony ...*the tarnishing of...* your words...*your work...* your reputation...*attracts??*”

“My time with all of you has established that to which previously I gave only lip service: that progress is built on the dedicated lives of Time’s dead, four fundamental truths here for me having been established : Consciousness and its Intellect is genderless; there is no personifiable god; Humankind is subject only to the forces of Cosmic Nature--the ‘One, True Reality’ being where *it*, Humankind, finds, senses, and perceives itself; and *Reason* should be the quested foundation of all human life.” She refrained from including, however, that it had been proved to her satisfaction that ‘Man’s’ thinking was in need of updating.

“As to the first premise, genderless psyche,” Bucke rubbed his chin thoughtfully, “that seems to be what we others have been here to recognize? That is, for myself I accede the oversight of not including at least one female in *Cosmic Consciousness*. But I comprehend, now, that while male and female inhabit their respective material forms, psyche is not subject of them.”

“Certainly I am not alone?--“Heard remarked--“seeing the man, Jesus, as harboring *precisely* that attitude. When asked by a Pharisee, to whom a woman in paradise that had had more than one husband would belong, he commented, ‘The sons of this age marry and are given in marriage, but those who are considered worthy to attain...resurrection...neither marry nor are given in marriage’. They would be ‘equal to angels’. That would make women free, too--no?”

“And there was his other comment--on the mount?” Jung interposed; “when he was interrupted to be told his family had arrived? What was it that he said?”

Heard replied, “In *Matthew*, I think: ‘*Whoever* does the will of my Father...is my brother and *sister* and mother.”

The woman rose and strode before Jung. “Am I correct? When *you* imagined ‘spiritual’ life it had nothing to do with a personified god, acknowledging *material causation* and accepting, as I also believe, that there is no such thing as ‘free will’.”

“True,” Jung replied. “I believe we are in agreement there—that individually in-born nature, psyche molded via its fated development, unconsciously becomes fixed. Given what appears to be a ‘choice’ between two possible decisions, that which will be made only is the one in accord *with* one’s imbued nature.”

The woman threw herself back into her chair. “What this Self desires most now is to eschew Time. By that I mean, no longer a slave to its history. This ‘I’ wants done with *conjectures*! Via present electronic mediums all one hears *is* conjecture: programs touted as scientific ‘fact’ convey nothing but questions.... “*Did* aliens coming to earth thousands of years ago bestow all of our developed intelligence and labor? *Does* the Mayan Calendar predict the end of our world?—“

“Well, at least Humankind lived to see *that* conjecture put to rest,” Heard said.

“As to your third point, as to a ‘one, true reality’,” Bucke took it up again, “let me see whether I understand the premise. That belief rests, for want of better expression, on total materiality; that

Consciousness can be refined through evolutionarily enhancement of the substantial aggregation by which it manifests, thus advancing operation of intellect.”

“Close,” the woman replied, “but I’m unsure if I can make it clearer.” She leaned forward intently, one elbow on knee, chin lifted from its resting palm. “Materiality gives rise to genetics, yes. Genetics is fueled by Physics, which generates the submachine of physiology, so it must be allowed that different individuals are born with varying ‘equipment’ to be adapted via all absorbed by the senses in and from developmental influences and environmental sources and resources. Finally, those receptions acting upon the equipment yield exponential character types along the entire spectrum of good and evil.” She paused then, aware of greater tiredness. *I hope this ends soon....*

Freud’s voice—he then moved to speak—held a similarly wishful tinge. “Now tell us, as to your fourth point, how would you foster ‘reason’ in Collective Consciousness.”

“By *reductionism*. Psychologically, freeing psyche from imposition of gender with changes in certain analytical and archetypal terminology as earlier mentioned—perhaps,” she added, tongue in cheek, “the added archetype of *virgin*-- also genderless? Most important *physiologically*-- establishing the need for ‘*conscious conception*’--cleanly separating bodily need to excrete energy via sexual organs from human creation that can accompany it. How often and with whom one might engage in sex is quite secondary to beginning a life that has had no prior thought given it. *That* should be the ultimate difference between us and other animals.”

The men variously adjusted themselves in their chairs or sipped more coffee. The woman would liked to have asked, had *they*--when a child of theirs was conceived--had *it* in mind? It was not in her nature to do so, but caused her to smile, which they took as expressive of the next words she did speak: “I appreciate your humoring me,” which received some little smiles in return. Then she took a cigarette from the box but replaced it vengefully....

“After all efforts—brief losses of self in meditation; as real as were new perceptions; even as vivid as the visions of my father—in truth, I could not grasp belief of another of my existence beyond the one known, earthly life. ‘The I’— conscious awareness —*had* known its Self to respond without forethought to Nature’s force. Thus shall I reap my purpose; like the recently retired pope, an abdication, not from a material institution; from psychical authority....”

She arose from her chair. “Our number here, one short of the symbolic seven, has been incomplete,” she said softly, gazing into the fire. Then, thinking of Einstein, she turned to face the fire. “Establishment of the ‘solid-state theory’ will inaugurate human consciousness’s next growth, in an orderly cosmological system. *Unification*—cosmos with physics, physics with physiology, physiology with psychology, brain with psyche, psyche with mind--material substance with in-substance—“

“Which *must* occur!” Reich’s sprang emphatically forward in his chair. “*Is* occurring--forced by Nature and Nature alone in its welding of matter and energy into being—pure extraction of causes and effects, leading to solutions of reason, and...,” his thought turned inward, “peace.”

Bucke, who had nodded off, roused and asked, “Have we come full circle?—where understanding meets knowledge?”

Freud answered, “I believe we have—“

“Full circle!” Heard exclaimed: “Man and woman, woman and man, mother and son, father and daughter, friend and friend--beyond body; free! “

“In which case, Gerald,” Jung, a twinkle in his eyes, shot back at him, “neither East nor West wins.”

“You know? You’re right.” Heard gave a last chuckle. “Looks like it’s going to be a tie!”

Editor’s Postscript

The within transcription is a reproduction of a manuscript received electronically by the publisher from an anonymous, untraceable source. Left to question whether it was a fictional dream, it only can be surmised that the gender-contenders, Domestic and Writer, disappeared into a black hole left by a supernova of their psychic constellation. But what happened, one is given to ask, to the aging Consciousness they shared? Alas, there is no way to know, there being four possibilities:

Possible End 1:

In a satiated silence that followed Heard's quip, the crackling of the fire the only sound, each felt drowsiness descending; and, in the woman's mind, a dream began—a poem of sorts.... *“Go now; sit in your last garden-- father and mother spirits at each side and you between them warmed by the sun; daughter and son united in one....”*

Spring's moon was on the wane, and 'The Dowager' in a wheelchair awakened

Possible End 2:

A satiated silence followed then, the crackling of the fire the only sound. Drowsiness seemed to be permeating the entire room, when the door opened. In walked six 'entities' and—with them!—Einstein. While the six for the most part looked human, something about their features seemed not.

Quietly each extended a hand to one of the group, who, trance-like, accepted; and, one by one, allowed themselves to be led out of the door. The woman, the only one able apparently to summon speech, said as she approached it, “I hope after three lifetimes in this one body that I'm being taken to where I can smoke a decent joint.” (Only Einstein laughed.)

Possible End 3:

A satiated silence followed then, the crackling of the fire the only sound. The last the woman felt was sleep's descent....

In a ward which looked much like a prison an aged woman lay immobile in a hospital-type bed, eyes vacant as if looking inward at a dream. Two attendants stood at the doorway of the room. One was a trainee, to whom the other whispered, “Here, we have a woman who, just before Death took her, claimed that she was the ‘Holy Grail’!”

Possible End 4:

A satiated silence followed then, the crackling of the fire the only sound. The last the woman felt was sleep's descent....

Somewhere in the world a mid-wife received into her hands from the womb of a French village wife a perfect son. What no one could know was that the boy was being born with a dream in Psyche, of being guided by one whose name was “Plaisir.”¹ Wheresoever Psyche would roam, in that would its Spirit dwell....

[And there, dear reader, *this Self per force* puts down the pen.]

Spirit in Conversation

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