

Dr. HIPocrisy

anon.

1976

Dear Dr. Hypocrisy,
My boyfriend just got over a “dose” of Trotskyism. He says he is “safe” to begin relations again, but I’m worried.
What do you think?
Livonia Libertarian

Dear L.L.

I get lots of letters like this and it never ceases to amaze me how ignorant many people are of the dangers of social diseases.

Unlike Stalinism, where no recovery is expected anyway, the particular danger of Trotskyism is that very often the initial symptoms (slavish devotion to the theories of corpses, messianic delusions, etc.) will disappear spontaneously, leading its victims to believe they’ve suffered only a brief, mild infection.

With the separation (usually in disgust) from the Trotskyist organization which normally marks the culmination of the disease’s primary stage, it’s not at all rare to hear the victims assert, as your boyfriend has done, that they’re completely cured and that there’s no sign of the infection left in their systems. The ugly truth, though, is that the bacteria has only entered the dormant secondary stage during which it will lie inert for periods of up to several years, causing no apparent symptomatic disruptions.

But when the tertiary stage rolls around, look out For reasons which are not yet completely understood, at some point the bacteria will become reactivated and begin to attack the central nervous system. In short order, victims will begin displaying’ all the symptoms of classical degenerative brain disease; reduced to literal babbling idiots, they’ll be found asserting the need for everything from mass vanguards without the vanguard party to non-authoritarian organizations. And at this point the decline is irreversible—once it enters your bloodstream its all over, you might as well kiss; your mushy brainbox goodbye.

One final note: How insane the victim becomes depends largely on how virulent a strain it is. If it’s a mild, ineffectual variety, like the SWP, some limited recovery is possible, but if you’re infected with one of the newer strains like the Spartacist League—it’s drool city for you.

Dear Dr. Hypocrisy,

There is a biker club that lives down the street in a semi abandoned slaughter house. They wear cow and hog skins for clothing, seldom bathe, and many have twisted features they got from motorcycle accidents while sniffing glue.

Their leader, Tire-Head, says that I’m not liberated because I won’t participate in any of their orgies or gangbangs. From a Reichian point of view, do you think I have excessive character armour?

Star-Gaze,
Flint, Mich.

Dear Star-Gaze,

Merely indulging in sex for compulsive reasons like group acceptance or to prove something is as alienated as refraining from sex out of moral abstraction or fear. On the other hand, should you fall in love with them, why not?

fifth Estate

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