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REFLECTIONS ON THE MANTRA

by allen ginsberg



Mantram (singular), mantra (plural) is a short verbal formula like Rolling Stones' "I'm going home," or Gertrude Stein's "A rose is a rose is a rose," which is repeated as a form of prayer meditation over and over until the original thin-conscious association with meaning disappears and the words become pure physical sounds uttered in a frankly physical universe; the word or sound or utterance then takes on a new density as a kind of magic language or magic spell and becomes a solid object introduced into the science fiction space-time place where the worshipper finds himself, surrounded by jutting mountain crags or city buildings.

After several minutes of devoted repetition—such as Alfred Lord Tennyson practiced with his own name (a form of worship of a form of the Self categorized by one Hindu as Atma Darshan. Self-communion translated—one might garland one's own photo with flowers and kneel to worship that particular manifest image of Divinity)—it is possible that the awesome physical sound reverberating out of the body into the air might serve as a vehicle for the expression of nonconceptual sensations of the worshipper. That is to say, the magic formula pronunciation can be loaded with affects—feelings, emotions—(Bhakti or devotion is the Hindu term) passing through the body of the devotee. Feelings which arise spontaneously all the time, but rarely have suitable channels for direct expression. So that longer stretches of mantra chanting may become the opportunity for realization of certain blissful or horrific feelings which are latent and hitherto unrealized—tears may arise of which the devotee was not aware earlier. Or gaieties, or Hebraic solemnities. Thus the mantram may serve as an instrument for widening the areat of immediate self-awareness of the singer; much as an intense conversation with psychoanalyst or lover, or priest or connection may bring out emotional news; singing (from olden times) deepens the soul of the singer. By deepens the soul, I mean not that the soul is added to like brick by brick, but that what's already there becomes visible or audible. Well, we all know that about singing. I'm just explaining these simplicities to dispel mysterious notions or provincial resentments against the use of oriental tricks.

Negro spirituals which involve deepening of the expression of a repeated refrain function like mantra. So lovers' cries in moments of crisis like "Oh I'm coming, coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming, etc." Singing in the bathroom or on lonesome bridges may have some general function of providing situations where full force of feeling is slowly developed and outwardly expressed in solitude. From Yoruba drum-dance-and-shout worship rituals to electronic folk-rock we have developed Western situations to manifest our fugitive aethereal consciousness.

The Indian practice of mantra—chanting is ancient and useful to know; but I don't know enough about it technically to be the right guru. I wish to explain what I do know through gossip and practice, and hope that scholarly holymen will make allowances for my ignorance.

One Oriental idea is suggestive: that the mantra in itself has magic or practical power irrespective of the sincerity or propriety of its pronunciation in a given situation; and that mere pronunciation of the mantra is a meritorious and mysterious art. On this assumption I take liberty to chant and explain mantram publicity.

The name of Shiva pronounced accidentally by a dying man asking for a glass of water was, on one occasion of legend cause for his immediate release from bondage to rebirth and suffering.

Why is that? Because, according to theory, the names of the Gods used in the mantra are identical with the Gods (or powers invoked) themselves. So that one who sings Shiva's name becomes Shiva (Creator and Destroyer) himself. The subjective experience of repeated singing of Shiva's name confirms this theory, as far as I have been able to tell. Obviously it is a subjective experience, not an "objective" one. Subjective sensation is what I'm interested in recovering contact with; and here interpret "objectivity" as a retreat from feelable phenomena.

The mantram is generally given by a teacher to pupil, and most often is to be kept secret, and recited aloud when alone, or silently with lips or only mentally; and recited continually, until the mind's activities become fixed around the mantram. That way a continuum is begun that deepens till maybe deathbed. Fixing the mind on one point, focusing and deepening in one spot is a classical method of yoga meditation. Some mantra are all-India common property, and are universal, public. The late Swami Shivananda (May his self bless us all!) of Rishikesh recommended Hare Krishna as the Maha Mantra—Great Mantra—for this age, infallible publicly and privately for everyone. He was a large souled man, "Vishnu Himself" as one beautiful yogi explained in a hermitage across the river from Shivananda's Ashram. Shivananda was the first "accredited" Guru I encountered; a year later at the confluence of Yamuna and Ganges rivers called Trivondrum in Allahabad at a great fair of half a million holymen and ladies. I passed by a larger wooden Nepalese structure where a lady saint supposed to be some Northern princess sat enthroned, with her attendants and worshipers gathered to one side around a harmonium (hand organ) and heard her smiling enrapt singing of the same Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare. Her face had an inner smile reflected, eyes half closed, the song had lilt of tenderness and odd inevitable sweet rhythm, and though I did not notice it at the time, the song was impressed on my own memory. It came after many adventures. I never knew her name.

August 1, 1966



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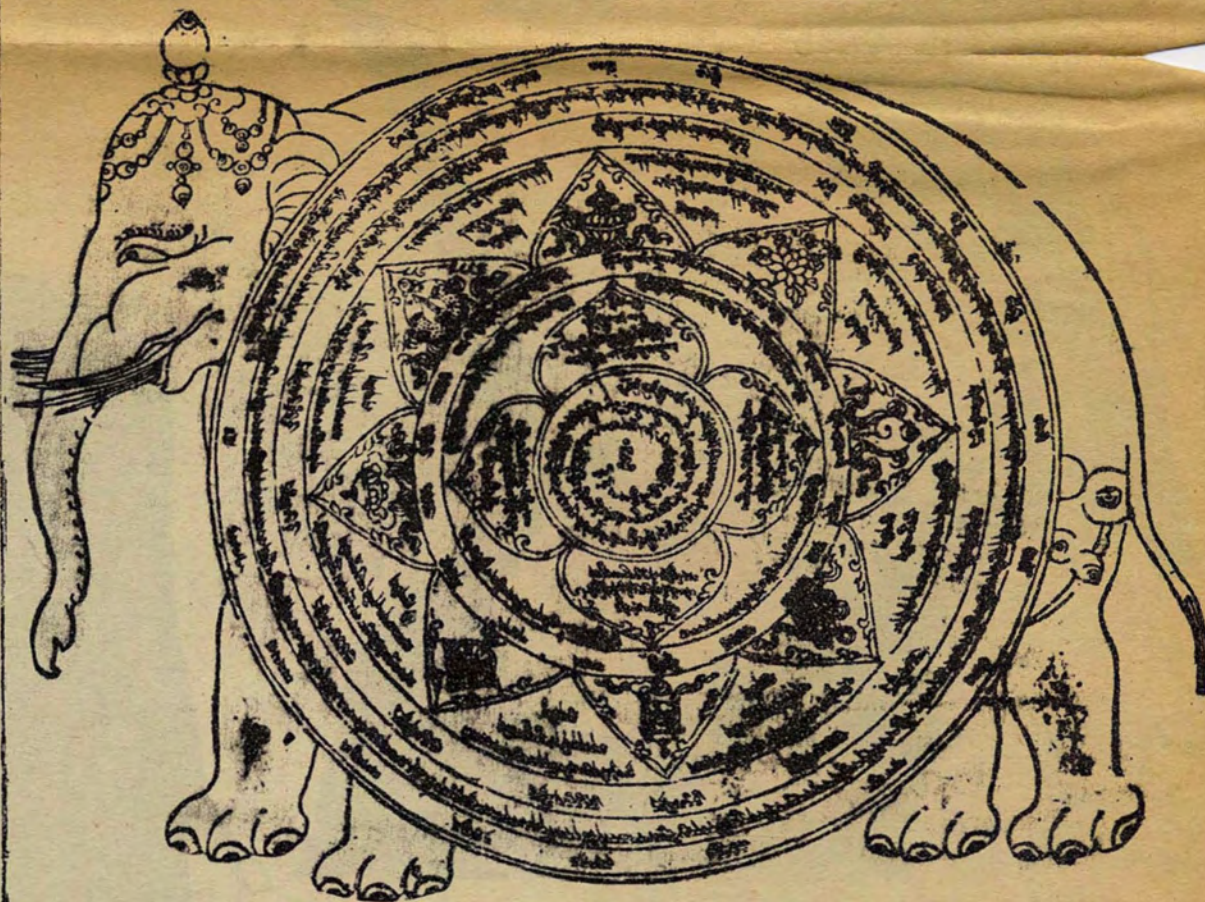
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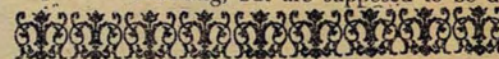
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buddhism & the coming revolution

gary snyder

Gary Snyder, a major poet of our decades, one of those involved in the San Francisco Renaissance that heralded, so many years ago now, the "Beat Generation". Even in those frantic days, when the movement away from the bleak post-war existentialist mood was only underway, his work was calm and perceptive—perceptive of what so many, from Haight-Ashbury to Notting Hill, are now beginning to see, understand and love. He was Japhy Rider in Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums*, a Zen Buddhist. But no phoney, superficial pretence at the Zen Way. He studied in the monasteries of Kyoto, in the hills and forests of America, on the seas of the world, in the brawling cities of the world. And here, in the mid-1960, when a great change is taking place within mankind, he is one of our most necessary angels. A man who knows. Like Allen Ginsberg, who has helped so many of us to understand the vision of India, Gary Snyder is a bridge. Imagine a gigantic Buddha in the centre of the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm, London—it is now quite feasible, perhaps wonderfully inevitable—and you will see which parts of the map he connects.

I consider the piece of writing below to be one of the finest and most important this newspaper has yet published. It first appeared in the San Francisco UPS newspaper, *THE ORACLE*, and doubtless received an eager and sympathetic audience. In these countries of Britain, however, there is still resistance and embarrassment—yes, embarrassment—when the perennial truths are even mentioned. But even in staid England and dour Scotland, a change is beginning to take place. At the moment it is going through a frantic stage of freak-outs, Happenings, multi-media, LSD—the revolution is still in progress. It will be complete when we arrive at calm belief, described by Gary Snyder as "the belief in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural loving desires," the belief which "destroys ideologies which blind, maim, and repress—and points the way to a kind of community which would amaze 'moralists' and eliminate armies of men who are fighters because they cannot be lovers."

TOM McGRATH

Buddhism holds that the universe and all creatures in it are intrinsically in a state of complete wisdom, love, and compassion; acting in natural response and mutual interdependence. The personal realization of this from-the-beginning state cannot be had for and by one—"self"—because it is not fully realized unless one has given the self up, and away.

In the Buddhist view, what obstructs the effortless manifestation of this state is ignorance, which projects into fear and needless craving. Historically, Buddhist philosophers have failed to analyze out the degree to which ignorance and suffering are caused or encouraged by social factors, considering fear-and-desire to be given facts of the human condition. Consequently the major concern of Buddhist philosophy is epistemology and "psychology" with no attention paid to historical or sociological problems. Although Mahayana Buddhism has a grand vision of universal salvation, the actual achievement of Buddhism has been the development of practical systems of meditation toward the end of liberating a few dedicated individuals from psychological hangups and cultural conditionings. Institutional Buddhism has been conspicuously ready to accept or ignore the inequalities and tyrannies of whatever political system it found itself under. This can be death to Buddhism, because it is death to any meaningful function of compassion. Wisdom without compassion feels no pain.

No one today can afford to be innocent, or indulge himself in ignorance of the nature of contemporary governments, politics, and social orders. The national policies of the modern world maintain their existence by deliberately fostered craving and fear: monstrous protection rackets. The "free world" has become economically dependent on a fantastic system of stimulation of greed which cannot be fulfilled, sexual desire which cannot be satisfied, and hatred which has no outlet except against oneself, the persons one is supposed to love, or the revolutionary aspirations of pitiful, poverty-stricken marginal societies like Cuba or Viet Nam. The conditions of the cold war have turned all modern societies—Communist included—into vicious distorters of man's true potential. They create populations of "preta"—hungry ghosts, with giant appetites and throats no bigger than needles. The soil, the forests, and all animal life are being consumed by these cancerous collectivities; the air and water of the planet is being fouled by them.

There is nothing in human nature or the requirements of human social organization which intrinsically requires that a culture be contradictory, repressive, and productive of violent and frustrated personalities. Recent findings in

anthropology and psychology make this more and more evident. One can prove it for himself by taking a good look at his own nature through meditation. Once a person has this much faith and insight, he must be led to a deep concern with the need for radical social change through a variety of hopefully non-violent means.

The joyous and voluntary poverty of Buddhism becomes a positive force. The traditional harmlessness and refusal to take life in any form has nation-shaking implications. The practice of meditation, for which one needs "only the ground beneath one's feet" wipes out mountains of junk being pumped into the mind by the mass media and supermarket and universities. The belief in a serene and generous fulfillment of natural loving desires destroys ideologies which blind, maim, and repress—and points the way to a kind of community which would amaze "moralists" and eliminate armies of men who are fighters because they cannot be lovers.

Avatamsaka (Kegon) Buddhist philosophy sees the world as a vast inter-related network in which all objects and creatures are necessary and illuminated. From one standpoint, governments, wars, or all that we consider "evil" are uncompromisingly contained in this totalistic realm. The hawk, the swoop, and the hare are one. From the "human" standpoint we cannot live in those terms unless all beings see with the same enlightened eye. The Bodhisattva lives by the sufferer's standard, and he must be effective in aiding those who suffer.

The mercy of the west has been social revolution; the mercy of the east has been individual insight into the basic self/void. We need both. They are both contained in the traditional three aspects of the Dharma: wisdom (prajna), meditation (dhyana), and morality (sila). Wisdom is intuitive knowledge of the mind of love and clarity that lies beneath one's ego-driven anxieties and aggressions. Meditation is going into the mind to see this for yourself—over and over again, until it becomes the mind you live in. Morality is bringing it back out in the way you live, through personal example and responsible action, ultimately toward the true community (sangha) of "all beings". This last aspect means, for me, supporting any cultural and economic revolution that moves clearly toward a free, international, classless world. It means using such means as civil disobedience, outspoken criticism, protest, pacifism, voluntary poverty, and even gentle violence, if it comes to a matter of restraining some impetuous redneck. It means affirming the widest possible spectrum of non-harmful individual behaviour—defending the right of individuals to smoke hemp, eat people, be polygynous, polyandrous, or homosexual. Worlds of behaviour and custom long banned by the Judaeo-Capitalists-Christian-Marxist West. It means respecting intelligence and learning, but not as greed or means to personal power. Working on one's own responsibility, but willing to work with a group. "Forming the new society within the shell of the old"—the I.W.W. slogan of fifty years ago.

The traditional cultures are in any case doomed, and rather than cling to their good aspects hopelessly it should be remembered that whatever is or ever was in any other culture can be reconstructed from the unconscious, through meditation. In fact, it is my own view that the coming revolution will close the circle and link us in many way with the most creative aspects of our archaic past. If we are lucky we may eventually arrive at a totally integrated world culture with matrilineal descent, free-form marriage, natural-credit communist economy, less industry, far less population, and lots more national parks.

The Buddhist Oracle
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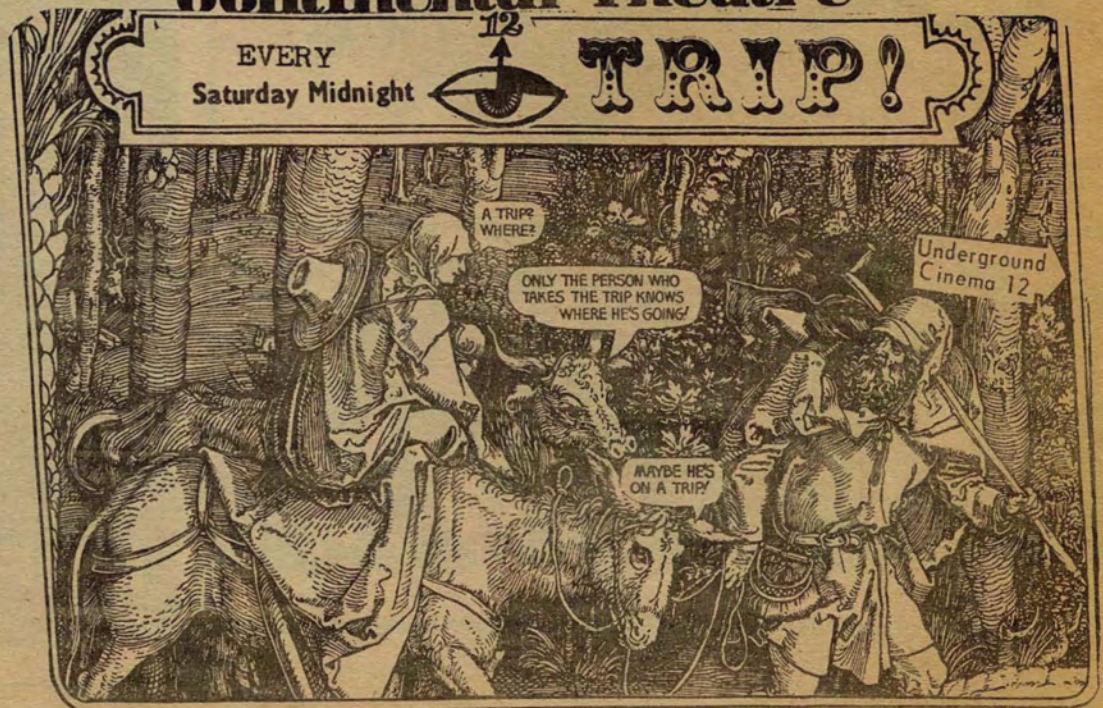
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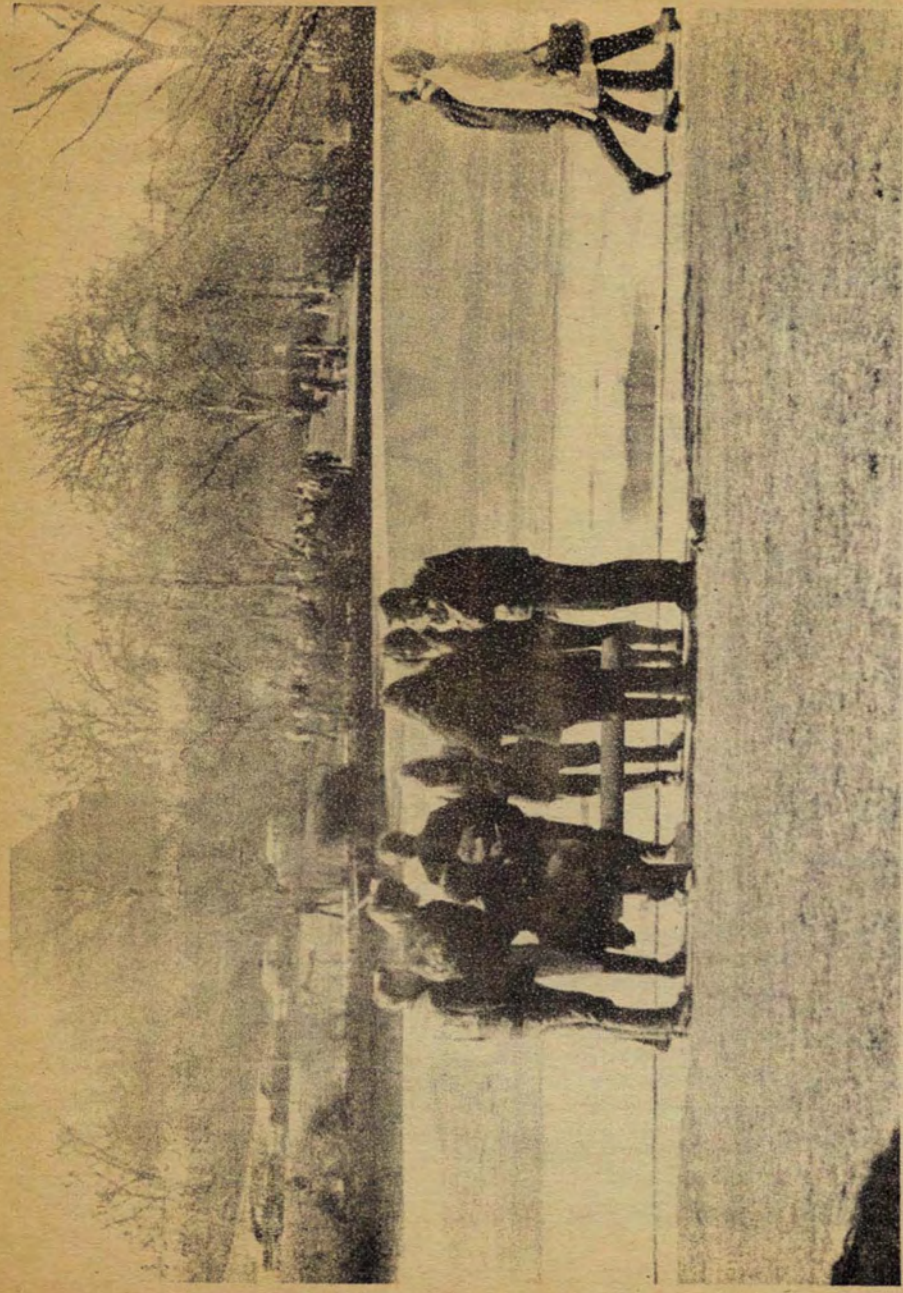
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'THE STUDENT AS NIGGER'

JERRY FARBER

LOS ANGELES FREE PRESS March 3, 1967



STUDENTS are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections — their average age is about 26 — but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

SMILES & SHUFFLES

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" — and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out — each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his

students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying "This class is NOT dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

FOLLOW ORDERS

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers, your

stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass. The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the goddamn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress." In some high schools, if your skirt looks too

delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others — including most of the "good students" — have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

INWARD ANGER

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs

with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And, in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

FORCES A SPLIT

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

At any rate teachers ARE short on balls. And, as Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say — or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim — any time you choose — you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear — fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance — and parade a slender learning.

'WHITE SUPREMACY'

The teacher's fear is mixed

with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him — eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbo-jumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety — at best an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union, nonetheless may practice the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meistersinger." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white men so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes the castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed

sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

BLEEDING BRAINS

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sado-masochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher — a kind of intellectual rough trade — and flops his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter — sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempo. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course,

A COURSE IN HOW TO BE SLAVES

short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. They're short on balls.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to

HOW TEACHERS TURN STUDENTS OFF

(Continued)

there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom; the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening — turned-on awareness of hairy goodies underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students' cocks (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend that those cocks aren't there. As things stand now, students are physically castrated or spayed — and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

ONCE A NIGGER

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And this makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

DANCE OR DUNCE

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required — with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they fuck. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it.

I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that famb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness — over 16 years — to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

INTIMIDATE OR KILL

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come

blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at — a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons — their own reasons.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

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SEATED Tārā

from Orissa late 8th century A.D., brown sandstone,

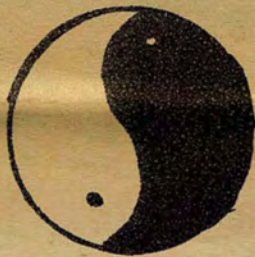
With the development of Tāntric Buddhism, female deities began to play an increasingly prominent role in Mahāyāna iconography, eventually rivaling in importance the Bodhisattvas of whom they are the potent female counterparts (*śakti*). In its generic usage, the term Tārā, (literally, perhaps, "one who swims across") refers to the Buddhist "saviouresses" who are the consorts of Bodhisattvas. The Tārās and other Buddhist female deities probably derived in part from certain goddesses of the rival Hindu pantheon and from the survival of the primitive worship of the Mother Goddess, finally given canonical recognition in much the same way that the cult of *yakshas* and *yakshīs* was incorporated into early Buddhist iconography. At first the Tārās functioned along with the Bodhisattvas as attendants in hieratic Buddha panels, eventually being developed into cult icons as in the present, powerfully conceived stele, perhaps from the region of Ratnagiri. The heavy rotundity of the face bears some physiognomic resemblance to the preceding standing Buddha, but here, appropriately, the compact forms of the body are fuller, almost aggressively voluptuous, with massive shoulders and spherical, tightly compressed breasts. Wearing a variety of rich ornaments, the hair piled up in a round mass above her tiara, the buxom figure sits in *lalitāsana*, the left leg folded against the body and the right extended down from the lotus seat, resting the foot on a lotus blossom emerging from a mass of deeply carved tendrils on the base; the forms of the legs are revealed through a diaphanous skirt decorated with a pattern of broad bands. Her right hand is held palm outward in a gesture bestowing grace (*varada mudrā*); the left, placed behind the knee, holds the stalk of the lotus shown beside the left shoulder. The curved top of the stele is much weathered, defacing a partially visible inscription; a floral motif is shallowly incised around the perimeter of the relief.



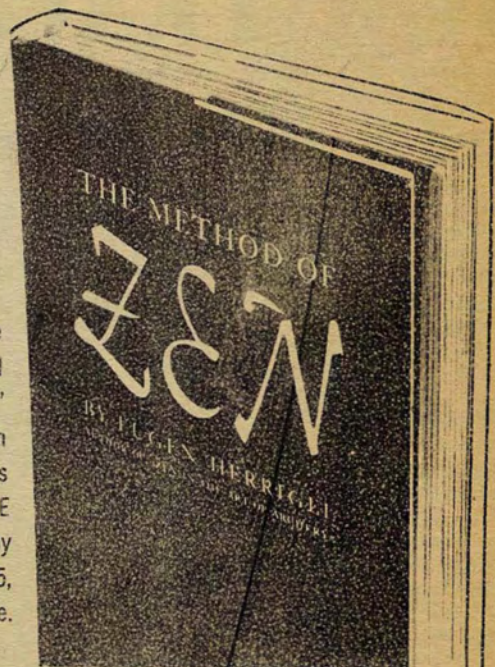
"one cup of wine and i'm vivacious,
five cups and i'm mild as a spring day,
ten cups and the wintry moon
is high in the sky,
the carp leaps from the deep pond."

GASMAN (1853-1900)

On rainy days
old monk Ryōkan
feels sorry for himself
Ryōkan



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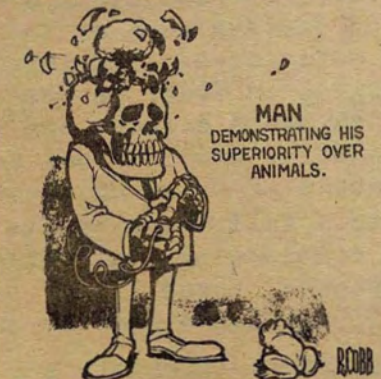
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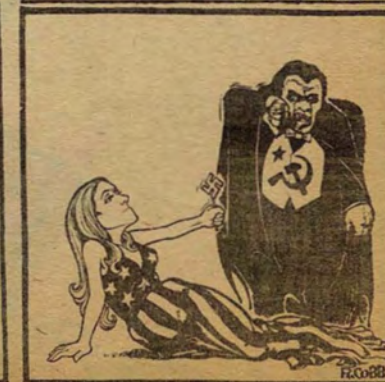
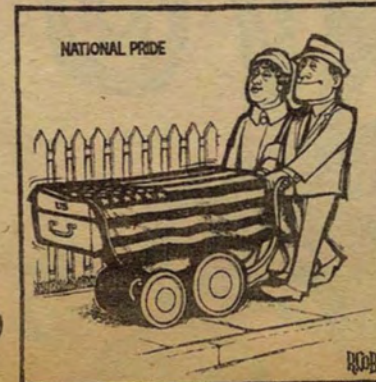
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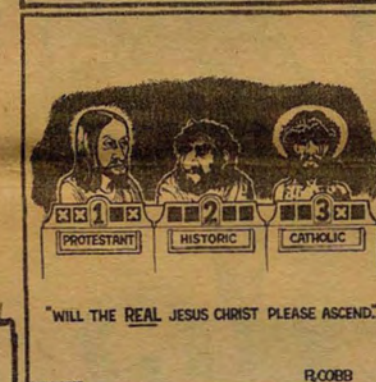
I TALK WITH THE SPIRITS-
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TOGETHER AGAIN; PEOPLE; A QUOTE FROM
CLIFFORD BROWN; TREES; FUGUE 'N' AND
ALLUDIN'; THE BUSINESS AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT
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12. "Did Anyone Ever Tell You . . ."
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→ (data note: words and idea-concepts contained herein program as second hand information; the delusions are not necessarily those of captain zero or those of Multiple Reality Land associates. The information is disguised as defined in order to prevent premature suicides, which would disrupt the non-communication establishment, and in order to bait the infiltrating forces of those Processes Which Define (the PWD) into a full scale battle with themselves, thus completeing (detaching from spatial-temporal existence) phase II of the current illusionary obliteration at ground zero...)

BACK-GROUND information: (probably stolen from the files at PWD HEADquarters) Functional is. AnyOne continually decides where, The process happens. (This is flowing, non-static electricity image, denying resistance conflicts and similiar data.) The environment or lack of it thus has become permanently functional.

HERE we can probably expect a chaos agent, either this One or General Gap of the U.T.P., to leave MRL and engage Functional Reality on its own ground (PWD), in an attempt to restrict previous anti-communication programming. To be effectively disruptive, installation of an ultra-functional (unrealized in time-space) reality seems to be in demand. Previous and future experiences with establishing Ones-self (data relationship with gestalt human organism experiments of Evolution Incorporated) on upper-functional levels have provided Multiple Reality Land associates with spectral-knowledges, wherein suicidal tendencies have been demonstrated to be extremely functional ~~previously~~ previous spectral-informations on defense-attack functions (data from memory-banks check: there is nothing to defend, there is nothing that merits attack). This projects to the Reality that One would probably be bored to death if One weren't suicidal, but the unfortunate tendency to live (program to data area "i am" : exist) with non-survival programming becomes the function of functioning. If One does not commit (program to permanently shade the word, imagery of multicolored hallucinations) suicide in this existence, the universe functions will probably delay One, put One on (so to speak), forcing depressed (non-functional outside of survival-data realms) suicidal states when One invents a need to create (or appear in existing) new spheres of functioning. For instance, if One is aware that One is going to jump (or already has jumped) out of a window, eventually the window becomes unimportant (nonfunctional), and One finds self functioning both before jumping and after One splatters upon hitting the ground (ground zero primary hallucination-reality complex).

Thus, the current primary motions of the past and future seem to indicate an as yet unfinished mission of complete and total psychic suicide. THIS being established as functional will probably over-develop this heavily defended area of the PWD to the point of ultrafunction, which will be dominated by a chaos agent who will be in a permanently suicidal position, projecting new information (data to memory banks: unrealized in time-space) into the PWD and thus slightly altering their position. (EX-ample: functional is not. NoOne decided. The environment is unaffected and disappears.)

Project FunctionNonfunction will then demand full integration of another chaos agent from the MRL tion of another chaos agent from MRL, who probably has not appeared previously, and who can leave Multiple Reality Land in order to delude himself with funtional information which, through an as yet unestablished procedure (probably a non-procedure) will enable this agent to reverse the suicidal trend established by the original agent (data on current programming), thus establishing within the boundaries of the PWD a complete sphere of non-reality (multiple-reality), provided both agents realize their importance as Being Worthless, thus maintaining & creating additional opposite extremes. Partially, this will achieve nothing.

-captain zero



PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

'THE PATH OF GOOD WISHES WHICH PROTECTETH FROM FEAR IN THE *Bardo*':

[1]

When the cast [of the dice] of my life hath become exhausted,
The relatives in this world avail me not;
When I wander alone by myself in the *Bardo*,
[O] ye Conquerors, Peaceful and Wrathful, exercising the
power of your compassion,
Let it come that the Gloom of Ignorance be dispelled.

[2]

When wandering alone, parted from loving friends,
When the shapes of mine empty thought-forms dawn upon
me here,
[May the] Buddhas, exerting the power of their divine com-
passion,
Cause it to come that there be neither awe nor terror in the
Bardo.

[3]

When the bright radiances of the Five Wisdoms shine upon
me now,
Let it come that I, neither awed nor terrified, may recognize
them to be of myself;
When the apparitions of the Peaceful and Wrathful forms are
dawning upon me here,
Let it come that I, obtaining the assurance of fearlessness,
may recognize the *Bardo*.

[4]

When experiencing miseries, because of the force of evil
karma,
Let it come that the Conquerors, the Peaceful and Wrathful,
may dispel the miseries;
When the self-existing Sound of Reality reverberates [like]
a thousand thunders,
Let it come that they be transmuted into the sounds of the
Mahāyāna Doctrines.¹

[5]

When [I am] unprotected, [and] *karmic* influences have to be
followed here,
I beseech the Conquerors, the Peaceful and the Wrathful, to
protect me;
When suffering miseries, because of the *karmic* influence of
propensities,
Let it come that the blissful *Samādhi* of the Clear Light
may dawn [upon me].

[6]

When assuming supernormal rebirth in the *Sidpa Bardo*,
Let it come that the perverting revelations of *Māra* occur not
therein;
When I arrive wheresoever I wish to,
Let it come that I experience not the illusory fright and awe
from evil *karma*.

REBORN IN A WHOREHOUSE LIKE CLEVELAND

未



午



卯



戌



亥



THE THIRD & LAST IN A SERIES OF PRAYERS TO PROTECT ONE FROM BEING

[7]
When the roarings of savage beasts are uttered,
Let it come that they be changed into the sacred sounds of
the Six Syllables;

When pursued by snow, rain, wind, and darkness,
Let it come that I see with the celestial eyes of bright
Wisdom.

[8]

Let it come that all sentient beings of the same harmonious
order in the *Bardo*,
Without jealousy [towards one another], obtain birth on the
higher planes;

When [destined to] suffering from intense miseries of hunger
and thirst,

Let it come that I experience not the pangs of hunger and
thirst, heat and cold.

[9]

When I behold the future parents in union,
Let it come that I behold them as the [Divine] Pair, the
Conquerors, the Peaceful and the Wrathful Father and
Mother;

Obtaining the power of being born anywhere, for the good of
others,

Let it come that I obtain the perfect body, adorned with the
signs and the graces.

[10]

Obtaining for myself the body of a male [which is] the
better,

Let it come that I liberate all who see or hear me;

Allowing not the evil *karma* to follow me,

Let it come that whatever merits [be mine] follow me and be
multiplied.

[11]

Wherever I be born, there and then,

Let it come that I meet the Conquerors, the Peaceful and the
Wrathful Deities;

Being able to walk and to talk as soon as [I am] born,³

Let it come that I obtain the non-forgetting intellect and
remember my past life [or lives].

[12]

In all the various lores, great, small, and intermediate,

Let it come that I be able to obtain mastery merely upon
hearing, reflecting, and seeing;

In whatever place I be born, let it be auspicious;

Let it come that all sentient beings be endowed with happiness.

[13]

Ye Conquerors, Peaceful and Wrathful, in likeness to your
bodies,

[Number of your] followers, duration of your life-period, limit
of your realms,

And [in likeness to the] goodness of your divine name,

Let it come that I, and others, equal your very selves in all these.

[14]

By the divine grace of the innumerable All-Good Peaceful
and Wrathful [Ones],

And by the gift-waves of the wholly pure Reality,

[And] by the gift-waves of the one-pointed devotion of the
mystic devotees,

Let it come that whatsoever be wished for be fulfilled here
and now.

'The Path of Good Wishes Affording Protection from Fears
in the *Bardo*' is finished.

THE CONCLUDING SEVEN VERSES

[V: THE COLOPHON]

[The Manuscript concludes with the following seven verses
by the *lāma* or scribe who compiled it, but he—faithful to the
old *lāmaic* teaching that the human personality should be
self-abased and the Scriptures alone exalted before the gaze of
sentient creatures—has not recorded his name:]

Through the perfectly pure intention of mine

In the making of this, through the root of the merits
thereof,

[May] those protectorless sentient beings, Mothers,

[Be] placed in the State of the Buddha:

Let the radiant glory of auspiciousness come to illuminate
the world;

Let this Book be auspicious;

Let virtue and goodness be perfected in every way.

[Here endeth the Manuscript of the *Bardo Thödol*.]

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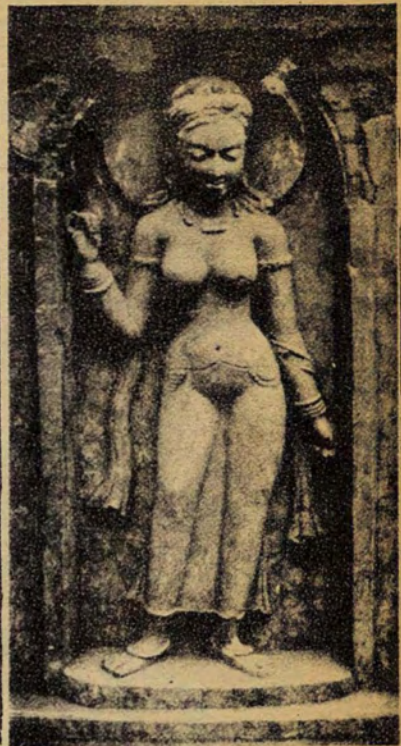
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