



HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

UNITE!

trip

...an analysis of LSD
and the acid movement
by archibald poindexter

Lysergic Acid Diethylamide or LSD-25 was discovered in 1938 by a Swiss biochemist, Albert Hoffman, working for Sandoz Laboratories in Switzerland. He was experimenting with compounds synthesized from ergot, a mold which grows on the heads of rye. On experiment # 25 he came across a compound which was produced by adding lysergic acid (a white crystalline solid) to di-ethyl amine (a clear aromatic alkaline liquid), resulting in one molecule of LSD and a molecule of water. The formula is a very simple combination but looks as complex as a protein molecule formula to a layman:
 $C_{15}H_{15}N_2COOH + (C_2H_5)_2NH = C_{15}H_{15}N_2CON + H_2O$.

Sandoz put Acid in the production stage and began experimentation. Hoffman was the first person in the world to trip on synthetic acid. He accidentally ingested some, but he was never quite sure how; he may have taken some orally, some may have been absorbed into his skin, or he may have inhaled the vapors. Within a few minutes Hoffman began to trip out. No longer able to work, he lay down on a couch in his lab and grooved. He began to receive intense transcendental visions. The walls of the room seemed to breathe and a dance of colored light patterns took place on the ceiling and walls. As his head became more cosmic he felt the fantastic unity of the universe. He came back down after a while and was never quite the same person he had been before -- this I can guarantee to anyone who drops acid.

Years passed and only a few people knew about this new drug. In 1960 a man named Timothy Leary was in Mexico on vacation from Harvard University, where he taught psychology, and an acquaintance offered him some "magic" or "sacred" mushrooms. Leary accepted them -- one would have been enough to get him up but he ate nine. This is a prodigious feat, since three will often make a person nauseous enough to regurgitate violently, the nausea being caused by a heavy floating sensation and the nature of the drug. Leary got beautiful color shows over what seemed to be fields of glittering jewels with a fire-red sunset in the background.

That experience got him into drugs, and when he and his associate Richard Albert returned to Harvard, they initiated a large underground drug culture there. Harvard's president at first allowed them to do extensive research with LSD and psilocybin (from the mushrooms), which were provided by Sandoz laboratories. Around 1961, however, things turned sour and the university fired Leary and Albert because they were turning Harvard into one giant refuge for heads. The two, accompanied by a number of distinguished people, left for Mexico with a large supply of acid and psilocybin. They started a colony on an estate near Acapulco, which became the base of IFIF -- the International Federation for Internal Freedom. The atmosphere created by the Mexicans, however, was very inhospitable. More problems came up: Sandoz stopped giving both acid and psilocybin to them, and it was inevitable that Leary and Albert would have to leave the country and return to the States.

One of the people who Leary had turned on to acid was a rich man who so strongly supported Leary's research that he let the IFIF open shop in a sixty-room mansion of his in Millbrook, N.Y. They changed the Federation's name to the Millbrook Center at this point. During this period Leary travelled to Mexico a number of times to get dope, and was arrested al-

most every time. He owes the government \$60,000 in fines, \$50,000 in lawyers' fees, and more than 100 years of his life because of accumulated drug charges. He is trying to get out of this on constitutional grounds, with some success. Many of the charges against him are yet to be brought to court, and many sentences are yet to be appealed.

Millbrook was rendered useless by the pigs and their network of informers, who ruined it. Leary and family moved to California.

In general there are five different chemicals which induce visions (NOT hallucinations) and similar tripping phenomena: LSD-25 (synthetic); Mescaline (organic and synthetic); psilocybin (organic and synthetic); LB-329 (a psilocybin derivative); DMT (Di-methyl tryptamine -- synthetic). There are other plants and chemicals that will induce near tripping or actual spacing equivalents near that of acid, but they are just not in the same class.

A trip will start anywhere from 30 seconds (DMT) to 1 1/2-2 hours after ingestion or injection. Acid and the related chemicals can be taken in any form from a saturated cookie or candy to a piece of paper. Anything that can be eaten or drunk is capable of having acid in it. Acid (which is colorless, odorless, and tasteless) can also be injected. Breathing the vapors or touching the liquid can also induce a trip. Pure LSD-25 is extremely potent. 150 millionths of a gram is enough for a good cruise. One teaspoon would be enough for 84,000 people!

At first one doesn't notice much as a trip begins to take hold, except that time seems to have slowed incredibly or even stopped. Minutes seem like hours and your head is filled with a hum and pressure I call brain-feedback. Then a sudden shift can occur: you'll be thinking alone thought line # 1, then suddenly switch to thought # 2. This will go on as you continue to switch to different thoughts; then you will finish some thought, double back and return to thought # 1. Eventually all the apparently disconnected thoughts will come together and merge into one whole idea.

This process may be very short or very long. Thoughts may seem to pass quickly, but nothing is left unnoticed or taken for granted. A "cosmic caper" may occur if you are not on your toes and concentrating on what you are doing. Even lighting a cigarette may become a complex task. I personally recall one such incident: I was going to light a cigarette with a candle. I put the cigarette next to my chair and lit a candle in the fireplace. I came back and reclined in my cosmoically comfortable chair; when I was settled I bent down to look for my smoke and what did I find but a stepped-on cigarette. What a cosmic caper! A seemingly simple thing like that can grow to ridiculous proportions when you're tripping. After a few trips you may find it a necessity to develop your concentration so simple tasks will be kept simple.

A trip is certainly the most beautiful thing in the world. Ordinary sight compared to tripping sight is like watching a badly tuned TV set as opposed to being in the television studio watching the same thing on the set. Hearing is intensified tremendously. Hearing snow fall or a gentle breeze inside a house is not uncommon. Taste has depth now. Textures of food make taste three-dimensional. Smell becomes so intensified that it is possible to distinguish people by their individual smells, as dogs and other animals do. Touch becomes electric as well as erotic. Once my girl caressed me on the neck and each cell responded with a softly explosive orgasm. But it doesn't stop here; all five senses are cosmoically collaborated so as to function as one, to produce manifestation of the sixth sense -- ESP. It is the sense for vibrations, for other people's "brain-waves". An exchange of "brain waves" will inevitably occur as long as you are not tripping solo. Your partner can pick

TRIP...cont.

up what you think, and you can do the same with her -- providing you are both tripping. The connective bonds formed between you and your partner will often be stronger than marriage. Due to the cosmic understanding developed you could fall in love very easily; and this has happened many more times than once. People seldom realize the power endowed to them in their brain, but when the dam breaks wide open in a sensory Niagara, many people are overwhelmed. Never underestimate the power or fury of a trip -- it is definitely one of the most powerful human experiences that now exist.

Through the sixth sense one picks up heavy transcendental religious vibrations. These result from the cosmic state the mind is in. When I say cosmic, it means, more or less, the union of the individual with the sky, the earth, and all of life. You cosmicly know that you are a part of the universe, an important part too, and that the universe is a part of you. This union is second only to the sexual union in magnitude. The intensity of the ecstasy is something like one might feel if he were flying above a large planet that was carpeted with jewels of all the purest colors of the universe, and a super-nova explodes in front of him -- experiencing that and coming out none the worse, all the while seeing five hundred suns set with a barrage of fire-red light and pink cloud formations, battlegrounds red and brown. Strawberry fields forever. LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS...TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT. IF YOU CAN GET YOUR MIND TOGETHER, THEN COME ON ACROSS TO ME!

This type of ecstasy is really only known to a tripper. To see how it happens, we must find out how it works. Lysergic Acid Diethylamide works on a part of the brain called the thalamus. The acid comes in between nerve cells in an area known as the synapse and interrupts the serotonin activity. Serotonin ($\text{HOC}_6\text{H}_5\text{NCH}_2\text{CH}_2\text{NH}_2$) is a chemical relay between nerve cells. Much as DNA carries information, serotonin rearranges itself to transfer the message across the synapse. Acid comes in and lowers the percentage content of the serotonin. This does not harm the cell since the operation is totally chemical. Acid transmits the signal, but it may slow it down, speed it up, stop it, release it, or distort it. The intermittent signals (on, off, on, off) will cause an effect known as a strobe which is similar to the stop action effect of a very fast strobe light: you see positive shadows of the object in motion where the object has already been -- like slow motion pictures or the frames of a motion picture film viewed infinitely slow.

After a trip a tremendous sorting of the file cabinets of your mind must be done. The "sensory Niagara" has to be sorted out, as it comes in too fast to be processed during the trip. The sorting involves deep concentration, but this comes automatically. During this period the person is "fogged out." Intelligence tests have been given during this period, but who in hell would put his interest in that test over a trip?

Much of the research that is done on acid is done in mental hospitals. If you take acid in a nuthouse, you're naturally going to have a nuthouse trip; that is the way acid works. The researchers who criticize the drug so heavily don't seem to be able to realize this. The Freudian system by which trippers are discussed in much of the research only deals with two levels of consciousness. As of now, five are known -- to trippers. If a person can absorb or transmit more than one idea, or can talk to himself while tripping, Freud would say his condition was psychotic or schizoid. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To clarify the concept of levels of consciousness, here they are:



- 1) Stupor, sleep, unconsciousness: Booze, tranquilizers, depressants.
- 2) Normal activity: straight people venture no further than here.
- 3) Sensory level: increased awareness; grass, hash, speed, etc.
- 4) Cellular level: cellular awareness of environment. Each cell, having a "mind," direct communication with the brain, is raised from first to second level of awareness.
- 5) Pre-cellular level: cells are raised to third or fourth level of awareness; white-out occurs -- light sensitivity is very great. Cells become intelligent because of instincts inherent in them. The heaviest doses of acid, mesc, psilocybin, DMT, LB-329 will induce this level of awareness.

These levels can be worked out into a whole psychological system, research into which could have fantastic benefits in the treatment of mental disorders.

Early research indicated that chromosome breakage in unborn babies may have occurred when a mother dropped acid during pregnancy. This prompted a number of scare headlines predicting chromosome breakage and freak children as a definite end for acid users. More extensive research recently undertaken in California, however, has denied this finding. Predictably, the later research was not publicized. (I, personally, will find out if my chromosomes are broken -- a doubtful prospect -- by a simple microscopic inspection before I have a child. If they are, I will adopt a child.)

Freakouts are a total farce. First of all, it is up to the person who drops to maintain control of his trip. There are a few simple preventative measures that can be taken to insure that no extensive bummers will take place. Most important is never trip alone.

Acid, like all drugs, is not dangerous when used responsibly. The assets in a tab of acid are actually in your head, not in the drug. If you are ready to open a door to a new look at the universe, tune in to the potential genius of your mind and the cosmos. Get four or five dollars together, see one of the local heads, drop anchor and acid. Don't let me or anyone else tell you what a trip is like; find out for yourself and become one of the millions of heads in this country alone. Understand: TURN ON, TUNE IN, DROP OUT.

--archibald poindexter

POLITICAL REPRESSION, U.S.A.

Hard times are upon us again, as they periodically are: an old paranoia is gripping the guts of the Establishment, accompanied, of course, by the consequent repression. This time the hassles are aimed not at the specter of communism (although they had their beginnings in that time-honored paranoia) but at youth. Throughout the '60s young people, in a growing dissatisfaction with the meaninglessness of middle-class society, took part in extensive experiments in alternative life-styles and in ways of getting there. Communal living, new ideas in education . . . mind-expanding drugs . . . doing away with old hang-ups about sex and war and the human mind . . . trying to destroy the tenacious remnants of racism in America . . . digging new ideas and concepts, Far-Eastern meditation and mysticism, astrology and Zen Buddhism . . . new dimensions in art and music that include participation by a turned-on human audience -- all of this was grouped together and repeatedly stomped by a desperate Establishment.

But hard times, in a way, are good for the growing seeds of a Revolution. Repression is a fertilizer of any struggle for liberation . . . for every revolutionary that is thrown in prison or killed or brainwashed, five more people will see what is happening and will be absorbed into the struggle. Particularly when the issues are as clear-cut as they are now.

The beginning of a new level of repression might be marked from the Democratic Convention, Chicago, 1968, when many hundreds of demonstrators and newsmen were brutally beaten by the city's police (police that, in those few days, showed they deserved -- and earned for themselves forever -- the name of PIGS). Then came the trial of the Chicago 8: eight leaders of the Chicago protests indicted for conspiring to riot. Eight men indicted, in reality, for daring to get their heads beaten by the pigs -- and publicize it. One small step for a man, one giant leap for the Revolution. There was never even a pretense of justice in the courtroom: eight men tried on a ridiculous charge by a prejudiced jury of non-peers and presided over by an openly antagonistic judge. Who can claim that anything that went on in that environment was anything but a farce, a travesty of justice so blatant that even many of the up-tight Pillars of the Establishment condemned the proceedings?

And that was just a sign of what was to come. Twelve Black Panthers are being tried in New York on trumped-up charges. The entire Black Panther Party -- black men fresh from the ghetto and justifiably angry -- has been so infiltrated by pigs, so torn apart by farcical charges and arrests that not one of the Party's major leaders remains free today. Panther Chairman Bobby Seale faces a ridiculous murder charge in New Haven. And twelve SDS members have been indicted on a conspiracy charge, to be presided over by the same judge that did such a good job with the Chicago 8.

Dope hassles continue: people are imprisoned for smoking a harmless weed, for opening their minds to the wonder of psychedelic drugs -- like acid, which Allen Ginsberg called "an anti-brainwashing agent." Censorship of underground papers across the country continues unabated: many have been forced to go out of business after harassment by pigs, arrests on "obscenity" charges, or raids by narcs allegedly searching for dope.

But through it all there is a glimmer of hope -- signs of a new life. The Aquarian Age is coming of age, and there is nothing that Richard Nixon or Judge Hoffman or Lemonsucker Devin or all the pigs in the world can do to stop it. The Revolution is working its way into existence: a hopefully peaceful but none the less cataclysmic Revolution, the labor pains of the new age of enlightenment.



a **SLAVE** is
one who
waits for
someone
to
free him.

Life in a barrel
with your voice rebounding
into thundering echos
of your own ignorance

the message you hear
is the one you scream
with useless and impatient frustration
at the hard wood and cold
steel that imprisons you

finally for a few
the leap upward into the
warmth and passion of bright
sunlight reveals rows upon rows
of tightly sealed
barrels

by JERRY FARBER



the student as nigger

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 California State University L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues are 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% effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. Most of them can vote in national elections -- their average age is about 26 -- but they have no choice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy 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.

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

This article was written by Jerry Farber, an English teacher in a California university, and originally published in the Winter 1968 issue of THIS MAGAZINE IS ABOUT SCHOOLS, a reform-oriented educational publication. It attained immediate notoreity among school administrators; others recognized it as a powerful, legitimate summary of where the schools are at. It has been reprinted countless times on high school and college campuses; administrators typically blew up about it. In one such incident involving a small pamphlet edition of THE STUDENT AS NIGGER, published in Canada, more than 50 students were suspended or expelled for distributing or even just reading it. :: This article is very important, for teachers as well as students. Many will start to read it and never get past a basic stimulus-response reaction to the so-called "obscenities." Stimulus: "shit". Response: blind rage. Others will insist on taking obviously figurative images literally, thus "proving" the whole article ridiculous. :: We are reprinting it here in the hope that some people will be able to transcend that type of bullshit.

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. 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 and grabbed her by the arm, screaming "This class is NOT dismissed!" as he led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, moustaches, and 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.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to Education is the fact that 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 if 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 Weidemayer 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 Manuel Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the god-damned 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.

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 eager 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 grey-headed old house niggers you can still find in the south who don't see what 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 are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the II-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 deep down 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.

The saddest cases among both black and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly internalized 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 in 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.

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 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 the 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.

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It also might 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 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 environ-

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"STUDENT AS NIGGER"

ment in which they can exercise their will to power. You 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. And 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.

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 need to give and the need to hold back, between the desire to free his students 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 the white man 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, shrivelled 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.

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 teacher in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher -- a kind of intellectual rough trade -- and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasm and smug 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, 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 push 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 (somed ay maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend those cocks aren't there. As things stand now, students are psychically castrated or spayed -- and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia; because they're a threat.

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 rather than 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 what 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.

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 iamb! 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 teaching method are turning them off.

continued....

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 a period of 16 years -- to remain slaves. And for important jobs like teaching we make them go through even 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 school phenomena, say, politics, in our country and elsewhere.

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 renegaded faculty members get 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 the great watermelon patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get their 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 IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come flowing 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.

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.

--by Jerry Farber

"UP AGAINST THE WALL,

M.F.E.R!"

OFF BASE

Now I've HEARD all this NONSENSE about the STUDENT as a NIGGER! About 'em having no rights and no protection and so-called student-teacher SEGREGATION and I just want to get a few blasted things STRAIGHT! I mean I guess I KNOW my STUDENTS!



But GOSH DARN it some folks talk about 'em like they were US! And FACE it, what contribution are they making to the ARTS? How many DOCTORS, LAWYERS and BUSINESS LEADERS are STUDENTS? Biologically they're just not EQUIPPED to handle FREEDOM and POWER!

How I ENVY them



Firstly, let me say some of my BEST friends are STUDENTS and BASICALLY you couldn't WISH to meet a more POLITE, RESPECTFUL, HAPPY lot when they know their place. Why some of 'em are even quite ATTRACTIVE... (chuckle) Yeah!



So these OUTSIDERS who try to STIR 'EM UP over RIGHTS and such are just making TROUBLE for EVERYBODY! First thing they'll want to write on every line and use staff washrooms and call us by our FIRST NAMES! And brother, there's NOTHING worse than an UPPITY STUDENT!



With their own kind they seem to ENJOY themselves IMMENSELY... dancing.. (got a lotta rhythm!)... ..wearing gaudy clothes! We TEACHERS say if you could be a STUDENT just ONE Saturday night you'd NEVER want to be a teacher AGAIN! (chuckle) And they're VERY good in SPORTS!



And just between us would you want one to marry your daughter?



From the Toronto Star

letters

To the Editors:

What the hell is wrong with you guys anyway? When I was in school we respected our elders and our teachers. I knew that they had had quite a bit more experience than me. I'm proud that no one can say I didn't know my place!

What you young upstarts need, it seems to me, is a good old-fashioned paddling. That would put some sense into your heads, I bet!

-- a concerned taxpayer

people,

It seems that you largely misstated the dope issue in your latest FREE PRESS. The fact is that grass IS harmful to society. Grass DOES cause "personality change." Grass DOES lead to a "loss of conventional ambition." The old narks that run the schools are suppressing the stuff for their own good.

Grass is harmful to society because it can help to open people's eyes and let them see the true state of this country... it can provide enough motivation, just by opening people's eyes, to make us WANT to do harm to this society. It shows us alternative life-styles that make the old bastards piss their pants so we don't need this particular society. It can let us see new social patterns that our straight elders' heads are too solidified to see.

Grass causes personality change, naturally, just as any meaningful experience from which one comes out of considerably wiser causes personality change.

cont...

LETTERS cont.

Grass leads to a loss of conventional ambition because it lets people see how worthless and meaningless that "conventional ambition" is. Heads do not particularly want to have a degree after their name or to be a businessman or a politician or a Wall St. tycoon...they would rather spend their time taking a look inside their own skull, or digging where another human being is at.

The old narcs whose thing is persecuting heads are afraid; they're afraid these freaks can see something they can't see. They're afraid these freaks are going to bring change -- a change of all the old, dead values of American life, a change of the standards and the bullshit and the status quo. And change is the one that they can't stand, because they know they're too ossified to change too and they're going to be left behind.

I would send you guys some bread if I had any myself. Right on! & keep up the shit.

--RD



THE NEW MILFORD HIGH SCHOOL FREE PRESS is a highly irregular journal of variable irrelevance and irrelevancy published by and for students of our screwed-up high schools. It is distributed free, is monitored exclusively by free-will donations from students and turned-on citizenry, and is of a ridiculously non-profit nature. We encourage contributions of all kinds: literary, poetical, artistic, critical, monetary. THE FREE PRESS, being a free press, will publish articles espousing any ideology and has no editorial doctrine as such except that of free speech for everybody. Our mailing address is NMFP, PO Box 272, New Milford, Ct. 06776, and we need bread, peace & freedom

WST A
LAFPI

ONCE AGAIN WE SOLICIT BREAD...

Listen, readers: it's time to kick in some bread. This paper is operated only on voluntary contributions from people who happen to think that a free speech medium in school is worthwhile. It doesn't really matter how much you send individually -- just send something. Send as much as you think the paper is worth to you. If it means nothing, if you're willing to sit on your ass while sour-faced administrators walk on you, we don't need your support. If free speech and the CHANCE for free speech means more to you than that, then we need whatever you can send. \$1, \$2, \$5, \$50 . . . whatever you have.

We are currently in debt for more than \$250 for this issue alone. The only source for that money is YOU, the reader: we need that green paper NOW. THE FREE PRESS is free because we happen to think it's worth the extra hassle to collect pennies as VOLUNTARY donations instead of a mandatory per-copy charge.

Our main support has to come from sponsors -- readers who can dig what we're all about and are willing to pledge a certain amount of money each month. People who are willing to promise to send us \$1, \$5, \$15 each month that we can count on in paying our ridiculous bills. Sponsors of the NMFP can be assured of easy passage thru the Golden Gates when their time comes.

So think about it, but not for too long 'cause we need your money now. Then do your thing on the coupon or on a separate piece of paper (if you want to save THE FREE PRESS for posterity) and mail it to NMFP, The Treasurer, P.O. Box 272, New Milford, Conn. 06776. May the sun shine upon you.



NMFP, The Treasurer, PO Box 272, New Milford, Conn. 06776

☐ Yes! I support free speech in the schools & will sacrifice some of my bread to help you survive. Enclosed please find

☐ \$1 ☐ \$2 ☐ \$5 ☐ \$10 ☐ \$15 ☐ \$50 \$ _____

as ☐ the 1st payment of a monthly pledge ☐ a separate donation.

☐ No! I don't want nothing to do with you commie subversive hippie faggots!

☐ I want to help (believe it or not). I can:

☐ write ☐ draw ☐ think ☐ make passionate love ☐ distribute

name _____ address _____

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Put name & info on only if you feel like it or want to help. Make checks payable to NEW MILFORD FREE PRESS. If you're making a pledge, please mail it to us at the beginning or end of each month. Peace!



Education in a Free Society

Education . . . such a dead issue after so much has been said. So much potential for life, for the liberation of people's heads; so little of that in actuality. So much of death in modern education, so much of binding people's minds.

The entire educational philosophy of the modern schools is mirrored in their architecture. It's all straight lines. Look around you in school some day, try to find a curve. You can't do it: there aren't any. The walls are straight, the tile patterns are the same from one end of the building to the other, the corners never vary from 90° angles, the people, the lights, windows, bulletin boards, desks all exactly and unerringly in place, and straight. They tell students to make straight margins on their papers: what a truly revolutionary act it would be to abolish ruled margins! To break the constricted patterns of the crudely painted cement blocks that make up the walls, to rip out the unaltering squares of tile from the floor and substitute an anarchistic floor of living earth materials!

That's where the revolution is at. An orgasmic denial of death. A reaffirmation of the existence of HUMAN BEINGS, loving, thinking, feeling, total human beings, a reaffirmation of life and change and beauty!

Education should be an Education of Ecstasy. Of life, not of death. Of the truth of whole communication between real people, not of plastic people in a machine-made society.

Education should consist of the imparting of knowledge relevant to human beings as human beings, as they interrelate and live and love. It should be built up in a pattern of comprehension in a framework of trust -- not the harsh, regimented mass of inhuman knowledge built up in a framework of mingled fear and greed that we are taught to accept in the schools we are bound to today.

Education: the most natural of human experiences, now twisted into something cold and inhuman.

Education: the harsh paradox of America: the ideology of life opposed to the reality of death.

That's where it's at. That's where our struggle has to be.

the heavy black cloth of pale birth
by gods hand is lifted
and borne away on sulfurous winds
black wings beating the dark sky
of constipated
echos
forgotten in his suddenly meaningful disenchantment
the concrete walls
the only half-expected wail of
a new-born despair
black patterns in a schizoid world:
he walks tonight
with the wind

--RT

