

Dialectic of Liberation : A SPEECH

I think we've seen this year a magnification of all our own anxieties and paranoia and terror under attack of conflicting image ideas on our bodies, and the use of language patterns and their associational affects almost to scare us out of our bodies - white or black, finally. Given this kind of awareness or consciousness, or this insight into our own emotions, habit patterns, and our conditioning -- the conditioning which everyone has complained of: Carmichael in his own way, complaining of the white definitions of identity imposed on the blackman as a form of conditioning the consciousness of the blacks; the whites suffering their own forms of conditioning, equally horrible. So that we find ourselves all in the same boat, in that sense.

This year I've been impressed more than anything else by Gregory Bateson, talking about the scientific apocalyptic aspect of the anxiety syndrome that we're suffering from. He said: given the present rate of infusion of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, the mammalian-human aspect of the planet had a half-life of 10-30 years because in that time the carbon dioxide layer over the atmosphere (which apparently is opaque) admits heat but doesn't let it bounce out; so given the present build-up of this gas over the surface, a temperature rise of 5 degrees is possible. Irreversibly after 30 years - the 10 to 30 years therefore the half life - the polar ice caps melt and the continents become inundated with 400 feet of water: this being only one of the many threats to the human-mammal.¹ So if there's 400 feet of water over the continents, that'll leave more room for the porpoises who have nervous systems, ~~xx~~ brains, and a language that is as complex as ours. So ultimately the universe doesn't need our execrable yowling for the continuance of its own life.

So, O.K., but there's no purpose or reason for us to get off the earth, if we can make a go of it. And as long as anybody's willing to make a go of it - and this is "To be or Not to be?" which is as deep a question as ever, you know, do you want "To be" or not? I don't know, sometimes I don't want to; I don't give a shit, I'm going to die anyway. ~~xxx~~ Which everybody feels occasionally, from Shakespeare on down to the lowest chimney sweep in Blake.

So assuming that we're willing to suffer more and continue our existence on the planet, what ~~xxxx~~ conditions might make it viable for us. To begin with then, what is the insight - what is the saving insight which the Hindus symbolize as Vishnu, the Preserver - that aspect of yourself or our own consciousness which continues the preservation? It's an insight which most of the black races have already proposed to the planet, anyway, (if we are going to get into black spiritual power and accept that, which ~~ix~~ I think is acceptable.) So if we consider combinations of Hindu and Buddhist statements as representing a lot, that's China or Taoist statements, Chuang Tzu-- that would cover the tribal-cultural traditional good guys. Chuang Tzu said: "The wisdom of the men of ancient times went a long way, so far as to realize that things had never existed. Those at the next stage thought that things existed but recognized no discrimination among them. Those at the next stage recognized discriminations but didn't recognize rights and wrongs. Then right and wrong was recognized, and love became complete, and the Way was injured."²

That would coincide with the Buddhist Prajnaparamita: Form is emptiness, emptiness is form. It was not born and therefore not annihilated. Neither real nor not real -- In the nature of Maya, as Burroughs pointed out, all the political-emotional image-reality as well as all the "actual" sensory reality, ultimately - as anybody who's been out unconscious on laughing gas knows, or anybody// who's died, or anybody who's drowned.

2. paraphrase of Burton Watson Translation: "Discussion on Making all things Equal", Basic Writings of Chuang Tzu, Columbia Univ.

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So it is not real, and from that point of view there's nothing to be scared of, finally. I mean look: Black Power, White Power, Porpoise Power - when you're dead, you're dead, you're not going to be worrying about it, so you don't have to worry about going to Hell forever, no matter who wins. So if you see something horrible politically don't cling to it, and if you see something beautiful politically don't cling to it. Which would be the advice of Dudjom Rimpoche the N'yingma Lama, (a Tibetan spiritual leader).

So, we get finally an insight that if the suchness of the situation we're in neither exists nor does^{NOT} exist, according to old tribal wisdom - which would mean any black ayahwasca curandero in Pucallpa, Peru, or any American Indian shaman, talking about how the universe began because coyote pissed on a rock and he fucks your mother and jumps in the mirror and disappears. So if we're going to go back to tribal wisdom, let's get back to tribal wisdom.

What the African priests would say, I don't know , anthropologically or entirely. Except that there are lots of calm and very funny sayings written in the language of Eastern Africa - Swahili aphorisms like: "You don't take vengeance on silliness". Which are the same wisdoms that you would get from a Chassid Rabbi or a sufi Dervish - I keep returning this gossip to our tribal and cultural origins. So I wonder - I'M thinking of Carmichael now and his shamanism, and how it compares ~~xx~~ with the shamanism of other older shamans whose continued existence he is proposing. Now he's^A young shaman so therefore I think an impatient one, and hasn't mastered ~~xxx~~ the magician aspect of magic yet.

Now to more pragmatic things, aside from the metaphysical void - getting out of the void, back into the illusion. One aspect of the illusion, then one of the sensory possibilities, one thing we can see, is a basic mood which most people have stumbled on at one point or another: the aesthetic experience, the religious experience, the peak experience, the mystical experience, the art experience, identity experience, unitive experience- an experience of One, of all of us being one - not only ourselves with varying color of skin and mysterious ego-origin or whatever we are, also one with flowers, also the very trees and plants.

So we have a unitive experience, and my conception of, or my feeling toward this fact that we are all one is that there are just many eyes staring out. There are no hierarchies, there are no categories, there are only many eyes staring out. Which is like a very mysterious situation, constantly to be facing these many eyes, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and it leads me to imagine that this is where paranoia comes from originally. So paranoia is probably good because it's the recognition that everybody is a giant conspiracy; and possibly the paranoid has recognized it, but thinks that he's the only one that has recognized it, and it doesn't take signals from others that they also have recognized it. So that once it's recognized mutually, it begets absolute delight, as recognition builds up for me - For instance, last week Paul McCartney said "We are all one", so he has that conception also, out of whatever consciousness he is going to try and manifest or operate, and which he has been manifesting pretty clearly I think, this last year, ~~xx~~ Only recently these heroes got rid of their paranoia, they say. That's a big conscious thing with the Stones and Beatles, apparently - slow ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ communalisation, on account of the basic realisation that they're not the Beatles or the Stones: they're ^{the} not niggers, they're not the heroes, they're that same glimpse that everyone has - and a glimpse which can be the centre of consciousness and also the centre out of which political activity begins.

Now political activity linking up with social-construction activity. There's the old tribal statement from China that Pound constantly quotes from, (I guess, Confucious): "To straighten ~~the~~ out the nation, straighten the provinces; to straighten the province, straighten the city; to straighten the city, straighten households; straighten your household, straighten your family, straighten yourself." Or "Master thyself, then others shall thee bear" as Pound later wrote--his interpretation of it, KUNG.

If there are a large group of younger people and older people working in older traditions, who have come to some basic ground of consciousness where they do all feel one, where they have glimpsed that, then we may have possibly the beginning of a friendly communism, or communion, or community, or friendly extension of self outward:

if they have glimpsed that and if they are willing to trust that. But that trust has to be such a calm thing, and such an assured thing. But the weird thing is that, tearfully so, almost, many younger kids have that trust. It's the one thing that they have arrived at I think, which makes a possible, beautiful moment, then, for history - or maybe, you know, the last moment, of recognition, before the giant comedy ends with an explosion.

So have we, or have they, that much care for ourself and for each other that we're willing to accept each other then, to work without fear, without paranoia, and enjoy ourselves finally? Begin to play again, get out of the system, not answer the machine back, not escalate the machine, but actually join together and set a completely other pattern going, wipe out the ole - simply wipe it out? Because it's conditioning, and conditioning can be deconditioned. Now, is a miracle. It happens naturally sometimes, somebody wakes up on top of Fern Hill, or hears Blake, or however you first got laid, or whatever the catalyst is: it opens up the realisation. Or, it is now as so often, the precipitating chemical - pot, grass or LSD. Once Soma?

Deconditioning of German youth depends on gossip; or reconditioning, or detoxification. Not German youth, German elders actually, need detoxification from the hangovers of Nazi and authoritarian thinking, by a ~~firm~~ revelation of the nature of authority. So that I have it on the authority of the Office of Strategic Services, (and will now spill a military secret learned in the Second World War): that Hitler liked to eat shit. Which nobody's announced in Germany yet. Which would be the automatic -Bom Bom Mahadeu!- that would clarify everything. My authority for this is: there was a group in Harvard during the war that was asked to do work on Hitler's psychology and behaviour and activities. So they passed everything he wrote through an IBM univac machine; every piece of language that everged from his mouth, all the gossop, all the data they could. And this big psychiatrist employed by the Office of Strategic Services -Secret Services,- that would be the CIA of those days - the CIA of those days of antiquity concluded that just as he would get up on the microphone and lay the shit out on everybody else, in private he liked to lie down on the carpet with ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Eva Braun squatting over him shitting on him. Which fits perfectly -

I mean, obviously that's what was going on. Or something equivalent. Unless you'll accept that his relationship to other-self, as manifested in his public behaviour and speeches, was completely normal and viable- you know, viable economy for a man's system, that didn't require any private relief of its own. So I would say that the privacy thing - private?- that we don't know enough gossop, which is the actual history. From the mere public image you cannot generally figure anything out. J. Edgar Hoover wondering about little girls walking home from schools and being attacked by the stranger outside the schoolhouse? He used to put big pictures of that, signed by J. Edgar Hoover, showing little girls walking past trees in America, telling them they should not go out on the street during the day time, alone--creating this anxiety all over - preparing the children for Vietnam, actually, by that kind of traumatic attack on their trust, that phantasy - that's his phantasy. Then what's his sex life, who was not married? He masturbates? No, probably not. Makes it with men? Who knows - his second in command maybe? Maybe he likes girls but he can't make it? He's not married, and it's against the rules, in the FBI, for men who like to make it with women, to make it with women; I think one FBI man got bounced for that recently, for making it with a woman he wasn't married to. And Hoover ain't married, that means he'd have to be chaste, probably, and if he's chaste - you know, got to think about that. What does he think about when he's naked, standing in front of a mirror? That's something the citizen doesn't generally get to imagine. Probably in phantasy also citizens do imagine that, but that isn't public, that imagination - So then finally we come to tactics of psycho-political action. The private must be made public.* The public hallucination - which all along was a hallucination - history as it was known, the front symbolisms, the speeches that I make of Stokely Carmichael or J. Edgar Hoover makes or Mao Tse Tung makes, those speeches which are made to manipulate people's consciousnesses, obviously don't represent the full spectrum of our awareness and

*'Charles Olson "Private is Public, & Public is how we behave"

consciousnesses, obviously don't represent the full spectrum of our awareness and consciousness, and we're not letting on and tipping our mitt as to what the full scene is. None of us - public speakers who, as one guy here all week long, has been saying--the very form of this conference, since it puts up these priest-hero-politician brains in front of you as Gods - that was his thing, 4 days ago - that immediately freezes them and their consciousness, and their identity-role. And so they find themselves sitting talking, and of course like in order to maintain that identity-role they've got to stay right here, frozen in this relationship instead of whatever other phantasy they might have, like an orgy, or whatever else they would like to do. So he was saying, one of the hallucinations of the week - am I explaining it more or less clearly, or correctly? - was that everybody was forced into their different roles: spectators, the conference participants, and the preachers. And that automatically altered reality, altered any interpretation of reality, or conditioned any interpretation of reality, or outer apparancy. Well that's obvious, everybody's known it and complained of it, all this problem of loudspeakers and the conference and the format it should take. Ian Sommerville, a friend of Burroughs and an electronics expert, said that he tried to think of the model, an electronic model, for a totally democratic conference and oddly enough it would up resembling the UN - in the sense of the desks, and everybody earphone connected, everybody being able to speak and be translated, and everybody talking at once. So we have an overpopulation problem obviously, that we've got to deal with.

So I'm going to get on now to what I should have been on all along, which is praxis- practical plans.

That has been classed generically as Flower Power, which is a euphuistic term, but I guess it's as pretty a term as there is and why not then, Flower Power. Though it's one that's easy to put down and goof off with, but it's a correct image - in the sense of correct in its origin and literal as to some of its techniques. and the original phrase seemed to rise up out of the streets - along with another phrase: "Make San Francisco an electric Tibet".

The methods used, then, have been somewhat similar - as you could guess at from Burroughs' Paradigm: don't escalate the hostility, don't escalate the anger, control your mind, watch what you're doing, be aware - totally. It isn't love that's being sought here, it's

not Love that's being offered - (well, it's being offered in a sense, or proposed I mean.) - It's awareness of what your own feelings are, and the movements of your own mind, including the movements towards hysteria, including the movements toward the acceptance of words that don't have any reference--acceptance because of affective reverberations of the tone of voice (how they're pronounced) - and also acceptance because of the fear of opposing what seems to be inevitable, what you're told is inevitable, either by Black Power or by Time magazine or by Mao or by Johnson or by Burroughs or by anybody - or yourself or your mother. I mean you've got to make up your own mind: just because everybody else is screaming the same thing, it doesn't mean that you have to join in or be lost in the universe. You're still there, in your belly - unless you get out there in a phantasy, out of your body, and you cling to that phantasy as being the only answer - as the man attacking you, the policeman or the capitalist who's attacking you is attacking a phantasy of you, his phantasy, his image. Because if you're there neutral, not intending him any particular harm actually but trying to straighten him out and get him out of his bag, and he projects on you a monster phantasy, say, like where you're going to like rape his mind or destroy his entire universe in some way that'll leave him without a universe, or without feeling good in the place where he is - in other words, if he feels threatened, and if you threaten him by God he's going to feel threatened and he's going to take the appropriate action that any madman in a nut-house will take when he feels threatened. He'll strike back at you. So if you get into fights with people in the madhouse, you're probably there as a patient, I would guess - or a doctor. You're in a madhouse, the world is a madhouse and everybody's nuts, so what do you do in a madhouse when somebody says that you're a spy? You internalise it and assume that it's so? or you reject his charge and hit him? You realise that he's making a movie of you, he's projecting an image on you, and if you accept his image you get trapped in his game and pretty soon Bam! The two of you are up in this paranoid universe battling it out - for the language! Who's going to control the language? You know, who's going to control the microphone? As if anybody who controls the microphone controls the language: all they can do is control the sounds that come over the microphone, and they can condition you - but once

you're deconditioned then you know that you're just hearing sounds, and that those sounds are just sounds. And are they pretty sounds? Do they make you feel good? Do they lead to any constructive action? Or are they sounds that give off bad vibrations? And are they going to lead you to feel bad? And make other people feel bad? And escalate the booby trap till "the whole fucking shit house goes up in chunks."

That's one view. There might be the other view that violence is absolutely necessary as a means of therapy; a different form of therapy than the one I've been proposing. That may be so, I'm not a psychiatrist. That seems to be the psychiatric interpretation all during this week. Dr. Cooper said "Don't give Che Guevara LSD, he might stop fighting". So I said, "Well how do you know he won't fight more efficiently?" Of course that was my con man's answer actually. If one were to continue fighting after LSD it would probably mean that the situation would require that. I suppose. All things being equal, (I'm not talking about, which is the safe place where we can be here together, not the unsafe place where some of us have to be destroyed so that the others can be here. But if we're going to have one place, if we're going to be here on this place then we have to make place for people in bodies, for everybody that's got a body. Otherwise you're going to have these bodies scared of being destroyed: as has been projected by the white race, you know, the threat of destruction of the Yellow life form or the coloured life form or the black life form. So they're reacting obviously to the hypnotic threat of the whites, and the reaction is completely mirror image of the white presentation. Mirror image, except that actually like there's old tribal wisdom still operating, with the blacks in America, that hasn't been presented either/or accounted for. There's Rev. James Bevel also who has another vision, which is: -he was doing his baby's diapers one day and The Man, the spiritual man, broke in on him. And so he decided to go to Vietnam and stop the war and get in a big troopship together with millions of spade visionaries, and anyone else that wanted to join this fantastical expedition, and go to Vietnam and do what he could just sort of talking. I think he's still planning that. He was the man who organised the "Spring Mobilisation", the giant rallies in New York and San Francisco 1967. So he also is an effective head. He has another vision, quite a beautiful one. Carmichael is Hipper, I think. MARTIN LUTHER KING had never heard of the Human Be-in at

* a leader of Dr. King's minister's group.

San Francisco, three months after it happened. I think in a sense that was the trouble with Martin Luther King's pacifism, that it was passive. But what's necessary is active imagination, active Black Power, Flower Power - active manifestation of the understanding, manifestation, active thing, not sitting around on your ass: active poetry, active use of language, the First Bodhisattva's vow: "Sentient beings are numberless, I vow to enlighten them all." Because the whole universe can't make it, nor will happiness be complete until we all enter heaven. Otherwise there's always going to be the hells to be aware of that we have created for others to be in. So does somebody want to go to heaven and leave the others out in Hell, too? Big Deal! Big deal! Jesus. Big deal. Well I guess maybe that might lead to...like, you know, the porpoises. They'll go to heaven and leave us out.

On the other hand, like, the overactive search for heaven and all that energy gone into it is also a fuck-up. It gets in the way of awareness of what's actually going on in the actual - sort of like calm in the middle of all the violence and murder that's actually taking place, that undertone of calm which is always there. As for Prince Bolkonsky under Napoleon's boot, on the battleground as he lay there dying, in War and Peace, looking up past Generals' horses' asses at heaven, indifferent to the whole fucking Franco-Russian war. Looking into the sky. Amazing, like if you went out on the streets with a switchblade and started the Revolution, but then got shot down and you had twenty minutes to realise where you were, and you were dying...! And the whole struggle faded out into like a totally other vision...

So from that level of consciousness that's where manifest action can take place. But I've been taking so long to come to this place, talking...and generalised it. Then finally we come to the fact that it's possible for gangs of young people together to live communally, form their own organisations and begin to address themselves to the anxiety-ridden outer world. Now the modes of address called Flower Power are as follows: You make friends with everybody you possibly can. You control your temper completely, you never say a harsh word. You listen very carefully, to "trace back along the lines of words and feeling" of their racism, of their fear, of their need for material extension. You reassure them as much as possible on the subject - policemen to begin with - President Johnson first of

all, MacNamara, the whole business, the whole fabric, top to bottom. Where would you begin? Well, in the San Francisco it began to some extent with, say, the media people; which meant a tacit conspiracy of everybody to take them all to bed, to turn them all on, to turn them into friends. I mean, what's the point of having enemies when you can have friends. To de-control them, de-hypnotise them, de-condition them - sexual de-conditioning, music de-conditioning, ~~the~~ dance-hall-image-media-happening deconditioning, LSD deconditioning, orgy deconditioning. When you have a lot of people working together with the same insight, that insight reinforces back and forth and is reflected back and forth and grows deeper. Whereas one lone nut saying "I am The Lamb" can be clapped in jail, but one cat coming up among 5,000 people dressed in caps and bells saying "I am The Lamb" and they all jump: "I am The Lamb" and there are a lot of people shouting "I am The Lamb", - and acting on it because they're not afraid to be the Lamb because they know that everybody knows it already. So you can begin operating in the external world on that basis, that you are not alone. Because the insight is real. Because that is the reality of the entire universe, that's the ground of nature, that's what Being itself is, and if you ain't in Being where are you? Out in your head in a phantasy of not being in Being but, you know, having lost out and having to fight your way back into the material universe to gain possession of it. So, you already are the material universe. You want a better relation with it. That means better relations than with "the Squares", or so-called squares; means then the bringing over of all consciousness, all human consciousness into just one place where all consciousness can be one and be, feel, safe there, being one with the other ones. Where it won't be shut out and be the one lone consciousness while everybody over there in the other dimensions is having a big ball together.

It means then inter-personal Bodhisatva conduct, infiltrating outward on every occasion continuously, through all strange forms of being, all strangers, all other persons; treating a person as person and not as role, not as uniform, not as cop, not as capitalist, not as communist, not as Maoist, not as Allen Ginsberg, not as "self" - recognition of that ⁹One which extends outward from the Round House to the tobacconist across the street, outward to everybody in London obviously. So then one would have to start making it - or ~~xxx~~ ^{we} got to start making it - or you got to start making it - on that one

level where you do address others to their eyes, directly, without fear, and with the realisation that they are there. Well now a lot of people are going to bust up and hit you on the nose - though I think it depends on the amount of anxiety you project whether or not they have a negative reaction. You know, I think that's the big key. - The amount of anxiety, fear, trembling, nervousness that I put out, I know determines people's reactions to me, whether it's trust, friendliness despite appearance - like/ the tobacconist on the corner where I got a real nice exchange with him which was just looking // in the eyes and saying "good afternoon" - just that, though I don't know what he really thought. But his wife also chimed in "Hullo" sort of like it was a pleasure. So at least she didn't think....

So then, what if all the people who had that insight were able to begin combining forces, totally neutralising all negative affect, totally letting it drop into the void, hence transforming all that energy into conversion of consciousness to friendly nature - you'd then have communities rising as they do in San Francisco which involve kids living together and inviting other people in to join them for an evening or longer - (What time is it? O.K. I'll finish in two/ minutes then) - it means the amassing of/ people together as in giant human Be-ins: not so much to demonstrate their force to others but to demonstrate their tranquillity and quietness and presence to others, and to themselves; to reinforce the awareness, to exchange Upaya*, skillful means, trade secrets of communication-forming proposals - propositions, not opposition - proposals for a new society based on new consciousness, and then putting them into operation on a small scale, mutually, into operation as an example, rather than waiting for pie in the sky, rather than waiting for pie in the future, rather than waining for Utopia to come through revolution. Practising on the basis of what's known already, so we have the development of free stores in San Francisco, free food in the parks, the Diggers extensions of energy the anonymity of most of the Digger people, the communications companies or the combines which mimeograph the daily news for the young kids so they get it fast.

*Buddhist term - Skillful means in turning the wheel of Natural Law (explaining Dharma).

Where there's going to be a rally, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
 where there's going to be music, where there's going to be free food,
 where you can get sleep, where you can get jobs, where you can go
 out into the country free so you straighten your head/ out or freak
 out among true friends - ~~xxx~~ so you can de-control yourself of the
 city conditioning, calm yourself for a while and return to tribal-
 mammal origins in the original ecology for which we are fit, which
 is not the noisy, metallic city, as Leary has pointed out very
 radically and wisely: "(Put all the metal underground, back where
 it belongs.)"--If there's going to be bridges and buildings and
 machinery, then don't let that displace the living, organic material
 which is our natural friendly ~~xxxxx~~ life form. So obviously the
 surface of the planet has got to be replanted back to some sort of
 living delight, instead of dead vibrations.

So there is a queer idea of what Utopia is, ecologically, as
 something to work for, and concrete possible toward that sense.
 Goodman's suggestion yesterday you know, applying immediate social
 welfare ideals and principles - pay people to live in the country--
 Like people on New York welfare. Give them the same money, and say:
 "You don't have to live in New York, you can live out of New York".
 That'll depopulate New York, remove the pressure on New York,
 straighten many heads out, calm everybody down to some extent. Have
 a healthier life - the "underprivileged", they'll get in the groove
 of being way out in the country and walking with clouds and stars,
 and talking with trees. And also save all the giant bureaucracy
 costs of the city - you know, welfare "supervisory" apparatus.