massive ignorance - and parade a slendor learning.

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 will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and school. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white man so fearful of integrated schools and neighbourhoods, and which makes 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'a 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.

PERVERSION IS INTELLECTUAL

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic 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 flogs 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 their 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: every one determined not be embarrassed, to be very up-to-date. 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 be purveys, if must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

UNDERNEATH THE PETTI-PANTS

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's happening turned-on awareness of what's 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 structures teach their students to pretend that they 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 ever really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological that in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the mean time 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 school. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

HANDS IN SOME CLAY

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 Simon Legree of the poetry plantation. "Tite that lamb! 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.

MAKE THEM WILLING SLAVES

Another result of student slavery is just as dangerous - students don't get emanicipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness - for 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 the fact you have to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial expression. 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 devasting accuracy. In high school, it's not usually the student who gets it; it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. But 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.

ORGANIZE FOR FREEDOM NOW

How do you raise hell? That's another article. But 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 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 on 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 an museum.

They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And they could study for the best of all possible reasons - their own resources.

They could. 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.

No

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News Editor

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