

## CHAPTER TWO: On Being a Terrorist

An alternative name for this chapter could be The Saintly Terrorist, Noble Terrorist and me, the Punk.

The saintly terrorist was Sri Aurobindo who was arrested and imprisoned by the British Colonial government for being a terrorist. Aurobindo originally felt abandoned by God but ultimately thanked the British for prison where he met God without distraction.

In prison he wrote of Integral Yoga, which braided three kinds of Yoga:

- Karma Yoga: Yoga of work
- Bhakti Yoga: Devotion and surrender.
- and Jnana Yoga: the Yoga of realizations or union with God.

This Aurobindo in prison, in 1902, wrote:

"An entire self consecration, a complete equality, an unsparing effacement on the ego, a surrender of all being and nature to Divine Will, a self-giving true, total and without reserve."

The noble terrorist, who, I think had his soul remade by almost thirty years in prison, was Nelson Mandela.

Mandela was turned toward the terrorist gesture by the apartheid Sharpesville massacre which killed sixty-nine people. Mandela was head of the African National Congress military wing, Spear of the Nation. They were known to bomb civilian targets, for example a train station in Johannesburg.

No accounts of Mandela mourning who he killed.

Mandela was definitely the pragmatist and shrugged away those who would compare him to Gandhi.

"For us nonviolence was tactical and necessary. For Gandhi it was a spiritual way of life."

Whatever was the transformation Mandela went through in prison, his presence, his capacity to strike genuine friendship with his white jailers, was right, mythical, and among other things, made him the founding father of post-apartheid South Africa.

And me, the Punk?

As punk I was the ultimate wannabe, the palest possible member of the B\*\*. Was convinced that the mystique of the thugs would make a bruthuh of me, and turn me from a wannabe punk into a man.

The B\*\* killed.

We especially liked to kill policemen.

Being a Buddhist hermit who is terminal, ponder much about that karma.

Never did kill anybody, but prepared to do so.  
For years imagined aiming the gun and pulling the trigger.

This was a moment by moment spiritual practice that was quite interrupted by being the father of a young girl.

The willingness to kill disintegrated slowly, disintegrated me slowly, over a half a dozen years.

Been asking myself what was the moment I sold soul to the devil as a terrorist.

Remember it well.

E. was a light skinned brothuh at the California Men's Colony. Would smuggle him drugs. Marijuana and psychedelics hidden in my socks in little balloon containers.

Tex Watson, of Manson family fame, got Jesus behind bars. As Tex evangelized to guests and fellow inmates in the lounge, he was perfect cover for the smuggling thing. I'd crack open the New Testament and mumble from the gospels as E. swallowed a dozen balloons with his coffee.

Lastly, an exlax to go.

Before parting with E. he said, "Come back soon, bro. The drugs are nice but we're meant for bigger things. Next month we gotta talk about step one, killing a few cops with me when get out in coupla years. Then there's Africa and fighting apartheid."

Did I mention I was a punk wannabe who was imagining masculinity would be conferred by being taken into the inner scene of the B\*\*? This conversation let me know my next meeting would involve the devil and whether I would be willing to sell my soul.

Was willing.

Cheap.

When my comrades made terrorism sexy I readily sold my soul to the devil.

Was with E. a month later, sans drugs.  
Just drank a dozen cups of coffee between us and we got down.

Here comes the devil.

E. mussed up my hair and said, "Where you come by you nappy hair? Yo mama doing it with a brothuh behind the tool shed?" Never been the object of a "Yo Mama" joke before.

As silly as it was felt accepted as some kind of honorary thug.

"This is the first stage. I get out in two years. We meet.

"You call the cops and be the hopeless white man attacked by negroes. Ham it up. Include you think your sorry ass life is threatened. They eat that shit up. Give them an address and they will be there in three minutes. Figure that between us we can kill maybe half a dozen. Are you willing?" said the devil.

"I'd be honored," I said trying to imitate some kind of adult.

Folks in the B\*\* won't trust you until they see your willingness to be killed and to kill.

You have to step forth.

The booby prize involved picking up the gun to fight in Rhodesia against apartheid. E. told me that a dozen of us would meet on the land of a wealthy and sexy Italian woman on her private island. The PLO would come for weapons training and prepare us for Africa.

Being a terrorist was suddenly getting sexy.

Came to see the Italian woman seduction as the wet dream of a comrade brothuh that just had been incarcerated too long, but I connected with it.

This, again, how cheaply I sold my soul.

Of course never came anywhere near to this sexy Italian womans digs, never fondled her or her money, but could see that I was a comrade and a brothuh' (in spite of being melanin deficient.) The seduction of the Italian fantasy was real, oddly became evidence that was stepping out of young punkdom, but Africa itself was seductive.

Mr. Hermit, of course, has much to say about this.

Mr. Hermit - Regarding that terrorist gig. It wasn't just selling the soul to the devil thing. Such is common. But where the hell did you learn to kiss the devil's ass? Tell me that.

Were you really so stupid and arrogant that you thought selling your soul was a small matter? That you were a horny kid?

You think I give a damn?

Me - And who are you?

Mr. Hermit - Mr. Hermit, of course.

Years before I fell into my acceptance of many fellow aspiring young terrorists, was deeply politically involved in matters of apartheid in Rhodesia and South Africa and the war against Portuguese colonialism in Mozambique. Like many budding young terrorists, Che Guevara was patron saint.

Through my devotion to Che could be willing to kill or receive the bullet that takes me.

In my religious devotion to Che, to kill or be killed on behalf of the poor was an ecstatic way to go.

Feels amazing and somehow inevitable that it would be post apartheid southern Africa that would initiate and train me as a tribal peacemaker among those had drawn blood.

Last night remembered another talk with E.

"You know, we in the B\*\* can't trust you cause you're honky bait — so convinced of your innocence that you volunteer to be the bitch of some black dudes you barely know.

"I sure wouldn't trust you with a gun."

Hermit guy again.

Mr. Hermit - Good karma, bad karma, this ain't a checkerboard. That you were a kid trying to convince yourself to kill doesn't declare any kind of innocence. You let others kill on your behalf, you swore that no blood would stain your high reputation of yourself. You may have been a young punk, totally true, but you were in fact in deep doo-doo, bargains with the devil about what kind of adult you would be.

Don't deny the reality of choice. And intent too.

This is the karma that made you the monk that you are, and if you don't get real with this terrorist thing then your rendezvous with Annette Funicelli and the other MS shindiggers will never happen. Had your black proxies kill for you, after all that is what makes a terrorist organization.

Cut the innocence white boy.

Me - You again Mr. Hermit?

Mr. Hermit - One and only Mr. Hermit, there is not other. Everything depends on your willingness to hear the truth.

In fact Mr. H kept me up last night.

Rain saturates mud outside of door and the drought passes quietly.

Mr. Hermit asked - What do you mean by the grace of endarkenment?

Darkening, the inevitable grace of waning, had at it's core trying to be real about being a terrorist.

Entered into Tibetan *lojong*, the development of a Bodhisattva's heart of loving kindness. One of the critical slogans of *lojong* is said, "Drive all blames into one," which is to say egotistic self-clinging.

When you are terminal you must look deep into what this life has been. Observe so called good karma and so called bad karma..