

The first period (*Chikhai Bardo*) is that of complete transcendence—beyond words, beyond space-time, beyond self. There are no visions, no sense of self, no thoughts. There are only pure awareness and ecstatic freedom from all game (and biological) involvements. The second lengthy period involves self, or external game reality (*Chonyid Bardo*)—in sharp exquisite clarity or in the form of hallucinations (karmic apparitions). The final period (*Sidpa Bardo*) involves

the return to routine game reality and the self. For most persons the second (aesthetic or hallucinatory) stage is the longest. For the initiated the first stage of illumination lasts longer. For the unprepared, the heavy game players, those who anxiously cling to their egos, the struggle to regain reality begins early and usually lasts to the end of their session.

The Psychedelic Experience
Leary, Metzner, & Alpert



THIRD BARDO: THE PERIOD OF RE-ENTRY

1.

*From the memorandum of the Appellant
Timothy Leary to the Supreme Court of the
United States:*

Rosemary and I are American Eagles.
Totem animals of this land.

Wild. Free. High. Proud. Laughing.
Our children, Susan and John, are
eaglets.

Fierce, stubborn wild birds.
We are in prison because we are American
Eagles.

We are not free because we have become
symbols of freedom.

They have gone and passed laws against
eagles.

They have hunted us to the ground.
Rashly, wickedly, and in violation of our
national law.

Because we flew high above the cities and
the valleys.

And the mountain peaks.

Because we laughed and cried
FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM!

Because the beat of our wings sang
FREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEDOM!

America cannot pass laws against eagles.

Because the Eagle is America.

Life, liberty, and the soaring flight of joy.

HE HAS PREACHED IT THE LENGTH
AND BREADTH OF THE LAND AND I

AM INCLINED TO THE VIEW THAT HE WOULD POSE A DANGER TO THE COMMUNITY IF RELEASED.* YOU FORGOT, FOOLS, THAT TIMES CHANGE. THE EAGLE IS NO LONGER OUR TRIBAL SYMBOL. THE TURKEY IS THE NATIONAL BIRD. LOOK AROUND YOU, FOOLS, THERE ARE NO EAGLES LEFT IN THE SKY. THE WILD BIRDS HAVE VANISHED.

But all our friends are eagles, hawks, thrushes, larks. We know none but wild birds.

ALL THE EAGLES HAVE BEEN SLAIN, WOUNDED, CAGED, OR ARE IN HIDING. THE SONG BIRDS WISELY ARE CONCEALED. MAN, BE COOL. DON'T FLY WHERE THEY CAN SEE YOU. DON'T SCREAM FREEDOM. THEY HAVE SWORN TO FELL YOU.

Oh we cannot change.

It is the nature of the eagle to float high, soar serenely, swoop over the valley at sunset, living symbol of freedom.

If we eagles do not fly high and be free, who will?

This is the danger, Oh judges. That the wild birds will be forgotten.

They will forget that the eagle is our totem. They will forget. They will forget.

It has happened before.

We are caged now because we were so free. Remember, America, we were your free-est souls.

Your wisest, funniest, beautiful laughing souls.

We never brought you down.

Have you forgotten how we flew over your green city parks and your college lawn? Celebrating love and peace and freedom?

Do you remember the excitement?

And how the young thronged eagerly and the curious and even the domesticated to spread wings and fly with us and rejoice in the freedom?

Do you remember how you thrilled to sound of our wings and cheered and laughed to be in the presence of high wild birds and thus regained your wings?

That was before they drove us away with guns.

Before the time of guns.

THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. THE YOUNG. YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED HIDDEN ON YOUR MOUNTAIN TOPS. YOU CREATED ANARCHY IN THE HEN COOPS AND CONFUSION IN THE TURKEY RUNS. JUDGE McMILLAN WAS RIGHT. YOU ARE IRRESPONSIBLE, PLEASURE SEEKERS. ALL THE YOUNG BIRDS STARTED TO FLY. IT WAS DISASTER. THEY SMASHED THEIR WINGS AGAINST THE BARS. YOUNG CHICKENS BEAT THEIR WINGS FUTILELY AND WEPT. A FEW, A VERY FEW, FELL FROM ROOF TOPS. MANY FLEW SO FAR THEY NEVER RETURNED TO THE HEN COOPS. MILLIONS WERE LOST TO SOCIETY. THOUSANDS WERE BRUISED AND CONFUSED. THE ORDERLY PROCESS OF DOMESTICATION WAS DISRUPTED. THE YOUNG COULD NO LONGER BE TRAINED TO FLAP AND WADDLE ALONG THE ZOO WAYS. IT IS CRIMINAL IRRESPONSIBILITY TO TELL YOUNG BIRDS TO BECOME EAGLES. YOUR SCHOLARLY FRIENDS GRANTED THAT IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO BE EAGLES. BUT NOT TO FLY FREEDOM IN PUBLIC. WE ARE NOT REALLY AGAINST EAGLES. YOU ARE RARE BIRDS AND WE WISH YOU TO SURVIVE.

Oh no, beloved. We never told the young to be eagles. We said, be free. Discover your wild, deep nature and be true to it. Do your own thing.

BUT YOU MADE FUN OF DOMESTICATED BIRDS. THE CHICKENS WERE ASHAMED AND THE ANGRY TURKEYS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOR.

Yes, we joked at the spectacle of wild creatures pretending to be domesticated. We laughed, telling them it is the nature of the wild bird to laugh and fly free.

AND THAT WAS YOUR MISTAKE. WE WARNED YOU. EVERYONE WARNED YOU. THE DAYS OF FREE FLIGHT ARE OVER. ILLEGAL WILD BIRDS ARE VANISHING. POULTRY. POULTRY. POULTRY. THE LARKS HAVE DISAPPEARED AND THE SWALLOWS. BILLIONS OF CHICK-

ENS ARE INCUBATED, FATTENED,
PACKAGED PALE YELLOW IN
SARAN WRAP OR CROWDED IN
METAL CAGES WHERE EGGS ROLL
DOWN METAL RUNWAYS. DO YOU
KNOW THAT THE FOURTEEN HUN-
DRED MEN IN YOUR PRISON DE-
VOUR 30,000 CHICKENS A YEAR.
BIRDS ARE BUSINESS.

We are caged because we are free.
We are caged because we are All American
Eagles.
Symbols of what may vanish.
Free flight high proud.

WHAT A WASTE! WITH YOUR EN-
ERGY AND POWER YOU COULD
HAVE BECOME TOP TURKEY. DONE
SO MUCH FOR SOCIETY. YOU
SHOULD HAVE FLOWN AWAY
FROM THIS POULTRY LAND
WHERE EAGLES ARE HUNTED.
FLOWN TO LANDS WHERE WILD
CREATURES LIVE FREE.

How could we fly away? We are American
eagles. Soul spirits of this broad land.
If we flew away to nest on distant peaks,
Who would remind you, beloved?
You would forget that this is the land of
the eagle.
This is our land. The proud, free, brave,
laughing land.
Oh you forget.

We are caged. Rosemary, Susan, Jack,
Timothy.

Because we were free.
Rosemary sighs waiting for flight.
Susan weeps that she is surrounded by
metal.

Proud Jack kept repeating over and over,
Why don't they just leave us alone? He
was arrested fourteen times for the proud
look he could not hide.

Wild creatures cannot live caged.

Eagles must fly high and cry
FREEEEEEEEEEEDOM

To the winds at sunrise.

Be patient. Soon you will be freed.

It is sad and painful to be caged.

You cannot imagine the captive pain of
eagle.

We cannot fly now. We smash our wings
against the bars.

Caged, we cannot cry FREEEEEEEDOM
for it maddens the poultry.

We sit in captivity recalling the wondrous

history of our species.

The wild times at Stonehenge, Eleusis,
along the Ganges, moving west across the
prairies with the buffalo, exulting in free
space and time when swan clouds dar-
kened the blue sky and songs of wild
ones filled the air.

We will not forget who we are.
American eagles.

We must keep in flight condition
Exercising grounded.
Stretch tensing our wings
Hearing the wild cry, mute, straining in our
throats.

It is so easy to forget
Captives becomes domesticated
We salivate at feeding time, hearing the
clank of metal spoon on metal tray
But when the cage doors open and we fly
away
Then the clink of metal will be reflex sign
of danger

No, we will not forget who we are.
Our wild souls still beat
Our muscles strain in the bonds
When tides of ancient energy surge within
We tremble
We sit trembling in our cages
We sweat, trembling
It is hard for proud wild to be captive
We will not forget who we are
We pray that you, beloved, do not forget
who you are.

EVEN YOUR PEACOCK FRIENDS
WHO LOVE YOU SAY THAT YOU
ARE FOOLISH

Oh beloved, we never told you it was easy
to be a wild bird in poultry time.

We warned of the dangers.

Great God, look up.

You don't need a government commission
to tell you that it is dangerous to fly too
high or too early before you have tested
your wings.

You know that in your bones.

Everyone knows where it is at

We warned you that the heights were
dizzying.

We never told you it was secure and safe
to be a wild one.

We told you, beloved, that you could fly so
far you'd lose your way back to the hen
coop.

That there were no warm, air-conditioned
bird cotes for the wild ones

That you would have to build your own
 nests, high and far away.
 Our slim tipis on the mountain side showed
 you how.
 Didn't you see the pictures of us laughing
 for you in front of our tipis?
 Eagles cannot live in captivity
 Soon we will die if we are not freed.
 Do you want us dead?
 Do you not know that America cannot live
 without eagles?
 If we die, you, beloved, will waste away
 and die too.

Wild creatures of God cannot live in cages.
 Open the gates of metal
 Freedom. Freedom. Freedom.
 Fly high. Freedom.
 Let us fly as is our nature. Freedom.
 Fly laughing in the image of God.
 Freedom.
 The time has come.
 We cannot wait.
 Freedom.

2.

You must leave now
 Take what you need
 You think will last
 But whatever you wish to keep
 You better grab it fast.

—Bob Dylan

(He's) leaving home after living alone
 For so many years. Bye Bye.
 Silently closing (his) bedroom door
 Leaving the note (he) hoped would
 Say more
 Quietly turning the backdoor key
 Stepping outside (he) is free. . . .

—The Beatles

*(The following statement was written in the POW camp
 and carried over the wall (in full sight of two gun
 trucks). I offer loving gratitude to my Sisters and
 Brothers in the Weatherman Underground who designed
 and executed my liberation. Rosemary and I are now
 with the Underground and we'll continue to stay high
 and wage the revolutionary war.)*

There is the time for peace and the time for war.
 There is the day of laughing Krishna and the
 day of Grim Shiva.
 Brothers and Sisters, at this time let us have no
 more talk of peace.
 The conflict which we have sought to avoid is

upon us. A world-wide ecological religious
 warfare. Life vs. death.

Listen. It is a comfortable, self-indulgent cop-out
 to look for conventional economic-political
 solutions.

Brothers and Sisters, this is a war for survival.

Ask Huey and Angela. They dig it.

Ask the wild free animals. They know it

Ask the turned-on ecologists. They sadly admit it.

I declare that World War III is now being waged
 by short-haired robots whose deliberate aim is
 to destroy the complex web of free wild life by
 the imposition of mechanical order.

Listen. There is no choice left but to defend life
 by all and every means possible against the
 genocidal machine.

Listen. There are no neutrals in genetic war.

There are no non-combatants at Buchenwald,
 My Lai or Soledad.

You are part of the death apparatus or you
 belong to the network of free life.

Do not be deceived. It is a classic stratagem of
 genocide to camouflage their wars as law and
 order police actions.

Remember the Sioux and the German Jews and
 the black slaves and the marijuana programs
 and the pious TWA indignation over airline
 hijackings!

If you fail to see that we are the victims—de-
 fendants of genocidal war, you will not under-
 stand the rage of the blacks, the fierceness of
 the browns, the holy fanaticism of the Palestin-
 ians, the righteous mania of the Weathermen,
 and the pervasive resentment of the young.

Listen, Americans. Your government is an in-
 strument of total lethal evil.

Remember the buffalo and the Iroquois!

Remember Kennedy, King, Malcolm, Lenny!

Listen. There is no compromise with a machine.

You cannot talk peace and love to a humanoid
 robot whose every Federal Bureaucratic im-
 pulse is soulless, heartless, lifeless, loveless.

In his life struggle we use the ancient holy strate-
 gies of organic life:

- 1) Resist lovingly in the loyalty of underground
 sisterhoods and brotherhoods.
- 2) Resist passively, break lock-step . . . drop out.
- 3) Resist actively, sabotage, jam the computer
 . . . hijack planes . . . trash every lethal ma-
 chine in the land.
- 4) Resist publically, announce life . . . denounce
 death.
- 5) Resist privately, guerilla invisibility.
- 6) Resist beautifully, create organic art, music.
- 7) Resist biologically, be healthy . . . erotic . . .
 conspire with seed . . . breed.

- 8) Resist spiritually, stay high . . . praise God . . . love life . . . blow the mechanical mind with Holy Acid . . . dose them . . . dose them.
- 9) Resist physically, robot agents who threaten life must be disarmed, disabled, disconnected by force . . . Arm yourself and shoot to live . . . Life is never violent. To shoot a genocidal robot policeman in the defense of life is a sacred act.

Listen Nixon. We were never that naive. We knew that flowers in your gunbarrels were risky. We too remember Munich and Auschwitz all too well as we chanted love and raised our Woodstock fingers in the gentle sign of peace.

We begged you to live and let live, to love and let love, but you have chosen to kill and get killed. May God have mercy on your soul.

For the last seven months, I, a free, wild man, have been locked in POW camps. No living creature can survive in a cage. In my flight to

freedom I leave behind a million brothers and sisters in the POW prisons of Quentin, Soledad, Con Thien . . .

Listen comrades. The liberation war has just begun. Resist, endure, do not collaborate. Strike. You will be free.

Listen you brothers of the imprisoned. Break them out! If David Harris has ten friends in the world, I say to you, get off your pious non-violent asses and break him out.

There is no excuse for one brother or sister to remain a prisoner of war.

Right on Leila Khaled!

Listen, the hour is late. Total war is upon us. Fight to live or you'll die. Freedom is life. Freedom will live.

(Signed) Timothy Leary

WARNING: I am armed and should be considered dangerous to anyone who threatens my life or my freedom.



Larry Noggle