



Cut Your Goddamn Hair (excerpt)

1970 Vol 2 Issue 6

K.T.M.

I suppose no one in this Medical School understands the suppressive and totalitarian nature of Modern Western society. Indeed after some 13 years of being processed in the junior knowledge factories, everyone entering this Medical School has already been machinated to a very considerable extent. In here, they are subject further to the final phase of dehumanization beautifully termed the intensive study of medicine. And when they leave, they will become another batch of two-legged second-rate computers, their individuality, humanity and emotions totally lost and smothered.

Conformity is sacred. Those who dare to question and voice the faintest disapproval of the old rotten stale set of values, not to mention the precious few who dare to resist, fall easy prey to the harassment of the system, not the Establishment only, but every single segment of the system. This overdeveloped, supercivilised society is built on the cruel and forced conformity of every man and woman. Like every bolts and nails and screws of a mechanical device, they must obey the same 'physical laws' in order that the system may work and survive. In return for their own survival within the system, they pay the price of being transformed into human machines, without feelings of their own, without affections for others. Those who treasure their human nature, those who see the ultimate futility in scientific development, those who do not want to lead a mere existence as a machine are reduced to



the fringe of the system, the bad elements, the undesirables.

Who gets the benefit out of the system? No single person. To the socio-politically uninitiated, this may sound astounding. In our life long indoctrination against Communism, we are told again and again that it is the Party, the Politburo or even the party leader who is the final culprit for all the poverty, sufferings, and suppression. We are at a loss when we find in our so-called democratic society the same afflictions (if indeed our eyes are still opened). Can we say the system works for the Governor, or the Prime Minister, for that matter? The Councils? The Parliament in London? No.

The answer is an emphatic no. They are but the institutionalised agents of different echelons in the same system. The real villain is, for this Crown Colony, capitocolonialism, a tiny feeler of the mammoth Western culture into the Third World but nonetheless an exceedingly vast, perplexing superstructure of corporations, consortiums and governments which by bringing into line each and every one of the four million people here derives its benefit from the system and feeds itself. On top of all this is the more frequently denounced Establishment, those who hold respectable positions, receive handsome incomes, command tremendous influence, moral and actual, and who, elated by their apparent success in the system, swear hard to defend it.

In this society of capitalists and colonialists, in this age of knowledge explosion, and in this stage of human civilisation, we go to school not to learn the true meanings of life and human existence, not to nourish and

discover human nature and our true self — affections and hates, emotions and reason, instincts and rational actions — not to see beauty in nature through literature and poetry. Instead, our schools and universities are but knowledge factories (and even then only third grade) where we are stuffed with facts, hard solid facts, meaningless dead rotten facts so that we leave as processed raw material to join the army of spare parts, scrambling for a filthy place in the machinery of the system. Admit it, we are spare parts completely without any individuality whatsoever, replaceable at any moment by another of our kind. People talk about the regimentation of people and life in Communist countries. Our society has a regimentation that is equally cruel. We are told to be rational in our moves, not to allow us to lead a better life, but to suppress our instincts. We are asked to reason, not to gain the full use of it, but to smother our emotions. We are reminded that we should have a scientific mind, not to further our fellowmen's welfare, but to see their sufferings in a cold, indifferent manner that is called scientific detachment.

My faith in human civilisation is gone forever. The system will survive. But they survive as mere existence, animate but not living. What is the point of making friends when you discover that they are indifferent and hostile? What is the point of studying when you perceive that is but humiliating and degrading? Indeed, what is the point of all this civilisation?