

consistently with a philosophy of total departure. He has to leave. Nevertheless, there are some definite similarities between the hippie movement and the more radical students, and the source of that agreement is seen in their attitudes toward standards of any kind, especially moral standards. The student may have given more thought to the intellectual justification of his moral relativism, but the hippies' "love ethic" is fundamentally the same as his. The secular love ethic proclaims the unity of all life, and above all, the unity of humanity. There must be no obstacles to the full personal interaction among men and women; the sanctity of interpersonal relations is foremost. This implies that traditional moral standards must be abolished, since they act as inhibitions to the unity of mankind. Institutions that might promote such standards must also be abolished. Privacy becomes a barrier to the "full development of the individual." These nihilists have no understanding of the fabric of civilization; they cannot grasp the fact that humans need certain social and personal barriers in order to exist. They have read too much Georges Sorel and not enough Georg Simmel. They are determined, most of all, to destroy those most fundamental principles that divide men, religious principles. Love must conquer all.

Bearing this in mind, the reader may now have greater insight into the increasing militancy of the hippie movement. It is at this point that the hippie subculture is undergoing its own revolution. The basically pacifistic framework of the earlier "drop-outs" is rapidly passing. It is being replaced by a more strident activism. The Chicago riots brought this into the open. We are becoming accustomed to campus riots and ghetto riots, and the time of the rioting hippie is about at hand. The love ethic is not passive in nature; it can be converted into the most rigorous kind of revolutionary action. Though it may not seem immediately evident, the love ethic is not far removed in principle from the activism of the fascist movement or the Soviet and Chinese brands of revolutionary ferment. The hippies and the fascists have been monistic in orientation, i.e., willing to accept all things in principle (except opposition). The marxists are dualists who see all progress as a clash of irreconcilable opposites--a clash which will some day destroy the capitalist world and create a harmonious, peaceful, creative monistic world of proletarian happiness. Both philosophies take their stands against traditional and especially Christian societies that are founded on the idea of differences among men, but which seek to make possible certain kinds of voluntary cooperation in those spheres of life common to all members of the society. Such institutions and societies are written off by both the radical monists and the radical dualists: these establishment structures--to quote Trotsky--are fit only for the "garbage pile of history." The hippies, in what Robert Nisbet has called their quest for community, are likely candidates for seduction by some charismatic, totalitarian figure who will lead them in their struggle

against "straight" society. Here Charles Manson comes to mind.

In short, both relativism and the secular love ethic can lead (and are presently leading) to moral and political nihilism. As the nihilistic tendencies in the campus and hippie communities grow more pronounced, the means are increasingly available for establishing a common cause in revolutionary activity. This is the fusion which the various revolutionary minorities want to weld. At present, it would appear that the New Leftists stand on the brink of success, though their movement is incredibly fragmented. The lust for change overarches the fragments, magnetizing them together. In the absence of some establishment institution to oppose, I suspect they would turn into political cannibals--as did the Jacobins in 1793--but until that time, they can work within a common bond of chaos and revolutionary activity. Perhaps this has already taken place.

Berkeley has been the symbol of the "movement," and it is no accident that the little city of Berkeley houses both the University of California and the hippie subculture of Telegraph Hill. In recent months, the former hippie haven, Haight-Ashbury, has been depleted, as the migration to Berkeley has become pronounced. The open revolution broke out in Berkeley in 1964 during the Free Speech movement. Ironically in the year 1968--the University's centennial--the age of Mario Savio had just dawned. How proud Clark Kerr must have been! The

Berkeley-Oakland complex manifests the fusion of the real "triple revolution"--the ghetto, the university, and the hippie subculture. So if anyone should happen to ask you for a one-sentence summary of what took place on the outstanding campus of the largest, richest, and finest state-supported university in America, just tell him this: it is a century of secular, liberal relativism coming home to roost.

And the outcome of the Berkeley unrest? A precedent-setting defeat of a quarter of a billion dollar bond measure--which we can perhaps view as a positive good, for perhaps it indicated that the public is finally taking a critical interest in its university. If the administrators fear the loss of their budgets more than they fear the irresponsible students and faculty, there will be less "love" on the campus. In any case, students should not be too disheartened. Only one major institutional change has been made either at Columbia or Berkeley since the outbreak of violence: teaching loads have been dropped again! Now professors have to spend even less time with their alienated students. Perhaps the students will learn a lesson Edmund Burke offered us in 1790: revolutions seldom accomplish their ends, but they do make the earlier evils worse. □

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Cover Story

In Praise of Youthful Idealism

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

I write from a profound sense of mental and physical exhaustion, for I have just read every jot, tittle and splutter uttered by Spiro T. Agnew since the plain folk of this great republic anointed him Vice President of these United States. Ah, but this was a mere warm-up. For having surmounted all the hazardous peaks of Mr. Agnew's speeches and tippytoed round his every volcanic interview, I--in a moment of youthful brashness--ventured on to the Himalayas as it were, to the vast mountains of criticism that have risen about this most controversial statesman. Yes, I actually labored over everything recently said by the Vice President, only to lumber on to everything the media have said about him--that is, everything their lawyers would allow them to print or mutter. And now, having regained consciousness and received the assurance of my family physician that I again have complete command of my faculties, I may cogitate over this arduous but somehow wonderful adventure.

It started with one of those crises which fate inevitably fires into every great man's life; as with Saint Paul, mine was a moment of revelation from which I would never be quite the same old rascal. Like the rest of the members of my glorious generation I was under immense stress. I

feared for my nation. Repression was upon us. Portentous shadows shrouded the land, precursors to the imminent resurrection of A. Mitchell Palmer, William Jennings Bryan and the fabled Senator Joseph McCarthy, all in one puff. Glimpses at the New York Times suggested that the Know-Nothing Party was again a going concern with powerful connections deep within the White House. For a certitude the Klan was about. It was only a matter of time before the Bolsheviki of Harvard would be in chains. Somber television commentators were reporting the nightly prowlings of the feared Agnew. Mercilessly he would strike the most defenseless of American institutions, uncoiling a venomous tongue and hatefully lashing the last relics of purity in the land: first the powerless television networks, then poor Mrs. Katharine Graham and her little gazette. Not even the New York Times was beyond his vengeance. Indeed this Agnew was bad stuff.

It was in this storm celler of depression--with the First Amendment gone, the Bill of Rights aflame--that I decided to investigate this Agnew for myself. I wrote the American Ministry of Information for a chrestomathy of his latest speeches, half expecting a Little Red Book. Ah, how wrong I was. The package

arrived in a plain brown wrapper, and I devoured it in one sitting. Admittedly it was pretty strong medicine. But it was weak tea compared to the pronouncements of his critics after whose reading I spent hours in my prayer chamber. Today, however, I am my old self and I stand conscience-bound to inform you that the Statue of Liberty is secure -- you may still bomb it. The fall riots will be on schedule. Fee free to buy those inspirational American flag door mats. We have nothing to fear for traditional American liberties. Mr. Agnew will not repress us.

Indeed Mr. Agnew is not even a danger to the isolates who pay taxes nor to the magnificoes of the media, for their case against him is as ridiculous as it is imaginative. My readings of his speeches convince me of this, for rather than revealing the enormities of the Vice President, my research indicates that in America the word "media" is a code word for aristocracy...decadent aristocracy.

Shame overcomes me as I recollect how I was duped by the media. I had not always taken the media so seriously. In days of yore I had laughed them off with the same merriment I generally accord female shot putters, and visiting African royalty, for no half-intelligent American takes a television commentator seriously. This is true throughout the civilized world, and even in parts of Latin America, where the Bishops have brought the mystery of television. No matter what language a commentator's tongue is geared for, his audience presumes him to be a nitwit. Listening to a commentator's silly telegenic maunderings makes, I suspect, even the Pope laugh.

In America freedom of the press is a right born of doctrine and enshrined by tradition. It is one of our most august heritages. Whereas apple pie and mama have suffered on the cynic's anvil, the free press has continued to shine, burnished by idealists and skeptics alike. It is the origin of *The Federalist Papers*, the proving grounds for our Hemingways and Hardings and the charnel house for false pretense and malfeasance. On some days it has goaded us to our most superb achievements, but on others it has fallen flat. Its treatment of Mr. Agnew is one of those melancholy flops.

It might have gone over better were the majority of Americans still believers in ghosts and goblins. But today such devotees of the occult as remain are the butt of public ridicule. Presidents regularly raise such oafs to prominence on Presidential commissions as a practical joke that even the dullest citizen understands and enjoys immensely. Even social problems laugh at them. No, modern journalists have tried through exaggeration, deceit and arrant neglect to frighten the nation into viewing Mr. Agnew as Doctor Nixon's Frankenstein, and all they have managed, aside from discomfiting his golf game, is to display themselves as foolish and dubious. The professors' achievement has been even more ignominious. Had the media merely reported the Vice President's doings and allowed their audience to decide his thoughtfulness, social value, historical displacement and character, they would

stand in far better stead to their readers and be, I am certain, in no greater danger of losing their immortal souls to the fires below. Actually, Mr. Agnew's speeches have been quite thoughtful, and since his New Orleans talk--in which he identified his critics as an "effete corps of impudent snobs"--even his critics have agreed. Now they have changed their theme from "Agnew the Simp" to "Agnew the Menace," and we are all supposed to pack our bags every time he approaches a dais. Their case is a little weak, but let us pursue their most popular allegations.

Rather hysterically they allege, and I here cite *The Saturday Review* as but one of the plaintiffs, that the Vice President is threatening with extinction the communication media's revered right of free speech. Exactly how a solitary vice president is going to bring down the ax on ABC-CBS-NBC, their hundreds of affiliates and the great newspapers of the land, unhindered by either the nation's occasional or career libertarians (ACLU) and despite almost two centuries of American constitutional process, evades me. Even assuming his Commander-in-Chief brings up the heavy artillery, I cannot fathom how the administration will bring the media to heel without first destroying itself. So hamstrung by our obscenely partisan Congress that it has as yet not even been able to bestow upon us history's most generous welfare package,



18 June 1970. St. Clairsville, Ohio. The state of Ohio honored Mrs. Dora W. Johnson, who is at least 116 years old, with a plaque.

Just how is the administration going to gag the mighty gossip industry? Even if--much to the embarrassment of America's elite corps--the citizenry supports the Administration, I cannot imagine that support to be so slavish that they would deny themselves one of the linchpins of their democracy. Surely the press room astrologers do not see Messrs. Nixon and Agnew as so possessed by the devil as to defile one of America's most sacred blessings!

Of course the gossips are just pulling our legs. In all Mr. Agnew's expatiations on the media, their aggrieved defenders have not detected one hint as to exactly how Mr. Agnew could silence them. In desperation they recently turned to a speech by the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Dean Burch, on which they had to work a little palmistry. According to their interpretation Mr. Burch would silence network television's criticism by threatening withdrawal of FCC licenses. Truly this is a grand irony, for the government should not have granted these

licenses in the first place. The networks hold a mysterious spell over the FCC and have used it to eliminate the growth of competitive networks, especially pay television. When the government granted licenses, it then sanctioned a monopoly in restraint of trade. Inasmuch as the networks are the beneficiaries of a monopoly inhibiting competition and treading on the First Amendment, these licenses should be rescinded. Just as the government once auctioned its public lands, it should now auction its frequencies to any group able to meet the market price. While encouraging diversity of expression among networks this would prevent the government from favoring one network over another and thereby pressing the media's jugular.

But this is not what the networks are asking of the Administration. Rather they want Mr. Agnew's criticism to abate. They want to censor him, and if he acknowledges their criticism with any but the most abject reply he is imperiling their poor freedoms. Even the most gullible teen-aged street mystic recognizes that the media overflow with prejudice, yet Mr. Agnew cannot even hint that the gossips dislike him lest they go into scenes of simpering and fretting unmatched since Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was photographed drinking bottled beer with her gardener.

Another of the popular briefs his critics bring against him relies on the educated man's hysteria over the "authoritarian personality." This is an old wives' tale, popularized by Ritualistic Liberals, which marks anyone who criticizes them *ipso facto* an Austrian house painter. By citing Mr. Agnew's remark about sequestering "rotten apples," his critics assert that he is ushering in a Draconian age of repression (and with his authoritarian personality what else could you expect?) Now for me, there is a breezy vagueness about the term "rotten apples" -- and at any rate to denounce them just does not sound like a clarion call for genocide. Yet his first mention of this newly found minority group set *The New Yorker* (Radical Chic's answer to the louse underground) to conjuring up the most terrifying visions of the totalitarian nightmare. The psychiatrists call this neurosis. But their uncertain state of mind notwithstanding, *The New Yorker's* savants certainly have to admit that in a nation visited last year by 4330 bombings, 1475 bombings manques and 35,129 bombing threats, there might well exist some sort of rotten apples.

Mr. Agnew's critics have adduced one more allegation to prove him a national hazard. It is an allegation I find deliciously amusing, to wit, Mr. Agnew is refrigerating the nation into "polarization." You can review all the dictionaries on this one and they will never quite impart the flavor this word is supposed to discharge. Polarization is another of those perfectly serviceable words bequeathed us by our ancestors and recently summoned by the press for its very special purposes. Like "law and order," "extremism," "escalation" and the other asphyxiating terms of the sixties, it reeks with deadly connotation. The faintest whiff of it is supposed to overcome us with stupefaction enchanting us to fall

in line behind the artful editorialist. Such words are themselves mere period pieces, and those who spray them are charlatans, modernized versions of the quacks who mesmerized us into Prohibition and anti-communism. Polarization when spoken, say, by David Brinkley means that the Republic's plain folk agree with Mr. Agnew and dissent from the Liberalism prevailing at NBC. Polarization is the one form of dissent our liberal friends frown

Great American Series

Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle.

Thomas Jefferson

upon. It is subversive.

Early in his career as the nation's most distinguished monster, Mr. Agnew's allusions to "fat Japs" and "Polacks" attracted so much criticism that it seemed Washington would have to renegotiate its transistor radio treaty and put down civil war in Chicago. One would never have imagined that the Vice President would in a matter of months contribute constructively to American political discourse. His speeches attracted more partisan sniper fire, more ideological bombardment, than those of any vice president in the sublime history of that high office. Somehow all this furor seemed a bit odd. For (before being called to service by his party during the election season) his speeches grew less partisan and were always ideologically vague. Departing from the great American tradition of disparaging one's predecessors, he graciously accorded well-deserved praise to President Johnson for "his selfless attitude (which) merits the respect of all Americans," and to Dean Rusk for giving America "an example of personal courage, perseverance, loyalty and wisdom that will be the yardstick against which present and future secretaries will be measured." For further documentation I have overcome all the scruples of my conscience and refer you to a *New York Times* article by Art Schlesinger wherein this famed journalist admits the Vice President rarely comments on "conflicts of policy." Yet the furor continues, and peace-loving Americans are starting to wonder why.

Mr. Agnew's daintier critics (for instance John Osborne of *The New Republic*) tell us that it is because of his rhetorical muscularity — his proclivity for, in his words, "throwing them a little red meat." Yet sensational rhetoric is the creation of the media. Through the years the press has enthusiastically sought dramatic headlines, and television-radio is a big-time promoter of the more theatrical portrayals of mischief and nonsense. If anything intelligent ever sneaks into the six o'clock news, it is generally because its author has the instincts of a P. T. Barnum or Cecil B. DeMille. Robust monologues delivered before crackling flashbulbs and whirring television cameras have in the past raised all sorts of indecorous slob to the level of folk heroes without attracting a sniff of displeasure from the thrones of the mighty. In any case solons like Lord Lindsay and Colonel Fulbright have for

years given themselves to provocative if not incivistic remarks without ever suffering any of Mr. Agnew's dark celebrity. Even the Hon. George Wallace in his most bigoted eloquence did not draw the sustained derision that now showers the Vice President. The war whoops are resounding you see not because of the way Mr. Agnew says things but because of what he says. Yet if, in what he says, he is discommoding the decadent aristocrats in the media and on the campus, he is also making a genuine contribution to political discourse by invigorating one of the most important elements in democratic society.

Any enduring democracy embraces three social requisites: freedom, equality and commonality. Freedom and equality have been the raw material for every political exhibitionist since Tom Paine. No would-be Lincoln ever caresses a microphone without first pinning these inspirational words inside his seersucker. But who speaks for commonality?

Alexis de Tocqueville and Spiro Agnew along with many of America's foremost democratic theorists. Commonality in Tocqueville's words includes "common forms, manners and traditions." A democratic people's mores are the warp and woof of commonality, and in *Democracy in America* he categorized commonality as one of the "bulwarks of freedom" crucial to insulating minorities from the caprice of a transient majority. This structure of mores we call commonality, if it can endure our ephemeral crises and emergency legislation, will measure social programs and illuminate social goals. Most importantly commonality defines the language of discourse, and establishes the rules of democratic process, soothing the abrasions of political conflict with the unguents of understanding.

After diligently reading the Vice President's speeches I must dutifully report to you that there are dramatic moments of "red meat," but if it is a crime for him to "throw" that meat, those who serve it so fulsomely to the public are at least accomplices to that crime. Obsessed with red meat, they ignore major portions of his speeches, portions prepared most meticulously and presented most intelligently. Lest my more dubious readers convict me of cunningly suggesting the press guilty of a breach of propriety in its reportage of Mr. Agnew, let me clarify this. I do not mean to imply their guilt; I mean to proclaim it in C major. It is typical of their prodigious talent for passing the buck.

Recently we saw an even more remarkable example of their weakness in the famous Manson flap. In that instance the President reputedly prejudiced Mr. Manson's defense by referring to him as a murderer when he was legally only an alleged murderer. Now Mr. Nixon was not delivering his State of the Union Address, nor was he giving a charge to the jury or addressing anyone closely connected with the trial. He was speaking routinely to a small group of newsmen after a minor talk with one hundred or so law enforcement agents thousands of miles away from the trial. It was not Mr. Nixon who scurried to blast the story through the national wire services. It was not Mr. Nixon who roared

in a banner headline on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* (Quoth: "Manson Guilty, Nixon Declares" -- declares, no less). If the press was so anxious that Mr. Nixon not prejudice the jury, why did they publicize with such gusto his one untidy sentence? Surely Mr. Nixon was wrong in his statement, but was not the press just a little remiss in acting as wantonly as it did? The Supreme Court would seem to think so based on its 1967 decision in *Curtis Publishing Co. v. Wally Butts* in which they found the publisher of slanderous statements, as well as the author, guilty.

In the case of Mr. Agnew the press merely neglects his more intelligent statements, heating up the rhetoric as they go. The magnificoes of the media simply disapprove of what he says and fail to report it. Most of the time Mr. Agnew speaks, he speaks about the mores of the American people. To the aristocrats this is not only scandalous, it is heretical, and for the sake of heresy, I have encapsulated some of his more recent utterances that we might all appreciate Mr. Agnew's achievement, the media's failure and the importance of strong mores to a free society.

Mr. Agnew defends, so he says, dull things, "dull things like patriotism. Dull things like incentive. Dull things like respect for law." Sensing that our era is characterized by "a vague uneasiness that our values are corny—that there is something wrong with being patriotic, honest, moral, or hardworking," he fears "the last decade saw the most precipitous decline in respect for law of any decade in our history." Beginning on the sound sociological premise that "order in society begins with discipline and authority in the home," he concludes that the last decade's tumult arose when "traditional patterns of discipline and expectation were discarded." Thus in spite of the absurd assertions about the awesome intelligence deposited in today's youth, a decade of relaxed mores has ended with "much of the youth of America...blowing their minds with chemicals to escape reality and the plain business of facing up to tough, everyday problems." Bereft of mores and with their wellsprings about dried up, thousands of young Americans shuffle about "without a cultural heritage, without a set of spiritual values, and with a moral code summed up in that idealistic injunction, 'Do your own thing.'"

The dissolution of mores "has pointed our nation toward the brink of anarchy." Last May Mr. Agnew placed in high taxonomic relief those creatures who extirpate mores, tearing apart commonality and hobbling democratic process; they "are not at the bottom of the social ladder—indeed, many of them were born on the social ladder and have very great say about who is to climb on which rung....They can be found in every segment of society that helps to form the opinions of society at large: in the universities, in the media, in government, in the great professions...For the first time in history a great nation is threatened not by those who have nothing but by those who have almost everything"—that is to say by the decadent aristocrats who, driven by the only ardor their desiccated dogma has left them, charge their liegemen to denature the mores of

the plain folk. Singlemindedly they have destroyed America's transmitters of mores. That is, they have corrupted the churches, deemphasized the family and reoriented the matrices of education so that today they inculcate chaotic life-styles ignorant of western civilization and devoid of American mores or commonality. They would have "the little people" gutted by velleity and living on the hem of hysteria--all the easier to reign over them, preserving their exalted status. And so they continue to rave over the Agnew Menace.

American Liberalism--an odd agglutination of abstraction, ambiguity and moonshine--has lost the old savor. If it once alleviated human travail it does so no more, and as it was always laced with anti-democratic strains it has left the aristocrats forlornly atop its superannuated structures--Ice Age bureaucracies, rococco towers of vested interests--or holed up in the bunkers of its defeated ideology--multiversities, stuffy editorial offices--hopelessly removed from the citizenry. Some among them--the older ones--realize their days of Brahmin demagoguery are over. Others--the codfish aristocrats, the parvenues--are victims of what they have themselves called "status displacement."

When they began their careers, a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year income bought gorgeous costumes, a fine motor car, a spacious cave and a couple ethnics to serve tea. But that was twenty-five years ago. Today when his nibs is chauffeured over to the editorial tabernacle of the *Times* it is from an apartment no longer segregated from those of the lower class. He still dresses smartly but so does the doorman. He might still have one ethnic but lately they have been getting "uppity." And of course that "chauffeur" is an opinionated taxi driver residing in Queens and spouting opinions utterly unheard of over at the *Times*. Urban crime and human orneriness can no longer be kept from the editorial aristocrats. Restaurants are crowded and taxis hard to get. Apartments cost more, slums have spread out, and the plain folk are different from "you and me." These thoughts were on Chet Huntley's mind. These revelations trouble James Reston. And Mr. Agnew seems a constant reminder that there are other perspectives on social problems and that some social problems are and have for decades been facts of life.

Oh, but it is all too, too terrible to bear so the aristocrats at the *Times* ring up their favorite intellectual for a shot of ideology. Can you hear it? Scottie Reston gets Ken Galbraith on the line and pants "What can we do about the Agnew crisis?" To which Harvard's faculty lounge rumbles something like "Nationalize sin."

So what else did you expect from an intellectual?

The American intellectual (*Homo ignoramus*) like the editorialist and commentator is an odd fish. It loathes democracy, though intellectuals have been joy-riding on its rhetoric for many years. Given to megalomania, they would like to favor Plato's government by the superior man but know in their heart of hearts that such government would not even accord

them the distinction they presently enjoy under democracy--where there is always a peripheral respect shown to clownishness. Under democracy though they remain uneasy, for the superior man who usually overcomes the conflicting asinities of the crowd and governs, places them in positions of ridicule. This in itself never bothers intellectuals for they lust for attention even if they attract it only by being the focal point of a nation of guffaws. What really bothers them is their malignant realization that regardless how majestically they strut and posture they are not themselves superior to anything save strep throat. After all, you have never heard of an intellectual chairing the board of General Motors or founding an oil empire, have you? Of course not; the intellectual is too incompetent, his mind too skittish, to fasten on one problem for more than a few seconds. Recently a large research corporation in Lubbock, Texas, undertook a study of intellectuals and earthworms (*Lumbricus terrestris*) to discover which possessed longer attention spans. Though the intellectual retained more of what it saw, the researchers report that the earthworm possesses a longer attention span, roughly four-tenths of a second. (It is also possible the earthworm is more adept at cognitive learning under most conditions.) I commend this engrossing report to you. From reading it I believe you will discover why the intellectual performs in the ways that it does, and why it is held in such high esteem by the rest of the decadent aristocrats in the American aquarium.

Rather than stock its mind with sound practical information, the intellectual wanders around cluttering it with exotic curiosity pieces, bizarre hand-me-downs and amateur magic acts, until it approaches the ordered chaos of one of those artsy-craftsy gift shops where everything is overpriced and nothing is valuable. The intellectual is constantly looking across the counter at the common man and trying to sell him something. Its world is a hallucinogenic dream of great sinners and epic heroes. As with the rest of America's dissipated aristocrats the intellectuals charge their minds with great purpose, higher laws and lofty morality. The democratic ideal that everyone counts is as foreign to their minds as oxygen. Their ideal statesman is a charming, foppish promoter of circuses and sham. Chet Huntley characterizes their aspirations. He finds Mr. Nixon dreadfully shallow. His ideal president would be something like Leonard Bernstein, but never, never a man who defends the "dull things."

"PROTOCOL NOTES: *The New York Times* (e.g., July 24), in reporting the trial in New Haven for the murder of Alex Rackley, refers throughout to Warren Kimbro, the government witness, as 'Kimbro,' to George Sams, another government witness, as 'Sams'—and to Bobby Seale, head of the Black Panther Party and a co-defendant, as 'Mr. Seale.'"

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Obviously adherents to democracy cannot take such misanthropes very seriously. Their criticisms of Mr. Agnew sound like a chorus of asthmatics singing Bach's B Minor Mass.

But I fear there is one point I have not come to terms with, and that is Mr. Agnew's character. After reading articles about him by our competitors, *The Saturday Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, etc. I have arrived at the conclusion Mr. Agnew is no menace nor is he the fiendish character about which the aristocracy howls. Quite simply Spiro Agnew is an idealistic young politicoe troubled by romantic visions of yesterday's freedom and infused with the spirit of poetry. We may not all share his ideals, but we have to admire his sincerity. He is (in his own way) an idealistic young man trying to strike the resonance of fine metal in a plastic world; those who do not understand this youthful crusader may traduce him for dissenting from the customs of his peers, but there is much room in America for such dissent. He should be encouraged. Gratefully the Vice President is moving to the beat of his own drum. He is fresh and innovative, doing his own--very special--thing. It is as important for him as it is for us. Let us never forget that those who make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable.

We at *The Alternative* fear for this land which we love. On one side we see this young man, this brave young idealist ridiculed for speaking a language we do not understand, upbraided for his "distinctive" dress and alien ways. The affluent fat cats have threatened his very life and their children harass him in public. At the other end of the social ladder we see the common laborers, the proletariat, awakening to his support. There is a legitimate counter culture here, and their grievances are just. How long can we ignore them? Mr. Agnew has assured us that he will work within the system--but if the system fails to respond, what next? What will be his resort?

The Alternative urges all Americans to lower their voices, enter into dialogue (rap heavily) and try to understand -- listen to what this young man is trying to tell us or it may be too late.

AMERICA ARE YOU LISTENING?

Washington Post Syndicate

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is an itinerant golf caddy and political editor of *THE NATIONAL TATTLER*.

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Valparaiso, Indiana

Seduced and Abandoned at Columbia

Playing it Straight at Columbia U.

R. L. Crossland

Squinting into the poorly lit, smoke-blurred pub, one stumbles among crowded tables, bordered by serried booths manned with boozey collegians. The walking wounded weave about in the contemporary student's characteristic attire of discarded military haberdashery. Though beards and mustaches are in evidence they seem strangely less repugnant. Even the ubiquitous buttons are different from those adorning the radical rich of "our generation," for these buttons proclaim disturbingly: "Tell It to Hanoi," "No Amnesty," "Free Prague," "Jim Buckley for Senator," and mysteriously "Irish Republican Army," or "Captain Budweiser Lives."

Everywhere there are large pitchers of frosty beer indicating that at least these young, idealistic veterans are Hemingway's idealists. Though most of

the externals of the now generation are there, the substance is different. These students might exude the fatalism of those at war, but you probably have never heard of them. They never made the front pages. They fought for ideals but their ideals never impressed CBS.

"The Folsom Prison Blues" just barely carries above the discordant hum of the crowd. In one corner a bulky ex-football player elicits giggles from a trinity of nurses and adds a roar of his own. Three inspired warriors retreat from their much-littered booth in the far corner and boisterously weave a path to the door. A waitress (wench in the vernacular) collects the empty pitchers and dumps the ashtrays onto the floor. This is where the defenders of forsaken ideals rehabilitate. These are the veterans who fought for

Columbia. No one writes editorials or poems about them. For these young minds were not destroyed by their vices or velleities. They were exploited for their strengths by dissimulating administrators who quietly sold them out. Though the Tudor decor is hardly redolent of it, this seamy pub--The Rail--is the last stronghold of Columbia's counter-revolution.

It was here at The Rail, in 1968, that Frank Dann and Paul Vilardi organized the Majority Coalition. That spring the Majority Coalition formed a defensive cordon hoping to keep open Low Library, the main arena for campus demonstrations. Members of the Coalition were in ties and jackets, clean-shaven and grim, as if such appearances could jar Columbia to sanity. When attacked with lead pipes and bicycle chains, the coalition members had to abandon the ties, for they provided too easy a handhold, their jackets were torn and stubble appeared on bitter chins. A sock full of pennies, called a "Fiji special" after the fraternity that developed it, became the MC's standard weapon. For a time guerrilla war raged. Finally, after what seemed interminable vacillation, the administration was compelled to call in police.

The Rail has its colorful cadre of steady patrons. Dave Carpenter (see the following article) attired in a fisherman's knit sweater and a balmoral, bellows Scottish regimental ditties gloriously, but with little attention to tune. One of the twelve students to, in 1969, sue the university's trustees for maladministration, he is now on disciplinary probation for constituting "a threat of violence" when he and three or four others led an incursion into an SDS occupied building. The New York Times described Carpenter as "a highly politically active jock." Kind of chewy--but typical Times. Roger Crossland, wearing a paratrooper jacket, sits at another booth and converses with a knot of oarsmen in garish purple sweatshirts. Allegedly he tossed two photographers out a first floor window during the same raid. John Meyer, visiting from the University of Pennsylvania Law School, stands near Carpenter's table. Meyer's nervous energy adds a new turbulence to the smoke as he scurries out of the bar with a folder of leaflets under his arm. Meyer, son of one of National Review's senior editors, splendidly fills the role of the student Right's Tom Paine--though somewhat more versatile, for he has been the National Intercollegiate Chess Champion (another of the Times' jocks?). Entering as Meyer leaves are Lehr and Rossetto, the authors of caustic parodies of SDS propaganda which first confused, then amused the university's student body. For example, they had deplored the "rape" of Anguilla by the university supported British war machine and founded a mock pressure group, the Columbia Italian-Americans (CIA). They call themselves the Ministry of Disinformation.

And the Rail has its supporting cast, but these straights are a little louder, a little rougher, a little more bitter than their more publicized adversaries. They have the same intensity of purpose (when it is



Dissent is Conformity