

instability of Mexican governments, the \$2,026,139.68 arbitrated debt on which Mexico had stopped payment in 1843, not to mention the almost non-existent central control of such outlying provinces as California. The question of legal title to the area also was of little importance because of the poor land use of the area by the Mexicans. Roosevelt's comments on a similar dispute, U.S.-British claims to the Oregon Territory, are applicable to the Mexican situation: "The real truth is that such titles are of very little value and are rightly enough disregarded by any nation strong enough to do so . . ." Perhaps the distinguished diplomatic historian Samuel Flagg Bemis best judged Polk's actions when he wrote that "it would be well-nigh impossible today to find a citizen of the United States who would desire to undo President Polk's diplomacy, President Polk's war and the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo . . ."

Of course this indicates the tendency of Pusey's myth: it rearranges the facts to fit his story. His real driving force, of course, is his dislike for America's Vietnam involvement. While his myth is a rather poorly constructed one, alas, its time has come. Counter-myths (and much better ones) may be provided by Traeger, Liska and other defenders of America's Vietnam involvement, but like the battle between Swamproot and Snakeroot, I am afraid

Pusey and Company will have their day.

Like all good liberals, Pusey wants to rearrange our federal institutions to assure the country that we shall never experience another Vietnam. Strangely, Pusey doesn't mention the Ludlow Amendment of the 1930's, an anachronistic proposal by the isolationists of that era who had learned their "lesson" from World War One. The Ludlow Amendment? That piece of nonsense would have required a plebiscite on a declaration of war if the aggressor's attack took place on other than American territorial sovereignty. Pusey's proposed War Powers Act to limit the powers of the President makes about as much sense as the program of the Veterans of Future Wars, an organization of the 1920's founded by a group of Princetonian pacifists who felt that the next world war would be so horrendous that all fighting-aged men should receive their "bonus" before they went to battle, inasmuch as they would not be returning. The VFW organized an auxiliary of Future Gold Star Mothers to demand that the Federal government pay their travel expenses to Europe to select the grave sites for their sons' final resting places. It was all great fun, and I am sure they were still laughing as the U.S.S. *Arizona*, with its human cargo, slowly sank into the waters of Pearl Harbor.

John L. Kelley

Publish and Prosper

Points of Rebellion

by William O. Douglas

Random House, 5 rubles

97 awfully small pages with big print

It is simply impossible to take *Points of Rebellion* seriously. The book is more than stupid, more than cliché-ridden, more than simple-minded, more than an insult to almost any reader's intelligence. The book is positively infantile, and to a degree which I am afraid can be appreciated only by reading the book.

Still, perhaps a few short excerpts can illustrate my point. To wit:

Douglas, upon returning to the United States from a totalitarian country: "It's great to be back in a nation where even a riot may be tolerated." Douglas, on foreign affairs: Our leaders have acquired the "virtually paranoid" belief that "the world is filled with dangerous people." Douglas, quoting with approbation—nay admiration—a 16-year old boy who asks his father this unique question: "Why did you let me be born?" (Douglas considers this deeply philosophical)

The above are, believe it or not, some of the saner and more reasonable things in Douglas' not very substantial book. However, the single most fascinating aspect of *Points of Rebellion* is not its inanities, but rather a particular and peculiar stylistic idiosyncrasy Douglas exhibits.

Have you ever noticed how people who have a conspiratorial and often paranoid view of history and the world tend to put

everything in capital letters (i.e., a John Bircher will write about an International Communist Conspiracy)? This device of constantly misusing capital letters (or rather of overusing capital letters) does indicate a certain type of thinking, a certain—dare I say—almost paranoid mentality. Well in this book Douglas capitalizes, just to name a few, Force, Blacks, Whites, and—so help me God (a word which Douglas probably wouldn't capitalize)—Highway Lobby. This nutty view of things has always characterized the far right; it is now to be found everywhere on the left (especially among the young, who are fighting "Them"), of which Douglas is a leading guru.

Here my review concludes. To devote any more time to the distinguished Mr. Douglas LL.D. would be disrespectful. If I disappoint my readers for not seriously attempting to refute the "points" Douglas supposedly makes in *Points of Rebellion* I apologize, but his points are simply not worthy of serious consideration or serious refutation. The book is, alas, neither serious nor humorous; it is merely pathetic. The man is, after all, a Supreme Court justice.

It is said that senility is much like childishness, and advanced senility much like infantilism. There are babes in arms who would be ashamed to be the author of *Points of Rebellion*. But then maybe babes in arms are not afflicted by mercenary publishers.

William Kristol

William Kristol, who spent the summer as a White House intern, is a sophomore at Harvard.

The Bootblack Stand



Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled *Escape! A New Demand Response System*. Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, c/o The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana, 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

This fall I am faced with an arduous and crucial campaign to retain my Senate seat in Massachusetts. Unfortunately my old back ailment is acting up again and the pain is unbearable. It makes smiling to large crowds difficult and when I take pills to relieve the pain it clouds my mind, and I can speak only second semester Spanish. What is your suggestion?

Cordially,
Senator Edward Kennedy

Take care of your heart. I once had a similar affliction and an old Hoosier doctor cured me within a week. I shall pass it on to you but only in strictest confidence and for a slight charge. Wrap your leg and lower back in two hundred yards of elastic bandage, and—under the bandage—pack twelve pounds of warm, fresh cow dung (remembering the industrial character of your state, try jackass dung). Feel free to continue your daily chores, campaign vigorously, mingle with the crowds and you will feel in the pink in no time. Also you will have done much to create a more honest political atmosphere in this incomparable democracy.

--GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am running for the Senate in Indiana. What should I say?

Your most humble etc.,
Vance (Rupert) Harke

I am glad that you ask. Of all the great Hoosier Solons I would rate you right at the top—right up there with Senator New and D. C. Stephenson. Avoid kidney infection. Dress in black pajamas, straw peasant hat and sandals. At every opportunity before the good folk of your great state say:

アメリカには
自由と平和
もはやかた

And good luck.

--GWP

Letters

To the Editor:

Let me congratulate you, Bob Tyrrell, Tony Campaigne, and the rest of the staff of *The Alternative* for a truly superb publication that meets a real need on the campus today. Even more heartening is the realization that your circulation has expanded from 5,000 to over 30,000. It restores one's faith in the level of literacy that prevails on our college and university campuses at a time when the actions of a noisy few have called into question the viability of higher education.

I will look forward eagerly to the opportunity to get acquainted with some of the fine minds that, despite so much of a corrosive nature attending the university experience today, have still managed to learn, to inquire, and to express themselves with lucidity.

Best Regards,
Philip M. Crane
Member of Congress

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

Continued From Page 2

with delinquent students and identified their activities not as instances of "academic unrest" but of "academic disruption and violence." Hook said the threat to universities comes from within and is traceable "to one fundamental poisoned premise"--that unless social and foreign policy problems are solved, campus disruption and violence will continue. Denis Hayes placed the whole issue in its cosmic perspective by saying: "We are in trouble as a species, and the unrest of this country's young people and of their peers around the planet is perhaps the healthiest development for which one might have dared to hope."

The serene Mr. Rhodes "inquired of Professor Hook if he 'hated students.'" The *New York Times* called Mr. Rhodes "a complex, altruistic youth...endowed with an extraordinary faculty to come up with inspiring new ideas and get other people to carry them out."

On 4 August Senator Allott of Colorado suggested on the Senate floor that "we disband the President's Commission on Campus Unrest and all read the *Wall Street Journal*."

As we go to press the three hundred page report has been out for twenty-four hours, but the speed readers at CBS, ABC, and the *New York Times* have all editorialized proluxly on it. We shall read it at a more reflective pace and in our next issue analyze it with our typical cool detachment.

EDITORIAL

Continued from Page 2

conformity through their empty crania.

Supposedly the education mills of the land were grinding American youth into bland conformity, pulverizing them to adjust to society, smothering their creativity and putting all our nascent Beethovens to flight. From the middle fifties to the middle sixties, conformity served as the professors' most reliable

motif in a ceaseless cacophony of twaddle. Yet today as commentators blubber about "youth's idealism," "the priorities of youth," "the life-style of the young," and "youth culture," the dons seem peculiarly unconcerned about conformity. Though a student's appearance is as distinct and discernible as that of a month-old corpse at an Irish wake, none of the sages are repining over this conformity. And for the best of reasons--today America's new conformists are their conformists, and all those chafing apprehensions about a generation of robots have been soothed by the clatter of regiments of students goosestepping into the dawn of a brave new world--the very same world that the dons have spent the last half century concocting. Hence rather than anxiously heave their bosoms over youth's slavish conformity to society, the dons now sweat over society's failure to conform to youth.

At *The Alternative* we believe that there is nothing inherently wrong or unusual about conformity; certainly it should not have surprised the fifties' great minds that gregarious creatures like the Homo saps conform. What renders conformity wrong is what the saps conform to, and today large numbers of students--always mistakenly characterized by the gross generalization, "American Youth,"--are conforming to anti-intellectualism, solipsism, and treacherous totalitarianism. Their coercive life style has created a barbaric underworld but one step removed from the monkeys in the zoo. Many of them are walking epidemics. Still many idiotic Liberals see these beasts as the culmination of all their bedazzled hopes and abstractions, so they have darlingized them replacing as a national idol the image of the All-American Boy with the image of the idealistic young bomber. All this demanded some pretty high-toned salesmanship, for both images are moronic and the latter is dangerous. Nonetheless, no thoughtful observer is very surprised that the dons carried off their hoax so masterfully. They have been peddling moonshine for years. What is remarkable is how the truth hawkers managed to reverse themselves so ignominiously.

Our story begins around 1955 when some luminary by the name of Robert Lindner briefly burst from obscurity to publish a very profitable book: *Must You Conform?* in which he magisterially declared amid gusts of oohs and ahhs "No, because there is an alternate way of life available to us here and now. (ooh) It is the way natural to man, the way he must and will take to achieve the values he aspires to just because he is human. (ahh)" These were palmy times. The editors of *Commonweal* remarked: "Probably never before were so many young people urged by their elders to revolt." Later in the decade Mr. Lindner in the scholarly pages of *McCall's* playfully urged that mothers "Raise Your Children to Rebel." Time even published "Rules of Nonconformity"--sort of a beatitudinal blueprint for the Lee Harvey Oswalds of the "quiet generation." At any rate, to paraphrase Lord Keynes, contemporary men who believe themselves free from the ideas of the past are usually slaves of some defunct ideogogue.

We have moved from an age in which supposedly everyone was a conformist to our present age in which supposedly everyone is a dissenter or nonconformist, and public spokesmen had better not disagree with the Zeitgeist of dissent, for to do so--we are admonished--is to polarize society--i.e. to introduce diverse opinion into society--which of course leaves the precious nonconformist no choice than to turn his governmentally endowed wonderland into a war zone. So it is that healthy nonconformity has literally blasted its way into the American conscience, and *The Alternative's* Jolly Boys gleefully await Mr. Lindner's next manifesto.

Our present age is a glorious one teeming with nonconformity. And just as there are archangels, seraphim and cherubim, there are many different ranks of nonconformists. Allow me to reveal to your just three. First we shall discuss the common nonconformist. Mouthing the elliptical language of what in more primitive times were adjudged mental defectives, he yammers, "ya know," "like I mean," "dig it," and expletives too racy for reproduction in this family magazine. Adopting a cunningly tailored peasant dress, he earnestly slouches about various loafing spots never before dreamed of like street corners, front porches, and parks, where he seriously discusses such senseless curiosities as Western civilization. So assiduous is the common nonconformist in his conviction that the world would be vastly more intelligent were Congress to enact compulsory sensitivity training or the President to raise the rock festival to cabinet level that he will even abandon his loafing grounds to take part in a spirited rampage on behalf of peace or some other worthy cause.

The next rank of nonconformist is the advanced nonconformist whose raiment does not differ significantly from that of his more common brethren. (However certain of these advanced nonconformists have been known to camouflage themselves in the style of "the Middle Americano" when applying for Ford Foundation grants, employment at Health, Education and Welfare, or purchasing explosives.) But whereas the common nonconformist generally just slouches around parks and public restrooms, the more energetic, advanced nonconformist busies himself with the bombing of buildings, beating professors, and threatening politics. Some are even given to ambushing police and butchering judges. All are motivated by the loftiest ideals. History has produced some other idealistic nonconformists in the image of our advanced nonconformist, but never did they embellish their nonconformity with the coruscating moral dazzle, intoned by, say, David Dellinger. Herr Himmler and Herr Eichmann made admirable efforts, but without the forensic savoir faire of a Kunstler, their chances were slim and none.

The most distinctive rank of nonconformist is also the most entertaining, and we shall categorize him as the ultra-advanced nonconformist. These creatures embalm their marvelous minds with wonderful new drugs and drift about en-