

# The Brunswickian

"Life is like a bowl of apples;  
only without the apples,  
and without the bowl."

- Neil Toner

"Neil's right y'know"

- Cal Rifkin

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# OPINION...

## Where have all the hippies gone?

By BARRY POMEROY

"How many roads must a man walk down." It's been almost 24 years since Dylan wrote that and the cultural revolution that he helped to begin is long over.

After the Second World War we had the baby boom. The baby boomers grew up and we had the hippie age, we outnumbered our parents and we

had power, of a sort, the economic situation was good and we were finally loosening up on human rights, we had an especially unjust war to get good and pissed off about.

People began to protest in a passive way, maybe they remembered Gandhi, maybe they just didn't want to hurt people.

There was a street corner, Haight-Ashbury, where a gathering began, and on this coast we had Greenwich Village. The scene fell apart when the pop kids following a fad moved in and then the drug pushers claiming personal revelation. We all came East,

we heard there was a scene beginning in Central Park with street bands and trees being planted, and it wasn't till later that we noticed the uptowners and undercover Feds looking for draft-dodgers, runaway girls and "fuckin'hippie-commie-bastard-punks".

I think the long twilight that we now live in began with the massacre at Kent State University. A protest was going down and National Guardsmen shot into the crowds of unarmed,

longhaired, civilian kids; four were killed and many injured. Just 10 years before we had experienced the Cuban missile crisis, when the whole world

that we used to treasure stood just a breath away from Nuclear war, the unofficial carnage that was the Vietnam conflict was not yet over.

I think that after the murders at Kent State all the hippies packed up their pot and beads and flowers and moved away.

We are now getting further and further from the musicians and poets of the time. The deaths of Jimi Hendrix, Janis

Joplin and Jim Morrison ... The lyrics to our music get more and more mediocre. Even Dylan, a guy I used to trust, has given up his effort to teach and

prophecy to this world and has just walked away in the Empire Burlesque singing some pop

song to the puke market of snotty-nosed yuppie brats. It seems that the writers of our time cannot think of anything

more to write their songs about than to sing about some lay they participated in or a social commentary along the lines of "things are gettin' bad, yeh"

I don't want to say the hippies were living in a golden age because that's been said way too often and unjustly in the past. Their age wasn't golden, it was green, the kids were alive then, not so stifled. The kids were in the majority in a way that we cannot understand now.

Dylan says "Sometimes, I feel so low down and disgusted, I can't help but wonder what's been happenin' to my companions" I can't help but wonder either.

## A song for Nicaragua

Don't You Dare Invade Me

(sung to the music of Don't Stand So Close to Me)

Words: Manuel Skoulas Music: Sting

(The long deep bass intro is also spotted with the sounds of machine gun fire, and sounds of people being tortured and slaughtered)

...Our country, the subject, of Reagan's fantasy,  
He wants us, so badly, knows what he wants to be,  
Dictator, the master, our country is at rage,  
We have one wish for him, we wish he'd act his age.

Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me,  
Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me.

His friends are, so jealous, you know how Republicans get,  
Sometimes it's not so easy, to be Uncle Sam's pet,  
Temptation, frustration, so bad it makes him cry,  
"When will we, invade them, when will we make our try."

Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me,  
Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me.

Who's talking? The Russians, so loud it makes him cry,  
Strong words in the Kremlin, the accusations fly,  
It's no use, he's senile, he starts to shake and cough,  
Just like an, old man that, set the buttons off.

Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me,  
Don't you, don't you dare, don't you dare invade me.

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