

# "Hippies" for Wallace

## Guerrilla Theatre at Kentucky

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College Press Service

LEXINGTON, KY. (CPS)—George Wallace, a man who has contributed greatly to the political polarization of this country, visited the University of Kentucky last Saturday and was greeted by a complete reversal of the polar stereotypes.

While eight "straight-looking" anti-Wallace pickets paraded and a number of neatly-attired members of a campus action group passed out anti-Wallace leaflets, some 35 scroungy, bearded, beaded, sandaled, long-haired "hippies" (as they called themselves) demonstrated for nearly two hours in support of the former Alabama governor.

Carrying placards reading "Turn on with Wallace," "Keep America beautiful, get a haircut," "Sock it to us, George," "America - love it or leave it," "Hippies for Wallace," and shouting slogans like "Law and Order Now" and "We're for Po-leece Power," the group was curiously received.

Many of the crowd of 10,000 who turned out to hear Wallace were supporters from across the state. Some of them were able to perceive the tongues in the hippies' cheeks, but many were unable to cope with the reversal of stereotypes.

After watching the hippies parade for several minutes, one elderly woman asked uncertainly "They ARE hippies, aren't they?"

"I thought hippies were for McCarthy," said a Wallace supporter who appeared dismayed by the prospect of association with freaks.

Some Wallaceites were convinced the hippies were serious. "Hippies have SOME sense," said one.

Another said, "If someone like that is for Wallace, I don't know if I'm supporting the right man or not."

Other Wallace supporters could not overcome the stereotype and were sure the hippies were goffing on them. "You can look at them and tell they're not Wallace people," said one. "They're either doped

up or ignorant."

"I think they think it's a happening," said a resolute middle-class matron.

Even Wallace was somewhat bewildered by the group when they gained his attention during his oratory. It was a typical Wallace speech, complete with catch-phrases, Wallace witticisms and emotional appeals to the working man. All the same old lines were there:

"... who can't park their bicycles straight... they looked down their noses at the people of... will be the last car they lay down in front of... never made a speech in my life that reflected on... got some free speech folk in this country..."

As the atmosphere grew tense, as the fervor spread in the crowd, the hippies came through to lighten the mood. They started chanting, "Sock it to 'em George, sock it to 'em George."

Wallace, thinking the shouts came from one of the usual groups of adversaries who attended his speeches, pulled out several patented retorts from his repertoire: "All right, you're not goin' to get promoted to the second grade... you people don't know how many votes you get me each time you..."

Then, pointing toward the group which was sitting high in the balcony, he said, "You need a haircut," though he was too far away to see how correct he was. The hippie group began chanting even louder -- "We want Wallace."

Wallace hesitated, took a step backward, approached the mike again and said, "Oh, I think they're for us up there," which brought wild applause from the group. The little man with the slicked-back hair had been goffed on and didn't know.

Later at the airport, when asked about the hippies he was to say, "If they're really for me, I'd be glad to have them."

To the hippies, it was a romp at a high level of satire. They converted the new left victory signal

into a three-fingered "W" for Wallace and they also amended the "Hell no, we won't go" chant to "Heck yes, we want George" -- a somewhat morally re-armed version of the anti-draft original.

The dialogue between the large pro-Wallace group, the small anti-Wallace group and members of the crowd added to the delight of the 2,000-plus crowd who watched from the sidewalks during the demonstration.

Members of the anti and pro-Wallace groups knew each other and engaged in mock debate when the picket lines passed one another.

The pro-Wallace hippies would shake their fists and call the neatly dressed anti-Wallace pickets "Communists... hippies... anarchists... you ought to be shot... bo, bo, hisss... lay down and I'll roll over you," were a few of the hippies' remarks.

The pro-Wallace hippies drew such comments as "Dirty love fascists... filthy patriots... go club some kids."

After nearly two hours of pacing back and forth, the hippie group moved to a grassy area for a "patriotic love-in." There they sang "America the Beautiful" and "Dixie." They passed around cans of water which attracted a policeman checking for alcoholic contents. As the policeman checked the cans, the hippies applauded and got to their feet shouting "Law and order, law and order." They smiled and offered water to the policeman, who managed to slip away after a few pats on the back.

The policeman was no doubt confused -- as were many others. The actions of this band of unkempt youth were certainly not of the same cloth as that of the usual hippie.

But as one of the pro-Wallace hippies said later, "This may be conservative Lexington in super-conservative Kentucky, but come on, man..."

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