

REINERZID  
-EHT NAB



THE DISSENTER is dead. This is the last issue we will ever publish. You may want to know why.

Well, the reasons are simple: pressures from the administration. We have been advised that some have found our publication to be objectionable. We have, it seems, been a thorn in the side to many -- once too often.

THE DISSENTER has become almost an institution in its short eight month life in this school. It has a wide reading audience, some who enjoy it and some who don't. It is a place for humor (the only place in the school) and unwatered down criticism. Even among its opponents, THE DISSENTER will be missed. At least it was something to talk about, something to do in language lab. We feel that the loss of this dissenting voice is a loss to the school.

There is a chance it may continue to exist if an adventurous group of Seniors decides to take it over. Most Seniors say they will think about it (after they've been accepted at a college). I don't blame them.

According to the school administration, Amherst has one of the best faculties around. I used to think so too. I would think such a faculty could take some criticism and "ribbing" as lowly students do daily. I must conclude now this isn't true.

THE DISSENTER people have always been possessed by the idea of an independent magazine. We have found this experience to be ~~an exciting and~~ a gratifying one. We also learned something about authority and freedom of the press.

The voice of THE DISSENTER is silenced. What it stands for is not.

-- the editor--

NOTICE -- If the President or Vice-President of the S.O.R. Association will drop me a note, I will gladly make good on the deal.

-- Ed.

P.S.-- I appreciated your letter.



STAFF

Leonard Dell'Amico, Bruce Bangsberg, Grant Golden, Ted Miller, Louis Schanzer, Dave Tuttle, Ellyn Garoleck, Ned Miller, Jeff Sandler, Robert Finn, Donald Houck Jr., Jim Hetlig, Daniel Sack, Tete Kilbridge, Tim Elliott, Dave Prentice, Ken B. McStupp

pages 7 & 8 are by Grant Golden  
The Wastebasket is by Bruce Bangsberg, Cess is by Dave Prentice, "opposition" is by Sue Boyd-Bozman. Everything else is by either the editor or the general staff.

LAST BARE --  
STUDENT COUNCIL  
ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

PETITION

...petition is circulating which read: "We, the undersigned support the DISSENTER and deplore the tactics used against it by the administration."

Among those who signed this petition without reservations were the President of Student Council, the editor of Triad, The editor of Tatler, and 2 or 3 other people on the Tatler. In addition, there were 84 other signatures, and the list read very impressively. THE DISSENTER feels that if so many important people agree with us, we can't be all wrong.

A LETTER

THE DISSENTER received the following letter a while ago:

Dear DISSENTER:

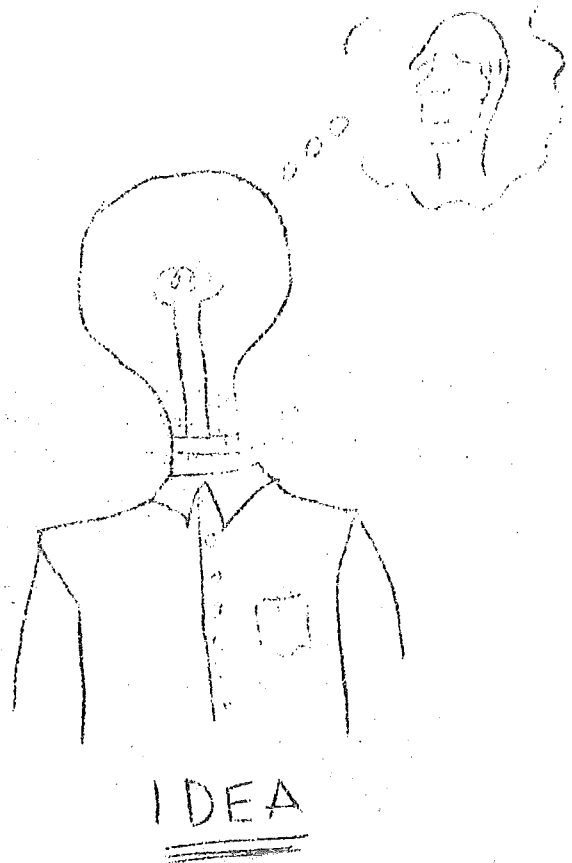
Without resorting to the sensational language and inflammatory double talk you are noted for, would you please list your specific complaints against and criticisms of Amherst High School.

I would be interested to know since I have never been able to recognize them in the maze of your inflammatory and ambiguous language.

Thankyou for your cooperation

Rich Johnston

REPLY: OVER CROWDED CATERI, POOR LUNCHEES, RUN-DOWN FURNISHINGS IN GENERAL, NOT ENOUGH CLASS-ROOMS, 7 OUT OF 10 LOCKERS DON'T WORK, THE POOL IS TOO SMALL, NON-ALLOWAL OF HAIR STYLES, GYM PROGRAM, BEST PO TACTICS, TOO SHORT SCHOOL DAY, TOO SHORT LUNCH PERIOD, TOO SHORT PERIOD BETWEEN PERIODS, THE LETTER MARKING SYSTEM, ASSEMBLIES, COURSE MATERIAL (E 10th grade English), PATRONIZATION OF CRUD LIKE THE MOCK BLE, PLAYING OF EXODUS EVERY MORNING, DRINKING FACILITIES, ETC.....



SUPPORT  
YOUR  
MORNING  
AFTER!

## THE OPPOSITION SPEAKS

I am DISSENTER'S staff's favorite Defender of the United States Government, which is comparable to being court jester. I rant at the editor about the gross exaggerations and propaganda techniques with which their articles abound. He nods and agrees. Sometimes I get really upset as when Dell'Amico proclaims that the U.S. and Soviet governments are equally bad. My brilliant rebuttals are confronted by an implacable smile and the comment: "You're brain-washed." The cool manner with which he makes the most preposterous accusations frustrates me beyond words.

Mine is the dilemma of the optimist trying to batter a wall of cynicism -- the liberal caught in the crossfire between conservatives and radicals. I admire Stern's wit and Bangsberg's imagination. Sometimes I sit at home and dream of being a black humorist. It is not easy to be sane when conventional sanity is condemned, to be plagued by the persistent doubt that you're wrong, perhaps. But at least I question my own position.

I feel guilty when I enjoy DISSENTER articles. I believe that the writers are insincere. They attack with equal acidity the important and the trivial. Their perspective is as frequently as distorted as that of the articles they criticize.

The satirist cuts a swath of destruction. In the name of free speech, however, THE DUSSENTER verbally crucifies the deserving, the partially deserving, and the undeserving. It wants to shock and it does. It is easy to take the articles lightly; anyone who takes them seriously cannot help but be outraged.

Until THE DISSENTER ceases its unprincipled journalism it will be a mockery, in the true sense of the word. I'm not asking that it become insipid. It must substitute reason for sensationism, responsible editorialism for crude swipes at the status quo. Finally, DISSENTER'S free-thinkers must realize that just because something is in existence it's not automatically to be scorned.

-cont., with rebuttal, next  
pg.

## THE WASTEBASKET a trashy column

The lights are low, the pots are burnin' incense, the air is smoky, and what's-her-name's got booze on her breath. Some crap Len's uncle picked up at a bazaar in Rangoon is burnin'. Paul Butterfield and the boys are poundin', playin' "Shake Your Money-Maker", and everything is torkey. An' I'm sittin' in the corner there watchin' the smoke as it twists, turns, and curls lazily up toward the ceiling. Two guys are over in the corner playin' Pacheesi under the light, laughin' and swearin', and it's all sort of foggy, diffused by the smoke. The few lights are all soft and yellow, like a full moon in the fall. Everybody's sittin' there listenin' to the beat and swayin' a little, maybe sometimes. There's about 29 people here now. The place's about ten by fifteen but it always seems smaller when we stuff it. So I whip out the copy of CATCH-22 I always carry around in my back pocket, and flip to the ending, sad as hell. C\*22's about these flyers in (on) Pianosa in WWII goodbookreadit! Anyway I decide to breeze the action for a while, so I stumble over to the door, steppin' on somebody's head in the process and push it open, great big fire door, like the one they have on the school boiler room where I slept one night,. So I'm outside in the hall tryin' to get some air in my lungs. So I decide to fly upside temporarily to brew up somemore PB special. I never can remember exactly how to get out of here. Down the hall to the third light (the one with no shade), around the corner, up the concrete stairs to the second landing (the one under the fallout shelter sign). Down that hall second door to the right, and I'm in the kitchen, if you could call it that. Somebody had already made up a batch of the stuff, and put it in the 'fridge. I hauled it out of there and dumped it on the stove to boil. While I was waitin' I wandered out to the front door, the fallout shelter's two floors 2 floors down but I can still hear the music. It's rainin', the city's workin', the pot's boilih', i'm rujnin' down toward the kitchen, take it off the stove, pour

-cont. on next pg.

continued, "opposition..."

MORE REP. CESS!!

THE DISSENTER is wanted. It should be one of the most notable student enterprises on the Amherst campus it so despises. As it stands now, it will be remembered as a half-humorous, half-vulgar attempt at insulting a few and offending many for the vague, insincere purpose of improving the world.

Sue Boyd-Bowman

Rebuttal -- First, let me say that Sue wrote this article before we were put out of business. (I wanted to make sure no one would accuse her of dancing on our grave) I will not attempt to make an elaborate refutation, since most of what she says is true. Just a few points:

1. THE DISSENTER does not "despise" Amherst. We simply want to improve it and make fun of it.

2. I think it more likely that THE DISSENTER will be remembered as a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -humorous,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -important attempt at making people laugh and improving the school and the world.

3. Some DISSENTER articles are to be taken seriously, and others not. We believe an intelligent reader can distinguish between humorous and serious material.

-Ed.

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THE WASTEBASKET, continued---

it in the thermos bottles, down the hall, down the steps two flights round the corner, down the hall., up to the door, open it up "...shake your money-maker..", close the door, take a drink, the lights are low, the pots are goin, the Dissenter's gone.

Brought back by popular demand (the editor is screaming at me to write something)!! Reintroducing 189 year old "Southern Comfort" Representative Cess.

...Mah fella Americans, today we is in the mist of a great crisis. Them pinko commonists is invadin' the very privacy of all ya'll right (far-right) thinkin' people. Them dirty reds is tryin' to take over the world by listenin' ta ev'ry word ya'll say. Why, I knows it fer a cact thet there is over 6,309,014 little bugs in even this great hall. I'm not talkin' 'bout them little 'lectronic doo-dads. I is tellin' ya 'bout insects! (Flicks off invisable object) Yes, the dirty pinko-commonists of Soviet Rooshia is trainin' lil' tint bugs an' critters to crawl round and listen ta everyone an' then go back to Mooskow an' tell them there leaders, Broshnev and Kowsteingen, what each an' every one of us is sayin'. (Flicks off object from sleeve) Jus' look round ya'll an' wh'll ya see? Ya'll see nothin', thet's what. Jus look! See it? It's all 'round ya. (Flicks off object) Tha nothin is all them little bugs crawlin' 'round and e lisnin ta every word we say.

What cin ya'll do? Ya'll can call yer President and ast him if'n he is a gonna do sumptin' 'bout this. If he says no, we a gonna give im a good dose of southern democracy. We'll hang him!! With yer help, we'll squasj them in the halls an' in the rooms, an' ....

At this point, Rep. Cess had to leave the room, as it was past his intravenous feeding time.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Since this is the last issue of THE DISSENTER, we feel we should thank and acknowledge all the people we think deserve it.

THE DISSENTER owes a special debt of gratitude to:

Student Council for giving The Student Mockable 10 dollars and bucking Tatler, Tatler for bucking Student Council; The Quaker Oats man for having God on his side; the cheerleaders for those damn pep-rallies; The Senior High fallout-shelter for having a capacity of 585 (Senior privilege); all the band members for appearing in public in their absurd uniforms; Murph and Frug for keeping the Bullboard alive; all the people who could read question 14 on our survey; the monday assembly people for bringing us that retarded movie about conformity; all teeny-boppers everywhere for watching Bonanza, the Beverly Hillbillies and nudie movies; Chuck Seligman for seeing "Morgan" twelve times; The Bookstore in school for carrying "Sex and Temperment in Three Primitive Societies", which is sociology and filthy, too; the Tower for running candid photos of the photographer's friends; the mysterious marauders for shooting .22 holes in school windows; the library for its 4th-grade "black tiger" idiot novel series; and the omniscient school board of school district 13 who are like gods on Mt. Olympus.

In a more general field, we'd like to express our gratitude to:

Ben Kurtz for being indicted on 5 counts; Lyndon Johnson for being jes' plain ole' folks from back-home; the war in Vietnam for setting everybody at his brother's throat, here as in Asia; the Generals for going to church on Sundays and killing Orientals the rest of the week; Bobby Kennedy for brushing with gleem; the H-bomb for giving everybody a reason to live and an easy way to die; John Lennon for Randolph's Crispbus Party; Andy Warhol for Baby Jane Holzer; Bob Dylan for telling us that everyone on Desolation Row is making love or else expecting rain; Allen Ginsburg for his "Footnote to Howl", which begins "Holy holy holy...";

Yossarian for moving the red ribbon on the map of Bologna and standing in line without a uniform on or anything else for that matter; Drogo for his son Frodo; Donovan for informing us that Superman and Green Lantern have nothing on him; The Beatles for changing the World; Roy Lichtenstein for his shockingly accurate reflections of American culture; Time magazine for their excellent reporting of all those imaginary campus fads; J.D. Salinger for writing that dirty book and getting beaten by Mr. Phy in California (joke); California for Berkely; California for The John Birch Society, The Minuteman, The D.A.R., Ronald Reagen, and for being a Modern American Phenomenon; those clever Japanese who invented the felt-tipped pen; Gutenberg, without whose ingenuity we would be forced to copy THE DISSENTER out in long-hand; Ambrose Bierce for being the first and greatest cynic; Truman Capote; for his informal little get-togethers; Adam Clayton Powell for living it up while the living was good; Richard Farina once or twice for giving me the idea for this article.

Back to the school:

We'd like to thank Student Council for its unequalled record of nothing done for years and years; the office ladies for all those late passes; Eric Anderson and James Whitmore for being the only 2 people who succeeded in spite of having gone to Amherst; The Phys.-Ed. Dept. for their amusing bulletin board near the boys' lockers; Bruce Bangsberg would also like to thank Paul Butterfield and the boys.

Finally, we would like to commend; Barney Kempinski, Morgan, Murray Burns, the Pope, and Mr. Salterelli for their general attitude.

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REMEMBER-- THE DISSENTER pioneered in journalism, criticism and typographical errors. It was published at spastic time intervals and made a point of the fact that Amherst might not be as democratic, intelligent or liberal as claimed. THE DISSENTER once more galloped forth in this last issue in search of victims too feeble to hit back. Of course, the school hit back and plowed us down, but we were still able to present this 1 last bombshell, (or bomb, if you prefer).

The sky was blue,  
The grass was green,  
The hills and dales were rolling.  
On such a perfect day  
For battles or lawn bowling . . . .

And suddenly  
There came the sounds  
Of drummers drumming beat.  
And thumping, clumping marching sounds  
Of marching men on feet.

And war songs sung,  
And banners flew,  
And as I knew it might;  
An army (done in green and blue)  
Came marching into sight.

Oh glorious,  
So glorious,  
That band of green and blue.  
As pretty colored columns, they  
Came marching into view . . . .

And now I heard  
A different tune,  
And felt a different beat.  
And heard a different thumping sound  
Of different thumping feet.

And sure enough,  
Across the way  
New columns could be seen  
New columns (done in red and white)  
Were marching down the green.

Oh glorious,  
So glorious,  
A spectacle complete.  
Each army had the other spied,  
And down they came to meet!

In green and blue  
And red and white  
The colored marchers neared.  
In strict formation, left to right,  
The colored lines appeared.

The music stopped,  
The singing stopped,  
And silence did ensue.  
The breeze which had been blowing stopped,  
As if it watched and knew.

And suddenly  
A muffled cry  
Out from the silence rang.  
Then shots and shouts and cannon roar,  
And musket volleys sang.

The battle ran  
For half the day;  
The finest I have seen.  
The red-and-white would charge and fall  
And then the blue-and-green.

The bugles blared,  
The standards flew,  
And marching lines kept falling.  
The cannon boomed, the crossfire rang,  
It all was quite enthralling.

And then the noise  
Grew soft and stopped.  
The silence did renew.  
The breeze began to blow again,  
Just as it used to do.

No bugles blared,  
No standards flew,  
No musket fire was led.  
There lay the pretty, colored men,  
And all of them were dead.

I left the field and hurried home,  
And hurried home,  
Without a choice of winner,  
The time was running by  
And I was late for Christmas dinner.

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A few weeks ago, in a lead editorial concerning the Christmas truce in Vietnam, The New York Times had this to say:  
"Kill and maim as many as you can up to 6 o'clock in the morning of Dec. 24 and start killing again on the morning of Dec. 26. Do your damndest until 6 a.m. Dec 31 and again after Jan. 1, 1967, when it will be all right to slay, to bomb, to burn, to destroy crops and houses and the works of man until 6 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 24, 1967."

THREE CHEERS FOR EMOTIVE LANGUAGE!!  
In the next edition of The Times, however this section was rewritten and watered down. The reason: Pressure. THE DISSENT is not alone.

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## THE BENDOR OF TEARS

He was a peculiar old man, this Vendor of Tears who wandered along the Road. He was slight and rather angular in appearance, with a scruffy little beard and two morose large eyes. He wore only a long, white robe and a bright red turban on his head. All day long he would shuffle up and down the Road, crying -- "Tears, tears, tears for sale!"

One day along the Road there appeared a man in rags. And as he approached the Vendor he smiled a sad smile and he said -- "I should like to buy a tear, Old Man. Would a copper be enough?"

And the Vendor replied -- "a copper from a poor man is worth far more to me than a hundred gold coins from a King. I shall be glad to weep for you."

"Oh, no-" laughed the man of rags, "Do not weep for me. I passed a man along the road, whose eyes were on fire, and whose face was white with the Fever. Weep for him, Old Man, and all the sick and the dying. Help me weep for them."

And for a long time the two of them wept. The man of rags paid the Vendor his copper and thanked him. And they parted their different ways.

Later that day the Vendor came upon the man with the Fever. Those blazing eyes approached his own and the white lips asked, "May I buy a few tears from you, Old Man?"

"Sir," replied the Vendor, "What a miserable person you must be! It would ease my heart to weep for you."

"Oh, no, Old Man," he cried. "do not weep for me. I met a man in rags as he passed me this morning. What a poor, wretched fellow he was. Weep for him, king sir, and all the wretched poor ones. Help me weep for them."

And for a long while the two of them wept. Then the man with the Fever gave the Vendor a silver piece, and they parted their different ways.

Towards the end of the day there came along the road a wealthy gentleman with a ruddy complexion. He approached the Vendor, and in a robust voice declared, "Old Man, I would like to buy some tears."

"But Sir," asked the Vendor, "For whom shall I weep?"

"I met two men today," explained the gentleman, "as I walked along the

Road. One was very poor; he was dressed in rags, and the other was dying of the Fever."

"And you want me to weep for them?" asked the Vendor.

"No, Old Man, weep for me. Weep, since I could shed no tear for them. Here, take these five gold coins and weep for me."

And after a long silence the Vendor at last replied. "Sir," he said sadly, "For you I should like to weep the most, and yet I can shed no tear."

## THE MADMAN

### Another Absurd Golden Fable

Once upon a time... there was this guy. No one knows exactly when he arrived in town, or how he got here. Kind of spooky, like he arrived out of thin air. Anyway, this guy was really a screwy character. He was what you'd call short and dumpy looking. Kind of unpleasantly plump. And he had this way-out beard; a big, white mangy thing. And take the way he dressed. This loony used to parade around in a fire-engine-red suit and nightcap. And the shoes, red, with little bells at the tips. Jingled as he walked. You could tell that he thought he was pretty cool.

Well, we figured on letting the guy be 'cause he wasn't hurting anyone or anything. He would just feed his reindeer (Talk about crazy hobbies, isn't that just the end!?) and laugh out of context a lot. He was always with that HO,HO, HOING. It really got to you after a while.

Then one day it happened. The kids came home from school and said that this kook gave them all free gifts. Candy and toys and the like. Naturally we were suspicious. What was with this guy, anyway? What was his angle? Some people said that he was a professional kidnapper, and he was buttering the kids up. Other people said he was merely deranged. But the consensus of opinion was that this guy was communist agent. After all, we knew that the commies act pretty strange. And how about the red clothes? It all added up. First he would confuse the kids then brainwash them. But we say the whole thing right off. -cont., next page-



So we called in the FBI to investigate. But it was a strange thing. The guy just left real mysterious, like he came. One kid says he say the guy take off in a sled with his 8 reindeer. Through the air, yet! What an imagination.

MORAL: A sled in time saves nine.  
 or  
 Don't look a gift nut in the mouth.

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GOOD SPORT DEPT.

Here, in order, are the DISSENTER Good-Sport awards. The people who have been named and have taken it well over our short nine month life-span deserve commendation.

- 1.) Richie Johnston
- 2.) Brian Ford
- 3.) Mr. Starkweather
- 4.) Mr. Munson
- 5.0 The people who put out The Student Mockable
- 6.) The people who put out the Tatler

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APOLOGY DEPT,

(This is the 1st and last apology to appear in THE DISSENTER, so read carefully) To the faculty: (from the author)

In the December issue of THE DISSENTER (Vol. 11, no. 3) appeared an article entitled "M---R", written by me. Apparently, many of you thought my purpose was to slander and otherwise offend Miss Butt. NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH. The point of the article had to do with the ad not being printed. Miss Butt's name was mentioned in passing as she was in charge of the program's printing.

No offense was meant personally to Miss Butt. I only meant to "offend" those who thought the ad was suggestive or otherwise unpermissible as they offended me by not printing it.

The asterisk appearing after Miss Butt's name was due to oversight and error. We (the author & editor) would like to extend our apologies and regrets for any hurt caused Miss Butt who is only known as a fair and dedicated member of the faculty.

A GUIDE TO THE GUIDANCE DEPT.  
 PART 1

Guidance Department Terminology

<u>What they say:</u>	<u>What they mean:</u>
1. I think this is a good school and you should apply there.	It's simple for you to get into, <u>any</u> knucklehead could be accepted.
2. You're in the top 20%.	You're stupid.
3. You're in the top 10%.	You're lucky (temporarily).
4. These scores look promising.	1. They're fabulous 2. They're average 3. They're awful
5. These scores are not too important	You failed.
6. She'll be with you in a moment	She's just waking up.
7. What are your interests?	I want to pick 15 easy colleges by using the course index in <u>Lovejoy's College Guide</u> .
8. He doesn't work to capacity.	He's retarded.
9. Be honest.	Say anything that sounds intelligent.
10. I won't call you next time, but you make the appointment.	Good-bye forever.

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MATERIAL FOR THOUGHT DEPT.

"An apple a day keeps the apple-growers healthy, wealthy, and jolly at that."

"A true hypocrite is a person who does not believe that he is a hypocrite."

"A true coward is a man who will let nothing stand in the way of his fear."

"The main difference between love and sex is that real love is still hard to come by."

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