

— Letters To The Editor —

"THESE ARE MY BELIEFS"

Local Board No. 1
Alcona County
County Building
Harrisville, Michigan 48740
Dear America:

This letter is intended to reflect upon the thoughts which have made themselves manifest in the mind and heart of one boy/man, an individual, simple but complex, peaceful, violent, a number in a file, able to love, a human being, Yours Truly. These are my beliefs. They have been made aware to me, initially as an unwanted awakening, and then, with the passage of time, as a stabbing, piercing reality, by the years of uncertainty, anxiety, false hope, agony, anticipation, which began, I realize now, the day that I ambled into the courthouse, red, white, and blue painted on my brain, blindly patriotic, war unknown, only basketball and raspberry pies for reality, to offer my name as an addition to the list of animals, to be herded off when their time came. Do not feel that I speak to you as particular people, ("Forgive them God, for they know not what they do." — How can this punk dare to quote those words?) but listen, please, as I speak to what you represent.

I hate you, America, oh yes, I do hate. I want to love you, to be proud of my homeland, the very soil where I ventured my first, weak, exploring steps into life, but, I hate you. You are Christian people who condone and justify violence, and spread

death, like an infectious cancer, over the earth. You have betrayed your own sons and daughters, left them to starve, sent them off to kill and die in a poor, wretched land on the other side of the world, to be returned on Christmas Eve, in a cold, gray casket, as an offering to the goodness and betterment of mankind. Your children. I hate your endless racism, your murdering, ruthless cops, who justify justice in the name of the black and white Uncle Toms who emulate and idolize the System. If only Abraham ("It seems the good die young.") were alive today, wouldn't he be proud of what you have become? I hate your exploiting, lecherous capitalists, who go to foreign lands in search of wealth, oil, silver, copper, and go away leaving only holes in the ground behind them. Is it any wonder why our neighbors in Latin America curse the name of Yankee capitalists, ("Go Home, Yankee!") throw rocks at fat Rockefellers, a perfect symbol of Yankee bureaucracy and oppression, is it any wonder? Oh America, my pathetic country! The world has only to set back and watch as your acts of violence, exploitation, imperialism, and oppression do more to turn other nations of the earth against you than any amount of Communist propaganda.

Most of all, America, I hate your stupid, bloody, senseless, vulgar, imperialistic war, a war that has ranged out of control

like an unthinking forest fire, Johnson's war, now Nixon's war, a war that has endured for a decade, a war that murdered children, a war in which you have sent more than 40,000 boys, thousands of them not even old enough to vote in your democratic elections, to their death. Won't you even let them have a voice in choosing their executioner? Absurd inequities, the crust of American existence. It must be of inexplicable consolation to a Mother, or Father, or Wife, or Brother, or Sister, to receive a President-of-the-United-States guilt letter expressing the nation's grief at the death of their son, or husband, or brother. In this war, I would have my Mother tear the letter into a million pieces, and cast them, remnants of a son, into the face of the almighty leader. Useless, futile, desperate war. ("All we are saying is give peace a chance.") Where will you next send your children, America, to "free the oppressed", and to keep the fat bureaucrats frolicing in their fanatical farce? Perhaps to Thailand, to Israel, to Chile? Where will my sons be herded off to? Or will we still be butchering in Vietnam when they are old enough to shoot a gun? The futility you project is shattering.

Why have you caused me to hate you, America? Have you forgotten Washington's advice, advice from a man who was what you could be, to never

venture into a war unless an enemy embark upon our very soil, and make OUR land red with OUR blood? Will you change, America? Will you bring peace to your people, your children? Or will you continue on your foolish course, war after imperialistic war, violence, blood, death, exploitation? Vietnam is the bureaucrat's war, the capitalist's war, big businesses' war, money's war, blood money. It is, among wars, singularly and uniquely SICK.

That's my thing. I haven't said it all, but, I'm tired, so tired, of talking to a stone wall. Take me to your zoo, devour me, exploit and annihilate my mind, and let some fat, screaming sergeant transform me into an unthinking robot. Try as you will, you cannot create an animal in my image. I was born a human being, with human thoughts and emotions, not instincts, and so I remain. Perhaps, and it is truly my hope, humanity will some day mature and realize that our few precious years of life would be much more enjoyable without War Games like Vietnam. ("Another day goes by, but, still the children cry. . .")

Now, if you have read this far, you may, as I suspect you will, dismiss me as an idiot, commie, punk. But, you are so mistaken. This is me, and I am real, and I am not alone.

Peace.
ROBERT J. GAUTHIER
US-23 North
Harrisville

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