

A date with fate, Fonda

Editor's Note: The Daily Collegian Staff Writers Patrick J. Kiger, Mary Ellen Wright and Beth Rosenfeld, were among the estimated 65,000 protesters who converged upon Washington Sunday to demonstrate against nuclear power. The following is Kiger's impression of the event.

By PATRICK J. KIGER
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

Early Sunday, en route to our rendezvous with fate, Jane Fonda and Ready Kilowatt, we made a pit stop for coffee at a diner outside Maryville, Pa. There, we encountered a busload of nukes from Buffalo, N.Y., who said they had departed at the ungodly hour of 1 a.m. to get to Washington in time for the protest.

I asked one of them, a teenage girl in a Jackson Browne t-shirt, just what it was that had motivated her and the others to go to such great lengths to attend the march. The girl was silent for a moment, but then looked up from the rack of pseudo-Pennsylvania Dutch souvenirs she had been examining and said in a quiet-yet-intense voice, "But man, isn't everybody?"

Later, as we cruised down the Baltimore-Washington Parkway, it occurred to me that she may well have

been right. On all sides, we were surrounded by an anti-nuclear armada on wheels: Volkswagens, motorcycles, Winnebagos and convoys of charter buses, with license plates from Michigan and Ontario and Iowa — most decorated with banner and bumperstickers: "Breeders Now — Mutate Later;" "Karen Silkwood Died For Your Sins," and simply "No Nukes."

Impressions

We arrived in Washington around noon, parked at the L'Enfant Plaza, and started looking for the march, which we assumed was already in progress. In front of the Smithsonian's merry-go-round we saw our first wild-eyed, hippie freak protesters. They were a gray-haired couple, probably in their late sixties, wearing Susquehanna Alliance buttons. They had in tow their young granddaughter, who was clutching a placard that said "I Don't Want To Glow In The Dark, Grandma. . . ."

Mary Ellen Wright, our photographer, took their picture, at which grandpa looked a bit upset. "Don't worry, she's not CIA," I reassured him. . . .

It was Victor Hugo, I think, that said nothing is more powerful than an idea whose time has come; the old gentleman would most likely have felt right at home on Pennsylvania Avenue Sunday afternoon, in the midst of a throng of people three lanes wide and maybe a mile or two deep, all possessed by the idea that they were going to grab Uncle Nuclear Sam by his isotopic shoulder and shake the hell out of him.

And the people who wanted to do the shaking seemed to defy categorization. There were scruffy Brandeis-socialist bohemian types, wearing placards that said things like "People Before Profits" marching alongside grandmothers and farmers in Cat Truck caps. The Lesbian Alliance, who were carrying a giant two-headed baby doll labelled "Nuke Child" stepped aside for a well-dressed, middle-aged woman carrying a placard that read; "Pro-Life Means No Nukes."

Even Washington's mounted police, who are accustomed to having caravans of angry farmers on tractors turving the White House lawn, seemed taken aback by the spectacle. "Christ, Fred, will ya look at that," I heard one officer tell another as the two-headed nuke child went by. . . .

When the march reached the Capitol, it was met by teams of May 6 Coalition staffers who used megaphones and semaphores in their effort to herd the ungainly crowd onto the capitol lawn with some semblance of order. "Do not separate from your group . . . please . . . Harrisburg people to the right, everyone else to the left . . ."

Surprisingly they were fairly successful in keeping the situation under control, because in contrast to the anti-war protests I saw in the early seventies, most of the anti-nuke protesters seemed willing to cooperate with those who had assumed responsibility. Ah, what a difference a decade makes. . . .

Not being the cooperative type myself, I quickly sought out the press table and started hassling the staffers about credentials. After a lot of jawboning and a bit of subterfuge — "Yeah, Time Magazine. You heard of it?" — I was able to gain admission to the press area, a fenced-off pit immediately in front of the stage on the capitol steps, where the action was going to take place.

By the time I got there, the action was already getting pretty heavy. John Sebastian had just taken the stage, accompanied by his 7-year-old son Ben. After charming the crowd with "Welcome Back" and a new song entitled "Just Another Link in the Chain," Sebastian paused and said, "It's a great



Actress Jane Fonda, star of the movie "The China Syndrome" and her husband Tom Hayden, addressed those gathered at the nuclear protest — denouncing President Carter's actions concerning nuclear power and advocating the firing of Energy Secretary James Schlesinger.

pleasure to be standing here before you, at the dawn of the non-nuclear age." Then he turned and summoned young Ben to the microphone. "I don't like them. . . . I wanna live," Ben said.

There wasn't anything about John Sebastian in the wire service accounts of the protest, or on the network news coverage. There wasn't anything about Dr. Helen Caldicott either, who stunned the crowd by telling them that the Hershey kisses they were eating were probably contaminated with strontium-90 released in the Three Mile Island debacle.

Neither was there anything about Orville Kelly, a veteran who had been stationed in the Marshall Islands during the H-bomb tests in the 1950s and is now dying of leukemia. "They're telling you Harrisburg is safe," Kelly said. "That's what they told me about the Marshalls. Now they tell me I'm a statistic."

When Kelly, sallow and bloated from cancer, got up to the podium to speak, the people in the press pit from CBS and NBC turned off their sound cameras. Maybe they wanted to save their film for Jerry Brown and Jane Fonda. Or else, maybe Kelly just wasn't pretty enough.

One prominent CBS correspondent, one whose name you might recognize but whom propriety requires me to leave anonymous, seemed quite bored throughout the entire program — particularly when the musicians were performing. I asked him what he thought of the turnout, which the staffers estimated at close to 100,000, and what the impact of the protest upon the future of nuclear power might be.

"One hundred thousand? That's a crock of horseshit — don't quote me," he answered, never taking his eyes off a nearby tube-top-clad correspondent from a local newspaper. "Anyway, most of the kids are out here because it's a nice day and because Jane Fonda and those rock stars are going to be here. They don't give a fuck about nuclear power. Don't quote me, for chrissake."

The man our correspondent and the rest of the major media were interested in was Jerry Brown, who was on hand to toss a bone to the anti-nuclear forces on his way to Inauguration Day 1981 — when he hopes to return to the Capitol steps for a slightly different event. During his speech, I was perched on the rear apron of the stage, in the company of media people from Boston Magazine, High Times and the Village Voice, who had also been denied priority backstage access and were sulking about it.

During Brown's speech, which the straight media made out to be the day's major event but which was actually a rehash of Ralph Nader's remarks a half-hour earlier, some of the disenfranchised media people got a bit rowdy. One writer, who had been partying rather heavily immediately beforehand, climbed up on the backstage fence and hurled insults at Brown. "Get that bastard off the stage — we want Linda," he was shouting, definitely within earshot of the California governor.

Meanwhile, I tried to get the attention of Jackson Browne, who I had noticed talking to Graham Nash and some other musicians on the other side of the fence

just a few feet away. It was useless trying to shout, especially to a rock star who had had to learn to tune out onstage noise in order to retain his sanity. What I did was write "No More Nukes" on a page from my notebook in big red letters and hold it up over the fence. Jackson noticed the sign, looked my way, and flashed me a smile and a peace sign.

Later, he provided some thrills much more electrifying than anything Jerry Brown had to offer, by joining Joni Mitchell, Graham Nash, John Sebastian, former Orleans guitarist John Hall, and Dan Fogelberg onstage for the finale, a rendition of Fogelberg's "All the World Loves a Gambler" — "Let it shine, oh, Let it shine . . ." (dedicated to the sun and solar energy). And as the other musicians left the stage, Jackson stayed. "You all gotta take it back to where you came from, all over this country. . . . Let's hear it! No Nukes! No Nukes! No Nukes!" he, and the entire crowd, transfixed in frenzy, shouted in unison for what must have been several minutes. An idea, whose time has come. . . .

When it was all over, and we were headed back to the car, we bumped into a long-haired guy in an "Alabama Says NO NUKES" shirt who was trying to stealthily rip off some ice from one of the vendors selling overpriced cokes on the outskirts of the capitol. "Yeah, I'm gonna take it back home, just like the man said. I'm into it." He turned to show us a sign he was wearing on his back: "No More Rads For My Gonads." "At that price," he said, "I damn well gotta be."



Those whose Gentle Thursday was ruined by rain might not have felt so cheated had they been at the anti-nuclear rally — sitting in the sun on the Capitol lawn with an estimated 65,000 to 150,000 protesters.



GeorGes

Bill Lawrence Strings

have just arrived. So we're offering you:

\$1.00 OFF

Extra \$5 Off Pickups

the low price of any set of Bill Lawrence Electric or Acoustic Strings



HOUSE OF MUSIC
221 E. Beaver • 237-5711

Offer expires 5/11/79

The Penn State Science Fiction Society and the S.T.S. Program present

TOMORROWS A Week of Future-Oriented Activities
MAY 4-9

AMERICA'S FUTURE: WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

A panel on energy, resources, and world power featuring Richard Barnet. Wednesday, May 9, 7:30 PM, HUB Assembly Room.

It's your future — you'll be living in it so prepare for your **TOMORROWS**

APARTMENTS FIT FOR ROYALTY



RENTING FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY, SUMMER AND FALL

Special Low, Low Summer Rates Starting at \$110 a Month

Choose the Apartment to Suit your Lifestyle: Furnished or Unfurnished One or Two Bathrooms

- Gas heating and cooking included in rent
- Free tennis and recreation areas
- Air conditioning
- Free Centre Line bus passes
- 9 or 12 month leases
- Efficiencies, one or two bedroom

FREE PARKING


Garden Apartments with Spacious Grounds and Tennis Courts

238-2600
424 Waupelani Drive



Rental Office open Saturdays

THE CABOOSE BAR



AT THE TRAIN STATION, STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Very conducive to friendliness & mashing

JUNCTION OF COLLEGE & GARNER, STATE COLLEGE, PA.
PLENTY OF PARKING BEHIND THE STATION — OPEN 11 a.m. — 2 a.m. DAILY

An umbrella, a frisbee, or both.

Be prepared for the great outdoors. Check the Collegian weather forecast before gearing up for another day.

WILDERNESS AND THE AMERICAN CHARACTER

This summer, The Behrend College, Erie, is presenting a three-credit combination field experience and outside reading course entitled Arts and Humanistic Studies 198A: Wilderness and the American Character. The course provides the student with an understanding of how the close proximity of wilderness has affected American development and the individual American's perception of himself through an examination of the literature, philosophy, and natural history surrounding the American wilderness.

The course format requires enrollment by May 18th to permit students to complete the independent reading which is required as the first phase of the program. The second phase is a seven day — six night field expedition, June 10-16th, into the Allegheny National Forest, under the direction of a faculty team (Literature and Biological Science). During this portion of the course, backpacking, canoeing, orienteering, and nature study skills are developed. At this time the readings are discussed and applied to field conditions. Each student is instructed to keep a daily journal or reactions and perceptions in relationship to the reading material. The third phase consists of a written examination by which each student demonstrates his assimilation of the entire program.

Participants should be in good health because of the ruggedness of the wilderness area and the physical demands of the field experience. Participants will not be in contact with civilization during this time.

A basic list of necessary equipment is provided to each participant at registration. Major items of equipment which the student does not have will be furnished.

Registration must be completed the week of May 14-18. Enrollment is limited to 14 students.

Fee: The total fee of \$345 for Pennsylvania undergraduate residents includes the three undergraduate credits, transportation to and from the Allegheny National Forest, all food, required textbooks, camp sites, and camping equipment if needed. A \$100 deposit must be made at initial registration. The total \$345 fee must be paid by June 1, 1979. Students selected for the field trip who withdraw after May 22nd will receive a refund only for that portion of monies not committed.

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION AND REGISTRATION, CONTACT:

Continuing Education The Behrend College Station Road Erie, PA 16563 (814) 898-1511	or	Information Services 501 Keller Building University Park 16802-1505 865-6595
---	----	--