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march which would pass by before we left; they told us about being 50,000 dollars in debt; they told us about the "official police estimates of 100,000 demonstrators," they told us the Gay contingent was marching in section 1 and the South was marching in Section Q, etc. etc. ad infinitum. There was a brief flurry of excitement when VVAW did march by. Five thousand friends passing by, soldiers, to be compared to the twenty thousand National Guardsmen President Nixon was said to have called out to deal with us. "Nixon you liar, sign the cease fire!" Mostly we milled around pushing projects upon each other. Here were 100,000 dedicated activists, sufficiently motivated to travel to Washington and some talented enough to motivate others. It was like selling cemetery lots in a geriatrics ward. Everyone seemed to have the same idea. I was pushing the North Carolina MOTSU project, that man was pushing the IRA, over there someone was pushing the Communist Party of America and next to me a girl was pushing the lettuce boycott. Today we were all here, together; tomorrow it would be business as usual, at home, alone. To guard against tomorrow there was a frantic effort to gain allies in our individual struggles. People were interested in MOTSU today, but they were also interested in anyone's private project.

The March began at 1:15 and was three traffic lanes wide on Constitution Avenue. Section Q, the South, was about three quarters of the way back in the procession. We did not actually begin to move until 2:20, an hour and five minutes after the first marchers had left. When we finally arrived at the Washington Monument, the entire hill was covered with demonstrators: a living carpet of densely packed humanity speaking quietly by its presence, while the famous spoke over the loud speakers.

There was little violence and no organized violence. President Nixon, "God save us from the King," had rotten tomatoes and oranges thrown at him. The SDS dispersed when the police asked them to, "God, aren't we docile today!" Our King deserved the fruit and we had all wondered about the SDS and their planned disruptions. By the end of the day we were comfortable with what had happened.

How many of us were there? What did we accomplish by being there? These two questions are the subjects of today's debates. Last Saturday they weren't important questions; they didn't matter at all. We would have liked to know how many people came, but it wasn't important to know. Were there 25,000 as the Metropolitan Police said, were there

30,000 as the Park Police said, were there 45,000 as the Associated Press said, were there 60,000 as the ABC radio news said, were there 100,000 people as NBC Monitor News and the march organizers said, were there 120,000 as the man in the helicopter is reported to have said? Today the question sometimes seems important, but Saturday it really didn't matter. We looked up at the hill the Washington Monument sits on and saw wall to wall people from bottom to top. We remembered waiting an hour and five minutes to start walking after the march had started. We knew that there were a lot of people, we could feel the size of us, the strength of us. Would the media fairly represent us? Would Richard Nixon pay any attention to us? Would Congress act if he didn't? Would the nation care? All these questions, all these debates - today's questions and today's debates. We knew Saturday that "THEY" HAI Saturday that "THEY" had been wrong. They had said the anti-war movement was dead. The anti-war movement was not dead, it wasn't even off visiting Europe, it was alive and well and in Washington, D.C. They said, "You are a small minority." We are a small minority." We know that we may be a minority but we are not a small anything. They said, "The mood of the country has changed." They said "All students have become depressed." They said, "Everyone is apathetic this year." They said, "The sixties were the years of protest, these are the silent seventies." Saturday we said, "You're wrong!" We were there, and all of those other people were there, and we all knew what we wanted! PEACE! and we all knew when we wanted it! NOW!

# Hollywood Confidential

by Allen "Blind Willie Cabbage" Berger

"SOUNDER - TAUT FURY SIGNIFYING NOTHING BUT FINE ENTERTAINMENT"

Nat Hentoff, now music critic, author of many non-polluting-low sudsing-organic-detergent-sudsy record album liner notes, and the original hippy in the two hundred dollar suit, uses these kinds of words to describe the blues - raw, harsh chronicle of the human condition . . . sweetness. . . the possibility that a man can be a man without having to prove his verility constantly . . . the finely shaded nuances of his phrasing . . . introspective, probing way of music . . . blues are not at all limited to primary colors . . . of necessity had other vocations besides music . . . faction-riven folk microcosm . . . is so organic a part of who he is and how he lives . . . sorrow scoured of sentimentality . . . pleasures as well as pain, expectancy as well as rue, in the twisting uncertainty of love . . . controlled but delight-

fully buoyant augury of joy . . . unhurried sensuality . . . easeful authority . . . a threnody after death by violence . . . indigenous material . . . gentleness and bruised determination are not antithetical . . . a chasm of loneliness. . . disciplined intensity . . . sanguine freshness . . . speak from inside life . . . like an acceptance - with compressed regret - of existential inevitability.

Mack McCormick, collector and liner-noter says things like - the language of these blues is deceptively simple, casual in its honesty, yet firmly in touch with the realities and primary emotions . . . autobiographical fact and legendary wisdom merge in one complete expression . . . according to Lightnin' Hopkins, 'Cain't see whah aw dis ebul comin' dahn on me' . . . casually versed in human wisdom.

David Bromberg, rock

star, formerly guitarist with The Torpedos, says ya gotta suffer if ya wanna sing the blues.

I'm sure that Shakespeare would have felt a sense of kinship with many bluesmen, had he but been given an opportunity to listen to them. Freud would have been fascinated by the blues, in a coolly scientific manner. Rollo May would probably be bored to death by them but say he liked them anyway.

Sounder, an emotionally uplifting, well-made movie conveys more of the flavor, texture, roots, and spirit of the blues than any other film I've seen.

(Now playing at the Janus)



## Alma Mater Toilet Seats

A Cleveland mail order house is currently churning out toilet seats that are specially designed for the alumni of 26 different colleges and universities.

The sanitary specialty manufacturing company reports that its typical alumni seat usually features the schools crest on the top of the lid--and that when the lid is opened the school motto is revealed. For example, an Ohio State graduate would get a seat that says: "Go Bucks!"

The company reports that it is now working on a toilet that would play the school fight song when the lid is lifted.

## DEAR GLADYS

Dear Gladys:

I have a problem--It's not something I feel I can discuss with just anyone - but I know I can trust you.

Whenever my roommate comes out of the shower in just his towel I get goose bumps all over my body. Oh it's not what you think - I'm not in love with my roommate - just his towel. What can I do?

Please help me!!

Phil Crest

suicide with the knives in the cafeteria?

Depressed

Dear Dep:

Who needs silverware-Isn't the food enough?

Dear Gladys:

Lately I've been suffering from extreme boredom due to the fact that the graffiti in the bathrooms in the library is so poor. Do you have any suggestions?

Herb

Dear Herb:

Try Founders third floor.

Dear Phil:

Try a Datsun then decide.

Dear Gladys!

As a prospective poli-sci major I was wondering does Dr. Carroll ever drop his glasses off his one ear?

I'm Curious in 101

Dear 101:

Only occasionally when his ear falls off!

Dear Gladys:

Where is our favorite Mr. Joe College figure -- Harlan Strader?

Relieved

Dear Relieved:

He has left the country, Thank God!!!

Dear Gladys:

Is it true that Bill Fleming is a senior? Will there be anyone to replace his efficient leadership? What are we to do?

Flaming Jill

Dear Flame!

Yes, Bill Fleming is a senior . . . .

Dear Gladys:

Is it possible to commit



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