

A Great Flushing Out Of People's Hatreds

By Almenn Lomax

If nothing else, yesterday's gigantic anti-war march and rally at the Polo Field was a great flushing out of the hostilities of Americans.

They hated the war in Vietnam.

They hated President Nixon in Washington.

They hated "the imperialists who oppress the Asians," and, speakers said, "are the same ones who keep us down in the barrios, the ghettos and the slums."

Masculine Mystique

The women hated the "violence-prone masculine mystique," and equally as much, the sex-pot image of the "feminine mystique."

There was even a group who, hating the fact of fewer women speakers than men, grouped outside the Press Tent, painted their faces like a war party, and thumping tambourines, vowed to storm the speakers' platform.

A drunk felt the same way as the women and it took three sturdy marshals, stationed at the stairway to the platform, to keep him from going up and doing his thing.

The marshals seemed to have little use for the print newsmen and gave the positions of vantage to television.

The print newsmen hated that and elbowed their ways like hell to get the story.

Decibel Rating

The speakers who didn't get to speak hated the ones who did.

Many in the audience seemed to think only sporadically of the speakers, and were either too stoned or too busy hunting lost kids to be too responsive.

If a decibel rating of either "right ons" or boos had been taken, it probably would

Opinion

have reached an all-time low for a crowd that size.

The Chicanos and the Brown Berets sought to coalesce with the Indians against the Negroes, whom they complained get all of the attention.

The Indians hated everyone, and, according to "Native American Speaker," otherwise unidentified, are arming themselves for war in November.

The Asians carried the red and blue flag of Vietnam high and proud and remained aloof from non-Asians.

They had exchanged their "inscrutability" with the police, who sat deadpan astride motorcycles and horses, or in cars in enclaves above the crowd, and obviously wished everyone would go home.

Some whites laughed openly at Indian and Chicano claims to being "true owners of the land," and flushed in anger when Joe Bill, from Alaska, said "Your Constitution stinks. 'It's the Constitution of your country, not my country."

"George Washington wrote your Constitution, and Christopher Columbus discovered

The Fence

Black militants laughed at the Spanish music and the tub-thumping sounds of Big Brothers and the Holding Company, alike, and demanded to know where were the speakers for the Soledad Brothers, Angela Davis, Bobby Seale and all "political prisoners."

The crowd, kept away from the speakers' platform by an eight-foot wood fence,

hated the fence and kept the marshals busily reinforcing it, and nailing broken planks in place.

Several members of the crowd hated the fence so much they finally broke through it and started in on the speakers' platform itself.

At this point, the expensive electronic equipment was packed up and the rally ended.

And then the people who didn't have a ride the long way out of the park hated those who did, and judging by the few pick-ups of hitch-hikers, vice versa.

It was a great orgy of hatred, of non-caring, and, as people spread themselves and their gear on the grass, and emptied their wine bottles and threw them aside, it revealed the individualism which has played its part in this country's growth.



Panorama shows the density of crowd that funneled into Golden Gate Park after six-mile march from downtown
—Examiner photo by Mike Musura