With or without you, to Washington I go

by Thomas T. Huang

WASHINGTON: With or without you, to Washington I go. This is what I say, in the dark hours, thinking about the dream that emerged from fragmentation, resonant dreams to the smell of bus exhaust and sleeping bodies, to the drumming and the blaring music played on a portable radio by a young man in the back, I show my belongings to the police and pull out my notebook.

It is Saturday morning, April 25. My pen tries to shape the events, to make a sense of things. But at this moment I am convinced (as Joan Didion was in the late 1960s) that all things fall apart—political, administrative, social relationships, what have you—and that protests are merely a symptom of the disintegration. As the poet W. B. Yeats once wrote:

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold.

The road is long for the reporter. But the times move fast, and it is important that I tell you that an estimated 100,000 demonstrators are converging upon DC to protest American actions in Central America and South Africa. The march is also a protest to Monday, on which one thousand or so of the nation's civil disobedience action ordered by the Central Intelligence Agency headquarters in Langley, Virginia.

It's been nine hours since we left from the dark paths and trees and statues of Boston Common. When we fight for the abolition of apartheid in South Africa, we are right. We are invaders, really, crossing the border into DC. It's been nine hours since we left from the dark paths and trees and statues of Boston Common. As I sat, we arrive at the parking lot of the Robert F. Kennedy Stadium. One train and about 20 busloads of people have come from New York.

Now I am watching the marchers, listening to the music, and breathing in the odors of private life. There are also a good number of college students, professors, punk rockers, hippies. With such a mixture, the gathering of the crowd at the Ellipse, a park across the street from the White House, takes on a carnival-like atmosphere, as gray-haired ex-hippies and young women of the Socialists' worker's movement hawk paper and plastic activism by way of newspapers, buttons, posters, and leaflets.

I asked her what the thought about the multi-racial nature of this protest. After all, it's not a new phenomenon to see a stew of important, but diverse issues, such as apartheid, Central American policy, racism, sexism, the Strategic Defense Initiative, the plight of the homeless, world hunger, Central American policy, racism, sexism, the Strategic Defense Initiative, the plight of the homeless, world hunger. She thought, "The more diverse our causes are, the more we can come together and make some kind of statement."

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I had snuck past a barrier to an area where the central speakers congregated, off-limits to the press. It is probably the last day of this protest, because it's very important that we see how all these issues be intertwined with each other.

The marchers are full of passionate intensity. The road is long for the reporter. But the times move fast, and it is important that I tell you that an estimated 100,000 demonstrators are converging upon DC to protest American actions in Central America and South Africa. The march is also a protest to Monday, on which one thousand or so of the nation's civil disobedience action ordered by the Central Intelligence Agency headquarters in Langley, Virginia.