

"Sandy Grady . . . On the Loose



Jane Fonda Tells Why She Protests

She was thin and pale. She did not look like the sexpot who heated up the silver screen in "Cat Ballou" and "Barefoot in the Park" and "Barbarella." Once they touted her as the next Brigitte Bardot. Now she is more likely to be the next Susan B. Anthony.

But, shucks, you couldn't blame Jane Fonda for looking wan. Not much time for glamour when you're busy getting arrested at Ft. Lewis, Wash., and Fort Hood, Tex., or collecting bail for the Black Panthers, or raising hell for the Indians.

And yesterday she stood in the brittle sunshine of Valley Forge State Park, watching a skirmish line of 150 ex-GIs sweep down the glade.

These were the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who had hiked 86 miles from Morristown, N.J. It was an eerie sight, a Lost Company. Wearing combat fatigues and ribbons and Purple Hearts, brandishing mock guns, they doffed the hillside, chanting, "Peace, now! Peace, now!" "They're beautiful people," said Jane Fonda. "I wish the whole country were listening." "This," said Mark Lane, the bearded author who made the hike, "is the first U.S. Army of Liberation in 200 years."

FOR FOUR HOURS the Lost Company and 2,000 sympathizers sat in the grass and cheered antiwar blasts from speakers on the bed of an old, green pickup truck. Strange sounds amid the monuments and flags of Valley Forge. Strange to hear veterans yelling approval when Lane said: "We built this country man-by-man, and we can tear it down man-by-man."

Rep. Allard Lowenstein, a maverick behind the General McCarthy and Robert Kennedy campaigns of '68, was more wry. "What are we going to do (in Vietnam)," said Lowenstein. "Wine out both sides and proclaim Mrs. Mitchell as queen? . . . The hawks say win and get out."



Jane Fonda . . . at Valley Forge rally.

Mr. Nixon's policy is more absurd—lose and stay in."

Then Jane Fonda got up to say her piece in a driven, clipped voice. A few of the vets missed Miss Fonda's oratory. They drifted 400 yards up the hill to inspect a counter-demonstration.

These were 12 nervous middle-aged men with American flags and a sign, "Only the Mentally Depraved Want Peace at Any Price." One guy, who said he was a Minuteman from South Philadelphia, waved a Confederate flag.

"You people are Communist dupes," said Jerry Domenick, who wore an American Legion cap. "I never thought I'd live to see China happen here." When bantering between the two groups got intense, the flag-bearers retreated.

Back down the hill, Jane Fonda stood in the shade of a panel truck, tape-recording speeches. She was polite about autographs. "I'm sorry," she said, "I'm not here as a movie actress."

NO CONFUSION about that. Same almond eyes and petulant lip. But in the hell-hot toms, beads and orange shirt,

she looked like any chick in a protest march. ("Jane's a zealot," her poppa Henry, has said. "She won't be happy until she's burned at the stake.") But when Jane starts rapping about the war or the Indians or Panthers, she spouts more words in 25 minutes than Henry did in 25 years.

"Huey Newton is the only leader who makes sense," Miss Fonda was saying in her quick, electric style. "I am totally sympathetic to the Black Panthers. Any black militant in this country who isn't armed is a fool."

Hmmm. Do the movie moguls, including husband Roger Vadim, ever suggest that Miss Fonda cool her militancy?

"They've given up," snapped Miss Fonda. "Look, this isn't the McCarthy era! In McCarthy's time, people just lost their jobs. Now people lose their lives for their beliefs."

She gazed at the circle of ex-GIs around her. "I'm 33 years old," said Miss Fonda. "If I were these guys' age, I'd probably be in jail or Canada. No, I wouldn't leave the country. The flight is here. I was in Europe for six years. That's where I learned how much people hate us."

A guy wondered about the origins of Miss Fonda's anger.

"Well, I've always hated the war. But it was the Indians . . . I read a story in Ramparts magazine. And I began to see how the Indians are systematically oppressed. The jails are full of political prisoners. So I'm committed to change—even women's liberation is part of it, because we're going to free you guys too. But I doubt if change can be non-violent."

"I don't accept that," said Bob Hoffman, a GI from Washington, D. C. "I was in Vietnam seven months. I saw atrocities. But I'm going to law school. We can change it from the inside."

MISS FONDA gave him her A-1, poignant smile. You

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Jane Fonda Talks of Role As Protester

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could almost hear a director yell, "Cut!"

The last scene of the rally was real, though. Down the hill in wheel chairs or on crutches came seven guys from the Valley Forge hospital. "We have to work to stop this war," said Army Captain Mike White in a loud, firm voice. He lost a leg in Vietnam. More cheers for Mike Russell, whose leg was shattered by .30 caliber machine gun bullets in June. A bystander wondered what the Army would think of the amputee's appearance at an antiwar rally.

"What can they do?" asked Mike Russell, grinning. "Hide my leg?"

Then in the stillness the Lost Company lined up. A voice yelled, "Company, attention! Present arms! Break arms!" They shattered the mock guns and streamed back up the hill, chanting for peace.

An hour later there was no one in the Valley Forge meadow but a few kids, flying kites amid the monuments. It was quiet except for the strange echoes.

was considered and rejected by the House and by the Senate Judiciary Committee, but may be offered as a substitute for the pending direct election proposal.