

# Peace for Everyone

by Adrienne Van Dyke

It bothers me to see that the enthusiastic anti-war sentiment so strong now against the Vietnamese War stops dead there and does not generalize into stands against war in general. There is going on today another armed conflict that is basically glorified by this culture. That is of course the Arab-Israeli conflict. And it is strongly supported, raved over with almost patriotism and nationalistic pride and schmaltzy enthusiasm. An enthusiasm no longer felt by Americans (most, anyway) when their flag goes by, but now enflamed and experienced in pro-Israeli, anti-Arab fervor. I suggest that this kind of expansive, gutsy identification and cheering is properly experienced through Mets or Orioles alignment over the World Series, and not by taking sides with the popular favorite in the Arab-Israeli armed skirmishes.

Anybody who tries to defend the Israeli cause is on just as shaky grounds as the defenders of America in the Vietnamese War. The Jews weren't the original natives of Israel. They were an invading, conquering tribe no different from conquerors anywhere, any time. Which means that they and the Arabs are on strictly equal footing when it comes to their "right" to Israel. Except that in common, time-honored practice the present residents of a country are considered to be its more-or-less rightful owners. Which means that as far as the Arabs were concerned, Israeli nationalists came and stole and invaded their land. Or, considering the United Nations agreement, Britain and other Christian nations seized Arab property to pay their own debts to the Jews. And damn it, you'd be mad if that were done to you; that arrangement was hardly just. On the other hand, the Arabs fighting and killing in rage over their injury and insult, over an agreement made and established and well in effect, is not justifiable or friendly or peace-loving either.

There isn't a good side and a bad side in this war, and I find myself sad and quite disturbed that we young Americans come so vigorously to the defense and support, if only verbally, of one side and thus really psychologically kick the other side hard, calling them the bad, unworthy, evil and destructive guys.

Being for peace is essentially being against using warfare and violence to settle a dispute. It doesn't even matter if there hypothetically were a good guy and a bad guy, or a good, right side versus a bad malevolent side. Being for peace means working for some means other than violence to settle the conflicting aims of the two sides. And those of us who are marching against the Vietnamese War and cheering on the Israelis are not for peace, we are just manipulating our social elements and playing another kind of prestige, status popularity game. And I can name the real names of this game: bitching and kicking at our parents but siding with and liking our neighbors, our friends' parents, to start listing some of the games.

But I shouldn't have to, I don't want to except to jab your attention. A generation who can come 400,000 strong to one festival, who can congregate in such unheard of crowds without having one single fist-fight, coming together with no violence of any kind, let alone in the abysmal physical conditions at Woodstock, this kind of miracle-working generation doesn't need to have any vengeful or sadistic outlets, does not need to endorse any war. And not need to endorse the Arab-Israeli fighting, any fighting, like a baseball game, or some minor escape into the highs of aligning yourself with the "good guys," which is largely what I think we are doing -- if we stopped this and looked at the Arab-Israeli

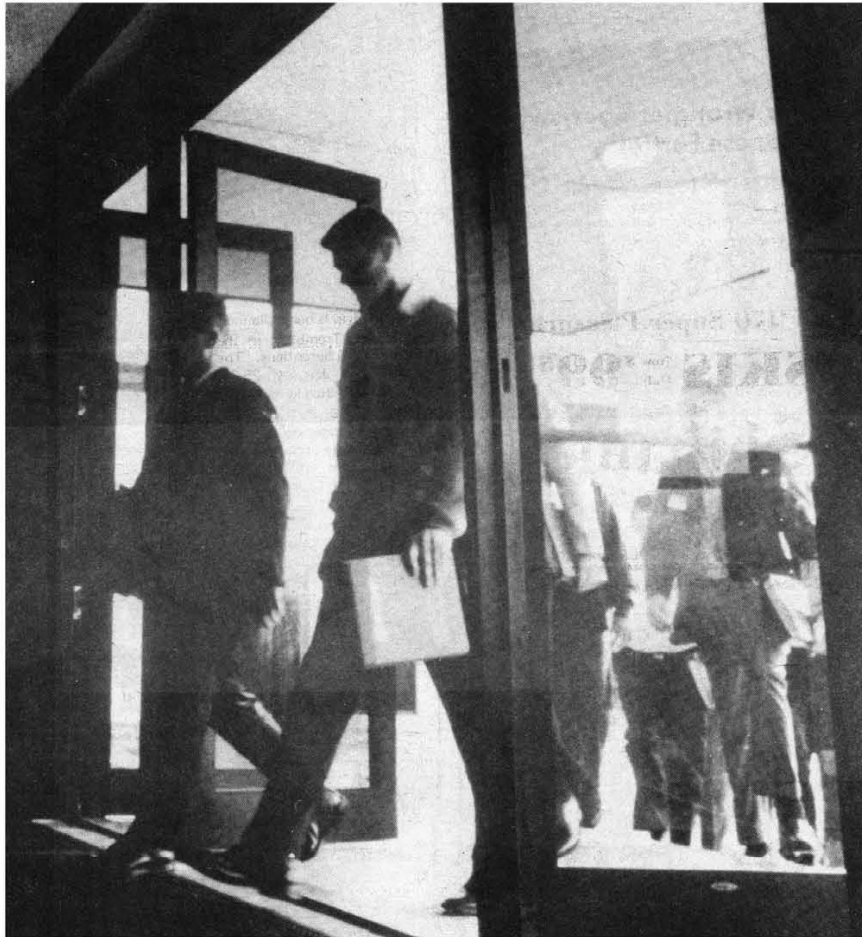
fighting as the violence and destruction it really is, we might be a long way towards preventing faulty thinking and blind nationalistic and holy cause feelings from sweeping us into other wars; -- for instance World Wars I and II must have been caused by that kind of emotion and little-thinking.

autumn with his  
apple core nose  
burned leaves for hair  
grape eyes  
bags of grain under his grape eyes  
raisin lips in a smile  
pumpkin teeth  
cheeks blueberries  
black cat on orange window sill chin  
listens with  
feathered ears  
for winter's whistle wind.  
morini

There will be a very important meeting for 1 representative of each organization sponsoring a homecoming Queen--  
Wednesday--Oct. 22 3:00 P.M. -- Rm. J

### On the Beach at Eastham

I face an infinity of fluid--  
Inns of molten blue and crystal green.  
Serpentine, hypnotic undulations  
Of insuperable energy and rhythm  
Destroy my sense of self  
And for an instant I feel  
Terror...  
Then it fades, and my consciousness  
Passes into eternity.....  
My pulse is one with the deep,  
I see beyond sun, horizon, water and sky--  
My soul feels what my body cannot--  
Vibrations from an unseen sphere,  
Ditties of no tone...  
I hear the Seven Spirits singing over seven seas,  
Moving upon the face of the waters,  
Whispering in ineffable parables,  
Saying,  
"Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."  
Bruce Borthwick



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