

Dialogue on Peace

Skot Davis

I was going to sit down and eat my lunch but I saw a man sitting a few benches down. He looked like a good prospect so I picked up my pack and walked down to him.

He was a strange looking man, and I thought him a good prospect because his face was not hard. As I approached, he didn't really look like an easy touch, and I hesitated before reaching his bench. When I stopped, he looked toward me, with apparently no need to avert his eyes. He stared at me with a look that implied that he'd been crying.

This whole thing was annoying because when you are canvassing you must have the upper hand in energy to get the person to contribute. I chided myself and stepped forward, sitting next to him on the bench.

Reaching into my pack for a pamphlet I said, "Hi. I'm working with an international peace organization to try to put an end to world conflict..." I couldn't find the damn pamphlet. "Always put them in the front flap," I tell myself, but I never do.

"What do you want?" the man asked. I love a hard canvass, so as soon as he said this I was ready to work, even though he sounded like he just wanted to avoid a waste of time.

I finally found the pamphlet and held it out to him. "We're conducting a campaign to raise money for world peace," I began.

"The fight for peace," he said. I nodded and began to go on but I caught the irony in his words. I was annoyed. "We work hard," I said, holding the pamphlet at my stomach. This was a good man, I sensed, and I should be able to show him the need for giving his money.

His head was turned away though, and he looked like he was almost ready to stand up and walk off.

"Leaving?" I said. "Not afraid of a discussion are you?" I didn't want to sound like a little kid giving a challenge, but every dollar is important.

He turned back smoothly, looking annoyed, but then he laughed, folded his arms, and said, "Am I challenged to combat by the worker for peace? I'm still young enough to be interested."

I smiled and thought maybe we were getting somewhere.

I brought my left leg up on the bench beneath me and faced the man, who sat relaxedly forward, turning his head toward me when we spoke.

"What's your name?" he asked me, turning his now alive, though almost expressionless face toward me.

I told my name and he told me his. The conversation we had was strange, and I hope I set it down here faithfully, though I was angry or confused through much of it, and that may blur attempts at truth.

I was relaxing my mind, looking for the correct angle to take when he said: "Why do you work so hard for this organization?"

I was going to ask him how he thought he knew I worked so hard, but then I guessed that he was asking why I worked for them at all. "I work for them because I love peace and because I have a dream about it, I guess." I love to tell of my dream, and it sometimes sells people too, but this man's stare as I spoke grew somewhat disconcerting. "I always wondered when I was a little kid why people fought, but everyone just shrugged and said, 'It's just one of those things; you'll understand when you grow up.'" Here his gaze grew even more disconcerting, but I fought off the urge to falter and went on. "But I still have yet to discover why people find conflict necessary. I don't think it is. I think that nations, and people, could be more peaceful, and treat each other with more respect." Here I did stop, and it was with the feeling, as his eyes fixed mine, that my words were shallow and meaningless. But I did feel that way, and I still do.

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 any cover article or graphic/photo
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 tions -- the only benefit just couldn't
 steam the yams!

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY

PAUL H. PIGMAN I
 Welcome home... I ran off
 to boards to cook and Con-
 Con just because. Back in
 time for Summer Zen, will
 write soon, mucho love!

Who the hell is J.F.S.?

Idea don't work unless we do... (.)

To the motley crew--One large pizza
 with mushrooms and peppers, and
 a triple bunk bed.

Love, Threathur

Springthink 1979--You might know
 what was in the spaghetti sauce,
 but we know what was in the kitchen
 sink... Lane, Lisa, & Val
 (De Cooks)

Attention Boulder Folks--All hail
 the phantom local, Barney's sette-
 lite in the west. Seen any enor-
 middles recently? (tee-hee)

Kath--I promise! I'll improve my
 tetherball game. Lots of luv, pte

evan--you seem to have misplaced
 yourself once again... please
 write! I miss you and I love
 you.....laurie (do you remember
 the ring?)

peter, was it "i think i'll know"?
 quick--i can't die without knowing.
 but then, i think i'll know before
 i die, so i don't need to worry
 about it... something i've been
 meaning to ask you--do you think
 with your eyes open or closed???????

Fred, Once a heiffer always a heiffer.
 (and it's even spelled correctly)

Ginger, Everything seems better for
 both of us. Keep in touch always,
 no matter where I'm shipped off to.
 Much Love, Julie

hey, pop!

If Allen would K.C.S. for Henry,
 Henry could M.H.K. for Carroll
 Merry Loves Merry.

Murrie--A hearty and wholesome good-
 day to you. Pat your new necktie
 for me and give a kiss to our faith-
 ful "Dog of the Dumas"--Noble-One-
 Knobie. Snack! Your Kid

EGU, EGU... EGU?, (pause, three breaths)
 EGU?... (Long live UFLB's).

gandalf--see you at con-con, so be
 prepared for a bone-crushing
 squeeze !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
 ♥ laurie

T.C. loves M.A. but M.A. loves F.C.
 who is T.C.'s little brother. Well
 F.C. is senile and doesn't want to
 talk about it!

Howard doesn't understand?

Big Little Sisters, Brothers, Friends,
 Loves, Kittens, write to Julie the
 Angel, #207 50 Mass. Ave., Cambridge,
 MA 02139. Will be existing there un-
 til Sept. '79. Will write to those
 of you I owe letters.

G. J. I hope it works, I've got my
 fingers crossed! J. B.

Martian or no martian, let's keep
 dancing in the moonlight. When are
 you gonna come visit? I miss you,
 a Martian Lover.

For any warm body that would like to
 know: I am living at the following
 address for the summer:
 Dunce-- 6162 Springhill Terr.
 #301, Greenbelt, MD 20770
 Visits, letters, and warm fuzzies
 accepted (and returned).

Julie--How's the weather in Califor-
 nia? If it's too sunny, I'll send
 some rain... (-raindrops
 Peace to you! Gretchen

To whom it may concern: I am a letter
 addict in the pit of Colorado, and
 my mailbox is too empty to support
 my habit (except for bills). If ya
 would be so kind as to send me a fix,
 it would be greatly appreciated and
 possibly rewarded (no guarantee on
 the reward). Love, Kuwan
 Kuwan I.
 530 East 2nd Avenue
 Denver, CO. 80203

Steve K.--Found your toilet paper and
 your p.h. If you want it back you
 better write. Love, J.A.

Becca--I want it now!!! Write for
 it. Jen
 Box 275
 Mount Lakes, NJ 07046

Need someone to talk to? Maybe I can
 help or just listen. Love you all.
 Jen
 Box 275
 Mount Lakes, NJ 07046

Seagull--I love you. --Martian



Tamar, Lee, Jane, Don, Lane, Shalimar,
 and everyone who was at Morrilstown: I
 love you all madly!!! Tamar, I miss
 ya! Lee, we must go hovel hunting
 again soon. Susy Q's, say they rest
 in peace. Long live the dragon.
 Love and Warm Fuzzies, Dunce

To Allen A.--I love you and miss you.
 We will be the two thinnest LRYers
 in the USA with what we drink!
 Your little ballerina, Cathy

crunchy--hurry up and get back here!
 let me know the very second you get
 to town, and i shall appear on your
 doorstep... I miss you a lot, even
 though you wouldn't know it from the
 frequency of my letters...
 i miss you, oh i already said that--
 oops. take care, iloveyou!!!!!!!!!!
 laurel.....

dougy wougy wouye... (abby, is that
 you???) there are only 32 days left
 until we are once again reunited for
 our annual visit. little do you
 know of my plans for you--somehow,
 you are going to quit your job and
 get your "self" self out here,
 or else..... Love you!!!!!!

LRY in general--so you think you
 can turn me into a caffeine addict,
 then put me out to pasture without
 even a pension? I will not be a
 pasteurized taco. See you when we
 return from the Bahamas...
 a Cheesy Taco, and my Friend the
 Endowment.

phoebe--lately i've had this intense
 craving to sit and throw balls at--
 what do you suppose this means?
 come visit, before you go to school,
 or on your way.... I love you!!!

San McDonald... the sky is falling!

Dear Daddy lee Becker, a late but
 heart-felt father's day hug
 your daughter

PERSONALS



Bill from MN:
 Write to me.
 It's get the coalition
 Together time.
 Love
 Julie the Angel

Valerie Mentall: Welcome Back!! Did
 I know you had gone? Nooooo. Where
 did you go out of my life--does that
 include joyous memories? Does this
 craziness make any sense? Who cares.
 See you soon!! Alyson

Ziggy: I don't know you but I know
 GAl Leigh. If you see Jay (Loftis
 I presume) please tell him to show
 up at Summer Boards at the Mount
 Diablo Church (Walnut Creek) the 6-
 16 of August. Love, Gretchen Jones

To those people at the Ridgewood
 Conference: I have slot of left
 stuff--like jeans, shoes, shorts, an
 umbrella, shirts, sweatshirts, etc.
 If you want any of your belongings
 back, give me a call and we'll work
 something out. Phebe Dodyk
 (201)652-4440
 34 Maynard Court
 Ridgewood, NJ 07450

Pepsi: I love ya! It's going to be an
 excellent summer, right?! (cough!!)
 Love, Soul

Berta--Are you sure that was Orion
 you pointed out to me? Send me your
 forwarding address, please.
 Luv ya, pte

Greg! Thanks for the fun at Spring-
 think. I caught your cold, but it
 was worth it! Can I have your ad-
 dress so we can keep in touch?
 Thanks, and watch out for those
 little purple elves, you hear?
 Jennifer Robinson
 88 Kilburn Road
 Belmont, MA 02178

Michelle.
 Remember it can only get better!
 I love you, Julie

Wow,
 You did it! Star was great.
 Hugs and kisses, Your Favorite
 Daughter.

Michelle.
 Remember it can only get better!
 I love you, Julie

Wow,
 You did it! Star was great.
 Hugs and kisses, Your Favorite
 Daughter.



My sweet Chuckie--My last Soup slipping
 (slipping) between my fingers...
 Alack! and away to Oregon we must
 flee! See you soon. A fond "arro-
 gazoint" to Stravinsky, and all of
 my love to you! Nudzi
 P.S. Igor sends a snort or two.

Dear E.V.E.R.Y.O.N.E.--This is an
 esoteric statement, though it may
 have a nationwide impact. Hmm.
 Consider the implications. Love,
 One of Many

Dear Friends and Friendly Strangers--
 I'm out! and am working my way up to
 Boston. See you in September or at
 Continental !!! Alyson

Leigh, Tamar, Sandra, sisters:
 Flowers are growing in my box of rain.
 Julie the Angel

To Allan B.--I'm your slave forever!
 I love you, Cathy

Danny B.--Why no letter? Please
 write! Love, Gretchen
 445 South Kensington
 La Grange, IL 60525

Greg--Don't retire to the world of
 work! Take a vacation and come to
 conferences (you've missed some real
 doozies!). All my love,
 Your Russian Comrade

To Ann--Kissy, kissy! Love, Cathy

David Flint--Where are you? Sorry
 I missed your phone call. Please
 try to communicate with me!
 Love, Mary Beth

Babs--Champagne is pink
 Volkswagens are orange
 Life is more exciting
 If you aren't a door hinger.
 Love, Butt

Laurie, Jon, Phebe, Jennifer, and
 all the rest--Miss you all.
 Bethi

Justin--Next time, don't unplug my
 alarm clock! pte

Leaders in the Making

There will be Regional Leadership Development Conferences (LDC) all across our denomination within this coming year. These LDC's are envisioned to include at least one high school aged youth from each church or society. This will benefit all youth by virtue of the participants sharing everything that they learn with all other youth in their districts/federations and local groups.

The planning committees for these LDC's consist of LRY and non-LRY youth, Ministers, DRE's, and other interested persons.

There has been a packet designed especially for these conferences to assist the planning committees with workshops, worship services, planning, and activities.

If you are interested in planning, participating in, or would like other information pertaining to the Regional Leadership Development Conferences, address all inquiries to:

Cheryl Markoff
 Leadership Development Conferences
 Liberal Religious Youth
 25 Beacon Street
 Boston, MA 02108

the New England Convocation to reverse the Arms Race

As you peruse the printed pages of People Soup, an issue on Peace, you may be wondering how you, as an individual, can have any impact on the Arms Race—the virtually unseen, but greatest force working against peace in the United States. The articles within this issue should provide you with valuable information which you can share with others. The best way to achieve consciousness-raising is on the one-to-one level; but in order to reach any substantial number of people, a structured event such as a day of workshops or lectures on disarmament issues is most effective.

I was involved in planning such a "convocation" at the Arlington Street Church in Boston. The planning committee was ecumenically based and major emphasis throughout the planning process was the incorporation of all religions.

After many long discussions, the major issues to be addressed by panels of experts at our event were as follows:

1. Labor, Unemployment, & the Arms Race
2. National Security, Defense Policy, Status of the Arms Race, USSR-USA Peace Proposals/Initiatives.
3. Effects of the Arms Race on our Communities.

Then an informative Peace Fair, with various peace related organizations displaying their resources, would proceed, followed by a rabble-rousing Public Celebration. The evening events would tie-up loose ends and affirm the principles addressed in the afternoon discussions through songs, dance, and inspiring sermons.



Your local Youth Adult Committee (if one exists) to find members of your society with interest and knowledge in planning such an affair. The responsibilities are manifold, and the more people planning, the better.

Good luck! For sample copies of the complete notes for the day's program at Arlington Street Church for the New England Convocation to Reverse the Arms Race, write to: Liberal Religious Youth 25 Beacon Street Boston, MA 02108

Once the structure for the day was chosen, I was amazed at the amount of time spent on blocking out the day step by step. Committees were formed to be responsible for: Program-Speakers; Outreach-Other Religious Groups, etc.; Finance; Arts; Media; Local Arrangements; Celebration Participants, Order of Service, etc. Most of the time it seemed as though our core planning group of fifteen people couldn't possibly cover all aspects of the Convocation. Bringing in friends and interested others helped ease the strain of many responsibilities.

We did it! It is possible! In order to organize some sort of similar gathering in your community, check with members of your local group, members of the Religious Education Committee/Council, &



I AIN'T GONNA PAY THE DESPERADO FOR WAR NO MORE

Many people I talk with say they conscientiously object to war, but they aren't doing anything about it now. The only way they can think of to be a conscientious objector is as a draft dodger or draft card burner. What they do not seem to realize is that every time we pay taxes, we are supporting the government's manufacture of the machines of war.

Human needs will remain unmet in 1980—the needed funding is going to maintain the Arms Race. This year the Military will continue to receive 48% of our income tax dollars, while human and physical resource programs receive only 42%.

In January, Jimmy Carter made his national priorities clear with his 1980 budget request: \$11 billion increase for the military (\$126 billion total) and a \$12 billion decrease in domestic programs.

Congress and Carter plan to cut 150,000 CETA jobs and 50,000 low income housing units; phase out revenue sharing to local governments; take no new initiatives; and put off the greatly-needed

National Health Insurance Plan. In these times of austerity and inflation, they plan to increase spending for nuclear weapons, tactical aircraft, a new line of tanks, NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) forces, troop mobility, and money for ships that even Iran doesn't want.

So what can we do? We can refuse to pay for war and put 48% of our taxes into a World Peace Tax Fund Escrow Account. Pending legislation in Congress, the World Peace Tax Fund Bill would allow those of us concerned about peace to pay the military percentage of our federal taxes into a World Peace Tax Fund. The escrow account is a mechanism to start paying taxes for peace right now in anticipation of this legislative action.

The bill provides for the establishment of a World Peace Tax Fund to which citizens who are opposed to war may designate our income, gift, or estate taxes. The Fund, according to the Hatfield bill, would finance research on nonviolent and nonmilitary means for resolving international conflict, disarmament efforts, "international exchanges for peaceful purposes," and "improvements of international health, education, and welfare."

Historic peace churches -- The Quakers, the Mennonites, and the Church of the Brethren -- have long favored such measures. And let us not forget Henry David Thoreau.

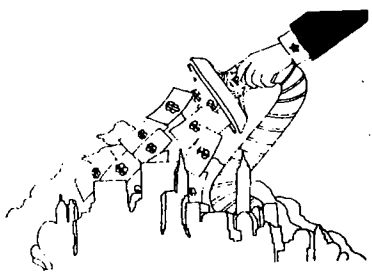
The Friends Committee on National Legislation has found a dramatic way of stating the magnitude of the situation. As a Committee Newsletter pointed out: within the timespan of January 1st to June 22nd, the federal tax deductions from an individual person's paycheck goes to pay for the current military budget and the "cost of past wars." This means that for 173 workdays each year the taxes go to support military endeavors, the taxes of 101 workdays to human resources, health, and public assistance, and the taxes for 22 minutes each year go to arms control and disarmament.

"If I pay taxes to the Government for military purposes, do I not share moral responsibility for the killing which the Government does in my name?" Richard McSorley, S.J.

There are many of us who cannot violate the dictates of our conscience by knowingly contributing to murder. When the Government drafts citizens for military forces, it recognizes that some people cannot participate in killing, because it violates our consciences. In 1940, those morally opposed to participation in war were given the legal right to do work of a constructive nature as civilians in place of service in the armed forces. When the Government designates taxes for military spending, it must also recognize that some people cannot pay for efforts aimed ultimately at the destruction of life, because it, too, violates our consciences.

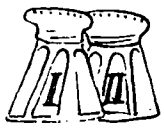
The World Peace Tax Fund would give these men and women a legal right to have the military percent of their federal tax payments allocated by Congress to non-military programs, thus pursuing peace through non-violent solutions to conflict.

"If the massive mobilization for war which drains our brightest minds, most advanced scientific knowledge, and hundreds of billions of dollars were offset by just a small fraction of a similarly mobilized effort pursuing organized strategies of non-violence, the results could be astounding...they could offer humanity the hope of lifting from its shoulders the crushing weight of its mushrooming arsenals of destruction." Senator Mark O. Hatfield, sponsor of the World Peace Tax Fund Bill, Senate Bill #880.



ASSAULT on SALT II

a sermon by Rev. Phillip Zwerling



I think that it's safe to say that most of us would rather negotiate than fight; that we'd rather talk around a conference table than return to the belligerence of the Cold War. But before any of us endorse SALT II, as the UUA has just done at its General Assembly in East Lansing, Michigan, we have to look very carefully at the fine print and read the document line by line. Then we will see that SALT II is a sham and that SALT II fits into a pattern of deception the U.S. government has conducted in regard to nuclear weapons for 30 years.

Remember that the United States was the first country to build the Atomic Bomb, the only country to use the Bomb in warfare, and the first country to build the Hydrogen Bomb. Every advance in nuclear technology, every step closer to Armageddon has been led by the U.S. government.

Last year the State Department spent \$600,000 to propagandize the American people in favor of SALT II. This year they will spend more. A citizen's organization of "Americans For SALT" has been formed. Curiously, the prime movers of this group are Clark Clifford, former Secretary of Defense; Townsend Hoopes, former Secretary of the Air Force; and Henry Cabot Lodge, former Ambassador to South Vietnam at the height of the Indochina War. If they're all for it we'd better ask why. And one other SALT proponent has given us the answer. Henry Kissinger, of Nixon and Vietnam, has said that he will probably support SALT II because the Treaty will not hinder U.S. plans for new generations of nuclear weapon systems. It is exactly because SALT II is a facade and a lie, because it will fuel the arms race, that militarists like this can enthusiastically embrace it.

SALT II legitimizes the concept of arms escalation and institutionalizes the arms race. It is simply another gimmick, another way to continue 30 years of nuclear domination by the U.S. For thirty years, people around the world have been working, organizing, and marching to remove the nuclear sword of Damocles that hangs above us all, threatening the imminent destruction of humanity.



And yet, governments, for their own purposes, have responded to this outcry with treaties and agreements that have consistently failed to slow or reverse the arms race.

In the early 60's, thousands marched to protest above-ground nuclear testing that spread radioactive isotopes to the air we breathe and the food we eat. In 1963, the United States and the Soviet Union signed the Limited Test Ban Treaty prohibiting atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. The U.S. was responding to public pressure, but the government signed the Treaty only after determining that its technological advantage over the Soviet Union would allow it to continue more successful underground testing than the Russians were capable of.

In 1968 the United States, the Soviet Union, and 100 other countries signed the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Responding to pressure from Third World Countries, the United States and the Soviet Union agreed to continue negotiating to produce a disarmament treaty and so SALT, the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, was born. The United States frustrated all attempts at reaching a disarmament agreement. Sidney Lens, author of *The Day Before Doomsday*, has documented the existence of Department of Defense memoranda explicitly stating that while the U.S. government must publicly support disarmament we must be prepared

even to repudiate our own public pronouncements, if such offers should ever be accepted by the other side, to at all costs avoid signing a disarmament agreement.

So in the late 60's the U.S. moved the discussions from the question of disarmament to the question of arms control. And ever since, our negotiations have been aimed not at a ban on nuclear weapons but at finding agreements on how many weapons each side should have. This was a complete change in goals from earlier negotiations.


The result was SALT I in 1972 when the United States and the Soviet Union agreed to limit the deployment of the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM). The ABM was designed to shoot down incoming nuclear missiles in the atmosphere before they could reach their targets on the ground. I think that most of us would favor an agreement not to build a weapon like the ABM. But we should realize that this treaty was signed only after the U.S. had determined that this super-sophisticated, computerized, expensive, technological marvel didn't work. As fancy as ABM was, it was never able to discriminate between decoy rockets and missiles carrying warheads. Simply mixing large numbers of decoys with real weapons overwhelmed any ABM system with too many targets to respond to.



SALT I also set some upper limits on how many Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles each side would have. But SALT I, at U.S. insistence, specifically exempted any limit on Multiple Independent Retargeting Vehicles (MIRVs). MIRVs are clusters of warheads which ride together on a single rocket and then separate to home in on and destroy different targets. The U.S. was ahead of the Soviet Union in MIRV technology and since SALT I we have been busily MIRVing our rockets at a rate much greater than that of the Soviet Union.

In 1974 Ford and Brezhnev signed the Vladivostok agreement that set limits on the number of rockets each side could have and set limits on how many rockets could be MIRVed. But they agreed to limits that were so much higher than the numbers either side had that these limits served not as constraints but as goals.

How can we type without a typewriter?



This is a somewhat strange, but necessary request, and...it is VERY important.

Through the course of typing PEOPLE SOUP, correspondence, packets, handouts, and other various mailings, our ONE good typewriter has taken quite ill. We aren't sure it can last through another issue of PEOPLE SOUP. In fact, we are questioning it's survival through this SOUP.

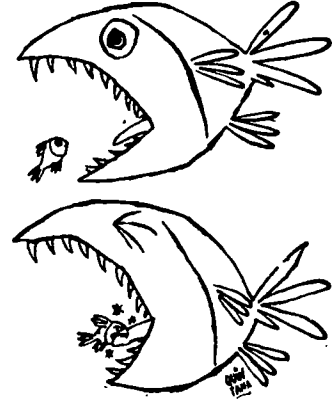
Even though LRY has been funded for at least one more year, we have had to cut down expenses on everything (including our already insufficient living arrangements). We just don't have enough money to fix our typewriter, let alone buy a new one.

WE NEED YOUR HELP!!!!

If you know of someone or someone who would make a gift (tax deductible!) of, or would accept a huge cut in price for an IBM Selectric II (preferably self-correcting) typewriter to LRY...we would more than appreciate hearing from you!

Thank you from our rapidly aging typewriter...

The LRY Executive Committee



Continued on page 10

Beginning September 1, 1979, the LRY Executive Committee will be undergoing a change of membership. Due to the staggered term system, Denise Lewis and Nada Velimirovic will have completed their year-long commitments and two new people will join Cheryl Markoff (Programs) & Laurel Prager (Publications) at the continental LRY Office in Boston. A new Director of Finances, and Director of Denominational Communications will be elected at the Annual LRY Board of Directors meeting, August 6-16 in Walnut Creek, Ca.

Watch for their names in the next issue of People Soup -- "International Year of the Child".

♥ Thank you and goodbye Denise and Nada.

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Finally he said: "So you work for this organization because you love peace and you think humans can be peaceful instead of warlike. Also, you don't understand why humans fight so much."

"Yes," I said emphatically, feeling even in the face of this man's stare, the passion arise in me. "It just doesn't seem necessary."

"But what you say is bullshit. You know why humans have to fight, and it is the same reason you have to work so hard: because you are driven to it." Then he smiled. "As I am still driven enough to talk with you this way."

"Now wait a minute," I said, and I was angry. "As far as why people fight, you're entitled to any opinion you please, but I think it's rather arrogant to assume that you know better than I do why I do something." I was getting somewhat fed up with this man and I was thinking of moving on, but it's not like me to quit easily. And besides, every dollar...

"Are you tired?", the man asked. I was, but I could feel the great energy still in me with half the day still to come, and many more people to canvass.

"Not much," I said. "But don't you use a lot of energy to canvass during the day? Can you relax only after quitting for the night?"

I was about to nod yes, thinking of how hard I worked canvassing, but then I realized the truth, and smiled at him. I wasn't about to let this man talk me into a corner.

"No", I said, "I work really hard, but I love my work. It's when I'm working that I'm most peaceful, just cruisin'."

He nodded. "And when you get home you're kind of antsy, can't wait for the next day."

"Right," I said. Maybe he understood now.

"Then you agree with me, you are driven to canvass."

"But--" I started to exclaim, but then I saw his reasoning. A person who could relax, or feel that rightness, basically only when working, had to be driven. And I was driven. Where others could sit back and watch killing and conflict go on around the world, I could not. Something inside would not let me just sit. I had to try to change it. "Yes," I said, "I am driven by my love of peace."

"Yes, you love it so much that you give yourself no rest during the day, and no

a thing to work wholeheartedly against."

I thought about it. "Yes, of course."

"But all of these griefs I have listed: death, loss of sight or limb, or of loved ones, these may befall all those not engaged in war, and if they did, would be equally detestable, right?"

"Yes," I said, "but it is war which brings so much of this about."

"Quite true, but the common evil among all these griefs is not war, then, but the loss of human potential, not Dead, or minus an organ, or in grief, in each of these states a person is less than he or she could have been, and it is this reduction of human potential and livelihood, regardless of its cause, that so angers you, am I not correct?" you are, in the end, working for a condition in which the benefit is that it allows personal peace, a state in which people are not shot at or deprived of home or family, so that they may grow to their greatest potential, if they choose."

"Yes." "So you work for personal peace, without personal peace."

I looked down. I was disturbed by what he said, and angry, but there seemed something still wrong with his point of view.

As I was tossing thoughts about in my head, I noticed someone stop in front of us.

I looked up: it was a street dealer. "Y'all be needin' to clear the head? I got some fine pot, gold."

I shook my head. "No, I don't think we'll..."

"Please leave us," my friend said.

His voice was so firm that I wondered how I could ever have thought him an easy mark, but as the disgruntled pusher moved off I realized what was wrong with what this man had been saying.

I nodded after the pusher. "Dope'll give you a little peace, eh? Course it's a lot harder to work for anything when you're stoned, but no inner conflict, right?"

The man stared at me. "I assume what you mean," he said, "is that it takes some conflict, some drive, for a person to work hard for something. If you were at peace inside, you would be no different from the seeming majority of people, who sit around and do nothing to try to help humankind."

"Exactly," I said, and half smiled. "Do you work for the people?"

The man chuckled, perhaps sadly. "I do what I can. But let us look at your idea. A person at peace would be content to be with him or herself, and so wouldn't have the drive to work hard to solve the world's problems, is this what you mean?"

"Pretty much." "But perhaps a peaceful person, though not driven to help, might choose to; perhaps it is inner conflict which not only drives some people to work hard for humankind, but also deadens others to the cries for help about them. Be that as it may, let us look at hardworking people. They have some necessary conflict, some drive within themselves, enough to be discontented. In other words, they have some need to solve problems in the world about them. You have this need, no?"

"Yes," I said, it was a need I cherished as a better one than that of some people -- to look away, to deaden themselves with T.V. or pessimism.

"A person with a need, though, looks to that need. For instance, if you are hungry, you will do what is necessary to feed yourself, forsaking other desires, even forsaking beliefs you hold. A father with a hungry baby may take a temporary job as a servant even though he believes it below human dignity to do such work, or he may steal food even though he normally believes in property rights. So a person driven by need is not to be trusted to act in the way he or she usually believes."

"Of course, but people have many needs, and we balance them, in priority."

"Are you hungry?" the man asked.

With a start I remembered my postponed lunch. I was very hungry. I also had to go to the bathroom. Smiling and rubbing my stomach, I nodded.

"You know what priorities a driven person has then," he said, and we laughed.

I knew I wouldn't eat or piss until we had finished this talk, even though I now had little hope of a contribution from this man.

"It takes but little effort then to see that a driven person, though perhaps the hardest working, can also be the most

dangerous to his or her cause. Examples of this can be found in many places. You yourself have a respect for human life and the right to self-direction and fulfillment, or you wouldn't do the work you do."

"Yes," I agreed, rather wary at this point.

"Yet in your work you interrupt people's lives and try to change their wills, in order to further this cause."

I thought he was right. We canvassers speak of 'encouraging', and 'opening' people, but we are into manipulation, no doubt, those of us who bring in much money anyway.

"Yes," I said. "So what might you not do?" he asked, and his gaze was its most piercing.

"I would never kill another person," I said.

The man nodded. "I'm glad," he said. I pondered our conversation. What it seemed to come down to was this: I was driven, and I would never give up working hard for peace. I had to accept myself, and how I worked, yet always watch to see if my passion might bleed over into vio-



lence or ill judgement. After a while I said: "What do you do, out of your peace?"

He shook his head with a grin, as if to say 'I am not all peaceful yet.'

"Just a little," he said.

I was going to press him for a specific answer but then I realized something. Though I worked so hard, I too, did just a little. On my best day I could never bring in a billionth of what was spent by governments on the machineries of war. Our organization, that had grown so greatly in its first two years, could easily be swallowed up by some bureau of some division or some department at the Pentagon. Across the globe people bled. None of this could be reason to stop working. For even if my best efforts, at the most worthwhile job, did only the most infinitesimal good, still I was true to myself. I could say: 'I am one of those who works for peace; not one of those whose actions, inactions, or inabilities constitute the inertia of our deadly system.'

I was thinking about this when the man said: "Yes, I do a little. I have a vision too."

I looked over at him. I saw that he had the strength to work very hard, though he was not driven.

"I have found a method of moving toward inner peace. It is one that I, and others, can show people. This I sometimes do. My vision is that if enough people worked and developed this peace, and informed others of its possibilities, a pyramid of peace might develop to make conflict unnecessary. Unless of course," and he broke into a grin, "we were invaded from outer space."

I laughed. I had heard these kind of words before, from some of my more looney competitors in the canvassing business. Still this man and his ideas seemed different. I wondered about this method of inner peace; but my orientation was still the same. Perhaps now clearer. I would work against war, so that maybe in peace people would have the time to know themselves. It seemed doubtful.

"Well," I said, "there seems little hope either way."

The man nodded, then grinned. "Still, you'll do what you must, and I'll do what I can."



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peace at night, waiting for the next day." "Wait!" The man was deliberately confusing the issue. "When I say I love peace and am working toward it I mean world peace. If you're talking about emotional peace, that's a whole different bag. But for me the global question is predominant."

"Okay," the man said. "Global peace. You mean a state where nations are not fighting each other, not killing people."

"Right." "But also, I suppose, where different factions of the same nation are not fighting, killing each other?"

"Of course. It is all one nation, this Earth."

The man nodded. "But another point: people getting killed is not the only bad that comes out of wars, right? People often lose limbs, or senses, or their homes are blasted and they must live life on the road as refugees. Their sons are killed and they are in grief. All these things happen in war, and each one is so detestable that were it the only bad thing brought about by war, still war would be