

# Peace Issues

## À la Hippie-dippie-dom

PEACE IS A FUNNY THING  
1963/1993 And if 6 turned out to  
be nine...well that's fine...that's just  
fine".

Peace is a funny thing. As well,  
and perhaps most definitively, Peace  
is a very RELATIVE thing. Philo-  
sophically speaking what is generally  
meant by the term is inextricably  
tied and dependent upon what is  
usually described as turmoil. War,  
brisk activity or chaos — something  
of that nature... you know what I  
mean. I am sad to report that without  
war, peace wouldn't mean very much,  
to anyone, anytime. I wish it could

be another way, something more  
noble, less logical and sensible...  
something more romantic and ideal-  
istic even - but, tis the nature of  
cosmic reality. On matters of such  
importance and magnitude as this,  
one doesn't trust the feeble, ordinary  
mind... one goes to the REALLY  
SMART PEOPLE: the Chinese.  
Specifically, and almost unarguably  
the most revered and insightful Sage  
of the Long Dreary, War-torn Ages,  
Lao-tsu. Personally I feel you should  
argue and disagree with everyone, on  
everything... - if only to test the  
strength and degree of truth in what  
they profess, believe and say. . With

ONE exception. Lao-tsu. Since Lao-  
tsu nothing in Philosophy of any real  
importance or novelty has been said,  
written or emblazoned upon the Big  
Screen. And after a couple of good  
glasses of brandy approximately 65  
percent of the philosophers on the  
planet Earth would agree with me on  
this one. Eh, my fellows? What the  
enlightened Lao-tsu passes down  
through the ages to us mere mortals  
is this: the meaning and importance  
of something, of anything, is bound,  
gagged, locked and inextricably  
dependent upon something else — usu-  
ally its OPPOSITE. Which is a little  
more involved way of saying, the  
Saint and the seemingly Satanically  
- inspired mass-murderer more or less

hair dangling freely, ala hippie-  
dippie-dom. the entire article is a  
100% natural human-product, and I  
am completely unrestrained by cloth-  
ing, money, watches, dangling  
Catholic-Crosses and glasses. It's  
kind of a cool sensation. A little  
sexy. But not overtly so. Am I female  
or male? It makes little difference.  
I'll let those of you oh-so-Truth-Con-  
scious-Selves deduce my gender. (but  
you'll never REALLY be sure). I  
could be a Rebel Sigma-Chi or I  
could be a disillusioned ex-Gazette,  
ex-Feminist. Or I could be one of  
your 16 year-old little brothers, play-  
ing a semi-literary prank. Or maybe  
I'm a 30 year-old mother of two, who  
teaches sporadically, part-time, at an  
inner-city school in Toronto and  
who is a grad student in Dal's educa-  
tion department, trying to upgrade  
my qualifications so I can buy my  
children new clothes every year, in-  
stead of only every two years. Or  
maybe I am a surface-to-air-missile  
who burns about on Henry St. a lot  
but never really succeeds in hitting  
his target (except by mistake!). Only  
GOD knows. And maybe the C.I.A.

people for their inspection and modi-  
fications. Then all ten-thousand of  
us chip in a single loony and we send  
the bright Law student to some fa-  
mous Holy Mountain in the middle-  
east or Nepal, where we arrange to  
have him escorted up its slopes by a  
French mountaineering team to in-  
sure that he actually makes it to its  
Holy Peak. There he presents our  
CASE FOR PEACE to GOD-AL-  
MIGHTY/TAO with all the flare,  
vigour, wordiness, stratagems, eso-  
tericism, nebulosity etc. that his  
well-trained self can muster, and at-  
tempt to argue and apply hopefully  
successfully our case for peace to  
whom/whatever may be listening.

He cunningly side-steps any light-  
ening bolts rained upon him. He  
then leaves the peace document upon  
the Holy Peak in a weather-proof  
container, leaves a small pile of gold,  
incense, jasmine, American 100 dol-  
lar bills (just to be safe), a college  
placard reading, "go Jesus, Go!" and  
high-tails it outta there before Iraqi  
or Iranian terrorists blow him to King-  
dom come. Who knows, if Daniel  
Webster could out-argue  
Mephistopheles, perhaps a Dal Law  
student might have a chance with  
Satan's benevolent and much more  
humanitarian opposite. It certainly  
couldn't make matters any worse,  
now could it?

*I have been  
writing this  
article  
completely nude*

So, now that's a fantasy plan for  
peace

Contrast it with a reality plan for  
peace, now.

Peace is a funny thing, and it's  
going to take an even funnier thing  
to actually make it happen, globally,  
now today, in our life-time. Unfortu-  
nately the only way to get the guys  
with the artillery pieces to stop using  
them is to congregate in ridiculously  
large numbers on their front lawns,  
and to scare them silly. Period.  
Unfortunately it takes a little muscle  
to make peace a reality. And if you  
want peace, then get your apathetic  
butts out there in RIDICULOUSLY  
LARGE NUMBERS and scare the  
people with the artillery-pieces silly.  
Its a very simple matter, a tried and  
effectively true method. And while  
you mere mortals are causing a con-  
vincing distraction out in the streets  
of the World, us Masterminds will  
tucked away with out pens, doing our  
bit to make world peace a reality, in  
our lifetime.

Your "User-Friendly Revolution-  
ary": G.A.P. III-63

P.S. 3,000,000 young people  
chanting:

"1000 years of peace, for 1000  
years of war..."

(sounds kind of cool ....eh?).

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JOURNAL GRAPHICS

*Without war,  
peace wouldn't  
mean very  
much*

keep each other in business, are DE-  
PENDENT upon the other (and oth-  
ers of similar strains) for the defini-  
tion distinctiveness and simply, The  
Meaning of each of their respective  
roles. Pretty gross, eh? Truth does  
get kind of dirty at times and this is  
one of them. Take away all the nasty  
criminally-insane and the Saints will  
look a whole lot less Holy and impor-  
tant. Take away all the Saints, and  
the murderers become a cliché, nor-  
mal, not really a big deal. Weird huh?  
Yes weird, BUT — true nonetheless.  
You can't argue with Lao-tsu (and  
win, anyway). Its a real shame his  
most widely read book, "The Tao  
Te-Ching" isn't taught in North  
American elementary schools. It's  
almost a Crime in fact. I wonder how  
many young heads could avoid teen-  
age angst and befuddlement, if this  
book was taught.

Well I've strayed pretty far off the  
PEACE topic, but it doesn't take a  
Rhodes Scholar to see where this is  
leading... War is to Peace as Saint is  
to \_\_\_\_\_. Got it? I'm sure any Dal  
student or faculty member can figure  
this one out. And by doing so em-  
ploying their own brain in this cos-  
mically-generated and OKed sort of  
way. Try it. It's really fun. And really  
easy. Even a five-year-old could think  
this through, and we all know how  
unintelligent THEY are, don't we?  
So while you're all engaging your  
Operational Thinkingskills, I'll move  
on ahead a bit. You can catch up in a  
minute, after you've reasoned why  
War and Peace need each other even  
more than Barbie and Ken need one  
another. Remember them kids? And  
all ON YOUR OWN... without the  
assistance of a space-cadet like yours  
truly. See you after you finish grap-  
pling with creation...

In the Spirit of The Peace-Loving  
Sixties I have been writing this arti-  
cle completely nude. With the elas-  
tic-band/barette pulled out of my hair,  
and my belly button length brown

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