

# The Peace Ship

For almost an entire generation the Mid-East has been torn with dissention. Three wars and countless incidents have served only to deepen hatreds, arrest economic and social development and help only the arms merchants of both East and West. Precious human life and resources have been squandered in an area that desperately requires every hand and all of its wealth to inch forward to a better way of life.

More tragic is the fact that the United Nations, the big powers and leaders of both Israel and the Arab countries have failed in their attempts to bring peace to the region.

Now, as never before, when politicians are in deadlock, people concerned must come forward and help create a "people-to-people" dialogue that could help ease the tension in the area.

The 570 ton Dutch coaster "Cito" was built in 1940. Renamed "Peace", she is presently docked in New York at 63rd Street and the East River, adjacent to the Heliport. The people of Holland raised the necessary funds to buy the ship and sail it to New York. Within a few weeks the Peace Ship will be converted into an independent and neutral radio station and will anchor outside the territorial waters of Israel and the United Arab Republic. Under the name "The Voice of Peace", she will broadcast in Hebrew, Arabic, French and English to reach millions in the troubled area. For the first time many listeners will be provided with an alternative to the government controlled stations now being heard. The broadcasts will include news, political commentary and music prepared by an international crew with the participation of both Israelis and Arabs. It is hoped that through these broadcasts the tensions in the area will be reduced and sanity will prevail. Supervising the broadcasts will be Abie Nathan, the Israeli "peace pilot" who initiated this project. Mr. Nathan, a former pilot has already made three "peace" flights to Egypt. He also helped in the organization of efforts to feed the children of Biafra. Mr. Nathan will remain on board ship until a more peaceful condition prevails in the area. In order to make this project possible it is necessary to raise the sum of \$170,000—less than five per cent of the cost of an armed MIG fighter or Phantom Jet—for the purchase of a 50 kilowatt radio transmitter and other intricate electronic equipment.

If you are concerned about the present dangerous situation and would like to join in this "People to People" effort to bring about understanding between the peoples of the Middle East, please send your contributions to The Peace Ship Fund, 26th Street and the East River — New York, N.Y.

For further information please call (212) 593-2145 or visit the Peace Ship.

Murray Pomerance

## DREAMWATERLIGHT. DREAMFLOWERS.

*I left you far behind  
the ruins of the life that you had in mind.*

JOHN LENNON

### THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND

There is a country of the blind and all this takes place in its cathedral. Imagine an altar of long gray stones that keep your whispers, imagine long shafts of windowlight beaming on your wine, branches dancing, bare feet on soft black earth. These things the people of the country have imagined and forgotten; the cathedral they have built is squat, a shaded place lit by the fires of trameled, stubby candles; in the basement lives a cynic, he waters the floor, he replaces the candles when he feels like it. No one comes to the cathedral alone; none of the blind come to the cathedral when they are happy.

In the country of the blind there is much good medicine.

There is much identification with the penis, the alert serpent, the intruder, the stranger. The stranger is venerated. The rules of copulation are complicated.

Holy primeval stones of the tribes are bandied about in slop-buckets.

The chowder is good.

Everyone knows about everyone else; everyone has tapes.

### THE COMING OF A STRANGER

In the country of the blind ships dock at midnight. Lorries take the stores of the ships over presumptuous wharves, through cobble-stone alleys, past infantry battalions marching at midnight (there is a muffled closing of zippers at the side of the road). Sailors bed their sea chants in hotels on the waterfront; travellers take their logics to hotels near the market. These hotels are lit with neon, well-patrolled.

When A Stranger comes to a hotel on the waterfront, the children observe him being careful not to be observed by the infantry at night pissing. Fearful of A Stranger, fearful of what cobblestones feel, fearful of all chanting, the children.