

sionals; community grants for local projects of potentially replicable significance; sponsorship of seminars dealing with issues of importance to the field as a whole.

• *Challenge Grants*: Providing support for educational and cultural institutions and organizations to increase financial and program stability. The normal three-for-one matching provision is a proven model for eliciting private funds that would not otherwise be available.

A National Endowment for Peace would undoubtedly come up with its own set of programs. The purpose of these examples is to demonstrate the kind of activity produced by a clear focus on the outside. These programs engage with such great mainstream institutions as the public schools and the universities. They strengthen the small, specialized organizations. They provide individual and local programs—the source of so much innovation in this country—with the chance for involvement. They enable senior practitioners to have the opportunity for advanced study. Taken together, they mobilize a mass of political support that reaches beyond a narrow elite and brings in a much larger group of potential supporters during future budget cycles.

Given the current situation in the peace and conflict resolution field, it seems that the example of the National Endowment of the Arts or Humanities would be more appropriate than that of the military academies. Nevertheless, given the work that has already gone into the creation of the National Peace Academy, it would be counterproductive even to consider returning to square one. The plans for the academy include support for external programs and individuals as well as for new, in-house activities. Those concerned about a stable world order should continue to work for the creation of the National Peace Academy, but one that will focus primarily on programs which strengthen the field as a whole, build upon existing organizations, influence large mainstream institutions, and raise the aspirations of individuals at the grass roots level.

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EXCURSUS 3

Mark A. Bruzonsky on ISRAEL: A SHAMEFUL SILENCE

Last April 12 four teenage Israeli Palestinians commandeered a bus. Though no one had been injured by the Palestinians, who were not armed with guns, and though negotiations were under way, Israeli forces stormed the bus, killing two of the youths and one Israeli woman and injuring many others. The two remaining Palestinians, uninjured, were taken into custody. The next day they were dead. Some reports suggested their bodies had been mutilated.

Israeli authorities went to extraordinary lengths to suppress the evidence of this occurrence. Film was confiscated, photographs were banned, and, for the first time in Israel's history, an establishment Hebrew newspaper was closed. Official lies were told, altered, changed again. Yet what had

occurred was so repugnant that it made headlines and TV network news in the United States. Inside Israel the killings caused an uproar. Under increasing pressure from within Israeli society itself, the Israeli Government finally established a secret Army commission—its report undisclosed to this day—in what now seems a successful attempt to bury the incident along with the bodies.

The responsible official, Defense Minister Moshe Ahrens, sought to cast blame elsewhere. Though in charge at the scene and photographed with the two captured Palestinians, he denied issuing any orders or knowing anything about the prisoners' fate. On May 28 he issued a statement admitting that the two teenagers had been beaten to death and advising that "legal action shall be taken" against those responsible, but he suppressed the Army report with a "top secret" stamp.

Two days later the *New York Times* declared in an editorial that the way Israel had handled the matter proved that there was "equal justice in Israel." Yet the following day the *Times* refused to print a letter to the editor signed by a former assistant secretary of state for the Near East, a former Republican congressman, a former Egyptian minister who had participated at Camp David, and myself challenging the *Times's* editorial and calling upon Israel to conduct a truly impartial investigation and public trial of those responsible for the murders. Now, a few months after the startling admission that the Palestinians had indeed been beaten to death, there has been neither "equal justice" nor, in fact, any justice. And Minister Ahrens has refused to answer further questions.

But there *is* soul-searching in Israel. "What in the hell is happening to us?" asked Yoel Marcus, one of the country's most senior commentators, writing in its most respected daily, *Ha'aretz*. Even more ominous, Marcus pointed out, is Israel's moral degeneration to the point that this kind of racism, brutality, and criminality toward Palestinians has become commonplace:

In justification we are told that this was a "deviant act," which of course is not true. In the same week that we learned the bitter truth about the fate of the two terrorists, the Jerusalem District Court was hearing a case that seemed to come straight out of the Holocaust. It concerned the abuse of Halhoul residents by three border policemen. According to the testimony, they forced children to slap their fathers and even demonstrated the required force of the slap to the children; made residents crawl on all fours and bark like dogs; stood an 83-year-old man wearing only his underwear outside in the cold of the night and as a "grand finale" made him sing Hatikva [the Israeli national anthem] and chant "Long Live Israel!" Reading these testimonies you can scarcely believe your eyes. These are members of the Jewish people...?

Saddened and troubled by the growing incidence of murder, torture, and barbarism toward Palestinians, Yigal Arens, professor of Computer Science at the University of Southern California and son of Israel's defense minister, recently sent me a few other translations from the Hebrew press detailing similar occurrences. "This sounds depressingly like some Central American countries we're familiar with," the younger Arens concluded.

But the saddest reality of all is that the once vibrant American Jewish community has been silenced, seemingly acquiescing in such Israeli crimes, distortions, and excuses.

And those who do speak up—Jew and non-Jew alike—find themselves the victim of character assassination campaigns and worse. (On this subject, former Representative Paul Findley's soon-to-be-published volume about the tactics and power of the Jewish lobby makes for intimidating reading.) In this particular case, not one single American Jewish organization protested the murder of the Palestinians or publicly stood behind the courageous Israeli press as it battled the Israeli Government. Nor has any American Jewish organization insisted that the murderers be brought to trial.

Israel has badly lost its way and is dangerously close to grafting a kind of democratic fascism onto a Middle Eastern apartheid. The recent election has made all too evident both the escalating ideological polarization and political impotence of Israel today.

American Jewry has lost its voice and is dangerously close to losing its independence from Jerusalem along with its concern for the universal, humanistic values of the Jewish heritage. And the American Government appears to have acquiesced in Israel's tragic distortion of Camp David—now a lifeless, one-sided perpetuation of conflict rather than the hoped-for pursuit of a fair and honorable peace that would promote "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people" as well as Israeli security.

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EXCURSUS 4

Richard O'Mara on VILLA BARZINI

Luigi Barzini's last piece published in English before his death this past March was a brief confessional story about his house on the Via Cassia, just outside Rome. He wrote of how he had bought the land cheap back in 1949 during one of those recurring cold war crises (the Berlin blockade in this case) when everybody was trying to unload unportable possessions and preparing to flee to who knows where. He built a country house and sat back to enjoy the pleasures of a rural existence. He grew grapes and olives for their wine and oil, raised chickens for their eggs. Today the Villa Barzini is engulfed by suburbia, though the extensive grounds—overgrown but hardly out of control—insulate the place from much of the noise, smoke, and clamor that have crept up out of the valley of the Tiber.

Barzini seemed to share the desire of many intellectuals, artists, and others with active interior lives for a private place to do creative work—a place to read and write or sit and mull. The English writer Howard Spring wrote of such a place in his book *My Son, My Son*. It was the writer's lair: a wall on which to line up his published books, a space with a warm stove, a well-placed lamp to woo the muse of future work. The library in the house on the Via Cassia was this kind of place.

Five years ago I visited Barzini in that library. I was on a

fellowship granted me by the European Economic Community. The sidars of the EEC in Brussels had promised to get me in to see just about anybody; short of prime ministers, in any of the member-states. Being a journalist, I wanted to meet journalists. In France I chose Jean François Revel; in Italy, Barzini. I had been impressed by *The Italians*. As a portrait of a people, I thought it came closer to completeness than any other exercise of that sort. Most books of the genre tell us that Germans are efficient, Latins insouciant, and so on, simply redrawing the configuration of basic national stereotypes. *The Italians*, by contrast, offered the sophisticated judgment of a man who was both Insider and Outsider, one who could perceive what was right and what was wrong with his people with a clarity few others enjoyed. The remove of Barzini's U.S. experience (Columbia School of Journalism, *New York World*) gave him the vision to assess his brilliant and tempestuous race. But that remove must have had a very specific effect, for when he tried to exploit his peculiar history in other books, as for example in *The Europeans*, his last, he never succeeded to the same degree.

I arrived at Villa Barzini on a hot afternoon. I had the taxi driver turn off the congested Via Cassia onto a dirt road and follow it down to a turn into a clearing in front of the house. An old man wearing a vest let me into a side entrance. We crossed a polished wood floor, and the servant opened the door to the library. It was a cool, shadowy place, with books lining three walls and a view of the grounds through glass doors from the fourth. There was a large desk, only slightly cluttered. Barzini sat on a chair by a dead fireplace. It was a deep chair and he sat forward on the edge of the cushion as though to avoid being absorbed in its pillowed comfort. He had a book open on his lap. He spoke my name, then told me that I had an illustrious ancestor, the Irish physician who had attended Napoleon in his final exile. It had the effect of making me recall that Napoleon was one of the great Italians, only reluctantly French.

I was less impressed by the fact of Dr. O'Meara's existence than by Barzini's going to all the trouble to search out such a fact for my benefit. I was told later by someone who knew him that he did this frequently, and I was left with the question as to whether he did it to impress new acquaintances with his erudition or whether it was a genuine attempt to cut through all the preliminaries that encumber first meetings and reach the good meat of an unrestrained, unself-conscious conversation.

Barzini, it was obvious, was a man of curiosity. Curiosity is a positive trait, but it usually does not accompany men into their later years. One simply gets tired. Yet I have known men and women who have reawakened after sixty, experienced a second mental wind, so to speak, appeared brighter, more alert, spoken with greater clarity. I do not know if Barzini was one of these, but I do know that conversation with him was both stimulating and a bit intimidating. He was always looking things up, finding and absorbing new facts from the reference books that filled his library. These facts did not decorate his conversation; they were integral to and enriched it. Since I was not up to Barzini's level, I simply let him do most of the talking. Like others whose entire life's work is a process of self-education, he tended to be a little impatient, a little self-centered.

Barzini talked about Italy and Italians; he was disappointed in both. It was not a bitter disappointment but that of a teacher who sees a favorite student succeed to a high