

# Peace momentum

## Rabin's death leaves Peres a heavy torch

When Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was tragically assassinated on Saturday, some commentators suggested that the long road to peace had hit a dead end.

Unquestionably, this incident is an enormous emotional setback for Israelis, but throwing in the towel now would be the one thing Rabin would not want to happen.

In addition, an end to the peace process would mean a victory for the assassin.

These two factors, we can only hope, will unite most Israelis, propel them to support acting Prime Minister Shimon Peres and encourage their leadership to proceed with Israeli-Palestinian dialogue.

This places a huge burden on Peres, as he takes the wheel of government and demonstrates that one lunatic cannot slam the brakes on three years of work.

For many, supporting Peres' efforts to continue Rabin's achievements will be difficult, for it goes against fundamental principles harbored by the right-wing Likud Party.

The peace process does not represent progress for those Jews who believe that Judea/Sumaria and the Gaza Strip belong exclusively to Israel.

In these fragile times, however, any increased domestic antagonism would probably destroy the Israeli-Palestinian dialogue and re-ignite the intifada.

The Arabic term intifada—literally translated as "Palestinian uprising"—was one of the key factors that contributed to Rabin's Labor Party victory in 1992.

It had come to symbolize the antagonistic status quo and many Israelis wanted a change for the better.

They got what was promised to them.

Rabin almost immediately declared an end to Ariel Sharon's



**Neil Feldman**

*"They got what was promised to them."*

housing crusade, which sought to develop largely Palestinian areas in the occupied territories with Jewish housing projects.

Sharon's efforts, the Labor Party reasoned, were only adding fuel to a proliferating inferno.

Rabin then dove into a genuine effort to establish accord with the Palestinians.

This climaxed with the signing of the Declaration of Principles and the famous September 1993 handshake on the White House lawn between Rabin and Palestinian Liberation Organization Chairman Yassir Arafat.

Clinging to the past, exemplified by Likud, is no longer a peace oriented and realistic position to take.

Remember the Shamir years? Stones. Molotov cocktails. Bombs exploding regularly on busy street corners.

This is precisely what Rabin worked so hard to eliminate.

Israelis who did not support Rabin, viz. those of Likud, should recall the tumultuous 80s and early 90s and imagine a status quo Middle East that continues on a similar path.

The road toward peace has been—and will continue to be—a

winding, bumpy and sometimes hazardous one.

Its biggest hazard is Islamic terrorist groups who blow up buses and buildings with suicide bombers.

It must be understood that there is absolutely no connection between the Palestinians who were involved in the intifada and Islamic fundamentalists, such as the Hezbollah.

The irrational Hamas is plainly anti-Israel and is just as irked at Arafat as they are at the Israelis.

They want no dialogue whatsoever, ardently believe in the concept of jihad, or holy war, and see themselves as martyrs if they die for the sake of Allah in killing Arabs or Jews involved in the peace process.

Israeli-Palestinian dialogue or not, the Hezbollah and groups like it, will not disappear anytime soon.

But again, a few nuts should not be permitted to stop the momentum of peace.

If the majority of Israelis firmly throw their weight behind Peres, view Arafat skeptically but with an open mind and have faith that the peace process can yield desirable results, Rabin's legacy will be one of greatness.

However, not supporting Peres and slamming the door on hopes of a just and lasting peace will be like stepping back 10 years in time.

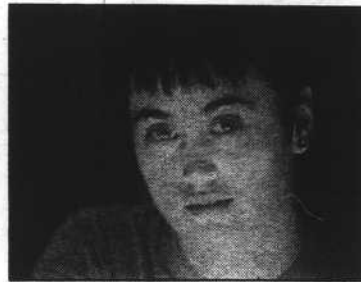
In 1981, when Anwar el-Sadat was assassinated in the wake of the Camp David Peace Accords, Hosni Mubarak stepped right in, pledged to continue Sadat's forward march toward peace and earned the support of many Egyptians who had not supported Sadat's efforts.

If Israelis use the Egyptian model as a positive lesson of history, they will firmly support Peres and make sure the peace process continues right where Rabin left off.

Feldman is a senior international affairs major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

# A letter... from the FROSH

## Value of sisterhood transcends stench



**Adria Chilcote**

A vulgar burp ripples through the air; out of habit I instantly hold my breath in preparation for the inevitable blast of rank breath blown into my face.

My sister laughs as I push her away out of disgust and frustration; no matter how many times I express my detest of this ritual, she feels it must continue. I think her motto must be "a burp not blown into Adria's face is a wasted burp indeed."

This burp blowing isn't the extent of our relationship, however. She also has a delightful habit of leering over me, saliva and phlegm brimming on her lips, threatening to spew. Believe me, she has no shortage of phlegm.

She is constantly sniffing and sucking her snot into her throat, then hawking her loogie to whatever place available. The ground, the kitchen sink, the toilet, out an open window, on the tile floor for our dog to lick up.

Her excess of phlegm and snot isn't her fault, though, so I shouldn't blame her for it. She has to take care of it somehow. By spitting it instead of blowing it she saves all the money, and forests, that would be spent on her would-be vast supply of Kleenex.

Another thing about my sister and bodily functions is that we never shy away from informing each other of the other's body odor. It's great to know that there's always someone around who will honestly inform you of your stench, and you can tell them, without fear of anyone being the least bit offended.

I don't want to give the impression that my sister, Melissa, is just a belching, spitting, stinky slob. She is all of that, but she is also much, much more.

She is incredibly funny.

I remember years ago on Sunday mornings in church with my mother, Melissa and me—mother in the middle because my sister and I couldn't contain ourselves when seated beside each other. We would try to make the other laugh. It was a great game because once we started laughing, we couldn't stop. And once you try to stop, it's even worse.

She still makes me laugh. Just being around her can put me in a good mood, sometimes. Other times, when I'm in a particularly bad mood, I just want to rip her silly little head off.

We usually understand each

*"I don't want to give the impression that my sister, Melissa, is just a belching, spitting, stinky slob. She is all of that, but she is also much, much more."*

other, though. It's amazing sometimes how well Melissa and I can communicate. I don't know what it is, but she just understands me better than other people can.

I can say something to her and she'll understand what I'm trying to say, but if I would try to say the same thing to someone else, they wouldn't know what the heck I was saying.

Sometimes we have entire conversations consisting of only grunts or just looks. They're short conversations, of course, but it's still pretty cool.

Maybe it's because we've been around each other so much. I've known Melissa for all 15 and a half years of her life. It's the longest friendship I've ever had.

She's been a constant in my life, even when we moved away from the rest of my friends every year or so while growing up.

She's the only friend I've got that came with a lifetime guarantee. She's genetically bound to me.

It's not guaranteed that we be comrades, or even to be on speaking terms with each other. But it is guaranteed that we will remain connected through a string of mutual relatives.

While other friends' lives can take them away to other places, to eventually drift out of my life. I know my sister will be there, somewhere, always, for better or for worse.

I've known other people with sisters. Some of them are close, but most of the sisters I've known have radically different relationships from my sister and I.

I listen in disbelief to tales of fights and name-calling. The fights aren't good-natured roughhousing, either. These people come away from fights bruised and bloodied. And the name-calling can border on emotional abuse.

Maybe I'm too nice, or overly sensitive, but I can't imagine telling my sister to her face that I hate her, or to sling verbal insults at her until she cries.

There are many different types of sisters and relationships.

I know many people have great ones. I happen to think that, even with her burping and spitting and stinking, I've got one of the best, and I wouldn't trade her for anyone.

Chilcote is a freshman women's studies major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

# Better late...

## Tackling procrastination starts — tomorrow

What's the greatest nation on Earth? ProcrastiNATION.

Well, maybe not the greatest, but probably the most populous.

I am among the minions of that ever-expanding nation, and I have been as long as I can remember.

Ever since I was a child, I've been perpetually late. Late for school, late for supper, late for just about everything. And I don't really know why.

Somewhere, early in life, I must have mixed up a couple old adages:

Tardiness is next to godliness (isn't that how it goes?) and; Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off until the day after tomorrow.

In spite of my long-standing belief in these misinterpreted adages, I eventually came to understand that procrastination is generally not a good thing.

Life's overlooked and postponed duties, like neglected dogs, have the annoying tendency to pounce unexpectedly and bite one squarely in the unwittingly exposed buttocks.

Grades suffer. So do relationships. Loans. Utilities. Credit ratings.

But still the great nation of Procrasti continues to gain citizens—and to retain even its most elder statesmen (and women).

Telling someone to stop procrastinating is like telling someone to stop smoking. We know it's bad for us, but we do it anyway. The only way we'll quit is when we really, REALLY want to.

I keep telling myself I want to quit putting things off, but my heart just isn't in it.

I still exhibit a myriad of procrastinational tendencies.

It takes me half an hour to make Minute Rice, for example.

I cannot recall ever having seen the first five minutes of a movie



**Doug Peters**

*"Generations ago, perhaps back in the Old Country, a relative of mine was a laggard, a guy who was never on time for anything — and liked it."*

(even when I rent a tape, go figure).

I often stay up until 4 a.m. watching infomercials for no other reason than to postpone going to sleep. In the morning, I pummel the snooze button to postpone waking up.

I watch the piles of laundry spread out across my apartment, taking up most of the very little usable space I call my home. Usually, I consider that a good thing, because the dirty clothes cover the floor, which I didn't quite get around to vacuuming this, uh, year.

Then one day, the underwear drawer is empty, and I rush frantically to do one load of laundry so my mother will not be embarrassed if I get in an accident. That, or I go out and buy some new skivvies instead (the laundry can wait until

another day, after all).

And deep down, I feel guilty. I think of all the classes I've missed, of all the popcorn I never had time to buy at the movies or of all the columns I had to write at 3 o'clock in the morning (don't tell me you haven't noticed).

But still, the procrastination continues.

I'm convinced it's genetic.

My parents are generally fairly punctual, so I guess I can't pin it on them, but thanks to the wonderful discovery of recessive genes, I can feel free to pass the blame off on just about any of my ancestors. Perhaps my great-great-great-great grandfather, at whose name I could only guess.

Somewhere, among all the players who had a hand in the structure of my good old double helix, lies the answer. Generations ago, perhaps back in the Old Country, a relative of mine was a laggard, a guy who was never on time for anything—and liked it.

That has to be the case.

All I know is, it's not my fault.

Even so, I'm going to break the vicious cycle of lateness and procrastination. I will overcome nature's predetermination of my punctuality. I will rise up and say, "I WILL show up early! I WILL read ahead for my classes! I WILL wash the dishes and have clean underwear ready at all times! This I pledge to myself and those around me!"

Yes, by golly, I'm going to change my wicked ways. I'm going to put an end to my awful addiction to the devil's tool we call procrastination.

I'll start tomorrow.

Peters is a graduate student of Journalism and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

### BE OUR GUEST

The Daily Nebraskan will present a guest columnist each Monday. Writers from the university and community are welcome.

Must have strong writing skills and something to say. Contact Mark Baldrige c/o the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, NE 68588. Or by phone at (402)-472-1782.