

## **The Las Positas Crossing: A Politics of Polarization**

Micki's eyes slipped over the black clothing hung carefully over the back of the chair, stopping at the digital alarm clock on the bureau. Squinting to read the red numbers; 9:37. "I just can't do it," she groaned, pulling the covers over her head to shut out the bright sunlight, wishing she'd remembered to close the blinds.

Despite ten hours of sleep she felt like she'd been beaten up and forced to stay awake for days. Her leadened body ached with emotional weight. It almost hurt to move. "It won't make a difference whether I'm there or not. Nothing any of us do makes a difference anyway," she mumbled searching for an excuse she could live with. She was exhausted, plain and simple. Why couldn't that be enough? It wasn't. She knew it. Struggling to get up, to move, to motivate herself to face the day, she suddenly remembered. "Oh, no! I've gotta get going. They won't be able to do it without the list."

Micki tumbled around the small room in starts and stops like a toy with a faulty connection. Tripping into the borrowed black dress, she pulled on black pantyhose and made a face as she pushed her feet into low-heeled pumps longingly looking at her running shoes and Birkenstocks. She grabbed the list and pushed it on top of a stack of paper into a plastic bag. A disposable camera followed. She pushed a twenty-dollar bill and her driver's license into her bra. The plastic rustled as she swung the bag and a black sweater over her shoulder. The end of her key chain, a metal peace symbol, went into her mouth for easy access while she pulled white carnations from the recycled mayonnaise jar shaking water droplets onto the rug. Her fingers attached to a bottle of water and a cellular phone. Pushing the front door open with her hip she let it slam behind her. Juggling the load, she stepped over palm fronds on the way to the car. Her skirt brushed over them. She hoped her hose weren't sprouting runs as they prickled her leg.

"Another day in paradise," she muttered feeling falsely fortunate, guilty and ironic. The wind still bent treetops but April 5 was a typical sunny southern Californian day. It had been blowing for two days. She laid everything on the passenger's seat and pulled her legs in. A gust closed the car door like a gentleman. Sitting quietly for a moment she felt her eyes mist and hoped the sadness would pass. "God, I hate funerals." Micki punctuated the comment with a twist of the key in the ignition. The only sounds in the car was the motor, the wind blowing through a gap that hadn't been fixed, and her fingers drumming on the steering wheel. The radio was turned off so she could think. She liked it that way. Speeding south down the 101 freeway toward Santa Barbara she kept her eyes moving looking for speed traps. She passed the empty Earl Warren Showgrounds and got off at the Los Positas exit. The whole trip took less than ten minutes. Turning right into the parking lot at the bottom of the hill she saw that they had started without her.

The sight of forty-seven black shrouded figures, holding white lilies and pictures of the victims of the invasion brought tears to her eyes. She quickly parked the car and joined them as they walked past the

Army Reserve's chain link fence separating the government area from the public space. One large and two small black coffins, adorned by handfuls of white flowers floated hip-level amidst the mourners. Micki lovingly placed her carnations in the center of each casket along with the others. Marked by the rhythmic beat of a drum and the haunting melody of a mizmar, a Turkish oboe, constant traffic flanked the funeral. Two women headed the procession holding a large hand-made banner between them. The word 'Liberated' was scrawled upon the white sheet in blue and black paint.

The wind, as if noticing the solemn procession, honored the memories of those who had passed away prematurely by silencing its raucous frenzy. As they moved toward the busy intersection at the corner of State Street and Las Positas, Micki trailed the marchers stopping to attach posters to a light posts with clear tape. "This is for you and your people, Leila." She said stepping back to look.

The image engraved itself in her memory, branding her mind and burning into her soul. She found herself using it to imprint its meaning, symbolism, and memory upon others. She looked at the black and white poster seeing it in vivid color: a bearded man in a blue denim shirt holding a girl of no more than seven years in his arms. White streaks in his beard and moustache framed his deep concern as he bent at the waist attempting to examine her ashen face. Micki winced at the memory of the soft waves of light brown hair with kinks in it strewn wildly around the girl's head as if an electric shock had passed through her. Micki didn't know who she was. She called her Leila so she wouldn't be nameless. Leila's head hung over the man's arm, her eyes closed, giving the impression of a stolen moment of peace in chaos. Her arm was raised and fingers curled loosely apart. Her long, fuzzy, lilac sweater draped to the ground. It was similarly styled to those Micki and her friends liked to wear with the long sleeves, wide hanging cuffs, long body and fancy yarn, but it was stained in blood around the cuff and at the chest as if she had clutched at her heart then touched her face and finally her head to see if she was intact before she passed out.

The image simultaneously repulsed and held Micki, acting as a synopsis for everything that was wrong and why she was in the streets for the first time in her life over an issue. As she followed the group she could still see it: the child's legs folded over his arm at the knees like a rag doll. The man's left hand clutched her leg scooping her into him. Leila's green sweatpants tattered below the knees and blood stained. Just above where the ankle would have been, tatters of skin and bloodied muscle dangled from what remained of her leg. A chunk of her foot swung still attached by a band of stretched skin. Bodies lay around them on the rooftop. At the bottom of the picture, bare feet pointing towards the sky framed his leg.<sup>1</sup> Robert Fisk, a British reporter for The Guardian, was on the ground in Baghdad during the bombing and took the picture, which was later uploaded, with dozens of others, to his site. This picture, out of dozens, found Micki and her friends. She stared at it for nearly an hour, frozen to her computer screen

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<sup>1</sup> This photo, and many others can be viewed at <http://www.robert-fisk.com>.

memorizing every detail before saving the file. They decided it was the right one so it was turned into a poster and copies made so others would also see it.

She fell into step with the mourners along the sidewalk, her heart heavy and her expression solemn. Stopping at the street corner, the young woman at the head of the procession, to whom Micki had given the list, pushed aside her black veil, lifted a megaphone to her lips and began to read: "Sergeant First Class Paul Smith, 33, of Tampa, FL. Killed in action on April 4 in Iraq."

"May he rest in peace," Micki murmured in unison with the group of predominantly female figures.

"Ali Ismaeel Abbas, twelve years old, was asleep when he was killed on April 6 in his home in east Baghdad. His father, pregnant mother, brother, aunt, three cousins and three other relatives were also killed."

"May they rest in peace," Micki repeated with them in one voice. She felt a lump in her throat as she realized similar and more intense sentiments across the planet joined them on a day where many others were mourning. She felt individuality melting away as the consciousness of the group and others around her took the foreground.

"Fateha Ghazzi," Micki noticed how carefully the young woman pronounced it, with precision, using a slight accent in respect for the culture and the person for whom that name represented, a forfeited life, "eight years old, killed in a farmhouse near the Diyala bridge in the north-east of Baghdad at about 4:05 pm on March 25."<sup>2</sup>

"May she rest in peace."

"Nada Abdallah, a sixteen year old newly wed, was also killed in the farmhouse near the Diyala Bridge in the north-east of Baghdad at about 4:05 pm on March 25. She and her new husband had attempted to get away from the bombing in Baghdad. It was reported that he could not stop crying, not for his injuries, but for his grief of losing her."

"May she rest in peace."

Micki looked up as a man in an SUV drove past the assembled mourners. He thrust his hand out the window over the roof of the vehicle and extended his middle finger. Another driver screamed obscenities through an open window as his car went by in a river of traffic. The group stiffened, but moved on carrying their symbols of death and destruction around the intersection stopping at each corner,

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<sup>2</sup> Baghdad Journal (IPT) "Iraq Peace Team Report on Civilian Casualties and Residential Damage". Hudson, Wade. Wednesday March 26, 2003 <<http://lists.inlet.org/pipermail/baghdadjournal/2003-March/date.html>>. Wade Hudson, an American citizen from Colorado, at the time of this writing is in Baghdad as part of a project of Voices in the Wilderness, an independent joint US/UK international grassroots campaign to end economic sanctions and military warfare in Iraq. Over 60 delegations traveled to Iraq since 1996 in violation of the sanctions. Wade Hudson and the IPT are compiling a War Crimes Report of the US bombing of Baghdad and visited bombing locations each day. Many of the people listed here were killed in residential neighborhoods or areas far from any military targets. The house belonged to farmer Ajmi Abdullah Ahmad who was hosting two Baghdadi families trying to get a break from the bombings.

reading the names and grieving sorrow and compassion for those they'd never met. Micki felt as though her heart bled tears. Her sorrow felt even more profound as she compiled the names of the dead. The shame and guilt she felt for the actions of her country often left her immobilized. She didn't need to see the results to experience the pain. Every day of bombing racked through her every nerve – they all felt like this and just wanted to yell, “Stop!”

As the mourners walked, they parted so passing cars could see their burdens adorned with Iraqi, American and British flags on the sides of the coffins. The traffic flowed past in a mix of oblivion, curiosity, anger, embarrassment, and the occasional honk of solidarity. As they passed 7-Day Nursery through the parking lot, unbeknownst to them a different crowd began gathering in their tracks at the corner of State St. and Las Positas. A Harley Davidson with an American flag parked itself next to Micki's car and two supporters of the attack on Iraq disembarked.

“Why are Americans so divided about the war on Iraq?” Micki wondered under her breath. *Isn't what's been going on obvious to people?* She marched in the pro-peace movement in Santa Barbara nearly every weekend for over six months before the bombing began. It was her attempt, along with millions of others around the world, to stop the impending war. *Why didn't it work?* She despaired. *Why didn't they listen?* Nothing bothered her more than the idea of people being harmed, things destroyed without purpose, and judgementalism.

“Where are we heading?” whispered the young woman walking next to her.

“I dunno.” Micki replied feeling dumb. Why couldn't her head connect to her mouth so she sounded intelligent. Instead, her mind ran off leaving her to try to catch up. Her internal dialogue was more frantic and analytical when something got to her. This war was like that. *We support the troops and want them out of harms way. Bush supporters also support the troops. Both sides want them to come home safely. We both want to live in a peaceful, terror-free and safe world. We both know the troops and their families are paying a heavy toll for their sacrifices and we both want the Iraqi people freed from an authoritarian dictator.* Emotion, logic, and conflict tumbled with a roar in her head and heart. Sometimes she heard the insults echo long after they'd left the lips of her opposition, yet she couldn't help but try to find common ground in an attempt to bridge values and ideas in conflict in a pursuit of understanding.

*Why are there deep divides between Americans over the war and deeper within our culture. There's the pro-war, support the president view, then there's the pro-peace, question authority view. The first sees Iraq as a dangerous enemy with weapons of mass destruction and they are afraid. We see Iraq as a country crippled by twelve years of brutal sanctions and we more terrorism following US attacks. One side favors a tough, aggressive approach and we favor a diplomatic non-aggressive approach.* She seemed to float along outside her body monitoring the swollen injustice about to boil over while continuing her own internal dialogue. *One point five million Iraqis, half of them children, have died as a*

*direct result of sanctions imposed by the US. We, the US, stopped the United Nations from lifting the sanctions. They call it 'softening-the-target.' They expect our 'Shock and Awe' campaign will stop more 9-11. We think it will cause more twin tower tragedies and spiraling violence. They think Saddam was responsible without any evidence to support it. They are afraid of Saddam and we're not. We are afraid of the implications of the US National Security Strategy outlining plans to dominate the world with US hegemonic power. They see America as vulnerable and Iraq as powerful; we see America as powerful and Iraq as vulnerable. They see us as unpatriotic and we see them as blinded by fear, arrogance and aggression.*

Micki remembered the peace activists who used strips of the red, white and blue American flag as gags, which infuriated supporters of the president. The symbolism was designed to draw attention to the expectation that Americans support administration policies without question. *Shrouded behind a veil of patriotism – as if the thoughtful should concede to the thoughtless following the orders of the heartless – simply shut up and get behind the troops now that the bombing has started.* Micki's mind had been a torrent of thoughts dammed by social niceties, which showed cracks, as she noticed the others who allowed themselves to be silenced by the call to 'support our troops.' Looking around, she felt disappointed that the crowds of demonstrators had dropped dramatically since the first days of the attack on Iraq. *Isn't it patriotic to believe that questioning administration policies is the duty of a loyal American? Particularly since I know terrorism will increase as a result? Why do the pro-war supporters get so agitated and believe challenges to their cherished authority are unpatriotic? Support the president no matter what!? If you don't, you're a Saddam lover!? A traitor!?*

The mourners marched along upper State Street while a few distributed flyers to passing pedestrians. In pairs, they quickly slipped them under the wiper blades of cars parked in the lots while their owners carried out their Saturday morning shopping rituals. Forming a stark contrast to the bright, causal and sometimes-curious shoppers, the mourners stopped in front of Harry's Restaurant, a local hangout. The manager came out to see what was happening. After a brief negotiation with one of the marchers he gave his blessing for them to read the names in front of the restaurant as long as they didn't block access for the lunch trade. They assembled around the woman with the loudspeaker. Reading the names they honored the dead together. The routine had been established. When the names were done they continued past the stores under the watchful eye of merchants with their black coffins.

The main group moved along while two young men finished papering a row of cars. Micki turned instinctively and saw an older man with a tanned, weather-beaten face charging across the parking lot yelling, "Get that off my car! Get it off my car!"

The young, blond flyer distributor backed away from the black Mustang and its driver. "We're leaving, sir," he said politely.

“No, you’re gonna’ get that off my car first. Get that fucking thing off my car.” The Mustang driver moved in. “I’m not touching that crap, get it off!”

“We were just leaving,” as he backed away Micki gasped. The driver let a fist fly clipping his throat. His buddy, trying to draw attention, moved past him. The Mustang driver punched his retreating back. The pair quickly made their way back to the group. Micki stood frozen. “Are you guys OK?” She asked. They nodded but stayed closer to the main group.

The mourners passed the front of the post office at the twelve hundred block of State Street. Angry men greeted them with insults, jeers and rude prompts. “Ignore them. Don’t engage with them. Just ignore them,” a unanimous voice moved through them. Micki gritted her teeth and focused on the person ahead of her. The mourners continued past Jeannine’s Bakery on the sixteen hundred block of State. Three men sat outside at a table.

“Why don’t you go to Iraq if you love Saddam so much!” The older man sneered. One of his friends laughed. Emboldened, he taunted, “How many did Saddam kill today?” The other man looked down then away.

“Sir, we’re here to mourn the innocents who have died.” Responded a voice ahead of Micki.

The man and his companions got up and went to a light grey four-door Jeep Wagoneer. He pulled out of the parking space and into the parking lot, narrowly missing the tail end of the mourners. The outcries caused Micki pulled out her camera and turn. Fumbling with it she advanced the film. She had a bad feeling as she watched him in the car with his friends and the main body of their group up ahead.

Stopping hard, he said, “Every weekend we’ve had to live with those damned traitors going up and down State Street,” he yelled waving his arms. “They should just keep it downtown. Now they’re here. They have no right to do this.” He backed up quickly, coming dangerously close to a small group of straggling mourners before stomping on the brakes. “They assault our country and insult our leaders with their lies. Those soldiers died for them. They died just so we can have a democracy. Look at them! Those stupid ‘no blood for oil’ signs make me sick. I’m gonna teach them a lesson.”

“Take it easy, Joe.” The passenger in the front said looking at the stragglers.

“They have no right to do this. Those bastards are gonna nuke us if we don’t stop ‘em.” His head was moving as his mouth shaped the weapons and catapulted the words at imagined enemies and perceived transgressions.

“Please! Be careful, sir, you nearly hit one of us. Please, be careful.” Implored one of the mourners.

“How many did Saddam kill today, honeeeeeey.” His window was wide open as he leaned through the door, shouting. The wood paneling on the outside moved up and down slightly as he repeated, “How

many did Saddam kill today, honeeeeeey.” He taunted the young women who attempted to ignore him and move past, except his vehicle was planted in the middle of the small group. Micki felt the power of his self-righteousness like an attack. He was determined to make them behave like good Americans. His hand was on the handle and he leaned into the car door slightly.

The passenger in the front seat put a hand on his arm, “Stay here, Joe. Let’s go home.”

“You have no right to do this.” Under the thin carrot and gray curls his red face was menacing.

“Don’t get out of the car!”

“Please be careful, sir.”

“You have no right to do this!” He reached through and opened the door. Micki stood stunned as she watched him grab at the nearest mourner who evaded his grasp. Looking through his aviator glasses, Joe found his target, a young man with black pants and a blue shirt holding a video camera. The next ninety seconds seemed to go by in slow motion. Fixating on the videographer, he said “You’re one of them, aren’t you?” Throwing open the door he drew himself up to his full six foot height. “He doesn’t have the right to do that!” He made a beeline for the videographer, head thrust forward like a charging bull, arms outstretched as if he intended to throttle him. The young Spaniard with the dark look, whom Joe had mistaken for a mid-Easterner, retreated, walking backwards while filming to avoid the irate driver. He was a City College film student. A young woman with round, wide eyes and long black hair carrying a baby in a purple carrier on her back instinctively stepped across his path. The raging driver turned for her.

“Please don’t! She has a baby!” Micki heard her voice yelling.

“No. No. She has a baby. She has a baby!” Screams began, “Nooooo! Noooo!” Another woman with short black hair and big silver earrings shining against her ebony skin quickly slipped between them to protect her friend. Joe’s attention riveted on her. Using both hands, he grabbed the sides of her face and shook her. Silver flashed in the air. Joe’s anger and emotional violence assaulted them all. “Nooooooo! Nooooo!” Her cries pierced the air, shouting at the top of her lungs. A dozen people froze. The baby wailed; her tiny screams cut the fog of rage. The young mother pulled Joe’s hands off his victim’s face. His expression changed to surprise. Regaining her footing from the forceful rattling, ending in a shove, Joe’s victim moved toward him screaming with all her might, arms thrust upward into the air to make herself look bigger. He backed up, retreating into his vehicle, then he slammed the car door shut, clipping the temple of a young man who reached down to pick up an earring. Glasses fell to the pavement.

“You assaulted her!” Someone shouted through the open window as the others scrambled, “Get his license plate number! Get the plate number!”

“I got it!” Micki cried. She snapped the picture and repeated the number to herself as legal observers came forward.

Joe threw his car into gear. The voice attacked him, "You assaulted her!" Recognition and fear flashed across his face as he stomped on the accelerator and sped out of the parking lot towards State Street.

"Get the number!"

"Call the cops!"

A dozen figures dressed in black moved around the quivering young woman while Micki watched feeling helpless as a friend in a soft, black, felt hat held her. Weeping into the safety of the shoulder beneath the hat, shaded by the narrow brim, an inch-long gash bled on the right side of her face below her ear. Although she had driven the assailant back with her strength, tears now streamed down her face. Simultaneously victim and rescuer, powerful emotions wracked her body. All she could do was cry.

Micki felt sick at the pit of her stomach. She wanted to do something, anything, to erase the incident and the pain. *This is it. Right here. This is what's wrong. It's symbolic of the attack on Iraq.* The words were unleashed in her head. *Depth of feelings. Conflicting values. Opposing views on both sides divides us. The fault lines were already there. People were split before the bombing began. This is symbolic of the politics of polarization. The threat of violence, lack of support from the UN Security Council, an unprecedented massive buildup of citizens around the world, plus complicit mainstream media coverage forcing some into ignorance and others into becoming consciously more informed and aware of the issues. They lied to get us into this war.* She was ranting in silent frustration.

A voice suggested: "You were within your rights to hit him back."

"I never thought of it."

The answer echoed in Micki's head. *Returning violence for violence never entered her mind.* She remembered how they all went to see the film, *The Hidden Wars of Dessert Storm*, which revealed the costs in human lives. Ten thousand US Dessert Storm soldiers died of mysterious illnesses and cancers in the ten years following the 1991 attacks. Two hundred thousand out of six hundred thousand on disability and ninety percent can no longer serve. The government denied there was such a thing as Gulf War illness, while committed doctors and nurses struggled through officially sanctioned obfuscation. On the Iraqi side, there was a 400% increase in horrific birth deformities. Soldiers' families on the US side experienced the same. The consensus - it was due to the depleted uranium used by American forces during the war. Dr. Helen Caldicott referred to Dessert Storm as a nuclear war due to the depleted uranium, which is against UN rulings and the Geneva Convention.

The attack on their friend shook them all. Upper State Street was a different place from lower, downtown State Street - two different worlds in the same town, a reflection of the different worlds in the same country. They were armed with information, these images of Leila and others like her, the stories of



the soldiers of the past and present, the assaults and the pervasive culture of war. Micki saw wanton destruction of human life and was appalled by it. "Shocking and awful" they kept saying.

The potential for greater catastrophe depressed and enraged her. She wanted to do something, anything, to stop it. The effort exhausted her. It was so hard to fight an avalanche of opposing opinion and action. For the first time that day she felt thankful that the pro-peace movement kept up its resistance. She had a sense of foreboding that the problems created by this war would be deep, long, and intractable. Pandora's box. When she extended the present patterns into the future all she could see was a black hole. Although hindered by the bold arrogance of the Bush Doctrine - preemptive war, regime change, and democracy for everyone, everywhere at any expense - a media disinformation campaign catering to White House dictates, Micki felt a tiny ray of hope. Her efforts and participation combined with millions of others might save a life. *We couldn't stop it despite all our efforts, but if even one life was saved, it would make all this marching, mourning, guilt, and grief amount to something*, she thought. The assault cut short the march. Shaken, they decided to turn back earlier than planned.

In the meantime, on the southeast side of Las Positas and State Street, nearly 150 pro war supporters had gathered on the same corner where the mourners began their procession and parked in the same parking lot. Stimulated by deaths of American soldiers on the battlefield and the great success of the invasion, it was the first pro-Bush & Blair demonstration in Santa Barbara. By the time Micki and the mourners arrived on the opposite corner it had changed completely from the quiet park corner they started from. Looking across at the Fourth of July-like celebrations with the festive colors, flags, banners, and a mounted rider carrying a large American flag atop his horse, the mourners paused to read the names of the dead and to mourn them. The energized pro-troops rally celebrated the immediate, decisive, all-powerful actions of their infallible government in a 'short war' conducted in the fashion of a fast-food culture.

"I've never done anything like this before, but they make me so mad!" said a chunky red, white and blue clad young blonde woman with clear, glowing skin, as she looked sideways at the mourners. Flushed and excited, her loud voice subsumed in the cheering and hooting around her. She smiled uncomfortably gazing at the black clad figures over four lanes of traffic. The gulf between them widened. Each side sized the other up over the width of road.

Despite the bright red, white and blue display, the mourners were determined to continue their attempts to make the victims real to passers by. The media made the war appear antiseptic, clean and sterile. CNN's bombing coverage of the 'Shock and Awe' campaign emulated video games rather than real deaths and terror taking place on the ground. They didn't have to see death to know about and ache for the losses. "Lance Corporal Brian Rory Buesing, age 20, from Cedar Key, Florida. Killed in action on March 23, in An Nasiriyah, Iraq." The somber voice came, the muffled drum sounded, and the expected

reply came from the mourners in black, “May he rest in peace.” Feeling chilled in the hot sun Micki adjusted her sweater and hugged it around her.

They had all spent many hours searching the Internet for the names of the dead and in their efforts to discover the identities; they learned how the media had attempted to whitewash the invasion into the image of a ‘clean’ war of ‘liberation.’ They found pictures of the injured and the dead. They searched for the stories. By scouring obscure sites they compiled a thirteen-page list of individuals and groups who had been killed. They read each name, place, and date where available, including US and British military in combat, US and UK troops killed, Iraqi military, Iraqi civilians, US and British non-combat deaths, journalist, media staff, and non-Iraqis.<sup>3</sup>

They shared the experience, the sorrow, the tears, the rage and guilt, and they forced themselves to see the damage their tax dollars created in their name, damage the US media glorified or refused to show; a father crying over a limbless child; a boy’s dust covered upper torso lying on the dirt - nearly headless - his face and a flap of hair sitting in the hollow where the back of his skull had been blown off; a man in a three piece suit sitting amongst 17 pine coffins containing the rest of his family. They wept together over his story: he wanted to look like the Americans when he drove through the checkpoints with his family crammed into the pickup truck, so he made sure to put on his best western-style clothing to fit the new Iraq. The family didn’t expect the soldiers to open fire. When he dressed he had dressed for freedom, not a funeral. Blood was everywhere. They forced themselves to see these, to know, to be aware and to take responsibility for informing others.

Micki and the others wanted fellow Americans to know what collateral damage meant in human terms. They wanted other Americans to wake up to the tragedy, to feel some responsibility for an action they felt was deeply immoral. *The concern for humans, viewing the demonized ‘other’ as equally valuable to one’s own citizens, intense curiosity, and search for information and understanding of other peoples are the first steps in combating local and global arrogance.*<sup>4</sup> Micki wished the articulate words would come out of her mouth when arguing about this issue with her pro-war family. They sometimes called her a liberal, a word that was worse than calling her a whore.

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<sup>3</sup> <<http://www.iraqbodycount.org>> has a counter on its site with the Iraqi dead and injured. Unlike the fallen American soldiers, for whom information about ages, birthplace, names and pictures are easily available, the majority of Iraqis remain nameless, faceless and without identity to Americans – a consequence of not seeing the other as fully human. This dehumanization of people makes many peace advocates angry.

<sup>4</sup> The descriptions of this kind of thinking are reflected in the FS Value System, which thinks Interpersonalistically. People who are dominated by this thinking respond to feelings – this is a key marker for the FS Value System. People operating in this worldview appreciate differences and diversity; they are interested in getting along with others, genuine relationships built on trust and respect and caring about people, which is looked at as weak by pro-war supporters. Those centralized in this worldview are strongly negative to harming others. The magnitude of the violence in Iraq is unbearable to many who now feel depressed, angry and a sense of collective guilt for not being able to stop their government from doing what they believe is wrong. The comparison is stark when war supporters and peace advocates are placed alongside one another. For instance, for pro-war supporters, collateral damage is a necessary evil for national security; whereas pro-peace demonstrators believe it is an evil guaranteeing long-term national insecurity. They see that both bombing and its long-term consequences are disastrous for human life and prefer diplomacy.

She looked at the red white and blue “patriots” across the street. *They think our approach and ideas are dangerous. As Americans we see ourselves entitled to special treatment and rights. They abhor those of us who infer American culpability rather than celebrate American superiority and glory. They see America as the greatest country in the world, and deserving of everything that comes to a super power. We enrage them to the point of violence. They see us as diminishing the country’s greatness by questioning its policies, motives and leaders. They see us as naïve idealists. They see Iraqi people as backward and in need of rescuing, which diminishes their humanity while uplifting ‘American greatness.’ They consider this as fact rather than global arrogance. They resent us when we call it arrogance rather than freedom. How can I go home for Christmas this year?*

“May he rest in peace,” followed the beat of the drum. Now, their response was drowned out from the hooting and hollering on the opposite side of the street where the red, white and blue group claimed a monopoly on patriotism.

“How many did Saddam kill today? How many did Saddam kill today?” A pro-war demonstrator repeated deliberately, forcing his voice to reach the mourners on the opposite sidewalk as if his volume would overcome them with his truth. Micki sensed his anger at the black-clad folk for including Iraqi dead in their ceremony, as if he didn’t hear the American names over his own recriminations and fury. The fervor of the true believer bubbled to the surface, tempered not by restraint but constraints. Micki began to worry when the Santa Barbara City Police Department arrived. They formed a buffer between aggression, patriotism, and nationalism on the one side, and shame, sadness, and patriotic dissent on the other.

Micki watched a man bearing a six-foot Union Jack cross the skirmish line and head towards them. “What do we do?”

“We are here for a peaceful protest. He is free to do what he wants. Don’t speak to him and don’t react to what he says. Just keep doing what we’re doing.” The word passed through the group.

Micki watched his attempt to invade them with his pro-coalition ideology. He faced the mourners from the street. He was no more than two feet from Micki. “Go live with Saddam if you like him so much. You people even look like the French – you’re traitors!” he taunted. She glanced down the street worrying about a car hitting him.

The mourners continued reading the list of names of those who died in Iraq. His flag flapped in Micki’s face like a slap, and she remained focused on their task, determined to remain peaceful. The five minutes he walked back and forth in front of them seemed like an eternity. He reported with a smile of satisfaction upon his return, “I think I made them mad. They belong over there. They’re even dressed like they’re French.” He and his friends laughed.

“Why does that guy have that flag?”

“It’s the British flag. He has it because they are with us and went into Iraq with us. They are our allies.” His buddy explained the significance of the Union Jack displayed alongside the Stars and Stripes.

“Corporal Jorge A. Gonzalez, age 20, Los Angeles, California. Killed in action on March 23 in An Nasiriyah, Iraq.”

“May he rest in peace.”

“Kick their ass, then bring them home!” Four lanes of traffic zipped around the busy intersection. Honks and cheers added to the din and the divide. The loudest, by far, were for the flag wavers.

“Private Devon Jones, age 19. San Diego, California. His army vehicle fell into a ravine, April 4, 2003, in Iraq.”

“May he rest in peace.”

“They just don’t get it, do they? They just don’t get it!” An elderly couple shook their heads while looking sadly across the Las Positas divide at the mourners. The man said: “We have the biggest flag on our block. It flies 24 hours a day. I have a light on it, of course.”

By this time, the downtown Saturday peace march had ended and a handful of protesters arrived to join the mourners. Micki felt relieved with the support hoping there would be more.

“Sergeant Eugene Williams, age 24, from Highland, New York. He died in a suicide attack on March 29, in Iraq.”

“May he rest in peace.”

“Go home! Go back to Iraq Saddam lovers!”

“Captain Christopher Scott Seifert, age 27 from Easton, Pennsylvania. Killed in a grenade attack at camp in Kuwait, March 22.”

“May he rest in peace.”

“There’s about three times as many of us as there are of them,” said one of the pro-war leaders. There was surprise and a note of satisfaction in the comment. “Are you a Republican?” he asked the man next to him.

“No. I’m a Democrat but I support the war.” Indeed, according to the Field Poll released on Tuesday, April 8, 2003, 76% of Californians strongly supported the war – 95% of Republicans and 62% of Democrats were in favor of the war effort.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Field Research Corporation. DiCamillo, Mark and Field, Mervin. “Strong Support for War Among Californians. Upbeat Assessment of War’s Progress.” Release#2064, Tuesday, April 8, 2003. The Field Poll shows the following: Democrats – 35% strongly support the war, 27% somewhat support, 15% somewhat oppose, 22% strongly oppose; Republicans – 83% strongly support, 12% somewhat support, 1% somewhat oppose, 2% strongly oppose; Non-partisan/others – 35% strongly support, 26% somewhat support, 12% somewhat oppose, 15% strongly oppose.

In “Iraq War Reaction: Part 2 Public Divided About the Merits of Peace Marches. Big Difference in the Feelings of Supporters and Opponents About the War,” Release # 2065, The Field Poll reports 48% of Californians think the rallies and peace marches are a ‘bad thing’ whereas 43% think it is a ‘good thing.’ 58% of war supporters think peace demonstrators are unpatriotic whereas 75% of those who oppose the war think the peace demonstrators are patriotic. War supporters report feeling hopeful

“Lieutenant Thomas Mullen Adams, age 27, from La Mesa, California. Killed in a collision of two British helicopters on March 22.”

“May he rest in peace,” accompanied the drumbeat while the coffins hung above the sidewalk.

“They’re dying for you! For your freedom! So you can do that! You couldn’t do that if you were in Iraq right now!” Another statement launched across the road missed its mark.

A chant broke out, “U – S – A! U – S – A! U – S – A!” They cheered when somebody honked their horn, easily drowning out the reading of the names of the dead American soldiers, and the dead children, women, and men. Flags waved, cars honked, people shouted as they drove by. A World War II army jeep was set up with loudspeakers and a microphone. It blared out patriotic music.

Marty Blum, the town’s mayor, pulled up and helped to arrange for the peace demonstrators’ crossing. The authorities realized the mourners’ vehicles were parked in the lot with the war supporters - a crossing was necessary and inevitable. Due to the geographic layout of the sidewalks and streets, that was the only logical crossing. The two groups would have to cross.

“Lieutenants Philip Green, Marc Lawrence, and Antony King from Helston, England. Phillip West from Budock Water, England. James Williams from Falouth, England, and Andrew Wilson. They were all killed in a helicopter crash on March 22.”

“May they rest in peace,” the demonstrators in black murmured in unison.

“One hundred percent, right or wrong, support the president! Support the troops! Support God!”<sup>6</sup> They were completely sold on the endless war on terrorism, on Saddam as a terrorist complicit in the 9-11 attacks, and on his fiendish intention to assault the US with weapons of mass destruction. When President Bush and his team said these things, and they were repeated continually in the media, more than 60% the population believed it without need for evidence. Many Americans just couldn’t accept that their government might be wrong, just as others knew it couldn’t be right.

“Australian cameraman, Paul Moran, was killed by a car bomb in Northern Iraq on March 22. Five Kurdish civilians were killed with him.”

“May they rest in peace,” the group responded.

“Traitors! This is payback for 3000 killed in the twin towers!”<sup>7</sup>

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(84%), confident (81%) and proud (67%); whereas war opponents report feeling stressed (57%), depressed (46%) and fearful (54%).

<sup>6</sup> This kind of categorical thinking is typical of the DQ Value System where absolutistic thinking separates the world in black and white, good and bad terms. Other characteristics include compliance with external authority, and a view of the world as controlled by something higher or greater than humans, i.e., divine fate, God, destiny, etc. This system was researched in depth in the project that led to *The Authoritarian Personality* written by T.W. Adorno et al. which was predominantly about social discrimination, prejudice, ethnocentrism and fascism – many of these characteristics are high in the DQ and ER worldviews.

<sup>7</sup> Duckitt, John and Fisher, Kirstin. “The Impact of Social Threat on Worldview and Ideological Attitudes.” *Political Psychology*. Volume 24, Number 1, March 2003. The authors report on a study involving authoritarian personalities under threat. Their results showed that when individuals “...see their social environments becoming markedly more dangerous and threatening, they rapidly and strongly shift their social and ideological attitudes to support and endorse authoritarian social control.” (p. 215) September

Micki noticed members of the Veterans for Peace group arrive. She watched as they passed out pro-troops, anti-war flyers in the Support-the-War ranks. "Make those traitors go to the other side of the street where they belong," a man waving a huge flag demanded of one of the legal observers.<sup>8</sup>

"Seventy-seven civilians were killed in Basra during US/UK bombardment, which included cluster bombs, on March 22."

"May they rest in peace," the chant repeated unanimously, ignoring the provocations from the opposite side of the street. Micki tried hard to focus on the task at hand rather than the jeering crowd they would have to pass through. *The flag has been co-opted to symbolize a unique American fundamentalism and arrogance in the world. The goodwill and sympathy the suicide attacks on the twin towers in New York on September 11 was squandered in the unilateral approach taken by the Bush administration.*

"Support our troops! Support our troops!"

"American is Number One!"

"A fleeing family of 15 civilians were killed in a pickup truck in the Haidariya region near Hilla by an Apache helicopter gunship on March 31<sup>st</sup>."

"May they rest in peace."

"We pledge allegiance to the flag ..." they recited in the anonymity of group identity where great comfort comes in dissolving the self into the greater system, organization, set of beliefs and way of living.

*The disappearance of a sense of responsibility is the most far-reaching consequence of submission to authority.*<sup>9</sup> Micki quoted from a book she was studying. *Idealization of authority allows one not to think, and provides assurances that the leaders, ordinary men who somehow have been transformed into Hobbes' great Leviathan by virtue of their status, have been created and will protect all who fall under the great red, white and blue planted on foreign soil like conquering armies of old.*

The loud speakers blasted the Star Spangled Banner as the group glorified the war. The Fox news cameraman, who arrived earlier, put his fingers in his ears as the national anthem was cranked up to a roar

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11, the street protests and direct action in public areas as a result of the war on Iraq appear to have the affect of causing those with an absolutistic worldview to feel they are threatened, to want to restore order quickly and to be willing to use any amount of force for restabilization to occur – the authoritarian character structure. This is consistent with their belief that there are enemies at the gate. The data from our political values survey shows an increase in the belief that humans are evil in those with an absolutistic worldview. The constant terrorist threat warnings, references to Saddam Hussein as a threat to the US and complicit in the 9-11 attacks, and the attention on weapons of mass destruction is a strategy designed to guarantee public support from citizens who share this worldview as well as a technique to induce regression. Findings also showed that a 'security scenario,' where citizens experienced long term stability and safety, did not change authoritarianism and social dominance (Duckitt & Fisher, 212) which means that stable and predictable life conditions alone do not create movement to more complex systems.

<sup>8</sup> The author was a legal observer at this and a number of other demonstrations in the city. The National Lawyers Guild, an organization with a commitment to progressive politics, has a program to train legal observers to witness acts of police and citizen misconduct in relationship to First Amendment rights. Legal observers act as witnesses recording abuses of rights with cameras, video equipment and tape recorders. The Santa Barbara Legal Observer Group was formed and began training the evening of March 20, 2003, when the bombing of Iraq began, which set off a number of protests throughout the city, country and world. Legal Observers were later targeted and accused of being terrorists by pro-war organizers and counter demonstrations.

<sup>9</sup> Milgram, Stanley. *Obedience to Authority*. Pinter & Martin, 1974, p. 26.

from the PA atop of the drab, olive jeep. Others simply moved away to defend their hearing. Just then, the mourners began to move into the street toward the pro-war group with their police escort.

"Boooo! Boooo!" Rather than taking off caps in respect for the anthem, the pro-war crowd surged towards the mourners, patriotism forgotten.<sup>10</sup>

"Look at them, they're so scared of us they need a police escort." Bravado dripped thick with hubris.

*Is he completely unaware that protest must survive patriotism lest the values the country was founded upon slip away?* Micki held her breath as the police officers made themselves into a blockade along the sidewalk between the two groups, aided by legal observers and some of the mourners moving as a rank in front of the pro-war group, and stretching out their arms to block potential aggressors.

A middle-aged man in a white T-shirt stretching over his potbelly broke through and strutted within inches of a young woman in a long black lace skirt he singled out. Her fingers clenched the black shawl that had slipped off her shoulder, and tiny heels on her black shoes clicked on the pavement as she attempted to negotiate the obstacle he created. Micki stopped to keep from running into her. He was inches from her yelling and challenging, his face flushed and sweating with a wide grin of victory. Fortunately, both his hands were busy holding a placard. Still, he used his body to block and push her back. They eased around him as best they could in the moving crowd, jostling the handful of white flowers held tightly to her chest. A stem fell to the sidewalk and Micki tried not to step on it. The mourners, single-mindedly and determinedly, had agreed not to engage. They continued moving past the aggressive group. Provocations bounced off the strained but peaceful Teflon coated discipline presented by the mourners.

Micki took in a man wearing a Styrofoam hat left over from a Republican political rally and a flag imprinted on his tie; he stepped aside to let them pass. Approaching a legal observer when most of the mourners had passed, Micki heard him say, "You know, they have a point. I served in Vietnam. I don't want my sons to go to war for no purpose like I did. It's really complicated. Something isn't right about this war. I believe we must support our troops. But I don't think we should invade a country that hasn't attacked us. This is really a tough one." Micki thought she would burst into tears with gratitude.

Meanwhile, others with more certitude waved, cheered and shouted, "America first" and "Bomb Saddam" without much concern for the casualties. When asked about who would die in the process, they expressed a willingness to accept the costs as worthwhile for the sake of flag and country.

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<sup>10</sup> DiCamillo, Mark and Field, Mervin. "Iraq War Reaction: Part 2 Public Divided About the Merits of Peace Marches. Big Differences in the Feelings of Supporters and Opponents About the War," Release # 2065. This Field Poll reports 48% of Californians think the rallies and peace marches are a 'bad thing;' whereas 43% think it is a 'good thing.' 58% of war supporters think peace demonstrators are unpatriotic; whereas 75% of those who oppose the war think the peace demonstrators are patriotic.

Rather than negotiate an access back to the public parking lot through the growing group of 200-300 celebrants, the mourners stuck to the sidewalk along State Street circling the Army Reserve. With police officers in front and bringing up the rear, they walked past the Reserve fence to the baseball field in MacKenzie Park on the opposite side of the army parking lot, which was full of camouflaged vehicles ready for war. Jeers and taunts crashed then thinned around them even as they moved out of earshot.

When Micki and the mourners were safely out of harms way they decided to sit in a circle under a large oak to discuss the issues, decompress, and share what they had witnessed in the assault with the Legal Observers. A sergeant with the Santa Barbara Police Department commented to a legal observer and another officer, "I'm impressed with the sincerity and discipline these kids have with 5:1 in-your-face numbers. They're more mature and disciplined than the adults who should know better." The officers decided to set up security in the parking lot so students' cars wouldn't be vandalized. The peace symbols and 'No War on Iraq' stickers on the bumpers might be too tempting to aggressors.

Micki, the students, and other mourners under the tree in the park gathered themselves by re-reading the names of the casualties thus far - a private from El Paso, a lance corporal from New York, a sergeant from Georgia, a captain from Virginia, members of a nameless family from Basra - each followed by a single beat of the muffled drum and "may he/she/they rest in peace." It took a while. Sniffles and tears wiped with the edge of a black sleeve or scarf were accompanied by the Star Spangled Banner blaring from loudspeakers 500 yards away, roars of "bomb Saddam," "America first," "U – S – A," and "send the traitors back to Iraq." The two groups ended up on opposite sides of the Army Reserve Center, a company trained for civil affairs work. They could just as easily have been on opposite sides of the planet.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> The contrast between pro-peace and pro-war demonstrators in this instance was stark. The behavior of the two groups was significantly different and reflects clearly in the data if parallels can be drawn between the quantitative and qualitative aspects of this research in respect to the political values survey data. The pro-war group exhibited aggression, monolithic thinking, and idealization of country, flag, and the Bush administration. They appeared highly critical, sarcastic and demonstrated modulated anger. They saw the pro-peace group as unpatriotic, traitorous and sympathetic with the enemy. They see the deaths of Iraqi civilians, soldiers and American soldiers a necessary evil in the pursuit for national security and Iraqi liberation. Since Republicans showed an overwhelming support for the war (95%), the Republican values profiles were pulled from the political values survey. It showed high DQ (Absolutistic Thinking) and high ER (Multiplistic Thinking), which is consistent with the behavior displayed by this group. The 35% of Democrats who strongly support the war as reported by the Field Poll would likely show this kind of thinking if surveyed. Individual Democrats had profiles similar to the Republican profile although it wasn't significant enough to affect the overall average. This profile might be referred to as 'warrior thinking.' The pro-war crowd included a mix of Republicans accompanied by Democrats as described in the April 6 *Santa Barbara News Press*.

The pro-peace demonstrators, on the other hand, see the killing of innocent civilians as wrong and an 'evil' that undermines national security. Insight into these differences comes from *Graves: Levels of Human Existence* (A Washington School of Psychiatry speech delivered by Clare W. Graves and edited by Lee, Cowan and Todorovic, 2003) Graves said: "I find that in the studying of the thought processes, that if a person again makes the transition from E-R to F-S, that is, only when one begins to make this transition that he really honestly and deep inside himself believes that war is no solution to man's problems. I find people at the lower levels who talk about believing that war is not a solution to man's problems. A person centralized in the E-R system will say that, but if you study it, he's saying it simply because it is to his personal advantage at this particular time not to have war. He really doesn't believe that war is not to be done. You see this in particular today. I run into this myself: we must not have a war in Vietnam, but, oh boy, if those Egyptians start anything in Israel, we're gonna let them have it. He really doesn't believe in not having war. The Vietnam War may be psychologically remote from him or too damn close to him and he doesn't



Carrying a flag, donning a stars and stripes shirt, and a white cowboy hat, the mounted rider decided to ride through the parking lot behind the Center to have a closer look at the mourners. On his tall horse, he sauntered by with a sneer for their perfidy. He either had no conception of, or ignored, the fact that the circle seated on the grass was mourning people whose deaths he overlooked - the troops and coalition casualties. Micki nodded slightly toward him, "Mourning an Iraqi is enough to put us on the enemy list. Isn't American memory short?" She said to the mourners in the circle pulling out a scrap of paper: "Milan Kundera wrote: 'The struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting.'" Our march today was against military and political power, against American apathy, ignorance, and blind patriotism, against propaganda, and against a vision of the world that favors self-interest above all. Most of all, it's against amnesia and the lessons wars of the past brought us, and that we have forgotten already."

Another mourner read a quote Bishop Desmond Tutu made of the decision to bomb Iraq: "It is difficult not to feel despair and powerlessness at this awful juncture. Millions in the world fought with all their hearts and minds to avoid violence in Iraq. Inevitably, when bombs fall, there is a deep and emotional void that is opened. Many will pray. Others will simply reflect. Countless numbers will continue to take to the streets. But all will worry over the extent of destruction to come and the scope of its repercussions ... a first step to personal healing is to acknowledge the depth of the devastation that many of us feel."<sup>12</sup> He's writing about us. I'm exhausted and I just can't take these feelings I have," he said. Indeed the marchers' mourning and the Saturday marches continue to reflect the deep emotions in the peace movement and the rest of the country.<sup>13</sup> Little did they know some of them would continue marching every Saturday for another three or more years.

The rider smirked at the mourners and looked down on them as if they were low life. Rearing his horse, he moved back to the pro-war demonstration under the watchful eye of the police. Finally, when the readings, comments and discussion finished, legal observers and police officers escorted mourners, who still felt unsafe, back to their cars.

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have to go there and this is a very important personal event in his life. I find that the absolutistic pacifists in the DQ system really are not pacifists. It's only a matter of time and circumstance before they flop over then become the most warlike hawks. When they flop they become incredibly warlike human beings." (Graves, 86)

Not all pro-peace demonstrators' thinking resides in the FS (interpersonalistic worldview); no doubt there are many who think in other ways as well and support peace. However, if the Green Party figures have any bearing on the pro-peace perspective, and if a strong liberal position can be related to the pro-peace group, then there is both strong FS and GT (Systemic thinking with a worldview that tends to express self but without harm to others or the environment) in the overall profiles. This would be consistent with Graves' statement.

<sup>12</sup> Desmond Tutu and Ian Urbina. "Anti-War Thinking: Acknowledge Despair, Highlight Progress on Moral Preemption." *ZNet* | Iraq. April 07, 2003.

<sup>13</sup> DiCamillo, Mark and Field, Mervin. "Iraq War Reaction: Part 2 Public Divided About the Merits of Peace Marches. Big Difference in the Feelings of Supporters and Opponents About the War." Release # 2065. The Field Poll reports that war supporters feel hopeful (84%), confident (81%) and proud (67%) whereas war opponents report feeling stressed (57%), depressed (46%) and fearful (54%).

"Thank you for everything you've done." Micki wanted the legal observers to know they were appreciated, "What are you going to do next?"

"Lunch at Harry's sounds good. Do you need someone to walk you to your car?"

"That would be great. Thank you so much."

"Let's all go together to save you from walking back." Micki was grateful a police sergeant moved in to accompany the group of six legal observers who hadn't thought twice about walking through the patriotic crowd with their neon colored hats.

She heard the sergeant say, "You never know what these people might do. Let's just play it safe."

Micki's window was open and she heard shouting as the legal observers crossed the street in front of her while she waited for the light, "See! The peaceniks need a police escort. At least their hats are the right color. Commie Pinkos!" Micki thought she heard pride in that, as if wanting peace was a bad thing. "We're supporting America. What are you people supporting, Saddam?"

A legal observer replied, "We're supporting the Constitution and people's right to do what you're doing, and what those kids just did."

"Go back to Iraq. We're fighting for America," said the American to the legal observers accompanied by a police officer guiding their crossing over the great divide.

Micki thought about how Las Positas Street symbolized a fracture in the culture mirroring the political and ideological gulf in many American cities, towns, and homes like her own. Sitting in the anonymity of her vehicle she could look at the pro-troops rally participants as she waited in traffic. She felt shaken and stunned at how worldviews and differing American values tore at Americans like her and them. Las Positas Street on April 5<sup>th</sup>, 2003, represented the divide between people and power, war and peace, the short term and the long term, independence and interdependence, between who is 'us' and who comprises 'them.' Rending, along the fault lines, between dominance and collaboration, unilateralism and multilateralism, Micki sensed the friction growing more and more palpable. Remembering Leila, the young Iraqi girl in the lilac sweater separated from consciousness, from her foot, perhaps from her life and family, Micki knew the gulf was wider than a simple fissure between progressives and conservatives, and the named and unnamed. She saw her poster had been ripped in half with one side wafting in the breeze. She felt sick and her body began to tremble with guilt as if she had killed Leila.

*The cultural and psychological rift, which will continue to widen as innocent people are harmed for corporate gain with the complicity of political leaders. As cracks open between individuals, and groups, in American society, fragments of the global holographic divide tumble within and upon all peoples and their consciousness. Essentially, although the pro-war supporters might have believed they were fighting for America, 20 million or more mourners around the world are fighting America for global peace.* Micki recited, "Not in our name will you wage endless war. Not in our name will you invade

countries, bomb civilians, kill more children letting history take its course over the graves of the nameless.”<sup>14</sup> *Two superpowers have emerged – the US government and the people of the world*. Micki couldn’t help but wonder, *which ideology would eventually emerge triumphant*.

One professor would tell her, “At least you did something.”

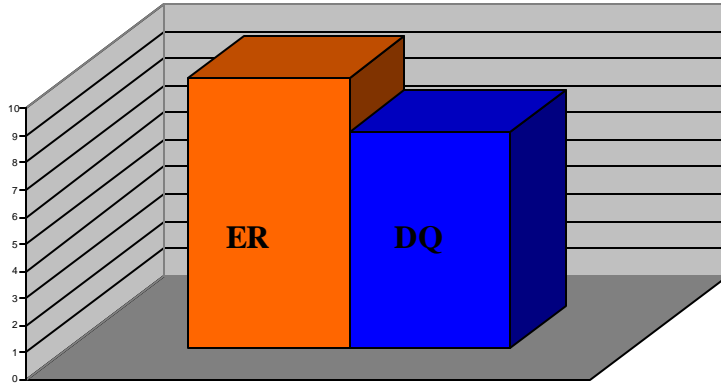
She turned the car radio on. She was tired of thinking and she was even more tired of feeling.

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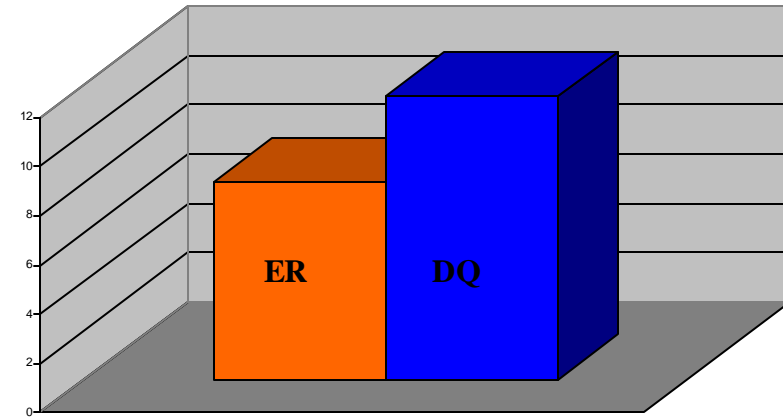
<sup>14</sup> The ‘Not In Our Name’ Pledge of Resistance can be found at < <http://www.notinourname.net/>>

# Dominant Worldviews in 'Warrior' versus 'Peacenik' Thinking

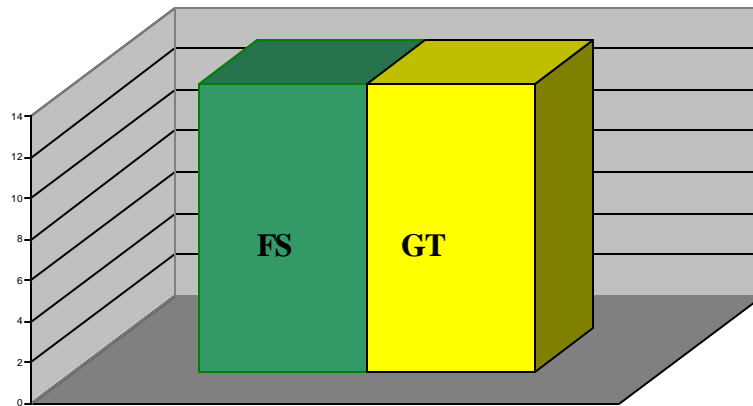
**“Warrior Thinking” (Male)**



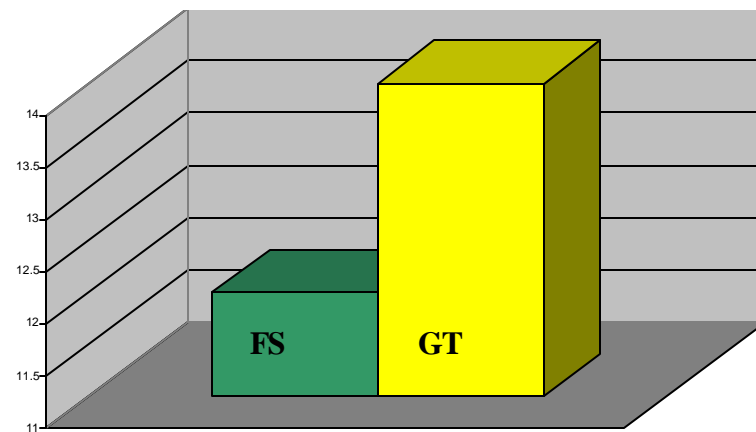
**“Warrior Thinking” (Female)**



**“Peacenik Thinking” (Male)**



**“Peacenik Thinking” (Female)**



Last footnote describing the 'Warrior versus Peacenik Thinking' charts.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>16</sup> The dominant worldviews in the pro-war versus pro-peace groups are shown on the previous page. These profiles are consistent with qualitative research based behavior observed on April 5, 2003, in televised interviews, in newspaper articles, in other protests, and in e-mails describing interactions, combined with the current Value Systems data. Republican and Green Party profiles from the political values research project were examined and the top two systems were extracted as illustrated in the graphs on the previous page. Male/female distinctions show slight differences and were included for interest.

Blue/DQ is a collective/communal system where the dominant theme is 'sacrifice self for reward later,' often in the after life. The D world is seen as chaotic and threatening. Q thinking seeks to bring order, rules and rightful living to a world under threat through social conformity. Individuals centralized in this system are willing to sacrifice themselves for their country, for God, patriotism, rightful higher authority, ideology, democracy, and their 'isms.' Fundamentalism, high authoritarianism, rigidity, loyalty, religiousness and high dogmatism are characteristics of this worldview.

Orange/ER is an individual/elite system where the dominant theme is 'express self without rousing the ire of important others.' The E world is seen as a competitive, exciting world full of opportunities for those who succeed. R thinking is tough-minded and seeks to better the self/organization/country by taking advantage of these opportunities and seeking to win. Individuals centralized in this system can be self-serving, verbally aggressive and are focused on changing and bettering people and the environment around them. Improvement, enhancement, change, authoritarianism, dogmatism, rigidity, desire to be different and special, and autonomy are characteristics of this worldview. Strong ER has another important characteristic, which is to question and challenge authority unless they agree with the position and it benefits them to agree.

The combination of DQ and ER packs a powerful punch and represents the dominant culture in the US. This is not an exclusively Republican or conservative profile as a number of Democrats and centrists also appear to have similar profiles (this is a subset of Democrats who, overall, have a slightly lower DQ and ER). Such values most likely form the foundation of aggressive, imperial, 'national interests,' Project for a New American Century design, justification for domestic media propaganda that doesn't question aggressive US foreign policy, etc.

Green/FS is a collective/communal system where the dominant theme is 'sacrifice self now to secular valued other for reward now for self and others.' The F world is safe, abundant, interdependent, wasteful of resources and oppressive of human potential. S thinking is interpersonalistic, contextual, relativistic, seeks to relate to others, and understand the human element. Spirituality, group loyalty, self-causality and affiliation are characteristics of this worldview. Consensus, egalitarianism, self-causality and strong abreaction to harming other human beings are distinct components.

Yellow/GT is an individual/elite system where the dominant theme is 'express self without causing harm to others or the environment.' The G world is perceived in terms of natural systems, which are seen to be on the verge of collapse. T thinking is systemic, relativistic and contextual. High cognitive complexity, low dogmatism, anti-authoritarianism, high autonomy and strong self-causality are characteristics of this system. Ability to integrate contradiction, dislike of rules that don't make sense and disgust of needless waste, and harm to others and the environment while connecting disparate issues, topics and events into an interdependent whole for individual, group and survival of life on the planet are characteristics of this worldview.

The combination of FS and GT represents a growing segment of US society and is beginning to impact politics and culture. Pacifists and pro-peace thinkers are not all dominated by this thinking. However, a strong liberal position and Greens who have participated in this survey appear to have strong characteristics of these two systems. The data was gathered from anti-war groups and examined. Such values explain the generally non-aggressive tone of the pro-peace demonstrators, commitment to treating Iraqis as human beings with equal rights, ability to change their strategy to suit the context and tendency to look beyond messages packaged for general consumption. In a number of cases the FS/GT pairing has a strong dislike and rejection of the DQ/ER worldview.

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