



# Peace IN



Beaded peace belt by Love Jan B. (\$152, Nattie Bleu).



Red leather cord bracelet with peace symbol (\$25, Sideways).  
Photos by MICHAEL WYKE / Tulsa World

Yellow-enameled peace symbol (\$14, J. Spencer).

## Celebrating the symbol at 50, man.

BY JASON ASHLEY WRIGHT  
World Scene Writer

Draft cards, drugs, sex and rock 'n' roll. Oh, yeah, and that whole don't-trust-anyone-over-30 thing.

The '60s spurred a bevy of groovy words and catchphrases, not to mention styles that seem to sprint down runways any given season since.

That tumultuous, free-loving period may be credited frequently for giving us the peace symbol, which you'll see occasionally on shirts and accessories around town this summer.

But 2008 marks the symbol's 50th anniversary. Do the math, that's 1958 — more "Leave It to Beaver" than "Let the Sunshine In."

The peace symbol was originally designed for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in England. The CND campaigns nonviolently to rid the world of nuclear weapons and other WMDs, according to information from the organization's Web site (see [tulsaworld.com/cnd](http://tulsaworld.com/cnd)).

Eventually, the symbol was adopted in the U.S. as part of the counterculture, more specifically the anti-war movement that began mostly on college campuses in the early '60s, said Dr. Michael Logan, professor and leader of the history department at Oklahoma State University.

The symbol's significance here — for many folks, anyway — probably started with this youth movement, Logan said. He particularly cited the "stop war, stop draft" protests of 1967, including one at the Pentagon that October. It was "more whimsical" than the violent protest that year in Oakland, Calif., as 50,000

people gathered outside, all joining hands to levitate the Pentagon.

"Of course, that didn't work well," Logan joked. But in that whimsical crowd, more than likely, you would've found a peace symbol or two — among, perhaps, other levitation-inspiring paraphernalia.

The former accoutrement eventually seeped into mainstream society, Logan said.

"The '60s counterculture, like the music, the rock 'n' roll, it's old-fashioned now. It's classic rock; you hear it in elevators. But you also have the new music, and some of that will bleed into mainstream, but not all of it.

"Same goes for styles of dress," he added. And judging by what we've seen recently in area stores, the peace symbol is one of those enduring "styles of dress" from history's hippie fringe.

### Easy peaces

Just a few steps inside J. Spencer's south Tulsa store, 8303 S. Memorial Drive, we found an entire table covered with various peace symbol jewelry — leather bracelets, enameled pendants, earrings, gold-plated symbols, some with cubic zirconia, heart-shaped ones and square ones.

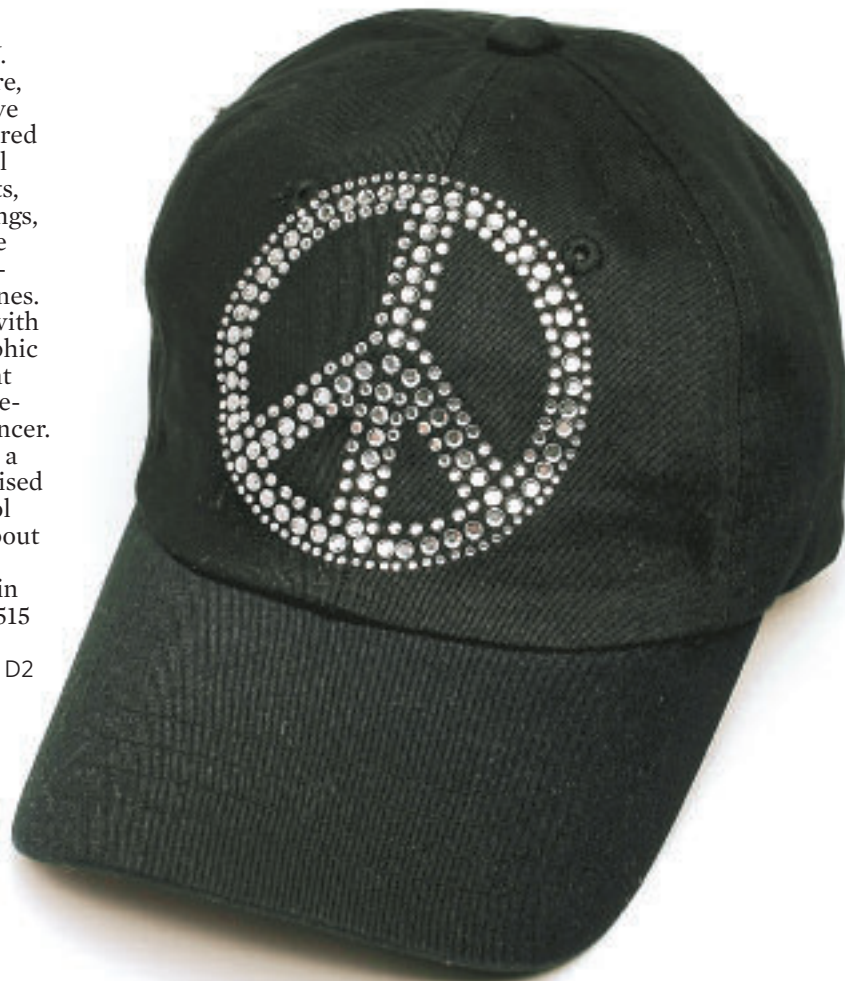
"It goes hand-in-hand with that whole '70s boho-graphic theme that's going on right now," said the store's namesake and owner, Julie Spencer. When she went to market a while back, she was surprised to see all the peace-symbol jewelry, then found out about its anniversary.

Natalie Allen has a few in her store, Nattie Bleu at 3515

SEE PEACE D2



Gold earrings (\$16, J. Spencer).



Black baseball cap with rhinestone peace symbol (\$18, J. Spencer).



Rubber cord and silver bracelets with peace charms (\$18, J. Spencer).



Jason  
Ashley  
Wright

In the Wright light  
jason.wright@tulsaworld.com  
581-8483

## Trim the tan

## Breaking up with the sun is hard to do

I've coined a new word: Panhypochondriasis.

Just take the prefix "pan," which basically means "all," "everything" or "frying," and glue it to the "hypo" word, which refers to "excessive worry or talk about one's health," my dictionary said. Figured the term might come in handy, considering how I gravitate toward disorders once or twice a year.

My latest one: Tanorexia, a non-official medical condition for tanning too much and/or not realizing when you're tan enough. Let's discuss.

### 'Decidedly unpale'

First of all, I'm not making light of other "exias," as I've had one of 'em, and it wasn't funny. Neither is skin cancer. Not to be Debbie Downer or her cousin, Quincy Quaalude, but skin cancer is frighteningly common. Seeing as how I have more than my fair share of moles (and I don't mean the backyard, hill-building variety), I'm a bit of a twit for seeking Mr. Sun's attention so frequently.

Still, color me stupid, I've really enjoyed my time at the lake and pool this summer. Consequently, I've developed a complexion that is, to quote myself, "decidedly unpale." I play it somewhat safe, though — use SPF 15 and 30, apply it every couple of hours. Truth be typed, though, when I look in the mirror, I've often thought, "I want to be darker." It's like I have the tanning version of body dysmorphic disorder.

Another clue that something's wrong: People are starting to comment, to the tune of a dozen or more in a single day. One of my favorite co-workers even joked that I was looking like George Hamilton. Gone, I guess, are the days you could see my bright-white legs from space.

During our weekly gab-and-graze with Pocahontas, I confessed my disorder to E, who's said on more than one occasion, "Tan fat is prettier than pale fat." She, too, confessed to being tanorexic once. In fact, she had multiple tanning-salon memberships — would go to one at, like, 10 a.m., then another at 11 a.m., plus hang out by the pool. I've never done all that, but I do get a little depressed lately when the sun starts setting.

### Time to intervene

Realizing that no one's going to buy my vitamin-D addiction excuse, I also confessed to Banshee, who's now planning an intervention. Sounds like fun, but she didn't agree with hosting it on the boat. Ditto for my bringing no-rub sunscreen party favors. So, fueled by her love of "So You Think You Can Dance?," she's thinking of staging "a skit musical where I'm singing and dancing to you about the dangers of tanorexia." I'm holding out for an "Avenue Q" number.

Seriously, I need to remind myself that, unless I want to look like Old Yeller's chew toy by the time I'm 40, oh-so many, many years from now, I better step back in the shade more often, maybe even switch strictly to SPF 30 when I'm outside.

My fellow tanorexics, perhaps we should appreciate our paler pals and ponder the beauty of fair, unscorched skin. (And laugh about them behind their backs when we sneak out into the sun for an extra 10 minutes at lunch. Kidding.)

*Tip of the week:* Check out more sun-safety tips on my blog, [www.tulsaworld.com/jawblog](http://www.tulsaworld.com/jawblog).