Centering Down . . .

WE SEEK A SHARING of experience and understanding across boundaries of race, nation, class and culture. Development must be more than physical development: it calls for recognition of the world as a community bound together by our common humanity and enriched by the wonderfully diverse qualities, potentials and strengths of its many peoples.

Statement of Values and Objectives of the International Division of AFSC

THE MINISTER’S small daughter, watching her father prepare his sermon, asked, “Daddy, does God tell you what to say?” “Of course, honey,” he smiled, “why do you ask?” “I was wondering why you scratch so much out!”

FUM Journal on Aging

. . . And Witnessing

PLAINFIELD (NJ) FRIENDS Newsletter calls attention to a forthcoming booklet of the writings of the courageous 76-year-old Korean Quaker Hahn Sok Hon, whose impending imprisonment at the hands of the regime of President Park Chung Hi of South Korea may well be one from which he will not emerge alive. The booklet will explain who he is and why he is again threatened with imprisonment. If anyone feels moved to help, concludes the Newsletter, “please send your response to the ad hoc Committee for Helping the Emergency of Koreans of Seoul (C.H.E.K.S.), c/o New York Yearly Meeting of Friends, 15 Rutherford Place, New York, N.Y. 10003.”

A NEW publication, Dovetail, has been launched by the Iowa Peace Network, partially supported by AFSC at 4211 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50312. The first issue (February 1, 1977) includes the Network’s statement of purpose, an article explaining the ideals and procedures of the Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, and information on efforts toward normalization of relations with Vietnam and toward control of proliferation of “conventional” weapons. Sponsored principally by the three “historic peace churches,” Dovetail is also being supported by peace organizations within the Methodist and Catholic Churches as well as by other similarly oriented groups in Iowa.
Seven Poems of Kim Chi Ha

Translated by David McCann

Kim Chi Ha is a Korean poet, who has been sentenced to life imprisonment by the Park government in South Korea. His poems appear in this issue, courtesy of The Phoenix, edited by James Cooney and published as a "radical humanitarian literary quarterly" by Morning Star Press, West Whately, R.F.D. Haydenville, MA 01039.

Two A.M.

2:00 A.M. is the middle hour.
Unable to sleep, to splash my face with cold water, to read a book.
Too exhausted to do any writing; not enough room to get up and walk.

Eating a crust, I feel sorry for my neighbors; muttering something, embarrassed at myself. Unable just to sit still.

Unable to do anything.
2:00 A.M.
The middle hour, this age.

Never Forget

Never forget the bare mountain last spring reviving with waves of red azaleas bursting up from streaks of snow; and beyond the resurrecting mountain the skies.

Never forget the roaring waterfall; and rising forth amidst the waterfall the strong young bamboo.

After being led away in chains after the long, long ordeal is ended long after all others have forgotten Suddenly standing again by my side the presence of friends.

Seoul

Where a sword stands, fog-shrouded, its blade invisible.
Where all traces of blood flowing through the night are hidden.
Where the fog-shrouded sword stands deep blue, dark in daylight.

worn out, worn out, yet still unconsumed.
Impossible to stand, or understand, or escape; once entombed, no way to dig out again.

Swamp, accursed capital:
your skies are filled where that sword stands.
At last to defeat you, to defeat you, Seoul,
I have offered up my life with no part of it kept back to your blade.

Even my starving, sick, depleted body burning away in undeterred revolt.
At the end it remains as something to strike with down onto the blade onto the blade of the sword like the flower's red, red falling to defeat you.
to die and at last defeat you.
to die that in my blood your blade rust away.

Postcard

Futile life. That cold, cold room in the corner of a desolate house beneath a withered tree; the place my eyes would open to on returning from long, long dreams. Ah, futile life.

While the scraps that paper the chinks in my mind wail in the wind, in the frozen skies this single white fragment of a severed love.
Moon Sinking and Rising

I arose and
set out to be the boundless
flowing cloud the moon sinks and
rises through.

Suddenly at sunrise
awake, white fog rising,
hollyhocks unfolding, I long to merge
with the boundless dazzling
far-away cloud in the skies
at dawn.

But I am shut up in a dark room.
Double and triple bonds bind my hands
and I live, tied to living,
to money, to wife and children,
in a dark crack amidst rocks
below a flowing stream.

Clouds, O clouds!
Clouds in the night sky!

Your Blood

Let us meet.
Your red blood, the hot breath,
resonant voice, the burning glance, all
scattered and gone, worn down to bone,
nothing left now, but let us meet.
There, on Puyong Mountain.
There, in a hole in the red earth.
There, where arrowroot screamed at the skies.

Sorrow, heart-piercing.
The gunshot, the pounding at the door,
the heavy sound of steps following, heart-piercing.
Let us meet as well under the clubs,
your blood, bright red and pine fragrant.

You were in the sleeping child's smile,
in the song fading away, in the breath, and in each
night after long night;
you were there
and so your blood lives,
even now within me leaping up.

Let us meet, and though the handful of earth
be scattered in the wind,
there on Puyong Mountain,
on the red, red earth,
on the dazzling, scalloped ridge,
there we meet
and again it flows,
your blood, bright red and pine fragrant

in my life
in the earth
in the clear eyes of children
who fall asleep in rags
and there, in the light of the sun.

THE ANCESTRAL TREE

In root and branch are barbed-wire textures. Hidden in the ancient tree is yet another
tree, the branches of which give shape to a crippled body—a child, one senses. "The
same war continues," Denise Levertov has written. "We have breathed the grits of it in
all our lives . . . " The war is more ancient than anyone's life. The contemplative insists
that there are not various wars but a single, continuing war. But there is still another
possibility, an event even older than the calamity of the first murder: Vo-Dinh
represents it as the stream. Less insistent on the eye's attention than the slain body
hanging from the tree, it appears quietly at the other side. The rock, ancient though it is
and complacent of its cutting edge in the water's flow, will not outlast the current.
Patient, receiving the blows of the rock's surface, the water gradually absorbs the rock's
violence. The result is certain.
By the Sea

Snow is falling.
I drink cheap whiskey
and chew the tears
that fall on the dried fish.
I chew the sighs
within my fearful heart, my gestures,
and each path I have in secret come down.
I am alone.
In this last space, an edge
too small for a pin
I am alone,
my friends.

I pour whiskey
over old memories of the chains
that have scored my wrists,
and leaning against the anger
that rises from such memories
I reach out for your faces,
one by one.

I will not flow out.
Where blizzards whirl over the sea
I will not go out.

Even with an inch less
than an inch of earth,
and bound to this wretched edge
I will return,
my friends.

To the furrows scored
by the painful labor of strong wrists
—not by chains, not chains—
and to your faces, to your pain
I will return, my friends.

Hidden and alone
I have fled to the snow-lashed sea.
Rending this mad heart,
tearing it open,
I cry like a child.
I will return.

From a Korean Prison

—A Path to Life

by Rev. Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

Editor's Note: This essay, a lengthy book review of Kim Chi Ha's book, Torture Road, originally appeared in the July-August, 1976 issue of The Catholic Worker and the Winter, 1976 issue of Gamaliel.

What can one person do? The question, as put today, has a desperate ring; like a blow on the liberty bell, it gives off a cracked note. What can one do? Two hundred million people, asking the question with whatever overtones—despair, anomie, futility, fear—become two hundred million cracked voices, a cacophony, a chorus in hell.

Something more, a different voice, is needed to make a bicentennial that will ring true. A Dostoievskian purification, maybe. Or a rebirth. The agony that shares the agony of the world; more, that admits our solidarity in guilt; a prelude to sight, a postlude to two centuries of blindness. This is where Kim Chi Ha comes in. We have had poets; we have had prisoners; we have had a few who brought the two together. But in the current bloody wave of Big Brotherhood, we have not had a poet like this one, a recidivist, seized and tortured again and again, tried and tried again, always charged with the same crimes—crimes of the tongue, misuse of the pen. He was sentenced to death; sentence was rescinded; he is about to be tried once more. Was ever a sharper sliver imbedded in the finger nail of the mailed fist?

Finally, it should be said, we have not had such a Catholic resister as Kim, one who so clearly embodies the healing, the heroism, the chutzpah, the lyrical and tragic, the mask of grotesquerie—and perhaps most important of all, the spinal courage, the articulated, stalking, indomitable no which today is the chief ingredient of that vocation. Quite a human. Quite a Christian.
Artists Under Fire

Kim Chi Ha also writes poetry. The “also” is of import to anyone who seeks the sources of such a life. But in a sense, the “also” is redundant. How could the Christian life be anything but an art? And how could that art sustain itself under the fiercest attack, unless it were drawing on the grace of a spiritual tradition? It seems to me Kim is summoning energies every Christian has available, to be savored or neglected, recouped or stifled. His poetry is his state of grace; but the grace is under pressure. In New York recently, we welcomed two prisoners back from hell. One of them, an Iranian poet and editor, had been tortured in the prisons of the Shah. Another, a distinguished Ukranian mathematician, had spent seven years in a Moscow psychiatric hospital, where he had been injected, browbeaten, experimented on. Evidently, by their deportment on release, by speaking out again, these men were showing more clearly than any medical opinion could, how their spirit had won over the commissioners and colonels.

These were among the few lucky ones; they survived. Kim Chi Ha has not yet come out; chances are that he will not. It is important, in consequence, that Americans connect with such spirits as his, not like parasites seeking an injection of greatness, cheaply bought, but in deep trouble of spirit, realizing first of all that, in large measure, America makes the fate of such prisoners inevitable.

A question arises; why do such people, honorable spirits, persons of front rank achievement and undoubted courage, get locked up? In a sense, the reason lies in the meld of genius, the moral edginess, the out of step minds, the hearts that nurture the fire. Why seek further? Their trouble is their humanity; they die of it.

The Weight of Words

In Kim’s case, as in that of the Iranian, one is struck by another element of trouble, something about the power of the word, spoken or written, polemic or poetry. Indeed a suspicion arises that in many countries the word has an impact that is very skillfully dissipated in the “free west.”

In our culture, the word, trivial, outrageous, laden with genius, is usually heard with a yawn, a wink, a tic of agreement or dissent, a shrug. In any case, with a switch of channels. A word is an image on a cave wall; it is replaceable instantaneously by another image. It is a kind of mirage, it promises what it cannot deliver, it conceals everything it should come out with, the real message is the invisible one.

How to explain the widely differing weights granted to words in different political and cultural climates? One at least knows that the differences exist, to a degree that gives serious pause, and offers clues to weighty matters indeed. It is commonly assumed that in America one can write practically anything, say practically anything—hard porn, big claims, political absurdities, highly placed lies—and get away with it. One can even try to speak the truth; one is heard and not heeded. One discusses, debates, publishes (if lucky); the words get lost. One sees his or her words vanish into thin air.

A notable contrast! In South Korea, a poet writes a few lines—and the junta leans forward, all ears. He is arrested, rigorously judged, condemned. How can this be? Why are speech and writing charged with political and religious lightning? Why must the poet’s mouth be bloodied, his teeth caved in?

A Gift of Bread

I read somewhere a story that offered me a clue. It concerned a village baker, who for some period of time neglected his work, passed whole days in silence, kept to himself. Evidently he was pondering some deep affair, kept jealously to himself. Doctors were consulted; after observing him, they assured his family there was no need of treatment; he would in all likelihood recover on his own. Which indeed happened, or seemed to. One bright morning, the baker opened his shutters. He had passed the night at his ovens; the loaves were placed proudly in his window. But, when he unlocked his doors, an unexpected twist; he stood not behind the counter, but in the doorway. In his hand were some leaflets. The message, it appeared, was a blockbuster. The baker wrote that since bread was obviously meant for hungry people, and since the hungriest people had no money to buy, henceforth his bread was not for sale. It was to be given away.

All day, the shop was inundated by the poor, as might be expected. The shelves were emptied. The baker’s family was confounded; the doctors came running. They seized the leaflet, shook their grey polls, ordered the baker locked up indefinitely in a mental hospital.

Thus far our story. To me, it said something regarding the mysterious fate of the poet Kim. The baker could be tolerated (by his family, by medicos) as long as he merely thought his rambunctious thoughts, kept them under his baker’s cap. But when he began to act! When the word of the gospel came to light in his mind—that was the flash point. At that moment, the organized, hyphenated insanity of state-medicine-family-economics, began to move in. Our friend had crossed a line. He was no longer manageable, a well intentioned church-going integer (what another prisoner would call a “good cog in a lock step”). Giving away bread? Where would such things stop?

Consequences. They fell on the baker like an avalanche.

The story concludes beautifully. The author wrote, “Our Master, who was also a baker of sorts, also suffered the consequences of His gift of bread to the poor.” Amen.
Evidently the poet Kim also reached a point of no return. His prison diary is an infinitely moving pot-pourri of nightmare and insight, vision and horror. At one point, he writes, he touched "the height of artistic vision... a glittering zenith of wholeness of human values and sublimities... I began to feel as though I were in touch with the mystery of the spirit...." Another phrase occurs to him, as he gropes to express the clarity that flooded his soul. He writes of "the power of political imagination."

This I take to be the heart of the matter, his self-understanding, his predicament. He is in trouble; he knows why; better, he imagines why.

Kim is dangerous to the political powers because he has come upon another way than theirs, other resources, other grace, true community. In a burst of agony, under their clubs, in degradation and torture, he has discovered what Buber calls the power "to imagine the real world." In doing so—in seizing on that reality of nonviolence and peaceableness of spirit, of resistance to tyranny, the veritable flowering of the kingdom of the heart—Kim has dealt a twist of the knife in the rotten vitals, the sewer of damnation, the No Exit of commissars, torturers, shahs, nuclear tinkers, czars, and all their adoring legions of obedient cogs. Power indeed, political imagination indeed!

No idle dream either. Kim is in prison, under torture, sentenced to death at least once; proof enough of his resolve, and the uneasy respect of his captors. "The power of political imagination," I translate the admirable phrase to say. The imagination is no transmitter of cheap dreams; neither is it a storehouse of drugs, or a fabricator of fantasy. It is not a way out of the pain of the world. It is rather a self-directing power of turning human life around—in the direction of the human. It is the human power to judge the inhuman, from the soul outward, into the public arena. It is self-purifying; it calls one to account—for time wasted, for self indulgence, for cultural surrender.

It stands under judgment, and it judges. Thus surrounded by "a pack of dogs" (as the psalmist writes), clearly judging the bestial conduct of others, it cancels judgment in order to allow the persecutor space in which to repent. (Father forgive them; they know not what they do.)

Such insight is a gift; it cannot be concocted or even deserved. Further, it must be followed through, acted on, realized. And precisely here is the rub. Enacting what one has once seen (given the ersatz "real" world of executioners and victims) is a bloody business indeed. Nothing imagined unless embodied! The one who believes this is dangerous to the Caesarian state. He gives bread away. He seeks, works, endures, on behalf of something that does not even exist—a public structure that (to paraphrase Peter Maurin) would make it easier for men and women to be ecstacies.
gurus. It always ends in a corner, not on an open road. The corner marked "fascism."

• In time of deluge, everything becomes an item in a fire sale, a water sale, a garage sale. Marked down, damaged. Religion too. Normally part of the culture, it is also part of the catastrophe, victim, victimizer. Discounted. Except the religion of Kim.

• From Marx, "Bourgeois revolutions advance gradually from success to success; their dramatic effects keep piling up; people and things seem illuminated by diamond-like fires. Ecstasy is the permanent state of society. But these revolutions are short lived; they soon reach their apotheosis and then a wide depression takes hold of society...."

• From a document circulating in Latin America (IDOC 06597), "If the experiences of the charismatics had been authentic, they would have already passed from the stage of disciples to that of apostles—those who are sent. They would have committed themselves to just causes, giving the hungry to eat, and the thirsty to drink, struggling for the liberation of the captives, and most of all, allying themselves with the poor of this world who cry out for better wages, and whose cry, according to James 5, has reached the ear of God."

• Jesus: "This is my command to you; love one another. If the world hates you, it hated me first, as you know well. If you belonged to the world, the world would love its own; but because you do not belong to the world, for that reason, the world hates you. Remember what I said; A servant is not greater than his master. As they persecuted me, they will persecute you; they will follow your teaching as little as they have followed mine. It is on my account that they will treat you thus, because they do not know the One who sent me." (Jn. 15, 17).

• Kim: "The death sentence was proclaimed. Both Kim Byong-Kon and I laughed. Byong-Kon began his last statement: 'This is an honor....' What in the world does that mean, 'an honor'? What is this all about?... Are these the words of saints? Are we saints?... Can we who know their barbarism too well, flirt with the luxury of sarcasm? No, it is not that. What do these words then mean? We at last conquered our terror of death.'

Thus the ecstasy, which like life itself, has no purpose beyond itself, which was prepared for along that road named Torture, bears its fruit. It conquers the fear of death. In so doing, it conquers death itself.

• Ecstasy gives the tortured one back to the living. He is the only one worthy of being trusted with the world, with life itself, with children, with the poor, with the holy and human. Such a one is Kim. The others join the executioners, or fall into despair, and so join the victims. In any case, lose the third way; no third eye.

• Almost everyone believes that the removal of some person, some class, some "problem," would clean up the world. Mister Clean is always bigger than human; he sees further than you or me, a kind of transcultural Warmaker on Dirt. Trouble is, his definition of dirt tends to get all inclusive; today armed with a nuclear aerosol can, he has a new gleam in his eye, "Why, let's clean up everybody, while we're at it!"

• It goes without saying that, armed with a like immaculate obsession, the jailers and torturers of Kim believe that his removal would clean up Korea, making it safe for Sani-flush, Kleenex and Coke. In this they are of course, correct.

• The above mentality and skill is ambidextrous; it functions equally well, right or left. Once death is adopted as a social method, human lives become strictly unnecessary, except insofar as life may be, here and there, slightly more "useful" than death. Thus death proliferates, even under the ideology and aegis of life. The right invokes the ideology, so does the left. It all works, the machinery moves on, in the same old way. One day the slogan is law and order, the next it is revolution. And innocent people die, are tortured, are exiled, degraded, under the mad cross fire. They are never consulted, it goes without saying, regarding their fate.

So Kim begins. In the pit of unlikelihood, at sea level of survival, in the dungeons and interrogation centers of the crushers and melders, he verifies his vision. He tests it out on his own flesh. More, he sends scraps, messages to the living, about "the power of political imagination." The messages are bloodstained (his own blood), they are also postmarked (a warning) hell.

Along the Torture Road

The ironies have to be brought up close before they can be seen for what they are, something more than interlocking gentleman's agreements. This is what the political imagination does. It introduces, one to another, what Mao calls "the contradictions." The adversaries are invited to shake hands, not in order to resolve the irresolvable, but as prelude to honorable combat, in which the character, soul, historical validity, of each will be illumined, in conflict, chaos even; and finally, a burst of light, a higher resolution.
I ask myself: what is the widest contradiction I know of today; what is the widest split in the human soul? I think it is exactly the one Kim speaks of in his prison diary. It is the one which gunfire, nuclear fire, wars on poverty, wars on cancer (wars on humans), military rape of the cosmos, all grandiosities of academe and church—all these have served only to widen, bless, maintain, beef up, police. But never to bridge or heal.

Kim writes of the contradiction, the split—and then the unity:

I felt these words were deeply carved into the bottom of my heart like red hot brands. Yes, "the power of political imagination," the wedding of politics and art in the highest sense of the words. It is not an absurd relationship.

Unity. Yes. At last, I have bridged the gap in a single leap—between my mass movements, political activities, and artistic creation—the gap that had driven me insane for so long. The definitive answer to this enigma has been presented to me through the torture road. An extravagant, extravagant moment. At that time, I muttered to myself, "I thank you," and those almost unspeakable words, "I am honored."

Volumes could be written, from many perspectives, on the insight so bloodily won, so artlessly offered. Let me point out one immensely important sentence: Kim insists that the "power of political imagination" comes alive in him only "through the torture road." The condition of awakening is the electric clash between utmost degradation and the riding spirit. Simple as that. Let the engineers of cheap change take notice, drug purveyors, instant salvationists, those who offer sinister short cuts to ecstasy. And let those of us who love to mess about in the same vile alchemy also take warning. There is blood on the road which Kim travels. It is not the low road; it is not named Good Intentions. Its only recommendation is this—it leads otherwise than to hell.

Need one add that in the case of Kim, the virtue of torture road is not that it is torturous, but that it is a road? That is to say, along such a road, laid out, designed to be the only road, the iron clad one, the imperial one, the guarded one, one creates alternate routes. In this sense, politics, the politics of compassion, of resistance, of legitimate self love, is itself an exercise of the imagination.

**Bringing the Kingdom**

One stubbornly recurrent symbol of this act is a biblical one; one cannot but think of it when Kim writes of his awakening. The ultimate political form of things which the Lord imagines, under many images, is the Kingdom:

*BIRD IN SPACE*

There is tranquility and majesty as in an altar piece. The phoenix appears, bringing a wake of light. White forms descend into a nest: a sense of haven, of hills, bushes and trees waiting open-handed, promising security. The turbulence of the forms in the lower part is tamed into rhythms. But dominating the woodblock is the vast silence at the top.
seed, jewel, great banquet, tree, harvest, inner harmony, eventual world harmony. In any case, a community suffused with love, the transfigured structure of a twice born humanity.

Kim dreams of this. More, following the biblical injunction, he suffers in order to bring it nearer. He is grounded in this world (who more so than a prisoner?)—at the same time, he is released from its gravity. He tries and fails, tries and succeeds, always with the understanding that both outcomes are provisory, that another chapter is yet to be written, another age carries it on. Still, he is never demoralized, moving in circles, chasing a will-o’-the-wisp in vainglory or despair. He knows the outcome of things, in hope, knowing “all manner of things will be well.” And for the present he insures, as far as he can, as long as he can, that things at least will be less unwell.

What a word he offers us, what a stretched irony, what a cry from the rack—a fetid cell in Seoul, a poet who announces the immanence of the Kingdom! More, he verifies his word with those indispensable virtues which are the squared blocks of the Kingdom—courage, good humor, staying power.

The Kingdom? Immanent? Normally, we slog along, doing what we can from day to day, out of a dogged persistence, nonetheless admirable for being not at all ecstatic. We do what we can; only in the rarest moments do we gain hints of other vistas, other rhythms. We long for the good, reach toward it, are grateful for its presence in those we love and work with. Unless we are fools, we spend little time casting heroic runes for ourselves; we have taken our own measure; better than any tyrant, we know our own limits.

At the insular end of human development, overcome frequently by the suffocation of hope, forever put off, deceived, treated like vagrants or children (by vagrants and moral children) elated and put down by false messiahs, we feel shame, cheated before our own souls. This is the bicentennial mood, a wintry discontent in July. (As I write these words, a procession of worthies gather before a congressional committee, in Washington, assuring the members that violence is inevitable on July 4. The mirror game goes on.) We have scarcely an inkling of what the good life, in the sense our history speaks of it, our Bible speaks of it, might consist. The church offers a few paltry clues, the state none at all—quite the opposite. In both cases, the vocation of the word is the vocation of the speaker—blah.

Yet, we would like to be “doers of the word,” not as those “vainly beating the air.” We are sick of cheap charisms, one-track radicals, political card sharps. It is our epitaph; we have tried everything, every nostrum, drug, quick cure, instant improver, ardent consumers as we are. Traveled every road. Reached a dead end.

Every road except one?
Ragged and frail, a sorry figure staggers along torture road. Scarcely making it, bloody, marked by the stigmata of his resolve, he keeps on keeping on.

For Christians it is an old story, an old road. By now it ought also to be a well traveled one. That it is not, that Kim goes it alone, that Christians are not crying out at this crime (at so many crimes, multiplied across the bloody face of the earth), this too is an old story. (This week the Vatican is sweating out a last ditch effort to “defeat communism” in the national elections.)

Kim goes on, he “stands far off” from assimilation; he refuses to be squared off into a paving stone; he tests his stamina, sends us crudely scrawled maps. He seeks—in dreams, ironies, oppositions, fantasies, broadsides, parables, nightmares, satires—what the political imagination might forge, by way of a future, by way of the human, along torture road.

Daniel Berrigan is a Jesuit, a poet, an author, an ex-prisoner, and a brother of Kim Chi Ha. Kim Chi Ha’s final statement to the court appears in the March-April, 1977 issue of The Catholic Worker. For information and support, write International Rescue Committee, COPO TAKADA, 306, 2-7-11 Takadanobaba, Shinjuku-ku, Tokyo/60, Japan.

June 15, 1977 FRIENDS JOURNAL
"Woori Seungri Harira"

by Kitty Taylor

"Woori seungri harira, woori seungri harira..." ("We shall overcome...") This Korean cry for freedom still rings in my ears a week after having come back from an eight day trip to South Korea in the beginning of April. It reminds me of the time I heard the same song sung with the same fervor at civil rights demonstrations in Cairo, Illinois, in 1962.

I had heard it before in Korea. This was my third visit. On the first, in 1971, my first encounter with a police state left a deep impression: curfews, military police checks of civilians, the huge, little-used straight highways that indicate the country's preparedness for aerial warfare. These things have only become more pronounced. The second visit was in 1975, to attend the Tokyo-based Quaker International Affairs Program (QIAP) workcamp in Son Kwan Won, a village for cured lepers. My impressions at that time grew from a more direct experience of poverty, and from the ties made with lepers. My impressions of the mood of Friends and other religious groups to which the Korean government seems to be lending so much support. The mailing of Teacher Ham's publication, _The Voice of the People_, seems being tampered with, and many are not receiving their copies. My impression of the mood of Friends and other Christians involved in the movement was that it seemed to be one of cheerful determination and hope despite some physical strain.

Mail censorship makes it necessary for them to give written and verbal messages for those working on the movement in Korea to people like us to carry.

That same afternoon a Korean Young Friend took us to the regular weekly service at the Galilee Church for the families of political prisoners, where we met Kim Chi Ha's mother, Mrs. Moon Ik Hwan, Mrs. Yoon Po Sun and many others, including a number of missionaries from Canada, Germany and the U.S.A. Many of these same people we were to meet again a week later at a Korea N.C.C. sponsored Easter sunrise service in a large Anglican church where throngs filled all the seats and aisles and spaces in the church, and even overflowed to the outside where they heard the service over the PA system. The numerous police agents had difficulty circulating through the sea of determined people to take photographs.

As I do not understand Korean, it is difficult for me to assess the thinking of the Koreans at the heart of the struggle. Teacher Ham Sok Han seemed in good spirits, but extremely busy with his continued efforts for the movement. He was eager to hear how the Japanese press had covered recent developments in Korea. We heard hints of further harassment of him by the conservative religious groups to which the Korean government seems to be lending so much support. The mailing of Teacher Ham's publication, _The Voice of the People_, seems being tampered with, and many are not receiving their copies. My impression of the mood of Friends and other Christians involved in the movement was that it seemed to be one of cheerful determination and hope despite some physical strain.

We outside Korea must offer help and support where we can. Some evidence of things to come to provide links between Koreans and us on the outside includes plans for a joint retreat for Korean and Japanese Friends to be held in Korea this summer, and the longer term plans of the AFSC to shift the emphasis of its Tokyo Q.I.A.P. program to focus primarily on efforts to restore democracy and human rights in South Korea.

"Oh jayu, oh jayu..." ("Oh freedom...") I heard people singing this song roughly silenced by the police as they went into a subway station after leaving church on Easter Sunday. But those voices, I know, will sing on. We must do what we can to sing with them.
A combination of personal experiences during the short space of one recent week made me very much aware of the "Quaker-Catholic Connection" described in an article by Charles Fager in the Friends Journal of March 15, 1976.

Charles Fager said in that article, "during the last several years collaboration between Catholics and Quakers, especially in war resistance efforts, has been probably the most common and persistent interfaith combination among the American religious constituency." He gave many examples, such as the friendship of the Berrigan brothers and Fay Knopp, a well-known Quaker, which grew out of her work in prison visitation and reform while the Berrigans were in Danbury prison; Elise Boulding's recent Pendle Hill pamphlet mentioning her spirit-renewing retreats in Catholic monasteries and the influence of Catholic contemplative writers on her life; and the fact that the two most prominent religious-based organizations listed as sponsors of the Continental Walk for Disarmament and Social Justice were the American Friends Service Committee and the Catholic Worker movement. He cited the influence of Thomas Merton on both Catholic and Quaker peace activists, especially in helping them recognize that their activism needed to be nourished and directed by inwardly tapping the springs of the Spirit. Merton was a Trappist monk who, before his conversion to Catholicism, was influenced by Quakerism and considered becoming a Quaker.

The week of personal experiences, which I mentioned at the outset, started one Sunday in December. After meeting for worship at the Albany, N.Y., meetinghouse, my wife Louise and I drove to a nearby Catholic high school to attend an informal, bring-a-sandwich gathering at which Sister Eileen Storey was speaking on "Praying Without Ceasing" to an audience of some 70 Catholic sisters and laywomen, and two or three priests. I believe we were the only non-Catholics present. Eileen Storey not only spoke about continuous prayer but demonstrated it with her own "Jesus prayers" and chants, even integrating one such prayer with the Yoga sequence of body movements known as "Greeting the Sun." She spoke softly but with the intensity of deep conviction. Her demonstration moved others from the audience to go to the microphone and share short personal prayers and mantras they had developed. In the course of her talk, she told of her experiences in India and other parts of Asia.

Eileen Storey made a bee-line for Louise and me during a break between her talk and the question period. We wondered what was up and why we would warrant her special attention. She had already mentioned that she understood there were two Quakers present in the audience. When she reached us, she said that she was very pleased we were there, because at the time she was in Seoul in South Korea she had met the 75-year-old Quaker leader Ham Sok Han. He had been sentenced to eight years in prison, with several other South Korean leaders, for standing up to the repressive Park regime by issuing a "Declaration of Democracy." She was greatly concerned for Ham Sok Han's plight, and wanted to know what steps the Quakers were taking to protest his sentence and seek his release. She explained that she had been led to seek a meeting with this man, whom some have called the "Gandhi of South Korea," by a Japanese Catholic priest she had visited in a small village in Japan. This priest had asked her to deliver an envelope containing the proceeds of a collection made in his church in behalf of Ham Sok Han. We told her we knew that the Friends were rallying...
to his support, but we could not give details. A day or two later Louise located some pages in an October, 1976, issue of the Friends Journal which described the many actions taken by Friends around the world on his behalf. We sent them off immediately to our new friend, Sister Eileen Storey, who lives in New York City.

"Simple Gifts" is a new book, record and craft shop in Albany run on a non-profit basis and dedicated to being a channel of the Christ Spirit. It was started by a young Catholic couple, Walt and Betty Jane Chura, who decided to put the money they had saved to buy a home into the store instead. They are supported in this venture by a number of peace-minded and communitarian Catholics, Quakers and others.

On the morning following our encounter with Eileen Storey, which was a Monday and the start of another week's business for "Simple Gifts," I joined in a 20 minute prayer meeting with Walt Chura and two young women supporters of the shop. Walt had established this prayer period as the way to start each day before opening for business. We sat in silence with our eyes closed for ten minutes or more. The silence became deep and pure, like the pool of a mountain spring. Then one prayed aloud. After further intervals of silence I spoke briefly and another prayed. At the conclusion, we shook hands with each other, smiling warmly, still in the glow of the Presence. It had been a really good mini-meeting for worship in the manner of Friends. The others were Catholics, and I the only Quaker, but they seemed to understand and feel at home in the silent worship. Perhaps they often worship that way together. I did not ask them. It was enough simply to enjoy the silent fellowship with them and with the Christ in our midst.

Albany Friends had their monthly meeting for business and concerns on Thursday evening of the same week in which the foregoing events occurred. The Peace and Service Committee presented a letter to the meeting for its consideration. It was addressed to the Women's Peace Movement, c/o Mairead Corrigan and Betty Williams, Belfast, Northern Ireland. It said, in part, "our courageous, non-violent demonstrations for peace have greatly moved and inspired us, for, as Quakers we put our faith in resolving conflicts non-violently and with a loving spirit." The meeting approved sending this letter to our Catholic and Protestant sisters in Northern Ireland, and including a contribution to help with the expenses of their peace movement.

Lanza del Vasto was speaking on "Non-Violence in the Nuclear Age" the following evening in Glens Falls, N.Y. Two carloads of Albany Friends went to hear him, along with three carloads of Catholics and others organized by the folks at "Simple Gifts," the shop mentioned previously. Lanza del Vasto is a disciple of Gandhi, who named him Shantidas, or "Servant of Peace." He is now 75 years old, as straight as a pine tree, has a magnificent white beard, is the leader of the Community of the Ark in France, and is one of the great peace leaders in the world today. He is a Catholic, but his appeal is to all persons who seek to nourish the roots of peace by living simply and making non-violent witnesses against nuclear proliferation and the military. His speaking tour in the U.S.A. was sponsored nationally by the Fellowship of Reconciliation and locally by the Priory of St. Benedict in Chestertown, N.Y. Albany and Glens Falls Friends heard about Lanza del Vasto's visit from Brother John Kirwin, one of the founders of this new priory in the Adirondacks whom they had first come to know when he participated in the Quaker-sponsored vigil against the war in Vietnam held each week in front of the State Capitol in Albany for seven years. Hearing this "Servant of Peace," who spoke with simplicity and power, was an inspiring experience.

I was moved by the Spirit, in meeting for worship on the Sunday following this memorable week, to speak of the community of peace makers around the world and of the love and concern which knits it together. I spoke of the concern of the Catholic Sister for Ham Sok Han, the Quaker leader imprisoned in South Korea, which she had received from a Japanese priest, and which concern she had shared with Louise and me. I mentioned the letter of support sent by Albany Friends to the Women's Peace Movement in Northern Ireland, and the talk by Lanza del Vasto on "Non-Violence in the Nuclear Age," which was attended by a number of us from the Albany Meeting and from "Simple Gifts." These were all threads of love and mutual concern interweaving a small but global community of peace from India to Japan to South Korea to Northern Ireland to France and to Albany and Glens Falls, N.Y.

A few days later I became aware of how these several events also exemplified the amazing intricacies of the working of God's Spirit in the growing, silken web of interrelationships between Quakers and Catholics as they are led by the Lord in His work of peace.

This is very encouraging, I feel. It offers real hope that our Friends peace testimony—or stated more broadly, the belief in non-violent means of resolving human conflicts at all levels—may be gaining significant support from among members of the largest religious community in the Western world, that is, the Catholic Church.

In the "New Call to Peace Making," to which Friends across the United States are now giving thoughtful attention, we might well consider how we may join forces—in our different communities—with Catholic peace makers in a growing witness for peace in the world, in our nation, in our communities, and within ourselves. For it is the same Lord, the same Christ Spirit, which calls us all to be channels of His peace.
The Quaker Rehabilitation Center In Vietnam

Old Comrades in a New Location

by Louis P. Kubicka

Editor's Note: From 1966 to 1975, the American Friends Service Committee operated a rehabilitation center at Quang Ngai, Vietnam, supported by Friends from many lands as well as friends of the Friends. For four of those years, Louis Kubicka was a staff member of that center. This past January Lou was in Vietnam as part of a six-person AFSC delegation. Here he visited the old Quaker Center, now relocated in Qui Nhon, a larger town 100 miles to the south of Quang Ngai.

In the reception room of the Qui Nhon Center were several members of the old Quang Ngai staff. Needless to say, seeing some of my oldest and dearest friends was very, very nice. With us at the Center was Anh Quy, once head prosthetist at Quang Ngai, now head prosthetist at Qui Nhon, and Chi Mai, assistant administrator of the Center. It was good to see those people again; a very warm feeling indeed. Then, as we went around the Center we saw many others of the old staff; all considerably older than when Eryl and I left in 1971, and looking capable and confident.

The Qui Nhon Center now has three main buildings, a reception and office building, a therapy building and a prosthetics and brace making shop, with an area for job training for the disabled. The shop is divided into small sections for different processes, a distinct improvement over Quang Ngai. Present plans call for adding a 150-bed hostel and a dining hall for inpatients. Eventually the Center will need to have some of the facilities of a separate hospital: a laboratory, X-Ray facility and an operating room for orthopaedic surgery.

As we toured the Center I saw many reminders of the old Quang Ngai: dumbbells we had made from Coca Cola cans; some treatment tables and a welded grid for hanging weights for exercise I had helped build in 1967. There was even an old dining room chair. When the Center was moved in July of 1976 (to more effectively serve the population of south central Vietnam) nothing was thrown out or lost. Of course, the old equipment will not be adequate to handle an inpatient load of 150 persons, more than double the capacity of the old Quang Ngai Center. AFSC looks forward to providing more shop and medical equipment, as well as building materials in order to help continue this work of aiding war victims.

In the prosthetics shop we found many of our Quang Ngai limbmakers at work, making very good all wood legs and shapely aluminum legs. Anh Quy said that the little bit of plastic they have left from Quang Ngai is now used only for very special applications. The wood and aluminum legs are interesting innovations. Dr. Hoang Huu Hai, director of the Qui Nhon Center, told us that the Vietnamese "highly appreciated" the way the Quakers had trained the prosthetists to be "independent and resourceful." They are able, he said, to do a very good job without our direct presence. However, he also emphasized that the Qui Nhon Center very much wants and needs the sort of up-to-date materials and technology that we incorporated in the Quang Ngai Center, in order to provide the best possible care for the tens of thousands left handicapped by the war. Thus, as soon as we can provide the plastic, the Qui Nhon Center will again produce plastic limbs like the ones we produced in Quang Ngai.

Our new relationship to Qui Nhon, however, will go far beyond supplying materials. Many kinds of cooperation have been discussed, including possible

A Vietnamese staff member trained in physical therapy at the Quang Ngai Rehabilitation Center works with a paraplegic child in the new center.
tax resistance

George Lakey, a member of Movement for a New Society and Central Philadelphia Monthly Meeting writes: Here is this year’s letter to IRS. I thought you might like to print part or all of it to remind your readers that some of us Quaker tax refusers are still doing it!

Internal Revenue Service

Dear Friends,

The Administration has changed, but not the primary commitment of the national budget to military and military-related priorities. Again I am asked to pay taxes to support an approach which reduces my actual security as a human being. Experts like Herbert York and common sense agree that the investment of over a trillion dollars since World War II has not increased the security of Americans; in my view it has made ever more certain a total devastation in case of major war. It has also made possible the Vietnam-kind-of-disaster, for paying taxes to this government means giving a license for various kinds of international misadventures.

There has been no real change. Officials who were key in decision-making during the Vietnam war years are again key in decision-making now, with no indication of their having changed their minds or commitments. The influence of military corporations seems to be as great as ever, as witness the decision to spend this country’s resources on a frivolity as great as the B-1 bomber.

I see no reason, therefore, to change my own policy of refusing federal income taxes. I very much support the principle of taxation, and encourage the government to tax at a much higher rate the corporations whose interests it so faithfully serves.

When I lived in Norway I paid taxes at a higher rate than the rate which applies to me here. I was glad to do it, for that government had long since decided to abolish poverty, to eliminate unemployment, to assure quality medical care for all regardless of income, to make university education virtually free, to eliminate slum housing, to subsidize culture so the arts could be a reality for more people.

Norway did that on much less resources than the U.S. has. The question, as the Norwegians knew, was not how
big the pie is so much as how it is distributed. The question was justice, and it is time—in fact it is past time—for the U.S. government to shrug aside the imperious demands of the rich and instead to respond to the needs of justice.

To implement my tax refusal policy, I return the form only partially filled out, lacking the financial information which would enable you to collect the tax.

Yours for peace and justice,

George Lakey
April 1, 1977

Here is a copy of the letter we sent with our non-payment of federal taxes this year. We'd like to share it with others and encourage war tax resistance.

April 15, 1977

Dear IRS People,

This letter is to inform you of our position with regard to the payment of our Federal taxes and the reasons behind our decision. We have given ourselves a War Crimes Tax Credit for the amount your charts would otherwise have had us owe and we request that you refund us the money withheld from our incomes last year.

Our religious faith is integral to our way of life. Through our involvement with the Religious Society of Friends and our personal experience of the Divine Spirit we have come to know that all life is sacred. We are called to live in such a way as to “remove the cause of war.”

For both of us, our vocations involve the nurture and education of children. Daily we work to help guide young people to grow up to be peaceful, responsible adults. They are our joy and our hope for the future. It is unthinkable to us that any part of the wages that we earn in this work should be used to support weapons systems or armies whose effect is to injure and kill people, or to add to the great potential for nuclear holocaust that already exists with our huge stockpiles of weapons.

Knowing that more than half our tax dollar goes to the death and destruction the American military represents has caused us to conclude that we will no longer pay our Federal taxes. We cannot support the military’s protection of corporate profit at the expense of human needs. We also know that many in our country suffer from hunger and want, from lack of education and from a sense of worthlessness when they cannot find work. This tells us that much of our tax dollar is not spent wisely.

When our tax moneys are spent for life instead of death, we will be more than happy to pay our share. Until then, we will place our financial support with the organizations that we believe better serve the people in the USA and in all the world.

Victoria Snow Mountain
Darrell Bluhm

"MEMBERS OF the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) since the Society's beginning have been guided by a belief in the sacredness of life and have implemented this by seeking ways of peace. This compels in conscience their refusal to participate in war.

"I believe the U.S. tax laws deny us the constitutional right to religious freedom by not providing under law an alternative to paying that portion of the income tax devoted to war preparation.

"If I should at present follow my conscience and my religious beliefs by refusing taxes for war, I would have to face the prospect of forced collection or legal prosecution and penalties. I believe the U.S. tax laws thereby deny me the free exercise of my religious beliefs.

"In keeping with my beliefs and conscience, I wish to pay the war portion of my income tax to a peace fund, such as the World Peace Tax Fund presently in a committee of Congress, set up as a legal alternative under U.S. law. I would make this alternative payment instead of the war portion of my income tax if the U.S. tax laws provided such an alternative for all citizens conscientiously opposed to war and the taking of life.

"I wish my position made known to all branches of government concerned, including the U.S. Congress, the courts and the I.R.S."

Anyone interested in signing or obtaining copies of this petition may write to its author, R.L. Anthony, Box 186, Moylan, PA 19065.
IN FEBRUARY we attended the International Convention for Peace Action (ICPA) in Wellington, New Zealand, as Americans on sabbatical leave here. We had enjoyed a half-year of the warmth and enthusiasm of the people nicknamed after the birds I came to study, the “Kiwis.” In many respects, life here seems more civilized than at home. Perhaps it is because we’ve lived in a small New Zealand town, but people seem to matter, to care more. A frown by a street corner brings an offer for directions, a conversation, an invitation to spend the night. The woman at the post office can still smile when I want to post a letter a minute before closing time. The police do not carry guns. The Automobile Association provides excellent direction signs for everyone, not just members or an industry. The countryside is green, beautiful, and productive of milk, the best (undyed) cheddar cheese, mutton, wool, produce. Friendliness and generosity are endless to us as “Yanks.”

Blessed by smaller size, New Zealand does not have to put one-half of a government budget into “defense” as the United States does. It has not used or stockpiled nuclear arms. Nevertheless, there is grateful memory of American protection in World War II, and expression of need for the American umbrella now (whether or not it is in fact leaky or sitting on a lethal powder keg, as I see it). The Russians are, after all, quite interested in the resources of the Southwest Pacific.

Given this combination of relative isolation, non-nuclear status, and inadequacy for conducting or suppressing a nuclear war, it would seem easier for New Zealanders to tune out peace activism, with better grounds for apathy than the most apathetic of us Americans. They didn’t make the bomb, they don’t use it, and they lack the super power to do much about it. Or do they? Perhaps the greatest powers are sanity, ingenuity, and love, which seem to my casual observation to be “stockpiled” here far beyond parity with either the USA or the USSR. Over tea, a farmer described the view of an orange nuclear test-cloud (United States) seen from his kitchen window, so they were not and are not completely isolated. There is great concern and objection to French nuclear testing in the South Pacific, and there was a plucky, healthy, effective turn-out to protest visits to New Zealand ports by United States warships.

**News of the ICPA**

That is the setting. I first learned about ICPA plans in an article by Auckland University Chaplain John Hinchcliff, in the 20 November New Zealand Listener. His reply to my inquiry about attending was, “It is so important to have Americans who can speak out for sanity because we are all too often in danger of being labelled as anti-American.” So we went to learn, to discuss with New Zealanders, to have as Irish pacifist Mairead Corrigan aptly put it, our irons put to the fire and made hotter in the struggle for peace.

**Reflections**

It was both a painful and a hopeful experience. The pain, to a loyal American in a country friendly to us, was to suddenly see our government of the past thirty-two years as being at least half of the arms race problem, to realize how imagination and ideals have been dropped, with all the eggs going to the basket of massive deterrence, to appreciate how people from other, smaller nations in a

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One of two new postcards published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, Nyack, NY 10960. The other card shows a child’s drawing and the words, “Once our day care center had enough money for toys and teachers, and the Pentagon had to hold bake sales…” (The cards are available from the FOR in packets of 25 for $2.00, plus 10% for postage.)
Against A and H Bombs, and proposed a "Year for Nuclear Disarmament" with the conviction of a U.N. General Assembly special session devoted to general and complete disarmament.

Less convincing to me, perhaps in light of suppression of human rights behind the "Iron Curtain" and the "Berlin Wall," were the statements by the deputy editor of Pravda and the Secretary of the Soviet Peace Council. But until the superpowers do more than just talk about disarmament and actually go beyond a zero-weapons-growth to a dismantling, are we not justified in regarding superpower governments with suspicion, not the least our own government with the first-strike capacity of Trident?

The Future

I said that I experienced hope, as well as pain. The hope came in two categories. First was the inspiring quest of New Zealanders to seek a more creative way to peace, using what we would regard as "that of God in every person" rather than that of wasted taxes in bigger capacity to destroy. Two weeks earlier, Philip Soljak had written a very thoughtful article in the New Zealand Herald: "Nonalignment Put Up As Only Path for NZ," and this was discussed at ICPA among various proposals for action. I know that our superpower has used "those who depend upon us to keep the peace" as partial justification for our disastrous military blunder, so every nation that non-aligns itself adds to the proof that there may be another route than the military "solution."

The other voice of hope came from home. Representative Pete McCloskey addressed ICPA and relayed the stated goal of the new United States Administration to seek total nuclear disarmament. Governmental figures can just talk a party-line that may not be followed by action, but from Congressman McCloskey's opposition to our war in Vietnam and his challenge to Nixon in 1972, he had considerable credibility with me.

As a biologist, I see three roots of war: chauvinistic zeal, over-population, and the military-industrial complex. That two persuasions professing the same Prince of Peace can snipe and bomb is irrational, and we hope that Mairead Corrigan's nonviolence can succeed in Ireland. The major thrust of ICPA was towards the war chances provided by the military-industrial complex and superpower technological race. I tried to promote concern about the population-resources roots for war in my discussion group. After all, we read of Bangladesh as "a nation slipping over the edge into the Malthusian abyss" according to Gwynne Dyer in the New Zealand Herald, Feb. 2, 1977. The desperate shortages of even such a simple commodity as firewood in Africa and Asia, the growing reality of 200-mile fishing limits as necessary to manage and conserve fisheries better than becoming another "Tragedy of the Commons." However, I found that this concern, this need for population stability, lacked credibility. How can Americans cry about shortages and "too many people" somewhere else, the way we consume and stockpile military hardware? Surely there's enough slack to go around, considering all our waste.

The ICPA sought strategies for peace action in New Zealand and the South Pacific. Regrettably my sabbatical must end, and I won't be part of the action in New Zealand, so I ask what we can do. We must restore our credibility not by words nor through the size of the club we brandish, but by example. We must learn to place less demand upon the resources of our global ecosystem by more conserving lifestyles, by population stability, and by eradicating injustice and suffering in the "land of the free." We must direct our technological abilities to more creative and helpful ends. We must scale down suspicions by convincing others that "better dead than red" is leading us into severe economic insecurity. We must, while President Carter's words are fresh, utilize this momentum, the momentum of horrible memories of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, of the forthcoming 23rd World Conference Against A and H bombs, and the momentum of economic impetus as people finally realize what the arms race, ever unexploded, is costing us in inflation, taxation, and ill will. Is this our last chance to get anywhere with disarmament?

The theme of ICPA was "Peace is Possible," possible because the people of the world do not want war or war taxation. War is possible because of the corporate insanity of governments, which we must control.
A Different Perspective

On Suffering, Loving, Writing and Children

by John Hope

I sit and stare at my typewriter, trying to choose carefully the words I know I must set on paper in response to the emotions stirring inside me after reading Theodor Benfey's thoughtful, anguish-ed article (FJ 3/15).

I cannot concentrate, however, bombarded with the alternate sounds of joy and hate, loving and fighting, coming from five children—Christopher, 2; Mingo, 3; Kevin, 4; John, 7; and Chet, 11—as they go about the business of growing up.

When I don't see them, I can't tell which are biological and which are adopted, for in our house, and in our lives, there is no fundamental difference between the two. (Even when they are in sight, there are those who can't tell and comment how one of the adopted children looks like his mother.)

Certainly, as Theodor Benfey suggests, adoption can produce pain in many ways. But so can parenting biological children and for me the difference between biological and adopted kids is an artificial one which should not enter into a decision on parenting of any child, no matter what the circumstances of birth.

My heart goes out to Theodor Benfey and his wife for the suffering he has felt and sees as a result of adopting a child. But just as he fears his earlier written admonition to consider adoption may have led others into such suffering, so now I cannot allow his subjectively bad experience to go without response and possibly cause others to turn away from reaching out to children who need them and whom they need.

Relatives of mine also had a bad experience with adoption and this caused my mother anxiety when she heard of our plans but did not affect us. For life with a biological child can just as easily turn sour and there should be no greater feeling of commitment to such a child simply because he or she is biological.

The words used by Theodor Benfey to describe adoption—“enormous burden,” “task,” “strain,” and “vocation”—are testimony to the unfortunate experience he apparently had. But adoption need not be viewed in that way any more than parenting a biological child need automatically be viewed that way.

Whatever problems we have with our children cannot be traced to the circumstances of their birth. We have two biological children and, in the space of 13 months, have added a bi-racial child, a Canadian Indian and a Dominican Republic Indian. They are each personalities in their own right with unique feelings and spirits. But the differences between them, the squabbles they have and the love we all share, are the same as they would be if all five were biological.

Certainly there is a great problem, as Benfey said, when parents find they cannot cope with their growing children. But, again, this would be true whether the child was “home grown” or adopted. And the response of the parents should be the same whatever the situation.

I am troubled in particular by the notion that if an adoption does not work out, perhaps the child can be removed and placed with another family.

Much as we might want to sometimes, we know that we cannot return biological children to the hospital and I would resist giving prospective adoptive parents the notion that returns are possible.

I'll never forget the words of Barbara Tremetiere, our social worker from Tressler-Lutheran Service Associates,

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Dialog

One of the first words that our adopted children would become familiar with, along with “Mommy” and “Daddy,” is “adopted.” One First Day, while helping one of them get ready for meeting, the following conversation took place:

“Why are you special?”
“’Cause I’m ‘dopted?”

“How did we come to adopt you?”

“I’m special?”

“Yes, but why you?”

“’Cause you loved me and needed me and picked me out.”

“We needed you—we loved you—and you needed us.”

“Is God special?”

“Yes…”

“Is he ‘dopted?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do we love him and need him?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Oh mommy, let’s ‘dopt him.”

Gisela Tornquist
who has 11 adopted and three biological children of her own, as she spoke to a group of couples in pre-adoptive training.

"This is the end of the line for these kids," she said. "When they are placed with you, that is it. We'll work with you as much as is necessary for the placement to succeed. But these children will not be moved again."

She spoke not harshly nor threateningly but rather to place the perspective familiar to the agency view of the commitment expected of adoptive parents— as the same as that expected of biological parents.

And the same applies to children who want out of a relationship. They, too, must come to realize that they have reached the end of the line and are in a permanent family.

Obviously, there will be occasions when a move is required. We were given an 11-year-old Vietnamese boy who was rejected in an earlier placement and then, six weeks later, his biological father changed his mind and decided to take the child from us to live with him. (The two moves in six weeks apparently did no lasting harm and the boy seems quite happy with his father and stepmother.)

And another of our children was taken from a psychologically brutalizing placement and given to us.

But while such changes can be made legally before finalization to protect the best interests of the child, I believe firmly that adoptive parents should be willing to make the commitment of knowing that the child is there permanently and there will be no turning back. It is true of a biological child and you owe an adoptive child nothing less.

There is no doubt that life in our house is busy and sometimes hectic, especially for my wife who is at home with three pre-schoolers, and relatives living in the area would be most welcome. But we have found much support through friends, neighbors and the meeting and believe all of them recognize that we are not doing anything so special that it requires additional caring because of adoption.

There are many families with five or more children, even spaced as closely as ours, and it continues to be our belief that the way in which a child came into the family does not particularly add any extra dimension by itself to the family life experience.

Lest someone claim we are atypical, I think my views are shared by most, if not all, of the adoptive families we know. And, in fact, many of them seem to have happier family lives which they trace to the love and sharing they associate with adoption.

Like Theodor Benfey, I write only of one Quaker's experience and observations and would not use my experience to urge someone else to adopt. But I would use my experience to urge the proposition that parenting is parenting, whatever the origin of the child; that a commitment to parenting is what is needed with either biological or adopted children and that once such a commitment is given, everything else falls into place under the guiding of the Spirit.

For those with such a leading, parenting can be one of the most enriching experiences of life and adoption an enriching entry into parenting.

John Hope is a member of Harrisburg Friends Meeting. This is his first contribution to the Journal.

To an Adopted Treasure

Tan, peanut butter babe
almond eyes,
pumpkin grin,
and dimpled chin.
Beautiful, joyful—
so fine
so mine!

Born in pain;
abandoned at love's door.
Created in my heart;
mirror of my soul.

Chocolate-candy daughter
funny, clown faces,
sunny, buckwheat honey embraces.
Proud, spirited strength;
strong as the cane-break of black roots.
Infinite treasure of my being.

Little goddess,
monarch butterfly
with stained glass wings.
Fly into the future and—
Bring us peace.

Beverly Archibald

On Love

by Sylvia Messner-Temperley

When I was twelve years old in Sunday school, I memorized the Commandments and received a free Bible. I thought it all was very easy. Later on, I began to read books on how to be more loving, and, if five qualities were mentioned, I usually believed I had at least three of them, and had only one or two to work on. There was no question in my mind that I was honest, loving, cared for my neighbors in the broad sense, was peaceful, hated wars and cruelty. In fact, overall I thought I was doing rather well.

Recently I found myself saying to someone, "You are making it very difficult for me to be the loving person I want to be," and I began to realize the depth and true meaning of the Commandments. They did not apply to behavior and beliefs, "ought-to's" and "ought-not's," they applied to "being." One didn't love; one was loving. One didn't "hate" wars; one was...
peaceful. The Commandments weren't about what we should do, they were about what we should be. Being loving does not depend upon our being surrounded by other "loving" individuals; by our living in communities where we can feel we are more loving. We ARE loving and it depends upon nothing.

Being loving means being in a state of loving at all times. It means one is loving when with one's "enemies," one's neighbors and friends, and those who are difficult and unresponsive, leery of us, untrusting and uncooperative.

Being loving is not something we "do" successfully during weekends at Pendle Hill, Christmas Day, with our family, but something we are able to be towards those who hurt us, resist us, refuse to "cooperate" with us. Being loving is something we are. If we have brown hair and brown eyes, we are always that. Even if we were to dye our hair, our roots would not change. Being peaceful is not angrily protesting war; being peaceful is something we are. It is not shown in disciplined gestures or in "good" moments. It is always there; never threatened, never controlled. We just are, and can be nothing else. This was Jesus. Not what he did, but what he was. What he exemplified. He never changed. He was more loving one day than another; more loving towards one person than another. He was Love.

One doesn't read books on steps to be more loving, techniques of control so that our behavior appears more loving. One does not create a battle within oneself trying to force oneself to be more loving. One, through inner peace, not inner battle, becomes a being of Love, not a being who loves.

The other day I was talking about love to a friend of mine, and I found myself saying, "I don't know if we can say we love any person if we hate even one other." I think this is quite true. Loving someone because they make you happy, make you feel good about yourself, make you feel needed, make you feel loving, is not love. If it is not something you are for everyone, then you are not loving; you are not Love; not in the sense that Jesus and others are talking about. Loving that is in anyway conditional—conditional on how another behaves, or on how another makes you feel—is not love, not in the real sense of the word. Love has no price, no condition, no reward outside itself. It just is. We just are. That's quite overwhelming for me, and enough for me to think about for a lifetime.

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Reviews of Books

Cavener


Prolific as ever, Kenneth E. Boulding writes, speaks and publishes with a fervor few folk have matched, or could undertake even if inclined. Beyond the more than a dozen titles we have come to associate with his professional life as social philosopher of highest order and economist extraordinaire, Boulding generates monographs, documents, speeches and commentary more quickly than most publishers could tabulate—much less organize, edit and publish. The Colorado Press has served us all well in this latter effort.

Boulding's own "five-foot-shelf" is expanded some eight-to-ten inches in the completion of publication of Collected Papers—five monumental volumes of his pieces from scholarly journals, popular magazines, commencement addresses, musings, tributes, professional association papers and topical commentary.

This reviewer is unabashed in admitting to not having read the intimidating whole of nearly 2,800 pages. In fact, Volumes I-III (Economic Theory and Political Economy) are totally out of my realm and could be heavy going for most general readership. Volumes IV and V, however, are quite another matter.

To the degree that those first three collections are of somewhat esoteric interest, the final two are of special interest to Friends and any other concerned and literate citizens. The list of totally delightful titles makes my point: The Difficult Art of Doing Good; The Menace of Methuselah (Possible Consequences of Increased Life Expectancy); Dare We Take the Social Sciences Seriously?; The Meaning of Human Betterment; Expecting the Unexpected (The Uncertain Future of Knowledge and Technology); Am I a Man or a Mouse, or Both?; Is Peace Researchable?

Even more significant/provocative are: Why Did Gandhi Fail?; Religion and the Social Sciences; Reflections on Protest; The University and Tomorrow's Civilization; Toward a Twenty-First Century Politics; The Medium and the Message; The Fifth Meaning of Love (Notes on Christian Ethics and Social Policy); A Theory of Small Society; The Society of Abundance; The Ethics of Rational Decision; The Interplay of Technology and Values; The Future as Chance and Design; and The Future as Personal Decision.

Who could resist such a tempting list of topics? Nothing short of the cost of these large volumes would discourage most Friends from delving into this sumptuous feast. And, in an obvious effort to keep costs as low as possible in this age of rising charges, the publisher has chosen to use the plates and layout of the original printing of each selection. This gives an ever-fascinating—and occasionally exasperating diversion of type styles and sizes. This is a novel response to an economical dictate, and we should be grateful to the Colorado Press for this innovative effort to keep its products within our reach.

Another eminent economist, Paul Samuelson, has said of Kenneth E. Boulding, "Boulding is a universal genius—poetic, mystic, master economist, philosopher and social psychologist—whose every page stimulates." Well said. He is, for sure, and they do indeed.

James Neal Cavener
The Game of Disarmament: How the United States and Russia Run the Arms Race by Alva Myrdal. Pantheon. 397 pages. $15.00.

Friends are often idealistic, and that is laudable, up to a point. But they are not always correspondingly informed, and that is regrettable.

This book should help Friends to combine idealism with information and thereby to become more effective in their efforts to tackle what the author calls "the major intellectual and moral dilemma of our time," the arms race.

Unfortunately the author is not as well-known by Americans as she should be. She may be identified by some as the wife of the famed economist and social scientist, Gunnar Myrdal. But that is only one of her many roles. More than any other woman in the world today, she has contributed to a wide variety of national and international institutions and movements. She has headed the Social Science division of UNESCO and the Social Affairs section of the United Nations, pioneered in the revamping of the schools of Sweden, served as Ambassador to India, held several ministerial posts in the government of her own country, and written widely as a social scientist on population control, women's rights, family life, and social philosophy.

To this volume she brings special qualifications, first as the Minister of Disarmament of Sweden (yes, that is a top-level ministerial post in that nation) and secondly as a member for 12 years of the Geneva Disarmament Committee, part of that time as its chairman.

In the Preface, Alva Myrdal admits that this volume grew out of her "near despair" after 12 years of participating in multilateral disarmament negotiations, a period in which "the competitive race between the two superpowers has steadily escalated, and the militarization of the economy and national life of almost all countries has intensified." But she is not without hope and not without specific suggestions as to what can be done, including the importance of a world disarmament conference, only after specific pledges by the two superpowers in advance of such a meeting.

The book is packed with inside information and filled with her own insights into international diplomacy and the global arms race. Yet it is a highly readable volume. Her approach is rational and reasonable. Yet there is a high feeling tone, almost a passion, in parts of her writing, reflecting her deep commitment to peace, justice, and equality.

The fact that she comes from an uncommitted country in the struggle for world hegemony adds another dimension to this penetrating volume.

The book is expensive ($15) but it is worth all that to members of the staffs of the Friends Committee on National Legislation and to members of similar state bodies, members of the staffs of the American Friends Service Committee and their state affiliates, to teachers in Friends schools and colleges, to chairpersons of peace committees, and others who want to be informed Quakers on this complex but overriding issue of our times.

Leonard S. Kenworthy

June 15, 1977  FRIENDS JOURNAL
CREMATION
Friends are reminded that the Anna T. Jeunes Fund will reimburse cremation costs. (Applicable to members of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting only.)
For information write or telephone
HENRY BECK
6500 Greene Street
Philadelphia, PA 19144 - VI 3-7411

Letters to the Editor

"Whispered About"

The wonderful description of community at The Meeting School (FJ 2/1/77) restated a great ideal for me. However I would like to draw your attention to a group that schools, including most Friends schools, still exclude: gay people.

Last week I met a young man enrolled in a Quaker high school. Knowing that I was gay, he pried me with questions, about my life, about my parents and my friends, about my happiness. He said little more than that he was unsure of himself and his feelings, but his search for role models to whom he could relate was obvious. His school did not provide those role models, only a few teachers who were "whispered about."

I myself have been rejected for teaching posts at two Friends schools in the past year. In both cases the explicitly stated reason was that I am gay.

Present statistics suggest that homosexuals make up some 10% of the populations in this society. Thus 10% of all Friends and 10% of those young people enrolled in Friends schools are in some way gay. As long as schools reject gay teachers and suppress those gays already teaching, these students, our children, will be forced to lead very confusing and hidden lives, believing themselves alone and rejected. This is unconscionable.

Bruce H. Penrose
Potsdam, NY

Pseudo-Socialist Club

William B. Edgerton's article, "Quakerism at the Crossroads" (FJ 2/15), with its analysis of membership policy in the Society of Friends and his concern for the general spiritual malaise of Quakers really reads like a breath of fresh air. As a new Quaker, I came into Friends because it appeared to me that social concern arose from spiritual insight throughout the history of Friends. The current trend towards some type of agnostic pseudo-socialist club is one which will ultimately destroy the Society of Friends if not vigorously resisted. Resistance, though, is not enough. We must infuse our own lives so much with the Inner Light and so resurrect the spiritual foundations of Quakerism that our fellow humanistic, totally social action oriented Friends will see that social action will be even more effective in creating change when our own lives have experienced the fire of a...
radical gospel. This, I believe, is what George Fox was preaching about for forty-five years. This, I believe, is the duty of Friends, today. Again, cheers for Friend Edgerton’s article.

Brian R. Marshall
Marquette, Mi

Quaker Farmers

Have you ever opened a package of frozen farm-picked black raspberries, and smelled the raspberry patch in July? Or spread out a bale of bedding, baled up with red and gold maple leaves from October fields? Have you fed a newborn calf, holding a finger in its mouth while it slurps up a half a pail of warm milk? Or have you ever wondered how you’re going to pay the feed bill, the vet bill, the machinery repair bill?

Not many people have these opportunities today, or know the stresses of the cost-price squeeze.

The chances are less than one in ten that you even know anyone who does. We farm people are only one in fifty, and Quaker farmers are only a few of these. And the public’s understanding of, and contact with, where food comes from is dwindling at an alarming rate. It seems, sometimes, that the apathy of food consumers will be broken only when today’s abundance of food evaporates. This could easily happen when the farmers get pushed out, like wild creatures, by too much “civilization.” Farm people have a heritage of close association with the intricacies of ecology, of the gratification of achievement through long hours and their bodily efforts.

Thereau, in Walden, talks about the farmer being “chained to his land.” Well, we farmers have enabled you 98% to be free of those chains. In your release, however, you have inadvertently also acquired a lack of roots. You no longer know the discipline of getting up at 4:30 a.m., the quiet glory of a sunrise over the hills or plains, or the hopeless despair of watching roofing tins blow off, like chaff, in a furious wind.

Knowing what you don’t know, it therefore hurts deeply when Friends criticize other Friends in the realm of principles, under the activity of lettuce boycott. The farmers helped that lettuce —and milk, apples, cabbage, carrots, beef and all the other goodies—to grow, with blood, sweat, and tears.

Do you know what it means to live on depreciation? You people who think it is so terrible to find Friends eating lettuce, have you ever visited with a farmer, on the other side of the fence? You might also begin to get a little scared about your food supply.

“Judge not that ye be not judged.” I wouldn’t give up my bloody, sweating, tearful, wonderfully gratifying and joyful farm life for all the “unrootedness” in the country; unless I get pushed away.

Dorothy K. Garner
Cobleskill, NY

Non-theism and Quaker Faith

Recently I read of “nontheistic Friends,” e.g. on page 56 of this year’s Friends Journal. In my view faith in God belongs to Friends life. I love and respect several non-theistic acquaintances of mine who are highly truthful,
very humane, loving persons, I do not think of them as people who could become Quakers. Just as I see little use in a grain field in which wheat, rye, and barley grow from mingled seeds, so do I see little help for our Society of Friends in a meeting for worship where persons with and without belief in God are present. There surely can be goodness in such mixed assembly, as members can tenderly meditate together on their own and other persons' life, need, tasks, and fate. They can cultivate empathy and delve together into the spiritual world so near to all of us for strength from our human resources which are given to us. This is indeed a part of Friends worship, but only a part. Strange to our nontheistic fellows is what seems to me the core of Quaker unprogramed meetings for worship: This is the prayer to come into the presence of God's and Christ's Spirit. We long for guidance by this pure Spirit, hope that our lives will be truly influenced by it, and that we shall be obedient to the Spirit. John G. Whittier prayed "Let us feel the Light of Thee." A good expression for our faith is "Waiting upon God." We know all too well that we cannot always experience this heart of Quaker worship. Yet, it is our hope.

Hans B. Gottlieb
Carbondale, CO

Another Right Track

Speaking of someone who was looking up his ancestry, Thoreau remarked that it was more important for him to know where he was going than where he came from. Anything that enhances one's self-respect, self-reliance, moral and physical courage is desirable. Those who search their roots for those virtues are on the right track.

But there is another right track, too. That is to move ahead, despite our roots. Perhaps not one out of every hundred adults now living was brought up with the love, respect, encouragement, and validation that makes it easy to get along well with ourselves and others—the hallmark of mental and emotional maturity.

Man has always handed down misery to man. That is implicit in nearly everyone's roots. In Elia Kazan's "America, America," the author kisses the hand of the father who struck him with it. There is a similar experience and decision in the roots of most of us. Most of us today are mentally and emotionally immature because we never got over some physical and spiritual blows to our bodies and souls when we were very young and very helpless.

It is well to look back on our past and hold on to what is good in it. It is even better to stop repeating the bad in it: man's inhumanity to man, and cease being "children of a larger growth," as Dr. Samuel Johnson (himself partially one of them) described us. "We are what we are because we have been what we have been," said that great and little known catalyst in psychology, the late Lawrence K. Frank. But we also can be emancipated from better to what we are by understanding how we got that way and acting upon it. When we recognize the wrong way we were socialized as babies and children, we are on the right way to civilizing ourselves as adults.

R. Leslie Chrisner
Stamford, NY

Counselling Service
Family Relations Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting
For appointment call counselors between 8 and 10 P.M.
Rachel T. Hare-Mustin, Ph.D.
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Josephine W. Johns, M.A.
Center City
(Arleen Kelly, ACSW
Wayne 215-687-1130
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Consultants: Ross Roby, M.D.
Howard Page Wood, M.D.
Communities
Small group of folks living in Virginia mountains have life-long commitments each other. Striving to live in harmony with each other and all around us. Organically farming/gardening towards self-sufficiency with horses. Seeking more folks to join our family. North Mountain Community, Box 207, Route 2, Lexington, VA 24450.

For Sale
Non-Competitive games for home, school, church Play together, not against each other. New items, wider variety. Free Catalog: Family Pastimes, (F) RR4, Perk., Ont., Canada K7H 3C8.

Downeast Maine. 1-1/2 acre rocky, sandy shore lots; magnificent views, trees, claming, sailing, privacy. From $14,000. 215-688-7013. 21 Matlack Lane, Villanova, PA 19085. After June 1, 207-946-2699.

Personal
Single Booklovers enables cultured, marriage-oriented single, widowed or divorced persons to get acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081.

Marteil's offers you friendliness and warmth as well as fine foods and beverages. Oldest restaurant in Yorkville. Fireplace—sidewalk cafe. Serving lunch daily. Saturday and Sunday brunch. American-continental cuisine. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-881-6110. "Peace."

Positions Vacant
Lancadowne Friends Meeting and School seek caretaker/janitor. Apartment provided. Contact Lancadowne Friends School, 110 N. Lancadowne Ave., Lancadowne, PA 19068, MA3-2548.

Friends Select School seeks business manager. Accounting, plant management, personnel management skills necessary. Contact Truxton Hare, Headmaster, Friends Select School, 17th and Parkway, Philadelphia, PA 19103, 561-9500.

Wanted: Retired farmer interested in using organic methods at high school. Write Agna Saele, Glydian School, Box 143, Route 4, Leesburg, VA 22075.

Wanted young married farmer and/or cattlemen to associate with prospective owner of good sized farm in north Florida. Soil good for cattle, grain, grass, melons and forestry (timber and pulp). Area good for fishing, hunting, swimming, sports, camping and raising a family. Will accept life-time contract. Send letter to Benjamin Lucash, 84 Kent Avenue, Mertton, NJ 08053.

Executive Director, experienced administration, political action projects, domestic and international issues. Salary $12,000. Send resume, social change credo to Search, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, 1213 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

Friends House at Sandy Spring, MD, seeks a director for its retirement and nursing facility. Interested persons contact Elizabeth E. Haviland, 25 Haviland Mill Road, Brookeville, MD 20827 by early July. Telephone 301-774-4463, to each other.


The Best Things In Life Are often found on the Journal classified page

Field Secretary for New Yearly Meeting. An experienced Friend needed by the close of the year for Ministry and Counsel and Religious Education and Advancement Committees in the nurture of monthly and regional meetings. Important to have skills and background for working with all ages, especially children and youth. Direct inquiries to: Kathryn H. Motz, Executive Committee Clerk, 114 Knollwood Drive, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423.

Positions Wanted

Retirement
Cottage Program for Retired People, The Friends Home, Inc. of Ohio Valley Yearly Meeting is in the planning phase of a cottage program for retired people. This will be situated in one of the oldest Friends centers west of the Alleghenies. For Information write or call Beulah Davis, Administrator, Quaker Heights Health Care Center, 514 W. High St., Waynesville, OH. Telephone: 513-697-4050.

Schools
John Woolman School, Nevada City, California, founded in 1963, located on 300 rural acres in the Sierra foothills. It has a student/staff ratio of 5 to 1 and provides a demanding academic program from the 3rd grade through 12th grade. A closely knit community and school centered around the nurture of spirit and intellect in harmony with each other and all around us. Open seven days a week until 2 a.m. 3rd Ave., corner of 83rd St., New York City. 212-881-6110. "Peace."


Services Offered
General Contractor. Repairs or alterations on old or historical buildings. Storm and fire damage restored. John File, 1478 Bloomdale Road, Phila delphia, PA 19115. 444-2207.

Certificates and testimonials hand lettered to your specifications. John Hume, 2 West Del Rio Drive, Tempe, AZ 85262.


Summer Rentals
Rent an island home on Sanibel Island, FL. Privacy, on canal leading to Bay. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, commodious and luxurious for couples or family. Convenient to stores, beach, restaurant. Summer rates: $950 month, $300 week. J. Parcher, 301-275-2295.

Cottage In Vermont, suitable large family. Hundreds acres wilderness, brooke, unspoiled lake, neighboring mountains. Secluded, rustic; gas and wood stoves, running hot/cold water, no electricity. $75 weekly for couple, $5 each person over four. June-October. Box D-698, Friends Journal.

Wanted
Cope, Art historian seeks information on George Cope (1855-1929), artist, Quaker, of Westchester. Interested in contacting other Copes to complete his painting for search and exhibit at Brandwynite Museum in 1978. Write, or phone collect: Gertrude Sill, 46 Willow St., Southport, CT 06460. 203-259-4914.

Photographers needed for research project "Friends and Their Environment 1400-1878." Daguerreotypes, stereocards, paper photographs, class albums, books etc., by Langenheim, Root, Moran, Clays, McAllister, Secton, Cornelius, Gurtstark etc.; purchased or borrowed, postage paid. For details write Lehr, Box 817, Gracie Square Station, NY 10028.

We seek applications from someone familiar with "the manner of Friends" (single or couple) interested in residing on our Meeting property for one year beginning September, 1977. For details please write: Bill Gardiner, c/o Santa Fe Friends Meeting, 630 Cerron Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

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Advertise here!
Meeting Announcements

Argentina
BUENOS AIRES—Worship and monthly meeting one Saturday of each month in Vicente Lopez, suburb of Buenos Aires. Phone: 791-5860.

Alabama
BIRMINGHAM—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Sunday. For information phone Joe Jenkins, clerk, 205-876-9221.

Alaska
FAIRBANKS—Unprogrammed worship, First-days, 9 a.m., Home Economics Lounge, first floor, Elioton Building, University of Alaska. Phone: 476-6762.

Arizona
FLAGSTAFF—Unprogrammed meeting, 11 a.m., 402 S. Beaver, near campus. Frances B. McAllister, clerk. Mailing address: P.O. Box 922, Flagstaff 86002. Phone: 602-774-4269.


TEMPE—Unprogrammed, First-days 9:30 a.m., Danforth Chapel, ASU Campus. Phone: 480-3283.

TUCSON—Pima Friends Meeting (Intermountain Yearly Meeting), 738 E. 5th St. Worship 10 a.m., Steven S. Spencer, clerk. Phone: 520-325-0612.

California
BERKELEY—Unprogrammed meeting, First-days 11 a.m., 2151 Vine St., 643-6762.

CLAREMONT—Worship, 9:30 a.m. Classes for children. 727 W. Harrison Ave., Claremont.

DAVIS—Meetings for worship: 1st-day, 9:45 a.m.; 4th-day, 7 p.m., 345 L St. Visitors call 753-5824.

FRESNO—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., College of the Pacific, 2311 E. Shaw. Phone: 237-3030.

HAYWARD—Worship 10 a.m., 22502 Woodside St., 94541. Phone: 415-651-1543.

LA JODA—Meeting, 11 a.m., 7360 Eads Avenue. Visitors call 459-9800 or 459-9810.

LONG BEACH—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., Garden Room, Bremenn Manor, 3334 Pacific Ave. Call 432-1004 or 831-4006.


MALIBU—Worship 9:30 a.m. Phone: 213-457-3041.

MARIN—Unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m. Call Louis Aldrich, 593-7595 or Joe McGrew, 383-5203.

MONTEREY PENINSULA—Friends meeting for worship, Sundays, 11 a.m. Call 375-3637 or 624-8621.

ORANGE COUNTY—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., University of California at Irvine, 1944 W. University Blvd., phone 548-6602 or 552-7691.

PALO ALTO—Meeting for worship and First-day classes for children, 11 a.m., 957 Colorado.

PASADENA—526 E. Orange Grove (at Oakland). Meeting for worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m.

REMOND—Meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m. 114 W. Vine. Clerk: 927-9212.

RIVERIDE—Unprogrammed worship, First-day school, 10:30, Phone: 663-3334 or 663-4808.

SACRAMENTO—YWCA, 17th and L Sts. Discussion and First-day school 9 a.m. Meeting for worship 10 a.m. Phone: 219-642-8788.

SAN DIEGO—Unprogrammed worship, First-days 10:30 a.m., 4848 Seminole Dr., 295-2264.

SAN FERNANDO—FAMILY sharing 10 a.m. Unprogrammed worship, 10:20 a.m. 1506 Blodsoe St. Phone: 397-2586.

SAN FRANCISCO—Meeting for worship, First-days, 11 a.m., 2180 Lake St. Phone: 752-7440.

SAN JOSE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Discussion, 10 a.m. 1041 Morse St. Phone: 602-325-0612.

SANTA BARBARA—501 Santa Rosa Lane, just off San Ysidro Rd., Montecito, (YMCA) 10:30 a.m.

SANTA CRUZ—Meeting for worship Sundays 10:30 a.m., YWCA, 303 Walnut St. Clerk: 408-427-2545.

SANTA MONICA—First-day school at 10, meeting at 11. 1440 Harvard St. Call 528-4036.

SONOMA COUNTY—Redwood Forest Meeting. Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. 840 Sonoma Ave., Santa Rosa. Clerk: 404-539-8544.

VISTA—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., Call 724-4966 or 722-9303, P.O. Box 1443, Vista 92083.

WESTWOOD—West Los Angeles—Meeting 10 a.m. University YWCA, 574 Hilgard (across from UCLA Bus stop). Phone: 442-7850.

WHITTIER—Whiteleaf Monthly Meeting, Administration Building, corner Feeder and Philadelphia. Worship 9:30 a.m. P.O. Box 122. Phone: 988-7538.

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Colorado
BOULDER—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Phone: 449-4050 or 494-2963.

DENVER—Mountain View Friends Meeting, worship 10 to 11 a.m. Adult forum 11 to 12, 2280 South Columbine St. Phone: 722-4125.

Connecticut
HARTFORD—Meeting and First-day school, 10a.m., discussion 11 a.m. 144 South Oskaer Lane, West Hartford. Phone: 232-3361.

NEW HAVEN—Meeting 9:45 a.m. Connecticut Hall, Yale Old Campus. Phone: 879-4721.

NEW LONDON—622 Williams St. Worship, 10 a.m. Phone: 852-7491. Discussion, 11 a.m. Clerk: Bette Christensen. Williams St., New London 06320. Phone: 442-9477.


STORRS—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m., corner North Eaville and Hunting Lodge Roads. Phone: 429-4056.

WATERTOWN—Meeting 10 a.m., Watertown Library, 470 Main Street. Phone: 274-6506.

WILTON—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m., 317 New Canaan Road. Phone: 752-5067. Marjorie Walton, clerk, 203-947-4029.

Delaware
CAMDEN—2 miles south of Dover. Meeting and First-day school 11 a.m. Phones: 697-6010; 697-6042.

HOCKESSIN—North of road from Yorklin, at crossroad. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.; First-day school, 11:10 a.m.

NEWARK—Worship, Sunday, 10 a.m., Unitarian Campus Ministry, 20 Orchard Rd. Phone: 368-1041.

DOESSA—Worship, first Sundays, 11 a.m.

REHOBOTH BEACH—5 Pine Beach Rd., Kenilworth Acres, 227-2888. Worship First-day school, 10 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Alpacas, Friends School. Worship 9, First-day school 10:30 a.m.


District of Columbia
WASHINGTON—Meeting, Sunday, 11 a.m.; worship group, 9 a.m., adult discussion, 10 a.m.-11 a.m., Messiah, 7th and 2nd Ave., 7200 block, 11 a.m.-12:30 p.m. 2111 Florida Ave. N.W., near Connecticut Ave.

Florida
CLEARWATER—Meeting 10:30 a.m., YMCA, 222 S. Lincoln Ave. Phone: 447-6507.

DAYTONA BEACH—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., 201 San Juan Ave. Phone: 677-5547.

GAINESVILLE—1921 N.W. 2nd Ave., Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m.

JACKSONVILLE—Meeting 10 a.m., YMCA. Phone contact 398-3435.

LAKE WALES—At Lake Waiau-Water Heights. Worship, 11 a.m. Phone: 696-1260.

LAKE WORTH—Palm Beach Meeting, 10:30 a.m., 823 North A St. Phone:954-3180.

MIAMI—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m. Discussion follows. Call 777-0418 or 724-1182 for information.
Michigan

ANN ARBOR—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; adult discussion, 11:30 a.m. Meetinghouse, 1420 Hill St. Clerk: Benton Meeks. Phone: 475-7749.

BIRMINGHAM—Phone: 848-7022.

DETROIT—Friends Church, 8640 S. Conant St., 11 a.m., 3rd Sun.; Clerk: William Kirk, 18570 Stanmore, Livonia 48154.

DETROIT—Meeting, Sunday, 10 a.m., 7th floor, University Center Bldg., Wayne State University. Correspondence, 4011 Norfolk, Detroit 48221. Phone: 341-9404.

EAST LANSING—Worship and First-school, Sunday 12:30 p.m., All Saints Church Library, 800 Abbott Rd., 2nd Sat. Phone: 371-1754 or 351-3004.

GRAND RAPIDS—Friends meeting for worship. First-days —10 a.m. For particulars call 618-866-6676 or 618-383-2043.

KALAMAZOO—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m.; discussion, 11 a.m. Friends Meeting House, 508 Denler. Cell 349-1754.

New Hampshire

WORCESTER—Pleasant Street Friends Meeting and Worcester Monthly Meeting. First-school day 10 a.m.; unprogrammed meeting for worship 11 a.m. 901 Pleasant St. Phone: 756-3897. If no answer call 756-0276.

Peterborough—Monadnock Meeting Worship and First-school day 10:45 a.m. Old Fellows Hall, West Peterborough. Singing may precede Meeting.

New Jersey

ATLANTIC CITY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. South Carolina and Pacific Ave.

BARNEGAT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Left side of East Bay Ave., traveling east from Route 9.

CROPWELL—Old Marion Pike, one mile west of Marion. Meeting for worship, 10:45 a.m. (Except First-day).

CROSSWICKS—Meeting and First-school day, 10 a.m.

DOVER—First-school day, 11:15 a.m.; worship 11 a.m. Quaker Church Rd., just off Rt. 10.

GREENWICH—Friends meeting in historic Greenwich, six miles from Bridgeport. First-school day 10:30 a.m.; meeting for worship 11:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

HADDONFIELD—Friends Ave. and Lake St. Worship, 10 a.m. First-school day follows, except summer. Babysitting provided during both. Phone: 428-6242 or 227-6210.

MANASquan—First-school day 10 a.m., meeting 11:15 a.m. Rt. 30 at Manasquan Circle.

MEDFORD—Main St. First-day school 10 a.m. Meeting for worship 10:45 a.m. Summer months—Union Street.

MICKLETON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m., Kings Highway, Mickleton. Phone: 060-465-5225 1900.

MONTOCLAIR—Park St. and Gordonhurst Ave. Meeting and First-school, 11 a.m. except July and August. Phone: 201-744-6320. Visitors welcome.

MOORESTOWN—Main St. at Chester Ave. Sunday school 9:45 a.m. Oct. through May. Meeting for worship 9:30 a.m. (June through Sept.) and 11 a.m. Visitors Welcome.

MOUNT HOLLY—High and Garden Streets. Meeting for worship 10:30 a.m. Visitors welcome.

MULLICA HILL—First-school day 9:45 a.m. Meeting for worship 11 a.m., Main St., Mullica Hill.

NEW BRUNSWICK—Meeting for worship and First-school day, 11 a.m. Quaker House, 13 Ramsden Ave. Phone: 463-9271.

PLAINFIELD—Meeting for worship and First-school day, 10:30 a.m. 2nd Sun. at 3rd and Third Sts. 757-5736. Open Monday to Friday 11:30 to 1:30.

PRINCETON—Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. from June 12 through Labor Day weekend. Quaker Rd. near Mercer St. Phone: 060-924-3637.

QUAKERTOWN—Meeting for worship and First-school day, 10:30 a.m. Clerk: Douglas W. Meaker, Box 484, Milford 08848. Phone: 201-895-2276.

RANCOCA—First-school day, 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

RIDGEWOOD—Meeting for worship and First-school day at 11 a.m. 224 Highwood Ave.

SALEM—Meeting for worship 11 a.m. First-school day 9-45 a.m. East Broadway.

SEAVILLE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Shore Rd., Rt. 9, Cape May County. Visitors welcome.

SHREWSBURY—First-school day, 11 a.m. Shrewsbury Rd., 10 a.m. (July, August) (Route 35 and Sycamore). Phone: 741-0141 or 871-2651.

SUMMIT—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. First-school day, 11 a.m. 158 Southern Boulevard, Chatham Township. Visitors welcome.

TRENTON—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. and Montgomery Sts. Visitors welcome.

WESTFIELD—First-school day, 9:45 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m. W. Main St. Phone: 789-1830.

New Mexico

ALBUQUERQUE—Meeting and First-school day, 10:30 a.m. 815 Girard Blvd., N.E. Alfred Hoge, clerk. Phone: 255-9011.

GALLOP—Sunday, 10 a.m., worship at 1715 Helen Dr. Chuck Dotson, convenor. Phones: 863-4967 or 863-5725.


New York

ALBANY—Worship and First-school day, 11 a.m., 727 Madison Ave. Phone: 465-9004.

ALFRED—Meeting for worship 9:15 a.m. at The Gothic, corner Ford and Sayles Sts.

AUBURN—Unprogrammed meeting, 1 p.m. Thursday, worship by appointment only. Auburn Prison, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Requests must be processed through Phyllis Rantaneau, coordinator, 21 N. Main St., Moravia, NY 13118. Phone: 315-497-9840.

BROOKLYN—110 Schermerhorn St. Worship and First-school Sundays 11 a.m.; meeting for discussion 10 a.m.; coffee house noon. Child care provided. Information: 212-777-8808 Mon.–Fri. 9–5. Mailing address: Box 730, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

BUFFALO—Meeting and First-school day, 11 a.m.; 70 N. Parade Phone: 882-2520.


CHAPPAQUA—Quaker Road (Route 120). Meeting for worship and First-school day 10:30 a.m. Phone: 914-236-9854. Clerk: 914-929-5217.

CLINTON—Meeting, Sundays, 10:30 a.m., Kirkland Art Center, On-the-Park, Phone: 632-2243.

CORNWALL—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Rt. 307, 84th West Ave. Phone: 844-304-2117.

ELMIRA—11:00 a.m., Sundays, 155 West 6th St. Phone: 607-733-7972.

GRAHAMSVILLE—Catskill (formerly Greenwood-Nevinsville), 10:30 a.m. During winter call 928-8167.

HAMILTON—Meeting for worship Sunday 10 a.m. Chapel House, Colgate University.

HUDSON—Meeting for worship 10 a.m., Union St. between 3rd and 4th Sts. Margarita G. Moes, clerk. Phone: 518-943-4105.

ITHACA—10 a.m. worship, First-school day, nursery, Anabel Taylor Hall, Sept.–May. Phone: 256-4214.

LONG ISLAND (Queens, Nassau, Suffolk Counties)—Unprogrammed meeting First-school day 11 a.m., except otherwise noted.

FARMINGDALE-BETHPAGE—Meeting House Rd., opposite Bethpage State Park Clubhouse.

FLUSHING—137-16 Northern Blvd. Discussion group 10 a.m. First-school day 11 a.m. Open house 2-4 p.m. 1st and 3rd First-school except 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 12th month.

HUNTINGTON-LLOYD HARBOR—Meeting followed by discussion and simple lunch.

Friends World College, Plover Lane. Phone: 516-423-3072.

JERICHO—Old Jericho Tpke., off Rt. 25, just east of intersection with Rts. 106 and 107.

LOCUST VALLEY-MATINEECK—Duck Pond and Piping Rock Rds.

MANHASSET—Northern Blvd. at Shelter Rock Rd. First-school day 9:45 a.m.

ST. JAMES-CONSCIENCE BAY—Mountites Rd. Adult discussion. 10:30 a.m. Phone: 516-261-6002 or 516-941-6078.

SOUTHAMPTON-EASTERN L.I.—Administrations Bldg., Southampton College, 1st and 3rd First-school.

SOUTHOLD—Colonial Village Recreation Room, Main St.

WESTBURG—550 Post Ave., just south of Jericho Tpke., at Exit 32-N, Northern State Parkway. Phone: 516-635-3361.

MT. KISCO—Meeting for worship and First-school day 11 a.m. Meetinghouse Road.

FRIENDS JOURNAL June 15, 1977
North Dakota

BISMARCK—Unprogrammed church, 9:15 a.m. at Unitarian Fellowship, 900 5th Ave. Divide Ave. Call Joanne Speirs, 1824 Catherine Dr., 58071-7026.

Ohio

AKRON—Meeting for worship, Fairlawn Civic Center, 203 W. Market St. Sundays 7:30 a.m. Phone: 253-7151 or 335-0563.

CINCINNATI—Clifton Friends Meeting, Weisley Foundation Bldg., 2717 Clifton Ave. Meeting for worship, 10 a.m. 286-1609.

CINCINNATI—Community Meeting (United) FGCU and UNprogrammed worship, 9 a.m., 3880 Winding Way, 45229 Phone: 513-861-4353. Marion Bromley, clerk, 513-565-8703.

CLEVELAND—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m., 1108 Magnola Dr., 721-2220.


FINDLAY-BOWLING GREEN AREA—P. G. C.C. Contact Joe Davis, clerk, 422-7666, 1731 S. Main St., Findlay.

HUDSON—Unprogrammed Friends Meeting for worship, Sunday 4 p.m. at The Old Church on the Green, 1 East Bluff Rd., 216-853-8600.

KENT—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10:30 a.m., 1105 Fairchild Ave. Phone: 673-5336.


SALEM—Wilbur Friends, unprogrammed meeting, First-day school, 9:30 a.m.; worship, 10:30 a.m.

STARK COUNTY—(Canton, Massillon, Alliance) Quakers meet Sunday and Thursday. Massillon Village Phone: 419-776-0300.

TOLEDO—Annual meeting. Meetings irregular on call. Visitors contact Jan Suter, 881-3174, or Alice Nau, 475-5828.

WAYNESVILLE—Friends Meeting, Fourth and High Sts. First-day school, 9:20 a.m.; unprogrammed worship, 10:45 a.m.

WILMINGTON—Campus Meeting (United) FUM & FGCU unprogrammed worship, 10 a.m., College Kelly Center. T. Canby Jones, clerk, 431-382-0107.

WOOSTER—Unprogrammed meeting and First-day school, 10:30 a.m.; SW corner College and Pine Sts. Phone: 264-8417.

YELLOW SPRINGS—Unprogrammed worship, FGCU, 11 a.m., Rockford Meetinghouse, President St. (Antioch campus). Co-clerks: Ken and Peg Champney, 517-737-1811.

Oregon

PORTLAND—Multnomah Monthly Meeting, 4312 S.E. 12th St. Worship 10 a.m. discussions 11 a.m. Same address, AFSC. Phone: 232-8984.

Pennsylvania


BIRMINGHAM—1245 Birmingham Rd. S. of West Chester on Rt. 202. Meet 10 a.m. 215-752-3082, turn W. to Birmingham Rd., turn S. 1/4 mile. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship 11 a.m.

BRISTOL—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.; Market and Wood. Clerk: Cornelia Eesman. Phone: 757-4435.

CHELTENHAM—See Philadelphia listings.

CHESTER—25th and Chestnut Sts. First-day school 10:30 a.m., meeting for worship 11:15 a.m.

CONCORD—At Concordville, on Concord Rd. one block south of Rt. 1. First-day school 10 a.m.-11:15 a.m. except summer. Meeting for worship 11:15 a.m. to 12 p.m.

DOLGONTON—Mifflin—East of Dolington on Mt. Eyre Rd. Meeting for worship 11-11:30 a.m. First-day school 11:30-12:30.

DOWNINGTOWN—Route 202 E. Lancaster Ave. (south side old Rt. 30. 1/4 mile east of town.) First-day school (except summer months) and worship, 10:30 a.m. Phone: 263-284-4414.

DOYLESTOWN—East Oakale Ave. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 11 a.m.

EXETER—Worship, 10:30 a.m. Meetinghouse Rd. off 582, 1 and 6 10 miles W of 582 and 582 intersection at Yellow House.

FALLSTON (Bucks County)—Fallston Meeting, Main St. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m. No First-day school on first First-day of each month. Five miles from Pennsbury, reconstructed mansion home of William Penn.

GETTYSBURG—First-day school and worship at 10 a.m. Masters Hall, College. Phone: 334-3055.

GOSHEN—Goshen Assembly of God, Township Rd. First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11:30 a.m.

GWYNEDD—Sunnyside Pike and Rt. 202. First-day school 10 a.m., except summer. Meeting for worship, 11:15 a.m.

HARRISBURG—Sixth and Herr Sts. Meeting for worship and First-day school, 10 a.m. Forum, 11 a.m.

HAvERFORD—Buck Lane, between Lancaster Pike and Haverford Rd. First-day school and meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m., followed by Forum.

HAVERTOWN—Old Haverford Meeting, East Eagle Rd. at Saint Dennis Lane, Havertown. First-day school 10 a.m., meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

HORSHTAM—Rt. 611. First-day school and meeting, 11 a.m.

KENNEDY SQUARE—Union & Sickle. First-day school, 10 a.m. worship 11 a.m. Joann Shoemaker, clerk, 215-245-2838.

LANCASTER—Off U.S. 422, back of Wheatland Shopping Center, 1/4 mile west of Lancaster. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.

LANDGROVE—Landgrove and Stover Aves., meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m. First-day school, 11 a.m.

LEIGHTON VALLEY-BETHLEHEM—On Rt. 512 ½ mile north of Rt. 22. Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m.


MEDIA—125 West Third St. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MEDIA—Providence Meeting, Providence Rd., Media, 15 miles west of Philadelphia. Meeting for worship, 11 a.m.


MIDDLETOWN—Delaware County, Rt. 352 N. of Lima. Meeting for worship, 10:30 a.m.

MIDDLETOWN—At Langhorne, 453 West Maple Ave. First-day school 10 a.m.; meeting for worship, 11 a.m.

MILLVILLE—Main St. Worship 10 a.m. First-day school 10 a.m. Phone: 561-6912. Clerk: Michael Gross, phone. 458-6181.

MUNCY at PENNSDALE—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Flicker and Michael Gross, clerks. Phone: 717-584-3324.

NEWTOWN—Bucks County, near George School. Meeting, 11 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. Monthly meeting, first Fifth-day, 7:30 p.m.

RHODE ISLAND

NEWPORT—In the restored meetinghouse, Marlborough St., unprogrammed meeting for worship on first and third First-days at 10 a.m. Phone: 848-7345.

PROVIDENCE—90 Monto Ave., corner of Olney St. Meeting for worship; 11 a.m. each First-Day.

WESTERNLY—57 Elm St., Unprogrammed worship, 11 a.m., except June through Sept., 10 a.m. Sunday school, 11 a.m.

SOUTH CAROLINA

COLUMBIA—Meeting and First-day school, 11 a.m., 3203 Staten St. Phone: 798-8471.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SIDU FALLS—Unprogrammed meeting, 10 a.m., 2300 S. Summit. Phone: 605-334-7894.

TENNESSEE

CHATTANOOGA—Worship, 10:30, forum 11:30, Second Mile, 516 Vine St. Larry Ingle, 85-5814.

NASHVILLE—Meeting and First-day school, 10 a.m. First-day school, 10 a.m. D. W. Newton, 693-8540.

TEXAS

AUSTIN—Worship and First-day school, 11 a.m. Forum, 10 a.m., 3014 Washington Square, GL 2-1841. Otto Hofmann, clerk, 442-2228.

DALLAS—Sunday, 10:30 a.m., Park North YWCA, 4434 W. Northwest Highway. Clerk: Terry Vaught, 2119 Poppy Lane. Phone: 214-335-2710.

EL PASO—Worship, 10:00 a.m., 4121 Montana. Clerk: Michael Blue, 533-0168.


SAN ANTONIO—Unprogrammed meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sundays, YWCA, 315 McCullough, 78215. Houston Wade, clerk, 512-736-2857.

UTAH

LOGAN—Meeting 10:30 a.m. Cache Library, 90 N. 100 E. Phone: 752-2702.

OGDEN—Sundays 11 a.m., Mattie Harris Hall, 525 27th. Phone: 389-5886.

SALT LAKE CITY—11 a.m. unprogrammed meeting, 232 University, 64101. Phone: 801-485-6703.

Vermont

BENNINGTON—Worship, Sundays, 10:30 a.m. Monument Elem. School, W. Main St, P.O. Box 221, Bennington 05201. Phone: 802-441-6311.

BURLINGTON—Worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, back of 179 No. Prospect. Phone: 802-862-8449.

MIDDLEBURY—Meeting for worship, Sunday, 11 a.m., St. Mary’s School, Shannon St.

PLAINFIELD—Worship 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Phone Gilson, Danville, 202-864-2281 or Lowe, Montpelier, 802-223-3742.

PUTNEY—Worship, Sunday, 10:30 a.m. The Grammar School, Hickory Ridge Rd.

Virginia

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Janie Porter Barber School, 410 Rides St. Adult discussion, 10 a.m., worship, 11 a.m.

LINCOLN—Goose Creek United Meeting for worship and meeting, 10 a.m., Sun., 10 a.m., 69-215.

MCLEAN—Langley Hill Meeting, Sunday, 10:30 a.m., junction old Rt. 123 and Rt. 193.

RICHMOND—First-day school 10 a.m., worship 11 a.m., 4500 Kensington Ave. Phone: 356-6185 or 272-9113. June-August, worship 10 a.m.


WINCHESTER—Centre Meeting, 220 Old Washington, Worhip, 10:15 a.m. Phone: 897-8487 or 867-5050.

Washington

SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., N.E. Silent worship and First-day classes at 11 a.m. Phone: ME 2-7006.

TACOMA—Tacoma Friends Meeting, 3019 N. 21st St. Unprogrammed worship 10:30 a.m., First-day discussion 11:30. Phone: 738-9110.

West Virginia

CHARLESTON—Worship, Sunday, 10:00-11:00 a.m. Winter Quarters, 704 Ham Carr, clerk. Phone: 342-8836 for information.

Wisconsin

BELoit—Unprogrammed worship 11 a.m. Sundays, 811 Clay St. Phone: 608-365-5585.

GREEN BAY—Meeting for worship and First-day school, 12 noon. Phone Sheila Thomas, 336-0869.

KICKAPOO VALLEY—Friends Worship Group. 10:30 a.m. Sunday. Write DuVivier, R.D. 1, Readstown, WI 54652, or call 629-5132.

MADISON—Sunday, 11 a.m., Friends House, 200 Monroe St., 256-2246; and 11:15, Yahara Allowed Meeting, 519 Riverside Dr., 769-2255.

MILWAUKEE—10 a.m., YWCA, 610 N. Jackson (Rm. 406). Phone: 278-0850 or 982-2100.

OSHKOSH—Meeting for worship, 11 a.m. Sunday, 545 Monroe St. 414-233-5804.

WAUSAU—Meetings in members’ homes. Write 3320 N. 11th or phone 842-1130.
"MOUNTAIN AND RIVER"

Vietnamese woodcutter Vo-Dinh creates a rhythmic, turbulent celebration of trees, moving water, sheltered houses, a black, brooding mountain. The interplay is between the lightless and motionless mountain and light-filled, seething water. Tree and grass are caught in strong gusts created by the elemental clash.

In Vietnamese, the words “mountain and river” mean nation.