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FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker Thought and Life Today

Quakers and the Arts

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FRIENDS' BENIGN NEGLECT

by Fritz Eichenberg

Art cannot be created in a vacuum. There has to be a response, an echo, if not an acceptance; there has to be an atmosphere in which it can grow, and, given the right conditions, flourish and bear fruit.

When Giotto created the murals of the life of St. Francis in the church of Assissi, it was not just a

Fritz Eichenberg, German-born wood engraver, came to the U.S. in 1933. Formerly chairperson of the Department of Graphic Arts at Pratt Institute, his work has illustrated much classic literature. He is a member of Providence (RI) Meeting.

FRIENDS JOURNAL



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commission. There was a deep need to honor a saint, and the work became an act of worship—mystical union between the artist and the object of his veneration. And for seven centuries, and more centuries to come, people of all faiths will make pilgrimages to Assissi, to do homage to the artist and to the saint.

Art in its purest manifestations is not a partisan affair. Standing above national or denominational divisions, it is the great mediator that belongs to all of humankind. To put a label on a work of art can be an act of desecration; to classify it according to style or fashion constitutes more often than not a pedantic exercise for art critics and art historians, and serves as a crutch for generations of students sweating over their term papers.

As an artist, one should be a free agent—subject to one's own convictions, whatever they may be. As an artist, one should not be exposed to outside pressures, but should seek one's true vocation. This rarely happens in our time of market values; perhaps this deplorable fact accounts for the scarcity of great works of art in our age of cynicism and disbelief. Art is an act of faith—faith in

one's vocation, responded to by a community of kindred spirits touched by one's work.

What we prefer to call the dark ages—the Middle Ages—were also the Ages of Faith. The miracle of Chartres grew out of the hands and hearts of a community of artisans and townspeople. The great edifices of worship rose to heaven all over Europe, treasure houses of faith made visible in stone, paint, stained glass, metal, parchment, ivory—ostentation in the eyes of the Quakers, true, but sources of inspiration to millions of simple people.

One does not have to be a Roman Catholic in order to admire Chartres—nor a Buddhist to be awed by Angkor Wat. It serves no purpose to call Dürer a Lutheran artist, or Hokusai's work Shintoist. Neither does it help to identify Picasso's art as Spanish communist, or Chagall's art as Russian Jewish. It has always been a popular game to pigeonhole artists. But artists are not pigeons—and the great ones have strong wings—big enough to soar over the centuries and escape classification.

If there are no Quaker artists worth mentioning, it is not because they resisted such designation—they just were not permitted to exist. They were victims of benign neglect, or rather of a well-organized campaign of defamation, coming from within the ranks of their own brethren.

George Fox, though he came from peasant stock like most of the early Friends, was an inspired poet and writer—though he would have vigorously denied it. In his zeal to lead his flock back to the very basic sources of Christianity he was moved, in his own words, “to cry out against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks on their stages; for they burdened the pure life and stirred up people's vanity.” But it would surely take divine inspiration, the same impulse that motivates great art, to produce the wealth of powerful writing that came out of the small band of artisans, tradesmen, and small farmers, most of them “uneducated” in our sense, who made up the avant-garde of early Friends. George Fox had the perceptive eyes of an artist; his descriptions were graphic and incisive.

In his excellent survey, “Quakers and the Arts,” Frederick J. Nicholson quotes William Blake as saying: “Jesus and his apostles and disciples were all artists. . . .” meaning that life itself in its highest forms must be creative, must be art.

Perhaps art, as seen with Puritan eyes in Cromwell's England, seemed tainted with corruption. Perhaps to country folks the great art of the past was hidden—no books on art, no art collections were available to them. Not even the well educated Isaac Pennington, Robert Barclay, Thomas Ellwood, or William Penn—convinced Friends, men of culture, good writers all—could see the value of art as an enhancement of life, an act of worship

(unless they kept their own counsel about it!).

It may seem strange to us now to quote William Penn in *No Cross No Crown*: “How many plays did Jesus Christ and his apostles recreate themselves at? What poets, romances, comedies and the like did the apostles and saints make, or use to pass away their time withal? . . . How many pieces of ribbon, feathers, lacebands and the like had Adam and Eve in Paradise, or out of it?”

Would we not call this a naive and simplistic statement coming from such a great man? Thomas Clarkson, a non-Quaker, helps us a little to understand early Friends in his famous *Portraiture of Quakerism*, published in 1806:

Music does not appear to Friends to be productive of elevated thoughts, that is, of such thoughts as raise the mind to sublime and spiritual things, abstracted from the inclinations, the temper, and the prejudice of the world. All true elevation can only come, in the opinion of the Quakers, from the divine source.

Among the bodily exercises dancing and the diversion of the field, have been proscribed.

Among the mental, music, novels, the theatre, and all games of chance of every description have been forbidden.

Notice the lumping together of music and the theater with gambling of all sorts.

Reviewing a music festival at Birmingham in 1846, which included Hayden's “The Creation,” Handel's “Messiah,” and Mendelssohn's “Elijah,” a Quaker critic called it “a horrible profanation of sacred things.” “In music as in drinks,” he concluded, “total abstinence seems to be the only safeguard against intemperance.”

John Griscom, a U.S. Quaker born in 1774, called Shakespeare “The Prince of Darkness.” Since Quakers were forbidden to attend the theater, it may be safely assumed that Griscom never saw or read a Shakespeare play.

Even Henry Ward Beecher, the famous U.S. preacher, in 1857 similarly castigated the theater as a center of depravity.

Novels were condemned as wasters of time, poisoners of the mind, seducers of youth. Sir Walter Scott was attacked for wasting his talents on fiction and was admonished to take his cues from the Gospel! Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, the Brontës came under Friends' fire—if one may use such martial terms—even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did not escape criticism as being not a “true account,” but fiction.

But what if you were a good Quaker and had the irresistible urge to paint? Poor Edward Hicks, passionate amateur painter that he was, always guilt-ridden, wrote

to his friend Luis Jones in 1836:

If I can get rid of [my paintings] at almost any rate, I think I will never paint any more. . . . The poor old good-for-nothing painter [will] sink to his proper place, the gulf of oblivion. . . . Thee may sell them for anything or nothing, or give them away or burn them. . . .

This is the man we now proudly call a "Quaker Artist." If he had only known this when, thoroughly discouraged, he wrote some time later:

If the Christian world was in the real spirit of Christ, I do not believe there would be such a thing as a fine painter in Christendom. It appears clearly to me to be one of the more trifling insignificant arts which has never been any substantial advantage to mankind.

The only other professional artist of that period, whom Friends now feel privileged to claim as their own, Benjamin West, born in 1738, chose to study in Italy and later moved to England where he died in 1820, much honored, as president of the Royal Academy. He would not have gotten very far in his native Pennsylvania, since painting—and especially portraits—were considered tokens of idolators, of vanity and personality cult, unworthy of a true Friend.

Drawing, however, was permitted, even fostered in early Quaker schools as long as it served to study nature and did not involve any form of imagination.

However, the pen proved mightier than the brush. In the wake of literally thousands of Quaker journals, tracts, and other devotional writings, beginning in the 1650s, an awareness began to blossom among the intellectual elite of the indivisibility of the arts and their value to the spiritual growth of the Society of Friends. In 1859 *The Friend* published a much debated essay by a respected Quaker, John S. Rowntree, entitled "Quakerism: Past and Present," in which he blamed George Fox for having ignored "the love of the beautiful in art and song. . . as a weapon of remarkable potency in awakening religious sensibilities," having thus failed to broaden the basis on which the Society rests. "The attitude assumed by Friends towards the fine arts," Rowntree courageously argued, "furnished another evidence of their imperfect apprehension of the dignity of all the feelings and emotions originally implanted by the Creator in the constitution of man."

He was seconded in the same issue by a friend, the Rev. Thomas Hancock, in an essay entitled, "Peculium: an endeavour to throw light on some of the causes of the decline of the Society of Friends." He noted that:

A mighty host of redeemed artists, poets, romanticists, musicians, play-writers, builders of monu-

ments, bear witness to God and his order against the discipline of Quakerism which marks with the note of the world things which He, by the incarnation of His Son, has marked with the seal of redemption, the sign of the Cross.

This was reinforced later by John Ruskin's statement that the early Friends "could have carried all before them, had they not denied what is followed by the whole of animal creation. . . the love and the beauty of color—the essence of art."

To some degree concepts of art have changed in the Society of Friends, though painfully slowly in this fast-moving world. Hancock's and Rowntree's warnings of more than a hundred years ago have created only a hollow echo. The Society has not grown dynamically, if at all: the majority of its members are still embarrassed or self-conscious at the mention of art in any form.

For some years now, British Friends have had their Quaker Fellowship of the Arts, which seems to be fairly active, arranging exhibitions and publishing a paper called *Reynard*.

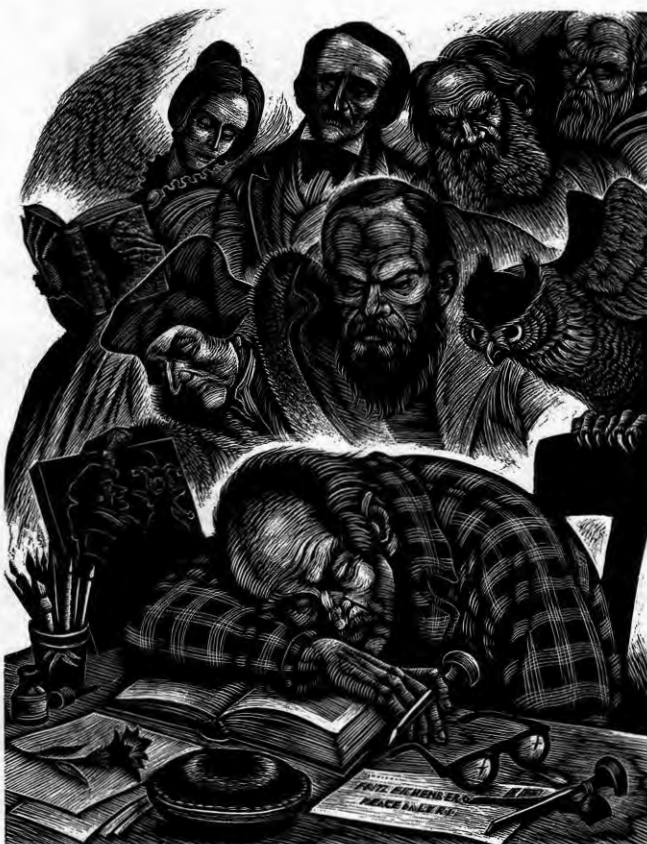
Several years ago, this writer attempted to organize a group called "Arts for World Unity," in which he tried to mobilize artists, writers, musicians, and performers all over the world, to work together to reduce and remove the causes of friction, violence, and war. Since great art is the shared heritage of all the people on this planet, it speaks a universal language that needs no interpretation and can work powerfully for the cause of peace where generals and politicians fail. I am grateful to Vally Weigl, a noted musician, who took over as chairperson of the committee at a critical moment, for her devotion to this cause. Through her many musical activities she is keeping the idea of AWU alive, though on a more modest scale.

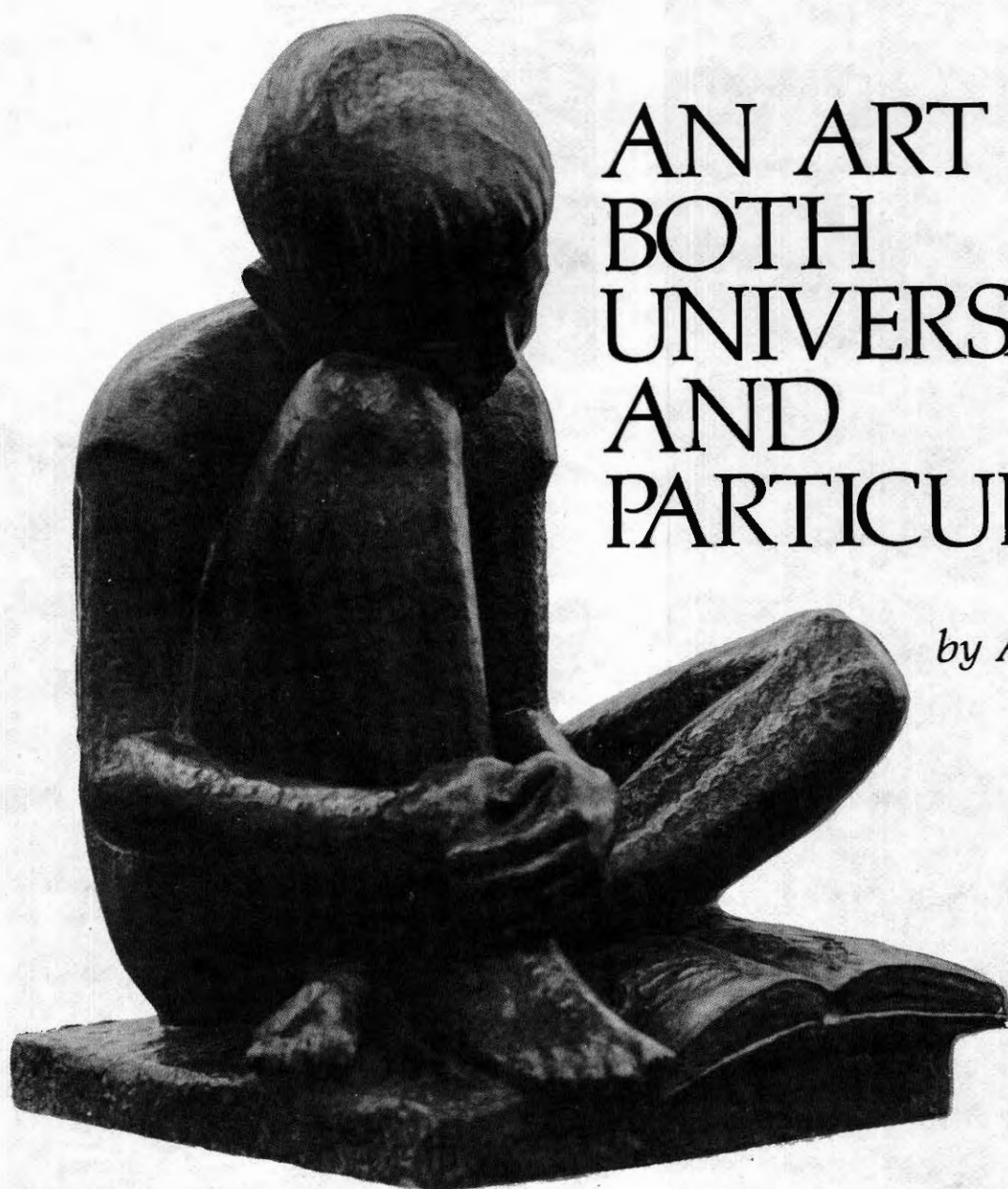
Pendle Hill, which published a pamphlet, *Art and Faith*, some twenty-seven years ago, in which I summed up my thoughts following a conference on that concern, started again a series of seminars on the arts under the leadership of Dorothea Blom. At a Summer Arts Festival in 1972, we again joined forces at Pendle Hill to explore the importance of the arts in our common worship. I was happy to see, for the first time, that dance and music entered into a Friends meeting—somewhat self-consciously—but any departure from tradition will take time to grow among slow-moving Friends, especially of the older generation. (Did not David play the horn, and dance before the Lord?)

We talk much of art as therapy, and it certainly has gained its rightful place. Can't we see that the essence of art is a source of life renewing itself in every act of creation? The same should hold true for a spiritual movement such as the Society of Friends which needs constant renewal. Without the arts we lose our youth—without our youth we lose our Society. □

Three Woodcuts By Fritz Eichenberg

Below, left: "And in Her Mouth Was an Olive Leaf," wood engraving, © 1955; right, top: "The Long Loneliness," wood engraving, © 1952; right, below: "The Dream of Reason," wood engraving, © 1976.





AN ART BOTH UNIVERSAL AND PARTICULAR

by Alice Walton

Sylvia Haskins knew she was a sculptor when she was still very young, but she did not realize she was also a Quaker until she was in her forties. She grew up in a Presbyterian family and when she first discovered the Society of Friends, she assumed that her art might disqualify her for membership in that plain-living, high-thinking, austere religious group. She was drawn to Pendle Hill, as she said herself, "by my need and by the writings of Rufus Jones. . . . I came to know and love Howard and Anna Brinton. It was Anna, with her warm and rich appreciation of art, who showed me that it was possible to be both an artist and a Quaker." Thanks, Anna!

Sylvia's mother, Frances Shaw, was a poet; her father, Howard VanDoren Shaw, a well-known architect, certainly influenced her greatly during her childhood. From him she absorbed the harmonious relationship between sculpture and architecture. She also inherited his delight in creative work. After study at the School of Art of the Art Institute of Chicago, Sylvia went to Paris and worked under Bourdelle at the Grande Chaumiere. Extensive traveling with her father also broadened her vision and helped to develop her strong sense of unity, her awareness of simple, solid form, growing outward from within.

Sylvia lived for much of her life at Ragdale, the beloved Lake Forest, Illinois, home designed by her father. Much of her work was done in her studio building not far from the house, overlooking prairieland and close to trees and flowers. She felt that the quiet beauty and sense of continuity in her surroundings left an imprint on her work. The prairie was especially dear to her, and when she moved away, some of this unspoiled land was given to the nature conservancy.

Sylvia was married for nearly forty years to Clay Judson, a Chicago attorney and civic leader. Several

years after his too early death in 1960, Sylvia was married to Sidney Haskins, a long-time friend and Quaker.

Clay and Sylvia Judson had two children, four grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Their daughter, Alice Ryerson, a poet, is now living at Ragdale and is the guiding spirit of a new venture, a center where artists and writers can come to work, where poetry workshops and readings are held. This Ragdale Foundation carries on the tradition of the family, a tradition of being immersed in artistic, literary, and creative involvement. When Sylvia died, on August 31, 1978, she was visiting there in her daughter's home, with many of her family around her, and she surely was happy in her awareness of the lively cultural interests thriving at her old home.

Clay Judson Jr., their son, died in 1974 at Friends Hospital in Philadelphia, after a long illness. He had spent much of his adult life at the hospital and this tragic circumstance brought profound heartache to his family. After his death, Sylvia designed and gave to the hospital a room for quiet meditation in memory of her son who so lovingly had been cared for there.

In 1952, after Sylvia discovered that she was indeed a Quaker, she called up a few friends and some Friends and started a new Quaker meeting in Lake Forest. From its tiny beginnings in a log cabin on the Judson property, the meeting has grown to become one of the larger groups in Illinois Yearly Meeting and has its own eleven-year-old meetinghouse.

Sylvia took her Quakerism seriously. She explored eagerly what it means to be a Quaker, studying the writings, the history and theology. Her own innate sense of order, of substance, surely led her to feel completely at home in the central unity of Quaker faith.

Sylvia was a full-time, active member of her meeting, serving in several official capacities as clerk, or as a member of various committees. She also conspired to develop an active social life in the meeting community, and there were quite a number of picnics at her home, where there were gardens to enjoy and the log cabin to crowd into, remembering the beginnings of the meeting. There was plenty of open space for the children, and Sylvia loved to take them on fast rides in her golf cart, which wasn't for golf use at all—but a private and efficient method of getting back and forth between her studio and the house.

Sylvia's sculpture is honest, simple, and serene. Her animals, birds, and children, in bronze or stone, are representational, each one reflecting her own inner integrity. Each unique piece commanded her full



Left page: "Boy Reading," bronze, 1946; right page, above: "Sheep Dog," cast stone, 1964.

Alice Walton is retired and a full-time volunteer for various meeting, yearly meeting, and American Friends Service Committee committees, as well as Illinois Yearly Meeting representative to the AFSC corporation. She is a member of Lake Forest (IL) Meeting.

professional attention. She tried working with various materials from stone carving to stainless steel, but her specialty was modelling pieces in clay which were then cast in bronze.

Bear cubs, sheep, geese, prairie dogs, children and young people are in many private homes and gardens, in schools and libraries. Among North Shore favorites are her young "Violinist" at Ravinia park, the "Apple Tree Children," and "Boy Reading" in the Lake Forest and Highland Park Public Libraries.

Sylvia used her own two children, her grandchildren, and many neighbors as models. She studied animals by sketching at Brookfield Zoo. Her charming "Farm Children" can be seen at the Children's Zoo there as a memorial to her first husband Clay Judson, who was president of the Brookfield Zoological Society. Also at Brookfield Zoo is the splendid fountain with four sets of antlers on pylons as a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt.

One of the charms of Sylvia's work is that a particular piece of sculpture can be seen in more than one place. Her "Raintree Fountain," which has small animals—squirrels, rabbits, turtles—under the leaves that drip water, is installed at the Morton Arboretum and also in the Children's Art Museum at the Art Institute of Chicago. Her "Gardener," a child with a plant and a spade, is in the garden of a private home in Lake Forest, but is also in the Rose Garden of the White House, and another copy is in the Philippines.

There is a spiritual quality in all of Sylvia's work, even in the smallest woodchuck. This quality, and her desire to speak "a universal language," are clearly felt in the fourteen bronze *bas relief* panels she was asked to do for the Church of the Sacred Heart in Hubbard Woods, Illinois. These panels mark the Stations of the Cross,

each depicting an event in the trial and death of Jesus, and providing a focus for meditation and prayer in the church. Sylvia tried to suggest some spiritual quality in each—charity, humility, compassion, forgiveness. The panels were impressed into wet sand, forming a mold for plaster, then cast in bronze. The vigorous spontaneity of each form conveys a marvelous sense of the richness of Catholic worship, interpreted by the simplicity of Sylvia's own personal vision.

Her best known piece—the one she loved the most—is "Mary Dyer, Quaker Martyr," who sits in a pose of quiet, intense worship as she witnesses to religious freedom in front of the Massachusetts Statehouse facing Boston Common, where she was hanged in 1660 by the Puritans. Sylvia said she intended the statue to convey "courage, compassion, and peace. I wanted her quite simply to exist—solitary and exposed as though the only safety was within." As with all her art, the concept is simple, clear, and direct; the statue conveys truth, coming outward from within.

Fortunately, we have several Marys. Besides the one in Boston, Mary also graces the entrance to Friends Center in Philadelphia in a marvelously felicitous setting. Another Mary is on the Earlham College campus in Richmond, Indiana, and a small model is in Sylvia's own home meetinghouse in Lake Forest, Illinois. Members of Lake Forest Meeting have a special reason to love this statue because Sylvia used her long-time friend and neighbor, Mary Denison Stickney as a model. Mary Stickney died the year before Sylvia, and now we have, in this small figure, both Marys.

Sylvia Haskins also published two books. *The Quiet Eye, A Way of Looking at Pictures*, is Sylvia's own spiritual anthology, a treasure. The selections, both pictures and words, convey her own appreciation of "divine ordinariness," of "affirmation, wonder, and trust." When she created the fourteen "Stations of the Cross," she was giving the worshippers in the Church of the Holy Spirit a focus for prayer. With *The Quiet Eye* she is giving us a particularly personal, unique, and affirming focus for our own meditation and worship. It is a collection of art to return to again and again.

For Gardens and Other Places is a record of her sculptural work. There are photographs of her own beautiful pieces, large and small, in their settings. Lively comments and quotations and delightful sketches from her own notebooks are scattered throughout the book, giving us a strong sense of Sylvia's affirmative view of humanity and her simple, direct joy in living.

In the early sixties, Sylvia accepted an invitation to teach sculpture at the American University in Cairo, Egypt. She joked a bit about the humor of teaching sculpture to Egyptians, but actually her students represented nine different nationalities. It was a





Sylvia spoke at some length about this profound experience in the talk she gave at Illinois Yearly Meeting in 1963, the annual Jonathan Plummer Lecture. Her title was "Universal or Particular?" She called that a "good, flexible title" because it gave her plenty of latitude. Rereading her words of fifteen years ago, this concept seems very appropriate to Sylvia's entire philosophy, her art, and her way of living.

Sylvia's art, her sculpture, is a glowing example of the particular becoming the universal. Her work speaks for itself. Her concepts are simple, direct, and clean. Her own basic integrity produces real, unique individuals, both people and animals. Her stubborn attention to the particular was consistent even shortly before her death, when, although quite helpless with a broken hip, she insisted on being taken to the studio in a wheel chair so that she could oversee the correcting of a faulty color of the eye of a cat she had made for a friend. When the color was right, Sylvia was satisfied—but not until then.

She realizes that many artists today need to speak in abstract terms, and that the abstract movement is trying to speak a universal language. But abstraction is not Sylvia's style. She tells us in the introduction of one of her books:

In spite of the widening horizons of science and the current preoccupation with space, I am still primarily interested in human beings and in the creature companions of our pilgrimage. There is a thread which connects one generation and one country with another, and which draws us close in a common humanity. This is the thread of authentic experience, simple, homely, fresh, and vivid as the parables. Art which follows this thread lasts a long time and can be widely shared without having to lose its local flavor. It is an art which can be at the same time universal and particular.

Sylvia's art is not an art of protest, even though she was very sensitive to the turmoils and agonies of the times. In her meeting she was sympathetic to and supportive of the various causes that swirl around us, giving support to civil rights issues, to the furthering of good race relations, and to the anti-Vietnam War movement. She stood in the silent vigil line in Market Square with other meeting members as they protested the war again and again.

Sylvia Haskins expressed in her art her interest in the divine ordinariness of life. She believed that if we deal effectively with the particulars of life we can acquire universal significance. She expressed not only in her art but in her life her sense of the order and clarity, freshness and zest, integrity and humility that proceed easily and directly from that inner light in us all. Her art affirms humanity and life. □

Left page: "Water Buck," bronze, 1957; right page, above: "Passenger Pigeons," bronze, 1957.

tremendous experience as she worked with these students and found them reacting to her own basic harmony, her own need of perfection in little things to accomplish perfection in the whole.

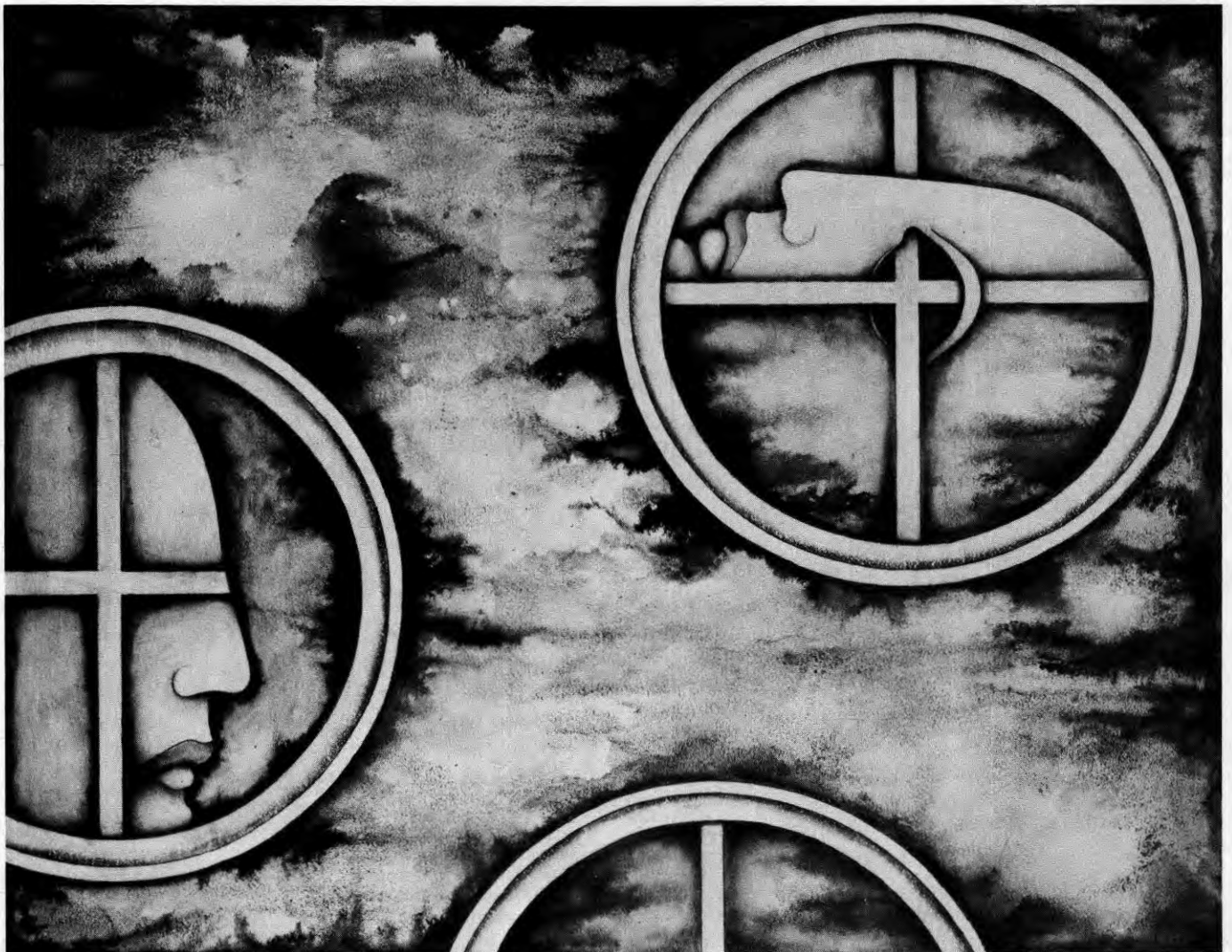
While in Egypt, Sylvia visited the Yearly Meeting of Friends in the Near East which was held in Lebanon. She was overwhelmed both at the immensity of the problems these Quakers faced in their complex culture and at the fluency and conciseness of the epistles written at the end of the meeting. These epistles were addressed "To Friends Everywhere and to the Quaker Team at the United Nations." They pleaded for help and understanding as they, the Quakers, tried to create a Christian witness in the midst of tension and growing militarism in the countries of the Near East.



SPIRIT IN ART

by *Peter Fingesten*

Art is a celebration of the creating self and of created nature at the same time. In their deepest psyche, artists identify with God because creation is a divine prerogative. For this reason the ancients conceived many gods as artists: Orpheus, god of music; Shiva, god of dance; Jehovah, as potter creating Adam as a clay figurine. All of art is "religious," not only in Paul Tillich's terms of being the result of "ultimate concern," but in its deeper relation to the creativity inherent in all of nature, if not the cosmos. The energies and rhythms that thrill throughout the spheres also pulsate in the arts.



Imhotep, the architect of the first stone pyramid in Egypt (about 2650 BC), was also the first historical artist to be elevated to the status of a god by his people. One may say that prehistoric artists were archetypes of the divine creative act, and later when society refined its religious conceptions, god became the archetype of the creating artist. In linking art to god and god to art, humanity honored both.

To create is an act of faith—even if only in one's own potential. Great artists have faith in their visions and in the validity of their work. They are willing, like some prophets, to sacrifice almost everything for it—some even their own lives.

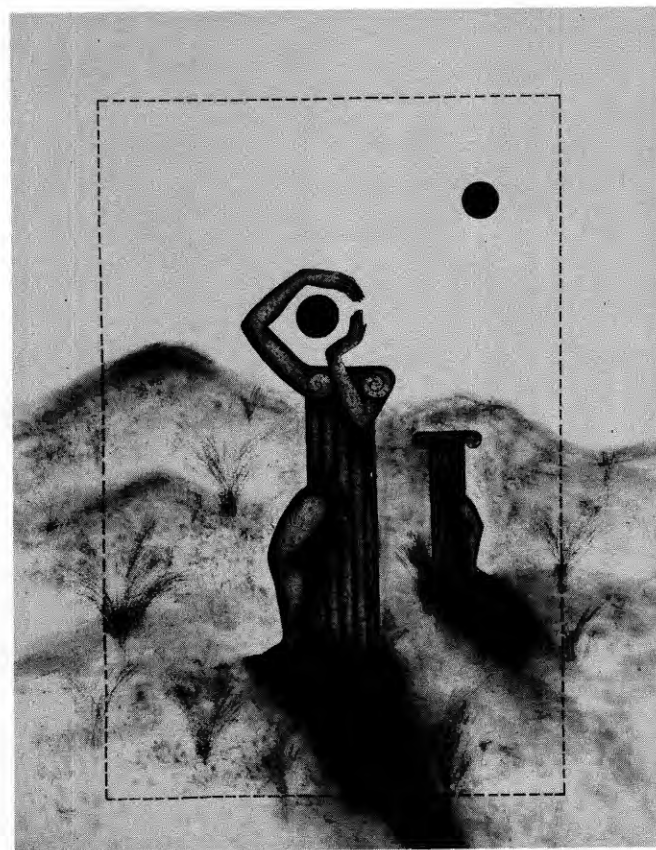
As an artist, one has a need for and creates a superior order out of the kaleidoscopic images surrounding one and the innumerable experiences, inner and outer, of one's life. This order must be based, however, upon an inner image which is superimposed upon the world perceived. As Jean Paul Sartre stated, "there is no art without a metaphysic": that is to say, underlying is an invisible pattern, an ideal which informs style and gives it expression, for form is the embodiment of spirit.

The exact relation between one's beliefs and one's art is a difficult question. Disregarding the externals of illustrating or using typical, traditional religious subject matter, one creates with one's entire being and even if the subjects are totally unrelated to Quaker concepts, a certain quality of feeling will make itself felt. We become slowly what we believe in, and tend to express it; therefore, "beauty," in St. Augustine's extraordinary phrase, "is the radiance of truth." The rightness of the truth, as we perceive it, will manifest itself as beauty in the arts, and with non-artists, as beauty of their lives.

Even though the figurative arts are non-verbal, they express truths that cannot be expressed in any other medium. I am conscious of this and feel a certain responsibility for my work which communicates my feelings and insights about life, the cosmos, and God, but in allegorical form only. Ideally, it will trigger similar latent feelings in the viewer. My loyalty, therefore, is not only to art but to humanity as well. When, as an artist, one is able to descend into one's deepest self and inspirations flow from the substratum of one's being, one will be able to communicate universal truths with which all can feel empathy.

What makes a spiritually-oriented art so difficult to create in our time is that we live in an era of signs rather than symbols. We must search for fresh forms and new subject matter to replace the outworn symbols of the past.

My creative process is a form of meditation—intro-



Left page, top: from the "White Shadow Series"; left page, below: "Beyond the Infinite"; right page, above: "Ecological Fantasy #4, Dusk Over Delphi."

spection leading to the flash of illumination of a new pictorial idea. It is also a process of constant self-exploration and self-discovery. I work with free associations, some of which arise suddenly by themselves. I stumble upon them, as it were, while others are arrived at only with greatest difficulty. I disguise my intentions with remote allusions and associations so that my work captures the interest of the viewer. I like to astonish with my work as well as be astonished by it myself.

Quakerism has attuned me more to humanity and increased my sensitivity. It has strengthened my faith in faith, in myself, and in my art. To what degree this can be perceived in my work is not for me to say, because when I draw I give myself over entirely to the process and the only objectivity toward my work is in its aesthetic control during the execution. Interestingly enough, my style of thinking, writing, and speaking have become similar to my style in art—except that the media are different. Quakerism led me to self-discovery, self-motivation, and inner freedom. In my life it has been like the organ tone in Baroque music, the sustaining deep note which gives the melody above it body and support. □

Peter Fingesten is a professor and chairperson of the Art and Music Department of Pace University in New York University. Author of East Is East and The Eclipse of Symbolism, as well as many essays, reviews and articles, he is a member of Fifteenth Street (NY) Meeting.

VALLY WEIGL: MUSICAL PEACEMAKER

by Kay Leslie

If Vienna-born composer and pianist Vally Weigl has a single regret about the Society of Friends, it is the fact that until fairly recently, Friends—with a few exceptions—have considered the arts too worldly for their participation.

Trace elements of that tradition may be one reason it has been uphill most of the way for Arts for World Unity, a subcommittee of the Peace and Social Action Program of New York Yearly Meeting, Vally Weigl said in a recent interview in her apartment in New York City.

"When I was teaching music at Westtown in the 1940s, I learned it would have been unthinkable to have someone in that capacity on the staff a scant twenty years earlier," Vally said. In times past, students known to have attended concerts of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra were expelled, and musical instruments found in their possession were confiscated.

"The past came to light later, when an alumnus who was asked to contribute to the school's music fund, replied that he would do so if the school compensated for musical instruments taken from him in his student days," Vally said with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

Vally has been described by the music critic of a metropolitan paper as the "doyenne of New York distaff composers" and "a swinging senior citizen who's not afraid to produce a large-scale, vigorous, and virile can-

tata like 'The People. Yes!' set to twenty-odd Carl Sandburg poems"; whose "Viennese heritage often comes to the fore in some striking Mahlerian sections," but who "likewise shows a keen ear for spiky melodies and setting Sandburg's elusive speech-rhythms to music."

This cantata, which she completed with the aid of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, was premiered in New York by the Robert de Cormier Singers in January 1977, taped by the Voice of America, and broadcast throughout Europe. Finishing the cantata on election day, 1976, Vally decided to dedicate it thus: "To President-Elect Jimmy Carter, in the hope that he will lead us to real peace and reconciliation at home and abroad." On hand to accept the dedication for President Carter as his representative at the performance at Carnegie Recital Hall was William van den Huevel, now U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations at Geneva.

It is doubtful if anyone in office during the past five administrations, whether an occupant of the White House or a member of the House or Senate, has heard from any other citizen as frequently as from Vally. Ed Snyder, chairman of the Friends Committee on National Legislation, has said: "Vally, you should register as a lobby!"

But despite her years of political activity—carried on in person and by mail, through Friends groups and also through the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and Women's Strike for Peace, Vally believes that the arts can speak most eloquently for that elusive peace and freedom.

"In the early 1960s I had the good fortune to meet Fritz Eichenberg at Powell House," she said. The distinguished wood engraver and lithographer, who had left Germany in 1933, five years before Vally and her late husband, composer Karl Weigl, and their son, had left Austria, and for the same reasons, had the same "dreams and goals" for the visual arts that she had for the performing arts. Their vision was that these arts should bridge the chasm between those of different religious, racial, national and cultural backgrounds, bringing them into unity.

"The arts can be more effective than pamphlets, sermons or lectures. When these are forgotten, we will still remember one line of a poem or song," said Vally. "'We Shall Overcome' made the March on Washington an unforgettable experience. Beethoven's 'War Requiem,' Dürer's 'Apocalypse' or Picasso's 'Guernica' speak more eloquently for humanity and against war than any intellectual appeal."

Vally worked with Fritz Eichenberg on plans for an Arts for World Unity committee. Prominent Quakers, religious leaders of other faiths, and those engaged in the arts in this country and abroad have agreed to be

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consultants to such a committee.

"In 1963 Fritz submitted plans for AWU to the Peace Institute of the New York Yearly Meeting," said Vally. "They accepted its establishment, and gave us modest financial support for a few years so we could present intercultural, peace-oriented programs of music, poetry and dance in churches, a synagogue, an Ethical Culture center and on college campuses. We also provided such programs, and art exhibits, at the annual Peace Institutes at Lake Mohonk and at New York yearly meetings at Silver Bay."

Art for World Unity's first chairperson was Fritz Eichenberg, with Vally in charge of the performing arts. "After a few years of chairing the committee, Fritz

Vally Weigl



became ill while he was touring the USSR with an exhibit of the work of American artists," said Vally. "He later asked me to take over the chair, and he agreed to be our chief advisor. I carried on for about eight years. For the past several years, Ruth Ringenbach has been our chairperson, while I have continued to organize and present programs whenever the opportunity arose.

"Unfortunately, as the Peace Institute's finances became more limited, so did the support of our program, so that almost all of our later work had to be done by volunteers, although still on a good professional level," Vally said.

Concerts for another cause—to benefit the American Friends Service Committee's relief work in Europe—had been earlier planned and performed by Karl and Vally Weigl during their first years in this country. Friends and musicians had helped them find work here, Karl at the Boston Conservatory, and later at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and Vally doing free lance work. On the side, they arranged the benefit programs of piano duets and chamber music, in which they played at Swarthmore, Haverford, and Bryn Mawr colleges; at the Old Customs House in Philadelphia, and at the Friends' hostel, Sky Island, at Nyack, New York. Vally later taught music at Westtown School from 1942 to 1949.

Through Philadelphia Friends whom the Weigls had first met in Vienna, they learned of the Wider Quaker Fellowship, which they joined soon after their arrival. As they became acquainted with Friends, they were "delighted to find spiritual understanding with like-minded persons," Vally said. Some time later, Vally, after several years of attendance, joined the Morningside Heights Friends Meeting in New York City.

Before Hitler's takeover of Austria in March 1938, Karl and Vally Weigl were secure in Vienna's world of music. Karl had been assistant coach to Gustav Mahler at the Vienna Imperial Opera, and Mahler had introduced the young composer's work to conductors and performers. This work, and the symphonies, concertos and chamber works which he continued to compose, were widely performed throughout Europe. Karl Weigl also taught theory and composition at the New Vienna Conservatory. Vally studied with him there during the years she was a student at Vienna University's Musicological Institute, where she earned the equivalent of an M.A. in music and musicology. Later, she and her teacher were married.

Vally was composing, and teaching piano privately and as an assistant to Richard Robert, her former teacher of piano at the Conservatory, who also was the teacher of Rudolph Serkin and George Szell. But with the Anschluss came the abrupt end of this world of music for both the Weigls, and an existence fraught with potential danger for them and their young son. They wrote countless

letters seeking the affidavits they needed to leave Austria, but the requirements were stringent: sponsors had to have sizeable bank accounts. The Weigls were feeling desperate when they made their first contact with Friends who helped them get safely to the United States.

Friends were working tirelessly in the interest of prisoners of the Nazis in Germany and Austria. Despite the efforts of Friends and many others, Vally's sister Käthe Leichter, an economist, was held as a hostage for her husband, Otto, and sent to a concentration camp, where she eventually met her death.

When Karl Weigl died in 1949, Vally added to her composing and teaching another task, that of seeing that her husband's work, his "musical legacy," was perpetuated. The Nazis had stricken from European catalogues all references to his work, and much of it that had been published was destroyed in the bombing of German cities. So the task was two-fold: restoration of his work in Europe, and greater recognition and performance of it in this country.

In her own work as a composer, Vally has received, in addition to the grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, fellowships enabling her to compose and make two records of her work, namely, "Nature Moods" and "New England Suite," released by Composers Recording, Inc., and "Four Song Cycles," recently issued by Musical Heritage.

Vally has set many poems for chorus, solo voice, and instrumental chamber ensembles. Some of these poems were written by Friends such as Kenneth Boulding, Mary Hoxie Jones, Lenore Marshall, Howard Thurman, and Elizabeth Yarnall; some by Denise Levertov, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Carl Sandburg, and others. Many of these works have been widely performed, and some have been recorded.

A poem which stirred an immediate musical response on Vally's part was one by Peter Davies, which she heard read in a televised memorial service for the Kent State dead in 1970. She set it to music for mezzo and string quartet as "Requiem for Allison." The work was performed at an impressive memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, with outstanding performers from the Metropolitan Opera Company, the New York Philharmonic, and Marlboro donating their skills. Vally hopes that the recording made at that time might be made ready for release in 1980, the tenth anniversary of the Kent State tragedy.

It was not enough that Vally should be composer, teacher and performer of music. A new career came in the guise of adversity in the 1950s when she suffered a serious fall, fracturing her right shoulder. Surgery was followed by an interminable period of painful and tedious exercises to restore her shoulder and arm to use. What made this nine-month period bearable was music, either hearing it

in her head, or actually listening to it and coordinating her exercises with it.

At the end of that time, she could barely get her right hand up to the keyboard, requiring much effort on her part for an eventual return to playing the piano. But in this process she had learned yet another use for music—as therapy. She determined she would learn all she could about this aspect of music, using her knowledge to help others. Going back to school, she received a master's degree at Columbia University in 1953, and launched into her new career, in the course of which she worked with mentally retarded, cerebral palsied, and emotionally disturbed children and adults. She became chief music therapist at New York Medical College, where she was on the staff for ten years, and director of music at the Cerebral Palsy Rehabilitation Center and School in Roosevelt, Long Island, where she worked for fourteen years.

"In between, I was asked to conduct research at Mount Sinai Psychiatric Institute to determine if patients could be released sooner if they were involved with music. Of course that was the case!" she said with conviction.

"Another research project I was asked to carry out involved residents of an old age home; would music as therapy work for them, some of whom stayed in their rooms, only coming out for meals? We soon had a group of twenty to thirty people who became members of our music club. Some started playing the piano again, for the first time in years. One woman wrote several poems which I set to music and played. She was in tears—she 'never knew that life could begin at 79!' "

Residents of this particular home have since been moved to a newer facility too distant for Vally to travel to. But she still arranges programs with young musicians as guest artists at the remaining central facility, the Jewish Home for the Aged. Music ranges from operatic to folk, and residents sometimes enter in. It is quite possible that some of the residents are Vally's juniors, but one would never know that. She makes very few concessions to age—even her hair refuses to really gray.

In spite of a hip injury years ago, her determination keeps Vally in motion, though she is not as peripatetic as previously. Nevertheless, that determination prevails when she speaks of Arts for World Unity. "I'm hoping that when the word gets around that I'm looking for someone to work with me in AWU, and eventually to take over my work, there will be a response from Friends who are professionals in the arts," she said. "Quakers have only within the last four or five decades become aware of the power of the arts, but they are more and more realizing it and responding to it. It is my heartfelt hope that Arts for World Unity will survive, and continue to speak to Friends and others of 'that of God in everyone.' "

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ART AS AN ENCOUNTER WITH SILENCE

from a presentation by Jaqueline Robinson and Basil Rackoczi at the Quaker Centre, Paris

I would like to introduce Basil and myself. We have in common that we are both artists and Quakers. Basil is a painter and I am a dancer. We have in common both a spiritual approach to life and a sensual one. I suppose, we may be rather more neurotic than most people. We have bees in our bonnets, we have fantasies, dreams, visions which we are urged to share. Perhaps we are in a way like prophets or shamans—a vehicle for the Spirit. A deep sense of the almost sacerdotal appears in our calling. Artists, like teachers or doctors, have a vocation. They feel called to express, create, give. Called by Whom? By the Spirit, we believe, most humbly.

We share this passionate love of our work, this passionate urge to create and tell; ready to sacrifice much of the material comforts of life, and even more than that, to what appears to us more important.

Sometimes I feel that it is not I who speaks through dance, or through poetry (because I also write) but I am spoken through.

For the dancer there are many ways of listening, of attention, of contemplation. To work from outside inwards and the reverse we have to use our bodies. Our bodies must become sensitive and obedient. This body has to be trained to become a finely tuned instrument—a very great task in itself. We have to find again what has been partly lost through so-called civilization: the natural agility, the immediate adjustments, the spontaneous reactions and behavior patterns. This requires patience and concentration and a quality of observing, analyzing both release and control. There is a kind of concentration and listening of the body. Then there is the daily discipline—the work and the struggle with the lazy, slipshod nature of ourselves. How easy to make do with imperfection!

But then all dancers are not creative artists. Some are interpreters, performers of other people's choreography. They make visible another person's ideas and dreams.

That is yet another kind of attention and listening: the willingness to submit and make theirs what was formerly another's. Then there are choreographers who do not, or do no longer dance. Theirs is the listening of the creative artist, who depends upon the performers to give reality to their inner vision.

I will speak of my own experience, which is that of the dancing choreographer. I must say that I have seldom been just a performer in the sense of dancing someone else's ideas. A matter of chance, perhaps, rather than choice; but also because I am fundamentally a choreographer—that is, one who creates dance.

It is difficult to speak of the mysteries of creation. No two things come to one in the same way, and it is all really very private. I have always considered my work very seriously, and with what I may call a spiritual approach. Each dance that has come to me, except a few commissioned works, has arisen out of a stormy emotional life or pressure, and I have been intensely aware of the gravity of the task—even if it is to be a joyous dance, the working thereof is very serious. The first inception is diverse. It can be any emotional situation, or a visual stimulus, or a piece of music that triggers off the first desire. Planted live as a seed in one's soul, this obsessive desire demands to grow to fruition. The germinating of this seed is like a pregnancy—and this is where silence intervenes. Many hours of my life have I spent sitting in my studio (in darkness preferably for I like to work at night) waiting upon inspiration, or the unfolding of the seed idea. And then it is like a trance that one begins to move in and search for the right movement which will best express what is yet vague, unformulated. Then there is the tremor of joy when movements emerge in harmony with the inward drive. Sometimes it means trying again and again, giving up, starting all over again. Above all, one continues waiting and listening to these mysterious inner voices.

In a stylized dance form, such as classical ballet, I don't think the process is quite the same, quite so pure. With a predetermined vocabulary there is not the quality of the unknown which one seeks and waits for. It is more a matter of choice, deliberate choice. With the free, open form philosophy of modern dance, without a fixed vocabulary, it is truly a waiting for the unexpected. I have found analogies between three different experiences in my life: my creative work, psychoanalysis, and Quaker meeting for worship. All three meant centering of myself, a turning down inwardly, and a concentration of the mind and emptying of the self. At a certain point there arises a voice—in analysis that of a forgotten situation, a repressed self, a flash of truth. In creative work it is a vision, the intoxicating pleasure of constructing a dream world. In Quaker worship there is the sinking into such deep quietness that the inner light shines forth.

Another analogy I might choose is that of the presence of others. Communal worship of Friends whereby the tangible vibrations of others fill the silence with a presence is a silent speaking, listening together. On stage there is the primary hush and expectancy. I speak with my body; the audience listens. But we both wait, share, exchange; and a presence is created. Stage fright is not so much the fear of losing face but of being unable to create this presence. An inability to call down the Spirit.

Teaching should always be an act of love. It is so in teaching dance in which I try to help people to be more and better themselves. In a way, we address ourselves to what is dormant, a form of hidden light in them. Balanchine writes: "As dancers, we make very deep attachments because dance always starts with love. There is no payment for the time and energy the dancer must spend on dancing, so she or he must do it for love. And only love will repay the dancer, and the dancer knows only how to repay love by dancing."

Finally, dance is action but also a contemplation. It is a meditation of the body. Dance is magnified behavior, symbolical behavior, and purified behavior. Dance is functional on a higher, wider plane. Perhaps, we need to give more attention to our gesture anyway, whether it be functional or expressive, to make it significant. Dance is significant gesture arising out of a deeper impulse which is only found in silence.

Basil Rackoczi writes:

Quakers have made silent worship the center of their mystical life, a silence that becomes action in both the person and the community. This need for silence is also characteristic of the artist.

Silent withdrawal is essential to the artist and generally precedes artistic creation. For periods he or she has to withdraw from the joys and sorrows of everyday life, yet she or he must also be a part of everyday life or lose all contact and no longer have the ability to communicate. An artist has to swing between these two poles—inner and outer life; has to face many renunciations and in that sense is an ascetic. Much of an artist's work is non-profitmaking. She or he may never have enough money to marry, found a good home, have the so-called benefits of the modern technological world. An artist considers these sacrifices as worthwhile as does the mystic. Many a scientist also.

But an artist is not an ascetic where the senses are concerned. One needs all five senses to be fully alive if one is to work with them through one's art. One needs eyes for vision, the taste of the flavor of natural beauty, the tactile feel of one's materials, the smell or scent of nature. In a phrase, one must live fully, without—very often—the wherewithal to do this. Through the awakening and fulfillment of the senses, one reaches to transcendental heights and brings back to others something of what one has seen there. □

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Winifred Rawlins

I find it almost impossible to untangle the influences in my life that led me to become early a poet and eventually a Quaker. My enthusiasm for poetry began as a child, and probably even in childhood the seeds were beginning to sprout which would later grow into a deep at-homeness in the Society of Friends. Both writing poetry and being a Friend imply an act of trust in the nature of Reality. If there is a dimension of our individual beings which is psychical and spiritual, and which in some mysterious way is open-ended and linked to a reservoir of creative energy beyond ourselves, (Emerson's "Oversoul"?) then perhaps the Quaker "Inward Light" and what some poets have termed "inspiration" are two manifestations of the same Source.

Whether this trust in Reality finds expression in art or in some other form of activity depends, I suppose, on the nature of the individual. When I begin to write a poem I have no more knowledge of what exactly will happen than when I stand to speak in meeting. In both experiences there is a flash of excitement, a kind of blending of insight and feeling, and the resulting words are a sort of shadow-form of the deep hidden push.

I do not believe that the function of art is to reflect life as we experience it, including all its physical grossness and negation of human and spiritual values, but rather that poetry should afford glimpses into another dimension of reality than that of the everyday. It is open windows through which a sunlight strange to our usual awareness illuminates the dark places and gives an experience of delight and hope. A poem is an act of love for the universe. □

Song For The Dispossessed

This is a song for all those children of the earth
Who have been joyful and vulnerable, and so were
overcome

By the industrious and the well-armed; living in
communities

Open to the stars and the winds of night
And worshipping the lightning in its terrible pathway
Through the summer silences, offering to the sun
Their entranced victims like freshly-plucked flowers
Carelessly scattered; whose lovely pavilions,
Rising above deep lakes or high among the clouds
On a mountain plateau, fell before the onslaught
Of purposeful battalions.

They lived in mounds of the
earth,
Carefully fashioned, like a turtle shell, the stuff of their
own dust

To shelter beneath; they made themselves huts of
grass

And of woven branches, so that it seemed the trees
Came down to earth; they borrowed the colors of
flowers

And wore them like robes, and decked their bodies
with feathers

Laced in intricate patterns, so that they moved
Like a bright rush of birds in perpetual flight.

They were cruel and joyful, simple and full of guile
In the dark motions of the blood, though they had not
yet learned

Hardness of the heart and the long calculations
Of the covetous eye.

So they were always conquered,
Though not without bitter treachery, for they loved
their earth.

They saw their gods tumble from the sky, and in their
places

Rise strange cold edifices shutting out the sun.

They were outscathed and overcome, and yet were
not broken,

Being vital and yielding, like saplings in a storm;
They prostrated themselves before the alien altars
Hoping for deliverance from their trouble, yet in the
darkness

Still whispered the old names, still read the old omens
In the comforting sky, and were themselves for ever.

This is their song, the children of the earth
Who have been joyful and vulnerable, and so were
overcome

By the industrious and the well-armed, and their earth
taken from them.

Do Not Go Wrathfully

Do not go wrathfully
Nor with appraising eye;
The world is far too dear,
Too swift, to cloud its poignancy.
So little serves to break
The cords of tenderness;
We are too close to death
To chide one another.

Do not draw down regret
Upon the fragile day;
Even a sigh can halt
Its life which flows so trustingly.
What comes is too beloved,
No change can be for good;
We have no time but now
To cherish each other.

Anna Cox Brinton

(Twenty-seventh day of tenth month, 1969)

The bright leaves had not all fallen
When she silently left us.
Something in the year's life
Was waiting to be accomplished,
A gathering up, a final ripening
Toward a wholeness. November lay in the shadows.

And she who had undertaken
Many journeys, for whom the world's offering
Of mountains and streams
And curious cities and tongues
All lay like jewels of delight in her hand,
Who had cherished the maps
Of the inner continents of thought,
Naming their byways with her own ingenious names,

Now changed her garment of strength
For a mantle of weakness,
Thus to be no more detained
By the spirits on earth who would hold her,
Turned from the Ten Thousand Things to the One
without form,
And taking her gallant unwavering candle
Bid it lead her to the Source of Light Itself.

Heaven and Parnassus await her coming.
No journey will seem too strange, no country for long
unfamiliar,
To one whose citizenship was wherever men suffer or
are afraid,
Whose heart embraced all particularities.

By dying she completed herself,
In leaving us she returns wholly to us.
Wherever Friends meet she will be there in the quiet.

"Song for the Dispossessed" was reprinted from Dreaming Is Now, © 1963, and "Do Not Go Wrathfully" from Fire Within, © 1959, both published by The Golden Quill Press. "Anna Cox Brinton" is reprinted from Roots Of Happiness, Whimsie Press, © 1977.

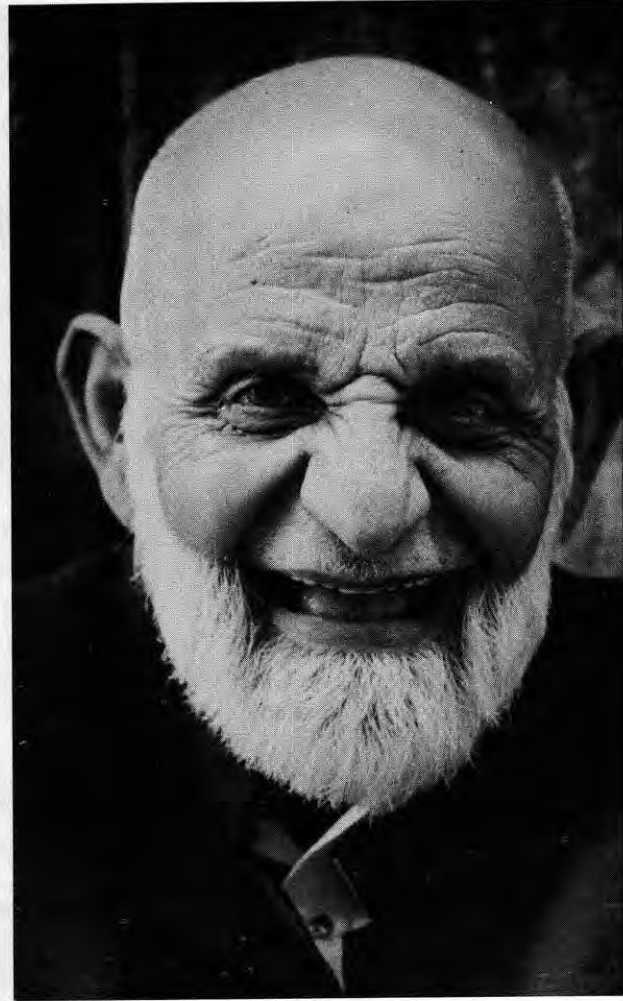


Ken Miller

I feel that my photos speak for themselves. Like other forms of art, they speak differently to different people. The important thing is the relation between the viewer and the photo, and the feelings evoked from that relationship.

Photography and Quakerism are very much a part of my life and I can't help but express something about myself, my way of life and relation to Quakerism (which are more one than three) in my photography. In a sense, what I feel and what I "see" when I frame a photo and click the shutter is eventually a permanent record of that feeling or emotion. I feel when I take a picture of a person that my feelings are involved but that also, of course, the feelings of the person photographed are involved and the two relate to form a photograph which can be reacted to and related to by many people. □





*Quaker artist
 Charles Wells,
 member of
 Newtown Monthly
 Meeting, but
 resident of
 Vallecchia-
 Castello, Tuscany,
 Italy, painted
 portraits of his
 Quaker
 grandparents.
 Lindley Aaron
 Wells is pictured
 here, left, at the age
 of thirty, about the
 time he became a
 pioneer Quaker
 leader in the west.
 Lucinda Jones
 Wells is shown,
 right, at age twenty.
 She shared with her
 husband the work
 of Friends in the
 west throughout
 her life.*

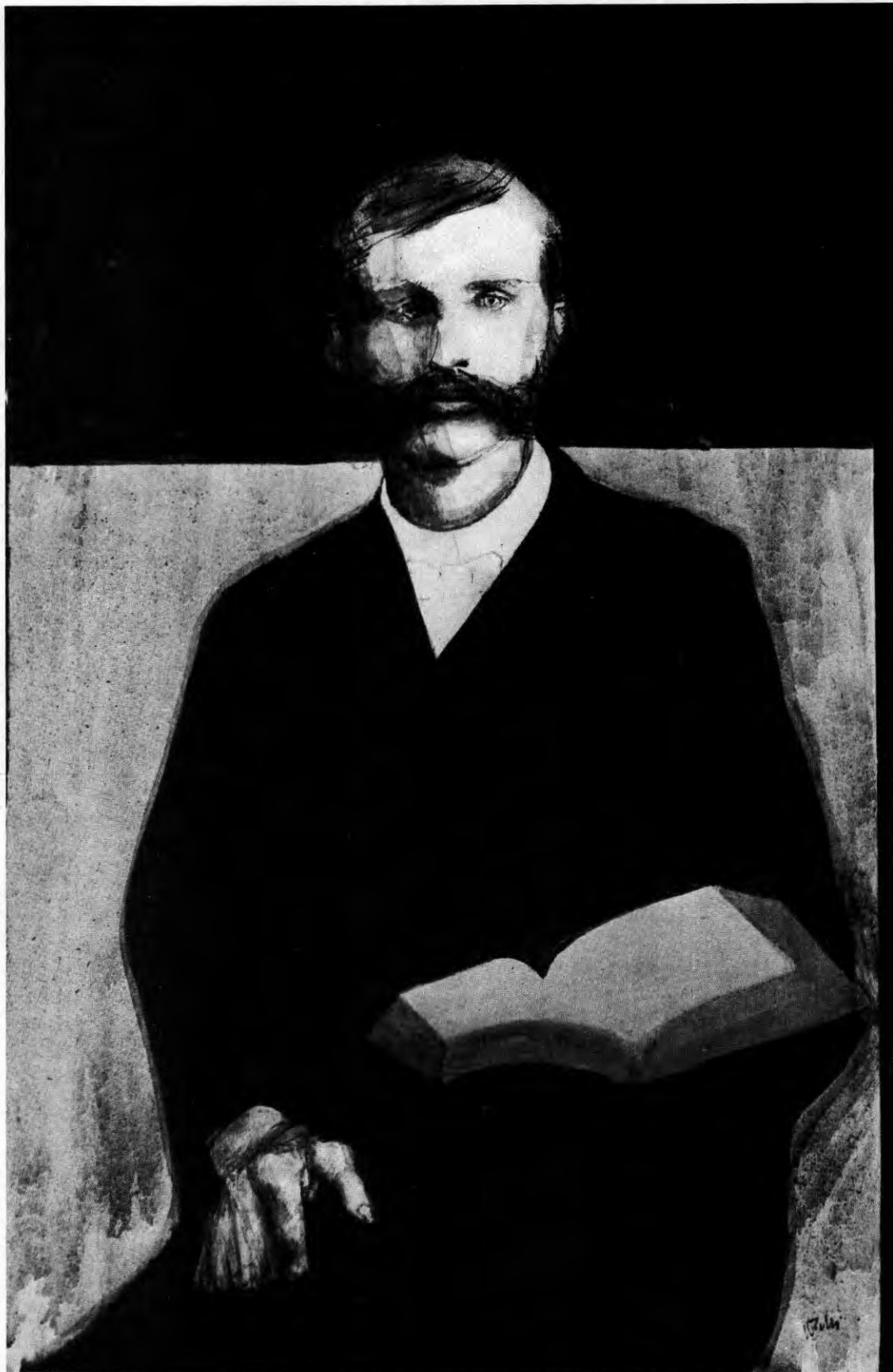


photo courtesy of the Fur Gallery, New York

The relationship of my Quaker background to myself and my art would be hard to put into words. My hope is that the message of my work will come through its silence and my belief in the Inner Light.

Charles Wells



photo courtesy of the Fur Gallery, New York



Left: drawing of Frederick Douglass, at the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution; center: "Family Group 5th," etching; right: marble bust of Martin Luther King, Jr., at the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution.

QUAKERISM AND CREATIVITY

by Gene K. Hoffman

I am not a joiner. I don't belong to a single club, sorority, or union. I never joined the Girl Scouts and, although I was sorely tempted—because I have a boy's name and was invited to—I didn't join the Boy Scouts either.

But the time came when I felt the need to join with others in the spiritual search—when I sought some group where I could be me and could share.

So, I explored the thinking/feeling of people who belonged to various religious denominations—and I went home and wept.

I wrote a poem about why I wept. I'd like to share part of it with you. It's called "How God Might Laugh":

*How God might laugh,
If God could laugh—
The laughter, brimming tears
At having given us mind
And thought and intellect
And energy and imagination
To conceive greater
Further horizons—
And then discover that we fear
Our own divine imaginations!*

*Oh yes, we imagine
Each of us some truth of our own.
And yet, another says
"No, that cannot be true.
Your mind has not conceived
What my mind has conceived;
Therefore,
You do not know 'the Truth.' "*

That's why I wept.

Then I learned about Quakers. I learned they were a

Gene Hoffman is a writer and a pastoral counsellor. Author of From Inside Glass Doors, and included in several anthologies, she is also a poet, has a background in theater, and is a member of Santa Barbara (CA) Meeting.

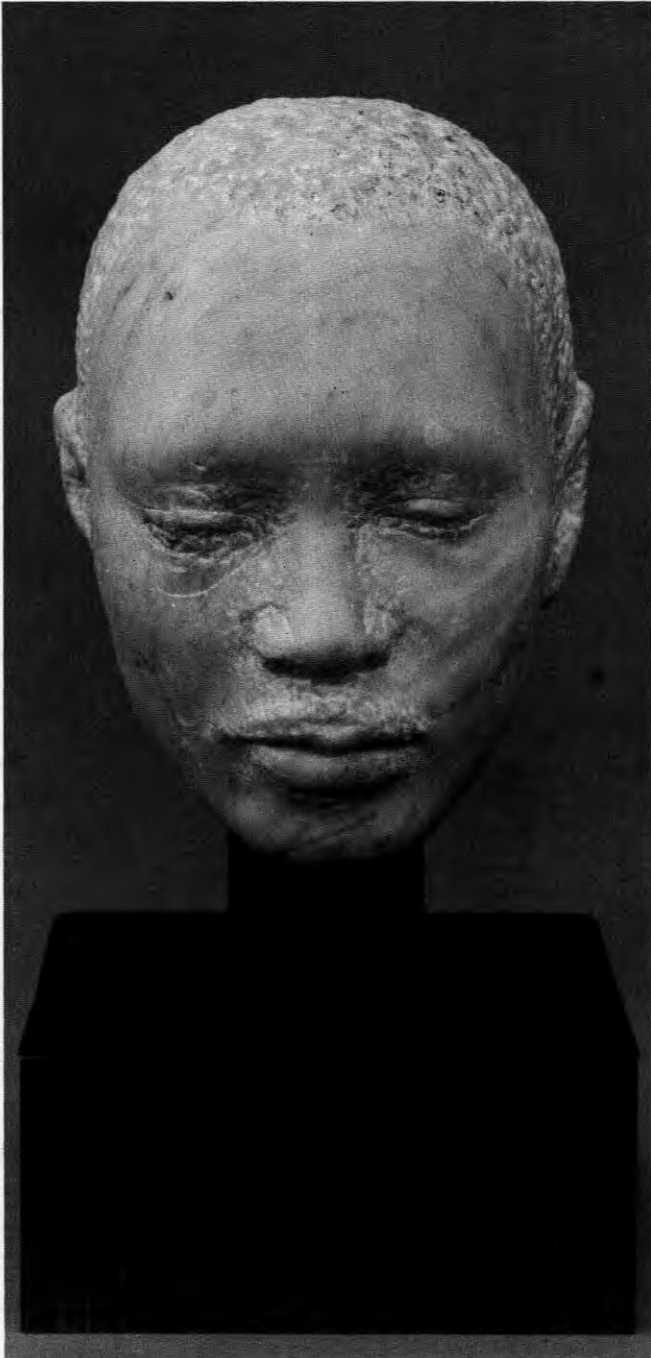


photo courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery of the Smithsonian Institution

jubilant people because, through George Fox, they made the wondrous discovery that each of us can have a direct relationship with God, that all people are of the elect, that men and women are equal vessels of the Spirit, that the seed of Truth lies in everything, and that we're all bearers of new revelations!

I read about Friends like Mary Fisher, who went alone to the sultan of Turkey to "publish her truth that he should cease from making war." And how Friends crossed all distances of space and estate and spoke truth to power—wrote truth to power.

I loved the joyous sense of freedom that Margaret Fell exhibited. For I learned that when Friends began to retire from the world and were for wearing only gray and sober clothes, Margaret Fell would have none of it and responded, "If God clothed the hills in such a glory—why not me?"

I learned, too, of some practices which delighted my sense of drama. How Friends were early "streakers"—for, from time to time, certain Friends felt they should appear in public naked "as a sign that one could not be covered from the Lord." And I learned they called themselves a harmless and innocent people, bringing to others new joy in existence.

I learned from Rufus Jones that the Light manifested itself differently in each different being—"this light must be *my* light. This truth must be *my* truth. This faith must be my very own faith."

To one such as I, nourished from childhood on the writings of Thomas Paine and Robert Ingersoll, it was a great illumination that I could belong to a group and still be free.

From Thomas Kelly I learned I had to try to "be the message," that the "... blazing discovery which Quakers made long ago is rediscovered again and again by individuals. The embers flare up. The light becomes glorious. There is no reason why it cannot break out again today. ..." And that the discovery is sometimes like being down "in the flaming center of God," is sometimes "a living immediacy," sometimes a "sweet presence."

And—for me—sometimes God was literally a "pain in the neck."

Since I frequently had a pain in the neck (and other places); since I wanted the sweet presence; and since I also wanted to blaze up and flare out—I joined the Society of Friends at Orange Grove Meeting in Pasadena.

For there I found a body of people who included and accepted many fascinating and diverse members (Christians, Jews, one Buddhist, and many Deists). I found a body of people who encouraged each of us to be and become our various selves.

And oh, I loved the daring and boldness of Friends. For we were always up to something. We vigilled for the then unacceptable United Nations. We stood outside the hall where racist Gerald L.K. Smith preached his hatred, and we met with his staff and invited them home with us

for coffee and doughnuts. And they came! And we had Quaker dialogue with them and we learned that we, too, were knit of one fabric. We sought to integrate Pasadena's whitest neighborhoods. With the love of my meeting, I sued the state of California to take the loyalty oath off my property tax form. And I won!

I loved the passion and the silence and the waiting upon the Lord.

And after I joined Friends, I didn't weep so much any more, for I came to believe that all my talents and my creative abilities would increase and would be used to serve God in the world.

As I look back over my life, I find that's exactly what happened (though not in ways I had planned). And it hasn't stopped yet. Today I feel readied for new adventure.

Different times now—different witnesses to be made. Different creative acts to be performed. New ways to remind each other (and all people) of our astounding destinies. Different bridges to be built, different chasms to be leapt, new ways—exultant ways—to bring in the Good News.

My message to thee and to me is that we Friends have the possibility of being among the most creative people on Earth. For we know, experientially, that all things are possible through the Spirit. If we have the courage to live a tiny fragment of the Truth, the increase is beyond belief. For we know experientially that the Spirit is within us, and by attending to It faithfully and following Its leadings, miracles can and have happened.

I believe they will happen to us as we come alive again to the wonder of it all—to the miraculous, confounded wonder of the Spirit which moves within and without us. And that maybe today—maybe, just maybe, we will be *more* than early Friends were: more daring, bolder, more vivid, more joyous, more alive!

For our message and our witness is the good news of salvation *now*. (I know that's an old-fashioned word, but it is vivid and real for me.) If salvation is, as I believe it to be, *to become linked, to become connected with God*, directly linked and connected, then salvation is upon us at every moment and we are each direct channels for the great creative stream of inspiration and action which is part of the mysterious force we call God.

Perhaps some of you feel—as I felt for so long—disconnected from that great source of creativity. Perhaps some of you don't. However you are, I'd like to share with you how I got re-connected—and other wonders.

I joined the Society of Friends twenty-seven years ago. Then I was lost from it. I had a valley of pain to go through, and it took me about fifteen years to go through it. All of those years I *knew* where I needed to go—but I couldn't go there. At least not directly. I needed to get in touch with the Spirit and I had to follow blind.

As I look back on it now, I wonder—perhaps I needed to know intimately the condition of one who felt totally

lost from God. For that is what I felt.

George Fox described how he had to know all conditions so he could speak to all conditions. I feel that something like that happened to me during my years of being lost "in the dark wood."

But I was never really lost at all. I was learning what I needed to learn, being where I needed to be, experiencing what I needed to experience so I could more fully be "the message."

My emergence began about five years ago when I consciously began to worship each morning. It was so restless and so tentative at first! I could hardly sit the five minutes I had allotted myself: was always secretly peering at my watch to see if it was up. Gradually, I could sit for longer periods if I read or had my journal before me, sometimes writing feverishly as opening after opening flashed through me.

These days I find my worship periods vary. I wear no watch. Some internal clock tells me when to begin and when to move on to some other activity. Sometimes I linger over something that is troubling me. Sometimes I am in pain and I watch myself quietly being in my pain. Sometimes I feel only the presence of timeless love, timeless peace. Sometimes I write. I never know what I will need—I am open and expectant—and whatever I need does happen; my days never open the same way twice. Everything is clearer; and I am easier because I must only follow where I am led.

And what has all this to do with creativity?

There is an Hasidic saying: "In himself, when he descends into the depths of his own being, man proves all dimensions of the universe."

Another way of describing this same phenomenon is: "All things are possible to the Spirit, and the Spirit dwells in each of us; It will instruct and guide us if we permit It to."

Here are a few ways I found this to be true in my life.

There was a time I needed to draw. I hungered to draw the human figure. So I began to draw. I drew bold, alive figures I had never seen before.

I envisioned a Night Counseling Center in Santa Barbara: one for people with little or no money, where lay counselors could grow through performing the ministry of listening-love. So, I found the way and the people to create it.

I needed to write poetry in a warm, safe community. So I was led to a way of teaching I called "Spontaneous Creation." It was accepted as a college extension course, and for about five years I taught, and wrote, and learned—and there is a new, albeit tiny, flowering of the poetic-prophetic vision in Santa Barbara.

I hungered to find a therapy I could integrate with the life of the Spirit. I was led to Japan where I found a way based on Zen beliefs that teaches complete faith in the processes of life and denies we are victims of mistreatment by other human beings (parents included). It is a way that says life can be lived fully in whatever

present exists for us, and pain is to be welcomed as readily as joy. Then I taught about this therapy through an adult education class last fall.

About a year ago, I recognized we needed a nonviolent learning center in Santa Barbara. I saw that all around us is the ocean of darkness and death. Buffy Sainte-Marie described it eloquently ("My Country 'Tis of Thy People You're Dying..."). I saw around me people dying of epidemic cancer caused by radiation; cities dying from trash and pesticides and radiation; hope dying from our hunger for human-made security.

I got connected with the people protesting against the nuclear reactor at Diablo Canyon and through them began the creation of *The Gathering Place*, a home for those who want to explore nonviolence as a way of life.

Everything is possible to the Spirit. There is no corner of creativity we may not use or experience. If we need to make music, we will make music. If we need to speak another language, we will learn it. If we need to write words, words will pour forth. If we need to meet with anyone, any place in the world—way will open.

Our needs will be filled if we are open to the Spirit—not always in ways we think we want them to be filled, but in new ways, unexpected ways, sometimes painful and frightening ways. But, if we persist, if we are faithful to our leadings, we will perceive the rightness and the harmony and the meaning of it all.

But this demands risk. We are not allowed to stay in comfortable niches for long. And there is precedent for this. For we Quakers have a testimony of laying down a concern when we feel we are finished with it and it is finished with us. We have a long history of not continuing on a course when we have received whatever learning we need from it, when we are clear we should move in another direction. To the degree we hold to this idea of opening ourselves to ever new possibilities, to that degree do we grow in our capacities and develop more and more of our creative abilities.

And the risk is deep trust that God *is*, and God is leading us, and way will open, even when it feels we are totally lost from God. It requires worship time to discover how and when way opens and then confidence and courage to follow the way.

As I look back over my life, I recognize that I sometimes moved, even though I did not always move through worship. Sometimes, like a barnacle, I clung to sinking ships. But something always pried me loose, for my experience has been so rich, so varied, and so wide, I can hardly believe it could all happen to one person.

What I see, in the backward glance, is that God *must* have been the aggressor—life *must* have chosen me in a strange and remarkable fashion.

And perhaps each of us can see that insistently loving Spirit moving through our lives if we glance back. For I believe each of us *is* chosen—if we choose to be. "All we have to do," as Thomas Kelly once said, "is to begin where we are." □

MORE FORUM: SOUTH AFRICA



The Board of Directors of the Fiduciary Corporation of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends has been considering the issue of investment in South Africa. Following are extracts from two statements which they presented to the representative meeting in January 1979. One reflects the majority opinion and, until modified, is the board's position. The other reflects views of a minority of the board. Although two very different sets of conclusions have come from strong moral convictions, it should be emphasized that all directors unite in deploring the evil of racial injustice in South Africa. Philadelphia Friends are preparing for prayerful consideration of this issue at their yearly meeting sessions in March.

The Position of the Board

Most of the board members feel that the right course is to refrain from urging business withdrawal or shareholder disinvestment and to convey to corporate officials a positive Quaker message, encouraging them to share our concern about injustice, and to do what is within their power to act constructively and to influence changes for the better in South Africa.

Additional points on which the majority of the directors unite include:

- Emphasis on the benefits which U.S. business enterprises can have for the entire South African economy, and the positive steps which individual companies have taken and can take in the future regarding the injustice of apartheid.
- A positive appraisal of the value of the Leon Sullivan Principles.
- Reluctance to contribute to an economic collapse which could cause increased unemployment as well as a possible increase in violence.
- Likelihood that sale of U.S. business assets to others, who would probably

be less concerned, would have little or no effect on the government and no beneficial effect on the apartheid system.

- Loss of opportunity for future influence as stockholders after investments are sold.
- Concern that the exclusion of investments, when individual companies have only from one percent to three percent of their business in South Africa, would make consistent management decisions difficult, in view of the many other places in the world—and in this country—where there are unjust violations of human rights.
- The questionable appropriateness of large-scale boycott as a proper Quaker way of action.

The Position of Several Directors Who Are Unable to Unite With the Majority Position

- Apartheid, the constitutionalized system of racial injustice in South Africa, is a moral outrage. There is a concern to cease holding investments which generate profits from this evil system.
- Concern that a long history of U.S. business operations in South Africa, the economic and political positions of blacks relative to that of whites has deteriorated (substantiated in a 1978 report of the Senate Subcommittee on African Affairs), and the net effect of foreign investment has been to strengthen the economic and military self-sufficiency of South Africa's apartheid regime. South African Ambassador to the U.S. Donald Sole, has publicly expressed the opinion that corporations will play no role in the elimination of apartheid. Rather, as the result of recent South African legislation, they are now subject to being taken over and controlled for the purposes of the government in the event of

a proclaimed national emergency.

- Concern that Sullivan's Principles, the goal of which is to achieve non-segregation of the races and equal employment practices in the South African plants of U.S. corporations, fail to address basic evils of apartheid including: disenfranchisement of blacks and their denial of citizenship rights in South Africa; their relegation to the scattered portions of inferior land in the Bantustans; and non-recognition of black trade unions. The fact that the South African government has voiced no objection to Sullivan's Principles indicates that they pose no threat to the apartheid system.
- Acknowledging that blacks would lose jobs if U.S. corporations leave South Africa, still significant numbers of black South African spokespersons and black political, religious, and student organizations urge withdrawal because foreign investment supports the present system of political injustice. They are willing to suffer for the cause of freedom and remind us that they are accustomed to suffering. In spite of harsh laws against the advocacy of withdrawal of foreign capital, the numbers of blacks who courageously speak out are growing (confirmed by Ambassador Bowdler in a cable to the U.S. State Department in March 1977).
- Belief that a decline in the South African economy if foreign capital were withdrawn would have sufficient impact on the white majority regime to force rethinking of the political structure, and could temper or help to avert a violent solution to the imbalance of power.
- Concern that it should not be assumed that, if U.S. firms withdraw, other foreign investors would step in to replace them. Because of our predominant economic strength and influence, our withdrawal from South Africa would be seen as a "weathervane" by

others. Also, moral pressure for withdrawal continues to develop in the European community and in the United Nations.

- Belief that although it is possible that the South African government would react to withdrawal of foreign capital by becoming more conservative and repressive, the fact that it has become steadily more conservative and repressive during the period when foreign investment was *increasing* leads to the conclusion that withdrawal of foreign trade and investment may be the only option left to influence the intransigent white minority regime.
- Acknowledgement that subsequent to its decision to divest stocks in companies doing business in South Africa, the American Friends Service Committee is demonstrating that continued Friendly dialogue is possible in the effort to influence corporate management. Response to its invitation to corporate officers to attend seminars has *increased* since divestment. Fiduciary Corporation could lend its weight to this continuing effort following its own decision to divest.
- From the perspective of persons distressed by apartheid, the cumulative effect of foreign investment in bolstering the South African government is the significant thing to examine, not how such investment relates in size to any one company's total business. To establish as a criterion of divestment the proportion of a firm's total business which is done in South Africa obfuscates the moral issue.
- Concern that consistent investment decisions would be difficult in the future in view of the injustice in other parts of the world, and in our own country, overlooks the uniqueness of the situation in South Africa. There racial injustice is legalized and institutionalized as it is in no other nation on Earth. It is not by some arbitrary process of selection that South Africa is being singled out by the world community. Should a situation of similar nature and magnitude arise elsewhere in the future, again we will be called upon to examine our portfolio and, if necessary, sacrifice material possessions for the sake of moral principle.

PLEASE NOTE: The "Meeting Directory" in which the locations and times of worship of many local meetings are listed will appear *once a month only*, on the first of the month. Look for it then in our back pages.

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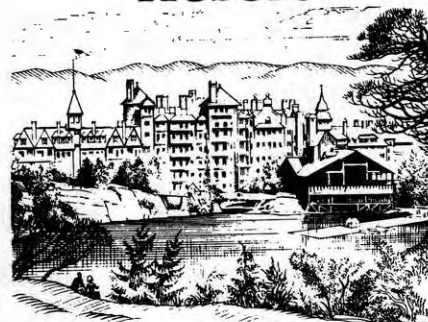
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

Bull—On January 14, 1979, in Palo Alto, CA, *Jason Howard Bull*, second son of Sheila Settle and Howard Bull. Weighing eight pounds, two ounces and twenty-two inches long at birth, Jason received his name from Sheila's great-great-grandfather. He joins his brother, Jonathan, as a descendant of a long line of Quakers on both sides of the family.

Deaths

Chandler—On December 30, 1978, at Quaker Heights Nursing Home near Waynesville, OH, *Elizabeth W. Chandler*, aged ninety-two.

Born at the farm home of her parents, Edwin and Sidney Chandler, she was graduated from Waynesville High School in 1904. After teaching a few years, she attended Ohio State University where she received a B.A. degree. She later earned an M.A. degree from the University of Cincinnati. At the time of her retirement from teaching in 1952, she had been for seventeen years professor of education at Hampton Institute, Hampton, VA, a black teachers' college.

After retiring from teaching she lived for twelve years at the Friends Home in Waynesville assisting her sister, Ruth, who was matron of that institution. In addition to this she served on the board of the Mary L. Cook Library where she often worked in the evening.

Elizabeth was a birthright member of Miami Monthly Meeting and a lifelong member of that meeting. She served as a minister and overseer of the meeting and supporter of its several social concerns.

Her life was an expression of her religion—a sincere belief that there is that of God in every person. Her life was a thing of beauty. We are reminded of the line of one of her favorite poems, "Endymion," by Keats. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

She is survived by one niece, Gertrude A. Chandler of Cincinnati.

Dillon—On February 8, 1978, of cancer of the spine, *George W. Dillon*, in Washington, D.C. He had been a midwestern Quaker of Friends Memorial Church in Muncie, IN. He joined Friends Meeting of Washington, D.C., by transfer in 1967, where he met and married his wife, Grace Rose, by whom he is survived.

Pickett—On January 29, *Ruth Kennard Pickett*, aged eighty-six, in Scottsdale, AZ, a member of Philadelphia Fourth and Arch Street Meeting for fifty-six years. She was a resident of Washington, PA, for forty-seven years before moving to Arizona in 1963, and transferring membership to Phoenix Monthly Meeting in 1966.

A graduate of George School, University of Pennsylvania Kindergarten Training School, and Columbia University, she taught in Atlantic City's and Lansdowne's Friends Schools before marriage to Warren E. Pickett

in 1915.

Widowed in 1964, she is survived by daughters Eleanor Olmstead of South Dakota; Marjorie Helms of Arizona; and son Edward Pickett of Vineland, NJ. Memorial gifts to *Friends Journal* or AFSC are suggested.

Walker—On December 20, 1978, at Westmoreland House at Kendal-at-Longwood, *James F. Walker*, aged eighty-nine, following a long illness. Born in Flushing, OH, he was a son of Abel and Hannah French Walker. A graduate of Westtown School, he served as headmaster from 1924 to 1950, after managing its orchard and teaching agriculture there for ten years. He earned an M.A. degree in education from Harvard University and held honorary degrees from Haverford and Wilmington, Ohio, colleges.

He served as secretary of the American Section, Friends World Committee, and was also international chairperson of the Friends World Committee from 1950 to 1973. He was clerk of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends at Arch Street five years and was instrumental in reuniting the two yearly meetings for which he served as clerk in 1956.

James Walker was long a member of Chester Meeting and later Kendal Friends Meeting. He was a board member of Pendle Hill and helped to develop Friends Suburban Project, a program of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, which was concerned with the rights of minorities.

He is survived by his wife, Alice Bell Walker; his son, Robert B. Walker of Sandusky, OH; two daughters, Ruth, wife of Richard P. Moses of Philadelphia, and Margaret, wife of H. Mather Lippincott, Jr., of Moylan, PA; six grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren.

Waring—On January 4, 1979, in a Philadelphia nursing home, *Grace Warner Waring*, aged ninety-one, a member of Germantown Friends Meeting.

A graduate of Germantown Friends School, where she also taught, she was a member of its school committee and helped establish its parent auxiliary.

She was active in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, serving as clerk of its Race Relations Committee, and she helped establish Fellowship House. She was also a member of the Yearly Meeting's Family Relations Committee.

She and her late husband, Bernard Waring, traveled extensively during the 1940s, visiting Quaker civilian public service camps, when Bernard Waring visited the regional offices of the AFSC. After his death in 1959, she and her family gave their home to the Germantown Settlement to be used as a community center, now called Waring House.

Widow of Thomas Kite Sharpless and Bernard Waring, she is survived by four daughters: Suzanne Jameson, Mary McClelland, Margaret Evans, and Ann Thompson; a son, Thomas Waring; twenty-four grandchildren, sixteen great-grandchildren, and a sister.



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Announcements

To receive the newsletter of Friends for Lesbian and Gay Concerns contact the editor: no subscriptions, but contributions are welcome (but not necessary if unable to give at this time.) Bruce Grimes, Box 222, Sumneytown, PA 18084.

Third annual **Lesbian Quaker Conference**, April 12-15, 1979, Old Chatham, NY. For further information contact Joyce Singh, 16 Heath Lane, Willingboro, NJ 08046.

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John Jay Janney's Virginia, edited by Asa Moore and Werner Janney. A Quaker farm family's life in northern Virginia in the 1820's. Describes a way of life. Treats of foods, drinks, farming, school, religion, mores, sickness, death and many other subjects. \$6.65 delivered. A.M. Janney and Son, Lincoln, VA 22078.

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Beacon Hill Friends House, a student residence and Quaker Center in downtown Boston, seeks director and/or assistant director to start September, 1979. Friends House is an equal opportunity employer. Send inquiries to Don Snyder, 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108.

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Olney Friends Boarding School seeks a business manager, director of development, assistant principal, assistant farmer and qualified English and/or history teacher. Write Lewis Stratton, R. 1, Flushing, Ohio 43977.

Executive Secretary. Baltimore Yearly Meeting is seeking a Friend with administrative experience, ability to speak to spiritual needs, and capacity for envisioning the Yearly Meeting role in the broader Society of Friends. The secretary's concerns will be those of the Yearly Meeting and its wider outreach. For information write: David Scull, Box 170, Annandale, VA 22003.

Johannesburg (unprogrammed) Meeting, South Africa. Opportunity for Quaker couple as Wardens from July, 1979. No remuneration, but rent-free 2-bedroomed flat. Further details from Vernon Baker, P.O. Box 7205, Johannesburg 2000.

Assistant Director—Foulkeways At Gwynedd, a Life Care Retirement Community near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is seeking an Assistant Director. Qualifications desired: Ability in financial and personnel management; empathy for people; administrative ability; sympathetic to Friends principles. Salary negotiable. Foulkeways is comprised of 233 apartments, an Intermediate Care Facility with 32 residents, and a 62-bed Skilled Nursing Facility. Apply to Donald L. Moon, Executive Director, Foulkeways At Gwynedd, Gwynedd, Pennsylvania 19436. Include curriculum vitae with resume of past experience.

Wanted: Farm manager for small organic dairy farm at The Meeting School, a Quaker boarding high school in Rindge, New Hampshire. Also instruct students in working with draft horses, tractors, field crops. Possibly house parenting. Contact: Storrs Olds, 653 Browns Road, Storrs, CT 06268. 203-423-0523.

Staff Sought—Small, Quaker coeducational boarding school-community-farm, under new leadership, emphasizing inner growth as well as preparation for college and life, seeks able, enthusiastic, mature staff with skills in English, math, history, chemistry/physics, foreign language, and music. Other skills helpful: manual, drama, ceramics. Married couples sought especially to be houseparents to 6-8 high school students, as well as teach. Housing, food, health insurance, plus salary. The Meeting School, Rindge, New Hampshire. Contact Storrs and Shirley Olds, Co-clerks, 653 Browns Road, Storrs, CT 06268. 203-423-0523.

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