

April 15, 1979

# FRIENDS JOURNAL

*Quaker Thought and Life Today*

## God Cannot Be Explained



## God Can Only Be Experienced

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The front cover photo, taken by Lilo Kaskell in 1946, shows four recipients of the AFSC Old People's Program in Austria. Courtesy of the American Friends Service Committee Archives.

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## THE HEEL OF A BOOT

The heel of a boot slams down,  
Crushing the grass beneath it.  
Weep for the grass.

Weep, friend, for that which is crushed.  
But do not ask too closely  
To whom belongs the boot.

Since I, too, must go about my business,  
Maybe it was my boot—  
Or even yours.

Weep, friend, but do not condemn.  
That crashing boot also may  
Tamp home a seed,

And time must pass before you know  
What fruit or flower may root  
Where the heel trod.

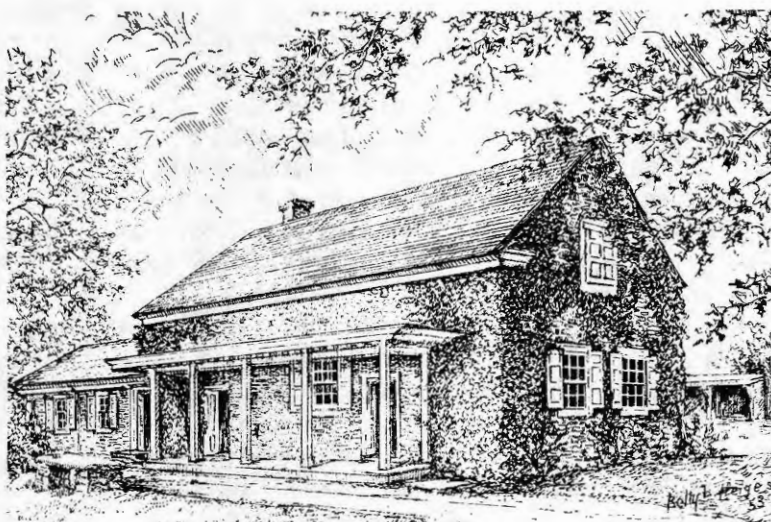
The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;  
He mends its wounds in many ways,  
Covering the tracks.

Tread where you must, I'll gentle where I can,  
We'll weep a bit, and pray  
For flowers in our footsteps.

—Newton Garver

As way opens...

# To Friends Everywhere



**F**riends are, for the most part, a pretty prickly, independent lot when it comes to the use of our money. And certainly we put up a stiff resistance when we begin to suspect that we are being required to support financially some course of action of which we disapprove, or even one with which we simply are not in accord. (Though a normal human reaction, it sometimes seems more *noticeable* among Friends.) And we fairly bristle at the idea of the regulation of our affairs by someone else. Can you imagine the response to some audacious plan to institute a computerized inquiry into the percentage of our individual financial resources we contribute to "good works," for example?

Added to this, we are *prudent*, as attested to by our distrust of recklessness in any money matters in general. We also conserve—as, for example, in the preservation of our ancient meetinghouses, unchanged and intact, including the long carriage sheds still attached to some of them (even though the horses have long since disappeared). For the most part, we have no paid clergy, choirs, soloists, organists, nor even newsletter writers for individual meetings, and only minimal upkeep required for the premises. The absence of many of these expenses supposedly leaves us free to make direct contributions to other causes and concerns as well as to our own meeting. As to whether this is actually accomplished, who can say? We leave it to the spirit rather than the aforementioned computer to judge.

Friends have traditionally functioned on a "do-it-yourself" basis, not only in the lack of "professionalism" in conducting meeting affairs, but in our forms of outreach, either by action or publication.

*Friends Journal* is no exception. Except for a small group of paid staff persons (not functioning primarily for self-aggrandizement, shall we say), all articles, poetry, and graphics are contributed without recompense, mostly by Friends themselves. From all over the world, some

Friends, serving as "reporters," keep us diligently informed of Friends' doings. In addition, much important work is done in our Philadelphia office as an act of love by volunteers.

As for financial contributions, slow as we are to make decisions at times, once Friends are convinced, our heads and hearts touched by the spirit of love or justice, we often respond in a way far beyond what might have been expected. It is this moving ahead together that reassures one after sometimes long waiting and delay, and it is this whole-hearted response that is the true genius of Friends.

All of this leads me to say that if Friends are truly persuaded of the value of *Friends Journal* in helping to educate, extend, and re-awaken the original and developing purposes and testimonies of Friends, many will be moved to support this magazine generously. Which has been the case for many who have given generously during our annual appeal, thus helping to subsidize the subscriptions of those who literally cannot afford to pay more than the current subscription rate, and helping to cover the rising costs of paper, printing, postage, and all the other costs of publication.

So, the members of the board and staff here and now thank all of you who have contributed. You have made it possible for the *Journal* to continue in its present form in these threatening times, by giving your support, both monetarily and by your thinking, writing, and artistic ability.

Although we are sorry not to extend to you the common courtesy of personalized acknowledgments of your gifts, we are confident that most financially-canny Quakers will also consider our action expedient, since the cost of doing so would diminish the total amount available to us for our work.

Finally, by our increased efforts to produce a truly excellent *Journal*, we shall continue to demonstrate our gratitude to you all "as way opens." RK



Let me begin by defining violence as anything that physically destroys or harms, anything that emotionally or mentally destroys or harms, anything that demeans the worth of the individual, group, or society. There are clear areas within this definition and at least one grayish area. For example, confronting people nonviolently, with care, I do not consider violent even when such an action disturbs a person or people representing an institution.

It is important to note that the mere absence of violence does not make an action nonviolent. Nonviolence is an active caring force, based on love and a great respect and search for truth. Nonviolent action is based on a respect for that of God or that of truth in every person. My own approach to social change is based on a

reverence for life, using Schweitzer's term, and my wish is to be challenged to measure up to this basic tenet.

What are the roots of violence? One starting point is the birth process in our society. A new baby emerges from the security of the womb and connection to the mother into a world of bright light and noise and often immediate separation from the mother and father. The delivery itself is often hastened for the convenience of the doctor rather than letting the natural birth process take place.

Separation of a baby to an isolated crib in a hospital nursery is a very cruel practice. Such violence is based on a near total lack of respect for the new infant, partially based on the fact that the infant can't communicate in words. The new infant does communicate in a number of

# RESPONDING TO THE ROOTS OF VIOLENCE

*by Edward Lazar*

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Steve Anderson





nonverbal ways. The nursery room crying which we were told was a sign of health is more likely a cry of anguish at separation from the warmth, comfort, and food of the mother.

This unnecessary birth-trauma can contribute to insecurity and hostility throughout life. A humane and natural childbirth system in which mother and infant stay together in a quiet atmosphere, and in which the father contributes as much as possible, is a very desired goal.

At a later stage children proceed into a compulsory school system. Although I disagree with the compulsory nature of our school system, I feel that the worst violence comes not from being forced to go to school, but rather from the problem of scale which occurs after grade school. When students are in a grade school situation and

together study all subjects in one room with one or two teachers, they form a learning community. Teachers and peers can look at the individual as a whole person and appreciate progress in some areas and problems in other areas. But when in junior high school and high school a student goes down long corridors to be in different rooms with different teachers and students, the education process becomes institutionalized.

This misdirection flowers in the regional high school. I did American Friends Service Committee peace education work in New England for several years and on a number of occasions was invited to talk to classes in large regional high schools. In some of them, teachers patrolled the hallways, and all the bathrooms were either locked or had security personnel in them. I was told that the bathrooms would be totally destroyed, as they had been in the past, without such personnel. These schools reminded me of nothing less than prisons I've been in. The schools were apparently built to consolidate major capital expenditures and save money on swimming pools, auditoriums, and other facilities—but at what social cost!

Large scale institutions often contribute to violence through their depersonalization. Violence ends up being one of the ways of standing out in such a situation. Although I give the large high school as an example, I feel that the question of scale applies to many other institutions and ways of life that we have created. Crowded working and living conditions, without a sense of shared community, are breeding grounds of violence.

After parents, schools, and religious bodies have tried to share values with young people, a proportion of our young men and women find themselves in the military, often because of economic pressure, and in the recent past because of a compulsory draft. In the military young people are trained to kill and to be ready to kill on command. It was at bayonet training that I had the first inkling that I was a pacifist. During bayonet training all the trainees were, and probably still are, made to shout "kill" at the top of their lungs while plunging a bayonet into a straw dummy. Our country (and other countries around the world) pays billions of dollars to train tens of thousands of new killers each year, and then acts surprised at increased murder rates.

A number of years ago there was a clothing store in New York called the "Fat Man's Shop," and there was an old-fashioned sign swinging over the door which pictured a fat man and a caption reading, "If everyone was fat, there would be no wars." I don't know that I agree with that, but I do feel that if all people felt loved and sexually satisfied, there would be a dramatic decrease in violence. One of the principal roots of violence is sexual repression. Sexual repression is one of the reasons military people get especially barbaric in warfare, and sexual repression contributes to violence within prisons.



Even in general society, people who are puritanical and otherwise sexually repressed sometimes take out their anger and frustration in the hostile way they interact with others.

It amazes me to hear people glibly link violence and sex as two evils. Exploiting sexuality is undesirable and does much violence. Affirming erotic, loving sexuality is much needed, and such sexuality can do much to ease the psychic stresses of our mechanistic society.

Everyday we see and hear about violence, and this continuous barrage results in passive acceptance. Violence is far from glamorous and the suffering of victims is all too real, but one might never know this from TV and the news media. They seem to say that if you have no other claim to fame you should take a hostage or kill someone, preferably someone famous or good looking, and then your face and life history will be flashed around the world. When violence is not rewarded, is shown as ugly as it is, and made truly unacceptable, then there will be a decrease in violent acts.

I lived for some years in a village in India, and for other years in inner city areas of large cities in this country, and recognize poverty as a major form of violence. Ending poverty must remain one of our major goals. And ending poverty must be in the context of a more just distribution of the Earth's limited resources.

Third World nations have called for a New International Economic Order, which I think is most worthy of our consideration and support. And I think an element we can contribute to the development of such a new economic order is a nonviolent perspective.

A nonviolent economic approach is decentralist and gives high priority to full employment and to the production of socially useful goods which are meant to last. Nonviolent economics promote appropriate technology and link economic issues to total social and political development. In a nonviolent economic system, women and men both have equal opportunity; worker control and/or worker involvement in decision-making is affirmed; community and social needs replace profit as the motivating force.

The co-op movement, both new and old, is an example of one of the building blocks needed to build a nonviolent economic system in our country. Getting at economic issues is one of the key ways to prevent wars. We rightly mobilize to protest the devastation of war—how much more important it is to mobilize to change away from centralized economic systems which are interested in power instead of community.

The last root of violence I wish to address is the inconsistent rejection of violence. It is hard, and not always desirable, to be consistent. In addition, if you are consistent you are labeled absolutist, dogmatic, and other such names. Very few of us wish to be so labeled. But I cannot

too strongly share with you my feeling that we must be absolutely opposed to all violence, and not be selective in our opposition to violence. That doesn't mean that we ourselves never get angry or feel violent—none of us is perfect—but we can still be opposed to all violence, including our own. In recent years, peace people have too often played the role of interpreting violence rather than opposing it. During the Vietnam conflict we had the opportunity to support the nonviolent third force within Vietnam, symbolized by Thich Nhat Hanh and other Buddhist activists, and yet all too often we downplayed their efforts while creating sympathy for the National Liberation Front. We were together in opposing the overwhelming use of violence by our own country and the Saigon government in Vietnam, but the peace movement, with some exceptions, did not clearly oppose the violence of the North Vietnamese. And in more recent years, we have been very quiet in the face of continuing violence and repression within Vietnam and Cambodia.

I believe that we best side with the victims of injustice by ourselves using nonviolent means and supporting those in other countries who use nonviolent means—even if we end up supporting only a small group of people, even if we end up supporting only one person—because it is that small group of people or one person who represent creative hope. Unless people see that we are even-handed in supporting nonviolence in our own society, in the Middle East, in Southeast Asia, in South Africa, in Northern Ireland, and anywhere in the world, they will rightly not be able to see the nonviolent movement as an alternative—rather nonviolence will be seen as a temporary tool to be laid down when violence is seemingly needed on a particular issue.

Why is nonviolence “tried” for a short time and found wanting, while violence may be “tried” for years and years at tremendous cost in lives? Believing in the values of love and truth means using nonviolent social change through hard and easy times, and such nonviolent work is its own reward and its own success.

There are, unfortunately, many roots and forms of violence in our society. And there are issues which divide people who believe in nonviolence. I believe that if we give searching consideration to such issues, and reflect such issues in the light of a reverence-for-life attitude, then fresh, creative, life-affirming answers will come forth.

We need to continue to struggle against unjust systems, but at the same time we need to change the underlying value systems. When we change value systems we can end violence. And we best do that by forthrightly developing and projecting our own nonviolent approaches to life and by helping to develop a vision of a nonviolent society which inspires people to engage in lifelong work to construct a nonviolent society. □



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# In the Deserts of the Heart:



## Prisons and the Quaker Peace Testimony

*by Shelly Estrin*

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*In the deserts of the heart  
Let the healing fountain start  
From the prison of his days  
Teach the free man how to praise.*  
W.H. Auden, "In Memory of W.B. Yeats"

**H**ouse of Darkness was the ancient Babylonian cuneiform for the word prison. In antiquity, prisons were used as places for short-term confinement prior to a person's time of sentencing, and never as permanent residences, which purportedly reformed individuals by depriving them of their liberty. Slave labor, fines, exile, mutilation of the body, and executions were the punishments meted out in ancient

Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece, and Rome. It was not until the sixteenth century that the first "Houses of Correction" were built in England and Europe, along with workhouses that were referred to as places to "correct the idle and the vicious." Vagrants, prostitutes, and debtors comprised a large part of the prison population between the period of the Reformation and the eighteenth century, and a number of convicted individuals were sent to the colonies, while some were

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Here and on page 7: artwork by prisoners

used as galley slaves.

From the time of its inception, mercantile society spawned an institution that was used to scapegoat and punish the most vulnerable members of society, and to silence critics of the government. During the period of the "Enlightenment" in England, a petty thief could be sent to the gallows for stealing a few articles from a shop. The ancient Chinese saying, "If you steal a purse you are a thief, but if you steal a state you are a prince," seems to have become truer over the course of every century.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, Quakers maintained a genuinely Christian tradition of not resorting to law to settle differences, but instead arbitrated them before the meeting. In adapting themselves to the hard-heartedness of a commercial mode of life, their testimony against reliance on the law was suspended. Minutes from an eighteenth century New York Yearly Meeting noted: "There may be some Cases wherein the... wholesome order... cannot be Complied with... such as parties absconding... with Design to Defraud their Creditors." When Quakers adjusted themselves to the values inherent in a cash nexus, they sacrificed the taproot of a community that was nurtured by fellowship, reciprocity, and trust. The degree of value that was shifted onto monetary success among American Quakers can be gleaned from the fact that among the seventeen richest men in Philadelphia in 1769 eight of them were Quakers and four others had been brought up as Friends. One can find the seeds for the hallowing of business in the *Advice to His Children* written by William Penn: "Shun Diversions: think only of the present Business. Solomon praises Diligence very highly... it is the Way to Wealth."

In 1787, Friends from the City of Brotherly Love joined with Benjamin Franklin in the formation of The Philadelphia Society for the Alleviating of the Miseries of Public Prisoners. This organization was strongly influenced by the writings of the penal reformer, John Howard, who had recommended that English prisons adapt hard labor, solitary confinement, and enforced penitence as a means of reforming prisoners. Like John Howard, who was an independently wealthy philanthropist, neither the Society of Friends nor Benjamin Franklin questioned or challenged the cruelty or inequity of the law or a social order that had begun to institutionalize greed. The concept of a prison and of punishment was alien to all of the teachings of Jesus, who spoke in every Gospel book for the value of forgiveness, including the forgiving of each other's debts. (Matthew 6:12 and 18:23).

The efforts of the Philadelphia reformers led to the erection of a new prison built with thick walls and solitary confinement cells that were six feet in width, eight feet in length, and nine feet in height—a smaller space than any animal now occupies in a city zoo. Called the Walnut Street Jail, spokespersons for the institution claimed that "it would serve the purpose of confining the more

hardened and atrocious offenders in suitable cells."

Ostensibly, the penitentiaries were intended as an improvement over the corporal punishment that had been used in earlier days, and as a way to isolate the convicted criminal, who was viewed as a contagious "element" and not as a person. In actuality, corporal punishment was maintained in the prisons, along with the new torment of isolation, slave labor, and the receipt of "religious instruction" from those who administered the institution.

In the two hundred years that have passed since the erection of the penitentiary, graver methods for "rehabilitating" prisoners have been put into use, including "drug therapy" and behavioral modification techniques that derange the senses and destroy a person's sense of her or his own identity. Prisons are still used as slave labor camps.

The bright light that has penetrated the consciousness of Quakers and others is the awareness that prisons do not serve life in any way, but only perpetrate further crimes against humanity. The most informative book on the myth of penal reform is *Instead of Prisons, A Handbook For Abolitionists*, published by the Prison Research Action Project (PREAP), 3049 E. Genessee St., Syracuse, NY, \$6.50.

I cannot envision the day that prisons will be abolished unless we are prepared to sacrifice our impulses to punish, exploit, scapegoat, and blindly adhere to the law. Despite all the talk and many conferences on the subject of peace and the futility of prisons, the U.S. government has allocated the highest budget in the history of the nation to warfare and the construction of costly new prisons, some having deceptive names such as "therapeutic communities." To be a "peacemaker" today may well mean risking a jail sentence by refusal to pay taxes, or peaceful protestation of the Pentagon or of the construction of toxic nuclear plants. As a friend of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn stated it: "Today it is not enough to stand up for truth. To be truthful now, one must be willing to sit in jail."

Writing poems, painting, or sculpting are ways to keep the Spirit alive in the Houses of Darkness. What has impressed me when speaking to prisoners who have found a way to create is their insistent sensitivity towards life which defies the abject dehumanization of their surroundings. The sculptor Jimmy Boyle in the Special Unit at the Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow, Scotland, spoke of his discovery of art as the first experience of freedom from the anguish and violence which he had known in his many years in crippling penal institutions. Labeled at an early age with the stigma of "delinquent," Boyle had lived up to the identity marked out for him in institutions that denied him any channel other than crime for his imagination and native talent. The parochial school he had attended as a boy was as warping as the prison in its failure to recognize that children have an imperative need to exercise all of their faculties and give shape to their inner world. There is a sad irony in the religious

institution that defines a child as a parrot, since the God of the Judeo-Christian tradition is primarily a Creator, who bestowed some of these gifts upon humanity. When the work-consumer ethic is revered, we forget that the outlandishly sane Jesus never held a full-time job, nor did he have high regard for successful merchants or prestigious sages. Art is not a diversion to be shunned; it is our way of praising the marvel of existence.

One of the most poignant prison paintings that I have seen was made by a young man, who has endured innumerable bouts of "drug therapy" and "boot therapy," in a penal institution I cannot name, for fear that he would be punished for having shared his work with someone on the outside. Given the excruciating agony of this man's daily life, his painting is a testimony of the Spirit's triumph over violence through creativity and a passion to be fully human in an institution which tells you that you are dead to the world. What higher witness to peace can there be than an individual's valiant praise of life, in the face of people who define you as an object and not a sentient being? It is easy to speak of peace and nonviolence when one is not faced with the palpable brutality of a prison, but one's metal is tested in a confrontation with the base degradation that is endemic to all penal institutions.

Excellent poetry is being written in prisons, where poet-prisoners such as James Lewisohn at the Maine State Prison have conducted poetry workshops and published anthologies of poetry by prisoners, who came to their identity as artists in the sepulcher society had built for them. Along with the fortunate few who sustain light in the House of Darkness, there are a myriad more who succumb to violence against themselves or others in the extremity of their pain and deprivation. Lewisohn's autobiographical poem, "Reform School," is a brilliant rendering of the anguish a child suffers when growing up in a loveless world.

Art is like prayer when it is authentic, for it enables us to commune with the protean world within and the loving God who heals and binds our wounds in silence. Through the creative process, human beings can touch the depths of their unconscious and the mysterious source that links us to all the wondrous forms of the universe, and takes us out of isolation. There is much to be discovered from the art of the imprisoned, who have answered living death with a greater abundance of life.

When painter Vincent Van Gogh was confined to an asylum, he wrote to his brother Theo: "Being friends, being brothers, love, that is what opens the prison." May we find the grace to en flesh the words of this sorrowful man, who brought great beauty into the world from his seasons of solitude and grief. May we find the humility to love the form in which we were born; to realize and cease from molding ourselves and others on the model of the machine. May we find the courage to enter the deserts of our own dark hearts and wait patiently until the healing fountain starts to flow. □



# Alabama's Justice For Women

by Katherine van Wormer

**I**n writing about conditions at the state prison for women in Alabama, I would like to tell what I learned, not as the sociologist-in-residence that I was, but as a friend of the inmates.

The doors of Julia Tutwiler Penitentiary were opened to me for the duration of the summer of 1976. Through extensive correspondence with an inmate-counselor, I have kept in touch with the prison ever since.

Three major changes have taken place since the year of my study. First, the establishment of a death row for a lone inmate who was the driver of a car used in a robbery. It is reported that the presence of the death row has had a depressing effect on all who reside and work there. Second, the prison population has expanded tremendously: the former single beds have been converted into bunk beds and new arrivals have been stationed in the halls. Third, the compassionate female warden who was at Tutwiler for twenty-five years, one who assumed the role of

"mother of them all," has been replaced by an efficient bureaucrat, a man of the "old school."

In describing the conditions at Tutwiler, then, I am basically writing of the time before death row, before drastic overcrowding, before the new authoritarianism, of conditions that have not changed significantly, or that have actually grown worse in the past few years. Indications are that my presence would not be welcome at this time as a sociologist-observer.

Most penal institutions for women are modern, dormitory type buildings with minimum security. The female offender in Alabama and the other southern states, however, is confined in an austere setting characterized by bars, barbed wire and weathered concrete. Six cells, immense in size, hold up to fifty inmates each. Walls are chipped and faded. Bathrooms consist of open toilets and showers at the front of each cell. The heat in summer is debilitating; in the winter a damp chill penetrates the building.

Beds are low and about five feet apart, facing others across the aisle. The overall impression is of an immense room, of barred windows and starkness above, lace and stitchwork below. Stuffed animals are perched on neatly-made and often frilly bedspreads, on the right of which is a chair and television set or radio. At the head of each

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bed, typically, one sees a layout of family photos, well-groomed children beaming in the sunlight. Above one bed appear the embroidered and framed words, "Dear house, you are so very small, just big enough for love, that's all."

In a widely-quoted statement, Judge Johnson, of the U.S. District Court, called the Alabama prisons "unfit for human habitation." The women's institution, Julia Tutwiler, is unfit not only in terms of the inadequacy of the physical facility, but also in regard to a situation that is somewhat unique to it. As there is no special institution for the criminally insane (whether they come directly from society or from mental hospitals), the insane are housed with other types of prisoners. As a consequence, a small minority of brain-disordered and schizophrenic individuals keeps the rest of the population—including staff members—in perpetual fear. For example, while I was involved, a correctional officer had her hand cut open and the assistant warden was nearly strangled. Inmates also attacked each other with chairs and broken coke bottles.

Often ill with a major drug problem, many of the women are imprisoned for drug offenses. Though their prison terms are relatively short, they will, in all likelihood, return. Many are in prison because of involvement with the crimes of the men in their lives. Those with the longest sentences are serving time for murder or manslaughter; often these acts of violence were committed in anger or self-defense in domestic disputes.

The story of one recent case is especially troubling. A twenty-three-year-old black woman, a deaf mute, was sentenced to three years for stealing a car. She had never been in any kind of trouble before; she had a limited education; her sign language was very poor. She had very little understanding of her offense or why she had been sent to prison. She had seen other people driving cars and she wanted to drive one too. Finding a car with the keys in it one day, she just got in and drove off. The judge, in his zeal to "teach a lesson" had made no allowance for extenuating circumstances. Such are the types of cases one sees at Julia Tutwiler.

Punishment involves depriving inmates of the "privileges" that make life in confinement a little less unbearable, the greatest of which is the furlough home every four months, available to only a few.

Certain strict rules are enforced: one must not fight or kiss another inmate; one must not visit another cell, although she may—with permission—summon a resident of another cell into the hall; there is to be no (audible) cursing; and one is not supposed to be rude to a matron or other officials; one is to work the designated time; one is not to gamble or exchange money.

Written explanations of misconduct, preserved in the folder of the inmate involved, henceforth become a part of her permanent record. Typical examples of "offenses" ranging from the serious to the not-so-serious include attempted escape, as described by one matron:

*Inmates attacked me in the staff dining room immediately after I had pulled the lights for inmates to report to their cells for count and lock-up. They drug me to the grille by the hair.*

Another involved exposure of herself, to which the prisoner replied, "I'm in my cell. I have three years to correct any mistakes I make, anyway." Other "offenses" included the comment of one prisoner, upon hearing that Governor Wallace was shot, "I hope he dies!"

Inmates say that a year in prison is like ten on the outside. And yet life here is not uneventful. The resident of such an institution suffers, in Simmel's words, from an excess of stimuli, from too much change and activity in too short a space of time. The constant onrush of sensory impressions, the constant strain of continual interaction, take their toll over time.

An inmate-correspondent gives the following description of day-to-day reality at Julia Tutwiler:

*Things here are much the same. Susan and Marcella went to Mount Meigs [diagnostic center] to see the "head shrinker" and got in a fight with each other. They had to put them in the dog house [hole] over there. They say the men over there got a great charge out of getting to see the two women fight. Mr. W. [escort] was so embarrassed. They brought Susan back first, then went back for Marcella. When they got inside the door here, Marcella jerked loose and ran out the front door; Mr. W. had to chase her down the highway. It was really funny. Mr. B. helped him. She fought those fellows all over the front office. She hit Mr. E. a couple of tough licks. She has been in the dog house since then. She tore her mattress up and flushed it till it flooded the halls. She got the light bulb out of the ceiling and cut herself (not real bad though). . . She cut up for a straight thirty-six hours without shutting her eyes or mouth. Our new commissioner's wife came over Saturday and I gave her a wave. . . She got a real earful of Susan. Bet she had a talk with her husband when she got home. Marcella decided to pull one of Susan's tricks and set fire to her mattress. . .*

When a woman at Julia Tutwiler is sick or pregnant, she is frightened. I was told countless stories of the seemingly intentional cruelty of the doctor who visited the prison at his convenience. One woman suffered from a ruptured appendix for a long time before she was sent off for treatment. Others, badly in need of medication, were not treated. Only tranquilizers seemed easy to get. When a woman was to take a leave of absence to the outside world, she was required to swallow birth control pills before, if not during, her visit (she was out of sight then).

As Martin Luther King said, "Injustice is a threat to justice everywhere." The fact that women who go to prison in Alabama are neither treated justly nor fairly is a cause for concern to all of us. □

# A QUAKER UPANISHAD

by Mentor Addicks

Dear Friend, we are in God and God is in each one of us. God is in all that exists and yet is apart from and beyond everything. Although everything is sacred, nothing is more real than God.

All that is, including ourselves, is the gift of the eternal God in whom we live.

We participate in God's eternity.

Only in God are we alive.

How can I illustrate the being of everything in God and God in everything? Perhaps I can say that everything is in God, just as a fish in a stream is surrounded by the flowing water; and that God is in everything, just as water molecules form part of every portion of the body of the fish. But this, like all illustrations, is only a simplification.

Lie quietly or sit or stand silently. Wherever you find yourself, be still. Become part of where you are. Seek God in whom you live. Pray: "Be in me. Be in me."

We each search and find together. Each self is but a particle of the constant wind, a gnat in an endless swarm. Only in relation to each other can we find ourselves and God.

But only in love and only with love can the indwelling presence of God be found.

The gift of the indwelling presence of God has been given to all persons. Already, before we can ask, God is present in each one of us, just as we are present in God.

The gift of the indwelling presence of God may be ignored, may be forgotten, may be rejected.

Only you can accept the gift of the indwelling presence of God. Open yourself to God in you. God accepts you, just as you are. You can accept the gifts of God.

You will retain your self-awareness when you accept the gift of God. God will not become you and you will not become God. When you accept the indwelling presence of God you will find yourself to be a child of God.

But, you can accept the gift of the indwelling presence of God only in love, only with love.

I was afraid to accept the gift. I drank in order to make it possible to believe in death. I was impatient with existence. I wanted to remain alone.

If God was in me and I accepted God's presence, I would have to live aware of the indwelling presence of God and I was afraid of God.

I resisted God until, driving home from work through a

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place where no homes or people were, I was overcome by the power of God's love. I rolled down the window of my car and shouted, "Yes, be in me!" into the autumn sunset. And then, in love; and then, with love; I whispered, "Yes, be in me." I prayed, "Yes, be in me." And I accepted the gift of the indwelling presence of God.

I have always known that door within me which leads to some other place. As a child, I opened the door and have been able to wander into eternity and visit the stars for awhile. Now, I open the door inside myself and am also able to enter the indwelling presence of God.

In my becoming and remembering, I must practice being aware of the indwelling presence of God. I know God is in me but often I forget. I cannot comprehend God's presence in me, but I can occasionally remember the indwelling presence of God.

I pray a simple prayer, a short prayer, with only one thought, one request: Be in me. I pray occasionally, a few times a day, just for awhile: Be in me. I harmonize my heartbeat, my breath and the words: Be in me. Be in me. When I pray, "Be in me," I renew myself, offer myself and experience the indwelling presence of God.

Believing in God is not the same as experiencing God's presence. Having ideas about God is not the same as being consciously aware of God's presence. God is beyond the power of our comprehension and conception. God cannot be explained, only experienced.

A person may have a dramatic experience, a vivid experience of the nearness of God: sometimes when worshipping with others; sometimes when alone with nature; sometimes when hearing a musical composition, or viewing a work of art, or reading a poem. A vision quest, a prophetic calling, may result in an experience of the nearness of God. But these experiences of the nearness of God result from our living in God.

When we accept, in love and with love, the gift of the indwelling presence of God, we experience God as love.

John, the fisherman who followed Jesus, experienced the indwelling presence of God as love. In a letter, John said: "God is love. A person who dwells in love, dwells in God and God dwells in that person." (I John 4:16)

Many believe, but few love.

Because we exist in God who is eternal, how can we not love? When we recognize that we are part of the eternal Self, how can we not love? When we experience the indwelling love of God, how can we not respond?

We turn away from the indwelling presence of God when we do not love. It is easy to not love. To not love is to remain an animal. When we do not love, we remain less than we could be. When we do not love, we condemn ourselves. When we do not love, we cease to participate in God.

My son, when aged almost two, built a complicated structure out of blocks, then pushed a part of it so it fell

down. Creation and destruction. He laughed and said, "Fun," when it fell down, and yet the collapse was caused by him. Part of his act of creation included his act of destruction. So do you and I destroy ourselves, unless we love.

God does not rule by terror. God leads by love.

Let God lead you. Let the love of God become in you. That is how you respond to the indwelling love and presence of God. That is why you live in God. That is how God lives in you.

The indwelling presence of God is the location of myself. God is not only an external force acting on me, God is the indwelling presence acting within me.

I can only respond to the gift of the presence by giving. I accept God's love and must share it. I let my life become the prayer: Be in me. Everything I do, I do in the presence and love of God.

Be in me.

When we experience the indwelling love of God, you and I are empowered and enabled to return God's love. We return God's love by loving. We love God, who includes ourselves, all others, and all that is.

You have accepted and experienced the love and presence of God in yourself. Now love. It is you who must respond to the love of God in you. Your response to the indwelling love and presence of God is your life. Now love.

Love yourself. There is only one of you. Love all other persons. Each person is a unique self. Love the Earth and all life. Love everything, all that is. To love is the basic act of God.

We respond to the indwelling presence of God and God's love by doing. To love is to do. Whatever you do, do in love. When you love, do more than tell of your love. Demonstrate your love.

Hold a child. When you hold that child you give your presence to that child's life. Give yourself to those you love, just as the presence of God and God's love is given to you.

Pray that you and I will be enabled and empowered to let God be in us; to let God become in us; to let God be through us. Let us respond to God's presence and God's love by giving our presence and our love.

There is and will be tension between ourselves and God. Sometimes, perhaps often, we will fail to love because no one can fully respond to the indwelling love of God. But when we fail, we can renew ourselves in the indwelling presence of God by praying, in love and with love: Be in me. Be in me.

When we pray, "Be in me," we become with God, God becomes in us, and through us God is present with all we love.

Because you know these words are true, pray: Be in me. Be in me. Then love, and go and do. □



# CROSSING BORDERS

by Edward N. Wright



*These photos were taken in Hungary during the years 1946-1948. The family, above, lost their home in a flood. At right are American Friends Service Committee team members with their two trucks.*



Crossing a border is a very personal experience, whether one is alone or with others. In the course of our lives we all have many human borders to cross from infancy to death; borders involving physical, mental and spiritual changes, education, jobs, marriage, parenthood, illnesses and tragedies of many kinds. Even though some of these may be traumatic and even devastating in character, we may not think of them as actual frontiers or boundaries to be surmounted. However, one cannot cross human-made geographical borders or barriers which separate nations, races, religions, cultures and ideologies without realizing how fundamental and often tragic such separations are. Some physical boundaries have long historical backgrounds and are the result of natural phenomena, such as rivers or mountains but, all too often, especially in our own times, they are the result of wars and uneasy peace treaties. One such border which I crossed thirty years ago separated Hungary and Austria, two countries composed of different races with different languages and different economic and political systems. This is the account of that crossing.

In November 1946, at the request of the Hungarian government, the American Friends Service Committee sent a small team to Hungary to aid that stricken country through the distribution of food, clothing, medical, and other relief supplies. At that time and for some months afterward, such relief measures were most welcome and friendly relations were established with government officials, with those who worked with the team, with recipients of the relief measures, and with Hungarians who were particularly interested in Quakers and their beliefs. Members of the AFSC team lived in Budapest and had their office on Andrassy ut, one of the beautiful avenues of the city. Then came a drastic change. In 1948, under the encouragement and protection of Russia, a communist government had taken over and foreign agencies, including the AFSC, were no longer welcome.

The Service Committee was thanked for its assistance but was assured that Hungarian agencies could now provide the necessary help required by the government. Members of the team knew that such was not the case, but they were also aware of the fact that they could not continue to operate in a country where they were no longer wanted. So, regretfully, by the end of the year the team was reduced to two persons and I was appointed to go to Budapest to close down our operations. \*

As it was my first experience in helping to bring to a close an AFSC foreign program, it was difficult to determine what steps should be taken and in what order. As our chief concern was to protect those who had trusted us, it was deemed essential to destroy most of our records, especially those dealing with individuals or families. Therefore, as leader of the unit, it fell my lot

to take to our apartment, night after night, the contents of our files and to burn them bit by bit in our tile stove.

From the moment I set foot in Hungary I was aware that fears and frustrations were overriding features in the lives of the people. Rumors of all kinds were common. For example, when Cardinal Mindszenty was imprisoned in a building on the same avenue as our office, we were led to believe that he was seriously ill, was being "brainwashed" with drugs, and tortured in other ways. It was even rumored that one of the Hungarian members of our team was a government agent and was giving constant reports of our various operations. Actually our "spy" was young, handsome, friendly, and an expert linguist who devoted much of his time to translating into English, for my benefit, articles which appeared in a local publication regarding the U.S. government and people. The wickedness and treacheries of the government and the miseries of the U.S. citizens were contrasted with the beneficent regimes of the "free democracies" and their more fortunate peoples.

It was easy to feel, therefore, that our continued stay in the country would only be an increasing danger and embarrassment to our many friends. Recipients of our relief program who approached us directly were severely rebuked by the government, obstacles were placed in the way of our following up and checking on our relief distributions, and gradually the Hungarian members of our staff became almost paralyzed by fear and hesitated to assume responsibilities as they had done so willingly and efficiently in the past. Our Quaker discussion groups, which had been held in our living quarters, were no longer allowed, although we did continue to hold meetings for worship every Sunday for those who were courageous enough to attend. From the very beginning an interested and enthusiastic group had attended these meetings and they might well have been referred to as the Hungarian friends of the Friends. Just before our departure in March of 1949 this group composed for us a memorial of affection and appreciation.

Personal strains and frustrations also mounted, due largely to government red tape and restrictions of one sort or another. After weeks of negotiations, the head of our AFSC Foreign Service Department was denied a visitor's visa, and many visits to the appropriate

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*\*It is heartening that in the last few years the AFSC and its representatives have had a quite different and perhaps unprecedented experience in the history of the AFSC in another communist country. During the war in Indochina, which ended in the spring of 1975, the AFSC, through its representatives in Laos, provided humanitarian assistance to Laotians under two separate regimes which were governing that country simultaneously: the Royal Lao government and the Pathet Lao (communist government). With the end of the war, the governance of Laos was consolidated and continues under communist control. Throughout these changes, the AFSC's representatives' presence and service in Laos has been permitted to continue without interruption or termination and the relationship remains cordial and productive.*



authorities were required for me to secure a Russian pass to travel across the country to the city of Debrecen. Strangely enough, it was much easier to secure a visa for Austria and I was able to spend part of the year-end holidays with my friends on the AFSC Vienna team.

As the agreed-upon time for our withdrawal from Hungary approached, our efforts to make necessary arrangements were constantly thwarted. This was true especially of our transport equipment, which then consisted of two jeeps and a trailer. Much time was spent in paperwork seeking permission to take them across the border into Austria.

When the day for my departure finally arrived, the strains of the past few weeks began to catch up with me and I longed to be in a place where I did not have to watch every written or spoken word or action. But little was I prepared for the shock which awaited me at the border, especially in view of my easy and untroubled trip by train to Vienna only a few weeks before.

It is only a short distance from Budapest to the Austrian border but, as I drove one of the jeeps and the trailer along the flat, fertile, but still wintry countryside, my thoughts were as gloomy and gray as the skies above. I was very conscious of leaving behind me a beautiful country which was facing an uncertain and difficult future and one in which we had developed many warm friendships. It was a land in which, in a very short time, a few political leaders had created unhappiness and fears.

At the checkpoint on the Hungarian side of the border there was only a simple barricade and hut but I knew that out in front and on all sides of that peaceful-looking landscape there were threatening mine fields where persons who had tried to flee the country had been blown to bits. One could even see Austria across "No Man's Land" but it might have been hundreds of miles away, as far as easy access was concerned. At the time of my arrival, the border was quiet and, as no other travellers were in evidence, the five border guards in their drab military uniforms and grim unsmiling faces were able to give me their undivided attention. After a brief period, the Hungarian member of our team, who had driven one of the jeeps to the checkpoint, was allowed to return to Budapest by train, while one of the border guards drove the jeep across "No Man's Land" to the Austrian side, where it was picked up by a Vienna team member.

Then began the inquisition. It was my first and, hopefully, the last time in my life that I would be treated at a border without courtesy or favor, almost as an enemy alien, and fear of the unexpected and unknown took over. Only one of the guards spoke a little English, which complicated communication and I soon had the feeling that all in that silent group were "out to get me" and would try to find evidence of my U.S. imperialism.

They began by confiscating my small supply of

Hungarian money. Then one of the guards snatched my briefcase, and I was frightened and my heart sank because I remembered that it contained several letters which friends had asked me to mail for them outside the country, assuring me that at the border no one would think of examining a U.S. citizen. How little they knew, and how innocent I was to have believed them! The briefcase was taken into the hut and, when I requested its return, I was told that it would be necessary to have its contents sent back to Budapest so that the English could be translated into Hungarian. I had no fears about the reports and other material in the case, because we had been scrupulously careful in these matters not to write any derogatory remarks about the Hungarian government or its people nor of our treatment as a friendly relief agency. However, the letters, which may have been indiscreet, were quite a different matter.

The balance of the examination was painfully slow and thorough but almost an anticlimax after the briefcase incident. Every suitcase, every article, every inch of the jeep and trailer were scrutinized as if they expected a bomb to appear, and I was grilled about clothing and other effects which one of our Hungarian team members had begged me to transport for her to a friend in Vienna so that if or when she might be able to cross the border empty-handed, she would at least have something to wear in the future. The one wonder about the examination is why they did not require me to take off all of my clothes—or, at least, why they did not search my pockets.

When the ordeal was finally over, again without a single smile or friendly gesture, I was permitted to drive the jeep and trailer across a carefully prescribed corridor of "No Man's Land" to the Austrian side, where I was greeted with welcoming smiles and handshakes by members of our AFSC team. I almost cried with fatigue and relief. It is true that I wept unashamedly that night in my hotel room in Vienna thinking of the possible consequences of the sequestered letters which would never reach their intended destinations.

To this day, I have not heard from any of those who were involved in the letter incident but, after thirty years, I am still in regular correspondence with others of our Hungarian friends. Fortunately, love has a way of overcoming fear, and friendships can surmount both time and place. We must continue to deplore barriers to human understanding wherever and in whatever form they exist, and we should rejoice whenever a human-made border is not only surmounted but is demilitarized and open to all who want to cross. □

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# "Au Revoir, Pascal!"

by Dan Johnsen



Pascal's fourth grade classmates gather to give him their goodbyes.

*The cultivation of friendships in a Quaker school is as important as any other aspect of the curriculum. C.S. Lewis tells us that friendship is the "crown of life and the school of virtue." At Moses Brown School, in Providence, Rhode Island, the visit by a nine-year-old French boy provided an opportunity for some unusual lessons in friendship.*

A class of first grade children is sitting in a circle and sharing their morning news. Hans shows a book about dinosaurs. Kristin tells about her long and slippery ride to Providence from Greenville, explaining that she was late to school because her mom used a new short-cut. Tommy tells about eating a fancy hamburger in a restaurant. Suddenly, Astrid's eyes light up as she smiles to greet a visitor who has just entered the classroom—"Bonjour, Pascal!"

Pascal Guen, a quiet nine-year-old boy from upstairs in the fourth grade, smiles to all the children and softly responds, "Hello." As the news continues, Michael, holding up a little squishy rubber monster on the end of his finger, whispers, "Pascal, qu'est-ce que c'est?"

Before school began in September, the teachers at Moses Brown Lower School were told that Pascal and his sister, Carine, would be joining the other children until Christmastime. Their father, Dr. Luc Guen, would be working at Brown University on energy-related research. Although the two Guen children knew no English, the teachers could depend on plenty of help from Ms. Guen,

*Daniel B. Johnsen is a first grade teacher at Moses Brown School in Providence, RI.*

who teaches English to French children in Nantes, France. Pascal would be placed in the fourth grade with two teachers who boasted some proficiency in French. It was also suggested that frequent visits to the first grade, where language development is an ongoing process, might help Pascal to use his new English vocabulary.

"Everyone say 'hello' to our visitor."

"Hiiiiii!"

Pascal seems to be a shy and serious boy. A smile grows on his face like a laugh in a library. He listens to the sound of the new word inside his head before he carefully enunciates: "Hello."

The children introduce themselves to Pascal. They have varying degree of success saying, "Je m'appelle, my name is \_\_\_\_." And then it is Pascal's turn to learn the English words. Before Pascal leaves, he adopts his best professorial attitude as he instructs his new friends in the numbers one through five:

"Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq."

The children barely let him finish each word before they respond: "Uh, dooooo, twa, CAT, sank." Anyone who says "cat" instead of "four" is all right with them. When it is time for Pascal to leave, he hesitantly offers a cautious "good-bye" and then a grin and "au revoir."

"Can anybody here say 'au revoir' to Pascal?"

"Orvwar, Pascal."

"Orville, Pascal."

"Arvwa, Pascal."

"Goo ga, Pascal," says one boy who doesn't really believe that these strange words mean anything at all.

The first grade children liked Pascal. They were attracted to his easy-going willingness to try unfamiliar words and to try again. It was a new experience for many of the children to see another child profess his ignorance with a

smile and a shrug—confident of what he had learned already and happy to think that here was something else he might learn as well.

Sam Miller, the fourth grade teacher who was working with Pascal in English vocabulary and grammar, reported that Pascal returned from his first visit downstairs with a “grande” smile. Thus encouraged, the first grade teachers doubled the time that Pascal would visit.

Pascal was already, after only a few weeks, boasting a large vocabulary of English nouns and verbs, but was far from being able to work with the other fourth grade children in a normal reading class. Therefore, at reading time upstairs, he would leave with his notebook full of nouns and join the first graders for a game of “Qu’est-ce que c’est?” or “What is it?” This game gave Pascal the chance to add some English words to his list while teaching his younger friends a few words of French.

Josh tries on his new home-made beret. He holds it up for all to see and says, “Pascal, qu’est-ce que c’est, s’il vous plaît?”

“C’est le chapeau.”

The teacher asks Josh, “Can you say ‘chapeau’?”

Josh repeats, “chapeau” and begins to understand how Pascal feels when he carefully enunciates a new English word.

“Très bien, Josh. Now, everyone, put your hat on your

head. Pascal, where is the hat?”

“On the head.”

“Très bien, Pascal. And now, how do you say it ‘en Français’?”

“Le chapeau est sur la tête.” The lesson is intended to teach the difference between “above” and “below,” but as Pascal says “au-dessus” and “au-dessous” the first graders can’t hear the difference even with their ears open! (Pascal understands their confusion when he hears the Rhode Island version of “cotton” and “carton”).

Some of the children became fascinated with the quirks of comparative linguistics. They learned that they could say “wheel” and Pascal would hear “oil” (huile); “shot” to them was “cat” (chatte) to Pascal; “crayon” was the most amusing of all—somehow turning into “pencil” (crayon) for Pascal. Inspired by such similarities as “ciseaux” for “scissors” the classroom walls began to echo new French accents. The boy who fetched the snack for the class would announce upon his arrival back at the room, “Here are ze crackairz.”

While the French atmosphere in the first grade flourished, Pascal was thriving in his new environment as well. The children in the fourth grade were intrigued by lengthy discussions in French between Sam and Pascal. The language barrier may have been an obstacle to normal communication, but some of Pascal’s classmates



Pascal (third from left) with his first grade friends.



discovered that words are not the only way of getting a point across. At recess, Pascal's skill as a goalie made him a valuable addition to the daily soccer game. In the classroom, at free activity times, some of the children enjoyed playing quiet games of strategy with Pascal. Tick-tack-toe, like music, is played in a universal language.

Downstairs, in the first grade, Pascal sat in at "news" time occasionally, and listened attentively to a wide range of subjects. Eventually, he began to volunteer information of his own: he showed the children the location of his home-town, Nantes, on the globe; he shared a card trick with Milton, the class magician. After two months at Moses Brown, Pascal appeared comfortable and happy, but so far he had not volunteered to speak any words in English.

Every Wednesday is cooking day, and every Wednesday a note goes up on the message board near the cooking sign: "We'll see Pascal aujourd'hui." Some recipes are better than others. Twenty cooks are probably not better than one. The air is filled with anticipation, doubt, mystery, and a lot of hunger as today's concoction arrives from the oven. All eyes glide to the face of the Taster. IS IT GOOD?

"Mmmm... is good. I like very much."

An audible sigh is released which needs no translation and everyone politely digs in. While the children eat, Pascal writes down the recipe of the day to add to his collection.

Sometime in November, Pascal suddenly began speaking English. He had worked for two months, every day after school with Sam. At home, in the University Heights apartment complex, he had studied his notebook full of words and sentences. He had listened to the news on the first grade and learned to answer simple questions asked by other children. He had studied fourth grade reading with a French-speaking student from the upper school. And then, without warning he became an English-speaking chatterbox. He asked questions, he answered questions. He spoke out of turn and had to be asked please not to talk so much!

Madame Guen, Pascal's mother, told Sam, "He talks much more in English than he ever did in French! He's like a different person." Sam decided to challenge Pascal's new competence in English by hanging up a wall chart on which Pascal was to record every complete English sentence he spoke. Gradually, the marks climbed up the wall. Soon they began to grow like the flowers in a time-lapse movie. Sam reported that "A whole change came over his personality which coincided with the sentence chart. He was like a new boy. English was like a make-believe language to him. He was shocked to find out that he could say things in this strange language and other children would say things back to him." Pascal

became a celebrity in the lower school at Moses Brown. Classmates would wait for him to arrive in the morning so they could play with him and talk to him. Children from the primary grades called out in passing whenever they saw him, "Bonjour, Pascal."

The Christmas play is a very special event. The auditorium is lighted only by the warm glow of a few stage lights; one hundred-sixty inexplicably well-mannered children are sitting around a low platform; the large audience of family and friends are dramatically quiet but for the occasional piercing comments of infant brothers and sisters. The characters in the play about Christmas in colonial Rhode Island include Roger Williams, Massasoit, Mary Dyer, Isaac Touro, and Gabriel Bernon, an early French Huguenot settler. Bernon recalls hearing a French carol about Father Christmas bringing gifts to the children. The lights fade on Bernon and come up on Pascal, standing alone on the small platform. Even the babies are hushed as the first clear notes of Pascal's song reach out into the darkened auditorium like the beam of a distant lighthouse:

*"C'est la belle nuit de Noël,  
La neige étend son manteau blanc..."*

Someone in the audience whispers, "His accent is so authentic!" All the children in the fourth grade sing the chorus together in admirable French:

*"Petit Papa Noël,  
Quand tu descendras du ciel..."*

The song is over and the play continues, but the sight of Pascal and the sound of his song linger in the memories of many children.

The Christmas play at Moses Brown lower school is the final event on the final day of the fall term. Even as the parents are still applauding, the children are hastily poking their left arms in the right sleeves of their winter jackets and comparing thoughts of their theatrical success and plans for their vacation. A few hours later, or a few days, when the vacation finally offers some quiet moments for reflection, the children and the teachers may begin to think of Pascal. Initially, there is a feeling of sadness—Pascal was a friend to many of us, and when will we ever see him again? It seems as if he had to leave Providence just as we were all getting familiar with him. But with the memories we have, it's difficult to stay sad.

Pascal's visit to Rhode Island was like a rainbow with a pot of gold—an unexpected pleasure and a treasure of experiences for the children at Moses Brown. There were valuable lessons to be learned that no textbook can offer: we can communicate without words; ignorance is nothing to be afraid of; students can teach teachers; some good things *do* come to an end. The rainbow fades but the treasure remains. □



# FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

As "Eyewitness at Oskaloosa," Catharine Gaskill reports in the Southeastern Yearly Meeting (SEYM) Newsletter on a Sunday sermon she heard there "that seemed from another era and group."

"And then," she continues, "just as George Fox had done at Ulverston, someone in the back arose and proceeded to point out his errors to the man in the pulpit."

Anxious to convey her love and sympathy to both preacher and young woman critic, the "eyewitness" talked with a number of Friends at dinner and found they had been attentive to both speakers: the first because he was their colleague and friend; the second because of their respect for women ministers they had known.

"I began to realize again," she concludes, "[that] there can be no chasm between Quakers if we are open and listening. Our words of expression are so very different, arising out of different cultures, but the still small voice speaks to us all if we are open and listening."

**The Newsletter of the Morningside (NYC) Meeting** contributes some positive thoughts on the delicate subject of "eldering."

Noting that "it is unhelpful and potentially damaging for a committee to discuss the personal difficulties of individuals including the question of whether or not they need eldering," the Newsletter continues:

*It is helpful for the committee to make each other aware of a concern or a need of a person without discussing details or making judgments. Each committee member would then find a way, individually, rather than as a group enforcing policy, to talk*

*tenderly and lovingly with the person, if any one should find the way open to do so.*

The three authors of the Newsletter article then ask rhetorically how one would feel if approached by a committee which had discussed her or him *in absentia* because someone else had made a complaint. One would certainly rather be told face-to-face than have the matter discussed behind one's back. The article concludes:

*We suggest that a person with a grievance should sound out a few trusted friends to seek guidance in how to approach the "offending" Friend. Laboring would best be held between the two friends involved, with others present, if necessary. . . . Eldering can take on a positive function when we are aware of and encourage a deepening of the Spirit in other friends, rather than focusing on their weaknesses and insensitivities.*

**And now there are house churches.** And they have a bimonthly newsletter. They meet in homes rather than in sanctuaries. They are mostly small groups. They emphasize personal sharing and commitment. The address of their newsletter, "The House Church" is 1508 Fairview, Wichita, KS 67203. Its editor is Lois Barrett, a member of Mennonite Church of the Servant. \$2.00 a year is the subscription price.

**Friends Committee on National Legislation**, ending the fiscal year with a \$40,000 deficit, approved an "austere operating budget" for 1979 of \$327,500 at its annual meeting in November-December, 1978.

The almost 200 people attending the

four-day conference reached consensus in setting ten legislative priorities for the new year, most of them related to various ways of cutting down on military spending and excesses in favor of civilian and humanitarian needs. Farm and rural community problems were not forgotten, nor was Native American economic and political self-determination.

Despite a gradual increase in contributions to FCNL, inflationary costs have made some retrenchment imperative and the staff was anxious that the priorities reflect the work which the lobbyists could realistically and effectively expect to perform.

**Along with Congregation Keneseth Israel** of Allentown (PA) and the Unitarian Church of Lehigh Valley (Fountain Hill), the Lehigh Valley Friends Meeting (Hanover Township) was honored in December 1978 with a citation, received by Bryn Hammarstrom, for having put up property worth \$100,000 each as collateral for the Lehigh Valley Bail Fund. The Bail Fund, whose board meets at the Friends meetinghouse, has, since 1972, made it possible for almost 1000 unconvicted persons who could not afford bail to remain free while waiting for trial. Friends' participation in the project dates from 1974.

**Gregory Micklus** (#03958-156), P.O. Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837, is very much concerned about the present application of the Federal Youth Corrections Act of 1950 and its adverse effects on youthful offenders. A regular reader of *Friends Journal*, he would appreciate Friends' response to his concern.

**Another prisoner** "in search of a friend to correspond with, in lonely place" is 32-year-old Jack Raymond, #29461-138, Box 1000, Milan, MI 48160. He describes himself as an open-minded, easy-going single male who enjoys outdoor life.

**The Quaker United Nations Office** in New York was instrumental in drafting the resolution recognizing the right of all persons to refuse service in military or police forces used to enforce apartheid,

a resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 20, 1978.

The resolution calls on U.N. member states to extend to such conscientious refusers the rights and benefits accorded to other refugees, to grant them asylum or guarantee them safe transit to another state, in the event that they have been forced to leave their own country. It is up to individual member states to comply with this appeal.

**The Rev. Frederick Douglass Kirkpatrick**, known variously as "Brother Kirk" and "the troubadour of non-violence," received the Fellowship of Reconciliation's Martin Luther King, Jr. Award on the last day of January, 1979.

The award is presented each year to a relatively unrecognized person or group that has been carrying on the nonviolent struggle for a just and peaceful society.

Typically, Brother Kirk, who was New York state organizer for Martin Luther King's Poor People's Campaign and has since devoted himself tirelessly to work among New York City's poor, did not want the presentation of the award to follow a dinner but rather a pot-luck supper. This took place at the Holy Name Church, 96th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York City.

Brother Kirk is a gifted folk singer and has opened three "Hey-Brother/Hey-Sister" coffeeshouses in New York and Jersey City where young musicians and people of talent can share ideas and values connected with simple living. His "community theology" has reached out to help people who have problems with drugs, stealing, alcoholism, pollution and racial troubles. He also directs the Many Races Cultural Foundation which was set up to carry on Martin Luther King's work. His dedicated, unselfish spirit reflects its finest tradition.

**From Robert and Katharine Horton**, 855 Woods Road, Southampton, PA 18966, comes information about Ms. Antoinette Slovik, widow of Army Private Eddie Slovik, the only U.S. soldier shot for desertion since the Civil War.

Now sixty-three years of age, Ms. Slovik has been waiting for thirty-three years to receive her husband's insurance, originally \$10,000, with interest of \$60,000. She has been living alone on Social Security in Detroit, Michigan, recently in low spirits and poor health,

and is at present hospitalized, in intensive care.

A Congressional bill (No. 9114) which would have released the money due her, was not passed by the 95th Congress, despite the approval of President Carter, Army Secretary Clifford Alexander, and Veteran Administration Director Max Cleland. Thirty-five-hundred letters in favor of the payment to Ms. Slovik received by the Army board at the time of the June 1977 hearing have also been ineffective.

Concluding that the present Congress is unlikely to pass a bill releasing the money to Ms. Slovik in time to do her any good, an ad hoc committee has been formed to set up a trust fund for her relief. Many modest contributions are hoped for. Checks may be made out to: "Antoinette Slovik Relief Trust Fund" and mailed to the Treasurer: Senator Vance Hartke (ret.), Watergate Building Six Hundred, Suite 700, 600 New Hampshire Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037.

Robert Horton adds the information that during World War II, 22,000 men were charged with desertion, 4000 were tried, 2900 convicted, forty-nine sentenced to death, but only Eddie Slovik was executed. Many others have been pardoned, although their offenses were far more serious than that of Eddie Slovik.

**Friends will recall the case of Ruth and Bruce Graves**, now before the U.S. Supreme Court. This couple, members of Ann Arbor Friends Meeting, has protested payment of war taxes for several years, claiming a "war tax credit" on their federal income tax returns. Pleas before tax court and court of appeals have been summarily rejected. The sixth circuit court of appeals (Cincinnati) did not convene all the judges and did not permit a hearing for oral argument.

Contributions to The Graves Legal Defense Fund will be received by Ann Arbor Friends Meeting at 1420 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104, which adds: "...if you can't send money, send a note. Having spiritual and moral support is as important—or more important—than the financial support. Personally, Bruce B. and Ruth K. Graves can be addressed at: 1209 Roosevelt Blvd., Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

**After attending the New Call to Peacemaking conference at Green Lake,**

Wisconsin, Bruce and Ruth Graves wrote:

"We call upon Friends to examine war once again as a vector of society that permeates our existence as religious beings in a secular world. Is it not true that war is ugliness not beauty, a lie not truth, destruction not service, hate not love and chaos not peace? Is not war the antithesis of all the Quaker testimonies of which peace is most cogent? How can Friends maintain the secular impact of the peace testimony expressed through conscientious objection when technology has replaced the soldier's body with a war machine? Does it not follow that technology then shifts the emphasis of conscientious objection toward reduction of armaments by resisting payment of war taxes?"

**One hundred-twenty-five miles north of Syracuse, NY** midway between Kingston and Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, lies an island in Lake Rideau called "Grindstone." For fifteen years it has been operating as a center for social change.

Set up originally by the Canadian Friends Service Committee as a conference center for peace education, this twelve-acre wooded island with its main lodge and seven cabins including a variety of recreational facilities may be rented by any *bona fide* group interested in promoting programs dealing with peace, justice and positive social action.

Recently, the island has become well known as the locus of the summer program of the Grindstone School for Peace Research, Education and Action which this year will hold two sessions: June 16-29 and August 7-20, 1979. The first session will deal with the Middle East, Alternative Lifestyles, International Economics and Imperialism, and Native People's Struggles. The August session will focus on Nuclear Power, Sexism, Southern Africa and Disarmament. Further information may be obtained by writing to: The Co-ordinator, Grindstone School, Box 571, Station P, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5S 2T1. In the United States, Larry Gordon, 1500 Farragut St., N.W., Washington D.C. 20011; Tel. (202) 723-8273, is in charge of programming and publicity.

**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.**



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## More Responses to Richard Nixon

In his article on Richard Nixon (FJ 1/15/79) Ferner Nuhn credits Nixon with ending the war in Vietnam. Richard Nixon has done a number of things which Friends may find admirable, but certainly ending the war in Indochina was not one of them. American involvement in Indochina did not end until the collapse of the South Vietnamese and Cambodian dictatorships, long after Nixon had left office in disgrace. Nixon rejected many opportunities to end American involvement in the war. He cannot be exonerated for the deaths of the hundreds of thousands of Americans and Indochinese people which occurred while he helped to prolong the conflict. He bears particular responsibility for the escalation of the conflict in Cambodia. The Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia should remind us all that this conflict still has not ended.

Frank C. Branchini  
Arlington, VA

Thank you for printing a commentary on Friend Richard (FJ 1/15/79). In a certain sense, Richard Nixon is a particular problem among Friends. Since he referred occasionally to his Quaker heritage, some Friends felt somehow responsible for him no matter how tenuous his connection with the Society in fact was. Some such feeling led to our meeting's minuting a plea to him to resign and repent; three months later he did resign, but only because he was forced to, and he does not seem to have repented. Such a change of heart is his problem and I hope he will follow the leading of the Light in facing it.

However, the political phenomenon of Richard Nixon is a problem for Friends and all other Americans. The present fact is that he has become a scapegoat for the American defeat in the Vietnam War and for the war crimes

that were committed by Americans during that war. The more Americans condemn Friend Richard the less we face the reality of our complicity in these crimes. Both Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon were elected by crushing majorities; we got the government we asked for, with all its chicanery, murderousness and inhumanity. Hence, we are responsible.

Some Friends, like myself, may think to avoid this responsibility by claiming that we never voted for him and that we never for a moment doubted that he was an opportunist, demagogue and crook. But it doesn't wash. We are Americans and failed to convince our fellow citizens. We are the "good Germans" of 1945—not very creditable figures. It follows that we must repent, just as we ask Friend Richard, we must see clearly into the facts of political life, and we must strive to participate in a government that more closely conforms to our highest aspirations.

George Peck  
Greenwich, CT

## Three Letters on Children

Before too many conclusions are drawn from Betty-Jean Seeger's comparison of Asian and Caucasian children ("Is Love an Indulgence" FJ 1/15/79), I refer Friends to the work of D.G. Freedman, professor of behavioral sciences, University of Chicago. Freedman has been interested in the genetic differences in infants, and along with T. Berry Brazelton, the Harvard pediatrician, developed a behavioral and neurological assessment which can be easily administered to newborns within hours after birth and which tests basic human reactions to a selection of stimuli. Using this tool with twenty-four Chinese and twenty-four Caucasian newborns (matched for sex, mothers' age, birth order, and birth experience), Freedman found the same sort of behavioral differences that Seeger described: Caucasian babies cried more easily, were harder to console, more actively swatted away a light cloth from their noses, responded longer and more vigorously to stimuli than did Chinese newborns. In Freedman's words, "It was as if the old stereotypes of the calm, inscrutable Chinese and the excitable, emotionally changeable Caucasian were appearing spontaneously in the first forty-eight hours of life."

We feel now, in the area of infant development, that temperamental differences among newborns are not only very fascinating, but that they are long-lasting and quite significant in determining some of what goes on in the early years of life, particularly in the area of social interactions.

So before we decide to urge Quaker families to strive for Asian-like children, we might want to set a happier and more reasonable goal.

I think, too, each time we see a parent struggling with a cranky, disruptive child at Quaker functions, we need to inquire—out loud—why there was no child care provided so parents of young children could participate more comfortably. Limiting attendance to families with grown children or those who can afford child care expenses on their own doesn't feel right to me. If meetings cannot or choose not to employ caregivers, a friendly alternative is to share childcare responsibilities among those who attend—parents and nonparents alike.

In 1926, A. Neave Brayshaw wrote,

*I would reckon it the natural thing for the father and mother of the newborn child, as soon as they are able to do so, to bring the child to meeting that the Friends there might rejoice with them and with one another in thankfulness for the new life. So might the parents be strengthened for the holy work, and the congregation understand*



Jean Price Norman



that to them also is their Lord's commission: "Take this child and nurse it for me."

—from London Yearly Meeting's  
*Faith and Practice*, 1960

Many people have written about the modern disintegration of our sense of community, particularly as it affects family life and adds to stress. Moreover, we seem to live in a time when children are increasingly thought of as the "property" of their parents.

Friends have a concern for the right sharing of the world's resources. It seems to me Friends meetings have no greater resource than its offspring. I trust we can learn to share more of the joys and the difficulties of that "holy work": to care lovingly for our young.

Mary Neary Dudley  
Albuquerque, NM

Jean Price Norman



Betty-Jean Seeger's article (FJ 1/15/79) is interesting in that it strongly implies that children are welcome at family gatherings and events which "...can be shared by children..." but not at adult functions such as meeting.

We no longer attend meeting as a family. Our five-year-old must remain with the expectation that he will maintain silence (an expectation that some adults repeatedly fail to live up to) or else be exiled. This exile was shared by us as parents until we had to face the reality that it was a bit pointless to spend meeting time in this way.

My children have received a transmission on the "sense of place" which Ms. Seeger deems important. Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that they have a sense of non-place, in that meeting is simply unavailable to them as a place of comfort, learning, refuge or family. I will be disappointed if they reject meeting as it has rejected them, but I hope that I will be sufficiently loving and indulgent to understand.

I am not clear on what is the right approach for Friends to take, or even if there is a right approach, but we felt welcome, as a family, where children attended meeting briefly and then went with other children to First-day school. Our children were able to experience meeting within a time frame that did not transform the experience into a "stretch in solitary." In smaller meetings it may be necessary to simply rotate care without excluding anyone. In any case, I

cannot help but think that age-appropriate behavior of children should receive the same level of tolerance which is expected by the habitual speakers ("coliseum for adults"). Perhaps I should blame this attitude on the meeting we attended when our youngest was born. He was welcomed, loved and hugged by Friends who were willing to set an example of respect for that of God in the least (or newest) of creations. In that meeting, I rarely saw a child that was disruptive or disturbing. Perhaps the attitude of the adults was instructive.

Jean Smith-Hoffman  
Iowa City, IA

Betty-Jean Seeger's splendid article "Is Love an Indulgence?" dared to state a concern which has long called for expression. I use the word "dared" because I am sure she was aware that the article would bring forth much criticism from some parents and grandparents.

As a mother of two, grandmother of four, former teacher, co-founder and worker in a nursery school and at present hostess in my home to many "After-School Kids" I do not think I can be classed as a child-persecuter!

I urge every reader of the *Friends Journal* to take to heart Betty-Jean's article. I hope they will then have the courage to discuss and then implement some constructive and truly loving

measures involving the orderly guidance of children at Friends' gatherings. This might even include introducing child-care facilities at the meeting places, including a few cribs for the babies.

Virginia W. Apsey  
Red Hook, NY

#### Used For Discussion

Thank you for a remarkable issue (FJ 1/15/79)! Your article on Haggis and Neeps was delightful.

Betty-Jean Seeger's article ("Is Love an Indulgence?") and Raymond P. Arvio's article ("The Risks of Letting Go") both speak to a concern of our meeting. I have requested that we use both of those articles to direct and guide our discussion this coming Sunday.

Betty Howe  
Orlando, FL

#### Less Gusto Please

I usually enjoy your editorials, but by the time I got half-way through the one on Haggis and Neeps in FJ 1/15/79, I was so nauseated I had to stop!

I was under the impression that the Quaker philosophy projected love to all living beings, but I could detect none of that in your description of the ritual for processing the bodies of some of our

four-legged brothers and sisters.

I consider myself to be extremely fortunate in not having eaten any meat or fish for the past twenty years. However, I would not condemn any who believes (as I did until that time) that to eat meat was necessary for health. But perhaps, at least in a journal devoted to peace, the subject could be mentioned with a little less gusto!

John W. Aiken  
Socorro, NM

### Remembering Barrington Dunbar

I was deeply saddened to read recently of the death of Barrington Dunbar. It was my privilege to get acquainted with him at Pendle Hill about two years ago when he was there as Friend-in-Residence. The experience was an enriching one for me and my family. I think I will remember him mostly for his special way with children. He communicated gentleness and respect for them while exuding a quiet strength. He possessed a unique dignity.

I recall also the beauty of his voice in the singing of spirituals during meeting for worship. His enthusiasm in leading a small discussion group on *Roots* (mainly the beginning about African culture) was exciting to share.

During these post-Christmas months, when we've been thinking so recently about hope and life, it seems especially appropriate to remember Barrington's acute sense of urgency about justice and his heartfelt desire for kinship among people.

Diana Wright Barlow  
Williamson, NY

One of the most comforting guests during this long cold winter is the *Friends Journal*, which has an uncanny way of reviving the human spirit and body to ensure survival until spring. We have about thirty inches of snow on the ground, and when it begins to melt, I will launch our canoe, grab a blanket and a copy of the *Friends Journal*, and set off for higher ground.

I want to thank you for devoting a full column in FJ 1/15/79 to Barrington Dunbar. I had the wonderful opportunity of first meeting him in Chicago, and thereafter our paths crossed occasionally. His great wisdom, compassion, and reminders to the Society of Friends

that we fell short in full understanding and practice in relating to our black brothers and sisters made me sit up and take notice. He hit the target every time, and I hope that succeeding generations of Friends will remember his patient, and forthright eldering to protect us from smugness. I hope that one of our gifted Quaker writers will prepare a biography that is worthy of this great soul.

Hopefully the content and impact of the television series, "Roots," will remind people of all ages of the pain and successes of American blacks, from the past on up to the present.

Agnes Hole  
Madison, WI

### How Do We Speak Truth In Love?

I appreciated the article in FJ 1/15/79 written by Chip Poston. He has touched upon an area in which we Friends—perhaps others too—need to grow. Speaking the truth in love is, as Chip Poston so clearly stated, the basis of unity.

I only wish he had developed his concern more fully with some suggested "how-to's." Perhaps this is in an upcoming issue.

Donald Green  
Columbus, OH

### Blue and Green for Symbols

Richard Post's letter (FJ 1/15/79) points out the value of a symbol for the worldwide movement for comprehensive disarmament and asks us to think about it. I have been doing just that.

He adds that it should be one which everyone of us could wear at all times, all around the world and that it could be as simple as a wisp of gauze or ribbon fastened to our clothing. Not only would it bind us all together, but it could bring results, as witness the overthrow of the dictatorship of Juan Peron in Argentina within a few months after a burgeoning number of citizens began wearing bits of black, black shoes, ties and armbands. While black would recall to us Hiroshima, Nagasaki, the suffering of innocent civilians, and soldiers of both sides, he wonders if a bright color might more appropriately express a movement which affirms hope, truth and peace.

I would like to propose "sky blue," the cerulean blue of the painter, and

"spring green" as colors representative of both concerns.

There is a beautiful song, "The Blue Sky," which is sung throughout Japan and which has been translated into English. It was composed for the thirtieth anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb. I first heard it at the international conference at Wilmington College in 1975 entitled "Hiroshima—Thirty Years After: A Call to Global Community," organized by Barbara Reynolds. The words "blue sky" symbolize the bright future of peace, truth and kinship to the Japanese people, the promise that the blue sky of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, though once covered with an atomic cloud, shall never again be so darkened. The refrain which begins each verse,

*Blue and clear sky  
We all hope to leave to our  
children  
As it is now*

expresses this ideal of education and the Japanese people's will that peace will never be broken. The third verse contains these words:

*From the Earth  
Ending all of wars forever  
Not to kill many people  
For peace, for love, for friendship  
of all  
Let's take hand in hand  
And sing song of human heart  
All Friends over the World!*

In Nagasaki there stands a large and ancient camphor tree beneath whose widespread branches children loved to play. As a result of the bombing, the tree was severely burned, losing all of its leaves. But the following spring new green shoots, the promise of new life and growth, began to appear, and now once again it is a favorite haunt of children.

Ruth Heath  
Westport, MA

### Widening Horizons

I am enclosing a check to renew our subscription to the *Friends Journal*. At first when we received your notice, we weren't sure whether we could afford to renew, but your February 1 issue this week, with its splendid articles on Indians and Hindus has convinced us that we must go on widening our horizons with your help.

We are Anglican sisters with a deep respect and affection for the Friends.

There is a tiny Quaker meeting in Sewanee which some of us attend when our duties here permit. (We have a retreat and conference center.) We wish you all blessings on the splendid issues of the *Journal*.

Sister Mary Anselm  
Sewanee, TN

## BOOK REVIEWS

**Celebration of Discipline** by Richard J. Foster. Harper and Row, 1978. 179 pages. \$7.95.

Unsolicited, this review is written without having read any other reviews of the book, but out of my own heart-response. Literally, I found treasure in my own backyard. Richard Foster is a Newberg, Oregon neighbor, a block away. His book acted as a touchstone, an acid test for the value and genuineness of everything I had been doing.

Feeling a need to learn how better to serve on our Ministry and Oversight Committee, I have been studying and meditating on a variety of religious writings. Still wrestling with my deceased Baptist minister-missionary father for the right to develop and experience my own faith apart from Scriptural guidance, I had dropped the reading of the Bible temporarily and found insight in such writings as *The Miracle of Mindfulness* by Thich Nhat Hanh, and in the mystical experience of individuals like Meister Eckhart. I still do not find congenial the use of Scripture to justify all actions. However, my inward guide has kept nagging me to be open in listening, hardest to do with relatives and contemporaries, especially with those who come from the same family tree—members of the Religious Society of Friends, but of the pastoral variety. Richard Foster is one of the pastors at Newberg Friends Church.

Another reason for reading this book: I have experienced through yoga exercises and the use of imagination and focused attention, the limbering and healing of the body. Likewise, I am convinced that the practice of certain disciplines can make me more responsive to the nudges from the Light within

and to hearing the guidance that comes from other sources outside. I still have difficulty distinguishing between my conscience and a direct leading from the Holy Spirit. However, I believe the real sin is to fail to act on these nudges which if not blocked, will open up to clear leadings ahead. I find that "being present where one is" goes much better when I have practiced lightly dropping my anxieties, my habitual addictions and emotional fears that grab me and distract my attention. Clearing the path for the Journey Inward makes space for the Light within to function. This is why it makes sense to me to celebrate disciplines that lead to the "practice of presence" and to guidance on the form and direction of outward activity.

Foster's format is simple and clear: Part I covers the *inward* disciplines of meditation, prayer, fasting, and study; Part II, the *outward* disciplines of simplicity, solitude, submission, service; Part III, the *corporate* disciplines of confession, worship, guidance, and celebration. Do not be misled by this simplicity. It is not another shallow how-to-do book. Nor is it a string of classic gems lifted from the Bible and devotional literature.

Although each separate discipline draws on classic devotional literature, including our own George Fox, John Woolman, Thomas Kelly, Douglas Steere, and Rufus Jones, what is really impressive to me is Foster's original expression coming out of his own experience and meditation. He has worked over, leavened, and kneaded his material, presenting it to us with all its paradoxes and many-sidedness in such a way that we cannot be offended, even if our inward life is not currently comfortable with the Christian idiom. It is in the best Quaker tradition of experiential faith and Christian practice, well seasoned, even though by a youthful contemporary Friend.

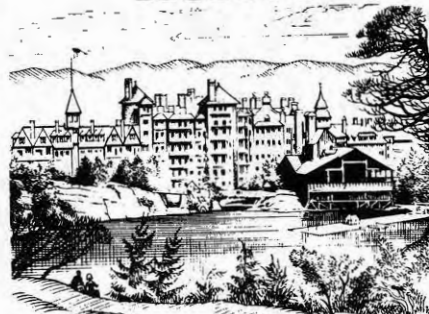
A few examples of what I found helpful:

- The listing of three inner *attitudes* which characterize freedom from anxiety in our testimony of *simplicity*.
- His description of *prayer* as a learning process in which one is free "to question, experiment, even to fail," and the use of imagination in prayer in opening the door to faith.

•On *silence*:

*One reason we can hardly bear to remain silent is that it makes us feel so helpless. We are accustomed to managing others by words. If we are silent, who will take con-*

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## CREMATION

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*trul? God will take control; but we  
will never let God take control  
until we trust. Silence is related to  
trust.*

- The chapter on the discipline of  
service, which distinguishes between  
self-righteous service and true service:

*True service can withhold the ser-  
vice as freely as perform it. It can  
listen with tenderness and patience  
before acting. It can serve by  
waiting in silence.*

- The description of some of the small,  
hidden services that arise out of a way  
of life, and not from the duties of those  
on a service committee:

*True service refuses to allow the  
feelings to control the service, but  
rather the service disciplines the  
feelings.*

- For those of us who attend silent re-  
treats but refrain from speaking in  
meeting, perhaps too often:

*Finally, there is the service of  
sharing the word of Life with one  
another. The Poustinias that were  
established by Catherine Doherty  
had a rule: Those who went into  
the deserts of silence and solitude  
did so for others. Any word that  
they received from God they were  
to bring back and share with  
others. This is a gracious service  
to be rendered, for no individual  
can hear all that God wants to say.  
We are dependent upon one an-  
other to receive the full counsel of  
God. The smallest member can  
bring us a word—we dare not de-  
spise the service.*

- And in considering our meetings for  
business and meetings for clearness,  
the chapter on *guidance as a corporate  
discipline* is a brief refresher course.

I commend this little volume to you.

*Mary Millman*

**Letters from Szechwan, 1923-1944** by  
Margaret T. Simkin. *Published by the  
Friend in the Orient Committee of  
Pacific Yearly Meeting of the Religious  
Society of Friends. Celo Press, 1978.*  
273 pages. \$6.95 (paper), \$8.95 (hard  
cover).

This journal of the day-to-day activi-  
ties of the Simkin family in their home  
and work at West China University lets  
us vicariously share in commitment of  
educational missionaries in an unde-  
veloped country. The letters are more  
than news for the folks at home, for the

reader received an exciting account by  
very reliable historians of the changing  
pattern of Chinese culture—extreme  
poverty, disease, status of women,  
modes of communication and trans-  
portation, and social customs during the  
author's several decades of residence.

The setting for these experiences is in  
West China where few Westerners have  
visited or lived. Until the western capital  
was moved to Chungking during the war  
years, there was little knowledge of this  
area. Many Americans during World  
War II had contacts there.

The letters are divided into three  
periods, spanning the years shortly after  
World War I and through World War  
II. "The Land of Four Rivers, 1923-  
1931" gives the reader a running  
narrative of events within China and  
outside its borders that had tremendous  
effects on the Chinese people. We see  
the beginning awareness of need for  
Western-style education, improvement  
in the status of women and living  
conditions. We learn of the almost  
feudal landlord-peasant system still  
fairly well entrenched in China, yet there  
are evidences of attempts at nation  
building. Many of the Westerners  
experienced extreme hostilities to the  
extent of a sizeable exodus (1927).  
However, the Simkins remained in  
Szechwan until furlough in 1931.

The second epoch, "Birth Throes of a  
Nation, 1932-1940," permits the reader  
to feel the mounting tensions and  
episodes of the war years. We see  
aggressive acts such as beginning civil  
war, as well as Japanese aggression,  
and the start on the path to communism.  
During this period, the universities and  
colleges had to flee from the war zone.  
Many enriching academic exchanges  
became possible because of the move to  
Chengtu.

While on furlough, the Simkins made  
the decision to return to China without  
their two daughters because of the  
dangers of war. The final epoch,  
"Wartime Adventure 1941-1944," did  
prove to provide adventurous experi-  
ences, including a shipwreck and return  
via the Burma Road. Because of the  
fleeing of various educational institu-  
tions to Chengtu and visits from persons  
from around the world, quite an inter-  
national exchange developed at the  
university. Perhaps, because of great  
numbers of visitors and others with  
activities of educational and social  
nature, a new assignment was presented  
to the Simkins. Many factors led to the  
establishment of an international center  
in Chungking. At the center, Robert and

Margaret continued to make fine contributions as they had in Chengtu. This assignment added another dimension to their lifetime of service in China.

Although this book is primarily addressed to Friends because of the emphasis on service and the acquaintance of persons mentioned to each other, I feel that it does have a wide appeal to anyone interested in China. The description of the travels on the Yangtze River with tracker's help is thrilling. Also there is a quality of mystery about it similar to "Terry and the Pirates." I believe that it should appeal to all age groups. From the point of view of a sociologist, insight into many of the mores of the culture is a great contribution. In addition, I think that this account will be extremely helpful to Americans who plan to become involved with the Chinese due to the normalization of our relationship with China.

Zelda Grubbs

**The Price of Defense, A New Strategy for Military Spending** by the Boston Study Group. *New York Times Books*, 1979. 359 pages. \$15.

Quakers who are distressed by the bitter arguments of the SALT debate, with the central question how can we get "security" by weapon superiority over our "untrustworthy enemies," will find *The Price of Defense* a valuable tool in countering hysteria. It first poses the basic policy question: What are the military security goals? and then asks: What weapons can meet these goals? This report concludes that the U.S.A. could, over the next decade, save annually \$50 billion of defense expenditures. By removing "excess" nuclear weapons, by dismantling outmoded weapons such as aircraft carriers, and—by limiting the unceasing search for new weapon systems—the U.S.A. could exercise a dramatic initiative. This in turn could lead the world toward greater economic growth and toward greater international political stability.

The clear, readable pages of *The Price of Defense* do not challenge the basic premises of the security systems of the major powers: nuclear deterrence, balance of power, and participation in military alliances. Its theme is not disarmament but rational and efficient armament.

To those who feel that the premises of modern militarism must be questioned, the policies recommended by the Boston

Group would be acceptable only as a first step towards security based on disarmament, on international peace-keeping and peacemaking and on an ethic of reverence for life. Nevertheless, this voice is one which could gain the ear of legislators and administrators, who, fearful of the "mad momentum" of the arms race, are confronted both by spurious militaristic propaganda and by genuine belief that there is no alternative to "peace through strength of arms." At the very least, *The Price of Defense* could force questioning of irrational and exaggerated fears.

In the emotionally charged debate occasioned by the Congressional battle over the SALT Treaty, it is valuable to have evidence that our nation could go much further in arms control than the treaty provisions stipulate without violating present public demands for "adequate defense." But in the political battle, it is important for peacemakers to emphasize that modern war denies the very foundations of Christian ethics. The hope for survival lies in progress toward "zero nuclear weapons" and towards the building of the kind of world order which really gives security.

Robert Cory

**Dead Man Walking** by W. Reason Campbell. *Richard Marek Publishers*, New York, 1978. 274 pages. \$9.95.

The author taught English literature and creative writing for two years in a maximum security prison in California. He's got it all together in a way that provides new insights not found in many other prison background books. He sees the woods and the trees.

His full-time daily teaching elicited unprecedented response from his pupils, some of whom were in the "adjustment center" that no other teacher dared to enter. Finally he was bum-rapped by the warden who had never had any appreciation of what he was trying to do or his very real accomplishments. At the end of two years he had to hand in his resignation without letting the men know that he was being pushed out—they had made it plain that if such were the case there would be a riot!

Campbell's understanding of and compassion for the personalities of the prisoners, warped by extended incarceration, and his acute awareness of the hypocrisy of the whole U.S. judicial system are both illuminating and provocative.

Charlotte Tobie

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# ANNOUNCEMENTS

## Marriages

**Laky-Balderston**—On August 26, 1978, *Laura S. Balderston* and *William P. Laky* in Goshen (PA) Meetinghouse under the care of the meeting. The bride is a member of Goshen Meeting.

## Deaths

**Gillam**—On January 25, 1979, after a short illness, *Cornelia Stabler Gillam*, a member of Swarthmore (PA) Meeting.

She was born at George School, PA, the second of four children of Charles M. and Ida Palmer Stabler. She was in the class of 1916 at George School and graduated from Swarthmore College in 1920. After graduation, she taught for a year at George School.

She was known for the character sketches which she wrote and dramatized as monologues. She gave recitals to groups coast to coast for a number of years, and in 1945, under the U.S.O., she entertained troops in France, Belgium and Germany. She presented a command performance at the White House for the Roosevelts.

From 1929 to 1954, she was the director of the "Buck Hill Players," a troupe made up of young people who spent the summers at Buck Hill (PA). She also wrote plays, and in 1932 wrote the "William Penn Pageant" which was published by Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the arrival in Pennsylvania of its founder.

A memorial service was held at the Swarthmore (PA) Meetinghouse, where Friends spoke of her sympathy and understanding of others, always able to put herself in the place of the other person.

She is survived by her husband, Clifford R. Gillam; a son, Clifford, Jr. and his wife, Mildred; three grandchildren; two sisters and a brother.

**Kruse**—On September 27, 1978, in Middletown, CT, after a long and debilitating illness, *Cornelius Kruse*, aged eighty-five, a member of Middletown Meeting.

He was born in Sappington, MO, of a ministerial family. He graduated from Elmhurst College, Eden Seminary and Yale University with degrees of B.D., M.A. and Ph.D. While a seminary student at Yale during WWI, he became a C.O. and joined the AFSC during its first years when it reconstructed war-torn villages in France. He spent a year at the Sorbonne before returning to teach at the University of Illinois. Later he joined the Wesleyan faculty, where he taught philosophy for thirty-eight years. He remained a Wesleyan emeritus professor of philosophy until his death.

He joined the Wider Quaker Fellowship and in the 1930s became a founding member of the Hartford (CT) Meeting.

He remained an active pacifist and an

ardent supporter of world peace and international understanding throughout his life. He was released from his duties at Wesleyan in 1946 to become foreign secretary of AFSC and director of relief work in Europe and Asia; he continued on the board of directors until 1961. In 1951 he was one of the planners, in Germany, of the Friends World Conference held there in 1952, which he attended as a delegate. In 1954 he and his wife, Katharine, were residents of Quaker House in New York City.

As a philosopher and accomplished linguist, he traveled widely under the auspices of the State Department and Guggenheim Foundation to Central and South America, lecturing on value theory and American philosophy. He was director and then chairperson of the American Council of Learned Societies.

He is survived by his wife, Katharine; a sister, Olga K. Wobus of Concordia, MO; and many nieces and nephews.

**Lerner**—On February 6, *Miriam B. Lerner*, aged seventy-seven, a member of Trenton (NJ) Meeting.

She had been assistant chief in the Division of Mental Retardation, Department of Institutions and Agencies, State of New Jersey. She had also been a staff psychologist at the Woods School in Langhorne (PA). She was a fellow and life member of the American Association on Mental Deficiency, the New Jersey Psychological Association, and was a past president of the New Jersey Conference on the Handicapped. She is survived by several cousins.

**Oliver**—On December 7, 1978, quietly at Oakhill Manor Nursing Home in Ithaca, NY, *W. Theodore Oliver*, aged eighty-three, a member of Ithaca (NY) Meeting.

Born in Lynn, MA, he worked for the AFSC during WWI. He married Sarah Wood in 1926 and they moved to Ithaca in 1934 where they let apartments in Collegetown. Service was their motive, not private gain. Childless, they cared for each of their parents in turn. Their tenants became their family. Together they showed a living realization of the Friends way in the understanding of the essence of business in its ideals for community service. Sarah died in 1973.

They are remembered for the love they gave to Ithaca Meeting, and for their composed presence. They are survived by Theodore's sister-in-law, Mary Oliver, of Westchester, PA.

**Perry**—On September 12, 1978, in the Westerly Nursing Home in Westerly, RI, *Harvey Chace Perry*, aged ninety-seven, a life-long member of Westerly (RI) Meeting.

Harvey Perry took a warm interest in the mental and moral progress of his community. The local historical society, highway commission, library, hospital, YMCA and mental health clinic were his chief concerns. He chaired the board of the Westerly Hospital for almost twenty years. For as many years he was treasurer of the Wheeler School and Library of North Stonington, CT. His grain business served farmers between New London, CT, and Providence, RI, and he owned a dairy farm.



He was a 1901 graduate of Westtown School and graduated from Harvard in 1905.

A direct descendant of John Wilbur, and deeply devoted to the Wilburite New England Yearly Meeting, he nevertheless supported that yearly meeting's dissolution and the founding of the new New England Yearly Meeting in 1945.

He acted as treasurer for the 1937 Friends World Conference and later attended several national and international Friends conferences as a member of the Friends World Committee's Visitation Committee. He was a member of the corporation of Haverford College. He felt his most important works were his missions for the AFSC in Germany in 1921 and Austria in 1939. In 1939 he was one of five commissioners representing the AFSC in Hitler's Reich following the audience of Rufus Jones, George Walton and Robert Yarnall with the Gestapo.

His first marriage to Lydia Sharpless ended with her death in 1932. His second wife, Julianna R. Tatum of Radnor, PA, survives him, as do two sons, Charles and Nicholas Newlin; a daughter, Sylvia Perry Castillo; nine grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

**Strain**—On January 14, 1979, of cancer five weeks before her fifty-second birthday, *Joanne Hunnicutt Strain*, member of Palo Alto (CA) Meeting.

She grew up in Pasadena and was a graduate of Stanford University, where she majored in sociology. Graduate work at San Jose State University led to a master's degree in librarianship. She and Alan Strain, also a member of Palo Alto Meeting, were married in 1948.

In 1954 she was one of a group of young parents who organized Friends' Play School, an interracial nursery school, under the sponsorship of Palo Alto Meeting. Then for ten years she worked at Peninsula School in Menlo Park, a progressive school founded by another Palo Alto Meeting member, Josephine Duveneck. Since 1964, Joanne was children's librarian at Menlo Park City Library.

In addition to her signal contributions to the life of Palo Alto Meeting, Joanne was active on committees of the Friends Commit-



tee on Legislation, the American Friends Service Committee, and Pacific Yearly Meeting. For the past ten years she and Alan opened their home to an Allowed Worship Group of young friends that met regularly each month, even during her final illness.

Joanne is survived by her husband, Alan; her parents; a brother and a sister; two sons; a foster daughter; and a grand-daughter. A memorial service in celebration of her life was held January 27.

Contributions in Joanne's memory may be made to the Circle Project of the Synergy Foundation, P.O. Box 6812, Stanford University, CA 94305. The Circle Project implements a program that Joanne initiated, making library facilities available to shut-ins.

**Tinsman**—In her home in Lumberville, PA, *Emma Fell Tinsman*, aged one hundred-and-two, a member of Solebury (PA) Meeting.

Born in Centre Bridge, PA, she was the daughter of J. Remington and Gulielma Armitage Fell.

The wife of the late William Tinsman, Sr., she was active in community affairs, a member of the Solebury Farmers Club, the Bucks County Historical Society and the committee of the Newtown Friends Boarding Home. She was superintendent of the Solebury Meeting's First-day School for many years.

She is survived by two sons, William, Jr. and Daniel W., both of Lumberville, PA; a daughter, Margaret T. Welch, of Jacksonville, NC; ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Solebury Meeting or the Friends Boarding Home, Newtown, PA 18940.

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## Accommodations

**Mexico City Friends Center.** Pleasant, reasonable accommodations. Reservations, Casa de los Amigos, Ignacio Mariscal 132, Mexico 1, D.F. Friends Meeting, Sundays 11 a.m. Phone 535-2752.

**London?** Stay at the Penn Club, Bedford Place, London WC1B 5JH. Friendly atmosphere. Central for Friends House, West End, concerts, theater, British Museum, university, and excursions. Telephone 01-636-4718.

**Beacon Hill Friends House.** Residential community for students and others, under care of Friends. Summer fall openings, up to 2 years. Apply 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, MA 02108.

## 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, Summerville, PA 18084.

**National Middle East Conference.** "Search For Peace in the Middle East: The New Context." April 27-29, 1979, All Souls' Church, Washington, D.C. For information regarding speakers and registration write: Middle East Programs, American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

The New England Friends Service Committee announces a summer Avon Institute to consider: "A Quaker Approach to Contemporary Affairs—Nonviolent Responses to Today's Dilemmas." July 28 to August 4 at Geneva Point Center, Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire. Featured resource leaders include: Frances Moore Lappe, David McReynolds, John Sullivan. Join us to share concerns, learn from one another and enjoy the outdoors. For more information contact AFSC, 2161 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02140. 617-661-6130.

**Weekend with Canby Jones**—"Divine Ordering—How Do We Tune In?" April 27-29. Call Kent Larrabee, Turning-Point, coordinator. 215-472-7131. \$25.00.

## Books and Publications

**Songs for Quakers**, 52 simple, original, meaningful songs for meetings, schools, families. \$2.50. Dorothy Giessler, 37245 Woodside Lane, Fraser, MI 48026.

**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.

**The Shaker Messenger**, a quarterly publication devoted to the Shaker lifestyle past and present with articles about Shaker endeavors and current events at villages and museums. One year \$6.00. Two years \$10.00. P.O. Box 45, Dept. FJ, Holland, Michigan 49423.

**Wider Quaker Fellowship**, 1506 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102. Quaker oriented literature sent 3 times/year to persons throughout the world who, without leaving their own churches, wish to be in touch with Quakerism as a spiritual movement. Also serves Friends cut off by distance from their Meetings.

## THE POETIC FRIENDS NOSEGAY

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## For Rent

**Near Friends community** (south of Boston). Share house with Friend active in Quaker concerns. Private room, good transportation. Virginia Towle, Box 179, North Easton, MA 02356. 617-238-3959 or 7679.

**To let, to Quaker couple**, very beautiful cottage in secluded garden, 40 minutes from London, England, for four months from August 1, 1979. Box R-728, Friends Journal.

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## Positions Vacant

**Directing couple or director** sought for Powell House Conference Center of New York Yearly Meeting. Position entails responsibility for program direction, staff supervision, maintaining friendly atmosphere. For further information or to submit resume write to: Search Committee, 19 Johnson Avenue, Kingston, NY 12401. Equal Opportunity Employer.

**Wanted:** Person capable of motivating emotionally disturbed and delinquent teenagers to raise food in boarding school. Willing to do physical work. Knowledge of gardening, chickens, and fruit trees required. Interest in constructing greenhouse, drying and freezing food. Object: to give high school students practical experience. Write: Grounds Committee, Glaydin School, Box 143, Route 4, Leesburg, Virginia 22075.

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

**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, Annadale, VA 22003.

**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.

**Quaker UN Office, New York**, seeking secretary with office skills (typing proficiency 55 wpm, shorthand, good knowledge of oral/written English), ability to make independent judgements, interest in international affairs and Quaker traditions. Apply immediately. Tish Eliot, Quaker UN Office, 345 E 46th St., New York NY 10017.

**Friends Seminary** seeks Head of Middle School for 1979-80 school year. Friends Seminary is a co-ed, K-12 school located in Manhattan, striving for academic excellence in a supportive atmosphere concerned with human values. Send resumes to: Joyce McCray, Principal, Friends Seminary, 222 East 16th Street, New York, NY 10003.



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**The American Friends Service Committee**, a Quaker service organization emphasizing justice & peace education, seeks applicants for its Criminal Justice & Peace programs and a Fund Raiser for the entire program based in San Francisco. AFSC is an Affirmative Action Employer. **Peace Program Developer/Coordinator**—works with three staff to coordinate programs on the Middle East, Southern Africa & Disarmament. Should be able to motivate and organize groups of people in diverse communities and be comfortable with pacifist position and support for struggles of women, Third World and gay people. Salary—\$8,100-\$11,000/yr and benefits. Application Deadline—April 16, 1979. **Criminal Justice Administrative Assistant**—works with two staff who work on jail and prison construction moratorium. Two days/wk., assist present staff in clerical work; two days/wk., development of program and interpretation. Experience as a prisoner & ex-prisoner support groups desired. Salary—\$7,200-\$9,600/yr. and benefits for four day/weeks. Application Deadline—April 20, 1979. **Fund Raiser**—works to raise funds from individuals and organizations for the work of the AFSC. Should have ability to meet the public well and interpret AFSC point of view. Writing skills. Salary—\$13,000-\$16,000/yr. and benefits. Application Deadline—May 7, 1979. To Apply: Send resumes or background materials only to Yasuko Fujita, AFSC, 2160 Lake St., S.F. 94121. Women, Third World persons, gay men and lesbians are encouraged to apply.

## Positions Wanted

**Earlham student** available for summer vacation or home job. Likes all ages, swimming, licensed driver, bread maker, embroidery, singing, clarinetist, experienced tutor, bookkeeping skills. References available. Victoria White, Box E-1296, Earlham College, Richmond, IN 47374.

**Friend seeks** challenging position in D.C. area. Thirteen years experience in community development, rehabilitation, project management, building, and in business. Need to relocate for family reasons. Adrian Bishop, 133 Toronto St., Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 4A8. 613-549-7521.

**Rehabilitation Counselor**, M.A. Recent supervisory experience with elderly families in health-related agencies. Would consider related employment or other enriching challenge. B.A. in business studies. Jane Hughes, 115 High Street, Cambridge Springs, PA 16403. 814-398-2024.

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