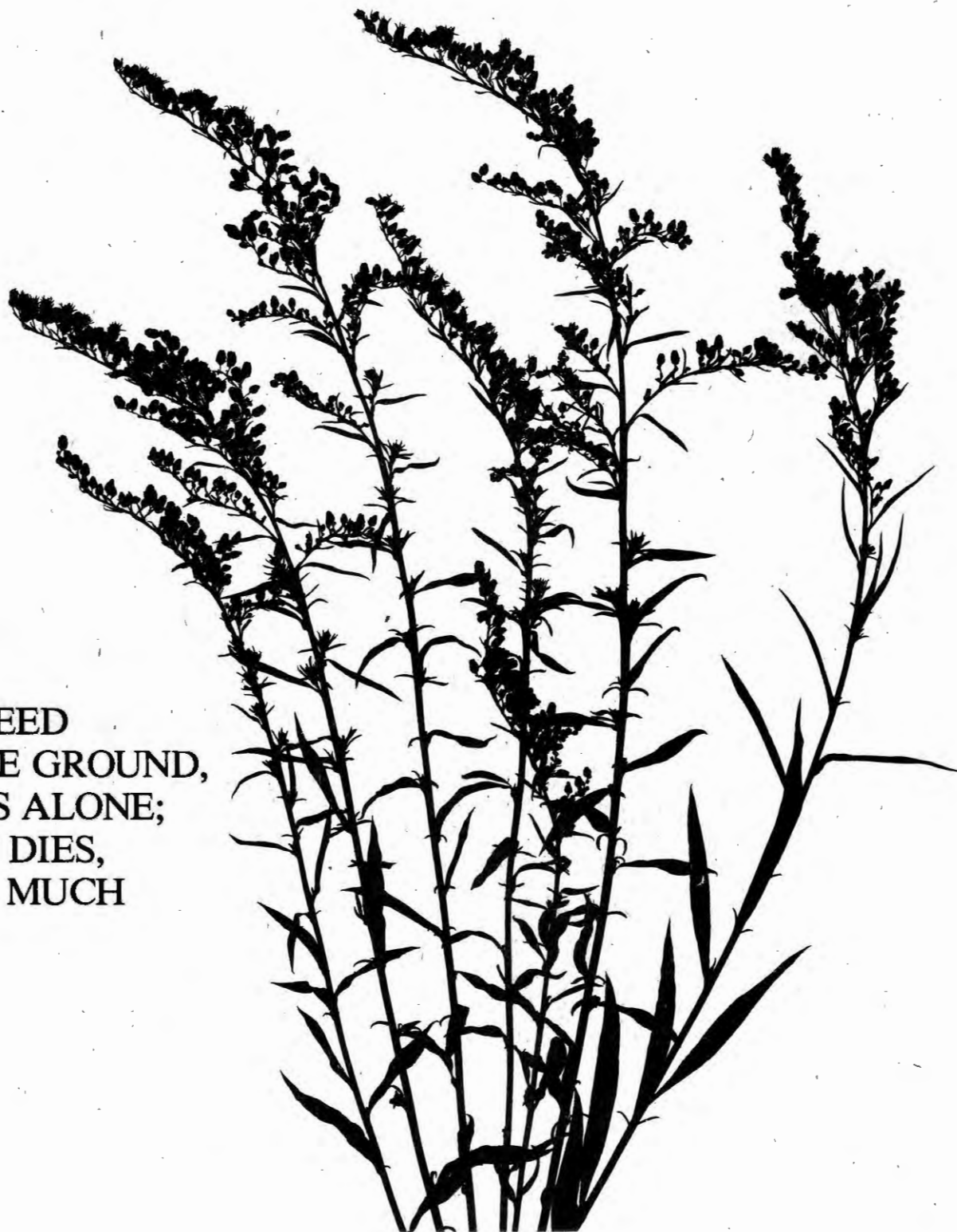


February 15, 1981

FRIENDS JOURNAL

Quaker
Thought
and
Life
Today

CAST A SEED
UPON THE GROUND,
IT ABIDES ALONE;
BUT IF IT DIES,
IT BEARS MUCH
FRUIT.



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FRIENDS JOURNAL

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Journal Entry From Bogotá— July 8, 1980



photos and story by Mark Bradley

There are times when God really makes life worth living, when my heart rejoices to be alive, when I feel completely filled with God's love and blessed with God's grace. Today I stopped to watch a burro in the park near where I work, attended by two little girls with a baby in tow. I was wishing I had a camera. They got up to leave and crossed the street where I was standing, obviously heading for the mountains behind me. The younger girl, with a brightness in her eyes that was matched only by the density of dirt on her face,

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stopped in front of me, holding onto the baby's hand, and asked with a smile that would conquer a thousand kingdoms: "Won't you give us some money?"

Hesitant to encourage little children to beg, I said that I would give them a piece of gum if they wanted. She did not understand my still hesitant Spanish and called her older sister to come sit down.

"My Spanish is still a little hard to understand," I said. "Yes," she said, "and we don't speak English."

I had a bright idea and explained to them that if I could take their picture I would give them some money. "You want to take our picture?" she said with a bewildered look. "Why?"

I told her the truth: "Because life is different in different countries and I want to show people in the United States what life is like here." I added, "And because you all are very beautiful." She smiled and seemed to accept what I had said. They consented. It took them a minute to understand that my camera was upstairs

in the office and that I would return in a minute.

When I returned, they were seated on a little wall, about knee-high, that guards the office lawn, busily talking to an old man who uses the site to ask passersby for money. The children were eager to have their pictures taken and, after taking a look through the camera, busily positioned the burro and themselves in a way they thought was suitable. Usually when a group poses, their faces go wooden and they stare blankly into the camera; but these children could have been sitting on a mountain looking out over the wide vista before them. The older girl had a wistful look that, to me, seemed to encompass all ages and all thought; the younger girl a bright, shining smile that bounded all love, all hope, all expectation.

Even after I finished taking five or six shots, they asked me if I didn't want to take one of the baby alone, or of them standing in front of the burro. I assented and took another round, the beggar getting into one shot with a hollow stare, and afterwards proudly producing some carefully guarded color snapshots that another passing photographer had probably taken.

Office personnel and school children passed by, on their way back from lunch, all well dressed, some amused, some scornful to see the *gringo* with the street children in ragged clothes. A lady in high heels marched by with two children holding either hand. They were dressed in spanking new clothes: the little girl in a pretty pink dress with ruffles to match her curly hair, and the little boy in short pants and a white shirt with a pair of white knee socks to offset his shiny black shoes.

As she passed, the lady said to a friend, "They always take pictures of the worst and the ugliest."

I turned and said to her, "No Senora, of the most beautiful." She turned her head and looked me in the face, but I'll never know if she understood what I meant.

As I finished taking photos I noticed that the little girls, in their fascination with the camera, had let go of the burro's rope, and he was about to wander out into the street. I jumped to catch the rope and they laughed as I pulled one way and the burro pulled the other. I gave them ten pesos each (about fifty cents), which is a fair amount of money for them, and said "Now you must share this with your little sister." They nodded their heads eagerly and gratefully accepted.

We sat down on the embankment next to the beggar and they asked me about the U.S. "They have many fine jewels of gold there, don't they?"

"Yes, but they have them here too, don't they?" I replied.

"Yes, but not as many," the bright-eyed one replied. "The people there have much money."

"But perhaps life here is happier," I said.

"I don't know," she said with a doubtful look. "Sometimes there isn't enough food for lunch."

I asked her what they did with the burro, which had old open-ended gallon salad oil cans strapped to a wooden

frame on its back.

The eldest said, "We collect food for our pigs to eat." (Pig food consisted of what garbage they could find in the streets, rummaging through whatever trash cans or garbage piles they came across, along with some grass from the parks, at times, after it had been cut.)

"What are your names?" I asked. The younger, earlier eager for attention, suddenly seemed shy and looked to her older sister.

"Her name is Mercedes," the wistful one said.

"Ana Mercedes!" the younger sister piped up. "And this is JoAnna," pointing to the baby, "and this," referring to her older sister, "is Angela."

Angela asked, "Would you please tell us what your name is, Senor?"

"My name is Marcos, or Mark in English."

"And can you tell us what our names are in English?"

Ana Mercedes asked almost breathlessly.

"Why yes, your names are almost the same: Anna Mercedes, JoAnna, and Angel."

"And do you know a song in English that you can sing for us?" she asked again.

"I know lots of songs, but I would be embarrassed to sing them here in the street."

"You weren't embarrassed to talk to us!" she said with a laugh, and stuck her face in her sister's sweater.

"You both are very beautiful, and don't you ever believe otherwise," I said, conscious of the stigma society has placed on their poverty. "I will sing you a song sometime when I come to visit you on the mountain, if it's okay to stop by sometime."

They nodded with an almost uncomprehending look, as if they couldn't even imagine seeing me in their one- or two-room shack. "We are nine sisters and two brothers," Ana offered. "Our mother comes from a town outside of Bogota, and our father is from the country."

"Ya vamos," the older sister said, "We must go."

As I watched them go, I asked myself, "How can I help these children? Do I have the right to say that they should be in school, bored to tears learning things that have little relevance to their lives? Or, in helping them am I only seeking to impose society's norms for what each person should want? Would not the conformity and confinement of schooling and leading 'better lives' only tarnish these gems in the rough?"

Or, perhaps my questioning stems from my own resentment of all the barren and boring years I spent in school, and the social training that guides and conforms my every action like an iron template. As I stood and watched them go, I had to admit to myself that there was a deep longing within me to go with them, to be free, to return to my youth and seek out new horizons, to know the world again through different eyes.

I sit at my office desk, after hours, watching the sun set in hues of red through the office window. I hope that I will see them again. □

Beauty and Becoming

by Lora G. Koomanoff



Seventeen-Year Cicadas, by S.A. Briggs

Lora Koomanoff is a free lance writer, whose special interest is in conflict resolution. A member of Langley Hill (VA) Meeting, she is Baltimore Yearly Meeting representative to Friends Council on Education. The Koomanoffs have three daughters.

I looked for beauty and found becoming. Bathmism—Baumgarten—Becoming—No beauty in my dictionary of philosophical terms! I looked again; perhaps I had misspelled it. No. It was not there.

When had beauty been removed? Surely it had been present in Philosophy I (an Introduction to) when we had spent many class hours discussing abstract truth, abstract beauty, abstract goodness: "Did they really exist?" "How might they be defined?" "What were we to do with them in our lives?" I, for one, had taken them quite seriously: truth was to be sought, beauty aspired to, goodness practiced.

But something had gone wrong with the formula. Truth could be continuously sought and goodness demonstrated occasionally, but beauty had somewhere been confused with perfection. It could not tolerate flaws or acknowledgment of disintegration. When a loved one developed a physical condition with the portent of deterioration, I realized my concept of the beautiful needed modification. And I went back to philosophy for support.

It was a rather barren journey. In nearly 600 pages of philosophical history, only five brief references. Kant saw beauty as design, necessitating symmetry and unity of structure; Spinoza as related to the imagination. Schopenhauer's beauty was that of the ultimate good; Croce's, the perfect expression.

But wait, perhaps there is something we can do with those. Charles Peirce suggested that the meaning of an idea lay in the consequent actions it produced. William James interpreted this to mean that truth, beauty, good were relative; dependent upon human need and were not objects, separate and apart from the beholder. And I remembered Georgia O'Keefe's scoffing at setting up a still life, contending that it was more a matter of suddenly coming upon things—waiting to be painted.

So if beauty is design, or goodness, or expression, it is dependent upon us to make it so. And a friend is no less beautiful for embodying imperfection. For we are all in process of change.

What I do well today, I may not succeed in tomorrow. What I find significant today may seem trivial in the light of the next day's substance. Living is changing and thereby cannot be complete (*i.e.*, perfect). Only by remaining incomplete can we hope to achieve a higher level of attainment. And I look to the definition of becoming: a change—a movement "...from the lower level of potentiality to the higher of actuality."

I can live with that. I can be content. A Friend writes of peace and love as manifestations of our incompleteness. Beauty, too, may be in such a transient state. Waiting to be found, waiting to be interpreted, waiting to become something else. I shall continue to enjoy it when I come upon it. I shall continue to find it in uniqueness and particularity. I can, perhaps, learn to love its absence as a promise of becoming. □

by Joe Adcock

Somewhere along the line I picked up the idea that "snakes and snails and puppy dog tails, that's what little boys are made of." In other words, I felt that being male was vaguely nasty. As time went on, feminism, in its more sensational forms, reinforced the impressions. The rhetoric remained vague. But, with epithets ranging from "oppressor" to "pig," it was forceful.

In the twentieth century, boys, not men, have borne much of the female onslaught in the timeless battle of the sexes. It's been an era of the disappearing adult male. Adult males vanished into the labyrinths of careers, professions, and avocational enthusiasms. Very young boys were seen to by women. At home, the mother might be frustrated. She might feel abandoned. She might have a bone to pick with her particular man, her mate. But the man wasn't there to pick with. So his son could serve as a surrogate. At school, teachers in the early grades were almost always elderly maiden ladies, sometimes with low tolerance for the ways of boys. Through all this, a collection of notions with the words "always" and "never" accumulates. "Always" and "never" are often signs of false, unconscious ideas. In this context we find, "Boys are always fighting," "Boys are always messy," "Boys always ruin everything," "Boys never help clean up," "Boys never wipe their feet before coming inside," "Boys never play nice," etc., etc. At six, my daughters and their friends decided that "All boys are yucky."

The closest thing to affirmation of boyhood was a sort of patronizing acceptance, an indulgence of shortcomings. The phrases for this were, "Boys will be boys," or "he's a real boy." In both cases, a "boy" is seen as troublesome. But the speaker affectionately chooses to overlook some shortcoming inherent in boyhood. Norman Rockwell had a sub-genre of pictures whose sentimental appeal was based on the endearing imperfections of boys. He had a whole gallery of muddy, frog-in-the-pocket mischievous scamps—real boys—who invited the viewer's indulgent affection.

Maurice Chevalier sang "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" with pure devotion (a devotion that feminists call oppressive). But a girl could at least be seen as delightful without reservation. Boys were seen as delightfully suitable for reform.

In Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, all this is very well. Huck the scamp, orphan though he is, can stand up to the rage of Aunt Polly because there's a whole



Snakes & Snails &

accepting male world around him offering a ready refuge from spinster contumely. A contemporary boy, however, until he's ten, lives in a world run mainly by women. For escape, movies used to be an important outlet. In westerns, the rambunctious, unvarnished male protagonists turned into awkward, diffident, shamefaced whelps when the pretty school marm from back east called their attention to their poor grammar and muddy boots. But they had one another, animals, rustlers and the wide open spaces to guarantee their freedom and sense of worth. If Humphrey Bogart or Spencer Tracy, to move

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"The Whistles," © Fritz Eichenberg, from *A Child's Christmas in Wales*

Puppy Dog Tails

on to more sophisticated drama, were momentarily daunted when Katharine Hepburn or Lauren Bacall pointed out some flaw in their couth, some lack of color coordination in their clothing, some breach of courtesy in their address, well, their sheepish or vehement defensiveness was momentarily droll. But they had bandits or gangsters or something to see to. And that was essentially much more important. In movies, a sure sign of romantic interest was the heroine's decision to "reform" a particular man. For plot purposes, that made them a couple.

TV is a significant escape now. The shows aimed at male fantasies feature violence and pretty, compliant women. Or there's sports. In TV sports, women are simply abolished. Or they appear as a daydream: the erotically exhilarating Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders.

As twentieth century boys have grown into manhood, they have been, as a group, unprecedentedly averse to making solid commitments to women. Homosexuals are militant and proud. Heterosexual bachelors set new records in fickleness and promiscuity. And divorce is about as common as marriage. Some would say that all this merely confirms the notion that males are nasty. I think, however, that it's partly a result of that notion.

Just speaking for myself, I have found my own acceptance of "snakes and snails and puppy dog tails" thinking unpleasant, especially insofar as I've applied it to myself. I'm not really interested in changing "you" or "them." But I do want to take myself in hand. Religious experience has been one means of self help.

Quakerism tries to remain neutral as the battles rage, the battle of the sexes included. "That of God" in everyone isn't considered to be a sex-linked trait. And, Quakerism aside, there's the wonderful slogan that shows up on coffee mugs and posters and greeting cards: "God doesn't make junk."

A couple of years ago I was ready for an experiment. I got a miscellaneous group of men together. I wanted us to plumb our shared nature with the utmost candor. And I wanted to find out if the Light was there. Well, of course, you know the answer. The Light, indeed, was with us. But when one conviction is replacing another, we need these little experiments. They support faith.

For this experiment I recruited fifteen collaborators, Quakers all. Our laboratory procedure was a technique much favored among Friends called "Creative Listening."

In Creative Listening the leader poses a question. Then he or she answers it for himself or herself. And then the members of the group take turns answering. Participants speak on the basis of experience and feeling, rather than theory or opinion. No one answers or challenges or contradicts anything that anyone says. We just listen to one another.

I'm really quite evangelical about Creative Listening. I think it's magic. Very quickly, a spirit of tenderness and attentiveness descends on a Creative Listening group. It's a form of meditation. One simply cannot daydream and, at the same time, listen in this way. The Other becomes uncannily absorbing. There's some anxiety about "what am I going to say when it's my turn?" But that passes. Participants are asked to speak spontaneously when their turn comes. We try not to plan our responses as others are speaking. Anyway, two minutes after we've spoken, we have probably forgotten whatever it was we said. But

we hear things when our fellow group members speak that stay with us all our lives.

The Creative Listening format is particularly appealing for a group of men who are mostly strangers to one another. I'm not sure whether this is true, or whether it's just an element of "snakes and snails" thinking. But men in groups, particularly if they don't know one another well, are said to be pathologically competitive. They supposedly interrupt, challenge, contradict, do anything they can to make the other fellow look bad and themselves look good. Men are sometimes characterized as The Speakers, while women are The Listeners; according to this line of slander, men shut their mouths only to formulate their next verbal volley. Anyway, the syndrome, whatever its basis in reality, is obviated by the very form of Creative Listening. It just can't happen. It's not the done thing. It's against the rules. And folks who generalize about men often include this one: Men like to play games by the rules, no matter how silly the game or how complicated the rules.

Our men's group sessions lasted about three hours. After worship I'd pose a question. We started out with questions that tapped into a reservoir of love and trust: "Think back to when you were about eight. Who was your best friend? What was the friendship like? Who have some of your other best friends been?" And, "What are some of the groups of men in which you've been most comfortable? What are some of your happy memories regarding all-male groups?"

And the magic happens. The tenderness and attentiveness descend. The Light shines.

One little rule of thumb I have for evaluating groups is: Lots of tears and laughter, good; not much tears and not much laughter, bad. Like all rules, this one is not fair. But here, at least, it's a means of getting a self-serving readout for the leader. For, on the basis of tears-and-laughter, ours was a very good group.

The big tears question was, "How were things with you and your father? When was a time when you were particularly close to him? How are you like your father? What do you admire most about him?"

Many of us started off our answers in manly, matter-of-fact tones. "Well, let's see. My dad and I..." But then came the halting, the catch in the voice, the clearing the throat, the shielding the eyes. Then the tears. And not just in the eyes of the speaker. When it comes to fathers, there seems to be a lot of unsettled yearning. At least there was in our group. It didn't matter if the father was terrible or wonderful or somewhere in between. Many of us had a frustrated sense of what might have been. Time with daddy was scarce. He was busy. And if not busy, preoccupied. But there was a lot of love, too. A surprising amount. After the "fathers" session one fellow said, looking bewildered, "But I thought I *hated* my father."

Guess not.

Some of us were frightened by one man's uncontrolled rage when his turn came. He was shaking and sobbing and yelling "I hate you! I hate you all! At least you have something to say! At least you can say how you hated your fathers and how they humiliated you! I never knew my father. He was never there. If he was there, he wasn't really there. How could anyone be so remote?" When the sobbing and raging subsided, this man focused on something we all recognized: a kind of despair about reaching and understanding fathers.

This despair was assuaged by another question: "How are you like your father?" Some of us started off huffing and puffing and proclaiming that in some way our life work was to be as different from our father's as humanly possible. Then would come a moment of reflection. Then a recollection of how some relative might have alleged that we resembled our father in a physical trait. Or a character trait. Then an oddly stunned look. Then a beginning; reaching toward and understanding and accepting our fathers; a catalog of his talents and accomplishments. He could cook. He could fix things. He could wrestle. He could whistle. He could untangle shoelaces. Whatever. And then a benignly stunned look: "I'm a lot like him."

The big laughter question was about masturbation: "How did you discover masturbation: What use have you made of that discovery?" Our ages ranged from a bit under twenty to a bit over seventy. Nearly everyone had something funny to say on this question. There was a sense of camaraderie, of silliness and fun and innocence. The seventy-plus member of the group told me later that when he heard the question about masturbation, he was on the verge of leaving. He considered it highly improper. But he stayed. And he said it was a relief to share his sixty-year-old secret.

It may be that there is a distinct quaintness to our giddiness and giggliness. We were as silly as any gang of thirteen-year-old campers confiding after lights out. In the future, such an experience may be implausible. In fifty years, middle-aged men yukking it up over masturbation may be as quaint as it would be for middle-aged men now to get absorbed in a discussion of phrenology. The world has changed. Over-population, rather than insufficient numbers, is an important concern. The primitive taboo on wasting seed—the "sin of Onan"—doesn't make sense. A hedonistic affirmation of pleasure is eroding the puritanical rejection of fleshly urgings. Religions are less interested in enumerating and condemning sins than they are in propounding and inculcating virtues. So, that giggly anxious eagerness to confide may have no basis in fifty years. I doubt that masturbation will die out. But the taboo against it may disappear. I was surprised recently as I was going through

some Boy Scout literature. The paragraph where my "Field Book" carried on at some length against "self abuse"—recommending exercise and cold showers—simply isn't there anymore.

As of now, however, certain adult males get relief from confiding about masturbation. One reason why there can be this relief is that the leader answers first. There is no sense of prying. I'm not asking you to do something that I'm not willing to do myself. And anyway, if you don't want to answer, you don't. On occasion, a group member will pass. And that's fine.

A question that several people passed on was: "When do you feel you stopped being a boy and started to be a man?" I had thought that that would be an easy one. I thought there was always some sort of rite of passage. For me, it was getting through basic training in the army. And, later, getting a job and supporting myself financially. I thought "becoming a man" was a shared goal; I thought all boys wanted to be men. But I was wrong.

Several fellows said they had never stopped being boys and never wanted to stop; that being a man is becoming someone who comes home from work and sits down in a chair with a newspaper and falls asleep. As one man put it, "I have a Peter Pan ideal. I don't want to grow up, ever."

As for the homosexual-heterosexual breakdown, we as a group were about one third essentially homosexual and two thirds essentially heterosexual. One of the questions was, "If you are largely heterosexual, what have some of your homosexual experiences been? And if you are largely homosexual, what have some of your heterosexual experiences been?" Nearly everyone was very talkative on this subject. Even the most stereotypical exponents of homosexuality or heterosexuality had something to say about the other experience. They may have seen themselves as totally passive in their non-typical

experiences, as someone to whom something happened. But the experiences were there. I think this particular sharing helped break down a them-and-us, gays, vs. straights polarization. It helped us see that a man's a man, whatever his inclinations when it comes to physical intimacy.

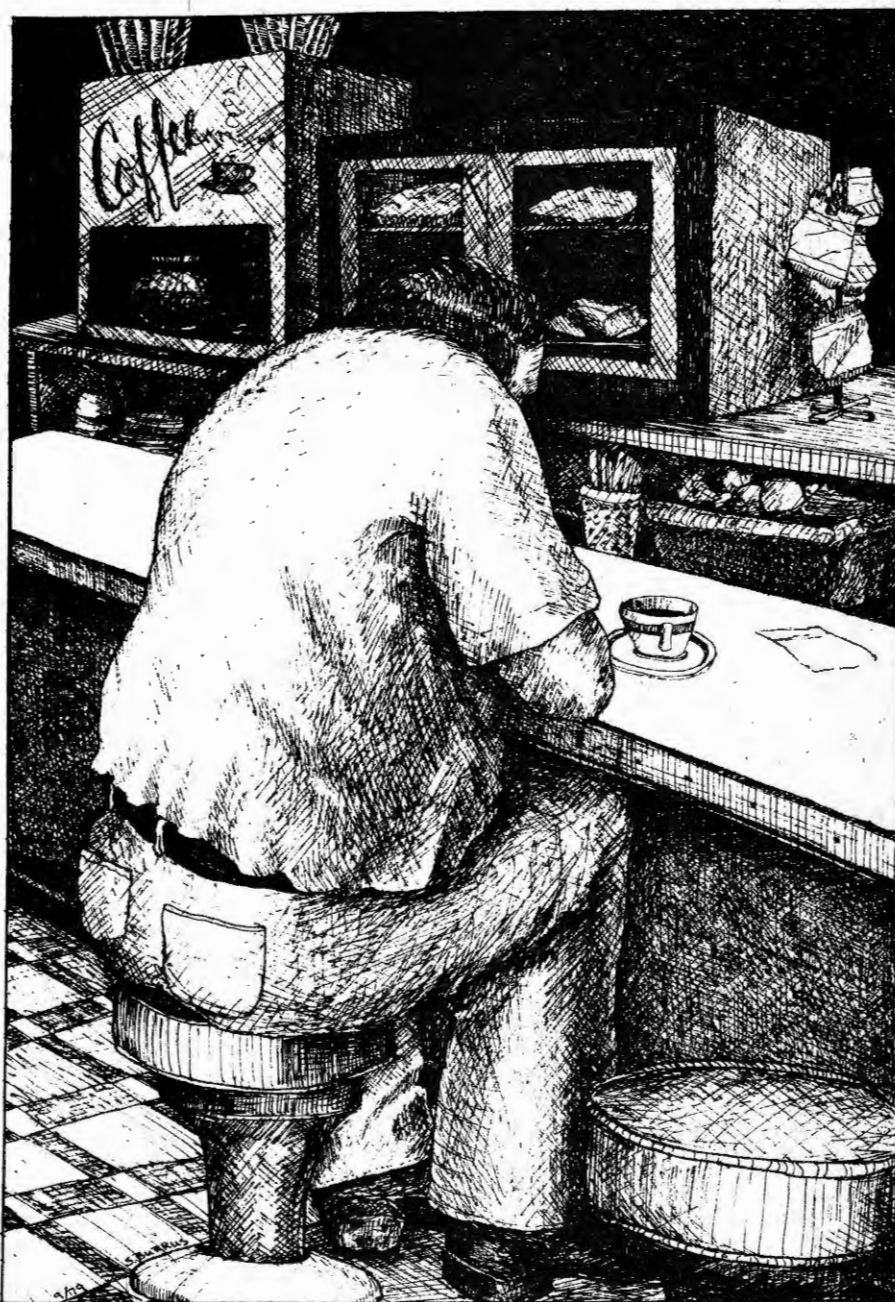
Homosexuality, as a topic, is often highly sensational. Anita Bryant's crusades on the one side, and gay activists on the other, have given all of us some highly charged media moments over the past few years. Religious convictions, interpretations of the Bible and judgmental pronouncements that rival the imprecations of the Old Testament prophets add to the excitement. But as a topic of meditation in a religiously focused group, homosexuality was peculiarly bemusing. People sighed a lot. They'd fall silent and then search for the right words. The attitude was the very opposite of the categorical rhetoric of public statements. The private searches were fraught with ambivalence. Heterosexual men wondered about how their anxiety about homosexuality limited their intimacy with men. And was friendship with homosexuals possible? Or, like girls at a party given by a notorious fraternity, must a heterosexual among homosexuals keep warning himself that "they only want one thing?" Or is it the putative heterosexual who wants that one thing? Does his own curiosity about "abominations against nature" preclude friendship? As for the homosexuals, they had misgivings, too. If they're political, they must proclaim that "gay is good." But how good? There were reservations about intimacies that are essentially physical, about reliance on fantasy, about commitment. And what about their relationships with women? Has an important part of one's humanity gotten lost through erotic indifference toward women? In this discussion we heard few categorical pronouncements, but lots of tentative self-questioning.

And now, back to the tears. There were more tears when the group disbanded. Big boys do cry. Some of that was just regret, the sorrow of seeing a good thing come to an end. But for me there were tears of relief. The experiment had proved a point that I so much wanted data to support. The Light was with us. As with many happy discoveries, this one was for me something of a transformation. Snakes and snails and puppy dog tails, as a metaphor, is certainly intended to suggest something nasty, especially over against sugar and spice and everything nice. But think about it. There's nothing really to disapprove. Snakes. Snails. Puppy dog tails. What's so bad about any of that? It depends on one's point of view, one's taste in phenomena. Snakes. Snails. Puppy dog tails. God's creations. Thinking back to when I was a little boy, it's true, these were some of my particular enthusiasms: snakes and snails and puppy dogs' tails. They're fine. □

FROM HE SODA & LIVE CAT AS A KARDOL. © Fritz Eichenberg, from Till Eulenspiegel



My Friend Joe



Sue Burris

by Wilfred Reynolds

Joe was someone I was willing to work fairly hard to avoid, even if it meant ducking around a corner or jaywalking to reduce the risk of another encounter.

I'd just ordered breakfast at a local cafe when Joe approached the swivel stools. Dread quickly dampened

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the prospect of a tasty morning meal, cooked by someone else and to be enjoyed effortlessly and in relative solitude.

Would he, or wouldn't he, sit next to me? I asked it inside without forming the words. But mine was self-deceiving conjecture, for Joe invariably landed nearby. So I lumped myself precariously, as if the dentist's probe poised ready to electrify a gumline sensitivity.

Then Joe was beside me, despite my fervent hope that he'd perch elsewhere. Or did I really want him there to help self-fulfill some prophecy, perhaps?

Joe soon began his verbal offerings, resolute in their humdrumness, almost fatal in their repetitive durability.

Really, how often is it necessary to repeat it's the wind that makes you cold in winter? And to what extent are great depths of personal discovery called for in noting the high cost of rhubarb?

Already I felt victimized. I'd only had one coffee for fortification—and Joe keeps pumping you with his "...ya know what I mean?"

But this time there was a glimmer of authentic exchange between us. Maybe more coffee and the food fueled our potential for expansion, and the struggle's level seemed to change when I asked Joe if he'd always lived around here.

"Nah," he blurted in his quickness. "I came from Omaha. Moved around a lot when I was a kid. I didn't come from here."

I said something about Nebraska's open spaces and the less crowdedness as you go beyond Iowa going west. I was pressing to sustain a developing thread, but Joe didn't hear me or withheld direct comment. He went on:

"If I'd stayed at Boys Town I'd probably have a good job now. Spent seven years at Boys Town and was in a couple of orphanages. My mother died when I was real young. I lived with my father. My father sure was tough."

In speaking of his father, Joe slowed noticeably, becoming thoughtful, pensive.

"Ya know, my father whipped me for nothin'. Didn't do a thing and he'd whip me. Can 'ya imagine that? Didn't do a thing and my father give me hell! He made his own beer, drank a lot. My uncle lived next door, made his own wine."

Joe said these things as free-flowing extensions of his earlier remarks and almost as if I hadn't been there. Usually, he didn't seem inclined to refer directly to what you'd said and eye contact seemed to escape him. You felt left out, deprived of feeling companion to the conversation.

Yet, Joe and I had moved toward a new start, for I was touched by his sharing of earlier experiences. This knowledge gave me more insight into the things about Joe (and in me) I'd felt burdensome: his keeping away from potentially hurtful topics, my impatience with feeling inconsequential as we talked. And I could sense that Joe experienced something extra, too, that day.

We continued with bits and pieces, and toward the end of our chat that morning, I suggested that the rough times can scar you. Joe didn't hesitate, saying:

"Nope, not at all. Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't. It didn't bother me any. That's why it feels good around here, doin' my window washin' and comin' and goin' like I want. I can't stand bein' cooped-up."

My friend Joe! There he was being heroic again, surviving the best he could with what he had. I know Joe almost had to have been bruised by his Omaha beginnings

and later. I know, too, that he has his excesses and is long on good intentions, short on execution.

Yet, I just didn't have the heart to give Joe a hard time for showing me signs of his human defenses, even self-deception. My sense of things is that if a zeal to challenge and straighten Joe is my need, I'd best look for chances to share my opinions as the way may possibly open in our relating.

Meanwhile, I've never been much good at believing that another person stands or falls strictly on the basis of my own response to them. I guess the viewpoint that it's up to me to make the crucial difference is more than I'm able and willing to take on. I've learned I function better erring on the side of relating less desperately.

But Joe's utter humanness in claiming to have emerged unscathed from his earlier environment seemed to release something inside me. I began identifying with this human person and appreciating him more.

Earlier, I found annoying Joe's use of "fantastic." I couldn't connect it with anything, but now I understand the word's implications for him. Joe does ponder things aloud with you, and he uses "fantastic" to underscore, with great feeling, his sense of wonder and puzzlement: God, nature, history and the human condition—those sizable realms stretching our finite ability to comprehend.

"Fantastic" connects with Joe's deeper self, so I suspect he'd been using it correctly. I was the one who'd been disconnected.

The time came for us to do whatever each did after breakfast. I started home on foot, and I imagine Joe went about his jobs. I pondered why I'd avoided Joe. What had he done to me, after all, to repel me so?

Then it became clear that my dilemma had been the dilemma of myself, largely. I hadn't understood enough, remaining content to forego even making an effort to do so.

Almost home, I remembered the way Joe had been to me all along in our intermittent association. He'd always been friendly and solicitous in a genuine way.

So as it turned out, I'd underestimated us both by making the final judgment that Joe's and my relating could go no further, that there was something woefully lacking in another human being's response, namely Joe's, so I thought.

Also, once again I got some insight into a core issue here of how you listen to people you don't particularly enjoy. I think part of the way you do it is to give of yourself in the sense of being willing to hear what's going on behind the words and external expressions: theirs and yours.

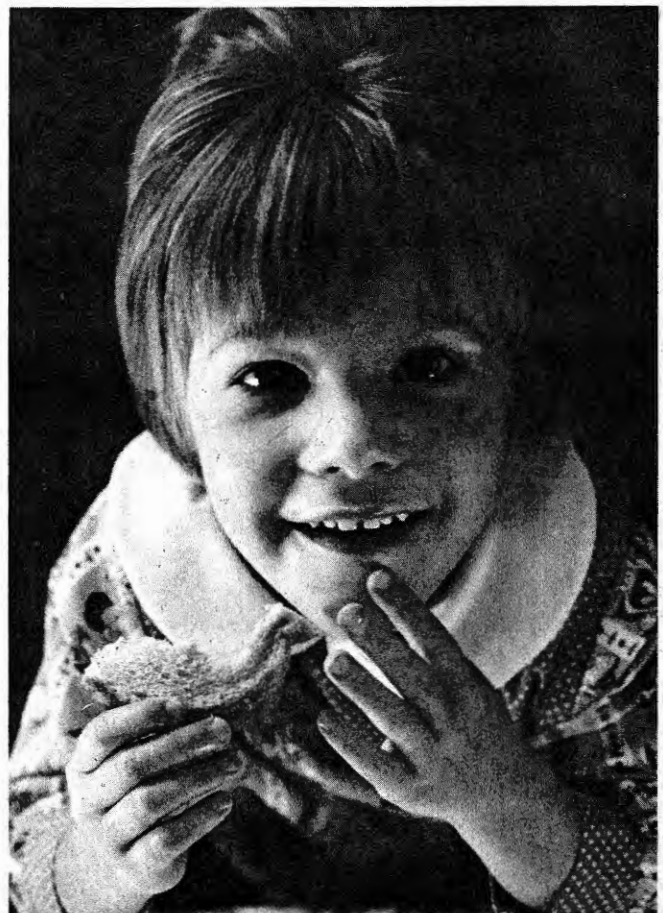
I think I can do this better when opening myself to the circumstances of someone else's life. In doing so, I feel a positive energy has a better chance of flowing between us and out into the world. □



The Influence Of Poetry On Individual and Social Awareness

by Justin Vitiello

Justin Vitiello is an associate professor of Italian at Temple University. He is president of "Friends of Danilo Dolci" and is active in the peace movement. During the past year he taught creative writing to children at Germantown Friends School. He is a member of Germantown (PA) Monthly Meeting.



Ted Hertz

Poetry has revolutionary potential—destructive and regressive (as in Italy in 1922)—as well as creative and progressive (as in the times of Leonardo and Galileo). One look at this poem, written collectively by six- and seven-year-olds, makes it clear how we can revolutionize ourselves, in disintegration as well as integration: *I used to be an appleseed but now I'm an apple. / I used to be a butterfly but now I am a worm. / I used to be a blackboard but now I'm a piece of chalk. / I used to be a piece of chalk but now I'm chalk-dust. / I used to be chalk-dust but now I'm a piece of chalk. / I used to be the sun but now I'm the rainbow. / I used to be the rain but now I'm the rainbow. / I used to be a baby but now I'm a maybe.*

Another serious problem with poetic revolution is precisely this: it's a *maybe*—often liberating in the delight we experience in transforming objects, human nature, society, the cosmos—but just as often baffling as to how and to what end these transformations can actually come about in concrete terms. Whatever vision they might brandish, poets must finally decide to work with other mortals in *humility*—a word that comes from the same Latin root as *humus*. On and of this Earth, whether we like it or not, we all need to educate ourselves and each other to *experience how to/ change the source of history/ by demanding the most/ of ourselves*. Or as Erich Fromm said, we must “stimulate and develop individuals’ sense of need in acts of real love... by pushing people to act as a human community.” A U.S. poet, *prowl[ing] all night... / flowing with the Tiber*, tries it by exhorting Romans to revolt against absurd authority and terrorism: *to the streets... / give your enemy/ the kiss of life/ say “you’re full of crap”/ and talk it over/ you’ll laugh/ at the same corny jokes... / “opposition is true friendship”/ criticism! diversity!// tolerance! listening in/ love of struggle...*

So the passion of poetry can become compassion: suffering together and trying to put to good, democratic use the knowledge and creative potential of every human being. Says the U.S. poet, Diane Wakoski, *We are all poets/ long for what seems most beautiful to us—and hopefully for what can convince enough of the others to create a new community on this globe.*

It always sounds easier than it is. Mussolini wrote poetry too. We have to know where, what, and when to reject. And even when we accept that *the new city is born where/ a child learns to construct/ trying to knead together/ sand and/ unthinkable dreams*, we have to face the disappointing fact that poets and philosophers have always had utopian visions; yet we are left after all these centuries with mirages of paradise from which one more Adam and Eve fall, bear the curse of ashes and dust, compromise with so-called reality, and dabble in idle fantasy. A second U.S. poet pin-pricks our balloon:

... “O!/ Goodbye! It is a shame!”/ *Think how they will look for work, move/ To a condominium, have a baby,/ More work, other babies... / ...and will dream/ of a place they used to play, a place/ Like a tapestry. One thread hung/ From a knot of figs, shining.* And with our “whole garden come undone,” it’s hard for us to dream a new conception of a way of being born free from the same cycle. Hard for us, but not for children like this eight-year-old Afro-American poet: *At first I was just a little dot in my mother’s stomach smaller than a pencil dot, but now I’m a boy who loves my mommy and daddy [no Oedipus here] and my whole generation.*

We don’t need poetry to be reminded that conditions in the world today, in overdeveloped as well as developing countries, stifle the creative imagination of children. We murder them with neglect, “pacification,” bombs. But Camus said that not even utopias are worth the death of one child. I’d add that no *status quo*, no matter how profitable to the few, no matter how superficially comfortable to a consumptive middle-class, is worth the crippling of the faculty of self-expression in any human being.

Luckily human beings, even when partially crippled, are resilient. With a playfulness that comes easy to poets of all ages, another U.S. poet imagines the Resurrection of the Dough in her “Mystical Love of the Cake for the Cook”: *A wonder/ such a corpse/ dead in everything but heat/ and air, can rise. Yet/ flesh re-forms.* Perhaps we can transform our dough, our lives, by sharing all our human and natural resources (fruit turns out delicious when grafted). Two seven-year-old poets sense that we can: *Where do teeth go when you lose them?/ It matters where you want them to go... // The tooth fairy takes my tooth and gives/ it to babies who need baby teeth in/ their house and the babies eat things/ with the teeth and they lose/ them and get new ones from people who/ already died...*

Dostoevsky, of course, brought this nascent vision to ripeness in *The Brothers Karamazov*: “Cast a seed upon the ground, it abides alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.” But today we risk casting our seeds in cancerous bomb craters. Faced with the Pentagon’s first strike strategy, it’s hard to enjoy a single breath of air. But a poem like the following, in which the perceptions and the words are entirely the children’s and only the ordering is an adult’s, urges me to labor to give birth to a world where children’s imagination, concentration, and profound intuition of peace can be nourished and nourish in return: *In the city/ there’s no noises/ just noisy trucks/ and cars and honks/ (of cars not geese)// In the country/ (where I’ve never been)/ there’s birds/ birds tweeting/ and milk trucks going by// Sometimes I hear silence:/ in the nighttime/ sometimes at night/ (don’t interrupt me I’m/ trying to do my work)// And most of all there’s*

silence/ in poetry/ when we first start/ thinking/ of something to write

W.H. Auden warned that "we must love one another or die." Perhaps to love and live again in poetry, we must silence the elitist canons of Western aesthetics, the hermetic liting of the Symbolists, and the bombastic rhetoric of the Supermen, and meet with East, North and South in a new poetry of nonviolence, of awareness of and respect for each other. This means, as I understand it, a *unity of aesthetics* (perhaps Keats' beauty and truth or Chekov's aesthetics of the dung heap, whatever has a harmony, possibly dialectical, and a form appropriate to its content) and *ethics* (what is true and good and desirable to sane human beings, or what needs to be generated, gestated, nourished *via* nonviolent pressure).

I'm not talking about some goodie-goodie theory of poetry akin to Jimmy Carter's pietistic peanut-shell-and-neutrone foreign policy. Exerting nonviolent pressure, you can be rather unpleasant—but maybe you make the right enemies as well as the right friends. Travelling on a train from Rome to Sicily, across the Straits of Messina, this poet expresses his solidarity with oppressed Southern Italians: *train heaving inside the boat, dreaming about/ need, mine this time—no, words ain't/ cheap they're stones, like work, for/ this race (human or not): us...// funiculi fanaboola, getting warm, back/ into shape on this crummy earth, to/ construct a world, starting with words:/ Mafia Papacy Nationality Security/ Swiss Banks, all go poof!: now/ let's get together and start again...// didn't work?...one more time: Multi-/ Nationals Think-Tanks First Strike/ International Traffic in oil-wine-heroin:/ Zap! ...not enough? do i have to/ name names? ...this is poetry not a/ libel suit, and only primitives believe/ with "abracadabra" or "garlic and/ fish fry" that bunkers typhus/ your mother-in-law will vanish/ into clean air—like if you say/ "let there be light" somehow it will/ be, o sole mio*

Naturally if these words do not communicate, they vanish into radioactive smog. Such words, trying to conjure dialectically a better life into existence, must find grass roots. Demystifications, denunciations and constructive magic must be unified with a commitment to act, to revise and re-vision past, present and future in the search for what is humanly and organically possible and desirable: "See, life is like a bottle of oil and vinegar. If you keep shaking it, everything gets mixed up. But just stop, and the oil (that's the truth) comes to the top. That's the way nature works... With this faith, struggling to earn my bread, I'll never stop working with others for the good of the community." Such a struggle takes people like this marxist-barber-poet, Gino Orlando, living the radical meaning of the Greek word *poien* (poetry): as acts of creativity.

As a vehicle of *consciousness- and conscience-raising,*

poetry can become another form of truly revolutionary education—for adults as well as for children. To adapt Paolo Freire in *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, poetry's goal will be to create occasions for all oppressed peoples (including the middle-class) to reflect upon their oppression and act to achieve their own liberation in ongoing, radical criticism and in action that transforms objective reality. And poets must root themselves in the rebellion, the needs, and the productive life of oppressed communities, in the dialectical struggle for humanizing liberation, and in dialogue that helps develop the creative potential of all of us who have joined the new resistance.

Children, the prime victims of our present "objective reality," intuit its stupidity: "I wish I was the world and the sea and the person that made everybody dumb." And they internalize and act out its violence: "Look at my ship it goes right through other ships with its point and it blows up other ships and everyone thinks it's a monster." Children of six and seven intuit the tragedy of good and evil: "Poetry is fun because snowflakes are bad and I like the world because it is curled." What they need, ultimately, just like us adults, is a resolution, not a whitewash, of the tragedy: *i.e.*, an alternative world-stage where they can work out their aggressions and express their desires constructively—with dignity.

Another Sariddu poses the whole problem beautifully: "Let's get together and round up those few nuts who want war and put 'em in the nuthouse where they can fight it out all between themselves... Look, all we need is open minds and unity, nobody could stop us, now or



Courtesy of the American Friends Service Committee

never. They couldn't put us all in jail. How could they afford to feed us? . . . All those weapons don't produce a thing. We don't need them. We have children, they grow up, and what can we teach them? The same old story? Or something really beautiful? We gotta make them want to be noble when they grow up, to learn and teach more beautiful things. That's the only way they can be healthy. Can't we face the simple truth?"

As we grow up we learn about Cain and Abel, Drunken Noah's Ark, Sodom and Gomorrah, Jason and Medea, Faust's pact with the Devil, the Grand Inquisitor, Superwoman and Spiderman. But Gino Orlando proposes other, genuinely nourishing myths: "When I get old and take my grandchildren on my knee, instead of telling them all those fairy tales about sorcerers and hobgoblins, I'll tell them about my courageous comrades from Palermo who keep fighting to free Sicily from its exploiters and bloodsuckers—to help it evolve and make it beautiful." Such rediscovered myths set the stage for our current tragic struggle, in which poetry can exhort and, like a midwife, gently push and try to set free—but may also have to resort to stones to prevent a global nuclear abortion. Even if we manage to use poetry as a creative instrument, it still takes all of us—in the courage to choose, act, and continually educate each other—to make any desirable myth, dream, utopia, democratic community, or school, a reality. As Antonio Gramsci said, "Educate yourself, for the revolution needs new human beings, human beings who are aware."

In the final analysis, *via* poetic education, we can try to realize meaningful goals similar to those Danilo Dolci sees as vital to peace education. "Peace means rooting out our anger and resentment [as self-expression can in poetry] . . . developing the capacity to make personal sacrifices [as in Gino's myths], . . . knowing how to ripen real qualities of life [as in many of the intuitions of the children quoted throughout] . . . knowing how to see light in the dark [as in creative imagination] . . . The peace we love and have to make real is the capacity to renew ourselves, struggle, construct, and prevail . . . It's health, plenitude, a new way of existing."

A new existence (more than mere survival) is not a luxury. We *need* this kind of peace and poetry and clean air. And it will take organized passion and magic, hope and strength, to enjoy it. Such enjoyment, a necessity, takes, in turn, new vision, new light, a new sense of world and cosmic unity: *I wish I was a star, gold and silver at the tips and yellow stripes after a little bit and another stripe of gold and silver after the yellow stripe and the rest yellow, do you know what I mean? . . . / A snowflake looks like a spider-web, a star.* If we could see, love, and harmonize so many variations of peoples, in all their colors and forms (and wrinkles) in this world, then human history might be another story. □



Quaker Music Making- Summer 1980

by Peg Champney and
Jean Putnam

Friends Music Institute opened for the first time last summer on the campus of Olney Friends Boarding School in Barnesville, Ohio. There eighteen students thirteen to seventeen years old and seven staff people made music together, shared work, recreation and ideas—and, in short, tasted of community. Through four weeks of July heat, humidity and sometimes violent thunderstorms, we experienced joy together at "FMI '80."

We didn't have enough variety, instrumentally, to produce an orchestra, but produce one we did—ending on the last day of camp with a Mozart violin concerto featuring a student soloist. A trumpet and a clarinet played the French horn part, and flutes substituted for oboes. On that exciting final day of FMI we presented two student concerts and a heart-warming production of the musical "You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown." Many parents were able to come and swell our audience.

Said one thirteen-year-old camper, "I'd never before

Peg Champney, a member of Yellow Springs (OH) Meeting, has taught for many years in Vale Friends School near Antioch. The Champneys have eight children (three foster). Jean Putnam holds a Master of Music degree and gives lessons in her private studio in Melrose, Massachusetts. Last year she helped to found the North Shore Friends Meeting in suburban Boston.

met anyone my age who'd heard of Barry Commoner or the Citizens Party—and here at FMI I found another camper who knows more about them than I do!" Finding so many others who shared values was an exciting experience for many.

We explored Quaker history. One student said, "I knew I was born at the Pendle Hill in Pennsylvania, but I'd never before known about the 'real' Pendle Hill in England." We looked at modern Quaker ideas and practices, wondering how we could relate to all of them. Students had lively discussions as to which religious ideas were the most important, and expressed their thoughts in artistic drawings which became part of two murals on Quakerism. These were displayed last summer at Ohio Valley and Ohio Conservative Yearly Meetings.

Many of us felt strengthened by carrying on our program among members of the Stillwater Friends Meeting, that real and strong community of people. These Friends have operated a school and have been a Quaker center for more than 100 years. Worshipping each Sunday in the great old Stillwater Meetinghouse on the Olney campus was a special experience for FMI people. We also played string quartets and trios for the older Friends in the nearby Walton (retirement) Home.

One bright Sunday morning we all piled into the school van and a couple of other cars and drove seven or eight winding country miles to the 150-year-old tiny meetinghouse called Richland. Together with Stillwater Friends, we were guests of a few Richland Friends, as they opened their meetinghouse, a once-a-year occasion. All of us together completely filled that old building, facing benches included. The ministry was moving, and there was "a covering" in the silence. Our three-year-old FMI faculty child sat through the entire hour; we all felt a warm glow being there. After meeting there was an amazingly abundant outdoor potluck, during which some of us discovered mutual ancestors. Then our FMI chorus sang for the Friends present. An elder of Richland Meeting said, "This is the best thing that has ever happened in the long history of this meetinghouse." For FMI it was a high point of the summer.

Monday evenings were occasions for meeting with visiting Friends. Jeffrey Miller (FGC "Midwest Presence" staff member) stimulated a discussion on the draft, and our various possible responses to it, when he visited FMI on July 14—shortly before the onset nationally of draft registration for eighteen-year-olds.

Shelagh and Becky (both thirteen years old) and Jeannette (fourteen) took informal notes during the discussion, and later gave their permission to share what they wrote. It follows here, exactly as noted down:

This is all so serious. It's strange how nobody really thinks about it unless they have to register.

This draft registration scares me. Just think, all our friends eighteen, nineteen, twenty will have to fight and maybe get killed. We may even get killed too.

And even kids we know now might get drafted, like Allen and that other person sitting next to him. And we might get drafted in a few years. I won't sign up! Will you?

No! I'll be a C.O. My father was one. I don't like to think that the world may be blown up. And we may not live to be fourteen or fifteen.

This is really upsetting me and I think adults are dumb to think about war. Because it blows up a lot of completely innocent people. Like us. I don't understand.

It's depressing!

I think it would be awful to go to jail for five years. If they catch you the punishment would be severe enough if they just made you sign up. Furthermore how would they find you?

They wouldn't find me! I'd change my name and move to the N-Pole! I hate this world!

Oh my God!

Nuclear war does not solve problems. It just eliminates it and everything.

It's just so sad about everything going on today. I'm starting to cry so I have to laugh. It's so sad watching these people cry.

I've never really thought about it like this. I feel like crying too. Think of all the guys going into tenth, eleventh and twelfth, pre-college and college suddenly being sent off to war. Imagine in a few years even Steve and the seventh grade will have to register. There won't be anyone left, only people who physically can't go to war and even then they'll probably be made to do something for the armed service. I don't think there is a better cause to go to jail for.

Now, of course, the FMI campers have gone back to their homes—in New Mexico, California, Ontario, Nebraska, Massachusetts, Virginia, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. We hear rumors that a round-robin letter is circulating among them. One violinist is giving a performance in her home community of a solo she prepared and played at FMI; another is rising at 5:30 every morning to practice before going to school. A beginning recorder player reports continued progress since leaving camp. A flute player has taken up viola as well as keeping up with the flute.

"FMI '81" will be held July 5-August 2, again at Barnesville. Brochures and information may be obtained by writing Friends Music Institute, P.O. Box 427, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387. □

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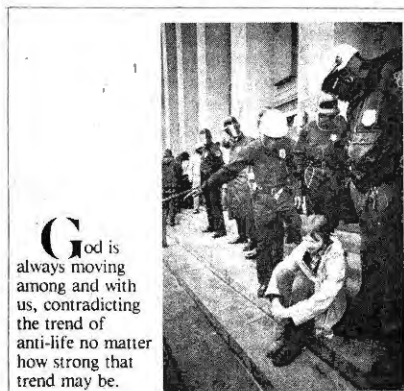
October 1 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL Quaker Thought and Life Today



Aug. 1 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL Quaker Thought and Life Today



December 1 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL Quaker Thought and Life Today



Humankind is the steward of creation. We are to work together with nature, as divine caretakers.

December 15 1980

FRIENDS JOURNAL Quaker Thought and Life Today



Peace lives in the bright mosaic eyes of those who gather the world into their gaze.

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FRIENDS AROUND THE WORLD

Quakers, Methodists, Catholics and others of good will have, for close to a decade, been working with all their hearts and minds and strength behind the scenes at the United Nations and at dozens of conferences around the world to help push to completion the Law of the Sea Treaty which now *Time* has called "a monumental achievement," and others a "giant step" toward world peace.

This carefully balanced treaty, if its expected signing in 1981 goes forward, will—for the first time in history—commit all nations (including the USSR) to binding settlement of ocean-related disputes. It will protect our oceans from pollution, safeguard navigation through global seas and straits, control deep-sea mining fairly and safely, save the whales, and so on. The treaty will not only in itself halt international anarchy and chaos but will point the way toward and lift the human will for the solving of other crucial global problems such as energy and nuclear proliferation.

Letters are greatly needed now to President Reagan (with copies to senators), urging him not to allow selfish interests to repudiate this treaty worked out with so much labor through so many administrations, but rather to give it his statesmanlike support. The very future of the world may depend upon it.

The "good health" of the oceans, as Cousteau and Heyerdahl remind us, is basic to the life of everyone on Earth. To help save our oceans must especially be a highest priority in coastal regions, where all are bound together by a common love of the sea.

According to QUNO's *In and Around the U.N.*, the only newspaper that reports regularly and fully on disarmament in the U.N. context is *Disarmament Times*, 777 Plaza, New York, NY 10017. Subscriptions are \$4 per annum for the U.S. and Canada; \$8 for overseas mail.

Central Alaska Friends Conference met last July and planned action in opposition to registration and the draft. It also considered the conduct of marriages among Alaskan Friends and the responsibilities of meetings to couples married "under their care." Fourteen queries for use by Alaskan meetings were also prepared and approved.

Meanwhile the building of the "spacious permanent meetinghouse that's being raised on the Dickerson Homestead near Wasilla, a little town outside Anchorage," continued apace, with roof now in place and the entire building enclosed "by a hardworking crew of men and women wielding appropriate tools."

The *Scottish Friends Newsletter* comments editorially that "'Can I get away with it?' has supplanted 'Is it right?'"

Citing the Greek myth of Procrustes' Bed, the editor observes that modern standards are also stretched in domestic and personal affairs as well as in business. "We show indignation over Afghanistan, while we trade profitably with the USSR. Unemployment offends, but does not move those who benefit from massive overtime—enough to provide a million extra jobs. Inflation soars, yet so does expenditure on 'luxuries,' such as drink, drugs and betting. So we lop social services and grudge overseas aid. Truly, Procrustes would be proud of us."

Writing in *Der Quaker*, monthly news-sheet of German Friends, Heinz Kraschutski conjures up a vivid word-picture of the painting "Judgment Day" which hangs in St. Mary's Church in his birthplace, Danzig. He describes the central figure of Christ, resplendent in shining armor, carrying the long sword of judgment in his right hand and holding with his left a balance scale in which cowers a naked girl, evidently awaiting possible condemnation as of easy virtue. To his right, in this seventeenth century interpretation, a crowd of naked men and women push upward toward the splendor of eternal salvation, while on the opposite side a similar but despairing group of humanity is being urged at pronged-fork-point by little black devils downward toward the flames of hell.

Kraschutski observes that none of the blessed "good" ones seem to be good enough to spare a single backward glance at their condemned brothers and

sisters on the opposite side of the judgment seat, yet the Jesus who said "Judge not, that ye be not judged" could never have desired people to be virtuous out of fear of punishment. This leads him to question how far we have come as Christians when we can still talk easily about "life imprisonment." Consider the parable of the prodigal son and the punishment he received. He concludes, surprisingly, by quoting Nietzsche, the philosopher often denounced as "antichrist," yet who could say: "Mistrust those who have a strong urge to punish. They are folk of evil nature and background and their faces mirror the hangman and the police dog."

Quaker Religious Thought, publication of the Quaker Theological Discussion Group, in its forty-ninth number features John 15: "I am the vine and you are the branches" as starting point for the group's 1979 summer conference. Papers by Douglas Gwyn and Dean Freiday, with a response by Ursula Windsor, explored implications for the Society of Friends today of the "everlasting Gospel" as understood by George Fox.

For those interested, copies of this issue of, or subscriptions to *Quaker Religious Thought* may be had by addressing the publication at Rt. 1, Box 549, Alburtis, PA 18011.

According to the Quaker news-sheet from Brussels, *Around Europe*, the European Community (EEC) may soon be taking vigorous steps in support of animal rights, which are expected to go well beyond the humane treatment of pets. At issue are the conditions under which battery hens are raised, live animals shipped from one country to another for slaughter, exotic birds and animals imported for a fickle pet market—whole planeloads sometimes arriving with three-quarters of the stock dead from starvation, thirst or suffocation.

New protective measures regarding whale imports are likewise being considered, including a complete moratorium on killing certain types of whales.

More controversial and difficult to legislate is the whole question of "blood" or "field" sports, where Britain and Italy seem to be the principal offenders. Indiscriminate shooting of birds in the latter and hunting, in season, of noble animals in the former

are regarded as "gentlemanly sports." It is even reported that Dutch hunters, deprived of their "sport" in the Netherlands, are going over to Britain to join in the fun there.

"The whole issue," concludes the article, "is likely to come to boiling point when bull-fighting Spain joins the Community in a few years' time."

Representing the American Friends Service Committee who visited last fall in the Republic of South Africa, the delegation of two blacks and two whites rode a train together to Pretoria in a non-white car. They were arrested by police and forcibly removed. However, a higher police authority gave permission for an exemption to continue the ride. Ann Stever, clerk of the delegation, said of this experience: "It was a vivid example that apartheid, even at a petty level, is far from dead."

Bill Sutherland, AFSC's Southern Africa Representative, and a long-time observer in the whole southern region, has been quoted as saying: "The citizens of Zimbabwe both black and white want no more war. Funds promised by the United States and Britain are crucial to Zimbabwe's stability at this time." He also believes that the reconciliatory approach of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo after the long and bloody war is unique in modern history, in Africa or anywhere else.

A "caged person" who has written previously from Lewisburg, PA would like to inform his pen pals that he, Marvin D. Brockett, has been transferred. His present address is: No. 04206-164, P.O. Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048.

John R. Coleman, past president of Haverford College, received an honorary Doctor of Letters degree, as well as a standing ovation at the college's last commencement.

As present president of a "foundation deeply involved in prison reform and the promotion of alternatives to imprisonment," he has written in Haverford Meeting's newsletter a compelling account of his experiences as a "phony" prisoner behind bars and ("switching roles") as a prison guard.

As the former, he felt that "...even though I knew the wardens would let me out in good time, I was aware of the slow and relentless destruction of my

ability to act decisively, to act independently, and to act morally...Lock me up for real, and I'll come back to you either so vengeful that I'm a menace or so withdrawn that I'm a cipher."

As the latter, "I saw how tempting it was to strut, to act tough, and to assume the natural superiority of the keeper over the kept. The truth is that keeper and kept alike are prisoners in their roles. They're all caught up in a system that makes incredibly little sense and costs incredibly many dollars."

EIS required of DOE under NEPA insist AFSC/FOR/NRDC.

In other words and in reverse order, the American Friends Service Committee, the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Natural Resources Defense Council, citing the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969, have reminded the Department of Energy that an environmental impact statement must be prepared before a major expansion of plutonium production and nuclear warhead manufacturing can take place.

In a recent letter to DOE Secretary Charles Duncan, the three organizations insisted that resumption of such production would result in "increased shipments of radioactive materials to and from the (weapons) plants; possible increases in routine emissions and releases of radioactive effluents; higher levels of wastes generated by plutonium production; greater risks of terrorist acts" as well as other hazards at facilities like Rocky Flats.

Also included in the letter was the statement that "under NEPA, the unstated assumption that national security can best be obtained by building nuclear weapons must be addressed" before the DOE goes ahead with producing a whole new generation of strategic and tactical warheads.

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Geneva Summer School

Twenty-five young people will meet in Geneva July 2-14 to learn more about the work of the United Nations and those of its agencies which are based in Geneva. The summer school is timed to coincide with the summer session of the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC), and aims to provide an introduction to some current international problems. The event is organized by the staff of the Quaker U.N. office in Geneva. English is used throughout the program.

Participants will stay near the Palais des Nations at the Centre Mazarick, a reasonably priced hostel. Meals will be provided either at the hostel (for breakfast) or at Quaker House, where participants will be expected to share in food preparation. Participants must be prepared for a fifteen-minute walk between the hostel and Quaker House.

Young people of all nationalities are welcome. Those who are between eighteen and twenty-five years of age in July 1981 are eligible. No formal qualifications are necessary but an active interest in international affairs is needed as well as a desire to share understanding with others. The number of participants is restricted to twenty-five.

The final cost for this year is not yet available, but looks like being around 150 pounds, which is 20 pounds lower than the 1980 figure. This includes group travel fares between London and Geneva, accommodation, program costs and meals. Spending money is, of course, extra. The cost of travel between London and Geneva will be deducted for those who join the group in Geneva.

If you would like an application form and further information, please contact: Personnel Dept. (Geneva Summer School) Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1 2BJ, England Tel: 01-387-3601

Closing date for all applications is **February 28, 1981.**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A more searching critique needed

I am disturbed and saddened by Thomas Drake's review of E. Digby Baltzell's *Puritan Boston and Quaker Philadelphia* that appeared in FJ 10/15/80. Though Drake presents Baltzell's thesis adequately, he neither states the assumptions upon which Baltzell based his thesis nor criticizes the thesis for its anti-Quaker bias.

Baltzell's assumptions are clearly elitist. In order to function in a healthy manner, a society, he feels, must have a strong upper class commanding respect from the masses. Otherwise a society falls into the abyss of anarchy. For Baltzell, Quaker egalitarianism, student rebellions (which he blames for the death of Swarthmore College president Courtney Smith), and the People's Temple massacres are all more or less equally anarchic, and are all to be condemned. Given these assumptions, and the fact that he bases much of his historical narrative on Daniel J. Boorstin's viciously anti-Quaker diatribe in *The Americans; The Colonial Experience*, Baltzell cannot help but be prejudicial against the Society of Friends.

Baltzell has no qualms about interpreting Quaker theology in such a way that Quakers appear to be more liberal than, historically, they traditionally have been. Thus his Quakers see God as imminent but not transcendent, choose a mystical grace over works (ignoring the American Friends Service Committee), and stress individualism over group authority (ignoring the bringing of a concern before business meeting).

Baltzell's most serious error is his rather blatant misinterpretation of Philadelphia Quaker history. For him both Orthodox and Hicksite Friends are too liberal, so he concentrates on the comparatively negligible Gurneyite influence. For him, everything good about Quakers can be traced to the work of Gurneyite Friends; Haverford College

and AFSC are thus Gurneyite, as were Rufus Jones, Henry Cadbury and Howard Brinton.

This lack of understanding of Quaker history is so silly that one is tempted not to take it seriously.

But we must take it seriously. Baltzell is considered a distinguished sociologist, and his book will be seen as an important new interpretation of Quakerism. And that is why I wish that *Friends Journal* would have offered a more searching critique.

Allan Kohrman
Newton, MA

More on Pilgrim's Progress

Thank you for your editorial in FJ 11/15/80. I read *Pilgrim's Progress* almost every year in a seventeenth century course at Goucher College (I've stopped teaching now). It's never read in freshman composition—these students have trouble with a page from *Newsweek*, but the majors understand Bunyan—when they have learned how to read allegory. Where I was a child, growing up in a Calvinist household, Bunyan was the only permissible reading, once the four-page Sunday School paper had been used up. Even that didn't kill me. And I learn and understand him more clearly each time I read.

Sara de Ford
Denver, CO

Friends' advice sought

I am writing this letter to ask Friends for help. I am attending Kent State University, studying for an associate degree in computer technology. While I feel certain that a career in this field is not the end for which I am intended, I believe that it is meant to be useful along the way. I am particularly interested in information retrieval system programming.

My difficulty is this: while I have just started this course of study, I have looked ahead about two years, trying to discover where I might look for work. I am dismayed to find that a large percentage of jobs are connected with firms and industries tied closely to the military. I am concerned to find employment that would allow me to be of help to the people of the Fourth World.

I am asking Friends for suggestions of

possibilities to meet my need for employment and answer my concerns. Thank you.

Jerry Aurand/Wellen
1816 Jefferson Street, S.W.
Warren, OH 44485

New Tools Given

In my isolated location I almost never get a chance to attend meeting these days. And thus I am deprived of one of the most important sources of sustenance I know. I have come to depend on *Friends Journal* heavily to help me keep in touch.

Chip Poston's article in the FJ 11/1/80 spoke to my condition, has moved me, and has provided me new tools with which I can (I hope) shape my life. I expect it will take me a long time to come to grips with even a small part of his message, but I shall try.

Dimitri Mihalas
Sunspot, NM

Like a gathered meeting

Congratulations on two outstanding issues (FJ 11/1/80 and FJ 11/15/80). The articles and poetry of these issues have a common thread of spiritual depth, insight and caring, which remind me of a gathered meeting for worship. Special thanks to Chip Poston and Barbara Reynolds for their articles, and to Margaret Beidler for sharing her unforgettable "Lamentation for Cambodia" with us. Finally, thanks for the graceful editorial work which brought these two issues together.

Johan Maurer
Charlottesville, VA

A good resource

I savor every issue of *Friends Journal*, but I feel particularly impressed by the November 15th issue. Reading your editorial, "Pilgrim's Progress" gave me a feeling of oneness with those who have gone before us and those around the world who experienced the same kind of attitudes and relationships as John Bunyan. We have recently started a Community Alliance for Peace Education and we're finding the *Friends*

Journal a very good resource to share with others (non-Friends) in our community. Thanks so much for the inspiration we receive from *Friends Journal*. We wait eagerly for each issue to come.

Gene and Dick Beardsley
Gainesville, FL

Fear and nationalism threaten humanity

Early Friend Isaac Pennington wrote, in a letter to Elizabeth Stomar in 1675, "forgetting the Lord is the necessary consequence of fearing men."

The frequently mentioned insanity of the nuclear arms race is the result of forgetting God and fearing people. The Russians fear a nuclear first strike by us and our citizens fear a nuclear first strike from Russia. God is forgotten when well-meaning people boast with eerie hardness of spirit of the power to destroy all large- and medium-sized cities of an adversary. Nationalism, the self-cult of even great nations, disturbs the soul of these nations in the same way as self-cult deranges an individual's soul.

Peer Gynt, in Henrik Ibsen's drama, decides one day to try the self-cult "My Self, My Self," his concern. At once he finds himself among people whose thoughts turn only around themselves. Talking to them, Peer discovers that he had strolled into an insane asylum. He is seized with horror, is threatened, and faints. In a similar way national self-cult disturbs mental and moral insights. Moreover, nuclear nationalism makes us traitors to our religion, traitors to Christ's faith.

I pray that God's Spirit in the peacemakers will quench nationalism and the fear of our bellicose fellows in all lands.

Hans Gottlieb
Carbondale, CO



BOOK REVIEWS

A Living Silence, one-hour radio program available as cassette tape, by David Freudberg, *SoundDocumentaries*, 15 Pleasant Place, Cambridge, MA 02139, 1980. \$10.00

David Freudberg is a quiet and open young man in the noisy business of radio production. A medium dedicated to sounds is perhaps ill suited to setting forth the qualities of Quakerism, but David Freudberg has reshaped the medium itself in order to present with signal success the spiritual center of Quakerism. He has, as well, found ways of detailing some of Quakerism's historic and contemporary problems. Freudberg created "A Living Silence" for the *Options* series distributed to public radio stations by National Public Radio.

Noting that Friends have often felt merged and gathered with all seekers everywhere and through time, Freudberg combines interviews with Friends, dramatic readings from Fox, Woolman, Penn, Emilia Forbes Emerson and Max Picard into a meeting which centers around a rich blend of themes: the nature of silence, the spirit of unity, the life of pacifism, equality. Several times we are reminded of the adventure, the joy, of life itself lived in the Presence. There is a tone in the voices of the speakers which is captured uniquely here.

We are reminded, as well, of our skepticism toward power, and in this matter, Friends present a warning to themselves: that we may fear power in ourselves and in others to such an extent that we ignore and deny God's wishes for us. One Friend comments that in Quaker worship,

One has the opportunity to listen to what God has to say so one can begin to act on what God has to say. The end is not in the mystical experience itself. It's just the beginning. The end is in the actions.

Yet another Friend, speaking at Pendle

Hill, asks whether we can still accept the power of those who act. The matter is left unresolved.

There are many moments of beauty and eloquence in the program, which forms a whole. For anyone who is apt to be asked for "a few words about Quakers," this is a tape to lend. It would be a fine addition to a Friends library or meeting library. Friends schools wishing to have material available for interested students would find the tape useful. As for us individually, this is a rare opportunity to meet with Friends we do not know.

David Bates

Island Sojourn by Elizabeth Arthur, Harper and Row, New York, NY, 1980. 220 pages. \$9.95

Elizabeth Arthur's first book is an absorbing description of two years on an island in northwestern British Columbia. Far surpassing the usual "we-took-to-the-woods" narrative, this story draws the reader along as forcefully as some of the natural phenomena which she depicts so eagerly. Roaring waves crashing upon the small island, calm days when "the green-leaved trees glisten in their shells," northern lights, harmonies of the wolves—all are portrayed with contagious enthusiasm. There are people in this wilderness, or near it, who come to life through their own words—or, in the case of the Indians, often through what they don't say. With great difficulty and many adventures, Elizabeth and her husband manage to build a house on the island.

The abundance of poetry on each page makes choosing any particular quotation "unfair" to others that are equally lyrical. She speaks of "a great spiral of stars, a dribbling discus of energy thrown by an insouciant hand." Elsewhere, "the candle burns into a torch, the torch into a fire, the moment of transition as imperceptible as the progress of a friendship."

Life on the island is controlled by the wind and the waves it brings, "hard to get to and hard to get away from." For the would-be explorer and those in pursuit of a simpler life, there are accounts of surviving with the barest necessities; equally important, the sense of vulnerability to fire, snow storms, broken engines and even over-strained human relationships. Elizabeth refuses to "accept the domination of objects."

Coping with the grittier parts of building a house, she philosophizes, "I can. I can get inside a floor, a wall, a wrench, a boat. I can say hello. And once I've learned to do that, I can get inside rocks, islands, clouds, and northern lights. Starting with a hammer, a board, and a box of nails, I can move on past the garbage dumps and into the world."

That this work of non-fiction is both practical and spiritual distinguishes it from anything I've read recently. Maybe one has to go back to *Moby Dick*.

Surely Elizabeth had more than a sojourn on the island. After carrying out her wish to escape from the civilized world, she must return and come to terms with it. Her journey should be followed with interest, and she may well delight some with her writing for another two score years and ten.

Helen W. Zimmerman

Twenty Years of Suburban Fair Housing
by George and Eunice Grier, *The Grier Partnership, Bethesda, MD 20035, 1980.*
106 pages. \$3.50

In 1956, when the country was just beginning to recover from the depth of McCarthyism and every new idea was still suspect, a group of men and women organized a company to sell real estate on a non-discriminatory basis on the Main Line in Philadelphia. Friends Suburban Housing, Inc., as it was first called, was based on the premise that many men and women of good will would like to sell their homes to minorities, while in turn a substantial number of minority families were in the market for suburban homes.

Before the civil rights battles of the 1960s and the emergence of the concept of Black Power, many liberals gave lip service to the concept of racial integration as a solution to racial tensions. But

there were no state or federal fair housing laws, and the majority believed that the change must be a very gradual one, just as many people once believed that slavery should be gradually abolished.

A good many Friends shared this view, it turned out. When asked if they would list their own houses, many stated that "my neighborhood is not ready," or "I would do it if I could stay and help the black family gain acceptance." Some feared reprisals from their employers—not an empty fear, it turned out. One early member of SFH was called in by his employer and told he would not be promoted because of his activities.

Other Friends objected to the organization's carrying the name of the Society of Friends while not under the oversight of any Quaker body. Many of these people said they were in favor of integration but objected to the degree of

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confrontation rather than pure persuasion inherent in the act of introducing a black family into a resistant white neighborhood.

These problems with the Society of Friends plus the need to have a wider base eventually caused the group to change its name to Suburban Fair Housing. A number of Philadelphia area Friends, however, remained active from first to last.

After twenty years of operation, Suburban Fair Housing closed its doors in 1975. The changed climate in regard to suburban housing for minorities had made the organization less needed, while the general problems in the real estate field, inflation and stagnation, were threatening its slim margin of profit. In its concluding session, SFH could look back on total sales of 342 houses, 232 of them "integration" and 100 "pioneer," and on a precedent-setting legal action to gain admission to the Main Line Real Estate Board. There had been many disappointments and there had been several near-violent confrontations, but the small experiment in truth-speaking had achieved its objectives.

Now, five years after the organization disbanded, George and Eunice Grier, a Maryland-based research team, has written a carefully researched and illuminating history of the twenty-year experience, complete with tables and charts. For anyone working today in the field of fair housing it will be a valuable resource, while for the more general reader it provides a cheering example of the principle that men and women of good will working together, can make a small but meaningful difference.

Margaret H. Bacon

Portrait Of A Quaker: Levi T. Pennington [1875-1975] by Donald McNichols, *The Barclay Press, Newberg, OR, 1980. 192 pages. \$12.50*

Levi Pennington lived for nearly a century. He had a wonderful natural gift for language, both spoken and written. He earned a bachelor's degree from Earlham College in three years while pastor of two churches. Immediately afterward he became president of Pacific (now George Fox) College, and held this post for thirty years. Above all, he was unusual in his steady, unquestioning acceptance of the authority of God as revealed in Christ.

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McNichols' biography traces briefly Pennington's early life, years of service as a Quaker pastor, and through graduation from Earlham. Then his college presidency is described. It was interrupted by service in 1919-21 for the Five Years Meeting (now Friends United Meeting) as director of the Forward Movement, an effort to promote Quakerism; and in 1930-31 when he traveled on behalf of Friends' interests in the United States, England, and Ireland.

In a chapter called "The Agony," the author tells of the withdrawal of Oregon Yearly Meeting from the Five Years Meeting in 1926 because of that body's alleged doctrinal unsoundness, and the forced resignation of Emmett Gulley from the presidency of Pacific College in 1945. Both of these actions were opposed by Pennington and caused him great sorrow, but he continued to be active with the college and in Oregon Yearly Meeting. He became widely known both among Friends and the larger public. Recognition in the form of honorary degrees, invitations to give addresses, and to make other public appearances came in abundance during his latter decades. He became a close friend of Herbert Hoover. During his last ten years he frequently gave the closing benedictions at meetings for worship in the Newberg Friends Church, which were beautiful in their language and thought.

Chronological organization would have improved the book. The author's knowledge of the eastern United States and British Quakerism seems not very extensive. Questions about Pennington's ancestry (a descendant of Isaac?), about his parents' and other early influences, and about the sources of his Quaker principles, including pacifism, are among those not answered. Unfortunate usages occur. Pennington's own *Rambling Recollections of Ninety Happy Years* (Portland, OR, 1967) shows better his humor, the pathos in his life, and his many-sidedness. But McNichols' book is worthwhile, especially for its inclusion *verbatim* of some of Pennington's best speeches and writings, and notably the benedictions.

Ralph H. Pickett



ANNOUNCEMENTS

Births

Elkinton—On December 17, 1980, *Monica Cooper Elkinton*, daughter of David P. and Linda Cooper Elkinton, Morgantown, WV. Monica's father and paternal grandparents, David C. and Marian D. Elkinton, are members of Media (PA) Meeting.

Enie—On December 14, 1980, in Wilmington, DE, a daughter, *Erin Elizabeth*, to Ronald B. and Stephanie L. Enie, both members of Birmingham Monthly Meeting.

Rowe—On November 11, 1980, *Kristy Lynn Rowe* to Linda and William Rowe, Newtown, PA. Kristy's father and grandparents, George and Margaret Rowe, are members of Wrightstown (PA) Meeting.

Solenberger—On December 11, 1980, at home in Keyser, WV, *Adrienne Lynn Solenberger* to Yvonne and Thomas Foulke Solenberger. The father and paternal grandparents, Robert and Anne Solenberger, are members of Millville (PA) Meeting.

Marriages

Bier-McClelland—On August 23, 1980, *Timothy McClelland*, son of Randall and Jean McClelland, and *Deborah A. Bier*, daughter of Joseph and Lola Bier, in the Central Baptist Church in Quincy, IL. Tim's sister, Peg Kruger, and brothers Christopher and Michael were attendants. Ben Kruger and Jonathan McClelland provided music. The McClelland family are members of Friends Hill Meeting in Quincy.

Brigham-Mesher—On August 23, 1980, at Birmingham (PA) Friends Meeting, *Alan John Mesher* and *Deborah Miles Brigham*. The bride and her parents, Richard T. and Margaret H. Brigham, are members of Birmingham Meeting.

Krekler-McClelland—On October 18, 1980, in and under the care of Shortcreek (OH) Friends Meeting near Harrisville, OH, *Suzanne J. Krekler* and *Christopher R. McClelland*. Suzanne, her mother, Elvina Krekler, and grandmother, Harriet Thomas, are all members of Shortcreek Friends Meeting. The bride's father is Bruce Krekler of Somerville, OH. Christopher and his parents, Randall and Jean McClelland, are members of Friends Hill Meeting in Quincy, IL. Also attending were grandparents Margaret McClelland, from Quincy, and Joshua and Ellen Henderson, members of Salem (OH) Friends Meeting.

Marshall-Stewart—On September 20, 1980, at 1304 Birmingham Road, West Chester, PA, under the care of Birmingham (PA)

Monthly Meeting, *Robert Bruce Stewart* and *Ruth Ann Darlington Marshall*, widow of John Marshall II. The bride and her parents, William E. and Thelda W. Darlington, are members of Birmingham Monthly Meeting.

Steurer-Lenk—On August 30, 1980, at Birmingham (PA) Friends Meeting, *C. George Lenk, Jr.* and *Patricia Gay Steurer*. The groom and his mother, Dorothy C. Lenk, are members of Birmingham Meeting.

Sweeney-Beyer—On October 25, 1980, at Birmingham (PA) Meeting, *John W. Beyer, Sr.* and *Margaret Sweeney*. The bride is a member of Birmingham Meeting.

Waring-Meyer—On November 29, 1980, in Stout Memorial Meetinghouse on the Earlham College (IN) Campus, *Lydia Stewart Waring* to *Timothy Gene Meyer*. Lydia is the daughter of Thomas and Theodora Elkinton Waring and a granddaughter of Bernard G. and Grace W. Waring and Howard and Katharine Elkinton, all of Philadelphia. Timothy is the son of William and Bette Meyer of Delaware, Ohio. Lydia is a member of Wellesley Monthly Meeting, but she and Tim have been attending Clear Creek Monthly Meeting of Richmond, Indiana.

Deaths

Buck—On December 27, 1980, *Genevieve Buck* at the Chester County Hospital in West Chester, PA, from heart failure. She was born in Paw Paw, MI, February 7, 1900, and lived in Kalamazoo, MI, until coming to Swarthmore in 1959. Genevieve was a member of Swarthmore (PA) Meeting until moving to Kendal at Longwood in November 1973, becoming a member of Kendal Monthly Meeting.

Genevieve received her B.A. from Kalamazoo College and her M.A. from the University of Michigan and also attended the Ecole Normale de St. Germain-en-Laye in France. She taught French and Latin and was a counselor in high schools for thirty-six years in Michigan, spending one year at the Punahou School in Hawaii in 1950-51. Arthritis was the cause of her retirement in 1959.

Surviving are two adopted daughters, Marylou Buck of Denver, CO, and Joan Buck of Detroit, MI.

Butcher—On December 4, 1980, at Mercer Medical Center in Trenton, NJ, *Herbert B. Butcher*, aged eighty-three, a long-time active member of Trenton (NJ) Meeting. He was a graduate of Denison University, did graduate studies at Yale University, and received his doctorate in history from the University of Pennsylvania. He taught at the University of Pennsylvania as well as the University of Tennessee. He was the author of "The Battle of Trenton." A well-known area historian, he was a retired civil service examiner for the

state of New Jersey and continued historical research and writing after his retirement. He wrote several books on the histories of more than a dozen banks and businesses in the Trenton and Philadelphia areas. At the time of his death he was near completion of a book on George Washington. Herbert was active in many area civic organizations and historical associations, as well as serving as clerk of the monthly meeting. Surviving are his wife, Kate A. Butcher; a son, James B. Butcher of Richmond, VA, and two grandchildren.

Crosman—On July 13, 1980, *Florence H. Crosman*, aged ninety-two, at Foulkeways, Gwynedd, PA. Florence spent her youth in Portland, ME, where she was a member of Oak Street Meeting. She was a graduate of Simmons College. She and her late husband, Loring P. Crosman, were founders and active members of Montclair and Summit Friends Meetings in New Jersey, and Stamford and Wilton Meetings in Connecticut. Florence moved to Foulkeways in 1968 and was an active member of Gwynedd Meeting until her death. She devotedly served Pendle Hill for many years.

Florence's rare gift for ministry and her deep spiritual insights blessed all who knew her. Her special love for children and young people and their special love for her ensure that her spirit will remain alive far into the future.

Florence is survived by her son Dorland, his wife Elizabeth and four grandchildren. Contributions in her behalf may be made to Foulkeways Assistance Fund.

Duguid—*Isobel V. Duguid*, at the age of ninety-three at Foulkeways Retirement Home, Gwynedd, PA, on November 29, 1980. Born in 1887 in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Isobel was a member of the Religious Society of Friends all her life, attending Friends' Boarding School in England. In 1920 she visited the United States, soon returning to stay. She attended Simmons College, School of Social Work, in Boston, MA, and joined the department of social work at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where she played an active role for thirty years.

As a young woman in Scotland, she had participated in Quaker peace work and the suffrage movement. Later, in Cambridge, MA, where she made her home for over forty years, Isobel took part in community political action and Quaker committee work for the Cambridge Monthly Meeting of Friends. She enjoyed traveling and in 1966 traveled around the world.

Surviving are a brother Dr. John Duguid of Aberdeen, Scotland; a nephew, John A. Duguid of Brooklyn, NY; and a niece, Dr. Mary D. Still of Richmond, VA.

Frazer—*James E. Frazer*, on June 21, 1980, in Rye, NY. He and his wife Francis had been associated with Worcester, MA, area Friends for some forty years, first as members of Worcester Monthly Meeting, then with Pleasant Street Meeting. Though they lived at some distance, they took an active part in the meeting for worship, money raising events, and in the care of the building and grounds. After the two meetings joined they became active members of the present meeting. In 1979 they felt it necessary to withdraw from membership but they continued to be good friends of the meeting. Jim was the oldest son of the late Oliver Frazer, former pastor of the Worcester Monthly Meeting

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and a member of the Pleasant Street Meeting.

Johnson—On October 26, 1980, *Helen Dilliston Johnson*, at the home of her daughter in Kent, OH. She was ninety-three and one of the oldest members of Montclair Meeting. A charter member of the meeting, she was very active in its founding in 1925-26. She served the meeting well as one of its clerks and on many committees. The Quaker Ladies Sewing Circle was also one of her interests. She was also very active in the founding of All Friends Quarterly Meeting and served as its clerk for a time. In retirement years, she and her husband, Alan, made their principal home in Orlando, FL, where they were active sojourning members of Orlando Meeting. In the last seven years since Alan's death, she lived with her daughter, Joy Woodson, in Kent, OH. She is survived by a son, Alan, in North Carolina, and a daughter, Joy Woodson; by nine grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

Lamborn—On September 24, 1980, aged seventy-nine, *Edith T. Paschall Lamborn*, widow of Herbert S. Lamborn. Born near Newtown Square, PA, Edith Lamborn was a life-long farm resident and a Grange member for more than sixty-four years. A graduate of West Chester Normal School, she taught for twenty years in Chester County before her marriage and in Lancaster County after her sons were grown. She was a member, first of Newtown Square Meeting where she was married in 1932, then of Drumore (until it was laid down) and Penn Hill meetings of Little Britain Monthly Meeting. Meeting activities were always a very important part of her life. Her Lancaster County home provided hospitality to numerous traveling Friends. For many years she lovingly and meticulously cared for the cemetery and grounds at Drumore Meeting. She is survived by two sons, H. Taylor of Reading, PA, and George P. of Nottingham, PA; and five grandchildren.

Norton—A memorial service was held December 7, 1980, for *James A. Norton*, aged ninety-one, at the Friends Meeting of Phoenix, AZ. James was born in Portland, ME, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1913. For the next four years, he worked as a reporter for the *Portland Evening Express* and *Sunday Telegram*, then served for a year as the private secretary to U.S. Senator Frederick Hale of Maine.

During and following World War I, James served in Europe with a program for war victims operated by the American Friends Service Committee.

He later engaged in business in New York and Philadelphia until 1927, when he entered the employ of the Philadelphia Quartz Co., chemical manufacturers; of which he later became secretary, treasurer and vice president until his retirement in 1960.

James is survived by his wife Mary Edith; one son, Dr. James A. Norton, Jr. of Indianapolis, IN; a daughter, Jean Van de Water, of Phoenix, AZ; five grandchildren, two great-grandchildren and several cousins in Maine and Massachusetts.

Reynolds—On August 24, 1980, *Vernon Foster Reynolds*, aged sixty-four, at home in Santa Cruz, CA. He was a member of Santa Cruz Friends Meeting and before that of Abington (PA) Friends Meeting.

Before moving to California in 1976, Vernon served as budget director of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia. Following that he was a

resident host at the Quaker Center in Ben Lomond, CA. He gave up a career in space and electronics engineering when he saw it becoming more and more involved with contributing to development of weaponry for the war in Vietnam.

Vernon is survived by his wife, Margaret; two sons, Christopher and John; and a daughter, Julie.

Tice—*Gertrude R.K. Tice*, aged seventy-eight, on October 18, 1980, in Quakertown (PA) Community Hospital. She was an active member for many years in Richland (PA) Monthly Meeting. She was a past president of Quakertown Woman's Club.

Surviving are three sons, Henry D. Kinsey of Cooperburg, PA, David N. Kinsey of La Porte, PA, and Don A. Kinsey of Zionville, PA; a daughter, Esther M. Adams of Whitehall, PA; a stepson Dr. Walter Tice of Quakertown; a stepdaughter Mary Donehower of Short Hills, NJ; sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Wheeler—*Nelson Horatio Wheeler*, on May 31, 1980, in Brewster, MA, at the age of ninety-two. He had been active in the Worcester Monthly Meeting and served as clerk of Ministry and Counsel. He continued his membership in the Pleasant Street Friends Meeting after its formation but never lived close enough to take an active part in the life of the meeting. He is survived by his wife, Ruth Hoyt Wheeler; a brother, Francis Wheeler; three children and a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Willis—On September 14, 1980, at Foulkeways, PA, *Mary Brunner Willis*, who would have been 110 years old on January 4, 1981.

Born in Kulpville, PA, she was moved at a very early age to North Wales where she lived for most of her life. She became a member of Gwynedd (PA) Friends Meeting after her marriage to John Milton Willis in 1903. John Willis died in 1959 at the age of eighty-nine.

John and Mary Willis exemplified the Society of Friends by their quiet, unassuming lives of love and service. They served Gwynedd Meeting in various ways during their active years. For many years they were overseers of the meeting where their insights and wisdom were invaluable and where they were for a long time the oldest members of that committee. They were active on the Gwynedd Friends School Committee from the time their children started school until the school was discontinued in the 1920s. Their last effort together for the meeting was their service on the committee for the celebration of the 250th anniversary of Gwynedd Meeting in 1949.

The community also benefitted from the generosity of Mary Willis. She worked for the Women's Suffrage Movement and her house became the center of its activities in the North Penn area. The North Penn League of Women Voters was started in her house. She was a member of the North Wales Civic Club.

Surviving are a daughter, Anne Willis Stein, and a son, Richard B. Willis, both members of Gwynedd (PA) Meeting; two granddaughters, one grandson and five great-grandchildren.

Wilson—On June 25, 1980, *J. Paul Wilson*, aged ninety-four, of St. Petersburg, FL. J. Paul was born in Newtown, PA, graduated from George School in 1905 and from the University of Michigan in 1909 in engineering. He was a member of the St. Petersburg, FL, Society of Friends.

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