AMONG FRIENDS
Looking Beyond Images

I have been aware during the spring primary elections that presidential candidates’ opinions on important national and international issues have been largely ignored by the news media. Instead, candidates’ personalities and secondary issues have dominated the news. Reporters, for instance, have been more concerned about why Gary Hart changed his name, how Walter Mondale has spent organized labor’s money, whether Jesse Jackson is a “serious candidate” (and whether he has disassociated himself from his Muslim friends).

This is one reason why I was so grateful to read accounts of the work by Senator Alan Cranston and others to draft a “Peace Platform” for the Democratic convention in July. Portions of the draft platform appear in the Friends Committee on National Legislation’s Washington Newsletter, April 1984. (The complete Peace Platform, R-412, is available for $1 from FCNL, 245 Second St. NE, Washington, DC 20002.)

The platform’s aim is “to abolish all nuclear weapons, while insuring an adequate balance of conventional arms with significant mutual reductions in those arms.” It presents concrete proposals for immediate steps to be taken, following the inauguration in January, toward medium-term measures and long-range goals. Some of the proposed steps are:

• to immediately halt the testing of nuclear warheads and to halt the testing and deployment of strategic and theater delivery systems and to maintain this halt as long as the Soviets do.
• to halt all testing and deployment of weapons systems for outer space, as long as the Soviets do.
• to adopt a no-first-use policy.
• to meet with the top Soviet leader “to initiate a sustained negotiation to improve relations between the two countries and reverse the arms race.”
• to strengthen a number of U.S. institutions and policies for arms control and peace (including establishment of an independent peace academy).

The FCNL is encouraging Friends to secure a copy of the Peace Platform and to use it as a basis for discussion with delegates to both the Republican and Democratic conventions. Delegates should be made aware that people in their districts are concerned about such issues and are informed. Also, delegates should know that voters are wanting to look beyond media images, and the possible sex appeal of candidates, to talk about real issues of peace and survival.

In case you are looking for new words to add to the “Quaker lexicon,” Wilmer Tjossem recommends this gem which appeared in one monthly meeting’s recent newsletter: “SA and SW’s over-site committee continues to meet. Their wedding will be May 26.” One might ask, is an “over-site” committee anything like a “floating committee”?

Vinton Deming
June 1/15, 1984
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Fundamental to an understanding of the Soviet Union and its peoples is a recognition of the world view and basic assumptions of life that have developed in the historical, geographical, and intellectual environment of that large land mass. To understand relations between our two countries, we also have to set forth the underlying U.S. assumptions that have developed from a very different history, geography, and intellectual climate. This is a tall order, and in this brief article I can only point to some clues.

This process of explaining though not necessarily condoning is a terribly important task for us in the United States and is a spiritually paramount task for Quakers. I say terribly, because failure in this effort may bring the ultimate terror.

If Quakers are to take “love your enemies” seriously, we must love them in the concrete not in the abstract, and this means knowing enough about the strengths and weaknesses of the two systems so that we do not fall into the trap of either naive hostility or naive eulogy. The task is made treacherously difficult by the cultural bias of our own perceptions and by the slanted information that our media provide. It is also complicated by the intricate interweaving of positive and negative features of any sociopolitical system, ours included. I hope my oversimplifications will clarify rather than distort.

Many misunderstandings between our two cultures arise from the difference in emphasis on the relation of the individual to society. This difference is best understood in specific terms. A good illustration is policy toward emigration. A much-cherished civil right in the Western world is the right to travel and the right to leave the country of one’s citizenship to reside in another. This seems so natural to Westerners that they aren’t always aware that such a right might be denied. It is part and parcel of individualism that emphasizes individual good over social welfare. The individual’s obligation to succeed is emphasized rather than the caring, nurturing, educating function of society. Obviously there is a loss to the society when an individual moves, taking his or her developed talents and socialized maturity to some other jurisdiction. But the person is thought to have developed him- or herself and has a right to go where he or she wants.

When a person wants to leave the Soviet Union, great weight is put on what he or she has derived from the society. Education, medical care, and housing have been provided from infancy by the social system with the expectation that the person will be a productive part of that society and repay the investment. Thus leaving is a privilege that may or may not be granted. The loss through emigration is more noticeable in a country that has been trying desperately to improve its human resources. In many cases in the past, people have been required to pay large sums for the privilege. We would call it ransom, the Soviets call it repaying a debt to society. This principle of social obligation makes for much uncertainty and torment to individuals and grave abuses on the part of police and administrators, but again the social good is considered paramount rather than individual rights. Added to the socialist argument is the patriotic one which considers emigrants as traitors to the motherland.

Another area where gross misunderstandings arise is in our respective attitudes toward labor. In the West the individual has to find the training he or she needs and then get a job, if wanted. In the Soviet Union the social system is obligated to provide jobs for everyone, and everyone is expected to work.

The capitalist system has been characterized by low levels of unemployment which frequently rise to high levels in...
times of economic decline. A certain amount of unemployment has been justified by economists as a necessary part of a system that provides the positive values of high mobility, both of capital and labor, freedom of choice in education, and high productivity. The West gives lip service to the right to a job, but finds it hard to establish full employment in the system. The dole and welfare dependency also seem a necessary part of the system.

The socialist economic system of the Soviet Union starts from a premise that all should work and that society should provide opportunity to work. There is no unemployment, there is no dole. Great efforts are made to synchronize the educational system with the variety of skills that are needed. The state responds to changes in technology by constantly changing educational emphases and retraining. While efficiency on the job is an important goal and many incentives are used, the social goal of full employment sometimes supersedes. For example, in the rehabilitation of injured workers after World War II, factories were required to take a certain proportion of handicapped workers and put them to work in one capacity or another. This socially desirable program would be difficult in a system where each plant must show a profit or go out of business.

Side effects of the socialist system of full employment seem to be inefficiency, lower productivity, and much less ease of movement from one job to another, although an effort is made to give workers a choice. Thus consumers pay the price of these inefficiencies, but the right of consumers for good products at low prices is not considered as important as the right of all people to have the dignity of a job.

Side effects of the capitalist system are the dehumanizing effects of unemployment.

In another aspect of the economic systems, many accusations have been leveled at the Soviet trade unions because they do not recognize the right to strike. Speaking from their own experience, union leaders and liberals in the West claim that if organized labor does not have the power to shut down a plant, the workers have little leverage over their pay and working conditions. But Western labor-management relations are adversarial. In the main, management's interests in greater profits are lined up against the laborers' desire for more take-home pay and better working conditions. The strike has raised organized labor from impotency to effective bargaining power.

In the Soviet Union, a labor strike would be a strike against the state or against society. The effects would be seen immediately in loss of already scarce consumer goods and failures in the five-year plan, toward which all factors of production are meant to be contributing. Cooperation of management and labor is emphasized rather than conflict of interest. Labor unions in the USSR are not really analogous to their Western counterparts. The union performs some functions that would be managerial in the West, such as labor discipline, morale, encouraging productivity, proposing new methods to increase efficiency. The union also functions as a welfare agency, operating children's programs, counseling services, summer resorts, sports, and entertainment programs for the workers. Individual grievances do arise and they are handled through regular procedures. The workers of a plant as a whole may have complaints about working conditions, or production quotas, but these are taken through regular channels...
through which the union has a part in the development of yearly plans.

Unfortunately we do not have much data on how all this works, since the hostile relation of our two systems makes the Soviets very suspicious of outside observers. The main point is that we must not judge their system on the basis of ours. In the Western system conflict is settled by shows of strength and negotiation. The socialist system builds in cooperation of all components. The U.S. system is changing rapidly, and management and labor may be moving into a less adversarial relationship. Many people are looking at the Japanese pattern of participatory paternalism, and we have experiments of workers buying out the owners and running the factory. One of the cherished aspects of the Western system is the latitude for diversity and experimentation. New experiments in the Soviet Union may also be tried within the basic pattern of cooperative relations under state control. The sad part is that suspicions and hostilities are so great that we cannot learn from each other.

Many more examples could be given of the critical differences in approach between Western and Eastern social, political, economic systems based on different assumptions regarding the relation of individuals to the whole. The right to emigrate, the right to work, the right to strike, discussed here, only suggest in simplified form the great complexities and the difficulties in judging one system from the perspective of the other. We need to explain these differences and not automatically say that ours is right and theirs is wrong. We also must realize that neither system is going to be changed by threat or persuasion from the outside.

A flock of sheep is driven from summer pastures on Kazakhstan collective farm.

Improving East-West Relations—What You Can Do

by Paul and Marie Turner

Long active in Philadelphia (Pa.) Meeting, Paul and Marie Turner are both retired from the AFSC and now live in Richmond, Indiana. Their travels to Russia and Poland last year renewed their deep conviction that working for better understanding between East and West will help "reverse the seemingly relentless drift toward a nuclear holocaust." They believe every individual can help to improve East-West relations.

What can you do? You can:

• Declare your home a nuclear-free zone—as a testimony that you regard nuclear weapons to be more a threat than a protection.

• Join a tour group to the USSR (preferably religiously oriented) so you can experience the people and the country firsthand.

• Finance such a trip for a child or grandchild. It is urgent that more U.S. citizens rub elbows with Soviets. Young people have the advantage of being adventurous and energetic.

• Use your library's facilities to become better informed on East-West issues and thereby able to help counteract myths and stereotypes about the USSR which are clouding the vision and confounding the good sense of millions of U.S. citizens.

• Encourage government leaders, particularly congresspersons, to visit the Soviet Union. Very few have done so.

• Support the nuclear freeze movement and help to expose the irrationality of the current loudly proclaimed peace through strength policy. We know that Soviet citizens support the freeze movement just as strongly as people in the United States do.

• Help finance the efforts of local schools and organizations to bring authoritative speakers on East-West issues to your community.

• Encourage the youth of your family to study languages—especially Russian and Chinese. To really understand a culture you must have a working knowledge of the language.

• Encourage local schools to develop courses in the Russian language and culture. At present there are more teachers of English in the USSR than there are students of Russian in the United States.

• Encourage your community to move ahead on the Soviet Sister City Project in whatever ways are possible.

• Join a “peace activist” group—for fellowship, for sharing of ideas and concerns, for mutual support in working for better understanding between East and West.
by Susan Howard Webb

Leonard Williams's article, "Friends and Politics" (FJ 4/1), has reminded me that I have intended to share my experience as a Quaker legislator with Friends ever since I stepped down as a member of the Vermont General Assembly in the House of Representatives.

I was elected to four terms (eight years, 1972-1980) as a representative of six towns in central Vermont. Vermont in some respects is an easy state in which to become a representative; no party registration is required and I had not been an active member in either the Democratic or Republican parties.

Leonard Williams states that Friends do not appear to have been prominent in electoral and party politics even though Quakers have an above average interest in political issues and are active in supporting them.

Looking back in history, English Quakers were very active not only in creating political issues but also as members of Parliament. John Bright is one example. The political work of such Quakers for prison reform and for ending slavery is well known. They had a great deal of influence and were respected for their stand on issues.

Also, in the early years of Quakerism in this country, Friends were active in government and held public office, especially in the Philadelphia area.

I am inclined to think that the quietistic period when Friends withdrew into their meetings had something to do with their withdrawal from active participation in politics.

We often ask ourselves why Friends testimonies are overlooked by other people. Few people know anything about Quakers, and those who do only know that Quakers work for peace and don't believe in fighting in wars. Yet our message is particularly important and is badly needed right now by people all over the world.

My experience in the legislature was perhaps the most rewarding of my life. I was able to use the skills I had developed during my years spent working with children. I learned to stand on my feet, to speak out on issues, and to be listened to.

Not everyone agreed with me. One senator was a bit shocked to find someone with such liberal views in the legislature, but she became a close friend. I felt a warm welcome among my colleagues in both house and senate.

Ours was a very nonpartisan house while I was there. The speaker was a Democrat for six of those years, and the governor was a Republican. When I arrived for my first legislative session I discovered that the only other Quaker in Vermont government was the commissioner of corrections. What an opportunity that was for me! He needed legislative help to make much-needed changes in the prison system, such as programs to help prisoners return to their communities as worthwhile citizens.

The issue of capital punishment was also before us. In the tradition of John Bright, I went to work to help the commissioner and learned more about what was happening in the department of corrections than I would have in any other way. When you have to vote on a bill, you have to learn the issues in detail and to understand both sides of the question.

The legislature uses all the skills Friends develop and use in Friends meetings—compromise, conciliation, seeing both sides of a question. Even in the heat of debate, I found I could quietly ask for guidance, as Friends say, then I was ready to present my position on an issue before the house. I remember working very hard to get a bill passed to provide more money for treatment centers for alcoholics and to transfer most alcoholics from jails to treatment programs.

The house passed the bill by a large majority after a lengthy debate on the house floor, where I stood for almost an hour defending the bill. Then it went to the senate and was stuck there. I remembered that a member of my own Committee on Health and Welfare had said he'd do everything to defeat that bill. He had, in fact, persuaded the chairman of the senate to bury the bill in his committee. (This is a common gambit when members don't want a bill passed.) So I went to the committee and lined up enough support to get the bill out of committee and passed by the senate.

I also had opportunities to help the governor. He was, at one time, trying very hard to deal with a group of protesters sitting in at a nuclear power plant without calling out the troops to arrest them. I felt I should offer to help him understand the point of view of this protesting group so that the conflict could be resolved. I asked a weighty Friend to meet with the group, and after a two-hour discussion the group dispersed.

State representatives and senators are often concerned with national issues, and, because they are in touch with U.S. senators and representatives, they have impact on the national level.

Therefore I find it difficult to understand why more Quakers are not involved in electoral politics.

It is a very demanding job at whatever level, and while Friends don't agree with everything that goes on, think what an impact Friends would have had in these past four years if they had been able to vote for or against resolutions supporting the nuclear freeze, capital punishment, and juvenile jails.

Leonard Williams, in answering the question of why Friends are not in-
volved in electoral politics, says that Friends do not see themselves as important in so active a role; that men and women with more clout are already there to speak for us; that it is more important to elect those who are already experienced in government than to risk losing by running for office oneself. Also, he says that Friends have no common political program nor do we have numbers for a plank in one.

I don't think Friends are afraid to take risks. Surely our lives have not become too comfortable for that. Rather, I suspect the reason lies in a different direction, that Friends are so involved with their personal lives and concerns that they do not realize the tremendous effect we can have if more of us run for office and by that means present a Quaker point of view. There are too few of us standing in legislative halls saying, "I shall not vote for war."

When I was leaving the legislature I said to my seat-mate that I had never felt animosity or lack of understanding from my colleagues despite occasional disagreement on issues. Her answer was, "I think they understood and appreciated where you came from, your principles, and beliefs."

I was the one lone Quaker in the Vermont house for eight years, but four Quakers were elected in the next session. Rhode Island has had a goodly number of Quakers in its legislature over the years, and other states also have had Quaker legislators. By and large, however, our numbers have been small. It is time to change that count. I hope many more will join us.

She Voted No on Two Wars

Probable 100 men in Congress would have liked to do what she did. Not one of them had the courage to do it. The Gazette entirely disagrees with the wisdom of her position. But, Lord, it was a brave thing! "When in 100 years from now, courage, sheer courage based on moral indignation, is celebrated in this country, the name of Jeannette Rankin, who stood firm for her faith, will be written in monumental bronze, not for what she did but for the way she did it."

So wrote William Allen White in his Emporia Gazette, December 10, 1941, after Rankin cast the only vote in Congress against war with Japan.

It took not 100 years but only 30 to establish her name as a symbol of millions of Americans’ thinking.

John F. Kennedy also testified eloquently to the bravery of the congresswoman from Montana in an article in McCall’s, January 1958, entitled “Three Women of Courage” in which Rankin was featured with two early Americans: religious leader Anne Hutchinson and social reformer [Quaker] Prudence Crandall. Her courage is even more striking because she had also voted against war with Germany in 1917, and lost her seat in Congress as a result.

With a campaign costing less than $700, Rankin, a Republican from Montana, was elected in 1916 as the first congresswoman. Only ten other states and one territory then had women’s suffrage.

“Friends hoped I would vote for war in 1917,” she said. "They were confused by all the propaganda. I was told that if I voted against war I would harm the suffrage movement in other states where women were still struggling for their rights."

“But I knew that if I voted for war, I would violate my intellectual integrity. As the first woman ever elected to Congress I felt a deep obligation to vote right as a woman. It was important that I take this first opportunity to protest. War had always seemed to me the worst way ever devised for settling disputes."

Some jeered her as a “German” and even as a “traitor,” giving her a foretaste of what would happen 24 years later. In 1940, she again was elected to the House of Representatives. “The great wave of public sentiment for war became almost hypnotic after Pearl Harbor,” she said. “The president wanted and expected a unanimous Congress. But I felt an overpowering psychological pressure to vote as a woman against war and violence. Nobody expected a dissenting vote, but there was one no against 388 ayes. I had voted my lifetime commitment against war.”

Rankin was bombarded with angry letters, telephone calls, and telegrams. In public, she was hissed and booed. The vote ended her political career. Later, Rankin lectured on various social reforms, including women’s rights. In 1968, at age 87, she led 5,000 women to the foot of Capitol Hill to protest hostilities in Indochina. She died in 1973 in Carmel, California.

Once, while addressing herself to older people, Rankin perhaps summed up her philosophy, saying: “Women have so much to contribute. I don’t know whether they would do any better than men, but surely they couldn’t do worse! They seem to have a stronger instinct for preservation of life."

“No one has the right to fail to do what he can to help humanity. We must get rid of our prejudices and be open-minded. If you have a conviction, go ahead and work for your conviction. It’s difficult to know what you think until you express your ideas.”
Just a Friendly Game

by Eve Homan

Monopoly means having it all, controlling it all, keeping it all. Monopoly means never having to say you're sorry.

Every year millions of people sit down at a family board game, the purpose of which is to take over and literally own a town: Atlantic City, New Jersey. Monopoly is won by mercilessly driving all the other players into bankruptcy.

This game was invented by a Quaker. Let's back up here. A Quaker? Yes. When Parker Brothers, who thought they had a monopoly on the name Monopoly, sued Ralph Ansphach for naming his board game Anti-Monopoly, Parker Brothers (I can't resist this) did not pass Go, did not collect $200: Ansphach's research revealed that the game was actually invented by Lizzie Magie, a Quaker living in Maryland. She had patented the Landlord's Game in 1904, and homemade versions of the game were played and adapted in Friendly circles, including a group of players centered around a teacher at Atlantic City Friends School. Apparently one of these players taught the game to Charles Darrow, a 42-year-old unemployed heating engineer. According to Parker Brothers, Darrow developed the game in 1933 on a piece of oilcloth in his Philadelphia kitchen while dreaming Depression dreams of a "more prosperous time." (Darrow retired a millionaire at 46.)

Quaker journalist Chuck Fager writes that Lizzie Magie was "a believer in the anti-capitalist economics of Henry George, who taught that speculation in land values was at the root of modern society's social and financial problems." Her board game was meant to expose the evil inherent in an economic system that allows idle landowners to reap "unearned economic rent."

Monopoly does indeed seem to bring out the greedy tightfisted land baron in everyone who plays it (by whatever rules they can all agree upon). But most players are having too much fun beating down the competition and being delighted when another player's candlestick lands on their property (Ahem, I have two houses, you owe me $750) to appreciate all the cliches that the game embodies: Rich is better. Winning is everything. One Friend says that Monopoly "teaches us to enjoy being what we hate."

Instead of playing Monopoly, Anti-Monopoly, Risk, or Sorry, Friends could develop a new game called Co-operative. Let's see, are we all agreed that I should move our hay wagon to the barn? Oh no! I landed on committee meeting and I lose two turns.

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My First and Last Casino Experience

by Sara Harder

Never! I would have said a year ago. But recently, during a Mennonite tour, I did enter a first-class casino. Yes, the bus driver handed each of us tourists on his bus a roll of genuine quarters—$10 worth. In that way we could have fun in a casino without gambling away our own money.

And so we entered.

Glitter and music and the clatter of slot machines welcomed us. The ceiling was made of mirrors so we could see ourselves walk upside down. Lights like those from brilliant chandeliers and enticing colors of red and black seemed to surround us until we entered the great, darkened room with what seemed like miles of slot machines.

Right near the entrance were vacant slot machines which were easy to handle, much like vending machines. Here at the casino you just deposited a quarter, pulled a lever, and a small computer screen announced, “Deposit accepted.”

I tried one quarter, and the next, and the next, always with the same response. Well, I thought, I must read the instructions more carefully. Something should happen. I found out that you could deposit five quarters before pulling the lever. I did that. And then it happened.

Quarters began dropping out at the bottom of the machine and into a tray. On the screen the figures came filing in: 200, 201, 202. . . . I couldn’t stop the quarters or the numbers; they just kept coming and coming. It literally rained quarters into that tray. At last the screen announced 250, and that was the end.

Now, what was I to do with those heaps of quarters? I noticed big paper cups stacked beside the machine, so I scooped up the money and almost filled a cup. But what was I to do with that money? It weighed heavy in my hands. I quickly used up the rest of the roll of quarters which had been handed to me earlier. Of course nothing more happened, except “Deposit accepted.”

At least I had rid myself of that. But now, what about this cupful? Treat my fellow tourists to a good meal? Give it to the Mennonite Central Committee? I felt this was simply not my money. It was no honest earning fit for a gift. How could I expect blessing on it?

My sister showed me the way. She simply placed her cup on the desk of the receptionist and made it clear to her that she was returning the money; she did not want to keep it. I placed my cup right beside hers. The clerk could not believe her eyes when she saw that someone would return money to a casino.

But we left the place, just a bit wiser in the ways of the world. And that was perhaps the purpose of including the casino on our Mennonite tour, after traveling through the most “unworldly” Amish country.

Sara Harder, active in the Mennonite church, lives in Chilliwack, B.C. She was part of a post-Bethlehem ’83 tour which included a stop in Atlantic City, N.J. This story is excerpted from her article which appeared in the January 3 issue of The Mennonite.
Woolman, Disease, and a Functional View of Suffering

by Arthur Rifkin

John Woolman, the intrepid traveler, shows little fear in his journal, despite the danger he frequently faced during his travels, and the opprobrium and sheer anger he must have received in his attempts to persuade slave owners to give up their “property.” He tends to shrug off the latter difficulty:

We proceeded on the visit in a weighty frame of spirit and went to the houses of the most active members through the country who had Negroes, and through the goodness of the Lord my mind was preserved in resignation in times of trial. And though the work was hard to nature, yet through the strength of that love which is stronger than death, tenderness of heart was often felt amongst us in our visits, and we parted with several families with greater satisfaction than we expected. (The Journal of John Woolman, edited by Phillips P. Moulton, page 102)

There is an exception. To the extent that any fear comes through in this impersonal journal, it is a fear of smallpox. A fascinating section of his journal shows how he handled this fear and justified his avoidance of persons with the illness.

This disease being in a house and my business calling me to go near it, it incites me to think whether this business is a real indispensable duty, whether it is not in conformity to some custom which would be better laid aside, or whether it does not proceed from too eager a pursuit after some outward treasure. (page 103)

He explained how the presence of this affliction was compatible with a loving and omnipotent God, and, using vaccination as an example, how we should ameliorate disease.

In the winter of 1759, the smallpox being in our town and many being inoculated, of which a few died, some things were opened in my mind which I wrote as follows:

The more fully our lives are conformable to the will of God, the better it is for us. I have looked at the smallpox as a messenger sent from the Almighty to be an assistant in the cause of virtue, and to incite us to consider whether we employ our time only in such things as are consistent with perfect wisdom and goodness. (page 102)

My initial reaction to this section of the Journal was antipathy; how could this man I admire be so wrong, both medically and theologically? Of all the medical treatments of his day, vaccination is one of the few to be recognized as worthwhile, albeit the inoculum we use now (or used) is safer than the cowpox virus given then. Yet, on balance, Woolman’s concern about vaccination, and silence about the other procedures and drugs of his day form a massively incorrect judgment.

Likewise, his positing of disease as a chastisement by God is hard to swallow. There are few today, I believe, who are so willing to deal with the question of the justification of suffering in such a seemingly blithe fashion. To the extent that the question is considered at all—and in our secular society it seems not to be a burning issue—it is presented either as an unfathomable mystery, tempered partially by considerations of how to explain good in the absence of a loving all-powerful God; or as a necessity to construct a universe that would allow free choice in a predictable world that would not also contain some undesirable elements (without a scientifically understandable universe our choices would be arbitrary); or as God being less than omnipotent, responsible for the good and not the bad.

I’s Woolman a kind, gentle soul whose efforts to free the slaves and alleviate the sufferings of the poor are admirable, but whose ideas are quaint at best? To judge his ideas, we should see them in the context of his time and transpose them to our time by comprehending the spirit and not the letter. It is similar to Fox’s admonition to the fundamentalists who declared the Scriptures errant. If we lack the spirit of the founders of our religion, of what value is the letter?

Firstly, it is an uncomfortable truth that much misery and death can be laid at the door of our miscraze, stupidity, or inaction. This is obvious with mass tragedies such as war and other violent ways of resolving conflict. Much destruction and suffering from fires, floods, earthquakes, and other “natural disasters” come from our ineptness in preparing for them and responding to them. The means to make our dwellings safer are not fully used. If we provided adequately for the material needs of all people, some would not feel the need to live in dangerous areas where floods and earthquakes are common, in order to farm better, or because they lack the resources to move.

Yet, there is a residue. No one, least of all me, can answer fully the question of evil and suffering. At first glance Woolman’s attempt appears insensitive, i.e., smallpox is a chastisement, which if properly heeded can teach us some-

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thing important. Why must we be taught with such drastic means, and of what value is the lesson if it is fatal? Cannot despair lead us away from recognizing a loving God?

Yet Woolman, of all people, was not insensitive. My mistake was to look with the eyes of a 20th-century rationalist and skeptic at an 18th-century man who was no more skeptical of God's goodness than he was of his own existence.

The Most High doth not often speak with an outward voice to our outward ears, but if we humbly meditate on his perfections, consider that he is perfect wisdom and goodness and to afflict his creatures to no purpose would be utterly reverse to his nature, we shall hear and understand his language, both in his gentle and more heavy chastisements, and take heed that we do not in the wisdom of this world endeavor to escape his hand by means too powerful for us. (page 103)

Woolman does not presume to understand God but wants not to lose vision of how every event reflects God and may be used to align oneself more completely with God.

If I am so situated that there appears no probability of missing the infection, it tends to make me think whether my manner of life in things outward has nothing in it which may unfit my body to receive this messenger in a way most favorable to me. Do I use food and drink in no other sort and in no other degree than was designed by him who gave these creatures for our sustenance? Do I abuse my body by inordinate labor, striving to accomplish some end which I have unwisely proposed? Do I use action enough in some useful employ? Or do I sit too much idle, while some persons who labor to support me have too great a share of it? If in any of these things I am deficient, to be incited to consider it is a favor to me. (page 103)

We, today, are moving away from the arrogance of recent times during which we expected all knowledge to eventually be learned. We have learned enough to be faced more inexorably with limitations. As long as the unknown is just that—unknown—we may hope for eventual knowledge. It is far different to know that we cannot know. Matter at its most basic level cannot ever be known exactly. Heisenberg showed that if we conceptualize matter as particulate we may learn speed or position—but never both with any certainty. Or, learning about the origin of history we know that we can never learn what happened before the big bang because all evidence of pre-history (if any) would have been eliminated.

In everyday life we accept uncertainty, but we used to expect that someone at some time would resolve it, at least within the conception of materialistic maps of the world. We are becoming accustomed to a functional view of reality: not to know what is, but how something works, or behaves; how I can reasonably predict what will occur, realizing that I am part of the equation.

A person may have two ideas predominant in his mind: that the CIA is trying to murder him because he has special powers to control the president to capitulate to the Soviets, and that Wagner is the greatest composer of operas. A psychiatrist gives this man medication. Soon the thoughts about the CIA are gone, but his devotion to Wagner remains. This, in some ways, is as puzzling as the limits of learning about what happened before the big bang. How does a chemist erase one thought but not the other? This brings us smack into the "mind-body problem," which is as insolvable as locating the exact position of an electron, even though we know far more about how to alter the functioning of the mind and body, and of subatomic particles, than was ever dreamed just a few decades ago.

We have given up questions of "what is" as meaningless if taken too seriously, e.g., is an electron a particle or a wave? Is a thought mental or physical? Instead, we say that something is, according to how it acts, which is affected by the situation. It seems that as we become more knowledgeable about the interrelatedness of reality, we outgrow concepts that once seemed so crucial.

So much blood was spilled over whether the universe was earth- or sun-centered. Now we realize that the question no longer is meaningful. The Einsteinian universe is too different to make the models of Ptolemy or Copernicus meaningful.

Arguments over nature versus nurture in personality development, or causation of mental disorders, seem quaint when concepts like constitution and instinct were accepted as real things. Nowadays when the interrelationship of mental and physical is so much more complex, large reifications are rightfully considered as extinct as the behemoth. It is not that these large questions have been answered but that more knowledge, more power to manipulate the world, changes the nature of the question, and the very knowledge opens more vistas revealing limits.

All this brings me back to John Woolman and the uses of suffering. I now feel closer to him. He was not really interested in explaining its existence, as learning its meaning and function for him in his specific situation. This is not different from our present attitude toward scientific understanding of reality. It does not justify the premises that God exists and is good or, for science, that material reality is rational and uniform. Rather, we concern ourselves with the functional meaning these premises help us find. Whatever the unstable foundations of our basic concepts, what we can achieve with using to the hilt those procedures which produce results, is undeniable.

Woolman was not being a Pollyanna. He was taking reality at its ugliest, using knowledge about physical reality that was accepted in his time, and working his way to find how all this could be used to serve his commitment to a loving God. We might disagree about details, but I can join John Woolman in the belief that all events of suffering can be used for benefit; they can make us step away from our routine life and constructively review what we are doing and why; but, they don't have to have these effects. They can numb, can cause hatred, bitterness, passivity, and many other harmful results. Is there anything greater than being permeated with the spirit of love, as Woolman was, so that it transforms everything as further evidence for it? What I most admire in Woolman is his commitment to transforming love, which shines from his writings, without sacrificing his clear vision to sentimentality. A faith that will do that is impressive.

This approach never moved Woolman to passivity. He says that God gave us understanding that is our obligation to use to alleviate suffering. This aspect of Woolman is not recognized sufficiently. He was constantly thinking about practical measures to alleviate
suffering. We recognize today the need to succor the afflicted as a legitimate exercise of transforming love. Our image of this is a Mother Teresa comforting desperately sick and neglected persons. This is, of course, wonderful and admirable, and the world honors those who so clearly and unselfishly help others. But as Woolman said, if our understanding of smallpox gave us effective and safe prevention, as it has, that would be the end of God's chastisement. Then, using our understanding to prevent suffering is as much a part of responding to God's desire as direct comforting. Woolman sought to do more than provide immediate relief of suffering. He sought for the underlying causes and suggested ways of changing them. This is especially evident in his essay on the poor.

The John Woolmans of today may be found not only in those directly helping others but among those who struggle to understand more about the mechanisms and treatments of suffering. It is disheartening to see how little public support is given to conducting research into ways to alleviate suffering. Millions will demonstrate to protest public policy about military strategy, or economic policies, but how many see an equal need to encourage research? New knowledge is not an automatic result of spending more money on research, but there is a high correlation.

The eradication of smallpox is one of the great achievements of this century. It did not come from a recent breakthrough of new knowledge, but from dogged effort, expensive effort, and international cooperation in sharing what we already knew. We should count among the Woolmans those who take knowledge and see to its application.

To feed a hungry person is a clear need; almost as important is the need to learn more about how to alleviate suffering and to apply such knowledge.

To love God's creation, including its inhabitants, means vigorously increasing our knowledge of it and changing what is "natural." Woolman's clear vision of transforming love would see that real results, not slogans or unsubstantiated assertions, are important.

For these reasons, I treasure the words of John Woolman. To be saintly is rare. To be clear thinking also is rare. To be both is awesome.
by Phyllis Kirtley

Herbert found a place among his companions who stood in a circle in front of the post office. Hooking his cane over his wrist, he reached out for Elsa Graham's hand on one side of him and Rico Martin's on the other. He bowed his head, his thoughts going into deep silence for a while, then returning to the cobblestones he stood on. Beneath his arctics they felt uncomfortable to the spirit, the hard stone aging quietly. He thought how two years ago now—but the cobbles seemed familiar, less level than the asphalt down in the center of town—nearly two years ago now—but the cobbles seemed comfortable to the spirit, the hard stone aging quietly. He thought how each individual stone held the impress of the hand that fixed it in place.

He pressed lightly the hands he held in his, released them, shifted his cane, and began the slow walk with his friends around an imagined circle they all shared. The cobbles shone dull and silky, each one holding a small sun. But when Herbert lifted his eyes, he could not find a sun in the cold gunmetal sky. Too cold for snow.

The circle quickened. Jimmy Lovell began thumping his arms around his body to get warmer as he moved. Herbert was cold too, but he couldn't do much with his cane in his hand. He had learned things about his body on this line—how hot, how cold, his limits.

Then the man who heckled Herbert showed up, punctual as the Broad Street bus, a man as white haired as he was, except for a sandy goatee, but shorter, more angular under the old tweed he wore for winter. Herbert remembered the body's shape from last summer, when they both had worn cotton shirts. Like Herbert, his heckler used a cane. He swung it smartly. As usual, the man approached at a brisk pace, snapping the cane forward.

Herbert recognized the pang knotting his stomach. Not fear. Embarrassment. This curious man, devotedly, dependably, had been coming to the vigil almost as long as the men and women who walked in silence there for an hour every Wednesday afternoon, until there should be the surety of peace in the world. How long?

From the first, the man had fired remarks at Herbert, the oldest among those in the circle. Six feet away he took his stance and began again. "Russian sympathizer," he said. "Communist. A Communist dressed like a senator." He sneered.

Herbert raised his head to look into the eyes of his adversary. He kept on walking, the pattern as familiar as the words.

"Peacemonger. Peacenik," the voice louder, more confident. "Un-American." Herbert's thoughts swept back years, years, and there was Joe McCarthy . . . the smooth sallow skin, shoe-button eyes, bland evil face.

"Stumbling around. Giving yourself airs. You can't stop the bomb by stumbling around in circles. When's the truth going to get to you, old man?" The voice changed, took a hard edge. "Old man. You hear me? I'm talking to you." The man, stepping forward, grabbed Herbert's sleeve. Herbert stopped. Jimmy stepped behind him. Herbert looked closely at his heckler, who let go, moved back a step or two, jabbed the air with his cane, and then pointed it at Herbert. He spoke briskly, "Judas," and Herbert felt his face begin to tingle. He hated how this man had singled him out.

"Martyr." Martyr. That was an unwelcome word. A word that made him think of his face and thus turned it into a mask. Was he a martyr? No. He knew how important it was to his own sense of himself, to moral decency, to stand there for disarmament. Was he making a show of himself? His face felt like a block of ice. Again, "Martyr."

"Shrewd, that man. But there is a need for us, he thought, no matter what we look like. Someone has to testify that arms are for war, not for peace, and war is not just. We are a witness here, our bodies on the line, our silence giving no reason. Herbert was glad for that. He once had felt tempted to argue. Now, no longer.

"Self-righteous showoff." All the raw places. All the places where, even after 73 years, Herbert was still not sure he approved of himself. He dressed with the inconspicuous neatness the group had felt was appropriate to what they were engaged in. If his friends did not dress like him, it was because they found their own ways to be part of their gray surroundings.

But the truth was they were all conspicuous. That was even the point. To come to the center of town once a week and circle slowly in front of a sign that announced a Vigil Against the Bomb—that was not ordinary behavior. On the other hand, since they had been demonstrating for nearly two years, they had probably become pretty much part of the scenery. If they stopped coming now, their absence would be more remarked than their presence. That was worth a thought.

The heckler interrupted. "Why don't you quit?" and shook his cane, which he then, with a sharp, rapid thrust, poked between Herbert's legs. Herbert gasped and pitched forward. He gripped Elsa's coat as he stumbled, his smooth glove gliding along her back. The stones slipped away and were changed to wind. His legs were jackstraws. His knee hit the cobbles. But Jimmy had his arm and Elsa, jerked sideways, had broken the fall and borne him up.

"Herb! You OK, man?" Jimmy helped him to right himself.

He nodded. "Your knee?" He nodded again as, balancing, he bent down and put his hand over the bruise he felt rising. He lifted his eyes, seeking out his adversary, but the heckler had disappeared. Quick as a flicker.

"I'll take you home," Jimmy Lovell said, and he handed him his cane. Herbert looked around the broken group into the face of each one of his friends. He shook his head, partly to clear the cloudiness there. No. He straightened up and shook his head again at the puzzle of what had just taken place. Though he found himself limping a little, there was no great damage. He would stay. Across his mind trailed a word like a vapor—martyr—but he felt his footing strong on the stones.

By Wednesday of the following week the weather had grown warmer. A new snow had fallen, and now the icy blue sky over the city seemed jaunty as the
feather in Herbert's tiroler. The pace of the demonstrators felt like a down-right march. He was happy.

Unrepentant, his heckler was there too. His words, much more of a habit than a threat, rang out and were carried away on the wind. "Commie. Whose side you on? Your kid isn't out where the battle lines will be. You think you're a saint."

Saint. That was a new one. He was tempted to raise his hat to it. "Saint. No son on the line unprotected. I'm talking to you."

Elsa's gray coat in front of him had little orange fuzzy threads mixed in with the gray. He had never noticed that before. How come? It looked like plain gray. He took off his gold-rimmed glasses, rubbed his eyes, looked again. Gray had orange in it.

"No son. Freedom and human rights. America. They don't matter to you."

No son. That was true. Dottie and Sylvia-two daughters. Seven grandchildren. But how did the man know? Guessing.

"Old man." Herbert's heckler stepped up close to him, touched his sleeve. The group stopped moving. Everyone turned his way. They didn't want him to stumble again. Jimmy Lovell stood right beside him. Herbert looked at the man. With hard, blue eyes, the man looked back at him.

"Old man," he said again, this time very softly, privately. "What would your grandchildren think? Just between the two of us, they'd be ashamed of you—that's what." And he took his hand off of Herbert's arm and walked deliberately to the bus stop.

Herbert remained still. Nobody else moved either, staring at the man as he flagged down and boarded the bus. Herbert started to laugh, the bus had turned up so pat to take the man away. Then the whole group began to laugh, collecting their surprise. As they started walking again, Herbert felt a sting of regret that his heckler hadn't waited for an answer. For the first time, he wanted to speak to him, to be able to tell him, "Look here, friend, I'm Herbert Morgan. I have two daughters and seven grandchildren, and they'd all be out here today, every one, if they could. They feel the same as I do." He wanted to break the silence.

And why not? Silence made him into no one. Not a person. Not an old gentleman whose two daughters and seven grandchildren were glad he went to the post office every Wednesday with others whose lives were nothing like his own. Rico Martin, the high steelworker who took off every Wednesday lunch hour. Elsa Fletcher, Vietnam widow. Millie, the bookkeeper. Daisy. Daisy's little girl. Jimmy Lovell, and eight or ten others, depending on the day. The number changed—sometimes five, sometimes 25. He knew them all—Barker and Francis and Lou—but only by name. It was strange. In any demonstration he'd ever been part of, the only fact that the people were sure of about one another was that they shared a belief. The substance of their lives lay somewhere else. For all they knew, belief was all they had in common.

He realized that was why he suddenly wanted to talk. The man who had picked him out over a year ago, who had for months tried to make him different by talking to him and last week by tripping him up—that man was now trying to get him to speak as himself. That was it. He was part of a movement, a turning wheel. If he answered the heckler, ever, he'd stand out, identified. The wheel would bump. The wheel was his belief. Therefore he'd keep silent. He kept on walking. His grandchildren played through his thoughts, their scarves blowing.

By the next week the weather had grown bitter with the bone-cold of deep winter. The cobbles gave back an iron light; it rang in the eyes like rifles. A ready silence fell upon the group. Their expressions were harder. They walked rapidly and rubbed their arms against the cold.

Herbert's heckler did not turn up. Slowly that fact dawned on him. After three-quarters of an hour he began seeing questions in the eyes of the others, and then a look of satisfaction. But he was not satisfied. Something important seemed left out. By now, his heckler had become as much a part of the vigil as the silence, as the post office, as the cobbles, as the sign. He missed him.

Then, just as the clock came around to one, the man appeared, and from the wrong direction. Something had changed. Herbert saw that at once. The man approached. Herbert stopped walking even before the man got to him.
But in his mind all the following week Herbert talked with his heckler. First he named him Willis. "What made you choose me, Willis? And after all these months, what has made you angry with me? Is my life offensive to yours now in some way I can't know?"

Words in the head were not enough. He wanted to speak to him directly. But why now? To justify his life and his faith? And who was Willis? It became important to Herbert to find out who this adversary was. Did Willis have a son? Had the last unpopular war taken his son?

He thought about how to manage it. He could go to the vigil and not join the circle. Or join the circle and then step out. Be there, ready to speak and answer. Not argue. Just answer when Willis said... said what? Said "Think you're a saint?" And he'd say, "No, I don't." "Yes, you do." "No, I don't." It would serve no purpose.

But he could talk about nuclear armament, tell him how wrong he thought it, how needful for reasonable people to break through the foolishness of governments. But Willis surely would not listen. He would snarl, turning on his heel with contempt. Still, he'd give it a try. He determined that the best thing would be to wait for Willis at the bus stop. But right away he began to feel divided. He hadn't missed the circle since the first week.

Monday he caught a cold. Tuesday he was coughing badly and had a fever. Dottie cautioned him to stay at home. "Just what this witness needs, Pop. One more sick, old man." But if he stayed home Wednesday, it would look as though the man had hurt him deeply, and that wasn't at all how he felt. He heard himself talking in his head again, confronting his friend.

"I'm not down. You didn't stop me. I just got sick."

"Sick of it," he heard the man answer. "Can't take it."

"It's the bombs I'm sick of, not the witness."

Dottie tried to convince him his body was telling him something. Well, if so, what? "I don't know. Only you can figure it out—you're coughing. It has something to do with your throat. You're feverish. That means hot. Hot means angry. Hot under the collar. Unless you're in love, Pop."

What Dottie said made some sense. He was sick with a fever, sick with anger, because he couldn't speak to a man who had insulted him. He was all choked up with words he couldn't let out, having chosen silence. That choice was making him sick. His head was stuffed. Did his runny nose mean that he didn't want to smell, or that he wanted to get rid of mucous? To spit?

To spit. O good Lord! He spilled the tea he was drinking. He put the cup down on the tray. Then should he spit back to get well? He'd ask Dottie. And

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Silent Vigil for Peace in Veteran's Square

Kate Kerman, a member of Grand Rapids (Mich.) Meeting, writes about a weekly vigil held in Media, Pa., one of the many silent vigils for peace supported by Quakers across the United States.

I stand in vigil, feet on swaying ground.
Balloon beneath me is the peopled earth.
When others move upon it, I rebound.
Legs tremble, for a time-bomb has been wound,
corroding sense of safety, human worth.
I stand in vigil, feel the swaying ground.
To sounds of hurry, we bring spirit-sound.
In quiet stand, stand others of the earth.
When I move upon it, they rebound.
Balloon is swaying, gently upward bound.
Hands are laid upon its pregnant girth.
I stand in vigil, feel the praying ground.
Like a babe in belly, peace is stirring round.
Grateful tears will nurse it at its birth.
When others sing around it, I'll resound.
God flows in light or darkness, I have found,
pursuing us in sorrow and in mirth.
I stand in vigil, feet on swaying ground.
When others move upon it, I rebound.

Kate Kerman
how about Wednesday? If his subconscious wanted him to spit back, shouldn't he go tomorrow? Talk with Willis? Or should he still be silent? What did he and his subconscious really want? And no matter what he wanted, what should he do?

In the end it was as Dottie suggested—his body chose. Wednesday he was so sick that she had to telephone Elsa not to come for him, he wasn't able to be there. Herbert felt he had a lot he wanted to say to Elsa, but what it added up to was that he couldn't go because he was plain sick, and it had nothing to do with spit.

He was consumed with his cold. He could hardly breathe. His stuffed words were suffocating him. Or was it his silence? He blew his nose, tried to breathe in the warm air of the inhaler Dottie had used when the babies were sick, the damp air, clean and steamy, like a laundry. He fell asleep.

So his body again chose silence for him after all, just when he thought it was telling him to speak. Well, let it be. He was sorry to be missing Willis, though.

When Elsa called that evening, she told him there had been a funny coincidence. "That man who heckles you, Herbert, you know, your friend? He wasn't there today. Never showed up at all. We were all wondering which one of us he'd take on without you around, but he didn't come. Strange you should both be away the same day. And the first time, too."

When he heard that, Herbert's feeling of course, hit him, overwhelmed him. He was caught off guard, hit with a wave of emotion. He was the heckler's single target.

If he had gone, it would have been his day. He was the one who had been chosen. The man on the side of the road, rocking in a chair, had said, "Why, of course, perfectly right, even natural." As for Willis, he had gone, he would have been there instead. He would have been the one to speak. He would have been the one to get spit on.

But what he wanted, what he longed for, was to be there. Herbert had a lot he wanted to say to Elsa, but what it added up to was that he couldn't go because he was plain sick, and it had nothing to do with spit.

He was consumed with his cold. He could hardly breathe. His stuffed words were suffocating him. Or was it his silence? He blew his nose, tried to breathe in the warm air of the inhaler Dottie had used when the babies were sick, the damp air, clean and steamy, like a laundry. He fell asleep.

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When he heard that, Herbert's feeling immediately was, "Why, of course, perfectly right, even natural." As for himself, if he had gone, it would have turned out pointless to wait for his friend at the bus stop. If he had to get sick, it might just as well be now. But as soon as he hung up the receiver, he found he was looking forward to next Wednesday. He was determined to get there and speak his piece.

But when the time came, for the second week running, he was too sick to go. When Elsa called, she reported again that Willis had not turned up. Coincidence. Probably saw from the bus I wasn't there and decided not to get off. He was the heckler's single target. If the man wasn't going to be satisfied with any substitutes, OK, well that's how it has to be. He and his heckler. And OK, he wouldn't try to answer or explain or forgive or encourage. He would just keep still and walk in that circle.

The next Wednesday Herbert was out early. "Glad you're well," Jimmy said, and Rico slapped him sturdily on the back. "Hope you're OK now. Elsa told you your shadow wasn't here either? Wonder if he'll be back today?"

That's what Herbert was wondering himself. They joined hands, gripped one another tightly for an instant, separated, and began to walk.

Ten minutes later as the yellow bus pulled up to the far curb, everyone's eyes turned toward it, expectant, and then they smiled at one another, recognizing what they were all waiting for. When the familiar figure stepped down cane first in his tweed coat, there was an audible chuckle. Rico waved to him and Jimmy raised his hand. But the man's face was serious, possibly even crankier than before. He walked toward the group, looking straight at Herbert. He didn't say a word. He walked right up to the circle and took his stance, leaning on his cane with mitten hands, blue eyes intent on his target.

Herbert smiled inside but felt wary. It was as though this man justified his being there every Wednesday, but what new attack waited? Whatever it was, Herbert was ready now, even if it was to be spat on again. He could take even that as an admissible act. He turned his head toward his friend. The man's face was twitching. He felt a smile hovering over his own lips. As for Willis, he seemed to be trying to hold something in. Or ready to spit something out. What should Herbert be ready for? Suddenly he thought that the man might be trying not to laugh. Great heavens!

On an impulse, Herbert stopped, turned full face to the man, and thrust out a gloved hand to be shaken. He smiled broadly. But his friend pushed aside the proffered hand and shook his head. Twice, abruptly. No. No. His eyes looked strongly into Herbert's. Then he put out his hand, laid it on Herbert's sleeve, very lightly, and motioned him to go on ahead. Herbert took a step forward. Then the old man fell into step behind him and silently took up the circling pace of the demonstrators.

That day was the last day any of them saw him. Afterwards, he never came back again.
The Voluntary Fund for Victims of Torture has been set up by the United Nations to provide humanitarian, legal, and financial aid to torture victims and their close relatives. Amnesty International reports that torture continues to be practiced in numerous countries and is carried out in some cases under the supervision of a doctor. Having a doctor help torture rather than heal has produced some deep scars among the victims. To aid such people, the fund plans to begin the medical and psychological rehabilitation of torture victims in their own countries.

To date the fund has received $575,000 from governments. Private donations have also begun to come in. While attempts are continuing to be made within the framework of the U.N. to end torture, the Voluntary Fund for Victims of Torture is a way for governments and individuals to do something new to alleviate the victim's suffering. The Quaker Office at the United Nations (QUNO) supports these efforts and will forward any funds it receives. Send checks made out to United Nations Voluntary Fund for Victims of Torture to QUNO, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, NY 10017.

Members of Friends Meeting of Washington, D.C., are organizing post-operative care in their homes for Friends in the meeting who live alone and have been discharged from the hospital before they are strong enough to safely carry on routine tasks by themselves. The meeting hopes to offer these people a place where they can heal for three or four more days, with bed and board provided.

Partap C. Aggarwal tells of an experience with "natural insecticides" and a rice crop in Rasulia, India. The crop was flourishing until two kinds of worms attacked the rice plants in September. The fields turned yellow, and the workers considered spraying chemical insecticides.

"Then, about the end of September," Partap said, "the paddy began to turn green again. Our hopes revived. The birds had come to our rescue—birds in large numbers and all sizes. The munias arrived in great flocks. So tiny that a rice stem barely bends under its weight, they have enormous appetites. Our crop was saved!"

South Berkshire (Mass.) Meeting, a new monthly meeting, wants seekers to know how to find them. Post cards with a map, meeting information, and "visitors welcome" in large letters have just been printed. These cards will be used to encourage intervisitation with members of other meetings. The fellowship is especially helpful to their newer members.

Adelaide Friends raise about $2,000 every month for service work inside and outside Australia, although the meeting only has about 150 members. The money comes from their Quaker Shop, which began in 1968 as an overgrown "jumble sale." The shop, a special kind of Quaker witness, provides a friendly meeting place and shopper's bargains for many people.

Larry Gara has been awarded the 1984 Peace Award by the War Resistors League. The award honors him for being "a man who has made history his craft, not only by teaching it, but by helping make it." Larry Gara's peace activities began in 1939 when he demonstrated against the peacetime draft. He served three years in prison as a World War II nonregistrant. He organized vigils during the Vietnam War and opposed the reinstallation of the draft in 1980. Larry Gara, a member of Campus Meeting in Wilmington, Ohio, is currently chairman of the Department of History at Wilmington College.

Robert Muller has been appointed assistant secretary-general in charge of the Commemoration of the 40th Anniversary of the United Nations in 1985. He has been assistant secretary-general in the Office of Secretariat Services for Economic and Social Matters since 1982. A prayer from his book New Genesis: Shaping a Global Spirituality was published in the April 1 issue of FRIENDS JOURNAL.

A McDonald's nonanimal burger? Over 100 groups on five continents are boycotting the food chain until it offers a nonanimal burger on its menu. The boycott coalition represents various interests, including animal rights, environmental, energy, health, and world hunger organizations. McDonald's says that it is currently testing marketing 60 salad bars.

To help the people of Nicaragua, more than $185,000 worth of medicines, medical supplies, clothing, and educational materials have been shipped to that country by the American Friends Service Committee. A national campaign undertaken in cooperation with the Philadelphia chapter of the Committee for Health Rights in Central America generated donations of medicines and medical supplies worth $161,000. Educational materials and clothing completed the shipment.

The shop, a friendly meeting place and shopper's bazaar, is located at 1502 20th Street, northwest.

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Friends Testimony Is “Square”

Alan MacRobert’s article (FJ 3/15) reports on James W. Prescott’s research, which may indicate that repression of sexual activity in adolescence leads to warfare and other socially harmful actions. This article does not mention the contrary experience of the Religious Society of Friends.

For 300 years Friends have maintained a testimony on sexual morality that could be called in today’s language “square.” They have refused to approve of sexual relations outside of heterosexual marriage.

For the same 300 years they have had a testimony against wars and fighting.

Both testimonies testify to the power of the living presence of Jesus Christ to enable people to do the will of God in this life.

John H. Curtis
Haverford, Pa.

Don’t Blame Mother-Love

I agree enthusiastically with Alan MacRobert, in his “A Modest Chance to Save the World” (FJ 3/15), that babies should be cuddled. But I strongly object, as a veteran of World War II, to the implicit proposition that I engaged in this struggle because I was inadequately loved by my mother or that my going to war was prompted by a propensity to nastiness occasioned by this neglect.

Like thousands of others I saw myself on a rescue mission to save Europe from Germany’s war machine.

Today we have 151 armed forces to resolve the jurisdictional conflicts between 152 international states because the nonmilitary means we have to keep the peace between domestic states are largely absent at the international level.

These nonmilitary means of conflict resolution are commerce, politics, and law. Until this happens, armed force will be used to settle international jurisdictional disputes no matter how loving we are to our children.

John Runnings
Seattle, Wash.

Penny Resistance to the Death Penalty

Because the courts are shortening the path to the death chamber, the number of executions is rising steadily. Besides judicial efforts and legal protest, it has become necessary to seek additional ways to broaden and strengthen opposition to the death penalty. The commonwealth of Virginia imposes death by electrocution.

In a very real way, the electrical network links our home to the electric chair. We have ended our silent complicity in the premeditated killing of prisoners. While holding back one cent (1¢) from our Virginia Electric and Power Company (VEPCO) bill, we informed VEPCO of our objection to the death penalty. Our letter also asks the company two specific questions: How many kilowatt-hours are required to kill a human? How much does VEPCO charge for the electricity required to kill a prisoner?

Subsequently, we have had several written exchanges with a VEPCO official who repeats that the company is merely obeying the law and that all good citizens should obey the law. The VEPCO official steadfastly declines to answer our questions, so the exchange continues. Moreover, in the new local telephone bill format, there is a Virginia state tax listed for the AT&T Information Systems portion of our bill. We have begun to hold back one cent (1¢) from this state tax to object to the death penalty, informing the phone company of our reason each time. Though we have not yet heard from the state on this, we expect that we will. We refer to this economic and tax resistance as “penny resistance.” Multiple innovations in economic and tax and other forms of resistance are most urgently needed to impede the various methods of carrying out capital punishment. We pray and we hope that many others will consider joining in this resistance.

Donna Gorman and Jerome Gorman
Richmond, Va.

Disagreement Is Unthinkable

I had never before seen FRIENDS JOURNAL. And, as it said (on the cover of the December 1, 1983, issue) “Quaker Thought and Life Today,” I picked it up eagerly to find out in what direction that thought might be going. And after much good sound sense, my attention became riveted on a letter saying that “many Quakers are not in favor of nuclear disarmament.” Peace, yes, the writer agreed, but how to attain it was “political” and must therefore be left to “elected leaders.”

I find it unthinkable that, however great may be the differences on minor matters, there should be any disagreement on this among Quakers or the rest of us who work for peace and reconciliation and, indeed, the survival of life on this planet. Can there really be Quakers who can think of a good word to say in favor of maintaining the most homicidal, the most barbarous weaponry ever thought of and devised by misguided members of our species?

Jean-Claude Desjardins
Grenoble, France

June 1/15, 1984 FRIENDS JOURNAL
Quaker MPs Re-elected

In his editorial, “Filling Up the Front Rows” (FJ 10/15/83), Vint Deming mentioned that The Friend (a British Quaker publication) listed 13 candidates who are either Friends or closely associated with Friends standing for general election in England last summer. Curious about the outcome, Bill Strong wrote to David Firth, editor of The Friend, and here is his reply:

To answer your question, yes, the two Quaker MPs were re-elected. Guy Barnett and Richard Body have safe majorities in their constituencies and have been in Parliament for quite a few years now, in “amicable opposition” to each other. The only other on that list who was successful was Richard Wainwright, who

is not a Friend but worked with Friends Relief Service (or Friends Ambulance Unit) during the war, and is known to be sympathetic to Quaker causes. He too is a longstanding Liberal MP.

We also have two Quakers in the House of Lords (though of course Quakers are traditionally supposed to eschew titles and such worldly pomp; a seat in the Lords can be justified because

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it is really one of the world's most concerned and civilized debating clubs, except on the occasions when the "backwoods peers" are drummed up for some rare reactionary occasion. These two Friends are Tom Taylor (Lord Taylor of Gryfe), a Labour peer; and Frederic Seebohm, who sits as a cross-bencher, i.e., non-party. Until he died last year, Philip Noel-Baker also sat in the Lords, the Grand Old Peace Friend.

In comparing our list of Quaker candidates with the U.S. situation, I might just add that we have about 650 members of the Commons for a much smaller population than yours, so there is more chance for us.

David Firth
editor, The Friend

Reagan's Parable for Peacemakers

The following letter was published in the Washington Post, February 8, 1984:

I think something very significant happened at the president's prayer breakfast last Tuesday (February 2, 1984), and the media missed it.

The president, evidently departing from his prepared speech, told a story of a fourth-century monk who traveled to Rome, where he saw gladiators about to fight to the death for the entertainment of the spectators. He cried out, "In the name of Jesus Christ, stop!" His voice was lost in the noise of the crowd. In desperation he made his way through the crowd, climbed the fence into the arena, and ran to the gladiators, calling out, "In the name of Jesus Christ, stop!"

Finally they did stop, and one of the gladiators plunged his sword into the body of the monk, killing him. The crowd got quiet, then one walked slowly out the exit and others followed. That was the last time gladiators died for the entertainment of spectators.

The president scarcely applied his story. I was there, but I'm not sure why he told it. But if I could have five minutes with the president I can't think of anything more important to say to him than "In the name of Jesus Christ, stop!" And I think millions of Americans who are concerned about nuclear weapons can concur with a lot that he says. I too consider myself Christ-centered (although I hesitate to say I'm a Christian). I would say that a Quaker is both Christ-centered and one who shows up at every demonstration for "a good cause." Christ demands that we be part of the solution, not part of the problem. Therefore, it is our duty to support all endeavors that strive for true justice and peace.

It also means that you join Friends, you share your Christian ministry with Friends, and you try to live under the guidance of Jesus Christ in your daily life. In short, I believe that the marks of a genuine religious life are both inward (to the Inward Christ) and outward to the world. Both are healing functions.

Warren Featherstone
Victoria, Australia

Poorest of the Poor

The current FCNL Washington Newsletter contains a poignant question and answer under the heading "Poorest of the Poor":

"What group of people ranks at the bottom of nearly every socioeconomic statistical indicator: lowest per capita income, greatest unemployment rate, most suicides, poorest housing, least education, worst health, shortest life expectancy?"

"Answer: the American Indian."

A. Day Bradley
Newtown, Pa.

As I Live and Breathe

Letters published in the JOURNAL (FJ 1/15) indicate that the question of abortion is apparently still exercising Friends' minds, and I would like to add a few thoughts to the controversy.

Some opponents of abortion, with religious convictions and persuasion, maintain that the soul enters the child at conception. This may be so, for the fetus...
Birth


Nancy F. Donaldson, is also a member of Willistown (Pa.) Meeting, where they both are members.

Marriage

Wilkinson-Donaldson—Nancy Fitts Wilkinson and Orlin Willits Donaldson on April 28 at Willistown (Pa.) Meeting.

Deaths

Baker—Clarence P. Baker, 73, on May 2. He was a member of Marlioma (Calif.) Meeting, and the founder, with his wife, Hermione, of the Morongo Basin (Calif.) Friends Worship Group. He was active in the Pacific Southwest region of AFSC as well as in his meeting. A graduate of Haverford College, he taught English literature at California State University for almost 25 years. He was an ardent hiker and naturalist. He is survived by his wife, Hermione Baker; son, Stannard Baker; daughter, Jane Franklin and Linda Rowe; and four grandchildren.

Bond—On April 24, Eleanor Davis Bond, 63, in Woodbury, N.J. Eleanor had been a professional singer and teacher of singing at the New England Conservatory of Music and Wellesley College for 20 years. A member of Mickleton (N.J.) Meeting, she served as chairman of the Religious Education Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting and on the Pendle Hill Board of Trustees for many years. She was also active in her community libraries. Eleanor is survived by her husband, Amos P. Bond, and stepdaughter, Nancy E. Balow.

Fitts—Mary Thatcher Fitts of Newtown Square, Pa., on February 25 at Dunwoody Village. A lifelong Friend from Swarthmore (Pa.) Meeting, she joined Willistown (Pa.) Meeting in the late 1970s. She is survived by her children, Nancy Fitts Donaldson, Ellen Fitts Millick, and Frances Fitts Ambler.

Forsythe—On March 29, Edwin B. Forsythe, 68, of lung cancer. A congressman for the past 14 years, he championed environmental causes. He was a prime sponsor of the 1976 law creating the 200-mile fishing limit and was involved in passing the Endangered Species Act, the Marine Mammal Protection Act, and the National Environmental Protection Act. Although frequently voting with fiscal conservatives, he voted against military spending. He was a member of Moorstown (N.J.) Meeting and is survived by his wife, Mary, and daughter, Susan.

Hunt—On April 30, Everett L. Hunt, 93, in Ridley Park, Pa., after a short illness. He served as dean of Swarthmore College from 1932 until 1956, and was professor of English from 1938 until his retirement from Swarthmore in 1959. An innovator and a scholar, he pioneered in developing new teaching methods, research in speech, and counseling services for students. Also a writer, he is perhaps best known for his book, The Revolt of the College Intellectual. He was a former chairman of the board of Friends Central School and a longtime leader of Swarthmore (Pa.) Friends Meeting. He is survived by his wife, Marjorie Kate Watson; son, Alan Hunt; and two grandchildren.

Johnson—A member of Woodstown (N.J.) Meeting, Alfred K. Johnson, 91, at Medford Leas on February 23. He had been a research chemist at E. I. du Pont for more than 40 years. He is survived by his daughters, Bernice J. Johnson and Doris J. Allebach; son, Robert E. Johnson; and two grandsons.

Stubbs—Laurette W. Stubbs, 97, on April 12 at the McCutchens in Plainfield, N.J. She had been a member of New York (N.Y.) Monthly Meeting for most of her life. She is survived by her sister, Irma Williamson; four daughters, Louise S. Williams, Edith S. Chinsley, Elizabeth S. Cooper, and Jean S. Sterrett; 14 grandchildren; and 36 great-grandchildren.

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13-17—Intermountain Yearly Meeting, Ghost Ranch Conference Center, Abiquiu, N. Mex. Information from Junnie Clark, 6511 W. Alice #88, Glendale, AZ.

15-17—FWCC Western Midwest Regional Conference, “Response to Violence in Daily Life,” in McNabb, Ill. For information, contact Johan Maurer, FWCC, P.O. Box 1797, Richmond, IN 47375, (317) 935-1967.


22-26—Friends Association for Higher Education conference at Friends University, Wichita, Kans. Arthur Roberts, Parker Palmer, Sandra Cronk, Carolyn Stephenson, and Richard Wood among the leaders. Write FAHE, P.O. Box 18741, Greensboro, NC 27419 for details.

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SEATTLE—University Friends Meeting, 4001 9th Ave., NE. Silent worship, First-day classes 11 a.m. 532-7006. Accommodations: 625-9629.

SPOKANE—Unprogrammed worship. Contact Sunny Soll, 624-6745

TACOMA—Tacoma Friends Meeting, 3019 21st St. Unprogrammed worship 10:00 a.m. First-day discussion 11 a.m. Phone: 759-1810.

WALLA WALLA—10 a.m. Sundays. 522-0399.
Hunger in Africa: The Crisis Deepens

Hundreds and thousands of men, women and especially children have died of hunger in Africa in the past year, and millions more are at the risk of starving. A combination of devastating drought, sudden floods, and continuing warfare is making the situation worse. In Sub-Saharan Africa, ten million people are refugees, moving into other poor and hungry countries in search of food.

It is easy to feel helpless in the face of such a disaster. But human problems can be solved only by human beings with the will to work together. To serve as a channel for those who want to help, AFSC has established a new Hunger in Africa Fund to meet pressing emergency needs.

At present, the fund is being used in Mozambique, where the International Red Cross reports that more than 100,000 drought-related deaths have already occurred. Some four million people are hungry; two million entirely dependent on outside food sources. A cyclone, followed by a flood washed crops and even seeds out of the ground.

Some hungry Mozambicans have crossed into Zimbabwe, where AFSC conducts long range rural development programs. Here AFSC has made an initial grant for food and relief supplies and has airlifted a shipment of bean and vegetable seeds to ensure a harvest next season.

Other African nations are hungry too. AFSC is helping with both relief and long term development in Mali and in Somali. We urge you to join us in helping the people in small villages in rural Africa to work together to plant crops and themselves fight the devastating impact of hunger.

Help Us to Respond:
Support the
AFRICA HUNGER FUND

To: AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102

☐ Please accept my contribution for the Africa Hunger Fund.
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME __________________________
ADDRESS ________________________
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