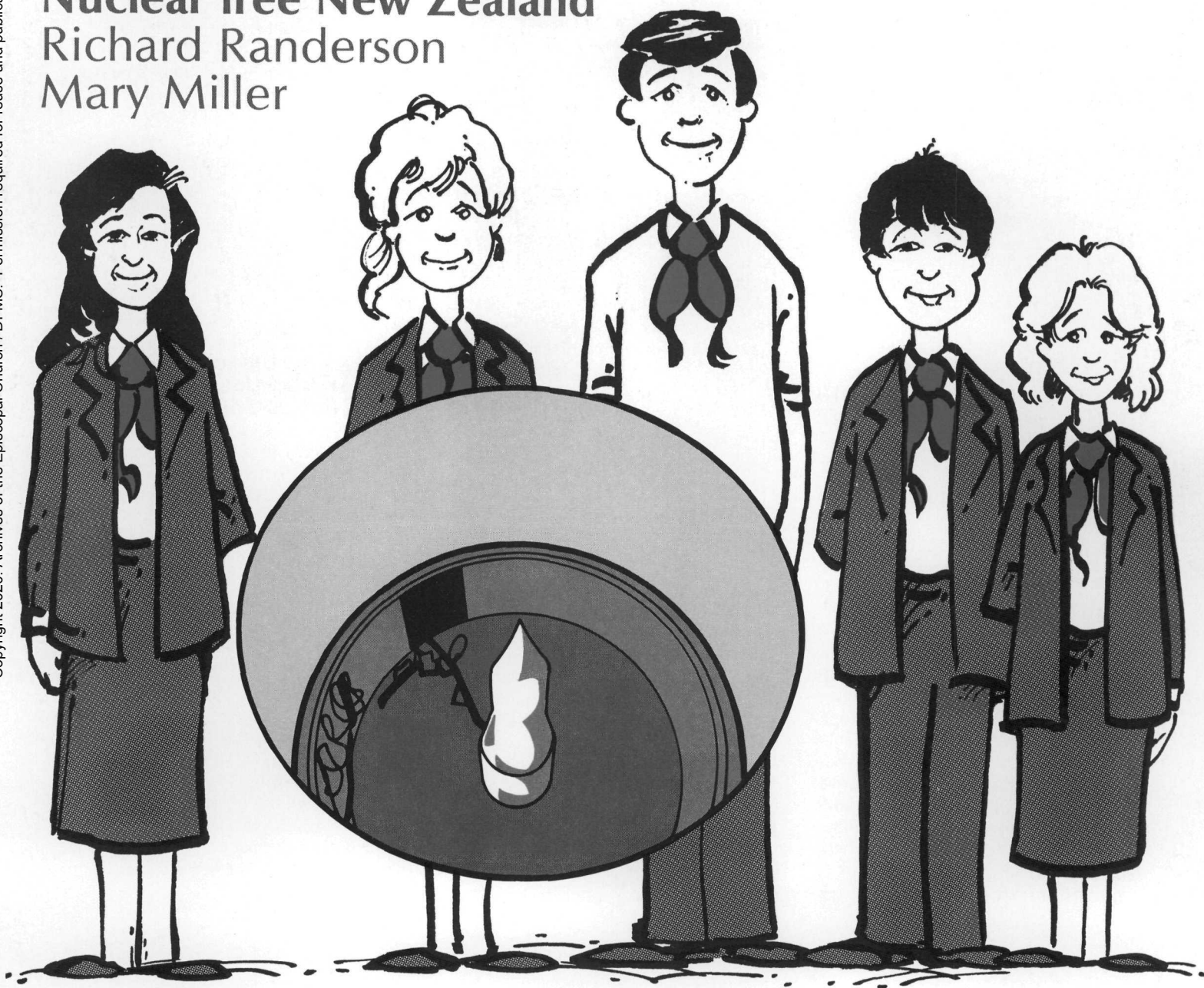


THE WITNESS

Nuclear free New Zealand

Richard Randerson
Mary Miller



Letters

Taking on bureaucracy

Andrea Canaan's "Bank of America Story" from the new feminist anthology *My Story's On* is a marvelous vignette, beautifully written! She dramatizes an experience many of us females know from the inside of our own stomachs: the ways bureaucratic procedures can be used to humiliate and infantilize those of us who are otherwise normal, intelligent, functioning adults.

I found particularly insightful the way she let the reader see under the surface of her loud, stubborn, public-nuisance-creating stand — what she had to do to get the bureaucrats to respond — and the terrible cost it exacted from *her*, the victim. It is the perfect illustration for a course lecture I'm giving this next week at Drew Theological School, on Women and Bureaucracy. Thanks to Andrea and the March WITNESS.

Joanna B. Gillespie
Drew Theological School
Madison, N.J.

Not to throwaway

I have just become acquainted with THE WITNESS and am writing a simple throwaway note of appreciation for quality of content. I found particular delight in seeing the whole issue wrapped in "The powerlessness of Christ" and "A Bank of America story."

James N. Studer, O.S.B.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Kudos from Alaska

The March WITNESS is powerful — the red cover with Tracy Councill's stunning woodcut sets the pace for the entire issue — and puts Bruce Coggins' "Wayward WITNESS" letter in its proper place. And for that I will quote what John McKenzie writes about Thomas Aquinas' *Videtur mihi sicut palea*: "I paraphrase, I think with utter fidelity to what he meant: It looks to me like a pile of the stuff usually found on the floors of stables."

I was delighted to see Helen Woodson's "Random thoughts from the first year of prison," and I loved Barbara Harris' column with its stunning title, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of duplicity."

But I was especially taken with Bishop Spong's "The powerlessness of Jesus Christ," which I tried to get to every clergy person I know, hoping it might influence their Holy Week and Easter sermons. And I felt real close to Andrea Canaan's "Bank of America story." It reminded me of my attempt last year to get a document notarized at my bank without proper identification. I've been a customer of this bank since 1943 and I couldn't believe my own bank wouldn't accept my checkbook as identification.

The February issue was quality, too, but this time it was the poems that I've read and reread — especially Alla Bozarth-Campbell's "Christmas Resurrection," then Ruby Royal Quick's "Some of Georgia's best" and Ray Greenblatt's "The old lady down the block."

Abbie Jane Wells
Juneau, Alaska

Helen's father writes

Thanks so much for the March issue of THE WITNESS containing an article by my daughter — Helen Woodson — written with her usual verve. I have always admired her, but not as her equal, for she rather pleasantly humbles me.

It may seem to you gratuitous that I should add that I do not share my daughter's religious commitment. But that's quite all right, since we can't all go to heaven, and I personally prefer Nirvana. But what she does moves mountains. This is awfully cheeky of me, isn't it?

Carl F. Strauch
Bethlehem, Pa.

First nuclear free zone

I came into your ranks by way of a free parish subscription about a year ago. I

enjoy and am enlightened each month by your offerings.

I am involved with the Big Island Nuclear Free Zone Committee. This island was the first U.S. Nuclear Free-Zone. In 1984 our county council exempted the armed forces from the regulation. We along with three other peace-oriented groups are working on a November referendum to put the armed forces back into the regulation. Keep up your good work in articles and editorials.

The Rev. Richard A. Kirchoffer
Captain Cook, Hawaii

Disarmament dangerous

For 50 years as a Christian pastor I have worked and prayed for world peace. Now I find, strangely, that I am viewing talks on nuclear disarmament with little enthusiasm — in fact, I almost wish that they would fail!

How to account for this feeling? Firstly, I am aware that the two major antagonists, the United States and the USSR, possess unlimited bombing power. They are able to annihilate every living thing on earth seven times over! It seems perfectly clear that in the face of that tragic possibility no nation is going to initiate war except as a last desperate resort. Only a crazy person would unleash such destruction. There would be no winner in such a war. No one could escape. No island is so remote, no cave so deep, no armor so thick as to provide escape from the horrible devastation. It would be the end of the United States, the USSR, and all civilization.

On the other hand, suppose that disarmament talks succeed, resulting in an agreement to scrap all atomic-nuclear weaponry. Wouldn't we be back in the stage where resorting to war would be a temptation? At any offense by an alien power we would cry: "Foul! Unfair! Cruel! Barbaric! Dust off the tanks, the grenades, the flame-throwers, the battle-

ships, the bayonets! No red-blooded man will hesitate to arise to defend the honor of our nation and the very foundations of civilization. Let's go! Gung ho! Let's do it to them before they do it to us! And may God bless our cause and grant us certain victory."

Eldred Johnston
Columbus, Ohio

Finds issue courageous

I would like to congratulate you on the December issue of *THE WITNESS* which featured an article on the Rev. Zal Sherwood (relieved of his ministry because he is gay). Overall I found it to be a warm and refreshing discussion of an always sensitive topic. As a Catholic with experience in the area of gay and lesbian civil rights, I found your article to offer a thorough and insightful perspective for its readership.

The debate in Letters to the Editor (March) regarding homosexuality and the church is a long-awaited dialogue. Gay men and lesbians are daily victimized by an often violent form of discrimination that has its roots firmly in religious soil.

I believe further information should also be given on the issue of abortion. People refuse to grapple with a woman's right to control her own body. More on feminist theology would be welcome, and the real truth on the abusing of women. In my opinion we're much in need of a feminist awakening. It can't wait till the arms race is ended and Central America is at peace. The struggle for women's freedom is a basic part of the human longing for justice.

I pray that you will continue to expose your readership to the ignorance of homophobia and often petty conspiracies against gay men and lesbians. To me *THE WITNESS* is beautiful spiritually, mentally and ideologically and I applaud your courage.

Charles J. Ash
Otisville, N.Y.

Johnston to Congress

Would that William Johnston's "South African church stirs pot" and the Kairos Document might have shed their light into all the darkened places of our national administration! (See January *WITNESS*.) I did send the articles to five legislators: Sens. Bill Bradley and Frank Lautenberg of New Jersey and Chris Dodd of Connecticut, and Reps. Pete Kostmayer of Bucks County and Jim Florio of nearby Pine Hill.

Bill Johnston, whom I have known and admired for 25 years for his great work for African freedom, was most appreciative for this extension of his words and influence, as were the three legislators I have heard from — Kostmayer, whom I knew before he ran for Congress; Florio and Bradley.

Florio mentioned his sponsorship of the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1985, which passed both House and Senate but was sidetracked by the President's last-minute imposition of limited sanctions.

If there were something lacking, I would say it was my failure to send it to some others, instead of to proved liberals. I would hope that this effort might stir others to pursue the same tactics, sending *WITNESS* articles to Congress.

I would also urge *THE WITNESS* to follow up with an article on Bill Johnston himself, and the tremendous self-sacrificing work he has done as president of Episcopal Churchpeople for a Free Southern Africa.

The Rev. John R. Chisholm
Lindenwold, N.J.

Help in retirement

Just a note to say *THE WITNESS* is a great help in things I'm involved in during my retirement. Richard W. Gillett's "Church role vital for justice in new workplaces" was very good and its message badly needed in most churches I know about. (February issue).

Dorothy Bingham
Ontario, Cal.

Longtime admirer

My admiration for *THE WITNESS* extends back many years to the early days of Bill Spofford's editorship. Now that I am retired and my wife is an invalid I am very much on the sidelines but I rejoice to read what is happening and to have specific objects for prayer. I read each issue in full and I try to see that at least one other person sees each copy before it gets recycled.

The Rev. Philip Humason Steinmetz
Greenfield, Mass.

Imposing sexist drivelt

THE WITNESS in my perception, has tumbled into the bottomless and futile abyss of outdated and overworked social issues: i.e., Women's Lib (Liberation is not something *given* to anyone); the global North/South dynamic (How is freedom *won*, from whom and for what?); the feminist "Do" on politics ("Ode to Reagan"); the right of a woman to be a bishop (Yes, a woman's place is in the House of Bishops — *after* she is elected!).

These are issues of greater depth than just trivial social (read "sexist") ones and I'm tiring of your attitude and perspective! Other than guest editorials and articles, the majority of the magazine is written by women. The issues that confront us, many that we bring to ourselves, are issues for all of the church — male, female, youth, aged, and in between!

I have subscribed and enjoyed reading *THE WITNESS* regularly since the late '50s when I graduated from C.D.S.P. and began the ordained ministry. I am at age 54, probably perceived by some as a crotchety, narrow-minded and somewhat senile priest who is hung up on the issues of the past. My friends include women clergy, homosexuals, democrats, bishops, black, yellow, disenfranchised, downtrodden, agreeable and disagree-

Continued on page 19

And a nuclear-free Pentecost to all . . .

A poster sent to the Interchurch Center, New York, from the Pacific Conference of Churches reads: *If it is safe: Dump it in Tokyo, Test it in Paris, Store it in Washington, BUT, keep my Pacific nuclear-free.* It is a graphic reminder that the peoples of the Pacific are organizing with vigor around a movement for a Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific.

Church people, especially the religious community in New Zealand, have played prominent roles in anti-nuclear protests in the area. Articles in this issue of THE WITNESS show New Zealand to be a significant linchpin in the movement, highlighted by its recent opposition to visits by nuclear warships. The gutsy island-nation has been active in this area for some time. In 1973, New Zealand dispatched a naval vessel with a cabinet minister on board to protest nuclear testing in the area by the French. Subsequently New Zealand took France to the World Court over this issue and won. New Zealand has also proposed a nuclear-free South Pacific zone at the United Nations. And to date, 15 congregations in New Zealand have “twinned” with religious nuclear free zones in the United States to make people-to-people connections.

At stake is whether the world is at the dawning of a “Pacific Age,” which U.S. policy makers define as increased trade and economic relations with countries in Asia and the Pacific (with the ominous rider that these nations be incorporated into U.S. military nuclear weapons strategies) — or whether we are on the eve of

a new Pentecost — an Age of Peace with Justice.

The military scenario was sketched recently by the Interchurch Center’s Task Force on Militarization in Asia and the Pacific as follows:

Hawaii, the headquarters of the U.S. Pacific Command, is the hub of an integrated U.S. military presence in the Pacific. The Pacific Command includes a southwestern basin structure extending from Guam to the Philippines and into the Indian Ocean. Micronesia in the Central Pacific provides a site for U.S. tests of guidance systems on ICBM missiles shot from California to Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands. A northeastern arm of the U.S. Pacific basin structure stretches from Guam through Okinawa, Japan, South Korea and to Alaska.

What is alarming is that the Pacific Command is becoming increasingly nuclearized. In this ambience, the Pacific Conference of Churches has taken a strong stand: “As Christian people committed to stewardship, justice and peace-making, we oppose and condemn the use of the Pacific for testing, storage, and transportation of nuclear weapons delivery systems; the disposal of radioactive wastes, and the passage of nuclear-powered ships.”

The uniting of the Pacific peoples to buck the tide of nuclear colonialism is one of many examples of increased frustration over the inability of the United States and the Soviet Union to curb their addiction to the ever growing stockpiles of nuclear weapons. And the United

States is not the only target. Rumania, a Soviet ally, has pressed the idea of a nuclear weapon-free zone in the Balkans, and the German Democratic Republic is experiencing a growing peace sentiment in the churches, according to the American Friends Service Committee.

There are also many hopeful signs in the United States. In March, Chicago’s City Council, in a rare display of unanimity, declared that city to be “the largest nuclear weapon-free zone in the country.” Chicago’s ordinance reads, “No person shall knowingly design, produce, deploy, launch, maintain or store nuclear weapons or components of nuclear weapons.” Nuclear Free America, a Baltimore group tracking local campaigns for such laws, reports that 109 other areas representing 11 million people in 22 states have declared themselves nuclear weapon-free zones. A legally binding statewide referendum is underway in Oregon, to be voted on this fall.

Some 130 *religious* nuclear-free zones have been established, including the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York; several Roman Catholic communities and Protestant congregations, and the Unitarian Universalist headquarters in Boston.

The mushroom clouds of Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and nuclear testings recall for many Christians the biblical specter of “all creation groaning in agony even until now.” But the varied and growing peace movements worldwide would indicate that the Spirit of Pentecost is alive among many peoples, who are working to renew the face of the earth. ■

THE WITNESS

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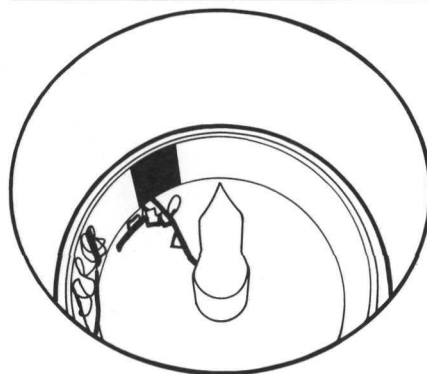


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THE WITNESS (ISSN 0197-8896) is published monthly except July/August by The Episcopal Church Publishing Company. Editorial office: P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002. Telephone: (215) 643-7067. THE WITNESS is indexed in the American Theological Library Association's *Religion Index One: Periodicals*. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright 1986. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$15 per year, \$1.50 per copy. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please advise of changes at least 6 weeks in advance. Include your label from the magazine and send to: Subscription Dept., THE WITNESS, P.O. Box 359, Ambler PA 19002.

Pointing

As I was glancing through the photographs of a friend who had returned recently from the Soviet Union, something caught my eye in a picture taken in an elementary school in Moscow.

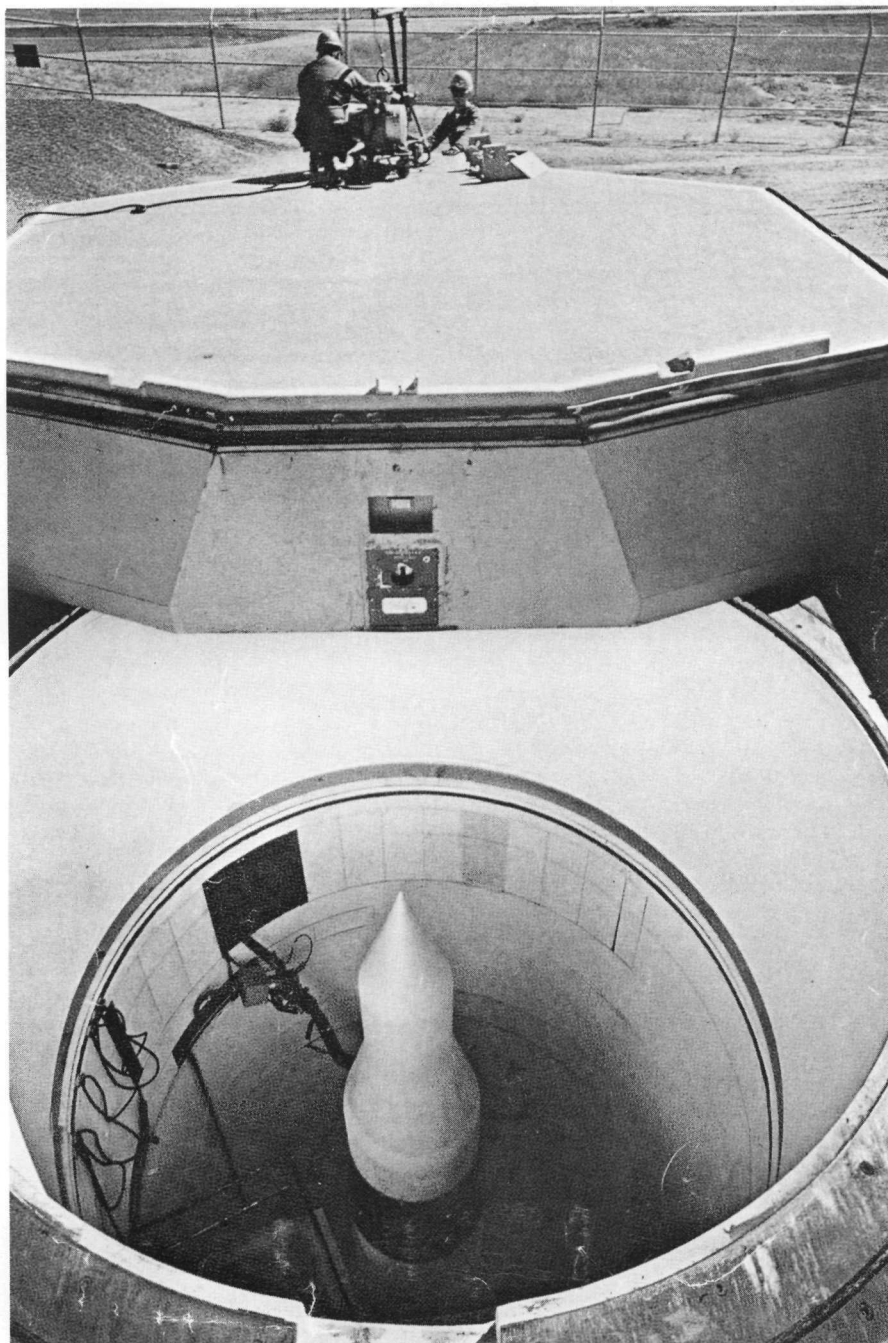
A group of students — bright-eyed, smiling, resplendent in their uniforms and red neckerchiefs — beamed at me from a classroom in far off Russia, much as school children anywhere might put their best foot forward for a visitor. One of their subjects of study, I could tell, was geography. From a wall behind them hung a large map bearing the readily recognizable outline of the United States.

My eye picked out the Great Lakes, the long, winding blue ribbon of the Mississippi-Missouri Rivers, the borders of my home state of Wisconsin. It gave me a good feeling to see kids in Moscow learning about the Midwest and the Great Plains, and to think of places like Kansas City and Great Falls and Cheyenne as subjects of interest to young people a continent away.

As I mused about this juxtaposition of innocent Russian faces and familiar American places, my mind clicked back into a project that has been occupying me as an American peace activist.

Since last summer I have been helping other activists identify, locate, and map the 1,000 Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) which dot the landscape of seven Midwestern and Great Plains states. It's called the Nuke-watch missile silo action project. Our purpose is to raise public consciousness

Sam Day, a free-lance writer based in Madison, Wisc. is an associate of Nuke-watch and a consultant to THE WITNESS on editorial and circulation matters.



Missile silo with concrete lid rolled back.

missiles at school children

by Sam Day

about the nuclear arms race by calling attention to the deadly "Gods of metal" planted in the soil of mid-America.

By a macabre coincidence, the heads and shoulders of the children pictured in the Moscow classroom framed the unmarked, unseen fields where Minuteman is based.

The missiles, each fitted with a nuclear warhead more powerful than the one that destroyed Hiroshima, are poised in underground silos stretching from the foothills of the northern Rockies in Montana to the slopes of the Ozarks in Missouri. They are controlled from underground bunkers linked to the headquarters of the United States Air Force Strategic Air Command, which directs the targeting of all weapons in this nation's far-flung strategic nuclear arsenal.

As I traced the sectors of that Russian schoolroom map where the 1,000 Minuteman missiles are emplaced, each primed to take off on less than 30 seconds' notice, it dawned on me that at least one of them, beyond doubt, was targeted on those very children.

It could be the missile on Lindy Kirkbride's ranch in southeastern Wyoming, past which her children ride on the way to school each morning.

Or the missile that waits unseen at the end of a gravel road one and a half miles east and three miles north of the Poague Wildlife Refuge near Clinton, Mo.

Or either of the two missiles that stand a few miles astride a country church near Fargo, N.D.

Or any of the other 996 weapons of annihilation which a generation ago became part of the landscape amidst the farms and ranches of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri, and North and South Dakota.



Moscow schoolchildren, right, pose before a map of the United States. Coincidentally, heads of students at left frame unmarked fields where the Minuteman missile is scattered, controlled from air force bases designated above.

The photograph served as a graphic reminder that our missiles are aimed at their children.

There was a time when the thought of that stirred passions in America. In August 1958, a Chicago pacifist, Ken-

neth Calkins, stood in front of a gravel truck and was run over while attempting to block construction of the first Atlas missile launch site near Cheyenne. The following year A. J. Muste and others were arrested and jailed for climbing

over the fence of a launch site in Nebraska.

But other causes — civil rights, Vietnam war resistance — shouldered nuclear disarmament aside in the 1960s. Few paid attention as one generation of ICBMs followed another into the fields and ranges of the West, becoming as ingrained in the landscape, commonplace and unremarked, as the innocuous-appearing electric utility substations they vaguely resemble.

“Yes, there’s one just down the road from my house, and I think you’ll find another on the other side of Pilot Rock,” a gas station attendant in central Missouri told me as nonchalantly as if I had been asking directions to the nearest grain elevator.

Public acceptance of the missiles enabled the Air Force to scatter them over thousands of square miles of prairie, unattended except for occasional visits by security and maintenance personnel, and protected only by the silo’s reinforced concrete lid and a fenced enclosure secured by a simple dime-store padlock. (The missiles are deployed in “flights” of ten, each at least four miles apart and connected by cable to an underground control center, where a launch crew waits for orders to send the missiles on their fiery way. Six air bases each control 150 to 200 missiles.)

Occasional prayer vigils were held here and there, and sometimes even an arrest for climbing over the fence (setting off an alarm in the control center several miles away). But by and large the missile silos drew little public attention into the early 1980s, even after the awakening of the freeze movement and other anti-nuclear weapons protests elsewhere in the country.

But in one state the long slumber was shattered on a November morning in 1984 by the roar of a jackhammer biting into the 110-ton lid of a Minuteman silo near Kansas City. The crime, trial, and punishment of the Silo Pruning Hooks —



Overhead view of a missile silo in Missouri.



A group of peace activists in vigil at Silo Pruning Hooks missile (N-5) near Kansas City include five of 11 children of Helen Woodson, currently serving in Alderson prison for jackhammering concrete lid at this site. The Minuteman missile can kill 9 million people in half an hour.

four deeply religious Catholic activists following the biblical call to beat spears into pruning hooks — struck a deep public response in the peace community in western Missouri.

Rallies and vigils were held at the damaged silo throughout the trial, which brought conviction and sentences of up to 18 years in prison — the stiffest penalty ever meted out for nonviolent civil

disobedience in America. Support for the Silo Pruning Hooks (Helen Woodson, Larry Cloud-Morgan, the Revs. Carl and Paul Kabat), and for a fifth activist, Martin Holladay, who attacked another missile on the day their trial opened (sentence: four years), crystallized in a campaign by about a dozen Missourians to strengthen and deepen public awareness of missile silos in Mis-

souri. Thus was born the missile silo action project.

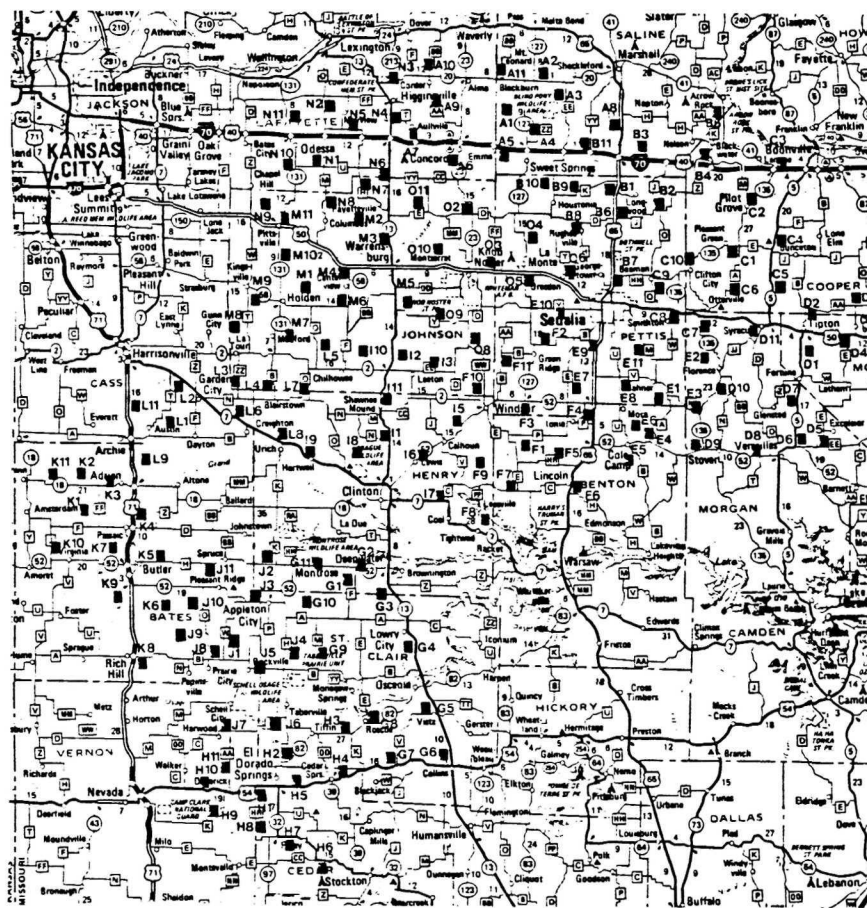
Assisted by Nukewatch, a public interest group based in Madison, Wisc., the Missourians scouted 10,000 square miles of countryside, looking for the tell-tale white gravel approach roads, fenced enclosures, surveillance instruments, and concrete slabs that identify a Minuteman missile silo. By late summer they had located all but a handful of the state's 150 missiles and 15 launch control centers.

Publication of a poster-size Missouri missile silo map last October, with each of the installations plainly marked in red, set the stage for the next round of missile consciousness-raising in the "Show Me" state. The map became the focus of a weekend rally organized in November by "Show Me Missiles," a coalition of four religious and lay peace groups in the Kansas City area.

The rally drew about 250 from Missouri and nearby areas to Knob Noster State Park, adjacent to Whiteman Air Force Base, which administers the Missouri missiles. Using the new map as their guide, the vigilers fanned out to about 40 missile silos — far more in one night than the peace movement had confronted in the previous 20 years. There the vigilers spent the night in groups of three or four to a dozen or more — praying, quietly talking, or wordlessly contemplating the proximity of a destructive force equal to a thousand Hiroshima-size atomic bombs.

Returning to the rally site the next morning, the vigilers shared their mixed feelings of dread and renewed commitment. One of them, Lois Navarro of Omaha, recorded these impressions:

"Sitting outside by myself along the silo perimeter, I was awed by the beauty of this earth — God's gifts to all the peoples of this world — and saddened by our misuse of them. Yet I experienced a sense of hope, because I am here as others are also, and there will be more to



Black squares on Missouri map segment depict either missile silo stations or missile control centers.

follow. It's my turn to share what I have learned and experienced — and some will understand."

Since that weekend of sadness and hope in Missouri, missile-mapping fever has spread to other silo states. Volunteers are at work in Montana, in the High Plains country of Wyoming, Colorado, and Nebraska, and in the Red River Valley of North Dakota. Missile silo rallies and vigils patterned on the Missouri experience are scheduled this summer in all three regions.

Through such measures, people in the missile silo country hope to sensitize themselves and other Americans to the reality of the death machine in their

midst. Their purpose is to translate the vague, faraway abstractions of the nuclear arms race into the tangible, flesh-and-blood existence of a piece of concrete no farther away than the next milepost down the road — the sheath of a deadly implement that can kill schoolkids on the next continent.

Putting America in touch with her missiles won't necessarily awaken the impulses that will bring the arms race to an end. It may not even slow the current mad momentum. But it's a start. ■

Resource

Copies of "Show Me! — A Citizen's Action Guide to the Missile Silos of Missouri" are available for \$2 each from Nukewatch, 315 West Gorham St., Madison, WI 53703.

Short Takes

Jail new monastery

One way of seeing jail today is to regard it as the new monastery. In a society preparing for nuclear war and ignoring its poor, jail is an appropriate setting in which to give one's life to prayer. In a nation which has legalized preparations for the destruction of all life on earth, going to jail for peace — through nonviolent civil disobedience — can be seen as a prayer. In reflecting today on the Lord's Prayer, I think that going to jail as a way of saying "thy kingdom come, thy will be done" may be the most basic prayer we can offer in the nuclear security state. Because we have accepted the greatest evil conceivable as a substitute for divine security, we have become a nation of atheists and blasphemers. The nuclear security state, US or USSR, is blasphemous by definition. As members of such a nation, we need to pray for the freedom to do God's will by non-cooperating with the ultimate evil it is preparing. Civil disobedience done in a loving spirit is itself that kind of prayer.

Jim Douglass
Fellowship 3/86

Fighting fear

"We can learn to work and speak when we are afraid in the same way we have learned to work and speak when we are tired. For we have been socialized to respect fear . . . and while we wait in silence for the final luxury of fearlessness, the weight of that silence will choke us."

Audrey Lorde
The Cancer Journals

The lethal shuttle

Far more than seven people would have died if the explosion that destroyed Challenger had occurred during the next launch, which had been planned for May. NASA and the Department of Energy intended to use that mission to fire a space probe powered by 46.7 pounds of plutonium. The rocket was to explore the atmosphere of Jupiter.

Plutonium is regarded by most scientists as the most toxic substance in the universe. An ounce widely dispersed in tiny particles could cause millions of cases of lung cancer. An explosion like the one that disintegrated Challenger would have caused the maximum possible dispersion.

The Nation, 2/22/86



He Ping 和平

He Ping are the Chinese characters for Peace. He consists of the radical 禾 which pertains to grain, and 口 which means mouths. 平 Ping means even or level (as a balanced scale). Peace, therefore, is the even distribution of grain or sustenance among the people, or justice.

UPDATE Newsletter (NCC)
Militarization in Asia & the Pacific

Quote of note

The role of the educator is to present to the people in a challenging form the issues they themselves have raised in a confused form.

Mao Tse Tung

Whither liberal thinking?

Both the Catholic bishops (letter on the economy) and *Habits of the Heart* (by Robert Bellah) urge that a necessary condition of meaningful participation in society requires access by all to a much more equitable distribution of resources. Do we agree? Do we believe that fundamental changes in the distribution of resources can be achieved following a tradition of reform — even if rehabilitated — which does not explicitly challenge the main institutions and operating assumptions of American capitalism? If so, what arguments — other than wishful thinking — sustain that belief?

Such questions I believe, cannot be avoided for much longer — and I view such works as *Habits of the Heart* and the pastoral letter as painful attempts somehow to hold on to the old assumption but to try, also, to begin hesitatingly to probe for an approach to new ones.

Gar Alperovitz
Christianity and Crisis 3/3/86

Smeal confronts hierarchy

The anti-abortion movement believes — as do many politicians — that it has the momentum. Week-in and week-out they picket and harass abortion clinics, patients, and personnel . . . And to add legitimacy to their crusade, the reactionary leaders like Jerry Falwell and Jesse Helms have been joined by the hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

Although the clear majority of Catholics support legal abortion and birth control, the hierarchy — the Pope and his representatives — lobby hard to outlaw abortion and limit access to birth control both here and abroad. As a Catholic, I find it appalling that given the church's inability to enforce its dogma it turns to the government for help.

Ellie Smeal, President
National Organization for Women (NOW)

Freedom to learn

Marvin Mairena Urbina of Matagalpa has received all of his formal education under the Nicaraguan revolutionary government. The skinny 13-year-old could not tell me who Karl Marx and Fidel Castro were; however, he did correctly identify President Ronald Reagan and singer Michael Jackson. Marvin told me he had studied Nicaraguan heroes such as Augusto Cesar Sandino but not North American revolutionary George Washington. He had forgotten that his Spanish grammar book contains a story about General Washington.

Among the accusations leveled at Nicaragua today is that the new education system is tantamount to Marxist indoctrination. Nicaragua, however, doesn't easily fit into stereotypes. The government subsidizes Catholic schools, sometimes up to 100 percent, and allows Mass and other church functions in public schools. Church sponsored schools freely teach religion.

The most revolutionary thing about education in Nicaragua is that so much has been accomplished in so little time. A literacy crusade in 1980 reduced the illiteracy rate among Nicaraguans of all ages from 50.3 to 12.9 percent.

Stephen DeMott, M.M.
Maryknoll, 3/86

Cross the river in a crowd
and the crocodile won't eat you.
Madagascar proverb

Browning assails Reagan's 'corrupt language', CA policy

NEW YORK (DPS) — Citing his recent trip to Central America and talks with the bishops and people of the Episcopal Church there, Presiding Bishop Edmond Lee Browning has written to President Ronald Reagan to express support for the Contadora peace process and to state his and the church's opposition to aid to "Contra" forces attempting to overthrow the government of Nicaragua. Text of the letter follows.

Mr. President:

I write regarding your proposed financial and moral support of the "Contra" forces against the government of Nicaragua.

The five Episcopal Dioceses of Central America are a part of the Episcopal Church. We are proud of the mission and ministry of our sisters and brothers in Central America and we support them and their leadership. I have just visited with the leadership of our Latin American dioceses and my estimation of their contribution to the spiritual and physical well being of the people in the region has been strengthened and expanded.

After a two-year process, including a series of extensive visitations, study reports and nationwide discussion on the local level, the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, meeting in Anaheim, Cal. in September 1985, passed two resolutions relating to U.S. policy and actions in Central America. The resolutions are enclosed for your information. In summary, they oppose *all* covert aid to the "Contras," oppose attempts to destabilize the government of Nicaragua, and support the Contadora process. As requested in the resolutions, it is my intention to share these actions with members of Congress and the other identified governments.

On a personal note, Mr. President, I must share with you that I have several disquieting questions about your policies and your characterizations of some of the governments in Central America, and political processes and conditions in the region; and, I must admit, some of your public statements about those in this

country who do not share your perceptions.

I do not think that I am alone in finding it less than helpful for our national leaders to coin or corrupt the language of our democracy in support of questionable foreign military forces. Identifying the "Contras" as "freedom fighters" obscures the issues in an attempt to attach the "Contras" to the historic memory of the United States.

To disregard the reports of reputable international human rights agencies or undermine their credibility and legitimacy by preemptive accusations of "a disinformation campaign" does not seem to serve the interests of our national decision-making process, serve the interests of those in legitimate need nor enhance the vital work of independent, international human rights agencies and advocates.

To ignore the advice and counsel of our historic allies and friends in Latin America, especially those who have initiated the Contadora process, strikes me as a short sighted approach to the common security of our hemisphere.

I question the public relations attempt to blunt or short circuit full citizens information, discussion and participation in the formulation of the policies of our great nation. I hope your office will stimulate public debate and quality discussion, not stifle it.

I am deeply troubled by these concerns, Mr. President. I must be honest in sharing with you that neither your public statements nor those of your administration have alleviated my discomfort — a discomfort I do not believe is mine alone.

Faithfully yours,
Edmond L. Browning

Toward a nuclear free Pacific

For four decades the peoples of the Pacific have been victims of nuclear war. Usually we think of Hiroshima/Nagasaki as a one-time event and work in the hope of "never again." Not so, we have been reminded in the past year or two. An essential ingredient in the nuclear arms race is the testing of those weapons and the deployment of their carriers.

When the Greenpeace "Rainbow Warrior" was sunk and a photographer died as a result, we became aware of how desperate the nuclear powers are to run the race and win. And before that, if we were paying attention, we discovered that official U.S. attitudes toward New Zealand and others who challenge the imposition of our nuclear policies on them could be pretty heavy-handed. When New Zealand denied the request for a "visit" of one of our ships in January of last year, because the presence of nuclear capability would not be confirmed or denied, suddenly the ANZUS Treaty was up for grabs. (ANZUS is the mutual security pact signed by Australia, New Zealand and the U.S. in 1951.) Boycotts of New Zealand goods were threatened, and "nuclear colonialism" was made abundantly clear — at least to those with eyes to see.

The fact that *any* nation in the world has the short-sightedness, let alone the audacity, to refuse to run the nuclear race is incomprehensible to official Washington or Paris or London. This is probably



just as true in Moscow and Beijing as well, though we don't hear about it. It seems to be the nature of the nuclear beast in us that we seek to convert all the world to our apocalyptic vision. But there are people who want no part of it, and have declared their position in the matter pretty clearly. I for one regard Reagan's pressuring of Japan to "go nuclear" as the grossest obscenity; and it is with enormous sadness that I watch Japan caving in. This kind of interventionism must be countered by our active support of the brothers and sisters around the world who, exercising their rights to political, economic and moral self-determination, have decided against their own participation in the nuclear arms race.

A number of ways to do this are emerging. Richard Randerson suggests some specific things we can do at the end

of his article. There is, as always, the need to educate ourselves and there are an increasing number of resources. I'm finding the quarterly newsletter *UPDATE* from the Task Force on Militarization in Asia and the Pacific of the National Council of Churches to be a useful tool (The Interchurch Center, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 712, New York NY 10115). Boulder Action for Nuclear Disarmament (BAND, 3080 8th Street, Boulder CO 80302) has initiated a boycott of French products to protest the sinking of the Rainbow Warrior and continued French nuclear testing in the Pacific. With the revelation that France has banned the import of certain New Zealand products in an effort to force the release of French intelligence officers involved in the Rainbow Warrior tragedy, the BAND boycott takes on an added dimension. And we can Buy New Zealand, joining in a campaign which New Zealanders themselves have organized (New Zealand Spring Lamb is great!). As we learn of actions in other countries of the Pacific Basin, we can support them in the same ways.

Most especially, we can answer the call of our Anglican brothers and sisters who have asked for and welcome our support in their efforts to keep their part of this fragile earth nuclear free.

Mary H. Miller
Episcopal Peace Fellowship

New Zealand confronts nuclear colonialism

by Richard Randerson

New Zealand does not believe that as a South Pacific nation, it is in its own interests, nor in the interests of the South Pacific as a region, and ultimately not in the interests of the whole world, to become locked into an international nuclear jigsaw.

That is at the heart of New Zealand's foreign policy, enunciated most clearly after the election of a Labour Government in July 1984, which captured worldwide attention and gave impetus and new hope to the peace movement.

It is a privilege to be invited by THE WITNESS to share with friends in the United States some of our objectives and strategies as New Zealanders in the cause of peace.

By way of background, in common with the United States and other countries, there has been a growing peace movement in New Zealand through the 1980s. It is comprised of a loose network of small groups — some local, some national; some secular, some Christian. There are familiar professional groupings such as doctors and engineers; and Christian groups, both denominational and ecumenical. Traditional methods such as parish study groups, synod resolutions, and government submissions are well established. A Palm Sunday peace pilgrimage, Hiroshima Day services and other special events are also part of the scene.

But it was the election of a Labour Government which saw a new phase in New Zealand foreign policy. Nine years of National Party rule prior to 1984 had seen regular visits from naval vessels, (mainly U.S.) each met by an armada of small craft in Auckland and Wellington harbors protesting nuclear weapons in New Zealand waters.

The new government under Prime Minister David Lange, is committed to a policy of peace-making that involved the exclusion of nuclear-armed, nuclear-capable, or nuclear-powered vessels of *any* nation, not just those of the United States. British naval vessels, which also make occasional

visits to New Zealand, are prohibited under the same policy if they fall in the above nuclear categories.

The U.S. government gave the new New Zealand government time to settle in before testing the policy with a request for a naval visit in January 1985. Because U.S. policy is "neither to confirm nor deny" the presence of nuclear weapons on its vessels, New Zealand was unable to determine whether or not the ship met its criteria and thus denied the request.

From that moment, things really "hit the fan." New Zealand was bombarded with reactions from the U.S. government and media that spanned the range from threats of economic sanction to sheer disbelief that anyone could disagree with U.S. policy. I find the latter reaction most alarming: Time and time again I have noted that official U.S. statements appear to be based on a taken-for-granted view that the whole world must be divided into two camps with every nation lining up in one or the other. So established does this understanding of "reality" seem that response to a different perception, such as that of New Zealand, appears one of genuine incredulity. Yet this is precisely the heart of the issue.

There is no need to rehearse here the nightmarish possibilities of a nuclear exchange, or the dangers of missiles being sent on their way through a systems failure. The unmitigated evil of a world which spends billions of dollars on armaments while millions of people lack the bare necessities of life — a reality which itself increases the potential for conflict — is likewise taken for granted.

What we are discussing here is the specific basis of New Zealand's policy, a policy which is neither isolationist, nor self-centered, nor anti-U.S. The essential features are these:

- As a sovereign nation, and like any other sovereign nation, New Zealand must determine its own foreign policy in the light of the circumstances specific to its own place in the world.
- The appalling danger and runaway cost of the nuclear arms race constitute a sickness in international affairs that must be flatly opposed.
- The South Pacific is not a region currently militarized or nuclearized and there is no need for it to be. For the South Pacific to become yet another arena for super-power confrontation is a dangerous and unnecessary escalation. (When

The Rev. Richard Randerson is Vicar of St. Peter's Anglican Church in central Wellington, and New Zealand representative on the peace and justice network of the Anglican Consultative Council.



reference is made to Soviet build-up in the Pacific the word "North" should be inserted before "Pacific.")

- The Pacific peoples have already suffered too much from nuclear abuses by the Northern industrialized nations—British testing in Australia, the United States in Micronesia and the Tasman Sea, the French at Mururoa, Russia and China elsewhere in the Pacific, and the dumping of nuclear waste by the Japanese. A legacy of environmental waste and human deformity and death is the tragic result.

- There are currently no military conflicts in the South Pacific and, should any break out (e.g. in New Caledonia), there is no reason why conventional peace-keeping forces such as those of the United Nations could not contain them.

- Such being the regional situation, and being itself surrounded by hundreds of miles of water, New Zealand might be better equipped with more of a Coast Guard-type service that could protect not only its own coastline, economic zone and fisheries, but also those of the many tiny Pacific island states that lie to its north.

- The overall emphasis in such a foreign policy should be one of regional co-operation and the development of equitable policies of trade, aid, migration and tourism. Such a positive platform is the best form of defense.

- Over and beyond what constitutes an appropriate policy for New Zealand and the South Pacific, there is the hope that a non-nuclear policy of mutual co-operation among these Southern nations might be the prototype of what could develop in other parts of the global family.

Specific implications that follow in the wake of such an overall foreign policy include:

Nuclear ships and weapons ban: This already has been discussed, but it should be noted that in a public opinion survey in 1985, 71% of New Zealanders supported the ban. It has also been openly stated by the U.S. government that no strategic reason exists for U.S. naval visits but there is a strong political reason, *viz.* to demonstrate the solidarity of the Western bloc. The United States does not want other Western nations to "catch the New Zealand disease."

Nuclear-free legislation: It is the New Zealand government's intention to enact legislation this year that will prevent the visit to New Zealand of any ship or aircraft carrying nuclear weapons, as well as preventing the possession, testing, or stationing of nuclear weapons on New Zealand territory. The prospect of this legislation is provoking even stronger reactions outside New Zealand because it is seen as "setting the ships' ban in concrete." The legislation does not prevent the use of New Zealand's territorial waters for innocent passage in accordance with the international law of the sea.

ANZUS: The ANZUS treaty for mutual defense was established by the United States, New Zealand and Australia



NEW ZEALAND — situated at 45 degrees South latitude, and 180 degrees East of Greenwich, United Kingdom — is geographically slightly larger than the United Kingdom, but with a population of only 3 million. We are not Australians; 1300 miles of water separate us. The main population groupings are 87% of British origin (from the early 1800s), 9% indigenous Maori, and 4% Pacific Island migrants from Fiji, Tonga, Cook Islands and Western Samoa. Small numbers of other European and Indo-Chinese peoples are mixed in. — R.R.

in 1951, and requires the three nations to "consult" in the event of any threat to the region. No action is required by the treaty, but acting in the spirit of ANZUS, New Zealand fought with U. S. forces in Korea and Vietnam, and has shared in joint military exercises and intelligence exchange. Since the nuclear ships' ban, the U.S. government and to a lesser extent, Australia have regarded ANZUS as "inoperative" and have excluded New Zealand from the joint military exercises and intelligence exchange. The same public opinion survey mentioned earlier showed that 71% of New Zealanders support ANZUS, even though the same proportion want a non-nuclear New Zealand. This poses an area of difficult negotiation between three sovereign nations. New Zealand is clear that it wishes to stay within the Western alliance, but seeks to find a way of doing so that does not compromise its conviction that nuclear weapons should be excluded from its own territory and the South Pacific.

Nuclear-free South Pacific: The nations of the South Pacific, meeting in the Cook Islands last August, signed an agreement establishing a nuclear-free zone in the South Pacific. The agreement prohibits the testing, manufacture, deployment and use of nuclear weapons in any South Pacific territory, although leaves it up to each nation to decide about naval ship visits. Several South Pacific nations still welcome

such visits even if the ships are nuclear-armed. Just recently a joint South Pacific governments' delegation toured the capitals of the USSR, United States, China, United Kingdom, and France to explain and seek support for the principles of the new zone. They met with a mixed response.

Economic Sanctions: Although there are occasional threats of economic reprisals against New Zealand from U.S. government representatives, to date nothing has transpired. However, the French government has just announced a ban on the import of some sheep-meats from New Zealand because New Zealand has refused to waive its 10-year prison sentence on the two French government agents who blew up the Greenpeace vessel, "Rainbow Warrior" in the Port of Auckland last year, destroying the vessel and killing one crew member.

Two other issues are worth mentioning. The first is that of the strong desire for independence and sovereignty on the part of the nations of this region. In some cases this presents itself as a desire for an end to colonial rule, such as that of the French in New Caledonia and Tahiti. In other cases it is a desire by indigenous minorities (e.g. the Maori people in New Zealand) for a greater degree of justice and power-sharing in their own country. In most cases it is also a desire for self-determination free from economic or military influences of Northern Hemisphere origin.

The other issue is that of the special significance that *land* holds for many indigenous peoples. For Westerners, land is often a commodity to be bought and sold for investment and profit, but many South Pacific peoples feel a close personal and tribal identity with their own land. The Most Rev. Paul Reeves, Archbishop of the Anglican Church in New Zealand until his appointment as Governor General of New Zealand last November, and himself of Maori descent, put it like this: "A Maori viewpoint is that the land is *Papa-tua-nuku* — our earth mother. When someone says 'the land is my mother' it means that in the land they dig down to the deep and basic things of life. To rob people who believe this about their land is to rob them of life. Land is their right to life, to power, and to eternity." It is this deeply entrenched attitude to land that makes the Maori and other Polynesian peoples of the Pacific so firmly resistant to the exploitation and abuse of their land and ocean by the nuclear adventures of other nations.

In conclusion may I express the hope that nothing I have said will be interpreted as being unfriendly to the American people as a whole, nor as creating an impression of moral self-righteousness on the part of New Zealand. Having made three visits to the United States, I have too many dear friends there with whom I share common commitments in Christ to ever run the risk of confusing government policy with the convictions of all its citizens.

The support of the Episcopal Church and many other

American individuals, churches, and groups for New Zealand's stand at this time is very deeply appreciated in this country, and we hope that we in our turn may support similar American initiatives. While we all have certain national loyalties, I believe this current age is teaching us of our greater loyalty to the well-being of the whole global family, and beyond that, as Christians, to the one God who "has made of one blood all nations upon earth." It is in that spirit that I write.

How you can help:

Send letters and resolutions of support to the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. David Lange, Parliament Buildings, Wellington, New Zealand.

Send letters to New Zealand newspapers: *New Zealand Herald*, Box 32, Auckland, N.Z.; *Evening Post*, Box 3740, Wellington, N.Z.; *The Press*, Box 1005, Christchurch, N.Z.; *The Listener*, Box 3140, Wellington, N.Z.

Write letters to the U.S. government supporting New Zealand policy.

Write letters to the U.S. media challenging misrepresentations of New Zealand policy.

Purchase or ask for, New Zealand products such as meat, fish, fruit, cheese, honey, wine and beer.

Memorial Day

Oh Heaven! that sniffles or whimperings
should betray childish fear or sadness!
As they stood in their ill-fitting clothes,
they suppressed both dread and sorrow —
these bumpkins caught in fatal gears,
that might have loved and might have lived,
but were hustled soon to private beds
and cheated of girlish glee.

There was a dearth in loving, then —
politicians and businessmen made certain
that honor should primly ascend, govern,
wield sway over all common concerns.
No time for the saving caress that binds
soft boyish flesh to manly sinew,
nor flattering fondling fashioning
strength from tender touch and word.

But now the charcoal scent pervades
the new and lush suburban grassiness —
and fat veterans and their plump sweethearts
drain foaming cups on fragrant sod.
A day assigned for picnicking in memory
of those sad boys suppressing grief;
dry bones, beneath the springtime green,
that danced so briefly to life's throb.

— William Dauenhauer

'Vision quest' highlights EUC meet

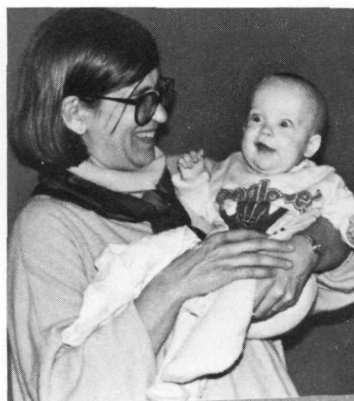
A two-hour "quest" during which 20 persons shared their vision for urban ministry highlighted the recent three-day assembly of the Episcopal Urban Caucus in Pittsburgh. The vision quest, with Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning in attendance, produced testimony reminiscent of the Urban Bishops Hearings in the cities in the late '70s. The event provided a dramatic backdrop as EUC gathered to review accomplishments since its founding in 1980, and to "celebrate the city."

One out of 10 participants rose to describe their particular concerns in work situations across the country, while Bishop Browning took notes. Speakers presented a broad range of issues, including ministry with Native Americans, Hispanics, AIDS victims, Blacks, the poor, the disabled.

Three Native Americans greeted the assembly in the Sioux language. Two priests among them wore crosses made of pipestone — "the color of our skin, of our blood." Noting that pipestone is used for sacred objects, including peace pipes, the Rev. Gary Cavender of St. Paul stressed the strong bond between Native Americans and the land. "We have always had the comfort of our land because our land supported us in all our needs. As the land disappears, so do we," he said. Sixty-five percent of all Indians in Minnesota now reside in urban areas.

The theme of people taking their stand on the land was also spelled out by the Rev. Kathy Mandeville, who works in the context of Hell's Kitchen, New York (See box.)

Parts of testimony by the Rev. Elyse



Testifiers during EUC's vision quest included, left to right, Ann Scheibner, whose son Nathaniel was undoubtedly the most popular participant in the meeting; and the Revs. Gary Cavender and Virgil Foote, and George Ross, who greeted the assembly in the Sioux language.

Bradt of Philadelphia and Ann Scheibner of Boston were picked up by the Presiding Bishop in his response. Bradt had spoken on behalf of low income people, asking the Presiding Bishop to "stand with us as we go through unemployment and stand in welfare lines. Include us in your church programs. Let us in on decision making before decisions are made. Don't walk in front of us, don't walk behind us, but walk beside us."

Scheibner's 5-month old son Nathaniel became the "mascot" of the assembly as his parents went about various duties. Scheibner said she had reflected on incarnational theology many times over the past months and expressed the hope that her "family" assembled could "turn this country around so that we can all love Nathaniel and experience his grace here, and be able to look him in the eye 18 years from now. I can't bear that alone," she said.

After the litany of urban concerns,

Bishop Browning responded by "affirming the ministry" of everyone in the room. "You've laid a lot on me, and now I am going to lay this on you. I will be the Presiding Bishop of the whole church, and get people talking to one another. Give me a little space. Be honest with me. Let's walk together side by side. And at the end of my 12 years, wherever Nathaniel may be, I want to be able to look him in the eye with all of you and say we've done our best."

In considering resolutions, the Caucus learned that the urban American Indian community suffers from an 80 to 90% unemployment rate, a high school drop-out rate of 60%, and a teenage suicide rate 10 times that of the white community. Further, 65% of all Indian families are headed by single parents. The Caucus resolved "to establish a direct relationship to urban Indian ministry" and urged "the recognition of the integral and parallel relationship between urban Appa-

Gentrification in Hell's Kitchen

Among the testifiers during EUC's "vision quest" was the Rev. Kathy Mandeville of New York who spoke to the issue of gentrification, as follows.



Kathleen Mandeville

I am Kathleen Mandeville, Vicar of St. Clement's Church in the neighborhood of "Hell's Kitchen," New York City. The issue that gnaws at my insides, that invades my prayer life, that is gripping my neighborhood is urban gentrification — no less than displacement of poor people in the name of great greed.

My block, West 46th Street between 9th and 10th Avenues, is perhaps one of the last ethnically and economically integrated neighborhoods left in Manhattan. I love my block. Maybe I'm prejudiced because it's my block, but this block is extraordinary. Here is a block where approximately 3,000 people live: Black, White, Hispanic; gay, straight; rich, poor; yuppies, prostitutes, theatre producers, elderly, drunks, families, kids and lots of dogs. There are the Greeks who run the coffee shop; the kids that breakdance in the park; the Yemenites who own the corner grocery . . . like a small town, this block, the land on which we stand, all of us together.

And here, too, is the church, the altar, the space around and in which this neighborhood gathers to share and offer up its hopes, fears, tears, joys and struggles. The church — the safe vessel which bears it all, here for the duration, here on the land

— where a group of God-fearing albeit ragtag pilgrims gather, set down in this most urban of wildernesses.

On this block, we also have both a luxury condominium and a single room occupancy (SRO) hotel. When the SRO tenants were in danger of being harassed and bought out, the tenants of the condominium helped organize the tenants who live in the SRO. *That's* redemptive.

Another story: Cecilia is 15 years old and lives in that SRO which is across the street from St. Clement's. Cecilia is from Argentina, her parents are separated. She lives with her father who works as a pushcart peddler at night. She and her family are very dear to us. Cecilia was out of school for a year. Partly through the efforts and encouragement of a woman parishioner, Cecilia began to dance. Now Cecilia is back in school and goes to dance class every day. Last week Cecilia danced for the bishop who came for confirmation. When Cecilia dances, she is filled with God and in watching we are filled with God, too.

That's my block, this is the land on which we stand and we have a vision of urban ministry, but it is a vision which is in danger of being destroyed.

Bishop Desmond Tutu tells a parable

which is applicable here: When the White people went to Africa, they had the Bible and the Black people had the land. The White people said to the Black, let us close our eyes and pray. When the Black people opened their eyes, they had the Bible in their hands and the White people had the land.

When we open our eyes and look up and around us, we see our own neighborhood being encircled by large-scale urban redevelopment; the Times Square project to the east, Donald Trump and Lincoln West to the north, a major arts complex on the pier to the west and the Convention Center to the south. Land is being bought and sold at a fantastic rate; apartments are being warehoused. This is Times Square, and Hell's Kitchen is fast becoming the "filet mignon" of residential property. We are in danger of being devoured. This land on which we stand is some of the most valuable in the world. The moral of our story:

When we pray, we will pray with our eyes open and we will stand on our land. Bishop Browning, we ask that you stand with us on this land. And that all of us gathered in this room, in this time and in this place, let us pray with our eyes open and let us stand on our land.

lachian and urban American Indian concerns."

In other resolutions, EUC dealt with issues such as monitoring the Church Pension Fund's response to divestment; implementing the participation of handicapped persons in all aspects of church

life; and challenging the church on the need to repeal the Gramm-Rudman legislation.

The Caucus elected the Rt. Rev. Mellick Belshaw, Bishop of New Jersey, president; Diane Pollard of the Diocese of New York, vice president; and appointed

the Rt. Rev. Richard Trelease, Bishop of Rio Grande, treasurer, and Annmarie Marvel of Massachusetts, secretary. Newly elected Board Members are Jane Jackson of California; George Ross of Minnesota and the Rt. Rev. Lyman Ogilby, Bishop of Pennsylvania.

Other EUC events included the following:

- Keynote speaker Dr. Howard J. Stanback, deputy director of the Mayor's Office of Employment and Training in Chicago, highlighted what he sees as the contrast between the picture painted by the Reagan administration of the current economic situation and the reality experienced by the poor.

- An overview of Caucus history, outlining "where we have been and where we should be going," was given by its president, Byron Rushing of Massachusetts. Among accomplishments he noted were: the publication of *To Hear and To Heed*, a follow-up on the hearing held in the late 1970's by the Urban Bishops Coalition, and the publication of *Count-down to Disaster*, which raised up the connection between the nuclear arms race, with its economic demands, and the poverty of the city.

- Presentations giving an historical overview and update of current status were made on three areas of the Episcopal Church's ministry. The Rev. Barbara Harris, executive director of the Episcopal Church Publishing Company, explained that the Consultation, which she convenes and of which the Urban Caucus is a member, had its genesis in Coalition E, a progressive caucus which "formed on sight at General Convention." It does not have its own agenda but reflects the concerns of the 11 constituent groups, who feel they are more effective working together.

- The Rev. Earl Neil, staff officer for the Coalition for Human Needs (CHN), explained the workings of that grant-making body, one of the three largest programs of the Church. It also administers Jubilee Ministry funding. The CHN funds both community-based and church-based programs dealing with social justice issues, while Jubilee funds only "Episcopal entities" to engage in outreach social ministry.

- The Rev. Peter Golden, staff officer

What you should know about steel

Jim Smith of the U.S. Steel Workers of America, right, distributed a study on steel by Locker/Abrecht Associates (New York) during a panel entitled "Stirring up in Pittsburgh" at the EUC assembly. The study is entitled, "Confronting the Crisis: The Challenge for Labor," and lists among its findings:

- No party alone can "fix" the steel industry. Government, banks and management must join labor at the bargaining table and all must make equitable material sacrifices.

- Steelworkers have already made enormous sacrifices toward improving the viability of the industry; 72% of all operating cost reductions since 1982 have come from lowering employment costs.

- Contrary to what most people believe, steel usage, the total amount of steel used in the U.S. economy, has not significantly declined . . . The amount of steel consumed in the United States remains more than enough to sustain the domestic steel industry at its present size.

- Over the past 10 years, the domestic integrated industry has been more profitable than producers in West Germany, Britain and France, all of whom lost money on an operating basis. These foreign producers survived because of subsidies, protection or other forms of government support. The U.S. government refuses to recognize the importance of its integrated producers and their employees, thereby withholding subsidies or protection.

- Recent research done for the U.S. Steelworkers of America has revealed that the Reagan Administration has subverted implementation of the Voluntary Restraint Agreements by granting excessive quotas, thereby raising the penetration level to 24.5% from the promised 20.3%. In 1985, imports robbed the domestic producers of shipments equal to almost 4 million tons, further weakening job and income security.

- Overtime hours in the industry have steadily increased to the point where they presently constitute the equivalent of 13,900 full-time steelworkers.

- The decline in the steel industry has been devastating for labor. The total workforce has been cut from 452,000 employees in 1977, to 200,200 employees, a 56% drop. Locker/Abrecht forecast that employment levels will continue to decline but at a slower rate than over the last four years. It is projected that the total workforce will drop from its current level of 200,000 employees to about 172,000.

- Among the 219,000 primary metals workers who were displaced between 1979 and 1983, less than half were employed as of January, 1984. Close to 40% remained unemployed, meaning actively looking for work, and more than 15% of these workers either gave up an active job search or retired. In addition, 42% of the steelworkers who found full-time jobs now make less than 80% of the wages they earned in the mills.



for Jubilee Ministries, said that Jubilee is the Episcopal Church's ministry for the poor and oppressed. There are now 68 Jubilee centers, each of which has both a service and an advocacy component, and which can serve as models for the church.

- A panel, moderated by the Very Rev. George Werner, dean of Trinity Cathedral in Pittsburgh, focused on the crisis in area steel and related industries

and featured representatives of labor and management, as well as a social worker who told in graphic terms of the desperate plight of the area's unemployed.

The remainder of the Assembly time was occupied with 14 workshops (on such topics as blue collar ministries, community organization, AIDS and disinvestment), worship, small group sessions and items of business. ■

Letters . . . Continued from page 3

able. But we are all the people of God; together we are called to love Him and we all deserve better than this sexist drivel that your editorial policies are imposing on us.

The Rev. William R. Rees
Newburg, Ore.

The Index of articles run in THE WITNESS over a year's period (see January issue) reveals the 1985 content of the magazine to be rather evenly distributed under the categories Central America, Economics, Ecumenism, Episcopal Church, Gays/Lesbians, International issues, Justice system, Peace/Disarmament, Racism, Social Action, South Africa, Theology, and Women. Editorial assignments were shared by contributing editors (see listing p. 3). And in fact, our 1985 authors roster shows that while 43 men wrote for THE WITNESS last year, only 29 women are listed. We will try to assure women a more equal place this year and are grateful to Reader Rees. Without his letter we might never have noticed that it was the women, not the men, who have been slighted. — Ed.

SPLC advocate

It was good to see mention of the Klanwatch Project of the Southern Poverty Law Center in Barbara C. Harris' column in a recent WITNESS. The work of SPLC should be more widely known.

A recent issue of their *Klanwatch Report* includes such headlines as "Klan Policeman Fired in Kentucky" and "Arson Probe in Mississippi House Burning." Both stories were a result of Klanwatch action.

In addition to the above named publication, educational programs are distributed to schools and civic groups including the Academy Award-nominated film, "The Klan; A Legacy of Hate in America."

As Harris indicated, State and Justice Depts. might well "shore up their lonely

efforts." SPLC could use encouragement and financial help from all of us. They must finance lengthy court battles, security for the new headquarters building replacing one destroyed by fire at the hands of hate-mongers, and protection for staff whose lives are being threatened. Their address is: Southern Poverty Law Center, 400 Washington St., Montgomery, Ala. 36104.

Margaret L. Nelson
Salinas, Cal.

Faith-motivated action

Thank you for THE WITNESS. I'm more and more convinced of the need for church-related publications that explore issues (and activism). Since I went to the women's conference in Nairobi I have assumed several leadership positions in the church and community. Repeatedly I have found that the people involved — from the leaders on a local Infant Mortality Task Force to those on the Fairness in Jobs Task Force are moved to action because of their faith. Justice and service are not Sunday-morning-worship words, but day to day commitments. It's not always easy, but reading of others also making difficult decisions in their communities nurtures and encourages the rest of us.

Mary Jo Cartledge-Hayes
Spartanburg, S.C.

'Free South Africa' stamp

The Free South Africa Movement has initiated the "Free South Africa/Promote World Peace Stamp Campaign." The campaign hopes to inundate the mails with letters carrying this message of support for freedom in South Africa and peace in the world. The red/green/yellow stamp includes a reproduction of the red ribbon many wore to commemorate the shedding of blood which continues in the battle against apartheid the world over. It can be affixed the year round. Stamps come in sheets of 50 and the individual contribution for each sheet is \$5. For further information write AFSC, 1501 Cherry St., Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Back Issues Available:

● **Central America:** Major stories on Nicaragua, Honduras and Costa Rica. Bishop Sturdie Downs of Nicaragua tells WITNESS readers, "If you only knew about the interventions by the United States, how your country created a National Guard and how the multinationals exploited us, you would be in the streets protesting" and analyzes the economic interests behind his statement. Jim Levinson adds a Jewish perspective on Nicaragua. Jim Lewis gives an eyewitness report on the militarization of Honduras. Anna Grant Sibley describes the de-neutralizing of Costa Rica. November 1985.

● **AIDS: The plague that lays waste at noon,** plus articles on the rights of gays and lesbians in church and society. Authors include John Fortunato, Zalmon Sherwood, Anne Gilson, Domenic Ciannella, Madeline Ligamare. September 1985.

● **Capital Punishment:** Articles by Mary Miller, Joe M. Doss, Marie Deans, Thomas Shepherd examining how the death penalty is symptomatic of a violent society; what it means when a prison chaplain loses a friend to the electric chair; the morality of capital punishment; a survivor's view of murder; and a model church ministry to prisoners. April 1985.

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Reproducing Pentecost

A biblical scholar once wrote, "To remember Pentecost is to revive our hope and to reproduce Pentecost now would be to fulfill that hope." My scholarly source goes on to raise the question: "Is Pentecost reproducible?"

I would have to answer probably not in the sense of the original experience, and even the record and our understanding of that is flawed. But reflecting on the question, it occurs to me that if Christians in the United States really *believed* the Pentecost story for what it implies about empowerment, universality and unifying experience, the federal government of this country would be in serious trouble with most of its citizenry. Not only would the voices that mouth pious platitudes from pulpits be thundering in the tradition of Jeremiah, Amos and Nathan et al, cries of righteous indignation would be rising from hordes of the faithful outraged by the irresponsible conduct of the central government.

Simply put, the story of Pentecost is a story of forces drawing people together in a kind of unity that empowered them to resist the forces that were destroying them. Remembering Pentecost we celebrate the outpouring of God's spirit upon "all flesh." Somehow that Spirit does not seem to penetrate the dense fog of callousness and insensitivity that pervades and shrouds the shaping of this nation's foreign policy, and the forces that divide us and threaten to destroy us have been

unleashed to unprecedented degree by the Reagan administration.

Two things invariably bring people together — common danger and common devotion. Danger *drives* folk together and devotion *draws* them. In the absence of common devotion to the cause of Christ, it would seem that at least common danger would be a unifying force that would galvanize U.S. Christians into action. The Pentecost account tells us "they were all with one accord in one place." One does not have to be part of a group labeled "radical," "liberal" or "progressive" to actively oppose the things that go on in the name of the people of this nation.

If, for example, more Christians consciously withheld taxes that fuel the machinery of war and armed aggression and placed that money into a church-held "escrow account for peace," \$100 million in aid to the Nicaraguan Contras might not so easily be voted. If more "Christian soldiers," potential cannon fodder at best, said "hell no, I won't go" — willingly, at least — into another Vietnam transplanted to Central American soil, this government might be forced to give some credence to the Contadora process it so conveniently tends to dismiss as unfeasible. If more Christians sought alternative investments for the funds they now pour into lucrative instruments of return, there would be less available to support oppression and dis-

enfranchisement at home and abroad.

We also are told "And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit." The experience of that first Pentecost might not be reproducible in its original form, whatever that was, but it is possible to provide opportunities for the Spirit to break through. It probably will never work quite that way again, but the Christian Church has scant hope of being set on fire in any sense until all that is implied in the Pentecost message is expressed in some kind of common life in which we recognize that all we have comes from God, belongs to God and, as such, must be shared with all the members of God's family — and that includes freedom.

As a former public relations practitioner, I have often been distressed by the gross misuse of that term as it is applied to any and everything that people communicating on behalf of an institution or organization speak or write. The perjorative use of "PR" implies that it is all hype, snow-job, cover-up or, at best, puffery that seeks to mask the truth.

One of the basic tenets of authentic public relations is "planning and implementing the organization's efforts to influence or change public policy." It seems to this old PR hack that Holy Mother Church could use some PR planning and implementation right about now so that in some sense, the hope of Pentecost might be approximated, if not reproduced. ■

About 'My Story's On': Find the feminist

"Authors who appear in this feminist anthology are women from different races, cultures, classes — who write in the laundromat, in prison, in kitchens, in ghettos, in mental hospitals, on lunch hours. Hearing from these voices is central to understanding the dimensions of women's issues."

— Chris Weiss
Women and Employment
Hurricane, W. Va.

My Story's On: Ordinary Women, Extraordinary Lives — a unique feminist anthology made possible by a grant from the Episcopal Church Publishing Company — has made its debut after a three year search for materials from women who have often been excluded from mainstream feminism.

"My Story's On grew out of a belief that most women are not corporate vice-presidents or employed in non-traditional jobs," said Paula Ross, editor of the new publica-

tion. "We are not all members of that elite feminist club that requires you to be a young, white, urban, able-bodied, heterosexual, middle-class, childless, professional woman in order to be admitted. Women can't afford this false face of feminism. Not only does it exclude too many by holding up a mirror that reflects a single image, it also cuts off feminism itself from a source of tremendous power — the strength lodged in diversity," she said. Ross, a Black

editor who resides in Berkeley, grew up in Detroit.

"The New Right and the Moral Majority have produced dozens of books, selling their image of what it means to be a 'real woman,'" Ross said, "but we think that feminism belongs to any woman who claims it."

Below is a sample from the book. Who is the feminist in "Ruby shopping"? Ruby? The young woman? You, the reader? None or all of the above? Let us know what you think.

Ruby shopping

by Carolyn Weathers

Ruby was hungry. With effort, she lifted herself from her rocker. Grasping her cane, she padded across the room to the far wall, where she reached a two-burner stove and a wooden counter with a piece of fabric tacked across the front. On the wall above was a beige wooden cabinet with its paint chipped and peeling.

Bending over, Ruby pulled back the fabric and peered into an apple crate standing on its side under the counter. In it she saw a handful of raisins, two tea bags, a cup of old macaroni, and a half-empty jar of crunchy peanut butter. The peanut butter was her treat, one she savored, a tablespoonful at a time, once a week, until it was gone. If she could afford it, she bought another jar. Looking at the jar made her stomach groan, but Ruby set her lips and glanced away. She noticed a long cellophane wrapper behind the macaroni. Fumbling in the cellophane for a cracker, she winced and blew out her breath. Her arthritis was sharper and fishing for crackers was

harder. Her shaky hands didn't help. She finally clutched a cracker, eased it out of the wrapper, and nibbled.

Standing on tiptoe, Ruby leaned on her cane and opened the cabinet. She saw a biteful of crumbly cereal in a saucer, nothing more.

Ruby knew she would have to go shopping. She made her way to the bed, on the other side of the room. Beside it stood a cardboard chest of drawers, and she pulled the top drawer out, removed a cigar box and lifted its lid. Only fifty-three cents. No more food stamps, either.

Ruby put on her raveled, green sweater, her velveteen hat, and her black mesh gloves. She got her bent, worn umbrella from behind the bathroom door and lifted her long fabric purse off the door knob. Into this purse, she stuffed a piece of newspaper; into one of its pockets, she zipped a two-edged razor.

Feeling the good grip of her faded umbrella in her hand, she used it as a cane and stepped out the back door of the apartment building onto an alley. She had a set route, up the alley five blocks, then down the other side to home. More than that she could not do . . .

Carolyn Weathers is a free lance writer based in Los Angeles. A longer version of the above appears in *My Story's On: Ordinary Women, Extraordinary Lives*. (See ad back cover.)

The alley was dirt, dotted with rocks and clumps of dead grass. Ruby picked her way around these and walked slowly but steadily up the alley. No one around. It looked safe. Besides, she thought, she was a fixture here and entitled to go her way. And if it weren't safe, what then? She had to shop. Fences lined either side of the alley. It was the trash cans planted outside them that Ruby scrutinized. At a distance, objects looked blurred to her, but her eyes told her well enough it was a good day; all the cans were tumbling over with trash.

Ruby approached the first set of cans, six of them, curious about what she might uncover. Most of the trash was in plastic bags. Ruby smiled to see she had beaten the dogs to it. She grappled the razor out of her purse and sliced the bags open. Two cans were crammed with trash that had been dumped into them directly from wastebaskets. This Ruby considered dirty since it lacked plastic bags, but she did like that everything lay open to her fingers, to her view.

She stood over the cans and poked inside them with her unerring umbrella. She had developed a knack for spotting retrievable food.

Every can offered something: an inch of shampoo in a tube, frazzled SOS pads, one pineapple chunk in a jagged can, shreds of red plaid shorts, Cheetos, a barely touched can of Super Supper cat food. She took the cat food, Cheetos and, last, the shredded shorts. She could use them in sewing, which she did in spite of her arthritis. Sewing helped her pass the time.

Encouraged by her acquisitions, Ruby neared the next set of cans with anticipation. There were five of them. They always made her wonder; sometimes their gleanings were liberal, sometimes spare. She played a game with herself, trying to guess their contents by pretending she had x-ray vision. Today she was wrong. She pictured cheese and twine. Disappointed, Ruby clicked her tongue, discovering that most of the cans were stuffed with broken branches and

mowed grass.

As she turned to leave, she saw, further down in the can, a small bag with a few marshmallows in it. It was lodged between balled carbon paper and a crushed box of light bulbs, three feet down into the can and spattered with wet coffee grounds. Bracing herself with her umbrella, Ruby bent over and stretched. Her fingers touched the bag but could not grasp it. Breathing in, she choked on a sharp whiff of ammonia and straightened up quicker than she should have, causing pain to stab through her back. She rubbed her back, her aching hands and fingers. Glancing once more at the unobtainable bag of marshmallows, Ruby reluctantly turned away, pressing her hand to the gnawing inside her stomach . . .

At first, it had been hard to pick trash. She remembered how she cringed and felt that everyone was watching; how she imagined her sister and her husband watching down from heaven. Realizing that Marge and Bill would cry made her cry. She patted her eyes then and resolved never again to egg on her sentimental side.

Over the months, Ruby accustomed herself to this way of shopping. She shook her head, noting that it had been almost a year now. Shifting the weight of her purse, she prepared to move on, knowing that she was not entirely accustomed to it, for, sometimes, when she had that watched feeling, she whispered over and over to herself, "My name is Ruby Allen, and I didn't always pick trash."

Ruby stepped away from the garage door and plodded on up the alley, passing the rear of a cleaners, a beauty shop, and a hardware store. None had usable or edible trash today. She liked this stretch of alley that was fenceless, because she could see the backs of buildings. She never knew what might turn up. Nothing had, but she always hoped.

Ruby quickened her step. A good smell reached her. She was almost there. She could see McDonald's golden arches from the alley. Reaching its rear eating area, which was outside and back to back with the alley, Ruby smiled and fixed herself at a large, rectangular trash bin. Scattered across the eating area were tables with metal umbrellas; they looked to Ruby like concrete mushrooms.

As she sifted through the trash, Ruby prickled all over, feeling bare and exposed. Someone was watching her, hard. She looked up from her work and glanced toward the concrete tables, where she saw several blurred figures. Glancing from one to the other, her eyes landed on a young woman who was holding her hamburger halfway to her mouth as though she were frozen. Ruby knew she was the one.

She shuffled to the far side of the bin, away from the tables, and continued to prod at the debris with her umbrella. French fries, remains of a Quarter Pounder. All went into her hungry purse.

SUSTENANCE

Sustain: 1. to give support or relief to; 2. to supply with sustenance: nourish; 3. to keep up: prolong.

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THE WITNESS

with a

sustaining subscription, \$25 yearly. (See order card this issue.)

Just as Ruby was reaching for a wobbling cherry turnover that balanced precariously on an overturned cup, a shadow crossed her hand. Startled, she shot her eyes up and saw the young woman standing beside the bin. Abashed to have someone witness her scavenging up close, Ruby snatched her hand out of the bin. It hurt to relinquish the nearly whole turnover.

"Hello," said the young woman, courteously. Her brown hair lifted softly in the breeze.

The nearer she came, the less blurred she was. Ruby figured she was in her 20s and, with her yellow cotton jacket and appealing smile, she appeared shiny, wholesome.

Carefully, Ruby turned to her. She stepped away from the bin and the enticing, unsteady turnover. "Hello," she said. "I'm out walking today. Isn't it a lovely day for that?"

To Ruby, the stranger's expression fell into a glue smile.

"Yes, I . . . I guess," said the woman, stepping back.

Ruby watched warily and gripped her purse closer, increasing the ache in her hands. "I'm retired, so I have lots of time." Eyeing the Big Mac in the other woman's hand, she could almost taste it, feel its chewiness.

The young woman stared at her sandals and tugged nervously at the side of her jacket. "Uh, could I buy you a hamburger, a Big Mac?"

Ruby blanched inside. Her hands fluttered, and she smiled vaguely at the air. "Oh, what? What's that?"

"Would you like a hamburger . . . or . . . or something?"

Ruby stretched to her full height. She came only to the interloper's shoulder. A man in an orange T-shirt hurried to the bin, pitched in a sack of trash and hurried away. Ruby went cold to see the turnover waver on the overturned cup where it perched. One more throw like that and the turnover would slide down into the depths of the trash bin, forever irretrievable.

Frantically, Ruby sucked in her breath and held it, searching her brain for the right words, to wear the intruder down, speed her retreat. She blurted, "My husband takes a nap after lunch. I try not to disturb him, he's a hard worker. I walk." She cocked her head and waited for the reaction.

A piece of paper with ketchup smeared on it blew out of the bin and floated to the ground at their feet. Ruby's quick eye examined it for food, then she again turned her attention to the young woman, who shifted her feet but did not leave.

Ruby swallowed hard, feeling trapped. She wanted that turnover. This scrutiny, this benign interference, messed things up for her. She narrowed her eyes, studying the obstinate young woman and thought, Can't she see my hat, my gloves? Listen. She took a step closer and lied, remembering to smile. "Everyday he brings good food. And plenty of it."

"Well. Good." The young woman's voice squeaked, Ruby

thought, more than spoke.

Ruby watched this woman nibble her lips and squirm as though she hurt somewhere. Ruby leaned forward on her umbrella and peered more intently at her intruder, pinned by the woman's shy eyes, that begged for contact, a word, a sign. She understood now that the young woman was distressed and might not know how to leave. She squelched an impulse to reach out and pat the young woman's face. It was more important to get out of the way and get that turnover.

Ruby sickened to see a breeze blow the turnover, see the turnover wobble, farther off the cup. It was almost gone. Alarmed and reckless, she tore loose from the threatening gaze and said, emphatically, "I have everything I could wish for. Everything I have wished for."

The young woman bowed her head and said, "Of course, yes." She backed off for two or three steps and turned away, lifting her hand to Ruby. "Well, goodbye," she said.

Ruby waved. "Goodbye." She watched the young woman retreat, all the way, back into dimness, back to the eating area, out of her life. Victorious, she stepped to the bin and plucked the turnover off the trash. She would not deny herself the turnover another minute and began eating it as she trudged up the alley.

Ruby had walked about forty feet when she heard a running sound, a sound of someone softly coughing, back behind her at McDonald's. Slowing pivoting, she saw that the young woman had returned to the trash bin. Though Ruby's view was blurred, she saw that the woman held in her hands a white sack, which she carefully placed on top of the trash, before she wheeled and strode away.

Ruby knew what it was. She could taste it, feel its chewiness.

She walked back to the bin to get it. ■

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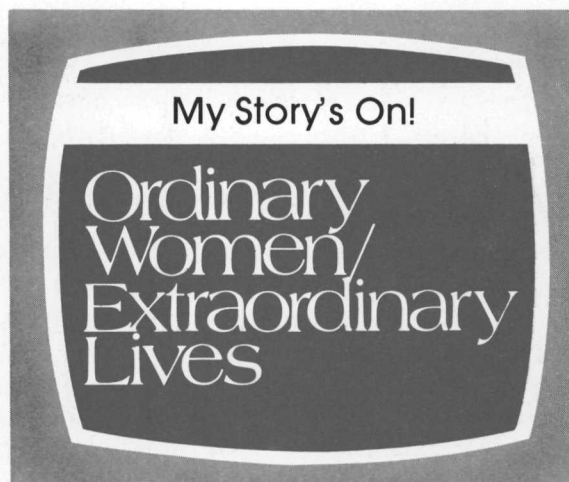
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Edited by Paula Ross, Berkeley, Cal.

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