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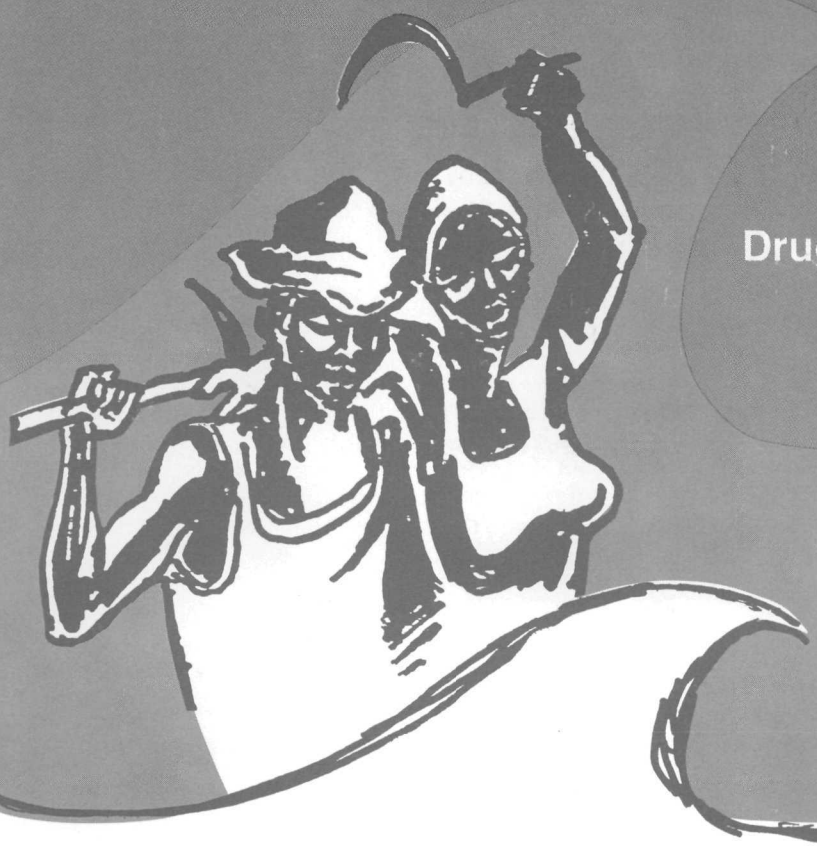
THE WITNESS

The anguish of Haiti
• Joan Chittister



Angela Davis: Evolution of an activist
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UNLESS WE ORGANIZE WE WILL BE WASHED AWAY JUST AS THE SOIL AND ROCK IS WASHED AWAY

Letters

Offers Butlerisms

In your November issue I read Mary Miller's article, "Fifty years of peacemaking." As a marine who had enlisted in 1940, I knew many a leatherneck who had served in Nicaragua and regaled us with tales about Major General Smedley D. Butler, whom you quoted in the graphic which ran in that story.

Here are a few Butlerisms that may be of interest to your readers. He was one of the first Americans to denounce Benito Mussolini. He had quite a sense of loyalty. During the dark days of the depression, when Douglas Macarthur was chasing the "Bonus Army" out of Washington at bayonet point, "Old Gimlet Eye" Butler gave them sanctuary at Washington Navy Yard. When FDR took over, Macarthur was sent to the Philippines. Gen. Butler was one of the few officers who could be used to rally around as a genuine war hero (two Congressional medals). A secret cabal of millionaires tried to bribe him in 1934 to lead a military junta against President Roosevelt. He remained loyal to his oath to the Constitution. He took a leave of absence from the Marine Corps and cleaned up the Philadelphia Police Department.

Then he retired, never realizing his dream of being commandant of the Marine Corps. So he ran for Congress as a representative from Bucks County, Pa. and was beaten soundly, mostly by church people. Why? He had a real salty, profane and irreverent manner of speaking. "Nice" people didn't like that. At one point they limited him to five hells and five damns in a 15-minute broadcast. He used those words up in five minutes and was taken off the air.

This is one reason, as a Social Action-type Methodist, I well appreciate THE WITNESS for its pricking of stuffed shirts and getting people to think of the oppressed of the world, in spite of the brickbats and cancellations you get from some disgruntled souls. So again I'm taking advantage of your three subscriptions for one Christmas offer, only I'm doubling it to six.

Robert Keosian
Hawthorne, N.J.

Scouts and militarism

I was struck with the article by Jim Lewis, "Winning youth away from war," in November.

The article related how the annual Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America was held at A. P. Hill military base in Virginia. The army went to great lengths to impress the boys with the charm and romance of militarism.

As a former scout and former scoutmaster of two troops I immediately wrote a letter of protest to the national scout headquarters. I pointed out that scouting wasn't founded to be a paramilitary outfit — that the spirit of scouting is based on respect for nature, compassion for the needy, good citizenship and international friendship.

I have a high regard for the scouting movement and trust it will remain true to the ideals upon which it was founded.

The Rev. Eldred Johnston
Columbus, Ohio

'Pro-choice' loses sub

I applaud you on your witness of human rights. However, your pro-choice stand on abortion rights would seem to me a less than adequate response to a most basic right — the right to live. Because of your stand on this issue, I must decline to subscribe to THE WITNESS.

Dan Becker
Keswick, Va.

No longer silent

We appreciated your pro-choice articles in the June WITNESS regarding the subject of abortion. Where is this kinder, gentler nation of which President Bush speaks? It is not in Philadelphia, where so-called Christians harass clients who attempt to enter Planned Parenthood and other clinics.

To gain safe entry into the clinic, clients must be escorted by volunteers. We are active in defending the clinic against these "religious" demonstrators who are mostly men. We clinic defenders are bordered on one side by rosary-waving Roman Catholics and on the other side by Protestant fundamentalists. The scene resembles a Fellini movie — bullhorns blaring, grossly graphic posters, two-foot high crucifixes, priests and pseudo-priests, kneeling, praying, evangelizing, pushing, shoving, and references to Hitler, "killing centers," Nazis, and "American Holocaust."

Abortion is not the issue. The issue is keeping women powerless by controlling the very personal decisions about their reproductive lives. The next thing on their agenda is to outlaw contraception and sex education.

In one breath, these people claim to be concerned about saving lives; with the next they support the use of tax dollars to kill people in El Salvador. Or how about their belief in the death penalty? It is OK that babies are abused and killed after they are born but "abortion is murder!"

Much reference has been made to the "silent majority" who support choice. The majority can no longer remain silent. The anti-choicers should be exposed for the violent individuals they are. Most of us believe the government has no business interfering in our private lives. We should live in a democracy and not a theocracy.

We can no longer allow ourselves to be intimidated; we must vote for pro-choice issues and candidates. Pennsylvania legislators recently passed the Abortion Control Act of 1989. Restric-

tions on abortion in this state will be as damaging to the doctors as they are to women's lives. The media has never fully informed the public of the real intent and severity of the penalties and restrictions in this law.

Those who don't believe in abortions should not have one! But most importantly, the separation of church and state must be upheld.

Jeanne Bland
Carole and Ivor Witt
Ambler, Pa.

Amnesty advocate, too

Thank you for the November issue and the article about Bishop John Walker, "Requiem for a common man, an uncommon bishop" which caught much of the flavor of the Cathedral service and also of the St. Margaret's wake. We are all still suffering his loss.

One of the things I remember most vividly about John was his concern for the young men during the Vietnam war who were making the difficult decision to leave the country rather than serve in that unjust and unnecessary destruction. He worked with them, advising, listening, helping, just as he did so many people with other acute problems. He was also enormously helpful later when we were trying to have amnesty declared for those who had gone to Canada and elsewhere.

THE WITNESS continues to be a boon in bringing me good writing and exciting perspectives.

Nancy Montgomery
Washington, D.C.

Integrity addendum

Your memorial tribute to the Rt. Rev. John Walker was splendid and deeply appreciated with one exception. Not mentioned was Bishop Walker's inclusion of lesbians and gay men in his universe of caring.

He consistently spoke and voted against every reactionary homophobic resolution and supported every effort to recognize the wholeness of gay people, to assure their full membership and participation in the church, and to guarantee their civil rights.

In 1976 he supported Integrity's first call for a commission on human sexuality and served on the commission. In 1979 he courageously signed the Dissenting Bishops Statement opposing homophobic action taken by the General Convention.

Bishop Walker's commitment to the oppressed did not stop at the lavender line whereas your failure to mention this, however unintentional, buys into the heterosexist ploy to keep lesbians and gay men invisible, closeted and oppressed.

The finest tribute we could offer Bishop Walker would be, in 1991, after nine years of trying, to pass a civil rights canon which forbids discrimination in our church against marginalized persons including those of gay and lesbian orientation.

The Rev. Paul Woodrum, Treasurer
Integrity, Inc.

'Doing your job'

Congratulations on the self-righteous "Please cancel my subscription immediately" letters that you are getting. If you weren't, you would not be doing your job. Remember Mark Twain: "Whenever you find that you are on the side of the majority, it's time to pause and reflect."

The Rev. Alexander Seabrook
Joliet, Ill.

Rattles his cage

Your magazine continues to be a major source of inspiration to me in my ministry and life. Each and every month I find within its pages something to rattle my cage and to remind me of the saving power of the Gospel in all our lives. In effect, I read the Gospel for modern times every time I read THE WITNESS.

Thanks for your 'witness' to me and to the world.

The Rev. Jeffrey Paul
Ventura, Calif.

Ingle article poignant

Joseph B. Ingle's article on "Justice not vengeance: Death row must go, " in the November WITNESS was so very poignant and agonizing about society's inhumanity. I am sending copies to friends who favor capital punishment; now, if they will just read it. Love THE WITNESS.

Pat Grimala
Portland, Ore.

Appreciates WITNESS

Of the many periodicals which come in my mail, none is more appreciated than THE WITNESS. The graphics alone are worth the subscription price.

I have appreciated so many articles over the past months, most recently the two pieces by Ann Robb Smith (September and October) on Central America. Having returned recently from 10 days in Nicaragua, I heartily concur with her assessment of the situation.

The most difficult question I was asked while in Nicaragua was: "Why is the United States trying to destroy Nicaragua?" It is as much a cry of pain as a question. Nevertheless, it is a question we need to be asking our leaders in government continually.

Thank you for publishing THE WITNESS. I thought you might like to know that appreciative United Methodists are among your readers.

The Rev. Robert A. Moore
Providence, R.I.

THE WITNESS

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THE WITNESS

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Editorial

Confronting 'lavish brutality'

Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning is to be commended for dispatching four Episcopal bishops to El Salvador to seek release of all detained church workers shortly after the "invasion" of an Episcopal church by the Salvadoran National Guard.

The bishops — William Frey of Colorado, David Reed of Kentucky, William Swing of California, and James Ottley of Panama — spent two hours with President Cristiani of El Salvador and met with U.S. Ambassador William Walker. They visited several Episcopal church workers in jail, including the Rev. Luis Serrano, rector of St. John the Evangelist Church, San Salvador, where government forces conducted a pre-dawn raid Nov. 20. At that time they swept into their net several foreign and indigenous church workers who were laboring to feed refugees in the compound. Josie Beecher, an Episcopal missionary from the Diocese of Olympia in Washington state, was among them. She was beaten and subjected to a harrrowing interrogation at the headquarters of the Treasury Police. (See story p. 17.) Beecher's dramatic account of a prior detention, along with her 5-year-old adopted daughter, appeared in THE WITNESS just a year ago. Among those still under detention at this writing is Juan Antonio Berti Quinonez, co-director of CREDHO, the church social service institution, as well as a number of other humanitarian and social service church workers. Quinonez was reported to have been badly beaten.

The bishops' trip is part of a continuing protest by the Episcopal Church and other church bodies regarding the escalation and harassment of church workers by the Army since Nov. 16 when six Jesuit priests and two women were executed "with lavish brutality — they took out their brains," in the words of the Rev. Jose Maria Tojeira, head of the Jesuit order in El Salvador. The crackdown is proceeding across denominational lines, and from the hierarchy to lay volunteers.

An outspoken human rights champion, Lutheran Bishop Ernesto Medardo Gomez, underground since his last public appearance at the funeral for the Jesuits, was spirited away to exile by plane recently.

Curiously, President George Bush, an Episcopalian, has not been available to meet with Browning, although it has been reported in the religious press that with the arrest of Luis Serrano and his co-workers, "the Episcopalians were being singled out because the Salvadoran government believes it had a strong case of subversion against them." (*National Catholic Reporter* 12/8/89). It would seem that the President would want to be helpful in putting that myth to rest.

El Salvador-watchers analyze the orchestrated persecution as an attempt to render the churches ineffective as a powerful mediating force. Some describe El Salvador as a country with two armies — regular and rebel — with no government.

On Nov. 21, Bishop Browning issued a memorandum to the bishops of the Episcopal Church, in which he said: "For more than a decade, and to the tune of approximately $1 million a day, our government has steadfastly supported the government of El Salvador. There comes a time when accountability must be demanded . . . The civil conflict which splits the nation of El Salvador must be adjudicated and negotiated in such a way that the need of the Salvadoran people for economic and political justice is not sacrificed to the supposed national security needs of our nation. *The people have suffered enough!*"

Over the past 10 years, 70,000 lives have been lost in the war in El Salvador, the church martyrs a small number of that total. Browning has called for an end to U.S. military aid to El Salvador.

The Presiding Bishop has also asked bishops and all others of good will to:

— Telephone the White House and the State Department, demanding that the President and Administration take action to secure the release of the Episcopal Church workers. The White House phone number is 202-456-1414. The State Department is 202-647-4910.

— Telephone the El Salvadoran Embassy in Washington, D.C. with the same demand — 202-265-3480.

— Write or telephone your congressional delegation, demanding an immediate re-assessment of U.S. military aid to the El Salvador government.

— Pray for the people of El Salvador, and all who suffer the terrors of war.

And we might add, contact Josie Beecher about the possibility of addressing your congregation. She will be in touch with the SHARE Foundation in Washington, D.C. at 202-635-5540.

Could be the beginning of a formidable list of New Year's Resolutions.

The anguish of Haiti

by Joan Chittister

(Special to THE WITNESS; graphics by Helen David Brancato)

Sunday

When the plane left Miami for Port-au-Prince I was tired, hot and apprehensive at the thought of going to a country whose history is a series of private armies at war with one another and at odds with the people.

So why am I here? Bonhoeffer writes: "There is a meaning in every journey that is unknown to the traveler." I will have to let Haiti itself teach me why I'm here.

All the way down today I read and reviewed material on the country's history, political situation, and poverty. But in the United States, we hardly even know where Haiti is, let alone what it is. And worse, we don't care.

One thing I know for sure as the plane begins its descent: From the air, Haiti is beautiful — an island coast, rugged hills, and blue, blue water. The question is: What is its soul like?

Claudette Werleigh, director of ITECA, a church-funded adult education and development agency, and her husband Georges picked us up at the airport. The 12 of us in the Pax Christi delegation plus our luggage were packed into a Toyota van that clanged up one steep and winding road after another. People — all young — clogged the roads where no sidewalks ran, and the car lurched from one side to the other for miles. It was a tight, wet, jarring ride through a hot and humid night.

Foyer Solidarité, the place we are staying, is deceiving. It's a huge, plantation-style mansion at the top of a hill. At first I was almost shocked to see the marble and wrought iron and the open veranda. But inside, everything was large and bare. It's clean. There are art posters proclaiming the scriptures of the poor. There are wall frescoes in native style. But there's nothing else. No lovely furniture, no television, no hot water in the shower; the cold water a trickle. There were, however, beautiful flowers in each sparse bedroom.

We settled in to eat a light supper of soup and salad and then to study the agenda. By 11 p.m. it was finally cool enough to sleep.

Monday

It has been quite a morning. First we went to the clinic run by the radical priest Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide — if by radical you mean someone committed to the church of the beatitudes. He has denounced the government and challenged the bishops to speak for the poor. As a result, he has enemies in multiple places. But not among the poor. When church officials removed him from his parish, St. Jean Bosco, the poor converged *en masse* on the cathedral until Aristide was reinstated.

To neutralize his power they have taken away his parish and permit him to function only as a convent chaplain. After all, with no pulpit to preach from, what threat is he with the crowds?

Well, Jesus didn't have a synagogue to operate from either. Aristide is a figure to be reckoned with.

His clinic is a huge old house and courtyard on a side street of a lower-middle class section of Port-au-Prince. Over 2,000 people have come to the clinic for medical help. In addition, he has a work program for street children, boys who have no money, no job, no education. He also teaches them to read. Some sleep there on old bare mattresses on a wet concrete floor when there is nowhere else to go.

Aristide is clearly revolutionary, a prophet, a scourge of the system. There have been several attempts on his life and, as we sat on the veranda overlooking the playground and listened to him, it was clear why.

Aristide says that U.S. interests are Vatican interests, so whatever smacks of anti-Americanism — like attacking the assembly industry set up in Haiti by U.S. corporations — is branded as political or left-wing or even communist. When Aristide talks about the "expatriation of American profits" and the "new slavery of economic dependence," he becomes a threat to church and state. The church, after all, has privileges here that are not to be bartered for the people.

He's a very small, very intense man. I had no doubt that I was in the presence of a holy man who will probably die for Medellin and Puebla and Vatican II and the preferential option for the poor.

As we drove away from his damp, dark dormitory, the tiny classroom and the sparse pharmacy, I saw Aristide's

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Joan Chittister, noted author and prioress of Mount St. Benedict Monastery, Erie, Pa., went to Haiti recently as part of a fact-finding delegation sponsored by Pax Christi USA. Part of the purpose of the trip was to produce a video entitled *Haiti: Voices of Misery, Voices of Promise.* Chittister did the videotaping and kept a journal of her experiences for simultaneous publication in *Pax Christi* and THE WITNESS.

name painted on villa walls all over the hills.

Port-au-Prince is a tragic place. It is paradise on one hand and hell on the other. It sits overlooking the beautiful Caribbean on rolling green hills under the world's bluest sky. And it is a cesspool.

The poor are everywhere; the streets are gullies and the buildings are in various stages of collapse. Our four-wheel drive vehicle rocked from side to side as we maneuvered around pits on the main streets of town that were so deep they still held rain water from two days ago.

In the middle of all this sits the U.S. AID (Agency for International Development) building, which Haitians call, tongue in cheek, the "National Ministry of Finance." There is also a gleaming consulate surrounded by barbwire and a high-walled, perfectly manicured embassy. A sign under the window of the Marine receptionist's office says "America's Warriors."

The conversation with embassy staffers was, for want of a better word, sad. They didn't know anything about the CBI (Caribbean Basin Initiative). That's an economic doctrine and they're political attachés, they said.

Under the CBI, American businesses pay little or no taxes, provide wages of $3 a day and give no benefits. It is the new slavery, a Haitian told us, and this time the "massa" doesn't even supply house, land or protection. The people are free only to starve.

The embassy representatives don't speak Creole. They're short-term staffers trying to give continuity to a foreign policy that changes every four to eight years.

They are trying very hard, I'm convinced, but they're company men who see U.S. policy with a great deal more clarity than they see the Haitian people and our role in Haiti's present situation.

It was a somewhat tense but basically civil conversation. They defended American policy; we insisted that they make recommendations for change.

"Broaden your sources," we said. "Speak the language. Take an interest in Haiti instead of treating it as a necessary stopover on the road to a diplomatic promotion."

"America's Warriors" was still at the reception window when we left almost two hours later.

After lunch we went to St. Martin and Cité Soleil, the slum sections of Port-au-Prince.

Cardboard shacks lined mud paths barely more than a car-width wide. Children, literally thousands of them, played in the mud and dirt. The kitchens were burners at the front of the huts, the beds were old mattresses or pieces of cardboard. The roofs were corrugated metal and there were miles and miles of them. Women washed clothes in basins full of rainwater and dumped the suds into open ditches. Starving dogs moved slowly among the children. Men hacked sugar cane and dragged heavy loads on wooden flatbed wagons attached to their backs like yokes.

It was human degradation in slow motion. Post-puberty girls squatted against walls to urinate. Small boys had no clothes at all. Women my age had small children crawling all over them or huddled lifeless in the corners of cast-off packing boxes that had delivered the refrigerators of the rich.

The driver of the Land Rover that took us through the area was obviously nervous. I was too thunderstruck to be afraid, too numb to worry about myself. I put the video camera on my lap, torn between two values — take film home that would arouse U.S. consciences or sit quietly and respectfully in the presence of death. After all, what kind of person takes a picture of a corpse?

Here, surely, was living death without benefit of all the niceties. In funeral homes perhaps death can be ignored, but here? No, here it must be confronted.

On the docks of Cité Soleil the van broke down. We'd gotten out to take some footage of the boats and the laying of nets, but when we went to start the car, it was dead. Crowds gathered quickly, all young men and boys, pushing and asking for money, candy, pens, eyeglasses. Anything at all.

And so, this crowd of nuns and peace people began to give them things. David gave them magic tricks. Helen David gave them sketches of themselves, the kind you pay $25 or $50 each for on

Jackson Square in New Orleans. Bernadette gave them lessons in the alphabet and I took pictures of them with a video camera. They loved it. The crowd got bigger and bigger.

In the evening we met with Haitian economists, church leaders and human rights activists to try to make sense of what we'd seen. Every lecture was brief but to the point:

The United States will support corruption in Haiti as long as Haiti remains a security item for the U.S. Given the fact that Haiti and Cuba share the sea lane that links the coast of Latin America to the U.S. eastern seaboard, that policy will continue to make certain Cuba does not attempt to close that passage.

Free elections and a civilian government endanger American influence and control of the passage, since civilians cannot be controlled like the military.

The papal nuncio and the church in Rome want privilege and a nice, peaceful celebration of the 500th anniversary of the discovery of the New World. Since Haiti, where Columbus first landed, is key to that celebration, the church wants to erase all vestiges of liberation theology to assure a docile show of unity when the spotlights turn this way. "Normalization" is what they call it. What it means is that in the last two years all church programs that challenged social structures — literacy campaigns, peasant organizing, land reform — have been dismantled.

In fact, our hostess Claudette Werleigh just got word that the staff of the literacy program she founded has been dismissed for "radicalism." She is being given three months "to reflect on her situation," which seems to me a euphemism for "get in line, quit giving light to those in the darkness by teaching them to read and quit this foolishness called the Gospel."

"What can we do?" we asked the Haitians.

"Tell the American people what they are doing to us," they said.

As I write these memories and reflections Haitian radio has been playing the song "Freedom" in the background. Over 80% of Haitians are illiterate. Radio is very important in this culture, and through this medium Haitians are being schooled for freedom while I ride around their island reminding them of their captivity. I wondered what kind of match it would take to light this tinderbox.

I feel like I've been here for weeks.

Tuesday

We were supposed to leave for Papaye on the Central Plateau at 9 a.m., but changing a battery in Port-au-Prince is not the same as buying a new battery in Erie, Pa.

It's now 10:30 a.m. and we're still waiting, but we have to get to Papaye before dark or the danger from roving bands or the Tonton Macoute is serious. I'm not sure they will be looking for *us*, but they may well be hunting down our activist guides.

Wednesday

We have just ended one of the all-time worst/all-time best days of my life. Dante has never been where I have just been or there would have been another level added to his description of hell: the non-human, the never human, the pitifully human.

St. Martin and Cité Soleil were a frustration to me, but Hinche, the bush and the Central Plateau were a shock in the medical sense of the word — all my systems went into low just to survive.

In the first place, Hinche is 75 miles from Port-au-Prince. It took over six hours on Tuesday to get there and seven and a half today to get back. Every mile out of Port-au-Prince gets worse. Potholes turn to gulleys, gulleys turn to stones, and stones turn to flowing mud on the edge of a cliff. Houses turn to huts, huts turn to shacks and shacks turn to lean-tos. The trip up the mountain was a progressive, inexorable excursion into dehumanization.

We were stopped at five military checkpoints along the road. Clearly the peasants' movement is a great concern.

We were to have been in Hinche by 1 p.m. yesterday. It was almost 6 p.m. when we got there. It was the rainy season, and most of the peasants who had waited for us all afternoon had already left to begin the two-to-four hour walk home before the rains turned the mountain to mud and darkness doubled the danger.

The eight or nine who remained were intent on getting their story told. MPP, the peasant movement of Papaye, had started as part of *Ti Legliz*, a basic Christian community of the Haitian church. But the church has distanced itself from the more assertive reform movements since July 1987, when hundreds of peasants involved in organizing land reform actions were massacred in Jean-Rabel. MPP had also criticized Catholic Relief Services for its ties with AID whose policies they say are destructive to peasant agriculture.

The movement, they told us, started with two groups. There are now over 5,000 groups with 75,000 members.

The peasant leaders' faces were black, strong, soft and beautiful. They had been jailed, tortured and terrorized, they said, but they would not stop. They would rather lose their lives.

"If the government gave me 2,000 *gourdes* I would not quit the movement," one man said. "The money will disappear, but the movement gives me life. They can kill me but 10 more will rise to take my place."

They talked about how the movement had taught them to organize, given them a credit union, begun reforestation programs, and brought them support.

"Before," they said, "people didn't get married because they couldn't afford the wedding reception. They lost everything they had trying to pay for the funerals of

Haiti: Among poorest of the poor

Strategically placed only 800 miles from Florida, Haiti has long been a pawn in the U.S. power play in the Caribbean. The 60-mile stretch of water between Haiti and Cuba known as the Windward Passage is an important U.S. strategic interest. Over 50% of all shipments from Latin America and the Panama Canal, commercial and military, travel through the Windward Passage to the U.S. east coast.

Haiti is the poorest country in the Western Hemisphere and one of the 25 poorest in the world. A former slave colony, Haiti won freedom from French rule in 1804. However, the world's first independent black republic was soon forced into economic dependence on its former rulers. The United States occupied Haiti from 1915 to 1934, allegedly because the instability of Haiti's government "posed a threat" to U.S. security concerns in the region. During the U.S. occupation, Haiti was opened up to foreign investment, revoking a century-old ban on foreign ownership of land and property.

Traditionally, Haitian society has been divided along colonial lines. The elite were light-skinned mulattos who controlled business and government, and blacks made up the powerless urban and rural poor and the middle class. The United States consistently backed the mulatto power elite, creating a resentment that led to the 1957 election of Francoise "Papa Doc" Duvalier, who skillfully exploited race and class differences. Duvalier instituted a brutally repressive regime, where opponents were silenced by murder or exile. He controlled the army and maintained power by creating a private presidential militia, the Volontaires de la Securité Nationale — better known as the Tonton Macoutes. The Tonton Macoutes acted as Duvalier's secret police and during his 14-year rule more than 50,000 Haitians are estimated to have been killed through state-sponsored terrorism.

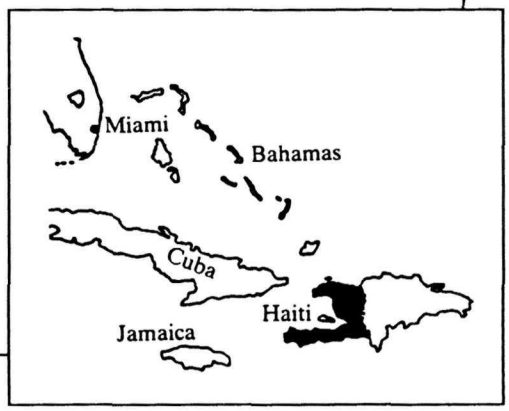
When Duvalier died in 1971, he was succeeded by his 19-year-old son, Jean-Claude or "Baby Doc." Under his rule the percentage of the population living in extreme poverty rose from 48% in 1976 to 81% in 1985. Jean-Claude is thought to have appropriated and sent abroad almost $600 million in state assets during his regime. He was overthrown by a popular revolution in 1986, his corrupt regime having lost the support of the United States and the Haitian military.

General Henri Namphy took power after Jean-Claude fled to France. Namphy promised to hold free elections, but on election day, Nov. 29, 1987, those waiting to vote were terrorized and killed by roving bands of Tonton Macoutes. Elections were called off after three hours. In 1988, a coup led by General Prosper Avril toppled Namphy. Avril, who was a trusted advisor under Baby Doc, remains in power today.

Haiti has a population of 6 million; 4,620,00 of the people live in rural areas. Half of 1% of the population owns 46% of the national income. Some 90% of the population earns less than $150 annually. Only 3 in 100 Haitian children finish primary school in rural areas and almost 80% of the population is illiterate. There is only one doctor or nurse for every 30,000 rural inhabitants. Life expectancy is 54 years. Infant mortality is the highest in the hemisphere — 135 per 1,000 live births compared to 13 in the United States. One Haitian child dies every five minutes from malnutrition, dehydration and diarrhea; 27% die before they reach the age of five.

Roman Catholicism is the state religion of Haiti, though it maintains a uneasy coexistence with voodoo. It is sometimes said that Haitians are 80% Catholic and 100% voodooist. Voodoo is an amalgam of West African religions brought over by slaves in the 18th century, combined with many of the symbols and ceremonies of the Catholic Church.

About 20% of Haitians are Protestant. After the U.S. Civil War, newly freed black Americans brought their Protestant faiths to Haiti. The Episcopal Church was an independent, native church from 1861 to 1911. Discussion is currently underway to create a new autonomous church province comprised of Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and Cuba.



their children. But now we all help one another."

There was only one woman in the group. One of the wives, I thought, or a worker perhaps. Then, as the night got darker and the small, bare, yellowish bulb above our heads lost its strength, she began to speak, and she wasn't shy.

"The movement started with three women's groups and now there are 700, 14% of the MPP groups. The movement is good for women, too," she announced. "Men use women like brooms. When they're worn out, they just throw them away."

I winced at the image. I had seen the dry, old palm frond brooms standing beaten in corners. And I had seen the old women standing dull and sullen on the mountain roads, all used up too and thrown away.

"We want equality and dignity. We want the beatings to stop," she said. "We want men to stop leaving the women and children at home without food while they go out and spend the money."

Her voice got firmer. "Women's rights will benefit the whole family, but when the women made claims, the bishops repressed them. Some women were also jailed. But the movement is bearing fruit: Women are speaking out and I have seen them interpret the Gospel at Mass."

This universal voice of women is one great common cry of pain, I realized. I looked at her and smiled. She smiled back. But inside I was crying and so, I think, was she.

The building where we were meeting was a public school that had been open for a year and then abandoned as the state has abandoned all social programs in Haiti. The grass around the buildings was eight feet tall. The outhouse was overgrown and full of animal droppings. The residence halls — six dormitories around a center courtyard thick with high grass and brambles — were standing wide open, doors akimbo and locks

broken. There were sinks and toilets and showers, but none of them worked. A huge tarantula was in the dorm doorway; a smaller one was in the cupboard.

These were the worst living conditions I had ever been in, and they had been prepared especially for us with pride.

We strung our mosquito netting together, sharing bug sprays, laughing to keep spirits up. I found myself thinking of all those military checkpoints where they insisted on knowing where we would sleep that night, and thinking of Jean Donovan, Ita Ford, Maura Clark and Dorothy Kazel. It is astounding how average people like us can manage to get into situations like this. It is even more astounding that Haitian peasants cannot get out of them.

Morning couldn't come early enough. I lay and waited for dawn, hungry, dehydrated and apprehensive.

At breakfast, women in the kitchen were washing dirty plastic dishes in pans of dirty water. Eggs were cooking in dirty pans over charcoal burning in a washtub. Coffee was being strained through cloth. I realized I didn't have an appetite after all.

Before we returned to Port-au-Prince, we met with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Papaye, who clearly recognizes the plight of peasants and of the nation. But he said the greatest problem confronting the church in Haiti is "the criticism of the bishops' conference" and that the role of the bishop is "to be neutral because in the same church are people who are both very far right and very far left."

"How," I asked, "does the church in Haiti reconcile the two dimensions of the church, the institutional and the preferential option for the poor?"

With masterful church-ese, he managed to talk for over an hour and avoid answering the question. They say he's a good man, on the side of the peasants, but intent on making sure "the church does not take over the role of the state."

There are two very distinct churches in Haiti: the institutional church and "legliz populaire." It will take great saints to walk the tightrope between the two. But if someone doesn't, one or the other will surely be lost.

Outside the bishop's house, in the mud ruts, starving dogs moved among starving children to snatch pieces of meat at

the town butchering block. Crowds circled the car with their hands open and their eyes sad while I turned away. The whole city squatted in the dirt like a huge junkyard, selling things we would not give away to the Salvation Army.

The bone-jarring trip down the mountain was even harder than going up had been. It was market day and burdened beasts and people were walking for miles.

The rains came early and slicked the shale roads. At the foot of each hill, water ran over the road up to the tailpipe of the van. Whole families gathered to wash their clothes and bathe their children at the waterfall where the road was supposed to be.

There are six months of rain and six months of dry weather in Haiti. During the rainy season, the roads are covered every day, and walking the mountain is both dangerous and impossible. During the dry season there is no water in the area at all. The peasant really never wins. Flat land in the valleys and plains belongs to the rich. The eroded mountain sides belong to the poor, who walk their crops down the steep slopes in the rain and up in the heat.

When we got a flat tire, a kind of poetic justice aimed at people in big cars who drive up and down mountains scattering donkeys, women and children, we stepped out of the van into mud over our shoes. Mountain mud, I discovered, is one of the great levelers of life.

People came out of their one-room shacks to stare, to pose for pictures, or ask for money. It was hard to tell who was the sideshow: the peasants and their nothingness or ourselves and our obscene affluence. Surely, somewhere there is a middle point. The ideal is not that no one should be rich, but no living being should be this poor.

It was dark when we got back to Foyer Solidarité, dirty, muddy and running with sweat. When I opened the jalousie window in our tiny room that night, I was thinking only of the people who were still and forever at the top of those mountains.

It occurred to me that if the United States had the same 80% illiteracy rate as Haiti, not one person in 40 of our 50 states would be able to write and read their own name. Now who do you think would have the money, the cars and the power?

Thursday

We criss-crossed Port-au-Prince all day long, meeting with officials of Caritas, the social service arm of the Catholic Church, plus officials from the Office of Peace and Justice, organizers of the fledgling Pax Christi group, and representatives from Catholic Relief Services.

We also met with past and present operators of Radio Soleil, the Catholic radio station that led the opposition to the Duvalier government, and was closed down twice. Now Radio Soleil is in turmoil. The bishop-directors have fired 25 people for "breaches of discipline" and those 25 intend to set up a rival communications system. It is just one more instance of a divided church in a country where the church and the military are the only two stable institutions.

Our Haitian guide was fond of repeating the axiom, "We see from where we stand." The wealthy property owners and the papal nuncio all live on a mountain high above the squalor and the struggle of the city below. What can these good people really see?

On our last afternoon, I drove around the city taking some final footage. *Camions*, huge open trucks in which people stood for the grueling trip to the mountains, lumbered one after another out of the city.

Men strained to pull wheelbarrows once dragged by mules or teams of oxen until the government outlawed pack animals on city streets. It is said that men who earn their living hauling other people's goods up the hilly terrain die within five years.

In a small hospice directed by an American priest and former associate director of Pax Christi USA, infant orphans, chronically-ill children and a 10-year-old feral girl found in the mountains subsisting on garbage are all waiting to die. And no one cares. The state doesn't provide a cent for the hospice. The church says its purpose is to lay out principles, not get involved with programs. Tourists on cruise liners eat their way across the Caribbean and never ever notice this little starving place, except perhaps to blame the victims for being lazy, ignorant and inept.

Friday

On the way to the airport this morning children in droves rushed the car to sell trinkets, wash windows or wipe down the car for a penny or a bite of food. And the *tap-taps*, brightly painted flatbed trucks with slatted sides and blinking lights that haul people like cattle in lieu of public transportation, drove by sporting their names: *Confiance en Dieu* — Confidence in God; *Merci Jesus* — Thank you, Jesus; *Esprit* — Hope; and, *Golgotha.*

White tourists, as few as there were, left Haiti carrying straw baskets, wearing straw hats, brandishing brightly-colored paintings from a drab, dark world. As we circled Miami, each of us descended from immigrant backgrounds of poverty and oppression, I knew with an awful awareness that the Statue of Liberty had turned out her light. TW

La Tortue: Haven for the super-rich?

The island of La Tortue, six miles off Haiti's north coast, was once the home base of pirates who plundered 17th century European sailing ships laden with treasure from the Caribbean and South America. At night, the story goes, the mountainous 85-square-mile island would twinkle with hundreds of *boucans* — or campfires — of its marauding inhabitants. From this practice came their name, buccaneers.

More recently, the island has fallen prey to modern-day pirates of a different sort. They wear pin-striped suits and custom-made cowboy boots. They are multimillionaires who dream of buying La Tortue wholesale from the Haitian government and setting up a sovereign "tropical paradise" where Haitians would only visit with a passport or a work permit to provide cheap labor.

Such is the proposal of Lund International, Inc., an Orlando, Fla.-based concern, which has petitioned three Haitian governments in the past three years since the fall of Jean-Claude Duvalier to lease Haitian territory for $250 million for 198 years — about $1.26 million a year. The proposal was first made for La Tortue in late 1986; at one point, the Namphy government proposed instead the Ile de Gonave in Port-au-Prince bay; afterwards, negotiations returned to La Tortue.

Lund International intends to invest between $14 and $20 billion, building over 20,000 high-priced condominium homes, luxury hotels, eight 18-hole golf courses, tidal power facilities, pharmaceutical plants, oil refineries, hospitals, schools, roads, and an international airport, among other things. Lund would also lease 20,000 acres along Haiti's northern coastline for a duty-free industrial park. Both the island and the territory on the Haitian mainland would be ceded to the newly formed "Republic of La Tortue," which would have its own laws, citizens, and flag.

The story, which broke over Port-au-Prince's Catholic station Radio Soleil in May of last year, aroused patriotic outrage, particularly when the weekly newspaper *Haiti Progres* published an interview with Norman Lund, the firm's president. "There are several reasons why we must have control of the island, such as autonomy, sovereignty, or however you want to call it. It all adds up to the same thing. We couldn't get a dime if we didn't," Lund said. "Our money people will not touch it unless we have full autonomy."

And who are Lund's "money people?"

"There are people all over this world, very wealthy people, very honorable people, very good people, who are looking for a place where they can be safe and have a home for the kids," Lund said. "There's been an awful lot of planning put into this. We have contacts with people in Japan, Hong Kong, and Europe who are ready, willing and able to move once we can provide a place for them to come.

"Most of us are former military people," Lund added. "One is the former president of a major university in the United States. One investor is the former chairman of the board of a division of the Federal Reserve under the Reagan Administration, a prominent government official. Another is the former governor of a state in the United States. One is also a Ph.D. nuclear physicist. As I say, most of these are very prominent people."

Lund makes it clear that Haitians, even those now living on the island, "are not citizens of this country. They would be there with work permits."

And no ordinary permits, at that.

"We anticipate using a card, pretty much like a credit card, as an ID card. And in there, there is a complete set of computer chips. We'll have all their history, their medical records and everything, right in that computer chip."

Lund went on to detail how he and his associates intend to create "a showcase, the first marriage between government, management — which is the corporation — and labor." It would be a country where "there will be no taxes, no import duties, and no export duties." But with no taxes, how can you build schools, roads, and the like? "The corporation is the government in effect, so any corporate profit reels off to government. The corporation spends all of 10% or more of its profits for the operations of the government for the island. The corporation is wearing more than two hats."

When asked how the interests of Haitian workers would be represented in this "marriage," Lund gave an example in which management might set up "a separate corporation owned by the master corporation," and the workers would be "profit-sharing in that corporation. The harder they work, the more they make. So they would share in the profit of that individual corporation, and the profits, after that, will go to the master corporation." In other words, the "master corporation" owns the pie, but charitably offers workers the proverbial crumb to "motivate" them and give them the illusion of "worker control." If in fact any workers were to object to the terms of this "marriage" and make demands, there would be a simple solution, according to Lund. "Those that don't work and don't want to work and cause trouble, we'll pull their permits and send them home."

In short, what Lund describes is the ultimate profit-making fantasy: a sort of Caribbean "metropolis" with abundant cheap labor, no unions, and above all, no environmental, labor or tax regulations. He envisions ultimate "free private enterprise" unencumbered by government since "the corporation is the government." Labor would all be "foreign" and hence deportable if uncooperative.

Ironically, this is not the first time La Tortue has been targeted for such a project. No sooner had *Haiti Progres* published the Lund interview than the paper was contacted by a Texas businessman named Don Pierson who claimed that Lund's plans for La Tortue were impossible since his company, Dupont Caribbean, Inc. already held a 99-year lease to the island.

"We are going to develop almost the entire island," Pierson said in an interview published in *Haiti Progres.* "We had over $400 million in investment commitments (from U.S. corporations). The eastern part of the island was going to be the industrial tip. The tourist area was going to be toward the western side, and the central portion we were going to try to keep much as it is today; the native huts, the native style, the native way of life as much as possible."

Pierson signed the contract for La Tortue with Francois Duvalier's government on Dec. 4, 1970. About four months later, Papa Doc died. Under Jean-Claude Duvalier's regime, Pierson said, Dupont Caribbean continued its project, surveying the island, drilling wells, and building an airstrip. Heavy machinery and several pre-fab buildings were flown in. But in March 1973, the project was torpedoed, Pierson contends, by an unnamed minister to whom Dupont Caribbean refused to pay a $50,000 bribe. All the equipment was seized and the contract was annulled. Nonetheless, the U.S. State Department has ruled that the Haitian government breached the agreement, according to Pierson. Therefore "we actually still have a legal claim to La Tortue. Any company that might sign another contract for La Tortue, we could effectively block them from international financing of the project."

Meanwhile, some observers wondered if more than corporate greed might be behind this growing interest in La Tortue and the surrounding area. For years, reports have divulged U.S. interest in setting up a military base in Haiti's northwest. This region commands the eastern flank of the Windward Passage, the strategic deep-water channel between Cuba and Haiti, through which shipping to the U.S. eastern seaboard from the Panama Canal and oil-rich Venezuela must pass. The search for a new base site is becoming more urgent with the lease on the U.S. base at Guantanamo, Cuba (as well as those in the Panama Canal Zone) running out within the next decade.

Often cited as the ideal location is the natural deep-water harbor at Mole St. Nicolas, the location of Columbus' first landing on Hispaniola (the entire island and off-islands of Haiti and the Dominican Republic). U.S. military personnel have repeatedly been seen surveying the harbor area over the past 20 years, according to numerous reports in the Haitian and international press. The Mole is only 30 miles from La Tortue and could even be included in the ceding of mainland territory proposed by Lund International. Or La Tortue could be viewed as an alternate site itself, if Mole St. Nicolas is unobtainable.

The outcry raised by the popular sector against the sale of La Tortue can only give State Department strategists pause to reflect whether they have underestimated Haitian patriotism. Haitian Information Minister Leonce Thelusma felt compelled to issue two communiques denying that he had any knowledge of Lund International or the sale of La Tortue.

But Lund maintained, "I was down in Haiti about three months ago and met with most of the officials when I was there — Foreign Affairs, Agriculture, Security — I may not have met with Thelusma. I was there for one day and I met with, I think, four or five of the ministers. We've forwarded this through channels for the president and the total cabinet, of course." (*Haiti Progres,* June 1989)

Whether four of five ministers or the entire government know of the Lund proposals is not the question. What does become clear is that corrupt government officials and the Haitian ruling class in general have been all too ready in past years to sell out Haiti for small change and personal profit. A growing popular movement and national consciousness is making such maneuvers harder for both the United States and its agents.

(A longer version of this article appeared in the October 1989 Resist Newsletter. *It was excerpted from a story in* Haiti Report, *published monthly by the Committee Against Repression in Haiti, 1398 Flatbush Ave., New York, NY 11210. Used with permission of* Resist *and* Haiti Report.*)* TW

Angela Davis: Evolution of an activist

by Anita Cornwell

It's not often that one has the chance to meet a living legend. That opportunity was presented to me recently when Angela Davis came to Philadelphia to give the Women of Color keynote address at the Conference of the National Coalition Against Sexual Assault.

Angela Davis was the first "great cause" I became associated with when I joined the Women's Movement in the early '70s. I still have my *Free Angela Davis* button that I wore, along with my anti-Vietnam War button and my *Free Joanne Little* button from some years later.

At that time, I knew very little of Davis' background. However, I did know that she was a black sister held captive in the white man's penal system, and was willing to bet my life that once again America had gone out of its way to entrap an innocent black person in its old trick bag.

As writer Marc Olden said in his book, *Angela Davis*: "In reading about militant blacks who taught in universities, bought guns, and admitted they were Communists, white America reacted predictably. A black, gun-toting red was Lucifer come up from below. The black view was different. All those opposing her were white. It was the white world that tried to stop her from teaching, that had threatened her life, and was now charging her with murder and kidnaping. Angela Davis was a black woman fighting back. Angela Davis was a sister in trouble."

To be sure, many white brothers and sisters joined the movement to free Davis that eventually spread around the world. But black support was nearly unanimous. Aretha Franklin said when she offered to put up bail for Davis, she wanted to do so "not because I believe in Communism but because she is a black woman and wants freedom for black people."

Reading about Angela Davis in later years, I was stunned to learn how, in so many instances, her early life history recalled my own. True, we are a generation apart. When Davis was born in Birmingham, Ala. in 1944, I was beginning my first year at Temple University. But some 20 years previous to that, I had first opened my eyes on an unfriendly world in Greenwood, S.C. As a child, Davis lived on "Dynamite Hill" in "Bombingham," so called because of frequent racially-motivated bombings. We both grew up in a world that never seemed to tire of finding ways to make

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life as miserable as possible for all people of color.

Davis left Birmingham at age 15 to live in Brooklyn, N.Y. in order to attend a private, nearly all-white high school in Greenwich Village. At 15, I too, fled to the North and found myself attending a nearly all-white school in the suburbs of Philadelphia. Years after her graduation from Elisabeth Irwin High School, Davis was quoted as saying she "felt her blackness more than in the South," not in the customary racist ways, but because of "effusive overtures" and awkward attempts by people to ignore that she was black.

During her first years at Elisabeth Irwin, Davis discovered the Utopian socialists. Also during that time, she wrote, "The Communist Manifesto hit me like a bolt of lightning. I read it avidly, finding in it answers to many of the seemingly unanswerable dilemmas which had plagued me. What struck me so emphatically was the idea that once the emancipation of the proletariat became a reality, the foundation was laid for the emancipation of all oppressed groups in the society. Like an expert surgeon, this document cut away cataracts from my eyes. The eyes heavy with hatred of Dynamite Hill, the roar of explosives, the fear, the hidden guns, the weeping black women . . . children without lunches, the back of the bus, the police searches. The final words of the Manifesto moved me to an overwhelming desire to throw myself into the Communist movement."

After high school, Davis went to Brandeis University, "the full scholarship bestowed upon me apparently a guilt-motivated attempt to increase their black freshmen population of two.

"We three were all female," she wrote in her autobiography. "I felt alienated, angry, alone. It didn't help that I had gotten very much involved in the writings of the so-called existentialists. I retreated into myself and rejected practically everything outside. Only in the artificial surroundings of an isolated, virtually all-white college campus could I have allowed myself to cultivate this nihilistic attitude."

Davis first met revolutionaries from the Third World in 1962 during two months of study in Paris at the Alliance Francaise after her first year at Brandeis. She felt a bond between herself and the Algerians, and a beginning desire to involve herself in some kind of effort to improve the world.

That summer, Davis attended the World Festival for Youth and Students in Helsinki, where she met revolutionaries from Cuba, Africa, Latin America, Asia and the Middle East. When she returned to the United States, she found an FBI agent waiting: "What were you doing at that Communist Youth Festival? Don't you know how we feel about Communists? Don't you know what we do to Communists?"

It was during her year of study in Paris that she learned of the four little Birmingham girls killed in the Sunday School bombing in September 1963.

"They were my friends," she tried to explain to her white companions that afternoon in Paris. But, "they knew nothing of racism and the only way they knew how to relate to me at that moment was to console me as if friends had just been killed in a plane crash." Later, Davis' mother told her that the mother of one of the murdered girls had called her, asking her "to drive her downtown to pick up Carole. She didn't find out . . . until they saw pieces of her body scattered about."

Actually, one could argue that the educational institutions Davis attended, or was otherwise associated with — Elisabeth Irwin, Brandeis, the Sorbonne, Goethe University in Frankfurt — played a pivotal role in her life and laid the groundwork for her becoming a revolutionary. But events at one institution, the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) were directly responsible for transforming her into the legendary figure that she is today.

Davis went to UCLA where she had hoped to settle down and teach philosophy while working on her Ph.D. with her mentor and former Brandeis professor, philosopher Herbert Marcuse. Davis was fired from her philosophy teaching post at UCLA in September 1969, because she was an admitted member of the Communist Party. Her dismissal soon took on a circus quality as zealots from the Right sought to discredit her while zealots from the Left clamored for her academic freedom. In October 1969, Davis was reinstated by court order, only to be dismissed again in June 1970. But by that time she had become a bonafide celebrity.

Then soon after, on Aug. 7, 1970, shots that would eventually resound around the world were fired when Jonathan Jackson — brother of George Jackson, one of the Soledad Brothers — walked into a courtroom in San Rafael, Cal., armed three prisoners from San Quentin in the courtroom, took several hostages, including the judge, and tried to escape in a van parked outside.

When the scenario had run its course, the judge and Jonathan Jackson, and two of the three prisoners were fatally wounded. The remaining prisoner, Ruchell Magee, was charged with kidnaping, murder and conspiracy. Because Davis had been speaking on behalf of the imprisoned Soledad Brothers, and had allegedly bought the guns that Jackson smuggled into the courtroom, she, too, was charged with kidnaping, murder and conspiracy.

When Davis learned of the charges against her, she did what I suppose any red-blooded African-American would have done — became a fugitive, thereby landing on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list. In October 1970, Davis was apprehended in New York City and placed in the Women's House of Detention, the very Greenwich Village jail that had of-

ten frightened her as she made her way to and from Elisabeth Irwin High School just a few blocks away.

The two months that Davis spent in the Women's House of Detention where, she said in her prison memoirs, "women were heavily drugged or treated like children," marked the beginning of the final phase of her transformation into a true revolutionary.

As she wrote in prison, "Within the contained, coercive universe of the prison, the captive is confronted with the realities of racism, not simply as individual acts dictated by attitudinal bias; rather (s)he is compelled to come to grips with racism as an institutional phenomenon collectively experienced by the victims. The disproportionate representation of the black and brown communities, the manifest racism of parole boards, the intense brutality inherent in the relationship between prison guards and black and brown inmates — all this and more cause the prisoner to be confronted daily, hourly, with the concentrated systematic existence of racism."

In addition, black women prisoners are also subjected to the virulent sexism embedded in this same system. As Davis wrote in her autobiography, "Whether we are 16 or 70, we are girls. Any pastime that was intellectually demanding seemed suspect. The jailers in Marin County were extremely hostile to allowing a chess game in. One other jail 'outlet' was overwhelmingly sexist. It was the presence of the washing machine, clothes dryer and ironing paraphernalia which, discounting the metal tables and backless stools, were the sole furnishings of the day room. The men's linens and jail clothes were sent elsewhere for laundering; the women were expected to do their own. If they did not volunteer, a work schedule was imposed. When no one volunteered, black women were ordered to do it."

When Davis was finally acquitted of all charges against her on June 4, 1972, she thanked family, friends and supporters the world over who had made her freedom possible. She pledged to devote her life to the freeing of political prisoners, prison reform, and to making a difference for the oppressed people of the world.

In speaking of Davis, most people will mention her great intellect, her poise, her warmth, and her almost uncanny ability to relate to people from any strata of society. Others mention her shyness and wry humor, her great inner strength, her good looks, her verbal skills. A friend once said of the entire family, they have "that innate sense of dignity. It was programmed into all the kids, and they carry it with grace."

When I finally met and embraced Davis I could discern all of those qualities in her. Later, during a brief interview, Davis said she wanted to address the issue of women of color in the rape crisis movement because historically, women of color have been so routinely assaulted. She wants to help eradicate the stereotypes that the larger society has used to portray them as something other than human. If one is a thing, and not a person, "we can do with you what we please, as it is impossible to rape a thing," Davis explained.

In a more recent book, *Women, Race and Class*, she expanded on this concept: "As females, slave women were inherently vulnerable to all forms of sexual coercion. If the most violent punishments of men consisted in floggings and mutilations, women were flogged and mutilated, as well as raped. Rape, in fact, was an uncamouflaged expression of the slaveholder's economic mastery and the overseer's control over black women as workers."

Despite such atrocities, however, she is very optimistic concerning the future of women of color and oppressed people in general in America. When asked why she thought so many leaders of the '60s seem not to be coping very well today, and in some instances, "throwing in the towel," Davis said, "We must change with the times. I believe the reason some of the leaders of the '60s have not been able to cope with the '80s is because they are still living in the '60s."

Also, Davis does not share the dim view expressed by many that today's students and young people are apolitical and apathetic. "I am very much impressed by the students of today," she said. "I believe they are, for the most part, every bit as interested in change as the youth of the '60s were. It's just that they are not organized. They haven't found that great issue around which they can come together."

Davis is presently teaching Philosophy, Aesthetics, and Women's Studies — particularly the historical contributions of black women — at San Francisco State University and San Francisco Art Institute.

In addition to her strenuous speaking and teaching schedules, Davis has written several books, the latest being *Women, Culture & Politics*, published recently by Random House. Currently, she is finishing a book on black women singers and the socio-political and historical context of their music. The book will focus on Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, and will be a unique contribution from Davis' perspective, given her interest in aesthetics as well as philosophy and politics. According to Roberta Goodman, her administrative assistant, Davis herself plays the piano and a number of other instruments, but "just for recreation."

Davis still holds to her vow of devoting her life to ending oppression. As Yaniyah Pearson, a personal friend of hers, said to me, "Angela Davis just gives and gives and gives. Her spirit is constantly evolving. What activist do you know, besides Jesse Jackson, perhaps, who has managed to stay fresh and enthusiastic this long without burning out?"

Yes, who indeed? TW

Church worker terrorized in El Salvador

Josie Beecher

"Anyone who works with the poor is considered subversive."

That was Josie Beecher's response when a reporter asked her at a Nov. 29 press conference in New York why government forces would arrest and threaten her and others in El Salvador working in the churches

"The church has a commitment to be with the poor, and to work for economic justice, so yes, it is true that we want a change in the existing order. But we are committed to peaceful alternatives. Removing the church means losing the only 'middle ground' in El Salvador that is seeking peace," she said. Beecher, a U.S. Episcopal church worker, was arrested by the Salvadoran National Guard in late November and later released. Her arrest came days after six priests and two women workers at a Jesuit university were killed by government troops.

Since mid-November, when rebels launched a major offensive in the neighborhoods of San Salvador, Beecher had been working with other Episcopal missionaries and church workers to house and feed refugees from all over the city at St. John the Evangelist Episcopal Church. On Nov. 20, before dawn, soldiers in the National Guard arrived at the makeshift shelter. They separated foreign church workers from the others and took them to headquarters of the Treasury Police, allegedly for the workers' "own security." They were told, said Beecher, that there were foreigners working with the insurgents, so the military wanted to verify credentials.

According to Beecher, as she was brought in, a U.S. consular official was present and called the consulate to say that she was there. Then she was taken away, handcuffed, blindfolded, hit on the head, and threatened with electric shock treatment. "It was a terrifying experience," she said. "They ran a hard object across my throat and told me, 'This is what is going to happen to you.' They said I would never get out of there, that I was a 'delinquent terrorist' who had planned the current insurgent offensive."

Five hours later, her handcuffs and blindfold were removed and she was told she could go with the U.S. official. He had been drinking coffee with the Salvadoran colonel in charge, she said, and was visibly irritated by the long wait caused by her interrogation. When Beecher balked at signing a release that stated she had been well treated, the official impatiently advised her to sign or he might have trouble getting her released. Later he told her that she had received treatment "normal for a prisoner of war."

"I was shocked to hear him say that," she recalled. "He seemed to assume that I was guilty." Beecher thought that the U.S. government, which pumps a million dollars a day into El Salvador, could influence the government's treatment of church workers if it wanted to do so.

When asked about Jennifer Casolo, the U.S. churchworker arrested by the Salvadoran government and accused of maintaining a cache of ammunition for the rebels, Beecher said she knew Casolo and that she was not involved with the rebels. Beecher thought the government had singled Casolo out because she works ecumenically with a number of churches in El Salvador. Discrediting Casolo as a rebel partisan "would be a perfect way of discrediting all church workers in El Salvador," she said.

Beecher estimated that from 30 to 40 foreign church workers have left the country, many under direct threat of death. She is concerned about the 12 Salvadoran church workers who were still being held — some of whom have reportedly been beaten — including the rector of St. John's, the Rev. Luis Serrano. "It's a situation of total terror for anyone who works with the churches," she stressed. "This makes it next to impossible to minister to the people we are there to serve."

Beecher chose to leave El Salvador so that she could work with the church at home to get her Salvadoran co-workers released and to insure that the Episcopal Church can continue to exist in El Salvador. Presiding Bishop Edmond L. Browning sent a team of four bishops — William Frey of Colorado, David Reed of Kentucky, William Swing of California, and James Ottley of Panama — to El Salvador to seek the release of all detained church workers. Browning and other U.S. religious leaders issued a statement expressing outrage at El Salvador's "deliberate and calculated campaign to intimidate and harass the churches."

At the press conference, Browning suggested that the United States "withdraw support in terms of military aid to the government of El Salvador." He criticized the U.S. Congress "for not wrestling with the issues deeply enough."

— Julie A. Wortman
Episcopal Church Center

Drugs: Legalize the supply?

by Edward Waldron

"J.B., tell me what you hope to get out of life." It was not your textbook counseling scene; a middle-aged white priest, awkwardly trying to draw out a black teenager, whose parents were terrified about what was happening to their son. We sat on a broken bench in a barren Bronx playground strewn with debris, on a gray chilly October morning.

"I don't want much, Fada. A little happiness, a little peace."

"How are you going to get it?"

"I don't know."

"Supposing you don't?"

"Then I'll just have to look for some relief."

"Is that why you do drugs, J.B.?"

"Yeah, Fada, that's why."

J.B.'s parents had migrated from Barbados many years ago. They were both industrious, hard-working and punctual — loyal supporters of the American "work ethic." Winston worked for a publisher; Alice was a nurse. They worked overtime, night shifts and weekends, never refusing their employers' requests. J.B. was neither lazy nor belligerent. But he was definitely not inclined to slavishly serve any employer. He had held a dozen jobs in four years.

I thought of J.B. while listening to President George Bush declare his "War on Drugs." Where will J.B. fit into these programs? He has experienced de-tox

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The Rev. Edward O. Waldron is rector of Christ Church by the Sea, Colon, Panama.

and group counseling sessions several times. He is sincere while he's in the shelters. But once out, he again confronts painful reality. And he returns to the only source of relief he knows — drugs. J.B. is not vicious enough to succeed at crime. Prison is likely in his future. Or worse, he may end up sprawled out dead in the street, in a pool of blood. "A little happiness, a little peace." Those are not exorbitant demands for a young man to make on life. Why can't America deliver? Why do so many of our youth despair?

The J.B.s of America are part of the human destruction, the environmental devastation, the spiritual desolation of rampant "Mammon" worship. I have no ultimate hope that we can create "a thousand points of light"; figs do not grow on thistles. Our country, because of its Mammon commitments, is incapable of becoming "kinder and gentler." After a decade of deregulation, we are literally out of control. Our greed is rapacious; our avarice voracious. It's in our bones. Our children lose their innocence as soon as they experience the brutal competitiveness of society, in the corrupting schools we provide to teach them how to play the game — *ruthlessly*. And for the increasing numbers of those who fail, there is only the relief of drugs.

Nor are you safe if you "make it." Even the achievers in our rat-race society are finding the rewards sour; they, too, cruise the streets in our marginal neighborhoods, throwing money out the windows of their BMWs for the white powder of relief. To succeed in America is a Catch-22 — "Damned if you do," and "Damned if you don't."

What good are more prisons? More police? More courts? Another Vietnam in Colombia? We are afraid to ask the *real* question: "Why do we want drugs?"

The answer hurts — the demand is due to an increasing disgust with our values; a judgment on a life-style unattainable to many, and unsatisfying to the rest. Our young people, in effect, are saying, "Give us something more worthwhile to live for." Or they were; by now, they may have given up asking.

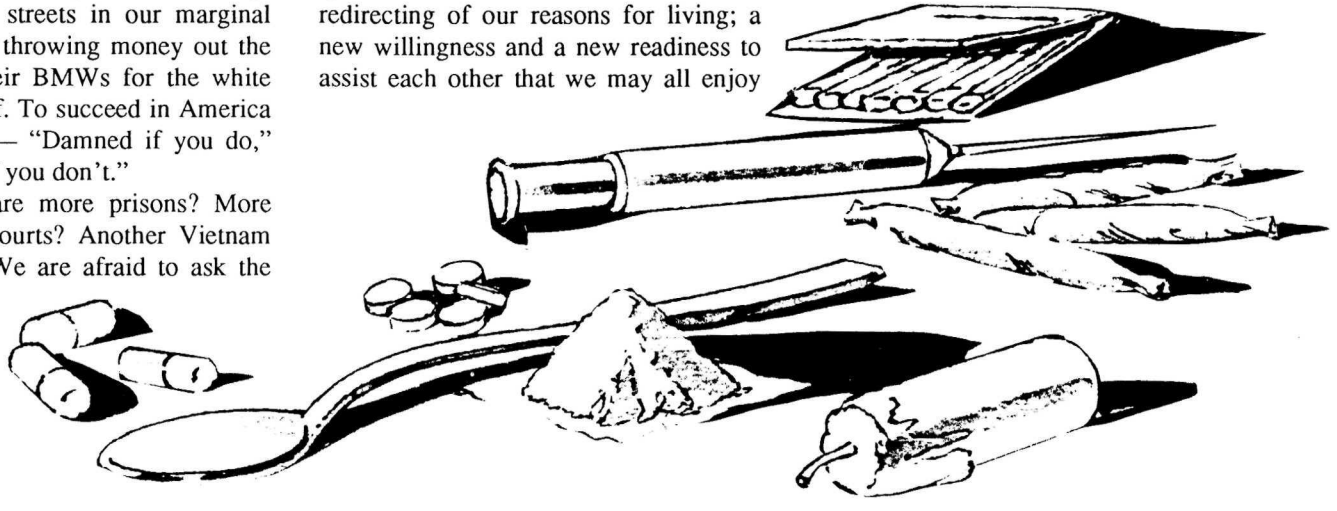
The only short-term solution to our nation's drug problem that makes any sense is to legalize the production and supervise the distribution of cocaine and the other illegal drugs, just as we have done with methadone. President Bush wants us to repeat the mistake we made with Prohibition. The only way to disarm the drug cartels and underworld thugs who manage so capably their international network is to make drugs legally available. This step would at least eliminate the crime and the violence. Legalization would not eliminate addiction, any more than the 21st Amendment eliminated alcoholism. Perhaps we should resign ourselves to always having alcoholics and addicts with us. But we can remove the terror from the traffic by legalizing drug production and controlling distribution.

The long-term solution will be much more painful; it will require broad, national repentance. We must confess that we have been spending our resources on bread which does not satisfy; *Isaiah 55:2* speaks to us. There has to be a radical redirecting of our reasons for living; a new willingness and a new readiness to assist each other that we may all enjoy "a little happiness, a little peace."

We casually dismiss *Acts 2:42-47* and *4:32-35* as an "interim ethic" or the freak behavior of a radical minority. We preach so seldom from these texts in the Episcopal Church that most of our members would attribute the writing to Karl Marx. But those earliest Christians had Mammon under control. They knew it was Satan in a fur coat. They lived out their theology of Christian stewardship. And there was no mention of nonachievers dropping out in search of some kind of relief from the emptiness of it all. Their corporate lifestyle was purposeful, creative, and richly satisfying. Nor is that lifestyle hopelessly obsolete; our monks and nuns have tried to live this way for centuries. Discarding the principle of private property is not necessarily communistic; exalting the principles of capitalism is not necessarily Christian. Archbishop Desmond Tutu can help us here:

> *"What I have seen of capitalism too heavily stresses the worst side of us; our competitiveness, our selfishness, our grasping for the most for ourselves — the survival of the fittest... I am looking for an ordering of society where compassion is more important that possession, and sharing is more important than success."*

I can't imagine such a society having a drug problem. TW



Erasing Catholic-Protestant borders

by Robert Hirschfield

Mairead Corrigan Maguire shook herself free from the insistent tangle of her children and took my hand. The rain had stopped in Belfast, and the Peace People office on Lisburn Road was flooded with light. Fourteen years have passed since an IRA man, pursued by British soldiers, rammed his car into Maguire's sister Ann and three of her children. All three children were killed, giving birth to short-lived protests by outraged Catholics and Protestants demanding an end to the sectarian violence in Northern Ireland. The Peace People were born of that carnage — its founders, Maguire and Betty Williams, winning the 1976 Nobel Peace Prize.

Maguire, now 45, is small and girlish, with a joyful aura that has managed to outlast sorrow and controversy. She had just returned from Jerusalem where she had done a 40-day liquid fast with Melkite priest Charles McCarthy of Boston.

"The purpose of the fast was to call Christians to repent for the violence the churches have been guilty of over the centuries. It was also to call Christians and churches to come together ecumenically and return to the nonviolent message of Jesus."

Maguire no longer leads thousands of people on peace marches as she once did. She spends most of her time at home with her five children. Three are the surviving children of Ann Maguire, who committed suicide in 1981, following which Mairead married her brother-in-law, Jack Maguire. But she remains active in the Peace People. The organization now devotes itself to bringing together Catholic and Protestant youths, bussing prisoners' families to the prisons for weekly visits, and trying to keep alive the alternative of nonviolence.

"The sectarian violence continues," Maguire said, "but there are signs of hope. Shane Doherty, an IRA bomber in jail for 15 years, has become a Quaker and a pacifist while in prison. Protestant and Catholic bombers have come out of jail renouncing violence."

She saw another hopeful sign in the recent opening of four integrated schools in Belfast. Established by the ecumenical group All Children Together, the schools consist of 50% Catholic and 50% Protestant students. This is a major development in a country whose school system is largely segregated by religion.

"The church still opposes integrated schools," lamented Maguire, a devout Catholic from Andersonstown, an IRA stronghold in west Belfast. The daughter of a window cleaner, she grew up fearing the IRA and hating the British army.

"Because of personal experiences I had with British soldiers, I once seriously considered the use of violence against state violence. I prayed about it before the Blessed Sacrament. I felt God was saying to me — not in a dramatic way of course — that nonviolence was the way."

Consciously or unconsciously, Maguire echoes Elijah's challenge to Israel — "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow God; but if Baal, follow Baal." — with her own challenge to the churches of Ireland: "Did Jesus teach an ethic of nonviolence, the love of enemies and friends, or did he teach an ethic of justified violence? The churches should choose."

Mairead Corrigan Maguire

She observed, "though nonviolence is part of Christian culture, it is not taught to the priests and it is not taught to the people."

Maguire takes to task all those responsible for the violence in Northern Ireland. Of the British she says, "They have removed due process of law in Northern Ireland and in its place have imposed broad powers of detention." She is likewise critical of the UDA (Ulster Defense Association), largest of the Protestant paramilitaries: "The UDA forces shopkeepers to pay them money, or their shops will be incinerated. They are like racketeers who carry out sectarian killings of Catholics."

Maguire also has harsh words for the IRA. To her this group personifies Catholic violence, Catholic nationalism,

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Robert Hirschfield is a free-lance writer based in New York who recently spent two-and-a-half weeks in Ireland.

and a distorted form of Catholic liberation. "I am against nationalism," she says emphatically.

"The IRA wants the British to respect human rights, but it does not respect human rights. It has been guilty of kneecapping and killing innocent people. And it is disruptive in other ways. In Lower Falls, west Belfast, on the 20th anniversary of British military occupation of Northern Ireland, the IRA left notices under people's doors telling them to keep their children in because they would be operating in the streets. Some parents did, and some didn't."

She claimed, "Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA, doesn't allow people to speak out. Many Catholics do speak out against IRA violence. And many vote against Sinn Fein. The party most Catholics in the north vote for is the SDLP (Social Democratic and Labor Party)."

Later she relented a bit. "Many of the paramilitaries on both sides are young and idealistic. At least they are not apathetic like so much of the middle class."

The Nobel Peace Prize won by Maguire and Betty Williams came with a curse wrapped inside the blessing. The curse was the $80,000 cash award. Maguire initially intended to give her share to the movement. Then Williams decided, after publicly stating otherwise, to pocket her share, which however inappropriate, was legitimate. Maguire, not wanting to further strain an already troubled relationship, decided to do likewise. To this day, there are those who question her integrity for having kept the money. She admits, "It was the worst thing we ever did." She now works for the Peace People as an unpaid volunteer.

In evaluating the accomplishments of the Peace People, Maguire said simply, "We created an atmosphere that made it easier for people to move forward toward peace." But as if apologizing for it, she hastened to explain, "Success is not our business. God calls us to perseverance."

Second woman bishop elected

When the bishops of the Anglican Communion have their next international meeting, there will be at least two women bishops present. The Anglican Church in New Zealand recently elected the Rev. Dr. Penelope Ann Bansall Jamieson, 47, as bishop of the Diocese of Dunedin, one of the nine dioceses in the Church of New Zealand. Jamieson is the second Anglican woman bishop, and the first elected as a diocesan, with oversight of all parishes and priests in the diocese. The first woman bishop, the Rt. Rev. Barbara Harris, was elected as suffragan last year in Massachusetts.

The Rev. Dr. Penelope Bansall Jamieson

Jamieson said she was "very surprised indeed" about her election and that her priority would be to "get to know people in the diocese and to set down the roots of a good, strong pastoral ministry."

Responding to the news, Bishop Harris said, "Being the 'first' is both a joy and a challenge. I wish for her the same joy, support, and fulfillment that I have experienced here from the people of Massachusetts."

The election, Harris said, was a recognition of Jamieson's commitment and service and also a sign of the Anglican Communion's growing acceptance of women's ministry. "I hope her election may inspire all women to consider whatever service — ordained and lay — they can offer to the church. I pray that her election to head a diocese may be the occasion that crystallizes for the entire church the realization that God calls all men and women to equal responsibility for the church's ministry."

The Church of New Zealand has been ordaining women as priests since 1977. As of 1988, out of 800 clergy, 94 women serve as priests in the province, comprised of some 200,000 Anglicans. In 1986, the General Synod made a provision for a woman priest to be consecrated as bishop.

Edmond L. Browning, Presiding Bishop of the U.S. Episcopal Church, lauded the news from New Zealand as "very good indeed. Their province has experienced the ministry of women as priests as has ours, and simply taken the next step, as did we."

"I am delighted," said Browning, "that the experience we have had in this country has indicated that women in the episcopal role can be a positive step for a church," and added that he offers his prayers and congratulations to Jamieson, the Diocese of Dunedin and the Province of New Zealand.

Jamieson was born in England and earned a Ph.D. degree at the University of Wellington and a B.D. degree at the University of Otago in New Zealand. She was ordained a priest in 1983, and was most recently vicar of Karori West and Makara. Her consecration is scheduled for the middle of this year.

Capitalist honeymoon premature

by Paul Surlis and Patrick Joyce

The recent upheavals in China — and in a different fashion the openings toward greater democracy and market-oriented economies in the USSR and in much of Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe — are leading many observers to proclaim that socialism has failed and capitalism has succeeded. One of the most noteworthy expressions of this sentiment was formulated by Francis Fukuyama in a Washington-based quarterly, *The National Interest.*

Fukuyama's thesis is contained in his first paragraph: "Watching the flow of events over the past decade or so, it is hard to avoid the feeling that something fundamental has happened in world history. The past year has seen a flood of articles commemorating the end of the Cold War and the fact that 'peace' seems to be breaking out in many regions of the world. But what we may, in fact, be witnessing is not just the passing of a particular period of postwar history, but the end point of mankind's ideological evolution and the emergence of Western liberal democracy as the final form of human government. Borrowing the vocabulary of Hegel and Marx, it may be the end of history."

Fukuyama is not just hailing the end of ideology but the "unabashed victory of economic and political liberalism." Small wonder this thesis is being vigorously discussed in Washington, Ottawa, Paris, Rome and other world capitals.

This thesis should be contested and not be allowed to become dogma.

It is important to challenge the underlying assumptions that capitalism occupies the moral high ground and, with a little fine-tuning, can and should become the sole economic system of the future.

Any discussion of capitalism is bound to be misleading unless its constituent structural elements, and the logic by which these operate and the attitudes they foster, are kept in mind. The three principal constituents of the capitalist system are:

1. Market-oriented commodity production. Commodities are produced for sale, and always for profit. This means the intrinsic purpose is not the creation of goods to meet human needs. This meeting of human needs does happen, sometimes abundantly, but the primary motive is still production for profit that has to be ever-increasing.

Each time corporations close shop in the United States and transfer production overseas, they do so not to produce more or better quality goods, but to make greater profit. This is indisputable.

2. An indispensable prerequisite of capitalism is private ownership of the means of production. The reference here is not to one's home, garden, or other personal belongings, but to land, factories, rental property, coal, oil, gas, to economic and whatever other institutions are capable of yielding wealth.

Three principal consequences follow from this:

- Private persons have wrested from society the right to dictate how natural resources and raw materials should be used.
- Such a right means that other individuals are excluded from having a say in how means of production should be used. Therefore, the real producers, i.e. workers, do not own the means necessary to carry on production.

Those who own the means of production thereby secure power over virtually the entire production process, and with this comes preponderant social control. In recent years this social control has often been used to transfer jobs overseas and devastate whole communities. Thus, the capitalist class in effect denies economic democracy to the majority.

3. Capitalism, everywhere it developed, produced for the first time in history that large segment of people who are forced to sell their labor for a wage in order to obtain the necessities basic for survival.

This division of society into those who own the means of production and those who survive only by selling their labor for a wage is not a given, it is not God-ordained or part of the natural order of things. Historically, it was brought about by massive social upheavals like the dislocation of peasants in the enclosure movement in England — and the dispossessed were forced into factories and sweatshops to work and into hovels to live.

A similar process is taking place in many parts of the world today where land is cleared of farm families, beef and crops are produced for export and for profit and the dispossessed move into urban areas where they are underfed, underhoused, underemployed or employed at subhuman wages. To cite a recent example in the United States,

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Paul Surlis is associate professor of social ethics at St. John's University, New York. **Patrick Joyce** is a doctoral candidate at the New School for Social Research and lectures in economics at Parson School of Design. An earlier version of this article appeared in *National Catholic Reporter,* 11/3/89. Reprinted with permission.

600,000 farm families lost their means of livelihood in the past eight years and they, too, were forced into the cities to sell their labor for a wage in order to survive.

The three foregoing are prerequisites of the capitalist system and are as necessary to it as roundness is to the wheel. Added to these is an attitudinal or behavioral dimension that arises out of the three objective constituent factors.

4. Individual, acquisitive maximizing behavior on the part of most in the economic system, both owners and workers, arises from the very logic of capitalism. This point is often confused by those who speak of greed or immorality as if the behavior in question were *psychological* in origin and hence changeable with sufficient doses of willpower. On the contrary, the endless competition for more is a constraint arising out of the very essence of the capitalist system.

If Mother Teresa were the owner of means of production and her Missionaries of Charity the wage laborers, the logic of the system with its never-ending quest for the highest rate of profit would compel them to the same competition and class warfare we see going on now in the coal mines of West Virginia or at Eastern Airlines.

Sure, one may envisage an economic system based on truthfulness, compassion and general humanitarian motives, but whatever it would be, it would not be capitalism, whose very nature and unalterable law is the pursuit of ever-increasing profit. Once any business entity ceases this pursuit, competition, the dynamo of the system, will inexorably cause its elimination.

Therefore, moralizing about compassionate capitalists or moral characteristics or social conscience is beside the point. This sermonizing obfuscates or mystifies what should be clarified. Indeed, it falsifies the issues by holding out the hope that the system can operate justly because abuses are peripheral to it. Instead, what are moralistically seen as abuses are inherent in the very constituents of the system and express the logic of its functioning.

We mentioned truthfulness, for example. What we mean is not the elimination of the false frills advertisers indulge in, but something that goes to the very heart of the system's creation of false needs (wants) for whose satisfaction often wholly unnecessary products are manufactured to the exclusion of those items necessary to fulfill all people's basic survival needs.

An important aspect absent from recent euphoric discussions of capitalism is the price paid by those on whose backs capitalism succeeds.

The history of the invasion, colonialization, and plunder of Ireland, Latin America, India, Africa and Asia, a history that contains near-genocide, starvation, and despoliation is a constituent part of the success of capitalism in England and later in Europe.

The history of the slave trade, with its various economic contributions, is also intrinsic to the success of capitalism in England, in other European countries and in the southern United States. Three hundred years of slavery may have robbed Africa of more than 100 million people between the ages of 15 and 35, the very prime of their lives.

Nor can the post-slavery racism in many countries be divorced from economic considerations. Racism, including its ethnic variety, keeps workers divided, holds wages down, keeps unions weak and so enables economic exploitation of the least powerful workers to continue. Globally, the free or underpaid labor of women and often, children, in the domestic and public sphere is also a necessary condition of the so-called success of capitalism.

One might also mention neocolonialism and its national-security state apparatus. Since the 19th century, U.S. expansionist policies have led to repeated invasions of Latin American countries.

U.S.-supported and trained armies practice torture, disappearances and murder of people who are struggling for access to land, food, houses, jobs, education and health care. South Africans and Latin Americans are subject to the most brutal oppression so that cheap labor and cheap resources are available to keep an excessively high standard of living for many in the United States and other First World countries.

To those who still say "capitalism has succeeded," we say: Go tell it in Vietnam, with its millions of dead or injured and its environment poisoned in defense of capitalism. Tell it in El Salvador, where 70,000 people have been massacred largely by U.S.-supported death squads and soldiers in the past eight years alone.

Tell it in Guatemala, with its 60,000 inhabitants, most of them Indians, massacred and buried in obscurity (in our media as well) in the past decade. Tell it in Nicaragua, where 50,000 people have been slaughtered under U.S. auspices because meeting basic human needs is the social goal aimed at and not maximizing of profit for elites.

Tell half the children in the United States under age six who live in poverty, together with 30 million adults, the most destitute of whom are women. Tell the 3 million homeless, the 37 million who have no health insurance, the 20 million who are hungry for a few days each month. Tell them the system occupies the moral high ground and is the best (when purged of a few abuses), but don't be surprised if skeletons and mocking laughter disturb your dreams. TW

Short Takes

Not like Civil Rights

Operation Rescue now compares its anti-choice activities to the efforts of the Civil Rights Movement. I find the comparison difficult to affirm. During the '60s, the Civil Rights Movement struggled for equal access to jobs, public facilities and schools. I remember witnessing a group of Black children, with their school books, walking behind police lines to enter integrated schools. The police were protecting these children from screaming "anti-rights" protestors blocking the entrance to schools. These white so-called "Christians" were degrading and demoralizing a race of people. These demonstrators were deliberately trying to deny constitutional rights to a specific group of people, in this case, Blacks. What Operation Rescue is attempting to do is also to demean and to degrade a specific group of people; in this case, women. This is where the only connection appears.

Let's put an end to the illegitimate associations with the Civil Rights Movement.

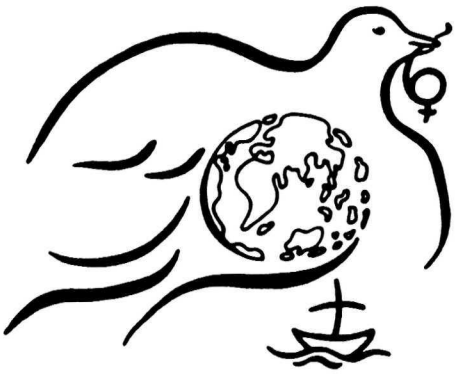
Mary Jane Patterson
Washington, D.C.

Prophetic limitations

We must learn to accept the church's prophetic role with its limitations. Prophets are called to speak to the faithful, and not to the world; prophecy presupposes a faithful, interested and involved audience. The need for speaking to other churches and other Christian people, as well as to our own institutions and constituency, is often overlooked, because it wouldn't be "charitable" to say what we really think, even if our message is based on what we believe is true. The truth, however, is often not charitable, and we need to remind ourselves and others of that.

There is a need for an ecumenicity of judgment on what we do as churches. The Scripture tells us that judgment begins with the household of God. What we perceive as truth, as wrong as it may be, does have some rights; justice has a major claim on us, as well as charity and peace. (That we think of the ideas of justice and peace as separable at all, tells us something that we need to hear.)

The Rev. Hugh Weaver
***JSAC Grapevine* 5/89**



Solidarity with women decade

Foremost on the agenda of the U.S. Committee involved with the Ecumenical Decade of Churches in Solidarity with Women, meeting in Los Angeles recently, was to set up a process by which efforts could be measured at the end of the decade (1988-98). After two years of planning and organization, the World Council of Churches' U.S. Committee proposed examination of quantitative endeavors, such as increasing the number of women in church leadership positions now held by men, increasing of at least by one-third the number of women senior pastors in major posts. Also proposed was the implementation of an experiential educational process for men to overcome fear of the leadership of women and to share power on an equitable basis.

The committee also recommended the development of relationships with women in other countries, particularly across cultural and racial lines; global and local action plans which lead to self-development and justice, local interdenominational exchanges, representation of both men and women on all committees on issues currently called "women's issues," and a new paradigm for integrating work, family and life.

A national consultation for women in politics and church women was proposed, along with workshops on developing a spirituality that discloses a renewed understanding of sexuality, and a series of state, regional and national celebrations.

***Ecumenical Courier*, Vol. 49, No. 2**
U.S. Office, WCC

Quote of note

A line of scripture which does a lot for me comes from St. Paul, quoting the Psalms: "Be angry, but do not sin." Jesus was angry over 50% of the time, and it's very dangerous theology to try to improve on Jesus. The anger needs to be focused, but anger is what maintains your sanity. Anger keeps you from tolerating the intolerable.

The Rev. William Sloane Coffin, Jr.
***Pax Christi* Fall, 1989**

What is Episcopal Church image?

As part of a discussion on redefining the congregation at a Working Class Ministry Conference in Plainfield, Ind., the Rev. Robert Gallagher asked small groups to name Episcopalians in the news, people they wished were Episcopalians, and television characters known to be Episcopalians. After all the names were called out, Gallagher asked, "Where are the working class Episcopalians?" The group could not name any, leading Gallagher to suggest that the church has an image problem.

The church often needs to be defined as "what we are instead of what we used to be," he said. Gallagher, a member of a pastoral team in Trenton, N.J., used material developed by the Order of the Ascension and taught as part of the Parish Development Institute co-sponsored each summer by the order and General Theological Seminary, New York.

Episcopal News Service

Journalists lied to

The problem we journalists face is that we are constantly being lied to, and that we often fail to expose the lies. In my view there is no such thing as "journalistic ethics." There is only ethics. What counts, what justifies our trade, is the stuff they would pay us not to print. Untruths told often enough by the highest authorities become accepted facts, so that, for example, journalists use the phrase "humanitarian aid" without quotation marks to describe logistical support to lethal commandos.

John L. Hess, *Quill*
Quoted in *Churchman's Human Quest*

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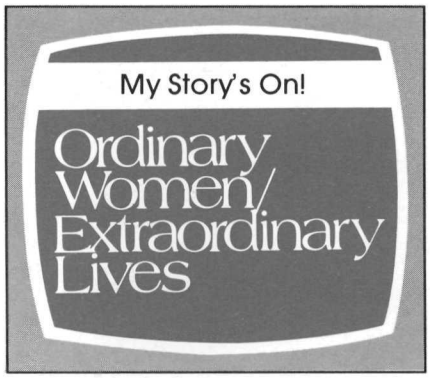

Edited by Paula Ross, Berkeley, Cal.

Hear the voices of women mainstream feminism too often overlooks. Read about the retiring waitress who creates her own IRA: the war in El Salvador through the eyes of a small girl; a dialogue between Palestinian and Jewish women; the Black woman who takes on the Bank of America, and wins. Fiction, poetry, essays by and about working class, middle class women; Asian, Black, Hispanic and White women; physically challenged, young, old and incarcerated women. Lots more! 220 pages; 76 different contributors; 27 photos.

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