

The Birthing of a Movement: *On Divisiveness and Differences in Green Politics*

by DAVID PERRY

As the Green Movement evolves through its infancy in the United States, we are confronted with challenges that often seem overwhelming. Not only are the Committees of Correspondence, in the earliest stages of organization, lacking clearly defined solutions and strategies, in the dominant culture of our place and time—the very object of our concern.

No matter how vehemently we resist this competitive and imbalanced culture, with its 'power-over' mode of operation, it affects us profoundly. It affects us both as individuals and as a movement. The oppression has been internalized.

Workers, for example, often fail to question the validity of the power their bosses have over their lives. Likewise, men often cannot see the sexist implications of our perspective, even as we struggle to change. Most people tend not to recognize the effect of our personal and cultural pasts on our behaviour, or the effect of our behaviour on others. Even radical feminism, so incisive in its criticism of patriarchy, has itself long been criticised for the same divisive contentiousness that is a function of patriarchy. We are all intimate parties to the problem.

The Green Movement will not be exempt from behaviours and conflicts typical of the dominant culture. Our meetings have already suffered the consequences of strident politics. We find ourselves failing to listen, or to accept differences as a measure of richness; failing to correct over-bearing behaviour, or to avoid subtle (and not so subtle) forms of verbal violence. We find ourselves, once again, putting more energy into arguing with each other than into building meaningful change.

Of course we have differences! We find ourselves speaking in opposition to ideas within our own Movement, just as we oppose others outside it. In either case, we must hold to the critical necessity for true communication, for love and respect. Is not our intent that of winning others over to our own ideas?

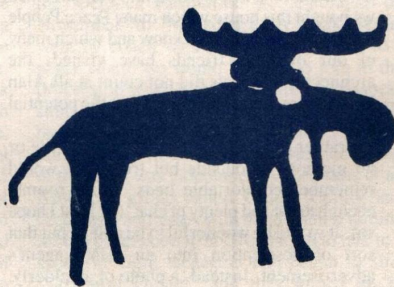
We will not change people by attacking them, within the Movement or without. To hear us, those who oppose us will first need to feel heard—and respected—by us.

This is in no way meant to suggest that we should compromise our own ideas or ideals. Those are the structural elements of our political being. But, the weapons with which we wage conflict must be the weapons of love, of radical nonviolence.

To wage struggle in any other way, to treat our opponents in a manner that permits them to feel less than fully respected, can only have the most disastrous consequences. It leaves us, in fact, unmoved from where we have remained for centuries: trapped in the isolation, the pain and inhumanity of a world out of balance.

We come to this effort with all the scars, fears, and emotional baggage that we have inherited. We are all wounded, women and men alike. We have learned to expect certain behaviour or opinion in others that we find painful or oppressive. And we can expect ourselves, and one another, to act accordingly.

It would take no effort at all to allow our Movement to succumb to divisiveness, petty competitions and defensiveness. It could look a lot like many of the places many of us have tried to work before. But, it is the planet—and our children's children—who will suffer the consequences.



The Problem of Unity

Most Greens are frustrated by the difficulty the Movement is having in defining itself. A vast array of viewpoints and perspectives is represented among us. Some of them are in conflict. Feuding has erupted on the pages of national publications, complete with self-righteousness, name-calling, and personal trashing.

The urge to find unity, to define common ground, is natural. The wish to define or legislate opponents right out of the Movement, on ideological grounds, is quite something else. And disrespectful behaviour, for any reason, has no place in the Green Movement.

Unity, as a concept, represents the antithesis of division. Unity is what the world will require if it will survive with humankind on board. It means accepting differences. It necessitates nurture where there is conflict or error, not rejection.

The wish to define common ground on the basis of strict ideological positions is problematic. We all have such positions and should represent them. We can organize ourselves into political organizations and caucuses that function within the Movement. And we already have. But, we must expect that many of them will be in conflict at times. And, we need to learn how to process these conflicts in a manner compatible with Green values.

Perhaps, more significantly, we need to understand that this Movement already exists. It is not waiting to be defined. It shares basic values. It looks to a common root for inspiration and guidance. Soon, it will develop a common political process for working together democratically and respectfully.

What it does not have, is a shared ideology. This can be frustrating, until we remember that we are not organizing something new around an ideal or a leader. Rather we are organizing a pre-existing reality. We are attempting to work together toward common goals, despite great differences. And, like nature, we will never create a finished product.

Taking Responsibility

What does this mean in practical terms? It means applying our values to the way we do things, and especially to our personal behaviour. It means making our visions of the future manifest in our actions in the present. If we are to build an action-oriented movement that takes responsibility for making change in the world, we must begin by taking responsibility for the way we do things. And, this starts with the way we treat each other.

Many are now urging development of a new political decision-making process. This is, indeed, essential. So, too, is the necessity for institutions of every sort to become fully responsive to human needs. But, the issue of responsibility is more fundamental than process. Structure and process must emerge from the attitudes, the inward lives, of those who use them. Responsibility cannot be legislated.

We are talking basics here. "The way we do things", in a movement, has to do with how individuals function in groups. This is not

something our culture teaches us to do well. And, the most difficult challenge is learning how to be objective about our own personal participation.

Some of us over-participate out of fear our needs won't be met, or the assumption we know what is best for others. Some of us under-participate out of lack of confidence in our ideas or our ability to articulate them. Some people are often angry or defensive. Others are, by nature, shy and retiring. In every case, every view and every perspective is priceless and essential. Each of us must take responsibility for nurturing the full participation of everyone in the political process. Each of us must assert the self-discipline, in meetings and elsewhere, of examining our own personal behaviour in this light. We might ask ourselves some of the following questions:

- Is it a priority that we fully understand the views and perspectives of others, and that we imagine creative ways that they might be incorporated in a collective fabric?
- Are the ideas of everyone present being fully utilized; is everyone being supported to participate, however shy or inadequate she or he may feel?
- When we think of a personal contribution we might make, in time-pressured circumstances, have we double-checked with ourselves about whether it is truly necessary? Can the group get by without it? Will someone else make it who has contributed less than we have?
- When we feel anger, what is causing the feelings? Is someone else being hurtful? Or are we *anticipating* that hurt? Are we feeling rejected, ignored, or controlled by someone more powerful than ourselves? Is it anger from the past, or is it really in the present?
- When there is conflict, are we really listening? Those of us who are middle class have a tendency to presume that if there is a disagreement, it can only exist because our opponent has misunderstood us. That is, we resist acknowledging true differences. In fact, others can genuinely disagree with us, and we must make *them* feel understood by *us*. We can handle it, can't we?
- Are we being trustful and open? Is everyone being treated in such a way as to encourage trust and openness? What can be done to keep bringing balance back into the process?

Most damaging is our tendency to judge one another, and to project intent, without attempting to understand and empathize. This happens when we are too caught up in our own emotions.

When we don't feel entirely safe or respected, we edit what we hear through the filter of feelings. We miss much of it altogether. This is a perfectly natural and human sort of difficulty. But we must struggle against it, mature beyond it. We must take responsibility for our own feelings and learn to think clearly outside them. Then we can begin to support opponents, as well as friends and allies. This is no easy assignment. It may be the most difficult and most crucial challenge of all. But, it is at the very heart of Green politics.

In this new and revolutionary politics, the individual is as responsible to the collective as the collective is to the individual. We are responsible for everything about the way we impact on the people and circumstances around us. In Green politics, the inter-relatedness of all things is understood as a principle underlying all human activities. Everything we do affects everyone around us, whether we acknowledge that or not.

This is difficult stuff. It is not for the selfish or undisciplined. We must be prepared first to face our own changing. Our movement and our world can only become whole as we ourselves become whole. The process of struggling to become whole requires us to hold the value of our Movement up as a direction—the direction that gives form to action: The reality of inter-relatedness, the necessity for understanding, caring, and balance.

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No-one can make you feel inferior without your consent. Instead of seeing defeat in bad news, use it as a creative spark.

Eleanor Roosevelt

FRESH FIELDS

In the January issue of *Peace by Peace* there was a most interesting article by Leslie Baxter entitled "Is Modern Architecture Wholly Bad".

In the near future both he and many Peace People friends will be making that assessment for themselves when I move to my new home which is in a newly constructed apartment block. Now, I chose to live there because the interior layout suits my requirements, the living room will catch the sun and there is an open aspect over playing fields to glimpses of sea and Antrim hills. Equally important, it is near to the town centre.

I feel that the outside looks reasonably pleasing, but the living space in which to make a new home was what appealed to me. A friend who is, as they say, "into architecture" seems slightly appalled at my Philistine taste. One can only hope that eventual hospitality within will put the building in a better light. After all, when we bought this house which many Peace People here in Northern Ireland know and which many of our overseas friends have visited, the architectural aspects did not count at all. Alan liked the trees and situation. I saw the potential of the kitchen!!

I rather think that our visitors have little or no memory of outside but trust they would remember comfortable beds, warm rooms, enough to eat and plenty of chat. (At least I hope so). It would be wonderful to be able to put that sort of description into an estate agent's advertisement. Instead, a photo of an elderly, dumpy Victorian house with amenities is what goes out.

That's Life

But then that's the way life is—we all present our architectural facade. We do it both at individual and community level. The presented face of Northern Ireland is often like that. The media gives you photos of bomb-blasted cars, glassless windows, dark alleyways, barricaded besieged police stations. However, behind that facade of seeming ugliness is beautiful scenery, streets of good, new, undamaged housing and, most important, many, many, many good and kindly people. People who are making more strides across the divide. Good people who went out with their torches on a cold, wet December evening to sing carols. More people want their children to attend integrated schools. And more schools are gradually becoming involved in cross-community projects.

Pioneer Peace People

The Peace People have pioneered in this and continue to do so. Our camps are specially geared to encourage real getting together of young people. We want to break down the facades of sectarianism and misunderstanding. Would that our finances would allow us to do even more of this work and let us bring more young people together more often. It should be said (and I end as I began on an architectural note) that the children who go to Durham stay in the pleasant environs of Durham University. The young people who visit Norway see an entirely different style of building. But within whatever type of building they stay they have a chance to find friendship, understanding and no divisions both from those who invited them and those who are leading them to look behind the facades.

Hazel Senior

ANN AT ST LOUISE'S

On Wednesday 22 February Ann McCann, Peace People Administrator, was the invited guest speaker at St. Louise's Children of Mary Assembly. The group of 400 sixth form girls frequently request to have speakers from the community come in and talk about their work, and Ann spoke on her involvement with the Peace People. Some of the girls would have had a vague recollection of the Peace People, some would have had rather inaccurate accounts of Peace People history, a few might not even have known of the Peace People. Well, Ann went there to educate, set the record straight, and talk about the work the Peace People do now.

Among the points she made was that, in the early days, no one—not even the three leaders of the just formed Peace People (Ciaran McKeown, Mairead Corrigan and Betty Williams)—knew how Northern Ireland was going to achieve peace, but they all knew, everyone who took part in the rallies knew, that they had to get out on the streets and do something. This lack of plan and unfulfilment of promises would later be blamed on the Peace People.

Ann explained that the media was responsible for the inflation of people's hopes in the Peace People to bring peace to Northern Ireland, and for the marked decline in the Peace People's popularity. In the earlier years of the Peace People, Ann's time was largely spent organising trips, rearranging rooms in Fredheim to accommodate television cameras, and setting up interviews. She stressed that while much emphasis was put on the influx of money from all over the world to the Peace People, and on their subsequently increasing prestige, not one journalist ever asked what that money was being spent on.

Expectations were raised that could not possibly have been met, and now that the Peace People's work is out of the public eye, many people, including many in the media, believe the Peace People to be extinct.

And that is hardly the case. Those involved in the Peace People now tend to be more realistic than idealistic, by necessity. The three main areas of work—Welfare, Youth and Justice—go off without the fanfare and applause the Peace People garnered in years gone by, but that is just as important. Hopefully people will know of our work because of the fact that it affects them.

Kate Burns

Arthur Willetts travels in the Soviet Union

Early in November 1988, I left Heathrow for Leningrad with a party of sixteen, on a tour organised by Goodwill Holidays Ltd. of Welwyn, Herts. This is a firm set up by some Quakers in 1986 and the emphasis in their arrangements is providing opportunities to meet Russian people.

I took with me my stole which carries 148 badges accumulated over more than fifty years of peace campaigning. I took one copy of a Russian Bible, having ascertained that it is not illegal to do so, nor is it illegal to make a present of a Bible before leaving. I took also a hundred postcard reproductions of one of my wife's drawings which shows two young mothers, one black and one white. They are each holding the other's baby, gently and admiringly.

The metal badges showed up on the X-ray and I was asked to open my bags. A rather puzzled customs officer began to pull the stole from the snow boot where I had stowed it. He spoke good English and I explained the badges and that a stole is an ecclesiastical garment! This satisfied him and I then opened my other case, immediately showing him the Bible. "Have you only one?" he asked, and when I said yes he tore open the envelope containing the post cards. His face changed as he looked at them for some moments. "They are a reproduction of one of my wife's drawings," I explained. He looked a few moments more and asked hesitatingly, "May I have one?" "Yes, please take one," I replied. Again hesitatingly he asked, "May I have two?" so I gave him three.

The morning of the 6th was taken up by a sightseeing tour of the city which finished with a visit to the Piskarevsky Cemetery where lie in mass graves the remains of something like half a million people who died in the 900 day siege of Leningrad. Many of the deaths were from starvation. There was snow underfoot and a bitterly cold wind blowing. At the entrance a permanent flame is kept burning, and as one walks down the avenues between the mass graves sad and solemn music is heard. The music ebbed and flowed on the wind in crescendo and diminuendo as I walked to the memorial at the far end and back to the flame.

Shelling, bombing, hunger and cold took their toll for the 900 days of the siege. For much of the time the utilities of water, sewage, electricity and transport functioned ill or not at all because of damage. For one period of 35 days, the ration of food was 250g of bread for those able to work and 125g for women and children. There are no trees in Leningrad as old as 45 years. By the end of the war they had all been cut down, not only to provide fuel but to find space to grow food. At the beginning of Nevsky Prospect, still fixed on an official building, there is a plaque which reads, "CITIZENS! DURING SHELLING THIS SIDE OF THE STREET IS MORE DANGEROUS."

As I stood by the burning flame, trying to realise which I had seen, a wedding party arrived and the bride laid her bouquet at the flame where many war-bereaved visitors came daily to lay flowers. They left and another wedding party came. This time (having learned the Russian equivalent of "Peace be with you" from a Russian priest) I shook hands with bride and groom giving them the peace greeting which was returned.

The whole place conveys an air of desolate tragedy, yet something more. As I walked in the cemetery, words from the epistle to the Hebrews sprang into my mind: "Surrounded as we are with these serried ranks of witnesses..." and I seemed to be aware of "un grand chuchotement penible de ceux qui meurent de

faim." (a great painful whispering of those who are dying of hunger). Why the phrase should have come back to me in French I don't know unless it was because there are no words to describe such suffering, and its *present continuation*. Those dying of starvation in the world today would fill such a cemetery *each fortnight*. The voices of the dead plead with us to create a different sort of world. The brides who lay their bouquets are longing for a world that will be safe for their children.

In the afternoon I went with two others to the Lenin Museum. There was no restriction on our movements and we could make our own programme if we chose but of course the Russian guide accompanied the majority on the programme she had planned. Most of us made some excursions separate from the majority at different times. The only snag is that in the museums almost the entire texts about the exhibits are in Russian but as there is so much visual art it's not really a problem. Two paintings in the Lenin Museum stand out in my memory, one of Lenin in his study, and a vast oil painting of Lenin addressing shipyard workers. The extraordinary thing about the shipyard painting is the detailed portraiture of each person in the crowd, equally detailed in the nearest and furthest people.

We returned to our hotel via the metro which in Leningrad runs far deeper than the London tube. The escalators move quite fast and when one is about a third of the way down, neither the top nor the bottom can be seen. On following the signs to the trains we came to a large hall with no rails or trains can be seen. After a few minutes we heard a train coming, heard it stop, and the walls opened opposite the open doors of the train. By this arrangement it is impossible for people to fall onto the track. Fare anywhere on the underground is five kopecks, equivalent to five pence, and not a graffito or piece of litter in sight!

Because of the change of calendar since 1917 the October Revolution is celebrated on November 7th. We had an early breakfast and went by coach with our guide Svetlana to a place where we would be able to join in the procession when it came. I wore my cassock, stole full of badges, a large Christian CND badge and a CND hat. Many cameras were pointed at me from all angles during the course of the day. I was videotaped by members of an American group called Global Family and exchanged addresses with them. While waiting for the procession to arrive I began to talk to a group of eight teenagers and began to sing "Strangest Dream" and they joined in, in English, and also when I followed with "The Family of Man". A Dutch woman looking very scared came up to me and asked, "Aren't you afraid of the police?" and seemed quite incapable of understanding when I said no. The singing happened only a few yards from a line of soldiers who were there for traffic control.

When the head of the procession arrived we stood as spectators for about ten minutes before joining in. I found it impossible to estimate the numbers but having been in most of the big peace demonstration processions in this country I would think it was bigger than any of them. It was of course a procession to celebrate the revolution but the longing for peace was unmistakable. There was an air of carnival. When we reached the vast Palace Square there were lines of sailors acting as stewards to funnel 'lanes' of people to different exits of the square. This was necessary to avoid confusion and possible danger of a crush if too many people happened to make for the same exit. Thus it happened that part way through the square the

folk in front of us wheeled off and with members of our group I was in the front line of the next 'lane' of people. The stewards were spaced at intervals of about thirty feet and alternately faced opposite directions so that they could see people on either side. It was very amusing when we became visible as the front of the next section of the procession. Those who could see the strange sight of my cassock and stole swivelled their heads to their neighbours who faced in the opposite direction, and in turn their heads turned to look. I was able to take some by the hand and give the peace greeting. There were no marching troops or military hardware in the procession. Shortly after leaving the square I looked around and found I was separated from any other member of our group. There was no other way to go except in the direction the part of the crowd I was in was moving but whether it was in the direction of our hotel I had no idea. I had listened to Russian on tape every day for a month before the trip so now was the time to try it out. I managed to convey to the first three people I spoke to that I needed directions to my hotel but they didn't know where it was. The next person I asked happened to be one of a group of school teachers, one of whom was a teacher of English. Problem solved. They were going towards my hotel and after a short while we met the group I had been with, coming back to look for me. But the brief encounter was sufficient to be able to talk to them about peace.

After lunch at the hotel we visited the Fortress of St. Peter and Paul, a grim prison from tsarist times. One of the Tsar's sons, Alexis, spent six months in a cell there before being tortured to death on the orders of his father. I wonder what Peter and Paul think of having such a place bear their names! It was good to finish the day with a visit to the ballet. The story was difficult to follow but as a spectacle of colour and movement, of exuberant physical energy and beautiful choreography it was a delight to watch.

The next morning, we packed before leaving for the Hermitage galleries in the Winter Palace. The Hermitage contains more than two million items, ranging from prehistoric artefacts to classics of modern art. To see each item for just one second would occupy seventy, eight hour days. If, or when I am able to revisit the Hermitage I intend to spend the whole time available in the impressionist and post-impressionist galleries. As it was, with a guide and about two hours available, I emerged overwhelmed by this gargantuan display of human creativity. Three paintings stick particularly in my memory: a much reproduced bridge in a garden by Monet; a Van Gogh of a circle of prisoners in an exercise yard, and a Picasso of a circle of dancers.

After lunch I decided my coefficient of absorption was probably below zero so I had a half hour siesta and spent the time till dinner, writing postcards, drinking tea and coffee and talking with a couple of Americans, medical people with a concern for holistic medicine. After dinner we were taken by coach to catch the 11.00 p.m. overnight sleeper to Moscow, a journey of about 400 miles.

I took with me my shooting stick which was very useful not only for sitting on at various times. It saved me from several falls on frozen surfaces and on a few occasions I was able to save other people from falls because my stick was firmly anchored. I found a new use at the station. All bunks have to be booked and luggage is loaded on platform trolleys in the sequence as one's place on the train. The platform was jam-packed with people when the

trolley with our luggage came along. I was with Svetlana and she said to keep up with the trolley but soon the rest of our party were well behind us and couldn't see us. I held my stick in the air and we all arrived at our berths with our luggage. The shooting stick is not native to Russia and was much admired. I would sit on it in the hotel lobby as we were assembling to set off somewhere and on a couple of occasions the doorman asked me to demonstrate its use to his friends. The sleeping compartments are quite roomy, four bunks in a compartment larger than that for six on the continental couchettes, but it would be an exaggeration to say that I slept.

On the outskirts of Moscow we saw a large acreage of glass houses lit with fluorescent lighting for food growing. We were sitting down to breakfast at 9.00 a.m. in our hotel, a place with more than 2,000 rooms, each with its own bath and/or shower. We spent the morning visiting Tolstoy's town house and a small but very ornate 'working' church, i.e. it is in use for worship and is not a museum. In the afternoon we did a sightseeing tour of the city and arrived in Red Square just as the light was fading. As soon as the sun goes in there is a marked drop in temperature and there was a breeze with a chill factor of about fifteen degrees. I took my glove off just to press the shutter of my camera to take a photograph of St. Basil's Cathedral and it took half an hour from my hand to feel warm again. By the evening I was very tired from not having slept well on the train and felt like the Sherpas say when they need a rest for their souls to catch up their bodies so I turned in and slept soundly till 7.00 a.m.

The next morning, there was an organised visit to the Lenin mausoleum but I had no wish to see the embalmed body of someone who died in 1924. There is a guard of two armed soldiers all round the clock, changed every hour. I couldn't help reflecting about the other tomb where the guard was kept and was redundant within seventy two hours.

With several others I went instead to the GUM stores on the other side of Red Square. This is a large two-storey covered arcade of shops built in the nineteenth century. Some of the items seemed to be Regent St. prices and I contented myself with window shopping. I spent three quarters of an hour in the impressionist gallery of the Museum of Fine Arts, and referring to my diary I realise it was here that I saw the Monet and Van Gogh I mentioned as being in the Hermitage. Here also I saw a delightful portrait of a young girl by Renoir. In the afternoon we visited the Arbat, the only pre-Napoleonic wooden buildings in Moscow. The Russians set the city on fire and retreated, thus denying shelter and provisions to Napoleon's army for the winter and forcing his disastrous retreat back to France in 1812.

Along one street there, were some artists displaying their work for sale in the open—a cool day's work. I gave a number of them a copy of my wife's postcard which they appreciated.

Next morning we did a tour of the Moscow metro stations. Svetlana took us to see the more spectacular ones with mosaics and sculptures and one with stained glass panels. We were pestered by a young man who followed us through several changes of train asking us to

change our sterling for roubles at five times the official rate. He wouldn't take no for an answer until Svetlana really told him off and he left with an ugly scowl on his face. We had lunch at the Exhibition of Economic Progress followed by a visit to the Cosmos Pavilion where were displayed a replica of the original sputnik and many of the various types of space vehicles. In the evening we went to a magnificent folk music concert. I packed most of my stuff before going to bed because we were to make an early start next morning, Saturday by coach to Vladimir, a journey of about 120 miles on icy roads.

I was up at 6.45 in time to photograph a brilliant red sunrise from my 20th floor bedroom. The day remained clear and for most of the journey the sky was filled with changing patterns of soft mauves, greys and blue-greys. We stopped for coffee at a wooden café, passed through several small villages and a couple of towns before reaching Vladimir, a town with a population of about 300,000. We were welcomed at the hotel by a young woman in their traditional regional costume, who offered us bread and salt. One breaks a piece of bread from the newly baked loaf, dips it in the salt and eats it. A companion is someone with whom we eat bread and this simple ceremony made me feel really welcome. Several of us went to a church service (Orthodox) where I had no idea of the ritual significance of any of the proceedings so I know no more about the Orthodox church than before I went.



Alfred Willetts fascinating report on his journey in the Soviet Union has been shortened due to lack of space. But, as well as many other aspects of life in that land, it covers a meeting with journalists who said they had no fear of being penalised for exercising their new freedoms. Alfred comments—Who knows? Perhaps glasnost may be infectious and our press start ignoring D notices.

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Through and Beyond Bereavement, a book by Alfred Willetts will be published on 17th March 1989. The book is a personal account of the author's experiences from the diagnosis of his wife's cancer in May 1977 to her death in February 1978. He describes the subsequent experience of living through grief and coming to the awareness of the communion of the saints, not as a theological theory but as an ever present experiential fact of life. The publishers are Churchman Publishing Ltd, 117 Broomfield Avenue, Worthing, West Sussex and costs £3.95.



Alfred Willetts with Lord Soper

PEACE BY PEACE

is the monthly newspaper of the Community of the Peace People. Through our local and international circulation we attempt to promote the idea of nonviolence as a response to conflict, and as an alternative way of life. We welcome contributions of either written or illustrative material on any topic which might be of interest to our readers.

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MEMBERSHIP SUBS

A reminder to all Peace People members that membership subscriptions are now due for 1989:

£3.00 per year

Thank you.

I do not want the peace which passeth understanding. I want the understanding which bringeth peace.
Helen Keller

TRADITIONAL ARCHITECTURE

In an earlier article we looked at the architectural scene in Britain in the light of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' televised talk. We now turn to the main architectural tradition followed in Britain before the beginning of The Modern Movement—and even, to some extent, since—namely, the Classical.

Classical architecture is the architecture developed by the Greeks and Romans. Its basic aim is the achievement of good proportion between all the parts of a building, and its most characteristic feature is its use of the Orders. Each of the orders is most readily recognised by its column and especially by its capital, though other parts are involved. There are basically three Orders: the Doric, the Ionic and the Corinthian. These were evolved gradually, and their proportions refined, by the Greeks. Later they were adopted by the Romans who produced their own versions of them.

Just as a pattern on cloth, wall-paper, carpet or other such surface consists of some unit repeated many times, so in the case of an order the unit consists of the column with its base (if any) and capital, the superstructure it supports and the platform or plinth on which it stands. The superstructure is called the entablature and is made up of three zones, namely (in ascending order) the architrave, frieze and cornice.

The Doric capital is much the simplest, the Ionic has scrolls or volutes and the Corinthian represents a cluster of acanthus leaves surrounding a core shaped like an inverted bell. The shafts of the columns in all three Greek Orders are fluted; that is, they have grooves running vertically from top to bottom. In the Roman orders, the fluting was often omitted. The entablatures of the Ionic and Corinthian Orders are almost identical but they both differ noticeably from that of the Doric Order. The greatest difference comes in the friezes. The Ionic and Corinthian friezes are continuous bands whereas the Doric frieze consists of a row of alternating projections (triglyphs) and recesses (metopes). This very brief account covers the main characteristics of the three Orders. There are others.

After the collapse of the Roman Empire there ensued a Middle Age between the Ancient World now ending and the Modern World that was to follow. In this Middle or mediaeval

period two styles grew up in place of the Classical, one in the Eastern section of the old Roman Empire, the other in the Western. The eastern style came to be known as Byzantine, the Western as Romanesque. In course of time the Romanesque style evolved into Gothic. The Modern World began with the conscious and deliberate return to the style of the Classical known as the Renaissance or Rebirth which occurred first in Italy, then spread to other countries.

Like their Classical predecessors Renaissance architects strove to attain excellent proportions in their buildings and produced their own versions of the Classical Orders. They recognised the seamliness of the best Classical buildings. For example, if we take on the one hand a small Roman house and on the other a triumphal arch, we will find in the former, a discrete, unostentatious use of one of the orders, probably the Doric, or that the orders were omitted altogether; whereas in the Triumphal arch, which is a permanent embodiment of celebration of a military achievement, the richest of orders, the Composite (whose capital combines the Ionic and Corinthian elements) would have been used, and a general effect of dignified grandeur achieved.

The Classical Tradition, revived in the Renaissance, was handed down to other European countries outside Italy—France, Spain, Germany and England as well as the Scandinavian countries and the Netherlands. On the mainland of Europe the somewhat severe appearance of the strictly classical buildings gave way to a more exuberant offshoot known as the Baroque which is seen at its best in churches and palaces. In the Netherlands and England greater restraint and reliance on good proportions with the minimum of ostentation prevailed. The homely Queen Anne style led on to that well-known and loved style, the Georgian. Dignified terraces of town houses are probably the examples that leap most readily to mind.

The Gothic revival did not oust the Classical tradition; it just meant the co-existence of the Classical and Mediaeval styles side by side. Even the appearance of the Modern style, in which the materials of steel and concrete (as opposed to wood, brick and stone) formed the

frames of buildings that were enclosed in screens of glass, did not necessarily make for incongruity. The problem in contemporary architecture is not the use, but the unrestrained exploitation of new materials, as, for example, in the height to which many of them have been erected—a problem yet to be resolved.

Leslie Baxter



LETTER

Dear Friends,

The work IFOR does in support of nonviolence and human rights around the world is well-known and much admired. We, as IFOR fieldworkers in South Africa, and activists in the conscientious objection and anti-war movement here, have identified both personally and politically by the support work initiated by IFOR. Others in South America, Asia, Africa, Europe and North America can testify to the importance of that work for their lives and situation.

An old house in Almaar has been purchased and transformed into offices, in order to make the work of the international secretariat more effective and efficient. The renovations were largely carried out by a very dedicated team from the secretariat, with the help of local volunteers: three professionals lent their services. We have much to thank all of them for: IFOR now has a light, airy, spacious, tasteful and happy office, with a big meeting room and a comfortable lunch table, a colourful mural by Dutch artist Len Munnik, and even space for posters on the walls! Not all of us can have the opportunity to visit the IFOR office in the Netherlands, but those who can should consider a visit—in order to spend time with the staff and support them in their work, as well as to hear about what happens in other places around the world.

We were delighted to be able to visit IFOR's new office for the first time this summer. IFOR has become very much a "home away from home" for us over the past 8 years, and now there actually is a solid brick and mortar house to make this connection more concrete!

Your interest in and contribution to the work of peace and justice through nonviolence, which is the work of IFOR is greatly valued. May we ask you to make a special contribution to the building which houses the nerve-centre of IFOR's work?

In order to purchase the building, IFOR was loaned money from a religious community in the Netherlands. This amount should be paid back by June 1989. In a creative fund-raising campaign, IFOR is selling the bricks in the new office to members and supporters. Of course, you cannot take the bricks you will buy with you! So we ask you to buy a pile of bricks and by donating them back to the office, be part of building a nonviolent world in which we may all live in peace.

Yours in the struggle for peace and justice.

Anita Kromberg, Richard Steele

The Executive of the Peace People has decided to subscribe £30 to this very worthwhile cause. If any of our readers would like to contribute, please forward cheques, etc., to Peace People, 224 Lisburn Road, Belfast BT9 6GE, marked "IFOR BRICK FUND".



An article has been received from Franz Scheffer which gives an account of a difficult discussion between Parliament in The Hague, Netherlands and the Dutch Government. This concerns two war criminals called The Two of Breda. These two men were sentenced after the Second World War to the death penalty because of their horrific war crimes. In 1948, this was amended to lifetime and three days in prison. They are now very old men and Franz's account tells of the agonising and emotional debate involved in trying to decide whether or not they should stay imprisoned or should be released and asks what purpose other than revenge can be served by keeping them where they are any longer. This piece is a reminder to us here in Northern Ireland that other nations have problems too when it comes to law and justice.

SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS

Some very familiar items and figures have reached the age of sixty recently. Last year, it was Mickey Mouse and Lux toilet soap and now it is the turn of Popeye. Popeye's creator, Elzie Segar, was born in 1894 in Illinois. He started work at the age of 12 by working as a cinema operator and various other pursuits and when he was 18, he submitted his first cartoon to a St. Louis newspaper but it was rejected. He enrolled in a correspondence course and for almost two years worked at night developing his talent. In Chicago he found a job drawing Charlie Chaplin's Comic Capers and his work caught the attention of the editor of a syndicate.

Popeye, the Old Salt, grasped the imagination of the country almost before Segar had an opportunity to perfect him as a character. Olive Oyl was added to the family, her brother Castor Oyl and Ham Gravy. Jeep, a word Segar invented, became a synonym for a girl who is an expensive date. Eugene the Jeep ate nothing but expensive orchids but jeep also became the name for general purpose vehicles so familiar during the last World War.

Depression Without A Climax

The American Clock by Arthur Miller

Circle Theatre Company—Group Theatre, Belfast

This was an excellent choice of play as we have just had a professional production at the Lyric of Miller's 1964 play *After the Fall*. So here was a rare opportunity to see one of his later (1980) and not so well known works. Secondly it is a very challenging play having a complex structure and needing a large cast—a test for any company. And thirdly it is well outside the traditional canon of Irish amateur companies and thus goes some way to counter the complaint that American drama here is stuck in a traditional, naturalistic rut. It's a far cry from *Macook's Corner* to *The American Clock*. It turned out to be a great night's theatre with what faults there were being traceable to the writing rather than to Cathleen Arthurs' excellent direction—especially of crowd scenes.

The play covers the first four years of the American depression—one of only two events, Miller claims, to have touched the very core of the American psyche (the other one being the Civil War). The play has the advantage of two narrators whereas in *After the Fall* Quentin had to carry the whole show—for three and a quarter hours! Though the memories and experiences of these two contrasting narrators we see the whole of a society, from the very rich to the very poor, reacting to the devastation of the depression. One is rich capitalist Arthur Robinson, a humane foresighted man who realises the true nature of the times. When his stock increases in value by 65% between breakfast and lunch he knows this cannot last. Sell, convert to gold and don't do anything so foolish as to put your money in a bank—bury it under the floorboards—he advises his friends. He sees that people are living the American dream and it is long past midnight. A marvellous creation on Miller's part and beautifully played by John Hobson. In contrast the second narrator, Lee Baum, is the hopeful young son of a prosperous clothing manufacturer. Lee and his family probably approximate to Miller and his family's experiences during the depression. Thomas Klein did a great job with this most demanding part in the play. He is an actor of real talent though at times I thought he was running for the end line rather than getting the most out of the speech.

There were many memorable moments and lasting images of the depression as well as insights into the structure of society. There was the backdrop for a start (Robert Bottom)—a vast panorama of rural America executed in grey and white, totally empty, totally lonely, with a road narrowing into nowhere. The farmer fainting with hunger as he begs for food in the city and Lee's father who lends the farmer a dollar. Lee's father will in time be borrowing a quarter from Lee to buy a hot-dog—his wife is already pawning the jewellery. This was one of the things the play was really good at—showing the inter-reactions and ramifications throughout society of the depression. The chauffeur paid off, the sheriff trading his wireless with a negro café owner for a set of chicken dinners. Then there were the political realisations—that there was more to it than just 'individuals' or 'character'. By the interval there was a real sense of mood of the times, of Fascism, of Communism—that revolution was more than rhetoric for many.

Then the second act fell apart and the play ended inconclusively, I thought. The depression didn't have a sudden end, it dragged on and somehow, in time, America came out of it. This didn't make for great drama. It left the play without a climax—no nadir, in fact. The action only picked up with the marvellously managed crowd scene in the relief office.

Perhaps it was a problem of pace at times but I thought the real problem was Arthur Miller's—where, when and how to end a play about an event that petered out. Nor was I totally convinced about his final interpretation that, ironically, America had survived the depression because the people had somehow realised that this was their land.

Nevertheless, it was a great night's theatre—the kind of night that would make me go back to the Group Theatre or indeed to the amateur Drama Festivals which are happening about now.

Joe Woods



Belfast Telegraph dated Monday 20 February 89 carried an article on the work of the Peace People under the title "Still Fighting for Peace". The article featured two of our long term, founder members, Helen Walsh and Freda Lyness with photographs of both ladies. The article served to show that although nowadays there are no rallies with thousands of people taking to the streets, the Peace People still hang on in there beetling away at many projects.

Lindy McDowell said in her article "Certainly much smaller but just as committed, the Community of the Peace People is still fighting for peace away from the spotlight of world attention. Today their work is mainly done through community projects, for example, with the families of prisoners and in the areas most affected by the violence".

A side article gives a cameo on the original leaders, Mairead, Ciaran and Betty and how their lives are nowadays.

THE POLLUTION SONG

(Tune: Galway Bay)

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland
Then maybe at the closing of the day
You will stand on deck and watch the fishes
glowing
And know there's nuclear waste along the
way.

If you see again the ripple of the small
stream
Where the fat trout and the salmon used to
play
And watch them floating dead from silage
effluent
You'll know Lough Sheelin's not too far
away.

And if there's going to be a life hereafter
And polluters are up there as well as me
I'll tell God about the mess they made of this
one

Of this dear land, and of the Irish Sea.

Jill McKenna

This song is published in keeping with the 'Green' theme of the leading article this month. It was written by Jill McKenna, a well-known Belfast writer and a lady who cares deeply about our environment.

FIRST AID

I am a First Aider. The aims of a First Aider are to preserve life, to prevent the condition worsening and to promote recovery but the person a First Aider must consider first is himself or herself. Really, when you think of it, this goes for most things.

When my children were small I would rather they were sick than myself because it was most important that I should be well to enable me to look after my family. It is also a known fact among Peace People that peace starts with ourselves in our own hearts. So, it is not selfish of us to put ourselves first in order to be of service to others. After all, if a First Aider comes upon an accident and rushes into a busy road and is himself injured, what good is that to anybody? And First Aid is like most things when it is all boiled down—it is just common sense. Consider the situation and act accordingly.

As part of a peace campaign I would recommend that it be compulsory for everyone especially school children to take a First Aid course and, by so doing, they will learn to value life and find out how important everyone of us on this earth is. I would like to add that it is very enjoyable especially if you get practising on a big hunk. Unfortunately, when it comes to the kiss of life, we can only practise on Resuscianne (dummy) and I'm so enthusiastic that I have navy-blue lips for days afterwards.

Freda Lyness

Funline—St. Valentine's Entertainment

Funline entertained about thirty guests on the 14th February in the Conference Room at Fredheim. Supper was provided by the Funline group with a little help from their friends. Florence from the Holywood Peace Group took charge of selling the ballots which raised a useful sum and Bridget Barour and others washed the dishes and helped clear up afterwards.

The main entertainment was a quiz. Wilson Freeburn and George Hendry were Question Masters and although, during the course of this quiz, there were many ribald remarks concerning the brain cells of some contestants, it was all good clean fun.

Break-In at Fredheim

There was a break in and burglary at Fredheim a few weeks ago during which the Peace People computer, as well as other valuables was stolen. We apologise for any errors which may have occurred in the distribution of the February issues of *Peace by Peace*. We hope that readers will write and tell us if address details were incorrect or of any other discrepancies. Many thanks.

And What About Their Families?

There are currently 1000 Irish-born prisoners in prisons overseas. The relatives of 40 long-term/life sentence prisoners are campaigning to have these men and women repatriated to finish their sentences in Ireland.

These relatives have commissioned a very moving video entitled 'Sentenced'—indicating the albatross around the families' necks—which was first launched at NICVA on February 15, and it details and explains, quite professionally, the ordeal, strain, and anxiety that the families—especially the wives—undergo on the long trek to the English jails, particularly when travelling with children, the often alienating visits, the emotional exhaustion, and the fear of suspicion throughout the process. Based on the argument that prisoners are indifferent to where they serve their time—prison is prison; their visit starts with a 100 yard walk from a cell, wherever they are—the video poses the question, who are the authorities intending to punish?

The Department of Health and Social Services will pay the cost of travel to and from the prisons for 12 visits per family per year (one per month) via the cheapest route possible (which the families must work out) and one night's accommodation. But many prisons are not easily nor directly reachable by public transportation, so the DHSS benefit may not be worth the extra several hours or even few days travel when the other costs not covered, like meals out, taxis to make visiting times, and more than one night's accommodation, and the prolonged anxiety, are added up. Grandchildren are not included in the benefit either. Quite often prisoners are "ghosted", transferred to another English jail on short notice, so families cannot rely on previous travel itineraries and must re-map a new arduous journey into the unknown. "You never stop planning", said one wife and mother at the launch of 'Sentenced'. "You just get back and you have to start all over again." Some relatives are physically incapable of travel, due to fragile health, via the DHSS plan or at all. Most families end up managing 2 visits per year due to cost and planning, saving the DHSS quite a bit of money.

Under a European Treaty on the Transfer of Prisoners which Britain has ratified (although S. Ireland has not) it states that it is the duty of the prison to see that a prisoner is serving his/her time in as near a facility to her/his family as possible. This right of respect for family life and freedom from discrimination on religious, national or political grounds is therefore being violated by the British Government. This argument is supported by Gareth Pierce, solicitor. Cardinal O'Fiaich adds that the atmosphere the prisoners currently serve in is foreign, frustrating, and provides almost nothing towards the rehabilitation of the prisoner.

Harry Fletcher, of the National Association of Probation Officers, says in the video that the Home Office's argument against repatriation does not stand up. It claims that prisoners would be regarded as heroes in their communities if they were transferred to serve in prisons on their home island, that if transferred they would not sever ties with paramilitaries, and that Irish prisons are overcrowded. It is obvious, seemingly to everyone but the Department of Home Affairs, that there is nothing like injustice to reinforce indignation. What the British Government ought to do, says Fletcher,

is relieve the prisoners' families of the burden of unjust separation, stressful travel, and unwarranted suspicion, and relieve mainland Britain's penal system, as its prisons are becoming more and more overcrowded while the Northern Ireland prison population is dropping and the new prison, Magheraberry, lies half empty. Although prisons in the South are overcrowded, prisoners from the Republic could apply for transfer to Magheraberry: it's easier to move about on one island than to travel to another. Nuala Kelly of the Irish Commission for Overseas Prisoners, predicts that, if the British Government were to agree to transfer Irish prisoners to Ireland for the relief of their families, only 25 prisoners from the Republic would probably apply in the first year, then 10 each in the next two years; the total would not make a substantial difference in the facilities available.

But instead, families must still travel across the water in fear of arrest, detention, exclusion and strip searches. There's hardly a family where one member has not been detained under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. It's hard enough to go the journey alone and find someone to mind the kids while Mum goes on her semi-annual journey to Dad, or to keep the kids caught up in the school-work they'll miss by going on the journey, but for many families the hassles are just beginning there. Some people have made the entire trip only to find that their husband/son/father has been moved on short notice. All have been confronted with suspicion by the English public and prison personnel simply because they are Irish. Harassment frequently continues into the visit itself. It is hard enough to make emotional contact on a visit at the best of times, but when you are kept two tables' lengths apart, for no reason, it is nearly impossible. Being kept from touching is a cruel frustration, especially when most people can only make visits twice a year. Gareth Pierce elaborates on the tragedy of stagnating relationships. Wives cannot have intimate and private conversations with their husbands, nor kids with their fathers, so no individual relationships can develop. The wife must struggle to keep the family together.

One woman described in harrowing detail her experience of being strip searched. This further humiliation of a woman visiting her family is unwarranted and inexcusable.

The families and those interviewed in the video are imploring of the British Government a format for the repatriation of Irish prisoners to Irish prisons. For the sake of the families we would urge sympathy for their plight and support for their proposals. Those interested in the campaign can contact: Transfer Video Project, Conway Education Centre, Conway Mill, Belfast 12.

Kate Burns

Dublin Co-Operation North Weekend

Ten delegates of the Peace People attended a conference in Dublin with the Irish Peace Council as the second part of a Co-Operation North funded exchange on the 24th-26th February. The weekend was a mixture of social and serious events with some very promising



results. The fundamental concern and objective of the weekend was to start a programme to gradually introduce a new central peace council/forum into Ireland. This was to be done by starting with forming small committees with members of different peace organisations concentrating on certain issues and to eventually try to pull all these together under a common title and philosophy. A possible peace charter was suggested by Paul Smyth which approached subjects including the system of justice, paramilitary violence, paramilitary policing and the subsequent fascist overtones implied therein, unemployment, housing, poverty, employment and economics. This was approved by all attending members but it was decided that more work and discussion would be needed to be put into it than we had time for on the weekend and that we should approach this at our next meeting.

It was refreshing to see that we were making practical plans and I look forward to our next meeting when we can start putting some of the ideas into action. Our thanks must go to Co-Operation North and to the Irish Peace Council.

Simon Scholfield

Youth for Peace Project—STOP WAR TOYS

The latest Youth for Peace project to be undertaken is a campaign against Toys of War. The problem of Toys of War is basically one of ignorance on behalf of retailers and parents as to their damaging nature and the main direction of YFP's campaign will be targeted at these two groups.

Toys of war are the leading category of toys being sold and at present constitute for five out of the six best selling toys in the USA. Take for example Rambo, the movie character who single-handedly kills hundreds of Vietnamese and Soviets with an arsenal of weapons strapped to his body and is not an international best-selling toy. This one character promotes militarism, domination, glorification of killing and conquering, dehumanisation of the enemy and the racism and sexism inherent in war, all of which insure our society is saturated with these undesirable values.

Every time a toy is bought for a child they will perceive it as a form of adults passing on their own values and will use it as an educational object, learning through play. Do we want our children to think that the correct path to conflict resolution is by violence? Children must be taught to deal with conflict and aggression and how it can be made constructive instead of destructive as war-toys teach them. The home and school should be a place for children to build their own self-esteem. Their environment should encourage communication, co-operation and the development of creative ways in which to solve conflict. Youth for Peace will be approaching this project in a number of ways, leafletting, use of the media (hopefully), poster campaigns and street theatre. All developments in the campaign will be here on future Youth Pages.

Simon Scholfield

PEACE BY PEACE SIX YEARS AGO

Peace By Peace still needs Flying Squads to sell the paper—
Anyone interested . . .

THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF FLYING SQUADS

by Paul Smyth

Flying Squads are quite an experience. They can be cold, miserable, exhausting and totally thankless. You can go from door to door and receive nothing but cold glares for what seems like hours before selling your first paper. And yet looking back on the many paper selling expeditions I have endured, there always seems to be the occasional bright or amusing moments which make the whole experience more bearable.

Like the huge hulk of a man who comes to the door, and when asked to purchase this literary masterpiece, informs you that there is no one in! Or the old woman who shouts through the letter box, 'Who is it? I'm from the Peace People', is the reply. 'The wah?' The reply is repeated. 'The Police People?' she asks puzzled. Then she starts undoing the bolts on the back of the door. By the time she has the door opened your fellow paper sellers have disappeared around the corner into the next street, and the street is silent. She buys a paper and as you reach the top of the street you can still hear the bolts being replaced.

Once in Antrim I gave a woman my usual 'Hello, I'm from the Peace People, would you like to buy a copy of our newspaper?' line, and she replied, 'The Reverend Who?' Then there are what we in Ireland call 'fly ones', like the lady who tells you she gets it every week. I felt like telling her

that most of us are lucky to get it once a fortnight.

Then there was the man in Belfast who looked suspiciously at the paper and asked 'Has this got anything to do with communism?' The seller assured him that it hadn't, so he said, 'Then I don't want it,' and shut the door.

On my most recent adventure, I went to a door where I was confronted by a young skinhead. I gave him the usual garb and he looked at me for a few seconds and then gave me a horrified 'No', as if I had asked him to grow his hair for peace!

Still there are plenty of decent interested people about, despite the huge wealth of apathy in our community, and the Flying Squads give you a chance to meet them. They add a dimension of reality to peacework, and it is extremely heartening when a complete stranger tells you to 'Keep up the good work!'

Why is Peace so Unpopular?

Nobody likes hardship or suffering or pain.
Nobody likes loneliness.

Peace does not have to mean a cliché, a hippy nudist colony, a permanent acid trip. Peace means together. Peace means truth. Peace means love. I know that there is a lot of nonsense talked about love, but love is life. Love can be hard. But love is real. Love breaks down all defences and hatred. Love is the centre of peace. Peace is the centre of Youth for Peace. Youth for Peace gives a choice for us—'my generation'—to get together, make friends, have a good time.

The "Troubles" will not be forgotten—they can be forgiven. I have to try! There will be no more segregation. You will not think—what foot does he kick with? It will not matter because that does not matter. Maybe it is cool to be tough. To hang around shouting other people's thoughts. But will it be cool when you lose? Lose a friend? A relative? A loved one? Maybe if you try you will be surprised.

Discos, parties and all the other things that we do are done better, usually, than others can do. Peace is all of this and more. I hope some day that peace will be trendier than Bros.

John Walsh

ERRING & FORGIVING

"Smile at your mother and she'll forgive you anything" I told my latest grandson who had kept everyone in the house awake for at least half of the night.

"No I won't" said she as she hunkered on the floor, peering into a mirror examining her face in search of spots and other blemishes. My goodness! Had 20 years really passed since she was a teenager curled on the floor of my lounge doing the very same thing? And had 20 years really passed since she used to wriggle into tight jeans, then get into a bath of water to make them an even closer fit? There were times when I wondered if her legs would fall off because of the restricted blood supply.

But to go back to the beginning, of course she did forgive her baby. He was beautiful, young and cuddly and easy to forgive. Most of us forgive our relatives and friends eventually. We may dance up and down in tantrums and scream—"Oh, I'll never forgive you". And, at the time, that's probably exactly what we mean but, thankfully, that phase does not persist for long. Forgiving is a difficult thing to do. When we hurt, our instincts scream at us to slap back. And words can hurt just as much if not more than a physical slap. The pain of a slap dies away but the hurt of words can linger forever.

I have more than one grandson. There is an eight-year-old who is a particularly mischievous little scamp. He is sent to his room so often for being naughty that he spends more time in there than anywhere else in the house. When he is sent there, I suspect that he simmers and fumes about the injustice of life because, invariably, after a few moments, the door is flung wide to the wall. He pops his head out and screams, "I hate you all. I hate everybody". His mother's response to that one was "Well, you can hate me if you like but I still love you, darling."

To me, that sums it all up because we have all heard that saying—"To err is human but to forgive, divine". Is it not true, in this part of the world, that most of us are excellent at erring. What we need lots more practice at is being divine.

Rhoda Watson



Crowd at City Hall on Peace Day