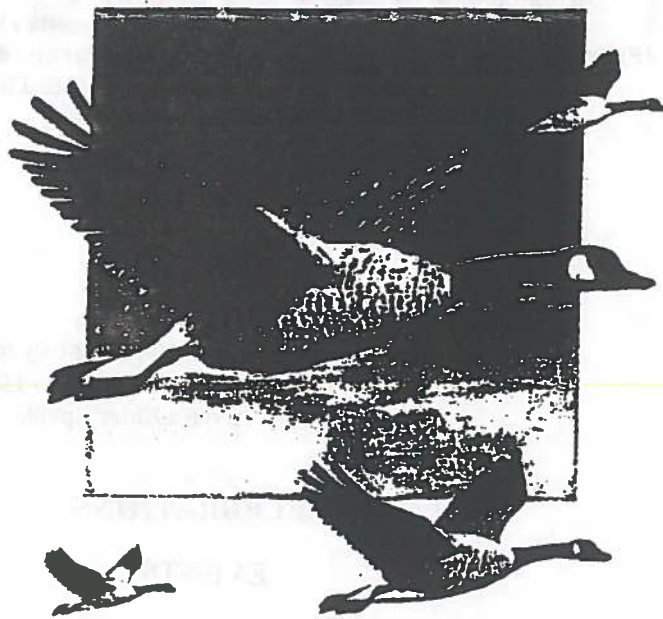


THE NODE

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THE NODE is an informal publication intended to keep the Global Covenanted People informed on the journey of the transformation process. **THE NODE** is published six times a year by a small team in Toronto who collect news and reflections about this global group from whatever source.

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EDITORIAL

The Node thrives on your letters, musings, reflections, short articles and poetry.

Next issue comes out in November. Looking forward to receiving your writings.

Take Care,
Jeanette Stanfield

ARTICLES

SIR JAMES LINDSAY: A MODEL LEADER AND MENTOR

By George R. Packard

This is a paper George wrote for a class he was taking in Kenya

Introduction

Sir James Lindsay is a transformational leader. Since the age of 15 he has never been without a role and position of leadership, nor void of the expenditure of effort necessary to turn the spirit of vision into the reality of social interaction. His life provides us with colourful examples of the important elements required and assumed of leadership in our modern age.

This paper will provide a brief chronology of his life, a listing of the components of his leadership philosophy, and a statement of his influence on me.

Historical Perspective

Jim Lindsay was born in 1915. He attended a residential school where he was selected two years in a row as head student. This responsibility was his introduction to leadership, a testimony to his natural brightness, and an evidence to the esteem of his faculty and peers. Throughout university years he served as an officer in the reserve officers training corps as well as in many student leadership roles.

In 1935, at the age of 22, he accepted a position with Metal Box – then the third largest company in Britain. He was moved frequently to six week postings in the company to acquire experience. When he requested a special training program in public relations and marketing so as to specialize in this arena, he was urged by the company president to move to Calcutta for two years where he could quickly acquire managerial experience. The company's Indian Branch was being managed by a man only three years his senior.

By the end of his orientation in Calcutta, in 1937, he was already invaluable in the young management team, and was soon in charge of marketing and production. In 1939 he found himself second on a team that was running the Metal Box Company in India. World War II froze the import of new personnel and put Metal Box into a huge expansion that continued through Indian independence and beyond. The company grew from two plants with 1400 employees to ten plants and 10,000 employees in less than 10 years.

In this phase he learned that from day one in a new position, a good leader starts training his replacement.

Owing to his open mind, he made many friends in the Indian community. When he took a Bengali wife he was forced to give up membership in British clubs, and was ostracized socially for a long period.

In 1949, after Independence, and after political struggles within the company, Lindsay became a key player in the formation of Indian management. He had attended a management course at the Henley School of Management in England, and developed a long-term friendship with its director. He sent scores of young managerial personnel through these courses and followed up their development. He webbed together the India Chamber of Commerce.

Sir James was knighted in 1967 for his assistance to the nation of India during the Pakistan-Indian war of 1966-67.

As manager of one of the largest British firms in India, he indigenized his company; he helped steer a firm course for the National Chamber of Commerce; and he served as a conduit for "informal" communication between Britain and India, helping to prevent a major economic decline in that fledgling independent nation, and enabling Britain to retain her neutrality during the conflict.

In 1969, after the war, he experienced the break-up of his marriage. This became the occasion for what he had already been advised was an overdue return to England. He was to assume responsibility for foreign opera-

tions. In the deliberation over his placement, he found himself facing a committee on which was sitting the man he had earlier risen above in India, and who secretly wanted for himself the job which Lindsay had come to fulfill. Supporters for this job within the company had been rendered impotent, and he was forced into a choice. He asked for and was granted a year leave of absence.

This leave became a new opportunity for him. He married a woman with whom he had worked in India. He accepted a request from the Henley School of Management to assist them for a year in revising their management curriculum. This experience began by an assignment to evaluate a seminar being run by Chrysler-Simca. The objective of the seminar was to train top management for foreign service in their respective companies. He was quick to spot the seminar's strengths and weaknesses.

He urged the Henley president to buy the seminar from Chrysler who were about to drop it as a training device. Henley said yes, but had no funds for such a purchase. Sir James made contact with an old mentor who recognized the opportune moment and agreed to loan the money. Sir James tendered his resignation to Metal Box; and became the director of one of the most prestigious training programs in international management.

In 1978 Sir James met the Institute of Cultural Affairs, International while exploring its strategic planning seminar, LENS, for use in his own work. He and his wife, Peggy, joined the board of the ICA upon their retirement from Henleys. Throughout the 1980s Sir James and Lady Peggy served on the board of the ICAI. They personally travelled from nation to nation visiting high-ranking officials to form a Global Advisory Board. This enabled the Institute to achieve international recognition for its development efforts and consultancy status with the United Nations.

In 1989 at the age of 75, Sir James chaired the General Assembly of the ICAI in Brussels. He was intent on handing over his responsibility to a new and reconstituted board. This he did, but found to his own surprise, the request from the delegation of 60 representatives from around the world that he remain on the board and serve it as "President Mentor". Sir James will bear the honorary title with honour, and will attend every meeting ready to interject ideas toward which, he feels the ICAI should be directing itself.

Leadership Philosophy and Style

There are many qualities and characteristics of leadership that Sir James' life and career illustrate.

One component is that every situation is an opportunity. It was evident in his command of languages. Besides his native English, he spoke French, Spanish, Italian, Hindi, Urdu, and Bengali. He learned the basics of Italian when he was planning a vacation there, and returned from a month in that country with a functional grasp of that language.

A second component is proactive positioning. If he sensed there might be a problem somewhere, he would arrange a visit to deal with it directly. He would rather risk being wrong than let something become a bigger issue. He would not let an issue fester and drain his psychic energy. In the Madras plant personnel were beaten by union thugs. He went straight to the police chief and chief minister, who were also union bosses and indicated his readiness to shut down the Madras operation involving 700 jobs if police convictions were not issued and guilty parties not sacked.

Sir James possesses a radical integrity and sense of justice. He refused to take a stance of neutrality in India when the war broke out with Pakistan. As a citizen of Britain, he might have placed the company in suspension, but instead, defied the neutrality order from the British Chief Consul, and declared Metal Box, India, at the service of the Indian Government. To him it was not his citizenship but that of the company that was determinative. He expected the same from Metal Box, Pakistan.

Another quality Sir James illustrates is demonstrative action. He sensed an example was needed for the private sector's role in recovery after the war. A small but symbolically important village two miles from the Pakistan border had all but been destroyed in the war. After many frustrating hours of meeting in which no appropriate form of recovery could be agreed upon, someone jokingly said "The only thing that will help is some way to get the land planted before the rains." Two weeks later equipment was purchased and was operating around the clock to plough and plant 14000 acres of land. Rains fell on freshly planted seed. The community became self sufficient and served the larger area by launching a farm equipment cooperative. Another component of Sir James' leadership is his empiri-

cally based theoretical thinking. For the International Management Seminar he developed a dual triangular model as the foundation for the curriculum. One triangle focused on necessary management components for enabling individual growth: knowledge, skills, and attitude. His second triangle covered the journey of the seminar itself: a scan of the changing international environment, the company operating strategy, and the cross cultural care of the employees. By making attitude and employee care a part of the curriculum he was able to create numerous experiences of cultural growth for student groups.

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He would rather risk being wrong than let something become a bigger issue.

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Sir James also took a stance of deep human equality. He joined the Indian dominated Rotary and began to make friends almost as soon as he arrived in India. He experienced the estrangement from the British community, but soon found his relationship to the Indian community catapulting him into the position of bridge between the British, the growing Indian business class, and the newly forming Delhi government.

Sir James believes creativity is entrepreneurial. Creative action generates other opportunities. This component was well illustrated by the expansive growth in Metal Box, even beyond the war. He continued to modernize the company and to serve the nation with new products. Managerial Associations were developed through the National Chamber. Even his departure from Metal Box was the occasion of new and exciting uses of his knowledge and experience.

Sir James had a capacity to recognize and call forth leadership talent. When Metal Box took on the contract to cap bottles, the job required the introduction of new machinery which operated on high tech specifications that required constant monitoring and delivery of caps, corks, and bottles to the same place at the same time. What was required was not technological capacity, however, but organizational. He promoted an unskilled technician with organizational talent above a skilled artisan for the job and shattered a long tradition of seniority. He also supported the young man through his first challenges of authority.

Other components which are observable in Sir James career are the trust by his allies and fear from his adversaries, the promotion of personnel to the maximum of their abilities, and the risk to develop what he sees as the implicit future. Behind all of these lies a strength and confidence reflected in all around him.

Influence of Sir James Lindsay: Synthesizing Servanthood

I was 45 years of age before I personally met Sir James. By that time my orientation to leadership was already formed, in principle at least. We used to laugh among ourselves as to who was playing the role of "Jackass" these days. Our founder started that title in reference to himself when he attempted to teach the humility of corporate servanthood needed in this organization.

When Lindsay was suggested as the appropriate person to play the role of ICAI President, I understood it to be just another "Jackass" assignment. What I did not realize was the fact that Sir James was bringing those same servant qualities to bear on our organization. His impact on me has been to confirm the critical dimensions of leadership as servanthood. He synthesized the components listed above in ways that brought order, function, and common sense to bear on a situation. The attention was not on him, but on the process of ordering, and bringing out the implicit reality of the situation for a common sense response.

I find myself aspiring to this mode of leadership as I enter a mentoring phase of my life.

.....

PATTERNS OF THINKING OF MIKHAIL GORBACHEV

By Fritjof Capra

From an excerpt from his presentation: "Life as Mental Process", published in *The Quest*, Summer 1990 issue.

.... I have been very interested for the last two years in the patterns of thinking of Mikhail Gorbachev because, as I'm sure most of you have noticed, he's a very extraordinary thinker. I noticed that he uses very much the same language that we use when we talk about

systemic thinking or ecological or holistic thinking; and passages in his speeches, like the one he gave to the United Nations, are really passages that are very familiar to us- the very same words. So I always wondered, where did he get this language from? I thought, it cannot come out of a vacuum; he cannot have made it up himself.

He is a very ingenious thinker and a very original thinker, but I thought there must have been some kind of background. I was in the Soviet Union twice, in Moscow, and I found out a little bit on the first trip, and more on the second. Here is the story.

The so-called new thinking in the Soviet Union was already developed in the 1970s. During an entire decade there was a series of articles in the philosophical journal, *Questions of Philosophy*, and the editor in the 1970s was a philosopher named Ivan Frolov. Mr. Frolov published a series of articles investigating the relationship between science, philosophy, religion, and art, written by philosophers, scientists, and thinkers on the fringes of Soviet society. Some were dissidents, some were persecuted, some were tolerated, some went into hiding. It was a very dispersed group of people, not a well-organized movement, but it was thoroughly reexamining the roots of Russian philosophy.

The other surprising discovery I made then was that the way Gorbachev came in touch with this group was through his wife Raisa, who has a Ph.D. in philosophy, and who was a part of that circle and knew Frolov very well during the seventies. It was through her that Mikhail Gorbachev became familiar with that philosophical language, and could use that language to express his ideas. And about two months ago I heard that Frolov is now the editor-in-chief of *Pravda*. So he has perhaps the most powerful position in Russia to present these ideas, and he continues to be a close advisor to Gorbachev.

I was at a large international environmental conference called "Global Forum on Environment and Development" last January. There was a reception at the Kremlin afterwards, and..... I did manage to get close to Raisa Gorbachev.... I asked "May I ask a philosophical question?" This was so unusual in the context of a cocktail party that she immediately turned to me and gave me her full attention....I asked if she could confirm this story, and she said yes, that she knew Frolov very well, and I told her that very similar developments happened in this country and Europe during the seventies with the whole New Age movement. I told her that I had written a book, *The Tao of Physics*, in

which I compared science and Eastern philosophy. She had not heard of it, and she asked what kind of Eastern philosophy - I told her Hinduism and Buddhism and Taoism - and then she started talking about the Vedas, and it turned out she's very knowledgeable about Hinduism and very interested in Indian philosophy.

I think this is not only interesting and exciting, but it's also very significant because it shows that Gorbachev's thinking is not a fluke, and does not come out of the blue, but is part of the same movement - what others and I have called the paradigm shift - of the new thinking and new values happening worldwide. It happens through different channels, and in different ways in different cultures and different countries, but it's one and the same movement. To put it in a very extreme way - exaggerated, admittedly, but there is some truth to it - you could say that the kind of discussions that we've had for many years, for maybe twenty years...ultimately brought down the Berlin wall because they influenced Gorbachev's thinking, and it is quite clear that it was his thinking and his insistence on nonviolence and nonintervention that made it possible to tear down the wall.

THE MAN WHO SAID NO

By Pauline Comeau

An Excerpt from an article printed in *The Canadian Forum*.

This article provides a background for why the Native Peoples are "on the move" all across Canada.

"No."

Never in Canadian history has a single word carried so much political weight.

On Tuesday, June 12, 1990, just after 1:30 p.m., the lone native member of the Manitoba legislature uttered that simple word and sealed the fate of the Meech Lake accord forever (an accord of amendments to the constitution intended to make Quebec a signer of the constitution and to give it distinct society status). Over the next 11 days, Elijah Harper, a nine-year veteran of Manitoba provincial politics, would say "No" in an almost inaudible voice nine times to stall proceedings.

On Friday, June 22, one day before the Meech Lake deadline, Harper sat waiting in his back-row seat holding a

grey-and-white eagle feather as the clock wound down and the nation watched. At 12.26 p.m., in response to the Speaker's inquiry whether there was unanimous support to carry on, the Ojibway-Cree Indian born on an isolated reserve in northeastern Manitoba, shook his head and said: "No, Mr. Speaker."

The game was all but up. Despite last-minute desperate manoeuvres by the players in Ottawa, including attempts to blame Newfoundland Premier Clyde Wells for the collapse of the accord, it was native Canadians who had altered the course of the nation's history by guaranteeing the accord would not come to a vote in Manitoba before the June 23 deadline.

Many ask why native leaders consider the death of the accord a victory when they lost guarantees of a constitutional process to discuss their rights, and a study that might have led to their recognition as a distinct society, too. Why did they let go of such "concrete" things and settle for an uncertain future outside of Meech Lake?

But to native people, the two weeks in June, 1990 were a turning point in their history which cannot be compared with vague promises or be diminished by veiled threats.

When Elijah Harper first whispered "No", he paralyzed the federal government and thrust native issues into the limelight. His negative response, however, was more than a simple no to Meech Lake; it was a no to hundreds of years of being ignored, and to centuries of patiently waiting to be treated fairly. Harper said: "We want to build a better Canada, for aboriginal people and all of Canada.

And the aboriginal people are convinced that when you ask the question today: "Can native people ever be ignored again?", there is only one possible answer.



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REFLECTIONS

A MILLION-DOLLAR PROGRAM ON A SHOESTRING --A WINNER

Excerpt from a paper from ICA Guatemala

Training, Inc. in Guatemala, began its first cycle of nine weeks on May 2nd, 1990 with 35 participants and guests present for the inauguration.

The first group of graduates was sponsored by nine different companies. The 15 men and two women came from very diverse occupations: 53 per cent were employed by the industrial sector and 47 per cent by commerce. Some worked in factory production, others in administration; a few were salesmen or clerks. Educational backgrounds varied as well from elementary school to university or technical school. Some of the participants had never attended any kind of adult study before, except for films or presentations sponsored by their companies. Even with this diversity, there was a strong sense of solidarity and sociality.

Within the group participation and motivation to learn were always at a high level. The instructors, who were accustomed to the normal "mid-term slump" in programs of this length, were surprised that there was practically no decline in interest. Even in attendance, there was an average of only 1.2 days absence per participant out of a total of

45 session-days. And there was a bus strike right in the middle of the third week, hours before the Wednesday Birthday Party which celebrated everyone's birthday! How were the participants going to get home at 8:00 P.M.? Among the working population there is no alternative to bus transportation. After the Wednesday night party the group initiated a plan to get everyone a ride home. For two weeks participants and instructors alike formed car pools even though this necessitated picking up three men who worked for a pharmaceutical company outside the limits of Guatemala City.

The group as a whole showed unusual dedication in both study and work. Every day they rose very early, went to work, and then began another "journey" of study, only to return to their homes late at night. For most, this meant a 14-16 hour day from Monday through Friday for nine weeks.

Some of the program highlights remembered by the participants were how to calculate interest, the use of pizza slices as a way of understanding fractions, and how to make a family budget with percentages. Applying the four learning styles devised by Bernice McCarthy, they practiced identifying learning styles --their own style and the style of a colleague or client, and learned how to flex to the style of another. They created intentional conversations. They learned how to increase personal productivity, manage stress, and increase their repertoire of thinking skills.

They practiced speaking in public by making a tape and listening to the result as well as to the constructive criticism of the group. They became

aware of both constructive and destructive ways to communicate within a work group. They learned how to organize their own thinking, which often included the need to change strategies. Finally, they experienced the importance of developing a positive self-image through effective exercises and workshops.

Each participant received a certificate of successful completion of the course. The sponsoring companies are full of praise for the progress of their employees after only nine weeks in Training, Inc. This progress has not ended with graduation because the curriculum is especially designed to set things in motion --to awaken in each individual the ability to keep growing intellectually, spiritually and professionally.

.....

THIRD ANNUAL LOUCHEAUX DAYS IN OLD CROW

By Don Sax

An Econet message

A great celebration is under way in Yukon's most northerly community. The people of the Gwitchin nation have gathered in Old Crow for the annual Loucheaux Days. The community of 250 has swelled to over 500 as friends

and relatives arrive from Whitehorse to Fairbanks to Thuvik to Fort Normal.

The three day event began with worship in St. Luke's Church, led by the Gwitchin Religious Leaders. Lusty singing, a speech by the Rev. Dr. Ellen Bruce of Old Crow, prayers by Sarah Abel and Rev. Trimble Gilbert of Arctic Village, all in the language of the nation, left no doubt this was not your usual Anglican Church.

Then all went to the community hall for the opening ceremonies. There were welcoming speeches, prayers, drumming by the Fort Norman drummers, even a very respectable singing of "Oh Canada," all greeted with whoops and hollers and uproarious laughter. The nation was indeed ready to celebrate again!

The rest of the day was taken up with games, shooting, at which yours truly demonstrated again that he can't hit the broad side of a barn with a scoop shovel, a feast, and an evening of entertainment.

There was a talent show with country and western singing, traditional jigging, the crowning of a king and queen and who knows what else? The elders sat and watched, proud of their people. The young men postured for all the young ladies from the other communities, and visa versa. The children darted in and out. Babies passed from one set of loving arms to another around the hall. Men and women swapped stories, laughing and joking, cheering and clapping. What a day to be alive! And we whities watched with a slight tinge of envy, seeing something that seems to have been long gone from our urban world.

The Loucheaux Days were declared to be a dry celebration. Gwitchin are not much for attempting to alter human behaviour by moral persuasion or legislative action. However, over the past few years the community has moved away from alcohol consumption which was the norm to the present when public drunkenness is not acceptable. Consequently this year the Chief and Council announced a dry celebration as a matter of fact - and so it is.

Lee and I gave it all up at midnight and walked home under the cool midnight sun. No doubt the dancing went on until morning. And it will start over again tomorrow, and the day after that.

As a footnote, I am curious as to whether this rebirth of self-esteem and community strength is only a local phenomenon or is happening across North America. Is there a resurgence of local old-time community celebrations? We'd love to hear from you. Our Web name is donleesax.

.....

I GOT INVITED TO A CONFERENCE ON THE FUTURE!

By Esther Stringham

an excerpt from a letter

Dad gave me a paper from the Royal Tropical Institute in Amsterdam. The paper said that they were looking for 80 children, ages 12-18, from all over the world who wanted to attend a conference about the future of the World's Children. Nobel Prize Winners would be present to talk with the children.

In order to apply we were to write about our background, about issues, ideas and suggestions we would like to discuss with the Nobel Laureates, and about a law we would like to see in place.

Well, I wrote an application and sent it off. Later on I received a letter from the Royal Tropical Institute saying that they had received 700 applications from all over the world. They said that it was clear that they would have to reject a lot of children especially from North America because more than 100 applied from there. I thought, "Well so much for that," since I knew that I was listed under Canada. Then at the end of the letter they wrote: "But we would like to inform you that you impressed our panel greatly and we therefore want to offer you a place at this conference."

I couldn't believe my eyes!!

I went on the train to Noordwijk an Zee, Holland. When I got to the hotel I was kind of scared because I didn't know anybody. But as soon as I came into the foyer of the reception area a whole group of kids rushed up and introduced themselves. A few minutes later I was on my way to a supermarket with a girl from Bangladesh, a girl from New Zealand and a girl from Chile.

That evening I met Djulio, a boy who had also heard about the conference from the ICA. He lives in Guatemala. All in all there were five children there who had heard about the conference through the ICA. In addition to Djulio and me, there were two from Calcutta and one from the Philippines.

That night I stayed up until 1 a.m. talking to the girls I was sharing a room with. They were from Iceland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Brazil. We all couldn't believe that we had only met that evening.

The next morning all of the rest of the 84 children were to arrive. This meant that we had to move to other rooms. For the rest of the week, I shared a room with a girl from Sierra Leone, a girl from Hiroshima, Japan and a girl from Jordan.

That night we all got together in a big tent that had been built next to the hotel that we were staying in. During this meeting which we called plenary sessions, Rajiv from Bombay asked Theo Knippenberg, one of the organizers, if we could be called students instead of children, but Theo said that we were representing all the children of the world including those who don't have the chance to go to school. So we stayed with the term, "children".

We played games to learn each others names and I thought I'd never learn all 84, but I did.

On Monday, the work really started.

We all had a meeting in the tent where we were divided into eight smaller groups. The groups then worked out their visions concerning the year 2000. Then we all got back together again and categorized these visions. Then each team got a category on which we were supposed to work out the contradictions.

On Wednesday, we went into Amsterdam on research visits. The group I was in went to the Anne Frank Foundation and Amnesty International.

Thursday we divided ourselves into product groups. There was one group working on a performance, one on a video, and three on a book. Both the video and the book are going to be sent to various heads of state.

Actually there were five teams working on the book. One was, of course the editing team, another the proposals team, (who were to spell out the proposals in such a way that people who had not been at the conference could understand them) an illustrations team, a creative writing and poetry team, and a vision and contradictions group.

Yes, it was a lot of work but it should prove to everybody that children are just as good or better than adults. I mean, who else can say that they wrote a book, created a two-hour-long play and produced a video - all in four days!!

The whole atmosphere of the conference was just amazing. At the end of the performance on Friday we were all hugging and crying and Saturday eve-

ning after that performance it was even worse.

Saturday morning we talked to the Nobel Laureates. I realized that just because they had won a Nobel Prize, they weren't necessarily great personalities. One of the Nobel Laureates actually said there weren't any homeless people out on the streets. There were just a bunch of crazy people out there.

But there were also a few Nobel Laureates who were not only concerned about their own immediate environment but also world problems in general. The three who helped us a lot were: George Wald who won the Nobel Peace Prize for Medicine, Mr. Esquivel, who won the Nobel Peace Prize for his work in Argentina during the time when it was under military dictatorship, and Mr. Hans Levander who is a member of the United Physicians against Nuclear War, an organization who won a Nobel Prize.

Unfortunately Mr. Esquivel could only be there for a day. But Mr. Levander and Mr. Wald spent almost the entire week with us.

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I shared a room with a girl from Sierra Leone, a girl from Hiroshima, Japan and a girl from Jordan.

.....

As we started working out proposals, we soon realized how difficult it is to prioritize issues. Is the Third World debt the first priority or is it cleaning up the environment, or is it Human Rights? They are all equally important you might say but how do you get government to spend money on all three issues and what about other issues like Education and Health?

Near the end of the conference, we were asked to state three commitments that we would work on during the next six months. After we individually had about an hour to figure out our commitments, we all met in the big tent and one by one went up to the front and said our commitments. The Nobel Laureates were also present.

When Rajiv from Bombay went up front, he said that at the beginning he had been against the term "children" but now that he saw what children can do, he is proud to be called a child.

My three commitments were:

1. I'd write to the Prime Ministers of Canada and England to ask them to go to the summit about the world's children to be held in New York. In addition I would ask them to take children with them as part of their delegation.
2. I'd join the environmental group in our school.
3. I'd keep in contact with everybody from the conference so we wouldn't lose touch with the issues, and I promised to organize a get-together for the children from the conference who live in Europe.

On Monday those of us still there went to the Van Gogh exhibition in Amsterdam. Some of the kids on the trip had to catch planes later that day so we were all concerned to find out who was leaving. It was hard to see much of the exhibition. The rooms were very crowded. I only got to see about ten paintings.

In the lobby of the exhibition, we must have looked pretty weird. We were all hugging the children who were leaving. Some of us were crying. One of our facilitators heard a woman say in Dutch: "It must be some kind of sect."

I now have 84 new friends from all over the world.

.....

CELEBRATING A 20TH ANNIVERSARY

By Brian Stanfield

Two years ago, I made an off-the-cuff and rather rash suggestion to my wife that "to celebrate our 20th anniversary we ought to take a trip to Australia". As 1990 crept closer, I was held inexorably to that bright idea, and in the snowy Sundays of January, '90, we began to plan it. I had had some bad experiences in making a flying visit to Australia —making it up as I went along. I had vowed that would never happen again. So we planned, and budgeted and planned some more all through the Northern Hemisphere winter weekends.

We wanted to leave on 1 July and be recovered enough from jet lag to celebrate our anniversary on 4 July. But Qantas had no direct flights departing that date; but it did have a flight that went through Auckland, New Zealand. Suddenly, it occurred to us that we could take this flight and celebrate the event on 4 July in New Zealand—

neutral turf! And stay a few days and look around. We also found out that we could use Qantas to travel internally by air in Australia at a fantastically reduced rate! And so it all came together.

First stop Chicago. Then on to LA where we ran into Judy Magann and said a fast "Hi!"—she was on her way to Bali to meet up with Jean Houston's group. Our Qantas 747-400, took us on a thirteen-hour flight across the Pacific to Auckland, New Zealand, where it was raining.

We were taken through the rain in the minivan cab to our guesthouse in Parnell—the artsy-craftsy section of Auckland. We rested in the morning and waited for the rain to stop. We soon discerned the local meteorological pattern: Jupiter Pluvius turned the taps on in the morning and mercifully off in the afternoons.

We spent our first afternoon on a boat trip round the harbour and out to the volcanic island of Rangitoto. We were both taken with the clear, damp, ozony smell of it. Jeanette wanted to come back again and climb it, but the idea of wading through water-logged volcanic ash somehow appealed not at all to me.

Back at the guesthouse, we planned a sidetrip to Rotorua, a centre of Maori culture, and known for its shooting geysers. We booked into the economical Victoria Motel, since the brochure had advised us that we could dive through the window of the bathroom straight into a hot tub! And such proved to be the case. It was an outdoor tub which provided great relief and pleasure after a hard day of seeing the sights.

In Rotorua, rather than take one of the package tours, we hired two bikes for the two days we were there, and on the bikes we managed to see quite a deal. As we trundled round, we saw the evidence of ol' Gaia letting off steam everywhere we went. The steam jetted up through small crevices in the ground, mud bubbled and gurgled; they were often used by the locals for cooking, or heating water. The Maoris say that as long as the vents keep steaming away, the area is safe from the kind of quakes and eruptions that split the area apart in a gigantic show of Gaia's power a century ago.

The granddaddy geyser is Whakarewarewa. It spurts eighty feet into the air if one catches it at the right moment. When we accompanied a group of tourists through the "Whaka" valley, the Maori guide, a tall, middle-aged woman of great dignity who tolerated no tourist bullshit, did some pedagogy on the meaning and pronunciation of Whakarewarewa. Without batting an eyelid or a momentary tic, she made us

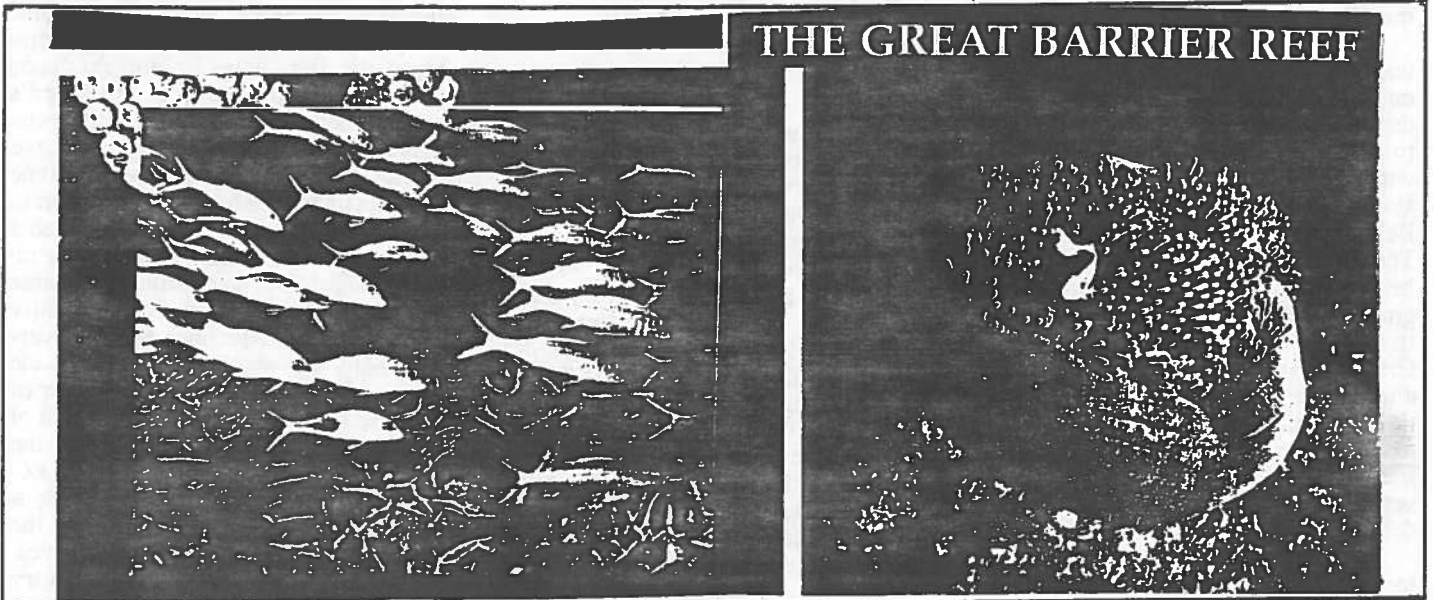
"pronounce after her" the way the Maoris said it: FUK-A-ROO-WA-ROO-WA. As the tour moved on, she showed us the open-air rock baths where the Maori staff bathed together—men, women, and children—after the tourists had gone home in the evening. "You mean all in together?" exclaimed one tourist. "Yes, of course", answered she, again not batting an eyelid. I felt we were in the presence of a master of understatement.

The whole Whaka complex, together with the Maori Arts and Crafts Centre, is owned and operated by a Maori tribe—"the only tribe that didn't sign the Treaty of Waitangi". At the end of the tour, after letting the palm leaf she carried drag in one of the steam run-off rivulets, she passed it to Jeanette who thanked her with equivalent dignity. Why Jeanette? (We found out later that the leaf is used to make the ceremonial

After two more days in Auckland, it was time to move on. This time our plane was a Boeing 767 and it took us to Cairns in North Queensland, a jumping-off point to the Great Barrier Reef to the east and the rainforested mountains to the West. I had visited Cairns 25 years ago when doing postgrad research in geography. Then it was a sleepy old town trying to climb out of the 19th century. Now, I hardly recognized it—skyscraper hotels and apartment high-rises in Cairns! The tourist brochures were printed in four languages; the papers were full of the development of a space station on Cape York peninsula, the aboriginals were up in arms, and it was clear that Cairns had passed over into the late 20th century with great suddenness, aided by an influx of Japanese capital. Even though it was winter, the local temperature was what Torontonians would call "heat-

found rows of people sitting opposite each other Daily Office style. And there was complete silence! Nary a word. Not used to face-to-face confrontation. But when the Kuranda Mail got under way and puffed through cane fields and up the precipitous ascent past ravines and waterfalls, the carriage full of people came alive. Looking 2000 straight feet down into the abyss does wonders for human community!

The small village of Kuranda up in the rainforest (permanent population 200) was sheer chaos. Again I became aware of the difference 25 years can make. There seemed to be about 5000 tourists and fifty mammoth buses trying to use the infrastructures of a town built for 200. And it was raining! Some had come to walk the rainforest trail; others to look at the wares in the open air market; others to go to the Aboriginal Dance Theatre; the ticket box of



Maori women's skirts.) I thought Jeanette should pick up a few more—she'd look good in one of those skirts.

We had made arrangements to participate in the Maori-style feast—a *Hangi*—at the Hyatt hotel that evening and in the Maori performance of dance, ritual, and song, put on for tourists. We found ourselves sitting at a large round table by the side of the Hyatt pool with ten other folk we didn't know from Adam (or Eve). For 90 minutes the Maori troupe ritualled, sang, and danced the story of the last 600 years of being in New Zealand and Lord knows how many thousand years of their Polynesian history. I loved the way the Maori men stuck their tongues out with such force. We felt bathed in the power of the men and the grace of the women.

wave conditions". I commented on it to one of the locals. "Aw, gee, mate," snorted he, "a man don't start to live here till it hits 35C! I can't wait for summer to come again!"

In Cairns we were located in a spacious "flat" with large livingroom-kitchenette, bedroom and bathroom, and equipped with that magnificent human invention—the multiple speed ceiling fan; from a small balcony Jeanette and I could watch the sun rise over a scene straight out of Bali Hai: twin peaks on the other side of Trinity Inlet, shining sea, and waving palms.

We went to the mountains on the train for what we thought would be a quiet tour through the rainforests and round the Atherton Tableland.

The train was crowded, not with locals, but with hundreds of tourists. When we got into our carriage, we

same was stormed by tourists trying to buy a ticket to the Djapuki Theatre. Luckily, we had procured tickets beforehand. For just over an hour we watched a powerful and moving performance of the indigenous culture. The audience was ecstatic. Afterward they moved out of the theatre into the lobby trying to buy up every single postcard, painting, didgeridoo and artwork on display, while others poured in for the next show.

Rejoining the package tour, we went the rounds of the plateau to the commentary of the busdriver who regaled us with the endless meaningless statistics that only package tours can belch up. We enjoyed the scenery and the all too brief venture into the rainforest.

Then it was time for the Sea of Tranquillity. We caught "The Big Cat" to-

gether with hundreds of other folk for a venture out to a real tropical coral island. It was a 90-minute trip on the high-powered catamaran; the waves were rising, and the sea was not tranquil. From the rail of the ship's stern, I watched with some ontological amusement as those who had connived to ensconce themselves in the best seats up in the bow were getting drenched as the cat cut through the ocean rollers. Then all was calm again as we entered the lagoon surrounding Green Island—part of the Great Barrier Reef. We viewed the coral and large multi-coloured fish through the sides and bottom of a semi-submersible. It was a thrilling but rocking experience and Jeanette had to get over some seasickness. Walking through the palm trees, lazing on the beach took up most of the day. We regretted we had not thought to rent a cabin and stay over night. The experience of a real tropical island was too much to take in over just a few hours.

On our last day, we had one of those unexpected fine experiences. Winding our way through Cairns Botanical Gardens we came upon a teahouse surrounded by sheer lushness suffused with the strains from a seraphic sound system. It served, among other things, Belgian Waffles. We went for them. The proprietor of the teahouse said she had imported the waffle iron from Belgium via the United States. Jeanette had tried the famed waffle in Brussels. Great was the lady's delight when Jeanette told her with considerable conviction that the waffle prepared in this teahouse far exceeded those she had tried in Brussels. The waffle was a veritable *tour de force*, a gastronomical delight.

In Brisbane, we were royally hosted for two days by John and Julie Miesen. Jeanette and I walked across the river—across the bridge, that is—to the Botanical Gardens, where we rented bikes and did a 20-kilometre ride along the Brisbane River to St Lucia and back, and visited one more Botanical Gardens teahouse. We found Brisbane to be easy going and graceful.

Sydney was our next stop. Qantas had booked us in at a small guesthouse at Bondi Beach. That night Deirdre Dowsett arranged a small gathering of a few old colleagues to meet us at her and Norma's flat in Dulwich Hill just across from the old Sydney "House". Jeanette and I were not really prepared for the 25 folk who showed up. The last time I had seen David Duffy he was three years old. I could hardly recognize the beanstalk who just managed to get his head through the door. It was good to see Mary Rhodes who was slowly recovering from a mysterious

ecological illness somewhat similar to Brian Williams'. It was very good to see and talk individually with each one present. It was late at night when we got back to Bondi Beach. We had eaten and wined well. As we put the key into the door of the guesthouse, we reminded ourselves we had to be up early to catch our transport the next morning. We entered the house and in the half-light looked for the stairs to get to our

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We were in the wrong place! Literal dislocation! But why did the key fit the front door? Ours not to reason why. "Let's get the heck out of here, said I to Jeanette, and we did. Our guesthouse was next door. Yes, it had been a fine night.."

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room. People were walking around and looking at us strangely. Suddenly we realized there were no stairs; it was a one-story place, another guesthouse, but not ours. We were in the wrong place! Literal dislocation! But why did the key fit the front door? Ours not to reason why. "Let's get the heck out of here, said I to Jeanette, and we did. Our guesthouse was next door. Yes, it had been a fine night.

Next day we were bound for Adelaide—the "culture centre" of Australia. We had decided this was to be a surface trip; train to the Victorian border, then bus to Adelaide. Brian Robins in his Datsun picked us up at the bus depot and took us to Rhonda and Brian's new home. We admired their large backyard with its famous gum tree (huge) and the flowers in the garden growing in mid-winter. We were taken with the elegant simplicity of their home, and the wonderful desk and computer closet Brian designed and built himself. Then Jeanette and Brian Robins got down to business for Jeanette was to facilitate a Learning Lab at Flinders University the next evening and following day for 25 folk who had registered. The lab was a great event and people were pleased.

That evening, the Oakleys, Robins, and Stanfields together with Adrian Rhodes who had come for the lab from Sydney, sat down for some wine and cheese. We regaled ourselves with stories from of old, dramatized great events, and had ourselves rolling in the aisles with the incongruities of the last 20 years. It was an evening to remember.

The next day Brian Robins took us out into the Mt Lofty Ranges to a Conservation Centre. Here in large paddocks roamed koala bears, kangaroos, emus, wallabies and euros, wombats, and many other Australian fauna. Jeanette, of course, just had to cuddle the koala bear. We patted the kangaroos; but found ourselves most taken with that ostrich-like bird, the emu. We found the eye of the emu a bottomless mystery, but were even more intrigued with the tom-tom-like drumbeats coming from deep within the emu's stomach and wondered if she was perhaps remembering her origins in the African portion of the ancient continent of Gondwanaland.

Then, it was time to go live at the Oakleys' new home, a fine three-bedroom house on the eastern outskirts of the city, and nuzzling the Adelaide Hills. Barry and Margaret took us on an expedition to the Barossa Valley which produces the finest wines in Australia. At the Storybook Cottage, we remembered the fairy tales of our childhood and played all the old bushmen's games; then, after consulting local wisdom on the best wine cellars to visit, we pulled up at our first winery for some good tasting. Polished cedar, brass railings to put your foot on, impeccable taste in the furnishings—this was no rustic cellar! We read through the wine menu and remembered the possibility side of the God lecture: it was overwhelming. So we decided to play the game: "Could I try just a soupcon of that fine '75 Shiraz (Port)?" The inch of wine is rolled round in the glass, the nose passes over the top of the delicately shaped wineglass: "What a tremulous bouquet!" Down it goes, and on to the next, seeking for the right adjectives. The attendant: "If you are going to try white wine after Port, you must first re-sharpen the palate with champagne!" Who could cavil at that? Down goes the champagne. Then the Riesling, and on to the next winery, and more of the same. Ah, what a fine day, and all's right with the world!"

It was time to say farewell to our Adelaide hosts, and to begin The Return. It was good to be back home in Toronto and experience some relative stability, after packing and unpacking fourteen different times in a month. It was July 31. Time to start the next 20 years!

TWO JOURNEYS

By Jean Smith

Two Excerpts

The Smiths who were moving into new relationships with ICA Kenya, went camping over the Easter holiday. We created our own neutral zone, and it was both a physical journey and later a reflective journey. We rented a four-wheel drive and headed for the Rift Valley and Lake Naivasha.

Into the Rift Valley

Early in the morning, we rounded the southern flank of Ngong Hills and stopped at the overlook. The Rift Valley drops off 1500 to 3000 feet from the central highland escarpment, a spectacular sight from either above or below. It was too hazy to see Mt. Shampoli on the Kenya-Tanzania border to the south, and in fact Mt. Suswa rising out of the Kedong Valley only fifty kilometres to the north was invisible.

The valley below us was very green due to relatively heavy rains in March and April -- sparse bright grass down on the valley floor, darker trees on the hill sides and the airy, lighter green of thorn trees, much beloved by giraffes. The giraffe herd which is often there was not in sight. Flowers were in bloom in this windswept place, especially the dark yellow *Thunbergia gregorii*, a variety of black-eyed susan without the black centre which is common on Ngong Hills.

The Rift Valley is one of the most awesome places in the world. There is an aura of timelessness about the ancient rocks, expanse of sky and landscape fading off into the haze of distance. An archaeological dig two hours from Nairobi revealed a 500,000 year old village on the shores of a large lake, now vanished into the dry air. Mary and Louis Leakey's team found many stone tools there, as well as the fossilized leg of a long extinct gigantic elephant, but no human bones. The current residents, the Maasai, still prefer their cattle to most of the trappings of modern civilisation. From the top of Ngong Hills you can see manyattas and herds far below grazing on the thin grass that is typical of this area.

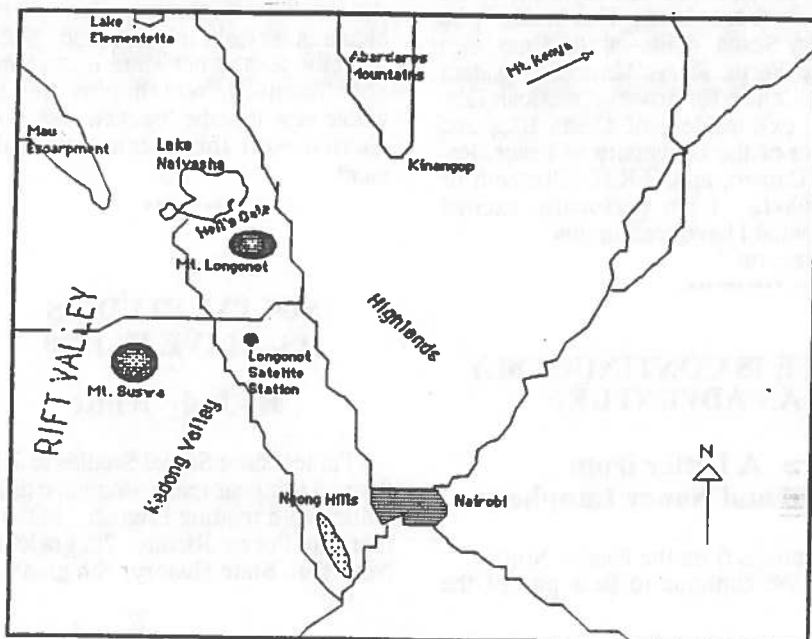
Crater Lake

We drove around Lake Naivasha. There are farms of one sort or another all the way around, but no public transportation. We were looking for Crater Lake, but there was no sign board to direct us to one of several possible hills. Two small boys offered to take us, but we said, "No, just tell us where it is." Following their instructions brought us to the crater rim in ten minutes. Five minutes later the boys appeared, having run all the way! Such initiative was rewarded - We hired them to guide us down to the bottom.

Pea green water fills the crater of this small, extinct volcano. Almost perfectly round, the upper edges of the crater drop off precipitously to the lake shore. A water buck was drinking below but soon retreated into the trees.

The steep path goes through heavy vegetation which becomes more tropical as it nears the lake shore. The feeling of being at the bottom of a pit, the smell of rotting leaves and wet muck, the hum of bees and mosquitoes all blended with the spiralling flight of a flock of pure white gulls wheeling, turning, moving back and forth across the lake.

The rest of the drive around the lake was uneventful and we returned early for dinner and bird watching in the camp ground. It rained all night, and in spite of a double ground cloth, things were wet. I had to wear Art's extra pair of pants until mine dried out.



PEOPLE

GREETINGS

From Linda Jones

Hello and greetings from Jackson Hole, Wyoming. My life has taken a number of BIG turns since we last saw each other. The Jones family is currently still living in Caracas, but as ICA went to a salaried operation there and really couldn't afford what we needed to live on with one daughter starting university, we have been "volunteering" our support to ICA while freelancing in many other things.

Recently I was asked to work for a brand new foundation called *Together*. This is why I am in Jackson. What beautiful mountains are the Grand Teton. I had seen them with my family when I was six and their impact has never left me.

I am the conference coordinator and general jack-of-all trades for *Together's* International Gathering in mid-September. ICA trained me well! *Together's* message is that unity among all peoples is vital to the survival of Planet Earth and its inhabitants. Their basic premise is that we cannot resolve certain problems alone, within the boundaries of our own country or our own region. Hence the name. The conference is September 16-21 at Jackson Lake Lodge. So far we have had an excellent group of people assure us of their participation. To "name-drop" a few: Barbara Marx Hubbard, John Steiner, Sasha White of the Campaign for the Earth, Rama Vernon, President of the Centre for Soviet-American Dialogue, ex-President of Costa Rica and founder of the University of Peace, Rodrigo Carazo, and H.R.H. Elizabeth of Yugoslavia. I am personally excited about what I have seen in this organization.

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LIFE IS CONTINUOUSLY AN ADVENTURE

A Letter from Fred and Nancy Lanphear

Greetings from the Pacific Northwest. We continue to be a part of the

Residential Learning Center and to work at the Northwest Institute of Acupuncture and Oriental Medicine. The RLC is moving into a time of an expanded missional perspective. The coming year will be a time of giving form to this new phase in our evolution.

Nancy has evolved her position in the NIAOM as clinic receptionist into coordinator of an expanded clinic program that is becoming an important component in the school, both financially and as a strategy for impacting the American way of health. NIAOM has recently moved into a fine new facility to handle the increased number of patients and to provide an effective environment for our teaching program. Most of Fred's efforts as Director are in building external relations, through publications such as a newsletter, funding and public relations. We continue to enjoy the close connection with our family since returning to the states. Our oldest son, Bob, lives at the RLC and is in the process of shifting from being on the staff to working out. He is currently getting experience in a printing firm, expanding his professional skills in the graphic and technical arenas of publishing. The *Emergings* newsletter of the RLC has been one of his projects over the past couple of years. He is also keeping his architectural design skills up to date by working part-time with an architectural firm.

At the RLC he is our key link with the co-housing movement, which is rapidly growing in this part of the U.S. Bruce and his wife Nancy are in Cincinnati immersed in their professional roles as health providers. They are also actively engaged with other ICA colleagues in helping to create the *Earthwise Learning Series*. They are expecting their first child in November. Sandra, our youngest, is living in Seattle, where she has a good job as a veterinary technician in a small animal clinic. She has recently passed her state exams and is now licensed, which puts her in a whole new income bracket. She is very pleased with this recent accomplishment.

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SOCIAL STUDIES IS ALIVE IN 1990

By Judy White

I'm teaching Social Studies to 7th, 8th and 9th year teens who have difficulties with reading English. Many of them are Puerto Ricans. 7th grade is New York State History. 8th grade is

American History - the American revolution to the present, and 9th grade is US and World History. I got permission to do something like the UR image course, using six cultures and looking at geography, history, People, current events, art forms, and celebrations. The history book is set up for it. I use the key geographical image for each culture and the culture's gift to the planet. I'm having fun and I got a small grant for materials.

With the 8th graders, it is hard to keep up because so much has happened this year alone. The events are changing what has been written in the book. The highlight has been a trip to the United Nations. The guide was ready for these "learning disabled" with whom your style has to be to begin with their experiences and ask questions. The students were so pleased with their ability to answer. I realized how I had been teaching them through this global context of ours without realizing the impact I was making.

The other high point of the year was showing the *Third Wave* three times. The third time really did it. It was the only way I could get through "The Economic Revolution" without choking!

I have completed a three year program in Integrative Therapy. I got my Bachelor of Arts degree and will complete my Masters of Arts in August.

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A WISE ELDER SPEAKS

by Betty Pesek

Excerpts of a letter
Betty wrote from Brussels where she is one of the ICAI staff

I have decided that in my 65th year I want to create a sign for myself and other 65 year olds.

It is difficult, for the social pictures that keep beeping at us are that we are to be productive - even though I find my physical capacities are not the same as they were when I was 25, that we are to be young and beautiful - even though I look more like a retread, and that we are to be of some use - even though there are no social roles that are looking for elders.

I have decided to live out the poetry that life is full of enchantment. So I have been looking for that every day. It gives me a boost and I spend more time smelling, looking, listening, laughing, and playing around with things.

And as I see my physical capacities wane, I ask, "Death, is that you?" And

so far the answer that has come back is, "No, you're just like old Merryweather in "Little Big Man" --you are just losing another part.

Of course, I don't like all these wrinkles, but I have decided to take the stance of "I earned every one of those, through blood, sweat and tears." So you are looking in the mirror at one who has lived through life, and not just skimmed the surface.

I realize that getting older means that I change physically, socially, psychologically and spiritually.

In the last couple of weeks I have been working with physical changes. I have been having headaches, neck-aches, and shoulder ache for the last several years.

Before I came to Brussels, I went to a few yoga classes to really stretch my muscles. While there I asked the teacher about my shoulder pains, for she mentioned that she works with her shoulders. She said, "I don't know about you, but I have learned that being a woman usually means that you are taught to take on lots of responsibility. And it means you usually are concerned for your kids, relatives, grandkids, and everyone else around you. You begin to assume more responsibility than your body can carry. Many times you assume the cares that "they" really need to carry. Why don't you transfer much of that weight to the people who need to carry it for themselves? Besides, you are taking away their chance to do their own growing, and taking their own journey. Besides, don't you have a journey of your own that you need to be watching over?" I said, "Thank you very much. This is my last yoga class".

Then, I discovered, after moving here to Brussels, that my headaches re-occurred. After a prescription from a physician to relax all the muscles, I decided I did not like the idea of chemical dependency. So I went to a Siastu center. The man there is a Swede, who tries to talk to me in French, performing an Eastern pressure point session! Anyway, after he worked on me a bit, he said he believed in finding sources, rather than working on symptoms. So he told me last week he thought the difficulty was in my solar plexus and stomach area.

He said, "You probably experience many assaults and pressures of modern day life. And you have tried to save that middle area of your body by tensing all the muscles around it - your back, legs, shoulders and arms. So there is less circulation, lots of tension, and a lack of free energy flowing through your body. You could start having confidence in your body's ability to absorb all the things going on. Start

trusting your solar plexus and "hara" or stomach area. Swing your arms out wide, concentrate on letting the blood and energy circulate throughout your body. Consciously widen that area up again. Let all the pressures flow on through you."

I found that tremendous and I have been working on that each day.

I am also trying to learn about new things. I went out last week and got a mat cutting tool, so I can mat pictures. I have wanted to do that for a long time. I had my first lesson from Bev Gazarian, and I think I can do it.

I had a marvelous time going to the 100th anniversary of Van Gogh's death.

I was able to see his works which were brought in from all over the world. I have been dressing up every morning, trying to look like a million bucks, with new colors: for basics: grey, black, and blue-green and blouses and accessories in pinks, light purples and off whites.

It has been invigorating to assume the posture that there is more beauty than ugliness, more to be enjoyed than to be sad about, more to appreciate in my coworkers and friends than to fault.

And in my new state of being a widow, I am realizing again and again, that being married was a luxury. Now I live my life like thousands of persons, as single.

I need to come to terms with the fact that I will probably spend the rest of my life this way.

Hope this serves as a sharing of the deeps and shallows of my existence.

EVENTS

November 1-11, 1990 **Our Common Future in an Environment of Change**
Register now with:
ICA Taiwan
6/F 53-1 Chuang Shann Rd.
Sec. 7
Taipei 11136
Taiwan

November 30 - Dec. 2, 1990
North American ICA Network Conference, in New Orleans.

Register now with Jean Watts, 1629
Pine Street, New Orleans, LA 70118
Telephone 504-865-7828

CELEBRATIONS

We stand present to the completed life of William Richard, of Delos Inc in Kirkwood, Missouri. Bill met the ICA network in 1987 and worked as a consultant to the research team in Toronto during 1987 and 1988. He and his wife attended the Our Common Future Conference in Oaxtepec.

We stand present to the completed life of Kent Knutson in Detroit, Michigan. He is the son of Joan Knutson and Bob Knutson. Kent grew up in the Global Order.

We celebrate the marriage of Raymond Spencer and Kristina Valdes. Colleagues gathered in Pella, Iowa on August 4th to celebrate the coming into being of this new family. Congratulations!

We celebrate the 60th birthday of Charles Hahn. Marsha and Roy Stansbury invited colleagues to Chicago on September 8th to celebrate with Charles. Here's to a great phase IV.

THE DANCE

Quotes from *The Dance Notebook*, Running Press 1984.

We are all dancers. We use movement to express ourselves – our hungers, pains, angers, joys, confusions, fears – long before we use words, and we understand the meanings of movements long before we understand those of words.

Franklin Stevens

We look at the dance to impart the sensation of living in an affirmation of life, to energize the spectator into keener awareness of the vigor, the mystery, the humor, the variety, and the wonder of life.

Martha Graham

All the disasters of mankind, all the misfortunes that histories are so full of, the blunders of politicians, the miscarriages of great commanders – all this comes from want of skill in dancing.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin (Molière)

Learning to walk set you free – learning to dance gives you the greatest freedom of all: to express with your whole self the person you are.

Melissa Hayden

A dancer rises into a different kind of time, a time made visible by dancing.

Jamake Highwater

We love to dance that new one called the Civil War Twist. The Northern part of you stands still while the Southern part tries to secede.

Dick Gregory

Dance is not separate from the life it comes from.

Marie Brooks