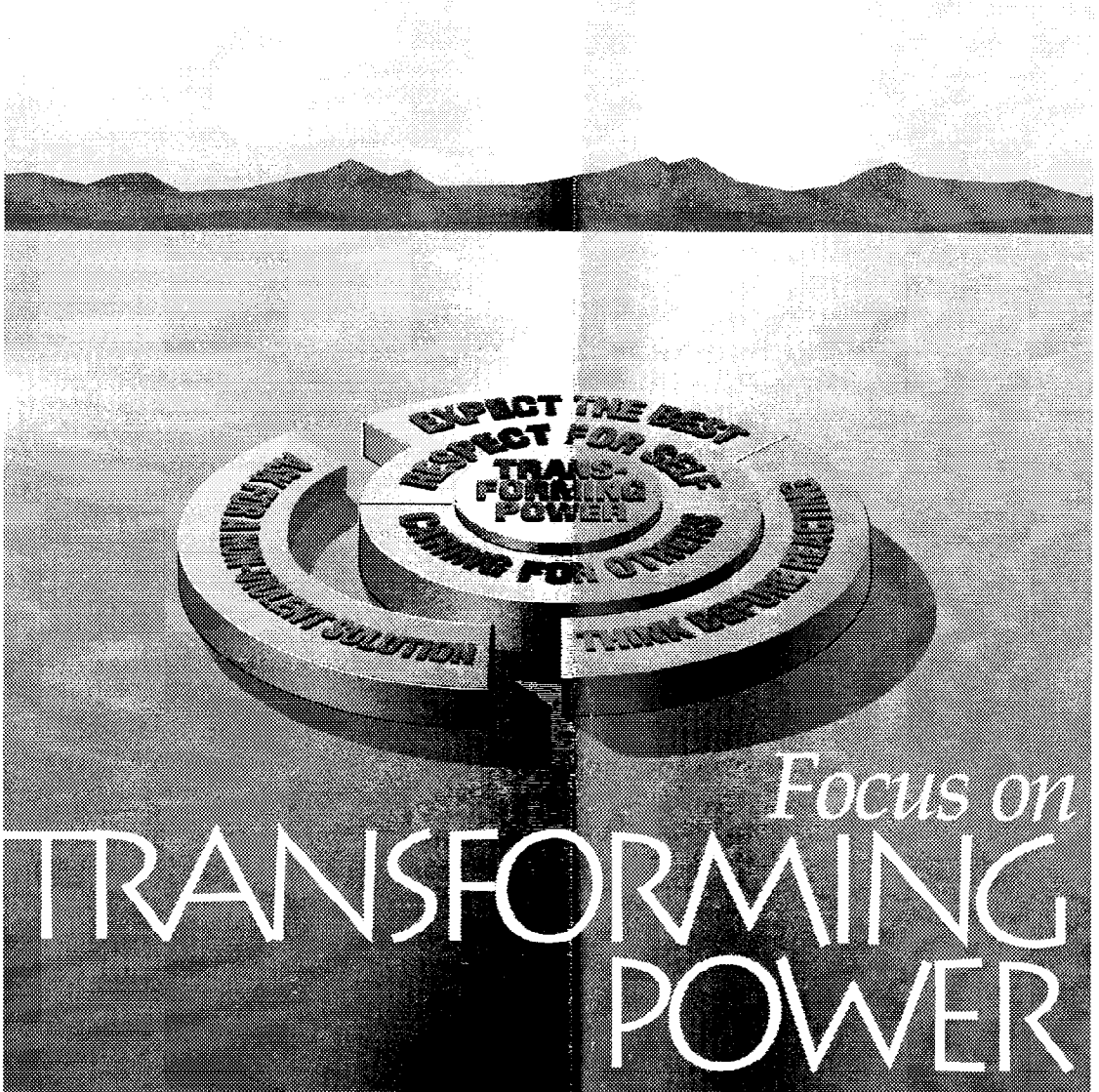


Spring 2001

Alternatives to Violence Project Newsletter for Facilitators

the TRANSFORMER



Focus on

TRANSFORMING POWER

The DEATH SQUAD

This comes from an inmate at Donovan State Prison in Calif. during an AVP exercise where we share A Conflict I Solved Nonviolently Was...

Ricardo was from Guatemala, and in his late teens he was in the army and serving in one of the notorious Death Squads. His squad's latest assignment was to raid a peasant's house suspected of housing two young girls who were thought to be guerrilla fighters. They were, of course, to be dragged out of the house and shot in the square of the little village an example to the rest of the villagers. The house was to be burned to the ground for the same reason.

As they broke into the tiny house before dawn one morning, two girls woke with a start and tried to get to their weapons. But the men were too fast, too many, too practiced. It seemed these were two sisters living with their parents who now were crying, wailing, screaming for mercy for their daughters. As they were being taken out of the house into the light of almost dawn, Ricardo recognized the older girl. They had been classmates in school at some point. He didn't want to kill her and convinced the rest of the squad to take the girls back to the army stockade, and he would make appeal to his sergeant.

Ricardo's sergeant, only slightly older than himself, had just awoken by the time they arrived back at the stockade. He wanted to know why the girls hadn't been killed as or-

dered. Ricardo replied that he knew the girls and was sure they had been duped into working with the guerrillas and that with this experience, he was sure they would do so no more. The sergeant said, Kill them! While becoming increasingly frightened about his own position, Ricardo continued to scheme and connive on behalf of the girls. But after each new idea that he put forth, the sergeant's reply was the same: Kill them!!

Then, in a jolt of some kind of inspiration, Ricardo reported that his fear vanished and he walked right over and put his face very close to his sergeant's and whispered, What if they were your sisters?

That night, the girls were taken to a distant village where there was no guerrilla activity and placed under the watchful care of the strong willed village leader. Ricardo got word to their parents.

*by James "Righteous Richardson
AVP-Maryland*

R E F L E C T I O N S

My first eight years of incarceration were those of a fool who did foolish things.

My next fifteen years were to find myself.. who I was and where I wanted to go.

My next twenty years were years of many changes and directions, and starting to find my way.

From twenty to thirty three years, I've reached my goals: I've become a truthful, concerned, respectful, thoughtful, compassionate, responsible, trustful loving person who wants to give back.

by Zoltan J. Kontsagh, AVP-Hawaii

I was a newcomer to the Hawaiian Islands, and as many of us during those years in the seventies, I lived on the beaches. In other words, I was homeless at the time. (Also I must note, my English was very rudimentary, mainly consisting of words of necessity flavored by a strong Eastern European accent. I was in the US for less than three years then.) As such, I had firsthand experience with the emerging resentment from the Hawaiians towards those they considered outsiders and responsible for their disappearing culture, their traditional place and generally the anti-haole (white alien) feelings were very much present. Since the persons in question were inaccessible for them, these resentments frequently found their marks in the seemingly disenfranchised whites, such as myself at the time.

Lahaina was a very lovely, sleepy southern town then, although with more than a trace of a history of violence. After all, it was a whaling town for almost a century. In the southern edge of the town, behind the boat harbor, there is a great park, dominated by a huge banyan tree. The tree is in the center of the park, but it's branches reach the streets on all sides. She is a great, shady gathering place throughout the summer, and I spent much time over there.

Anyway, one night I was sitting under this tree, kind of preparing to spend the night there, enjoying the quiet southern night, the great, warm air, the sound of the ocean. So was I when a very large and very drunk person of Hawaiian ancestry entered the park. He exuded violence and I started to pray fervently, that he would go to some other direction, but alas, it wasn't the case. He was talking and swear-

The BANYAN TREE

ing to himself and was obviously in the mind of beating someone up. And, he came closer and closer, and then he saw me. I was paralyzed, and thought, Whoa, I had to come all this far to get beaten to a pulp, maybe even killed? Those things were not all that uncommon in those days, you know. So, he started screaming at me, Fucking haole, I kill you! I just sat there petrified, and asked God to help me please, for I did not know what to do. And, as he came over me, starting to swing his fist towards my face, I lifted my finger to my lips, and said, shhhh..., I am listening to what the Big Tree is saying.

The guy stopped right then and there, and ended up sitting down next to me for a good half an hour, listening and talking, about his childhood in Lahaina, under this same tree, how things were then and so forth. It became a magic encounter and a beautiful night. I learned that he is an artist and sells his paintings to the tourists, but spends much of his money on getting drunk. After a long time we parted as friends, and I ended the night listening to the silence of the tree. I believe, that I heard many things.

You know, I have no idea where those words came from and who gave me the calm strength that replaced the previous panic, but I know that from a potentially deadly situation, some mysterious Power created a magic encounter that made both of our evenings.

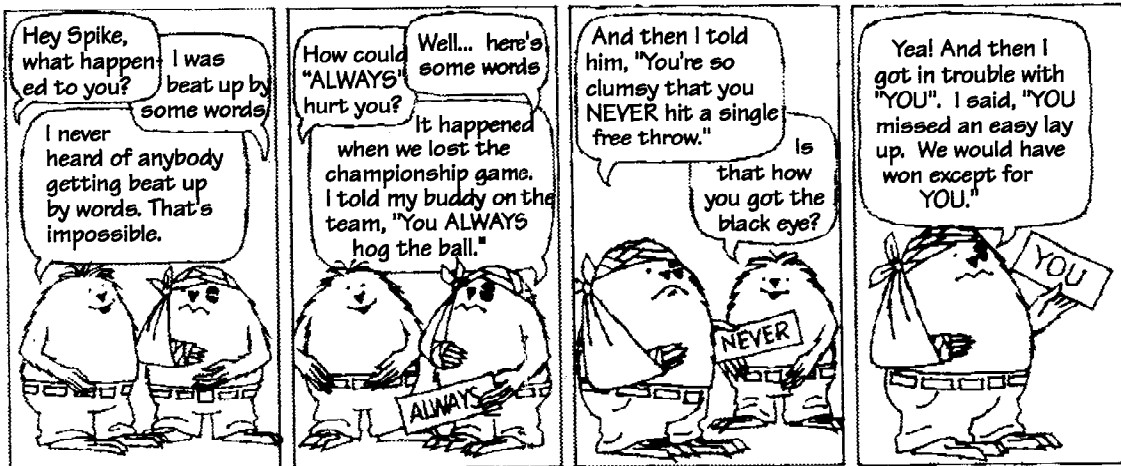
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH

I *by Kaki Sjogren, AVP-Pennsylvania* live in a noisy and rather rough inner city neighborhood. One summer night, I was awakened by the sound of voices beneath my bedroom window. They were voices of young men who seemed to be going up a conflict escalator. Very shortly I heard, "Come on! Let's roll on him!" I knew there was going to be a fight. I rolled out of bed, went to the window not knowing what I would say, and upon reaching it, I sang out loud and off key, "Glory, glory hallelujah. Glory, glory hallelujah.

Glory, glory hallelujah. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the lord. She has trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. He has trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. The truth is marching on." Not only did I forget the right words to this song, but my voice was cracked and hoarse. When I stopped, a young man called up to me, pleading, "Would you please stop that pain." All was quiet after that.

The next morning I encountered a young man sweeping up the broken glass of his car window in front of my door. Worried that someone who wanted revenge for the action I'd taken had mistaken his car for mine, I told this fellow about events of the previous night. He told me he'd been there, and was the guy who'd asked me to stop singing. He said the broken window and ensuing fight was the result of a petty disagreement. He was happy that the broken window was the worst that had come of it.

THE LOSER



by Ruth Hillman, AVP Ontario

Some years ago I was travelling in Europe with my husband. He is a totally trusting soul and we were in the Madrid Metro where he was looking at a map when his wallet was taken. Needless to say we were unable to find it and had to continue on our way after informing the various credit card agencies. Next day, we were in the Metro in Lisbon, Portugal.

The previous day's experiences were probably strongly in my subconscious and I suddenly had the feeling that a pickpocket had just got into our coach at the other end. Without thinking I abandoned my husband and wriggled up to that end and arrived just as a hand was going into the pants pocket of a man in a business suit. The coach was very crowded and I found myself getting VERY close to this man. So close, in fact that the hand in the pocket got trapped! The more he tried to withdraw it, the friendlier I got to the man in the suit.

My husband had managed to get halfway up the coach by now and I shouted to him to

The PICK POCKET

watch out for pickpockets - I had no idea what the Portuguese for pickpocket was, but I thought it was pretty international. At any rate that told the owner of the hand that I was aware of what he was doing! The man in the suit obviously felt the hand by this time and looked accusingly at me.

I showed him my two hands, just as the train arrived at a station. He moved slightly away to look behind him, and the hand withdrew, empty, and its owner jumped out of the train. The suited man then took out his wallet and showed it to everyone pointing at me, so I was glad to get out at the next station. I would like to think that the pickpocket had a bit of a shock and rethought his career. Who knows?



FROM CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE PRISONER'S SOUL

The Writing on the Wall

by Radamas Rios, AVP-New York

In bold black lettering, someone had scribbled "Johnny Has Full Blown AIDS" in a vestibule in one of the dorms here at Sing Sing Prison.

After complaining for five days, I got off my butt. Taking a bottle of window cleaner, a paper towel and a scouring pad, I tried to undo the damage done by an uncaring person with a black marker. I had visions of others seeing me scrubbing off the graffiti and felt a bit of fear over it. I was sure the graffiti would never come off without being painted over. As I pointed the window cleaner and pulled the trigger, to my surprise, the cold and malicious message began to run like mascara on a rainy day. With two strokes of a paper towel, Johnny's name and HIV status were wiped clean. To my relief and shame, no one saw me.

Back in my living quarters, I questioned myself. Why did I wait five days to do something about the graffiti? I'm sure that everyone including the superintendent who passed through that vestibule must have seen it, too. I thought someone else must be doing something about it. It's not really my problem.

I was reminded of the Kitty Genovese case from the Sixties. Genovese was repeatedly

stabbed as her screams went unanswered in the early hours of the morning. Her assailant took half an hour to murder her, while behind locked doors at least 38 neighbors watched from their windows. Were all these people so detached from one another that all they could say was "It's not my problem."

We let history repeat itself at Sing Sing. Would I allow another Kitty Genovese to happen today? Maybe not, because of the writing on the wall.

Most of us have some secret thought that we don't want to share with the rest of the world. Someone robbed Johnny of that choice. Even if one can not have secrets in prison, one can still have dignity and respect.

Who is Johnny? I don't know. But I wanted to share with him the pain of my own inaction, to tell him I tried, even if it wasn't as soon as I would have liked. As a person who teaches classes in HIV/AIDS, my inaction puts me to shame. I don't like that feeling, and it's up to me to do my best never to feel that way again.

Later at an awards dinner, I spoke of this incident. The superintendent and his staff were present along with others who live in the building where the graffiti was written. The effect of my speech was more powerful than I expected. A man in a Con Edison (electric utility) uniform came up to me and said, "Doing the right thing is doing the right thing no matter how long it takes you to do it." The community let too many things slide that are wrong.

Sometimes just a little elbow grease can go a long way to making the world a better place.

Since Ray Rios has been released from prison he works as a substance abuse counselor and is active in Landing Strip and leading Community Workshops.

SMASHING GUITARS

My teen-age son returned from vacation last summer in a depressed state. No attempt to communicate with him worked, he answered with the usual 2 or 3 words, "I'm fine" "it's nothing" and remained quiet for days. It was obvious he wasn't fine, but I couldn't reach him.

by Gloria Montén, AVP Sweden.

Then one morning he snapped and broke into a fit of violent rage and smashed his own guitar into the doorpost leaving a dent as bits of wood flew around the room. At that moment a carousel of reactions flashed through my mind, my own anger at the damage to guitar and doorpost, the urge to stop and discipline him and a fear that he'd somehow totally lost it. Then another new thought came into my head, "Wait! Wait and try to feel what he feels." I said nothing, stood still and tried to feel what he felt. At that moment I was struck with a sudden overwhelming physical sense of frustration and a boiling aggression that pumped through my body like an adrenaline rush.

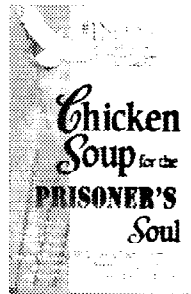
What I experienced struck me deeply and I felt a surge of love and sadness sweep over me from actually feeling the force of physical emotional frustration that caused him to react as he did. All I could say was "It's okay - I love you".

After a minute he dropped the rest of the guitar to the floor, looked around in a daze and went to his room closing the door after him.

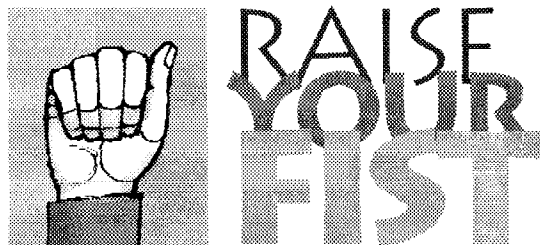
For the next few days I didn't try to talk to him but treated him more like a sick child, bringing him tea or hot chocolate and told him it was okay and that I loved him. I knew there was no way to put these feelings into words, not for him or for me. During those days he slowly opened up and began to communicate and eventually was able to laugh again. It was several weeks before he could talk about what happened and how he felt. I learned that on vacation he had taken drugs and had strange experiences that he was unable to talk about or sort out. The trust and friendship we gained from this experience was a great gift to me and has helped me to love my son more than ever.

Now, many months later this incident seems far away, but the insight and experience I gained will be with me forever. I don't think I had ever understood what real empathy was before, to actually feel what another feels. This was the strongest experience of transforming power I'd ever had. I shudder to imagine what would have happened or how the love I now gained for my son could have never been realized had I responded differently.

Chicken Soup for the Prisoner's Soul



If you would like to read 100 more stories of personal transformation like "The Writing on The Wall" by Ray Rios, just order a copy from Alan Taplow. The cost is \$12.95 plus \$4.00 shipping. See the order form on page 15 of this issue.



by Marge Schlitt, AVP-New York

Purpose: to help us analyze our options when faced with a conflict which could escalate to violence.

Time: 10-15 minutes

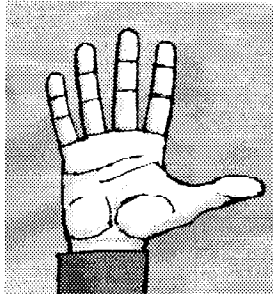
Leader: "When we are faced with a potentially violent situation our first reaction is to protect and defend ourselves. None of us likes to be hurt, either physically or verbally. What can we do?"

1. "First, let's all raise our fist (about head-level, fingers out). Our fist is the first thing we think of using when we are in danger. The fist is a symbol of power, as in, "Black Power" and "Uppity Women Unite."
2. Our fist is connected to our arm. The arm is a symbol of strength, and the fist is not much good without it. Our fist is also connected to our head, the place where we think, and our brains tell our fist what to do. And in between is our body, the source of transforming power. We need them all to resolve conflicts.
3. Next, let's look more closely at our fist. Open your hand and spread your fingers wide. These are the tools in our fist. They represent five options we have when faced with a conflict. We need to examine each one carefully.
4. The thumb is the strongest, and can represent our first option when faced with a conflict: retaliate in kind or more severely. If someone hits us, we could hit back with the same force we were hit, or even harder. If someone says something nasty or threatening, we could respond with harsh words, threats, and name calling. Obviously either situation could quickly escalate to violence, which we want to avoid, so let's put the thumb aside (move it to the palm).
5. On the other side of the fist, we have the pinkie. The pinkie represents another option we have: to withdraw or ignore. We could just walk away from a conflict without responding. Sometimes this settles it, sometimes it doesn't, and it will come back later. It is good if we can resist the temptation to get mad at every possible affront. Withdrawal or ignoring can be our best option at times, but it must be used carefully. (fold the pinkie in to the palm.)
6. The ring finger symbolizes our connection with others who are important to us. It represents the option of asking someone else to get involved to sort out the problem - police, teacher, parent, friend, etc. A person of authority or a neutral person who is known to be fair to all can help sort out the facts of the case and reduce tensions quickly. (fold in this finger)
7. The middle finger suggests that we make a gentle response. When someone starts to attack us, it may be that they are having a real problem and need more sympathy than a fight. A smile and "have a nice day" can settle it right away. Calm words demonstrate that you have no desire to

enter into a conflict. (fold in this finger also.)

8. Our pointer is the last finger left. It represent our number one option - seeking a win-win solution, one where neither person in a conflict feels defeated, and both go away satisfied that the best possible outcome was achieved. This probably won't happen quickly, but must be worked on by both parties. The pointer finger points the way to our best way to permanently resolve a conflict.
9. To end, let's review what we have talked about. Our fist represents power, along with our muscle, brains, and transforming power. Our fist has five tools, each representing the choices we can make when faced with a potentially violent conflict: retaliation, withdrawal, mediation, a soft reply, or a win-win solution. Let's remind ourselves of these by raising our fist, spreading our fingers, and then close all but the pointer. Now let's use our fists by shaking hands with those around us.

This could be followed by groups of 2 or 3 talking about resolving real conflicts and noticing which method was used to resolve them. Or this exercise could be introduced with the Transforming Power talk or before role plays. I generally post these five options at the beginning of a workshop and refer to them every time we talk about resolving a conflict to see which method was used.



The CLASS FROM HELL

by Bob Avstreich, AVP-Colorado

I have been an elementary school teacher for over twenty years. A few years ago I was teaching second grade in a poor neighborhood just north of New York City. The community was riddled with violence, drug and alcohol abuse. Many of the children my classes came from single parent families working two jobs to make ends meet. Learning disabilities, short attention spans and behavior problems were common.

At the end of the school year I went to a very weary and harassed first grade teacher and asked about the children who would be in my class next fall. She said, "The class that you will be getting is the class from hell." She had spent the year telling the kids and their parents how bad they were.

I was not willing to go to hell so I decided to do the opposite from what she did.

In August, I sat down and wrote a personal letter to each child in the class. I told them how glad I was to have them in my class and I was looking forward to sharing good times with them, such as parties for completing their homework. I wrote to each parent telling them about the work their children would be doing and how I was looking forward to a wonderful school year with them.

The kids came in with a positive attitude and, as you might expect, "the class from hell" was transformed.

VIOLENCE IN THE STREETS

by Hal Brody, AVP-San Deigo

I was driving home through downtown San Diego late one night after participating as a peace keeper at a demonstration against the bombing of Iraq. From far off I could hear a man's angry voice bouncing off the tall buildings. As I drove further, I could see a big man standing in the right hand lane yelling into a car parked at the curb. Couldn't make out the words, but this was a very angry man on the edge of violence. Before I got up to where the man was standing, the car into which the man was yelling, pulled out across my lane into the left lane. As that happened, the man jumped in front of the car which screeched to a halt. Just as I was about to pull along side the stopped car, the big man turned around and sat down hard onto the hood, caving it in badly.

I rolled down my window as I came to a stop, noticed that there was a women behind the wheel, and asked the man, "Is there something I can do to help this situation?" "Yea", the man said, "you can get out of my MF face!" "Perfect!" I said to my partner, and pulled a couple of car lengths forward to the corner, turned right and parked. "What are ya gonna do?" asked my partner. "Haven't a clue," I replied, being my normal, slow processing self, but I can't just drive off.

By the time I got back to the corner, the car and the shouting man were diagonally across the intersection. The screaming and angry gestures continued until the man looked up and saw us observing. He then yelled at the women, "See, now you've got the whole world watching! Now are you happy?" After another minute or so of screaming, he looked up again to see us still standing there, and came striding straight across the intersection at us. It was very late at night, and there was no traffic.

I felt my partner slide around behind me. As the man approached, I smiled at him and put my hands into my pockets. Standing on the curb at 6' 2", I found myself looking straight into the eyes of this man who remained in the street. "My wife is trying to leave me," he said, "and I'm trying to convince her not to go!" "I know how you feel," I said back, "the same thing happened to me." "Well, if the same thing happened to you, you know you don't want people standing around watching!" he said. "Yea." I muttered. "So you can leave now"! the man said. "Yea, I suppose we could leave now." At that, he turned and crossed the intersection back to his wife and damaged car.

But now he wasn't yelling. Instead, he sat down on a bus-stop bench next to the car and put his head in his hands. "OK," I said to my partner, "we can leave now." As we drove off, I became very angry at myself. "Why do I always have to be so slow?" I said. "I could have said lots of good, well reasoned things to him. I could have told him that I work in prisons and I didn't want to see him end up there because of a moment of passion!" She replied that while she didn't understand why, what I did say seemed to work, "When he returned to his wife," she said with a gentle hand on my arm, "he was different." His potential for violence had passed.

An exercise
from the new
Youth Manual...
Fairy Tale
Theater

Purpose:

On perspective-taking and stereotyping; practice in creative thinking.

Time:

30-40 minutes, depending on size of group.

Materials:

Copy of *The Old Woman in the Forest* (Hansel and Gretel as told by the witch). Names of very familiar fairy tales or children's rhymes on slips of paper. They must be stories with a "bad guy," a character who could be considered maligned by the way the story is told.

Examples:

Wicked stepmother or stepsisters in *Cinderella*
Troll in *Three Billy Goats Gruff*
Rumplestiltskin
Wolf in *Little Red Ridding Hood*
Spider in *Little Miss Muffett*
Giant in *Jack in the Beanstalk*
Wolf in *Three Little Pigs*

Procedure: Set-up:

1. Read or tell the Old Woman in the Forest Story. (See following)
How did you feel about the witch before you heard this story?
Now that you've heard the witch's story, how do you feel about her?
How did you feel about Hansel and Gretel before this story?

Do you think about Hansel and Gretel any differently now?

Have you looked at some situation in your own life some way but changer your mind after you listened to another person tell his/her side of the story?

2. Divide into small groups of four or five. Have each group draw a story slip from an hat and rewrite how the maligned character would tell the story from his/her point of view (allow approximately ten minutes).
3. Come together in full circle and have each group share its revised version. They may read it, act it out or even sing it.

Processing:

- Does this relate to real life?
- Is it difficult to change one's image?
- How do I see myself?
- How do I think others see me?
- How would I like others to see me?

Note: The last three questions may be done privately on paper.

The Old Woman in the Forest

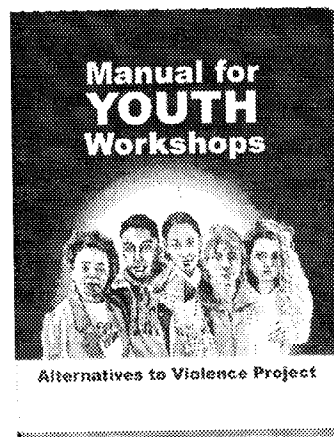
The people in the village say I am a witch. I don't even know what a witch is! Well, there is nothing I can do about people's opinion of me. I came here in the forest to live alone. I was so tired of everyone laughing at me and little children making fun of me on the street. I guess I do look rather odd with my big nose and pointy chin, but I didn't choose to look this way; it's just the way I am. No one seems

to want to get to know what I am really like. It's peaceful and quiet here in the forest with no one to bother me most of the time. Sometimes the children from the village come all the way out here to call me names and peek in my windows. I get mad and yell at them to go away. I've heard that they go back with stories about how I said I would kill them, Well, maybe I should control my temper better and not say things like that. I would never do something so awful. I can't understand why anyone would take that seriously.

There were even rumors about me when those children went into the forest and never heard from again. Personally, I think they must have wanted to leave that village and go somewhere more interesting. But people said I might have done something to them, like cooked them in my big cooking pot. Really! Some people have very creative imaginations.

Then that new pair, Hansel and Gretel, showed up the other day. They certainly weren't too smart about the forest. Imagine leaving a trail of bread crumbs to find your way back! Don't they realize that the woods are full of birds and animals looking for a little extra food?

I felt sorry for them. I guess their new step-mother is pretty mean and kicked them out of the house. They seemed lost and scared. I had pity on them and invited them in to give them something to eat before I showed them the way home. Well, were they ever rude! They acted scared of me, and I even heard Hansel whisper to his sister that I was trying to fatten them up to cook them! And after I had given them my best cookies. Then they ran away while I was getting them some refills on milk. If they do find their way home, I can't imagine what stories they will spread about me now.



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Order your manual now from Alan Taplow at the AVP Distribution Service. The cost is \$10.00 plus shipping. *See page 14*

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

A variation on a theme..

I by *Chloe Giampaalo, AVP -Maryland*
 In the last session of a Basic Workshop, we generally brainstorm the question "Where do we go from here?" I have discovered that it works very effectively with the following format on newsprint:

CHANGES		
Inner	Outer	What Others Will See
Choices		
I can _____	or _____	_____
I can _____	or _____	_____
I can _____	or _____	_____
I can _____	or _____	_____
CHALLENGES		
People	Situations	

Participants really have an opportunity to define what they can expect from their AVP experience. They have become empowered and no one walking out will ever be the same person he or she was going into the workshop.

LIFE ISSUES

by *Antonio Ameen Hobbs, AVP -Maryland*

Vivid visions of my violent history
 My experience as a child
 will always remain a mystery.
 Caught up in my emotions
 And afraid to face my issues
 Never leave a problem unsolved
 'Cause it will sure come back to you.

People seem to forget me
 And I often feel alone
 My family abused me, then died
 My heart had turned to stone.

My eyes are tired of violence
 And often full of tears
 My spirit cries out for peace
 But no one ever hears.

I must convey the message
 But I don't think they will listen
 They're so blinded by the hatred
 That I'll never complete my mission.

But now I have another family—
 A group called AVP
 That took time to share and care
 And see the good inside me.

AVP International

Magnificent Marie Cassel, AVP Sweden

AVP Sweden is having it's first workshop in a prison March 30 to April 1. I'm so happy and I just wanted to tell you this. Thanks for supporting us!

AVP Loses a Friend

We are saddened to report the death of Lloyd Bailey, the founder of AVP in Phaidelphia. Lloyd spent his life working for peace. He coordinated a thriving program at Greaterford Prison. Lloyd will be missed by all the men at Greaterford as well as the AVP family.

How to order AVP Manuals & Publications

Publications:	Price	Quantity
Basic Manual	7.50	_____
Advanced (2nd Level)	10.00	_____
Training for Trainers	10.00	_____
Supplement to Basic & Adv.	10.00	_____
AVP Organizing Kit	10.00	_____
Youth Manual	10.00	_____
Video	30.00	_____
<i>(VHS Format) aprox. 1 hour including 27 minute Belly of the Beast and 12 minute segments showing AVP, HIPP & RAVE</i>		
Chicken Soup for the Prisoner's Soul	12.95	_____
Spanish Basic Manuals		
Bogota Columbia Basic	15.00	_____
<i>(I'm told this is a reasonably literal translation.)</i>		
CEPPA Costa Rica Basic	20.00	_____
<i>(I'm told this is a more idiomatic translation.)</i>		
New Jersey Basic Exercises	5.00	_____
<i>(This is not a complete Basic Manual, just the Basic Exercises which were translated by inmates at FCI Fort Dix in New Jersey.)</i>		

All manuals are sent as loose leaf pages except the Youth Manual, which is a bound paperback book. If you would prefer the Youth Manual as loose 3 hole punched pages, please indicate "loose pages" on your order.

Shipping Charges:

Indicate "Priority Mail" or "Media Mail" on your order.
 Priority Mail - \$4.00 for first item, \$1.20 for each additional item, normally 3 to 5 days.
 Media Mail - \$2.00 for first item, \$.50 for each additional item, normally 7 to 14 days

Please contact Alan for shipping costs outside the USA or for quantities over 10 manuals, since shipping costs begin to vary widely depending upon weight and distance.

Additional Postpaid items:	Price	Quantity
Pendle Hill Pamphlet- Nonviolence & Community	\$3.00/ea	_____
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Take a trip to the

The best way to find out what's happening in AVP is to log onto the AVP-USA website.

There you will find links to local AVP websites in the USA, including Delaware Valley, New Hampshire, Miami, Tallahassee, Minnesota, Bay Area and Washington State.

There are also links to the AVP International website and connections to more than a dozen countries around the world.

AVP/USA Web Site

<http://www.avpusa.org>

The AVP/USA Website has a new Members only Area. To enter the Members Page, you need:

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Password = texashug

(NOTE: The above are case-sensitive).

This page is for AVP Facilitators only. Please maintain the confidentiality of the Password.

AVP-International New Web Site Address

<http://www.avpi.freemove.co.uk>

AVP-New Hampshire Web Site

<http://www.avpnh.org>

AVP-Miami Web Site

<http://www.homestead.com/avpmiami>

AVP-Minnesota Web Site

<http://www.fnvw.org> (new address)

AVP-Bay Area California Web Site

www.webcom.com/~peace/PEACTREE/avp/homepage.html

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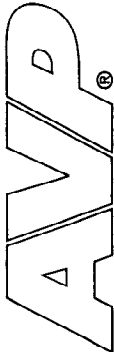
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