

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## YASUKUNI SHRINE

By AKIO SANBUICHI

The constitutional right of freedom of religion in Japan is now becoming a symbol of the people who oppose power politics and fight against the Japanese inclination toward radical remilitarization. Freedom of religion with an uncertain future is not simply a written piece of paper any more. It's a principle of the people who in conformity with their faith are taking special precautions to prevent war. We Japanese Christians completely oppose those who in the name of "gratitude" to the war dead would attempt to renationalize the Yasukuni Shinto Shrine. Behind this political maneuver is the Conservative Party and reactionary people in Japan who would manipulate the lamentation of those whose sons were killed in the wars. We Japanese Christians are neither among those who deny the war dead nor among those who assume them to be national heroes. We see them in terms of victims of unwholesome situations of the past.

Let me discuss the Shrine's sordid history in the last century. The Yasukuni Shrine was established in 1869 in order to glorify the war dead, who in the name of "help" or "the Greater East Asia Coprosperity" went out to Japanese colonies and neighboring countries with guns and oppressive attitudes, as you know well. The Shrine was deeply rooted in measures to enrich and strengthen the country and was a part of these. Now we know that there were many in prewar time who were blinded by the war policy which was supported by the Yasukuni Shrine in connection with the Tenno System. The Shrine, for instance, had much influence on a great many Kamikaze Pilots who disappeared into the Pacific Ocean with their bombs, shouting, "See you in the Yasukuni and Banzai!" Thousands of young men of Japan became self-destructive without having

enough reason and faded away from the world in vain. The Japanese feudalistic pyramid-like society, the Tenno System, had consciously made them into war machines by educating them with Spartanism, both spiritually and physically.

Why did we Japanese become so selfless in such a poor cause? Why did we become brutally militant? We did not simply become aggressors all of a sudden. It had taken more than a half century, indeed! Especially, during the half century, the Japanese were absolutely under the control of the Tenno System which was greatly supported by the Shinto Shrine, which was slowly making the people passive—just like the Christian Churches in the European Middle Ages. Everybody had to bow down before the Shrine whenever they passed by the Shrine in order to show their patriotism even if done unwillingly. It was almost impossible for the people to avoid the Shinto Shrine on their way to and from school or work twice a day, because in prewar time the Yasukuni Shrine had more than 200,000 branch Shrines throughout the country. The people were unbelievably under the network of the Shrines. There was no freedom of religion at all. Actually, freedom of religion means not only freedom to believe but also freedom not to believe. So some brave men refused to obey this irrational obligation at the risk of their lives. Then special police men came and put them in jail. Some of the brave men died in jail and some went mad because of severe torment. At first, the majority of people gave up their opposition and took a "peace-at-any price principle," in other words, "opportunistic." Next, many religious people, including Christians, gave in to avoid the unwholesome situation

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## NEW RESISTANCE TO WAR TAXES

By KARL MEYER

"Under penalties of perjury, I certify that I incurred no liability for Federal income tax for 1970 and that I anticipate that I will incur no liability for Federal income tax for 1971."

If you can sign that statement, you can stop the withholding of war taxes from your wages.

The statement is the Employee Certification for Form W-4E Withholding Exemption Certificate, which was first published in 1970 by the Internal Revenue Service as an alternative to the standard W-4 form. If your employer doesn't have it on hand, get it from the local IRS office. Signing this statement alone provides complete exemption from prior withholding of Federal income tax, without enumerat-

ments for exemption if you file a return for 1970 showing no tax due because of the immorality and illegality of U.S. military expenditures, even if IRS subsequently rejects your reasoning and assesses tax against you. Likewise, if you file no return at all, your non-existent return can not show any tax due.

Now, it has always been a puzzle to me how a person who believes in conscience that taxes should not be paid could file a return showing taxes as a "balance due." That is self-contradictory. If the tax is acknowledged to be due, it ought to be paid. If it ought not to be paid, it shouldn't be shown as "due."

The IRS calls the income tax a "self-



## Socialism In Tanzania:

An Experiment That Works

October . . . somewhere in Arusha, not far from the "snows of Kilimanjaro," in a corner of Africa where hordes of aging Americans in green uniforms (you can't have a real safari without a uniform) rush about in little zebra-striped cars, hoping that the next turn of the road will disclose some satiated lion indolently drowsing in the branches of a tree; two men stand face to face addressing an assembled crowd, which listens to them attentively. One, Obedi Ole Mejooll, is the incumbent deputy of the district; the other, Joel Solomon Kivuyo, is his challenger. A few days later, on October 30th, the inhabitants will choose Kivuyo to represent them in the Tanzanian Parliament at Dar es Salaam. Yet both men belong to the same party, T.A.N.U. (Tanzania African National Union), which, since 1964, has conducted the struggle against British colonialism and, since independence in 1961, has struggled for the political and economic development of the country.

Since 1965, T.A.N.U. has been the only legal party in Tanzania, because under the multi-party constitutional regime that preceded it, the electors had inadequate freedom of choice . . . T.A.N.U. was, in effect, the only important party, the only one enjoying genuine popular support, and its candidates usually had no opposition, or if they did, their opponents were automatically bound to lose, so great was the popularity of T.A.N.U., the party of Julius Nyerere,

the party that had won independence. Tanzanians thus had not much scope for decision: either they supported T.A.N.U. and were obliged to accept whatever personage was offered or they withheld their support from T.A.N.U., in which case their choice was much simpler, but those who chose to do so were an insignificant minority.

**Socialism as a Continuous Creation**

Here as elsewhere, the "Westernized" democratic model, which the British authorities had tried to impose when their colonies attained independence, proved a total failure, a grossly inflexible system and one completely unadapted to local realities.

Tanzania had decided to develop, politically and economically, along socialist lines. Since it refused to content itself with the reiteration of high-sounding principles, but on the contrary, conceived of socialism as a continuous creation, which must issue from the permanent confrontation of the concrete problems and the declared goals, and as a collective undertaking involving not only the leadership (the "elites") but the people as a whole, it was obliged to discard the old system, which actually reflected the division of Western societies into classes. Since this division does not exist in Tanzania (or not yet), it was necessary to provide new institutions.

After careful deliberation, it was decided that T.A.N.U. would be the sole

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ing dependents or any other specific basis for the exemption.

Who is eligible to claim this exemption? I say, "EVERYBODY." It is morally impossible to incur a liability to support evil purposes and actions. Since at least 70% of Federal taxes is spent for military or war-related purposes, and much of the balance for useless or harmful purposes, it is impossible to incur a liability to pay Federal income tax.

Who is eligible to claim exemption according to IRS? On the back of the W-4E it says, "You may be entitled to claim exemption from withholding of Federal income tax if you incurred no liability for income tax for 1970 and you anticipate that you will incur no liability for income tax for 1971. For this purpose, you incur tax liability if your joint or separate return shows tax before allowance of any credit for income tax withheld. If you claim this exemption, your employer will not withhold Federal income tax for your wages."

According to his definition, you would technically satisfy the require-

assessed tax." When you file showing tax due, they are empowered to accept your assessment and proceed to collect immediately. If you show no tax due, even if they disagree with you, they must first reassess the tax themselves and give you extensive opportunities for legal appeals, before they may proceed to collect on their claim. Therefore, it is foolish and self-defeating to show tax as due, if you sincerely believe that it ought not to be paid.

There are several ways to assert your claim that no tax is due:

- 1) you may claim extra exemptions on line 11, on the ground of obligations to all mankind as brothers and members of one family;
- 2) you may claim an adjustment of your income on line 17, based on your principled opposition to militarism;
- 3) you may itemize a deduction on line 16 of Schedule A, claiming deduction of your whole taxable income on similar grounds.

Perhaps the soundest approach is to

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## 36 East First

By KATHY SCHMIDT

Community — Funny that Dorothy should hand me the book, "The Little Community — Peasant Culture" by Robert Redfield, and ask me to read it and lead a discussion on the topic some Friday night for our meeting. Funny, because that word has been running through my mind ever so many times in the four months I've spent at the Catholic Worker.

So far, I haven't even read the book, but my own musings on the topic seem to want to spill out as they are.

"Community" is a word which defies definition. It is something that must be experienced. This experience admits of innumerable ways and varying degrees, for it is a description of human encounters and relationships. The multiple possibilities of forms and situations in which this may occur has struck me over and over again during these months.

One particular week in which each day was filled with different encounters, included a day in Civil Court where my roommate, Sandy, and I were called upon to testify regarding our rights to occupy our apartment, since the landlords had decided that they didn't want such "bad numbers" as tenants. They felt that we would join the rent strike going on in our building, to demand that they repair the numerous violations on record for some thirty years.

A second day was spent, a normal work day at Bellevue Hospital with the usual doctor-nurse-patient-relative-administration-departmental relationships, unbelievably complicated by the language and economic problems of the poor Puerto Rican and Negro patients.

A third day, I was also at Bellevue, involved in the rare experience of MGM's shooting of a scene for the movie "Speed is of the Essence" on the floor where I worked.

Other days and other duties have taken me to Emergency Welfare Offices; to a hotel room to watch three beautiful black children who had been abandoned there until they could be placed in homes by the Children's Bureau, while their mother delivered her tenth illegitimate child; a mid-night trip to Brooklyn accompanying a young drug addict desperately trying to break herself of the heroin habit; an early morning vigil with another young woman undergoing a psychotic break because life's pressures were too great for her to cope with any other way; an hour spent kneeling on the sidewalk, holding a seizing man until the police and ambulance arrived. More positive experiences included an afternoon with the Farm Workers picketing Dow Chemical to oppose

their support of Bud Antle lettuce growers who refused to support the union; and several Sunday afternoon meetings with a newly formed women's group, raising consciousness of societies' exploitation of people.

Then came word that Catherine Tarangue's son had died in one of the six fires on First Street that occurred in one week. Catherine herself was in Bellevue for about a week with burns on her hands and feet. Her home and belongings were all gone. Next, Julia came home from work one evening to announce, "the devil's loose." She had been robbed on the way.

A thought kept occurring to me as the above events battered their way into my formerly rather simply constructed vision of reality and life. I watched all of the various systems closely—the court with its whole legal and judicial proceedings, the hospital and medical complex, the welfare system, the theatrical world, the drug culture,—each had its own rituals, even its own vocabulary. Yet, they weren't basically so different. I remembered a statement I'd made weeks before while a drunken woman yelled insultingly at me, "I guess we're all alcoholics in some way or other." We were all human beings, all people with cravings and needs.

Needing, is one of the most basic things that people share, and the experience of sharing our commonness—needs, sorrows, joys, hopes, and dreams is the experience of community.

That all sounds good, but if there is anything that these four months have shown, it's that community can be more than theory. Especially this time during the Christmas season, there has been true and deep sharing.

The Christmas atmosphere appeared in visible form one evening after Earl brought in our tree. Walter got out the lights, which Marcel unwound and dutifully tested. Everyone in the house helped decorate, and soon there could be no question that Christmas was near. Frank Donovan shared a bag of grapefruit, Dana made hot chocolate, and with homemade cookies the evening was made into a party.

The Friday evening before Christmas, Carmen Mathews delighted everyone from Miguel and Nelson, two neighborhood boys, to Scottie, with her reading of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Put in the Christmas mood, the house was soon ringing with Christmas carols accompanied by harmonica and guitar.

Other Friday evenings brought Jacques Travers to tell us about Madeleine Delbrel, who lived with the poor in the Paris slums and attempted to lay groundwork for Marxist-Christian dialogue; and Dan and Elizabeth Marshall to recount their experiences at Taena community in England. The Arc in France and San Jose Obrero, in Malaya, Spain all run by friends of the Catholic Worker community here.

Christmas eve at the Worker, Santa

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## Operation Move-In

By MARGOT JAHNKE

The Operation Move-In story is a tale of desperation, determination, and daring. It is the story of 200 families who refuse any longer to accept the degradation of welfare-type hotels or the dangerous living conditions of slum apartments. They dare to defy the city in general and Urban Renewal in particular.

Housing exists, and these families risk daily harassment and arrest to claim and keep it. The OMI story's setting is the 20-square-block West-side Urban Renewal area.

### URBAN REMOVAL

When this Urban Renewal area was established approximately 10 years ago, 9000 families were displaced. These families were offered alternate housing, not necessarily in the community, and often at the far end of Brooklyn or way out in the Bronx.

Alternatively, a cash settlement was given which was not based upon the number of persons in the family, but upon the number of rooms in the apartment from which the particular family was being removed. This means that a family of 12 in four rooms received the same settlement as a family of two in four rooms.

This was particularly hard on families with many children, most of whom found it impossible to obtain another apartment. Landlords simply do not want to rent to large families, certainly not for the amount of most of the settlements.

So, the results of the Urban Renewal plan were these: dispossession of 9000 families; dislocation to communities far from their jobs and schools and friends; unfair apportionment of settlement funds; and the literal

Fifteen people in four rooms decided to take a stand against the dangerous squalor of their living conditions, of which rats, roaches and vermin were a normal part. Backed by angry members of the community, they broke into a tinned-up Urban Renewal apartment and moved in. Thus, the first squatters were established.

Typical of the mass move-ins that followed, in which entire buildings were taken over by squatters, was one which occurred one rainy night when 15 families besieged a tinned building on West 89th Street, breaking in and remaining in an all-night vigil of singing and watchfulness. They were threatened with arrest, but they held their ground—and their apartments—and they won. Then followed weeks of hard work, for they had virtually to rebuild these apartments.

The city, fearing squatters, had broken out windows and frames, torn off front doors, wrecked bathrooms. But the people of OMI were undaunted. No longer would they consent to homelessness when salvageable apartments existed.

### Beginnings of Community

Homes were not all the OMI squatters were creating. By their mutual co-operation and support, there emerged a strong community spirit and an awareness of many common needs. As a result, storefronts were also "liberated": one for a children's day-care center; one for an alternate, tuition-free high school; another for a local chapter of Women's Lib, which is meeting many of the community's needs in the areas of childcare, welfare counseling, homemaking assistance, and the serving of free meals. Another store-



front is devoted to OMI's educational center, which sponsors a first aid course and other educational programs and films, and is in the process of establishing free medical services.

### City Hostile to Squatters

What is the city's attitude toward the OMI squatters? At first, it could perhaps be described best as outraged toleration. After months of negotiation, the city began to replace broken windows, put boilers into working condition, made a paint allowance, repaired plumbing. It soon became clear, however, that this assistance would not be permitted to continue and, despite the fight made by OMI to obtain it, it dwindled until an official policy statement was made by Housing Administrator Albert Walsh last October. Instead of the former guarantor of sanitation, safety, and heat, the squatters were now granted only heat, and it was quite clear that even this was begrudged. The city also issued an ultimatum that no more buildings were to be opened by OMI, and that no new squatters would be permitted after October 27.

Why not? That's what everyone would like to know. The squatters are not costing the city any appreciable

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Due to the recent tragic death of Mary Hughes, ON PILGRIMAGE and A FARM WITH A VIEW were not written this month.

# New Resistance To War Taxes

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file no return at all. (The main disadvantage of this, besides its being illegal, is that IRS agents sometimes file distorted returns in your name, claiming excessive amounts of tax.) I didn't file for ten years, but IRS agents have filed seven returns in my name showing more than \$2000 in tax and penalties due.

On April 8, 1970, I filed a return for 1969 in a personal interview with E. P. Trainor, the District Director at the Chicago office of IRS. On the 1040 Form I filled in my name and address. Under SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER, I wrote "Peace;" under OCCUPATION, I wrote "Love;" across the face of the return I wrote in bold letters, "WE WON'T PAY—STOP THE WAR—STOP THE DRAFT—STOP MILITARISM," for FIRST NAMES OF DEPENDENT CHILDREN, I wrote "All Men Are Brothers;" under OTHER DEPENDENTS, I claimed "A Vietnamese child killed at Song My, an American soldier killed in Vietnam;" and I filled in a total of three and a half billion exemptions for the whole population of Earth; under BALANCE DUE, PAY IN FULL WITH RETURN, I put "\$0.00;" then I signed with my name and the date.

Mr. Trainor and his henchmen haven't figured that year out yet, but they can't say I didn't file.

Before you follow my advice and my example, I wish to speak a word of caution: Everything here is my interpretation. Don't expect the IRS, U.S. Attorneys, Federal Juries, or Courts of Appeal to buy a word of it. In the November 1969 and January 1970 issues of the Catholic Worker, I published landmark articles on how to claim sufficient exemptions on the W-4 Form to prevent the withholding of war taxes. Many people all over the country tried out these ideas effectively, but several lost their jobs for persisting, and three were tried and convicted in Federal courts for claiming illegal exemptions. If you can't stand heat, stay out of the kitchen. If you can't do time, don't commit crime.

If you have a concern of conscience about paying war taxes, but feel unready to face the possible consequences of the

methods of resistance outlined above, the present tax rate provisions give ample opportunity to stop paying war taxes, without violating any provisions of the tax laws, if you are willing to live in reasonable simplicity and voluntary poverty in the spirit of the Catholic Worker movement.

Under the present law an individual may earn up to \$1700 a year without any obligation to file a return or pay Federal income tax. A married person with three dependent children could earn up to \$4300 a year without having any tax withheld or due. Form W-4E was actually introduced by IRS so that such persons, earning less than the minimum yearly taxable incomes by working for only a few months out of the year, would not have taxes withheld and would not have to apply for refunds months after they earned the money. You can find the complete tables of tax withholding rates and other information in CIRCULAR E, EMPLOYER'S TAX GUIDE, available for the asking at your local IRS office.

I do believe that we should all strive to live in a simpler way. If we work part time for wages and live on less than taxable incomes, we will have extra time to grow, create and do more things for ourselves, or to offer our work as a gift to people in need of it. Even if we work full time for taxable wages, but successfully resist collection of the taxes, we should still live simply in order to share our surplus money with others who are in need. I have done this all my adult life and intend to go on with it.

One hundred and eighty years ago, our brother rebel Tom Paine wrote:

"... were an estimation to be made of the charges of Aristocracy to a Nation, it will be found nearly equal to that of supporting the poor. The Duke of Richmond alone (and there are cases similar to his) takes away as much for himself as would maintain two thousand poor and aged persons. Is it then any wonder that under such a system of Government, taxes and rates have multiplied to their present extent? In stating these matters, I speak an open and disengaged language dictated by no passion but that of humanity. To me who have not only

refused offers because I thought them improper, but have declined rewards I might with reputation have accepted, it is no wonder that meanness and imposition appear disgusting. Independence is my happiness, and I view



things as they are, without regard to place or person; my country is the world, and my religion is to do good." (THE RIGHTS OF MAN, Modern Library edition, page 241)

If we do not live by these principles, how are we different from the warfare state we condemn?

The budget and accounting methods of the Federal administration are confusing. They have recently been modified to deliberately de-emphasize the role of military expenditures as a proportion of the Federal budget, enabling Nixon to claim that they count for less

than 50%. This has been done by counting all separately raised and earmarked revenues, such as Social Security revenues and payments, as part of one budgetary total. Then the large Social Security payments can be thrown in the pot and counted as part of domestic expenditures for health and welfare.

Rejecting this ruse, it is possible without detailed analysis to estimate that between 70% and 80% of all Federal income and excise tax revenues is spent for military programs and purposes that are intimately related to the cost of past and present military activities. According to individual judgment this estimate might include veterans benefits, space research and technology, various "international affairs" programs, certain "Justice Department" activities, a percentage of the general administrative expenditures, and the interest and principal payments on the national debt, incurred primarily as a cost of World War II and the Cold War.

Awareness of these facts, plus the explanation of new methods of resistance, contributed to a tremendous growth in the movement of war tax resistance in 1970. In late 1969 a national coordinating center called WAR TAX RESISTANCE was established in New York. Its periodical bulletin, TAX TALK, lists 181 local centers of contact people all over the country.

Simple nonpayment of the Federal excise tax itemized on telephone bills is the easiest and most common form of principled tax resistance. WAR TAX RESISTANCE estimates that more than 100,000 people are now participating in this action. IRS agents expend great effort in collecting very small amounts of this tax, and they are hopelessly behind in their efforts to collect. I have paid no excise tax on telephone service since 1966 and IRS has succeeded in collecting only \$8.00 so far. WAR TAX RESISTANCE has a basic leaflet on phone tax resistance.

WAR TAX RESISTANCE estimates that 15,000 people participate in some form of income tax nonpayment, as a principled protest against militarism. We speak of those who consciously and explicitly relate to the war tax resistance movement, because we know that millions of our countrymen, from the highest to the lowliest, participate in tax resistance or evasion, largely because of unarticulated opposition to the basic policies of government. They will be our allies if their protest can become articulate and organized.

The most promising development in 1970 was the significant number of people who began to successfully resist payment of all or most of the income tax amounts that would be claimed under Federal law and regulations. Until 1970 the number of such total tax resisters was small and almost exclusively limited to self-employed persons or others who derived most of their income from sources not subject to withholding tax.

In articles for the Catholic Worker (November 1969 and January 1970) I explained how to beat the withholding tax by claiming enough exemptions on the W-4 Form that no tax could be withheld from one's wages. Widely reprinted and circulated in leaflet form, these articles offered an effective tax resistance method to almost any wage earner who had the courage to try it and risk the possibility of prosecution or harassment sometime in the future.

In his last letter to me before his death, Ammon Hennacy, a pioneer influence in our war tax resistance movement, glumly predicted that from fear of going to jail, there wouldn't be more than a handful in the country that would take up my idea. But Ammon was wrong in this case. I know that many have taken it up, and they are growing in numbers, because I keep hearing from them, particularly those in the Chicago area. Thousands of dollars have been held back from the military machine and donated to alternative uses that meet the real needs of people.

This movement will continue to grow from roots that are deep in the American... (Continued on page 4)

## Calcutta—Scourged City

By EILEEN EGAN

*This is the second of two articles on the visit made by Dorothy Day and Eileen Egan to Calcutta in the course of a round-the-world peace pilgrimage.*

I never thought during my earlier visits to Calcutta that one day I would come back with Dorothy Day and that we would stand together with Mother Teresa before the temple of Kali. The black image of the goddess, garlanded with human skulls and with a weapon in each of her four hands, was housed in the squat, silver-domed temple to our left.

Kali, of course, is the goddess of destruction, but only in the sense of purification by fire and violence. The city is named for the goddess who is said to have been venerated from time immemorial in the village of Kalikata, original site of Calcutta. We did not enter the temple, where pilgrims from Bengal and all of India make their continual propitiatory offerings of flowers and fruit. We came too late to see the pilgrims come out of the temple courtyard with the spot of blood on their foreheads—the blood from the goat or sheep offered up in morning sacrifice. Here one could see the primal concept of sacrifice, at the heart of every religion including the Judeo-Christian. One could also see that the idea of the remission of sins by the sacrifice of the innocent existed side by side with the Hinduism that excludes it.

The door we entered was that of the dharamsala, or pilgrims' hostel, attached to the temple. It was intended as overnight shelter for the very poor-

est of Kali's pilgrims. It is of Mogul design, decorated with scalloped arches and topped by eight lovely fluted domes. The hostel is now used by the poorest pilgrims of all, those who are picked up in the gutters and streets of the city, ready for the ultimate pilgrimage through the doors of death. Here Mother Teresa and the Missionaries of Charity feed and wash with loving hands the near-corpses covered with sores and filth. If the Sisters can do no more, they can at least provide a human death for men, women and even children who would otherwise die like untended animals covered with the spittle of the gutter.

It was a sultry day in September when Dorothy Day and I followed Mother Teresa as she went from pallet to pallet of the hostel. Such a hostel is the closest thing to the caravanserais which served the merchants and travelers on the ancient trade routes linking Europe and the Middle East with the heart of Asia. A dropped walkway spans the length of the massive room and people sleep in their covers side by side, their feet toward the center walkway. Because of its closeness to Kali's temple and to the ghat, series of steps leading to a nearby tributary of the Ganges, it is generally referred to as the Kalighat Hostel. In fact, the whole surrounding area is known as Kalighat. I had earlier visited the burning ghat where the dead are cremated at regular intervals. I knew that piles of dry wood were ready for new funeral pyres. As Mother Teresa spoke in Hindi, Bengali and English to a few wasted women, I wondered how soon one of them would be consigned to the flames.

An old woman, her wiry grey hair shorn like a man's, took Mother Teresa's right hand in hers and kissed it. Then she smiled happily at the three of us.

"She is a widow," said Mother Teresa. "No one wanted her. She would have died if we had not gotten her here in time. I think her chief disease is starvation."

"I suppose there is every disease known to man in this hall," I remarked. "But it is always coupled with starvation."

"You are right about the starvation," Mother Teresa observed, "but not every disease is here in Kalighat. I promised the Brahmin priests, when the Calcutta Corporation gave us the use of the Hostel, that we would not bring lepers here. Not even dying lepers. We have another hostel for them. I will take you there another day."

I forced myself to look about the room. Some of the women were still young, their eyes bright and shining above cheek bones that seemed about to break through the skin. Despite the stifling air, several old women wrapped themselves tightly in their cotton blankets and seemed to be shivering. A few were sitting on their haunches, and clasping their hands, gave us the Bengali greeting "Namaskar." Others lay curled up like shriveled infants, their eyes closed perhaps never to uncloset again. One or two who could not sit up waved brown stick-like arms and we went over and held their hands and smiled while Mother Teresa or Sister Jaya, the Sister-Nurse in charge, told them that we had come a long way to visit them.

The terror of a house of the dying, a... (Continued on page 4)

# CALCUTTA—SCOURGED CITY

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terror that had put icy fingers around my heart the first time I visited Kallighat a decade and a half earlier, was gone.

Sister Jaya, are all these women widows, even the young ones?" I asked. "They all have shorn hair."

In a Hindu village, a widow has her hair shorn—even if she is one of those child widows whose husband-to-be dies before the marriage is consummated.

"No," replied Sister Jaya. They're not widows, "Because of the overcrowding here lately we have had to cut the hair of most of the women who come. When they are washed and clean, they can let their hair grow again."

She teasingly patted the head of an old crone, who tilted up her head and gave her a red, gummy grin.

"We only have room for a hundred people, fifty women in this room, and fifty men in the other. Just now we have a hundred and thirty eight. Let's see, seventy-nine of them are women. That is why this corridor is filled with women."

Sister Jaya, whose name means "Victory," led us into the corridor that separated the women's hostel from that of the men. She was a strong, bouncing Bengali girl of slightly more than ordinary height.

"Despite your name, Sister," I wanted to know, "don't you sometimes feel defeated?"

"That would be easy. Come over and see today's figures."

On a blackboard, like a stark sum in arithmetic for some apocalyptic school, were the totals of Men 59, Women 79, then the date, and figure 5 for men Dead, 3 for Women Dead.

Eight dead today. We couldn't save them from the suffering, but we did our best to save them from what Mother calls the worst disease of all, the disease of being unwanted, cast-off. Our people go out of life with the love that Christ gave to us and that we pass on. If we would not be a part of the stream of love which God is always pouring out we could not come back here day after day. Come to the men's hostel. They are just ready to have their dinner."

There was a slab of stone between the two sections of the hostel and Dorothy Day and I sat down. Through the door at the left were brought the wasted bodies gathered up from the corners or railway stations, from sidewalks, from dirt streets in the poorest bustees or slum communities. If these frail scraps of humanity could not be nursed back to life, they went out the door to the right, most of them to the burning ghats where the piles of dry twigs were neatly stacked. The stray Muslim or Christian was taken for earth burial by religious societies. The smoke from the funeral pyres was the odor I always associated with Kallighat.

When we got to the men's hostel, they were half way through their meal, a kidgerie made of rice, vegetables and meat. The center walk was wet and slippery. Each man able to feed himself had dipped his fingers into the plastic glass of water that accompanied his dinner. Then he flicked the water into the dropped passageway and set to work on his meal with clean fingers. A patriarch with a white beard ate with careful motions while staring fixedly before him at something we could not see. A tall man with bony knees bulging out from wasted legs and thighs was being fed by one of the Missionaries of Charity. One of the latest arrivals, lying on a pallet near the door, was restrained from eating too much too quickly so that he would not die from the effects of a sudden full meal.

Sister Jaya was speaking. "One man who was being held in Mother's arms, looked up at her and said, 'I lived like an animal, and now I am dying like a human being. Why?'"

As we left, Dorothy Day looked around at men and women in Kallighat and said, "At my time of life one thinks of death every day."

We went out into the teeming street where beggars plucked at us, where somnolent cows blocked traffic, forcing cars and rickshaws to maneu-

ver around them, where the sidewalk was marked by bloody clots from the spit of betel chewers, where images of black Kall, were being hawked, where the onrush of people caught us in an implacable tide.

My mind was fixed on one thing, the collision of values that broke over the head of the persons in the Kallighat Hostel.

To the Hindu, death is the snake shedding its skin; the snake itself is the soul passing on to another habitation, while the worthless, cast-off skin is the body. Death, to him, is akin to a pollution.

If a poor man is about to die in a

and trundle them to the nearest hospital.

Again and again, the hospital authorities had to refuse new cases. 4,000,000 refugees had flooded the province of Bengal and its capital Calcutta after the partition of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan. Resources were strained beyond all imagining and the wonder is that with meagre aid, Indian official agencies were able to prevent wholesale death by famine and disease.

When she could get some rupees, Mother Teresa or one of her small band would hire a taxi and drive a moribund person to one of the city's



room belonging to a poor landlord, the landlord will put him outside for his last moments. In this way he will save the expense of scouring and repainting the room in a sort of ritual cleaning.

Such a landlord does not see a man in his last agony (in fact the word last is inconceivable in the Hindu system of a continuing wheel of deaths and re-births) but rather as one of a numberless series of passings.

The Hindu who walks by unmoved is seeing not only one of many inevitable passings, but also, where the suffering of the person is atrocious, a case of just retribution.

The man dying alone and friendless is paying a just price for evils done in one of his lives. Karma, the law of cause and effect in the moral world, works for ultimate justice, but it tends to rob the individual sufferer of his dignity.

He is assumed to be guilty of evil; the greater the evil committed, the greater the suffering. (Incidentally, a Hindu block to Jesus is the automatic question about the enormity of the crime that would lead to the enormous suffering of being impaled on a cross.)

The head-on collision is one of vision. Mother Teresa, seeing a man dying in an alley, gasping for breath while the worms crawl out of his nostrils, imputes no guilt to the sufferer. To her eyes he is unique, of infinite, irreplaceable value, another Christ, to be loved and served.

It was her simple living out of this vision that led to the founding of the Hostel for the Dying at Kallighat. Shortly after the beginning of the Missionaries of Charity in 1950, she pondered on what could be done for the cast-off people of the great, anguished city. Having no money, she would place them in a wheelbarrow

hospitals with no better results. And there came a time when taxi-drivers refused to accept the scabrous fares.

It was then that Mother Teresa rented rooms in one of the worst bustees and personally gave the loving service that reminded the cast-offs of their inviolable dignity as human beings. More and more room was needed for the unwanted who were now wanted and loved. The Missionaries of Charity came to be called "Prem Prochariko," the preachers of love—who never preached a word.

No one, it seems, objects to being treated as another Christ, honored, loved and served. From the dirt-floored rooms in the bustee, the work of caring for the dying moved to the Hostel at Kallighat. As time went on, more and more of the near-corpses came back to life with food and care.

Well over half of the thousands who have come through the doors of the Hostel have gone out cured and ready to take up the simple jobs that were found for them, mostly it seems, as "durwans," gatekeepers or guards.

I would need a book to describe the other events that happened to us in Calcutta and the work at the other centers of the Missionaries of Charity. A few scenes will hint at what we experienced.

**FLOOD:** Rains that were first called "mango showers" became a three-day uninterrupted deluge, turning into mounds of slime the mud and straw huts of countless thousands of the city's most destitute people. In streets that were under two or three feet of water, the only transport was the rickshaw. Schools were opened to give shelter to the homeless and to famished street-dwellers. For most of the children thus rescued, this would be their only contact with a school building. Responding to a plea for help from a man who had

swum ashore, Mother Teresa and her Sisters took a truck to the edge of Calcutta and evacuated two communities of recently resettled refugees from East Pakistan. Two women about to give birth were brought to the Children's Home to have their babies. As I stood on the shore waiting for the boats to arrive with the villagers, the rain let up and only occasional drops alighted on the broad leaves of the water hyacinth. I realized how typical of Bengal were the first words of the old Bengali Primer, "Jal Padey, Pata Nadey," Water Drips, Leaf Quivers. Eventually, all 700 of the villagers were safely housed in a High School in the center of the city and were helped by some of the revolutionary Naxalite students.

**BROTHERS OF CHARITY:** One day when we were immobilized by the floods, a tall thin man, carrying his shoes in his hands, waded through water up to his knees and came through our gate. He was Brother Andrew, a Jesuit priest from Australia who heads the Brothers of Charity, companion order to the Missionaries of Charity. Before he told us of his work among the lepers, the destitute who squat in the railway stations of Howrah and Sealdah, and the orphans of Dum Dum, he told Dorothy Day that he had read the Catholic Worker over twenty years. What he read there was decisive in crystallizing his vocation to concentrate on the poor. Later we met sixty Brothers at their Center in Kidderpore and found that they had no mark of a religious habit. They went about their work as ordinary men. They were in process of taking over the work of the men's hostel at Kallighat.

**LEPERS:** A tall Anglo-Indian stood by his cot in the shelter for lepers in Dhappa, one of the more sequestered bustees of sprawling Calcutta. Around him lay, or lounged, nearly fifty other lepers with eyes gouged and feet and hands rotted by the disease. He talked to me in English. "I used to be a second steward on a ship. I even went to New York twice. But now, but now," he held out two stumps for hands, "I am here." "This is the end," he was telling me, "the very last absolute end and I know it and you know it." He was talking for all the others with whom I could not communicate. I forgot the stench in conversing with him. The Missionaries of Charity come here regularly to clean scores and give the medication to halt the disease. The Incarnation has really happened and the Sisters are acting as if it had.

**GANDHI:** The young Naxalites have destroyed Gandhi libraries in Calcutta schools and universities. The statue of Gandhi at the edge of the Maidan, the main park, is surrounded by a thick wire fence and sandbags and is guarded by a patrol of soldiers day and night. At night, floodlights throw their beams continuously to circumvent the revolutionaries who are still bent on bombing the statue of the father of his country.

**VICTORIA MEMORIAL:** In the back of the ambulance, resting on a wicker chair and held by a young Sister, was a cadaverous woman. She was whimpering, trying to say something but not able to form the words. Every now and then a terrible throaty sound forced itself out of her mouth, as though she would die in the attempt to tell us something. She had had a stroke and was found amid piles of filth and rubbish in a rented room. We were on our way to Kallighat. I looked out of the ambulance and saw shining in the sun the marble dome of the gigantic Victoria Memorial. Mrs. John was an Anglo-Indian, once the bulwark of the lower-echelon imperial network of colonial India. I tried to disentangle the multiple symbol as we rode by, the Anglo-Indians reduced to destitution, the vaunting pride of the massive marble memorial now presiding over a city reduced to the slum of the world in the upheavals and partitions that accompanied the receding of an empire.

When Mother Teresa came to New York, she visited the Catholic Worker and spent an evening talking to the

(Continued on page 7)

# Food Caravan To Delano

Dear Dorothy:

It must be three or four years at least since you first inquired about a possible article on the United Farm Workers' strike for recognition from the grape growers. You have since published dozens of accounts of the struggle, from about every angle conceivable, and I have no doubt that these helped in the attainment of the recognition of the union which finally came earlier this year.

We first read about Cesar Chavez in the *Catholic Worker*, too, and this moved us to change our ways somewhat: we subscribed to *El Malcriado*; stopped buying grapes (a real penance because they're summer favorites around this household, and I remember how refreshing they were ice-cold when I had to get up in the middle of the night to feed babies); sent for the graphic calendar, a *Huelga* record, a Zapata poster; and sent in some trading stamps.

We talked about going up to Delano to see things at first hand, but any trip beyond the supermarket and the dentist becomes a major enterprise when you have several passionate children and a stationwagon which has already seen its best days.

But things kept prodding us. Beatrice Griffith (whose *American Mc*, published just after the war, is still the classic on the chicano) mentioned that she had rounded up enough food to fill a 2½-ton truck for Delano. You, yourself, passed through town the summer before last, tired but exhilarated after spending some time at Delano and going down to Coachella to help with the picketing.

Well, it took the Food Caravan appeal to finally move us. The thought that people up there might be doing without food, as he had more than once done, finally made Dad decide that he was going to collect food to go. We found friends and relatives generous; the general reaction was the same: everybody had been feeling they wanted to do something to help; everybody had been foregoing grapes for years; but what to do beyond that?

We had gotten up about five, left the house around seven—the stationwagon loaded down with about 600 pounds of us and about 500 pounds of provender. There was a detour, but we got back on the freeway just before the Ridge Route, just in time to pass some of the hills blackened in this year's terrible fires.

The new Ridge Route is a marvel compared with the old tortuous one, but trucks still have to weigh in before starting the climb and have to stop for brake-checks at least twice before the steeper descents.

And then to come down into what must be the flattest landscape in the world, with the roadway straight as an arrow for miles and miles, the view on either side consisting of vineyards alternating with cottonfields, with here and there the relief of an orange grove, a field of grazing sheep, a cotton-picking machine, a ginning plant with its hundreds of bales of cotton stacked and ready for market.

We finally made it to Delano, where, after asking directions a couple of times, we found Forty Acres, the headquarters of the United Farm Workers of California. Pete Velasco, who is in charge of the Defense Fund and therefore goes around calling himself Mr. Money and Greedy Pete, gave us a guided tour. We saw the huge hiring hall, with its colorful banners, which immediately made Dad feel at home, recalling the various seamen's hiring halls of his acquaintance; the two mobile trailer units making up the Robert Kennedy Memorial Clinic, which is in need of the more expensive items of equipment as well as another full time doctor or two; the long frame building which has been moved here to house the permanent clinic and which is in the process of being remodeled and roofed with red tile by volunteers; the small outbuilding that houses *El Malcriado*; and the mission-style gas station and garage and the adjoining arts and crafts shop, *El Taller Grafico*, which was having its grand opening. You didn't even have to close your eyes to get a picture of

what Forty Acres would eventually look like, even though a few years back this was nothing but a weedpatch alongside the town dump. As Delmore Schwartz has pointed out, in dreams begin responsibilities, and Forty Acres has come



this far along only because so many have come from far and near to invest here a piece of their lives. A young doctor has come all the way from Boston to give of his services; we met a nurse, a clerk at *El Taller Grafico*; we saw very young girls busy in the files at the hiring hall, the files at the clinic. They all call each other Brother and Sister.

We then decided we would stay for a meeting at which Cesar Chavez might speak, so Dad took us for a drive east into solid vineyard country where one couldn't help but notice the contrast between the occasional homes of the growers and the several workers' camps we passed.

We went back to the service station at Forty Acres so Dad could get some new points and some *Huelga* gasoline. I sat on one of the concrete benches built on the St. Augustine grass fronting the garage and began to feel the effects of the late news, the early rising, and the good lunch. One car after another drove up the driveway to Union headquarters. To one side of the service station was the four-acre patch of vegetables tended by the residents of Agbayani Village, who are retired farmworkers. One man was going along checking a row of tomatoes which were tied to stakes. Nearby was the produce stand from where, in season, the villagers sell their surplus. Right now the villagers live in a workers' camp purchased from Schenley, but Pete Velasco had told us that the set-up there was far from ideal for the elderly, with a communal latrine. It was hoped to build a community right here on Forty Acres where people who had worked hard in the fields all their lives could at last enjoy some ease.

Back at the Hall, Pete Velasco first thanked the group, explaining about the switching of the Food Caravan from Salinas to Delano, after the court order forbidding United Farm Workers from boycott activity in Salinas. His introduction of Cesar Chavez set off the applause that starts out mildly enough but rapidly builds up to a staccato crescendo that rocks the house. Apparently this is the usual greeting, but I was sort of knocked off my pins because it was the first time I had heard it. But our teen-agers were grinning from ear to ear. They loved it.

Cesar Chavez—and by now who does not know this pleasant face, this intelligence, this soft-spoken manner—more than fills the requirements of Saul Alinsky, who has said, "One thing I've learned in spades—though I didn't want to accept it for a long time—is this: organization doesn't come out of an immaculate conception. It takes a highly trained, politically sophisticated, creative organizer to do the job."

Shorthand would have helped, so this has gaps: Cesar Chavez spoke of "the dramatic and sudden change" that had come upon the movement after the contracts with the grape growers were signed last July 29, a change that was like going "from day to night." Geared to a picket-line mentality and work schedule, everyone was thrown off guard by the necessity of having "to turn our guys, our men and women, around, and getting them geared to success. Two thousand new members joined overnight, complicating the new problems of our own making . . . that came from our own success."

These problems included the setting

up of a health program and the coping with "growers who won't co-operate and who call you up and call you everything under the sun . . .", as well as with "growers who want to see what they can get away with."

During the past summer, the UFW had two main concerns, the maintenance problems of an established union, and the undertaking of the Salinas lettuce strike, which covered territory all the way from Salinas and Santa Maria north to Coachella south. But this union, Cesar said, was "one union that does well under pressure . . . with that old grey shirt coming at us." Since the first of August, the UFW had instituted six boycotts or threats of boycott connected with lettuce. Also, not all grape growers had yet signed up. There were some holdouts in the Fresno area, also in Lodi because the grape boycott had been lifted there in the switching over to lettuce. So there were, from time to time, spot boycotts against these individual growers.

The lettuce campaign began with United Fruit, headquartered in Guatemala, who were asked to recognize the union and sign a contract superseding a previous one with the Teamsters. United Fruit's Inter-harvest is the largest lettuce grower. This step had come after a public request for elections in Salinas, to cover 50,000 farm workers in such California farming sectors as Guadalupe, Santa Maria, Oxnard; Phoenix, Arizona; and all the way into Colorado. Preliminary to the boycott, representatives were sent to Guatemala and to unions in Canada. "In less than two weeks, we got the best contract we have ever signed, but it required tremendous effort to lay the groundwork."

"Right now," said Cesar Chavez, "we are where we were in about 3½ years of grape boycott." As for victory soon, he could not say, since in Union time, "soon" could mean a period of months or even years. However, he added, "I doubt that any other people—poor people—have the kind of well-oiled machinery that we have



now." He mentioned friends spread out over Europe and the beginning of friendships in South America.

In the U.S. and Canada, thousands of workers would be organized in the next five years, he said, "provided we don't run out of gas, if we don't get carried away by the victories" and be reduced to "mere paperwork." Immediately after Delano, workers in other produce, in citrus, hops, sugar beets, were "literally begging to go on strike" and to become part of the union.

As for the immediate problems of the union, "most of us have less time now for outside activities than we did during the height of the Salinas strike. . . We have records coming out of our ears. Volunteers are now learning the task of administering the contract, now learn-

ing how to use the contract and get the employer to live up to it, and perhaps get a little more." In order to get a streamlined union, he said, "we have to eliminate a lot of faults."

"We are a poor union," Cesar continued, "Always in the red, especially this month." In 1962, he bluffed his way through insurance offices, calling himself the National Farm Workers Association, of which there was nothing of the kind, shopping around for a company which would sell death benefit insurance to farm workers. He was able to obtain some at \$1.40 per family, and he said to Dolores Huerta at the time, "One day, the growers will pay for this insurance."

In Arizona, about 800 workers were signed up before "the Birchers came in" and told the remainder that they didn't have to join the union, that this was a provision of the 1949 Taft-Hartley law, whose Section 14B gives states the power to determine the union shop question. They did not mention the fact that this law does not cover agriculture. But there have been workers organized all the way from California to Texas. "I am firmly convinced that the best offense is defense," Cesar Chavez said.

Now trapped behind a desk with a telephone, "I get frustrated because I know I can do it—organizing," he said. Since he spoke these words in Delano before Thanksgiving, he has addressed a crowd of 2000 in New York City's Riverside Church, and then returned to Salinas, where he has been arrested for two violations of the anti-boycott order issued by a Monterey County superior judge. He has been given two five-day sentences to be served consecutively, and the union fined \$500 for each violation, for a total of ten days and \$1000. He now intends to remain in jail until the anti-boycotting order is lifted, and supporters have set up a nearby shrine where they intend to keep vigil until his release. (As of Dec. 23, Mr. Chavez has been out of jail pending appeal.)

Addressing the young people, the students, who were in the Hall that afternoon, he warned that organizing was not something to do as a hobby or on any part-time basis. "The only way to organize is fulltime, and you can't do it with a Cadillac. The day is over when you can impress poor people with a Cadillac. At least, they want to see that you're sacrificing more than they are. You never hope to organize everybody," he continued. "We will never get everybody together. Get 3% together and then you have something. We have 1½% of all the farmworkers in the country." "The rich have the money and you have the time. . ." You can't go to classes and organize, he said, you can't worry about time payments and organize.

"Non-violence doesn't win strikes," Cesar continued. "Non-violence is only a manner of doing things. You have to be able to suffer." He noted the turn-about amongst people: "People who were for non-violence are now violent and vice versa. People are just drifting and that's very bad."

Winding up, he answered questions from the floor: eighty to ninety per cent of contributions comes from other unions. There are now 600 fulltime union workers, all over the map. They get no salary, but their food allowance was recently upped because food stopped coming in. It had been \$10 a week, so maybe now they could go back to \$10 a week, he said, referring to the hill of food on the platform above and behind him.

Again, when he finished speaking, there was that measured and stirring applause. One of the girls happened to be in the powder room at the time and reported that the whole building shook.

Dad was among a group of fellows who had clustered around Cesar Chavez near an outside wall, and they all stood there for a long chat, while one most frustrated photographer rearranged the branches of a fir tree on the other side of the wall, trying to get at least a few views of the leader, even if it was only the back of his head.

We broke down again all right, conveniently at the weighing station before the ascent to the Ridge Route. After Dad had fixed what he could in the vanishing light, we began the climb up

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# SOCIALISM IN TANZANIA

(Continued from page 1)

party, the party of the masses, which would include the entire populace without distinction of any kind (Tanzania has the "good fortune" to be composed of over a hundred and twenty tribes, which are of roughly equal importance and weakly structured), in which the policies of the country could be thrashed out and through which these policies could be put into practice. Stress was placed on a stronger implantation of the Party among the masses, and the territory of Tanzania was covered with a network of cells (in principle, one for every ten households!) whose role was to stimulate the participation of the people.

This is more possible to the degree that the language used in politics is the same one spoken by the people: Swahili, which is spoken throughout the country. These organs at the base are connected with the Party leadership in a system akin to that of "democratic centralism."

At present, in each of the 107 districts of Tanzania, two candidates compete for the right to represent the citizens in Parliament. But already at the level of designation, the members of T.A.N.U. (which means, ideally, all the citizens of Tanzania and it can be said that, as the cell system gradually improves, the ideal is already in sight) have had their say. Every member of the Party can be a candidate for the candidacy, so to speak. The inhabitants of a given section choose a certain number from among these candidates and list them in their order of preference. This list is transmitted to the national Executive Commission, which finally selects two candidates, usually those whom the popular mandate has placed at the top of the list.

When it comes to the election of a President, the Party chooses a single candidate. The ballots indicate two choices: "Yes" and "No." If the Nees win, the Party will have to designate a new candidate.

## Socialism Is an Attitude of Mind

No doubt it is possible to choose one person rather than another, no doubt the people of a man's (or a woman's) district can evaluate his work, the extent of his concern about the needs and the grievances of the workers (and it is not uncommon to see an incumbent, even a minister, turned out); but does this mean that the total policies of the government can be challenged?

To this question three answers can be given: first of all, the Tanzanian people have chosen T.A.N.U. to lead the country and this choice has never been repudiated; second, it is the President who suggests governmental policies and the T.A.N.U. candidate for President might conceivably not be elected. Such a decision would be of grave significance (although it would be most unlikely as long as Nyerere is around). Finally, the policy of the government is only the practical application of the policies defined by T.A.N.U., and its positions (as to their effects on the life of the people, which is what the electors are concerned about in making their decision) are the subject of the fullest possible internal discussion. These discussions are sometimes very lively, as can be seen from the example of the press, which is essentially controlled by the government (the *Standard*) or the Party (the *Nation*/Ujamaa) but enjoys a surprising freedom of expression.

President Nyerere has always been personally vigilant to see that this freedom of discussion is maintained, both within the Party and without; one

of his principal maxims, which has also been the traditional assemblies, the Baraza, is: "It is necessary to talk until agreement is reached." Thus, when Tanzania won its independence, when the first great victory was attained, Julius Nyerere, who was then Prime Minister, resigned, temporarily abandoned the leadership and traveled around the country in order to listen, to learn, and finally to understand just how the Party had to be reorganized so that it would be prepared to confront "the second stage of the struggle": the campaign for economic and social development.

President Nyerere likes to say that "socialism, like democracy, is an attitude of mind." What this means is that the President refuses to embrace any ideology or pre-established framework that is to be imposed on reality, whether the reality resists it or not. This does not mean that Tanzanian socialism must be, as a number of "African socialisms" are, only a vain slogan, a fetish invoked on appropriate occasions to the accompaniment of a roll of drums. Socialism in Tanzania is before anything else a struggle, a political struggle to free man from the evils that weigh him down: "sickness, poverty, and ignorance."

The legacy of the colonial period had been a very meager one: a few schools (no university), a bare minimum of sanitation, and inadequate, antiquated system of transportation, no industrialization; only, in the North, some large plantations owned by European colonizers, which exported coffee, tea, sisal, and cotton.

Tanzania's economic situation at the time of independence was consequently very poor. A procedure was called for that would permit relatively rapid economic growth, but the kind of growth that would above all improve the standard of living of the populace as a whole. It would also have to avoid too strong a dependence on foreign aid, or at least on any single source of aid. It must be acknowledged that at the beginning there was a lot of fumbling and even that errors were committed.

On the advice of the World Bank, the emphasis was placed, in the industrial sphere, on the production of "importation substitutes"; in the agricultural sphere, on the production of foodstuffs. But this method of development was too heavily dependent on foreign aid; increasing the gap between the urban centers and the country, it culminated in practice in the creation of a "bourgeoisie" directly controlling the means of production or indirectly controlling the decisions of economic policy, and a privileged class (in comparison to the peasants) of

urban wage-earners. Moreover, the profits from this development tended to vanish abroad, contributing neither to the formation of national capital nor to the improvement of the lot of the great mass of the Tanzanian population.

## An Ultra-Modern University

It is this policy as a whole that was placed on trial when a national executive committee of T.A.N.U. met at Arusha on February 5, 1967. At the conclusion of this memorable day a Declaration was proclaimed, which was to be the real charter of Tanzanian socialism; it defined the policy of the government for the coming years and shed new light on the problems of development in Africa. It stated that "the major means of production and exchange" must be "under the control of the peasants and workers," that "it is stupid to rely on money as the major instrument of development," that "gifts and loans will endanger our independence" and that "we have put too much emphasis on industries."

After the Arusha Declaration, the government became in fact the majority shareholder in most of the large industrial and commercial enterprises operating in Tanzania. The manage-



ment of these shares was entrusted to an organism of the state: the National Development Corporation. In this way the development of the country would be in the hands of the Tanzanians themselves. In what pertains to agriculture and rural life, the trend is towards the grouping of the peasants in units of collective production, the Ujamaa Villages (the movement is under way and is progressing slowly but, it appears, surely) responsible not only for agricultural production but also for the improvement of local infrastructures by means of what have been called "Self Help Schemes." Education was likewise revolutionized by the Arusha Declaration: bookish and "academic" instruction tends to be replaced by an apprenticeship to life and to production in "farm-schools." This does not mean that "basic" education is to be neglected but that, given the state of economic development of Tanzania and the small amount of funds the government can devote to national

education (although it is the most important (with its twenty per cent of the total budget), it must assure at the primary level the formation of producers who will serve the community, and at the secondary level, very rigorously selected (according to criteria of ability, of course, and not of wealth or status), the formation of thinkers who will be "members and servants of the kind of just and egalitarian future to which this country aspires." It should also be pointed out that the University of Dar es Salaam would, because of its architectural conception and execution and the modernity of the facilities, placed at the disposal of its students, make any student in France green with envy.

Economic policy and domestic policy in general (with the publication of the principles of T.A.N.U., the stipulation that government and Party leaders must come from the workers and receive only one salary, and consequently are forbidden to own the means of production or derive income from rent, etc.) have thus taken a new tack with the Arusha Declaration. But there is no aspect of life, including foreign policy, that has not been influenced by it.

Non-alignment, or what might be called "positive" neutralism (in the sense that at all times and places Tanzania has supported, or believed in supporting, peoples struggling for their dignity and independence; it is host, for example, to the Liberation Committee of the Organization for African Unity and to most of the nationalist movements of southern Africa), has been reinforced by its determination to avoid political or economic dependence on any developed country or bloc. The prestige of Tanzania and its influence in international organizations (the O.A.V. in particular) have also increased. It exercises a kind of spiritual leadership in East Africa, and the partial nationalization of industry that has taken place recently in Uganda was clearly inspired by the measures taken a few years earlier in Tanzania.

Such is the country of which France knows little: one of the few genuinely socialist States in Africa, the only one in which everything possible is done to enable the people to participate wholeheartedly in political life, so that the fruits of development, however slow and uncertain this development may be, will benefit the population as a whole. It is unquestionably one of the most exciting and enriching socialist experiments existing today.

(Translated by Martin J. Corbin)

N.B. The boldface quotations are drawn from the writings or speeches of President Nyerere.

# NEW RESISTANCE TO WAR TAXES

(Continued from Page 3)

can tradition. The ideas of Thoreau's *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, fruit of his brief imprisonment for war tax resistance, are well-known today. But a century before Thoreau our forefathers made their stand for independence in resistance to unjust taxes. Both the American Revolution and the French Revolution were organized around the issue of resistance to taxation. Tom Paine understood this well because he was active in both.

In 1791 he published in England a powerful polemical tract on *THE RIGHTS OF MAN* to stir the people of England to a similar revolt. His most persistent theme of grievance is the criminal burden of war taxes imposed on the people by power hungry men in government. He vividly describes the genesis of the French Revolution, including the refusal of the Parliament of Paris, in 1788, to register the edicts of the King and Government seeking to enforce new taxes:

"While the Parliament were sitting in debate on this subject, the Ministry ordered a regiment of soldiers to surround the House and form a blockade. The members sent out for beds and provisions, and lived as in a besieged citadel; and as this had no effect, the commanding officer was ordered to

enter the Parliament House and seize them, which he did, and some of the principal members were shut up in different prisons. . . . But the spirit of the Nation was not to be overcome, and it was so sensible of the strong ground it had taken, that of withholding taxes, that it contented itself with keeping up a sort of quiet resistance, which effectively overthrew all the plans at that time formed against it."

(*RIGHTS OF MAN*, Modern Library Edition, page 149).

On this strong ground let us also take our stand for a quiet battle, more effective against wrong, more productive for good purposes than any other I can think of.

Yours for a gentle revolution

January 1, 1971

Karl Meyer

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List of sources for information and communication:

WAR TAX RESISTANCE

339 Lafayette Street

New York, N.Y. 10012

Phone (212) 477-2970

Send \$1 and ask for

1) WTR Handbook

2) Hang Up On War telephone tax refusal leaflet,

3) reprint of Karl Meyer's *Fund For Mankind* article from Nov. 1969 CW

or send me to help with their crucial work of coordinating the communication and work of the movement. THE PEACEMAKER

10208 Sylvan Avenue

Cincinnati, Ohio 45241

A valuable periodical for all who are interested in draft resistance, tax resistance, and radical life styles. Send \$4 for a subscription, plus their *Handbook On Nonpayment Of War Taxes*, which includes many informative case histories. I further recommend that all tax resisters contribute a substantial percentage of the money not paid to the PEACEMAKERS SHARING FUND at the same address. The FUND is a valuable channel of mutual aid for war resisters and their families, when they suffer from imprisonment or financial hardship as a result of their stand.

KARL MEYER

1209 West Farwell Street

Chicago, Illinois 60626

Phone (312) 764-3630

Call me or write to me for personal counseling and encouragement. If you write, send two six cent stamps for my reply and any leaflets I may send you.

WANT TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS? . . . or affect a million lives. Cesar Chavez's farm workers movement needs additional doctors and nurses to staff their new clinic opening in late spring. The clinic will be equipped with complete x-ray, laboratory and pharmacy. Full outpatient services will be provided including emergency room. The Delano clinic is the first step of state wide pre-paid plan for farm workers. Salary negotiable. Contact: Marion Moses, Rodrigo Terronez Memorial Clinic, P.O. Box 610, Delano, Calif. 93215.

# Calcutta—Scourged City

(Continued from page 4)

staff and guests at one of the Friday round tables. In Calcutta, Dorothy Day was asked to the Motherhouse of the Missionaries of Charity and spoke to about a hundred of the novices and members of the community. As they sat together, I thought of what united Mother Teresa and Dorothy Day: it was not just their obvious love for the poor, not just their identification with the poor, but their love and identification with Jesus in the poor.

Each reinforced the other in living a life of gospel poverty and in an unremitting, seemingly absurd, dependence on the providence of God. To both, the example of Jesus in performing the works of mercy, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, healing the sick, is the central reality, of the Christian life. But each had a special genius in fleshing out this reality.

In her talk, Dorothy Day reinforced the young Indian women (among them were also a few sari-clad girls from Ireland, Germany, Malta) in their vow to "give wholehearted, free service to the poorest of the poor." She told them how groups of lay people in the United States had settled themselves in slum sections of American cities, and in communities on the land, to try to carry out a similar mission.

The young women were eager to learn how such houses of hospitality could be kept going without the continuity of a staff vowed to the work. Dorothy Day saw this as another aspect of dependence on the providence of the Creator. When young people are free to come and go, there is a constant turnover in the community. The only provision for the continuity of the work of the Catholic Worker is not in human hands but in the free response of unrelated people to the promptings of the Spirit.

Dorothy Day told them of the three-fold program of Peter Maurin, "Cult, Culture and Cultivation," of the round table discussions for "clarification of thought" and of the monthly publication of the "Catholic Worker."

She mentioned that her work for peace and human rights had taken her to prison. This occasioned a great stir of interest and prompted questions on the number of times she had gone to jail and the length of the two programs of carrying out the works of mercy to human creatures seen as other Christs.

They went about dressing the sores of lepers, caring for the dying, teaching the children of the poor, bringing medical care to the mother and child in slum communities and teaching skills to young people cut off from productive living.

But they did not preach and left no tracts behind. They trusted that the surrounding community would catch their spirit of love and participate in it. This had happened in a marvelous way, first in Calcutta, then in twenty other cities of India, and then in five countries beyond India.

In Calcutta, members of every religious community, Parsee, Muslim, Hindu and Christian, as well as those who professed no creed, joined in the work begun by Mother Teresa. Americans have joined in the work through Catholic Relief Services and the National Council of Catholic Women.

When Dorothy Day told them of our next destination, Tanzania, she indicated her concern for the larger aspects of the works of mercy. She told them that in Tanzania efforts were being made to change society so that there would be greater justice for workers, greater protection for the weak, a more human organization of life on the land. She told of the necessity to oppose those systems that frustrate the works of mercy, exploitative capitalism and racism, and especially the institution that annihilates the works of mercy altogether, namely war.

Dorothy Day praised the discipline of the life of the Missionaries of Charity, and their decision to work on the streets rather than to set up institutions where they brought the needy to live with them. They told her that

every Thursday, they all spent the day in meditation and prayer. They are up every day at 4:30 to meditate and attend the liturgy before they take off in teams to Kalighat, Dhappa, Motijhil, Kidderpore and other corners of the city. They all come back at night.

We saw how their dormitories flanked a busy Calcutta artery, Lower Circular Road, where the clanging of streetcars, the honking of aged taxis, the cries of street hawkers and the talk of an unending army of pedestrians went on day and night. We spent part of an afternoon at meditation in the chapel on the fourth and top story of the Motherhouse, a floor that is the same size as the two dormitories below it. At first, I was inundated by noise, but as time went on I found myself caught up in contemplating the implications of the simple words "I Thirst" that were painted under a large, roughly carved crucifix. The lowered windows, always open against the suffocating heat, still let the noise crash through, but I stopped hearing it. I argued that with sufficient peace of mind, coupled with sufficient exhaustion after a long day's work, one could manage to sleep alongside Lower Circular Road. "I Thirst," I noted, was painted on the front wall of the chapels of the Missionaries of Charity in aboriginal country in Australia, in the heart of Tanzania and in the jungle of Venezuela.

Each of the two women who were kneeling before me in the Calcutta chapel blazed forth a special genius. With an unerring precision coupled with the wild abandon of faith, each had gone straight to the least wanted, the poorest in her society, one to the poor of the megalopolis of New York the other to the poor of the megalopolis of Calcutta. Each had insisted on face-to-face contact with those who might seem unlovable, but who were lovable in the all-embracing love of the universal brother, Jesus.

Since our visit to Mother Teresa in Calcutta, she has been awarded the Pope John XXIII Peace Prize. Kneeling in the baroque Vatican setting, surrounded by gold-braided ambassadors and twelve cardinals, the small women received the donation of \$25,000 which came from the funds of a peace prize given to Pope John before his death. She intends to use it for Shantinagar, Town of Peace, a village of leper families outside Calcutta. She was receiving the Peace Award for works of mercy. It is becoming clearer every day that the works of mercy are the works of peace, and that mercy is only love responding to the needs of the person loved.

Pope Paul related the award to the theme of World Peace Day for the year 1971, "Every Man is My Brother." In living out this theme, Mother Teresa and Dorothy Day are as one. The Catholic Worker also insists on teaching, in season and out, the corollary of this theme, "No Man is My Enemy." In the divided, war-riven epoch in which we live, the clarification of this latter theme demands all that we can muster in the way of communication and witness.

At the end of the meeting with the Missionaries of Charity, Dorothy Day remarked on the simple crucifix pinned to the sari on the left shoulder of each Missionary of Charity. Without this mark, the dress would be hardly different from that of the poor Indian housewife. Mother Teresa asked Dorothy Day if she would be willing to join the Missionaries of Charity in wearing one. Dorothy Day said she would.

Mother Teresa took out a large safety pin and a crucifix about two inches long. Pinning it on Dorothy Day's blue and white cotton dress, she said, "You are now a spiritual Missionary of Charity. There are 700 of us in the world, including professed Sisters, novices and aspirants. You are one of us."

The remaining article on India will deal with the work of such friends as Elizabeth Reid and Deborah Schak of the Grail who are involved in important development projects from their Delhi Center. It will also deal with our visiting with Devendra Kumar, Gupta of the Gandhi Memorial Trust in Delhi.

# Operation Move-In

(Continued from page 2)

amount of money. The buildings are standing in livable condition, unused and wasted. The squatters, in every instance, have worked hard to make them better places and have fixed up their apartments attractively. They take pride in their homes. Apparently the city prefers to spend its money housing families for as much as \$700 to \$1000 per month per family in welfare-type hotels and motels rather than pay for fuel and manning the boilers in 35 buildings for an approximate monthly cost of \$2000. That's \$700 per family against approximately \$2000 for 200 families! A welfare case worker recently said that if a family, living in a privately-owned apartment, had their rent raised, they would be removed from the apartment and

at this point, claimed not only that they could not help these families under the existing rules, but that they actually had no place to put them. This was untrue, for on West 87th Street was a house in which only one tenant, paying rent to the city, still lived. Several apartments were available in this building, and OMI put these families into them on a temporary basis. There was never any question of its being a permanent move-in. Nevertheless, Commissioner Amelia Betanzos ordered the immediate arrest of all three families. The community was outraged, and 35 community workers, OMI officials, and many from El Comité barricaded themselves inside the apartment building, risking certain arrest. Several hundred others rallied outside



placed in a welfare hotel. He cited one family whose welfare rent limit was \$140. Their landlord raised this by \$20 per month, which the welfare department refused to pay. Instead, this family of 11 was moved from the neighborhood in which they had been living for several years into a motel way up in the Bronx. How much monthly rental was the welfare department now paying to avoid that \$20 a month increase? \$1200!

## Few Options for the Homeless

OMI is not concerned solely with their own members' welfare and rights. They are deeply concerned with every aspect of housing, both public and private. They are outraged that Columbia University is holding vacant 500 livable apartments, that the city is holding several thousand more in other Urban Renewal areas, and that private landlords are withholding thousands more for the purposes of tax rebates, driving rentals up, and remodeling low-income units into luxury apartments. And they are deeply concerned over the lack of emergency housing, which caused their latest attack by the city.

Emergency housing is simply not provided by the city except within very narrow limits. Eviction by a private landlord or homelessness because of fire or other disaster are not considered valid causes for emergency housing unless the victims are on welfare, and then the housing offered is deplorable. This policy also applies to families new to the city. Virtually, there is no emergency housing offered by the city of New York.

## Evictions and Arrests

In early November, three families who had been evicted by private landlords came to OMI in desperation. They had been turned down by every city agency. Being forced to operate under the new ban on opening other Urban Renewal buildings, OMI could not help them on a permanent basis. The city,

for hours in the first real cold spell of the season. The rally was orderly and positive, but charged with outrage, defiance, and determination that this injustice and others like it should cease. Finally, five hours behind schedule, in a delaying tactic designed to discourage and demoralize, the police arrived with 200 men of the Tactical police force, replete with baby-blue crash helmets and tear gas to arrest these mothers and their children. Arrested with them were the "Westside 35" who were charged with criminal trespass, which carries a \$5000 fine or a year in jail. These community workers still await trial.

## Hope Persists For Justice

A sequel to this story occurred a few evenings before Christmas. A march and rally were scheduled for the eve of their preliminary hearing. While four OMI officials were posting fliers announcing the event, they were taken to the Twentieth Precinct and held incommunicado for several hours. At last, two of the four were booked and released on a summons. The charge: illegal poster. But poster is NOT an illegal activity. This was but another harassment tactic.

That's the OMI story to date. When one considers that all of this is happening in only a 20-square-block area of the city of New York, the prospect becomes frightening, for this area is not unique. Nor are middle-income or non-Urban Renewal areas immune. Certainly the Corona area in Queens was not immune. In every instance it is up to the people to do something about their own destiny. And that is what the members of Operation Move-In have been doing ever since a few people, one day last spring, decided to live decently.

Margot Jahnke  
624 Columbus Avenue, 5N  
New York 10024

Recall the face of the poorest and the most helpless man whom you may have seen and ask yourself, if the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he be able to gain anything by it? Will it restore him to a control over his own life and destiny? In other words, will it lead to swaraj or self-rule for the hungry and the spiritually starved millions of our fellow men. If so then you will find your doubts and yourself melting away.

(THE GANDHI TALISMAN)

# YASUKUNI SHRINE

(Continued from page 1)

and converted by reason of spiteful oppression.

If despair and oppression were the main motives of their conversion to self-centered life, it would seem that they were too pessimistic to reform the situation in those days. Why do I say so? Because the domination of the Tenno System and the Shrine over the people was not simply a Japanese domestic problem, but it was an international problem. We exported the Shrine worship to Korea and to China for political reasons. In short, those who were responsible to the Japanese society in prewar times were out of the fight for peace or even helped the war policy when Japan opened the wars. Therefore, their passive attitude easily paved the way to encroachment upon the Far East and the Pacific islands.

In 1910, for instance, Korea was annexed to Japan under the cloak of "help." At that time in Korea there were just about 200,000 Korean Christians, 3,200 Christian churches, 2,185 Christian mission-schools and 94 national schools all over Korea. But in 1919—after 10 years of the shameful policy by the Japanese governor-general in Korea, the mission schools had decreased to 664 and the national schools had increased drastically to 500. In this short period of time, therefore, Korean educational systems were unbelievably changed by the Japanese colonial policy. Brave Korean people got angry at the Japanese for this cruel treatment. It was natural for them to revolt against Japanese policy. There was a well-known March First Independent Movement against Japan in Korea in 1919. More than half of the leaders of the movement consisted of Korean Christians. Therefore, the suppression by Japanese police and the army of the Korean people was getting harsher and harsher day by day. Especially, for example, a lot of Christian churches were enveloped in flames and many people were burnt to death by Japanese soldiers. In the long history of the world, this is one of the most notorious oppressions I'm afraid. In spite of this cruel policy, however, the Korean Christians and churches had become more and more spirited. By 1934, the population of Korean Christians had become twice as many as there were—460,000. So the existence of Christianity in Korea was a cancer to Japanese colonial policy. In July 1937, the Japanese governor-general Mr. Minami tried to enhance the national prestige by assembling the Korean Shrine, the construction of which was forced by the Japanese. He mobilized every possible mass communication and every school to repeat patriotic slogans over and over again. In April 1938, the governor-general decided to further the Japanization of Korea with two definite plans.

First: Volunteer system for military service.

Second: Furthering the Japanization of Korean family names. Throughout Korean history there have been about 400 Korean family names and a married woman even today would never use her husband's name because she is proud of her own. It was too shocking for them to accept the Japanization of their family names. There were some in despair who believed that they would be no better than animals if they changed their family names. So there was a man who named himself Mr. Ken Ma Udon with a touch of irony. His name means Mr. Dog, Horse, Cow, Pig. Many people named themselves after animals. A year later, as a result of the Japanization, 75% of Korean families had changed their names under the Japanese military government.

Let me point out another shameful episode in Korea—persecution of Christianity in Korea by forced conversion. On November 14, 1933, for instance, a general meeting of high school presidents in Korea was held at a prefectural governor's room. Among them there were two missionaries whose names were Mr. George S. MacCune and Miss. V. L. Snook. At the beginning of the meeting, the governor stood up and said to the presidents, "Before everything, we have to go to Heijyo Shrine to pay our respects." This was a

coercion to believe. However, nobody can compel obedience! Dr. MacCune said to the governor, "We don't go there!" "Why don't you go?" the governor asked him. "Because I'm a Christian and she is also a Christian, that's why!" The governor went on talking forcefully. "If you refuse to participate in the rite, you will be punished for the insult to the Emperor, I shall give you 60 days to think it over." In addition, he said, "If you will answer the same thing, Remember! I'll annul your teacher's licence." After 60 days, the missionaries and Korean pastors politely refused as Christians to worship at the Shinto Shrine because it would be idol worship. Then the two missionaries were mercilessly dismissed from their schools by the governor. In September 1938, Japanese Patriotism Day was established and the people were made to visit Japanese Shrines once a week or more. Christianity was distorted by the cruel oppressor who came over across the Korean Strait. You can probably imagine how hard it was for them to refuse to worship at the Shinto Shrine. The deprivation of their fundamental human rights seemed to be endless. All that I have said just now was but a small visible part of the Japanese oppression in Korea in prewar time.

Why are the Conservatives trying to reestablish the Shrine illegally? Why are they in a hurry to go back to the past system? Because the logic of Japan's continuing growth requires or will require a more militant policy toward other Asian nations. And in the next 5 years Japan's booming domestic market will soon be overflowing with goods. Along with the economic prosperity and too much economic self-assertion, Japanese people are outgrowing the passionate pacifism that has hung over Japanese power politics since 1945. That pacifism incidentally, has brought great economic saving to Japan. In contrast with the United States, which spends 9.2% of its GNP on armament, Japan spends less than 1% on its own defense and is extremely reluctant to spend more money right now.

A nation can never be too reluctant to spend money on military purposes, because basically, history tells us that armaments cannot produce anything except destruction, both spiritually and physically. Nobody can deny the historical fact. Just after the World War II, General MacArthur envisioned Japan as a lofty peaceful country in Asia and wrote into the constitution the famous Article that has proudly renounced any war. In spite of our peaceful constitution, however, a surprising percentage of the Japanese now favor a nuclear capacity. And the young generation in Japan, which now constitutes a majority of Japanese voters have only slight or no memories of suffering and defeat. Japanese pacifism is therefore fading away from our hearts. In addition, it seems to me that this tendency will be further magnified in coming days unless we work harder for peace, unless we seek to find out a new anti-war philosophy that is not based on self-interest. The philosophy should be based on humanity. Unfortunately, it would seem to be very difficult, without a miracle, for these young people to hate war and remilitarization who don't know the misery of war directly at all. Today's Japanese antiwar movement is based on the hard experience of the past. It's good, but it's not enough. We need something else.

When I say "something else," I don't mean something lofty or something intellectual. I mean a simple way of life—living in a small way without being secluded from society—without being disinterested in social problems and in such things as the peace movement. Human problems are deeply rooted, for the most part, in human possessiveness. In other words, possessing more than enough makes us greedier than we should be. Mankind has been seeking after the progress of material civilization without spiritual transformation. A visit to the moon is no long a fantastic dream. In spite of this tremendous technological development, however, to be a Good Samaritan is still very difficult. I, therefore, insist on a simple way of life. As long as we seek after wealth and power and position,

there will be no peace and no reconciliation between the nations as well as between the people. So I'm sure that nothing is more important for the Japanese than to create a new radical antiwar movement and to strive to stop the Japanese "Military Industrial Complex" before it becomes more serious. In the last two decades, however, there has been unfortunate escalation of Japanese war potential. Especially, in the last five years, the escalation of remilitarization has been rapid in connection with the Post Vietnam American Withdrawal from Asia. There may have been a time when a certain war potential made people happy or relieved by giving them protection from attack by the neighbors. But the destructive and expensive power of modern weapons would never make people happy, both psychologically and financially. The destructiveness of modern weapons has come too far and seems to be going too far ahead. The Bible says, "Put your sword back into its place; for all who take the sword will perish by the sword." In the long history of the world, however, this has



been true and I'm sure this will be true forever and ever.

Therefore, we Japanese should continue to oppose the remilitarization of our country. We must not repeat the history of the Weimar Constitution which was buried by Hitler in Germany. We must not return to the time when our diplomacy was power politics as we experienced in prewar time. We Japanese should be deeply interested in seeking ways to create a bridge between Red China and the United States. Without a Sino-American peace treaty, we cannot expect peace forever. Hopefully, we can help China open up to the world instead of making her isolated with the notorious containment policy. Let us seek to find where we can agree with her. Without this, I'm sure, there will be no permanent solution to the problem of the world peace.

Editor's note: Akio Sambuichi has been involved in the radical student movement in Japan. He came to America and studied at Pendle Hill, a Quaker community in Penna., dedicated to the study of nonviolence. Since then he has come to live and work at the C. W. for several months before he returns to Japan.

## 36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

appeared to pass out carefully selected presents to the members of the house. It was a time of much fun and happiness, both for those who chose and wrapped the presents and the lucky receivers. Later that evening a group of the Workers walked to the Women's House of Detention to carol there. A touch of humor was added as they were

joined by a woman, evidently a former inmate, who called a number of the women to the windows and shouted her greetings with the songs.

Midnight Mass was attended in various parts of the city, but many came together afterwards to share a bit of the cheer and peace this night brings. Christmas day, a special soup line! Walter worked hard to prepare mashed potatoes, Ed cooked the cabbage and Kathleen the ham. Pat and Frank dished the pie. There were many servers that day and "good will to all men" seemed very real.

Having Pat Jordan home from Pendle Hill was one of the biggest highlights of Christmas. His gentleness and sincere love of the Worker bring so much to the House. We were very lucky to have Chuck Lathrop, who came from his regular work of teaching in a rural school in Georgia, and Neil Schetler, from Iowa, to share their goodness with all. Their spirit and help were much appreciated. Since Christmas, Tom and Jeremy Gill, whose father was at the Worker in times past, and Eric Spencer have come. Also here are Pat, Alicia, and Joan, newcomers in the women's apartment on the third floor. Akio Sambuichi, who had visited the House with Pat from Pendle Hill has now come to stay. It's good to have new faces. We do very much miss Joan Drilling, who has returned to work in Oklahoma.

A real inspiration to all of us was the visit by Malsie Ward, who appeared unannounced one morning to hand out cigarettes and visit with the men waiting for the soup line. Her humble and personal approach to the men was truly beautiful.

The continuing awareness that lives are being shared has made the word "community" take on a new and fuller meaning. There is a real "at home" feeling that comes through the various situations and events. The spontaneity and daily give and take reveal a much deeper concern for each other. It is this that enables each one to become involved with other persons, and hopefully makes the Worker a true house of hospitality to those who come.

## Food Caravan

(Continued from page 5)

the mountain highway, Dad with every muscle and nerve alert and I praying all the way. It was a precarious voyage through a dark sea illuminated eerily by headlights and taillights.

The next day at the supermarket, I was wheeling the cart around when what should I see in the produce section but Kibo and Yuki, with their yellow-and-green Boycott Scab Lettuce buttons on their chests, also their friend Lori, the three of them planted firmly in front of the lettuce display. They were indoctrinating the produce man who was opposite them, arranging tomatoes. "It's all union lettuce," he told them, "I belong to the union myself. Why would I be selling non-union lettuce?" The girls said the union lettuce they were talking about came wrapped in plastic with the blue eagle printed on it.

A couple of days later, Dad had replaced the distributor on the station wagon. He showed me how worn the old one was, jiggling loosely instead of turning precisely. He likened the car's feat to that of a man with a bad heart climbing a mountain. "I don't know how we made it," he said. "It was a miracle."

Love,  
Hisaye Yamamoto deSoto

## WHAT IS SOCIALISM?

Socialism is, in fact, the application of the principle of human equality to the social, economic, and political organization of society. It is a recognition that some human beings are physically strong and others weak, that some are intellectually able while others are rather dull, that some people are skilful in the use of their hands while others are clumsy. It involves, too, a recognition that every person has both a selfish and a social instinct which are often in conflict. Socialist doctrine then demands the deliberate organization of society in such a manner that it is impossible—or at least very difficult—for individual desires to be pursued at the cost of other people, or for individual strength to be used for the exploitation of others.

For a socialist state these requirements have both a negative and a positive aspect. Men must be prevented from exploiting each other. And at the same time institutions and organization must be such that man's needs and progress can be co-operatively secured.

JULIUS K. NYERERE