

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Irving Amen

On Doing Prison Time For Draft Refusal

By PAUL SALSTROM

This is a paper whose purpose is to supply concrete information about the prison experiences of young men who have openly taken a position of non-cooperation with conscription in recent years. Complete rejection of the Selective Service process is uncommon compared with the quite different choice represented by application for official recognition as a conscientious objector and willingness to accept a draft call to perform civilian or non-combatant service. There are now (in March of 1966) about twenty young men serving time in prison for non-cooperation, and in addition there are about thirty-five others who have taken the stand and are expected by Arlo Tatum, of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, to be imprisoned in the near future.

(These figures do not include Jehovah's Witnesses, who far outnumber pacifists in prison.)

Q. 1: Why might one choose to adopt the illegal position of non-cooperation with the draft rather than a legal position?

A. 1: One reason for becoming a non-cooperator can be failure to secure legal recognition as a

C. O. If one exhausts all appeals for legal recognition without success, and is subsequently ordered to report for induction into the Army, a choice must presumably be made between violating one's principles to stay within the law and persevering in them in spite of finding oneself outside the law. But somewhat more frequent seem to be cases in which men choose non-cooperation of their own initiative—that is, uninfluenced by the final rejection of a C. O. appeal, or else already in a C. O. classification but nonetheless unwilling to perform two years of conscripted service.

I'm in this general category personally: While in the process of an appeal for 1-O status in 1961, I visited a "radical-pacifist" action project (the San Francisco to Moscow Peace Walk) and thus became aware of the existence of the non-cooperation position (as opposed to discovering the idea through personal inspiration or personal repugnance). Since the idea of "disaffiliating" from the draft appealed to me deeply as soon as I heard it mentioned, I immediately sent my draft card to my local board and have never

possessed one since. Personally, I've infinitely preferred even a comparatively long period in prison (thirty-three months) to the legal choice of applying to a draft board or its superiors for permission not to engage in the massacre of my fellow human beings. I wish it to be my conscience only which makes my moral decisions, and I'm surprised that most fellow pacifists choose to request that the rubber stamp of a military institution (Selective Service) be applied to a decision of their consciences.

In addition, I have regarded
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WAR PROTEST

On March 24, three more men destroyed their draft cards in New York as a protest against the Selective Service System and the involvement of the United States in the war in Vietnam. At a press conference in the office of the Committee for Nonviolent Action, 5 Beekman Street, John Baehler, 22, a former Jesuit seminarian, and Peter Kiger, 27, a C.N.V.A. worker, burned their draft cards. Terry Sullivan, 27, of the Catholic Worker, tore his Selective Service card in half and placed it in an envelope, which he mailed to Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach.

CHRISTIANS IN THE CENTURY OF FEAR

By JAMES W. DOUGLASS

Albert Camus once referred to our twentieth century as "the century of fear." It is a century in which mankind's future has been replaced by the threat of global destruction and our common bonds of humanity by the divisions of warring ideologies. In resistance to the ideologies of the Century of Fear, Camus came gradually to the point where he felt he must refuse any allegiance whatsoever which could threaten the intrinsic value of human life. He wrote: "After the experiences of the last few years, I can no longer hold to any truth which might oblige me, directly or indirectly, to demand a man's life." As for his fellow men, all Camus asked was that, "in the midst of a murderous world, we agree to reflect on murder and to make a choice. After that, we can distinguish those who accept the consequences of being murderers themselves or the accomplices of murderers, and those who refuse to do so with all their force and being. Since this terrible dividing line does actually exist, it will be a gain if it be clearly marked."

One of the greatest moral tragedies of the Century of Fear is the fact that, without even recognizing the seriousness of the choice, Christians have been so overwhelmingly on the side opposite to Camus

across this terrible dividing line between the giving of life or of death. The enslavement to murderous ideologies, whether socialist or capitalist, which Camus characterized as the mark of our age, has been equally a mark of the Church. With respect to the followers of Christ, the Century of Fear has been a Century of Christian Fear—not the holy fear of God, whose eclipse has been more evident in the silence of the Church than in the pronouncements of modern theologians, but fear of the tasks set by God before men: fear of the world, fear of the forces in it, and fear of the deep love and suffering necessary to redeem it. The Church, faced by the techniques of terror and mass murder, has to often responded by baptizing indiscriminately whatever power favored her own survival, so that the conscience of mankind has then been dependent for its survival on the voices of men like Albert Camus and Bertrand Russell.

The Church's silence before mass injustice has been increasingly broken in more recent years. The Vatican Council's condemnation of total war and rejection of all nationalistic overtones regarding defense policies is a clear step toward the Gospel of Peace. But

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SPRING APPEAL

175 Chrystie Street
New York, N.Y. 10002

Beloved Fellow Workers:

It was not too long ago that Charlie was walking along the Bowery and saw an old man crouched in a doorway, frightened, dirty and most miserable. When he got close to him to see how dirty he really was, he almost passed him by. The man wasn't drunk. He was literally a castaway. The only story that we could get from him was that his boss, a potato farmer for whom he had worked for years, had driven him to town and dropped him off on the Bowery. He had been sleeping around for a week. When he became part of our family it was a job cleaning him up, and of course he didn't stay clean. We had to keep at it. Work is as necessary as bread, and our new guest spoke of his longing for the country, so we took him to the Catholic Worker farm (which was then on Staten Island) and there he wielded the hoe and spade and cut grass, and in the winter chopped wood for the greenhouse stove to keep some baby banty chicks warm. People often ask how long folks stay with us, and we can only say that it is until they die. That is, those like Albert, who are at the end of their rope. He was one of those who died last year.

All kinds of people join our family and stay for longer or shorter periods. There are those who want work so badly that they will not seek welfare agencies, and are ruptured and epileptic or accident-prone and so are bad insurance risks. Or they are too old. So they take to collecting bottles and cartons and old rags to earn their living. One girl, who comes to us off and on between stays at a big mental hospital, was asked by one of our guests who shared her room what the Catholic Worker was for and she said, "for the wounded."

I write only in detail of the dead and of the past, in such a story as the one about "Poverty and Destitution," which we are reprinting from *Dissent* in this issue of the paper, because I do not want to violate the privacy of the living by disclosing their woe, for much of which they themselves are blamed when they are alive. I write these things to indicate the kind of work we do in our house of hospitality, which in New York is also the place the paper is mailed from and meetings are held. The paper itself is edited from the Farm at Tivoli, which is also a retreat and conference center as well as a house of hospitality on the land. We are forced into doing the work because the Lord asks us, day in and day out, "Do you mean what you say when you repeat my words, 'All men are brothers.' 'Do not judge.' 'Forgive seventy times seven.' 'Sell what you have and give alms. Do not be afraid, little flock, for it has pleased your Father to give you the kingdom.'"

We want to be servants of the poor and servants of you, our friends, who by your contributions enable us to keep up this work over the years. And so we are again making our semi-annual appeal. And it is not just the poor we are reaching but destitution at its deepest level.

There are such beautiful stories in the Old Testament about how God brings help to those who need. Through Habakkuk to Daniel in the lions' den; through Elias to the widow of Sarepta; through an angel to Elias himself when he lost courage in the desert. In the New Testament Jesus tells us how to ask for that help—with faith and perseverance like a friend knocking on the door of a friend night and day. So help us please, again. I ask in the name of St. Joseph, who provided food and shelter for his God.

Gratefully,

Dorothy Day

P.S. We have found a house and are trying to buy it.



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

April 7.

This is truly a period of pilgrimage; since March 15th I have been invited to many places. First of all, by Bishop John J. Wright, of Pittsburgh, to the National Inter-Religious Conference, held in Washington from March 15-17. The keynote address, by Dr. John C. Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary, stirred immediate controversy, which continued throughout the meetings, especially at Workshop No. III, which dealt with: "Forms of Intervention: Moral Responsibilities and Limits."

As far as I know, this was the first conference of its kind held in the United States that dealt with the specific issue of Vietnam, and many of the participants tried to keep discussion of this undeclared war out of the meetings. Dr. Bennett's paper was more than twelve typewritten pages long and it was distributed to the hundreds of people present on the opening day of the conference. The subsequent discussion did not give the paper the attention it deserved. That is the trouble with such conferences. There are too many workshops, too many meetings, so many speakers, making the sessions too long. Everyone tried to keep to the time schedule, but a day beginning at 9:00 a.m. and ending at 10:30 or 11:30 p.m. and including luncheon and dinner with more speakers, is too much. There were many first-rate minds present, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish, clergymen and laymen although there were too few Catholic laymen. One who did participate was Dr. Gordon Zahn, whose point of view was opposed by representatives of the Catholic Association for International Peace, which many of us feel is subservient to the State Department and overly loyal to the administration. However, they have performed a service in helping start this discussion of peace with other religious leaders. We hope that the Conference will continue in existence and meet more frequently and that there will be greater participation by those Catholics who believe in non-violence and personal responsibility. We hope too, that the thoughtful position papers, such as the one drafted by Rabbi Jacob Agus, Tilford Dudley, of the National Council of Churches, and Arthur I. Waskow, of the Institute of Policy Studies, will be sent to the participants well in advance of the next meeting.

While in Washington I attended another conference involving a score or so of thinkers from the fields of education, health, religion and science. This conference was personally sponsored by Dr. Leonard J. Duhl, of the National Institute of Health, and was held in the faculty lounge of Georgetown University. The program is somewhat similar to that of the "think" group at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, at Santa Barbara, but they meet informally only twice a year to converse and exchange ideas, and I do not know whether they publish papers. Peter Maurin would have been interested in such gatherings for the clarification of thought.

In Hartford, Connecticut, I spoke at the monthly meeting of the Catholic Graduates Club. I also spoke to the priests and seminarians at St. Louis de Montfort Seminary, at Litchfield, Connecticut, who have a storefront and apartment in a slum area of nearby Waterbury. They are anxious not only to help the poor directly but to study the problem of poverty and their duties in regard to it. They are learners. The sung mass was most beautiful.

At Regina Laudis, the Benedictine monastery at Bethlehem, Connecticut, I had a happy visit with my godchild Sister Prisca. We

talked of Shakers, and herb gardens, and worship and hospitality, contemplation and meditation, authority and obedience, and voluntary poverty. It is a happy place. Norman Langlois, his wife Margaret and six of their nine children live in a rambling house in Bethlehem proper, which has a population of perhaps a hundred. Norman gave me some money to plant three trees for him; according to a Russian saying, this planting will save his soul. I hope that other friends will bring a few trees with them to plant when they come to visit our farm at Tivoli. Fruit or nut trees, ginkgo trees or sycamores or pines—we love them all. (Speaking of gifts, if anyone has a trailer in which a family could live and which is not being used, we could store it. We know three families right now who would like to camp out on our property in Tivoli this summer if they could have the use of a trailer. In the summer there are often more people who want to come than we can accommodate.) Norman and his brother Donald used to run a house of hospitality in Burlington, Vermont. When the truckmen in that area were on strike they used the house as their meeting hall and headquarters. Donald, who still lives on a farm near Burlington, says that he may start another house now that his children are growing up.

We (Pat Rusk is accompanying me on these trips) drove to Hyde Park, New York, in time for an evening meeting at the Episcopal Church. The parish was hospitable (there was a pot luck supper) and there was little opposition, except from the young incoming pastor, who differed strongly with our C. W. position on Vietnam and criticized my interpretation of Scripture. Since Hyde Park is only three-quarters of an hour from Tivoli, we drove home to gather our clothes and papers together for our long trip to Minneapolis, St. Louis and points in between. On the following day, we drove to New York and arrived just in time for me to attend a meeting of some of our Associates, together with lawyers and real-estate friends, to discuss the buying of a new house in New York City.

That night, Ammon Hennacy, who was making a short visit East, spoke at our Friday night meeting, and the house was packed to the doors. The next morning after Mass he came over to the Kenmare Street apartment (he had stayed the night before with Bob Steed on Mulberry Street) and spent the rest of the morning with us. He had lunch in Chinatown with Bob and Walter Kerell, brought us back a few orders of chop suey and stayed around for a while longer. Marge Hughes and Johnny came over to greet him. That evening there was a supper party for him at Janet Burwash's and the next day he was to go

up to Tivoli and on to Worcester, Massachusetts.

Next morning Pat and I started out for the Midwest. Early the following evening we arrived at Bill and Dorothy Gauchats' Our Lady of the Wayside, which is now a house of hospitality for children rather than a farm (although there is a goodly piece of property surrounding their big home).

Work of Compassion

It was a joy to visit the Gauchats and see the work they are doing for little ones, seven children, all under seven years of age, who are retarded or spastic or afflicted with cerebral palsy. There is one child of two, blind and deaf but with a "thinking" look, and one wonders how he will ever be able to communicate with others. They adopted one spastic child to save him from being institutionalized. He is now eight and although he cannot articulate words, he is able to write notes to other members of the family by using the hunt-and-peck system on a special typewriter, which has a guard over the keys to keep his fingers from slipping.

The Gauchats are writing a book about their work with these children, in the hope that it will be of help to parents of similarly afflicted children and induce them to keep them in the home as long as possible. A very special love for such little ones grows in the heart, and the other children of the family learn compassion. Dorothy has helpers, of course, but above all she has the help of her husband after his working hours and the help of her own devoted children. We are looking for a publisher for this book, which is half completed.

When we left Lorain, Ohio, we found a spot along the shore of Lake Erie where Pat looked for shells while I just sat and rested and prayed by this great inland sea. It rained and snowed intermittently all through Ohio and Indiana that day, and it was good to arrive in Chicago and go home with Nina Poleyn, who operates St. Benet's Book Shop, and seize upon my mail, which had been forwarded there.

Grape Strikers

Passing through Ohio, we had learned that the Lorain Catholic Interracial Council had invited a guest speaker: Ida Cousino, of the National Farm Workers Association, who showed slides of the grape strike which has been going on in Delano, California, since last September. Then in Chicago we learned that the Chicago C.I.C. was sending a doctor and a team of workers to the strike area. This morning, we had as breakfast guest Monsignor John J. Egan, of Presentation parish (a new assignment, as pastor in addition to his job as one of the consultants of the archdiocese, and his previous commitment as director of the

(Continued on page 8)

Summer Conferences, 1966

CATHOLIC WORKER FARM

Box 33

Tivoli, N.Y. 914 (PL 9-2761)

- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| June 19-25 | Retreat for Priests |
| June 26-July 3 | Open Retreat |
| July 30-31 | Par Weekend |
| August 1-7 | Catholic Worker School |
| August 9-11 | Intercultural Institute, Negro-Puerto Rican Communities |
| Aug. 20-Sept. 5 | Peacemakers Training Program |

Anyone interested in attending a conference should get in touch with Rita Corbin or Tom Murray at the farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

DIRECTIONS: Farm is located on Hudson River just outside town of Tivoli, which is in the northwestern part of Dutchess County and accessible from Taconic State Parkway or New York Thruway. (Consult road map for details.) **Train:** Take New York Central to Rhinecliff. **Bus:** Take Adirondack Trailways bus to Kingston. (Since we have to drive about fifteen miles each way to pick up people at stations, please call us from New York City before taking train or bus.)

A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Early in the afternoon—Good Friday it was—I walked into the woods. There was that blending of cloud-induced chill with intermittent sun-warmth, which is so characteristic of an April day. A light wind intoned among the pines and hemlocks, stirred the now-budding twigs and branches of deciduous trees and shrubs to audible movement, and sent last autumn's leaves scurrying about, so much like live creatures that I thought: some of them must be chipmunks. Perhaps they were. A tuneful water-music sounded down in the brook that emerged from the ravine. But no birds sang. Were they silent for Him who died on the Cross? For Him who suffers and dies again each time we wound or murder another, whether with the terrible weapons of war or the even more terrible psychological weapons of hatred, selfishness, and greed? I thought of Vietnam, and of how the Vietnamese people have been saying to our soldiers: Go home. We want to make our own government in our own way. I thought of the men in the Pentagon and our political leaders who want to continue a war indefinitely, with its almost unbelievable consequences of atrocity and destruction, for the sake of what they call the "American image." I thought of fear and death that lurk in the dark and crumbling tenements of our city slums. I thought of the Easter parades which would take place on the day of His resurrection, when along the fashionable boulevards of all great Christian cities, men and women would stroll, adorned in resplendent raiment whose price would ransom thousands from want and starvation. Lord have mercy. Christ have mercy. But as I walked in the woods on Good Friday afternoon, no birds sang.

Shortly after I returned to the house, Father Jude, a Franciscan priest from Wappinger Falls, arrived to say the Good Friday service in our chapel. Arthur Lacey, who takes care of the chapel for us and acts both as sacristan and altar boy, had everything ready for Father. Arthur and Stanley Vishniewski shared the readings with the priest, and we all seemed to participate more, since more of the liturgy was in English. After we had completed the liturgy and consumed the hosts which had been consecrated the night before, Father Jude led us in the Stations of the Cross, using the beautiful and moving words which were published in *Ave Maria* during recent weeks. These words—so strong and true and contemporary—forced us to realize that the Crucifixion and Resurrection are not just events that took place in Jerusalem many hundreds of years ago but are events taking place right here and now, in us and about us, wherever selfishness dies and love is born. And though it was Good Friday, I realized that every Good Friday must be not only a day of sorrow but also a day of joy.

The fact is that Holy Week has taken on new meaning for us this year, largely because of Father Jude. For not only did he come to us for Good Friday, but also for the liturgies of Holy Thursday and the Easter Vigil.

With such liturgical riches, we ought to be able to live the truths of our religion more effectively. O Risen Christ, help us to die to self that we may truly share your Risen Life.

Work, too, has its holiness and must be done at all seasons. For John Filliger Holy Week has meant transplanting several hundred plants from the flats into which he had sown the seed to larger flats where the plants will have more room to grow and develop. Since it is a tedious job, John has been thankful for the assistance of Eric Marx. Eric, who

stayed with us last summer and fall but spent the winter months with his family in Maryland, is back with us again and living in the little house which he built last summer, where he wakens to hear the chipmunks chattering and the morning song of birds. Since his return, Eric has spent a great deal of time helping John dig shale to fill the ruts in our winter-ravaged roads. Later, when it is warm enough and the ground is ready, he will help John with the plowing and the planting. Since Peter Lumsden's return to England, we have been much in need of another young man who really tries to follow Peter Maurin's teaching that the scholars should become workers. We are all delighted to have Eric with us again.

Peter Maurin's teaching about personal responsibility is also important to those who share the work in our community, but I know of no one who lives up to this ideal better than Alice Lawrence. It sometimes seems to me that most of the women who come to the Catholic Worker are more skilled in professional and office work than in those duties traditionally associated with women. Alice, however, is the exception. She is in charge of the housekeeping here; and, though we have three children of somewhat anarchistic temperaments and some adults who have a kind of penchant for chaos, Alice manages to keep the cleanest, most orderly house we have enjoyed since the wonderful Maryhouse women from Minnesota looked after things for us at Maryfarm. Alice is also an excellent cook. Whenever cake or pastry or other dessert made with that special feminine touch appears on our table, we know that Alice has been at work in the kitchen.

As for Hans Tunnesen, the delicious dinner we ate this Easter Day is sufficient evidence that he has not lost his culinary touch. In spite of age and infirmity, he keeps going; he is, as always, a true stalwart. There are other men, of course, who help in the work of dining room, kitchen, and the general maintenance of the place — Fred Lindsay, Marcus Moore, Mike Sullivan, Joe Ferry being the principal ones. During the past two weeks, a visitor — Paul Trudeau from Canada — has not only given much help to the men who keep the routine work going but has also taken on the greater part of the car driving. In a community like ours where there is no paid staff, where all work is done on a voluntary basis, and where many of those doing the work are often neither very well nor young, visitors who voluntarily take on work responsibilities are really appreciated.

There are, of course, other kinds of work, all necessary and important. Marty and Rita Corbin, who are in charge of the farm, have both community and family responsibilities, as well as the editing of the paper. Marty is managing editor, Rita art editor. Marty also handles much of the correspondence and some of that inevitable paper work, which even the Catholic Worker cannot avoid. Tom and Jan Murray have been busy making their apartment ready in the old mansion, and hope to be able to move in during Easter week. A new column, bearing Tom's by-line, is beginning in this issue of *Catholic Worker*. Tom has also kept a number of speaking engagements at nearby schools and religious orders, and has planned a series of Sunday-afternoon conferences to take place here at the farm, beginning April 17th. All readers who live near enough to attend will certainly be welcome. As for those who wish to come for overnight or for longer, they should first contact Rita Corbin by phone or

Nativity Church was the scene of Dave Miller and Cathy Swann's marriage on Easter Monday. Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., celebrated the Nuptial Mass, and Jim Wilson provided the guitar accompaniment to the community's worship through song. Dave's brother Dan was best man, and Nicole d'Entremont was the bridesmaid. Following the ceremony, a reception was held at the Catholic Worker, thanks to the hard work of Paul, Harry, and Charley.

by letter. Sometimes all of our beds are filled.

Dorothy Day's work has taken her on pilgrimage again, this time on a speaking trip through the Midwest. She is traveling by car with Pat Rusk to share the driving, which we hope will make the trip easier for her. Stanley Vishniewski keeps busy with printing and writing. Readers who missed, or who would like to re-read, Stanley's amusing satire on the new liturgy—SPARE US, O LORD—which first appeared in the Jesuit periodical *AMERICA*, may find it now in an anthology of writings selected from *AMERICA* and published recently under the title *NEW DIMENSIONS IN CATHOLIC THOUGHT*. Maxine Shaw continues to help with baby sitting, typing, proof-reading, etc. Jack Joyce tiled a floor for Rita, washed windows for Alice, and put papers in order for Dorothy so that they could be mailed to Marquette, where they will be stored in *CATHOLIC WORKER* archives. Some of Jack's activities were cut short recently when he fell and suffered a fractured hip. We hope he will make a good recovery. Rita Corbin's mother, Mrs. Carmen Ham, is still with me and has been most helpful in providing companionship and assistance to Agnes Sydney who (we are happy to say) continues to improve.

We are already beginning to anticipate the influx of visitors for our summer program of retreats and conferences, which will begin in mid-June. Those who wish to attend should make arrangements for rooms by contacting Rita. As for the work of the house of hospitality, it will be expanded during the summer to include mothers and children from the city slums, as well as others in need of country vacations. We are deeply grateful to all our readers who help make this many-faceted work possible. May God reward our benefactors a hundredfold.

As always, much of our work is receiving and talking with visitors. When Ammon Hennacy arrived, however, on Palm Sunday afternoon, we did more listening than talking. It was good to hear Ammon talk again, and we were glad to meet his wife. Later that afternoon, several of us went with Ammon and his wife to visit the Ammon Hennacy Farm. This farm, which is owned and operated by Jerry and Barbara Lehmann, is about eight miles from us and is located on a beautiful site with extensive woods and a

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Conference Needs

The Catholic Peace Fellowship, in response to increasing demands, is building up a film and tape library, and would like to tape the summer Catholic Worker conferences at the Farm in Tivoli. This will require some recording tape. And the farm needs a good tape recorder, since the recordings must be suitable for broadcast. Persons or groups wishing to donate either of the items should get in touch with Jim Forest at the Catholic Peace Fellowship, 5 Beekman Street, or Tom Murray at the Catholic Worker Farm, Box 33, Tivoli, N.Y. 12583.

LOOKING AROUND

By THOMAS P. MURRAY

As a new feature of the *Catholic Worker*, Looking Around should explain itself somewhat. In return for the opportunity to ramble on a little bit, I have agreed to take on a number of tasks each month. One is to report on the periodicals that come in to the office regularly and to pass along some of the news from our correspondence. Another is to go back to the CW of thirty years ago and let people know what we were doing back then. I'll also include notes on some of the books we receive each month. Beyond that, my time's my own, and we'll see what I do with it.

John Oliver Nelson, director of Kirkridge, the Protestant retreat house in Bangor, Pennsylvania, has sent us an interesting tentative conference schedule. Among the conferences will be one this month on Urban Renewal, with Theodore Erickson, and another in June, on Nonviolence with John Heidbrink, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. In July, Student Radicalism will be the topic of a conference with Brewster Kneen and (hopefully) Tom Hayden. Write to John Oliver Nelson for the full schedule.

The American Friends Service Committee has issued an A.F.S.C. working party report called *Peace in Vietnam: a New Approach in Southeast Asia*. It's published by Hill and Wang and available by mail from A.F.S.C. (160 North 15th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19102) for a dollar postpaid.

Count Michael de la Bedoyere's independent Christian newsletter *Search*, published in England, comes to us monthly. The February issue had an interesting article on Archbishop Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., and another on the "Image" of the Church that is well worth reading. *Search* is available in this country at four dollars and fifty cents a year post free, from Box 102, Garden City, Michigan.

Thirty Years Ago This Month
In April 1936, the *Catholic Worker's* content reflected the same breadth of concern that has marked the paper since its beginnings. There were articles on the impending war in Europe, American colonialism in Cuba, and persecution of the Church in Mexico. The paper reported that eighteen senators were calling for an end to compulsory military training in colleges; on the other hand, a lone senatorial voice was crying for an expansion of the war budget to allow the United States to cross the Pacific and destroy Japan. On the home front, the issues of race and poverty were highlighted in reports of vigilante action, a protest by Washington, D. C. relief workers over a twenty-five-per-cent cut in welfare allowances, formation of a Southern Tenant Farmers Union in Arkansas, and an appeal for a Senate investigation of lynching. Religious prejudice was the subject of an article on an American Jewish Congress exhibit and Dr. Arthur D. Falls gave an account of the National Negro Congress meeting in Chicago.

The plight of the working man was reflected in articles on a drivers' strike at Borden Milk, a strike at the Hearst paper in Milwaukee and another on labor conditions at the Vermont Marble Company.

As is the case today, there were certain regular features. Two of Peter Maurin's essays appeared: "Yes, I Am a Radical" and "Colonial Expansion." Day by Day, the forerunner of *On Pilgrimage*, is an account of Dorothy's travels and of events around the house of hospitality.

Another event that concerned the editors was the move into the new farm at Easton, Pennsylvania,

which cost twelve hundred and fifty dollars.

Also appearing was the following notice:

MAY DAY DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

On May first the *Catholic Worker* will be 3 years of age. From an initial issue of 2,500 the circulation has grown to 115,000. We invite our many friends all over the United States to celebrate the occasion by selling or distributing the *Catholic Worker* on that day. Radicals of every description will be out in force on May Day. We trust that Catholic Workers, to whom the day really belongs (is it not Our Lady's day?) will use the occasion to spread some thought that is IS radical.

While May Day 1966 won't be quite the occasion that May Day was in the thirties, the suggestion is still good. Why don't we celebrate the birth of the CW by getting out on the street and selling papers?

Father Dan Berrigan

Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J. is back from South America and, according to his statement at his first press conference, will be back in the thick of things with "no limits, beyond those of good sense and good conscience" on his peace activities. It is good to have Father Dan back with us again. I think that there is a lesson for us layfolk in his comment that if it had not been for the protest actions that took place right after he was sent to South America, he would never have been able to return to his present job. The press conference was held to mark the publication of two new books of his by Macmillan: *No One Walks Water*, a book of poetry and *They Call Us Dead Men*, a prose work, "reflections on life and conscience." Both books are already in their second printing.

Viet Note

Eric Norden has published an account of American atrocities in Vietnam in the February *Liberation*. One reading of this article should raise plenty of questions for any moral theologian addressing himself to the morality of United States involvement in Vietnam. Reprints are available from *Liberation* (5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038).

Books Received

There are about twenty books around the farm that came in for review during the later months of last year. Since we don't have space to review at length even a small part of the books we get, I plan to list the books we receive, some of them may be reviewed at a later date. This month I'll clear up the accumulation from last year and next month I'll include the books we've received so far this year.

One Hundred Years of the Nation, edited by Henry M. Christman (Macmillan, \$7.95); **The Last Revolution**, by L. J. Lebert, O.P. (Sheed and Ward, \$4.50); **The Conscience of a Radical**, by Scott Nearing (Social Science Institute, Harborside, Maine, Cloth: \$3.00, Paper, \$1.00); **Poverty as a Public Issue**, edited by Ben B. Seligman (The Free Press, \$5.95); **From the Housetops**, by Edouard Stevens, (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$4.95); **The Siege of the Alcazar**, by Cecil D. Eby (Random House, \$4.95); **Theological Dictionary**, by Karl Rahner and Herbert Vorgrimler (Herder & Herder, \$6.50); **Man and Cosmos**, by Paul Chauchard (Herder & Herder, \$4.75); **From Adam to Abraham**, by Joseph Blenkinsop (Paulist Press, .95); **The Free Men**, by John Ehle (Harper & Row, \$5.95); **Wendell Phillips on Civil Rights and Freedom**, edited by Louis Filler (Hill and Wang, \$1.95); **Marriage and the Love of God**, by J. Gosling (Sheed and Ward, \$3.50); **Mephistopheles and the Androgynous**, by Mercea Eliade (Sheed and Ward, \$5.00); **I Have Kept the Faith**, by Emil G. Kraeling (Rand-McNally, \$3.95).

"With a Good Deal of Pride"

Today, in Mississippi, the poorest state in the union, there are nine producer co-ops making goods for the general consumer market. The workers in these co-ops are Negroes, many of whom lost their jobs (not very good jobs, to be sure) with white employers because of their participation in the Civil Rights Movement. In 1964, a plantation operator in Ruleville, Miss., told a worker who had registered and attended voter registration rallies: "Get off the place and don't come back. You're messed up in the voter registration and I don't want to have anything to do with you." This is typical. Also working in the co-ops are strikers associated with the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union. Then there are people like the seven maids who quit a hotel because they thought they were underpaid at 39 cents an hour.

These nine Mississippi co-ops are providing livelihoods to some 150 previously unemployed people. They are producing quality leather and suede pocketbooks, hats, belts, tote-bags and pouches, patchwork quilts, carpet bags, children's and adults' clothing, stuffed toys, and miscellaneous items for wear and household-use. By means of intensive training programs, help with marketing by some outside people, these workers have learned the necessary skills and have become economically independent. They are making attractive products at prices so reasonable that the goods are easy to sell, either by mail-order or in stores, anywhere in the United States.

The agency which acts as catalyst and coordinator of these efforts is the Poor People's Corporation, a non-profit, non-share corporation chartered by the state of New Jersey. The following is from a PPC prospectus inviting financial help:

The purposes of the Corporation are to provide technical and financial assistance to low-income groups in Mississippi who want to develop worker-owned and operated cooperatives of various sorts. The program is logical extension of previous organized attempts to break through the barriers of white supremacy. But the economic and psychological gains are less glamorous, and receive fewer headlines, than the Marches and the Sit-ins. As with any new business, there is much hard work involved, and a great deal of learning. PPC began without government or foundation help. PPC now seeks financial and technical assistance to meet specific needs, so that it may adequately respond to the growing confidence and faith being shown in its objectives by the poor people of Mississippi . . . Training programs . . . are carried out under the auspices of PPC, and are carefully coordinated so far as marketing of products is concerned. Skilled experts and craftsmen are working with the program, both in Mississippi and the North . . . All contributions are put in a revolving fund which is disbursed by a vote of the Corporation membership at its quarterly meetings. A member is any person in Mississippi who is involved, or hopes to be, in a PPC co-op or training program, and has paid the 25 cents yearly dues. Funds disbursed to co-ops at membership meetings are in the form of long-term, interest-free loans.

At present the products of the nine producer co-ops are marketed by Liberty Outlet House in Jackson, Mississippi (P.O. Box 977, Jackson), also a co-op, established by the Poor People's Corporation. The Outlet House, which is

managed by Bill Hutchinson, helps the producer co-ops to get organized and renders technical assistance. A main problem in the early stages is to enable the workers to relate their efforts to the practical requirements of producing goods for the market. This is being accomplished largely by the guidance of Jesse Morris, who understands how to structure the program so that it fits the needs of the workers and at the same time fits the "outside world." The success of the general plan is measured by the fact that four out of the first six co-ops helped by founding loans to begin production last August, have needed no further financial assistance, although they are dependent on Liberty Outlet House for sales and technical counsel. Outlet House issues a well-designed catalog folder with product illustrations and prices, and the response in orders from both mail-order customers and stores indicates high potential of growth for the entire program. (At this point, however, Liberty House adds only for postage and handling overhead, so that its functions need pump-priming support in order to expand.) The New York office of the Poor People's Corporation (5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038) is run by Ellen Maslow, who purchases supplies (fabric, thread, etc.) for the producer co-ops and coordinates offers of various kinds of much-needed technical help. In a progress report dated Dec. 7, 1965, Miss Maslow said:

Craftsmen are needed, especially in sewing and needlework, leather and wood; experts in design and production are needed as consultants; people everywhere are needed to distribute our sales catalog and stimulate sales, and to raise funds; subsistence salaries are needed for Doris Derby (coordinator of the Training Program), Bill Hutchinson (Outlet manager) and volunteer craftsmen; a panel truck, a station wagon or micro-bus is urgently needed, since co-ops have to be visited for training, consultation, and pick-up and delivery of finished products; also needed is financial support for the New York and Jackson administrative offices; and, of course, publicity.

The budgets are modest, and all salaries (for the few paying jobs) are at the legal minimum of \$1.25 per hour. Other services, such as legal aid, accounting, etc., are obtained on a volunteer basis. Informative releases are available concerning economic conditions in Mississippi, budget requirements, future plans, and immediate needs. The latter change. For example, there is a particular interest, now, in sales for the products of a new co-op in Prairie, Miss., not listed in the catalog. These are stuffed toys (\$3.00) and "very cute little girls' dresses" (\$3.95). Miss Maslow will gladly answer letters of inquiry (provided she can borrow again the typewriter she used to send MANAS the information for this article). Other current needs are for people skilled in weaving, stained glass, or in almost any activity which might lend itself to forms of production possible in Mississippi. Liberty Outlet House needs a man who knows electrical repair, and there is the hope of starting a diaper service (only one, now, for Negroes in all Mississippi). The following are some basic facts about the co-ops:

Each co-op must be a legal entity, and provide at least ten jobs, within a reasonable amount of time. A workshop must be rented or built, so that work can be done co-operatively, rather than as



home industry. Each co-op is autonomous, and makes its own internal decisions, although technical assistance can be asked of PPC at any time.

Given the economic situation in Mississippi, worker-owned co-ops seem the only alternative for unskilled, economically and socially vulnerable Negroes. Co-ops provide an independence which is essential for people who are struggling to help themselves, in a hostile environment. Negroes must be their own "bosses," or they will continue to suffer reprisals when they act contrary to the desires of the white supremacists. (One woman in one of the co-ops always sews standing up, so she can look down the road. Reprisals may come.)

Developing jobs on a sound basis in southern states will counter the mass migration to urban ghettos which has been occurring for years. This migration is undesirable all the way around. No one gains from it except the southern white.

There has been protest all over the country that federal subsidized anti-poverty campaigns leave the poor out of the planning. PPC demonstrates the ability of the poor to make good decisions, and to interpret their own self-interest intelligently.

In a letter replying to some questions about PPC, Miss Maslow said: "We're in business, with a good deal of pride. This is not a 'charity,' or a 'buy pencils' co-op; workers have worked very hard to learn new skills, and to change their lives accordingly. A person buying one of their products is getting a good product at a good price. The spirit of the co-op workers is the really inspiring thing."

Ed. note: Reprinted from the February 2, 1966 issue of *Manas*, a thoughtful weekly with pacifist and anarchist affinities published at Box 32112, El Sereno Station, Los Angeles 32, California (five dollars a year). The Poor People's Corporation is presently marketing a hand-made suede shoulder-strap pocket book for twelve dollars and fifty cents (fifteen dollars with outside pocket). Colors are: loden green, dark brown, rust, tan, navy, and burgundy. A dark brown leather tote bag, with suede interior and two outer pockets, is available for fifteen dollars. Please send payment with order. Make checks payable to: Liberty Outlet House, P.O. Box 3193, Jackson, Mississippi.

Death Of A Peacemaker

The following letter was inspired by the tragic death of Ivan von Auw Johnson. Ivan and his friend Christopher Locke, both of Binghamton, New York, and both associated with the Catholic Worker movement, were rooming together in Rochester, where they both attended the University.

On Saturday night, March 4th, Ivan and Chris were attacked outside a tavern in Rochester frequented by college students. The tavern was full, and the boys had not been admitted. They were leaving the area when Chris was recognized as an opponent of the war in Vietnam and attacked by two young men. A nineteen-year-old high-school student and Golden Gloves aspirant beat Ivan, who died of a brain hemorrhage as a result. The youth was arrested and charged with first-degree manslaughter.

The assailant expressed regret for his actions, saying that it was a case of mistaken identity. Mr. Johnson's comment (referred to in his letter) was: "If it will make them feel any better, my son was as much opposed to our policy in Vietnam as Chris was. So there was no mistake, they killed the right one."

Ivan must be counted a victim of the war in Vietnam, of the senseless brutality that President Johnson's war has let loose upon our own society as well as upon the people of Vietnam. We mourn the death of Ivan with a deep sense of loss for an unusually alive young man, a fellow worker and a peacemaker who was marked by an extraordinary purity of heart.

Tom Cornell

Binghamton, New York
March 11, 1966

Dear Tom:

I hope you will remember me, and I hope you remember my son, Ivan, whose death is described in the enclosed newspaper clipping.

Christopher Locke and Ivan first met you at the Labor Day weekend pacifist conference at the Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island in 1963. I met you the night of President Kennedy's death. You may remember I attended a meeting at Chrystie Street and we prayed Compline. I am writing to you now because you knew Ivan and would want to know the sad news and the circumstances. Both Chris and Ivan were close to the Catholic Worker in spirit, and this insane event was connected with their nonviolent spirit and their opposition to the Vietnam war.

The words in the press (which were quoted with my permission) have perhaps a bitter quality and I want to explain that I have no personal vindictiveness. When the reporter read back my words (which I did not realize he had been copying) I let him go ahead because I did want recognition to be made of the insanity of the violence involved, and the compounding of it by talking about "mistaken identity."

Chris says the youth who struck Ivan seemed remorseful. If Ivan's death steers that boy from violent attitudes and will be instrumental in his salvation that act will not have been in vain. Ivan had great promise. This was recognized by his friends as well as his family. Many expressed the same sense of waste and non-fulfillment they had felt at Mr. Kennedy's death. (The irony of first meeting you then, and now in my second communication to you to have it occasioned by a second similar death.) But it remained for one of Ivan's closest friends here to say the most comforting thing to us, his parents. He said he realized we had this sense of non-fulfillment but he wanted to make us see that Ivan already in his 19 years had accomplished great good. He said he personally had not been influenced for good by anyone as much as by Ivan, that he had learned from Ivan. He also said Ivan had this effect upon those in their circle and that even before

his death they marvelled at his spirit, his vigor, his glorying in life and good things. All came back to Binghamton for his funeral from their various colleges, one girl from as far away as California.

Ivan had a spirit of adventure and loved hard work. Three summers he did a man's work for different farmers as a hired hand. He took off a half year of college to go to sea, and he was a crew member on the Yarmouth Castle before it burned and sank. The crew was a great mixture of Caribbean types and he was the only North American aboard. It was a tough bunch, but he never got in a fight, and they respected him. The boatswain, a Cayman Islander named Mr. Parchment, took to Ivan and made him his assistant. He was the man who took care of the ropes and he marvelled at how quickly Ivan learned the knots. When he was enthused about something, which was most of the time, he could stagger you with the speed and thoroughness with which he learned. He was a phenomenal reader. He loved Mr. Parchment because he is a real sailor. Incidentally, the last thing Chris and he were talking about just before they were attacked was Mr. Parchment. They had just passed a store that had a display of knives. Ivan remarked that Mr. Parchment was the only one of the crew who didn't carry a knife, and he was also the most respected among the crew as a man. Mr. Parchment said, "Why should I carry a knife? I said Mr. Parchment was too much of a man to carry a knife."

People have asked us to recommend something that Ivan would want them to contribute toward. We have been saying, "The Catholic Worker" and we have suggested that they send the contributions to you, his friend, and mention Ivan.

Ivan is buried in the old Snow Cemetery by the Truro Congregational Church near the end of Cape Cod. He is in the plot of my mother's family (Knowles). As a memorial gift, Graham Carey is making a simple stone for Ivan which we hope will be in place by late spring. It is a place of natural Cape beauty that Ivan loved. It is on a hill, and standing near the grave you look down upon the marshy, tidal Pamet River, and out to the bay and the sea he loved. Ivan's ancestors' built ships there and sailed them as whalers. Ivan was making his own sailboat. It's better than half done.

Ivan was a descendant of William Brewster, the spiritual leader of the Pilgrims when they touched down at Truro, and later at Plymouth. The priest officiating at the burial was Father Thomas Mayhew, of Provincetown. Mayhew is a proper Yankee Cape name. It was accidental, of course, because I had not known Father Mayhew but it was somehow appropriate to me, a convert, that the Catholic priest in this Yankee burial ground was a Yankee himself and was consecrating the place. When my mother lived in Truro as a girl, Congregational Church members were known as "the Orthodox." The present day denomination comes directly from the original Pilgrim and Puritan churches.

Please pray for the soul of Ivan von Auw Johnson. May he rest in peace.

Chester A. Johnson

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Dr. ERICH FROMM,
because of his work as a psychologist

Dr. JOHN McDERMOTT,
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POVERTY AND DESTITUTION

By DOROTHY DAY

This article is about New York and its particular brand of poverty and destitution. We see enough of it, surely, around the offices of the *Catholic Worker*, which in the last 28 years have been located successively on East Fifteenth Street, near Avenue A; West Charles Street, near the North River; 115 Mott Street; 223 Chrystie Street; 39 Spring Street, and now our address is 175 Chrystie Street. The last three houses of hospitality have been within two blocks of the Bowery; so the men and women we see have reached what is considered the lowest depths of degradation.

Here are a few stories of some of the people we have encountered in New York who have lived with us for long periods, so that they became part of our community. They were with us some years ago, and I do not feel that I am violating their privacy by writing in this way.

Elizabeth was a big blowzy red-headed woman, with a good-natured face and eyes that squinted at you between long lashes. She was good-looking in her way, but the day she came in to us she was filthy from sleeping out in basements, hallways, even on fire escapes. She was not alone; there was a tall gaunt man with a grey face with her. She was eight months pregnant and the two of them felt that some shelter was needed now. They were both very much afraid. When we became more acquainted with them we learned that they were legally married, and "in the church" too. Elizabeth was feeble-minded, and yet she tried to hang on to religion, and one thing she knew was that she should not be married out of the church. He was the first addict I had ever encountered, and, as far as I knew, what he was taking were what they called on the Bowery "goof balls." That, in combination with the kind of liquor he drank, was powerful enough to make him fall unconscious in his plate of soup when he came to eat with us. We did not have accommodations for married couples, so we took Elizabeth into the rear house at Mott Street and put her husband in the front house into the ten-bed dormitory on the top floor.

John Cort had just come to us from Harvard, hoping to become more acquainted with the field of labor, and found himself instead helping, as he said, to run a "flop-house." John used to get down on his knees at night and pray. He prayed for himself and for those around him, the destitute and the poor, I suppose.

We may as well clarify this notion of the destitute and the poor. The poor have some hope. They have not been so long in this condition that they see no way out. They stay with us for months and years sometimes and then, finally, they get jobs. Or they go back to school, or get married, or rejoin their marriage partners. Anyway, something happens to them, they survive, and there is a certain joy and freedom in their condition. There is involuntary poverty and voluntary poverty, and all of us who try to earn a living by writing experience voluntary poverty. And there is, of course, the holy poverty of those who try daily to strip themselves of all attachments and to approximate to some extent the physical condition of the destitute. The destitute, on the other hand, have nothing—physically, intellectually, or spiritually. You never see them reading a book or a newspaper as they wait on the breadline, or listening to music, or playing with an alley cat as they sit on a curb in the sun, or laughing, or telling stories.

There is life of a sort on the Bowery, a wild boisterous life, and seamen, longshoremen, restaurant and institution help and all kinds and conditions of workers come

to live there for a time. You can get a cubicle with clean bedding for a dollar a night and a cheap meal and companionship. But the destitute are those who are always drunk or drug-ridden, who are always lying in gutters and in doorways, who are finally picked up by the morgue wagon early in the morning, who are afflicted mentally, who stare stonily around them, or rush about with anguished faces, and who suffer the torments of hell. The destitute are the ill and lonely, the hopeless ones. They may be of any age.

Pattern of Destruction

Elizabeth's husband was one of the destitute. We were never able to reach him—to get inside that hard exterior. When he was conscious he was only anxious to become unconscious again as quickly as possible, and when he could find no other companion on the Bowery, no other means to get money for drugs and liquor, he would come pounding on Elizabeth's door, demanding that she go out and get a job as dishwasher to take care of him. But Elizabeth was too far gone to work. Her baby was born, and died, and she returned from Bellevue Hospital and rested a day or so, and then rejoined him. He would not let her stay longer with us, nor could we let him stay, because he used to fall asleep with lighted cigarettes and set fire to mattresses, and he stole. So they left us, these destitute ones, and began their life again, sleeping out. (It was summer.)

Later, when Bob Steed and Kieran Dugan and other members of the *Catholic Worker* staff were looking for a house to which we could move, after notice had been served on us by the city because they wanted to put a subway under our house and were demolishing the entire block around us, we found many evidences of such families as Elizabeth and John. In all the empty, boarded-up houses on the Lower East Side there were heaps of rags in corners, old mattresses dragged in, evidences of humans living like animals, like rats, in these old tenements. Water had been shut off, of course. There were no lights. Candles were used and empty rooms served as toilets. It must have been unbearably cold in winter. But they were out of the wind and the rain, the snow and sleet, these destitute ones.

Before our Chrystie Street house was torn down we could look into the windows of the tenement which was to one side of us and see a Puerto Rican family which shared its home with another family, bedding down on the floor in each of the three rooms. There was often screaming and fighting and sobbing and crying in these rooms. What wonder people turn to drink and dope and the dope of television to stupefy themselves and the children, so that they will not suffer so much.

When I was in jail for refusing to take shelter in the April 1959 Civil Defense Drill, there was a young Negro girl in the bed opposite me who claimed that the only place she could be alone was in the toilet. She had taken drugs, and later, in order to provide the money for drugs, she turned to prostitution.

If such desperate measures to escape from destitution (only, of course, one does not escape) seem fantastic, one can only say: go live in such circumstances for a while and see.

We were talking about Celia the other night and how enormously she ate at the table, and how she used to take away some crusts of bread and put them, wrapped up, under her pillow at night. With rats around, this is a dangerous habit. Just yesterday, Italian Mike told me that rats were jumping on his shoulders at night as he slept. He had brought in some alley cats but he wanted rat cages. Not traps. Traps get blood on them and the rats smell

the blood and get wise and stay away. "I wash them off, of course," another neighbor said. "No, I want a cage," Mike insisted. "I'll catch them and drown them every day and after a while they'll stay away." Another man said that the best way was to sit quietly by the rat holes, and as they came out hit them over the head with a club. He had killed thirteen one night. Big ones. Put them in a gunny sack and they filled an ash can.

It was a bright day in May, and across the street, in the little Spring Street playground, old men sat at chessboards painted on the tables and the children ran



screaming around at their games, which always involved jumping, dancing and whirling. Little ginkgo trees, with their fan-shaped leaves and upstanding branches, were bright green and shimmering. Mike was happy, standing over his garbage cans, waiting for the trash collector, surveying his clean-swept sidewalk. Mike fetches the bread each day from Poppilardo's bakery, ten dollars' worth, and on Friday gets the free swordfish tails which a big wholesale house at the Fulton Fish Market saves for us. They make good chowder. Every Friday he calls out to Larry the cook, "What kind of fish?" and Larry makes the stock answer, "Dead fish!" which never fails to get a burst of laughter.

Mike is public relations man as well. "One hand washes the other," he explains as he sweeps off the neighbor's sidewalk. Once, when he was staying with us at Peter Mauria Farm on Staten Island, he refused to come in to dinner and said, "I won't eat." John, the farmer, had taken away his hoe that morning and done the cultivating himself.

I have interpolated this little sketch of Mike, one of the poor, possessing nothing, with no salary, just the clothes on his back, a bed in a rat-ridden tenement, yet one of our best workers and in general a happy man, because he loves his work, he loves to be part of a community, serving others and working for the common good.

Celia, on the other hand, was one of the destitute. She came to us years ago because she could not live with her father, who was on welfare, because when he got his check he would drink and try to attack her. The welfare people had no remedy for him. He was an inventor, a man of brains, talked intelligently to the welfare people—he was cooperative, in other words. Celia, on the other hand, was obviously defective and when she told tales of her father's having tried to rape her, she was not taken seriously. The welfare worker would not put her on separate relief, so she came to us. She was a greasy, black-haired girl, short and stout, and wore several suits or dresses and two coats. She was afraid that someone would steal her clothes, so she wore them all the time. She did not trust our

community any more than she did her father. She never missed meals, wandered in and out with a huge purse clutched under one arm (she probably slept with it that way) and an armload of school books. She went to night school and got good grades. She was forty before she finally left us and she was still going to school.

It was the Second World War and its dearth of manpower that finally parted us. There was a job open at a little movie house on the Bowery for an honest cashier, and Celia got the job, which she held for five years. At our persuading, she got into a girls' shelter, where she paid weekly rent, made her own meals in the basement, and washed her own clothes. She also had a locker with a key, so she stopped wearing all her clothes at once. This simple solution had not occurred to us. Or perhaps we did not have the money for lockers then; we do not now. You buy for one and you have to buy for all. Her father had meanwhile died, and she was saving her money, she said, to buy him a tombstone. We urged her to put her money in the bank but she would not, and sure enough, one night a purse snatcher ran off with her savings, which by then amounted to several hundred dollars. Her screams brought the police, who caught the thief. From then on they cared for the purse, honestly, until she spent the money for the tombstone.

Housing Conditions

Then there is Maria, a beautiful young Puerto Rican. At the age of thirteen she was seduced and had a baby in Bellevue Hospital. She was allowed to bring it home with her but her mother put her out—the house was already too crowded. She was taken in by a neighbor, who used her for prostitution purposes. She jumped out of the window of the rooming house and was brought to the hospital with broken legs, which kept her there for a long while. I have seen the scars of her injuries. Her child was taken from her and put into a foster home, since she would not give it up or put it out for adoption. When we met her she was eighteen, married again to an amiable young fellow who was always losing his job. She had a child by him, and another coming. He had lost his job through a very bad accident to his hand. He never got compensation or his job back. His mother took him and his one child in and Maria was sleeping in the hallway, pregnant as she was, because their house too was overcrowded. So she came to live with us for the time. After the baby was born her husband found a job and an apartment. The rent charged these babes in the woods was fantastic.

"How I got this place," she began, "it was this way. This house has Italians and Jews, and the place is all run down anyway, and nobody cares as long as the rent is paid. So they had just as soon rent to Puerto Ricans. Each apartment is supposed to be for \$28 a month, and there are four apartments on a floor and seven floors walk-up. I'm lucky I'm on the third floor with the kids. There was an Italian woman living in the building and she told me about this place when I was over at Eldridge Street in a two-room place and we were desperate, the water frozen in the pipes and the toilet stopped up and the gas and electric turned off. So we just had to move. So she said, 'There's an empty place in the house where some friends of mine moved out, and it is my furniture and if you will buy the furniture you can get the apartment. It will be \$23 a week.' My husband was getting thirty-five, and here we were going to have to pay \$23. So we signed a paper, that was last June, and moved in, and then from June to December we paid her \$23 a week and she paid the rent for us." Maria got up from the chair by

the good kitchen table and fetched a box from the kitchen shelf full of papers and odds and ends, and began sorting through them. "Here are the receipts for the statue of the Blessed Mother. You pay every week until you pay the thirteen dollars and thirty-four cents, and it takes twenty-five weeks to pay. Landan Brothers, down on Chambers Street. And here are the receipts for the rent."

True enough, there were the evidences of man's inhumanity to man, the exploitation of the poor by the poor. One set of immigrants exploiting the newest set of immigrants.

"My husband got sick in December and had to stay home from work, so then the neighbor told us we could pay ten dollars a week to her and the rent \$28 to the 'super,' so that is what we have been doing."

In the front room, which had two windows looking out on the street, there were a dresser and two over-stuffed chairs; there had been plastic curtains and a davenport which had since fallen apart and been replaced by a smaller one which a neighbor had given her. There was a crib which Maria herself had bought at a second-hand store and in the kitchen an old-fashioned icebox. There are still coal and ice men in cellars all over the East Side, carrying heavy loads of ice and coal up steep tenement-house steps. Our Mike had done just such work and supported his father and sisters until his father died and his sisters married.

The stove in the kitchen was a combination coal and gas stove, but the gas had been turned off and the coal stove had holes in it and the pipe which led into the chimney had rusted apart. I didn't look into the two bedrooms, but I knew that the older boy slept in one and another family had the other. Another evictee, jobless, the destitute being helped by the poor. Or perhaps the poor being taken in by the poor, as between the two of them they were able to raise some food to feed the hungry mouths. The toilets were in the hall, which smelled of cats and rats and toilets, a most familiar tenement-house odor. Windows in the kitchen and bedrooms looked out on an airshaft and other windows, and only by peering out and straining one's neck to look up four more flights was it possible to see the sky.

The back bedroom was just the kind of place I had lived in when I went to work for the New York Call during World War I. I paid five dollars a month, and I had a phonograph on which I had paid a dollar down and a dollar a month, and the bed was warm, with a sheet-covered featherbed, and there was a good smell of cooking from the kitchen. The tailor and his wife and three children lived in the other rooms and there was always work and the gas had never been turned off. But here there was no fire to cook by, and according to the Arabs, "fire is twice bread."

The poor can live in such places and have some measure of comfort, but the destitute are dogged on every side by ill health, unemployment, accident and hunger.

I sat there for a while with Maria at her kitchen table, pondering over the slips before me, wondering how we could help her out of this slough. For seven months she had paid \$93 a month, rent and furniture payment. Since then she had paid \$40 a month to the avaricious widow and \$28 to the landlord, \$68 in all, instead of \$93. That had been a generous reduction indeed. I frowned over the arithmetic before me. "The furniture looked quite good when we moved in," Maria tried to apologize for having been taken in. "It looked wonderful. You can't imagine how good it looked."

And there was still a year and three months to pay on it. Over

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CHRISTIANS IN A CENTURY OF FEAR

(Continued from page 1)

despite such heartening beginnings, the twin habits of fear and aggression remain deeply rooted among Christians. One is not surprised to read the findings of a peace-research institute: that in a recent survey taken, Christians were decidedly more war-like in their attitudes than non-Christians, and among the Christians, Catholics stood out as the most belligerent of all. Thus, on the question of nuclear weapons, Protestants wanted them more than agnostics, and Catholics more than Protestants. Three years after *Pacem in Terris*—and for that matter, two thousand after Christ—*as a Church we remain uncommitted to a living faith in the power of love.*

Nevertheless, from the standpoint of a faith which affirms that there are values greater than life, it may be thought that the refusal of Albert Camus to take a human life for any reason simply manifests the atheist's lack of principle. The familiar terms here, employed by politician and theologian alike, are a "naïve" or "sentimental pacifism," the connotation that of spinelessness, the implied accusation: nihilism. The rhetoric of modern man, formed in the context of the nation-state, has no good word for an individual's resistance to ideology in the name of so humble a cause as life itself. We may be "forced" to blanket women and children with napalm bombs for the sake of "freedom from aggression" or "to stave off Communist tyranny." But to refuse, simply for the sake of another human life, to defend freedom with fire is too humble a plea for men of principle. We regard it as crass materialism and look to Christianity for the principles which can dispose of lives honorably for the causes we pledge allegiance to.

But in a Century of Fear, in an Age of Overkill, the atheist's stark refusal to kill is a more living gospel than our own. Such a refusal makes no pretense to eternal truth. It says, in a witness which men can recognize, that we must begin to take life seriously again, that the foremost causes today are each man's life and the right of mankind together to continue on this earth.

If Christians were to begin their thoughts on war with the non-believer's testimony to life, there might be more hope of our finally reaching the Gospel of Christ than by the theological routes we generally travel: just-war theories, exhortations to God and country, counsels of obedience to authority, or simply the pious nationalism of most of the religious press. What one misses in these approaches is the clear recognition that a life made to the image and likeness of God has an inherent value on this earth; that such a value may even be thought to constitute an absolute in itself, one which in any case no man has the right to treat as a mere statistic, regardless of the situation or conflict.

Numbers Game

One of the most revealing of our Vietnam policies is the meticulous battlefield tabulations of the kill ratio of Americans to Viet Cong. Such ratios invariably show the stacks of Viet Cong bodies to exceed severalfold the stacks of American bodies, thus proving the measurable success of the American war effort. Since we know that there are more Americans in the world than Viet Cong, we can assume that our higher kill ratio will produce an end of the Viet Cong bodies long before we exhaust the supply of American bodies. And if we want to be precise about the war, we can calculate (as has no doubt already been done) the American body-cost of a total body-victory over the Viet Cong. The only annoying factor in all this is that the living Viet Cong seem to increase faster than their dead can be counted, almost as if we had forgotten something. One might ask a related question: Based on com-

parative population statistics in the year 69 A.D. and the Romans-to-Christians kill ratio, would computer have predicted a victory of Christianity over the Roman Empire?

The Swedish novelist, Stig Dagerman, once observed in connection with an automobile accident that "so pitiless is life to him who has killed a child, that afterwards everything is too late." This is even more profoundly true of the man who has killed his brother in the human family in order to use him as a statistic: afterwards everything is too late.

Human life is sacred. To know this deeply is to know that every nuclear weapon in existence is an abomination against God's creation. It is also to know that in the Age of Overkill, where every act of violence takes its place in the matrix of nuclear slaughter, no Christian can today kill another man in good conscience. Whatever may be said about Christian participation in past wars, the only effective way to reverse life today is a total refusal to cooperate with the forces of death, on every level and in every situation of conflict. Such a refusal would be made in fidelity to the Gospel we are beginning to hear, in penance for our past sins against life, and a promise to the future of man. As a witness to a two-thousand-year-old Gospel of Peace, it would be a late beginning but a necessary one. It would suggest that Christians are beginning to love their enemies, during war as well as in peace.

There is a story cited by Andre Schwarz-Bart in his great novel, *The Last of the Just*, concerning a rabbi who was called before St. Louis, king of France, in the year 1240. According to custom, the rabbi was to be questioned concerning the divinity of Jesus in order to determine the precise nature of the torture to which he would be subjected. It is said that, slender and slight in his black gown, the Rabbi Solomon Levy stepped irresolutely before the saintly king's tribunal.

"If it is true," he whispered in a forced tone, "if it is true that the Messiah of which our ancient prophets spoke has already come, how then do you explain the present state of the world?" Then, hemming and hawing in anguish, his voice a thread, "Noble lords, the prophets stated that when the Messiah came sobs and groans would disappear from the world—ah—did they not? That the lion and the lamb would lie down together, that the blind would be healed and that the lame would leap like—stags! And also that all the peoples would break their swords, oh, yes, and beat them into plowshares—ah—would they not?"

And finally smiling sadly at King Louis, "Ah, what would they say, sire, if you were to forget how to wage war?"

Is it possible that, after two thousand years of increasing savagery in battle, Christians may finally begin to forget how to wage war, in the faith that a suffering Messiah placed a cross of love, and not a sword of torture, in the hands of each of them? Or is the hour already too late for Christians to become Christlike? And will the prophets and martyrs of the Century of Fear have to come from traditions in which the love of God has been given a deeper response?

Men have burned themselves to death in protest to the injustice of our war in Vietnam. Is this because the moderation of Christian voices has driven men of conscience to desperation? Why should we be shocked by self-immolation and indifferent to the napalm bombing of villagers? Isn't self-immolation simply the daily ritual of napalm being repeated before our eyes, executioner and executed identified in a single, flaming gesture? The gesture is futile, both because the taking of life cannot give testimony to life

and because the madness of love has no meaning for the rest of us. But again, is this mistaken emulation by Christians of the Buddhist sacrifice not a judgment in itself on the sterility of the Christian world?

Love and Terror

We have grown used to thinking of love as disembodied, as a frame of mind which wishes good on all men while our laboratory technicians prepare the weapons of terror. Most of these weapons, we are told, are meant only for terror, simply to deter the aggressor, so that there is no real contradiction between Christian love and manning a Polar submarine. But when did love and terror become compatible? Pope John in *Pacem in Terris* thought them irreconcilable. And in view of the cautious Catholic approach to other moral questions, especially these of sex, why are we so lax with regard to thermonuclear occasions of sin? When will Pope Paul's condemnation of the bombing of Hiroshima become as well known to Catholic moralists as Pius XII's statement on contraception? (One wonders also if the Vatican Council's declaration against modern, total war will ever be referred to the Catholic war establishment, such as R.O.T.C. programs.) Can the weapons of terror even be said to be effective in their professed purpose, to deter the aggressor,

elsewhere, there is a curious silence, and the lungs gasp for air, the limbs are limp and lifeless.

The intention of love must be embodied in service, self-sacrifice, and suffering if it is to be anything more than a self-justifying abstraction. The Pauline hymn to charity is not to "a good intention" which can then be made consistent with every form of destruction and slaughter, so long as we manage a prayer for the enemy between machine-gun bursts or a sign of the cross before sending a missile to Moscow. Paul tells us instead (Rom. 12:10) that love cannot wrong a neighbor. Love is love made visible, love manifested in the actions of the lover toward the beloved. Love is blood for the Viet Cong, food and clothing for North Vietnam, technical assistance for China, and ourselves placed at the disposal of the enemy so that his every need can become ours in a sharing of life and suffering. Love is the crucifixion of national self-identity and the finding of a genuine world community. Love is the scandal of Christians embracing the people of the world and forgetting which ones are security risks. Love is the life of men everywhere and the death of our own indifference to them.

Christian love is not prudent, in the distorted sense we have of the word prudence. It often does

thought it preferable to cowardice or impotence in the face of aggression.

It should be a source of amazement that Christians have so thoroughly misunderstood and distorted Gandhi's prophetic witness, inasmuch as the roots of his philosophy are at the very center of the Christian revelation. That such has been the case is further evidence that the living Church in today's world is far smaller than even falling statistics would indicate. We have misunderstood Gandhi because we have not known Christ.

Essence of Christianity

According to the New Testament, there can be no faith in Christ without a faith in the scandalous way of life laid down by him. The essential nature of the Christian life is stated repeatedly by Christ, but most importantly, in the central passage of Mark's Gospel (8, 27-35). This passage begins by Jesus' question to the disciples, "Who do men say I am?" and finally to Peter alone, "Who do you say I am?"

What is significant about Peter's profession of faith, "You are the Messiah," is that Jesus isn't satisfied with it. Not only does he go on to identify his own messianic vocation with great suffering, but he sharply rebukes Peter's contrary suggestion that such suffering is somehow avoidable: "Away with you, Satan," he said, "You think as men think, not as God thinks."

It is at this point that Jesus laid on every Christian the symbol and demanding reality of a living faith in Himself: "Anyone who wishes to be a follower of mine must deny himself; he must take up his cross and come with me."

There can be no faith in Christ without a faith in the totally redemptive efficiency of suffering. The reverse side of the law of love is the law of suffering. In a world of pain, the suffering of men cries out for divine love, and divine love in return embraces the suffering of men. Any man who wishes to join himself to the circuit of love between God and the world must become one with the agony of the world. Suffering is God's chosen entrance into the world, and it is man's only entrance into God.

This fundamental law of faith and of existence, the law of a suffering love, is only completed in Christ, not begun by him. Its roots are in the Hebrew scriptures before him. St. Paul reminds us of these origins in the great passage of Romans 12 (17-21), which underlines the non-violence demanded by the law of suffering:

Never pay back evil for evil. Let your aims be such as all men count honorable. If possible, so far as it lies with you, live at peace with all men. My dear friends, do not seek revenge, but leave a place for divine retribution; for there is a text which reads, "Justice is mine, says the Lord, I will repay." But there is another text: "If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him a drink; by doing this you will heap live coals on his head." Do not let evil conquer you, but use good to defeat evil.

Contemporary theologians with an existential background have succeeded in demonstrating, beyond the limitations of the scholastic tradition, the necessity of Christ's actual death as man's means of salvation. Karl Rahner's *Theology of Death* opens up this perspective. But it is necessary now to follow Rahner's insight by an insistence on the absolute integrity, on the harmony and wholeness, of a life of love, and death by crucifixion, each of which implies and works through the other.

This truth was once seen in its depths by a hardened but very



when in fact the aggressor is ourselves, as in Vietnam?

The illusion of love which might be possible in a Midwest missile silo cannot be maintained in guerrilla warfare. The Augustinian distinction between loving in spirit and killing in the flesh has always been questionable enough, but the savagery of modern war has reduced it to rhetoric. A recent letter from a Marine fighting in Vietnam suggests the conflict between love and a Vietnam battlefield better than any theologian could:

To really sample the barbaric essence of combat one has to be with a squad of men who suddenly are faced with a squad of enemy. One has to feel the certain knowledge that he must kill or be killed. One has to feel the awesome gorge that rises in the breast at such a moment, composed of fear and a certain rage that completely possesses one's senses. And one has to be close enough to the enemy to see his features contorted by the same fear and rage. And then one must see and feel how these emotions translate themselves into raw violence, how one's body moves as if on puppet strings to bring the weapon to the shoulder and fire, or to swing the butt to smash; or to throw the grenade in its agonizing slow, looting arc—all through a red haze that only subsides when the enemy lies dead at one's feet. Then, though the battle may rage

not fit in. It is not recommended by society. It may have tragic consequences. In time of war, Christian love means waging total peace, and we all know how welcome those efforts are in a military state. In war as in peace, Christian love is a leap of faith to the enemy who may destroy us, whether that enemy is on a foreign battlefield or at a desk in the Pentagon. Surely the enemy whom pacifists have found hardest to love, and from whom they have suffered most, has been the war-makers in their own country. But love is not a matter of re-designating an enemy to destroy, of sympathizing with the Viet Cong and hating the Marine Corps. It is a full acceptance of the divinely created persons belonging to each and a rejection of their mutual violence.

Love, then, in a Century of Fear is fearless. In an Age of Overkill, it is life-giving. In short, the embodiment of Christian love in the midst of violence is non-violence.

We have been brainwashed into believing that a non-violent response to any kind of aggression, whether individual or national, is nothing more than appeasement, a virtual surrender of whatever moral rights or principles are involved. There is such a false form of non-violence. Gandhi called it "the non-violence of the weak." Cowardice or lack of principle is wholly inconsistent with "the non-violence of the strong." As much as Gandhi rejected violence, he

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On Doing Prison Time for Draft Refusal

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prison time as preparation for participation in experiments concerned with nonviolent defense and nonviolent peacekeeping. A magazine on the current attempt to initiate such an experiment on the soil of Vietnam has just been brought out by myself and a friend. **Special Report On The Birth Pangs Of A Peace And Freedom Corps** (available for 25c from Robert Meriwether, 386 60th St., Oakland, California.) The project proposed therein would take "voluntary peace hostages" to North Vietnam to rebuild hospitals, or schools, destroyed by American air attacks.

Q. 2: In general, what is the penalty for draft refusal?

A. 2: Not much. Sentences imposed for conviction on the felony labeled "failure to report for induction" range from the minimum of a virtually negligible six months to a statutory maximum of five years. Suspended sentences and probation are nowhere common, but they're least uncommon in California (notably Southern California). Sometimes, when a draft refuser declines to plead guilty, and thus has a jury trial, a fine as well as a prison sentence is imposed. This happens, however, only very rarely. The fine can legally go as high as ten thousand dollars. Non-payment of Federal fines makes one subject to only thirty additional days in prison, but often Federal agents continue to try to collect a fine after voluntary payment has been refused and the thirty additional days have been served.

The average sentence for draft refusal is close to two years, even now in the atmosphere of escalation of the war in Vietnam. Sentences for Selective Service violations other than "failure to report for induction" are still unusual, though on the increase. All of the above generalities apply equally to those violations (for instance, "failure to register," "failure to report address changes," "failure to possess a draft card," and "destruction of one's draft card willfully").

Q. 3: How long is it from the time of breaking a Selective Service law to the time of imprisonment?

A. 3: There's great variation, mainly due to the recent increase in draft refusal. In my case, fourteen months elapsed between the returning of my draft card (all in one piece) to my local board's office in Rock Island, Illinois, and the day I was sentenced in Federal District Court there.

When I sent back the card I was twenty years old. Whatever one's age, the Selective Service rules call for the local board to respond to such an act by placing the non-cooperator in "delinquency" status and sending him a notice to that effect. The names of delinquents are supposed to be at the top of each local board's list of young men eligible for receipt of Presidential greetings: an order to report for induction on a specified morning about three weeks in the future.

But at least several months tend to elapse between one's "disaffiliation" and the receipt of an induction notice, often much more. In my case, six months elapsed. Another period of waiting, usually of about two or three months' duration, occurs between refusal to submit to induction (whether in person, via mail or through silence) and one's initial arrest. This lapse in my case was only six weeks, because I picketed the Selective Service office and received mass-media coverage. After fasting a week in county jails as a form of protest against imprisonment and then posting bail, I appeared in Federal District Court and pleaded guilty. But instead of passing sentence at that point, the judge called for a presentence investigation (which is

not uncommon). Thus it was another five months before I was actually sentenced and carried off to serve the time.

Throughout the period after "disaffiliation" as well as before, I, like most non-cooperators, followed a policy of keeping my draft board informed of address changes. This lessens the chances of being thought of or presented to the public as a "draft dodger" rather than a draft refuser.

Q. 4: Summarize your own prison experience. Where is the most systematic information to be found?

A. 4: It was in June of 1962 that I received a three-year sentence for refusing induction. After two years had been served (during which parole was denied twice) at the Medical Center for Federal Prisoners in Springfield, Missouri, I received a "mandatory release" due to good time earned, in spite of my refusal to agree to abide by "conditions" of the release. Having previously decided not to forego the peace campaigning I had begun in 1961 with the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action, I violated the "conditions" by returning to New England and making preparations for an anti-draft caravan. I was re-arrested and served nine additional months (at Danbury Federal Correctional Institution in Connecticut), receiving an unconditional release in June of 1965. Sometimes a local draft board desires to bring about a second prosecution of a draft refuser, but such developments are prevented by a well-enforced Justice Department policy against second prosecutions. This is a policy which might well change, some observers believe, if both the war in Vietnam and the anti-draft campaigning of young pacifists and leftists continue to grow in intensity.

Although familiar with the key booklets concerned with conscientious objection in the United States and its various possible consequences, I draw in my comments mainly upon my own experiences and those of several dozen friends who have non-cooperated with the draft in recent years. But no less up-to-date is the standard source of information for conscientious objectors expecting to serve time in prison (and equally for those seeking alternative service), namely the **Handbook For Conscientious Objectors**. The key free counseling services for C.O.s are (1) the Handbook's publishers, The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and (2) The National Service Board for Religious Objectors, 401 Third Street N.W., Washington D.C. 1.

Q. 5: What are the rules on parole and good time releases?

A. 5: In the case of most sentences of two or more years, parole is easy to secure after at least one year of the time has been served. A prisoner becomes officially eligible for parole release after one-third of his time has been served. It should be emphasized that most fellows serving a sentence of less than two years have not been receiving parole—also that in no case is the Board of Parole completely predictable, even when a five-year sentence is being served. In the event that parole is not applied for by a prisoner, or not granted, the earning of good time will automatically cause release after two-thirds to three-quarters of the full sentence has been served. "Conditions" are attached to such a release only if it comes more than six months prior to the expiration date of the full sentence. And the "conditions" (similar to parole conditions) are dropped once the individual, already released, has passed that six-month landmark.

Q. 6: How can the prison experience best be prepared for?

A. 6: My personal opinion is

that little purpose can be served by attempting to prepare oneself emotionally, since as a rule common sense easily prevents a year or two or three behind bars from seeming a major ordeal. The length of sentence to expect from a given Judge can often be supplied by C.C.C.O. Federal prisons harbor no great dangers and tend to be rather interesting. Extremely sensitive individuals may find themselves unhappy while doing time, but that doesn't imply that the harm done will be more than temporary. I would recommend plenty of physical as well as mental activity while awaiting arrest, sentencing or re-arrest after a conditional release. I found that in my case work with peace projects during such periods shut out worries. It one is considering the idea of fasting behind bars for a sizeable length of time, it is important to have a trial run (such as a long fast in conjunction with



a peace or civil-rights project). This is one of several respects in which fasting resembles the LSD experience: the best results never come the first time.

Q. 7: Is it easy to study or write in prison, and how about sending writing out?

A. 7: There's great variation among individuals with different temperaments. During evening on which escape from one's "enormous room" or barracks is not provided for, the high level of background noise tends to make serious study difficult. But C.O.s often manage to get assigned to a quiet single or double cell. (Unhappily, I never did.) Since the lights go out in Federal prisons at 10 p.m., there is enforced quiet time immediately thereafter, which one can use for writing. Learning to write in the dark is simple, and the paper supply is unlimited. Much noise in prison living quarters is caused by TVs in adjoining recreation rooms, earphones for radio reception (when adjusted to be amplifiers), loudspeaker announcements—and the rest by the vocal chords of one's fellow cons. Often after work hours (which are approximately 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., with a lunch break), or after supper for the early evening hours, one can locate a quiet room or yard corner. For obvious reasons, systematic research in the academic style is virtually impossible, but close study of a few key works in a field, or of correspondence courses dependent upon a few key works, presents no problem beyond that of noise. Some institutions place no limit upon the number of books one may receive from publishers or bookstores (or sometimes, as a privilege, from family or friends) but other institutions set the limit at five (renewable upon authorized disposal of the first five). Correspondence course are actively promoted by prison "Education Departments" and evening courses are also offered (though they are often not worth attending).

In addition, many privileges not covered by the rules are dished out at random to quasi-friends of the guards and civilian personnel, to stool-pigeons, and to inmates with key jobs and thus a small (never indispensable) degree of influence. Such potential privileges are used as leverage in place of

disciplinary measure to maintain the placidity of prison administration, in addition to the threat of withdrawal of more standardized privileges for actual "adverse-behavior" citations. It is recommended that writings be sent out bit by bit in long letters rather than entrusted to the "Education Department" for clearance or confiscation.

Q. 8: What kinds of jobs are available inside, and what if one refuses to work?

A. 8: Each Federal prison provides at least forty inmate occupations—from mob hand and pot-washer to warden's clerk. Few jobs, outside of Prison Industries, Inc. (rarely even offered to C.O.s) and the kitchen, tend to be distasteful, partly due to the leisurely rates of work expected. Clerical jobs are almost always made available to persons of above-average intelligence or education, but C.O.s often spurn this opportunity to help the running of one or another aspect of prison routine. Because of the present policy of the Bureau of Prison's Washington, D.C. headquarters, the farms are gradually being closed down, in spite of their financial benefit to the system, and this leaves few really healthy jobs. The only other crew consistently out-of-doors is the landscaping and maintenance crew. Without an out-of-doors job it can be difficult to stay vigorously healthy on a prison diet (far too much starch, far too little fruit, low-quality protein) and thus difficult to sustain a state of happiness. (Fruit, however, can be purchased at prison commissaries along with a wide range of useless dietary supplements.)

Those who refuse to work are locked in a semi-isolation cell.

Q. 9: How are relations between C.O.s and other convicts?

A. 9: Physical attacks and threats directed against C.O.s, usually by other inmates, are not rare during one or another waiting period in a country jail, but they are very rare in Federal prisons. The taste of doing time in prison is apparently little different from the taste of such an experience anywhere. But an advantage over doing Army time is the fact that civilian prisoners are relatively unbothered compared not only to military prisoners (!) but to ordinary G.I.s. Civilian prisoners are almost completely spared not only harassment but irrational regulations. Unlike those doing time in mental institutions, on the other hand, civilian prisoners are aware of a definite maximum termination date (and only cons declared to be "psychotic" through certification by prison psychiatrists can be held until their actual maximum date). Kenneth Brown's play *The Brig* is recommended to those who doubt that a non-military prison sentence is a good bargain compared with armed-forces life for young men with pacifist inclinations. There are Marine battalions with as much as 18% of their personnel either AWOL or in the brig.

But please don't adopt draft refusal because it happens to be

a bargain. Compared with alternative service, it often isn't.

Q. 10: What's allowed in the way of visits and correspondence?

A. 10: Unlimited correspondence is usually allowed to and from an "approved list" of about twelve relatives and friends. It is only relatively limited between prisoners and non-approved correspondents. (There's great variation in practices at difference prisons). Visiting is likewise more or less limited to an "approved list," and the number of visiting hours allowed per month varies. I've known it to be as high as eight hours and as low as three.

Q. 11: Are there any significant services to fellow inmates one can perform while serving time or afterwards?

A. 11: Opportunities are endless—only one's own emotional limitations call a halt. (Or an anti-service philosophy or style of life.) One of the cruellest facts of American life is that Federal and State Judges have made a habit of passing out years as if they were days. Elaborate judicial reform is called for to change this, but the motivation to undertake such a steep challenge is confined almost exclusively to ex-cons, and few of them have the position or skills to even make a try. (Caleb Foote is one who does and has been working on the problem for decades.)

Rather than list possible services to one's fellow convicts, allow me to focus upon one. I'm in the process of trying to begin a service, an organization, to be called "Pen-Pals for Prisoners." (See February 1966 *Catholic Worker*.) There has been a good response from diverse individuals, and a number of volunteers are ready to begin writing. The idea has no political angle, the purpose being to help as many cons as possible (on any rap whatsoever) do easier time, create sympathetic outside contacts, and formulate constructive post-release goals and plans.

While doing time I became aware of a major unnecessary concomitant of the time served by many—inflated in the short run by society upon its prisoners, but re-inflated in the long run by ex-prisoners upon society: the pain of lacking meaningful communication and relationship. Total non-relating may happen to few convicts, but to a relative extent it seems to influence virtually all. And ninety-seven per cent of the men now behind bars in the U.S. are destined to be free sooner or later. While doing time, I found myself able in five or six instances to initiate pen-pal relationships between fellow inmates and college co-eds of my acquaintance. All cases worked out constructively, but contacts were immediately dropped when the prisoner went back into the "free world." Since release brings a man back into his own real world of concrete relationships, this should be expected. Anyone able to help on this is urged to correspond with me at the following address:

New England Committee for Nonviolent Action

Voluntown, Connecticut 06384

VOLUNTEER NEEDED

The Roger LaPorte Children's Center is a small storefront on East 3rd Street, in New York City, where children from five to ten years of age can play in a comparatively free atmosphere after school and on weekends. The summer program will include weeks at our Tivoli farm for some of the children. Since Dave and I will be at the farm supervising the children during that period, we need someone (perhaps a college student) to operate the Center in New York and coordinate the groups of children who will be going to the farm. Will anyone who is interested please get in touch with me at 175 Chrystie Street?

Other readers, who are sympathetic to this work but cannot offer their physical services, may be able to help us out with money. Yesterday I received a note from the landlord telling me to pay the rent or move out, and at this point I DON'T want to move out.

Peace,
Catherine (Swann) Miller

CHRISTIANS IN THE CENTURY OF FEAR

(Continued from page 6)

perceptive businessman when he had finished listening to a theology student's description of Christian love. He said very simply, "If you believe that, you'll be crucified."

How could Gandhi's experiments in truth, or non-violence, be disregarded by Christians in favor of a just-war doctrine if we really knew that salvation has come to us in the form of a cross? The central truth that suffering love is God's strategy for dealing with evil has simply not been applied by Christians to the question of war. In his excellent book on non-violence, *Conquest by Suffering*, Harvey Seifert has pointed out that "only through the cross can men be redeemed without destroying their freedom. This is a fundamental insight, related to the very nature of God and to the ultimate destiny of man. God saves through suffering. Or in the words of Berdyaev, 'To conquer evil the Good must crucify itself.'"

Does It Work?

The Christian response to aggression is resistance, but non-violence is resistance, the resistance of love, prayer, and accepted suffering. Non-violence is the expression of a faith that the greatest, yet most hidden, power in history is the forward movement of Love. Non-violence is therefore as realistic as Christ himself, and is one with the cross of Christ's victory over evil, a cross which explodes all sepulchres with the power of resurrection. The question of whether or not non-violent resistance "works" should be referred not so much to the gaining of our own immediate ends, in which case it often does not work, as to the transformation of history from within by the converging forces of Love. Non-violence works infallibly, insofar as it joins the practitioner to the fundamental law of existence. Gandhi once wrote that "Jesus lived and died in vain if he did not teach us to regulate the whole of life by the eternal law of love."

Violence is a destructive force directed against man's body. Non-violence is a healing power directed to his spirit. Violence seeks the enemy's death. Non-violence seeks the life of the enemy and ourselves by our mutual conversion to a faith in the power of Love. Violence is impotent to destroy divine Love. Non-violence, or suffering love, has the power to overcome all evil. Violence is the fuel of self-righteousness on both sides, and inevitably provokes further violence. Non-violence begins in self-examination and grows in humility. Violence is a confession that man cannot change. Non-violence is a credo in his capacity to become human and holy again. Violence is a denial of the family of mankind. Non-violence is a profession of faith in the unity of all men from one Father-Creator and in one incarnate Son. Violence is a faith in ourselves and in our own destructive power. Non-violence is a faith in God and in His power to draw good out of evil. Violence is our final judgment on the enemy's sins. Non-violence is our penance for our own. Violence is a curse and non-violence a prayer. The critical issue has been

stressed by Marcus Barth in his book, *Acquittal by Resurrection*. It is the overwhelming love of God. If God so loved the world as to forgive all men for their murder of his Son, and to make out of that murder the cause of the murderers' resurrection, how can men fail to forgive each other their mutual crimes? What man can serve as the executioner of his brother when God refused to execute men for the death of His Son? After that acquittal, there is no crime on earth, no form of aggression, which can justify man's deliberately taking the life of another man.

It will be said that, whatever truth there may be in these professions of faith in non-violence and in the God who gives them meaning, they are in fact politically irrelevant. And this may very nearly be true in our own country, if one is to judge from the evident factors which enter into foreign-policy decisions. To go from a faith which so few hold, that Love is truly our most powerful weapon, to an American political platform in 1966 may seem a longer trip than any space flight. And it no doubt is, but in a more significant direction.

The Politics of Fear

Neither the Republican nor the Democratic Party has shown much interest in experimenting with the truth of non-violence in a nuclear world. In a Century of Fear, we Americans are committed to a politics of fear, a politics whose driving energies are a fear of Communism, a fear of a widening world revolution, and a fear of the nuclear Armageddon we ourselves threaten. It is true that in the context of our politics of fear, non-violent resistance has no place. For the two, non-violent love and armed fear, are irreconcilable, and we are wedded to our weapons.

But if non-violence is inconceivable in terms of America's politics of fear, then we must conceive and bring into the world a new politics drawn instead from the hopes of men. Beginnings are always possible. The Peace Corps is a magnificent instance of such a beginning. And the further beginnings of such a politics are not so impossible to imagine, provided we are willing to reject the twin heresies of a satanic enemy and a messianic America.

The politics of hope begins not with the dogmas of a fear-ridden anti-Communism but with a faith in man and in his capacity, as Pope John said, to meet increasingly in negotiations and thereby grow in love. The politics of hope begins by putting its faith in man, every man—Alexy Kosygin, Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, and Lyndon Baines Johnson—to rise above a party or national philosophy and become one with the human family in its deepest needs. Its faith is that the instincts of conscience are universal and that men can and do change. But if it is to be realistic, this beginning politics of hope must include the recognition that a transformation will take place only if enough men of deep faith are willing to work, suffer and die in an appeal to conscience and in spiritual resistance to the inhuman attitudes toward the world which are now in control.

The Century of Fear can begin to become a Century of Hope only when Christians join other men of good will in recognizing that a suffering love for the entire human family is the indispensable element for nuclear-age politics.

Ed. note: This article is the text of an address delivered at a conference on "World Community: A Challenge to Conscience," held in February at Marymount College, Boca Raton, Florida. Mr. Douglas, a Catholic lay theologian, is now living in British Columbia and working on a book dealing with the Christian implications of non-violence.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

Office of Urban Affairs), who brought us the good news of the end of the strike. The heads of the Schenley interests, who control the growing and marketing of the major grape crops in California, have agreed to negotiate within thirty days. There are thirty other growers who have not yet followed suit. DiGiorgio officials propose a secret vote of farm workers to see if they want the N.F.W.A. to represent them.

"Does this mean that the owners have abdicated in favor of worker ownership?" Pat asked. It does not, of course, but it does mean that the first steps have been made to provide an adequate wage, so that the workers in the field may begin to enjoy a more human life, may begin to think. Nonviolence has been taught and practiced throughout the strike, and the only violence has been on the part of the employers and the scabs.

The report came while a march from Delano to Sacramento was in progress. Men, women and children, three hundred of them, walked through the vast valley, with the banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe at their head. Today some priests and laymen flew to the West Coast to make the last lap of the march with the victorious workers, in what is now a procession of thanksgiving rather than supplication. There has been superb coverage of the strike in the National Catholic Reporter.

News of the eviction of twenty-two hundred people from their homes in Mississippi comes in a report from the Snick Shop (65 Main St., Worcester, Massachusetts), which goes on to quote from the Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches estimate that from ten to twelve thousand more people will lose their homes this winter or spring. Farm workers are not covered by the Federal Social Security system or by unemployment compensation. The Snick Shop sells magazines, Negro history books for children, Freedom Song albums, and cloth and leather goods made in the Poor People's Co-ops of Mississippi. (See article elsewhere in this issue.) The Friends of S.N.C.C. (Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee) in Worcester are assuming the responsibility of helping the people in Lowndes County, Alabama, where conditions, they say, are as bad as in Mississippi. We call this project to the attention of our New England readers.

Tonight we go to Monsignor Frederick Hillenbrand's church in Evanston for Holy Thursday services and the Mass. We'll spend Good Friday in Milwaukee and make our Easter vigil there. Then on to Minneapolis for a three-day conference with the University of Minnesota Newman Club, and after that to St. Louis University for a talk on April 18th.

"You can have no greater sign of a confirmed pride than when you think you are humble enough."

WILLIAM LAW

Poverty and Destitution

(Continued from page 3)

a thousand dollars for junk, and nothing left of it by the time it was paid for. The gas and electric bill was \$38.64 and had to be paid before the utilities could be turned on again. "It is very expensive to be poor," a friend says.

When we finally got this mess straightened out for them, Maria's husband's job sufficed to keep them.

Maria never comes to us except when she is in real need and then a few dollars helps her out. There is always someone in the office who chips in to help if we are short. There are always clothes coming in for children. Her household furnishings are certainly not of the best and they sleep on mattresses on the floor because the wages of Francisco are not enough for furniture. Like most hospital workers, he has no more than thirty dollars a week take-home pay, and that has to support Maria and four children. Here is poverty but not unhappiness. There are schools for the children, and free medical care for the family, and all the little comforts and luxuries which spill over in a big city. (One of our staff furnished her first home after marriage with the bits of furniture which are put out, even in the slum areas, to be carted away by the garbage-disposal men.)

Tragic Ending

But another story of utter horror and tragedy gives some indication of the destitution of a new people like the Puerto Ricans coming into the city and living on starvation wages in noisy slums. It happened about a mile away from us. Pilar could speak no English. She was a violently emotional young woman, not too attractive, and was always getting into fights and arguments. One day she went to a tavern to make a telephone call to find out if her two older children had arrived at the agency which was to take them to camp for a few weeks. The telephone was defective, she lost her dime, had no other, and began to make a scene with the bartender, which included screams and kickings and led to police action. The officers' arrival meant terror for Pilar, who was dragged hysterical into a police car and taken away to the psychiatric ward at Bellevue, where her behavior was such that she was given heavy sedation. Evidently, no one on the ward spoke Spanish and she could not make herself understood. The next few days were an utter horror for her, leading only to more hysteria. It was only when a relief worker who had Pilar on her caseload came and pushed in the unlocked door of the little one-room apartment, that two infants were found dead in their cribs of starvation and thirst. If the children ever wailed, their voices were feeble and could not have been heard above the din of traffic and radio and television.

Ah, the pain, the anguish, the sin and despair, the remorse, at not living as one knows one should live, as a human being should live, fully and abundantly! The poor feel guilty too. It has been dinned into them so often that here we have a land of opportunity, of equality, of abundance. What is wrong with them that they cannot get out of the morass, they wonder. One of the saddest things about the poor and the destitute is that they are blamed for it too. Everything is expected of them. "If you would only do this . . ." "This is what I would do if I were in your place . . ."

Yes, we know the poor and the destitute, from twenty-eight years of close association, and if we did not have so many social theories, if we had not constantly proclaimed our philosophical anarchism, and the nonviolent pacifist means by which we sought to attain it, we might have come a little closer to the ideals expressed in *Fields, Factories and Workshops*

and *The Conquest of Bread*. These are the two books of Kropotkin which Peter Maurin, the French peasant founder of the Catholic Worker movement, very often quoted as texts. He also talked constantly about "the art of human contacts," and man's freedom, which must impel him, rather than the use of force. And because Peter Maurin was a saint as well as a social thinker, we keep to his program, which we feel is fundamentally sound and holy, and so we have not, in these short twenty-eight years, been able to found any true cooperative farms, though there are a goodly number of houses. Perhaps if we had stopped talking about our principles of personal responsibility, which do not allow us to take state aid or endowments from foundations, which we consider money stolen from the worker and the poor, we might have been able to accomplish more.

"To make the rich poor and the poor holy" (that is, whole men) that is what the late Eric Gill, artist-philosopher, said should be our aim. It is a lifetime work. Meanwhile we are free, and freedom is an inestimable treasure.

Ed. note: "Poverty and Destitution" was first published in a special (Summer 1961) issue of *Dissent* devoted to New York City. This important social and anti-war magazine is now appearing bi-monthly and we commend it to the attention of CW readers. Frequent contributors include Irving Howe, Michael Harrington, Nat Hentoff and Paul Goodman. *Dissent* is published at 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. A subscription is four dollars and fifty cents a year.

A Farm With a View

(Continued from Page 3)

hill with—so they say—a hundred-mile view. Since the Jerrys' goats had given birth to kids the preceding week, he had built a kind of playpen for them in the farmhouse. He placed one of the tiny kids in my arms. It was as soft and engaging as a baby lamb. Later we visited the goat barn and found it amazingly clean and all the goats seemingly quite gentle and pacifist in their behavior. Jerry's pacifism, it would seem, has made an impression even on the goats.

As always, we have had a number of other visitors, including several groups of students and seminarians. But we are most particularly grateful to Father David Kirk and Father Lyle Young, who visited us on the feast of our patron saint, St. Joseph, and said a most beautiful Mass in his honor in our chapel.

Now in April—as Eliot tells us in *THE WASTE LAND*—a little life stirs in dried tubers. But out in front of our house, where Peggy Conklin planted them, jonquils and hyacinths are blooming. Then on the evening of this Easter day, just about twilight, I heard a robin singing his rondelay. With all the fervor of an alleluia, he sang, Alleluia. Alleluia. Christ is risen. "And death shall have no dominion."

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In the near future, the Post Office is going to require ZIP codes on the mailing of all periodicals. We ask our readers to help facilitate the extra work this will involve for us by including the ZIP code on all new subscriptions and changes of address.

Catholics and Conscientious Objection

This 16-page booklet extracts from early Christian writings on the subject of war and peace, offers pertinent biographical material concerning several of the saints who refused to bear arms, discusses the "just-war" ethic and the treatment of war and conscience at the Second Vatican Council. Information is offered on the various forms of conscientious objection, and a reading list is provided.

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