

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XXXVI No. 1

JANUARY, 1970

Subscriptions:
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Clarification On Tax Withholding

By KARL MEYER

December 12, 1969

Dear Mike and Allen:

I was pleased to receive your inquiry about our "Fund for Mankind, Through Effective Tax Resistance" (Catholic Worker, Oct.-Nov. 1969). Yours is one of dozens of serious inquiries from all over the country, and the fourth so far from the Minneapolis area alone. Jim Dunn (19 Sidney Place S.E., Minneapolis, Minnesota) has already started an alternative fund and has reprinted my article as a leaflet. Dennis Richter (Hope House, 2503 14th Ave. South) has begun by claiming forty million exemptions on his W-4 Withholding Exemption Certificate. This has tremendous educational value, but we don't know yet the effective results of this experiment. One person in Chicago tried this mass approach and it did not work. He claimed three and a half billion dependents, the entire population of Spaceship Earth. His employers, on the advice of their tax attorneys, rejected his W-4 form, on the grounds that it was not correctly filled out because it would be impossible under the rules to have that number of legally qualified exemptions—a trenchant argument, we must confess. They also pointed out that their payroll computer program could not handle that number of exemptions. Two digits, or a maximum of 99, would be all the computer could handle. This leaves him nowhere, since his only recourse would be to appeal to the Internal Revenue Service or the courts for support of his right to claim three and a half billion, and it is obvious enough that he would get no support from that quarter.

Does my article give the impression that I advocate claiming such great numbers of exemptions as a practical step, or that I myself have used this approach and succeeded? If it does, that impression should be corrected before it leads us down the blind alley of ineffectual protest. I myself have always claimed the minimum number of exemptions necessary to prevent the withholding of tax (between six and twelve in my case) and the same modest approach is used by all those I know of who are successfully using the exemption method of tax resistance at present.

The idea of claiming hundreds of thousands, millions or billions of dependents makes for a beautiful protest and a glorious expression of fraternal solidarity. I introduced this idea in my article, and I certainly hope that a certain number of bold souls like Dennis will experiment with it; but I proposed it with tongue in cheek, and I would be the first to predict that it will not work in very many cases. Most employers, on their own initiative or on the advice of I.R.S., will probably reject such a W-4, and those that don't may fire you. It would be a fine educational protest, but if the idea is protest, that could also be expressed by picketing the personnel office during your lunch hour to ask them to stop withholding taxes.

If the purpose is actually to prevent the withholding of tax, the most practical way to proceed is to claim the minimum number of exemptions necessary to achieve that objective! This number can be found by dividing your weekly salary by \$13.50, or dividing your projected annual salary by \$700, or by consulting the tables and rules in Circular E, Employers Tax Guide, available to the public at your local office I.R.S.

The minimum number of exemptions
(Continued on page 8)

Murder Without An Outcry

By MARK SILVERMAN

The murders of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark brought the number of Black Panther political murders to twenty-eight. All have been killed in "shoot-outs" with police.

In the "shoot-out" that resulted in the death of Hampton, chairman of the Panthers in Chicago, the victim was found dead in bed. There were only bullets around the bed—none around the door where the police entered, and no police were wounded.

It was then that I realized how the Gestapo and the murder of 6,000,000 Jews happened in Germany.

In both cases the liberals, the pacifists, the humanitarians, the "nice" people were silent. Black groups of all degrees of militancy rallied in support of the Panthers, as did white radicals, but the majority of established, liberal, and even pacifist groups remained silent.

Why? In large part because the Panthers are openly a group which is not "liberal" by any stretch of the word. In large part because they are black.

Why have the Panthers been singled out for political assassination? Clearly, because they pose a threat to the American capitalist elite, precisely because they are NOT a racist or separatist group, and advocate UNITED actions of blacks, browns, whites and all people in order to achieve a more humane society. There were MANY groups who have been violent in the ghettos of the country, whereas the Panthers only advocate self-defense and have NOT been violent. Their main activity has been centered on breakfast programs for hungry children, clinics, and classes.

The American elite is playing on the ignorance, fear, and racism of the
(Continued on page 7)



Rita Corbin.

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

This has been a time of much feasting and great joy, the return of a grandson from Vietnam, a happy holiday in Vermont, snowed in for a week. Two engagements announced in our midst; many good helpers, young men and young women, more than ever before. My daughter's home in Vermont and the CW in New York (I could not get to Tivoli) reminded me, as Tivoli so often has, of Tolstol's home, of the picture he drew of a joyous home community at Christmastime, in War and Peace.

Fastings

And now the fastings begin. The nine, or was it twelve, turkeys we were given are all gone, eaten here, in soup and in dinner, and given around to neighborhood families, who in turn brought us some corn meal and peanut butter which holy mother the state had given them.

The noon guests are now back to bean soup, pea soup, rice soup and lentil soup and so on, with whatever has been left over from the night before. There are two hundred for lunch and perhaps a hundred for supper. Or it might be only fifty. Sometimes it sounds like a multitude because the night crowd are the immediate members of the family and the immediate neighbors round about us who feel at liberty to fight and argue as families will. Nobody gets hurt but there is good opportunity to practice non-violence. The worst enemies are those of our own household, our Lord said. It helped me greatly to read once in one of Saroyan's stories of an Armenian household and a family squabble where the father and two sons began knocking each other around and the mother of the house calmly going on serving the dessert. "Food hath charms to soothe the savage breast," I am misquoting of course, and exaggerating, speaking in hyperbole, but the foundation of hospitality is—"They knew Him in the breaking of bread." The very word "companion" means one you break bread with.

Fasting has begun, fasting from warmth and comfort too in some of the tenements around us. We have at least six young women who have been helping us through the summer and who have taken apartments in the neighborhood, the rent of which they pay themselves by part-time work. They in turn take in our overflow women.

And in two of those apartments there is at the moment neither heat nor hot water. This is how it is in slums all over the city and it is something which we also endured the five years or more we lived in Kenmare and Spring Streets while our office and dining room was on Chrystie Street. It is a cruel and bitter thing to be without heat in these days when the thermometer is sinking toward zero but the blacks and the Puerto Ricans suffer this every winter.

Fasting too had begun for Mike Cullen, at Casa Maria, the Milwaukee House of Hospitality. He had threatened a death fast because the diningroom in the old church building across the street from the Casa Maria and the Montessori school both had to cease operation for a time, due to the closing of the center. The Montessori school was given hospitality by the Holy Cross nuns down the block. They had a large house and only four nuns occupying it. Friends dissuaded Mike and he is now on one meal a day, and thirty of his friends have offered to fast one day a month until the dining room can reopen.

Perkinsville

Between the December snowstorms I set out at ten a.m. for Perkinsville, Vermont, from Tivoli, N.Y. I drove along route nine to the thruway and on to the Massachusetts turnpike. Leaving that at Exit four, I proceeded straight north on 91 to Springfield, Vermont and then ten miles north to my daughter's arriving at three thirty in the afternoon, just in time to pick up Katie, Hilaire, Martha and Maggie who were walking the last four miles home because "they were tired of the noisy school bus." Their legs were blue but they were exhilarated by the cold, still day. One more day and the Christmas vacation would begin. It was Nickie's birthday and that night they were having a party at the trailer where he and his wife live with their year-old baby who is just now walking.

I stayed home and read a book about the Vietnamese war with the French and the defeat of the French in 1954. We had already become involved in this war with financial aid. The First World War (for us) began in April, 1917 and lasted until November, 1918. World War II began (for us) in 1941 and last-
(Continued on page 2)

IN PROTEST

A Christmas week vigil in front of the Womens' House of Detention was held from December 24 through January 1. A list was read continuously of the names of Panthers who have been shot by police, Panthers who are imprisoned under exorbitant and unjust bail, those who have died in the civil rights struggle, and hundreds of other political prisoners. Two women of the Panther 21 are now imprisoned in the Womens' House of Detention. The recent police shooting of Fred Hampton and Mark Clark in Chicago and the names of some of our friends on the list of prisoners gave a special sense of poignancy to our protest. Five of us from the Catholic Worker took the Vigil from 2:00-3:00 a.m. on December 30th. Despite a freezing rain, many of the persons walking by stopped to sign a petition calling for an investigation of the Chicago murders. The petition ended with the following statement: "Americans who believe that the attempt to destroy the Black Panthers has nothing to do with them ought to heed the words of Pastor Martin Niemoller, a Lutheran minister in Nazi Germany: '... When Communists were jailed, it was all right... we weren't Communist. When Jews were hounded we didn't care. When union leaders were arrested, we preferred to keep quiet. When I was jailed, it was too late.' Copies of the petition can be obtained from PEOPLE AGAINST RACISM, 5705 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Sister Donald, O.S.B.

Vol. XXXVI No. 1

January, 1970

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher

MARTIN J. CORBIN, Managing Editor

Associate Editors:

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, JACK COOK, RITA CORBIN (Art), NICOLE D'ENTREMONT, EDGAR FORAND, ROBERT GILLIAM, JUDITH GREGORY, WILLIAM HORVATH, MARJORIE C. HUGHES, DAN KELLY, WALTER KERELL, PHIL MALONEY, KARL MEYER, DEANE MOWRER, HELEN C. RILEY, PAT RUSK, ARTHUR SHEEHAN, ANNE TAILLEFER, EDWARD TURNER, STANLEY VISHNEWSKI, JAMES E. WILSON, PAT JORDAN, EILEEN EGAN, MICHAEL KRAFT, JOSEPH GERACI.

New subscriptions and change of address:

36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003

Telephone 254-1640

Editorial communications to: Box 33, Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly. Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

ed until 1945. We are in this Vietnamese war so much longer! I remember reading an article in the New Yorker which brought it home to me vividly in 1962. But long before, in 1954 I had written an article myself for the Catholic Worker entitled "Ho Chi Minh and Theophane Venard, the hero and the saint." I'd like to reprint it, sixteen years later, now that the North Vietnamese leader has so recently died.

As a young man Ho Chi Minh had travelled from Indo-China to Paris and on one of his first voyages he had stopped in the ports of New York and Boston. One story is that he had worked in Harlem briefly, and perhaps—who knows—he had stopped in the Chinese and Italian area on Mott Street where the Catholic Worker had its house for fifteen years, from 1936 to 1950. Perhaps he came in for a meal with us just as Chu did or Wong, who is with us now. London, Montreal and New York have seen many exiles and political fugitives. If we had had that privilege of giving hospitality to a Ho Chi Minh, with what respect and interest we would have served him, as a man of vision, as a patriot, a rebel against foreign invaders. I pointed out this fantasy of mine to some of the young people around here who work on the soup line each day, young people of vision and imagination too, in regard to our own work. I spoke in order to make the point of the obligation we are under to respect everyone we encounter each day. There is that quaker is of God in every man, as the Quakers say. We believe that we are all members or potential members of the mystical body of Christ, members of one another as St. Paul said. We are all one body in Christ. St. Peter himself said that St. Paul was hard to understand, but the I.W.W. understood this particular doctrine when they said "an injury to one is an injury to all," with beautiful simplicity.

I was in Perkinsville to wait with the rest of the family for the return of Eric from Vietnam. Two Christmases ago he had been drafted and was due to report January 2. He was a few months out of high school and his friends had been drafted and some were already in service. He did not grow up in a pacifist atmosphere. His father was a Belloc and Chesterton man and as in so many American families there were veterans on all sides. So he went. And now he was coming home. He had written that he was due on December 19th or 20th, and we kept listening for the phone.

One of his friends who had served in Vietnam came in that afternoon looking for Eric, and he spoke of the Vietcong burying thousands alive in Hue. "I know," he said, "I saw those corpses." He spoke defensively as though I, as a pacifist, was on the side of the Vietcong. It is hard to talk to each other, the words of Christianity mean so little, "All men are brothers, God wills that all men be saved. Love your enemy. Deliver me from the fear

of my enemies" so that I can be close enough to them to know and love them.

Certainly I did not then nor later refer to the terrible stories being printed in the daily papers of massacres, rapes, kidnappings, captives being dropped from helicopters who refused to talk, of the torture of prisoners. It is not necessary to say anything. But these facts are in the minds of all and I am sure that young soldiers on leave, or being discharged from service are going to be on the defensive and will be bending over backwards to defend this country any way. But no soldier I ever met wants to talk about the war itself, about the action, the combat; especially to a woman, to a relative.

But I remember an instructor in philosophy drafted into the infantry (he refused officers' training) in the Second World War, and how he said at war's end that in the midst of the horror of destruction and bombardments, he felt a strange and terrible sense of exultation.

The boys, one can only think of them as boys, were drafted just out of high school. Two or three who kept coming in to inquire if Eric had been heard from talked of going back to work for a while and then going and then going to college in the fall. One was studying business administration already, and the other "programming," something to do with computers, I suppose.

I could only think as I listened to them talking of work, of the need to emphasize working for the common good, rather than working for increased salaries, and more luxuries. Peter Maurin used to emphasize so much the doctrine of the common good. I must look up that article in Resurgence on the Buddhist concept of work. We hope to reprint this later in the CW. The Benedictine philosophy of work as Peter Maurin used to call it, was that work had to engage body and soul. Work was prayer, sometimes monotonous and exhausting involving suffering and strain but always there was that moment of satisfaction, even of exhilaration. Recently I read Joseph Conrad's novelette, *Youth*, which is the story of gruelling work at sea in the effort to survive a storm and later a fire in a leaky tub of a ship bound for Bangkok.

Saturday, Sunday and Monday. We were still waiting. Three of Eric's friends kept calling for him. Monday there were heavy storm warnings but in Vermont they pay little attention to these. Snow means business for the ski resorts. Snow started to fall in the afternoon and from ten on it did not stop until long after Christmas, until forty-eight inches had fallen. In between layers of snow there were layers of ice because every now and then the snow turned into an ice storm. It was funny to see the two outdoor dogs which look like huskies, sitting on top of the ice very comfortably. Even the children were walking on it until one of them fell in up to his neck and could only get out with great effort. There was sliding down the hills on

36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

Between the hours of sun, these are Chekhovian days. Little bricks, grey trees, a bit of gloom. All comprise a time when soot speaks, when wreaths of blue smoke funnel through New York skys. And the question here on First Street is ever the same some thirty-odd years: how to maintain a dream after the light, how to make the hours of sun a bit more timeless.

That quest rolls in at twilight, at the evening meal. A little Polish lady sits her quiet best, and waits, patience secure. In the absence of abundance her life and this meal have taught her to relish the simple. There is also the lady whose parents died five years ago, still but as yesterday, awaiting her supper. Afterwards she eagerly approaches the dish sink to lend long-won skills. And the walls speak more and more of the hours of sun. Someone sent us posters after Vivian Gornick's grey description of our walls in the

bie put on his ice skates and sailed down a flight of stairs on his head, ending up for the nightcap at Bellevue. (He's now o.k.) So much for the light evening side.

In the morning, soup is the order. Al O'Connell brings us word that CW soup is talked about with pluses in all the hospitals and jails of the city. (We briefly wonder whether there is any causal relation between our soup and residence in those institutions.) On cold mornings guests' glasses fog up, and snowdays find channels of water treading the kitchen floor. But with Mary at the watchtower to spot shivering men, those who come in coatless usually leave with covering of a more durable sort. Of the inner fortification they leave with the blessings of John McMullen, provisions engineer and yogurteer, now resident of the fourth floor.

It is time to announce the end of a long-enduring tradition. Smokey has changed brands: from Chesterfield to Pall Mall. Add to his daily smokes the thirty-two he gets simply by breathing this city's very air, and you have an astounding magnitude, something close to five packs a day. The Bugler blows happily, Smokey's breath retards. But he claims he's outlived five wives and sent another off to Mongolia. So who can argue?

Italian Mike is better: he's talking of the old days and eel fishing again. There were red bloomers for Christmas. Louie Prinz was a prize in putting out the last issue of the paper. Marian Duke's steady hand was there as sure as her Christmas card list. Jeannie Duncan brought a restrained brightness, a geniality to the distributing floor. All this in spite of a suffering transparent in her walk, her past, her pleasant face. We ask for the courage to rise beyond. Frank Donovan has been here to read proof, bring us Christmas trimmings, and do his always level best. Walter Kerell as ever pounds out new stencils, now to the audial opium of several favorite Baez recordings.

Tony Biczewski cooked up a Thanksgiving and a Christmas never to be forgotten — dressing supreme. On Thanksgiving Darwin Pritchett sang "It Is No Secret What God Can Do." With his presence and the seasoned voices of knowing oldtimers, we can only judge the moment unforgettable. Bonnie and Pat added their own few songs.

Christmas found Walter hanging cards, Connie, Barb, and Harry trimming the tree, and a Christmas-eve party jovially graced with the magic of Whit Hadden's card fancies. There were gifts for all, and the Dutch-Master, trimly goateed Ed Forand served coffee and goodies. Christmas day budded several visiting children under the tree, one of those goodly justices remembered to the older members here, a remembrance of things past. At the morning meal Walter tried salt in the mashed potatoes, not sugar as he had on Thanksgiving. Late Christmas it snowed to a quiet wonderland. And Bob Gilliam's prison reflections appeared in the Christmas issue of *Christianity and Crisis*. The time was special, redeeming.

New Years brought the American rash of TV games and another splendid meal from those Brooklyn sisters. Br. Paul thought them deserving of a special remembrance in his First-Friday Mass. Thanks to Frank Donovan we gave some turkeys to the neighbors, and who can forget the bread pudding Joan Welch recently baked and just as recently saw devoured?

The number of young people who come here to learn the ancient law of this stone, to better realize the unimagined stature of existence, is ever in transit. Peter Ross arrived recently with the beard of a Samson, a storm of black rolling smoke from the Staten Island Ferry on his head. Peter is a gentle teacher, a lover of children, and quietly goes about doing a lot. Mike Scabill, in new glasses, announced he had written a letter of refusal to his selective service people. Janelle Honigess left us for home, leaving beads and bells behind. (Millie steadily inquires



voice, posters that picture Maine and California and windows to the city.

Sometimes we wonder whether the comedy of errors was not invented here. A poet reassures us that godless are the dull and the dull are damned. There must be little perdition here. Take Harry Woods and Peter Ross juggling our diminishing dinner plates to the floor, a steel band of broken clatter. Take the recent dinner Barbara Hawkins showered the kitchen with a geyser of water from an untapped water urn. And of course be careful not to forget the time Janelle cooked the fork in the cornbread, a cornbread with means. Take the recent Friday-night meeting Scotty's pants were unleashed in the middle of Dorothy Day's talk and brought all eyes to the floor. Watch Joan Drilling at soupline, at the sink, daydreaming on the trail, dusting the dishes. Take the time two radios walked out to the Bowery, and the evening Eleanor rose up to add "For Thine is the kingdom..." to Catholic Vespers. By all means don't miss Earl Ovitt using surplus government prunes to clean the drains. A so called organic plumber, he recently figured out his income tax and sent the government a bill. Watch for the uses of the CW paper: to wrap Scotty's sandwiches, to pick up just about anything that settles on the fallen floor. Enjoy Mr. Gibbons' laughing eyes, his Santa's mane. And remember the evening Her-

some kind of contraption and a great running in and out for dry clothes, and soon all the registers were steaming with socks, mittens, caps and scarves. All of them wear three pair of socks. Tamar's house is large, four bedrooms upstairs, poorly heated except for the two just above the living rooms, and three down stairs, and a big living room and kitchen. Before I left I think there were seventeen young people coming and going, rushing in and out, filling up on peanut butter and honey sandwiches. Occasionally themselves quiet, listening to the record player, which one of the other of them would occasionally turn up to its loudest. I guess I had a complete course in rock this vacation, but I began to wonder, my bedroom being right off the living room, about brain damage. Besides the seventeen, there were three dogs, house dogs, one a tiny puppy who was always trying to drag a big cat around by the scruff of the neck; another strange little terrier full of jealousy and growls; and Rex who is eleven years old as dogs go but sixty-two as men go. He comes to me and puts his head on my knee and looks at me sym-

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued on page 7)

Questions Of Violence Presents Ambiguities

ED. NOTE: Jean-Marie Muller's book on non-violence and the Gospel has just been published by Fayard. The article by Jean-Luc Hetu was first published in the March 1968 issue of RES-SOC, the journal of the theology students at the University of Montreal. Both articles were translated by Martin J. Corbin.

By JEAN-LUC HETU

The February 1968 issue of the *Catholic Worker* included an article entitled "Violence and the Gospel: a Theological Approach." Given the urgent need for Christian reflection on this subject, I should like to take up some of the points made by the author, a French layman named Jean-Marie Muller, and briefly pose a few questions that come to mind. There is a risk that such a procedure will fail to do justice to the author, but it would not be practicable to reproduce the entire article, which takes up six full columns of the monthly paper published in New York.

Violence and Sin

The first point that must be clarified concerns the relationship between violence and sin. The author argues that "if violence is one of the most dreadful fruits of sin, the same Redemption that destroys sin must also destroy violence."

It can hardly be contested that violence is by its nature profoundly oriented towards sin, and principally towards the sin of hatred. But can we purely and simply equate orientation and identification? "We can never resign ourselves to violence or put our trust in it. It is always the expression of sin, it is always sin itself."

Such an attitude seems to me to close a door that the Pope himself quite deliberately left open, when he specified, in Section 31 of *Populorum Progressio*, that there are circumstances in which violence is legitimate. Now, it is a commonplace of moral theology that no cause whatever can serve to legitimate sin.

Violence and Eschatology

The visions of human and cosmic peace that the Prophets present to us are located in the fullness of messianic time; since the New Testament we can speak of the phase that will be inaugurated with the return of Christ. This eschatological peace has not yet unfolded in its fullness. Situated as we are in the period between the first coming of Christ and his final return, we can enjoy this peace only in an embryonic form. Christian reflection on the relative status of values must therefore retain this bi-polarity between what has happened already and

what is yet to come. It is true that Christ told us to turn the other cheek; it is also true that he took a whip to certain men. He healed men, but he called other men serpents, because they deliberately refused to understand.

The Christian must be an artisan of peace and must maintain his faith in the fecundity of fraternal love. But does it follow that he must exclude a priori any and all violent action as "holding back the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth?" The actions that pave the way for the return of Christ are those that succeed in rendering society more humane and more just. If certain social struggles in behalf of justice (particularly labor disputes and movements for the advancement of the poor) can be successfully prosecuted only with the use of a measure of violence, do they retard the coming of the Kingdom? Do they not, on the contrary, prepare the way for its coming?

Non-Violence and Persecution

We have far from exhausted the numerous affinities of non-violence with the Gospel. Nevertheless, we must resist the temptation to take a mystique that would exclude any kind of violent confrontation and set it up as the sole norm of Christian action in the social sphere. Some of M. Mul-

ler's alternatives are too hastily posed. For example: "We can see that there are two ways of denouncing and resisting injustice. The first is to resort to violence and persecute others in the name of justice, and the second is to renounce violence and be persecuted for justice."

It seems to me a dangerous procedure to include every struggle for justice under the rubric of persecution, according to which the Christian can only choose between suffering himself or inflicting suffering upon others. *Pacem in Terris* has taught us to mediate social relationships by the interplay of rights and duties, and this approach would seem more humane and, at bottom, more evangelical.

When we look at such matters from the standpoint of the conquest and defense of human rights, we run less risk of imposing on the powerless a heroism (the willingness to be persecuted) of which we ourselves are probably incapable or on the other hand, an option (the willingness to persecute) for which we ourselves would not dare take moral responsibility.

Yet, it must be remembered—and this is what will eventually force us to accept a certain amount of violence—that these rights are never handed to

(Continued on page 7)

Gospel's Approach Uncluttered

By JEAN-MARIE MULLER

My intention here is not just to refute the specific criticisms directed at my article. I should like instead to pursue the dialogue that has begun, in an open and friendly fashion. From this angle, I should like in turn to "take up some of the points" made by Jean-Luc Hetu and introduce a few elementary principles to the discussion.

There is no doubt that recognition of human rights, especially in situations where these rights are being ignored in practice, will not usually be won without intense struggle. The poor, in particular, cannot wait for the powerful to present them with their rights; they must actually go out and win them. The question the Christian must ask himself is what are the means that will be congruent with the end that is being sought and at the same time in direct accord with the Gospel and its Beatitudes.

As for myself, I had no intention of establishing "rigid lines of demarcation between what is permitted and what is forbidden," nor to wrap myself in a narrow legalism, but I was determined to take up a position in accordance with the dynamism of the Gospel imperatives. And I am convinced that these imperatives will force us to enter resolutely, in so far as we are capable of it in a given situation, upon the path of non-violence.

What must be acknowledged is that up to now, whether in the case of theological speculation or the prevalent attitude among Christians, the almost completely passive acceptance of the principle of legitimate defense has served to stifle any kind of research into the meaning of non-violence. If we have "far from exhausted the numerous affinities of non-violence with the Gospel," I believe that it is precisely to the extent that we have been unwilling to renounce this principle.

I do indeed believe that non-violence must become the "sole norm of the Christian" in regard to action to the social and political spheres. By this I mean that the demands of the Gospel compel us to refrain from rendering evil for evil and to overcome evil by the sheer power of good.

It is of course true that the Kingdom of God will only be fully accomplished with the return of Christ, but it is up to us to actualize here and now that "eschatological peace" which, because of human sin (which means your sins and mine) "has not yet unfolded in its fullness." And this implies that we must strive to enter as deep-

ly as possible into the way of non-violence. It does not seem to me theologically accurate to argue, as Jean-Luc Hetu does, that the bi-polarity between what has happened already and what is yet to come can authorize a similar bi-polarity between violence and non-violence in the life of the Christian. No such double polarity is present in the Gospels. These are wholly oriented towards the unique sacrifice of the Cross, which is the supreme expression of the non-violence of Jesus, who would not

establish his Kingdom on any other forces than those of Love and Sacrifice. Specifically, the spectacle of Christ chasing the money-changers from the Temple (aside from the fact that the best translations imply that he used the whip only on animals) cannot cancel out the Sermon on the Mount.

As a matter of fact, once we begin to take part in a violent struggle, we find ourselves involved, willy nilly, in a logic of persecution. I am not speaking now about intentions (it is obvious that, from the strictly subjective

point of view, the good intentions of those who have recourse to violence are often unquestionable), but about the action itself: all actual violence directed against another human being is persecution in the tymological sense of the word. That is why violence is intrinsically "compromised," entirely apart from the fact that it is naturally accompanied by hate, revenge, racism, etc.

I therefore readily conceded that a violent struggle for the advancement of the poor can be conducted without being "in the name of vengeance against the powerful." The fact remains that violence directed against the powerful is diametrically opposed to the charity that we are obliged to show towards them in the name of Christ. It seems to me that only a non-violent spirit and non-violent techniques enable us to satisfy the demands of justice in behalf of the oppressed without sacrificing the obligation of charity towards the oppressors. For the oppressors are our enemies and we are obliged to love our enemies, even when we find it necessary to struggle against them in the name of justice.

I am likewise prepared to endorse the positive judgment that Jean-Luc Hetu makes in regard to violent revolt. But non-violence too is a form of revolt and we must be bold enough to declare that it represents a more profound revolt than one that places weapons in the hands of the violent. For not only does it repudiate a social order that rejects the claims of justice, it also rejects a justice that would deny the claims of charity. And the dismal history of the past century offers more than enough instances to enable us to justify this twofold rejection and revolt.

But it is important to add that not only morality is involved here, but efficacy as well. Does not Christianity invite us to seek not only spiritual but also temporal efficacy by these same methods of Love and Truth? "We live in the flesh, of course," says St. Paul, "but the muscles that we fight with are not flesh. Our war is not fought with weapons of flesh, yet they are strong enough, in God's cause, to demolish fortresses."

In practice, of course, we will certainly be forced into a certain amount of compromise and will not always be able to avoid responsibility for perpetrating a "measure of violence." But we must label a compromise as such and not try to render it legitimate. The function of theological speculation is not simply to justify our weaknesses and shortcomings but to help us break new ground in proceeding along the lines laid down by the Gospel.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On the afternoon of Epiphany—which fell this year, in accordance with the new Church calendar, on the first Sunday of January—Sister Brendan, formerly president of Marymount College and now associated with the Handmaids of the Holy Trinity, a new contemplative order, spoke to us about peace and prayer. Outside the drifted hills of snow, swirled by an icy blast—which had held us snowbound for some days following the great storm of Christmas-time, and which had prevented our holding this discussion on New Year's Day as Clarice Danielson had originally planned—had yielded at last to the powerful thrust of the snow plow and the intrusive splutter of internal-combustion engines. The oil man, the gas man had reached us in time. Necessary shopping had been done. So now, on Epiphany afternoon, we sat, with some of our friends, including a few from the Redemptorists at Esopus, and listened to the quiet voice of Sister Brendan speaking thoughtfully, peacefully, prayerfully about peace and prayer.

Beginning with St. John's beautiful narrative of Our Lord's gift of His peace to His apostles ("My Peace I leave with you"), Sister Brendan went on to try to place in proper relation to peace the events of that terrible decade which we have somehow survived: the 1960's. The almost unbelievable technological achievements of these years: jet travel, instant communication through television and Telstar with other parts of the world, the success of the space program, man on the moon. But what a Pandora's box of horrors has emerged from this same technology: the mountainous stockpiles of armaments, the unspeakable instruments of death and destruction. The great personalities of this decade: Pope John, John F. Kennedy, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Thomas Merton. There are others that could go in this

list, there are others who have earned the martyr's crown of the sixties. It would seem, as Sister Brendan pointed out, that two words express all that happened in the decade, the two words "peace" and "violence." But it is the latter, with its frenzied lawless expression in the wars of VietNam, the Middle East, Biafra, the riots in our cities, that stands out more starkly, lettered in blood and fire.

In her examination of peace, Sister Brendan turned to the Old Testament to show, with some well-chosen quotations, that shalom (peace) was never understood merely as that absence of threat from abroad which may follow military victory, but always implied in addition prosperity and well-being. Likewise, in our own time, we can attain peace only by working to end poverty and injustice, by striving to put an end to man's exploitation of his fellow men, by working to bring about harmony not only between man and man, but also between man and nature.

Peace in our day is not merely to be sought by the religious minded, the ethically concerned. Peace—that peace which seeks harmony of man with nature as well as with his fellow men—can no longer be abstracted from our inner peace, our harmony with God. Peace, this peace which would remedy, would repair, the ills we have inflicted on each other, on nature, is in fact necessary for our survival.

Sister Brendan said much more about peace and prayer, and said that "much more" better than I can set forth here. She emphasized that one must begin one's work, one's quest for peace, with oneself. How can one hope to begin without prayer? How can one hope to proceed nonviolently in a world of violence without prayer?

I liked in particular Sister Brendan's recognition of the need to repair the damage we have inflicted on our en-

(Continued on page 7)

LETTERS

Brother Basil

Box WX
Wales,
Wisconsin 53183

Dear Dorothy:

This is always a bad time of the year for me. I don't like its music or just about any of its other garish symbols whose referents have been long forgotten, like the flickering light from stars burnt out thousands of years ago. And, in a still dark but less cautious mood, I suspect a subtle conspiracy among parents, stores, churches—and their allies the mass media—to promote this seasonal tipsiness of the emotions without at all being clear to themselves, or to their willing victims, what the "good news" might be, if there is any at all.

As I think about our plight on this planet, where consciousness has uniquely evolved toward the refinement of self-destruct, as well as a refreshing agnosticism, I am beginning to realize that to expect that the affairs of men should progressively become "better," that disorder should diminish, has no foundation in fact or in science. Nothing is more evident than human failure and the waywardness of events in our short span of years: they are diffused in the sociosphere as though its "chemical" elements. That we in the West should periodically have a holiday when we turn the world into a tribal Disneyland should be no surprise; nor are our business-as-usual national policy of murderous domestic and foreign violence, our illusory short-lived security of racism, and our inequitable allocation of economic resources.

What I find remarkable is, not that there is so much wrong with the world, but that there is any "good" at all. It's emerging all about us on a personal level, of course, wherever there is caring, the enthusiasm of art and science, celebration... But a special kind of excellence characterizes our times: the refusal to accept political and social institutions as given, something as inevitable as the tides or the rising of the sun, a revolutionary confrontation with systems that kill and dehumanize. This cause for hope rests on an increasing number who have decided not to succumb to archaic routines and also not to withdraw or merely destroy, but to take the steps, as radical or painstaking as may be required, to make organizations instruments of the people.

While many of the most committed to the cause of freedom and responsibility don't directly find the story of Jesus a source of energy, still others at this season are strengthened by recalling his life. When he is recognized in his own bewilderment and subject to the myths and world view of his own times, and his "way" disassociated from the overlay of dogmatic fiction and ritual magic that the centuries have left with us, I think his style is attractive. Jesus was a festive person, but with a difference. In one of the sayings attributed to him:

"When you give a dinner or a banquet, do not invite your friends or your brothers or your kinsmen or rich neighbors, lest they also invite you in return, and you be repaid. But when you give a feast, invite the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and you will be blessed, because they cannot repay you."

The erotic, and worldly affirmed, Jesus urges an ecstasy that expands the circle of one's own consciousness, intimate loves, friendships to be ever on the edge of increasing the number who can celebrate this world as their home. In this time of my life, this year of imprisonment by the State of Wisconsin

for the theft and burning of some pieces of paper has been instructive and, given the situation, even enjoyable. A late-comer to the peace movement, I find the surprise of my being one of the "Milwaukee 14" growing into a firm confidence of sharing in the history of the world in a way that will not be lost. Here at this boys' training school, as a trustee somewhat detached from both the administration and its program and being a subject of it, I have an unusual opportunity to observe some very generous people in their intelligent care of a sector of the "poor, the maimed," who have been quite a small part of my earlier experience. And, not having as much freedom as I would like during this year, I have been wonderfully helped in countless ways and with an ingenuity known only to devoted friends, both old and new.

The most significant event of this year, though, has been the death, in an auto accident, of two friends and former students; David Darst, of the Catonsville 9, and Stan Brostoski, both poets, philosophers, teachers. The "good news" of their short lives compels me, and all who knew them, to focus on our own existence. In the struggle to tug social systems into an order that promotes expansion and joy, are we able, at the same time, to find a place in our lives for "letting go," to celebrate the world in wonder and also to satisfy the eros of the mind ever seeking meaning and coherence in the only time we have?

Thank you for thinking of me at this time. I enjoyed Vivian Gornick's article about you in the Village Voice (November 20, 1969).

Brother K. Basil O'Leary, F.S.C.

Milwaukee

Box C
Waupun
Wisconsin 53963

Dear Dorothy:

Although Christmas cards from friends of peace have arrived from all over the country (and England, too), I have chosen yours to respond to, partly because of our past acquaintance and partly because of the word non-violence your Christmas card enshrined. Nonviolence—a word feared by many, despised by some, and practiced by few. Although the word is frequently used it meant much coming from you

because of your long life and practice of the Gospel message.

Today in a bible class when the minister read and discussed the Suffering Servant songs of Isaiah I felt some comfort. The greatest pain of life for me in this maximum-security state prison is the separation from my wife, especially as the birth of our first child approaches. However, when I look at this suffering I bear it is so small and such a light burden to bear for peace—at least the chances for peace on earth my child might enjoy. The suffering I bear is so small in comparison to that of the men around me, facing many more long years of separation from loved ones, men of minority groups who have not voluntarily chosen poverty as a way of life, men who do not enjoy the support and strength of friends like you — lonely men, forgotten products of society—more political prisoners than I will ever be. No need to describe to you the kind of men I now call friends and brothers.

So, although I feel with others here the strange agony of Christmas behind bars, a quiet peace is born in me this season. The many Christmas cards are reminders that my daily struggle to be a man of peace, to practice nonviolence in all its beauty and power, is supported not only by the men around me but by wonderful friends all over this land of ours. Yes, my contribution to the universal struggle for liberation is small; many persons like yourself have walked before me with more strength and soul power. But my small suffering means something in the context of the only real revolution taking place: the One Man Revolution that Ammon Hennacy often speaks about. I hope some day to emerge from my small cell a better man, certainly much more understanding of the poor who populate prisons. I am blessed to be among such men and doubly blessed to have come here from such people of peace as our friends.

Hello and love to all on the farm and in the city. Share my thanks to you for the cards with them.

The last time you were in Milwaukee you met and talked with my wife Patty. Next time we all meet I hope that my wife, child (due around Valentine's day) and myself can travel east to be with you and all our good friends.

Peace,
Bob Graf

P.S.: My wife's address is:
1609 South 3rd St.
Milwaukee
Wisconsin 53204

The Woes of Answering Mail

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

This is in a way an open apology to our readers who for one reason or another did not receive an acknowledgment for their gift, Christmas cards, or letters. It is our policy to try to answer each letter personally (even if it is only a brief scribble on a card) and sometimes that delays the answering of mail—so that you may get a card in June thanking you for a Christmas gift. It would be an easy matter for us to send out a printed form, but we look upon you readers as part of our family.

Every letter received is carefully read. But sometimes we are unable to do full justice to a correspondent who writes a 24-page letter asking for information. We just don't have the staff or the time to do the necessary research to answer complex questions. We can only thank the correspondent and refer him to a few books or the back issues of the paper.

The other night I had a nightmare in which a few of the Catholic Workers responsible for answering mail were locked up in a huge mail sack with tons of letters. I recall vividly that there was a shower of unanswered letters pouring down on us. There were letters with undecipherable names; letters without return addresses; letters so smeared that they could not be read. At the same time there were mail clerks on each side with ten-foot pens,

jabbing away at us and admonishing us to answer, to answer, to answer your mail.

Choking and gasping for air, I tried to free myself from the torrent of mail which threatened to suffocate me and, still struggling, I awoke to find myself at the desk where, sure enough, there was a stack of unanswered letters—and letters which will never be answered for obvious reasons.

How can we thank this reader who sent us a generous check for our Christmas appeal but neglected to give her address? I do hope that she will consider the cancelled check an acknowledgment—and that goes for the several other persons who sent gifts but forgot to include their addresses.

Then there is the pile of letters whose addresses have been obliterated by the heavy markings of the postal cancellations. (It would be a good idea to include your address in the letter.) I sometimes wonder if there is not a discontented clerk in the postal system who, every time he sees a CW letter, aims a direct blow with his inking stamp at the return address.

These are but a few of the reasons why some of you may not have received replies to your Christmas gift. We therefore take this opportunity of thanking all our readers who have written to us.

A Priest Writes

Recently it occurred to me that there may be a way of discerning the spirits, of separating the wheat from the chaff, the sincere from the poseurs in our times of upheaval in the Church.

Most of us find ourselves enmeshed in today's debates. We are annoyed by those who go too slow for us or by those who go too fast. I personally am usually found among those who become angry and at times bitter by many of the anachronisms of the Church in today's world. I could prove myself (like a Congressman showing his voting record to his constituents) to any jury of new Church people. I've lived in the eye of the storm over renewal during the last few years; I've been doing my homework, discussing these things, reading what I could. I've been sufficiently radical on enough causes to merit saying something now that might sound quaintly conservative to some.

Why is it that Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker group, who were fighting on the fronts of renewal and inner city and liturgical relevance long before all this became popular, now seem out of step with their statements of loyalty to the Pope and to the values that a parish and prayer and religious life can offer?

Why is it that many newcomers to the renewal scene, young priests, nuns, and laypeople, drift into esoteric underground groups, groups that are utterly beyond the comprehension and reach of the poor?

This troubles me. Not because I think I have an answer to it, a quick condemnation of the underground church. No, it troubles me precisely because there's something I can't put my finger on.

I think that the two general phenomena described above indicate the same thing, the two cases approaching the same truth from two different angles.

I suggest that we should examine ourselves today, not on whether or not we are obedient to the dicta either of the hierarchy or of the radical theologians, but whether or not we are in touch with the poor.

Somehow I think that the intuition that Dorothy Day had 40 years ago is what has enabled her to hold on to the virtue of Hope even today. Her intuition was that the Gospel demands that we be poor and with the poor.

Somehow I think that the radicals of today that find themselves borne from crisis of authority to crisis of faith are in these crises because they are searching for community within the framework of comfortable bourgeois living, dining and dancing.

I know there are exceptions to what I have suggested. I consider myself an exception. I pray God I may always look for Him among the poor yet I too feel myself involved in, stifled and baffled by, and thwarted by the pomposity of ecclesiastical life styles that I find myself living. I know many

(Continued on page 6)

THE ONE MAN REVOLUTION IN AMERICA, consisting of eighteen sketches about radicals: John Woolman, Jefferson, Paine, Garrison, Thoreau, Berkman, Albert Parsons, Gov. Altgeld, Debs, Darrow, MOTHER JONES, Vanzetti, THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE OF SING SING, BOB LA-FOLLETTE, Malcolm X, DOROTHY DAY, and HELEN DEMOSKOFF, THE DOUKHOBOR. Also YUKEOMA THE HOPI. The sketches about those capitalized are well worth the price of the book, for they are seldom included in anthologies. This book is a challenge to the young radicals of today and is dedicated to them. It is written by an old-time radical who brings a succinct message from these eighteen people. 550 pages, illustrated and indexed, \$5.75. Out in the spring. Please send advance orders to enable me to encourage the printer. Ammon Hennacy, P.O. Box 2132, Salt Lake City, Utah.

PAX ANNUAL MEETING
held aboard
THE PEACE SHIP
East River Drive & 26th—New York City
Sunday, March 8—2:30 P.M.
THE MIDDLE EAST CRISIS
Abie Nathan on The Peace Ship
Dorothy Day on Reconciliation
Other Speakers

BOOK REVIEWS

With Hennacy In Utah

ST. AUGUSTINE ON NATURE, SEX, AND MARRIAGE. By John J. Hugo. (Scepter, \$5.95). Reviewed by Sister M. Angelica.

It is scarcely necessary to underscore the timeliness of this book. St. Augustine is generally considered the *bête noire* responsible for the Church's contra-contraception stand. "Just about every teaching distasteful to the contraceptionists," says Cardinal John J. Wright in his foreword, "has been blamed on the Bishop of Hippo."

And so the author's inquiry radiates from the central criticism: that Augustine, disdaining the sexual component of marriage and disparaging conjugal love, equated sexuality exclusively with biological function.

Part I of the book provides the necessary background for the study, considering such questions as: Did Augustine, under Platonic influence, understate the psycho-physical unity of the human person? Was he a "latent Manichean," as has frequently been charged? Did he actually identify original sin with concupiscence, exaggerating its effects and hence viewing human sexuality as inherently disordered?

First of all, the author reminds us, Augustine's theology was a synthesis, not a system; critics must take into account many factors: Augustine's technical difficulties—the lack of a developed terminology and later scholastic refinements; Augustine's discursive method; the later absolutizing of his tentative opinions struck off in moments of the Church's need. Critics must keep in mind, also the later irresponsible transposing of elements in his thought, and the confusing of his teaching with deviant forms and tangents, such as Jansenism and Lutheranism.

Augustine lends himself to easy misunderstanding, says Etienne Gilson, "because of his fundamental condition of incompleteness." His thought is open; his approach, always concrete and historical; he was an existentialist in the strict Kierkegaardian sense.

Father Hugo has an assist from the most competent guides, including Eugene Portalle, S.J. and Etienne Gilson; and unlike critic quoting critic, he lets Augustine speak for himself. He avoids one-sided distortions, balancing the anti-Pelagian with the anti-Manichean writings, affirming on the one hand the wounds of nature, and on the other the goodness of nature. He attributes the neglect of Augustine's Manichean writings to their "fantastic cosmogony and detailed misrepresentation of the Old Testament"; yet it is precisely here, he points out, that Augustine demonstrates the impossibility of evil as a physical or metaphysical reality.

Generous space is accorded Augustine's teaching on concupiscence, "a crucial, dynamic principle, indispensable to Catholic theology." No other concept, the author believes, casts such a "clear, direct, concentrated beam" on the cause of sin. His deep sense of historical and doctrinal continuity is best seen here, with Augustine's developed notion of concupiscence matured by St. Thomas Aquinas (the four wounds), later defined by Trent (fomes peccati), and finally corroborated by Vatican Council II. (It is significant that the Second Vatican Council quotes Augustine thirty-four times in its four major Constitutions alone!)

Part II of the book, on sex and marriage, comprises four chapters: Marriage and Sexuality; Marriage Thrice Blessed; Free and Equal Persons; and To Marry or Not To Marry. Then follow the perceptive chapter notes, all very thoroughly documented; bibliography; subject and author indexes (scores of Augustine's critics—and witnesses—enter here); and finally a schematized treatment of the life and works of Augustine. The entire book is set in very readable 12-point type, with textual quotes italicized. Altogether a scholarly piece of work. The author's lucid style is unavoidably repetitious in view of the close relationships in the thought—but in varied contexts; interspersed are delightful literary allusions and the author's own keen observations and theological insights.

Augustine's emphasis on sexual concupiscence implies no inherent evil, says Father Hugo. He carefully distinguishes between use and enjoyment; love and the disorders of concupiscence: "Love is the rule," says Augustine, "and pleasure is good if taken in measure, that these things may not bind you by your loving them."

"True marital love, for Augustine, is 'always open to procreation.' Hence his rejection and exile. As for his 'strange sexual pessimism,' as one critic calls it, he speaks of the 'natural delight of the saints' in marital intercourse, while 'dearly distinguishing this from unrestrained concupiscence."

With the author, we wonder if a balanced view of sexuality is possible in an age of sick sex. In answer to a theologian of note who considers the danger "relatively trivial," Father Hugo takes the reader on a guided tour under the caption "Enlightened Sexuality" to show the "progress" that has been made. And he widens the context of Augustine's treatment of sexuality to include also Freud's pansexualism, Catharism, the de Rougemont thesis, and the "myth of erotic love," which fully confirm Augustine's fears of sexual concupiscence.

Far from being negative and narrowly controversial, the book makes a positive contribution: it reveals the NOW Augustine. Great thinkers are relevant in every age and Augustine is astonishingly so—merely with terms



updated. The book furnishes evidence aplenty for calling Augustine the First Feminist; the Father of Christian Anthropology; the author of the first I-Thou dialogue (his *Confessions*). Augustine introduced conjugal love into the theology of the West: "Marital intercourse," he says, "is necessary for friendship." He anticipated all that is good in situation ethics; legalism and code morality are foreign to his thought. He is the Doctor of Love, human and divine; and his three goods of marriage, coordinate and inseparable ("sacramentalized procreative love") continue to provide the basic framework for the Church's marriage theology.

These are some of the key ideas the author substantiates. Augustine, he shows, is the witness the Church needs today in seeking to recover a pastoral and Biblically-oriented theology.

Ed. Note: For information concerning purchase of the book reviewed, readers can contact Sr. Angelica at the De Paul Institute, Castlegate Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15226.

Fire And Blackstone by John R. Fry, J. B. Lipincott Company, Philadelphia & New York, \$1.95, 248 pp.

Reviewed by Michael Scahill

All the way from Amos and Isaiah down through Francis of Assisi and right up to Malcolm X and Fr. Groppi, critics have chastised Christians for their moral laziness. The times still appear to give substance to such indictments; that is, from the lives of most of us one might conclude the New Testament had never been written. Having read *Fire and Blackstone* I must say this is not at all the case with the life of Rev. John Fry. Here is a book by the Presbyterian minister who little over a year ago was summoned before a Senate investigating committee, led by Senator John McClellan, to testify regarding the involvement of the First Church of Woodlawn with the Blackstone Rangers, a youth gang populated mainly by black teenagers from the south side of Chicago.

The hearing was something straight

(Continued on page 6)

By AMMON HENNACY

The anti-war demonstration here in November consisted of three days of debate at the U. and of a rally at the Fairgrounds on Saturday night. The main speaker was Robert Scheer of *Ramparts* magazine, an expert on the trickiness of this war who emphasized the need for radicals and pacifists to reach the middle class with their message. This group makes an excellent living from war and they shudder to think of peace. They will save their consciences at times by opposing the excesses of war but they are not ready to attack the causes of war and the economic system that necessarily makes for war.

This is an old story. Since 1910 when I became a radical, the cry has changed from "all power to the workers" to "be prudent and practical" and gain membership among respectable people. This was done in Milwaukee, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and to some extent in New York City when members of the legislature in Albany were elected. The result was the death of the radical movement in these areas. Workshops at the U. discussed how this middle class could be reached. Door-to-door leafletting and discussion have been tried during political campaigns. This dab of propaganda is overwhelmed by the constant din of radio and television and the worship of the *status quo* in the churches. When church conven-

We recently visited the colony of the Order of Aaron located on 6,000 acres of desert at the foot of the Snake Mountains, which form the boundary of Utah and Nevada ten miles to the west. It is eighty miles west of Delta on Highway Fifty. This community was founded in 1954 and is known as Esk Dale. I had visited them eight years ago when they had only a few buildings. Now they have a grade school and high school and sufficient buildings to house eighty people. They have a small sawmill one-hundred-seventy-five miles distant and are nearly a self-sufficient community. They are the only group of pacifists in Utah having twelve boys doing work in hospitals as conscientious objectors. Every home has a piano and other musical instruments. They eat in silence in a common dining room. They do not eat pork and Saturday is their day of worship. They get some of their power through windmills and they heat water in warm weather by having it run through coils of aluminum pipe on the roof. The boys wear blue shirts with the word *Levi* sewed on them and the girls wear blue uniforms. They have a church in Murray a suburb of Salt Lake City. They own everything in common like the Hutterites and they have exchanged goods and fellowship with the King Colony of Hutterites in Montana, which Dorothy and I have both visited. Most of them are ex-Mormons. They are not polygamous.

Their leader Dr. M. L. Clendenning, a chiropractor, died recently. Their Chief High Priest is Robert Conrad, who teaches at the U. and commutes to Esk Dale weekly. I met him in 1961, when I was picketing the tax man, and was invited to speak to their group. Like Joseph Smith and Edgar Cayce, who brought new ideas into the world, Dr. Clendenning claimed to have seen visions from youth onward. These messages increased in content as he grew older. In 1929 he and his wife, Helen, were baptized as Mormons in Provo, Utah. He was then thirty-eight years of age. He told the Mormons there of his visions and they eventually denounced him as a fraud, for at that time only Herbert J. Grant, the Prophet and Seer of the Mormon Church, could give true visions and pronouncements. This was officially announced by Joseph Fielding Smith on April 6, 1931 at the Mormon Conference in Salt Lake City, and the Clendenning's were excommunicated. In 1943 Clendenning acted upon what he said was the advice of Elias and the Order of Aaron was established. From that time until 1964 it was incorporated under the laws of Utah under several names, some of which are, "True Church of God," "Church of the First-Born," and "The Church in the Wilderness."

Unlike the Hutterites and the Amish, their children go to college and are interested in what goes on in the world, but they are taught to "keep themselves uncontaminated from the world." Understanding the little that I do about their religion, I would say that they are a fine group of people, happy, healthy, and living enough of that "true life" which others have talked about, but have not gone to the effort to prove. The Hutterites have had a history of persecution since the year 1536, when Jacob Hutter was tortured and burned at the stake. They later became prosperous and went back to the ways of the world, but a few remained true and emigrated to Russia, where after a time they were again persecuted, and they came to the Dakotas from 1864 to 1879. I have corresponded with the Hofer family, now in a colony in Canada, whose two sons died in the dungeon in Alcatraz in 1918, refusing to go to war. Most of the Hutterites then moved to Canada. When the Order of Aaron has existed for a century the world will know how much they have lived up to their ideals. At least at the present time they are on oasis in the commercialized world.

I am nearly finished with the proof-reading of my book, *The One Man Revolution in America*. It will be out in the spring. My address is P.O. Box 2132 Salt Lake City, Utah. I will be at Joe Hill House, 635 Graham Court, every Friday night.

tions ask for peace very little of it trickles down to the local congregation. For it is the middle class in these congregations who want "business as usual." The tendency of youth in the colleges is to scrap religion along with the economic system that it upholds. This is logical and natural. Youth must become excited and full of hatred about war. I have known scores of radicals who have burnt themselves out with this attitude. I have known others who have taken the essence of religion, without the dogma, and have remained consistent fighters against the evils of society. I have faith that enough of the young radicals of today will survive to continue the struggle that never ends.

Dr. Stockman, in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People* learned, when the stones thrown by his neighbors by that "damn, compact, liberal majority," broke his windows that somehow the fresh air that came in caused him to think, and to understand that if we fool ourselves into wanting to convert the majority we are then at the mercy of the mob, which is always swayed by demagogues. If the great ethical leaders of all time could speak to us they would likely say with Lowell that truth is "forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne." But they would also say that this is our challenge, as it was to them, and that is all the more reason why we should keep up the lonely fight, and not be fooled into wanting to be with the majority.

New Joe Hill House

Bruce Phillips, singer and song writer, who has helped me these past years with my Joe Hill House, has, with some students, started a small Joe Hill House at 635 Graham Court in downtown Salt Lake City. It is too far from the tracks for transients to find. Only a dozen can be accommodated and it is meant for students and young folks who come and go. I attend meetings there every Friday night. It is between Sixth and Seventh South and between Fourth and Fifth East. You enter Sego Avenue and go halfway in the block and in an unmarked small court you see a green door. This is the place. I will help them by my contacts for provisions.

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 5)

out of Kafka. Rumor was substituted for truth. Neither Fry nor any of the Rangers, for instance, were allowed to cross examine witnesses. Considering that the main charge was the misuse of Federal Funds, the Woodlawn people began to feel the affair was nothing more than a scheme devised by higher authorities to discredit Fry, and in so doing smash the Blackstone Rangers. The result was the funds were cut, preventing Fry from carrying out the daily task of his parish which, in his words, was "to work for peace, save life, and make war on the structure of disease." Instead, the main concern became survival.

I feel it is very necessary to review the book in the context of those hearings, not only because the chain of events leading up to and following them are a central theme to Fry, but also because the deeper meanings of that investigation are of such vast importance, particularly at this hour in American society.

You see, the Blackstone Rangers are the children of Uncle Tom. They are the offspring — more accurately they are the survivors — of what we as a nation have done to that man ever since we kidnapped and shackled him and brought him to North America in the seventeenth century. Historians called his fate slavery in the Old South of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Modern America has a more sophisticated name for it—urbanization—meaning simply that the brutality is institutionalized. Poor housing, inadequate schools, welfare. On and on and on. All the content of poverty. In the midst of this drama the Blackstone Rangers, young men and women born and reared in the heart of Chicago's Woodlawn, have emerged on the scene with a terrifying cry that falls heavy on white ears. "Uncle Tom is dead," they chant. They chant it in a hundred different ways. From Afro hair styles to the Black Panther Party. Now some, particularly the white citizenry of the country, consider this the crisis. Not so, friends. The crisis is that the unrelenting goal of Senator McClellan, Mayor Daley and an increasing amount of white Americans is to resurrect Uncle Tom; indeed to pretend he never died. Let it be made perfectly clear that in the eyes of the Blackstone Rangers and those they speak for all the current efforts at integration, school bussing, etc., are nothing but dead flowers to secure the grave of Uncle Tom. Let it also be said that every time a white American or white policeman—simply because he is white—is sniped at in the shadows of a housing project, or has his belly punctured with a switchblade in the dark of a subway, or is psychologically emasculated in the presence of blacks; let it be said that this is nothing but rage and revenge coming to the surface for all the taunts and tortures inflicted upon Uncle Tom during his four-hundred year sojourn in this land. The point is that the truth of the Blackstone Rangers, the truth of Woodlawn, in fact the truth of the life of any black American, cannot be told unless all that is out in the open. John Fry recognized this. He recognized it because he performed one of the most elementary acts a man of God can perform in the ministry. He merely listened to his people. Listened to them as they shopped in grocery stores, gossiped on 63rd Street, recreated in Jackson park. Yes, John Fry listened long and hard. The book is his effort to tell us what he heard.

The first way he tells us, since he is a professional clergyman, is through the medium of preaching. His sermons cover a wide range of topics; so wide in fact, that he labels them "nonsermons." The imagery he uses—everything from Micah to Right Guard to Schlitz Beer to Braniff Air Lines to Catch-22—is similar to, yet still unlike, the flashy preachers of today who in the guise of "making the gospel relevant" make it instead into a sort of Gallup Poll. That is, they present it in such an unoffensive way that men may find it appealing and convenient, find it a fashionable thing to do, a useful commodity to have as they inch their way up the success ladder. Such a style of relevance not only marks the

lives of many ministers but also many of us, as we pride ourselves on how well informed we are, couched before our TV sets mourning the victims—from Vietnam to the Ghetto—as they are burned by the fire. The relevance of John Fry is of another brand. This man is burned by the same fire.

I should admit at this point I have a rather deep personal interest in the content of the book. Twenty-two years ago I was born a block away from Fry's church. I recall people speaking of how Woodlawn was years ago, of how even then it was becoming unbearable. However, our family could escape since we possessed that great ticket of mobility in America: we were white. If Woodlawn was awful then simply imagine it now. Imagine horror multiplied twenty-two times over. Imagine also that this has come to pass because nothing—categorically and literally, nothing—has been done by the city administration of Chicago to improve the quality of life in Woodlawn. It is for this precise reason that the tone of John Fry's book goes beyond that of much of the literature now flooding the bookstores on the urban racial crisis. The issue, as it is presented in this book, goes beyond the Kerner Report, beyond a decent Model Cities Program; in short, the issue transcends the Blackstone Rangers, Woodlawn, and even race itself. Since I had the opportunity to walk the same streets John Fry did and feel some of the same grief and outrage, I was able to grasp the issue in a small way. The issue is to step in and stop the way of life now rampant in this nation. What the Blackstone Rangers represent is a resistance.

So read John Fry's book as an invitation to partake of this resistance, as a text which invites us as readers to struggle with the times not just with our lives. That being so, such a book could be an announcement that the day is here, the day so many of us prayed would never come, the day when the price of change in this society will be life itself. This is the cup John Fry offers us to drink.

"Lord, if possible, let this cup pass from our lips."

THOU SHALT NOT KILL!

(The execution date of Lance and Kelback is February 5, 1970)

CHRIST said—"He without sin among you first cast a stone."

UTAH LAW says—"Death by hanging or shooting. In the old days it was also cutting your head off with an ax, but no one chose that method. BLACKSTONE said—"If ever the laws of God and men are at variance, the former are to be obeyed in abrogation of the latter."

After a trial of five years England has just abolished the death penalty. In the United States over 500 men are in death row, awaiting the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court as to the justice of excluding from juries those who are against the death penalty, thus precluding a sentence of death rather than life imprisonment.

There was only one execution in this country in 1968, and none in 1969. Will Utah have the dishonorable distinction of leading the nation by executing these two men in 1970?

I do not condone the murders committed by Lance and Kelback. Their sin is between them and God. How many of us have had murderous thoughts which did not happen to end up in action? If we do not protest against these executions the sin is upon us, as well as these two prisoners, and the officials who do the killing.

The old argument is that executions deter crime. If this were so we would have less murders in the country instead of more. The fact is that those who commit murder do not stop to think. If they did they would not do it. In England in the old days pickpockets were hung for that crime; yet at the public hangings pickpockets worked the crowd, for nearly everyone in the crowd had their minds on the gallows instead of on their purses.

The sixties have brought thousands of deaths in Viet Nam. They have witnessed the revolt of youth against a smog-covered society that uselessly piles up profits. The world starves while we pay farmers not to grow food, and while we contaminate what food we do produce. We transplant hearts for a time. We go to the Moon. Our commercialized life makes for death in new diseases, kills our fish and wild life. The death of Lance and Kelback is a minor part of the devastation we have made of the world. Yet, if we are Christians, their death will be but a symbol of our whole pattern of life.

Despite the shilly-shallying in the White House it is possible that the Seventies might mark a new direction which could spell out life instead of death in the world.

February 5—in Viet Nam, is New Year's, where the killing will cease for a time.

February 5—in Utah need not mean the beginning of death here.

LIFE, NOT DEATH, FOR LANCE AND KELBACK!

Picketing the Board of Pardons at the Capitol at noon, from Monday through Friday, January 5 to February 5, 1970.

Ammon Hennacy

P. O. Box 2132

Salt Lake City, Utah

Letters

(Continued from page 4)

Christians that are in the same dilemma. But maybe our role is to have Hope, to bear the cross of being identified with the farce, the duplicity, the churchiness of organized religion. Maybe we have to bear this cross if we want to reach the poor with the Gospel. Maybe we have to work surrounded by the aura of the "Going my Way" priest in the USN and of the good "padrecity" or "shan fu" missionary in other lands in order to have the confidence of the poor.

It is a tough decision and not one to be made in a splurge of pious heroics. It must be made, in the content of deep self knowledge, of one's charismata, of one's weaknesses, of one's relation to celibacy. It is not selfishness to make decisions on the basis of self preservation and knowledge of self. I for one have not made the decision yet.

But I think I am discovering in what terrain the decision must be made. I think it is a question of evangelical realpolitik, of pragmatism. Do I want to preach the Good News to the poor? Then maybe I must work within the Church although she be allied to the rich because paradoxically the poor do not trust the loner even the poor loner who wants to give himself to them.

What ex-priest, nouveau laymen, can pull together numbers of campesinos in Latin America? What white man would have a shadow of a chance of serving the black man as Groppl has done? What university theoretician could galvanize an entire continent in the same way as Helder Camara? What layman has the chance to speak to both camps of racial, generational, political, or religious division?

I'd like an easy out but I know that all the underground liturgies among suburban Catholics do not advance the Kingdom of God half as much as the old fashioned Mass and sermon that continues to be the rule in parishes as diverse as Montero in Bolivia, St. Ann's in Berkeley or St. Teresa's in Chicago. Because that's where the action is, among the poor.

May God and the poor forgive me: if all this is rhetoric. Maybe shortly after publication of this, I'll have decided that for me and my personal history, the priesthood is not for me. But I hope that some of the malfunctions that I have been making might be of use to others so that they situate their decision in this terrain—how to serve the poor best. For some, for those blessed with this agonizing vocation to the priesthood in today's unjust world and equally unjust Church, there will be the reward of the hundredfold promised by Christ.

We'll always need priests, priests steeped in love and respect; priests who live and infectiously spread the Gospel. The pity is that to have to limit the numbers of these men dedicated to their fellow man just because some extrenuous limitations and conditions have become fundamental in the minds of many.

(The author served for five years in Bolivia.)

Poet Writes

134 West River Street
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702
January 6, 1970

Dear Miss Day,

I've visited Jack twice at Allenwood. Each visit was a deeply moving experience. I took my family along; the second time, we had lunch with the prisoners. Jack's spirit seems very strong, and he still manages a fine, easy laugh. What is most impressive at Allenwood is the hackneyed carelessness of the prisoners as we saw them on those family visiting days. I don't think Americans are made for high tragedy. We are irresistibly drawn to having fun together. So in summer the little kids visiting at Allenwood play on swings and in sandboxes while the older folks sit at tables shaded from the sun by beach umbrellas. And in winter the Christmas decorations are up, and we cluster inside, gazing frankly and comfortably at one another, laughing, drinking soda. A prisoner takes color photographs of family groups for a dollar and a half. A balding Mafia leader murmurs family chat

(Continued on page 8)

The Peace Ship Will Stay Afloat

Able Nathan, Israeli "Peace Pilot," has announced that he will continue the PEACE SHIP Campaign. In response to notices in such publications as the Catholic Worker, Nathan has received donations and offers of help in obtaining radio equipment.

Plans are inching forward in equipping the white 570 ton Dutch freighter so that it will serve as a radio ship, beaming rational news reports and words of moderation to both sides in the Arab-Israeli conflict. Messages of peace from the Koran, the Hebrew Scriptures, and the New Testament would also be broadcast regularly to the inflamed Mideast atmosphere. A skilled crew of Arabs, Israelis, Dutchmen, Frenchmen and Americans are ready to join the project as soon as funds make it possible to convert the ship into the VOICE OF PEACE radio station. The PEACE SHIP will be Cyprus-based and will broadcast from Mediterranean waters beyond the 12 mile limit.

PAX, the Catholic Peace Association, has inaugurated a PAX PEACE SHIP FUND and is prepared to send free to interested person copies of the PEACE SHIP Appeal from Commonwealth, January 9, 1970.

Your help to the PEACE SHIP can bear witness to the fact that Christians should try to be mediators in the Arab-Israeli conflict, that the Christian community should always be a reconciling community. Organize a meeting. Send a donation.

Donations to:

PAX PEACE SHIP FUND

P.O. Box 1111

FDR Station

New York 10022

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

vironment, her emphasis on air pollution and water pollution and other ecological ills which we have wrought. In this connection she referred to an article by Edward B. Fiske in the New York Times of that day (January 4). This article, which Clarice Danielson has since read to me, relates the activities of certain religiously oriented groups and persons who are hoping to arouse people to the necessity of repairing environmental damage before it becomes irreversible and so make man's survival impossible. Some of those most concerned with this ecological problem, and recognizing its essential religious nature (for is it not blasphemous so to destroy arrogantly, selfishly, greedily, God's great Creation?), have suggested that St. Francis of Assisi be made the patron saint of ecologists. For my part, I am sure that St. Francis of Assisi, who loved the sun and stars, the wind and rain, the birds and beasts, the flowers and weeds, the rivers and trees, as brothers and sisters, God's children all, and equal in his sight, is already working to help us make the world beautiful again, with clean, revivifying air, pure water, and sweet clean earth. St. Francis of Assisi, help us to learn to live in harmony with nature.

Bhodian and Gramoan

On the third Sunday of December, Father Andy Chrusciel spoke to us of a man of nonviolence, a man of peace, Gandhi's great disciple, Vinoba Bhavé. With a kind of quiet intensity, Andy told us of the dedicated life of Vinoba and of his great work in walking about India and persuading landowners to share their land with the landless in the land-grant and then the village-grant program. He emphasized that Vinoba himself believed that land should be held in stewardship for use rather than outright ownership. He also spoke of some of the difficulties in achieving such a program especially under the incisive questioning of Marty Corbin, who chaired the meeting. Vinoba Bhavé's land program has hardly solved all of India's problems, but it has given some hope, some vision of a better order. Surely those who have decided "to study war no more," and who earnestly desire to pursue the true way of nonviolence, can hardly do better than include among their masters Mahatma Gandhi, and Vinoba Bhavé.

Our holiday season, in spite of the big storm—which began so soon after the winter solstice, that long, cold, dark night of the year when King Winter ascends his icy throne—was a very pleasant one. Our family is very large this year, and we had a number of guests. Extra mattresses were put down in several rooms, and the living-room sofas were used as beds. At eleven p.m. on Christmas Eve, several of us went to the chapel to keep a prayer vigil before midnight Mass. Father Andy had said the Mass of Christmas Eve earlier in the day. I, thinking that there could be no better day than this to keep in penance, and wishing to observe the fast requested by the Moratorium for Peace group, took no food during the day and tried to spend as much time as I could in prayer. Now in the chapel, keeping vigil, I began to experience a little of the wonder and mystery of that great night when a Child was born in Bethlehem and the angels sang "Peace to men of goodwill."

Midnight Mass in our living room was very beautiful. Father Andy sang the glorious Christmas preface. Dennis and Lorraine Cox were there to play; many happy voices joined in the carols. After Mass there was a little feast with hot chocolate, Elizabeth's Christmas bread, elder, and cookies. There was laughter and good talk. The carol singing, however, continued. Stanley Vishniewski and Clarice sang out most jubilantly.

Christmas at the Catholic Worker Farm here in Tivoli would hardly be complete without Joe and Audrey Monroe. So it was with real delight that I learned late Christmas Eve that Joe and Audrey had arrived, bringing with them Joe's father, George Monroe, Jeannette Schneider, and Donald Coleman, a young friend from the West Harlem Community Center. The Mon-

roes came bearing gifts, but the best gifts of all were those of their song, their laughter, their warm friendship, and generous spirit. We were particularly glad this Christmas that Audrey, Joe's father, and young Donald were able to stay with us (the truth is, they were somewhat snowbound) until the weekend following New Year's Day, when Joe drove up to get them and to take with them, for a visit in New York City, Emily Coleman.

Among the many guests during the holiday season are: Jonas Dumtius, who made his usual unbaked fruit cake; Tommy Hughes; Ellie Spohr; Allen; Ed and Johanna Turner with their son, Tommy; Tony Novitsky, Ida Binney; Larry and Judy Borzumato; two young high school students from New York City; Lorraine Freeman and her boys. Early in the month of December, Father Lyle Young came up and gave us a most refreshing day of recollection.

Family Happiness

What with the young-pioneer contingent—the young people who are braving it out in the old mansion with wood or coal-burning stoves and no plumbing—we are a very large family this winter, a truly extended family, ranging in age from one not quite a year old to an octogenarian. We have in fact three babies, two of whom—Coretta and Johann—attained a year in age last fall, the other—Stephen—will reach one year in February. They are very lively and active children, and it is seldom indeed that one or all of them cannot be heard running about the large living room or dining room, making baby noises, and getting into the kind of mischief that babies like to get into, which is just about anything the human brain can think of. In addition to the babies, there are the older Corbin girls: Sally, a precocious seven, Maggie, shy and sweet at ten, Dorothy, just entering into the enigmatic but adventurous decade of the teens. Then there is Johnny Hughes, who might be said to have just qualified as a professional artist, since a recent visitor just purchased one of Johnny's paintings for the quite respectable sum of ten dollars.

With the children, the young people, the old, and all those in between, we have been a lively household this winter. During the long winter evenings, in addition to guitar playing and singing, groups sometimes gather in the dining room to play games. Scrabble is a favorite with many. Some tried "Twenty Questions". Others tried a somewhat hilarious game called "coffee pot," which Audrey dredged up from her box of Friendship House memories. The first Saturday afternoon in January, however, when the Metropolitan Opera finally got around to giving its first broadcast performance, several of us—Emily Coleman, Joe and George Monroe, Donald Coleman, and I—(anarchistic snobs, Joe said) gathered in my room to listen to Leontyne Price gloriously singing Aida. One night a group, including Emily Coleman, Joe Geraci, Jim McMurray and Erica, Will and Lora Waes, Walter and Miriam Jarsky and Father Andy gathered in the living room to read their own poems. I did not hear all of the poems, but those that I heard were, I thought, very good indeed.

The great accumulation of snow this winter has made John Filligar's work so much harder. No matter how steep the drifts, he has had to tramp up to the pump house at least twice a day to make sure the pump line has not frozen and that we are assured an adequate supply of water. Some of the men have had to do quite a lot of shoveling, wood-cutting, etc. Ron and Elizabeth Gessner, who are in charge here now, have done quite a good job of keeping things going no matter what the weather, partly because they do much work themselves and are good-naturedly ready to tackle just about anything. They have, of course, some able assistants. The roster of all those who help in the many phases of the work is a long one: Daniel Dauvin, Clarice Danielson, Alice Lawrence, Hans Tunnesen, Marge Hughes, Will and Laura Waes, Walter and Miriam Jarsky, Tom Likely, Mike Sullivan, Jim

as to her well being.) Harry Woods and Connie Parks have announced their engagement—the pairing off to dance together, a good old rousing Galway jig. Pat Jordan got a haircut, wore a tie for Christmas. Harry spoke at General Theological Seminary, and a number of our realm left for Christmas elsewhere. We missed them.

Meetings went on. We note Dennis Cormier of the Unified Family, the deeply moving Israeli peacemaker Abie Nathan, Dorothy Day, and a Christmas party sung to by Rita Elsnor and her German carolling friends and read to by poet Jannet Cadina.

Christmas has been a time for super-grow among visitors, some saying hello, some good-bye, here today, gone tomorrow. Jean Walsh left us after nearly two fine months; Joan Welch joined us about the same time. Franco Torti from Milan, Tim McCarrey from Notre Dame, Jim Coulter from Cornell, Kathleen De Sutter's friends from St. Louis, Washington, and Toledo (including summer collaborators Srs. Ann and Mary Catherine), Jeff Tannenbaum of Columbia U., a troupe of Italian film makers, a group of college students from Long Island: all hung their hats here, shared bread, work, and conversation. Lyle Young came to say Mass several times. His way is that of simple truth.

Death had its winter day. Henry Nielsen left us, and so too the dear ones of several close friends of the CW. But so did life endure. Mike Herniak, although in Cumberland Hospital, seemed to be better. Bill Harder gained a feather's worth of strength, and Larry Severson was discharged from Bellevue with a new option for life. With a good-bye kiss from Dorothy Day, he left for Philadelphia December 30. His new course seemed to us a startling victory, so small, so titanic. Man can become fed up with the hurting that gets him nowhere.

On December 13, a meeting took place between some members of the First-Street household and Dan Berrigan. Jim Douglass was also present, very much so in his unassuming way. The evening reminded our members what Peggy had said, that a great philosophy is not that which passes final judgments, which takes a set in final truth. But it is that which introduces uneasiness, which opens the door to commotion. The gathering reminded us of some of the basic verities of the Worker of its example and warning, and hence its relevance. It brought us to the conclusion of Abbot Roger Schutz that a man participates in the

Canavan, Joe Geraci, Dennis and Lorraine Cox, Marty and Rita Corbin, Helene Iswolsky, Pat Rusk, Stanley, etc.

Although two of our family (Peggy Conklyn and Carmen Ham) are never very well and are sometimes very sick, the health of our community on the whole is better this winter than last. There have been colds and flu. Both Father Andy and Marge Hughes were quite sick. In a big community like ours, there always seems to be somebody to help take care of the sick.

This morning Father Andy said the Mass of the Holy Family to our family gathered in the living room. This afternoon, a large family of birds has kept up a steady twittering about my bird feeder. One day recently, Elizabeth told me, little Stephen cried out with delight when a brilliantly red cardinal swooped down to the feeder at Ron and Elizabeth's window, gathered some grain, and looked in at the child. On another day, when I went for a walk with Elizabeth and Stephen (Stephen riding on his mother's back) down our snow-walled driveway, I heard a particularly sweet twittering and thought: "It must be goldfinches." Elizabeth looked, and it was. Goldfinches with their summer gold put away, decked out in their winter green. Sometimes at night I hear the cold wind singing through the pines and the bare trees. Powerful boats crush a path through the cracking, protesting ice of the river. We are still snowbound in January, but we move toward February and the great thaw, where Spring begins. Is not all nature a family? St. Francis of Assisi, pray for us. Help us to live in harmony with Nature.

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

creation of the common life still more by persevering with his whole being than through his perseverance in action. He participates by his small daily fidelities which support and prepare him for the greater fidelities of an entire community. It made us realize that to really feel here is to feel to the utmost. And it made us reconsider the Worker and, we believe, see that its witness endures. We are grateful for the evening.

With that let us look to the new decade and pray for the spirit to persist. Let us, as poet Berrigan wrote, take up the bloody map of the century and begin the long trek homeward. Let us be attentive to the film without interruption, commercial, or intermission. And let us be patiently persevering.

The Ambiguities Of Violence

(Continued from Page 3)

us on a silver platter. They must always be won, and they will often be won after a bitter struggle.

Finally, one of the author's equations is far from persuasive. It is perhaps reasonable to see in a certain "considered" violence a reaction of legitimate defense against an anterior violence that is far more maleficent (for it takes the form of moral, not physical violence, and is superficially legal and "peaceful").

But do we have the right to equate this kind of legitimate defense with the principle of the Talion, which clearly invokes the idea of vengeance? Is it not possible to conceive of a tactical violence that would be undertaken in the name of the social advancement of the powerless, rather than in the name of vengeance against the powerful?

Such violence would constitute a revolt, but it would be a positive revolt, because it would represent the rejection of a state of affairs that is actually intolerable and would be based on the fundamental rights of persons.

When a revolt stems from this kind of rejection, it can become a noble cause and acquire a validity that is absent in the constraint exercised by the powerful, which always precedes it.

Perhaps there can be only tentative answers to these questions. But even though it will be universally admitted that the Christian ideal includes the gradual elimination of all violence, it may be that an individual Christian will be called upon to take personal decisions that do not rule out resort to some degree of violence.

There is no doubt that violence is dangerous and ambiguous and has a perennial tendency to acquire dubious allies (racism, hatred, hoodlomanism, fascism). But the notion that a rigid line of demarcation can be drawn between what is permitted and what is forbidden belongs to the category of outmoded certitudes.

In addition to the risk of failure, the Christian who has a mature faith must be ready to run a still more disturbing risk: that of being opposed by his fellow Christians, even in his most weighty moral decisions.

No Outcry

(Continued from page 1)

masses of American people who support the repression and murder of the Panthers. This we have known for some time . . . that the white American working class is being hoodwinked into seeing blacks not as their working class brothers, but as their enemy. But that the "educated," liberal, socially-conscious American also reacted silently made me realize that Auschwitz and Chicago and Mississippi are not such different places after all.

Note Cards by Rita Corbin
\$1.00 for 1 dozen + postage
Assorted Designs:
Plants, Birds, Fish, Lettering
3 1/2 x 6 1/2 with envelopes
RITA, Box 33, Tivoli, N. Y. 12583

Clarification On Tax Withholding

(Continued from page 1)

necessary for most people will be between six and twenty. If your employer should question the number you claim, you may wish to save him the embarrassment of being implicated in your action by simply stating, "This is the number of exemptions to which I believe I am entitled." Since you are the person responsible for the number which you claim, it is not necessarily incumbent on you to offer your employer a more elaborate explanation. In our group, some people have explained to their employers the entire basis of their claim; others have filed the new W-4 with their employer without further explanation; some have written to I.R.S., or other officials of government, stating the entire basis of their claim; others have taken the action without informing the state directly. These choices must be made on the basis of personal inclinations and circumstances of employment.

You ask about the chances of prosecution for tax evasion or fraud. No principled tax refuser has been indicted or prosecuted for violation of tax laws within my memory or knowledge. A few have been imprisoned briefly for contempt of court for refusing to reveal information about their income and assets. The I.R.S. has concentrated exclusively on attempts at assessment and collection, rather than prosecution. With the rapid development of this campaign, I predict that this policy will be changed. If pressed to do so, I could name a man whom I believe to be a prime candidate for aggressive prosecution. But it would be impossible for me to predict what pattern of criminal prosecution may emerge as this campaign grows and develops. I do predict that many people in this movement will eventually be subjects of intensive efforts by I.R.S. to assess and collect income taxes that they have not paid. Ten years ago I popularized the aphorism: "If you can't do time, don't commit crime," which was taught me by Marshal Raab as he drove me to the penitentiary. Today I am in a position to coin a new variation of this maxim for our time: "If you can't stand heat, don't put your hand in the fire."

If people want to start out easy and test the temperature before they go all the way they might begin by not paying the ten-percent federal excise tax on telephone service or they might try claiming just one extra withholding tax exemption. Most important of course is to band together in small local alternative-fund groups for mutual aid and the sharing of experiences.

Over the years I have developed quite a tolerance for heat of all kinds so I was not dismayed on Halloween when Agent Roy Suzuki of the I.R.S. telephoned at my place of employment, which he had at long last discovered, and very graciously demanded payment of \$46.60 in taxes, penalties, and interest for the year 1965, a small part of a bill for more than a thousand dollars, going back to 1962 that I.R.S. has been unsuccessfully trying to collect for a long time. After I stated that I would not pay he came over immediately and served my employers with a levy against my wages which they reluctantly honored by deducting \$46.60 from wages due to me. These events inspired the composition of the following ballad, which is currently leading the hit parade of the tax-resistance movement:

SOME ENCHANTED TAXMEN

Some enchanted evening
You may meet a stranger,
You may see him come to you
Across the crowded room,
Then pull out his badge
And ask for your wage;
If you don't go along,
He will not argue long.
He will be a taxman,
He will be insistent,
He will bring a levy
To place against your wage;
And when he is done
He'll go back to his boss,
And give a report like this:

Suzuki:—Who would believe it,
Who would say it's so?
I found him at Follett's,
I collected dough.

His boss:—Oh, Suzuki,
How did you know?

Now that you've found him,
Never let him go!
Suzuki:—Forty-six dollars,
All for the war,
I'll go back again soon,
I will grab some more.
His boss:—Oh, Suzuki,
Try going slow,
Don't scare him off too fast,
Don't let him go.
Suzuki:—I have worked so patiently,
I have tried so long,
My, but that man's
Conscience is strong.
Boss:—Don't get sentimental,
Remember he's your foe,
Now that you've found him,
Never let him go.
Suzuki:—I'll go back tomorrow,
Shortly after dawn,
I'll levy on his wage again;
But he will be gone.
Boss:—Buck up, Suzuki,
Don't let it get you down,
We have lots of agents,
Snooping round the town.
Suzuki:—They will never nail him,
They'll never collect,
Why should we waste our
time,
Breaking our necks?
Boss:—The war must go on you know
And we must be paid,
The arms race must be financed
And profits be made.
Suzuki:—We will never make it
With guys like that Meyer;
Why not quit and go to work;
Our proceeds would be higher.
Boss:—Roy, that's not the spirit
Of I.R.S., you know;
Once you have found one,
Never let him go!

A few days later I quit my job, and since then I have been earning part of our livelihood by part-time and irregular labor, while spending most of my time on the important work of developing the tax-resistance campaign. I have to thank Roy Suzuki for having given me the incentive and the opportunity to do this.

To coordinate a countrywide campaign for tax resistance and to provide literature and counseling we have established a center called

WAR TAX RESISTANCE/MIDWEST
1339 North Mohawk St.
Chicago, Illinois 60610

which is sponsored by the Nonviolent Training and Action Center, the Chicago Area Draft Registers and the Chicago Catholic Worker. We will have a basic leaflet based on my article in the Oct.-Nov. 1969 CW, as well as reprints of the article itself. For a single copy of each, send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For quantities the price will be a dollar for fifty, or two dollars for a hundred, plus a dollar for each additional hundred in one shipment. We hope that people will send a few extra dollars to help with the organizing costs and that new tax resisters and alternative funds will earmark a small percentage of their tax savings to contribute to the organizing work.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

to his wife or sister. A tall conservative young academic from Ohio who opposes the draft as unconstitutional introduces you to his fiancée, grinning most proudly and happily as he does so, and you have to agree with the other visitor who exclaimed, "All the decent people are in this prison!" What word but decent would be right for that Amish boy prisoner, now being visited by two other Amish, a boy and a girl? In their centuries-old habit of long hair, blue shirt and dark vest, the girl's long skirt and granny glasses, they have become, without changing themselves, suddenly mod.

Of course, the very vitality, the sweetness and gaiety of the scene only makes it more deeply sad.

May Our Lord make 1970 a happier year than the beginning of it feels like!

Sincerely yours,
Richard Loomis

Ed. note: Richard Loomis is Academic Dean of King's College, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

pathetically. We are near of an age. There are also four cats, a squirrel, two mice in a cage and a bird, not to speak of a tank of fish and other living things like plants. When you open the kitchen door you come into what looks like a green house, and the room I sleep in is the same. It also contains one large loom, two small, a spinning wheel, a home-made Indian loom, a bookcase of books and a bookcase of materials to make rugs.

The snow continued. Our waiting continued. The Christmas tree was put up, presents were wrapped, (Maggie is the most communitarian member of the family), Christmas day came and went, and still no Eric. Children practically fell down the stairs to get to the phone from their rooms. How they heard it downstairs over the record player, no one knows.

"I don't believe he ever left Vietnam," Larry Green said. "If you'll re-enlist for another six months, they will guarantee to get you home for Christmas, so those guys who did, get the first chance at the planes."

Next morning, day after Christmas, the phone rang at nine o'clock and Hilaire got to the phone first. It was he, Eric Dominic Hennessy, Staff Sergeant, Ranger, home from the wars. It took him as long to get up from Kennedy airport to Vermont as it did to fly from Vietnam to Seattle. His was the last flight to Kennedy airport in that particular storm, but the buses still ran and got him to Charleston, New Hampshire. It took two hours for his friends to get him from Charlestown to Perkinsville what with skidding into snow drifts several times. But at two a.m. on the morning of December 27th, Eric was home again. God be thanked.

There are so many things I wished to write about and so far I have given over my column to the story of a happy Christmas, a picture of family life, of a house overrun with children and young people, cats and dogs, celebrating a midwinter festival in the midst of ice and snow. (In the midst too, of continuing war and desolation.)

A family where, as in all families, there are grave differences of opinion, or points of view, and yet united and happy. There is always an unspoken agreement, just as there was in my family of three brothers and a sister, parents and in-laws, not to dispute, not to argue, but to find points of agreement and concordance, if possible, rather than the painful differences, religious and political. What a mystery each one is to another. I remember reading about Hugh of St. Victor who complained to God that he did not value His love because as God He loved each creature He had made, and God replied to him, "Yes, but just as each creature is unique, I love them with a unique love." We can only try to share each others' joys and sufferings and to grow in love and understanding. Not to judge, but to pray to understand.

Mary Johnson

Mary Johnson would not want a first page headline such as we gave to David Mason, another old fellow worker who died recently. I think she would have liked to be included in this Christmas account, especially since she died on Christmas day and in a way is still part of the family of Tamar whom she loved and cared for as a child. It did not matter that they had not seen each other for years. There is neither time nor space in God's kingdom. Mary Johnson died on Christmas day, following her husband Steve by a few years. It was thanks to the Johnsons that I was able to have my daughter with me through the early years of the CW.

It came about in this way. Steve was a leading figure in the Irish movement in this country, who after an exhausting career as a public speaker and leader had to have an operation which resulted in the loss of his speech and consequent loss of livelihood. Mary went to work for the National Biscuit company on West Fourteenth street and in the depression during a bitter strike did not hesitate to come to us for aid. Neither of the Johnsons thought of our work as charity, in its

bad sense, but as a work of justice. In other words we were a revolutionary headquarters rather than a Bowery mission, as most newspapers like to picture us. We needed them both badly at that moment because we were opening a house in Staten Island, right on the Bay and needed them to run it. Steve and Mary ran this country place and later the farm at Easton, Pennsylvania. They took care, not only of Tamar, but of a dozen other children from longshoremen's families on the lower west side, and from Harlem families. In all these places my little daughter, from the ages of eight to fourteen, had a joyous and carefree time. Later Steve got a job as Editor of Catholic Missions which was under Bishop Fulton Sheen at the time, who not only paid him generously but pensioned him when he became too old to work any longer.

So all this week, in addition to the psalms of lauds and vespers, I have been saying for them both the Office of the Dead, from an obsolete old Mercy Manual which has all three nocturns and the nine lessons from Job and the most reassuring and promising of antiphons and scripture paragraphs. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, that I shall rise again from the earth on the last day, that I shall be clothed again with my skin, that in my own flesh I shall see God; whom I myself in my own person shall see, and with my own eyes shall contemplate. This is my confident hope, is carefully laid up in my heart." Of course there are many translations in our day of Job xli, v 25-27. When I get through with this writing I will check them in the various Bibles we have around the house. But I will not be shaken in my confidence either.

The Very Much Alive

Which reminds me to write this introductory note to the very good book review in this issue of Fr. Hugo's book on St. Augustine.

Fr. Hugo is a very old and precious friend of ours who used to give us the famous retreat which aroused so much controversy all over the country from Bishops down to the simplest fellow-workers among us. I'm supposed to be writing a book about this retreat for Harper and am under contract to do it. The title is ALL IS GRACE. I mention it, hoping for your prayers that soon it will begin to pour out from under my pen as the writings of a St. Teresa of Avila flowed freely in spite of her work of foundations and her traveling all over Spain. I first began reading her when I encountered William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

I say I am reminded of Fr. Hugo when I write those last words about death because he used to end his delightful, stimulating and provocative retreats with a little dissertation about death. "When your friend comes to you to tempt you to waste your time, —'come and let us drink at the neighboring tavern,' tell him, Go away, I am dead and my life is hid with Christ in God." (famous words of St. Paul.)

As he preached his retreats it was often with enjoyment and humor, but with a deep sense, you felt, of the strong conflict in which we were engaged in our attempts to lead a spiritual life. All that we did, work or play, eating or drinking, should be done in the name of the Lord Jesus. Work was co-creative, expiatory, redemptive, and certainly a sharing in the suffering of the world.

But to be brief, Fr. Hugo gave us retreats and was the first priest in this country to come out with teachings about peace which were basic and constructive. He had never studied this subject intensively in the seminary, but he began a study and wrote a series of articles for us. *Weapons of the Spirit*, and two long, double-page articles, *The Crime of Conscionable Objectors*. We can never be grateful enough for the pioneering work he has done along these lines. The book reviewed in this issue will be challenged just as his other writings have been. Let us hope that reading it, our readers will be drawn again to the writings of St. Augustine, The City of God, and, of course, the Confessions.