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KOREAN WITNESS

By RICHARD DEATS

Imagine this scene in your mind's eye: CIA agents are outside your church on Sunday morning when you arrive for worship. Inside, among the congregation, may be police informers. What you say in the service will be noted; it might even cost you your job or your chance of continuing in school. During the announcement time, you hear news about pastors, priests, seminary professors and students who are in prison and you are asked to join in a fast to show your solidarity with them. If you sign a petition being passed around that affirms democracy and criticizes some recent government policy, you could be sentenced to seven years in prison. If you join in singing the final hymn, "We Shall Overcome," you are breaking the law.

Unbelievable, you say? Not at all, if you happen to live in South Korea today. On my recent visit there I preached in a church where such things happen every week.

Since 1972, when President Park declared martial law and promulgated a new constitution, Christians have had to wrestle with the meaning of faithful obedience under an oppressive government. Park has steadily concentrated all power in his hands and tolerates no opposition to his policies. He has enacted nine emergency decrees that give him near-absolute authority. Emergency Decree No. 9, issued on May 13, 1975, outlawed all political activity except that which supports the government and the constitution, and authorized the mobilization of the armed forces to maintain public order. The Korean CIA extends its control over every facet of public life and even reaches overseas to the USA, Japan and other nations. The media are under strict censorship and

control. On campuses, student governments have been abolished, replaced with the Student Defense Corps that provide military training for all students, male and female. Arrest, imprisonment and torture of political prisoners have been widespread.

All of this is justified on the grounds that it is necessary because of dangers from the communist regime in North Korea. The questioning of any policy

(Continued on page 4)

BUREAUCRACY

By MEG BRODHEAD

"Grey areas," he said. "There are a lot of grey areas, here in this case, here in the hospital."

I was talking with Mr. Brown, Assistant Administrator of Ambulatory Care, in his cramped temporary office quarters; arguing in a civil tone, really. I had just finished arguing in a civil tone with his secretary, when she informed me that I must be a social worker, because I had come looking for a woman who was missing. I felt like no social

worker! I felt like a child, playing poorly at an adult charade.

"There are grey areas in the doctors' discretion, in usual procedure, in what is permissible by law."

Yes, I thought, and grey areas are the problem exactly, and grey areas are where people get lost.

I had accompanied Phyllis by ambulance to Cabrini Hospital on Sunday evening. She had had a seizure at dinnertime. Phyllis had come to Maryhouse about two months before, after being beaten and robbed at a welfare hotel uptown. She suffered from a strange amnesia, such that within two days she could not remember how she came to us, nor where she had come from; nor indeed could she recall my explanations two hours after I had given them. We began visits to the Bellevue neurology clinic. The many tests performed there still had not revealed the source of her disorientation: — whether from shock treatment, a lobotomy, blows to the head, alcoholism, a tumor. The source of the seizures, too, uncontrolled by the usual medicine, was unknown.

In the emergency room that night, I told the first doctor to whom I was allowed to speak that Phyllis was an outpatient at Bellevue Hospital and suggested she call them for information from her records there.

"It's hopeless," the doctor replied wanly.

"Hopeless?" I gasped, thinking she meant Phyllis.

"It's hopeless to try to get anything from Bellevue; they are very uncooperative there." And I smiled wanly, resignedly conceding the point.

(Continued on page 3)

EVERYTHING IS TOO BIG

By DWIGHT MACDONALD

The trouble is everything is too big. There are too many people, for example, in the city I live in. In walking along the street, one passes scores of other people every minute; any response to them as human beings is impossible; they must be passed by as indifferently as ants pass each other in the corridors of the anthill. A style of behavior which refuses to recognize the human existence of others has grown up of necessity. Just the scale on which people congregate in such a city breaks down human solidarity, alienates people from each other. There are so many people that there aren't any people; 7,000,000 becomes 0; too big.

Some episodes:

(1) A friend was going home in the subway at about ten o'clock one night. About half the seats in his car were filled. Opposite him two men were sitting on either side of a third, who was very drunk. Without any attempt at concealment, they were going through the drunk's pockets and taking his watch, money, etc. A dozen people watched the performance from their seats, but no one, including my friend, did anything, and at the next station the two men let the drunk slide to the floor and got off the train.

(2) An elderly woman I know slipped going down the stairs in an "El" station and fell all the way to the bottom where she lay stunned and gasping. A crowd of people — it was the rush hour — were waiting on the platform at the foot of the stairs. She told me that she lay there several minutes, too shaken up even to speak; several people remarked "she must be drunk." Finally, a man did come forward and helped her to her feet. She was frightened by the incident. She had lived in New York all her life without realizing she was living among strangers.

(3) I was told a similar story about another person — the friend of a friend. He was knocked down on a mid-town street by a car late at night. The car didn't stop and no one saw the accident. He lay in the gutter, badly hurt and only half

(Continued on page 8)

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Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now on the brink of the New Year, January's icicles chill my mind. Birds at my window, what are your auguries? Out of the confusion, mistakes, and catastrophes of past years, can hope emerge? The Magi have come and gone, and a cold coming they had of it. Shall Epiphany's light shine on God's poor? Is the Christ Child even now sowing seeds of Easter flowers in our terrain of ice and crusty snow? O chickadee, you have read Hopkins. I hear your voice, little bird of great faith, valiantly proclaiming that "the Holy Ghost over the bent world broods, with warm breast and with, ah, bright wings."

Something of the magic of the Christmas season seemed to go with us, that Feast of the Holy Innocents, when Virginia Kalaghan drove Joan, Alan, and me to The Farm to visit Jack, Susie, Tanya, Kachina, and Charlotte Rose. The Farm, a branch of the larger, better-known farm founded by Stephen Gaskin and his followers in Tennessee, is located in the foothills near Oneonta, New York. It is three hundred acres or so of heavily-wooded, precipitously rocky land, which, with hard work and care, can produce some really good vegetable crops. We took the mountain road so that we could enjoy the winter scenery along the way. When we finally found the entrance to The Farm, we discovered that the hill leading to the principal habitations was too icy for ascent. So we enjoyed our reunion with our friends in the little gate house in the comforting presence of a wood-burning stove.

Jack and Susie McMurphy and their children lived with us for several years, and were very much a part of our Christmases. Susie is one of Dorothy Day's nine grandchildren, and the three children are among her many great-grandchildren. We had brought gifts, and all shared in the joy. Jack took Joan and Alan for a tour of the place. Virginia and I remained with Susie and the children, since we had enjoyed a tour last August with Tanya and Kachina as our guides. All in all, our holiday excursion seemed to me quite as delightful as some of those

described in the wonderful pages of Jane Austen and Charles Dickens.

The Essentials of Life

Stephen Gaskin and his followers certainly deserve much commendation for their efforts to strip life of its fripperies, to get down to essentials, and to make for themselves a truly viable alternate lifestyle based on work, sharing, concern for others, peace, and love. With them, the work ethic seems as strong as it was with our pioneer ancestors, who knew that they had to work—and work unstintingly—if they were to survive at all. As a result of their cooperative ef-



forts, they have been able to send shiploads of food to hungry peoples of the Third World, to help the Hopi Indians and others in emergencies, to send a crew of workers to Guatemala to help Indians in the mountains rebuild their homes, which had been destroyed in the earthquake, and recently to set up a supportive group in the Bronx to work with the Sweat-Equity groups in the effort to reconstruct homes from the ruins. They try to develop their own skills and professions. Their groups include—doctors, nurses, midwives, paramedics, teachers, and students in these and other areas. For the most part, they are young, sometimes unmarried, but mostly married couples with young children. They operate their own schools, and sometimes clinics. When Virginia, Stanley, Kathleen and I visited last summer, we found The Farm humming with activity. Special groups worked together on special tasks. They hold regular meetings to thrash out their difficulties and to plan their work. Those who become permanent members are expected to accept the work program and the philosophy. Their diet, too, is stripped to essentials, strictly vegetarian, with no animal products whatsoever. In general, one senses happiness and well-being among them. Some of the aspects of their religious beliefs I do not understand, but it seems obvious that the great ethical

(Continued on page 7)

St. Joseph House

By RICHARD CLEAVER

There is an old English Christmas carol that asks, "What shall I give Him, poor as I am?" and answers itself, "Give Him my heart." This carol inveigled its way into my consciousness on Christmas Eve, and continued to sing itself all day. I thought of it especially during Midnight Mass as Fr. Lyle celebrated in his simple, quiet way, just as he does every week. There was no air of special fervor. Our music was just a few well-known carols and the Mass was not without the usual alarms and excursions that usually attend our Masses. All in all, it was a far cry from the splendid liturgies being celebrated with trumpets and incense throughout the rest of the city. But it was ours, an expression of our common life, a gift of our poverty for that King and God who took on our flesh in the form of a poor baby, like so many others, in an animal's stall.

Of course, thanks to the generosity of our readers, we have much to give. Warm clothing comes in day after day and we still have our soup, and we were able to give little gifts to our friends and each other. On Christmas morning, thanks to faithful Sister Stella, we had ham and eggs and donuts for the line, and from the gifts of many, Frank and Smitty and all their helpers prepared a feast for Christmas night.

Still, we have always, from the start, given until there is nothing left, and we find we can offer nothing but our poverty and our prayers to Jesus as he appears to us daily in so many forms. We are daily confronted with the inadequacy of our own inner resources in the face of problems we cannot handle, the more so as the Bowery becomes each year the home of more people with nowhere to go. So we must remember the Little Flower, who said, "My poverty is a true grace to me. I reflected that in my whole life I have been unable to pay a single one of my debts to God—and that precisely this, if I would have it so, might be true wealth and a source of strength to me."

An Exchange of Gifts

Still, God asks much of us, and it can be hard. We had to give up Anne Bucher, who had worked at Maryhouse for six months, to her studies, and Sharon Cumberland, who had also been there for some months, to the Order of St. Helena. These partings can be sad, but the Catholic Worker is a school, as Dorothy has often said, and the time comes when one must move on and share what one has learned. We know that we will still be in touch with both of these sisters of ours.

Another departure which is deeply felt is that of Peggy Scherer, who was with

us for more than three years, first at Tivoli, and, since last spring, at St. Joseph House. She has finally realized a long-standing dream and is journeying to Latin America, where so much of importance both in the world and in the Church is taking place. Her pilgrimage, which we hope to share in through her letters, should bring us to a deeper knowledge of our brothers and sisters in this hemisphere, suffering, as many are, from political oppression, many more from economic injustice. We all need to look to Latin America to learn how we can, in Peter Maurin's phrase, "blow the dynamite of the Church."

Finally, God asks the hardest gift of all, the gift of a life. Joe Greenbaum, who came to us last spring with lung cancer, was called on December 12, the Feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe, to whom he had a great devotion. He had contributed much to our community, both of his skills as mechanic, plumber and electrician, and especially of his lively personality, strong will, and firm faith. He will be sorely missed, but we trust he is still helping us with his prayers.

But God never asks us for anything without giving us much in return, and he has sent us many new friends. We enjoyed a brief visit from Peter Conk and Norma from the San Jose Catholic Worker. The visit from Frank Cordaro and Jacquee Dickey of the Des Moines house was equally brief, but we expect them all to make it up to us by staying longer next time. Scott Wright of CCNV, who has been living and working in Cuernavaca, Mexico, stayed with us during a short trip back in this country, and Mike Harank, who had been with us in November, spent Christmas with us. Sisters Barbara and Ellen, two Sisters of St. Ursula, spent two weeks with us, and were kept busy trying to bring our office work up-to-date.

We have new additions within our community. Janet Ward has come to Maryhouse, and Dana Chess to St. Joseph House, both for indefinite stays (indeed, all our stays are indefinite, as Stanley Vishnewski is the first to observe—Stanley, who after forty years has still not "made up his mind" whether he plans to stay). When Janet returned from a few days in Massachusetts after Christmas, she brought her friend Amy for a two week visit.

To quote St. Therese again, "All is grace," and God enriches our poverty day by day with His bounty. As we begin this New Year we trust in Him to continue His gifts of grace so that we can try, as Peter wished, "to build a world in which it is easier to be good."

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's emphasis on clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:00 p.m., at Maryhouse, 55 East Third St. (between First and Second Avenues).

Last year's speakers included Grace Paley, Gordon Zahn, Daniel Ellsberg, Michael Harrington, Anne Freeman, and Dan Berrigan. Some of the meetings were about people: Charles de Foucauld, Gustav Landauer, Gandhi, Tillie Olsen, Leon Bloy, Solzhenitsyn, Thomas More and Muriel Lester. Some were about places: Iran, China, Ireland, South Africa. Other topics included prisons, health care, workers. There was a discussion on liberation theology and a report on the Detroit "Call to Action" Conference. We enjoyed music, poetry, slides, a celebration of the centenary of Peter Maurin's birth, a report from participants in last May's occupation of the Seabrook power plant; there were discussions on the Hasidic tradition, anarchism, nonviolence, socialism, as well as the history and future of the Catholic Worker. Everyone is welcome. We hope you'll join us this year.

Jan. 20—Lorna Salzman, Friends of the Earth: Nuclear Power — Cancerous Technology.

Jan. 27—Ann Davidson: The Revolutionary Temperament — Violence and Nonviolence.

Feb. 3—David McReynolds, War Resisters League: The Mobilization for Survival.

Feb. 10—Dwight Macdonald: Marxism vs. Anarchism.

Feb. 17—Homer Jack: UN Special Session on Disarmament — Is There Hope?

Feb. 24—Chuck Matthei: Land Trusts, Housing and the Poor.

March 3—Bob Gilliam: What Happened to the Church?

March 10—Round Table Discussion on "Right Livelihood."

March 17—Eugene O'Sullivan Jr.: Readings from the Drama of Ireland.

March 24—No meeting.

March 31—George Abbot White: The Art of Eric Gill (with slides).

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Bureaucracy

(Continued from page 1)

I sat in the waiting room and read the *Daily News*. There was an article about the hottest selling Christmas toys: robot kits, toy computers, and "Star Wars" games. The next reported that Pilgrim State Mental Hospital is in danger of losing its accreditation because it has more employees than patients, which employees are suspected of having pilfered \$1.1 million worth of cigarettes over the past year. Companion to that article was one about New York State dumping its mental patients into welfare hotels with no after-care. I read a human interest story about a millionaire who got off a murder rap, but had to pay his lawyer a million dollars for the job. The Daughters of the American Revolution had just welcomed their first black member, and the emperor of the Central African Empire had ordered 1,000 Mercedes-Benzes and \$2 million worth of champagne for his coronation celebration. It all fit together, somehow.

After four hours of pondering this news, I got to see a second doctor. "We're still observing her, and haven't decided whether to admit her. But keep reminding us about her," he smiled.

At 10:30 I reminded a third doctor. "We would admit her," he admitted, "except that there is only one bed available in the hospital, and it should be kept free in case a stab wound walks in. Why don't you go home and call us at midnight?" Putting aside the queer image of an ambulatory gash which rose behind my brow, I left money for taxi fare for Phyllis at the desk, with directions to our house, said good-bye to her, and ambled out myself.

I knew the doctors' words that night were spoken in haste, in a place where they must turn quickly from one person in crisis to another; still, they did not sound like words of healing, but of indifference and weariness.

During my telephone conversations with the emergency room that night I was privy to various opinions as to whether Phyllis was to be admitted or was on her way out the door, the caller at 2:00 intimating that she was to be kept overnight; and on that note I went to bed.

I spent Monday at press with the December issue of *The Catholic Worker*. When I returned home, Mary and Anne told me that two calls to Cabrini, five hours apart, had both yielded the news that Phyllis had just been discharged. Yet at 7:00 there was still no Phyllis to be seen. It looked odd.

Misplaced

I called the hospital to make inquiry. Three people told me three different accounts of her discharge, at different times. The picture that emerged was of Phyllis sent out the door, brought back in when she was found wandering confusedly in the rain, given \$.50 and sent out again — at least two hours before, perhaps more. I thought, she would never find our street in the rain, as dazed as I knew her to be! What happened to the taxi fare, the taxi that would have brought her right to our door? I pursued that line of questioning, and got the most definite response of the last two days: no one knew about the money, and there was most definitely no way to find it. Back and forth we went, until all the hospital personnel heard me talking about, all they were focusing on, was the question of the money, not the larger question of the money's loss contributing to Phyllis's disappearance. The nursing supervisor told me that she was very busy and I should write a formal letter of complaint

Listening means to let others come close to us and touch us where we are most vulnerable and weak. Listening means an openness to receive the unknown into the center of our lives and to trust that it will not harm but heal us.

Henri Nouwen

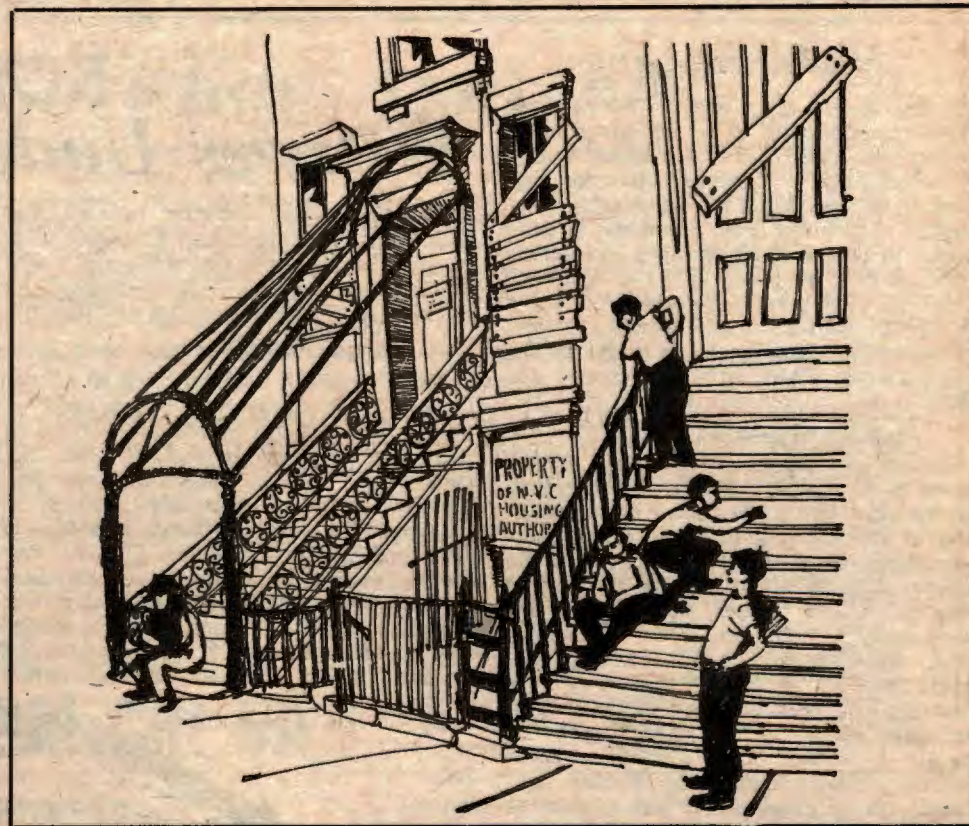
about my money. The security sergeant told me there was no record of the money, therefore no way he could pursue it further. "But you have my word!" I protested melodramatically. He had learned this game, too: "Your word? What is your word worth?"

The blankness of these answers shook us. We hardly believed anything we had been told by the hospital by this time, but we knew the upshot of it all: Phyllis was lost. We attended Mass in our chapel, and then called the police. They would not help us. Sharon said to me that night that she was frightened that a person could become lost in the city, as a button could be lost, or a nickel.

On Tuesday morning Sharon called the American Civil Liberties Union, to ask if there were any legal grounds on which we could hold the hospital responsible for Phyllis's disappearance. She was deeply frustrated by her conversation with the lawyer, who recognized our concern and anger, but held firm about the hospital's immunity. "Where do you think the hospital's culpability lies?" she asked Sharon. She noted the seemingly haphazard medical attention Phyllis received, the mishandling of the money, the plethora of confused information reported to us, and what looked like unconscionable neglect in the manner of her release.

No, the lawyer said. You can prove no legal guilt there, unless you can document that the doctors knew Phyllis was mentally incompetent at the time of her release. That they didn't treat her whole condition, or request her records, might be a point of grievance, but you would have to show malpractice, and in an emergency room there is a lot of leeway about medical responsibility. If you want the taxi money, the hospital would probably be only too glad to replace it. Morally, of course the hospital is culpable, but morality and the law are separate domains.

William Stringfellow writes that "the



moral principle governing any institution is its own survival."

Grey Areas

That afternoon I visited Mr. Brown. He is a young man, almost as young as I. After checking the "facts", he began to go point by point through the detailed letter I had brought with me. This was where the grey areas came in. As he explained all about procedural mix-ups and emergency room technicalities, I realized that the details of confusion in Phyllis's case are probably a fair rendering of many a hospital stay, and of the same order as in any tangle with most any institution or agency. In fact, if Phyllis had come home, I doubt we

would have found anything unusual about this particular tangle at all. One becomes near to accustomed to the city's bureaucratic machinery, to the gaps in its system, its arrogant anonymity, off-hand dismissals, its closed cases and malfunctioning computers and lines on hold, its utter imperturbability, its hatred of those it services. It services, it doesn't serve. The poor learn a very steely patience, reckoning with this machine. Sometimes, if we are to help them get any milk at all from their "Holy Mother the City," we stand on line with them, sigh with them, silent too.

Only this time the apparatus had gone so obviously awry; that is, it had attained its own reduction to absurdity. A woman had been dismissed, and she had disappeared. A woman had gone to the hospital to be healed, and she had withered away to nothing, she had virtually lost the tenuous life she had put down with us.

Mr. Brown did not see the moral irony here, however, and perhaps that was my fault. I'd gone in to him speaking the language of institutions, arguing something akin to administrative foul-up. I spoke thus in an effort to be taken seriously, playing that game, teetering on that edge, that civil tone, precariously proximate for dialogue's sake. Who knows with what measure of cowardice, what measure of shrewdness? But there was no legal clout threatening at the end of my words, and it was foolish of me to think such language could ever reveal moral responsibility, when of its nature it disguises it. In the end, Mr. Brown himself expressed sympathy for our distress and Mr. Brown the Administrator explained the situation away as an unfortunate mix-up indeed, apologized for the trouble inadvertently caused, and refused to help us find Phyllis. To do so would have been an admission of legal blame.

Finally the police did take the missing person's report, the next day. That was a month ago. We are glad the police know about her, although the last two people missing from Maryhouse we found ourselves, in one of those mental hospitals I was reading about. Phyllis remains with us as a prophet, a reproach, a challenge to the modern principalities and powers. She has already been vindicated:

He has shown the strength of his arm,
He has scattered the proud in their conceit.

He has cast down the mighty from their thrones,
and has lifted up the lowly.

He has filled the hungry with good things,
and sent the rich away empty-handed.

He has come to the help of his servant Israel,
for he remembered his promise of Mercy.

Ralph Borsodi 1886-1977

Prophet of Decentralism

By BOB SWANN

(In the 1930's when Peter Maurin was searching for writers who expressed his ideas about economics, technology, and the land, he discovered Ralph Borsodi's "Flight from the City." From then on, Borsodi's name was high on the reading lists which Peter was constantly amending. One magazine in particular, "The Green Revolution," continues to develop the ideas and experiments which Borsodi inspired. The December issue is devoted to him. Write The School of Living, Box 3233, York, Pa. 17402. Eds. note.)

Ralph Borsodi's life spanned close to one century (he was over 90 when he died). Within his lifetime he lived to see the nation and the world change from a primarily agrarian world to a primarily industrial world. This was not a change for the better in his view. He often commented on the "madness of industrialism" and much of his writing and work was aimed at trying to show the futility of subordinating agriculture to the voracious demands of industrialism. Long before the recent proliferation of books and articles about the "limits to growth" Ralph Borsodi (in the 1920s and 1930s) had been pointing out laws of economics such as "for almost every increase in the efficiency and scale of production there is an offsetting inefficiency and cost in distribution." He kept pointing out that practically all of conventional economic thinking of whatever variety was only concerned with the problem of production. In his magnum opus, *Seventeen Problems of Man and Society*, he defined at least five of the major problems as being part of the so-called "economic problem."

Economics and Ethics

Among these are: Wealth and Illth—the problem of economic values, in which he argued that economic values are not different from other values and must be viewed from a moral or ethical viewpoint. He eschewed the modern economists' notion that there is a purely "objective" way of looking at economic

values. Rather, he championed a "normative" approach to values which includes making "moral judgements about economic proposals and economic activities." He insisted that no economist, except a charlatan, which he called John Maynard Keynes, could advocate an economic system which required the government to "embezzle" the savings of its citizens through planned inflation with government spending in order to "solve" the problem of employment. He correctly predicted in the 1940s when the International Monetary Fund was set up at Bretton Woods that not only *Inflation Is Coming* (title of his best selling book) but that eventually unemployment would get worse also. While his predictions of increasing inflation plus unemployment took more years to come than he had thought, no one today would dispute its reality. What emerges today as the reason for this "grace period" is that we have been able to avoid largely the economic consequences of government spending (inflation and unemployment) up to this point in history because we have exploited the earth's resources without regard to the physical ecological consequences. As E. F. Schumacher (who met Borsodi twice and with whom there was much agreement) put it, "We have been acting as if there were an unlimited supply of earth's capital available — an attitude which no businessman would ever consider regarding his own capital

(Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 1)

of the Seoul government is equated with communism; to be properly anti-communist one must be unquestionably pro-Park. Many Koreans, however, refuse to accept this false either/or strait-jacket. They say that freedom is supposed to be the distinguishing characteristic of "the free world." For Park to destroy democracy in order to keep South Korea free is as ludicrous as the statement by the American major in the Vietnam war that it was necessary "to destroy the village in order to save it."

Romans 13 and Revelations 13

These developments in South Korea have been a severe test of the integrity of the churches and of their understanding of the Gospel. In some ways their situation is parallel to that of the churches in Germany during the rise of Nazism. Under Hitler, society was increasingly brought under his sole direction. Militarization solidified his control. Support of the Fuhrer was supposedly the best bulwark against communism. Many German Christians eventually accepted Hitler's claims, some enthusiastically embracing Nazism, but most simply going along out of fear or loyal obedience to the state. A minority, however, realized that if they were to be faithful to Christ, they would have to challenge this idolatrous exaltation of Hitler and his policies. From their ranks arose the Confessing Church which broke with the traditional Lutheran interpretation of Romans 13. Luther had stressed the Christian's obedience to the governing authorities since "the powers that be are ordained of God." But a closer look at Paul shows that he said, "rulers are not a terror to good conduct but to bad ... he [the one in authority] is God's servant for your good ... pay respect to whom respect is due, honor to whom honor is due." This authority of the ruler is not absolute but derived: government has only the rights God grants it. When it violates the purposes of God, it forfeits its authority. The state which is a terror not to bad conduct but to good is no longer due our respect and honor. This became evident in the early church after the letter to the Romans was written.

The book of Revelation came at a time when Rome was no longer the benign state Paul had experienced. Under Nero, Rome was persecuting the Christians, destroying their places of worship, forcing many to martyrdom. In this radically changed situation, the state is no longer pictured as the servant of God but as the anti-Christ (see Rev. 13). It is no longer the instrument of God but of Satan. Living under similar circumstances, Karl Barth wrote,

"It could well be that we could obey specific rulers only by being disobedient to God and by being thus in fact disobedient to the political order ordained by God as well. It could well be that we had to do with a government of liars, murderers and incendiaries, with a government that wished to usurp the place of God, to fetter the conscience, to suppress the church and become itself the church of anti-Christ."

"In such a case must not faith in Jesus Christ, active in love, necessitate our active resistance in just the same way as it necessitates passive resistance or passive cooperation, when we are not faced with this choice?" (*The Knowledge of God*, p. 230, 1938).

This same drama is being reenacted in South Korea today. As in Nazi Germany, many — indeed most — go along with the state. Park, though not a Christian, cleverly uses religion to advance his own interests and to entrench his rule. To those Christian groups which preach individualistic salvation and anti-communism and do not concern themselves with such practical issues as government corruption, torture of prisoners, and unjust working conditions, Park has been especially helpful. He has co-operated with plans to evangelize the Korean army, has sponsored presidential prayer breakfasts and has allowed gigantic religious rallies to be held with the state's blessings and assistance. After the 1973 Graham Crusade, the Korean Over-

KOREA Witness Under Oppression

seas Information Service pointed out that the government had provided telephones, lamps, rostrum, drinking water and media coverage—all "evidence" of Seoul's commitment to religious freedom.

Standing with the Oppressed

This "freedom to talk about Jesus Christ" is allowed, even encouraged, as long as He is kept comfortably back in the first century, unincarnate in the real world of the twentieth century. Those Christians who have chosen to discover the way of Christ within the life and death issues of present day Korean society, however, have come face to face with naked governmental power that has given new and frightful meaning to Revelation 13. A remnant of priests, pastors, laymen and laywomen

commitment. Reflecting on his experiences of recent years, he says, "My rich and influential friends don't understand why I'm happy. They have to calculate their every move so as not to anger the government, but I don't worry about that. The big churches, the wealthy churches become tame and fearful lest they lose their great possessions." In late September of 1977, young people had an all-night prayer meeting in Park's church because of the current suffering of the laborers, especially recent arrests in the Chung Key Chun textile market. Police surrounded the church and called the meeting an "over-night-sit-in-strike." Although they promised not to bother the students if they left peaceably, when the students did leave at midday, tear gas was thrown at them and they were



Robert McGovern

has been at the forefront of the struggle for human rights, for democratic values, for standing with the poor, the oppressed, and the imprisoned. Their witness has resulted in loss of jobs and friends, police harassment and questioning, arrest, torture and imprisonment.

One of the most influential Christians in this struggle is Park Hyung Kyu, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Seoul. He has been arrested four times for allegedly plotting to overthrow the government and has spent two of the last four years in jail. Formerly the general secretary of the Korean Student Christian Federation and editor of the journal, *Christian Thought*, in recent years his work as a pastor has effectively reached out to the forgotten elements of society — squatters, laborers, slum dwellers. One aspect of his work is seen in The Seoul Metropolitan Community Organization which has helped organize the squatters throughout the metropolitan area. Such efforts, along with Pastor Park's fearless advocacy of human rights, are looked upon by the government as dangerously subversive.

He has been arrested for such "crimes" as distributing leaflets at an Easter sunrise service and for supporting students who were planning (but never carried out) a demonstration for the restoration of democratic rights. The last time he was arrested he was questioned for 22 days straight. Even torture has not caused him to withdraw his witness.

taken to the Central District Police Station. Pastor Park started a fast and nightly prayer meetings until the students were released a week later.

Fierce government repression has taken place in the nation's academic institutions. Nonetheless, campus unrest continues. After a peak in 1973 and 1974, student activism has begun to grow again in recent months. Last April, 150 of the 200 students of Hankuk Theological Seminary issued a "Declaration of Suffering" after morning worship. The arrest of 13 of the students was followed by the remaining students boycotting classes until the school finally was closed. Five of the seminarians, charged with violating the Anti-Communist law and Emergency Decree No. 9, are still on trial. Activism continues despite the fact that hundreds of professors have been forced from their teaching posts and are unable to find employment, and despite the fact that many professors and students have been imprisoned for their outspokenness.

Public Witness

One of these dismissed professors is Lee Oo Jong, who formerly taught Christian ethics at Seoul Women's College. Forcibly unemployed since 1975, she is the courageous president of Church Women United. Typical of the remarkable witness of Korean Christian women, Church Women United has worked on such diverse issues as ending the tours of American male tourists that include

prostitutes in the round trip fare; working for release of political prisoners (especially students); and aiding the totally forgotten 40,000 Korean victims of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Lee Oo Jong was not only one of the eighteen prominent signers of the March 1 (1976) "Declaration for Democracy and National Salvation," she was the one who read it before worshippers gathered for a three-hour ecumenical mass/prayer meeting in Seoul's Myong Dong Cathedral. This statement—pleading for democratic rights we unthinkingly take for granted—resulted in lengthy trials and prison sentences for the signers. Lee Oo Jong was the first arrested, taken in the night of March 1 from her home by the KCIA and questioned for six days and nights without sleep. Her prison sentence was suspended, due perhaps to her international reputation and the efforts of CWU around the world. She, like so many other outspoken Christian men and women, remains under constant harassment and surveillance by the government. (On January 1 the Korean government announced the release of four of the five prisoners still imprisoned for signing the March 1 Declaration. Kim Dae Jung, perhaps the most prominent of the original signers, remains in jail. Eds note.)

The poet Kim Chi Ha is another who has suffered profoundly for his faith. A devout Catholic, he has faced torture and imprisonment for the past ten years. He is now serving a seven-year term for violation of the Anti-Communist Law (anyone who supports him is also guilty of violating this law). For over two years he has lived in solitary confinement, denied reading materials, opportunities to exercise and even washing facilities. On January 15, 1977, he was permitted to see his wife, son and parents—for five minutes. This was their first meeting since March of 1975. During his last trial, he said, "I am to be sentenced for a poem I have not yet written ... It is my imagination that is to be sentenced ..." In his final statement to the court (see March-April 1977 issue) he said,

"... the Christian philosophy of non-violence, and its teaching of love, must be mobilized to awaken the people's consciousness. This must not be carried out in the realm of tactical negotiation and compromise, but must be a true unification. The resentment of the lower depths and the blood of Christ must be joined into one. For those who have suffered under the immorality of starvation and tyranny, this is the way to the restoration of humanity. And I believe this is the true form of the revolutionary religion which seeks to put the teachings of Jesus Christ into practice in the modern world."

There are countless other Christians in South Korea today whose witness must remain anonymous; if their simple acts of faith were identified with their names, their safety would be jeopardized. I think of a young woman standing alone before the riot police, solitary witness to their acts of cruelty against a peaceful group of laborers. I remember talking to a teacher who tells his students not to salute him and shout their slogan "Myul Kong" (Smash Communism); he speaks to them boldly of Christ's way of peace. I recall a couple keeping a careful, documented account of all the outrages on human dignity by the Park regime and of a group meeting regularly, quietly, to explore peaceful ways of showing their solidarity with the oppressed. I think of many individuals who violate the emergency decrees daily simply by speaking the truth. Such persons are a faithful remnant who read Romans 13 in the light of Revelation 13, and, in so doing witness to the transcendent purposes of God rather than being seduced by the fearsome decrees of a Korean Caesar. Like the early Christians, their power is in their powerlessness and the Cross is their victory.

The Rev. Richard L. Deats is Director of Interfaith Activities for the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He lived and worked in Asia from 1959-1972.

Ammon Hennacy — A Christian Anarchist

By DOROTHY DAY

(Ammon Hennacy was one of the most disciplined individuals ever to come to the Worker. A tireless propagandist, an ardent peace worker, Ammon inspired the Worker in those years to a new level of public witness. Between his street speaking, picketing, his fasts and frequent jailings, he somehow found himself able to respond to any request, including, one time, that of a woman who called to find a babysitter for her child while she ran errands. Ammon called himself a Christian Anarchist. An anarchist, by his definition, is "someone who doesn't need a cop to tell him what to do." For many years he was an associate editor of the "Catholic Worker." When he grew tired of the city, he moved out west to Salt Lake City, where he died eight years ago this month. Dorothy wrote this article at that time, for the February 1970 issue, and she decided that we ought to reprint it this month in Ammon's memory. Eds. note.)

One of the great things that Ammon did for the Catholic Worker back in the thirties (we began publishing in 1933) was to increase our ecumenical spirit. There was not much talk of ecumenism in those days in the Holy Roman Catholic Church. His association with us began in the city of Milwaukee where he was living at that time and where we had a house of hospitality. Communists, socialists, anarchists and an assortment of unbelievers and Protestants, of who knew what denomination, used to come to our Friday night meetings. The discussions were lively. It was not long after the Spanish Civil War and some of our friends had served in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. The discussions were mostly on social questions. The group in New York and other centers where we had houses were going in strong for the liturgy then, and lauds and compline were recited in many of our houses. A Cardinal once asked me some years later, "What do they think they are, that Catholic Worker crowd—a bunch of nuns and priests?" The separation between the clergy and the laity was pretty distinct. It was considered remarkable that we lay people were living what is called dedicated lives of voluntary poverty, working without salary and serving our brother Christ in the poor, "inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of my brothers, you have done it unto me."

In New York there were complaints among the staff that they never knew whether I was quoting the Douay version of the scriptures, or the King James version. (Now there are a half dozen English translations.) When we started to publish Ammon Hennacy's articles, "Life at Hard Labor" in the *Catholic Worker*, and he made slighting remarks about Holy Mother Church, there were adverse comments among the staff and also more severe criticism from some of our readers. It was in vain that we pointed him out as the most ascetic, the most hard-working, the most devoted to the poor and the oppressed of any we had met, and that his life and his articles put us on the spot. He was an inspiration and a reproach.

Before he came to New York to join us on the staff of the Catholic Worker, while he was still working at farm labor, he introduced us to the Molokans, the Doukhobors, the Hutterites and many another sect which had come to this country to escape war and conscription in their own countries. When he came to live with us he began to attend the meetings of the War Resisters, meetings at Community Church, at Methodist churches and with Jewish, Episcopalian and other war resisters. He was interested, in fact, in all religious points of view if they resulted in a real effort to conform one's life to one's profession of faith. He still spoke contemptuously of Jesus-shouters, and religious demagogues who blessed the state of war, and he stated unequivocally that he did not like St. Paul, that St. Paul had betrayed

Christ again when he said, "Servants, obey your masters." He didn't see the point of St. Paul sending Onesimus back to his master, in the hopes that the master would be converted so that there would be "neither slave nor free."

Obedience, of course, was a bad word. Authority was a bad word. In vain I pointed out to him that when the retired army major for whom he worked in Arizona told him to do a particular job, he did it, and he did it as he was told to. He admired the army officer because he knew farming. And he cooperated with Ammon in paying him by the day and thus evading the Federal income tax which the taxman was trying to collect

away the sins of the world, grant us PEACE . . . Lord Jesus Christ, who said to your apostles: PEACE I leave with you, my PEACE I give to you . . . be pleased to grant to your Church PEACE and unity according to your will."

Poor Kenneth, he did so want to assure Ammon that the Church indeed did desire peace, but I am afraid that neither Ammon nor I could forget how the scrap iron and metal was heaped in the church yards during the Second World War and blessed by the priests, and war stamps sold to the children, and bombers named after the Blessed Mother and so on. It was still all too much like rival armies in Mexico carrying banners with repre-

wife Kitty and as the serfs around him did. There is a triumphant note of joy in the end of Levin's struggle which warms the heart. It was not the bitter, later Tolstoi, who derided religion in the novel *Resurrection*, who could not separate the wheat from the chaff.

For a time Ammon was a Catholic. It was before the aggiornamento and though he had been christened a Baptist, a valid baptism, he was conditionally baptized again by Fr. Marion Casey in Minnesota. His instruction had been slight in spite of retreats and conferences which we were in the habit of having at the Newburgh farm. He assented to what he agreed with, had no mind for philosophy or theology, and he no longer read the scriptures. "I read them nine times in jail," he said on a number of occasions. And once, flippantly, "If I had only a telephone book I would have read that nine times." Just as he said later on, "If Dorothy had been a Methodist, I would have become a Methodist." These were wounding words. I could never understand them.

He was with us, — how many years? Long enough to make an impression on that great pagan city of New York.

He had already, while living on the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, made an impression on that city with his picketing as well as on the few local communists who lived there. I taunted him—"You'll not make the impression on New York that you did in Phoenix. Those Republicans like to show how liberal they are in having a pet anarchist confronting them on their streets every Sunday and legal holiday."

But he did make an impression, and when I travelled on my own pilgrimage around the country I met hundreds (of course there were thousands) who had encountered him when they themselves had visited New York.

Which brings me again to Ammon's life of hard work and voluntary poverty. In those two aspects he outshone everyone. There were a few hall bedrooms in the old Chrystie Street house and Ammon had one of them most of the time, though he never hesitated to give up the room to guests. That was one of the reasons he had it because he could be trusted to relinquish it immediately. He claimed nothing as his own, nothing but the clothes on his back, and when he gave up his bed, he slept on the floor in the big living room where we had our meetings. He slept side by side with all the Bowery men whom Roger O'Neil brought in on cold winter nights.

He went to Mass early every morning and kept a list of all who had asked his prayers in the front of his missal which he read over after communion. After Mass he went to the post office for mail, opened it, entered any donations in a big cash book, answered every note or letter in a short and almost illegible script, sent out papers, and by noon was ready to take his stand on the streets to sell the CW. He had a regular route. I cannot remember without consulting old papers exactly how it went, but this will give an idea of it. Mondays, Wall Street; Tuesdays, Lexington Avenue and 43rd Street; Wednesdays, Fordham University; Thursdays, New York University, and so on.

Evenings it was the same, Cooper Union on the nights they had lectures; the New School; and any radical meetings which were taking place around the city. He was there rain or snow, with anyone who would accompany him, selling the paper. Often conversations would last into the night at some coffee shop. He sold the papers and so always had a pocket-full of pennies or silver to buy extra food or an occasional book, to feed others, or go to some movie with social significance. He used to say that Wall Street clientele gave pennies, and charitable ladies in the shopping centers gave dimes and quarters.

Peter Maurin quoted Cardinal Newman — "If you wish to reach the man

(Continued on page 8)

Blue Suit

Wish I were a bird,
Water, or else wind. **by KIM CHI HA**

Imprisoning the thin naked body, this suit of
Blue! Wish the blue were the sea.
Could the sea gleam even in my brief dream.

Sticking in my heart, bleeding painfully,
And then clotting into the square scarlet mark . . .
But for it —
But for it
I might not refuse death;
Even a destiny scattered in ashes would not matter.

In eyes anxiously awaiting dawn
On such a dark night,
In the clear tears overflowing,
Could the crystal morning-glory dazzle just once,
Could the sun's rays shine.

Vivid blue sky opening
Through the dark clouds in nightly dreams . . .
Could I stand in spilling sunrays a moment.
Willingly would I die imprisoned in the blue suit;
Were it real,
Were it now,
For ever and ever
Willingly would I die.

The inmates of South Korea's prisons wear blue uniforms. Prisoners accused or convicted of violations of the Anti-Communist Law wear, in addition, a red badge pinned over the left breast. After three years the Catholic poet, Kim Chi Ha, remains imprisoned, convicted of violation of the Anti-Communist Law for his protests against the Park dictatorship. "Blue Suit" is reprinted from "Cry of the People and Other Poems" by Kim Chi Ha, 1974, Autumn Press, Japan. A larger anthology of Kim's writings will appear this year, published by ORBIS Press, entitled, "The Gold-Crowned Jesus and Other Writings."

from Ammon.

I pointed out that he accepted the authority of those who were authorities, and knew what they were doing, and how to do it. He admired the courage of the major who subdued a bull which was wild with the pain of a snake bite, and had the courage to handle him with confidence and without fear. But he continued to balk, Ammon did, at the words authority and obedience.

On his coming to New York in the late forties, he attended a "retreat" at Maryfarm at Newburgh on the Hudson which Fr. Marion Casey of Minnesota gave. During the Mass each morning he knelt on the hard floor next to a Greenwich Villager by the name of Kenneth Little. He died some years ago and I always remember him with gratitude (not only for the gardening he did with us but for those retreat days with Ammon). Kenneth knelt next to him and kept pointing out to him all the words in the Mass that had to do with peace.

"Mercifully give PEACE in our days . . . The PEACE of the Lord be always with you . . . Lamb of God who takes

sentations of the Blessed Virgin of different localities—to bless their wars.

Ammon knew much labor history but very little about Church history. He could get no encouragement from the fact that in ages past there had been far greater scandals of wealth and warfare than even today. Or were there? One priest said of Ammon's anti-clericalism that perhaps he saw the sins of the Church as a human institution far more clearly than we did. Another priest said of Ammon that he had received so great a light during that first jail sentence of his in Atlanta Penitentiary, that it had blinded him. He had read through the Bible nine times and all but memorized the Sermon on the Mount. When he came out he had become a Bible Christian, not in the sense of a sect, but of one who accepted the WORD. He read the Tolstoi who wrote *Anna Karenina* and his faith deepened. In that great novel Levin struggled and fought for a faith. He went through such agony that he was on the verge of suicide (like the Maritains before their conversion) because he felt he could not believe as his

RALPH BORSODI

(Continued from page 3)

investment." But the charge which mother nature has put on this unheeding use of her capital now appears as increasing damage to the environment and to ourselves. Moreover, the illusion that we can spend our way out of the morass is beginning to be clear to the average person — even if not to the government or to the economists who advise the government. Looking at the Carter administration programs, it would appear that nothing has been learned — perhaps nothing can be learned by governments which are simply destined to repeat the mistakes of the past.

Borsodi, at least, had little hope or expectation from governments, and advocated taking the power of issuing money (through debt mechanisms) away from governments and establishing a non-governmental money system. This could be done, he believed, by having non-profit banks issue "honest money." By honest money, he meant money which could not inflate or deflate because it would always be measured by a broad commodity index and always be redeemable in commodities of the index. He spent much of his last years working to help establish such a non-governmental



tal bank and writing about how it could work (these writings are unpublished as are many of his later writings). He was convinced that, unless some such movement to take the issuance of money out of the hands of government could be successful, all present economic exchange (at least in the capitalist world) would be in deep trouble in the face of impending collapse (primarily through runaway inflation) of present monetary systems. In this he was not alone as increasingly more economic prophets have announced the impending collapse.

Property and Trustery

The second problem of economics which Borsodi tackled is what he called the "Possessional Problem." Here he contributed a major new concept to economic thinking which he called **Trustery**. All possessions, he said, could be divided into two groups, those he called **trustery**, and the other **property**. Simply put, **trustery** includes all of earth's treasures (land, water, sky, natural resources) which humankind must utilize to provide its needs and desires, but which can only be used and never really possessed. **Property** consists of all those things which are actually fashioned by a person or are purchased from another person (in this sense a corporation is also a "person") who has fashioned them and thus are truly "owned." All land and resources must properly be held in trust by each generation and passed on to the next generation in equally good condition. Even if we exploit the raw minerals from the earth we must find a way to ensure that future generations will not suffer from environmental degradation or loss of basic resources for survival needs. While such a principle can be simply stated and understood (even by children), it has revolutionary implications regarding most of our basic institutional

arrangements — starting with the legal notion of "fee simple title" to land. Putting into practice such a simple but revolutionary concept is, of course, many times more difficult. But Borsodi was always a man of action. Once he was clear on the direction, nothing could prevent him from taking action.

So it happened that in the middle of the depression of the 1930s, without any money in his pocket, he went to Suffern, New York, to demonstrate in practice both the concept of trusteeship of land and also his "notions" about small scale homesteading which he had been practicing in his own home ever since leaving New York City (he had already written a book on this experience, **Flight from the City**, recently republished by Harper & Row, as the new move "back to the land" began in the early 1970s). Approaching a landowner of a piece of land in Suffern which seemed appropriate for his needs, he suggested buying the land with only a note which he would sign to give the owner. Surprisingly, the landowner agreed and the first modern example of a Community Land Trust and homestead project was born — eventually twenty homes were built on the land. Borsodi didn't call it a Community Land Trust, and today we would refer to it as an "enclave" of land ownership rather than a CLT, which, with Borsodi's agreement, we have defined as a corporate entity which includes a broad representation of the existing community (or region) rather than only the individuals who happen to live on the land held by the CLT. Nevertheless, the legal documents, which ensued from this development, and which were worked out with the help of several lawyers, most of whom contributed their time to this innovative work, have become the basis on which we (here at the Institute for Community Economics which Ralph Borsodi, myself, and a few others organized in 1966) have created the rapidly growing Community Land Trust movement.

A Matter of Justice

But land trusts, in Borsodi's view (and mine), are not to be considered merely an effort to "save the environment," not merely to "preserve nature" from degradation, but rather are also and primarily an effort to bring justice into the distribution of land. As Borsodi says in his chapter on the "Distribution Problem" (**The Seventeen Problems of Man and Society**):

"In a badly organized society (as ours is badly organized in this respect) the pre-emption of land deprives the masses of the population of any alternative to the acceptance of employment on whatever terms employment is available. In such a society, those seeking work act under constraint whenever business conditions create what is misnamed a 'surplus of labor.' Only when business conditions are very good, and the so-called 'surplus of labor' disappears is the worker freed from constraints of this kind."

It was, therefore, the usurpation of land first by a few individuals and later large corporations which first created the "proletariat" in Europe and then later in the United States. If access to land remained free in Europe and the United States, even Marx agreed, the "proletariat" would not have been created. Land reform, then, in the Henry George sense, is what land trusts are all about, because otherwise we have only two choices — a move towards fascism of the right or a move towards a totalitarian form of communism. People will give up freedom when they are starving but when they give up freedom they give up the sustenance of the spirit. The very last day I saw Borsodi (that night he had a stroke from which he never recovered), he said to me: "I have only one problem with the land trust movement — it isn't going fast enough." Patience was not a virtue for which Borsodi was known among his friends but, then, he saw further into the future than most of us and saw the consequences of our lack of appropriate action.

While a critic of Marxism and a bitter foe of communism, Borsodi called for a decentralized society and a fourth way

which was neither capitalism, socialism, nor communism. He called for a world in which the key "determining number" (because "no matter how good the system, in the final analysis it is not the system but the controllers of the system that count") would be rightfully educated, or what the Buddhists call "understanding right livelihood." By this he meant that those who must carry — even in a decentralized world — more responsibility for apportioning capital resources must recognize their true profession as trustees who only act for the good of the larger society:



"A bad system will make it easier for bad men to take advantage of their fellow men; a good system will make it easier to deal with bad men, but no system will ever be able, in the final analysis, to guarantee that bad men, because of the system, will apportion justly."

"Right education," then, is ultimately and finally, and first and foremost, the primary problem of society. But for that education Borsodi did not propose a change in the public education system. He proposed rather that education for living should be embodied and institutionalized in the form of a "school for living" which should form the center or focus of every small community — a school primarily for adults not based on academic subjects but on the needs, the aspirations, and the dreams of the people it serves. A school which would inspire, yet also be practical, which would be closer to the folk schools of Denmark than American schools. But a school which would above all place the search for excellence as its philosophic ideal and its highest teaching — not the "bitch-goddess Success" nor the struggle for

Power.

A man like Borsodi (or a man like Gandhi) is hard to define or relegate to one of the pigeon holes of the mind. Was he a "conservative?" In the true sense of the word — yes. Was he a "radical?" In the true sense of the word — yes, because he went to the roots of problems. Was he an anarchist? No, because he advocated, not the absence of governments, but the diminution of government (like Jefferson), or what he referred to as "minarchy." Was he a Socialist? Definitely not when used with the capital S, and yet holding of land resources for "the common good" would sound socialistic to many people. Was he for democracy? Certainly he was for a greater democracy and participation than even conceived within our present system, but his notion of "the determining number" might be considered elitist by many people who believe in pure democracy.

What we can say of Borsodi for certain is what he said about himself. "I may not have the right answers, but I think I have asked the right questions, and asking the right questions is often more than half of the problem." Perhaps, more than any other man or woman before him, Borsodi asked more questions and tested those questions and his answers against the best questions and answers which had preceded, or against his own carefully examined experience. Those questions ranged over every aspect of the human "problem," from philosophy and metaphysics through every practical and scientific aspect. But, I suspect that his greatest contribution as measured by history will be that he sorted out the many problems relating to what we call "economics" so that, perhaps, for the first time in history, we have adequate "tools" for thinking about economics. Of the seventeen problems of "man and society" (in his last years he came to the conclusion there was probably one more problem, making eighteen total), the "economic" problem comprises five problems, plus a link with the political problem — at least in modern society. But this link with the political problem is what Borsodi wanted to change, separating politics from economics as much as possible.

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YES TO PEACE, YES TO LIFE

(Following are excerpts from the 1978 Peace Message of Pope Paul VI. Eds. note.)

To the world, and to humanity, we once more dare to address the meek and solemn word, Peace. This word oppresses us and exalts us. It is not ours; it comes down from heaven. We perceive its prophetic transcendence, which is not extinguished by our humble repetition of it: "Peace on earth to those on whom God's favour rests" (Luke 2:14). Yes, we repeat: Peace must be! Peace is Possible!

Peace, let us repeat at once, is not a purely ideal dream, nor is it an attractive but fruitless and unattainable utopia. It is, and must be, a reality — a dynamic reality and one to be generated at every stage of civilization, like the bread on which we live, the fruit of the earth and of Divine Providence, but also the product of human work. In the same way, Peace is not a state of public indifference, in which those who enjoy it are dispensed from every care and defended from all disturbance and can permit themselves a stable and tranquil bliss, savouring more of inertia and hedonism than of vigilant and diligent vigor. Peace is an equilibrium that is based on motion and continually gives forth energy of spirit and action; it is intelligent and living courage.

No one today dares to defend as principles of well-being and of glory deliberate programs of murderous strife between men, that is, programs of war . . . But now the conscience of the world is horrified by the hypothesis that our Peace is nothing but a truce, and that an uncontrollable conflagration can be suddenly unleashed.

We would like to be able to dispel this threatening and terrible nightmare by proclaiming at the top of our voice the absurdity of modern war and the absolute necessity of Peace — Peace not founded on the power of arms that today are endowed with an infernal destructive capacity (let us recall the tragedy of Japan), nor founded on the structural violence of some political regimes, but founded on the patient, rational and loyal method of justice and freedom, such as the great international institutions of today are promoting and defending.

. . . We must defend Peace today under what we could call its metaphysical aspect. This aspect is prior to and higher than the historical and contingent aspect of military cease-fires and of the external *tranquillitas ordinis*. We wish to consider the cause of Peace as it is reflected in that of human life. Our "yes" to Peace broadens out into a "yes" to Life. Peace must be brought not only to the battlefields, but wherever human existence is carried on. There is — indeed there must be — also a Peace that not only protects this existence from the threats of weapons of war, but also protects life as such against every peril, every misfortune, every insidious attack . . . The one who chooses Peace in opposition to war and to violence automatically chooses Life and chooses humanity in its profound essential demands; and this is the meaning of this Message that we are again sending with humble yet ardent conviction to those accountable for Peace on earth, and to all our Brethren in the world.

"No Bombs Today"

By BRIAN TERRELL

In striking contrast to the commercial exploitation of the feast of Christmas, the Atlantic Life Community celebrated the feast of the Holy Innocents at the Pentagon in a most appropriate and liturgical way. For the Church's calendar to have any meaning, it is important that what we commemorate not be merely past events occupying specific points in history but that we see the holy days in the light of present experience—celebrating God's victories in ourselves and in our world and remembering our own need of repentance.

Kings, from Herod's day to our own, have always found children expendable in the interest of national security. Not only are we all living in imminent danger of nuclear war, but also in a time when production of bombs is a higher priority for the world's powers than food, health-care and education. "Defense" budgets soar while hospitals in our major cities must cut back services or even close altogether. Our nation's surplus food is not so much distributed according to need as according to political expedience—strategically shipped around the world like nuclear submarines and bombers.

On December 28, the day set aside by the Church to remember the massacre of Bethlehem's children by Herod's soldiers, blood was poured on the pillars of the Pentagon. I could not fully appreciate this symbolism (and so did not actually pour blood myself) until seeing reactions from the Pentagon employees—military and civilian, admirals and typists—to the scene, blood dripping from the columns of the place of their daily employment. After being arrested (for "resisting the lawful orders of a police officer") and taken into the building, I was led past a gallery of paintings depicting great victories of the armed forces, including a brilliant mushroom cloud. But the mushroom cloud was portrayed in the desert, and not destroying a city, and the artist chose not to paint Indians under the hooves of the proud cavalry formation. Perhaps many of the men and women who daily walk through this corridor would never be confronted by the human consequences of their work in this building if blood were not poured on its portals at rush hour on the feast of the Holy Innocents.

"No Bombs Today!"

Friday, December 30, was the last working day of 1977. We returned that day to close down the Pentagon and urge all who work there to go home and consider the future of their children and their cooperation with death.

With chains and handcuffs locking the major entrances, the action was mostly symbolic, actually barring all entrance for only a few moments before most of the chains were broken and conspirators

CATHOLIC PEACE FELLOWSHIP will hold its eighth annual New England Conference on Saturday, April 1, at the Newman Center, University of Massachusetts, Amherst. The theme this year will be "Nuclear Disarmament and Right to Life: A Day for Dialogue." For more information, contact Lucien Miller, RFD 2, 11 Calwell St., Pelham, Mass. 01002. (413) 253-2293.

YOURS IN PEACE

A selection of prints by
FRITZ EICHENBERG

The Fellowship of Reconciliation has produced a folio of twelve prints by Fritz Eichenberg, selected from among the prints he has made for his friends each Christmas for several decades. Some of these have appeared in "The Catholic Worker." We have purchased a rather large number of these folios. Write to us if you would like a copy. While we are not charging a set price per folio, any contribution you would like to make to help cover printing and shipping expenses will be gratefully accepted.

arrested. The security police left me and two others chained to the door on the Mall entrance for more than an hour before arresting us, and allowed our supporters on the steps to sing, leaflet and address the inconvenienced crowd chanting, "We want our children to have a future. Please go home."

Alternative doors were opened immediately but most employees walked by the banners and through the crowd of singing demonstrators, pushing aside the police officers trying to re-direct them, straight to the electric doors that had opened faithfully for them each morning



over the years, only to bump into three disheveled protestors chained to the door handles. What a marvelous opportunity to personally address generals, admirals, senators. "Sorry, we're in charge today! Take a long weekend for the holiday; this place is closed for the day—no bombs 'till Monday. Have a peaceful New Year!"

"We are invited by the year about to begin to look deeply into what each of us does to insure or deny a future for our children," read the leaflet for the occasion. "You can close the doors of this building by refusing to work here any longer." So long as we contribute with our labor and our money to the mad nightmare this temple represents, we can have no future. Lock these doors forever!

Reactions ranged from disgust and anger to enthusiastic support (incredibly, one woman told us that she had worked in this building for twenty years, never until this moment realizing her moral responsibility for what went on inside). For the majority of Pentagon employees, it seemed as if nothing would penetrate the workaday haze of indifference.

The Pentagon is still there in all its insanity and by now the blood stains have long since been sand-blasted off its pillars, leaving no trace of our work, save, perhaps, in the hearts of a few of its employees. If this says our efforts are futile, then they are futile in the same way as is our soup line here at St. Joseph House—feeding hundreds each day, most of whom return the next showing little sign of "rehabilitation" from their hunger.

Instructing the ignorant is a work of mercy, too, and, just as in clothing the naked and visiting the sick, it must be done with a bit of detachment from "results." It must be done with love and humility and the knowledge that the greatest change we can hope for in consequence of our work is a change in our own hearts.

If there is one thing which Christ and his saints have said with a sort of savage monotony, it is that the rich are in peculiar danger of moral ruin.

G. K. Chesterton

Tivoli

(Continued from page 2)

teachings are being followed, and that peace and love are important to their way of life. It would be well for the world if there were more such groups.

Certainly we of this particular Catholic Worker Farm could learn much from the dedicated workers of The Farm. True, we are made up—to a large extent—of the unfit and the incapacitated. Those who come to help, who really possess the ability to do so, are so small in number compared to those who come for help, or seeking shelter from the rigors of the workaday world—whether for sufficient or insufficient reasons, God knows—that it is difficult to maintain a reasonable pattern of life. Those young enough and able, mentally and physically, to do so, should, and many certainly do, help keep the routine work going, which means cooking, cleaning, maintenance, errand running, etc. What we really need are more dedicated, responsible workers, especially women, who can give the kind of help Peggy and Terri gave so effectively during their stay here and that Joan, Farmer John, George Collins and others continue to give. That and the help of God should get us out of our rut.

Christmas

Our Christmas was quiet, set in the context of a house made beautiful and hung with greens from our own woods by Miriam Carroll. Fr. McSherry not only said Mass on the morning of Christmas Eve, but came again that night to say Midnight Mass. At that time, Bob Davis played some beautiful music on his xylophone. Kathleen Rumpf, Joe Geraci, Jeffrey Ruddick, Dennis and Ramon, who once lived with us, came to renew old fellowship. After Mass everyone enjoyed a collation, which Virginia Kalaghan had brought with her from Boston. The next morning at ten, Fr. McSherry said another Mass for those not up to the late hours. Joan, Dominic, Roy, Bob Bellows, Virginia Wheeler, and probably others, collaborated on a most delicious Christmas dinner, which was served in the late afternoon. With so many cooks, there was, Joan said, almost mayhem in the kitchen. But on the whole, the spirit of Christmas peace seemed to prevail among us.

For me a good preparation for Christmas was my visit to Maryhouse, the Catholic Worker house for homeless women on Third Street. Miriam Carroll made it possible for me to go by going with me and acting as my guide wherever I wanted to go. It was good to see how quiet, beautiful, and orderly Maryhouse is. Those responsible for this deserve much credit. It was good to participate in Vespers in the little chapel with the Blessed Sacrament. It was good to visit St. Joseph House on First Street, and find work and order prevailing there, with Robert Ellsberg keeping the house, Marcel and many others addressing, folding papers or doing other tasks connected with mailing out the paper. It was good to attend Mass at Nativity Church where I used to go so often, and to go with my good friend, Anne Marie Stokes, and Miriam to the beautiful Mass celebrated by Fr. Peter in the chapel of the Little Brothers of the Gospel at the top of an old tenement building. It was wonderful to hear Carmen Mathews read "The Seven Miracles of Gubbio" at the annual Christmas party-meeting in the auditorium of Maryhouse. It was good to share that delight with old friends, including Ruth Collins, Mary McArdle Asaro, whom I remember from Maryfarm in 1954, Jacques Travers, Kevin Pope, Chuck Matthei, Peggy Scherer, Dan Marshall. Of course the high point of my visit was the opportunity to talk with Dorothy Day again. Dorothy is still not feeling strong enough to see visitors or go out often but she hopes—as we all hope—to be able to visit us in the spring. Let us hope, too, that, as she says, "Spring will begin in February."

LETTERS

Kansas City

908 East 31st St.
Kansas City, Mo. 64109

Dear Friends,

Holy Family House in Kansas City, Missouri, is closing due to lack of staff. If there is anyone who would like to make use of our two houses, either for a Catholic Worker House, or similar project, please contact Angie O'Gorman at the above address.

In Peace,
Angie

Tax Resister

Our Lady of Presentation
2012 Westwood Northern Blvd.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45225

Dear Fellow Workers,

I am a priest and a war tax resister. I am interested in knowing if there are other priests who have refused to pay income or telephone tax in opposition to our war economy. If you would kindly publish this letter, we may be able at least to know about one another and possibly to encourage and support one another in living this decision. Thank you.

God bless you
Fr. Al Lauer

Cultivation

Bedford, Nova Scotia

Dear Friends,

Thank you for keeping us on your mailing list. We want your paper, still and always. It remains one of the better things for "cult, culture and cultivation" around. Maybe a bit low on cultivation. As the latter is one of my main interests, of course I should like to see more on this.

Specifically, I should like to hear from people who have given thought to how rural revivification can/should counter the anti-democratic, anti-personal trends to centralization of everything these days.

In friendship,
Sylvia Mangalam

SON OF MAN

Farm beasts and workers remark your birth. The kings are an invention of later chroniclers, persons who would make of you something you are not. They have no idea. The one king who is real wants you dead. Little else is known of your early life. You are precocious, and your teachers—afraid of you—skip you quickly through the grades. Here, your exile begins. Nevertheless, you learn. Later, a teacher yourself, you seek only to include, to embrace. You work miracles. The meaning of your death, though, eclipses your life. When the physicians make their prognosis, you beg, each time, "Take from me this cup." You lose, one after the other, the use of your limbs. Your mind remains perfectly lucid. When the last hard walking is done, you cry, "Hast thou forsaken me?" You die of suffocation. On the heels of your suffering come all your children. Paradox of paradoxes: the father dies, we have a father.

DAVID CASHMAN

Once again I should like to thank our many friends, readers, and benefactors for their help and prayers during the past year, and for the donations and greetings we received during the Christmas season. God bless you, everyone.

We move toward Candlemas and the long Lenten Season. O chickadee, help us keep the faith. TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

The Monastic Journey

THE MONASTIC JOURNEY. By Thomas Merton, edited by Brother Patrick Hart. Kansas City, Sheed, Andrews and McMeel, Inc., 1977. 185pp., \$8.95. Reviewed by Anne Marie Fraser.

A monk of Gethsemani once sent me a ribbon bookmark on which is imprinted a monk seated by a window, a book on his lap. Above his head are the words "God Alone." According to Thomas Merton, that window looks out on the desert where the monk must go in search of God alone. Merton wrote voluminously on this call to the desert, and Brother Patrick Hart, his friend and secretary, has collected some of the pearls of those writings in *The Monastic Journey*. The essays included in this book have either never been published, or they have appeared in pamphlets or limited editions and are now out of print. They represent Merton's writings on monasticism during the last ten years of his life, including the period of renewal following the Second Vatican Council.

The book is divided into three sections. Part One, "The Monastic Life," describes the mystery of the monastic vocation and its concrete forms in contemporary contemplative communities. The essays are precise in theology and rich in mysticism. They sing of the mystery of God's love and of the monastery as the school of that love. Quoting St. Benedict, Merton writes "The

monastery is a school of divine service in which nothing at all is preferred to the love of Jesus Christ," and "we learn of this love in the heart of the Saviour." This is the prayer of the monk, a journey in which the heart is purified of anything that stands in the way of the journey. It is a way of purity of heart, which Merton sees as a fruit of community life "with its constant demands for self-forgetting service and charity... bringing the heart to a state of peace, gentleness, faith and simplicity."

And who is this community? Obviously, it is the community of brothers in the monastery—and it is those on the outside with whom Merton felt such a bond. During his trip to the Far East in 1968, Merton described the monk as a marginal person, one outside an established place in society. And he allied the monk to all who are marginal in society: the artist, the revolutionary, the hippie (it was 1968!). In an essay in *The Monastic Journey* he again speaks of this connection. Following a critique of Marxism, primarily because of its materialist foundations, Merton goes on "... there must still be some in society who will bear the sins and injustices of all, and repair them by their love. If God's justice is not visible in civil society, at least it must appear in the Church, and in the monasteries, and woe to the monastery whose monks are not felt by the disinherited to be their

brothers." In another critique of Marxism, in the *Asian Journal*, Merton sees the monastery as the only living reality of the Marxist axiom, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." It is easy to see why Peter Maurin looked to medieval monasticism as a model for the new society within the shell of the old, the society where it is easier to be good, where we might build cells of good living. While this book does not make claims to astute political criticism it is clear that Merton did not place his hope in political solutions to society's ills. And like the desert fathers of the fourth century, the monk "is in protest against modern society."



Robert McGovern

Merton has some judgments on contemporary monasticism as well. In several places throughout the book he calls those responsible for the formation of new monks to humility and openness. He asks that the fathers and mothers of monastic communities free themselves from a body of "detailed and rigid principles" and look deeply into the sources of monasticism—Scripture, the Rule of St. Benedict, the patristic teachings, and the movement of the Holy Spirit.

But the gem of the book is the third part in which Thomas Merton writes of the solitary life. Here he gives us the love of his life, and in a language of love. The first chapter is a project for a hermitage, accounting for every aspect of the hermit's life. Another chapter presents the theology of monasticism, and with another essay, "The Solitary Life," develops the theme of the desert. Here we find the hermit withdrawn into the wilderness, hidden and lowly. For him "the solitary life is an arid, rugged purification of the heart... he has been washed out by dryness and his burning lips are weary of speech." "The call to perfect solitude is a call to suffering, to darkness and annihilation. Yet when a man is called to it, he prefers this to any earthly paradise." This call to solitude was the desire of Merton's monastic life, a desire never fully realized, but he concludes, "if you are called to solitude by God, even if you live in community your solitude will be inescapable."

In the foreword, Brother Patrick Hart offers this book to the monastic dimension in all human beings, to the part that longs for God alone, that rejects the myths of materialism, that seeks the peace of Jesus. In a cover engraving by Lavrans Nielsen, Jesus is offering the chalice to one of several monks. This collection of essays is the fruit of Thomas Merton's drinking deeply from the cup.

CUTLERY AND CROCKERY

We are in dire need of knives, forks, large and small spoons and large soup bowls. Also, sheets and towels are always in short supply in both our houses. Thank you.

AMMON

(Continued from page 5)

in the street, go to the man in the street." The War Resisters have a motto, "Wars will cease when men refuse to fight." Ammon went directly to people and persevered in friendship with them though he soon realized that they were not going to go very far in building up a new society. In spite of his critical attitude he had a great warmth and loved to be with people and made them feel his closeness to them. I would not say he ever despaired or felt hopeless. He could not have gone on if he did. Part of his love for people came from his great inner loneliness—there were so few to work for the nonviolent revolution, so few ready to sacrifice all for it.

Of course Ammon was a romantic Irishman, basically, and never lost that sense of drama, that love of life, tragic though its outcome so often was. He literally would have liked to give his life for the obliteration of wars and all injustice from the face of the earth. He would have welcomed being shot as Joe Hill was, that labor martyr he named his House of Hospitality after in Salt Lake City. But Ammon's death was a triumph just the same. His first heart attack came to him on the picket line on his way to the Federal Court building in Salt Lake City. He died suddenly a week later, when his friends thought that he was on the way to recovery.

He died in protesting the execution of two of the least of God's children who had been justly sentenced, as the Mormons thought (believing as they did in the shedding of blood to atone for the shedding of blood).

I have said that Ammon was a romantic and once he said to me, "I do not remember the time that I was not in love with some woman." Believing as I do that being "in love" is a reflection of the love God has for each and every one of us, I am glad that this kind of love illumined the last seven years of Ammon's life.

Ammon had long ceased attending Mass, though on his travels, as his wife states, he went to Mass with her and even received communion. But "in peace was his bitterness most bitter." He rejected the "institutional church" even while he received the sacrament. The monks at the Holy Trinity monastery with whom he was friends never questioned him, nor would I. Who can understand another, who can read another's heart?

I do not think that Ammon expected to die, since all felt he was on the way to recovery, so there was no question of his preparing for death in the way of confession or asking for the last rites, or the sacrament of the sick as this sacrament is now called. In fact, I am not sure if Ammon knew what the sacraments were, or what they were all about, that they were channels of grace. If they had been explained I am sure he would have considered that grace had already been poured out upon him abundantly in the sufferings he had endured in jail. God's ways are not our ways.

One of Ammon's favorite quotations from Scripture was, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." And he used it in relation to judges who sat as Judge Hoffman has been sitting all these long months in the Chicago courtroom.

But I must admit that Ammon was a great one to judge when it came to priests and bishops, and his words were coarse on many an occasion, so that it was a hurt to me to hear him, loving the Church as I do. But there's that love-hate business in all of us, and Ammon wanted so much to see priests and bishops and popes stand out strong and courageous against the sin and the horrors and the cruelty of the powers of this world. But we cannot judge him, knowing so well his own strong and courageous will to fight the corruption of the world around him.

Everything Is Too Big

(Continued from page 1)

conscious, for five or six hours. There must have been scores, probably hundreds of people who passed by, saw him, thought "must be drunk" (the formula by which, in the city, one denies human recognition) and went on their way. Finally, the next morning, a policeman investigated and called an ambulance. (The policeman is the only person in a big city who is professionally required to see people as people, to break the shell of apartness that encases each human being.)

(4) The wife of a friend of mine last year became psychotic and is now being treated in an institution. She had been acting "queerly" for some time, but the first big outburst came about ten o'clock one night as they were returning home after visiting friends in Brooklyn. The wife suddenly began to accuse her husband of attempting to poison her; she became increasingly violent and suddenly broke away and began running down the street screaming "Help! Help! He's trying to kill me!" She ran along thus for several blocks, shouting, before he could overtake her and try to calm her. Although most of the houses showed lighted windows, for it was still early, not a door opened, not a window went up, no one paid the slightest attention. When he finally got his wife back to their apartment building, she broke away again as he was unlocking the door, and rushed into the hallway screaming for help. This lasted at least ten minutes, he told me, and again not a door opened, no one appeared although her cries and screams echoed all through the building. Finally a youth came downstairs in his bathrobe and shouted: "Shut up! We're trying to sleep!" He disappeared again immediately. A half hour later, after my friend had persuaded his wife to go inside, he received the first help since the nightmare had begun: Again in the form of a policeman, who had been sent for by some of the neighbors. (When people are forced to see others as human beings, they make contact vicariously through the police. What a "style" of communal relations!)

But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus: "And who is my neighbor?" Jesus made answer and said: "A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, who stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner, a Levite also, when he came to the place and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on them oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two shillings, and gave them to the host and said: 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay.' Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor to him that fell among the robbers?" And he said, "He that showed mercy on him." And Jesus said unto him, "Go, and do thou likewise."

(Dwight Macdonald is the former publisher of the magazine "Politics," in which this article first appeared in the December 1946 issue. In the few years of its existence (1944-48) this lively journal, regularly espousing such "lost causes" as pacifism and anarchism, achieved a degree of influence unreflected by its small circulation (5,000). It featured the work of such writers as Paul Goodman, Camus, Simone Weil, Bruno Bettelheim, and of course, Macdonald's own prophetic essays many of which have been collected in "Politics Past" (Viking Press). On anarchism, Macdonald later wrote,

"Marxism is 'practical,' since it fits into the status quo—as in Soviet Russia—while anarchism is 'impractical' because it threatens it. The revolutionary alternative to the status quo today is not collectivized property administered by a 'workers state' whatever that means, but some kind of anarchist decentralization that will break up mass society into small communities where individuals can live together as variegated human beings instead of as impersonal units in the mass sum... Marxism glorifies 'the masses' and endorses the State. Anarchism leads back to the individual and the community, which is 'impractical' but necessary—that is to say, it is revolutionary." We are grateful to the author for permission to reprint "Too Big." Editors note.)