

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## He Has Come to Set Captives Free

### Punishment

By JANE SAMMON

The National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers was formed earlier this year to focus national attention on dehumanizing conditions in Marion Federal Penitentiary, particularly in its long-term segregation unit. The main task of the support committee is to see the closing of this unit, which isolates prisoners considered most likely to disrupt the normal functioning of the prison from the rest of the prison body.

Marion Penitentiary, three hundred miles south of Chicago in rural Illinois, opened in the early 1960's to replace Alcatraz which, until its closing in 1962, had served as the main maximum security prison in the United States. Nicknamed "The New Alcatraz," Marion has become a receiving center for men recently sentenced by the courts as well as for men from other state and federal penitentiaries across the country, the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico. This is unlike most other penal facilities which cover only one particular geographical area. Men sent to Marion are viewed by the Federal Bureau of Prisons as the most dangerous criminals within the prison system, those in need of the greatest control.

The long-term or control unit becomes a prison within a prison, housing men from other facilities who may have already done time in isolation prior to their arrival at Marion, with no idea that the same situation awaits them in this new setting.

Although control units are not recent innovations in the penal system, Marion's control unit shows some similarity to the START program terminated in 1974 at the Bureau of Prison's Medical Center in Springfield, Missouri. Prior to the closing of the START program, oldtime prison terminology used to describe isolation units, such as "the hole," sweatbox, or lockups, was quickly being replaced by such sterling euphemisms as Control Unit Treatment or Control and Rehabilitative Treatment Efforts (CARE).

#### Controlling Behavior

Like the START program, the segregation unit at Marion exists, in the eyes of prison authorities, to change the basic attitude and behavior of the prisoner so that he can return to the general prison population. Since behavior changes are relative to each individual, time spent in the control unit is arbitrarily determined. Some men have come from the original START program only to spend further time in the segregation unit at Marion.

Although the alleged function of long-term segregation is to control, change or modify those prisoners thought to be too violent or physically disruptive to serve time with other prisoners, it is interesting to note that several people in the unit are Black Muslims, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and other racial minorities, Marxists, jail-house lawyers, others well-respected by inmates, and outspoken critics of the penal system. It is common knowledge at Marion that a prisoner considered politically active will in all probability be confined for a longer period than his non-activist counterpart. Besides the isolation of dissidents, men suffering from mental illnesses and in need of psychiatric care are sent to the

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Fritz Eichenberg

## ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

**Reflections of a Guilty Bystander,** by Thomas Merton, is the title which comes to mind as I start this column. I have lived in slums a good part of my life, but always I have had a family, a brother and sister, who claimed my visits so that I knew quiet and comfort with them. I have seen the inside of many prisons, the first time in Washington during the suffrage demonstrations, where I saw my cell mate, one of the leaders, strung up to the bars of the cell door, chained there by her wrists for three hours. Our sleepless night on a single cot with no blanket in that Occaquan punishment cell was lightened by a long conversation with Lucy Burns, a school teacher in Brooklyn. We talked not about suffrage or prisons, but about the novels of Joseph Conrad.

I have been in houses of detention, in city jails, two in Chicago during the Palmer red raids, and four separate city jails, in both Bronx and Manhattan where we awaited trial. We received short sentences, thirty days, fifteen days, three days, in the House of Detention for Women, when it was on Sixth Avenue. There, one could look out of the window (barred of course) and call down to the people on the street.

I have visited a prisoner in the Tombs where one stood in what looked like a telephone booth and talked by phone to Raymond Larsen, the poet, who was jailed for smoking in the subway and resisting an officer. I have visited con-

victed murderers, one in Philadelphia, who was brought out with many others who were there for minor offenses. Wives, mothers and children and I sat at what looked like a counter with a heavy screen between us and the row of men on the other side. Ammon Hennacy, visiting that same prisoner later, was locked in a room with him. (The man had murdered a drinking companion, stuffed his body in a trunk and left it at a railroad station. He had written to the Catholic Worker, asking us to visit him.) In California, at San Quentin, I too had been locked in a room for a visit with a convicted murderer who later spent years on Death Row. A lawyer friend of ours had asked me to go see this man who apparently had neither family nor friends.

#### A Prison Experience

Of course during the air raid drills of the Fifties we were held briefly in many city jails: in Elizabeth Street station where they knew us, and for a few hours in a midtown west side station, and for a longer time in cells way uptown. In all these places we had nothing to eat or drink from early morning until late at night. It was Judith Malina's hunger which landed her in the psychiatric ward. (She was our companion on our first arrest.) We were being arraigned in the Night Court and when the clerks miscalled some of the defendants' names, she laughed. When

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### Self-rule

By ROBERT ELLSBERG

(Since a state of emergency was declared in India last June, all civil liberties, including freedom of the press, have been suspended, and an estimated 60,000 people have been imprisoned—among them, many leaders, activists and social workers of the Gandhian movement. This is the first of several articles examining Gandhi's vision of a nonviolent social order. Eds. note.)

Sometimes a man lives in his dreams. I live in mine and picture the world as full of good human beings—not "goody-goody" human beings. In the socialist's language there will be a new structure of society, a new order of things. I am also aspiring after a new order of things that will astonish the world. If you try to dream these day dreams you will also feel exalted as I do.

M. K. Gandhi

On the day of India's independence, the consummation of a lifetime of struggle, Gandhi did not participate with other Congress leaders in the celebration. That day for him was an occasion of deep sorrow which he observed by fasting. India's future lay in the hands of those who were determined to pursue the path of industrial and military strength—centralization of the means of production and political power—men who believed that India could be remade from the top down.

As nonviolent revolution could not be the equivalent of violent revolution without the violence, but something qualitatively different in assumptions and goals, true swaraj (self-rule) could not be the parasitic apparatus of bureaucratic administration minus the British. Gandhi's conception of swaraj was quite different: not the goal of an Indian nationalist government, but a process that would replace the state by the self-rule of each individual. As the best function of school should be to enable the student to educate himself, the role of government, as Gandhi saw it, was to make itself more and more unnecessary, by enabling people to do without it; not simply by eliminating its functions, but by encouraging self-reliance, personal responsibility and devotion to social welfare, while dispersing the means of administration among radically decentralized institutions through which the masses might learn the art of self-management. True Independence Day could not be represented by the arbitrary date of British submission, but that time when each individual was self-governing and self-sufficient for his/her basic needs. Swaraj was the rule of nonviolence, order arising from freedom, not to pursue selfish passions and desires, but to submit voluntarily to the law of one's being. That freedom was not a privilege or right guaranteed by constitution but a perpetual call to the soul. Swaraj was thus a moral principle which embodied certain political principles and economic conditions: decentralism, village autonomy, self-sufficiency, voluntary poverty, and bread labor—a philosophy of work.

#### Self-rule and Nonviolence

The integration of an individual ethics and the outline of a social order was perfectly natural for Gandhi. His ideal, like Peter Maurin's, was a society in which it would be easier for people to be good. But he was the first in our time

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## ON PILGRIMAGE

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the judge ordered her to stand before him, she pleaded, as an excuse for her slightly hysterical laugh, that we were hungry.

"Were you ever in a mental institution?" he asked her, and when she became pert and answered, "No, were you?" he banged with his gavel on the desk before him and ordered the police to take her to the prison psychiatric ward at Bellevue. This precipitated disturbance in the courtroom which was filled with sympathizers. The papers made much of it the next day.

Her experience in this psychiatric ward was a horrible one. There was no attendant on hand with the prisoners. A "correction officer," delivering a reassuring telegram from Judith's husband, arrived on the ward as Judith was being threatened with assault for resisting sexual advances. (It is hard to express these things delicately. Why not say outright that it is a common thing for young students arrested on demonstrations to be raped by other prisoners?)

The story of prisons has been written many times. Dostoevsky's *House of the Dead* began my own education. Kropotkin has written much on the subject. Eugene V. Debs spoke those unforgettable words "While there are men in prison, I am not free."

Radicals, war resisters, young and old, have seen the inside of prisons. I grew up on the writings of Upton Sinclair, Jack London, and certainly Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and *The House of the Dead* had a profound effect on my thinking. I began to know compassion, "the suffering with" others, very early.

### At Alderson Federal Prison

This is a long preamble to my adventure of this last month. Sister Margaret Ellen Traxler, who works with a coalition of Protestant, Jewish and Catholic Women's Organizations in the United States, came to see me a few months ago at Tivoli. She came to ask me to accompany a group of women, sisters from different parts of the country, and two women lawyers, one from Washington and the other from Chicago, on a visit to the Alderson Federal prison in West Virginia.

The political prisoners, Jane Kennedy and Lolita Le Brun, were there. Jane, for fouling up a computer (I don't know how to explain it) and also for destroying draft files in Indianapolis, was sentenced to three years on each count, the sentences to be served concurrently. Lolita is the Puerto Rican Nationalist who has been, for the last

twenty years, serving a term for violence in the House of Representatives, a shooting which occurred from the visitors' gallery, which resulted in one wounding but no deaths, thank God. Some years ago I had visited Lolita. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn wrote about her in her story of Alderson. Lolita is a beautiful woman who spends her time in prayer for her country and countrymen and is an ardent nationalist. I had not met Jane before, and was much impressed by her. A loving, sensitive person, she has suffered much.

We were all there for four days visiting the various buildings. The impression was, of course, that the food was good and plentiful, the place well cared for, occupation provided. The usual impression to be carried away was of a college campus-like place—no hint of anything like *Gulag Archipelago*, which I have been reading this last week or two. Perhaps one of the things prisoners suffer from most is that appearances are so deceptive. A prison is a prison. Men and women are not meant to be caged. A few furloughs a year (and who can afford them?), a few visits from relatives, to a place so remote that it is almost impossible to reach, except at great expense, and no housing for relatives when they arrive. I am sure it was impossible for anyone of the sisters who were there, on what was certainly a work of mercy, to get any clear idea of conditions, or what they could do about them.

The two lawyers with us, Edith Barksdale Sloan from Washington, D.C., and Ralla Klepak from Chicago, probably did more for the prisoners than any of the rest of us. Sister Margaret Traxler, who conceived the idea of this visitation, is planning another in January, this time of more women lawyers. The talk Ralla Klepak gave was a clear and stirring exposition of what the women could do or not do in relation to their cases.

The two Sisters, Rose Ann and Sandra, at whose house we stayed at Hinton, West Virginia, are with the prisoners daily. Sister Sandra was there some years ago when I visited Lolita before. They, of course, do the most of all, voluntary prisoners as they are, dedicated to this life of service.

I am sorry to say that I kept very inadequate notes and this is but a fragmentary account. I can only conclude by saying that comparisons of our federal prisons to country clubs or college campuses are very wounding to those who have served terms in them. Prisons are prisons and people are branded by them in soul, if not in body.

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## St. Joseph House

By SUSAN WEIMER

Thanksgiving brought with it a contagious, festive spirit. Anne Marie, Terry, Bob Kendrick, Smitty, Angelo, Frank and others prepared ham and eggs, a gift from a sister in our neighborhood, (along with two turkeys, from Sr. Camille in Brooklyn) for the soup-line. Although the morning was rainy, and the line long, the men and women were quiet and hospitable to each other and to us. Many people came in to help out for the day—a great blessing indeed, since preparations had begun days before. Virginia and Dottie (whose hard work Deane Mary Mowrer had so highly praised at the farm) and Sr. Violet seemed indefatigable in their capacity for work. The energy level of the kitchen rose to a wonderful high with folks cooking, slicing bread and vegetables, washing pots and pans. Fortunately, Dan had made 17 pumpkin pies a few days in advance. For, at 4:45 on Thanksgiving Day there he was, a complacent figure in the midst of a whirling sea of bodies, whipping cream for those pies. Smitty took charge of making a delicious dressing, assisted by the afore-mentioned women, Angelo, Frank and Dorsey. In the estimation of the house, Smitty is a fine cook, and makes a superlative dressing (and gravy too). We sat down to dinner after a prayer. People greeted each other warmly with kisses, "Happy Thanksgiving" and much talk. Old friends, who have been absent for a while, such as Polish Mike, showed up and added to the spirit of the occasion. Jane welcomed folks into the house, setting full plates of turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes and gravy, broccoli, cranberry sauce, pie, and cups of cider and coffee at each place. When the hot food finally ran low, sandwiches and doughnuts were carried to folks waiting outside. Joe, John and many others helped clean up and, in general, lent a helping hand. The peaceful mood of the day was disrupted at several points by harsh words and angry outbursts—perhaps a reaction to the loneliness of spending Thanksgiving on the streets; the pain and frustration of "thanksgiving" in the midst of desolation row. However, for the most part, men, women and children acted as if they were attending a rather large family reunion. We are thankful for all the people who shared food, time and themselves with us, and who came to our house to help us celebrate our own thankfulness.

Even before Thanksgiving, a livelier spirit was in the air. While pulling stencils one morning recently, I heard the unmistakable voice of Mark Samara crooning a jazzy song. And he was back the next day with yet another tune. It broke the atmosphere of a rather tense morning. Someone had stuck labels on the papers wrong again. Anyway, Mark's singing perked the second floor up, and hinted at the joyous holidays to come.

### Prepare the Way of the Lord

Yet, joy is only one aspect of the approaching season. "Wake! Awake for night is flying!" So begins one of the most stirring Advent hymns. These words echo those of Isaiah and St. Mark: "Here is my herald whom I send on ahead of you, and he will prepare my way." Indeed, in our niche of the Big Apple (the familiar acronym applied to NYC—does it mean that everyone is going to get a Big Bite of something other than taxes, no jobs, default?) every day includes an advent. The night does fly all too quickly, and soon Ed Forand, Chuck, Smitty, Arthur J. and others rise up with willing feet; go forth, the soup-line meet. Others of us bear our not always well-trimmed lamps into numerous other activities which fill the day until dark once again blankets us. I cannot help but think of Fritz Eichenberg's print "Christ of the Breadline," and this image of the line (and other folks we attempt to welcome) as the Bridegroom. We must put forth our best effort to be as vulnerable in our activities as we

are in our spiritual preparation to welcome the Christ-child into our hearts.

In the first chapter of *Jesus, A Dialogue with the Saviour*, the author meditates on the poorness of the Incarnate Lord. His genealogy includes murderers, adulterers, and other "sleazy" characters as well as the wise, the kingly and holy people of Israel. The man who came for all. Yet, we can best perceive the mystery of Christ's Incarnation in poor Bethlehem—not in the splendor of a regal palace. The stable is made a palace by His Presence. So it is when I reflect on St. Joseph's House. Here, amid our daily rush, our worries and jealousies, our dreary surroundings—here is a deep sharing of this mystery. A poor, small, mysterious child-likeness. Here is an offering between people, drawn from a common humanness and bond in the salvation. Men and women folding papers together; men and women serving each other, talking together, shouting at one another; men and women sending us gifts of money and prayers; mass offered on the same table which holds all our meals; this is our Bethlehem. The setting is not pastoral, yet, in moments, one senses the gentle spirit of the shepherd boy. In many ways, it is not humble and poor as Bethlehem, yet one can grow in humility and in poverty of spirit, if one stands open as the open door in Bethlehem. If we cannot see the Bethlehem amongst ourselves here, if we cannot anticipate the new birth here; if we cannot try to grow more vulnerable here, then where can we? Our friends constantly show us the Gospel; proclaim the Advent. Prepare yourselves: the kingdom of the Lord is at hand. Cook meals, wash the dishes, set the table, cut the bread, ladle soup and tea, tend the garbage. Ready the clothing room, clean and patch wounds, call an ambulance. Visit the sick, lift this fellow off the floor, talk to this woman, answer the phone, call the butcher, the baker, answer the door. Fold papers, keep the books in order, sort the mail, answer letters, pull cards, type stencils, type copy, edit. Mop the floors, make peace, honor all people. Open the door—it's 9:30 and time for the daily advent.

### Be Doers of the Word

The second psalm shouts at us: Why this tumult among the nations? Franco is now dead, yet this is all his passing ultimately means: one dictator, one man, is dead; one soul awaits judgment, as we all do. Kings of the earth still arise against the Lord and His Christ. Big Business still gobbles up the little people. Governments invest in stupendous destroying machines. And we all await the birth of the Peacemaker. Some prepare for Christmas either by manufacturing or purchasing costly merchandise: glittering, shining, cute and clever things. Yes, Christmas is a joyous occasion. But, we must also awaken to the watchman's warning: repent; prepare. Make your heart a well-lit place in which to receive the Child; your life a shelter to the Christ in others. Recently one evening, Terry Rogers, George (one of the Little Brothers of the Gospel), and I were talking about various Bible translations of James 1.22. George declared he was most affected by the translation which says: be doers of the Word. It is a direct command containing no qualifications such as, act according to the word. There is something strong and emphatic in this: be doers of the word—just as there is life in the Word made flesh. Be mindful then, you kings; learn your lesson, rulers of the earth: worship the Lord with reverence; for His anger flares up in a moment. He came for you too. Happy are all who find refuge in Him, who find refuge in Bethlehem.

Jesus lived and died in vain if he did not teach us to regulate the whole of life by the eternal law of love.

Gandhi.



# A Constructive Program for Self-rule

(Continued from page 1)

to demonstrate that nations, society, and politics can and must observe the same values by which individuals live. Ethics did not concern simply the conduct between individuals but the mutual obligations between the individual and society, and most importantly, the relationship between the individual and his/her conscience. This consistency, between one's inner and outer reality, is essentially what he called Truth. And Truth, he said, was God. The task in our lifetime was to search for that Truth, and submit our will before it. As the highest moral calling for the individual is to sacrifice oneself for another, Gandhi startled his allies by proclaiming his intention in serving India's independence, that it should be free in order to sacrifice itself for humanity if need be: the highest moral calling of any nation!

The abiding principle of Gandhi's life was nonviolence, and he was committed to discovering how society might be organized on that basis—a society that would rationalize the maximum freedom of the individual with the greatest good of all. In place of hierarchical power politics imposed from above, the competition between parties more concerned with their own interests than with the welfare of society, a politics ultimately sanctioned by coercion, he envisaged a

politics of the people, growing in concentric circles around the basic unit of the village council—a politics whose sanction would be the conscience of the individual, replacing majority rule by consensus, mass-rule by self-rule.

## Gandhi's Economic Vision

In the place of an economics based on developing industrial giants, massive instruments of domination, economics based on dwarfing the human soul beneath the demands of profit and efficiency, reducing the mind and body of the person to a factor of production—an economy measuring and justifying all by the magnitude of the production of goods nobody can buy because of the consequent pauperization of the rural masses—Gandhi proposed an economics for the development of human beings: small scale decentralized production for self sufficiency, taking into account the total cost in human and natural resources, humanized, appropriate technology, collective ownership of the means and output of production, and first of all, an underlying philosophy based on the dignity of labor, seen not as a function of the person, but his/her obligation and fulfillment.

Gandhi, however, was not simply an idealist. He was a practical man. And his vision of a village economy was not a

romantic fancy but a realistic understanding of circumstances. India, he observed, was already a village society. Eighty per cent of its millions lived in 700,000 villages. It was also a poor country. But that did not mean that squalor was inevitable. It simply meant that India's peasants could not afford to be robbed to provide automobiles and air conditioning for the cities. With his characteristic optimism Gandhi believed that the means were always provided to answer all our needs. It was not scarcity but misuse and unjust distribution which were responsible for destitution. Therefore anyone who owned or consumed beyond his/her needs was stealing from the poor and hungry. Through bread labor one could strive to achieve an equality between what one gave and what one took. Gandhi, therefore, was not trying to "turn back the clock." He

Unlike revolutionary movements whose aim is merely to redistribute power between social classes, Gandhi wished to change the whole basis of social identification — from dignity in status and wealth to dignity in labor—and more, to transform the entire notion of power. Power, like freedom, was only a relative concept, limited by that One that was perfect freedom and complete power which Gandhi called Truth. Genuine change for the better could not come from any outside will, from some arbitrary source of political power, but from within; to be "effective" we must purify ourselves and become instruments of the irrepressible power of love.

Upon Independence, there was no more popular figure in India than Gandhi. With popular assent he could easily have claimed the highest position of political power. But he did quite the contrary, re-

## Returning to the Source

By LOWELL RHEINHEIMER

We began Vinoba Farm in 1973, after Edith and I visited the Community of the Ark in southern France. The Ark's founder is Lanza del Vasto, whom Gandhi named Shantidas, "Servant of Peace," at the end of his year-long pilgrimage in India to see Gandhi, in search of the solution to the afflictions of European society. Shantidas, through courage and perseverance, has guided the Ark to its present role as a model for nonviolent community and as a dedicated social force in French life.

### Vinoba Bhawe and Land-Gifts

Vinoba Bhawe came to Gandhi as a young man, full of revolutionary aspirations for his subjugated country. In Gandhi he found the answers to his questions and became his devoted disciple. After Gandhi's death in 1948 the nonviolent movement looked to Vinoba for leadership and inspiration. Vinoba happened upon his major life's work by accident when, shortly after India's independence, in a meeting with agitated and desperate villagers, he was pleading for peace. An "untouchable" stood up at the end of Vinoba's speech and cried, "We hear your plea for peace and are moved by it like everyone else here. But we are landless laborers with no work. Give us some land and we shall live in peace the rest of our lives!" Vinoba was momentarily at a loss but then boldly cried out, "Some of you here have more land than you need. Why don't you give it to these, our brothers, so that we may all live in peace?" And, unbelievably, someone gave. Thus began Bhodan (Land-Gifts) Mission with Vinoba walking from village to village collecting land for redistribution. At present he and his co-workers have received four and one half million acres to be given to the landless poor. (This wonderful story and the whole of Vinoba's life is chronicled in *Gandhi to Vinoba* by Lanza del Vasto.)

### A Nonviolent Life

But that is India. How can we live a nonviolent life and work for a just society in the industrialized world, especially in the USA? First of all, we must work with our hands to make or grow the essentials of our daily life, so as not to burden others with our support. The rich claim exemption from physical work (it is forbidden by their caste) so their burden falls upon the poor laborers who must work for themselves and for all those above them as well. Secondly, we must simplify our

lives. The will to accumulate and the endless production of useless objects designed solely for profit are scourges upon the American people and upon the millions of dehumanized foreign workers from whom we extract raw materials. We simplify our lives to the bare essentials to free ourselves from the chain of abuses attached to technology and to end the justification for its continuance. We learn to find beauty in simple natural things and lose the taste for the exotic, the expensive, and the fashionable. Thirdly, we must learn to speak the truth with courage. Injustice has its being in lying and deception. We learn to speak the truth not only of the other's error, but also of our own, thus breaking down the resistance of those who will justify their continued erring by our own.

If nonviolence in the face of conflict is neither neutrality, fighting back, flight nor capitulation, what is it? Gandhi called nonviolence "Soul Force" and claimed it to be the only means of doing true and substantive good. The violence of "just wars," of revolutions, or of day-by-day corporate enterprise can achieve no real good because it does nothing to change the human heart.

### A Nonviolent Community

How does all this manifest itself in a daily way in a nonviolent community? At Vinoba Farm our work is primarily agricultural, working to improve a poor soil and trying to feed ourselves from it. Handicrafts include spinning and weaving as well as essential woodworking. We hope, in time, to represent all the major crafts. Maple syrup is produced in the spring as a means of livelihood, and everyone joins the apple harvest in the fall for additional income.

In our community, the basic social unit is the family. Single members are bound to chastity unless they choose to marry. None takes alcohol nor any drug. We eat no meat. All live together in the genial atmosphere of a tribe. As cultural orphans in the melting pot of America, we are searching for the roots of tradition by celebrating the four great universal feasts of the year and by singing, dancing, drama and other means. Though not bound to one profession of religious faith, members are expected to practice and deepen their own. Work on oneself through meditation and prayer, and work on others to achieve a just society are the two guiding principles of Vinoba Farm.



Rita Corbin

proposed something new—unheard of before and barely since—that an underdeveloped country, offered the reckless path of aimless growth and "labor saving" technology (in a country of six hundred million), should consciously decline to ape the West, choosing instead a path of development suited to its own cultural, physical, and human needs. Not surprisingly, this unique opportunity was ignored by the Congress leadership.

### Service and Responsibility

Gandhi's ideal could not be achieved through any institutional means, for his aim was not a change in institutions but a transformation of the human heart out of which the new society would emerge. Vinoba Bhawe reflected along these lines, "I want to change first people's hearts; then their lives; then the system." This method was inscrutable to the Oxford-educated Congress nationalists. Nehru, a democratic socialist, believed that for the uneducated masses, it was only through the centralized instruments of political power that real change could come. On the contrary, insisted Gandhi—no amount of legislation will transform society; no law will restore meaning and dignity to the life of the poor. The spirit of sacrifice, the will and the enthusiasm of the people themselves, alone can generate any lasting change. And that will come not through power but the example of selfless service and the invitation and opportunity for people to participate in the decisions affecting their lives.

signing his post as president of the Congress Party, renouncing his affiliation with all party politics. Vinoba said, "It is one mark of *swaraj* not to allow any outside power in the world to exercise control over oneself. And the second mark of *swaraj* is not to exercise power over any other. These two things together make *swaraj*: no submission and no exploitation."

### The Welfare of All

On the eve of his assassination, only days after a fast which had brought a miraculous spirit of unity and peace to the country out of the chaos of communal riots, Gandhi dictated his last public statement—a letter to the Congress Party which has since come to be known as his last will. He appealed to his friends and longtime colleagues to renounce power, to disband as a political party and to form instead a *Lok Sevak Sangh*—a society to serve the people. All must commit themselves to the goals of *Sarvodaya*, "the welfare of all." This was the word Gandhi chose for the title of his translation of Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, and he continued to use it to describe his ideal of society undivided by class, caste, or creed, in which the equality of all labor would be recognized, and the maxim would be observed—from each according to his ability, to each

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**Tivoli: a Farm with a View does not appear in this issue of the CW. The farm column will return next month.**



# BOOK REVIEWS

**THOMAS MERTON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.** By Dennis Q. McInerney. Washington, D.C.: Cistercian Publications/Consortium Press, 1974. 128 pp., \$7.95. Reviewed by Richard Weber.

This study of the life and work of Thomas Merton is the most astonishing collection of brickbats and bouquets yet to appear between covers. First of all, it is one of the most serious critical studies of any length (with the notable exception of James Thomas Baker's *Thomas Merton Social Critic*) that has been published. As such, it is a valuable first step. I have said that this is a serious critical study. In what sense?

Let us admit right away that the highly florid and laudatory incidental essay has very little to do with "criticism." This type of material on Merton abounds, and there is a place for it in the thought patterns of certain Merton devotees. The Thomas Merton that McInerney is interested in is no plaster of Paris model. The Merton presented here is the critical Merton, the "essential Louie," as we used to call him here at the Abbey. McInerney has perceived well

that, because Merton was a "critical" and even discerning person when it came to other people and events, he (Merton) deserves, and even demands, a critical response in turn.

Rather than comment on this book chapter for chapter, I think we could organize a critique under three simple headings: Merton's relationship to God, Merton's relationship to man, and Merton's relationship to events. If Merton's search for God has been described both by himself and others as an exciting adventure, it was more often than not experienced as a bitter desperate struggle. Merton's search for God went hand in hand with his search for himself. McInerney's portrayal of Merton's search is hardly along the lines of "a man getting even with God," but more realistically, of a man who is fascinated by the prospect of "transforming" himself, by the life and death struggle to achieve *metanoia*. Merton was convinced that to despair of God's mercy was not only to short-change oneself, but the ultimate in self-pity and egoism. McInerney traces Merton's development in this regard from his early wandering years up to and including his conversion, and throughout his monastic years until the day of his death. When Merton finally made his essential first step toward making peace with God—that is becoming a Catholic and a monk—there

a steady deterioration in artistic quality. He has in mind the "anti-poetry" especially. *Cables to the Ace* anyone? "It drags; decrepit 1940 jive talk; pure and painful corniness." (p.38.) How about some *Geography of Lograire* then? "No thank you," says McInerney, "fragmented and disjointed ... not a poem." (p.39.) And he asks, "Should a book which has been described by the author as 'a purely tentative first draft of a larger work in progress' be published at all? Given my own strongly held views on the essentials of aesthetic completeness to a poem, I would unhesitatingly say no." (p.40.) Anti-poetry itself?: a complete waste of time.

But if McInerney often seems negative in his response to Merton's poetry and writing, he also manages a bouquet now and then. He considers Merton's "prose-poem" *Original Child Bomb* "impressive and forceful ... it may well be the most trenchant piece of satire in modern American literature." (p. 36.) And McInerney concludes, "Though his development was arrested, he reached a plane of competence from which he produced works whose value ranks him among the best minor American poets of this century." (p. 33.) Writing, then, was Merton's way of relating to his fellow-men.

## Social Critic

Merton struggled for many years be-

the first to sense the unrest involved in the racial question and he warned of the conflicts and tensions that were soon to break into full view. However, McInerney faults Merton for "... his habit of believing implicitly whatever the black radical had to say ... his reluctance to acknowledge that there was anything at all wrong with the actions certain blacks were taking to remedy their situation." (p. 74.) Then McInerney makes one of his most serious and stinging observations. "What this boiled down to was his reluctance to condemn the use of violence. He came dangerously close to making the kind of self-serving facile distinction which he consistently repudiated in other contexts, that distinction which separates your violence, which is bad, from my violence, which is good. In this case the violence of blacks could be winked at because it was justified. ..." (p. 74.)

McInerney sums up Merton's world view under four excellent categories: Marxism, the philosophy of nonviolence, existentialism, and oriental philosophy and religion. It is unfortunate that McInerney does not investigate Merton the man of prayer, the contemplative critic. Any study of "Merton the man and his work" must deal with this essential element of his thought. McInerney skirts the issue more than once, and then passes on. I get the impression that it is in this area that McInerney knows Merton least. This is to be regretted, because in many ways it is precisely in this area that Merton's heart is to be found.

One of the most remarkable things about McInerney's study is its perceptiveness into the character of Merton. Few of Merton's essential characteristics have been missed. There are deep insights here into Merton's humor, his suffering, his faith, his rage, his love—and even into his insecurity, his perfunctoriness, his contradictoriness. Every chapter, almost every page contains valuable insights in this area.

In the end, the author accomplishes the task set before him—"to put between two covers the marrow of the man and his thought." This book makes no pretensions of being a definitive work. It is a critical book, an objective and admiring book. Of all the books so far published about Merton this one is by far the most alive, the most serious. And it is because it is an honest appraisal that it is an extremely important and valuable book for anyone in search of Thomas Merton. As such it will serve as an excellent introduction, tool and guide to the many and varied complexities of the life and work of Thomas Merton.

**ALL GOD'S CHILDREN.** By Dorothy Gauchat. New York: Hawthorn Books, Inc., 1976. 180 pp., \$6.95. This review is from the foreword to the book, by Dorothy Day.

What can I say about this book—the product of joint efforts by my friends William and Dorothy Gauchat? First of all, I can say that it kept me in on a beautiful spring day, utterly absorbed, so that I could not put it down until I had finished the last page. It was a beautiful view I had from my room at the farm at Tivoli, buds red on the maple tree outside, sun glistening on dancing waves of the river; the beauty of the book I was engrossed in matched the beauty outside. It is a story of a family who, in addition to their own children, take in one by one the saddest, most hopeless, most incurable of crippled children—spastics, brain-damaged, some victims of what courts call child abuse. The Gauchats make the picture one of strange beauty because of their faith, hope and love.

During World War II, I visited conscientious objectors in a hospital for exceptional children. They served for four years, twelve hours a day, six days a week. The cutting off of government funds meant that tiny children were

(Continued on page 7)

## Tax Case

By CHUCK FAGER

Charles Quilty of Rock Island, Illinois, who helped found two Catholic Worker houses of hospitality in the Rock Island area, was convicted on November 20th on two counts of wilfully falsifying information given to his employers about his tax status. U.S. Judge Robert Morgan refused to let Quilty explain in any detail the Christian pacifist beliefs which led him to this conscientious action. Morgan also refused to let Quilty's attorney, Stuart Lefstein, mention these beliefs in his summary to the jury. Morgan further instructed the jury that Quilty's beliefs were not a defense against the charge, no matter how sincerely they were held. Attorney Lefstein strenuously objected to this instruction, arguing that Quilty's sincerity was the key issue in the case, and to instruct the jury to ignore it was to deny him a fair trial.

Lefstein's argument was based on the definition of the crime, which states that the falsification must be done "wilfully," that is voluntarily and "with evil intent or bad purpose." He argued that no such purpose or intent existed, and so Quilty was not guilty. The jury deliberated only 15 minutes. Sentencing was delayed.

### Cost of Protest

Chuck Quilty first joined the antiwar struggle in 1969, after working as a chemist for four years at the Rock Island Arsenal, a huge weapons installation which sits on an island in the middle of the Mississippi River, between Rock Island and Davenport, Iowa. He publicly resigned from his job as a protest against the Indochina War, and made front page news throughout the area. Shortly thereafter he joined the Catholic Worker movement and helped found Omega and Koinonia Houses in Rock Island, as well as the Quad-Cities Peace Center in Davenport.

The arsenal job was not the only one his protest activities cost him. His present employer once fired him for being too controversial, and later rehired him after a change of heart with a higher salary. So far he has paid all his own legal expenses. But as he ponders an appeal, the needs of his family of three children loom large.

A mass was said at the Davenport Catholic Worker House following the trial, for the Quilts and other members of the area peace community, by Father Jack Smith. Chuck Quilty has said he is uncertain about an appeal and what form sustained resistance will take for him. He would welcome inquiries and expressions of support. Write: Chuck Quilty, 2414 8½ St., Rock Island, Ill. 61201.

## At Merton's Grave

(for Bro. Patrick Hart and W. Morton Brown)

Behind the chapel is the monk's cemetery.  
Like lilies, the white crosses stand,  
their arms wide in welcome. The  
Cistercian silence is eternal here and  
to its currents  
Merton would bring his word-scarred soul.  
(Sometimes, God can more easily  
hold us,  
if we walk among the dead.)

Now, he  
lies here  
where the land begins a slow descent  
from the chapel-crested hill.  
A benediction-giving cross  
marks his Silence  
and blesses him, but one must  
look on many crosses before  
finding his name,  
for he was only a monk,  
as silent as the grass on his grave  
where a brown rabbit nibbled  
before Compline

this August evening.

JULIUS LESTER

still remained the unsolved and ambiguous problem of his relationship to his fellow-men, to the world if you will. McInerney makes the point well when he describes the Merton who gave up the world as the "other-worldly" Merton. Toward the end of his life Merton again assumed the attitude which held dominance in his early life, his "this worldly" stance.

### Poet and Writer

Now McInerney tackles the problem of Merton the poet and writer. Enter the brickbats: McInerney argues, quite convincingly, that Merton wrote too much. He often repeated himself and lacked organization. Merton was not so much interested in writing as "style" but as "communication." Under McInerney's gaze Merton does not fare too well as a poet. McInerney traces the influence of such poets as William Blake, T. S. Eliot, and Gerard Manley Hopkins on Merton and concludes that Merton's attempts to imitate these poets was unfortunate and detrimental; it diverted Merton from his main task as a poet—the discovery and development of his own voice. McInerney also argues that Merton's poetry over the long haul shows

fore he found his way of relating in a positive and fruitful manner to the world and its problems. His simplistic rejection and turning his back on the world soon caught up with him. His "holier than thou" pose soon brought more guilt than consolation, and Merton finally found that even the Church, his Order, and monasticism had their problems and limitations. McInerney describes this aspect of Merton in terms of "the Romantic" and "the prophet." "The Romantic repudiates the world because it does not measure up to his expectations; the prophet does so because it does not live according to the law of God." (p. 47.)

It was in his role as prophet that Merton was to have his deepest and most lasting influence. He did indeed become "a voice crying in the wilderness." And he cried out in two specific areas which he felt were critical to his times, war and race, and it was to these that he devoted most of his attention. It was in these two areas where his prophetic gift made a deep impression and a difference. For example, Merton was way ahead of others in his denunciation of the Vietnam war. He was also one of



# Ganienkeh: Reclaiming Traditional Ways

By JEFFREY RUDICK

(This is the second part of a two-part article about the reclamation of Indian territory, Ganienkeh. Part one appeared in the September 1975 issue. In this article, Jeffrey Rudick addresses the violence that has been part of this reclamation. He describes the violence that is a reaction to centuries of violence. The Catholic Worker has consistently maintained a position of nonviolence, the non-violence taught by Jesus, and, in our own time, the nonviolence taught by Gandhi. This is not a passive response. It is the call of Jesus to walk the extra mile, give one's cloak as well as the coat, offer one cheek when the other has been struck, and love the enemy. Gandhi called nonviolence "a program of transformation of relationships; the nonviolent soldier spins to clothe the naked and tills the soil..." It is for us to create a new society, "a society where," wrote Peter Maurin, "it is easier for people to be good." Eds. note.)

Ganienkeh is entering its third year of survival and growth. It is a special place brought to life by many things. There is the tenacious need to continue in the traditional ways and values integral to the world view and spiritual sense of the ancestors of those living there. There is the necessity to escape white society in order to have the liberty to live their own traditions in peace. The move to Ganienkeh was carefully planned; the land occupied was empty of people and possessions. A press conference was called that day to inform the public of the action and prevent hushed up police or military reprisal. A "Message from Ganienkeh" clarifies the steps taken:

On May 13, 1973 at 4 A.M., the vanguard of the Mohawk Nation with the help of traditionals from other Indian nations moved back to ancient Ganienkeh, (Land of the Flint), lost by fraud almost 200 years ago. The seekers of justice hope to repossess as much of this lost land as possible. Permanent representatives of world nations to the United Nations were alerted to the North American Indian move. The action is consistent with human rights as guaranteed by the United Nations. Both the state and federal governments decided to take no action against the Indians. . . Obviously the U.S. expects the Indian action to fail from lack of support.

Ganienkeh has not failed. This seems due to resourcefulness and determination within as well as to support from outside. Although the site of Ganienkeh was originally Mohawk homeland, people from as many as fifty different Indian nations have joined Mohawks in returning to it. Only traditional Indians who are serious about living sensitively with Indian values are welcome to remain. Those who have chosen to remain are willing to make a stand to preserve the right to live the Indian way. As a message from Ganienkeh states, "The traditionals mean to survive as a race and as nations (a universal human right)." More of the stuff of Ganienkeh's survival has come from the co-operative society and the solidarity within. All have worked together to build and plant in order to weather the difficult winters. Customs, toil and concern have been shared.

## The Beginnings

Many of those who originally reclaimed Ganienkeh were from the Saughnawaga Reservation (Quebec) and the St. Regis Reserve (Montreal) where traditional Indians met with interference in living their traditions. The traditionals at St. Regis Reserve, in an attempt to evict 1500 white trespassers from their land, were faced with a confrontation with the Mounties. Instead, they chose to take a stand at the 9,000,000 acre site of Ganienkeh. At Caughnawaga, also, the traditionals attempted to evict white trespassers. There, as on many reservations, they had little support from other

Indians, so, they left the reservation for Ganienkeh. A message from Ganienkeh states:

The traditional Indian practices: the spiritual ceremonies, naming rites, marriage and funeral services are surrounded by an atmosphere of hate and controversy. Traditional Indians need a place of their own where they can practice their own culture, customs and traditions in peace and security. Ganienkeh is such a place.

The same message goes on, "The most basic right of all is the right to live. In the first twenty years of the white man's advent in America, more than twelve millions of American Indians were slaughtered."

Ganienkeh is not a casual experiment; it is a move toward cultural independence and survival in which hardships and local hostility must be faced and many traditional approaches to living relearned.

The "Messages from Ganienkeh," two-page mimeographed sheets distributed from Ganienkeh, show not only strong cultural awareness, but deep political awareness as well:

America is a huge land and the Indians should work towards restoration of parts of it where they may reorganize their own traditional governments and society. The government and economic system imposed on Indian reserves by white people have been a failure . . . and soon degenerated into corruption. Ganienkeh plans to establish co-operative communities of various traditional Indian nations, self-supporting and financially independent, no small benefit to both Indians and white people. The co-operative system eliminates poverty, . . . and Indians finding themselves on their feet and doing things for themselves shall be greatly rehabilitated . . .

The Ganienkeh Indian Project planners realize that the foremost need of Indian people is to return to the co-operative system of their ancestors. The way to peace and harmony is through co-operation instead of competition which breeds tensions, panic, strife, frenzy, hate and bigotry. Competition features exploitation and oppression of the people.

At the project, land has been cleared and certain crops successfully grown, even though locals claimed that no crops could be grown in that area. Livestock is in evidence and on the increase. In their article "Ganienkeh," (East West Journal, 7/15/75), Alexander Hladky and Bob Spencer report that "Traditional agricultural techniques (such as companion planting in hills and using fish as fertilizer) have been begun on an experimental basis with careful records kept on the results." They also corroborate what I was told at Ganienkeh, that the people there were aware that the return to traditional ways of living, after living on reserves or in white society, can hardly be immediate, that it is expected to take from three to five years to successfully return to traditions. But much is under way, and all are encouraged.

In their article, Hladky and Spencer interviewed Otsinonwanion, a woman in her 30's who is Clan Mother of the Mohawk Turtle Clan. She speaks:

Alcohol and the drugs of the white system do not destroy our minds any longer. We feel really high here with our children. We see everything as one—nature and spirit and mind together—and we try to follow nature's teachings.

The physical work is divided at Ganienkeh, with the jobs rotated as much as possible. We see the men we share our lives with become stronger and finer. The Law of the Great Peace divided power fairly between men and women. All shared and all were happy. Then this all changed on the reservation. You see in your own society the urgent need for women to share with men in the ways the society governs itself. Our traditional ways have been

destroyed and we, too, are trying to return to a traditional balance.

In our nation Clan Mothers elect the chiefs. This is our right, because we closely watch the children grow and know which ones will be good leaders. The power over the chiefs is in my hands. For years now, other politics have been forced on us for the selection of our leaders. Men from another cul-



Rita Corbin

ture and other Indian men have had the power to make all laws and to elect chiefs.

Ganienkeh gives us power again. And we have all been able to stay together in spite of threats made against us by police and vigilante groups. We will not leave here. It is a beginning of a new way for us, a way which is spreading among our peoples, especially the young. They can all look to us for an example of their true American culture and spirit. We are all warriors here. The Great Spirit dwells with us.

What are some of the traditions to

which the people of Ganienkeh are returning? I was told that, as a white man, I could only be given a partial picture. Some of the most important traditions include the practice of native laws (the Constitution of the Six Nation Confederacy for example) without outside interference, the traditional marriage ceremony and baby-naming ceremony, the Thanksgiving Festival (a traditional Six Nations Festival), the tobacco burning sacrifice (which is part of every other ceremony), inspirational message speakers, the Thanksgiving Dance and The Great Feather Dance. Most of the ceremonies are seasonal, such as the bean, strawberry, raspberry and maple syrup ceremonies which give thanks to all living things. There, ceremonies of thanksgiving are becoming a center of day to day life. It was explained to me that, usually, Indian prayer does not ask for anything. Rather, it thanks the Spirit for everything already given and prays that these gifts remain. The traditions of diverse Indian nations have a deep common denominator when compared with the disparity between European traditions. Also there is a tradition of accepting the host nation's traditions. All are taught to respect the traditions of other nations with reverence, and thus all that attend the festivals and ceremonies at Ganienkeh partake meaningfully. The man explaining these things to me said very quietly, "We have a lot of influences to shake off. It's going to come about mainly through the children."

## Use of Violence

Violence was not an issue Ganienkeh could avoid. Local pressure from the outside has been intense and often madly aggressive. Some at Ganienkeh spoke of nonviolence as an attractive ideal, but none could see it as remotely realistic in his or her situation. One person told me, recalling the nineteenth century and subsequent reservation life, "They teach you pacifism so that they can take you over."

Big Moose Road runs two or three miles from a main state route through the Ganienkeh territory to the Big

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## Prison Control Unit

(Continued from page 1)

control unit instead.

Frustration over these and other policies of prison authorities has led to physical and psychological breakdowns of inmates in the control unit. A sizable percentage of these prisoners use debilitating drugs such as prolixin and thiorazine often prescribed by prison doctors.

Some prisoners take drastic steps to demonstrate their despair of the situation. Severing an achilles tendon or slashing a wrist may mean temporary removal from the control unit, if only to the prison hospital. Suicide rates are high in long-term segregation units. On November 17th, Willie Adams allegedly took his life after attempts to telephone his family were thwarted by prison guards.

Men in the segregation unit are individually confined to cells, 11' x 9' for periods of 23½ hours a day. A half-hour of indoor exercise is allowed daily; one half-hour of outside exercise is permitted a week, although prison staff members may be remiss in keeping to this schedule.

Besides the 11' x 9' cells, the control unit also contains boxcar cells which have both steel and plexiglass doors cutting off sound and eliminating adequate ventilation to the person confined within. While officials reiterate that the control unit is designed to modify behavior, the sole purpose of the boxcar cell is to punish prisoners for disciplinary infractions. Review committees within the prison determine the length of time that a person will spend in a boxcar cell. Because of an individual's isolation

in the control unit, formation of friendships and close ties is almost impossible. Communication with others whenever possible in this tight security situation is looked upon with suspicion by prison authorities.

Perhaps the most frustrating situations in the control unit at Marion center around visiting procedures. Since many prisoners are from other prisons, often on the East and West coast, family and friends may not be able to travel the long distance to rural Illinois for a visit. If a visit does occur, the prisoner in the control unit is carefully separated from his visitor by a glass enclosure and speaks to him/her over a telephone. In this way, visits can easily be monitored and security precautions better maintained than physical contact visits would allow.

Mail tampering, censorship, religious discrimination, particularly against Black Muslim inmates, are just a few more ingredients in this formula of cruel and unusual punishment at Marion Federal Penitentiary. Dr. Bernard Rubin, a Chicago psychiatrist who visited the control unit, stated that, "the setting demeans, dehumanizes, and shapes behavior so that violent behavior is the result. . . Coercive programs that attempt to change attitudes or behavior always fail unless you kill the prisoner, disable him or imprison him for life."

A suit is currently pending in a federal court to close the unit. A decision is not expected until early next year. Further information can be obtained by writing: National Committee to Support the Marion Brothers, 6199 Waterman, St. Louis, Mo. 63112.



# + + + LETTERS + + +

## Farming Society

Veerapalle Farming Society  
Balayapalle P.O., vva Chennampalle  
Cuddapah Dt., Andhra Pradesh  
India

Dear Friends,

I am working here among the agricultural labourers in this area, which is part of the Famine Belt of South India, one of the poorest and most backward parts. As a class, the agricultural labourers belong to the outcast community, and they have this stigma of their birth apart from their poverty. Their poverty beggars description. A short time ago, the government fixed the minimum wages for our district. They ordered 40 dollarscents per day for men and 30 dollarscents for women. This does not mean that the farmer actually does pay this. And men find work for about 2/3 of the year and women for 1/3. For months, they are happy with one meal a day, and often this is not a full meal. It consists of boiled millet grain with perhaps some peppers and some onions. The grain for this meal is often borrowed from the farmers against the obligation of a day's free work in the busy season.

In 1949, I started a new mission among those people in the surrounding villages of the small town called Badvel, which is an administrative center. Within four or five years, I had to look after 30 villages with roughly 100 people in each village. The need was too great and too general. Even support for self-help projects in some villages did not help much, since, of necessity, the help was too small for them to be able to make use of it properly. I came to the conclusion that if I wanted something permanent, I would have to concentrate on a small group and try to make a strong point of this for the neighboring villages. I, therefore, started in 1952 with the reclamation of 400 acres of very thick, shrub jungle, which was, however, good farmland. My people at home gave generous support for this, and in about 1960, the large AID organizations in the U.S.A. and Europe started getting off the ground. We have now grown into a fairly large undertaking, with our own colony in the middle of the fields, of more than 100 families. The great necessity here is irrigation, for the rains are scanty and unpredictable. Dry cultivation, depending on the rains only, is more loss than profit. We started with open wells of 30 ft. diameter and 36 ft. deep, but only in a few of them did we get plentiful water, which means that they can irrigate about five acres if the rains are normal. A few years ago, we got the opportunity of trying out borewells drilled up to 200 ft. This has been a great success, and we now have 200 acres under sure irrigation, and another 50 acres potential. We tried out

some of it last year, and this year we will be able to take up the full 200 acres. We still have a good many expenses before the fields are in proper order for this kind of irrigation, but, after two or three years, our people should have a decent livelihood out of this land without any further external assistance.

It was worrying me very much that I could help only such a small number of people. But in 1966, I heard that Misereor (The German Bishops' Lenten Campaign) was on the lookout for a fairly large project. I applied to them to take up our whole area in the same way as I had taken up Veerapalle. A committee was sent, who told me at their arrival that they came because I had applied, but they did not think much of the proposal. However, after seeing our performance here, they became immediately enthusiastic, and, within an hour, they were discussing ways and means to execute the proposal. The investigation of the available areas of shrub jungle and the planning and arrangements with the government took a long time. But in 1973, they started with a Pilot Project of 1000 acres for 200 families. The whole area has now been bulldozed, boreholes drilled, and the farm buildings and two villages for 100 families each are nearing completion. Last year, 500 acres were sown, but without water resources. This year, they will go in full production. If this pilot project proves successful, the whole area will be taken up and this will mean that the whole area will be rehabilitated.

I am now 89 years old and begin to feel my age. I am making arrangements to hand over my work and retire. I am happy that I have seen at least the beginning of the big project, which will give a decent livelihood to so many people who are literally starving from the day of their birth to their death.

Yours sincerely,  
P. van der Valk



Sr. Mary Lou Rose

## Capuchin Hospitality

Capuchin Community Center  
1760 Mt. Elliott Ave.  
Detroit, Michigan 48207

Dear Friends,

The Capuchin Community Center of Detroit, Michigan, formerly known as the Capuchin Soup Kitchen, was born in 1929 of the inspiration and energy of Fathers Solanus Casey and Herman Buss, both Capuchin priests who, along with Brother Francis, had been serving the poor from the Monastery kitchen until the numbers became too large for Father Solanus and Brother Francis to handle. So Father Herman, along with the Third Order of St. Francis, opened the Third Order Hall and began serving coffee and rolls to the needy. Eventually, a thick soup became the basic menu.

During the Depression, between 1000 and 3000 people were served daily. The Soup Kitchen has undergone many changes but the goal has remained unchanged. Today, the Center carries on

its original work with added services and departments. Nearly 100 people enjoy a light breakfast, and more than 350 men, women and children partake of the noon meal which consists of meat, vegetables, starches and coffee or milk. More important and needed than the physical nourishment is the experience of love and caring in a familiar community of friends whose company can take the edge off daily loneliness.

Our three counselors are doing yeomen's jobs of remaining abreast of changes in social services policies in an effort to effect just treatment for the many uninformed who come to us daily. Not only do they assist with problems of housing, food, utilities and family crises, they also encourage treatment for those addicted to drugs and alcohol. Brother Augustine "Gus" Cops manages a "Body Shop" equipped with clothing and a variety of domestic items. Bi-weekly, low-cost rummage sales are held for anyone in need of clothing. People who cannot pay, pitch in with the work of the Center in return for clothing. In emergencies, clothing is given without cost. During the summer, adults and children participate in recreational and educational outings. This summer, baseball teams were organized. The young people raised money through car washes and bake sales to purchase uniforms. Basketball, volleyball, a junior drill team and a summer camp experience for a good number of youngsters were enjoyed.

We hope that our smallness enables us to be channels of the warm personal love that God has for us and each of our brothers and sisters. This personalism is too easily lost in large social service agencies. We continue to live and to move and to turn with the season, confident that He who is larger than life will use our sweat, our bread and wine of daily communion with those who reach out, to make holy our Center, our city, and the hearts committed to both.

Brother Charles

## Heathcote Center

School of Living  
Freeland, Md. 21053

Dear Friends,

Heathcote Center is going through a combination of hard times and great promise. Right now we really need some help. Heathcote Center is an intentional community on 35½ acres in the northernmost part of Baltimore County, Md. We are an educational facility for the School of Living, a worldwide movement for decentralism and rural revival, concerned with both the "how" and the "why" of getting back to the land in America. Heathcote is being developed as a demonstration and experimental homestead. Organic gardening and other kinds of home food production are practised and taught, along with other aspects of the homestead way of life such as building, alternate energy applications, etc.

What we need most of all is more people to live and work here. We also need some immediate help with specific repair and maintenance work that is more than we can manage ourselves. There is not enough money to pay "resident staff" people who might come and join us (none of us here now is paid either). But we do have some desirable housing in the way of small, winterized and wood-heated cabins. There is also space in existing buildings which could be fixed up rather simply into livable quarters. And there are a number of ways in which resourceful people could produce income for the School of Living in which they could share. We are looking for a full-time land trust organizer, someone with at least some background in land trust ideas who is oriented to rural revival, decentralism and land reform, and who can do writing, correspondence, and initiatory outreach work

around the budding Mid-Atlantic Regional Land Trust which was birthed at our Sept. land trust conference here at Heathcote.

We also need people who can and want to do: office work, creative general correspondence, bookkeeping, speaking and teaching, and writing, illustration, and promotional work for our journal, *Green Revolution*.

Also of crucial importance is finding one or more people to manage the homesteading aspects of the Center, where we do organic gardening and will be developing an orchard, a flock of chickens and possibly other small stock, alternative sources of energy, and lots more.

We have a capacity here for about 12 to 15 folks, and right now we have only five or six (excluding children from both counts—there are presently five children here, and we could handle, maybe, a few more).

for peace,  
Larry Lack

## Homebuilding

RD #1  
Narvon, Pa. 17555

Dear Dorothy,

I am puzzled by the strange fact that America is the richest nation in the world, but it is almost impossible for its workers to buy or build houses to live in. Even the workers of undeveloped, poor countries do that!

I am also puzzled at where the mortgage money goes. If one takes out a twenty-year mortgage to buy a house, he has paid twice the original price at the end of the twenty years. The working person can barely make the purchase price; to double that purchase price literally enslaves that person for the best portion of his or her life. No wonder so many mobile homes dot our landscape so incongruously.

As I see it, there are three possibilities. Several families could buy a farm and start a commune like the early Christians, owning everything in common. Or we could build houses as they did in Europe in the Middle Ages. In England, for example, the Elizabethans built the most comely cottages, many of which are still in use. In a style called "half-timbers," simple hand tools and materials native to the area were used (wood, stone, clay, brick, straw). A wooden framework was pinned together with pegs and then filled with a kind of basket-work called wattle, and daubed with wet clay mixed with straw—an excellent, inexpensive insulation. Clay needs to be rediscovered! The third possibility is log construction. Ideally suited to wooded areas, it is warm in winter, cool in summer, durable, handsome and inexpensive—the homes of the pioneers.

We can climb the hill of history, and looking backwards, turn, and envision what will lie ahead by using old ways, simple ways that are in keeping with Christ's warning against riches, and Peter Maurin's philosophy of living in the country, where it is a little easier for people to be good.

Love,  
Daniel O'Hagan

## Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 E. 1st St., between First and Second Avenues. Everyone is welcome.

December 19—Carmen Mathews: A Christmas Reading.

December 26—Christmas. No meeting.

January 2—UFW Film: "Fighting for Our Lives." A discussion of current UFW activities will follow the film.

January 9—George Abbott White: Simone Weil's Work Experiences.

January 16—Sr. Patsy Deignan and Evelyn Evoglia: An Evening of Contemporary Sacred Song.

January 23—Fr. Daniel Berrigan: Nonviolence in Ireland, Greece and Tanzania.

January 30—Eileen Egan: Women and World Peace.

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# A Constructive Program for Self-rule

(Continued from page 3)

according to his need. Sarvodaya means the good of all resides in the good of one.

After his death, there was a confusion among Gandhi's followers. There were many, particularly among those who chose to join the government, who had

see the truth by a strength derived from the quality of one's being. As the aspect of resistance and persuasion, satyagraha was an important element in nonviolent revolution, which Gandhi defined as a transformation of relationships. But far more important than mere resistance was the task of developing alternative institutions, through "constructive work."

which civil disobedience was the negative. Apart from khadi, which was eventually adopted with a measure of enthusiasm, Congress members responded much more readily to civil disobedience than to constructive work. For some time after Independence, out of sentimental respect for the Mahatma, the government continued to subsidize the production of khadi, yet the construction of industrial textile mills went on all the same.

Nehru was a patriot and a gentleman, but he believed that certain people were best suited to make judgments in the interests of others. In the words of

Gandhi, "Real swaraj will come not by the acquisition of authority by a few but by the acquisition of the capacity by all to resist authority when abused. In other words, swaraj is to be obtained by educating the people to a sense of their capacity to regulate and control authority." Gandhi believed that everyone's opinion was as good as his own. Because someone is not educated, he believed, does not mean that he/she is not endowed with common sense, intelligence, and divinity. This wonderful insight was rejected from the beginning. And dictatorship was only among the inevitable consequences.



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merely accepted Gandhi's political leadership. They had seen nonviolence as a practical policy and little else—surely not as a way of life, much less a principle for social organization. But there were others who had accepted the whole of his thought, his philosophical assumptions, attitude toward the state, and picture of the ideal order, and choosing Sarvodaya as the name for their movement, determined to continue the non-violent social revolution to which Gandhi had contributed a vision as well as a means: the way of disinterested service, and the "twin wings" of constructive program and satyagraha.

## Satyagraha and A Constructive Program

Satyagraha was the subject of Gandhi's most intense experimentation — his "science" of nonviolent action. It means the power that comes from insistence on truth, clinging to reality. He said one overcomes not the opponent but the opponent's error, and not by repulsing him with arms, but compelling him to

Gandhi preferred this, as the way of driving out the British, to civil disobedience, for constructive work alone could lay the foundations for the new society. The Constructive Program issued in 1941 emphasized basic education (craft-centered education); village industry, particularly khadi (home spun cloth); "organizing peasants and protecting their rights;" "organizing labor on the basis of truth and nonviolence." In short, the Constructive Program was a strategy for making the people into their own masters, a program for liberating the people both from present and future tyranny: a program that would build from below a social order based on small scale production for local needs, a sense of personal responsibility and participation in the welfare of society, removal of the distinction between intellectual and manual labor through bread labor by all—and trusteeship—an end to the institution of private ownership of land, wealth and resources. The Constructive Program was thus the positive side of the movement of

## Book Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

starving, filthy, and naked for want of the basic care a more adequate staff could provide. Millions of people have since seen the terrible sights of the wards in vast hospitals for the retarded.

This story is a picture of what could be done. It is a story of the courage, the cheerfulness, even the delight (one calls to mind Ruskin's phrase "the duty of delight") which can be a part of a life of dedicated service, such as the Gauchats.

I have visited Dorothy and Bill many times and in many seasons and have seen Christmas celebrated around the tree, with everyone participating. I've seen the beauty of the sunny little lake, where the healthy Gauchat children shared in the care of the little ones, but I did not know of the annual visit to the amusement park with its Ferris wheels, roller coasters, and carnival atmosphere, which is described so delightfully, or of the ball game they went to. There is the exciting story of the

flood which disrupts their small home. Also included are tragic accounts of the visits to state schools and institutions; these are heartrending. Such glimpses of the neglect and unbearable suffering of little children forced Ivan Karamazov to reject the harmony Christ died to bring.

One of the rules of Mother Theresa of India is that the sisters pick up the children and hug them as they pass through the wards of their foundling home in Calcutta. Dorothy Gauchat, as she was showing me through the new home for thirty-five children, was doing the same act instinctively. Love must be incarnate.

"Unless you become as little children..." There is the same savor of all this in the Gauchat book—the warmth of caresses, the emphasis on the comforts of food, warmth, and color, the thrill of children's games and excursions. How important this poor flesh of ours is; doomed for all of us to decay and suffer, and yet the source of delight!

The Gauchats know every facet of human suffering. I have often remembered, when I think of their own brain-damaged child and Bill's terminal illness, what Bill said to me once: "I have understood what Bernanos was getting at in his terrible book Joy." And as St. Augustine in his final conversation with Monica, at Ostia, pointed out—such understanding is a glimpse of heaven—the Beatific Vision.

## Notes in Brief

### SEEK CLEMENCY FOR MARTIN SOSTRE

For the past several years the Catholic Worker has written of the struggles of Martin Sostre, who has been in prison since 1967 on a drug frame-up. He has gone through unsuccessful appeals, has faced beatings from prison guards, and been indicted on charges of assaulting prison guards. Despite the recantation of testimony by the chief witness in the drug charge, Martin is still in prison; he has been cited as a prisoner of conscience by Amnesty International. The Committee to Free Martin Sostre, as a last recourse, is asking that we write Governor Carey, Executive Office Bldg., Albany, N.Y. and ask that Martin Sostre be among those prisoners considered for the customary Christmas clemency. For more information contact: Committee to Free Martin Sostre, 339 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012. Readers in the New York area can hear an interview with Martin Sostre on Sunday, Dec. 21 at 11:05 p.m., over WOR-am radio, on the diocesan radio program "Challenge to Faith."

### UFW WINS FLORIDA COCA COLA CONTRACT

A three year contract between the UFW and Coca Cola ends a year long struggle by farm workers in the Florida groves. Negotiations were begun in October, 1974 (three months before the old contracts expired). In the past year the company fired active union members and cut piece rates for the orange pickers.

The UFW considered using the techniques of the grape, lettuce and Gallo wine boycotts. Florida UFW director, Mack Lyons, held a 16-day fast in front of the company's Florida office; union women and children occupied the front lawn of the company's property for six days; six union members were arrested at Coca Cola headquarters in Atlanta, Ga.

"The negotiations were long and difficult, but we are satisfied with the new agreement," announced Cesar Chavez. Details of the contract are being withheld until the pact is ratified by workers.

### HOME CO-OP

For the past five years, H.O.M.E.—Home-Workers Organized for More Employment—has worked with the poor in Hancock County in Maine to "... create realistic, post-industrial alternatives. Beginning at the economic level, we use the important and very marketable survival skills so many already have. H.O.M.E. has craft workshops with retail outlets, an education program with courses in crafts, life coping skills, and small farming methods. We also try to reach people in their homes, supplying firewood, repairing homes, counseling." "We need more help. We need people who are willing to live in primitive housing, work for little money, and share in doing the work."

For more information: write Diana Kouvel or Sr. Lucy Poulin, H.O.M.E. Co-op, Route 1, Orland, Me. 04472.

### FAST FOR PEACE

From sundown December 31 until sundown January 1, the people from the West Coast Catholic Worker houses of hospitality will participate in a fast for peace. They are inviting all to join in the fast on this Day of Peace.

### PUBLICATION NOTES

#### FRITZ EICHENBERG FOLIO

We have prepared a folio of eight drawings by Fritz Eichenberg which have appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORKER over the last 25 years. The prints, 16" x 11", include "The Tribulation of Job", "The Deliverance of Jonah", "The Flight into Egypt", "The Christ of the Breadlines", "The Lord's Supper", "The Crucifixion", "The Stigmata of St. Francis", and "The Manual Laborers' Cross". The supply is limited. We are not asking a set price per folio, but encourage you to send what you can to help cover printing and shipping expenses, and to assist in the various other works we are about, now particularly the refurbishing of Maryhouse. If you would like a folio, write us: The Catholic Worker, 36 E. 1st St., N.Y., N.Y. 10003.

### POEMS FROM PRISON

POEMS FROM PRISON, a Calendar for 1976-1977, with graphics by George Knowlton will be available for \$2.50 from The Flats Workshop, P.O. Box 13, Kingston, R.I. 02881. George Knowlton has contributed much of his art work to the CATHOLIC WORKER.

### STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685. Title 39, United States Code)

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9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (section 132.121, Postal Service Manual.) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates." In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626. Frank Donovan, associate editor, business manager.
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FRANK DONOVAN, Assoc. Ed., Business Manager

**THE MARTIN DE PORRES FARM COMMUNITY** needs to raise \$31,000 by Feb. 1. If you can help start this new Catholic Worker Farm, send a donation to:

Martin de Porres (Farm)  
2826 23rd Street  
San Francisco, Ca. 94110



# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

I left Alderson and Hinton before the others because Fr. McDonough, Huntington, West Virginia, a town of some 80,000, came to call for me. I spent the night in his rectory, which has become something of a house of hospitality in that town in the center of the coal mining area. His brother, Fr. Joe from Cleveland, Ohio, was visiting also, and the little house was full. Another woman and I slept on the second floor, and the two priests and a Nigerian student slept on the first floor, together with a couple of young men curled up in arm chairs in the living room.

It is a black parish and it was sad to hear that the Ku Klux Klan is getting active in the region. A young boy had been shot, and the usual propaganda about protecting white womanhood was being circulated on cards throughout the town. Returning later by plane to New York, I was horrified to read in the N.Y. Times a long feature story about the revival of the Klan and the "grey flannel" aspect of its new membership. (There was also a story of a prison riot on Riker's Island with the news that some of the guards had been held as hostages. One of the grievances of the prisoners was that they were forced to communicate with their visitors, wives and children, through plate glass and by means of telephones. I was back in the world again and the world did not seem much better than the prison I had just been visiting.) I felt much at home in this latest house of hospitality. I had known the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity for many years. In fact Sister Peter Claver, who gave me my first contribution the year Peter and I began the Catholic Worker, is a mem-

ber of that same order which had begun work in the South many years ago amongst the poorest of the poor.

As the crow flies, the prison, the house of hospitality, and Chuck Smith's Catholic Worker Farm and the surrounding homesteads are not too far apart. But the winding roads made a car a necessity. So, Paul Salstrom, who edits *The Green Revolution* and whose address is Box 8074, Huntington, W. Va. 25705, took charge of me after Father McDonough, who had transported me from Alderson



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and housed and fed me and in whose little Church I had received from his hands, the bread of life that Sunday morning.

Paul and his beautiful young wife drove me along those winding roads past many a "holler" tucked in between those protecting hills. It was a cold and bracing Sunday afternoon with the smell of snow in the air. I was anxious to have a glimpse of my granddaughter and her baby, and Marge and Johnny Hughes,

and Ellie and her new little one, and Mike Kreyche and little Jessica, and Chuck Smith and Sandy. And, since I had brought along my famous chair which had travelled all over Europe with me and on the picket lines in California a few years ago, I had a very comfortable and happy visit on the road side. Oak, my great-grandson, played happily in the dirt and kept inching away towards a big puddle. Everyone looked healthy and ready for the winter, which, down there, begins to ease up in February.

Each family has adjoining acreage—a cluster of farms—but there was no possibility of my surveying them. They explained it would take half an hour to get from one to another, or twenty minutes or three quarters of an hour, according to the steepness of the path and my agility.

I willingly gave up the idea of crossing brooks on the swinging rope and very frail looking bridges, that looked as though they could precipitate one into a rocky stream bed below. Some days when the creeks are dry and it is summertime, one can risk driving across the creek to Chuck's, the only place that can be reached by car. The rest of the adjoining land can only be traversed by agile people, of whom I am not one. It was a good visit which satisfied my curiosity. I did not say, however, how much I preferred prairies and deserts and the sea, the sight of horizons and sunrises and sunsets. (I am even glad for our long straight highways.)

But I certainly admire these bold pioneers who have built their own cabins, made their furniture, raised their food. It is good that the very difficulties of their terrain make it impossible for them to be swamped with all the young

wanderers who are searching for another way of life, but at the same time are learning much by their wanderings.

## Another Prison Idea

I keep remembering Peter Maurin's words, his exhortation, "We must try to make that kind of society where it is easier for men to be good." Thinking of this I was delighted to hear one of the women of our group at Alderson say that in Sweden there was an experiment with another kind of "rehabilitation." Instead of imprisoning, give each offender against society, and his family, ten acres of land and the tools to work it, what he needed, I suppose, to sustain life, and leave him or her free. I would be ashamed to set forth such a seemingly preposterous idea before our readers were it not for the fact that some one else contributed the information that there had been a Ford Foundation study made of this experiment. I shall do my best to find the study, or account of the work done already in this direction, and write more about it.

Meanwhile those who are interested in the Problem of Prisons can send to the American Friends Service Committee for a pamphlet by that name printed in 1970, 10 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

(P.S. I must not forget to thank our many readers and friends for the beautiful birthday cards they sent me which I put in our favorite books which are always being loaned around, so that others can enjoy them too. I only wish I could answer all the letters and cards which come addressed to me. Be assured that I look at them over and over again with joy and thanksgiving for all our good friends and helpers. D.D.)

## Ganienkeh: Reclaiming Traditional Ways

(Continued from page 5)

Moose Inn, a hunting lodge, which from Ganienkeh's inception, has been one of the centers of hostility against the Indian project. It is the headquarters for COPCA (Concerned Persons of the Central Adirondacks), a group formed to disseminate propaganda against Ganienkeh and to agitate for eviction of the Indians by force. The gatehouse to Ganienkeh is on Big Moose Road. Another road winds over a rise that curls along the back of the Ganienkeh settlement. From passing cars traveling these roads came nine sudden, unprovoked attacks of gunfire directed at Indians between July 15th and October 28th, 1973. The targets of some of this fire were young children and old men. Through nine consecutive attacks no shots were returned by the Indians. In one instance two young children were fired upon from the road behind Ganienkeh. They were pinned down in a field and forced to remain behind a boulder to avoid being hit. Shots were fired into an inhabited cabin; other shots were fired at random, toward people near the gatehouse. Finally, on October 27, 1973, eight shots were fired at two teenage boys who were collecting medicinal herbs on the shoreline of a nearby lake. The boys' cries to the assailants to cease firing were met with mock Indian war-whoops and six more shots.

The police investigated only three of the nine incidents. Roadblocks at either end of Big Moose Road could easily have led to the capture of the vehicles from which the shots were fired, but roadblocks were not used. The Warrior Council decided that something had to be done to discourage further aggression. It was decided that the next cars that fired at people at Ganienkeh would receive return fire. The policy, however, would be to disable and stop the vehicle by hitting it in the tires or the engine so as to prevent it from making

another pass. People in the cars were not to be hit, if at all possible. The next day, at 5 P.M., two inebriated brothers made several passes at Ganienkeh, firing wildly toward the gatehouse from the front road. On their third or fourth pass, the Indians opened fire. Their car was later found wrecked, and one of the passengers was hit in the shoulder. Several hours later, a car careened around the bend before the gatehouse and gunshots were fired into an Indian vehicle parked there. It then passed the gatehouse and two more shots were directed towards the populated area. The Indians fired at the trunk and the tires, trying to stop the car. The driver, who had been drinking at the Big Moose Inn from 2 P.M. until 6 P.M. that day, had his eleven year old daughter with him. The second shot from the Indians entered the trunk of the car, ricocheted off the rim of the spare tire into the passenger section of the car and lodged in the young girl's back. The Indians didn't know the girl was in the car at the time. The car veered around the bend, out of the Indians' sight, and stopped. A car door opened and then slammed. The car sped off. The police were asked to check the woods where the vehicle had stopped to check for weapons that may have been tossed from the car. The police did not do so. The young girl weathered the accident, and her father later claimed that he was unarmed, and didn't even know that Ganienkeh was there.

But all at Ganienkeh, shocked and saddened by this incident, seemed to feel that the decision to return fire was necessary. One man claimed, "If we didn't have weapons here, we wouldn't still be here." Another said that the defensive violence was not a hindrance for those at the settlement (I had asked him about the danger of the negative propaganda their defensive violence was bound to stir). "No," he said, "it's not a hindrance for us. It's an awaken-

ing for them. It lets them know that we are here, that we are back, that it's a fact they have to deal with."

## Great Law of Peace

Since October, 1973, no further violence has been directed at Ganienkeh. Many at Ganienkeh believe this is because they retaliated.

Undoubtedly the injuring of the young girl is the kind of tragedy that can spring from violence, and undoubtedly it will give a ghastly strength to local sentiment against Ganienkeh for some time to come. Yet the need to preserve and defend the right to live as they choose is inevitable to a people recalling the systematic genocide of their recent ancestors and the compulsive destruction, oppression and neglect of their needs and cultures that has blighted them ever since the conquest and theft of their lands. In the face of what America has offered them, an insistently active stance is required in order to keep cultural and natural dignity.

Though a stance of offensive violence would be suicidal and one of defensive violence horribly complex and risky, the position of passivity is unthinkable.

Apart from the several incidents in which gunfire was returned, Ganienkeh has consistently tried to live peacefully with the surrounding communities. Drugs and drink of all kinds are prohibited at Ganienkeh, and none of the members of the project frequent bars in town. One shoplifter and one pot smoker were asked to leave, and they did. The money was returned to the store in question. One man at Ganienkeh told me, "We came here to live the Great Law of Peace, which was created to give us a way of life that would avoid all these tragic things (i.e., the shooting), and we accept it. In fourteen months we have had no outbreak of violence among ourselves. There have been no incidents in town that have involved one of us."

Almost everyone of the original group that moved back to Ganienkeh is there still. Their conviction has been that strong. Some have left materially comfortable lives. Others have come to observe, found they couldn't commit themselves and have left. Some have come to see how Ganienkeh is regaining Indian ways of life, and these are returning to their own Indian people to tell them about it.

## Help Needed

Ganienkeh began with a site of 612 acres. The people there are now working with 4,000-5,000 acres, and they hope to expand further. There is still a great deal to be done, and there are still shortages in some needed materials. Donations of any of the following things c/o Ganienkeh Indian Project, P.O. Box 208, Eagle Bay, N.Y. 13331 (315-357-6221), would be most useful and much appreciated: Maple syrup equipment (sugar pans and pails), welding equipment (oxy-acetylene torches, etc.), practical clothes, used or even broken chain saws, staple foods, and agricultural or building materials. If you have any of these donations or a money donation or would like to initiate a support group to continue aid to Ganienkeh, please contact the above address.

There is still an enormous amount to be accomplished in gaining the proper rights for American Indians. Indian nations are seeking inclusion in the United Nations, where the reason for their exclusion has been that they are a "domestic jurisdiction of a member state." It seems that if the traditional American Indians, who deeply desire to return to their ways of life, hope to find any possibility of doing so, they simply have to reclaim a piece of traditional homeland and begin living that way of life. In a most serious and committed fashion, this is precisely what those at Ganienkeh are trying to do.