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Theology of Resistance:

Gospel's Revolution Against Violence

By JAMES DOUGLASS

I believe that the basis of peacemaking in the Christian faith is the cross of Jesus, and I would like to begin on that basis by asking a question: Does our peacemaking in America 1969 have a foundation in God's truth unless we are willing to disobey regularly murderous laws, to accept frequent jail sentences and the loss of all security as a normal price of life in a grossly unjust society, and to be prepared to lay down our lives non-violently—just as the truly committed soldier is pre-

pared to do so violently? I submit that without a personal willingness to go to the cross a Christian's talk of peacemaking is dangerously near to a counterfeit of the Gospel and an act of hypocrisy.

I believe that for Christians to recover the Gospel and the cross today it is necessary that they develop, and learn to live by, a theology of resistance. As introduction to a theology of resistance, one can ask the question, "What is the place of law and order in the Gospel?"

In a sense, law and order have the

same role in the Gospel as they have had in the lives of countless Vietnamese peasants and American blacks—they prepare for an execution. The State executed Jesus legally, and the Roman soldiers who carried out the execution broke no laws—indeed the soldiers would have been guilty of civil disobedience had they refused to obey Pilate's orders. The soldiers preferred the task of hammer and nails to the risk of their own cross. Law and order were preserved, at the cost of a dead Jew.

But the Roman State in ordering

Jesus' death also prepared the seeds of its own destruction, the dissolution of that imperial law and order which Roman citizens felt was the foundation of human existence. By dealing out death to Jesus and the early Christians the Empire helped to give birth to a revolutionary way of life—a way of life which was to confound all the efforts of Rome to kill that life for the next 300 years. The Christian faith was born through the death-dealing efforts of the State. Its non-violence assured the Church of victory. The Empire could no more annihilate the early Christians than it could enlist them in its Army. The ethic of love resisted both extinction and compromise. Finally, it triumphed over the Empire—at least until a politically shrewd Constantine made the Church a part of the Establishment and thus prepared the merger of cross and sword, which we are still living with—or more accurately, still killing with.

Jesus and State

If we want to understand Jesus' relationship to the State, then, we should be prepared to confront the meaning of his cross in contemporary terms: Jesus was killed by the State. In our context, the nails of the cross are the thousands of steel pellets in anti-personnel bombs which explode into the flesh of a Vietnamese peasant. The cross in Jesus' time was not a religious symbol. It was the sign of infamy, the State's means of death—and the cross became a symbol of life only through the love which on the cross endured and overcame the murderous impulse of the State, by Jesus' and the Christians' response to violence with non-violence.

The "law and order" which elects Presidents, and which commands police riot squads or bomber pilots, is present in the Gospel only in the significant sense that it sanctioned Jesus' death. Moreover, the established violence of the law, whether Roman law or American law, is a permanent factor in causing the conditions of suffering which Jesus responds to in his ministry and in the Beatitudes—the suffering of the poor, those who mourn, the meek, those who hunger and thirst for justice. The ghettos and prisons of America are filled with such people, who suffer all their lives from the "law and order" preached by men who have never felt personally the institutionalized violence which that phrase represents.

A theology which would remain true to the man who resisted inhumanity on the cross, just as he turned the money-changers out of the temple, must preach a gentle revolution. The Gospel's revolution, a revolution of non-violent resistance, is today a revolution against that institutionalized violence which the majority of the world's citizens are being smothered beneath daily—the institutionalized violence of war, racism, exploitation, and their consequences in enormous destruction, poverty, hunger, disease. As Americans we comprise a tiny minority of the world community, six per cent of its population. Yet we control half of the world's production wealth and sixty per cent of its finance. We use much of that wealth to shield ourselves with the techniques of modern war from the demands of a suffering humanity, "the wretched of the earth", to use Frantz Fanon's phrase. To accept as legitimate and inviolable the law which would uphold that order of things is to accept institutionalized murder. The Gospel's revolution will

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A Time For Real Common Sense

By PAT JORDAN

And the beat goes on: the bullets falling from the assembly line conveyor, the tanks from a GM plant in Cleveland, the nerve gas from a New Jersey chemical "concern," and the limp men into limesome, lonely graves. The taps roll. Business booms.

And on November 20, Lord Chalfont, the Minister of Disarmament for the United Kingdom, presented the "facts" of disarmament in a meeting at Quaker House in New York City. The facts of disarmament are these: today there is no such thing. Disarmament has been requisitioned to the hinterlands. It is as anachronistic as Gandhi, the big boys would say. The time's not ripe, they tell us. Be satisfied with small gains, they have it. Rome didn't fall in a day.

In Washington, Harvard professor George Wald points it out: the suave but firmly calculated shift in terms the government has played. Official channels no longer speak of "Disarmament Talks." The designation has slid to "Arms Limitation Talks." These protectors of the people can scarcely imagine themselves (and us) shed of our hardware. What would they (we) look like without it? Nude, no doubt.

The nation states condone the shift to oblivion. It is their "movement." Lord Chalfont condoned it, claiming he is a realist, that now is not the time to talk of disarmament. Oh, how British diplomats hate to offend the least sensitive of those giant and affluent political ears. But the horrendous fact is that if MRV and MIRV get by the U.S. Congress the way ABM did, we will have five times the number of our present nuclear warheads within the next five years. You know, there were fifteen tons of TNT for every living person in 1968. I'll bow to it that there is enough to terminate me at least. But someone wants more, more than fifty tons for each man, woman, and child—just to insure the job, I suppose. "Overkill" is thus but another sadly obsolete misnomer. So, gentlemen (gentle men?), you say now is not the time to talk about disarming? We must allow the disease to grow still more? It's like spotting the other team fifty points and the two-minute warning. It's the old trick for doing college term papers. But here, lords and ladies, the terms are deadly real. And we just may be too far and too seriously behind.

Lord Chalfont and his colleagues, representatives of fallen/falling empires, continue to play the tragedy of deluded, losing strategy. Even in "small" arms their story is the same.

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Rita Corbin

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Sometimes our hearts are heavy with the tragedy of the world, the horrible news from Vietnam, Brazil, Biafra, the Israeli-Arab war. And here it is Advent and Christmas time again, and with it the juxtaposition of joy and sorrow, the blackness of night, brightness of dawn. What saves us from despair is a phrase we read in "The Life of Jesus" by Daniel Rops, "Getting on with the business of living." What did the women do after the crucifixion? The men were in the upper room mourning and praying and the women, by their very nature, "had to go on with the business of living." They prepared the spices, purchased the linen cloths for the burial, kept the Sabbath, and hastened to the tomb on Sunday morning. Their very work gave them insights as to time, and doubtless there was a hint of the peace and joy of the resurrection to temper their grief.

"The past year has been difficult," one of our friends writes, "particularly in dealing with the problems of relevancy. To many in the peace-resistance movement, feeding and sheltering the poor is looked upon as non-revolutionary and a mere band-aid applied to

a cancerous world. To many, only when the American giant is confronted at its jugular vein is it worth-while. So our involvement and work has really been put into question. Perhaps we attempted to justify ourselves too much or spent too much time attempting to answer the question. But it seems clearer (now), and it can never be completely clear: we must continue with our work and look upon it as a practical response to a revolutionary gospel. The fact remains that while slaying the giant, the wounded have to be cared for. Perhaps those who come by can see the necessity of caring for one another and recognizing the importance of community."

We have heard this same word, "a band-aid to a cancer," from Boston and Milwaukee and even from the Australian bush within the last year. Perhaps it is only those words of the gospel about the corporal works of mercy, which in a way include the spiritual works of mercy, that has kept us going all these years. We are commanded over and over again by Jesus Christ himself to do these things. What we do for the least of these, we do for Him. We are

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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judged by this. It is the picture of the last judgment in the 25th chapter of Matthew. Actually, we here at the Catholic Worker did not start these soup lines ourselves. Years ago, John Griffin, one of the men from the Bowery who moved in with us was giving out clothes, and when they ran out he began sitting down the petitioners to a hot cup of coffee, or a bowl of soup—whatever we had. By word of mouth the news spread, and one after another they came, forming lines (during the Depression) which stretched around the block. The loaves and fishes had to be multiplied to take care of it, and everyone contributed food, money and space. All volunteers who come, priests and people, nuns and college students, have worked on that line and felt the satisfaction of manual labor, beginning to do without themselves to share with others, and a more intense desire to change the social order that left men hungry and homeless. The work is as basic as bread. To sit down several times a day together is community and growth in the knowledge of Christ. "They knew Him in the breaking of bread."

We have said these things many times in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*, but is to reassure these dear friends that I write this again. Perhaps it is easier for a woman to understand than a man. Because no matter what catastrophe has occurred or hangs overhead, she has to go on with the business of living. She does the physical things and so keeps a balance. No longer does the man sit as a judge at the gate as in the Old Testament where the valiant woman is portrayed. Now when women are putting their hand to the machine gun and joining in the violence which is racking us, the men join in the healing and the nourishing, the building and the spinning and the weaving, the cultivation and the preservation of the good earth. Now there is neither bond nor free, Greek or Hebrew, male or female—we are a little nearer to the heavenly kingdom when men are feeding the hungry. It is real action as well as symbolic action. It is walking in the steps of Jesus when he fed the multitude on the hills, and when he prepared the fire and the fish on the shore. He told us to do it. He did it Himself.

The last issue of the *Catholic Worker* went to press on October 24. To rest our eyes from the proofreading and the typewriting of articles, Stanley V. and I decided to take a day off from duties. He was on a little vacation from Tivoli, to see his family perhaps in Valley Stream, to look up books at the second hand store, and to buy paper for his small press. We took the Volkswagen and drove through traffic to South Ferry. For foot passengers the fare is still five cents each way on the ferry to Staten Island. There was a strong wind and it was bitter cold and the waves were so high that salt spume blew in our faces on the lower deck and one could laugh at the idea of air pollution in this wind that came from

the East over the Atlantic.

When we landed at St. George we drove down to the end of the island, to our old beach house, and visited our next door neighbors, Helen and Walter and went to visit the old Spanish camp where the bungalows are all occupied since there is still such a housing shortage. These are frame summer buildings and front the bay, and when there is a storm some of the beach and the bank that rises ten feet above the beach are washed away with the high tides. The crash of the surf, the smell of seaweed and good salt air, the bitter cold, the sight of the cruel sea—all the senses are engaged in such contemplation, and the interior senses too, the memory, the understanding and the will. When I visited Loretto, Pennsylvania a few weeks later, to speak at the seminary and the college, one of the seminarians said that he had seen the ocean that summer for the first time, and it had terrified him. But he holds all things in the hollow of His hand, I remember at such moments, when the imminence of nuclear war oppresses.

Stanley said, "Mention in the paper that we long for the sea, some of us at the CW and maybe someone has a little beat-up shack that we can heat with driftwood where we can go and meditate. Maybe finish up a book or two. Near New York. Maybe Great Kills where the fishing boats come in."

It is good to dream.

Friday after we had gone to Press with the October-November issue, I spoke about my trip to Chicago and Milwaukee at the evening meeting. Pat Jordan and Bob Gilliam and Mickey Kraft took care of the paper this month and I did not go to the printer. Martin Corbin will be free for more writing, translating and editing. At the farm Ron and Elizabeth Gessner are in charge and Rita Corbin is free to do more art work, not to mention keeping up with family duties. Sally Corbin, the seven year old, or is it six, sat and listened to Stanley Vishnevsky addressing fifteen high school students from Rhinebeck last month, and kindly pointed out his inconsistencies. He had said, for instance that Peter Maurin held up the picture of the family as a basic institution, and a community as an extended family; then later he said he travelled the countryside and went to many cities preaching the gospel of social change. "How could he" Sally corrected him, "travel around and yet be part of a family?"

Stanley gave her pencil and paper and asked her to write out her comments and corrections, which she did. But she likes to talk. "Why should grown ups do all the talking?"

Gary Sekerak and Michael Scahill were in charge of the soup line today, giving John McMullan a rest. Sister Donald washed dishes after perhaps two hundred people, Wong and one of the girls waited on table.

Much good material on Land Trusts

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36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

It is late autumn, and the evening sun comes sooner these days, like a burning barn orangely tumbling down to Hoboken and on to California. These are the days of another holiday rush. And the megalopolis of consumption is glutted with the gaudy and with gadgetry. The lighted avenues reinforce our sense of powerlessness before the appetite of this all-compulsive consumption, an appetite that is temporarily satiated only with men's very souls.

November at the Catholic Worker has again made us aware of the countless homeless in this city of great hotels. As Sal Leone put it one day near his Union Square news stand: "If I only had a hundred apartments. How I could put them to use! All these people keep coming to me and asking for a place to stay." That was a rainy day, and on another such day two young couples were rudely burnt out of their apartment across from us on First Street. They fled into the chill with uncertainty and confusion. Fortunately, we were there to help a little with coffee, cloths, and storage space. They are now back living in what remains to them, ashes departed. Again, not long afterward, a tired, greying Irish woman and her son spent a day with us. They had been living at South Ferry for close to a week before the police chased them, for they had been evicted by an unseeing landlord. Their possessions were all in their hands. Their fortitude could have sheltered many. It is because of such people we remember that the more disadvantaged the individual, the more he needs a guarantee to his human rights. And if you'll look down at the corner you'll see a huddle of thached men around a fire. Home is wherever the blaze might be. At night it's an eerie sight, the flames witchdancing. But then so is a sleeping man in a frozen doorway an eerie sight, bitterly chilling in fact.

Here at the Catholic Worker we are somewhat more closely drawn. There is a sense of community here, and thus a resulting warmth. And when it is lacking, someone like Janelle will give us the raw feedback to get on with it. Janelle Hongess is a small Dakotan who, between harmonica sonatas and serving tasty meals, will let you know life is living each day as beautifully and humanly as you must.

Song, Flowers

So to live more beautifully Jimmy has painted all the first-floor chairs with bright variety, Arthur Sullivan has baked his heavy warm bread on several occasions, Dennis Ward will sing us one of his de-noted songs, and Connie Parks has decorated the wash-sink wall with a phalanx of NASA decals from the morning corn flakes boxes. And John McMullen, his tribute to beauty besides soup, is an always provocative coffee cup. Presently it is one with fallish blue flowers. John's biggest battle: to keep his mug intact despite the Niagaran process of dish washing here.

Upstairs the unsteady course of circulating the paper churns on. After several unsuccessful ventures to the Post Office with our bundles, a Mr. Sultan came to help us recalculate our procedure. Mike Scahill, John Geis, Larry Severson, Harry Woods and I listened with intent as the cigar-smoking postal official led us like Moses through the cloud. The maze of postal regulations, the mass of numbers that descended from his lips, these brought, for perhaps the first time, the illusion of technology to the first floor of the Catholic Worker. For our readers' sakes, we hope we heard it all correctly.

Jean Walsh has come back to stay for a while, and brings a seasoned note to the third floor. Seasonable Darwin Pritchett threw a party here November 8, to celebrate Dorothy Day's birthday. Dorothy called from Cleveland to lend to the festivities. Earl Ovitt, between scallion sandwiches and other construction work, has waterproofed one remaining exterior wall, and is in the process of creating a typing table for Dorothy. His is always a needed skillful hand, and a happy one.

The old timers, the old favorites,

they're the same as ever, albeit perhaps a bit greyer and some a bit weaker. Bill Harder remains the most photogenic man on the Bowery, and photographer Bob Fitch of LOOK who has been with us several days was delighted. The unfortunate stanza here is Bill's growing weakness as Social Security funds lure him to the neighborhood liquor exchange. We might call his pension, and many others, a check to oblivion.

Jazz

Smokey Joe is ever the exuberant one on Tuesdays. That's shower day, and a scrubbed Smokey's scarlet tattoos dance polkas then. Smokey is generally a tolerant man, but grows impatient with the churlish banality of conversations that sometimes lull the second floor. When one recent, bantering conversation was suddenly terminated by a conversion in direction Joe snorted: "Yh, take off the sour stuff for a change and put on some jazz." It was Herbie Sund who had changed the wind. "Talk about the moon and they've been there," he said. And concluded, "You don't have to be nuts to be here, but it helps." The conversation ended, and on went the jazz.

Italian Mike has been sick and tired for the past week. He is finally in bed recovering. As always, he reminds us of Rodin's "Balzac." Up the stairs Scotty still does Allan Ginsberg's Om ("Ooooooom, ooooooom, now swing me around, swing me around.") while Mr. Anderson never fails to be taken aback by it. The fourth floor houses a general sense of tolerance, a sense that sometimes breaks into a delightful and jovial harmony. On the fifth floor, Arthur Lacey prepares for every parade in town. He vests in a Russian cap, red scarf, black winter coat that reaches below the knees, boots, and glinting glasses. Several times he has topped the show with a cherry Mao button. Bedecked and grinning, he is a sight worth a trip to First Street.

Isidore Fazio, longstanding collaborator, made the trip to Washington for the mass march on November 15 (as did several others here), and has given us an indispensable hand with driving the truck to market and P.O. when Ed Forand was away. Harry Woods, sporting a Joe Namath FuManchu but that's about all, has teamed up with Mary Galligan and company in conducting the soup line. Harry's humor is like slapstick relief, and will be heard just for his laugh. Lately he has also spoken on pacifism in Long Island City, stuffed envelopes for the CPF, and picketed for the grape boycott. Gary Sekerak, a Zen enthusiast from New Haven, is learning to cook on us. And when he does, his pride is all over him (Continued on page 7)

A FRIEND IN HEAVEN

Clarence Jordan, 57, co-founder of Koinonia Community, Americus, Ga., died suddenly at the farm while working at his desk.

A doctor of divinity, Greek Scholar, agriculturist, and innovator, Clarence Jordan translated the Bible into live, radical books and records, and into his life work of demonstrating and spreading the idea of brotherhood and communities of sharing. When reprisals for the farm's integrated practices brought danger and harassment, Koinonia survived economically by developing a mail order business in pecan products. The most recent enterprise, Koinonia Partners, was well started in building low-cost houses with interest-free loans, and helping to develop individual business and farming enterprises.

Everyone who had known Clarence personally; or heard him speak, or visited Koinonia, will feel a sense of deep personal loss in his early death.

A catalog of the records, pamphlets and books which bring the stories of the New Testament into fresh focus, can be obtained from Koinonia Partners, Route 2, Americus, Ga. 31709, or Koinonia Records, 617 Custer St., Evanston, Ill. 60202.

—Reprinted from the Peacemaker

Psychoanalyst Explores Gandhi's Life

Gandhi's Truth, by Erik Erikson (W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York, \$10.)

Reviewed by Eileen Egan

There is probably no more important subject in our nuclear-fragile world than the pacific potential of human beings, not only the psychic events of individual human development that favor nonviolent behavior, but also the means of strengthening and nurturing nonviolence in individuals and groups.

Two psychoanalysts of note have departed from the Freudian concern with inner conflict to concentrate on pacific propensities; Jerome Frank, through a series of interviews with persons committed to nonviolence and peacemaking, and Erik H. Erikson in a study of Gandhi which is a creative and crucially important contribution to the Gandhi centennial year of 1969 and to peacemaking in any year.

The book centers on an event in the textile city of Ahmedabad in 1918 when Gandhi, then approaching 50, involved himself in the three-week

campaign of textile workers against mill-owners. During the course of the strike, Gandhi engaged in the first of his 17 fasts. Erikson chose the Ahmedabad incident because he was convinced that it was not only a crisis in the life of Gandhi but a seminal event for all of his later life and activity. Erikson points out that "nowhere before or since has Satyagraha been explained so clearly."

Actually, since Gandhi's life was a seamless garment in which each event of his adult life was a confrontation with, and a deepening insight into, truth, several other crucial events could have served equally well to have launched this inexhaustibly rich book. One can mention a few; the fact that the young Gandhi's vow (vows and pledges were absolutely holy and unbreakable to Gandhi) not to eat meat brought him into contact with advanced social thinkers in England, the fact that he was declared an outcast from his own caste and the consequent psychic effects, or the dark night of the soul and body that Gandhi passed in a cold railroad waiting room in South Africa after being thrown off a train for refusing to leave a first-class compartment on the arrival of a white man. The last was regarded by Gandhi himself as the most creative experience of his life for out of it grew the whole campaign against social injustice in South Africa. It was in South Africa that the term and concept of Satyagraha was developed. Its first use in India was in defense of the peasants of Champaran.

Even though we may question the use of the Event, always capitalized, as an absolute "hinge of fate" in Gandhi's life, we can be grateful for the fact

that a seminar on the human life cycle brought Erikson to Ahmedabad in 1962, and that he was the guest of the very mill-owner who was the counterplayer to Gandhi as champion of the workers. It is also significant that Erikson went to Ahmedabad directly after attending a conference of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences on alternatives to armed conflict.

Erikson explains his state of mind:

"When I came to Ahmedabad, it had become clear to me . . . that man as a species can no longer afford any more to cultivate illusions either about his own 'nature' or about that of other species, or about those 'pseudo-species' he calls enemies—not while inventing and manufacturing arsenals capable of global destruction and while relying for inner and outer peace solely on the super-brakes built into the superweaponry. And Gandhi seems to have been the only man who has visualized and demonstrated an over-all alternative."

The amount of research which went into the reconstruction of the Event in Ahmedabad is of tremendous importance. One by one, the psychohistorian, as Erikson terms himself, encounters in a very real sense the persons associated with Gandhi in the Ahmedabad strike. Of particular poignancy is his contact with Anasuya Sarabhai, the sister of the leader of the mill-owners, Ambalal Sarabhai. Anasuya led the workers in their struggle against her own family and her financial class. It is emphasized that most of these disciples of Gandhi were then in their twenties. Also part of the narrative are liberal excerpts from the sixteen leaflets prepared by Gandhi

during the course of the labor struggle.

One year after the Event, Gandhi was again locked in a nonviolent struggle, and this time the counterplayer was the British Raj. Satyagraha, truth or soul force, coined in South Africa, refined in Ahmedabad, was used with charismatic authority by the Mahatma in the struggle for freedom from the greatest colonial power the world has ever known.

There are many clarifications for those in peace activities in this "psychoanalyst's search for the historical presence of Mahatma Gandhi and for the meaning of what he called Truth." This reviewer will concentrate on a few of these clarifications to the exclusion of many other aspects of a multi-faceted study.

First of all, Erikson liberates those who have been too constricted by Freudian concepts and ideology—and that means almost all of us. Erikson raises the question of how a young man, realizing that he has the gifts to actualize some great dream, "manages the complexes which constrict other men. This" states Erikson, "one cannot learn from Freud, because he primarily described the conscience which inactivates ordinary people, and neglected to ask aloud . . . what permits great men to step out of line."

Freud was a fatalist with regard to man's recourse to armed violence, believing that "the slaughter of a foe gratifies an instinctive craving."

But his method of psychoanalysis, says Erikson, "offers a method of intervening nonviolently between our overbearing conscience and our raging affects, thus forcing our moral and our 'animal' natures to enter into respectful reconciliation." Such a reconciliation, after bringing to light the rage, destructiveness and even murderousness that lie in the jungle of our motivational life, allows us to be non-violent to ourselves as well as to others.

The nonviolent confrontation with the very worst that is in us, the admission of "the Hitler in ourselves," converges with Gandhi's insight that even the worst of men possesses something ineluctably human to which we can appeal. It is difficult to maintain a person as our enemy if we are alive to the presence of our qualities in him and his in ourselves. Hatred, and violence, we are told, can be a projection onto others of whatever negative drives we possess but wish to hide from ourselves. This "negative identity", unrealized by the person harboring it, can thus become a psychic factory for the continued manufacture of hostile

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Apostolic Journey

By Stanley Vishnewski

There was snow in the hills as we left the Tivoli Farm early in the morning for our apostolic journey to West Virginia. There had been dire predictions of snow in the higher elevations, but fortunately for us: Andy, Jeannette and myself, we did not run into any fearsome storms as we sped along the Thruway to reach Morgantown, West Virginia where I was to talk on the work of The Catholic Worker to the interested students at the Newman Center.

We took the Thruway because Andy was the only driver amongst us (I had flunked my correspondence course in driving) and we did not wish to tire him unnecessarily. It took us about ten hours to make the fast journey, but if I had my way I would have preferred to have taken twenty days. The scenery was magnificent along the way, and as we entered West Virginia we were treated to the spectacle of sunset. At first we had the impression that the forests were ablaze. We quickly stopped the car. The sun was aglow with a resplendent light. It was a fitting introduction to our visit to West Virginia.

It was good to meet Donna Baisden who greeted us and put Jeannette up at her house. Donna had spent some time with us at the farm, and it was like greeting a member of the family.

Andy and I were given hospitality by the Paulists who are in charge of the Newman Center, and also run an unofficial House of Hospitality. There are always priests and seminarians and students coming for a visit.

We were immediately made to feel at home by the Paulist Fathers: Charles Albright, Mark Hettel, Richard Marold, Fr. Hofler, and Vinnie and Chuck, two students who are studying at the University.

We gave two informal talks on the Catholic Worker and also showed the documentary film on the Movement to a small but interested group of students. We also had the happiness of conducting two story sessions at the Newman Center for groups of children. I had a chance to tell my old favorites that children seem to love: Oswald the Hungry Lion, The Master Thief, The Greatest Treasure in the World; we also went on a Lion Hunt.

Father Richard took us for a ride to visit the Osage mining village where the evident poverty of the surroundings is in marked contrast to the new ten-million-dollar sport coliseum that is being built on the campus grounds.

On the way home we were given hospitality by the Society of Brothers at Farmington, Pa. It was good to have seen Julia Lien. She had been with

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Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

Now snow, which Ron observed falling across the river on the Catskills as we returned from Mass at St. Sylvia's in Tivoli, flurries down and about our farm with a view. Jays shriek shrilly over the gossiping chatter of starlings and sparrows. The air is cold, cold as December, though the month of November is not yet done.

On our way to Mass this cold Friday morning, Dorothy Day reminded us—Ron and Elizabeth Gessner, Emily Coleman, Daniel Davin, Bob Fitch, and me



—to pray particularly for Ruth Collins and her cooperative housing project. For a number of years Ruth has been working with Rita Davis and other friends to make it possible for a group of Harlem tenement dwellers to own and operate cooperatively their own dwelling place. Finally the necessary financial backing has been procured so that this project may become a reality, so that some of the poor in Harlem may begin to make for themselves a clean and comfortable dwelling place, with heat, and even perhaps without rats.

Today—far from Harlem and from all of earth's poor—the astronauts turned back from the moon and headed earthward in a space ship, the cost of which would pay for the construction of many a clean and comfortable apartment dwelling for many poor in many parts of Earth. In VietNam today—as on too many days through too many years—American men have gone out to kill and be killed at a cost with which men might rebuild cities and make them clean and beautiful centers

for art and industry and peace. May God who made all moons and stars and planets bless this cooperative housing project in Harlem that those who dwell there may find hope and strength to build better lives.

Now it is Sunday, the last Sunday of the Pentecostal Season. Our temperamental Hudson River Valley weather is mild again. Not one flake of Friday's flurry of snow remains. But the chickadee, truly a bird for all seasons, calls just as jauntily as in the snow.

This morning, as Fr. Andy said Mass in our living room, Dennis Cox made his own kind of joyful music on his autoharp. My mind leapt ahead to the joyous Masses of Advent. Rejoice, I say. Again I say, rejoice. I prayed that the Day of Recollection which Fr. Lyle Young will lead us in the Saturday before the First Sunday of Advent will help us keep Advent as a time of preparation for the holy and blessed Christmas. That the habitual interchange of the gifts of kindness and forgiveness is the best way to make straight the way of the Lord in our own lives, the best preparation for that great Gift, which is a Child born in Bethlehem, which is Love.

Thinking of Advent and Christmas, I thought again of the terrible war in VietNam, with its continuing slaughter of our own young men and of our "enemies," whom Christ said we should love, and of the horrible, almost unbelievable massacre of innocent victims, of women and children, of the old and the infirm. O Star of Bethlehem, guide them away from war, lead them to the child, the Prince of Peace. O Christ Child, help us, that the work of the peace moratorium, the work of all those truly seeking peace may not be wasted, that this war may end soon, that every one shall "study war no more."

Those from here who took part in the November moratorium in Washington, reported that the demonstration was moving and impressive. Fr. Andy, Pat Rusk, Joe Geraci, Will Waes, Ellie Spohr, Agra, Corliss Gross, went to Washington from here. Tommy Hughes came from Vermont, and Ed and

(Continued on page 8)

From: Henry Miller

Back of every creation, supporting it like an arch, is faith. Enthusiasm is nothing: it comes and goes. But if one believes, then miracles occur. Faith has nothing to do with profits; if anything, it has to do with prophets. Men who know and believe can foresee the future. They don't want to put something over—they want to put something under us. They want to give solid support to our dreams. The world isn't kept running because it's a paying proposition. (God doesn't make a cent on the deal.) The world goes on because a few men in every generation believe in it utterly, accept it unquestioningly; they underwrite it with their lives. In the struggle which they have to make themselves understood they create music; taking the discordant elements of life, they weave a pattern of harmony and significance. If it weren't for this constant struggle on the part of a few creative types to expand the sense of reality in man the world would literally die out. We are not kept alive by legislators and militarists, that's fairly obvious. We are kept alive by men of faith, men of vision. They are like vital germs in the endless process of becoming. Make room, then, for the life-giving ones!

Air-Conditioned Nightmare
by Henry Miller.

Workers from the First Street house are also available for speaking dates in the New York area.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

The Bredines Write

Dear Dorothy,

Your visit meant a great deal to us, and it was so good to be able to talk with you at leisure. We found ourselves left with a much stronger sense for the fact that the roots of our action must be in prayer and in reliance on the Providence of the Lord. We have been trying to grasp hold of this sense for some time. But we need help. We had felt uneasy about our lack of contact with these roots in our plans for the Catholic Worker here for some time. But the Lord has been good to us and seen our needs before we could clearly articulate them. With your visit and the arrival of four Franciscans who have been living upstairs now for two weeks, we feel He has begun to fill these needs.

Neither we nor our Franciscan friends can help but feel it was God's providence that brought us together now. They have needed the contact with the city, with the poor, and with the ideas of the Catholic Worker; and we have needed the support and strength their deep spiritual life and their simple goodness is giving us.

We pray lauds and vespers together every day, and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays we share dinner—we cook one day and they the next. One of those nights we spend discussing the ideas of the Catholic Worker and the relation of Francis and the Franciscan tradition. It is a very fruitful dialogue between these two traditions.

We have started regular Friday evening meetings now, and with the help of our little community it is much easier than it was last year. We have Mass and share a supper together before the discussions. This Friday, Fr. da Silva from Brazil, who is working in "rural reconstruction" there, spoke. We were particularly interested in his belief that the type of basic structural revolution that is necessary there, as everywhere, can only come about as people—poor people who have been pressed into an inhuman existence and we rich who have been drugged by being surfeited with things—recognize themselves again as persons, as subjects, distinct from and able to reach to our situations. He had a deep sense that this must come about through small, decentralized, personal groups which can give a sense of cooperation and free themselves from the large centralized form of government, advertising, etc., that now dominates us.

He impressed us, too, with his sense for the fact that our salvation comes from the poor—especially from the poor of Latin America—if it is to come at all. We have had a growing sense of this since our trip to Mexico...

In two weeks Fr. Wroblewski, one of the Franciscans, will talk to us about the Catholic Worker's critique of capitalism and its relation to Francis' teachings about money.

This week we are getting furnishings together for the back apartment which our Mexican friends unfortunately moved out of last week. It was very sad for all of us when they left—we had become almost like one family. Erica misses them a great deal, and the neighborhood into which they moved is mostly Polish. They still feel very strange there, and it will probably be hard making friends. Around here they had many Mexican and Puerto Rican friends.

In any case, we will now rent the apartment for a small amount, and try to keep it open for hospitality—perhaps one or two of the single men in the Worker group here will move in, too.

We have had new and hopeful developments on the co-op housing projects. We are hoping that within the next three weeks we will be able to send out a letter describing a building and start collecting the funds.

We may draw up a farm plan in the next few weeks to submit to some Franciscan seminaries and friaries in the area that are disposing of land or are looking for new ways of using it. This is at the suggestion of Fr. Wroblewski, and we'll be working it out with the Franciscans.

Please let us know what you are thinking.

Love,
Phil

Dear Dorothy,

Things are indeed beginning to shape up around here, and all signs point to the possibility of a community of families and religious together on the land, with a tie to a city group. If such a thing could work out with the Franciscans, surely that would offer a whole new way of life, a real alternative. It is very exciting to be praying and working and thinking and planning regularly with these four. We are truly getting the sense of how necessary, not just comfortable and pleasant, a community is for a real ferment of ideas to take place and for ideas to sprout into action. We and the brothers can see how fast things are moving since they came. We seem to be complementing each other amazingly. Soon we should have the other two apartments in this building open for hospitality, one for women and children, and the other for men.

We have made an offer on a building owned by St. Teresa's Parish (actually the archdiocese, of course), and are hoping to get it for our cooperative housing venture. It is only about a block away from us, and we would not only be grouping our community around St. Teresa's, but it seems we may also be able to work out some cooperation with the parish. We would be offering them a share in the cooperative, and our group would be using the basement perhaps and taking a share in expenses and decision making along with the families living there.

Thank you so much for coming to see us. You really gave us new life, and things are beginning to move here.

Love,
Kathy

Karl Meyer Writes

Dear Dorothy,

The COOP plan has come to a head. Your visit with us was very helpful in renewing enthusiasm at a time when it was flagging, and convincing people of the importance of cooperatives.

Our tax alternative fund is also flourishing, with seven members and many others showing an interest. We have set aside \$279.00 already and will begin by sending \$50.00 to Delano, \$50.00 to Thich Nhat Hanh's School of Youth for Social Service in Saigon, \$50.00 to the Peacemakers Sharing Fund, and \$50.00 to a local Nonviolent Training and Action Center. This is wonderful when you stop to think that just a few weeks ago most of this money would have gone straight to Washington, via withholding tax, no questions asked.

So we are launching, simultaneously, two of the most promising projects with which I have ever been associated. I will write more about both as soon as I get a chance.

Love,
Karl

Letter of Seizure

September 17, 1969

Dear Dorothy,

Having read Ammon H.'s views on taxes and war in the recent *Worker* I thought you might be interested in the enclosed copy of a Notice of Seizure. Because I refused to pay \$4.46 tax owed on our telephone bill (actually we have refused over \$70 of that phone tax over the past year) they called the wrecker to tow away the car. There was a great neighborhood to-do. (I, for one, couldn't see the proportionality of taking a \$1900 car for a \$4.46 debt. We still have the car by an eyelash.)

I also enclose a newspaper story about the Vietnamese war-injured children we have brought to Seattle for prolonged and painful surgery. Wish Nixon and Senator Jackson would visit them—would do them both good.

Last month we visited five of the Milwaukee Fourteen in various prisons in southern Wisconsin. We saw Br. Basil O'Leary in Wales, Frs. Harney and Rosebaugh in Fox Lake, Fr. Mulaney in Elkhorn, and Mike Cullen (not yet in jail) in Milwaukee where he runs



Casa Maria, a house of hospitality. We had supper with Mike and his wife and children and nine other people. We tried to see Bob Graf, but he had been moved from Union Grove to Waupun's maximum security. Jim Forest was too far north (in Gordon) for us to see, but I did write to him after I arrived back in Seattle.

What a company of Christian revolutionaries! They and the Berrigans et al (and D. Day) are the best we have. God bless you all and your witness. Best to you and Eileen from Mary and me.

Con amore,
Dick Carbray

Enclosure:—Notice of Seizure in the amount of \$4.46, issued by the Internal

Peace Ship Seeks Help

The Voice of Peace, a radio station which was to be operated from Able Nathan's "Peace Ship" may never beam messages of peace to Israel and the Arab world.

Able Nathan, the Israeli "Peace Pilot" known for his flights to Egypt, Moscow and Paris in search of Mideast peace, was able to purchase a 170 foot Dutch Freighter through contributions of citizens of Holland. Dr. George Zeegers, a Catholic leader in overseas development projects, is President of the "Peace Ship Foundation" in Holland.

Through such activities as a church peace week, enough funds were gathered to purchase the Peace Ship. Nathan sailed it across the Atlantic to mobilize support in the United States.

Nathan has been virtually boycotted by all news media and has received almost no financial support. On December 1, 1969, Nathan announced that if by January 1, 1970 he has not received significant help to continue the project he will then sell the ship, return the funds to the donors and go back to Israel where he faces a one-year jail sentence for his solo peace-making efforts with Arab nations.

"I have done my utmost," said Nathan in the Peace Ship moored in the East River to obtain the cooperation of peace-minded people. What is needed is the involvement of thousands upon thousands of people. What is needed is the involvement of members of the Christian churches who must take up their task as being mediators. If this does not happen, I will give up joint projects and work on my own. My first piece of work will be to spend a year in jail.

There is still time to help the Peace Ship.

Revenue District of Seattle, Washington. Description of property for seizure: 1—1969 Toyota Sprinter 2 door coupe, license #OKD 078 (Washington), 1969. Signature of Revenue Officer: Dennis J. Mapes, room 201, 6th and Lenora, Seattle.

St. Joseph The Worker Community House

Puerto de la Torre
Malaga, Spain

After the novena to the Holy Spirit, and as it is some years since we did so, we feel we ought to make a further declaration of the conditions of our community, its aims, methods and hopes for the future. This is for our friends and supporters, with the hope of increasing these and/or inspiring others to make similar experiments in possible alternatives to our basically meaningless modern society. The growth of violence and unrest in today's world, especially among the young, makes us all the more determined to try to have something authentic to say, through our way of life, to this society.

We are a "floating" community, open to all who are willing and capable of taking really seriously life in common and service to all men. That is, serious Christian and non-Christian humanists who can respect the Roman Catholic faith and tradition that inspire and nourish us. We want to share in the lives of the dispossessed, the poor in spirit and the oppressed, by giving them hospitality in our house when possible or by some form of personal service. We want to be poor ourselves, non-violent, without power, as Christ seemed in the eyes of his contemporaries.

We want to take as full a share as possible in the truly creative renewal of the human condition. We believe an international mentality, open to all races and classes, is basic to Christian humanism. A primary end, and the principal means to unity at home and elsewhere, is to assist in the solutions to the problems of the third world, especially of the oppressed or exploited. But this must take some form of personal encounter, practical involvement, at least in one person's problem. We must experience the anguish of the one who is suffering by sharing in a vital and personal way, not simply making an impersonal contribution to schemes to help unknown thousands. In practice this is extremely difficult, but we believe it is essential as is our ideal to work in jobs which are truly relevant to real human needs today, and not those artificially created by the society of consumption and profit. The money we earn by working ourselves, the considerable help we have received from the European Fraternity, Gossau, Switzerland, its Malaga branch, and gifts from friends and supporters have made it possible for us to continue this experiment. We try to limit our right of private possession to real needs, and what is left is for others, attempting to determine our needs by serious consideration of the gravity of their needs.

For more than ten years we have tried to put much of this into practice in Malaga. Some hundred volunteers of many nationalities and beliefs, most of whom have lived with us, have done building, teaching, caring for the sick, housework and other forms of service possible for us to attempt. This adventure has enriched us all vitally, both helper and helped. Through discussion, study and hard work together we have truly deepened our awareness of what it means to be human and followers of Christ. Should you feel this experiment is relevant and would like to share it with us, we earnestly and urgently invite your participation. Please write or visit us if you would like more information!

Kevin Ryan

DONATIONS TO:
THE PEACE SHIP FUND
P.O. Box 1111
FDR Station
New York 10022

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)
and other material which Danilo Dolci, Cesar Chavez and Joe Geraci will be interested in, came from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions today.

The National Catholic Reporter Reader also came in the mail today, which makes fascinating reading. Especially good is an article on priestly celibacy which started off a lot of the controversy. An article on Nobel Prize winner Beckett is in this morning's Times. Beckett wrote us once saying that the Catholic Worker had the best review of his play "Waiting for Godot." The review was by Ned O'Gorman, poet and critic.

Ned's book, **PROPHETIC VOICES, Ideas and Words on Revolution**, published by Random House, also arrived. Our own James W. Douglass, whose address to the Fellowship of Reconciliation appears in this issue of the CW, has the leading article in the book, "The Revolution of Peace." I say "our own" because we have been publishing his articles since he was in college. He is now teaching a course on Non-Violence at Notre Dame. Since there were a number of arrests at Notre Dame this week of resisters to recruiting for the CIA, and Dow Chemical, it would seem that the course being taught is a most stimulating one. I go myself next week to speak at an open meeting in the evening and attend two seminars.

Also in Ned O'Gorman's book there is a series of extraordinary articles or paragraphs or definitions by many of my favorite writers. There are two by Thomas Merton, *Purity and Death*. Startling.

There was also in the mail the newsheet TEMPO published by the National Council of Churches, Box 81 Madison Square Station, N.Y. 10010. \$3.50 a year sub. Harvey Cox writes the kind of movie review I like to read, and the book reviews are very good. One issue had superlative articles by Rabbi Abraham Heschel and Rev. Andrew Young. It's hard to get any desk work done when mail can so occupy you.

November 1.
Tom Sullivan called and told me our friend Fr. Kohli was having a prayer and scripture meeting every Friday night at St. Patrick's Church at Glen Cove, Long Island. Tom is not far from Glen Cove and attends these meetings. He spent nine months with the Trappists in Conyers and has the habit of prayer. Now he is a counsellor at Roosevelt School on Long Island, which is 90% Black. Tom keeps me up on news from the Trappists in Georgia where he goes to make a visit and a retreat each year. I get interesting letters from another Trappist monastery, Nuestra Señora de Solentiname on Lake Nicaragua, from Ernesto Cardenal, poet friend of Thomas Merton who made his novitiate at Gethsemane under Fr. Merton. He expressed much interest in the book I had mentioned to him on Catholic Pentecostals which emphasizes a return to prayer. "We try," he writes, "to give this message with our life here in Solentiname and the reason for the existence of our little community is prayer. We have two young married men in this community, and it is not, properly speaking, a monastery in the traditional sense of the word. We do not pretend to follow any pre-conceived model. La Primera regla es que no hay reglas. This sounds very much like our rule, 'Love God and do as you will,' which St. Augustine wrote so many years ago. In other words, if you love God your will is His will!"

November 4.
This Tuesday morning I set out by bus for Loretto, Pennsylvania where John Butler, who helped us most of last summer, is in the seminary. I was to speak at St. Francis College and at the Seminary. From Harrisburg on we had climbed steadily all afternoon and arrived at Ebensburg after dark where I was met by John and another seminarian. Seminarians are radical, but the audience at the college was a bit belligerent over some of the points I made about interracial justice. They could overlook my pacifism, they expect that of a woman, but my assertions that there was hostility when a

Black moved into a white neighborhood, and that white people were harassed and intimidated if there was any possibility of their selling to a black buyer, met with vehement denials. There was no discrimination and the Blacks could buy into any neighborhood they wanted, several members of the audience asserted, and with hostility.

John and his friends do a good deal of work in Altoona and Johnstown among youth groups, so they know the problems. Next day we visited a very modern coal mine (though I didn't go down), and I was instructed in detail by the manager about the very complicated and up-to-date safety devices, and about how much it cost to start an operation and how long it would take to get any return on the investment of some ten millions of dollars. Which led me to ruminate aloud on the whole structure of our society and the idea of money being fruitful and producing more investments and interest and dividends, and under all this superstructure, man's labor, his work in pitch darkness, aside from the



light of his miner's lamp, his long journey to his work underground, disputes about portal to portal pay, etc. Miners put in an eight-hour day, and have a half hour for lunch and six hours of work, they are such distances under ground. Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier*, which is a study of unemployment in Britain, has a long section on the work of a miner which is a must for those interested in man's work. I asked if the men could stand upright, and the manager admitted that in some places the men had to work bent over all day. "They get used to it."

We were high in the Alleghenies and the trees were already stripped bare, but the scene was beautiful. When I think of man's work, and what men are capable of, the great knowledge they have in so many fields, it hurts to realize that so much genius and hard labor are put forth in the interests of profit for the idle few, for the haves of our society, who have the money to invest, who know how to play around with money, make it increase, under our system. In the middle ages money lending at interest was considered a sin and classed with sodomy. How far we are from thinking of work in this light.

November 6.
In Cleveland I spoke to the First Friday Club, and had a good visit with Iola Ellis and Joseph Newman. Afterwards I went to Our Lady of the Wayside Farm where Bill and Dorothy Gauchat have their hospice for crippled and retarded children. I have always been so impressed with the loving kindness and the beauty of the surroundings where these children are being cared for. There are ten or eleven of them there now, some of them blind and deaf, some of them epileptic, twisted and distorted in body, some of them little crib cases, some of them able to sit up in a chair, some of them able to crawl a little, and all of them with an expression almost of listening on their pale and suffering little faces. I saw how much music could do to lighten their sorrowful waiting. One little blind one with two earphones lifted her hand and beat time to the music which was being played, and another tapped with his

feet on the floor. A little black baby in a high crib who has just about everything wrong with him likes to be taken out of his crib and rocked for a while each night by Dorothy, and one can see a sweet little smile stir over his face as she holds him. And he, too, responds to music, classical or rock.

The hospice is on Colorado Avenue between the towns of Avon and Lorain. It is a beautiful old building with many large rooms on the first floor where all the children must sleep. Upstairs there are playrooms and a kind of gymnasium where the older ones can exercise. Because her house space is so limited and the children who survive need larger beds and therefore more space, Dorothy has been carrying on a campaign for funds. It has been impossible to get money from state or foundation, but by personal appeal over the last few years, the Gauchats have been able to raise \$75,000 of the \$150,000 which are needed to put up a large wing for the children. Never a day passes when there are not more requests for care

for these little ones. If she can raise another \$25,000, a bank will loan them an additional \$50,000 so that building can begin in the spring. We hope our readers will help in this good work. So many of these little ones are left to die in mental hospitals, the only other place where they can be put. As Jean Vanier, son of the former Governor General of Canada wrote in the *Jesus Caritas Bulletin*, "These little ones are good for two things, they can be loved, and they can love. These innocents! Sinless and suffering, a mystery, not 'vegetables' but little human beings, capable of loving, and evoking love!"

It was my great joy to be present when a bishop of the Cleveland diocese came to this home. There at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm he confirmed these little ones, together with one child of Dorothy and Bill, Colette. Later at the church in Avon, an adopted son of the family received the sacrament from a wheel chair. At the church service there was organ music and a choir and three or four boys playing on trombones and other horns and the congregation sang and the sounds of triumph rose to heaven. Ever since hearing the horn in the Gelineau Psalms, I have loved horns in the church. At the Christian Brothers at Barrytown they once had organ and trumpets at one of their celebrations. The more instruments, the more music, the merrier. Rejoice, even in tribulation. We must remember the Daillness of Grace, as one of the Village Voice writers titled her interview with me a few weeks ago.

I visited the thrift shop which Iola Ellis operates to help support a settlement house for Blacks in Cleveland. I visited a community of married folk who live in four adjoining houses. The families have moved back in from the suburbs to the heart of the city and aside from the schools not being so good, they are well pleased with the move. They are closer to the poor, to the urban problems. They are near each other, near a church, and a few blocks away there is a house, with eleven rooms where two priests live with the single members of the community. Because I had to go to Detroit

I had too short a visit with them, but I feel close to this effort, this beginning.

Detroit

In Detroit, I stayed with Louis Murphy and Justine (and now only two of the children are home, Bridget and Christine, but with Maureen, Sheila and Kevin dropping in from their work). Sheila shares an apartment with another girl and works at the Ad Hoc Committee, the name blazoned over a large bank-like building downtown where other radical groups are centered. She is interested right now in working on the problem of police brutality, and sending observers to demonstrations. Kevin is doing his alternative service in a large mental hospital on the other side of Detroit. We had dinner with friends at the Martha House, teachers from Monteith, men in the labor movement, and Fr. Kern a parish priest most written about for his hospitality and interest in all the affairs and problems of this hemisphere. Martha House and St. Francis House have been Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality for thirty years.

Lou drove me to see Mother Brennan who helped us this summer at Tivoli during the Pax conference and for a week afterward, and whom all of us will always think of with love and gratitude. We drove also to see the new house of hospitality at Saginaw which Jim Hanink and his wife started last June and which is beginning a precarious existence. Repairs have been made, rooms painted, equipment brought in, and now there is a request for rent payments to be made. The group needs help, and we sent the Michigan mailing list to them so that they can send out an appeal. It was good to meet with them briefly and talk to the men who were there, who were already starting the work of the kitchen and the upkeep of the place. There was one family, man and wife and baby, the man an invalid and the mother working nights as a waitress. Paulette Curran who was with us at Tivoli all summer, is contributing her services and only today a letter came from another girl who wished to be assigned to some work and I thought of Paulette's need for an assistant.

Pentecostal

In Ann Arbor I went to a Pentecostal meeting at the Newman center. I have never heard more beautiful singing. Prayer ran like a murmur through the hall, and I thought of the breath of the Spirit passing over the waters. There was one speaking with tongues, brief and clear, though I do not know what language it could have been, and there was an interpretation. There was a scattering of older people in the group of worshippers, but mostly they were all young. The mood of waiting, of expectancy, was strong. Here was faith. If you ask your father for a loaf will he give you a stone? If you ask for a fish, will you be given a serpent? If your earthly father knows how to give you good gifts, how much more will your Heavenly Father hear the prayers of His children?

Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you. And I felt a blaze of joy that this is so, and that here, and all over the country there are these groups growing, in prayer, in glorying, in thanksgiving, and in asking.

The need for prayer! All those at that meeting were going out to a hostile world, a world of such horrors just this last week that it is hard to see how happiness can ever come to us again. I accuse the government itself, and all of us, because we are Americans, too, of these mass murders, this destruction of villages, this wiping out of peoples, the kidnapping, torture, rape and killing that have been disclosed to us so vividly this past month. Reparation is needed. We must do penance for what we have done to our brothers. We are our brother's keeper.

But meanwhile in this hushed room there was prayer, for strength, to know and to love and to find out what to do and set our hands to useful work that will contribute to peace, not to war.

Love is the measure by which we will be judged.

Gospel's Revolution Against Violence

(Continued from page 1)

not accept it, it will instead move against such an established disorder by non-violent insurrection, by civil disobedience, exerting a moral force against organized disorder by living out the truth through the deeds of love.

That is the essence of a theology of Christian resistance: the good news of God's Son who not only spoke the truth of transcendence but lived the truth, regardless of "law and order," and was therefore willing to suffer and die for it out of love. "What is truth?" was the despairing question of the legal executioner, Pilate. The only response made by Jesus, the response of suffering love on the cross, was testimony to a truth so profound that mankind, nineteen centuries later in the age of Gandhi, has only begun to tap the power of that truth and to move it directly into the political arena. The power of the cross is the power of the fully-lived truth of God and of man, an incarnation of God's truth in the life of a man suffering and dying for its sake. It is the truth of God liberating man from un-truth and inhumanity and opening him to the fulfilling presence of a Truth at his center at the same time as it is transcendent to him. It is this truth which Gandhi struggled to see face to face, and it is the same Truth which sustains the resister in the solitude of prison when the truth of every book may prove to be spiritually as well as physically inaccessible.

To Obey God

Such a Truth commands us, as it did the Apostles, to obey God rather than men. And it does so for the sake of God's Truth becoming present in men. If we believe profoundly in the moral truth that the Vietnam War must end now, if we believe deeply in life itself when any future war threatens the very existence of life, and if we would have our government recognize the truth of peace and of life, then as fully responsible persons we must embody that truth in ourselves and be willing to suffer for it. The truth has an enormous power, but for that power to be expressed fully it must be made flesh in the lives of men loving and suffering for the sake of truth. Gandhi said this power of truth is the greatest power in the world, Jesus was the embodiment of that power on the cross, but this power continues to work its transformation in the world only through the non-violent, suffering love of men willing to stand up for the truth, regardless of the consequences to themselves. The truth can free and reconcile men, it can lift them above violence, but it will do so only if the advocates of truth are willing to pay the price of truth in their own lives.

We are unwilling to pay the personal price of the truth in America today so long as we continue to carry draft cards, to pay war taxes, and to obey in other ways the laws which uphold killing and exploitation. It is not enough to ask Mr. Nixon to stop the war, and to ask him not to send us or our brothers to Vietnam. It is necessary to tell him that the War ends here, where you and I stand, and that it ends with the decision of our whole lives not to kill or to cooperate in killing. For the sake of truth, for the sake of its freeing

us and America from killing mankind, we have to tell Caesar today that our bodies are no longer in the service of un-truth and death, that we will no longer cooperate with death in any way, that we are willing instead to go to jail in order to be free from death and for the truth.

The Resistance message like that of Jesus and Gandhi is: Therefore choose life. More explicitly: A draft card is today's pinch of incense to a more dangerous Caesar than any the early Christians ever faced, because no Caesar then ever had the power to murder the entire world. Your draft card puts you at the service of today's globally murderous Caesar. Its presence in your pocket says to him, "When you wish to kill in Vietnam, in Cambodia, in Laos, you may use my body." If you have a 2S on your card, it says further to that

Luther King called for, a crisis of conscience through carefully staged actions combining militant resistance with an appeal to conscience—in a broadening movement of non-violent revolution to our enormous military system and the capitalism which it supports. Be prepared to suffer and go to jail for your resistance, for that is the price of life and of true freedom. Living the Gospel means living the Cross. As Gandhi said, "Living Christ means a living cross. Without it life is a living death." Confront death with the power of life, the life of truth-force which comes out of a man willing to pit his whole being against injustice.

I believe that at this moment in history, when the signs of the times are Bobby Seale chained and gagged in an American court and Richard Nixon broadcasting to the world the

institutions as the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Notre Dame's Program for Non-Violence, are capable of speaking the Word of resistance today. But I confess to having my doubts about that hope being realized. Both the FOR and Notre Dame's Program for Non-Violence possess privileged and endowed positions in a society of enormous injustice—these institutions dissent, but so far they have done so with muted voices. Where, for example, is the dedicated training for revolutionary civil disobedience, in an already militarized society, which the FOR with its history and experience is uniquely capable of sponsoring? Has a prophetic voice succumbed to a tax-exempt status? And can one hope that Notre Dame's Program will ever become serious enough to graduate young people who would risk years of their lives for more life than the American dream? The risking of life is not easy, the resurrection has its price in the cross, and neither of these institutions which I continue to believe in and work for has committed itself, in a time of crisis, to a truly redemptive resistance.

The truth of life generates a power and a liberation which no act or repression can contain. What The Resistance will create in America, if it grows as it must, is a gentle, overpowering wave of revolution. It is a wave of revolution which will rise with the growth of our commitment to the life and truth of man everywhere, and with the growth of our personal resistance to the way of death represented by a draft card. The Resistance is a wave of non-violence which will eventually break joyfully over the wall of America's fear and indifference. The forces of life are invincible when obeyed. Those forces are operating in our time from the prisons where the Government has sought to confine draft resisters but has only given them a new birthplace. Some think that the contemplative life died with the great Trappist monk, Thomas Merton, last December. But the contemplative life has only changed its residence, from the Abbey of Gethsemani to the prison cells of resisters, where Merton's successors in life continue to build up the energy of existence by grounding themselves in the same Truth and Love which drove him into solitude.

The wave of the gentle revolution doesn't shatter our wall of fear. It simply continues to rise, because truth and love are its power, and it finally breaks over the wall's top and into our amazed consciousness—a consciousness which refused to believe in life, because its numbers seemed too small, forgetting that life creates further life while a wall of fear creates nothing and is finally overcome—if those living beyond it will only continue to believe in life, and in other men's ability to embrace it. I believe that the wave of The Resistance is on the rise, and that the time to unite one's life with the liberating power of that wave is now.

This article is the text of a talk given at a Fellowship of Reconciliation Conference, Washington, D.C., November 12, 1969.

"Every genuine human encounter must be inspired by poverty of spirit. We must forget ourselves in order to let the other person approach us. We must be able to open up to him, to let his distinctive personality unfold—even though it often frightens or repels us. We often keep the other person down, and only see what we want to see; thus we never really encounter the mysterious secret of his being, only ourselves. Failing to risk the poverty of encounter, we indulge in a new form of self-assertion and pay the price for it: loneliness. Because we did not risk the poverty of openness (cf. Mt. 10:39), our lives are not graced with the warm fullness of human existence. We are left with only a shadow of our real self."

—JOHANNES B. METZ

Poverty and persecution should not be actively sought after, but they are the logical consequence of total struggle against the existing system.

CAMILO TORRES



Caesar, "Leave me alone at least for now. I have to study while you force others to kill and die in my place." If you have a ministerial deferment, the draft card says simply, "Master of war, let me pray in peace—for those others who must die."

Choose Life

Hence the Resistance message, "Choose life." Don't register for the service of death, don't carry the card of death, don't seek deferments or even the c.o. classification so that the system of death is upheld for others, don't step forward for death, don't take the oath of death. Choose life instead, the life of all men, and if that means suffering and going to prison, then prison becomes the price of life, a price worth paying for the life of mankind. Resistance means life. And those who have risked their future for life have found in the process faith, hope, and an incredible community as well. There is more freedom in some prison cells than the "Free World" dreams of. The resister in accepting prison out of love chooses God's freedom. Then I am most free, was the way Paul put it while in his chains.

The Resistance message, for those beyond the reach of the Selective Service System, is: Choose the life of non-violent, civil disobedience at draft boards, military installations, and defense industries. Create, as Martin

primacy of American power, the place of a just man is in prison. It is time in America for men of any faith, which goes to the point of love and truth, to preach and live the good news, the good news of a loving, militant resistance to hatred and un-truth. I believe that the full imperative of conscience in response to America's deepening brutality requires any professed man of faith to renounce class privileges, to resist a law of global death, and to join our black and white brothers in prison. Our reluctance to recognize that imperative is because the American way of life has made our faith gutless and Godless. We do not know the Lord of History. We are subject to Caesar because he wears the mask of Constantine. We have lost the power to hear the Word in a world of propaganda. We believe that we can believe without suffering. As Americans, we are on the verge of death because of what our privileges assume in the death of other men, but we are unwilling to pay the price of life.

But a few are willing to pay the price: the resisters in prison live out the truth of the Word by suffering for it. To the extent that we have a living Word in response to a law of death, it is the life of these prisoners of conscience. We need to hear the Word of their lives for the sake of our own life. I would like to believe that such

"Democracy, just as a political concept, is meaningless for any society larger than a small city or a rural commune. Our so-called democracies in the Western world are oligarchies subject more or less to periodical revision (which never changes their oligarchical structure), and in this they do not differ essentially from the oligarchies that rule the communist world. The people, in any human corporate sense, do not determine any policies outside their backyards. The world is governed by the representatives of industry, finance, technology, and by bureaucracies in the paid service of these powerful groups—governed, not in the interests of the people as a whole, not even of all the people in any one country, and not even nowadays for personal profit, but primarily for the self-satisfying exercise of power."

SIR HERBERT READ

Psychoanalyst Explores Gandhi's Life

(Continued from page 3)

feelings. Erikson points out that one's "negative identity" can be concentrated on one person. In the case of Gandhi, the author feels that a Muslim school friend played this role of "elemental significance." This young man, who was invited by Gandhi to join him in Africa, "became the personification of Mohandas' negative identity, that is, of everything in himself which he tried to isolate and subdue and which was yet part of him. . . . Mohandas chose and stubbornly held onto him in order to test, I believe, the devil in himself."

In this part of the narrative of Gandhi's development, Erikson refers to him as Mohandas. The author's concern with the stages of life is underlined by using the names for Gandhi that were utilized in his different life stages, Moniya, Mohandas all the way up to Mahatmaji, the ji being an endearing suffix. Gandhi's identity solution in this matter came with the break-up of his friendship with the Muslim friend of his youth. It seems to this reviewer that identity solutions can call for the dissolution of ties with a "negative identity" in a person or a group, or even a nation. There is an aspect of Christianity that converges with this psychological insight, namely the too little actualized aspect that is supposed to liberate us from being Jew or Greek, Russian or American, black or white, German or Pole, Indian or Chinese. Our "negative identity" with our group may include the power the group has to wreak vengeance, to buttress our egos with, for example, the invulnerability of a nuclear stockpile.

Another point of convergence between Erikson's study of Gandhi and Christian teaching is that of the masculine-feminine role. Gandhi was the "maternal son," tending his ailing father as a loving nurse. The great 'curse' of his life was the fact that he deserted the bedside of his dying father to visit his young wife, and was therefore not with the father at the moment of death. All his life, Gandhi emphasized the importance of tenderness in a man's treatment of those around him. Despite the incredible schedule involved in being the "father" of an ashram, he found time to comfort and nurse those of the community who became sick. His adoption of an orphaned girl relative, at the request of his dying wife, gave him the opportunity to be in his last years an actual "mother-father" figure. The young girl, Manu, wrote her story under the title "Bapu, My Mother."

Christ gave the example of the works of tenderness that were to be the marks of his followers, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, taking in the stranger, healing the sick. He wanted these to be equally the mark of men and of women. What does Paul mean when he points out that those who had been imprisoned, were somehow freed when they "put on Christ," and that they were thenceforth "neither male nor female"? The tender qualities inherent in the human being, male or female, are necessary for the life of the family. Erikson stresses that Gandhi's truth, his teaching of Satyagraha is "a bridge between the ethic of family life and that of communities and nations." But if the tenderness of the man is stunted, if the old dark image of the warrior is somehow related to the ideal of manhood, and if a boy becomes a man by expressing his strength in physical prowess, including sexual prowess, then family, community and nation are deprived of what it needs to survive. What Christ taught about the relation of one human being to another, liberated the person from the bondage of biology as well as from the bonds of tribe, race and color. For generations, man has concealed his tenderness, often out of the fear of being identified with homosexuals. Is it necessary to point out that homosexuals, especially those surfacing as the "gay community," are the least tender of people, that they are marked by the lethal word-play of destructive wit?

Gandhi, as a "religious actualist," to use Erikson's term, actualized the indispensability of man's tender, maternal care for others. Naturally, at the

same time, he liberated woman from her terrible biological bondage in Indian society, and let her pour into stagnant communities her gifts of power and leadership. In a couple of generations, India has accomplished more in the liberation of women than perhaps any country in the world, having to move forward from the dark heritage of child marriage and widow burning.

Man in Western society, preoccupied with stoicism, with power, with military defense, has brought mankind to the point of polluting and cremating his earthly home. It is important to re-study the bold steps initiated by Gandhi, as part of militant nonviolence, to liberate man for his maternal, tender role and woman for her part in leadership. A good place for Catholics to start is to explore the possibilities of "neither male nor female" in the policy-making of a church in the process of renewal.

Certainly, the younger generation is already showing the way, in such outer aspects as similarity in dress and hair length, and in such spiritual concerns as tenderness for all living beings, including the people of North and South Vietnam.



Erikson offers a fascinating insight into childhood relationship with parents that may contribute to that "wider identity" that makes for later greatness and for a maternal concern for the whole human species. He cites the example of the 15 year-old Gandhi in the dilemma of having removed a piece of gold from his brother's amulet. He confessed this to his mother and was advised by her to make the confession to his father, a short-tempered man. The boy wrote out the confession, asking for forgiveness and an adequate punishment. He asked his father not to take any punishment on himself for his son's offense, and promised never to steal again.

The father's response took the form of tears and complete forgiveness and reconciliation with his son. Erikson suggests that "certain kinds of greatness have as an early corollary a sense that a parent must be redeemed by the superior character of the child." He cites as another example the life of Eleanor Roosevelt, who when her mother died, dreamed of making a home and of caring for her father. This was impossible because as an alcoholic he was confined to an institution. He died before she was ten. When her husband, Franklin D. Roosevelt was stricken with crippling paralysis, her own life underwent a dramatic change. "In Eleanor Roosevelt's life," according to Erikson, "the overweening theme of owing maternal care to all of mankind, as well as to special groups and individuals, manifested itself most decisively and most proudly in the support which she, a previously most undecisive young woman, bestowed on her stricken husband."

Erikson, as a clinician, would be expected to pay his respects to the Oedipus conflict. He opens up new avenues here by offering the thought that, "In Gandhi's case, the 'feminine' service to his father would have served to deny the boyish wish to replace the (aging) father in the possession of the (young) mother." This would prepare "for a style of leadership which can defeat a superior adversary only nonviolently and with the express intent of saving him as well as

those he oppressed." Erikson wonders aloud if the superior child does not early experience gifts which "point beyond competition with the personal father." For the Christian, especially the Catholic Christian who believes that the habit of confession may be a liberating aspect of a child's as well as an adult's life, and who has never completely "bought" the determinism of the Oedipal conflict, the above conclusions of Erikson are exhilarating.

Erikson had sensed as a youth "the affinity of that Galilean and the skinny Indian leader," Gandhi. He presents acceptingly the concept of self-suffering as the alternative to violence in the righting of wrongs, and therefore as the only true hope for reconciliation. This coincides with as the means of reaching what is most human in the opponent Christ's reconciliation through the blood of the cross. He accepts as "the crux of Satyagraha" Gandhi's assertion that truth "excludes the use of violence because man is not capable of knowing the absolute truth and therefore is not competent to punish." Toward the end of the book, Erikson tells us, "When I began this book, I did not expect to rediscover

priests are throwing themselves into the cause of militant nonviolence, as witness Dom Helder Camara of Recife and many others. Let us hope that there will be many more added to the group in the coming year.

What is needed is precisely what Erikson describes as "Satyagraha-of-everyday-life." The stream of non-violence, which is the teaching of taking up the cross rather than inflicting it on others, should flow first through the self and then through the family and through all teaching aspects of the church. The daily life of Cesar Chavez is an example of a person who is trying to put into practice "Satyagraha-of-everyday-life." "It is in daily life," says Erikson, "and especially in the life of children that the human propensity for violence is founded; and we now suspect that much of the excess of violence which distinguishes man from animals is created in him by those child-training methods which set one part of him against another."

36 East First

(Continued from page 2)

like a delighted host. Bob Wilantewitz, the traveling monk, has performed extermination rites on our creature-ridden wallboards, and makes a good hand at doing the laundry, too. And there are the others not mentioned in this writing, the unsung ones who like so many at the Worker over the years were and are really never known to the general public, but who really are the Catholic Worker's backbone. Fortunately for leaders, many good men know how to follow. As Newman said, how strange the Church would look without the laity.

Talks

Let me briefly mention those who have spoken at the Worker in recent times. Leonard Glaser of the National Association for Irish Justice gave a thoroughly researched paper on "Civil Rights in Northern Ireland." Dorothy Day recalled her recent trip to Milwaukee and Chicago, while Rose Gardella and John Travers of Pax Romana spoke to us of this international Catholic student group. Yarda Tusek, Czech student at Columbia University, spoke of "Socialism with a Human Face," the endeavors of the Czechoslovaks for self-determination. Clarice Danielson gave a well-prepared, engrossing discourse on Catholic Pentecostalism. And Mayer Vishner of WIN magazine attempted to redefine pacifism. From the discussion it would appear his views and ours differ considerably.

This is the season of harvest, Thanksgiving, and Advent. We recall gratefully (St. Francis saw gratitude as the handmaid of poverty) the life of David Darst, and know with the Buddhist monk Nhat Hanh that, "If one 'stays West' how in the world is one to 'go East'?" Go all the way, David. We have said good-bye to the Temples again as they continue to make their own music and search for new rainbows. We enjoyed their presence. We say Amen to all those who have brought us clothing to distribute, furniture to house friends with, food to feed others by, books for their mind's being, and those who have responded to our Fall Appeal so wholly. We, too, are sometimes couched in indifference, forgetful of the people whose response makes the CW and our activity possible.

As the harvest ends and the sweep of Advent is upon us, we recall what Ivan Illich recently wrote: "My friends, it is your task to surprise yourselves. . . . Our hope of salvation lies in our being surprised by the Other. Let us learn always to receive further surprises. I decided long ago to hope for surprises until the final act of my life—that is to say, in death itself." Let us wonder, let us be responsive to one another, and let us enter a new decade to surprise the world.

Self-realization I hold to be impossible without service of and identification with the poorest.

GANDHI

Winter Comes, Boycott Continues

New York Reports

The California farmworkers go into the fifth Thanksgiving of the Delano strike. This year the union is asking its supporters to give up the traditional dinner in a solidarity fast with the workers.

The boycott continues to be effective—sales nation-wide are down by 30%. The growers' cold storages are full, and now prices are beginning to drop.

The New York boycott has been strengthened by the addition of the



Ortiz family. Ray is the Brooklyn organizer, and Barbara is in charge in Queens. The family includes five energetic young picketers.

Barbara compares her work here with boycott activities in Sacramento, California, where the Ortizs were living:

"In Sacramento you have no feeling of accomplishment because you only turn two or three people away, here in New York, you throw up a picket line, and very few people shop in the stores, and you can get the grapes off."

The Ortiz family and I are now living in a house in Brooklyn, though we still need contributions towards monthly rent and food.

Marion Moses, the nurse in the union's clinic, stopped in New York last week to speak with boycott supporters about the dangers of pesticides. Not only are farmworkers killed and maimed in large numbers each year from these poisons, but they also pose dangers for consumers. DDT, for example, has a half life of fourteen years, which means that someone who eats grapes now will still have half of the original DDT in his body in 1984.

The pesticide issue continues to be the major obstacle between the workers and the growers. Cesar Chavez announced in October that the union was willing to lower the wage demands, but not guarantees for workers' safety. The growers did not respond.

Mark Silverman

Philadelphia Reports

My fast is an affirmation and a dedication. It affirms my acceptance of the self-evident truth that all men are brothers. It affirms my deep belief that what happens to one happens to all. When any person or group is victimized in any way I am being treated likewise, if only I am sensitive enough to realize it.

IN MY OPINION anyone who makes a profit or earns a living from the exploitation of others becomes an exploiter himself. We, as consumers, are guilty when we permit such conditions to continue to exist.

AS ONE WHO ESPOUSES NONVIOLENCE, I am fasting as a way of saying in the strongest possible terms that I am opposed to the inhuman treatment of MYSELF, indirectly, and more

directly of my sisters and brothers who work and harvest the vineyards.

THIS FAST IS MY FURTHER DEDICATION to continue the struggle for freedom and human dignity. It is a commitment on my part to continue working with the Philadelphia Friends of the Farmworkers and others to rid the Philadelphia area of grapes until the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee wins its strike.

Wally Nelson

A Time For Real Common Sense

(Continued from page 1)

Asked about deterring arms sales to developing countries, the Lord replied such restrictions are presently out of the question. And they will continue to be farther out if Rockefeller's design for "economic aid" to Latin America puts an arsenal of phantom weapons in every dictator's folio.

Every military appropriation since ABM, according to Dr. Wald, has been passed by the U.S. Congress. The hopes that were raised about a speedy shift in America's militaristic philosophy with the closeness of the ABM debate are evidently delusional. The struggle against militarism, pentagonism, is in its infancy. And recently the struggle has lost consistently, always.

We hold that this is not a time for "British common sense." The sad fact is that in many fundamental respects the world is mad, not commonly sensible. The species are limited in number that take the lives of their own kind. Homo sapiens is the almost singular and most striking example of such a phenomenon. And now men seem poised for the ultimate kill. No, Lord Chalfont, this is no time to think of mere limitation. Extinction is the only name of the game. And the beat goes on . . . plowshares into swords.

Apostolic Journey

(Continued from page 3)

us many years ago before and had decided she wanted to make a more total dedication of her life in a communal society. We met so many friends of ours who remembered us from our last visit that it would take a full page just to record their names.

The "Brothers" support themselves by making toys and playground material for schools and institutions. We were given a guided tour of the shop where the toys are made, and I was happy to see the drill press still standing that I had used on my last visit. No one is allowed to be an idle guest at the Community.

They publish a beautiful catalog of their toys, and I am sure that if you write to John V. Hinde, Society of Brothers, Farmington, Pa. (15437) and mention us that he will be glad to send you a copy.

We are also in touch with Chuck Smith, P.O. Box No. 1, Ridgeview, West Virginia (25169) who has just started a new publication devoted to the Catholic Worker called *The Green Revolution*. The paper is beautifully printed by the offset method, and it is full of articles on Peter and the philosophy of *The Catholic Worker*. It sells for five cents a copy.

Chuck Smith told me that he is interested in starting a Farming Community in West Virginia following the thought of Peter Maurin and would like to hear from those who might be interested in working with him.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

Johanna Turner came from New York City to go with our group. For my part, since I could not go, I kept the day of the mass demonstration as a day of prayer and fasting. O God, help us to receive and give the gift of peace this Christmas time.

The special Pax meeting, which was held here at the farm the first weekend of November, was also concerned chiefly with peace and the road to peace. On the first day of the weekend, Pastor Hans Scherner, trainer for Lutheran Social Services in Washington, D.C., conducted three workshops in encounter. Those who took part in these workshops seemed to feel that they were rewarding and helpful in understanding one's own attitudes towards oneself and others, and in discovering better techniques for relating to others. The second day was devoted to discussions of Erik Erikson's book, *Gandhi's Truth*. In the morning Clarice Danielson gave an excellent talk, examining especially Erikson's psychoanalytic approach to some of Gandhi's traumatic experiences which greatly influenced Gandhi's life. She pointed out Gandhi's distinction between passive resistance and non-violence, that one must first be strong, be whole, before one can really practice non-violence. For my part, thinking back on Clarice's talk, and that of Fr. Lyle and Eileen Egan in the afternoon, I think one must go beyond psychoanalysis to understand a Gandhi. He

both from a profound Catholic faith and a clinical awareness of the disorder and violence of modern life, fashioned for her purpose a prose which—as Professor Borzamoto pointed out—is as difficult to paraphrase as a good poem. The few volumes she left us deserve the kind of reading one gives a good poem.

Art continues to thrive among us. Rita Corbin, whose Christmas cards were advertised in the last issue of the *Catholic Worker*, has designed, I am told, most original and beautiful cards. Recently some of these cards were exhibited in the Arts and Crafts show at Bard College where they received high acclaim. Dennis Cox of our community also has on display in this show an interesting exhibit of leatherwork articles, on which he has been working much of late.

An event, which those who witnessed it will long remember, was the wedding of Lorraine Vitale and Dennis Cox which took place in late October. I shall never forget the walk through the woods to the waterfall on the grounds of Schuyler House, an historic old house, now a part of Bard College, where Fr. Andy performed the ceremony. The air was crisp, exhilarating as wine. The newly fallen leaves made an aromatic carpet under our feet. The sound of the waterfall grew louder, like organ music, like a great wedding march. Marge Hughes stood near me and described the drama. From one side of the waterfall came Lorraine in a dress she had made, full, flowing, flower-covered, a dress with the simple beauty of nature. From the other side of the falls, came Dennis in a beautiful wedding suit which Lorraine had also made. Does not the groom also deserve beauty? (Is it possible a young woman can actually sew nowadays?) Fr. Andy met them and joined them, performing part of the ceremony on one side of the falls the rest on the other. The wedding feast was delectable with lasagna made by the bride's mother. There was an open fire for me to sit by so that I could really enjoy the lively strains of the accordion playing the Virginia reel, with Stanley Vishniewski calling, and John Filliger, our farmer, bounding about with as much rhythm and animation as the bride and groom. The next day, Sunday, Fr. Andy said a nuptial Mass in our living room for the young couple. There was another feast with much of the food provided by the parents of the bride and groom. The pumpkin pies and wedding cake, which was a large and luscious fruit cake, had been baked, however, by the young bride and her friends. The truth is that Dennis and Lorraine are so pleasant and well-mannered—in spite of their many talents, and even to those over thirty—that they have become great favorites with us all. May God bless them and all their life together.

Our comings and goings have continued at a lively rate. We have had many visitors, though all too many forget to sign the visitors' book. There has also been work to do, with, thank God, many to help in doing it. May God bless them for all their help.

We have had our share of sickness. Most of us have suffered from short term viruses. Placid Decker is back in the hospital. Peggy Conklin and Alice Lawrence have both been confined to their beds for days at a time. Helene Iswolsky and Marge Hughes have persistent and very heavy colds.

Now as we near Thanksgiving, I realize that we have much to be thankful for. That every day at the *Catholic Worker* ought to be a thanksgiving day.

We look past Thanksgiving toward Advent. Toward the promise of Advent, which is the Nativity. To all our readers and benefactors, to all our friends, and to all who have written to me during this past year, I append, as a kind of Christmas greeting, these lines from one of the beautiful Advent Masses which Clarice Danielson read aloud to me the other evening: The mountains and the hills shall sing praise before God, and all the trees of the woods shall clap their hands. For the Lord of all that hath dominion shall come unto His everlasting kingdom. Alleluia, Alleluia. O come, Emmanuel in Excelsis Deo.



was a deeply spiritual person, a great saint, though some of his religious practices and beliefs may seem strange to us whose tradition is Christian. But certain I am that it was God who led him down the way of his life, that God on whom he called at the very moment of his martyrdom.

As everyone who is familiar with the writings and work of Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day knows, the *Catholic Worker* is much concerned with peace, since the *Catholic Worker* program is really a way of life which, if followed, should lead to peace. Part of the apostolate of the *Catholic Worker* is explaining this program. Dorothy Day has, of course, devoted a life-time to this apostolate, and is still making hard journeys up and down the land and making good talks wherever there are those who want to hear. The second weekend of November, however, Stanley Vishniewski set out on an apostolic journey. With Fr. Andy and Jeannette Schneider he went to the University of West Virginia to speak to the Newman Club. He showed a film of the *Catholic Worker* made several years ago, and spoke to four different groups. Outside of Dorothy Day, no one, I suppose, knows more of the history of the *Catholic Worker* than Stanley; and the nice thing about his telling the story is that he always does so with more than a dash of his famous humor. This afternoon here at the farm, Stanley again put his apostolic talent to work by talking to a group of high school students from Rhinebeck.

As for other events here at the farm, our third-Sunday-of-the-month discussion was, I think, very successful. Professor Larry Borzamoto of Ulster Community College gave a brilliant and stimulating talk on two highly original writers—Bernard Malamud and Flannery O'Connor. The presence of some of our good friends from the Redemptorists at Esopus and from nearby Holy Cross Episcopal monastery helped, I think, to promote a more lively discussion period. Flannery O'Connor, who died a few years ago, and who wrote

PAX

PAX BULLETIN, published quarterly by English PAX features Banning War, the strong pastoral by the Dutch Bishops in its latest issue. "We should prepare ourselves for a nonviolent form of resistance," state the Dutch Bishops. "Methods of nonviolent resistance must be developed with great earnestness so that a solution other than violence can be found. It is in accordance with the Gospel to break the vicious circle of violence answered by violence, and to overcome evil with good, by choosing reconciliation and by making the first move."

PAX Bulletin also contains "The Notion of Peace is Simple" by the late Dominique Pire, O.P., recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. Annual Subscription: \$1. Membership (including subscription) \$2. PAX, 37 Northiam, Woodside Park, London, N. 12, England.