

CATHOLIC WORKER



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"Sanctuary"

St. Stephen's House
1339 N. Mohawk
Chicago, Ill.
Phone: 664-7877

Dear Dorothy and Marty:

I am sending you an outline of a hospitality scheme which I wrote up three years ago, but never sent for publication. The great advantage which this scheme has over the forms of hospitality we have offered in the past is that we would not ever have to turn any person away cold or hungry or lonely at any time. We would not have to think that there was any person anywhere in the city cold or hungry that we could not help, if they would come to us. Churches have been used recently as sanctuaries for draft resisters—why not for the desperate and destitute? The power of this idea of universal sanctuary grows on me with each passing year and I have not abandoned the dream which I set down three years ago, though I seem at the moment to be further from the possibility of carrying it out. Nevertheless, I am still seeking the proper opportunity. If it can be published, others may be caught up by the idea.

Love,
KARL MEYER

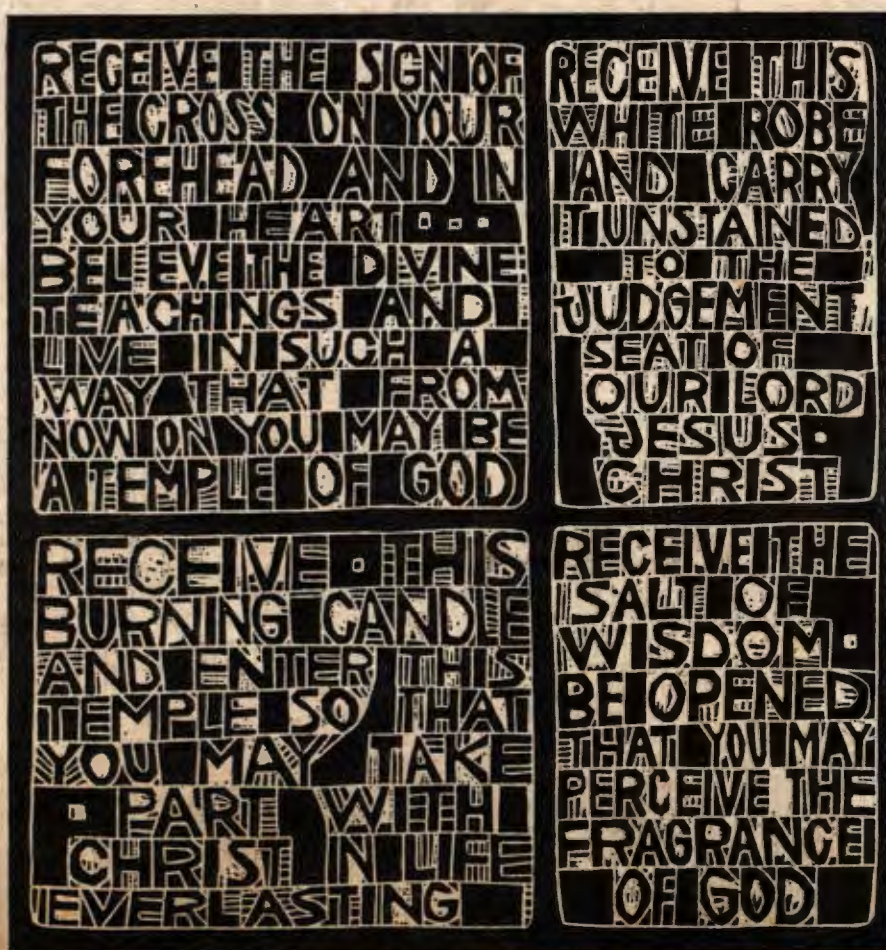
If a man has the money to own an automobile, he gains the right, all over Chicago, to as much as a hundred square feet of public street, wherever he can find it, to park his car. On the other hand, if a man does not have the space of a room for the night, he does not even have the right to lie down on the concrete pavement and claim six square feet of parking space. To do so would be to commit the crime of loitering or vagrancy. The foxes have their holes, the birds have their nests, the autos have their parking spaces, but the son of man has nowhere to lay his head.

We live in a society in which every inch of ground is claimed and every tool and means of livelihood is owned as private property. A man, by his birth and growing up, does not gain a proportionate share of the land or means of livelihood sufficient to sustain his life. He gains it only by the sufferance of those who have preceded him.

I contend that man, by his birth, has at least an unqualified right to the use of enough of the public space to lay his body full length upon the ground and sleep, since, manifestly, he can not sleep on his feet while in constant motion, nor can he long survive without some form of rest. While I am realistic about the prospects for securing the fuller economic rights of man, I think we might take upon ourselves the obligation of securing to every man in Chicago the minimum right of which I speak. As always at this time of year, when I pass men on the street hunched into hooded cotton shirts, I feel an acute renewal of outrage that such men haven't the right to enough ground on which to lie down and freeze.

In times past, and even to the present day, I have maintained various houses of hospitality for the destitute, but never for all of them. In January 1960 I had my largest storefront, on Division Street, where a pretentious animal hospital now stands, and for a month we took in eighty men a night to eat and to sleep on the floor in rows. They used to lay down newspapers on which to sleep, because the floor was dirty from their feet. Every morning I had each man fold up his bed and walk in order not to fill our own trash barrel with all the old newspapers. Detectives soon paid us a visit; a neighbor, devoted to "Operation

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Sister Meinrad, O.S.B., Stanbrook Abbey

The Spiritual Homecoming Of Nicolas Berdyaev

By HELENE ISWOLSKY

In 1922, twenty Russian intellectuals were banished by Lenin, with orders never to return to their native land. This group, composed of distinguished scholars, writers, philosophers and priests, has often been compared to Noah and his ark: they brought away with them and were able to further develop the Russian cultural and spiritual heritage.

Among the exiles was the young philosopher Nicolas Berdyaev, a former Marxist who had returned to his mother church (Russian Orthodoxy). He was one of the leaders of the religious renaissance which took place in Russia on the eve of the Revolution. This was somewhat like the Church's renewal in our own time and had initiated the deepening of spiritual life, together with the search for true humanism and Christian social justice.

Berdyaev had been arrested twice before this final banishment. He had been jailed and submitted to prolonged interrogation, by one of Lenin's most fanatical prosecutors, Dzerzhinsky, an interrogation which had ended in a philosophical discussion. Still, the danger of further prosecution remained, and exile promised safety. But Berdyaev was deeply grieved; he did not want to leave Russia; he believed that it was in this great turmoil at home that religious life and thought could be truly tested. He consulted his spiritual director, who strongly urged him to go abroad; there he would be able to write and publish freely and at the same time bring to the West the spirit of Eastern Christianity, which in those days was scarcely known and often misunderstood.

And so it was that Nicolas Berdyaev spent the rest of his life abroad, first in Germany and then in France, where he wrote his most important books. He exercised a profound influence on Russian Orthodox progressive circles in exile as well as Catholic and Protestant religious leaders with whom he came in contact. He remained deeply

attached to his country, and his greatest sadness, even when he was internationally famous, was his inability to go back. Until his death in 1948, this concern was constantly on his mind. Had he lived, he would no doubt have somehow participated in the religious awakening that, as we know, is taking place in Soviet Russia at the present time. He has, however, returned to his native land spiritually, for his thought has recently been rediscovered in Russia and has initiated a new religious movement among the Soviet intelligentsia, especially among its younger generation.

It is a well established fact that in spite of continuous pressure, (from the persecutions of the twenties and the thirties to the severe restrictions still imposed today), religion has survived in Soviet Russia. There is even a new spiritual flowering among young people.

The notion that "only old people, mostly women," attend church services can safely be discarded. Every tourist who takes the pains to visit the shrines of Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev and the Monastery of Zagorsk has seen the churches crowded and a number of young people attending the masses. Official anti-religious publications complain about "lapses of atheism" among students. We still do not know the extent of the religious renaissance among the intelligentsia, but its signs are apparent in recent Soviet literature, for instance, in Alexander Solzhenitsyn's books, *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle*, banned in the Soviet Union but published in the West. These novels contain many pages of religious and ethical discussions which recall the spiritual search for truth of Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Though unavailable in book form in Russia, Solzhenitsyn's works and many similar writings are circulated in underground manuscript editions.

Berdyaev's books have become very

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BIAFRA

By EILEEN EGAN

A recent report tells of what happened in an African Catholic parish located near Umuahia, Biafra:

The parish has a normal population of 16,000. 1,800 children died of starvation during the months of August and September, the worst months. That means an average of 30 children per day. Today the death rate is about six children a day. 40% of all children under 3 years of age have died. The others are being kept alive by our feeding centers. If the airlift collapses, be it for lack of money or for military measures undertaken by the Nigerian government, these children are condemned to death.

The mercy airlift, funded by Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish groups in Europe and the United States, manages to get an average of ten flights a night into Biafra. Recently, with the help of United States cargo planes, the air shuttle reached as high as 18 flights in one night. By torchlight, the foods and medicines are loaded on to trucks (supplied by the religious agencies) and are speeded to nearly a thousand Feeding Stations. They are located every three miles over all of Biafran territory. Biafran volunteers work with priests, ministers, nuns, doctors, and nurses from the Christian churches.

Over a million persons, chiefly children, are served. Sometimes they get only a daily ration of two tablespoonfuls of a corn-soya mixture from the United States. This is what is happening in the region of Isu, where fifteen thousand children have to be fed.

There are nine million people in besieged, blockaded Biafra. More than half of them are refugees from their home villages. The same report describes how the food reaches these homeless people:

It is touching to see crowds of children come out of the bush at dawn. Each child brings a little contribution for the kitchen, some wood, or even roots. Each child has a ration card and has a seat at one of the tables under the sedge roofs. Records are being kept on the children. At 7 a.m. everything must be over and the children must be back in the bush because at that time the first Nigerian fighter planes appear...

The Biafrans are not lying down before death. They are putting their skills into an effective network to preserve life: the network of feeding stations.

The Nigerian/Biafran war, like all modern wars, reaps its most dreadful harvest of death from among the non-combatants. The religious agencies are helping the war victims of both sides. Because of the tremendous cost and urgency of the mercy airlift, special emergency appeals are necessary.

Channel your gifts through:

THE WORKS OF PEACE
National Council of Catholic Women
1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Friday Night Meetings

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification or thought, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 36 East First Street, between 1st and 2d Avenues.

After the discussions, we continue the talk over hot sassafras tea. Everyone is welcome.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Reading is the oil that keeps the lamp burning, the Fathers of the Church wrote. So I recommend the Peace Calendar, Readings for the Centenary of Gandhi's birth, edited by Mark Morris and put out by the War Resisters League, 5 Beekman Street, New York, N.Y. 10038. Martin Luther King's books, most of them in paperback, always inspire one with the hope, faith and love to continue the daily struggle.

We certainly must have the long view into the future to see and realize the awakening of the masses of people throughout the world and the growth of a new vision among them of a world which is personalist and communitarian. The great problem is: what means are to be used?

Thank God we are not living in that time when Africa was divided between all the European powers, and England, France and Holland dominated the Far East, when nobody knew or cared that their comfort in the West was built on the blood, sweat, and tears of toilers of the world.

The battle at home now is to conquer the bitterness, the sense of futility and despair that grows among the young and turns them to violence, a violence which is magnified by the press, the radio and television. We lose sight of the poor people's cooperatives and boycotts, the conquest of bread, as Kropotkin called it, which goes on daily in Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, not to speak of California, Texas, and all the states where Mexicans have been imported for agricultural labor. They have come into our cities too, so that "workers and peasants" have united in the struggle and the story of the grape pickers' nonviolent long drawn out battle has reached Canada and the shores of Sweden and Finland, where dock workers have refused to unload the grapes picked by scab labor in California. Our own government, our enemy the State, has become the instrument of the growers in buying up the grapes and shipping them overseas to the troops in Vietnam.

The work of unionization, the formation of credit unions and cooperatives, especially cooperative housing, must go on, as must the work of building up hope and a sense in men of their own capacity for change, and for bringing about change.

The only thing that keeps hope alive is work, and study must go with it, to keep one's hope and vision alive.

Faith

I was talking to Mike Gold, my old Communist friend, when he returned from France with his wife and two sons years ago. Our Christian-Marxist dialogue went like this:

"My sons are named Karl and Nicholas," he reminded me as we spoke of his children and my grandchildren.

"My second grandson is called Nicholas too."

"But mine is named after a different person than yours. Mine is named after Lenin."

"Mine after the saint by that name."

and the Nicholases in Russia are too, though they may not know it."

So I stopped the argument, having had the last word, by inviting him over, and he brought me a present, a picture of St. Anne, from Brittany, carefully rolled in a newspaper, so that it was flat for framing. While we stood in the Catholic Worker kitchen and talked the dialogue continued:

I said: "How hard it is to have faith in men when we see their racist attitudes, their fears of each other fed by the daily press. There is a lot of racism around the Catholic Worker movement, made up as it is of men from the Bowery and skid rows, as well as from the colleges. Class war and race war go on daily and we are a school for nonviolence." His eyes alight with faith, Mike said, "But it is the poor and the wretched, the insulted and the injured, who bring about the changes in the world, the great changes that are taking place."

I could not help but think that just as we cannot love God whom we do not see unless we love our brother whom we do see, it followed that our faith in man (as he could be) should increase our faith in God and His ever-present aid. "I can do all things in Him who strengthens me." "Without Him I can do nothing." And this very small conversation made me pray the more.

But how can we show our love by war, by the extermination of our enemies? If we are followers of Christ, there is no room for speaking of the "just war." We have to remember that God loves all men, that God wills all men to be saved, that indeed all men are brothers. We must love the jailer as well as the one in prison. We must do that seemingly utterly impossible thing: love our enemy.

Penance

This last month I spoke to a convocation of youth, fifteen hundred of them, in Toronto; to fifty members of the Association of Urban Sisters, working in Roxbury, Massachusetts; at a meeting in the Methodist Church, of Red Hook, New York, attended by our friends and neighbors of towns surrounding Tivoli. There were also members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars there. It was a peaceful meeting, all in all.

The Boston meeting was held on Ash Wednesday, and I spoke of penance. I said that I could understand a Kateri Tekathwitha taking on the severest of penances to atone for the cruelty of her people to the Europeans and for the white cruelty to the Indians. (One must judge oneself first.) Or the penances of a St. Rose of Lima, in a time when the Indians were systematically being killed off, and African slave labor was being imported to supply the labor which the Indians could not stand up under.

Penance seems to be ruled out today. One hears the Mass described as Sacrament, not as Sacrifice. But how are we to keep our courage unless the Cross, that mighty failure, is kept in view? Is

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"Sanctuary"

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Crimestop," had called PO-5-1313 to report a storefront where men came out early each morning carrying suspicious looking packages wrapped in old newspapers. The cops forced us out, because if you are going to provide a residence for human beings, you must have a certain amount of space for each one and conditions befitting the dignity and needs of the human person, or nothing at all. That is why we have always had to close the door and turn men away, because we have never had space for all who would come.

But I have a scheme for a sanctuary where every person and every class of people would be welcome—except for a single group of men; police officers in uniform—where people could come in or out at any time of day or night, to be warm, to rest, to eat, and to find human company. It could not be a residence with rooms and beds, because no one could bear the cost or survive the weight of regulations on such a basis. It would be more like a railroad station than a residence. In fact, a railroad station would be the most appropriate kind of building. People would walk in and out through revolving doors, without restriction. There would be broad, high-backed benches where men would sit and rest. If a man lay down to sleep between trains to nowhere, no one would disturb him, as long as there was room for others to sit. There would be a snack bar where a perpetual pot of soup or cereal would boil beside a perpetual urn of coffee and a perpetual loaf of bread. There would be washrooms and shower stalls, with slugs to open the doors, and slug-operated lockers where people could keep their belongings in safety.

It could be a large, unused church building (most churches are unused 99% of the time, but it would be too much to hope that a church that was used 1% of the time would open its doors to the destitute for the rest of the time.) In the basement kitchen there would be a perpetual casserole of baked macaroni beside a perpetual urn of coffee and a perpetual one-layer chocolate cake, or even bread and wine in the sanctuary.

An automobile showroom or any other large open building would also serve the purpose.

If a place can be found, I stand ready to do the job, but I could not support it alone, as I have houses of hospitality since 1958. It would need more substantial support from more substantial people. Probably, it would require a donation of the use of a suitable building. Other expenses might be met by a Sunday evening club that would meet at the same place to hear the most eloquent spokesmen of true revolution. That is my scheme on cold nights when men carry the banner on the streets. I am serious, and I would like you to keep your eyes open and let me know what you think.

Dear Karl:

Please excuse me for answering your letter so late; everyone has been ill this winter with flu and I recently fell down, tearing the ligaments in one shoulder, and was in misery for a week. But I have been thinking of you. Have you seen the CW anthology A Penny A Copy, which contains two of your best articles? I was reading over the one on the House of Hospitality last night and it seems to me the best piece of writing in the book. I was terribly impressed by it. I'd like to publish it again in the paper, but will hold it for some May Day edition perhaps.

You emphasize the idea of large-scale shelter, like that at Graymoor in Garrison, New York and the Municipal Lodging House in New York City. To make it human, young men would have to share with the others or take turns sharing the hospitality of the shelter. Maybe, for months at a time, draft themselves to do this, as the Little Sisters of Jesus did in Belgium and in Sao Paulo, Brazil, going to jail to be with the others for six months at a time.

During the depression (which you do not remember) the city did just the things you proposed, turning piers on the East River into day shelters or

places with many little shops, where unemployed tailors and shoemakers could repair clothes and shoes, where there was a reading room, game room, etc. And there were huge dormitories on the piers, with double-decker beds, all run by Holy Mother the City, and run very well. No churches opened their doors or turned their lower churches or auditoriums into shelters. At least, none that I know of. The late Father Dempsey ran a shelter in St. Louis for many years, and, as far as I know, it is still in existence.

Our own Municipal Lodging House has become much more human of late. Do you remember Gorki's *The Lower Depths*, and *Creatures Who Once Were Men*? They described places like the city lodging houses, where men were afraid to go because they were in danger of being robbed and beaten. But St. Vincent's hospital has sponsored a project there, supplying doctors and psychiatrists, and the Lodging House has given over a floor to the care of alcoholics. They are given a three-day treatment "to dry them out" and supply the vitamins and nourishment they need. From three to five days' complete bed rest does much for them. Camp LaGuardia is another first-rate city project in which men can stay in the country for a long period.

As to the shelters you propose, yes, in time of transition, in time of crisis. But hasn't the Church in the past, as well as the State, always done a great deal of this? I remember reading of how St. Ephraim came out of his monastery in the desert to feed the hungry during a famine. The monks raised enough wheat on the irrigated land to feed the hungry. And there were not enough poor to feast on their abundance, this beautiful tale continues.

Since the growth of the modern state, the welfare state, which numbers and cares for man from womb to tomb, the Church has done less and has been paid by the State for what she has done. I have quoted a number of times in the past that statement of St. Hilary, "The less you have of Caesar's the less you have to render to him." (I had thought I read it in one of the second nocturns of the old Breviary but have been unable to find it. If anyone can tell me the source of that quotation, I'd be grateful.) A bishop out west once said to me, "I do not believe in State ownership of the indigent."

But, and I cannot stress this enough, we must never forget our objective, which is to build that kind of society "where it is easier for people to be good." That is what Peter Maurin taught us. To follow the gospel teaching of the works of mercy. If your brother is hungry, feed him, shelter him. How can you show your love for God except by love for your brother? He who does not love his brother, whom he has seen, how can he love God, whom he has not seen?

This is a beginning. We are also trying to bring about that kind of society where such wholesale practice of the works of mercy is not needed. We want a society where men will have work as well as bread and can choose their vocations, where every child will have a chance to develop his talents and capacities. In Cuba I saw billboards saying, "Children are born to be happy."

We have to work on many fronts in our attempts to build here and now a decentralized society in which men will have a voice. There is much preparation necessary in the fields of education, unionism, cooperatives. We must keep in mind the fact that we are active pacifists and anarchists. Or peacemaker personalists. Or libertarians, pluralists, decentralists — whatever you want to call it. It certainly needs to be presented in many lights, this teaching of revolution, non-violent social change. We begin now within the shell of the old to rebuild society.

Students need to read and study a lot to follow their calling in this Green Revolution. They need to study the works of Gandhi, and can get a taste of his ideas by buying the War Resisters League 1969 Peace Calendar (available for \$1.75 from the W.R.L.,

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Prayer To Saint Raphael

O RAPHAEL, lead us toward those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us: Raphael, Angel of happy meetings, lead us by the hand towards those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your Light and transfigured with your Joy. Angel, guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of calling you and of pleading for the protection of your wings, so that we may not be as strangers in the province of joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our country. Remember the weak, you who are strong, you whose home lies beyond the region of thunder, in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

36 East First

By PATRICK MAY

Dear Jack:

Your sudden (albeit anticipated) confiscation by the Department of Justice wrought some confusion, melancholy and not a few readjustments in our community on First Street. Many of us were torn away from our work during the long days of judicial processing subsequent to your arrest last January as we attempted to follow those painful proceedings which culminated in the passing of sentence. The departure of a friend and fellow toiler from a setting wherein so many lives are so closely interwoven is a dismal onus that each of us here must accept and endure (endure, especially Hersha, your wife of only two months). But knowing that in your non-compliance with a system totally permeated with a dread craving for annihilation of the pacific, unitive bonds of humanity is an immanent, far more human yes to life, we share this affirmation of brotherhood. Let the Bureau of Prisons know you as No. 35406, we of freer spirit shall remember you as the man you are.

Visitors

During the past few months in Walter's microscopic office, the soupkitchen, and the cramped, often chaotic mailing room from which the paper is monthly dispatched to the multitudinous CW subscribers lacing this acutely infirm globe the accumulation of half-done or negligently uncultured work has threatened to overwhelm the few regular workers available. But fortunately, as if by the accordance of some provident, if Micawber force, we have been blessed by the opportune arrival of several newcomers who have lent us their welcome aid. The earliest arrivals, John Thompson and Gerry Schmidt, two quite serious and alive students from Colgate University, stayed with us for several fruitful weeks. Finishing the formidable towers of begrimed soupbowls that inevitably assume after the morning breadline, they would move into the frenetic paper-room and become immersed for long hours in the dulling, though crucial, process of readying the newspapers for mailing. And during the afternoons other heavy tasks or the unending trivia of daily labor would ensnare them until the relief of evening would come, and find them unraveled. Also, a bright (and, may I say, attractive) young student from Manhattanville College in Purchase, New York, Beatrice Webb, proved to be a tireless and imaginative aid in the kitchen, cleaning, and cheer departments. Gordon McCarthy, who reigns well (and too often alone) in the stencil room, received a happy relief from his solitary labors through the devoted hands of an amicable, vigorous student hailing from St. Cloud, Minnesota, Ed Flaherty.

Still with the Worker is Sister Frances Regis, a woman of lofty talents, quick to commit herself to any works unfulfilled and steer the work through hindrance and the laxity of others to completion with an enviable touch of finesse. Sister Regis temporarily left her post as chairman of the English Department of the College of St. Rose in Albany, to spend several busy months with the CW. At present, Line Kunstenaar and the Sister are aiding an unfortunate girl whose addiction to drugs led her to find income and arrest in prostitution. With the co-operation of other sympathetic individuals they hope to have the legal charges held against her dropped and her only valid problem, addiction, treated in a manner more

humane and productive than the gaol. More recently arrived young workers include: Rob Cogswell, an artist from Austin, Texas; Dale Alley, another of the many Oklahomans who have sought out the Worker; and Brad Miller from Rochester, New York.

Other Scenes

Of hospitals there are two new developments: Henry Neilson, for long a cook for the Tivoli community and for First Street in a pinch, has been transferred from Bellevue to Triboro Hospital in Queens; the Hoeys, Tom and Nancy, have a new addition to their family: Bridget Eileen, born at 1:19 a.m. one recent snowy evening.

Mary Galligan and the garrulous crew from the soup kitchen, John McMullen, Wong, Whiskers and Bill Harder, report that men coming in for soup are often lacking the warm winter clothing one needs to survive on the cold streets. Our clothes room is rather bare and can well use any contributions. A festive time was had by all last week when Smokey Joe, sixty-five thousand cigarettes old, convened



his (no surprise) birthday celebration with a verbal toast to all who remained in the smoke-filled soup hall after dinner to wish him another.

In the mailing room Mike Ketchum has received a healthy assist from Larry Severson in bring just enough order out of the general havoc to see another CW issue off to the printers. Italian Mike, enthroned in his padded chair, commands all strategic points of ingress and retreat and so contrives to keep the work rolling his way, favors he returns with his dark humor which adds to the general merriment. Even Scotty, along with the regular laborers, John, Mr. Anderson, Jimmy the Indian, Louie, and the rest, manages to hold up his end of the work, which generally consists of a few smiles here and there. Mr. Anderson is now living on the fourth floor of the First Street house and is in charge, as is Arthur Lacey on the top level, of visitors, linen and tours.

The first two months of this probably ill-fated year have passed quickly, bringing to fruition all the predictable cycles of discord, disaster and joy. The community yet persists in such a steady fashion of normality, that one feels certain of its ability to live through all the quakes and quahms of events, however jolting. It is the person, and the collective spirit that sustains us. But our existence will be much more fulfilling when all friends absent, those in hospitals, prisons, living in their own right, return to our noisome fold on First Street.

Memories, Pat

Tivoli A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is Mardi Gras. Fat Tuesday afternoon. Clouds blur the sun, and a rawness in the air gives promise of snow flurries to come. Much of last week's heavy snowstorm remains, though patchy now, with bare areas between ragged, bumpy drifts. But it is Mardi Gras. Small birds twitter small carnival sounds among the wild bird seed and suet at my window bird-feeder. Nearby, a determinedly hopeful chickadee calls a cheerful pre-Lenten anti-phonic.

Not far from my window, the sound of a spade striking into frozen granitic earth reminds me that for John Filligar and Reginald Highhill, Mardi Gras is not exactly carnival. Early last week, while we were still snowbound, John and Reggie discovered that a clogged sewage pipe had caused seepage into our basement area. Being intrepid men, they set to work to discover, under snow and frozen earth, the location of pipes and tanks. Our cesspool system, which undoubtedly dates back to the days when this place was an orphanage, and later a summer hotel, is complex and labyrinthine. This week, after John and Reggie thought they had the problem well under control, another tank needing emptying was discovered. And there still remain pipes to be found and unclogged. So the work goes on, in more ways than one like the labor of Hercules in the Augean stable. Or to come down to the Christian era, John and Reggie might well consider—judging at least by the kind of standard most of us set for ourselves—that they have done enough of penance to suffice for several Lenten to come. As for me, if our community were more institutionalized and given to making community awards of the month, etc., I should nominate John Filligar and Reggie Highhill for this month's award of heroic labor.

Fortunately, the task of John and Reggie has been somewhat lightened by the assistance given by two of our guests: Stephen Bolt, who is stopping off at the Catholic Worker for a while before embarking for India to continue his study of nonviolence, and Gary Dechaine, who has come up from New York City for a three-day vacation before beginning a new job. Guests who are so willing to help with hard unpleasant labor are guests to be remembered and cherished.

Life on a Catholic Worker Farm is, of course, not all hard labor. Many of us are in fact beyond the age and capacity for such endeavor. Yet such work—hard manual work—must always be basic, essential, and honored in any community where Holy Poverty is an ideal.

There is another kind of work which is also hard, hard even as manual labor, though we often flippantly deny it. I am thinking, of course, of prayer. Here in our community where—thanks to Father Leandre Plante—we may participate in daily Mass, and where we continue the Catholic Worker tradition—though sometimes we are few—of rosary and compline in the evening, prayer is certainly at the very core of our communal life. We dare not forget the importance and necessity of prayer; but we must also remember that ancient Benedictine admonition that though prayer is work, work also is prayer.

We are also not entirely devoid of intellectual effort, though I am not entirely sure how much clarification of thought we achieve thereby. In the hope of keeping intellectually alive, we have this winter resumed our third-Sunday-of-the-month discussions. In January, a somewhat small, but interested and interesting group met in our living room to discuss Thomas Merton. At that meeting two former Trappists—Jim McMurry, who now lives as a semi-hermit in our woods, and Jim McCartney, who, after nineteen years at Gethsemane, came to spend part of his leave of absence with us—told us of their personal experiences with Merton and of the impact he had made on them. The general topic of the meeting was drawn from Merton's last book *Faith and Violence*. Thomas Merton's spiritu-

ality was of that dynamic kind which not only drew many to leave the world and seek the quiet secret ways of contemplation, but also to go further and seek a profounder spirituality where prayer is animated by the needs, the woe, of the oppressed, the exploited, the suffering, the destitute, the very poor whom Our Lord came looking for. Now that Thomas Merton is in Heaven, his books remain to help us all find the way to a more vital spirituality.

In February, on Quadragesima Sunday, a much larger crowd gathered in our living room to discuss Martin Luther King. It was fortunate that Kay Lynch, who had returned at the end of January from a few months' leave of absence spent helping her sister, was on hand to help Helene Iswolsky greet guests and serve coffee and the delicious cakes and cookies which our good friend from Kingston, Judy Barzumato, had baked and brought to the meeting.

Tommy Hughes and Joe Geraci opened the meeting by showing a film of the life of Martin Luther King. The film showed the main highlights: birth, education, marriage, ministry, Rosa Parks and the Montgomery bus strike, the first attempt on his life, Albany, Selma, Birmingham, March on Washington, Nobel peace award, and finally his assassination in Memphis. There were excerpts from some of the great talks and sermons. I could not see the pictures, but the sound track was good. To me it was deeply moving to listen once again to the voice of this great and good man, that voice which is great, I think, because it expresses in its very tone the spirituality of a man who, like Gandhi, should be called a Great Soul.

After the film and a brief intermission for coffee, cake, and informal talk, Dorothy Day opened the formal discussion with a short talk on the importance of keeping up with successful nonviolent action in the immediate events of our day. She pointed out that such nonviolent incidents receive little or no coverage in the mass news media, that one must look for such news in the small journals of dissent, that even the Communist paper often carries news of such constructive peaceful action. Dorothy warned that, bombarded as we are by news of violence, it is easy to lose faith—as so many have done—in nonviolence, that therefore it is even more important to turn to the great modern apostles of nonviolence—Gandhi, Vinoba Bhave, Cesar Chavez and Danilo Dolci—and to look for those about us who are following in their way. The discussion that followed was perceptive and thoughtful. Everyone seemed to recognize the long, arduous, painful road ahead for all who elect the nonviolent way. Yet it is, I think, the only true road to peace and a better, more equitable world.

On the third Sunday of March, we shall hold another discussion in our living room. This time the talk will be centered on Gandhi, surely the greatest apostle of nonviolence in our century. Readers who are interested, and live near enough to come, are cordially invited.

In the country, weather is always news, but the big storm which began on Sexagesima Sunday really made the headlines. Since Kay Lynch, who loves snow, was on hand and ready to accompany me, I decided to go out and see for myself just what the storm was like. Great gusts and gales of wind sent the snow swirling and scurrying into rapidly growing drifts. Kay and I tramped through drifts and felt the soft snow give under our feet. Blasts of wind bombard our cheeks with the cold wet flakes, for there was much moisture in this snow. The wind howled around the corners of the house and through the trees. It was an exhilarating experience. I decided that there is a better way than that of the hibernating woodchuck, and that is, to go out and meet winter, to accept it on its own cold and snowy terms.

The storm continued through the night and much of the next day. The gales grew stronger, the drifts higher. There was no company. On Monday, (Continued on page 6)

NATURE AND GRACE

By JOHN J. HUGO

(Continued from last month)

At this point we are in a position to meet certain difficulties. "Grace perfects nature and does not destroy it." Unexpectedly perhaps, we can now understand the depth of meaning in this axiom, which may seem, superficially, to contradict our application to man's religious and ethical life of the law of life-through-death. Grace does perfect nature, but not by merely adding a topping or veneer, nor yet by imposing another layer upon it. Grace enters nature as a living seed to transform it. The seed indeed dies, yet in flowering to its perfection, it is not destroyed but perfected. And nature, too, in its merely human (undivined) desires, "dies" under the living action of grace, that is, under the action of Him who "is love"; but in this very process of dying, it is transfigured and perfected—in love. Through the divinizing action of grace, working through the law of life-through-death, nature is perfected to its existential depths with all its living fibers, grafted to the Vine, bearing the fruits of love. In Christian language, perfection, synonymous with holiness, consists above all in love: "All the faithful of Christ of whatever rank or status are called to the fullness of the Christian life and to the perfection of charity." (Constitution on the Church)

Thus the response to grace and conformity to the divine will initiate and continue a change that is a complete metamorphosis. Bonhoeffer writes, "How does a man set about this 'proving what is the will of God'? The crucial precondition for this is that this proving takes place solely on the basis of a 'metamorphosis', a complete inward transmutation of one's previous form, a 'renewing of mind' (Rm 12:2), a 'walking as children of light' (Ep 5:8). This metamorphosis of man can only be the overcoming of the form of the fallen man, Adam, and conformation with the form of the new man, Christ." (Ethics)

This metamorphosis, therefore, is accomplished by doing God's will continuously while sacrificing one's own will. Jesus, we have seen, "did not please Himself," but did "always the things that are pleasing to the Father." The Christian, so far as he likewise does not love and act to please himself but in order to do the will of the Father, is gradually transformed. There goes on in him at the heart of his metamorphosis, a kind of spiritual metabolism, whereby his own will, that of the "old man," by a process of dissimulation is continuously rejected, while there is an assimilation of the divine will and love in his "growing up to perfect manhood, to the mature measure of the fullness of Christ." (Ep 4:13) His metamorphosis, in a word, involves a continuous dying and rising.

No doubt, the transformation to the "mature measure of Christ" embraces not only the individual but the whole body of Christ. This body will likewise be transfigured: "The sky will dissolve in flames and elements melt in the heat" as we enter "the new heavens and the new earth." (2 P 3:12) Our Lord also indicates the cataclysmic nature of this change: "There will be signs in the sun and moon and stars; on earth nations in agony, bewildered by the clamor of the ocean and its waves; men dying of fear as they await what menaces the world, for the powers of heaven will be shaken." (Lk 21:25) In a word, only the law of life-through-death, operating through the cross, can bring about resurrection, whether for the individual or the Church. The final harvesting will also come through sowing—and dying.

Pie in the Sky?

Two other objections, directly contradictory to each other, are also relevant here. One states that this would be a rather self-centered and mercenary spirituality—sowing in order to reap, giving in order to get. The other, a contradictory objection, is the familiar taunt of seeking pie-in-the-sky; in other words, the doctrine is

not selfish enough: it demands that we give up a present good for a good promised—a bad bargain. Perhaps we could answer the first objection by stressing the element of truth in the second; then meet the second with whatever of merit there is in the first. But a word more.

Concerning the first objection: the truth contained in the analogy of sowing comes to us from Jesus Himself, who is not usually considered a teacher of the selfish life. The alleged selfishness rather exemplifies the holy and enlightened self-love that is enjoined in the very commandment of love: "Love your neighbor as yourself." This kind of "selfishness" is an inevitable element, in the first place, of loving even God: Love of its nature includes the desire of union with the beloved: we cannot love God without desiring Him; this is indeed our destiny, ordained by Him: "We shall see Him

But not only in the sky. First of all, there are those saints of the Old and the New Testaments, who speak to us of a personal encounter with God, and whose lives are evidence of such an experience: an experience that brings them now a deep and satisfying peace which "surpasses understanding": "a peace the world cannot give: this is my gift to you." (Ph 4:7; Jn 14:27) But we here leave this question of mysticism aside. What is more to our present purpose is that love which might here and now be extended by men, beginning with those of Christian responsibility, to embrace all their fellows: the love which, that it might embrace all, God desires and decrees and has "poured forth into our hearts by the Holy Spirit which has been given to us." (Rm 5:5) What an unimaginable transformation would be effected immediately in our society if this love were realized.

also, but in a different and darker setting; for although our nature and its powers are good, our existential condition is one of sin. Our Lord takes this sinfulness into consideration in a second analogy, which completes the first.

This further saying of Jesus was delivered as part of the discourse at the Last Supper. No more solemn or propitious moment could be imagined for the announcement of an important truth. Jesus is concerned here also with the eternal themes of life, death, and love. In looking for the most suitable way to convey His critically important message, He again ignores Athens and goes once to the farmyard, which, for Him at least, is sufficient. (It was familiar, too, to such men as the Apostles; we in our time, citizens of the secular city, are less familiar, or even unfamiliar, with elementary facts of nature. Perhaps, this is why we now seek more sophisticated theologies that are embarrassed by Sacred Scripture.) Here are the words:

I am the true vine
and My Father is the vinedresser.
Every branch in Me that bears no fruit
He cuts away.
And every branch that does bear fruit
He prunes
To make it bear even more.

(Jn 15:1-2)

These verses, together with those that follow, are commonly cited to show how the divine life of grace, issuing in faith, hope, and love, courses into those grafted to the Vine. Our purpose here is somewhat different; the text has more to tell about the mysterious law of life-through-death.

Let us picture the scene as Jesus and His disciples saw it. A Vineyard. The vinedresser walks among the rows of vines. He is carrying his pruning knife or shears. He sees among the fruitful vines branches that are barren. Understandably, he cuts these off and throws them away.

The Father is the Vinedresser. He goes out into His vineyard, which is the Church, His people. Among fruitful vines He also sees dead branches—the wicked and the fruitless. These He cuts off. We are reminded of the curse that Jesus pronounced on the barren fig tree, (Mk 11:14).

Here, for the moment, we are back in the world of the Old Testament. God is punishing the wicked, and also the fruitless. The sharp blade of the pruning knife symbolizes the afflictions by which this punishment is carried out.

Such a procedure is natural and to be expected: it accords with reason, and those guided only by reason scarcely get beyond this conception of suffering as punishment. Even the Old Testament hardly goes further. Job comes to the threshold of a breakthrough in thought. His experience shows that the just are also afflicted; that God has other purposes than punishment in His providential disposition of trials. But Job does not see clearly what these other purposes are.

Jesus much later was also to say that there are other purposes. "Neither this man nor his parents sinned; he was born so that the works of God might be displayed in Him." (Jn 9:3) Through the pruning knife He will show how "the works of God" are displayed in all those joined to Him in faith and love.

The vinedresser on his tour also sees branches heavy with fruit. Undoubtedly he will spare them the pruning knife! Not at all: they also must be trimmed, but for a very different reason: "to make them bear more fruit." The pruning knife is not only the instrument of death: it is also the means of life and fruitfulness.

The pruning knife gives an answer to the agonizing question, "Why does God afflict the just?" Why? To summarize it briefly and anticipate: God wishes to increase in us the seed of divine life; to multiply the fruits of holiness; to advance the transformation contained seminally in divine grace; to bring grace to its maturity and flowering.

(To be continued next month)



Sister Meinrad, O.S.B., Stanbrook Abbey

as He really is." (I Jn 3:3) The misadventures of the admirable Fenelon and Madame Guyon remind us that a "pure love" of God, so pure as to be detached from holy self-love, ends up as no love at all.

Nor is this quest for God selfish in the sense of being narrowly individualistic. On the contrary, it is expansive; love dilates the heart. In loving our benefits what we will for them is a share in the transforming love of God. Embracing our neighbors in the same love that reaches out to God, we seek the beatifying love of God for them in the very movement of desire in which we seek it for ourselves. Members of one body, brothers and sisters in one universal family, we are sowing for others as we sow for ourselves; so that, together, we may reap in the eternal kingdom the crop that the divine Husbandman has prepared for all. We labor thus to realize in actuality what every day we pray for: "Thy kingdom come."

As to the pie. It is, as a fact, finally in the sky, attainable only through faith and hope and love: "Eye has not seen or ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for those who love him." (I Co 2:9)

Suddenly we would be "perfect as the Heavenly Father is perfect." (Mt 5:48) Its non-realization, therefore, here and now, is our responsibility, not that of the Promisor. It is we who refuse to respond to the invitation of Him Who "is love." If the pie is still in the sky, this is because we have left it there. If the enemies of Christianity can throw at us this taunt of "pie in the sky," it is because we have forgotten that the Founder of Christianity said, "I have come to bring fire to the earth, and how I wish it were blazing already!" (Lk 12:49) The whole tragic problem of racism, for example (not to mention our perpetual fratricidal wars), is in reality an immense non-problem stemming from man's obstinate refusal of love. We fear the "love strong as death." "The flash of it is as the flash of fire, a flame of Yahweh Himself." (Sg 8:6) We dampen the flame that He would have blazing. The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come.

(Song of Songs, 2:12)

The grain of wheat, although a perfect analogy within its own context, is still limited. It was properly applicable to the sinless life of Jesus, and also to Mary. It is applicable to unfallen man living in justice. It is applicable to us

BOOK REVIEW

THE NON-VIOLENT CROSS, by James W. Douglass. (Macmillan, \$6.95). Reviewed by GORDON C. ZAHN.

Few readers of the Catholic Worker will be surprised to learn that this reviewer is enthusiastic about this book. From the time I first learned such a volume was in preparation, I had great expectations for it, and now they have been more than fulfilled. Those who attended the 1968 PAX conference at Tivoli had a taste of the treats to be found here. The paper given by Jim Douglass at that gathering, which excited his hearers so, is the opening chapter—and that memorable opening ("To see reality in our time is to see the world as crucifixion") sets a theme that is maintained and perfected as the book goes on.

This is "a theology of revolution and peace," something that has become extremely important during the past year or so. A kind of "theology of violence" has come into prominence which makes its strongest appeal not to the old "just-war" types, who have tended to become court theologians, but, rather, to precisely those who are most sensitive to the injustices and iniquities of the status quo. It is not the hard-liners of the Holy Name Society and the Catholic War Veterans organizations who are being won over to the new theology of violence. Instead, people who have been active in the "liberal" Catholic movements—working for interracial justice, world organization, and the like—are suddenly declaring their readiness to approve violence as a route to power for black Americans or as a means to free the exploited peasants of Latin America from the oppressive domination of dictatorial rulers (all too often established and preserved by the United States). For those of us who still cling to Christian pacifism in doctrine and practice, it has been a difficult time. Our sympathies, too, are with the victims, and yet we cannot see any hope for a better future in the violent revolution so many are willing to endorse and support.

Douglass states the case for non-violence, not as a less effective choice but as the most promising means by which the unjust order can be overthrown and redeemed. Many, I am sure, will find his argument less than persuasive; Paul Ramsey, for one, dismisses it out of hand in his recent volume on *The Just War*. But, to this admittedly biased receiver, it is a most convincing presentation and deserves careful and fair consideration from everyone interested in the issues of justice and human survival, whether pacifist or not.

The book has three major sections: Cross and World; Cross and Church; Cross and History. Individual chapter titles make it clear that this is not an "ordinary" exercise in theological scholarship but, rather, one which draws insights and arguments from novels, (Schwarz-Bart's *The Last of the Just* and Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*), contemporary theologians and religious leaders (Bonhoeffer, Gandhi), and even from social science and journalistic pseudo-social-science (Ardrey and his "territorial imperative"). This is a "now" theology in the best sense of that term, and it comes not a moment too soon.

We have all been saddened by the recent death of Thomas Merton. Among his many other great contributions to the cause of peace he was, beyond all doubt, the foremost spokesman for nonviolence within the American Catholic community. It is a great blessing that we have a young man like Douglass ready to take his place in this respect. Pope Paul, in his Bogota address, rejected violence as something not compatible with the Christian message. Unless we are to assume that this was nothing more than an effort to keep disadvantaged peoples tractable if not content, we must assume that Christianity has a responsibility to come up with a better solution to evil and injustice than the violence it excludes. This excellent volume points the way to the solution the world so desperately needs.

The Funeral Oration of Thomas Merton As Pronounced by the Compassionate Buddha

Assembled sirs, the courtesies afforded us by the Dalai Lama, by the Abbot of the Trappist Fathers and by the vergers of your cathedral, are deeply felt and enter as a sombre joy into our heart's stream.

the Christ himself (to whom be all praise) were better designated to speak for this monk, brother and son. but the absence of your god, decreed by a thousand malevolent crises, an endless susurration of anger, a skill in summoning his very scripture against him—these make possible a vacuum into which my voice moves. I hear your choice, approving; one god at a time, better an unknown god, a tedious or torpid one, an import, than that holy son, native to your flesh, better a subtle millennial smile, than anger and infected wounds, better me than he, so be it; I shall speak.

the assumption of this monk into ecstasy, the opening of the crystal portals before that glancing spirit! he was (I speak a high and rare praise) neither too foreign, too christian, too strenuous after reward, to attain eternal knowledge. in his mortal life, he refused direction from those pylons standing like sign posts in your land, impermeable, deadly smooth, hard to the touch as the very membrane of hell. he detested their claim upon the soul, he exorcised their rumors. he refused to grant attention to their hieroglyphics.

(I too have been a guest in your cities. I have been conducted with pomp through your martian workshops, and heard with a start of fear the incantations offered by your choral genius. indeed your aim is clear; the saints, the innocent, the visionaries are the target of your encompassing death wish. but the Buddha knows no disdain; he stoops low to enter your labyrinth, to uncoil its secrets, to bare its beast. the Buddha, a length of rope, a dog in the dust; according to the parables which I embrace once more, in tribute to this man.)

the monk has attained god, for reasons which bear scrutiny. he had first of all attained man, does the nexus trouble you, issuing as it does from a mouth so neutral, so silent? or so you conjure me. Gioconda after all, is paid only to smile. she does so; her value mounts and mounts.

but the monk Merton, in his life and going forth makes it expedient, if only for an hour, that a blow be dealt your cultivated and confident myth. if the gods are silent if even to this hour, Christ and Buddha stand appalled. before your idols, if we breathe the stench of your hecatombs still, the passage of a good man restores all; in a sign, it brings the gods to earth, even to you. for once, for a brief space, we measure with rods the incalculable gulf between yourselves and the creative dream. for a space of words, we quicken your sluggish hearts in pursuit of the sovereign will.

o makers and unmakers! I shall shortly be borne in a flowering cart of sandal, into high heaven; a quaint apotheosis! the routine slaveries once more possess you man and god, Buddha and Merton, those years, this hour, fold in like a dough. the blows of the kneading first withdraw, the times are your own. wars, the readying of wars, the minds whose inner geometric is an ever more complex web; conflict, games of death, checks and counters—I leave you, your undoing, promethean doers and despoilers.

a hope? Christ and Buddha together have fashioned a conundrum. hear it. the hour of your despoiling is the hour of our return. until then, the world is yours, and you are Moloch's, bound hand and foot upon a wheel of fire.

the monk Thomas I take up in lotus hands to place him in the eternal thought a jewel upon my forehead.

DANIEL BERRIGAN, S. J.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

the follower greater than his master? What attracts one in a Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh is the hardships and the suffering they endured in living their lives of faith and hope. It is not the violence, the killing of one's enemies. A man is a man, and to hear him crying out in pain and anguish, whether he is friend or enemy, is to have one's heart torn in unutterable sorrow. The impulse to stand out against the State and go to jail rather than serve is an instinct for penance, to take on some of the suffering of the world, to share in it.

Father Anthony Mullaney, O.S.B. who is one of the "Milwaukee Fourteen" priests and laymen who burned draft records with napalm—"burning property, not people"—told me; when I met him in Boston the other day, that over a hundred of the students of St. Anselm's in Manchester, New Hampshire, signed a petition to the court, which they are going to send when the Milwaukee 14 are sentenced, offering to divide up the months or years the fourteen have to serve, and take on the sentences for them. He will be speaking next month at Town Hall, and we will learn more about this. What is this but an offer to do penance, an-

other example of trying to follow in the steps of Christ, who took on himself our sins and in so doing overcame both sin and death?

This is, in effect what Chuck Matthei, Chicago draft refuser, is doing, in not cooperating with the prison authorities when they seized him most brutally and literally dragged him, handcuffed, to West St. Federal prison in New York, where he is now fasting from food, and sometimes water, too.

To just read about these things or hear of them is not enough. One must meet Chuck and see the brightness of his face, feel the gentle and joyous and truly loving spirit, to get a glimpse of an understanding of what he is doing.

The thing is to recognize that not all are called, not all have the vocation, to demonstrate in this way, to fast, to endure the pain and long drawn out nerve-racking suffering of prison life. We do what we can, and the whole field of all the works of mercy is open to us. There is a saying, "Do what you are doing." If you are a student, study, prepare, in order to give to others, and keep alive in yourselves, the vision of a new social order. All work, whether building, increasing food production, running credit unions,

working in factories which produce for true human needs, working in the smallest of industries, the handicrafts—all these things can come under the heading of the works of mercy, which are the opposite of the works of war.

It is a penance to work, to give oneself to others, to endure the pinpricks of community living. One would certainly say on many occasions, "give me a good thorough, frank outgoing war, rather than the sneak attacks, stabs in the back, sparring, detracting, defaming, hand to hand jockeying for position that goes on in offices and 'good works' of all kinds, another and miserably petty kind of war." St. Paul said that "he died daily." This too is penance, to be taken cheerfully, joyfully, with the hope that our own faith and joy in believing will strengthen Chuck and all the others in jail.

Let us remember too, those "mutineers," the soldiers who protested the killing of one of their number by a shot in the back in the Presidio on the West Coast, and their sixteen-year sentences at hard labor.

So let us rejoice in our own petty sufferings and thank God we have a little penance to offer, in this holy season. "An injury to one is an injury to all," the Industrial Workers of the World proclaimed. So an act of love, a voluntary taking on oneself of some of the pain of the world, increases the courage and love and hope of all.

Berdyayev's Spiritual Homecoming

(Continued from page 1)

rare, almost impossible to find in Soviet libraries. However, we know that they are still read by students and writers. This is apparent from the reports we receive concerning the protests of intellectuals in Moscow against the establishment of official literature and ideology; in these protests, Berdyayev's name is mentioned, and there even seems to be a "Berdyayev Association."

Clandestine Message

If any doubts remained concerning this posthumous revival, they were dissipated by a recent underground letter received in Paris by the editors of the *Messenger of the Russian Student Christian Movement*. This letter will be published in the *Messenger* and has already appeared in the January 19th issue of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, the Russian-language daily published in New York. Its authenticity has been vouched for by Russian Orthodox Archbishop Silvester of Montreal, who is president of the Russian Christian Student Movement abroad. The *Messenger* cannot, of course, be officially distributed in Soviet Russia, but it is received by the underground with great interest and also with certain criticism.

Both praise and criticism are expressed in the letter to the *Messenger* editors. It is signed by a group of "believers," as they call themselves. (This is a current expression in the Soviet Union that does not imply membership in any particular denomination, but in this case, it presumably refers to the Russian Orthodox faith.) For obvious reasons, the names of the signatories are not given, but they are known to Archbishop Silvester.

After expressing their satisfaction with the Christian trends of the *Messenger*, the authors of the letter have a complaint to make: the periodical does not reflect the main concerns of religious youth today in the Soviet Union. According to the "believers," these concerns are: "the eternal problem of life, God, good and evil, death, the organization of a just society, the problem of a new consciousness, which must be Christian, not only in part, but wholly Christian." The religious revival in Russia is a "spontaneous movement." The "believers" would like to find more articles in the *Messenger* about Berdyayev and his closest followers: Professor George Fedotov, Father Sergius Bulgakov, and Professor Simeon Frank. These are, let us here stress the point, three of the theologians, philosophers, and historians who were exiled from Russia at the same time as Berdyayev.

With such essential problems in mind, nothing appeals more directly to Russia's young-believers today than the writings of Nicolas Berdyayev. Some three decades ago he had already awakened "new consciousness" in the hearts and minds of the young people who knew him, among whom he lived and taught that "whole" Christianity of which the letter speaks so earnestly.

While in exile Nicolas Berdyayev wrote at least thirty books and a great number of articles and philosophical papers; he delivered many lectures, spoke at international forums, at round-table discussions, and in the intimate circle of his friends, whom the "believers" letter mentions. Most of his books have been translated into English and other languages and are available in paperback editions in America and England.

If asked which of these books are the most important, or which of his lectures were the most significant, it would be difficult, at least for us, to give any definite answer. There are, of course, in Berdyayev's works several different categories, all of them important, each of them reflecting one aspect of his extremely complex and rich heritage. There are the books which express Berdyayev's thought on the highest philosophical level. Though he insisted that he was not a theologian, there is a strong theological trend in his works, especially of the latter period, which should be studied attentively. And then there are the writings concerned with the immediate problems of man in relation to God, freedom, society and social justice in the light of Christ and the struggle against the evils of our modern world, which were in Berdyayev's mind the forms of a new idolatry: capitalism, bourgeois

comfort and security, collectivism, State and Party dictatorship, totalitarianism, nationalism, and the power of materialistic science and technology.

To these idols man has been enslaved and sacrificed in our modern times. In order to liberate him, one thing was necessary, according to Berdyayev: to re-establish the unique value and dignity of the human person, made in the image and likeness of God.

But this liberation of man and the vindication of his personal spiritual value did not mean that he was to be given a complete autonomy in regard to his fellow men. On the contrary, freedom also meant a free commitment of every man to all men. It was the Russian religious concept of sobornost, the *koinonia*, or "community," in which, as Berdyayev puts it in *The Destiny of Man*: "a man bears in his own conscience the common fate of his brothers in spirit"; thus, "the individual soul appears before God in a free union with other souls and the soul of the world."

Berdyayev often stressed that he was not an official spokesman of Russian Orthodoxy. He was, however, deeply attached to his Church, and was a practicing member of it through all the years we knew him and up to his death. This is, in our mind, an important element to stress, especially today, when Orthodox youth in Russia is turning to him for support. But there was nothing dogmatic in his own faith or in his comments about the other Christian denominations. He was open to ecumenism at a time when the ecumenical movement had barely started. He was a master of the dialogue, with representatives of non-Christian religions, and with Marxists.

Distinctive Voice

Speaking of Berdyayev's books, *Distinctive Voice* it seems that a general pattern can be found in them. When I reread his works I still hear his voice, as he spoke to us in that small intimate circle. He was quite emphatic and, in a certain sense, repetitious. This was because he pursued his thought along certain lines, leading to an all-embracing goal. This goal could only be one, for it was Truth, which he defined, in *Truth and Revelation*, as something "always supernatural." Berdyayev recalled the words "I am the way, the truth and the life" and stressed their existential meaning: not intellectual, not purely cognitive and static, as he put it, but "dynamic," assuming "movement and an urge towards infinity."

The words he used when speaking to us young people, or to his older friends, were very much the same as those he put into his books. When we visited him on Sundays in his home at Clamart (in the less affluent Paris suburbs), we would sit around his dining-room table, drink tea, and hold endless conversations with him; his family, and his friends. It was not so much a discussion as a contemplation; each of us was invited to look together with our master into that modern age on the eve of the terrible tragedies of World War Two. And how many more critical years, and even decades, were to follow!

One of the most fruitful of Berdy-

TEN BY BERDYAEV

The following books by Nicolas Berdyayev are available in English translation in paperback editions:

The Destiny of Man (Harper)

Dostoevsky (Meridian-World)

Dream and Reality (Collier)

The Fate of Man in the Modern World (Ann Arbor)

The Meaning of the Creative Act (Collier)

The Origins of Russian Communism (Ann Arbor)

The Russian Idea (Beacon)

The Russian Revolution (Ann Arbor)

Slavery and Freedom (Scribner's)

Truth and Revelation (Collier)

ayev's dialogues was the encounter with Emmanuel Mounier, the leader of the French Personalist revolution. Mounier was, if not directly influenced, certainly inspired by the Russian philosopher; the criticisms of the bourgeois in inhuman society by Berdyayev were close to Mounier's own attacks on the "established disorder" of our time.

Berdyayev was present at the meeting of Mounier's group when its organ *Esprit* was founded. He contributed to this periodical his famous article "Of the Dignity of Christianity and the Indignity of Christians." The very title was a denunciation of the pharisees who, as Berdyayev said, practiced a "double book-keeping": piety and search for personal salvation and total contempt for their fellow men.

Berdyayev often came to Mounier's study circles, which met in the dingy back room of a small cafe in Paris. He had no car, nor could he afford a taxi, so he came by streetcar and went home late at night on this completely outmoded vehicle. I will always remember his figure hurrying to catch the last streetcar, marching with his long mane tucked under the broad-brimmed hat, leaning on his cane, in the dim lamplight of the narrow street. I often made the trip to Clamart myself and knew how tiring and boring it was, especially so late at night. But Berdyayev was so dynamic, friendly, and young at heart that we forgot his advanced age, though we were deeply aware of his wisdom and of his cosmic vision of man and history.

During his long years of exile Berdyayev turned again and again to Russia. His books, *The Russian Idea* and *The Sources of the Russian Revolution*, are essential for the understanding of the long process of Communism and of its possible developments and transformations. He was no nationalist and denounced the narrow-minded pride of his own countrymen; but he believed in Russia's fulfilling her Christian vocation in the future as she has done before, passing through many a dark night of the spirit. As he wrote, "The darker the night, the brighter the stars."

We do not know which of his books are available to Soviet youth. There may be several or only one. But even one will bring, and has already brought, to Russia Berdyayev's message: The liberation of man from himself and from his idols in order to find the Christ of Truth and love.

NICOLAS BERDYAEV

Farm With a View

(Continued from page 3)

a few hardy persons tramped through drifts to Tivoli, but roads were impassable and no mail truck had come through from Poughkeepsie. We were snowbound.

By Tuesday afternoon, however, most roads and even our own driveway had been ploughed. Daniel and Raymond Davin were able to get to Rhinebeck to bring Peggy Conkling home from the hospital. It was an exciting homecoming for Peggy, since during her absence several of the young men, led and inspired by Tommy Hughes, had repainted her room. It is hard to say who was more pleased with the result, Peggy or the young men—Tommy, Joe Geraci, Jim McMurry, Dan and Ray—who had done the work.

On Wednesday, though New York City was still almost paralyzed, Marty Corbin had no difficulty getting through to Marist College to deliver his lecture on the history of American radicalism. That afternoon, Kay and I tramped through snow drifts once again and learned how cold and lovely, how blood-tingling and beautiful Winter can be.

But in the city there were those who died from the storm; and many, many who suffered. No one, I think, should have to live in such a city.

Whatever the weather, the routine work of the farm must go on: Marge Hughes continues to do a great part of the cooking and keeping things from falling apart, performing in the course of a day more acts of charity than most of us can muster in a month. Mike Sullivan is always ready to tackle any plumbing job and to keep the furnace running. Others who give invaluable help in other areas of our work are: Hans Tunnesen, Helene Iswolsky, Alice Lawrence, Tom Likely, Placid Decker, Marty and Rita Corbin, Tommy Hughes, Joe Geraci, Stanley Vishniewski.

As for Dorothy Day, when she is with us, she is always busy, trying to keep up with her correspondence, writing, speaking. During this last sojourn at the farm, she gave a talk to an ecumenical group at the Methodist church in Red Hook. Emily Coleman knits and prays and helps care for Peggy and Peggy's cats. As always, there are more persons doing things than one can name.

Although we are a rather large community, we do not live in total isolation from our neighbors of Tivoli. Recently, we were sorry to learn that our good friend, Mr. William Moore, who operated the candy store in Tivoli, had died. Mr. Moore, who was also Commissioner of Jurors for Dutchess County, had always shown us courtesy and kindness. He will be missed by many in this area. Another death which saddened us was that of Father Rogers, the Episcopal minister. After we moved to Tivoli, Father Rogers was one of the first to visit us and to proffer neighborly assistance. Until his health would no longer permit, he did our snow ploughing. He was still a young man, with a wife and several children. He will be missed indeed.

As always, we have had many comings and goings. We all regretted that Dan and Ray left us to return to Canada. But they had a sister whose wedding they had to attend. Then Ray would resume his hermit's life in Saskatchewan, and Dan take up once again his Franciscan pilgrimage. We miss their help, however, and hope they will return someday.

Meanwhile we have Tamar Hennessy and five of her children, here for a visit. Tonight the Hennessy children, the Corbin children, Johnny Hughes, and the Barzomato children, plus a good many adults, participated in a Mardi Gras party, which, judging by the happy noises, was entirely successful.

It is night of Mardi Gras. Sounds from the children's party have subsided. It is the eve of Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the long weeks of Lent. But underneath the snow, one day recently, Marge Hughes found a young fern, alive and green. Today John Filligar told me that the tips of the pussy willow buds were beginning to open. So spring will come, and Lent end in glorious Easter. As we say in the new Canon of the Mass: "Christ has died. Christ is risen. Christ will come again."

Slavery and Freedom

Murder is committed not only by gangsters; murder is committed in an organized way and upon a colossal scale by the state, by those who are in possession of power, or by those who have only seized it. And, mark, in all these murders, the horror of death shows itself dull and blunted, even almost entirely absent, although the horror of the death ought to be doubled—as being horror of death in general and horror of the death which is the result of murder having been committed as well. Capital punishment is ceasing to be taken as murder, so is death in war, especially, it is ceasing to be taken as a death which arouses horror. And this is a consequence of the objectivization of human existence.

In the objectivized world, all values are perverted. Man, instead of being a resuscitator, a conqueror of death, has become a murderer, a sower of death. And he kills, in order to create a life in which there will be less fear. Man kills from fear; at the root of every murder, whether committed by an individual person or by the state, lies fear and slavery. Fear and slavery always have fateful results. If man were to succeed in triumphing over slavish fear, he would cease to murder. From fear of death man sows death; as a result of feeling a slave, he desires to dominate. Domination is always constrained to kill. The state is always subject to fear and therefore it is constrained to kill. It has no desire to wrestle against death. Men in authority are very much like gangsters.

From Protest to Community

By JOSEPH AMATO and
MICHAEL KRAFT

During the past year a group of us at the University of California at Riverside, who have close ties with Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam and the Resistance, have been exploring new forms of communication and demonstration. While committed to nonviolence and refusing mass demonstrations, we have sought a new form of community building and public dialogue. In so far as these actions have opened an unexplored area of communication, we think they are relevant to all those who have seen that the need for peace and social justice is imperative but have found the means of achieving these goals uncertain.

In November 1967, a group of individuals, many of whom were unknown to one another, fasted in front of the library. As a result of this fast, a small group of faculty and students were drawn into closer contact, which led to new friendships.

During the fast several of us discussed our desire to respond to a simulated nuclear attack planned for the month of December by March Air Force Base. While the Base tried to demonstrate that they could survive a nuclear attack, we performed a "Death Dance." Individuals and families passed, singing, through the quiet streets of a Base housing area. When met by Air Force security police, who ordered us off Federal property, we asked permission to use the Base chapel. They told us that the chapel was closed because of the alert, so we held a service on the lawn. By delaying tactics, time-consuming assemblies and by refusing to recognize any formal leader, we showed the police the power of a well organized group.

In January, the Pueblo crisis, which made many feel the presence of nuclear war, led to the creation of what has become a permanent vigil on a traffic island at the entrance to March. Our silence and signs have been greeted by both profanity and sympathy. While the sign Let's Talk has drawn only a few to our island, perhaps we have insinuated ourselves into the consciousness of many.

To celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, the March Air Force Base planned a parade in downtown Riverside. That parade was the context for our next action. We countered it with a penitential procession centered around the theme, We mourn our war. Participants wore black armbands and their heads were anointed with ashes and the words: The end of violence is the total destruction of man. Five seminarians dressed in cassocks led our procession, which preceded the Air Force's parade by a few moments.

In parading our opposition to the air base, our group directly confronted the war-making machinery. But there was no attempt to stop or disrupt the Air Force Parade by civil disobedience. It was opposed entirely on the level of symbols. The counter parade established a clear opposition between ideas that are normally fused into one large idea. We opposed peace to war and church to state.

In the 1960's it seems hard for many to believe that anything short of physical confrontation can bring about meaningful change. To believe that symbolic confrontation is of value is tantamount to believing that something besides force and social conditions determines men's thoughts and actions. While we did not believe that the world would be reformed on that day or that those who saw us would be immediately transformed, we had faith that men could be reached at the level of their intelligence and through their spirit.

During Holy Week of this year we conducted a fast, which we made public at a religious service on the campus on Good Friday. On Easter Sunday we visited local churches. By fasting we sought to deepen our thoughts about war abroad and violence at home. And in carrying the fast to the public we tried to bear witness to truths and realities that we, as a nation, have forgotten.

While the effects of such actions cannot be fully analyzed or philosophically

exhausted, we are attempting to speak clearly to men in the most basic language of action and words. This language attempts to speak for those distinctions essential for the freedom of the mind: the difference between war and peace, freedom and slavery, neighbor and enemy. Nations and societies tend by their nature to refuse all distinctions that might threaten their existence. One's own law is held to be most just and most universal; one's own nation is seen as most Christian and most providentially assured in its wars. Modern societies and the modern nation-state have carried this refusal to the very point of threatening the existence of the human mind.

When one can no longer distinguish praise of democracy from anti-communist propaganda, of what use is human reason? In such a world peace is held to be no longer different from war. The slogan of the Strategic Air Command is: Peace is our profession. How could the profession of S.A.C. be anything but war? How could S.A.C. be thought of as having any pertinence to the quality and values commonly associated with peace? These questions are "effectively" countered by the Cold War argument that nuclear deterrence is fundamental to our freedom and security. The outcome of such logic is: preparation for the complete and total destruction of the world is the way to peace.

We approach the boundaries of total insanity. Beyond them reason, the primary faculty of our mind, is no longer operative. Our society threatens to arrest the proper functioning of our minds by denying the principle of contradiction. A world in which we cannot say yes and no is a state which Herbert Marcuse calls the prevailing irrationality and which Emmanuel Mounier might call the established disorder. The analysis and judgment of this state of disorder is the first goal of symbolic action.

The second faculty of the mind which is under attack is the memory. Modern society in part erases memories and traditions, which serve as the basis for present judgment. It tells us that the present alone is unique and worthwhile through an economy which suggests that all that once was is dated, through a false ethic that tells a person that only his private vocation and plans for the future matter. If the mind has no tradition to juxtapose to the present, then such a culture can only be opposed by a heroic act of the mind. Hence the second goal of symbolic protest is to awaken traditions in which war and peace, justice and injustice, were considered opposites. If symbolic demonstrations are able to oppose Church to Air Force, it is largely due to the action of memory.

If reason and memory are under attack, what of the faculties of imagination and will? An imagination unable to draw on memory and out of touch with reason cannot create. A will that has no distinctions before it is without purpose or form. A will that is educated to its own irrelevance is destroyed. Thus, our actions seek, as third and fourth goals, to establish ends and hopes for our imagination, goals and projects for our will.

To what degree these goals are implanted in a spectator's mind is uncertain. The participant's mind is definitely opened to new distinctions and clarifications. Certainly, by using such ideas as church and peace the participant comes to understand them in a very concrete way. Such symbols may well move the participant to consideration of broader questions. This may lead to a tension between contradictory sets of ideas. Many of those who participated in the penitential procession, for example, were led to examine the philosophic basis for their values. Is it possible to affirm Christian symbols and at the same time hold a non-religious view of the world? Or again, many of us who are affiliated with a church had to ask ourselves how it is that so many of our fellow Christians and our churches do not nurture what we believe to be Christian values.

As consciousness is deepened by moral reflection, it should at the same time be deepened in regard to our re-

Prayer of St. Ephraim the Syrian

Sorrow on me, beloved! that I unapt and reluctant in my will abide, and behold winter hath come upon me and the infinite tempest hath found me naked and spoiled and with no perfecting of good in me. I marvel at myself, O my beloved, how I daily default and daily do repent; I build up for an hour and an hour overthrows what I have builded.

At evening I say, tomorrow I will repent, but when morning comes, joyous I waste the day. Again at evening I say, I shall keep vigil all night and I shall keep vigil all night and I shall entreat the Lord to have mercy on my sins. But when night is come I am full of sleep.

Behold, those who received their talent along with me, strive by day and night to trade with it, that they may win the word of praise and rule ten cities. But I in my sloth hid mine in the earth and my Lord makes haste to come and behold my heart trembles and I weep the day of my negligence and know not what excuse to bring. Have mercy upon me, thou who alone art without sin, and save me, who alone art pitiful and kind.

WRITE YOU MUST...

But the Editor Is Always Right

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

For the past few months I have been sitting on what I have now come to believe is a most explosive manuscript. It is an ordinary looking typescript of about ten pages and deals with the antics of a tribe of bears. In short, it is a story for children. But there the resemblance ends, and I beg of you understanding while I relate the rather bizarre adventures that have befallen this innocuous looking composition.

A few months ago I hopefully and in good faith sent this story out to an editor friend of mine, only to receive the astonishing news that she had been fired.

Not at all perturbed, I sent it on its way to another editor friend, only to receive it back with a polite note stating that the publisher had gone bankrupt.

A little anxious this time, I sent it out to an unknown publisher, only to receive the alarming news that he had absconded with the funds and gone to South America for his wealth.

Since I am the type of writer who has faith in his brain child I decided to entrust the faith of my book to a literary agent. Imagine, if you can, the anguish of my soul to learn that shortly after my manuscript had arrived the literary agent decided to sell stocks and bonds. Horse racing would have been more to the point.

To put the finishing touch to this rather alarming state of affairs a visitor to the Catholic Worker, who had come with the express intention of staying a year, happened by mischance to read my story. He left that night, saying that we were all frauds and that he didn't want anything further to do with us.

It was at this precise moment that the dreadful suspicion struck me that my manuscript was not entirely innocent; that within its pages lurked something sinister; that in the juxtaposition of typed words I had inadvertently conjured up an incantation that had the power of causing an editor unfortunate to receive it to lose his job and the publisher to go bankrupt.

Ha! Ha! I have a list of editors and publishers whom I think would be better off washing dishes. It includes editors who return a menu with my

lations with others. By participating in any action whose content is clear and meaning universal, one helps to reduce the tension between the individual and the group. Acting together for such goals produces a community in which individuals are more closely joined, and they come to understand the group as absolutely necessary for reaching higher ends.

The beginning of a community has proved so far to be the most important result of our symbolic demonstrations. They have provided both symbols and activities around which we can gather. In that they initiate reflection and create friendships, they point the way for people to overcome the fragmentation and alienation imposed on their persons. This is the greatest hope these actions hold.

ED. NOTE: This article appeared, in somewhat different form, in the April 10, 1968 issue of the Highlander, published by students of the University of California at Riverside.

rejected manuscript. Editor A, who loves mustard with his sandwiches. Editor B, who, not to be outdone, loves to place a blob of butter on an otherwise immaculate page. Editor C, (whom I take to be a love-starved female), who is in the habit of streaking my pages with lipstick and using bobby pins as page markers. It includes all you strongarmed editors who take a perverse delight in crumpling and mangling my manuscript until it is wrinkled and torn and then force it into an envelope a size too small before returning it—with postage due.

I give you all fair warning that one of these days the story of the tribe of bears will arrive upon your desk.

Then there are the editors and publishers who just can't seem to bring themselves to part with a manuscript. They keep it hidden somewhere for years and years and refuse to part with it despite threats, prayers and tears. One publisher kept my book for two years; repeated letters and telegrams couldn't pry the book from him. It was not, I finally learned, until the short secretary left his employ that I got my book back. I discovered that she had been using it to sit on. It seems that the moment I send my book-length manuscript (which evidently appears to be the right thickness), publishers decide to hire a short secretary, and my manuscript is inevitably placed on her chair—a comfortable and elevating experience for her, but a dreadful burden for me.

I can truthfully say that I have been rejected by some of the best publishers in America. In fact, for years it has been said: If it is rejected, then Stanley must have written it. There was a time when magazines would send me complimentary rejection slips as a matter of course. Have you ever seen a rejected Christmas card?

But I must admit that even I was a bit disturbed when a fortune-telling magazine informed me that they were rejecting a manuscript that the stars had told them I was going to submit ten years hence. The rejection slip was in the form of a horoscope.

Then there was the time when the cycle of rejections appeared to be broken. I received a letter stating that the editor had enjoyed my manuscript and was accepting it—only to receive a special-delivery letter from a worried editor-in-chief informing me that it was all a dreadful mistake. It seemed that the editor who had accepted my manuscript for publication was a mental patient who, for lack of anything else to do, had been placed in charge of reading manuscripts. The letter stated that they were returning my book with thanks and apology. Now I honestly ask you—who was the mental case?

Then there were the editors who told me that my name was a disadvantage and I should shorten it to a more Americanized form. There was a time when I thought of writing under the name of Gilbert Keith Sugarman. I am sure that pen name would have made them sit up and take notice.

In conclusion, I can say that while writing is a lonely job it is one of the most gratifying jobs that one can have. Every rejection slip that I have received has been full of thanks from the editor for letting him read my manuscript.

+ + + LETTERS + + +

Jailed Editors Write

The following letters were received last month from two of our associate editors who are serving penitentiary sentences for refusing to take part in the bloodletting in Vietnam or cooperate with the Selective Service system. Jack Cook's letter was written from the Federal House of Detention in New York City; he has since joined former CW staffers Dave Miller and Dan Kelly at the Allenwood (Pennsylvania) Federal prison. Bob Gilliam is incarcerated at Sandstone prison in Minnesota.

January 18th

Dear Walter and Family:

If I have written enough "Chrystie Streets" to fill some circular file, I find myself delighted now with the idea of writing to everyone instead of about everyone.

For the first two days, I had to smoke Bugler in my pipe and now sympathize with everyone (especially Smokey Joe) who is confined to them. (Pass those packaged butts around more freely, Walter; go get a job and support the cigarette bill or sell some of your art work.) Later, a black and a Puerto Rican provided me with pipe tobacco until the commissary opened and I bought some and paid back my debts.

Thank Earl Ovitt for coming to the sentencing and apologize to Mary Galligan, John McMullen, Ed Brown, and Fred Lindsey for my not saying anything before I left—I was about to burst out crying, just as Nathan Wilson used to when Raona left the room.

I miss everyone.

The soup here, John, is always bean (or so far at least) and that's it—bean; not much meat in it. As a protest, I take the tin soup bowl but use it for coffee instead. There is plenty to eat and you're not rushed if you time it right. I'm going to try to lose this gut that I acquired on the Bowery; since they don't sell ale here I've got a good chance. The food isn't bad either, for the cooks are professional guys in trouble. Because I write and can use the language they assigned me to the Captain's office as clerk-announcer; one of the blacks in my cell block is a professional cook from upstate, so he is now in the kitchen.

They made me shave my mustache off, so I now look a little like Whiskers a while ago. I'm growing it back again, though. I think I got more exercise at First Street than I do now; I'm not running anywhere, just pacing fourteen steps one way and back again. I'll soon be as good at it as Famine, maybe.

Sorry I didn't see Tony before I left to thank him again and again for setting up that marriage reception for Hersha and me. I hope Pat May is not being harassed or burdened with too much of the thing since I left. Ed Forand, too. Give Italian Mike a can of beer for me, and to all there—including Paul—my love and warmest wishes.

I haven't seen the sky for days now, but I hope it's fair and that the sun shines on all of you.

Love,
Jack

January 24th

Dear Dorothy:

Winter here is very deep and much more severe than last year. It snowed again yesterday and today there is a fierce cold wind under a dull gray sky. I like Minnesota winters. The days have a bleak masculine beauty of their own. The time seems to pass more quickly in the winter; the days flow by, unvaried, with a slow steady rhythm. I have never been to Tivoli in the winter; though I suppose there are inconveniences, I imagine it is also very beautiful.

I just got my CW yesterday and I have been thinking again of Thomas Merton. His death shook me. Having read so much by him, I felt that I knew him. A real loss. And so absurd. I am sure I can get one of my friends to buy me his Faith and Violence. Perhaps the next time I visit the Farm I can read "Peace in the Post-Christian Era." Who now will remind the "witless activists" (at one time or another almost all of us) of silence, interiority, centeredness?

I have been in good spirits lately, feeling calm and steady. If all goes well, I will be released on March 4th. I know the end is coming, but I still don't feel it. After a while you feel as if you have always been here and can barely imagine being anywhere but here in the future. The month and a half feels as remote, and freedom as abstract, as it did a year ago.

I plan to stay home for a while with my family and then take off to visit friends. I hope to be in Milwaukee for the trial of the 14 and to arrive in New York some time in May and spend the summer at the CW. My plans beyond that aren't settled yet. Since well before I left Chrystie Street to come here, I have wanted to set aside some time to do some serious studying. I remember clearly your telling someone at the 1964 Pax Conference that he hadn't done his "homework." This is certainly true of me. I really feel the need to do some concentrated, full-time clarification of thought.

One of the chaplains here invited me to speak to one of the discussion groups about the Catholic Worker. Even though I am so long away from the roots and they are a pretty tough audience, it was a joy to be able to talk about the CW again.

I heard, of course, about the rash of CW weddings. I wish I could have been there. With the new House and so many friends gone, married, or in jail, I sometimes wonder if I will recognize the place. Janelle Hongess sent me a beautiful batch of pictures, some from Chrystie Street and some from the new House. Now I have Ed Brown, Smokey Joe, Missouri Marie, Italian Mike and many others to keep me company.

My love to everybody at the Farm and the First Street family.

Love,
Bob

West Oakland

1486—7th St.
Oakland, California
94607

Dear Miss Day:

Enclosed is a copy of our new Soul Food Cookbook that you might enjoy. Walter Hooke mentioned to me on his recent trip west that you had no idea that there was a nursery and other programs that were continuing. I'm sorry not to have kept you informed, but have had some personal troubles, and work full time, in addition to keeping the family together, and am also slowly getting a master's degree in early childhood education. In any case, the school was written up in the April 1968 Way magazine and the additional activities may give you a clearer picture of what Peter Maurin's name is now associated with in this ghetto in west Oakland.

All of the old Catholic Workers in the area have gone on to other pursuits, and now the Neighborhood House is managed by a board of people from the community, all of whom are black. They are poor people, and very determined to have something worthwhile for their children, as well as programs that will help people with their housing, etc. We were fortunate to be assigned several Vista volunteers, and they have worked to organize the area into block clubs, and inform people of any program that might help out. The block clubs have developed three tot lots to augment the recreational facilities for an area of seven thousand people. (The major center was torn down, and only one tether ball is provided, and a 2-room building, for the community use. The parochial school in the area is the only one I have seen in California that still has outdoor toilets.) The block clubs have also had cleanups, gotten stop signs and street lights, and are trying to rezone the area in order to keep their homes. We get free surplus paint, and over two thousand gallons have been given out and used by the block club members to repaint their homes. Unfortunately, much of it is the Navy gray paint, which is depressing—everyone wants white, but it rarely comes to us.

There are now six other vacant lots that the block clubs are developing, but it is very slow work, since every-

thing is begged, and we have to wait weeks even for dirt to level the lots, when a construction project in the area can spare some. We almost had a buying club going, but have to wait until some distribution problems are worked out. The Housing Upgraders project is in its second year. This is a man from the neighborhood who repairs broken windows, steps, defective wiring, and any hazard that he can fix up. We also tell people about going on rent strikes when their landlords just won't fix things. One lady with seven children had a broken toilet for two months until she went on a rent strike, and two others were on a rent strike for longer periods until repairs were made. We also have arts, crafts, tutoring, and a program of Saturday trips in which 30 or 40 youngsters go to a park or museum or to an athletic or other event each week. We are sponsoring a Black History class in our West End nursery school building, which is going well.

This school is in its third year, and the beautiful new building the board had built last year is almost paid for. There are fifty low-income children from the neighborhood enrolled, all the staff members but one are from the community, and the director is a mother from the nearby housing project. The school is Montessori, and the children are a joy to see. The mothers are very happy with the school and help in many ways. But the burden of paying off the mortgage has been on



the board. They have had monthly plate dinner sales, barbecues, made soap, quilts, had a dance for teenagers, and tried all sorts of things to meet the monthly note. Very little help has come from outside the community, but paying off the note has really shown the board that anything you want hard enough, you can get.

A personal note in closing: My son Clifton made C.O. and is doing his alternative service, and my next son is now filing his Form 150. We do a lot of draft counselling at the Neighborhood House and the House is approved as an alternative-service placement.

Peace,
Dorothy Kauffman

Ed. note: Copies of the Soul Food Cookbook may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Kauffman at the above address. A donation of two dollars will go to support the activities described in her letter.

St. Francis House

1620 S St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.
20009

Dear Friends:

This is to let you know that we are alive and well in Washington, D.C. We are trying to re-establish the Catholic Worker here in the nation's capital.

Dave Miller's arrest, last June, brought an end to the St. James House. But the needs that brought Dave and Cathy to D.C. are still here. Because we believe that war and poverty are manifestations of the same social sickness and in the action that Christian love dictates, we are here. Our house is open to the homeless and hungry families here. And everyone is welcome to attend both Wednesday night Mass and Friday night discussions.

So we call on readers of the CW to help maintain our existence. We need food, clothing, household supplies, and moral support. Stop in and see us. Let us know we are not alone.

Love and peace,
Jim Miller

Volunteer Needed

Hope Nursery-Kindergarten and
Community Center of Nana
Casilla Postal 4582
Lima
Peru

Dear Marty:

You know about our project down here; it is somewhat like the utopian Communities of Work in France, which Clare Huchet Bishop described in her book *All Things Common*, except that it centers around a day nursery and a community center. Although we're having a difficult time, we have demonstrated that the poor can really go when they're inspired a little. We made almost two thousand dollars last year from our own projects; this is the greatest single source of income for our maintenance. But we need another five thousand dollars for the coming year; things have been made very rough for us by such bits as the economic crisis in Peru, and I don't know just how much we'll be able to augment our income by. There is some help on the horizon from aid programs but nothing definite yet.

But what we need most, and what is not yet at all on the horizon, is a male volunteer. He would have to be able to pay his way down and back (about a hundred and fifty dollars), but the project would take care of him once he was here. He should be able to speak Spanish, not necessarily well, and have a driver's license to drive our 1958 Volkswagen bus. All the participants are the local people, the poor, because we are situated in a *barriada* fifteen miles out of Lima. We do have light, water and sewerage. The worst things are the dust and flies and the isolation, the last greatly diminished with the recent arrival of the VW.

A couple would also do, but the woman would have to be the strong, quiet type, so that she would not unwittingly take away any of the newly inspired confidence and sense of responsibility that have been developed in the local women who work in the nursery. The man would work with the young volunteers from the area, keeping an eye on the developing businesses we have started in order to support the project: junk collecting, handicrafts, a laundry, etc. Have them write to us at the above address.

Much love to all,
Barney & Pat McCaffrey
P.S.: We'd need them by the beginning of March.

"Sanctuary"

(Continued from page 2)

5 Beekman St., New York, N.Y. 10038). which commemorates the hundredth year of Gandhi's birth, and read the quotations, the introduction, and the bibliography. They need to study Martin Luther King's writings, (I am now reading *Where Do We Go From Here?*) They need to keep in touch with the work or organizing in the union field, especially among agricultural workers, and to study farming communes as they are developing in Russia, China, Cuba, and even here in the United States, where the hippies have started farms, unfortunately with little theory of revolution. Peter Maurin used to quote Lenin as saying, "There can be no revolution without a theory of revolution." He said this in order to emphasize the need for study and discussion so that we would know where we were going. We need to make more of a heaven here—at least a few oases in these recurrent crises at present and a long range view of a new social order wherein justice dwelleth, which is neither capitalist nor communist nor totalitarian in any way. How to accomplish this goal by non-violence and not by warfare?

It is good to read the life of Ho Chi Minh or Che Guevara and be warmed and inspired by their fierce dedication to the common good. But how much we need to study, how much we must learn to endure. We need to practice the same kind of dedication and self-sacrifice in our non-violent revolution.

Love, Dorothy